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The
HOP LEAF



THE HOP LEAF

GAZETTE



Issued
Monthly
by

H. & G. SIMONDS, LTD., READING.

A RECORD OF SOCIAL ACTIVITIES AT THE BREWERY.

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. XIV.

MARCH, 1940.

No. 6

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All communications should be addressed to—
The Editor, HOP LEAF GAZETTE, The Brewery, Reading.



MR. W. WHEELER.

MR. W. WHEELER.

In selecting our frontispiece this month we have chosen the portrait of Mr. W. Wheeler, who fills one of the most important positions on the productive side of The Brewery, and upon whom rests the responsibility of issuing the beer after it has passed out of the hands of the Brewing Department.

Mr. Wheeler was placed in charge of the Beer Cellars in August, 1925, after working for over sixteen years in that department. His knowledge of the method of handling malt liquors after leaving the fermenting stage, which has been acquired over so many years, is of a technical character which can only be obtained in actual experience and by close study. Included in his work is the supervision of the storage of beers in glass-lined tanks at low temperature and in cask, for maturing, filling and fining of all cask beers preparatory to despatch, and numerous other details incidental to the care of the stocks in the cellars. His intimate knowledge of the management of beers frequently leads to his call to the cellars of customers for assistance and guidance and, in his capacity of instructor, Mr. Wheeler displays a wonderful command of his job. When it is realized that all genuine malt liquors contain similar ingredients to other foodstuffs and are equally liable to be affected by mismanagement, it will be understood that large quantities in store need the utmost care and attention. This digression from the biography of Mr. Wheeler is solely for the purpose of giving a sidelight on the work and responsibilities which rest upon him in his daily routine.

In the Great War, 1914-1918, Mr. Wheeler served with The Royal Berkshire Regiment. After a short spell in France he was drafted to the 7th Battalion in Salonica. He figured in the advance into Bulgaria and the final defeat of the Bulgars. He was then sent to Mustapha Pasha near the Turkish frontier, and after the Armistice he went to Dobrich with the Force sent to keep order during the handing over of the Dobrudja by Bulgaria to Roumania. He returned to England via Bulgaria, Turkey, Macedonia, Italy and France in March, 1919, for demobilization. His experiences in France and in the Balkans were frequently lurid and numerous exciting incidents throughout the years of war are still fresh in his memory and will never fade.

Although Mr. Wheeler does not pose as a wit, in lighter moments he displays a remarkable gift of mimicry and impersonation, so realistic that the identity of the "victim" is never in doubt. He is a useful cueist, enjoys a game of billiards in the Social Club, and rarely misses a football match on Saturdays at Elm Park.

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 ADVISORY COUNCIL.

For some time past the Board of Directors have had under consideration the formation of a Committee—made up of certain Heads of Departments—to act in an advisory capacity to the Board in all matters appertaining to the business of the Company.

Since the outbreak of hostilities and the consequent absence of many Directors who are serving in various capacities with H.M. Forces, many additional burdens have had to be shouldered by those Directors remaining, and it was felt that it would be of great benefit for such a Committee to meet and examine and discuss the many difficult problems which arise almost daily and make recommendations to the Board, thus facilitating their decisions.

The Board of Directors at their meeting held on Monday, 19th February, therefore decided upon the formation of such a Committee—to be named "The Advisory Council"—consisting of the following members:—

- A. G. Richardson (*Chairman*).
- P. F. Knapp (*Vice-Chairman*).
- J. B. Biggs (*Secretary*).
- C. Bennett.
- A. S. Drewe.
- A. R. Bradford.
- S. T. Warner.
- E. S. Phipps.

Other Departmental Managers will be called into consultation whensoever matters arise which require their particular views.

TRIBUTE TO THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

House journals have a hard time these days, so it is all the more pleasing to see how THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, the monthly journal of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., Reading, keeps up its freshness and informative pictures and articles, says the *Portsmouth Evening News*. The February number is replete with jottings grave and gay, brewery news from the districts, and some attractive Nature Notes.

GOTT IN HIMMEL!

Hitler: "Who are these Australians they're talking about?"

Ribbentrop: "I don't know, but I remember once reading about an eleven of them beating ALL ENGLAND."

Hitler: "Gott in Himmel! There's thousands of them ready to come over."

AND THAT'S HOW IT STARTED.

It is not only in Germany that shortage of supplies in war-time has prompted the invention of "substitutes." When Napoleon tried to close European ports to British commerce, one of the results was a scarcity of sewing silk, which had previously come from Hamburg. A Scot who had recently given his wife a crepe shawl set to work to master the peculiar twist in the silk thread which gave it strength and utility. He then applied the same twist to making sewing thread from cotton fibre, and so laid the foundation of the great firm of Coats.

"STRIKING" MISBEHAVIOUR.

The Arctic weather conditions obtaining of late were not to the liking of our clocks in Reading and they went on strike by the extraordinary means of refusing to strike. By the look on their faces they were disgruntled, and one told you, before you reached West Street, you were about three hours late. A little further down the town you found, according to another clock, that you had arrived there some hours before you started from home, and so on. Even the Town Hall clock lied, for the time was hours earlier—or later—than the figure to which the hand pointed—or rather block, for there are no figures on the Town Hall clock—indicated. I hope due notice of the occurrence will be taken at the next meeting of the Town Council and the fact that the clock was hours wrong will be duly noted on the minutes. I am sure that a resolution reprimanding the timepiece would be readily "second-ed."

THE ENGINEER.

