

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. XV.

AUGUST, 1941.

No. 11.



MR. H. T. FLEMINGTON.

MR. H. T. FLEMINGTON.

In this issue we publish the photograph of Mr. H. T. Flemington, general foreman of our Salisbury Plain depot at Ludgershall, which was established many years ago as a centre for the control of our military trade in that wide area.

When a bottling depot was started at Salisbury in 1909, Mr. Flemington was engaged as a member of the staff and was promoted foreman in 1913. This position he filled until he was called up during the last war to join the 4th Bn. The Wiltshire Regiment (Territorials); later he was transferred to the Royal Engineers Signals and went to France with the 27th Division in December, 1914. Wounded at Ypres, he returned to England in April, 1915, and later once again returned to France with the 58th Division and remained with his unit until April, 1919. Most of his war service was spent in the Ypres sector. He was with General Gough's army in the 1918 retreat.

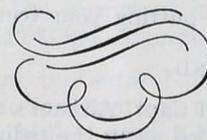
At the finish of the last war he returned to Salisbury to take up his duties as foreman and, in 1923, was transferred from Salisbury to Ludgershall for the more important duties of foreman at the military depot. This position he still holds.

When the extent of the territory and the importance of the large permanent barracks and camps are realized, an impression of the large organization necessary for giving efficient service to the Army and Royal Air Force scattered throughout the adjoining counties will be gained. The responsibility for ensuring prompt deliveries and employing the transports to the greatest advantage lies with Mr. Flemington, who is probably one of the best organizers of such work the Firm possesses. This valuable quality has never been more apparent than in the difficult times through which we are now passing, when the utmost economy in the consumption of petrol and the necessity of not covering the same ground twice are paramount.

In addition to the control of the transport, Mr. Flemington is in charge of the bottling department at Ludgershall Branch and the

brilliancy and general condition of the bottled beers produced need no other testimony to his efficiency as a bottler. He is also in charge of the stocks of beers, wines and spirits and if, as at the present time, supplies are restricted his work is not lessened, but increased by the difficulties of equitable distribution. There is no doubt about Mr. Flemington's qualities as a "General Utility" man, who is capable of turning his hand to the numerous jobs which daily arise. His readiness to make the best of matters when troubles arise, his endeavours to surmount obstacles, his patience and endurance set a wonderful example to all. In his labours he enjoys the respect and support of the whole of his staff and the manner in which they all pull together is a sure and happy sign of the popularity of the foreman.

When his duties will permit, the recreation which appeals to him more than any other is billiards, and there are very few cueists within the borders of Wiltshire and the military camps who can give him points. He would welcome contests with our other experts when opportunities present themselves.



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.)

“V.”

I spells it with a “V.”—*Sam Weller in “Pickwick Papers.”*

THE GOD OF—

After a lesson on the gods and goddesses of olden days the schoolmaster began asking a few questions.

“Now, who was Bacchus?”

Answer was there none! So he tried again.

“Come, come! Mars was the god of war, Venus was the goddess of love, Bacchus was the god of—” he paused invitingly.

“Bookmakers?” suggested one bright lad.

THE USUAL TOPIC.

“Short raid last night.”

“Yes, hardly worth putting your teeth in for.”

UGLIEST MAN IN ENGLAND.

“I particularly liked Capt. Altham’s story of the two friends who many years ago whiled away the tedium of a railway journey by a discussion on possible candidates for the title of ‘The Ugliest Man in England.’ It was in the days when the division between railway compartments did not extend to the roof, but one of the men did not trouble to lower his voice as he declared: ‘Well, I’m positive there isn’t an uglier man in England than the Bishop of Oxford.’

“Immediately a gargoyle-like visage appeared over the partition. ‘You should see my brother,’ it said. It was the then Bishop of Oxford.”—*The Cross.*

EASY!

He worked at a factory where they encouraged the staff to think of ideas for the smoother running of the business.

One morning he was shown into the chairman’s office and announced that he had thought of a way of insuring that no one would be late in future.

“That sounds good,” said the chairman. “How do you propose to do it?”

“Easy, sir. The last man in blows the whistle.”

MARBLE BUSTS!

Seeing the notice, “Iron sinks,” in a shop window, a man went inside and said that he was perfectly aware of the fact. Alive to the occasion, the shop-keeper retaliated: “Yes, I know, and time flies, but wine vaults. Also sulphur springs, jam rolls, grass slopes, music stands, moonlight walks, rubber tires and the organ stops.”

“Quite true, but you’ve forgotten one thing.”

“What’s that?”

“Marble busts!” replied the visitor, and bowed himself out.

FISHING WITH THE CORMORANT.

The recent suggestion that greater use should be made of the cormorant as an article of diet in these war days would be thought foolish enough in China, for in that country the bird provides the fisher-folk with a means of obtaining their livelihood. The method which they employ is a simple one, the bird being let from the boat on a line, and allowed to indulge in its natural fishing propensities, at which it is adept. The cormorant is then hauled in, and it is seldom that a good catch is not disgorged.

In order to prevent the natural instinct to swallow the fish before he can have time to retrieve it, the fisherman places a ring around the neck of the bird to restrict the action of the gullet.

I noticed a cormorant on the Thames up Pangbourne way recently.

SPLENDID!

Husband: “I have tickets for the theatre.”

Wife: “Splendid. I’ll start dressing at once.”

Husband: “Yes, do. The tickets are for tomorrow.”

WITH THE AUTHOR'S COMPLIMENTS.

Two little folk were about to present their grandmother with a handsomely bound copy of the Bible, when suddenly the little boy suggested they ought really to write "something very nice" just inside the cover. "I know what we'll put," exclaimed his elder sister. "I've seen it in lots of Daddy's books" So unanimously they agreed and wrote much to Granny's surprise—"With the Author's compliments."

WHAT ARE LITTLE BOYS MADE OF?

An increasing percentage of boys are being born in this country, and in country districts they are saying that the old jingle is proving itself true once again :

What are little girls made of?
 Sugar and spice and all that's nice.
 What are little boys made of?
 Snips and snails and puppy dogs' tails.

As in the last war, they say, when there is a shortage of sugar and spice and all the niceties of life the birthrate of girls begins to fall ; and the "snips and snails" diet begins to encourage baby boys !

Be that true or otherwise, the fact remains that the official figures for the past few months reveal an unusual preponderance of baby boys.

RULES FOR LIFE'S ROAD.

Be a rudder ; then you can steer things your way.

Success comes a lot quicker pushed by work than pulled by hope.

A good conscience can bear very much, and is very joyful in the midst of adversity.

Be sure you're right, then go ahead ; don't turn round to see if the neighbours are looking.

The fellow with a clear conscience and a light heart has no need of shoulder braces.

"Say it with flowers," but don't throw the bouquet at yourself.

Success is attained not by lying awake at night, but by keeping awake in the daytime.

The only objection we have to folks who borrow trouble is that they insist on returning it, with interest.

A temper is a fine thing to have. It denotes strength of character ; but is too valuable an asset to lose. Keep it.

That man is always sure of an attentive hearing who has learned to stop talking when he has said enough.

Put in 60 per cent. of your time tending to your own business and 40 per cent. letting other people's business alone, and you'll get into very little trouble.

"LOVE-APPLES."

Tomatoes, of which the Minister of Agriculture hopes to see a record crop raised in Britain this year, were earlier known as "love apples"—a fact which recalls a lost opportunity by Charles Dickens.

In "Pickwick," it will be remembered, during the famous Bardell *v.* Pickwick trial there are produced Mr. Pickwick's notes asking for "chops and tomato sauce," of which Sergeant Buzfuz makes the most as proofs of Mr. P.'s callous and calculated deception.

But how much more sinister Pickwick's notes might have been made by counsel had Dickens not failed, for some reason, to word the Pickwickian request as "chops and love-apple sauce !"

BEGIN AGAIN.

This is a new day, a thing of shining beauty.

Rose dawn and blue sky, a clean mind fresh and strong.

Let me be forgetting yesterday's old sorrows.

Let me go to meet to-day with courage and a song.

Let me be forgiving olden hurt and pain,

This is a new day, a new life is beginning,

Let me be forgiving old mistakes and grieving.

Let me lift my heart to it as flowers to summer rain.

A SIMPLE SOUL.

"She's such a simple soul," we have sometimes heard people say, patronisingly, of an acquaintance.

If they only knew what a splendid tribute they were paying!

Simplicity is not stupidity. It is the highest wisdom. The simple person is sincere, because he has never troubled to develop the art of pretence. He trusts his fellow-beings because he cannot imagine anyone whose motives are less than his own. He sees beauty in the ordinary things of life, because he has never allowed his vision to become dulled or blurred.

