

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. XIV.

SEPTEMBER, 1940.

No. 12

Mr. CHURCHILL'S TRIBUTE TO R.A.F.



*“Never in the field of human conflict was so much
owed by so many to so few.”*

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.)

A TONGUE-TWISTER.

A twister of twist once twisted a twist, and the twist that he twisted was a three twisted twist. Now in twisting that twist, if one twisted untwist, the twist that he twisted, would untwist the twist that the twister of twist had just twisted.

A THOUGHT.

Aim to serve and try to please.

BRILLIANT EXHIBIT.

Much of the success of the local flower show had been due to Councillor Smith, who'd organised it all—and, being an ardent horticulturist, had won quite a few prizes.

Later on, he was reading the report in the local paper when he jumped to his feet, with an angry bellow.

"Why, what's wrong?" asked Mrs. Smith, dropping her knitting at the outburst.

"Listen to this!" he roared. "It says here: 'As Mr. Smith mounted the platform to open the show, all eyes were fixed on the large red nose he displayed. Only years of careful cultivation could have produced an exhibit of such brilliance.'"

IT'S A DIFFICULT JOB.

Conscientious, patient, persevering, determined and masterful, attentive, steady, punctual, cheerful and not talkative are nine of the qualifications declared by psychologists as required by the man or maid who milks a cow. Mix these together in due proportions, add a real love of work and a fair general intelligence and sensitive fingers and you have the perfect milker.

FROM WHISKY TO WINE.

The increased Budget duty on whisky has already, it is said, had the effect of turning many Scottish whisky-drinkers into sherry enthusiasts. This might be claimed as an instance of history repeating itself. For Scotland was a wine-drinking country long before whisky became popular. Indeed, little more than 200 years ago whisky, far from being the Scots' "national beverage," was almost unknown to the middle and upper classes who favoured French wines, or the humbler people, who were content with ale. French wine at twenty-pence a bottle, Burgundy at tenpence a quart, and occasionally Madeira, were the favourite drinks in Edinburgh at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

AND THEN—

Inspecting Officer : "What precautions do you take against infected water?"

Sergeant : "First we boil it, sir."

Officer : "Good."

Sergeant : "Then we filter it."

Officer : "Excellent."

Sergeant : "And then, sir—we drink beer."

ON THE FACE OF IT.

A recent suggestion has been made that it might be healthier if the Forces were permitted to grow beards. There is also the point that it would save the men a great deal of trouble.

About three years ago, at a Gillette celebration, an official gave some interesting figures about the growth of facial hair. When a man shaves (said this gentleman) he shaves an average area of about forty-eight square inches on his face. On this area grow 25,000 hairs, each of which increases in length in each twenty-four hours at least one-hundredth of an inch, so that each man grows at least 250 inches of hair on his face each day. Multiplying this figure by 15,000,000, the number of shavers in the British Isles, it is found that the daily growth of hair in this country is 50,000 miles over an area of 125 acres.

Growing beards would not, of course, alter these figures, but at least shavers would be able to see the results of letting nature rip.

AWFUL STARTING PRICE.

Wife : " Present-day clothes have a splendid finish, haven't they, dear? "

Husband : " Yes. But the starting price is something awful. "

POOR FISH.

The wholesale destruction of fish in the North Sea by mines and depth charges has already been greater than that of the whole of the last war, according to Mr. Percy E. Nobbs, the Canadian author and sportsman. For instance, " when an oil tanker dives to the bottom it puts fifty or sixty square miles of sea bed out of production for a period of at least 150 years. "

A THOUGHT FOR WAR-TIME.

Help everybody all you can.

OFFICE BOY AND EMPLOYER.

Office Boy (nervously) : " Please, sir, I think you're wanted on the 'phone. "

Employer : " You think! What's the good of thinking? "

" Well, sir, the voice at the other end said, ' Hello, is that you, you old idiot? ' "

THE COMMUNICATION CORD.

How many times have you been tempted to pull the communication cord in a railway carriage? There are many instances of people falling to the temptation. It is not so long since a woman travelling northwards by train from Banbury pulled the communication cord after the train had left the station, and when the guard made enquiries she said that she had given the boy sixpence for an apple on the platform and wanted her fourpence change. What the guard said is not evidence, or, at least, it cannot be printed.

On the Great Western Railway an express suddenly stopped, and an old lady excitedly explained that she had been eating plums and throwing the stones out of the window, and as ill luck would have it her false teeth had become dislodged and she had thrown them out too. Would the guard kindly hold up the train, she pleaded, while she walked back a little way and looked for them? Again, what the guard said . . .

CURE FOR GLUMNESS.

One of Mr. " A. Magniac's " " Loopy Limericks " :

There was a young fellow called Cholmondeley
Who looked upon life rather glolmondeley ;

His family said :

" You ought to get waid—
We'll find you a maiden that's colmondeley. "

" WIRE AND STRING DEPARTMENT. "

There are, of course, numerous departments in such a big business as that of Simonds, but until this week I did not know that there was a " Wire and String Department. " However, Mr. Hawkes showed me a letter thus addressed. With the promptitude and proficiency which characterise all departments, machinery was at once set in motion to solve the mystery. Wires were sent and strings were pulled with the result that in a very short time the letter was conveyed to the department to which it was evidently intended to go—it was the Wine and Spirit Department! The Manager of the Wine and Spirit Department may write to the lady who addressed the envelope just to " Warn Her "!

TENNIS—BEER *v.* BISCUITS.

A most enjoyable afternoon was spent when the tennis representatives of Messrs. Huntley & Palmers, captained by our old friend, Mr. E. H. Bartholomew, visited the Sports Ground on August 31st for our annual fixture. The result of the match was a draw of four rubbers all, with the remarkably even score of 10 sets

and 88 games each. During the match the sirens sounded and we quietly took cover until the "all-clear" was given and then resumed play. What a pity Hitler does not know what the term "sportsman" means. But we are going to teach him! By the way, the grass courts, in spite of the dry weather, are in excellent condition and a very great credit to our hardworking groundsman, Mr. Povey. We tennis players, hockeyites and footballers thank him for all he has done for us.

GO TO IT—THE SIRENS SOUND!

We make our way down to our shelter and among the company we are proud to have our Chairman and Managing Director. We all know he is a very busy man and there was evidence of it here. He was going through a mass of correspondence, dictating numerous letters to his private secretary, and giving various instructions. With no time to lose, particularly these days, he is indeed the personification of the phrase "Carry On."

ODD, ISN'T IT?

"I'm a plain, blunt man, Mr. Williams," says my friend with unnatural heartiness; and he means by that that he is a cunning, subtle, diplomatic sort of fellow who is about to tell some lies, writes Monica Redlich in *The Spectator*. Whenever anyone, either avoiding your gaze or uneasily challenging it, says aloud the pronoun "I" followed by a claim to some definite virtue, you may safely expect a lie, or a lecture, or both:—

"I'm only thinking of you, dear," means *I am now about to get a bit of my own back.*

"I don't want to make you unhappy," means *I will now repeat to you certain malicious gossip which will reduce you to sleepless misery.*

"I'm bound to admit," means *I will now confuse the main issue.*

"I'm not one to criticize," means *I shall now proceed to find fault with all you have done.*

"I'm as broad-minded as anyone," means *All my ideas on this subject are hopelessly out of date.*

"I hope I know my place," means *I am about to step right out of it and tell you a few home truths.*

"I'm a tolerant sort of fellow," means *I can't endure you another moment and am now preparing to throw you out of the house.*

These, or words like them, must be the prelude to half the quarrels in the world. It is odd that we go on using them, and even odder that we do so in all good faith.

