

VOL. XIV.

MAY, 1940.

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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.

MAY, 1940.

No. 8

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



MR. N. J. CROCKER.

MR. N. J. CROCKER.

The subject of these notes, whose photograph appears in our frontispiece, has the unique distinction of being born on the Firm's property in Fobney Street, within a short distance of the Bottling Stores where he was later destined to begin his employment.

Reared in the very atmosphere of the Brewery, he joined the Bottling Department Staff on the 20th April, 1906. He witnessed the commencement of the great expansion in the volume of beers bottled, before being transferred to the Fermenting Department of the Brewery to work under his father, the late Mr. W. Crocker, whom he succeeded in 1927, when he was placed in charge.

The nature of Mr. Crocker's work cannot be better envisaged than by giving an outline of the interesting phases of the brewing process and the department for which he is responsible. The Fermenting Department houses numerous large receiving vessels, known as tuns, into which flow the worts after the preliminary stages of brewing are finished. From that stage, subject to the instructions of the brewing staff, Mr. Crocker is responsible for the control of the brews during the highly important process of fermentation after which the beers are run into the racking racks and are then in the charge of a separate department.

The delicate nature of yeast, which is actually a living plant and is composed of millions of cells, each contributing to a solid mass, requires the utmost care in cultivation. It has the action of converting the sugar in the wort into alcohol and carbonic gas and other volatile substances which give the finished product a definite character. It is for this reason that the process of fermentation is of the utmost importance in the manufacture of malt liquors, particularly as it is vital that the yeast shall be removed at the right stage. The care and storage of the yeast for further use is also a factor which demands close and unrelaxing attention.

The supervision of the Fermenting Department demands unceasing vigilance, and the great interest which Mr. Crocker shows in all the details of his work has led to his success in maintaining a high standard of efficiency in his Department. It would be difficult to find anyone more meticulous than Mr. Crocker, whose rooms, vessels, mains and fittings are always in a state of the utmost cleanliness.

Mr. Crocker has asked that this opportunity might be taken of conveying his best wishes to all his friends in the Navy, Army and Air Force, wherever they might now be serving, and to whom this journal is regularly posted.

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 TAX ON BEER.

"I am optimistic enough to believe that the vast majority of British people who enjoy a daily ration of beer will continue to do so, and thereby contribute to the successful prosecution of the war," says our Chairman and Managing Director (Mr. F. A. Simonds). "Doubtless, however," he adds, "they will indulge in their traditional privilege of grumbling at the added impost."

A DANGEROUS PRACTICE.

Nothing is more dangerous than to make generalizations about the social and economic conditions of a country through which one has travelled more or less hastily. I often recall the story of an American who made a grand tour of Europe on a plan which allowed 48 hours at the most for each of the great capitals. When he returned to "God's country," a neighbour asked him if he had seen Venice.

"Yes," he replied; "but when we got there they were in the midst of a terrible flood. All the streets were under water and all the people were travelling around in boats, so we didn't stay."—*Lawrence F. Abbott, in "The Crown."*

"OTHER BUSINESS."

"At our Annual General Meeting a resolution was passed under the heading of 'Other business' that the Steward's wages should be increased by 5/- a week. Is this in order?"

(The above is an extract from a letter which reached Headquarters last month), says the *Conservative Clubs Gazette*. In the first place, the item "Other Business" should not appear on the Agenda of a general meeting as it provides an excuse for all sorts of questions to be raised of which members, as a whole, cannot be aware. Every matter to be discussed at such meetings should be

stated on the Agenda. Members then know what is "in the wind"; can weigh-up, in advance, the *pros* and *cons*, and be in their place to vote at the appointed time.

With regard to the specific question of Steward's remuneration. The rules of all affiliated Clubs provide that the management of the Club, and the conduct of its internal affairs, shall be vested in the Committee who are elected, by the members, for this purpose. It is for the Committee, therefore, to determine what wages the Steward should receive and any resolution on this subject, passed at an Annual or Special General Meeting, can only be in the nature of a recommendation. Whether it is acted on, or not, is for the Committee to decide.

" ABSENT FRIENDS."

At a public dinner a man who was a long way down the table would insist on proposing a toast and, though he was not on the toast list, the chairman allowed him to proceed.

" My toast is that of ' Our Absent Friends,' " he said, " coupled with the name of the waiter who has not been near this end of the table all the evening."

CROWN CORKAGE.

It is a well-known fact that some wine waiters in hotels and restaurants endeavour to push the sale of certain brands of wine and keep the corks, upon which they get a rebate from the shipper or supplier, but it was certainly new to us to learn that it was being done with Crown corks from beer, says a writer in *The Crown*, that entertaining little magazine published monthly by The Crown Cork Company, Middlesex. In a Surrey inn a few months before the war the lounge waiter asked the dispenser behind the bar (" barmaid" is a terrible name in our opinion) for a bottle of lager. She gave him the bottle and asked him if he wanted the Crown cork. We became interested and asked her the reason. She told us that for each Crown cork from this particular brand—a foreign beer, by the way—she received a farthing from the traveller, and remarked that it kept her in stockings.

MORE HOWLERS.

Marigold is an Americanism for a gold-digger.
A robot is what we row in while at the seaside.
Tout ensemble is a big gathering of motor-cars.
Laity is the name for hens in general.

COMPARATIVE RANK.

Most soldiers can tell the relation of rank in the A.T.S. to that in the Army. For the benefit of the civilian who cannot, we reproduce it here :—

| <i>Army Rank.</i> | <i>A.T.S.</i> |
|--------------------------|---|
| Private | Volunteer |
| Lance-Corporal | Chief Volunteer |
| Corporal | Sub-Leader |
| Sergeant | Section Leader |
| Company Sergt.-Major | Senior Leader |
| Second Lieutenant | Company Assistant (Platoon Commander) |
| Lieutenant | Junior Commander (2 platoons) |
| Captain | Company Commander (3 to 4 platoons) |
| Major | Senior Commandant |
| Lieut.-Colonel | Chief Commandant (8 to 12 platoons and reception depot) |
| Colonel | Controller |
| Brigadier | Senior Controller |
| Major-General | Chief Controller |
| Lieut.-General | Commandant-in-Chief (H.M. The Queen) |

It is an easy prophecy that, before the end of this war, the number of women between the ages of 18 and 43 who decide to serve their country in the neat uniform of the A.T.S. will greatly exceed the 57,000 of 1918.

The A.T.S. is a democratic body. It is not in the least class-conscious. The wearing of the uniform has much to do with the successful levelling; the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters not only under the skin.

SUGAR IN THE BEER.

A reduction in the quantity of sugar allowed for brewing would have been welcomed by many drinkers in the old days, when a surplus of sugar in beer was one of the chief adulterations against which the authorities had to be on their guard.

A peculiar method was adopted by the official ale-testers for detecting the surplus sugar.

Entering an inn, the tester would call for a glass of ale, pour it over a wooden bench, then sit down in the puddle for half-an-hour, keeping perfectly still. By that time, if there was too much sugar in the ale, his leathern breeches would be stuck fast to the seat—and trouble followed for the publican.

THE SMALL SAVER.

The Budget has raised renewed appeals from speakers of every political denomination for more and more voluntary savings to bridge the gap between revenue and expenditure. Not one has stressed the more personal advantage: that at the end of the war the small saver will have created for himself a small capital which he would never have had otherwise. He will have a financial reserve as well as having helped in no small way to win the war.

90 NOT OUT.

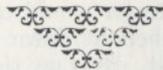
Mr. A. Flatman attained his ninetieth birthday on Primrose Day, April 19th. For many years he was head gamekeeper at Audleys Wood and Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Simonds did not forget their faithful old friend but very thoughtfully sent him a huge iced Birthday Cake suitably inscribed and decorated with primroses; also a bunch of these beautiful blooms gathered from the woods Mr. Flatman knows so well. Mr. Flatman, who now resides with his son in Reading, was greatly touched by Mr. and Mrs. Simonds' kindly thought on this notable and happy occasion.