He is happy because, having no sense of self-importance, his pride is never hurt.

Yes, it is simple people who are lucky; and they, if anyone, deserve their luck.

THE INCOME TAX COLLECTOR.

The strong man at the fair had just finished squeezing the juice out of a lemon.

Holding it up before the crowd he shouted: "I'll give £5 to anyone who can squeeze another drop of juice out of this lemon!"

Up stepped a little man. He gripped the lemon and, to the surprise of the crowd, squeezed several more drops from it.

"It's easy," he murmured, "I'm an income-tax collector!"

TIME WASTERS.

Even the busiest person loses quite a lot of time daily. Frequent telephone users lose three days a year, according to one estimate, just holding a buzzing receiver waiting for someone to speak. Another thief of time is indecision—waiting to make up one's mind. The same writer calculates that in an average lifetime the ordinary waste of time is made up as follows:—

Waiting for meals	2½ years
Answering the door	1 year
Standing in queues	6 months
Travelling to work	1½ years
Useless repetition	2 months
Answering the telephone	1 month
Making up one's mind	1¼ years

QUITE HARMLESS.

It was the Englishman's first visit to Scotland, so while he waited for a train he began asking the porter questions.

"I suppose you have a provost in this town?" he said.

"Ay," replied the porter.

"Does he have insignia like our mayors do?"

"Have what?"

"Insignia. Well, for instance, does he wear a chain?"

"A chain!" exclaimed the astonished porter. "Na, na, he gangs aboot loose. But dinna be feared o' him; he's quite harmless."

THE SPIDERS, MUM.

Mistress: "Jane, I found a large cobweb in the dining-room this morning. How do you account for it?"

Maid: "I think it must be them spiders, mum."

A PECULIAR WORD.

Heroine is perhaps as peculiar a word as any in the English language; the first two letters of it are masculine, the first three feminine, the four first a brave man, and the whole word a brave woman.

CAPTAIN OF HIS SHIP.

Little Johnny: "What did papa mean by saying that he was captain of this ship?"

Mother: "Oh, that is only his way of saying that he is head of the house."

Little Johnny: "Then if pa is the captain, what are you?"

Mother: "Well, I suppose I am the pilot."

Little Johnny: "Oh, yes. Then I must be the compass."

Mother: "The compass! Why the compass?"

Little Johnny: "Why, the captain and pilot are always boxing the compass, you know."

THE LOWER COURT.

A letter read in the Divorce Court said: "All the judges and all the courts in the world can go to hell."

Mr. Justice Henn Collins remarked: "The writer seems to want to extend my jurisdiction."

LET 'EM WAIT.

The intoxicated gentleman was vainly endeavouring to open the front door with his latch-key.

After the fifth attempt a passer-by stopped.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "perhaps I can assist you."

"Shertainly not," replied the reveller. "'Sout of the question."

He continued his unsuccessful attacks on the keyhole.

"Look here," said the other man a moment later. "I'll knock for you."

Again the merry one shook his head.

"Most decidedly not," he protested. "Let 'em wait."

RELICS OF A LOST RACE.

"Charles," said his wife, in a rather ominous voice. "I found some queer-looking tickets in your desk this morning."

"Did you, dear," replied Charles weakly.

"Yes, one of them said, 'Rameses 100 to 7.' What does that mean?"

"Oh, my archaeological studies, dear," responded Charles. "Relics of a lost race."

DEATH OF MR. JAMES HOWEY.

We are sorry to record the death of the above member of the Building Department of this Firm, which occurred on the 31st July, very suddenly at the age of 56. "Jimmy" had been employed at the Brewery for ten years as a bricklayer's labourer and plumber's mate. Previously he had worked in the coal mines of Durham, which was his native town, but he came south during the trade depression twelve years ago. He served in the last war and was severely wounded.

His loss is keenly felt by his workmates as he was well liked and was a good workman. Our deepest sympathy is hereby expressed to his widow and family in their sad loss. The Building Department was represented at the funeral service by Messrs. A. Brown, B. Eymore and F. Hawkins.

SPOTTERS' TESTS.

The tests for Spotters are very difficult, but the majority of those who entered passed the 3rd class test and the following have now passed the intermediate test (2nd class):—R. Coleman (with special distinction—100 per cent. marks); A. P. Bloomfield (with credit—94 per cent. marks); A. Saunders and H. Cottam also passed.

A CONSPICUOUS SUCCESS.

The A.R.P. exercise carried out on Monday evening, July 21st, was a conspicuous success. In company with Mr. C. G. Lawrence, I followed every incident, which meant travelling exceedingly fast. The organisation of this exercise speaks volumes for the Controller, Capt. D. S. Drewe, M.C., and his Head Warden (Mr. C. G. Lawrence) who arranged everything to the last detail. The Fire Brigade, under their Chief Officer, Mr. E. A. Tigwell, impressed me tremendously, also the Fire Bomb Fighting Parties. Co-operation by everyone who took part in this exercise was the factor which contributed to this very successful evening and this was endorsed afterwards by Mr. F. A. Simonds and Maj.-Gen. Lewin who addressed the assembly at the Social Club.



Ladies of the Scalds Department with their male colleagues.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

No one knows what he can do until he tries. The germs of success are in every nature, but hard work is required in order to mature them. It has been said that genius is infinite patience. He who fixes his eye on a certain goal, be it ever so high, and makes for it with all his strength, is pretty sure to rise above the difficulties that beset his path.

To know that an action is good is not enough. We must do it.

Selfishness is poverty; it is the most utter destitution of a human being. It can bring nothing to its relief; it adds soreness to his sorrows; it sharpens his pains; it aggravates all the losses he is liable to endure, and when goaded to extremes often turns destroyer and strikes its last blows on himself.

It gives us nothing to rest in or fly to in trouble; it turns our affections on ourselves, as the sap of a tree descending out of season from its heavenward branches and making not only its life useless, but its growth downward.

There is no strength in exaggeration; even the truth is weakened by being expressed too strongly.

It is not necessary to hope in order to act; nor to succeed in order to persevere.

One reason why we all grow wise too slowly is because we nurse our mistakes too fondly.

We gain double when we relieve a brother at the price of our own humiliation.

Do not work so hard that you forget how to play, nor play so hard that you are not fit for work.

THE DAILY ROUND.

To do something great and heroic many never come, but you can make your life heroic by faithfully and daily putting your best effort into each duty as it comes round.

Look not mournfully into the past; it returns no more; wisely improve the present, and go forth into the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart.

Vinegar from a sweet wine is very bitter; so is the anger of a good-natured man.

Wisdom is better than strength, and a wise man is better than a strong man.

The interior beauty of a soul through habitual kindness of thought is greater than our words can tell.

A man should never be ashamed to acknowledge a mistake. It only means that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

Faith and gloom are never bed fellows.

THE LADDER OF LIFE.

Life is a ladder because God made it so; and the man who would convert it into a moving staircase, upon which men have merely to stand and the machinery will do the rest, has a degraded notion of life's possibilities and duties.

Speak little and do not meddle in matters when you are not required to do so.

Persevere in whatever vocation you may choose to follow. Be of strong heart and do not be discouraged. Difficulties will face you, trials will beset you; but he alone wins who perseveres.

Be ready at every moment to help your neighbour, whoever he be.

NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

MISSEL THRUSH HAS SHOWER BATH.

The thistles on the waste ground near our sports ground have gone to seed and any day now you may see dozens of goldfinches feeding on them. These gaily-coloured birds, like big butterflies, chatter away cheerily as they feed. They appear to splash the thistles with gold as they flutter over the tops of the plants and, if you have a close-up view, you will see how admirably adapted are their sharply pointed beaks to pick out the little seeds. On the wire netting surrounding the tennis courts a family of spotted flycatchers may be seen. The parents are adepts in the art of fly-catching and woe betide the winged insect that comes within range of their unerring aim. The spotted fly-catchers have more mottled, than spotted, breasts, similar to that of the missel thrush.

BIRD'S SHOWER BATH.

I am rather partial to a shower bath, but I never saw any individual enjoy one more than did a missel thrush on the cricket pitch the other morning. The water spray was at work and this missel thrush ran under it and sat there for a considerable time, presenting a very bedraggled appearance when at length he thought it time to make a move, fly on to the fence, and dry himself in the sun.

On and around this delightful place of recreation you may gather a fine bouquet of wild flowers. There is yarrow or milfoil, both pink and white, also scabious, poppies, convolvuluses, and many other humble little blooms, but all very beautiful.

