

VOL. XIV.

JULY, 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.

JULY, 1940.

No. 10

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



MR. J. STONE.

MR. J. STONE.

It is probable that the most familiar vehicles on the highways in the South of England are the well turned out lorries and vans of this Company and the person responsible for designing and building the bodies and painting our motor transport is the subject of our frontispiece. The sturdiness and solidity of the bodies, which are so necessary for the heavy loads they are required to carry, are from Mr. Stone's own drawings and specifications and are entirely carried out under his supervision.

Mr. Stone comes from a very old Wiltshire family and was born at Netheravon. The farm and wheelwright's business in this village many years ago was the property of his ancestors, after whom Stone's Hill is named.

His early life was spent in his native County, for he commenced his trade as an apprentice to a wheelwright in Shrewton. After his term he served as an improver with a firm in Devizes specializing in making vans and carts. Anxious to increase his knowledge he occupied the next few years with various firms engaged on this type of work.

In 1914 he settled down in Reading, being employed with Messrs. Vincents. Whilst there he assisted with repairs to the first motor lorry which we had on the firm. During the 1914-18 war he was transferred to work on munitions at various aircraft works.

In April, 1919, he joined the firm and was appointed foreman of the Wheelwright's Department. At that time our transport was practically all horse drawn and the process of replacing them with up to date motor lorries was inaugurated, and Mr. Stone was responsible for designing the bodies of these new vehicles. Ford, Napier, Selden, Leyland, Dennis, Thornycroft and Morris are some of the chassis that have been turned out by him as complete entities. These range from one to eight tonners and well over 100 lorries have been made in his shops.

He pays a great compliment to the designer of our pair horse vans, viz., the late Mr. Blackall Simonds, as he says it is practically impossible to improve on them. Many of these, as well as single horse and grains vans, have been built under Mr. Stone's supervision.

Mr. Stone may frequently be seen in his office deeply engrossed with drawing boards, pencil and instruments working on designs for new transport, for he is an experienced craftsman, who revels in getting right down to the job of turning out a vehicle that will reflect credit on the Firm. In addition to building cabs and bodies, he often designs his own tools.

Under his regime the Coach Builders and Wheelwrights Department has been greatly enlarged. From the comparatively small shop in Gas Lane, which he took over, the department now includes a number of large workshops which surround his yard. These house electric and acetylene welding plants, low and high pressure spraying plants for cellulose and paint work, and two forges where forging for the whole Brewery, in addition to that required for his own department, is carried out. A keen buyer and a timber expert, in normal times he has a good stock of well-seasoned timber ready for all emergencies.

In his younger days Mr. Stone practised bee-keeping as a hobby and managed to make it very profitable. With a plentiful supply of honey, the question of sugar was not then such a problem as it is to-day. Now his only hobby is work. That this is a pleasant one is proved by the fact that he is one of the most popular of our foremen and that he has always worked most harmoniously with his colleagues and his staff.



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 PATRIOT'S DUTY.

The most dangerous members of the 5th Column in this country are the British, whose capacity for the mischief is out of proportion to their numbers. The patriot's task is to unmask these people—to keep his ears and eyes open, and to inform the authorities whenever suspicion appears to be justified. Let it be remembered, too, that *all* 5th Columnists are not connected with fascist and pacifist organisations. The 5th Column's most dangerous members work underground. For the spy who bravely risks his life in a foreign country we can feel a certain degree of admiration; but for the man who would betray his own people there can be no mercy.

WHAT AGAIN!

A sailor home on short leave went to consult a doctor about a sore throat.

After an inspection the doctor said:

"You had better try gargling with salt and water."

"What, again!" said the sailor, "I've been torpedoes three times."

IN HER OWN COIN.

"I am a woman of few words," announced the haughty mistress to the new maid. "If I beckon with my finger, that means come."

"Suits me, mum," replied the girl. "I'm a woman of a few words myself. If I shake me head, that means I ain't comin'."

DELIRIOUS!

Physician (to Mrs. Colonel Blood): "How did your husband pass the night, Mrs. Blood?"

Mrs. Blood: "He seemed quite comfortable, sir, and asked for water several times."

Physician (with grave look): "H'm—delirious."

FIFTY-FIFTY.

Said the chairman of a certain society at its annual meeting:

"In most kindred associations, half the Committee does all the work while the other half does nothing. I am pleased to place on record that, in the society over which I have the honour to preside, it is just the reverse."

ON THE BUS.

Inspector (to guard on bus): "How is it that young man in khaki has not yet got a ticket and he's been on the bus for more than a mile?"

Fed up Guard: "How can I give him a ticket when he's not allowed to say where he's going?"

NOT EXACTLY!

"Did you participate in many engagements while you were in France?" asked the interested woman visitor.

"Only six," replied the soldier modestly.

"And you came through them all safely?"

"Not exactly," said the soldier. "I married the sixth."

A THING WELL DONE.

Looking back, can you remember one piece of well-done work—a well-built fence around an orchard, a good repair job on a motor car, a perfectly presented committee report, a medical fee well-earned by prompt and skilful attention, a lawsuit saved by a cleverly-worded clause?

A simple thing well done may be worth living for. Most things well done are done with exactness.

HOWLER.

A country schoolmistress was surprised to come upon this "howler" when marking exercise books recently: The Doges' Palace in Venice is the sumptuous quarters provided for Mussolini's greyhounds.

WHAT DO YOU READ.

Discriminate! Apply the acid touch to everything upon which you are going to spend the precious hours that you can never, never regain.

We have so little leisure, most of us, in this hectic age we live in that it is a great pity to waste any of it perusing the worthless trash that too often masquerades as modern literature.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.

A worker in an organisation for helping Service men's dependants has noted some of the queerly worded requests received.

One woman wrote: "I now send you my marriage certificate and six children one of which was baptised on half a sheet of note-paper by the Rev.—."

Another wrote: "I see you have changed my boy into a little girl will it make any difference?" And a third: "I cannot get sick pay. I have six children. Can you tell me why this is?"

Probably it was with quite unintentional cynicism that one poor soul wrote: "I am glad to see that my husband who was reported missing is now dead."

