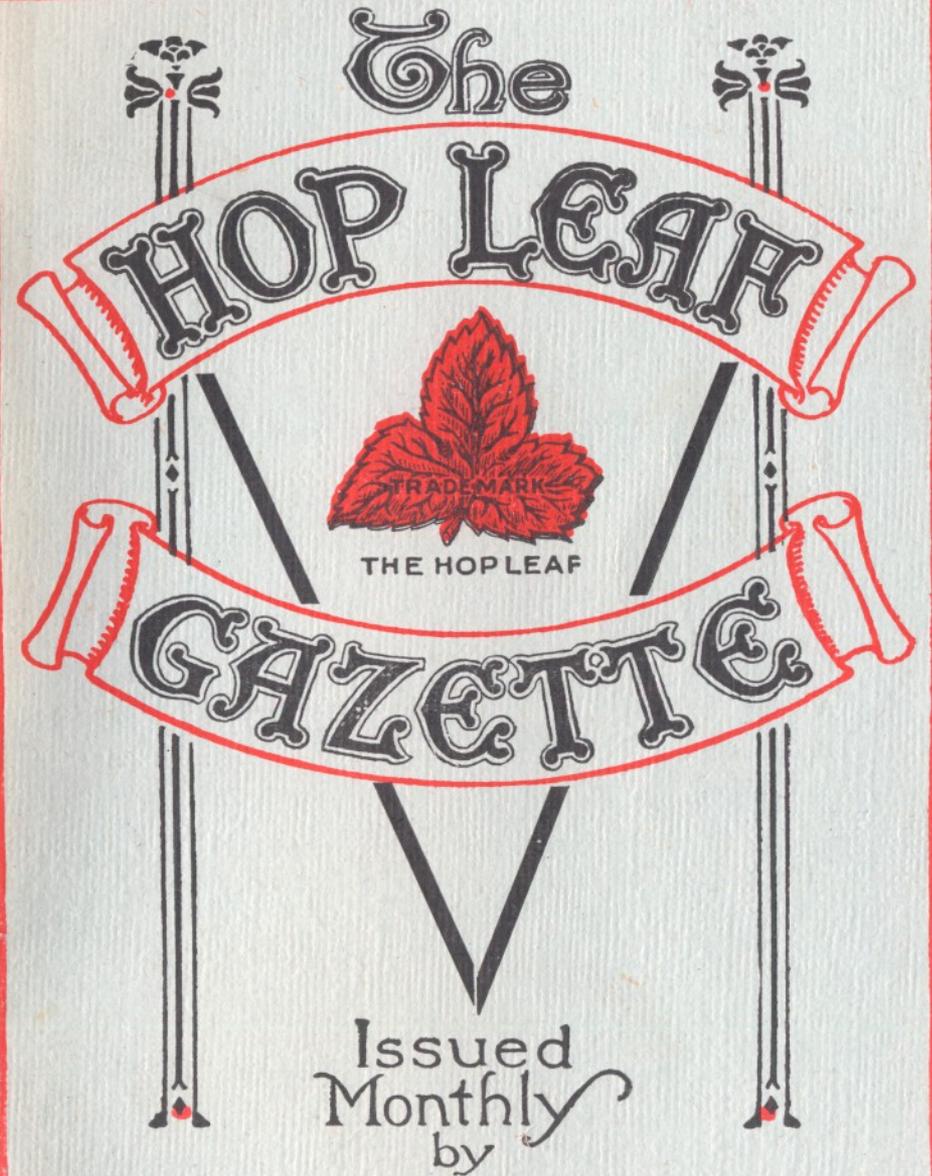


VOL. XVI.

OCTOBER, 1941.

Price 1d.



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.

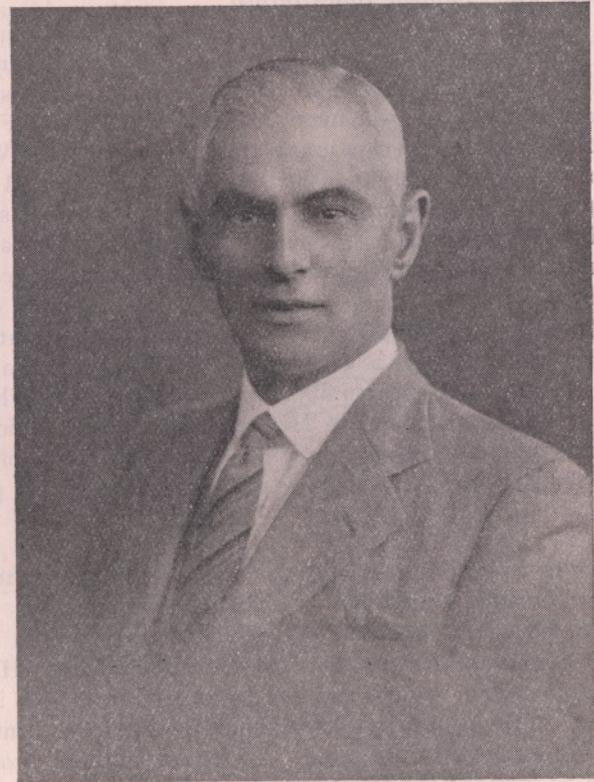
Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. XVI. OCTOBER, 1941. No. 1.

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



Mr. E. G. GRIMES.

MR. E. G. GRIMES.

We feel sure that our friends in the Bristol area will welcome the inclusion of Mr. E. G. Grimes in the gallery of past and present "Hop Leaf" celebrities. As our Military and Free Trade representative, he is known and esteemed everywhere. Nowadays, alas, the restrictions imposed upon our Trade, due to war-time conditions, have dealt rather severely with his pre-war endeavours to stimulate the circulation of "Hop Leaf" beverages in every quarter of his area. His pioneer work is, however, not entirely shelved, and the peaceful penetration of pre-war days will undoubtedly prove of great value when happier times return.

Mr. Grimes' service with W. J. Rogers, Limited, began in the Cask Office of that Company in November, 1913. In August, 1914, he was in khaki as a pre-war member of the R.A.M.C. (T.F.), 48th S. Midland Division, and saw much active service on the Western front from early 1915 to August, 1918, especially around Ypres, the Somme and St. Quentin. In the latter month he was severely wounded in the head and leg, wounds which meant "England and home," and his ultimate discharge in December of that year.

In the following month he was able to resume duty at Jacob Street Brewery. In 1931 a vacancy on the Travelling Staff gave him the long awaited opportunity and he became Free Wholesale Trade representative for South Devon and Cornwall, which continued until 1935, when Bristol became yet another centre of "Hop Leaf" activity. Mr. Grimes then was appointed to his present post.

His proficiency in other fields, as a sportsman, has found him many friends and earned him a wide reputation. His cricket prowess, of 30 years, needs no eulogies here—they are on record, both as batsman and fast bowler of first-class standard. He is an expert at most ball games and his "soccer" memories include experiences both as a player and umpire—even the control of English and Amateur Cup games in London and the provinces. This year he invaded the sanctities of the bowling green and as a member of the Civil Service Bowling Club annexed the W. S. A. Brown Singles trophy.

As a Special Constable since 1939, Mr. Grimes still finds time to do his bit. To see him calmly directing traffic during a peak hour at one of Bristol's busiest junctions is illuminating and another instance of natural adaptiveness at work or play.

He is a member of the St. Nicholas Lodge of Freemasons, while in his "spare time" he can still produce a first-class selection of fruit and flowers in his garden in which he takes the keenest personal interest.

Through the medium of this journal Mr. Grimes sends a personal greeting to all those friends with whom nowadays he is out of touch. He says, "I would like to refresh many pleasant memories with all those cheery and helpful acquaintances made in my travels, and I look forward to renewing them when peaceful days and happier trade conditions return."



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.)

MEALS AT THE CLUB.

The opening of the Canteen at the Club has proved most successful. The day is commenced by cups of tea or coffee between 5.30 and 6 a.m. This service is carried out by two of the firemen. Then from 10 a.m. cakes and tea are served to the employees; great numbers avail themselves of the opportunity. This duty is undertaken by Mrs. Douce. From 12 noon mid-day dinner is obtainable and much praise has been expressed for the admirable cooking by Mrs. Taylor. This mid-day meal is steadily growing in popularity. From 3.30 p.m. teas are available, and many employees who have a late finish in front of them are very glad of the chance to obtain a tea.

With the thoughtfulness for their employees, so typical of our Directors, they have now, among other privileges, provided the night watchers with substantial suppers. The meals are excellently cooked (by Mrs. May) and needless to say, the watchers greatly appreciate what is being done for them. All this obviously throws a great deal of extra work on our popular Steward and Stewardess (Mr. and Mrs. Holmes), but nothing seems too much trouble for them to ensure the comfort and convenience of all who attend the Social Club, and the cheery manner and willing way with which they carry out their onerous duties makes it a great pleasure to be served by them. Their efficient service certainly enhances the value of the Club to its many members.

