

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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MR. A. SIGGERY.

MR. A. SIGGERY.

This month's contribution to the portrait gallery features Mr. A. Siggery, now a member of the Oxford Branch Clerical Staff, who commenced his services with the Firm on February 17th, 1917, at the Old Farnborough Street Branch Offices, under the late Mr. A. Goodall.

His career opened a few days after his twelfth birthday, after passing a labour examination during the Great War. Over the fourteen years spent by him at Farnborough Branch he gained a thorough knowledge of all aspects of the clerical work required under the Firm's system. During that time he made many friends in the district.

On April 5th, 1931, Mr. Siggery was transferred to Oxford Branch, where he has been, and is now, rendering yeoman service. His efficiency and ability, combined with his genial personality have made him popular with all who come into contact with him.

Mr. Siggery's experience has been of incalculable value to the Firm, particularly during the last two years when a depleted staff has thrown heavy burdens upon those remaining. It is in such times that the zealous worker shows his true value and the quality of unstinting service has revealed itself in Mr. Siggery's great efforts.

He is very fond of all games, particularly cricket and tennis, and has some pleasant memories of fixtures with the Brewery sides, both at Farnborough and Oxford and at the Brewery's home courts and ground. He is also a very keen angler, but since 1938, when he joined the Oxford City A.R.P. service, as a member of the first aid party, his leisure moments have been considerably curtailed; whatever time he has to spare in these strenuous days is taken up in his garden. We may say that Mr. Siggery holds the St. John Ambulance certificate for proficiency in first aid work.

He has expressed a desire to take this opportunity of conveying his best wishes to his many friends, particularly in the Farnborough district.

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

CHAT from THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

(By C. H. P.)



A TRIUMPH OF INTER-BREWERY CO-OPERATION.

In his address to the shareholders Mr. F. A. Simonds, Chairman of H. & G. Simonds Ltd., gave a picture of war-time co-operation between brewers covering not only damage by enemy action but the more recent need to save motor fuel and transport generally, says *The Brewers' Journal*. And this great journal goes on to say "It is a striking tribute to the organization of this firm that despite all these difficulties the Chairman was able to report that trade during the past year was on a somewhat higher level than during the previous twelve months."

COMMON SENSE FROM A PARSON.

The following letter, brimful of common sense, appears in the *Morning Advertiser* :—

Sir,—All honour to the Coventry vicar, and the Bedfordshire rector (and there may be other clergy), who are giving their parishioners the Sunday night service in the local inn during the black-out. The separation of church and inn, since the Puritan ascendancy of the 17th century, must be ended. Why is the village inn next door to the parish church? Because of the connecting link of fellowship.

Our forefathers knew that all eating and drinking together is sacramental. They went out of their Communion in church into the communion of their intimates in the inn. If our church and chapel people, instead of sailing past the inn with their noses in the air, sailed into it and discussed the sermon with their friends we might get a breath of fresh life running through the Church and transform the village inn into the Continental cafe.

We parsons would get a better idea of what sensible men and women were thinking, and the "drinking-shop" (in so far as it still exists) would be replaced by a new centre of ideas and social intercourse. Huge and expensive People's Palaces are unnecessary; the thing we need is to hand, for every place has its inn.

It is nonsense to say that men spend their evenings there simply to drink. Some may; but most men's deepest need is fellowship, and they find it in the inn. Men want to express themselves, and to listen to others. Even sermons will be listened to if parsons have something worth saying. But the man-in-the-pew wants his little say, too.

If we clergy could lead our congregations from church to inn, after service, and let them "have a go" at us, misapprehensions would be corrected and better sermons would result.—I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

W. G. HARGRAVE THOMAS,
The Vicarage, Needham Market, Suffolk.

'TWAS DIFFERENT THEN.

Asked in the Divorce Court if he had several glasses of beer while playing darts in a public-house, a witness replied: "Not necessarily; one could get cigarettes in those days."

ABOVE ALL EARTHLY THINGS.

It is suggested that the following beautiful lines might be used as a hymn for the Royal Air Force:

Lord of the blue and lovely sky
We rise on shining wings:
In Thy great service swift to fly
Above all earthly things.

Console our loved ones' human grief,
Thy wings ward off their fears.
O Lord, our service may be brief,
We live in deeds not years.

Lord of winged creatures we would fly
To Thy bright realms of love:
Grant our aspiring search on high
May meet Thy heavenly dove.

BEER MUST RETAIN ITS DIGNITY.

The Government deserve universal commendation for the policy they have taken up in the matter of beer supplies in war time, says *The Brewers' Journal*. They have taken care to avoid that, as happened in the 1914-18 conflict, "unrest, discontent, loss of time, loss of work, and in some cases even strikes, caused by the very fact that there was a shortage of beer" are not repeated. But they should beware of giving to the workers and others beer of a quality which—if the reduction in gravities is further pursued—might lead to its being unacceptable to a proportion of beer consumers. In this war we do not wish the public to attach to the lowest-priced beer the gibe which gained currency in the last war, when it was contumaciously referred to as "Government ale."

