

# The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

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*Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.*

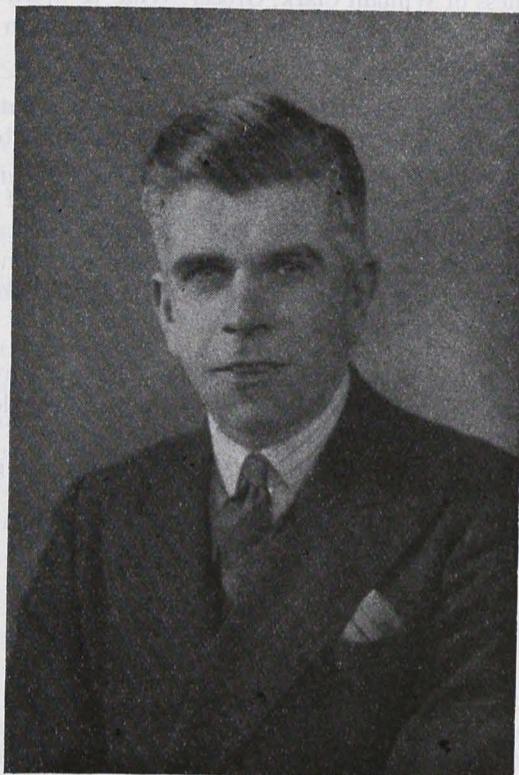
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Vol. XVI.

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No. 6.

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MR. A. W. CLARK.

## MR. A. W. CLARK.

A descendant of a very old and respected Andover family who, at one time, were proprietors of a small Brewery in Andover, Mr. A. W. Clark joined this Company in 1934 when we purchased the business of Messrs. T. Dowling & Son, Beer, Wine & Spirit Merchants of Andover, of which he was Manager. Upon the acquisition of the business, Mr. Clark's services were retained as local Manager.

Mr. Clark's business life commenced in 1916 with a firm of Bankers, from which position he resigned in 1920 owing to the ill-health of his father, when he took over the management of the family business of William Clark, Grocer, Wine & Spirit Merchant. Upon the death of his father, Mr. Clark joined the firm of Messrs. T. Dowling & Son.

He has made a close study of wines and his reputation as a judge, combined with a large circle of friends, have enabled him to build up a considerable trade in his area. His natural aptitude in salesmanship and intuitive knowledge of the needs of customers have greatly contributed to that end. It is his constant lament that the importation of choice wines and liqueurs has been suspended and that the enforced restrictions on all other liquors compels him to disappoint many friends.

Mr. Clark has been a member of the Home Guard since its inception and is a very keen member of the Andover detachment. In his spare time his principal hobby is golf, at which he is no mean opponent and can generally be relied upon to put up a good game.

During the last war Mr Clark served with the 2nd Cadet Battalion Hampshire Regiment.



*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.)



## THE NEED OF SPORT.

Our Sports Ground is beginning to look in fine trim for the coming summer season, thanks to the great care and attention that have been bestowed upon it throughout the winter months. The grass tennis courts have had many weeds removed and will look a picture in a few weeks' time. In these trying times, when almost all have extra duties and greater responsibilities to shoulder, it is more than ever necessary to indulge in some form of healthy recreation during our scanty leisure hours. To curtail sport unnecessarily would be a crime. Through the kindness of the Sports Committee our Ground has been thrown open to various branches of the Services and Munition Workers for hockey, football, etc., and this gesture has been very much appreciated. It is up to us remaining at home to "carry on" as far as possible in keeping the games going ready for the time when the "boys come home" and friendly rivalry once again takes the place of this cruel war.

God speed the day!

## GRATIFYING LETTERS.

With a great shortage of supplies and in the means of transport it has indeed been difficult to deliver the goods, and those in authority are passing through a very worrying time. But they are doing their utmost to give all a fair share and it is extremely gratifying to them to receive so many highly appreciative letters concerning their efforts. It is of course impossible to satisfy

everybody but there is no doubt that the great majority of our customers are more than grateful for what is being done for them under most trying circumstances. One such customer wrote recently: "Thank you very much indeed for the way you are meeting us in these troublous times; your service and attention have left nothing to be desired and I am more than grateful to you for the way you have met our requests. I think your Firm have been really splendid."

Many other letters, couched in similar terms, have been received and they are most encouraging to those doing their utmost to give the best possible service to all concerned.

#### STORE CUPBOARDS.

Major Lloyd George's definition of what constitutes food hoarding will be awaited with great interest and anxiety by many who, like myself, obeyed the Parable of the Wise Virgins and the exhortations of the then Food Minister at the beginning of the war to fill our store cupboards, writes "Perplexed" in *The Times*. Victorians like myself were brought up with the idea that a well-filled store cupboard was one of the essentials of a well-run house. I have always had one, and when the war started had a large house in the country, six servants, and two permanent guests. Owing to the war my house is sold, I have now only two servants, and no guests, but I still have the remains of my well-stocked store cupboard. To add to my conundrums, last summer I followed my invariable custom, and purchased during the sales a year's supply of soap. Am I to be commended for all this thrifty forethought, or go to gaol?

[The Minister of Food has since made a new Order dealing with stocks of food in private households and in establishments.]

#### WET AND WINDY.

An old fellow had a very bad cold, so he asked his wife to go to the doctor for a tonic. The doctor sent him a pill and told her to get a thermometer and place it on her husband's chest and he would come to see him in the morning. The old lady not knowing the difference between a barometer and a thermometer, asked her next door neighbour if she would lend her her barometer. This she placed on the old man's chest. The next morning the doctor asked her what did the thermometer say?

She replied, "Wet and Windy."

#### JUST A MINUTE!

A party of actors travelling by train were indulging in personal reminiscences. One stated that he had recently dreamt that he went to Heaven. When he arrived he was informed that everything there was magnified to a wonderful extent. A minute became a million years and a penny a million pounds. The latter fact impressed him particularly, so, advancing to St. Peter, he said:—

"Will you lend me a penny, please?"

"Certainly," St. Peter answered. "Just a minute."

#### GOOD GOLFING STORY.

In a certain golf club a very handsome trophy had been put up for a competition open to members who had never won a prize before. At the presentation of the prize, the winner, a very popular player, returned thanks.

