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Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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MR. A. G. STRADLING.

MR. A. G. STRADLING.

In September, 1899, Mr. A. G. Stradling joined the clerical staff of Messrs. W. G. Rogers Ltd., at Jacob Street Brewery, Bristol, and a year later was appointed Free Trade Traveller for the area covering North Wales and the Midlands. For many years Mr. Stradling energetically and successfully represented his Company and largely contributed to the sales amongst the free trade, subsequently taking over the supervision of the Tied House trade also. The outbreak of war in 1914 brought many changes, and during 1915 and 1916 the difficulties and problems of military supplies gave much scope to his versatile qualities until, in November, 1916, he himself obtained a commission in the Special Reserve of Officers for the R.F.C.—then a mere “infant in arms.”

Strangely enough, Reading, even at that time, figured in Mr. Stradling's life story, for it was at Wantage Hall that he entered upon his first course of instruction. His various posts and promotions afterwards leave no doubt as to his value, as assessed by those in authority—1st Lieutenant and Stores Officer at Catterick and York. Staff Officer, 3rd class (Captain) at N.E. Area H.Q., followed, in 1918, by being gazetted Major and Staff Officer (2nd class) with an appointment to H.Q., N.W. Area, at Glasgow in January, 1919. Although he was awarded a permanent R.A.F. commission, age and pension regulations made him decide to enter civilian life again.

In December, 1919, Mr. Stradling resumed his occupation at Jacob Street, Bristol, and took over his old pre-war area until, in 1935, the Brewery was acquired by Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. and merged into the general organization of the parent Company. To-day, as the Tied House representative and stock-taker for the Bristol area, his mileage is no doubt considerably less, but his work in this capacity is just as valuable to us as it was to his old company.

Mr. Stradling's activities, both in Trade and sporting circles, have brought him fame—at least amongst Bristolians. As a

member of the Bristol club's noted 1908 “pack,” his fifteen stone of solid muscle was something to be feared by all opponents. For a number of years as a hooker and “front row specialist” he made his presence felt wherever Bristol rugby was known.

Later, as coach and member of committee, his experience was of great value to the club. He has had many and varied interests in his life, from amateur track cycle racing, in the early 'nineties, to boy chorister and later as a choral basso-profundo. Also Chairman of Bristol Committee of the Royal Commercial Travellers' Schools and Benevolent Institution in 1939. In addition, he is a P.M. of St. Nicholas' Lodge and a P.P.J.G.D. of the Province of Bristol Freemasons, and holds office in the Whitson Chapter to-day.

This record of successes and achievements in various spheres will be perused with great interest by the rising generation of employees (many of whom, however, are now scattered throughout H.M. Forces) and by Mr. Stradling's wide circle of friends.



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.)

PEDIGREE!

Lady Client (trying to bargain for a dog): "Now you are sure it is a pedigree dog?"

Dealer: "Pedigree! Why, madam, if the dog could talk he wouldn't speak to either of us."

WELL, WELL!

The young woman from college was explaining. "Take an egg," she said, "and make a perforation in the base with some suitable pointed instrument, and a corresponding one in the apex. Then, by applying the lips to one aperture and forcibly exhaling the breath, discharge the shell of its contents."

"Well, well," said the farmer's wife, who was listening, "it beats all how folks do things nowadays. When I was a girl, we just made a hole in each end and blew."

WRAPPING IT UP!

The fact that scientists are the worst offenders (even worse than Civil servants) in the perpetration of technical jargon has once more been proved by the New Jersey (U.S.A.) inventor of a quick-drying ink for the use of newspaper presses. To show that he has no secrets from the great reading public, this gentleman has described his discovery as "a dihydric alcohol polyester of an unsaturated dicarboxylic acid selected from the group consisting of fumaric, maleic, citraconic and itaconic acids."

Could anything be plainer? It must have been a relative of his who translated "Twinkle, twinkle, little star" into—

Scintillate, scintillate, globule vivific,
How can I fathom your nature's specific?
Loftily poised in the ether capacious,
Strongly resembling a gem carbonaceous.

ODD!

Oddly enough, red liquor is still the best cure for the blues.

FULL USE MADE OF SPORTS GROUND.

Our wonderful Sports Ground is truly fulfilling its purpose—providing healthy recreation to many, and sections of the Services are allowed the use of it. The season has not been by any means all that could have been desired and the cricket pitches, after the heavy rains, showed unmistakable signs of hard wear. But the ground has received very skilled care and despite the hard wear the "square" is still in first-class condition—a treat to bat or bowl on. With such an unseasonable season it is indeed creditable to have kept the ground in such an excellent condition. This has meant a great amount of very hard work, and all praise to those who have performed it.

THE TENNIS COURTS.

As to the grass tennis courts, they are some of the best it has ever been my pleasure to play on, and they have been the subject of much favourable comment from many quarters. We had a delightful time there one afternoon and evening this month. We had the honour of the presence of two Wimbledon players—one lady and one gentleman. The tennis was fast and furious, but we showed them the stuff that Simonds' is made of and at the end of many fiercely fought games honours were even and those two Wimbledon representatives not only congratulated us on our courts, which they said would be a credit to any club, but congratulated us on our play.

AL FRESCO TEA!

And I must tell you about our tea on this occasion. We came with the necessary provisions, but no proper crockery was available out of which to drink the tea. Utensils of various shapes and sizes were found and there was I drinking tea out of a pint glass, another was drinking from a paste pot, another from a condensed milk tin, another from a jam jar, and yet another from a cardboard vessel. If only the cameraman had been present to photograph us as we sat on that seat drinking to our hearts' content out of these unusual tea containers! But it all added to the fun of the fair and after some very hard games it did not matter much where the drink came from so long as it was there. "Have another, Charlie?" kindly asked one of the company. "What, another pint! No, thanks, I don't drink much—tea. In fact, I am almost

a *teatotaller*." They all laughed and one wag added, "I'm glad you spelt it correctly!" Well, after this delightful interval, we continued the game with renewed vigour and did not cease firing until the shades of night were falling.

GOOD ORGANIZATION.

And to run a Sports Club, particularly in these days, requires a lot of careful organization. This leaves nothing to be desired. Mr. W. Bradford may be seen frequently on the ground attending to things in general in his well-known competent way. The cricket section could not have an abler Secretary than Mr. Jelley, while Mr. Huddy, in a similar capacity, runs the tennis to the great satisfaction of all. Nor must I forget the ladies who so kindly assist with the teas. These are indeed wonderful, considering the war-time rations, and more than ever welcome and refreshing after a strenuous time on the cricket field or tennis courts. We, who play, owe these ladies a great debt of gratitude for giving up so much of their spare time to cater for our enjoyment.

THAT LITTLE BROWN BIRD!

Partridge shooting commenced on September 1st and that little brown bird with the chocolate-coloured horseshoe on his grey breast doubtless tested the skill of many a sportsman. What happy memories partridge shooting recalls. The long walks through acres of roots in the September sun with a fresh westerly breeze blowing—how invigorating! Or perhaps the day is rainy and the roots are waterlogged; the walks through them are a joy all the same, though of a different character, for no rain damps the spirit of the true sportsman. I well remember, not long ago, a covey coming over a cottage high and very fast. Bang! Bang! and a fine shot brought down two birds with a right and left. The spot was not far removed from Audleys Wood and the gun concerned was the Chairman and Managing Director of a great Brewery. It was indeed good shooting!

SLOUGH'S FIRST HONORARY FREEMAN.

Another piece of municipal history was made in Slough on Monday, August 18th, when at a large assembly of the leading citizens in the Town Hall, the first name was inscribed upon Slough's roll of Honorary Freemen of the Borough. Once again the central figure of the ceremony was Alderman Edward Thomas Bowyer, J.P. (eldest brother of our Home Trade Manager), whose personage, for future generations, will always be inseparably linked with the memorable years when Slough first became a borough and took its place in the ranks of the municipalities of

England. He was Charter Mayor of Slough, receiving the Charter of Incorporation for his native town, granted by the King, at the hands of the Lord Lieutenant of the County. Already possessing the remarkable record of having been Chairman of the Council on each occasion during the past thirty years when an enlargement of the town's boundaries took place, he likewise was first Mayor of Slough, holding that office for the first two years of Slough's life as a borough. The Mayor said: "I am sure, in making this presentation to Alderman Bowyer, it is only a small thing that Slough can do to give him in the future years some repayment for the time that he has given to Slough."