The provision of food is one of the greatest problems confronting those responsible for maintaining the Canteen service, and this point was quickly realised by our Managing Director who, on several occasions, has sent gifts of vegetables. This kindness is very much appreciated.

The following letter speaks for itself:—

19th September, 1941.

W. Bradford, Esq.,

I understand that the serving of suppers to the personnel engaged on fire watching duties each night has already proved an immense success and is greatly appreciated by one and all.

I feel it therefore to be my duty to express to you and, through you, to Mr. and Mrs. Holmes and their staff the gratitude of all concerned for the great efforts now being made to supply that "little extra" which means so much to the employees on their nightly task.

Will you please, therefore, accept the warmest thanks of the Advisory Council for all you have done and convey our congratulations to all the staff at the Social Club.

A. G. RICHARDSON,
Chairman Advisory Council.

WIFE, AND HUSBAND'S RACING ACCOUNT.

When a letter, addressed to the master of the house, a good sportsman, was delivered in Reading recently it was not stuck down, though bearing a 2½d. stamp. The lady of the house seeing it open and thinking it was of little consequence casually glanced at the contents. She found, to her great surprise, it was a book-maker's account. The names of the horses conveyed little meaning to her—except one; that one her husband had frequently mentioned, even in his sleep. So she confronted him with the formidable list. But the envelope also contained a cheque which the generous owner shared with his wife and "they have lived happily ever afterwards."

WHAT DID HE DO AT DARTMOOR?

Having gathered his crowd, the racecourse tipster was trying to persuade them to buy his tips.

"You all know me!" he shouted hoarsely. "I gave you all the winners. I gave you Bonny Bright Eyes, April the Fifth and Owen Tudor! And what did I do at Newmarket? What did I do at Kempton? What did I do at Lewes? What did——"

Then a weary voice came from the crowd. "'Ere, Bill, tell 'em wot you did at Dartmoor."

SOME COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

A Yorkshire commercial traveller boasted of doing seventy calls a day.

"How do you do it?" asked a friend.

"Oh," said he, "I puts my head inside t'door and says, 'Mornin,' I says. 'Marnin,' says she. 'Owt?' I says. 'Nowt,' she says. 'Marnin,' I says. 'Marnin,' says she. And off I goes to next shop."

THE WHOLE TRUTH.

It is difficult to escape the impression that, in their praiseworthy attempts to keep our people "up to the scratch," some of our leaders have themselves been unconsciously defeatist, says *Our Empire*. Every sensible man knows that before Hitler can be crushed much loss and suffering will have to be faced: that, until we have finally overcome the handicap of Germany's six years' start in armaments, our main strategy must be defensive; and that when defeat looms before him Hitler will run amok like a mad dog. We must expect more ruthless bombing, perhaps an attempt at the invasion of Britain, the extension of the war to countries still remote from it. Those are the consequences of the years of "appeasement." But need we play the game of Dr. Goebbels and continually magnify all these possibilities, without reference to the growing, substantial entries on the other side of the account? There is too great a tendency among the politicians to play the role of Pickwick's Fat Boy and make our flesh creep. The British people are not in their infancy—they are grown up, and not afraid of the truth. But let it be the whole truth.

EARL AND LADY LUCAN MUCH IMPRESSED.

Mr. H. Haley of the Lucan Arms, Laleham, Middlesex, writes to Mr. J. W. Biggs as follows:—I know you will be delighted to hear that on 11th September, 1941, Mr. Dudley Harris, estate manager for the Earl of Lucan, called on me to know if it would be convenient for the Earl and Lady Lucan to look over the place as it was the first opportunity they had had since the house had been opened. I might say they were very much impressed by all they saw, especially the lay-out of the house and in the Earl of Lucan's crest in the lounge which is chipped out in stone over the chimney-piece. Lady Lucan then inquired about the living accommodation and, after looking round the rooms upstairs and the kitchen downstairs, thanked my wife and remarked what a lovely place we had.

SIMONDS BEERS IN WEST AFRICA.

Mr. E. T. Brazell, Bronwydd House, Cardigan, 27th September, 1941, writes:—Recently, Aircraftman D. G. Powell, Llanelly, was on a draft sailing overseas when the vessel on which he was travelling was torpedoed. He was eventually landed in Freetown, British West Africa, and was served with some of Simonds beers there. Needless to say it was most acceptable after the experience. Aircraftman Powell is the son of Mrs. E. Powell, Butchers Arms, Burry Port, Carmarthen.

NO WONDER!

An excellent chicken formed part of the fare at a luncheon party attended by two parsons. After lunch they noticed a cock strutting on the lawn.

One of the parsons said: "That bird seems very pleased with himself!"

"No wonder," said the host, "considering one of his sons has just entered the ministry!"

MOTHER KNOWS BEST.

Scene: A bridge over an important river.

Cast: Assembly of general staff officers, including the Army commander, in serious conference.

Enter a small urchin, who addresses the Army commander as follows:

"My dad's in the Home Guard and was taken prisoner this morning. Mother says it's all damned rot. He's got to come home to supper immediately."

This story is from *The Night Hawk*, magazine of the 14th (Hove) Home Guard Battalion, Royal Sussex Regiment. It is entitled "The Modern Battle of Waterloo."

SLAPPED WOMAN IN 'BUS.

A man was brought before a magistrate for having slapped a woman in a 'bus. "What on earth made you do that?" asked the magistrate.

The man replied—"I couldn't help it. This woman comes in the 'bus and sits opposite to me. She opens her bag, takes out her purse, closes her bag, opens her purse, takes out a penny, closes her purse, opens her bag, puts in her purse, closes her bag. Then

she notices that the conductor has gone on top of the 'bus, so she opens her bag, takes out her purse, closes her bag, opens her purse, puts back the penny, closes her purse, opens her bag, puts back the purse and closes her bag. When the conductor comes down, she opens her bag, takes out her purse, closes her bag, opens her purse, takes out a penny, closes her purse, opens her bag, puts in her purse, closes her bag and gives penny to the conductor. He gives her a ticket. She opens her bag, takes out her purse, closes her bag, opens her purse, puts in the ticket, closes her purse, opens her bag, puts in her purse and closes her bag. Half a minute later a ticket inspector jumps on the 'bus. So the woman opens her bag, takes out her purse — "

"Stop!" said the magistrate. "I've heard enough of that. You're driving us all crazy."

The man said—"Yes. That's what happened to me, so I slapped her." The magistrate said—"Discharged."

AN ICELANDIC FLOWER SHOW.

The British troops and the American "doughboys" and marines stationed in Iceland, which now lies athwart Hitler's Atlantic ambitions, have settled down smoothly with the Icelanders. New-comers to the island are bewildered by the sight of grape vines and melons, even banana trees, flourishing not in the luxuriant tropics but in the valleys and shores of Iceland (says a British United Press message from Reykjavik). The troops have made this transformation, and they were so proud of their efforts that they decided to hold a gardening show. This was a great success, and the vegetables and fruits grown to championship proportions, thanks to the water from Iceland's hot springs, evoked high praise from the people and from *The Bugle*, the newspaper of the American troops. "We recommend a visit," the newspaper says, "to those who do not believe in miracles."

M.N.

A Merchant Navy sailor was the centre of attraction at a party. In his lapel was his badge, the Royal Crown over the letters M.N. A fulsome woman approached him. "And what do those letters mean?" she asked. "Maternity Nurse," was the bored reply. "What a queer job for a man," said the woman.

FLUGZEUGABWEHRKANONE.

"Flak" is the abbreviation of the German word-monster *Flugzeugabwehrkanone*, which consists of five parts, *Flug* is our word flight or flying. *Zeug* is stuff, implement, craft, and thus the

two words together mean aircraft or flying-machine. *Ab* is our preposition off, and *Wehr* defence, a body of armed men, which makes *Abwehr* mean warding off, fighting off. *Kanone*, of course, is our cannon or gun. No wonder even the Germans, who are somewhat fond of "word sausages," thought it advisable to reduce their word for an A.A. gun to the monosyllabic *flak*.

Another recently adopted German word, *Panzer* (pronounced *puntser*), is the medieval German word for a coat of mail and now signifies armour and armoured. Thus a German *Panzerkreuzer*, e.g., is an armoured cruiser and a *Panzerauto* an armoured car.

Who murmurs that in these dark days
His lot is cast?
God's hand within the shadow lays
The stones whereon His gates of praise
Shall rise at last.

—J. G. WHITTIER.

MUST BE KEPT FIT.

