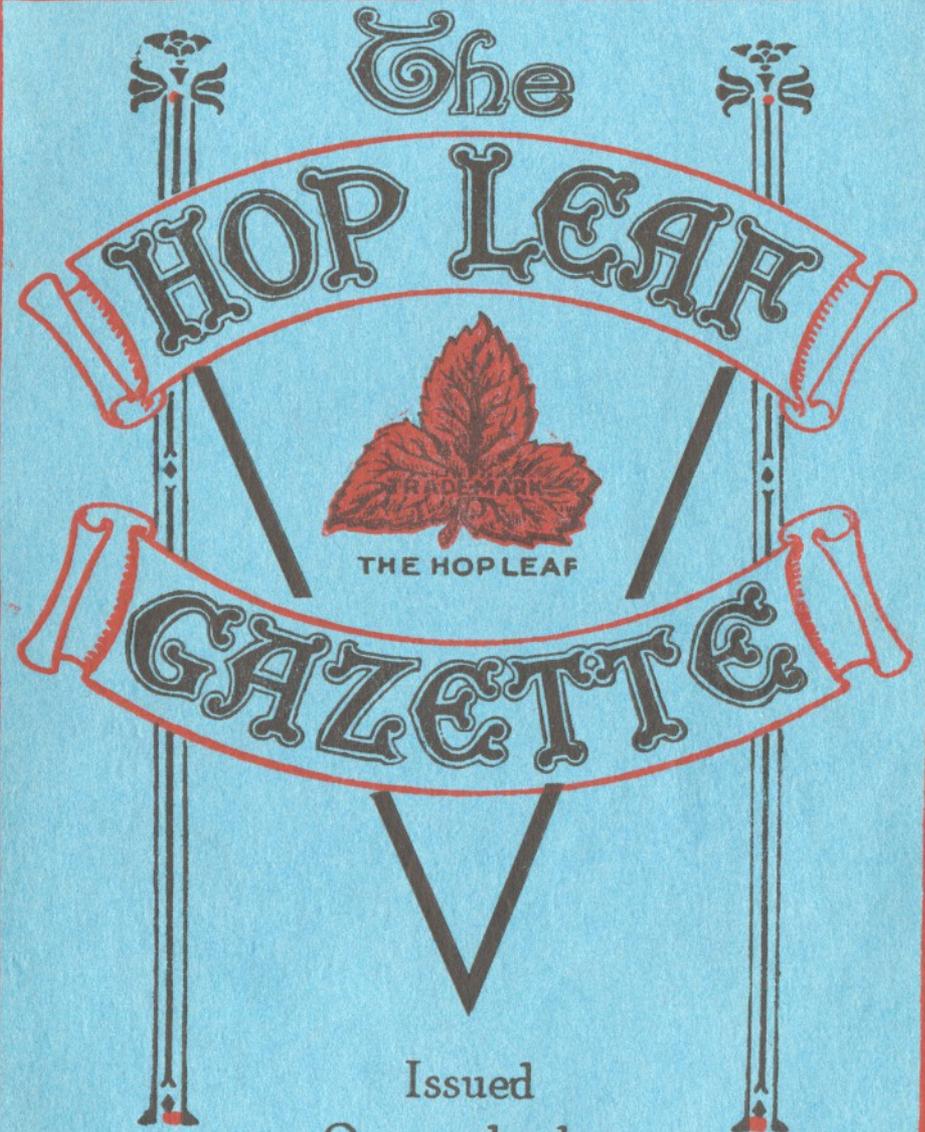


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GAZETTE

Issued  
Quarterly by

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

A RECORD OF SOCIAL ACTIVITIES AT THE BREWERY.

# The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. XVIII. JUNE, 1944. No. 3

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



MR. A. P. TEE.

## MR. A. P. TEE.

In writing the business biography of Mr. A. P. Tee, it is difficult to realise that over 37 years have elapsed since he entered the Firm's employ as a junior clerk. Actually his service began on the 7th January, 1907, when he made his debut in the Cask Department, in accordance with custom which then obtained of starting clerical staff at the bottom of the ladder, whereby they obtained a fundamental knowledge of the general routine of the Firm's business and numerous departments.

For many years Mr. Tee took a leading part in the conduct of the Cask Department, with all its manifold duties and responsibilities, combined with the training of numerous recruits. How important is the work of that department in keeping the records of casks has never been more clearly demonstrated than at the present time, when all sizes are in such great demand.

In 1933, Mr. Tee was moved to the General Office, where he was variously engaged on the returns books, purchase accounts, mineral sales books and other ledger work. Subsequently he transferred to the business of A. S. Cooper, a local branch of the Firm in the Market Place, Reading, where he is now Chief Ledger Clerk. He was unfortunate enough to be on the premises during the air raid on Reading in February, 1943, when considerable damage was inflicted upon the centre of the town, including the rear of A. S. Cooper's offices.

The business of A. S. Cooper in normal times is large and progressive. It includes a valuable wine and spirit trade amongst leading County people, and the continual expansion before the war necessitated the strengthening of the staff, which was effected by the acquisition of Mr. Tee's services.

In all departments in which Mr. Tee has worked he has applied himself vigorously to his duties and has always been recognised as thoroughly reliable as well as speedy, a combination of qualities which are not always found together. His reputation for adhering closely to the job in hand until it is completed and never working "by the clock" is typical of the "old school" who have proved so valuable in the strenuous times through which we are now passing.

A favourite pastime of Mr. Tee's is photography when the requisite materials can be obtained. The quality of his work shows his fondness for his hobby and proclaims that he is no mere novice in the art. He is a keen hiker, and in the past has spent much leisure in long rambles in the countryside.

*Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine off infirmities.—The Bible.*

# CHAT from THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

(By C. H. P.)



"MISSEE MILITAIRE WITH SPOTS."

The Italians, who invented the name "Misse Militaire" for a member of NAAFI's A.T.S./E.F.I.—first British girls to be attached to the Eighth Army—have since elaborated on this nickname.

Second/Subaltern Eileen Streater, of Raunds, Northampton, in charge of the canteen girls in Italy, confesses that she did not object to the Italians calling her "Big Misse Militaire" distinguishing her as an officer—but that she experienced some alarm when they referred to her as "Misse Militaire with Spots."

A hasty glance in the mirror allayed her worst fears, she says, and she realised that the "spots" merely referred to the "pips" on her shoulders.

SON FOR COMMANDER DAWSON.

All will remember the good work which Commander Dawson did for sport at the Brewery, and the following announcement in *The Times* will be read with particular interest:—

DAWSON.—On April 17, 1944, at Godalming, to Helen (nee Hone), wife of Commander P. F. M. Dawson, R.N.—a son.

Commander Dawson sends his good wishes to all at the Brewery—good wishes, I am sure, which will be warmly reciprocated.

BLOOD VOLUNTEERS.

In the spring of this year there was again a ready response at the Brewery for donors of blood, and Mr. E. S. Phipps, Secretary of the Company, has received a letter from the Donor Registrar, for Brigadier, Commanding Army Blood Supply Depot, Southmead

Hospital, Bristol, in which he says: "I should like to take this opportunity of thanking you very much indeed for all your efforts on our behalf, and I shall be pleased if you will convey the sincere thanks of the Service to all those who helped in any way."

#### OUR SPORTS GROUND.

Our Sports Ground is now looking very attractive in its summer attire and is a great credit to those responsible for the necessary work and those who actually carry it out. The grass tennis courts are in particularly fine order. I have played on a number of courts of late, but I can truthfully say that none can with these compare. Many birds have built their nests in the trees surrounding the courts, including the blackbird, thrush, linnet, hedgessparrow and chaffinch.

#### NORMANDY AND NEWMARKET.

For the last few days, says *The Times* of June 13th, all the news has flowed from the beaches and fields of Normandy to this country. The traffic has been strictly one-way, but for a few moments on Saturday the process will be reversed, and it is the troops across the Channel who will be anxiously waiting for one news-flash from England—the names of the first three horses past the post in the Derby. The pattern of daily life in this country, however much the frills and decorations have been shorn away, has somehow survived nearly five years of war, and although there is nothing intrinsically meritorious in holding a race meeting at a time when the fate of the world is being decided, it does afford a curiously heartening proof of stability. The great operation, gigantic enough to set this island rocking to its foundations, was launched from our coasts without any more disturbance to the routine business of the nation than the slight tremors caused by the awful discovery that a few trains were not running to the form laid down by the A.B.C.

#### ALL TOO EASY!

If what the soldier says is not evidence, what the soldier wants is not always easy for a civilian to determine, and a genial, uncomprehending sentimentality is at times disposed to endow him with characteristics of which he is wholly innocent. It is all too easy to sit back and imagine a perpetually grinning figure giving the "thumbs-up" sign, herding German prisoners in at the point of a cock-a-hoop bayonet, and dismissing his ordeals in a slang phrase; there is danger in the conception, and it broadens the gulf between what he actually wants to interest him and what we imagine

would meet his need until it is as wide as that which yawns between presents given to a child because they are good for him and those on which he has set his inarticulate heart.

#### THE MOST UNITED FAMILY.

If, however, it were possible to hold a plebiscite on the desirability of holding the Derby this year, not only among the men of the Forces in Normandy but among those in Italy, Burma, on the seas, in the air, behind the wire of prison camps, and in all unlikely and obscure corners of the earth to which they have been appointed by war, the decision by a great majority would certainly be that Growing Confidence, Garden Path, Tehran, His Excellency and the rest should face the starter on Saturday. That family is the most happy and united which has its own traditions, its own intimate jokes and its own peculiar ways of amusing itself.

