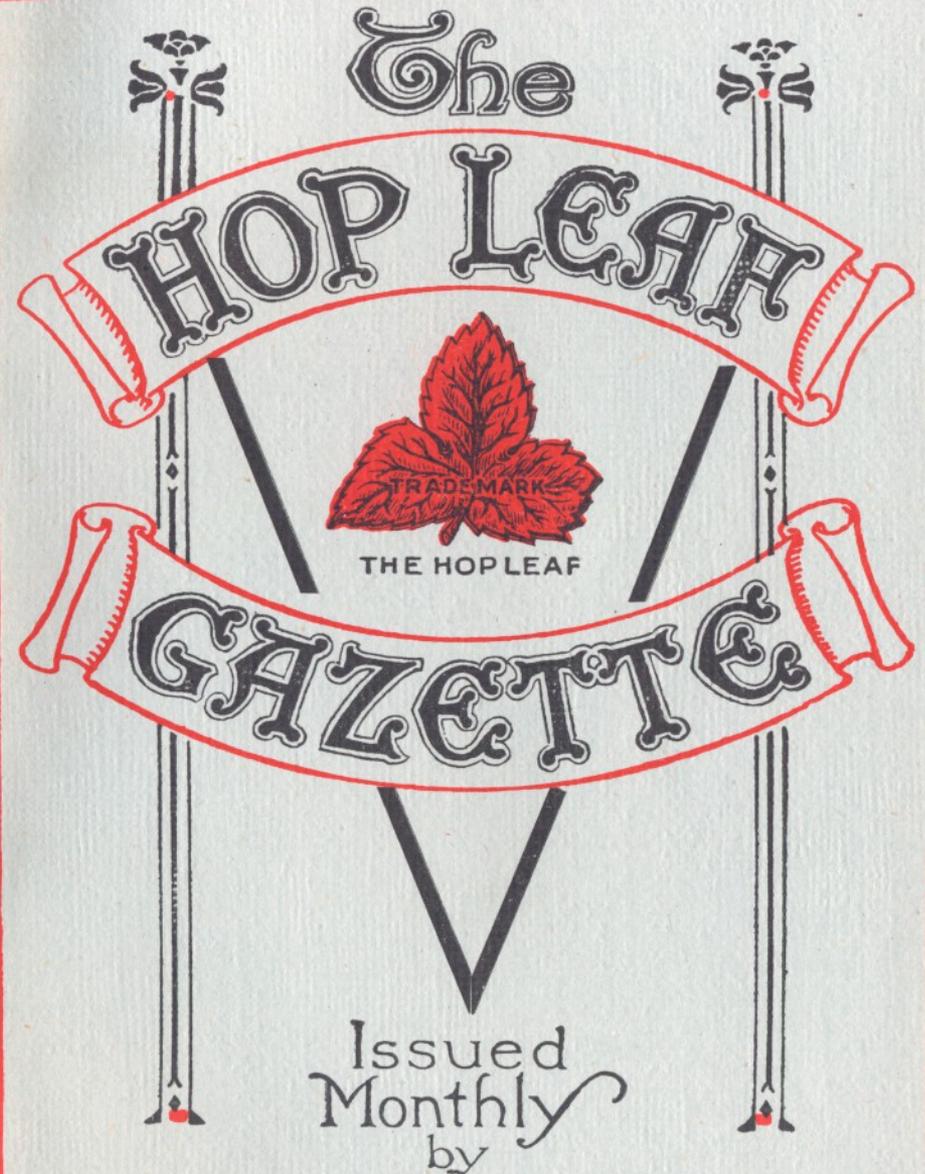


VOL. XVI.

MAY, 1942.

Price 1d.



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

A RECORD OF SOCIAL ACTIVITIES AT THE BREWERY.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Chat from the Editor's Chair	230
Brewery Jottings	235
Nature Note	238
Words of Wisdom	240
A Great Thought	241
Cricket	242
Lighter Side	244
Branches	247

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



MR. F. L. FRANCIS.

MR. F. L. FRANCIS.

When the Plough Brewery, Wandsworth Road, London, was acquired by the Firm in May, 1925, Mr. F. L. Francis, whose portrait forms our frontispiece, was an employee at that establishment, which was the property of Messrs. T. Woodward & Sons.

It was in May, 1905, when Mr. Francis was engaged as a junior clerk at the Plough Brewery. At that date the Brewery was a producing concern and Mr. Francis soon became interested in brewing materials and all things appertaining to the Trade. He gained first-hand knowledge of the process, as well as office routine and distribution.

In retrospect Mr. Francis recalls the days when horse drays were in general use and the annual processions which were held on the 1st May, when the drays and horses were gaily bedecked with rosettes and competition for the smartest turnout reached a high peak.

Mr. Francis' services were retained by this Company when the business changed hands and he has, therefore, completed 38 years at the Plough Brewery.

His work has always been of the highest order and his indefatigable spirit has been of the greatest assistance in the difficult years through which we have passed, particularly when the air raids on London were frequent and serious. He was selected as Acting Manager at Woking Branch when the Manager was called up for military service and has performed excellent service under very trying conditions of changing staff, reduced beer supplies and other difficulties which have arisen.

In 1909 Mr. Francis joined the East Surrey Regiment as a Territorial and holds the Long Service Medal. He went to India at the outbreak of war in 1914 and was sent to the North-West Frontier at Peshawar, where he spent a time chasing and being chased by native tribesmen, to the Khyber Pass. He then decided to take advantage of being "time expired" to come home to England and was married in 1916. Subsequently he was sent to France and spent 12 months in the trenches at Ypres. In August, 1917, he was taken prisoner of war by the Germans and worked on a farm milking cows, cutting grass and doing more distasteful jobs. He envied the cows because they had regular meals which were denied him. Mr. Francis attempted to escape, was recaptured and eventually repatriated with French prisoners through Switzerland.

For 38 years Mr. Francis has been an Oddfellow. In younger days he was keen on cross country running and cycling and was a good swimmer. His present day "sports" are fire-watching and gardening. Much of his time is now devoted to persuading customers at Woking to think in terms of half-pints instead of pints.

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. XVI.

MAY, 1942.

No. 8.

FIRE AT THE BREWERY CANVAS STORES.

