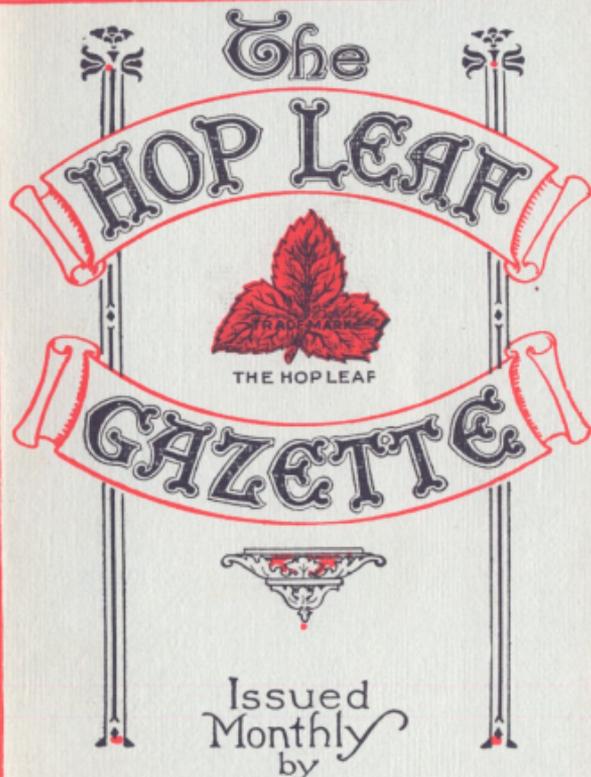


VOL. XV.

DECEMBER, 1940.

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

A RECORD OF SOCIAL ACTIVITIES AT THE BREWERY.

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All communications should be addressed to—
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The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. XV.

DECEMBER, 1940.

No. 3.



Christmas Greetings

and the sincere wish
that the New Year will
bring

Happier Times
to all our readers and
friends throughout the
world.



The Brewery,
Reading.

Xmas 1940.



MR. R. T. KINGWELL.

MR. R. T. KINGWELL.

A native of Woolwich, where he resides, Mr. R. T. Kingwell, whose portrait appears in the frontispiece, is a military representative at our London Branch. Joining the Firm at Woolwich Branch under the late Mr. George Nichols on September 27th, 1907, Mr. Kingwell has always taken a keen interest in military work and proved his worth when assisting with the supply and supervision of military messes at Colchester, Woolwich, Biggin Hill, Kenley, Purfleet and Gravesend, until the transfer of the branch business to Wandsworth Road in 1930.

Moving to London Branch with a great reputation for hard work, Mr. Kingwell was given a position as military representative and has more than justified the confidence placed in him. To state that he is a very popular visitor at military functions is eloquent testimony to his sociability.

Of a very practical nature, his long experience of the trade has stood him in good stead in handling the problems which arise in the military business through the rapid and constant movements of troops at the present time, which demand constant and close attention, but a breezy personality and an unquenchable sense of humour are two of his biggest assets in surmounting difficulties and retaining the goodwill of his numerous friends.

Joining the R.A.V.C. in December, 1915, Mr. Kingwell was transferred after six months to the Royal Artillery and served with the 47th Battery, 41st Brigade, R.F.A., proceeding to France in June, 1916. A possessor of the General Service and Victory Medals, he returned to civil life in 1920.

In other days, association football and cricket were his favourite recreations, but now he is quite happy with a billiards cue or a set of darts, although he considers that the greatest art of either game, to use his own words, is "always knowing when to lose."



Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine oft infirmities.—The Bible.

CHAT from



THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

(By C. H. P.)

A VERY HAPPY MEETING!

Each of the three sons of our Chairman and Managing Director joined up early in the war and each has seen service abroad. Recently Mrs. Simonds received a joint cable from Mr. E. D. Simonds and Mr. Kenneth F. Simonds indicating that, by a strange coincidence, they had met in Cairo and were dining together—what a happy and unexpected meeting!

Mr. Eric's nephew, Mr. R. M. Hare, is serving in India, and Commander H. D. Simonds is now in Ottawa, more than pleased to be serving under the British flag again.

TREAT TO LISTEN TO HIM.

"They say Robinson is becoming a great orator."

"Well, I only heard him speak once, but it was certainly a treat to listen to him."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'What'll you have?'"

IN BRIEF.

A son at college wrote to his father, "No mon, no fun, your son."

The father answered, "How sad, too bad, your dad."

KNOWS WHAT TO EXPECT.

"Every single soul in every country that comes under the German heel knows what to expect. He is to expect that not merely in matters of work and wages will his life be altered and ordered by aliens, but in every moment of the day; that he will never speak without permission, never think without anxiety nor go to sleep without fear. That is the fate designed for us and every other country on which the Fuehrer sets his feet; and in such a struggle can anyone be lukewarm?"—*Let There Be Liberty*, by A. P. Herbert (Macmillan War Pamphlets).

FARES—NOT CONFESSIONS.

Passenger: "One and a half, please."

Conductor: "You must pay full fare for that boy—he must be over fourteen."

Passenger: "How can he be fourteen when I've only been married twelve years?"

Conductor: "Madam, I am here to collect fares, not confessions."

CAUTIONARY TALE!

Those who have the will to win

Cook potatoes in their skin,

Knowing that the sight of peelings

Deeply hurts Lord Woolton's feelings.

AN APPRECIATION.

In these abnormal times our Transport are beset with many difficulties, but they do not forget the Home Secretary's slogan "Go to it" and they just carry on. In view of the many adverse circumstances under which they work it was more than pleasing to receive the following testimonial from the Steward who has just recently retired from the British Legion Club, Camberley:—

"As I have now left the British Legion Club, I should be glad, if it is possible, if you will convey my sincere thanks to the members of your outdoor staff for the help given and courtesy shown to my wife and myself during my six and a half years as steward."

We wish both Mr. and Mrs. Pounds good health and the best of luck.

HITLER'S FIERCEST FOES.

Britain's workers know that Hitler's victory would mean their own spiritual and economic death, as *Our Empire* states. To-day they help to govern their own country; they are free to alter the law through the constitutional machinery of the ballot box; they may read what they like and say what they please within limits set by their own representatives; they may organise to protect their interests and improve their standard of life; they may adhere to any religion, or none at all. Hitler would rob them of all these things, the fruits of centuries of striving, as he has robbed their brothers on the Continent. If he dares to invade this fortress of liberty he will meet the armed might of fighting men who have proved themselves better than his own; but his fiercest foes will be the workers behind them.

JOHN BULL'S TEAM.

In not one of the countries that he has trodden under foot has Hitler met the team spirit which now animates his greatest adversary. And it is the team spirit of a nation of sportsmen that will bring us victory. First line troops, Home Guard, munition workers, A.R.P. men, food producers, all have their appropriate positions in the field—with the priceless leadership of a captain who enjoys their completest confidence. And, in the work of this team, let us not underrate the skill and the enthusiasm of the employers. Cheerfully facing what is almost the limit in taxation, they are working day and night with an energy that rivals the self-denying labour of their workpeople, and are sharing with the representatives of their men the duties of an advisory council and a welfare advisory board to ensure the smooth running of our industrial machinery.