OUR SPORTS GROUND.

Our sports ground is looking at its best now. The chestnut trees are blooming, a linnets is sitting on her nest, and the grass tennis courts, just opened for play, are in excellent condition. The grounds are a great credit to Mr. Povey, who works so hard to maintain them in first-class condition. And talking of sport, we must not forget the daintily-served teas, which add so greatly to the enjoyment of an afternoon's game. For these we have to thank Miss R. Prosser and Mrs. A. P. Tee for all their hard work in this connection. It is highly appreciated by all concerned.

LEST WE FORGET!

During these distressful days let us not forget that there is one man who, more than any other, worked to prevent this terrible war. And he risked his health and life in the doing of it. His name is Mr. Neville Chamberlain.



THE LATE MRS. LOUIS SIMONDS.

TOUCHING LETTER FROM THE BEREAVED HUSBAND.

Captain L. A. Simonds who, as reported in last month's "Hop Leaf Gazette," lost his wife under such tragic circumstances, was overwhelmed with letters and personal expressions of sympathy which, it is gratifying to know, were a great solace to him in his sorrow. He has sent the following letter of acknowledgment to our worthy Secretary, Mr. E. S. Phipps, and it will touch deeply the hearts of all who read it. The letter is as follows:—

AUDLEYS WOOD,

BASINGSTOKE.

14th April, 1940.

Dear Mr. Phipps,

I have been so deeply touched by your letter and all the letters I have received from many good friends at the Brewery and the Branches, and also by the very lovely flowers that you sent.

In the chaos and anguish of my thoughts at the sudden calling of my dearly beloved wife, I have been greatly heartened by all your words of sympathy, affection and encouragement towards myself and my little daughter who, alas, has lost God's greatest gift to children—a mother's love. As yet, however, she is too small, and for this I am thankful, to appreciate fully the tragedy that has befallen her, and time the great healer will have its way in healing her young mind. To me she will for ever be a living monument to the memory of her dear mother.

As I am shortly returning to France it will be impossible for me to write to everyone individually, so would you be so good as to have this letter published in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, through which medium I know everyone will be reached.

Yours sincerely,

L. A. SIMONDS.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

Mr. A. B. Beasley, whose photograph appeared in our last issue, has a wonderful record of service with the Firm; he can well claim to be one of H. & G. Simonds' stalwarts, especially with a family connection of a century with the Firm. All at Reading wish him well.

'Tis not often our Editor gets caught napping in a matter of this sort, yet on the morning of the 19th April he appeared at The Brewery minus the yellow flower which we associate with this day. Mr. C.H.P. tells of a gentleman when asked whom he thought was the better man (Lord Beaconsfield or Mr. Disraeli) really couldn't say. Well perhaps he wasn't far wrong anyway.

Members of our staff visit us whilst on leave and, of course, they are welcome. We had a visit just recently from Mr. N. H. Lipscombe, who is now a Corporal, and we have no doubt many of our other boys have, and will, receive promotion. In a letter to Mr. C. Bennett during the past month Mr. F. H. Adnams writes as follows:—

"I was highly delighted with THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. Mr. Riden sent me a copy. It was very good of you to put the photograph in . . . and I was amazed at the number of people who saw it, in the Newbury district. You may have noticed I have had the good fortune to get my "gun" and I am now a full Sergeant."

Quite a number of the staff are having their holidays (of last year) and surely a week or so ago they must have had the best weather of the year. There are still some to go yet before this year's holidays are started. I wonder whether the seaside will be as popular this time—I should imagine some places will be having a thin time.

The following members of our staff recently passed their Red Cross examination, viz. :—Mr. S. R. Gray (Correspondence Office) and Messrs. Griffin and Chuter (Delivery Office).

It would seem that our staff will be somewhat smaller in view of the latest "call-up," as I learn of a number who recently registered from the Offices and The Brewery. In consequence the female staff increases in numbers, so when the hockey season is finished—very soon now—we shall find them engaged in playing tennis whenever possible. I believe there is still a hiking contingent. The arrangements for cricket are no doubt being dealt with by our friend Mr. J. W. Jelley. By the way the hockey team have won again.

The quarterly balancing was finished in fairly quick time, reflecting great credit on all concerned. Since then matters have not been so easy for, owing to the upheaval of prices since the budget, there has been a good deal of extra work entailed. However, it is sorting itself out now and before long everything will be running smoothly; at least we all hope so. Two price increases in the space of seven months and on other items besides our chief product—beer—is a bit of a facer. Time will prove how hard we shall be hit but, for the time being, it will be a case of pay and grumble about it at the same time. The day when the duty can be reduced we all hope will come along and perhaps it will be quicker (or it will appear so) if we all "grin and wear it." Now we all know, how many can truthfully say they thought beer was going up again? Precious few I should say.

With Reading still in the cup there does seem a distinct possibility of some extra enthusiasm being aroused and no doubt when we play Birmingham there will be a good gate. However, this War-time League football seems too spasmodic for the liking of the ardent fan and when several weeks elapse (as has happened lately) before a home game is played, gates suffer. Cup ties should put a bit of a kick in it anyway.

Gardening is all the rage amongst a good number at The Brewery. Of course most will be interested in vegetables, but we shall have some flowers as well and the friendly rivalry will still exist amongst some of us. One enthusiast planted a packet of radish seed—each seed separately, and spaced them out quite nicely and said the number of seeds was just 200. I am not doubting his word. Latest information is all the radishes have come up and are doing well.

Since the war particularly, the H. & G. Simonds' Social Club has become a popular place indeed and things there are on the up and up. This fact is very pleasing and no doubt a great deal of the credit must go to Mr. and Mrs. T. Holmes, who have a wide circle of friends on the Brewery and are well liked.

A determined effort is being made to increase the Savings Association at the conclusion of the present circle, which ends towards the end of this month. I believe full particulars appear elsewhere in this issue.

May I take this opportunity to congratulate the writer of the chatty paras. from Tamar Brewery, Devonport, which appeared in the April number.

We very much regret to record the death on April 26th of Mr. Eric Neville, one of the younger members of the Wine and Spirit Department, at the early age of 22. He was of a cheery

nature and a conscientious worker. He will be missed by his colleagues, of whom the following representatives were present at the funeral service at St. Saviour's Church, Reading, viz. :—Messrs. P. Ruffles, H. Aust, A. Tigwell, E. Day and R. Dalton.

Our sincere sympathy is offered to his mother and the family in their sad loss.

We regret to record the passing of a friend, Mr. A. H. Grantham, recently. Although not a member of our staff, he was nevertheless very often at The Brewery in connection with our advertising. He was always cheery and a real good friend of the Firm. All who knew him will be very sorry to hear of his death.

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

The Railway Arms, Wraysbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. E. Camm.

The Sun, Eton (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. G. H. Colwell.

The Feathers, Wraysbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. E. B. Basham.

The Bricklayers Arms, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. H. Sears.

The Plough, Horton, Colnbrook (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. A. E. Wells.

The Travellers Rest, Basingstoke (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. J. G. Todd.

The Bugle, Friar Street, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. G. Hatch.

The Farriers Arms, Spencers Wood (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. O. H. Mabbett.

The Foresters Arms, Woodside, Blackwater (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. B. H. Chatt.

The Carnarvon Arms, Whitway (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. S. J. Franklin.