"I think it is an excellent idea," he said, "this trophy for players who have never won a prize before, and to celebrate my victory in a fitting way, I want to stand drinks to everybody here who has never had a drink before!"

#### AFTER-WAR WIVES, PLEASE NOTE.

A N.A.A.F.I. probe into the tastes of the Forces using its canteens has shown that each Service produces men of a distinct type, with different attitudes towards both food and life generally. The R.A.F., as revealed by this enquiry, has the most "food fads" of the three Services. The airman's "fussiness" about his food is thought by N.A.A.F.I. to be due to the meticulous attention to detail instilled into him during training. In many ways, however, his criticisms are helpful to N.A.A.F.I. in providing an efficient canteen service. The Navy is the most cheerful Service to cater for, perhaps because when a sailor comes ashore he has a holiday-spirit with him. He is generous, happy-go-lucky, and easily pleased, but, though he likes good food with plenty of variety, he seldom grouses. N.A.A.F.I. manageresses' reports show that the Army is first favourite with most N.A.A.F.I. girls. The average soldier is ready to eat almost any good wholesome food, and is grateful for little additions to his daily diet. He is rather shy of airing his grievances before others, whatever he may say in his own quarters. He can seldom be persuaded to express his likes and dislikes—though his firm favourite seems to be chipped potatoes. He has no palate for experimental fancy dishes.

## W.A.A.F.s TRY OUT NEW GAME.

Sports historians, please note. The first game of the new rugby-type netball (tackling barred), which has been devised for the women's auxiliary services by a N.A.A.F.I. sports official, was played recently at Uxbridge. Two teams of W.A.A.F.'s took part in a fast and spirited match. Girls from a fighter group defeated a W.A.A.F. depot team by 11 points (one goal and two tries) to 3 points (one try). After the game, over tea in the officers' mess, a name was found for the new game. Following the N.A.A.F.I.'s appeal for a name, various ideas were suggested, including the name "Scram" put forward by an official of the Ministry of Labour. Discussing this, one of the party—a newsreel operator who had photographed the match—suggested "Scramball," "because it was a bit of a scramble in to-day's mud," he added. The name was hailed with enthusiasm, and N.A.A.F.I. has now officially accepted it. The game is catching on fast with the women's services. A team of N.A.A.F.I. girls has challenged a team of W.A.A.F.s and further fixtures are being arranged. In the new game, which almost any girl can play with the minimum of instruction, tries are scored by touching down, and are converted by throwing the rugby-shaped ball through a 3-foot hoop at eighteen feet. There is no tackling, but the ball must be passed as soon as the girl carrying it is touched by an opponent.

## NORTHERN GIRLS BEST COOKS—SAYS N.A.A.F.I.

"Girl cooks from Lancashire, Yorkshire and Tyneside are worth their weight in gold to us, and we can do with as many as we can get. They are usually far better trained in simple cookery than their opposite numbers in the South." A N.A.A.F.I. woman official paid this tribute to the many hundreds of Northern girls who are now cooking for the Forces in N.A.A.F.I. canteens. "Women in the South," she added, "have enjoyed, on the whole, a higher standard of living, with more money to spend on kitchen luxuries, ready-cooked foods and other labour-saving diets. Consequently they have tended to develop the 'tin-opener touch.' Rationing has hit them harder than the girl from the North who is accustomed to using the simplest ingredients for a variety of dishes and can adapt her cooking methods the more readily to war-time shortages.

"Northern girls *respect* the art of cooking; they know its importance in home life. The Southern girl, on the other hand, is apt to regard cooking as a nuisance and a bore."

## ROUND THE WORLD IN 22 DAYS.

An English business man, complete with bowler hat, umbrella and despatch case, recently completed a round-the-world trip "without hitch, incident or fuss"—a striking tribute to the British and American rule of the world's airways. He is Mr. Lancelot C. Royle, Chairman of N.A.A.F.I., who left England last November for a lightning tour of N.A.A.F.I. establishments throughout the world. In seventeen flying days, and five days in a ship, he went round the world, his route being London, Lisbon, Azores, Bermuda, New York, Los Angeles, Honolulu, Midway Island, Wake Island, Guam, Manila, Singapore, Bangkok, Rangoon, Delhi, Basra, Baghdad, Habbaniyah, Cairo, Malta, Lisbon, and back to London, arriving home a day ahead of schedule. Diversions included visits to Colombo, Beyrout and Syria, and as far as Benghazi. A total of some 30,000 miles was covered in 87 days, allowing 42 full working days at various stops. The majority of N.A.A.F.I.'s chief overseas centres were visited and Mr. Royle has brought back a comprehensive, up-to-the-minute picture of N.A.A.F.I. work on all fronts. Luck favoured him throughout the trip, and he seemed to be always one hop ahead of trouble. His Clipper was the last but one which passed westwards through the Pacific islands, and he left Malaya only forty-eight hours before the Japanese onslaught.

*The time will come, when thou shalt lift thine eyes  
To watch a long-drawn battle in the skies,  
While aged peasants, too amazed for words,  
Stare at the flying fleets of wond'rous birds.  
England, so long the mistress of the sea,  
Where winds and waves confess her sovereignty,  
Her ancient triumphs yet on high shall bear,  
And reign, the sovereign of the conquered air.*

## A FISHY STORY.

The teacher was talking about the dolphin and its habits. "And children," she said impressively, "just think! A single dolphin will have 2,000 baby dolphins!"

"Goodness!" exclaimed the little girl at the foot of the class. "How many do the married ones have?"

## WONDERFUL DARTS PLAYING.

Mr. C. Maynard, the popular landlord of the Duke of Edinburgh, Reading, must have been highly gratified with the darts competition played at his hotel in aid of Mrs. Churchill's Red Cross "Aid to Russia" Fund. A substantial sum went, as a result, to that deserving cause and the games, particularly the final, were of a very high order. In the final Mr. Hobbs, the worthy steward of the Wellington Club, met Mr. A. Warner, a county champion. The final stages were very exciting. Mr. Warner wanted a double 1 and Mr. Hobbs 83. It was Mr. Hobbs' throw. With his first dart he scored 57 and then scoring two 13's he ran out the winner of a truly great game.

## BISHOP THANKS LANDLORD.

A very interesting event happened at Chobham when the Bishop of Fulham broadcast from the church next door to the White Hart Inn. Mr. S. T. Wallace, the landlord, was asked to do coffee in the lounge for the choir, etc., between the services. The Bishop wrote to Mr. Wallace expressing his thanks "for the excellent way in which you catered for the choir on Sunday."