REMEMBER THE NAVY.

The nightly raids of the R.A.F. upon enemy oil tanks are complicating Hitler's problem. But, in our appreciation of the fine work of our airmen, let us not forget the quiet, persistent, implacable pressure of the blockade. It is still the Royal Navy which causes Hitler's biggest headache.

TOO MUCH RABBIT.

Recommendations that shooting of rabbits should be carried out on an even greater scale than usual this autumn to increase food supplies may recall to some the cynical toast proposed by Robert Fergusson, the Scottish poet. Bursars at St. Andrew's University were each expected to take turn at saying grace before dinner, and on one occasion, when there had been loud complaints by the students about the frequency of rabbit on the menu, young Fergusson influenced an immediate reform as a result of this grace:—

For rabbits young and rabbits old,
For rabbits hot and rabbits cold,
For rabbits tender, rabbits tough,
Lord, we thank Ye, but we've had enough.

A WOMAN'S POWER.

"Here's a wonderful thing," said Mrs. Browne. "I've just been reading of a man who reached the age of forty without learning to read or write. He met a woman and for her sake he made a scholar of himself in two years." "That's nothing," replied her husband. "I know a man who was a profound scholar at forty. He met a woman, and for her sake he made a fool of himself in two days."

EVERYTHING BY EAR.

Mrs. Pippis was proud of her son Rufus. "He's so gifted, Mrs. Jones," she told her neighbour one morning. "Now he's gone in for music, an' paid fifteen shillings for an instrument!"

"What instrument does he play?" asked the neighbour.

"He calls it a catarrh."

"Catarrh?" echoed Mrs. Jones. "I thought that was something to do with the nose?"

"Oh, no!" corrected Mrs. Pippis, beaming. "He plays everything by ear!"

A TITLE OF DERISION.

The Chief Whip, who has been coming in for some criticism from Conservative members, bears a title first applied in derision. In 1769 during one of the fierce "Wilkes and Liberty" debates, the Government made extraordinary efforts to ensure a majority, and Edmund Burke referred scathingly to these efforts, describing how Ministers had sent for their friends from all quarters, "whipping them in"—than which, he said, there could be no better phrase.

Others thought so too, and "whipper-in," and subsequently "whip," became the accepted title. Palmerston once summarised the qualifications of a good Whip as "ability to say in a gentlemanly fashion the things no gentleman would say."

THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.

With a puzzled look on his chubby face, the small boy sought his mother. "I wish daddy wasn't a professor," he said. "It makes him so absent-minded.

"Why, what's he done now?" asked mother.

"Well, I met him in the street just now and he said: 'Hallo, my boy, I seem to know your face. How's your father?'"

VERY COLD FIRST THING!

The angler decided to rise very early. As he walked along the main street he heard the village clock strike five. "Well, I've always heard a lot about the early rising of country folk," he thought to himself, "but there's no one about yet."

Presently he saw a farm labourer.

"Grand morning!" he called out.

"It is now, sir," replied the labourer, "but it was very cold first thing."

MINE'S A BITTER.

A man who had been enjoying himself not wisely but too well was taking the train home. While waiting at the station he wandered up to the signal-box door. For some minutes he gazed in stupefaction at the signalman pulling over his levers. Then gradually a smile of understanding came over his face, and he exclaimed, "Mine's a bitter!"

THE SMALL PLEASURES OF LIFE.

We can't all be film stars or dictators or writers of best sellers, but there is some compensation in the smaller pleasures which life affords. Here are some of them:—

- The extra half-hour in bed;
- Finding an odd coin in an unexpected pocket;
- Watching a man chasing his hat;
- Removing a Brazil nut in one piece;
- The clang and clatter of the fire engine;
- Shuffling through dry leaves;
- Getting across before the green light changes;
- Getting a seat in a tram;
- Turning off the wireless.

HOTEL RULES. (NOT A SIMONDS' HOTEL.)

- (1) If you can't find the bell, ring the towel.
- (2) If the room is too hot, open the window and see the fire escape.
- (3) Guests fond of athletics should lift up the mattress and see the bed spring.
- (4) Never mind how long you wait for a meal. You can't beat our waiter: he's been waiting 10 years.
- (5) Guests fond of hunting can obtain Keatings Powder from the housekeeper.
- (6) Valuables must be left at the cashier's office. They can be left as part payment of the bill.
- (7) Any complaints, call the Manager, but be careful what you call him.
- (8) Dogs are not allowed, dirty or otherwise.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

A mother took her little son into one of those large stores that have Santa Claus walking round at Christmastime. She missed her little boy for a few moments, but saw him in conversation with the person who was impersonating Santa Claus. Upon his returning

to her side, she said to him: "And what did the dear, kind Father Christmas say to you, my boy?" To her surprise, Sonny answered: "He said, 'If you don't put that — engine down, I'll break your — neck.'"

THE EMPIRE'S WATCHWORD: "IT'S A GRAND LIFE . . ."

"It is a grand life, if we don't weaken."

"There," said Mr. Churchill in the House of Commons, "is the British watchword for the winter of 1940. We will think of something else for the winter of 1941." That slogan was given to the Prime Minister by a steel-helmeted air raid warden standing amid the ruins of a demolished house, says *Our Empire*. "A grand life"! Spent in the shelters while the night is made hideous by the clatter of the barrage and the crump of bombs; death or mutilation a daily risk shared by 45,000,000 people; family life a thing of the past; a thousand irritations flowing from the congestion of traffic and the temporary interruption of essential services!

LONDON'S GRIM SMILE.

Yet that man spoke the truth. It is a grand life—to know that one is fighting, and defeating, the most formidable attack upon human liberty; to enjoy the privilege of suffering in the most sacred of causes; to realise that the Britain of to-day is *not* decadent, but worthy of her most heroic forebears. Scared and battered, the face of London still seems to wear the grim smile of an unconquerable spirit; her citizens move swiftly and methodically about their work; nowhere is there evidence of panic or a whisper of defeatism. And that goes, with equal truth, for the great cities in the Midlands, the North and the South. They are all true to what Kipling called "The Breed." Unlike their soldier sons, they have no standards upon which to inscribe their battle honours. But every one of them has earned the right to emblazon upon his coat of arms the immortal name of "Britain."

HANG ON!

That staunch and influential patron of racing, Lord Rosebery, cheered up thoroughbred breeders at Newmarket when, taking an optimistic view of the future, he advised them to:—

Hang on to your horses and your breeding businesses—hang on as long as you can.

MR. COX'S PIPPIN.