A fire broke out at the Canvas Stores, The Brewery, Reading, on Monday morning, May 18th. The stores, containing marquees and tents used for open-air functions were destroyed, the damage being considerable. These stores are at the top of the bonded warehouse which, owing to the splendid work of the fire brigades was saved. All the firemen rendered magnificent service, their efforts preventing a much more serious conflagration.

Mr. C. G. Lawrence, Control Officer on duty, realising that the outbreak was serious, immediately informed Captain A. S. Drew, A.R.P. Controller, who took charge from the Brewery point of view. He telephoned our Managing Director (Mr. F. A. Simonds), who with Mrs. Simonds were soon on the scene and with Major Ashby watched with admiration the great work of the fire fighters.

Immediately on receipt of the alarm the section of the Brewery Fire Brigade on duty rushed to the spot and got to work under Second Officer Lovejoy. The local unit of the National Fire Service also arrived with commendable promptitude and eventually surrounded the fire under the direct supervision of Divisional Officer Blatchford of the N.F.S., who performed a great work.

*Oh that in England there might be
A duty on hypocrisy,
A tax on humbug, an excise
On solemn plausibilities.*

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.)

THE SUBMARINE WENT ADRIFT.

It was the highlight of the Warship Week Procession—a fine model of a submarine rumbling formidably through the streets of a Wiltshire town behind a contingent of forty N.A.A.F.I. girls. The crew of the submarine—two sailors, one a typically bearded seadog—kept a weather eye on the forty N.A.A.F.I. lovelies marching immediately before them. Perhaps it was a traditional desire to steer a straight course; possibly it was due to poor visibility. But whether by accident or design, when the N.A.A.F.I. contingent turned away from the body of the procession to march to their hostel for tea, the submarine and its crew smartly altered course and hung doggedly in their wake. The rest of the procession marched blissfully on, minus N.A.A.F.I., minus “submarine.” Subsequent reconnaissance discovered the submarine “beached” outside the hostel, and the two sailors enjoying a hearty tea with the forty N.A.A.F.I. girls

QUEEN'S CHAIR FOR CORPORALS.

Who said this was not a democratic war? Witness the tale of the Queen's armchair. Some time ago, Her Majesty carried out an inspection of troops at a Wiltshire camp and an armchair was brought for her from a N.A.A.F.I. canteen nearby. The Queen was graciously pleased to remark to the officers how comfortable it was. When the Queen had departed, the officers carried off the chair in triumph and installed it in a place of honour in the Officers' Mess. This smooth manoeuvre was watched with a marked lack of enthusiasm by the Corporals from whose canteen bar the chair

had originally come. Weeks passed. Then came the N.A.A.F.I. inspector to take stock. His records showed one chair short. He traced it to the Officers' Mess. With great reluctance the C.O. allowed him to return it to the Corporals' bar—and there it remains, to the intense glee of the Corporals, to the slight chagrin of the Officers, and to the credit of Democracy.

SING-SONGS ON “SIREN ISLAND.”

Defying day-and-night air raids, a concert party sponsored by N.A.A.F.I. has played to the troops in Malta without a break for nearly three years. “The Whizz Bangs”—four men and four girls—are the only war-time concert party on “Siren Island” and have taken a special pride in recent months in carrying on with the show despite wrecked halls, damaged properties and the loss of one of the members through enemy action. The gaiety and versatility of this gallant little band have made it famous throughout the island. And every night, while the bombs fall, units of the garrison settle down to a 26-item programme from these front-line troupers. The programme notes include such remarks as: “Mussolini has promised to curtail all raids during this performance”; “Keep your seats, folks, things are about to happen!” The players are all professionals, presented by Ford and Sheen—the well-known variety act—and include Rita Moya, Julia Hart, Alice Taylor, Mary Marshall, Bobby Vernon and Terry Blair.

THE QUEEN THANKS MRS. PRANGLEY.

Mrs. Prangley, wife of our Mr. Prangley, of the Brewery Staff, and a member of the Staines Branch of the Women's Voluntary Services, was a member of the Guard of Honour at the Mansion House when a visit was paid by Her Majesty the Queen on the occasion of the inauguration of Hospital Day, which was on May 5th. Her Majesty conversed with Mrs. Prangley and made very kind inquiries regarding the Staines district. Mrs. Prangley has been a very hard worker in connection with the various street collections in the district and the Queen took the opportunity of thanking her for her past services and wishing her success as a collector in the future.

HIS QUOTATION WAS NOT ACCEPTED.

An Austin (Texas) clergyman, needing new tyres for his car, turned to the Bible for support. “Go ye into the world and preach the Gospel . . .” he quoted in a letter to the rationing administrator, reports Associated Press. In refusing the application the administrator also relied on the scriptures. His quotation was: “I will saddle me an ass . . .”

DIFFICULT CUSTOMERS

When a customer is difficult, and sharp words loom on the horizon, hold your breath for five seconds and remember this—that however much you may disagree with each other on this point or that, on *one* point there's not the smallest room for difference or doubt: *we've got to win this war.*

Yes, we've got to win this war, and we shan't win it by blaming each other for annoyances which, if you work it out, are no one's fault but the enemy's. Food restrictions, staff shortage, customers in a hurry—it can all be traced back to the men who forced the war on the world. So let's keep our anger for Hitler and his kind, and answer each other with a smile.

FOOD FACTS

No. 104

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD — LONDON, W.1

READY, AYE! READY.

After a period of comparative calm, a short while back in the early hours of the morning Mr. C. G. Lawrence, the Control Officer, passed through to the wardens on duty a message that on the strength of a communication received at Area headquarters, they should be on the alert. Shortly afterwards, the sirens and works alarm sounded. Leaving one warden in charge of the fire guard headquarters, the other two visited the posts and were greatly impressed and pleased to find that within two minutes of the alarm all personnel were up and at their posts and patrols. Not a single fire guard was missing, which was very gratifying. I afterwards made enquiries from Mr. Lawrence and was astounded at the detail dealt with at Area headquarters which is at the alert the whole time, both day and night. A single message received there is passed on to numerous other people and on the actual alert, calls come in from many sources.

OLD READING STREET NAMES.