## HE LOST.

On her return from school, little Betty, aged ten, was pulled on to her daddy's knee and informed that the fairies had that day brought her a big surprise—a little baby brother. She seemed very pleased, and presently said: "Will you give me a stamp, daddy, please? I want to write and tell brother Tom." The father was touched by this, and promptly gave his little girl the stamp and writing materials to write a letter to her brother who was away at school. Later, curious to know how she had told the news, he took an opportunity to read what she had written. He received something of a shock on reading the following: "Dear Tom,—It's come off to-day. You've lost, it's a boy."

## BEER BY COLOURS.

Bottled beers may soon be sold by a colour code of stoppers. To save paper, some brewers are to cease labelling the different types of beer. Light ale may become known as "yellow top," brown ale as "red top," and so on, according to the capsule colour scheme of the various brewers.

## THE VIGIL.

Singlehearted, unafraid,  
Hither all thy heroes came,  
On this altar's steps were laid  
Gordon's life and Outram's fame.  
England! If they will be yet  
By their great example set,  
Here beside thine arms to-night  
Pray that God defend the Right.

So shalt thou when morning comes  
Rise to conquer or to fall,  
Joyful hear the rolling drums,  
Joyful hear the trumpet's call.  
Then let memory tell thy heart;  
England! What thou wert, thou art!  
Gird thee with thine ancient might—  
Forth! And God defend the Right.

—Henry Newbolt.



## DEATH OF COLONEL J. R. WETHERED.

Colonel J. R. Wethered, C.M.G., D.S.O., late The Gloucestershire Regiment, died at Marlow on March 8th.

Born on November 26th, 1873, Joseph Robert Wethered was the son of the late Rev. F. T. Wethered, vicar of Hurley, Berkshire. He was educated at Radley (Mr. Hobson), where he was in the eight in 1890 (becoming a member of Leander) and the football XI in 1890-91. From Sandhurst he was gazetted to The Gloucestershire Regiment in 1893. During the South African War he saw much fighting, and was present at the relief of Kimberley and at the operations at Paardeberg. He gained the Queen's Medal with four clasps and the King's Medal with two clasps. Wethered went to the Staff College, graduating *p.s.c.*, and from 1914 to 1919 served in France on the Staff. His services were mentioned six times in dispatches, he was awarded the D.S.O. in 1916, and he was made C.M.G. in 1919. He had received his majority in 1915, was given the brevet of lieutenant-colonel in 1918, and gazetted to the substantive rank in 1921. He became colonel in 1925 and went to the War Office as A.A.G. In 1926 he retired. He married in 1913 Dorothy, daughter of the late Brigadier-General H. S. FitzGerald, C.B., and had a son and a daughter.

A memorial service was held at All Saints, Marlow, on Thursday, March 12th, and among the large and representative company present was Mr. F. A. Simonds.

## Mr. F. A. SIMONDS' FINE TRIBUTE.

The following fine tribute to Colonel Wethered's memory appears in "The Times":—

The news of the passing of Colonel J. R. Wethered, C.M.G., D.S.O., on March 8th, came as a great shock to a wide circle of friends alike in the Service, where he had a distinguished career both in South Africa and France, and in the rowing and business world in the Thames Valley.

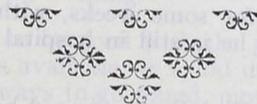
He had a great faculty of endearing himself to all with whom he came in contact, for he had a heart of gold, and it

revealed itself in his daily life which was that of one inspired by a devotion to his simple faith and loyalty to his family and friends.

It was as a business man that I knew him best; nobody could have assimilated more quickly than he did on leaving the Army that wide knowledge of the ramifications of his trade which he enjoyed. Popular with his employees, esteemed by his tenants, he was deeply respected for his unswerving honesty by his fellow traders.

His married life of some twenty-eight years was unclouded until the death in action of his son-in-law, James Ritchie. He idolised, and with good reason, his only son Guy, that grand athlete and long distance runner, now a Captain in his Father's regiment, The Gloucestershire. What a tragedy that the war should have prevented his seeing him attain the highest pinnacle of fame on the running track, for he himself was a runner of some prowess, having won the Army Hurdles once and representing Sandhurst in the Quarter Mile. All sports were a joy to him though fishing was his paramount delight.

He has passed from our midst but—"My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage and my courage and skill to him that can get it."



## BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

As is usual we have had visits from many of our staff now serving in H.M. Forces and news of a number of others.

Mr. F. Pusey (R.A.F.), walking with the aid of a stick, had met with an accident to his foot which resulted in some fractured bones and, although making good progress, he had had a "rough time" which had necessitated his staying in hospital for a considerable while.

Next on the list was Mr. B. Griffin (R.A.F.) who, although feeling very well (and looking it too), informed the writer he was expecting to undergo an operation to his eyes.

Mr. S. Brunson (Royal Navy) had passed as an artificer after many months on different courses and was feeling rather bucked with himself at having accomplished what he set out to do. He looked very nautical in his spick and span uniform.

Mr. S. Gray (R.A.F.) having passed as a flight mechanic gave us a call just before he left for the north.

Mr. R. Huddy (R.A.F.) had found the going rather hard at the start of his new career but was now settled down in quite a good job at a camp. He was full of praise for the place where he was stationed.

News was received of Mr. J. Newbery (Royal Navy) who used to be a member of the Estates Office and he, as a signaller, had a most exciting experience when the convoy he was on was attacked by E-boats and German bombers. He came through unscathed as well as the whole of the convoy and naval escort.

A late member of the General Office, Mr. L. Fullbrook (R.A.F.), was taken ill whilst home on leave and has been in a Military hospital in the town for some weeks, with pleurisy. Although making good progress, he is still in hospital and has not yet lost the pain.

Mr. A. L. Walker (R.A.F.) mentioned he was on embarkation leave, so we wish him every good fortune and a safe return to England, home and beauty.

Mrs. Smith informs me she has recently heard from her son, Fred Smith, and that he is in Libya where he met another member of our staff, viz., S. Treacher. Apparently they met in a Y.M.C.A. establishment in a well-known place which has been very much in

the news. He said he was feeling very well and was comfortable. Of his colleague, Mr. H. Drury, no news has been received of him since the fall of Singapore.

