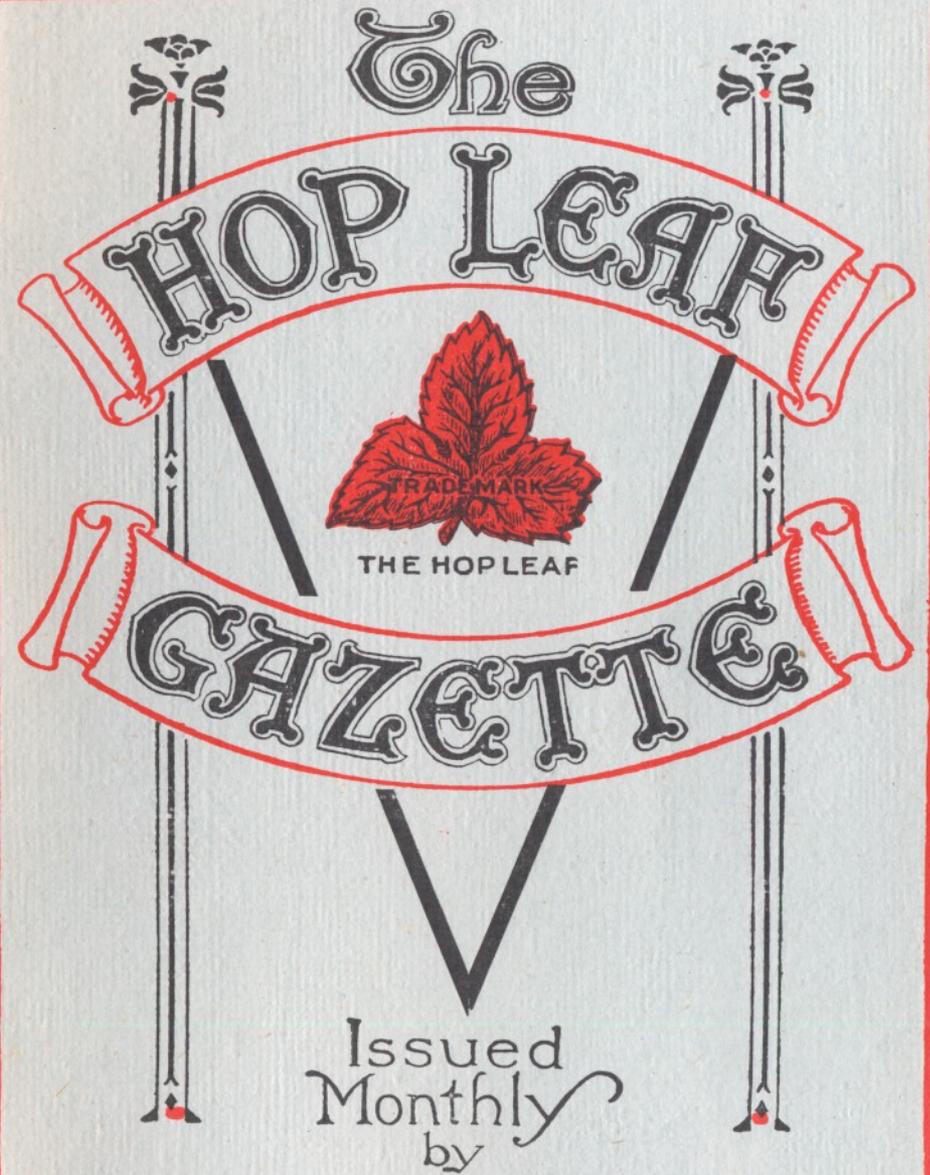


VOL. XVI.

DECEMBER, 1941.

Price 1d.



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. XVI.

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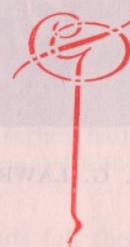
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All communications should be addressed to—  
The Editor, HOP LEAF GAZETTE, The Brewery, Reading.

**T**O OUR MANY READERS  
WHEREVER THEY MAY  
BE, WE TAKE THIS  
OPPORTUNITY OF EXPRESSING  
OUR CORDIAL WISHES FOR  
THEIR FUTURE HEALTH,  
HAPPINESS AND  
PROSPERITY.



The Brewery,  
Reading.

XMAS 1941.



Mr. C. G. LAWRENCE.

## MR. C. G. LAWRENCE.

In this issue the frontispiece has been allotted to the photograph of Mr. C. G. Lawrence, of the Surveyors and A.R.P. department. He is known to his friends, and they are many, as "Laurie." Mr. Lawrence joined the firm at the beginning of 1920, on leaving Reading School. He commenced in the old Building department when it formed part of the Estates office under the late Mr. F. L. Lindars. In 1922 it was transferred to the present Surveyor's office, under Capt. A. S. Drewe, m.c., following the amalgamation of H. & G. Simonds and the South Berks Brewery. He has since been through all sections of that department, including costing, dissections, tracing, correspondence, filing, agreements, insurance and specifications.

With Capt. Drewe, he inaugurated the present filing system for all correspondence, plans and agreements.

For many years Mr. Lawrence has been Senior Clerk in the Correspondence office of the Surveyor's department. For the purpose of taking specifications of repairs to property he has visited the majority of the houses of the parent and allied companies.

In 1938, with Capt. A. S. Drewe, he started A.R.P. work, and for the past two years has dealt solely with A.R.P., fire-watching and war damage at the Brewery.

He is keen on tennis, and has represented the Brewery team for many years, being a good all-round player. He is also a musician of no mean order and plays the piano with great effect; he holds numerous certificates of Trinity College, London, and London College of Music. For many years he was pianist to Simonds' Concert Party.

Mr. Lawrence played scrum half for the Old Redingensians Rugby Football Club for some years and also cricket for the Brewery 2nd XI.

"Laurie" has his hands full these days but, in spite of the great amount of work he gets through from day to day, he is always cheerful, his genial presence adding to the pleasure of any company in which he finds himself placed.