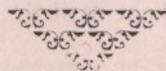
When the utmost that selective rationing and communal feeding can do has been done, there remains the possibility of increasing the standard ration of some specially valuable foods, says *The Times*. In recent pronouncements Lord Woolton has stated that "our stocks of food are such that we are as well off after twenty-one months of war as we were after nine months in regard to all essential foods," and that "we shall not go through the winter as things are now, for there are some things I hope I shall be able to give you more of—particularly the children." There is little doubt that sugar and fats are the two foods which the average person feels are not adequately represented in his or her war-time diet; and some increase in the rations of sugar and of fats would be specially welcome. It may be hoped that stocks and prospects are good enough to warrant an increase for every one, and not for children only. For the people who have to do the heavy work of this generation, and upon whom unceasing calls for increased production are being made, must be kept fit if the next generation is to live in liberty.

FOR THE RED CROSS.

Hereunder is a statement of cash collected for H.R.H. The Duke of Gloucester's Fund for the Red Cross and St. John, up to and including Friday, 26th September, 1941. As can be seen, quite a goodly amount has been handed over to this Fund.

In response to an appeal (given below) it has been decided to devote the weekly collections to St. Dunstan's for a period of three months. It is hoped that the employees of the Firm will continue to give as generously as in the past.

	September, 1941.			Total to date.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Beer Cellars	11	8	½	17	19	0 ¾
Bottling Stores	1	8		12	17	10 ½
Brewery	12	1		12	7	1 ½
Building	14	4		17	10	5 ¼
Catering	1	10	½		17	6
Cooperage	7	5	½	8	1	5 ½
Delivery Office	13	2		8	18	5 ¼
Engineers, etc.	17	7	½	19	16	5 ¼
Maltings	14	4	½	17	10	9 ½
Offices (Ground Floor)	1	3	2 ¼	26	15	10 ½
Offices (1st and 2nd Floors)	15	9		17	1	10 ½
Stables	2	11	½	3	2	3 ½
Social Club	—	—		1	18	1 ¼
Sundries	—	—		6	5	5 ½
Surveyors	12	11		9	11	11 ¾
Transport Repairs	8	9		11	1	7
Wheelwrights	6	3		7	17	1 ¾
Wine Stores	4	3	½	8	8	0
	£8	8	5 ¼	£202	2	6
Profit from teas, Power House				1	0	0
Sale of vegetables, per Mr. W. Wheeler				2	5	7
				£205	8	1



WORDS OF WISDOM.

Let us try what esteem and kindness can effect.

Life is a long lesson in humility.

Nature is the only book that teems with meaning on every page.

The best fish swim near the bottom.

The most certain sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness.

Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action.

Friendship is one soul in two bodies.

Good-breeding is benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves in the little daily occurrences of life.

If you want work done go to the man who is already fully occupied.

Age is a matter of feeling, not of years.

All are not saints that go to church.

"Can you tell a plain man the plain road to heaven?"—
"Surely. Turn at once to the right, then go straight forward."

Cheerfulness is the best promoter of health, and is as friendly to the mind as to the body.

God has given us our memories that we may have roses in December.

Here was an experiment, under the most favourable conditions, of the powers of intellect without conscience. Never was such a leader so endowed, and so weaponed; never leader found such aids and followers. And what was the result of this vast talent and power, of these immense armies, burned cities, squandered treasures, immolated millions of men, of this demoralized Europe? It came to no result. All passed away, like the smoke of his artillery, and left no trace.

—EMERSON: "Napoleon; or, The Man of the World."

SIMONDS F.C.

It has been arranged (as a war-time emergency league no longer exists) to play a programme of friendly fixtures this season, as long as sufficient players are available. A short fixture list has been prepared and further fixtures will be arranged as the season progresses, depending on the number of players left free from military service.

The season opened on Saturday, September 20th, with a match against the Y.M.C.A. (senior XI) who we defeated by 5 goals to 2. It was a hard game and being two goals down in the first five minutes we did well to fight back and pass this deficit. Our goals were scored by Hawkins (2), Sexton, Benham and Summerville.

Team:—Beddow, Britnell, Philpott, Benham, George, Lambourne, Summerville, Hawkins, Sexton, Organ and Cottam.

SIMONDS 6 v. R.A.F. 6.

On September 27th we entertained the R.A.F. and a most exciting game resulted. The R.A.F. were soon three goals ahead and at half-time our chances looked very black, but a hat-trick by Cottam and a fine goal by Sexton in the last minute enabled us to leave the field with honours even. Our goals were scored by Cottam (3), Sexton (2) and North.

Team:—Tott, Britnell, Philpott, Organ, George, Lambourne, Cottam, Beddow, Sexton, North and Summerville.

K O.

NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

WONDERFUL WAYS OF THE SPIDERS.

AT EVENTIDE!

Right up to the end of September hundreds of swallows and martins were to be seen. I noticed one or two on the 1st and 2nd of October but have seen none since. Their departure this year seemed more sudden than usual. Many chiff-chaffs remained with us till the middle of September and I heard and saw one sedge-warbler as late as September 23rd. I was more than pleased to see three large families of long-tailed tits this summer, so the severe winter of 1939-40 did not do them all to death, though, as I have previously mentioned, it took a very heavy toll of these delicate little birds whose long tails were seized in the grip of Jack Frost, who did not release them until the birds were dead.

Long-tailed tits remain in family parties throughout the winter, only separating in the spring when captured by cupid's magic wand.

SPIDERS AS TELEGRAPHISTS.

The spiders have been very busy of late spinning their wonderful webs. The large lady garden spider after constructing her web for the purposes of catching flies for food also prepares a special telegraphic cable which communicates with the centre of the web. When the male spider is desirous of finding a mate he searches for the telegraph "wire" and, finding it, signals to the lady in waiting. I don't know whether the gentleman spider knows the morse code and signals . . . — for victory. I should say not, as he is by no means sure of victory for he may be welcomed by Miss Spider—or eaten by her! Even when mating has taken place Mr. Spider had better hurry away or he may be eaten alive. The long-legged hunting spider, which you meet with in the woods and on commons, catches a tasty fly, wraps it in silk, and presents it to the lady of his choice. On one occasion, so we are told, a male spider did the dirty on a lady and made her a present of an old dried fly wrapped in a silk parcel. Mrs. Spider no sooner discovered the hoax than she seized the perpetrator of it and ate him alive!

THOSE FIERCE FAIRIES.

Dragon flies were still much in evidence well on into the month of October. I have never seen so many of these fierce fairies as during this summer season. Dressed in their gorgeous colours they enhance the beauty of the countryside. There are about fifty different species of them in the British Isles. They have strange methods of love-making. They decide upon the lady of their choice, seize her by the scruff of the neck while on the wing and cart her off straight away to the altar!

AT EVENTIDE!

The autumnal tints are as beautiful as ever. It is a season when the busy and the active should pause for a time amid the scenes which surround them, and learn the high lesson which nature teaches in the hours of its fall. There is an eventide in human life, a season when the eye becomes dim, and the strength decays, and when the winter of age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snow. The spring and summer of your days are gone, and with them, not only the joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being; and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring, or the warm intemperance of your summer, there is yet a season of stillness and of solitude which the beneficence of Heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past and the future, and prepare for the mighty change you are soon to undergo.

THE ETERNAL SPRING.

If it be thus you have the wisdom to use the decaying season of nature, it brings with it consolations more valuable than all the enjoyments of former days. It is now that you may understand the magnificent language of Heaven—it mingles its voice with that of revelation—it summons you, in these hours when the leaves fall, and the winter is gathering, to that evening study which the mercy of Heaven has provided in the Book of Salvation; and while the shadowy valley opens which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of that hand that can comfort and can save, and which can conduct to those "green pastures, and those still waters," where there is an eternal spring for the children of God.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

The savings drive, although maintaining a steady average, is not making the progress it was hoped for; at least, the sum aimed at to be subscribed during twelve weeks is not likely to be obtained in the time, although it probably will during the present "cycle" of 30 weeks. I hope, therefore, this will catch the eye of someone who may feel they would like to do something more. In that case, will they please get in touch with Mr. A. H. Hopkins (secretary of our association) who will be only too glad to supply full details and take charge of all surplus cash anyone has for disposal.

The other day, much to my surprise, an old friend at the Brewery mentioned to me we did not get much in the way of football notes in the "Hop Leaf" nowadays. Personally, I cannot say that Elm Park sees much of me these days and football notes of Reading are very scanty in any paper. Nevertheless, we have quite a number of enthusiasts who do put in an appearance every time Reading are at home and they are full of praise of the players. Taking it all round the team are doing remarkably well, I think, and gates have been much better this season both at home and away. The management, directors and all concerned have done their best to keep the flag flying throughout the war and deserve every congratulation. Many fine results have been achieved and in happier times I feel sure we should all be very Reading football conscious. However, those times will come again to rejoice the heart of the true football fan. Meanwhile, here is every good wish for all associated with the old club and may many successes come their way.