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

*Use me England.
In thine hour of need
Let thy ruling
Rule me now in deed.*

THAT LAST STEP.

We never take that last step, there's always one more to go; one more chance to find new roads, and to leave behind old woe. One more chance to step aside from the strange roads we've pursued, for one of life's deepest blessings is its splendid magnitude.

We never take the last step, there are always new ways to begin, and our next step is so often the step by which we win. So don't think hope is needed, and don't get overstrung, for until life be over its last song is not sung.

HOW COCKTAIL GOT ITS NAME.

A popular country squire who had a great passion for cock-fighting was entertaining several friends at his country house. One day his finest fighting cock was missing. A search was made, the seekers consisting of all his guests and servants. After several hours the bird was found, and the searchers returned to the hall.

To celebrate his joy, the squire bade his butler choose the finest wine from the cellar, mix in a punch bowl, serve to everyone who had searched, and drink to the "cock's tail." Subsequently the recipe reached the U.S., which in turn, improved the concoction and gave it to the world.—At least the Americans claim that they improved the mixture, but we wonder!

ENGLAND REVISITED.

Famished, half-clad, yet not too tired to cheer,
The men came to our village for their spell
Of hard-earned rest. Each had his tale to tell
Of risks, and hardships, and death ever near.
What commandant, I wondered, sent them here,
To this place, peaceful as a cloistered cell—
Who lived, a few short hours ago in hell,
The shriek of bomb and shell-burst in their ear?
Yet I am glad they came here, for to-day
I passed them in a cool, green country lane;
Round them the very soul of England lay,
And I thanked God that, ere they went away,
They saw the things for which they fight made plain,
They went, with willing hearts, to fight again.

—Geoffrey Gething Riley in
"The Daily Telegraph."

SIR GAVIN SIMONDS' NEW POST.

Sir Gavin Turnbull Simonds, the High Court Judge and a brother of Mr. F. A. Simonds, our Chairman and Managing Director, has been appointed chairman of a Board which has been set up for

the purpose of assessing total damage to property in air raids or by other enemy action, says the *Berkshire Chronicle*. Though everyone should already be acquainted with the fact, there is no harm in repeating that no compensation will be paid for such damage until after the war. Claims should, however, be notified to the local authority, which will provide forms. It will be remembered that Sir Gavin was a member of the Budget Leakage Tribunal. Evidently the Government have their eye upon him and mean to take advantage of his great abilities and his knowledge of the law affecting high finance and commerce.

PRIME MINISTER'S ROUSING DECLARATION.

We shall fight on the seas and oceans, we shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air, we shall defend our island whatever the cost may be, we shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills, we shall never surrender—and even if, which I do not for a moment believe, this island, or a large part of it, were subjugated and starving, then our Empire beyond the seas, armed and guarded by the British Fleet, would carry on the struggle until in God's good time the New World, with all its power and might, steps forth to the rescue and the liberation of the Old.

A NOBLE COMMUNITY.

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.—*Sunday Express*.

"FIFTH COLUMNIST."

One becomes increasingly impatient of the words "Fifth Columnist." The term has begun to take on an almost reputable interpretation. Actually a so-called "fifth columnist" is a traitor pure and simple, and there is no milder or lower form of humanity than a traitor. Could we not, therefore, substitute the word "traitor" for "fifth columnist"? By the way, the term "fifth column" originated from the Spanish War, 1936-39, when the Nationalists attacked the Republicans in four columns from the outside, while their adherents organised uprisings, espionage and sabotage within the republican ranks. These secret fighters behind the front were named the "fifth column."

SHAKESPEARE ON FIFTH-COLUMNERY.

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.—King John.

WE'RE FAVOURITES TOO.

A Birmingham correspondent writes in *The Times* :

"Yesterday evening the landlord of a public house in Birmingham observed to a workman, whom he was serving with a drink that the war news was pretty bad. "Oh, I don't know," was the answer, "after all, it's the final, and we're playing it on our home ground."

"FROM BANK AND GROCER'S SHOP."

Kipling, we know, was a prophet as well as a bard. Did he foresee this deathless story when he wrote "The Changelings"? :—

"Or ever the battered liners sank
With their passengers to the dark,
I was head of a Walworth Bank,
And you were a grocer's clerk.

I was a dealer in stocks and shares,
And you in butters and teas,
And we both abandoned our own affairs
And took to the dreadful seas.

Now there is nothing— not even our rank
To witness what we have been;
And I am returned to my Walworth Bank,
And you to your margarine!"

HITLER'S DIRTY HANDS.

Were we not supremely confident of the ultimate triumph of freedom over tyranny we should be tempted to think that it does not pay to "play the game," says *Our Empire*. Few Germans ever knew the real meaning of the phrase, and it is obvious that to Hitler and his gangsters it is so much Greek. U-boat "warfare," the bombing of fishermen, the murdering of neutral seamen, the flagrant violation of treaties upon which the signatures are scarcely dry, the lying reports of colossal British naval losses—concocted to

help Mussolini bring in a reluctant people against us ; these are but illustrations of a policy which condemns the mere deencies of civilisation as weakness, and regards *any* means as legitimate, so long as it brings the desired result.

Hence the disguising of parachute troops in British and Dutch uniforms, and even as clergymen ! ; the espionage by consuls under the cloak of diplomatic privilege ; a system of corruption which has given to the world in the name of Quisling a new synonym for despicable treachery. This " hitting below the belt " has certainly given Hitler some important advantages, but we may be content to leave that kind of thing to him. To follow his example were to deny the very purposes for which we are fighting—honour between nations, the dignity and freedom of the individual, the destruction of the concentration camp and the sadist mentality that conceived it. We shall fight the better if our hands remain clean.

A SMILE.

The thing that goes the farthest towards making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most, is just a pleasant smile,
The smile that bubbles from a heart that loves its fellow men,
Will drive away the cloud of gloom and coax the sun again,
It's full of worth and goodness, too, with manly kindness blent—
Its worth a million dollars, and it doesn't cost a cent.

A BRITON'S PRAYER.

From *The Times*.

