

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. XV.

MAY, 1941.

No. 8.



MR. R. G. COCKBILL.

MR. R. C. COCKBILL.

Over forty years ago Mr. R. C. Cockbill took the step which led to his present employment with this Firm in the Surveyors' Department. It happened that in 1901 Mr. Cockbill, who was then working for a firm of builders in Reading, was loaned to Messrs. Blandy & Hawkins, Brewers of this town, who were subsequently incorporated in The South Berks Brewery Company, Limited. His work as a borrowed man was so satisfactory that he was offered a permanent engagement with Messrs. Blandy and Hawkins. His all-round knowledge of building and wheelwrighting carried him successfully through his new job of controlling a small building staff until the amalgamation of Messrs. Blandy & Hawkins of Reading, Messrs. Hawkins & Parfitt of Newbury, and Mr. Platt's Newbury Brewery, under the name title of The South Berks Brewery Company, Limited. In 1920 the latter Company was absorbed by H. & G. Simonds Limited, and Mr. Cockbill became an employee of this Firm. Now he is assisting the Surveyors' Department in the supervision of building, repairs and alterations of about 180 licensed properties and numerous private houses.

A great trait in Mr. Cockbill's character is his readiness to endeavour to overcome the many difficulties which arise in repair work. He is one of those naturally gifted men whose true value can be more fully appreciated by those with whom he works than described in detail. Let it suffice to say that his adaptability has often proved of inestimable service in various directions, particularly when in a great emergency he turned to driving a heavy lorry during the last war.

He is an enthusiastic member of the Ancient and Honourable Order of Buffaloes, to which he was admitted as a member of the Coronation Lodge, Tilehurst, in January, 1910, and later raised to the degree of Primo C.P. The honorary degree of Knight of Merit was conferred upon him in November, 1927, and in December, 1937, his name was inscribed on the Roll of Honour of the Grand Lodge of England. He still takes a considerable interest in the Order and is held in great esteem by his brother members.

As a fisherman he has enjoyed good sport and landed many fine catches. He is keenly interested in gardening.

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 AMATEUR.

Employer (interviewing applicant for a job): "Do you know anything about electricity?"

Applicant: "Yessir."

Employer: "What's an armature?"

Applicant: "A guy what boxes for nuffink, sir."

"KINDNESS" TO ANIMALS.

The concern for the comfort and safety of horses indicated by the call for equine gas masks is symptomatic of modern sentiment. Not only is it a commonplace for farmers and horse-owners to provide such things as sunbonnets for their animals in hot weather, but there has been at least one instance of a woman dressing her cows' front legs in trousers to defeat the attacks of flies. Cows have also been fitted with complete sets of stainless steel teeth, which not only make life more comfortable for the cow, but prolongs its period of milk-yield. Rubber shoes have been provided, in emergency, for both cows and sheep, and have done something to prevent or cure foot rot. As for dogs—well, in their case the thing has been overdone. When one reads that "the latest thing in coats for dogs is for them to match their mistresses' styles," and that "canine costumiers are showing models in velvet, brocaded with rich colours, tiny handkerchiefs peeping from embroidered pockets," one can't help being sorry for both dogs and mistresses.

VERY SENSIBLE ANSWER!

The teacher, in giving a lesson, was quoting the first half of a proverb and the scholar in each case was required to add the right words to make the proverb complete.

Teacher: "People who live in glass houses should —?"

Little Girl: "not undress by candlelight!"

CAMELS AND CIGARS!

Whisky, for which Aberdeenshire pigs are reported to have acquired a taste, through being fed on waste from the distilleries, is not the only human "comfort" which animals have learned to appreciate. Camels in particular have been known to develop a fondness for tobacco, and in Morocco native trainers frequently use this addition to subdue them. When a wild camel is in training a three-cornered piece of wood, through which a hole has been drilled, is placed in the animal's mouth, and into the end of this a lighted cigar, large and loosely rolled, is inserted. As soon as he begins to draw smoke the camel becomes docile, and quickly grasps the arts of inhaling and emitting through his nostrils. A defect of the system is that a camel so trained is afterwards apt to insist on his cigar when at work.

SOUND.

Doctor : "There must be something radically wrong with your system; I'll have to find out what it is."

Patient : "But, Doctor, it can't be too bad; I backed three winners last Saturday."

THE SEASON'S CATCH.

A man with a small dark moustache hurried into a telephone kiosk. A small boy was seen to pause curiously at the door. The lad then hurried away, and soon passers-by were attracted by knocking coming from the kiosk, through the glass of which could be seen a furious face.

It was found that a thin wedge of wood had been inserted in the door, thus trapping the telephone user, and the boy returned with a policeman, declaring that he had "captured Hitler!"

*Life is a Story in Volumes three,
The past, the present and the yet to be,
The past is read and laid away,
The present we are reading every day,
But Volume three is locked and God keeps the key.*

GOLF!

Minister : "What becomes of little boys who use bad language while playing marbles?"

Bobby : "They grow up and become golfers."

WHO GETS THE STOUT?

When a man was fined forty shillings at Clerkenwell recently for unlawfully possessing five bottles of stout, believed to have been stolen or unlawfully obtained, Mr. W. J. H. Brodrick, the magistrate, asked : "What happens to the stout?"

And this is what happened :—

Said a detective : "It is submitted to Scotland Yard."

Said the magistrate : "If it is sent there it will never come back again."

Said detective No. 2 : "The stout will eventually be sold for charity."

And, said the magistrate : "Are you sure there won't be an accident on the way to Scotland Yard?"

(*Silence.*)

HITLER NON EST!

Now that that arch-criminal, Hitler, is "non-Hess-ed," the war should soon be ended!

THE LATE MR. FRANK BOWYER.

A very wide circle of friends learned with the deepest regret of the sudden death of Mr. Frank G. Bowyer, who kept one of our off-licences at Slough. A brother of our Home Trade Manager, Mr. Frank Bowyer worked indefatigably in the interests of the Trade and for the long period of 13 years was Secretary of the Slough and District Licensed Victuallers' Protection Association. His many fine qualities of heart and mind endeared him to all who knew him and our sympathy goes out to those near and dear to him, particularly to the bereaved widow who has lost a devoted husband and real pal. Mr. Bowyer has left behind him a fine record of work well done.

CAPTAIN F. H. V. KEIGHLEY.

It is very gratifying to know that Captain F. H. V. Keighley, one of our esteemed Directors, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis, is making satisfactory progress, and we all wish him the best of luck and a speedy and complete recovery.

LETTER FROM COMMANDER DAWSON.

Commander Dawson writes me the following very interesting letter :—

“ Dear Mr. Perrin,

“ I have not been in Reading since the end of September last, but THE HOP LEAF every month and *The Berkshire Chronicle* keep me pretty well posted with events.

“ I was very pleased to get my copy of the March HOP LEAF this morning and congratulate you on the excellent photographs of the First Aid Party and Captain Quarry with the West of England rucker side. I am glad to see that the latter is still playing, as he told me he thought of giving it up after the 1939 season.