RETIREMENT OF CHIEF OFFICER, BREWERY FIRE BRIGADE.

Owing to the enormous increase in the bottling output it has been found necessary for Mr. G. F. Andrews to give up his post as Chief Officer of the Brewery Fire Brigade. Since the inauguration of the Brigade, more than three years ago, he has given a fine example of leadership and at all times his keenness for efficiency has been most pronounced. He was always ready with his men to assist in any cause which would give a helping hand. One example which comes to mind is the Annual Parade for the Royal Berkshire Hospital, which he and his men attended for the last three years. He had the complete support and loyalty of all ranks who served under him and the only shred of satisfaction at his leaving is the knowledge that his clothes will remain ready for him to stand by the Brigade again if any such occasion arises. This he has promised to do.

The position of Chief Officer has now been handed over to his Second Officer, Mr. H. L. Aust (late C.S.M.), D.C.M., who has been Mr. Andrews' deputy since the formation of the Fire Brigade.

ARBITRATION.

The mouth organ was claimed by three soldiers, and the sergeant decided to arbitrate.

"I'll play a tune on it," he said. "You tell me what the tune is, and the one who's right gets the mouth organ."

A weird medley of sounds followed and the guesses were made.

"I think Alf's won," said the sergeant. "He was nearest with 'Roll out the Barrel.' What I was playin' was 'As Pants the Heart for Coolin' Stream'!"

DO'S AND DON'TS.

Don't try to shift your sorrow on to others, it is not fair.

Do try to fight your own battles and strike as hard as you can.

Do your bit as long as possible. Peace with honour will come one day even to the vanquished.

Don't judge what you don't know.

Don't lose patience with yourself. A man can stand a lot as long as he can stand himself.

Don't play with life lest life play with you.

THE NEW BUTLER.

The new butler was announcing the guests.

"Mr. Jones, Mrs. Jones and Miss Jones," he said.

"Shorten your announcements, Patrick," whispered his employer. "Mr. Jones and family would have been sufficient."

The next arrivals were Mr. Penny and family.

"Fourpence," announced the butler.

SIR E. CADOGAN AND THE HOUSE.

Reading people have always had a warm place in their hearts for Major The Hon. Sir Edward Cadogan, who represented the town 1922-23, and was a man of such fine courtesy and bearing, says the *Berkshire Chronicle*. They will be interested to know that he is likely to return to the House of Commons, to fill a vacancy created at Bolton. His ability and political experience ought certainly to be at the disposal of the country at this time. At present he is a pilot officer in the R.A.F. Sir Edward's association with Reading has been maintained, for he is a director of the Great Western Railway Co., and a vice-president of the Reading Conservative Association. It will be recalled that Sir Edward represented Finchley 1924-35. He was a member of the Joint Select Committee on the Indian Constitution, and chairman of the Home Office Committee on Corporal Punishment.

WAR RATIONS IN 1815.

On Tuesday last the members of the Staines Militia Society, to the number of eight hundred, dined together at the sign of the Phoenix, at Staines. If the board was not spread with all the delicacies of the season, the entertainment was abundant, and excellent of its kind, and truly English. It consisted of a baron, ten rounds, and ten other dishes of beef; sixteen hams, seven shoulders, and seven fillets of veal; five quarters of lamb, and seven legs of mutton; 24 meat pies, with a due proportion of salads, pickles, bread and cheese, 1,286 quarts of strong beer, and a liberal quantity of punch.—From the "*Morning Advertiser*" of 125 years ago.

DANGER ELSEWHERE IF RIGHT OVERHEAD.

An illusion that an enemy plane is directly overhead when it is heard on a still night was dispelled recently by Lord Croft, Under-Secretary, War Office, in a message to Bournemouth, his former constituency.

"As a matter of fact," he states, "the skies are very wide and that particular machine heard inside a house may be at 12 miles distance. Furthermore, even if the machine is directly overhead, a bomb dropped from such a height, as is usual with enemy raiders, will pitch anywhere from one to three miles from one's particular locality.

"The effect of that bomb, even of the highest calibre, will do no serious damage outside a distance of 100 yards from the point on which it pitches." He said that the total fatal casualties from enemy air attack from June 20th to August 20th did not exceed an average of one in 3,000,000 of the population in 24 hours.

"Once we get a sense of proportion," he went on, "we will speedily form the habit of taking our normal rest and sleep with the definite knowledge that, if a bomb 'gets us,' it is almost as bad luck as if lightning struck us in a thunderstorm."

CERTAIN ASSURANCES OF VICTORY.

In the dazzling exploits of our airmen, in the watch and ward of the navy, in the record of our troops in Norway, Belgium and France, in the devoted labours of our men and women in the factories, and in the calm, resolute spirit of our people, we may find the certain assurances of victory as we enter the second year of the world's greatest war.

1915 WATCHWORD.

The first anniversary of the Great War, on August 4th, 1915, was marked by an impressive service at St. Paul's, attended by the King and Queen.

The Archbishop of Canterbury preached a sermon on the text:—

Watch ye. Stand fast in the faith. Quit you like men. Be strong.

There could be no better watchwords for Britons to-day.

LOYALTY.

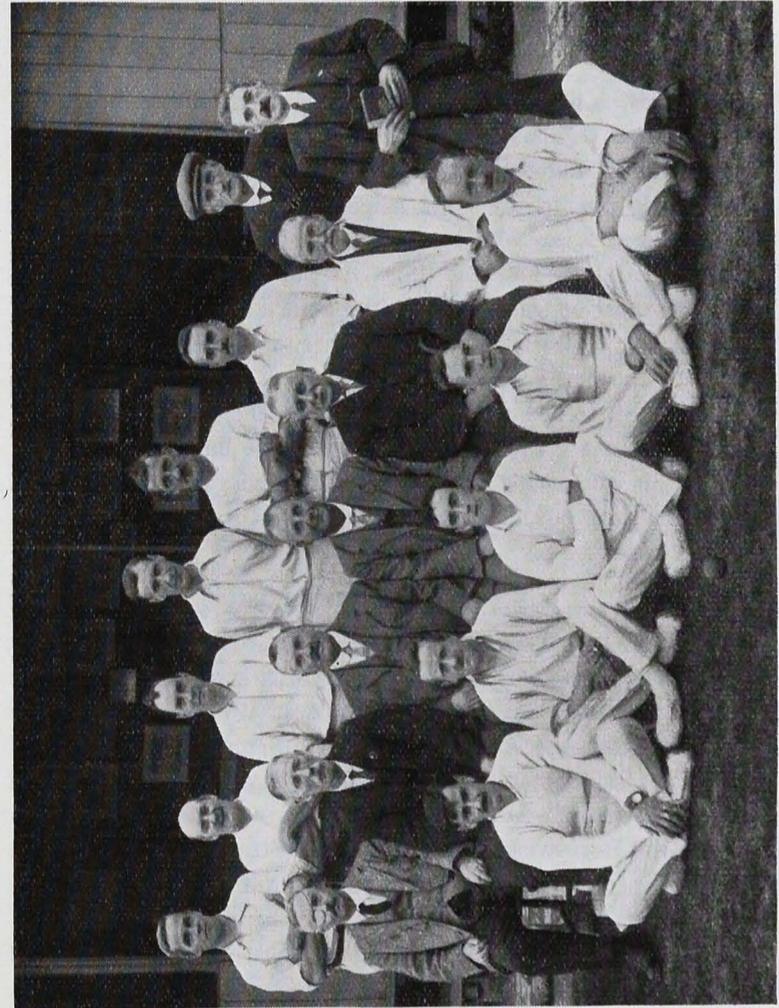
IF you work for a man, then in Heaven's name work for him. If he pays you wages that supply your bread and butter, work for him; speak well of him; stand by him and stand by the institution he represents.