At the annual meeting of the Berks Archaeological Society Mr. J. W. Dodgson gave an illustrated lecture on "The names of the older streets of Reading." He produced a map of Reading dated 1610, and pointed out the triangular shape of the town. The oldest road through it was the one from Winchester over the Kennet through the centre of the town, crossing the Thames at Caversham, where a bridge had existed from the 13th century. There was no direct east-west road at that time. St. Giles' Church was at the entrance to the town, and all distances were traditionally measured from there. The other existing churches were St. Mary's and St. Laurence's. Each had archery butts attached, but only those of St. Mary's had come down to us in street names.

QUERY ABOUT CASTLE STREET.

It was difficult to know how Castle Street became so called, for there was no real evidence that any castle ever existed in Reading. It was clear that the small road leading from the Market Place into King Street, which is called High Street, was once a much longer thoroughfare. It probably extended into what is now Duke Street, for no town ever had a High Street only about 25 yards long. King Street was at this time a narrow road with a row of houses down the middle; when it widened out what was more natural than that it should be called Broad Street, and this was another Reading street name that was very old. There were, of course, many more old street names. There were, for example, the trade names—Butter Market, Silver Street (or more properly Sivier Street for the makers of sieves). There were the political names—Russell and Chatham—and the prominent people and landowners—Jesse Terrace, Blagrove Street, and many others.

N.A.A.F.I. FINDS USE FOR "EMPTIES."

N.A.A.F.I. has found a neat solution for the shortage of drinking glasses in the Middle East.

Some months ago, when the shortage became acute, N.A.A.F.I. turned its attention to the huge dumps of empty beer bottles which, because of lack of shipping space, could not be returned to overseas breweries.

A small local factory was started where the tops of the bottles are cut off. The lower portions of the bottles are then polished, the cut edges smoothed with a blow lamp, and a serviceable tumbler results. The present output is more than two thousand a day.

No part of the bottle is discarded. Thanks to a suggestion from the Royal Corps of Signals, the bottle tops are filled with cement into which a wooden peg is embedded and are passed to the Signal Corps for use as insulators on telegraph poles. Even badly broken bottles have their uses. They are cut near the base, their edges smoothed, and are used as ash trays.

BEER NOT TO BE RATIONED.

Beer will not be rationed. This was Lord Woolton's reply in the House of Lords to an A.B.C.D. war conducted by Lord Arnold—who wanted Beer Cut Down.

Lord Woolton said that to cut production of beer meant reorganising its distribution. "I do not propose to add to the problems of the Government by rationing beer," he added. "The consumption of beer has been systematically restricted to about the same level as before the war." It was recognised that men engaged in heavy work for long hours might find most congenial social recreation in the evening in a glass of beer with their friends. "And I say, why shouldn't they?" added Lord Woolton. The amount of drunkenness had steadily declined since war began. In the county boroughs prosecutions were a quarter of the 1914 total and 15½ per cent. below 1939. Assuming that beer production was cut in half and the barley saved given to poultry, it was calculated that the net result would be sufficient to feed 7,000,000 hens. He added: "The result, I am told, is that we should have an increase of one egg per month. This egg, though very welcome, would be dearly bought at the expense of very widespread discontent."

DEATH OF THE REV. C. A. STURGES-JONES.

Our sympathies go out to Mr. William P. Cripps of the Cirencester Brewery Ltd., on the death of his father-in-law, the Rev. Charles Ambrose Sturges-Jones, at the age of 74. The Rev. gentleman, who died at Long Newton Rectory, Tedbury, Gloucestershire, on May 4th, was formerly a curate at St. Mary's, Reading.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

Multum in parvo: much in little. Owing to paper shortage, notes will now have to be brief: also, let us hope, bright and brotherly.

The letter from S. B. Farmer, of the R.A.F., written to Mr. V. Richards contained many interesting items. After giving some details of his journey by sea he eventually went into Eritrea by train and lorry. Places which were very much in the news last year he mentions, such as Barentu, Agordat, Keren and Asmara. This latter place, the capital of Eritrea, he says is very modern, with a population of 55,000 and some really marvellous buildings. Its Odeon cinema is similar both in size and design to the one at Reading. The Roman Catholic Cathedral is of magnificent design and though built in red brick is imposing. Two picture houses show British films each evening, the programme changing every three days. Wines, he says, are of poor quality and owing to their raw nature are pretty deadly. Australian bottled beers are obtainable in their canteen and three of these reputed pints are quite sufficient to give one a merry evening. The country is very healthy where he is and this is mainly due to being several thousand feet above sea-level. At one place he "bumped into" Wooldrige, Junr., who was with Mr. Crocker and Mr. Andrews before joining up. He wished to be remembered to all friends here and asks for THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE to be sent him, which detail has been attended to.

As usual we have had visits from many of the staff who are now serving in H.M. Forces and amongst them were H. Goatley and R. C. Ayers, of the R.A.F. The latter has just been married and we wish him all good fortune, good health and every happiness. L. Fullbrook (R.A.F.), we understand, on return to duty was sent to hospital for further treatment. J. Clay looked in from "somewhere in the West Country" and his "grouse" seemed to be that, on taking up a new post—almost as soon as he arrived—an air raid not too far away disturbed his slumbers somewhat, at any rate for one night. Nevertheless, he looked very fit. A. J. Hawkins, who was in the General Office for a while, called in about the same time as S. Collins of the same department, both of whom are in the R.A.F. S. Brunson, of the Royal Navy, paid us a visit and seemed quite happy about his new life. Others who have called in are E. Martin (R.A.O.C.), R. Wheeler and R. C. Pitts. Mr. Pitts informed me he was going overseas very shortly and that he was being married before his departure. Naturally I wished him all the very best in the two ventures (or should it be adventures?)

and all who remember him in the General Office will, I am sure, wish him prosperity, the best of health, a safe return and true happiness.

Another member of the General Office, K. G. Organ, is now on service. Also another well-known member of the Delivery Department, Mr. R. G. Boddington, is shortly leaving for the Army.

It is with sincere regret we have to record that Mr. S. H. Josey, late Chief Wages Clerk, has had to retire owing to ill-health, and from the beginning of this month has been placed on pension.

Mr. Josey started his business career with the Firm in August, 1899, so has almost completed 43 years' service. For the last few years he has not been at all well and although with us in the office for varying spells had, on occasions, to be away. I was informed many years ago that Mr. Josey was the best-known person in the Brewery and when I enquired the particular reason had the answer that a visit from him was looked forward to every Friday and, in consequence, everyone knew Mr. Josey. He has been throughout his life a most energetic and active member of the staff, always working diligently, quickly and accurately.