And that is the spirit that will help immensely in winning this cruel war!

*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.)

## BACK IN HARNESS.

We were all delighted to see Mr. F. A. Simonds back in harness, for he arrived at the Head Office on Monday morning, December 8th, after being laid up at his home for a month owing to the bad injury to his knee caused by slipping on the kerb in the black-out. I say "back in harness" but that is hardly correct, for Mr. Eric has been in harness all the time at his home in Mortimer, for there has been the constant ringing of his telephone, the almost daily visits of his co-Directors, Brewery Officials and his Private Secretary. Lately the Board meetings have been held at his residence which has been turned into a hive of industry during these days. He has got through an amazing amount of work, for these are anxious times for the Captain of a great industry and decisions of far-reaching importance have to be made—and without delay. Owing to the loyal help of those around him it has been a case of "business as usual," though in an unusual place—and now our great Chief is back again we are all greatly gratified.

## MR. AND MRS. DUNSTER'S SILVER WEDDING.

On December 4th, Mr. W. Dunster, of the Correspondence Office, and his good wife, celebrated their silver wedding and we extend to them our hearty congratulations, hoping that they have many more years of happy married life before them. Mr. Dunster's "Brewery Jottings" have, for years, been a very interesting feature of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, and may his facile pen continue to be put to the same good use for many years to come.

Again, Hearty Congratulations, Billy!

## THEY GOT AWAY.

"You have a splendid collection of mounted fish—but what are the long empty panels for?"

"Oh, those are some that got away!"

## TRIBUTE TO OUR FIRE BRIGADE.

Mr. P. W. Ballingall, Chief of the Windsor Castle Fire Brigade, recently paid an informal visit to The Brewery where he was introduced to Mr. Tigwell, our C.O. of the Brewery Fire Brigade. Mr. Ballingall was shown the elaborate measures taken to deal with an outbreak of fire should it occur, and was greatly impressed by all he saw. In a letter to Mr. Bowyer he says: "Your Chief Officer was very interesting and the property appears to have everything needed to deal with emergencies. The medical side was also very fine and in a most suitable place. There is plenty of water near. Therefore, being self-contained, your firemen could be extremely helpful to the Town as well as the Brewery. I quite enjoyed the visit and do not think you could improve on the Fire Protection side."

This is a great tribute to our Fire Brigade from a competent judge.

## RACECOURSE IS TO RETAIN RAILINGS.

Questioned by Mr. G. Strauss (Soc., Lambeth N.) in the Commons about a proposal of the Salisbury District Council for the removal of railings from the racecourse owned by the Earl of Pembroke, Mr. Macmillan, Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Supply, replied that it was considered that the railings should be retained so long as the racecourse remains as one of the few approved by the Ministry of Home Security for wartime meetings.

## DON'T QUITE KNOW!

"And where is your sailor son now?" asked the visitor, of an old inhabitant. "Well, I don't quite know, miss, whether he be gone to Gibraltar in the 'Jupiter,' or to Jupiter in the 'Gibraltar,'" was the reply.

## THANKS FROM A SOLDIER.

Mr. E. H. Bartholomew, the popular Secretary of the Balfour Club, Reading, has received a postcard from Ernest White, who is a prisoner of war in Germany, addressed to "Dear Bart. and club members. Many thanks for Woodbines . . . I hope you are still keeping the flag flying at home and let us all hope that our faith in the right will soon prevail. Kind regards to all.—ERN."

## NEXT OF KIN NOTIFIED.

9,000 pigs died in Berlin last week. The next of kin, Hitler and Goebbels have been duly notified.

## THAT DEAR OLD LADY!

When a dear old Cockney lady was asked how she enjoyed her holiday in Devon, she replied :—" Oh, orl right yer know, but there's too many hillsisis, I likes to be where the tramsisis."

## NAVAL HONOURS.

It is with great pleasure we record the award by the Admiralty of the Distinguished Service Medal, gained for conspicuous action during the naval fighting at Crete, to Leading Stoker F. A. Cox, who is the son of Mr. G. B. Cox, Licensee of the White Blackbird at Loudwater, Bucks. Joining the Navy in 1935, he has served two years on H.M.S. *Amphion*, flagship on African stations (since re-named the *Perth*).

This medal has been awarded for

"Zeal, cheerfulness and steadfast devotion to duty throughout a long and trying operation in Greek waters."

Whilst offering our sincere congratulations to the recipient, it is with general regret that in the execution of his duty he was wounded and subsequently taken prisoner; he is now in a German hospital in Greece. We trust, however, that he may soon enjoy a speedy return home and a full restoration to health and fitness, perhaps again to add to this well deserved honour, thus upholding the splendid tradition of the British Navy.

## BLOOMING STRANGE!

There seems to have been a plethora of freak flowers and vegetables this year, and amongst other strange products of nature brought to the Brewery was, just recently, a chrysanthemum bloom that was quite green.

## A CAPITAL NET BALL DISPLAY.

On a recent visit to our Sports Ground I watched our young ladies playing net ball. It was a very fast and exciting game and the speed and precision with which the players passed and caught the ball was very creditable, especially as this form of recreation is an innovation on our ground. There was particularly good shooting

by one exponent of the game. She hardly ever missed potting the ball!

A "tall story" you say? Well, "Yes" and "No"—she stands about 6ft.!

## TOTAL DIVIDEND FOR THE YEAR.

Our Company proposes to pay a final dividend of 14½ per cent., less tax, on the Ordinary stock. This is at the same rate as last year, and with the unchanged interim of 3½ per cent., makes a total of 18 per cent. for the year to 30th September last on the £800,000 Ordinary capital.

The annual meeting will be held in Reading on 22nd December at noon. Dividend warrants will be posted on 26th December.

The £1 Ordinary stock units are quoted around 74s. 6d. The Five per Cent. Preference (£1,200,000 in issue) stand at 24s.

