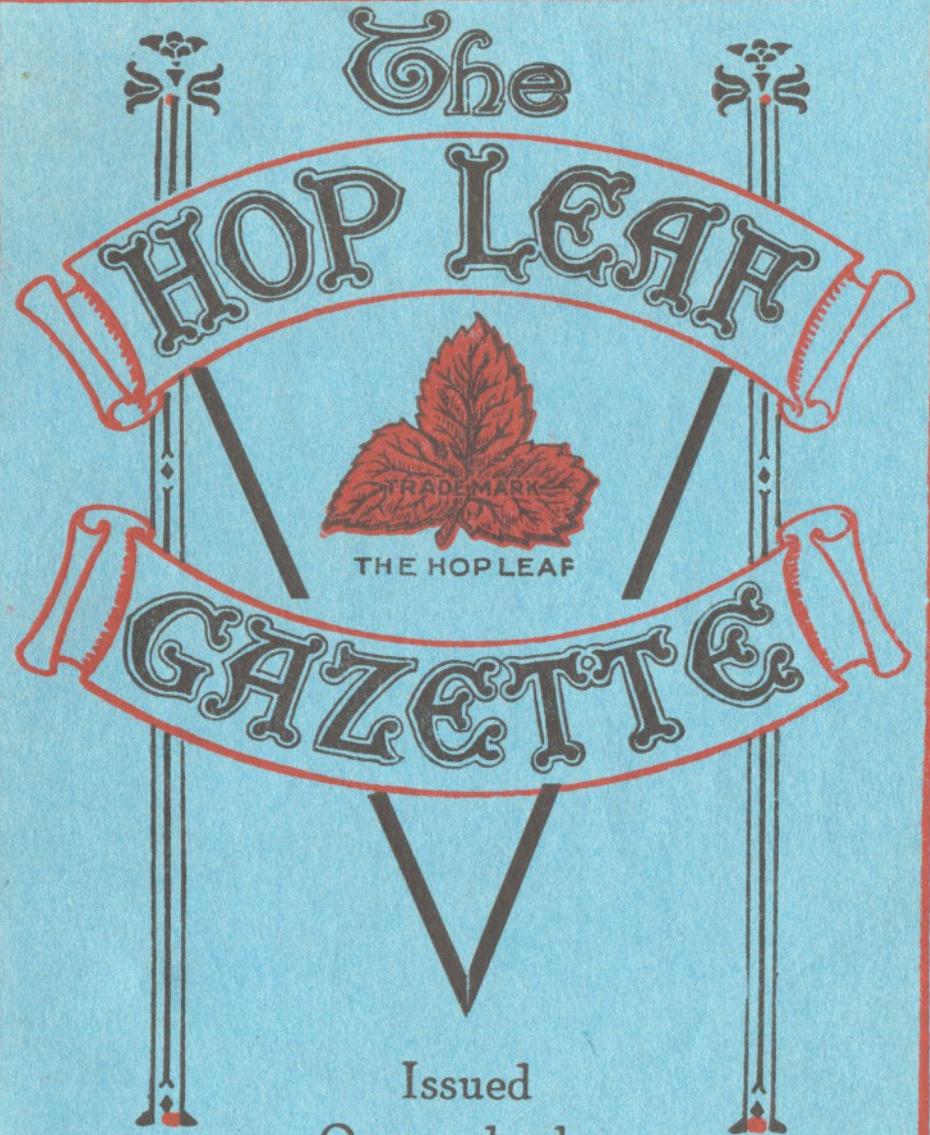


VOL. XIX.

DECEMBER, 1944.

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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. XIX.

DECEMBER, 1944.

No. 1

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

TO THOSE MEMBERS OF THE
FIRM SERVING IN H.M.
FORCES, AND TO OUR
MANY READERS WHEREVER
THEY MAY BE, WE SEND
Christmas Greetings
AND THE SINCERE WISH THAT
THE NEW YEAR WILL BRING
Happier Times



THE BREWERY,
READING.

Xmas. 1944.



MR. E. T. GIBBS.

MR. E. T. GIBBS.

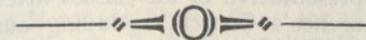
Originally a member of our Farnborough Branch staff, at which depot he entered the Firm's employ in October, 1913, Mr. Gibbs has a fine record of service behind him.

For many years Farnborough Branch had the reputation of producing highly successful personnel for transfer to other depots, and it is a truism that clerical staff who were trained there have always upheld the traditions of that establishment in any sphere to which they have been moved. Mr. Gibbs has worthily maintained that high standard, and since his transfer to Slough as chief clerk in 1932, and subsequently to Reading, he has shewn a capacity for good solid work, combined with a degree of accuracy which is seldom excelled. Moreover, he brought with him valuable experience which has proved to be a great asset, particularly during the past few years which have witnessed an exodus of numerous members of the permanent staff. His labours have proved how important have been the efforts of the few remaining members of the pre-war staff in carrying on in the face of growing difficulties and periodical disturbances of routine by the constantly changing personnel.

During the last war Mr. Gibbs served with the Northamptonshire Regiment in France, where he was wounded. He enlisted in 1916, and was discharged in January, 1919. In 1939, upon the outbreak of the present war, he was one of the first members to join the Brewery First Aid Party, and obtained the certificates of the St. John Ambulance Brigade and the British Red Cross.

During his career at Farnborough, Mr. Gibbs was a member of the Frimley Green Football Club, and played regularly for the team which produced the famous "Dawes brothers." He takes great interest in athletics of many kinds, including boxing, and enjoys an occasional day's racing.

With thirty-one years' service behind him, Mr. Gibbs' ambition is to complete fifty years under the Hop Leaf banner.



