

# The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

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*Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.*

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MR. B. W. BROOKER,

## MR. B. W. BROOKER.

To those who recollect the diminutive figure of Mr. Brooker when he joined the staff of the Cask Department as a junior "number taker," it will seem almost incredible of realization that he has just completed twenty-five years' service. Only his disinclination for the limelight of publicity has retarded his earlier appearance in our frontispiece, as his labours and abilities, particularly of late years, have earned for him a front place in the gallery of the Firm's loyal servants.

Mr. Brooker was promoted to the Branch Department in 1923, and after three years' experience of general routine he was appointed Stationery clerk in 1926. He proved an apt and willing pupil and gradually, but thoroughly, under careful coaching, he absorbed the purposes of the innumerable items of stationery, including ledgers, sales sheets, statistical forms and a vast array of books, tickets, etc., required in the industry of several Breweries, Branches, Subsidiary Companies and Agencies. The necessity for accuracy and exactitude in checking printers' proofs, so essential in the constant revisions of stationery and price lists, the assembling of requisitions and annual estimates of requirements from all sources, as well as the despatch of supplies to Branches and sub-breweries is a test in which Mr. Brooker has acquitted himself with distinction. The alterations in systems and the conservation of paper as a wartime measure, have greatly added to the work of the Stationery Department and have involved considerable overtime, which Mr. Brooker has always willingly volunteered.

Mr. Brooker's duties include the recording of despatches of equipment from the Canvas Department, which, before the destruction of the bulk of the stock by fire, was a lengthy job. He was also responsible for receipts and issues of advertising materials. Before the war the stocks were considerable and varied.

As an old member of the Brewery football and cricket teams, he is an interested follower of these sports. He is also a keen poultry keeper and gardener. Recently he has become a member of the Home Guard, A.A. Section.



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

CHAT *from* THE EDITOR'S CHAIR  
(By C. H. P.)



## THE DUKE OF KENT.

The whole nation is united with its King and Royal Family in mourning the tragic and untimely death on active service of that deservedly popular and very gallant Prince, the Duke of Kent. Especially does its deepest sympathy go to his widowed Duchess, whose joy at the birth of her baby son less than eight weeks ago has thus been turned to overwhelming sorrow. Yet the nation's bereavement will arouse nobler feelings than grief. The death of this royal airman strengthens the ties of solidarity that bind all ranks and degrees of the British people in the service of their country. The Duke of Kent, like thousands of others in the splendid Service to which he gave not only his choice, but his enthusiasm, has fallen in the pursuit of his duty. From the high air he has passed to the reward of brave men who give their lives to their country.

In war, risks must be taken. Britain would not be what she is if Prince and Prime Minister alike were not as ready as the humblest subject of the King to face them in the country's service.

## N.A.A.F.I. RHYMES.

If she who serves the cups of tea  
To hot and thirsty infantry  
Prepares her brew with pride and pains,  
As though she worked on tanks or 'planes,  
And says "IT ALL DEPENDS ON ME,"  
She ably serves Democracy.

If those who do the tying, packing,  
Sorting, sacking, boxing, stacking,  
Think there is no harm in slacking,  
Something somewhere will be lacking . . .  
See those orders reach the quay . . .  
Say "IT ALL DEPENDS ON ME."

## APPROPRIATE NAMES.

A unit in training on a famous racecourse has a N.A.A.F.I. canteen. The N.A.A.F.I. District Manager is Mr. Tattersall, the Manager of the canteen is Mr. Derby.

## U.S.A. SPORTS TEASERS.

A dictionary of the American language had to be consulted by N.A.A.F.I.'s Sports Department recently when an order was received from U.S.A. troops for sports goods and games. Among the many strange sounding goods requested were "paddles," "checkers" and "bingo." These turned out to mean respectively table tennis bats, draughts, and lotto or housey-housey. "Chinese chequers" has apparently nothing to do with draughts, but is a card game. "Parchesi," a kind of ludo, is another stranger to this country, and few people will have heard of the card game "Pinochle." There was, however, one game asked for by the American troops over which the N.A.A.F.I. sports expert had no difficulty, although the Americans thought it would be completely strange to this country. They call it "Horseshoes"; but as the N.A.A.F.I. official pointed out, it has been played in this country for centuries, and there are still parts of Britain where the country people can be seen enjoying the sport. The game is played by sticking a peg or stump in the ground at a measured distance from the players and attempting to throw the horseshoes over the peg.