We regret to record the death of Mrs. A. R. Griffiths of the Desborough Arms, High Wycombe, on Sunday, 28th April, at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London. Mr. Walter Griffiths, husband, was tenant of the Fountain, White Hart Street, High Wycombe, from 1907 until this House closed in 1931. He was then transferred to Desborough Arms in 1931 and died there in January, 1934. The licence was then transferred to Mrs. A. R. Griffiths where she has been until now. Quite a lengthy spell of service.

NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

ARRIVAL OF THE CUCKOOS, SWALLOWS AND SWIFTS.

STOAT'S WINTER COAT.

On Primrose Day, April 19th, I saw, flying over the Thames, a little bird with a chestnut-brown throat and forehead, steely-blue back and very much forked tail. He was uttering a sweet warble and was winging his way hither and thither with the utmost ease and elegance. It was the first swallow I had seen and heard this year. Then I saw another and another and lo, and behold, the swallows had arrived! Though the other migrants arrived to time, so far as my observations go, the swallows were about a week later this year than usual. As to the swifts, some of the latest migrants to arrive in this country, I saw quite a lot of these "arrowheads" on April 30th. Rarely have I seen them previously, until the first week in May. Their arrival generally denotes a spell of warm weather as they are very susceptible to the cold. Swifts do not sing, but scream their way through the air at a terrific pace, thus expressing their rollicking delight.

BIRD WITH BALL-BEARINGS.

Mr. Eric tells me the cuckoo arrived on April 17th. I did not hear this bird till a little later but curiously enough on that same day I heard the *tee tee tee* of the wryneck, known as the cuckoo's mate, but only by reason of the fact that he arrives here about the same time as the cuckoo. The wryneck's plumage is very beautiful, being richly embroidered with mottled brown and black. One would think its neck worked on ball bearings for, without moving its body, you may see the bird still staring you straight in the face when you approach, pass, or are a long way behind it.

HEDGESPARROW BLUE!

Many sand martins are now to be seen flying over the sand pits near our Sports Ground. These pits have undergone great alterations of late and I doubt if many of these birds will nest there

this year. But a hedgesparrow has built its nest close by and the pretty structure was very cunningly concealed in just a bit of a bush. The nest was duly completed and then it contained five brilliantly blue little eggs. Now there are five baby birds. Well do ladies know the meaning of "hedgesparrow blue" when choosing their dainty dresses. As a matter of fact the hedgesparrow is no sparrow at all but a sweet little warbler living an innocent and inoffensive life. The hedgesparrow's song is not unlike that of the wren's, but sweeter and less vociferous.

A BLOOD-THIRSTY LITTLE BEAST.

There is not a more blood-thirsty little beast than the stoat. In very cold regions in the winter the stoat wears a white suit, with the exception of the end of his tail which is always black. During the severe winter we have just experienced here in the south, I doubt not that many stoats assumed their ermine attire. Mr. Eric, with his observant eye, saw one lately with very pronounced white markings. During the summer months you may often see a whole family, perhaps more than one family, hunting together. They look upon a chosen district as their particular "sphere of influence" and woe betide any other stoats who dare to hunt their country. Stoats may sometimes be seen engaging in the most fantastic acrobatic performances. Hares and rabbits become fascinated with the "show." The stoat knows this, approaches nearer and nearer to his onlookers and then, like a streak of lightning, flies at his prey—and there is one more murder in the meads!

The malodorous secretion in the two glands at the root of the stoat's tail, when emitted, hypnotises his victims and you may hear rats and rabbits uttering piteous cries when they know, by this scent, that the stoat is on their trail and they make no attempt at escape from the cruel teeth of the stoat as they fasten into the neck or throat.

THE APHIS.

I suppose that little pest, the aphis, or green-fly, will soon be making his unwelcome appearance in our gardens. No less an

authority than Huxley says that the progeny of a single aphis, if all survived would, in the course of ten generations, "contain more ponderable substance than five hundred millions of stout men; that is more than the whole population of China."

Thank God, they don't all survive!

SPOTTED WOODPECKER COMES TO TOWN.

Though I live right in the town, a lesser spotted woodpecker frequently comes to see me, or perhaps it would be more correct to say, comes for me to see him. He affects the apple trees and regularly climbs the telegraph pole just outside my garden, in search of insects. His peculiar note, *tick tick*, denotes his whereabouts and, with the aid of my field glasses I have some wonderful close-up views of this gay-coloured clever little climber. During the early days of April I often heard the greater spotted woodpecker "drumming"—the sound produced as he hammers away with his powerful bill at a hollow branch. At quite close quarters I have watched this bird while thus at work and the rapidity with which he uses his beak is amazing—something after the style of the electric drills worked on our roads. Draw a stick quickly along some palings and the sound produced is similar to that of the woodpecker's "drumming."

A WEALTH OF BLOOM AND BEAUTY.

The countryside is indeed looking very beautiful now. How quickly it has recovered from the iron grip of winter! The bird choir has been augmented by charming voices from overseas, while the wealth of bloom has rarely been excelled

So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

How fascinating it is to watch the birds building or tending their young. What a work of art is the commonest of our birds' nests, and all the more wonderful when we realize that the only tools at their disposal are their little beaks. There is, among the birds, undiluted joy and bliss at this season of the year and at every turn

you come across ever-changeful scenes, all rich and rare in their beauty.

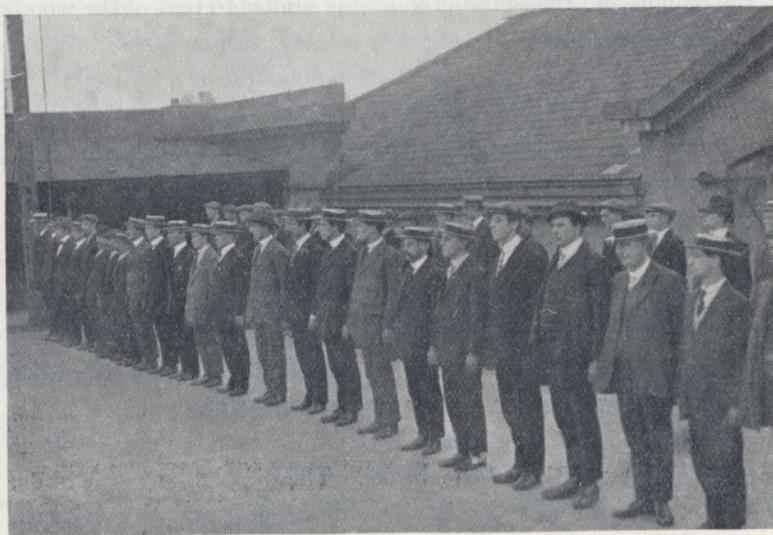
I love to see the goldfinch pluck
The groundsel's feathered seed ;
And then, in bower of apple blossoms perched,
Trim his gay suit and pay us with a song.
I would not hold him prisoner for the world.

UNUSUAL BIRD VISITOR.

Amongst the birds which have been driven to this country by the severe weather on the Continent are a number of rarities, most interesting of which has been the great grey shrike, a handsome grey, black and white relative of the familiar butcher bird or red-backed shrike of the Home Counties hedgerows in summer.

A visitor to the edge of London was watched by a special field-meeting of the British Empire Naturalists' Association, whose headquarters have instituted a war-time scheme for bird-watching and recording of rarities.

The grey butcher bird spends most of its time hunting mice, beetles, and small birds from a vantage post of some exposed twig or other perch. It nests in Germany and other parts of Northern and Central Europe.



The Old Brigade at the Brewery—a reminder of the last war.

PATRIOT WITH A BEER-GLASS.

(From the "Daily Sketch.")

A few days' observation since Sir John Simon opened his Budget has established one fact which is always astonishing when we have a new revelation of it, though experience should have taught us to expect it. It is the happy stoicism of the beer-drinker under all assaults.

