

VOL. XV.

OCTOBER, 1940.

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The
HOP LEAF



THE HOPLEAF

GAZETTE



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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. XV.

OCTOBER, 1940.

No. 1

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



MR. F. L. MASKELL.

MR. F. L. MASKELL.

A native of Reading, where he was born on the 4th November, 1904, Mr. Maskell was a student at Reading School from 1915 to 1920.

It would seem that November is prominent in Mr. Maskell's horoscope, as we find that in addition to being born in that month, he also made his debut at the Brewery on the 1st November, 1920, and served three years in the Brewing Room, acquiring a fundamental knowledge of the handling of cask and bottled beers. He was subsequently transferred to the Branch Department, where he was employed for two years prior to being moved to Portsmouth Branch.

After three years' experience at Portsmouth, where, as third clerk, he gained valuable insight into our naval and military business, Mr. Maskell was promoted to the position of second clerk at Oxford. In the latter part of his nine years' sojourn in that city he performed the duties of relief traveller and proved himself a capable salesman.

With this wide experience to his credit, Mr. Maskell was well equipped to take charge of Blandford Branch when the Brewery of Messrs. J. L. Marsh & Sons was purchased in 1939. His selection for the position has been fully justified by the remarkable increase in our sales in that area. He has been particularly successful in connection with the military side of the business and has been energetic in securing the trade of many new accounts. The extension of the delivery radius from Blandford has necessitated an increase in transport and organization generally, in bringing the system into line with the Firm's methods throughout the South of England. As will be appreciated, considerable detail has been involved and the demands upon the time of Mr. Maskell and the staff generally have been heavy.

As a patrol officer of the Blandford A.F.S. Mr. Maskell's spare time is fully occupied. For eight years he played hockey as goalkeeper for the City of Oxford Hockey Club and was one of the original members. He has always been a keen follower of association football, particularly the fortunes of the Reading team. In the summer months his principal hobby is swimming.

Mr. Maskell is a member of the Reading School Old Boys Lodge No. 3545 and Honour and Friendship Lodge No. 1266, also a member of Mark Lodge St. Mary No. 121.

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.)

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

The news that Mr. Chamberlain has resigned will be heard with great regret by masses of the people who hoped that his moves for peace just two years ago would succeed, only to be frustrated by Hitler's insatiable greed for universal domination, writes Philip E. Pidditch in *The Times*. When the history of these times comes to be written it will not be forgotten that his move for peace then gave us and France a year in which to prepare for the struggle which the clinging of our nation almost as a whole to hopes of peace through disarmament had rendered necessary, and in the case of France not only that, but to bring some measure of unity in that sorely distracted nation, in confusion socially, economically, and financially.

These facts are to-day often forgotten, but will not be by the historian, when impartially considering the justification for his policy of that time.

LORD HALIFAX'S TRIBUTE.

When Mr. Churchill was elected leader of the Conservative and Unionist Association, Lord Halifax paid this fine, but well-deserved tribute to Mr. Chamberlain. He said:—

"Mr. Chamberlain has held the leadership of the Conservative Party for over three and a half years—years as difficult and as testing as it has fallen to the lot of any man to meet, and his career will be ranked among those of his fellow prime ministers of the past as remarkable. He came into politics late, and found, I suppose, the principal incentive, both to entry into the House of Commons and to work when he got there, in an intense longing, flowing from his earlier days at Birmingham, to improve the lot of the less fortunate of his fellow-countrymen. The work that was

always closest to his heart, I suspect, was the work that he did at the Ministry of Health. Certainly, as his father brought new dignity to the office of Secretary of State for the Colonies, so Mr. Neville Chamberlain has made the country realize something of the full significance of the Ministry of Health.

NO MAN WORKED HARDER FOR PEACE.

"As Prime Minister, he recognized that peace was the greatest interest of this country, and to preserve peace no man has ever worked more wholeheartedly. Those efforts failed, and have, indeed, been matter of sharp controversy, in which he was the object of hard and bitter criticism. The historian will, perhaps, record on these events a more informed and balanced judgment than is always attainable to-day. But one result of his action was that when war was finally forced upon the country he carried with him a country absolutely united in purpose, and one convinced that no other course but war was open. In the fight against those evil things of which he spoke on the first day of war, no one was ever more determined to ensure that right should triumph.

VALUE OF HIS GREAT EXAMPLE.

"No one could work with him, and I suppose I worked as closely with him by reason of my office as anyone during the last eighteen months or two years, without being impressed by two things. One was his complete disinterestedness and disregard of any lesser thoughts of self. The other, his unflinching courage and tenacity when he thought a thing was right. Those are great qualities for a democratic leader. It is a recognition of how close those things lie to the roots of health in a democratic state that has made all persons and all parties, however critical on particular points of policy, at one in recognizing the value that he has set by his great example."

HEAVY AND PAINFUL LOSS.

Mr. Churchill, who was received with great applause, said :—

"I feel very much honoured that you have thought of calling me to assume the high and important task of leading the Conservative Party. The loss we have suffered, and which I have suffered, through the illness which has forced our late leader, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, to withdraw from active public life, is heavy and painful. The thoughts and the wishes with which we follow him into his retirement are those of personal regard and of respect and admiration for the courage and the integrity which have animated every action of his life."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S THANKS.

A recording of a personal message from Mr. Neville Chamberlain thanking all who had written to him since his resignation from the War Cabinet was broadcast. He said :—

"I hope in time to be able to reply to most, if not all, of them, but in the meantime I want to say how deeply my wife and I have been touched by this spontaneous and warm-hearted expression of sympathy and goodwill.

"Most of my correspondents are quite unknown to me, but they express their gratitude for what I have tried to do, and by their regard for me, with such transparent and sometimes passionate sincerity, they have, indeed, lightened my affliction and made up for many disappointments. From the bottom of my heart I thank them.