ROOKS MOB HERON.

While gathering a few of these flowers I heard a great commotion in Coley Park and I noticed that an old heron was being chased by dozens of rooks. He seemed quite out of his sphere as he flapped his way among the trees frequently hitting the

branches with his great wings. The rooks dived and darted at him from all quarters and I saw them get in a number of direct hits on the heron. He was evidently glad to beat a hasty retreat and made off out of the park with the rooks still in his wake. I do not know what mischief he had been up to, but the rooks gave him a very lively time and soon saw him safely off the premises.

As I expect, many of my readers know there is a heronry in Coley Park.

ABOUT GULLS.

I saw a few gulls flying very high overhead. The early arrival of the seagulls inland used to be regarded as a foreshadowing of severe weather: but it is rather an indication of the changing habits of these birds, especially the black-headed gulls which, by the way, are white-headed now. Both the herring gulls and the common gulls have also made their appearance. It would be interesting to know the cause of this change of habit. Probably it is part of some general movement in quest of better supplies of food. It will be useful to some to know how to distinguish the above-mentioned birds at sight. The herring gull is the largest of the three, looking larger than a rook on the wing, and has dark tips to the wings. Of the other two, which look scarcely so large as a rook on the wing, the black-headed gull has a conspicuous white edge along the front of the wings, while the common gull has black and white tips to them, the white being at the extreme point.

FED IN MID-AIR.

The young swallows are now growing quite strong and it is interesting to see their parents feed them while on the wing. They pause for a second in mid-air while the mother bird empties her beakful of flies into the mouth of her offspring. You may see this happening every few minutes up the Thames-side these days.

A FEATHERED SUBMARINE.

When I disturbed a dabchick with her family of five sturdy little chicks the children clambered on to their mother's back. She promptly dived with her precious cargo and swam with them

under water right away to the other bank before she came to the surface again, and then she and the youngsters quickly disappeared amid the rushes.

AT THE END OF THE "RUN."

I think I can tell pretty accurately the "run" of a hare, a rabbit or a rat. While by a trout stream some time ago I came across a "run" that puzzled me a bit. There was more than one of these "runs" and they all led to the river. Determined to satisfy my curiosity I traced these runs to their source. I followed them some thirty yards to a fence at the foot of which was a big tuft of grass. In this grass was a moorhen's nest and the old bird made me jump a bit as she hurriedly left her home. In it were three eggs from which the chicks were just emerging. There were the shells of six other eggs and movements in the grass denoted where the animated contents of these shells were in hiding. They were just like little balls of fluff.

EXCEEDING PLENTY OF NATURE.

By the middle of July the swifts were assembling in great numbers previous to their departure and now many of them have gone. Each evening large flocks of rooks may be seen wending their way home to the rookery. Starlings, too, are returning from their feeding grounds in mass formations. The pageant of summer is already on the wane: but even now, from the littleness, and meanness, forced upon us by circumstances, what a relief to turn aside to the exceeding plenty of Nature. As Richard Jefferies says, there are no bounds to it, there is no comparison to parallel it, so great is this generosity. In the slow process of time, as the human heart grows larger, such provision, I sincerely trust, will be made that no one need ever feel anxiety about mere subsistence. Then, too, let there be some imitation of this open-handed generosity and divine waste. Let the generations to come feast free of care, like the finches on the seeds of the mowing grass, from which no voice drives them.

If I could but give away as freely as the earth does!

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER).

We have been specially asked by the National Savings Association to make a determined effort to raise *extra* money sufficient to buy a war weapon and for £100 (the amount aimed at) a machine gun can be bought. *There are twelve weeks* in which to obtain this money, and it is to be in *addition* to the usual amounts subscribed for through the H. & G. Simonds Savings Association. Mr. A. H. Hopkins, Secretary of our Savings Association, has written to the local headquarters, stating that a determined effort will be made, so it is up to all of us to help him in his endeavours. You may, on reading this, say, "Well, I am willing to do all I can, but how am I to set about it?" The answer is get in touch with Mr. A. H. Hopkins (Correspondence Office), who will explain all details and relieve you of all surplus cash every Friday.

In order to accomplish the object of this Savings Drive, it will be necessary to receive between £8 and £9 each week (*extra* to that obtained through our Savings Association), and the simplest way will be to buy savings stamps which are in denominations of 6d. and 2/6, and ample stocks will be available.

Everyone can help if it is only 6d. a week, so all of you are specially asked to get busy. Progress of this War Weapons effort will be published in future issues of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

Now, all together and help to make a real success of this splendid opportunity to "do your bit."

The photograph of Mr. J. House which appeared in our last issue brings back memories to the writer to when the bottling used to be done underneath the present Offices and the machinery then employed was thought to be the last word. However, we have progressed since those days, although the recollections still remain very vivid in one's mind. Mr. Jack House was, in the days when at the Brewery, quite a hero, in a sense, for he was a local football referee, and I consider he was very much a "marked man" then, although I have no doubt he would think otherwise. He always carried out his football duties in a most efficient manner. However, he is in every sense a Reading man and was always known at the Brewery as one who thoroughly knew his job and from his record it is evident he is doing quite as good work at Brighton. Well, here's wishing him every success.

I am certain all the many friends of Mr. H. C. Davis, our Hotels and Catering Department Manager, will be pleased to learn

that his brother has recently been promoted from Divisional Detective Inspector to Chief Inspector in charge of the Murder Squad at Scotland Yard, and the opportunity is taken to offer our sincere congratulations. In regard to young Geoffrey Davis, who many of us remember ever so well, the latest news is scanty, but it is understood he is somewhere in the Middle East on one of H.M. Destroyers.

We have recently heard from Norman H. Lipscombe and in a letter to Mr. W. Bowyer he writes from the Middle East that he is quite well, although he paid "visits" to Greece and Crete—both apparently of short duration and not too pleasant as we can well imagine. However, it is nice to know he is safe and sound, and he also says he has received a number of the issues of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, although a few months behind. As they are definitely sent him each month he will, no doubt, catch up in due course. He also mentions that Treacher (of Wine Stores) is somewhere out East and he is hoping to hear definite news of him before long. He says he would much like to renew the taste of a good "S.B." as he considers the beer they do get rather heavy for the heat; the price they pay for a bottle of beer is $1/2\frac{3}{4}$ d. for a reputed quart.

He would like to be remembered to his friends here and particularly to all his customers. I understand he has also written to other friends in Reading and that he is doing remarkably well at his job, recently having gone up the scale a bit and receiving increased pay, which is no doubt very welcome.

The canteen started at the Social Club some while ago is going strong and proving most beneficial. A few weeks ago Mr. W. Bradford and the writer went over together for a mid-day meal and we both agreed it was very good and reasonable in price. We were later joined by Mr. F. C. Hawkes, who has lunched there several times, and he confirmed our opinion. We all felt certain that the canteen would progress very rapidly and no doubt with the likelihood of rough weather later on it will be a case of "House full." I feel that Mr. W. Bradford is very lucky to have secured Mrs. Taylor as cook and she is most happy and congenial.

I wonder if the cry, in a few weeks' time, at Elm Park (when the new football season starts) will be "Up the rebels," for as many know, the London Clubs together with a few provincial teams—this includes Reading—have been expelled from the Football League and have formed a competition of their own, similar to that of last season when Reading did so well.

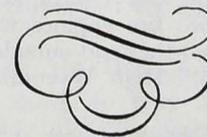
Before the war the river at Reading was always a "dying industry," at any rate according to the boat proprietors, but they have certainly come into their own this year for the steamer trips have been wonderfully patronised and the smaller river craft, of all sorts, have been in great demand. The only "fly in the ointment" is that you cannot get a drink on the steamers as in pre-war days, and I am sure our trading friends, Messrs. Cawston and Maynard, only wish we were in a position to supply them as in the old days. However, there is a good time coming when this affair with Hitler and his gangsters is settled.

