

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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No. 7.



MR. G. C. JONES.

MR. G. C. JONES.

Another portrait from Oxford is the subject of our frontispiece this month, wherein we reproduce the photograph of Mr. G. C. Jones, who joined the firm in January, 1928.

In preparation for his duties at Oxford he took a course of instruction for six months in the Bottling Department at the Brewery, Reading, succeeded by six months' experience in the Beer Cellars, from which he was transferred to transport work, until posted to Oxford in June, 1930, as Stores foreman.

Previously to taking service under the Hop Leaf banner, Mr. Jones saw 23 years of varied service in the regular Army, cavalry branch, from which he retired with the rank of Squadron Quartermaster Sergeant. He saw service in Egypt from 1910 until 1912, and during the Great War from 1914 to 1918 served in France and Flanders, after which he again visited Egypt, subsequently being transferred with his unit to Palestine and thence to India.

He holds the following medals: 1914 Star with bar, General Service, Victory, Long Service and Good Conduct, which go to prove that Mr. Jones' Army career must have been interesting.

In relating his experiences during his Army life, Mr. Jones said that the Hop Leaf beverages always appealed to him, both at home and abroad, and he can recall many exciting moments at Sergeants' Mess meetings when "Change the Brewer" was proposed. He says, however, that his "gang" as he puts it, were always successful in obtaining the necessary votes to enable his, and their, favourite beverages to remain "in office" for a further term.

Mr. Jones has always been fond of shooting, both with the service rifle and the sporting gun, and was an active tennis player for some years. He is, and has always been, an ardent supporter of football and cricket, but can spare little time in these days for such recreation as, in addition to his ordinary duties, he spends many hours assisting the civil defence as an A.R.P. warden.



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.)



CAPTAIN K. F. SIMONDS.

Following in the footsteps of their father, who fought with The Royal Berkshire Regiment in the Boer War, the three sons of our Chairman and Managing Director have, for a long time now, been on active service in this great conflict, two of them in the Middle East. Mr. Eric's youngest son, Mr. K. F. Simonds, who is in the Royal Artillery has been promoted to the rank of Captain and this before he had attained the age of 22. He, with his other brothers are evidently proving their worth in war, as in peace.

TROOPS FIGHTING FIT IN ICELAND.

A good report on the health and welfare of our Iceland troops is given by the Officer Commanding, Expeditionary Force Institutes (N.A.A.F.I. overseas), at present on a visit to England. "The cold, dry, bracing air keeps the men fit," he said, "one hardly ever catches cold there." British troops are on the most friendly terms with American troops, he reveals, and likewise with the Icelanders, some of whom are invited to Unit dances. Many Tommies are quickly picking up the Icelandic language, though most of the islanders speak some English. There are N.A.A.F.I. mobile film units, and there is a daily English Hour from Iceland's radio station to provide news and entertainment for British and American Forces. Tommy Atkins seizes every opportunity he can to learn ski-ing.

A tale is being told in Iceland about the first Americans to land there. On arrival, they set to work on their camp, and one of them asked if they should knock off when it got dark. "Yes," he was told slyly. So they carried on, and halfway through the night, when feeling all in, tumbled to the fact that this was the land of the midnight-sun.

CARE OF SPORTS KIT.

Take extra care of your present sports tackle. Here is a list of change-of-season hints designed to prolong the life of equipment. Some of these are :

Football cases—Deflate, apply dubbin, store in the dry.

Football bladders—Sprinkle with french chalk, store in a cool dark place.

Nets—Treat with steam tar, store in dry, rat-free shed.

Football boots—Dry in the open air (never before a fire) and apply dubbin.

Hockey balls—Store in sawdust, after drying.

Cricket bats—Unboiled linseed oil should be beaten into bats by means of an old cricket ball attached to a cane. Any film of oil must be removed from the blade. Bats should be stored horizontally, face of blade uppermost, when not in use. Wet cricket balls should be air-dried and treated with leather-dressing.

Guy lines.—When not in use, particularly at night, cricket-net guy-lines should be slackened off and nets lifted off the ground.

Tennis rackets—Gut of tennis rackets should be wiped with a soft cloth after use and treated with mutton fat or olive oil. Keep rackets in an even temperature.

Marking lines—A useful labour-saving hint : in marking out grass pitches, courts, etc., time is saved if creosote is used on the first occasion. This deadens the grass and permits the lines to be easily traced throughout the season.

ABSENT SIGNATURE—AND THE REASON.

A minute book more than 100 years old has been found at the Town Hall, Anerley, in the collection of waste paper. It contained a reference to a meeting at the Crooked Billet hotel, Penge; the reason it is unsigned is explained by a two-word pencil note at the end—"Chairman drunk."

SUCCESS OF LADIES' HOCKEY TEAM.

Our ladies' hockey team, after a long spell of cancelled matches, have been very successful the last few weeks. On one occasion, when playing Gascoignes, the ladies reached the score of double figures, the goals of which were mainly shared between Mrs. G. Greenaway and Mrs. M. Lawrence.

NEW CROCKS FOR OLD.

