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The
HOP LEAF



THE HOPLEAF

GAZETTE



Issued
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H. & G. SIMONDS, LTD., READING.

A RECORD OF SOCIAL ACTIVITIES AT THE BREWER

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. XIV.

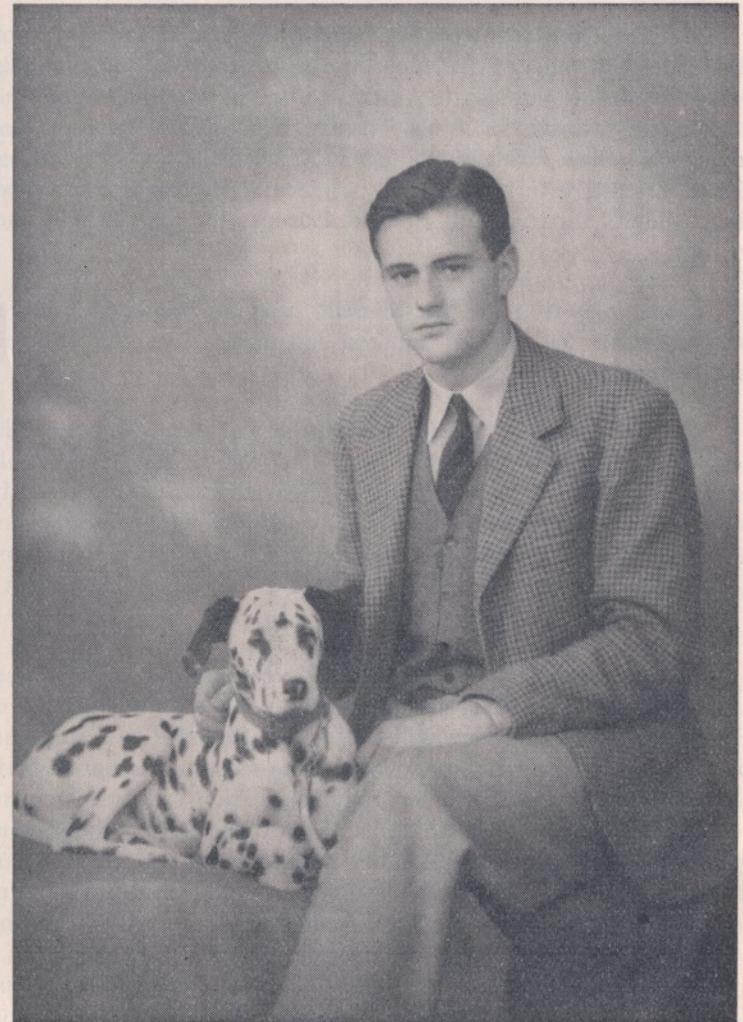
FEBRUARY, 1940.

No. 5

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All communications should be addressed to—
The Editor, HOP LEAF GAZETTE, The Brewery, Reading.



MR. E. D. SIMONDS.

MR. E. D. SIMONDS.

History is written in this page to-day, by chronicling the scholastic career and principal events in the life of Mr. E. D. Simonds leading up to the time he joined the Brewery in October, 1938, and the abrupt interruption of his practical studies as a pupil in the Brewing Department, by the outbreak of war.

At Eton from 1930 to 1935, where he finished as Captain of House and a member of the House football team, Mr. E. D. Simonds left on an educational visit to Australia in 1936, travelling round the world in the course of the tour. The experiences encountered on the voyage, as well as during his sojourn in Australia and other countries visited, are interesting and happy memories. He has also travelled fairly widely, especially in Central Europe, by car, bicycle and on foot.

From 1936 to 1938 Mr. Simonds was at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he studied modern languages, including French and German.

At the time of the declaration of war with Germany in September last, Mr. Simonds, who had joined the Honourable Artillery Company in the previous February and had recently returned from Camp with that Unit, was immediately recalled for service under the general mobilization order. At the present time he is stationed with an Officers' Cadet Training Unit, R.A., "somewhere in the North."

It is fervently hoped that a speedy termination of hostilities and an honourable and lasting peace, free from the menace of Hitlerism and Bolshevism, will enable Mr. Simonds to resume his pupilage at the Brewery, to follow in the steps of his antecedents and to assist in the continued rapid expansion and development of the House of Simonds which has been witnessed by the present generation and which is probably unprecedented in the brewing industry. With all the past achievements to guide and the ancestry of the Firm to inspire him and being preternaturally keen and vigilant, he possesses in a large measure the abilities needed in a vast and progressive business. These characteristics will carry him far along the road which lies ahead and will prove of the utmost

advantage in following the tenets which have been laid down by the Firm. His candour and friendly disposition have already gained for him the affection of the Brewery staff.

Mr. Simonds' enthusiasm in sport is ventilated in cricket, squash racquets, lawn and royal tennis, golf, swimming and ski-ing. He has also recently become interested in hockey and represents his Battery at centre-forward.

"Carol," who shares the front page with his master, is at present billeted at the Brewery stables. He is a splendid Dalmatian, of the true "plum pudding" type and appropriately named. His presence at the Brewery is reminiscent of the days, long since past, when Dalmatians trotted behind the smart dog-carts and other conveyances of Directors when driving to the Brewery each day.



Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine oft infirmities.—The Bible.

CHAT *from*



THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

(By C. H. P.)

THRIFT TAKES A BOW.

Marsh rosemary, commonly known as "thrift," appears on the reverse of the recently minted threepenny pieces. Shortly this humble plant is to acquire a new significance, for the National Savings' Association has decided to adopt it on their savings' stamps, where it will displace the swastika, which has attained of late years so unpleasant a significance.

This is another instance of sentiment invading Government departments. The Post Office, as we know, has become quite gushingly frivolous of late years with some of its "greetings" designs for telegrams.

THE GOLFING DENTIST.

"If any patients call" the golfing dentist told his secretary, "say I've eighteen cavities to fill this afternoon."

A MATTER OF TENSE.

Mrs. Gayboy had some of her friends to tea. Among them was the professor's wife who prided herself on her correct use of the King's English on every occasion.

"I wish I knew where George was," remarked the hostess, referring to her rather dissipated husband.

The professor's wife drew herself up.

"I presume, my dear," she said, primly, "that you mean you wish you knew where he is?"

"Oh, no, I don't," replied Mrs. Gayboy, sweetly. "I know where he is. He's upstairs in bed with a black eye and a fearful headache. I want to know where he was."

CURIOUS M.P.S.

The proposal to extend question time in the House of Commons by fifteen minutes would have been glad news to the late Colonel Harry Day who, for a long period, used to ask the maximum questions allowed a member of Parliament every day.

His record for a single session was something over 600 questions, and when it is remembered that each of these costs the country thirty shillings, one realises that Colonel Day must have had a good deal of confidence in the value of his curiosity.

Another great questioner of bygone days was a certain Galloway Weir, M.P., concerning whom a Parliamentary wit (probably Sir Wilfrid Lawson) wrote:—

The weary Weir with queries queer
The question paper crams:
There surely never was a weir
That caused so many dams.

From which the conclusion may be drawn that although members of Parliament like to ask questions, they are not keen on hearing those of their colleagues!

THE KING PAYS HIS FARE.

When the King travels by rail he pays his fare just like the humblest of his subjects, and, in fact, pays a great deal more.

This is revealed by Mr. E. R. Yarham, F.R.G.S., in an article in the current issue of *The Home Owner*.