He it is whom all Chancellors of the Exchequer elect as their first victim whenever they find themselves in a tight corner. So it was in 1914, in the first War Budget, when Mr. Lloyd George, explaining his new impost, said something to the effect that he knew the noble community which it affected would take it in good part.

That noble community did. It has indeed never revolted against the burdens placed on its shoulders, save when, after the Crisis Budget of 1931, it reduced its consumption to a point at which the increased tax was defeating its own purpose.

This was partly due to the fact that money was short throughout the country anyway, but partly also to the fact that the noble community, which has a mind of its own, did not consider that this was the best way of dealing with the emergency.

To-day it does not take that view. It may be forced to reduce its consumption by the sheer need for economy. *But it obviously does not resent the additional tax as an injustice. It is happy enough to contribute what it can.*

And there is a good reason for that. A good deal of the enduring life of our country has been built up round the places in which the noble community holds its meetings. Here, with talk and song and good comradeship, with darts and shove-ha'penny and devil-among-the-tailors, the spirit has been maintained which makes our people go into war as friends who know and trust one another.

Waterloo was not won only on the playing-fields of Eton. The tap-room of the Red Cow had a good deal to do with it as well, and it was represented in a good many other battles.

So let us give the noble community its due for its patience and good humour. Not all of us drink beer, and whether we do or not is a matter of taste about which there can be no dispute. But even those of us who do not ought to lift a glass of something, even if it should be only barley-water, to the beer-drinker, who pays his taxes with so little complaint.

"NAAFI"—No. 2—THE ARMY.

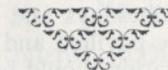
Army of Britain—of Empire too,
 Ready again to see the job through,
 Firm in your ideals of what constitutes liberty,
 Hating the creed of lies and perfidy,
 Young as you are in both body and spirit,
 Knowing truth and honesty is the best merit.
 Sons of your fathers who fought years ago,
 Your turn has come lads, and onward you go,
 Classes by classes, are called to the colours,
 Each of you ready, and all of you brothers.
 What need at all to doubt the great test,
 'Twill come at last and you'll give of your best,
 Shoulder to shoulder with France in the line,
 Bravest of comrades, their sentiments thine.
 Epic indeed will the victory be,
 Lucky are you who will make the world free
 From base aggression ; helping small plundered nations,
 Smashing the yoke of their great tribulations.
 And when you come home again, Comrades in Arms,
 War-hardened warriors, but free from alarms,
 We must all see that you've not fought in vain,
 That the "Hunnish menace" shall ne'er rise again.

E.D.O.

REJECTED.

A Stranger stood at the gates of Hell
 The Devil himself had answered the bell.
 He looked him over from head to toe,
 And said " My friend, I'd like to know
 What you have done in the line of Sin
 To entitle you to come within ? "
 Then Franklin D. with his usual guile
 Stepped forth and flashed his toothly smile ;
 " When I took charge in thirty-three
 A nation's faith was mine " said he.
 " I promised this and I promised that
 And calmed them down with a fire-side chat,
 I spent their money on fishing trips
 And fished from decks of battleships,
 I gave them jobs on P.W.A.
 Then raised their taxes and took it away,
 I raised their wages and closed their shops,
 Killed their pigs and burned their crops,

I double-crossed both old and young
 And still the fools my praises sung.
 I brought back beer and what do you think ?
 I taxed it so high they couldn't drink.
 I furnished money with Government loans,
 When they missed a payment, I took their homes.
 When I wanted to punish the folks, you know,
 I'd put my wife on the radio.
 I paid them to let their farms lie still
 And imported foodstuffs from Brazil.
 I curtailed crops when I felt *real* mean
 And shipped in corn from Argentine.
 When they started to worry, stew and fret
 I'd get them chanting the alphabet,
 With the A.A.A. and N.L.B.,
 W.P.A. and C.C.C.
 With these many units I got their goats,
 And still I crammed it down their throats.
 My workers worked with the speed of snails
 While taxpayers chewed their finger-nails.
 When the organizers needed dough
 I closed the plant for the C.I.O.
 I ruined jobs, I ruined health
 And put the screws on the rich man's wealth.
 And some who couldn't stand the gaff
 Would call on me and how I'd laugh !
 When they got too strong on certain things
 I'd pack and head for old Warm Springs.
 I ruined their country, their homes, and then
 I placed the blame on ' nine old men. ' "
 Now Franklin talked both long and loud
 And the Devil stood and his head he bowed.
 At last he said " Let's make it clear
 You'll have to move—you can't stay here.
 For once you mingle with this old mob
 I'll have to hunt *myself* a job."



CRICKET.

ONLY ONE TEAM THIS YEAR.

The Annual General Meeting of the Cricket Club was held at the Social Club on Monday, 22nd April, under the chairmanship of Mr. A. G. Rider.

On account of the number of our regular players already serving with the colours and the anticipated "call ups" following in quick succession throughout the summer it was thought advisable to run one team only this year. Another important decision was to play as many matches as possible on our Sports Ground.

The season will start off with a trial match between two teams chosen from the Brewery. It will be good practice for the players and give the Selection Committee—Messrs. E. G. Crutchley, F. W. Clark, G. Kelly and J. B. Doe—an insight into the strength that can be called upon.

It will be recalled that last summer the pressure of business was so great that some departments were unable to raise a team and several inter-departmental games were cancelled, consequently, the competition was not finished. The cup, therefore, will not be awarded for season 1939. It was felt that it would be impossible for the various departments to raise teams to play regular matches in this tourney and it was, very reluctantly, decided to suspend these games this year.

With reference to Sunday cricket, six matches were played last year; a number had to be cancelled owing to the political situation in the autumn. Five of these games were played on our own ground and the other at Weybridge. This last game was an all-day match against our old friends "Turquandia." Commander Dawson was responsible for the Sunday team and it may be interesting to note that not less than 27 players participated in these six games. Here again it was decided to suspend these games this season, although any special applications will be considered by the Committee.

Practice nights this year will be on Tuesdays and Thursdays instead of Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Of course, the tackle will be stored in the pavilion and will be available on other nights if required. Application should be made to the groundsman for use on these extra nights. Mr. Povey will be responsible for the cricket tackle this year and the Committee hope that our

players will give him every assistance, by not leaving the tackle lying around loose.

Should there be sufficient interest shown in practice to warrant it, endeavours will be made to secure the services of a Cricket Coach for a number of evenings.

We are pleased to say that the Ladies' Committee announce that they will again be able to refresh the inner man with teas. Their services were much appreciated last season by our own team and the visitors, and this belated expression of thanks is now given to them for their very kind services. The Social Club has been registered as a catering concern and there should be no difficulty in procuring the necessary commodities.

The following gentlemen were elected as the officers of the club for the ensuing season:—

Captain—Mr. E. G. Crutchley.

Vice-Captain—Mr. F. W. Clark.

Umpire—Mr. W. Sparks.

Scorer—Mr. J. Cholwill.

Committee—Messrs. F. J. Benham, J. J. Cardwell, J. B. Doe, G. Kelly, A. G. Rider, W. Sparks, J. H. Wadhams and W. Whitmore.

Hon. Sec. and Treasurer—Mr. J. W. Jelley.

Asst. Hon. Sec.—Mr. W. A. Brown.

There being only one team this year it was considered advisable to suspend the rule relating to two "B" representatives being chosen.

Reports of last season's games appeared in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. Here is a summary of those games:—

"A" Team. Played 10. Won 4. Lost 5. Tied 1.

"B" Team. Played 11. Won 1. Lost 10.

