

# The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

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*Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.*

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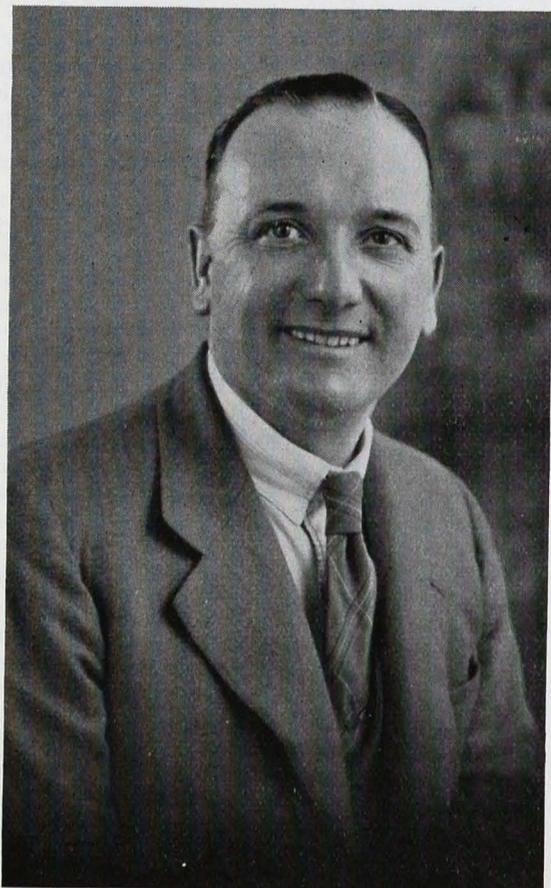
Vol. XIV.

JUNE, 1940.

No. 9

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Mr. G. F. ANDREWS.

## MR. G. F. ANDREWS.

At the early age of 11 years, whilst still a pupil at school, Mr. Andrews made his debut on the Firm, as a helper in the Maltings, during school holidays in 1905. His acquaintance with the Brewery dates back much earlier, since he was born within 100 yards of the Brewery premises. He later started work in real earnest in the Bottled Beer Department in connection with which he has spent the whole of his working life.

Whole-mindedness in his work, initiative and a wide knowledge of the modern machinery in the Bottling Department, which is probably one of the largest in the south, have placed Mr. Andrews in his present position as Head Bottler, to which he was appointed in 1937. Mr. Andrews joined the 7th Battalion, Devonshire Regiment in 1916 and served with that Battalion until he was invalided in 1917, and returned to the Brewery.

He was appointed Foreman Bottler at Messrs. Mackeson & Company, Limited, Hythe Brewery, when that company was a subsidiary of this Firm. He returned to Reading after nine years' service at Hythe, and subsequently was sent on visits to our Gibraltar agency and also to all home branches where Bottling Depots existed. Important missions to inspect various forms of bottling machinery have also been entrusted to him in Paris, Vichy, etc. His reports have proved of real value and have greatly helped in the selection of new machinery. The organization of our enormous and ever-increasing output is a giant's task, involving the bottling of various descriptions of ales and stouts for all sections of our trade, which includes vast supplies to the Royal Navy, the Army and Royal Air Force, as well as the huge quantities required for all licensed houses in the Reading and adjacent districts. All bottled beers for export are also prepared, packed and despatched from Reading. Seemingly impossible feats in speedy despatch of large consignments, for urgent shipment to H.M. Forces overseas and for troopships, have been carried out and there is no shadow of doubt that the Beer Bottling Department is pulling its full weight in meeting all demands on output during the present strenuous times, to the ultimate benefit of the National Exchequer and, therefore, to the successful prosecution of the war effort.

When the Brewery Fire Brigade was created in 1937, Mr. Andrews was placed in charge and was given the rank of Chief Officer. The efficiency of the Brigade has been demonstrated on numerous occasions by exhibitions and in actual practice. In connection with this Brigade it should now be recorded that the Brewery possesses a mobile engine, which was constructed entirely from spare motor parts in the Engineers' Workshops and is a very efficient, compact and smart turn-out. Mr. Andrews is justifiably proud of the Brigade, in which the team-spirit is so apparent.

When opportunities permit, in private life, Mr. Andrews performs his duties as sidesman at St. Saviour's Church. He is also a member of St. Mary's Parochial Church Council. As a relaxation from his work he indulges in fishing and 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.)

## A DRY WARNING.

The posters against gossip that might help the enemy are also being produced in a small size to put on the outside of envelopes sent out from Government departments. This is how a pillar of the temperance movement came to receive a letter the other day which outwardly and visibly cautioned him against tittle tattle in pubs.

## HER PREROGATIVE.

*Man Motorist (barely avoiding a broadside crash)*: "Why on earth didn't you signal that you were turning in?"

*Girl (who has crossed into her home driveway)*: "I always turn in here stupid."

## SORTING THEM OUT.

*Old Lady*: "And what do you do with the submarines when you capture them?"

*Naval Officer*: "Oh, we keep the big ones and throw the little ones back."

## HOWLER.

A school teacher sends this "howler" from a recent test paper: "A free translation is one that you get for nothing."

## NO HAWKERS.

An ingenious inventor in Washington has just been granted a patent for a new idea in banishing door bell ringing annoyance. Before the bell can be rung a coin must be inserted, which is recovered after the door has been opened. The idea is to prevent tramps and unwanted callers from ringing the bell.

## HOUSEWIFE.

She's an artist, yes, an artist, and all can understand the beauty of those pictures that are conjured by her hand. With the shaking of a cushion and the placing of a knife, the arrangement of some flowers, perfect pictures come to life. Observe a brightly lighted room and blazing cheerful fire. There is all the warmth and welcome any critic could desire. It's a picture that is simple, a picture that is real—one that cannot fade or ever fail to make appeal. She has no need to print her name on studies that she makes; they're recognised by all, and there can be no fear of fakes. She paints the sweet reality, but asks no world-wide fame. "Housewife" is her nom-de-plume; there is no greater name.

## SOME NEW DEFINITIONS.

Wax: What the moon does when not busy waning.

Fog: Ancestor of black-out.

Preface: Part of book that only the author reads.

Minute: Very small steak which takes nearly half-an-hour for restaurants to serve.

Clip: Painful when on earhole.

Rouge: Unblushing blush.

## ONE REASON.

One reason why so few recognise opportunity is because it is disguised as hard work.

## CHINESE PROVERBS.

Everyone pushes a falling fence.

Free sitters grumble most at a play.

One dog barks at something, the rest at him.

Freedom is not obtained by running away from it.

Patient waiting may solve a problem when feverish activity fails.

Do not take a hatchet to remove a fly from your friend's forehead.