"There is a widespread notion that the railways carry the Royal Family for nothing," he writes. "This idea is completely wrong. The King pays first-class fares for all those travelling with him, and in addition 13s. 4d. a mile for the use of the Royal train.

"When the Royal Family go to Ballater for the annual holiday at Balmoral, the cost for the return journey is reckoned at £450 each way, this figure including the fares for the personal attendants. An inspector collects the tickets during the journey."

No passenger train overtaken by the Royal train on the way may exceed 10 m.p.h., this rule being made in order that the King shall not be observed for more than a few seconds at any one point. At one time a pilot engine preceded the Royal train, but this safeguard is not now deemed necessary. But every inch of the route is inspected by men from the chief engineer's mechanical department, and a search party examines every tunnel. A number of officials always travel with the train, one being on the footplate.

The honour of driving the train is shared by veteran drivers of unimpeachable integrity and with an absolutely clean record.

THE PERFECT GUEST.

She answered by return of post
 The invitation of her host,
 She caught the train she said she would,
 And changed at junctions as she should,
 She brought a small and lightish box,
 With proper keys to fit the locks.
 Foods rich and rare she did not beg,
 But ate the boiled or scrambled egg ;
 When offered lukewarm tea she drank it
 And did not crave another blanket
 Or extra pillow for her head ;
 She seemed to like the spare-room bed,
 She brought her own self-filling pen,
 And always went to bed at ten ;
 Told stories new and gossip kind,
 And left no little things behind !

OYSTERS.

Oysters, a delicacy nowadays, were once on a par with fish and chips. This was so much the case in Dickens' day, for instance, that Sam Weller is made to observe that "poverty and oysters always seem to go together. . . . Blest if I don't think ven a man is wery poor he rushes out and eats oysters in regular desperation."

HOLLAND'S BIRD SANCTUARIES.

Holland, who finds herself unpleasantly in the news just now, has long been a favourite holiday centre for bird-lovers from Britain, and especially bird-photographers, owing to the large number of rare British birds exterminated as nesters in this country which still nest in large numbers in the Dutch bird sanctuaries.

The famous sanctuary on the sand-dunes at Texal is the nesting place of numerous ruffs, black-tailed godwits, avocets and terns.

The Isle of Griend is a sanctuary for 20,000 pairs of Sandwich terns : the Naardemeer a sanctuary for spoonbills, purple heron, black terns, bearded tits and Savi's warblers ; the Kampereiland for bitterns and marsh-harriers ; the Hook of Holland for avocets, ruffs and godwits, and Wanneperveen has a colony of 900 nesting pairs of cormorants specially protected.

A QUESTION OF DOUGH.

Husband : " I wish you could cook like my mother used to do."

Wife : " I might if you had some of the dough your father had."

FROM CRADLE TO GRAVE.

A Keighley grocer is preparing the following for display across the front of his main window : " You are registered when born ; you are registered when dead ; now, register here and live."

HIS DUCK.

Recently a pilot, homeward bound, after flying over the North Sea, struck something. His plane continued its flight with one or two cylinders missing.

Before he reached his home station he noticed an appetising smell. When he landed a wild duck, half roasted, was found on the engine—but dinner in the mess did not include roast duck.

TONGUE-TWISTER.

Can you say this six times without stopping ?

Swan swam over the sea ;
 Swim, swan, swim.
 Swan swam back again ;
 Well swum swan.

A SPEECH OF DISRAELI.

The following brief extract from a speech by Lord Beaconsfield at Guildhall, on November 9th, 1875, will show, when set alongside the words of the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, how the quiet, unwavering confidence of one generation of Englishmen repeats itself in the next :—

" Although the policy of England is peace, there is no country so well prepared for war as our own. If she enters into conflict in a righteous cause, if the contest is one which concerns her liberty, her independence, or her Empire, her resources I feel are inexhaustible. She is not a country that, when she enters on a campaign, has to ask herself whether she can support a second or a third campaign. She enters into a campaign which she will not terminate till right is done."

GOOD FOR YOUR THROAT, TOO.

"I am told that great singers before they appear on the platform at the Albert Hall are allowed to have a little quiet time alone, with possibly a glass of stout or port to help their throats."

—Lord Baldwin.

AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES.

A man who hated making After-Dinner Speeches was called upon one evening, and he told this tale:—

"In the olden days when Christians were thrown to the lions as a sport for the Romans, the Emperor Nero was watching an exhibition, and noticed that one of the victims whispered something to a lion, which promptly walked away. The performance was repeated the next day, and the same thing happened. This went on for three or four days, and then out of curiosity Nero sent for the man and asked what it was he said to the lions. The man refused to say anything, and no threats had any effect until Nero offered him his freedom if he would tell. The Christian said: 'Well, when they come up to me I tell each lion in turn that when he has had his meal he must make a speech.'"

DIDN'T MIND THE HARNESS.

"What did you dish us up for dinner, chef?" asked a Tommy.

"Horse," sarcastically replied the cook.

"Coo, I thought so. Look 'ere, chum, I don't mind the harness, but next time take off his blinkin' shoes, will yer."

BEER JUSTIFIES ITSELF.

"Malt does more than Milton can
To justify the way of God to man."

—A. E. Houseman, *the Irish poet and writer.*

WHEN YOU ARE BOSS!

These three notices hang in one city office:—

"Our office boy is itching to serve you—keep him up to scratch."

"You may powder your nose as often as you please so long as your work is not so dusty."

"Work hard for eight hours a day and don't worry; then in time you may rise to be a boss and work eighteen hours a day and have all the worry."

MORE HOWLERS.

"A Patrician is a native of Ireland."

"The Orange Free State is another name for Northern Ireland."

"Marquis is the French for a big tent."

"Woe is an expression common among carters."

"A spittoon is a squad of soldiers."

"An artery is a place where paintings are kept."

WELL NAMED.

Not many miles away from Llanelly, in Carmarthenshire, there is a village named Tumble. It is situated in a colliery district and perhaps there is something quite appropriate in the fact that the village public house bears the sign "Tumble Inn."

A HEARTENING OMEN.

When everybody is practically living on hope, your readers may be interested in a heartening omen, writes F. Mark Martin. According to an old Irish prophecy, in the year when the palm and shamrock meet—that is, when Palm Sunday coincides with St. Patrick's Day—that year shall see a great and lasting peace. This very rare clash of festivals occurs this year on March 17th. It has not happened since 1799, and will not occur again until 2199. We all fervently hope that the old saw will prove true.

THE WHEELS GO ROUND AND ROUND.

I understand that about 20 per cent. of the Reading Corporation Transport Department staff are away on the sick list. This alone imposes a great strain on those of the staff who continue to make the wheels go round. Add to this the terribly severe weather we have been experiencing—snow, sleet and ice—and the "black-out" and it will be realised in what appalling conditions the transport staff have been working.

In consequence of the bad weather people who usually cycle to business crowd on to the buses, increasing the work of the already harassed conductors. It is a testimony to the "stick-it" spirit of the drivers and conductors that they have been able to maintain the services so well as they have done, and they deserve the warmest praise for their splendid effort.

It is stated that the Transport Committee, through the Transport Manager, have expressed to the transport staff their appreciation of the staff's good work.

CARRY ON!

As a retired merchant I have sufficient income to live on comfortably, not extravagantly, writes H.A. in the *Daily Mail*. I have offered my services to the Government, but am "too old" at present; I may be wanted later. So I wish to do my bit in other ways.