Help me, O God, to search my soul
That I may know for what I fight,
And, knowing, may achieve the goal
If it be worthy in Thy sight.
Is it for power and wealth we send
The flower of our youth to fall ?
If that be so, God, let the end
Be swift and certain for us all.
But if, in truth, for Freedom's sake
I gladly cast my all away,
Then let me Thy forgiveness take
And, losing all, still win the day.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

Here are extracts from a young R.A.F. pilot's last letter to his mother, printed in " The Times." Since he wrote the letter this airman has been reported " Missing, believed killed."

Dearest Mother,—Though I feel no premonition at all, events are moving rapidly, and I have instructed that this letter be forwarded to you should I fail to return from one of the raids which we shall shortly be called upon to undertake.

You must hope on for a month, but at the end of that time you must accept the fact that I have handed my task over to the extremely capable hands of my comrades of the Royal Air Force. . . .

First, it will comfort you to know that my role in this war has been of the greatest importance. Our patrols far out over the North Sea have helped to keep the trade routes clear for our convoys. . . . I shall have done my duty to the utmost of my ability. No man can do more, and no one calling himself a man could do less.

I have always admired your amazing courage in the face of continual set-backs ; in the way you have given me as good an education and background as anyone in the country, and always kept up appearances without ever losing faith in the future. My death would not mean that your struggle has been in vain. Far from it. It means that your sacrifice is as great as mine. Those who serve England must expect nothing from her. . . .

History resounds with illustrious names who have given all, yet their sacrifice has resulted in the British Empire, where there is a measure of peace, justice, and freedom for all, and where a higher standard of civilisation has evolved, and is still evolving, than anywhere else. But this is not only concerning our land. To-day we are faced with the greatest organised challenge to Christianity and civilisation that the world has ever seen, and I count myself lucky and honoured to be the right age and fully trained to throw my full weight into the scale. For this I have to thank you.

Yet there is more work for you to do. The home front will still have to stand united for years after the war is won. For all that can be said against it, I still maintain that this war is a very good thing ; every individual is having the chance to give and dare all for his principle like the martyrs of old.

However long the time may be, one thing can never be altered—I shall have lived and died an Englishman. Nothing else matters one jot, nor can anything ever change it.

You must not grieve for me, for if you really believe in religion and all that it entails that would be hypocrisy. I have no fear of death; only a queer elation. . . . I would have it no other way.

The universe is so vast and so ageless that the life of one man can only be justified by the measure of his sacrifice. . . .

I firmly and absolutely believe that evil things are sent into the world to try us; they are sent deliberately by our Creator to test our mettle because He knows what is good for us. . . .

I count myself fortunate in that I have seen the whole country and known men of every calling. But with the final test of war I consider my character fully developed.

Thus at my early age my earthly mission is already fulfilled and I am prepared to die with just one regret, and one only—that I could not devote myself to making your declining years more happy by being with you; but you will live in peace and freedom and I shall have directly contributed to that, so here again my life will not have been in vain.

Your loving Son,

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

Rifleman Murphy was in an advanced outpost which had just repulsed an enemy raid. During the fight the sergeant noticed that Pat hadn't fired a single round, and demanded to know the reason.

"Begorrah," said Pat. "Oi gets me sights on one, then afore I gets time to fire, anither of the spalpens gets in the way and spoils me aim!"

* * * *

SENTRY: "Afraid I can't let you pass without the password, sir."

OFFICER: "But, I tell you, I've forgotten it, and you know me well enough. I'm Major Smith."

SENTRY: "Sorry, sir. Must have the password."

VOICE FROM TENT: "Oh, don't stand arguing all night, Bill. Shoot him!"

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Let us distrust our own thought when it is too pessimistic. Storms at sea are on the surface: the great deeps are undisturbed.

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

In times like the present the following motto, which hung in R. L. Stevenson's study, is of immense help:—"God grant to me courage, gaiety of spirit, and tranquillity of mind."

The patient man is better than the valiant: and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh cities.

Those who help us most on our way are those who believe in us.

Better do humble work and keep busy than be idle and dream of great tasks and never accomplish them. Keep doing something useful.

The following lines, alleged to be of very ancient origin, seem to be appropriate to the present time. They run thus:—"Of thine unspoken word, thou art master, thy spoken word is master of thee."

Beware of arrogance and pride.



BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

Mr. George Andrews, whose photo occupied pride of place in the June issue, happens to have started at The Brewery the same year as the writer; a case of growing up together, although he has not spent all his time at Bridge Street. I should imagine his chief impression of life with H. & G.S. must be the tremendous growth of the Bottled Beer trade and the ever-increasing marvels of the machinery now in operation. I well remember seeing the early machines in action (operating then in the Bottled Beer Stores under the Offices) and they seemed really wonderful. Mr. Andrews is a very popular member of the Hop Leaf family and he has many wellwishers.

During the past month we have had visits from quite a number of the boys who were with the B.E.F., and their experiences were very thrilling. We may be seeing them again later when they have longer leave. All of them, in spite of the hardships they endured and the horrors they went through, looked remarkably fit and well. One of the number, viz., Mr. E. Martin, of the General Office, took the opportunity of a short leave by getting married. We all wish him the best of good fortune and happiness. There are, however, some sad hearts at The Brewery for a few of our boys are missing; at least no news has been heard of them for some while, and until definite information is received we are truly hoping that in this case "No news is good news."

From all accounts cricket is making quite a good show this year and the Sports Ground is proving very popular, especially on Saturday afternoons and evenings. Possibly the games have not been up to Test Match standard but with the youngsters and the "old and bolds," very happy times are being spent, at least for a short while, at Berkeley Avenue. It is just as well for the war to be forgotten for a few hours. Taken all round everyone seems fairly cheerful; and as we are all busy we do not have too much time to dwell on events. Now that a number are engaged on L.D.V. duties I am afraid that at times some of them get rather tired. Well last war we used to console ourselves with the remark "The first seven years are the worst."

Flowers are still making a brave show at the Offices and quite a number of the staff are regularly showing us each day what they can do by wearing bright and variegated button-holes. Nevertheless the "Dig for Victory" campaign has been in full swing with many of us and the results are now being enjoyed.