The familiar N.A.A.F.I. badge with its anchor, crown and wings and motto *Servitor Servientium* (servant of those who serve) has vanished from crockery now going out to canteens—under a new order forbidding the decorating of chinaware, which calls for additional processes and labour. Only the letters N.A.A.F.I. will be stamped on the bottom of the china. Shortage of utensils in some N.A.A.F.I. canteens, and continued usage of slightly damaged ones, is due to many causes, says a N.A.A.F.I. expert. Millions of items of crockery are going to canteens and communal feeding-centres being opened for factory-workers and schoolchildren, and pottery firms are suffering from depletion of staff—some of the work, particularly the fitting of handles to cups—calling for long experience. Moreover, pressure on rail-freightage often holds up consignments of crockery.

NOTEWORTHY COMPLIMENT TO MR. H. C. DAVIS.

Mr. H. C. Davis, our indefatigable manager of the Hotels and Catering Department, has had the honour of being elected a member of the *Reunion des Gastronomes*. This is a highly important organization including in its membership some of the most prominent Hotelmen and Caterers in the country. It is indeed a great honour, but those who know Mr. Davis' rare abilities will readily agree that it is richly deserved.

PIGEON "HERO" OF THE BLITZ.

A blue chequer cock pigeon which flew from a town in the Eastern Counties and reached London, during a heavy raid, with a leg missing, is hero of the carrier pigeon service used by the British Army as one means of maintaining vital communications at home and abroad. It is thought that this valiant little bird was struck in flight by a shell fragment. Although badly wounded it has been successfully nursed back to health and is now doing excellent work again.

LIGHT PALE ALE ON THE WEST COAST.

One of the old boys of The Blue Coat School, Reading, who is now a Sergeant in the Royal Artillery and is home on leave from Sierra Leone, pays tribute to the excellence of our Light Pale Ale, which he places as "the best of the lot" amongst the various kinds of beer on sale on the West Coast of Africa. His enthusiasm for our ale is not inspired by long acquaintance with Reading, as we understand that his home town is in Kent. Possibly he detected the real Kent palate in the Hop flavour.

READING WARSHIP WEEK.

We are pleased to record that the two very fine drawings of H.M.S. *King George V* and H.M.S. *Exeter*, which were generously presented to the Warship Week Auction Sale at Reading by Mr. W. Giddy, our renowned artist at Salisbury Branch, were objects of keen bidding and were eventually knocked down at bids of £150 and £100 respectively. These results were extremely gratifying and reflected the artistry of Mr. Giddy's work. Needless to say his efforts were greatly appreciated by the organisers of the auction sale. A reproduction of the drawing of H.M.S. *King George V* appeared in the March issue of this journal.

HOW SWEET!

Two women, each loving each other like poison, entered a restaurant. One, holding open the door for the other, said ever so sweetly, "Age before beauty, dear." And the equally sweet reply was, "Yes, and pearls before swine, darling."

Our strength grows out of our weakness. Not until we are pricked and stung and sorely shot at, awakens the indignation which arms itself with secret forces. A great man is always willing to be little. Whilst he sits on the cushion of advantages, he goes to sleep. When he is pushed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something; he has been put on his wits, on his manhood; he has gained facts; learns his ignorance; is cured of the insanity of conceit, has got moderation and real skill.

—Emerson.



DEATH OF MR. G. E. BODDINGTON.

FOR 43 YEARS WITH H. & G. SIMONDS, LTD.

Mr. George E. Boddington, who died suddenly at his home, 22 Crescent Road, Tilehurst, on Saturday, March 21st, aged 56, had a long, loyal and varied service with the firm, having joined us in 1899. Commencing as a junior in the order office, he was transferred to the general department two years later and thence to the branch office in 1902. Whilst serving in the latter department he gained his first outdoor experience of military work in 1903. He was transferred to Oxford in 1904, and remained there for five years. After a further brief sojourn at Reading, he was moved to the Ludgershall branch and completed four years work on Salisbury Plain, including the supervision of supplies from the Warminster depot during the time the 29th and 66th Divisions were training for foreign service. In the latter part of 1916 Mr. Boddington joined the Royal Engineers and was subsequently transferred to the Lancashire Fusiliers. While serving in France in 1917 he was appointed orderly room sergeant of the 4th Army Musketry School. After demobilisation in 1919 he returned to Reading and at the time of his passing he held the position of chief clerk in the hotels and catering branch.

A keen sportsman, Mr. Boddington was best known in Reading for his secretaryship of the Reading and District Clubs' Billiards League, a position which he held from 1921 to 1937. In this capacity he did excellent work, laying the foundations for an organisation which will have a permanent place in the sporting life of the town. He also devoted himself to the organisation of the Royal Berkshire Hospital Sportsmen's Fund billiards handicap, and during the second year of its existence ran a competition, as a result of which the sum of £114 was handed to the hospital in that year. He himself was a brilliant exponent of billiards, and spent a good deal of his spare time on the tables at Messrs. H. & G. Simonds' Social Club.

A Freemason, he joined the Morland Lodge in 1926. He was a keen philatelist, and possessed some well-filled albums.

He leaves a widow, one son and one daughter. His son, Mr. Hugh Boddington, is at present serving in the Royal Army Pay Corps.

FUNERAL AT ST. MICHAEL'S, TILEHURST.

