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JUNE, 1941.

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The
HOP LEAF



THE HOP LEAF

GAZETTE



Issued
Monthly
by

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

A RECORD OF SOCIAL ACTIVITIES AT THE BREWERY.

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. XV.

JUNE, 1941.

No. 9.

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The Editor, HOP LEAF GAZETTE, The Brewery, Reading.



MR. F. PRITCHARD.

MR. F. PRITCHARD.

With 43 years' continuous service to his credit, broken only by his enlistment during the last Great War, Mr. F. Pritchard has held the position of Foreman at Woking Branch for 35 years, which probably constitutes a record amongst his colleagues throughout the various Breweries and Branches of this Combine.

Following in the steps of his father, who was a well known figure at the Brewery, Reading, many years ago, Mr. Pritchard entered The Firm's employ in 1898 and took up duties in the Bottling Department. After eight years' tuition he was transferred to Woking as Foreman and fully justified his selection by turning out bottled beers second to none and gaining for the Firm a reputation in that area for producing the perfect sedimentless Pale Ale.

Serving throughout a sequence of four Branch Managers at Woking, Mr. Pritchard has witnessed remarkable changes both in the business and growth of the town and district. In 1906 the Firm's business there was largely composed of private trade customers. The changes in the habits of the community and the vast expansion of club life as a result of the development of factories and other works in the county, particularly since 1914, necessitated a large increase in the output of bottled beers from the Woking Depot. Mr. Pritchard experienced a busy time in coping with the demands and very successfully accomplished his task.

One of Mr. Pritchard's greatest attributes is his equable temperament, which has enabled him to maintain an unruffled demeanour throughout the trying conditions of the past few months. His qualities of patience and calmness are the envy of those with whom he works and have enabled him energetically to pursue the work in hand.

Joining the Army in May, 1916, Mr. Pritchard served with the 1st/4th Battalion The Queen's Royal Regiment, and was sent to India in October of the same year. The Battalion was stationed for the most part on the North-West Frontier and Mr. Pritchard

has some very unpleasant memories of the heat and hardships that accompanied their sojourn in Waziristan. His knowledge and experience of the Trade earned him the position of what would appear to be a sinecure, that of "Canteen Orderly," and for over two years it was left to his judgment to decide whether or not the canteen beer was fit to drink but, as he says, that owing to the climate many of the casks were decidedly "fusty" and the job was at times not everything that could be desired.

Mr. Pritchard is very interested in the church and matters relating thereto. For the past 10 years he has held the position of Sidesman at Christ Church, Woking.

His recreations are those befitting a man of his temperament and are confined to gardening and an occasional game of billiards or snooker.



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.)



TO TO I.

A bookmaker, who was ill, sent his small son to ask a certain doctor to call. A different physician having arrived, the bookmaker afterwards asked his son to explain.

"Well, you see, dad," he said, "there were a lot of brass plates on the doors, and when I got to the number you gave me I saw 'Consultations, 10 to 11.' The chap next door was offering 'Consultations, 10 to 1,' and I knew you'd like the one that gave the best odds."

FIRE-WATCHING!

Browne was 'phoning his wife from the office. "Hullo, dear," he said. "I'm very sorry, but I won't be home till very late to-night. I'm fire-watching."

"Oh, you are, are you," snapped his wife. "And who is the flame?"

WHAT'S THE USE.

What's the use of moaning?

It will not alter things.

What's the use of groaning

Beneath misfortune's stings?

Perhaps you'll be an ace some day,

Though now you are a deuce;

But no one makes complaining pay

So what on earth's the use?

AMUSING PROVINCIALISMS.

Yorkshire.—Men an' women is like so monny cards, played wi' be two oppoanents, Time an' Eternity: Time gets a gam' noo an' then, and hez t' pleasure o' keepin' his cards for a bit, bud Eternity's

be far t'better hand, an' proves, day be day, an' hoor be hoor, 'at he's winnin' incalculably fast.—"Hoo sweet, hoo vary sweet is life! as t'flee said when he wur stuck i' treacle!"

GOSSIPING.

If you wish to cultivate a gossiping, meddling, censorious spirit in your children, be sure when they come home from church, a visit, or any other place where you do not accompany them, to ply them with questions concerning what everybody wore, how everybody looked, and what everybody said or did; and if you find anything in this to censure, always do it in their hearing. You may rest assured, if you pursue a course of this kind, they will not return to you unladen with intelligence; and rather than it should be uninteresting, they will by degrees learn to embellish in such a manner as shall not fail to call forth remarks and expressions of wonder from you. You will, by this course, render the spirit of curiosity, which is so early visible in children, and which, if rightly directed, may be made the instrument of enriching and enlarging their minds, a *vehicle of mischief which will serve only to narrow them.*

SPIRITUALLY PREPARED.

There was to be a christening party in the house of a farmer.

"Excuse me," said the minister, taking his host aside before the ceremony, "but are you prepared for this solemn event?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," said the farmer. "I've got two hams, sandwiches, cakes—"

"No, no! I mean spiritually prepared?"

"Well, I think so: two gallons of whisky, a case of gin, and three barrels of beer."

WHERE HE WANTED IT!

Doctor (to gunner who requires vaccinating): "Roll up your sleeve!"

Gunner: "Not on the arm, doc., I do a lot of boxing."

Doctor: "Well, I'll do it on your leg!"

Gunner: "Cripes! and me in the football team."

Doctor: "Damn it, man, where shall I vaccinate you, then?"

Gunner: "Well, in our company we don't get much time for sitting down!"

The Young Lady's Toilet Requisites.

The Enchanted Mirror—*Self-knowledge.*

This curious glass will bring your faults to light ;
And make your virtues shine both strong and bright.

Wash to smooth Wrinkles—*Contentment.*

A daily portion of this essence use,
'Twill smooth the brow, and tranquillity infuse.