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.)

ALL GOOD WISHES FOR CHRISTMAS.

I take the opportunity of sending to all readers of the HOP LEAF GAZETTE the best of good wishes this Christmastide. There will be many a vacant chair, and those who have lost those near and dear to them have my kindest thoughts. May God give them courage, particularly at Christmastide, to bear up under their great grief, and may it be some solace to them in their sorrow to know that, in many, many cases, the absent ones have given their lives for their friends. And are we not told, on the highest Authority, that greater love than this hath no man. They are sure of their reward, and will receive the "Well done!" from the King of Kings.

So try to bear up, dear ones, and be of good cheer!

DEATH OF READING'S CHIEF CONSTABLE.

It is with very great regret we record the death of Mr. T. A. Burrows, Chief Constable of Reading, at the age of 58. He was deservedly one of the most popular figures in Reading and district. He served the town with outstanding ability and zeal for 21 years and treated those under him with consideration and impartiality. He inspired the confidence of all who came into contact with him and his friends were legion. To know Mr. Burrows was a pleasure and to enjoy his friendship a privilege. He trusted the members of his fine Force and they were loyal to him to a man. A very large company, representative of all classes attended the funeral service at St. Laurence's Church, including our Chairman and Managing Director (Mr. F. A. Simonds), Mr. L. A. Simonds (Director) and Mr. W. Bowyer (Home Trade Manager), one of the late Chief Constable's nearest and dearest friends.

HIGHER AND HIGHER AND HIGHER!

Lord Simonds' son, Major John Simonds, who was killed at Arnhem, wrote a very moving letter to his stepson, "Klim," just before he laid down his life for his country. In it he says: "There are two ways of living. One is full and fine, and free and hopeful. With the other there is no freedom and therefore no hope. The job I'm on is the job of opening the door to that first way of living, opening it to all peoples of all colours and races. Our enemy, Fascism, shuts and bolts that door. We are fighting to secure the opportunities of building up happier conditions, and therefore happier lives. Fascism removes and destroys that opportunity. So you'll see, Klim, that there could hardly be a cause more worth fighting for, or a job more important to do. It is a job we can never let down, for if we do that door will quickly slam again in our faces, and you, maybe, will have to go out to fight to open it. If you and your generation ever allow that door to close again everything we are setting out to do to-day will be thrown away. But you won't throw it away, Klim—you will be strong and brave as your father was and mother is. Nor, I believe, will we, in the years before you grow to manhood. We shall use the opportunity. We shall build a fine Britain. It is with that hope and with that resolution that I shall fly higher and higher and higher over France to-day."

1ST AIRBORNE DIVISION.

AIRBORNE, HEROES.

REMEMBER THEM AND BUY

NATIONAL WAR SAVINGS!

HAVE YOU JOINED A GROUP?

EQUIPMENT MUST BE REPLACED.

MANY NEW MEMBERS NEEDED.

A FLOURISHING CLUB.

Under the Chairmanship of Mr. A. G. Rider, M.C., the Island Bohemian Club, Reading, has had a very successful season.

For the Red Cross the Island Club raised £508. Other amounts raised for charity include: For the Campbell Dykes Special Day, £16 16s.; for the Merchant Navy, £50; for the Royal Berkshire Hospital, £12 13s.; for the Berks Benevolent Fund, £2 2s.—a very fine record for this admirably conducted centre of healthy recreation.

GROSVENOR HOUSE, CAVERSHAM.

The Editor, THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

Sir,—Congratulations. For the last month we have frequented the Grosvenor House in Caversham, Reading, and after travelling over half the world, living in fox holes, swamps and other very inconvenient places, it was really a super-pleasure for us to be able to return to a place where comfort, cleanliness and pleasure in living in the really democratic way of life means so much.

Our praise cannot be too great for Mr. and Mrs. Dix (the manager and his wife), Mrs. Hardy and all the rest of the staff who have done everything in their power to leave with us the feeling of home when we needed it so much. America has never been brought closer to us since our arrival than at the Grosvenor.

In closing may we say that we believe that the Simonds' Hotels in England have done more to foster friendly relations among the peoples of our two great nations than politics will ever do.

Thanking you for the pleasure you have accorded us by having the Grosvenor House open in these trying times,

We remain,

Sincerely yours,

CPL. CLAUDE W. GARVER,
CPL. WILLIAM H. BLALOCK,
SGT. WALTER ISEMANN,
SGT. AARON SNYDER,

United States Army Parachute Corps.

"THE LADIES!"

There is one toast which Britain must not fail to honour, even with our depleted stocks of wines, spirits, beers and lemonades. It is that of "The Ladies." Nearly half a million of them are in the Services. And many, many more have voluntarily or by direction taken up essential work. By day or by night these latter have turned out the munitions or maintained the country's essential services. And many have had, in addition, to maintain the essential service of keeping a home running. That, in itself, met with new problems brought about by the war. Rationing, queues, the lack of domestic help; all that called for extra effort by Britain's army of housewives.

And so we raise our glasses and with ever-thankful hearts drink to "Our Ladies." When the history of the war comes to be written, none will show a finer record of self-sacrifice and devotion to duties than those whom we thus honour.

God bless them, everyone!

GOOD WORK AT THE SOCIAL CLUB.

Thanks to our gallant Allied Armies, who have now approached the decisive phase of the present conflict, the "stand-down" orders to all Home Guard and Civil Defence have now been served. All personnel of the Brewery A.R.P. and Fire Guard organisations have received from our Chairman and Managing Director, Mr. F. A. Simonds, an expression of gratitude for their services so readily given. We at Reading should be failing in our duty if we allowed this occasion to pass without expressing our appreciation to the Social Club staff, particularly Mr. and Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. Hannis, who looked after our appetites and thirsts in such an admirable way. Due to their splendid co-operation, many hours of duty were made pleasurable and entertaining.