Mr. M. F. Rickards (Tanks) tells me he now drives one of the larger types, the Churchill, which he considers a wonderful machine and in which he feels very safe. Unfortunately he has had some sad news recently for his younger brother, who was a leading stoker on one of H.M. Ships (whose loss has been announced by the Board of Admiralty) is missing. Official news has been received to this effect. We are very sorry to hear this and the opportunity is taken to express our deep sympathy to him.

We had a visit from Mr. Percy James who looked fit and well. He was rather happy inasmuch that he was not too far away from home.

Others who have visited us have been Messrs. S. Harrison, K. Solly and L. Twiney.

Congratulations to Mr. C. Langton (Signals) whose wife has presented him with a bonny daughter.

They have them young in the Army, as we all know, so congratulations to Mr. S. Hinton, whose son, age 24, has recently been promoted to the rank of Sergeant Major in the Royal Engineers.

Miss J. Nicol (Telephonist) is the latest member of the staff to be married. Mr. F. C. Hawkes, in presenting on behalf of the staff a set of carvers, a case of knives, forks and spoons and a cake stand, wished her long life, good fortune and every happiness.

Football form by Reading has not been so good lately, but the visit of the mighty Arsenal found them on their toes and although beaten 4—1, the universal opinion seems to be that Reading were a trifle unlucky and that both sides played excellent football. Naturally a record gate for the season saw the match and from all accounts it was very exciting.

Trade continues to be good with the proviso, of course, that if we had more goods available we could do much better. Still, if there isn't enough always to go round, most of our trade seem to be well satisfied with the efforts we make on their behalf and quite a number of nice tributes have been paid to us; in particular to our Transport Department for the way they negotiate so many difficulties.

This is the latest notice I have encountered: "No cigarettes, no tobacco, no matches—official. Not even under the counter."

Heard in a bar from a would-be customer: "I will have a sherry." The landlord replied: "Don't speak of the dead." Result: the customer had a bitter.

Corporal A. V. Hedgington, formerly of the Estates Office, has written a most interesting letter to Mr. H. Killford of that department. It was written from Malaya under date of the 14th December last but, of course, a lot has happened in that part since, so we have no news of how he is faring now. He writes:—

"Have arrived safe and sound and am in the best of health. Our boat arrived in port a fortnight ago at 11 a.m. and we disembarked about 6 p.m. and were marched to the station in full marching order. That was our first taste of having our clothes wet through with sweat. At the station we found an improvised canteen set up and run by W.V.S., etc. There, free cigarettes, chocolate, bananas, ices, postcards, etc., were given to us. Did the boys appreciate it? we nearly brought the station down with 'There will always be an England' and 'Auld Lang Syne.' I shall always remember it. After a very uncomfortable train journey we arrived at our final destination at 6 a.m. the next morning. Here a fleet of wagons took us to our camp where an excellent meal prepared by Chinese boys was waiting. Most of our first day was spent in drawing mosquito nets, etc., and chasing lizards, huge spiders and ants out of our hut. These lizards are useful in that they eat all insects. My job here is Ration Corporal. Every morning I have to set out in a wagon at 7.30 a.m. for the Supply Depot. Then my mate and I after 15 minutes loading are wet through with sweat, our shirts are black, and it's almost impossible to smoke a cigarette as the sweat pours down your nose and puts the cigarette out. Our camp is about three miles from the town where there are a couple of good clubs, also a couple of decent cinemas. It is the rainy season here now; it doesn't rain, it pours. Five minutes will make a road flood to the depth of a foot, when the splash will go right over the cab of our wagon if we try to drive at more than about ten miles an hour. Will you please remember me to everyone in the Estates and General Offices, etc."

In a letter to Mr. C. H. Perrin, Sergt. N. H. Lipscombe from the Middle East writes that he has received all copies of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE except last October issue. He was very fortunate at Christmas as he managed to get a bottle of L.P. ale which had been bottled a long time and as it was so good he wished to send his congratulations to the Firm. He has not met any H. & G.S. members since he has been out East but was still hoping to do so. He was glad to hear the Social Club was thriving and wished to be remembered to all at the Brewery.

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

The Royal Oak, Bullbrook (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. R. Eveness.

The Fountain Off Licence, Woodley (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. H. E. Lee.

The Globe, Aldershot (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. C. H. Booty.

The Three Pigeons, Ealing (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. F. Sibley.

The Bell, Oxford Road, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. B. Andrews.

The Friend at Hand, High Wycombe (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mrs. A. Hill.

We regret to record the following deaths and to all relatives we express our sincere sympathy:—

Mr. Herbert Febery, tenant of the Nag's Head, Sunningdale, who died on the 28th February, 1942. This House has been in the same family for 60 years as the undermentioned details show:—

Mark Febery took over tenancy 26th January, 1882.

Emily Febery (widow) took over in 1917.

Herbert Febery (son) took over in 1925.

Mr. G. F. Parker, tenant of the Borough Arms, Hungerford, who died on the 3rd March, 1942.

The following is from the *Newbury Weekly News*:—News has been received by Mr. and Mrs. T. Cummins, The Harrow Inn, Headley, that their elder son, Petty Officer Telegraphist G. F. Cummins has been killed in an air raid on Malta. P.O. Telegraphist Cummins, who was 24, was educated at Newbury Grammar School and upon leaving in the summer of 1933, aged 16, went straight into the Navy. He was mentioned in despatches whilst serving in submarine *Snapper* and was later transferred to another submarine. In September last he was awarded the D.S.M.; the submarine had sunk Italian ships in the Mediterranean and the award was "for skill and enterprise in successful patrols."



## NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

## AN UNGRATEFUL GREENFINCH.

## THE MONTH OF MARCH.

We have just been experiencing the longest spell of cold weather of the century. The only comparable period since 1900 was in January and February of 1917. The rationing of food has been extended to the birds and many, alas! have died of cold and hunger. My bird table has provided me with much entertainment these days; the great-tits, blue-tits, and greenfinches have been feeding every day, and each morning as I take them out their food I see them on an apple tree over the way waiting for me. No sooner do I put in an appearance with their breakfast than they fly down and start gobbling up the tit-bits with evident relish. The blue-tits pick up a piece of nut or fat, fly to a twig with it and placing it under one of their feet, peck away at it until it is gone, and then come down for more.