#### RITUAL GROWS MORE DEAR.

To outsiders the proceedings may seem absurd, but to the initiate the ritual grows more dear with every repetition. One of the most precious family events known to the Empire is the running of the Derby, and the importance of the occasion is not to be measured by the bookmakers' accounts, but rather in the amount of absorbing argument it engenders, in the hurriedly organised sweepstakes, in the odd coins, the cigarettes or any other convenient symbols of exchange that are wagered upon it. It is our Derby, and those who are most remote from it may, perhaps, when they hear the result, feel for a precious, fleeting moment the most closely drawn into the magic circle of home.

#### A FINE EFFORT.

In connection with H. & G. Simonds' Savings Group, they made a very fine effort in the "Salute the Soldier" campaign, raising no less a sum than just over £500. That was indeed a great achievement, reflecting credit on all concerned, and particularly Mr. A. H. Hopkins, the energetic hon. secretary.



**CAPTAIN E. D. SIMONDS.****GALLANT AND DISTINGUISHED SERVICES.**

Captain E. D. Simonds, second son of our Chairman (Mr. F. A. Simonds) and Mrs. Simonds, has received honourable mention for gallantry at the Front. The following is an extract from the Supplement to the "London Gazette," 6th April, 1944:—

*The KING has been graciously pleased to approve that the following be Mentioned in recognition of Gallant and Distinguished Services in the Middle East:—*

**ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY.**

LT. (*Temp. Capt.*) E. D. SIMONDS (I24725).

This is the second occasion on which Captain E. D. Simonds has been "mentioned" for gallant service.

All three sons of Mr. and Mrs. Simonds are now serving abroad.

**THE LATE MR. F. H. BRAISHER.**

We deeply regret to record the passing over of Mr. F. H. Braisher, foreman of the Canvas Department, on the 22nd April, after a long and painful illness.

The late Mr. Braisher was extremely popular, and by reason of his cheerful disposition was always successful in securing the harmonious co-operation of his staff and colleagues in other departments of the Brewery, with whom his work brought him into continual contact.

His ability as an organiser in erecting large numbers of marquees for military camps, and his skill as a designer and maker of marquees, are well known throughout the Firm, and his loss is keenly felt. The deepest sympathy with his widow and family has been expressed from all quarters.

Numerous members of the staff, including Mr. A. R. Bradford, Mr. F. C. Hawkes, Major H. Kaye and Mr. A. W. C. Bowyer, attended the funeral service. An unusually large number of employees from all departments of the Brewery were also present. The floral tributes were lavish and beautiful.

**BARON SIMONDS OF SPARSHOLT.**

Residents in Berkshire and Hampshire heard with special pleasure that the King has approved the appointment of Mr. Justice Simonds as a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary in succession to Lord Romer. Sir Gavin Simonds was born in Reading in 1881, the second of four sons of the late Mr. L. de L. Simonds, who was formerly Managing Director of H. & G. Simonds, Ltd. His brothers are Mr. F. A. Simonds, the present Chairman and Managing Director, and Commander H. D. Simonds, formerly a member of the Reading Town Council.

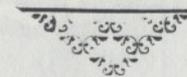
One brother, Captain J. de L. Simonds, was killed in the last war.

Educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford, Sir Gavin was called to the Bar by Lincoln's Inn in 1906, and took silk in 1924. He had a brilliant career at the Bar. Since 1940 he has been Chairman of the National Arbitration Tribunal.

Sir Gavin was sworn in a member of the Privy Council, carrying with it the prefix of Right Honourable.

The Right Hon. Sir Gavin Turnbull Simonds, the new Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, has been granted the dignity of a Baron for life by the style and title of Baron Simonds of Sparsholt, in the County of Southampton.

Lord Simonds resides at Sparsholt, which is near Winchester.





made a rare fuss of him, but in the imagination only, for I always prefer to be on the opposite side of the river to him, in spite of the fact that the cowman told me our bovine friend was as gentle as a little child—"if yer don't upset un!"

In these days of labour shortage fences do not get repaired as was the case in normal times, and this bull had succeeded in working his way through a broken fence and into a meadow where there was a herd of cows. He had no business there, and our good friend to whom I have referred came along to put that bull into his proper place.

#### EXCITING MOMENTS!

Instead of being the main issue, the actual fly-fishing was only a sideline. Never has the water been known to have been so low. And the fact that it was crystal clear did not, by any means, help matters. I fished fine and far off, but it was all to no purpose. There was a good hatch of fly and I saw an occasional rise. I tried a dainty-looking little dun on 4X gut—nothing could be much more refined than that—but it failed to tempt more than one good-sized fish, though I did succeed in banking a small grayling and a small trout. And I had a few very exciting moments. Just below where the cows had been drinking and cooling their legs in the river the water was nicely coloured, and here I saw rising what was evidently a good fish. I threw out a very long line and away went my little dun, alighting on the water as light as air, and sailing right over the fish's nose, like a stately little yacht. Almost immediately the trout was up and at him; I struck at the psychological moment and at once knew that I was into a good fish. He fought like a tiger. I played him with all the prowess that comes from a life-long experience, and in spite of my gossamer gut, after a few minutes I thought I was getting the better of my quarry. I drew him near to my net, which I was just going to place under him, when off he dashed at terrific speed. My very light tackle was being tested to the utmost, but it still remained intact. Again I reined in what I now thought was going to be my fish, and he was just within reach of the net when he made another

dash for liberty, leapt fully two feet out of the water, and smashed me up. It was a bitter disappointment, especially as I had handled him with such care and for so long.

But it is the great difficulties and glorious uncertainties of fly-fishing that make it the fine art it undoubtedly is.

#### MY MEASURE OF ENJOYMENT FULL.

On hands and knees, getting badly stung by the nettles, I tried to stalk the fish where I saw a rise at rare intervals and brought to bear on my task all the skill at my command, for I do not like to be beaten. But the conditions were dead against successful fishing, and I had to admit defeat, the worst defeat I have experienced for over fifty years.

Beaten, yes! but only from the point of view of the weight—or, rather, absence of it—in my creel. I was very far from being beaten viewed from the standpoint of the measure of enjoyment I derived from my day by the riverside.

#### TROUT NOT ON THE MENU.

Fish was evidently not on the menu, so I went birds'-nesting, and here indeed I reaped a rich harvest. I found nests too numerous to mention. I noted where a nightingale had been pouring out his liquid music for hours, and entering the wood near the spot found the nest in some nettles, within five minutes. The beautiful little building contained three olive-green eggs. Another rare find was the nest of the grasshopper warbler, very cunningly concealed in the herbage at the foot of a hedge. A "run" similar to that often leading to the nest of a partridge attracted me to it. The nest contained two very delicate eggs, with blots of pink. Then there was a yellow hammer's nest with four eggs, and with writing on them which suggested that the bird had been endeavouring to learn shorthand. One word of the winged art was the exact outline for "fishing," with an exclamation mark at the end.

The poor fisherman could not get a rise out of the trout, so this saucy bird was apparently taking a rise out of the fisherman.

But I took it all in good part, bless you. I was sorely tempted to bring the egg home, so realistic was this shorthand outline of "fishing," but I refrained from robbing the little bird, in spite of her cheek.

#### WILY WILD DUCK.

The nests of two wild ducks were included in my "bag." The wee babes were only just hatched, and at my approach scampered about on and under the water. The mother birds, in each case, came quite close to me, and flapped about on the water, pretending they were injured in order that I should pay attention to them and not to their children. And then, in a bush overhanging the water, was the exquisite egg-shaped, lichen-covered nest of the long-tailed tit. The youngsters were fledged and there they were, about a dozen of them, sitting on a twig by the nest, all in a row—what a charming picture! Other nests, too numerous to mention, that came under my notice included those of the moorhen, dabchick, linnet, hedgesparrow, tree-creeper, sedge-warbler, whitethroat, blackbird, thrush, dove, pigeon, sparrow hawk, wren and willow warbler. This by no means completes the list.

#### LITTLE CHILDREN'S LOVE OF FLOWERS.

The wild flowers were on show in profusion. The dog-roses displayed their beauty in a manner that suggested they were being exhibited for sale over the counter. Anyway, they were disporting themselves to the very best advantage. Kingcups and cuckoo flowers were in great abundance as also were the moondaisies or wild chrysanthemums. And little children were in the meadows reaping a rich harvest of the fragrant blooms—the most appealing picture of all, I thought. They had already gathered almost as many as they could carry, but I added bunch after bunch to their sweet-smelling burdens, and their healthy little faces beamed with smiles, especially when I chatted to them about the meaning of the flowers, how they lived and even fought for a place in the sun. I

was even more impressed than they, and those well-known words, uttered by the greatest of all gardeners, flashed across my mind: "Suffer little children . . ."

#### A THOUSAND BLENDED NOTES.

I renew my wanderings, and

"I heard a thousand blended notes,

While in a grove I sat reclined,

In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts

Bring sad ones to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link

The human soul that through me ran;

And much it grieved my heart to think

What man has made of man."

#### S.O.S. QUICKLY ANSWERED.

The Firm's organisation was put to an excellent test on Whit-Sunday and came out with flying colours.

The Chairman received a signal from an Army Commander at 10.30 on the Saturday before Whit-Sunday to make an urgent delivery of 100 barrels of beer to meet a special emergency the following day. Willing staff were at once contacted and by 9.30 the next morning the barrels were all on the loading stage and being rolled into the convoy of army lorries, with the help of a working party of soldiers, sent to fetch it. The convoy was clear of the Brewery and well on its way to a very thirsty corps before noon and a signal to that effect was despatched to the Army Commander, who has sent his personal thanks to the members of the staff of the Firm concerned with this lightning operation. The thanks of the Chairman of the N.A.A.F.I. and warmest congratulations were also sent to the Firm.

The same enthusiasm which was shown when the Company first started its military business in Aldershot in 1855 at the time of the Crimea, and continued through the South African War and the Great War, 1914-18, is still in evidence to-day and the beers are as popular as ever.

THE LATE  
SERGEANT PILOT ERIC SHELDON SHRIMPTON  
(R.A.F.V.R.).