I am told in the Press to "lend" to the nation; not to buy anything that is not essential; and so on.

What, therefore, should I do when next I want to buy a bottle of whisky, which I drink regularly but sparingly? If I buy a Savings Certificate with the 14s. 3d., eventually I get my money back, the Government also paying me interest on it.

If I carry on my usual practice and use the 14s. 3d. in purchasing my bottle of whisky, I am *giving* the Government about 9s. 6d.—the duty on the bottle—and helping to keep the distillers and their labour going; helping to keep the shopkeeper and his staff going.

It seems to me that I am helping the Government and the nation more by buying my bottle of whisky than by lending them money, on which I shall earn interest.

I have thought over it several times, and cannot get anyone to give me a forceful reply. I want to do the right thing and would appreciate advice.

COMFORTS FOR OUR COLLEAGUES.

I had an opportunity of viewing a splendid array of woollen articles made by some of the lady clerks of the Firm (under the supervision of Miss Prosser), which they had very kindly and nobly set to work to make for the employees who are serving with H.M. Forces. These have now been dispatched. The men in the B.E.F. were dealt with first; then those who are stationed in such places as the Shetlands; and so on. The gifts consisted of Balaclava helmets, scarves, gloves, mittens and socks, and by the very appreciative tone of the letters of thanks received and personal calls made whilst on leave, the comforts have proved a godsend to the troops.

High praise must be accorded the young ladies who have worked, and are still working, so industriously.

SPLENDID WORK BY TRANSPORT DEPARTMENT.

The men of the Transport Department at the The Brewery deserve the highest praise for the manner in which they carried out their duties during the very severe weather. I believe every one of our Tenants had supplies. There were no accidents, and the greatest credit is due to the men for the great skill and care they exercised in driving under these abnormal and exceptionally trying conditions.

POOL BEER—AN OFFICIAL DENIAL.

The Brewers' Society say that there is no truth in the statement which has appeared in certain newspapers that brewers have considered the possibility of pooling beer or brewing only one class of mild ale and one of bitter. Further, the suggestion that brewers' stores of barley are to be rationed is without foundation.

"YOUNG HOPEFUL."

Mr. C. A. Elliott, the Headmaster of Eton, included the boy's allowances in the suggestions made to parents for possible economies. In this week's *Eton Chronicle* the leading article, surveying prospects for the present half, ends as follows:

Come what may, we can rest assured on one point: no "vicious spiral" will bring inflation to Eton. Prices may go up, but allowances will not.

One member of the school, by the way, signing himself "Young Hopeful," makes a constructive suggestion for national economy. It is that the writing of lines as a punishment is a waste of paper and should be abolished.

OPEN THE DOOR!

OPEN the door, let in the air,
The winds are sweet and the flowers fair;
Joy is abroad in the world to-day,
If our door is wide open he may come this way.
Open the door!

Open the door of the heart, let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin;
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware.
Open the door!

**SUPPLIES DURING CHRISTMAS SEASON.
DIRECTORS THANK TENANTS FOR THEIR
CO-OPERATION.**

THE DIRECTORS OF THE COMPANY would like to take this opportunity to express to our Tenants their grateful thanks for the response made to their request in regard to ordering supplies required during the Christmas season. The large measure of co-operation extended to us was appreciated by all our Staff, and the heavy burden of the draymen much eased thereby.

The Directors feel that they need hardly emphasise the urgent and vital necessity that exists to ensure the quickest possible return of all empty cases and bottles, as it is practically impossible to replace these items with new purchases. Tenants can thus assist us in our endeavour to maintain regular supplies under the difficult and trying conditions of the war emergency.

NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

HOW I CAUGHT A KINGFISHER.

TIT TRIUMPHS OVER GREEDY GREENFINCH.

It was rather a weird business walking up the Thames-side these arctic days. As often as not you would not see a soul and there was hardly a bird or beast to be seen on the ice-bound ditches or snow-covered meadows where usually were to be observed thousands of peewits and many thrushes, blackbirds, larks, herons and snipe. As you raised your eyes to the leaden skies you found winged life conspicuous by its absence. There might be heard the occasional quack of a duck and the harsh note of the heron or seagull. A large floe of ice is carried downstream. It collides with much more ice, attached to the side of the river, and as it carries away a mass twice its own size, there is a splash accompanied by a crunching, grinding noise, every bit in keeping with the weirdness of the scene. Overladen by its weight of ice, a bough crashes to the ground to the accompaniment of the rattle of a thousand falling icicles and numberless little twigs that have been done to death by the cruel grip of Jack Frost.

No, it is anything but a fairy-like scene, and when the rain freezes as it falls, the desolation is accentuated.

A KINGFISHER'S PREDICAMENT.

My field-glasses pick out a kingfisher seated on a stump by the water's edge, apparently on the look-out for fish—and kingfishers are indeed very seriously rationed for food during these hard winter days. His brilliant colours are in strange contrast with the general sombreness of the scene. For about half an hour I watch him in the intense cold, but he does not move and, thinking that he is not going to oblige by showing me how to catch fish under these wintry conditions, I approach closer. I pocket my field-glasses and have a close-up view of this beautiful bird from a

range of only a few yards. I step quietly nearer and nearer and when so close that I can almost reach him with my hand, the poor bird gives a flutter, and I see that the kingfisher's feet are frost-bound to the tree. I hold him in my hand and gently free his feet.

I was glad that I passed by on this occasion and was able to give this bird his liberty, for I do not think he could have lived long in such a predicament without the aid of a friendly visitor.

WORK OF THE WOODPECKER.

Under a willow tree the ground was carpeted with chips and just overhead I noticed where a woodpecker had been at work in the rotten wood. And, my word! he must have worked hard for the maggots which I hope he found and traces of which were very evident under the bark.

MY OLD FRIEND THE CARTER.

On my way home I met my dear old friend, the carter. He was feeding hay to his horses and I asked him how he had managed, considering the nature of his work—out and about in the meadows in all weathers—to keep fit during these bitterly cold days. "Oh, I had a day or two off just afore Christmas," he said, "as my cough shook me to my foundations. But," he knowingly added, "I was back for Christmas in time to receive my Christmas box—fifteen bob is a good pick-up for the likes of we, and not to be missed if possible."

A TREACHEROUS ROAD.

Although I was only too well aware of the fact, he put me on my guard against the treacherous nature of the road leading home. "I was picked up twice in one day," he said, "and though no bones was broken I was badly shook." Telling him I was more than glad to see him better and about again I wished him well with all my heart and proceeded homewards. I did not measure my length on the ice-bound road but more than once I was within an ace of doing so and I think it was only the fact that I am a fairly good skater that enabled me to maintain my balance.

THE BLUE-TIT TRIUMPHS.

Among other birds that visit my bird-table daily are many greenfinches. The male birds are very handsome fellows, especially when they take wing and show off their gay green colours. Greenfinches are greedy, too, and they do not like the tits to have their fair share of the broken peanuts provided. There is one particularly greedy greenfinch. The other day he was sitting at table and with his mouth full he went for a tit that dared to come for food. As the greenfinch opened his mouth for the attack the nimble tit promptly inserted his little beak and carried off a large proportion of the greedy greenfinch's food. Well done, little blue-tit, bad manners like that deserve such defeat!

As I passed over Caversham Bridge during this hard weather I noticed quite close to it, pochards, tufted duck, and coots, besides moorhens and dabchicks. You do not often see the tufted duck, coot or pochard so near the dwelling place of man.