The Offices are gradually being denuded of still more members of the staff and the next month or so will see quite a number go, in which case the feminine staff will be augmented.

Trade is keeping up splendidly and we are hard at it with all our energy and those that are left behind feel they are doing their bit, for naturally our goods are popular with the troops.

I regret to record the death of an old stalwart of the Firm, Charlie Thatcher, whom I have known ever since I was a boy. Mr. Thatcher, of the Cooperage Department, started on the Firm in 1871 and he retired on pension in 1930. A few weeks ago I saw him when he said he was looking forward to happy times at the Sports Ground seeing the cricket matches. He said he was feeling well, the only trouble he had was "his old ticker." He acted as Umpire for many years with the cricket team and was always ready to talk of the "old days" of the original Seven Bridges Cricket Club. *R.I.P.*

Another member of the Cooperage Department, Mr. J. T. Williams, died suddenly on the 27th June. He had been employed on the Firm since 1901 and his death came as a great shock to all of us who knew him. Quiet and unassuming he was one of the best types of British workman and his loss is a very sad one.

The following changes have taken place during the past month and to all we wish every success:—

Horse and Groom, Bracknell (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. S. Nelson.

Off-Licence, Kidlington (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. J. W. Twining.

Off-Licence, Cumberland Street, Hythe, Staines (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. G. Suckling.

The Queen's Head, Knaphill (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. F. G. Carver.

We regret to record the deaths of Mr. G. S. Butcher and Mr. W. Abery. Mr. Butcher, who died on the 12th June, had been tenant of the Clarence Hotel, Staines, since June, 1931, and Mr. Abery, who died on the 10th June, had been tenant of the Plough, Tilehurst, since June, 1927. Our deepest sympathy is hereby expressed to all relatives.





A Military Mess—Somewhere in England, 1940.

NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

PIED WAGTAIL TURNS "FLYCATCHER."

FINE STREAMLINED SWIMMER.

In May I found a pied wagtail's nest and in June the mother bird was ever so busy feeding her family of five. From early morning until quite late at night she was catching flies which abounded just above the river's surface. She must have travelled very many miles during the day though she confined herself to one stretch of water, about fifty yards in length, and performed strange aerial evolutions as she sped up and down, to and fro, under the willows, for it was here that the flies appeared in mass formation. She would fill her beak to the brim with these winged insects and then place them in the mouths of her little ones, always taking every care that each one received his, or her, fair share. The wagtail is not an adept at catching flies and, as I have indicated, she cut some strange capers while thus engaged in the chase. Then a real flycatcher came along, perched on the dead twig of a willow, and from this coign of vantage, every now and then shot out and, with unerring aim, seized a fly. You could hear a distinct "snap" as the bird's beak came in contact with the insect. It was all done with such a dainty deftness that the efforts of the wagtails appeared very poor in comparison.

GRASS SNAKE TAKES A SWIM.

As I sat by the river-side I noticed a strange motion in the water and then there came swimming along gaily, and at a surprising pace, a grass snake. When it saw me the snake took a long dive right out into mid-stream. I noted the direction this harmless creature was taking, strolled down the river-side about twenty yards and though the snake did not see me I observed it wriggling its way through the weeds and then up and into the undergrowth on the bank. About 4ft. in length the graceful form of the grass snake is indeed a fine example of streamlining. During July or August the grass snake lays a string of about a dozen eggs and the embryo

snake is provided with a peculiar kind of tooth for the purpose of piercing the eggshell. When this instrument has performed its appointed task the baby snake has no further use for the tooth and discards it. Snakes are very partial to frogs as food and swallow them whole—at times a rare mouthful, and rather a difficult process, I should think!

FEARSOME FAIRIES.

Gorgeously-coloured dragon-flies were much in evidence as they darted hither and thither snapping up the flies. These fearsome fairies are quite harmless so far as human beings are concerned though their powerful jaws deal out death and destruction to insects by the million. Then there came along a Painted Lady butterfly. Just fancy, she had probably travelled all the way from Africa! And curiously enough I also saw, about a couple of hours later, the Red Admiral, a cousin to the previously mentioned and beautifully Painted Lady.

THE SONG OF THE THRUSH.

After the recent rains I thought the songs of the birds sounded sweeter than ever. The thrush seemed particularly pleased with things in general and you could hear his gladsome voice in accents clear as crystal saying:—

Dear, dear, dear
Is the rocky glen ;
Far away, far away, far away
The haunts of men.
Here shall we dwell in love
With the Lark and the Dove,
Cuckoo and Corn Rail,
Feast on the banded snail,
Worm, and gilded fly,
Drink of the crystal rill,
Winding adown the hill,
Never to dry.

With glee, with glee, with glee,

Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up ; here
Nothing to harm us ; then sing merrily ;
Sing to the loved one whose nest is near.

Qui, qui, qui, kween, quip
Tiurru, tiurru, chipiwi,
Too-tee, too-tee, chiuchoo,
Chirri, chirri, chooeo,
Quiu, qui, qui.

RICHER AFTER RAIN.

The flute-like notes of the blackbird also seemed the richer after rain. His song is ever welcome and this fine vocalist is deservedly an equal favourite with the thrush. About 10 p.m. you may often hear the nightjar purring from a pine. When perched on a bough the nightjar always sits lengthwise and never across. He will suddenly take a short flight and clap his wings together, the sound produced being similar to that made by a wood pigeon when he brings his wings into collision. One often heard the *creke-creke* of the cornrake far into the night, but these clever ventriloquists seem much more scarce than they were a few years ago. This *creke-creke* was ever a pleasant sound to me sitting as I often did by a trout stream late at night. It was accompanied by the pin-point squeak of the bat and the long-drawn-out reeling notes of the grasshopper warbler.

MR. ERIC SPOTS A WHITE ADMIRAL.