## BINDING OF VOLUME XV.

The September issue having completed Volume XV, we are prepared to undertake the binding of this volume for any of our readers at a charge of 3/6 each. If desired, covers can be supplied at 1/6 each, where it may be more convenient for the binding to be done locally. Readers should send complete sets to the nearest office from which the journal is delivered, or to the representative for the district.

**"If thou consider what thou art within thee,  
thou wilt not care what men talk of thee. Man  
looketh on the countenance, but God on the heart.  
Man considereth the deeds, but God weigheth the  
intentions."**—Thomas à Kempis.

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

An Optimist is a person who sees an opportunity in every difficulty.

A Pessimist is a person who sees a difficulty in every opportunity.

Faith takes a risk and goes, not always seeing the way before it starts its journey.

He who has reason and good sense at his command needs few of the arts of the orator.

It's never too late to learn.

Kindnesses, like grain, increase by sowing.

Men, like bullets, go farthest when they are smoothest.

The heaviest head of corn hangs its head the lowest.

The steps of faith fall on the seeming void and find the rock beneath.

Those who do nothing generally take to shouting.

Without rivals we may become indolent.

To say little and do a lot is praiseworthy.

Respect cannot be bought.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

Those who govern best make the least noise.

Unpunctuality is slackness—nothing else.

It is a noble act to fell the tree of misrepresentation.

Be big enough to do the right thing.

## "WHAT DO I DO . . ."

The whole of the Press advertising space reserved by the Brewers' Society has again been placed at the disposal of H.M. Government for official announcements, and many expressions of appreciation of the service which the Society is rendering to the country in this connection have been made recently by Ministers and their departments. It is a most valuable assistance which is deeply appreciated by all concerned.

The space referred to is largely used for a series of announcements under the heading of "WHAT DO I DO . . ." and one of the latest specimens issued continues—

"if I find myself acting as an armchair critic?"

The text continues—

I remember that I *do not know all the facts*. I remember that many good things cannot be said because they might help the enemy; but there are heaps of constructive things to be said which will help us. When I find myself criticising other people, I ask myself whether I am practising what I'm preaching: anyone can *talk*, but it's deeds that are wanted now. Like a member of a good football team I have faith in my captain, play as a team, and play hard. I never forget that slowly but surely we are *winning*.

This announcement comes as a timely reminder that we must all do our part to assist in helping the country in its hour of need. Mr. Cecil Spring-Rice's patriotic song finds a ready response in all our hearts in these grim days and we quote the first verse:—

"I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,  
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love;  
The love that asks no question, the love that stands the  
test,  
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best,  
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,  
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice."

## BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

A Happy Christmas to all our readers and may it not be too long before we can all enjoy the festive season in the way we used to do.

As our lads keep leaving to join the Forces, so we also on the other hand have visits from many who have joined up previously and have completed various periods of service. Thus Sergt. Tozer of the R.A.F. says he has had about two years of service and is now training to be a Pilot, somewhere up North. Says he likes the life and, of course, looks very fit. Next on the list is another Sergeant of the R.A.F., viz., Waite, previously of the Delivery Office. I am not aware in what category he is. Naturally he looks good for he is over 6 feet in height and what is known as "big with it." In addition we have had a visit from Cpl. Gigg (R.A.F.) and it so happens he is stationed at the same place as the writer was billeted during the last war. Sergt. R. Skidmore, wireless-air gunner, called in; he has been in many bombing raids over Germany, in fact was in the last big one on Berlin. He spoke very cheerfully of the life. E. B. Chuter of the R.A.F. is stationed in a hospital and has had many experiences. He is making good progress in his new life, has passed examinations and there are more to come. We have seen recently Messrs. N. Evans, Sutton and A. Turner (all previously of the Surveyor's Dept.), F. Pusey (R.A.F.)—he was most enthusiastic—A. H. Giles (R.A.F.) and Schofield (Navy).

During the past month we have lost a number of our staff to H.M. Forces—Messrs. J. V. Biggs (Accountant's Dept.) to the Armoured Branch, P. Paice to be trained for flying duties in R.A.F., A. J. Cardwell (Architect), Commission in Royal Engineers, J. Britnell (Delivery Office) to Royal Navy, A. J. Hawkins (General Office) to R.A.F., L. Kemp (Brewing Dept.)—I do not know what branch of the service he has joined—W. J. Clay (Branch Dept.) to R.A.S.C. We wish good fortune and a safe return to them all.

I am told Martin (of the Accounts Dept.) is now in the Western Desert.

In a letter to Mr. C. Bennett, Mr. R. Huddy writes very cheerfully of his life in the R.A.F. He is stationed at a nice spot and says he is getting more accustomed to the ways and methods of the Air Force. Plenty of drill, lectures and, after several weeks training, he will be "passed out" and posted to another station.

The food is good and he is quite happy, comfortable and fit and wishes to be remembered to all his friends everywhere.

It was pointed out to me by a very observant member of our staff that in our last issue one item read: "Target aimed at machine gun," no comma you see after the word "at" was inserted (I am not blaming the printers) which would have made it read a little differently I'll admit. This gentleman's remarks concerning this were "I play darts and have threatened, at times, to throw the dart board at the darts, but never have I heard of throwing a machine gun at "target aimed at." So that's that.

Some little while ago I mentioned that Mr. G. Wait had sent some carrot seed to his son in the R.A.F. stationed in Canada, also that the carrot seed duly arrived and eventually "grew up" into beautiful, whopping carrots. Well imagine the surprise of Mr. Wait recently when he received a parcel from his son and in it was a tin of carrots (canned in Canada, seemingly a universal practice over there) grown from the seed despatched from Reading. Yes! the seed came from our friends, Messrs. Sutton & Sons, Ltd. and had proved their worth, with incidentally two journeys across the Atlantic.