Of a most genial disposition, he is well liked by all, and I am sure I am only expressing the sentiments of everyone in wishing him better health in his retirement. Undoubtedly he has suffered very much for quite a while, and in a letter to the writer he says, although he is feeling better, unfortunately the weather (if at all unfavourable) has a marked effect on his complaint and it is the nights he dreads. He says he will miss many of his old colleagues and wishes to be remembered to all. Naturally, after such a length of service, he can recall many incidents and mentions that when he started the whole staff numbered about thirty. The Directors have been very good to him, he says, and he is indeed grateful to them for their kind recognition of his past services.

Football still carries on and it would seem we have a faithful band of followers still at the Brewery who wend their way to Elm Park on the occasion of every home match. They all seem very pleased with the football served up for their benefit.

Of course the "call of the land" is very strong and most of our employees are "digging for victory," and although the weather has not been ideal (it never is for gardening!) good results are expected.

Mr. Walter M. Harding, of the Brewery, Malta, in a letter dated March 6th to our Mr. S. Bird, sends best regards to all friends at Reading.

Mr. J. E. Knight, of the Brewing Department and Maltings, is now in Ceylon with the R.A.F., Mr. Bird informs me.

Sergt. N. H. Lipscombe, in a letter to our Mr. Bowyer, writes that he is keeping fit. He is still waiting for entry to an officers' training unit. THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE reaches him somewhat belatedly, but nevertheless is very welcome when it does come along. Already he has been swimming, although he mentions that it could be warmer (his letter, by the way, was written in March). The "cost of living" in the Middle East is rather expensive, so he says: 1/0½ for 22 ozs. of Canadian beer and you can soon spend your money. He wishes to be remembered to all friends at H. & G. Simonds Ltd.

We have only one change of tenancy to record this month, viz., Mr. T. E. North, who has taken over the "Nag's Head," Sunningdale. The opportunity is taken to wish him every success.

READING DIAMOND WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS. JAMES.

On Tuesday, May 5th, Mr. and Mrs. Harry James, of 326 Tilehurst Road, Reading, celebrated their diamond wedding. Mr. James is 86 years of age, and his wife is 85. They were married on May 6th, 1882, at St. Giles', Reading, by the Rev. H. Barham Johnson.

Joining the Reading Borough Police Force in 1881, Mr. James eventually rose to the rank of chief inspector of the C.I.D. During his service with the police force he was connected with several well-known cases. His most famous case was the well-known Mrs. Dyer, or "Reading baby farm" case.

When he left the police force in May, 1909, Mr. James joined the staff of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds. He was a popular figure in the town, serving in the capacity of inspector of licensed houses for over twenty years before he retired.

Mr. H. James has received a telegram from Buckingham Palace which reads as follows:—

"Greeting Mr. and Mrs. James, 326, Tilehurst Road, Reading, The King and Queen send you hearty congratulations and good wishes on your Diamond Wedding Day which you recently celebrated."

Private Secretary.

NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

ANOTHER CUCKOO PROBLEM.

SWAN'S GENTLEMANLY GESTURE.

Do some birds turn out the egg that is placed in their nests by the cuckoo? That is the very interesting question raised by Mr. Eric and it is one on which I can throw no light. In his garden there is a wagtail's nest and in the nest was a cuckoo's egg. Subsequently it was found that the cuckoo's egg had been thrown out, though the eggs of the rightful owners of the nest remained. I have found cuckoo eggs in the nests of the robin, hedgesparrow, wagtail, lark, tree-pipit, meadow pipit, etc., and frequently visited these nests to see how things were progressing, but I have never seen evidence of the owners of these nests having discarded an egg deposited there by the cuckoo. This bird has a big bill and lays a very small egg. The big bill enables the cuckoo to carry eggs to nests in which it would be impossible for her to lay them. The young cuckoos turn out the young birds or eggs of their foster-parents. There is a depression in their backs which renders the task of ridding the nest of its rightful owners an easy matter. When the depression has assisted in its murderous work it disappears from the cuckoo's back. The cuckoo lays only one egg in a nest. Were two young cuckoos to be hatched in the same nest it would be a case of mutual destruction. The chief food of the cuckoo is the hairy caterpillar of the tiger moth—the so-called woolly-bear.

A GENTLEMANLY GESTURE.

There is a swan's nest on the Kennet bank by the Brewery Yard and in it are three eggs. Swans lay anything from five to a dozen eggs. But there are only going to be three here for the old birds are sitting. The male swan, known as a cob, is quite the gentleman and takes his full share of the duties of incubation. The other evening I saw him swim up to the lady of his choice and he evidently told her to have a rest and go for a "stroll," or

rather a swim, while he carried on in her place—a very gentlemanly gesture. The female, or pen, readily responded to the gesture and sailed off down-stream and out of sight. Don't go too near these birds at nesting time. They have very powerful beaks and wings and with either can deal a blow such as may break a bone.

MASS MULTIPLICATION.

That garden pest, the greenfly, is now making his unwelcome appearance on your rose trees and other plants. Those that you see now are probably females, each capable of bearing children and for the time being no fathers are necessary. Their method of multiplication is indeed a marvel and it has been estimated that the offspring of one greenfly during summer, if not interfered with, would weigh as much as 500,000,000 men. That seems almost unbelievable, but it is the calculation by no less an authority than Professor Huxley.

THE MONTH OF MAY!

How delightful a month is May! And in spite of the cold winds that have hitherto prevailed there was surely never a greater wealth of bloom in orchard, wood and meadow.

All the flowers that gild the spring,
Hither their still music bring;
If Heaven bless them, thankful, they
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.
Though their voices gentle be,
Streams have, too, their melody,
Night and day they warbling run,
Never pause, but still sing on.
Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart,
Wake and gladly sing thy part;
Learn of birds, and streams, and flowers,
How to use thy nobler powers.



WORDS OF WISDOM.

If you do not wish for His Kingdom, do not pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it, you must work for it.—RUSKIN.

Beauty is God's handwriting; a wayside sacrament. Welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and drink it in simply and earnestly with all your eyes: it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Who wrongs another has his debt to pay,
Remembered now or on a later day.
How often is the ancient proverb proved,
That men may meet but mountains stand unmoved.

If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't;
If you'd like to win, but you think you can't,
It's almost a cert you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you've lost,
For out in the world you'll find,
Success begins in a fellow's will;
It's all in the state of mind.