The funeral took place at St. Michael's, Tilehurst, the rector officiating. Interment followed in the churchyard.

A representative party from the Brewery including the heads of all departments attended the funeral.

AN APPRECIATION

(by H. C. Davis.)

Mr. George Boddington joined the Hotels and Catering Department in 1936, and although much of the work which he was called upon to undertake was strange, he set about his new duties with great energy and interest. I was much impressed with his close attention to detail, however small, and he was meticulous in keeping accurate records covering the wide ramifications of the hotel and catering business.

His death was the greater shock to me because throughout the whole period of his association with me, both in business and on a friendly basis, I never once knew him to complain of illness or unfitness.

DEATH OF MR. A. W. MILLS.

It is with deep regret that we have to report the death of Mr. Alfred W. Mills, a well known member of the Building Department of this firm, who passed away on the 20th March at Park Hospital at the age of 50 years.

He had been employed on the building staff for nearly 20 years and for a considerable period was foreman labourer.

Mr. Mills was serving with the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry in 1914 and shortly after the outbreak of the last war they were moved into Palestine. He was with General Townshend's force during the siege of Kut and was eventually taken prisoner by the Turks.

"Alfy" was always of a jovial nature and his workmates will long remember his contributions to the concerts on the departmental outings, and his ability as a dart thrower. He had also been a good footballer.

The funeral took place on the 26th March and the service at St. Mary's Church was attended by the following representatives of the department:—Messrs. Andrews, Brown, Bowsher, Beasley, Chandler, Chilton, Cockbill, Curtis, Eymore, Langford and Hawkins.

Our deepest sympathy is tendered to his widow and family in their very sad loss.

A.R.P. NOTES.

FIRST AID PARTY.

On Thursday, March 26th, 1942, an examination in "First Aid to the Injured" was held at the Brewery First Aid Post. This exam. was the climax of a course of lectures and practices given by Dr. E. Maclachlan, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., which had been recently held at the post under the authority of the St. John Ambulance Association.

The examiner was Dr. G. O. Taylor, of Cane End, and the result of the exam. was very satisfactory indeed. All who entered same were successful in passing. Dr. Taylor was very pleased with the high standard reached by the whole class and passed some very complimentary remarks on both the First Aid Party and our very fine First Aid Post.

The undermentioned is the result in full:—

For a St. John Ambulance Association First Aid Certificate.

Miss A. M. Prosser	Mr. G. Weait
" V. Shorter	" W. Bradford
" E. Bullen	" Hurlock
" W. Young	" W. A. Saunders
" N. Sharpe	
" E. Townsend	
" L. Levison	
" E. Hobbs	

For a St. John Ambulance Association Voucher (this is for all who hold a First Aid Certificate and pass their re-examination).

Miss J. Tuffs	Mr. R. Broad
	" E. T. Gibbs
	" J. Doe
	" P. Luker
	" W. H. Spencer

For a St. John Ambulance Label (this is similar to a small medal bar and is usually made of bronze, bearing the number of the holder's medallion, and is given to holders of same. Those holding this have more than three years with the St. John Ambulance Association).

Miss J. Taylor	Mr. P. Ruffles
	" T. W. Kent

The above wonderful result reflects great credit upon Mr. T. W. Kent, who has been chief instructor since the party was

formed, and who has been heart and soul in getting everyone to be as efficient as possible. His instruction has been excellent throughout, his knowledge first-rate and his enthusiasm an inspiration to all.

FIRE BRIGADE.

On Sunday, March 15th, the National Fire Service staged some large incidents at the Brewery which necessitated the use of 15 pumps. Our two pumps, with full crews under the able leadership of Chief Officer E. Tigwell, took part throughout the exercise and did excellent work, gaining considerable experience in relay work and the use of a 5,000 gallon dam which was erected by the N.F.S. in incredibly short time.

During the exercise it was assumed that there were breakdowns in pumps and telephones, necessitating the use of motor-cycle messengers and control cars. Brigade ambulances, relay vans and a mobile canteen were also in attendance.

We hope that more of these exercises may be staged in the future as it is only by continual practice that we can attain the measure of efficiency and co-operation that is required.

We should also like to congratulate our works brigade on their very smart turn-out in the recent "Warship Week Parade," when a good representative party, including the First and Second Officers gave up their Sunday afternoon to help this cause.

SPOTTERS.

It is a great pleasure to announce that Mr. R. Coleman of the Surveyor's Department (recently transferred from the Cask Office) gained the highest distinction of the Reading Spotters Club by winning the Operative Spotters' Trophy, which thus comes to H. & G. Simonds Ltd. from the Great Western Railway Spotters team, Aldermaston. He has also gained with distinction the 3rd and 2nd Class Spotting Certificates and re-qualified for the 3rd Class.