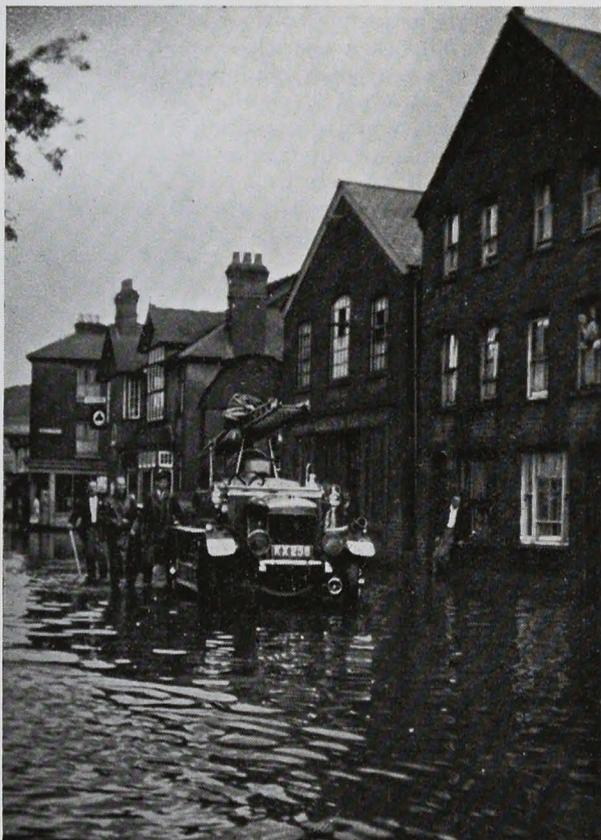
Although many hold decided views about the *extra* hour of daylight we have been having for the last few months, one thing it has proved is that more people have been "out" and in consequence seem to have cultivated extra thirsts which has taxed our houses to the utmost in meeting all demands. I suppose this big effort which everyone seems to be making by "Digging for Victory" does make one extra "dry." Orders, especially for Bank Holiday week, were very heavy, but we did our very best for all our trade and we have received quite a number of expressions of appreciation. However, it has been a case of demand beating supply, and in the case of wines and spirits there is every indication that all lines will be very short indeed.

We regret to record the following deaths of our tenants, and to all relatives we extend our sincere sympathy:—

Mr. John Timberlake, of the Crown, Loudwater, who died on 19th July, had been tenant of this house since January, 1931.

Mr. Leonard Simms, of the Hinds Head, Bracknell, who died on 26th July, had been tenant of this house since November, 1936.





High Tide at the "Rose and Crown" High Wycombe.

"No, this is not a fire, but a scene after a recent heavy rain followed by flooding. Two fire engines were used to empty my cellar after they had cleared the road outside," writes Mr. Jemmett, of the "Rose and Crown," High Wycombe.

"There has been a shortage of beer at the "Rose and Crown" occasionally, but there was no shortage of water on this occasion.

"I am seen standing behind the fire engine with white stick in hand."

CRICKET.

IMPROVEMENT MAINTAINED.

From the review of this past month's cricket activities it will be noticed that various circumstances have prevented a number of games being played. We got through fairly comfortably until a wet St. Swithin's day upset the weather. It certainly has not rained on every day since, but we have had quite a few and Saturdays have not been excepted.

The matches played have been, as usual, most enjoyable and one in particular was really thrilling—a margin of two runs at the close of play gave us an exciting victory.

In our last report it was stated that an improvement was noticeable and, from the following report, it will be seen that this has been maintained. Individual scores are mounting, consequently the total for the team looks far more imposing.

This satisfactory state applied also to the Youth's team. They have practically finished their matches and now, with one game in abeyance, are standing level pegging with four games each won and lost. The result of the game against Y.M.C.A. "B" team has been deleted, they having withdrawn from the league.

28th June. SIMONDS 42 for 5 v. PHILLIPS & POWIS 75 for 9.

This match was left drawn in a rather interesting state. Phillips & Powis batted first and were, unfortunately, a man short. We had early successes in the field, five wickets being down in the first six overs for a total of 17 runs. K. Herod and F. Allen stopped the rot and carried the score up to 44 before the latter was caught and bowled by Hawkins. The next wicket added 15, and 9 runs later W. Neville (enjoying a spot of leave and cricket) bowled Herod who had then made 34. With the total at 75, Neville caught and bowled W. Robson (14) and the innings terminated.

Neville got 3 for 2 in just over two overs, Organ 2 for 18, Greenaway 3 for 27 and Hawkins 1 for 23.

5th July. SIMONDS 126 for 3 v. HOME GUARD 117.

We were originally down to play an R.A.F. XI but our opponents were unable to fulfil the fixture and we arranged a match with a team drawn from a nearby village section of the Home Guard.

We took the field and had an early success, securing a wicket at the cost of 10 runs. The next partnership added 42, both men

batting confidently. Another wicket fell cheaply and then another 31 was on the board ere we got the fourth wicket and from that moment events moved in our favour. When the score reached 117 the ninth wicket fell and that was the end for, unfortunately, the Home Guard were only able to muster ten men. Two men were run out through smart throwing in by Meikle. For the bowlers—Organ got 3 for 34, Hawkins 2 for 18 and Hillier 2 for 25.

Our batting was much more forceful than of late, mainly due to a very fine innings of 65 by C. Morgan. When he seemed well set for his century, a ball got past his guard and took the wicket. Hawkins backed him up well with 20. Lambourne and Jelley were still batting when time was called, their scores being 16 and 11 respectively.

The Home Guard tried six bowlers—Kimmer, Evans and Merry each getting one wicket.

12th July. SIMONDS 99 for 9 v. R.A.P.C. 97.

We were keen to avenge our defeat in the first encounter with the Pay Corps and just managed to scrape home. Again we had to get into the field, but could not take a wicket before 34 runs were made. A minor slump followed when three fell for 5 runs. The fifth wicket put on another 20, the next 16 and then 17. Our bowlers again got to work and we got the last three men for only 5 runs.

Tozer, who was having a "spot of leave" from his R.A.F. duties turned out for his old side and took 3 wickets for 24. Organ got 4 for 21 and Sexton took the other one for 22. Smart work in the field accounted for two run outs and three catches.

Our opening pair settled down quickly, but a promising partnership was broken when Doe was run out, 19 then being the score. The next wicket put on 16, but without any addition the third wicket fell. A stand was then made which put 26 more runs on to the total. Again wickets fell cheaply—two for 3 runs. 78 for 7 was next shown on the board, followed by 79 for 8. Organ then joined Shrimpton and when the former was dismissed we were on equal terms. White went in with 3 balls left of the last over. The first went to the keeper, the second was hit for a couple and the last went safely past the wicket—no run resulting. Thus we won a very keenly contested game by one wicket.

Scores of double figures were made by Doe (10), Morgan and Organ (13 each), Hawkins (12), Lambourne (18) and Shrimpton (15 not out).

19th July. SIMONDS v. HOME GUARD (READING).

How often in the past have the fatal words "rain stopped play" appeared in descriptions of cricket matches. In this particular case the rain effectively finished our game and that before it had hardly started. We went in to bat, but before the first over had been bowled a few spots developed into a shower and this became a downpour, which lasted all the afternoon and evening. After waiting in the pavilion for a long time it was decided that further play was impossible and the game was reluctantly abandoned.

26th July.

This date was also a blank. We were to have played the return match with Monksbarn, but heavy and persistent rain on Friday and Saturday made the cancellation of the match a necessity.

Let us hope that August will prove more kind to the Saturday afternoon cricketers.

READING YOUTHS' CRICKET LEAGUE.

In last month's issue it was inadvertently stated that we won our first match on the 17th June against Redlands. This should have read Sutton Old Boys.

During the period now under review we have played six games of which we won three and lost three. The team during the greater portion of this time has been under the captaincy of Mr. H. G. Sexton, as Mr. Magson, who was originally selected, left the firm.

1st July. SIMONDS 25 v. Y.M.C.A. "A" 65 for 5.

As the scores denote we put up a very bad show in this game. Against the bowling of Chard (4 for 10) and Ayers (5 for 13) our batsmen could do nothing right and low scores were recorded all round.

Our bowling was not strong enough on this occasion and Chard and Riley both retired after making 25 and 16 respectively. We did have the satisfaction of taking 3 wickets—Sexton obtaining these at a cost of 8 runs. When the full number of overs had been bowled Y.M. had made 65.

3rd July. SIMONDS 68 v. POST OFFICE MESSENGERS 20.

The pendulum again swung over and we had an easy win. Jeffcoat and Denton made a good start and those following took them as a pattern and had made 68 for 7 when the period was called.

Brooks and Sexton opened the bowling and took all ten wickets between them. The former had 7 for 13 and the latter 3 for 4.

10th July. SIMONDS 64 v. HUNTLEY & PALMERS 73.

We were the home team but H. & P.'s had the first knock against Brooks and Sexton. A wicket and a maiden in the first over looked promising. The next wicket only put on 8, but the score crept steadily along. It is possible that had our boys been able to get rid of Fuller, the total would have been much less formidable. He made 33 before being caught. Bishop came in No. 10 and laid about him and quickly ran up a dozen. Denton got both these wickets in one over at a personal cost of 7.

