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**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.

JULY, 1942.

No. 10.

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



MR. T. BARTHOLOMEW.

## MR. T. BARTHOLOMEW.

To the wide circle of sportsmen throughout the length and breadth of the Firm, particularly those who have devoted themselves to cricket and football, Mr. Tom Bartholomew will need no introduction.

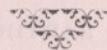
Entering the Firm's employ as an apprentice in the Cooperage Department, he completed fifty years' service in January, 1941. A craftsman of the highest order, with a reputation for reliability and the excellence of his work, Mr. Bartholomew has nothing to learn in the art of cooperage. During his long service many thousands of casks have passed through his hands, and the comparative rarity of faulty casks is in no small measure due to his keen supervision.

Mr. Bartholomew first played cricket for the Seven Bridges Brewery Cricket XI when he was about sixteen years of age, and developed into a hard-hitting batsman and a skilful wicket-keeper. He topped the batting average for many seasons and was the winner of a gold medal (of which Mr. F. Kirby was the donor) for making the most runs in a season. He captained the Brewery XI for many years before the Great War, and for several seasons after. It is recorded that Mr. Bartholomew had a number of big scores to his credit, including several centuries.

Not only has Mr. Bartholomew been a great cricketer and earned a fine reputation on the field of sport, but he has "played the game" in every walk of life.

In addition to Mr. Bartholomew's prowess in the world of sport, he has made a notable success in the sphere of music in which he has always taken a keen interest and delight. As a member of the Reading Choral Society, in which he took the bass parts, he has sung in the choir at the Royal Albert Hall and Queen's Hall, London. For many years he was a chorister in the Shinfield Church and rendered solos in anthems and carols. On the sterner side we find that Mr. Bartholomew was a member of the 1st Volunteer Battalion, The Royal Berkshire Regiment, before the Boer War.

He trained his daughters Phyllis and Joan as athletes, the former winning the Empire Championship and Women's Championship of England for long jumps. Joan specialised in sprint races.



*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.)



## SAFE AND WELL.

After the severe fighting in the Middle East, where Mr. F. A. Simonds' two sons are serving, he and Mrs. Simonds are naturally much relieved to hear that they are both safe and well.

## A VICAR AND THE "HOP LEAF GAZETTE."

A well-known Vicar writes to me as follows :—

"I have always enjoyed the HOP LEAF GAZETTE, although it has often scandalised some of my brethren to see it regularly on the study table of a parson ! I first knew of its existence when on holiday at Evian-les-Bains when Mr. Eric Simonds was there and I was the acting Chaplain. He was very kind to my wife and myself, and we remember him with something like affection.

"I think you must be careful about your Bible references, especially the one about 'taking a little wine for the stomach's sake.' A temperance reformer once told me that it really means, 'Rub it on the outside.' Can you beat it ?

"The man who writes the Nature Note is an artist, while the general set-out and presentation of the whole paper reflects the greatest credit on you all. I only wish some of you could come over to my parish and run my magazine for me.

"With my cordial best wishes for the continued success of the HOP LEAF GAZETTE. If God Almighty did not intend us to have a social glass, what did He make hops for ? I ask you, chums ? "

## TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AS MANAGER.

Mr. F. C. Hawkes has just completed twenty-five years as Manager of the Home Department. By his quiet efficiency and great courtesy Mr. Hawkes has gained the high respect of all privileged to come in contact with him.

May he long continue in his high office—I am sure that is the ardent wish of us all !

## "OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES . . ."

A letter from the Lord Mayor of London (Sir John Laurie) is now on its way to June Horrocks, of Hamilton, Ontario. On her eighth birthday recently June got lots of presents, including a scarf and pair of stockings, a complete set of doll's clothing, and a bracelet mascot that she had been wanting for a long time.

June looked at all her presents, then wrapped them up again and posted every one of them to the Lord Mayor for his Empire Air Raid Distress Fund. She hoped, she said, that some other little girl who had been bombed out of her home would enjoy all these gifts.

In his letter of thanks Sir John tells her that her birthday presents will brighten the lives of children who lost their homes in Singapore, and are now completely dependent upon his Empire Fund.

## THE PERFECT KITCHEN MAID.

In 1917, pretty, bird-like Miss Alice Furber, of Stoke-on-Trent, left her home to join the Navy and Army Canteen Board as a kitchen-maid in a canteen. In 1921, when N.A.A.F.I. was founded, Alice Furber was taken over—as a kitchen-maid. To-day she is still at work in a N.A.A.F.I. canteen—as a kitchen-maid. During twenty-four years of unbroken service for the troops, Miss Furber has persistently refused tempting offers of promotion—she has remained the perfect kitchen-maid. Her manageresses have all told the same story—"With Alice in the kitchen nothing goes wrong. . . ."

To-day she is left alone in the world, apart from her N.A.A.F.I. friends. The canteen has become her home, her world, her life. She can seldom be persuaded to leave it, even for a day. She is still pretty, still bird-like, and beloved by all who meet her—and she is still a kitchen-maid.

## TOOK HIS ADVICE !

The temperance lecturer had warmed to his subject.