Heartly congratulations, Coleman, on your splendid achievement. The Reading Spotters Club, of which all our spotters are members, held their first dance, in aid of Reading Warship Week, at McIlroy's Jacobean Restaurant on Friday, 27th March. Music for dancing was provided by the 4/7th Dragoon Guards (by kind permission of Colonel F. E. Hilburn, M.B.E.). During the interval, Gunner Giles of the B.B.C. sang "Sons of the Sea," after which an auction was conducted by Mr. Tom Vincent of Messrs. Nicholas. Various gifts were offered for auction including three model aircraft

made by members of the club and two etchings by Mr. Giddy of our Salisbury branch, one depicting H.M.S. *King George V* raised £150 and the other, H.M.S. *Exeter*, £100. Bidding for the three aeroplanes reached £350. The total auction realised £2,045, and a further sum of £220 was invested in bonds and certificates and £15 4s. 6d. for saving certificates and stamps, at a selling centre in the hall, making a grand total of £2,280 4s. 6d.

Added to this, the nett proceeds of the dance amounting to £35 was invested in war bonds and handed to His Worship the Mayor as a gift towards the 30,000 Shilling Endowment Fund for a firewatcher's bed and cot at the Royal Berkshire Hospital.

FIRE GUARDS.

30,000 SHILLINGS ENDOWMENT FUND.

Readers will be pleased to know that the total subscribed in Area 26 (H. & G. Simonds Ltd., Freeman, Hardy & Willis, Taylor & Gillard and Barnard's), towards the Reading Fire Guards 30,000 shillings fund for the endowment of a bed and cot for the Royal Berkshire Hospital, amounted to 555/-.

DAYTIME A.R.P.

It is some time since a practice of the A.R.P. Day Organisation was held. We should like to impress on all members of this service that the same organisation is in operation as was introduced in 1938, the only change being slight and affecting the personnel.

We hope to be able to stage further practices in the near future.

Care of equipment is a matter to which we should like to draw the attention of all personnel. Equipment is very difficult to procure, in fact, some is unobtainable.

We therefore ask everyone to check the equipment in their care, seeing that it is in perfect order, free from dirt, dust, etc. They should also inspect their posts, giving special attention to buckets and other water containers, seeing that they are kept clean and filled.



NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

ARRIVAL OF THE SWALLOWS.

LONG-TAILED TIT'S NEST.

TICKLING TROUT.

On Good Friday I saw a swallow, the first of this season, but Mr. Eric tells me he saw several a day or so before that date. They are here now in large numbers and so are the sand martins. I set out for a long ramble on Good Friday, determined to find a long-tailed tit's nest—and I succeeded, but not before I had been on the prowl for about six hours. I strolled up the Kennet away beyond Theale and came back round Burghfield way. The long-tailed tit generally builds in March, but though I had peered into miles and miles of likely-looking hedges and bushes, there was no sign of this wonderful structure until, nearing my journey's end, I heard the little bird's note zit-zit, zit-zit. Then I observed a pair and, noticing the direction in which they flew, followed the scent. Coming to a white thorn hedge I searched it diligently and there lo and behold! was a nest. Oval-shaped, the long-tailed tit's nest is felted together in a marvellous manner. It is composed of wool, spiders' webs, moss and covered with silvery lichens—a truly wonderful structure, well worth tramping many miles to find. The nest is most cosily lined with feathers, and upwards of a thousand may be found in one nest. The long-tailed tit lays about ten eggs.

THOUGHTS TURNED TO TROUT.

As I wandered by the Kennet-side my thoughts naturally turned to trout. I saw one rise; he was by no means a big fellow and I wondered whether I could have enticed him to take a little dun or blue upright if I had had my fly-rod with me. Of course, at the tail of a weir or other fast-flowing water you would have to use something bigger than a dun for here the larger trout are often tried with worms, live-bait and spinners. Something more nearly approaching a salmon fly is the only likely lure to bring you luck in such water. In fishing, as in everything else, you must adapt yourself to the conditions.

TICKLING TROUT.

Of course there are various ways of catching trout. In the days of my youth I have wired them and I have "tickled" them. As to tickling trout I don't think I have ever heard so much nonsense talked about any subject. Now, supposing you waded in a stream, placed your hand under some weeds where a trout was lying and started to really tickle him, why! he would dart off like greased lightning. The real way to "tickle" a trout is as follows: Find some weeds, the tails of which are being waved to and fro by the fast-running water, and ever so gently place your hand under the weeds and move it so that it represents exactly the motion of the weeds. When you feel your fish, work your hand up thus until you come to the throat. Then grip him and he is yours! I have landed very many in this manner.

But that was many years ago!

A FEATHER.

I picked up the feather of a peewit and took it home to clean my pipe, but as I gazed on it I thought it sacrilege to do so. A feather is indeed a thing of beauty if you examine it. The feather had zip fasteners long before we humans had any idea of such things. By means of these the feathers are enabled to shut out the air or let it in as occasion demands—a great desideratum when the bird is ascending or descending, facing or flying with the wind.

Sit before it, ponder o'er it,
'Twill your mind advantage more
Than a treatise, than a sermon,
Than a library of lore.

MOLES AT WORK.

I see that one or two moles are at work on our Sports Ground. They should not be allowed to make their way as far as the cricket pitch or the tennis courts, for here they would do great damage. Moles have been known to dig runs to the extent of 100 yards in a day and they seem more than ever active in this direction during the mating season. And they fight fiercely too. At times the

victor is not content with only his victory for he sets to and makes a meal of his victim! A mole will eat his own weight in a day, but considering the tremendous amount of work they accomplish this is not surprising.