“ It was very sad to learn the news about poor Luddington. It does not seem so very long ago that I was playing with him in the Devonport Services side. Apart from his international honours at rucker, he had one unique tribute in that he was the only lower deck man who has captained the Navy rucker side at Twickenham in the Inter-Services matches. In fact this honour is unique among the three Services, as the Army and R.A.F. have always been captained by an officer.

“ I am glad to hear that the A.R.P. organisation is functioning so well. I am sure the various parties will be perfectly prepared if Reading meets the *blitz*.

“ I had a letter from Commander Harry about a month back. He is in Canada now, as I expect you know, but he has had a very interesting time travelling about the U.S.A. on Service matters, and he told me he covered nearly 9,000 miles in three weeks by air.

“ I hope the Sports Ground is going well. I thought that the new tennis courts had stood up to their first season very well. I wonder when we shall all be back to use them again.

“ Well I must close now. Please give my best wishes to all at the Brewery. We are busy turning out sailors as fast as we can here.

“ Yours ever,

“ P. F. M. DAWSON.”

WHEN GOOD FRIDAY FELL ON EASTER MONDAY.

This actually happened not so very long ago, as I well know, for I had a “ bob ” each way on him. As a matter of fact Good Friday was a horse running at one of our popular point-to-point meetings on an Easter Monday. The d—— thing fell at the first fence !

CAN YOU BEAT THIS ?

The following highly amusing incident is contained in a letter which Mr. Eric received from a great friend :—

“ I asked the typist in my office how she was getting on where she lived. She said : ‘ I live in Hoxton. We’ve had a lot of landmines. They make a proper mess and throw up a lot of earth. We’re growing flowers on our lot.’

“ Can you beat ‘em? ”

MR. W. P. CRIPPS AND MRS. C. I. DE LA HEY.

The engagement is announced between William Parry Cripps, son of Captain and Mrs. E. T. Cripps, of South Cerney Manor, Cirencester, and Catherine Isabel de la Hey, of Cotteswold House, Cirencester, widow of Major C. J. O. de la Hey, and second daughter of the Rev. C. A. and Mrs. Sturges-Jones, of Long Newnton Rectory, Tetbury, Gloucestershire.

The Rev. C. A. Sturges-Jones was at one time well known in Reading when Curate at St. Mary’s Church. He was a great cricketer and sportsman.

AN HONEST SOLDIER.

The following epitaph is, I think, well worthy of a place in this column :—

In Memory of

THOMAS THETCHER

A Grenadier of the North Reg. of Hants Militia,
who died of a violent Fever contracted by
drinking Small Beer when hot the 12th May,
1764, Aged 26 Years.

In grateful remembrance of whose universal good will
towards his Comrades this Stone is placed here at their
expenxe as a small testimony of their regard and concern.

Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire grenadier
Who caught his death by drinking cold Small Beer.
Soldiers be wise from his untimely fall
And when you’re hot drink strong or none at all.

This memorial being decay’d was restored by the Officers of the
Garrison A.D. 1781.

An honest soldier never is forgot
Whether he die by Musket or by Pot.

STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.

NEW CATERING PRICES :

Everything ½d.**FOOD AND DRINK.**

Nothing to do with the Fiscal Policy.

BEEF SANDWICHES	-	-	-	-	½d.
MUTTON	"	-	-	-	½d.
PORK SAUSAGE SANDWICHES	-	-	-	-	½d.
BEEF	"	"	-	-	½d.
SMALL GLASS GINGER BEER	-	-	-	-	½d.
"	"	SHANDY	-	-	½d.
"	"	PORTER	-	-	½d.
"	"	ALE	-	-	½d.
CUP OF TEA	-	-	-	-	½d.
SMALL GLASS MILK	-	-	-	-	½d.
TOBACCO	-	-	-	-	½d.
CIGARS	-	-	-	-	½d.

☞ No. ½d. drink sold without food.

*The Popular Caterer—*RAILWAY TAVERN,
CHALK FARM ROAD, N.W.

Three or four wars ago—at the time of the Crimea War to be exact—this "startling announcement" was issued by a London caterer.

It was found yesterday. Startling then! How much more startling it would be to-day!

**THE BEER SHORTAGE.****INADEQUATE SUPPLIES OF COAL FOR BREWING.**

The Directors very much regret that owing to the acute coal shortage in the district they have been compelled to reduce the output at the Brewery at Reading by approximately 50 per cent. for the last three weeks, and trust that their tenants and customers will be patient and tolerant under circumstances over which they have no control.

The shortage of bottled beer is particularly acute owing to the large volume of power which is required in the process of bottling of beers and in the washing of empty bottles.

It is fervently hoped that supplies of the necessary coal may be forthcoming in sufficient quantities to justify them in restoring the Brewery to full output at an early date.

"YATELEY."

Are ways I wonder changed
And altered greatly?
—Should I now feel estranged
If I to Yateley
Returned, thro' gorse from Hartford Flats
O'er mosses thick as woven mats?

In retrospect I see
Old dwellings stately
'Neath many a famous tree
(The elms of Yateley)
And rushy meadows call to mind
With Sandhurst firs on hills behind.

'Tis forty years almost
(It seems but lately!)
Since I—a boy—could boast
I'd been to Yateley
And found the timber-steeped church
For which I started out to search.

To Elvetham on I passed
And round by Nateley
Where tea I took at last
Long miles from Yateley:
—But memories like this I deem
More precious now than cakes—or cream!!

S. E. COLLINS.

HITLER'S DREAM.

Here is a story, strange tho' it may seem
Of Hitler the bad and his terrible dream.
Tired of living, he lay down in bed,
And, among other things, he dreamt he was dead.
He was all laid out and lying in state
With his little moustache frozen in hate.
He was not dead long, when he found to his cost
That the plans of his passport to the next world were lost.

On leaving this world he went heaven-ward straight
And proudly he stepped up to the Golden Gate.
But Peter popped out, and with voice loud and clear
Said "By the way, Hitler, you can't come in here."
So he turned on his heel and away he did go
As fast as he could to the regions below.
But the look-out Angel, well worth his hire,
Got through to Satan and gave him the wire.
Now Satan said, "I give you the warning
We're expecting that blasted Adolph Hitler this morning."

Now get this straight, and get it clear
We're too b—— good to have that old guy down here.
"Oh! Satan, Oh, Satan," Herr Hitler replied,
"I heard what you said; I was listening outside.
Oh, do give me a corner for I've nowhere to go."
But Satan said, "No! a thousand times no."
He pushed Hitler back and vanished in smoke
And just at that moment the old swine awoke.
"Oh, doctor, oh, doctor, the worst dream yet
I'm lying in bed covered in sweat.
For to Heaven I can't go, I know very well,
But it's b—— hard luck to be turned out of hell.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

PATIENT: "I went to the chemist ——"

DOCTOR: "Chemists can't tell you anything helpful, Madam."