Faithful words offend the ears, but they are good for character.

Medicines are bitter in the mouth, but they cure sickness.

## SOLDIERING IN THE PAST.

The workmanlike but drab appearance of our infantry in these modern days forms a great contrast to the colours worn nearly 400 years ago. In March, 1567, there was a muster of soldiers in Liverpool. It was ordered that "evrie one must have a Cassake off blew Watchet Yorckshyre Cloth gardyd wyth 11 smale gards stytychyd wyth 11 styches off Blew a piece, a verie gud view (yew) bowe, and a sheyffe off arrowies in case, a red cappe, a stagge or styrcke bucke skynne Jyrckyn, a sworde, dagger, and ev'ie man to have XIIIs IIIId in his purse."

## IT'S PORT ALL ROUND IN THE NAVY IF YOU OFFEND.

French Army mess etiquette, infringements of which are punished by fines, has already been shown to be stricter than that in British Army messes, and the rules in the Royal Navy are also on a different footing. The French officer late for a meal may be fined from two to ten francs according to the progress made by the time he has arrived. In the Navy all an officer needs to do is to apologise to the Mess President, failing which he renders himself liable to a fine of "port all round." This and other rules and customs are disclosed in "All the World's Fighting Fleets," by Pay-Lieut. Commander E. C. Booth, R.N.R.

## NEVER CLINK GLASSES.

If glasses are clinked accidentally at mess table it is said to be the forerunner of a sailor's death and may involve the offender in a fine also of "port all round." The King's health in the Navy is always toasted sitting. Three possible origins of the custom are mentioned—one, that William IV, the sailor King, a tall man, bumped his head against a beam in rising to respond to the Royal toast. Another is that George IV, when he was Regent, dined on a man-of-war and, as the officers rose to drink his health, he told them to be seated, adding: "Your loyalty is beyond suspicion." The third is more prosaic—the difficulty of standing when a ship is rolling and pitching.

## LAWN TENNIS AT SPORTS GROUND.

Full use of the Courts is now being made by the members of our Tennis Section and many pleasant hours are passed there. The Grass Court season opened on May 5th, when we entertained a team representing the Royal Air Force (Shinfield Park). We were successful in this match by 7 rubbers to 2; we also won the return fixture by 5 rubbers to 3, which was played on the Hard Courts on May 19th. Glorious weather, good company and sporting opponents made both afternoons most enjoyable.

## WELL, HAVE YOU?

The Ministry of Home Security, in a statement issued recently, puts the following five questions to the public:

1. Have you now got into the habit of carrying your gas-mask always?
2. Have you made sure that your black-out is complete?
3. Have you made up your mind that if you are in the street when an air raid warning sounds or when you hear anti-aircraft guns or air combats overhead you will master your curiosity and take cover?
4. Have you your name and address in your pocket written on a stout envelope or luggage label?
5. Have you overhauled your domestic fire-fighting precautions?

## A GERMAN AT OXFORD IN 1734.

Sir,—In 1734 the University of Oxford celebrated the nuptials of Princess Anne of England and Prince Henry of Orange, by publishing a volume of Epithalamia in all the languages it could muster. Among the contributors was Johann Seidel, gentleman commoner of Queen's, and his opening verses seem to me not inappropriate to our own time, says *The Times*. The quotation may be translated thus:—

What though invincible Britannia's might  
And inexhaustible her riches be,  
Her title yet to grandeur's topmost height  
Stands founded on a nobler dignity.  
Body and soul that tyranny ne'er bent:  
A conscience that remorseful pang ne'er scarred;  
Man's own, his happiness and increment;  
And fearlessness—this life doth England guard.

## HOPS FOR DINNER.

Since ages the young shoots of cultivated hops are eaten in Belgium during the month of May and are considered a very fine vegetable, called in French "jets d'houblon," and they have a flavour very like that of asparagus.

## WHICH HAVE YOU?

Scientists have a definite term for each variety of morbid fears or "phobias." A partial list is given in the current number of the Bulletin of the Pennsylvania Medical Society. From this it appears that scopophobia is the fear of being seen by others; catoptrophobia, a morbid dread of looking into a mirror, and (one we all know)

claustrophobia, the fear of enclosed spaces. People who are thrown into terror by the buzzing of a bee suffer from apiphobia; those who dread cats have aelurophobia, and those who fear all animals have zoophobia. Persons who have a dread of being buried alive are taphephobes; those who dislike sunshine are classed as heliophobes; women who dislike men are androphobes, and anyone who is unduly troubled in the presence of strangers is afflicted with Xenophobia.

## "RANDY'S" VISIT.

Mr. F. A. Simonds tells me an interesting personal incident relative to the visit to Reading of Lord Randolph Churchill, father of Mr. Winston Churchill, to which I referred in this column last week, say a writer in the *Berkshire Chronicle*. Mr. Simonds recalls well his father taking him, and that he was tucked away somewhere at the back of the organ on the platform. "Randy" made a profound impression on the future president of the Reading Conservative Association. He must have been the first big politician that Mr. Simonds had seen or heard. By the way, the date of the meeting was May 17th, 1893.

## LOSS OF A GOOD FRIEND.

By the death of Mrs. Charles Reddie at the advanced age of 80, THE HOP LEAF loses a subscriber who has read every number since its inception. She told the Chairman, who visited her recently, that the arrival of THE HOP LEAF monthly was her greatest joy and she read it from cover to cover and thereby kept in touch with the members of the Simonds' family, to whom she was related through Mr. Henry Simonds of Caversham, and the activities of the Firm of which she was a great admirer.

She was probably one of the oldest private customers on the Company's books.

## SOUL OF ENGLAND.

O little Force that in your agony  
Stood fast while England girt her armour on,  
Held high our honour in your wounded hands,  
Carried our honour safe with bleeding feet—  
We have no glory great enough for you,  
The very soul of England keeps your day.

UNKNOWN (1917).

## NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

## BROCK THE BADGER.

## PAIR TAKE UP RESIDENCE AT AUDLEYS WOOD.

Though not often seen, because they are for the most part nocturnal in their habits, badgers are by no means uncommon animals, and their numbers would appear to be on the increase. To study their mode of living is indeed a fascinating pastime and I expect that Mr. Eric will add to my knowledge of their ways by reason of the fact that a pair have taken up their residence at Audleys Wood. Known as Brock, many places, such as Brockenhurst, have doubtless derived their names from the fact that badgers were numerous in those districts. Badgers make most interesting homes, known as earths or setts. These contain many passages and several galleries, or stories, with bedrooms often four feet wide and as many feet deep. These chambers are ventilated from the top and contain very cosy beds of bracken, dried grass and dead leaves. These materials are invariably collected some distance from the earth so as not to arouse suspicion as to the animal's whereabouts. The young badgers—there are from three to five in a litter—are born blind and remain so for about ten days. When they are old enough they are taught to sharpen their claws, and the marks they leave on the bark of trees, near their home, are clearly discernible.

