

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

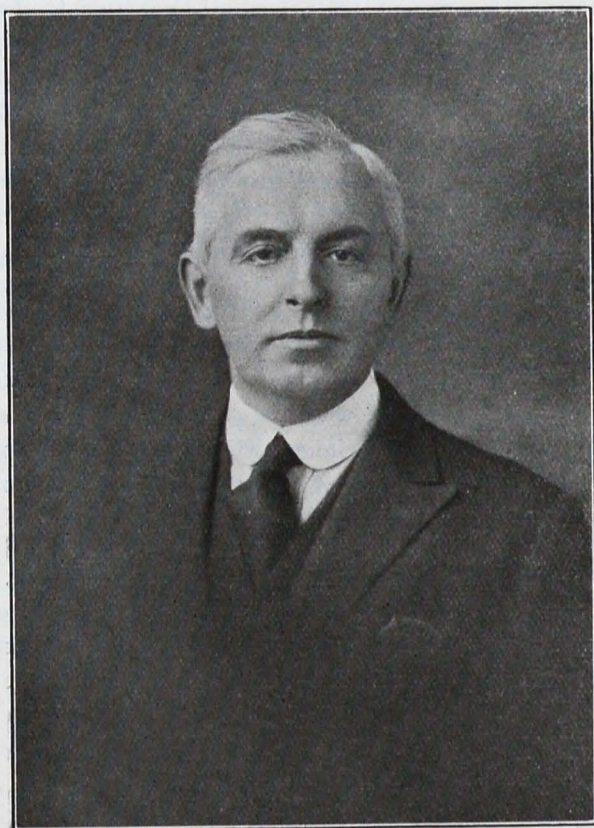
The Monthly Journal of H. & G. SIMONDS, Ltd.

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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FEBRUARY. 1930.

No. 5.



MR. F. R. JOSEY.

MR. F. R. JOSEY.

On our front page we reproduce the portrait of Mr. F. R. Josey, the Manager of the Cask Department, and another member of the staff who has spent the whole of his business life in the service of the Firm.

Commencing in June, 1896, as a junior clerk, in the department of which he now the head, Mr. Josey has filled appointments in the Refreshment Department and General Department. From the latter office he was moved in September, 1903, to his present position. During the twenty-six years he has held the office as Manager, Mr. Josey has perfected the system of keeping the records of the Company's casks moving in and out, all of which have identification numbers. He is justly proud of the fact that he rarely loses a cask and when it is remembered that the Firm own many thousands of casks of various sizes, the enormity of the work entailed will be realised.

The present staff of the Cask Department consists of nineteen clerks, from whence recruits are drawn for other departments. This involves a continually-changing staff and the training of new clerks. The number of beginners who have passed through Mr. Josey's hands must be large, yet it must be stated that he invariably selects the right boy for promotion.

Mr. Josey is Secretary of St. Mark's Church, Reading, Council, and has been Sidesman for several years. He is a great advocate of pedestrianism and practises his hobby with great regularity, although he is occasionally seen touring the countryside by car.



EDITORIAL.

SOCIAL CLUB ANNUAL DINNER.

January 13th was a red letter day in the history of our Social Club. It was the occasion of the Annual Dinner and the success of the gathering was beyond our most sanguine expectations. Well over 300 members, including a few friends, signified their intention of attending and as our own Club premises were totally inadequate the meal was prepared at Olympia. It was very gratifying to have Mr. F. A. Simonds, the President, restored to health and occupying the Chair once again. He had a rousing reception and mentioned that the Firm employed 500 hands. He urged each one to become an "ambassador" working ever in the interests of the great business they represented—advice that we should all do well to take to heart.

MAJOR S. V. SHEA-SIMONDS' IDEA.

It was the first Annual Dinner that Major S. V. Shea-Simonds had attended since his election to the Chairmanship of the Company. And it was solely due to his forethought and generous suggestion that such a gathering was held. It was at the previous dinner that the happy idea crossed his mind and was given expression to. The offer was readily accepted—hence this great occasion. The members remembered this and cheered him to the echo when he rose to speak.

FEELINGS OF TREPIDATION.

And it was a great occasion—so great that even Commander H. D. Simonds felt some trepidation when he rose to address the audience. Sailors don't care as a rule, but their motto is "Deeds not words." The Commander pointed out that the Editor of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE was taking notes and his utterances might be given in that journal, while the Chief Constable of Reading was also present and might use what was said as evidence against the speaker. No wonder Mr. Harry appreciated the seriousness of his task. I have seen the Chief Constable since and am informed there is no likelihood of any immediate arrest!

PARTICULARLY GRATIFYING.

The success of the gathering must have been particularly gratifying to Mr. F. C. Hawkes, who takes such an active interest in the Club as its Chairman. The lion's share of the work of organizing the Dinner fell on the shoulders of Mr. W. Bradford,

the indefatigable Hon. Secretary, and he has been warmly complimented on the highly efficient manner in which he carried out his great task. The warm and spontaneous outburst of applause which greeted his name when mentioned at the Dinner must have been some recompense for all he did.

TALENT AT THE BREWERY.

There is plenty of entertainment talent at the Brewery. Mr. J. Champion was in "champion" form and his song about the gravy proved immensely popular. Mr. Sid Hinton, so well known on the concert platform, was in excellent form and he, too, was loudly applauded. Miss Rex, daughter of one of our landlords, delighted all with her cultured singing and received quite an ovation. Mr. P. James mystified us all by his very clever conjuring tricks. He took a plain sheet of paper, for instance, tore a piece off here and there and then produced a perfect hop leaf, the symbol of all that is best in beers and wines. If he could only produce THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE with as little trouble he would have the Editor's everlasting thanks. And then Teddy Pare also assisted in the concert programme and simply "brought down the house" on several occasions.

In short, the dinner, the speeches, the concert and the atmosphere of good fellowship that prevailed made the occasion one that will linger long in the memory.

AN AFFECTIONATE FAREWELL.

On Tuesday, January 14th, Mr. F. A. Simonds visited Hythe and attended the annual entertainment given by Messrs. Mackeson. Mr. Simonds was given a very cordial, even touching, reception, and as he bid a formal farewell to the employees there was a suspicious moisture in many an eye. The new Directors were introduced by him. Mr. George Mackeson was also present and everyone was delighted to see him amongst them again. It was a very happy gathering with just a touch of sadness.

THE WHALE AND THE BREWER.

Two niggers were discussing the story of the whale swallowing the prophet Jonah when Nigger No. 1 asked Nigger No. 2: "Why was that whale like a brewer?" Nigger No. 2 was quite unable to give the answer when his friend promptly provided him with the solution, which was: "Because he took a big 'prophet' out of water!"

GETTING BETTER.

I am very glad that Mr. E. J. S. Moore, who has been laid up with trouble from an old war wound in his left leg, is getting much better and, I hope, will soon be back at the Brewery displaying his accustomed energy in the acquisition of orders for the best of brands.

A CAT AND CASH.

A customer on whom I have the pleasure of calling possesses a cat that has taken a sudden liking to cash. A gentleman called the other day and placed half-a-crown on the counter. Mr. — served him and when he went to pick up the coin it was missing! Other coins as mysteriously disappeared also and then when someone accidentally dropped a coin puss pounced upon it, took the money into an adjoining room and was seen to hide it under the carpet, where quite a little hoard was found.

ANGLING.

Anglers are now enjoying excellent sport and the rivers were rarely in a better condition. One fisherman had an unusual catch in the shape of a dabchick which took his bait, a minnow. The poor little bird swallowed the hook and had to be destroyed.

A GOOD YARN.

Did you hear of the fisherman who was given a day on the Loddon? The keeper informed him that there were some very big fish to be caught, but that there were very few of them. Therefore he had better bring his gun, and if he saw any duck, have a go at them. Well, the angler saw no sign of fish or fowl for over two hours. Then, suddenly, away went his float! He struck and, after a struggle, landed a huge pike. He did not succeed in killing the creature until he got out his hunting knife and ripped the fish right up the middle. Out of the fish flew a couple of wild duck. The angler snatched up his gun and with a left and right brought down both the birds. So he had some luck after all!

POSSIBLY SO.

A rich man lying on his death-bed sent for his chauffeur that certain instructions might be given him. To the chauffeur he said: "Jones, I'm going on a long journey, rugged and painful, worse than ever you drove me." "Well, Sir," remarked the chauffeur, "there's one consolation: it's all downhill."

HOW TO SERVE WINE.

There is an art in serving wine—an art that is not always rigidly observed. Infractions cause pain to connoisseurs, even though they may not affect the enjoyment of diners. Mr. Leo Buring read at the Federal Viticultural Congress a paper which contained much useful—and, of course, expert—information on a neglected subject.

For the maximum of enjoyment of the various wines, Mr. Buring recommended the use of different wine glasses. "Conical and rather long glasses, with thin sides, are best for wine-tasting," he said. "For sherry, a small glass of tulip shape; for hock, the so-called Romer glass; for claret, a large glass to be only half filled; for burgundy, a plain clear glass of very finely cut glass."

THE DIFFERENT WINES FOR DIFFERENT COURSES.

"In sparkling wines, the champagne glass should be fluted to appreciate the bouquet, but often the hollow stem is used for the sake of appearance. For port, a very thin glass is advised, and for liqueur wines, such as malaga, marsala, and muscat, solid clear-cut glasses should be used. For brandy, a very large glass should be used, and for liqueurs very small glasses."

Mr. Buring explained that different wines should be used with different courses. His recommendations were: "A dry sherry with the hors d'œuvres, a fruity sherry or madeira with the soup. A white dry wine of hock or chablis type with the fish, light claret with the entrée, claret or burgundy with dark meat, champagne with white-fleshed meat. A very sweet sparkling wine or sauterne with the sweet, a port, tokay or muscat with the dessert, and a fine brandy with the coffee."

THE FRUIT OF VENUS.

In every country where the apple grows it figures in folklore as a magical, mystical fruit; mystical, indeed, above all the fruits of the earth. Apples were sacred to Venus, they were offered at the altar of Hercules; in Scandinavian mythology the Tree of Immortality was an apple tree; the Druids revered the apple tree; the Saxons in their Coronation benediction had the words: "By Thy blessing, may this land be filled with apples, with the fruit and dew of heaven, from the top of the ancient mountains, from the apples of the eternal hills, from the fruits of the earth and its fulness." Many pages have been filled with quaint lore and charming stories about the apple. Whether the apple was

the fruit which tempted Eve in the Garden of Eden is a question that will possibly never be settled, but tradition in all Christian countries will have it so.

AN EARL AND HIS DYING DOG.

Earl Russell, Under-Secretary for India, has lost his favourite dog, a Maltese terrier named Brier—short for Sweet Briar. Earl Russell was tending her when she died. For nearly two days he had spent many hours—some when he should have been asleep—watching over her. He apologised at a Socialist Party meeting for not having prepared his speech because of his anxiety for the dog. Thank God there are things higher and deeper than party politics, and one of them is a love of animals. Life has not seemed quite the same to Earl Russell since the loss of his little pal, and we sincerely sympathise with him.

MR. A. P. F. CHAPMAN'S "FEAT."

Mr. A. P. F. Chapman has performed a great feat: he has succeeded in losing over a stone in weight since the summer as a result of playing squash racquets. He is now barely fifteen stone. "The trouble is," he says, "that I have such large feet. They are only three inches shorter than Carnera's. I know, because I tried on his shoes at Camden Town when he was sparring there. But even when I left school I weighed fourteen stone." I have often had the pleasure of shaking hands with Mr. Chapman, and hasn't he got a grip!

A HUGE SUCCESS.

Hearty congratulations to Commander and Mrs. H. D. Simonds on the wonderful success of the pantomime they produced. Crowded and most enthusiastic houses witnessed "Cinderella" at Silchester and Hartley Wintney. Mrs. Simonds, by her charm of manner and artistic acting, made a decided hit, while Commander Simonds' comic ways evoked roars of laughter. His make-up was particularly good.

KING AND QUEEN AT ASCOT RACES.

If all goes well the King and Queen will attend Ascot races in June and the royal procession up the course, which did not take place last year owing to the King's illness, will again be a feature of the meeting.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

From dawn till dusk I was in the open air on Sunday, January 19th, and wasn't it a glorious day? I went fishing, all by myself, about twenty miles from Reading. I travelled to the district on Saturday night and put up at a local inn. I retired early so that I should feel fresh and fit in the morning. I was provided with an excellent bed and a very substantial breakfast—much more than I required. What would some of us wayfarers do without our country inns where we can always find rest and refreshment and, invariably, a warm welcome?

A GOOD DEAL OF TACKLE.

Well, feeling in the pink, I set out to walk about a mile and a half to the river where I was going to try my luck. I had to carry a good deal of tackle, a large bait can, of course, full of water, and a mackintosh, and by the time I arrived my "brow was wet with honest sweat." I did not mind the tackle, but that mackintosh made me quite cross. If I wore it it was too warm and if I carried it otherwise it was always in the way. I actually hoped it would rain, for the tiresome thing would have been some use then.

SUN AND SONG AND SOFT ZEPHYR BREEZES.

I have a friendly chat with the keeper and then I ground bait a roach swim, throw out a lively little dace for pike, and settle down to serious fishing. The sun is quite warm and the thrushes are singing loudly, robins, wrens, hedgesparrows and other birds making up a delightful choir. Flocks of peewits are describing wonderful aerial evolutions. As they turn and twist, soar and sink, they always remind me of the "soldiers" in the soot of one's fireplace. The movements are extraordinarily similar. A pair of missel thrushes are courting and flying to and from the fork of a tall tree where they will, I doubt not, soon build their nest, for the missel thrush is about our earliest nest-builder. A greater spotted woodpecker calls from a withy tree close by and a green woodpecker is busy in the meadow, probably eating ants. I can see some wild duck—the white and black of the tufted birds is very conspicuous—idling on the surface of some reed-enclosed water not fifty yards from where I sit. A lark bursts forth into silver song—hullo! I had a bite. Too late! That is the price of writing articles for THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE and holding my pencil instead of my rod—and now a little bat-mouse makes his appearance, descends frequently to the water and drinks while on the wing.

We do not often see bat-mice out on January 19th. Long-tailed tits, marsh tits and cole tits are much in evidence. There is sun and song and soft zephyr breezes, and I am so enraptured with the peacefulness of the scene and looking at so much else besides my float that I am proving a bad fisherman, for I have just missed another good bite.

PEACE AND WAR.

As I gaze upon this peaceful scene I see, too, evidences all around of the wreckage wrought by Nature in her fiercest moods. Uprooted elms and oaks and alders indicate what wild winds can do.

The contrast should make us more appreciative of the beauties and the benefits of peace and of all the entrancing wonders of this world when Nature is in a mild and merciful mood. How different she might be!