PATIENT: "—— and he told me to come to you."

* * * *

"I understand that she was his typist before they were married."

"Yes, things have changed. She does the dictating now."

SERGT.-GUNNER W. G. BUSBY.



Sergt.-Gunner William Gordon Busby, a member of the staff of Arthur S. Cooper, Market Place, Reading, who joined the R.A.F. in 1935 is reported missing, believed killed, and we express to his sorrowing parents our deepest sympathy. His Squadron Leader wrote to them as follows:—

Your son's loss is keenly felt in the Squadron, as he was a dashing Air Gunner full of courage; let us hope that his life has not been spent in vain.

NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

FLY-FISHING FOR TROUT.

THE CHARM OF THE RIVERSIDE.

If there is one form of recreation which, I think, excels every other, it is that of fly-fishing. There are many, many other anglers more skilled in the art than I, but none, surely none, derive more enjoyment from it! With what pleasurable anticipation you look forward to the day when you have permission to fish on a river that you know so well. How eagerly you overhaul your tackle, choose a few of your likely-looking flies, such as have brought you good luck in the past, and wonder what kind of a day it will turn out to be. I always well soak a couple of casts over-night and when I start off for the river-side I wrap them in wet blotting paper to keep them moist and ready for work directly I reach the river.

BAD WEATHER CONDITIONS.

The weather conditions on the occasion under review were almost all that could be *undesired*. A nor'easter was blowing and my hands grew very cold with casting. Several hours had elapsed before I saw the sign of a rise. But there was much to make amends for this. The meadows were carpeted with cuckoo flowers, king cups and cowslips, the cuckoos were calling, the snipes drumming, and the nightingale singing. Other birds who welcomed me with their song were the garden warblers, willow warblers, chiff-chaffs, white-throats, lesser white-throats and many more.

The reed warbler was particularly talkative. His loud and hurriedly delivered notes may be represented as *tiri, tier, zach, zerr, scherk, heid, tret*. Over and over again he uttered them and he spoke them so rapidly that, though for years I was an official shorthand writer in law courts, I think his speed would have beaten me.

CONSPICUOUS BY ITS ABSENCE.

On the water the fly was conspicuous by its absence, though I observed just a few alders and duns and tried these, but with only a fair measure of success. Here and there the trout were "bulging," that is, rushing about well under water chasing the larvae. Though I was, as usual, fishing very fine, the trout were rising short—they were rising shyly and not actually taking the fly or I was striking too late. In any case I was missing the fish that rose at me. At long length I banked one about $\frac{3}{4}$ -lb. and he was indeed a speckled beauty and in rare condition.

STRUCK TOO HARD!

I rose several more but continued to miss them and I thought that perhaps I was not striking quite quick enough. When fish are rising like this you have to strike like lightning at the first sign of a break on the water's service—but, and this is a very important "but," you have, too, to strike ever so gently. Well, I was determined to be "in time" on the next occasion. And so I was. A trout rose, and I did indeed strike like lightning but, at the same time, I was over-anxious and struck too hard. My fine-drawn gut could not stand the strain and I lost my fly and—what mattered to me much more, a nice trout!

In the art of striking you must use the greatest amount of quickness and decision combined with gentleness. The art of throwing a fly well cannot be taught by description; it can only be acquired by long years of practice and perseverance.

NEVER IN A HURRY.

Keen angler though I am, I never hurry. I like to observe the beauties that surround me and absorb some of the joy expressed by the songs of birds. On this occasion I strolled up the side of a little ditch running into the river that I was fishing to see what I could find. And there, sure enough, was the nest of the little grebe or dabchick. It was composed of decaying aquatic weeds and I noticed that as the bird slipped off the nest she took the precaution to cover up her eggs. This she accomplished in a surprisingly short

time by a few rapid movements of her feet. She made off up the ditch, under water, when she was joined on her journey by her mate. They had not travelled far before they reappeared on the water's surface and sought shelter under the bank.

LITTLE FEATHERY FLOTILLA.

I was very busy in a copse casting among the trees and against a very obstinate wind and had all my work cut out to get my fly on the water and not up in the trees. Suddenly I noticed something moving in the water almost at my feet. It was a baby wild duck. Then another and another appeared as if from nowhere until there was a little feathery flotilla of seven hurrying and scurrying up a narrow waterway. With a loud quack the mother joined them, led them further away from the danger zone, into very shallow water and then, where the bank was not steep, up and into the wood and out of sight of that monster man!

FORGET ME NOT!

By the water-side are growing the water forget-me-not which is *the* forget-me-not and a flower, I think, of rare beauty. You all know, I expect, the old legend concerning it. A knight of old lost his life trying to gather the flower for his lady-love from a treacherous bog. The last words she heard as he sank out of sight were "Forget me not!"

It is indeed a lovely sight by the water-side and most of us have at one time or another, imitated the knight so far as to get wet feet in gathering it.

To the true lover of Nature wild flowers have a charm which no garden can equal.

And if the trout do not rise it matters little for it is wise to pause in pursuing the gentle art and look around:—

" 'Tis wise to let the touch of Nature thrill
Through the full heart; 'tis wise to take your fill
Of all she brings, and gently to give way
To what within your soul she seems to say."

CRICKET.

The General Meeting of the Cricket Club was held on Thursday, 17th April, under the chairmanship of Mr. A. G. Rider.

The officers for the ensuing season were elected as under:—

Captain—Mr. J. B. Doe.

Vice-Captain—Mr. F. J. Benham.

Committee—Messrs. J. J. Cardwell, E. G. Greenaway,
F. S. Hawkins, A. J. Hawkins, R. Lambourn,
K. Organ, A. G. Rider and W. Sparks.

Umpire—Mr. W. Sparks.

Scorer—Mr. J. Cholwill.

Hon. Secretary—Mr. J. W. Jelley.

Asst. Hon. Secretary—Mr. H. K. White.

Representatives elected to the Sports Club Committee—Messrs.
J. B. Doe, W. Sparks and J. W. Jelley.

It was decided to run only one team this year and to arrange for as many matches as possible to be played on our own ground. The Inter-departmental League and the fight for the "Louis Simonds" Cup will again be deferred until happier times.