IN ENGLAND NOW!

April is one of the most delightful months of the year and the student of nature hardly knows which way to turn, there is so much to see and learn in every direction. Robert Browning finely expresses the charm of the month in his well known lines:—

Oh, to be in England
 Now that's April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—now!

ABOUT SWANS.

My recent notes dealing with the question as to whether swans could take off from land as well as water in order to fly aroused very widespread interest and the subject has been discussed in many quarters. Very few people have seen the swan rise, except from the water. Miss A. Wallace, of the Delivery Office, tells me, however, that she saw one take off from a meadow near the Kennet.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

An enemy plane passed over a certain district one night, and the following morning a man told his neighbour that an unexploded incendiary bomb had fallen into his bedroom.

"Throw it into the garden?" inquired the neighbour.

"Can't do that," was the reply. "It's six feet long."

"Good gracious," gasped the neighbour, "that's not an incendiary—that's a high explosive! Have you been sleeping in the bedroom with that thing all night?"

"Not bloomin' likely . . . I slept on the couch in the drawing-room!"

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

As is usual we have had visits from many of our staff who, whilst enjoying a little leave, give us a call and tell us something about themselves. Sergt. R. Skidmore (A/G., R.A.F.) first on the list, had recently been on the big air raid on the works near Paris and from the way he spoke it seemed "something attempted, something done" with very satisfactory results. Sergt. H. Jenkins (A/G., R.A.F.) has been at his station for a long while and has many hours of flying to his credit. He informs me he was married in December last and as this fact has not appeared in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE before, somewhat belatedly the opportunity is taken to wish his wife and himself good health, good fortune and every happiness. Corpl. L. Buckingham (R.A.F.) looked in and seemed quite well and happy, also E. W. King (A.A. Signals) and E. Crutchley (R.A.F.). These two latter members of our staff were looking perfectly fit. Mr. L. Fullbrook (R.A.F.) who had had a nasty turn of pleurisy was at a convalescent hospital in the neighbourhood and was expecting to go back to his station in a short while. He was very keen on his job as he had passed his wireless course and just before he was laid up was getting on very well.

Mr. F. Pusey (R.A.F.) was still walking with the aid of a stick when last I saw him and although progressing, it looked as if he would be in for a long spell of inactivity before he was fit again. Mr. S. Collins (R.A.F.), farther away from us now, was quite pleased with things in general.

For a change we had two members of the Delivery Office staff from the Navy, viz. :—W. Philpott, who had just passed a wireless telegraphist course after many weeks of intense effort and about which he was very satisfied and qualified for a most interesting job. Then after him we saw E. C. Schofield looking very bright in his uniform, complete with peaked cap; he had passed a course and was a L/A/F in the Fleet Air Arm. Another member of the Delivery Office, Sergt. Weight (R.A.F.) greeted us in civvy clothes and looked bigger than ever. Mr. W. A. Dewey (R.A.F.) of the Transport Department brought with him L/A/C W. Andrews, previously of the Wine and Spirit Department. The latter had been out to Russia with the R.A.F. and his only comment about the climate was that Russia was much too cold for him. He was full of praise for the way they had been treated whilst out there and was of opinion it was a nice country in the summer. Others who we have seen were Messrs. W. R. Brown (R.A.F.), training to be a pilot, R. C. Pitts, K. Vogeli, A. H. Turner, D. E. Beesley, C. Chuter and Bombardier F. J. House, the latter on leave from Iceland.

In a letter to Mr. C. Bennett, S. R. Gray (R.A.F.) writes from the north of England that they were having very strenuous training and his complaint was that the weather was very cold up there but they were becoming hardened to it for their duties were making them very fit. Apparently the local brew did not impress him. He wished to be remembered to all friends at The Brewery.

A long and interesting letter was received by Mr. V. Richards from S. B. Farmer of the R.A.F. and written from the Middle East.

L/Cpl. S. G. Treacher of the Ordnance Corps, writing from the Middle East to Mr. H. Treadgold, says he is in the desert and after a fortnight there is getting used to it and taking it altogether, food and the life, is not too bad. Where he is they have a Y.M.C.A. canteen, complete with radio, reading and writing rooms, although it means often waiting in a queue to get a seat. They get cigarettes, chocolates and sweets now and again. The weather is good although cold at nights. He asks for THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE to be sent him (this is being seen to) and wishes to be remembered to all the lads at the office. He mentions also that he has just met Fred Smith, but is particularly sorry that there is not a drop of beer to celebrate the occasion.

We have also heard from Pte. Fred Smith from the Middle East and in his letter to Mr. A. E. Smith also mentions the fact that he had then just met Treacher in the desert. Although Treacher is in a different unit they are fairly near to one another.

Mr. J. J. Croft of the Brewery Department, who passed away on the 19th March, was with us from May, 1904, until placed on the pension list December last year. Mr. P. F. Knapp says he was a most excellent worker, a true blue and an old soldier with a wonderful record.

The following appeared on an order some little while ago:—

“To order one does not know what to do, if one does not order anything they do not get it and if they do they don't get it.”

In passing through the Offices someone has added the words, “I don't get it.”

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

The Borough Arms, Hungerford (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. E. E. Parker.