At the dinner of the Institution of Civil Engineers, in Leeds, Mrs. T. Thompson, of York, the wife of the chairman, replied to the toast of "The Ladies," and suggested that as the word engineer came from the Latin ingenium, meaning mother wit, ladies could qualify for membership of the profession.

She suggested that the qualifications for the mother wit section might be given in a parody of Kipling's poem which she had written for the occasion:—

If you can shop and keep within your ration,
If you can make your cakes with margarine,
If you can buy a hat that's in the fashion
With money left from housekeeping, I mean!
If you can bear to watch the prices soaring
When not a penny more is coming in,
Or listen to the penalties for storing,
And meet your trials and worries with a grin.
If you can do first aid without disaster,
And keep your children free from chills and 'flu,
If you can let your husband think he's master
And run the show yourself to please him, too.
If you inspire his engineering phrases
And cheer him loudly with a proud "Hear, hear."
You are a wife well worthy of his praises,
And—which is more—you ARE an engineer.

THE DERBY AT NEWBURY.

Great interest has already been aroused in the New Derby, which will be run at Newbury on 12th June, and will be worth about £6,000 to the owner of the winner. It was worth £10,625 last year. Many racing people regard with great satisfaction the fact that seventy-eight entries have been made for the race. Both Miss Dorothy Paget and the Aga Khan have nominated five horses. At Newbury the day after the Derby, the King has nominated Great Truth for the New Oaks.

EARLIEST EASTER FOR REST OF CENTURY.

Scarcely will official winter be over this year before we are celebrating Easter, which falls on March 24th. It is 27 years since Easter Day occurred on this or an earlier date. In 1913 the festival was kept on March 23rd. For the remainder of the century no earlier date is forecast for Easter than that of the forthcoming one. As Easter is dependent on the moon, the festival can occur on any one of the 35 days from March 22nd to April 25th.

DOING THEIR BIT.

Mr. K. F. Simonds, youngest son of our Managing Director, was gazetted on 17th February. He has been posted to 144th Regiment, R.A. (late Surrey and Sussex Yeomanry). He received his commission just before attaining his 20th birthday. Mr. E. D. Simonds, Mr. Eric's second son, has also been gazetted to an R.A. Regiment Unit not yet known.

PHOTOGRAPHY AND A.R.P.

"Somewhere in England" are deposited photographic records of the Company's most important books and documents, to wit, private ledgers, impersonal ledgers, share registers, etc. This is a result of a recent extension of our A.R.P. equipment at Headquarters. After considering various methods of duplicating records, the Board of Directors decided to purchase a "Graflex Photo-record" camera, by means of which a film record can be made of books and documents of varying dimensions. Eight hundred facsimiles of the larger size documents, or 1,600 facsimiles of the smaller size can be produced on a 100ft. roll of film. The space occupied by such a film is less than 5 per cent. of that required for storage of the original documents. Once the apparatus is erected, the operation of it is automatic; the correct illumination, the advancing of the film and the releasing of the shutter are all carried out simultaneously by depressing a small foot pump. When packed in its case the apparatus is easily portable, and will later be taken to each of our numerous Branches to record their more important documents. The photographs taken by this camera can very easily be enlarged for visual examination by means of the "Argus Microfilm Reader," which, in appearance, is not unlike a television set. To produce the image of any particular document or ledger for examination is a matter of a few seconds. The "Reader" can be used in two ways:—(a) by using the translucent screen embodied in it, which reproduces the document at its normal size, or (b) by projecting on to a larger screen, which reproduces the film image many times the normal size. The latter method is advantageous in the fact that a great number of people can view the same document at the same time.

Both these machines have been supplied by the well-known firm of Kodak Limited, to whom we are indebted for the kind help and instruction which they have rendered us.

"W.D."

There is no truth in the rumour that all the cars we see nowadays bearing the above initials are the property of the gentleman at the Brewery who, for so long, under those letters, has penned his popular Brewery Jottings for THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. Mr. W. Dunster has contributed to the magazine regularly ever since its inception. May he long continue the good work!

A CASE FOR FAIR PLAY.

Criticism is the breath of democracy's nostrils, and so it should be. But to be truly effective, criticism should be well-informed, says *Our Empire*. Too much of it recently has shown a deplorable ignorance of the facts, or, at the best, precious little imagination. The Government had to budget for war on the large scale, and the fact that "the real thing" has not yet occurred (excepting at sea) has made some of their precautions appear to be unnecessary, and others to encroach too severely upon individual freedom. The public should have patience and give a chance to the men who carry the responsibility. After all, if large-scale air-raids had caught us napping, no excuse would have been accepted from the men who have, in fact, planned a vast and comprehensive defence service. The same principle holds good in relation to the Ministries of Supply and Information, who have had to meet the worst of the criticism. They have made mistakes, as was almost inevitable in the circumstances, but they should be judged when their jobs are completed, and not when they are scarcely begun. There is such a thing as fair play and we claim its exercise for men who are too busy getting on with the job to ask it for themselves.

*And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And ploughed the willing lands.
And sang . . . Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Our staunch good friend is he.
And for the ploughshare and the plough
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plough,
We'll not forget the sword.*

L. MACKAY.

NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

HOW FOX MESMERISED FOWL.

THEREBY HANGS A TALE—OF MANY TAILS.

Considering the severity of the wintry weather we have experienced of late I found very few dead birds in the woods, fields and meadows that I visited—just one or two starlings, blackbirds and thrushes. I was more than glad to think I was in time to rescue the kingfisher, as mentioned in my last month's notes. There is a pair now courting near the spot where I released the little pink feet that were frost-bound to the perch the kingfisher had chosen to watch for fish. And I feel sure that the male bird of the pair is the one I set at liberty. Further up the river, at Whitchurch lock, another kingfisher was found frozen to the ice and when his would-be rescuer went to save him he found, alas! that the poor bird was dead.