A REMARKABLE RECORD.

Alderman Bowyer was no less than six times Chairman of the Slough U.D.C. and for 19 years a County Councillor. He has been a trustee of the Slough Odd Fellows' Society for 37 years. He is Governor of the Slough Grammar School, President of the Thomas Gray Parents' Association, Chairman of the Ragstone Road School Managers. Then his work is well known in Slough on behalf of the Hospital. He was Chairman of the Slough Hospital Committee for 22 years, and he is now a member of the Board of Management of King Edward VII Hospital, Vice-President of the Slough Maternity Home, and President of the St. John Ambulance. He rendered great service to the Slough British Legion. But for the kindness of Alderman Bowyer in his gift of land, it is doubtful if they would have had the Lady Haig Club. He presented the playing fields and made other gifts of land for widening Stoke Road and Wexham Road. Alderman Bowyer is Chairman of many important Committees. This by no means includes all of Alderman Bowyer's activities in order to further the best interests of his fellow men. Never was such an honour, and it is indeed a great one, more richly deserved.

Well done, good and faithful servant!

FREEMAN'S PRIVILEGES.

Some strange guesses have been hazarded as to the privileges which can be claimed by a man on whom the Freedom of a Borough has been conferred, as the *Windsor, Slough and Eton Express* points out. In actual fact, there are no special privileges attaching to the honour, but it is a direct link with ancient usage, as the Mayor of Slough made clear in a brief summary which he gave at the ceremony. Before 1835, when Municipal Corporations were reformed, Freemen were a constituent part of the Corporations and did have special rights and privileges, such as, in some cases,

exemption from tolls and dues; and before 1832 it was often only the Freemen who had the right to vote. Their right to be Freemen depended on the Charter and customs of a Borough, and might be claimed by birth, apprenticeship to another Freeman, purchase, gift, or marriage. It was, in fact, a relic of the old mediaeval Guilds. In older boroughs there is still a roll of Freemen on which certain persons may claim to have their names inscribed, but newer boroughs may create only Honorary Freemen, under an Act of 1885 incorporated in the Local Government Act of 1933. This indicates that a Council may admit to be Honorary Freeman persons of distinction and any persons who have rendered eminent service to the borough. Thus an Honorary Freeman's title is newer and harder earned than that of a Freeman, the only similarity being that neither can claim exemption from rates or indeed any other privilege.

GAS MASK AND BOX OF FISHING FLIES.

An enthusiastic fisherman on returning from Devonshire in the early days of the war thought that the little bag in which he carried his box of artificial flies, etc., would be just the thing for his gas mask. He took out his box of flies and replaced it by the gas mask. It was a perfect fit. But he had another day's fly-fishing, so he put the gas mask away carefully and again placed the box of flies in the bag. He caught some nice trout, but on his return home he forgot to again exchange his flies for the gas mask, and for months he was carrying about the box of fishing lures thinking it was his gas mask.

What a good thing he did not have occasion to use his mask during those months!

THAT BIRDLESS GROVE!

I don't know whether you have heard this amusing little story connected with the glorious Goodwood Races? Some years ago a fellow joined a party going to Goodwood. He was a bit of a naturalist and arriving at the course, some time before the racing began, thought he would like to visit the Birdless Grove. He did so and found so much to interest him that he stayed there longer than he intended. Eventually he thought it time to return to his friends. One of them was a well-known detective and he went up to him and said: "Have you got anything good for the next race?" "Next race, be demmed," he replied, "the last race finished half-an-hour ago!" And so, during his first visit to Goodwood, this bird-lover did not see a race, not even a horse or a jockey!

A MATTER OF TASTE.

Owing to the lack of sun these September days, and during August, the tomatoes took much longer than usual to ripen. I like a little sugar with my tomatoes, raw or fried. I was also very partial to a little sugar on my Spanish onion when I went a-fishing on cold, wintry days. But Spanish onions are, of course, now hard to obtain. With regard to strawberries—they have indeed been few and far between this summer—a friend told me there was nothing like a little pepper to bring out the flavour. By the way, one of my favourite sandwiches is a thick wad of young nasturtium leaves in between the bread and butter. Try them, with plenty of pepper and salt.

SWEET VIOLETS!

Quite a lot of these favourite flowers has been found in gardens and on the banks of the countryside this month. We are living in strange times and even the seasons seem out of joint. August certainly lacked its usual glory and was characterised by particularly dull days.

WELL "BOWLED," MR. WADHAMS!

I noticed that one of the finalists in the Berkshire Bowls County Championship this year was Mr. J. H. Wadhams, the Assistant Secretary of the Company. He and his partner, Mr. H. L. Talbot, played in the pairs final and were defeated by a narrow margin. It is only a few years ago that Mr. Wadhams was playing cricket for the "Hop Leaf" XI, and some of us can well remember his all-round ability at the game. He was a very hard hitter and scored many sixes, while as keeper behind the "sticks" he was particularly smart and woe betide the batsman who stepped out beyond the crease and missed the ball—the wicket-keeper had the bails off before he could return. Mr. Wadhams also skippered the side with conspicuous success. Mr. Talbot has always been associated with sport in Reading, and will also be remembered in Brewery circles as the one-time licensee of the Jack of Both Sides. These two gentlemen are members of the Reading Bowling Club (old friends of ours), and it is interesting to record that this Club figured in three out of the five County Championships this year and won two of them.

Well done, Reading!

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Be not alarmed as to the future of a great truth. It may be obscured for a time by the darkness of error, but always to rise again in greater glory, like the morning sun.

We are as much inclined to under-rate our possibilities as to over-rate our achievements.

A THOUGHT.

Cultivate calm, peace, repose.

Let us not, therefore judge one another any more. But judge this, rather, that you put not a stumbling block or a scandal in your brother's way.

Never fall out with your bread and butter.

Do good if you expect to receive any.

A good beginning sets the standard for a good day.

Nature has two great revelations—use and beauty.

I AM THE POOR BOX!

I am the poor box. I stand alone in the back of your church ready to greet you when you coldly pass me by. You look upon me as just a wooden box but I have a heart: it is the heart of throbbing humanity. I am the sentinel standing guard until the end of time. I am hungry, always, forever hungry, while man treads the earth.

You do not know, will never know, what I accomplish for "one of these." I cover theft. I am the antidote for pride. I am humble and teach my followers all is vanity "but to serve God and

Him alone." I am greater than faith or hope. The boaster's tongue is mute in my presence; the braggart's lips are dumb.

I am the most powerful and the easiest prayer in the world: "Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me." I reach out into eternity to plead your cause in life and death. I keep men from despair. I bring a smile to the worried face; joy to the sad heart. Greed and avarice, graft and jealousy cannot exist where I am. Without you I am helpless.

BUCKLEBURY.

Had I the joy to own a caravan,
I know the very spot where I would stay:
—Equipped with simple needs (to smallest pan)
I'd make my home out Bucklebury way.

I'd have a little chair wherein to doze.
—A shelf for favoured authors—Kipling—Keats
—A peg whereon to hang my change of clothes
—A tiny larder for my drinks and meats.

I'd draw my van beneath an aged oak
(For shelter, 'case it wasn't water-proof)
And on the wooden steps I'd sit and smoke,
Whilst acorns rattled down across the roof.

But soon I'd get a fit of wanderlust
—Perhaps I'd rest, for sixty minutes still,
Then start (my pockets bulging buttered crust)
For Stanford Dingley, Frilsham, Beenham Hill.

And if my friends came out to visit me
I'd take them to a clump of firs I know
Where, in the autumn sunlight, they should see
Cold Ash ahead, and Thatcham down below.

Then back we'd turn—for one more pipe of peace
—For waving hands, and swift departing cars,
Till I (as up the road the hoots should cease)
Was left alone beneath the shining stars.

S. E. COLLINS.

NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

COARSE FISHING IS A FINE ART.

MOTHER RAT'S SOLICITUDE FOR HER YOUNG.