## A BROKEN WING.

I found one greenfinch in my garden with a broken wing. Fearing that a cat would catch it I took it indoors. It pecked my finger so determinedly that it nearly drew blood. I had no idea that the beak of the greenfinch was so powerful—no wonder they drive most of the other little birds from the feeding table! But this particular bird was a very plucky little fellow and showed no fear. I repaid him for the pain that he had inflicted on my finger by offering him some slices of pea-nut. These he ate eagerly. I fixed up a comfortable bed for him at night in the shape of an old box with some straw and a perch and he slept soundly. I tenderly bound the injured wing to his body by means of a light rubber band, leaving the other wing free. I gave him plenty to eat and drink for four days. On the fifth I took away the rubber band to see how the wing was progressing and no sooner had I done so than he flew up on the table evidently much better for the care bestowed upon him. I took him to my bedroom window and when he heard

the notes of the other greenfinches feeding on my bird table his excitement knew no bounds. I opened the window so that he could see them and no sooner had I done so than he fluttered on to the window ledge and then off he flew!

He did not even thank me for the board and lodging that I had provided, to say nothing of the wonderful surgical operation I had performed!!!

But to see him well again repaid me a thousand fold.

## RUDE AND BOISTEROUS MONTH.

March is a rude, and sometimes boisterous month, possessing many of the characteristics of winter, yet awakening sensations perhaps more delicious than the two following spring months, for it gives us the first announcement and taste of spring. What can equal the delight of our hearts at the very first glimpse of spring—the first opening of buds and appearance of green herbs? It is like a new life infused into our bosoms. A spirit of tenderness—a burst of freshness and luxury of feeling possesses us; and let fifty springs have broken upon us, *this* joy, unlike many joys of time, is not an atom unimpaired.

## THE NOVELTY OF SPRING.

The novelty of spring seems, indeed, one of the very few things which never palls on us. The first snowdrop of the year is welcomed with perhaps even more zest by the old than the young; and all acknowledge an eloquence and beauty in the anticipatory lines of the simple familiar hymn—

There everlasting Spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This happy land from ours.

## A COUNTRY RAMBLE.

A country ramble on a clear bracing morning in March is one of the most delightful treats that can be experienced. The air is just sharp enough to afford a pleasant stimulant to the exercise of a

smart and prolonged ramble. Though the trees and hedgerows are still bare, the birds are beginning to show signs of life, and already the blackbird and thrush are in song, and the lark is mounting up in the clear-blue sky, and carolling with the continuous flow of its silver music. Through the open hedges, or the wide palings that fill in the gaps, the rambler catches a glimpse of the ploughman with his team, or hears, away beyond in some sequestered and solitary cross-road, the ringing of the horses' gear, as they turn at the end of the furrow, and the lively, hilarious notes of the driver direct them to the new soil.

WHEN THE MIGRANTS ARRIVE.

Before these lines appear we shall probably have with us the little chiff-chaff. He generally arrives about the 20th of March, during which month the long-tailed tit builds its wonderful nest. The willow warblers and sand martins arrive during the first week in April, as a rule, followed by the swallows, wrynecks, etc., a few days later. Not until May do the swifts arrive. I saw a thrush with building material in its beak on Sunday, March 15th, and heard the loud tapping of the spotted wood pecker the previous Tuesday. The great and lesser spotted wood peckers seem to have a great liking for the willows and elms by the Thames-side towards the west-end of the Caversham promenade—up Mapledurham way. I very frequently go for a stroll this way and I don't think I ever remember taking the journey without seeing or hearing one or more of these most interesting birds. This cold weather I have also noticed many wild duck including, teal, widgeon, tufted duck, pochards. There are herons in plenty—you may sometimes see as many as half-a-dozen at a time—crows, coots, moorhens, dabchicks, kingfishers, redpolls, wagtails, reed buntings, hawks, little owls, snipe, an occasional water-rail and many other members of the feathered tribe.

On Saturday, March 14th, while fishing, I saw a brimstone butterfly.

So you need not go far afield to see much bird and other wild life.

## Something Better?



### THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"Mrs. Brown is very determined that her husband shall do no more fire-watching."

"What's her reason?"

"Well, it seems he's been concentrating on an old flame."

\* \* \* \*

"Dad," the boy asked, "what is a fiancee?"

FATHER: "A young lady who is engaged to be married."

"Then what is a fiasco, dad?"

"That's the fellow who is going to marry her."

\* \* \* \*

"Please don't mind me, sergeant, if I show a little independence on the parade ground this morning," said the private.

"Why do you ask that?" thundered the N.C.O.

"Well, you see, sergeant, my wife is looking through the railings."

## "SECOND-HAND BOOKSHOPS."

One of my little pleasures  
 (A pleasure oft indulged),  
 Is rummaging for treasures  
 In shops where books stand bulged  
 By scores and hundreds—shelf on shelf  
 (A trifle shabby—like myself).

For there between the covers  
 Of many a dusty tome,  
 Are joys for Nature-lovers  
 To bear in triumph home.  
 —Pictures of common things or rare  
 From wood and field and sea and air.

And, oh, the thrill of finding  
 A bargain long-desired,  
 No matter what the binding  
 Or how the book's attired.  
 —Of lugging out your purse to pay  
 And carrying your load away!

But not for lovers only  
 Of Nature and her lore  
 —For people sad and lonely  
 Of treasure there's a store.  
 —Old favourites that full-beguile  
 And lighten many a weary while.

So when you feel like grunting  
 Or grumbling at your lot,  
 Go straightway volume-hunting  
 And soon may be forgot  
 Your cares, your worries and your sighs,  
 In searching out some bookish prize.

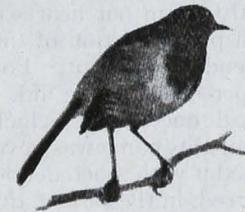
S. E. COLLINS.



## AN ANSWER TO "L.S."

Oh doughty champion of one  
 That bullies other little birds :  
 The Sylvan Poet will not shun  
 An answer to thy hasty words.  
 For robins he has often seen  
 Poor sparrows persecute with spleen ;  
 Or turn, a tiny tit to peck,  
 Upon his blue and yellow neck.  
 Or even stoop to filch a lump  
 Of feathers from a finch's rump  
 —The redbreast (like his human kin)  
 —Can reckon greed his greatest sin !