The following, I thought, is a remarkable coincidence. Mr. A. H. Hopkins, who lives in Reading, has a son a 2nd Lieutenant in the R.E.'s and now stationed in a southern town some distance from Reading, where he has obtained a billet in a fair-sized house. Not so very long ago a young fellow called on Mr. A. H. Hopkins to see if he could fix him up but Mr. Hopkins was unable to do this. However, the young man got a billet a few doors away and later on his young lady arrived and obtained a billet at another house in the same road. In a little while these two billetees were married and went away for their honeymoon and duly arrived at the house in the southern town where Mr. Hopkins son was billeted. The point is that Mr. Hopkins' son and the newly-weds had never met before.

Football is still going strong at Elm Park and the Reading team are playing very consistently, although team selection is very difficult at times. Just imagine what happened quite recently. Owing to the regular goalkeeper (Mapson) playing in a representative game elsewhere another player (Davidson) promised to play. Time was fast approaching for the kick-off and Davidson had not arrived. However, just before it was time to start, a much harassed motor-cyclist turned the corner of the road in which Elm Park is situated, asking the way. He had lost his way, but changing quickly he duly turned out, much to the relief of the management,

and played a fine game. I am afraid the Brewery team is a problem owing to the frequent calling-up of the young fellows.

What a job it is to refuse orders! It is said, with justification, what a job it is to get orders sometimes in normal times, but it is really hard to have to say "No! we are sorry we cannot supply you." Still these times will not last for ever and we all sincerely hope that it will not be too long before we can say, "Thank you for your order, is there anything more you would like to-day" and be able to supply it. Considering all things I do really think we have done splendidly and from many messages of appreciation we receive it is obvious that many of our friends know it and fully realise our difficulties. If we could only supply in full the orders we often receive for spirits and foreign wines, especially at this time of the year, I feel sure everyone would be particularly happy. However, friends, please understand we are really doing our best for everyone.

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

The Queen's Head, Knaphill (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. T. W. Giles.

The Phoenix, Staines (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. H. F. Bonner.

The Little Crown, Southampton Street, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. E. Britten.

The Royal Hunt, Ascot (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. L. J. H. Tuckett.

"In arithmetic," explained the teacher, "to subtract everything must be of the same denomination. For instance, one cannot take three apples from four pears." Up went George's hand. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "but you can take three quarts of milk from four cows, can't you?"

\* \* \* \*

UNCLE: "How did you break your tooth, Harry?"

HARRY: "Changing gear on a lollipop."

## NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

SPRING-LIKE DAY IN NOVEMBER.

BUTTERFLIES AND BATMICE ON THE WING.

It was a spring-like day on Sunday, November 23rd, and I was one of many sitting on the Thames-side bank participating in a fishing match. These competitions are most interesting and it is instructive to note the various methods adopted by the various anglers. You must not start operations before the whistle is blown. You choose your ticket, or rather, you take one out of the bag. You find the number pegged down on the bank which corresponds with the number on your ticket and that is the spot allotted to you. You can put your tackle together beforehand, but you must not break the water until you hear the whistle. That means that you may not bait your swim beforehand nor may you even use your plummet to test the depth.

This particular match lasted for three hours and quite a good number of roach were taken. These are placed in keep-nets, taken from the water when the "cease fire" is sounded and each catch is weighed on the spot, by far the greater proportion of the fish being returned to the water afterwards.

It was a great day, particularly from the weather point of view and, although it was November 23rd, I saw a butterfly, a dragonfly, a queen wasp and, on my way home, a couple of batmice. In the adjacent meadows were thousands of peewits, hundreds of gulls, great battalions of starlings, many rooks and a few old crows. The foliage along the Warren, leading to Mapledurham, was very beautiful, the rich autumnal tints having, of late, assumed a richer deeper hue.

One seagull that had found a quiet eddy was having a fine time among the fish. As he swam round and round he would suddenly spot a small fish, dive down and seize the bait. Then the

bird would come to the surface and promptly swallow the little dace, roach, bleak or whatever it might be. That bird rarely missed his aim, though he did occasionally. A little grebe, or dabchick, was also busy by the bank taking his toll of fish. Splashes of azure blue flashed up and down the river in the shape of kingfishers. They, too, feed on fish and one on the other side of the river made several successful dives from the branch of a tree. A spotted woodpecker was tapping, in his own peculiar way, on a tree trunk and I heard the notes of several other of these birds which seem to like the Warren. I have not often heard them drawing out that long tap tap tap—like the sound produced when you draw your stick along some railings—in winter time. It is so much more one of the sounds of spring. Perhaps the bird in question thought that spring *had* arrived. In any case it was warm enough and bright enough for that season of the year.

Well, it is amid such scenes as these—though not at all times—that we anglers go afishing, and small wonder that the gentle art has such a fascination for us! Talking of fishing reminds me of those impressive lines :—

He that clothed the banks with verdure,  
 Dotted them with various flowers ;  
 Meant that ye, though doomed to labour,  
 Should enjoy some cheering hours ;  
 Wipe your reeking brows, come with us  
 With your basket and your rod ;  
 And with happy hearts look up from  
 Nature unto Nature's God.

#### INFINITE VARIETY.

He does indeed provide us with animated and plant life of infinite variety. Variety seems to be a universal attribute of creation. It is stamped upon the heavens, the earth, the rivers and the sea. The stars are all glorious ; but " one star differeth from another star in glory." The sun eclipses them all ; and the moon

reigns among them like their queen. What valley or plain, what tree, or flower, or leaf, or blade of grass, is, in all points, similar to another? Search the whole world, and you will find no pair of any of these created things exact counterparts to each other, in regard to weight, colour, structure, figure, or any other essential or accidental property. The animal world is as endlessly diversified.

#### DIVERSITY OF COLOUR.

The diversity of colour is truly astonishing, and is the source of much beauty and enjoyment. Though the primary colours are only seven, yet these are so mixed and blended over all nature, as to delight the eye with thousands of different hues, of all degrees of depth and brilliancy. Let us look at a bed of blowing summer flowers, and behold the ravishing wonders of colour. The unstained silvery whiteness of the lily, the deep crimson of the rose, the dark and velvety blue of the violet, the bright yellow of the wallflower and the marigold, are but specimens of the rich and gorgeous hues that delight us with a sense of beauty and variety. The fields and lawns, with their bright-green, spotted with white clover and crimson-tipped daisies ; the meadows with their buttercups, and all their peculiar flowers ; the woods, with their fresh spring verdure, and their flaming autumnal robes, all exhibit the marvellously varied touches of that pencil which none but the Omnipotent can wield.

