

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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No. 4.



Mr. A. J. BOYLE.

MR. A. J. BOYLE.

Mr. A. J. Boyle who has many friends throughout our Bridgend District was born in London, commenced his business career as a Junior Clerk with a firm of London Accountants in 1891, moving to South Wales in 1893 to take charge of his father's colliery at Bettws, near Bridgend, where he remained for eight years.

In 1901 he was appointed manager of Messrs. R. H. Stiles' Brewery, Bridgend, which position he occupied until the acquisition of this business by the Firm in 1938.

His long association with the Trade has enabled him to acquire a very sound knowledge of the Licensing Laws and the management of licensed properties, and his advice is often sought by professional gentlemen as well as the Trade.

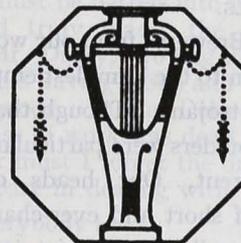
Mr. Boyle's experiences, if recorded, would make interesting reading and one has only to be in his company a short while to appreciate his worldly outlook and wide knowledge of most subjects of general and topical interest. As a conversationalist he is ingenuous, witty and expresses novel views. This ability, coupled with his hospitable nature makes him an ideal host and one whose company is much sought.

In the realm of sport, he made much progress (in his younger days) as a swimmer, being a member of the Polytechnic, Condor and Zephyr clubs, London. He has many achievements to his credit and holds a number of awards, his best he avers was the winning of a sovereign as a wager for a swim from Porthcawl to the Tuskar Rock in the Bristol Channel (a distance of approximately four miles) accomplished under handicap conditions and, to use his own words—"I nearly drowned in the attempt." In later years, however, he has confined his activities to more leisurely pastimes—yachting and motoring take pride of place, not forgetting a day or two annually at the racecourse.

He is a collector of antiques and takes a great pride in his collection acquired over a number of years.

Mr. Boyle, a Freemason of long standing, was one of the founders of the Venables Llewelyn Lodge No. 3756 at Porthcawl.

The spirited manner in which he has adapted himself to the Firm's system of working is evidence of his ability to meet changing conditions with confidence, surely a valuable asset in these difficult times, and we are very fortunate in having the benefit of his extensive experience.



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.)

CHRISTMASTIDE.

Christmas has come and gone and let us hope and pray that in the New Year upon which we have just entered we shall see this terrible strife ended and peace and goodwill reigning once more among men. In these latter days of toil and danger we are beginning to realise the true significance of Christmas. It is still, as we hope it always will be, a season of happiness and good cheer. But we are now remembering that it marked the beginning of the greatest sacrifice in history.

CHEERFULNESS PREVAILS.

One and all at the Brewery, from our wonderful Chairman and Managing Director, down to the humblest employee, put their backs into it and worked like trojans. Though that work was hard, and the burdens on some shoulders were particularly heavy, cheerfulness was everywhere apparent. Our heads of departments were unperturbed, in spite of short and ever-changing staffs, and they set a fine example to us all by the quiet and dignified manner in which they carried on under trying circumstances. Their cheerfulness was infectious and reached the hearts of us all. For instance, I chatted to one member of the Office staff who seemed immersed in a mass of figures, envelopes, bags and cash. He was paying out the wages and I said to him "Your work must have increased an hundredfold these days?" "Yes," he replied, "our task is a heavy one, but we always remember that we are working for a good firm worthy of our highest endeavours." I thought that summed up the situation admirably and "So say all of us!"

EFFICIENT DIRECTION.

Nowhere was there greater activity than in our Wines and Spirits Stores, and the amount of business got through, particularly in endeavouring to see that the available goods were equitably distributed, was really amazing. And yet the wheels of this great machine ran quite smoothly under the quiet and efficient direction of the courteous manager, Mr. Warner. The work that those in these stores accomplished, and the manner in which they accomplished it, was a great credit to all concerned.

OTHER CENTRES OF ACTIVITY.

In the Bottling Department there was another centre of the greatest activity and the same may be said concerning the Cellars. Here, thousands of casks had to be filled and treated separately, but the Christmas rush, in spite of labour shortage, was successfully dealt with. There was the conditioning and chilling of a vast quantity of beer for bottling and the filtration of beer for immediate use. The elevators were continuously running from early morning till evening, carrying beer to the loading stage for dispatch to our Tenants—Military, Free Trade and Branches. To accomplish such a task, with hardly a complaint, was the finest compliment that could be paid to the keen supervision of the head of the department, Mr. Wheeler.

WELL AND TRULY MADE.

Of course there must be barrels into which to put the beer and these were well and truly made, the work of the Cooperage Department, under Mr. Drury, proving as efficient as any on the Firm. And it is useless having casks and beer unless you have the men to deliver the goods. In the Delivery Office orders simply poured in but the mass of work was dealt with in the most praiseworthy manner. Nor must I forget the draymen and lorry drivers who played a great part in dealing with the Christmas rush.

Well worked, everybody!

PICKING A GOOD CIGAR.

First of all, the colour. A light colour is generally the sign of a mild cigar; conversely, dark cigars are usually strong, says the *Evening Herald, Dublin*.

Both have their partisans, but to be on the safe side choose a medium colour. Then rub your fingers along the surface of the cigar in order to judge the texture. It should feel silky to the touch; in fact, the silkier the better.

When selecting cigars, don't hold one to your ear and listen with a knowing expression on your face while you squeeze it. It doesn't mean anything, and can easily spoil the tobacco.

So much for a preliminary examination. Then comes the acid test of smoking, and these remarks will be of more use to you as the recipient of cigars than as a donor of them for a Christmas present. Some people make the mistake of trying to judge a cigar by the aroma. Tastes differ so widely, however, that there are no hard and fast rules in this respect. A strong aroma can be just as correct as a mild one; it all depends on individual likes and dislikes.

On the other hand, the ash is a very good guide to the quality of a cigar. It should be as white as possible. But an even better indication of quality is to flick off the ash and examine the glowing tip. This should be pointed and not flat; the finer the point, the choicer the cigar.

Meaningless cigar-smoking customs are to smell a cigar before selecting it, to choose one from the side of the box, to think that a long ash is the sign of a good cigar, and to blacken the end before making the first "draw."

Whether your gift is a box of full-size after-dinner cigars, or some of those manikin cigars make sure that they are of good quality and in good condition. In fact, give to others as you would have given to you.

THE ROYAL LEAD.

