

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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MR. J. H. HOUSE.

MR. J. H. HOUSE.

In our frontispiece this month is the photograph of Mr. J. H. House, the General Foreman at our Stores in Chapel Street, Brighton, where he has been in charge since 1932. At this depot, which is remote from the offices in Castle Square, Brighton, a modern bottling department, complete with carbonating and pasteurising equipment, is maintained under the supervision of Mr. House and it is well known locally that the products of that department are as near perfection as possible. In addition, the naturally conditioned beers bottled there are probably the best in the district.

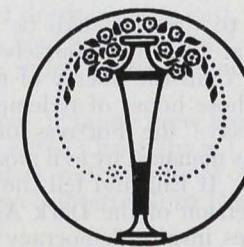
These facts relating to the bottled beers at Brighton are not surprising, as Mr. House has had 35 years' experience in bottling and was the first operator to be placed in charge of the automatic rotary machinery when it was introduced at the Brewery, Reading. When similar machines were installed at Branches, Mr. House was sent to the various depots to act as instructor in the use of this new type of bottling plant. His coaching proved of inestimable value and the Firm's reputation for producing the perfect sedimentless bottled beer spread far and wide.

Mr. House recalls an interesting experience which happened whilst he was at Devonport many years ago. It transpired that a large order had been received from H.M.S. *Hood*, preparatory to commissioning for a long tour. As such orders were always specially bottled and packed at Reading, Mr. House felt particularly flattered when he was instructed to carry out the order from Devonport. The absence of pasteurising plant presented difficulties but these were surmounted by assembling a temporary tank and coils and the order for bottled beer was prepared and delivered in perfect condition. The responsible officer on board H.M.S. *Hood* was so pleased with the consignment that, upon the return of the ship, he brought back a sample to prove that the beers were in the same perfect condition after a long foreign tour as when first taken on board.

During the last Great War Mr. House served 4 years and 7 months in the R.A.S.C. and reached the rank of Staff Sergeant. He was Mentioned in Despatches by General Allenby.

Mr. House has made numerous friends in Brighton and has been an Air Raid Warden since 1937, being a member of the first class formed in Brighton. He has been a Senior Warden since the outbreak of war. As a member of the Loyal St. Peter's Lodge of Oddfellows for over 30 years he takes a great interest in the Order. He has figured prominently in the sports world as a football referee, having taken charge of Amateur F.A. cup ties and also F.A. cup ties. On one occasion he took a Senior Cup final for all C.W.S. Works and has had charge of the Civil Service competitions, the Reading Town Cup Senior Section for two events, as well as participating in many league and cup competitions.

Whilst in Reading Mr. House was a worker for the Conservative Party and was Assistant Secretary for Katesgrove Ward No. 2 for a number of years.



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.)



GEORGE WASHINGTON'S RECIPE FOR SMALL BEER.

The recipe for the beer that was served at Mt. Vernon appears in a notebook kept by Washington when he was a Virginia colonel in 1757. Headed "To Make Small Beer," it reads as follows :

"Take a large Siffer full of Bran. Hops to your taste. Boil these 3 hours, then strain out 30 gallons into a cooler. Put in 3 gallons molasses while the beer is scalding hot or rather draw the molasses into the cooler and strain the beer on it while boiling hot. Let this stand until it is little more than Blood warm then put in a quart of yeast. If the weather is very cold cover it over with a blanket and let it work in the cooler 24 hours then put it into the cask—leave the Bung open until it is almost done working. Bottle it that day Week it was brewed."

A TREMENDOUS STAKE.

"He that endureth to the end shall be saved." Yet, by so enduring, we shall save far more than ourselves, says *Our Empire*. We shall save even more than the liberty of nations now groaning beneath the Nazi heel whose hopes of redemption are based upon our victory. We shall save the Fortress of Man's Soul, which never before in history was menaced by evil more deadly or insidious. Let there be no mistake. If England fell the world would enter a new and more terrible version of the Dark Ages. In place of the Christian ethic which does inspire democracy's public and private life—however imperfectly—there would come the worship of brute force, the tyranny of a so-called "master race," a persecution which would make the shade of Nero turn green with envy.

WORLD CONQUEST?

Is that an exaggeration. Ask Hitler's victims in Poland and Norway and Holland. Ask the Czechs and the Jews of Austria. Ask the Serbs and the Greeks. Ask the United States, where the

truth of this threat to all free men has at last become manifest, and statesmen are publicly admitting that the British Empire alone stands between them and an invasion for which they are as yet, unprepared. Backed by an unrivalled military machine, using the lie as a prime instrument of policy, corrupting the corruptible among all nations, Hitler aims at world conquest. To the British Empire has fallen the high honour of defeating him—as defeat him we shall. But, for the present, we must hold on.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

There is much to encourage us. In the words of our lion-hearted leader, who has never yet shirked the truth, "nothing is happening now that is comparable with the dangers through which we have passed." And he said that after our evacuation from Greece, while the Germans were hammering at Tobruk, while Hitler was developing his threat to Egypt by way of the Aegean Isles, and while the Luftwaffe was doing its best to smash our ports. It is a year this month since Hitler invaded the Low Countries and paved the way to his defeat of France. Looking back over that year, Mr. Churchill had reason for his confidence that "that bad man" in Berlin, and the "whipped jackal" in Rome will yet be "abandoned to public justice and universal scorn."

SHELTERS ANTICIPATED.

It occurs to me, writes Thomas Bodkin, in *The Times*, that you might care to reprint the following stanzas from "Noon Quatrains," by Charles Cotton, as they are rarely quoted :—

Cellars and Grottos now are best
To eat and drink in, or to rest,
And not a Soul above is found
Can find a refuge under ground.

When Pagan Tyranny grew hot,
Thus persecuted Christians got
In to the dark but friendly Womb
Of unknown Subterrenean Rome.

And as that heat did cool at last,
So a few scorching hours o'er pass'd,
In a more mild and temp'rate Ray
We may again enjoy the day.

The circumstances of their inspiration are unrecorded. But they can never have had a greater value of topical allusion than at the present time. Did we not know that they first appeared in 1689

we could well imagine that they were written yesterday for our encouragement.

—BUT NOT AT NEWBURY!

Here's to the greatest gambler of all time—Lady Godiva. She put everything she had on a horse.

FROM THE TIMES OF 1841.

'Tis all jobbing, job, job, jobbing ;
Oh, 'tis all jobbing in our house at home !
One jobs for place, another jobs for pelf,
Some job for power ; we all job for—self.
For 'tis all jobbing, job, job, jobbing ;
Oh, 'tis all jobbing in our house at home.

SPOONERISM.

From a contemporary in one of the Dominions : "I once knew a lovable old priest who was somewhat given to 'Spoonerisms'—misplacing the initials, or syllables, of words in a phrase so as to produce a comical incongruity. Once, when appealing to a congregation for a certain purpose, he informed them that he would make one collection only. Meaning to say : 'I will put all my eggs into one basket,' he coined the wholly felicitous—'All my begs into one ask it.' Could anything be better ? "

"R.C.'S ONLY."

A Catholic, seeing the notice "R.C.'s only" in a tobacconist's shop in a Lancashire town, was pleased at this special recognition, and entered hopefully for a packet of cigarettes. Asked for his card, he answered "I've got no card, but I'm a R.C." "You should have a card then," said the assistant. "Do all Catholics have cards?" asked the bewildered customer. "Roman Catholics be hanged," replied the assistant, "R.C. stands for registered customers."