Shoppers frequently ask about the origin of the name of Cox's orange pippin, which has now made its welcome autumnal appearance in the shops. This kind of apple is actually over a century

old and was raised from a much older one, the Ribston pippin, which was raised at Ribston Hall, Wetherby, Yorkshire, as far back as 1690. The now famous Cox's orange pippin was raised about 1830 by Mr. Richard Cox, a retired brewer, in his garden at Colnbrook Lawn, Slough, Buckinghamshire.

OH, JONATHAN ! DEAR JONATHAN !

Oh, JONATHAN ! dear JONATHAN ! a wretched world we see ;
 There's scarce a freeman in it now, excepting you and me.
 In soldier-ridden Christendom the sceptre is the sword ;
 The statutes of the nation from the cannon's mouth are roar'd.
 Ordinance the subject multitude for ordinance obey ;
 The bullet and the bayonet debate at once allay ;
 The mouth is gagg'd, the Press is stopp'd, and we remain alone
 With power our thoughts to utter, or to call our souls our own.
 They hate us, Brother JONATHAN, those tyrants ; they detest
 The island sons of liberty, and freemen of the West ;
 It angers them that we survive their savage will to stem ;
 A sign of hope unto their slaves—a sign of fear to them.
 Stand with me, Brother JONATHAN, if ever need should be ;
 Still be it ours to show the world that nations can be free ;
 Not as almost each people in sad Europe now appears,
 Ruled with a despot's iron rod, a race of mutineers.

—From "Lines to Brother Jonathan," PUNCH, 1851.

"BREWERY PERSONALITIES."

The gentleman who is caricatured this month under the above title will be readily recognised. Looking through an issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE for October, 1928, I came across the following note that I had written on that occasion :—

"From comments received, the appearance of Mr. Bowyer's photograph in the June issue was a popular feature. The many friendly remarks are fully justified. Mr. Bowyer accurately portrays 'the right man in the right place' and, moreover, he is the youngest member of our managing staff. He gained his position by outstanding merit and his signal successes in connection with military patrons, amongst whom he has a wide circle of friends, are well known."

The truth of those words has been emphasized to a marked degree since Mr. Bowyer's stay in Reading as Home Trade Manager. In the town and much further afield he has proved immensely popular and the friendships he has formed have increased by hundreds. Mr. Bowyer possesses many fine qualities of heart and mind, he has a most genial personality and while he is ever making new friends he never forgets the old.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN PASSES.

(From "Our Empire.")

Mr. Neville Chamberlain died on November 9th. The whole Empire mourns the loss of a sincere and single-minded Englishman. He strove earnestly for peace, and it was not his fault that he failed. In the words of Mr. Churchill's eloquent tribute : "It fell to Neville Chamberlain, in one of the supreme crises of the world, to be contradicted by events, to be disappointed in his hopes, and to be deceived and cheated by a wicked man. But those hopes had been among the most noble and benevolent of the human heart."

History will assess the merit of his "appeasement" policy—as it will surely mark Neville Chamberlain's honest conviction that from Munich he had brought back "peace in our time." What we do know to-day is that at the date of the Munich pact we were in no condition to challenge the march of the aggressor on the field of battle—and that "Munich" in fact gave us valuable time in which to prepare for a conflict that was inevitable. But for Munich should we have won the Battle of London ?

Neville Chamberlain refused all honours ; he wished to die, like his great father, "plain Mr. Chamberlain." But he had already earned greater honours than any mere title could bestow—the respect of his fellow-countrymen, the lustre of an untarnished name, recognition of his selfless patriotism. He faced death as he confronted life—unafraid ; his principal grief that he could not live to hail our victory. But "I think he died," said Mr. Churchill, "with the knowledge that the country had at last turned the corner."

"Chamberlain" is inscribed on a corner-stone of the British Empire. "Joseph" was our first great Colonial Secretary. "Neville" rallied the Empire in the day of its greatest peril. Both wore themselves out in the Empire's service ; the Empire's homage to the son reflects new lustre upon the father's memory. We should be thankful that "the Breed" can produce such men and, although the name of Chamberlain now passes from our public life, we know that the mould which produced Joseph, Austen and Neville is still unbroken.

NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

A SPRING-LIKE DAY IN NOVEMBER.

DETAILS OF A DAY'S FISHING.

Sunday, November 24th, was indeed a spring-like day. The sun shone brightly, shedding his warm rays over town and countryside, and many birds burst forth into song, including thrushes, wrens, robins, hedgesparrows, starlings and linnets. But the flute-like notes of the blackbird were conspicuous only by their absence, and I wondered why this fine songster remained silent. The wild duck were having rare romps on the river. I ever enjoy seeing ducks at play, for there is always something so delightfully ridiculous about their behaviour. To quote F. W. Harvey :—

From troubles of the world
I turn to ducks.
Beautiful comical things,
Their heads beneath their wings
By waters cool.

God must have smiled a bit
Seeing those bright eyes blink on the day He fashioned it,
And He's probably laughing still at the sound that came
out of its bill.

MUSIC OF MASSES BIRD BANDS.

A blue-tit came and chattered to me, and the trees were loaded with starlings uttering their peculiar, simmering kind of song. There were indeed massed bands of these birds giving forth their joyful and very welcome music and, a-dropping from the sky, I heard the skylark sing! The kestrel was not going to be out of the choir and *klee klee klee* clearly denoted his whereabouts. The piping of a bullfinch was another voice frequently to be heard. It is a great pity that such a handsome bird as the bullfinch is so destructive among the flower and fruit buds.

ON A COLD AND FROSTY MORNING.

What a change came over the scene on the following Sunday. It was indeed a cold and frosty morning and as I set out for my day's fishing I heard only the occasional song of one bird, the missel thrush. It was not a windy day so he could not have been shouting defiance at the storm as is his wont. Perhaps he was shouting a kind of bravo! for a jolly good breakfast of haws. I noticed many missel thrushes gobbling up these berries, also numerous blackbirds, song thrushes, greenfinches and fieldfares. The last-named birds only spend the winter with us and you can easily locate them for, though I have never heard one actually *sing*, there is no mistaking his peculiar note, *yack chuck*.

A HANDSOME FELLOW.

Many chaffinches were in evidence and I noticed they had already sorted themselves out for the winter—only males in one flock, and females in the other. I noticed one fine cock brambling or bramble finch. The brambling only visits us in the winter and he is indeed a handsome fellow, very similar to but even more gaily coloured, I think, than the chaffinch.

SPOTTED WOODPECKERS BUSY.

Though many of the fine old elms across the river had been felled, a few were left and in these the spotted woodpeckers were busy jerking their way up the branches searching for food and occasionally the greater bird uttered its distinctive note *dich-dich, quiet quiet*, while the lesser said *tic-tic, tink tink*.

FISH OFF THEIR FEED.

Well, I chose what I thought was a likely-looking spot and settled down for the day—fishing! The water was a good colour, sombre brown, and I had high hopes of filling to the brim my keep net. I threw ground bait, composed of bread and bran, into my swim, a little at a time and often. Then I attached to my hook bread paste. That did not have the desired effect, so I tried lively

little gentles, and also cheese paste. But it was all to no purpose, for I did not bank one single sizeable fish, and I had been sitting there from morn till eve.

