

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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Mr. J. S. BOWELL.

MR. J. S. BOWELL.

His many friends in Oxford and district will be glad to see that a popular member of the Oxford Staff, in the person of Mr. J. S. Bowell, has been included in our monthly portrait gallery.

Mr. Bowell joined the Oxford Branch as a traveller in April, 1924, and since that day his cheery and tactful manner has earned him a host of friends; he is exceedingly popular in the many Clubs and Military and R.A.F. establishments in the district. The enquiries which we receive at distant Branches as to his welfare are testimony to the esteem in which he is held amongst customers generally.

Mr. Bowell joined the 2nd (Volunteer) Batt. Oxfordshire L.I. at the age of 16 and was still serving with this battalion when it changed its name under the Territorial Army to the 4th Batt. Oxon and Bucks L.I. At this period Mr. Bowell moved to Cheltenham, where he held an appointment in an outfitting establishment. At the outbreak of the Great War he joined the Gloucestershire Regiment, was gazetted 2nd Lieutenant to the 5th Gloucestershire Regiment on March 31st, 1915. He was later transferred to the Worcestershire Regiment and sailed for Mesopotamia early in 1916. He also saw active service on the N.W. Frontier of India, when he was attached to the 1st Batt. The Durham L.I.; returning to England in September, 1917, he then proceeded to France, seeing service on the Somme, where he remained until demobilisation in February, 1919, with the rank of Captain.

In his young days Mr. Bowell was an enthusiastic member of the Neptune Rowing Club, Oxford, and won many prizes.

In later years his main interest is in gardening and his favourite pastime is a game of bowls, of which he is no mean exponent.

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.)



OUR MANAGING DIRECTOR INJURES HIS KNEE.

Widespread sympathy has been felt, and expressed, with our Chairman and Managing Director who, while carrying out some of his multitudinous duties, in London, slipped on the kerb in the black-out and injured his knee which necessitated his being laid up for some days. The injury has occasioned much pain and we know that, to a man of Mr. Simonds' activity, to be thus interned, for even a short period, must add considerably to the agony.

A speedy and complete recovery is the heartfelt wish of us all, Sir!

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF FIRE WATCHING.

Little pleasantries like the following help to make the long hours of fire watching seem short. This dialogue took place the other evening as the ladies came along to sign on and receive their tickets for soup:

Presiding Magistrate to Miss (Babbling) Brooks: "Do you know if Miss Rivers is running to-day?"

Miss Brooks: "No; but Miss Streams will soon be flowing in, though let it be clearly understood (looking at the old angler in the corner) all fishing rights are strictly reserved."

[*Collapse of old angler!*]

THE COW—BY A YOUNG COCKNEY.

A ten-years-old East London boy, now evacuated in Berkshire, wrote an essay on "Birds and Beasts."

"The cow is a mamal," he wrote. "It has six sides, right, left, an upper and below. At the end it has a tail, on which hangs a brush. With this it sends the flies away so that they do not fall into the milk. The head is for the purpose of growing horns, and so that the mouth can be somewhere. These horns are to butt with, and the mouth is to moo with.

"Under the cow hangs the milk. It is arranged for milking. When people milk, the milk comes, and there is never an end to the supply. How the cow does it I have not yet realised, but it makes more and more. The cow has a fine sense of smell, one can smell it far away. This is the reason for the fresh air in the country.

"The man cow is called an ox. The cow does not eat much, but what it eats it eats twice so that it gets enough. When it is hungry it moos, and when it says nothing it is because all its inside is full up with grass."

Mr. Ernest Brown, Minister of Health, quoted the boy's essay at a luncheon in London recently.

"I WON'T GIVE UP MY BEER," HIS BATTLE CRY.

A link with the present epoch of weaker beer is recalled by reminiscences of Lord Halifax's father, who said during 1914-18, "I shall not give up my beer." He was greatly perturbed during those years by the lack of decent beer. When he presented his young grandsons with silver mugs, he wrote feelingly to their father, the present Viscount. "I do so trust those boys will never be teetotallers." The story is told by Alan Campbell Johnson in his new book, "Viscount Halifax," published recently (Robert Hale, 21s.).

CANTEEN BEER FOR WORKERS.

Workers on night duty in many of Britain's munition factories are not to be deprived of their usual mid-working hours pint of beer. Many canteens are being granted special licences so that workers can drink with their meal at whatever time of night they take it. These facilities are granted by an Order of Council and do not necessitate an application to the licensing justices. The Order overrides any powers now held by the licensing justices over the control of drinking facilities and there is no provision that a meal must be taken wherever intoxicating liquor is supplied. An official of the Home Office said that the Order had been introduced for the convenience of Britain's war workers and that every precaution was taken to ensure that there were no abuses of the privilege.

IRISH AND SCOTCH.

"As is the case with other beverages, there are varieties and tastes in whiskey. Broadly speaking there are two varieties, connoted by their methods of distillation—Irish and Scotch—each with its peculiar flavour.

Irish is known as 'pot still,' the natural reaction to century old methods of fermentation and maturing. In other words, the Irish way of producing whiskey is nature's way; and nature's way of making and maturing whiskey is the one that must appeal to connoisseurs for all time.

"The Scotch or 'patent still' variety is really incubated whiskey, nature's process being accelerated by chemical and other methods to bring it to maturity.

"Contrary to a belief which appears to have gained some currency abroad in recent years, Irish whiskey is not made from potatoes. It is distilled from the highest grade barley, native-grown, and therefore redolent of the soil and atmosphere of the country that gave the beverage its name and its reputation.

"Quality and sustained publicity can, and probably will, in due course restore Irish whiskey to its old time popularity, but many will ask why that popularity should ever have been allowed to wane. The consumer can, in the circumstances, scarcely be held responsible for the decline."

The above are extracts from *The Irish Digest*, August, 1938, published by Chatto and Windus.

RECOGNITION OF MUCH HARD WORK.

Capt. A. S. Drewe, M.C., who has been so closely associated with A.R.P. and fire watching, both at the Brewery and in the town, has recently had further honours bestowed on him. In addition to serving on the Committee of the Reading Fire Fighter Corps, he has been appointed the First Chairman of No. 53 Branch (Reading) of the National Association of Spotters Clubs and at the inaugural meeting of the Southern Regional Council of Spotters Clubs, embracing the whole of Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, Oxfordshire, Hampshire, Surrey and Dorset, he was unanimously elected as Chairman on the proposition of Colonel Gregson, C.M.G., C.I.E.