The King and Queen associated themselves unsparingly with every phase of British life in a year of ever-widening development of the war effort, bringing to each the sympathy and interest which have endeared them to their people, as we read in *The Times Review of the Year*. His Majesty was often with his soldiers and airmen and those of the allied countries and travelled from place to place to see invasion exercises, tank demonstrations, defence works, bomber and fighter crews, as well as the naval shipyards and innumerable factories "behind the lines." When air raids were at their height the King and Queen, who were in residence at Buckingham Palace as a general rule, visited the stricken areas, giving encouragement to the sufferers and paying tributes to the wonderful spirit of the people in their ordeal. On Christmas Day the King broadcast a message to the Empire. The Queen also was heard in a broadcast thanking America for the gifts that had been sent to relieve distress. Other members of the Royal Family also played their part, particularly in support of the hospital and auxiliary services. In July the Duke of Kent flew to Canada in a bomber to inspect R.A.F. training centres under the Commonwealth Air Training Plan and paid a brief visit to President Roosevelt, and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester visited Belfast early in the year to see the bombed areas there.

FOR YOUR TORCH.

To make your torch battery last longer all you have to do is to use a 3.5-volt bulb instead of the normal 2.5 volt. There may be a slight reduction in the power of the light but, according to the Salvage and Recovery Board, this method of economy may add 50 per cent. to the life of your battery. You will also be helping the country, since a considerable amount of fibre board which is very useful to the war effort in other ways is used in the manufacture of batteries.

THIS WORD COMMANDO.

Misuse of the word "Commando" is coming quickly into English usage. As applied to a body of mobile troops, operating freely and loosely, as distinct from a set group like a battalion or a brigade, there is precedent from the Boer war for its application. The misuse is referring to an individual as "a Commando," or to a number of individuals as "Commandos." "Commando" is Portuguese for "command." The Transvaal republics adopted the word and military and semi-military expeditions were carried out by Commandos. In an English-speaking country such bodies would have been companies, battalions or regiments.

TO THE WORKERS.

"Build me a ship," says the sailor, "and I'll keep the oceans free—and bring the merchandise of war across the mine-sown sea."

"Give me more arms," says the soldier "our freedom to defend—tanks and guns—the best you've got. On *you* I must depend."

"Make me a plane" says the airman, "and now, without delay. Work with all your might and main. I want a plane . . . to-day!"

ROTTEN!

What fruit do Hitler and Goering represent?—A rotten pear.

AS THE CROW FLIES.

A soldier after a long tramp met a countryman, and asked how far it was to a certain camp.

Countryman: "Well, it be four miles as yon crow flies."

Soldier: "Well, supposing the crow had to walk, with a sore heel, carrying a rifle, pack, tin helmet and a gas mask, how far then?"

DISCIPLINE FOR YOUTH.

Concerning the new National Service Act we would stress the importance of just one of its provisions—the liability of boys and girls between the ages of 16 and 18 to register—and the supervision of their welfare by the educational authorities. Time and time again have we preached against the demoralising influence of the “dole” upon the character of youth, against the waste produced by blind-alley occupations, says *Our Empire*. Now it would seem that evil has sprung from the other extreme; abnormally high wages in the hands of undisciplined children are sending them straight to the devil.

OUR FUTURE LEADERS.

The cure for both diseases is the same—discipline, training, social improvement, the abolition of idleness, the proper use of leisure, instruction in the citizen's duties. Adolescence is the right age for the imparting of this education. When they have found the supervisory staff for this supremely important work, the Government will have deserved well of the people, and will have justified their new Act by this single provision alone. Because democracy's “New Order” will have to be built by the boys and girls of to-day; as in the last war the flower of our young manhood, which should have led us in the succeeding generation, will have been sacrificed to make our “New Order” possible. Our fears will decrease if we know that the boys and girls are being properly trained for their life-work.

THE SWORD—AND THE TROWEL.

They will have little affinity with the Hitler Youth. Not for them the slavish worship of a solitary man, unthinking obedience, the supremacy of the Nordic “superman,” the life of a robot. They will be taught to develop thought, speech and judgment; the importance of a well-instructed mind in a virile body; toleration in disagreement; a hatred of cruelty, a love of truth. And they will be taught, too, how to defend these things against a resurrection of the powers of evil. In that last the “old order” has been found wanting. The builders of the “New Jerusalem” must carry the sword as well as the trowel.

N.A.A.F.I. COMES OF AGE.

N.A.A.F.I. celebrates its twenty-first birthday this month. In its twenty-one years, N.A.A.F.I. has returned to Navy, Army and Air Force units in cash rebates and discount a sum of over fifteen million pounds—a figure which does not include further millions spent on entertainment and other amenities. On January 1st, 1921, N.A.A.F.I. began operations as the official canteen organisation for the three defence Services. For the first time in history, British forces were equipped with a permanent canteen service of their own,

run on co-operative lines; a not-for-profit association whose trading surpluses must be returned to unit funds. That date marked the final eclipse of the private contractor system in Army canteens—the system which, under the pressure of large-scale warfare, had broken down so lamentably in 1914. Within a year of its inception, N.A.A.F.I. was on “active service”—at Chanak during the Turkish crisis in 1922. Other periods of tension which found N.A.A.F.I. in close support of the troops included the Occupation of the Ruhr, the General Strike, the Shanghai crisis, and the riots in Palestine. At the outbreak of the present war, a contingent of specially trained N.A.A.F.I. men accompanied the vanguard of the British forces to France. This in itself was an historic accomplishment, for never before in the history of British warfare had a fully equipped canteen force been ready to take the field from the first day of war. Before the French capitulation, N.A.A.F.I. had succeeded in establishing in France, throughout the British lines, several hundred canteens, depots, warehouses, bulk issue stores and offices.

To-day, N.A.A.F.I. operates over 6,000 canteens at home and overseas and has a staff of 65,000 men and women.

BLIME.

How this familiar word originated:—

French—Ma Belle Ami.

French (shorter)—Belle Ami.

French (shorter still)—B'el Ami.

Cross Channel—B'T'ami.

East London (Cockney)—Blimé.

JUSTLY PROUD!

The colonel of a battalion billeted in the country was invited to a neighbouring farm for lunch. He astounded the farmer by eating two small roasted fowls. Later, when walking in the farmyard, he noticed a cock strutting about, and remarked: “By gad, that's a proud bird.”

“So he should be,” answered the farmer; “he has two sons in the army now.”

A WELL-DESERVED TRIBUTE.

With the passing of another year it is appropriate that tribute should be paid to Messrs. Bradley & Son, Ltd., who print THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE and help in many ways to make it the popular little paper that it has undoubtedly proved to be. One is always sure of the most expert help at the Crown Press and that help is always tendered promptly, proficiently, and with never-failing courtesy. I, personally, owe much to all at the Crown Press for their great assistance in producing the Gazette and I very gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness.

Our Chairman and Managing Director's Great Record at the Brewery.

FORTY YEARS SERVICE— TWENTY-FIVE AS MANAGING DIRECTOR.