HAY LOSES SCENT.

Science has robbed the English countryside of one of its sweetest perfumes—the scent of the growing hayfield. Hay to-day is heavier, more nourishing than it was even a year ago. But it no longer smells like the hay of the good old days. Mr. J. G. Stuart, adviser to the Ministry of Agriculture says : "The perfume of the hayfields came from cumarin, a substance found in sweet vernal grass. This type of grass has a lovely smell, but it yields a poorer crop with less nutriment in it than the grasses which are now being grown. Sweet vernal is found only in old meadow-

land. Much of the hay now being harvested comes from newly cultivated land, where only the better type of crop is sown.

PROFICIENT FIRST AID ACTION.

Miss Lawson, of the Correspondence Office, recently rendered most useful assistance in an attempt to revive a man taken from the river Thames and her action received the praise of a doctor. In addition, Miss Lawson's services were called on to treat a boy with serious head injuries received while bathing. She is to be complimented on the prompt way in which she dealt with both these cases and the efficient manner in which she carried out the treatment, this being the best possible. It is very gratifying to know that the members of our First Aid Party are proving of use to the town in general, as well as to our own employees. Miss Lawson has received many congratulations on her prompt and efficient work, including those from our Chairman and Managing Director.

Well done Miss Lawson !

BADGER VISITS BALFOUR CLUB.

The other evening, at a happy little social affair at the Balfour Club, among the guests was a badger. The "animal" made himself very agreeable to all concerned and did not show the slightest fear. In fact he proved as sociable a little gentleman as any of the company present and his behaviour at table—for he took food with us—left nothing to be desired.

But, to cut a long story short, "Brock," in this case, was none other than our popular friend R.S.M. Badger, of the Royal Army Pay Corps.

FINE RECORDS OF LONG SERVICE.

For records of long service our Cooperage Department must stand pre-eminent at the Brewery. Eight men have served a total of 339 years, averaging 42 years 4 months each. Mr. Tom Bartholomew tops the list with 51 years to his credit. Messrs. F. Drury and W. Sparks have 44 years each; C. Weight, 42; C. Weller, E. Carpenter and F. Lambdin, 40; and F. Oliver, 38. Most of these gentlemen are connected with our Cricket Club, thereby following in the footsteps of good old Tom Bartholomew.

BEAUTIFUL MEMORIES.

"With unfading, unchanging love, and in ever-present, everlasting remembrance of our beloved son," write "Mum" and "Dad," in an *In Memoriam* notice in *The Times*.

"A thousand, thousand birthday greetings, darling—more in number than the stars that twinkle in the velvet sky and the snow-drops you adored. And thank you, dearest, for the beautiful

memories of every day of your 29 years with us. These live on and will sustain us till we meet again. God bless you and take care of you."

" Man with his burning soul
Has but an hour of breath
To build a ship of truth
In which his soul may sail—
Sail on the sea of death,
For death takes toll
Of beauty, courage, youth,
Of all but Truth . . . "

" . . . But Peace ! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream of life—
He has outsoared the shadow of our night. . . .
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain ; . . .
He is made one with Nature : there is heard
His voice in all her music. . . .
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, . . .
He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely. . . . "

NEED FOR MAINTAINING RACING.

Mr. Morrison took a firm stand with regard to the need for maintaining racing and sporting meetings, in the House of Commons. The Government, he said, did not take the view that they should try to exclude entertainment and recreation for the sake of doing it. The Government had decided that an effort ought to be made to carry on racing in its present restricted form, " and even perhaps with further restrictions which do not imperil the conduct of horse-racing and the continuance of the bloodstock industry." Care would be taken, he said, to see that meetings did not take place on courses which interfered materially with railway traffic. The petrol side was being watched by Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, Secretary of Petroleum, who would do what he could, but Mr. Morrison pointed out that too rigid a control of petrol use would cause " trouble of some sort."

THE " PROLETARIANS."

Mr. Morrison called attention to the value of the bloodstock industry (export trade about £600,000 a year). Racing, he added, was a sport which gave a good deal of enjoyment to many sections of the community. " It certainly is not a sport which solely

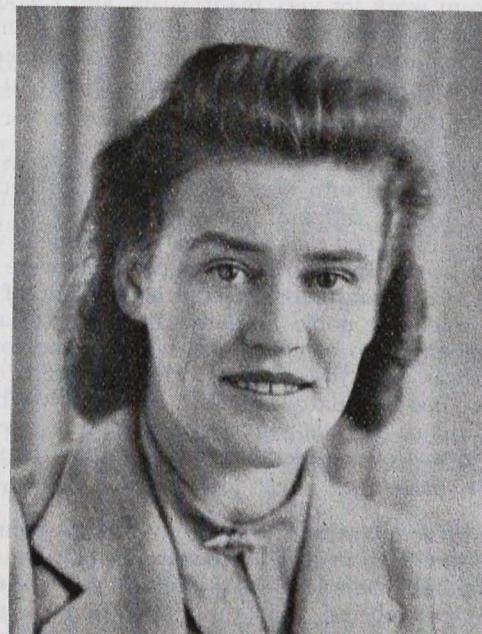
attracts the aristocracy," he declared. " There are many class-conscious proletarians who know as much about horse-racing as the aristocracy does."

LIKE BARNEY'S BULL.

During the Great War whilst serving at Shoreham, a St. Neots soldier read the following lines on the door of a public-house : " My cellar is empty, my till is not full ; No beer until Monday, I'm like Barney's bull."

SPOTTERS GOOD PERCENTAGE.

The following spotters have now passed their Third Class Spotters Test, having obtained well over the 80% marks required. They are studying hard for the Intermediate and Second Class Test which latter is of a very exacting nature. The names of these persevering spotters are :—Messrs. Bloomfield, Coleman, Taylor, Cottam, Brooks, Langley, Sanders and Clinch.



Miss Lawson, whose excellent First Aid Work in the town has won the praise of a member of the Medical Profession. Further details are given in another page.

THE BEER SHORTAGE.

In the House of Lords, Lord Arnold called attention to the quantity of foodstuffs used in the manufacture of beer and discussed at length the various arguments put forward from time to time by the teetotal parties for the restriction of the output of beer.

Replying to the motion, Lord Woolton (Minister of Food) said :

My Lords, I think it might help the debate if I intervened at an early stage in order that your Lordships may have before you the salient facts of the situation as His Majesty's Government see it. I have had much pressure brought to bear upon me by temperance organisations to deal drastically with the consumption of alcoholic liquors. I speak not only with respect, but with admiration for all bodies that are seeking to advocate temperance habits among the people of this country : they have been engaged on this beneficent work for very many years, and I would now beg them not so far to falter in their faith in their own course of temperance as to urge upon His Majesty's Government that the process of education should give place in this matter to the process of compulsion.