We trust that Victory will soon be attained, and that these duties may remain with us as a memory only.

BEST MIXED WEATHER!

The first half of November was like mid-winter in some parts of the country. Some country folks are predicting a mild winter, on the strength of the old saying, "When there's ice in November to carry a duck, there will be nothing much after but sludge and muck." But here is another from ancient weather lore: "Frosty nights in November will treble their visits in the New Year."

And since, we have been experiencing torrential rain and springlike weather intermingled. Some periods have been so mild that bees have been on the wing during the daytime and bats have appeared at dusk.

The rain was so heavy at times that some of the most ardent anglers, including C.H.P., thought discretion the better part of valour, and packed up hours earlier than they otherwise would have done.

KING HONOURS HOME GUARD.

The King honours the Home Guard with a service certificate, memorial to the men from shops, offices and factories who rallied to the defence of Britain during the invasion peril. The certificate is printed in red and black, and bears the King's signature. It says: "In the years when our country was in mortal danger you gave generously of your time and powers to make yourself ready for her defence by force of arms and with your life if need be."

Bravo, Home Guards! Never was an honour more richly deserved.

The Joiner.

Heard in a London Court: "You say your husband is a joiner; do you mean a carpenter?"

"No, a joiner. He joins up with anyone likely to stand him a drink."

FAITHFUL STEWARDSHIP.

Since May, 1941, Mr. David Rose has been Steward at the Balfour Club, retaining his daytime employment at the Brewery. His health has now necessitated his giving up his work at the Brewery and also at the Balfour Club. Both Mr. and Mrs. Rose endeared themselves to all the members of the Club who much appreciated their wonderful courtesy and kindness. Nothing was too much trouble for them so long as the comfort and convenience of the members was assured. Before leaving, Mr. and Mrs. Rose were given a tangible token of the gratitude and goodwill of the members whom they had served so well. A sum of money was collected from the Vice-Presidents and members, and this was handed to Mr. and Mrs. Rose in an envelope which also contained an honorary membership card for five years—renewed—to coincide with the Committee's desire to make "David" an Honorary Life Member.

Mr. and Mrs. Rose have the very best wishes of their many friends for much happiness in their new sphere of work.

CONCENTRATION!

A rare instance of concentration on one's work is exemplified by a rather amusing incident which occurred in the General Office at the Brewery recently. A well-known member of the staff was engrossed in figures, but the time arrived when he thought a little light refreshment would do him good. This he usually took about 11.20 a.m. But so intent was he on his work on this occasion that, when he looked up at the clock, lo! and behold, it was 12.40! Truly *tempus fugit*—especially when you are fully occupied.

A WORTHY RECORD!

A very worthy record of work well done can be shown by Mr. G. C. Hammond, who, owing to increasing age and infirmity, has just resigned his position as Hon. Secretary and Treasurer of Sherborne St. John's Working Men's Club. It was with great regret that he had to make this decision, but gradually during the last six years, he had resigned from the Cricket Club, after 20 years,

then the Football Club, after 24 years, Churchwarden, after 45 years, and Hon. Secretary of the Bellringers since 1899. And now, after the same length of service, 45 years, as the mainstay of the Working Men's Club. During this long period Mr. Hammond has passed through many vicissitudes with the Club, but now he is pleased to relate that its financial position is sounder than ever.

Mr. Hammond's successor is Mr. Englefield, in whose capable hands the continued well-being of the Club is assured.

NO TOUCH OF "PAUPERISM."

In the plans for the rehabilitation of our fighting men, the general intention underlying all the schemes is to avoid a "solution" which would give a man a suit of clothes and a gratuity, and then pitchfork him on to the labour market. In some cases men will be kept with the armed forces until work has been found for them; in others they will be given vocational training before they doff their khaki; to all who are suitable will be given financial aid, by way of grant or loan, as a stepping stone to professional or agricultural careers. There is here no touch of "pauperism." All that our men ask is a fair start in a field where others, exempt from fighting, have been able to consolidate their positions. After all, we don't pauperise our creditor when we repay him.

STOP PRESS.

At the moment of going to Press we were greatly shocked to receive the sad news that Mr. F. L. Shrimpton passed away at 3.15 a.m. on Sunday, December 10th, following a heart attack.

During the past month he had suffered from hæmorrhage of the lungs and several heart attacks, but the latest news, prior to his death, seemed hopeful that he would make a good recovery, since he had received the best advice and had been examined by specialists.

Our utmost sympathy goes out to Mrs. Shrimpton and her daughter, Diana, in their irreparable loss.

A full account of this very sad event will appear in our next issue.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER).

We wish all our readers a Happy Christmas and to the many of our employees in the Services express the sincere hope they will all be back with us again when Christmas, 1945, comes round.

News has been received by Mr. W. Bowyer that Capt. H. Lipscombe is keeping well, although at one time he was down with sciatica.

Mr. R. Broad, of the General Office, has good news of his son Ron (Mechanical Transport Department), who was engaged on mine-sweeping duties in connection with the landings in Normandy, a most hazardous occupation. Since then he has been home on leave and, after passing a course, is shortly to go to sea again.

Latest visitors have been Staff/Sergt. E. Martin, L/A.C. J. Strudley (home from Italy) and L. Twiney.

Much sympathy was expressed to Mr. "Jimmy" Wild on the loss of his wife after a long illness and much suffering. We always knew that Jim was one of the best with his permanent disabilities—the result of the last war—and he has proved himself to be lion-hearted with a disposition second to none. Truly it has been a tragic blow to him and his only son (now overseas) and we all feel very sorry for them both.