Other anglers had a similar experience for good fish were certainly right off their feed.

MASTER'S KINDLY THOUGHT FOR HIS DOG.

I had been fishing for about half an hour when another angler, in a punt, took up his position on the opposite side of the river. He was after pike and his snap tackle became entangled in the roots of a willow tree. He was accompanied by a canine companion who was so anxious to help his master dislodge his tackle that he fell head foremost into the freezing water. He was promptly assisted back into the boat and then his master gave him a thorough rub down with his hand-cloth. Not only that, for when doggie must have been well-nigh dry, his master took off his great coat and wrapped it around his old dog. The day was bitterly cold and I thought that that angler's kindly, unselfish act was a bit of fine sportsmanship.

I do hope that neither master nor dog caught a chill. I was wearing a very thick overcoat and I was none too warm.

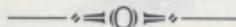
FISHERMEN SEE MUCH MORE THAN FISH.

A whole day's angling in the cold and no fish—what a peculiar pastime, many may think! But we anglers see much more than the fish we sometimes catch. We watch the seasons as they come and go and are ever adding to our store of knowledge of the ways of wild nature. In the course of our investigation into the phenomena of the seasons we see that it is not requisite for us to explore those vast fields wherein the imagination is lost in the boundlessness of creation, in order to form some adequate conception of the attributes of the Creator. The minutest of His works alike proclaim: "the hand that made us is Divine." The spring discloses to us the swelling seed, the bursting bud and the birds already beginning their ingenious structures in the still leafless boughs. The summer adds new and inexhaustible sources of

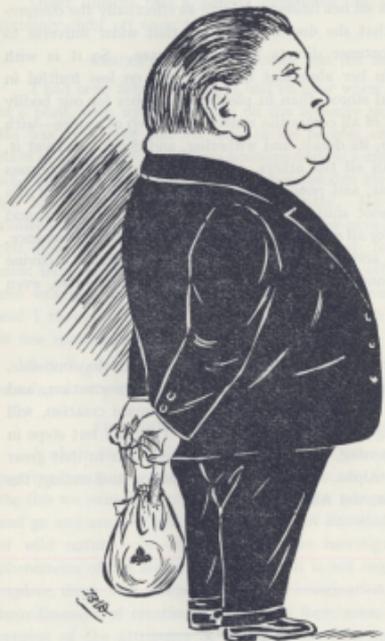
instruction; every leaf teems with life. The air is filled with the sounds of animated and joyous existence; the earth abounds with proofs of Divine beneficence, wisdom and power; and nature opens upon us in all her fullness, defying as effectually the comprehension of all that she discloses, as does that wider universe to which the astronomer directs his curious gaze. So it is with autumn: rich in her abundant harvests, and no less fruitful in abundant mental stores, than in plenteous supplies for our bodily appetites. Last of all comes the winter—the sleep of nature—with its snows, its ice, its decay, and withering, and death; and yet it, too, no less than all the others, abounds in proofs of wondrous wisdom, goodness, and power. God is indeed manifest in all His works. We cannot shut our eyes on the proofs which surround us, proclaiming for all existence a Divine Creator; for all governance, a Divine Ruler; and for all that is, animate or inanimate, a Divine Sustainer; without whom existence becomes inconceivable, even for a moment.

THE ALPHA AND OMEGA.

Behind the visible is everywhere manifest the invisible. Nature, law, and order; generation, vitality, reproduction, and all the instincts which so wisely guide the animate creation, will satisfy no intelligent mind as final causes. They are but steps in a process of reasoning, by which at length we reach to that great First Cause, the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and ending, the first and the last, the Almighty.



NOTABILITIES AT THE BREWERY (No. 3).



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

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

The most cheery words spoken last month in the General Office were "We've balanced," which I heard one night when I was "back." It proved to be correct, so balancing was over for another financial year—that is to say, the *annual* balancing.

Our Bristol friends have been much in our thoughts just recently and we all here hope they have not suffered too badly.

Now that it has been decided to close the Brewery for two days at Christmas it will give quite a number a good break, although to those H. & G. Simonds' A.R.P. personnel on duty during part of this time it will not seem quite the real thing. However, I have no doubt all of us will make the best of it and enjoy ourselves as much as we are able.

In spite of difficulties it is nice to know that the Brewery Minor Football Team manage to play most weeks and that the youngsters are playing so well. There is also a hockey match now and again and the ladies come to the fore here, although I understand some of the players are "mixed," that is to say, ladies and gentlemen make up the team.

We have had visits from two of our boys who are very well known to most of us on the Brewery, viz. :—Michael Rickards (of the Tanks) and Eric Crutchley (of R.A.F.). Both looked particularly well and the life seems to agree with them. Of course, so many of our boys have been down to see us that it is a job to remember them all, although in every case they look well enough.

One of our staff, S. Collins, is leaving us very soon for the R.A.F.; we keep losing male members of the staff. As there are others registered, when they are called up the office will have a very distinctive feminine appearance. Cyril Langton (of the secretarial department) has recently left us and is now in the Signals, I believe.

War Weapons Week at Reading was a big success; at the Brewery a "savings drive" was carried out and Mr. A. H. Hopkins, hon. secretary, was, and is, very well satisfied with the result. There were a considerable number of certificates sold and the sixpenny savings stamp idea has caught on. Of course, the H. & G. S. Savings Association has been in existence since 1924 and, throughout the many "cycles," savings have been very consistent. Now that extra efforts are being made it is expected at the conclusion of the present "cycle" at Christmas there will be many newcomers when the fresh one starts in the New Year. Already quite a number of promises have been received and anyone on the Brewery who wishes for further information will they please get in touch with Mr. Hopkins in the Correspondence Office. Make "savings" one of your New Year's resolutions!

It is with very much regret we have to record the death of Mr. A. L. Hiscock ("Rasher" to everyone) of the Transport Department, he being killed as the result of a kick from a horse. Joining the Firm in 1907 he has been with us for a long while and was liked wherever he went. He had many experiences of work in different places for the Firm and on manoeuvres in those "old" days was a tower of strength. During the last war he served with great distinction. One of the old type, so to speak, his motto was *Service*. He will be sadly missed and our sincere sympathies are extended to his relatives. We shall have fuller details of him in our next issue.

I understand that there is likely to be in the very near future weddings for three of the feminine members of the General Office staff; also, there is one member of the Branch Office (male) who will be taking the plunge early in the New Year.

Although football at Elm Park is not the thing it used to be, one thing is certain, the players who have donned the blue and white shirts (or is it jerseys?) have done remarkably well. Every game played at home has been won and only two lost away. I suppose in normal times, if the same form was displayed, we should once again be talking of promotion. Well, we have no doubt those days will return.