## VOLUNTEERED FOR HOME GUARD.

Well over twenty of the Firm's employees have volunteered and enrolled for the Home Guard in the new A.A. Battery, and readers will be pleased to note that Capt. A. S. Drewe, M.C., has now been posted as Captain in the Battery.

## NEW FIRE PREVENTION ORDER.

A new Fire Prevention Order has been signed, making training compulsory for all Fire Guards, training to include instruction in the characteristics of different types of fire bombs used, fire fighting equipment, methods of giving warning, and instruction in the lay-out of buildings.

Every fire watcher on the Firm has already received training in the use of stirrup pump, sand bag, etc., and over 90% of the male as well as several of the female fire watchers have received training in both dry and wet hose drill under the instruction of our Works Brigade. Training in connection with the new phosphorus pumps will be shortly commenced.

## A.R.P. AND FIRE GUARDS.

Lately the enemy has dropped some incendiary bombs containing phosphorus on this country. Capt. A. S. Drewe, Works A.R.P. Controller, is now lecturing Fire Guards on these bombs, and the Ministry of Home Security has issued the following advice to persons who may be splashed by a phosphorus fire bomb:—

"Remember that phosphorus cannot burn when wet, but bursts into flame as soon as it is dry. If you are splashed with burning phosphorus, keep the part affected either under water or covered with a wet pad until medical treatment is available. If you can, bathe the burn with a solution made by two tablespoons of ordinary washing soda dissolved in one pint of water. On no account should any oily or greasy dressings or ointment be put on a phosphorus burn before it is certain that no trace of phosphorus remains. Grease dissolves phosphorus and spreads it.

"If liquid phosphorus, not alight, lodges on the skin, dip the part affected in water, hot if possible, or keep it wet with a pad. While the phosphorus is under water or kept wet remove it either by scraping or 'chipping' it off with a dull knife or by rubbing with a soft nail brush.

"Make sure that you have removed every particle of phosphorus by examining the splashed part in the dark. A phosphorescent glow will show up even the smallest portion. Clothing splashed with phosphorus should be kept wet until you can take it off."

## COMPULSORY DUTIES FOR WOMEN.

Compulsory fire prevention duties for women is to be introduced at once in all areas where compulsion for men is now in force. It will apply to women between the ages of 20-45. Women working at business premises will be liable for up to 48 hours' compulsory duty at their place of work under an amended Business Premises Order.



## BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER).

We have had visits and news of many of those serving in the Forces since our last issue and, in the words of the B.B.C., "Here is the news."

P. Hammond, almost a "stranger" at The Brewery (although not too far away) looked fit and well. D. J. Lawson (Navy) home on leave after a long while away at sea apparently had been "seeing the world." K. G. White had just completed his course in Signals. K. Organ (R.A.F.) was O.K., and in a letter since to the Editor mentions how much he appreciates receiving THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. He is now on the second half of his course as a Wireless Operator. To all his cricketing friends he sends his best wishes. L. Fullbrook (R.A.F.) was moving Stations and was feeling much better; however, he has not yet been passed as fit for overseas. V. Saunders (Navy) also was much better, and is now on a shore job situated in a most isolated spot. E. Martin, fit and well, also is one we do not see very often. L. J. Martin, home on leave after a long spell in Iceland, filled in part of the time by returning to duty in the Delivery Office until he received orders to return to his Unit. Messrs. S. Collins, H. R. Weight, G. Gigg, A. J. Hawkins, F. Pusey, R. J. Griffin and R. Huddy (all R.A.F.) have been in to see us and all were quite well. News has been received from P. Paice that he has arrived in Canada to continue his training as a Pilot. D. J. Stannard writes me that he has been in the R.A.F. (Electrician) for 18 months, and receives THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE regularly. He was doing quite well and wished to be remembered to his many friends at H. & G. S., Ltd. Sergt. K. Jenkins (R.A.F., Coastal Command) has been doing quite a lot of flying, and had been up North for two years. E. Crutchley has been very busy and was very fit. He had been playing cricket and his section were "top of the class." They had Patsy Hendren down with them to present prizes, and he told them of many of his cricketing experiences. Eric C. was getting ready for football now, and he had also been playing last season. L. Awbery (R.A.F.) was on a short leave prior to embarkation, also J. Bradford looked in whilst on similar leave, and when he returned it was apparently a case of "any minute now" before he left for foreign parts.

W. Philpott (Navy) was a survivor from the destroyer H.M.S. *Berkeley* which was sunk in the Dieppe raid. He had had a most exciting experience but seemed none the worse for it. L. Pitts (Catering Department) and Miss K. Timms (Correspondence Office) both seemed very pleased with life in the R.A.F. and W.A.A.F. respectively.