## PLAYGROUND FOR THE CHILDREN.

The parent badgers provide a playground for their children some little distance from the home. Here they have rare romps in which father and mother join. The spot chosen for these games is generally surrounded by shrubs or some form of herbage for they naturally do not want too many lookers-on! I remember one such playground at Calcot. I watched the little badgers enjoying great fun. Then I stepped on a twig, which snapped, and the badgers disappeared as if by magic.

## POWERFUL DIGGERS.

Badgers have wonderfully powerful claws which they use to good purpose as weapons of defence. If the ground is reasonably soft they can dig themselves out of sight in the short space of a minute. They are very partial to baby rabbits and when they find a nest of these they dig straight down to them—and then there is one little litter less of baby bunnies in the world. The same method is adopted in regard to wasps' nests. The badger is fond of wasp grubs, digs down to the comb, which he tears to pieces, extracting the grubs which he devours with evident relish. The tough skins and coarse hair of the badger render the efforts of the wasps to sting him quite ineffective.

## GREAT LENGTH OF TUNNELLING.

Badgers must work like Trojans in preparing their homes for the tunnelling sometimes reaches the amazing length of hundreds of yards. In addition to the main entrance there is often a back door many yards away and hidden under shrubs or bushes. It is something after the nature of a rabbit's "bolt" hole.

From the point of view of cleanliness the badger would be hard to beat. It is in the autumn that he does his "spring-cleaning," replacing the old bedding by new. Badgers are very particular regarding sanitation and no refuse is deposited except at some distance from the home.

## THE FOOD OF THE BADGER.

The food of the badger is very varied. Little would appear to come amiss for Brock will eat roots, fruits, snakes, frogs, sitting pheasants and domestic fowls. He shows a great partiality for bulbs and has many a dinner off the bulb of the bluebell. I am afraid if he got amongst the bulbs in a garden he would do great damage.

I feel sorely tempted to spend some hours one moonlight night watching these badgers at Audleys Wood. If I do so I shall slip ever so quietly away in the early hours of the morning or Mr. Eric might hear me, take me for a parachutist and shoot me—and I have reason to know that Mr. Eric is a deadly shot!

## THE MAY-FLY IS UP!

Yes, the may-fly is up! And oh! what happy memories that little phrase brings back to the fly-fisherman: The meandering little river in the meadows carpeted with fragrant blooms, the joyous songs of the birds, and above all, the movements of the rising trout often over-eager, alas! to seize their favourite food. The larvae of the may-fly live on the bed of the river for about two years. Then on one bright May morning the nymphs come to the surface, their skins split open and a winged insect makes its appearance resting on some weed or grass. The insect splits itself open again and we see the perfect may-fly. He lives, in this stage, only for about 24 hours, often not as many minutes or even seconds, for he is gobbled up by the voracious trout and numerous birds ever on the look-out for his appearance. But the female may-fly lays thousands of eggs and thus helps to make up for the heavy casualty list and continue the propagation of its kind. By the river-side you may now see there males and females, in countless thousands, rising and descending. It is their nuptial dance!

## LIVING WITHOUT FOOD.

The recent cold spell and the appeal to feed the birds may have led some people to wonder how long these and other wild creatures can survive without food. Generally speaking, a bird like a thrush cannot last longer than nine days without food, whereas many insects like cockroaches can last a year owing to the stores of fat they accumulate.

Small, delicate insectivorous birds which cannot very well adapt their diet, are quickest to starve. Redwings, blackbirds, dunlin, tits, moorhens and robins are those which have suffered most in Europe this winter.

The starvation limit for foxes and other small mammals is about twenty days.

A frog can sometimes survive 360 days without food, a tortoise 500 days, a snake 800 days, a fish 1,000 days and certain insects 1,200 days.

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

It is not so much your position as your disposition that makes you happy or unhappy.

All our duties towards our fellowmen were summed up by Jesus Christ in the Commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

Stepping-stones and stumbling blocks are interchangeable. Their character depends on how you use them.

Be ready at every moment to help your neighbour, whoever he be.

Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.

## GOOD ADVICE.

We will never be sorry for taking sound advice. It saves many tragedies and sorrows. Never will a person be regretful for doing his level best; for looking before leaping; for stopping his ears to gossip; for hearing before judging; for being kind to the needy; for standing by his principles; for being generous to an enemy; for asking pardon when in error; for being square in business dealing; for promptness in keeping his promises; for putting the best construction on the acts of others.

Don't put too fine a point to your wit, for fear it should get blunted.

Great works are performed not by strength, but by perseverance.

Always look below the material surface and try to read spiritual lessons in every natural event and in every created object.

In prosperity our friends know us; in adversity we know our friends.

Courage consists not in blindly overlooking danger, but in seeing it and conquering it.

Be large-minded. Turn down all tale-bearers. They are busy-bodies beneath your notice.

Give yourself the pleasure of rising superior to petty spites. If you can do it you will enjoy the consciousness.

It is not necessary to hope in order to act ; nor to succeed in order to persevere.

Don't be over-positive in argument, even though you are absolutely sure.

Do not work so hard that you forget how to play, nor play so hard that you are not fit for work.

Aim above morality. Be not simply good, be good for something.

Is there any happiness in the world like the happiness of a disposition made happy by the happiness of others ?