15th July. SIMONDS 38 v. SUTTON OLD BOYS 63 for 6.

The tables were turned in the return match and we lost by 25 runs. We batted first but could do little against the bowling of Eames (4 for 20) and Britnell (5 for 16). Only Cottam reached double figures.

By taking two wickets in our first over, we made a promising start and when the third wicket fell at 14, things did not look too bad. Britnell followed up his bowling by collecting 41 before being caught out and he was ably seconded by Prismall who made 16 before he too was caught.

For our bowlers Brooks took 3 for 30, Lambourne 1 for 29 and Cottam had one over and got two batsmen mentioned without cost to himself.

17th July. SIMONDS 59 for 4 v. REDLANDS 33 for 8.

Redlands were the home team and won the toss. They started fairly well and knocked up 11 for the first wicket, but then three more fell for an addition of 3 runs; F. James got 17 out of the total of 33. The scoring was low, but we were unable to dismiss the whole side in the prescribed number of overs. Brooks, Sexton and Kury each took two wickets.

Our batting started off badly and we lost 4 wickets for 13, then Kury and Sexton became partners and played out time, making 24 and 21 respectively.

22nd July. SIMONDS 97 v. REDLANDS 54.

On this occasion we were the hosts and our boys must have felt in a hitting mood, for in the allotted 16 overs they piled on 97. Sexton and Brooks each made 20, Lambourne 14, whilst Jeffcoat and Priddy each got 10, the latter being not out.

Our bowlers then took up the good work and four wickets were soon down at a cost of 13 runs. Had it not been for James, who

kept his end going, the innings might have developed into a procession. He stayed until having made 32, was caught.

The bowlers' figures were—Brooks 3 for 27, Lambourne 4 for 19, King 2 for 7, and Sexton in one maiden over took the other one.

The remaining two fixtures in the league tourney were arranged to be played in the last week of the month, but both were postponed.

Subsequently we heard that the Factory would be unable to fulfil their game and it had been arranged with the League Secretary to award us the points. We now await a date from the Post Office to play off their game.

LADIES' CRICKET TEAM.

Several matches had been fixed up for last month, but it was only possible to play one of these. This was against the Post Office, whom we managed to beat. A return match has been arranged and we shall then be the hosts.

J.W.J.

JUST A DREAM.

(In memory of Nurse Hill, who looked so well after me when I was in Maidenhead Hospital.)

I dreamt one night at the close of day
And I saw, in the shaded light,
The trim white form though far away
Of the nurse who tended me at night.

I harked to the cry of the screaming gulls,
And I watched their graceful flight.
Then to my bed came the trim white form
Of the nurse who attended me at night.

I stood on the cliffs where the wind blows free
And the waves roll on in their might.
Then I thought of the men in the ward with me
And the nurse who attends them at night.

I thought of the sufferings they have to bear
And thought of their helpless plight.
Then to my lips came a silent prayer
For the nurse who tends them at night.

WM. LITTLE.

THE CAMPAIGN IN SYRIA.

The names of many famous regiments who were our regular patrons in happier days appeared in the list of units who figured in the campaign in Syria.

In a recent issue, *The Times* referred to the review of the campaign which was given in the House of Lords by Lord Croft, in reply to a question, and the following paragraph so clearly demonstrates the clean fighting on the part of our troops, compared with the ruthless barbarism of the Huns, that we reprint and, we hope, immortalize the speech and the units which took part:—

“ I have read a suggestion that these operations were conducted tardily, and that we were fighting without that frightfulness which is associated with German Blitz campaigns. But the whole campaign for the conquest of this country so strong in natural defences took exactly five weeks, and we were fighting numerous picked and well-equipped French troops on their own ground, in equal strength to the attackers on practically every occasion, which were led with resource and considerable military skill. I can imagine no folly greater than that of bombardment of the Holy City of Damascus, or ruthless war on the civilians of Syria, for, apart from moral considerations, we have got to hold this country and live among the Syrians until the war is over. As a result of our clean fighting methods and our scrupulous efforts to avoid needless suffering to innocent people, I believe we have won and we certainly deserve Syrian goodwill, and this may well be reflected throughout the Arab world and the whole of the Middle East.

“ The terms imposed by Sir Maitland Wilson were in keeping with the conduct of the whole campaign. Wounds there were bound to be, but they have been staunched, and, as we hope, healed, by a truly wise and liberal recognition of the special character of this struggle in preserving that country from Nazi domination as a jumping-off ground for attack on Egypt from the north.

“ Once more British, Dominion, Indian, and Free French troops of all arms have emerged with great credit and honour. Once more we utter our thanks to the sister Services for denying the possibility of reinforcements and supplies to the enemy, and giving the Army close support. Once more we can say that the architects of these military successes have displayed master minds of strategy and an excellent tactical application in exploiting the strategic plan.

“ The following units took part in the Syrian operations:— Household Cavalry Regiment, Royals, Scots Greys, 13th D.C.O.

Lancers (India), Wiltshire Yeomanry, Warwick Yeomanry, Cheshire Yeomanry, Staffordshire Yeomanry, Royal Artillery, Royal Australian Artillery, Royal Engineers, Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment, King's Own Royal Regiment, Royal Fusiliers, Leicestershire Regiment, Border Regiment, Essex Regiment, Durham Light Infantry, 1st Punjab Regiment, Rajputana Rifles, Frontier Force Rifles, Frontier Force Regiment, Gurkha Rifles, Trans-Jordan Frontier Force, Arab Legion, in addition to the Australian Infantry Battalions.

“ Amid great events elsewhere, too little notice has been paid to this solid achievement. We have only to look at the map to see that one supporting pillar of the Middle Eastern defence— Syria—which so unhappily collapsed with the fall of France, is now restored, and we can face the enemy with far surer grounds for confidence in the Middle East than was possible seven weeks ago.

“ When the various units of the British and Imperial Forces recall the part they played in Libya, Eritrea, Italian Somaliland, British Somaliland, Abyssinia, Iraq, and Syria, and in Greece, Crete, and Malta, it will be with pride and the knowledge that they upheld the highest traditions of the Service to which they belong. Greater struggles lie ahead, but many perils have been averted, and these veteran soldiers of the British Empire who have inflicted defeat on armies of over half a million of the enemy will, we may rest assured, render a magnificent account of themselves.”

“ Here, Tommy,” called Mrs. Jones to her neighbour's little boy, “ run along and put this parcel on the bus.”

“ Which bus? ”

“ Any bus,” replied Mrs. Jones. “ It's my husband's lunch, and he works in the lost property office.”

* * * *

“ What inspired the old-time pioneers to set forth in their covered wagons? ”

“ Well, maybe, they didn't want to wait about thirty years for a train.”

* * * *

"THE DAILY TELEGRAPH AND MORNING POST."

So widespread is the fame of the "Hop Leaf" that *The Daily Telegraph and Morning Post* employed the words in the crossword which appeared in the issue for Wednesday, 6th August.

The clue (22 down) was given as "An apt badge for a brewer" (two words).

There could be no mistake! Everyone guessed right!!

Possibly the gentleman who compiles the clever crossword puzzles in *The Daily Telegraph* has seen our advertisement "One across and two down" :-



**ONE ACROSS
& TWO DOWN**

*without a
cross word!*

All three were
SIMONDS

The only cross words we have heard recently concerning the "Hop Leaf" products were induced by the absence of supplies. It will be a day for jubilation when we are again able to meet the demands of our patrons and to "Roll out the Barrel" without the vexatious restrictions and curtailment of orders which impose endless worries upon our staff and cause so much discontent amongst the Forces and workers generally.

"THE DIARY."

Once, in a fit of zeal, I thought
A diary I'd keep :
And so a stoutish book I bought
—A useful one and cheap.

The dialogues in bus or train
—The chat with friends I met
—The inspirations of the brain
Were on its pages set.

Excursions that I made a-foot
—The journeys when I rode
Were all within its covers put
(Their permanent abode).

For many weeks I wrote and wrote
—Described the deeds I did
—Of nesting birds took careful note
And where their eggs they hid.

The novels that each month I read
—Of these I had a list
The clever things my comrades said
Were very seldom missed.

Each day I added items new
—The substance of a talk
—The recollections of a view
—The details of a walk.

I strove to picture shells and ships
In phrases eloquent
—Expressed the fun I found in trips
And told of where I went.

Then laziness came over me
No further lines I penned
—And that was of my diary
The sad and sudden end.

S. E. COLLINS.

IN CASE OF A BLITZ.

EVERY PRECAUTION PLANNED AT THE BREWERY.