SPOTTERS.

On October 20th our spotters completed one year's spotting. The following spotters have taken their part in the manning of the post—Messrs. D. J. Stannard (now R.A.F.), A. P. Bloomfield,

G. Beddow (resigned), R. Coleman, A. Sanders, K. Cottam, I. Clinch, R. Brookes (resigned), J. Langley, R. Taylor, J. Tovey (now London Branch), R. Harbor, E. Aitken, T. Dunster (resigned), E. Venner, G. Harding and F. Wells. The high standard of aeronautical knowledge is maintained by the studying of weekly periodicals and co-operating with the Reading Spotters Club. Seven of these spotters have passed various examinations and two (Bloomfield and Coleman) have obtained the third class intermediate and second class certificates of the National Association of Spotters.

ENGLISH "PUBLIC-HOUSES" IN WESTERN DESERT.

Ice-cold beer is being provided for the troops in the Western Desert by the creation by N.A.A.F.I. of a chain of "road houses," says the *Morning Advertiser*. Spaced at intervals of many miles along the sandy desert roads, the houses are being made to resemble English public-houses, two of them being called "Noah's Ark" and "The Man in the Moon." Several shows have been given on the stage at the "Noah's Ark." To meet the shortage of drinking glasses, surplus beer bottles have been cut down to pint size with milled edges, for canteens in the Middle East.

WAIVED THEIR FEES!

We hear that an Income Tax Inspector with a sense of humour recently wrote to a well-known firm of hairdressers asking: "Is it true that your Directors have now permanently waived their fees?" Back came the reply—"Yes. For years past they have not had a shingle bob."

A DISCLAIMER.

To The Editor of the Hop Leaf Gazette.

Sir,—We and our tribe wish it to be as widely known as possible that we have no connection whatsoever with those beastly Butcher Birds—the Germans.

A Shrike.

CONCERNING THE PRIME MINISTER.

There is a good story going the rounds about the Prime Minister. One evening Mr. Churchill took a taxi to Broadcasting House, where he was going to deliver one of his famous speeches. On his arrival,

he asked the taxi-driver to wait, whereupon the latter, not recognising his passenger in the black-out, replied: "Sorry, sir, but Churchill's on the air soon, and I wouldn't miss one of his speeches for anything." Naturally much gratified, the Prime Minister assured the taxi-driver that he quite understood, and gave him a handsome tip. The taxi-driver, overcome with gratitude, said: "Thank you, sir—you're a real gent. 'Ere—to 'ell with Churchill—I'll wait for you."

FIFTY YEARS OF JOURNALISM.

To have completed fifty years of journalism, and on the same paper, is a great achievement. But this is the proud record of Mr. E. M. Tull of the *Berkshire Chronicle*. For twenty-five years I was closely associated with Mr. Tull in work and I can say, without fear of contradiction, that he is an ornament to the profession. Reading has good cause to be proud of its newspapers for the highest and best traditions of journalism have ever been maintained in them. And towards that end no journalistic has worked harder than Mr. Tull. His initials are E.M.T., and for fifty long years they have been the embodiment of

Enterprise
Moderation
Truthfulness.

May he long continue this great work for his paper and for the public.

A NEW TITLE.

The following is worthy of record: Extract of a letter from Miss Hunt, sister of the late Mr. Reginald Hunt, Brewer, of York, a great personal friend of some of the Directors of this Company, whose passing recently at an early age was so widely deplored throughout the Trade:

"Thank you so much for sending me THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. Dear old Reggie always gave it to me to read in bed; it was known as my 'Bedtime story book'."

Most people don't care about a bird
in the hand. What they want is a
swallow.

IT'S THE LAW.

DID SOMEONE SAY THAT THE LAW WAS AN ASS?

(From the *Argosy* for October, 1941.)

In Oxford, members of Lincoln College are by University Statute entitled to shoot with bows and arrows on The High, provided they wear Lincoln Green.

Another Statute enables Chancellors of the University to hang from Magdalen Bridge, without trial, any member of the University.

In Cold Spring, Pennsylvania, no man may buy a drink without the written permission of his wife.

EXTRAVAGANT SPEECH.

There is an English law, still unrepealed, imposing the following tariff of fines for using profane language :

Every day-labourer, common soldier, common sailor, and common seaman, one shilling.

And every other person, under the degree of a gentleman, two shillings.

And every person of or above the degree of a gentleman, five shillings.

WITCHCRAFT.

In the reign of George III a bill was introduced to the effect that :

All women of whatever age, rank or profession, whether maid or widow, who shall after this Act impose upon and seduce into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects by means of scents, paints, cosmetics, artificial teeth, false hair, bolstered hips, high-heeled shoes, or iron stays, shall incur the penalties against witchcraft, and the marriage be declared null and void.

It is legal to put ten shillings on a horse if you ring up the bookmaker and promise to pay after the race. If you give him the ten shillings at the time it is illegal.

V FOR VICTORY.

Victory is a thing of the will.

GENERAL FERDINAND FOCH—his favourite maxim.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Ad astra per ardua—To the stars by steep paths.

Eminent stations make great men greater and little men less.

Fortune does not change men ; it only un.masks them.

He that ceases to be a friend never was a good one.

A crow's nae whiter for being washed.

It is for want of application, rather than of means, that men fail of success.

Love and scandal are the best sweeteners of tea.

Discreet women have neither eyes nor ears.

Look in thy heart and write.

Nature is an Æolian harp, a musical instrument whose tones are the re-echo of higher strings within us.

The most finished man in the world is he who is never irresolute and never in a hurry.

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint.

When difficulties are overcome they become blessings.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

The Savings Association of H. & G. Simonds Ltd., which has been in existence for over 17 years, is maintaining steady progress and I am indebted to Mr. A. H. Hopkins for the following figures which will give some idea of what is being done in this connection :—

	£	s.	d.
Subscribed during the months of May, June and July, 1941, by the sale of savings certificates and savings stamps	270	0	6
Subscribed during the months of August, September and October, 1941, by the sale of savings certificates and savings stamps	292	6	6
Target aimed at machine gun cost	100	0	0
Amount actually collected	103	12	0

During the past month the Reading Football Club have been doing quite well and with three wins, one draw, in the last four matches played (three away from home) is proof that they are a team to be reckoned with. From all accounts the last match played at Elm Park against West Ham was a very thrilling affair, excellent football being served up by both sides, and with a win for Reading plus a gate of £338, what more could the ardent fan (and management) wish for. Yes! I think if all goes along as well as at present, the season will be a most successful one for the club, and they well deserve it.