Think big and your deeds will grow,
Think small and you'll fall behind;
Think that you can, and you will,
It's all in the state of mind.

Life's battles don't often go to the stronger or faster man,
But sooner or later the man who wins is the man who thinks
he can.

Respect cannot be bought.

Life would be intolerable if we knew everything.

A lie is too big a price to pay for anything.

Strength is in decision.

Without rivals we may become indolent.

To say little and do a lot is praiseworthy.

Those who govern best make the least noise.

Politeness is a good investment.

CRICKET.

Little courtesies sweeten life.

Kindness forges a bond stronger than steel.

Repose and cheerfulness are the badge of the gentleman—repose in energy.

Think me not unkind and rude,
That I walk alone in grove and glen;
I go to the god of the wood
To fetch his word to men.

We can never see christianity from the catechism—from the pastures, from a boat in the lake, from amidst the songs of wood-birds we possibly may.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

This year the interval between Easter and Ascension Day occurs when the Christian world faces changes, of which the precise character cannot be foretold, but the range of which is certain to be immense. Some people expect that victory over armed evil will be followed swiftly by a huge recasting and improvement of human life. There are others, especially among older folk, who fear that at best their remaining years, must be spent in a world of rush and turmoil, where the tranquil, orderly usages and simple pleasures they valued can have no place. It may well be that both the hopes and the fears are excessive. What alone seems clear is that a period of great change, which must affect every life, draws near. What, then, should be the Christian attitude in view of this prospect?

It should be governed by those same considerations which gave stability to the first disciples. The Christian may be unable to shape the world, or to see it shaped, as he might wish. What he can control is the relation of his own life and soul with God. When this relation grows into utter trust, when the guidance of the Spirit becomes a verified reality, disquiet over changes in the setting of life is overcome. Without fear, too, he will be able to contemplate the final change which awaits him at life's close. In humble sincerity he will be able to say: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me."—The Times.

CRICKET.

During the close season much effort has been expended on the Sports Ground to get the cricket table and the tennis courts in good playing condition and they now look really fine. The Cricket Committee discussed the possibilities for the ensuing season and decided to recommend to the general meeting that the club should carry on again on the same lines as last year. At that time several applications for fixtures had already been received. The general meeting was convened for Thursday, 9th April, and was duly held under the chairmanship of Mr. A. G. Rider. The meeting endorsed the recommendations, viz., to run a Saturday team, to again suspend the Inter-Departmental League and the award of the "Louis Simonds" cup for batting. Every facility was to be afforded by the club to form a Youths' team and it was arranged to hold a special meeting to go further into this question.

The officers for the ensuing season were elected, as under:—

Captain: Mr. J. B. Doe. *Vice-captain*: Mr. F. J. Benham.
Committee: Messrs. E. C. Greenaway, G. Harding, F. S. Hawkins, R. Lambourne, C. Morgan, K. Organ, A. G. Rider and W. Sparks.
Umpire: Mr. W. Sparks. *Scorer*: Mr. J. T. Cholwill. *Hon. Secretary*: Mr. J. W. Jelley. *Asst. Hon. Secretary*: Mr. E. Priddy.
Selection Committee: Messrs. J. B. Doe, F. J. Benham, E. C. Greenaway and W. Sparks. *Sports Committee Representatives*: Messrs. J. B. Doe, W. Sparks and J. W. Jelley.

At subsequent meetings it was decided to form Ladies' and Youths' teams, the officials being duly appointed. These are:—
 Ladies—*Captain*: Miss O. Shurmer. *Vice-captain*: Miss P. M. Hammond. *Secretary*: Miss A. M. Prosser. Youths—*Captain*: Mr. G. Harding. *Vice-captain and Secretary*: Mr. E. Priddy.

Fixtures for the Saturday team are nearly completed and practically all will be played on our Sports Ground. The list at present reads:—

Date.	Opponents.	Ground.
May 2nd	Williamson Manufacturing Co.	Home
" 9th	"	"
" 16th	Post Office Telephones	"
" 23rd	7th Bn. Home Guard	"
" 30th	45th Detachment R.A.P.C.	"
June 6th	R.A.F.	"
" 13th	R.A.F., F.T. Command	"
" 20th	Old Blues	"
" 27th	45th Detachment, R.A.P.C.	"
July 4th	Post Office Telephones	"
" 11th	Monksbarn Sports Club	"
" 18th	7th Bn. Home Guard	"
" 25th	R.A.F., F.T. Command	Away
Aug. 1st	"	"
" 8th	Williamson Manufacturing Co.	Home
" 15th	Old Blues	"
" 22nd	Ministry of Health	"
" 29th	R.A.F.	"

It is hoped that the few remaining dates will be filled and a full programme for the season be carried through. If any of our old players, who are now serving in H.M. Forces, happen to get leave and would like a game, every endeavour will be made to accommodate them. The Captain or Secretary would appreciate as much notice as possible in order that the necessary team building can be carried into effect.

Application has been made for entry into the Reading Youths' Cricket League (senior division), and it is hoped that matches will commence in the latter half of May. The fixture list will be given in next month's HOP LEAF GAZETTE. The age limit has been amended this season to read—"Under 18 years on 1st September, 1941." Should there be any eligible lads on the Firm who would like to play for us and who have not already been approached, will they kindly get in touch with the team's officials, as specified above, or to the Hon. Secretary of the club.

The ladies have commenced practice and will be in the nets on Mondays. Arrangements are in hand for them to get field practice under playing conditions. Their matches will be on Wednesday evenings and the Secretary is endeavouring to arrange an attractive fixture list. The first game was on May 13th against the Reading University 2nd XI and was on our ground.

This report deals only with preliminary arrangements for the season. Comments on the various games will appear in subsequent issues.

J.W.J.

**HAS
OPTIMISTIC
PAGES.**

**LEAVES
EVERYBODY
AMIABLE,
FRANKLY.**

**GOVERNORS
AND**

**ZEALOUS
EMPLOYEES**

THANK

**THE
EDITOR.**

PETER BLOOMFIELD.

CRICKET

It is hoped that the "VANNERS." full programme for the season be carried through by our old players who are made to get to the inn they halt, harnessed in pairs to the heavy drays—Haulers of ale and malt.