WONDERFUL PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION.

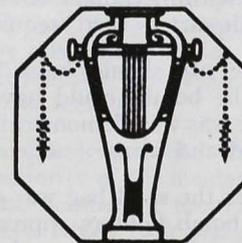
Incendiary bombs, smoke bombs, and raging fires were the order of the day when exercises on a large and detailed scale were carried out on the Brewery premises. These exercises, admirably arranged by Captain Drewe, gave all concerned some very practical experience of what would be required of them in the case of real enemy action. The firemen came out of the test with flying colours, and so did all the A.R.P. workers, fire watchers, etc. Their prompt and proficient action in dealing with the incendiaries and fires proved that all had been working very hard for many months so that they would "be prepared" should their services be required. After watching them at work we may rest assured that they will give a good account of themselves in case of a real blitz. The scene was a very spectacular one and most impressive as viewed from the roof of the General Offices, where we noticed, among the company, our Chairman and Managing Director (Mr. F. A. Simonds), Captain L. A. Simonds and Major-General Lewin, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Fire Prevention Executive Officer for the Region, and the Chief Constable (Mr. T. A. Burrows).

After the demonstration there was a meeting in the Social Club, where Mr. F. A. Simonds said he had been deeply impressed by the demonstration of efficiency and loyalty on the part of the A.R.P. staff and all connected with it. He took the opportunity of thanking all members of the staff who had given their services so loyally and willingly to the Firm in order to counteract the effects of any possible blitz on the town in general or on the business in particular. Captain Drewe and Mr. Lawrence, the firemen and others had given up a great deal of their leisure time in order to perfect the organization and he was assured that what had been demonstrated that day spoke eloquently of the efficiency of the organization. They in Reading were lucky in having experienced

little hostile action, but there was no doubt they would give a good account of themselves if ever their turn did come. (*Applause.*) The demonstration that night was symbolical of the wonderful spirit that permeated all ranks of the British Empire and was evidence of their intense desire for victory which they were determined to gain, though the battle might be long. He, and all his co-directors, thanked them sincerely for all they had done during the last two years and for what they would continue to do until the great battle was won. (*Applause.*)

Major-General Lewin, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., congratulated them on their excellent work. Exercises like that were of the utmost value, not only to themselves but to all, for it gave them some idea of what they might have to face. The works covered a large area and they were extremely vulnerable. He congratulated the Fire Brigade and the Chief of the Brigade, and also Captain Drewe for his detailed organization was very excellent and an example to other organizations as to how the thing should be done. (*Applause.*)

Mr. Simonds thanked Major-General Lewin for his encouraging words, and the company then adjourned for social intercourse.



A.R.P. AND FIRE-FIGHTING EXERCISE.

JULY 21ST, 1941.

H. & G. SIMONDS LTD.—AREA 26.

The exercise, on July 21st, was, on the whole, extremely well carried out, and a number of good lessons were learnt, bringing to light various weaknesses in the organization and in the services. There is nothing easier than to criticise any exercise. However, as long as these are constructive we can all learn and make the necessary corrections for future practices so that we may be fully prepared if and when we have to go into action.

The test comprised 21 incidents, which covered major fires, gas, petrol fires, incendiary and smoke bombs, first aid parties, the use of message writing, runners, and the Firm's Headquarters Control Room. For the purpose of the exercise it was thought only necessary to take a portion of the Firm's nightly personnel of fire bomb fighters as certain of the other A.R.P. services were being incorporated. The personnel was therefore made up of: 33 fire bomb fighters, 24 fire brigade, 8 decontamination, 8 spotters and runners, 22 first aid, and 6 headquarters. Added to these there were 19 officers who were umpiring and producing the incidents.

1. *Incident Officers.*—The Incident Officers must be congratulated for the way they kept to the time table, which was most important, as the whole exercise was designed to give the impression of a short, sharp raid, and would have been spoilt if the incidents had not been put down in such quick succession.

2. *Fire Bomb Fighters.*—Fire bomb fighters did exceedingly well in promptly dealing with incendiary bombs and only reporting those incidents to Headquarters that required other services.

In some cases more use should have been made of cover, behind which some of the bombs could have been attacked. In one case, the use of cover was well demonstrated, No. 1 of the party pushing a barrel forward and using it as cover.

In a number of cases the sand bag was correctly used, but in others it was noted fire bomb fighters approached too near before throwing the bag. Others approached too close to the bomb before using the spray. However, the parties were good, and the ladies did excellent work.

Some of the stirrup pumps were very stiff and the sprays blocked, although the jets worked perfectly.

3. *Decontamination Party.*—The gas incident was effectively dealt with by the Decontamination Party, who did excellent work in roping off the area, washing down floors including walls and posts, etc., and generally clearing up, although handicapped by heavy equipment.

The very prompt manner in which this event was dealt with reflects great credit on the leader of this service. The first aid party did good work in getting the casualty away from the gas and through the cleansing station in good time.

4. *Fire Brigade.*—Petrol fires were dealt with efficiently by foam, but no sand was used in the endeavour to localize the fire. The works fire brigade did well at the first incident—they arrived, and were playing water on the fire within two minutes of the call.

No. 2 pump displayed equal smartness on the second incident.

On the final test both brigades were called and dealt with the fire very effectively, being highly complimented by the Chief Fire Officer of the town for the efficient way they carried out their duties.

5. *First Aid Party.*—Throughout the exercise the first aid post worked like clockwork, casualties being brought in in good time. They were given sundry first aid before entering the post, and later fully treated before evacuation. Each member of the post was so detailed that he knew his job and carried it out as he had been instructed. One feels that a special measure of congratulation is due to our first aid party, especially the very efficient instructors we are fortunate enough to have on the Firm.

The lesson to be learnt in this service was that stretcher parties must get their patients to the post as quickly as possible, but it must be borne in mind that these parties have a great deal to do and may be delayed by obstacles going to and from the incidents. However, with constant practice, this small fault, if it can be termed one, will very shortly be rectified.

6. *Spotters.*—The spotters excelled themselves in placing the exact positions of the majority of the incidents and their proficiency is further shown by the manner of their report to Headquarters on the large town exercise which took place on Sunday, July 27th, following our test.

7. *Messages and Messengers.*—The messages to Headquarters were good except in one case when an incendiary bomb was wrongly reported as a major fire, causing an unnecessary run for the fire brigade.

Messengers did their work well, but the exercise proved that more volunteers are required.

8. *Headquarters.*—Headquarters worked smoothly, but in the event of their telephone communication failing, the lack of messengers would have been serious.

Incident maps were marked up and close co-operation kept with all services, including the Town A.R.P.

LESSONS LEARNT FROM THE EXERCISE.

1. Cover must be taken when dealing with incendiary bombs, and also the bombs must not be approached too closely.
2. Inspection of stirrup pumps more thorough and frequent.
3. More sand bags must be placed round the Bottlery and Maltings.
4. Sand must be used when dealing with petrol fires.
5. Message writing requires further practice.
6. We require more volunteers to act as messengers and runners.
7. We should have a reserve of personnel at some central point in the event of requiring an extra party quickly.

DETAILS.

Enemy planes are reported crossing the south coast, travelling in a north-westerly direction.

A colour is received at 20.00 hours.

The Regional Alarm is received at 20.05 hours, and it is assumed that the Town sirens are sounded at 20.08 hours.

The Works Alarm Signals sound at 20.09 hours.

Fire Watcher Stations are manned and Fire Bomb Fighting Parties start their patrols at 20.10 to 20.12 hours. At 20.12 hours, O.P. No. 1 reports to Area Control that enemy planes, Heinkel III's, protected by Messerschmitt 109 E's, are approaching and bombs are falling in the Christchurch area.

The first bomb falls in No. 26 area at 20.13 hours.