Lord Woolton added :—In 1913 nearly twice as much raw material was converted into beer as in 1939 : we therefore began this war on a totally different basis. Let me give you precise figures : In 1913 1,554,000 tons of cereals and of sugar were used in the making of beer. In 1939 only 795,000 tons were used. The actual saving in raw materials effected as a result of the drastic reduction to which the noble Lord referred in 1918, as compared with 1913, amounted to 900,000 tons, whereas the total we were using in 1939 was only 795,000 tons. In 1914 we brewed in this country 36,000,000 standard barrels. In 1939 we brewed only 18,000,000 standard barrels, and, moreover, the beer that was brewed in 1939 was of considerably lower gravity than that which was brewed in 1914.

Not only is the quantity of beer brewed to-day so much smaller than in 1914, but it is, in fact, of lower gravity than was reached at the lowest point in the last war. Side by side with these facts, it should be remembered that the population of this country to-day is greater by three millions than it was in 1918. At the outbreak of war, therefore, His Majesty's Government decided that the output of beer should continue at the level of the output of standard barrels for the year ended September, 1939. The brewing industry was, therefore, given permission to brew up to 19,000,000

barrels in 1940. In fact, they only brewed 18,000,000. The output for the first six months of the current excise year has reached 8.7 million standard barrels.

I would like now to draw your Lordships' attention to the financial side of this business. In 1914 the duty on beer was 7s. 9d. per barrel ; in 1918 it rose to 25s. per barrel ; in 1939 it was 80s. per barrel, and it is now 165s. per barrel—seven times what it was in 1918, and twice what it was at the outbreak of this war. Receipts from Customs and Excise revenue on beer amounted in 1940-41 to £139,000,000 and on all alcoholic liquor to £194,000,000. Income Tax and Super-tax for the same year amounted to £524,000,000. Consumers of alcoholic liquor, therefore, paid into the Revenue more than one-third of the amount which Income and Super-tax payers have paid.

RACING AND THE WAR EFFORT.

It is fortunate for the racing fraternity and the bloodstock industry that the Home Secretary, Mr. Herbert Morrison, has taken the broad view in handling the controversy which has arisen. His masterly summing up of the whole position, as recorded in the *Sporting Life*, will go far in suppressing an agitation which seems to have assumed much prominence through sheer prejudice, without any concrete facts to support the attack on legitimate sport and industry.

In the following words Mr. Morrison put his finger on the weak spot of the opponents of racing :—

"I have never been to a racecourse meeting in my life. I have never gambled.

"That is my general frame of mind, but because that is so in my case I must be careful not to let my own predilections and wishes determine my policy and control of the enjoyment of other people.

"In some quarters there is a disposition to exploit the war to push home doctrines or personal opinions and intolerances so as to exclude types of enjoyment which some people consider are wrong."

If they were to take the line that large assemblies of people for the purpose of enjoyment ought to be abolished, or no public transport for the purpose should be available, that was getting dangerously near the point where the Government was being asked to terminate recreation, entertainment, and enjoyment of a certain character altogether.

He was not sure that they would get more out of people by unduly restricting recreation, and the Government did not take the view that horse-racing or other racing ought to be terminated altogether.

"Horse-racing is certainly not a sport of sole attraction to the aristocracy—although, of course, every good aristocrat knows all about horse-racing," he added, amid laughter.

"But there are many class-conscious proletarians who know as much about horse-racing and bloodstock as the aristocrats."

"Putting a bob on" was a mental stimulus to millions of people and helped to keep them happy while at work, even if it caused a certain amount of sorrow when they knew the result of the race on which they had put their money!

EXPORT TRADE.

Our export trade in bloodstock was pretty considerable—about £600,000 a year—and British bloodstock was the finest in the world.

It would be a pity to lose that distinction by eliminating racing, which would make it impossible for the bloodstock industry to carry on.

An American might be waiting to buy the horse that won the Derby, but if you told him: "Had there been a Derby this is the horse that would have won it," he might reply, "I wasn't born yesterday." (Laughter.)

On balance, therefore, the Government, who had given very careful consideration to this matter, had come to the conclusion that they ought not to stop horse-racing.



WORDS OF WISDOM.

Affection lights a brighter flame
Than ever blazed by art.

To die for truth is not to die for one's country, but to die for the whole world.

Travel teaches toleration.

Use him (the frog or bait) as if you loved him.

We are never more like God than when we are doing good.

Waters that are deep do not babble as they flow.

What is writ, is writ.

What is religion? Compassion for all things that have life.

You can speak well if your tongue deliver the message of your heart.

You will never live to my age without you keep yourselves in breath with exercise, and in heart with joyfulness.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living teachers—each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book.

Words are men's daughters, but God's sons are things.

'Tis an economy of time to read old and famed books.

Times of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds.

Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.

This is true philanthropy, that buries not its gold in ostentatious charity, but builds its hospital in the human heart.

They who crouch to those above them always trample on those who are below them.

They most assume who know the least.

Never offer to teach fish to swim.

Love is as warm in fustian as in velvet.

Good nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty.

NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

THE CAPRICIOUSNESS OF TROUT.

MAYFLIES BY THE MILLION.

Few creatures are more capricious than trout. You may fish a river one day when you think the conditions are all in your favour and come away with an empty creel. Another day, when the wind is in the wrong direction, and things in general appear to be all against good sport, you succeed in banking a brace or two of speckled beauties. And they often come for your fly just when you least expect it. But it is this uncertainty that makes fly-fishing so fascinating. I accompanied a friend to a well known trout stream recently where there was an abundance of fish and the mayfly was up—yes, up by the million. They were engaging in their mad dance, their flight being solely for the purposes of courtship. The fish were rising in all directions and one would have thought that big bags would have been the order of the day. But this was far from being the case for though there were a dozen or more expert rods along the bank only one fisherman succeeded in drawing blood in the shape of one trout and one grayling. My friend was casting an excellent fly, often at a 25 to 30 yards range, but the most the fish would do was to come and have a look at the fly and then hasten away. Exactly what the fish were taking it was difficult to determine. They were full-fed and fastidious. I paid particular attention to one fine fellow. He rose at intervals at from perhaps ten to twenty minutes. Occasionally he took a mayfly but much more often he just sucked in some other form of life. Of the mayflies that floated over his nose he did not take anything like one in fifty; doubtless he was paying more attention to the nymphs. And the angler who landed the two fish referred to adapted himself admirably to the circumstances. He had a mayfly with a plump body. He cut away the wings to make it look like a nymph and then, oiling his cast to within about an inch of the "fly," he let it float down just under the water—and that was how he caught his fish.

ONE HOUR'S FAILURE. ONE MINUTE'S SUCCESS.

On the same river a day or two previous to the date of our visit a fine fish was located and one very persevering angler cast over him for upwards of an hour. At long intervals the fish rose—but not at the fisherman's fly, and eventually he gave it up as a bad job. Another angler came along and, with a very similar fly, threw out his line over the fish. At the first time of asking the trout seized the fly and was landed, a beautiful three-and-a-half pounder.

Truly trout are capricious !

ENEMY ACTION EVERYWHERE !

Poor mayflies ! They seemed to meet with enemy action at every turn being snapped up here, there and everywhere. Swifts, swallows, reed buntings, sedgewarbblers and dragon flies were seizing them at every turn. A pair of reed buntings were much in evidence and the male bird, with his black head and neat white collar was indeed a handsome fellow. The mother bird repeatedly came close to where I was sitting, picked up mayflies from the path and flew off with them to her young in a nest amid the rushes about fifty yards away. Then a dainty demoiselle dragon fly, with body of rich metallic blue-green, perched on my knee and there made a meal of mayfly. And there were thousands of these fierce fairies cruising to and fro along the waterside, only pausing occasionally on leaf or rush to preen themselves. The grasshopper warbler, usually a very shy little bird, was uttering his peculiar and rather monotonous notes, very similar to the sound produced when the line is pulled out from the winch of a fishing rod.