Mr. Eric, who is ever on the look-out for things of beauty in the countryside, recently espied a White Admiral butterfly on some honeysuckle. The brown and white of its rounded wings and the stately flight of this beautiful creature contribute to make it one of the great "finds" of the countryside. The White Admiral lays its eggs on honeysuckle or sallow during this month and when the caterpillars appear they grow very slowly and take up their winter quarters in a leaf, with the sides drawn together, and fastened with silk to a twig. A very cosy but, one would think, quite an inadequately furnished home to keep out such intense and prolonged

cold as we endured during the past winter. The adult insect emerges from the curiously shaped chrysalis about mid-summer and is indeed a thing of beauty. The female White Admiral is larger than the male.

PARTRIDGES IN PLENTY.

I am very glad that the severe winter did not take too heavy a toll of the partridges. Mr. Eric tells me some fine coveys have come under his notice and I myself have seen quite a lot of coveys of about a dozen birds each. The partridge nests in May and sits on her eggs towards the beginning of June. The number of eggs in a nest numbers anything from ten to fifteen—or more. But about a dozen is the usual clutch. The partridge is a very pretty bird with exquisitely pencilled plumage, the male having a horse-shoe pattern on his breast. I have never seen a partridge perching on a tree. Father partridge assists mother in bringing up the family. As the little birds are hatched father takes them over and dries them under his wing and then assists mother in teaching the little birds how to find food, both parents rendering every assistance to their children until they are able to fend for themselves.

CUCKOOS TAKE THEIR DEPARTURE.

In broken voices the cuckoos have recently been telling us that they were about to take their departure—and now they have gone! But some of the young remain and I often wonder how it is that these young cuckoos, with no parents, and no brothers and sisters—at least brothers and sisters to whom they have ever been introduced—to guide them, find their way to warmer climes for the winter. It is one of the mysteries of wild nature's ways and we only know that there must be a loving Hand to guide them.



PRESENTATION TO MR. J. J. CHAPLIN.

DIRECTORS PRESENT AT CEREMONY.

On 28th June, 1940, a very pleasing ceremony took place at the Ship Hotel, Reading, when Mr. J. J. Chaplin was the guest of honour at a complimentary luncheon held to mark the occasion of his retirement from the position of Chief Audit Clerk on the staff of Messrs. Collins, Tootell & Co., former Auditors of our Company.

In March last, Mr. W. W. Collins, F.C.A., intimated his decision to dispose of his practice and retire from the accountancy profession, and this news was received with profound regret. It was therefore decided to pay a tribute to Mr. J. J. Chaplin, of whom we had seen so much during the twenty-two years he had been connected with us, and it was a very happy gesture on the part of Mr. Eric (our Chairman and Managing Director) to suggest the holding of a luncheon and a presentation to commemorate the occasion.

The luncheon was attended by no less than six of our Directors—including Capt. L. A. Simonds and Lieut. R. B. St. J. Quarry, both of whom are on active service—and a representative gathering of responsible officials of the Company.

Mr. Chaplin was the recipient of a magnificent gold watch, suitably inscribed, and Mr. Eric, in making the presentation, paid a glowing tribute to those qualities which have made Mr. Chaplin so popular a visitor to the Brewery. In replying, Mr. Chaplin suitably acknowledged the kind remarks of Mr. Eric and said how sorry he was to sever his long association with the Company. He would value the gold watch as long as he lived and no doubt it would in due course become a family heirloom.

During the afternoon Mr. Chaplin was wished "God speed" by a large number of his old acquaintances at the Brewery and many were the parting handshakes.

MARRIAGE OF MR. F. J. RIDEN.



On June 8th, Miss Joanne Gale was married to Mr. F. J. Riden at Hoston Congregational Church. Many of the bridegroom's friends at the Brewery will be interested in the above photograph of the bride and bridegroom and wish them every happiness.

The bridegroom is the elder son of Mr. F. C. Riden, the popular manager at Arthur S. Cooper's, The Market Place, Reading, and was under him for several years before being transferred to his present appointment at Newbury.

" PERSEVERANCE."

There lived a would-be writer who was feeling rather sore
At home, within an old tin trunk, he'd verses by the score
But couldn't get one printed—and the world at large, he thought,
Would never know his genius; or applaud him as it ought.

North-east, south-west, his work he sent: his ink sank low in pot
But when the postman called around, this sort of thing he got
"—Too many tall superlatives ('adorables'—'sublimes')
"Come down to earth and give us facts"—yours faithfully
"HARD TIMES."

"Regret we cannot use your stuff: we are already full
"Advise you try "THE WIGAN WHIG"—sincerely yours
"JANE BULL."

"We think your lines are very nice: we like your 'Beauteous birds'
"But beg to say they're not our style—yours truly
"GENTLE WORDS."

At last despairingly he said "I'll take a final plunge
"And if I don't succeed this time, I'll just throw up the sponge"
—With hat in hand and heart in shoes he went to Canon Green
And got his poems published in THE PARISH MAGAZINE!

S. E. COLLINS.

CRICKET.

This looks like a mixed grill; it certainly is not a report of a full fixture list carried out. The weather, except for one day, of which more anon, has been ideal from a cricketer's point of view, but adverse circumstances have prevailed on three occasions that this review should have covered.

The Brewery team proper have only had two matches in these last five weeks, which is detrimental to the improvement of the side and the maintenance of interest.

May 25th.

We were due to play the Headquarters Training Command, R.A.F., but the exigencies of the service prevented our opponents from raising a team. Looking forward I see that on the 15th June the same conditions obtained. In each case the cancellation came too late for other matches to be arranged.

June 1st.

Mr. T. W. Bradford had thrown out a challenge to raise a team from the Brewery to play the Cricket Club. This was accepted and the match was looked forward to with much interest. Would the opposition be stronger than the representative side? If so, well the problem of future matches was solved.

The day was glorious and all set. "The Rest" won the toss and batted first to the bowling of Clark and Crutchley. A wicket fell in the opening over for 3 runs. The next fell at 16 and then at 22, 26 and 28. A stand was made which carried the score along to 46, but the remaining four wickets only added 10. The best scores were made by J. Hillier 16, H. Marston 13 and G. H. Beddow 11. In one over W. R. Brown took two wickets for 2 runs and actually had the best average, but F. Clark, with 5 for 22, bore the brunt of the bowling.