"There is one other note which runs through all my letters, and that is an unwavering confidence in ultimate victory. I share that confidence. It is not conceivable that human civilization should be permanently overcome by such evil men and evil things as we are fighting against, and I feel proud that the British Empire, though left to fight alone, still stands across their path, unconquered and unconquerable."

GOOD WORK!

The organization in our Beer Bottling and Despatch Departments was again recently put to the test, when urgent orders for shipments were received.

The orders which were for a special Export Beer and totalled 12,476 dozens, were telephoned to the Brewery on Friday, September 20th. Of this quantity 6,032 dozens were bottled, packed, loaded on lorries and delivered to a West Coast port by the following Tuesday afternoon. The lorries were back at the Brewery by 12.30 a.m. on Thursday.

The second part of the order comprising 6,444 dozens, was ready and despatched by rail on Wednesday, 25th September.

Despite the pressure on the Export and Transport Departments, this great effort was made in the interests of the Services and the satisfaction of "Something attempted, something done" spread throughout the whole of the staff concerned.

PEREGRINE FALCONS.

An order has been issued to legalize the destruction of peregrine falcons and their eggs on account of the losses inflicted by them on homing pigeons of the R.A.F. It seems most unfortunate that a bird already as scarce as the peregrine should be hastened in this way on the road to extinction if the measure be not absolutely necessary, writes a correspondent in *The Times*. He adds: It probably is not necessary if the R.A.F. would use a simple device well known in China for protecting homing pigeons from hawks, the use of which would probably prove to be more effective than the measures proposed. All that is necessary is to fix a small light whistle to the pigeon near the root of the tail feathers. The shrill noise made by the passage of air through the whistle as the pigeon flies effectively protects the pigeon from hawks of all kinds. Specimens may be seen in the Pitt Rivers Museum at Oxford, and no doubt also in the British Museum. The Chinese make them of diminutive gourds, but no doubt they could be made with greater efficiency of any light metal.

ONIONS!

One of the great calamities of this cruel conflict is the scarcity and extraordinarily high price of onions. They form one of my many weaknesses in life and, when sitting by the riverside, angling, in the cold days that lie ahead, I shall feel very ill at ease unless I can have that onion which goes down so well with my hunk of bread and cheese. It is my favourite food when out for a day's fishing or taking a stroll into the heart of the country turning over ever new pages of the great Book of Nature.

GOOD LOOKING!

"Her niece is rather good-looking, eh?"

"Don't say 'knees is,' say 'knees are.'"

WHERE HE LEARNED THE LANGUAGE.

The C.O. overheard the little soldier use the most lurid language in describing Hitler.

"My man," said he, sternly, "where did you learn all those horrible words?"

"From you, sir," replied Tommy.

"From me?" bellowed the C.O. "How dare you?"

"Don't you remember me?" said the offender, meekly. "I used to be your caddy at St. Andrews."

ANTICIPATED BIG "CATCH."

In a great hurry she rushed into the store: "Give me one of those threepenny mouse-traps, quick," she gasped, "I want to catch a train."

WHAT TO DO WHEN CHALLENGED.

The form of challenge to be made by sentries and the correct answer are set out in Air Ministry Orders:—

Any person approaching is to be challenged: "Halt, who goes there?" On receiving the answer "Friend," the sentry is to respond, "Advance one to be recognized." ("One" means one person.) If the party challenged consists of more than one person the challenge is to be repeated for each.

If a person challenged does not halt he is to be challenged in this manner: "Halt, or I fire." If he does not then halt he is to be challenged once more in this manner, but if he still does not halt and no means are available to stop him, the sentry is instructed to fire, aiming low to hit but not to kill.

Where a person who has been challenged can be stopped by some other means—such as by calling on the guard—the sentry is not to shoot.

THIS PUTS US SQUARE.

The landlord of a Kentish village inn had just opened the doors when a man hurried in and said:—

"I'm to be married in half an hour, and my best man has had his house bombed and can't turn up. Can you help me out?"

"Certainly," said the landlord. He slipped into his morning suit, put a flower in his buttonhole, and went along to the church.

After the wedding, when signing the register, he noticed the bridegroom's name—and recognised it. The bridegroom was a policeman.

The landlord, smiling, turned to him, and said: "Well, old man, this puts us square. You got me fined £2 for speeding not long ago—and now I've helped you to a life sentence."

HITLER'S HOUSEMAID.

The Cockney boy who was sweeping up pieces of broken glass after an air raid had a rare sense of humour. After doing a dance step or two he remarked to the onlookers: "I'm Hitler's blinkin' housemaid."

RABBIT FROM HITLER.

The following letter was addressed to the Editor of *The Times* :—

"Sir—Would you kindly thank Hitler for a wonderful rabbit dinner which took three 1,000 lb. bombs and one oil bomb to kill. Yours truly, Pte. A. Hansen, Pte. M. M. Daisley, L/Cpl. E. W. Marsden, Pte. L. Cation, R.C.A.S.C., Canadians."

FOR BUTTER OR WORSE.

They had bought a silver butter dish to send away as a wedding present and were discussing what to put on the card accompanying it.

"Anything you like," suggested the husband.

His wife thought a while and then wrote: "For butter or worse."

ETIQUETTE!

The colonel had played round the course with the sergeant-major caddying for him. At the eighteenth hole he turned to his caddy and asked: "Well, what do you think of the game?"

"Not bad, sir," was the reply. "Sort of 'ockey at the 'alt, ain't it, sir!"

FORTRESS—AND LIGHTHOUSE.

Let those of us who are at home stand firm, proud in the knowledge that upon our courage and will-power depends the outcome of this momentous conflict. Last month a ministerial speaker objected to the description of Great Britain as a fortress; rather, he said, was she a lighthouse. In fact, she is both—a fortress defying the powers of evil; a lighthouse pointing the route to the harbour of liberty. May she have reason to be proud of all her children.