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

The George & Dragon, Binfield Heath (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. J. M. Povey.

The Greyhound, Woodcote (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. A. E. Chambers.

The Staff Hotel, Camberley (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. E. Feasey.

We much regret to record the deaths of three of our tenants as under, and to all relatives we extend our sincere sympathy:—

Mr. J. E. Laker of the Ferry Arms, Shoreham, who died on the 23rd November. He had been tenant of this House since 1923.

Mr. J. B. Thadwald, The Red Cow, Upton, Slough, who died on the 24th November. He had been tenant of this House since 1912.

Mr. Walter Pearce of the Reindeer, Southampton Street, Reading, who died on the 28th November. He had been tenant of this House since 1902.

In each case it will be seen that all the above had been at the respective Houses for considerable periods. We, at the Brewery, knew Mr. Pearce very well indeed and are extremely sorry to hear of his passing.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Wisdom is more precious than a small and short-lived folly.

Be thorough in all you do; and remember that though ignorance often may be innocent, pretension is always despicable.

Press on bravely and don't mind the scratches, even when they come from human nails!

The winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators.

Cowards die many times before their death; the valiant never taste of death but once.

To ignore the danger is to deserve the disaster.

An open foe may prove a
curse.
But a pretended friend is
worse.

The wisdom of a man shineth in his countenance.

There is no power that can force the inner citadel of the heart.

To be able to do little things exceptionally well is a difficult matter.

LIFE.

Life is just a little span
Of giving, and of taking,
Of starting fresh and building up,
And mending after breaking.

Life's all faith and seldom sight,
And trusting, planning, scheming;
Then beyond the dark, glows light,
And joy beyond all dreaming!

FOOTBALL.

The Football Club has for the first time since its foundation been rather disorganised owing to a certain gentleman (putting it very mildly) thinking he can tell us what to do! Last season we were able to play friendly matches with the Army and R.A.F., but now I have only one player left out of 40, the other 39 having joined His Majesty's Forces. So this season we have to be content with the Minors, who, up to the time of writing, are doing exceedingly well.

Most of the boys of last season are over age this, so it leaves us with only 15 or 16 players to choose from. Our main opposition this year is the A.T.S. for Boys, who have five teams in the Minor League. So far we have played them eight times and each of us have won four games, the goal average being 20 for and 21 against, which proves they have been very close wins for either side and, I must say, very sporting games indeed.

Our other matches have been with Thames Vale, whom we defeated on the first Saturday by 6 goals to 1. Y.M.C.A. have met us twice, the first game ending in a draw 1 goal each, and the replay in a win for us by 2 goals to nil. Our next successful game was against C.W.S., whom we defeated by 4 goals to 1.

So much for the league. Now let us turn to the Minor Cup. This, I am afraid, was not so successful. We were drawn against our old friends, Battle Athletic, who last season defeated us very heavily, but this time only managed to win by the odd goal in three.

Our position at the present moment is:—Played 13, won 7, lost 5, drawn 1; Goals for 34, against 26.

In closing, I would like to take this opportunity of sending to all those connected with the Football Club, wherever they may be, my very best wishes for Christmas and I do hope a brighter and better New Year in which we shall all be together again at the Brewery.

F.P.

Miss Nicol, of the First Aid Party at the Brewery, has recently passed an examination in first aid under the auspices of the British Red Cross Society.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

Possibly enough, after many disappointments, the experience we desire may come unexpectedly and unsought. This will be, perhaps, more often when our solitude is that of the open country than of the "inner chamber." Then suddenly Nature herself may seem to become vocal, and at these rare moments we feel, as Charles Kingsley said, "that everything I see has a meaning, if I could but understand it; everything seems to be full of God." The veil separating us from the ultimate reality is not withdrawn, yet it has become tenuous. Instead of faith, however ardent, a complete certainty now assures us that behind all the mystery there is a scheme, and that this scheme is being worked to its appointed end by a God who knows, and loves, and understands.

It need not be thought that such visions gained by solitude are a form of selfish and sterile day-dreaming. A noble sentence in the Book of Revelation promises that "His servants shall see His face and do Him service." To win through to an overmastering sense of God's presence is the best preparation for serving Him and our fellow-men in this world, while at the last the cleansing influence of service will secure the appointed benediction, and the pure in heart shall see God.—THE TIMES.

DEATH OF MR. WALTER PEARCE.

LANDLORD OF THE REINDEER, READING, FOR 38 YEARS.

The death occurred recently in a Reading nursing home of Mr. Walter Pearce, landlord of The Reindeer, Southampton Street.

Mr. Pearce, who was 78 years of age, was the oldest tenant of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., having been at The Reindeer since 1902. He was still actively engaged in the trade of the house until a few weeks ago, although for the past four years the business has been managed by his son and daughter-in-law.

For 21 years he served in the Royal Artillery, and in 1882 took part in an engagement in Egypt, for which he received the medal, clasp and Egyptian Star. Mr. Pearce was keenly interested in mounted sports, and was himself an expert at many of them. On leaving the Army he received the good conduct medal. He then took a house at Basingstoke, prior to coming to The Reindeer.

He was connected with Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Tenants' Society for nearly 40 years, being one of the founders of that body. He was also one of the founders and also chairman of the L.V. concern. Mr. Pearce, who has been a widower for eight years, leaves a son and two daughters.

The funeral took place at St. Giles' Church, the Rev. H. Bonsey officiating.

MANNERS MAKYTH OFFICERS.

TEN RULES ON HOW TO BEHAVE.

When young officers join a certain army unit they are issued with a sheet of "notes for junior officers." Among the notes are set out the following "ten commandments":—

- (1) Do not be sarcastic, lose your temper or swear at a man.
- (2) Neither condemn a man unheard nor show partiality.
- (3) Do not order a man to do that which you are not prepared to do yourself, and see that you know how to do it better than he can.
- (4) Keep your men busy and interested at all times.
- (5) Take an active part in your men's recreation.
- (6) Remember that the way to a man's heart lies through his family. Take an interest in his home affairs, and be always ready to advise him and assist him should he meet with trouble at home.
- (7) Maintain a constant watch over the feeding, housing and comfort of your men.
- (8) Insist always on the smartest turn-out possible under the circumstances.
- (9) A disappointing man is often disappointing for some reason. Find out why.
- (10) Get to know your men so that you realise without being told when things are not going as they should.

WAGERS AND THE WINE.

"An officer must develop the qualities of self-confidence and self-respect," says the notes.

"Self-confidence is bred chiefly on knowledge—a knowledge more complete and more extensive than that of any subordinate, a knowledge attained by sweat and hard work. . . . He who is placed on a pedestal is most visible—not only is he looked up to but his every act is noted."

Among the notes of mess etiquette officers are reminded that wagers should not be laid before the wine has been round once.

The members of the Ladies Hockey Club wish to thank two young men from the Tamar Brewery, Devonport, for the cards and good wishes. The cards were received on Wednesday, December 4th.