Some of the offices are still on their nightly tasks of annual balancing and I have no doubt they are hoping that this duty will soon be finished for another financial year.

So far the staff have been very fortunate in the matter of illness and not many casualties have been reported. To paraphrase the Army communique of the last war: "The health of the staff is excellent." Long may it continue and so lighten everyone's burdens, especially in view of the near approach of Christmas when we shall no doubt be busy, although supplies of many items of wines and spirits will be very short and demand pretty heavy.

Mr. F. W. Clark recently paid us a visit and very entertaining it was too. Apparently he is now on a destroyer and finds that he is quite a good sailor in the sense that he feels no ill effects as soon as he is on board. From all accounts he likes the life—he looked ever so well—and he says the food is excellent. He considers the

Navy the best service of the lot but, of course, admits he has had no experience of the Army or Air Force. Full of beans, he says he gets on very well with all the other fellows, also it is not so cold as one might imagine. Certainly "bright and breezy" is a very apt description of Mr. F. W. Clark.

Mr. L. Fullbrook, who used to be in the General Office and, by the way, is only 18 years of age, called in to see us. He is in the R.A.F. and when he originally went north was put into the band. However, on being moved down south, he set about the job and has now passed his wireless course for which he receives extra pay. He has to go through another course and if he passes, which he expects to do, this will mean more pay and he will be ready for the position for which he volunteered.

Amongst others who have visited us lately I give the following names and most are in the R.A.F. :—Mr. E. Bailey, Mr. L. F. Pitts, Mr. S. Collins, Mr. C. Langton, Mr. L. Twiney, Mr. N. Tott, Mr. R. Wheeler, Mr. L. H. Drew, Mr. E. C. Schofield (Navy), Mr. S. R. Newbery, Mr. E. Martin, Miss K. Timms (W.A.A.F.).

Certainly Sergt. N. H. Lipscombe keeps us well posted with news, and Mr. W. Bowyer has received an airgraph communication from him recently. At the time of writing he was just getting ready to go on a course for a commission and we wish him every success. He says he is quite well and wished to be remembered to all friends.

We had a visit from Mr. G. Poole who is in the R.A.F. in Northern Ireland which, he says, is a beautiful country. Food is good and plentiful but such delights as cigarettes and beer are not so easy to obtain. Beer is 1/- per pint. However, he seems very happy about it all and looks ever so well; he even says the war will not last so long as some of us think.

Mr. P. James has just obtained a commission after a course which has lasted several months. He looked remarkably fit and well. During the summer he managed to get in a fair amount of cricket and did quite well, which is only to be expected in view of his all-round ability at this game. Here is wishing him every success. I feel sure he will do well.

I have just received a letter from Ord. Coder V. F. Saunders of the Navy and he tells me of a new arrival at his home in Reading, viz., another boy and this now makes the family three worthy sons. Mother and baby are progressing well so he says, and the opportunity is taken to offer sincere congratulations. He is now at sea, but when he wrote he had not got his proper sea legs and it was all rather strange to him. He says his ship is quite smart and he has

some jolly companions as messmates. In his letter he says "Please convey to all friends my kind regards and best wishes." He was feeling quite well and promises another visit to the Brewery when he gets his next "spot of leave."

In a letter from L/Cpl. S. G. Treacher, in the Middle East, to Mr. H. Treadgold, he says he has been receiving quite a lot of mail. HOP LEAF GAZETTES reach him and he mentions he would like to see his name therein, so now he has his wish gratified. From all accounts he is keeping quite well, and he has been out there for over a year, so when he gets seven days' leave to which he is entitled he hopes to have a trip to Palestine. So far he has not seen Norman Lipscombe out there. Swimming seems to be the chief form of recreation which he enjoys, as it is very warm. The greatest trouble he experiences is due to millions of flies which are all over the place, the heat does not bother him at all. Kind wishes and remembrances to all friends at the Brewery and he hopes the day is not too far distant when he will be seeing us all again. Quite a number of us remember him ever so well and we hope he has not lost his smile and that he is greeted by his pals by the name of "Smiler."

Mr. R. Huddy left us quite recently for the R.A.F. and I understand Mr. J. Clay is also likely to be going in the near future, in the R.A.S.C.

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

- The Hinds Head, Bracknell (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. R. Simms.
- The Greyhound, Tidmarsh (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. F. I. Holifield.
- The Bridge House, Whitchurch (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. F. M. West.
- The Greyhound, Woodcote (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. R. F. Hall.
- The Beehive, Staines (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. D. D. Grant.

We are sorry to record the death of Mr. H. T. Britten of the Little Crown, Southampton Street, where he had been tenant since 1922, and to all relatives we extend our sincere sympathy.

We regret to record the death of C.P.O. W. G. Moorcock, who recently died of wounds. He spent a good deal of his life in the Navy and when he left the service he became a tenant of the Rose and Thistle, Argyle Road, Reading, from 1926 to 1935. Since the war he rejoined the Navy. We tender our deepest sympathy to all relatives.

WHEN SHALL BRITAIN STRIKE?

MR. EDEN: ONE POINT HE MAY NOT REVEAL.

Mr. Anthony Eden, Foreign Secretary, speaking at Manchester, dealt with those who are asking "when and where are we going to strike?"

"That is the one point on which it is not in my power to enlighten you," he said, "but this I can tell you: From the first hour of the German attack on Russia, the War Cabinet and the Government as a whole have concentrated every effort in their power upon the task of giving their utmost help to Russia. There has been neither hesitation nor reserve."

Referring to criticism of the Government, Mr. Eden said, "We would much rather be barked at than that there should be supine indifference. But as to the decisions which must be taken after all the evidence is weighed, those decisions must be the responsibility of the War Cabinet, and of the War Cabinet alone."

GOVERNMENT'S ONE PURPOSE.