From the ranks of the valiant dead
Rings forth the Imperial strain;
What we did for England's freedom
Ye bravely do again.

THE LEARNED HORSE.

Everybody has heard of "the learned pig" which delighted our grandfathers in the last century. . . . We now wish to introduce to the notice of the public a "learned horse," which was exhibited last week at Windsor, and which excited the astonishment of all who witnessed his surprising performances. . . . A half-crown, a shilling, a sixpence, and a half-sovereign were thrown down upon a table, and ranged in any order that the spectator liked. The spectator was requested to direct the horse to take up in his mouth any one of these four coins in any order that he pleased to name. The horse instantly obeyed the direction, and brought to the spectator the half-sovereign, the sixpence, the shilling, and the half-crown, as those coins were severally named. . . . Being asked in any order you pleased how many days there were in a week, how many weeks in a month, and how many months in a year (he) took up the figures 7, 4, and 12 respectively. Being asked how many days there were in a year, he first picked out the number 3, then a 6, and then a 5, and placed the three numbers together, making 365. . . . That some signals must be used is quite evident. The cleverness of the trick is that the signals escape detection. . . . There is a horse in the Queen's stables which will only allow one blacksmith in Windsor to touch his feet. . . . A similar power of subduing unruly horses is said to have been possessed by an Irish groom, who from his knack of whispering into the horse's ear obtained the nickname of "the whisperer."—From "*The Times*" of 1840.

UNCONQUERED AND UNCONQUERABLE.

Here is a typical example of the unconquered, the unconquerable Cockney spirit—the spirit of old London. A famous City tavern, windows shattered, has the following notice posted up where the windows once stood :—

OPEN AS USUAL.

The little tea and coffee shop next door, windows also shattered, has gone one better and announces cheerily :—

MORE OPEN THAN USUAL.

"GREAT RISK OF WINTER EPIDEMIC."

Dr. Barnes Burt said, during a debate on health at the Bath City Council, "Unless every law of medicine is broken next winter, a terrible pestilence will break out on the Continent. Fortunately we have the Channel between us, but whether that is sufficient to prevent its spreading to England is another matter. With people herded together in dug-outs, without proper sanitation, and people

calling in on friends, there will be a great risk of an epidemic here." Dr. Burt urged health authorities to spare no expense or trouble in immediate action to prevent overcrowding in houses and shelters and in bringing sanitation up to the mark.

THE TRUTH ABOUT WATERLOO.

Folk who find difficulty in sifting truth from falsehood in records of more recent campaigns may take heart from the fact that Wellington always declared that the true story of Waterloo, fought 125 years ago, had not been written in his lifetime.

General Sir John Jones recorded how he once came upon the Duke ploughing through a ponderous quarto relating to the famous battle and marking paragraph after paragraph with the letters "L." and "DL."

He ventured to ask what the cryptic letters might mean, and was told, "Why, Lie and Damned Lie, of course."

A CAPABLE OFFICER.

Mr. T. Howells recently passed his examination which promotes him from sergeant to corps sergeant-major in the Reading Corps of the St. John Ambulance Brigade. Well done, Mr. Howells! It is a credit to have proved such a capable officer in an organisation which performs such a vast amount of humane and healing service to the community.

NAZI PILOTS REFUSED ADMISSION.

Fifty Nazi pilots, knocked at the gates of heaven and sought admittance. St. Peter waved them back.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but only six of you can come in."

"But there are fifty of us!" the Nazis protested.

"Maybe," replied St. Peter, "but Field-Marshal Goering's communique said that only six had been shot down!"

DRY SPOT.

At Brightwell Baldwin, in Oxfordshire, thirsty souls will spot an inn sign, "The Nelson." It stands beside the roadway, a snare and a delusion. For "The Nelson" is nothing but a village shop and post office.

Once it was a licensed house, but gave up selling beer some 30 years ago. The sign is still kept in good condition, for old times' sake. Very interesting, but irritating on a hot day.

ONE YEAR OF WAR.

The first year of the greatest of wars has joined the past. It will keep the historians busy for generations; but for most of us that crowded, eventful period becomes important chiefly as it shows us how to win victory in the second, or third, or fourth year of our fight for life and liberty, says *Our Empire*. To that end it will be instructive to discuss why Hitler has overrun the greater part of Europe; the miscalculations of his opponents which made his lightning victories possible; and the reasons for his failure—immediate and future—to crown his trophies with a defeated British Empire. That final failure will come quickly, or tardily, as we profit, or fail to profit, by the painful lessons of the past year. But come it will, and with it the collapse of Hitler's brutal tyranny. The Nazis have conquered seven countries, but not seven nations—in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Holland, Belgium and France they vainly strive to kill the immortal spirit of liberty, which continues to flout their concentration camps and firing squads. And when the British Empire springs to the offensive that spirit will become an avenging sword.



NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

SWAN GIVES CYGNETS LESSON IN NEST-BUILDING.

DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOWS.

REDWINGS ARRIVE.

Up the Thames one day in September I witnessed what I considered a very charming sight. I noticed a mother swan busy building a nest and I thought that this was very unusual in September! However, there was no doubt about it. Again and again she stretched out her long neck each time picking up pieces of weed, or pulling up iris blades by the roots, and laying the foundation of a nest. Father swan was there, too, and he proved a very gallant gentleman, handing—or rather beaking—to his wife a mass of building material which she promptly placed into position. And so the building operations proceeded. Looking on intently, within a few feet, were two fully grown young swans, or cygnets. They were evidently being taught a lesson in nest building, for after a considerable time had elapsed mother swan rose from her nest foundation, conducted her two children to it and then they carried on the good work with evident delight and pride.

It was indeed a charming sight and unique in my experience!

HERONS AND THEIR FOUR-FOOTED FRIENDS.