"Who has the most money to spend?" he thundered. "The publican. Who runs around in a fine car? The publican. Who has fine fur coats? The publican's wife. And who pays for all these? You, my friends, you."

A short time later a man and a woman stopped the lecturer in the street and thanked him for his advice.

The lecturer looked gratified. "I am indeed glad," he said, "that you have given up the evils of drink."

"Oh, no, we haven't done that," was the smiling reply. "We've bought a pub!"

## THE OLD FARM-HOUSE.

Often you've heard of places where time is said to stand still, writes Pte. Dee in the *Universe*. The other day I found one—a rambling old farm, hidden by trees on top of a hill. A plaque on a brick barn wall attracted me first. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," it said, in old-fashioned lettering. Good folks live here, I thought. Then an old man came out and invited me in for a cup of tea. The cups were really old, painted golden, and very elaborate, with different letterings on the side of each. "Love the Giver," it read on mine. . . . And all the clocks were an hour slow, though this is probably for milking and feeding purposes.

## "THERE'S A WAR ON!"

Writing from a prisoner of war camp, Capt. N. M. Thornycroft asks, "Can you beat this in a letter from a friend who has been in England all the war?"

"—I expect you're having to do without a lot of home comforts, but you must remember there's a war on."

Letter is published in July's *The Prisoner of War*.

## ON HALLOWED GROUND.

The midshipman took the ship's bearings, and brought his calculations to the captain.

"Young man," said the captain solemnly, "kneel down, for you are on hallowed ground. According to your observations we are now in the middle of Westminster Abbey."

## THAT COCKTAIL CABINET !

A man went to make an inventory of a furnished house. The first thing he came across was a cocktail cabinet. When the mistress returned about two hours later the man was lying on the floor and there was only one entry in his notebook: "One revolving carpet."

## SAUSAGES IN SYRUP !

N.A.A.F.I. canteen and messing staffs have been receiving frequent culinary shocks since the American troops arrived in this country. At first they thought their legs were being pulled, but they are now becoming so accustomed to serving odd meals that they do not turn a hair when they are asked for chipped potatoes ("French fried" to a dyed-in-the-wood American) and jam scones, or sausages dipped in syrup and served on toast, or even bacon covered with jam and mustard!

## DANGEROUS CORNER.

On a sentimental pilgrimage to their old home town an elderly couple lingered at a street corner.

"Do you remember, John," the old lady sighed sentimentally, "we always used to meet here when we were courting?"

"Yes, my dear," replied her husband, "but that sign wasn't there then."

And he pointed to the notice, which read :

DANGEROUS CORNER :  
GO SLOW

## "CHAUFFEURETTES" FOR N.A.A.F.I. CARS.

To release men drivers for heavier transport duties, N.A.A.F.I. is employing women for its staff cars, and three have taken up their appointments at N.A.A.F.I. headquarters. The three "chauffeurettes"—as they have been christened by the men drivers—boast an aggregate of 46 years' driving, with completely clean licences, and had to pass a stiff test before they were engaged. The three girls—Mary, Marjorie and Molly—are Mrs. M. Phillippe, of Berkshire, widow of an officer killed in Belgium in 1940; Miss M. Jarry, of Surrey, who previously drove a Civil Defence ambulance; and Miss M. Raworth, who was a philanthropic canteen worker and well-known as a Surrey amateur golfer playing in inter-County matches.

## EQUALLY GOOD HUMAN FOOD.

Mr. R. S. Hudson, Minister of Agriculture, told the Council of Agriculture: "We shall be very lucky, having regard to shipping, if we get through the next two years of war with only putting rye in our bread."

A MEMBER : Will steps be taken to prevent it being used for brewing?

MR. HUDSON : If it is used for beer it is an equally good human food.

## "S.B." IN LAHORE.

Our Mr. A. G. Richardson is an experienced airman, and has "done his bit." A Pilot Officer friend of his writes to him a long and interesting letter from which I am privileged to make the following extracts:

"I have been out here some time, and I am having a simply marvellous time, with never a dull moment—you've probably realised this from the papers. Life is quite exciting, and though I say it myself, we are doing very well and the score is very

satisfactory. I wish I could tell you more. Our main grumble out here is the acute shortage of anything to drink—there is no beer at all, and it is virtually impossible to obtain any spirits. However, the Officers' Mess does occasionally manage to get a bottle of gin which doesn't last very long. You may or may not be surprised to learn that I was able to obtain a bottle of 'S.B.' at Lahore a few months ago—you must have a terrific export trade.

"I have just had a wizard leave. I stayed at a place where there was some good shooting and swimming, and I really enjoyed myself. We went on *shikari* which was singularly unsuccessful, but frightfully exciting. However, we had far better luck with wood pigeons with which the countryside abounds. It looks as if it will be a long time before I get a tiger as we did not see any sign of one on our *shikari*."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

R. I. Flay, Shpt. 4/C,  
D/MX75649, Mess 3,  
H.M.S.—  
c/o G.P.O., London.  
May 27th, 1942.

To the Editor,  
Dear Sir,

I see from your edition of April, which reached me a few days ago, that one of your "clients" in the R.A. recently returned to England, has paid a great tribute to your excellent light ale. I'm afraid he must have been one of the lucky ones. I've been here several months and haven't seen, let alone tasted any, and being formerly with my father, who is a tenant of H. & G. Simonds at the Royal Oak, Cargreen, Cornwall, it certainly takes a bit of sticking. Most of the other lads agree with me, and in these difficult times anxiously await an arrival of supplies from Reading.