Our much respected and beloved Chairman and Managing Director, Mr. F. A. Simonds, attained the age of 61 on January 2nd. On December 3rd he completed 25 years as Managing Director (for some years now he has, in addition, been Chairman of the Company) and on January 20th he will have given his great services to the Firm for 40 years.

This is truly a fine record.

Mr. Simonds' many fine qualities of heart and mind have won for him an ever-increasing circle of friends and admirers. His wonderful business acumen, his rare tact and great-heartedness, make him an ideal gentleman to fill the great position he occupies—he is, in short, a great man in a great position and the famous firm of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. are indeed fortunate in having one at the helm more than qualified to carry on the great traditions of an honoured name.

May he live long to continue in that capacity!

MESSRS. H. & G. SIMONDS LTD.

PROFIT OF £198,152.

BREWERY'S DIFFICULTIES IN WAR-TIME.

A net profit of £198,152 19s. 5d., which was lower by some £20,000 than that of the previous year, was reported at the annual general meeting of H. & G. Simonds Ltd., the Reading brewers, which was held at 19 Bridge Street, Reading, on Monday, December 22nd. Mr. F. A. Simonds, chairman and managing director, presided, and other directors present were Mr. J. H. Simonds, vice-chairman, Mr. A. J. Redman, Major G. S. M. Ashby, Captain R. B. St. J. Quarry and Captain F. H. V. Keighley. Commander H. D. Simonds and Captain L. A. Simonds were unable to be present.

The notice convening the meeting and the auditors' report were read by the secretary, Mr. E. S. Phipps.

The chairman, in the course of his address, stated:—

Four of our directors are still serving their country in various capacities both at home and overseas, as also are an ever-increasing number of our staff and employees, and I am sure it is your fervent hope, as it is mine, that they will soon return, with health and activities unimpaired, to resume their duties with the company. The warmest thanks of the directors and shareholders are due to those members of the staff and employees who, during last winter and spring, endured, in a greater or less degree, the horrors of air raids in the various areas in which they were serving; they have continued to carry on unflinchingly despite, in many cases, having to live and work in most uncomfortable and dangerous surroundings. Our A.R.P. organisation at each of the three breweries and all our branches has continued to function with great efficiency.

AN INCREASED BURDEN.

Trade during the past year has been on a somewhat higher level than during the previous twelve months, and this, in spite of the fact that in the early spring we were hampered by a serious shortage of suitable coal and for a period were unable to brew to capacity, and most of our customers were disappointed by short deliveries. At about the same time one of our breweries was partially destroyed owing to enemy action, and this imposed, on those that remained, an increased burden which has only recently been lightened by renewal of operations at the damaged brewery. As a result, we found ourselves in a position in which we were unable to meet in full the requirements of our customers, but fortunately a number of brewery firms came to our aid and are still helping us. They quite voluntarily supplied us with a weekly barrelage or placed their brewery at our disposal for one or two

brews a week, and thus did much to relieve our embarrassment. I should like to take this opportunity publicly to thank those firms, and they number no less than fourteen, who, by this gesture of friendship and goodwill to my company, and myself personally, have enabled us to maintain a reasonable output.

The profit and loss account reveals a net profit lower by some £20,000 than that of last year. There has been a considerable advance in all costs connected with production and distribution, and the war risks insurances have again been an expensive item. Provision has also been made for taxation which, as we all appreciate, remains at a very high level. The contributions payable under the War Damage Act, 1941, which in the case of real property are payable by instalments spread over five years, have been provided in full, and the total sum involved, viz., £54,750, has been charged to the contingencies reserve. The continued advance in the price of barley and all brewing materials must have considerable bearing on the cost of brewing in the current year.

THE ADVISORY COUNCIL.

The advisory council, under the chairmanship of our chief accountant, Mr. A. G. Richardson, which was appointed early in 1940, has continued to deal with many matters of importance which crop up from week to week, and thereby much valuable time of the directors has been saved.

Once again I have to tell you that we have received a handsome contribution from our investment in our associated company in Malta, Messrs. Simonds-Farsons Ltd. This company has continued its brewing operations despite the dangers which beset them. We, at this end, are doing everything in our power to ship them the requisite materials. I would like to send a message of greeting and congratulation to the directors and all concerned with the conduct of that company. The inhabitants of Malta, by their devotion to duty and their gallant defence of their island against the Italian serfs of Nazidom, have once again won for themselves immortal fame. The Cirencester Brewery Ltd. has sent us, as before, a valuable contribution. As for so many years past, this subsidiary company continues to be managed with efficiency by the original proprietors, the members of the Cripps family.

Our licensed houses have been carrying on under considerable difficulties, the demands upon them being greater than available supplies; but one must presume, judging by the uniform rhythm of the criticisms as to unfair distribution, that a substantial measure of justice has been meted out by those upon whom has fallen the invidious task of allotting such supplies. The hotels and licensed properties under our control and management continue to show excellent results, and it is evident from the volume of letters and

messages we receive telling us of the hospitality and comfort afforded to visitors at these establishments, that our venture in this direction is more than justified.

We have inaugurated a system in co-operation with other brewers in our neighbourhood, whereby a substantial saving is being effected in the usage of imported motor fuel and transport generally, by cutting out cross-traffic. Exchanges of barrelage have been harmoniously arranged, and brewers are supplying each other's houses as a temporary war measure.

The acute shortage of wines and spirits causes us considerable alarm, and stocks of imported wines and spirits have now almost reached famine level. Forceful representations are being made to H.M. Government in an endeavour to persuade them to remove the ban on the importation of these goods, as a very serious injury is being inflicted upon the vine growers in the Colonies and Dominions, who have sunk an enormous amount of capital in developing these products in competition with European growers.

In conclusion, may I once more express the hope that by the time we meet again, the present distracting conditions may be a thing of the past, and your directors, with the help of some of the younger members of the firm, may be concentrating on the solution of the inevitable problems which must concern all commercial undertakings after the victorious cessation of hostilities.

Mr. F. A. Simonds then moved the following resolution: "That the directors' report and accounts for the year ended September 30th, 1941, be received and adopted, and that, having already paid a dividend on £1,200,000 5% cumulative preference stock less income tax for the year ended September 30th, 1941, and an interim dividend of 3½% less income tax on £800,000 ordinary stock, the directors now recommend that the balance of £255,968 11s. 3d. be appropriated as follows: To service of debenture redemption, £10,552; to pay a final dividend on £800,000 ordinary stock at the rate of 14½%, less income tax (making 18% for the year), £58,000; to add to pensions reserve (making a total of £130,000), £5,405; to add to property improvement account (making a total of £150,000), £8,394; to add to general reserve (making a total of £490,000), £10,664 3s. 7d.; to add to contingencies reserve (making a total of £165,000), £54,750; to carry forward to next year, £108,203 7s. 8d."

A SATISFACTORY RECORD.