CUCKOO SPIT.

As I roamed about, my boots and stockings picked up quantities of cuckoo spit which some people still believe is the spittle of the cuckoo ; but the spread of a knowledge of nature will make such beliefs impossible for the next generation. If you rub aside the white froth to be seen on grass and other herbage you will find a little yellowish triangular insect inside. This creature sucks out

the juice of the twig on which it rests and from it makes this covering of froth for protection against enemies. It is the immature frog-hopper, that familiar little brownish insect which sits with its nose in the air and suddenly skips off. By this means the mature insect protects itself ; but in the " larva " and " nymph " stages it cannot skip, and so depends upon the froth.

PATTERNS OF PATIENCE.

An old heron winged his way leisurely overhead. More than likely he thought to himself as he watched what was going on beneath him : " Ah ! if those human monsters don't know how to catch fish *I do*—only wait till they have all gone ! " The very pattern of patience, the heron will stand up to his knees in water, as still as a statue, until, perhaps, a trout comes along. Then the head is shot forward with unerring aim and maybe a large fish is impaled with the bird's dagger-like beak and carried off to some place of safety where it can be devoured at leisure. Frogs and water rats are swallowed whole on the spot. Herons are good sportsmen. If one of these birds chooses a certain spot, another will never come near to interfere with his sport. Trout seem to feed on much the same principle. A good fish will have his own particular haunt and you will rarely see another fish trespassing on his preserves. The same old trout will ever be found in the same old spot—until he falls to the lure of the angler. And no sooner has this happened than, you can bet a hundred to one, another trout will take the place of his departed friend.

A swift swoops down and takes a hasty drink while on the wing. You never see one of these birds alight on the ground and I often wonder how they gather material for building purposes. In the month of May I saw one seize a feather in the air and perhaps this is the method by which they collect the few straws, etc., to form their scanty nest.

SWIFT—AND SLOW !

A large female mayfly was flying just over my head and I thought I would catch it for closer observation. I shot out my

hand, but a swift shot by much quicker and snapped up the insect in less time than it takes to tell. I just said "Thank you!"

It was indeed a case of swift—and slow.

THE BEAUTY OF WILD ROSES.

And there were also wild flowers in abundance. Few things are more characteristic of an English June hedgerow than are the festoons of wild roses with which they are strung. Ranging in colour from a somewhat deep pink to the most delicate white these flowers possess a wild beauty which calls forth, perhaps, more genuine admiration than do some of the best products of the garden. I like to have my floral acquaintances come to me easily and naturally like my other friends. Some pleasant occasion should bring us together. You meet in a walk, or touch elbows at a picnic under a tree, or get acquainted, as on this occasion, on a fishing expedition.

THE SAME OLD AND LOVED THINGS.

Here, by the riverside, we do indeed find peace and joy. It is the same, year by year, though with each season, as it comes along, our delights are intensified. Like Richard Jefferies, I do not want change. I want the same old and loved things—the same wild flowers, the same tree and soft ash-green, the turtle, the black-birds, the coloured yellow-hammer sing, sing, singing as long as there is light to cast a shadow on the dial, for such is the measure of his song. I want them in the same place—all the living staircase of the spring, step by step, upwards to the great gallery of summer. Let me watch the same succession year by year.

THE WILD MAGNIFICENCE OF NATURE.

The works of human artifice soon tire
The curious eye ;
But, oh ! the free and wild magnificence
Of nature, in her lavish hours, doth steal
In admiration silent and intense
The soul of him who hath a soul to feel.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER).

The H. & G. Simonds' Saving Association "cycle" (of 30 weeks) will be ending very shortly and there may be some who would like to join. If they will give their names in to Mr. A. H. Hopkins (Correspondence Office) he will explain all about the scheme and make arrangements to relieve them of any surplus cash every Friday. It may be that some would prefer to buy Savings Stamps instead of Savings Certificates ; this can easily be fixed up if they get in touch with Mr. Hopkins.

We have had visits from many members of our staff. In some cases they seem destined for the Orderly Room as members of that staff and no doubt their training at H. & G.S. has something to do with it. In other cases they seem happy when they are out of the Orderly Room and "out" with the troops. A number of them are lucky enough to be near us and by hitch-hiking manage to get home at frequent intervals, whilst others are not so lucky. They all seem to be glad if moved somewhere near our neighbourhood. Thus to-day I have seen "young" Fullbrook (a previous member of the General Office staff). He has been away up North and after four months has got leave and hopes to be within striking distance of Germany. He is in the R.A.F., a member of the band ; having just passed the "first leg" of his wireless examinations he hopes soon to be a fully qualified wireless operator. We have also had a visit from Sergt. K. G. Jenkins who is in Scotland. He is a wireless operator-air gunner with the Coastal Command and has been flying since Christmas last. He tells me they think nothing of flying 1,000 miles before their mid-day meal. He likes the life and also flying. Previously he was employed in the Engineers' Office. We had a recent call from Mr. F. C. Smith (of the Accounts Office) ; he is in the Ordnance Corps, one of the "evacuees" from Dunkirk, and is now busy in London "cramming" an engineering course which in a few months will qualify him for some higher position. This course in peace time would take a year or so. Cpl. A. V. Hedgington (of the Estates Department) is now an instructor.

Of course the hard job nowadays is to retain our staff (particularly the younger members) as they generally volunteer for the R.A.F. They go away for a few days, pass an examination and then return to await their "call." This has happened with a large number of the boys and eventually away they go. The same feeling seems to be spreading amongst the female members of the staff for Miss Thatcher (General Office) has now left us for the

Women's Land Army and I hear there may be others joining the W.A.A.F., &c.

In spite of many difficulties that are besetting us I do think that in the main everyone is well satisfied with the supplies and service given. In fact, we receive quite a number of letters thanking us for what we are doing, and we seldom receive any complaints. Generally speaking the other fellow can see your point of view when our position is explained to him. There may be exceptions of course, but they are few and far between. The public are very tolerant too, in my opinion, and realise that life at a brewery is not "all beer and skittles" these days. Still, what a business we could do !

We are receiving a number of letters from our former employees now in the services and if anyone wishes any special message published send along your letters to the Editor (or W.D.) and they will be mentioned in these notes monthly.

In a letter to Mr. W. Bowyer, O/Coder F. W. Clark (of the Travelling Staff) writes breezily of his life in the Senior Service. He says :—

" Personally I am in fine fettle except for the fact that the Navy, at the moment, is most anxious to put vaccines in me, glasses on me and remove teeth from me. I passed my finals a week or so ago and have now completed my instructional course and should soon get a ship. I hope so and, after a week's leave, this would put me in good form for the Fiji Islanders or whatever is in store."

Finally he wishes to be remembered to all his friends at the Brewery and particularly those in the Slough district. THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE reaches him safely.