Beer must be allowed to retain its dignity.

MR. HARRY HAWKINS, J.P.

On Sunday, February 8th, Mr. Harry Hawkins, J.P., attained his 80th birthday and he received numerous congratulatory messages, including one from Mr. F. A. Simonds. A familiar figure on the platform of the Conservative and Unionist Party in the past, Mr. Hawkins' speeches ever proved enlightening and entertaining. He possesses an intimate knowledge of dates and data concerning political history, a knowledge that stands him in good stead when dealing with opponents who rarely got the better of him. He has a rare sense of humour and is ever tactful and courteous to all, especially those who do not see eye to eye with him on the great questions of the day. Possessed of a kindly heart and genial disposition he is equally popular with political friend and foe and a real asset to the great Party he represents. We wish him many happy returns and are more than glad to know that in Mr. Frank Hawkins, foreman of our Building Department, we have a worthy son of a worthy father who possesses in an equal degree the great art of spreading good fellowship and geniality among his fellow men.

BROKEN ANKLE.

A medical report in the High Court mentioned "lateral subluxation of the astragalus" and "decalcification of the distal fragments of the dorsum of the tarsus." The report concerned a broken ankle.

Asked Mr. Justice Humphreys: "Why don't doctors use plain English?"

NELSON DID IT!

A Maltese employed by N.A.A.F.I. was recently sacked for overstaying his leave. He had developed an interest in a girl in

the North and the passage of time meant nothing to him. This week, N.A.A.F.I. headquarters have received the following classic appeal for reinstatement :—" I hope that you will grant me another brake and send me away to sea. I know that I was very stupid in overstaying my leave, but . . . you know, sir, everybody is stupid sometimes over a girl, but he will realise his mistake after. For instance, the brave Lord Nelson overstayed his leave over a girl but he realised his mistake after. The same thing happened to me."

With repressed smiles, N.A.A.F.I. chiefs are considering his case.

AVENGED !

All the wives whose husbands have " borrowed " hair pins to use as pipe cleaners have now been avenged. A mysterious shortage of pipe-cleaners has recently been observed in nearly all N.A.A.F.I. canteens. " Sorry, no pipe cleaners " was becoming a familiar chant in N.A.A.F.I., to the puzzlement and annoyance of the pipe-smoking soldier. And now the truth is out. Members of the A.T.S., W.A.A.F. and W.R.N.S., as well as N.A.A.F.I. girls themselves, have been buying up stocks of pipe cleaners to use as—hair curlers ! Which explains why N.A.A.F.I. is rushing stocks of hair curlers and similar devices to all its canteens !

THE READING BOWLING CLUB.

The Reading Bowling Club has now been occupying its present green in Kendrick Road for fifty years, transferring from Crown Street in 1892. The club's headquarters had been at The Crown Inn, the landlord being Mr. George Finey, then a prominent member of the club. Others were J. Miller (president), C. F. Oliver, W. H. Simonds, W. C. Moffatt, R. Arnold, J. Bartlett, H. F. Lindars, T. Mackrill, J. Suddaby and H. Wright (secretary)—personalities many will recall. Mr. Frank Weeks has prepared some interesting historical details, and he reminds the members that the Reading B.C. was one of the founders of the London and Southern Counties Bowling Association. Like Mr. Frank Lindars, a number of gentlemen now associated with the Brewery are prominent members of the club and last year the runners-up in the Berks County Pairs were Mr. J. H. Wadham and Mr. H. L. Talbot.

This year the club celebrates its fiftieth year at Kendrick Road and in this connection the Mayor has promised to bring a municipal team to play the club on May 30th next and hopes himself to play in the match.

OUR DAD.

He has gone along that long last trail,
And has left us all so sad,
We will all miss him very much—
The man we called " Our Dad."

He never posed in saintly roll,
And would swear when he was mad,
But for all his funny little ways
We loved him much—" Our Dad."

He liked to sit and have his pint,
And would sing when he was glad,
But none the worse was he for that—
Good company was " Our Dad."

His active hands will work no more,
He worked hard since when a lad,
And many the job he did for us—
No shirker was " Our Dad."

With sickness, he turned up true blue,
The best that could be had,
He'd sit with you and hold your hand—
The very best " Our Dad."

The children, they all loved their " Gramp,"
With all his little fads,
He loved to have them round him,
God bless and keep " Our Dad."

And on that last great Judgment Day,
The good will wipe out the bad,
And we shall forget our grief and pain
When we once more meet " Our Dad."

W. B. HOLT.



NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

A QUERY CONCERNING SWANS.

DO THEY TAKE WING FROM LAND?

It was Major Maurice Simonds who asked me the other day if I had ever seen a swan rise and take wing from land? The question caught me guessing. Now Major Maurice has travelled a great deal and knows much about birds, not only in this country but in other lands. He had never seen a swan take wing except from the water. I have watched the swan on and off the Thames and in other places for many years and thinking things over I came to the conclusion that I, too, had never seen one of these birds "take off" except from water. Many, many times have I seen a pair of these birds drive others away from their sphere of influence. They have driven them up the banks and on to the land but on each and every occasion the pursued have slipped back into the water before taking flight to escape their pugnacious pursuers. As the swans rise they beat the water hard with their wings. Did their wings strike the hard earth in such manner they would be severely damaged or even broken.