The Victoria, Hayes (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. J. H. Bayley.

The Desborough Arms, High Wycombe (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. W. Bishop.

The New Chairmakers Arms, High Wycombe (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mrs. N. Garland.

We regret to record the following deaths and to all relatives our sympathy is expressed:—

Mr. W. W. Shadbolt of the Osborne Arms, Lane End, who had been tenant of this House (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.) since September, 1934, and who died on the 28th March, 1942.

Mrs. S. L. Lee of the Gordon Arms, High Wycombe (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.), who died on the 1st April, 1942, had been tenant of this House since March, 1919. The previous tenant, Mr. Lee (husband) who died in 1919, took over the tenancy on 28th September, 1912, so Mrs. Lee had been at the Gordon Arms for almost 30 years.

Mr. C. E. Callaway, of the King's Head, High Wycombe (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.), who died on the 13th April, 1942, had been tenant of this House since March, 1903. Quite a long spell.

Mr. A. Bourton of the House of Windsor, Witney, who died on the 13th April, and had been tenant of this House since December, 1915.

MAJOR RT. HON. LLOYD GEORGE VISITS THE BREWERY.

On Monday, 23rd March, 1942, Major Rt. Hon. Gwilym Lloyd George, P.C., M.P., Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Food, and Mrs. Lloyd George, paid an informal visit to the Brewery at Reading. They were accompanied by Major J. R. Gales, M.B.E., the Divisional Food Officer, and Mr. D. M. Forrest, also of the Southern Divisional Office, Ministry of Food.

The party was conducted round the Brewery by Mr. J. H. Simonds, C.B., D.L., J.P., Major G. S. M. Ashby and the Head Brewer, Mr. P. F. Knapp, and showed keen interest in all the brewing processes. The time at their disposal was very limited and the tour of the Bottled Beer Stores had to be much curtailed. They sampled the Firm's bottled products which they much appreciated and pronounced them to be excellent.

Subsequently the Directors entertained them at lunch at the Ship Hotel, Reading, where they were joined by several leading citizens and local officials.

Unfortunately, owing to illness, Mr. F. A. Simonds was unable to be present.

SEA FISHING.



A 14lb. Conger.

Freshwater fishing is undoubtedly a very pleasant pastime, and thrilling, too, when a fair-sized one is hooked, but more often than not these fish are not destined for the frying pan. Therefore, sea angling is very much more popular to many anglers, especially those who live in coastal areas. The satisfaction obtained after a successful day's sea fishing is two-fold. How often have I returned home with a good mixed bag, including plaice, skate, codling, whiting and conger eel (very tasty, I reckon!). Yes, all these are obtainable, during the autumn, at Lee-on-Solent. But alas! there's nothing doing there now. However, the fish will wax fat for a time and, when the happy days of peace come again, we shall hear of more records in the weight of the various fish and I, for one, hope to pull some of them out.

The snap is of a 14 lb. conger eel caught by my companion one December night a few years ago in the Solent.

G.W.D.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

To know, to esteem, to love—and then to part,
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart.

But if the while I think on thee, dear Friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

He that does his best whatever his lot in life may be, is on
the sure road of advancement.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from tears.

What can harm us if we are true to ourselves and do what we
think is right?

'Twas in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear.

What do we live for, if not to make life less difficult for each
other?

Hope—adorns and cheers our way.

It is a comely fashion to be glad;
Joy is the grace we say to God.

An aim in life is the only fortune worth the finding; and it is
not to be found in foreign lands, but in the heart itself.

Blow wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

Every man's destiny is largely of his own making.

To read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray—
These are the things that make men happy.

Do your best, whether winning or losing.

Attempt the end, and never stand in doubt;
Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out.

Some people grumble that roses have thorns,
I am glad that thorns have roses.

LIGHTER SIDE.

BLONDE WAITRESS: "I have stewed kidneys, boiled tongue, fried liver, and pigs' feet."

DINER: "Don't tell me your troubles, sister, give me a chicken pie."

* * * *

"I will admit I haven't always lived as I should, but I do love your daughter sincerely, and if ever I should make her unhappy I hope I will be made to suffer for it."

"Don't let that worry you—she'll attend to that."

* * * *

Full of zeal, the Boy Scout was going from house to house selling tickets for a Warships' Week concert.

"How much are they?" asked one woman, grimly—

"Two shillings, eighteenpence, and a shilling" was the hopeful reply.

"Have you any at sixpence?"

The Boy Scout replied, coldly: "It's a warship we want, ma'am, not a canoe."

* * * *

Two Italians met in a street in Milan.

"How's business?" asked one.

"Very much better," said the other.

"Better?" cried the first in surprise.

"Yes, very much better than next year," the other explained.

* * * *

The chairman of a big business was making one of his surprise visits to a local branch. Seeing a young fellow looking very industrious in a corner, he went to him.

"How long have you been working for this firm," he asked, kindly.

"Ever since the manager threatened to fire me," was the honest reply.

* * * *

A party of actors stayed for the night in a primitive village. Next day one of them observed wearily to a colleague as he rose about noon: "Where does one wash?"

"In the spring," replied the other.

"Laddie," said the first, "I said 'where' not 'when.'"