We deeply regret the news contained in the following Memorial notice which appeared in *The Times* of the 26th May :—

SHRIMPTON.—In proud and loving memory of ERIC SHELDON, Sgt. Pilot, R.A.F.V.R., killed on operations, Sept. 22, 1943; buried at Hildesheim, Germany. Special thoughts for the dear boy on his 22nd birthday.—MOTHER, FATHER, DIANA and JOYCE, Andover.

The first announcement that Sgt. Pilot Eric Shrimpton was missing appeared in *The Times* of the 8th October, 1943. Subsequent news encouraged our hopes that, although he was

missing, a safe landing may have taken place in Hanover and that the crew were prisoners of war. Publication of this paragraph was, therefore, withheld to alleviate anxiety and distress, which are inseparable from constant enquiries when made from his relatives.

Sgt. Pilot Shrimpton was a pupil in the Brewing Department at Reading, and was making excellent progress when the war broke out. He was very popular, and his passing over is profoundly lamented by his colleagues.

THE LATE STOKER A. H. HISCOCK.



The above is a photograph of A. H. Hiscock, a stoker in the Royal Navy and son of Mr. Hiscock, caretaker at the Brewery,

and Mrs. Hiscock, of 11, Hart Street, Reading, who gave his life for his country. The funeral ceremony was a most impressive one,



At the graveside as Stoker A. H. Hiscock was laid to rest.

### " BEER DRINKER."

(From the " Union Jack.")

We got talking about pubs. . . . You know how it is when you gather round the " Valor " stove (if you're lucky enough to have one!) and the NAAFI ration of beer has been tasted . . . that's about all you can do is taste it, though I've heard that next week—I hope it's pukka gen—next week there'll be a whole bottle per man. But I'm digressing. . . .

\* \* \* \*

As I was saying, we got to talking about pubs, and in recalling some of the evenings we'd spent drinking our beer in country inn and modern hotel, we recaptured that convivial atmosphere prevailing in the good old British pub. It came as almost a shock to realise that atmosphere had been lacking for a long time now.

We chaps out here miss our beer—or, rather, most of us do—but also I think we miss the pubs themselves. If you go into one

of these many Italian establishments—you can't call them " pubs"—do you get the pub atmosphere? I don't. Back home, wherever you were, there was always a pub handy where (providing it was open!) you could spend an hour or so at peace with the world, drinking your beer, talking about this and that, and all the while the tobacco smoke got thicker. Perhaps a game of darts, or meet your pals . . . everything was what we now call " laid on," and over all there was that welcoming atmosphere of " bonhömie." People who've travelled more than me says that outside our own islands you'll never find its equivalent. These Italian places—well, what do you think?

\* \* \* \*

Most of us have decided we'll spend many a pleasant evening in our " local " when we get back, and have promised ourselves " it won't be long now." But do we realise the changes that have taken place while we've been away? The beer isn't what it used to be, I'm told, and the price has gone up. Of course, you'll expect things will soon be like pre-war days, but will they? There's a lot of Reform ideas going around nowadays and we've got to watch out.

You've got to remember that in the past, apart from many restrictions, Governments have always considered we beer-drinkers suitable geese for further plucking at Budget times, and they've never given us any reliefs.

\* \* \* \*

I'm not a terrific tippler, but I do like my pint, and I want to go back to pubs and beer that are at least as good as pre-war days. I feel that one of our most important " peace-aims " should be the preservation of the pub—that rendezvous of all classes where each could air his views in true democratic spirit. If ever the pub is taxed or otherwise restricted out of existence the nation will lose an institution that is an inevitable result of our national character. I've always given full marks for our national beverage—beer—but never before have I realised the importance of the places that sell it.



## A GREAT THOUGHT.

## THE MAN BEHIND THE BOW.

*I have a 'cello at home. I put it away in a cupboard because every time I tried to play it the result was so weird that I felt the instrument must be cracked.*

*One day a musician friend called to see me and I told him of my 'cello.*

*"I'd like to see it," he said.*

*He tuned it up, drew the bow across it once or twice, then went into a sweet melody. When he had finished, I remarked: "I see now it isn't the 'cello that's cracked, but the owner."*

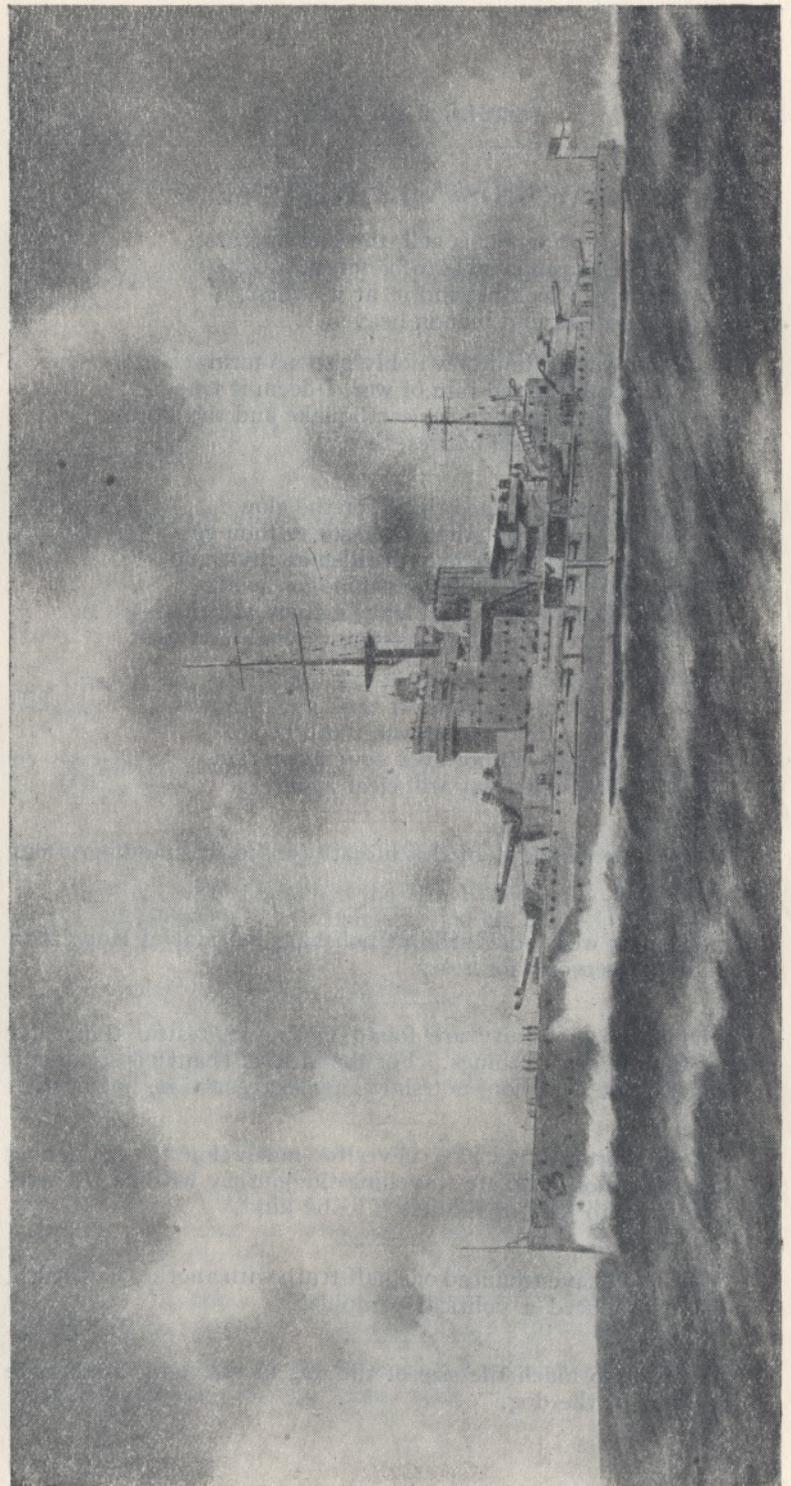
*One of the many stories that cluster round the memory of Paganini, the celebrated violinist of a century ago, is that he was advertised to give a recital on a violin that he had recently acquired for one thousand guineas.*

*Before beginning his recital proper, he played a short introductory piece, which called forth rapturous applause. After waiting a few moments, Paganini raised the violin above his head and brought it down upon the back of a chair, smashing it to bits. When the cry of horror had subsided somewhat he stepped to the front of the stage and said:*

*"Ladies and gentlemen, I paid seven shillings and sixpence for that violin in a second-hand shop this morning; I will now play upon the one thousand guinea instrument."*

*A fine bit of stagecraft, was it not? But there is a lesson in it; he meant them to understand that it wasn't the violin so much as the player that gave the music.*

*And there is encouragement for us to be derived from it. Compared with others who have greater gifts, we sometimes have to lament our limitations. But if we put ourselves into the hands of the Master Musician of the ages, He will bring more music out of our seven-and-sixpenny lives than anyone else could bring out of a one-thousand-guinea one.*



A recent drawing by Mr. W. Giddy of one of H.M. Ships taking part in the present operations.

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

Men say that war is hell, the great accurst,  
The sin impossible to be forgiven ;  
And yet I look beyond it, at its worst,  
And still find blue in heaven.

And when I find how nobly nations form  
'Neath the red rain of war, I deem it true  
That He who gave the earthquake and the storms  
Perchance made battles, too.

I will not wish thee riches, or the glow  
Of greatness, but that wheresoe'er thou go,  
Some weary heart may gladden at thy smile ;  
Some weary life know sunshine for awhile,  
And so thy years shall leave a track of light,  
Like angel's footsteps passing through the night.

And this for comfort thou must know :  
Times that are ill won't still be so.  
Clouds will not ever pour down rain,  
The sullen day will clear again.

Most of the shadows of this life are caused by standing in our own sunshine.

Far better wear one's self out polishing the Star of Hope than in building reservoirs for tears.