The following letter which appeared in *The Times* seemed to suggest, however, that swans do take off from fields:—

A VISITING SWAN.

To the Editor of *The Times*.

Sir,—On Friday, January 16th, a swan walked into my house at 5.45 p.m. and into my drawing-room close up to the fire. It was starving and frozen. I got it to walk through my kitchen into the boiler-room, where it went close up to the boiler and lay down and slept. Next day I got it into a cooler place and gave it water, food and straw to lie on. It remained happy for three days, very tame with me but nervous of every one else. On the fourth day I let it out. It remained in my field for some hours and then flew off,

returned in about an hour, flew round, and then flew away, and we have not seen it since.

Yours sincerely,

DOROTHY BAGGALLAY,

Romans, East Chiltington, Lewes, Sussex.

And in connection with this incident our great national newspaper contains the delightful leader which I take the liberty of reproducing:

NO ORDINARY BIRD.

The swan is a beautiful bird, but as a rule its relations with humanity are not particularly cordial. From the size of its eggs and their inaccessibility, "the swan's nest among the reeds"—as Elizabeth Barrett Browning knew—has a fascination for children; but should they, or their elders, try to make friends with the owner they are likely to be disappointed. In fact, it is generally agreed that the bird, though decorative and suitable for advertising inks and matches, is best avoided at close quarters. Nor would its presence on a menu card nowadays inspire much confidence; like the dodo, it has a pretty tough reputation, though, if Lord Woolton insists, doubtless we shall know where duty lies. To be fair, there are also many reasons why the swan, like Godolphin Horne, should "hold the human race in scorn." Weird things have been done to it in our mythology; that silly old joke about geese and swans must be very trying; and the whole "swan song" legend, repeated *ad nauseam*, must be a crashing bore for *Cygnus olor*, and probably for *Cygnus musicus* as well. Small wonder that the swans glide along so proudly, and look down their beaks so disdainfully at the world.

This, or something like it, is perhaps the popular idea about swans; but in view of the letter from a Sussex correspondent printed on this page this morning it seems to be in need of revision. The swan that appeared in Mrs. Baggallay's drawing-room at 5.45 on a January afternoon—too late to expect tea but too early to disturb the six o'clock news—obviously had an old-fashioned idea of

courtesy, and Mrs. Baggallay rose to the occasion splendidly by asking it to step into the boiler-room, where she made it perfectly comfortable. Any naturalist would like to know what that swan thought about during the next three days. Like the white bird in Mrs. Marriott Watson's poem :

Here in the fine town fenced and tended,
Sheltered and safe from day to day,
Went never a wandering thought astray?
Did he dream, perchance, of the old life ended,
The wide world's joy and the wide world's way?

That we can never know ; but we do know that he was grateful, for after he had flown away on the fourth day he came back to say so.

To a prosaic person, this might seem quite a simple story of a polite bird which was glad to get out of the cold—but there are others who will look further. Readers of Hans Andersen and the brothers Grimm will remember the tale of the princes who were turned into swans, and that rather a bad job was made of turning the youngest prince back again, so that he had a swan's wing instead of a left arm. It might be argued that in the course of generations the young man's descendants became completely swan, and that the courteous visitor in Sussex . . . No : there is another and better explanation. Who has not wondered what happened to Lohengrin's swan, and felt that that historic bird must have had more character than to allow itself to become a mere taxi-cab for latter-day Teuton warriors ? Gifted with eternal youth, no doubt it has lived on in some remote corner of the Rhineland, mourning the good old days. With what horror must it have greeted the Nazi regime, and seen Adolf Hitler decked out by sycophantic painters in shining armour—a grotesque caricature of its beloved Lohengrin ! Hess's flight probably gave it the idea of coming to England, and "weather conditions" (as the Air Ministry would certainly say) caused a forced landing at East Chiltington. Let us hope the bird will place itself unreservedly at the disposal of the authorities : Lohengrin knew a good deal about the *Blitzkrieg*, and he may have talked.



THE ROBIN'S DEFENCE.

[*A Sylvan poet has described the Robin as a bully and a food grabber.*]

Pray hear my defence, to the things that are said.
To call me a "bully"—it makes me turn red.
I, who assist in your Victory Dig
By chirping to you—from the end of a twig!

Now I do the spade work, in getting the crumbs
And I'm out of the piece—when victory comes.
When the blackbird and sparrow alight on the sill
I'm pushed off the stage, while they fill the bill.

I merely look on, while they relish with glee,
The meal I provide—and I'm "up a tree"
Left out in the cold—A' hungry and sobbing—
This is the fate of the libelled cock robin.

L.S.

ITALIAN PROVERB—"HE WHO DRINKS BEER LIVES FOR A HUNDRED YEARS."