The coarse fishing season is now in full swing and I have spent some very happy hours on the banks of the Rivers Kennet and Thames, with varying success. I caught three pope or ruffes in the Thames, and these members of the finny tribe continued to nibble at my bait in annoying fashion, thus interfering with my chance of landing larger fish. The pope is an obscure little fish resembling the gudgeon in hue and, in general form, it is much like the perch, with its long hog back and spinous dorsal fin. But, unlike the perch, it is unwarlike and mild-mannered. As to its worth on the table, no less an authority than Izaak Walton says of this little fish, wearing its coat of light olive, mottled with a darker tint, "no fish that swims is of a pleasanter taste." More's the pity then that the body of the pope is so diminutive in size. The pope generally measures only 3 or 4 inches. To catch one 6 inches in length would be very unusual. I have had some fun with the pike, but they were mostly small and I only brought away a brace, each of them under 4 lbs. On one occasion I had run out of baits and just when I particularly wanted one could not catch him for love or money. I therefore threw out a dead gudgeon which had been the means of luring one of the pike to its doom. A dead fish is a good bait for an eel, and I had hoped to land one of these for which there is so great a demand among my friends. Suddenly the top joint of my rod showed considerable agitation. I had placed it in "rests" some yards from where I was roaching. I strolled towards it and before I had reached the rod there were two mighty tugs, the winch gave out "music" and about thirty yards of line. But when I drew the line in gently I was ever so disappointed to find there was no fish on the end. He had got away with a fine fat gudgeon, but had missed the hook. Good luck to him! By the strength of those tugs at the line he was a fine fish, and I doubt not he will be mine before the season closes.

A FINE ART.

Of course, "bottom" fishing for roach, perch, jack, bream, barbel, etc., is not the same as fishing for trout with gossamer line and tiny fly. The art of casting a fly deftly can only be gained by many years of experience. But I think the word "coarse" as applied to this other kind of angling is a greatly misplaced description. Roach fishing, etc., is indeed a fine art and the very antithesis of "coarseness." Watch an adept at it and you will come away convinced that he is far from a "coarse" fisherman and much more an M.A.; indeed, a Master of Arts. And you might add B.Sc., for the scientific manner in which he prepares and presents his bait fully entitles him to the designation Bachelor of Science. He will catch fish under almost all or any conditions, while the inexperienced angler will go empty away. I, at any rate, raise my hat to my M.A. and B.Sc. angling friends, and they are very many—and none better!

A FISHING MATCH.

I suppose a fishing match evokes as much leg-pulling, if not more, than any other form of sport. Quite recently I was one of a jolly party participating in such a competition. One of the anglers fell into the river and he was promptly reminded that that was fishing water—not a bathing pool. Poor fellow! And he had to be motored home to don a dry suit of clothes.

Luckily the weather was warm.

THE MORE SERIOUS SIDE.

But there is a very serious side to these tests of skill. The keen angler will note the slightest "touch" and respond like lightning, but ever so gently, in driving the hook home at the first sign of a bite. He will dish out his carefully prepared ground bait, little and often, throwing it where it will have the greatest effect. If the water is fast he will place it well above where he is fishing so that by the time the food reaches the bottom of the river it will

be just where he is fishing, not too far up and not too far down stream.

No, "coarse" fishing is indeed a fine art as all who understand it will readily agree.

MOTHER RAT'S CARE FOR YOUNG.

On one of these great days, owing to the torrential rain that had recently fallen, the Kennet was running swift and strong—too swift for really good fishing and "bags" were not big. But what matters! There are other things in and by the waterside in addition to fish. There are brilliantly-coloured butterflies, and equally gay-coloured kingfishers. There are the swallows and martins, chiff-chaffs and willow warblers, and quite a number of other migrants still with us. I noticed, however, that the swifts took their departure at the end of last month.

In one part of the river the current was particularly strong. A young water-rat, about the size of a mouse, essayed to cross the current but was rapidly carried down stream and in imminent peril. But mother rat saw its little one's danger, swam out to it, seized the body in its mouth and promptly carried it to safer quarters. Mother-love is a wondrous thing. This old rat had four more children on the other side of the stream where the current was so strong. She evidently thought that they, too, would attempt to cross and run the risk of drowning, expert little swimmers though they were. So she was leaving nothing to chance. Having rescued one of her children and taken it where the water was less turbulent and into a thick bed of rushes, she went and fetched another in her mouth, then another and another until she had taken all her five children to a place of safety. It was a charming little bit of rescue work and typical of the great love displayed by God's creatures of the countryside towards their children. The parents often risk their own lives, and not infrequently lose them, in their solicitude for their bairns.

"Greater love than this . . ."

WHATEVER IS IT?

I was seated on my camp stool, amid the rushes, in a particularly quiet spot watching my float—and also an old bull busy feeding with the cows in the same meadow. I am familiar with most of the little creatures of the countryside, but there came gaily swimming down stream something that I thought I had never seen before. I sat as still as a mouse and on came the little amphibian towards me. Its body was small, but it appeared, in the distance, that this strange-looking thing had an enormous, light-coloured head. Well, I remained quite quiet and the creature passed right by me. The mystery was solved! And what do you think it was? A rat carrying a large apple in its mouth!

WON BY KINDNESS.

The other day a kind-hearted little girl found a young bird in distress. She thought it had been injured and, tenderly nursing it, took it to a gentleman who is an authority on natural history and asked him all about it. She wished to know the name of the bird which had a speckled breast and asked what was the matter with it. Well, the bird was a robin; all young robins have such breasts. It had probably been stung and very soon responded to a little kindly care. When it had recovered, the gentleman concerned took it to a little woodland a few hundred yards from his home and there left it to its own resources. Judge of his surprise when, as he was digging in his garden the next morning, that self-same robin perched on his fork and spent an hour in his company showing not the slightest fear. Undoubtedly it was the same bird, for the gentleman had previously noted it had a few peculiarly-coloured feathers on its head. The robin had probably come to return thanks for kindness shown.

GREY SQUIRREL COMES TO TOWN.

The grey squirrel is a very handsome creature with his fine grey coat and nine-inch tail. It is a thousand pities that he is such

a destructive animal, and it is a pity also that he was ever introduced to us as he was from North America during the last century. I found one at a nightingale's nest where he had done to death the mother bird and her five young. If I had had a gun I would have shot him dead. Few animals are more destructive. They devour buds, young shoots, bulbs, nuts, and fruit of all description. Birds' eggs and young birds are also much to their liking. Just recently a grey squirrel was seen sitting on the top of a telephone pole in Lorne Street, Reading, where he spent several hours in the sun.

PARACHUTISTS LAND IN READING.

Parachutists by the thousand are landing every day now in Reading and district, and in numerous places elsewhere. But don't be alarmed: I am only referring to the thistle seeds which are equipped with parachutes, and thistle-down is so proverbially light that, with a favourable wind, the seeds may be carried many miles. And surely there was never so much thistle-down in evidence. You seem to come across it everywhere in town and country, and I am afraid that farmers will have a bounteous and unwelcome crop next year.

THE WONDERS YET UNDREAMT OF.

No matter what the season of the year, God's creatures, great and small, are a never-failing source of interest. The more you learn about them the less you seem to know, for the higher you climb up the great tree of knowledge the further you can see around, and I often think of the wonders there must be as yet undreamt of. It seems probable, indeed, that amid the vast universe which the astronomer labours to comprehend, there must be created beings, to whom our span of life of three score years and ten seems as brief as that of the ephemeron does to us, when we behold its passage from the cradle to the grave between the rising and the setting of the sun.

WEEDS AND WILD FLOWERS.

How delightful, amid such reflections, is the conviction which all nature forces on us, that the Supreme Governor of the universe is a being of infinite love, on whose care and goodness all may repose without a sense of apprehension or fear, and who has created even the weeds and wild flowers to minister to the wants of countless millions of living creatures, while they serve also to gratify our senses and instruct our minds.

LIGHTER SIDE.

I warned poor Mary of her fate
But she would wed the plumber's mate;
For hours the choir was forced to sing,
While he went back to fetch the ring!

* * * *

"Do you think you could learn to love me?"

"Possibly; but, if I were a man I'd hate to think I was an acquired taste."

* * * *

TEACHER: "Now if the earth travels round the sun—what travels round the earth."