If put to a pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

If you must vilify, condemn, and eternally disparage, why not resign your position? But as long as you are part of the institution, do not condemn it.

If you do, you are loosening the tendrils holding you to that institution, and with the first high wind that comes along you will be uprooted and blown away in the blizzard's track—and probably you will never know why.

BREWERY CRICKETERS OF BY-GONE DAYS.



Above is a photograph of the Brewery Cricket XI, with some of their supporters, taken many years ago. Several, alas! have since passed to the Great Beyond.

NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

HAWK POUNCES ON PEEWIT.

OWLS DIE FOR A DRINK.

There is no need for me to carry a watch of an evening, for a blue-tit comes regularly to tell me the time, and he does it with rare accuracy. For the past few weeks he has been going to bed in a nesting box in my good neighbour's garden. On the first occasion when I saw him turning in for the night I was curious enough to carefully note the time. It was 7.40. I have watched him go to roost at least a dozen times since and, sure enough, on each occasion, it has been 7.40 to the very minute! Does he time himself by the sun, I wonder? Of course, as the days draw in the blue tit will go to bed earlier and I shall be there to note the time, for I still have a great affection for this little bird in spite of the fact that his wife carted away much of the moss that I had placed over my nesting box and had the temerity to use it for building purposes elsewhere!

BON VOYAGE, LITTLE BIRDS!

I saw the last of the swifts this season on Sunday, August 25th. In the course of a two hours' evening watch, with the aid of my field glasses, I observed four at intervals, or it may have been the same bird flying over the same area at different times. Many of the martins, sand martins and swallows have already gone, and many still remain. As last year, there is a house martin's nest opposite the Brunswick Arms, Brunswick Street, Reading, and on Sunday, September 1st, the young were still in the nest. They were peeping out and the parents seemed rather anxious about them, repeatedly flying up to the nest, chattering to their children and telling them, I believe, they were old enough now to take wing. And, I thought, what a wonderful experience it must be for those little birds when first they step out of their cosy nest, take wing, and make their debut into this great wide world! Let us hope their little wings will soon wax strong—strong enough to carry

them right over the sea to lands where in the months to come the sun will continue to shine.

Bon voyage little birds! Be sure and return next spring, when we hope old England will be a more peaceful land, and gladden our hearts with your cheery presence.

I heard and saw the chiff-chaff up the Thames-side on September 5th and a white throat and willow warbler visited my garden, but only for a brief stay, and neither uttered a note.

BIG BATTALIONS OF BIRDS.

Many birds are now going about in big battalions, including the peewits and starlings. I was watching many hundreds of these in the meadows by the Thames the other evening when suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, came a sparrow hawk. He dived down on to a poor peewit, flew off with his victim into the lane just in front of me and appeared to experience some difficulty in carrying further afield so big a burden. However, he spotted me and managed to convey poor plover up into the top-most branches of a tall elm tree. And there this Hitler-like hawk commenced his horrid meal!

As the hawk stooped to his prey there was a wonderful whirring of wings for all the other peewits and starlings rose *en masse* in a moment. They had evidently witnessed the approach of the hawk and the tragedy in their midst, and though they flew round and round the hawk, uttering angry cries, the murderer remained unperturbed and continued to tear the peewit to pieces.

FATE OF FOUR OWLS.

Birds appear to suffer much more from lack of drink than lack of food and in these days of drought many have doubtless found it difficult to quench their thirst. Mr. Eric has told me of a very interesting though tragic instance of this fact. In an old tank which contained some water owls have evidently come down to drink—and with fatal results, for Mr. Eric found two of these birds drowned, and on visiting the tank two days later discovered that two more of these birds had also died for a drink. They were brown and

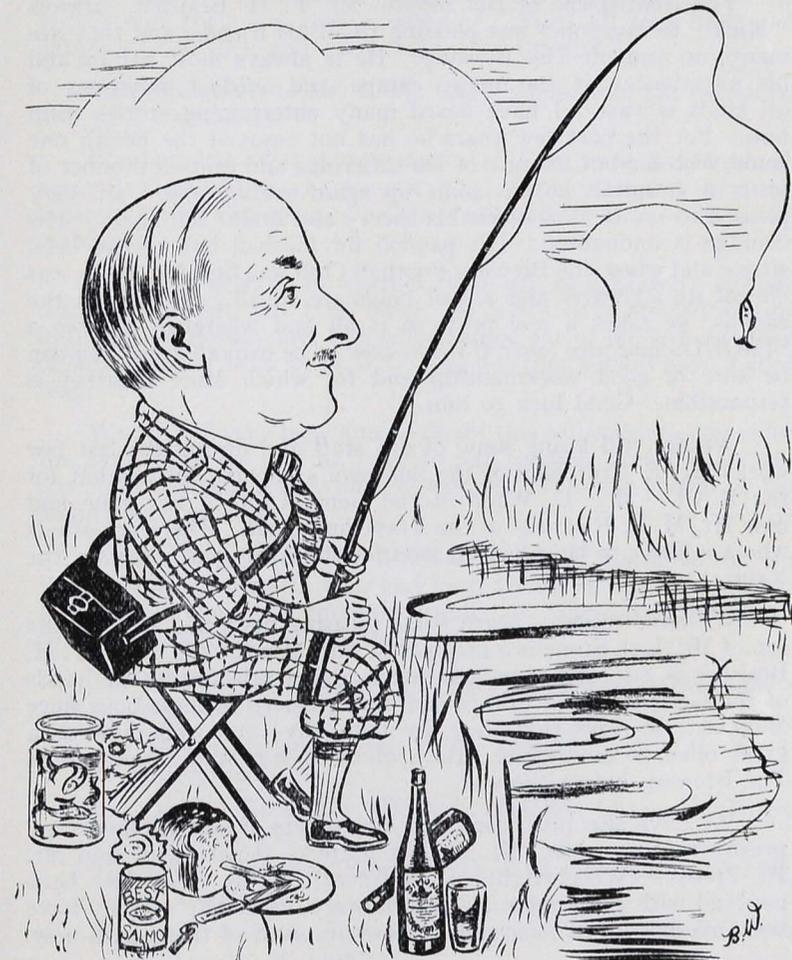
white owls. The brown or tawny owl utters the familiar note hoo-hoo-hoo-o-oo. The white owl is the barn owl and a really handsome fellow he is! His plumage is marked by very delicate pencilling on the upper parts and snowy whiteness below. Owing to the loud screech it utters the barn owl is also known as the screech owl.

AUTUMN!

Autumn is the season in which all the fruits, vegetables and grains come to maturity, which are capable of being stored for future use, and form the most essential means of subsistence to man. The provision for the winter is to be gathered immediately before the season of sterility and repose sets in, and the fruits of the earth are brought to perfection at the very time when the succeeding chill of winter will preserve their germinating principle of vitality inactive, and render them the more suited to be gathered into store-house and barn. We see the same beneficence manifested in the provision for wants of all the lower animals. The mayflower which adorned the hawthorn with its richly scented blossoms throughout the early summer has been succeeded by the haw, the red clusters of which hang in every hedgerow, and cover the branches of the hawthorn tree; while, as the season draws to a close, the thick blossoms of the wild dog rose are disappearing to make way for the crimson hips, on which our native songsters feed with such relish and delight.