A TALE OF TAILS.

In some ivy I noticed a few feathers being set in motion by the wind and on closer observation I discovered that they were the tail feathers of a sparrow. They were frozen fast to the tree. Curiously enough, on my way home I saw a tail-less sparrow and since then I have observed quite a number of rudderless birds. Had they all lost their tails in the same way, I wondered? Unable to remove their tails, the process of freeing their little bodies must, I fear, have been a very painful one.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW.

I have not space here to print more than a fraction of the information that I gathered by means of tracking animals and birds in the snow. There would appear to be more foxes about than one might imagine. How different are their footprints from that of the dog or hare, for instance. One old fox had the temerity to pay a visit to the precincts of a keeper's cottage. And outside the chicken run you could see that he had paced to and fro, to and fro, but had not actually entered the fowls' quarters. There

was evidence, however, that he had sat down just outside the entrance to the run and there was evidence, too, by the footprints, that one old fool of a fowl had strolled right up to where the fox was sitting. And a few feathers told their own sad story. Had the fox purposely sat outside the run and, by means of his bewitching eyes, fascinated the hen to her doom?

AN EXPLOSION!

Through my field-glasses I watched a covey of partridges searching for food in the snow. Perhaps it was two coveys feeding together for there were at least a score of birds. Their feathers were puffed out and they looked twice their normal size. As I approached them, my eyes wandered up and down the adjacent hedgerow where I found much to interest me. When quite close to where the partridges had settled, they were nowhere to be seen and, of course, I concluded that they had taken their departure while I was seeking information from the hedge. I thought that I would just have a look around to see if I could trace what the partridges had been finding as food and was within a few yards of the spot when off they went like a great explosion. My word! They made me jump. They had evidently crouched right down, and quite out of my sight, in the snow.

THE GREAT FROST 170 YEARS AGO.

Mr. Eric kindly sends me the following most interesting letter which appeared in *The Times* and was written by E. R. Hay Neave, of Carpow, Newburgh, Fife, N.B. :—

With reference to the phenomenon of "frozen rain," it may be of interest to mention a "meteorological note" recorded about 170 years ago by Gilbert White, of Selborne, under the heading "Frozen Sleet." "January 20th.—Mr. H's man says he caught this day in a lane near Hackwood Park, many rooks, which, attempting to fly, fell from the trees with their wings frozen together by the sleet, that froze as it fell. There were, he affirms, many dozen so disabled."

DOGS AND GAME.

With the approach of spring and the consequent nesting of the birds I do hope owners of dogs will keep their pets out of the woods, or those bye-ways where pheasants, partridges and other birds may have their nests. Running wild under such circumstances one dog can, in a very short space of time, work untold damage. The interfering with sitting birds on a very few nests, may easily mean a hundred head of game less on the estate concerned. Of course foxes take their toll. Apparently pheasants and partridges emit little, if any, scent when sitting—except when the young are about to hatch. I suppose the old bird stands up to stretch her legs a bit about this time. In any case, it is then that foxes appear to do the most damage. I think the favourite food of foxes is a leveret, but when they have a hungry family of cubs the menu is a varied one and pheasants and partridges by no means come amiss. I remember seeing one old vixen carrying, at one go, a cock pheasant and two rabbits to her young—but that was before meat rationing came into force.

A DELIGHTFUL TABLEAU VIVANT.

What wonderful sights you see if you peep up the ride of a wood on a warm sunny day. On one such an occasion there were to be seen a fine dog fox, a pheasant, and a rabbit all basking in the sun and within a dozen yards of each other—an unusual but, I thought, a delightful tableau vivant. They had evidently had their fill of food and were well satisfied. I hope the old pheasant had been feeding on leather jackets, the larvæ of the daddy-long-legs, and thus performing useful work of ridding us of some of these pests. I know of an instance where a pheasant was being dressed and in its crop was found no less than 700 leather-jackets. Another good crop was that concerning a pigeon. He had as many as 101 green cherries which he had accounted for. Herons may be ornaments but they are not exactly assets to trout streams. I remember one of these birds being shot and inside him were no less than six trout, each about the size of a herring. No, heron and trout do not go well together—at any rate from a fly fisherman's point of view.

PEACE AND BEAUTY.

Every cloud has a silver lining and the sun *is* going to shine again. He is already shedding his light and life all round, for on every hand there are sounds and signs of spring. The rooks have now been busy building for some weeks, a few flowers are in bloom and millions more in bud; the sap is rising in the trees, some of which are already in bloom, and soon the chestnuts will light up the countryside with their huge and handsome candelabra. No European wars will ever be allowed to black-out these! On our magnificent sports ground you may have a fine view of the rooks at work and you may see brown buds of the chestnut in their warm overcoats, with an outer-coat of varnish which will shine more and more as the sunshine grows stronger. Yes, spring is on its way and we shall soon be able to roam amid scenes of wonderful peace, great joy and rare beauty, provided for us all without stint, and free of all charge by the Giver of all good things, the Prince of Peace.

TO C.H.P.

(*A tribute.*)

You haunter of the river-side
 When winter takes her icy grip;
 You ranger of the meadows wide
 As 'neath the grass young pheasants slip;
 You see the rabbits hard at play
 You watch their leaps and bounds and hops,
 You hear the cry of hawk and jay
 Come shrilling from the sheltered copse;
 You leave the clamour of the crowd
 On days of perfect summer bliss
 To mortal man by God allowed
 And ah! you find what others miss!
 From Nature's store you somehow pluck
 The very best she has to give:
 You trace the flight of tufted duck
 You spy the lairs where foxes live:
 You spot the king of fishers blue
 (That little bird with flashing coat)
 And then, each month, enchant us, thro'
 Your ever-welcome "NATURE-NOTE."