S.E.C.



Of course there are two sides to every question and, charming as the little robin undoubtedly is, he certainly is a bit of a dictator. But in the small space in which the robin lives, in the winter there would not be sufficient natural food for more than one bird. So if a whole family endeavoured to live in one kingdom some of them would undoubtedly perish from starvation. Therefore, the apparently pugnacious habits of these birds are necessary for the preservation of their kind.—C.H.P.

## SECRET WEAPON.

(From *The Times*).

It is one of the natural consequences of war-time that we should be angry with a good many people, and, if we can for the moment do nothing else to them, we can show our dislike in a traditional manner. We can call them "out of their names" or at least we can mispronounce their names, adding "or whatever he calls himself," so as to give them an absurd or ignominious turn. We cannot do them much harm perhaps, but it gives us a primitive satisfaction and has done so ever since our school days, when names offered a time-honoured and legitimate method of insult. Nobody has ever employed it more thoroughly than did Miss Betsy Trotwood in one immortal omnibus clause, when David Copperfield appeared

on her doorstep a dusty little runaway. She narrated the family history beginning with "that little man of a doctor, with his head on one side, Jellips or whatever his name was," proceeding to David's mother, who had "married a Murderer, or a man with a name like it," and ending with "that woman with the Pagan name, that Peggotty." In that one sentence is summed up, in all its varieties, the whole art and mystery of abusive nomenclature.

It is one that we use with peculiar zest when the names are those of a country not our own. It is not necessary to go far afield. Let anyone stop at a small Welsh wayside station, with no apparent prospect of ever going on again, and let him listen to the English tourists reading its name aloud with bitter mirth. They could not do it in any case, but now they put into their rendering a positively brutal insularity. That to be sure is only a friendly venom, but with the Germans we are in deadly earnest. There are not many things that so consistently warm our hearts to the Prime Minister as his fine literal, British pronunciation of their names, into which he can throw such a splendid contempt. For a long time Hitler's name offered us no proper outlet. We did, indeed vaguely know that the patronymic had once been Schicklgrüber; Mr. A. P. Herbert has told us so, but this name was never really familiar until Mr. Quentin Reynolds used it with much deliberation in a broadcast. We had occasionally referred, in the case of any specially outrageous lie, to "Dr. Gobbles"; but that was small comfort. In this case the old name was at once so mean, so complicated, so unpronounceable, and so ridiculous.

Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,

The power of grace, the magic of a name?

There is no better practical joke, and it has the quality of all the best practical jokes, that we do not deem it quite so good when played on ourselves. There is nothing in a small way which can so rapidly rouse our fury and hurt our vanity as a mistake in our own names. If somebody puts a superfluous s at the end, or spells it with an e instead of an i, or takes away one of the l's to which we are entitled, we are sure that it was no mistake but a cold and calculated affront. That the fellow should not know our name at all is natural, since there are a good many other people in the world. That he should forget it may, though wounding, yet be pardonable. That he should make a bad shot at it is not to be borne. If we could certainly remember his name, as to which we are a little dim, we would deliberately distort it. Or hers, for that matter, in revenge.

For in my heart's most secret cell

There had been many other lodgers;

And she was not the ball-room's Belle

But only—Mrs. Something Rogers!

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

Our greatest glory consists, not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

Against change of fortune set a bold heart.

Let none forget how vast the debt  
We owe to those who died.

The dignifying and dignified consciousness of an honest man, and the well-grounded trust in approving Heaven, are two most substantial foundations of happiness.

A little thing is a little thing, but faithfulness in little things is a great thing.

In the hour of adversity be not without hope, for crystal rain falls from black clouds.

If we still love those we lose, can we altogether lose those we love?

No beauty's like the beauty of the mind.

Wherever snow falls, or water flows, or birds fly, wherever day and night meet in twilight, wherever the blue heaven is hung by clouds, or sown with stars . . . there is Beauty.

I love to lose myself in other men's minds.

We are not born for ourselves alone.

The happiness of life is made up of minute fractions.

Without hearts there is no home.

Reflect upon your present blessings—of which every man has many—not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.

Every mind was made for growth, for knowledge; and its nature is sinned against when it is doomed to ignorance.

Live peaceably with all,  
so shalt thou lead  
A happy life thyself.

Friendship is a strong and habitual inclination in two persons to promote the good and happiness of each other.

They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright.

The best teacher is time, the best book is the world, the best friend is God.

A fervent and diligent man is prepared for all things.

Be master of yourself, first of all, and afterwards you will be the master of others.

The surest way to excel in conversation is to listen much, speak little, and say nothing that you may be sorry for.

Good qualities are the substantial riches of the mind ; but it is good breeding that sets them off to advantage.

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it.

A noble aim, faithfully kept, is as a noble deed.

Truth and love are two of the most powerful things in the world ; and when they both go together they cannot easily be withstood.

Free and fair discussion will ever be found the firmest friend to truth.

Live among men as if the eye of God were upon you ; pray to God as if men were listening to you.

Where Truth deigns to come  
Her sister Liberty will not be far.

Onward in faith—and leave the rest to Heaven.

You will find angling to be like the virtue of humility, which has a world of other blessings attending upon it.

The pleasures of life, like its roses, must be picked carefully or they may prick us with their thorns.

It is a happy world after all. The air, the earth, the water teem with delighted existence.

How easy it is for one benevolent heart to diffuse pleasure around him.

Light another's candle, but don't put out your own.