Autumn partakes to some extent of the characteristics of all the other seasons, and shares in all the beauties of the year. It has its flowers as well as the summer, though in less profusion and with diminished fragrance; and these also rapidly hasten to develop the seeds and fruits which more strictly pertain to the season of harvest. It is indeed in all respects the period of realization, and the end towards which the seasons point; for the frosts, and sleep, and deadness of winter, lend also their aid towards the golden harvests of autumn, even as the slumber of infancy aids no less than the nourishment drawn from its mother's breast, to foster it, and slowly bring it onward towards maturity.

THE EDITOR TAKES A DAY OFF.



“ O wad some power the giftie gie us ”
 “ To see oursels as ithers see us.”

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

The frontispiece of last month, Mr. F. H. Braisher, (always "Mick" to everyone) was pleasing to all his friends, and they are many, on and off The Brewery. He is always most helpful and his experiences at the many camps and outdoor functions of all kinds is vast. I have heard many entertaining stories from him. For the past few years he has not enjoyed the health one could wish for but in spite of his sufferings and quite a number of visits to hospitals he has come up again smiling and I am very pleased to say he now seems his cheery and bright self again. His courage is undoubted. His passion for football has always been strong and when The Brewery Football Club was first formed he was one of its stalwarts and a real helpmate to all. As regards the canvas, he takes a real pride in it all and wherever you see a SIMONDS marquee (even if it has now to be camouflaged) you can be sure of good workmanship and for which Mick Braisher is responsible. Good luck to him.

We are still losing some of our staff and during the last few weeks Mr. E. Crutchley of the Surveyor's department has left for the R.A.F. Mr. C. Wade of the General Office has gone and now Mr. M. F. Rickards of the Travelling Staff. There are others who are likely to be called up soon for the Army and a few for the Navy.

We have recently heard some pleasing news and that is, the son of Mr. Jack Stone is a prisoner of war, also the son of Mr. F. H. Braisher is safe and sound, although also a prisoner in the hands of the Germans. No tidings had been received of these boys since May last, so news that they are both alive and well came as a great relief to all friends. Both of these lads were employed at The Brewery before the war.

We have also just heard that two others of our employees are prisoners of war, viz., Mr. S. Catt (Canvas Department) and Mr. R. Preston (Wheelwrights Department). This news has been received with great relief at The Brewery, especially as they have been missing for so long and no news received of them until now.

Our Managing Director has personally expressed his congratulations to the Head of the Departments in which these men were working until the outbreak of war.

The son of Mr. H. C. Davis (Catering Department Manager) is now in the Navy and had the pleasing experience of capturing a German airman who had come down by parachute. Mr. G. Davis

is not unknown at The Brewery where he was for a short while. He was one of the leading stalwarts of The Brewery Cricket Sunday XI last season.

We still have occasional visits from our boys who are in the Forces and they are always welcome. They all look well and happy. Good luck and good fortune to them.

Congratulations to Mr. F. W. Clark, whose wife has presented him with a daughter.

Football has started once again at Elm Park and from all accounts Reading have quite a good team. As this year an amateur side is also going to be run we should see some entertaining matches.

I have no news as to whether there will be a Brewery football team this season, but I do know the ladies have started getting into trim for hockey and I should imagine out of the large number of ladies now at work at H. & G. Simonds they should have a good team.

We are still very busy and no doubt this will continue, provided the extra price we now all have to pay for beer does not become too big a burden on individual's pockets. This winter will be the testing time no doubt.

We regret to record the death of Mr. John Macdonald of the Forest King, Chilworth, who had been tenant of this House since December, 1930, and the opportunity is taken to express our sincere sympathy to all relatives.

The following changes and transfers have recently taken place and we wish success to all :—

The Plough, Tilehurst (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. S. A. Lovegrove.

The Queen, Blackwater (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. H. St. John Sanderson.

The Royal Adelaide, Windsor (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. L. Hopkinson.

The Jolly Anglers, Yiewsley (Wheelers Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. S. Lambert.

The Potters Arms, Winchmore Hill (Wheelers Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. T. R. Blomfield.

The Blue Boar, North Heath, Chieveley (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. F. Saville.

The Sun, Eton (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. H. R. Stockwell.

FORMER WANDERERS CAPTAIN WED.

MR. A. J. CRUMP AND MISS EDNA HEALEY.

Mr. Albert James Crump, a former captain and centre half-back of Wycombe Wanderers F.C., was married recently at the Parish Church, High Wycombe, the Vicar, the Rev. W. L. P. Float, officiating. Some of the supporters of the club of which the bridegroom is a popular member, witnessed the ceremony. The bridegroom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles William Crump, of the Belle Vue, Gordon Road, High Wycombe, the bride being Miss Edna May Healey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Healey, of London Road, High Wycombe. The organist was Mr. Hubert Crook.

From the *Bucks Free Press*.

BARLEY HARVEST MAY BE A RECORD.

There is no danger of a shortage of home-grown barley for brewing or feeding-stuffs.

Estimates from different sources indicate that Britain's first war-time crop will be good, and that the bulk of it will be of excellent quality. On many farms it may be a record crop.

"There should be ample barley to supply a large part of the malting requirements, while still leaving available a considerable portion for feeding purposes," stated Sir John Russell, a director of Rothamsted Experimental Station, Harpenden, in an interview.

YIELD OVER A MILLION TONS.

"As a result of the Government's ploughing-up policy," he said, "there is a larger acreage under barley to-day than there has been for a number of years.

"Last year some 910,000 acres were growing barley, the total yield being approximately 742,000 tons. This year, with a greatly increased acreage, the yield should be well over 1,000,000 tons.

"A well recognised authority informs us that the quantity of barley that brewers and maltsters will be permitted to buy will be limited.

45 TO 50 PER CENT. FOR BREWERS.

"It is estimated that the total quantity they will be allowed will represent perhaps 45 to 50 per cent. of the total crop.

"It may be anticipated that between 400,000 and 500,000 tons will be available for feed, the maximum price for which has been fixed at 58/- per quarter.

"Ripe and mellow barleys suitable for malting will fetch higher prices."

HISTORY, RELIGION AND ROMANCE BEHIND THE OLD INN SIGNS.

(From *The Catholic Fireside*.)

Three is a magic number . . . and therefore almost as much favoured in inn signs as the number seven. Thus we have the Three Cups, Three Horseshoes, Three Crowns, Three Tuns, and so on.

The Three Cups is the arms of the Salters' Company, of London. In the Middle Ages, salt dealing was one of the important trades, and the Salt Dealers were worth catering for.

The Three Horseshoes is the arms of the Farriers' Company (and also the Ferriers' family, Earls of Derby). The Blacksmiths' Arms usually shows three hammers, this being the sign of the Blacksmiths' Company.

Of religious significance is the Three Crowns . . . or in some districts the Three Kings . . . for this sign refers to the Magi, the Three Wise Men of the East. According to legend, their bones lie in the cathedral at Cologne, which is why that city has Three Crowns for its arms.

What more appropriate than the Three Tuns sign for an inn? Actually, it is taken from the arms of the Company of Vintners. The inevitable Mr. Pepys visited, in 1660, "the old Three Tuns at Charing Cross," where a merchant not only plied him with wine, but bribed him with five pieces of gold.