S. E. COLLINS.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

February, 1940, will be remembered for many reasons—and years—but at The Brewery probably it will stick in the minds of most of us for the abnormal cold weather and the illness of so many. Some departments were badly hit and the attacks were many and various. Yet they all carried on. Surely the most unusual (and perhaps under the present circumstances, unpatriotic) was German measles, which did not occur to any great extent in our case. But it was “all over the shop” elsewhere.

We are still having visits from our boys who are in His Majesty's Forces. Some of these have been on sick leave and they all, without exception, ask about THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. So you see our monthly periodical is still greatly appreciated by them. What a re-union it will be when all this “business” is over and won't there be a lot to talk about! Quite a few of our lads are now overseas and the Accounts Department have sent two, viz., Messrs. H. Drury and F. Smith. This department has conceived an excellent idea: have a weekly whip-round and send these two boys a monthly consignment of cigarettes. Judging from one of the letters I have seen these are greatly appreciated.

In one of the letters I saw from a member of our Transport Department the following phrase appeared which rather tickled me. It was something like this:—“The beer here is not any too good. We are in the middle of one of the hop counties, or supposed to be. We believe they must have carted away all the hops elsewhere and left the dust to make this beer.” Well it does show that they do appreciate our beer whenever they are lucky enough to get it.

Owing to the extension of the date of the football season until June, I expect we shall see some larger attendances at Elm Park if a good popular competition can be arranged. Reading football team have not been doing so well recently and I am afraid a great deal of the interest has been lost for the time being. I expect cricket fixtures will be a problem this year; but I am talking about this a bit early maybe. However, I shall hope to see some matches on our Sports Ground this year, and no doubt our friend Mr. J. W. Jelly has got the matter well in hand.

One of our callers in the early days of February, home on leave from France, was Mr. E. H. T. Manbridge (of the Union Room) and now a Sergeant in the Royal Artillery. He mentioned he would like to thank the Directors of the Firm for their kindness to

his wife, also the ladies for the scarf, which he was wearing. He found it very warm during the bitter cold spell and it had been much sought after by his comrades—in fact, the C.O. had taken quite a fancy to it.

To mark the occasion of a member of the staff joining up, this time for another duty—that of holy matrimony—Mr. L. Collins of the General Office staff was recently presented by Mr. F. C. Hawkes, on behalf of the subscribers, with a striking clock, a set of carvers and a mirror.

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

The Foresters Arms, Chalvey (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. G. W. Todd.

The Papermakers Arms, High Wycombe (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. S. H. Smith.

The Bull Inn, High Wycombe (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. W. V. Scott.

The Crown and Horns, East Ilsley (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. H. V. Graves.

The Roebuck, Wokingham (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. E. Holland.

The Three Horse Shoes, Shepperton (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. Jack Carter.

THE TEN SISTERS.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Miller, of The Happy Man, Englefield Green (near Windsor), had ten daughters and one son, says the *Evening News*. All ten daughters are married, but on the day the last was married the first death occurred in the family. A sister, Mrs. Ruby Ross, died, leaving four small children, and a husband with the B.E.F. in France. The death occurred half an hour before the wedding. The bridegroom was Mr. Eric Woodley, brother of the Chelsea and England goalkeeper.

Mr. E. Miller was our tenant at Blue Lion, Bracknell, from 4th May, 1935, to 5th November, 1938, before taking over at the Happy Man, Englefield Green, on the 2nd August, 1939.

We regret to record the undermentioned deaths during the last month:—

Mr. C. J. Light of the Beaufort Inn, Wootton Bassett, who passed away on the 3rd February, 1940. A wide circle of friends and acquaintances regret the death of Mr. Charles John Light, who

had been licensee of the Beaufort Inn for 21 years. He was 55 years of age. At the age of 15 he secured employment with Messrs. Rogers, brewers, of Bristol, and came from there to Wootton Bassett. He leaves a widow, but there are no children.

Mr. R. F. Camm of the Railway Arms, Wraysbury, who died on the 13th February, 1940, had been tenant of this house since September, 1936.

Our deepest sympathy is expressed to all relatives.

“WOODS.”

Have the slowly-moving hours
Filled with disappointment been?
—Every sight that hurts and sours,
Thro' their moments have I seen?
—To the woods, away I go,
And their healing hands I know!

Past the wide and treeless moor
—See—The woods, protectingly,
From the tempest's angry roar
Hold their open arms to me!
—Where no blighting winds can chafe
And the smallest buds are safe.

There the evening steals a-pace
To a little hillock's brow:
—'Tis a calm and holy place
Where the starry blossoms bow,
Like to heads, in worship bent
O'er a wayside sacrament.

When created was the earth,
God, omnipotent to give,
Willed that there should be no dearth
Of the joys by which we live:
—All man's need He understood,
And He made for him—a wood!

S. E. COLLINS.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

Have you ever stopped to take stock of yourself; to see just how much headway you have made in your own particular job. Are you a little disappointed because you have not yet been made the director's confidential secretary, or the head of your department? Then study this alphabet to success. It may help you.

A stands for Ambition, which is the first step towards promotion. Make up your mind what your ambition is.

B stands for Backbone. Relying on your own backbone will get you farther than weeping on someone's shoulder.