I am a curious individual and as I stroll up the riverside I peer into every bush and look up into every tree—in fact I go birds-nesting in the winter—you may think it a wonder I've not got as far as Moultsford yet!

BIRDS-NESTING.

At any rate, I have just found a hawfinch's nest, last year's of course. It is very similar to that of the bullfinch, only bigger. And here is the slender little cradle of the nettle creeper or white throat. In the coarse grass there is a chaff-chaff's nest, still full of feathers. Ugh! I nearly trod on a pheasant and she went off like a bomb right from under my feet. I soon recover from the shock and find a dove's nest, just a very shallow platform of twigs, and it contains one addled egg. I come across numerous other nests; it is difficult not to see them now, but by birds-nesting in winter you learn where to look for them in the summer when dense foliage hides nearly everything from view.

LITTLE JACK.

I continue my way by the waterside and a little jack—you term this kind of fish a jack until he is about 4lbs. and afterwards he becomes a pike—dashes off with a splash. He was within a few inches of the bank, very near the top of the water and among some weeds. I did not spot him till he moved. I walked about a mile thus and I noticed that nine times out of ten these little fish—they were only about five inches long—saw me before I noticed them. I did espy one before he saw this two-legged monster approaching. There the little jack was among some watercress, doubtless on the

look-out for some finny food. How difficult it was to distinguish him from a stick! It only goes to prove what every good angler knows, that the fish see you long before you see them unless you take every precaution to conceal yourself.

Well, having stretched my legs and, incidentally, written much more than I intended, I must get back to my "swim" or I shall go home with an empty creel to-night.

* * * * *

The sun has sunk to rest in a blaze of golden glory, a long, long trail of starlings has just winged its way to roost, indicating that the day is nearly done.

Across the meadow a little owl calls from an oak tree to its mate and a prompt reply comes from an elm tree. There is the quacking of duck high overhead, the moorhens begin to kor-r-r-k and, as I reel in, there are other signs and sounds giving ample evidence that no sooner has one army of living things gone to sleep than another army awakens and carries on the ceaseless struggle for existence.

* * * * *

I am home now, and I hope our printers will be able to read the above which has been written at almost all angles. I have had a good meal and after an hour with one of my favourite authors I shall retire, and dream, if at all, of that big fish I did not catch.

Good-night!

A CHARMING STORY OF A LONDON BIRD SANCTUARY.

BY CAROL COWARD.

If bird-lovers were to climb the high walls of a wild, secluded garden within four miles of Charing Cross, they would find themselves in their element indeed!

For here is an instance of a real "bird sanctuary," in no sense made by man, but the unaided work of the birds themselves, and their own free choice.

Here we find all that makes for happiness to our little feathered friends.

Four acres of open grassy meadow, where the flowers grow just as they do in the country. The "ragged robin," cowslip, primrose, bluebell and cow-parsley run riot among masses of buttercups and dog-daisies.

There, at the far end of the meadow, lies a little copse, and beyond it a miniature hill, dignified by the name of "the mountain"; at its base a small pond, with overhanging willows. The walls are just too high for the convenience of the marauding cat, and also, happily, too high for the smaller birds to trouble to fly over. Away in the distance stands a long plane avenue, the favourite nesting-place of larger birds, and at its end a cool, stone-built shelter, with wood stacked up untidily beneath its arches, another favourite bird nursery.

Among the birds that yearly nest there happily and peacefully are a pair of crows. These are the kings of the garden, and their rule, if somewhat drastic, is generally accepted by the birds. These crows allow every kind of bird, except one, to live in this bird kingdom. They firmly exclude the wood-pigeon. Year by year there is the event of the coming of the wood-pigeons, followed by a hard and long fight, in which the crows are always victorious.

The reason of this exclusion is probably that the crows fear the power of the large birds, and are determined to hold their position as kings.

The crows usually hatch out two baby crows every year, and, during their education, these masters of the garden fulfil their useful if sad, mission of "keeping down" the other birds. For the crow feeds its young on the young of smaller birds, and even takes their eggs. This is the only element of sadness in the life of this "bird garden."

And here, even, as is always the case with nature, there is consolation. There was a time when the smaller birds were nesting in such hundreds that the trees were actually dying from the number of nests each had to bear. Then followed the coming of the crows, which marked an epoch in the history of the garden.

Then, among larger birds, there is the green woodpecker, who fearlessly does his job on the old dying willows near the little pond. There flits the screech-owl, worried and chased in broad daylight by hundreds of sparrows and tits, who takes his revenge at nightfall by robbing many of their nests. There, quick as a dart, goes the sparrow-hawk in his turn. And on the top of the high wall, from time to time, may be seen strutting the graceful, self-conscious magpie. There again comes the dignified, aloof missel-thrush for a drink!

Here, in a pipe standing near the old potting-shed, was once found a great tit's nest, with seventeen charming speckled eggs

in it. Alas! the tits had, for once, overlooked a difficulty in their choice of a home! The wee birds thrive, but when the time came for the parent birds to lift them out of the nest on their wings, in the usual way, there was no room for the upward flight! Two or three died, and there was woe among both birds and humans, until one fine morning a bird-lover lifted the remaining fifteen gently out of the pipe. For a few days a beautiful herbaceous border near was bristling with tiny tits, till the little wings were strong enough to bear them away, and all was well.

The "pipe home" was never attempted again, though the pipe lay there for years, and probably lies there to-day. The birds love a place to remain always the same. Perhaps that is one reason why they love this old garden!

The slight reed-warbler flits furtively among the apple trees in the little orchards; the robins build on the "mountain" side year by year, and with their usual boldness share the food of the humans, appearing daily in the big, cool dining room. Sparrows, too, are to be seen picking up crumbs, fearlessly, on the floor, during a meal, and carrying off a date or two through the open window.

The tiny wren has her regular nesting place among the thick bushes, and the mouse-like hedge accentor her secret home in the very middle of the lavender.

The greenfinch and yellow ammer (usually incorrectly called "yellow hammer") come in their turn, and the beautiful, shy, little goldfinch comes in dry seasons, knowing that here is always cool, clean water in the pool below the "mountain." The tall, slim, wild, aloof missel-thrush comes for his drink, too. And there are happy days when the bullfinch is seen, and on towards autumn the chaffinches call on their homeward journey north. Best of all, perhaps, are the dark, windy autumnal evenings, when the jovial starlings, in bands, play their games in the big garden before going to bed! And these are very real bird games. I have watched them hundreds of times, and longed to join in them.

Five hundred starlings settle on tall elms and Normandy poplars at one end of the garden. Five hundred settle on tall trees opposite, two acres away over yonder. There is dead silence for about three minutes, then at a signal (one *feels* it, but cannot find out how it is given!), there is a *rush* across the garden, an exchange of position between the two bodies of starlings, a good deal of screaming and happy chattering and fuss, and then a sudden silence again. This is repeated five or six times every

evening at dusk, and as the darkness grows the two parties settle down to rest, leaving the rather bewildered spectator wondering who won!

While the game lasts, it is as exciting as any hockey match. It is, also, an autumn game!

Almost all the smaller English birds find a home at times here. They perch on the shoulders and knees of their gentle human friends, and are left entirely to their own devices. In one case only did the owner of the garden interfere with the desire of the birds and the rule of old "King Crow."

A branch of box had been hung up over a bed in one of the upper rooms of the house. A thrush built a fine large nest on it. She evidently thought that this would make a safe nesting place in which to bring up her young, as the crows had just landed their baby in the garden and were on the look-out for animal food for it. There were difficulties foreseen! And the owner of the bed beneath the half-finished nest sadly removed it.

In the "bird-garden" this was considered "the limit"!

Perhaps someone says: "Why do the birds choose that London garden?"

Simply because they love quiet and freedom from interference, and the almost primeval relations between man and beast which they find there and would find nowhere else now.

To explain why would take too long. The facts are true. This "bird sanctuary" is no fairyland. It is also another sort of sanctuary. It is a Catholic monastery.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

MRS. CHARR (proudly): "After my old man had been fighting with your old man the doctor put six stitches in your old man."

MRS. SLOG: "That's nothing. When the doctor saw your old man, he said, 'Has anyone here got a sewing machine?'"

* * * *

"Pardon me," said the little man, "but are you quite sure it was a marriage licence that you gave me last Christmas?"

The clerk prepared to turn up the particulars. "Why, yes, Sir, of course," he said. "By why do you ask?"

"Well, I've been leading a dog's life ever since, that's all."

SOCIAL CLUB.

MESSRS. H. & G. SIMONDS, LTD.

GREAT GATHERING AT OLYMPIA.

SUCCESS OF THE SOCIAL CLUB.

Connected with the great firm of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. there is a Social Club which, run on ideal lines, is a very great success. Each year there is a Club Dinner, usually held at the Club, but this year so many members expressed their wish to be present that a larger building had to be sought, and Olympia was chosen. Here, on Monday, January 13th, over 300 members sat down, and the proceedings were of a highly enjoyable character. With their well-known thoughtfulness for their employees, the Firm contributed liberally towards the cost of the occasion. All were delighted to see Mr. F. A. Simonds (the President of the Club) restored to health and once again occupying the Chair. Others present included Major S. V. Shea-Simonds, Mr. J. H. Simonds, Commander H. D. Simonds (Directors), Major R. P. Shea, Mr. F. C. Hawkes (Chairman of the Club), Mr. Braisher (Deputy Chairman), Mr. W. Bradford (Hon. Secretary), Mr. T. A. Burrows (Chief Constable), Mr. C. Bennett, Mr. R. A. Walker, Mr. H. L. Chaplin, Major Kaye, Captain A. S. Drewe, Mr. A. R. Bradford, and Mr. H. S. Shepherd. Apologies were received from Mr. Fred Simonds, Mr. H. F. Lindars, Mr. C. W. Stocker, Mr. C. E. Gough, and Mr. W. H. Wigley.

The gathering was splendidly organised by Mr. W. Bradford. There was community singing and some very clever conjuring by Mr. James. Teddy Pare was as amusing as ever, while Miss Rex charmed all with her sweet voice. Mr. J. Champion scored a great success with his song extolling the virtues of gravy. Mr. S. Hinton also sang some stirring songs, and the evening generally was voted one of the happiest in the memory of all present. A word of praise is due to Mr. and Mrs. King, the popular Steward and Stewardess of the Club, for the admirable way in which they served behind the bar.

During the Dinner music was provided by Mr. Sid Allchurch and his efficient Orchestra.

A GREAT HONOUR.

The Chairman proposed the toast of "The King and Royal Family." Since they last met, he said, that Firm had been honoured with the Appointment which they all knew was the

greatest privilege with which any firm could be credited, viz., to be brewers or suppliers to His Majesty. (*Applause.*) Therefore they could drink the health of His Majesty that year with increased fervour. Also, since last year, His Majesty had made a wonderful recovery from that illness which a year ago they watched with agonising suspense. They thanked God that to-day the King was able to resume most of his normal occupations. He hoped that in the not far distant future he might visit Reading. (*Applause.*) Their Honorary Chaplain (Canon Gillmor) informed him that H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught had mentioned that he would like to visit Reading, and, in the course of his visit, inspect the Brewery. (*Applause.*) He was sure they all wished the Prince of Wales God-speed on his holiday trip, and earnestly prayed that on this occasion nothing would happen to make him curtail his well-earned holiday. (*Applause.*) "Gentlemen, our principal customer, the King! and Royal Family."

The toast was drunk with the greatest enthusiasm, all standing and joining in the National Anthem.

GOOD-FELLOWSHIP AND GOOD FEELING.

Major S. V. Shea-Simonds, who had a hearty reception, proposed "The Social Club," and said he was glad to see such a magnificent gathering, numbering 310, including a few guests, among whom he was glad to see their Hon. Chaplain. (*Applause.*) He was very pleased that they had such an organisation as the Social Club, which made for good-fellowship and good feeling. The Club was one of their late revered Chairman's greatest interests. He could not be with them very often, but he was thoroughly in favour of the idea and backed it up for all he was worth. (*Applause.*) He hoped the Club would continue as successful as it had been in the past. He coupled with the toast the name of Mr. Bennett, also mentioning the names of Mr. F. C. Hawkes (Chairman of the Club) and Mr. W. Bradford (Hon. Secretary).

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF LIFE.

Mr. C. Bennett responded. They very much appreciated the witty and warm manner in which Major Shea-Simonds proposed the toast. They greatly valued his presence and the presence of the other Directors, and thanked them for the good time they were giving them that evening. (*Applause.*) The Club had fully realised all the objects for which it was designed. He was more and more impressed with the great necessity of developing the social side of their characters. A man who was not developed on

that side was not a complete person. They thanked the Directors for providing them with that opportunity of getting to know each other better, and thereby to become more useful citizens of the realm and of the community in general. (*Applause.*) Under the genial Chairmanship of Mr. Hawkes, who put in a great deal of time for the Club, and his worthy deputy, Mr. Braisher, who was a very keen man, with Mr. Bird, the popular "Chancellor of the Exchequer," and that model, zealous and hardworking Hon. Secretary, Mr. Walter Bradford—(*applause*)—they could assure the Directors that they would continue to be a very happy family, determined to realise the objects for which the Club was formed, and uphold its best traditions. (*Applause.*)

Mr. F. C. Hawkes proposed "The President." It had been his privilege, he said, to propose that toast for several years. That year the pleasure was all the greater because they had Mr. F. A. Simonds with them once more. (*Applause.*) Last year their President could not attend in person, but they knew he was there in spirit, and they were indeed glad to know that in spite of the trying weather his health had so much improved. (*Applause.*) They hoped that state of things would continue and that he would be with them at that gathering for many years. (*Applause.*) He could assure the President that the Club was doing all that he could wish and fulfilling the objects for which the Directors so kindly placed it at their disposal.

The toast was drunk with the greatest enthusiasm and musical honours.

"ALL SHOULD BE AMBASSADORS."

In reply, the President said he thanked them from the bottom of his heart for the very cordial manner in which they had drunk his health. It was a matter of very deep gratitude to himself that he was able to preside that night over that, the first of what he hoped would be many great gatherings in Olympia under the auspices of that Club. (*Applause.*) He had taken the Chair in that hall on many occasions of quite different characters, and the presence of Canon Gillmor reminded him of one particular occasion in connection with the Reading Football Club. It was an anxious time for the Club, but for a long time after that meeting the Club did great things. It looked rather as if he would be called to take the Chair again. (*Laughter.*) He did not mind doing so if only they got the same results. (*Applause.*) He had taken the Chair there at political gatherings, which were not of quite such a peaceful

nature as the present, but he enjoyed them, and he might preside at such gatherings again. (*Applause.*) In conclusion, Mr. Eric Simonds spoke of the difficult times that the Trade was experiencing, and they looked to the staff to give them that loyal co-operation which had always been evinced in the past and which, the Firm hoped, would be given in even greater measure in the future. Competition was greater than ever before. The Firm employed 500 hands, each one of whom should be an ambassador working ever in the interests of the Company. (*Applause.*)

Canon Gillmor proposed the toast of "The Vice-Presidents." As they knew, he was no stranger to them, having lived in St. Giles' for upwards of eighteen years. And during that time he owed a great deal to the Brewery for many kindnesses received. He alluded, in passing, to the Reading Football Club, and said what faith and optimism did for them during the stress and strain of the Great War, faith and optimism would do for the Reading Football Club and would carry them through. (*Applause.*) He coupled with the toast the names of Mr. J. H. Simonds and Commander H. D. Simonds, and mentioned that he served in the same camp with Mr. J. H. Simonds in days gone by. It was a great thing to have the President of the Club back again, restored to health. He could assure Mr. F. A. Simonds that they were all very concerned during his recent illness. A Social Club like theirs was a great advantage. There was nothing better for them all than to meet on common ground and be friends and comrades.