Fine Lipsalve—*Truth.*

Use daily for your lips this precious dye ;
They'll redden, and breathe sweet melody.

Best Eye-water—*Compassion.*

These drops will add great lustre to the eye ;
When more you need, the poor will you supply.

Solution to Prevent Eruptions—*Wisdom.*

It calms the temper, beautifies the face,
And gives to woman dignity and grace.

A Graceful Bandeau—*Politeness.*

The forehead neatly circled with this band,
Will admiration and respect command.

Universal Beautifier—*Good Temper.*

With this soft liquid gently touch the mouth ;
It spreads o'er all the face the charms of youth.

TOO YOUNG !

The new member of the harbour board was attending his first meeting. The board was discussing a proposal to place two buoys at the entrance to the harbour for the guidance of mariners.

" I beg to propose as an amendment," said the new member, " that one man should be placed there instead of two boys, as the latter are too young for such a responsible position."

MORE HOWLERS.

To collect the fumes of sulphur, hold a deacon over the end of the tube.

Spoonerisms are offers of marriage.

Caviare is the war cry uttered by Swiss waiters.

Mussolini would like to get control of the Sewage Canal.

SAFE DAILY RATION.

In the *News Chronicle* a medical correspondent points out, that " Even in a cool room (60 deg. Fahr.) a normally clothed person, resting, will lose water by ' insensible perspiration ' at the rate of a pint a day." He says that strenuous exertion at once increases this to a pint an hour through active sweating—" a loss that must be made good by drinking." This doctor then goes on to tell his readers that " it is this salt deficiency more than anything else that is responsible for the vague but uncomfortable symptoms of hot weather—lassitude, irritability, loss of appetite and muscular weakness." He also states that in hot weather " a perfectly safe daily ration would be one-and-a-half pints of beer."

NEW SLOGAN.

Suggested new slogan for Britons of all ages and both sexes :
" It is never too late to mend."

FIFTY—NOT OUT !

Our worthy friend, Mr. Tom Bartholomew, has just completed fifty years' service with the Firm, and throughout that long period he has been in the Cooperage Department. He is a great sportsman, in the highest sense of the word. At cricket he was noted for his mighty hits. He always " plays cricket " on and off the field and has gained the high esteem of all privileged to know him. The Directors signified their pleasure of his scoring his half century at the Brewery by making him a handsome presentation, while his colleagues in the Cooperage gave him a little gift as a mark of their respect and affection.

Well played, Tom! May you be spared many more years to set us an example by your loyal service and by the genial and cheery manner in which you always carry on your work.

"NO BEER."

It was strange to see the notice "No Beer" at many of Reading's licensed houses during the week-end, says *The Berkshire Chronicle*. Mr. F. A. Simonds, the Chairman and Managing Director of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, explains the reasons in another column. He states that the circumstances are due almost entirely to the failure of the collieries to deliver the coal for which the Brewery have contracted, the curtailed output of the collieries being diverted to other factories and centres by the Mines Department. A contributory cause has been the destruction by enemy action of one of the Firm's breweries in another part of the country. Messrs. H. & G. Simonds have such a high reputation that customers will realise that the shortage is one which causes the Directors anxiety and regret.

A QUAIN INSCRIPTION.

Inscribed on a horse-trough in the yard of the old White Hart Hotel, Reading, were the following quaint lines:—

Whoever washes here
Will have to buy a pot of beer.
Those who wash and do not pay,
In the horse-trough they will lay.

MR. AND MRS. W. BOWYER'S SILVER WEDDING.

Thursday, June 12th, was a great date in the lives of Mr. W. Bowyer and his good wife, for on that day they celebrated their silver wedding. Our Managing Director has extended to them his hearty congratulations and all at the Brewery would like to congratulate them too, wishing them many, many more years of happy married life.



HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

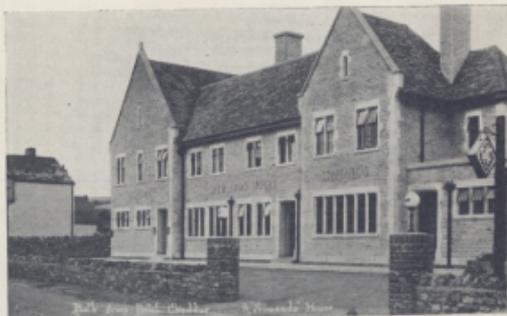
VISIT TO BATH ARMS HOTEL, CHEDDAR.

We are privileged to record the recent visit paid to the Bath Arms Hotel, Cheddar, by His Majesty The King, accompanied by a party of senior officers, where they partook of light refreshments.

During the course of the visit His Majesty displayed a keen interest in the conduct of the hotel and graciously accepted the gift of a piece of Cheddar cheese, upon which he most favourably commented.

The arrangements made by Mr. J. Nolan, Manager, for the informal visit, appeared to give entire satisfaction to His Majesty and the whole party. The delight of the Manager and Staff can better be imagined than described and the Hotels and Catering Department, under the control of Mr. H. C. Davis, greatly appreciates the very great honour of the visit, which will long remain in the memories of all the staff as well as our customers and friends in the Cheddar district.

To commemorate the visit the Directors have presented to our Manager, Mr. J. Nolan, a suitably inscribed silver tankard, and to Mrs. Nolan a silver trinket box also bearing an inscription.



The Bath Arms Hotel.



The Lounge where H.M. The King partook of refreshments.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A contented mind is a continual feast.

A good loser always wins—respect.

Idle folks are always busy.

Observation is the best teacher.

Bustle is not industry, nor is impudence courage.

Knowledge makes humble ; ignorance makes proud.
Knowledge talks lowly ; ignorance talks loud.

The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet and Dr. Merryman.

Elbow grease is good for furniture.

Health is the reward of cleanliness.