Many will remember Mr. F. W. Lawrence, who worked in quite a number of offices at the Brewery and eventually went to our Bridgend Branch. Following the example of so many of our staff he joined the R.A.F. and, in a long letter to Mr. H. H. Stevens (Accounts department), writes from India giving a good many details of his experiences. You may be surprised to know he met on the boat an old colleague of his, viz., Mr. W. J. Greenaway of the Branch Office. Naturally they were constant companions and are stationed at the same place—the North-Western Frontier. They had an eight weeks' journey on a large liner and the food was good. On the way out they saw, he says, *real* lagoons, coconut groves and plenty of sand. At one place, although they did not land, natives came alongside in small boats and sold them fruit, which they hauled up in baskets. At their next port of call they were allowed ashore in the afternoons and evenings. The whole population

seemed to turn out and made them ever so welcome, meeting them at the docks with their cars and showing them round the city and surrounding country. Concerts were arranged for them, also dances. Everything was free, even to travelling on trams and trolley buses. They were fed well and they owe a great debt of gratitude to their wonderful hosts. One of the most pleasing sights was to see the city lit up at night—no black-out. Arriving in India they had a four-day train journey before getting to their camp. They live in bungalows, which are fitted with baths and comfortable beds. His working hours are from 7.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. six days a week—afternoons are so hot that nothing can be done. The average maximum temperature is round about 115° and the minimum 85°. The evenings are fully occupied with tennis, cricket and swimming in the bathing pool. There is also a cinema and canteen for supper. Mr. Lawrence says he is feeling well and wishes to be remembered to his friends at H. & G. Simonds Ltd.

The latest concerning Mr. H. Lipscombe is that he is obtaining a commission. I did not realise until the other day that he has been in three evacuations and safely come through all of them, viz., France, Greece and Crete—something of an experience. In a letter to Mr. C. H. Perrin he says he is receiving THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE (which he puts in the Sergeants' Mess for all to read) regularly and specially mentions he picked out Reg. Broad and Harry Osborne in one of the photographs. This he says makes him long all the more to get back to the Brewery to enjoy once more a glass of good beer.

Mr. A. E. Smith (Accounts department) has received news of his son, who is a prisoner of war in Italy and is apparently suffering from an overdose of macaroni diet. From his boy's Commanding Officer, Mr. Smith has learned that he put up a fine show before being captured.

Mr. G. V. Weait, whose boy is in the R.A.F. in Canada, was informed that he had become very friendly with a farmer in that country and, whenever he had any leave, he spent it with him on the farm. In a letter home he mentioned that we grew better carrots here, and asked his father to purchase some seed from the well known local seed firm of Reading and send it to Canada. The result was excellent as victory carrots were turned out, for they have beaten this year the Canadian variety in every way. Mr. F. Drury's boy is also in the R.A.F. in Canada and, according to Mr. Drury at any rate, this is a land flowing with milk and honey from all accounts.

There are so many of our staff now serving it is a job to keep pace with them all. I am informed that of the Delivery Office staff 21 of them are serving in the forces in various capacities.

Mr. F. W. Clark is at sea, as also Mr. F. W. Saunders (who was on our staff at A. S. Cooper). Both are carrying out the duties of Coder in the Navy. I should imagine after all this lot is over swopping yarns between the boys will take some long time in getting finished in telling of their experiences in foreign parts.

Several fine collections of vegetables have been given by our employees and quite a nice sum of money has been raised in this way for the Red Cross and St. Dunstan's. Every praise is due to the donors, both for their skill and hard work in raising such fine fruits of the earth and their generosity.

In spite of blacker and longer nights many of the staff are busy on the job of annual balancing; may their labours be blessed with early and pleasing results.

Trade keeps up very well and many difficulties are successfully overcome. Transport arrangements have been altered in some districts which should ease the situation and be of real benefit in the long run.

“ ENGLAND'S HOUR.”

We were interested in a paragraph in “ England's Hour,” that wonderfully descriptive book by Vera Brittain and published by MacMillan & Co., Ltd., London, of impressions and experiences of civilians in or near London during the first phase of the World War now in progress.

We are, therefore, publishing an excerpt from Chapter XXVIII headed “ Berkshire Village,” in which the renowned “ Hop Leaf ” trade mark is mentioned:—

“ In the Berkshire village where I am staying for a time to finish some work which has made little progress in London, the fresh wind blowing over the heath pulls the scarlet leaves from cherry trees and ampelopsis, and the sunshine of these last October days crowns the yellowing sycamores with a halo of light. Behind the village, the tall brick-red water tower stands erect against the ashen sky. From the brambles climbing the hedgerows, the last ripe blackberries fall ungathered because no one now has the sugar to preserve them.

“ Though Italy is invading Greece, and a new ' theatre of war ' is bringing death and horror to yet more helpless civilians, nothing but the British bombers and fighters circling like huge insects over the common suggest by day that the village belongs to a country struggling desperately for its existence against a

powerful and ruthless opponent. No sirens sound here except when the wind carries their wail far over the hills from Reading or Basingstoke; there are no highly polished fire-fighting lorries, no shelters, no police cars, no helmeted wardens constantly parading outside the gate. Instead, the village guardians occasionally blow their whistles; buckets of sand and stirrup-pumps wait on the householders' top-landings, and zealous members of the Home Guard in their new semi-fitting uniforms scan the evening skies with field-glasses on their return from town.

"Yet the lovely tranquil days of this Berkshire country are followed by ominous nights. In spite of the square-towered, ivied church with its twirling weather-vane, and the somnolent Horse and Groom Inn carrying the appropriate trade mark of a scarlet hop leaf, peace, as everywhere in the Home Counties, is only a reassuring camouflage over the face of war. On the tangle of tussocky grass at the cross-roads stand wood and barbed-wire barricades, and after sunset the German bombers mumble portentously above the clouds with their too-familiar sound of a heavy automobile slowly climbing a steep mountain road. This village lies on the customary route of the Nazi aeroplanes known to American journalists as 'Hell's Corridor,' and we awake in the small hours to the sound of distant crashes, the stutter of machine-guns and the bumping of anti-aircraft batteries. On still, clear nights, the heavy thunder of London's barrage echoes down the Thames Valley and across the Berkshire hills. From the horizon we watch the searchlights, like Jacob's ladders, climb the menacing vault of sky, illuminating the dark countryside as they strive to catch the invader in the luminous pool where their beams coalesce.

"The population, listening to the story of London's calvary on its wireless sets, nevertheless appreciates its relative security.

"'So they dropped them fire-bombs at B. last night,' I hear in the village Post Office.

"'Aye! Shook our windows a bit—but we've nothing to grumble at here. I'm glad I don't live in London.'

"'Yes. We've got a lot to be thankful for nowadays, haven't we!'"

BOYS OF THE OLD BRIGADE.



Cirencester Brewery, June 1894.

Above is a photograph of some of the Boys of the Old Brigade at Cirencester Brewery many years ago. They carried on in days gone by. The picture was kindly passed on by Mr. Wm. P. Cripps, a Director of the Cirencester Brewery Company. Coming from the past to the present it is interesting to note our Mr. E. H. Kelly who is at Cirencester. Writing some time ago he says:—

I have just visited an R.A.F. camp in Wiltshire and had the pleasure of meeting Davy Burnaby, from the Co-Optimists. I had in my case some photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Simonds, when we did a pantomime a few years back, and when I showed them to him he was very pleased. We did for him a sketch, "Missing the Bus," which is from the Co-Optimists, and afterwards he gave me his autograph signed—"Thanks for the Memory," Davy Burnaby.

I am attached to the R.A.F. and this is my third year. Sometimes we do two shows a week for the troops and also appear at hospitals and convalescent homes, and give charity shows.

I have a jolly good partner, Flying Officer K. Miles, who is very smart at concert party work. Some of the talent we get is surprising

and most interesting, and the officers, N.C.O.'s and men are indeed a splendid lot of fellows. I consider it a treat to be associated with them in their united efforts to entertain the troops.

I have visited many camps in Wiltshire, Gloucestershire, Oxfordshire, and even as far as Wales, doing one show on Saturday, one on Sunday, and then returning on the Monday.

I visited a war hospital in Cheltenham a few weeks back, and saw a friend of mine I met in 1917 when I was singing for charity in the last war.

I thought perhaps you would like to hear from me and trust all at the Brewery are O.K.

“ REVERIE.”

So much I love each inch of country ground
 (Each object—every sound)
 That one small sight
 —A barn-owl when the even draws to night
 —A kestrel hov'ring in suspended flight,
 To me is an event
 By heaven's own goodness sent :
 And (truth to tell)
 More wonderful than—well—
 The finding of a fortune up the road,
 Since, on my heart, more pleasure is bestowed.