By the way if ever anyone visits Sierra Leone, please note that a certain locally "brewed" (?) liquor which goes under the name of Palm Wine, will produce results which are not altogether pleasant, especially after consuming about four bottles! Well, I shall certainly look forward to tasting a good drop of "wallop" after this "turn-out" is over, so—here's to the next time.

RUSSELL I. FLAY.

P.S.—Is the egg of the long-tailed tit the smallest of British birds? In a recent argument a friend of mine said the wren laid the smallest eggs.

[The egg of the gold-crest is the smallest British bird's egg. Its size is .55 by .42 inches. The gold-crest's egg is of a pale flesh colour or faint brown.—C.H.P.]

## NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

## MORE ABOUT FLY FISHING.

## DIFFICULT CONDITIONS.

When my friend and I arrived at the little trout stream we found the water very low and as clear as gin. It was indeed a flaming June day. The heat made us perspire freely and the flies buzzed around and on our faces by the thousand. We looked at each other and agreed that the conditions were indeed difficult, and that it seemed as if we were in for a lean time—so far as catching trout was concerned. We decided to fish fine and far off and, affixing the smallest of flies to 4x gossamer gut, we set to work and persevered in the blazing sun. Only here and there, at long intervals, did we see a rise. Under the overhanging trees and over big banks of rushes were the likeliest places, even if they were the most difficult. At long last my friend drew blood. He threw his fly so that it alighted in the fast-flowing water of a little channel between some weeds right away under the far bank of the river. A fine fish, evidently, who meant business came for it in determined fashion, seized it, and was soon being skilfully played. In due time I placed the landing-net in the water and my friend coaxed the trout to within reach. I gently lifted the trout from the water—a prize indeed—weighing 1½ lb.

## WITH GRIM DETERMINATION

Well, I don't like to be beaten, and I then set to work with grim determination fishing some very difficult and dangerous pieces of water; water where, even if I hooked a fish, the odds would be on the trout smashing me up before I could get him into clear water. At one such spot I rose a good fish, struck like lightning, but ever so gently. I knew I was well into him, but how to guide him through the dense weeds and then get him over the high rushes was another matter. You cannot take undue risks with gut as fine as 4x. Realising my plight my friend came to my assistance, but even when I had got the better of the

argument with the trout we found that the bed of rushes was much too wide for the fish to be reached with the net, and we were not prepared to wade. There was only one thing to do. I decided to play the fish until he was dead beat, and as it was far too risky to lift him from the water on such slender tackle I held on to him until my friend had procured a long stick. With this he beat down the rushes and made a little pathway through them. Over this I pulled my trout—he was almost mine now—inch by inch, but ever so gently, until he was within reach of the net, and then my friend lifted him on to the bank. Though exhausted, the fish was by no means done, for when he was laid on the bank he gave one mighty kick and smashed my trace as though it were tinder. I was lucky to bank him under such circumstances and placed him in my creel with real pride. He, too, was well over a pound in rare condition and, indeed, a speckled beauty!

## A PERFECT JUNE DAY.

In spite of the heat we fished, and fished, and fished! And by the time we reeled-in each of us was rewarded with a couple of brace that would have done credit to any creel. It was a perfect June day—almost too perfect from the point of view of the heat and the perspiration rolled down our foreheads in big beads. But it was well worth while for the countryside was looking at its best. The cuckoo was calling, calling, and so were the black-caps and the sedge warblers, while a grasshopper warbler was reeling out his peculiar song, if such it can be called. I noticed one sedge warbler going to and fro, to and fro, regularly entering a reed-covered little bush by the waterside. Peeping into the bush I espied her slender, beautifully built nest containing five bonny little babies. I wonder how many journeys the mother bird made during the course of a day in order to satisfy the appetites of her chicks?

## SNIPE AND FROGHOPPERS.

In one spot in the meadows there was a vast quantity of cuckoo-spot, the froth with which the larva of the froghopper surrounds itself in order to protect it against its many enemies. Here we

flushed a number of snipe and each time we returned to the spot we found that the snipe had returned too. Were they feeding on the froghoppers, I wondered?

#### IRIS AND FORGET-ME-NOTS

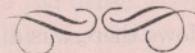
The yellow iris was out in all its glory and there were masses of forget-me-nots. I don't think any human cultural skill can improve the beautiful colour of the wild riverside forget-me-not. I picked a bloom and, thinking that even Kew Gardens could produce nothing to excel it, thanked the Great Gardener for beautifying my path with such rich, rare colouring. The joyful birds and the wild flowers add untold pleasure to the other pleasures of a day by a meandering trout stream. There is something new and entertaining and beautiful at every turn. Such a day provides you with intense delight and the memories of it linger long afterwards.