In the meadows, among the cattle, were several herons. They strutted around the noses and feet of the cows and showed not the slightest fear of their four-footed companions. Doubtless the cows, as they moved about feeding, disturbed little frogs, etc., thus providing food for the birds. And I thought, if we humans only left our feathered friends unharmed how tame they would become! They would then soon learn to trust us and we should be able to study, close at hand, their habits, and perhaps see them stab a trout in the back or pick up a water vole and swallow him head-first and whole.

Such sights I have, on occasion, seen through my field glasses.

SWALLOWS BY THE THOUSAND.

What a delightful day was Saturday, September 21st! The sun shone warm and bright and, in the afternoon as I sat by the river-side trying to tempt members of the finny tribe to their doom, I noticed clouds and clouds of swallows, martins and sand martins. There were thousands of them foraging as they do on the eve of their departure for warmer climes. There was a ceaseless chatter and they appeared very excited at the prospect of their long journey. They dived down and took a drink while on the wing or plopped into the water to bathe their little bodies. It was quite easy to discern which were the young swallows for their tails as yet were by no means fully developed. The parents frequently fed their children while on the wing.

The following day there was hardly a swallow to be seen and I have only observed a few since, though on Sunday, October 6th, I saw several while taking a stroll up to our Sports Ground in the early morning, and on Friday, October 11th, I saw seven over the Thames.

DRAGON-FLY DAY.

Saturday, September 21st, might also be described as dragon-fly day. I saw dozens of these fierce fairies, or voracious tigers of the insect world, as they have been aptly described. They included the dainty demoiselle with its brilliant blue body.

REDWINGS ARRIVE.

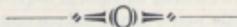
I also heard the simple and rather harsh note of the redwing and saw a number of these thrushes alight in the meadow. They were soon busy worm-hunting and I am glad to say there is an abundance of berries waiting for them in the colder days to come. These birds spend the winter with us and can easily be distinguished from the song-thrush by the light stripe over their eyes and their bright red under wing-coverts. The redwing is a handsome bird.

A GENERAL FAVOURITE.

A robin, close at hand, burst forth into song, though I thought there was a touch of melancholy in it, indicative perhaps of the

cold days to come. He is one of the few birds which sing all the year round, for his song is only interrupted for a short space during his autumnal moult, when most birds are out of sorts and hush their voices. Grahame, in his "Birds of Scotland," thoroughly understood the robin:—

Each season in its turn he hails; he hails,
Perched on the naked tree, spring's earliest buds.
At morn, at chilly eve, when the March sun
Sinks with a wintry tinge, and Hesper sheds
A frosty light, he ceases not his strain;
And when staid autumn walks with rustling tread,
He mourns the falling leaf. Even when each haunt
Is leafless, and the harvest moon has clothed
The fields in white, he, on the hoar-plumed spray,
Delights, dear trustful bird! his future host.
How simply unassuming is that strain!
It is the Redbreast's song, the friend of man.
High is his perch, but humble is his home,
And well concealed
Oft near some simple cottage he prefers
To rear his little home; there, pert and spruce,
He shares the refuse of the good wife's churn,
Which kindly on the wall for him she leaves.
Below her lintel oft he lights, then in
He boldly flits, and fluttering loads his bill
And to his young the yellow treasure bears.



BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(By W. DUNSTER.)

In a letter from a friend in America to whom I send THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE each month, this lady writes as follows:—

"Thank you for the Gazette. I read that letter in the Gazette written by a young aviator to his mother; it was a wonderful letter. Dad has let several people read it."

No doubt many of our readers recall this letter which appeared in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE some few months ago and which, I believe, Mr. C. H. Perrin extracted from *The Times*, with due acknowledgments. It truly was a wonderful letter.

We all know hospitals deal with many casualties but one hardly expects to become a casualty when you are there. Yet this happened to our Mr. E. Gosney, who, having occasion to go to the hospital for a consultation, fell down, cutting his head, which necessitated several stitches. Fortunately he has suffered no ill effects. It was just a case of downright bad luck.

Another of the General Office staff, Mr. G. Taylor, has been called up for service with H.M. Forces, and all his friends at the Brewery wish him well.

Congratulations to Mrs. Marcham on the birth of a son. For some years previous to her marriage Mrs. Marcham was a member of the Correspondence Office staff and left us soon after the outbreak of war, when her husband (a member of our transport service) was called up for active service.

Mr. F. C. Smith, of the Accounts Department, who has been on active service (both home and abroad) for some considerable time, has married recently and the opportunity is taken to wish him all the very best.

September 30th being the end of our financial year, naturally a considerable number of the staff are now engaged in the annual balancing. 'Tis to be hoped that Goering will not disturb their nightly labours too unduly.

Guessing the weight of a large cabbage caused much interest in the bar (where it was displayed) and elsewhere. A charge of one penny was made and a sum of 13/- was realised for the Red Cross. It weighed 7½ lbs., so you see it was "some cabbage." Since then a box of particularly large vegetables has been on show

and a sum of 16/- has been further obtained for the same deserving cause. The gentlemen concerned, Messrs. J. Wetherall and C. Claridge, are to be congratulated on their splendid efforts. Perhaps their next item for show will be fruit, such as apples, pears, peaches, etc.

I suppose the most prized fruit (if you can call it that) at the moment is the onion, for not only do they bring tears to your eyes when peeled, but when you *attempt* to buy them.

The football season is carrying on, particularly at Reading, where the home team has so far won every match played at Elm Park. Away from home they are not doing so well, acute difficulties having been experienced as regards players travelling.

The Brewery Minors, although numbering only one or two players over the necessary eleven, are doing quite well and we wish them every success.

The ladies, in order to keep in trim for the trying winter months, are turning out a hockey team each week.

We are still keeping very busy at the Brewery in spite of these difficult times and of hearing such cryptic phrases as "The Yellow's on," "The Purple's on," etc. I think we all know now when the "Red's" on!