BILLY: "Please miss, tramps."

* * * *

SON: "Pa, what does it mean here by 'Diplomatic Phraseology.'"

DAD: "My son, if you tell a girl that time stands still while you gaze into her eyes, that's diplomacy. But, if you tell her that her face would stop a clock, you're in for it."

ULSTER WEDDING.

KIRBY—PATTERSON.

Below is a report of the recent wedding of Captain E. Kirby, son of Mr. Frederick Kirby, Delivery Department, taken from a leading Ulster paper.

Helen's Bay Presbyterian Church was decorated with flowers in the colours of the bridegroom's regiment—blue, yellow and silver—for the wedding of Miss Yvonne Mary Helen Patterson and Captain Eric Kirby, R.A.S.C. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. L. W. Martin, M.A., Minister of the Church, assisted by the Rev. J. H. Williams, M.A., Chaplain to the Forces.

The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Thomas Kennedy, Mornington Park, Bangor, and the bridegroom the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kirby, Reading, Berks.

The bride, who was given away by her stepfather, wore a gown of ivory slipper satin, the close-fitting corsage embroidered in fern design in pearl and silver. Her only ornament was a string of pearls, the gift of the bridegroom, and she carried a bouquet of white roses and white heather.

She was attended by two bridesmaids, the Misses Alice Sloss and Mary Millar in Regina blue shadow lace frocks. Each wore a gold necklace, the gift of the bridegroom. Captain C. P. Cooke, R.A.M.C., acted as best man, and Mr. Dennis Patterson, brother of the bride as groomsman. The service was fully choral.

Ushers at the Church included Mr. Mowbray Elliott, Mr. Sam Millar, N.I.H., 2/Lieut. A. R. Williams, R.A.S.C., and 2/Lieut. J. M. Reynolds, R.A.S.C.

After the ceremony a reception was held in the Imperial Hotel, Bangor, to which some hundred guests were invited. The numerous presents included a handsome salver from the bridegroom's brother officers.

The honeymoon is being spent in England.



BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER).

The special effort for the H. & G. Simonds' Savings Association is in full swing and *extra* amounts are being subscribed for by the

Mr. E. B. Chuter (Transport Department), in the R.A.F. (Medical Services), was a member of our First Aid Party, and informs me he has passed his examinations and really is doing well after a spell in hospital on duty. Also, in consequence, he is receiving extra pay, and now holds an S.N.C.—presumably a Sick Nursing Certificate.

in the life of the present savings "cycle," which is so *medical*. Should this catch the eye of any employee who would like to put something by each week and they will get in touch with Mr. A. H. Hopkins (Correspondence Office) he will only be too happy to explain full details and take the cash. So roll up and as most people know Friday is the *best* day.

Congratulations to Sergt. Air Gunner R. Skidmore on being presented with a daughter. After a trip to Cologne he heard the news and rushed home with all speed. Mr. Skidmore, of the Bottled Beer Department, is well known at The Brewery, both for his ability and genial nature. I am sure everyone will join me in wishing him all success in his new life and a safe return.

Another letter (airgraph this time) has been received by Mr. W. Bowyer from Sergt. N. H. Lipscombe from the Middle East. In it he says he is quite well after his "adventures" in Greece and Crete, and mentions that they all owe a big debt to the wonderful British Navy for their return to safety. Apparently he is very lucky in one respect as he states, "Since leaving good old England I have had about 110 letters, 15 cables and the *Berkshire Chronicle* regularly"; the latter, he says, proves of great interest as it contains all the local tit-bits. He wishes to be remembered to all friends.

It is a job to keep pace with the various changes in staff owing to the calling-up of so many—particularly the younger members—and the registration of practically everyone, males and females. In time, I suppose, we shall all get sorted out, indexed and labelled. We shall see.

Quite recently Mr. S. Gray, of the Estates Office (also a member of the First Aid Post at The Brewery) has left for the R.A.F., together with Mr. Harrison, of the Transport Department. In connection with Gray a presentation of a "military" hair brush and comb,

also a safety razor set, was made to him by Mr. T. W. Kent, on behalf of the members of the First Aid Party, with whom he had been associated for quite a while. The gifts came as a great surprise and were very much appreciated by Gray, and he took the opportunity of thanking all subscribers before departing to his new life.

leading Ulster paper.

Helen's Bay Presbyterian Church was decorated with flowers in the colours of the bridegroom's regiment—blue, yellow and silver—for the wedding of Miss Yvonne Mary Helen Patterson and Captain Eric Kirby, R.A.S.C. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. L. W. Martin, M.A., Minister of the Church, assisted by the Rev. J. H. Williams, M.A., Chaplain to the Forces.

Mr. E. C. Schofield (Transport Department) called looking resplendent in sailor's uniform (or is it clothes?) with H.M.S. "Something" on his hat (or is it cap?) and with 6 feet 3 inches of bone and muscle he was certainly a splendid advertisement for the Senior and Silent Service—just as if one was needed. The new life appealed to him and he was stationed "where it is so bracing."

Another who looked in was Mr. R. Ayers, of the Office staff in the Bottled Beer Department. He had had a spell of drill, then a course of instruction, which he passed, the leave, and he will soon be on full-time duty in the R.A.F. He said he liked the life and the food. By the way, his sister is a fairly recent newcomer to the staff of the Correspondence Office.

Mr. C. T. Wade was another caller. He is in a famous cavalry regiment—now mechanised—and being of good physique has filled out and looked a real soldier. Previously he was in the General Office.

We have lost Mrs. Thomas (General Office), who has joined the A.F.S. as telephonist, and Miss K. Timms (Correspondence Office), who has joined the W.A.A.F. Miss Timms called in a short time ago to renew old associations. From all accounts the new life is good to her and not being too far away she manages to get home to Reading now and again.

We also welcome back Miss Thatcher (General Office), who, after a short spell in the Women's Land Army, has come back to the job she was doing before leaving us.

As far as I can recollect we have had fairly recent visits from the undermentioned previous members of our staff, who are engaged in various duties in the Navy, Army, and Air Force :—

Messrs. Hedgington, Gigg, Rickards, Martin Jack, Poole (G.), Collins (S.), Solly, Corpl. L. Buckingham, Walker (A. L.), Tott, King (E. W.), and Sergt. Air Gunner K. Jenkins.

Some are near to us, whilst others "miles away." They all look good.

Mr. E. B. Chuter (Transport Department), in the R.A.F. (Medical Services), was a member of our First Aid Party, and informs me he has passed his examinations and really is doing well after a spell in hospital on duty. Also, in consequence, he is receiving extra pay, and now holds an S.N.C.—presumably a Sick Nursing Certificate.

There are a few others in the Offices who have had their medical examinations, so in their case it may be "any minute now" when they have to report for duty, although in quite a number of instances it will be a hard job to replace them, as they are undoubtedly engaged in most essential duties at The Brewery. We shall know more about this anon.

I have heard that W. Greenaway (Branch Office) is now in India; also F. C. Smith (Accounts Office).

Mr. H. C. Shepherd (Cashier) has received the pleasing news that his boy, in the Middle East and who has been ill with pneumonia, is now better and off the seriously sick list.

In a letter to Mr. T. E. Stevens, Gunner J. P. Slade 873143, 232 Battery, B.H.Q., 74th (C. of G.), Hy. A.A. Regt., R.A., Middle East Forces, says he is quite well—actually never felt better. Nevertheless, he is rather tired of seeing nothing but sand in the desert and mentions he would like a little slice of the old English climate, including rain, winds and fogs, by way of a change. He wishes to be remembered to his friends, particularly of the Delivery Office, and also says he has had a letter from R. Griffin (R.A.F.) and previously of that department. I have given his address above in full as he would welcome a line from anyone giving him news from this country.

Football has started once again—it seems only a few weeks ago when Reading completed their last year's fixture list—and the two results to date have been rather surprising. As last season, the first attendance at Elm Park was quite good and as far as one can gather likely to be so throughout the next eight or nine months. Much will depend on what players can turn out for Reading regularly, but there is every prospect of a successful time.

We are still endeavouring to get in a few days' holiday now and again before the 1st October when, of course, the annual balancing starts once more.