#### A GREAT THOUGHT.

##### ONE LITTLE SECRET FOR A HAPPY LIFE.

*One secret for a sweet and happy life is learning to live by the day. It is the long stretches that tire us. We think of life as a whole, running on for us. We cannot carry this load until we are three score years and ten. We cannot fight this battle continually for half a century. But really these are no long stretches. Life does not come to us all at one time—it comes only a day at a time.*

*Even To-morrow is never ours until it becomes To-day, and we have nothing whatever to do with it but to pass down to it a fair and good inheritance in to-day's work well done, and to-day's life well lived.*



#### BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER).

The need for saving cannot be too strongly stressed, and anyone at The Brewery who would like to get in touch with Mr. A. H. Hopkins (Hon. Secretary of the H. & G. Simonds Savings Association) will obtain full details. A very popular method is by the aid of Savings Stamps, and these can be obtained from Mr. Hopkins who has all the denominations for sale, viz :—5/-, 2/6 and 6d. stamps. In Reading it is thought that a bigger effort can be made, so if this should meet the eye of anyone who wishes to do more, and they will call at the Correspondence Office, they will receive a welcome and all the information needed.

Our thoughts, at the moment, are of our boys who are out in the Middle East, and in a letter from S. Treacher to Mr. H. Threadgold he gives some interesting details. The letter, by the way, arrived within eight days of posting. He mentions he was lucky enough to get away from Tobruk before the road was closed, but that he left a lot of good friends there. Fred Smith (Accounts Department) was there when he left. The place where he was when he wrote boasted a sandy beach and in consequence he was able to get in some bathing with the water ever so warm. Also he was able to obtain tobacco, chocolate, cigarettes and, wonder of wonders, BEER. "Give my kind regards to all my friends at the Brewery," he says, and also pays a tribute to THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE which he much appreciates when he receives it. News of friends, who were with him here, he looks for in "Brewery Jottings."

Quite a number at the Brewery have received Airgraph letters from C. Langton who has arrived in the Middle East. He writes about his new life in a most interesting manner, and wishes to be remembered to everyone here.

Dick West (to everyone) has had an official intimation that his son is missing, also Picket of the Transport Department is missing. Both these boys were in the Middle East.

A letter has been received from N. Lipscombe to say that he was safe and well ; it was written in the early part of June.

We have had visits from quite a number of our lads who are now in the Services, and first on the list is F. Kemp of the Brewing Department who has been home on embarkation leave. Young Paice tells me he has made excellent progress in flying instruction and expects to go overseas soon for completion of training as a Pilot. M. Rickards who is in the Tanks called in, and looked ever so well and fit. R. Skidmore has passed his course and is now an Air Gunner Instructor in the R.A.F. He felt very happy about

it all, and it will be remembered by references to him in previous issues of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE that he has done quite a lot of operational flying. V. Saunders (Navy) was feeling better and had been posted to a shore station for a while to complete his recovery. G. Poole (R.A.F.) from Northern Ireland made a call, and all remarked how well he looked—in fact, he has never looked better. It was evident the life agreed with him and he was feeding well. Another caller was S. Collins, and he was on embarkation leave. Looking ever so fit, when he told us about the food he was having it was obvious he was living on the fat of the land. E. Crutchley came in for a short spell just before returning to duty and looked a picture of health. J. Bradford, home on a short week-end leave from the North, told us of long route marches and very strenuous training, so he is being made very "tough." Nevertheless his training was doing him a lot of good. Others who paid us visits were Messrs. A. H. Morgan, L. Fullbrook, A. Turner and S. R. Gray. The last-named was quite pleased with himself, and his station somewhere in the South from his account was quite a pleasant spot.

News has been received of R. Boddington, and in a letter to Mr. W. Bradford he says how his training was being speeded up. He is in the Royal Army Service Corps.

R. Broad (son of Reg. Broad of the General Office) has been called up for war work, and is now busy as a trainee and making very good progress.

No news has been received of H. Drury or A. V. Hedgington, both of whom were in Malaya when it was captured by the Japanese. There has been nothing further heard of F. W. Clark who was on H.M.S. *Belmont*, and which was sunk by enemy action some while ago.

As I learn from many quarters that news of any of our lads who are serving is so much appreciated, if anyone receives letters or any other communications and they will pass them on to the writer he will be only too glad to include any item of interest in these notes each month. Will all departments please note?

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

The Prince of Wales, Tilehurst (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Mrs. L. W. Breakspear.

The Three Tuns, Staines (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Mr. H. E. Bailey.

The Red Lion, Burbage (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Mrs. F. R. Goddard.

The Duke of York, Aldershot (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Mr. H. R. Elgar.

The Nursery Inn, Ascot (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Mr. G. Butler.

### WORDS OF WISDOM.

If we could push aside the gates of life,  
And stand within, and all God's workings see,  
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,  
And for each mystery could find the key.