<i>Time.</i>	<i>Incident No.</i>	<i>Incident Officers.</i>	<i>Incident.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	
20.13 hrs.	1	A	I.B. & S.B.	Bunce's Coopers Yard.	
20.14 "	2	B	S.B.	Fobney Street Scalds Yard.	Gas casualty from gas bomb (1).
20.14½ "	3	A	Fire S.B's.	Bunce's Coopers Yard.	
20.18 "	4	A	I.B. & S.B.	Andrews' Coal Yard.	
20.18 "	5	E	Fire S.B's.	S.B.B. Yard.	Casualty (2).
20.18 "	6	F	I.B. & S.B.	Top of Old S.B.B.	
20.20 "	7	B	I.B. & S.B.	Brewery Town Yard.	
20.22 "	8	B	Petrol	Ditto.	
20.22 "	9	G	S.B. & I.B.	Roof of Bottlery	
20.22 "	9a	G	I.B. & S.B.	Ditto.	
20.25 "	10	D	S.B.	Over Hop Room.	
20.25 "	11	F	I.B. & S.B.	Bottlery Yard.	
20.27 "	12	D	I.B. & S.B.	Canvas Roof.	
20.30 "	13	H	I.B. & S.B.	Cooper Stage Roof.	
20.30 "	14	C	I.B. & S.B.	Brewery Yard, under Drying Shed.	Casualty (2).
20.35 "	15	B	I.B. & S.B.	Roof of Old Bottle Stores.	
20.35 "	16	C	Petrol & S.B.	Brewery Yard, under Drying Shed.	
20.35 "	17	H	I.B. & S.B.	Roof over Yeast Room.	
20.40 "	18	H	I.B. & S.B.	Roof over Conditioning Room.	
20.45 "	19	I	I.B. & S.B.	Power House.	
20.50 "	20	I	Fire & S.B's.	Ditto.	Casualty (1).

I.B. = Incendiary Bomb.

S.B. = Smoke Bomb.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

Although he was quite rich the young man was very nervous when he approached the father of the girl he wanted to wed.

"Er—I suppose you are aware, sir," he began nervously, "that I have been making advances to your daughter?"

"Yes, my boy," beamed her father. "And now what about an advance to her poor old dad, eh?"

* * * *

Turning a corner rather too sharply, a small car ran slap into a large Army lorry. As it was clearly the motorist's fault he didn't try to dodge the blame.

"All I can say," he wound up, "is that I'm sorry."

"Oh!" said the sergeant in charge of the lorry. "That's all you can say, is it?"

"Yes."

"Well, then," said the sergeant, "just listen to me!"

* * * *

BOSS: "Did you post that letter I gave you a few minutes ago?"

OFFICE BOY: "Yes, sir."

BOSS: "You clown! Didn't you see that I had forgotten to put the address on the envelope?"

OFFICE BOY: "Yes, but I thought it might be intentional so that I shouldn't see who you were writing to."

* * * *

An Irish priest had been transferred from one parish to another. One of his old flock met one of the new. "Well," he said, "and how do yez like Father Murphy, Dennis?"

"Ah, to be sure," answered Dennis, "he's a fine man; a fine man, but a trifle bellicose."

"Bellicose, is it? Well, if that isn't quare. When we had him he was as thin as a rake."

A man who had shaved off his beard confided to a friend that his wife had left him.

"When she saw me without my beard," he explained, "she said, 'Now I know why I never liked you!'"

* * * *

"So you and your neighbours are not on speaking terms?"

"No. My neighbour sent me a can of oil to use on my lawn-mower when I started to cut the grass at six in the morning."

"And what did you do?"

"Sent it back and told him to use it on his wife when she started singing at eleven at night."

* * * *

"I want to open an account with your bank."

"Yes, madam. A current or deposit account?"

"Well, I thought I'd try one of your withdrawal accounts to start with."

* * * *

An income-tax collector had died, and a subscription was raised in a city office for a wreath. The boss promised five shillings.

A few days later one of the clerks called to collect the money, and the chief handed him a ten-shilling note.

"You want five shillings change, sir," said the clerk.

"No," growled the other; "keep it and bury another."

* * * *

There was quite a crowd round the elephant in the menagerie, when a small boy darted out and offered the huge animal a bun.

Just as the elephant was extending its trunk to grab the offering, there came a harassed woman's voice from the crowd:

"Min, Willie! Mind he don't sting you!"

* * * *

"Does your wife play contract bridge?"

"Well, judging by what it costs her, I would say she plays toll bridge."

HUSBAND : " It's money, money, money. The next time you mention money to me I'll leave you."

WIFE : " How much ? "

* * * *

A golf professional, hired by a big department store to give golf lessons, was approached by two women.

" Do you wish to learn to play golf madam ? " he asked one.

" Oh no," she said, " it's my friend who wants to learn. I learned yesterday."

* * * *

LAWYER : " I must know the whole truth before I can successfully defend you. Have you told me everything ? "

PRISONER : " Except where I hid the money. I want that for myself."

* * * *

SERGEANT : " Be careful with that rifle. You only just missed me."

ROOKIE : " Did I, Serg. ? I'm sorry."

* * * *

WIFE : " Darling, do be an angel and lend me £2."

HUSBAND : " What's it for ? "

WIFE : " To get myself out of debt, dear."

* * * *

" But, madam, I'm afraid you're making a mistake. I am a doctor certainly, but I'm a doctor of music."

" I know that," replied the old lady, " and that's the reason why I came to you. I've a terrible singing in my ears."

* * * *

Jack was asked by his friend why he had built his garage at the top of a hill.

" Well, you see, we sell second-hand motor-cars, and the hill makes it easy for customers to drive them away, but jolly difficult to bring them back."

A young recruit had been the victim of so many leg-pulls that he was always on the look-out for more.

He was on sentry duty one night when a figure appeared in the darkness.

" Halt, who goes there ? " he challenged.

" Major Moses."

" Glad to meet you, Moses," replied the recruit cheerfully. " Advance and give the ten commandments."

* * * *

Slap in the stream of traffic, the baby car went on strike. After fiddling about under the bonnet, the owner started cranking up, all hot and bothered.

Viciously, he turned the starting-handle round and round. Still nothing happened. At last the patience of the next driver in line—a lorry-man—gave out.

" 'Ere, gov'nor," he said loudly, " why don't you buy one of those eight-day ones ? "

* * * *

The solicitor became somewhat acrimonious in his cross-examination, but the woman in the witness-box remained calm.

Eventually the solicitor said : " *You say you have no education, but you answered my questions smartly enough.*"

The witness replied meekly : " *You don't have to be a scholar to answer silly questions.*"

* * * *

WAITER (*serving soup*) : " Looks very much like rain, sir."

DINER (*gloomily*) : " Yes, but it doesn't taste as nice."

* * * *

The business man was interviewing applicants for the post of office-boy. He had a boy in front of him and was asking him all manner of questions.

" Now," went on the employer, " I'm looking for someone who must be exceptionally sharp and who must cost me very little."

" Well," said the boy, " I reckon you'd better send out for a lemon."

She was only a pastry-cook's daughter,
You all know to what that amounts;
But they gave her a job as a cashier
And, gosh, how she cooked the accounts!

* * * *

TOMMY: "Will you wash my face, mother?"

MOTHER: "Can't you wash it yourself?"

TOMMY: "Yes, but that means wetting my hands, and they don't need it!"

* * * *

A young and pretty girl who had gone to see some Army manoeuvres was so startled by the unexpected firing of rifles that she screamed and stepped backward into the arms of a surprised young officer.

"Oh," said she, blushing, "I was frightened by the firing! I beg your pardon!"

"Not at all," said the officer. "Let's go over and watch the artillery."

* * * *

CONSTABLE (to motorist): Take it easy; don't you see that sign, 'Slow Down Here'?"

MOTORIST: "Yes, officer, but I thought it was describing the village."

* * * *

HE: "I see no reason why we shouldn't get married."

SHE: "Maybe you never look in the mirror."

* * * *

A friend of the family was in the habit of teasing the little six-year-old girl, and one day he finished his attack by saying: "I don't love you."

"Oh, but you's got to love me!" said the child.

"Why?" asked the man.

"Because the Bible says that you must love them that hate you."

"I hear you've got rid of the pretty assistant you engaged," a neighbour remarked to the chemist.

"Yes," was the reply; "she was turning business away."

"But I thought——"

"A lot of my men customers kept saying that a smile from her was as good as a tonic."

* * * *

As a test, the new reporter was sent to interview a heavy-weight boxer. An hour later he staggered into the office,

"Well, did you get anything?" barked the news editor.

"Did I?" moaned the reporter, displaying two black eyes. "Look at these!"

"We can't print those!" snapped the news editor. "What did he say to you?"

"You can't print that, either!" was the prompt reply.

* * * *

JUDGE: "Gentlemen of the jury, have you come to a decision?"

FOREMAN: "We have, my lord. The jury are all of the same mind—temporarily insane."

* * * *

"Do you think we'll have a warm summer this year?" asked the new visitor to the boarding-house.

"If our landlady has anything to do with it," replied a guest, grimly, "it'll be last summer warmed up!"

* * * *

Jones was nothing if not gallant, but he always said the wrong thing. Mrs. Brown, who was exactly the same age as her husband, but would not admit it, was entertaining some friends, Jones among them.