### A GREAT THOUGHT.

The following beautiful tribute to the life and character of Lieutenant D. H. Jacobson, written by J.C.V.W., appears in *The Times* and should be read again and again and again :—

*The news of the death of Lieutenant David Jacobson, The Rifle Brigade, brings sorrow to a large and varied circle of friends. A happy and successful career as a Scholar of Eton was followed by three even happier years at Cambridge ; and from Cambridge in the summer of 1939 he went to his regiment on the outbreak of the war. Here, as at Eton and at Cambridge, he made at once a profound impression and a multitude of friends—as letters from his brother officers testify. For he had a genius for friendship. It was not merely his wit, his good humour, his liveliness and gentleness, disarming as these qualities were : it was something deeper, and more lovely, something to which it is hard to give a name. During part of one "long vac" he filled for a few weeks a temporary mastership at a public school. One of his colleagues there, on hearing of his death, said quite simply : "He was the nicest man I've ever met" ; and this is what many who knew him feel to-day. He had an intuitive sympathy which was at once selfless, intelligent, and active, enabling him not merely to understand, but to share and to feel, the sorrows and joys, the fears and hopes, of all who were lucky enough to know him well : and since there were so many who were admitted to that knowledge so there are many to-day who must feel that it has been one of the greatest privileges of their lives to have had that knowledge, a privilege of which the memory will remain fresh and inspiring in grateful hearts which saw in his short life a shining proof that happiness comes not to those who seek it but to those who try to give it to others, freely and ungrudgingly, in love and understanding.*

## THE INNKEEPER'S OR PUBLICAN'S PRAYER.

"O God the Father Who from good fresh earth  
Dost bring forth wine to give us joy and mirth ;  
I thank Thee that, unworthy though I be,  
This gift of Thine comes down to men through me !

"O God the Son Whose blood in form of wine  
Joins us to Thee and makes us truly Thine,  
Grant us the grace that never we abuse  
This Sacramental substance Thou dost use !

"O Holy Ghost Whose fulness all divine  
Mistaken was for fulness of new wine,  
May loosened tongues made voluble by me  
Utter no word but that inspired by Thee !

"O Mary who at Cana long ago  
Didst speak the word that caused the wine to flow,  
Be present now, as at that wedding feast  
Lest man, forgetting thee, become a beast !

"When thy dear son was born to blot out sin,  
No room was found for Him in Beth'lem's inn,  
But in my house he is an honoured guest ;  
And so art thou, dear Mother, Virgin blest !

"When closing time shall come at last for me,  
And at another bar I have to stand,  
Speak for me to thy dearest Son, that He  
May place me with the saved at His right hand.

Amen."

—(From Mgr. Canon Jackman's "Holy Roodlets.")

## "NO HOARDING" ORDER.

## A MONTH'S UNRATEDIONED FOOD ALLOWED.

The Minister of Food has now made a new Order dealing with stocks of food in private households and in establishments. Rationed foods or foods which a householder has grown or made himself are exempted, and these foods may be stored without restriction provided they have been obtained legally.

The new Order, which came into force on March 23rd, is entitled the Acquisition of Food (Excessive Quantities) Order, 1942, and provides that no one may obtain any unrationed food for himself or

his household if as a result the quantity of food in his possession or under his control would be more than the quantity reasonably required for consumption by him or his household during a period of four weeks. In exceptional circumstances a longer period may be allowed. The provision also applies to proprietors of residential and catering establishments and institutions.

It is also an offence under the Order for one person to dispose of food to another if the first knows that the quantity thus acquired by the second will be more than the legal maximum.

An authorized officer of the Ministry may inspect any premises where he has reason to believe that food is being kept in contravention of the Order. He may also require the occupier to give information in regard to this food.

Lawful acquisitions of food in the ordinary course of business by farmers, manufacturers, traders, carriers, or warehousemen are exempted from the scope of the Order.

## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A number of surprise decisions had been endured patiently at a village cricket match, until a spectator's voice inquired : " Why don't they cut the grass so that the umpires can see the game ? "

\* \* \* \*

A parson received anonymously a bottle of cherry brandy from one of his parishioners. How to thank the person without upsetting his temperance friends was a problem, so before his sermon he said he wished to thank the anonymous donor for the preserved fruit sent him, and especially the spirit in which it was sent.

\* \* \* \*

Supper had been ready for a long time when the henpecked husband stole into the house and hung up his hat.

" Henry," said his wife from the dining-room, " what do you mean by being two hours late ? "

" But, darling, I've been run over," he protested from the hall.

" Well, what of it ? " she demanded, coldly. " It doesn't take two hours to get run over ! "

\* \* \* \*

## THE LATE MR. S. MURTON.

We very greatly regret to record the passing of an old servant of the Firm, Mr. S. Murton, on Sunday, March 1st. He started his career at H. & G. Simonds Ltd. in May, 1883. After a while he was engaged in the Refreshment Dept. as a stocktaker for many years until the closing down of that part of the Firm's activities. The Refreshment Dept. in those days, I understand (it was before I started at The Brewery) was in connection with supplies to stations on the then South Western and South Eastern Railways, also Kennington Oval, Margate Jetty and Hastings Pier.

Owing to ill-health Mr. Murton retired in 1929 after 46 years' service. He has visited us on many occasions since and always joined us on any outings we had, for Sammy Murton was always one who particularly enjoyed the fellowship and comradeship of his colleagues. He always took a very keen interest in all social activities at The Brewery, being a member of the social and cricket clubs. It always seemed to me if a chairman was wanted at any meeting we held it was generally S.M. who took charge, especially in connection with any sporting or social functions. He was a keen Conservative and served on the committee of the Katesgrove Conservative Ward and some years ago was a member of the Balfour Club.

He was in the General Office for many years, of which he was a prominent member in various capacities. Personally, the writer well remembers one of his favourite expressions and it was "The whole box of tricks." Well known throughout The Brewery he was liked by all, whether employed in the Offices or Brewery, for his generous and happy disposition.

Our sincere sympathy is now expressed to his widow and daughter in their sad loss.

The following members of the staff attended the funeral:— Messrs. F. W. Freeman, F. C. Hawkes, A. C. Kingston, E. S. Phipps, H. Shepherd and Frank Josey.

Wreaths were sent from the Directors of H. & G. Simonds Ltd., General Offices and Sports Clubs.

W.D.



## LIGHTER SIDE.

The inhabitants of a Norwegian fishing village—so a current story goes—witnessed the forced landing of an aeroplane off shore. A fisherman set out to rescue the pilot, but soon returned.

"They were Germans," he explained.

"But weren't they alive?" someone in the crowd asked.

"Well, one of them said he was, but you know how these Nazis lie."

\* \* \* \*

Two Irishmen arranged to fight a duel with pistols. One of them was very stout, and when he saw his lean adversary facing him he raised an objection.

"Bedad!" he said, "I'm twice as big a target as he is, so I ought to stand twice as far away from him as he is from me."

"Be aisy now," replied his second, "I'll soon put that right."