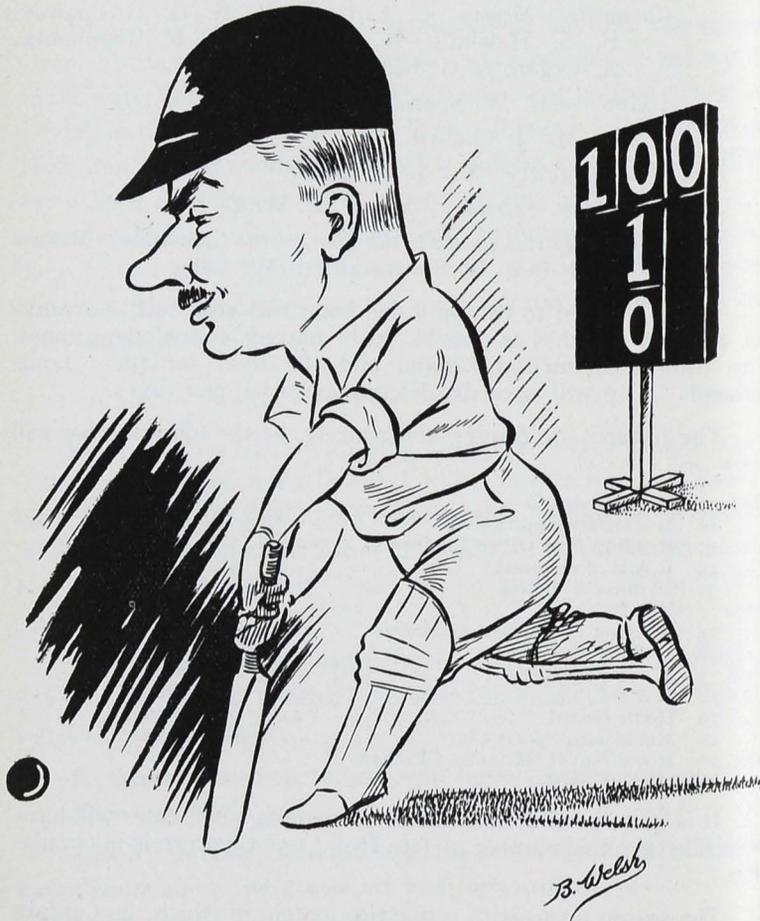
The fixtures are coming along nicely, as the following list will show:—

May	3	Practice match	Home.
"	10	Monksbarn Sports Club	Home.
"	17	Reading Post Office Engineers	Home.
"	24	R.A.F., Sylvesters	Home.
"	31	Phillips & Powis	Away.
June	7	R.A.P.C.	Home.
"	21	Reading Post Office Engineers	Home.
"	28	Phillips & Powis	Home.
July	5	R.A.F., Sylvesters	Home.
"	12	R.A.P.C.	Home.
"	19	Home Guard	Home.
"	26	Monksbarn Sports Club	Home.
Aug.	16	Royal Naval Barracks, Chatham	Home.
"	23	Home Guard	Away.

It is quite possible that the few remaining open dates will have been filled ere this number of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE is in circulation.

The season opens with a practice match, in which the Captain and Vice-Captain, with approximately equal strength, will oppose each other, and this should give the selection committee a lot of information of the probable composition of the team and the available reserves.

It is understood that a number of enthusiastic ladies have held a meeting and decided to form a team. Applications for fixtures are being made and it is proposed to play mainly on Wednesday evenings. Any ladies who are interested and who have not yet been approached should get in touch with Miss M. Bull, Correspondence Office, or Mr. W. T. Bradford, at the Social Club.



The Secretary's Dream.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

There is implanted in the heart of man a knowledge of his high destiny, and urged by grace, he longs to reach upwards to attain the vision on the mountain-top. He feels he is not made to walk on a low level; he is not at ease on the common road, and in spite of the specious reasoning of false doctrine striving to drag him down, he yearns to follow the call of his higher nature.

Man cannot crush in himself the desire to correspond with the Divine plan. Utter failure means eternal loss but man knows that however deep his fall, he is not beyond the pale of God's mercy, which reaches even to the grave.

SIMONDS' FIRE BRIGADE.

We are all very sorry that our Chief Officer, Mr. H. Aust, has severed his active connection with our brigade on taking over important work in the Bottling Stores. He is still acting, however, in an advisory and executive capacity.

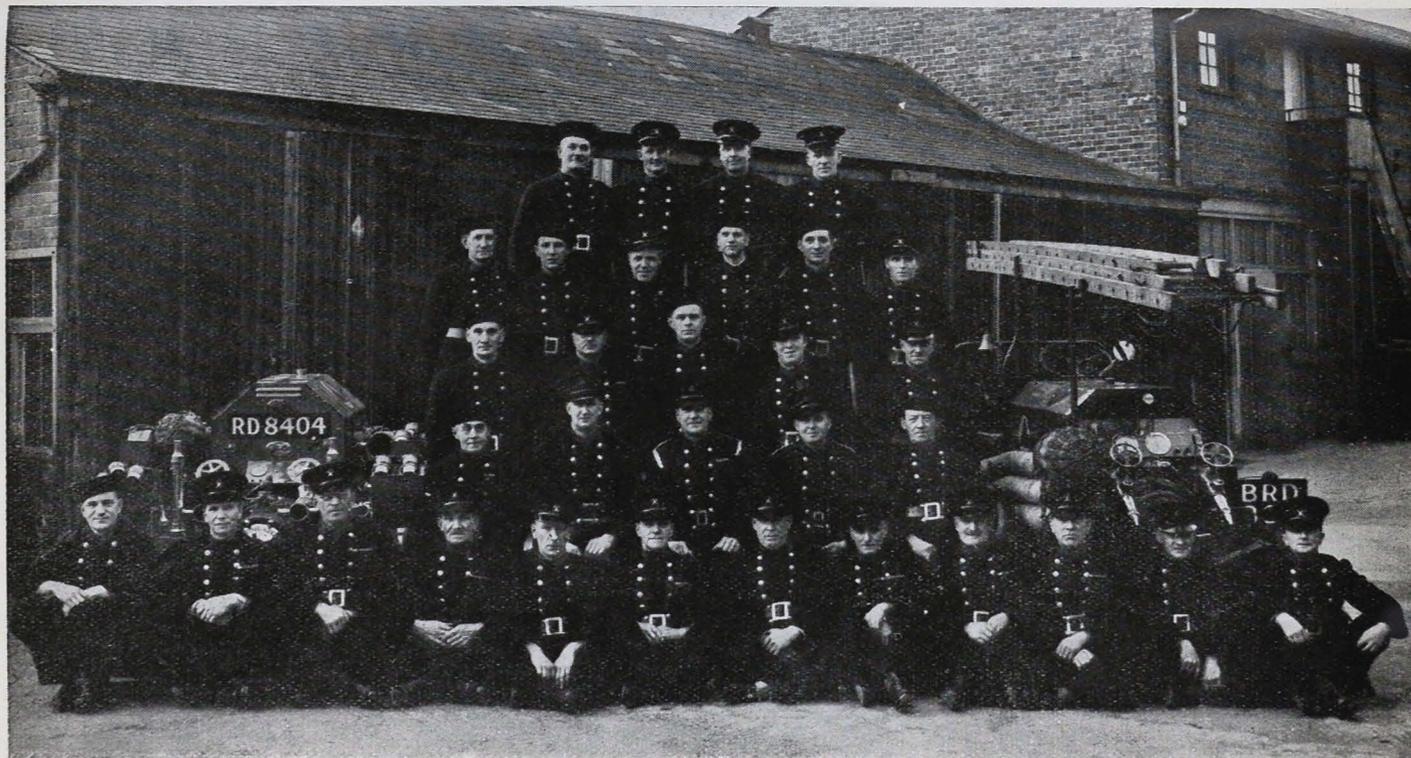
Mr. Aust has put in most excellent work with our brigade and under his able tuition has raised it to its present high standard. We are sorry to lose him from the active staff, as he was such a proficient and hard-working officer; and we wish him the best of luck in his new position.