The Regulars made a good start. J. B. Doe and F. Benham put on 23 before being separated; they each made 15. The next partnership only added 3. E. Shrimpton then took possession and carried his bat for 36. W. R. Brown and W. J. Greenaway made 12 and 16 respectively. With the score reading 108 for 5, the innings was closed, and also a very entertaining game.

It is rumoured that "The Rest" are not quite satisfied that the strongest team was secured and a replay may be requested. If one of the remaining open dates has not been filled in the meantime, the game is quite likely to take place.

June 8th. "A" TEAM 113 v. POST OFFICE SPORTS CLUB 108.

We had first knock, but lost the first wicket when 3 runs were on the book. F. Benham (27) and B. Farmer (14) took the score along to 43. The next three only added 14, but the sixth partnership made 21 and then two wickets fell for 10 more runs. A most interesting stand came at the end and when the innings was declared closed for 113 for 8, K. White and A. W. Craddock carried their bats in with 10 and 13 to their credit respectively. H. Wood had the best bowling figures with 4 for 33.

When the P.O. commenced their innings they met with an early disaster for two went down for 14. Then H. Wood and C. Protheroe got together and made 50. With another 26 put on for the next wicket, which brought the total up to 90 for 4, things did not look too rosy for us, but changes in the bowling worked wonders and the next six wickets only added 18. It is only fair to say that H. Wood retired with his score at 37 as duty was calling.

F. Clark (4 for 39) and E. G. Crutchley (1 for 32) had the heaviest task in bowling and J. W. Jelley (2 for 18) and B. Farmer (1 for 18) made a useful change.

June 22nd.

We were due to play the R.A.P.C. but rain, for which all gardeners had been praying, chose this afternoon to descend and the game was washed out. Thus the matches arranged with this club and the R.A.F. were pleasures deferred.

Two evening matches have been played. The first was somewhat in the nature of a return fixture with the P.O. Engineers, but we were not too strongly represented and were heavily defeated. The Engineers made 113 for 5, but we could only muster up 26 all told. The combination of Morse and Plested was too strong for our boys.

The other match was an innovation and, as it was played by the ladies, really does not come under the official eyes of the Cricket Club. However, it certainly does come under the heading of cricket.

The opposition was furnished by the 4th Berks A.T.S. and it was apparent that this was not the first time they had played the game. Our ladies were strange to it and had only a few evenings at the nets.

We batted first and made 33. Miss Sharp got 10 and Miss Whitehead 9. Miss "Extras" did not oblige. The A.T.S. tried six bowlers of whom Miss Chaplin was the most successful with 4 for 5 in just over six overs. By the way should it be Miss or Private?

Our bowlers were new and untried and they were unable to do as well as their opposite numbers. Two of the A.T.S. retired, viz., Chaplin (21) and Watts (14). Two others were cleaned bowled by Miss Howlett and these were all that we could claim. The score reached 31 and the innings was declared closed.

By all accounts it was a really jolly evening and enjoyed by all.

Last month a brief résumé of our Scorer's career with the club was given and now a few words in regard to another fervent supporter. W. Sparks, known generally as Bill, played his first game for the Brewery forty years ago this month. Going to the ground with a message, he was pressed into service.

Thereafter he was a regular player up to the Great War, working his way upwards from "long stop." Although not regarding himself as a star batsman, he did once finish second in the batting averages, thereby qualifying for a prize, as was customary in those days. He also won the prize for the best fielding three years in succession.

His services on the Committee date back many years. In fact, over 30 years ago his name appeared on the cards in this capacity.

In 1929 he is also shown in a new capacity, viz., scorer, and in 1935 as umpire. He was nominated for the latter duty again this season, but ill-health has prevented him from donning the white coat so far. However, he is much better and has been up to the ground to watch during our past few matches and we wish him well and a complete recovery ere long.

His photo is given below, but most of his comrades in the club will enquire where his usual genial smile has gone.



Mr. Sparks, popularly known as "Bill," who played his first game for the Brewery forty years ago.

It is with much regret that we record the passing of Charlie Thatcher on Wednesday, 12th June. His end was peace. Our sympathies go out to his son and daughter in their sudden bereavement.

Mr. Thatcher commenced work in the Coopers Department on 6th November, 1871, and retired on the 8th August, 1930—nearly sixty years. What an achievement!

He was a staunch supporter of the Cricket Club, first as a player, then umpire and of late years, onlooker. At least 44 years ago he was officiating as umpire, which duty he carried out until his retirement from the Firm. He was scrupulously fair and gave his decisions promptly and his word was law. Naturally he had many reminiscences of the characters who have played for the Brewery and the high spots of games played in and around Reading.

J.W.J.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

DAUGHTER: "But, Dad, don't you believe that two can live as cheaply as one?"

DAD: "Sure; your mother and I are living as cheaply as you."

* * *

HE: "Who's that woman you just bowed to?"

SHE: "Our next-door neighbour."

HE: "But she didn't return your bow."

SHE: "She never returns anything."

* * *

"In Europe they are now sending milk by aeroplane."

"Yes, they say you can get it either from Cannes or Cowes."

* * *

The very raw recruit had just had a real good dressing down from the young lieutenant. Next day he passed the lieutenant without saluting. He was stopped.

"Why didn't you salute me?" demanded the officer.

"W-well, sir," said the rookie, "I thought you were still cross with me."

AUTHOR : " May I have some further details about this magnificent estate you offer for sale ? "

AGENT : " Do you wish to buy it ? "

AUTHOR : " No. But I think I can use your glowing description of it in my new novel. "

* * * *

" Who is that letter from ? "

" What do you want to know for ? "

" There you are ! What do I want to know for ? You're the most inquisitive person I ever met. "

* * * *

Said the Judge : I notice that in addition to misappropriating £500, you took a considerable quantity of valuables in the form of rings, watches, and other trinkets. "

" Yes, sir, " replied the prisoner, " I remembered that money alone don't bring happiness. "

* * * *

A bookmaker who was a conscientious objector was asked his reason for his objection, and what would he do if the enemy attacked his wife.