But this has been an exceptional winter and we expected strange sights.

SPRING ON THE WAY!

Spring, however, is on the way and with the milder weather on Sunday, February 4th, I heard the note of the great tit—like the sharpening of a saw. Gnats, too, came out into the open to play and I wondered how these atoms of animation had withstood the severe cold.

Fancy, next month, we shall be listening to that cheery little chap from overseas, the chiff-chaff; also the willow warbler, whose delicately sweet song is always a delight to the ear.

OLD ENGLAND'S WEALTH OF BEAUTY.

Yes, spring is on its way, and I do not think you can beat old England concerning the wealth of beauty that adorns its

countryside. Here is what a much greater authority than I, Alfred Russel Wallace, says about it :—

Pick out the loveliest spots, where the most gorgeous flowers of the tropics expand their glowing petals, and for every scene of this kind we may find another at home of equal beauty, and with an equal amount of brilliant colour. Look at a field of buttercups and daisies—a hillside covered with gorse and broom—a mountain rich with purple heather—or a forest glade, azure with a carpet of wild hyacinths, and they will bear comparison with any scene the tropics can produce.

A HOUSE OF MANY MANSIONS.

Quality, will-power, geographical advantages, natural and financial resources, the command of the sea, and, above all, a cause which rouses the spontaneous surgings of the human spirit in millions of hearts, these have proved to be the decisive factors in the human story.

If it were otherwise, how would the race of men have risen above the apes ; how otherwise would they have conquered and extirpated the dragons and monsters of the prime ; how would they have evolved the moral theme ; how would they have marched forward across the centuries to broad conceptions of compassion, of freedom, and of right ?

How would they ever have discerned those beacon lights which summon and guide us across the rough, dark waters, and presently across the flaming lines of battle towards the better days ?

When we look behind the brazen fronts of Nazidom, as we have various means of doing, we see many remarkable signs of psychological and physical disintegration.

In the bitter and increasingly exacting conflict which lies before us, we are resolved to keep nothing back and not to be outstripped by any in service to the common cause.

Let the great cities of Warsaw, of Prague, of Vienna, banish despair even in the midst of their agony. Their liberation is sure.

The day will come when the joybells will ring again throughout Europe, and when victorious nations, masters not only of their foes, but of themselves, will plan and build in justice, in tradition, and in freedom, a house of many mansions where there shall be room for all.

—WINSTON CHURCHILL.

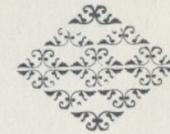
MARRIAGE OF MISS GLADYS ANDREWS.



The Bridal Party.

The father of the bride is seen on the right of the photograph, while the bridegroom's father figures on the left.

On December 26th, at St. Saviour's Church, Reading, Miss Gladys Andrews, daughter of Mr. Andrews, our Head Bottler and Chief of our Fire Brigade, was married to Pte. J. Tigwell, of The Royal Berkshire Regiment, and son of Mr. Tigwell, night watchman at the Brewery, and also a member of the Brewery Fire Brigade.



DEATH OF MR. H. ORGAN.

FORMER LICENSEE OF THE NEW INN, ST. ALDATE'S, OXFORD.

The death took place recently at 3, Rose Hill Parade, Rose Hill, Oxford, of Mr. Harry Organ, who for 27 years was licensee of the "New Inn," St. Aldate's. Mr. Organ, who was 65 years of age, had been in failing health for several years. He leaves a widow and one son.

Mr. Organ was a son of the late Mr. Ephraim Organ, the Oxford builder, and he was a well-known and respected personality in the City. His cheery manner brought him a wide circle of friends and his death will be universally regretted by all those who knew him.

Mr. Organ was a prominent member of the now defunct Oxford Finches, the musical society which raised large sums for charity in the last war, and of which the "New Inn" was the headquarters.

He also interested himself in the Falcon Rowing Club and other sports organisations, with the result that his public house became the "home" of a number of leading clubs.

He was a senior member of the Alfred Lodge of Freemasons, and for years was Senior Steward, an office for which he was very well qualified.

He gave up the licence of the "New Inn" in order to take over the new Rose Hill Post Office.

SERVICES' GIFTS' FUND.

At a successful dinner and concert at the Bath Arms Hotel, Mr. H. J. Sime handed over a cheque for £27 10s. od., being the total amount raised at the hotel in support of the Cheddar and District Services' Gifts' Fund. The cheque was received by Captain C. V. Wills, of Winscombe (County Chairman of the British Legion). Prior to the presentation of the cheque, Mr. S. C. Franklin (President, Cheddar and District British Legion) gave an interesting report of the activities of the Cheddar Gifts' Fund Committee, and also stated the Committee's aims. On behalf of the County Committee, Captain Wills thanked Mr. Sime for his magnificent effort, which had raised such a substantial sum for the Cheddar Fund. The Cheddar branch of the Legion felt proud of their members' untiring efforts. Cheddar was upholding the flag of the Legion by also remembering the Legion motto, "Service not Self." The concert was contributed to by the Mavdor Troupe of Dancers, Will Godfrey (producer of the Weston-super-Mare Concert Party), Syd Austin (comedian), Vic Wilmot (comedian and entertainer), and Violet Carr (mezzo-soprano).

AT THE CROWN, LANGLEY.

Mr. F. H. Adnams sends the following photographs, taken at The Crown, Langley. Mr. Adnams is, of course, from Newbury, and is now Lance-Sergeant, R.A.



Taking a pint of Simonds.



Chatting with a soldier friend.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(By W. DUNSTER.)

It is said, with truth, that the weather is the Englishman's main topic of conversation—at any rate in peace time—but since the war it has to be a fortnight old before being disclosed, so in that case we will deal with the early weeks of January which surely were the “frozen limit.” With the “freeze up,” naturally there has been “breeze up” as well for many. One gentleman at The Brewery had a most terrible time; in fact had to seek sleeping accommodation elsewhere owing to a burst tank which promptly ruined bed, carpets, etc. Some were perhaps luckier but in many instances members of our staff had anything but a pleasant time.

Of course the great thing at Reading was the freezing over of the Thames and quite a number can recall when this last happened. One Sunday afternoon in particular there were a “brave” few who walked across the river, near to Caversham Bridge, from one side to the other. Nevertheless this was a rather dangerous journey, fortunately without any casualties. We have had every kind of weather—with the exception of warm—and this period will live in the minds of many at The Brewery for a long while. The bridge near the Offices was a wonderful sight—the underneath part, I mean—with huge icicles hanging down. We have also had snow, silver thaw—when nearly everyone had to walk to work—and fog. These, with the black-out, have been a somewhat terrifying sort of business.

As regards illness, probably we have never been so hard hit, even some whom we have always looked upon as “ever presents” have had to give up. I am informed there were something like 100 away from work during one week. However, those who have managed to keep going have been pretty cheery about it all and it could, of course, been much worse.

Since Christmas we have not seen so many of our active service members and quite a number of our lads are now in foreign parts. To all of them wherever they are we wish good luck, good fortune, a safe and speedy return. We still keep losing a few as the “call up” comes along and our male staff will no doubt keep dwindling and our female staff increase, possibly until only the “old and bolds” will be left.

In spite of many difficulties the quarterly balancing was faithfully carried out by the General Office staff, and in a very satisfactory manner, which reflects great credit on them all.