#### DEMAND THE GRATITUDE OF MAN.

Aye! The grand diversities of the seasons, with all their distinguishing characteristics, the beautiful harmony, and unlimited variety of nature, alike evince Thy goodness, and demand the cheerful gratitude of man.



## THE SONG OF THE SAUS.

*(Copyright.)*

I am only a poor common sausage,  
A mystery I've always been ;  
So I am going to tell you the tale of my life  
And the peculiar things I have seen.

I started my life in a mincing machine,  
They bunged me into a skin ;  
Then they collected some of my pals  
And made us into a string.

When I was introduced into this world,  
In sausages there was a boom ;  
So to keep me until I was wanted for use  
I was put in an icy-cold room.

After staying there for a reasonable time,  
Until I was near frozen stiff,  
"Curly" came down and carted me out  
Before I developed a whiff !

She rolled me up in a coat made of dough,  
Which fitted me down to the ground,  
Then put me into a very hot oven  
Until I was done nice and brown.

She then took me out to show to some friends  
Who started to handle me rough ;  
They stuck darts in my front, and darts in my rear,  
Until I was near fit to bust.

That was not the only thing that they did,  
Although I was feeling quite bad ;  
They ornamented my tenderest part  
With the butt end of somebody's fag.

So sausages take a warning from me,  
Although you are part of their grub,  
Do all you can to keep out of the hands  
Of those night-hawks down at our club.

[The above impromptu lines were written at our Social Club the other evening by the Brewery Poet to whom we have granted the usual licence allowed to all laureates. A good meal of sausages and mash inspired the lines and if you wish to know the author of the effort ask Mr. Wheeler of our "best cellars."]

## FISH OF 15 LBS. 12 OZS. CAUGHT BY BOY 15 YEARS OF AGE.

Mr. J. C. Pitman, proprietor of The Bugle Inn, Upper Halliford, Middlesex, writes :—

Dear C.H.P.,—I thought it would be interesting to you to hear a 15 lb. 12 oz. pike was taken from this water last Saturday afternoon by a boy aged 15½, assisted by his pal, 14 years. It was quite a grand fish, 40in. long, so we hung it up in the bar and had a guessing competition which resulted in a contribution of £2 for the Gt. Ormond Street Children's Hospital.

I enclose a picture of the water, but the picture of the fish will not be ready for a few days.



Likely spot for pike.

## "DECEMBER JOYS."

December joys! yes there they are, abounding

For those who only stay to list and look

—When thro' the trees the mighty winds come sounding,

Or by the bridge that spans the frozen brook

A small and wary wren in silence slips

Beneath the bushes crowned by crimson hips.

—When, hard against the barn, stand, pressed and huddled

For shelter from the storm, great groups of sheep:

As on the hollies close together cuddled

The ruffled sparrows argue in a heap,

And quarrels pick, and dress each other down

(Quaint saucy noisy imps in grey and brown).

—When slow the sun thro' misty seas of vapour

Sinks burning-red and luminous and large:

Whilst rabbits in a narrow circle caper

Along the shelter of the forest-marge

Or, in a frenzied gambol, leap and race

Beneath the naked branches of the chase.

—When, after hours of farming-work, old Freddy

Returning to his cottage-home again,

For cosy hearth and pipe and supper ready,

Rounds wearily the corner of the lane;

And marks his little dwelling by the wood

And scents a glorious whiff of something good.

S. E. COLLINS.

\* \* \* \*

He always took a tablet after breakfast,  
 He had to have two tablets after lunch,  
 And after every dinner,  
 Though he waned from thin to thinner,  
 Three tablets conscientiously he'd munch.  
 He took a sleeping tablet just at bedtime,  
 Another tablet when he crawled from bed,  
 And now that he is sleeping  
 In the churchyard, 'neath the weeping  
 Willow tree, he has a tablet at his head.

## CANTEENS FOR CIVILIAN WORKERS, SEAMEN AND FISHERMEN.

In our November issue an editorial paragraph gave some information on this subject. Further details are now before us and the following notes can therefore be given in substitution for those submitted previously.

For the benefit of essential war workers, and purely as a war-time measure, it has been found necessary to provide canteen facilities where beer, cider, etc., can be obtained.

The authority for this development is given by Order in Council, dated 10th October, 1941, adding Regulation 60 AA. to the Defence (General) Regulations, 1939, under the Emergency Powers (Defence) Acts, 1939 and 1940, and the Order is known as "Statutory Rules and Orders, 1941, No. 1594."