Our Editor, Mr. C. H. Perrin, who knows Caversham well, was informed by the writer that one of the big chestnut trees near the *Rectory*, Caversham, had fallen, fortunately without causing any damage or casualty. Quickly C.H.P. replied "there had been a wrecked tree there for years"! Good, you'll agree.

L/A.C. R. P. Huddy, writing from India to Mr. C. Bennett, mentions that he had been in hospital for six weeks and at a convalescent camp for five weeks, the latter being situated in the hills about 7,000 feet up and where the climate was very similar to that at home, with cool nights, which they all very much enjoyed. It had put him in working order again after he had done some riding, playing tennis and hiking. The glorious scenery was a thing to be remembered and truly a wonderful picture with snow-tipped mountains, pine-covered hillsides, waterfalls and valleys far below, with native dwellings dotted here and there, and the river like a silver serpent. He was *hors de combat* during the hottest period of the year. Beer was scarce out there, and he was right out of practice! They were very elated at the war news.

Mr. E. Greenaway has received a letter from A.C. G. H. Beddow, written from India, who mentions that they had an uneventful journey out. Food was good and plentiful, also fruit, but very little beer. Spirits could be obtained, but one had to be careful when buying for there were some very potent brands and the prices were high. Cinemas were in abundance and all air-conditioned. Another feature was soda fountains. Contrast is found in blocks of up-to-date ten-storey flats and then buildings of old India architecture with works of most intricate design. He was keeping very fit.

Sergt. S. C. Treacher, writing from Italy to Mr. H. Treadgold, says he is quite well and they had started to play football. Entertainment was not too bad for they saw pictures now and again and this was due to an American unit lending them a projector and films. He had heard from S. Collins, who was now in Bombay, and he had also seen Capt. N. H. Lipscombe, who, to celebrate the meeting, produced some excellent canned beer. This forthcoming Christmas would be the fifth away from home, so he was naturally hoping to be home for the 1945 one.

Mr. C. Bennett had a letter from Lieut. R. Wheeler from Italy mentioning that he had been in hospital for 12 days and had been evacuated to a convalescent home. The hospital being situated near the coast was in a lovely spot and he was able to watch the local fishermen at work. The convalescent home was somewhat farther away from the sea, but was a magnificent place, having been the home of a big Italian opera singer.

Sergt. H. Weight, writing from Italy to W.D., says he is fit and well. He was always glad to absorb Brewery news from any quarter, and he was in touch with a number of his old friends at the office who were now "all over the place." One thing he *did* miss was the "Hop Leaf" brand of beer, but they were getting a supply of English-style beer brewed in Rome which was remarkably good both in palate and satisfaction. The ration was one half-bottle per man per month, so in consequence you made pals with all known teetotalers in the unit. The weather was much different to what it had been, but this had its compensations for they were not troubled so much by flies. He wished to be remembered to all at the Brewery who knew him. Food and comforts were good and he had never felt better in his life.

An airgraph from Lieut. R. R. Priddy, written from East Africa to W.D., came as a surprise. He had been previously in Ireland and he found it a big change. His thoughts were of the Brewery and he hoped to receive THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE in due time. Remembrances were sent to T. Kent (whom he remembered

so well when he was in our First Aid Party), Mr. N. J. Crocker and Mr. G. Andrews. He wondered whether there were any other Breweryites in his part of the world.

In an airgraph from Sergt. J. Knight, written from Ceylon to W.D., he says he was keeping well. He had heard from N. Rainbow (Navy), C. Wade and F. Kemp. Very pleased to hear were we so busy and his thoughts were of the brewing staff.

A long and interesting letter and also an airgraph from the Middle East, has been received by W.D. from L/A.C. L. Walker. THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE he had received pleased him very much and it was nice to read about the Brewery again. Being called the "Brewery-man" in his unit all questions, arguments, etc., were generally referred to him.

L/A.C. K. Organ, writing to W.D. from the Sudan, says the weather had cooled off somewhat although still very warm. Tennis he had played, but under difficulties. One of their high spots was a visit from a R.A.F. dance band; they had also had an E.N.S.A. all-girl party, which was a great success. At one time they had been attacked by a plague of locusts and you really had to fight your way through them. Food had improved greatly and they even had ice-cream with fruit salad at times. Melons, oranges and dates were plentiful.

Several letters have been received by W.D. from L/Cpl. E. W. King from Italy and he always writes most entertaining news. It is obvious though he is by no means in love with Italy and when he last wrote the weather had turned out very badly and it rained in torrents. They were billeted in a huge school, so they were able to keep dry. In the building was an Italian barber and they could get their washing done. He, however, preferred to do his own laundry. He had seen a football match between the R.A.F. and the Yugo-Slavs. It was played in a stadium on a grassless pitch with concrete stepped terraces. The girl partisans ran on the field with towels fluttering to give first aid to their team (much to the delight of the British supporters) whenever one of the players was injured. They had managed to get a half-bottle of beer each week, which was brewed in Italy and it tasted very good. Before that they obtained Canadian beer at 1/4 a time.

Cpl. D. J. Stannard, writing to W.D. from the North of England, said after spending two years in Scotland, he came South and then had to go North again. He was keeping quite well and wished to be remembered to all who knew him at the Brewery.