During the cold spell, I could not but help thinking of our Editor, whenever I saw the different happenings to the birds, and it really was laughable (not to them perhaps) to see them slipping about on the ice whenever they spotted something tasty and to see them unable to get a grip on an ice-bound branch of a tree. Nevertheless it has been a terrible time for them. We have had crowds of them where I live, picking up morsels of food the wife has thrown out for them. I know Mr. C. H. Perrin is a bird-feeder as well and in this way gleans much information for his ever popular Nature Notes.

Road transport has been very difficult and much use has had to be made of the railways in consequence, yet all deliveries have been made. In another month, with more light, it should be easier for deliveries and no doubt we shall be busy, unless something else intervenes. However we keep smiling and when the better weather comes along we shall probably forget all about the “black-out blues.”

Football has been under a cloud at Reading and it is by no means the pre-war vintage we get—when we do get any. However, we have a few Brewery stalwarts who never seem to miss a match although I am afraid most of them live nearer to Elm Park than I do. Of course the transport difficulties do not help the gates, for nearly everyone seems to be crowding on buses, at any rate on Saturdays. The Brewery minor team have played once or twice but some of the matches have had to be cancelled so there will be a lot of leeway to make up presently.

Thanks, Portsmouth Branch, for your notes and statistics concerning the previous meetings of Pompey and Reading at Fratton Park. It would appear not to have been a particularly fortunate ground for Reading in the past. Personally I well recollect a match there, many years ago, played on a Boxing Day I believe, and the result was a draw of one each. This of course was in the old Southern League days.

Our colleague, Mr. N. H. Lipscombe, who has recently joined up, writes that he is waiting for his tunic. Apparently one cannot be found large enough for him—at present. Possibly Army training will make a difference later on.

We have had quite a number of letters from members of the H. & G. Simonds family who are now “out there” and in every case they all write cheerily enough.

Mr. George Hunter, who died on January 4th, aged 77, worked at Ashby's Staines Brewery in the Cask Washing Department, from 1884 until his retirement on pension in 1931, when brewing

was discontinued there, and it was taken over by H. & G. Simonds, Ltd. Mr. Hunter lived at Stanwell Moor (2½ miles from the Brewery) and walked to his work every day. His proud boast was that he had only been late for work on one occasion. Something like a record !

We regret to record the death of Mr. P. A. Holland of the Roebuck, Wokingham, where he had been tenant since October, 1919. Our deepest sympathy is hereby extended to his relatives.

The following changes have recently taken place, and we wish every success to the undermentioned :—

The Bricklayers Arms, Coley, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. G. Jones.

The Blagrove Arms, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. K. M. Forrest.

“ MY FRIENDS.”

My friends are not alone of those
Who talk with human tongue
—But timid mites with furry toes
The forest leaves among
—Small animals, aware, alert,
With solemn looks and manners pert.

The happy birds for pals I claim
—The linnets and the lark :
The flowers, too, my friends I name ;
—Or beetles on the bark
Of some decayed and fallen tree
Are comrades for the likes of me.

And once I heard a robin sing
(At least I fancied so)
“ We're glad to see you back, old thing,
You're one of us, you know ”
—And that was pleasure far more great
Than words of mine can estimate.

S. E. COLLINS.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The greatest truths are the simplest—but so are the greatest men.

Let us take time to consider how many beautiful memories we are creating for others.

We should have more contentment if we thought a little more about others, and how to help them, and a little less of ourselves.

If the new day brings difficult things to do, take up first the hardest or most disagreeable. With that out of the way all others seem to be easier. The longer we delay to do the difficult thing, the harder it seems to be to make up our minds to get at it. The fact that we conquered ourselves to undertake the job we disliked most seems to give us strength to do all the rest better and more quickly than we expected.

It matters little how we are judged by men, and especially by men who judge of matters before they understand them.

WHAT IS A FRIEND ?

The ripe fruit of acquaintanceship.
A star of hope in the cloud of adversity.
Friendship, one soul in two bodies.
A diamond in the ring of acquaintance.
The jewel which shines the brightest in the darkness.
One who considers my needs before my deservings.
The link in life's long chain which bears the greatest strain.
The first person ; who comes in when the whole world has gone out.
The triple alliance of the three great powers—love, sympathy and help.

What the world needs more than anything else is sympathy—sympathy between man and man, sympathy between class and class, sympathy between nation and nation.

Beautiful memories are easy to live with ; so let us cherish those we have and deliberately go out of our way to provide many for others.

Beauty without honesty, is like poison kept in a box of gold.

The effect of fervour may be likened to that of fire on water. When cold, water is motionless and chills all that comes in contact with it, but as soon as heat is applied to it, it becomes transformed, grows active, gives off warmth and steam, is capable of doing immense work.

The double reward of kind words is the happiness they cause in others, and the happiness they cause in ourselves. Even the imagining of them fills the mind with sweetness, and makes our hearts glow pleasantly.

Anger is never without an argument, but seldom with a good one.

A great man has the power to change great difficulties into small ones, and to dissolve little difficulties before he does anything at all.

How much easier our work would be if we put forth as much effort trying to improve the quality of it as most of us do trying to find excuses for not properly attending to it.

If kind words have no effect, try kinder ones.

THREE THINGS TO REMEMBER.

Remember, three things come not back,
The arrow sent upon its track—
It will not swerve, it will not stay,
Its speed, it flies to wound or slay;
The spoken word, so soon forgot
By thee, but it has perished not,
In other hearts 'tis living still,
And doing work for good or ill;
And the lost opportunity,
That cometh back no more to thee—
In vain thou weepest in vain thou dost yearn—
Those three will never more return.

Selfishness can bring nothing to its relief; it adds soreness to its sorrows; it sharpens his pains; it aggravates all the losses it is liable to endure.

What great wisdom it is when we do not think that we are wise enough to guide ourselves.



Beer at its best—Straight from the wood. Somewhere in . . .

A GREAT THOUGHT.

In certain parts of Eastern Europe when a day's work is over the good peasants love nothing better than to sit around the fire and relate, or listen to, legends of the life of Our Lord.

These legends are of course not real history, but kindly fables to illustrate the goodness of God and all His creatures, and here is rather a nice one by which the peasants use to explain the friendship their dogs have for them.

The story runs that when Our Lord was sojourning in the Wilderness a little wild dog ran out from a thorn bush and got hold of Our Lord's garment with its teeth. It gently tugged at it again and again until Our Lord stopped and turned around to see who or what it was that tried to draw His attention.

The little dog cringed back as Our Lord faced it, and whimpered.

"Fear not, little one," said Our Lord, "nor cringe, but tell Me what thou stopped Me for." Then the little dog fawned upon Him, and did all it could to show how it loved Him and wished, if it could, to help Him, and Our Lord, reading its good desire, said:

"Poor, homeless one, so thou shalt help Me in thy humble way, and as there is much merit in obedience and self-sacrifice, thou and thy kind shall be the servant of man, working for him with his flocks, guarding his home, and protecting him from those who would do him harm, and thou shalt be called Burek. And, Burek, thou shalt also set an example in many things that man might well imitate, for whether poor or rich, well-fed or starving, thou shalt cling to thy master, and if ye be beaten, lick the hand that beats thee, and even the harshest treatment shall not turn thee against thy master or his kind, but thou shalt be ever eager and anxious to do all thou art ordered to, and feel well repaid that thy lot is to serve," and Our Lord went His way, while the little dog set off to do His bidding.

And from then until the end of Our Lord's life on earth, Burek would hover on the outskirts of the crowds that gathered about Him and bark, that Our Lord might know he had not forgotten his duty laid upon him.