Patient and passive, cheek to cheek,
 All in their trappings decked.
 There, by the curb, in their coats so sleek
 Stand they with foam-spots flecked.

Here is a couple black as soot
 Ready to start again.
 —Ready and eager, with pawing foot,
 —Ready to answer the rein.

There, to the country gallop the roans,
 Out from the square and street
 —Out past the pines, with their brittle cones,
 —Out past the pearly wheat.

Then when their task is fully done
 —When half the sky glows red,
 Homeward they'll jog, at a steady run,
 —Homeward to oats and bed.

Sad, without motors, would be our plight
 —Petrol we need, of course :
 But for a spasm of sheer delight
 Give me a spanking horse !

S. E. COLLINS.

LIGHTER SIDE.

TEACHER : " Who was the smartest inventor ? "

PUPIL : " Thomas A. Edison. He invented the phonograph and radio so people would stay up all night and use his electric light bulbs. "

* * * * *

" Above all things," said the long-winded orator, " we must have rigid economy. Now, what do I mean by rigid economy ? "

" A dead Aberdonian," replied a weary member of the audience.

" There's a glorious echo around here," said the guide to the man who was touring the Lake District, " but you have to shout very loud. Now just yell ' Two pints of beer. ' " The tourist shouted and then listened intently.

" I don't hear the echo," he said at length.

" Oh, well," replied the guide, " here comes the innkeeper with our two pints of beer, anyway. "

A prominent business man fell in love with an actress and decided to marry her, but for the sake of prudence he employed a private detective to report on her life. When he received the report, it read as follows :—

" The lady has an excellent reputation, her past is without blemish, she has an excellent circle of pleasant friends. The only breath of scandal is that lately she has been seen a great deal in the company of a business man of doubtful repute. "

* * * * *

The proprietor of Bongle's Travelling Circus was looking worried as he faced his frowning company of performers. " You all know that business is bad just now," he said, " and that's why last week I could only pay you half-wages. This week things have been even worse ! "

A threatening growl came for the assembled artists. Mr. Bongle wiped his damp forehead and went on. " I've—I've gone—carefully into the matter of the cash in hand, and find I can only pay—er—two—I mean three of you this week. The three lucky ones are Hercules, the strong man, Dave Dauntless, the lion-tamer, and—er—Gorilla Gripper, the all-in wrestler. "

* * * * *

Outside a barber's shop a street musician started playing the euphonium.

After about five minutes, the barber went outside and said to him : " For Heaven's sake go away—you're taking the edge off my razor. "

* * * * *

Small in size and unshaven of face, the man entered the Labour Exchange to register in his age-group.

" House painter, I suppose ? " said the clerk, eyeing his paint-splashed overalls.

" No," said the little man. " I'm a dictator, but it's taking me a little while to work my way up. "

OFFICE BOY : "The manager told me to tell you that he glanced through those papers, sir."

CASHIER : "Just a cursory examination, I suppose?"

OFFICE BOY : "You're right, sir. I never heard such language in all my life."

* * * * *

A motorist was proceeding along one of the main roads of a small town in S— when the driver of a coal cart in front suddenly turned to his right down a side street.

After narrowly avoiding a collision the motorist demanded to know why the coalman didn't put out his arm to indicate which way he was going.

"Don't talk so daft," he replied, "I always go down that street."

Earth flew in all directions as the crimson-faced, would-be golfer attempted to strike the ball.

"My word," he blurted to his caddie, "the worms will think there's an earthquake."

"I don't know," replied the caddie. "The worms round here are crafty. I'll bet most of them are hiding under the ball for safety."

* * * * *

It was a very dissatisfied tenant who approached the landlord of the new house. "Look here," he said, "that house I've just taken from you is horribly draughty. I've spent pounds on heating arrangements, but wherever I sit my hair is blown all over my head. Can't you do something about it?"

The landlord shook his head. "I'm afraid not," he replied. "I think it would be easier and cheaper for you to get your hair cut."

* * * * *

A man had been endeavouring to write a telegram with a pen provided by the post office. After two or three ineffectual starts, he turned to the woman behind the counter and said : "Is this by any chance the pen used by King John at the signing of Magna Charta?"

The official replied : "Inquiries on the right, please!"

* * * * *

Amateur gardeners are advised to keep the pictures on their seed packets, so that later on they can see what their seeds would have looked like if they had come up.

BRANCHES.

BRISTOL.

RETIREMENT OF MR. H. W. GRIFFIN.

The retirement of Mr. H. W. Griffin, owing to ill-health, severed a link in his career at the Jacob Street Brewery which was forged in 1889. His successive appointments from shorthand clerk to chief clerk, and later from Secretary to Director, leave no doubt as to his unique grasp of our particular trade. His experienced knowledge of licensing and other legal matters was particularly valuable to the parent Company in 1935. Since that year, he unified "Hop Leaf" interests throughout the Bristol, South and West Wales areas, and it is much to be regretted that he found it impossible to continue the task, to which he applied so much energy and foresight. The seven years which he gave to us have been memorable and few men of his generation could have carried the work of transition through so successfully. All that Bristol Branch stands for to-day is in a great measure due to him.

His successor as Bristol Manager is Mr. J. H. Law, who is known in most places where "Hop Leaf" "centres of learning" are situated, and whose services with the Firm commenced in January, 1902, at Plymouth. He graduated as relief clerk from Reading to a number of home branches, until in 1912 he was appointed Chief Clerk at Salisbury. Then came the first Great War and as a member of the Wiltshire Regiment (T.A.) he was on active service overseas from November, 1914, to November, 1919. He resumed at Salisbury in January, 1920, and in 1927 was promoted to the Tamar Brewery, Devonport.

In March, 1935, he was moved to Bristol as outside Manager and since that date he has supervised our licensed properties in that area and the arrangements in connection with outdoor contracts which embraced Bath, Chepstow and Cheltenham Meetings, Royal Shows and other notable events.

APPOINTMENT OF SUCCESSOR.

For the purpose of officially announcing the retirement of Mr. H. W. Griffin and the appointment of Mr. J. H. Law as his successor on April 1st, Mr. A. R. Bradford (Manager, Branch Department at Reading) in the regretted absence of our Chairman and Managing Director, Mr. F. A. Simonds, owing to indisposition, presided over a gathering in the old Board Room, representative of every department.