Mr. E. Tigwell has now taken over the duties of Chief Officer. In the accompanying photograph Mr. Aust is shown with his fire brigade in full dress uniform. The whole brigade are present, except two men who were on duty. In the second photograph Mr. Tigwell is shown as Chief Officer with the brigade in "fighting order."

The duties of the fire brigade are arduous and we greatly appreciate the attendances of all concerned on the many calls they receive.



E. A. Kingston, D. J. Reid, W. H. Marshall, L. Harraway,
 E. Tate, R. V. Smith, A. C. Butt, E. Day, T. Fisher, A. Josey,
 W. F. Kirke, E. C. Chapman, W. F. Whitmore, F. Watkins, E. J. Brown,
 F. Green, H. L. Aust, E. Tigwell, J. Lovejoy, E. R. West,
 A. Toms, W. H. Eaton, S. Smith, F. Cross. — Alexander, B. Smith, E. G. Denton, H. Dean, W. E. Bowsher, W. J. Wise,
 J. Hopkins, J. W. Chivers



The Brewery Fire Brigade.

DEATH OF MR. FRANK BOWYER.

FINE RECORD OF SERVICE FOR THE LICENSED TRADE.

We greatly regret to record the death which occurred suddenly, at his home in Slough, of Mr. Frank G. Bowyer, who kept Messrs. H. & G. Simonds' off-licence in Slough High Street. He was a brother of our Home Trade Manager (Mr. W. Bowyer).

Aged 57, he was a member of one of the oldest and best-known families in Slough, and his eldest brother, Alderman E. T. Bowyer, was the Charter Mayor of Slough in 1938, and Mayor in 1938-39 and 1939-40.



Starting off on his rounds.

Though he had not enjoyed the best of health lately, the late Mr. Bowyer was about as usual right up to the day of his death. He was found dead in bed by his wife. Besides his widow he leaves a grown-up daughter.

It was in 1908 that Mr. Bowyer joined the firm of H. & G. Simonds Ltd., becoming a member of the Travelling Staff at Slough, and eventually taking over the districts covered by Mr. James Josey. These districts included Chalfont St. Giles, Chalfont St. Peter and Slough generally, and it was a familiar sight in these neighbourhoods to see him driving round in his pony and trap.

Mr. Bowyer had never held the licence of a public-house, but had been connected with the Trade for many years. First he kept the Two Roses off-licence, in Hershel Street, Slough, and later moved to Simonds' new off-licence in the High Street.

For over 13 years he had been secretary of the Slough and District Licensed Victuallers' Protection Association, and only a few weeks ago the members presented him with a gold signet ring in recognition of his long and faithful service.

Nearly the whole period of his secretaryship had been served under the chairmanship of Mr. Colin Mackenzie, of The George, George Green, who retired from that post last year. Running in harness together for so many years, these two can be credited with the strong position of the Slough Protection Association today.

A hard and conscientious worker for all objects of the Trade, including benevolent institutions, Mr. Bowyer's passing leaves a gap which Slough licensees will find it difficult to fill.

THE LORD MAYOR'S RED CROSS FUND.

The following are details of the sums collected at the Brewery for the Lord Mayor's Red Cross Fund:—

	April, 1941.		Total collected.	
	£	s. d.	£	s. d.
Beer Cellars	1	9 4	13	15 5½
Bottling Stores	6	2½	11	16 11¾
Brewery	9	10½	8	12 10
Building	13	4½	13	7 6½
Catering	3	6½	3	6½
Cooperage	6	2½	5	16 10½
Delivery Office	13	1½	5	2 0½
Engineers, etc.	17	3½	14	8 7½
Maltings	1	0 4	12	12 4¾
Offices (Ground Floor)	1	6 2	19	8 0½
Offices (1st and 2nd Floors)	13	10½	12	18 4¼
Social Club	—	—	1	18 1¾
Stables	2	6	2	3 1½
Sundries	—	—	6	5½
Surveyors	9	3½	6	8 5¾
Transport	9	9½	8	11 4
Wheelwrights	7	3	5	15 7¾
Wine Stores	3	11¾	6	11 5¼
	£9	12 1¼	£149	17 3

THE LATE MR. R. HUNT.

Mr. Reginald Hunt, head of John J. Hunt Ltd., brewers, York, died at Grimston Court, York, on 29th April, at the age of 46. He was a most successful autograph collector, and had the most friendly business and personal associations with our Chairman and Managing Director, who held Mr. Hunt in very high regard. His death has been received with the deepest regret by a wide circle of friends.

He took a great interest in local affairs at Dunnington, and also in many clubs and other organisations in York and neighbourhood. In all walks of life Mr. Hunt was extremely popular. He was a former Master of the Distillers' Company of London and an ex-Chairman of the Yorkshire Association of Wine and Spirit Merchants. He was a life member of the Constitutional Club, London, a member of the Yorkshire Club, York, and the County Stand at York Races.

He obtained the autographs of 3,000 famous persons, and presented his collection to the York Public Library three years ago. In the collection are the signatures of eight Kings and Queens of England (including Queen Elizabeth and King Charles II), four French Presidents, many British and Dominions Prime Ministers, and 500 stage stars. He obtained the autographs of 150 V.C.'s when the Prince of Wales (now the Duke of Windsor) entertained them in London a few years ago.

When Mr. Hunt wrote to Mussolini for his autograph the Duce wrote to the Chief Constable of York asking if Mr. Hunt were a fit and proper person to have it! On being assured that he was, Mussolini sent a signed portrait.

Among those who defeated Mr. Hunt in his quest for autographs were Miss Greta Garbo, General Evangeline Booth, and Mr. Epstein.

Rare specimens in his collection included the signatures of Disraeli, Nurse Cavell on a Brussels laundry bill, and Crippen on a prescription issued to a patient.



BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

The photograph of Mr. A. J. Hall in our last issue was a good reproduction. He seems always to be called "Fred" and in view of his initials "A.J." it may be that "Fred" is a contraction for Alfred. His career runs on somewhat similar lines, both as regards employers and length of service, to that of the writer, viz., at Messrs. Suttons and then at H. & G. Simonds Ltd. for a matter of 36 years. Fred Hall is looked upon as one of the old stalwarts, and has a son in the Transport Department.

Congratulations to Mr. Tom Bartholomew, of the Cooperage Department, on completion of 50 years' service with the Firm, and entirely in that department. Actually he started in January, 1891, and apparently had been under the impression that his half-century of service was not up until January of next year. However, it has now been proved to him that he is "50, not out," an apt description, for he was one of the regular members of the cricket team for many years as wicket-keeper and hitter of many "sixes." When he was in action and "connecting," it was a treat to watch him, for he is a very hard hitter both at work and play. In his department he is looked upon as one of the ever-present and a splendid worker. There is no doubt that he is most active and that everywhere in the Brewery he is well liked and well known for his invariable courtesy and charming manner.