The toast was drunk with musical honours.

Mr. J. H. Simonds and Commander H. D. Simonds both made suitable response.

BILLIARDS LEAGUE.

DIVISION I.

MONDAY, 30TH DECEMBER, 1929.

<i>Curzon Club.</i>				<i>H. & G. S. Social.</i>
F. Alexander	150	v.	R. Clement	137
P. Rose	90	v.	A. Dalton	150
F. Rugg	150	v.	G. Boddington	70
J. Smith	150	v.	F. Braisher	114
H. Downing	73	v.	R. Broad	150
R. Davis	150	v.	R. Griffiths	146
	<hr/>			<hr/>
	763			767

MONDAY, 6TH JANUARY, 1930.

<i>H. & G. S. Social.</i>				<i>Curzon Club.</i>			
R. Clement	...	132	<i>v.</i>	F. Alexander	...	150	
A. Dalton	...	150	<i>v.</i>	F. Kennedy	...	71	
G. Boddington	...	150	<i>v.</i>	J. S. Hogg	...	81	
F. Braisher	...	150	<i>v.</i>	J. Smith	...	128	
R. Broad	...	150	<i>v.</i>	F. Rugg	...	101	
R. Griffiths	...	150	<i>v.</i>	P. J. Rose	...	128	
<hr/>				<hr/>			
882				659			

MONDAY, 20TH JANUARY, 1930.

<i>Caversham Constitutional.</i>				<i>H. & G. S. Social.</i>			
C. Hall	138	v.	R. Clement	...	150
A. Howard	150	v.	A. Dalton	...	101
F. Abell	150	v.	G. Boddington	...	55
T. Willoughby	150	v.	F. Braisher	...	102
F. Rideout	121	v.	R. Broad	...	150
O. Howard	106	v.	R. Griffiths	...	150
<hr/>							<hr/>
815							708

BILLIARDS LEAGUE.

DIVISION II.

MONDAY, 6TH JANUARY, 1930.

<i>Reading Gas Co.</i>				<i>H. & G. S. Social.</i>			
T. Demmett	...	100	<i>v.</i>	J. Doe	74
F. Ansell	...	100	<i>v.</i>	W. Curtis	97
F. Shepherd	...	100	<i>v.</i>	H. Davis	75
J. Crawley	...	100	<i>v.</i>	W. Sparks	60
S. Dainton	...	100	<i>v.</i>	C. Weller	90
L. Clifford	...	100	<i>v.</i>	E. Palmer	59
		600					455

MONDAY, 20TH JANUARY, 1930.

<i>Y.M.C.A.</i>				<i>H. & G. S. Social.</i>			
J. Rowe	100	<i>v.</i>	J. Doe	46
F. Attwood	...	100	<i>v.</i>	W. Curtis	60
L. Gordon	...	100	<i>v.</i>	H. Davis	76
W. Bilbey	...	100	<i>v.</i>	E. Palmer	—
W. Banger	...	91	<i>v.</i>	C. Weller	100
R. Seckley	...	100	<i>v.</i>	E. Taylor	78
		591					360

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

FUN AND FROLIC AT THE SOCIAL CLUB.

On January 4th the Hall at the Social Club was crowded with the children of employees at the Brewery, on the occasion of their annual Christmas Tree. And how they enjoyed themselves! In addition to the large Christmas Tree, heavily laden with pretty presents, there was a real live Father Christmas in the person of Mr. C. Lailey, who quickly established himself as a great favourite with the little ones.

Everything that kindly thought could do was done to ensure that the children had a happy time. The inimitable Mr. J. Champion highly amused his juvenile audience with his songs and led them in the choruses which the girls sang with great gusto to the accompaniment of the boys playing on jazzophones. And how splendidly he acted when suddenly all the lights went out. The children enjoyed the temporary darkness, whereas they might easily have become alarmed. Mr. Treleaven, the ventriloquist, was there and Mr. P. James, our conjuror, left the children wondering how it was all done.

Each child was given a present from the Christmas Tree, tea and cakes and bread and butter, apples and sweets, were handed round, and the parents and children themselves were agreed that they could not have spent a happier afternoon. They were warm in their praises of all that had been done for them.

The willing helpers included Mrs. Braisher, Mrs. Weller, Mrs. Benford, Mrs. Maslen and the lady Clerks.

The following very kindly sent gifts: Mr. C. W. Stocker, bon-bons; Mr. F. C. Hawkes, apples; Mr. C. Bennett, sweets; Mrs. C. Bennett, sweets; Mr. C. E. Gough, Mr. G. Rose, Reading Branch Transport Union, cash. A sum of money was also collected by Mr. J. Maslen.

The presents, which delighted the children, were supplied by Messrs. Heelas, Ltd.

The whole affair was organized by Mr. W. Bradford, whose arrangements were in every way admirable and the fact that the children enjoyed themselves so much must have more than repaid him for all the trouble that he took.



Mr. WALTER BRADFORD

who now enters on his tenth year as Hon. Secretary of the Social Club. His organising abilities, tact and geniality are well known amongst his wide circle of friends.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"It strikes me," said a young man to his Irish valet, "that one of us was drunk last night."

"It strikes me that was so, Sir."

"Well, you rascal, and which of us was it?"

"Well, Sir, far be it from me to cast reflections, but I must say I envied you."

THE PUBLIC HOME.

BY A. P. HERBERT (in the *Morning Post*).

That rather redundant body, the Liquor Commission, has characteristically begun its investigations into the nature of beer by taking the evidence of Civil Servants. Pardon my irreverent laughter, but one would have thought the first step would have been to visit a public-house.

I hereby invite the entire Commission, secretariat, typists, and all, to visit the Black Swan, the public-house which I am not ashamed to enter nearly every day of my life. I have issued this invitation to Prohibitionists and other grades of beer-baiters before: they never come. Yet they continue to use "public-house" as a term of abuse—in other words they condemn without trial.

They will spend years ferreting about in musty statistics, but they will not give half an hour to studying the human facts on the spot.

It is no use bandying statistics in a problem of humanity. The beer-baiter can show (to his own satisfaction) that the curves of crime and cancer have gone down as the consumption of beer has gone down; and I can show, with equal plausibility, that in the last few years the suicide rate has bounded up concurrently with a great advance in the drinking of tea. I can also show (with graphs) that since the Prohibition régime increased in vigour the whole American people have abandoned themselves to an orgy of gambling. But what's the use?

* * * *

I hope that the Commission will come on a Saturday evening, and preferably in the summer, for then they will see the garden. The landlord is his own gardener, and overworks himself. In June and July he has really "a blaze of flowers" (though, mark you, we are in London, and within the six-mile radius). There are darts and skittles in the open air; our dogs and children frisk about on the little lawn; and on hot evenings we sit with our families in the pleasant air and watch the games, discuss our troubles, our business, and our beer.

We have no gardens or games of our own, most of us; there is no other open space open to us in the evening, except the streets: *we have nowhere else to go*—except the cinema, where, instead of honest beer and British company, we should have bootlegger-cabaret-Broadway stuff from pious America.

Everybody knows everybody at the Black Swan. We are working men and women, we lose our jobs, our wives and children fall sick; and at the Black Swan we hear the news and offer what help we can.

On Monday the Sick and Loan Club meets—on Tuesday the Sick and Benefit; they have a hundred members or more. Self-help, thrift, insurance, comradeship. One day in the summer all the mothers go off to Southend in a char-a-banc.

In the winter there is the old covered skittle-alley behind the house; we belong to the Amateur Skittles Association and play matches with the Blue Moon and the Lord Nelson, etc.—all over London—for silver cups and trophies. The team spirit—sobriety; for too much beer is bad for skittles. But of all this my beer-baiter friends know absolutely nothing. And they will not come and see.

I am the President of the Black Swan Skittles Club; and few things in my life have given me greater pride. I like my fellow men; and in the despised public-house class, can meet class on terms of ease and natural friendliness, which is possible nowhere else that I know of.

Well, in all this, is there nothing but "alcohol"? The Black Swan is a public home. And what is the good of standing outside and drivelling statistics about cirrhosis of the liver?

True, the Black Swan is an exceptional "pub" with an exceptionally enterprising landlord, who has an enlightened firm of brewers; and I am not pretending that all, or even very many, are like it. But the point is that there ought to be more like it, and this is the point to which the Commission should address itself.

* * * *

The Commission is charged to investigate the working of the law relating to "intoxicating liquors" (as the strange question-begging expression is); and the law is very largely being "worked" (that word is just) by people who do not want to improve the "pub" but to destroy it—who want, not more Black Swans, but no Black Swans. And this, I submit, was not the intention of Parliament.

The Black Swan is what it is not by the grace of authority but in spite of it. An example. Some years ago the landlord thought of adding to his summer attractions a little music in the garden. First, he had to get a licence from the L.C.C., who granted

it, subject to the shifting of a doorway, for reasons of safety in case of fire. But he could not shift a doorway without the consent of the Licensing Justices, for that is a "structural alteration." And the Licensing Justices—whose conception of their duty was not to make the Black Swan more attractive but less so—declined permission. So the landlord was unable to comply with the requirements of the L.C.C. and the scheme was dropped.

It is a monstrous thing that there should be "temperance" Licensing Justices at all. No brewer may sit on the Licensing Bench, and why should prejudiced partisans sit on the other side? How would horse racing thrive if not a railing at Epsom could be shifted without permission of the Anti-Gambling League? Too often these worthy folk do little or nothing as Magistrates in the ordinary way, but swarm punctually on to the Bench for the Licensing Sessions.

* * * *

Things are better, I believe, in this respect, in the country generally, and many Benches not only encourage but insist upon "improvements." But the spirit still survives, and the system which gives it power. I have heard of houses in the country where the game of skittles is forbidden by the police. This year a Superintendent of Police said: "There is nothing, to my mind, more degrading than a music licence attached to a licensed house." (A nasty one for the Savoy!) He was supported by the Bench.

The Chairman of a certain Bench said: "They would therefore have to lay down a hard and fast rule that if houses made use of music in any form it was presumably to attract custom, and that would be regarded as one factor in the consideration of redundancy."

"One factor in the consideration of redundancy." Heavens! What language! What a mind! In plain English—if a public-house improves itself, it may lose its licence. The better it is, the worse it is. First of all we will not allow it to provide anything but alcohol, and then we will condemn it because it provides nothing but alcohol. A cunning plan. But Licensing Justices of that kind are flouting Parliament. They were not empowered to obstruct public-house improvement, but to help it, by the elimination of the low-grade, squalid, ill-conducted houses.

Wherever they oppose the addition of humanising amenities to the entertainment at a public-house, they are twisting the law to serve their own ends, dishonestly exercising judicial powers, and aggravating the very evils which they were intended to suppress.

People of this kind, belonging to extreme "temperance" organisations, or known to have fanatical views, should be excluded, like the brewers, from the Licensing Bench; for they are acting as Judges in their own cause, and this is alien to the Constitution. Besides, they encourage those brewers who do not want to spend money on improvements.

* * * *

Any year they may suddenly decide that the Black Swan is "redundant," though they will only do that over my dead body. It would be nothing to them that it is about four hundred years old, that it has character and traditions, and won one of the Skittles Cups after a thrilling final two years ago, that it has been a public home and family meeting-place to many generations of sober, hardworking Britons. To them it would be "licensed premises" where "intoxicating liquor" is "retailed"—a "redundant licence," nothing more.

Thus it was that the old — Arms, a Fifteenth Century timbered house, became "redundant" some years ago. And in exchange they licensed a gaudy great place which has neither character, traditions, games nor beauty—nothing, in fact, but "alcohol."

The good public-house is a valuable social institution. It must not be destroyed: it will never be destroyed; but it might be much better. And a Royal Commission which refrained from long and question-begging words, and asked itself two simple questions: (a) Why is it not better? and (b) How can it be made better?—might do a useful service. That, I fear, is too much to expect of this Commission. But my invitation stands.

Since my first article on the beer-baiters, it has been said in certain quarters, I hear, that I am "paid by the brewers." I wish to say, very definitely, that this is not so. And I wish that "certain quarters" could realise that other people can be equally sincere—and may even be right.

LICENSING STATISTICS.

(From *G.K.'s Weekly*.)

In the welter of tendentious statements, *suppressio veri, suggestio falsi*, and plain lies which pass for arguments on the "Drink Question," it is refreshing to come across a publication* which contains nothing but plain figures, with a minimum of necessary explanation, and which leaves it to the reader to draw such deductions as his intelligence and conscience allow.

The Introduction—besides explaining the Tables which form the bulk of the pamphlet—gives the numbers of on-licences, off-licences, and registered clubs from 1895 to 1928. The number of on-licences has been reduced from 103,341 in 1895 to 78,803 in 1928. The reductions reached a maximum between 1905 and 1915, when they averaged 1,285 per annum. Since then the rate of reduction has steadily declined, the decrease in 1928 being about 470. The number of off-licences has been reduced from 25,405 in 1905 to 22,189 in 1928. Between 1905 and 1918 the reductions averaged 225 per annum. Since 1918 the reductions declined to vanishing point, which was reached in 1925, and a small increase has taken place in each of the last three years. It is interesting to note that the new premises licensed for off-consumption in 1928 included 31 premises licensed for the sale of medicated wine. The number of registered clubs has increased from 6,371 in 1904 to 12,775 in 1928. The compilers of the pamphlet note that "Over the whole period since the year 1904, clubs have increased by 6,404 as compared with a decrease in on-licences of 20,675," but the figures are worth examining in more detail. Unfortunately the figures for the years between 1919 and 1924 are not given separately, but we find that between 1919 and 1928 the number of on-licences has been reduced by 5,235 and the number of clubs has increased by 4,726. In view of the fact that the Licensing Act of 1921 stereotyped many of the alleged "war-time restrictions," these figures are very suggestive.

The total number of convictions for drunkenness for 1928 was 55,642 as compared with 65,166 for 1927, a decrease of 14.6 per cent. Figures of convictions are given for each month since 1908 for the whole of England and Wales, and also for four minor areas.