Taking a piece of chalk from his pocket, he drew two lines down the stout man's coat, leaving a space between them.

"Now," he said, turning to the thin man, "fire away, ye spalpeen, and remember that any hits outside the chalk lines don't count."

\* \* \* \*

A well-known Paris bookshop cleared all books from its window and replaced them with enormous portraits of the two dictators, between which a very small volume of Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables* was put.

After several days the Germans discovered the "display" and closed the shop.

\* \* \* \*

A Scotsman was leaving on a fortnight's business trip and called back as he left home: "Good-bye all, and Katherine, dinna forget to mak' leetle Donald tak' his glasses off when he's looking at naething."

\* \* \* \*

A recruit was on guard duty for the first time. The officer in charge, to test his alertness, approached stealthily and waited to be challenged. After a few minutes he stepped forward and shouted:

"Hey, do you know I've been here for five minutes already!"

"That's nothing," came the reply. "I've been here nearly two hours."

"Before I married," said her father, "I made sure I had reasonably good prospects."

"Well, sir," replied the suitor, "there's your town house, your two cars, and the way your daughter dresses. I think the prospects are excellent."

\* \* \* \*

Pat's wife had left him and was suing him for maintenance.

"I have looked into the case very carefully," the magistrate said, addressing Pat at the conclusion of the evidence, "and I have decided to allow your wife fifteen shillings a week."

"Much obliged to yer Honour," answered Pat. "I'll do my best ter give her a couple of bob myself as well."

\* \* \* \*

"That was a beautiful hat, Pat, your wife wore to church last Sunday. It was so high I could hardly see the pulpit above it."

"It should 'a' been beautiful, Mike; an' if she'd worn the bill that come with it, you wouldn't 'a' seen the steeple!"

\* \* \* \*

"Here's something to drink my health with," said the departing guest as he slipped a shilling into the hall porter's hand.

"Thank you, sir," the man said grudgingly. "But you gave me five shillings last year."

"That's right," replied the guest, "but this year my health is better."

\* \* \* \*

"I've quite forgotten what it is I wanted," murmured the old lady in the chemist's shop. "Is the girl who always attends to me here? She might know what it is I want."

"No, madam," said the manager. "I'm sorry to say we've had to sack her."

The old lady beamed. "Ah, that's what I wanted—saccharine."

\* \* \* \*

Jones and Smith were sitting in their tent in the African jungle discussing their skill as hunters. Presently Jones remarked that he would bet Smith a pound that he could go out and kill a lion forthwith.

Smith took the bet and sat back to await results.

About an hour passed, and then a lion put its head through the tent flap. "Do you know a fellow called Jones?" it asked.

"I do," said Smith, backing away.

"Ah," said the lion, "he owes you a pound!"

## BRANCHES.

### PORTSMOUTH.

#### LICENSING.

There was once a time—and not so many years ago either—when a well known cleric dubbed "Proud Pompey" a sink of iniquity and designated one part of it "The devil's acre." This was because of the city's large number of licensed houses. What, we wonder, would he say if he were alive to-day and, paying his annual visit to the Brewster Sessions, heard that there are actually 296 fewer licences granted now than there were less than 50 years ago? And this despite the rapid expansion of the city. In 1905 there were in force 778 on-licences and 217 off-licences, total 995. There are now in force 529 on-licences and 170 off-licences, total 699. And of the licences now in existence, in 96 cases the premises have been totally destroyed and in another 25 cases closed as a result of enemy action, so that actually there are only 578 premises trading against the 995 in 1905. This is a really remarkable reduction. Again, in 1905, there was one licence to every 189 of the population, compared with one licence to every 384 in 1941.

#### COMPENSATION GRANTS.

From 1905 to the present time 25 monopoly value licences, 20 off-licences and 16 chemists' licences have been granted, which with 10 licensed premises added in Cosham area and 3 in the Farlington area, make a total of 74 additional licences in the County Borough. During the same period, 218 licensed premises have been refused, upon payment of compensation, at a total cost of £270,949, being approximately £1,242 for each redundant licence. In addition to these, 11 licensed premises have been closed for misconduct and 141 licences surrendered, making a total of 370 refused and surrendered from which must be deducted the 74 licences added during the last 38 years, bringing the net decrease to 296. Since 1905 monopoly value in respect of 25 houses has been fixed at £90,945, this sum being payable to the Inland Revenue.

#### FAMOUS INNS.

A well known local brewer, who has made it one of his hobbies to tabulate the history of some of Portsmouth's famous inns, has some most interesting documents in his possession. Indeed, if space permitted, a remarkable story could be told of the glories associated with many of them. Some, alas, have disappeared, but many have survived the great social changes of the last hundred years and tradition still encircles them. One with the most

interesting history is, perhaps, the Star and Garter, which overlooks the harbour at Point. It contains the bedroom in which such famous men as Howe, Nelson, St. Vincent, John Franklin, Charles Dickens, Thackeray and many others slept. The deeds of the house go back to the reign of Queen Mary, and for many years the landlord had to pay a tax imposed upon waterside premises consisting of a certain number of fat capons to be surrendered annually.

Then there is the Blue Posts, so called because originally there were two columns, painted a vivid blue, which supported a porch at the entrance. It was the haunt of Naval officers as far back as the days of Benbow, and on one of the windows a famous officer was said to have scratched with his diamond ring—

“ This is the Blue Postesses  
Where Midshipmen leave their chestesses,  
Call for tea and toastesses  
And forget to pay for their breakfastesses.”

Another famous house was known as The Naked Boy. The old sign was a boy in his birthday suit addressing a fashionably attired lady. Below were the lines—

“ How fickle is the English nation ;  
I would clothe if I knew the fashion.”

Many other reminiscences of old Portsmouth inns could be recalled, and with the Editor's permission I will tell in my next notes the story of a fight which took place in one of them between Prince William—then a midshipman—and a waterman which had an interesting sequel.

#### THE BOY GUESSED RIGHT !

An evacuee boy from London caused his Portsmouth school teacher no end of worry. He could neither read nor write, arithmetic was an unknown quantity, general knowledge was apparently nil. Much questioning elicited no satisfactory replies, and not even did the little urchin know how many shillings made a pound. Finally the teacher in sheer desperation took a penny from his pocket, tossed it on to the desk and demanded, “ What's that ”? “ Heads,” replied the boy. And he was correct !