We are sorry to record that Lieut. R. G. V. Smith, only son of our Mr. A. E. Smith (Accounts Department), is reported missing in the Middle East. Mr. R. G. V. Smith was educated at Reading School, where he did remarkably well both in the school and in the playing fields. On leaving school he was employed in Barclays Dominion, Colonial and Overseas Bank, London. He was granted a commission as a member of the Territorial Army in May, 1937. Let us hope that better news will soon be forthcoming.

Many visits recently have been paid us by our former "boys" on leave and as a variation to the usual khaki and Air Force blue we had the Navy blue adorning Mr. F. W. Clark, who looked in fine fettle. The Navy will surely gain by such a member, for his irrepressible spirits leave little time for dull moments.

As a change from "No cigarettes" I saw a notice recently which was, I thought, an improvement: "Sorry, no cigarettes." I hope the time will never come when it will be "Very sorry, no beer."

Just recently we have had two full-scale first aid practices and much has been learned in consequence. These practices have been well attended and all are in agreement that they have been most beneficial.

The ladies have now arranged a cricket team and no doubt during the forthcoming summer months we shall be hearing of their prowess. To my mind this is a very good idea and is a game at which many of the feminine persuasion will particularly shine.

Sale of savings stamps are on the "up and up" at the Brewery and new records are being made. This is, of course, in addition to the weekly certificates subscribed for.

The Royal Berkshire Hospital has benefited by the further sum of £1 10s. od., which has been gratefully acknowledged, by a draw for potatoes, etc., presented by Mr. A. W. C. Bowyer and Mr. F. Hearne. This sum was raised in pennies and is a continuation of efforts made previously.

Several items to raise money with the particular object of helping our Brewery prisoners of war were given by Mr. Archie Lake and the excellent sum of £2 5s. 7d. was realised. To this amount Mr. Lake also contributed 10/-; a most sporting gesture, but then we all know that "Archie" is a real good sport.

Football at Reading is dying hard and if it wasn't for the war I feel sure many people would be talking about the wonderful team (or teams) we have. From all accounts football has been on a high level throughout the season at Elm Park, and there is no getting away from the fact that Reading have done remarkably well. It must be borne in mind that most of the team are Reading players and not strangers, also that many local amateurs have been called upon from time to time and filled the bill very well.

Mrs. K. Benger, of the First Aid Party, has passed her exam. in home nursing of the British Red Cross Society.

It is sad news that Mr. W. G. Busby, a Sergeant Air Gunner and Wireless Operator, is reported missing. Since the news first was received it would now appear he has been killed in action, and we greatly deplore his death for he was a most popular member of the staff. Educated at Reading School, he started with the Firm in the Cask Office in December, 1935, and was later transferred to Messrs. A. S. Cooper, our subsidiary office. He excelled at sport of all kinds and was a fine footballer and clever cricketer. Always full of good spirits, he got on very well with everyone and was well liked. We extend our most sincere sympathy to his relatives in their grievous loss.

Mr. A. J. Simpkins, who had been employed in the Beer Cellars since March, 1906, passed away on the 17th April after a prolonged illness. Our condolences are hereby passed to his relatives in their bereavement.

We regret the passing of an old servant of the Cooperage Department, Mr. E. W. Gower. From our records he started at Messrs. Blandy Hawkins & Co. in January, 1906, and joined us in October, 1920. He was very capable, thorough and trustworthy at his work, and willing to lend a hand at any other job when required. The opportunity is taken to express our sincere sympathy to his relatives in their loss.

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

The Jolly Gardener, Holyport (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. F. C. Mitchener.

The Three Tuns, Staines (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. A. R. Thompson.

The Swan, Three Mile Cross (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. D. Beven.

We are sorry to record the death of Mr. William James Shawyer, of the Warren House, Wokingham. He had been tenant of this house since November, 1926, and to all relatives we extend our sincere sympathy.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

We often mis-read and mis-judge our neighbour. All hearts are not worn on the sleeve to be understood at a glance.

The heart sometimes finds out things that the reason cannot.

A man who has never had religion before, no more grows religious when he is sick than a man who has never learned figures can count when he has need of calculation.

It seems a little thing to speak kindly, yet crusty questions and snappish answers have a large share of the world's unhappiness to answer for.

Cheer up, and you'll soon cheer somebody else up as well.

If folk would talk less and help more, life would be easier for most of us and many burdens would become lighter.

It is better to cherish the humble desire of living according to the rule of the community, and to be diligent in its observance, than to entertain exalted desires of performing imaginary wonders, for such imaginations only tend to swell our hearts with pride, lead us to under-value our brethren, from an impression that we are better than they.—*St. Pacomius*.

Those who do not practise what they believe gradually cease to believe what they do not practise.

Some natures are mellowed by repeated strokes of adversity.

You cannot, men of Athens, you cannot have done wrongly when you accepted the risks of war for the redemption and the liberties of mankind; I swear it by our forefathers, who bore the brunt of warfare at Marathon, who fought in the sea-fights of Salamis and Artemisium, and by all the brave men who repose in our public sepulchres, buried there by a country that accounted them all to be alike worthy of the same honour.—*DEMOSTHENES: De Corona: Vince's version (Loeb edition).—(From The Times)*.

In one of his recent great broadcast speeches Mr. Churchill quoted from Arthur Hugh Clough's poem which begins, "Say not the struggle nought availeth":

*"For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent flooding in the main.*

*And not by Eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light:
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly
But Westward look, the land is bright."*

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

The old lady was pestering the young airman with questions. Had he ever had an accident? No. Had he ever seen one?

"Only one," he replied. "A rear gunner bailed out with his parachute just as the pilot turned a somersault and he went up instead of down. We've never seen him since."

* * * *

The boss looked up irritably from his desk and called out to the office-boy:

"Don't whistle while you are working, boy."

"I'm not working," replied the boy cheerfully.

* * * *

SHE: "And you won't be one of those husbands who raise objections every time their wives want anything?"

HE: "No darling; you may want anything you like."

* * * *

The novice boxer had been badly battered in the first round. His second tried to cheer him up.

"Good boy," he said "you're doing fine."

He fared even worse in the second round. Still his second remained optimistic.

"You were great that time," he said. "He barely laid a glove on you."

The novice looked puzzled. As he went out for the third round, he turned to his second: "Better keep your eye on the referee this time," he said. "Somebody is hitting me."

* * * *

"Just fancy that!" exclaimed the proud mother. "They've promoted our 'Erbert for hittin' the sergeant. They've made him a court-martial!"

* * * *

"She's been awfully bad, and the doctor has ordered her to the seaside for a month. Now they're having a consultation."

"Of doctors?"

"No, of dressmakers."