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

- The Victoria Arms, Wokingham (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. J. N. Doe.
- The Swan, Wycombe Marsh (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. C. H. M. Lee.
- The Duke's Head, Henley-on-Thames (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. W. F. Archer.
- The Royal Tar, Brentford (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. F. J. Brazier.
- The Eight Bells, Newbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. S. Spracklen.
- The White Lion, Egham (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. J. W. Huxley.
- The Royal Adelaide, Windsor (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. L. Hopkinson.
- The Forest King, Chilworth (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. P. Macdonald.
- The Foresters Arms, Bagshot (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. J. Curran.

Of the last-named house there is a history. It might be called the Harding house and the following details will give the reason:—

"Mr. Oliver Harding was tenant of this house in 1895, being followed in 1905 by Mr. William Harding. Mrs. Emma Harding took over in 1907, and in 1923 Mr. L. Reynolds (son-in-law) held the licence. He is now succeeded by Mr. W. J. Curran."

It is with regret we record the death, on 13th September, of Mr. Walter Cook, of the Dove Inn, Burton Bradstock. He had been tenant of this house for only a short while, taking over the tenancy in June last. To all relatives we tender our sincere sympathy.

We are sorry to learn of the death of Mrs. Daubeney, late of the Ferry Arms, Shoreham. The late Mr. W. E. Daubeney was tenant of this house from 1910 until 1923, when the licence was transferred to his son-in-law, Mr. J. E. Laker, who is the present tenant. The following report gives fuller particulars:—

"Mrs. Daubeney, widow of a former esteemed member of the licensing trade, Mr. William Daubeney, who was for many years landlord of the Ferry Arms, Shoreham, has died at the residence of a daughter, Mrs. E. G. Vinall, of the Morning Star, Ham Road, Shoreham.

"Mrs. Daubeney, who was within a month or so of completing her 80th year, came of a well-known family of Dorset (Powerstock) agriculturists. She was the last survivor of her generation, having sustained heavy bereavement during this year in the loss of a sister and two brothers, since when her health had gradually declined."



WORDS OF WISDOM.

We must do the things we must before the things we may.

Whatever noble fire is in our hearts will burn also in our work.

Hope for the best, but if the worst comes make the best of it.

Overcome the past, live the present; prepare the future.

The hill hath not yet raised its head to heaven that perseverance cannot gain the summit of in time.—*Dickens*.

Time is called precious, because when lost, it seems it cannot be recovered. You might as well try to catch a sun ray with a rat-trap. But the lost effort can often be made up for by redoubled energy.

Make your mark, but mind what your mark is.

Of't have I heard, and now believe it true,
Whom man delights in, God delights in too.

Slow and steady wins the race.

The blessed work of helping the world forward does not wait to be done by perfect men.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

The idea of conflict, of struggle, and of a closely-fought contest is by no means unfamiliar to those who lead a worldly life, and who are immersed in worldly business. There are few men who achieve any marked measure of success in the world without a keen struggle into which they have put every ounce of energy and ability which they can muster. Nor do such men relax and take their ease as soon as they have gained even a large measure of success and prosperity. It is a constant source of surprise to many how the most eminently successful men of business will keep on and on at their work until they die a ripe age, when they might have retired from their labours many years before and enjoyed their accumulated wealth. But the fact seems to be that they found enjoyment not in relaxation and comparative idleness, but in their work.

From such men we may well learn a lesson which most of us need very much to learn. They are striving for a corruptible crown; we are supposed to be striving for an incorruptible one. But to judge from our actions we seem to think that all we have to do is sit down and wait for the time when the incorruptible crown will drop like a ripe fruit into our lap.

We make a disastrous mistake if we think that what was purchased at so tremendous a cost can be won by us without the expenditure of a single effort. And yet how few of us strive one hundredth part as hard for the incorruptible crown as do thousands of men and women around us for their various kinds of corruptible crowns.

Even in the pursuit of this world's prizes men habitually refrain from a number of pleasant things which would interfere with the main ambition of their lives. How little of this do we practise in order to win an eternal and imperishable prize!

If you have not yet experienced it you will be surprised at the inward peace which comes from the realisation of the triviality and worthlessness of worldly things. There are lawful and necessary pursuits in this world which we may not abandon, but so long as we recognise them for what they are all will be well.

THE PRIVATE'S LAMENT.

(Dedicated to those who have recently joined up.)

Who was it met me on the barracks square
The morning of my first appearance there?
Who said " For Gawd's sake cut your *— hair "
The Sergeant.

Who was it watched me like an angel sweet?
Who said perhaps my puttees weren't too neat?
Who asked me where I got those *— feet?
The Sergeant.

Who was it tucked me up in bed each night,
And asked me if my mother was all right?
Who told me to put out that *— light?
The Sergeant.

Who got me out of bed at crack of dawn,
And cursed me pink because I dared to yawn,
And asked me why the hell my coat was torn?
The Sergeant.

Who is it watches o'er me night and day,
A kindly shepherd in his kindly way,
And who is it for whom I *always* pray?
My Sergeant.

When some day I obey the Great Behest,
And grass and dandelions grow on my chest,
Who will sell half my kit (and keep the rest)?
My Sergeant.

Who was it got me " Jankers " for a week,
Because on church parade I dared to speak
A few kind words (he called it *— cheek)?
My Sergeant.

Who's due to have me as a cook next July?
For whom is the arsenic I'll get on the sly?
And who will find it in his porridge bye and bye?
My Sergeant.

* Read the familiar adjective—it scans better!—EDITOR.

(From " The Optimist. ")

THE BREWERY FIRE BRIGADE.

RETIREMENT OF MR. G. F. ANDREWS.

Members of the Brewery Fire Brigade met together on Monday, September 16th, to do honour to their late chief, who, as previously reported, has been compelled to give up his office as chief owing to increased pressure of work. In a short speech, which was made by Mr. H. L. Aust, now chief officer, reference was made to the many fine qualities shown by their late chief, and all members expressed their satisfaction in the knowledge that he would still be in their midst at the Brewery and ready to assist when called upon.