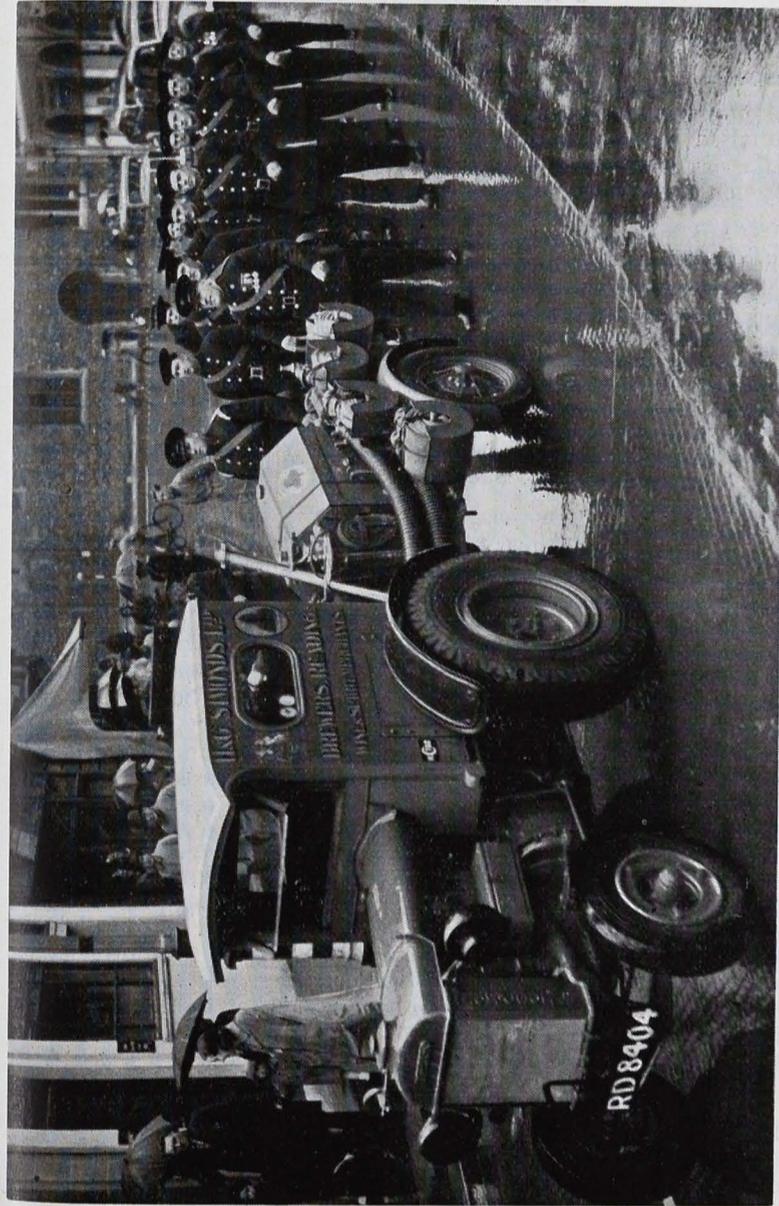
If your foot slips, you can regain your balance, but if your tongue slips, you cannot recall the words.

Post-mortem kindness comes too late. It would be much more sensible to praise and encourage a man whilst he is still alive.

If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of the mind.

A large proportion of mankind is more moved to the desire of heavenly things by example than by argument.

God has not promised  
 Skies ever blue ;  
 Flower-strewn pathway  
 Always for you.  
 God has not promised  
 Sun without rain ;  
 Joy without suffering ;  
 Peace without pain.  
 But He has promised  
 Strength from above,  
 Unfailing sympathy,  
 Undying love.



Our "Fire Brigade" under Chief Officer G. F. Andrews, had the honour of representing the firm, as in the past, at the Annual Royal Berks Hospital Parade, on Sunday, May 26th.

## BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(By W. DUNSTER.)

Mr. N. J. Crocker, known to his intimates as Norman, whose photograph appeared in our last issue, is well known for his hundred per cent. industry and devotion to important duties. Like many others on our Firm, he follows in the position occupied by his father—the family spirit that isn't rationed.

Although we have all been busy in our various jobs, our thoughts, this past month, have been more than ever of the war. We hear of some of our employees who have been wounded; as full details are lacking I am unable to give names but expect I shall have more to report next month. Of the many others serving with the B.E.F., I have heard of quite a number of our employees who have got home to England quite safely and we hear other names every day. I do hope they all have come through safe and sound. These are anxious days for everyone who has someone "over there." Nevertheless all are tackling their jobs with resolute spirit and energy.

We shall at all times be only too pleased to see our colleagues whenever they have an opportunity of calling at The Brewery, although this will not be easy at the moment.

There passed away last month one of our old hands who was probably known to everyone at Bridge Street some years ago, viz. Mr. J. Breadmore. He actually started with The Firm in 1899 and I am told he came to us with a local brewery that H. & G. Simonds took over at that time. He continued working until 1927 and has been on pension since then. He was a real good servant and one of the old school. No doubt his reminiscences, had they been written down, would have been most interesting.

Naturally, owing to staff changes being frequent, it is not easy to record them all. We are gradually increasing our ladies staff, but have recently lost one, viz. Miss Gooch, who had been with us, in the General Office, practically since the outbreak of war, and who left us just after her marriage. A presentation of a Set of Carvers was made to her, subscribed for by her colleagues in the General Office and friends in other departments. We wish her every good fortune in her new life.

It seems extraordinary to still find Reading playing football, but the season finished on June 8th. Take it all round, many good games have been played since September last and I feel sure everyone will look forward to the time when games can be resumed under happier circumstances.

There is, in spite of war (and war thoughts) a fair amount of rivalry still existing in the matter of flowers and buttonholes—some resplendent with different coloured specimens. Even Hitler cannot stop the fun we have. If you sport an unusual flower, the inevitable question is "What's the name of that?"

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

The Greyhound, Sunbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. W. Bone.

The Brickmakers Arms, Windlesham (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. H. Viner.

The Woburn Arms, Addlestone Moor (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. R. E. George.

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

The Off-Licence, 18 Princes Street, Oxford (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. A. L. Druce.

The Dew Drop Inn, Oxford (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. A. B. White.

The Rising Sun, Wokingham (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. E. N. Norris.

The Crown, York Town (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. M. E. Berg.

The Off-Licence, Davis Street, Hurst (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. G. L. Postlethwaite.

We regret to record the death of Mrs. Dean of the Chairmakers Arms, Lane End, near High Wycombe, who had been a tenant of this House since September, 1916, a lengthy spell of service. Our sympathy is hereby expressed to all relatives.



## A GREAT THOUGHT.

*Everyone has a welcome for the person who has the good sense to take things quietly ; the person who can go without her dinner and not advertise the fact ; who can lose her purse and keep her temper ; who makes light of a heavy weight and can wear a shoe that pinches without anyone being the wiser ; who does not magnify the splinter in her finger into a stick of timber, nor the mote in her neighbour's eye into a beam ; who swallows bitter words without leaving the taste in other people's mouths ; who can give up her own way without giving up the ghost ; who can have a thorn in her flesh, and not prick all her friends with it—such a one surely carries the passport into the good graces of mankind.*

## SIMONDS' SPORTS CLUB.

Full advantage is being taken of the amenities of our Sports Ground as can be seen from the following report of the Football Club which has had a very active season :—

“Owing to most of our players joining His Majesty's Forces at the commencement of the season we were unable to run two teams or enter any Leagues but we did manage to raise eleven players to play Service teams which included Signals, Royal Engineers, Royal Air Force, Royal Artillery, etc. All were good sporting games and in the evening we entertained about 30 of each regiment at the Club, which was very much appreciated by all and special thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. Holmes for the way in which they kept the lads well supplied.