Mussolini, so the story goes, was motoring and the car broke down. He took it to a garage and walking along the village street entered a little public house and asked for a glass of beer. The proprietor told him "We have no beer, Signor," so Mussolini drank wine. When he had gone, a man who had been sitting quietly in a corner said to the landlord " Didn't you know who that was ? " " Certainly, I know—Mussolini." " Then why did you tell him you have no beer ? You have quantities ! " The landlord replied " Of course I have quantities of beer but—they say ' He who drinks beer lives for a hundred years ' ! "

Quoted by NAOMI JACOB,

" Me—in wartime."

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

Naturally I was very sorry to have missed writing Brewery Jottings last month owing to an attack of bronchitis which laid me aside for longer than I cared or wished. To all those friends and well-wishers I would like to take this opportunity to thank them for their kind enquiries which I very much appreciate. Whilst at home during a clearance of books and papers (to help the salvage drive) we found an old book containing many hints what to do in the case of illness—the book was quite 50 years old—and it recommended Scotch whisky as being beneficial for the cure of bronchitis (as if I didn't know). Nice work when you can get it (the Scotch whisky I mean)!

All at the Brewery and particularly many friends of his in the Slough district will be sorry to hear that Mr. F. W. Clark is reported missing. Mr. Clark, who last year joined the Royal Navy, completed his training and has been on quite a number of trips across the sea. Mrs. Clark has heard from the Board of Admiralty the sad news, but there is a slender hope he may have been picked up by another boat, which we all hope and trust will prove to be the case. Mr. Clark has been employed on the Brewery since 1923 and spent a good number of years in the Delivery Department. He was picked out, when a vacancy occurred, for the position as a Traveller for Slough and district where he made a host of friends owing to his geniality and happy knack of getting the right side of everyone. Full of vim and energy he was a proper entertainment in himself and for clubs he must have been the ideal traveller. Yes! we all had a soft spot in our heart for "Nobby," so let us hope better news will soon be forthcoming. Meanwhile we tender our sincere sympathy to Mrs. Clark in this most distressing time.

Mr. F. Drury, whose son Mr. H. Drury has been in Malaya, has heard by cablegram quite recently, from Singapore, that he is quite safe and well. However, as things are moving very fast in that war zone, at the moment of writing, this is a very anxious time for Mr. F. Drury. Young Harold Drury, who was in France for some time and safely evacuated from Dunkirk, is having quite a full share of war-time excitement and experiences. Before the war he was employed in the Accounts Department, after a spell of duty in other departments and, in particular, in the Correspondence Office. His particular friend, with whom he joined up, Mr. F. C. Smith is, I understand, now in India. These two pals, who were both in the same department, have had similar experiences at the Brewery, viz., being in the same offices together then

transferred to another department at the same time. Both were members of the Reading Rowing Club so they rowed together—in the same boat I mean—they both went to France together and evacuated from Dunkirk, but now they are apart, although I suppose it could be said they are both serving in the same part of the world even though many miles separate them. Let us therefore hope they will come home together—when this job is over—and they will be able to continue their business careers and sporting activities both (shall we say?) *rowing* in the same boat again.

Miss J. E. Bunce, a member of the Correspondence Office for just over three years, left at the beginning of the month to be married. To mark the occasion a presentation of a canteen of cutlery and a cake dish—subscribed for by the members of the staff—was made by Mr. F. C. Hawkes on their behalf. In his remarks he wished Miss Bunce every happiness, good health and success in her new sphere of life. Miss Bunce was a member of the First Aid Party and a Telephonist as well.

We have had visits from many of those serving in H.M. Forces and amongst those who have called in fairly recently are the following :—Messrs. L. Fullbrook, K. B. Walker, Sergt. K. Jenkins (air-gunner), W. H. Philpott (Navy), Sergt. Waite, E. C. Schofield (Navy), R. C. Ayers, G. Gigg, A. Turner, C. Langton, J. Clay and A. H. Giles. They all seem extremely fit and full of beans.

I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate all the staff of the canteen at the club who are really putting up a splendid show. Just recently I have had occasion to have my mid-day meals at the club and, believe me, they have all been excellent.

Meeting an old friend in the club, Lottie Collins, a few days ago, it wasn't very long before he was relating details of his Army career and, of course, it soon turned to his cricketing experiences. However, he told me quite a "new one": "That the reason a dog turns round at least twice before lying down is 'that one good turn deserves another.'" Had you heard this?

Congratulations to Mr. S. Hinton on recently becoming a grandfather. Naturally he is proud of this, but he certainly looks as youthful as ever.

Shortage of supplies of many items usually stocked by us is really a problem; nevertheless, we are all doing our best to see that all our trade receive their fair share.

Football is still thriving at Reading, in spite of very troublesome weather which caused cancellation of matches during last

month. It is evident the club should finish up well in the top half of the London league. Then there are the cup ties to come along later, so it is certain the season will have to be extended till after the end of April. Gates at Elm Park have been very good and consistent. From all accounts the football played has been excellent.