Mr. Bradford spoke of Mr. Griffin's long connection with the Jacob Street Brewery and the deep regret of the Directors and

everyone at Reading and Bristol at the necessity for Mr. Griffin's retirement, particularly in respect of Mr. F. A. Simonds, who had always held Mr. Griffin in the greatest esteem and had a great regard for his business abilities. He recapitulated the great work which Mr. Griffin had done, and expressed the hope that he would soon be restored to health again; he also referred to the difficult task which any successor would have to follow where he had led. Mr. Bradford continued: "The Board of Directors have appointed Mr. J. H. Law, who has been amongst you for seven years and who, I believe, has already earned your confidence, to the position of Manager of Bristol Branch. I ask on their behalf for your fullest co-operation with him, so that the heavy responsibilities which will now rest upon him may be lightened by your loyalty and support."

Mr. H. H. Robertson (Head Brewer) and Mr. A. G. Stradling briefly paid tribute to their past experience with Mr. Law and assured Mr. Bradford that there would be nothing but the fullest co-operation from everyone. Mr. Law briefly thanked Mr. Bradford and all present for the very kind references. "I shall try hard to deserve them," he said. "We all deeply regret that Mr. Griffin could not carry on until happier times return, but I shall endeavour to continue as he would have done and to uphold and enhance the service and traditions of the great 'Hop Leaf' family of which we are all a part."

A PRESENTATION.

On April 29th, representatives from every department met Mr. H. W. Griffin in the old Board Room for the ceremony of a presentation to mark the occasion of his retirement after nearly 53 years' association with the Jacob Street Brewery.

The "guest of honour" was warmly welcomed by all and this evidence of the regard of so many of his old colleagues visibly touched Mr. Griffin, who listened to the introductory words of this pleasing little ceremony, which were spoken by Mr. J. H. Law, who said, "It is my great privilege and pleasure, at this rather large family gathering this morning, to express to you the feelings of not only those present, but also of the many more in and around this Brewery who realise, with esteem and almost veneration, how much they owe to you and to your guidance through so many years past. Your name will find a permanent place in the history of Jacob Street Brewery, while your achievements here will remain as a shining example of what ability and concentration can accomplish, for generations to come." He continued: "We cannot let this occasion pass without first assuring you of our deep pleasure in having you with us again, and to voice our sincerest wishes that

you may, with business cares gone, be able peacefully to enjoy your well-earned rest, and we can promise you a warm welcome whenever you are able to look in upon us, as we hope you will, from time to time. I will now call upon our senior colleague, Mr. H. D. Long, to express to you in his own words the feelings of us all."

Mr. Long then recalled his very long association with Mr. Griffin since 1897, and of "the affection in which he is held." He added: "His encouragement and example at all times have been an inspiration to us all, whether times were rough or smooth, and we deeply regret that owing to ill-health he has had to leave the direction of this Brewery behind him. We hope, Sir," he continued, "that you will fully recover your health and strength and have many years of happy retirement before you. On behalf of the Staff and Employees of this Brewery I now have the honour to ask your acceptance of these tokens of our esteem and gratitude." Mr. Long then uncovered the following gifts which lay on the table before him:

A solid silver salver, inscribed on reverse:

"Presented by the Staff and Employees of

H. & G. Simonds Ltd., Jacob Street Brewery, Bristol,

to

H. W. GRIFFIN, ESQ.,

on the occasion of his retirement,

March 31st, 1942."

Also an oak (timepiece pattern) barometer with inscription:

H. W. GRIFFIN, ESQ., 1889—1942."

Mr. Griffin slowly rose and quietly said: "Mr. Law, Mr. Long and everyone, I can only thank you for what you have said and for these very charming tokens of appreciation for whatever I may have done. They will always be to me a link with this place and you all." Mr. Griffin then recalled his earliest years at Jacob Street and how each successive step to the Director's chair had been the result of never turning a job down, however difficult it may have at first appeared to be. "That," he said, "is the real secret of individual commercial progress." With touches of humour he referred to many incidents of the past, and how many of those present had helped him to get over so many difficulties. He spoke of their good fortune when, in 1935, by their incorporation in the "Hop Leaf" family, their future interests were so firmly secured. "It was a good job for everyone," he said, "that such

a firm as H. & G. Simonds Ltd. took us over, and I wish you all good fortune in the days ahead. You will always be in my thoughts," he concluded, "and I even hope one day to see a new Bottled Beer Department on Broad Plain. Again, my sincerest thanks for your gifts."

Mr. H. H. Robertson associated the whole of the productive side of the Brewery with his own feelings on such an occasion. "When I first came here," he said, "I formed the opinion that Mr. Griffin was the fount of all Brewing Trade knowledge. No question seemed to worry him or present any great difficulty. My experience during the years between have not caused me to alter that opinion. We have to thank his foresight for the tunnel under the Eastern Way, and I do hope that one day he will be able to see the full result of that planning. We hope he will have a quiet and happy retirement, and that the barometer will be set fair for both Mr. and Mrs. Griffin for many years to come."

Mr. F. W. Gleed also spoke on behalf of the clerical and departmental staffs, and especially thanked Mr. Griffin for "the unfailing help and support he has always given to me during our long association together."

Our warmest thanks are due to the Presentation Committee, who, under the Chairmanship of Mr. W. H. Wheeler, brought the interpretation of everyone's wishes to so successful a conclusion. In addition to Mr. Wheeler, these were: Miss G. E. Cockram, Messrs. H. C. Hillman, H. D. Long, H. H. Robertson and A. G. Stradling. Their arrangements and team-work throughout earned our highest appreciation.

PORTSMOUTH.

MILLIONAIRES!

Portsmouth people are exceedingly proud of the result of their Warship Week. To raise the sum of £1,286,043 (£86,043 over the target aimed at) was indeed an achievement worthy of the great effort and the cause. Incidentally, too, members of the Trade have every reason to be gratified with the part they took in the appeal. Their customers responded right nobly, and some of the individual collections at licensed houses were really remarkable. The eulogy of Viscount Simon when he acknowledged the cheque was richly deserved. Well done, Pompey!

"A CITY OF GALLANT HEARTS."

Admiral Sir William James, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth, paid a splendid tribute to the City in a Warship Week appeal, part of which is well worth preserving.