They say that when you visit the Three Tuns at Durham, with the intention of staying the night, you are offered a glass of cherry brandy, "with the compliments of the management."

At Bromley-by-Bow is a curiously-named inn with a curious custom. It is called The Widow's Son, and it houses a collection of mildewed hot cross buns.

The story runs that some hundred years ago, the house on the present site of the inn was kept by a widow, whose son was at sea. He was expected home one Good Friday, and his mother had a supply of hot-cross buns all waiting for him. But he never returned, and every Good Friday the widow set aside another hot cross bun for him.

When she died, the whole collection of buns was found, and hung in the main bar . . . with the custom maintained from year to year.

Now for a spot of the classics, for an explanation of The White Hart (usually shown in the sign as having a gold collar and chain).

Alexander The Great and Charlemagne are both said to have captured a white hart and placed a golden collar and chain around its neck.

The White Hart at Scole used to have an elaborate sign. It consisted of life-sized figures of twenty-five men and animals, and it stretched right across the road. Thomas Brown saw it and noted that it cost £1,000 . . . a fantastic sum for an inn sign, even to-day.

The house is still there (it has a fine staircase, by the way), but the sign mysteriously disappeared at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the house changed hands. It has never been seen since, though old pictures of it still exist. How such a work of art (made of hand-carved black oak), of such a size, could be spirited away and hidden forever is a matter for endless conjecture.

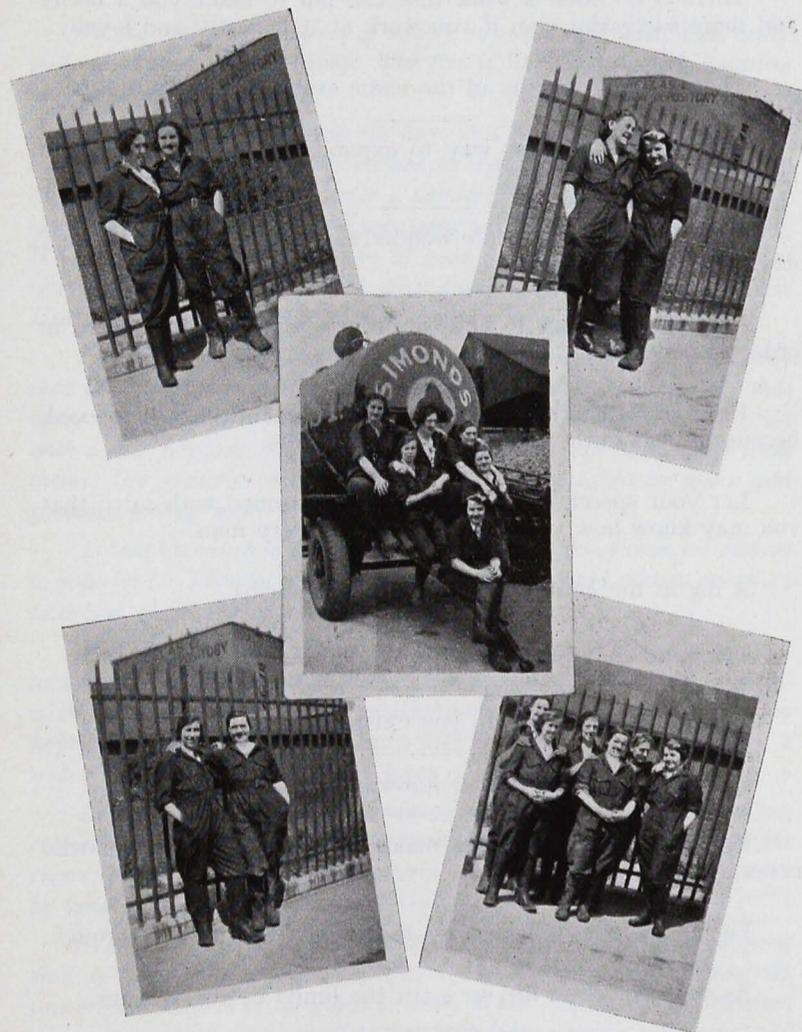
Traditional emblem of Kent, the White Horse is, however, found all over England. In the hey-day of coaching, Dickens described the Great White Horse at Ipswich. It was known far and wide for its vast size, and "rendered all the more conspicuous by a stone statue of some rapacious animal with flowing mane and tail, distantly resembling an insane carthorse, which is elevated above the principal door."

For the Catholic there is a wealth of interest in the old Inn signs. In mediaeval days hostelries were often named in honour of a great Church dignitary. The "Cardinal's Hat," at Canterbury and elsewhere, recalled a well beloved, if somewhat eccentric, prelate. The last inn to be thus named was in memory of Henry, Cardinal Duke of York, the brother of "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

Much discussion has centred round the sign of the "Crooked Billet" which is represented by a different sign in each county. Sometimes it is a Bishop's Crozier, but most often it is just two pieces of wood crossed like a St. Andrew's Cross. This is the symbol of St. Julien, patron of travellers and a most popular figure in the Middle Ages, so that this interpretation, according to a Catholic historian, is most likely to be correct.

The patron Saint of Shoemakers, St. Crispin, together with his disciple, Crispianus, gave their names to the ancient and picturesque hostelry of "Crispin and Crispianus" at Rochester.

The "Four Crosses" found on inns in Staffordshire recall a revered old Bishop who founded them, and takes its origin from the four crosses in the arms of the Diocese of Lichfield.



Women workers at the Brewery who are working enthusiastically and giving the greatest satisfaction to their supervisors.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

There is no kind of work that can fail to make you a better and more successful man if you work at it honestly and loyally.

The only love worthy of the name ever and always uplifts.

The easiest and best way to expand the chest is to have a large heart in it.

Learning will accumulate wonderfully if you add a little every day.

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

However often the optimist fails, in the end he will succeed, because he has faith, and faith opens all doors.

Let your speech be always in grace seasoned with salt ; that you may know how you ought to answer every man.

A dig in the garden is worth two in the ribs.

The wind that blows out the candle, kindles the fire.

It is not enough to aim, you must hit.

Prevention is better than knowing who did it.

The only man who never makes a mistake is the man who never does anything.

Facing it—always facing it—that is the way to get through.

As we advance in life we learn the limits of our abilities.

Each one of us possesses a store of beautiful memories, which he alone can read, a volume closed to all but himself.

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

A GREAT THOUGHT.

PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

In the coals are pictures of happy days that are past, and, better still, of happier days to come. The fire is like the sun-dial, counting only the sunlit hours.

It brings before us again the days that seemed so loth to leave us, the blaze of flowers that never seemed so bright, and the afterglow of the autumn leaves. Was there ever a summer so lovely or so long as the last? Even the anxieties encompassing us could not dim its radiance. It seemed to be telling us to be of good heart, for, however deep the shadows cast by the folly and wickedness of men, God was in His Heaven, and all was right with the world.

In the fire the shadows come and go. They never stay. We may read there the promise of other summers splendid and serene. In that brave new world the firelight paints for us, men and women will walk with a new freedom. Their fears and anxieties will have fallen from them. Old enmities will have faded, their place taken by peace and goodwill among men.

Is that too much to dream? Is the brotherhood of man too distant to hope for? Then let us wish it for our children, and content ourselves to dream of the future as we look in the fire.

We can see them growing up a happier brood than the mothers and fathers who have reared them. Not wealthier, for that we need not wish them, but healthier, and in the humbleness of our hearts we may hope they may be wiser. A fuller life will be spread before them, a wider world opened before their eyes.