The averages for the season show the leaders of the "A" and "B" teams batting and bowling to be respectively:—

Batting "A" Team—Mr. W. G. Neville average 26.00

"B" " " —Mr. P. E. Hammond " 13.28

Bowling "A" Team—Mr. A. V. Hedgington " 7.26

"B" " " —Mr. T. Iremonger " 7

Congratulations are offered to Mr. Neville on winning the Louis Simonds' Challenge Cup for the best batting average for last season. He also had the honour of making the highest score, viz., 39 not out, in our regular Saturday games.

No averages will be published in respect to the Sunday games, owing to the large number of players in the six matches. There were several good scores made, however, the best being by Mr. J. Davis.

Given fine Saturdays it is hoped that many pleasant games will be enjoyed during the summer.

J.W.J.

SHOOTING HOMILIES.

(From *The Crown*.)

If a Sportsman true you'd be,
Listen carefully to me :—
Never, never, let your gun,
Pointed be at any one :
That it may unloaded be
Matters not the least to me.

When a hedge or fence you cross,
Though of time it cause a loss,
From your gun the cartridge take,
For the greater safety's sake.

If twixt you and neighbouring gun
Bird may fly or beast may run,
Let this maxim e'er be thine :
"Follow not across the line."

Stops and beaters, oft unseen
Lurk behind some leafy screen :
Calm and steady always be—
"Never shoot where you can't see."

Keep your place and silent be ;
Game can hear and game can see.
Don't be greedy. Better spared
Is a pheasant than one shared.

You may kill or you may miss,
But at all times think of this—
"All the pheasants ever bred
Won't repay for one man dead."

EXETER.

To Devonshire my thoughts I send ;
At Ilfracombe I'd be :
Or Dawlish, where the long trains' wend
Thro' tunnels by the sea.

But chiefly ancient Exeter
Comes clearly to my mind ;
Perhaps (I guess) because of her
I've memories so kind.

I see a city famed and fair ;
—A road that climbs a hill ;
—Old stately trees—the oak—the pear
And houses older still.

Escaped awhile I seem, from deeds
And thoughts that harm or vex,
To walk upon a path that leads
Beside the river Exe.

Where, with a boy's elated zest,
Those passing trains I hear,
As, facing gaily t'wards the west,
I head for Countess weir.

Until at length about I turn
(Not wholly hunger-proof)
And in the distance dim discern
The grey cathedral roof.

S. E. COLLINS.

NATIONAL SAVINGS MOVEMENT.

OUR DIRECTORS' GENEROUS GESTURE.

The scheme at present in operation is one whereby the member purchases Savings Certificates by 30 weekly instalments of 6d. per certificate for every certificate taken up ; e.g. 10 certificates—weekly contribution, 5/-.

Certificates are purchased weekly, according to the amount of money collected, and these are balloted for.

It has now been decided to transfer into what is known as Scheme 6, whereby the Firm purchases at the commencement of the period a block of certificates to cover the total requirements of those contributing for the 30 weeks. Interest on all certificates commences on date of issue and a ballot is not needed.

Purchasers benefit in that interest starts from the date of their first contribution, but the Firm will have to forego interest on the amount expended. At the present rate of membership a sum of approximately £250 would be involved.

This is a very generous gesture on the part of our Directors and it is up to the employees to show their appreciation of it by the prompt purchase of a greatly increased number of certificates.

We wish to draw the attention of all employees to the urgency of purchasing Savings Certificates, and as our Board of Directors have sanctioned the operation of this new scheme, it is hoped that this will encourage present members to increase their savings and also to bring about an increase in membership.

Savings Certificates are the best investment possible at the present time.

Mr. A. H. Hopkins, Secretary (Correspondence Office), will be pleased to answer any enquiries.

SLOGAN COMPETITION.

Although slogans appropriate for use in our advertisements in "The Sporting Life" in connection with The Derby and The Oaks at Newbury were not selected from the suggestions received, we have decided to award the prize of £1 to Mr. W. Wheeler, who submitted the following :

TWO WINNERS

BRED AND TRAINED BY OWNERS

SIMONDS "S.B." PALE ALE

SIMONDS MILK STOUT

NO NEED TO WAIT FOR

THE "ALL RIGHT"

Have a Simonds "S.B." Pale Ale.

These slogans will be used in our advertisements for other racing events.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

Not everybody goes to the seaside for a holiday. Some prefer the heart of the country, "far from the madding crowd." They love to see the placid cattle grazing, and the sheep in the paddocks, to rest body and spirit in the sweet, breathing stillness, to walk through the woods.

Some love best the mountains. On a hilltop they feel that life has taken a new lease, that every breath is pure delight, and when the mists roll away and the land stretches to far horizons, they feel that life has widened, too, and that they could almost take flight like a bird, so free is the spirit within them.

I love the hilltop. If the day is clear, and the visibility perfect, there is a sense of exhilaration up there—especially if one is alone or accompanied only by a dear friend—which one can get nowhere else.

Our Lord sought the hilltops. His greatest discourse is called The Sermon on the Mount. It was on a hilltop He was transfigured before three of His disciples. And still to the reverent mind and heart, the hilltop may be a time of exaltation, of nearness to God; the place where the "still, small voice" is heard.

IF YOU ARE WELL BRED—

You will be kind.

You will try to make others happy.

You will never indulge in ill-natured gossip.

You will never forget the respect due to age.

You will not swagger or boast of your achievements.

You will be scrupulous in your regard for the rights of others.

You will not forget engagements, promises, obligations of any kind.

You will not think good intentions compensate for rude or gruff manners.

You will be as agreeable to your social inferiors as to your equals and superiors.

You will not have two sets of manners—one for company and one for home use.

You will not attract attention by either your loud talk or laughter, or show your egotism by trying to monopolise conversation.

You will never, in any circumstances, cause pain to another if you can help it.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The difficult is that which can be done immediately, the impossible takes a little longer.

It is hard to believe long together that anything is worth while unless there is some eye to kindle in common with our own, some brief word uttered now and then to imply that what is infinitely precious to us is precious alike to another mind.

It is the monotony of his own nature that makes solitude intolerable to a man.

Man is not a piece of clay to be moulded, but a plant to be cultivated.

Nature is commanded by obeying her.

Our patience will achieve more than our force.

Real worth floats not with people's fancies, no more than a rock in the sea rises and falls with the tide.

Repose is as necessary in conversation as in a picture.

Striking manners are bad manners.

The creed of the true saint is to make the best of life, and make the most of it.

The most certain sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness.

THE SHY PERSON.

If there is one person who really is misunderstood, it is the shy person.

Shy people are so often thought rude, unfeeling, selfish. Actually they are usually intensely unselfish, because they have a much greater opinion of other people than of themselves. Their shyness is due, in most cases, to a sort of super-sensitiveness, which makes any rebuff intensely painful.

Equally, this sensitiveness can be the sign of a great depth of emotion and appreciation.

So do, please, let us be gentle with the shy person. Let us take the trouble to cultivate his or her friendship. It will be more loyal, very often, than that of a self-assertive nature.

PETER.

Through life's long journey you meet plenty of pals,
Some of them steadfast and true ;
There are others you cannot speak of the same,
They have proven unfaithful to you.

I will tell you now of a pal that I had,
The best you could e'er wish to meet ;
I met him one night when making a call
At a shop in a Reading back street.

I invited him home to supper that night,
I was struck by his manner and ways,
Not having a permanent home at the time
He stopped till the end of his days.

He is gone now, old fellow, his mission well done,
He proved faithful and true to the end ;
You know how it feels when for ever you part
From your very best pal and old friend.

He was never conceited, vainglorious or dull,
Or acted the part of a snob ;
You ask me the reason—I will tell you straight now—
It was because he was only a dog.

PRESENTATION TO MR. AND MRS. W. MOORE.