News has been received that probably H. Drury is in Java, having left Singapore before it was captured by the Japanese. Records Office, in sending this news, say that there is every reason to believe he is serving with the British and Allied Forces who are still fighting there. It is not yet possible to give any further details.

Messrs. L. J. Kury and H. G. Sexton have recently left for the Army. In a letter to Mr. W. Bowyer, Sexton says he finds his new life very strenuous and the training was going to be very "tough."

R. Boddington was up North and finding life very much different, although he was "always a good one for the mornings." Since then he has unfortunately had to be recalled home owing to the illness of his wife.

News has been received that F. C. Smith and V. S. Martin are in Italian hands as prisoners of war. They also had with them for a time J. P. Slade, although they "lost" him after a while.

S.Q.M.S. N. Lipscombe, writing to Mr. W. Bowyer, said he was quite well and wished to be remembered to all at The Brewery and the many customers of the Firm who knew him.

G. W. Vass who used to work in the Motor Engineer's Department some few years ago has written Mr. F. E. Dryden, stating he had risen from Trooper to Captain, and was serving in the Middle East in the Tanks, holding a position as Liaison Officer. His experiences out there had been very thrilling.

S. B. Farmer, in a letter to Mr. V. Richards, gives a graphic account of his experiences in the Middle East. He served in Eritrea and also in Abyssinia, and when those places were cleared up he was transferred to Egypt and then on to the Libyan desert. His dinner last Christmas, which he cannot seem to forget, was really a wonderful affair even if it was held in the desert. Exciting times were spent by him in Libya, and he certainly did not appreciate being pushed back by the enemy, although he came through unscathed. They can get plenty of Canadian beer where they are now, and the price is 1s 8d. per bottle. Kind wishes to all friends, and when he receives THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, if a little late, it is very welcome.

Another visitor who had not been at The Brewery for some long while was Mr. R. J. Bartlett, from Salisbury Branch, whom we were all pleased to see.

Many will regret to hear of the passing of A. Comley, who started at The Brewery in February, 1902. He was quite a character and ever so well known. For some few years now he

had been on pension, but at one time he was an ever-present. I have heard him on quite a number of occasions recall his early days when he was with the horses, and mention when he used to drive the late Mr. H. F. Lindars on his journeys to the tenants, particularly in the country. Some long while ago he met with a very severe injury whilst at the railway station; the noise of the shunting frightened the horses and, in consequence, he was pitched from the high dickey of the wagon, breaking his leg. Although it seemed absolutely necessary to have his leg amputated he refused to have this done, and the surgeons made a wonderful job of it. For a number of years he used to have pieces of wire extracted from his leg afterwards, but he was very proud of the fact that he was not minus a limb. He was never ending in his praise of the surgeons. On his return to work he was in the Yeast House, just inside the yard, and he carried out his duty in his own inimitable way with the one thought uppermost in his mind of faithfully serving H. & G. S., Ltd., to the best of his ability.

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

The Osborne Arms, Lane End (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries, Ltd.)—Mr. W. C. Smith.

The Feathers, Laleham (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Mr. C. G. Linsdell.

The Anchor Inn, Newbury (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Mr. W. E. Loveridge.

The Jolly Butcher, Staines (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Mr. J. T. Hayes.

The Blue Ball, Kintbury (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Mr. H. G. Salmon.

The Railway Arms, Frimley (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Mr. R. R. Bradbury.

The Bull and Chequers, Woodley (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Mr. T. Dance.

We regret to record the death of Mr. P. T. Crisp, of the White Hart Hotel, Reading, on the 22nd August. He had been tenant of the above since February, 1920, and was ever so well known in Reading as he had interested himself in so many objects, trade, social life and sport. All had a good word for Tommy Crisp, and he will be sadly missed.

News has been received that Sergt. Pilot E. S. Thomas, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Thomas, of the Saracens Head Hotel, High Wycombe, is missing after operations over Germany. He joined the Royal Air Force two years ago.

## NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

### THE FLORAL CLOCK.

EVERYTHING BEAUTIFUL IN ITS SEASON.