Sympathy from all quarters has been expressed to Mr. W. H. Davis on the death of his father-in-law, Mr. C. W. Crocker, who was ever so well known, both in Reading and the County, on account of his many activities.

We are still losing members of our staff and amongst others, who have recently joined H.M. Forces, is Mr. J. Bradford (son of our well-known Mr. Walter Bradford); he is in the Signals Branch. There are others of the General Office staff who will be leaving later on I understand.

He just asked the question "What tree do I represent?" and received the unexpected reply, "Plane," but someone else put matters right by saying "Poplar." That certainly sounded better and, to tell the truth (about the person in question), it was the right answer.

When I was convalescing and able to take a more intelligent interest in reading (of which, by the way, normally I am very fond) it was a good tale I chose, but by a sheer fluke contained a great deal about snow and ice and for at least a fortnight or so that was about all I could see whenever I looked out. The next choice—quite haphazard by the way—was "The Surgeon's Log," by James Johnston Abraham of the Penguin series of Travel and Adventure Books. This turned out to be a most interesting story of places we are hearing a lot about these days—the Indian Ocean, Japan and many places therein, Macassar, Celebes, Batavia, Sumatra and many others. Although this book was apparently written some years ago, it gave a splendid detailed account of the various countries and the inhabitants. I can thoroughly recommend this book.

The staff of the General Office are now on their usual task of balancing and all wish them every success and an early end to their nightlabours.

Early in March starts a new "cycle" of the H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Savings Association and should this meet the eye of anyone on the Firm wishing to "join up" or desirous of buying savings stamps, will they please get in touch with Mr. A. H. Hopkins (Correspondence Office) who will supply full details. This last

"cycle" has been very good but, of course, there is room for improvement and it is the wish of those most closely associated with the movement at the Brewery to make the next "cycle" the best ever, and I feel sure it can be done. It must, however, be remembered that we have been in existence since 1924.

Even though the weather during January was a severe test for all, the staff at H. & G. Simonds stood up to it very well. The Transport Department, in spite of many difficulties, have overcome them splendidly. Maybe many of us in our younger days welcomed snow but the general opinion in these times is that it is a nuisance, at any rate while there is a war on.

Mr. E. Gosney, our genial traveller, etc., particularly of the Farnborough district, has just heard that his brother, who has been in the R.A.F. for a good number of years, has been awarded the British Empire Medal. He is unable to give details for his brother will not say.

Our deepest sympathy is expressed to our Mr. F. Kirby in the recent loss of his mother.

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

The George and Dragon, Three Mile Cross (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. F. S. Lewendon.

The Wynford Arms, King's Road, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. C. B. Thatcher.

The Grenadier, Basingstoke Road, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. A. E. Long.

The Red Lion, Great Missenden (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. V. J. Lacey.

The Moderation, Caversham Road, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. Cyril Sheppard.

The Prince Arthur, Ealing (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. P. W. Bracey.

We much regret to record the undermentioned deaths, and to all relatives we extend our sincere sympathy :

Mr. Harry Lewendon of the George and Dragon, Three Mile Cross, who took over the tenancy in March, 1935. It is interesting

to note that Mrs. Lewendon and her parents have been at the George and Dragon since November, 1898.

Mr. G. A. Emery of the Grenadier, Basingstoke Road, Reading, who had been tenant since 1938. The house, however, has been in the same family since 1876. These are the details :—

Mr. C. E. Holloway (tenant), 4th July, 1876.

Licence to Mrs. E. E. Holloway, 29th September, 1899.

Licence to Mrs. E. E. Emery, 21st January, 1913.

Licence to Mr. G. A. Emery, 20th January, 1938.

Mr. W. Lacey of the Red Lion Hotel, Great Missenden, where he had been tenant since March, 1910.

Mr. D. H. R. Ham of the Moderation, Caversham Road, Reading, where he held the licence since May, 1929. Mr. Ham, who had spent a good deal of his life in the Navy was a Lieutenant-Commander. Before going to the Moderation in 1929, he was the Licensee of the Fox, Winkfield Row, in September, 1925, and from there to the Saracens Head, King's Road, Reading, in August, 1926.

Mr. E. W. Aldridge, The Fountain Off Licence, Woodley, tenant since November, 1912. The following details are from the *Reading Standard* of 30th January, 1942 :—

MR. E. W. ALDRIDGE.

A well-known figure in Woodley, Mr. Ernest William Aldridge, passed away on Wednesday in last week, at his home, The Post Office, Headley Road. Mr. Aldridge, who was 74 years of age, had kept the Post Office and general stores for 30 years. A native of Woodley, he was the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Aldridge. He was married at Shiplake in 1895, his wife predeceasing him by 20 years, at the age of 52. Before coming to Woodley he was for four or five years licensee of the Stonor Arms, Stonor. For many years he was treasurer of the Woodley Memorial Hall Slate and Thrift Club, and was presented with a smoker's cabinet by the members in recognition of his services.