A letter was received by Mr. J. Wild from Gunner C. J. Martin (previously of the Delivery Office) who is now serving with the British Forces in Iceland. He says he is getting along quite well. He doesn't think much of the local brew and suggests someone puts a barrel of our beer in the sea and pushes it towards Iceland. The weather there is perfectly marvellous and it never gets really dark at this time of the year, in fact, the sun shines well after 10 p.m. He wishes to be remembered to all at the Brewery.

Mr. R. Braisher (of the Transport Department) who is a prisoner of war in Germany writes very cheerfully to his mother and father (Mick Braisher). He is quite well and says everything will be okay one day and that in time his mother will be able to

say "Here's our Ron." In a game of football he played centre-half and scored a goal and he thinks he will be able to show us a few things when he returns. He has received four lots of books and two of clothes.

Mr. C. G. Lawrence has received a letter from R. C. Ayers (previously Bottling Dept. Office) who is now in the R.A.F. Apparently they are doing their best to make him "tough" for he mentions about long cross-country runs, rifle and foot drill. He is feeling very fit and well. What he would like is for any friend to write to him; he promises a reply. Any news of the Brewery will be welcomed by him.

The past football season has been a very fine one for the Reading Football Club both as regards the matches played and financially. In winning the London War Cup the players finished up in fine style and in not losing a match throughout the whole of that competition did a fine job of work. It is quite possible that this cup will not be competed for next season but, as it is a challenge cup, it will not become the property of the Reading Football Club. Probably it will be used as a trophy for another competition among the reserve teams of the London clubs. It has not yet been decided what football leagues or cups will be played for next season but no doubt Reading will figure in a good one in view of the excellent gates at Elm Park.

We regret to record the death of Mrs. O. M. Tanner of the White Hart, Chobham, where she had been tenant of this House since October, 1924. The tenancy has been in the same family for 39 years.

Congratulations to our Editor, Mr. C. H. Perrin, on his recent birthday. Though well over his three score years, he is still as sprightly and genial as ever.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Hinton recently celebrated their Silver Wedding and I am sure that all their many friends will join me in wishing them every good health, good fortune and good luck.

The campaign in Syria stirs memories with Mr. S. Hinton, for he was one of those in the Army of General Allenby when they were fighting in that country in the last war, so naturally the mention of such places as Damascus and Beirut brings back very vividly to him the time when he was engaged in active operations in that part of the globe.

Surely the most overworked word in the English language these days is "No." Why not vary it a bit and word notices "Yes! we have no" When you come to think about it, what a lot

of shandy-gaff the pubs could sell if they only had the ginger beer, the amount of lemons and ports if they only had the lemonade and port. I suppose the only way is to grin and wear it, for happier times will surely come one day.

NATURE NOTE.

(Shades of C.H.P.).

Four queen wasps were killed on the same window in the Correspondence Office in three days, so there should be a few nests less this year in that department, or elsewhere.

Seated at home on the lawn, it was quite interesting to see the various birds that quickly flew down to partake of a few crumbs spread out for their benefit. First of all came the saucy little sparrows, hopping along very fast and promptly tucking in although, in some instances, it was very noticeable that one of the sparrows picked up the largest piece of bread it could find and flew off homewards to feed the youngsters in the nest. Then came a parade of starlings, mostly youngsters looking very nice in their dark shiny coats and doing their best to drive the sparrows away but these little birds were generally too smart for them. However, we did feel very sorry for one starling who arrived with a damaged leg which it held curled up under one of its wings. It would start pecking at a piece of bread and then fall over. It did manage, however, to obtain a fair amount of sustenance. Then came mother blackbird, who filled up with as much bread as she could carry in her beak and then flew away nestwards, but she soon returned for more.

On one occasion our dog (who is a bread lover) lazily watched the birds disposing of various pieces of bread and decided to take a hand in the game and, after a stretch, promptly bolted every piece he could see, so it was a case of "this little dog had some" and the birds none.



CRICKET.

REVIEW OF PAST MONTH'S PLAY.

From a weather point of view this past month has been generally favourable. Rain has not held us up and on at least two Saturdays—one of which was a real scorcher—the sun has made sweaters unnecessary.

If the game was regarded merely by the number of wins, this would not be an imposing record, for we have only been victorious twice, one of those being a Youths' evening match. We have kept on and it would seem that the tide is on the turn and a gradual improvement is becoming noticeable.

When members of the Club now serving with the Forces are fortunate enough to get a spot of leave, we try to fix them up with an afternoon's sport, to our mutual benefit and enjoyment. The fact that they come along shows that the old comradeship is still very much alive. Long may this *esprit de corps* continue : it will keep both the national and "Hop Leaf" flags flying.

Now it is time to get down to the narration of the month's cricket.

31st May. PHILLIPS & POWIS 155 for 8 v. SIMONDS 24.

This was one of our away games and it was a disastrous one for us. We had first knock and could only make 24 all told against the bowling of Robson (6 for 10) and Tabbitts (4 for 12).

Our score was passed before the P. & P. second wicket fell and thereafter the game became batting practice for our opponents, who carried on until stumps were drawn. Francis (44), Hunt (32) and Robson (23) had the highest scores.

Our Captain tried eight bowlers. Organ and Hillier bore the brunt of the attack and took three and two wickets respectively. Sexton had one over without success and later, in another spell, finished off the innings with two wickets for 1 run in three balls. Morgan took the remaining wicket.

7th June. SIMONDS 55 v. R.A.P.C. 107 for 6 declared.

Our visitors had the first knock and although we secured two wickets in the first five overs at a cost of six runs, Pte. Craig and Pte. Lund took charge of the proceedings and scored 57 before being parted. We then got another wicket cheaply and Captain Scott came in to dispel any illusions. That partnership put on

another 34. With the fall of the sixth wicket at 107, the R.A.P.C. declared.

Shrimpton and Lambourn each took two wickets, Organ and Morgan one each. The work in the field was keen and two good catches were held.

We again got off to a bad start, losing two men for only 7 runs. Shrimpton then went in and faced the bowlers confidently, but could not get a partner to keep the other end up. He made 16 before being bowled out. The runs were coming slowly until Organ began to hit out, then he also was bowled with his score at 11.

Holt (6 for 17) and Cashman (3 for 32) were the chief causes of our low total.

14th June. SIMONDS 52 for 7 v. ROYAL SIGNALS 31.

This was a low scoring game in which for the first time this season we got the majority.

The Signals batted first and found our bowling and fielding very keen. Two men were run out and three fine catches were held, Beddow claiming two of these. Cpl. Jarvis was the top scorer with 11 not out, but he could get no support from the men following him to the wicket. Organ bowled well, taking 6 for 10, and Osbourne got the other 2 for 11.

We lost our first wicket in the second over with only 4 on the board. The next wicket put on 15, the following one 7, and then followed a collapse, the next four wickets only adding one run between them. Visions of another defeat loomed across the horizon, but Greenaway and Beddow had other ideas and raised the score to 52 when time was called. They had then made 18 and 7 respectively, and carried their bats.

The Signals tried five bowlers, but F. Jarvis and Hallam had the longest run. Between them they bowled 17 overs, of which seven were maidens, for two and three wickets respectively. C. Jarvis got the other two at a cost of 11 runs.

21st June. SIMONDS 65 for 8 declared v. POST OFFICE ENGINEERS 76 for 6.

Our previous encounter was keenly contested and we had hopes of turning the tables on this occasion, but it was not to be.