With money (if I wished it) I could buy
 A poor dead butterfly
 To cardboard pinned
 (Tho' how he sinned
 To merit such a fate, I can't explain)
 —But give me, rather, some forgotten lane
 Along the forest edge
 Befringed with sedge
 And briars and brambles—just a grassy track
 Where—to and fro and back—
 The “ commas ” and the “ painted ladies ” flit
 —There, in the autumn sunshine, let me sit
 Silent and happy, till the shadows fall
 —Praising my God for all
 The loveliness of such a Paradise
 And blessings without money—without price.

S. E. COLLINS.

A VERY POPULAR DRAYMAN.



Mr. A. E. CHANDLER.

Mr. A. E. Chandler is one of our most popular draymen, and the courteous and efficient manner in which he carries out his duties makes him very welcome wherever he goes. He is known as the “ Ambassador.” Mr. Chandler started work at The Brewery in the stables in June, 1914, and when war broke out he was carting grain. He had to join up as he was on the Reserve. His Regiment was the 1st Bn. Wilts Regiment. He landed in France in August of that year and was in the retreat from Mons afterwards, in September, attacking. He was wounded and came home for two months. He was back in France again in January, 1915, and spent all his time in the line until he was taken prisoner. He had five

operations. After the war he returned to England where he underwent yet another operation. When fit enough he restarted work at The Brewery as a drayman and drove a pair of horses on a country round. With the advent of the motors he had a single horse and van and did town work. He joined the Home Guard in May, 1940. He has two sons in the Army—both were lorry drivers for H. & G.S.



The late CHARLIE FRYER, for many years
a faithful servant of the Firm.

CRICKET.

MR. JELLEY REVIEWS THE PAST SEASON.

It is now possible to look back on a season that has had its ups and downs. In the early part of the year it was decided to carry on the traditions of the club and, although we were somewhat doubtful of our playing strength, a full fixture list was arranged.

We met some teams who were above our weight, and for a while could not get going. The first four games were lost, but the lads were not disheartened and came up more determined to show that they were capable of better things. The sequence was broken by a win against the Royal Signals, and the next match was only lost by a narrow margin. From then on we either won or forced a draw for the next six matches, which brought us to nearly the close of the season, when we lost two out of the last three extra games.

In all we played 15 matches—6 of which were won, 2 drawn and 7 lost. In these we scored 1,017 runs for the cost of 125 wickets (average 8.125). Against this was 1,228 runs for 131 wickets (average 9.374).

A summing up of the Youths' team appeared in last month's GAZETTE, which leaves little now to add. In all they played 9 matches (one of which was deleted from the league records) and scored 440 runs for the loss of 80 wickets (average 5.55) against 432 for 74 (average 5.837).

The teams have been well led by the captains, Messrs. J. B. Doe and H. G. Sexton, the latter taking over the Youths' team early in the season after the appointed captain left the Firm. Mr. F. J. Benham was of great service in his capacity of vice-captain and on the several occasions he was O.C. did all that was required of a skipper.

The season has been very disappointing so far as the Ladies' team is concerned, as it was only possible to fulfil a few of the fixtures that had been arranged. Cancellations were sometimes due to their inability to raise a team through business reasons and occasionally the weather was against them. This was obviously not a case of ladies first.

We cannot see so far into the future as to predict cricket activities next summer, but if the conditions then remain similar, perhaps the ladies will be in a position to have another go, with better fortune attending their efforts.

Before leaving the ladies, may I on behalf of the cricket club again express the most hearty thanks to them for giving up their

Saturday afternoons in order to provide teas for the players. In these difficult times they worked wonders, consequently the "luxuries" were not missed and we heard nothing but praise from our friends the "enemy" after partaking a cup of tea, sentiments which we thoroughly endorse.

The cart before the horse? That would seem to be the present position, for reports of our final matches have not yet been made. Three have been played since our last issue, when it looked as though our season had finished. These were:—

August 30th. SIMONDS 34 v. READING HOME GUARDS 89 FOR 7.

At the third attempt we did get a game and as seen by the above score did not cover ourselves with glory. Batting first we soon came to grief and could not put one set of double figures in the book. Morgan, with 9, was the top scorer.

Acres took 5 for 16, Maycroft 3 for 6, and Munnion 1 for 12.

In bowling we could make but little impression, in spite of many changes. Out of the 7 wickets that fell, three were due to the efforts of the fielders in running out the batsmen.

Our total was passed ere the third wicket fell and when stumps were drawn we were 55 runs in arrears.

Organ took 2 for 19, Greenaway and Hillier took 1 each for 15 and 14 runs respectively.

September 6th. SIMONDS 73 v. OLD BLUES 102.

The first match having been left in an unfinished state, a return was arranged and in this we came off second best.

We had first knock and lost one of the opening pair at the unlucky 13. Three more fell for only 6 runs; the fifth and sixth went at 30; the seventh and eighth at 55. The innings closed after another 18 runs had been scored.

Sanders with 26 played well and was our best bat; he was followed by Beddow with 13.

Richardson again did a lot of damage with the ball, taking 6 for 35. Pocock got 3 for 18 and Siney the other one for 14 runs.

The Blues got off to a good start and were 28 up when the first wicket fell. It was no walk over, however, for at the fall of the eighth wicket the scores were level, the seventh having fallen at the same total. After a struggle the winning hit plus a couple more singles went into the locker before we claimed the next victim and then the last partnership collected 26.

Borrows 30, Siney 20 and Pocock 14 took the greatest toll of our bowlers, of whom Organ had the best figures with 5 for 33. Britnell and Sexton each had two, for 25 and 9 respectively, Hawkins getting the other at a cost of 27.

September 7th. SIMONDS 89 v. CALLAS SONS & MAY 71.

On this occasion we had to take the field with Britnell and Caryer sharing the attack. These two bowled unchanged, returning the figures of 4 for 36 and 5 for 30, with 1 run out. Only the opening bat, Salwood, really got going and his score was 28 before he was caught and bowled. Our catching department were on their toes, for 8 of the wickets were due to "hands."

We started very badly with the bat, losing two wickets for only 7 runs. The next three batsmen, however, did things and by the fall of the fifth wicket the game was ours. We continued to play out time but were not able to rub it in, losing 4 wickets for 15 runs.

Hawkins had a good innings, getting his highest score of the season, viz., 36. Caryer and Riley each made 13.

This completes the reports of the games played during the season and it only requires the averages to wind up this report. G. Beddow, although he did not reach his desired century, heads the batting. Also it will be seen that K. Organ had the longest spells of bowling and heads that section. E. C. Greenaway comes in second on both lists.

The batting and bowling figures for the, shall we still call it the "A" team, have been worked out on the old basis of the "Regulars" and those who did not reach majority. In view of the smaller number of matches played by the Youths, no such division is considered necessary, and the lists show H. G. Sexton and K. Cottam as the leaders of their section.

Comments on the number of catches held in a match have been made from time to time and of a total of 53 made by the "A.s," G. Beddow claimed 14 and L. Kury got 6 of the 29 for the Youths.

BATTING.

	<i>Innings.</i>	<i>Times not out.</i>	<i>Runs.</i>	<i>Highest Score.</i>	<i>Average.</i>
G. Beddow ...	10	2	92	29*	11.5
E. C. Greenaway ...	9	1	85	31	10.62
R. J. Lambourne ...	13	2	105	27	9.54
C. Morgan ...	15	1	130	65	9.28
A. J. Hawkins ...	15	—	136	36	9.06
K. Organ ...	10	2	51	13	6.37
F. J. Benham ...	11	1	58	19*	5.8
J. B. Doe ...	10	—	50	10	5
H. G. Sexton ...	7	2	21	10*	4.2

The following batted in three or less than six matches :—

	Innings.	Times not out.	Runs.	Highest Score.	Average.
E. Shrimpton ...	4	2	40	16	20
K. White ...	5	4	13	4*	13
J. W. Jelley ...	4	2	17	11*	8.5
J. Hiller ...	5	1	24	8	6
D. C. Magson ...	5	—	30	18	6
W. Philpott ...	5	1	17	9	4.25
D. J. Howe ...	3	1	1	1	.5

The following also batted :—

A. Sanders ...	1	—	26	26	26
R. J. Caryer ...	1	—	13	13	13
D. Riley ...	1	—	13	13	13
H. Tozer ...	1	—	7	7	7
A. V. Hedgington ...	1	—	6	6	6
W. G. Neville ...	1	—	6	6	6
G. Kirby ...	1	—	4	4	4
E. Clarkson ...	1	—	2	2	2
J. Meikle ...	2	—	4	4	2
G. Harding ...	1	—	1	1	1
J. Britnell ...	2	—	1	1	.5
J. Jeffcoat ...	1	—	—	—	—
Osbourne ...	1	—	—	—	—
T. Patrick ...	1	—	—	—	—

* Not out.