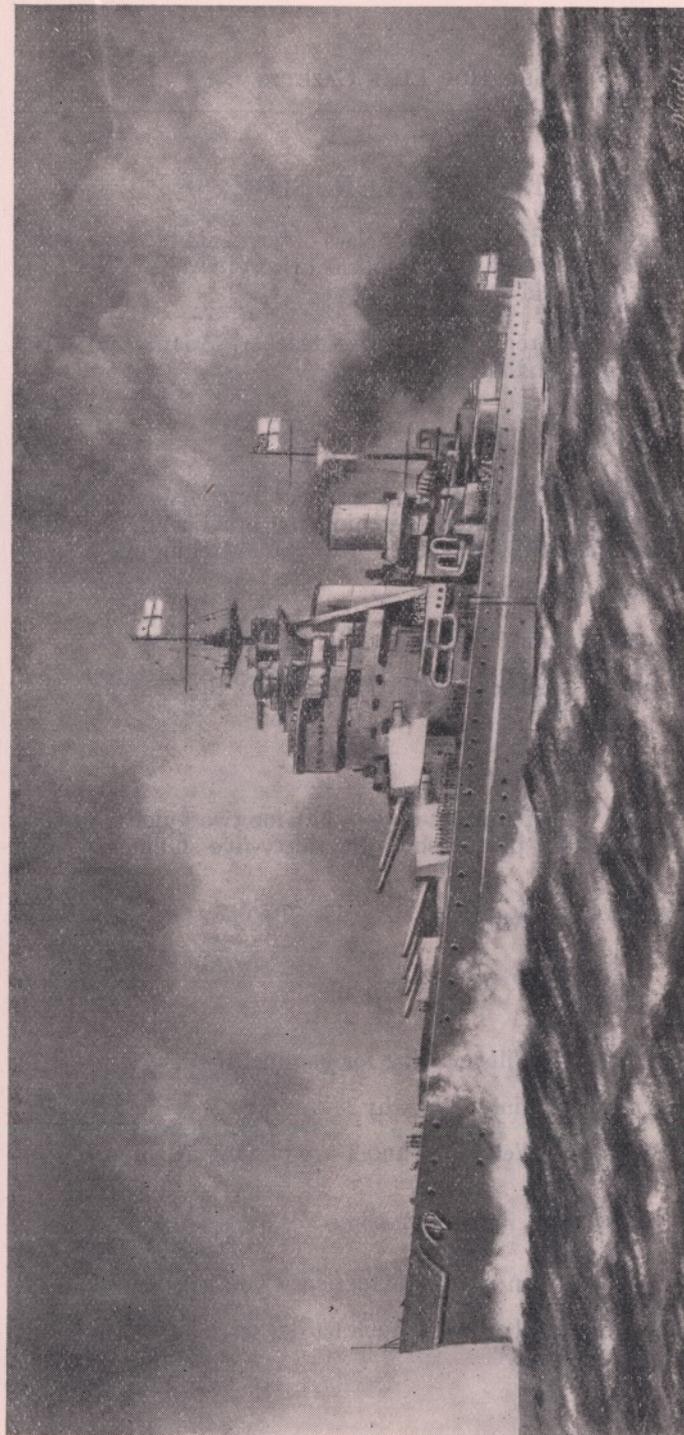
These workers canteens will not need a Justices' Licence and in that respect will be in line with the Service canteens which are run by N.A.A.F.I. under an Authority granted by the appropriate Secretary of State or the Admiralty, which enables an Excise Licence to be obtained for the sale of liquors. The workers canteens will similarly obtain an authorisation from a Secretary of State, and in these cases the "competent authority" includes the Minister of Labour and National Service, the Minister of Supply, the Minister of Aircraft Production, the Minister of Works and Buildings, and the Minister of War Transport.

Having obtained the "Authorisation" an Excise Licence will be granted, subject to the payment of the appropriate Licence Duty and this will be determined on a basis somewhat similar to that in force for Licensed Houses.

The canteens will be subject to such Regulations as are issued by the Secretary of State for the Home Department. At present these Regulations can only be estimated from the result of deputations to, and correspondence with, the Home Secretary, also the Secretary of State for Scotland, from which it would appear that—

1. An authorisation is limited to six months, subject to renewal.
2. Beer and Cider only will be sold, except in very exceptional cases such as a canteen for foreign seamen, who are accustomed to drink Wine.
3. The sale of liquor will, whenever practicable, be ancillary and supplementary to the supply of food.
4. Stringent control will be exercised by the Government Department concerned.
5. The canteens will be open to Police inspection at any time and, as far as possible (but with due regard to the requirements of night workers), sale will be restricted to the "permitted hours" fixed by the Licensing Justices for the district.
6. Profits received from the sale of liquor will be devoted to welfare or benevolent purposes.

C.B.



A RECENT ADDITION TO THE FLEET.  
The original drawing by Mr. W. Giddy is being auctioned at the Salisbury Warship Week.

## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A Sunday school teacher to her class of boys said : " Now, boys, I am going to give you a little biblical history. When God gave Adam a wife what did Adam say? "

One bright lad replied : " Please teacher, Adam said ' The punishment is greater than I can bear. ' "

\* \* \* \*

Sitting opposite each other in a tram car one day were two soldiers, one of whom started sketching the other who, not quite knowing what was going on, said : " Are you sketching me? "

The answer was " Yes. "

" Are you an artist? " enquired the first soldier.

" No, I am a designer of door knobs, " was the answer.

\* \* \* \*

TEACHER : " Your mother buys a hat for two guineas, a coat for five pounds and a pair of shoes for thirty-five shillings. Now, what's the result? "

WILLIE : " A row with dad. "

\* \* \* \*

WEE WILLIE : " Will you sing for us, uncle? "

BIG BILL : " Certainly, but why? "

WEE WILLIE : " Well, Fred and I are playing at ships and we need a foghorn. "

\* \* \* \*

Boss : " For a man with no experience you ask high wages. "

APPLICANT : " Well, sir, it's much harder work when you don't know anything about it. "

BILL : " How do you like the chimney sweeping business? "

NED : " Oh, it soots me. "

\* \* \* \*

It seems that the Ministry of Health is going to conduct a campaign against colds this winter.

We can suggest a very simple way of making colds disappear instantly—control the price of them.

\* \* \* \*

FIRST TRAMP : " What would you do if you won the first prize in the big sweep? "

SECOND TRAMP : " I'd have the blinkin' park benches upholstered. "

\* \* \* \*

" What's that lump on the front of your car? "

" Oh, the radiator just had a boil. "

\* \* \* \*

" Do clever men make the best husbands? "

" Clever men don't become husbands. "

\* \* \* \*

DOCTOR : " What on earth made you go and look for an escape of gas with a lighted match? "

PATIENT : " Well, it was a safety match. "

\* \* \* \*

" Now, darling, what will I get if I cook you a dinner like that every day in the year? "

" My life insurance. "

\* \* \* \*

A fellow with a lot of soft soap doesn't necessarily have a clean evening in mind.