The ideals of beauty are found in simple, restful things far oftener than in ornate things. For the ideal of beauty is simplicity and repose, not sensation, not show, not exaggeration, not bustle.

Life is short, and we have never too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are travelling the journey with us. Therefore, be swift to love, make haste to be kind.

When you have trounced one half-truth with another half-truth, you have produced a political pamphlet.

It is not so much the size of the dog in the fight, as the size of the fight in the dog.

The average golfer on missing his drive expresses himself to a tee.

Fishing is a kind of wilful, deliberate laziness, and is therefore pleasant.

Let the best man win—except at his friend's wedding.

At the head of every growing business there is a man who is a quick decider.

Customers go where they are welcomed and stay where they are well treated.

No organization is too big to have the human touch.

One of the best rules in sport and business is—Study the Winners.

Kindness forges a bond stronger than steel.

## DEMAND FOR INTERNATIONAL LAW AND ORDER.

The man who commands the R.A.F. Pathfinders, 33-years-old Air Vice-Marshal D. C. T. Bennett, has his own views on keeping the peace, with an international force to act as "policeman."

He writes in the *Law Journal* :

"It is blatantly apparent that the last war and this war have between them created a demand for international law and order and for international security so that national crime will be forcibly prevented.

"There are millions who will demand that nations become law-abiding, not optionally and if they feel like it, but forcibly and completely under the compulsion of a supreme international authority, applying its laws with the force of an international instrument of the law.

"The 'liveried retainers'—armed forces of the nations—would then be merged into one honourable instrument of justice. . .

"This is what we want between the nations for the sake of the safety of our sons and our sons' sons.

## PUBLIC DEMAND.

"War," he says, "is a simple process of multiple crime. While in it there are many acts which, through their courage and self-sacrifice, are of the highest nobility, war itself remains a crime of unsurpassed depravity.

"Perhaps our statesmen are so involved in their complex political considerations that many of them are not as deeply conscious of this demand as its magnitude might warrant.

"There are millions, however, who have suffered in this war to a degree which only they can understand, who will not accept the weak excuses and the fragile half-hearted efforts of the past."

## "SUMMONS OF DESTINY," SAYS THE KING.

The King, broadcasting to his people on the night of June 6th, made a solemn call to prayer and dedication "that we may be worthily matched with this new summons of destiny." The King said:

"That we may be worthily matched with this new summons of destiny, I desire solemnly to call my people to prayer and dedication.

"We are not unmindful of our own shortcomings, past and present. We shall ask not that God may do our will, but that we may be enabled to do the will of God; and we dare to believe that God has used our nation and Empire as an instrument for fulfilling His high purpose.

"I hope that throughout the present crisis of the liberation of Europe there may be offered up earnest, continuous, and widespread prayer. We who remain in this land can most effectively enter into the sufferings of subjugated Europe by prayer, whereby we can fortify the determination of our sailors, soldiers, and airmen, who go forth to set the captives free.

## TO WOMEN.

"The Queen joins with me in sending you this message. She well understands the anxieties and cares of our womenfolk at this time, and she knows that many of them will find, as she does herself, fresh strength and comfort in such waiting upon God.

"She feels that many women will be glad in this way to keep vigil with their men as they man the ships, storm the beaches, and fill the skies.

"At this historic moment surely not one of us is too busy, too young, or too old to play a part in a nation-wide, a world-wide, vigil of prayer as the great crusade sets forth.

"If from every place of worship, from home and factory, from men and women of all ages and many races and occupations, our intercessions rise, then, please God, both now and in a future not remote the predications of an ancient Psalm may be fulfilled:

*'The Lord will give strength unto His people: the Lord will give His people the blessing of peace.'*

## "LONG TRAVAIL."

The same night the United States joined in prayer with President Roosevelt, who wrote:

"Give us strength, too, strength in our daily tasks to redouble the contributions we make in physical and material support of our armed forces.

"And let our hearts be stout to wait out the long travail, to bear the sorrows that may come, to impart our courage unto our sons wheresoever they may be.

"With Thy blessing we shall prevail over the unholy forces of our enemy. Help us to conquer the apostles of greed and racial arrogance.

"Lead us to the saving of our country and with our sister nations into a world unity that will spell a sure peace, a peace invulnerable to the schemings of unworthy men, and a peace that will let all men live in freedom, reaping the just rewards of their honest toil."

## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

There are so many women in the Army now that when a soldier sees a uniform coming down the street he has to wait till he gets within 20 feet before he knows whether to salute or whistle.

\* \* \* \*

An Irishman once remarked that every man should love his native land whether he was born there or not.

\* \* \* \*

A visitor, sightseeing in New York City, fell into conversation with a Negro who began to point out places of interest with enthusiastic civic pride. As they approached a courthouse, the self-appointed guide exclaimed: "And that am the place where they dispense with justice."

## THE LATE MR. ARCHIBALD LAKE.



AN ALL-ROUND ATHLETE.

We regret to record the death of Mr. Archibald Lake, of 9, Jesse Terrace, Reading. He passed away on 15th March, at the age of 63, after a very short illness.

Mr. Lake was in business as a slater and tiler and during the last twenty years he had done a considerable amount of work for Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., on the Brewery roofs and also for their properties in the Reading area.

"Archie," as he was familiarly known, was an outstanding athlete in his younger days. He won the South of Thames Cross Country Championship as a representative of the Reading Athletic Club, who also won the team race. He won, in addition, many events on the track; and perhaps the most spectacular performance was when he beat Alfred Shrubbs in a mile race at Brighton.

For some years he resided in Canada, where he proved his abilities at running, rugby, football, boxing and wrestling. He came over to England with the Canadian Forces during the Great War and returned to Canada for demobilization. Soon after he came back to Reading to commence his slating business.

In later years he was always a willing helper at a sports meeting and he gave considerable assistance at our own fetes held in Coley Park before this war, and at the August Bank Holiday meetings on the Sports Ground, held during the war. He officiated as

handicapper and starter. He was always successful in raising considerable sums of money for any charity with his side shows and "gadgets." His fondness for animals was always great, and he could usually be found at a whippet, greyhound or horse meeting. He could also partake of most indoor games with considerable credit, and he was above the average at auction bridge.

There can be no doubt he will be sadly missed by all whose privilege it was to know him.

The first part of the funeral service took place at St. Mary's Church, Reading, on Saturday, 18th March, and was attended by a large number of the members of the various organizations with which he was associated, and employees of the Building Department at the Brewery.

The interment was at the Municipal Cemetery, Henley Road, Caversham.

## BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER).

During the last few months we have received quite a number of letters from employees of the Firm, now serving in H.M. Forces. There is one thing I would like to congratulate the writers on, the most interesting and entertaining way in which they all write. Obviously the HOP LEAF GAZETTE is eagerly looked forward to as well, and every endeavour made to see that they all get a copy.

First on the list is a letter from Corpl. E. Venner (son of Bill Venner, of the Transport Dept.) to Mr. W. Bradford, written from Italy. He had met out there A. Williams, of the Transport Department, who had to deal with mules, not lorries, and E.V.'s comment on this is: "Personally, I prefer a back fire from a lorry than one from a mule." When arriving in Italy he was "frozen" owing to the abnormally cold weather. He says the devastation at Naples and Salerno was terrific, and that the R.A.F. had done a wonderful job of work. Prices of food were high, but wines were cheap. Barbers seemed to abound. Heating arrangements were very crude—when the Italians wanted a fire, a brass or copper round shallow tray was brought into the street and a fire lit, consisting of wood first and then charcoal. When it is glowing nicely it is carried indoors and the family gathers round—these fires are usually only lit in the evenings. They do not cook with them. He concluded with good wishes to all at Seven Bridges.

Private R. Rice (of the Delivery Office), writing to his friend, H. Sexton, says that the staple item of diet whilst he was in Egypt seemed to be sweet potatoes, and he couldn't recommend them. In a letter to W.D. from Italy he says he was then up in the

mountains with 5 or 6 inches of snow. They got Canadian beer occasionally, but he much preferred the brew of H. & G. S. His best wishes were sent to all at the Brewery who remembered him. (He is in a well-known regiment which has been engaged in very heavy fighting recently.)

Another letter to H. Sexton from Sergt. L. J. Kury, written from Canada, gives an account of his training as a Navigator in the R.A.F. When he wrote it was bitterly cold and they all had to be well wrapped up to protect them from frostbite. They did plenty of skating and played a crude form of ice hockey. Snow was a foot deep and icicles hanging from the roof of their billet were two to three feet long. Every good wish to all at the Brewery was sent. (Since writing this letter Mr. Kury has arrived in this country for further training.)

Signlmn. A. R. Dyer (a member of the Delivery Office), writing from Italy to H. Sexton, gives a good description of life out there. One thing he recalls was the Christmas dinner they had, plenty of good food and wine flowing in plenty, the latter being very "deadly." They were having a fairly good time, being stationed in a small town, which boasted two cinemas, one run by ENSA and the other by Americans. A Salvation Army canteen had been opened, and it was a nice change to hear English ladies speaking in place of the local lingo. He had met E. Chuter in Sicily. His job was quite interesting as he was a teleprinter operator. He wished to be remembered to all who knew him.

2nd Lieut. R. W. E. Wheeler, writing to Mr. C. Bennett from the M.E.F., says his journey out there was quiet. After an hardening course he was ready for posting to an operational battalion. Beer was rationed to one bottle per week, and was not up to Hop Leaf standard. Food was extremely good and plentiful, with fruit in abundance. Egypt had not impressed him very much, although he had visited quite a number of towns.

Private F. C. Smith, writing to Mr. A. E. Smith from Switzerland (he had escaped from Italy) says he was living in the lap of luxury compared with his previous life of 18 months as a prisoner of war. He was working in the Q.M.'s office in the mornings and ski-ing most afternoons. He had passed the third class ski-test and become a member of the Ski Club of Great Britain, and he was hoping to have a crack at the Swiss Silver Test. When it was a bright sunny day it was really wonderful in the mountains. Wishing to be remembered to everyone, he was hoping to be back soon.