C stands for Courage to face defeat when you fall. Remember that the man who never made a mistake never made anything.

D stands for Discretion, which is the better part of business. Learn this truth early.

E stands for Enthusiasm, the finest stimulant to the mind.

F stands for Friendship. Everyone needs contact with other people, so don't let your ambitions stand in the way of your friends.

G stands for Gumption. An ounce of gumption goes a long way, so don't be afraid to use it when necessary.

H stands for Health. No one can do their best work when they are never quite fit. So find time for healthy exercise.

I stands for Interest. Cultivate an intelligent interest in as many things as you can, and a very deep interest in your own special job.

J stands for Judgment. Judge other people, but judge yourself harder than you do other people.

K stands for Knowledge. There is no substitute for knowledge, so make sure your knowledge of your job is sound.

L stands for Luck. Luck may bring you promotion, but luck will never hold the new job for you. Take luck when it comes your way, but never, never depend on it.

M stands for Method. Don't despise a methodical mind. The person who has no method could usually do a good deal better if he had some.

N stands for Notice. Take notice of all you can. Most people like to have their good points noticed as well as their failings.

O stands for Opportunity. Don't miss your opportunities when they come. The easiest way to recognise them is to be ready for them.

P stands for Punctuality. You would scorn to steal your employer's money, so don't steal his time, because in business, time is money.

Q stands for Quality. Don't scamp the quality of your work. It is a poor compliment to yourself to do second-quality work.

R stands for Responsibility. Don't treat small responsibilities lightly. Small things lead to bigger ones.

S stands for Stability. Try to cultivate mental stability. It will save you the chagrin of acting in haste and repenting at leisure.

T stands for Tact. Tact smooths away difficulties and opens unexpected doors.

U stands for Usefulness. Your use in some small direction may bring you to the eye of someone important.

V stands for Vision. Keep your eyes clearly on the goal you have set yourself.

W stands for Work. Work so hard that you have no time to think about worry.

X stands for X-rays. Turn the X-rays on yourself occasionally and see how far you have got towards your ambition. Be honest with yourself; let the X-rays reveal failings as well as good points.

Y stands for You. Remind yourself that reaching your ambition depends on you yourself.

Z stands for Zenith. When you have reached the zenith of your ambition, be human, and don't forget the time when you were still struggling to reach it.

Have you digested the truth of this little alphabet? Then look at yourself and decide just where you fail. And don't delude yourself with the pleasant thought that all this doesn't apply to you, for there's not one among us who couldn't improve upon some aspect of business life.

SPORTS CLUB.

GRATIFYING REPORTS FROM THE VARIOUS SECTIONS.

At a meeting of the Sports Committee held recently it was very gratifying to hear the reports of the respective sections. The Football Club has been successful in running a junior team with an occasional game for the seniors. The Cricket Club are hoping to arrange some local matches. The Tennis Club will be run as usual and it is hoped that with the increased lady staff that the tennis courts will be well utilised. The three grass courts will be ready for use this summer, making a total of five courts in all, so that there should be no question of not getting a game. The composition of the Tennis Club will be decided at a meeting to be held shortly. There is a further attraction on the Sports Ground by way of a Putting Green. Preparations have been in hand during the winter and there is no doubt that this addition will receive considerable support, especially from the older members. The Tug-of-war teams have been so depleted by the call to the Forces that it is extremely unlikely that they will be able to accept any challenges this season. The Ladies' Hockey team are having some most enjoyable games; the exceptionally hard weather has caused quite a number of cancellations but they still have a heavy fixture list to complete.

W.B.

BRITISH RED CROSS.

In response to an appeal made by the Mansion House Red Cross War Emergency Fund Committee an effort is being made at the Brewery to help this very deserving fund. Collecting boxes have been issued to departments and it is hoped all employees will make a weekly contribution. Keen rivalry is afoot to establish records. The amounts collected will be given in each issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, together with the approximate number employed in the respective departments. It will be extremely interesting to follow the progress of the fund. The project has inspired Mr. W. Wheeler to write the following lines which should make a special appeal to us all:—

While the boys are out there, fighting Hitler and his crew,
It is up to us, who are left behind, to see what we can do.
We may not be able to shoulder a gun, or serve upon a ship
So we must do the best we can, for the wounded and the sick.

If you put a copper in this box, it will help to ease the pain
And heal the wounds of one of the boys, to bring him safe home again.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Finding out—not knowing—is the spring that makes life fascinating.

Tolerance means reverence for all possibilities of truth—it means charity that is greater than even faith and hope.

The blood of man should never be shed but to redeem the blood of man. It is well shed for our family, for our friends, for our God, for our country, for our kind. The rest is vanity; the rest is crime.—EDMUND BURKE: "Proposals for a Regicide Peace."

God sends great angels to us in our sore distress, but little ones attend us every day of our lives.

Gentlemanliness is just another word for intense humanity.

He that is full of himself is very empty.

Of all man's work a cathedral is greatest. A vast and majestic tree is greater than that.

Real worth requires no interpreter; its every-day deeds form its blazonry.

The greatest man in history was the poorest.

Don't despise a slight wound or a poor relative.

Never write what you dare not sign.

The steps of faith fall on the seeming void, and find the rock beneath.

There is a budding morrow in midnight.

We must strive to make of humanity one single family.

You cannot climb a ladder by pushing others down.

Earth's crammed with heaven
And every common bush afire with God.

SWEET.

Amsterdam.

A hundred thousand rose bushes, ordered by the German Government from a Dutch firm of florists, are to be planted along the Siegfried Line, says Reuter.

HIP HEP-HAW RA.