---

Life is just a game to play ;  
Play it !  
When you have a thing to say ;  
Say it !  
Do not stammer "if" or "but,"  
Courage takes the shortest cut.  
When your task is hard to do ;  
Grit your teeth and see it through.

---

Life is just a prize to get ;  
Get it !  
If the stage is not well set ;  
Set it !  
Men of mettle seldom find  
What they're looking for behind.  
Fate is passing down the street,  
Follow him with nimble feet.

---

Strength of character can only grow in the right soil.

---

If selfishness is dominant in your heart, you can never find or experience genuine Peace.

---

Faith and goodwill are indestructible ; like Truth they remain.

---

It is our aim that the children of to-morrow shall enjoy better health and beauty. Will they also have a better understanding of duty ?

---

People say we come into this world with nothing and leave it with nothing. I love to try and make sure of taking with me an enriched mind.

## CRICKET.

If cricket were judged solely by the results of each match, then the period now under review would be regarded as disastrous. There is only one high spot when victory came our way and then it was achieved by the ladies' team. The Saturday XI can only claim a modified success in one drawn game : even then the balance of runs at the closure was more in favour of our opponents.

During the four weeks ending 20th June, the Saturday team has played four games, losing three and drawing one ; the Youths lost all four and the Ladies played two and are even on balance, winning and losing one.

Despite this poor record the games have been most enjoyable and in one match in particular our team and the spectators had an exhibition of batting that came up to County class.

Now for a few lines on the games themselves.

*May 30th. SIMONDS 40 v. 45TH DET., R.A.P.C. 81 for 7.*

We got off to a bad start from which no recovery was made. Two wickets down for as many runs and then Morgan and Chandler held the fort and runs began to come along. However, the stand was broken at 15 and the bowlers again took charge. The two batsmen named each got 9 and Benham was the next highest with 8.

For the R.A.P.C. Rothero took four for 5, Kennedy three for 18, and Ward two for 14.

The first two mentioned opened the batting and had put on 14 before being separated. The next partnership carried the score to 36. Three runs later we got another one down, but the fourth wicket just passed our total by one. After that it did not matter much and the opportunity was taken to try out several new bowlers. Chandler, Lambourne and Doe each took a couple and Beechy had the other.

*June 6th. SIMONDS 51 for 7 v. R.A.F. 114 for 6 dec.*

Our opponents for this match came in from the country and soon showed their ability with the bat. Forty runs were on the board before we could claim a wicket. Then came along a gentleman from the West Indies who gave a beautiful exhibition of batting. When two short of his half century, he was well taken near the boundary by E. Greenaway, who had positioned himself well in anticipation. The second and subsequent wickets fell at 54, 64, 100, 110 and 114, when the R.A.F. declared. E. Scott took the bowling honours with four for 22.

Again we made a bad start, losing a wicket in the first over without cost to the bowler. Rumour has it that Mr. Doe did not even see the ball after it was delivered. Morgan and Lambourne added 10, but another wicket fell at the same total, and the succeeding batsmen only added a few each. When time was called Harding and Sexton were in possession and had then made 7 and 2 respectively. Lambourne was top scorer with 19.

Gattwood (five for 23), Hanton (one for 8) and Green (one for 12) were the bowlers.

*June 13th. SIMONDS 40 v. F.T.C., R.A.F., 85 for 5.*

Again we faced the wearers of the light blue uniform and again our batting was not strong enough to put a respectable score on the board. In fact, no double figures appear in the book, eight being made twice, by Morgan and Benham. W/Comdr. Price took five for 23 and Cpl. Dodkins five for 16.

In spite of our own poor score, our lads set about the opposition and for a time the result looked very open. Scott claimed a wicket with the first ball of the innings ; Greenaway got the next with only 8 runs recorded. The first named got the third with the aid of the wicket-keeper 12 runs later, and in the next over with 4 runs added Greenaway got the fourth. That ended our success, for W/Comdr. Price and W/O Calder joined forces and carried the score to 69 before being separated. With the latter's contribution at 35 and the total at 85, the innings was closed. Hillier held a catch to give Sexton the fifth wicket.

As there was some time on hand, we had another knock, but the innings was not completed. Thank you, R.A.F., for the sportsmanship.

*June 20th. SIMONDS 45 v. OLD BLUES 83.*

In this match we had three old members in our side, viz., A. J. Hawkins, G. Kelly and W. Neville, they being home on leave. Unfortunately, they did not give us that additional batting strength desired.

We batted first, but found that Frank Richardson was in fine form with the ball. He claimed seven of the wickets for just over 2 runs apiece. E. Greenaway was the only man to have a "go" and he made 13 before being bowled.

We attacked with the same pair of bowlers as last week and they soon got busy. In the first six overs we had got four down for 9, Scott claiming three of these with only 1 run against him. Richardson came in and held up one end and had made 19 before being run out by a good throw in from the long field, Poole then being his partner. The fifth and sixth wickets fell at 26, so we

still stood a fighting chance. The next partnership brought the scores level, but we could not get another down before 67 were on the board. The total went up to 83 and then Greenaway took the last two wickets in one over. His three cost 27, Scott got four for 15, A. J. Hawkins and A. Benham each took one for 5 and 12 respectively.