"We will dare any action where we believe the hazards to be justified. The Government, indeed, have but one purpose, which is yours and Stalin's too: how best to encompass Hitler's defeat. We will not be deterred from that task for one instant even for the luxury of answering our critics."

"War is a long-term business. The issue will not be settled by any sudden, brilliant improvisation."

Mr. Eden said that he never expected to live to hear the suggestion that the Prime Minister was backward in action. It was indeed the most ludicrous of all charges.

HITLER—EVIL GENIUS.

Saying that Hitler was a genius—an evil genius—Mr. Eden added: "One day I believe it will be said of him, not that he conquered France, not that he enslaved Greece, not that he tormented Europe. It will be said of him: This man despised but could not debase mankind."

Each one felt the deepest admiration for the heroic Russian resistance.

"If you are watching every phase of this struggle, so is the Government; if you are deeply moved, so are we. We know only too well that the Russians are bearing now a burden that was ours a year ago. You may be sure that the Government has done and will do everything within its power to give help to Russia."

Mr. Eden said that he hoped soon to announce the conclusion of an alliance with Persia. These developments enabled us to open up a route of supplies to Russia, available at all seasons of the year.

UNBROKEN ALLIED FRONT.

"From the Caucasus through Persia, Iraq, Syria, Palestine and Egypt to the Western Desert, there is now one unbroken Allied Front. To that front reinforcements and supplies have been speeding continuously during the summer and before, supplies, not only from this country but from India and other parts of the Empire and from the United States of America.

"Our position in the Middle East has been immensely strengthened."

"ME AN' MY GAL."

A dainty damsel once I knew
Possessed of winsome features.
Alert she was, and graceful too :
The handsomest of creatures.

No need was there to strain my throat
—No need to shout and hollo ! ;
I simply gave a single note
Which she would turn and follow.

She tripped across the dewy grass
With every sign of pleasure
—That neat and trim and long-limb'd lass
—That really perfect treasure.

I only had to softly speak
And, minus any pressing,
She'd rub her nose against my cheek
In manner most caressing.

Her eyes were large and brown and dark
No face could sure be sweeter
—I often saw her in the park
Where lovely 'twas to greet her.

And what a coat she had to wear !
As white as any lily !
—She was, you see, a little mare
—In other words—a filly.

S. E. COLLINS.

NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

OLD CROWS KEEP ME COMPANY.

FIVE AND A HALF TO THE OUNCE.

On October 31st I saw two house martins hawking for flies up the Thames. They frequently disappeared behind a house on the opposite side of the river and I wondered if they had a late brood and were feeding them. I fear that the flies were few and far between though perhaps the keen and quick eyes of the birds could discern more than I could see. This is an unusually late date on which to observe these birds.

WONDERFUL AERIAL DISPLAY.

Hearing a peculiar kind of whistling I looked aloft and saw a kestrel and a crow having a rare romp in the air, for that seems the most fitting term to describe the capers they cut. They soared and dived and dashed across the air in most spectacular fashion and with marvellous grace and ease. I think the hawk was much the swifter of the two though the old crow performed wonders, occasionally uttering his hoarse croak as he did so. At first I thought I was going to see a great fight between these two feathered hurricanes but I was soon convinced they were only playing and evidently enjoying the game immensely. Time was not called until they had played ten minutes each way ; at any rate, this aerial match lasted fully twenty minutes, much to my delight, and I would willingly have paid entertainment tax.

COMPANIONABLE CROWS.

A pair of crows built their nest this year in a not very tall tree up the Caversham promenade and reared a family of five. I kept observation on the nest and well remember when five fat children first left the nest remaining for days, on and off, on the branches close to their home. And here they were fed by their parents.

The menu appeared to be a very varied one and I found, under the tree, the shells of eggs and fresh-water mussels ; also the feathers of young birds and some fur which I think must have been torn from a baby hare, for crows are carnivorous creatures.

You may see this same old pair of crows by the Thames, at the end of Cow Lane, any day now. Their children have removed further afield.

Quite recently I was fishing near to where the nest is built and, as a very cold wind was blowing and the members of the finny tribe were right off their feed, I amused myself by throwing some of my bread bait to the gulls. As often as not they seized the food in very clever fashion well before it reached the water. At other times they lit on the river and picked it off the water. Once or twice they dived right under and took the food when it was fully a foot below the surface. I do not often see gulls dive but these undoubtedly did, and only a few yards from where I was sitting.

CROWS KEEP ME COMPANY.

And then to my surprise one of the crows, seeing what was happening, swooped down and very cleverly picked a piece of bread from the water, taking great care not to even wet his feet. For the rest of the afternoon these dear old birds kept me company. They were very tame, for crows, and came within a dozen yards of where I was sitting. I threw bread to them and they ate it without displaying the slightest fear. But I think they know me by now for I often see them, and greet them with a few friendly words. I had with me that doubtful form of food—a sausage, and threw the birds a bit. They showed no doubt about it but swallowed greedily what they evidently thought was a tit-bit. So I threw them more and more, and became so delighted to coax them so near to me that before I realised what I had done I found that I had left no sausage for myself.

But they enjoyed it more than I should have done and so I finished my meal off plain bread. Never did it taste sweeter!

LEAVES AND FISH.

When I was angling on this occasion the surface of the water was carpeted with millions of leaves and they lay on the bed of the river too, like a thick carpet, a beautiful carpet of red and orange, green and gold! There is rare beauty in the leaves but when the water is full of them you rarely catch many fish. It was so on this occasion. Do the leaves stain the water and act as a kind of dope to the fish, I wonder? Perhaps the fish find so much food on the leaves that they can well do without that thrown to them by the angler. Why fish go off their feed, as they undoubtedly do, when the river is full of weeds has, so far as I am aware, never been fully and satisfactorily explained.

PARTRIDGES COME TO TOWN.

A covey of partridges were recently to be seen on Moss's Island, just below Caversham Bridge. It is not often that these little brown birds are seen so near the centre of a large town.

YACK, CHUCK.

During the evening of October 9th I heard overhead the familiar notes *yack, chuck*, and knew that fieldfares were on the wing. Looking aloft I observed a flock of about forty. About the size of the missel thrush the male fieldfare is a handsome bird, its upper plumage being tinged with blue, while part of its back and wing-coverts are chestnut brown.

Fieldfares only come to us during the winter months.

MARVELLOUS LITTLE TRAVELLERS.