\* \* \* \*

" In England to ' take orders ' means to enter the church. "

" It's slightly different in America—you enter the church, get married, and then take orders. "

LITTLE BETTY : " There must be visitors down stairs."

TOMMY : " Why? "

LITTLE BETTY : " I've just heard mummy laughing at one of daddy's jokes."

\* \* \* \*

" There's an unexploded bomb buried here," said the A.R.P. chief as he posted a warden. " Just keep an eye on things and blow your whistle if anything happens."

" O.K.," replied the warden. " But do I blow it going up or coming down? "

\* \* \* \*

An old farmer went into a chemist's shop with two prescriptions and asked the chemist to make them up for him. " One is for my old Jersey cow and the other for my wife. I want you to be very careful to put the labels on the right bottles as I don't want anything to happen to my old Jersey cow."

\* \* \* \*

A chap went home the other night in the black-out and could not find the key-hole in his front door, having had one over the eight.

His wife shouted from the bedroom window : " Bill, shall I throw you down the key? "

He replied : " No, throw me down a few blinkin' key-holes."

\* \* \* \*

#### HUMOUR OF THE COURTS.

I was taken in by her good looks. My only consolation is that I saved some other poor fellow from my fate.

\* \* \* \*

My wife says she hates me—but why does she follow me about?

\* \* \* \*

When I met my husband with another woman, there was no need for me to introduce myself as his wife. She could tell that by the look on my face.

After we had been married 30 years my husband said, " It's time we got to know each other."

\* \* \* \*

My wife won't realise that my leaving her was the most chivalrous thing I ever did.

\* \* \* \*

I didn't mind my wife leaving me until someone sent me a chicken and I wanted a cook.

\* \* \* \*

" Actions speak louder than words," I said to my husband when I saw the extra little pressure he gave in his handshake with another woman.

\* \* \* \*

Before I married, my husband said I was like the princess of a fairy tale. Now I know what an expert he is in fairy tales.

\* \* \* \*

When I married, my husband said he had a secret, but I said I would prefer not to know it. Now I have found out. It's terrible—he likes to go away fishing for days at a time.

\* \* \* \*

GLADYS : " Bill 'phoned the house three times before I gave him a date."

LYDIA : " Who did he ask for the first two times? "

\* \* \* \*

A very thin man met a very fat man in the hotel corridor.

" From the look of you," said the latter, " there might have been a famine."

" Yes," was the reply, " and from the look of you, you might have caused it."

\* \* \* \*

BLINK : " Does your wife talk much? "

BLANK : " She does all the talking in our family. If I were suddenly struck deaf and dumb, it would probably be six or eight weeks before she'd find it out."

"Does your wife talk all day?"

"No, but her silences are very eloquent."

\* \* \* \*

"There was only one picture at the exhibition that I could look at—yours."

"Thanks, old fellow."

"There were so many people round the others."

\* \* \* \*

"I was a great admirer of your late husband, Mrs. Hope. Have you any little thing you could let me have to remind me of him?"

"There's only me."

\* \* \* \*

"How did you break your leg?"

"I threw a cigarette in a manhole, and stepped on it."

\* \* \* \*

"Whose heart doesn't gladden at the sight of a crackling log fire on a cold winter's day?" asks a writer.

A coal merchant's.

\* \* \* \*

DENTIST: "Which is the sore tooth?"

PATIENT (*who is cinema attendant*): "Balcony, third in the front row."

\* \* \* \*

"Snakes are wise creatures."

"Why?"

"Ever heard of a snake getting its leg pulled?"

\* \* \* \*

MISTRESS: "Was your last place a good one, Janet?"

MAID (*after deliberation*): "Well, ma'am. I used not to think so!"

\* \* \* \*

A golf ball is another thing that never stays where it is putt.

MAGISTRATE: "You were witness of this matrimonial dispute. What were your thoughts?"

WITNESS: "Never to get married."

\* \* \* \*

"How do you pronounce 'pneumonia'?" asked a French boy, who was in England to learn the language. His chum told him.

"That's odd," was the reply, "because in this story it says that the doctor pronounced it 'fatal.'"

\* \* \* \*

"Lionel asked me for a kiss!"

"What cheek!"

"Oh, I just let him choose, and he kissed both."

\* \* \* \*

"Before long," predicts a writer, "the majority of our taxi-drivers will be women." Then we shall at last know what a woman driver means when she puts out her hand.

\* \* \* \*

Dropping into a chair in the club smoke-room, the bore announced that he had just purchased a new saloon.

Another member looked over the top of his eye-glasses and inquired icily: "Beer or billiards?"

\* \* \* \*

During an invasion exercise on the North East coast, a Home Guard Officer, scanning the sea, suddenly called to his Signaller to take a message to headquarters—"Enemy barges approaching from the South East. Map reference 20. Approximately 30 in number, escorted by destroyers and E boats stop. Enemy aircraft sighted over barges, action urgent."

The Signaller went back to his telephone, connected with headquarters, found he knew the operator at the other end and the following conversation ensued:—

"Hallo, is that you George?"

"How are you?"

"How's the wife and kids?"

"Seen anything of Entwistle lately?"

"No." "Yes." "No."

"Oh! I nearly forgot. Enemy's here George, ring the ruddy bells."

"The Utterly-Utters are just crazy about getting into Society, aren't they?"

"Why, my dear, they're such climbers that they've even named their youngest daughter, Ivy!"

\* \* \* \*

"Since you gave your son a car has he kept his promise to do more studying at college?"

"I'm certain of it, because he writes home much oftener now for money for books."

\* \* \* \*

MAGISTRATE : "What induced you to steal this thing from the stores?"

ACCUSED : "Well, your honour, there was a notice, 'No obligation to purchase.'"

\* \* \* \*

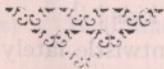
The newly-married bridegroom had been reading industriously in the cookery-book how to carve a chicken. In due course it arrived on the table.

"But, my dear," he said, "I don't see the dotted lines."