COMEDIES IN THE COURTS.

My wife was most unreasonable when she saw me in a shelter with a girl clinging to my neck. The girl had fainted and in falling threw her arms around me.

* * * *

When my husband comes home in a bad temper I find the best antidote to be a nice glass of beer.

* * * *

My wife can't forget she was a barmaid. When she gives me a glass of beer with my dinner she charges me for it, although it was with my money she bought it.

* * * *

My wife said she must save the waste food for my half-brother. When I asked who he was, she said: "He has four legs and lives in a sty."

* * * *

My husband is much happier now we have found a flat next door to a public-house.

* * * *

When we had a home of our own my husband looked upon himself as a master-man and I as his employee.

* * * *

I should appreciate my husband much more if he would go away.

* * * *

I have a husband in a thousand. I mean he is no better than thousands of others.

* * * *

When I came home the worse for drink my wife was rude enough to accuse me of having been in a public-house.



A BLOCK-HOUSE ON THE HOME FRONT.

"The inn has become a thing of far greater significance than perhaps it has ever been. There is no better gauge of national feeling than this, no place that offers wider scope to a foreign newspaper correspondent trying to discover what is the state of morale of the British people. With the news bulletins stopping all games and conversations in the bar for some minutes every evening and leaving a topic of conversation among men ripe and ready to talk, it is inevitable that every reaction to good or bad news should emerge among the men gathered there more readily than it can possibly emerge elsewhere. . . .

"Most of those who are drinking their pints to-day were in the Great War. There are a few grandfathers and a few young men waiting to be called up, but the bulk of the customers are veterans of 1914-1918. And the news bulletins seem to have loosed tongues which have been silent on certain topics for twenty years, and to have revived a spirit of good fellowship, of 'being in the same boat,' which in the years of peace lay dormant. Whatever other effect it may have had, it has brought out some of the best in the English character, and not only among those who have been called to, or joined, the Fighting Forces.

"If earth's foundations ever really fall, and the universe tumbles about our ears, the inn will be the last place to admit that it is more than a slight earthquake. And if total warfare should come, men round the bar will talk it over as calmly as their ancestors did in the inns along the South Coast, when they had seen the Martello towers built as a protection against the landing of Napoleon, and used to discuss the possibilities of having to defend their homes from the Corsican Ogre. They listen to the news now from a wireless set in the bar. They discuss it with a knowledge of history and geography which would surprise a foreigner. But in their acceptance of it, good and bad, they have not changed.

"There are those who don't approve of pubs and inns and who are trying to take advantage of the war and close them down, or at least curtail the hours in which men may meet and talk and drink a glass of beer. The inn fulfils a useful function in time of peace. In time of war, it fulfils a more useful function still. It brings people together in a spirit of companionship and cements the common purpose. The inn is a blockhouse on the home front."—R. CROFT-COOKE in the *Grimby Evening Telegraph*.

"ROUND THE CORNER."

The road is dull and drab and dead
'Tis steep and stony too :
But round the corner—just ahead—
Lurks such a lovely view.

—A valley, with its woodlands hid
In seas of silver mist :
—A region, of defilement rid,
And hills by sunlight kissed.

—With peaceful hamlets here and there
Or churches grey and old,
And past them—spreading far and fair—
Rich cornfields clad in gold.

Our life itself is often thus :
We hope some goal to gain
Then find, instead, an overplus
Of irritating pain.

The road we thought to thread with glee
—The path we longed to press
Has only brought monotony
And marred our happiness.

Yet courage new ! for round the bend
Another scene we'll face :
Despondency will have an end
And JOY shall take its place.

S. E. COLLINS.



THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A youngster, very much out of breath, rushed into a police station.

"You're — wanted — down — our street — and bring an ambulance," he gasped to an officer.

"What's the trouble?" demanded the officer. "And why the ambulance?"

"Because," explained the youngster, when he had recovered his breath, "mother's discovered the woman who stole our doormat."

After making an emergency landing in an orchard, where his plane alighted in a tree, the airman was apologising to the owner of the place.

"Sorry for this," he said. "I was trying to set up a new record for making an unexpected landing in unknown territory."

"Well, you've succeeded in winning a record, anyway," replied the farmer. "You're the first person to climb down that tree without having first climbed up it."

A country doctor was also a keen shot. Often on his rounds he took his gun with him in case he might get a shot at a rabbit or pigeon. One day, carrying his gun, he met a farmer, who eyed the gun and asked: "Who are you going to see, doctor?"

"Old Bert at Four Oaks Farm."

"Well, you won't need the gun. He pegged out last night."

The blacksmith's sweetheart came into the forge just as he paused to wipe the sweat from his brow.

"Shall we go to the pictures to-night, Joe?" asked the girl.

"Nay, lass," replied Joe. "I'm playing darts for t' club to-night."

The girl pouted. "I'm tired of you and your silly darts," she announced.

"Eh, come, lass," pleaded Joe, as he picked up his hammer. "A man must get some exercise sometimes."

The visiting golfer, so-called, paid his fee, fixed up a match, and went out to have a game with his friend. He gave a wild swing and missed the ball completely.

"By Jove," he said to his friend, "it's a good job I found this out early on. This course is at least two inches lower than the one I usually play on."

MEDICAL OFFICER: "Do you think it is healthy to have a pig living in your kitchen?"

FARMER: "Well, he's never had a day's illness since he came into the house."

"It was made quite plain to you," said the C.O. to Pte. Geordie, "that you were to be granted four clear days leave, and yet you returned on the sixth day."

"Aye sorr," said Geordie, "two of the days war foggy."

"You are not used to glasses, sir," said an oculist to a man whose nose was so small that it was impossible to give him satisfactory spectacles.

"Oh yes I am," replied the man—"but not so high up!"

The first day he went into the restaurant he ordered brown bread with his meat. The waitress brought white bread.

The second day he ordered brown bread and again she brought white bread. The third day he ordered brown, and again he got white.

For a whole week this went on. On the eighth day he decided that the only way to get what he wanted was to order the opposite.

So, having ordered lunch, he added: "and bring me some white bread."

"But," said the waitress, "aren't you the gentleman that always has brown bread?"

A little girl having lunch with her parents had been served with a chicken wing. After trying to eat it for some time, she said: "Mother, do you mind if I have something else besides the hinges?"

The woman was having the upper rooms of her house painted and she fancied the painter was slacking on the job.

"Painter, are you working?" she shouted at the foot of the stairs.

"Yes, ma'am," came the reply.

"I can't hear you."

"Well, do yer think I'm putting it on with a hammer?"

* * *

They were testing a wall in a new council house.

"I'm speaking quietly, Bill; can you 'ear me?"

"'Ear you! Lumme, I can see you in three places."

* * *

FIRST BROTHER: "What's the idea wearing my raincoat?"

SECOND BROTHER: "It's raining. You wouldn't want me to get your suit wet, would you?"