BOWLING.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
K. Organ ...	101.4	17	291	44	6.61
E. C. Greenaway ...	28	2	99	11	9
A. J. Hawkins ...	39.6	3	150	16	9.37

The following bowled in three or less than six matches :—

H. G. Sexton ...	13.3	1	70	7	10
E. Shrimpton ...	21.6	1	85	6	14.16
R. J. Lambourne ...	15.5	1	82	5	16.4
J. Hillier ...	19	1	95	5	19

The following also bowled :—

W. G. Neville ...	2.2	—	2	3	.66
Osbourne ...	3	—	11	2	5.5
R. J. Caryer ...	12	—	30	5	6
H. Tozer ...	6.6	—	24	3	8
J. Britnell ...	20.1	2	61	6	10.16
A. V. Hedgington ...	8	1	33	3	11
C. Morgan ...	5	—	41	2	20.5
D. J. Howe ...	6	—	46	2	23
G. Beddow ...	1	—	4	—	—
D. C. Magson ...	1	—	9	—	—
J. B. Doe ...	1	—	16	—	—
J. W. Jelley ...	3	—	16	—	—

CATCHES.

G. Beddow 14, R. Lambourne 9, A. J. Hawkins 7, J. B. Doe 4, F. J. Benham and C. Morgan 3 each, J. Britnell, R. J. Caryer and K. Organ 2 each, E. C. Greenaway, J. Hillier, D. C. Magson, D. Riley, A. Sanders, H. G. Sexton and E. Shrimpton 1 each.

YOUTHS' CRICKET LEAGUE.

BATTING.

	Innings.	Times Not out.	Runs.	Highest Score.	Average.
H. G. Sexton ...	9	3	72	21*	12
R. Brooks ...	9	—	92	23	10.22
R. Meikle ...	2	1	10	5*	10
R. J. Lambourne ...	3	—	27	14	9
L. Kury ...	9	2	58	24*	8.28
A. Denton ...	3	—	20	11	6.66
K. Cottam ...	8	2	34	11	5.66
E. Priddy ...	7	1	26	10*	4.33
J. Jeffcoat ...	9	—	31	11	3.44
J. Swain ...	5	1	13	7*	3.25
L. Awbery ...	2	—	5	5	2.5
N. Rouse ...	2	—	5	5	2.5
D. J. Howe ...	2	—	4	4	2
D. C. Magson ...	3	—	5	3	1.66
T. Patrick ...	6	—	9	7	1.5
E. E. Venner ...	4	1	4	2*	1.33
J. Buswell ...	3	1	2	2	1
G. Taylor ...	3	—	2	1	.66
G. Harding ...	3	—	—	—	—

* Not out.

BOWLING.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
K. Cottam ...	7	3	12	4	3
H. G. Sexton ...	16	4	34	11	3.09
A. Denton ...	1	—	7	2	3.5
R. Brooks ...	57	8	183	33	5.54
L. Kury ...	9	—	38	6	6.33
E. E. Venner ...	23	—	76	11	6.9
R. Lambourne ...	13	—	48	5	9.6
D. J. Howe ...	2	1	7	—	—

CATCHES.

L. Kury 6, R. Brooks, E. Priddy and J. Swain 4 each, T. Patrick 3, J. Jeffcoat and H. G. Sexton 2 each, L. Awbery, R. Lambourne, G. Taylor and E. E. Venner 1 each.

The writer does not wish to usurp the prerogative of the author of "Brewery Jottings," by commenting on activities of the staff outside the sphere of cricket, but as this particular event closely concerns some of our Youths and may not have come before his notice, a chance is being taken.

On August 9th Messrs. Huntley & Palmers had a Sports and Gala Day, when certain races for lads under 19 were thrown open. Our entries for the mile and 440 yards relay gained some success. Mr. H. G. Sexton won the former and our team comprising Messrs. J. Britnell, J. Jeffcoat, A. Sanders and H. G. Sexton only failed to bring home another first by the matter of a few inches in the final leg. Still it was a good afternoon's sport, sweetened by some nice prizes.

LIGHTER SIDE.

A crabbed bachelor and an aged spinster found themselves seated side by side at a concert. The selections were apparently unfamiliar to the man.

But when Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was begun he pricked up his ears.

"That sounds familiar," he exclaimed. "I'm not very strong on classical pieces, but that is very good. What is it?"

The spinster cast down her eyes. "That," she replied, demurely, "is the 'Maiden's Prayer'."

* * * *

"There's plenty of time for Joan to think of getting married," said her father. "Let her wait until the right man comes along."

"I don't see why she should wait that long," replied her mother. "I didn't."

* * * *

MARY: "If that actress is a day old, I'm sure she's well over forty!"

JEAN: "You bet, especially on the shady side!"

* * * *

REPORTER: "Were you ever engaged to Donald Furbush?"

MOVIE ACTRESS (to maid): "Edna, look in my file cabinet under 'F' and see if I was."

* * * *

MAGISTRATE: "Where were you born?"

PRISONER: "Leeds."

"Were you brought up there?"

"Often."

* * * *

"Old Tom's going to marry Miss Flighty. She can ride, swim, dance, sing, drive a racing car, and pilot an aeroplane. Real all-rounder!"

"They ought to get on fine. Old Tom's quite a good cook."

* * * *

A friend you can trust is a fine thing; but a friend who will trust you is better still.

* * * *

GOLFER: "I'm not playing the game I used to play."

CADDIE: "What game was that, sir?"

A retired business man says he owes his success to his iron self-control. It is said that he was once a golf caddie.

* * * *

DEFENDANT (in loud voice): "Justice! Justice! Justice! I demand justice."

JUDGE (rapping for order): "The defendant will please remember he is in a court of law."

* * * *

"That is a lovely clock in your office. Is it insured?"

"No need, my clerks keep looking to see if it is still there."

* * * *

"Do you guarantee this hair restorer?"

"Why certainly—we even supply a comb!"

* * * *

THE PROFESSOR: "I am about to perform a very interesting chemical experiment. Should I do anything wrong, the whole class including myself, might be blown through the roof. Kindly step nearer, so that you can follow me better."

* * * *

"I don't think any woman can keep a secret."

"My wife can—we've been married ten years and she's never told me why she's always wanting money?"

* * * *

SPECTATOR: "I shall be mighty surprised if that referee doesn't get into hot water after the match."

COUNTRY FELLOW: "Then you'll be surprised. 'E's goin' in the 'orse trough."

* * * *

Why is Athens like the wick of a candle?

Because it is in the middle of Greece.

* * * *

"Daddy, how much are you going to give me for my trousseau?"

"Your trousseau? But I didn't even know you were engaged!"

"Goodness! Don't you ever read the papers?"

"But, madam, I'm afraid you're making a mistake, I am a doctor, certainly, but I'm a Doctor of Music."

"I know that," replied the old lady, "and that's why I came to you. I've a terrible singing in my ears."

* * * *

"Can you imagine a beautiful silk dress like this coming from a little worm?"

"Oh, you mean your husband."

* * * *

FIRST MODEL: "You won't be excited when you pose for that good looking artist, will you?"

SECOND MODEL: "No, but he will."

* * * *

"What's the trouble, Gert?"

"Aw, the spaghetti's too stringy."

"Why do you not take your veil off?"

* * * *

LADY: "So you are on a submarine, what do you do?"

SAILOR: "I run forward and hold her nose when we're about to dive."

* * * *

"What does your wife say when you arrive home at 2 a.m.?"

"Oh, I'm not married, old boy."

"Then why go home so late?"

* * * *

"I've got three tongues."

"Go on!"

"Yes, one in my mouth and two in my boots."

* * * *

Why is a straw hat like a kiss over the telephone?—Because it is not felt.

* * * *

SCOTTISH GENTLEMAN (*after being knocked up by the waits*): "By the way, mon, how are ye daein'?"

LEADER: "Business is very good."

SCOTTISH GENTLEMAN: "Well, bide a wee; I'll be out an' join ye!"

Some women keep their husbands on needles and pins, but a chorus girl who supports her man keeps him solely on her pins.

* * * *

LADY: "Do you mean to tell me that you are content to tramp about the country begging?"

TRAMP: "Oh, no! I often wish I had a two-seater car with me."

* * * *

"Well, don't get excited because he called you a rogue—he's a much bigger rogue than you are."

* * * *

A hiker at an inn in Ireland asked for some poached eggs.

"We have no eggs, sor," said the girl, "but I could be gettin' ye some poached salmon."

* * * *

TRAFFIC POLICEMAN: "What's your name?"

LORRY DRIVER: "It's on the side of me wagon."

POLICEMAN (*trying to read name*): "It's obliterated."

DRIVER: "Ye're a liar. It's O'Brien."

* * * *

"The horse I was on wanted to go one way and I wanted to go another."

"Who won?"

"He tossed me for it."

* * * *

CORA: "Algy's trouble is that he's always acting the fool."

DORA: "No, my dear. The real trouble is that he's not acting!"