“Now for the Minors. This being their first season together we could not expect too much of them ; nevertheless they had a good one—perhaps not very successful as regards results but one of many sporting games. There were times when they suffered heavy defeats by teams such as Battle Athletic and Earley United, who have had the advantage of being together for two or three seasons, but our boys thoroughly enjoyed themselves and played the game in the same sporting spirit as their elders. They did, however, on a few occasions win matches when the odds were against them.

“There record for the season is as follows :—

Played 20.	Won 9,	Lost 11.	For 48	Goals.	Against 88.
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“I would like to take this opportunity to thank all players for their support during the season especially those who had retired but so willingly turned out to give our Service teams a game and I do hope it will not be long before we can carry on our usual programmes without further interruptions.

“Good Luck to all our boys who are serving in the Forces, wherever they may be, and a quick and safe return.

F.P.”

Quite a new venture was undertaken in the formation of a Ladies' Hockey Club and during the winter months 24 games were played off. Although their victories were very few by reason of the team being inexperienced, nevertheless very enjoyable games were played and should this section of the sports be continued next season, we can confidently look forward to much superior play because of the experience gained.

Cricket is now in full swing and although we are regrettably short of many of the old players every effort has been made to maintain interest in this game, and quite a full fixture list has been compiled for the summer season.

The Tennis section is proving a great attraction and 30 new members have joined ; this increase is of course accounted for by the supplementary war staffs. They are showing great enthusiasm and promise and a possibility of many first rate players is assured at the end of the season. The three additional grass courts ensures all members having a good evening's tennis.

An additional attraction is provided by the 18 hole putting green, this being very well patronized and is much appreciated by those who have previously played a more strenuous game or by those unable to enter other forms of sport.

The grounds at the present time are in perfect condition and the number attending, especially during the week-ends, is rapidly increasing. It is hard to conceive a more ideal spot for anyone to visit at this time of the year.

## SOCIAL CLUB.

The Social Club is very much indebted to Capt. L. A. Simonds, R.A.S.C., for the gift of a magnificent radiogram with a loud-speaker extension. It is indeed a grand instrument and provides a great deal of entertainment for the members. It was most thoughtful of Capt. Simonds and we only wish that he was home to see for himself how much his gift is appreciated.

T.W.B.

## CRICKET.

This will be but a short report this month as our activities have not been very extensive. We commenced the season with a trial match, between teams captained by Mr. Crutchley and Mr. Doe. Every effort was made to match the teams and a very enjoyable game ensued.

Mr. Crutchley won the toss and selected the bat. Quite a promising start was made by F. Chandler and E. Clarkson, followed by W. R. Brown who added a few, but the Skipper had not found his eye. The score quietly mounted up and 54 was the grand total.

The assistant secretary's correct initials are given above. Inadvertently in the List of Officials published in last month's number they were stated as "W. A." It was quietly pointed out to the writer that these belonged to the Australian opening bat, which is cricket of another class. Of course it may eventually come up to ours.

After that digression, let us get back to our game. B. Farmer opened the innings for Mr. Doe's XI but could not get a lasting partner. He looked like carrying his bat, but in trying to open out a bit, put one in the wrong direction and found a safe pair of hands waiting. A total of 31 was made.

The fielding was quite good and ten catches were made. As one of the catchers said, "goal-keeping" does come in handy sometimes. It was to a ball going right away and Tott finished up full length horizontally but the ball was kept off the ground.

May 11th should have seen us playing the R.A.P.C. Detachment, but the flare up in Holland and Belgium, with its repercussions over this side, necessitated our opponents asking to be excused.

May 18th. SIMONDS' XI v. READING P.O. ENGINEERS 57.

As both games are down to be played on our ground, this one was taken to be our opponents "Home" fixture and they won the toss.

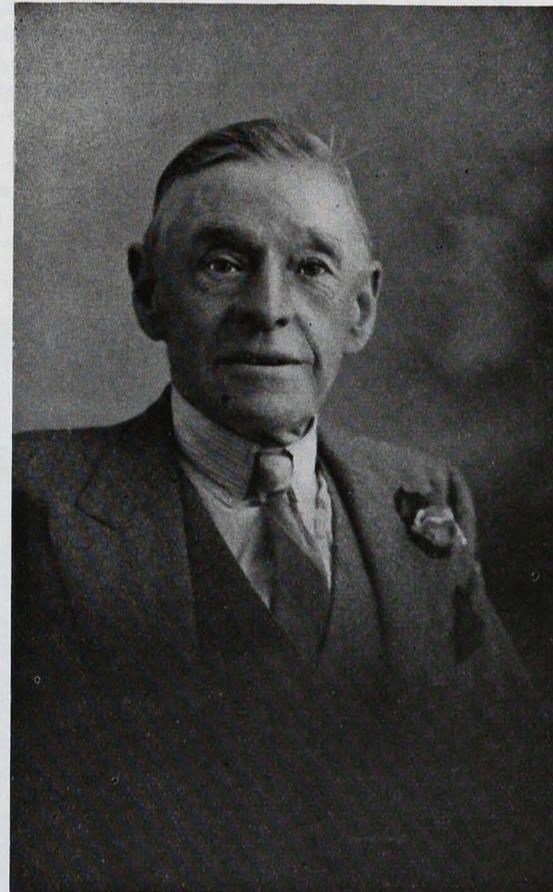
Wickets started to fall cheaply, 3 being down for 5 runs. Two of these were due to good fielding and throwing in. The ball came well to hand and Stumper Benham did the needful.

A useful stand ensued until one player stood in front of the stumps. No. 7 came along and again the score commenced to rise until he snicked one and E. Shrimpton took a fine one-handed catch right above his head. The remainder did not offer much opposition. J. Casworth carried his bat for a nice 20. E. Crutchley took the bowling honours with 5 for 9.

Our batting was decidedly patchy, consequently the see-saw was in evidence. We lost one for 7, made 11 for the next partnership, lost two men in quick succession by run-outs. Four down

for 25 was reasonably secure, five for 42 better, but seven for 46 doubtful. However, timely resistance was offered by W. J. Greenaway and, with Skipper Crutchley, carried the game to safety. Their scores were 19 and 34 not out respectively. F. Benham was the only other batsman to reach double figures.

C. J. Richardson took 5 for 22 and J. Pledsted 3 for 17.



Mr. J. Cholwill,  
Brewery Cricket Club scorer for many years.