He replied, " I would lay 6 to 4 on the missus, for she is a devil when she is roused. "

* * * *

EMPLOYER (*to Applicant seeking a job*) : " But you seem to be getting on in years and you look rather frail. Are you sure you are fit for really hard work ? "

APPLICANT : " Some of the best judges in the country have thought so. "

* * * *

SAILOR : " We just dropped our anchor, lady. "

LADY : " I'd been expecting that. It's been dangling outside for some time. "

* * * *

Lady X. was engaging a new maid.

" So you had to leave your last situation ? "

" Yes, your ladyship. It was on account of the mistress's bad nerves. "

" I'm sorry to hear that. "

" Yes, she couldn't stand the sound of breaking crockery. "

* * * *

MRS. BROWN : " This suit is very shabby, dear. Shall I send it to the jumble sale ? "

MR. BROWN : " Goodness, no ! That's the one I wear when I go to protest against my income-tax assessment. "

* * * *

YOUNG LADY (*gushingly*) : " Would you be so kind as to settle an argument between some of us girls. I say you pronounce the name of this stone ' tur-koys, ' and they say it should be ' turk-woys. ' Who is right ? "

The jeweller was a matter-of-fact kind of man.

" I'm afraid you're both wrong, " he said briefly. " The correct pronunciation is ' glass. "

* * * *

With a grinding of brakes the officer pulled up his car and shouted to a little boy playing in the field : " I say sonny, have you seen an aeroplane come down anywhere near here ? "

" No, sir ! " replied the boy, trying to hide his catapult. " I've only been shooting at a bottle. "

* * * *

A young city girl was staying in the country and became rather friendly with a young farmer. One evening as they were strolling across a meadow they saw a cow and a calf rubbing noses in the accepted bovine fashion.

" Ah, " said the young farmer, " that sight makes me want to do the same. "

" Well, go ahead, " said the girl ; " it's your cow. "

* * * *

"Ah!" said the doctor, examining his patient, "by your throat I can tell you play a wind instrument."

"Yes, sir," the patient agreed.

"We soon learn to discover these things," added the doctor proudly. "By the way, what kind of instrument do you play?"

"A concertina," said the patient, meekly.

* * * *

Mary, aged seven, the eldest of several small brothers and sisters, was showing a visitor round the village.

Presently she stopped at a good-sized house.

"That," she said, "is the doctor's house. We deal there!"

* * * *

The minister had just been giving the class a lesson on the Prodigal Son. At the finish, to test what attention had been paid to his teaching, he asked, "Who was sorry that the Prodigal had returned?"

The most forward youngster in the class breathlessly answered, "The fatted calf."

* * * *

A woman of recently acquired wealth was discussing with an artist the portrait of herself which she had asked him to paint.

"Shall I paint you in evening dress?" the artist inquired.

"Oh, no," replied the woman, "don't make any fuss at all; just wear your overalls."

* * * *

"Of course," said Briggs, as he began to tackle the leg of the chicken, "I may be wrong, but it strikes me that this chicken—"

"Well," snapped the landlady, "and what's the matter with the chicken?"

Briggs shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, nothing—nothing," he said, offhandedly. "I was going to say it is quite evident that the bird was an offspring of a hard-boiled egg."

* * * *

JUDGE: "Do you know what it means when you take the oath?"

WITNESS (not very intelligent): "Yes, that I must tell the truth."

JUDGE: "Right. And if you do not tell the truth, what then?"

WITNESS: "We shall win our case."

* * * *

A young man applied for a job and was granted an interview. After the usual preliminaries the manager said: "Have you any ambition?"

"Ambition?" replied the young man, "I shall never rest until I see you out of that chair."

* * * *

The aged porter of the meteorological office was about to retire and was given a farewell party.

"Unfortunately," said the President, "we must part, but with your departure the institute loses its reputation for the most reliable weather forecasts in the world. Your sensitive corn is an absolutely irreparable loss to science."

* * * *

Betty's mother tried the familiar method of approach.

"You know, Betty," she exclaimed, "when I was a little girl I had to do what my mother told me, and when grandmother was a little girl she had to do what her mother told her."

"H'm," said Betty. "I wondered who started that silly game!"

* * * *

A lecturer was giving an informal talk on physiology. "Also," he remarked, "it has recently been found that the human body contains sulphur."

"Sulphur!" exclaimed a girl. "And how much sulphur is there in a girl's body!"

"Oh, the amount varies," said the speaker.

"Oh," returned the girl, "and is that why some of us make better matches than others?"

* * * *

A cart was ambling along a country road one dark night. A large car was approaching in the opposite direction. The driver of the car dipped his glaring headlights to avoid dazzling the carrier.

"George," said the carrier to his mate, "we must return the compliment. Just blow that offside candle out."

A man said to a Jew: "How is it the people of your race have so much brains?"

"Fish," said the Jew.

"I must try it," said the other man.

"Give me ten shillings," said the Jew, "and I will get you some nice fish."

The ten shillings was handed over. Some time after the two men met again.

"Like your fish?" asked the Jew.

"Oh, yes; but it was a very small amount of fish for ten shillings, I thought."

The Jew smiled. "It's beginning to work already," he said.

* * *

"I admire that tenor!"

"I thought he had a poor voice."

"Yes, but think of his courage."

* * *

WIRELESS ANNOUNCER (*under notice to leave*): "It's about nine o'clock, there's no news, and the weather's lousy!"

* * *

"Could you let me have—er—a banker's reference, sir?" said the agent, negotiating a sale. "Just a formality, you know."

"I could," replied the client, "but it would only upset you."

* * *

The proud mother was walking down the High Street with her son—Lance-Corporal, acting, unpaid.

Puzzled, she said: "Tom, is it only officers who have to salute you?"

* * *

The Sunday morning visitor to the Navy yard approached a sentry.

"Can you direct me to H.M.S. *Satan*?" he asked.

"Never heard of it," said the sentry.

"That's odd," said the stranger, as he reached in his pocket for a newspaper clipping, and read: "Next Sunday the Navy yard chaplain will preach on *Satan*, the great destroyer."

* * *

A sergeant was taking particulars from a new recruit.

SERGEANT: "Are you married?"