* HOME OFFICE LICENSING STATISTICS, 1928. Statistics as to the operation and administration of the Laws relating to the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors in England and Wales for the Year, 1928. Published by H.M. Stationery Office, 1929. 3s. 6d. net.

The number of convictions for methylated spirit drunkenness is 446, showing an increase of 4 per cent. on the convictions for 1927.

An interesting table is given comparing the convictions for drunkenness with other social statistics. The period covered is from 1913 to 1928. Taking the year 1920 (the "peak year" for drunkenness since the beginning of the War) we get some curious results when comparing it with 1928. Convictions for drunkenness have declined from 95,763 to 55,642, or a little over 40 per cent. Attempts to commit suicide *increased* from 1,751 to 2,803, or just 60 per cent. Deaths from cirrhosis of the liver *increased* from 1,763 to 1,890. Other deaths with a record of alcoholism decreased from 590 to 543, or less than 10 per cent. Suffocation of infants under one year decreased from 595 to 428, or just over 28 per cent.

We now come to the body of the pamphlet, which consists of comparative tables, diagrams, and annual tables. The most interesting and important of these are the first two tables, which give lists of the Counties (Table A), and of the County Boroughs and London (Table B) arranged in order of proportion of (1) on-licences, and (2) convictions for drunkenness *per 10,000 of population*, for the year 1928. We have subjected Tables A and B to a careful analysis. We give the results and have added certain deductions. Our readers can judge for themselves whether our deductions are justified by the facts.

English and Welsh Counties.

Middlesex.—1st in order of "dryness" (7.5 licences). 44th in order of sobriety (9.92 convictions).

Glamorgan.—2nd in order of "dryness" (13.11 licences); 45th in order of sobriety (10.22 convictions).

Northumberland.—3rd in order of "dryness" (14.41 licences); 52nd in order of sobriety (19.99 convictions).

Oxford.—50th in order of "dryness" (55.73 licences); 3rd in order of sobriety (2.03 convictions).

Rutland.—51st in order of "dryness" (57.91 licences); 4th in order of sobriety (2.23 convictions).

Huntingdon.—52nd in order of "dryness" (62.50 licences); 35th in order of sobriety (6.21 convictions).

Average convictions for the 13 most sober English Counties, 2.53.

Average convictions for the 13 most drunken English Counties, 8.90.

Average convictions for the 12 Welsh Counties and Monmouthshire (included in Wales for licensing purposes), 8.58.

ENGLISH COUNTIES.

Convictions.

Average of 5 driest counties—10.95 convictions.

Average of 5 wettest counties—3.16 convictions.

Average of 10 driest counties—8.30 convictions.

Average of 10 wettest counties—4.20 convictions.

Average of 15 driest counties—7.21 convictions.

Average of 15 wettest counties—4.08 convictions.

Licences.

Most sober county is Gloucestershire with 34.92 licences.

Most drunken county is Northumberland with 14.41 licences.

Average of 5 most sober counties—45.86 licences.

Average of 5 most drunken counties—18.15 licences.

Average of 10 most sober counties—38.36 licences.

Average of 10 most drunken counties—27.42 licences.

Average of 15 most sober counties—34.02 licences.

Average of 15 most drunken counties—26.03 licences.

WELSH COUNTIES.

Convictions.

Driest county is Glamorgan with 10.22 convictions.

Wettest county is Brecon with 6.48 convictions.

Average of 5 driest counties—6.83 convictions.

Average of 5 wettest counties—9.83 convictions.

Licences.

Most sober county is Monmouth with 22.2 licences.

Most drunken county is Carmarthen with 33.26 licences.

Average of 5 most sober counties—27.84 licences.

Average of 5 most drunken counties—28.31 licences.

ENGLISH AND WELSH BOROUGHES (omitting the City of London as being quite abnormal).

East Ham.—1st in order of dryness (2.41 licences); 68th in order of sobriety (15.34 convictions).

Middlesbrough.—10th in order of "dryness" (7.97 licences); 84th in order of sobriety (69.25 convictions).

Plymouth.—51st in order of "dryness" (19.48 licences); 2nd in order of sobriety (1.44 convictions).

Canterbury.—84th in order of "dryness" (46.16 licences); 12th in order of sobriety (4.57 convictions).

Convictions.

Average of 6 driest boroughs—10.25 convictions.
 Average of 6 wettest boroughs—6.76 convictions.
 Average of 10 driest boroughs—14.44 convictions.
 Average of 10 wettest boroughs—8.62 convictions.
 Average of 15 driest boroughs—13.32 convictions.
 Average of 15 wettest boroughs—8.23 convictions.
 Average of 20 driest boroughs—14.52 convictions.
 Average of 20 wettest boroughs—7.98 convictions.

Licences.

Most sober borough is Walsall with 21.26 licences.
 Most drunken borough is Middlesbrough with 7.97 licences.
 Average of 6 most sober boroughs—14.79 licences.
 Average of 6 most drunken boroughs—12.66 licences.
 Average of 10 most sober boroughs—17.71 licences.
 Average of 10 most drunken boroughs—13.03 licences.
 Average of 15 most sober boroughs—22.06 licences.
 Average of 15 most drunken boroughs—13.78 licences.
 Average of 20 most sober boroughs—20.41 licences.
 Average of 20 most drunken boroughs—12.96 licences.

There are six boroughs which are in the first 25 on both lists (i.e., few licences and few convictions): Bournemouth, Southend, Wallasey, Southport, Smethwick, and Eastbourne. Of these all except Smethwick are either residential or holiday resorts. (We should imagine that the man who would get riotously drunk in Eastbourne must possess courage of a high order.) Three boroughs are in the last 25 on both lists (i.e., many licences and many convictions): Portsmouth, Brighton, and Burton-on-Trent. Of these Burton is obviously exceptional.

We are now in a position to examine our analysis and see what we can deduce from it. Taking the English and Welsh Counties as a whole we see that a low proportion of licences to population produces a high proportion of drunkenness, and vice-versa. In Middlesex every licence produced rather more than one drunk in the year, while in Huntingdon it took rather more than ten licences to produce the same result. DEDUCTION NO. 1: *Restricting Licences does not promote Temperance.*

Comparing the Welsh Counties and Monmouthshire with equal numbers of English Counties we see that the convictions in Wales are four times as high as in the 13 best English Counties, and are

only .32 better than in England's 13 worst. In Wales and Monmouth Sunday Closing is in force. In England it is not. DEDUCTION NO. 2: *Sunday Closing does not promote Temperance.*

Turning to the Welsh Counties we again find that the driest county has a much higher proportion of convictions than the wettest. But when we take the averages of ten counties we find that "dryness" and "wetness" do not appear to have the same effect on temperance as they do in England; the five most sober counties having .47 fewer licences than the most drunken, and the five "driest" counties having 3.00 fewer convictions than the "wettest." We do not profess to explain this and can only suppose that some Welshmen will not get drunk however few and far between their "pubs" may be; while not even a plentiful supply of "pubs" will keep others sober!

We now come to the English and Welsh Boroughs. They tell the same tale as the English Counties. In "dry" East Ham every licence produces more than six drunks in the year. In "wet" Canterbury more than ten licences were required to produce the same result. If it be objected that the conditions in the two places are so different as to make comparison impossible we admit the difference, merely observing that, as Distributists, we are not surprised that people find it easier to behave in a civilised way in a small civilised city like Canterbury than in East Ham. With a view to the possibility of this objection we included Middlesbrough and Plymouth, which are both industrial towns and are roughly similar in size. In Plymouth it took *more than twelve "pubs"* to produce one drunk. In Middlesbrough each "pub" produced more than eight. When we take the averages we get a similar result. In every case "dryness" leads to more convictions than "wetness," and in every case the sober towns have a higher proportion of licences than the drunken towns. We have already noticed the nine apparent exceptions to this rule, and have shown that it could only be expected to apply to three of them. We therefore claim that the English and Welsh Boroughs support by their evidence the deduction we drew from the English Counties. So strong is that evidence that we are able to draw a wider deduction: *By increasing the proportion of licences to population you promote Temperance, and by restricting the number of licences you promote Drunkenness.*

G.C.B.

H.S.D.W.

OUR LADIES' PAGE.

THINGS OF BEAUTY.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." Although one often comes across this phrase in literature one does not often hear it vocally expressed. It may be that in the rush and turmoil of our mode of living we have not time to give much thought to the many beauties that surround us. Beauty, as the dictionary definition gives it, is "whatever is pleasing to the eye," but I am afraid this definition does not embrace all. There are several things to which we attribute beauty which have no shape or form; for instance, the joyous songs of birds on a spring morning, do we not describe them as "beautiful"? Again, perhaps we are handling an exquisite piece of material, and we describe the feeling of it as "beautiful"; not to mention others which I will leave to the mind of the reader. However, beauty generally is used in connection with the sense of sight, and what pleasant recollections are ours when we pause for a while and conjure up visions of the beautiful views, scenes, objects, etc., which have come within our range. To the country-lover, beautiful scenes and the beauties of the world of nature will take precedence. Who can deny the beauty of the country in springtime when the trees are bursting into bloom and leaf? or the glories of the summer when the trees are laden with their yield of fruit? or the wonderful colours presented to us in autumn and in winter, when snow or even a heavy rimy frost is experienced? What delightful spectacles are then seen! And in this category I would include moonlight scenes. What a soft radiance the light of the moon sheds, the best effect, I think, being obtained when we have a country landscape with a stretch of water in the picture: the moonbeams then transform this into a sheet of silver. I recollect one such scene as this, viz., on the journey from Dawlish to Teignmouth. The railway at this part runs through many small tunnels and each time you emerge from one of these you have the stretch of sea, wondrously beautiful in the moonlight. Another beautiful scene which comes to my mind at this moment is the setting of the sun. The beauty of this, too, seems to be enhanced as you stand on the edge of the seashore and watch the radiant red ball drop lower and lower below the horizon until only the glorious colour of the sky remains.

Fortunate indeed are those people who have the artistic temperament highly developed. Beauty is revealed to them in much that others who have the sense less highly developed would consider the ordinary. To them is given the power to appreciate

to the full the skilful blending of colour in paintings of past and present masters of this art, while to an architect the dignity or symmetry of a building is a joy. There is a wonderful amount of beauty in many objects if only we pause for a moment to consider. I well remember thinking this when the airship R101 passed over Reading a few months ago. It was early morning and the vast airship, poised on an even keel, seemed almost to hang in the air. The rays of the sun shone on it and gave it a silvery appearance, and it seemed to me to be the most beautiful, though perhaps it may not be the most useful, illustration of the work of man in the matter of aeronautics.

Having therefore come to the realisation of the beauty that does indeed abound for our pleasure we, who are in possession of all our senses, ought to be deeply thankful that to us is given the power to enjoy this gift and, on the other hand, to sympathise with those less fortunate members of our race who may be deprived of the sense of sight or hearing.

M.P.

A GOOD IMITATION.



This little boy is riding a home-made vehicle which is a very good imitation of the real article so familiar to all who frequent Bridge Street, Reading.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

We did not start the New Year as well as we might have done for THE HOP LEAF GAZETTES for January saw the light of day somewhat later than usual. They were worth waiting for and disposed of in very quick time.

OVERTIME.

Very pleased to record that our labours for quarterly balancing were crowned with success after the usual alarms, and we spent about the usual amount of time in obtaining the desired result, which reflects great credit on the staff. After the Christmas rush, too!

H. & G. SIMONDS LTD. SAVINGS ASSOCIATION.

The end of the present "cycle" (32 weeks) takes place in the early part of February, when a new "cycle" will immediately commence. The last few "cycles" have been more or less a case of "as you were," or, in other words, although roughly the amount subscribed has been about the same each time, we have had very few new members. As the staff lately has been considerably augmented by many young lads who possibly have not heard of the above Association, they are invited to make enquiries of the Hon. Secretary (Mr. A. H. Hopkins, Correspondence Office), who will be pleased to give them full particulars. Also anyone on the Brewery who wishes to join will be welcomed. One pleasing factor is that once this saving habit is started it grows, for we seldom lose a member, and those who have joined generally increase their contributions on the start of a new "cycle," so new members please give in your names.

SOCIAL CLUB DINNER.

This event, duly reported elsewhere in this issue, was of considerable importance in the annals of the Firm and also the Club. Apart from anything else it was probably the largest function that has ever taken place in connection with the Firm. The evening was a happy one for all and marked by a spirit of goodwill and fellowship amongst those present. The speeches, all of which were good, were bright, brief and brotherly. It brought home to us in no uncertain fashion the vastness of the Firm of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. The Dinner went with a swing and smiling faces were the order of the evening. Such a concourse

must have been very gratifying to the Directors and the evening will be remembered for many a day. Mr. Teddy Pare gave the entertainment part of the evening a splendid send-off with his songs and jokes, and proved himself as good as of yore. One of his yarns is worth retelling. Two draughtsmen friends were spending a holiday in Spain. They were recommended by the manager of the hotel at which they were staying to visit a place in the neighbourhood where they could obtain beefsteak and mushrooms. They found the place, asked for what they wanted, but could not make themselves understood, whereupon one of them drew a bullock and some mushrooms on a piece of paper, gave it to the waiter and after pointing to the hind quarters of the bullock (or as Teddy Pare says, "his eighteenpence a pound") and pointing two fingers in front of the waiters' face, hoped for the best. The waiter departed apparently understanding what they meant. Imagine their astonishment and surprise when he brought them back two tickets for a bullfight and two umbrellas! Mr. F. A. Simonds mentioned how pleased he was to see "our old friend Teddy Pare," and recalled when at Wembley he met Mr. Pare who was exhibiting the world's largest cow or something of the sort and went on to say he was evidently doing his best to get shillings out of American tourists, making us all laugh by remarking, "He had two bob from me." The programme was all very good. Miss Rex pleased everyone with her songs and charming voice. Mr. S. Hinton was really better than ever. Mr. Jim Champion rendered us a "pathetic" ballad entitled "Gravy," and Mr. Percy James mystified us with his conjuring tricks and was a real success. After a stay at the place where battles are won and lost, chats with old friends over old times and doings, cheery "Good-nights" and hearty handshakes, homeward we wended our way doing the "Kerb Step"—perhaps for some not the least eventful part of the evening—conscious that we had spent a right real merry time.

"CINDERELLA."

"Perpetrated and Produced by Commander and Mrs. H. D. Simonds" as per programme the above pantomime was given to crowded audiences at Silchester (two performances) and Hartley Wintney (also two performances). Mr. S. Hinton, Mr. E. Kelly and Mr. G. V. Weait of the Simonds' Concert Party were asked to take part in the play by Mr. Harry and quite a busy time was spent by them both in rehearsals and during the performances. The cast was a very talented one and the production a great success. Well over £100 was realised, as a result, for various charities.

FOOTBALL.