\* \* \* \*

BAKER : "You say these buns are hard! Look here. I was baking buns before you were born."

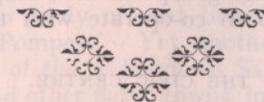
CUSTOMER : "Yes, perhaps this is one of them."



### A GREAT THOUGHT.

*In the sum of human activity, we may recognise this principle as clearly established on the surest evidence—that that which tends to good shall live, that which tends to evil must necessarily perish. History is full of sounding names—names for the most part, and nothing more. Generations have succeeded each other, and have been garnered in the grave; they lie entombed, and their vices, like the trappings of their greatness, the insignia of their state, have crumbled into sepulchral dust, but their virtues live. The good example is a seed which yields an hundredfold. What are such names as those of Louis XIV and Napoleon, but barren records of departed greatness? The virtues of Hampden and Washington have inspired, and will inspire, whole generations of statesmen.*

*In every age the great man is wanted; the genius is always due; the great, confused, incoherent, inarticulate public is always waiting for the great poet or artist, who shall think its thoughts and express them clearly. To quote a saying of Emerson's, "The genius of the age stands where the eyes of all men look one way, and their hands all point in the direction he should go." The time or the circumstance is the opportunity of the great man; but the laws under which he must work are not for him to invent—these are prescribed for him, they are recorded in the history of centuries. And this much we can gather from the history of art, that earnestness and simplicity, patient and thoughtful study of means, and loving watchfulness of nature, are the essential virtues which lead to success in every age, and survive all change.*



## BRANCHES.

## BRIGHTON.

## HENFIELD PRESENTATION.

The coming-of-age of Henfield's Comrades of the Great War Club was commemorated by a supper at headquarters on Tuesday, November 11th. The President, Captain A. G. Miller, J.P., took the chair, and it was also his "coming-of-age" in that position. Mr. J. F. Stephenson, the Hon. Secretary, who had much to do with the arrangements, has also held office from the very first. Then Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Vallier, the popular steward and stewardess, have also been with the club in those positions from its inception. The opportunity was taken to make a presentation to Mr. and Mrs. Vallier, who have done this club valued service. It took the form of an illuminated address and a cheque.

We take this opportunity to wish a Happy Christmas to our esteemed Directors and to all readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

## OXFORD.

All at Oxford Branch send hearty greetings for Christmas and the New Year to all at Headquarters and Branches.

## PORTSMOUTH.

We wish all our readers ashore and afloat a Christmas of happy reunions and a happier New Year.

## THE TRADE AND THE WAR.

As was only to be expected in view of their long record of practical help for deserving causes, Licensed Victuallers in Portsmouth have decided to play their part in the National Savings campaign and the coming "Warships Week." At a meeting of their society recently a resolution was unanimously adopted that they should form savings groups in their respective houses, and a committee was set up to co-operate with the organizers of the campaign.

## THE CIVIC CENTRE.

If the preliminary report of the Portsmouth Replanning Committee is eventually adopted—and doubtless it will be—the site of the new Civic Centre will remain where it now is, but the Guildhall will give way to a new Mansion House, surrounded by

buildings to accommodate the various municipal departments. So far, the idea has been approved in principle only, and the details will be settled later when the rebuilding of the city generally, together with its environs, is discussed.

## INSIGNIA OF OFFICE.

The Lord Mayor (Sir Denis Daley) appeared at the Mayor-making ceremony—his third, by the way—wearing his new robe of office which was recently purchased from a former Lord Mayor of London at less than half its original cost. Members of the Council lost their robes in the blitz that partially demolished the Guildhall, and the garments will be eventually replaced under the Government's War Compensation scheme—not out of the rates as some burgesses thought. Incidentally, the first reference we can trace to the wearing of robes by the Mayor is made in the "Loyal Protestant" in 1682. In this, the writer refers to the grant of a new Charter to the Borough by Charles II, conferring "far greater and higher privileges," for whereas by the old Charter the Mayor and Aldermen were to wear "black furred gowns," now they were to have scarlet ones; and in September of that year they "appointed a Hall and assembled in their new robes of office to hear their new Charter openly read."

## POMPEY.

A football match had just been finished and the battle having been fought o'er again in a certain Sergeants' Mess in the city, a heated argument arose as to the origin of the Portsmouth nickname of "Pompey." THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE was asked to elucidate the mystery. We are afraid, however, that we cannot give our readers any authenticated version of how, why or when the title originated. Certain it is that since the appellation was first bestowed upon it, Portsmouth has been known as "Pompey" by seamen all over the world. Historians recount various stories of the supposed origin of the designation. One is that it came from the British warship *Pompee*, famous for the prominent part it played in the battle of Algeciras in 1801. Another that it arose from a lecture to seamen on Pompeii in the early 70's at which a sailor boy who had imbibed too freely of neat brandy, died, which caused much talk about "Pompey." Yet another is that Miss Agnes Weston, the founder of the well known Sailors' Homes at Portsmouth, Devonport and other naval towns, in the course of a lecture related how Pompey, the great Roman general was killed. A drowsy sailor awoke just in time to hear the latter part of the story and exclaimed, "Poor old Pompey." This became a bye-word

among sailors in the city, and was carried afterwards to Greece where a Portsmouth warship's football team was defeated by native players and the English onlookers shouted "Poor old Pompey," just as the bluejacket did at the lecture.

One other, and perhaps the most likely version, is that in 1781 some English sailors performed the feat of climbing Pompey's Pillar near Alexandria, and imbibed rum punch at the top. These daring fellows were forthwith designated "Pompey boys," a term which, in time, was applied to Portsmouth where they came from. There are several other versions and which is the correct one we cannot say. However, Pompey it is, and Pompey it will always remain among the gallant lads of the King's Navee.

### THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

The Tamar Brewery, Devonport, send their best wishes to the Directors and Staff at Headquarters and to all the Branches for a Happy Christmas, and especial Greetings to all our colleagues who are serving in His Majesty's Forces at Home and Abroad.

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