News has been received of Sgmn. S. Davey who, writing from Ceylon, says he is feeling very fit. He gives a description of a

football match in which he played. They travelled by lorry for 60 miles over a range of mountains and through miles of tea plantations and dense jungle country. It rained all the way, so in consequence they were all wet through. In spite of this they had a good match on a pitch cut out right in the jungle. Afterwards they had a good feed provided by the Army cook, consisting of eggs, fruit salad and other extras, the only thing missing being beer. The ride home in pitch black darkness with headlights full on attracted the fireflies and with the trees on either side of the road it gave an almost Christmaslike effect.

Sergt. S. Nunn, writing to Mr. G. Andrews from India, says he is quite fit, but longing to be back home again. His thoughts were often of the Brewery. Although beer was very scarce spirits could be obtained much easier. Cooler weather was prevailing when he wrote and they were all wearing their battledress once again. He sent good wishes to all at the Brewery.

In a letter to Mr. G. Andrews, L/Cpl. E. G. Barrett, writing from S.E.A.C., says he had been at the same station for some while, but very busy. They were looking forward to Christmas and were hoping to receive some beer, which he expected would be Australian or Canadian. He was feeling very fit, but it was not easy. One leave he spent was up in the hills and getting accommodation with civilians he was able, more or less, to forget he was in the Army. When he went on a course, which entailed a journey of 3,000 miles, in all, he reached a peacetime station and whilst there met P. E. Hammond, of the Accounts Office. He had received THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE and found it a pleasure to read and concluded by wishing to be remembered to all friends at the Brewery.

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

The Roundabout, High Wycombe (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. A. H. Rogers.

The Craven Arms, Enborne (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. R. W. V. Page.

The Tumble Down Dick, Farnborough (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. J. J. Yeoman.

Mrs. E. K. Richmond, who has given up the tenancy of the Tumble Down Dick Hotel, had been there for over 30 years. She was born in one of our houses, viz., The Bee, Windlesham, and afterwards lived at the Imperial Arms and the Alexandra, Farnborough, before going to the Tumble Down Dick, so has had a life-long connection with the Firm.

- The Oxford Arms, Hungerford Newtown (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. R. G. Ludlow.
- The Jolly Farmer, Sandhurst (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. G. Wilkinson.
- The Castle Tavern, Newbury (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Mr. C. W. Burden.
- The Two Roses Off Licence, Slough (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. E. Clifford.
- The Three Horse Shoes, Shepperton (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. J. Clare.
- The Old Manor House, Walton-on-Thames (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. S. A. Turner.
- The Prince Alfred, Crowthorne (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. G. W. Pinchen.
- The Royal Marine, Lyne, Chertsey (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. T. J. Baleham.
- The Flowing Spring, Sonning Eye (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. R. Cotterill.
- The Royal Standard, Egham (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. M. Carver.
- The Hatch Gate, Burghfield (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. J. Hayes.
- Off Licence, Stone, Aylesbury (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mrs. E. Orchard.
- The Compasses, Chertsey (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. P. H. Rickson.
- Off Licence, Benson (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—United Counties Stores Ltd. (Mr. C. R. Fardon, Licensee).

We regret to record the following deaths and to all relatives we tender our sincere sympathy :—

Mr. T. P. Herridge, of the Castle Tavern, Newbury, who passed away on 23rd June, had been tenant of this off licence since April, 1933. He started his career with the Firm at the age of 15 and his photograph has appeared as the frontispiece in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, together with full particulars of his activities. We knew him well at Reading where he was for a number of years as well as at Ludgershall Branch. In the town of Newbury he was well known and well liked. He was a member of the Newbury Branch of the British Legion.

Mr. F. G. Carver, who died on 30th July, had been tenant of the Royal Standard, Egham, since November, 1943. Previously

he had been tenant of the Queen's Head, Knaphill, from June, 1940, to November, 1941.

Mr. William Clifford, who died on 1st July, had been tenant of the Two Roses Off Licence, Herschel Street, Slough, from April, 1933.

Mr. Arthur Windebank, of the Compasses, Chertsey, who passed away on 17th August, had been tenant of this house since 1922. He was an old School of Handicrafts boy and had lived in the town for practically all his life. An accomplished musician, he assisted several bands in the district. Mr. Windebank was a member of the local Court of the Ancient Order of Foresters, of which he was Assistant Secretary. He served in the last war and was the first Chertsey resident to win the D.C.M.

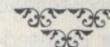
Mr. H. Orchard, who died on 3rd October, had been tenant of the Off Licence, Stone, Aylesbury, since December, 1919.

Mr. J. C. Stewart, who had been tenant of the Red Lion, Spencers Wood, since December, 1932, died on 1st November.

Mr. J. C. Pitman, of the Bugle, Halliford, who passed away on 5th November, had been tenant of this house since July, 1933.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

*To see in all things fine and beautiful
The thoughtfulness and tender love of God
Is for the Saints alone. At least the world
Would have it so. Yet we, in some small way,
May saintliness attain, if we but try
To trace the hand of God in all the signs
Of loveliness that grace the earth, and find
In sinfulness and hate the work of man.
And in the measure that we prove our faith,
In that same measure will God's bounty flow
And flood us with a wealth of peacefulness
That only God can give to those He loves.
Happy are they who stoop to smell the rose,
But happiest he who knows its perfume comes from God.*



NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW.

THE COMMON DANDELION.

Winter is again with us and many of us will be observing footprints in the snow. This is an interesting study. It is like trying to find out the meaning of the strange characters stamped on the bricks of Egypt and Babylon. The best place to carry out this study is in the fields of pure white snow, around an old farmhouse in the country. Each creature leaves a distinct mark on the snow by which you can identify it. Those broad marks, fringed with the print of long claws, tells you that a fox has come this way. These others are the tracks of a hare, easily made out by the fact that it only makes three impressions, for the two forefeet come down so close together that they leave only one print. Here, under the hedge, are tiny lines left by the feet and tail of a mouse that has come out of the backyard. And yonder are the rounded marks of the wild dove's cushioned feet, and the spreading three prongs formed by the great claws of the rook. Everywhere you see the marks of the busy feet of hungry starlings, robins and finches that have been trying to scrape away the snow and get at some food in the ground beneath. All these footprints on the snow the lover of Nature has learned to read as easily as you read the printed characters of a book.