Looking farther into the distance, we may see the world awaking everywhere to its unfinished tasks, building the wanted bridges over the rivers, tunnelling mountains, watering deserts, finding new highways by land and sea and air.

We see the armies of science, with healing in the wings, marching side by side to the conquest of disease ; the chemists transforming the unworked treasures of the earth to daily needs ; engineers, electricians, geologists, working in concord to seek knowledge ; artists, sculptors, and architects searching for beauty ; musicians striving to make the world burst into song.

Such are the pictures we see in the fire ; such the promise of days ahead.

" SPARE MOMENTS."

When some moments I've to spare
Morning, noon or night,
Snug I settle in a chair
And commence to write.

'Tis a habit I've acquired
Slowly—by degrees
Tho' 'tis seldom I've aspired
To an author's fees.

—Three and sixpence here, perhaps,
—Half-a-crown or two
—That is all you get for scraps
Such as I can do.

Yet they lots of fun record
—Cheer me on my way
And amusement oft afford
For a rainy day.

Simple rhymes I scribble down,
Not of trade I treat,
But of country-side and town
Or the folk I meet.

Worm and weasel, swan and stoat,
Adder's angry hiss
—These I in my musings note,
Nothing comes amiss.

If with Farmer Giles I chat
Mid the wheat and rye,
You will later hear of that
In my verses sly.

And if you've endured enough
—If you get the pip
—Well, you needn't read the stuff!
—You the rest can skip!!

S. E. COLLINS.



CRICKET.

In spite of B.S.T. the evenings are quickly drawing in and is none too pleasant a reminder that our brief cricket season is almost over. During this last month we have been fortunate with the weather and the games have been evenly balanced as regards the results. Only one game showed any great disparity in the total runs scored, but in this one we did not show to advantage. The other three were close, in fact one match showed a difference of one run, but as that happens to be the first match under review, it will be better to do the job properly and report it as the game went.

July 27th. SIMONDS C.C. 74 v. R.A.P.C. 75.

The visitors won the toss and elected to bat. The start, however, was disastrous, for the first wicket fell without any runs on the book. The next man put two successive balls to the boundary but put one up in the following over. By a strange coincidence our friends lent us a "sub," who greatly assisted us by catching the first two men. Numbers three and four only added six runs and we now had four down for 17. Our bowlers and fieldsmen were still attacking strongly and 11 and 5 runs only were added by the next two partnership. Then came a stand by Capt. Upsdale and F. R. Main—the latter at one time was a wearer of the Hop Leaf cap—and 27 more went on the board. Three more wickets fell for 15 and the grand total reached 75. During the innings the fieldsmen gave good assistance to the bowlers, for seven catches were made. The wickets went to the credit of F. Clarke, 2 for 21; E. G. Crutchley, 3 for 23; K. Organ, 2 for 24; and E. Shrimpton, 2 for 8.

Our first wicket partnership looked like being a settled affair, but at 13 a catch was held and then another; one run later a third, and our promising start showed a very different aspect. Twenty-one runs were added by the next wicket, but during this spell a "short run" was called, which, as subsequent events proved, cost us the match. Our score mounted steadily with wickets falling at more or less regular intervals until the last man went in with one run required for a tie or, as we then said, "two runs wanted." These did not materialise and we sighed in vain over that short one. Our double figure men were E. Clarkson 16, E. Shrimpton 12, E. Crutchley 11, J. Doe and W. Jelley 10 each. We, like our opponents, could not keep the ball on the ground and eight were dismissed through "hands."

Dawson 4 for 22 and Main 5 for 35 bore the brunt of the bowling.

August 3rd. SIMONDS C.C. 29 v. R.E. 103.

The score shown above speaks for itself. We batted first, well perhaps that would be better put as "we went in first." Although the opening pair made 11 (J. B. Doe 9) it was thereafter a procession. All credit must be given to our opponents for their smart work in the field. It was a most aggressive setting of men clustered close in and anything that was put in the air was snapped up. Only two men had their stumps hit.

Young 3 for 19 and Tomes 7 for 10 bowled unchanged.

Looking at the R.E.'s batting it is seen that three men did the damage, viz., Lawry 22 (opening bat), Tilbury 51 not out (No. 3) and Johnson 15. No. 3 made a shaky start and should have been caught very early in his innings. After that we could not get him at all. By simple arithmetic it will be noticed that the remaining eight men, plus Mr. Extras, only contributed 15 runs.

F. Clarke 3 for 26, K. Organ 4 for 31 and E. C. Greenaway 3 for 13 shared the wickets, hitting the pegs on eight occasions.

August 10th. SIMONDS C.C. 155 for 8 v. R.A.P.C. 115 for 8.

As both teams had a vacant date a return match was arranged and each had the same idea, that is to show that better things could be done with the willow.

The "Raps" elected to bat on a fast wicket, but our bowlers kept the runs down and the first three wickets fell with only 27 on the board. Major Barrett and Cocksedge then became partners and added a similar amount. The following wicket fell at 79 and the next at 100. The eighth wicket fell at 106 and nine runs later the innings was declared closed. The chief scores against us were Major Barrett 42, Cocksedge 23, Lieut. Scott 12 and F. R. Main 10.

Alan Hedgington was home on leave and turned out for us and showed he had not lost much of his old prowess in spite of lack of practice. He opened the bowling and in eight overs took 2 for 28. Organ missed his usual wicket in his first over but got one in the third; he was bowling well until his sixth over when he was clouted for 16. E. Crutchley 3 for 40 and E. Greenaway 2 for 22 took the others.

As one of our usual opening pair—F. Benham—was absent, Eric Crutchley accompanied J. Doe and played a real skipper's innings. He made 54 and looked like carrying his bat. The first wicket fell at 15 and then Hedgington went in and ably assisted his captain, making 25 before being caught. The second wicket fell at 84 and with W. Crisp in next it was carried up to 103. E. Clarkson followed and the winning hit was made. The fourth wicket fell at

133, but it was decided to play on for a while longer. During that spell four wickets fell for an addition of 22 runs, R. Lambourn making 12 not out and E. Greenaway 8.

Frequent bowling changes were made and in all eight men had a spell, of which F. Main had the longest and took 4 for 33.

With the score at one each, a rubber match was suggested and, if circumstances permit, it may possibly be arranged.

August 17th. SIMONDS C.C. 85 v. R.E. 72.

We were out to avenge our heavy defeat of a fortnight since and by a narrow margin of runs achieved this purpose.

The soldiers led off, but quickly lost their first man and three others had been to and from the pitch when the score board showed 18 runs on it. Lawry and Tomes became associated and carried the total along to 45 before being separated. The score was not altered by the next man's visit. Gardner 12 not out, Collins 6 and Cooper 7 brought the grand total up to 72. Organ 5 for 43, Crutchley 2 for 16 and Shrimpton 2 for 7 were our bowlers and these three shared the four catches taken.

Our start with the bat was far from auspicious, for we lost our first two wickets for 9 runs. However, Skipper Crutchley came along and took charge, the score gradually mounting until 32 was reached. J. W. Crisp then followed and stayed, scoring quietly. The fourth wicket fell at 50 and the next two at 58. W. H. Phillpotts then joined Crisp and an urgent call having come for the latter for other duties, with the game in such an interesting position he decided to stay and see it won and laid on the willow. Although not actually making the winning hit himself, he ran for it and then gracefully retired with his personal score at 19. Phillpotts got 11 and R. Lambourne assisted him with 7.