Mr. J. H. Simonds, in seconding the resolution, said he had looked up a lot of the company's balance sheets recently. He had discovered that the balance sheet total, now approaching six millions, was nearly six times as much as it was 25 years ago, whilst

the corresponding profit had increased by over six times. He thought the shareholders would consider that a satisfactory record for their managing director.

The resolution was unanimously approved.

The two retiring directors, Mr. J. H. Simonds and Captain R. B. St. J. Quarry, were re-elected, on the proposition of Mr. A. J. Redman, seconded by Major G. S. M. Ashby.

Messrs. Turquand, Youngs, McAuliffe and Co., of London, E.C.2, were re-elected auditors, on the proposal of Major M. H. Simonds, seconded by Mr. G. W. Smith.

Captain E. T. Cripps proposed a vote of thanks to the chairman and managing director. "We are grateful to him for his courage and his judgment," he said, "and we always get the best of guidance and advice from him."

Captain F. H. V. Keighley, in seconding, expressed appreciation of the way in which those directors and members of the staff who were left were carrying on in the present crisis.

The vote was accorded with acclamation, and the chairman, in reply, said they were face to face with extraordinary difficulties owing to shortage of materials, acute shortage of labour, and the high level of prices, but he was quite sure they would get over these troubles and that the spirit which had prevailed throughout all ranks in the firm would continue in the days to come.

PRAISE FOR ROYAL VISITS TO PEOPLE.

Lord Moyne, leader of the House of Lords, recently put into words the unspoken thoughts of every man and woman in Britain and the Empire. Everyone has experienced the great sense of family which the King and Queen have inspired by their actions during the war. They have felt, without saying it, the influence of the Royal family's personal bravery and willingness to share with their subjects the stresses of the times. In the debate following the King's Speech, Lord Moyne spoke for the man and woman in the street when he said: "We will never forget that our Sovereigns have dared the dangers and anxieties of the people and have not spared themselves in encouraging the nation in its efforts."

Working men in the munition centres who have felt the King's firm handclasp, and women in the blitzed areas who have experienced the Queen's warm sympathy, will endorse that simple sentence voiced in the House of Lords.

NOTABILITIES AT THE BREWERY (No. 5).



"O wad some power the giftie gie us"

"To see oursel as ithers see us."

NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

ROSES AND PRIMROSES IN MID-WINTER.

ROOKS ALREADY AT THE NESTS.

Until Jack Frost came upon the scene, and prolonged his stay, flowers of great variety might be seen in bloom this winter and buttonholes were the order of the day at The Brewery. On New Year's Day our Home Trade Manager (Mr. W. Bowyer) came to the office with a lovely rose gathered that morning from his garden while, in the woods, a few primroses were to be found. I am sure flowers have a great fascination for us all. What is more cheerful than a few simple blooms, with foliage nicely arranged, on the tables of our homes? It requires the feminine touch to arrange them. And in this connection there is one lady in particular who displays the artistic touch to an eminent degree. Just a few ordinary flowers and foliage, with her magic touch, are transformed into a picture of great beauty. It is a real art and, I learn on the best authority, that no one possesses this art in a higher degree than Mrs. Eric Simonds—the result of cultured taste artistically applied.

SIGNS AND SOUNDS OF SPRING.

There are already signs and sounds of spring and many blooms will soon appear in abundance. The rooks are even now at their old nests and choosing sites for their new ones. You may see them any day in the tree by St. Mary's Vicarage, Reading, planning for building operations and fighting for the best positions. How these birds love company! Their visits to the rookeries are now very frequent and next month they will set to work building. Rooks are fond of fun and frolic and have rare games together. They talk too, and their "caw" in spring is much softer than that note in winter and has much more meaning in it.

GREAT FLOCKS OF STARLINGS.

The huge flocks of starlings that you see setting out at dawn for their feeding grounds will soon dissolve now for they will be pairing off for the nesting season. With what feverish haste these

birds seek for food and how they enjoy a bath, even on the coldest day. They sing their quaint songs from tree and chimney-pot and cleverly mimic other birds. One starling, I know, had learned the notes of the willow warbler to a nicety. It is a wonderful sight to see flocks of these birds returning home to roost at night. One flock is joined by another on the homeward journey until there are thousands of them in mass formation darkening the sky like a big black cloud. They twist and turn, rise and fall, as if they were one. But, in spite of their vast numbers, never do you witness a collision!

A CHARM OF GOLDFINCHES.

Mr. Eric, who has a wonderful knowledge of bird life, tells me he recently came across a charm of goldfinches. There could be no better word than "charm" for a company of these beautiful birds. They certainly charm us and when feeding on thistle seeds are more like big butterflies than birds. Their call notes are *ziflet* or *sticklet* which soon tell us of their whereabouts, while they also twitter and warble prettily. Many hawfinches have also come under Mr. Eric's notice. The hawfinch is by no means a common bird. They stay with us throughout the year, though in winter their number is increased by arrivals from the Continent. The male hawfinch is a handsome fellow. There would probably be more hawfinches about but for their great weakness for green peas, the result being that gardeners have to kill them to preserve their produce. I have seen a row of peas—or rather all that was left of them—after a visit of these birds. Their powerful beaks had torn to shreds the pea pods and hardly a pea was left.

GREEDY GREENFINCHES.

As I write, greenfinches, tits, sparrows and chaffinches are feeding on my window sill not two feet away. The greenfinches are very greedy and keep at bay the other birds so far as they are able. But the peanuts that I slice up very fine are scattered about and the other birds slip in here and there and thus obtain their ration. One little tit hid under my bird table and just when the greedy greenfinch turned his head, up shot the blue-tit, on to the

table, and off with a big bit of nut in less time than it takes to tell. Again and again came the tit repeating the same manoeuvre.

APPROACHING SPRING.

We are now rapidly approaching spring, the season of hope and joy. The winds of winter may blow coldly over the ravaged earth, and bewail the departed glories of the year; the fields and groves may be verdureless and dead; but these only enhance the endearments of the home, and heighten man's gratitude for all the blessings congregated there. In the deadness of Nature we see her necessary repose before another spring; the rain, the frost, and the snow are, we know, sent by the Almighty Father to fertilize the soil, and herald the bounty of another year.

BEAUTY AND HARMONY.

Thus it is beneficently ordained, that the happy and contented spirit should find at all times the means of enjoyment. The great Framers of the human mind has exquisitely adapted the external world to its various feelings and powers; and when these are in healthful action, Nature, in her wintry as well as her vernal aspects, is full of beauty and harmony. Though the flowery and the fruitful seasons of the year may be over and gone, and the blasts of winter howl among the desolate hills, the past is without regret, the present full of enjoyment, and the future rich in hope. How should we then adore that Divine goodness, which has given us the power to enjoy the seasons as they pass in grand succession before us; and, even among the sternest scenes of winter, to behold in vision the luxuriant beauty of spring?