Along the line, the "Siegfried Line"
The signal's passed—"No pushes!"
The Maginot line's so strong and fine,
Instead, we'll plant rose bushes.

This kindly action on our part
We hope, in certain measure,
Will make our enemies understand
We wish to give them pleasure.

Perhaps as well, if our roses bloom,
We'll send them fine large bunches,
Concealing bombs or poison gas—
Just another of our hunches.

And later on, we see no harm
In planting hawthorn hedges,
For with "hips and haws" we'll prolong the pause,
Whilst breaking more pledges.

What is the name the English give
To our Oxfordian announcer?
Is it Lord Haw-Haw, or Haw-Buck?
A clown? No! just a bouncer.

But then 'tis wise to have Haw-Haws,
And let them strongly bray,
For don't you see our enemies
List to them day by day.

And though they think that they're amused
By simply listening in,
The braying of our "bouncer"
In their minds is subtly percolatin'.

And so you see by each degree,
Of talk, and growing bushes,
We in the end will make them friends,
And stop their wicked rushes.

E.D.O.

LIGHTER SIDE.

HUSBAND (*checking up wife's housekeeping account*): "I can't reconcile this amount of £2."

WIFE: "That was for my new hat."

HUSBAND: "Then it should not be included in the house-keeping account."

WIFE: "Don't be silly. Of course it should. It comes under overhead charges."

* * * *

By an awful mistake, Jock had put half-a-crown into the collection box instead of a penny. He left the church, a broken man.

On the following Sunday he took his seat, and, after a little while the box came round, eventually reaching Jock. Glancing swiftly at the usher, he muttered with a slight cough, "Season."

* * * *

Half-a-dozen times the keen-eyed and enthusiastic look-out of a warship had reported the appearance of aircraft during his watch. Each time the answer he received from the bridge was: "The aircraft you reported was friendly." And he became irritated.

Towards the end of his watch he saw a torpedo speed past the bows of the ship. "Torpedo passing the bows of the ship, sir—a friendly one," he reported.

* * * *

The bachelor's meal was over, and he rang for his butler.

"Jeames," he said, "in my wardrobe there are——"

"Cigars, sir," put in the servant.

"Oh," said the bachelor, somewhat surprised, "how did you find them?"

"Excellent, sir," replied Jeames.

Private Smith, lying on the ground, sighted his rifle and fired.

"Bull," signalled the markers.

The other nine shots missed the target, and the sergeant demanded an explanation.

"A bull and nine misses! How do you account for it?" he exclaimed.

Private Smith rose to the occasion. "Well, they must all have gone through the same hole, sergeant," he replied.

* * * *

She was an old Irishwomen on her way back to Dublin. The Customs man fished out a bottle of whisky from its temporary sanctuary in a voluminous nightdress.

"And what's this?" he demanded.

"Shure, an' it's holy water," said she, clutching for it.

The Customs man pulled out the cork and sniffed. "This is whisky," he said, sternly.

Up went the old woman's hands in amazement. "Glory be. A miracle!" she cried.

* * * *

Dashing into the office in a great flurry, a man panted out: "Quick, the police are after me. Where can I hide?"

"Get in the filing cabinet. Nobody can ever find anything there," said the boss, sarcastically.

* * * *

"Yes, dear," said the first wife, "I heard a noise and got up—and under the bed I saw a man's legs."

"Good heavens, dearest, burglars?" asked wife No. 2.

"No, my husband's. He'd heard the noise, too!"

Young Ikey had brought his first week's wages home with a penny missing. His second week's with twopence short; and now, the third week with threepence missing. Ikey's father could stand it no longer.

"Ikey, my son," he said. "The first week there vos a penny short, and I say nodding. The second week there vos twopence short, and I say nodding. Now there is threepence short . . . Ikey . . . *Who is the woman?*"

* * * *

"That will be a shilling, sir," the barber said.

"A shilling?" echoed the customer. "That's a lot for a shave, isn't it?"

"Well," said the barber, "look at the extra labour nowadays."

"What extra labour?"

"Why, sir, what with the war and business slacking off and income tax going up, people's faces get longer and longer."

* * * *

He had been detained by jovial friends, and, arriving home in the early morning, was wondering how to get upstairs without waking his wife. Suddenly he had a brain wave. Tying the fire-irons round his neck, he began his ascent. "She'll never hear me with all this noise going on," he said happily.

* * * *

An old Harvard instructor used to tell the story of the time Theodore Roosevelt was a student in his class. One day young Roosevelt was rehearsing a poem to be recited for public declamation. He got as far as a line that read: "When Greece, her knees in suppliance bent."

Then he stuck and couldn't go any further. Again he repeated: "When Greece, her knees ——" and still he stuck.

Once more he repeated the four words, when finally the instructor said: "Roosevelt, suppose you grease her knees again, and then perhaps she'll go."

A traffic policeman at busy cross-roads saw an old lady beckon to him. He held up a dozen cars, a lorry, and two taxis to get to her side.

"What is it, madam?" he asked rather impatiently.

The old lady smiled and put her hand on his arm.

"Officer," she said in a soft voice, "I just wanted to tell you that your number is the number of my favourite hymn."

* * * *

He dropped around at a girl's house, and as he ran up the steps he was confronted by her little brother.

SUITOR: "Hi, Billy!"

BILLY: "Hi!"

SUITOR: "Is your sister expecting me?"

BILLY: "Yeah."

SUITOR: "How do you know?"

BILLY: "She's gone out."

* * * *

It was a filthy day. The recruits were "dumb." Private Smith was the dumbest of them all. The sergeant strode up to him. "What was your job in civil life?" he barked.