* * * *

"I believe that small things do cause wars. The other night my wife, doing a crossword puzzle, asked me: 'What is a female sheep?' and I answered 'Ewe'."

* * * *

"Your wife wants to kiss you over the 'phone, sir."

"You take the message, Miss Loveleigh. You can give it me later."

* * * *

PATRICIA: "I must tell you darling, I'm engaged to Frank!"

FELICIA: "I'm not a bit surprised, dear. When I turned him down last week, he said he simply didn't care what became of him!"

CUSTOMER : " Could I try on that suit in the window."

SALESMAN : " I'd much rather you use the dressing room."

* * * *

Mac was in a pub when the sirens went and all the customers dashed into the shelter outside, leaving their drinks unfinished.

He walked calmly round the bar, finishing them off.

Just as Mac was tossing down the fifteenth or so a bomb exploded near by and the blast threw him flat on his back.

" Oh, boy!" he cried. " That last drink certainly had a kick in it!"

* * * *

A small boy was told to write an essay on King Alfred, but not to attach too much importance to the famous story about the cakes. In due course the boy produced quite a good essay, winding up with : " There is another incident in King Alfred's life. One day he visited a house where a certain woman lived, but the less said about that the better."

* * * *

LITTLE GIRL (*after music exam.*) : " Mummy, the examiner must be a very religious man. While I was playing he kept putting his hands up the sides of his face and saying ' Holy Moses '."

* * * *

In Serbia it is believed that if a man picks up a horseshoe he will be married before the year is out. It is strange how superstitions vary. In this country the finding of a horseshoe means good luck.

* * * *

HURRIED LATE ARRIVAL (*in railway carriage*) : " Do you mind if I smoke?"

PEPPERY COLONEL : " Damme, sir! No! Burst into flames if you like!"

* * * *

The chief salesman of a certain London firm had a very loud voice. One morning when the manager arrived at the office he heard a terrible noise coming from the salesman's office.

" Who is that shouting?" asked the manager.

" That's Mr. Hill talking to Birmingham," replied the secretary.

" Then tell him to use the telephone."

* * * *

LANDLADY (*to new lodger*) : " And when you want a bath, just tell me—and I'll see you have it."

" But, mother, I couldn't possibly marry him. He's an atheist. He doesn't even believe in hell.

" You just go ahead and marry him, dear, and between us we'll soon convince him he's wrong."

* * * *

" Yes," said the mountaineer, " I always have a rope round my waist. It has saved my life more than once."

" It must be pretty awful to find yourself hanging from a rope," said his friend. " Don't you feel nervous sometimes?"

" Well, not exactly nervous—just highly strung."

* * * *

" Do you believe in clubs for women?"

" Certainly. But only after kindness has failed."

* * * *

We have it on good authority that among the many skippers who played a glorious part in the memorable evacuation of British troops from Dunkirk was a London man whose home is not many miles from Hampstead. Just as he was about to leave with a full complement of passengers he spied another form in the water.

" What does one more matter?" he thought as he pulled the dripping form from the water.

Imagine his astonishment when he found he was rescuing a man whose face was familiar.

" Don't you come from London?" the skipper asked.

" Yes," came the reply, " I used to be a conductor on the 53 'bus route."

" Ah, I remember," said the skipper, as he dropped the unfortunate victim back into the water with the cry, " We're — well full up."

* * * *

The two women called the conductor to referee.

" If this window is open," one declared, " I shall catch cold and will probably die."

" If the window is shut," the other announced, " I shall suffocate."

The two glared at each other.

The conductor was at a loss. But a sour-faced man who sat near said : " First open the window—that will kill one. Next shut it—and that will kill the other. Then we shall have peace."

The new member of the city council felt proud of himself and nodded amiably at any passer-by whom he thought he had seen before.

"Excuse me, sir," responded one man to whom he had given a particularly affable bow, "but I think I saw your likeness in the papers."

"Er—yes, my photograph has been rather prominent lately."

"I thought I could tell your face again. And, do you know, I've tried that very same medicine for my indigestion myself but it hasn't cured me."

* * * *

The day was very cold, and the errand boy saw the busy doctor covering the bonnet of his ancient and battered car with a rug. As the youngster came alongside he called out: "It's no good, gov'nor. I've seen it."

* * * *

VICAR (*to old gardener digging up neglected garden*): "It's wonderful what the hand of man can do with a piece of earth, with the aid of Divine Providence, Wilks."

GARDENER: "Maybe you're right, sir, but you should 'ave seen this place when Divine Providence 'ad it all to itself."

* * * *

Somebody lightheartedly told the late Lord Salisbury that a bishop was greater than a judge, for a judge could only say, "You be hanged," whereas the prelate could say, "You be damned." "Yes," commented the Marquess, "but when a judge says 'You be hanged,' you *are* hanged."

* * * *

Here is an example of anti-Nazi wit circulated in Germany at the risk of the tellers:

God, in creating Germany, endowed them with three qualities: intelligence, honesty, and Nazism. But God in His wisdom, imposed one restriction: A German could possess only two of these three qualities. In other words, if a German is a Nazi and honest, he cannot be intelligent; if he is a Nazi and intelligent, he cannot be honest; and if he is honest and intelligent, he cannot be a Nazi.

* * * *

"Are these eggs fresh?" "Sure, they're just in from the country." "Yes, but what country?"

Two dear little mites of about six and seven respectively were gazing with considerable interest at the storks in the Zoo, when the usual interfering old lady ambled up.

"Those are storks, my dear," she burred. "The clever birds that brought you to your father and mother!"

The brats looked at each other, and one whispered: "Poor old thing! Shall we tell her?"

* * * *

"Thish match won't light." "Washa madda with it?" "I dunno—it lit all right a minute ago."

* * * *

A surgeon, an architect, and a politician were arguing as to whose profession was oldest.

Said the surgeon: "Eve was made from Adam's rib, and that surely was a surgical operation."

"Maybe," said the architect, "but prior to that, order was created out of chaos, and that was an architectural job."

"But," interrupted the politician, "who created the chaos first?"

* * * *

A man who had not been very good during his earthly life died and went below. As soon as he got to the nether regions, he began to give orders for changing the positions of the furnaces, and started bossing the imps around. One of them reported to Satan how the newcomer was acting.

"Here," said Satan to him, "you act as though you owned this place."

"Certainly," said the man, "my wife gave it to me while I was on earth."

* * * *

A True Story. A Briton, wishing to return home after a spell in South Africa, asked his Boer employer for a reference. The letter he received ran: "— has been in my employment for six years and has a good working knowledge of the Dutch language. I have always found him unscrupulously honest."

* * * *

"So the film gave the impression that the Irish are a disorderly lot, did it? . . . I suppose you protested?"

PAT: "Shure! We wrecked the place."

The chief statistical clerk was explaining to his new assistant the importance of his department. "This department is the centre of the business—the hub, so to speak," he was saying, when loud voices raised in dispute were heard coming from the General Manager's office. "— and that," he added dryly, "is the hubbub."

* * * *

"Now, sir, if you will give me a general idea of the kind of flat you need . . ."

"Well, I really want something to go with a door-knocker my wife picked up at an auction sale."

* * * *

A cow-puncher ordered a steak at a restaurant. The waiter brought it in rare—very rare. The cow-puncher looked at it and demanded that it be returned to the kitchen and cooked.

"It is cooked," snapped the waiter.

"Cooked—nothing," replied the cow-puncher. "I've seen cows hurt worse than that and get well."

* * * *

WILLIE : "Daddy, are flies flies because they fly?"

FATHER : "I suppose so."

WILLIE : "Are fleas fleas because they flee?"

FATHER : "Sure. What of it?"

WILLIE : "I told teacher bees are bees because they be."

* * * *

SON : "I failed in everything except Greek!"

DAD : "How did it happen that you didn't fail in that also?"

SON : "I didn't take it."

* * * *

He was attending a meeting of the Henpecked Club. Suddenly the door opened. His wife sailed in, grabbed him by the collar, shook him until his teeth rattled, and exclaimed: "What do you mean by attending this club? You're not henpecked."

* * * *

"There was a fearful fire in a London warehouse—the keeper of the lightship at Dover could see the flames."

"Impossible!"

"Not at all—he was on a day excursion to London."

BOBBY : "A little bird told me what kind of lawyer your father is."

JOHNNY : "What did the bird say?"

BOBBY : "Cheap, cheap."

JOHNNY : "Well, a duck told me what kind of a doctor your father is!"

* * * *

"They tell me that Jenkins had to propose at least five times to Miss Moneybags before she accepted him."

"Well, she certainly gave him a run for her money."

* * * *

Two Cockney soldiers on leave were visiting a picture gallery. They came to a painting entitled "Hawking in the Olden Days," and stood gazing at it with great interest.

"'Awking in the Olden Days," said one. "Well, they didn't 'arf do it in style—'orseback an' all. But what are they 'awking?"