Mr. Aldridge leaves three sons and one daughter.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

And, my good master, I will not forget the doctrine which you have told me Socrates taught his scholars, that they should not think to be honoured so much for being philosophers, as to honour philosophy by their virtuous lives. You advised me to do like concerning angling and I will endeavour to do so ; and to live like those many worthy men, of which you made mention in the former part of your discourse. This is my firm resolution ; and as a pious man advised his friend, that to beget mortification he should frequent churches, and view monuments and charnel-houses, and then and there consider, how many dead bodies time had piled up at the gates of death : so when I would beget content, and increase confidence in the power, and wisdom, and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other various little living creatures, that are not only created but fed, man knows not how, by the goodness of the God of nature, and therefore trust him. This is my purpose ; and so, let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord : and let the blessing of St. Peter's master be with mine.—From Walton's Complete Angler.



WORDS OF WISDOM.

DOORS.

Some doors have hearts, it seems to me,
They open so invitingly ;
You feel they are quite kind—akin
To all the warmth you find within.

Some doors, so weather-beaten, grey,
Swing open in a listless way,
As if they wish you had not come,
Their stony silence leaves you dumb.

Oh, may mine be a friendly door ;
May all who cross the threshold o'er,
Within find sweet content and rest,
And know each was a welcome guest.

KIND HEARTS.

Thank God for the folks who are good and kind
Who go through life with a single mind :
A mind in tune with the highest and best,
And yet who can give and enjoy a jest.
Who make the best of each passing minute,
And the world the better for their being in it.
Thank God for all who are straight and true :
In a word—thank God for folks like you.

When the oak-tree is felled, the whole forest echoes with it ;
but a hundred acorns are planted silently by some unnoticed
breeze.

People who are always taking care of their health are like
misers, who are hoarding up a treasure which they have never
spirit enough to enjoy.

Follow the road, and you will come to an inn.

A small unkindness is a great offence.

You cannot climb a ladder by pushing others down.

Partial culture runs to the ornate ; extreme culture to
simplicity.

The best self-forgetfulness is to look at the things of the world
with attention and love.

The strength and power of a country depend absolutely on the
quantity of good men and women in it.

We ought not to seek too high joys. We may be bright
without transfiguration.

In this theatre of man's life, it is reserved only for God and
angels to look on.

Let us not make imaginary evils when we have so many real
ones to encounter.

Love's true function in the world is as the regenerator and
restorer of social life, the reconciler and uniter of living men.

Luck is the idol of the idle.

Not what I Have, but what I Do is my Kingdom.



THE CLIFTON ZOO.

I saw it once or twice—
At Bristol in the West,
And other zoos (I thought) are nice
But Clifton is the best.

Its size was not immense—
It wasn't crammed or packed :
Yet boasted, as a recompense,
Much beauty, to attract.

An aviary it had
With birds of colours bright :
And none of them seemed sick or sad
Or lacking in delight.

Tigers—gazelles—and apes—
Some lion cubs—a bear—
And great baboons with grizzled capes
—All these I noticed there.

A tall giraffe looked down
On everything with scorn,
Whilst zebras (striped in black and brown)
Displayed their foals new-born.

And trees I call to mind—
With squirrels nibbling cakes—
And water-fowl of varied kind
On little lawns and lakes.

So if that way you go
—If only passing thro',
Pray spare at least an hour, or so,
To visit Clifton Zoo !!

S. E. COLLINS.

LIGHTER SIDE.

A farmer sent 1,000 rabbits to a seaside town for consumption.
And this was the only thing the landladies could find to skin.

* * * *

An impudent young man chided an elderly travelling companion with talking to himself.

" I do so for two reasons, my boy," said the older man. " First of all, I like to talk to a sensible man, and secondly, I like to hear a man of sense talk."

* * * *

JOHNNY : " Uncle, I'd like to ask you a question."

UNCLE : " Go on, my boy. What is it ? "

JOHNNY : " If a boy is a lad and has a step-father, is the lad a step-ladder ? "

* * * *

TEACHER (*to dunce*) : " How is it you cannot answer my question ? "

PUPIL : " Well, if I could, what's the use of coming to school ? "

* * * *

VISITOR : " And what is your new little brother's name ? "

MOLLY : " He can't speak yet, so he hasn't told us ! "

* * * *

One morning Pat, aged four, was discovered sitting on her hands.

" Whatever are you doing darling ? " her mother asked.

" Daddy said he'd spank me," replied Pat, " so I'm sitting on everything ! "

* * * *

Two men sitting in a train were discussing the formation of human nature.

One said : " Do you believe in the survival of the fittest ? "

The other replied : " No ! I am an undertaker."

* * * *

I won three races ; one with the sheriff and two with the police.

* * * *

They are going to change the name of Hyde Park to Hyde Orchard because there are so many *pairs* under the trees.

* * * * *

Why do pianos bear the noblest characters?
Because they are grand, upright, and square.

* * * * *

When is a cow not a cow?
When she is turned into a field.

* * * * *

Don't open your mouth so wide, said the dentist, I intend to remain outside.

* * * * *

I got some grass-hoppers and made beer out of their hops; I got them from a jew, because He-brews them.