The Captain and Vice-Captain opened the batting for us, but the latter had an "l.b.w." appeal upheld and the partnership was very short. The next wicket fell at the same total, viz., 6, and our

stock slumped. Alan Hedgington, having a brief respite from military duties, went in and looked as though he had retained his old form, but after making 6, a good catch dismissed him and again two wickets fell without adding to the score which then was 18. E. Greenaway stepped into the breach. He started off very slowly, but gaining confidence, began to hit out and when eventually bowled had made exactly half of the team's score of 62. For the third time a second wicket fell without disturbing the runs column. With the total at 65 for 8 we declared, leaving the P.O. a reasonable time to make the runs.

We had an early success, but then the runs came slowly but surely, thanks to Werry (19), Thornhill (10), Wood (13) and Glanville (17 not out), and when time was called the score read 76 for 6.

For our bowlers, Hedgington took 3 for 23, Hawkins 2 for 19 and Greenaway 1 for 5. Richardson (5 for 26) bowled tirelessly for the P.O. Thornhill had 2 for 28 and McCormack 1 for 6.

Next week we play the return fixture with Phillips & Powis, when it is to be hoped a much closer contest will ensue. We have just learned that the match with "Sylvesters" booked for the following week will have to be cancelled for "duty" reasons, but endeavours are being made to arrange a game.

READING YOUTHS' CRICKET LEAGUE.

Our opening match in the Senior Division was on Thursday, 29th May, against Y.M.C.A. "B" XI on King's Meadows and was not an auspicious start in the campaign.

The home team batted first and were soon in difficulties, the first six wickets falling for 14 runs. Then came a stand which added 18 and another slump followed, all being out for 35. Johnson was our chief worry and he made 14.

Venner and Brooks bowled well, taking 6 for 18 and 4 for 15 respectively.

Our batting never recovered from a bad start and the innings developed into a procession. Including "Mr. Extras," an average of one was returned. After the good work in the field this was a great disappointment.

3rd June.

Meeting the Y.M.C.A. "A" on our own pitch, we made a better show, but were again not strong enough in batting strength.

The visitors went in first and made 60 for 9 when the requisite number of overs had been bowled. Y.M. have to thank Elrich (34 not out) and Kirkpatrick (15) for this figure.

Brooks took 5 for 20, Venner and Cottam each securing two wickets. The last named had three overs, two being maidens and one run made in the other.

We cannot get away to a good start. Two runs were scored in the first over and then three wickets fell. Brooks came to the rescue and scored 20. Unfortunately, he could not get a partner to stay with him and the total for the side was 37.

17th June.

We paid a visit to Sol Joel's ground to play Redlands and recorded our first win in the League. Unfortunately, our opponents were not able to field a full XI, which rather detracts from the result. We made 44, out of which Lambourne claimed 13 and Brooks 12.

Redlands got 21 for 2, but only added 8 for the next six wickets and as they were only able to muster nine men we won by 15.

Venner and Brooks shared the bowling, taking 3 for 11 and 5 for 14 respectively.

The matches for June 19th and 24th against the Y.M.C.A. "B" team and Huntley & Palmers had to be postponed. Since then the former team has been disbanded and withdrawn from the League.

The fixtures up to date were published last month and those since arranged are as under :—

July	3rd	Thursday	Post Office	King's Meadows.
"	8th	Tuesday	Redlands	Home.
"	17th	Thursday	Redlands	King's Meadows.
"	24th	Thursday	Post Office	Home.
"	31st	Thursday	Huntley & Palmers	King's Meadows.

LADIES' CRICKET CLUB.

Owing to late work, it has been found impossible to raise a team to carry out the full fixture list arranged, and up to the present only two games have been played.

The first was against the Scarlet Runners, whom we found to be a particularly strong combination and the only thing that can be said from our side of the fence is that it gave our girls plenty of bowling and fielding practice.

The other game was with the ladies from the P.O. Engineers. We were again defeated, but the score certainly read a little more favourable. Severe critics will say that "Miss Extras" made nearly all our runs, but they all count.

It is unfortunate that the exigencies of the Service prevent the ladies from taking full advantage of these long evenings and get some much desired practice. No doubt a better showing would then be made and more even games ensue. That would give them great encouragement.

J.W.J.

" AT WHIPSNADE."

At Whipsnade all is life and stir
The sun is shining brightly,
Beneath the boughs of beech and fir
Grey wallabies trip lightly.

The kangaroos, their babies clean
(A mother slaps her daughter)
And ducks, delicious bottle-green,
Disport in pools of water.

The yaks with shaggy tails and sides
Dream still of distant mountains,
Whilst elephants with crinkled hides
Employ their trunks as fountains.

Great gay-winged geese stretch forth a leg
Beside a willow'd runnel
—Fat marmots on their haunches beg
Or scamper down a tunnel.

There's lovely colour everywhere
—On blossoms clustered thickly
—On birds that thro' the branches stare
To vanish from us quickly.

And how I wish this charm and grace
On paper I could capture,
For Whipsnade is to me a place
Of never-ending rapture.

S. E. COLLINS.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

The Scotsman staying on the twelfth floor of an American skyscraper looked out of the window and saw what he thought was a threepenny-bit. He ran down to the next floor and it looked like a sixpence. On the next floor it seemed to be a shilling, and on the next a half-crown.

He took the lift to the ground floor, ran out, and found—a dustbin lid !

* * * *

"Do you know the nature of an oath?" a woman was asked when she entered the witness-box.

"I ought to," she replied, "I've just left my husband laying the stair carpet."

* * * *

"John," said the nervous woman, nudging her husband, "did you hear anything?"

"Yes, dear, it must be burglars."

As he spoke he began to get out of bed. "Oh, John, do be careful! Don't take any risks. What are you going to do?"

"Lock the bedroom door," was the firm reply.

* * * *

Keen on getting new business in an American village, the insurance agent tackled an old negro who was very much under his wife's thumb.

"You'd better let me sell you an insurance on your life, Mose," said the agent coaxingly.

"No, suh," replied the negro firmly; "I ain't none too safe at home as it is."

* * * *

It began because, when my wife offered to take my place in seeing her woman friend to the bus, the woman refused her offer.

* * * *

I keep my husband at home at night by giving him the baby to nurse. He is afraid to move in case he drops it.

I am the father of seven children, but my wife says I am still a baby.

* * * *

My husband is one of those men who believes in telling his wife what he is going to do after he has done it.

* * * *

I am not what you call a lazy man. I just don't like work.

* * * *

When I told my wife I was controlling her allowance at 30/- a week, she said I would naturally expect her to be like the tomatoes—disappear.

* * * *

When I told my wife I hadn't a penny for pocket money, she said: "Then hand over that silver."

* * * *

You can't say my husband is a heavy drinker because he has six pints of beer at night. He is just a working man.

* * * *

After my wife had been to the races I found she had not only spent all my money, but to dress herself had used the coupons I wanted for a new shirt.

* * * *

I am very happily married. I married a woman with money, and have not had to work since.

* * * *

Of course, my husband is not insolvent. He has me.

* * * *

I didn't desert my wife. She simply evacuated me.

* * * *

"Too bad about Dick. He swallowed a teaspoon."

"Is he in bed at the hospital?"