"Bank clerk," replied Smith.

"I suppose," sneered the sergeant, "you dusted the desks and washed out the ink-wells, and made nice cups of tea for the manager?"

"Oh, no, sir," replied Smith. "We kept an old sergeant for those jobs."

* * * *

"Oh, sir, baby has swallowed a sixpence—what can I do?"

"Here is another. Now leave me in peace."

OLD LADY : "Where did those large rocks come from?"

TIRED GUIDE : "They were brought down by the glaciers."

"But where are the glaciers?"

"They've gone back after more rocks."

* * * *

The gangster—so crooked he couldn't shave with a straight razor—stood near the witness stand, his right hand raised.

"Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?" droned the court clerk.

The gangster felt quite carefree at that particular moment.

"Soitenly," he promised. "I'll try anythin' once!"

* * * *

A party had dined and wined right merrily at the restaurant. At last they asked for the bill.

REVELLER : "Waiter, this is a bit high for four persons."

WAITER : "You must not forget the three under the table, sir."

* * * *

A certain sportsman was playing over a golf course in Scotland, and playing very badly.

"Dear, dear!" he remarked at last, "there canna be worse players than myself!"

"Weel, weel, maybe there are worse players," commented the caddie consolingly, "but they dinna play."

* * * *

FIRST SALESMAN : "I made a lot of friends for the company to-day."

SECOND SALESMAN : "I didn't sell a thing, either."

The bus had to pull up very suddenly; a taxi behind could not stop and gently bumped into it.

The taxi-driver jumped out and, running to the front of the bus, proceeded to tell the driver what he thought of him.

The bus-driver remained silent until the taxi-man had finished; then he leaned out and said, very gently: "I thought you'd be cross!"

* * * *

The recruit had just received the "King's shilling." He inspected it carefully, bounced it on the desk, and remarked, "'Ere, this bob don't ring very well."

"Wot the 'ell d'you expect for a shilling," growled the recruiting officer, "blinkin' peal of bells?"

* * * *

The old soldier had been recalled to the Colours. On the first day he found himself being drilled by an officious young corporal.

"When I call your names spring smartly to attention and answer, 'Here, corporal.'" instructed the N.C.O.

"Palmer." A click of heels and "Here, corporal."

"Banks." "Here, corporal."

"That's the idea," approved the corporal.

"Smith." A weary "Here" was the only reply. "Here what?" snapped the N.C.O.

"Here we are again," sighed the old soldier.

* * * *

GERMAN WOMAN : "Adolf Hitler was a nice little boy."

ENGLISH WOMAN : "Then why the hell did he grow up."

The colonel stormed into the outpost, complaining that he had been fired at all the way up the line by German snipers. Calling his sharpshooters together, he ordered them to eliminate the snipers.

Presently, seeing a movement, a sharpshooter fired, and a German sniper fell to the ground. At nightfall the soldier crept out and brought the dead German in. "That'll teach you to miss our colonel," he said.

* * * *

"There we were!" exclaimed Tommy, "surrounded by Germans . . . trapped, with no ammunition. There was no food, nothing to drink. The rum jar had been smashed by a sniper——"

"Wasn't there any water?" interrupted a listener.

"Course there was," snapped Tommy, "but that wasn't no time to think of cleanliness."

* * * *

Two young Scots soldiers in training in the South of England received news that their father was seriously ill in Glasgow. They decided that one should visit him.

"Wire me when you see how things are," said the other. "And don't forget you can get twelve words on a telegram for ninepence."

Two days later this telegram arrived: "Father died yesterday funeral Monday Rangers three Celtic one."

* * * *

"Suddenly," drawled Rastus as he recounted his war experiences, "de enemy was sho' right on us so dat ah couldn't do nuttin' but drop mah gun and run. After a time ah turns roun' an' ses to ma'sel, 'Rastus, dey ain't followin' no mo'."

"And what did you do?" asked a listener.

"Well, den," replied Rastus, "ah slowed down to a gallop."

An Irishman and a Scotsman went into an hotel for refreshment and they were asked to sign their names and nationality.

The Irishman signed: "Irish—and proud of it."

The Scotsman signed: "Scotch—and fond of it."

* * * *

A shipping company were taking a number of passengers round the world on a trip and the Captain had on board a very tame parrot which was very talkative. Among the passengers was a conjuror and one afternoon he was giving an entertainment to the passengers with some of his tricks, bringing rabbits out of his hat, etc. The parrot was watching him very carefully and just as the conjuror was in the middle of one of his tricks there was a loud explosion which blew the ship to smithereens. The next morning there was a piece of wreckage floating about and on it was sitting the parrot which kept on saying: "What a —— silly trick!"

* * * *

The other evening, in the black-out, a young fellow blundered into an old lady and knocked her down. He helped to pick her up and apologised to her.

She replied "It's all right, but I wish you could tell me which way I was going."

* * * *

The old soldier was recalling his war experiences. "As we got to Wipers——" he began.

"Yeeps," interrupted his wife.

The soldier sighed and started all over again. "As I was saying," he continued, "when we got to Wipers——"

"Yeeps," exclaimed his wife.

He looked at her sympathetically. "Blimy, duck," he sighed. "You haven't 'alf got 'iccups bad!"

A little cream will improve almost any face, says a beauty expert. We prescribe vanishing cream for some faces.

* * * *

A fellow was trying to dodge military service. "I'm afraid my short-sightedness will prevent me from doing any actual fighting," he said.

The M.O. replied, cheerfully: "That's okay, old chap. We've got special trenches for the short-sighted ones. Right up close to the enemy—you just can't miss seeing 'em!"