Deep rivers flow with silent majesty ; shallow brooks are noisy.

Plain words make the most ornamental sentences.

Truth is a hidden gem we all should dig for.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

The hasty angler loses the fish.

A cheerful smile is sauce for breakfast.

The toad, though ugly, is useful.

He doeth well who doeth good
To those of his own brotherhood ;
He doeth better who doth bless
The stranger in his wretchedness.
Yet best, oh ! best of all doth he
Who helps a fallen enemy.

When the fox preaches, beware of your geese.

Say no ill of the year till it be past.

Fear not if trouble comes upon you ; keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one. If the sun is going down look up to the stars. If the earth is dark, keep your eye on heaven. With God's promises, a man or a child may be cheerful.

NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

THE TREASURES OF A TROUT STREAM.

A RAMBLE THROUGH WATER MEADOWS.

On Whit Sunday, accompanied by a great friend, and great fisherman, I strolled for miles up and down the banks of a trout stream. The mayfly was up and what magic, to the angler, is contained in that simple phrase! If you are not fishing yourself you can derive great pleasure by watching others enjoying the art and enter into the spirit of the sport almost as if you were actually participating in it. But when watching others do *please* keep well out of their way so that the fish have no chance of seeing you and you do not interfere with the fly-fisher's operations. Well, on this particular occasion, we were well out of sight, just peeping through a screen of bushes on the opposite side of the river. The fish were rising well and as the angler's fly floated over the spot where a good fish had just risen I was aquiver with excitement—and so was my good companion. We were both on our knees, praying that the gentleman in waders opposite us would succeed in landing at least a pounder. Suddenly the fish rushed at the fly and took it! I instinctively "struck." Yes, I "struck," landing my companion quite a smart blow on the cheek. I don't know that I have ever seen a man laugh more heartily. Fine sportsman that he is he, of course, took it all in good part, but I don't suppose I shall ever hear the last of it.

AN EQUALLY GOOD "SPOTTER."

As we moved along the meandering stream I pointed out to him some fine trout lying in wait for the flies. But this was by no means necessary, for he was quite as good a "spotter" as I. Proud as I was to thus pick him out some pounders, he was prouder still when he said "Charlie, come here; look!" I looked and there, under the bank, was a trout that weighed 2½ lbs. if he weighed an ounce. "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods"—but I *should* have liked that trout!

LIFE AND DEATH!

Swifts and swallows were taking quite as heavy a toll of the mayflies as were the trout. A number of brimstone and other butterflies were in evidence. A kingfisher flew upstream with a little fish in its beak and a pair of turtle doves settled on an ash tree and *tu-tur-ed* to us. We found many chaffinches' nests, some with eggs and others with young, one nest of the willow warbler and dozens of other nests. We made great friends with a Jersey bull, a really fine little fellow, rubbing his nose and patting his neck. But you cannot *always* trust these gentlemen and we should not have been quite so chummy had not a strong fence separated us. Birds, mayflies, butterflies, and bees, not forgetting the bull, were but a small fraction of the "life" of the charming water meadows through which we roamed. And then, in painful contrast, we came across a keeper's "gallows." Here hung the dead bodies of stoats, weasels, grey squirrels, a sparrow hawk, and, as I was rather surprised and pained to see, the body of a little grebe, or dabchick. I know dabchicks consume small fish but the river without these entertaining cheery little chaps would be bereft of much of its charm.

COARSE FISHING ON A TROUT STREAM.

We witnessed what would appear to be a strange contradiction in terms—coarse fishing on a trout stream and very coarse fishing at that. The scene of operations was a little bridge. On it was a boy, evidently belonging to a well-known school. He was dropping over this bridge a thick piece of string, at the end of which was a lead weight, fully ¼ lb., a short bit of gut, and a fairly large hook stuck into a mayfly. He was dangling this into the water and hoping to catch a trout! Some hope! I don't for a moment suppose he had a permit but we did not interfere in what was not our business. It was rare fun watching him and we would willingly have paid entertainment tax!

Our walk was, at every turn, brimful of interest and enjoyment and the time passed all too quickly. Our feet were gilded with buttercup pollen and presented a strange appearance as we set foot

again on the hard road. We felt as we watched the trout rising, the butterflies and bees sipping nectar from the blooms, and listened to the wonderful bird-choir, that "It is good for us to be here."

I think the flowers should have a very prominent place in recording "The Treasures of a Trout Stream."

Your voiceless lips, O flowers are living preachers ;
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to the fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

BEAUTY AND JOY.

O! let us absorb as much as we can the beauty of the flowers, the joy expressed in the songs of birds, and let us radiate that beauty and that joy so that it sinks down deep into the hearts and minds of men. Let there be competition here, the keener the better—competition as to who can collect the most beauty and the most joy, aye! and competition as to who can pass on the most of these great assets into the souls' banking account of our fellow men, women and children. These priceless gifts represent real wealth and will yield an interest with which no other investment can compare. *Giving* will be our motto rather than *getting* and here, surely, O! surely, we can all be of one class and creed, striving and looking on and upwards to our great goal, the real brotherhood of man. For there is indeed enough beauty and joy to go round, enough and to spare!

CONSTRUCTION—NOT DESTRUCTION.

The Great Gardener, God, is preaching to us construction, construction, construction in every field, wood, and stream; in every seed and bud and flower; and in every nest which only He teaches the birds how to build.

So let us go all out to stay this terrible day of destruction that is threatening to blot out the beauty and the joy with which the world should abound.

Let us away, then, to the woods, the fields and the rivers and learn of these; learn to assimilate the joy of the birds and other little creatures; learn also to absorb some of the fragrance and beauty of the blooms. Then pass on the seeds of joy and beauty and they will multiply a thousandfold, until the earth is filled with gladness and we shall indeed enter into the joy of the Lord.