*'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours,  
As they floated in light away,  
By the opening and the fading flowers,  
That laugh to the summer's day.*

The great clock of Nature tells you the hours of the day, as well as the months of the year. Linnæus noticed that different plants opened and closed their flowers even in fine weather at different hours of the day; and by watching this curious succession, he was able, after a while, to construct a floral clock. Before our summer time was enforced, of course, he discovered that the convolvulus opened its flowers at three o'clock in the morning; the poppy at five o'clock; the dandelion at seven; the water-lily at eight; while the passion flower expanded its wide blue dials at nine o'clock. The goat's-beard opened at four in the morning and closed just before twelve, whence its rural name of John-go-to-bed-at-noon; and farmers' boys are said in some parts to regulate their dinner-time by it. During the day a relay of flowers open and close at regular intervals till the sun sets, when most flowers close their blooms and fall asleep. The daisy opens at sunrise and closes at sunset, whence its poetic name "day's eye." But there are some strange kinds, nightingales of flowers, like the cereus, the catch-fly and the evening primrose, that open their blossoms at sunset, and shine in the darkness of night like little ghostly moons.

By studying these things, by observing the changes in Nature during the seasons, and the changes that take place in the herbs of the fields around you, you will be able to tell the hour of the day and the time of the year.

BEAUTIFUL IN ITS SEASON.

Everything is beautiful in its season, but *only* in its season. The snowdrop suits the cloudy skies, the leafless trees and the

snow-covered soil around it. It is in its proper element, it harmonises with its surroundings; and we feel at once how appropriate it is, how it cheers us in the wintry gloom, and awakens hope amid the desolation of Nature. But if, by any chance, the snowdrop were not to bloom till April, it would then be born out of due season, and it would be out of harmony with the scenes around. It would chill our sensibilities by reminding us of snowy fields and dark, cold skies. It would awaken no hope or gladness in our hearts; for the time when it could have done this is past. We are now in a new season, with other wants and wishes and hopes before us, to which the snowdrop has no special meaning. And therefore we should not see in the belated snowdrop that happened to come out in April a fourth of the beauty that we see in it when it comes at its own proper time in January or February.

#### PRIMROSE OUT OF PLACE IN JUNE.

Who cares for a primrose in June or July, when the woods and fields are filled with other flowers, and a wealth of embarrassing beauty is spread out everywhere? You do not need it then; and its sunny face seems lost in the midst of the luxuriance of Nature. But when we see the clump of primroses in the leafless wood at the end of March, or adorning a southern bank in the beginning of April, when there is almost no other flower to compete with it, how lovely is its smile, how it thrills your heart with April blood, and sets you thinking of all bright and heavenly things.

What a wonderful crisis in the life history of a plant is the cycle of flowering! We are so familiar with the sight that it is altogether commonplace to us. But if it occurred only once in a thousand years, it would appear almost a miracle and create the greatest astonishment. For it is a complete and sudden transformation of the whole nature of the plant. All at once and seemingly without any cause, the plant ceases to produce the dark green leaves which for some time it was putting forth monotonously, one after the other, and unfolds a different type of leaves altogether, with brighter hues and more elegant forms—with richer fragrance and honey-sweetness. The blossom crowns the plant with a halo

of glory; it is transfigured into a higher nature; it breathes after the manner of an animal; it has kindred and ancestry; it lives no more for itself, but for the future race that is to spring from it.

#### UNSELFISH BLESSING FOR OTHERS.

And in this unselfish blessing for others, in this sacrifice of its own individual life for the race, all that is best and most precious in the plant comes out, and a beauty and fragrance and sweetness are revealed that were before unknown. The plant looks up to heaven with kindred hues, with the whiteness of the robes of the angels on its petals, and the gold of the streets of the New Jerusalem in its heart.

#### A GREAT THOUGHT.

*“ There's a breathless hush in the close to-night—  
Ten to make and the match to win—  
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,  
An hour to play and the last man in,  
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,  
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,  
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote—  
Play up! play up! and play the game.*

*“ The sand of the desert is sodden red—  
Red with the wreck of a square that broke,  
The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,  
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.  
The river of death has brimmed his banks,  
And England's far, and honour a name,  
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks :  
Play up! play up! and play the game.”*

*This is the word that year by year,  
While in her place the school is set,  
Everyone of her sons must hear,  
And none that hears it dare forget,  
This they all with a joyful mind,  
Bear through life like a torch in flame,  
And falling, fling to the host behind—  
Play up! play up! and play the game.*

HENRY NEWBOLD.

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

In all things throughout the world the men who look out for the crooked will see the crooked, and the men who look for the straight will see the straight.

No mortal life but has its shadowed times—not one ;  
Life without shadows could not taste the full  
Sweet glory of the sun.

—*Oxenham.*

True greatness consists in being great in little things.—*Johnson.*

I have to live with myself, and so  
I want to be fit for myself to know,  
I want to be able, as days go by,  
Always to look myself straight in the eye ;  
I don't want to stand, with the setting sun,  
And hate myself for the things I have done.