"Blessed if I know," said the other, "unless they're tryin' to sell their blinkin' parrots."

* * * *

The recruit was disappointed with his uniform. It seemed to fit nowhere.

He was still trying to make the buttons of his tunic meet when he passed the colonel on the parade ground. And in his pre-occupation he forgot to salute.

"Pull yourself together," said the colonel. "Don't you know you're wearing the King's uniform?"

"Oh, that's it," said the recruit. "I knew it wasn't meant for me."

* * * *

The unemployed man called on a business acquaintance and said he was looking for a position.

"But you always refused jobs before," asserted his business friend. "Why do you want one now?"

"Well, I've been loafing steadily for two years," explained the man, "and now I need a vacation!"

* * * *

LADY : "But that's not the same tale you told me a fortnight ago!"

TRAMP : "Well, lady, what can I do? Nobody believed that one."

Jones leaned over the fence and watched his friend Brown hard at work in the garden.

"Been at it long?" he asked.

"Yes," sighed Brown, dejectedly; "since seven o'clock."

"Good gracious!" gasped the other, "I wouldn't think of such a thing."

"I wouldn't either," Brown explained, casting a nervous glance towards his house. "My wife thought of it."

* * * *

"Oh, what a strange cow!" exclaimed the short-sighted old lady. "But why hasn't it any horns?"

"It's this way," replied the farmer patiently. "Some cows is born without horns and never has any. Some sheds theirs, and some we de-horn. There's a lot of reasons why some cows don't have horns, but the big reason that cow ain't got horns is because it ain't a cow—it's a horse!"

* * * *

At the barracks one of the men kept admiring himself in the mirror. Another soldier, who evidently did not know the fellow very well, spoke to the man nearest him. "What's the matter with him?" he asked. "Why does he keep looking at himself in the mirror all the time?" "Oh, don't mind him," murmured the other. "He's a sadist and gets enjoyment out of scaring himself!"

* * * *

A stranger was standing on the platform of a small railway station when the express flashed past. Into the whirl of dust raised by the train leaped the stationmaster's dog, and tore madly up the track in pursuit.

"Does your dog often do that?" asked the stranger of the stationmaster.

"Yes, sir. Every time the express passes the dog is after it like a hare."

"That's queer," commented the stranger. "Why does he do it?"

"I don't know," replied the dog's owner, scratching his head thoughtfully. "What worries me is what he's going to do with it when he gets it."

A farmer, visiting his son's college and wandering into the chemistry class, saw some students experimenting.

"What are you trying to do?" he asked.

"We're endeavouring," replied one of the students, "to discover or invent a universal solvent."

"What's that?"

"A liquid that will dissolve anything."

"That's a great idea," agreed the farmer. "When you find it, what are you going to keep it in?"

* * * *

A negro was charged with theft. His solicitor decided to put him in the witness-box. The magistrate, being doubtful if he understood the nature of an oath, decided to examine him on the point.

"Jacky," he said, "you know what will happen to you if you tell a lie?"

"My oath, boss," replied Jacky, "me go down below—burn long time."

"Quite right," replied the magistrate. "And do you know what will happen if you tell the truth?"

"Yes, boss. We lose 'em case."



A GREAT THOUGHT.

They said of him, about the city that night, that it was the peacefullest man's face ever beheld there. Many that he looked sublime and prophetic.

One of the most remarkable sufferers by the same axe—a woman—had asked at the foot of the same scaffold, not long before, to be allowed to write down the thoughts that were inspiring her. If he had given any utterance to his, and they were prophetic, they would have been these:—

“I see Barsad, and Cly, Defarge, The Vengeance, the jurymen, the judge, long ranks of the new oppressors who have risen on the destruction of the old, perishing by their retributive instrument, before it shall cease out of its present use. I see a beautiful city and a brilliant people rising from this abyss, and, in their struggles to be truly free, in their triumphs and defeats, through long, long years to come, I see the evil of this time and the previous time of which this is the natural birth, gradually making expiation for itself and wearing out.

I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, useful, prosperous and happy, in that England which I shall see no more. I see her with a child upon her bosom, who bears my name. I see her father, aged and bent, but otherwise restored, and faithful to all men in his healing office, and at peace. I see the good old men, so long their friend, in ten years' time enriching them with all he has, and passing tranquilly to his reward.

I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts, and in the hearts of their descendants, generations hence. I see her, an old woman, weeping for me on the anniversary of this day. I see her and her husband, their course done, lying side by side in their last earthly bed, and I know that each was not more honoured and held sacred in the other's soul, than I was in the souls of both.

I see that child who lay upon her bosom and who bore my name, a man, winning his way up in the path of life which once was mine. I see him winning it so well, that my name is made illustrious there by the light of his. I see the blots I threw upon it, faded away. I see him, foremost of just judges and honoured men, bringing a boy of my name, with a forehead that I know and golden hair, to this place—then fair to look upon, with not a trace of this day's disfigurement—and I hear him tell the child my story, with a tender and a faltering voice.

It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known.”—CHARLES DICKENS, from “A Tale of Two Cities.”

IN PRAISE OF TAVERNS.

There is no finer job, I think
Than giving thirsty men a drink.

There is no sound that's half as good
As pewter striking against wood.

There are no sadder words than these—
“Give your last orders! Time gents, please!”

This is a prayer all men should pray
“God give us good beer every day.”

The greatest evil you may hear
Is temperance men denouncing beer.

Give me no tomb-stone when I'm dead;
Just place an inn-sign o'er my head—

That temperance men might say with pain—
“Look at him! In a pub again!”

JACK MALCOLM.

BRANCHES.

PORTSMOUTH.

LORD MAYOR MAKING RECORDS.

Our popular Lord Mayor, Sir Denis Daley, keeps on setting up new records which it will be difficult for his successors to beat; at least two of these records will stand for all time. One is that he is the first ex-serving member of the Royal Marines' Sergeants' Mess to be knighted by His Majesty, and the second is that he is the first member of the City Council since Portsmouth was raised to the dignity of a city to be selected for three years in succession, as Chief Magistrate. These are indeed achievements of which he is justly proud and Portsmouth is favoured by being able to retain his services and those of his wife for another term of office. He has done remarkably well during the two difficult years he has occupied the chair and his re-election by an overwhelming majority carried with it the best wishes of his colleagues who appreciate his valuable work during two years of great stress, worry and responsibility. It is to be sincerely hoped that before he relinquishes office in November, 1942, peace will have been declared and the nightmare of world warfare become history. There were two other aspirants for the honour, Alderman A. E. Allaway and Alderman W. J. Lewis: both have done excellent public work but the Council thought, and we believe rightly so, that it would be undesirable to make a change at this critical period of the war and their vote was decisive. Congratulations!

SI NOT OUT.

In a recent number of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE we had the pleasure of recording that Mr. C. Clarke Shelton, mine host of the Phoenix public house at Southsea, had been made a life member of the Portsmouth and Gosport District Licensed Victuallers Protection and Benevolent Society in recognition of his long and distinguished services to the Trade. A few days later he celebrated his 81st birthday anniversary and received the hearty good wishes of a wide circle of friends and business acquaintances. Born in the small village of Glaston, Dorset, he spent his early years in the heart of Thomas Hardy's country and came to Portsmouth nearly 40 years ago. He still enjoys remarkably good health and his genial personality has won him great popularity. Being blessed with an excellent memory, his reminiscences of Thomas Hardy,

Rudyard Kipling and other notable characters, both in literature and on the stage, are always entertaining. While working at Dorchester, he met Hardy and his sisters frequently and, Kipling, who visited the district to study the Hardy country, became quite a close friend. His early meetings with the famous author stand out in his memory. Kipling wanted to see Judge Jefferies' reputed lodgings and Mr. Shelton having the key, showed him over the house. Subsequently Kipling invited him to accompany him to a well-known local hostelry for a drink. "What will you have?" asked Kipling. "A small bottle please," replied Mr. Shelton. "No, you must have a pint—all true Britishers have a pint," and Mr. Shelton had his pint. Kipling also visited the barracks with Mr. Shelton as his guide and stood drinks all round to the troops foregathered for their morning refreshment.

Mr. Shelton's house at Southsea is situated very near to the King's Theatre and in the days when vaudeville flourished—may those days soon return—it was the rendezvous of practically all the well-known artistes on tour. He became known to all of them and many an hour he has spent in his saloon listening to stories of their early failures and successes. He tells particularly good stories of Harry Lauder, Marie Lloyd, Wilkie Bard and many of their distinguished contemporaries, and a collection of autographed photographs testify to his popularity with the "stars" of a bygone age.

Of the celebrated Scottish comedian he says laconically, "Lauder did not spend a lot of money like some of the others, but he always stood his round and was ever ready to give or take a joke." May Mr. Shelton's reign at the Phoenix continue for many more years.



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