* * *

CUSTOMER: "Your dog seems very fond of watching you cut hair."

BARBER: "It ain't that—sometimes I snip off a bit of a customer's ear."

* * *

OPERA STAR: "Yes, for twenty long years I have sung in the Metropolitan."

ADMIRER: "Hm-m, you must have known Madame Butterfly when she was only a caterpillar."

* * *

"What makes you think you are qualified for a position in the Diplomatic Corps?" demanded the examiner.

"Well," answered the applicant, modestly. "I've been married twenty years and my wife still thinks I have a sick friend."

* * *

"No, certainly not," said a woman to a pedlar who had knocked at the door and begged her to buy something. "Go away at once, or I'll call my husband."

"E ain't at home," said the pedlar.

"How do you know?"

"Because a man who marries a woman like you is only at home at meal-times."

* * *

A man attacked by two highwaymen put up a terrific fight. Finally he was overcome and searched. All they found on him was a sixpence. The bandits were amazed.

"I say," exclaimed one, "you don't mean to tell us you put up a fight like that for a measly sixpence? Why, we almost had to kill you."

"Well," answered the victim, "the truth of the matter is I didn't want my financial condition exposed."

* * *

Mr. Smith found his twelve-year-old son sitting by the table with a pile of books in front of him, and a frown on his face.

"Hallo, son!" said father, trying to cheer him up. "Got much to do to-night?"

"Quite a lot," replied the lad sadly. "There are thirty-six sums in to-night's homework."

"Homework!" gasped Mr. Smith. "That's a blooming night shift!"

* * *

"Why do you call this an enthusiastic stew?"

"Because the cook put everything he had into it."

* * *

"No man acts towards his wife after marriage the same as before," said Briggs.

"You're wrong," replied Higgs. "I do exactly the same. I remember just how I used to act when I first fell in love with her. I used to lean over the fence in front of her house and gaze at her shadow on the curtains, afraid to go in. And I act just the same way now."

* * *

JOHNNY (*whose mother has bought him a pair of woollen gloves for his birthday*): "Oh, but mummy, I wish you had bought kid gloves. I hate this kind—they make my toffee so hairy."

* * *

After his first visit to Dublin, he was telling his wife some of his most interesting experiences.

"And the bars and pubs are so large, too," he exclaimed. "I went into one of the biggest pubs for curiosity."

"Oh!" replied his wife, who knew him. "And how much is curiosity a glass?"

* * *

A local train was pulling out from the platform when a young man, almost exhausted, just managed to tumble into a compartment and sat himself, panting and puffing, opposite an old gent.

The latter, a keen supporter of the new Keep Fit Movement, looked on with disapproval and said: "You must be unfit, young man. When I was your age I never panted like that after a short run."

"Perhaps not," retorted the youth, regaining his breath, "but I missed the train at the last station."

* * *

A guest of a small Southern hotel in U.S.A. was awakened early one morning by a knock on his door.

"What is it?" he called, drowsily, without getting up.

"A telegram, boss," responded a negro's voice.

"Well, you can shove it under the door, can't you without waking me up so early?"

"No, suh," the darky answered, "it's on a tray."

* * *

They had adjourned to a cafe to discuss the question of compensation.

MR. ACCIDENT: "My car was definitely insured with your company, and it's smashed to pieces. How much money are you going to pay me?"

AGENT: "We don't pay any money. We'll replace your car."

MR. ACCIDENT (after a pause): "Well, that's all right in this case. But if that's the way you do things, I want to cancel the policy on my wife."

* * *

"My father certainly made his mark in the world."

"Shake, mine couldn't write either."

* * *

A jolly working man who had been to a "free-and-easy" met a skinny, miserable-looking bigoted teetotaler, who upbraided him for indulging in strong drink.

The chap replied: "My old man had a quart of beer every day of his life. He has been dead now over a hundred years. They dug him up the other day, and he then looked better than you do now!"

* * *

ARMY DENTIST: "The trouble with your tooth is that the nerve is dying."

PTE. SMITH: "Then treat the dying with a little more respect."

* * *

The Major was inspecting a cavalry squadron somewhere in England. Riding down the ranks, he stopped in front of a new recruit and said: "Now, my lad, have that saddle and harness brighter in the morning." Turning to the Sergeant-Major, he said: "See to it, Sergeant-Major."

The next morning the saddle and harness were still dull. "I thought I told you to clean them for to-day?" roared the Major.

"No, sir," answered the rookie. "You told the Sergeant-Major to see to it."

* * *

Father and son were at a war bazaar where a pretty girl was selling kisses in aid of the local Spitfire Fund.

"My boy," said the father, "here's a half-crown, go and kiss her. When I was young I used to make 'em scream."

The son returned a few minutes later.

"Well, did you kiss her?" asked the father.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Did you make her scream?"

"Yes. I kept the half-crown."

* * *

"Haven't I shaved you before?" the affable barber asked the young corporal.

"No. I got that scar at Dunkirk," was the reply.

* * *

GOERING (to infantryman): "You wish to become a rear-gunner in the Luftwaffe?"

INFANTRYMAN: "Yes, sir. How much do I get a day?"

GOERING: "Two and a half marks."

INFANTRYMAN: "How much a week?"

GOERING: "H'm! I really don't know. We've never kept one so long as that!"

* * *

A man ran down a Berlin street shouting "Murder! murder!"

A policeman stopped him and said: "Quiet! Don't you know it is forbidden to talk politics?"

* * *

The weary-looking man stopped before a shop window which had been hired by the Humane Society. In the centre of the window was the picture of a large, furry animal with a woebegone expression on its face. Underneath was a placard: "I was skinned to provide a woman with fashionable furs."

For a moment the tired expression faded from the man's face.

"Poor old chap," he muttered. "So was I."

* * * *

Home Guards on patrol duty on the bank of a canal heard footsteps in the darkness and issued the challenge: "Halt, who goes there?"

"Friend," came the reply, and he was told to advance three paces and be recognised.

"Don't be daft," was the answer. "What do you think I am—a duck? I'm on the other side of the canal."

A.R.P. or R.I.P.

If you get a choking feeling and a smell of musty hay,
You can bet your bottom dollar that there's Phosgene on
the way;

But the smell of bleaching powder will inevitably mean
The enemy you're meeting is the gas we call Chlorine.
When your eyes begin a'twitching, and for tears you cannot
see,

It's not your mother peeling onions, but a dose of C.A.P.
If the smell resembles peardrops, then you'd better not delay,
It's not father sucking candy, it's that ruddy K.S.K.
If you catch a pungent odour as you're going home to tea,
You can safely bet your shirt on it they're using B.B.C.

D.M. and D.A. and D.C. emulate the scent of roses,
But despite their pretty perfume, they ain't s' good for human
noses.

Though for garlic or for onions you've a cultivated taste,
When in war you meet these odours, leave the area in haste.
For it's mustard gas, the hellish stuff that leaves you in one
big blister,

And in hospital you will need the kind attention of the sister.
And lastly, while geraniums look pleasant in a bed,
Beware their smell in war-time; if it's Lewisite you're dead

Moral—Always keep your gas mask handy. Just in case.