## RECIPES FOR HAPPINESS.

When you find yourself overpowered as it were by melancholy—and who escapes the feeling in these war-shadowed days?—the best thing is to go out and do something kind to somebody or other.

To be honest, to be kind, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends, above all to keep friends with himself : here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and tact.

R.L.S.

Fight on for Him Who abideth for ever !  
"Thou art the same and Thy years shall not fail."  
Lies cannot live, be they never so clever ;  
Great is the truth, and the truth will prevail.  
I have a treasure which I prize,  
Its like I cannot find ;  
There's nothing like it on this earth,  
'Tis this—a Quiet Mind.

## "A FAVOURITE LANE."

'Twas not magnificent at all :  
Indeed 'twas, in the main,  
A link between two hamlets small  
—An ordinary lane.

Its hedges and its bushes gaunt  
Were sadly torn and thinned  
—Exposed to every passing taunt  
And tantrum of the wind.

But I've a host of memories  
(As dear to me as friends)  
That gather round its ragged trees  
And beckon from its bends.

'Twas there, each Spring, that I would find  
The wild white violets ;  
With primrose-clusters, close behind,  
In little starry sets.

And, later on, the foxglove spire  
Uplifted high its head—  
And soon the banks were all afire  
With bramble leaves of red.

Winter in turn took up the tale,  
As softly I would go  
To trace the rabbit's homeward trail  
Thro' pure and sparkling snow.

Then whoso will can laud the deep,  
The mountain and the plain  
—I, in my heart, will ever keep  
The love of that old lane.

—S. E. COLLINS.



## THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE IN THE MIDDLE EAST.



Mr. A. E. Smith, of our Accounts Department, has been sent the above photograph by Pte. F. Smith, who is serving in the Middle East. It shows one soldier with the HOP LEAF GAZETTE and another with the *Reading Standard*.

## H. &amp; G. SIMONDS, LTD., FIRST AID PARTY.

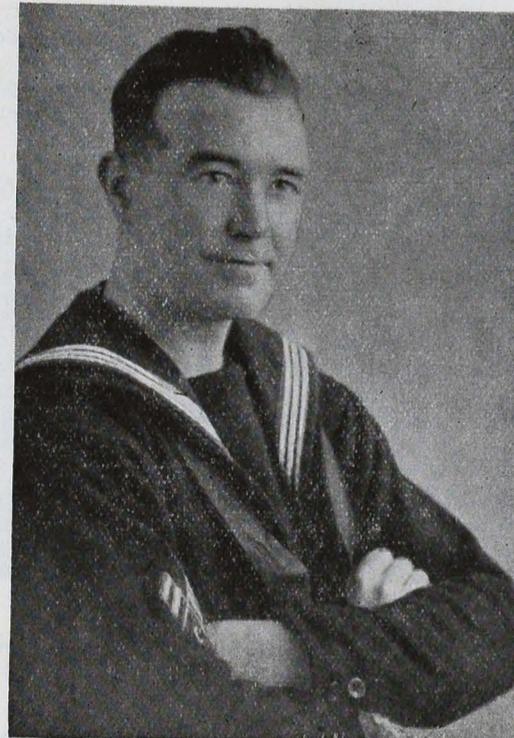
The following members of the above have recently gained awards in examinations :—

Miss Richards	} Delivery Office } Typing Room	} First Aid Certificates } of St. John Ambulance } Association.
„ Davis		
„ Pollard		
„ Startup		

Home Nursing Certificates of the St. John Ambulance Association have been gained by :—

Miss A. M. Prosser.	Miss V. Shorter.
„ Young.	„ Sharpe.
„ Hobbs.	„ Hammond.
Mrs. Oxley.	„ Bullen.
Miss Townsend.	Mr. W. Bradford.
Mr. R. Broad.	„ T. W. Kent.

## THE LATE MR. F. W. CLARK.



It is now known that Mr. F. W. Clark who was on H.M.S. *Belmont*, which was sunk by enemy action, gave his life for his country. "Nobby" Clark, as he was known to most of us, was a cheery soul, and we at the Brewery feel his loss very keenly. As a member of the Travelling Staff for some time he made numerous friends and did excellent work. His willing way made it a real pleasure to ask him to do anything, and you could rely on it being done thoroughly, for "Nobby" was very thorough at work and play. He could trundle the ball down the cricket pitch in a manner that often puzzled the batsman and he took many wickets. He excelled, too, on the tennis courts. He was indeed a fine sportsman, and it was a delight to play with him either as a partner or opponent, for he always played the game.