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

The White Lion, Cryers Hill (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. E. A. Hillier.

The Warren House, Wokingham (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. S. F. L. Shawyer.

The White Hart, Chobham (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. S. T. Wallace.

The Swan Inn, Pangbourne (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. D. M. E. Adams.

The Queen, High Wycombe (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. E. R. Large.

The Crown, Loudwater (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mrs. E. M. Timberlake.

From the *Newbury Weekly News* :—

FATAL ACCIDENT IN BLACK-OUT.—Much sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. S. Pike, of the Halfway Inn, on the tragic death of their second son, William Valentine Pike, aged 45 years, who was knocked down in the black-out at Greenford, Middlesex, and succumbed to his injuries. He was well known in Ramsbury and highly respected. The funeral took place at the Holy Cross Church.

The Distinguished Service Medal has been awarded to Leading Telegraphist G. F. Cummins, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Cummins, of Harrow Inn, Headley. He is one of the members of the submarine *The Upholder*, which has been sinking Italian ships in the Mediterranean, and the award is for skill and enterprise in successful patrols.

We regret to record the death of Mr. P. A. D. Smith, The Bee Hive, Staines, who died on the 25th August. He was previously a tenant of the Prince of Wales, Englefield Green, from 8th August, 1906, and took over the tenancy of the Bee Hive on the 28th January, 1929, so for 35 years has been a tenant. To all relatives we express our deepest sympathy in their loss.

P.S.—Have you received your Income Tax Assessment Form yet?

CRICKET.

August, the last official month of the cricket season, is fast drawing to its close and we have not had a full programme. Three matches only have been played, two of which were won and the other left unfinished as a draw. One other game had to be cancelled owing to unfavourable weather, and this leaves the last Saturday in the month somewhat in the air.

As will be seen below, the Youths' Section have had no games this month, and the ladies have also had a blank spell. A return match had been arranged with the Post Office, but the weather intervened and consequently it had to be put off.

Details of the games played are as follows :—

2nd August. SIMONDS 88 for 6 v. OLD BLUES 100.

Time prevented a finish to this game with the Brewery requiring 13 runs to win and four wickets in hand.

The Old Blues batted first, but quickly lost their first wicket to a good catch. The next partnership settled down and carried the score to 40 when another safe pair of hands broke it. Without any addition we got No. 3. Only nine were made by the fourth wicket, but the fifth put on 19. The sixth and seventh both fell at 80, the eighth at 96, ninth at 99, and when the century was reached the last wicket fell.

Our fielding was exceptionally keen and seven catches were made, Lambourne having 3, Beddow 2, Morgan and Sexton 1 each. Greenaway had the best bowling figures with 4 for 15. Hawkins, Organ and Sexton each took two wickets for 19, 35 and 27 respectively.

Our batting did not commence at all well. We lost our first four wickets for 31. The fifth partnership put on 19 and the sixth another 11. Beddow, who was batting very confidently, was then joined by Sexton, and when the extra period of time agreed upon had elapsed had carried the total to 88 and their personal scores to 29 and 10. Morgan (12) and Greenaway (10) were the next best scores.

9th August. SIMONDS 95 v. ROYAL SIGNALS 12.

The Signals were unlucky enough to catch us on a day when our fielding was magnificent and in two overs had lost three men without any score, all due to brilliant catches in the slips. One of these batsmen was our old colleague, Charlie Josey. The team did not recover from this reverse, and our boys continued to hold

everything that came along. Seven catches were made: 3 by Lambourne, 1 each by Magson, Beddow, Greenaway and Hawkins. The bowlers naturally rejoiced, for Organ's analysis read: 5 overs, 1 maiden, 7 runs, 6 wickets; and Hawkins' was 4.4 overs, 1 maiden, 4 runs, 4 wickets.

Our opening pair were separated in a similar manner, but the next pair went on confidently, putting on 20 runs before Organ was run out. Only 7 runs were added for the third wicket, but the fourth added 16. Having by now a respectable margin, and therefore no responsibility, the succeeding batsmen were able to go for runs. Beddow collected 23, Greenaway 17, Benham 13, Lambourne 12, Organ 11 and Hawkins 10. We were only batting ten men as Magson had to leave early and did not get a knock. He came to our assistance as we were one short.

16th August. SIMONDS 74 for 9 v. HOME GUARD (Spencers Wood) 28.

Our friends were not able to bring their full selected team along for this return match, and as H. Tozer was having a few hours' leave and came up to watch the game, he turned out for them.

The Home Guard commenced, but could make no headway against the bowling of Organ and Hawkins. The fielders were not so prominent on this occasion, only one catch being taken and one "run out." The wind was rather strong and this may have been the cause of four of the Guard being out to "full tosses." In just under 12 overs the side was dismissed, Organ taking 5 for 11 and Hawkins 4 for 15.

Our batting did not open any too well, for we lost the first wicket for 7 runs, and the second fell at the same score. We got 15 more before the fall of the next wicket. The winning hit was duly recorded in the succeeding partnership. Our fellows could not get going against Cook, whose well-controlled "slows" kept them on the defensive. It might have been better policy to have played forward and thus "killed" the spin. Our most successful batsmen were Lambourne (27) and Benham (19 not out).

23rd August. SIMONDS v. HOME GUARD (Reading).

Our first match with this team was marred by bad weather, so we were anxious to try our strength against them this week-end. It was not to be. Early in the morning rain commenced and this, following on other inclement days during the week, made a cancellation of our game necessary.

No game having previously been arranged for the 30th of the month, endeavours are being made to get one fixed up with the local company Home Guard. Should this be done a report will be given

in the following issue of THE GAZETTE, when it will be possible to review the season and give averages.

READING YOUTHS' CRICKET LEAGUE.

Last month it was stated that this tourney was practically completed, we having one more match to play. Through a misunderstanding, our opponents turned up on the ground one evening only to find that our team was not present, as we had not been advised the date had been accepted. Another evening was fixed up, but the groundsman would not permit any play on the pitch.

To give both teams an equal chance, good light is essential, but with the uncertainty of fixing up an evening at the tail end of August, when the evenings take in quickly, we decided to cancel the fixture and forfeit the points, and the League Secretary was accordingly so advised.

As will be seen by the following table, we finished third, which is fairly satisfactory considering our late entry into the League and the congestion of fixtures caused thereby.

SENIOR DIVISION.

	P.	W.	L.	Pts.
Reading Y.M.C.A. ...	10	9	1	18
Sutton Central O.B. ...	10	8	2	16
Simonds ...	10	5	5	10
Huntley and Palmers ...	10	4	6	8
P.O. Messengers ...	10	3	7	6
Redlands Boys' Club ...	10	0	10	0

Great credit is due to the lads for their keenness and to the Captain for the able manner in which he raised and led his team.

The League was won by Y.M.C.A., who played Sutton Central Old Boys in the deciding match and won by one run in the final over.

J.W.J.

When the visitor was shown into the manager's private room he remarked; "That new clerk of yours seems a hard worker."

"Yes," replied the other: "that's his speciality.

"What, working hard?" "No; seeming to."



THE FOUR SERVICES.

In the above photograph represented are four Services. There are Mr. E. W. B. Bowsher, Building Department, Fireman; Mr. H. E. Bowsher, R.A.S.C. (son); Mr. L. Mylum, late Transport, R.A.F. (son-in-law); and—Mr. Firkin, General Demand.

A dapper little man applied for a separation order to be made out against his wife on the ground of cruelty. When asked by the magistrate if he could prove his case he replied meekly :

“ One night I dreamt I won £20,000, and the following morning my wife nearly killed me for not putting it in the bank before I woke up.”

WOOLWICH PILOT CRASHES INTO SEA.