PETE : " You don't look like you did last winter ; when I saw you then you looked like a dude."

IKE : " Times are different ; I'm married now. I'm sub-dued."

* * * * *

What to do with superfluous milk :—Cheese it.

* * * * *

Woman first tempted man to eat ; he took to drinking of his own accord.

* * * * *

I drank a pint of yeast one night to make me rise early the next morning.

* * * * *

JONES : " Did you know the old man was dead ? "

JAMES : " Is that so ? What complaint ? "

JONES : " No complaint ; everybody was satisfied."

* * * * *

A man who does business on a large scale—a coal dealer.

* * * * *

HOP LEAF BEERS IN ICELAND.

The following is an extract of a letter received from ICELAND where " Hop Leaf " beers were evidently most welcome and how well deserved :—

W/T. R. A. WINDUS,
Section E., R.A.F. Headquarters,
Iceland Forces (c).
18th January, 1942.

" Well, to cut a long story short, up to four weeks ago we had, at intervals, sampled four different brands of bottled beer, then, just before Christmas, a consignment of Simonds Light Pale Ale arrived (and what an opportune time to arrive) and I must say that it was the finest bottled beer that I have ever tasted ; this was not only my opinion, but the consensus of opinion of all and sundry who tasted it. If only your head brewer could have been present and seen the lovely creamy head on the beer when it was poured out and heard the complimentary remarks passed by the troops, I am sure that he would have been well satisfied with his work.

" I mention the above facts because I happen to be a traveller in civilian life and know that firms like to know in what condition their goods reach the consumer, especially if sent abroad.

" I take this opportunity of thanking the makers of HOP LEAF L.P.A. for producing a real good beer."

The same tributes are reaching this country from all over the world where, thanks to the industry of the brewery and bottling stores, we are able to slake the thirst and lend encouragement to thousands of those gallant sailors, soldiers and airmen who have left these shores.

Now ladies and gentlemen, please do not grumble if you cannot get all the bottled beer you ask for in Hop Leaf houses, but remember that your own kith and kin are enjoying some of it abroad.



BRANCHES.

PORTSMOUTH.

A FINE MARINE DRIVE.

The Portsmouth Chamber of Commerce is proving an exceedingly live and useful body by co-operating with the City Council in preparing plans for the rebuilding of the city after the war. Apart from actual buildings their scheme provides for the construction of many wide roads which would provide additional facilities for entering and leaving the town, thus avoiding the congestion which was hitherto caused by the "one-way-out" route. Their plans show that the authors are not only practical but men of vision. They visualize for instance, the linking up of Hayling Island with greater Portsmouth by the provision of a bridge across the Creek and the construction of new roads from Grand Parade, Old Portsmouth, along the sea front to Clarence Pier, and the extension of Eastern Parade through the Eastney Barracks grounds and thence to the site of the proposed Hayling Island bridge. This, if carried out, would provide Southsea with one of the finest marine drives in the country, and convert a more or less derelict part of the town into one of its most popular sight-seeing rendezvous. Many other excellent suggestions are included in the scheme for the consideration of the Town Planning Committee of the Council, and judging from the favourable impression they have already created many of them will be embodied in the general plans for the improvement and betterment of the city both as a naval and military station, a health and holiday resort and an industrial centre.

INVASION !

Mr. Winston Churchill, our inspiring Prime Minister, loses no opportunity of warning the people of this country of the possibility of an invasion by the Germans, and of the precautions taken to meet the threat. Which recalls to mind another "invasion" scare that occurred in Portsmouth many years ago. Telling the story of the formation of the "Portsmouth Loyal Volunteers" in 1797, Mr. W. G. Gates in his "History of Portsmouth" describes how four years later "beacons were fired announcing that the French invasion flotilla was at sea and approaching our coast. Thousands of inhabitants pressed forward to augment the volunteer force and were sworn to allegiance at the moment when further distant beacons proclaimed that the enemy was at hand . . . Even men too old for the field entreated to be allowed to serve the guns. Leading men of all parties were among those who volunteered

service and among the privates enrolled that day was Sir John Carter, nine times Mayor of Portsmouth. The Portsdown cavalry marched into the town at 10 o'clock at night, and on all sides the general mass of the people waited with ardour to hear the firing of the three guns—the signal at night that the enemy was off the port. The alarm, however, to the regret of some but to the relief of most of the inhabitants proved to be false, and Portsmuthians "were restored to quiet once more." History has a habit of repeating itself, but we hope future warnings of invasion will be as false as this one proved.

HIS GOOD DEED.