Up among the branches of a fir tree I recently heard the small thin voice of the golden-crested wren. There were quite a number of them. Many gold-crests remain with us all the year round but their number is largely increased during the winter months. It has been estimated that five and a half full-grown gold-crests weigh but an ounce. And how these little bits of

feathered animation have the strength to travel the three hundred miles or more, from Scandinavia, to join us for the winter, is indeed a marvel! Of course, the idea that they made the journey, hid in the plumage of larger birds, was nothing more than a myth. The nest, hung like a hammock from the branch of a fir tree is indeed a wonderful structure composed of cobwebs, lichen and moss and lined with feathers. The nest of the gold-crest contains about eight eggs and how eight baby birds can be packed, without harm, in such a small compass, seems a miracle. Gold-crests feed in companies and they seem never still as they move from branch to branch in search of food which they appear to eat as easily standing upside down as otherwise.

The autumn has been rich in her abundant harvests. Now comes winter with its snows, its ice, its decay, and withering, and death. And yet it, too, no less than all the other seasons, abounds in proofs of wondrous wisdom, goodness and power, for winter is only the sleep of nature and

He marks the bounds which winter may not pass,
And blunts its pointed fury; in its case,
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ
Uninjured, with inimitable art;
And, ere one flowing season fades and dies,
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.



FROM A READER.

90 Belmont Road,
Reading.

20th October, 1941.

Dear Mr. Perrin,

Before my boy joined up I regularly read THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE and enjoyed your Nature Notes. I herewith pen two stories, which may be outside your experience.

About ten days ago, on a misty morn following a rainy night, I got up in the half-light for breakfast and work. From inside the house I heard a shrill scream, something between the noise of a kitten and a very young baby. On second hearing I went out and saw a cat watching intently in the long, wet grass in the back garden. I did not interfere—Nature has its own schemes. But on the fifth sound, a loud scream of fear and pain, I went out and saw—a large, green frog. I have read of frogs croaking, but I should never have credited such shrill screams as I heard.

Second experience—Whitsun, in the war year. I said to my wife, "What would you like to do to-day." She answered "I would like to go to the Zoo aquarium," so off we went. As you know, the aquarium is a large, darkened hall, with illumined glass tanks. In one salt water tank were swimming fish, two or three lobsters and crabs. Partly covered in the shingle and sand at the bottom were flat fish, heads protruding. As I watched, a crab sidled along the tank and commenced to stroke a flat fish. Weaving and stroking, it gradually worked its side claws over the side fin of the fish. Gently stroking, it gradually turned the fish over—further over and on to its back. The fish lay flat, showing silver underside, when the crab sat on its gills. Not for very long, but the fish was dead—sheer murder!

I blinked and could hardly credit my eyes. I went back in ten minutes and the fish was still on its back—alone—dead. I was in the building nearly an hour and the fish remained as stated. I wrote the Zoo authorities next day, relating what I saw and asked if it could be possible. The Secretary replied:—"The denizens had lived amiably together for some time but a similar occurrence had also taken place shortly before, and since my letter, the contents of the tank had been changed."

These are not great happenings but, I believe, not common experiences to many people.

My writing to you is a form of compliment to THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE and your notes.

Yours faithfully,
G. W. PHILPOTT.

THE RENAISSANCE OF THE DEVEREUX.

A RENDEZVOUS OF FAMOUS MEN.

Another page in the long and interesting history of this famous tavern will be written, when it is re-opened this month, reconstructive and redecorative work having been completed. This hostelry was damaged seriously by enemy action, so seriously indeed that, had it not been for the prompt, courageous and effective fire-fighting work performed by Mr. and Mrs. Harold Salmon, the premises would have become a total loss.

At present only the ground floor will be re-opened, and every effort is being made to revive the old-world atmosphere. The grill room will once more tempt the appetites of the learned legal and journalistic brethren but, alas, the succulent chops and steaks will be conspicuous by their absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Salmon, mine hosts for so many years at The Devereux lost their home, but they are now happily engaged at the Cheddar Cheese, Broad Street, Reading, where they prefer to remain, as the living accommodation at The Devereux is uninhabitable. Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. have, therefore, placed The Devereux in the control of their Hotels and Catering Department, under the direction of Mr. H. C. Davis.

The Devereux is one of the most famous taverns in London. Purchased in 1910 by Mr. Charles Salmon, it became the rendezvous of men famous in law and journalism and the leading sporting organisations.

Erected in the latter half of the seventeenth century it was at one time occupied by Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, and a stone bust dated 1676, still adorns the stone face of the edifice.

Here in the good (or bad) old days came men, famous alike for their wit, wisdom and conversation. The Grecian Coffee House (as it was then called) leapt rapidly into fame among the "bucks and beaux" of genteel society. Perhaps in later years, the Regency rakes frequented it, but it was built on much firmer foundations.

Literature, art, science and the theatre, were all well represented in this father of all the Old English Coffee Houses.—Newton, Addison, Steele, Foote and Goldsmith were among its devotees. Steele, writing in No. 1 issue of *The Spectator* observed that he could cull his accounts of poetry from Wills; his foreign and domestic news from the St. James's; his tales of gallantry from the notorious Whites—but his learned articles from The Grecian.

The Grecian was closed in 1843 and re-opened in 1884 as The Eldon, after the famous Lord Chancellor of the same name. Later, of course, it became The Devereux. As a slight indication of the contemporary opinion of the tavern, it might be fitting to quote a verse (apparently a parody on Morier), which runs:—

"Sire, let yon ruby liquid flow,
And bid they winsome heart be glad;
Whate'er the frowning zealots say,
Tell them their Eden cannot show
A bower so sweet as Mosellay,
A tavern like The Devereux."

Mr. Salmon explains The Devereux, as it was known in the more recent period, as follows:—

"The Devereux," said he, "I consider to be one of the rare institutions that oscillate between a pub, an hotel, an inn and a club; something of each of these and yet not absolutely any of them. More of a club perhaps than anything else, but a club with no list of members, no rules and no subscriptions. The only qualification—good fellowship. A pub, yes, inasmuch that one may saunter to the bar and 'have one'; an hotel, hardly, having no sleeping accommodation, but food, yes!—and served in its own inimitable fashion, a fashion of which more expensive hotels might be proud. An inn, sometimes, especially on a quiet summer evening, when the atmosphere becomes—if one may be permitted to say so—countrified."