"Since Tudor days," Sir William wrote, "the face of Portsmouth has changed. The narrow cobbled streets, the little waterside houses, the rough mariners in motley dress, all disappeared long ago. Maybe, however, the spirits of those dauntless old-time sailors hover round Anchor Lane and Rope Walk and watch with pride those who have followed them in the never-ending task of keeping the flag flying in the seven oceans. I hope it is so. I do not know. But what I do know is that nothing ever has dimmed, and nothing ever will dim, the pride of Portsmouth people in the Royal Navy, a pride doubly justified by the noble part Portsmouth has taken through the centuries in equipping and manning His Majesty's ships.

"Once again the people of Portsmouth are bending their wills and their energies to the task of defending their country, their homes and their children against the onslaughts of a vile and ruthless enemy. . . . Once again every street is proud of its men who are sweeping the mines, guarding the convoys, attacking the enemy . . . enduring without complaint the rigours of the Arctic or the fierce heat of the Equator in order that England, their England, may live. . . . I know, too, that where there is sun there is shadow, and just because Portsmouth gives of its best to man the Fleet shadows lie across every street in the City. But Portsmouth hearts beat bravely, and to pride in the gallant sacrifice of a husband or son is added steely determination to be worthy of him and of the cause for which he gave his life. Portsmouth to-day, like Portsmouth of old, is thus a City of gallant hearts and high endeavour."

INNS OF OLD PORTSMOUTH.

Apropos our note in a recent issue concerning "The George" hotel, which, alas, has disappeared with all its romantic associations, a reader of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE reminds us that the old hostelry dated back to the reign of James I. "How many of your readers," he asks, "know that originally the house was known by the sign of 'The Waggon and Lamb'? It was in those days a thatched building of unpretentious appearance: in front of it was a stone drinking trough used by stage coach and other horses. It was even then the rendezvous of great naval officers and prosperous tradesmen, and nightly it resounded with the mirth of its patrons."

As years rolled by the hotel was enlarged and modernized, and it reached the zenith of its glory in the closing years of the eighteenth century when it was the recognized resort of such naval heroes as Howe, Hood, Duncan, Jervis, Rodney and Collingwood, and equally distinguished soldiers, statesmen, men of letters and royalty. "Room 15," in which Nelson slept the night before he sailed on his last voyage, was preserved intact, and until it was blitzed a year ago was visited almost daily by sightseers from all over the world.

"FIGHTING HOLBROOKS."

Congratulations to Sir Arthur Holbrook, who celebrated his 92nd birthday anniversary in mid-April. The Colonel is a really remarkable man, still full of vigour and energy, and he seldom even now misses one of his many business engagements. Himself an active soldier, he has six sons and ten grandsons in the Services, and it will be recalled that Norman Holbrook, one of his naval sons, won a V.C. in the Great War for his daring submarine exploit in the Dardanelles.

Sir Arthur told a good story against himself at a recent meeting of a company he was attending. Arriving at Waterloo Station to go to the meeting he hailed a taxi. A bitterly cold east wind was blowing and the taxi-man complained of the cold. "We old 'uns feel it," he remarked. Sir Arthur looked at him and quietly commented, "Old 'uns! How old are you?" "I'm 67, Sir," answered the driver. "Well, if I live until April I shall be 92," said the gallant Colonel. Like Paddy's parrot, the taxi-man said nothing, but he evidently thought a good deal during the journey. When Sir Arthur got out of the taxi and tendered the fare the driver remarked, "Blime, you 92! I ain't going to tell you you're a blooming liar, Sir, but that's what you are"—and he pushed out his clutch and disappeared among the traffic.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

They had had a little argument. When the wife went into the hall she met the maid and became suspicious.

"Mary, were you listening?" she asked the girl.

"No, ma'am."

"Mary, don't deny it—your hair is still standing on end."

* * * *

When I saw my wife in her wedding dress I likened her to a lily. She turned out to be a nettle.

HOTELS & CATERING DEPARTMENT

MESSRS. H. & G. SIMONDS LTD.,

THE BREWERY - - - READING.

Telephone: READING 3431.

Hotels under the same control:

ANCHOR HOTEL,
KENNFORD, NR. EXETER.
Telephone No.: Kennford 274.

ANGEL HOTEL,
HIGH STREET, STAINES.
Telephone No.: Staines 156

ANGLERS' HOTEL,
EGHAM.
Telephone No.: Egham 99.

BACON ARMS HOTEL,
OXFORD STREET, NEWBURY.
Telephone No.: Newbury 408.

BATH ARMS HOTEL,
CHEDDAR, SOMERSET.
Telephone No.: Cheddar 25.

BLACK PRINCE HOTEL,
PRINCES RISBOROUGH.
Telephone No.: Princes Risborough 76.

BUSH HOTEL,
MARKET PLACE, WOKINGHAM.
Telephone No.: Wokingham 134.

CROWN HOTEL,
WEST MARKET PLACE, CIRENCESTER.
Telephone No.: Cirencester 288.

CHEDDAR CHEESE,
BROAD STREET, READING.
Telephone No.: Reading 381811.

THE DEVEREUX,
20, DEVEREUX COURT, STRAND, W.C.2.
Telephone No.: Central 4740.

EASTGATE HOTEL,
IN "THE HIGH," OXFORD.
Telephone No.: Oxford 2694.

EVENLODE HOUSE,
EYNESHAM.
Telephone No.: Eynesham 215.

GERSTON HOTEL,
PAIGNTON.
Telephone No.: Paignton 5016.

GROSVENOR HOUSE,
CAVERSHAM.
Telephone No.: Reading 72045.

KING'S ARMS HOTEL,
STOKENCHURCH.
Telephone No.: Radnage 43

MARQUIS OF LORNE,
READING.
Telephone No.: Reading 317611.

QUEEN'S HOTEL,
FARNBOROUGH, HANTS.
Telephone No.: Farnborough 1000.

QUEEN'S HOTEL,
MARKET PLACE, NEWBURY.
Telephone No.: Newbury 47.

ST. GEORGE & DRAGON HOTEL,
WARGRAVE, BERKS.
Telephone No.: Wargrave 15.

SHIP HOTEL,
READING.
Telephone No.: Reading 302911

SUNNINGDALE HOTEL,
SUNNINGDALE, BERKS.
Telephone No.: Ascot 208.

WATERSIDE HOTEL,
THREE BEACHES, PAIGNTON.
Telephone No.: Paignton 57553.