MY MISSION AND MY MESSAGE.

I have been writing now for more years than I care to remember on the wonders of wild life and the day will come when my pen will be laid aside, but if I have succeeded in any way in passing on to others some of the delights that I have myself experienced by my rambles through woods, in the fields and by the riverside, then I have indeed been more than repaid.

In some strange way I feel that that is my mission. In any case, love God's creatures, great and small, is the message I would like to leave with you all when the time comes for me to say adieu!

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

HE: "Am I a man or a mouse?"

SHE: "You must be a mouse, you scare me stiff."

* * * *

DINER: "Waiter, the portions seem to have got a lot smaller lately."

WAITER: "Just an optical illusion, sir, now that the restaurant has been enlarged they look smaller—that's all."

* * * *

If every girl followed the straight and narrow, where would the brassière manufacturers be?

* * * *

"It's pitiable to see so many weak-willed men about. I believe in being master in my own house."

"Quite so! How long will she be away?"

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

Mr. R. C. Cockbill, whose photograph appeared in our last issue is, as far as I can gather, always called Charlie and is well liked throughout the Brewery, for he has a most pleasing personality. The likeness, by the way, is a very good reproduction.

A cryptic cablegram from Sergt. N. H. Lipscombe reading "Safe and well" gives one food for thought as to where he is or rather has been. As far as we know he is out East but just where we do not know. At any rate all his well-wishers will be glad to read the above words.

Of course, in our district the beer shortage has been a rather burning topic and the various notices outside the Pubs at times have been of various kinds of wordings, thus "No Beer" and "No Beer, No Fags" have been expressive if laconic. In one case I saw "Closed owing to shortage of supplies" (more words and quite as expressive), and an optimistic notice which read "No Beer pro tem." The other day I saw a notice on a blackboard (outside a tobacconist's shop) which read "No Cigarettes or Tobacco or Matches." Well you couldn't make "light" of that. When quite a number of people found one Pub closed they generally made for the next one they could find open. You could term them, I suppose, the floating population.

The Ladies' cricket team have played their first match, against a team called Scarlet Runners. From all accounts the Runners gave our side "beans." However, cheer up ladies, better luck next time.

Football for Reading finished with a flourish for they won the London League Cup and, in my opinion, well deserved to do so. It is a splendid result and it may not be generally known that Reading did not lose a match in this league and even licked the mighty Arsenal twice. Another pleasing factor is that most of the players throughout the season were on the Reading books before the war. A great triumph, I think, for both the players and the manager. Yes! after this job is over you will see Reading in the First Division, in time, of course.

Most of the staff and employees are now in H.M. Forces or registered and of course quite a number of the ladies have had to register as well. I understand nearly 300 of our employees are now serving in some capacity or other.

We are still continuing our First Aid practices and they have been most beneficial to all of us. I think everyone will agree we are a most happy party.

The glad tidings was received that Lieut. R. G. V. Smith (son of our Mr. A. E. Smith) previously reported missing has been officially reported by the War Office as a prisoner of war.

We have a big contingent of gardening enthusiasts at the Brewery and the "Digging for Victory" campaign has been in full swing for some time. No doubt we shall hear some "whoppers" of the "whoppers" they are growing later on.

Balancing (now once every four months) started at the beginning of the month and now we have such light evenings I am sure the staff will be glad when the overtime part of the programme is over; so let us all hope that good fortune will attend their efforts.

Holidays are being taken as and when circumstances permit—a week at a time—and now that the extra daylight saving is in operation all that the holiday-makers want is summer weather.

We have welcomed back quite recently Mrs. Orme (who used to be Miss Durman of the Correspondence Office for a good many years) and, of course, it seems like old times again to see her.

War Savings Stamps are still being eagerly bought from Mr. A. H. Hopkins every Friday and this innovation has been a real big success throughout. This is, of course, in addition to the Savings Certificates purchased, which is gaily going along.

We have had visits from many of our boys who are now serving and everyone looks fit and well. In some cases the transformation, so to speak, is really remarkable. When they come back and are at liberty to tell us of their experiences what a tale they will be able to unfold. May that day soon come along.

Trade can truly be said as being brisk and in spite of many difficulties—which are generally surmounted one way or another—we get on with the job of supplying the public wants as far as we are able to do so and keep quite cheerful about it. The public on their part too, are really in the main, anything but on the grumbling side.

One of the lady members of the General Office staff recently had a really wonderful piece of good fortune. While cycling home her handbag was dropped in the road. It contained, by the way,

two weeks' pay, as the lady in question was going on her holidays the following week. Naturally on arriving home and missing the handbag she "tore" back to the Brewery to see if it was there—and it was. It happened that one of our staff, in a car, had seen the handbag fall and knowing the lady to be a member of the General Office staff brought the bag back to the office. The result was that later tears (almost) were turned into real joy. But what a bit of luck!

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

The Off Licence, 188 High Street, Slough (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. George Bailey.

The Foresters Arms, Bagshot (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. H. G. Cooper.

The Anglers Arms, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. A. E. Brind.

The Leopold Arms, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. K. R. Carim.

We regret to record the death of Mr. Tom Moore, who was tenant of the Volunteer, Crookham, from 1918 to 1935, and from June, 1935 to May, 1938, at the Swan, Thatcham. We extend our sincere sympathy to all relatives.

A.R.P. SERVICES.

SPOTTERS.

These lads are putting in some really fine work, manning the post during the hours of daylight, including week-ends. Every plane passing over or near the town is logged by them, and their knowledge of all types of craft is extraordinarily good and has been well commented on in official circles.

Mr. Stannard, who was in charge of the party, has recently reported for service with the R.A.F. and his place as Chief Spotter has been filled by Mr. A. P. Bloomfield, who has passed the third class test in Spotting, and is working hard for his second class test.



SPOTTERS.