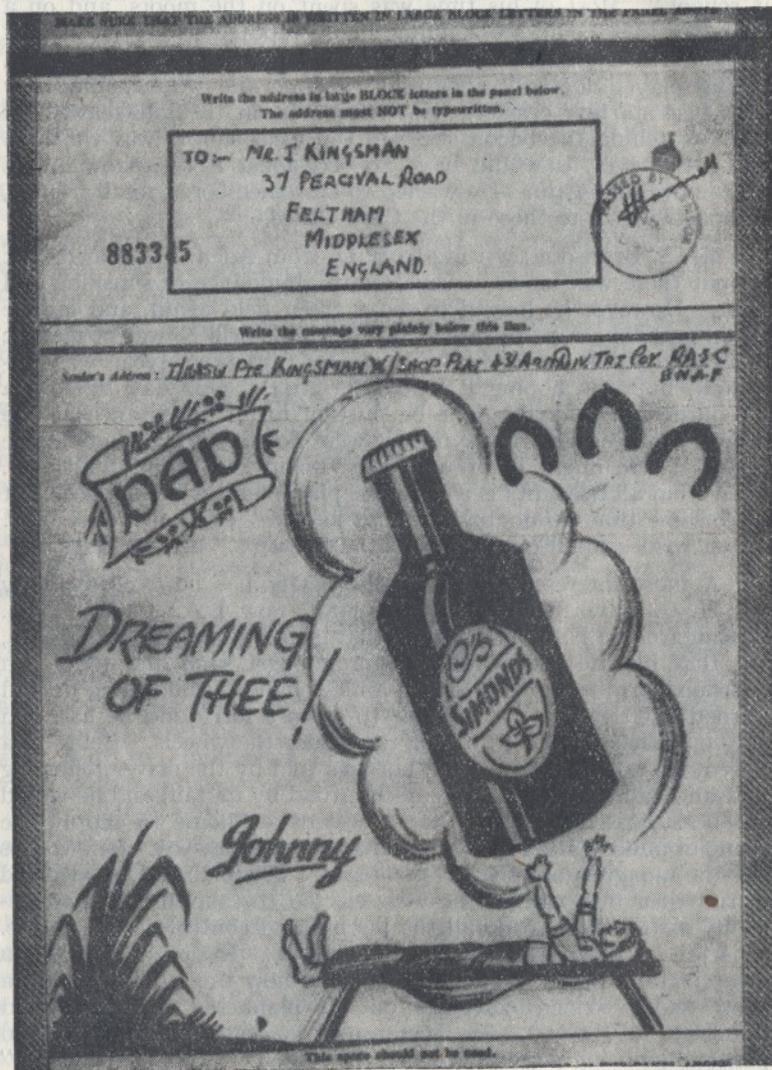
In a letter to Mr. P. Luker, one of his "boys," L.A.C. G. R. Jeffcoat, gives some details of his life in the R.A.F. up in the north. By means of the HOP LEAF GAZETTE he was able to keep in touch with Brewery happenings, although he had not visited

Bridge Street for over six months. His life in the R.A.F. had been a real education to him and he remarks, "better than any obtained at school." Most of his time was spent on the moors, and on a clear day they could see a public house reputed to be the highest in the north of England. He had been fortunate as regards sport, having played football and rugby during the winter, and they were just starting cricket. Entertainment in the village was nil and "watching the bacon slicer in the local shop" was the high spot. However, they did have an occasional ENSA show and a dance now and again. He wished to be remembered to all friends, and particularly to those in the Cask Office.

Mr. S. Brunson, writing to W.D. from Aden, mentioned that life out there was much as usual, with abundance of sunshine and work. However he longed to see a green field again, and felt he would probably want to eat it when he did. Still he was optimistic enough to think he might be home by Christmas (year was uncertain, but was hoping it would be 1944). One day he said a sun-burned individual might be putting in an appearance at the Brewery muttering Arabic, and we were not to say, "What! home again!" He might get rough (they do in the Navy, I believe). Aden from all accounts is a very hot place, and as he has been out there some time no doubt he would like to "cool off" over here. "Best wishes to all old friends at the Brewery," he concludes.

A most interesting and detailed letter has been received by Mr. H. C. Davis from one of his staff, now L.A.C. L. F. Pitts. Writing from M.E.F., he mentions that he had been to a lot of places, but that his life was mainly spent amongst sand and tents—an occasional trip to Cairo provided a nice change. One thing he had learned out there was to be able to drive a lorry and he had had only one casualty, an Arab dog ran under the wheels. Being in a convoy he was unable to stop, but was told by the driver following that an Arab dragged the dog off the road by its tail, and he would not be surprised to know that it was taken home to supply the filling of minced meat for the peculiar pasties they eat. The troops call the mongrels out there "pie-dogs." When their Unit decided to run their own canteen he was selected to take on the management, with powers to do all the buying and control of stocks, etc. This job he liked, and they made a profit. Improvisation was a great feature, and it really was amazing how the fellows got up a show and provided costumes out of blankets; bandages and dressings all helped. He instanced the case of some potted pantomime being performed when the "fairy" broke her "wand." Someone placed a sledgehammer in "her" hand, and it was such a great success, the wand at future shows was always a sledgehammer. He was keeping quite fit and was in hopes of coming home before very long.

## DREAMING OF THEE!



The above amusing picture was submitted by a customer of Mr. P. Winter, Three Horse Shoes, Feltham.

Young Harding (as we used to call him) has written to Mr. W. Bradford from America. Life was very pleasant, and the only fault he could find was the beer did not come up to expectations. They had been treated wonderfully well by the people out there. Rationing was in force, but nothing like it was over here. As a number of the boys in the camp there had bought cars he was thinking of doing the same. (Harding is in the Fleet Air Arm.)

Mr. C. Bennett has received a letter from L.A.C. R. Huddy who is in India. He was finding the heat very trying, but in spite of that football was played. Beer was very limited and always quite warm when served. He had met a Corporal Turner who used to work in the Bottled Beer Department before the war. He hoped all members of the staff were quite fit, and sent best wishes to all.

Sergt. J. Knight, writing to W.D. from Ceylon, mentioned that all is well with him, in fact much brighter than usual. It puzzled him to know how we dealt with all the trade. They were out of practice at drinking beer out there, but felt sure they would make up for it when they returned home. He had heard from his friend, Fred Kemp.

L.A.C. K. Organ, writing from the M.E.F. to W.D., was very pleased to hear that the cricket team were carrying on for the 1944 season. Two letters have been received. It is very hot in the Sudan (where he is stationed) and pests are troublesome. He had been on leave to the Holy Land and visited wonderful places, travelling by rail, road, river and air—he enjoyed the air travel particularly, and the distance covered was nearly 1,000 miles. They had experienced a terrific sandstorm and the temperature was rising. He had heard from John Hawkins in Canada. The Africa Star had been awarded him. The "V" cigarettes had disappeared and they were enjoying a much better brand.

L.A.C. L. Walker, from the M.E.F. to W.D., says how much they appreciate the HOP LEAF GAZETTE, with its news of the Brewery. They did miss the greenery out there, for it was nothing but sand, making it look very grim. He had told his colleagues so much about the Firm that they all envied him being so lucky as to work at such a Brewery. They had a small canteen and did get beer now and again. When he told his pals that the Firm were to open a brewery at Tripoli their first idea was to march there straight away. He did on one occasion take charge of the bar and buffet at a dance they were able to organise, and received the congratulations of the Wing Commander on the way he carried out the job, also his Wing Commander was very enthusiastic about our "S.B." ale. Under canvas, right in the heart of the desert, with sandstorms blowing was no picnic, but he was keeping fit.

In an airgraph to W.D. from C.M.F., L.Cpl. C. Langton reported that when he wrote the weather had changed and was glorious, and what a difference it had made to them all. He was keeping very fit and heard news of the Brewery per the medium of the HOP LEAF GAZETTE. Every good wish was sent to all his friends at H. & G.S.

Sergt. H. Weight, writing from Corsica to W.D., mentions that he is quite well. They got Canadian beer sometimes, also a beer from Scotland, but the price was high. During his travels he had not met anyone from the Brewery. He longed for the day when they would be back again on the job and their throats in working order again.

Two letters have been received by W.D. from L/Cpl. A. C. Howman who has written from C.M.F. He had met Cyril Langton and the only thing they could celebrate the occasion with was tea. They were in tents, and he says "Manchester on a Test Match day is nowhere in it," seeing how much it had rained. How it had come about that it was known as "Sunny Italy" really he could not understand. They saw very little beer, but on one occasion with a few pals they had a celebration with the local Marsala, but it proved to have a delayed action effect so he was sadder and wiser afterwards. His brother whom he had not seen for over 18 months met him, and it so happens they were stationed near one another. He was hoping to see him again, although he says, "Maybe next it will be in Rome."

Signlmn. E. W. King, from C.M.F., has written two letters to W.D., also sending copies of the papers "Eighth Army News" and "Union Jack," both of which they are able to get out there. Cigarettes (issue) were much better. They had been paid a call by hundreds of swallows on their way from Africa to England. He had an idea they might take a message home for him, but by the time he woke up in the morning they had all gone. He was keeping well, and sent all good wishes to all at home.

Mr. H. B. Webb, who is in the NAAFI, writes to W.D. that he is doing quite well, and his training at the Firm had stood him in good stead. One thing he did look forward to was receiving the HOP LEAF GAZETTE which gave him all the Brewery news as well as items about the NAAFI.

Corpl. W. Greenaway wrote a letter to W.D. from India, but said, "Do not reply as I am soon coming home." This proved correct, for he has arrived back in England after three years away, and although not having seen him myself I understand he is very fit and well, naturally also pleased at getting home again.