"Yes, he can't stir."

BONES : "I see they're erecting a statue to the man who invented pneumatic tyres."

RAGS : "Wouldn't a bust be more appropriate?"

* * * *

They're picking up the pieces
With a dustpan and a rake,
Because he used his horn
When he oughta used his brake.

* * * *

Some girls can't see anything in a new boy friend until he switches off the lights.

* * * *

"Hear about Jimson being in hospital?"

"In hospital? Why, I saw him last night dancing with a lovely blonde."

"Yes! So did his wife!"

* * * *

TEACHER : "Now, if I were to lay five eggs here and two eggs there—how many would I have?"

JIMMY : "You couldn't do it, teacher."

* * * *

MARY : "Did Henry tell you I rejected him?"

HENRY'S FIANCÉE : "Yes; he often tells me of the lucky incidents of his life."

* * * *

"Madam, I am the last of the Vere de Veres."

"Very pleased to hear it."

* * * *

"Jones is boasting about his family tree."

"But does it amount to anything?"

"Oh, yes. It's all right as trees go. I believe it's shady."

ADAM : "Eve! you've gone and put my shirt in the salad again."

* * * *

"The new member claims to be related to you and says he can prove it."

"The man's a fool."

"Yes, but that may be mere coincidence."

* * * *

"You," said one Hollywood he-star to another. "You're no film actor. You're just a squeak to Mickey Mouse."

* * * *

"It says in this leaflet that cannibals won't eat a man who smokes a lot of tobacco."

"Well! Who's going to stop smoking just to pamper cannibals."

* * * *

MOTORIST'S WIFE : "What lovely fleecy clouds! I'd just love to be up there sitting on one of them."

MOTORIST : "You'd better drive the car, then."

* * * *

"Does your husband expect you to obey him?"

"Oh, dear, no. You see, he's been married before."

* * * *

"Look here, young man," said the playwright father, "this report doesn't say very nice things about your work at school."

"Coming up in the train, dad, I was reading about the play you had produced last night and—"

"Better have your tea, young fellow."

* * * *

"Hey, old man! Your engine's smoking."

"Well, let it—it's old enough."

An American Film Star was applying for a passport.

"Unmarried?" asked the clerk.

"Occasionally," answered the actress.

* * * *

Dick is all right if you know how to take him."

"I hate those people who have to be labelled like a bottle of medicine."

* * * *

"Mrs. Brown," said Mr. Smith to his neighbour, "have you spoken to your boy about mimicking me?"

"Yes, I have," replied Mrs. Brown. "I've told him not to act like a fool."

* * * *

ASSISTANT (*at game counter*) : "Would your little son like a game of draughts, ma'am?"

"He'd love one," smiled the woman; "that is, if you can spare the time."

* * * *

"A man's troubles weigh on him most heavily at about one in the morning," says a doctor. Especially if that is the time when he returns home and finds his wife is awake.

* * * *

SHE : "A week ago I was very fond of Jim, but now I can hardly stand him."

HER : "Yes, isn't it awful how changeable men are!"

* * * *

HIKER No. 1 : "I look upon walking as a tonic."

HIKER No. 2 : "I also look upon a lorry as a sort of pick-me-up, too."

* * * *

We hear of a Scotsman who wore his suit for ten years, yet the pockets were as good as new.

STUDENT : "You know I've learned a lot from that history professor."

SECOND DITTO : "You've been a lesson to him, too, I'll bet."

* * * *

BILL : "Do you know, Tom, why Fifi turns round so often before he sits down? It's because he's a watch dog and he's winding himself up."

* * * *

"What can you put in a cup and not take out?"

"A crack, I guess."

* * * *

"Is your wife changeable, old man?"

"I've never tried—but I shouldn't think so."

* * * *

"I hear you are going to marry that old Mr. Gayboy."

"Yes, I've decided to accept him."

"You're making a mistake, my dear. He'll lead a double life."

"Well, if I don't marry him I'll lead a single life, and that is worse."

* * * *

Why did the penny stamp?

Because the threepenny bit.

* * * *

BILL : "I wonder why I don't like this picture?"

TOM : "Because you're looking in a mirror."

* * * *

BETTY : "Jack proposed to me last night."

KITTY : "Oh, and he promised me he would give up drinking."

* * * *

"White is a colour that stands for joy; women are married in white, but men never are."

* * * *

A man stated in court that his wife's mother threw a chair and a table at him. We understand that when he noticed her looking thoughtfully at the sideboard he made a hurried exit.

* * * *

CLERK: "Sir, my wife told me to ask you for a rise."

Boss: "All right, I'll ask my wife if I can give you one."

* * * *

"Do your neighbours borrow much from you?"

"Borrow! Why, I feel more at home in their houses than I do in my own."

* * * *

"Come, now, the truth; does he tell you questionable stories?"

"No question about them. He makes them all perfectly plain."

* * * *

There isn't enough wool on a girl's bathing suit to pull over a man's eyes.



CATCHING A CARP.

At this time of the year when some of us are perhaps lucky enough to be getting a few days holiday, what better pleasure can one experience than that of passing an hour or two away on the bank of some quiet stream, wherein are such fish as perch, roach, bream and carp?

The carp is easily the best fighter of these, and when you are lucky enough to hook a fair specimen, say one about 3 pounds, the next four or five minutes will amply repay you for your waiting. The moment the fish is hooked, it will most probably jump clean out of the water, then dive straight across to the other bank, or up stream, and 20 yards of line will be run out in a flash; at this point it will be well to remember to keep your rod well pointed upwards. This first dash is likely to be followed by another, bringing the fish back to your side of the stream again: this means some very quick winding in of the line. Although one may see the fish quite near at this moment, it would be fatal to attempt to net it; let it run and you will enjoy a minute or two more sport before it flops and remains on the surface. During these final moments the angler should note the easiest part of the bank from which to land his catch, gradually bringing the fish to the net. Do not let an onlooker or even your pal attempt to net it for you, as to i they would mess it up (and in competitions this is not allowed); also, it is a source of great personal satisfaction when the catch is finally completed and it turns the scale at 3 lbs. or so. Every experienced angler is careful when taking out the hook and weighing the fish, because at the end of your day the fish is returned to the stream, from your "keep net," to give you or some other chap a good run on another day. Early in the season, that is to say up to August, I recommend as bait bread crusts, not crisp, but the "spongy" ends of the tin loaf, cut into small squares of about a $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch in size; these squares I found would keep on the hook for a considerable time—keep the crusts in an airtight jar.

The other fish mentioned will also take bread crust, or dough paste, except the perch, which definitely prefer worms.

Later on towards the autumn, especially after rain, the carp will work along the banks in search of worms, so that is the time to bait up for him with the small red worm and fish quite close in.

These notes are mainly intended for those who have thought about "going fishing," but have not yet tried their arm. To them I say—"Try your luck" and you will soon forget Adolf & Co.

Tight lines to all anglers!

G. W. DEWEY.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

Not only to the individual does the call come, almost as a royal command, to take a road and seek an end and have done with all excuses. It should be the greatest strength and support to the British people to-day that it has no option, on any moral reckoning with things as they are, but to go forward and suffer and do what must be done; for when evil is known for what it is, compromise with it is morally impossible. Because that is so, Britain can go forward, as he who represents Britain before the world goes forward, with the truth of Browning's noble lines as ideal and present reality.