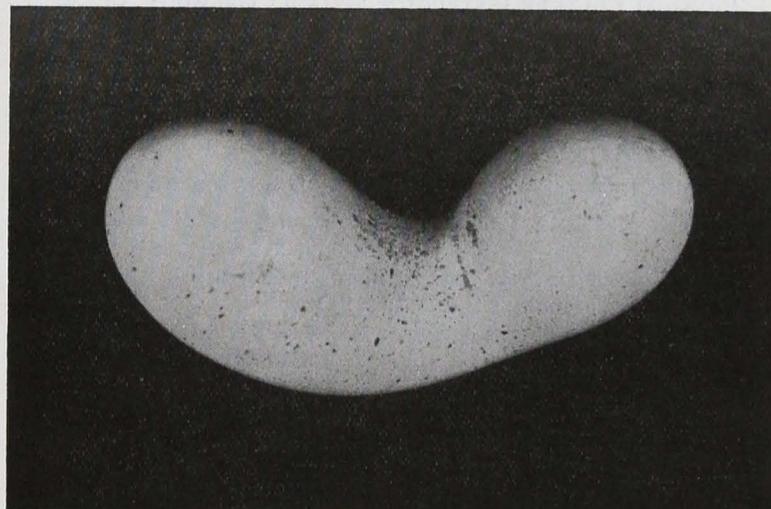
After being missing for seven weeks the body of Flight-Sergt. John William Lewis Goldie Brent, of Woolwich, was recovered from the sea into which his plane had crashed. His remains were sent home and were interred in Plumstead Cemetery.

Flight-Sergt. Brent, who was 35 years of age, was the elder son of Mrs. Kate Brent, of 54, Brookhill Road, Woolwich, and the late Staff-Sergt.-Major William Edgar Brent, D.C.M. After completing his education at Woolwich Polytechnic, he was for some time employed in the office of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. at Artillery Place. Then, at the age of 18, he entered the Royal Air Force. He had a splendid record as a pilot.

THE LATE MRS. TANNER.

In recording the death of Mrs. Tanner, in our July issue, it was stated that the family were still at the White Hart Inn, Chobham, whereas Mr. D. O. Jennings took over the licence 51 years ago.

HEN'S WAR EFFORT.



Now V shell Vin the Var.

This remarkable egg was kindly loaned by Mr. Howard of the Copper Room.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A sharp little boy was taken to school for the first time. The teacher, noticing the little stranger, remarked, "I fancy I see a new face." Whereupon the child replied, "No, it ain't new, miss; 'only mother's just washed it!"

* * * *

MOTHER: Bobby, how many more times have I to tell you to leave the jam alone?

BOBBY: No more now, mother; the jar is empty!

* * * *

JACK (*feeling sentimental*): "What is your favourite flower, Mary?"

MARY (*without sentiment*): "Self-raising for scones and plain for pastry!"

* * * *

VERY STOUT BUT WEALTHY CLIENT: "Do you think you'll be able to do any good with a big chap like me?"

PHYSICAL CULTURE INSTRUCTOR: "Don't you worry, sir; we'll take pounds off you!"

* * * *

FRIEND: "There wasn't a very big account of your daughter's wedding in the paper this morning."

PARENT (*sadly*): "No, the big account was sent to me."

* * * *

BOBBY (*aged six, had just returned from school*): "What did you learn to-day, Bobby?" asked his father.

"Grammar."

"What sort of grammar?"

"Well, daddy, I learned that cats and dogs are common hounds, but you and I are proper hounds!"

* * * *

CUSTOMER: "And do you recommend this sleeping mixture?"

CHEMIST: "Yes, sir. We give an alarm clock with each bottle!"

"When your son has completed his studies what will he be?"

"Oh, about seventy-eight years of age, I should think."

* * * *

"Now tell me what kind of work can you do?"

"Work? I thought you wanted a foreman."

* * * *

We tube shelterers were wondering what we should do after the war. My husband was very annoyed when I said I should miss the kindly act of the warden in seeing I was tucked up nicely in my bed.

* * * *

When we went to the tube for shelter my husband used to oversleep—until one morning he awoke and found the warden giving me a cup of tea.

* * * *

When I rationed my husband to one sausage for dinner I overlooked the fact that there was no key to the larder door.

* * * *

When my husband entered me on the form as a chattel, he explained that he could not spell chatelaine.

* * * *

My husband joined the War Reserve Police hoping to become a Sherlock Holmes, but so far all he has trailed is a man riding a bicycle without a light.

* * * *

Far be it for me to say my wife is always wrong. But I have never found her right.

* * * *

What act of cruelty can be more severe than for a husband to have to listen hour after hour to the good qualities of his in-laws.

* * * *

My husband has from time to time called me his queen. In demanding implicit obedience from him, I am only carrying out the role he has given me.

When my wife told me I was not the man she married, I hoped she would find the one she did marry and relieve me of responsibility.

* * * *

I was not always the frump my husband says I am. My mother says I was a very pretty baby.

* * * *

FIRST OFFICE BOY : " Don't you ever have a day off for your grandmother's funeral ? "

SECOND OFFICE BOY : " What ! And me working for the Registrar of Births and Deaths ! "

* * * *

" Can you give me an exact description of the man you saw ? "

" Oh, yes, he was about average height, with very ordinary features and nondescript-coloured hair. He was wearing the usual sort of clothes."

* * * *

" I work in a wireless shop where there's a loudspeaker going all day. Consequently, going home to my wife is a sort of busman's holiday."

* * * *

The very stout woman tackled a bus inspector at a busy stopping-place.

" I want to report the conductor of the bus that's just gone ! " she shrilled. " He's been rude ! "

" How ? " asked the bored official.

" Why," went on the woman, " he was tellin' people the bus was full up, and when I got off he said : ' Room for three inside ! '"

* * * *

" Aren't you ever afraid of losing control of the car ? "

" Constantly. I'm two instalments behind already."

* * * *

STRANGER : " Excuse me, does this road lead to the village ? "

LOCAL : " Ah, you be askin' sum'at ! 'Ow do oi knows you bain't a spy ? It do in peace-time, but oi bain't a-goin' to tell 'ee where it leads now."

A young policeman stopped two sailors who were quarrelling in the street about midnight.

" Now, what's all this ? Stop your fighting. Where do you live ? " he asked one.

" Calcutta," was the reply.

" And where do you live ? " he asked the other.

" Shanghai," was the answer.

" Well, both of you go home and get to bed. If I see you on the street again to-night I'll run you both in."

* * * *

DAY NURSE (*after being refused late leave*) : " Isn't matron a wash-out ? "

NIGHT NURSE : " Wash-out ? She's a blinking blackout ! "

* * * *

" What do you do ? "

" I keep house, scrub, bake, wash dishes, do the laundry, iron, sew."

Housewife, no occupation, wrote the census taker.

* * * *

Where is the man who is always punctual, thrifty, sober, reliable, good-tempered, and hard-working ? asks a magistrate.

Next-door.

* * * *

Two men, feeling very happy, boarded a tram car. There was a naval officer behind them. Tom went upstairs, leaving Bill to get the tickets. Bill turned round to the officer and asked for two.

" My good man," said the scandalised officer, " I'm a naval officer, not a conductor."

" Lumme ! " said Bill, collecting his wits. " Hey Tom," he shouted, " come on down. We're on a bloomin' battleship."

* * * *

" Numbers should be restricted at the annual dinner," said a member of the angling club.

" For what reason ? " asked the chairman.

" Well, sir, there wasn't enough elbow room to talk last year."

"Talking of starting with nothing and making a fortune," said a talkative passenger, "see that old chap reading a paper? Well, he came to this town thirty years ago with ninepence in his pocket; he bought a tin of blacking and a wooden box, and started as a boot-black after getting a set of brushes on tick. What do you think he's worth to-day?"

"Oh, about £20,000," a listener suggested.

"You're wrong; he's not worth a bean, and he still owes for the brushes."

* * * *

Everything about the flying-ground was interesting to the American visitor, who asked a never-ending string of questions.

"Say," he exclaimed at last, "how is it that you seem to have so many Scotmen among your flyers?"

The guide, a bit fed-up, snatched at the chance.

"Well, sir, since the Scots have learned that every cloud has a silver lining, we can't keep 'em out."

* * * *

The conversation at the party was all about dieting.

"Yes," said a guest, "I've eaten beef all my life, and I'm as strong as an ox."

"That's strange," said his companion. "I've been eating nothing but fish for six months, and I can't swim a stroke."

* * * *

FIRST CADDIE: "Your man is taking a lot of trouble this time, studying the line of his putt."

SECOND CADDIE: "Yes—he always slows up a bit when he's nearing his century."

* * * *

A crowd gathered round a little man who was uttering strange noises.