Mr. Salmon paused and sighed—"Yes," he said, "I was very fond of The Devereux, and who wasn't, and who won't be?"

Need more be said except that the dear old Devereux is in the capable hands of Simonds' Hotels and Catering Department, who enjoy such a high reputation throughout the South of England for comfort, cooking and service, and who have, in spite of these difficult days, not only upheld their name, but have indeed enhanced it.

SEE YOU AT THE DEVEREUX!

Norman Tott, of the Engineers' Office, now serving with the R.A.F., has been appointed organist at the Military Church, at Wroughton.

SIMONDS F.C.

On completing our programme for October we find that our playing strength has decreased alarmingly, including the calling of Messrs. Philpott and George to more important duties. But, if possible, their places will be filled and until military duties further handicap us, we will continue with our fixtures and so keep soccer alive at the Brewery.

A summary of matches played follows :—

Oct. 4th, 1941. Y.M.C.A. 4 v. SIMONDS 1.

This match, played at King's Meadow, resulted in our first defeat. Through a misunderstanding we played throughout with ten men, and an injury to Cottam in the first half further handicapped us. We held out till half-time and crossed over with a one goal lead, but the strain told in the second half and in a burst of scoring the Y.M.C.A. netted four times. We did not (according to the run of the play) deserve to be beaten by this margin. Cottam scored our goal.

Team : Beddow, Venner, Britnell, Benham, George, Lambourne, Organ, Cottam, Sexton, Hawkins and Somerville.

Oct. 11th, 1941. SIMONDS 1 v. R.A.F. 1.

Our return match with the R.A.F. provided an equally exciting game as the previous one. Owing to pressure of business one of our players was unable to be present and we did extremely well to hold them to a draw. At the interval we were one goal in arrears, but an opportunity taken by Hawkins in the latter half enabled us to draw level, but all efforts to force a win were fruitless. The defence played well throughout.

Team : Beddow, Sexton, Britnell, Organ, George, Benham, Moore, Cottam, North, White and Hawkins.

Oct. 18th, 1941. SIMONDS 3 v. Y.M.C.A. 2.

Owing to our opponents scratching their match with us, we decided to stage a deciding game with the Y.M.C.A. and this, as the score suggests, we won by the odd goal in five. At half-time we led by a goal scored by Hawkins, and further goals were obtained by a second from Hawkins, and Somerville. The Y.M.C.A. also netted three but had the misfortune to have one disallowed for offside. Against a strong Y.M. side we did well to win.

Team : Lambourne, Sexton, Britnell, Sanders, George, White, Moore, Cottam, Hawkins, Organ and Somerville.

Oct. 25th, 1941. SIMONDS 7 v. R.A.O.C. 4.

For this match we welcomed a new side of opponents to our ground, and after the R.A.O.C. had opened the scoring we anticipated a hard struggle. This was the case in the first half but after changing over we were definitely the superior side and added six goals to our solitary one in the first half. Hawkins had a good match and scored six, Cottam completing the scoring.

Team : Beddow, Sexton, Britnell, Organ, George, Lambourne, Moore, Cottam, Hawkins, White and Somerville.

K.O.

DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM GEORGE HOLT.

We deeply regret to announce the death of Mr. William George Holt of Hill Street, Reading, at the Royal Berkshire Hospital, which occurred on the 12th October last.

"Bill" had been a bricklayer on the Building Dept. staff for about 20 years. His untimely end came as a great shock to his workmates and friends, as he was at work in the Brewery on the previous Tuesday. His loss is keenly felt as he was well liked and was an excellent workman.

To all relatives we extend our sincere and deepest sympathy.

The first part of the funeral service was held at St. Giles' Church, where he had been a sidesman for many years, and the interment was at Reading cemetery.

Representing the firm at the service were Messrs. A. Heybourn, H. Mitchell, A. Hooker, A. Rice, J. Curtis and F. Hawkins.

The beautiful wreaths included one from the Building Dept.

DEATH OF PTE. E. J. TIGWELL.

The sad news has been received by Mrs. Tigwell of the death of her husband. Pte. E. J. Tigwell, Royal Berks Regiment, was posted as missing July, 1940, and now, as having died in battle.

He was son of our fire chief, and son-in-law of Mr. G. F. Andrews, Beer Bottling Dept.

LIGHTER SIDE.

ALEC. : " Father, teacher says we are here to help others."

FATHER : " Yes, that's so."

ALEC. : " Well, what are the others here for ? "

* * * *

JUDGE (*sternly*) : " The next person who interrupts the proceedings will be sent home."

PRISONER : " Hooray ! "

* * * *

" And when I ask you a question," said the manager, reprimanding the new office-boy, " you should answer, ' Yes, sir,' or ' No, sir,' as the case may be."

" Righto," said the boy.

* * * *

MOTHER : " Don't mumble your prayers, Anne. I can't hear a word you say."

ANNE : " I wasn't speaking to you, mother."

* * * *

The modern girl not only meets the wolf at the door, but comes back with a fur coat.

* * * *

MOTHER : " How is it I find you in the pantry, Sandy ? "

SANDY : " Because I didn't hear you coming."

* * * *

A writer states—" Billiards require the greatest finesse and most expert touch of any human endeavour."

The writer, obviously, hasn't tried to borrow money from a bank lately.

* * * *

HE : " So you were a model for a famous artist. For what picture ? "

SHE : " For Cleopatra and the snake."

" Who was Cleopatra ? "

* * * *

He had just stepped aboard the liner when he was handed a telegram. It read : " Heaven keep you from your loving wife."

" Your husband has a new suit."

" No, he hasn't."

" Well, something's different."

" It's a new husband."

* * * *

A pedestrian who insists on getting his rights usually gets his rites.

* * * *

POLICE SERGEANT : " I think we've found your missing wife."

JOSEPH PECK : " Have you ? What does she say ? "

SERGEANT : " Nothing."

JOSEPH PECK : " That's not my wife ! "

* * * *

" I met your husband yesterday, but he didn't see me."

" I know. He told me."

* * * *

" You've heard of Naples, the famous Italian port, haven't you ? "

" No ; how much a bottle is it ? "

* * * *

BARBER : " Haven't I shaved you before sir ? "

CUSTOMER : " No, I got that scar in France."