Back Row—Clinch, Bloomfield, Cottam, Brookes.
Front Row—Coleman, Langley, Stannard, Dunster, Saunders.

DECONTAMINATION PARTY.

The members of this important section of the Firm's A.R.P. organisation are to be congratulated on the fine work they have been doing on "practice nights." These incidents have been staged at various parts of the Brewery and have been dealt with very effectively.

Their present efficiency is in no small measure attributable to the inspiring example set by their Leader, Mr. W. Venner.

FIRE WATCHING.

A few issues back we published a photograph of the female fire watchers in the Bottle Beer Department. Two other parties, mostly recruited from the Office Staff, carry out these duties on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, as well as occasional nights.

A number of them are shown just going on parade. Congratulations to them, for their efficiency and for the sporting manner in which they report for duty at week-ends. No doubt they would prefer to be elsewhere if it wasn't for Mr. Hitler.



DECONTAMINATION PARTY.

Left to right—F. Ruffles, H. Price, E. C. Bartlett, G. Thompson, F. W. Shipton, W. Venner (Leader), W. R. Patrick, E. P. Blackford, J. Cockerton (Deputy Leader), R. H. Harbor, A. Randall, P. Laker.



FIRE WATCHING.

Left to right—Back row—Mr. Gray, Mr. Gibbs, Mr. Osborne, Miss Sharpe, Mrs. Thomas, Miss Bullen, Miss Langran, Mr. Pusey, Mr. West, Mr. Broad.
 Middle row—Miss Down, Miss Wood, Miss Hammond, Miss Beasley, Miss Langley, Miss Whitchelow, Miss Paterson, Miss Gillang, Miss Hobbs, Miss Ellett.
 Front row—Mrs. Whitney, Miss Nicol, Miss Curtis, Mr. Hawkes, Mr. Smith, Mrs. Beager, Miss Tuffs, Miss Bunce, Miss Thatcher.

CRICKET.

FULL LIST OF FIXTURES.

LADIES FORM A TEAM.

With the advent of foliage on the trees, blossoms on the fruit trees, and the grass beginning to show up fresh and green, comes the season of the bat and ball and the cricket enthusiast looks forward to many happy hours in the field.

A few months back the prospect did not seem very promising, but many things have since happened and now the Sports Ground will see our members quite often.

A full list of fixtures has been arranged for Saturdays and, as mentioned in last month's HOP LEAF, the ladies have formed a team and several matches have already been booked, most of which will be played on Wednesday evenings.

We have also entered a team to play in the Senior Division of the Reading Youths' Cricket League. Players who have not reached their 18th birthday on the 1st May, 1941, only are eligible. We have tried to get in touch with all these, but if there are any who have not been approached or seen the notices, will they please get in contact with the Hon. Secretary of the Cricket Club, or Mr. D. C. Magson (Delivery Department), who has been appointed captain of our Youths' team. Matches will be played on Tuesday or Thursday evenings, commencing on the 29th May.

So much for the outlook for the season. Now let us see how far we have progressed to date.

The opening match was between teams led by the Captain and Vice-Captain. Ten men apiece and the allocation of these was most carefully considered. How keen was the game is shown by the result—only one run difference. The Captain's side batted first and made 43, of which J. Hawkins claimed 17. K. Organ got 3 for 11 and R. Lambourn 4 for 6.

The Vice-Captain's side got 42 and Lambourn again showed his prowess by making 21 of them. E. Shrimpton had the bowling honours, taking 6 for 13.

May 10th. SIMONDS 65 v. MONKSBAEN SPORTS CLUB 112 for 6 declared.

We welcomed a new side of opponents to our ground and, although the weather was not too warm, a pleasant but fluctuating game was the outcome.

The visitors batted first and were soon in difficulties. Four wickets fell for 15 runs, but then Poole and Coakeley took command of the proceedings and all endeavours to part them were unsuccessful for a long time. Coakeley was dismissed after making his half century and with Poole's score at 51 and the total 112 for 6, the innings was declared closed. K. Organ bowled well and took 3 for 34.

Our batting was not quite so strong. D. C. Magson returned the best score with 18.

Taylor had the best bowling figures with 4 for 14.

May 17th. SIMONDS 36 v. READING P.O. ENGINEERS 56.

With remembrances of our games last year, we anticipated a keen struggle on this occasion. The Engineers batted first, but found runs hard to get. C. F. Richardson (15) and G. Thornhill (13) got half the total. E. Shrimpton was our most successful bowler, taking 4-wickets for 27.

Our batting was, with two exceptions, consistent, but was not good enough against an inspired spell of bowling by C. F. Richardson, whose bag of 8 wickets only cost 13 runs.

After dismissing our opponents for a comparatively low score it looked quite possible to record our first win and it was a real disappointment to finish up 20 runs in arrear.

May 24th.

We were down to meet an R.A.F. XI but, unfortunately, they were unable to raise a team and as the news came too late to arrange another match we had a blank afternoon. In any case, it was not too good from a weather point of view and that must be our consolation, and we look forward to one of our away matches with Phillips & Powis on the last day of the month.

Before these notes are printed the full fixture list of the Youths' team will have been completed. At present it reads:—

READING YOUTHS' CRICKET LEAGUE.

SENIOR DIVISION.

May 29th	Thursday	Y.M.C.A. "B"	King's Meadows.
June 3rd	Tuesday	Y.M.C.A. "A"	Home.
.. 17th	Tuesday	Sutton	Sol Joel Ground.
.. 16th	Thursday	Y.M.C.A. "B"	Home.
.. 24th	Tuesday	H. & P.'s	King's Meadows.
July 1st	Tuesday	Y.M.C.A. "A"	King's Meadows.
.. 10th	Thursday	H. & P.'s	Home.
.. 15th	Tuesday	Sutton	Home.