A letter has been received from Tom Kent, and he has also called in to see us. After his initial training which was arduous he was moved nearer home. However, he has been posted elsewhere and was doing quite well. His new job he was beginning to like and from the latest information he is likely to be getting on very well. He had high hopes at any rate.

We have had visits from a number of those serving, and amongst those seen by the writer during the last few months are S. Collins, J. Hillier, R. J. Griffin, W. H. Philpott, M. Rickards (who was likely to have to undergo an operation), R. Boddington, W. J. Clay, L. Twiney and Capt. H. V. Rivers, R.N.V.R. (who had been very ill and away for a few months).

We had a visit from F. W. Lawrence, of the R.A.F., who had been in India for three years and returned home. Looking very fit he was very pleased to be back again.

Mr. Jack Stone tells me he hears fairly often from his son who is a prisoner-of-war in Germany, and from all accounts is keeping very fit. Naturally he is longing to come home again after such a long spell, but is making the best of it. He said at Christmas they had a good time with plenty of food.

Congratulations to E. Martin (now Staff Sergeant in R.E.M.E.) on being presented with a bonny daughter.

Petty Officer E. Schofield who has returned home after having been in the West Indies for two years has taken the opportunity to get married, and we offer him our sincere congratulations.

The following extract of a letter from Signlmn. J. Bradford to his father, Mr. Walter Bradford, is very interesting, and is written from somewhere in India:—

"The time is now seven o'clock, and it's slowly getting dark and the jungle beetles, bugs and goodness knows what have started their all-night recital. They kick up an infernal row, and it's quite deafening. You should hear the monkeys and baboons first thing in the morning; they all start cackling together. The first night we were here we had quite a scare. Everything was quiet apart from those so-and-so beetles, and I was in a trench between the blankets with another chap when all of a sudden we heard a plop-plop-plop; it was pitch dark and we both gave a rather hoarse laugh to give ourselves a bit of confidence, then we promptly grabbed our rifles and grenades and fully expected to find the Japanese Army waiting for us. Next morning, much to our surprise, we discovered that one of the trees was covered with a type of apple and the tree-rats

must have been knocking them down during the night, so looking very ashamed of ourselves and our visions of V.C., etc., dashed to the ground we literally 'crawled' away."

It is with regret we have to record the death of Corpl. L. F. Pinnock who was killed in Italy. Prior to joining up he was employed in the Union Room at the Brewery for a number of years. Our sympathy goes out to his relatives in this great blow.

With the passing of Mick Braisher, after a long illness, the Firm has lost a good servant. In the Canvas Department of which he was in charge for a good number of years he was an authority on his job, and also a mine of information on many events which had taken place in the past. Tales of manoeuvres, of Ascot, etc., came readily to his lips, and it was always a joy to hear him talk about these happenings. He was indeed a real good sort, and one cannot help feeling that the world is poorer by the death of such a stalwart. Our deepest sympathy is hereby expressed to all his relatives, and particularly to his son, Ron, who has been a prisoner-of-war for so long in Germany.

One who has been at Brighton Branch for a number of years, Mr. Jack House, has passed away. This came as a shock to us all who knew him, for he was of Reading and the Brewery for a long while. In football circles he was well known, and was a most competent referee and interested particularly in the amateur side of football. The writer recalls him vividly and is sorry to hear of his death. Our sincere sympathy is sent to all relatives in their sad loss.

Mr. A. C. Kingston, now in his 76th year, and who had been helping in the work of the Cashier's staff for a considerable while, left us at the end of April and we send our best wishes to him in his retirement and sincere thanks for the good services rendered.

The following changes and transfers have taken place during the past few months, and to all we wish every success:—

- The Pelican, Pamber (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Mrs. P. J. Saunders.
- The Criterion, Windsor (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Mr. W. H. Edmond.
- The Lord Derby, North Warnborough (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Mr. R. W. Smale.
- The Happy Man, Englefield Green (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Mr. P. Belwood.

- The Plough, Hermitage (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Mrs. E. Wells.
- The Waterloo Hotel, Cholsey (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Mrs. W. Portt.
- The Plough, Ashmansworth (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Mr. H. D. Priest.
- The Pheasant, Chinnor Hill (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries, Ltd.)—Mrs. K. Gomm.
- The Rising Sun, Wharf Road, Newbury (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Mr. P. C. North.
- The Plough, Headley (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Mr. Frank Prior.

We are sorry to record the death of Mr. James Alfred Meade, of the Wheatsheaf, Wantage, who was killed in action on the Italian front. He had been tenant of this house since October, 1939, and our deepest sympathy is tendered to his relatives in this particularly tragic loss.

Mr. Mark West, of The Pheasant, Chinnor Hill, who had been tenant of this house for nearly 50 years, passed away on the 19th March last. This was truly a long innings, and shows in what esteem he was held. We offer our sincere regrets to all members of his family in their bereavement.

Mrs. E. M. Hamblin, who died on the 12th May, had been tenant of the Oxford Arms, Hungerford, Newtown, since 1926, and we hereby express our regret to all relatives in their loss.

#### THE LIGHTER SIDE.

George had been to a "Free and Easy" and had taken undue liberties with Simonds' "S.B." When he arrived home he got into bed with his hat on. During the night he was fidgety and restless. His wife woke him up and said: "What's the matter with you?"

He replied: "Oh, I've had such a funny dream. I dreamt I was peeling onions!"

She said: "You stop it. You've been pulling my bed socks off."

\* \* \* \*

A weary wartime worker wired his boss: "Will not be at the office to-day. Am not home yesterday yet."



CRICKET.

The members of the Club present at the General Meeting endorsed the recommendation of the Committee to run a Saturday team again this season and to give every encouragement to the formation of Youths' and Ladies' elevens. With reference to these, nothing definite could be done at the time, although information was forthcoming that a number of ladies are desirous of having practice to see if sufficient strength will be available to get a team together.

Subsequently the youths expressed a wish to raise a side and enter the Reading Youths' League, and an application was forwarded to join the Minor Division, similar to previous seasons. Unfortunately, this was made too late, as a meeting of the League had been held and fixture lists drawn up. It is hoped that a few friendly matches can be arranged for the boys.

The officers elected for this season are :—Captain (Saturday XI), Mr. F. J. Benham ; Vice-Captain (Saturday XI), Mr. C. A. Morgan ; Umpire (Saturday XI), Mr. W. Sparks ; Scorer (Saturday XI), Mrs. Morgan. Committee : Messrs. J. B. Doe, E. C. Greenaway, F. S. Hawkins, G. Kelly, A. G. Rider, H. G. Sexton, W. Sparks and Miss A. M. Prosser. Selection Committee : Messrs. F. J. Benham, C. A. Morgan, E. C. Greenaway, W. Sparks. Sports Committee Representatives : Messrs. F. J. Benham, W. Sparks, J. W. Jelley. Secretary : Mr. J. W. Jelley.

Fixtures for the Saturday XI are :—

May	6th	...	Williamsons	...	Home
"	13th	...	Home Guard, M.T.	...	"
"	20th	...	Home Guard	...	"
"	27th	...	Old Blues	...	"
June	3rd	...	Post Office Engineers	...	"
"	10th	...	Ministry of Health	...	Kensington Rd.
"	17th	...	45/Batt. R.A.P.C.	...	Home
"	24th	...	R.A.F., Burghfield	...	"
July	1st	...	Post Office Engineers	...	"
"	8th	...	R.A.F., Burghfield	...	"
"	15th	...	Home Guard, M.T.	...	"
"	22nd	...	Old Blues	...	"
"	29th	...	Home Guard	...	"
August	5th	...		...	
"	12th	...	Ministry of Health	...	"
"	19th	...	45/Batt. R.A.P.C.	...	"
"	26th	...	Royal Air Force	...	"
Sept.	2nd	...	Mortimer	...	"

We shall be pleased to welcome any members of the Club now serving in H.M. Forces who are desirous of having a game when leave permits. A line to the Captain, Secretary, or any member of the Committee will be appreciated, and every endeavour will be made to find a place in the team for the match desired.

The Committee wish again to emphasize the necessity of taking every care of the cricket tackle, at matches as well as at practice. It is hoped that we shall have sufficient to carry us through this season, but this will not happen if balls are lost during net practice. Tackle is available in the pavilion for practice any evening, it having been considered impracticable to specify any particular day.

The weather up to and including the third Saturday of the season would have been more suitable for football than cricket, which is probably the reason for the fairly low scores made, plus, of course, the lack of practice.

Brief reports of these matches follow:—

*May 6th.* SIMONDS 58 FOR 7 *v.* WILLIAMSONS 76 FOR 8.

Williamsons batted first against the bowling of E. Scott and E. Greenaway and lost three wickets for 7 runs. Vinall mishit a ball and suffered a cut over the eye, but pluckily carried on his innings, making 7 before being bowled by Pearce. White (29) and Pink (22) played well and were mainly instrumental for the team's total score, which reached 76 when the innings was declared.

In Scott's first five overs there were four maidens and one wicket for 2 runs. He later had another spell in which he took two for 5. Greenaway shared the opening and had the next best analysis, with two for 9. R. Pearce (one for 19) and Richardson (two for 31) took the remainder of the wickets.

Our first wicket fell at 11; Merry and Sexton then carried the score to 31, but two more fell with only 2 runs added. A stand followed which added 21. Again two wickets fell cheaply, the second falling to the last ball in the final over before the close of play. Merry (26) and Sexton (12) were our top scorers.

*May 13th.* SIMONDS 89 FOR 9 *v.* 2146 COY. HOME GUARD 82 FOR 5.

Our second game also ended in a draw, rather in our opponent's favour. Merry and Morgan opened our innings, but the latter was caught after making 6 and with 12 on the board. Thereafter the wickets fell at fairly regular intervals, each member contributing a share until, with the score at 89 for 8, we declared. Merry (23) and Doe (12) had the best batting figures.