* * * *

TRAVELLER (*at country inn*) : " I wish your dog wouldn't sit there and stare up at me."

LANDLORD : " Well, you're eating off the plate it usually has."

* * * *

Why is there no such thing as a perfect day ? Because every day begins by breaking.

* * * *

" There's a traveller waiting outside, sir—man with a moustache."

" Tell him I've got a moustache."

* * * *

" What would the average man do if he were suddenly given a million pounds ? " The answer is—nothing.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

Modestly, as becomes a man speaking of the labour of his life, Charles Dickens once summed up the spirit of his endeavours in these words: "I felt an earnest and humble desire, and shall do till I die, to increase the stock of harmless cheerfulness. I felt that the world was not utterly to be despised; that it was worthy of living in for years." Yes, this is the task which he set himself, and the task which, by God's blessing, it was given to him to perform. Genius can accomplish many things: it can inspire great deeds, it can fire the soul of a nation, it can wing the ambition of the young, it can transform hope into resolve, it can brighten despondency and gild even decay. The genius of Dickens was not incapable of some of these tasks, nor inactive in some of these directions. But its own bent was to a different end: that of making men feel their brotherhood, and recognise in human life those elements which among a thousand diversities of character and manners, are common to us all. This is why he deserved well of his country and his kind. We will end with words which are none the less appropriate because they were originally spoken in a sacred place:

"It has been the common remark during the past week (the week following upon Dickens' death) that the loss of this writer has affected society in a way quite peculiar; that everyone who knows his works—and who does not—has felt a shock of pain, as if a personal tie between himself and a near and dear friend had been suddenly snapped. And the fact is strange and full of instruction. The hundred distinct characters which his imagination created, and which are as real to us as if they walked in flesh and blood, remain. They have not died with him. We do not mourn for THEM. He made us laugh and weep when he willed; but that power has been wielded by many an inferior man. No! He made us more tolerant and charitable and hopeful; he loved women and children, and the poor; he loathed the bigot and the fanatic, but never sneered at those who taught humbly and unobtrusively the message of religion; and thus he won a place in the hearts of all who spoke his tongue; and how firmly he had become rooted there, was known to many for the first time when they learned that his work was done."

BRANCHES.

BRISTOL.

THE FIRE WATCHERS' LAMENT.

The night is bright and starry,
No planes are overhead;
Each watcher in the Brewery
Is thinking of his bed.
Old "Shut-eye Herb" in dreamland
Is huddled on the floor,
How restless on his spartan couch!
How full a note his snore!!

Alongside him is "dead-eye Jock,"
With sweet cherubic face;
We all agree if he wasn't here
We shouldn't know the place.
He lies there swearing softly
On wars, and fleas in turn,
The warmth of his rude English
It makes our eardrums burn.
But what could one expect boys,
Where sea-dogs bark and fuss,
He couldn't speak to God or man
Without rhetoric "cuss."

Now "strong Ted" gets up wearily,
As though in mortal pain;
"You can sleep here," he moaned once more,
"I'll do patrol again."
"I'll come with thee" said rotund Tom
With beaming toothless smile,
And through the door they slowly creep
With soft and muffled guile.

"I'll bet they're going to have a pint,"
A voice said, without cheer,
"It seems so long ago to me
I had my drop of beer."
"I wonder if they'll bring some back?"
Said "bright-eye Bill," so rare,
While "back-ache Charlie" groaned and moaned
Like Widdicombe's grey mare.
"Why can't you fellers rest" he said,
"And give a chap a chance,
When Jerry gets here later on
You'll blinking-well soon dance!!"

Then in comes Jimmy ("ancient lights")
 With darling "Art"—so sweet.
 We wonder what the attraction is,
 It's surely not his feet?
 And so from dusk to morning
 They're passing to and fro,
 While Jacob Street and Tower Hill
 Lie deep and dark below.

At times, in competition keen,
 The feathered flights they nurse,
 But "double top" is hard to find
 While double one is worse.
 And here they stay till dawn do break,
 A team on willing duty,
 Intent on saving from the flame
 Our England, homes and beauty.

That's really all we're fighting for—
 Each Tom and Dick and Bob,
 And Adolf's legions cannot scare
 Our watchers from their job.
 But they go home at 6 a.m.,
 We often wonder why,
 And though they're quite a cheery team
 They sometimes "make us cry."
 But losing them would give us pain
 (They've caused us many a pang),
 And that is why we've christened them
 The "Brewery knock-out Gang."

"GUMMY."

PORTSMOUTH.

"DOING OUR BIT."

Portsmouth is justifiably proud of the fact that it now stands fifth in the list of cities and towns in the National Savings effort, and members of the Trade also are proud of the support they have given to the effort. Their contributions helped to swell the total to £732,384, the amount raised during the months of July, August and September. The "Do your bit" week alone raised no less than £462,981 which, considering that Portsmouth is by no means a wealthy city, is a result that deserves the highest commendation. The winter campaign, which is now in progress, is to come to a climax in March with a "Warships Week," which will coincide

with a similar week at Plymouth and Chatham. There should be keen competition between the three Naval ports, and "Pompey" will make a big effort to come out on top. Admiral L. A. B. Donaldson thinks Portsmouth should have a special target for Navy Week and he suggests that they should try to raise enough to pay for two or three destroyers. If they succeed, these could be named Portsmouth, Southsea and Cosham. We wish the effort well.

A NEW PORTSMOUTH.

Out of evil cometh good! This was, in effect, what Mr. G. L. Pepler, F.S.I., Chief Technical Adviser to Lord Reith, told members of the Local Chamber of Commerce when he addressed them on Town Planning, with special reference to rebuilding the city after the War. Enemy action, he said, had destroyed many things of the greatest value but, on the other hand, some things that had gone could well be spared. Having pointed out the defects noticeable before the War, Mr. Pepler visualised a city rebuilt on modern lines, and suggested that the Corporation should plan boldly and comprehensively. Portsmouth was in an exceptionally favoured position, insofar as they had been granted powers to plan not only a city but also a large area outside, and he suggested that they should take every advantage of this and prepare a regional lay-out that could be easily adapted to fit into a national framework. Much research, careful study and bold initiative would be required before the innumerable problems that were bound to crop up would be solved, but as Mr. Harold Butler, the Regional Commissioner, commented, if the whole of the local resources were employed on the task of planning and rebuilding there was no doubt that Portsmouth would not only rise from its ashes, but rise to be a greater, more beautiful and more attractive city than it had been in the past.