The game was played out and we finished 13 runs ahead.

Several bowling changes were made, but our scorer working single-handed could not keep a proper check on the various bowlers, so individual results cannot be recorded. The R.E.'s fielding was again very smart and six catches were made.

It was found impossible to raise a truly representative side, that is, one strong enough to oppose the R.A.P.C. again and reluctantly we had to notify them to this effect.

Next month will see the advent of the bigger ball game and by then the averages and a résumé of our season's matches will see the end of these reports in the HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

J.W.J.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

The negro was being tried, and asked for time to obtain legal assistance.

"Legal assistance!" snapped the judge. "You were caught in the jeweller's shop; two policemen saw you. You had the goods on you; and you have been convicted forty-two times. Now, what could a lawyer say for you?"

"Well, sah, judge," said the negro, "that's just what I'll sure be interested to know."

* * * *

Catching one of his men stealing wheat, an old farmer promptly dismissed him.

Presently, along came the vicar to plead for another chance for the culprit.

"Remember what we are told," he said. "'If a man smites thee on one cheek turn him the other also.'"

"That's just what I did," replied the farmer firmly. "He stole my wheat, so I gave him the sack."

* * * *

"Tell me, Professor," the young thing gushed, "what do you think of my voice?"

PROFESSOR: "Well, it reminds me of toothpaste."

"Toothpaste?"

"Yes. You squeeze it, and it comes out flat!"

* * * *

The henpecked plumber rang the bell. The master and mistress of the house came to the door together. As they all three stood in the hall, the husband, a methodical man, announced: "I wish, before you go upstairs, to acquaint you with my trouble."

The plumber shyly dropped his eyes. "Pleased to meet yer, ma'am," he mumbled as he held out his hand to the wife.

* * * *

A doctor received a note which read: "Please call and see my husband. It's his head. He's had it off and on all yesterday, and to-day he's sitting with it in his hands between his knees."

* * * *

SHOPWALKER: "And what is your pleasure, sir?"

MAN: "None. I'm waiting for my wife."

* * * *

The new rent collector was trying to make his collection. He opened the gate of one house on the estate, and saw a small boy playing in the garden.

"Is your mother at home, little man?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy politely.

The collector went up to the door, but though he rang the bell half-a-dozen times he could get no answer.

"Look here," he said at last to the boy, "why did you tell me your mother was at home?"

"Because she is, sir," was the lad's innocent reply. "We don't live here."

* * * *

He had passed all the tests, and was before the recruiting sergeant, giving particulars.

"Married or single?" he was asked.

"Married."

"Any children?"

"Eleven."

"Sorry, chum. Too expensive. We could get a couple of generals for that money."

* * * *

The servant problem doesn't worry Mrs. Wotnot. The other day she met her friend Mrs. Whosit at the tennis club.

"My new maid is a treasure," says Mrs. Wotnot. "I had a bridge party the other evening, and one woman didn't turn up. You know how it is—gave me no notice whatever. However, my maid put on one of my dresses and it fitted her beautifully, and she played the rest of the evening."

"That really was most helpful," replied Mrs. Whosit.

"Yes, but that's not all. I won her week's wages."

* * * *

"Hallo, Johnny, is the doctor in?"

"No; daddy's out giving an anaesthetic."

"My, that's a long word for a boy your size! Do you know what it means?"

"Yes, two guineas."

* * * *

DIRECTOR : " In this scene, my dear, the young man rushes into the room, grabs you, binds you with rope from head to foot, and then smothers you with hugs and kisses."

ACTRESS : " Is the young man tall, dark and handsome ? "

DIRECTOR : " Yes, why ? "

ACTRESS : " Then he won't need any rope."

* * * *

" How could I commit forgery, m'lud, when I can't even write my own name ? "

" You are not accused of writing your own name ! "

* * * *

HE : " This is a Guards' tie, you know."

SHE : " Really ? Which railway ? "

* * * *

An old lady living in a small country place had a son in the Navy. On one of her rare visits to a neighbouring town she saw a sailor. Trembling with excitement she asked him if he knew her boy. She told him his name.

" Well, what ship is he in ? " asked the sailor.

" What ship ? " exclaimed the old lady, " Are there two ? "

* * * *

" I don't understand," said the young mother, " why it is that baby won't go to sleep. Here I have been sitting and singing to him for the last hour and yet he keeps on crying and seems just as wide awake as ever."

" Well," said her husband, thoughtfully, " perhaps I am wrong, but it may be that baby has a musical ear."

* * * *

" Men are more valuable than women."

" What utter nonsense ! "

" It's a fact. Every man has his price ; brides are given away."

* * * *

An old man died and left his wife a few thousand pounds.

" How would you like to be his widow ? " remarked a long-suffering husband.

" Ah, John," replied his wife, with emotion, " you know I would rather be yours."

* * * *

The young schoolmistress was very popular with the class. One morning little Jimmy appeared shyly carrying a bunch of flowers, which he offered to her.

" Thank you so much," she said, " but what a wonderful garden you must have."

" I havena', miss," replied Jimmy, " but I go roon wi' the mornin' milk."

* * * *

" Funny, no one seemed to realise what a bad egg he was while he was rich."

" My dear, a bad egg is only known when it's broke."

* * * *

HUSBAND : " I've just had a final demand for the rates."

WIFE : " Oh, that's fine. I was getting tired of the way they were pestering us lately."

* * * *

When the children went back to school, the teacher wondered how they had spent their holiday. So she told them to write an essay on the subject.

One of the first efforts she read was written by a small girl, who stated that she spent the wet evenings playing chess with her big brother.

" Do you really play chess, Molly ? " the teacher asked in natural surprise.

" No, miss," was the bashful reply ; " but I don't know how to spell dominoes."

* * * *

A large crowd gathered to watch a fire. A policeman moved them on, but one person refused to go.

" Why should I go when that man can stop ? " he asked indignantly, pointing to a man standing near.

The policeman smiled : " Well," he said, " he's entitled to— it's his fire."

* * * *

EMPLOYER (*to boy sent out to collect money*) : " Well, what did Mr. Brown say ? "

BOY : " That he would break every bone in my body and pitch me out if I showed my face there again."

EMPLOYER : " Did he ? Then go back and tell him he's mistaken if he thinks violence will frighten me."

* * * *

It was late when the hostess at the reception requested the famous basso to sing.

"It is too late, madam," he protested. "I should disturb your neighbours."

"Not at all," declared the hostess, beaming. "Besides, they poisoned our dog last week."

* * * *

"So your husband's in the army now, Mrs. Nagg?"

"Yes, they've made him a gunner, an' that's what he's been ever since I married him!"

"Always been a gunner?"

"Yes, ever since I knew him he's been 'gunner do this' an' 'gunner do that,' but he never did anything worth while!"

* * * *

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

APPLICANT: "Well, I've been cooking for a soldiers' camp."

* * * *

Two London taxi drivers were glaring at each other. "Aw, what's the matter with you?" demanded one.

"Nothink's the matter with me."

"You gave me a narsty look," persisted the first.

"Well," responded the other, "now you mention it, you certainly have a narsty look; but I didn't give it to you."

* * * *

"I forgot myself to-day and spoke sharply to my wife."

"Did she resent it?"

"For a moment she did. But Maria is a fair-minded woman—after she had thought it over, she shook hands with me and congratulated me on my pluck."

* * * *

The doctor rushed out of his study. "Get my bag at once!" he shouted.

"Why, dad," asked his daughter, "what's the matter?"