SECRET OF A WEED'S PLAIN HEART.

But are we not all awaiting brighter and better days, and so for a few minutes let us look up and onwards to the Spring and the beautiful flowers that this wonderful season produces. Shall we make a picture of the dandelion and learn what the American poet, Russell Lowell, beautifully calls "the secret of a weed's plain heart."

How did the dandelion come to be what it is? This is a question which modern science teaches us to ask. Until a short time ago everybody took it for granted that a dandelion was always

a dandelion; had been created what it is now, and had never changed since its creation. But a newer and truer view of Nature has taught us that it has a long history of its own. That history leads us through a series of changes as wonderful as that which the classic fables tell us the beautiful girl, Daphne, underwent when she was changed into a laurel-bush, or the youth, Narcissus, when he was transformed, through constant gazing at his own image in a stream, into a lily. The dandelion has been slowly moulded into its present shape by the force of circumstances.

FRESH AND ENDLESS INTEREST.

Have you ever noticed the little teeth, like those of a fine saw, at the end of the yellow strap-shaped petals which have given the flower the name of dandelion—a French word meaning the teeth of a lion? These teeth are always five in number; and they tell us that each of these strap-shaped yellow leaves was once a round flower of five petals, like a wild rose or a wild apple blossom. The teeth indicate the divisions of the old parts of the flower. It is those curious birth-marks and relics of old states left behind in the advancing stages, and still preserved in the plant, which invest the meanest weed with a fresh and endless interest.

VERY HIGH TYPE OF PLANT.

We are so accustomed to look upon the dandelion as a mean, insignificant weed which we pass by heedlessly, or trample under foot, or root out remorselessly from our gardens and streets, that it seems very strange to hear it described by all naturalists as a far higher type of plant-life than a rose or lily, than even a cedar, an oak or a palm. Its flowers are more perfectly formed, and its type of structure is more highly organised than these beautiful flowers and magnificent trees.

THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

It has a pedigree that goes farther back into the mysterious past than them all; it has got the latest improvements in floral structure, as one might say, and is the newest and freshest of all

God's works ; that on which He has been working, from the first simple beginning of flowers on the earth until now, to achieve the highest perfection of flower-life.

HE EXALTS THE LOWLY.

Think of the honour which God has thus bestowed upon a humble wayside weed ! Truly He exalts the lowly and gives more abundant honour to that which seems most to lack it !

The faith of every one of us may be greatly confirmed and cheered in these days of doubt and unbelief, and universal questioning of all things in heaven and earth, by the study of God's dealings with a common dandelion.

HOP LEAF BRAND IN ITALY.



Driver A. J. Butler, of the Water Transport, R.A.S.C., son of Mrs. R. Butler, licensee of "The Star," Caversham, serving somewhere in Italy, enjoying the Hop Leaf Brand with a Reading friend, Driver A. Webb, of Silver Street, Reading, and of the same Company.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Think as well as you can of everyone who is trying in these difficult times to do his or her duty—to be brave, cheerful and useful. Let us not be among those who "whet their tongue like a sword and bend their bows to shoot their arrows, even bitter words." Kindness helps, where criticism cannot.

He who gives us better homes, better books, better tools—a fairer outlook and wider hope—him will we crown with laurel.

Beyond all wealth and honour is the attachment we form for noble souls, because so in a measure we become good, generous and true ourselves.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells across the snow ;
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

—Tennyson.

They who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel-song.
To-day the Prince of Peace is born.

It is not well for life
To learn too soon the lovely secrets kept
For them that die.
Not fitting were it for the eye
Always to look upon a cloudless sun.
Grow blind with too much light before the journey's done.

The labourer will be called to account for his careful cultivation, not for the abundance of his harvest.

The light of every soul burns upward ; but we are all candles in a wind, and due allowance must be made for atmospheric disturbances.

THE LATE RAYMOND RICE.

The news of the death in action of Raymond Rice (photograph on page 52), at the early age of nineteen, was received by his friends at the Brewery with regret.

Engaged in the Delivery Department, a conscientious worker and of quiet demeanour, he was popular with his colleagues.

Feeling it was his duty, he volunteered for the Forces at the age of 17½ years, and when reaching 18 entered The Royal Berks Regiment. After a spell of training, he was sent overseas and in Italy was transferred to The Royal West Kent Regiment.

Wounded earlier on, and making a good recovery, he was soon in action again and whilst on duty at a spotter's post was killed by shellfire.

His letters home to his friend, Mr. L. Doe, of the Delivery Department, were cheerful, and full of colourful incidents.

True sympathy from all is extended to his mother and relatives at Tilehurst, and to his fiancée, Miss Joan Bernard, late of the Delivery Department, and now in the Land Army.

MAJOR E. D. SIMONDS, R.A., HOME !

TWICE WOUNDED, PRISONER OF WAR,
MENTIONED IN DISPATCHES.

Major E. Duncan Simonds, R.A., son of Mr. F. A. Simonds, has recently arrived home on leave after serving five years in the Middle East. And what an eventful five years they have been !

Major Simonds served throughout the great Desert campaign with the R.H.A. He has been twice wounded. He has been taken prisoner and escaped. He has, in short, had a very rough time.