Joyce took six for 42, Richmond two for 9, and Tarry one for 24.

Greenaway started the bowling with a maiden, and E. Scott got a wicket in his first without any runs being scored, but the next partnership knocked up 34, and the third another 30. At the same score (64) the fourth wicket fell and 9 runs later the fifth. With the score at 82 time was called. We really were not sorry, for it had been drizzling with rain the whole time we were in the field.

Merry (two for 19), Greenaway (one for 19), Scott (one for 22) and Morgan (one for 0) took the wickets.

*May 20th.* SIMONDS 48 *v.* 7TH BATT. HOME GUARD 71 FOR 6.

We met defeat against these old opponents. Our score of 48 was very poor, especially as Morgan and E. Scott each made 14.

Owen (three for 3), Kemp (four for 24) and Hughes (three for 16) did the damage.

We got two wickets down for 18, but the third partnership carried the score up to 54. Numbers 4 and 5 fell at 68 and 71, when time was called.

Pearce (two for 20), Greenaway (two for 29) and E. Scott (one for 13) took the wickets we did get.

*May 27th.* SIMONDS 48 *v.* OLD BLUES 59.

The first real spell of cricket weather greeted this match, which ended disappointingly for us.

The Old Blues had first knock and put on 21 for the first wicket. The second fell at 27. Then E. Scott had a wonderful over: two singles were scored off the first two balls, then four wickets fell in a row, the seventh was stopped, and the eighth ball got the fifth wicket. This left the score at 30 for seven. The last three men raised the total to 59. Scott took seven for 18, Pearce two for 9, and Greenaway one for 26.

Our first wicket made 17, but Nos. 2, 3 and 4 all fell at 26 and only 2 more were added by No. 5. Merry was the only batsman to offer any resistance to the good bowling of Hughes, who took three wickets in one over and eight all told for 16 runs. The remainder of the side only put on another 16, and we ended this low scoring game 11 runs to the bad.

We regret that so far this season we have been without the services of our skipper, Mr. F. J. Benham, who had a nasty fall on the eve of the first match and injured a leg. We hope that he will be fit to rejoin the team ere long. Mr. C. Morgan has ably filled his place.

J.W.J.

### THE LIGHTER SIDE.

An Englishman asked the British Ministry of Labour and National Service for permission to start work every morning at eight instead of seven. He didn't want to be a slacker, he said, but he needed the extra hour to "get the baby up to granny." Asked why his wife could not take care of the baby, he explained that she had to get to her job in an aircraft factory at six. As for granny, when asked why she could not come and pick up the baby earlier, the man replied: "Granny doesn't get off the nightshift herself until seven."

\* \* \* \*

When a British sailor at the Hollywood Canteen complained about a sore throat, a solicitous hostess asked: "Have you ever tried gargling with sore throat?"

"You're asking *me*—who's been torpedoed three times!"

\* \* \* \*

The story of the two gillies, walking along a road and coming across the dead body of a large ape, which had escaped from a travelling menagerie.

They stopped, and stared down at the corpse.

"Yon's a strange-lukin' mon, d'ye ken him?"

"Me ken him? Ah niver clapped eyes on him in ma life."

"Ah, well, he's no belonging tae these pairts—slip awa up tae the big hoose an' see if onny o' the English visitors is missin'."

\* \* \* \*

It was market-day, and the place was filled with farmers and their wives, and in one corner sat a 'gert 'oss godmother o' a lass—a proper fly bi'night, brazen an' all. She was holding forth about the rights of the younger generation to have a good time.

"Naay, Ah said, [that'll] not keep me stooock away on no farm, week in, week art. Ah told 'im as Ah was cummin' ter t' town whenever Ah felt like a bit of fun. That's reit, Mister Baily, bean't it? Ivery dog 'as 'is daay, eh?"

Mister Baily, a gnarled-looking old dalesman, cocked an eye at her.

"Aye," he said, "Ah deant't doot as that's reit, an bi' what Ah can see on it, ivery bitch 'as two neits."

Here is a war story—just to round off the lot—which I had from Reginald Hargreaves.

This happened in the early spring of 1917, when he was serving on the Headquarters Staff. He rode back, over clover-fields, raked by shellfire, accompanying a General, a person of great importance.

A "5.9" brought their amiable progress to an abrupt halt. Both horses were killed and both riders severely wounded. In due course, and after first-aid and a long trek by stretchers, they found themselves side by side on opposite trays of a motor ambulance. The "old man" was lying, very white and still, his bandaged hands folded on his breast and his "brass hat" reposing peak foremost between them. The pose was statuesque, but decidedly suggestive of a catafalque.

However, a murmured query from Reginald elicited a response that the General still lived and he wished to sleep. The funny side stuck Reggie, and after fumbling about on the floor, he grabbed his own little "brass hat" and arranged it between his own bandaged hands in exactly the same position as that assumed by his superior officer. Finally the ambulance drew up outside the Casualty Clearing Station, and a rusty Cockney voice was heard demanding that "someone came an' give us a 'and with this 'ere little lot.

The curtain which hung over the back of the ambulance was drawn aside, and a L/Cpl. of the R.A.M.C. peered in to satisfy himself as to the nature of the cargo. His eyes goggled with unbelief at the sight which met his eyes, then a wide and contented grin spread itself over his face, and he shouted:

"Blimey! Two ruddy brass 'ats—and both of the b——s is dead, thank Gawd!"

\* \* \* \*

This recalls a story sent to me only this morning. The Welsh Hill Packs do not, as you probably know, wear hunting pink. This particular hunt gave a ball, and two sportsmen from another hunt arrived wearing their pink. When they were leaving they both proffered a tip to the cloak-room attendant, who said, "Indeed, no, the band 'iss neffer asked to pay!"



## BRANCHES.

## BRISTOL.

We record with particular pleasure a quiet, yet eventful, little ceremony which on Friday, March 31st, 1944, took place at Redland Parish Church, Bristol—the wedding of our head brewer, Mr. H. H. Robertson to Miss Constance Birch, of Westbury-on-Trym, who as Head of the Nursery Schools Department of the Bristol Education Committee, is a well-known personality in Bristol educational circles.

The secret of time and place was exceedingly well kept, not even our "roving reporter" was enabled to be present, and it was only the late Press announcements which caused us all hurriedly to grab pencils and paper to send our confrère (then on holiday) and Mrs. Robertson, our somewhat belated, but nevertheless sincerest congratulations and good wishes.

We had our little revenge a few days later however, when a very representative gathering of the Brewery staff and employees in the Board Room "requested the pleasure of Mr. Robertson's company" and duly presented him, after a brief period of admonition, with a small token of the esteem in which he is held by us all, and which took the useful form of a case of silver fruit knives, also half a dozen each of plated fish knives and forks—the presentation being admirably made by Mr. H. T. Girling, who has been a member of our Bottling Department and Brewery staff for fifty years, and who voiced the thoughts of us all in wishing Mr. Robertson and his bride the best of health and good fortune in their new venture.

Mr. Robertson is an old and very keen member of the 11th Gloucester Battn. Home Guard, and his platoon did not allow him to get away "scot-free" either. A very heavy barrage indeed greeted him upon his return to duty, and a few choice spirits among the "gunners" suitably marked the occasion by the presentation of silver serviette rings inscribed to "Robbie, from the crazy gang."

In true Caledonian fashion, Mr. Robertson promptly retaliated a few hours later by taking the B.A.R. Range Trophy from the rest of the Company marksmen, just to demonstrate how easy it is to accumulate such items when you really make a start. As, however, he is one of the best shots in his Unit, the honour was thoroughly well deserved. All who know Mr. and Mrs. Robertson will join with us in wishing them both the very best of luck and true happiness together for very many years to come.

## BRISTOL "SALUTE THE SOLDIER" WEEK.

Our Savings Committee again organised the Jacob Street Brewery financial resources in this National Endeavour, and by fixing their "Target" at Seven Hundred Pounds, an average of nearly Four Pounds per head, gave us a solid aiming mark, worthy of the occasion. Every possible "corner" was searched for "spare ammunition," and as a result of good team work this figure was passed by over Two Hundred Pounds, our final figure being over Nine Hundred!

Our best thanks to all who responded so well to this National effort, and especially to Mr. H. D. Long (Hon. Secretary) and Mr. W. H. Wheeler (Hon. Treasurer), and to each member of our Savings Committee who, by example and precept, ensured its ultimate success. For such a combination no task is unsurmountable. In fact, the bigger it is the more enthusiastic is the response. A total of £2,500, apart from normal weekly contributions, during the past year, represents self-sacrifice and loyalty of a high standard.

We deeply regret the loss of two of our most respected tenants by death during the past few weeks. In each case at an advanced age after a period of ill-health. Our deepest sympathies are extended to the family of each in their sorrow.

Mrs. Fanny Bailey, aged 87, had been licensee of the Swan Inn, Hanham, Bristol, for nearly fifty years, since the death of her husband there in 1898; and we are pleased to pay tribute to the care which she exercised in its supervision during that exceptional period—a responsibility which she most closely carried out until the last. She will be greatly missed.

Mr. Tom Darke, who passed away at the age of 83, was licensee of the Hope and Anchor, Midford, Bath, and was well-known over a very wide area by reason of his long association with the "Sport of Kings," both on the flat and over the "sticks." He also gave every hour of his past few years to the trade, and was in the saddle to the end. We are pleased to record that Mrs. K. Darke is able to carry on the family tradition, and we wish her every success in her new responsibilities.



**ROBERTSON—BIRCH.**—On March 31st, 1944, at Redland Parish Church, by the Rev. R. H. Makepeace, Hector Harold Robertson, second son of the late Lieut.-Col. J. Robertson, I.S.O., and of Mrs. Robertson, of Bangalore, India, to Constance, second daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Birch, of The Hayes, Westbury-on-Trym, and the late Ernest A. Birch.