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

Owing to the illness of Mr. W. Dunster there will be no Brewery Jottings this month.

THE NEW YEAR.

The corner's turned—again we hail
A lengthening of days:
The leafless trees bemoan the gale
But red the sunsets blaze:
And tho' the woodland paths lie bare
That erst were flower'd and fern'd,
There's life and vigour in the air—
Again the corner's turned!

The corner's turned—the wintry nights
Are desolate and cold;
But up in heaven's unmeasured heights
The stars shine clear and gold;
Whilst, down the hedgerow, berries sleep
Concealed in clusters coy,
Or, with the morning, shyly peep
In pledge of future joy.

The corner's turned—and soon we'll hear
From bush and bank and bough
Small feathered songsters, spreading cheer
Thro' copses silent now:
Then let us cease to scowl and mope
—To look so sad and glum
And let us forward move, in hope
Of better times to come.

S. E. COLLINS.

"THE PERFECT LANDLORD."

The perfect landlord should have the dignity of an archbishop,
The geniality of George Robey,
The hope of a company promoter,
The smile of a film star,
The elastic conscience of a member of parliament,
The voice of a sergeant-major
and
The skin of a rhinoceros;
and if he can say
"Time gentlemen, please" in a voice combining firmness, regret,
condolences, hope for the future and thankfulness for past
mercies, together with the suggestion "this hurts me far more
than it hurts you," then he is set for success!

RAM IN THE BARREL.

To assist us in supplying our London military trade and to curtail transport, Messrs. Young & Co.'s Brewery Ltd., The Ram Brewery, Wandsworth, have for some time kindly undertaken to brew beers for us.

In addition to supplying an excellent beer, they are also capable of turning out wonderful rhyme and the following very apt specimen was sent to our Chairman and Managing Director, Mr. F. A. Simonds, in return for a specially drawn Christmas Card of Greetings :—

The Young Ram of Wandsworth
Will certainly try
To fill up your barrels—
Troops mustn't go dry.

A cheery old Christmas
We'll hope for next year,
Meantime we will struggle
To Ram out the beer.

My thanks for the picture
Are great and sincere.
Best wishes I send you
A Happy New Year.

HENRY.

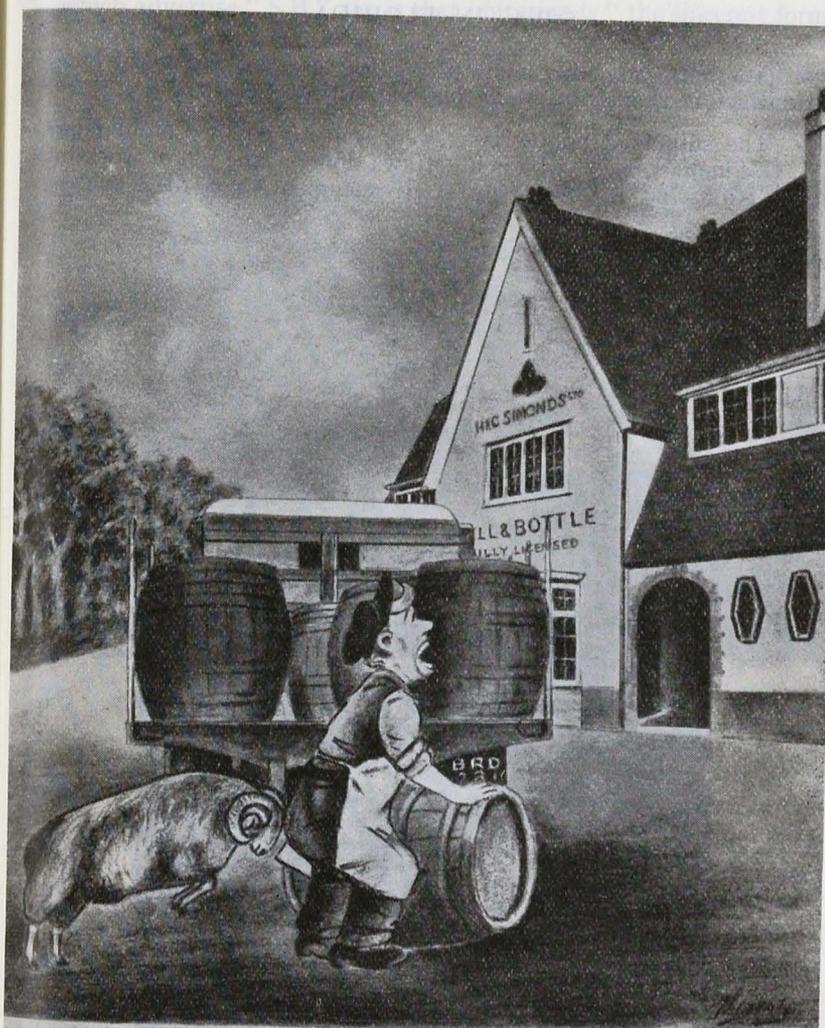
Reproduced on the opposite page is Mr. F. A. Simonds' Christmas Card which inspired the above verses.

The drawing is the work of Mr. W. Giddy.

COMMANDER H. D. SIMONDS, R.N.

We were pleased to receive a Christmas cable from Commander H. D. Simonds who is in Ottawa. In the following message he conveys the hopes, which we all share, that he and his family will be home again before another Xmas arrives :—

BEST WISHES FROM ALL TO ALL. MAY WE BE
REUNITED BEFORE NEXT CHRISTMAS AND MAY
THE AXIS BE SHATTERED.—HARRY SIMONDS.



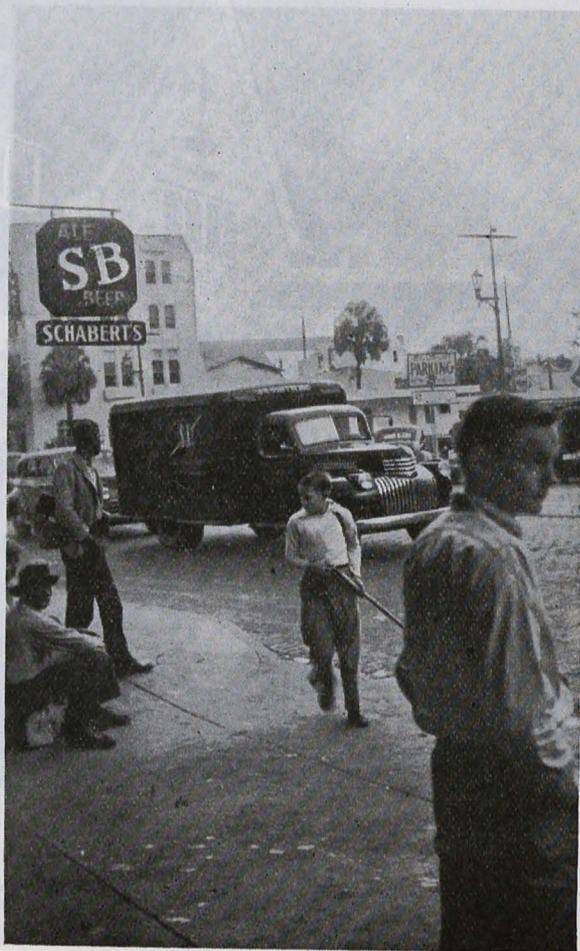
A YOUNG RAM HELPS

A token of gratitude from H & C Simonds Ltd. Reading 1941/42

S.B.A. IN FLORIDA.