* * * *

"I suppose the opening of the canteen next door has brought you more business?" "Well," replied the chemist, "it has about trebled the sale of indigestion tablets."

Trying to swing the lead, Private Smith went sick and told the M.O. he had accidentally swallowed some petrol.

"Back to duty," said the M.O., "and don't smoke for a week."

* * * *

A woman who was not feeling well sent her maid for a doctor. The doctor regretted he was engaged at the moment, but instructed the girl to take her mistress's temperature, and said he would call in about half an hour's time.

The maid went home, rather mystified about the process of temperature-taking, but, having a brainwave, she took the barometer out of the hall and hung it in the patient's bedroom.

When the doctor arrived he said: "Have you taken her temperature?"

"Yes, sir," replied the girl. "She's 'very dry.'"

* * * *

"Is it right that you've broken off your engagement with Miss Oversmarte?" asked the inquisitive friend.

The man shook his head. "No," he replied. "I didn't break it off!"

"Oh, she broke it off?"

"No," was the answer again.

"But it is broken off, isn't it?" persisted the curious one.

"Oh, yes," explained the moody one. "She told me what her milliner's yearly bill was, and I told her how much my weekly salary was. Then our engagement just sagged and gently dissolved."

* * * *

The teacher believed in giving her class lessons in "General Knowledge."

"What is this?" she asked one day, holding up a small object.

"A pay envelope," replied little Freddie promptly.

"Good!" exclaimed the teacher. "And what did it contain?"

"Money," said Freddie; "your wages."

"Very good, Freddie!" she said, beaming round the class. "Any questions about it?"

"Please, teacher," remarked one thoughtful child, "where do you work?"

DOCTOR (*after examining patient*): "I don't like the looks of your husband, Mrs. Brown."

MRS. BROWN: "Neither do I but he's good to the children."

* * * *

"You seem rather excited, dear!" said the young husband to his wife, who'd just returned from a shopping expedition. "Seen something fresh in the milliner's?" he added playfully.

"Oh, yes, dear!" she replied. "A bonnet—and you should have seen the crowd it drew!"

"A bonnet?" he exclaimed in surprise. "What sort of bonnet was it?"

"Our car's!" she responded sadly.

* * * *

The Colonel over the telephone ordered that one of the unit cars should be sent round to him at once.

"Sorry, sir," replied the non-commissioned officer; "the Major is out in the Vauxhall, the Adjutant has the Bentley, the Medical Officer the Austin, and the Quartermaster has borrowed your bicycle."

The air changed from fair to warmer, and when the Colonel recovered his breath, he shouted, "Find my batman, and if he's not wearing my boots, I'll walk!"

* * * *

PROSPECTIVE NEW LODGER: "By the way, Mrs. Grubb, I have a few idiosyncrasies."

MRS. GRUBB: "That's all right! I'll see that they are dusted regularly."

* * * *

MRS. DUFF: "I always feel lots better after a good cry."

MRS. JAWSOM: "So do I. It sort of gets things out of your system."

MRS. DUFF: "No, it doesn't get anything out of my system, but it does get things out of my husband."

* * * *

"Yes," said the boastful young man, "my family can trace its ancestry back to William the Conqueror."

"I suppose," remarked the friend, "you'll be telling us that your ancestors were in the Ark with Noah?"

"Certainly not," said the other. "My people had a boat of their own."

Two costers were discussing the death of an old friend. "Poor old Bill's the luckiest bloke in the market," said one. "He never does nothink wrong. He insured his house, and it was burned down in a month; he insured himself against accidents, and he broke his arm the next week; he joined a burial society, and now he's gone and snuffed it."

* * * *

A farm labourer was being examined by a doctor for a life insurance policy. "Ever had an accident?" he was asked. "No, but I was tossed by a bull last year."

"That was an accident, wasn't it?"

"No," replied the labourer, "he did it on purpose."

* * * *

A husband was filling in a form for life insurance when he came to "Any insanity in the family?" "What about Uncle Horace? He's in the asylum," remarked his wife. "Oh, you needn't bother about him," came the answer, "he's potty!"

* * * *

A fire claims inspector went to interview the Jewish owner of a building which was burned down. In his report he wrote: "I interviewed the senior partner, who said that the fire was caused by a car light on the first floor. The junior partner said it was an incandescent light on the second floor. I imagine it was caused by an Israelite in the basement!"

* * * *

Bert ran into the farmhouse one day.

"There's a mouse in the milk pail!" he gasped.

"Did you take it out?" said his uncle.

"No, uncle; I threw the cat in!"

* * * *

"A box of matches, please."

"What kind would you like?"

"Have you any of those test matches that last four days?"

* * * *

TEACHER: "And where is the dot over the 'i'?"

SMALL BOY: "Please, teacher, it's still in the pencil!"

* * * *

FIRST SMALL BOY: "But why don't you come to our church?"

SECOND SMALL BOY: "Because I belong to another 'abomination'!"

Waiting to be served in a grocer's shop, people were amused when a boy came running in from the butcher's.

"Please," he said to the grocer, "can you give us a bit of paper. A lady's dropped her heart in the sawdust."

* * * *

An elderly lady bought a parrot from a sailor. Its language was appalling, but the old lady put up with it for a time, until one day Polly really let fly. Patience exhausted, the old lady put her hand in the cage, clutched the parrot, and hurled it through the open window. Going through the window, Polly caught her head and lost some feathers therefrom. Fluttering down into the yard, she eventually found her way on the kitchen window sill. Inside was the cook plucking a turkey for the Christmas dinner.

Polly looked in, saw the almost naked bird and shrieked: "Blimey, what's it said?"

* * * *

Two city children evacuated to the country had been sent to feed the poultry. The little girl seemed to be studying the birds intently.

"Look, Peter," she exclaimed at last, "some of them have rings on their legs. Why have they?"

"Oh, don't you know?" answered her brother. "They're the married ones."

* * * *

FLOORWALKER: "I notice that your last customer did not buy anything, but he seemed very pleased. What did he want to see?"

SALESGIRL: "Me at eight o'clock."

* * * *

The officer of the day entered the guardroom and found it empty except for a private who, stripped to his shirt and trousers, was lounging on a chair and smoking a pipe.

"Where's the sergeant of the guard?" demanded the officer, angrily.

"Gone across to the sergeants' mess to have a drink, sir," replied the private.

"And the sentries?"

"In the canteen, sir."

"Then, confound it, what are you doing here?"

"Me, sir?" was the reply. "I'm the prisoner."

In the course of an English lesson the teacher wrote on the blackboard : " He was bent on seeing his old school."

" Now, children," she said, " I want you to study that sentence and then write it down in your own words."

One small boy obviously did some hard thinking. Then he proudly wrote :

" The sight of his old school doubled him up."

* * * *

Two old friends who hadn't met for some years chanced to patronise the same place of refreshment.

" Hallo, Albert!" exclaimed the first. " You've changed a lot. What's making you look so old?"

" Trying to keep young!" was the curt reply.

" Trying to keep young?"

" Yes—seven of 'em!"