#### MALTA.

In a recent letter from Malta the following paragraph appeared :

“ We received the eighteen HOP LEAF GAZETTES that you kindly sent to us and they were very welcome as these to us are an indication of the gradual return of normal times. We liked the reference to H.M. The King's visit to Malta and the photographs shown. The one showing His Majesty with the Parish Priest of Senglea was taken in practically the only street that was slightly free from mountains of rubble and ruins. The Parish Priest of Senglea stayed near the ruins of his church throughout the blitz.

#### WOKING.

There has been a very marked decline in the visits to our Stores from our colleagues in the Armed Forces. We can only attribute this fall in our popularity to the superior attractions of “ foreign travel.” Wherever they may be, our thoughts are with them, and wish them all a safe return.

On the home front we are still being heavily engaged in our fight between “ supply and demand.” At the present moment we are being hard pressed, and have had to give a little ground, but we are anticipating reinforcements shortly and are confident that we shall soon be able to relieve our Tenants and Club Stewards from the hardships which they have been enduring so patiently. It is with regret that we have had to leave them short of ammunition, but “ the boys ” simply *had* to come first. We feel sure that all our friends will agree with this point of view, and we sincerely hope to atone in the very near future.

We are happy to state that we exceeded our target in “ Salute the Soldier ” Week, thus adding another small nail to Hitler's coffin.

#### PORTSMOUTH.

##### THE FUTURE OF THE CITY.

Can any of our readers visualise what Portsmouth will be like in post-war years? If only a small percentage of the contemplated replanning proposals are carried out it will indeed be a very beautiful city. At a recent meeting of the Council reports from the

Special Committee on the development of Portsmouth, and other Committees, were presented. Among the many proposals discussed were the building of a civic centre; the development of Lumps Fort, which would turn it into Venetian gardens and link up the existing moat with the Canoe Lake; the development of Southsea front from Point to Hayling Island, including the building of conference and concert halls, winter gardens, more hotels and first-class boarding houses; the building of a museum and art gallery; a new model yacht lake and facilities for sports and entertainments of all kinds. It was pointed out that many of the proposals depended upon the grant the Council would receive from the Government towards the cost, but in the meantime plans are to be prepared, and a special committee has been set up to co-ordinate the various schemes with a view to expediting the replanning of the city.

"ST. JOHN OF WAREHAM."

"There is one thing we publicans should be thankful for. Sir John Anderson has not added to our multifarious burdens. I think we should canonise him, and call him St. John of Wareham."—Mr. T. Hollards, President of the Hants, Dorset and Isle of Wight Retailers Union.

A HARBOUR TUNNEL.

Will Portsmouth and Gosport eventually be connected by an underwater tunnel? The idea has long been under consideration, but now in connection with the replanning scheme for the city, its potentialities are to be seriously explored and expert advice obtained to see how far a scheme is possible in post-war years. Gosport will be called in with a view to joint action. When the question was discussed recently by the City Council, Councillor Mack argued that the transport system across the harbour should be publicly owned. The present method, he said, was obsolete, slow and untidy, and should be replaced by something more modern.

"BRING YOUR OWN GLASSES."

Thefts of glasses, tankards and other containers are presenting publicans with a problem. Shortage of glass is adding to the difficulties. The position was reviewed at a meeting of the Hampshire, Dorset and Isle of Wight Union of Retailers, held at Portsmouth. In some towns, notably Southampton, publicans were placing notices outside their premises, "Bring your own glasses and utensils," stated Mr. Robinson, who strongly deprecated the idea. It is all wrong, he added.

JUVENILES AND THE TRADE.

The problem of young people who, though under the age of eighteen, endeavour to obtain alcoholic drink at public houses is increasing the difficulties of licensed victuallers, it was stated at a meeting of the Hampshire, Dorset and Isle of Wight Union of Retailers. It is not always easy, especially during rush hours, to determine the age at a glance of a prospective customer. Often girls particularly appear much older than they are, just as older women dress to make themselves look younger! The production of an identity card, which would disclose the age of the holder cannot legally be demanded, but it is suggested it could be asked for, and perhaps this would to an extent minimise the risks of licence holders. There are snags even to this procedure, and if it is followed, local associations will probably seek the help of the police. How we poor publicans suffer in these difficult times!

OXFORD.

We have had the pleasure of seeing several members of our staff who are serving with the Forces since the last issue of the HOP LEAF GAZETTE: A.C.I R. F. Gooch, R.A.F., L.A.C. A. Siggery, R.A.F., Ftl./Lt. B. H. Quelch, R.A.F., Cpl. C. G. Francis, R.A.F., Cpl. J. H. G. Barrett, R.A.F., Sergt. L. J. Lardner, R.A., L/Bdr. H. Allen, R.A., are all happy and well, and hoping for the time when they can return to their old jobs with the Firm.

We have heard from Gunner P. J. Oliver who is somewhere in the Middle East, Pte. R. J. Clarke, Royal Corps of Signals, Ceylon, and Sergt. V. R. Keates, R.A.F., in Rhodesia; they are prospering in their several spheres of activity and send their best wishes to their friends.

BRIGHTON.

With regret we have to announce the death of Mr. J. H. House, who passed over on May 11th.

Mr. House was an old servant, joining the Firm at Reading 39 years ago. He was transferred to Brighton Branch in 1932, on his appointment as foreman. He performed his duties assiduously, and was esteemed by those with whom he came in contact. Our sincere sympathy is extended to his widow, son and daughter.

A portrait of Mr. House appeared in the July, 1941, issue of the HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

### THE CROWN INN, WOODSTOCK.

#### "FRANK GRAY" SHOVELHALFPENNY CUP FINAL.

The "Frank Gray" Shovehalfpenny Cup presented by the late Mr. Frank Gray for competition among teams in Woodstock was presented to the Crown "A" team on the evening of Thursday, April 6th, when they defeated the King's Arms "A" team in the final. The presentation was made by Mr. C. Dennis, a former secretary of the Shovehalfpenny League, and afterwards there was a challenge match between the Committee of the League and the Cup winners.

Mr. G. F. R. Ware, the popular host of our house, the Crown Inn, Woodstock, entertained the company present to light refreshments, and a very enjoyable evening was spent.

### THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

Congratulations to our Manager, Mr. W. F. McIntyre, who has now completed twenty-five years as Manager of this Branch. When he was appointed the Branch was at 6, The Octagon, Plymouth, but after a few months the Tamar Brewery was acquired. The Branch has grown very considerably, as two other Breweries were added to the list, and also Mr. N. P. M. Hunt's business and houses at Crabbs Park, Paignton.

We have now seen the plan for the reconstruction of Plymouth, and the town will be a wonderful place if the ideas can be carried out. We are especially concerned, as the Admiralty will acquire practically the whole of the old shopping area of Devonport (most of which was destroyed by enemy action), some 220 acres, to extend His Majesty's Dockyard. This will effect a dozen of our public houses, and very sadly to all of us, the acquisition of the Tamar Brewery, but there is a faint hope that those of us who have seen it grow from a comparatively small beginning may be spared that calamity. We must not grumble, as the Dockyard and Royal Navy have always been the life blood of Plymouth, and when the Dockyard is extended it will be about the biggest naval yard in the world.

We were successful in our application for a new licence at Paignton which is to be known as the "Tweenaway" Inn. The building cannot be erected until the cessation of hostilities, but it will be a very attractive house on the main Totnes-Paignton road,

and close to the Primley Zoological Gardens. The grant of the licence has been duly confirmed by the authorities.

Mr. F. Luscombe, of our Bottling Store, was recently married to Miss R. Westcott, of the same department, and we extend to them our cordial congratulations. A presentation was made to Mr. and Mrs. Luscombe by the staff.

We also give hearty greetings to Mr. and Mrs. Ayling, who were also married quite recently. Mr. D. Ayling is on our Transport Department, and his bride, Miss F. Preston, was employed in our Bottling Store.

We hope Mr. and Mrs. Luscombe and Mr. and Mrs. Ayling will enjoy lifelong happiness.

Since our last issue the Stag's Head Inn, Barnstaple, has been transferred to Mr. R. Cann from Mr. G. A. J. Cheesley, who has taken a Government appointment.

The Abbey Hotel, St. Andrew Street, Plymouth, has been taken over by Mrs. G. M. Flowers, whose husband is serving in the Royal Navy for the duration of the war. The Abbey Hotel was damaged by enemy action on two occasions during the Plymouth blitz.

Mrs. S. M. Fearon is our new tenant of the Chester Cup Inn, Union Street, Plymouth, which property was also damaged by enemy action. Mr. Fearon is serving in the Royal Navy for the duration of the war.

We wish all these licensees every success.

We have just received a visit from Pilot Sergeant R. Scott, R.A.F., of our Transport Office, who has been on leave, and we were very glad to see he has won his wings.

We recently had a call from Staff-Sergeant J. R. Jagger, R.A.S.C., of our Transport Department, and regret that he lost an eye in North Africa, otherwise he is looking well, and is longing to return to the Tamar Brewery.

## READING'S TARGET BEATEN BY OVER £400,000

### Big Success of "Salute the Soldier" Week.



With a day to go, Reading had exceeded its "Salute the Soldier" Week target, and finally reached its biggest total ever recorded for a savings campaign, says the *Berkshire Chronicle*. The final figure was £1,414,579, which topped Reading's "Wings for Victory" Week total by over £20,000. The million mark was passed by Friday, and a final effort brought in £281,447 on Saturday. Undoubtedly the news of the invasion spurred on the Reading people to pay their tribute to the gallant men of the British Army, for there was a big increase in the savings at the latter part of the week.

#### A WONDERFUL ACHIEVEMENT.

A large crowd gathered in Reading Market Place on Monday to hear the Mayor of Reading, Alderman A. Lovell, announce the final result. "A wonderful achievement," he described it. He reminded his hearers, however, that people would be expected to continue saving, so that we should be able to get over the difficult period after the war.

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