Mr. R. West also spoke in recognition of the many examples of assistance rendered to the brigade by the late chief.

To show their appreciation, a presentation of a barometer was duly made to Mr. Andrews by Mr. H. L. Aust.

The health of Mr. Andrews was then drunk by all members of the brigade but the toasting was brought to a hasty conclusion on the message being received that sirens were sounding.

So with a speedy " best wishes from all, " the brigade ran to their posts.

Duty had called!

THE BEAR INN, PARK LANE, TILEHURST.



Exterior View.



Comfortable Interior.



Another Attractive Bar.

Since it was opened in October, 1938, The Bear Inn, Park Lane, Tilehurst, has enjoyed increasing popularity and this is in large measure due to the indefatigable labours of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rex, the proprietors, who study, in every way, the comfort and convenience of their numerous customers.

BINDING OF VOLUME XIV.

The September issue having completed Volume XIV, we are prepared to undertake the binding of this volume for any of our readers at a charge of 3/3 each. If desired, covers can be supplied at 1/3 each, where it may be more convenient for the binding to be done locally. Readers should send complete sets to the nearest office from which the journal is delivered, or to the representative for the district.

NOVEL FORM OF TRANSPORT.



Mr. Harry Coff, mine host of the New Inn, Sunningdale, is not only a fine organist, but a very capable organiser, and the music of his little 24 h.p. car which can cover 50 m.p.h. and do 80 miles to the gallon is an ever-welcome sound to his many customers, as he conveys to them, in barrel and bottle, Simonds' famous brands. It is a novel, but none the less effective, form of transport. Carry on, Mr. Coff!

MARRIAGE OF MR. MERVYN ADAMS.

Mr. Mervyn Adams' many friends and old colleagues at the Brewery will be interested in the following particulars of his wedding which took place on the 29th June at St. Thomas' Church, Exeter, the bride being Miss Marjorie Fenwick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Fenwick, of Exeter. Mr. Wm. A. J. Parris (of our A. S. Cooper branch) was best man, and the honeymoon was spent at Torquay. A very happy reception of some 70 guests took place at Colson's restaurant. Mr. Parris writes that to those who know "Ginger" Adams, to say that he was his usual self at the reception will be quite sufficient. We are sure that all will wish Mr. and Mrs. Adams every future happiness.



The Bride and Bridegroom.



Group of the Wedding Party.

THE DOLLY VARDEN.

I know a quiet inn—The Dolly Varden—
Remote from all main roads and rush and noise
—With panelled parlour and sequestered garden
—A place of peace and rest and homely joys.

How many times, from press of work escaping,
Have I, like truant schoolboy, broken bounds
And, eagerly my course to southward shaping,
Invade Dolly Varden's tranquil grounds!

How many afternoons in sultry summer
Has Dolly Varden offered welcome kind?
—A welcome she extends to each newcomer
Who has the luck her whereabouts to find!

How many times when winter lanes were frozen
Or branches muffled deep in clinging snow,
Have I again this expedition chosen,
From Dolly Varden's hearth to feel the glow!

And if you ask me "where's The Dolly Varden"
—This charming inn by trees and hedges hid—
I'll answer with a smile, "I beg your pardon—
Discover for yourself—as once I did."

S. E. COLLINS.

NOTABILITIES AT THE BREWERY (No. 2).



"O wad some power the giftie gie us"
 "To see oursel as ithers see us."

DRIVER R. A. BRAISHER, R.E.



*The above photograph is reproduced by courtesy of
 The Berkshire Chronicle.*

Son of the foreman of our Canvas Department, Driver Braisher is a prisoner of war in Germany.

"Ron," as he was known to his Brewery pals, was employed in the Transport Department. He was a regular member of the Brewery football team and holds medals for football, cricket and running, also a Berks county badge for running as a boy.

He has won cups and many prizes at boxing, shooting, table tennis and darts.

He will be well remembered by a number of our customers as the driver of the "Green Van," and his cheerful personality made him a number of friends who hope that it will not be very long before he rejoins us to continue the good work.

His enthusiasm for work is equal to his enthusiasm for sport.

TO TREAT OR NOT TO TREAT.

A SACRAMENT OF FRIENDSHIP,

BY BRENDAN BERNARD WILLIAMS.

From "The Club and Institute Journal."

Numerous restrictions on the drinking habits of the people were imposed during the last war, when D.O.R.A. stood forbiddingly on guard over pleasure. Hours of sale were cut down drastically, the alcoholic strength of spirits was reduced by law, clubs had to comply with the same hours as public houses, the "long pull" was abolished (probably to the gratification of the licensed trade, which

was relieved thereby of a costly custom); and other changes were made in the licensing laws. Among all the regulations none was so unpopular, more frequently evaded, or more generally reviled than the Order prohibiting a man buying his friend a drink at a bar. A man could not legally even buy his wife a drink; and police-court records, if they were turned up now, would report the penalties inflicted on those who were so criminally minded that they paid for their wives' glasses of stout or port. Penalties were not insignificant; some paid as much as £25 on top of the price of the drink they had bought their companions, which made hospitality a costly affair. No wonder D.O.R.A. was the most abused lady of the land.

The Order was imposed by the Central Control Board (Liquor Traffic), which was inaugurated under the 3rd Defence of the Realm Act, in spite of Mr. Lloyd George's pledge to Parliament that the powers conferred by the Act would not be used to introduce "anything which can be regarded as controversial" and that control would be applied only to munition and transport areas during the war. Well, Mr. Lloyd George and the members of the Control Board might have considered that the No-Treating Order wasn't controversial, but the public thought otherwise, and said so; the Order was not confined to munition and transport areas; and it continued its unpopular existence till the 3rd June, 1919, although to all intents and purposes the war, for the men and women of Britain, had ended on the 11th November, 1918, seven months earlier.