"Of all my staff, Jones, you have been the most diligent and willing. I have therefore arranged the holidays so that you get the longest day."

* * * *

Three Canadian soldiers sleeping in a tent in one of the English Training Camps last summer were rudely awakened by a terrific crash not far away.

"What was that, thunder or bombs?" asked one of them.

"Bombs," was the laconic answer.

"Thank heaven for that," chimed in the third. "I thought we were going to have more rain!"

SERGT. N. H. LIPSCOMBE.



Sergt. N. H. Lipscombe, one of our travellers, now serving in the Middle East writes a cheery letter to the Editor trusting H. & G.S. are Same as Before. As you will see from the snapshot, he adds, I have not faded away.

BRANCHES.

PORTSMOUTH.

A ROYAL PUGILIST.

In accordance with our promise, we this month relate the story of an historic fight with bare fists between a future King of England and "Billy" (a waterman), which took place at a well known old Portsmouth inn many years ago, and how, as a sequel to the combat, the victor was rewarded with a government job which he held for many years as the price of his silence. A certain public house in Tower Street, Old Portsmouth, was the rendezvous in those far off days of many young naval officers who, having finished their day's work, went abroad in the evening to "see life." One night several of these young dare-devil roysterers, among them Prince William, then a midshipman, descended upon the public house intent on having some fun and caring little at whose expense. Sitting around a small table were several watermen who were enjoying their evening refreshment and talking over their day's labours.

Without any prelude, Prince William went to their table and addressing Billy in a manner not too conciliatory said, "Damme, you might have the good manners to offer one a drink." "Why the devil didn't you say you wanted one," replied Billy. "Anyhow," said England's future King, "I'm going to drink your beer," and lifting the mug from the table promptly drank a portion of the beverage and threw the remainder on the floor. This was a signal for a general uproar and Prince William and his companions on the one hand, and the waterman and his mates on the other, prepared for a "rough house."

"Now," said the waterman, "you'll fill that mug agin or there will be trouble." "I'll do nothing of the kind," replied the Prince. "Then—I'll make you," said the waterman, and immediately prepared for a scrap.

Prince William, who apparently possessed more pluck than discretion, promptly accepted the challenge and the party, says a well known local historian, repaired to a suitable spot on Capstan Square and, a ring being formed, a pitched battle was soon in progress. The Prince was agile and full of enthusiasm, with the waterman broad of build and slower of movement, but thoroughly roused by the treatment he, or rather his beer, had been subjected to. He was, moreover, determined to avenge the unprovoked insult and soon his terrific punches had reduced the young Prince to a helpless wreck. The fight was too one-sided and hectic to last long and quickly the Prince's friends intervened and called a truce before really serious damage was done.

"With bleeding nose and blackened eyes," says the historian, "England's future King was rushed to the nearest apothecary's to have his wounds attended to, while Billy, his conqueror, returned to the inn to finish his evening's refreshment highly elated by his successful encounter and the fact that he had administered well deserved punishment upon a cheeky young midshipman."

After some minutes had elapsed some of the young officers also returned and, having suitably recompensed the injured parties with fresh supplies of their favourite beverage, took their departure. "Say Billy," observed one of the watermen, "do you know who that was you fought?" "No," replied the victorious Billy. "Well, you've done a fine thing for yourself, that was young Prince William."

Billy, thoroughly frightened by the unexpected announcement, drank up his beer and hurried away. He hid himself for some days until he thought the trouble had blown over but, upon making his appearance again, received a peremptory summons to present himself at the Admiral's house. Fearing the worst, Billy obeyed the summons and was called upon to give a true account of what had happened. He did so and added his apologies for having, in ignorance, battered his future Sovereign. Much to his surprise, instead of receiving a severe reprimand and perhaps something more, Billy was asked if he would like a berth in H.M. Customs. He said he would. "Well you can have one," said the Admiral, "on condition that you tell no one about the fight." Billy readily gave his promise and in due course became coxswain of the Customs boat, a position he held until the time of his death at the ripe old age of 81. And never, it is said, did Billy once break his promise to keep secret his fight with England's future monarch.

The public house at which the episode occurred was afterwards known by the sign "Prince William Henry," and it flourished for many years until it was eventually demolished.

A LOSS TO THE CITY.

Portsmouth generally, and "The Trade" in particular, have lost a valued friend by the death of Alderman Wallace S. R. Pugsley. After serving a number of years in the Royal Navy, Mr. Pugsley commenced business in the city as a wine and spirit merchant, and so successful was his venture that at the time of his death, at the comparatively early age of 59, he had three flourishing branches. He also devoted a great deal of his time to public work and, having won a seat on the City Council as one of the representatives of St. Paul's Ward, in which he was born, he succeeded Sir John Timpson as chairman of the Passenger Transport Committee and proved a go-ahead and far-seeing legislator. He was also a prominent Freemason, and was the recipient of a Grand Lodge collar as well as Provincial honours in recognition of his work, chiefly for the three great Masonic charities.

STAINES.

We deeply regret to publish the death of Mr. Francis J. Wake, who passed away on Saturday, March 14th, at the age of 41 years.