Yes, S.B. is on sale in Florida! But not the celebrated Pale Ale which is an institution on this side of the Atlantic!

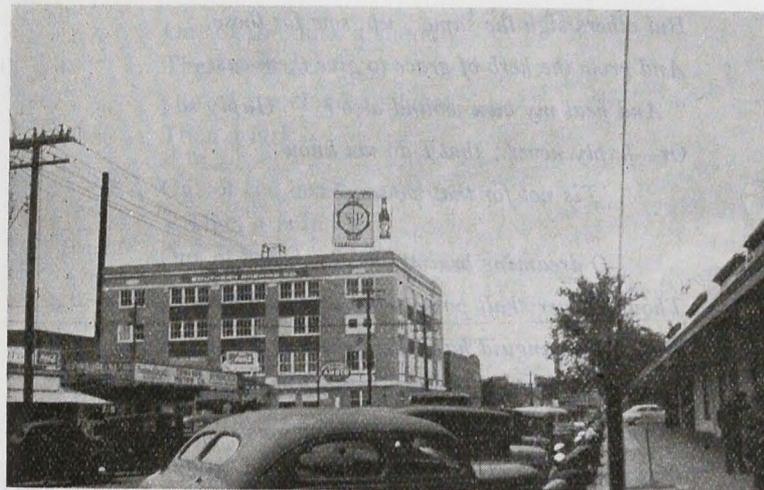
The subjoined photographs were sent to us by Commander H. D. Simonds, R.N., who is in Ottawa doing a fine job of work in connection with the War effort. His comment upon these snaps,



TAMPA, FLORIDA.

which advertise "S.B." ale, is that imitation is "the sincerest form of flattery."

Let us hope that the article sold in Florida under this description is worthy of the famous letters which typify the perfect product on this side.



TAMPA, FLORIDA.

BOXING DAY.

For the first time within memory, the Offices and Brewery were open for business on Boxing Day, when the Chairman and Managing Director, Mr. F. A. Simonds, put in a full day's work, thereby setting a fine example to the whole of the employees.

The day opened with considerable activity in an effort to cope with the large accumulation of orders on hand, and it was evident that the decision to carry on "business as usual" was the only solution. Despite the strenuous endeavours of the Beer Cellars and the Delivery Departments, who despatched upwards of 300 tons, the limitations of our transport prevented all deliveries being completed. It is hoped, however, that a fair distribution of available supplies was made prior to New Year's Eve.

Let us hope that the necessity for working on a Boxing Day will not recur. As to the future, however, we can only patiently await the course of the War.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

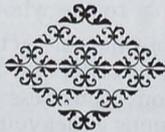
O plaining heart !

*The balm was never grown to heal thy smart ;
But others sigh the same ; up, sow for these,
And grow the herb of grace to give them ease—
“ And heal my own wound also ? ” Haply so ;
Or—haply never ; that I do not know ;
'Tis not for that we sow !*

O dreaming brain !

*Though never shalt possess thy spot in Spain ;
But in thy languid hand lies power to do
Deeds whereby the dreams of others shall come true ;
“ And see fulfilled my own fond visions ? ” Nay,
It is not promised. Still—what seer can say ?*

THERE LIES NO NEARER WAY!



WORDS OF WISDOM.

Light after darkness

Sun after rain.

Out of the dusk a shadow

Then a spark.

Out of the cloud a silence

Then a lark.

Out of the heart a rapture

Then a pain.

Out of the dead cold ashes

Life again.

Remembered joys are never past.

What is almost all conversation but a breach of the Law of Love.

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

Cast all your cares on God ; that anchor holds.

Do not ask if a man has been through college.

Ask if a college has been through him.

Don't despise a slight wound or a poor relative.

Kind hearts are the gardens ;

Kind thoughts are the roots ;

Kind words are the flowers ;

Kind deeds are the fruits.

Chance generally favours the prudent.

Enjoy your own life without comparing it with that of another.

England expects this day that every man shall do his duty.

Friendship is love with understanding.

Grace has been defined the outward expression of the inward harmony of the soul.

He must mingle with the world that desires to be useful.

He lives twice who can at once employ
The present well and e'en the past enjoy.

How blessings brighten as they take their flight!

Kindnesses like grain, increase by sowing.

Nature is the art of God.

Storms make oaks take deeper root.



LIGHTER SIDE.

Some years ago Mr. Winston Churchill was travelling on the Tralee-Listowel-Ballybunion Railway. For no good reason apparently, the train stopped in a station for half an hour.

Mr. Churchill, being in a hurry to reach his destination to dine with Lord Leitrim, who was the chairman of the Railway Company, informed the porter of his identity and also of his date that evening, presuming that this might have some effect. But not a bit of it.

"Your honour," said the porter, "if ye were the son of the stationmaster himself, it would not make any difference.—CHARLES GRAVES in the *Daily Mail*."

* * * *

An elderly lady living in the country had a son in the Navy. On one of her rare visits to a neighbouring town she saw a sailor. Trembling with excitement, she asked him if he knew her boy. "Well, what ship is he on?" asked the sailor.

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

* * * *

Donovan and O'Leary lay next to each other in hospital, both suffering from similar leg trouble. The doctor came along and attended to Donovan's leg. He, poor fellow, screamed with pain.

Then the doctor looked at O'Leary's leg, patted it, and twisted it, but O'Leary didn't make a sound.

After the doctor had gone, Donovan shouted to his friend: "You're the bravest man I've ever seen."

"Well," O'Leary replied casually, "I saw what he did to you, so I showed him my good one."

* * * *

An old fellow, crossing the Atlantic, was leaning over the rail when the information fiend tapped him on the shoulder.

"Sir," he said, with a wave of his hand, "do you know that if the earth were flattened out the sea would be miles deeper all over the world?"

The old fellow looked impressed. "Well," he replied, "if you catch anyone flattening out the earth, shoot him on the spot. I can't swim!"

* * * *

The two commercial travellers were discussing the careless manner in which trunks and suitcases are handled by some railway companies.

"I had a very cute idea for preventing that once," said one of them, smiling reminiscently. "I labelled each of my bags 'With care—China.'"