Although there are not many of the old members of the team now playing, or taking active interest in the club, we have one or two real old stagers. One of them is our scorer, Jack Cholwill,

whose portrait is given with these notes. He commenced playing with the Seven Bridges Brewery C.C. in 1902. Six years later he took on the job of scorer. Except for the Great War period, when the club was not running and later from 1931 for a spell owing to disabilities, he has carried on with the task. He is keenness itself and is always at his post, and says his holidays were arranged so that they did not interfere with cricket.

Another of our old stalwarts, W. Sparks, has been laid up this season. His colleagues in the club and elsewhere wish him a speedy recovery to his usual good state of health. We want to see him inside that white coat again, and maybe he will give us a bit of his long history for publication next month.

#### FIXTURE LIST.

MAY	4th	...	TRIAL MATCH	...	...	...	Home
"	11th	...	R.A.P.C. SPORTS CLUB	...	...	...	Home
"	18th	...	POST OFFICE ENGINEERS	...	...	...	Home
"	25th	...	HEADQUARTERS TRAINING COMMAND, R.A.F.	...	...	...	Home
JUNE	1st	...	REST OF BREWERY	...	...	...	Home
"	8th	...	READING POST OFFICE SPORTS CLUB	...	...	...	Home
"	15th	...	HEADQUARTERS TRAINING COMMAND, R.A.F.	...	...	...	Home
"	22nd	...	R.A.P.C. SPORTS CLUB	...	...	...	Home
"	29th	...					
JULY	6th	...					
"	13th	...	POST OFFICE ENGINEERS	...	...	...	Home
"	20th	...	READING POST OFFICE SPORTS CLUB	...	...	...	Home
"	27th	...					
AUG.	3rd	...					
"	10th	...					
"	17th	...					
"	24th	...					
"	31st	...					

#### THE BIRTH OF SPRING.

Autumn sere, leaves falling,  
Winds sighing, earth dying,  
Sombre cloudlets, snowflakes herald  
Winter drear.

Down the valley, dead leaves drifting,  
Tall poplars bowed.  
Hills, mist enshrouded,  
Footfalls hushed, nature sleeping,  
Tired of weeping, Spring is near.

Blades of green and snowdrops peeping,  
Cloth of gold the crocus sheen ;  
Violets shy, their fragrance shedding  
O'er earth's beauty, yet unseen.

J.L.

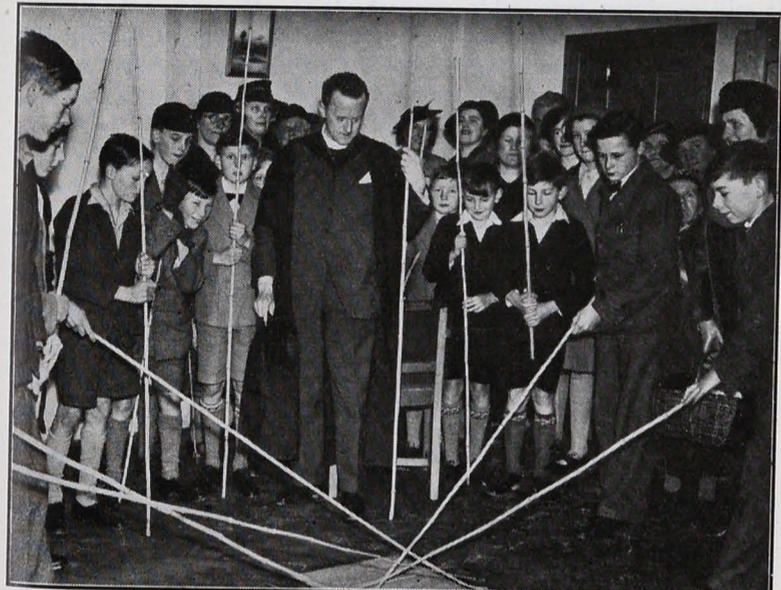
#### BEATING THE BOUNDS.

NO FREE IVY BEER FOR OXFORD UNDERGRADUATES IN  
WAR TIME.

Even Hitler could not interfere with the ancient Oxford custom of beating the bounds, which took place on Ascension Day, although the celebrations were not on the usual scale.

Two parishes, those of the City Church and St. Michael-at-the-North Gate, took part in the time-honoured ritual of marking the parish boundaries, though only St. Michael's carried it out in its entirety, to the finale of the lunch with ivy beer.

Led by their vicar, the Rev. R. R. Martin, the choirboys, accompanied by members of the congregation, made their usual tour of the parish boundaries, but this year there was a new stone to mark—that in the private bar of the new "Roebuck" in Market Street.



[Reproduced by kind permission of the "Oxford Mail."]

St. Michael-in-the-North Gate (Oxford) choirboys, led by the Vicar, the Rev. R. R. Martin, carried out the ancient custom of beating the bounds of the parish on Ascension Day and here they are seen at the stone marking the boundary of the parish, in the private bar of the "Roebuck."

Owing to the war Brasenose undergraduates did not receive their usual allowance of free ivy beer. Both their own college and Lincoln College furnish the refreshing beverage as a penance for the B.N.C. student murdered by men from Lincoln centuries ago.

The postern gate between the two colleges, however, was opened and the St. Michael's party enjoyed the traditional lunch of bread, cheese and spring onions at the "Roebuck," where Mine Host (Mr. Bill Harvey) had prepared a special barrel of ivy beer as an accompaniment.

The City Church party did not have a luncheon and both choirs missed the usual scramble for hot pennies in the quad at Lincoln College, which has for years been a feature of the ceremony.

#### BRITISH RED CROSS.

The appeal made for the Lord Mayor's Mansion House Fund is still receiving favourable support at The Brewery. As is well known the needs of the Society were never more urgent than at the present time and the demands made on this organisation recently must be colossal, therefore it is up to everyone of us to continue our utmost financial help.

The following amounts have been collected up to date :—

	£	s.	d.
Beer Cellars ... ..	2	13	5
Bottling Department ... ..	3	14	2
Building ... ..	3	9	6
Cooperage and Scalds ... ..	1	8	0½
Head Offices ... ..	6	11	8
Maltings ... ..	2	1	4½
Mechanical Repairs, Engineers and Electricians ... ..	3	8	1½
Stables ... ..	10	7	
Social Club ... ..	1	0	5½
Surveyor's Department ... ..	13	4	
Transport ... ..	2	0	3
Transport Office ... ..	1	4	4
Union Room, Malt Stores, etc. ... ..	1	19	2½
Wheelwrights ... ..	1	4	3
Wine Stores ... ..	1	7	3
Sundries ... ..	6	5	½

£33 12 5

A cheque for this amount has been sent to the proper authorities.

#### I HAD A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

I had a hippopotamus : I kept him in a shed  
And fed him upon vitamins and vegetable bread ;  
I made him my companion on many cheery walks,  
And had his portrait done by a celebrity in chalks.