At the moment of writing Reading have reached rock-bottom and are now keeping up all the rest of the clubs in the Second Division. The chief topic is: Can they regain their former status, or are they doomed for the Third Division from whence they came? Although the public will generally support a winning team in whatever League they operate, personally I think it will be a pity if relegation is their reward after spending four seasons in an "upper circle." It will need a long and a strong pull all together to keep up; nevertheless, it can be done. Criticism of everything in connection with the Club just now is quite the fashion, particularly of those who very seldom visit Elm Park. Now will be the testing time for the real supporter, but if those who are apt to be very loud with their criticisms will only be as loud with their cheers when the team is at home and stop senseless "barracking" of players, they will find better results obtained and make themselves happier in consequence. Now, then, all together. The most satisfactory thing from Reading's point of view as regards the cup-tie with Aston Villa was probably the "gate." However, from all accounts the result did not truly represent the run of the play. A little luck in a cup-tie goes a long way, but on this occasion Fortune did not smile on Reading.

Plymouth Argyle, Portsmouth and Brighton all go on their way rejoicing although, in the case of the Argyle, being knocked out of the Cup before their own supporters was in the nature of a big surprise. This will not matter, however, if they win the League.

A CASE OF "S.B."

HOW IT HELPED TO BUILD UP "BIG BUSINESS."

A relation of one of the Directors of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. was travelling in the East recently and met another lady who was on her way to Reading. Notes were naturally compared as to mutual friends and it was revealed that the lady who was a native of Australia was coming to see relatives in Reading. Her husband's grandfather was at one time in the employ of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. His name was Johnson and he was known by many in bygone days as "J.J.," the predecessor of Mr. H. F. Lindars in the Estates Office. "J.J." believed in Empire progress and dispatched his son to Melbourne with very little money, but a case of "S.B." The money disappeared very rapidly, but the young

man's choicest asset, the case of "S.B.," was kept to the last. It was eventually sold for a sum considerably in excess of its market value in Reading.

With this money available "J.J.'s" son purchased a small business, which eventually developed into a huge enterprise. He married, and his son, destined for the medical profession, became a prominent doctor in Australia. It was the doctor's wife who was met travelling abroad as stated above.

Incidentally, the wife of "J.J." was a sister of Sir William Gull, the first Baronet, and grandfather of the present Sir Richard Gull, Bart.

Sir William Gull was a well-known doctor and physician to the late Queen Victoria and King Edward.

LOVE OF HOME.

And let me linger in this place for an instant to remark that if ever household affections and loves are graceful things, they are graceful in the poor. The ties that bind the wealthy and the proud to home may be forged on earth, but those which link the poor man to his humble hearth are of the truer metal, and bear the stamp of Heaven.

The man of high descent may love the halls and lands of his inheritance as a part of himself—as trophies of his birth and power; his associations with them are associations of pride and wealth and triumph. The poor man's attachment to the tenement he holds, which strangers have held before, and may to-morrow occupy again, has a worthier root, struck deep into a purer soil.

His household goods are of flesh and blood, with no alloy of silver, gold, or precious stone; he has no property but in the affections of his own heart; and when they endear bare floors and walls, despite of rags and toil and scanty fare, that man has his love of home from God, and his rude hut becomes a solemn place.

Oh, if those who rule the destinies of nations would but remember this—if they would but think how hard it is for the very poor to have engendered in their hearts that love of home from which all domestic virtues spring, when they live in dense and squalid masses where social decency is lost, or, rather, never found—if they would but turn aside from the wide thoroughfares and great houses and strive to improve the wretched dwellings in byways where only

poverty may walk—many low roofs would point more truly to the sky than the loftiest steeple that now rears proudly up from the midst of guilt and crime and horrible disease, to mock them by its contrast.

In hollow voices from workhouse, hospital, and jail this truth is preached from day to day, and has been proclaimed for years. It is no light matter—no outcry from the working vulgar—no mere question of the people's health and comforts that may be whistled down on Wednesday nights.

In love of home the love of country has its rise, and who are the truer patriots, or the better in time of need—those who venerate the land, owning its wood, and stream, and earth, and all that they produce; or those who love their country, boasting not a foot of ground in all its wide domain?—(*"The Old Curiosity Shop."*)

FOOTBALLERS IN FANCY DRESS.



A Fancy Dress Football Match was recently played in Mr. Sherwood's field, Tilehurst, in aid of the Royal Berkshire Hospital, when £2 7s. 6d. was raised. Married men played the Single, and Mr. L. Nicholls took the collecting box round among the spectators, also calling at some of the outlying houses.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

(BY UNCLE TOM.)

WHAT A SPLASH!

If all the men were one, what a great big man that would be!

If all the axes were one, what a great big axe that would be!

If all the trees were one, what a great big tree that would be!

If all the seas were one, what a great big sea that would be!

If that great big man took that great big axe and chopped down that great big tree and it fell into that great big sea—what a great big splash there would be!

NOTHING LEFT.

The other day I was walking by the riverside when I saw a snake and frog fighting. The snake had got the frog's hind leg in his mouth and the frog had got the snake's tail in his mouth. Well, they fought and fought until they both swallowed each other and when I went to pick them up there was nothing left!

UP-TO-DATE TRANSPORT.

MONSTER TANKS.

Amongst the many changes that have recently taken place owing to the great revolutions in science and mechanics, one of the most noticeable can be seen in our transport systems. Commerce has now cast aside the horse, and except for certain minor uses, this faithful friend of man has entirely disappeared. In his place we find the petrol-driven motor, and all our great firms have taken pains to improve their cartage system with the aid of this vehicle. Since they are always ahead in any branch of work concerning their trade, it is only to be expected that Messrs. H. & G. Simonds have developed this side of their business with the greatest success.

The activities of this Firm extend over a wide area, and in consequence, their spotless powerful-looking and efficient vehicles are to be seen on countless roads in the South of England. A regular service daily passes to and fro between the various Stores, laden with both cask and bottled beers. In this way the terminal stocks are kept from running low, and the ever ready sale provides an

excellent antidote for keeping these same stocks from deteriorating in quality.

To aid those responsible for bottling the various brands, a number of up-to-date tanks have been installed. These monsters, mostly capable of holding $22\frac{1}{2}$ barrels, the equivalent of 810 gallons, are attached to the lorries as trailers, and one tank-lorry, with a capacity of 30 barrels, has done excellent service on the London road. A splendid testimony to the virtues of Simonds' beers is shown by their great military trade, chiefly in the district of the Aldershot Command. Within twenty-four hours of receiving the necessary orders, fully laden lorries are on their way to deliver the required goods, completing their duties rapidly and efficiently.

A noticeable fact that strikes all who are acquainted with these vermilion-coloured roadsters is the excellent condition in which they are kept. Upon the completion of each journey the marks of toil are speedily erased with the aid of the hose and other cleansing materials. There are, too, astonishingly few accidents liable to prevent the delivery of goods, and should a breakdown ever occur customers are always prevented from suffering disappointment by the excellent management of the whole delivery service.

It is certain that Messrs. H. & G. Simonds have little to reproach themselves for as regards the supplying of their numerous clients, and great credit is undoubtedly reflected upon all those concerned with this branch of the famous Firm.

E.W.K.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"Oh, no, dear. I'm sure he's a kind man. I just heard him say he put his shirt on a horse which was scratched."—*Worcester Herald*.

* * * *

THE WILY SCOT.

A Scottish workman in a large manufactory approached the manager for a rise in the salary he was getting, giving as a reason that he was thinking of getting married. In his next pay envelope Sandy received a fairly substantial increase. Some time later, the manager, meeting Sandy, inquired: "I suppose you've settled down to married life now, eh, Sandy?" "I'm no married," replied the workman. "But didn't you apply to me for a rise because you were thinking of getting married?" "Oh, ay, but I've stopped thinking."

THE NEW INN, KNOWL HILL.



Mr. H. Tucker is mine host at this inn, which has been enlarged recently. He is well known on the Epsom and Ascot race-courses and makes a speciality of catering for char-a-banc parties.

"CINDERELLA."

FINE PRODUCTION BY COMMANDER AND MRS. H. D. SIMONDS.

(From *The Berks and Hants Gazette*.)

On Friday evening, January 10th, the Victoria Hall, Hartley Wintney, was filled to overflowing with a fashionable audience, when a performance of "Cinderella" was given in aid of the Fleet and Yateley Cottage Hospitals. "Cinderella," a pantomime in three Acts, is by Commander and Mrs. H. D. Simonds. It was stated on the programme that "the whole outrage" was "perpetrated and produced" by them. We only hope that the authors will be guilty of many future such "outrages," and will produce them in public with the same perfection and success. In "potting" this pantomime Commander and Mrs. Simonds prepared a feast that was most appetising. Whilst the flavour of "Cinderella" was retained and pronounced, there is in it a spicing of modern items of "gag" and song, and the combination was delicious. Its reception throughout evidenced its "moreishness."

There are three Scenes in the pantomime, viz., The Baron's Kitchen, at its opening and close, and The Palace. The "time" of the play is given as "Some." "Some" time was presumably a period when Sedan chairs and taxicabs were both available for hire, when Fairy Godmothers could purchase their wands at Woolworth's and crinolines and telephones could both be found in the same house—in fact, just the time for a real pantomime, and from start to finish the audience was delighted. The acting was excellent, the scenery, in spite of the smallness of the stage, well arranged, and the dresses superb.

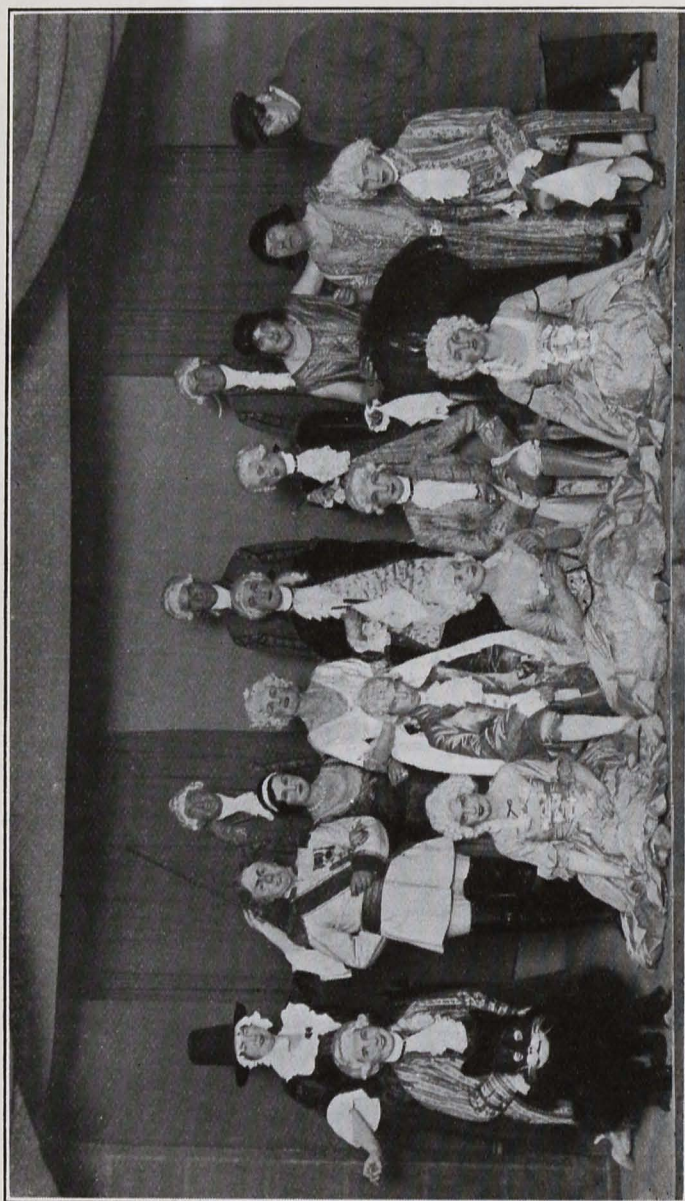
The singing was admirable, whilst the choruses, concerted items and dances were faultless. The name part was taken by Mrs. M. Drayson, who acted and sang with much charm. Lord Basing (Strychnine) and Dr. H. Ashwin (Glycerine), her two hideous sisters, were excruciatingly funny, whilst Commander Simonds as Baron Balderdash (her revolting father) might well have just come from Drury Lane, so perfect was his performance. Mrs. Simonds, who took the Principal Boy's part (Prince Charming) made a charming prince and both danced and sang as a charming prince should. She was well supported by Mrs. Ashwin as Dandini (the Prince's Boy Friend), a part taken very gracefully and cleverly. Ella Van Noys (one of those widows) is an American character, and Mrs. A. H. Dalton, who portrayed it, must surely just have landed from New York. Mrs. Harris-St. John was a graceful Fairy Godmother, and met with much applause, and Mr. C. Harris-St. John, who impersonated the Cat (Clarence), made an intelligent and lively "pussy." The remainder of the company, all most praiseworthy in their various roles, consisted of Mr. A. H. Dalton (a Taxi Driver), Miss Van Hoboken (Maid), Miss R. Harris-St. John (Page), the Misses D. Chichester, J. Chichester, J. M. Skinner, K. B. Stilwell, N. B. Harvey, Messrs. Kelly, Weait and Hinton (Lassies and Lads, Beer Drinkers and other Sportsmen). A special word of praise is due to Mrs. J. F. Smith, who presided at the piano during the whole of the play, a very arduous task well carried out.

The piano was kindly lent by Messrs. Attwells, Binfield & Co., Ltd., of Reading. The dresses were by Nathan, and the wigs by Clarkson. The local Group of Toc H rendered very valuable service throughout the evening by performing many duties in connection with the management of the auditorium. A matinée performance was given on Saturday afternoon following, when the hall as again packed.

The performance was also given at Silchester with equal success.



Lord Basing, Commander H. D. Simonds and Dr. Ashwin taking the parts of the Baron and the two Ugly Sisters.



A group of the entire company. Standing (left to right) at the back will be seen Mr. Weait, Mr. Hinton and Mr. Kelly, "beer drinkers" and other sportsmen from the brewery. Mrs. H. D. Simonds is seen standing in the centre of picture.

THE PUSSYFOOT MOVEMENT IN READING.

We hope our readers will take due note of the War Cry flung out at the recent Meeting of the Temperance Advocates held in the Town Hall, Reading, and will realise that Prohibition in the United States was preceded by Local Option. Let us make it quite clear what is meant by Local Option. It cannot be better defined than by saying that *it will confer upon a small body of citizens the power to regulate and restrict the personal tastes and habits of the remainder of those citizens.* Make no mistake about it! They could be empowered to prohibit the sale of beer, wines and spirits in any Club or Public House in the area, either for consumption *on or off* the premises.

It is doubtful whether the resolution put to the meeting would have been carried if this had been explained to the audience. It is more doubtful whether half of those present understood the meaning of the resolution.