The other matches to be arranged are with Post Office and Redlands.

The Ladies' fixture list is as under :—

June	4th	Wednesday	Scarlet Runners	Home.
"	11th	"	A.T.S.	Away.
"	18th	"	St. George's	Home.
"	25th	"	P.O. Engineers	Home.
July	9th	"	Scarlet Runners	Home.
"	16th	"	St. George's	Away.

The secretary of the Ladies' team is in communication with other clubs and any additional fixtures arranged will be published later.

J.W.J.

FOOTBALL.

REPORT ON SECOND HALF OF SEASON.

Continuing the report from the December issue, I have to say that the second half of the season was not up to expectations. As stated before, we only had 15 or 16 players to choose from and eventually we lost three of those, one leaving the brewery and two joining the R.A.F. We also had the Spotters and Fire Watchers to supply which depleted our team to 8 or 9 players. However, we managed to complete the season with only two scratchings. To those few who helped to finish the fixtures, knowing full well that they would not be fielding a full side, I say "Thank you!"

Our remaining two games with the A.T.S. (boys) ended in their favour, "C" Company, 4 goals to 1, and "B" Company 3 goals to 1. For our two games each with Earley United and Crown Villa we were easy victims, but the remaining matches with C.W.S., H. & P.'s, Thames Vale and Wilson Minors were either lost or won by the odd goal.

In summing up, the position of the team was not at all bad, taking all things in consideration. It is as follows :—

Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals	
				For.	Against.
23	8	14	1	51	67

In closing, my very best thanks go to all who have assisted me during the past season and I sincerely hope the time will not be long before we are all back at the brewery again as one big happy family, both at work and play.

F.P.

MR. TOM BARTHOLOMEW.



Mr. Tom Bartholomew has just completed 50 years' service with the Firm in the Cooperage Department. He has received the cordial congratulations of the Directors and a tangible token from them of their esteem. It would be hard to find a finer sportsman than Tom Bartholomew. He excelled particularly at cricket and meted out terrific punishment to any loose balls that came his way. Playing with a natural easy style he would lift a ball to the boundary without any apparent effort and the number of sixes against his name in the score book must be legion. He has indeed played a straight bat in cricket and a straight game in life, his genial cheery manner endearing him to all with whom he comes into contact. His workmates regard him with the greatest esteem and affection and when he scored his "fifty, not out" at the Brewery they were

determined not to let the occasion pass without giving him some little memento of the occasion. This took the form of an umbrella, suitably inscribed.

A large number of his colleagues attended the little ceremony which was performed by Mr. Drury, who congratulated Mr. Bartholomew on his fine record, observing that few coopers were able to say that they had completed fifty years' service in that one department. They were indeed pleased to present Tom with a little gift to show their appreciation of his splendid record of work and also of his unflinching kindness to them all.

Mr. Drury then handed to Mr. Bartholomew the umbrella amidst loud applause.

In acknowledging the gift Mr. Bartholomew said he appreciated their kindly thought more than he could say. He had tried to do his best for the Firm and for all with whom he worked (applause). He hoped to continue for a long time to come (renewed applause).

Mr. Bartholomew then asked the company to join him in a little refreshment and a very pleasing ceremony was brought to a close with many hearty hand-shakes, one and all offering to their dear friend and loyal colleague their personal congratulations.

Sport has been Mr. Bartholomew's pastime and he has excelled at cricket, football and running, cricket in particular. The first occasion that he played for the Brewery he was long-stop under the direction of Mr. C. E. Gough, on the ground by the side of the Thames. When not playing for the Seven Bridges, Tom figured in many other elevens including Heckfield, Spencers Wood, Swallowfield, etc. When too old for the game he assisted his daughters to play and they also made a name for themselves in the field of sport. One was, for three years running English champion for the Long Jump, and she also competed in the World's Games fixtures. She is now married and living in the Azores.

Well played Tom, we are all proud of you!



CHARMBURY SAYS!

News is to hand of one of the most spectacular and explosive personalities produced in Bath. He is Capt. John R. Charnbury, now serving with the R.A.O.C., "somewhere in England."

The news is that he has written a booklet full of characteristic epigrams under the title "Charnbury Says—or The Owl Looks Down." It is published by Pitman's at 9d., and is worth much more, as our extracts will show, says the *Bath Weekly Chronicle and Herald*.

That Capt. Charnbury has a gift for epigram with the gold of wisdom glittering brightly is shown by the following quotations from "Charnbury Says":

The prevailing disease in England, and for which no cure has yet been discovered, is "Lethargica Britannica."

Transport companies go out of business through not carrying enough passengers—other industrial concerns through carrying too many.

To listen when people talk is as it should be, but to understand what is left unsaid is often more important.

Despise no-one. Tomorrow you may be glad to lick the boots of the man who cleans yours to-day.

Every system of Government that has ever been tried has produced a privileged class. That is as true of Russia to-day under Communism as it was of France under the Bourbons.

If we were as successful in kidding other folks as we are in kidding ourselves, we should all make big fortunes.

Never put your foot down unless certain of being able to keep it there.

Inefficiency never starts at the bottom—it spreads downwards.

When all the beautiful things have been destroyed we shall set up a Society (with a paid Secretary) for their preservation.

A stinging remark will rankle in the memory long after a stinging blow has been forgotten and forgiven.

A sinecure is a position condemned by everyone and sought after by all.

Clarity rarely comes from claret.

A magistrate is one of the things sent to try us.

It may be that police are posted at the gates of Government buildings not to prevent the public seeing what is taking place but that they may not see what is not being done.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

EMPLOYER : " John, you were brought home drunk last night. How do people know where you live ? "

BUTLER : " I always carry some of your visiting cards on me, sir. "

* * * *

Give a woman an inch and she's got a bathing costume.