AMBIGUOUS!

"If an incendiary bomb comes through your roof, don't lose your head. Put it in a bucket and cover it with sand." This excerpt from a leaflet issued to fire watchers in a southern coastal town has caused a certain amount of perturbation. "Wonder what they wants us to do with our blinkin' tin 'elmet?" queried one of the watchers.

"So your boy is going to be a short story writer?"

"Yes; every time he writes home it's the same story about how short he is."

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

A friend of ours has sent the following cutting from a New York newspaper :—

“ There is a British-American canteen in Reykjavik, Iceland, where between certain stated hours, like a British ‘ pub,’ one may purchase a flagon of Scottish pale ale (Jeffrey’s is the brand, from Edinburgh) for two kroner. There is a limit of two bottles to a customer on this ‘ pile ile,’ as the Cockneys call it, for it is heady, containing four to six per cent. alcohol.

“ The canteen is for enlisted men only. Officers, however, can arrange a baseball game on the beach with their opposite numbers from the British Navy. The Americans will bring sandwiches ; the Britishers will oblige with cases of Simonds’ Tamar beer from Devonport, and excellent brew it is ! What is left over of the sandwiches will be retrieved by the British Navy, which is running short on food but, thank goodness, they have ample rations of beer and scotch. No credit is due near-beer Adolf Hitler for this happy state of affairs. Recently the Nazis torpedoed a liner bringing reserves of scotch to Iceland.

“ ‘ Now we’ll never make peace with Hitler,’ quipped the boys at the Borg.”

It is very pleasing to know that our friends in the U.S.A. appreciate good beer.

The following was published in the *Western Morning News* :—

GALLANT ACT.

ENEMY PLANE BEATEN OFF BY BRIXHAM MAN.

“ Mr. Leonard Pillar, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Pillar, Torbay Terrace, Brixham, has been awarded the medal of the Order of the British Empire (Civil Division) for meritorious service in a trawler when attacked by enemy aircraft.

“ At the outset of the war Mr. Pillar saw considerable active service in the minesweepers as a skipper, R.N.R. He was invalided from active service and, without delay, signed articles as a gunner in a steam trawler. This vessel left a port on a Sunday evening and at dawn the next morning an enemy aircraft dropped bombs over the trawler.

“ Mr. Pillar was hurt by blast and shrapnel, but he aimed a burst of shells into the aircraft which altered its course, dropped all its bombs harmlessly into the sea some distance away from the trawler, and made no further attack. The trawler’s crew then

navigated their vessel into port. Gunner Pillar was taken to a hospital, in which he was an inmate for fourteen weeks, suffering from severe shrapnel wounds in his left thigh.

“ At the age of nine years Mr. Pillar was present at the rescue of seventy-one survivors of the battleship *Formidable*, which was torpedoed off Berry Head in 1914. He was in the rescuing fisher smack *Provident*, owned and skippered by his uncle, Mr. William Pillar.”

The last paragraph is of special interest to all concerned with H. & G. Simonds Ltd., as our esteemed and highly respected Director, Commander H. D. Simonds, R.N., was one of the seventy-one survivors of H.M.S. *Formidable* who was rescued by the Brixham Trawler *Provident*. Commander Simonds entered the Royal Navy at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, as a cadet, and he always has had a “ soft spot ” for the West Country and West Countrymen, and it is particularly gratifying to us that Devonshire fishermen were the means of saving his life.

We hope that the Tamar Brewery will be in full production before the December HOP LEAF GAZETTE is in circulation.

We are very grateful to our Brewery at Bristol, The Octagon Brewery, Ltd., Plymouth, The New Victoria Brewery, Ltd., Plymouth (Messrs. Ind Coope & Allsopp, Ltd.), The Plymouth Breweries, Ltd. and Messrs. Arnold & Hancock, Ltd., Wiveliscombe, for their great help during the time the Tamar Brewery has been out of production through enemy action. We hope our kind friends will not need our assistance through a similar cause but should they do so, we shall do all in our power to show our appreciation of what they have done for us.

The following changes in our licensed houses have occurred since we published our last notes :—

Melville Inn, Torquay—Mr. J. E. Williams to Mr. F. H. Warder.

New Quay Inn, Brixham—Mr. C. L. Blatcher to Mr. W. Montague.

Seale Arms, Dartmouth—Mrs. F. M. Daw to Mrs. M. F. Batten.

Navy Hotel, Plymouth—Mr. A. Miller to Mr. E. R. Beahan. They each have our very best wishes for a successful business and happiness.

We congratulate Mr. R. A. H. Goodwin on his marriage to Miss K. Barrett. All the staff here wish them every happiness.

STAINES.

We regret to record the passing of Mr. Warwick Ayres who died at his home 52 Mullens Road, Egham, on Tuesday, November 11th, after a very short illness.

Mr. Ayres joined the clerical staff on August 4th, 1939, after leaving school and was employed in the bottled beer department until a few days before his death.

The funeral service took place on Friday, November 14th, at Egham Parish Church, the Revd. A. C. Tranter officiating. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Ayres (parents), Mr. D. Ayres (brother), Mrs. Ayres, Sen. (grandmother), Mr. and Mrs. Smith (grandparents), Aunt Ethel, Aunt Alice, Uncle Albert and Colin, Mrs. Oxford, Mr. B. Oxford, Mr. W. F. Mercer (representing Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd.) and Messrs. F. Wake, A. Beach and E. Brown of the Staines staff.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ayres and family we extend our most heartfelt sympathy in the great loss of their son at such an early age.

“A good restaurant provides something more than food and drink and music,” says a writer. Umbrellas for example.

* * * *

What are the evils you promise to fight against in the Catechism?—my godfathers and godmothers.

* * * *

NERVOUS WOMAN (*in hotel*): “Dear me, porter, this bedroom is a tremendous height from the street, I do hope you take precautions against fire.”

PORTER: “Oh, yes, mum, we take every precaution. The proprietor’s got the place insured for twice what it’s worth.”

* * * *

FRIEND: “What did your rich relative say about your paintings?”

ARTIST: “When he looked at them he clapped his hands——”

FRIEND: “That’s splendid!”

ARTIST: “Over his eyes.”