RECRUIT: "Yes, sir."

SERGEANT: "Any children?"

RECRUIT: "Yes, sir. Five girls and four boys."

SERGEANT: "Nine, altogether."

RECRUIT: "No, sir. One at a time!"

* * *

Two A.T.S. girls were watching a football match between soldiers, when one of them asked: "Who is that man who keeps running about blowing that whistle?"

"Hush, dear," said the other, "don't let anyone hear your ignorance. He's the gamekeeper, and he looks after the fouls!"

* * *

A Nazi in Berlin blocked the passage of a man in the street. "Step aside, Jew!" he commanded. "Step aside for a Nazi."

The other, a German citizen, looked at the Nazi with all the distaste of six years written on his face. "I'm not a Jew," he said in a tired voice. "I just happen to look intelligent!"

* * *

An attractive girl, dressed in the W.A.T.S. uniform, and a plain middle-aged spinster were waiting for a bus. "Have a cigarette?" asked the girl, opening her case.

"What! Smoke in public!" exclaimed the woman, shocked to her depths. "Why, I'd sooner kiss the first man who came down the street!"

"So would I," retorted the girl. "But have a cigarette while you're waiting!"

* * *

In his khaki battle dress, the sandy-haired man entered the local post office and asked for a sixpenny postal order.

"Trying the football pools this week?" asked the clerk amiably.

"Mind yer ain business," was the grumpy reply. "Can a man no send siller tae his wife and bairns without you interfering?"

* * *

"My dear boy," said the old lady to her nephew, who was leaving for the Mediterranean, "you know what a sweet tooth I have. Don't forget to bring me back a stick of that Gibraltar Rock I've heard so much about!"

BRANCHES.

PORTSMOUTH.

The Accrington Corporation Watch Committee at a meeting held recently, selected Inspector W. J. H. Palfrey of the Portsmouth City Police Force as Chief Constable, in succession to Mr. C. H. Walters, who is transferring to Lincoln. Mr. Palfrey is the sixth member of the Portsmouth Force to be appointed Chief Constable since Mr. T. Davies has had command of the local constabulary. Mr. Davies completed his 50 years in police forces at the end of May and it is probably a record that during that long time he has never had a day off through sickness. Mr. Palfrey has proved himself a particularly able police officer. Joining the Force in October, 1926, he was promoted Sergeant in November, 1933, and Inspector on December 1st, 1936. He took over the duties of chief clerk when Inspector Johnson left Portsmouth to become Chief Constable of Plymouth. Mr. Johnson is now Assistant Chief Constable of Birmingham.

Reading University narrowly defeated the Portsmouth R.N. & R.M. athletic team in a match of 12 events at Pitt Street track, Portsmouth. Unfortunately for the naval team, Sub-Lieutenant Loaring was unable to run, especially as the University team included Velnogiu Greek. This athlete won three events and scored for his side in three others. L. S. Reynolds won both the sprints in his usual convincing manner but the only other naval win in track events was the 440 yards, in which Mr. Sinfield showed some of his old form. Final points were :—

Reading University 65 points. R.N. & R.M. 62 points.

BRIDGEND.

We deeply regret to record the passing on the 18th June last of Mr. Ernest E. Hedges, our Swansea and District representative, after a very short illness. He was interred at Oystermouth Cemetery, The Mumbles, Swansea, on Saturday, June 22nd, a large gathering of personal and business friends attending the funeral.

Mr. Hedges was employed at our Swansea Branch for many years prior to its closing down, and he rejoined the Firm again in 1935 when the business of Messrs. W. J. Rogers Ltd. was acquired.

We have lost a colleague who was held in esteem by us all and his loyalty to the Firm could not be surpassed.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to Mrs. Hedges and family in their sad loss. *R.I.P.*

The following changes in tenancy occurred during June :—

Vulcan Inn, Merthyr—Mr. H. Maylott.
Angel Inn, Troedyrhaw—Mr. Wm. Evans.
Red Cow Inn, Maesteg—Mr. W. Phillips.

Each of the new tenants are well known in their respective localities and we wish them every success in their new undertaking.

It is interesting to record that Mr. John Howells, who has recently relinquished his tenancy of the Red Cow Inn, Maesteg, in favour of his son-in-law, Mr. W. Phillips, has been at this House since October, 1904, and we were sorry when he informed us of his decision to retire. We hope that both he and Mrs. Howells will enjoy the retirement, which they have so justly earned, for many years to come.

As the Red Cow Inn is still in the family, Mr. Howells will have interest in its future, and Mr. Phillips is fortunate in having such an able licensed victualler upon whom to call when in need of advice.

Congratulations to Miss A. Dibble, of our Stores Staff, on her marriage to Mr. A. Andrews on Saturday, June 8th. Miss Dibble was presented with a clock by the staff, and it is our sincere wish that she will be most happy.

We congratulate the Lamb Hotel, Neath, darts team on their feat as runners-up for the cup presented in connection with the Neath Special Effort Week for the Lord Mayor of London's Red Cross and St. John War Appeal.

One hundred and eighty-eight teams from the Neath and Dulais valleys competed in the tournament, and the quarter-finals and finals were played at the Gwyn Hall, Neath, on Thursday, June 20th, where a large gathering, headed by His Worship the Mayor

of Neath (Alderman D. C. Griffiths, J.P.) who was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, witnessed some very excellent play. The final was between the Bryndulais Hotel, Seven Sisters, Neath, and the Lamb Hotel, Neath, the former team being successful.

His Worship the Mayor presented the winners with a cup and the runners-up with silver darts. He congratulated the players on their achievement and added that the darts tournament had helped Neath's Special Effort Week to the extent of £30. We understand that Neath's total contribution resulted in the sum of £1,600 being handed over to the Lord Mayor of London's Red Cross and St. John War Appeal.

The following players represented the Lamb Hotel, Neath, and we congratulate them on their very excellent effort:—

W. Jefford (*captain*).
D. J. Rees (*secretary*).
D. Lawrence.
I. Jones.

The team were loud in their praise of the very able assistance given them by our tenants of the Lamb Hotel, Neath, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Stroud.



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