* * * *

POLICEMAN : " How do you know the thief was a cat-burglar ? "

HOUSEHOLDER : " Well, he stole the canary, and drank the morning milk ! "

* * * *

SPORTSMAN : " Do you guarantee this gun ? Suppose it bursts and blows my head off ? "

DEALER : " In that case we give you a new gun. "

* * * *

" We had a large party to supper last night. "

" Business acquaintances ? "

" No ; just the wife's mother. "

* * * *

" Did you know that the hippopotamus has a skin 3 inches thick ? "

" Well, with a face such as his, he really needs it ! "

* * * *

" Have you heard where Jane learned to kiss ? "

" Yes, it's on everybody's lips. "

* * * *

FATHER (to daughter's suitor) : " My daughter shall never marry a fool ! "

SUITOR : " Ah, you don't want her to make the same mistake as her mother did ! "

SHE (frantically) : " Jack, baby's swallowed the ink. "

HE (absently) : " I suppose that means you want to borrow my fountain pen. "

* * * *

The following item is said to appear in a list of police regulations posted up on a highway in Ireland :

" Until further notice every vehicle must carry a light when darkness begins. Darkness begins when the lights are lit ! "

* * * *

HE : " Did you know that Tom and Vera have quarrelled ? "

SHE : " Know it ? I engineered the thing myself. "

* * * *

" You seem to be a bit off your game. "

" No ; I am right at the top of my form. "

" Then you must be in a class by yourself. "

* * * *

MILLINER : " Pardon, Madame. This is the hat you just bought ; that's the box you're wearing. "

* * * *

MISTRESS : " Susan, I saw a man kissing you at the back door last night. Was it the postman or the policeman ? "

SUSAN : " Was it before eight o'clock or after ? "

* * * *

A motor journal says that a £50 car is bound to come. But the question is—will it go ?

* * * *

ARTIST : " Ten thousand would not buy this picture. "

FRIEND : " Yes, and I'm one of the ten thousand. "

* * * *

" I can do nothing for your complaint. It is hereditary. "

" Then send the bill to my father. "

TEACHER: "I give you 16 nuts to share with your little brother. How many will he get?"

BOBBY: "Six."

TEACHER: "Nonsense, you can't count."

BOBBY: "Yes, I can, teacher, but my little brother can't."

* * * *

"I shall never," exclaimed the artist in dramatic tones as he displayed his last painting, "do anything finer than that!"

"Cheer up," said his friend, "don't lose heart, old man!"

* * * *

AUNTIE: "Why don't you get on with your dinner?"

SAMMY: "I'm waiting for the mustard to cool."

* * * *

As they lingered over a pot of beer, the well-meaning man said:

"I say Jones, if I were you, I wouldn't let your wife go round saying she's made a man of you. You don't hear my wife saying that."

"No," Jones agreed, "but I've heard your wife telling my wife that she'd done her best."

* * * *

Nature chooses our features but allows us to pick our own teeth.

* * * *

Arriving at a London station by the boat train, an American had his luggage taken to a taxi. Trunks, suitcases, and bundles of wraps were piled up till the vehicle fairly groaned.

Then the driver looked at his fare coldly.

"That is the lot?" he asked.

"I guess so," was the reply.

"Well, well," said the driver, "I s'pose they wouldn't let you bring the Statue of Liberty with you."

"Bring me some cold porridge," said the soldier to the waitress. "Burn some toast to a cinder," he added. "Fry two bad eggs and serve them on a dirty plate. Make the coffee so that it tastes like mud, and bring it in a cracked cup so that it drips down my chin when I drink it."

The concoctions came—and the puzzled waitress asked: "Is there anything more?"

"Yes," said the soldier. "Now sit down and nag me. I'm 'omesick."

* * * *

Four soldiers were at a railway station in London. For the tenth time they asked an old bearded porter what time the train was due.

"How many more times will I have to tell you? You've been asking me that for an hour," growled the old porter.

"Well, the reason is," said one of the soldiers, "we just like to see your whiskers go up and down when you say 5.55."

* * * *

A Scotsman approached an attendant of a bowling green and handed him twopence.

"What's this for?" asked the attendant.

"A game o'bowls, laddie," replied the Scot.

"Yes, but the fee is sixpence. Read the board."

"I hae done," nodded the Scot with a wink. "It sayd 'Fees for the green, sixpence a game,' but I'm nae green."

* * * *

A young officer, after the last war, wanted an outdoor life, so he tried hard to get a traveller's job. After explaining his case to the sales-manager, there seemed to be some hitch, so the young man put forward a final inducement.

"Er—I ought, perhaps, to mention that I was on the staff."

The sales manager replied: "We are prepared to overlook that provided your other credentials are good."

"At any rate," said the auctioneer, "mine is a business that a woman can't take up." "Nonsense," put in the strong-minded lady. "A woman would make quite as good an auctioneer as any man."

"Would she?" retorted the other. "Well, you try and imagine an unmarried lady standing up before a crowd and saying, 'Now, gentlemen, all I want is an offer.'"

* * * *

RUSTIC (*discussing merit of savings bank with vicar*): "Well, sir, I allus do as my father did—keep my money in t'owd stockin' at 'ome."

VICAR: "But you lose the interest that way."

RUSTIC: "No, I don't sir; I puts a bit extra away for that."

* * * *

"So you've left your job, Pat?"

"Yes."

"Was the boss surprised when he knew you were leaving?"

"No! he knew before I did."

* * * *

A clergyman received the following notice regarding a marriage that was to take place:

"This is to give you notis that I and Miss Jemima Brearily is comin' to your church on Saturday afternoon next to undergo the operation of matrimony at your hands. Please be prompt, as the taxi is hired by the hour."

* * * *

A young man looked out of the window and, seeing the glorious sunshine, made the innocent remark to his director: "We are going to have a wonderful day, sir."