His charming eccentricities were known on every side,  
The creature's popularity was wonderfully wide ;  
He frolicked with the Rector in a dozen friendly tussles,  
Who could not but remark upon his hippopotamuscles.

If he should be afflicted by depression or the dumps,  
By hippopotameasles or the hippopotamumps,  
I never knew a particle of peace till it was plain  
He was hippopotamasticating properly again.

I had a hippopotamus : I loved him as a friend ;  
But beautiful relationships are bound to have an end.  
Times takes, alas ! our joys from us and robs us of our blisses ;  
My hippopotamus turned out a hippopotamissis.

My housekeeper regarded him with jaundice in her eye ;  
She did not want a colony of hippopotami ;  
She borrowed a machine gun from her soldier-nephew, Percy,  
And showed my hippopotamus no hippopotamercy.

My house now lacks the glamour that the charming creature gave,  
The garage where I kept him is as silent as the grave ;  
No longer he displays among the motor-tyres and spanners  
His hippopotamastery of hippopotamanners.

No longer now he gambols in the orchard in the spring ;  
No longer do I lead him through the village on a string ;  
No longer in the mornings does the neighbourhood rejoice  
To his hippopotamusically-modulated voice.

I had a hippopotamus ; but nothing upon earth  
Is constant in its happiness or lasting in its mirth.  
No joy that life can give me can be strong enough to smother  
My sorrow for that might-have-been-a-hippopotamother.

By PATRICK BARRINGTON. From "Straw in the Hair."  
Edited by D. Kilham Roberts. Published by The Bodley Head.

## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"She is a woman who has gone through a great deal for her belief."

"Indeed? What is her belief?"

"She believes she can wear a No. 5 shoe on a No. 7 foot."

\* \* \* \*

TALKATIVE LADY (on board ship): "Can you swim?"

SAILOR: "Only at times, ma'am."

LADY: "Only at times! How strange! And when do these moments of ability come to you?"

SAILOR: "When I am in the water, ma'am."

\* \* \* \*

JONES: "I hear your wife has been very ill. How is she keeping now?"

SMITH: "Oh, she can't complain."

JONES: "Gracious! I had no idea she was as bad as that!"

\* \* \* \*

Recently Aberdeen citizens met to organise a league for the abolition of tips. Sandy McTavish was present but passive.

CHAIRMAN: "Surely, McTavish, you are going to join. The subscription is only one shilling a year."

McTAVISH: "A shilling? At that rate I might as well keep on tipping."

\* \* \* \*

Driving in the black-out, a lorry driver became more and more annoyed as he kept dodging pedestrians. At last, leaning out of his box, he shouted to one man: "Here, mate, why don't you try walking on the pavement?"

"I'm waiting for you to come off it," was the answer.

\* \* \* \*

Rastus had just treated his girl friend to a restaurant dinner, and as they departed from the food shop she said: "Rastus, don't you know that it is bad form to sop up your gravy with your bread?"

"Liza," he replied, "it might be bad form, but it sho' am good taste."

\* \* \* \*

The shopper had reason to complain.

"This is a small loaf for fourpence-halfpenny," she said.

"Well, you'll not have so much to carry," replied the shopkeeper, smilingly trying to pass it off.

"Here's threepence," replied the shopper. "You'll not have so much to count."

\* \* \* \*

Into the village police station ran a very pretty lady, in tears.

Throwing a photograph down on the desk, she appealed to the sergeant in charge.

"My husband has disappeared!" she sobbed. "There is his picture. I want you to find him."

The sergeant studied the photograph for a while. Then he looked up.

"Why?" he asked.

\* \* \* \*

With an impressive gesture, the long-haired visitor faced the manager of the radio station.

"I should like to secure a place on your dramatic staff," he announced, impressively.

"Are you an actor?" asked the radio manager.

"Yes."

"Had any experience of acting without an audience?"

Tears came to the actor's eyes as he said: "Acting without audiences is why I am here, sir."

\* \* \* \*

"I believe strongly in this idea of an all-milk diet," said a man. "I lived on nothing but milk for a whole year, and look at me."

"On nothing but milk?" asked the physician. "At what age?"

"During the first year of my life."

\* \* \* \*

An actor who had had a motoring accident and had sticking plaster on his nose as a result, called upon the local tax collector.

"Hurt your nose?" the latter asked.

"No," said the actor. "I've been paying through it for so long that it has given way under the strain."

\* \* \* \*

An irate customer called at the laundry with a parcel. Opening it, he said, "Look at that."

The manager fingered the contents for a moment or two and then said: "But I see nothing wrong with this lace."

"Lace be hanged. That was a bed-sheet," stormed the customer.

\* \* \* \*

A young man was doing his own shopping. He said to the girl behind the white goods counter: "I want a pillow-case, please."

"Yes, what size?" asked the girl.

"Why—er—I'm not sure, but I take a seven-and-a-quarter hat."

\* \* \* \*

"A nice sort of welcome!" said the father, visiting his son at boarding-school. "I am hardly out of the train when you ask me for money."

"Well, dad, you must admit that the train was twenty minutes late."

\* \* \* \*

SPEAKER: "It's knowledge we want. Ask the average man when Magna Charta was King of England, and he can't tell you."

\* \* \* \*

"Bessie and I can hardly understand each other when we talk over the telephone."

"Did you ever try talking one at a time?"

\* \* \* \*

"He called me a blithering fool," stormed Codling. "What do you think of that?"

"I scarcely know," replied Poindexter. "What does blithering mean?"

\* \* \* \*

The absent-minded professor walked into the village barber's shop, sat down in the operating chair, and requested a haircut.

"Certainly, sir," said the barber. "Would you mind taking off your hat?"

The professor hurriedly complied. "I'm sorry," he apologised, "I didn't know there were ladies present."

\* \* \* \*

BIGGS: "I called on Mabel last night and I wasn't any more than inside the house before her mother asked me my intentions."

JIGGS: "That must have been embarrassing."

BIGGS: "Yes, but it was more embarrassing when Mabel called from upstairs, and said, 'That isn't the one, mother.'"

\* \* \* \*

SCOTSMAN: "Doctor, what can I do to prevent sea-sickness?"

DOCTOR: "Have you a half-crown?"

SCOTSMAN: "Yes, sir."

DOCTOR: "Well, hold it between your teeth."

\* \* \* \*

JONES : " What game of bridge does your wife play—auction or contract ? "

ROBINSON : " Judging from the cost, I think it must be toll bridge."

\* \* \* \*

FATHER : " Young man, what do you mean by bringing my daughter home at this hour ? "

YOUNG MAN : " Sorry, but I've got to be at work at six."