Mr. Wake joined the Firm in December, 1939, commencing on the Loading Stage; he was later transferred to the Bottled Beer Department. Unfortunately he had been in delicate health for some years.

The funeral service took place on Saturday, March 21st, at Staines Cemetery Chapel, the Revd. W. J. Penny officiating. The mourners present were Mrs. F. J. Wake (widow), Mrs. F. Wake (mother), Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Wake (brother and sister-in-law) and Mrs. P. Park. The following represented the Staines staff:— Messrs. W. F. Mercer, F. J. Jones, F. H. Reeve, R. F. Beasley, A. E. Beach, E. J. Brown and F. Whiting.

Mr. Wake leaves a widow and two small daughters to whom we extend our most heartfelt sympathy in their great loss.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

Jimmie was all set to go to a party—as much so as any five-year-old could be who performs his own toilet. His mother decided to make an inspection before he left the house. And sure enough she found Jimmie's knees very black, and told him he must wash them before going to the party. He had been in the bathroom quite a while when she called and asked:

"Are your knees clean now?"

"No, not clean," Jimmie replied, "but I've got 'em to match."

* * * * *

"Daddy, what did the Dead Sea die of?" asked Peter.

His father was reading and he answered vaguely, "I don't know, dear."

"Daddy, where do dreams go when you wake up?" was the next question.

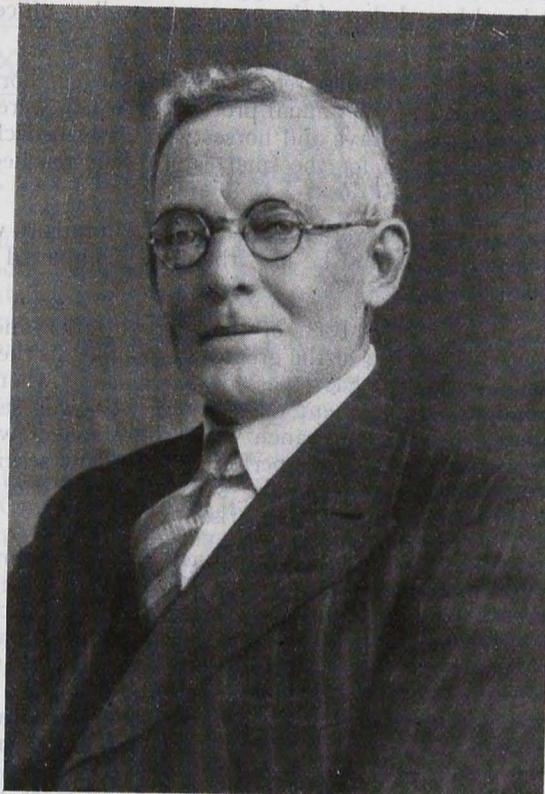
"Oh, I don't know," came the answer irritably.

"Well, why did God put so many bones in the fishes?" asked the little boy.

"I don't know that either," said the father.

"Goodness, Daddy, who made you an editor?"

Now you know that you are not the only critic we have to contend with!



MR. F. L. FRANCIS.

MR. F. L. FRANCIS.

When the Plough Brewery, Wandsworth Road, London, was acquired by the Firm in May, 1925, Mr. F. L. Francis, whose portrait forms our frontispiece, was an employee at that establishment, which was the property of Messrs. T. Woodward & Sons.

It was in May, 1905, when Mr. Francis was engaged as a junior clerk at the Plough Brewery. At that date the Brewery was a producing concern and Mr. Francis soon became interested in brewing materials and all things appertaining to the Trade. He gained first-hand knowledge of the process, as well as office routine and distribution.

In retrospect Mr. Francis recalls the days when horse drays were in general use and the annual processions which were held on the 1st May, when the drays and horses were gaily bedecked with rosettes and competition for the smartest turnout reached a high peak.

Mr. Francis' services were retained by this Company when the business changed hands and he has, therefore, completed 38 years at the Plough Brewery.

His work has always been of the highest order and his indefatigable spirit has been of the greatest assistance in the difficult years through which we have passed, particularly when the air raids on London were frequent and serious. He was selected as Acting Manager at Woking Branch when the Manager was called up for military service and has performed excellent service under very trying conditions of changing staff, reduced beer supplies and other difficulties which have arisen.

In 1909 Mr. Francis joined the East Surrey Regiment as a Territorial and holds the Long Service Medal. He went to India at the outbreak of war in 1914 and was sent to the North-West Frontier at Peshawar, where he spent a time chasing and being chased by native tribesmen, to the Khyber Pass. He then decided to take advantage of being "time expired" to come home to England and was married in 1916. Subsequently he was sent to France and spent 12 months in the trenches at Ypres. In August, 1917, he was taken prisoner of war by the Germans and worked on a farm milking cows, cutting grass and doing more distasteful jobs. He envied the cows because they had regular meals which were denied him. Mr. Francis attempted to escape, was recaptured and eventually repatriated with French prisoners through Switzerland.

For 38 years Mr. Francis has been an Oddfellow. In younger days he was keen on cross country running and cycling and was a good swimmer. His present day "sports" are fire-watching and gardening. Much of his time is now devoted to persuading customers at Woking to think in terms of half-pints instead of pints.