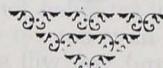
*One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Hold we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better. . . .*

—(From "The Times.").

VERY PETITE, BUT—

Miss—she was pretty ;
Miss—she was witty ;
Miss—she was very petite ;
But of all the poor creatures
With such pretty features
She was blessed with such clumsy great feet !

(Written by a budding young poet of the General Office.)



BRANCHES.

PORTSMOUTH.

CONGRATULATIONS.

Hearty congratulations to the Lord Mayor of Portsmouth (Councillor Dennis Leo Daley) on being honoured by H.M. The King in the Birthday Honours List. He was made Knight Bachelor in the Prime Minister's list for services to civil defence and citizens welcome the distinction conferred upon their civic head as a tribute to the efforts that have been made to mitigate the hardships caused by enemy action. As a member of the War Emergency Committee, Councillor Daley has shewn commendable initiative, energy and enterprise, and his spirited efforts have frequently been favourably referred to by the Prime Minister as well as leading members of the Government who have paid visits to the city. Councillor Daley has been Lord Mayor since November, 1939, and was unanimously re-elected last November as a recognition of his splendid services during a most difficult and momentous year. Among the most cherished congratulations Councillor Daley received was a letter from the President of the Sergeants' Mess at Eastney Barracks, of which the Lord Mayor was, in his serving days, a popular member. On behalf of all ranks of the Portsmouth Division Royal Marines the Commanding Officer also wrote sincerely complimenting a former Colour Sergeant of the distinguished corps upon the honour so deservedly conferred.

THE NEW POMPEY !

When visiting a certain local Service Mess recently we were shewn an ordnance map of Portsmouth dated 1649. It shows a scattered town with few houses and buildings, but with vast open spaces which were subsequently built upon—zig-zagged haphazard all over the place without much thought of planning or of future developments. As we studied its ramparts, crude fortifications, moats, docks, etc., we wondered what the official map of 1949 will be like if the City Council's recommendation concerning the potential extension of boundaries is visualized at not too distant a future? The views of the Government are being sought to ascertain what the proposals are likely to be with regard to the future boundaries and a Portsmouth envisaged as stretching out to Emsworth on the east, towards Wickham on the west and inland well out towards Petersfield, including in its vast area Hayling Island, Butser Hill and the whole of the Meon Valley. When Lord Reith, Minister of Works and Buildings, visited Portsmouth, he spoke to the local replanning committee of the need to "plan boldly, having in mind not only the city but the region round about." Regional

organization, he added, had proved to be an essential part of the Government in wartime and there is no doubt that the problems of wartime will be carried on into the days of peace. So a greater Portsmouth with far-reaching tentacles becomes not only possible but highly probable.

LANDMARKS DISAPPEAR

A month or two back THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE mentioned the large number of licensed houses that had been demolished by the too frequent air raids on Portsmouth and district. It is now permissible to disclose some of the famous hostels—landmarks of the city—that have disappeared. The district known as "Old Portsmouth" is the greatest sufferer and here many buildings with historical associations have been destroyed. Among them may be mentioned the Duke of Buckingham public house which was shewn on a map of Portsmouth in 1860 as a "licensed victualling house." It stood near the residence in which the famous Duke of Buckingham was assassinated. The Old Blue Posts, a notorious posting house and a rendezvous of Naval officers and their followers, is gone. This famous house, it is recalled, was mentioned many times in history and fiction and it was here Captain Marryat's "Peter Simple" stayed the night before joining the Navy. The well known George Hotel where Nelson spent his last night in England before the Battle of Trafalgar and in which Lady Hamilton's bedroom was preserved intact to the last was also blitzed, and the Grosvenor Hotel built on the site of the Old Cricketers' Inn, the Central Hotel with its hundreds of bedrooms, the Railway Hotel, the Blue Anchor, the Travellers' Joy, and many others were among those demolished or wrecked.

Local breweries and plants also suffered greatly and, in connection with this, it is noteworthy that as the damage occurred, rival firms immediately stepped in and helped their opponents, while they in turn were readily assisted by brewers from the surrounding districts, as well as from London and as far distant as Burton-on-Trent. And so supplies were maintained—or nearly so. This is as it should be!

CHEESE.

OUR MANAGER AT THE BATH ARMS HOTEL IN CYCLE RACE.

A novel idea in the way of raising funds for a charitable cause comes from Cheddar. Two well known Cheddar personalities, Mr. E. J. Binning, chairman of the Axbridge District Meat Pool, and who is also a member of the Cheddar Parish Council, had challenged Mr. "Joe" Nolan, licensee of the Bath Arms Hotel, and

a BBC entertainer, to take part in a pedal-cycle race from Cheddar to Draycott and back, the distance being approximately four and a half miles. The two Cheddar sportsmen considered the race would provide an opportunity for the general public to assist the funds of the Cheddar St. John Ambulance Brigade.



Group taken at Race Meeting.

Posters issued at the latter end of the week, informed the public that the race would take place on Whit-Monday morning, and just before 10.30 a.m. over a thousand spectators had assembled in Bath Street and around the old Market Cross to watch the start and in anticipation of witnessing a close finish. There were also over 200 at Draycott.

Mr. Nolan was first away and the spectators expected to hear that he had won, but when Mr. Binning rounded the corner by Cheddar Church, his opponent was absent and Mr. Binning finished alone. Subsequently Mr. Nolan completed the course.

On inquiry it was learnt that on the return journey from Draycott, a car passed the competitors on its wrong side of the road and, in consequence, Mr. Binning's cycle inadvertently came in contact with Mr. Nolan's machine, and the rider was thrown into the roadside hedge, but fortunately escaped injury. After the race a placard appeared "Objection for bumping and boring."

A blanket was suspended against the wall in Bath Street, and collection boxes were also attached to the ambulance. The public were invited to contribute in this way, and they made such a generous response that the " takings " amounted to £21 14s. 6d.

STAINES.

News has just been received that Fusilier N. Hadwick, of the 2nd Batt. Royal Fusiliers, has been killed in action, after being posted missing for over twelve months.

Better known to his colleagues as " Nelson," he had been employed at Staines Branch since 1935, and was always very popular.

Fusilier Hadwick leaves a wife and two young children to whom we extend our heartfelt sympathy in their great loss.

MR. F. A. SIMONDS' SONS WITH THE BRITISH ARMY IN THE MIDDLE EAST.

The following extract from *The Times*, dated 2nd June, 1941, confirms the news which caused considerable anxiety when it was learned that two of Mr. F. A. Simonds' sons had been wounded whilst serving in the Middle East :—

"ARMY CASUALTIES.

The Army Council regrets to announce the following casualties. The next of kin have already been informed.

Officers.

Wounded.

R. Artillery.—Simonds, Sec. Lt. E. D.; Simonds, Sec. Lt. K. F."

Mr. E. Duncan Simonds was wounded in January and Mr. Kenneth F. Simonds received his injury in April.

Although cables were received soon after they became casualties, no further particulars as to the seriousness of the wounds were received until recently. Eventually, however, news reached home that the patients were making good progress and, later, direct communications were received by Mr. F. A. Simonds giving reassuring messages.

Some day, we hope, the story of the adventures of these two gallant gentlemen will make exciting reading.