"And did that have any effect?"

"Well, I don't know; you see, they shipped the whole darned lot to Hong Kong."

* * * *

"What a 'ouse! What a gorgeous 'ouse!" said the woman who had recently married rank and wealth. "What furnishings and decorations!"

"I'm glad you like it," said her hostess. "We're rather proud of that bust over there. Marcus Aurelius."

"Ow, indeed. The present markis or 'is dad?"

* * * *

Two cyclists pulled up for the night at a hotel.

"Well, I think," said the host, "that you'll have a comfortable night. It's a feather bed."

At two o'clock in the morning one of the cyclists roused his companion.

"Change places with me, Dick," he groaned; "it's my turn to lie on the feather."

* * * *

TRAVELLER: "Good morning, sir. My name is Robin."

SHOPKEEPER: "Then hop it."

* * * *

"Pardon me," said the lady collector timidly, "would you please help the Working Girls' Home?" "Certainly," said the house owner, "where are they?"

* * * *

"Can you imagine anyone going to bed with his shoes on?"

"Who does?"

"My horse."

* * * *

OFFICE BOY: "It's an awful life. If I use a pen that scratches, the boss complains about the noise. And if I use one that doesn't, he wants to know why I'm not working."

* * * *

DENTIST: "Dear, dear, sir! There's absolutely no need to make all that fuss. Why, I haven't even started yet."

VICTIM: "No, but you're standing on my pet corn."

* * * *

"Mrs. Smith's pet dog has been run over; she'll be heart-broken."

"Don't tell her abruptly."

"No, I'll begin by saying it's her husband."

* * * *

MISTRESS: "If you want eggs to keep fresh, they must be laid in a cool place."

MAID: "All right, ma'am. I'll tell the hens right away."

* * * *

TEACHER: "What is the best skin for making boots?"

TOMMY: "I don't know, miss, but banana skin is the best for making slippers."

* * * *

TEACHER: "Frank, what is a cannibal?"

"Don't know, mum."

"Well, if you ate your father and mother, what would you be?"

"An orphan, mum."

* * * *

"Does the giraffe get a sore throat if he gets wet feet?"

"Yes, but not until a few days later."

* * * *

NERVOUS PASSENGER: "Don't drive so quickly round the corners. It makes me frightened."

CHAUFFEUR: "You don't want to get scared. Do what I do—shut your eyes when we come to corners."

* * * *

A little boy said to his teacher: "Oh, teacher, I had such a funny dream last night. I dreamt that I was at the 'Birth of a Nation.'"

The teacher said to him: "And what were you supposed to be doing?"

"I was busy running after the doctor all night."

* * * *

"Gimme another box of pills like those I got for mother yesterday."

"Did your mother find them good?"

"Can't say she did, but they just fit my air gun."

* * * *

TEACHER TO CLASS: "If I bought four eggs for a penny, what would each be?"

SMART BOY: "Bad, sir."

* * * *

LODGER: "It's disgraceful, Mrs. Skinner! I'm sure two rats were fighting in my bedroom last night."

"MRS. SKINNER: "Well, what did you expect for ten shillings a week—a bull fight?"

* * * *

A man and his wife had enjoyed their holiday on a farm so well that they wished to repeat it. The only thing that made them doubtful about going to the same place again was the annoyance which the close proximity of the pig-sty to the house had caused them. Finally the man wrote to the farmer and explained the objectionable feature. He received the following reply:

"We have not had any pigs on the place since you were here last summer. Be sure to come."

* * * *

Stepping out of a luxurious car, a middle-aged woman, dressed in expensive furs, approached the sentry and asked if she could speak to her soldier son.

"He is a tall, young man," she explained, "rather good looking, with blue eyes, and called Clarence Montmorency."

The sentry stopped her, "I know," he said. Then, putting his head round the guard-room door, shouted: "Hi, Stinker, you're wanted."

* * * *

If you want to know the faults of a woman, praise her to another woman.

* * * *

The terrible child watched the visitor sipping his tea for a few minutes, and then protested:—

"Mr. Jones drinks like anybody else," he bawled, "not like a fish at all!"

* * * *

Two Germans were discussing their war jobs, and Hans asked Fritz what he was doing.

"I haf got a very good job on der Eiffel Tower," said Fritz.

"And what do you do?" asked Hans, "paint it?"

"No, no," said Fritz: "I haf to sit on der top and watch for der British to wave der white flag."

"Is it good pay?" asked Hans.

"No, no," said Fritz, "but it's a job for life."

* * * *

The rifle fell from his unaccustomed hand; the drill sergeant approached with a steely eye.

"How long have you been in the Army?" asked the sergeant.

"Er—all d-day, sir."

* * * *

"When I was shipwrecked in South America," said an old salt, "I came across a tribe of wild women who had no tongues."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed his audience. "How could they talk?"

"They couldn't," snapped the old man, "that's what made 'em wild."

* * * *

The man went into the infirmary and asked to see the man in charge; as it happened the only person present was a doctor. "What do you want, my man?" he said.

"Got gravel, sir."

So the doctor took him into his consulting room to be examined. "What did you say you'd got?"

"Got gravel, sir."

The doctor sought a second opinion, and after another examination the second doctor again said: "What did you say you'd got?"

"Got gravel, sir."

"You've got nothing of the sort," retorted the doctor.

"Oh, yes, I 'ave," said the man, "got a lorry load outside, sir."

* * * *

"Tom needs educating, Mrs. Jones," said the Vicar. "I had to pinch like anything to send my sons to college, but it was worth it."

"Maybe," replied Mrs. Jones, "but my husband's too afraid of the law to do anything like that."

* * * *

Two butchers' delivery boys were standing gossiping at the corner of the street. Suddenly, with a noisy rattle and a screech of the horn, a very small car appeared in sight. It was being driven by a very large lady.

After watching her progress for a minute, one lad turned to the other.

"Looks to me, Bill," he said, with an air of professional judgment, "as how that joint's a bit too big for the dish."

* * * *

Boasting of his family's patriotism, the club bore declaimed: "I'm joining the R.A.F. next week. My father fought in the last war, my grandfather in the Boer war, my great-grandfather in the Zulu war—"

"Really!" drawled a weary listener. "On which side?"

* * * *

DOCTOR (to "Black Market" patient): "Well, sir, and how are you finding business?"

PATIENT: "Terrible! Terrible! Haven't had any stuff for weeks! How's busineth vith you?"

DOCTOR: "Splendid! Last week alone I had at least nine cases of diphtheria."

PATIENT: "How many tins in each case?"

* * * *

NEIGHBOUR: "Where's your brother, Freddie?"

FREDDIE: "He's in the house playing a duet. I finished my part first."

* * * *

ADVERTISING MANAGER: "You advertised in our paper for a night watchman. Any results?"