In the course of his speech Mr. Winterton said: "Had they ever thought how helpless the public were in regard to licensing matters?" Why should a legitimate trade, authorised by the Government and which contributes more to the National Exchequer than any other industry, be hampered by vexatious restrictions and placed in jeopardy by a comparative handful of fanatics with possible ulterior motives? It is difficult to reconcile *Local Option* with the importation of spokesmen from other constituencies.

It is up to the men and women of Reading to show their disapproval of the tactics employed by the United Kingdom Alliance in endeavouring to foist their narrowminded views upon them. Therefore, beware of these importunate upstarts who seek to destroy your liberties and would dictate to you whether or not you shall be allowed to drink beer.

It would be interesting to hear the opinions of the Local Clubs upon Mr. Winterton's remark that he "deplored that *this insidious traffic*, through our Trade Union Clubs, has got a grip on the Labour Movement." The impertinence of this and his following remarks will not pass unnoticed by the working men of Reading and there is an idea already current that if Mr. Winterton again visits Reading similar comments will not go unchallenged. For fear the insult was unheard and unread, as it deserved to be, by the workers to whom it referred, the following is a reprint from the *Berkshire Chronicle*: "I want to tell my friends that all the things we dream of will never be possible without a sober democracy."

To suggest that the men of Reading are other than sober is to take a liberty that demands an apology. Apparently Mr. Winterton is unaware that statistics published within the last few years showed that Reading then held the record for sobriety in the whole of England.

It is questionable whether those who sat on the platform are aware of the monotony of the daily diet of the majority of workers. To rob the manual worker of his usual accompaniment to his bread and cheese would be a cruelty entirely undeserved and there would be many thousands who would prefer to go supperless to bed. Lack of education in the needs of workers, bigotry and unreasoned prejudice only can describe the attitude of these grandmotherly attempts to take away the only article of luxury which is within the reach of the majority of workers. The "dog-in-the-manger" attitude and gross hyperbole of these so-called reformers cannot be too strongly condemned. The Englishman is a tolerant individual up to a point, which if exceeded may let loose forces the results of which might be incalculable.

The Borough Member, Dr. Somerville Hastings, was present at the Temperance Meeting and expressed himself as in favour of Total Prohibition.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

The man who is keen on his work performs a double service to mankind. He gives his employer good value for his money by doing his work well, and his enthusiasm is a constant stimulus to all those who are working with him.

In the first instance the keen worker benefits himself. He learns all he can about his business, makes himself proficient in all its details, uses his energy to set the pace and works on an ever broadening base by the exercise of initiative. His talents are thus made serviceable not only to himself, but to his firm and all his fellow workers in so far as he contributes to the success of the business in which he is engaged.

But equally valuable is the inspiration that a keen worker can communicate to workers in general. How often has one seen him stir to enthusiasm a group of young fellows who take their work rather casually. He fires them with ambition to succeed. His example impugns their slackness. He makes them think about their work, feel their work, become absorbed in it. He turns them from the listless gait of failure to the quick march of success. And not by censure or didactic lecturing, but by the free play of his own character. Because he is keen on his job.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

"THE GREATEST ABUSE OF ALL."

"No man denies that best things may be abused; but it is a rule resulting from many pregnant experiences that what doth most harm in the abusing, used rightly doth most good; and such a good to take away from honest men, for being abused by such as abuse all things, is the greatest abuse of all."—*John Milton.*

Be vital. While you are alive make it a point to be alive. Walk on the sunny side of the road, speak out, work hard, laugh and fear nothing. Life holds the choicest treasures for those who woo her with the gayest courage.

Kind thoughts imply a close contact with God, and a divine ideal in our minds. Their origin cannot be anything but divine. Like the love of beauty, they can spring from no base source. They are not dictated by self-interest nor stimulated by passion; they have nothing in them which is insidious, and they are almost always the preludes to some sacrifice of self.

To dare to appear to be that which one is not is to despise oneself.

A wicked inclination is at first a guest. If thou grant it hospitality, it will soon make itself the hateful master of thy house.

Love in the home will do far more than harsh commands. Where there is true love, there is respect for one another. Silent love has more influence than volumes of words. Words are soon forgotten, but love never is. 'Tis this that makes the memories of home sweet.

There has hardly been any great forward movement of humanity which did not draw inspiration from the knowledge, or the idealization, of the past.

The poor ye have always with you, also the rich and stingy.

A man who never expresses his opinion is seldom given credit for having one.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"My wife is going through a modern cookery course."

"That's curious—so is mine!"

"What do you take for your dyspepsia?"

* * * *

"Daddy, teacher inquired after you to-day."

"Really?"

"Yes; he said he would like to know what sort of a fool my father was."

* * * *

THE BOSS: "What's this item on your expense account, 'Overhead Expense, £1'?"

THE TRAVELLING SALESMAN: "That's an umbrella I bought."

* * * *

DAUGHTER: "Mother, do you want me to put the parrot on the back porch?"

MOTHER: "Positively no! Your father is repairing the car in the backyard."

* * * *

A little boy was troubled about evolution. "Mother," he asked, "am I descended from monkeys?"

"I don't know," replied his mother, "I never knew any of your father's people."

* * * *

"You haven't said a word for twenty minutes."

"Well, I didn't have anything to say."

"Don't you ever say anything when you have nothing to say?"

"No."

"Well, then, will you be my wife?"

* * * *

PATIENT (to nerve specialist): "And is your treatment completely successful?"

NERVE SPECIALIST: "Absolutely. Only last week one of my patients tried to borrow a fiver from me!"

* * * *

Q.: When is a tall man short?

A.: When he hasn't enough cash.

"There is no doubt," said the Scotsman, "that we as a nation have a marvellous gift of humour. Can you explain it?"

"Yes," replied the Englishman, "it's because it's a gift."
—*Magazine Programme.*

* * * *

"The demand for heat and energy," says an authoress in a recently published book, "in this country at least, begins with birth and ends with death." There, however, appears to be no intense desire for heat after death by the people of any country.

* * * *

Isaac was arrested, and on receiving sentence was requested quite curtly to strip and take a bath. "Vot," he cried aghast, "go right under der vater . . . no, no!"

"But it's got to be done," said the warder uncompromisingly. . . . "By gum! you need one, too. How long is it since you had a tub?" The prisoner lifted his hands to high heaven. "I've never been arrested before," he sobbed.

* * * *

LITTLE GIRL: "May I go to the circus this afternoon?"

MOTHER: "My dear child! Fancy wanting to go to the circus when your Aunt Emily is here."

* * * *

"How dare you swear before my wife?" said the indignant husband.

"I'm very sorry, Sir," replied the other. "I was unaware that your wife wished to swear first."

* * * *

SMITH: "Doctor Phillips said he would put me on my feet again in six weeks."

BROWN: "And did he?"

SMITH: "Oh, yes—I had to sell my car to meet his bill!"

* * * *

JIMSON (after contemplating a blackened and burnt steak his wife had placed before him): "And I've often heard it said that a woman's work is never done."

* * * *

ANGLER (at conclusion of story): "Yes, it was rather awkward getting it home. You see, I had to wait for a corridor train."

ENRAGED LADY (to bus conductor): "Why didn't you stop when you saw me signalling?"

CONDUCTOR: "Signalling, Ma'am? Why, I thought you were dancing to that there organ!"

* * * *

The village dramatic society had spent many nights at rehearsal for their Christmas Eve production, and at last the great evening to show their powers had arrived. One of the actors had found it impossible to attend, and his place was taken by the local blacksmith. But as his part was only to speak one sentence, no hitch was expected. He was the headsman; arrayed in black tights and a mask, he strode on the stage and, folding his arms, loudly exclaimed: "My lord, my lord, I have beheaded the maid."

"Oh, you have, have you?" returned the local postman, who was taking the part of the tyrant king. "Well, you idiot, allow me to tell you you've been and spoilt the whole blessed show: you've gone and done it two acts too soon."

* * * *

A man journeying homewards in the early hours of Christmas morning found a belated reveller endeavouring vainly to insert his key into the keyhole, and approaching him, said, "May I assist you?"

"Shertainly—hic—not," replied the drunk. "'Sout of the question," and returned without success to his attack on the keyhole.

"Well, I'll knock for you," offered the other.

"Mos, mos'—hic—decidedly not," was the reply, "let 'em wait."

* * * *

A hurried traveller jumped into a moving train at King's Cross and shouted to the guard: "Is this all right for Finsbury Park?" "Quite right," said that genial official; "change at Glasgow—this is the Scotch express."

* * * *

One day, during the War, the parish priest came across an old Irish woman in a state of distress, and an inquiry brought the reply that she had lost her boy. Had she had a telegram from the War Office?

"No, but I've got this," she replied, handing a postcard to the priest, who read: "*Dear Mother, I am in the Holy Land.*"

Q: Which is the best way to make a coat last?

A: To make waistcoat and trousers first.

* * * *

"Why, it's a wonder the old soul can masticate 'er food at all. She's only got one tooth at the top an' one at the bottom—both in front, too."

"Dear me, Mrs. Tripp! Sort of central eating, then."—*The Humorist.*

* * * *

An advantage of paying on the instalment plan is that it helps you to understand the meaning of eternity.

* * * *

URCHIN (on river bank): "Will you please look after these 'ere worms, Mister, while I fills t'other tin?"

KIND OLD GENTLEMAN (affably): "Certainly, my boy, certainly."

URCHIN (suspiciously): "Mind yer, I've counted 'em."

* * * *

A Jew was discovered wandering about the streets of Aberdeen with a pair of trousers swung across his arm. He was looking for the Aberdeen Free Press!

* * * *

An Irish farmer had a cow which was almost impossible to milk because of its restiveness, so he decided to get rid of it, and he sent Casey with it to the market.

Returning with much more money than he had expected the cow would fetch, the farmer asked him if he had told the truth about the cow.

"Begorrah, I did," replied Casey. "The man asked me if she gave plenty of milk, and I said, 'Man, you'll be tired to death with the milking of her.'"

* * * *

For several hours the sergeant-major had been lecturing his men on the duties of a soldier to his country. Thinking it time to see how much they had understood of his discourse, he fixed on Private Jones and barked out:

"And why should a soldier be expected to die for his country?"

The man paused to think for a few moments. Then a smile broke over his face. "Yes, Sir," he said, "you're quite right. Why should he?"

"We'll leave no stone unturned to find your purse," said the inspector to the young man from the country, who had had his wallet stolen.

"By gum!" exclaimed the young man the next morning, as he strolled down the Strand and Piccadilly and saw the road-makers at work. "They haven't lost much time!"

* * * *

In the smoke room of a London hotel the guest from Scotland had been boring everybody with tales of the wonderful things he had done in his time. "Well, now," said an Englishman, wearily at last, "suppose you tell us of something you can't do, and, by Jove, I'll undertake to do it myself!" "Thank ye!" replied Sandy. "I canna pay ma bill!"

* * * *

The famous footballer's wife and small daughter were doing some Christmas shopping.

"Oh, Mummy, I would like that lovely big doll in the window!" cried the little girl.

"But, dear, I can't possibly buy that for you. It costs five pounds. We can't afford all that for a doll."

"Why not?" retorted the little girl. "We could easily sell Daddy again for five thousand pounds."

* * * *

There was a scene outside the theatre. An attendant had just ejected a youth from the gallery, and a policeman came along to see what the argument was about.

"It's all right!" said the attendant. "He's been misbehaving himself, so the manager had 'im thrown out!"

"But," said the indignant young man, "I was only passing some fruit to a pal of mine—can't I do that?"

"No, you can't!" said the attendant. "Not when you're in the gallery and your pal's in the pit, and the fruit is a ripe tomato!"

* * * *

A new type of parachute is described as a framework of steel covered with a hard flexible skin. A returned holiday-maker says this reminds him of the roast chicken provided by his seaside landlady.—*Punch*.

Abe was taking advantage of the Christmas holidays, and was on the point of departure for a holiday on the Continent whilst his friend Ike had come to see him off at the station.

As the train steamed out, Ike called out: "Vell, cheerio, old man, and remember the old proverb, 'Ven in Rome, do the Romans.'"

* * * *

MOTORIST (to motor cyclist in seaside town he has caught up): "I say, the young lady has fallen off your pillion seat."

"Oh, thanks," was the reply. "I'll get another on the pier."

* * * *

"I started out on the theory that the world had an opening for me."

"And you found it?"

"Oh, yes, I'm in an awful hole just now."

* * * *

"TEMPERANCE" ADVOCATE: "If you give up drinking beer you will live to be eighty."

VILLAGER: "It is too late for me to do that."

"TEMPERANCE" ADVOCATE: "Not at all."

VILLAGER: "But I am eighty-one already!"

WORDS OF WISDOM.

THE MEASURE OF A MAN.

Not—"How did he die?" But—"How did he live?"

Not—"What did he gain?" But—"What did he give?"

These are the units to measure the worth

Of a man as a man, regardless of birth.

Nor—"What was his station?" But—"Had he a heart?"

And, "How did he play his God-given part?"

Was he ever ready with word of good cheer,

To bring back a smile, to banish a tear?"

Not—"What was his church?" Nor—"What was his creed?"

But—"Had he befriended those really in need?"

Not—"What did the sketch in the newspaper say?"

But—"How many were sorry when he passed away?"

BRANCHES.

PORTSMOUTH.

AN ANCIENT SIGN: THE RED HAND OF FREE MART FAIR.

The Red Hand of Free Mart Fair is one of the most interesting exhibits in the re-organised Portsmouth Museum in the High Street. The Hand has a most interesting history. Free Mart Fair was granted to Portsmouth by Richard I. in 1194 to last for a period of fifteen days as "a free mart for all people, natives or foreigners, to enter the Kingdom, be exempt from duties, impositions or tolls, not to be arrested for debt, or oppressed in any way." A large wooden representation of an open hand, symbolical of the welcome and goodwill strangers might expect to receive, was annually displayed during the continuance of the Fair. During the time of the French War the Fair extended from King James' Gate at the end of Broad Street to the Lieutenant Governor's residence in St. Thomas Street, being the whole length of the High Street, but during the American War it consisted of only a few stalls.

Anciently the Fair was of considerable commercial value to the town as a mart for the sale of woollen goods and was well patronised by the French from Normandy and also by the Dutch. Gradually the Fair lost much of its useful character until it became little better than two weeks' saturnalia. The ceremony of displaying the Hand was performed by the Sergeants-at-Mace at midnight on July 9th and was usually called "putting out of the Glove," the Hand for many years being represented in a gauntlet after the fashion of the days of Charles I. In the year 1840 the gauntleted hand which had been in use for two centuries was stolen and sent to America, and a new open Hand was prepared by subscription of many of the inhabitants of High Street. The Glove or Hand was exhibited during the Fair from a window in High Street until this building was demolished and subsequently from the old Town Hall, which stood in the middle of the road until 1836, and finally was exhibited from the Guildhall. Until 1752 the Fair started on June 29th, but by the Act 24 George II., altering the style, it was fixed to begin eleven days later. Hence the Fair began on July 10th.