* * * *

WRECKED MOTORIST (*opening his eyes*) : " I had the right of way, didn't I?"

BYSTANDER : " Yes, but the other fellow had a truck!"

* * * *

Nobby was a staunch supporter of his regiment's football team. On the day following an important match one of his pals asked for a transfer to another tent.

" Why?" asked the officer.

" Well, sir, it's like this. Last night Nobby gets so excited in 'is sleep, 'ee shafts and 'ee rives. 'Ee kept grabbing 'old of me 'air, putting 'is knees in me back and pulling like 'ell. Then 'ee yelled : ' If only I could get this ruddy turf up, I'd blind that — referee.'"

* * * *

After having a good meal in a restaurant, a diner informed the waiter that he had no money to pay the bill.

" That's all right, sir," said the waiter. " We'll write your name on the wall and you can pay the next time you're here."

" I shouldn't like you to do that. Everybody who comes in will see it."

" Oh, no, they won't sir. Your overcoat will be hanging over it."

Two men on a cargo steamer were comparing notes as to their occupations before the war. One had been a porter and the other had been a magician. The porter said to the magician—" What can you do?" " I can make things disappear. I'll show you," replied the magician.

Just then a torpedo hit the ship and sank her. The two men were flung into the water. They scrambled on a raft. The porter looked around with disgust, and seeing no sign of the ship, he said to the magician—" I suppose you think that's funny?"

* * * *

A travelling salesman entered a little grocery shop in an outlying village in Lancashire. " How in the world do you make things go here?" he asked an old man who was sitting by the fire.

" I'll t-tell you," stuttered the old man. " Do you see that other old man at the b-back of the shop? Well, he and I have a p-plan.

" He works for me and I can't p-pay him. So in two years he g-gets the shop. Then I work for him until I g-get it b-back."

* * * *

The A.R.P. Warden was giving Mrs. Malaprop a few elementary hints in case of air-raids. Afterwards he asked if what he had explained was quite clear to her.

" Yes, sir," she replied ; " but it's going to be a sticky business using that there syrup pump!"

* * * *

The Professor returned home.

" Where is the car?" demanded his wife.

" Dear me, did I take the car out?" he asked, looking bewildered.

" You certainly did. You drove it up to town."

" That's very odd! I remember now that after I had got out I turned around to thank the gentleman who gave me the lift, an wondered where he could have gone!"

* * * *

The world is full of people ready to do good, but most of them are in no hurry to make a start.

* * * *

A group of navvies were having their lunch by the roadside. Presently a jovial clergyman came along.

" Ah, good morning!" he said to them. " Alfresco to-day?"

" Who's riding him, guv'nor?" asked one of the men.

"Don't they teach you to salute in your company?" roared the major to Patrick Malone, who had passed him without raising his hand.

"Yes, sir," replied Pat.

"Then why didn't you salute?"

"Well, sir," Pat replied, "I didn't want to attract more attention than necessary, because I'm not supposed to be out without a pass."

* * * *

CUSTOMER (*suspiciously*): "How is the hash made here?"

WAITER: "Made, sir? 'Ash ain't made; it accumulates."

* * * *

For two long hours the members of the town council had been discussing a new means of communication with a neighbouring village. Every time a suggestion was made one member or another would find some fault with it.

At last the chairman arose.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this quibbling is getting us nowhere. Now I suggest that we all put our heads together and build a concrete road."

* * * *

NOT PUT NICELY.

The address was given by the Rev. K——, after which the choir rendered "Sleepers, Awake."

* * * *

"I couldn't stand the neighbourhood; it was so unfashionable."

"And could you think of no other way to improve it than by moving?"

* * * *

"Would you like me to paint you in a frock coat and silk hat, Mr. Neurich?"

"Bless you, no. I don't want no ceremony. Just wear your velvet coat as usual."

* * * *

DRUNK (*'phoning wife*): "Thash you dear? Tell the maid I won't be home to-night."

BRANCHES.

PORTSMOUTH.

"PLAN BOLDLY."

"PLAN BOLDLY FOR A LARGE SCALE."

This was the advice given by Lord Reith, Minister of Works and Buildings, to the Portsmouth City Council Replanning Committee, after he had made an exhaustive tour of the devastated areas of our city. The committee have to face the gigantic task of laying the foundation of a bigger and better Portsmouth after the war, and the Minister and his technical advisers made some exceedingly useful suggestions regarding various problems that will inevitably arise and the powers that might be conferred upon them to assist them in their colossal task.

THE GUILDHALL.

After visiting the damaged roads and streets and inspecting the ruined property, Lord Reith examined closely the shell of the Guildhall and discussed the possibilities of reconstruction. This is a question the Council had already taken in hand, and the Lord Mayor was able to report definite progress. Expert advice had been sought respecting the possibility of utilising the stonework of the building, and it is considered practicable to rebuild on the old structure. Whether this would be the wisest course, or whether it would not be better, and cheaper, to erect an entirely new block of buildings to house the whole of the municipal departments, is a problem that has sooner or later to be faced and solved. In the meantime, however, all sorts of suggestions are being made on the subject, and those who have to decide must be getting bewildered by the spate of advice they receive. The Guildhall, of which the citizens were justly proud, was opened in 1890, and cost about £150,000. It was a noble building, one of the finest of its kind in the country, and incidentally it was the "fourth of its line" in the city. The first Guildhall, built in 1500, served for 200 years, the second was built in the middle of the roadway in High Street; and the third, built in 1837, also in High Street, was in use until the existing building came into being some fifty years later.

THE BEST SITE?

Some people think that as the city has so greatly expanded during the last fifty years, the new civic buildings should occupy a more central site. But where could be found a finer position than the existing one? The chief bugbear is, of course, the ugly

railway viaduct (which crosses the main thoroughfare) and the high embankment that carries the railway. But is there any real reason why the railway could not be removed and replaced by a subway to carry the trains running to the harbour? This is not a new idea, and many public men and others would like to see it carried out. It would have the double advantage of providing a lot more space for the new buildings and at the same time doing away with a structure that has always been an eyesore.

AMAZING !

Many of our readers have doubtless experienced or read of miraculous escapes during air raids. One of the most amazing that has come to our knowledge is that of a well-known 63-years-old Portsmouth business man, who recently made an unannounced appearance in the office of a local newspaper and coolly remarked to a surprised audience : " Well, boys, here I am again ; returned from the dead ! " This was Mr. F. T. Brook, proprietor of a popular motor coach service in pre-war days, and happily, like that of Mark Twain, the report of his demise was premature ! After one of the air raids on the city, Mr. Brook was riding his bicycle when a delayed action bomb exploded. His cycle was wrecked and Mr. Brook was blown 100 feet into the air and landed on top of the roof of a house with his legs wound round the chimney stack ! He was rescued from his perilous position with difficulty and taken to hospital, where it was found he had very serious injuries, including a broken leg. He was transferred in turn to two hospitals and is now almost completely recovered. A truly miraculous escape.