BRANCHES.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

Plymouth is doing its bit for National Service and everyone is pleased to know how quickly the million mark was reached on the National Savings Scheme. It simply goes to show the spirit of the West Country. Everyone is standing the strain of the war with the usual bull-dog spirit of Britain.

It is with much pleasure we have to say that our Mr. C. R. Holman was not a victim of the tragic sinking of the *Laurentic*; he was on sick leave at the time, but had not left the ship many days. Mr. Holman has had a strenuous time but is in his usual good spirits.

Congratulations to Mrs. C. Goss who has presented her husband with a girl—to all of whom we wish good health and good fortune.

Barnes Wine Stores at Devonport is one of the most interesting hosteries in the country as the photograph below will show. This is included by the kind consent of the proprietors (Messrs. A. & C. Barnes), together with a note of the history of the premises. When visiting Devonport it would be a most interesting call.



This quaint old building situate at the corner of Duke and George Streets, Devonport, was originally built for the Unitarians in the year A.D. 1790. The Congregation of the Chapel decayed

in consequence of its being understood that Commissioner Fanshaw intimated that all Dockyardsmen who attended the New Chapel would be discharged as disloyal subjects; the French Revolution was then in full operation, and the Unitarians were the most ardent admirers of that movement in Great Britain. Three of that sect were executed as ringleaders in a most disgraceful riot in Birmingham on the 14th July, 1791. Ten years afterwards, in 1801, the Chapel was converted, the conversion being as wide apart from its original purpose as could be imagined. The Chapel became a Temple of Bacchus, dedicated to the sale of Wines and Spirits, thus the change from the Spiritual to the Spirituous. The old building still retains remnants of its ecclesiastical character, and a Chaplain is still attached, who performs certain duties with zeal and punctuality.

The following changes in tenancies have recently taken place:—

The Lord Nelson Inn, Kingskerswell—from Mr. W. J. Palmer to Mr. T. H. Bond.

The Rising Sun Inn, Brixham—from Mrs. W. F. Chapman to Mr. L. Edwards.

The London Inn, Braunton—from Mr. W. H. Rowney to Mr. C. D. Prior.

The Seven Stars, Dartmouth—from Mr. H. H. Maeers to Mr. A. J. Dongworth.

The Royal Oak Inn, Cargreen—from Mr. G. Billingham to Mr. R. Flay.

The Lord Nelson Inn, Totnes—from Mr. J. N. Richardson to Mr. G. D. W. Oliver.

The Prospect House, Barnstaple—from Mrs. F. J. Ridge to Mrs. G. E. M. Rampley.

We wish the outgoing tenants every happiness in their retirement and the new tenants every success.

Hearty greetings from the Tamar Brewery to the Directors, Staffs and Branches for Christmas and the New Year, especially to the members and employees of the Firm at present serving in His Majesty's Services.

STAINES.

MR. SIDNEY SMALE.

We regret to report the passing of the above, who died suddenly at his home, 33 Doris Road, Ashford, on Tuesday, November 26th, at the early age of 26 years.

Mr. Smale joined the Company in May, 1935, commencing duties on the loading stage, and more recently being employed in the cold room.

Of genial disposition, Sidney was very popular with his colleagues at the Brewery, and all here wish to extend to Mrs. Smale and family their heartfelt sympathy.

The funeral service took place on Saturday, November 30th at St. Mary the Virgin, Sunbury, the Rev. Cecil E. Thomas officiating. The mourners present were Mrs. Smale (mother), Mrs. and Cpl. Salmons, R.A.F. (sister and brother-in-law), Gunner C. Smale (brother), Messrs. R. Beasley, E. Brown, F. Wake (representing Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., Staines).

All at Staines send hearty greetings for Christmas and the New Year to all readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, with special good wishes to all who are serving with H.M. Forces for a speedy and safe return.

PORTSMOUTH.

CONGRATULATIONS.

Congratulations to Councillor D. L. Daley upon his unanimous re-election for a second period of service as Lord Mayor of Portsmouth. His task during the past year was not an easy one, but both he and his good wife have carried out their difficult and onerous duties well and have earned the approbation of civilian and service people alike. Not only in Portsmouth but practically throughout this part of Hampshire and the Isle of Wight, serving Mayors have been appointed for another year, a sure indication that they retain the confidence of their townfolk and have proved worthy of the trust reposed in them.

A FINE EFFORT.

"The Trade" is never behind when help is wanted for charity. That is a truism! In Portsmouth, both individually and through their various organisations, licensees have done a lot of really good work for many deserving causes and they have recently added to their splendid record by enthusiastic support of the local Spitfire fund. Well over £12,000 (mostly in small sums) was raised to help

the Government to get on with the war and, in connection with the "L.V.'s" effort, an anonymous donor offered a silver cup to the member of the Portsmouth, Gosport and District Licensed Victuallers Provident and Benevolent Society whose collecting box brought in the largest total for the fund. The proud winner was Mr. W. J. Macaulay, licensee of the Travellers' Joy, Milton Road, Portsmouth, whose collection amounted to £15. "Mac," who is an ex-sergeant of the Royal Marines, was handed the cup at an informal meeting by Mrs. Ribbins, wife of Major W. V. Ribbins, R.E., chairman of the Spitfire committee, and warmly congratulated upon his notable achievement. Mr. Macaulay, in reply, said that of all the trophies his house had won this cup would be the most highly prized.

OUR GENEROUS FOREFATHERS.

What would be the reaction of N.A.L.G.O. if the reward to their members for services rendered was as generous as that paid by Councils to their officials in the good old days which our great grandmothers were fond of talking about? We notice, for instance, that when the "BURROUGH OF Portsmouth" was granted its new Charter by Charles the First in 1682, it was "ordained that the Towne Clarke shall have yearly paid unto him Tenn Pounds Thirteene shillings and fower pence—vidst, Tenn Pounds for his fee and thirten and fower pence allowed for Penn, Inke and Paper." Times have changed somewhat since then but we still grumble!

DIFFICULT.

The service authorities are anxious that the men of the Navy, Army and Royal Air Force should be provided with plenty of outdoor entertainment, and the "Pompey" Club are making a brave effort to carry on. But the task is not easy. They cannot, however, fulfil their programme of fixtures without adequate support from the public and this, for some reason or other, is not forthcoming. In other words, wartime football is not popular and has no appeal. For instance, when Bournemouth recently visited Fratton Park there was a meagre attendance of 500 spectators. A similar match in peace-time would have attracted a gate of at least 20,000! This apathy is not confined to the Portsmouth area as other Hampshire professional clubs, we understand, are experiencing similar difficulties.

We send from Portsmouth Branch Christmas Greetings to all readers of the "Hop Leaf" wherever they may be and hopes for a victorious peace in the coming year.

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