BRANCHES.

BRISTOL.

The recent abnormal wintry weather added to by the now, alas, all too familiar A.R.P. conditions of life, and the strain they have together imposed upon the mental and physical capacities of us all, have taken a heavy toll of life. Yet another of our highly respected Bristol tenants passed away suddenly during last month—Mr. G. H. Barrett, who took over the Off-Licence at 106 Bath Road, Bristol, about three years ago. Nothing was too much trouble for him, and this quality, added to his own ability, personal charm and directness of purpose to please those he served, gave him a tremendous advantage over competitors, and before long he had built up a sound business from very small beginnings, which stands today as a tribute to his energy and personality.

Although comparatively in the prime of life, Mr. Barrett's service in the last war had not added to his fitness, and for a number of years past he had at intervals to fight against physical ills due to this cause. Our deepest sympathies are extended to Mrs. Barrett and her family in their great loss.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

H.M.S. *Exeter*, the name-ship of Devon's oldest city, arrived home safely and was accorded a tremendous welcome. The officers and ship's company marched through Plymouth and were entertained at the Guildhall to lunch.

Accompanying them were the officers and men of H.M.S. *Ajax*, who also participated in the River Plate victory.

We are particularly proud of the *Exeter* as she was built at Devonport Dockyard and manned from the West Country. The *Ajax* was a Chatham ship, and the city of Plymouth had already entertained them as she arrived a week previously.

The First Lord of the Admiralty (Mr. Winston Churchill), the First Sea Lord (Admiral Sir Dudley Pound) and the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Sir John Simon) were welcomed by our Commander-in-Chief (Admiral Sir M. E. Dunbar-Nasmith, v.c., k.c.b.) to greet the return of the heroes.

Our tenant of the Crown and Anchor Inn, Brixham (Coxswain W. H. H. Mogridge, of the Torbay lifeboat), who has already twice won the bronze medal of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, and once its silver medal, has again been awarded the silver medal. Three bronze medals and five vellums inscribed

with the thanks of the Institution have been awarded to the eight members of the crew, and the coxswain and each member of the crew has been given £3 8s. 6d. These awards are for the rescue, on December 16th, of seven lives from the schooner *Henrietta*, of Truro, which had been driven on a reef in a gale. A tug and a trawler were standing by, but could do nothing to help her. The captain of the schooner thought that no boat could get near, but Coxswain Mogridge took the lifeboat right alongside and in three minutes had rescued the seven men.

Mrs. Williams, the tenant of the Ring of Bells, Antony, has retired and the new tenant is Mr. R. Horrell, who previously held the famous Jamaica Inn on Goss Moors, Bodmin, Cornwall. Our readers may remember the film with Mr. Charles Laughton which was made at the Jamaica Inn.

We wish Mr. and Mrs. Horrell every success at the Ring of Bells.

The Bolton Hotel, Brixham, has recently been transferred from Mr. J. Eathorne to Mr. A. F. Norvall, and visitors will receive a hearty welcome on visiting this popular and picturesque fishing town.

Mr. Eathorne has taken over the Castle Hotel, Torquay, and we offer them both our best wishes.

We much regret to record the death of Mr. N. T. Jenkins at the early age of 22. He was a very popular member of our clerical staff.

He was educated at Plymouth College and had his colours there for cricket, rugby and hockey.

We have lost a valuable servant.

PORTSMOUTH.

The first British Militia detachment to arrive in France was composed of men of the Gloucestershire Regiment. This regiment was raised at Portsmouth in 1694 and later became the 28th North Gloucestershire Regiment of Foot. The aggregate of 115 battle honours held by this regiment is exceeded by only one other

British regiment which gained more than 81 honours in the Great War but had fewer than 24 in 1914. The 28th North Gloucestershire Regiment was amalgamated in 1881 with the 61st South Gloucestershire Regiment to form the present Gloucestershire Regiment of which the Duke of Gloucester was appointed Colonel-in-Chief in 1925. The regiment has the unique privilege of wearing the badge of the Sphinx surrounded by a laurel wreath on the back of the head-dress as well as the front. This commemorates an incident at the Battle of Alexandria in 1801 when the 28th was suddenly attacked in the rear and front. Having no time to form a square the Colonel gave the order, "Rear rank right about face," and the Gloucesters beat off the foe on both sides. At Festubert, during the Great War, the Gloucesters were involved in a similar situation having four German regiments around them. History repeated itself and in spite of the great odds they held their own.

Captain Ralph Beaumont, M.P. for Portsmouth Central, has been appointed a General Staff Officer at the British headquarters of the 38th Division. In recent months he had been stationed at the Army Staff College, Camberley. In consequence of his Army duties Captain Beaumont has resigned his position as Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Postmaster-General. In 1933 he was appointed "P.P.S." as the position is known in the House of Commons, to Sir Ernest Bennett who was the Assistant Postmaster-General. In 1935 Major G. C. Tryon, the present Postmaster-General, invited Captain Beaumont to continue his work with him. Captain Beaumont will continue to fulfil his duties as M.P. for Portsmouth Central.

A presentation of a sideboard was made at Eastleigh Police Station to P.C. G. H. Benham who has recently retired from the Hampshire Constabulary after 20 years' service. The presentation was made by Supt. E. Pragnell who spoke of the many years he had known Mr. Benham and referred to the retiring officer's loyalty to his comrades. They all wished him every happiness in his retirement. P.C. Benham joined the Hants Constabulary in 1914 and shortly afterwards enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps. He was demobilized in 1919 and then resumed his police work. He was stationed at Bournemouth.

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