Mr. & Mrs. Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Moore, who have retired from The Bugle, Friar Street, Reading, were recently presented by their friends and customers with an armchair and handbag respectively. Mr. and Mrs. Moore have been tenants of The Bugle for 17 years, and have also held licences under Messrs. H. & G. Simonds at The Jolly Anglers and The Brewer's Arms. They are retiring on account of ill-health, and are at present staying with their son, Mr. Harold Bevin, at The Carpenter's Arms, Orts Road, Reading.

Mrs. Moore, whose many fine qualities of heart and mind have endeared to all who know her, was the first Secretary of the local Branch of the Ladies' Licensed Victuallers Protection Society, a Society which, under the direction of Mrs. Smart, is still going strong.

LIGHTER SIDE.

A sailor, ashore after a long spell at sea, got very drunk, and in the black-out fell into a horse-trough.

Hearing his splutterings, an air raid warden rushed up and flashed his torch in the sailor's face.

Jack blinked for a few seconds, then a happy grin spread over his face.

"Ah," he gasped, "the lights of Dover at last!"

* * * *

"Whatever trouble Adam had,
No man in days of yore
Could say when he had told a joke:
'I've heard that one before.'"

* * * *

CLERK AT HIGHGATE: "Would you like to pay anything off these arrears?"

DEFENDANT: "I'd love to, but we can't all do everything we want. We must make some sacrifices in wartime."

* * * *

Business had been so bad that when Isaac had overdrawn his account at the bank the manager requested him to call. He was shown into the office.

"Good morning," he said. "You vos vanting to see me?"

"Very much so," replied the manager. "I see you have inadvertently been allowed to overdraw your account. I gave no authority for that, and I shall thank you to put me in funds at once."

"Indeet," said Isaac. "Vos you ever in the soup bithneth?"

"No," answered the manager.

"Vel—you are now," retorted Isaac.

* * * *

A Scotsman started to swim the Channel and when he had got three parts of the way over saw some people on the other side waving flags. So he turned round and swam back. When asked the reason, he said he thought they were holding a *flag day* over there.

* * * *

"It appears to be your record," said the judge, "that you have already been before this court fifteen times!"

"I guess that's right, your honour," answered the tramp; "none of us are perfect."

* * * *

The recruit was on night guard in the horse lines. At midnight the sergeant went round to see if all was well, but could see nothing of the guard.

"Hey," shouted the sergeant, "who's on guard here?"

A sleepy-looking figure crept silently from behind some corn sacks.

"What are you doing?" asked the sergeant.

"Marching around," said the recruit.

"Without boots!" said the sergeant.

"I took 'em off so I shouldn't wake the horses."

* * * *

"Mavis danced last night with a young Frenchman who cannot speak English."

"How quaint!"

"Very! This morning she studied a French dictionary and to-night she is going to slap his face."

* * * *

"When I was introduced to your wife the other day, I was sorry to discover that she is rather deaf."

"Rather deaf? Do you know, old boy, we once lived close to a gasworks, and one night a huge gasometer exploded!"

"Good gracious; I'll bet your wife heard that!"

"Yes, she did. She turned over restlessly in bed and grunted anxiously: 'John, you'll have to get something for that cough!'"

* * * *

HE: "I don't see why this tandem should seem so hard to pedal."

SHE: "Well, the only thing I don't like, dear, is the way these foot-rests keep moving up and down."

* * * *

"Sir, the tailor has been with his bill."

"I hope you said that I had gone to Honolulu?"

"Yes, sir, and to make it more plausible I said you would not be back until after lunch."

* * * *

"What made you think that the prisoner was under the influence of drink?" asked the magistrate.

"Well, sir," replied the constable, "he put twopence through the letter-box, rang the front door bell, put an empty milk bottle to his ear and said, 'No reply.' Then he went to sleep on the doorstep."

* * * *

Most phrenologists, one of them tells us, would dearly like the opportunity of reading Hitler's bumps. Those of us who are not phrenologists, on the other hand, would rather like the opportunity of giving him a few more.

* * * *

Young George was being shown round the House of Commons by his father.

"Who is that?" he whispered, pointing to an officer.

"That's a visiting Army chaplain," answered Daddy.

"And does he pray for the Members?"

"No, my son. When he goes into the House he looks round at the Members, then he prays for the country."

* * * *

Two magistrates were summoned for exceeding the speed limit. When they arrived at court there were no other magistrates present, so they decided to try each other.

No. 1 went on the Bench and No. 2 in the witness box.

"You are charged with exceeding the speed limit. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, your Worship."

"You will be fined five shillings."

They then changed places and again the plea was "guilty."

"Hmm," was the response. "These cases are becoming far too common. This is the second we have had this morning. You will be fined thirty shillings!"

"Yes," said the Dear Old Lady, "wasn't it clever of those Russians to save all our brave British sailors from the German ship *Altmark*?"

"But," remonstrated her nephew, "it wasn't the Russians, but——"

"Oh, yes," said the Dear Old Lady, "the B.B.C. announcer distinctly said they had been rescued by the Cossacks!"

* * * *

Extract from an advance copy of the Fuehrer's speech which he is to deliver in London next autumn:—

"My people, England and Ireland having been placed under German protection; Mr. Roosevelt having offered me America as a colony; Hermann Goering having become Tsar of all the Russias and Joseph Goebbels having been elected Pope—I have no further territorial claims to make—in *this world*!"

* * * *

A taxi, proceeding merrily along the Strand with two very merry A.B.s inside, was stopped by a police constable.

P.C.: "Why are you running your cab with passengers without the flag lowered?"

TAXI DRIVER: "Well, it's like this, gov'nor. I pick this party up at Waterloo, and as soon as I dropped the flag one sailor said: 'Who the 'ell's dead in this taxi?' and I says: 'Nobody mate.' So he says: 'Then why the flag at half-mast? . . . You put that flag up. Can't you see the Admiral's aboard—keep the flag flying!'"

* * * *

It was the week before the final examinations, and the teacher impressed upon the high school class of boys that the intervening time should be used to prepare for the tests.

"The examination papers are now in the hands of the printer," said the teacher, wishing to emphasize the nearness of the event. "Are there any questions?"

There was silence for a moment, then a voice from the rear asked quietly: "Who's the printer?"

* * * *

"How's the razor, sir?" asked the barber, beaming on his customer.

CUSTOMER: "Like a fretsaw."

* * * *

An old soldier was sent down the line to take a prisoner, from whom it was thought to receive valuable information. On arriving at the depot to report, he was asked: "Where is your prisoner?" and replied, "Well, he told me about his wife and six children."

"So, you sentimental old fool," exclaimed the C.O., "I suppose you let him go!"

"No, sir," said the old soldier, "I thought of my trouble and strife at home, so I shot him."

* * * *

Privates Higgins and McGinty had a heated argument, and decided that the only way to settle the matter was to fight it out.

Before starting the scrap it was agreed that when either of them had had enough, he was to shout out "Sufficient."

Hammer and tongs they went at each other for nearly a quarter of an hour. Eventually, Higgins yelled "Sufficient."

"Begorra," gasped McGinty, "I've been trying to remember that word for ten minutes!"

* * * *

It was a very warm day, and the sergeant was fed-up trying to drill his men.

"I don't know what to do with you," he exclaimed, wiping his brow.

"There are some trees over there," said one recruit hopefully.

"I know," answered the sergeant, "but I haven't any blinking rope!"

* * * *

He was a very clumsy waiter and spilled some soup down a customer's back.

"Have a care man," protested the diner, "you've spilled about a pint of soup over me."

"That's quite all right, sir," replied the waiter. "There'll be no charge for the extra soup."

* * * *

"Is your wife a good housekeeper?"

"I'll say she is! Why, in five minutes she can clean up my room so well it takes me five days to find everything again."