Frequently exposed to the dangers of a major campaign, he has at all times displayed great gallantry and has been Mentioned in Dispatches on no less than three occasions.

A very fine record, all will agree, and the short respite granted to Major Simonds from such arduous and dangerous duties is richly deserved.

MARRIAGE OF MR. BEESLEY AND MISS BULLEN.



The Bride and Bridegroom.

The wedding took place at Christchurch, Reading, recently of Mr. Douglas Edward Beesley, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Beesley, "The Rise," 7, Drayton Road, Reading, and Miss Grace Eileen Bullen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Bullen, 23, Cressingham Road, Reading. Both bride and bridegroom are popular members of the staff at the Brewery. The service was conducted by the Rev. A. J. Francis. Mr. Eric F. Baker was at the organ.

The bride was given away by her father. She looked charming in a gown of ivory figured taffeta with embroidered veil and held in place by head-dress of orange blossom. Her bouquet was of red carnations. The bridesmaids were the Misses Valerie Bullen (sister of the bride), Favell Beesley (sister of the bridegroom) and Patricia Champion (friend of the bride). The best man was Mr. S. Harrison (friend of the bridegroom). A reception was held at Parslow's Restaurant, and the honeymoon was spent at Paignton.

HARROWAY.

For many years our Company has supplied the beer for the race meetings at Ascot and Windsor, and during the 1944 season they have supplied an outstanding winner in Harroway, who is owned by one of our Directors, Mr. A. J. Redman, and trained by Johnny Dines at Epsom.

All our Directors love a good horse, and Harroway was popular with them, being known as the "Hop Leaf" horse, and we believe he was also appreciated by the Staff and Employees—we hope to their financial advantage. He was quite a popular favourite as was shewn at Windsor by the cheering when he won easily, carrying 9 stone 7 pounds.

During the 1944 season he won four times, and as a four-year-old was unbeaten over $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, winning stakes amounting to £1,733.

You will see by the illustration on page 51 that he is a perfect specimen of a racehorse, and his breeding is of the highest class, as he is by Fairway—Rosy Legend. His dam is also the dam of Dante, the champion two-year-old of this year.

He goes to the stud for 1945, and we shall all look forward to seeing his progeny racing in future years.

His record this year is as follows :—

Windsor, Round Tower Handicap ($1\frac{1}{2}$ miles), 7st. 11lbs.—First.

Windsor, White Horse Handicap ($1\frac{1}{2}$ miles), 8st. 8lbs.—First.

Ascot, Hurley Handicap ($1\frac{1}{2}$ miles), 9st. 4lbs.—First.

Windsor, Stoke Poges Plate ($1\frac{1}{2}$ miles), 9 st. 7 lbs.—First.

With another Brewer's horse, Major Bonsor's Sugar Palm, he is said to have shared the honours of being the most popular horse in racing.



THE ROYAL CASTLE HOTEL, DARTMOUTH.



Royal Castle Hotel
Dartmouth, Devon.

On October 3rd, Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., purchased the Royal Castle Hotel, Dartmouth, South Devon. This hotel is a fifteenth century building situated on the quayside, with splendid views across the wide harbour. There is accommodation for about forty residents, and it is hoped that by the early spring we shall be in a position to claim equality in the standard of comfort and catering with other hotels under the control of this department. Mr. and Mrs. Chmurow have been appointed to the management, after a very successful period with us at the Cheddar Cheese, Broad Street, Reading. The sketches of both the Royal Castle Hotel and the Sunningdale Hotel were done by a member of our staff, Mr. Edgar Scott, who is employed at the Queen's Hotel, Farnborough.

During the past financial year 1,156,365 meals were served in our houses, and 82,783 visitors accommodated.



Sunningdale Hotel
Sunningdale, Berkshire.

STAND DOWN OF A.R.P. AND FIREGUARD.

FINE RECORD OF WORK WELL DONE.

PERSONAL MESSAGE OF THANKS FROM OUR
MANAGING DIRECTOR.

On Saturday, October 28th, 1944, all A.R.P. and Fireguard Services at the Brewery stood down, and our Chairman and Managing Director took the opportunity of sending a personal message to everyone of the personnel. His message was :—

“ I have been asked by the Board of Directors to express to you their appreciation of your services during the long period you have been a member of the Civil Defence Services of the Brewery, and for the unremitting attention you have paid at all times to the various duties involved.

“ Thanks to the gallant feats of arms of the Allied Forces it is anticipated that the danger of damage by hostile action to the Brewery and its neighbours and the vicinity has now been averted and a ‘Stand-down’ has been ordered. It is hoped that should the situation again necessitate a call upon your services you will volunteer for duty as cheerfully as you have done in the past.

“ The efficiency of the organisation of all Civil Defence Services at the Brewery has earned the congratulation of the Regional Commissioner and the Town Authorities.

“ The Fire Brigade will continue on a voluntary basis as in pre-war days and it is hoped that the usual parades for drill purposes and maintenance of equipment will be carried out with the same thoroughness as of old.

“ In conclusion I must once again express our deep sense of gratitude to you and all of you for the services so willingly rendered during the past five years of danger and anxiety.”

On Thursday, October 26th, our A.R.P. Controller, Capt. A. S. Drewe, M.C., addressed members of the organisation.

He opened by saying, “ As Controller of the A.R.P. Services at the Brewery I have asked you to come here to-night, but, as it is impossible to accommodate all our volunteers in this room I have picked out the specialist services, who have carried out their duties for the past five years, and have done such really good work for the Brewery and their fellow-employees. It was a great thing for me to find such a wonderful spirit throughout, and it certainly eased my work in bringing our organisation up

to the really high standard it has attained. Your directors well know the hard work this high standard called for, and I am certain that if you had been called upon to go into action everyone of you would have acquitted yourselves with an efficiency second to none.