Now he has gone, and our heartfelt sympathies go out to his sorrowing wife and little daughter in their irreparable loss.

## CHRISTMAS PARCELS.

The following letter from Mrs. Simonds, wife of our Managing Director, appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* of 4th September :

" Sir—No limit is placed on the weight of Christmas parcels which must be posted to the Middle East by September 7th, but food is prohibited.

" A year ago we were invited, and even encouraged, to send parcels of food up to 21 lb. in weight for Christmas. Then in January came the ban and we were forbidden to send any food overseas, though it was suggested we might send postal orders. (Postal orders to men in the desert !)

" The reason given was that so much of the food went bad on the journey and that the shipping space was needed. We all recognise that need, but parcels are still being sent, and there is no ban on food parcels from the Dominions. Soldiers from other Empire countries receive their parcels while our men alongside them have nothing.

" Could we not be allowed to send just once, at any rate, a small parcel of food to our men abroad? Nearly all food is rationed now, so that inevitably the parcels would be smaller and would entail a very willing self-denial on the part of the senders.

" One letter from the Western Desert was so eloquent in its simplicity that I venture to quote from it—it is dated December 26th, 1941 :

' On Christmas Day we had just tinned meat, nothing else. We were managing all right, but in the nick of time your parcel arrived. It was just too wonderful and changed everything. Thank you and thank you and thank you.'

" Now, much more recently, I have received a letter from an officer who has been two and a half years in the desert, saying :

' The loss of the food parcels is indeed a great blow as they were a great boon when rations and spirits were low.'

" Wives and mothers everywhere are craving to send a few more parcels and earnestly I plead that we may be allowed to do so.

" Yours faithfully,

" AMY F. SIMONDS."

*Abbey Croft, Mortimer, Berks.*

## OUR DAPPLED GREYS.



A pair of our dappled greys at the N.F.S. demonstration at Hill's Meadows recently.

## LIGHTER SIDE.

LADY (*on 'bus*) : " Would you please take two halfpenny stamps for my fare? "

CONDUCTOR (*wearily*) : " Next time, madam, you might bring a few jam jars! "

\* \* \* \*

TOMMY (*rebelliously*) : " I won't have my face washed! "

GRANNY (*with upraised flannel*) : " When I was a little girl I washed my face at least three times a day."

TOMMY : " Yes, and look how it has shrunk! "

\* \* \* \*

JOEY : " Did I ever tell you the story of the empty box? "

JUMBO : " No, tell me of it."

JOEY : " It's no use. There's nothing in it! "

"Anybody call, boy?"

"Yes, sir, a man came and said he wanted to kick you."

"Oh, and what did you say?"

"I said I was sorry you were out!"

\* \* \* \*

SCHOOL INSPECTOR (*trying to catch the scholars*): "Now, can any boy tell me how much the moon weighs?"

LITTLE BOY IN THE BACK ROW: "Yes, sir. One hundred-weight."

INSPECTOR: "What nonsense! How do you make that?"

BOY: "Well, it has four quarters, and four quarters make one hundredweight!"

\* \* \* \*

FARMER (*buying a new gun*): "Do you guarantee this gun? Suppose it bursts and blows my head off?"

DEALER: "In that case we give you a new gun."

\* \* \* \*

DINER: "Waiter, is that your handkerchief you're cleaning my plate with?"

WAITER: "Don't worry, sir; it doesn't matter, it's only a dirty one."

\* \* \* \*

A story from the Emerald Isle tells of a Mrs. Murphy, who was brought to court and accused of watering the milk she sold. Denying the charge, she indignantly declared:

"'Twas the grass that was wake. How could ye expect a cow to give good milk after all this rain?"

\* \* \* \*

What made you decide to put off your wedding by two days at the last moment?"

"Well, you see, I reckoned it out that my silver wedding would come on a Saturday, and I always play golf on Saturdays."

\* \* \* \*

Moscow radio recently declared that the following story was being told among German prisoners of war.

Hitler was inspecting the Eastern Front.

"What," he asked a German soldier, "would be your last wish if a Russian bomb fell near you?"

"I would wish," the soldier rejoined, "that my beloved Feuhrer could be at my side."

Coming to London to seek a newspaper job a Scottish reporter was taken ill and operated on for appendicitis. This wasn't the opening he expected.

\* \* \* \*

"What does this expression 'Sez you' mean?" asked the judge.

The clerk of the court replied: "My lord, it appears that this is a slang expression of American origin which has gained regrettable currency in the language of our people through the insidious agency of the cinema, and is, I am led to understand, employed to indicate a state of dubiety in the mind of the speaker as to the veracity or credibility of a statement made to him."