BOXING AT TANGMERE.

An interesting boxing tournament was held at Tangmere Aerodrome on December 19th, by kind permission of Wing Commander J. B. Graham, M.C., R.F.C. (Commanding R.A.F.,

Tangmere). The attendance was very good, large parties arriving from Chichester and Bognor Regis, as well as a coach load of N.C.O.'s and men from the Depot Royal Sussex Regiment. A number of Officers of the R.A.F. and Royal Sussex Regiment were interested spectators. The programme consisted of twelve contests and was sustained by the members of the two forces named and by members of the Bognor Regis Amateur Boxing Club. Two special six-round contests between Bognor boxers went the full course. In the first of these S. Baldwin (Captain of the Bognor B.C.) beat C. Wyatt. The remaining contests were all three-round contests. Perhaps the liveliest of them would be the fight between Pte. Simms and Pte. Norris, both of the Royal Sussex Regiment, which was well won by Simms who knocked his opponent out in the third round. A/c Honey, R.A.F., beat A/c Broad, R.A.F., on points. Mr. F. Honner (Bognor) acted as referee, Lieut. Goring and R.S.M. Goddard (Royal Sussex Regiment) were the judges, and The Rev. D. J. C. Hearn, M.A., and W.O. I. J. C. Jones, D.C.M., M.M., R.A.F., acted as timekeepers. The duties of M.C. were ably carried out by W.O. I. H. J. Wakeling, those of ringmaster by F/Sergt. H. Wensley, and those of Recorder by Sergt. A. Sharman. Wing Commander Graham distributed the prizes and thanked the Bognor Boxing Club and the Depot Royal Sussex Regiment for helping to make the tournament a success.

MR. T. DAVIES' RECORD: TWENTY-FIVE YEARS CHIEF CONSTABLE.

In January this year Mr. T. Davies, Chief Constable of Portsmouth, celebrated his twenty-fifth year as a Chief Constable. On January 1st, 1905, he succeeded Major Teevan as Chief Constable of Hove and after holding this important office for three years he came to Portsmouth in his present capacity on October 14th, 1907. He has seen nearly forty years' service and is still a most active worker and on the right side of sixty years. Mr. Davies was specially educated for the Civil Service at the Carmarthen Academy in West Wales and joined the Carmarthenshire Constabulary as a constable on May 25th, 1890. During his twenty-two years' service in Portsmouth Mr. Davies has been in charge of numerous important functions. Nearly all the crowned heads of Europe have passed through the City in his regime and he has personally escorted them during their visits. In the course of his career he has engaged in the detection and prosecution of crime from murder downwards, and the fact that he has been both Constable and Chief Constable has resulted in his receiving a thorough police education in that best of schools—experience.

THE LURE OF THE ENGLISH CUP.

The English Cup competition has again commenced and, even now, some of the well-known teams have bade farewell to the glamour and feverish excitement of the competition. No other competition so completely grasps the imagination of the sporting section of the community as this one. One has only to think for a few moments of the tremendous crowds that gather to see their favourite team playing for the honour of winning the Cup. League troubles are forgotten and for one game at least the disappointed supporter forgets his disappointments and mingles with the excited crowds.

It is said that a team must be a super team to win the Cup and also become League Champions. In some cases success in the Cup has been dearly paid for by dismal failure in the League and, as in the case of Manchester City, has even spelt "relegation." However, on the other hand, success in the Cup has accounted for renewed success in the League. Take the case of Portsmouth last season. Hopelessly stranded at the bottom of the League, seemingly doomed, yet Cup success saved them. From their first Cup-tie right away to the Final they astounded the critics with their remarkable revival in the intervening League games. To them every League game became a Cup-tie, vital in its importance, and by whole-hearted play and enthusiasm created by Cup success they pulled through. So it can be seen that success in the Cups acts as a stimulant to teams doing poorly in the League.

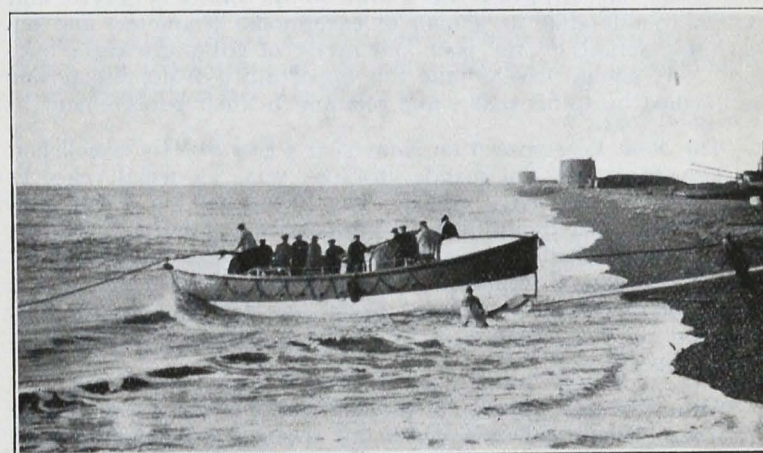
To reach the First Round Proper is the ambition of every amateur club of any standing, and to play a First Division team is an honour of which only a few ever dare dream. A few clubs, such as Aston Villa, Huddersfield and Blackburn Rovers, invariably do well in the Cup, and even at the beginning of the competition one or the other is named as the potential winners. Sometimes, however, these teams with their wonderful Cup-fighting reputations are beaten by teams whose chances are considered meagre. This is, perhaps, as well as it tends to increase the interest in the competition. Because of the clean sport filled with healthy excitement which is provided, the English Cup competition has rightly become ranked as the premier national tourney of England and Wales.

The Third Round of the present competition has been played with its usual surprises. "Pompey" did as they were expected to do in beating Preston, being the better team on a rain-sodden ground. Our Reading supporter is bemoaning the fate of his favourite team. Since the Cup Draw he has been constantly

informing us he knew of a certain "away winner." We feel sorry for him, as also for our friends at Plymouth. At the time of writing this the Draw for the Fourth Round having been made we hear Portsmouth have secured another home game with either Brighton or Grimsby. Much as we hope Brighton will beat Grimsby we cannot guarantee them any hope of success at Fratton Park.

W.J.C.

HYTHE'S NEW MOTOR LIFEBOAT.



The above photograph was taken at the time of launching the new Hythe motor lifeboat at the first trial. The boat is called "The City of Nottingham" and was built by means of a special fund subscribed in Nottingham.

"The City of Nottingham" is one of the very latest types and is a handsome boat of which the members of the borough might well be proud.

As is well known the Hythe lifeboat has done yeoman service during the severe storms and heavy seas of the past two months and readers will be interested to learn that one member of the permanent crew of the new boat works at the Hythe Brewery, whose staff all help to launch the boat when an "S.O.S." arrives. Hats off to the lifeboat crew!

[The above photograph and information have been kindly sent to us by Mr. J. Cecil Mullin.]

GIBRALTAR.

The sad news of the death of our revered Chairman was received in Gibraltar with very deep regret. We tender our heart-felt sympathy to Mrs. Blackall-Simonds and to our Directors in the irreparable loss they have sustained.

It is also with deep regret that we have to record the passing away of an old and esteemed friend in the person of Mr. John Arnavae, proprietor of the well-known mineral water firm of Pasalagua. Mr. Arnavae was known to his countless Service and civilian friends alike as a man of exceptional character, and his charitable actions to the poor and needy of Gibraltar are a byword. We should like to take this opportunity of expressing our deep sympathy to his sisters and relations in their bereavement.

The New Year speech on New Year's Eve by His Excellency the Governor and Commander-in-Chief was, as usual, eagerly awaited by a very large crowd. His Excellency, in a few well chosen words, briefly outlined the anticipated events for the forthcoming year, including the arrival of two battalions in February. He also enlarged on the fact that attempts are being made to give a little more publicity to the "Rock" as a tourist resort, and expressed the hope that 1930 would see an all-round increase in local prosperity.

Although somewhat belated, mention must be made of the numerous Christmas Draws which are always a great feature and an indication of the commencement of the Festive Season. Successful draws were run by the Chief and Petty Officers, Royal Navy, the Royal Engineers, the Royal Army Service Corps, Military Foot Police and the Royal Army Medical Corps. It was in the last-named draw where Mr. John Hutton, the "Hop Leaf" representative, did NOT win a turkey. It is true that in the Royal Engineers' draw he won half-a-dozen bottles of "S.B." and, as becomes a loyal "Hop Leaf" supporter, expressed himself as completely satisfied with his prize.

Congratulations to Mr. F. H. Biggs on his enlistment in the noble army of Benedicts. His many friends on the "Rock" wish him the best of luck and all happiness.

The Officers and ship's company of H.M.S. *Wild Swan* held a very successful dance on the evening of the 4th January. As usual the Red Hop Leaf played a very prominent part in the decorative scheme.

The arrival of the Atlantic Fleet was accomplished with that usual efficiency which marks a naval manœuvre. Talking of manœuvring recalls to mind the fact that this is a matter of considerable difficulty now that the Fleet has arrived. Our already congested streets are still further hampered by an influx of about one hundred additional motor vehicles, and crossing them becomes a very hazardous matter.

In our next issue I hope to have the pleasure of recording the more outstanding of the dances and entertainments. Now that the season has commenced we hope to make the most of it so that at the end of the summer season, when our friend the "Levanter" is once again with us, we can read our back numbers of the HOP LEAF and recall to mind once more the many jolly evenings we spent while the Fleet was in.

"NAUTICUS."

SLOUGH.

It was with great pleasure that we welcomed Mr. H. W. Colson as our new Manager at the commencement of the New Year. As we had all worked with him before, we knew that we should have as our Head one who would do his best in every respect to help and keep his staff happy.

The Slough and District Clubs Games League is still in a flourishing condition and at present excitement is great in the district for the position of the Slough Working Men's Club as the "Simonds" Cup holders is being keenly challenged. As previously mentioned, this Club has been the principal winners of the trophy since the inception of the Games League, and we are pleased that, in spite of this, the other contestants are still keen and using every endeavour to wrest the cup from such formidable opponents.

Considerable damage has been caused of late by the gales and floods which have been rife everywhere. Roads have been rendered impassable to all traffic, which has proved a great inconvenience, but we are thankful that throughout the sorry period we have not been placed in such a sad plight as many other areas.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

The "grafting" of the lately acquired properties and interests, at Paignton and elsewhere, into the "Hop Leaf Tree" has now been accomplished, and we look forward to a very happy association

with the whole of the staff at "Crabb's Park," the Tenants and Managers of each house, and with all those who are now part of our great Company.

Any little help or guidance needed from time to time for our mutual benefit and interests will be readily given, and we know they are all very keen to do well under the Simonds' banner. Only the team spirit has made that name what it is to-day, and we confidently anticipate its further enhancement by the united efforts of our new comrades in Paignton and the South Devon district, in the years to come.

A series of accidents has not assisted us during the past few weeks. Fortunately all but two of our staff are now again on the active list. Mr. L. Gruitt of the General Office, whilst within a few yards of the entrance, dislocated and badly bruised a twice previously injured shoulder as the result of an argument with a piece of orange peel. Happily he is now very little the worse physically for his fall, though we doubt not he has considerably benefited mentally by being forewarned when the next piece meets his eye. Other readers beware also.

One of his confreres, Mr. G. Pearce, is at present suffering from a badly poisoned hand, but we trust he will be with us again when this issue is in print.

Also, Mr. W. J. Lake, of the Scalds Department, has had the misfortune to damage himself with an unruly cask and in consequence his hand has lost its cunning for at least a little while. We hope, however, that he will soon be able to carry on without any appreciable loss of his old efficiency.

With the Cup Tie fever now at its very lowest in the West, we wish our "Pompey" and Brighton friends all they wish themselves in this direction. Which is, of course, only fair! Unfortunately, we now have to wait until the 25th to be quite sure as to which of our readers will smile contentedly and which will moan, when they open their GAZETTES. Both can't win anyway, and the luck of the Cup is too well known to dispute. May the winner go far are our sentiments.

Argyle and Reading went out quickly, which was no change to us, but we expected the Elm Parkites to once more play the part of the "Davids" against the "Giants" at Villa Park. 'Twas not to be, however, and the luck of the draw was on the side of the heavy battalion again, as it usually is in this competition.

To be two goals down, facing a blinding snowstorm, and then to lose Fred Titmuss for the remainder of the game, was Argyle's luck. Even then they drew level before the interval and made the Hull defenders seek refuge in banging the ball high over the heads of the crowd out of play on every possible occasion: tactics which nevertheless won them the game.

The wide gap of football mentality between the two teams must have made it plain to all present that Second and Third English League football are two vastly different propositions. The will to win was Hull's throughout.

No place for the weakling, no place for the "glass case" player in Hull City's side. "Hit it early, hard and often" was their creed. Argyle's creed of craft and cunning was suicidal under such weather conditions, although we pay tribute to men who always endeavoured to give us just a glimpse of the game's former glories, when Herbert Smith, Howard Spencer, Ernest Needham, James Crabtree, Joe Bache, Bobby Templeton and Vivian Woodward took the field before our eyes.

Therefore, though the "fever" stage has passed, we can at least say, as no doubt our "Pompey" and Brighton brethren will do to their men: "Well played," and wait, as old Micawber did, for something really good to turn up and make us delirious again.

Our Social Club Annual Meeting is due to take place just before these notes appear, and we hope to be able to give a survey of the Club's activities during 1929 and, we trust, its advancement in our next contribution.

Situated near the old Citadel Walls of Plymouth, on the Barbican itself, is the Mayflower Hotel, which overlooks the famous stone of that name, so dear to the hearts of the American nation.

This hotel, purchased by the Firm in the summer of 1928, has now a nearby neighbour whose future endeavours will also be to satisfy the demands for "I.P." Ale, "S.B." Ale, Milk Stout and the like, made by residents and visitors to this old-fashioned part of our city and which to date only the Mayflower has been able to cater for.

Union is strength, and the Abbey Hotel will, we hope, bear its great part and make "Simonds" the password in that locality. Favourably situated as it is right on the terminus of the Western National Bus Service, and with Mr. C. H. Wollacott as mine host, we anticipate the Abbey fulfilling the dual purpose of making

known the high qualities of "Hop Leaf" beverages, not only to our city folk but to a far wider circle of patrons who alight from the modern coach at its very doors.

STOP PRESS NEWS.

We congratulate our foreman-mechanic, Mr. S. Naish, on once again becoming a happy father—this time of a bouncing baby girl, who will, no doubt, "bounce" him in the future on many occasions. We are glad to know that both Mrs. Naish and the new arrival are doing well.

AN "IF" FOR GIRLS.