Poole made 31 and Smith helped the side along with 16.

#### YOUTHS.

"Beaten by seven" was the announcement concerning our game with the 381 A.T.C. That did not sound too dreadful, but when the subsequent remark was "They scored 11," it made one sit up and take notice. Our bowlers, Brooks (four for 2) and Cottam (five for 8), did their part, but the least said about our batting the better.

Our next venture was against Battle and a very keen game ensued. We batted first and our score crept along slowly, with wickets falling at fairly regular intervals : 23 was the total. Three lads each made 5.

We started off well by getting a wicket in the first over, but our score had been equalled at the fall of the second. The next partnership got the winning hit ; the following one brought it up to 25, and there it stayed for the rest of the innings.

Brooks took six wickets for 4 runs and Sampson three for 9.

June 9th saw us on the King's Meadows facing Huntley and Palmers. Their team was not at full strength and we put them in to bat. They made 45 for seven, Butler (21) and Kirby (11) being the top scorers. Brooks and Sampson again were the chief bowlers, taking three each, and Cottam had the other.

Our scoring was a little more consistent. After a rather poor start in which three fell for 9, we went up to 25, but could not get that little extra which means so much and we finished up 3 runs behind. Cottam was the only one to reach double figures. Butler followed up his batting by taking eight for 18.

The last match in the present series was against the Y.M.C.A. This was played on Prospect Park as our Sports Ground was otherwise occupied.

The least said about our batting the better, for we could only put 15 in the book. Benham and Pierce, for the Y.M., each took five for 7. In the overs allowed, Y.M. scored 57 for seven, Benham getting 17 of them and Lewis 11 ; Brooks and Sampson each took three wickets and one was run out.

Now, boys, what about a win for a change? We don't want that wooden spoon in these times of rationing!

#### LADIES.

The match arranged for May 27th was cancelled, as the Post Office were unable to raise a team. In view of the weather prevailing during Whit-week, the conditions for playing evening games was not ideal, so that the cancellation was not altogether regretted.

On Wednesday, June 10th, we entertained the Reading University Ladies' team, who won by 28 runs. We batted first and made 25, Miss Shurmer claiming 11 of these. For a good while we held our opponents and it looked like being a close finish, they having lost seven wickets for 21 runs. One lady had to retire having been accidentally hit by a ball which cut her lip. The next partnership carried the score to 53, when time was called. These two had then made 11 and 20.

Miss Townsend again bowled well, having four maidens out of eleven overs and taking two wickets for 25. Miss Curtis took two for 5 runs ; Miss Hammond and Miss Ayres each got one for 7 and 14 respectively.

One June 17th we played the Reading University 2nd XI, at Elmhurst Road, and a remarkably close finish was seen, we ending up one run to the good.

We batted first and lost a wicket with the first ball delivered, but the next one put on 16. Miss Shurmer and Miss Hammond carried the score to 37, when the latter was run out. Eight runs were added for the next wicket, 71 in all. Congratulations to Miss Shurmer for her Captain's innings of 33 and to Miss Hammond for her 16. "Extras" helped us with 13.

Miss Barney was the most successful bowler for the 'Varsity taking five for 21.

We did not make such a sensational start in the field, but only 6 runs were made when the first wicket fell ; then the runs and wickets came along fairly regularly until the eighth was down, leaving 8 runs wanted. Six of these were scored and we got No. 9 and without further addition the last wicket.

Miss Townsend bowled well, taking five for 20. Miss Rowland had two for 17, and Miss Ayres one for 16.

Matches have now been arranged with Huntley & Palmers for Wednesday, 27th July, and Saturday, 29th August.

J.W.J.

## LADIES' TENNIS MATCH.

SIMONDS v. HUNTLEY &amp; PALMERS.

Played on Tuesday, June 23rd. Results :—

Mrs. Stillman and Mrs. Greenaway (Simonds) *tied with* Mrs. Windsor and Miss J. Hamblin, 6—3, 5—6.

Mrs. Huddy and Miss Beasley *lost to* Miss G. Blackwell and Miss K. Blackwell, 2—6, 3—6.

Mrs. Stillman and Mrs. Greenaway *beat* Miss G. Blackwell and Miss K. Blackwell, 4—4, 5—3.

Mrs. Huddy and Miss Beasley *tied with* Mrs. Windsor and Miss J. Hamblin, 5—3, 2—6.

## RETURN MATCH.

Played on Kensington Road Ground on Wednesday, 8th July. Results :—

Miss D. Nicker and Miss J. Hamblin (H. & P.'s) *beat* Mrs. Stillman and Mrs. Huddy, 6—2, 6—4.

Miss D. Nicker and Miss J. Hamblin *beat* Mrs. Greenaway and Mrs. Lawrence, 6—3, 6—1.

Miss D. Nicker and Miss J. Hamblin *beat* Miss Beasley and Miss Prosser, 6—3.