"Oh, yeah!" said the Judge.

\* \* \* \*

A fellow piloting a seaplane for the first time started to make a landing on a field. The men with him hollered:—

"Hey! This is a seaplane. You can't come down on land."

The pilot pulled up and then came down on the bay.

"Imagine such a dumb trick," he said—and stepped out into forty feet of water.

\* \* \* \*

A bright little girl, aged four, and her brother, aged six, were spending the night with their aunt. When bed-time came, the aunt asked how they said their prayers. The little girl answered:

"Sometimes I say them at Mummy's knees and sometimes at the side of the bed."

"And how about you, Bobby?"

"Oh, I don't need to pray. I sleep with Daddy."

\* \* \* \*

The portly amateur soprano wanted a job in non-stop variety. She went to interview an agent and showed him a list of the "numbers" she could sing. The agent glanced through it and then looked at the girl.

"You've got a pretty big repertoire, haven't you?" he said.

"Well," replied the singer, with a slight blush, "it's the singing that develops one, you know."

\* \* \* \*

I liked my lover for his neat appearance, clean collar, and well-pressed suit—but I didn't realise till later that all this meant work for me after marriage.

An ambitious young man heard of the death of the junior partner of a big firm. Being full of self-confidence, he hurried to the offices of the firm, whose senior partner was a friend of his father's.

"How about my taking your partner's place?" he asked.

"Excellent!" said the senior partner. "If you can fix things with the undertaker."

\* \* \* \*

The wife had been put on the budget plan. At the end of each month she and her husband would go over the accounts together. Every once in a while he would find an item, "H.O.K., 15/-," and a little farther on, "H.O.K., £3."

Finally he asked: "My dear, what is this—'H.O.K.'?"

"Heaven only knows," she replied.

\* \* \* \*

Hitler is said to have looted Michelangelo's "Moses" from the Louvre and carried it off to Berchtesgaden.

When asked by his associates why he had stolen this particular treasure, he replied, "Oh, it is a great piece of art, you know."

But one of the Gestapo, spying on the Fuehrer, has reported another explanation. He saw Hitler on his knees before the great Jew, and he was saying, "Dear Moses, tell me how you got across that Strip of Water."

\* \* \* \*

A motorist stopped at a village inn for a drink. The oldest inhabitant was just finishing his pint, so the stranger bought him another. He swallowed it at a gulp. He was given another and a third. Each time it went down in one.

"Do you always swallow pints like that?" asked the stranger.

"Aye, sir, ever since my accident forty years ago."

"What was that?"

"Why sir, I 'ad a pint knocked over."

\* \* \* \*

#### HEARD IN THE COURTS.

In these days of feminism and clothes rationing, I have one comfort—my wife is too fat to wear my trousers.

\* \* \* \*

Given the right kind of man for a husband, a woman can rise to great heights.

\* \* \* \*

I married a widow with seven children because I thought she would have her hands too full to notice when I left home in the evenings.

\* \* \* \*

My wife isn't a factory hand, she is one of Mr. Bevin's Young Ladies.

\* \* \* \*

The landlady ushered her new tenant up four flights of stairs and threw open a door.

"Well," she said, brightly, "What do you think of it as a whole?"

He turned a gloomy face to her.

"Well, I suppose it's all right as holes go," he said, "but it's a bedroom I wanted."

\* \* \* \*

The old soldier was relating his thrilling adventures in bygone campaigns. "Then," he said, "the surgeons took me up and laid me carefully in the ammunition wagon, and—"

"Look here," interrupted one of the doubtful listeners, "you don't mean the ammunition wagon. You mean the ambulance wagon."

The old man shook his head. "No," he insisted; "I was so full of bullets that they decided I ought to go in the ammunition wagon."

\* \* \* \*

The weary-looking man stopped before a shop window which had been hired by the Humane Society. In the centre of the window was the picture of a large, furry animal with a woebegone expression on its face. Underneath was a placard: "I was skinned to provide a woman with fashionable furs."

For a moment the tired expression faded from the man's face. "Poor old chap," he muttered. "So was I."

\* \* \* \*

Almost covered in bandages, the two soldiers limped into the dock.

"What started the trouble between you?" asked the magistrate.

"It was like this," said one of the recruits. "First 'e throws 'is beer over me, then I 'its 'im in the face with me rifle. Then 'e cuts me 'ead open with a bottle, so I pushes 'im through a winder. . . . The next thing we know we's quarrelling."

"What is the date of the Battle of Hastings?"