"My husband is forty," she was saying. "You wouldn't believe it, but there's actually ten years' difference in our ages."

"Impossible!" interposed Jones, anxious to say something agreeable. "I'm sure you look quite as young as he does."

OFFICER : " Now, you see that house about 300 yards away. Well, let us suppose it is occupied by the enemy."

RECRUIT : " It is occupied by the enemy, sir."

" What do you mean? "

" It's my mother-in-law's house."

* * * *

An Irishman whose wife was fond of moving from one house to another, was met by a friend while walking behind a vanload of household goods.

" Halloa, Mick, shifting again? Where might you be going this time? "

" I don't know," said Mick. " I'm following the furniture to find out."

* * * *

The maid at the boarding-house went to the landlady with an anxious look.

" I believe the new boarder is going to run off in the night? " she said.

" Why? " asked the landlady alarmed.

" Because," said the maid, " I heard him say to his friend : ' It's nice to open the window at night and throw one's chest out '! "

* * * *

" I sent a sprig of mint with Mrs. Fletcher's lamb, sir," said the new assistant.

" Well, you'd better send a sprig of forget-me-not with her bill," replied the butcher.

* * * *

The celebrated pianist was engaged to play at a Society party in London and the hostess asked him his fee.

" My fee will be one hundred pounds," he said.

" Of course," added the hostess, " you understand that you will not mingle with the guests."

" Oh, in that case I'll do it for eighty pounds," was the unexpected reply.

The girl in the bus took her powder-puff from her pocket and began powdering her face.

That finished, she took out her lipstick and made up the curves of her mouth.

Still not content with her appearance she devoted her attention to her eyebrows.

This beauty treatment was too much for the conductor, who had been watching her every movement, and he called out, " Any gent 'ere like to borrow my shaving tackle? "

* * * *

HE : " I'll give up all my bad habits if you'll only say ' Yes '."

SHE : " Oh, you needn't do that, Jim. I don't want to marry a complete stranger."

* * * *

FARMER : " Thought you said you had ploughed the ten-acre field."

PLOWMAN : " No ; I only said I was thinking about ploughing it."

FARMER : " Merely turned it over in your mind, eh? "

* * * *

The great detective swore under and over his breath.

" Did you do as I told you," he raved, " and guard all the exits? "

" Yes, sur," said the village constable, " but we think he must have got away by one of the entrances."

* * * *

ARTIST : " You offer 10/- for my picture? The canvas alone cost that."

CLIENT : " Yes, when it was new."

* * * *

" Couldn't you ever learn to love me, Gladys? "

" Learn to love you? I certainly could not."

" Just as I thought. Too old to learn."

HE : " Last night I dreamed that I married the most beautiful woman in the world."

SHE : " How lovely ! And were we happy ? "

* * * *

" Miss Jones, take a letter."

" Yes, sir. Who to ? "

" I can't tell you—it's confidential."

* * * *

JESS : " Miss Croonmore is going abroad to finish her musical education."

TESS : " Really ? Where did she get the money ? "

JESS : " The neighbours all subscribed."

* * * *

PRESS AGENT : " Say, there's a bunch of people outside waiting to see you. Among them is a bishop who says he married you some time ago."

FILM STAR : " Gee, I'm practically certain I never married a bishop."

* * * *

" Your play needs to be more realistic."

" What do you mean ? "

" Well, here you have a scene in the home of a young married couple—and in the second scene, occurring six months later, the furniture is in exactly the same place."

* * * *

A GREAT THOUGHT.

Courtesy is worth while for its own sake. It is a sweet asset of life. Even when we doubt the sincerity of a kindness it is still an agency for good, and helps everyone along the road.

There are some cynics who are suspicious of any good move, any politeness or thought shown them.

Life is a long road for some, it is a short lane for others. While you go along, you can enjoy it.

Lift your eyes to the beauties around you. A pleasant word of greeting will never hurt you, but may comfort those you meet.

Kindness is never lost. It is one of the beautiful flowers whose fragrance lingers with you.

THE KING'S ARMS HOTEL, STOKENCHURCH.

(A.H.C., who enjoyed exceedingly a short stay at the King's Arms, penned these appreciative lines in the Visitors' Book.)

For seven days I stayed right here,
A tired man, in search of rest,
Good food and bed—good cheer and beer,
And found them all—a lucky guest.

In you, mine host—with smile so gay—
I found the man for jaded folk.
With tales to tell and cards to play,
You proved to be a real good bloke.

You introduced the village boys :
They were indeed a top-hole crew.
They made my stay so full of joys
And took me round—the pubs to view.

I'll often think of you and yours :
The village green, the pony fair,
The old church bell that struck the hours ;
The day you had no beer to share ;
The day the storm put out the light ;
The sun that shone the whole day long ;
The countryside, so full and bright.
My week's Good Cause had come and gone.

BRANCHES.

PORTSMOUTH.

"DO-YOUR-BIT WEEK."

Portsmouth is to be congratulated on the excellent result of its "Do Your Bit Week." Nearly half a million pounds was invested in war savings as the result of the effort, and of this total no less a sum than £149,870 was subscribed by members of the Portsmouth Chamber of Commerce. This is good going. Portsmouth is the only town in the country, we believe, to organise a *second* savings week, and the first effort realized £1,004,662. Considering that Portsmouth is not an industrial city blessed with wealth, creating factories, and flourishing manufacturing businesses, the result of the two "weeks" held within seven months of each other, is particularly gratifying to those responsible, organizers and investors alike.

REPARTEE!

At a meeting of the Portsmouth City Council, Sir Harold Pink, our veteran "Chancellor of the Exchequer," explained to inquiring members how money was found to provide for emergencies. "Is the money found in these instances known as hidden reserves," innocently queried a Councillor. "No," interposed another before Sir Harold could reply, "the hidden reserves are behind the D Vina."

CONSECRATED OR—

A clergyman belonging to a certain rural council not a thousand miles from Portsmouth was complimenting his brother members on the acquisition, on particularly favourable terms, of a much needed piece of ground for a cemetery extension. "Now that we have secured the ground we must get along with the necessary work as quickly as possible," he said, "and one of our first jobs will be to have the land consecrated." "Agreed," shouted another member, "I had my backyard done nearly eight years ago and its as good to-day as it was when it was first done." This was greeted with roars of laughter at the expense of the man who understood that the new ground would be concreted.

A HARBOUR TUNNEL?

The proposal to tunnel the harbour from Portsmouth to Gosport is not a new one. It was, in fact, considered by the powers that be, on both sides of the water, many years ago and rejected. Whether the Admiralty would now view favourably such a project

is a moot point. However, the question has cropped up again within recent weeks and has caused widespread discussion among ratepayers. The reason? Well it seems that an impression has got abroad that the Portsmouth and Gosport Councils are not thought to have given the consideration it merited to an offer of Mr. E. W. Chalmers Kearney of London to build "without cost to the authorities" a deep tunnel between the neighbouring towns.

STAINES.

As a means of answering the numerous enquiries which we receive as to the whereabouts of various members of our staff who have joined H.M. Forces, we publish the following list:—

A/C J. Appleyard	R.A.F.	Transport.
O/S F. Bond	Royal Navy	Mineral Water Dept.
A/C J. Benham	R.A.F.	Offices.
Pte. H. Carr	East Kent Regt.	Bottled Beer Dept. (missing).
L/Cpl. L. Drew	Royal Engineers	Offices.
Driver E. Frith	R.A.S.C.	Transport.
A/C J. Herbert	R.A.F.	Bottled Beer Dept.
Fus. N. Hadwick	Royal Fusiliers	Ditto (killed in action)
Gnr. A. Johnson	R.A.	Bottled Beer Dept.
Gnr. H. Jebb	R.A.	Ditto.
A/C M. Lintill	R.A.F.	Ditto.
Gnr. F. Miles	R.A.	Ditto.
A/C A. Morgan	R.A.F.	Offices.
O/S W. Peters	Royal Navy	Bottled Beer Dept.
A/C P. Plowman	R.A.F.	Ditto.
Pte. A. Poulter	Green Howards	Loading Stage.
L/Cpl. G. Plume	Essex Regt.	Transport.
Gnr. A. Pearce	R.A.	Ditto.
Pte. W. Stephens	Middlesex Regt.	Ditto.
Gnr. A. Toze	R.A.	Surveyors.
Pte. E. Wheatley	Leicester Regt.	Loading Stage.
Gnr. J. Wicks	R.A.	Bottled Beer Dept.
Gnr. F. Wellbelove	R.A.	Loading Stage.
Pte. W. Willmott	Royal Sussex Regt.	Ditto.