Miss G. Blackwell and Miss K. Blackwell *beat* Mrs. Greenaway and Mrs. Lawrence, 6—5, 6—1.

Miss G. Blackwell and Miss K. Blackwell *beat* Miss Beasley and Miss Prosser, 6—1, 6—3.

Miss Mundy and Miss Hames *tied with* Mrs. Stillman and Mrs. Huddy, 2—6, 5—6.

Miss Mundy and Miss James *tied with* Miss Beasley and Miss Prosser, 6—5, 3—6.

## OXFORD.

## SHAKESPEARE BIRTHDAY COMMEMORATION.

On the occasion of the Annual Pilgrimage in connection with the above, Mr. H. J. Timms (Oxford District Manager), was invited to the festival in the Painted Room in Cornmarket Street, Oxford. An extract from the report in the *Oxford Mail*, of the ceremonies, is reproduced below :—

The "Immortal Memory" of William Shakespeare was drunk in sack poured from wooden brass-bound bottles in the Painted Room, Cornmarket Street, Oxford, by a representative gathering of City and University.

The Painted Room, the discovery and preservation of which has been the task of Mr. E. W. Attwood, was once a bedroom of the Crown Tavern, which Shakespeare may have used when journeying from London to Stratford-on-Avon.

Shakespeare was also the god-father of Sir William Davenant, Poet Laureate, who was the son of the landlord of the Crown Tavern, John Davenant.

The Mayor said that they had gathered to pledge their remembrance, loyalty, honour and respect to one who had been associated with that room and was still associated with it.

He expressed his admiration of Mr. Attwood for the keen interest he had taken in restoring the room's historic paintings.

Mr. Attwood expressed his special pleasure at welcoming two representatives of the United States of America.

Shakespeare, he said, was known to have visited Oxford on eight occasions and probably used that room as his bedroom.

Prof. Edward Harlan Wilson said the majority of Americans felt that their roots lay in England, and they valued the preservation of such things as the Painted Room as much as the people of England.

"Shakespeare," he said, "is the great poet of the English language, and since most of our ancestors lived in England we in America feel that he also belongs to us."

## THE LATE MR. A. H. JONES.

It is with deep regret that we have to record the death of Mr. A. H. Jones, our representative for Witney District, who passed away on Thursday, June 11th.

Mr. Jones was associated with the Firm for more than 21 years, and was very popular amongst our many customers in this area. His genial and pleasant manner earned him a host of friends by whom he will be greatly missed.

He leaves a widow and two sons to whom we extend our sincere sympathy.

The funeral took place at Witney on Saturday, June 13th and the Firm was represented by Mr. H. J. Timms, Oxford Area Manager.

## LIGHTER SIDE.

A Chinese soldier in the course of conversation with a British soldier at Shanghai asked why the British almost always win their battles.

"Before goin' inter action," explained 'Tommy,' "we always pray."

To which the other retorted that the Chinese also prayed before a battle.

"Yus, but the point is, wot language do yer pray in?"

"In Chinese, of course."

"Well, that explains why yer don't win yer battles, don't it? 'Oo the 'ell understands Chinese?"

\* \* \* \*

A doctor states that women are eating too little. Figures prove it.

\* \* \* \*

"I've used up my fat ration this week, darling, so I can't make any more cakes."

"That's all right, dear. After all, you can't make bricks without straw!"

\* \* \* \*

The lad had been brought by his mother for an interview with a prospective employer. After a series of questions the interviewer asked : "Are you truthful, my boy?"

Before the lad could answer his mother replied : "Aye, the lad is that. But, of course, he understands business is business."

\* \* \* \*

"The other way down, madam," called the tram conductor as the portly charwoman was descending at the driver's end.

"You're mighty fussy now there's a war on," grunted the erring one, as she turned round and started down backwards.

\* \* \* \*

HUSBAND (*to wife*) : "Good-bye, my dear. If anything unexpected happens and I can't get home I'll send you a note by a special messenger."

WIFE : "Don't trouble, George. I've got it. It fell out of your pocket last night!"

\* \* \* \*

DOCTOR : "I advise you, madam, to take frequent baths, plenty of fresh air, and dress in cool gowns."

HUSBAND (*an hour later*) : "What did the doctor say?"

WIFE : "He said I ought to go to a watering-place, and afterwards go to the country. Also, I must get some new light gowns at once."

\* \* \* \*

FIRST GUEST : "They call this place 'The Palms,' yet I've never seen one near the place."

SECOND GUEST : "But you will. It's a pleasant little surprise the hotel staff keeps for guests on the last day of their stay."

\* \* \* \*

Working in a munition factory, a man got his coat caught in a revolving wheel. He was whisked up and whirled round and round till the foreman managed to switch off the machine. The workman fell to the ground and up rushed the foreman.

"Speak to me, speak to me," he said.

"Why should I?" said the workman. "I passed you six times just now, and you didn't speak to *me*!"

\* \* \* \*

An officer's batman was going on leave. Giving final instructions to his deputy, he handed two bottles of medicine to him with the words :

"This bottle is the officer's, and this is for the horse; and whatever you do, don't get 'em mixed up, because when I come back you'll cop it if anything's 'appened to that 'orse."