"Good Lord!" gasped the great man, "we, indeed! How long have you been a partner in this firm?"

HUSBAND: "I say, if the worst comes to the worst, I suppose we can go and live with your parents?"

WIFE: "Not a chance. They're already living with their parents."

* * * *

"Yes," sighed the mother of a soldier son and an A.R.P. daughter, "children do change as they get older. There was a time when Mary was keen on painted dolls, and Johnny was mad on soldiers. Now it's Mary who's mad on soldiers, and Johnny who runs after every painted doll he sees!"

* * * *

NERVOUS BEST MAN (*proposing the toast of the bridesmaids*): "I wish to propose the health of the bridesmaids and to express the hope that in the near future they will be taking the place of the bride."

* * * *

SON: "Dad, how long have you been married?"

FATHER: "Fifteen years, my boy."

SON: "How much longer have you to do?"

* * * *

GLASGOW BOY: "Got a match, mister?"

PASSER BY: "No, I haven't."

GLASGOW BOY: "Here you are, mister—one penny a box."

* * * *

"Our local weather forecaster is trying to get transferred."

"What's the trouble?"

"He says the climate doesn't agree with him."

* * * *

MISTRESS: "Mary, you've done no work again to-day. Whenever your sweetheart comes to see you, the only part of the house that is cleaned out is the larder."

"MORE AND MORE."

More and more, as life advances,
Simple joys and scenes I seek.
Meadows where the daylight dances,
Lanes where loaded waggons creak.

Cows and sheep in careless grouping,
Taking shelter under trees.
Little cup-like blossoms drooping
'Neath the busy-body bees.

Evergreens with moisture dripping
(Glossy laurels, bay and box).
Lambs around their mothers skipping—
Geese and ganders ; hens and cocks.

Squirrels, grey and red, who chatter
With a look of feigned surprise.
Finches gold—and rooks that scatter
By their thousands thro' the skies.

Countrymen to market going—
Bavin-stacks piled high and neat.
Farmers, in the furrows sowing
Seeds for future crops of wheat.

Friendly chat and fireside leisure—
Winter's sleep and Spring's new birth
—All that makes each hour a pleasure
And a spell of heaven on earth.

S. E. COLLINS.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

Arm yourselves, and be ye men of valour, and be in readiness for the conflict ; for it is better to perish in battle than to look upon the outrage of our nation and our altars. As the will of God is in heaven, even so let Him do.—ANTIPHON for Trinity-tide *Magnificat*.

BRANCHES.

PORTSMOUTH.

L.V.'S NEW PRESIDENT.

Mr. W. F. Bailey has been unanimously chosen as President and Secretary of the Portsmouth, Gosport and District Licensed Victuallers' Protection and Benevolent Association, and his election has given a good deal of satisfaction throughout the Trade in the city and its widely spread suburbs. By taking on the dual office Mr. Bailey has created a precedent, but his boundless energy and enthusiasm will doubtless enable him to shoulder the burden with satisfaction to both himself and his brother licensees who hold him in high esteem.

As President Mr. Bailey succeeds Mr. A. G. Golding, who is now away from the city on account of ill-health, and as Secretary he takes the place of Mr. G. H. Smart, whose death we recently recorded. In accepting office and thanking members for their confidence in him, Mr. Bailey appealed for support and loyalty, emphasizing how necessary it was in these difficult times for a strong and united Association to assist those of their members who met with misfortune. The annual report, which recorded a year of progress, referred to the deaths of not only Mr. Smart, but also of Mr. W. Curtis (Havant) and Mr. E. E. Tilbury, one of the Trustees of the Association. It was also regretted that two other members had lost their lives through enemy action.

The members showed their usual generosity towards local charities by voting grants to various hospitals and societies in the area.

MODERN DRAKES !

There are only two bowling clubs in Portsmouth which possess their own premises and one of these, the Southsea Waverley, have experienced a pretty hectic time. They are old friends of ours, and when I called in the other day I found the premises and green in such a "blitzed" condition that I was much afraid there would be very little bowls on this particular pitch this season. However, there are obviously many modern Drakes among the Waverley members and if they do not play their favourite game on Plymouth Hoe they are at least determined, despite Hitler and his *Luftwaffe*, to carry on as long as possible. When, therefore, I called at the club again a week later I found a complete metamorphosis had been brought about : club house had been partially restored and made tolerably comfortable ; billiards and snooker

were again in full swing; and, more important of all, the beloved green had yielded so gracefully to specialized treatment that it was not only playable but presented quite a normal appearance. The age of miracles has not passed! So, after all, it was found possible to hold the opening of the green ceremony on the date previously arranged, and favoured by splendid weather the function was a conspicuous success.

A match between the teams of the President (Mr. H. R. Shepherd) and the Vice-President (Mr. H. Hudson) was won by the former by 73 shots to 43 and proved most enjoyable. In lieu of a sit-down tea in the pavilion—impossible owing to catering difficulties—refreshments were served on the green during the game, and the President took the opportunity of saying to the members a few cheery words assuring them that the club was "all alive-o" and its officers determined to keep the flag flying.

WHITE GLOVES.

A ceremony that had not been performed at the Portsmouth police court for twenty years took place on May 10th, when white gloves, the symbol of a blank charge sheet, were presented to Mrs. F. M. Haylett, one of the magistrates in attendance. The presentation was made by the Chief Constable (Mr. A. C. West), and the ceremony was doubly notable by reason of the fact that the occasion was during a war when sailors, troops and airmen from all parts of the world were among the residents and, secondly, that the recipient was a woman justice of the peace. Mrs. Haylett commented that the citizens of Portsmouth had been splendid and it was grand to think that at a time when there were extra trials such exemplary conduct should be shown. Incidentally, too, the absence of any punishable offence was a tribute to licensees, who are conducting their businesses with such marked tact and discretion during these troublous times.

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