* * * *

A music-loving soldier was purchasing records for a camp concert with his pal.

JACK : " How many more do you want ? "

JIM : " I only want ' The Blue Danube,' ' The Holy City ' and ' Vienna Woods ' now."

JACK : " Blimey ! Are you in league with Hitler or are you starting a ' grab ' on your own ? "

* * * *

The man in the queue for the matinee felt someone touching his back. Turning round he saw a girl about to leave the queue.

" I'm going across the road to get some cigarettes," she said.

" Well, that doesn't interest me," said the man.

" I know," was the reply, " but I've put a chalk mark on your back in case I forget my place ! "

* * * *

As the tall, stalwart young man entered the club-room he received a hearty greeting from most of those present.

" He seems very popular," a visitor remarked to the member who was entertaining him. " Is he one of your prominent sportsmen ? "

" Oh, no ; but he distinguished himself the other day when the circus was here. The tiger escaped and that young man— "

" Saved someone's life ? " interrupted the visitor, eyeing the hero admiringly.

" No ; when everybody else was screaming and rushing about to escape, he walked coolly into the tiger's cage and shut himself in."

* * * *

LAWYER : " Well, if you want my honest opinion —."

CLIENT : " No, I want your professional advice."

* * * *

SCHOOLMISTRESS : " What commandment did Eve break when she ate the apple ? "

PUPIL : " Please, miss, there weren't no commandments those days."

BRANCHES.

CIRENCESTER.

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

The Seven Tuns, Chedworth—Mrs. E. L. Pinchin.

The Shepherds' Arms (Off-Licence), Coates—Mr. A. H. Mustoe.

The Royal Foresters' Arms, Cheltenham—Mr. A. H. Andrews.

We regret to record the deaths of Miss Georgina Lawrence, of the Shepherds' Arms (Off-licence), Coates, and Mr. A. Pinchin, of the Seven Tuns Inn, Chedworth.

Miss Lawrence, who died on February 1st in her 82nd year, was born at the off-licence premises known as the Shepherds' Arms, and lived there all her life, succeeding her grandmother both as the licence holder and as proprietor of the general store business attached. She retained her faculties in a remarkable degree, and at the age of 79 was still able to do all her own work. Miss Lawrence will be greatly missed by a wide circle of friends, by whom she was held in high esteem and respect.

Mr. A. Pinchin died on December 17th, 1939, and was landlord of the Seven Tuns Inn, Chedworth, for just over ten years. He was of a quiet and genial disposition, and was greatly respected by all who knew him, and will be sadly missed by many friends in this district.

One of our customers told us recently that when travelling between Budapest and Vienna, his companion in the train opened a despatch case in which were about 400 labels from beer bottles. When asked if he had sampled all of them he said " Yes, I've sampled all of them," and when asked which was the best, replied " Simonds of Reading."

The South Cerney Players, following their successful production of last year, " The Farmer's Wife," gave three short plays— " Plowdens Acre " by Stuart Ready, " Five at the George " by Stuart Ready, and " Women will Gossip " by C. M. A. Peake—on the 16th and 17th February last, and despite very bad weather, the house was full on both nights. Mrs. J. M. Mordaunt of Ashton Keynes, again kindly gave her services as producer. It is, perhaps, interesting to note that the players obtained valuable assistance

from the Company—Capt. E. T. Cripps, our Chairman, being stage manager, Mr. W. Griffith, a member of the Building Staff, assistant stage manager. Mr. W. P. Cripps, the Company's Secretary, as also Mr. C. Stephens of the Wine and Spirit Department, took leading parts, and Mr. E. H. Kelly again kindly acted as perruquier.

This amateur dramatic society has been running for some years, and it is hoped will be able to put on a show again next season. The proceeds of the performance this year were used for the purchase of wool for working parties and also for the Red Cross Fund.

BRIGHTON.

IMPERIAL THEATRE, BRIGHTON.

Brighton's new theatre opened its doors to the public on the 9th April last, when a crowded audience gave an enthusiastic welcome to its initial show "Top Hat and Tails."

The Mayor of Brighton, Councillor J. Talbot Nanson, J.P., performed the opening ceremony. In a brief speech he said he was proud to make the first public appearance on the stage of Brighton's new and most beautiful theatre. He thanked Mr. Jack Buchanan and those associated with him for adding to Brighton's many and varied attractions and wished them the best possible luck.

The theatre is modern in every way. The interior impresses one with its stateliness and dignity and is entirely free from the crudeness and boldness of ultra-modern designs. Its beauty will be enduring. Starfish, sea-shells, sea-horses and other marine creatures figure in the decorations. Marine motifs are used for the murals painted by Mr. Louis Ososki. Beige carpets symbolize sand. Curtains and upholstery are in pale jade, greens, gold and vermilion to represent the changing effects of sea and sky.

There are four spacious and elaborate bars where Simonds' celebrated ales and stouts, etc., are obtainable.

BRISTOL.

The tragic news of the death of Mrs. L. A. Simonds touched every heart at Jacob Street, and beyond; and though words are but poor comfort at so sad a time, the knowledge that personal grief is deeply shared by so many others must at least, even in the darkest hour, bring some measure of consolation to the bereaved and give an invisible yet indissoluble bond of sympathy and support to enable them to carry on amid much which we cannot understand—to "the end of the road."

May He in Whose hands all our destinies lie, send to those who mourn, with us, for the passing of a gracious lady, so truly loved by all who knew her, His most blessed gift of consolation in their sorrow and strength in their hour of need.

THE HOP LEAF (BRISTOL) DART LEAGUE.

The necessarily restricted activities of the above competition over the past half year have now been brought to a successful conclusion—the League Championship Shield being won by the Three Tuns, Easton Road, one of the most sporting teams in the city. Mine host "Pa" Harris, has truly "fathered" his boys, and their success is no surprise—consistent effort of their quality is bound to win recognition, if it is sustained.

Strange how the "Threes" have it! In 1937, '38 and '39 the Three Horse Shoes were champions—just three years. Now another of the same ilk will have their name on this handsome trophy.

A Knock-out Cup competition is being carried out, and next month we hope to give a review of the results, together with a completed league table—if "Pa" Harris, who is the League Secretary, will oblige.

CHANGES OF TENANCIES.

A number of licences have changed hands during the past few weeks and, despite war conditions, the "new blood" is putting in first class work to plant the Hop Leaf flag still more firmly in our land. We congratulate them on their enthusiasm and wish them increased success in their "Till" for Victory campaign:

The Pilot, Hotwells, Bristol—Mr. H. Byrd.
 The Talbot Hotel, Bath—Mr. R. S. Demmery.
 The Knowle Hotel, Bristol—Mr. C. J. Hodges.
 Off Licence, 32 Green Street, Bristol—Mr. G. W. Gooding.
 The Mason's Arms, Bath—Mr. R. J. Chittenden.
 The Red Lion, Bath—Mr. W. A. McClurg.
 The Golden Bowl, Bristol—Mr. H. J. Fry.
 The Wheatsheaf, Winterbourne—Mr. A. J. Rawlings.
 Off Licence, 106 Bath Road, Bristol—Mrs. W. M. Baigent.

CHELTENHAM RACES.

Under rather difficult circumstances, war time and weather, we again had the privilege of supplying meetings during March (National Hunt) and April with all beers, and even if pre-war numbers were not in attendance, the boys (and girls) in khaki found Prestwick Park a source of great pleasure and, we hope, profit, as they relaxed from duty and moved in and out of the various enclosures, set amid surroundings so enchanting to the eye. Many representatives of the Royal Navy and our "Kings of the Air" were also to be seen among the colourful crowds, while "Blenheims" roared overhead to remind us that even in so fair a spot peace was but illusionary and could be assured only by such weapons of war—in 1940.