The purpose of the Order was to prevent—or at least discourage—munition workers from standing each other too many drinks when they visited a pub together and over-generous civilians from befuddling the heads of soldiers home on leave. The purpose might have been more apparent had the Order been imposed less widely. The authorities had expressed concern at the amount of over-drinking that was taking place, at the time the Order was introduced, and at the effect the results of this were having on the production of munitions. Just how serious this over-drinking really was it is difficult to assess; but the reports appear to have been—like the German communiques of to-day—somewhat exaggerated; and it suited certain parties to have "the drink" to lay the blame on, just as it suits the law-breaker to plead unwise drinking when hauled up before the magistrates, drink being the universal scapegoat.

NO NEED FOR THE RESTRICTION.

Most of the drink regulations of the last war are still in operation, in their original or in a modified form, having been made permanent by the Licensing Act of 1921. The No-Treating Order,

however, was too much of a good thing; it was the first restriction to be lifted; and it was allowed to lapse into "innocuous desuetude." But the teetotallers of to-day won't have it that a war can be a proper war unless this corpse is resurrected; and they have campaigned hard, in Parliament and out, for the thing to be disinterred. Unfortunately for this campaign—and fortunately for the prosecution of the war—there is no widespread drunkenness nowadays and no time is being lost in munition work because the workers are taking too much to drink. This is very different from the last, in a number of ways; and one of the most significant differences socially is the great improvement in the sobriety of the people, who have long passed through the phase of going regularly on the binge. The teetotallers are so absorbed by their plans for ordering everybody's recreation and refreshment according to their own idea that they haven't yet had time to look up at the world around them and see the change that has taken place.

Sir John Anderson has more than once been asked Parliamentary questions about the desirability of introducing a No-Treating Order again. On the last occasion he said that, although all chief officers of police had been asked to report any significant increase of drunkenness or excessive drinking in their districts, and special reports had been called for, as occasion arose, on specific complaints about particular districts, no chief constable had so far suggested that there was a need for a No-Treating Order. Mr. Ernest Brown, as Secretary of State for Scotland, has also been asked to do something about forbidding a man from treating his pal; and has replied that on his information he cannot find that there is cause for the prohibition.

EXCEPTIONS TO THE RULE.

One of the troubles about teetotallers is that they are teetotallers, by which we needn't understand that abstinence undermines the powers of reasoning; but they don't and won't look in at the pub and see for themselves what is going on. If only they would go on a pub crawl, how different they would find everything from what they believe; and they may rest assured that nobody would try to make them drink the "intoxicating beverages" they abhor and that aren't intoxicating unless you drink too many of them; the landlord would serve them a grapefruit or lemonade just as cheerfully as if they had asked for a pint of bitter or a whisky and soda. Here and there it may happen that a knot of visitors abuse the treating custom and drink more than they can carry or afford; but incidents such as these are the exceptions to the rule and hard cases make bad law.

The man who asks his pal "What's your's?" is entertaining him; he is making his glass of beer more than a mere refreshment,

and he drinks it as the modern counterpart of the old wassail, a sacrament of friendship. The custom is too deeply ingrained in the British character to be eradicated by any Defence Regulation; and the Government is wise not to give way to the agitation for its prohibition, which isn't necessary and would do no good and might do immeasurable harm if applied widely as it was in the last war.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"Kiss her goodbye," said the mother to her little girl. "Anna (the maid) is joining the A.T.S."

"No, indeed!" said the little girl. "She'll slap me like she did Daddy."

* * * * *

Two billeted soldiers arrived at the home of a dear old lady. She greeted them with a smile, showed them to their room, and watched them dump their belongings—tin helmets, respirators, packs, kitbags and what not. Then a worried look came into her faded eyes as she asked: "Boys, are you sure you came by all these things honestly?"

* * * * *

An income tax collector had died, and a subscription was raised in a city office for a wreath. The boss promised five shillings, and when a clerk called to collect he was handed a ten shilling note.

"You'll want five shillings change, sir," murmured the clerk.

"No," growled the boss, "keep it and bury another."

* * * * *

Having an early train to catch, MacGregor was rather worried that he wouldn't wake up in time. Several ideas came to him, but they all had one drawback; they meant spending money.

"Then came the dawn"—in other words, he had a brain-wave. He addressed a letter to himself and posted it without a stamp. Next morning there was a thunderous knocking at the door. MacGregor leaned out of his bedroom window.

"Letter for ye," said the postman, "and there's fivepence to pay."

"Tak' it back," replied MacGregor virtuously. "Carelessness like that shouldna' be encouraged."

* * * * *

The wife came in to find her husband and a stranger—afterwards ascertained to be a lawyer—engaged in some mysterious business over the dining-room table, upon which were spread several sheets of paper.

"What are you doing with all that paper, Henry?" demanded his wife.

"I am making a wish," said the husband, meekly.

"A wish?"

"Yes, my dear. In your presence I shall not presume to call it a will."

* * * * *

While a city mother was visiting her evacuated son, who was billeted in a luxurious mansion, the lady of the house said grandly: "Your Tommy will be able to enjoy himself next week. We are giving a party for my daughter's coming-out."

"Oh!" exclaimed the mother suspiciously, "wot's she bin in for?"

* * * * *

A Nazi plane was shot down in the grounds of a magnificent building. A crowd of men rushed to the spot and dragged the pilot from the blazing machine. The young German shook them off.

"When we take over England," he boasted, "my Fuehrer will live in your big house."

"That's right, lad," said one of the rescuers, "that's our mental asylum!"

* * * * *

The Canadian soldier was obviously enjoying his stay in London, and was very interested in the famous places. "Oh, by the way," he said. "In Canada we've heard a lot about this fellow Nelson—which paper does his column appear in?"