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

If you can dress and make yourself attractive
 Yet not make puffs and curls your chief delight,
 If you can swim and row, be strong and active
 But of the gentle graces lose not sight,
 If you can dance without a craze for dancing,
 Play, without giving play too strong a hold,
 Enjoy the love of friends without romancing,
 Care for the weak, the friendless and the old;
 If you can master French and Greek and Latin
 And not acquire as well a priggish mien,
 If you can feel the touch of silk and satin
 Without despising calico or jean,
 If you can ply a saw or use a hammer,
 Can do a man's work when the need occurs,
 Can sing, when asked, without excuse or stammer,
 Can rise above unfriendly slights and slurs.
 If you can make good bread as well as fudges,
 Can sew with skill and have an eye for dust,
 If you can be a friend and hold no grudges,
 A girl whom all will love because they must.
 If sometime you should meet and love another
 And make a home with faith and peace enshrined,
 And you its soul, a loyal wife and mother,
 You'll work out pretty nearly to my mind
 The plan that's been developed through the ages
 And win the best that life can have in store.
 You'll be my girl, a model for the sages,
 A woman whom the world will bow before.

BIG FIRE AT ALGECIRAS.

The beautiful hotel, Reina Cristina, which was destroyed in the disastrous fire on the 12th January, was well known to members of our Firm, particularly to Mr. F. A. Simonds, who has made numerous visits to the hotel during his business journeys to the Mediterranean. Mr. F. A. Simonds was very fond of this hotel, which was the finest and best known in Spain and surrounded with lovely gardens.

Despite the early arrival of the fire brigade with a powerful engine from Gibraltar, the high wind caused the flames to spread rapidly and soon the whole building was ablaze. Fortunately there was no loss of life.

BRIGHTON.

Another Christmas season has come and gone, and we are pleased to be able to record a busy one. Coming as it did in mid-week, visitors to Brighton were perhaps not quite so numerous as when a longer holiday is possible, but hotels that provide special entertainments for their guests were fairly full.

The "Clerk of the Weather" was kindly disposed, especially on Boxing Day, which opened like a Spring morning, and hundreds were sitting in the sunshine on the seats lining the Madeira Drive.

Since then gales have revisited us. One especially rough sea brought up on to the beach quantities of consolidated cocoanut oil and sheets of crepe rubber, evidently released from a vessel that had been sunk during war operations years ago. The coastguards seized this flotsam and had a good haul. They were not so keen on salvage, however, some years ago when a whale was washed ashore here.

Brighton ratepayers have been somewhat perturbed lately. They turned up in large numbers at a meeting called by the Mayor recently seeking approval to present to Parliament a Bill empowering the Corporation to undertake (what the meeting thought) too many drastic measures. Strong opposition necessitated the postponement of the meeting to a later date, by which time it is expected that many of the dominating clauses will be obliterated or amended by the Corporation Legal and Parliamentary Sub-Committee.

We are sorry to have to record the death of one of our lorry drivers, J. Yeandle. "Jim," as he was generally known, came to us when we first had motor transport in 1922, and by his genial disposition and constant willingness to oblige customer and employer

alike, was much liked wherever he was known. He had to give up work in April of last year and cheerfully bore up through a lingering illness, until he passed away on the first day of this year. Several of his fellow workers paid their last tribute of respect to his memory by attending the funeral.

Brighton and Hove Albion are having a better season in the football field this year. By defeating Grimsby (at Grimsby) in the replay of the first round proper of the English Cup they are now drawn to meet Portsmouth at Portsmouth. Our old rivals are sure of putting up a good game, and the least we can say is: May the better team win.

We were sorry to miss Mr. H. W. Colson, after having had the pleasure of his co-operation for many months, and again wish him the success he deserves in his new post at Slough, where we hope he will have as long an innings as his predecessor as Manager of the Branch there.

WOKING.

The Annual Children's Party of the West Byfleet Social Club was held in the Ex-Service Men's Concert Hall at West Byfleet on Tuesday, January 14th, when over 250 wives and children were present. Mr. J. Atfield (President) presided, and it is pleasing to note that despite his advancing years his interest in the Club does not diminish. Mr. H. G. Misselbrook (Games and Entertainments Secretary) was largely responsible for the excellent arrangements made to successfully cater for so large a function, and very valuable assistance was given him by Mr. H. Mathis, Junr., Mr. J. Simmonds and several members of the Committee. Mr. H. W. Webb impersonated Father Christmas, and his fund of humour, of which he possesses a seemingly inexhaustible supply, was a delight to the children, all of whom received a gift in addition to sweets, etc.

The hall was very gaily decorated for the occasion and a special word of thanks is due to Mr. J. Garland for the loan of Christmas trees and plants. Community singing was quite a feature of the evening programme and greatly enjoyed.

During an interval in the programme Mr. A. Bennett thanked all those who had given their services in the organisation of the party; the children adding their sense of appreciation by giving three rousing cheers. Mr. Atfield suitably replied on behalf of the Club.

Believed by a great number of people to be the worst gale within living memory—and certainly within the recollection of the

writer of these notes—a hurricane swept the many beauty spots of Surrey on Sunday evening, 12th January. Trees crashed with alarming frequency, and many roads became impassable and a danger to motorists and pedestrians alike. Elm trees in particular, with their shallow roots, came in for merciless treatment, and some fine old specimens of cedar trees, said to be over 200 years old, were uprooted at Farncombe, near Godalming. Drivers of railway trains had some anxious moments on the Portsmouth to Guildford route, where the storm continued for some hours with unabated fury. It was fortunate perhaps that the gale came at a time when the trees were stripped of their foliage, or the toll would have been much heavier.

NEWBURY.

SOUTH BERKS BREWERY COMPANY'S STAFF DINNER.

Our Annual Staff Dinner was held on January 3rd at the "Jack" Hotel, and all present expressed their appreciation of the achievement of Mr. and Mrs. Cadd which went far towards the making of a very successful evening. The room provided was made very cosy and warm and the decorations added much to the atmosphere of homeliness. The catering was all that could be desired and a sumptuous repast was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The Secretary of the Company (Mr. W. H. Burton) again occupied the Chair, supported by Capt. A. S. Drewe, Mr. R. A. Walker, Mr. A. G. Rider, and others present included Mr. Irwin, Mr. Flook and Mr. Lawrence from our Reading Estates Office.

The Chairman proposed "The King and the Royal Family," which toast was drank very enthusiastically with the knowledge that the Parent Company had been recently honoured with the great privilege of being appointed Brewers to His Majesty.

A little later the Chairman asked that the glasses should be filled as he was about to submit the toast of the evening, namely, "The Success and Prosperity of the Parent Company, Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd." to whom all present were so proud and happy to belong. The Chairman, in a few well-spoken words, said how gratifying it was to see from the *Times* report that a considerable increase in the sale of our well-known brands of bottled beers had been attained for the past year, and how essential it was for all present to give of their best in their respective jobs and to be anxious and willing to do all in their power to promote the interests of the Firm.

Another toast of the evening proposed by the Chairman was the "South Berks Brewery Co.'s Thrift Club," coupling with the

same the names of Mr. H. H. Stevens (the Club's Secretary) and Mr. P. H. Herridge (the Treasurer), and asked the company present to show in the usual way their best thanks and appreciation to these two gentlemen for the work and responsibility of looking after the Club's books and funds and to whom all credit was due for the Club's past successful year.

Mr. Stevens suitably responded on behalf of himself and Mr. Herridge, and said they were both amply repaid for their trouble by the members' confidence in them and the pleasure it gave them to see everyone so thoroughly enjoying themselves that evening.

Mr. Rider proposed a hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman, which was very cordially received with musical honours.

The Chairman, in reply, thanked everyone for the very kind and hearty manner in which his health had been toasted, and hoped that the good spirit and happy feeling which had existed in the past and also that night would be maintained in the future. The Chairman, at the same time, voiced the feelings of all by asking for Mr. and Mrs. Cadd to be called in and accept the best thanks of those present for their personal attention and the good time they had given us. Mrs. Cadd suitably responded, and although we were granted an hour's extension of time, it was somewhat difficult to bring to a close a most happy evening.

Our entertaining guests were Messrs. G. Smith and T. Pare of Reading, also our tenant, Mr. G. W. Taylor, of the "Hare and Hounds," Speen, with Mr. Lawrence at the piano. These kept the company going with their humorous songs and monologues, all of which were delightfully amusing and added much to the pleasure of the evening and were thoroughly appreciated.

THE CRAVEN HUNT.

"The sound of his horn brought me from my bed," and judging by the attendance it also called the whole of Newbury to the revival of the Boxing Day Meet of the Craven Hounds in the Market Place, which had not taken place here for some twenty-five years.

The Meet easily beat all records in the way of attendance and never has the Market Square held such a large gathering as that which turned out to see the hounds on Boxing Morning. It was estimated that more than five thousand on foot, in addition to two hundred cars, were present, and the weather being ideal the spirit of John Peel certainly prevailed, and everyone seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves. The crowds were so dense outside our two hotels, the "White Hart" and the "Queen's,"

that it was impossible to leave or enter either house until the hounds had moved off and the serving of a stirrup-cup was out of the question.

By the kind hospitality of our tenants (Mr. W. H. Butt and Mr. T. E. Rennie) as many as possible were permitted to view the scene from the upstairs windows. We hope by the enthusiasm and popularity gained, the Master will decide to hold the Meet here annually. The hounds subsequently moved to Snellsmore Common, which had suffered from fire during the summer and made the going easy, and the foot-followers had the day of their lives. There were several foxes on foot, and if "Peel's view hallo" didn't "Awaken the dead" it certainly did the foxes, and the holiday people had a lot of fun and excitement of chasing a fox round and round the common before getting to ground. One section of the crowd nearly demolished a fox on their own in a small piece of gorse.

The Hunt concluded with a ten-mile run which was considered by those taking part one of the best of the season.

THE CRAVEN HUNT BALL AT NEWBURY.

The Craven Hunt Ball, which is considered by Newbury people one of the principal events of the year, was held on the 14th January in the Newbury Corn Exchange, and nearly four hundred were present. The pleasing feature was the surprise and amazement of the arriving guests at the scene which met their gaze on entering the ballroom. Through the original idea of the Honorary Secretary (Mrs. Wilfred Royds) the scheme of decoration was the representation of a baronial hall, the interior of which looked like a long half-timbered banquetting hall of a mediæval mansion: this was brought about by the whole of the upper part of the building being fitted with a false roof of white muslin and intersected with strips of brown which gave the effect of a ceiling with oak beams, whilst the walls had also been treated to give them a half-timbered appearance and only needed a few suits of armour with mural decorations of pikes and antique arms to complete the scheme.

Our tenant (Mr. T. E. Rennie) of the "Queen's" Hotel was granted an extension of hours until 4.30 a.m. for supplying chauffeurs with food and accommodation during the ball, and being next door to the ballroom an awning was built from one to the other to enable the cloakroom accommodation at the "Queen's" Hotel to be approached under cover.

The ball was a brilliant affair and although the predominating colours amongst the ladies were magenta and pink it was surprising how well they blended with the scarlet coats.

OXFORD.

We were interested to see a reference to Mr. J. Phelan in last month's GAZETTE, and we hope that the next time W.D. looks him up he will convey to him our kind regards.

By the way, we don't suppose that Oxford will be considered to be the seat of Modesty after the way in which we blew our own particular trumpet last month.

We are getting used to 1930 now that it is some three or four weeks old and beginning to think that it is going to be more well behaved than its predecessor as far as the wintry weather is concerned. We are informed, however, that there is still plenty of time for a cold spell. While admitting the truth of this we hope (at least all of us who have no interest in the plumbing trade) that Jack Frost will stay away. It will be a catastrophe for the gardeners if we should get a severe frost on top of the extremely mild weather we are now enjoying.

Oxford was all agog with excitement on Monday, January 20th, when the giant airship R100 came sailing to us out of the blue. It was a magnificent and unusual sight which will not be readily forgotten by those who witnessed it. The day was ideal; the sun shone, the sky was blue and everyone wished they were on board the large silver cigar-shaped vessel that seemed to glide through the air like a child's toy balloon.

The only beings who seemed to be troubled by the airship's passing were the rooks from the numerous rookeries in and about the City. They seemed to be holding a massed meeting of protest at the intrusion in mid-air.

We read from our evening papers after the passing of the floating ship that she had been to Reading before she visited us. Perhaps she had got a new consignment of footballers aboard; it was a pity as Oxford City are pretty hard up and we could have done with a few.

We were honoured with a brief visit by our Managing Director recently and were very glad to note that Mr. Eric looked well and fit again after his recent severe indisposition.

You will be interested to learn Mr. Editor that the fish are feeding in our district. A customer brought in a fine perch to shew us the other day. It weighed somewhere in the region of three pounds. We have heard several good reports of sport in the local waters.

FARNBOROUGH.

The Camberley Working Men's Club are to be congratulated on the splendid manner in which they are overcoming their many difficulties.

Within a month of the disastrous fire which rased their Club to the ground, a temporary club-house was erected on the land at the rear of the destroyed building. We now understand that the plans for the new building have been accepted at a General Meeting and when completed it will be one of the finest Working Men's Clubs in the South of England. There will be a billiards room containing six billiards tables, a spacious concert hall 68 feet in length, commodious bar, reading rooms and card rooms, baths and the usual offices.

We enclose a photograph of Mr. T. Vickery, whose retirement was reported in our November issue. No doubt several of the old employees of H. & G. Simonds will remember his face on manœuvres in pre-war days.



MR. T. VICKERY.

After running successfully for six seasons we regret to report that the Farnborough Branch Cricket Club has been disbanded. Although quite a young club in this district the Farnborough representatives of the "Hop Leaf" will be missed on many grounds during the coming summer. We built a reputation for playing the game in the right spirit of which we can proudly boast: the local reporters always called a match in which we participated "a pleasant game." We are very pleased to learn that our most worthy rivals, the Seven Bridges Brewery C.C., have taken over some of our fixtures, and in meeting both the South Farnborough Working Men's Club and the Basingstoke Liberal and Radical Club they will be assured of four excellent games.

14/20TH HUSSARS.

The members of the Sergeants' Mess, 14/20th Hussars, gathered together on Tuesday evening, 14th January, 1930, to bid farewell to S.S.M. Reeves, who is leaving the Regiment after serving twenty-one years.

R.S.M. Piper occupied the Chair and spoke of the good work that S.S.M. Reeves had performed whilst in the Regiment.

A large number of his old friends were present, and after a very pleasant and jovial evening Mr. Reeves was given a hearty send-off into civilian life.

SERGEANTS' MESS, R.A.F.

The W.O.'s and Sergeants of the above Sergeants' Mess held a Whist Drive and Dance on Friday, 17th January, 1930. These functions are always popular in this Sergeants' Mess. The large number of members and guests who attended enjoyed themselves immensely, dancing being kept up until the last minute.