"Now, what's all this about," inquired the policeman who came up to find out the cause of the commotion.

"I'm not doing any 'arm, sir," said the little man. "I'm only a bird-imitator."

"A bird-imitator, are you?" asked the policeman. "Well, then, let's see you 'op it."

The husband drew up a chair beside his wife's sewing machine the other day and remarked:

"Don't you think it's running too fast? Look out, you'll sew the wrong seam. Slow down, or you'll stick that needle in your finger!"

"Why, what's the matter with you? I've been running this machine for 10 years."

"Oh, I was merely trying to assist you. Just as you try to help me drive the car."

* * * *

STREET MUSICIAN (*playing to street-corner crowd*): "After this selection I'll present my famous vanishing act. I'll just place my hat in my hand, and half this crowd will disappear."

* * * *

An inspector visiting a village school had questioned the class at some length. Finally, he said: "Now is there anything any of you would like to ask me?"

"Please, sir," piped a voice from the back row, "what time does your train go?"

* * * *

DOCTOR (*to his daughter*): "Did you tell the young man that I think he's no good?"

DAUGHTER: "Yes; but it didn't impress him. He said it wasn't the first wrong diagnosis you had made."

* * * *

HE: "Well, Susie, how do you get along with your study of cooking?"

SHE: "Oh, beautifully, dear. By the time we are married I shall be a perfect cook and I shall be so happy, especially when you are ill, for I am learning all sorts of nice recipes for invalid men."

* * * *

TEACHER: "Now, Mary, can you tell me to which family the gorilla belongs?"

MARY: "No, miss, we have only lived in our flat a month and do not know the neighbours."

TED : "What rose is black?"

BILL : "Neg-roes, of course."

* * * *

FATHER : "Troubled with dyspepsia in school to-day. Why, that's a strange thing for a boy to have."

JOHNNY : "I didn't have it; I had to spell it."

* * * *

TRAM INSPECTOR : "Are you aware that none of the passengers upstairs has a ticket?"

CONDUCTOR (*new to the job*) : "Bless my soul, that's through living in a bungalow."

* * * *

FRIEND (*to young wife contemplating divorce*) : "Remember, dear, you took your husband for better or for worse."

"YOUNG WIFE : "But I didn't take him for good, did I!"

* * * *

DOCTOR : "You've got a bit of a chill. Go straight home and have a good stiff whisky."

PATIENT : "Er—would you mind letting me have that in writing?"

* * * *

"Mummy, I've found a worm."

"Have you, dear? Er—that reminds me go and tell daddy I want to speak to him."

* * * *

"I've called to see the old geyser," said the plumber. "The missus is not at home," replied the servant.

* * * *

Once upon a time there were things people couldn't talk about. Now they can't talk about anything else.

* * * *

FATHER : "Every time you are naughty I get another grey hair."

JIMMY : "You must have been a terror. Look at grandpa!"

JOYCE : "What do you think Father said when I told him I was going to accept you?"

BERTIE : "Give it up, old girl."

JOYCE : "Well! How did you guess?"

* * * *

"Club Members fined for dirty boots." Making the punishment fit the grime.

* * * *

A very timid lady, when crossing in the ferry boat, asked if any people were ever lost in that part of the river.

"Bless you, no, mum," answered the ferryman; "we always finds 'em again next day!"

* * * *

"I dare not tell my wife lies when I get home late. She's a medium."

"Neither dare I. Mine's a blinking heavy-weight."

* * * *

The papers are too full of marriages, suicides, and other trivial crimes."

* * * *

FARMER : "Come over here, and I'll show you how to milk a cow."

NOVICE : "Perhaps I ought to start on a calf."

* * * *

"And has she made him a good wife?"

"I don't know about that . . . but she has certainly made him a good husband."

* * * *

LADY : "Well, I'll take a pound of those sausages. Are they British?"

BUTCHER : "Yes, madam. The good old Bulldog Breed."

"Mummie, I want to go to the Zoo to see the monkeys."

"What an idea, Arthur. Fancy wanting to go and see the monkeys when your Aunt Jane is here!"

* * * *

"You're always late. Why, you were late on our wedding day."

"But not late enough."

* * * *

LAWYER: "You would be better to admit your guilt. This man recognises you as the burglar."

BURGLAR BILL: "He couldn't recognise me. He had his head under the bedclothes."

* * * *

You can have a whale of an evening with a girl who drinks like a fish.

* * * *

BOASTING BOXER: "Let me tell you that the last time I fought, I hit the other chap so hard that he had to pay another shilling to get back into the hall."

* * * *

COP: "We want you to take part in an identity parade. You won't be kept five minutes."

LOAFER: "They told me that tale the last time, and I was kept three months."

* * * *

It seems that a girl has to drink like a fish to be in the swim these days.

* * * *

CLERK OF THE COURT (*to prisoner*): "Is there anything you would like to say before his Lordship passes sentence?"

GOLF FIEND: "Yes, if I'm going to be hanged, may I have a trial swing?"

* * * *

"How would you keep milk from going sour?"

"Drink it!"

It is fortunate that modern artists sign their pictures, as it enables one to tell the top from the bottom.

* * * *

A motorist called at a small shop. "I want something funny and grotesque for a car mascot," he said. "Father!" shouted the girl in charge, "you're wanted!"

* * * *

A young magazine editor of New York took a trip to California and happened upon Hollywood.

He was invited to a party, and decided to put off his usual reserve and diffidence and enter fully into the spirit of the occasion. He devoted his attention throughout the evening to a young actress. "I will be wild," he determined. "I will be rowdy. I will behave with all the abandon for which Hollywood is famous."

He did his best, but suddenly, as he was playing the role to the limit of his capacity, the young woman broke down and wept.

The editor asked the cause of her distress, and, with tears in her eyes, she looked up and said: "I've been here almost a year now and you're the first fellow that's behaved to me like a gentleman."

* * * *

What did the commercial traveller say when he saw some sandwiches on the counter in a railway station refreshment room?

Fancy meat in you here!

* * * *



A GREAT THOUGHT.

Friendship is a sacred thing, something not to be tampered with, nor looked on lightly. Still, some people have never heard of it, thought about, nor experienced its charm. Then there are those who were fortunate enough to taste its bliss, and then looked on it as a passing fancy, grew tired of it, cast it aside for something else they thought could make them happier. Through this selfish seeking they have lost something they can never regain. Friendships are of inestimable value and should be cultivated as priceless blessings from God.

A true friend is a cherished treasure, because the linking bonds of friendship are golden. Be careful, therefore, never to break a friendship out of any selfish motive; you may have to account for years of sadness. Many good, high and noble deeds that might have been accomplished will be a waste.

There are people who are to be pitied because of their selfish ways; who come between friends because they are too narrow to see happiness in the lives of others, and what more exquisite happiness can one experience than that of a friendship, true, solid friendship, which consists in being a true friend to your friend, trusting him in all he says and does.

To be the first to help him in trouble and sorrow, and the last to stand by him in shame, to let him enjoy your happiness, and to do always that which you know would delight him—is true friendship. For what is more pleasing or enjoyable than to see a friend smile with the smile that says, "I love you."

This may sound sentimental, but you are mistaken if you have not experienced the force that a friend has upon his friend, and you have missed something of real life. Who has more influence to higher things than a true friend, who elevates the soul and helps lead it back to its Creator, whence it came?

BRANCHES.

PORTSMOUTH.

TRADE MOVES.

The Portsmouth, Gosport & District Licensed Victuallers Protection and Benevolent Society, in common with kindred Associations throughout the county, have been much concerned over shortage of stocks and, discussing the necessity for rationing opening hours, the President (Mr. W. F. Bailey) strongly backed up the request of the Hampshire Brewers Union that neither Saturdays nor Sundays should be selected as the days when houses should be closed. Emphasising the importance of opening on Sundays, Mr. Bailey expressed the strong conviction that, if they gave way on this point, it might be the thin edge of the wedge which would be used by teetotallers and the Sunday Observance Society for Sunday closing when the county returned to normal times. The members cordially agreed. Mr. Clarke Shelton, who joined the society in 1905 and was president about 15 years ago, was unanimously elected a life member in recognition of his yeoman service to the Trade generally, and Mr. P. W. Smith was elected as a trustee in place of the late Mr. E. C. Tilbury.