So, says the peasant legend, from that day the dog has been the servant and friend of man, sharing his troubles, helping him in countless ways, consoling and comforting him when ill fortune or loneliness falls; and because of this and similar tales many peasants' dogs are called Burek to this day.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

SOME DO'S AND DON'TS.

DON'T

- Continually lament the past and hold on to disagreeable experiences. That makes one sour, not happy.
- Pity yourself and bemoan your lack of opportunities. That accounts for most of the failures.
- See the worst in others rather than the best. That argues a lack of humility, charity and sense of justice.
- Dream that you would be very happy indeed if you were only somewhere else and doing something else. You wouldn't.
- Make light of your abilities. They may be small, but they are yours and they are abilities. They can always be turned to account.
- Dwell on fancied slights and wrongs, thinking that others are always discussing you. You are not quite so important as all that.
- Think life a grind and not worth living. Such life is not worth living.
- Look forward to misfortunes in the future. Wait till misfortune comes and then face up to it.

DO

- Have faith in yourself and in the high ideals for yourself that mother had for you when you were in her arms.
- Remember the simple lessons she taught about courtesy and love of truth even in small matters.
- Stand up for the weak and ill-treated.
- Pass freely on to others, who are perhaps less fortunate, the blessings that fall upon you.
- Try to find the good that is in everyone. We'll find it if we only take the trouble to look for it, because it is there.
- What's right because God wants you to do it, and avoid what's wrong because God wants you to avoid it. That is the surest road to real happiness.

LIGHTER SIDE.

Pupils at many schools now receive sun-ray treatment. They declare that it is much pleasanter to take than the old-fashioned method of tanning.

* * * *

BOSS : "What do you want? I sacked you two weeks ago."

OFFICE BOY : "I came back to see if you're still in business."

* * * *

FATHER : "I see you're bottom of your form. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

SMALL SON : "Well, it's not 'zackly my fault, Daddy. Perkins is usually bottom, but he's away ill."

* * * *

The colonel's wife sent the following note to Captain White :—

"Colonel and Mrs. Brown request the pleasure of Captain White's company to dinner on the 25th."

Captain White's reply gave her a shock. It read :—

"With the exception of two men sick, Captain White's company have very great pleasure in accepting your invitation."

* * * *

On one occasion some choir-boys had decided to form a cricket-team, and appointed their junior member honorary secretary.

In due course the youngster appealed to the minister for support. This is how his letter ended :—

"And we should be very pleased, sir, if you would allow us the use of the bats which the choir-men say you have in the belfry!"

* * * *

SERGEANT : "I've got the man you wanted for the officer's mess, sir."

OFFICER : "Has he had any experience?"

SERGEANT : "I think so, sir. He says he was a platelayer before he joined up."

* * * *

Britain has the largest needle output in the world. A point in its favour.

* * * *

HIKING ENTHUSIAST : "I am preparing for some all night walks."

CYNIC : "Congratulations on your becoming a father."

CUSTOMER (*entering store*) : "My, what a smell?"

DEALER : "Do you smell it, too?"

CUSTOMER : "What is it?"

DEALER : "The business. It's rotten."

* * * *

"Hullo, Brown. Are you using your lawn mower this afternoon?"

"Yes, I'm afraid I am."

"Splendid! Then you won't be wanting your tennis racket—I've broken mine."

* * * *

SLOW WAITER (*in London restaurant*) : "Your coffee, sir; it's special from South America, sir."

DINER (*sarcastically*) : "Oh, so that's where you have been?"

* * * *

WIFE (*to victim of raging toothache*) : "Why don't you go and have it out, dear?"

INCOME TAX OFFICIAL : "Don't be silly! I sent both the local dentists final demand notices last night!"

* * * *

RASTUS : "What did yo' wife say when yo' tol' her yo' put dat guy to sleep in the third roun' at de club las' night?"

SAMBO : "She said, 'Dat's fine! Now try yo' han' wid de baby.'"

* * * *

TEACHER (*helping Jane fasten her coat*) : "Did your mother hook this coat for you?"

JANE : "No, ma'am, she bought it."

* * * *

GEORGE : "Marriage is a pottery."

BILL : "You mean lottery, surely."

GEORGE : "No, I mean pottery—a place for making family jars."

* * * *

"Hey, Bill, wot you doin' nowadays?"

"Got a job as an engineer."

"Like it?"

"Bit fiddlin'. Got to make fings to a fousandth of an inch."

"Lumme! How many fousandths are there in the inch?"

"Blimey! Millions!"

SANDY (*at antique sale*): "How much is that chair?"

SALESMAN: "You can have any article for half the catalogue price."

SANDY: "And how much did you say a catalogue was—sixpence?"

* * * *

SHE: "I've been asked to get married lots of times."

HE: "Who asked you?"

SHE: "Mother and father!"

* * * *

WRITER (*who has just been turned down*): "But perhaps you could use this article if I were to boil it down."

EDITOR: "No good at all. If you were to take a gallon of water and boil it down to a pint it would still be water."

* * * *

The ambitious young actor had set out to conquer the world with "Hamlet," but the tour soon ended and he was compelled to walk home.

"Didn't they like you?" asked a sympathetic friend.

"They didn't seem to," replied the actor, sadly.

"But didn't they ask you to come before the curtain?"

"Ask me!" repeated the would-be Hamlet, with tears in his eyes. "Ask me! They dared me!"

* * * *

Jones and Smith were sitting in their tent in the African jungle discussing their skill as hunters. Presently Jones remarked that he would bet Smith a pound that he could go out and kill a lion forthwith.

Smith eagerly took the bet, and sat back to await results.

About an hour passed, and then a lion put its head through the tent flap. "Do you know a fellow called Jones?" it asked.

"I do," said Smith, backing away.

"Ah," said the lion, "he owes you a pound!"

* * * *

Asked if she could prepare foreign dishes, the Irish cook applying for a post answered: "Ah, sure, ma'am. Is it French beans or Brussels sprouts, Jerusalem artichokes, or Spanish onions you'll be thinking of? I can cook the lot of 'em, so I can then."

"My, that was a big tip you gave the cloakroom attendant, Sandy."

"Ay, it was that, Jock, but look at the guid coat he gave me."

* * * *

He told his friend the engagement was off. The girl had turned cold.

"So you loved and lost, eh, old man?"

"In one way, yes," said the rejected man brightening. "Actually, though I was the winner."

"How was that?"

"She returned me my presents, and accidently put in some of the other fellow's as well."

* * * *

JUDGE: "Do you consider the defendant a reliable woman? Has she a good reputation for veracity?"

WITNESS: "Your Honour, she has to get someone else to call her poultry at feeding time. They won't believe her."

* * * *

BOSS: "Have you the firmness of character that enables a person to go on and do his duty in the face of ingratitude, criticism, and heartless ridicule?"

APPLICANT: "Well, I cooked for a camping party last summer!"

* * * *

HOUSEWIFE: "You seem to be an able-bodied man. You should certainly be strong enough to work."

TRAMP: "I know that, mum. And you are beautiful enough to go on the stage, but evidently you prefer the simple life."

HOUSEWIFE: "Just step into the kitchen, and I'll see if I can't find you something."

* * * *

MAGISTRATE: "So you broke into the tobacconist's shop just to get a sixpenny cigar? What were you doing at the safe?"

PRISONER: "I was trying to put in the sixpence to pay for it."

* * * *

An old lady, who was fairly familiar with the sight of aeroplanes, saw for the first time, whilst on a train journey, a view of captive balloons.