"Some fellow just 'phoned he can't live without me!" gasped the doctor, reaching for his hat.

His daughter breathed a sigh of relief.

"Just a moment," she said quietly. "I think that call was for me!"

FATHER (*sternly*): "Tommy, you mustn't interrupt when I'm speaking to your mother. It's very rude."

SMALL SON: "Well, can I speak when mummy is talking?"

FATHER: "No."

SMALL SON (*thoughtfully*): "Then when can I speak, daddy?"

* * * *

"On the right—form platoon," roared the sergeant.

The recruits carried out some kind of manoeuvre which left the sergeant speechless.

He looked at them for a moment. Then his voice returned and no words can describe the tone of it:

"All right—now take your partners for the lancers."

* * * *

UNCLE: "Don't you think cars are spoiling the younger generation?"

FATHER: "No, I think the younger generation is spoiling cars."

* * * *

The Governor of the gaol was receiving a new batch of prisoners, and in walked Johnson.

"What! You here again, Johnson?"

"Yus, sir. Any letters?"

* * * *

The club bore was boasting of his family's patriotism.

"I'm joining the R.A.F. next week," he exclaimed. "My father fought in the last war and my grandfather fought in the Boer War. My great-grandfather, I've been told, fought in the Zulu War. . . ."

"On which side?" interjected a fed-up listener.

* * * *

A garrulous old woman stood on the kerbstone watching a gang of men unwinding an electric cable.

"What are they going to do with all that wire?" she asked a soldier standing alongside. "Something for the war, I suppose."

"Yes, ma'am," he replied. "They're sending it by the underground to Germany to become a belt for Goering's equator."

* * * *

The two men were working on a building high above the busy street when the clanging of an ambulance bell came to their ears.

"Ambulance," observed one.

"Gosh! That's quick work," exclaimed the other. "It's only two minutes since I dropped my hammer!"

BRANCHES.

PORTSMOUTH.

While Havant will regret the departure of Police Inspector T. Dobson, he is to be congratulated on his promotion to Superintendent and Military Liaison Officer to the Southern Command, a post which his efficiency, courtesy and tact eminently fits him for. He served as a Sergeant with the King's Royal Rifles during the last war and while serving in France was twice wounded. Beginning his career with the police at Aldershot, he has made steady and marked progress and his promotion to Superintendent coincides with his twenty-first year of service. During his four years as Inspector at Havant, he has carried out his duties with singular unobtrusiveness. He will leave a very large circle of friends who will wish him very sincerely the best of health in his new post. Superintendent Dobson will be succeeded at Havant Police Station by Inspector Stanley of Petersfield who was formerly Sergeant at Havant.

From the *British Legion Journal*, June, 1940 :—

Mr. G. H. Millard, Honorary Treasurer of Curry Rivel Branch, contributes this story concerning his nephew, a new recruit in the Royal Air Force :—

"The boy had just finished his preliminary training and was ordered to another depot. Arriving at the town early in the morning he promptly made for the best hotel, where he had often stayed in civil life, and ordered breakfast.

"Finding that the camp was several miles away, he telephoned through to camp headquarters, told them he had arrived and inquired how he was to reach the camp.

"Headquarters appeared to panic somewhat when he mentioned the name of his hotel and to come to the conclusion that a Brass Hat had arrived unannounced, for they apologised for not having sent a car and said they were sending one right away.

"In due course a large and imposing car arrived with a smart girl driver at the wheel. In the middle of her rush around the hotel in search of an impatient Brass Hat, the new recruit appeared on the scene and suggested to her that she had come for him, only to be promptly told off.

"The search having failed to produce a Brass Hat, the unabashed recruit invited the now hot and flustered young woman to have a coffee. She had one, and the recruit finally arrived at his destination in the staff car."

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

Mr. R. E. D. Campion, a member of our clerical staff who is serving in the R.N.V.R., has recently been married to Miss Kathleen Peeke. Mr. Campion has always taken a keen interest in musical plays and amateur acting and was very popular in the Torbay area. He was formerly with Messrs. Lakeman's Brewery, Brixham, and joined our staff when we took over that brewery. We take this opportunity of wishing him and his bride all good health and a speedy return to Devonport.

Mr. J. K. Anderson, who was formerly licensee of the Platel's Hotel, Brixham, has been recalled to H.M. Service and this hotel has been transferred to Mr. C. F. Hollands. Every good wish is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Hollands in their new undertaking.

The London Hotel, Ashburton, has been transferred to Mr. W. Martin from Mr. G. H. Hawke. Mr. Martin formerly held a licence in Ashburton and many of his friends will no doubt call and see him.

Lieutenant-Commander E. H. Gearing, M.B.E., R.N. (Retd.), formerly at the Beauford Hotel, Chillaton, has now taken over the Victoria Hotel, Dartmouth. Lieutenant-Commander Gearing again volunteered for service in H.M. Navy. He will find numerous acquaintances in Dartmouth and we are sure both Mr. and Mrs. Gearing will be quite happy there.

The New Quay Inn at Brixham (otherwise known as the "Hole-in-the-Wall") a very quaint house, has been transferred from Mr. F. Bamerry to Mr. C. L. Blatcher. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Bamerry every happiness in their retirement and Mr. Blatcher every success as licensee. Mr. and Mrs. Blatcher have previously been associated with the licensed trade and will no doubt be very popular.

Owing to ill-health, Mr. N. Wakeham has relinquished possession of the Prince Alfred Inn, Stonehouse, which has been taken over by Mr. W. J. Kennedy. It is hoped that Mr. Wakeham will soon recover. Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy have numerous friends and we wish them every success.

The Crown and Anchor Inn at Brixham was recently transferred from Mr. W. H. H. Mogridge to Mr. H. Middlemiss.

Mr. Mogridge is coxswain of the Torbay lifeboat and we are sorry that he has left us, but this is on account of a full-time Government appointment under present emergencies. He was very popular and has done a lot of noble work in connection with the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.

Mr. Middlemiss has been associated with the Trade for a number of years in London and was a former player for the Tottenham Hotspur F.C. Mr. and Mrs. Middlemiss are bound to make themselves well known, particularly after taking over a House which has been so popular under the guidance of Mr. and Mrs. Mogridge.

Our readers will no doubt be pleased to learn that the licence of the Gerston Hotel, Paignton, has been transferred to us from Mr. J. S. Huggins. This hotel is situated in the centre of Paignton. Mr. J. S. Huggins, the owner, is of great rugby football fame and has always taken a very keen interest in Paignton, having been Chief of the Fire Brigade for a great number of years. He has been Chairman of the Paignton Urban District Council on several occasions and is also a member of the Devon County Council. He and his family have done great work for various public bodies and Mr. Huggins is a sportsman in every sphere. He is also the owner of several farms and is an expert in the farming fraternity.

Mrs. H. J. Smith, wife of one of our employees who has recently enlisted in the Royal Air Force, has presented her husband with a bonny boy and we are pleased to record that Mrs. Smith and the son are doing well, as also is her husband who is doing his duty.

It is with sincere regret we have to record the death of Mr. W. F. Chapman of the Rising Sun Inn at Brixham. Mr. Chapman was very highly respected in this famous fishing town and was licensee of the Rising Sun for nearly fifty years. He always took an interest in the fishing industry. We extend to Mrs. Chapman our very sincere sympathies in her bereavement.

We often hear (not too often !) from the serving members of our staff and they are concerned about our well-being. We must say that those left behind and the new members are doing very well indeed, often under great difficulties.