The caterers, our good friends Messrs. Letheby & Christopher, Ltd., had a trying time at each meeting and will not soon forget their Cheltenham troubles of this year, but valiant staff work won through each day, despite the many difficulties, while the help they gave us was as ungrudging and sincere, as it always is. This made our task an easy one in comparison.

"S.B." was in great demand, when weather conditions enabled racing to take place, and both general public and regulars were loud in their praises of this famous brew.

Maybe the Autumn meetings will be in happier circumstances for us all? We pray it may be so!

WOKING.

WOKING AND DISTRICT CLUB STEWARDS ASSOCIATION.

The thirteenth annual dinner of the Woking and District Club Stewards Association was held at the Woking Railway Athletic Club on Wednesday, 27th March, twenty-one clubs being represented. The company numbered 82 and a most enjoyable evening was spent—an excellent dinner being provided by Messrs. Wades of Chertsey, followed by a cheery concert by Mr. Claude Sutton's Concert Party.

Mr. A. E. Wake presided, supported by Mr. C. Austin (Chairman of the Association), Mr. T. Loughnane (Hon. Secretary), Mr. J. Holloway and Mr. S. Wareham.

Mr. Wake, proposing the toast of the Association said, during his speech, that their organisation was unique of its kind, having no axe to grind only that of good fellowship, and it was on this one occasion during the year that members could all meet together and enjoy the service they gave so liberally to others. Stewards, he said, had very important duties to perform—they had to combine the qualities of a first class publican and host with that of a good diplomat, and be a mine of information on subjects ranging from blitzkreigs to beer. They had to be well acquainted with the hundred-and-one intricacies of Club Law and to take no small part in keeping their particular club from the numerous pitfalls which lay open. In these anxious and trying days he said, they had it in their power to make their club a haven of cheerfulness where members could forget for a time the many irritations that were the result of the machinations of Hitler and his gang. Mr. Wake congratulated the Association on holding the annual dinner in the face of so many restrictions and said that it was such evenings as this that helped one to overcome the black-out blues. After congratulating the Stewards on the part they had played in enabling the Police to give such a uniformly good report at the Annual Licensing Session, he concluded by asking all those present to pause for a moment to remember those absent friends who were serving with H.M. Forces and to wish them a safe and speedy return.

Mr. C. Austin responding to the toast, paid tribute to Mr. Loughnane and Mr. Holloway in organising the dinner. He had received a letter from Mr. A. Bennett (President of the Association) expressing his regret at his inability to be present and expressing his hope of soon renewing his acquaintance with all the members.

The toast of the "Visitors" was proposed by Mr. L. Baxter (Milford W.M.C.) and responded to by Mr. G. W. Ross (Walton W.M.C.) who hoped that the next function would be held without the accompanying black-out.

Mr. Loughnane proposed the toast of the "Chairman"—who was accorded musical honours—and added that he was extremely pleased to see some of the Canadian Active Service Force present as visitors.

Mr. Wake thanked all those present for the very kind manner in which they had received him during the short time he had been in Woking, especially following such very popular gentlemen as Mr. Charles and Mr. Albert Bennett.

It is with great regret and expressions of sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Burrows of the Royal Oak, Addlestone Moor, that we report the death while on active service, of their son, Signalman Royston Walter Burrows, aged 22 years. Signalman Burrows joined the Royal Navy three years ago and was home on leave as recently as March. He was making great strides in his career in the Signalling Branch. The traditional cheeriness of the navy was very evident in Signalman Burrows and his spells of home leave brought added brightness to the Royal Oak. Thus another name has been added to the list of brave men who have gone down fighting while maintaining the right of free peoples to be free.

PEASLAKE BRITISH LEGION CLUB.

A jolly evening was spent at the Peaslake British Legion Club on Saturday, April 13th, when members held their annual supper and concert. The Chair was taken by Capt. F. Farmer, their very popular President, supported by P. W. Harris, Esq. (Secretary), F. G. MacAlister, Esq. (Treasurer) and —. Forest, Esq., J.P.

Mr. Forest, in proposing the toast of the "British Legion," said in the course of his speech that "It was the duty of those members who had not been recalled to the Colours and those who had done their service during the last war, to keep alive the splendid organisation which they had, through many trials, incepted and established. To help, as much as possible, all members of the fighting services while they were away, and to preserve the Legion and its associated club against the time when the lads would return."

Amid an atmosphere of sincerity and enthusiasm a toast was drunk to "The Fighting Forces."

Capt. Farmer proposed the "Visitors," to which Mr. A. E. Wake suitably responded. A lively concert followed, given by the Glow-worms Concert Party—a party composed entirely of members of a detachment of Royal Engineers stationed locally.

Finally, a hearty vote of thanks and appreciation was passed to Mr. Harris for the work he had put in, making the occasion the success that it undoubtedly was.

PORTSMOUTH.

A team of Canadian boxers visiting Portsmouth recently were just beaten by the R.N. and R.M. team. The result of the tournament was 20 to 19 points in favour of the English team. The soldiers who represented the 1st Canadian Division brought with them a good following who gave their favourites plenty of support between the rounds. There were 13 bouts, each of three two-minute rounds, of which the Navy won 7 and the Canadians 6. The Navy started off in smashing style in registering two knock-outs and a third successive victory gave them a lead of six points to three, but then the Canadians pulled up well with two wins and from then on victory went to each team with alternate fights. However, the visitors were unable to get in the lead and their supporters were disappointed when the verdict went against their man in the last contest but one, when a win would have made the scores level.

Portsmouth has lost one of its outstanding personalities, particularly amongst the sporting fraternity, by the death of Mr. John Edwin Mortimer which occurred at his residence Festing Grove, Southsea. Mr. Mortimer had been in failing health since a serious illness two years ago, but his condition did not give rise to anxiety until a month or two back and he had been confined to his bed only a few weeks. Born in Southampton 63 years ago, Mr. Mortimer came to Portsmouth shortly after the Great War. Locally he will be remembered for his close association with boxing and wrestling, and his frequent tournaments at the Connaught Drill Hall were always keenly anticipated by a large section of the community. Mr. Mortimer was a staunch Roman Catholic and for many years had been intimately associated with the Abbey House Orphanage School at Romsey by whom he will be greatly missed.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

Owing to ill-health we are sorry it has been necessary for Mr. F. G. Collis to retire from the Albert Inn, Totnes, after a short tenancy. On his retirement Mr. Collis was presented with a silver-mounted decanter, and Miss Ethel Sach with a gold horseshoe brooch. The presentations were made combined with a very convivial evening. The business has been transferred to Mr. T. R. Fishwick who was for some considerable time connected with the Metropolitan Police. He is an old Totnesian, and we wish Mr. and Mrs. Fishwick every success and happiness in their new undertaking.

Heartly congratulations to Mrs. Blowers on being presented with a son, also to Paymaster-Lieut.-Commander A. F. Blowers, R.N., as the happy father. It will be remembered that Paymaster-Lieut.-Commander Blowers was one of the rescued from the *Royal Oak* after some long time in the water. And so Mr. W. F. McIntyre is "grandfather" twice. All good wishes.

Mr. E. L. Morgan just recently came in with an extra smile on his face, the fact being that his wife had presented him with a daughter. Both Mrs. Morgan and the baby are doing well and we wish them all good health. Mr. Morgan is of our Surveyor's department.

The Stag's Head Inn, Barnstaple, was transferred on April 25th from Mr. A. W. J. Allen to Mr. G. A. J. Cheesley. Mr. Allen took a very keen interest in his aviary of very fine birds and will no doubt continue to take an interest in this in his retirement. We extend to Mr. and Mrs. Cheesley our very best wishes in their new surroundings.



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