SHOPKEEPER: "Rather! The shop was robbed last night."

* * * *

"Did Billy take his medicine like a man?"

"I should think he did—he raved, stamped and rushed round like a madman and finally threw the bottle out of the window."

* * * *

BROWN: "Do you know, I'm losing my memory. It's worrying me to death."

JONES (sympathetically): "Never mind, old man. Forget all about it."

* * * *

The best place on a car for chatter proof glass is in the back seat—don't you think?

* * * *

"I'm sorry, dear, but I've smashed that nice smoker's cabinet you bought for my birthday."

"Oh, John, how annoying. How did it happen?"

"Your mother hit me on the head with it."

* * * *

MILKMAN (to applicant): "I want a good strong boy."

APPLICANT: "Will I have a chance to rise?"

MILKMAN: "You certainly will. I'll need you here at four o'clock every morning."

* * * *

Why are plum stones like mile stones?

Because they are never found in pears (pairs).

* * * *

Some motorists are in such a hurry to get into another county that they go right into the next world.

* * * *

"Neighbour, four men are thrashing my husband. Could you come and help?"

"Why? Surely four men can manage it without my help?"

* * * *

"Oh, Janet, how did you come to break that ornament?"

"I'm sure I'm verra sorry, mum; I wis just accidently dustin' it."

* * * *

MR. KANGAROO: "Mary, where's the baby?"

MRS. KANGAROO: "Good heavens, my pocket's been picked!"

* * * *

TIMID HOUSEHOLDER (resourcefully after discovering two burglars at work): "D-d-don't take any n-otice of me—I'm only walking in my s-s-sleep."

* * * *

BROWN: "My wife threw a clock at me yesterday."

JONES: "What did you say?"

BROWN: "Oh, I just said: How time flies!"

* * * *

"What is your worst sin, my child?"

"My vanity. I spend hours before the mirror admiring my beauty."

"That is not vanity—that is imagination."

* * * *

"You have so many debts—how can you sleep at night?"

"The creditors always come in the daytime."

* * * *

"If only I knew what to do with baby!"

"Mummy, didn't you have directions for use with him?"

* * * *

"He's not as big a fool as he used to be."

"Is he getting wiser?"

"No, thinner."

* * * *

SHE: "Have you ever had a lesson by correspondence?"

HE: "You bet! I never write to women now."

* * * *

REGISTRAR OF MARRIAGES (*to youthful bridegroom*): "The young lady is not a minor, is she?"

BRIDEGROOM: "Oh, no; she works in a fish shop!"

* * * *

SON: "Pa! Look at that man over the road."

PA: "What's he doing?"

SON: "He's sitting on the pavement talking to a banana skin."

* * * *

TEACHER: "Now, Mary, what family does the gorilla belong to?"

MARY: "Please teacher, we only moved in last week and don't know all the neighbours yet."

* * * *

"I want to thank you for that woolley vest you sent me."

"Were you pleased with it?"

"Pleased! I was tickled to death."

* * * *

BRANCHES.

PORTSMOUTH.

DEBIT AND CREDIT.

Pompey's debit and credit account last month contained several important entries. First and foremost was the news of the sinking by the Japanese off Malaya of the battleship *Prince of Wales* (sister ship of *King George V*) and the battle cruiser *Repulse*—two major losses which hit Portsmouth families pretty badly. They will be avenged and, in the meantime, the sympathy of our readers will be extended to the bereaved relatives of the gallant lads who lost their lives in this twin disaster.

Another loss the city has sustained is of quite a different character, but it is nevertheless generally regretted. We refer to the resignation of Mr. Harold Butler, the Southern Regional Commissioner. Since he was appointed to Reading nearly two and a half years ago Mr. Butler has proved a sturdy friend to Portsmouth and, incidentally, he helped them to overcome many difficulties, the existence of which were unknown to the man in the street. He also performed outstanding services in connection with the organization of the regional civil defence arrangements and his genial, urbane and tactful handling of many intricate problems commended him not only to the civic authorities in our area but the Service chiefs with whom he was so closely associated. He has made many friendships in Portsmouth, and the city wishes him every success in his new sphere of work as Warden of Nuffield College, Oxford, to which he returns.

A FIGHTING BISHOP.

On the credit side of the ledger we have the appointment of the Right Rev. W. L. Anderson, D.S.C., as the new Bishop of Portsmouth in succession to Dr. Frank Partridge who died suddenly while at work in his study. Bishop Anderson brings to the diocesan episcopate the unique distinction of having served in all three fighting services, and no appointment could be more acceptable to the First Naval Port of the Empire. At the outbreak of the last war Dr. Anderson was a squadron sergeant major of the 1st King Edward's Horse. In 1916 he transferred to the Royal Naval Air Service. Two years later he was transferred to the R.A.F. and was engaged in the bombing of German submarines off the Scilly Islands, sinking at least one. He won the D.S.C. and was promoted Captain.

MAN AND WIFE.

Bishop Anderson, who for four years has been Suffragan Bishop of Croydon, will be 50 next month. He holds decided views

on many subjects, particularly on the relationship of man and wife. On one occasion he said : " If there is any talk in the home about the rights of husband and wife the marriage will never be a success . . . The ancient idea that man is the lord of creation while the woman is a charming but submissive slave is an idea that has got to die in the homes of christian men and women." A man with such broad views and diversified experience should be both popular and successful in the Diocese of Portsmouth.

" THE LAW'S AN ASS."

The interesting extracts from the *Argosy* of October, 1941, published in a recent number of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, recalls to the memory the curious punishments inflicted upon offenders in Portsmouth's very early days. Mr. W. G. Gates, the author of the " History of Portsmouth," referring to the subject remarks that " the cage, the prison, the whipping post, the pillory and the stocks were in very frequent use in the city in the ' good old times ' ", and it is on record that in 1569 the " Chamberlyns " were charged with seeing that " the withows (prison), the caige and the stox were well repaired forthwith for the pomechment of vagabons and other offenders." Neglect of duty in this respect incurred a fine of twenty shillings. Sentences of whipping were imposed both on men and women for vagrancy and petty thefts. In some cases a certain number of stripes with " a cat of nine tails " was ordered, but in the majority of cases the culprits were to be flogged " till his or her body be bloody," the prisoner being stripped from the middle upwards and receiving the punishment on the naked back. In some cases the prisoner was tied to the back of a cart and flogged from one part of the town to another. An instance is also recorded of a man having stolen three iron bolts, weighing about ten pounds, from the dockyard, was ordered to receive " 40 lashes at the dock gate, the three iron bolts to be tied round his neck and remain so tied while he received his punishment."

" As the centuries passed," says Mr. Gates, " men became somewhat less cruel to wrongdoers, but it was only within the latter half of the last century that mercy in the true sense accompanied justice."