"I don't know, Miss."

"But surely you saw in the column of your history book, Hastings 1066?"

"Yes, Miss, I did see that, but I thought it was the 'phone number."

\* \* \* \*

My husband didn't tell me to go—he just said I was surplus to his requirements.

### THEIR NURSERY WAS A "PUB."

Sibyl Dobinson writes the following delightful story in the *Sunday Pictorial* :—

It was a nice little public house was the Criterion, in Camberley. It has seen many a festive occasion, and the deep laughter of men has resounded through the smoky air.

The "regulars," however, might get a shock if they entered the old Criterion nowadays. They would see, as they pushed open the door of the saloon bar, not a group of boon companions, tankards in hand, but a crowd of kiddies sitting around drinking milk.

It's been turned into a day nursery for the children of mothers who have been evacuated to Camberley, and who have to go to work. While they are working they leave their children at the Criterion—and about thirty kiddies now occupy the rooms where the men once gathered to discuss sport, politics or how their allotment was doing.

The saloon bar has been re-named—it is now called Wendy's Corner.

The live wire who was responsible for this and many other good ideas for the welfare of Camberley evacuees is Mrs. Hetty Hunt, Camberley's billeting officer. She's a great little organiser, with a talent for picking the right people for the right jobs. Take her choice of the lady in charge of this day nursery, for instance, Mrs. Bendit.

Mrs. B. is a trained nursery governess, which is of course essential in a job of this description. But she herself is also an evacuated mother—so she has a special qualification for the post.

[The Criterion, which has been de-licensed, is the property of H. & G. Simonds Ltd.]

## BRANCHES.

### PORTSMOUTH.

A parson who can sit down among a mixed company of ex-Service men and serving members of the fighting forces, and over a pipe and, perchance, a glass of grog, address them as "chums, old comrades, old sweats," talk to them in their own lingo, and swop yarns of adventurous days of bygone years, is assured of popularity in a city such as Portsmouth. Thus the Lord Bishop of Portsmouth (Dr. W. L. Anderson) made himself and everyone present thoroughly at home at a gathering of ex-Service men's associations he was asked to address.

It was in no way a formal party. Dr. Anderson let it be known that, albeit a high dignitary of the Church, he was "one of them," and had taken an active and keen interest in similar organizations at Birmingham and Eastbourne. Also he related how, as a member of the Services, he has participated in their sorrows as well as their joys and did not regret a single day of his Service experiences.

The Bishop has the unique record of being the only occupant of so high a position in the Church who has had the distinction of having served in the Royal Navy, the Army and the Royal Air Force. He first missed joining the Navy through an epidemic in his family, then he joined the King Edward's Horse and became a sergeant-major, and then he took a commission in the Royal Naval Air Service which in 1918 became the Royal Air Force. Incidentally, as an airman, he distinguished himself by sinking a German U-boat. Not a bad record!

### AN AMAZING ESCAPE.

The Bishop entertained his audience with a number of anecdotes, one of which, relating to a sniper's amazing escape from death, is worth recording. It happened during the Great War at a little place just outside Loos. Two of the King Edward crack snipers, one an Australian and the other a New Zealander, were returning from their "day's hunt" when they spotted an enemy trench and took cover. The Australian, lying behind a slag heap, had just shot a German and was waiting with his rifle at the ready for another pop when he was sighted by a German sniper who fired. His bullet, however, fortunately just missed its mark but passed right through the barrel of the Australian's rifle and flattened itself on the bullet in the breach. This sounded

a tall yarn, added Dr. Anderson, but when the man produced his rifle and exhibited a split barrel and the flattened German bullet in the breach, ocular evidence was afforded of the truth of the remarkable story.

#### WHERE ARE THE WAR SONGS?

The Bishop passed from reminiscences to music, and he deplored the absence to-day of the good old songs like "Tipperary" and "Pack up your troubles," which he had heard sung by thousands of men in the trenches and on the march in France. Whenever he was in the company of ex-Service men he heard with the ears of his mind those songs of long ago, songs that brought back memories of the comradeship of those days. The songs that came in at the beginning of the present war were not of the same calibre, and so far we had not yet produced poets and prophets like Studdart Kennardy (Woodbine Willie), Dick Sheppard, Rupert Brooke, Patrick McGill, Julian Grenfell or James Macintosh, who had turned out first-class stuff in the dirt and squalor of the trenches during the last war. Maybe this was because the modern army moved in mechanically-propelled vehicles, or perhaps it was because we were learning more about the terrors and beastliness of modern war and did not want to do too much singing about it.