"Oh," she remarked, "I have often wondered where those airmen lived when they stopped flying about."

MOTHER (*to little Billy, who is sitting very still*): "You are a good boy to be so quiet while daddy has his nap."

BILLY: "Yes, mum; I'm waiting for the cigarette to burn his fingers."

* * * *

Ikey, a smart Jewish youth, entered a grocery store and requested a tin of cocoa.

"Vi-cocoa?" asked the shopman.

"Vy not?" said Ikey.

* * * *

Jones' son had recently obtained an appointment in a Government Department. After his first day at "the office" father plied him with questions, one of which was "And how many people work in your office?"

Breezily Jones junior replied: "Oh, about half of 'em."

* * * *

POLICEMAN: "Aren't you the young lady I warned the other day."

LADY MOTORIST: "Certainly not. Besides, this is another car."

* * * *

"How careless your tailor is," said the young wife. "This is the fourth time I've had to sew on this button."

* * * *

The reporter was sent to write up a charity ball. Next day the editor called him to his desk.

"Look here, what do you mean by this? 'Among the most beautiful girls was Horatio Lucian Dingley.' Why, you crazy idiot, old Dingley isn't a girl—and, besides, he's one of our principal stockholders."

"I can't help that," returned the realistic reporter. "That's where he was."

* * * *

FLETCHER: "Did the specialist find out what you had?"

SIMMS: "Yes, old boy. And he took nearly all of it."

* * * *

"He told me last night that I looked positively ethereal in the moonlight!"

"What does that mean?"

"I don't know, but I smacked his face to be on the safe side!"

Mother entered the room and saw little Willie tying a bandage round his finger. "My poor child," she said tenderly. "How did you come to hurt your finger?"

"I hit it just now with the hammer," said the boy.

Mother looked surprised. "But I didn't hear you crying, you brave boy," she said.

"No," replied Willie blandly. "I thought you were out."

* * * *

The meal came to an end and the well-fed diners settled down to listen to the speech of the guest of honour.

The latter rose, and for fifteen minutes his voice filled the room.

"After partaking of such an excellent meal," he went on, "I feel that if I had eaten any more I would have been unable to speak."

"Bring him another sandwich," came a drowsy voice from the rear of the hall.

* * * *

The teacher was out of the room for a time one day. When she returned she found that the children had taken advantage of her absence and were having an hilarious time.

"I'd like to know why it is," she remonstrated, "that you are never working when I come back into the room."

"It's because you wear rubber-heels," ventured little Jimmie.

* * * *

When the hungry Scot was served by the deaf barman with two pennyworth of potato crisps he tore open the bag, spread the contents over the counter and looked in vain for the usual small packet of salt.

"No salt," he complained.

The barman cupped his ear in his hand. "Sorry," he said. "I didn't quite catch you."

"No salt!" yelled the Scotsman.

"Oh!" said the barman. "I thought you said 'one short.'"

* * * *

He was a new and nervous recruit, and he dropped his rifle while at drill.

"Hey, you! How long have you been in the Army?" the "S.M." roared.

"P-p-please sir, all d-d-day," he stammered.

"He put on speed, thinking he could beat the train to the level-crossing."

"Did he get across?"

"He will as soon as the monumental mason has it finished."

* * * *

The two fishermen rowed energetically toward the far shore of the lake.

"Are the whisky and cigars in?" asked the fat one.

"Yes."

"The lunch here?"

"You bet."

"The hooks and lines?"

Search revealed that the tackle had been left behind.

"Well," said the fat one after due reflection, "we'll just have to get along the best we can."

* * * *

A weak-chinned golfer, complete with loud check plus fours, had just come into the Club House, evidently not too pleased after a bad round.

He stalked up to the square-chinned robust Secretary, who was having "one" at the Club Bar, and addressed him thus:—

"I say, Mr. Secretary, don't you ever treat your worms?"

"Why—certainly, what'll you have?"

* * * *

Exhausted and fed up, the young soldier sat by the roadside and nursed his aching feet. "How far back to the camp, mate?" he asked a passing yokel.

"About fower miles as the crow flies," replied the countryman.

"Aye," sighed the soldier, "and suppose the ruddy crow 'ad a sore 'eel and 'ad to walk, and 'ad a perishin' rifle, pack, tin 'at and gas-mask to carry . . . 'ow far then?"

* * * *

A Scotsman's wife who was not well, asked her husband to call a doctor to see her.

The doctor came and said to the husband: "What she requires now is a 'sniff of the sea.'"

He went out and bought a haddock and waved it in front of her face.

BRANCHES.

WOKING.

The Weybridge Services Club has suffered a severe loss by the death of their President, Lieut.-Col. L. C. Dams, T.D., who passed away on December 23rd.

Lieut.-Col. Dams had been president of the club since its opening in 1921 and had done yeoman service in helping the club to reach its present flourishing condition. He gave freely of his own time in organising functions, and his presence will be missed when the Club Dinner is next held, as his ready wit and gifts as a raconteur were an accepted part of any event in which he participated.

We mourn the passing of a good soldier and a perfect democrat.

It is with regret that we have to report the death of Mr. J. A. Tucker, of Ripley. Mr. Tucker was, for the past ten years, the very popular steward of the Ripley British Legion Club, and although he had been suffering from very indifferent health for some time, his sudden death has come as a very great shock to all who knew him.

The funeral took place at the Ripley Parish Church on Saturday, January 6th. The Service, which was fully choral, was conducted by the Rev. M. Evan Thomas, Vicar of Ripley and Padre of the British Legion Branch. Three members of the Ripley British Legion who served with Mr. Tucker in France, 1914-15, acted as bearers.

We all regret the passing of a cheerful personality and a good Legionaire.

A pleasant evening was spent at a concert given at the Constitutional Club, Woking, on Wednesday, January 3rd. Mr. F. J. Reed, Chairman of the Club, presided, and in a short speech of general interest, specially welcomed members of the Canadian Active Service Forces, who were visiting the club. A lively programme was arranged, compered by Mr. F. Somers of Woking.

Saturday, January 6th, saw the occasion of the New Year Children's Tea Party held by the West Byfleet Social Club. Some 130 children were present, including evacuees staying with members. The wives of the members of the committee assisted at the tea table, and afterwards an entertainment was given by Mr. Newman (conjuror), Mr. W. Mathis (pianoforte) and Mr. MacGuinness (violin).

In the evening members' wives and families attended a concert, the Chair being taken by Mr. B. Robertson, one of the original members of the club.

Regret was expressed at the unavoidable absence of the Secretary, Mr. F. Mackay, who was suffering from the all too common cold. In a letter expressing his disappointment at being unable to be present, he wished all those attending a pleasant evening and New Year greetings. The entertainment was provided by Mr. Squire's party, of London, who gave a bright and varied show to liven one evening when the black-out was forgotten.

PORTSMOUTH.

At the mouth of the River Hamble and adding a picturesque touch to the riverscape at Hamble, the visitor's attention is drawn to the old H.M.S. *President* and now, with her upper deck housed in for training purposes, converted into the training ship *President*. In his recently published autobiography "Life worth Living," Commander C. B. Fry, Honorary Director of the training ship *Mercury*, describes how the *President* came to Hamble. She was formerly the R.N.R. drillship in the West India Dock, London. Six years after she was promised to the *Mercury* establishment she had only got as far as Chatham and when Mr. Winston Churchill paid a visit to Hamble he wanted to know where the *President* was. Upon receiving a reply that she was now at Chatham, Winston pursed his lips with an expression minatory for somebody. Within a fortnight the *President* was towed to Portsmouth by H.M.S. *Queen*. A good deal of correspondence intervened before she was finally moored opposite the foreshore astern of the *Mercury*.