\* \* \* \*

POP : "That new maid must be conceited, always looking in the mirror."

DAUGHTER : "It's not conceit, Pop. Mother told her to watch herself when you were about."

\* \* \* \*

The young officer had crashed his way into a rather pretentious military ball, and was doing his best to dance to the style of his partner—colonel's daughter.

In an embarrassed way he apologised with : "I'm afraid I'm being awkward—but I'm a little stiff from badminton."

"Your nationality doesn't interest me," coldly announced the very bored colonel's daughter, with her nose in the air.

\* \* \* \*

A soldier asked for exemption from church parade on the ground that he was an agnostic.

"Don't you believe in the Ten Commandments?" asked the sergeant-major.

"Not one, sir," was the reply.

"Not even the rule about keeping the Sabbath?"

"No, sir."

The sergeant-major smiled, "Ah, well, you're the very man I've been looking for to scrub out the officers' mess."

\* \* \* \*

The latest wicked libel on a noble race begins in the usual way with four men of mixed nationalities going into a bar. The American stood a round, the Englishman stood a round, the Irishman stood a round, and the Scot stood around.

\* \* \* \*

The vicar went to see a new family who'd come to live in his parish. He was shown into the drawing-room by the maid, and a little later Mrs. Browne came in. The vicar started off the conversation by pointing to three decanters on the sideboard, and saying, "Madam, you should avoid even the appearance of evil. I do not say you drink, but—"

"Oh, vicar," she said, "you mustn't think anything like that. They're only filled with floor stain and furniture polish. It's the decanters I like, because they look so pretty."

"I know," he said. "I just helped myself to a drink from the middle one."

\* \* \* \*

A fellow who had been ill for some long time was ordered by his doctor to go to the sea-side for a change. He went to a new hotel and when he was presented with his bill he was staggered by the charges. Just as he was going, the proprietor asked him if he would say something nice about the hotel in the visitors' book. So he wrote: "I was sent by my doctor to this hotel for a change and rest. The waiter took the change, and the proprietor took the rest."

\* \* \* \*

A nurse who had charge of a very precocious little boy was out walking one day when they met a poor old man singing and begging. He had lost all his hair and his teeth. Some time after this the little boy's mother had another baby and when the nurse took the boy up to see the new baby he said "Mother, you've been had, that's an old 'un!"

\* \* \* \*

Oswald was in his most sentimental mood, and was composing a letter to his sweetheart.

"Dearest Annabelle," he wrote, "I would swim the mighty ocean for one glance from your dear eyes. I would walk through a wall of flames for one touch of your tiny hands. I would leap the wildest stream in the world for a word from your lovely lips.—Your own Oswald.

"P.S.—I'll be over on Saturday night if it doesn't rain."

\* \* \* \*

Two friends were discussing the lying propaganda put out by Germany. One argued that Britain should maintain her own standard irrespective of what Germany might do.

"I believe," declared the other, "in fighting an enemy with his own weapons."

His friend looked doubtful.

"Tell me," he said, "how long does it take you to sting a wasp?"

\* \* \* \*

SERGEANT: "Hi, you can't go in there."

PRIVATE: "Why not?"

"Because that's the general's hut."

"Then why has he got private on the door?"

"Stop asking why. Do you think I'm a fool?"

"I don't know yet. I only came here yesterday."

\* \* \* \*

HOUSE AGENT: "Would you like to see a model home, sir?"

"Well, I wouldn't mind. What's she like?"

\* \* \* \*

"John, dear, would you like to read the newspaper to me while I knit?"

"M'm . . . why not knit to me while I read the newspaper?"

\* \* \* \*

"I say, my dear," said an ex-soldier the morning after the regimental reunion, "I seem to have got an enormous blister on my tongue."

"What do you expect?" replied his wife. "You would insist on drinking my health out of your hot-water bottle last night."

\* \* \* \*

He sat fidgeting and nervous in the solicitor's waiting-room. A clerk entered.

"I say," said the client, beckoning to him. "I have an appointment with the solicitor at ten o'clock. It's about a legacy."

"And how long have you been waiting?"

"Twenty years!" replied the other.

\* \* \* \*

He had to be cajoled to take his twice-daily dose of cod-liver oil. A penny was put in a small bank each time he took it.

When the bottle was finished his father solemnly opened the savings bank and counted the contents.

"One-and-tenpence," he said, "just the price of another bottle of cod-liver oil."

\* \* \* \*

The sexton, passing through the graveyard during an air-raid, found the skeletons up and making off with tombstones under their arms.

"Not safe enough for us," they explained. "A foot or two of earth's not enough cover."

"But don't take the tombstones," pleaded the sexton.

"Tombstones, these are our identity cards."

\* \* \* \*

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

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

"He calls it a catarrh."

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

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

\* \* \* \*

Brown said he would teach his parrot to say "Hullo" in an hour. He started and went at it for thirty minutes without his parrot taking the slightest notice.

At last the bird turned his head and, fixing Brown with a cold eye, screamed: "Number engaged."

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