\* \* \* \*

" Who's the new workman ? " asked the visitor.

" Boss' son," said the foreman laconically.

" Oh," observed the visitor, with enthusiasm, " very commendable ! Starting at the bottom and working up ? "

" No," was the reply. " Started at the top and got shoved down ! "

\* \* \* \*

SHE : " You used to say there was no one else in the world like me."

HE : " Yes, and I still hope there isn't."

\* \* \* \*

SISTER : " I must fly. George's car is at the door."

BROTHER : " I know. I can hear the engine knocking."

\* \* \* \*

WIFE (tearfully) : " Before we married you said mother could stay with us whenever she pleased."

HUBBY : " Yes, but she hasn't pleased me yet."

\* \* \* \*

SUITOR : " Mrs. Jones, I presume that your daughter has told you how I feel about her. She is to me the crown of creation, a jewel, a frail, fragrant flower ! "

MOTHER : " No, she has told me nothing of that. She just said, ' He has bitten at last.' "

\* \* \* \*

INSTRUCTOR : " Now, Miss Jones, can you give me some idea of the manner in which the blood circulates ? "

MISS JONES (brightly) : " Oh, yes, yes. It runs down one leg and up the other."

\* \* \* \*

HE : " Would your fiancé object to you going out with another chap ? "

SHE (virtuously) : " He wouldn't hear of such a thing."

HE : " Splendid. Then shall we say Friday, at eight ? "

\* \* \* \*

DONALD : " My mother's awful funny."

UNCLE : " Why ? "

DONALD : " Well, when we have mince pie or frosted cake she asks me if I want some ; but when we have spinach she just gives it to me."

#### THE COUNTRYSIDE.

Once more  
 Leaving the office stool, the crowded store,  
 We fields and meadows seek  
 Where cattle speak  
 A wordless welcome to us with their lowing ;  
 And breezes, softly blowing,  
 Ruffle the grass  
 As upward to the sloping woods we pass ;  
 Till, having gained their shelter and their shade,  
 We richly are repaid  
 For all our little toil, a hundredfold,  
 By what we hold  
 In high and rare esteem  
 —The woodland stream  
 —The chequered magpie's flight, the jay's wild scream ;  
 —The sun's bright beam,  
 And banks where foxgloves teem  
 —Or (thro' the leaves that fringe the covert-side)  
 Some prospect wide  
 O'er hill and dale and shining vale,  
 Clear in the kindly light of eventide.

S. E. COLLINS.

## BRANCHES.

## PORTSMOUTH.

A large gathering of members of the Southsea Waverley Bowling Club attended the Opening of the Green meeting this year; the weather was beautiful and the Green in excellent condition. Much enjoyment was found in a keenly contested match (six rinks) between teams representing the President (Mr. D. Ross) and the Vice-President (Mr. B. Shepherd) respectively. Approximately 60 members were entertained at high-tea after the match in the pavilion. The President, in his speech, commented upon the excellent progress the club was maintaining despite difficult conditions, the good fellowship that existed among members, and the keenness with which the new season was being anticipated. He also praised the officers of the club and the staff upon the excellent arrangements made for the opening match.

The importance of remaining unshakable and steadfast on the Home Front was emphasized by Mr. W. A. Withers (President) at the annual dinner this year of the Gosport Club. Such qualities, he said, would help forward the achievement of victory. People at home too could materially assist by investing as much as possible in the Government's savings scheme. Mr. A. G. Eager (Vice-President) was M.C. for dancing. Lieut. Frank Buckland, R.M. (Retd.) (Hon. Treasurer) and Mr. F. J. Mackadam (Hon. Secretary) being responsible for the general arrangements.

Usually Whit-Monday at Harting is called Wet Monday but, as this year the Government had decreed that there should be no Whit-Monday, the day had to have another name—Thirsty Monday. The reason is one peculiar to this quiet West Sussex village. For the past 134 years there has been in existence a village friendly society, one of the few of its kind remaining in the British Isles. For the past 134 Whit-Mondays this society has held a feast. It is done in proper style reminiscent of Old England with huge cuts of beef and all the trimmings and 72 gallons of free beer. Being mostly men of the soil, the Harting Club members look forward to their beer and do not like to see it go to waste. This Whit-Monday, men of the Harting Village Club had visions of foaming tankards and sizzling barons of beef. There were glum faces when it was found there would be no feast, no fair, no procession and no free beer. The club committee decided there shall be no feasting at Harting until the war is over.

## BRIDGEND.

The newly formed Briton Ferry and Neath Canine Association, whose headquarters are the Royal Dock Hotel, Briton Ferry, held their first dog matches on Saturday, April 27th. There was an excellent entry and, in the opinion of the Judge, Mr. Morris of Port Talbot, the quality of gun dogs and terriers were of a very high standard.

The award for the Best Dog in the Show was given to Mr. C. Matthews' bulldog, "Son of Stroller," and the award for the Best Bitch to Mr. J. T. Davies' Irish setter, "Queen of the Woods."

There was a very large gathering and the officers of the Association are to be complimented on the very able manner in which the matches were organized. It is hoped that further matches will take place shortly and the committee contemplate holding a First Class Dog Show in the not too distant future.

Mr. Wm. Evans, Mine Host of the Royal Dock Hotel, who is also a breeder of repute of spaniels, was untiring in his efforts to make the matches a success and needless to say he and his able assistants were kept busy providing liquid refreshments for all.

We are glad to report that Mr. F. W. Lawrence, our Chief Clerk, is back at duty again after an attack of GERMAN measles—most unpatriotic!

Mr. C. Wilcox of the Surveyor's Department, Reading, met with a bad accident at the Royal Oak Inn, Wick, near Bridgend, on Tuesday, April 23rd; he fell down a short flight of stairs and sustained a fracture of the left leg. He was taken to Cardiff Royal Infirmary, where he is still receiving treatment. Although some time must elapse before Mr. Wilcox will be able to get about again, we are glad to say he is progressing favourably.

Mr. Wilcox appears to be unlucky when working in this area. On a recent visit, when the roads were covered with ice, he was walking up a steep hill towards the Red Cow Inn, Maesteg, when he slipped and fell on his nose—luckily no bones were broken on that occasion, however, although he had considerable pain.

He has asked us to express his thanks to friends and associates for their kind messages, and he is looking forward to the time when he will be on his feet again and able to thank all personally.

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Congratulations to Miss E. M. Griffiths of our Clerical Staff on her marriage to Mr. Hayden Lewis of Ogmore Vale on Saturday, May 11th.

Miss Griffiths was presented with a statuette by the staff as a wedding present, and it is our hope that she will be very happy.