The success of the British Legion in obtaining pensions for ex-service men was the subject of special reference at the annual conference of the Hampshire Legion which was held at Winchester this year. Brig.-Gen. T. N. S. M. Howard, County President, said this is certainly no time for any who are fit to work, to live in idleness when others are giving their lives to ensure the supply of vital national necessities—by a general spirit of helpfulness we can make it easier for the younger ones who are fighting so pluckily on sea, on land, and in the air. Taking the long view and remembering the difficult after-war period which must come, he advised Legion Branches to keep their Employment and Benevolent Committees in being, even if there is little for them to do at present. Col. Stoney presented the annual report. The number of branches stands at 113, with one sub-branch; four new branches have been formed during the year.

REDUCTION IN PORTSMOUTH'S LICENSED PREMISES.

In 1905 when the Licensing Compensation Act was introduced there were 995 licensed premises in the city; there are now only 714. Since the Act was passed, 214 licensed premises in the city have been closed as redundant, at a total cost of £261,723, an average payment of about £1,223 for each licence declared as redundant. Since 1905 monopoly value in respect of 25 houses (including re-grants) has been fixed at £90,945, this sum being payable to the Inland Revenue.

SALISBURY.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

Writing in the *Daily Express* on January 18th, William Hickey II states:—Salisbury's oldest pub, the Haunch of Venison, which boasts of an unbroken licence since 1310, has taken its own war precautions. Chains with padlocks now run through the handles of the pewter, brass, and even glass tankards which hang invitingly from its smoke-blackened beams. During the last war the pub lost all its tankards to trophy-hunting soldiers.

They lost two the other Saturday night. This time the landlord is taking no chances.

An evacuee with a genuine grouse is schoolmaster Hallam, who finds himself with 150 children in a small Dorset village. Every time he wants a haircut he has to take a 2/4 ticket to the nearest big town, thirty miles away.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

We much regret to have to record the death of Mr. Nicholas Heath, at the age of 74 years, of the "Red Lion," Harbertonford, who was the licensee for 38 years.

Mr. Heath was well known and highly respected in the district and our deepest sympathies are with his family.

Mr. A. R. Finch, his son-in-law, has taken over the tenancy.

Mr. C. R. Wyatt (who is now serving in the R.N.V.R.) was married to Miss Winifred J. Alexander at St. Simon's Church, Plymouth, on the 23rd December, last.

Mr. Wyatt, who is on our Correspondence Office Staff, has played for the Devon County water polo team a number of times and is a well-known swimmer.



[Reproduced by kind permission of the "Western Independent," Plymouth.]

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Wyatt.

We have had a number of serving members of the Staff on leave call on us. In spite of the hard times they are having, we must say they all look remarkably fit and well. We are always so glad to see them and do appreciate their interest in calling on us to see how the "Old Brigade" and the "Young Brigade" are carrying on in their absence.

We have suffered through the prevailing influenza scourge but seem to have got over the worst of it. The weather has been exceptionally cold for this part of the country and the roads have been very difficult with the snow and frosts and our transport has done remarkably well under the circumstances. The cold spell seems now to have broken and with the lighter evenings we hope soon to be working under almost normal conditions. Our good

friends realise what we have to put up with and bear the unusual irregularity of supplies reaching them in a cheerful and understanding spirit.

THE OLD INNS OF PAIGNTON.

(BY W. E. HOYLES).

From 1750 and onwards the principal inns in Paignton were the Crown and Anchor Inn and the New London Inn, both situated in Culverhay Street, now Church Street. These were owned by the Goodridge family, and being on the main great western road, were the scenes of much activity in the early days. The Crown and Anchor was a house of call for the coaches on the road from Dartmouth to the New London Inn, Exeter, where a change was made into the fast coaches for London. A coach journey in those days from Paignton to London was very expensive, and many people used to travel by sailing ship from Torquay, which sailed every three weeks. Very little accommodation was made for passengers, who took their own food, and in rough weather the voyage sometimes took two or three weeks. The beer and cider were brewed and made on the premises of the inns, and the principal recreation in the yards and skittle alleys was badger-baiting, cock-fighting, wrestling and prize-fighting with bare fists.

The inns were also the rendezvous for sailors from the fleets which used to water at Brixham. A considerable amount of smuggling took place, raw spirit being purchased in Guernsey at 4s. per gallon, and the sailors of schooners who before the harbour was built, landed their cargoes on the beach, used to sink the kegs at high water, to be secured at night by those on shore as the tide receded. The writer knows of places where the spirit was stored, and also families who were connected with it.

The writer has many relics of the past, including one of the old tankards, a badger trap, an old travelling chest which was used on the sea voyages 100 hundred years ago, and an interesting book written by Charles Madyatt Goodridge and signed by the Rev. R. Gee, Vicar of Paignton, Henry Browse and Gabriel Hannaford, church wardens, 1837. Mr. Goodridge was born in the Crown and Anchor Inn in 1796, educated at the village school kept by Mrs. Lome, and joined at the age of 13 years an armed brig, *The Lord Cochrane*, stationed off Torbay to protect the fishing craft from the French privateers. The book is named "Goodridge's Narrative," and gives a very good description of seafaring life in Torbay during the Napoleonic wars, the adventures with pirates on the high seas, the landing of troops in the Peninsular Wars,

the trade with Newfoundland and Guernsey, and also a remarkable adventure to the South Seas in the *Princess of Wales* cutter in 1820, during which Mr. Goodridge describes the catching of seals, fish and birds in the southern ocean, and being wrecked on an uninhabited island, where, with two others, he spent two years. During this time they had the most remarkable adventures, and were rescued by an American schooner called the *Philo*, and were taken to Van Diemens Land. Here Mr. Goodridge remained until 1831, when he shipped home to Paignton, arriving in Torbay on Sunday morning, July 31st. This little book also gives a very interesting description of life in Van Diemens Land in the early part of last century.

THE OLD MANORIAL COURTS OF PAIGNTON.

In the early days the Manorial Courts were held in the Old Crown and Anchor Inn, situated in Church Street, and the old prison, or lock-up, can still be seen near the old mill.

Copied from the Borough Rent Book, 1842: "I hereby certify that William Upham Hoyles is appointed Reeve to receive the borough rents of the borough of Paignton.—Signed, James Acland Templer, lord of the manor."

Procedure of opening of the Courts: "Oh yes! Oh yes! Oh yes! All manner of persons having any business to transact before this Court now being held for the court leet and court baron, for the manor and borough of Paignton, are now to draw near and give their attendance."

Procedure of closing of the Courts: "Oh yes! Oh yes! Oh yes! All manner of persons having had business to transact before this court now being held for the court leet and court baron, are now to depart at their ease and appear again on a new summons. God save the Queen and long life to the lord and stewards and their ladys and families and gentlemen and all." The stewards' signatures are E. Edwards, Esq., S. Scarborough, Esq., and Yard Eastley, Esq. This book contains a full list of the borough rent-payers from 1850 to 1855.

There were many curious customs connected with the old courts. One of the most amusing being that the Reeve was appointed to taste the beer brewed in the parish to ascertain if the quality was good enough for the inhabitants. This, no doubt, was a coveted office.

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