The Portsmouth & District Licensed Victuallers Wine and Beer Protection Association have elected a new president in the person of Mr. W. Pyle, who had served in the chair three-and-a-half years and was this year to have presided over No. 8 district of the Trade Defence League. He is a Sergeant Major of the Royal Marines and has, temporarily at any rate, left the Trade. His successor, Mr. Wells, is no stranger to association activities, having prior to becoming a licence holder, been for two years president of the Aldershot and Farnham Master Butchers Association. Mr. F. Kemp will be his first lieutenant in the vice-chair, taking the place of Mr. E. Bryant who has left the district. Mr. J. C. R. Masters was elected treasurer in place of the late Mr. S. Etherington.

QUID PRO QUO.

A well known Isle of Wight clergyman tells this story against himself. He was driving his car along a rural road when he overtook two sailors who had obviously experienced "heavy weather" somewhere. Their decidedly unsteady gait was attracting so much attention that he took compassion on them and offered them a lift to their destination—a small seaport town some distance further on. They accepted cheerfully and at the end of the journey when getting out of the car one of them addressed his benefactor thus: "Thanks old mate, we will do the same for you one of these days." The good natured padre saw the humour of the remark and drove on smiling.

ROYAL MARINES OLD COMRADE.

The Sergeants' Mess of the Portsmouth Division Royal Marines has been the scene of many notable gatherings, but that held recently to do honour to the Lord Mayor was unique. The Mess, during its long history has produced distinction in sundry walks of life, but Sir Denis L. Daley is the first to be knighted by the King. This was certainly an occasion for celebration and merriment, and there was nothing lacking in the heartiness and sincerity of the proceedings, nor the sincere congratulations offered to ex-Sergeant Daley on the signal honour bestowed upon him. As a tangible expression of their appreciation, the members of the Mess presented the Lord Mayor with a handsome silver salver, and the old building rang out with "Pompey Chimes" and loud cheers when the recipient rose from amid a galaxy of distinguished officers to accept the gift. "If, through the council and the citizens, I have been instrumental in bringing honour and credit to Portsmouth and the Royal Marines Sergeants' Mess, I am indeed proud," said Sir Denis, adding that the salver would always be one of his most valued and cherished possessions. As a reciprocal mark of his appreciation, he presented the Mess with a framed photograph of himself, which would always, he was assured, occupy a prominent position among the treasured mementos of Eastney Barracks.

SHATTERED PRIDE!

Incidentally, in connection with the gathering, Sergt. G. E. Mann, who compered the entertainment, told some excellent stories, one of which is worth repeating. Marines are notoriously allotment fans, and one of them, who was a recruit to "worm disturbance," was rewarded with beginners luck in so far as his crop of tomatoes was concerned. He was justly proud of his success and he decided to send a consignment of the succulent fruit—or is it vegetable?—to a local hospital as a thank offering. A basket of rich ripe tomatoes was accordingly duly despatched, and a few days later he received from the institution a letter of profuse gratitude, thanking him for "his very acceptable gift of beautiful red currants." Shattered pride, laconically commented the narrator.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

Mr. George Ryman, formerly of the Two Trees Inn, Devonport, has taken over the Queen's Head Hotel, St. Austell, and we wish both he and Mrs. Ryman every success. At the time of writing they appear very comfortable. Mr. Ryman was formerly president of the Plymouth Licensed Victuallers Association.

Mr. W. Luscombe, of our Bottling Department, is now the proud father of a daughter and we are happy to say Mrs. Luscombe and the baby are quite well.

Amongst recent transfers have been the following:—

The Salterton Inn, Woodbury Salterton, nr. Exeter, from Mr. T. R. Thorn to Mrs. M. Turner (formerly of the Gas House Tavern, Devonport).

The Longroom Inn, Plymouth, from Mr. W. Braddick to Mrs. Baxter, whose husband is at present serving in H.M. Navy. Mr. Baxter was formerly licensee of the Fisherman's Arms, Devonport. Our heartiest wishes are extended to Mr. Braddick on his retirement after being our good tenant for 20 years at this house. Mr. Braddick was formerly canteen steward of the Royal Marines and was very proud of being a member of that brilliant branch of the services. He has always been highly respected by all who came in touch with him.

The White Thorn Inn, Shaugh Prior, is now in the hands of Mrs. W. Trafford. Shaugh Prior, in itself, is a beauty spot and is really worth a visit by all who come to Devon. Mr. Trafford is at present serving as an officer in H.M. Navy.

The Weston Mill Hotel at St. Budeaux has now been taken over by Mr. H. Vickery. He and his wife formerly kept the Tavistock Inn, Devonport, and as they received promises of visits from their numerous friends, every success is assured.

We very much regret to record the death of Mrs. Sorrell (wife of Mr. A. W. Sorrell, who has been licensee of the Swan Hotel, North Corner, Devonport, for 14 years). Mrs. Sorrell was of a lovable nature and will be sadly missed by many friends. She was one of the pluckiest women we have ever known. Mr. Sorrell is at present serving in the R.A.S.C. as Regimental Sergeant Major—he was Company Sergeant Major in the Somerset Light Infantry and was decorated by the French (when they fought in the last war!)

Since our last notes to THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE we much regret to record the deaths (owing to enemy action) of the following members of the staff, tenants and persons closely associated with this branch:—

Mr. F. Preston (manager, off licence, Brixham).

Mr. J. Hill (clerk at the off licence, Brixham).

Mr. Preston's mother and sister who resided over the premises.

Mr. F. Preston did wonderful work in the last war and, although badly wounded, was always of a very cheerful disposition. He was liked by everyone and held several important positions, his associations being with local organisations, including the Brixham Operatic Society, whilst he was also secretary of the Brixham Conservative Club.

Mr. P. P. Glanville and his son of the Mayflower Hotel, Barbican, Plymouth.

Mr. P. P. Glanville (whose loss we deeply mourn) was in the last war, and was a minesweeper skipper in the Royal Navy. He won the D.S.C. for sinking a U-boat.

Mr. F. P. Richardson, The Bridge Inn, Stonehouse, Plymouth.

Mr. F. P. Richardson, of the Bridge Inn, was our tenant from 1933. He was formerly in the Royal Engineers. His passing is much grieved by everyone.

Mr. T. Jennings, R.N., husband of Mrs. Jennings, tenant of Morice Town Wine and Spirit Vaults, Devonport.

Mr. T. Jennings (known as "Tom") was a most interesting person and his untimely death when he was on the eve of promotion from his rank of C.E.R.A. came as a shock to many.

Mr. Chas. Cheverton, F.R.I.B.A., Devonport, whose good taste is shown in a number of our houses.

Mr. Cheverton's advice was sought by all and, in addition to having been president of the Devonport Mercantile Association, he was a great freemason. Our most sincere sympathies are extended to Mrs. Cheverton in her sadness.

STAINES.

We regret to record the passing of Mr. R. H. Martin, who died at Staines Cottage Hospital on Friday, August 22nd, at the age of 59 years.

A native of Bristol, Mr. Martin spent several years at sea before joining Messrs. Ashby's Staines Brewery in 1912 as chief engineer, remaining in that position until 1930. Upon the fusion of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. and Messrs. Ashby's and consequent reorganization of staff, Mr. Martin left our employ. Re-engaged by the Firm in 1934, he carried out the duties of second engineer until some three months before his death.



The late Mr. R. H. Martin.

The funeral service took place on Thursday, August 28th, at St. Mary's Parish Church, Staines, the Revd. W. J. Penny officiating. Those present were Mrs. Martin (widow), the Misses F. & V. Martin (daughters), Mr. and Mrs. R. Clarke, Mrs. L. Harrison, Mrs. Nicholas, Mr. W. Nicholas, and Mr. W. F. Mercer (representing Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd.) The following members of our Staff were also present, Messrs. F. J. Jones, F. Reeve, A. Beach, R. F. Beasley, R. F. Ward, E. Brown, F. Whiting and Miss H. Brookes. Unfortunately owing to illness, Miss M. Martin was unable to attend.

To Mrs. Martin and family, we at Staines extend our heartfelt sympathy in their sad loss.