* * * * *

After attacking an enemy ship, one of our submarines dived and waited for the depth charges. One of these exploded near enough to the submarine to make it reel over so far that the alarm bell rang, and some of the lights went out. For a moment there was a dead silence as everyone waited for what might happen next. Then the ship's comedian chipped in with: "Give the gent a coconut, Bill; he's rung the bell!"

During the sojourn of the B.E.F. in France a hefty private who was having a drink in an estaminet made friends with the lady behind the bar. A prolonged embrace ensued.

"Feeneesh! Feeneesh!" cried the lady.

"No, Canadian," was the reply.

* * * *

At breakfast he was telling his wife about the dinner he had attended the night before.

"And a funny thing—" he was saying, "the chairman offered to buy a silk hat for anyone who could honestly claim that he had never told his wife a lie. And nobody stood up to claim it?"

"And why," asked his wife, ominously, "couldn't you have claimed it?"

"Now dear," he said easily, "you know how awful I look in a silk hat!"

* * * *

A certain dear old lady always made it her business to visit the poor patients in the hospital.

On one occasion she approached a much-bandaged individual who was sitting up in bed, and after a little preliminary talk she said to him, very sympathetically:

"I suppose your wife must miss you a good deal."

"No, mum," came the prompt reply: "she's got a wonderful aim for a woman."

* * * *

The refugee had been learning English by the phonetic system, and when applying for naturalisation was questioned on his knowledge of our language. All went well at the oral tests, but the candidate was unsuccessful when it came to dictation.

Asked to write "fish" he rendered it "ghoti." This he justified as follows: "gh" as in "rough" "o" as in "women," and "ti" as in "ambition."

* * * *

"And how is your father?" Mrs. Malaprop was asked. "Will he be back at work next week?"

"I'm afraid not," she answered, "we think compensation has set in."

An R.A.F. pilot went on a solo flight and encountered six Messerschmitts. He attacked them, beat them off and brought down two. On his return, a comrade asked—"But why didn't you send out a radio message for help?"

"Oh," he replied. "I thought you only did that when you were in difficulties."

* * * *

A foreman, having need to place an apprentice boy with another lad to crosscut a huge tree trunk which had been cut down on the estate so that it might be removed, received a strong protest from the bricklayer's apprentice. "That's not laying bricks," said the boy, "if my society gets to hear of this they will make our boss dance for it."

Foreman: "And what is the name of your society, sonnie?"

Apprentice bricklayer: "The Blank Building Society, Sir."

* * * *

Two farmers decided on a trip to the big city. After a round of sightseeing they entered an hotel.

"We'd like to stay here for the night," said the elder.

"Certainly," said the clerk. "Would you like a room with a bath?"

The elder farmer hesitated.

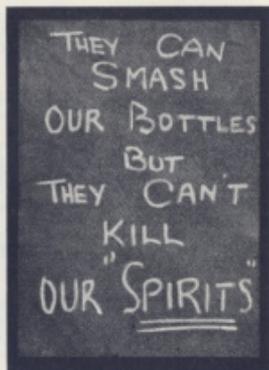
"Go on, Oliver," urged his friend, "be a sport. We only live once."



BRANCHES.

DEVONPORT.

In a recent air raid over a South Western Town, which was reported in the *Western Morning News*, considerable damage was done to property in the town. Despite the severity of the attack the irrepressible British humour which so often arises, even during times of the greatest ordeal, was typified by a notice which was displayed outside certain Off-Licence premises, reading :—



Two inns in the vicinity were damaged during the raid and the occupants, as well as the patrons, "One and all" shared the above opinion.

BRIDGEND.

On the evening of August 9th the staff of Bridgend Branch met at the Victoria Hotel for the pleasant task of wishing our Chief Clerk, Mr. F. W. Lawrence, health and happiness on the occasion of his impending marriage to Evelyn May, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Knapp of the Queen Inn, Burghclere, near Newbury.

Mr. S. H. Spurling, in a few informal words, expressed the good wishes of all present and asked Mr. Lawrence to accept, as a token of esteem, a clock, which had been subscribed for by the indoor and outdoor staff of the branch.

The wedding ceremony took place at Burghclere Parish Church on Monday, August 12th, and afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence left for a short honeymoon at Windsor.

We have to record the following changes of licences since our last notes :—

New Inn, Laleston—Mr. F. Richardson.

Royal Dock Hotel, Briton Ferry—Mr. B. Jones.

To both we extend our best wishes for their future success.

We are extremely sorry to report the demise of Mrs. A. Hedges, wife of the late Mr. Ernest Egbert Hedges, who was our bottling foreman at Swansea for many years, and mother of the late Mr. Ernest E. Hedges, our traveller for Swansea district who passed away in June last.

Our sympathies are extended to the relatives in their sad loss. *R.I.P.*

WOKING.

It is with profound regret that we give the news of the sudden death on Monday, 30th September, of our Chief Clerk, Mr. E. E. Hockings.

Mr. Hockings, who was 47 years of age, had appeared to enjoy the best of health and spirits and his passing, following a paralytic

stroke, came as a severe shock to both the staff at this branch and to his wide circle of friends.

Mr. Hockings had long service with the Firm, commencing at Ludgershall Branch in 1908, and was appointed to his late position in February, 1936. He served with the Hampshire Regiment in the Great War of 1914-18, and was a member of the 9th Battalion which, during the vicissitudes of that struggle, encircled the globe.

The funeral service was held at Horsell Parish Church on Thursday, 3rd October, in which churchyard he was laid to rest. Many of Mr. Hockings' friends were present to do him a last honour, and a guard of honour was provided by the local detachment of the Home Guard, of which he was an active and enthusiastic member.

The Firm was represented by Mr. A. E. Wake, Messrs. J. Holloway and S. M. Wareham (travelling staff), Miss D. Brown (office) and Mr. F. Pritchard (stores). The many floral tributes testified to the esteem in which Mr. Hockings was held.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Hockings and her son, who is serving with H.M. Navy, at their great and irreparable loss.

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