A story related by our Lord Mayor (Sir Denis Daley) at a luncheon of the Portsmouth District of the Boy Scouts Association deserves re-telling. It concerned the enemy attack on the city just a year previously. Sir Denis and his wife were returning home in their car on the evening of the big blitz and soon after they entered the city incendiary and high explosive bombs commenced to fall with devastating effect. "Thousands of them, there must have been," said the Lord Mayor. "It was impossible to drive along the roads, and the only thing to do was to leave the car and seek shelter. As we hurried along I noticed a small boy of 14 or 15 standing under the wall near the entrance to the Royal Hospital. Bombs were still falling in showers. I went over to the boy and asked him why he was not taking proper cover. "I have my duty to do, sir," answered the boy. "Are you not frightened?" I asked. "Yes, sir, I am"—and then as an afterthought, which was intended to be all-sufficient—"I am a Scout, sir." That was all the boy would say, but it was an eloquent expression of the kind of courage and sense of duty inculcated by the Scout movement and of the bravery of our boys. But that was not all. When sirens sounded Scouts reported to their posts, controls and depots, braving dangers as great as those of men in the services; there was not one absentee—no shirkers." A splendid tribute to a splendid organization—something worth while.

OLD TIME PUNISHMENTS.

Apropos our note concerning old time punishments, a correspondent informs us that the whipping post to which we referred was erected near the old Market Place at Old Portsmouth and some of the Constables bills in which charges for whippings appear show that the fee for whipping a man or woman was sixpence; and for "whipping a lame man and two women and taking them afterwards to Gosport" the officer received two shillings. "For watching a

man in a cage all night" the constable drew 1/6, "while for painting ye Cage and Stocks" a local tradesman charged 15/9.

LONDON.

THE LATE MR. FREDERICK PAINE.

We regret to announce the passing of Mr. Frederick Paine, one of our former employees, which took place on Monday, 12th January.

Mr. Paine had a long and active life and in the early days of his service with the Firm he drove a pair-horse dray in the West End of London. When mechanical transport took the place of horse-drawn vehicles he was employed in the Stores.

The Firm graciously pensioned Mr. Paine in 1932 and we are pleased to know that he had a quiet and peaceful retirement for nine years. He was always a very conscientious worker and in every way carried out his duties in a praiseworthy manner.

We extend to Mr. Paine's son and daughter our sincere sympathies in their bereavement.

The funeral took place on Saturday, 17th January, at Magdalen Road Cemetery, Earlsfield.

FARNBOROUGH.

It is with deep regret we have to announce that on February 10th Mr. W. J. Beck passed to his rest at the ripe age of 84 years, after being confined to his room for several months.

Mr. Beck was a very old and respected servant of the Firm, having commenced his duties with us no less than 70 years ago. After over 57 years' active service he enjoyed a well-earned pension for more than the last 12 years of his life.

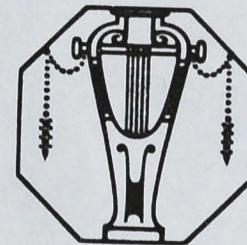
For 52 years he was traveller for us in this district, a most wonderful record. During that time his genial disposition and greatness of heart won for him a host of friends. In the old days, with his pony and trap, he was a familiar figure in the countryside, in fact it seemed that everyone knew "Billy" Beck. He was blessed with a remarkable memory and many a tale he could tell

from a repertoire of interesting reminiscences, especially about the old-world village of Farnborough which, during the last decade, has disappeared before the advance of modern times.

Mr. Beck was laid to rest in the Victoria Road Cemetery, Farnborough, in the same grave as his wife, who pre-deceased him some years ago. The Firm was represented at the funeral by Messrs. R. Paice, E. Gosney and F. Howlett.

To those of us, now at Headquarters and at various Branches, who had the pleasure of working with Mr. Beck at Farnborough and enjoying his company, his memory will remain for many years.

E.G.



and mode which was a most difficult to one who is most
absent and only thinks about his work to "miss" those able
and born to assist him in his business and

Mr. Beck was one of the few who had a very large family.
Importunate wife who always wanted him to take care of the family
but he would not do so. The family was composed of
Misses K. B. Beck, Mrs. E. Beck and Mr. W. J. Beck.

He was a man of great character and a good man to work for.
He died on January 25th at the age of 84 years.

THE FIRM. The Firm had a long and active life in the early days of
its service with the firm in charge a passenger dray in the West
End of London. When mechanical transport took the place of
horse-drawn vehicles he was employed in the States.

The Firm gradually diminished Mr. Beck as partner and we are
pleased to know that he had a quiet and peaceful retirement for
many years. He died at the age of 84 years on January 25th.

Bradley & Son, Ltd., The Crown Press, Caxton Street, Reading.

We send our sincere sympathy to the widow and her
children in their bereavement.

The funeral took place on January 27th, 1930, at Milldale Road Cemetery, Harlesden.



It is with deep regret to announce that on February
20th Mr. W. J. Beck passed away at the ripe age of 84 years,
after being confined to his room for several months.

Mr. Beck was a very old and respected servant of the Firm
having commenced his duties with us no less than 70 years ago.
After over 57 years active service he enjoyed a well-earned pension
for more than the last 12 years of his life.

For 50 years he was traveller for us in this district, a most
wonderful record. During that time his genial disposition and
greatness of heart won for him a host of friends. In the old days,
with his pony and trap, he was a familiar figure in the countryside.
In fact it seemed that everyone knew "Old" Beck. He was
blessed with a remarkable memory and many a tale he could tell.