EARLY DAYS.

In the very early days of A.R.P. we were pioneers in the Region, learning how to tackle incendiary bombs, and I think I may say that in those early days when we trained in our bomb hut we all enjoyed ourselves carrying out the hard work with enthusiasm and keenness. Now the time has come to relax, and we can STAND DOWN for the time being. If, however, we are called upon again I hope I shall see you all back at your posts, although I trust we shall never again be called upon to function as a wartime service. I should now like to thank the Decontamination Squad for the strenuous work they put in at drills, exercises, etc. This work is particularly arduous, entailing the wearing of very heavy clothing and perspiring in every pore. Only those who have been closely allied with the Service know this, but the enthusiasm and efficiency of the squad has never relaxed. The service has been entirely voluntary, and I should like to express my deep appreciation for what you have done, and particularly to your leader, Mr. W. Venner, for the part he has played throughout the past six years.

FIRST AID PARTY.

“ I should now like to deal with the First Aid Party, who again have worked with a will, attending lectures, demonstrations, etc. It is not for me to dwell on their efficiency, but I can point to the numbers who are fully qualified and certificated by either the St. John Ambulance Corps or the Red Cross. This training proved invaluable when we were bombed by the enemy and the party gave practical proof of their efficiency; twelve cases were treated at our First Aid Post, and our squad gave invaluable help in the town. Several thousand routine accidents have been treated at the post since its opening, and all Home Office First Aid Boxes throughout the Brewery, in addition to the A.R.P. Boxes, have been kept fully stocked. I should like to thank Mr. Kent (now serving with H.M. Forces) for the work he undertook and the help he gave me in fitting up the post, organising lectures, demonstrations, etc.; which good work has recently been carried on by Mr. Ruffles. Before passing to the next squad I should also like to mention our old friend, Sgt.-Major Howells, of the St. John Ambulance Corps, who has so willingly given his time and knowledge to assist the training of the party.

THE FIRE BRIGADE.

"Next I come to the Fire Brigade who have given such noble service. May I thank all those men, who by their drills and hard work have been responsible, together with the other services, for giving H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., such a good name in the town with the N.F.S. and C.D. Services. Their lot has not been an easy one, and their hours have been long and their duties arduous. The way in which they answered the innumerable siren calls, particularly in the early days of the war, was an example to all. Not only have they proved themselves first-class firemen, but they have acted as Watchmen, Patrol Men, Roof Spotters and Cleaners, and undertaken a lot of other jobs as well—too many to enumerate. Their work was always well done and carried out with a good heart. I should especially like to mention our old friends, Mr. G. F. Andrews and Mr. H. Aust, who did such yeoman work in 1937-39, and assisted in the preliminary training of the A.R.P. They gave me great help behind the scenes in devising the original A.R.P. scheme and putting it into effect. We must not forget C/O E. Tigwell and 2nd C/O O. J. Lovejoy who have carried on this work for so long. If it had not been for them and their timely help at our fire a much larger portion of the Brewery would have been destroyed. Now, I hope, the Brigade will be able to take a long-earned rest from the interminable night duties.

"I must not forget the Telephonists, Headquarters Staff, Voluntary Stirrup Pump Parties, Demolition and Rescue Squad and Wardens.

A TOWER OF STRENGTH

"Before I conclude I must especially thank our A.R.P. Officer Mr. C. G. Lawrence, who has, from the inauguration of our A.R.P. and C.D. organisation, been such a tower of strength to me. He has always seen to it that everyone of us kept our noses to the grindstone and has never allowed us to relax. The hours he has spent on duty and organising the services, unbeknown to the majority of us, will never be known. All I can do is to thank him for his six years of work and the way he has carried it out. 'Thank you, Mr. Lawrence.' (*Applause.*)

"You have all done a grand job, and if we are called upon again I am certain I shall find the same cheery faces, cursing and swearing in greater or lesser degree, but all there, as I know your hearts are in the right place.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I do thank you for all you have done to make H. & G. Simonds' A.R.P. and C.D. organisation go with a swing, and I congratulate you on the way you have worked."

THE LATE SERGEANT—NAVIGATOR

LEO JOHN MICHAEL KURY, R.A.F.

It was with deep regret that we received the sad news of the death of our colleague, Sergeant-Navigator L. J. M. Kury, R.A.F., who was killed in a flying accident while on operational duties. Photograph on page 52.

Sergeant Kury who was educated at St. James' and E. P. Collier Central Schools joined the firm of H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., being posted to the Delivery Department, and proved a very efficient member of the staff, courteous and obliging to everyone.

He was most interested in flying, and joined the A.T.C., showing considerable prowess in the sporting side of that organisation, especially at running and football. At the age of 20 he entered the R.A.F., and in Canada was successful in gaining his wings.

The funeral took place at Henley Road Cemetery on November 9th. Six Flight-Sergeants of the R.A.F. acted as pall bearers and lowered their late comrade to his last rest. The many floral tributes included one from his close friend, H. G. Sexton, who was wounded in the Near East, and from his colleagues at the Brewery. The Delivery Office was represented by Mrs. K. Bengier and Messrs. T. E. Stevens and F. Kirby.

The true sympathy of us all goes out to the bereaved family in the loss of their dear one, who with so many of his brave comrades has made the supreme sacrifice in the cause of liberty.

Per ardua ad astra.

F. K.

LORD SIMONDS' SON REPORTED DEAD.

Major the Hon. John Mellor Simonds, 1st Airborne Division, who was officially reported wounded and missing near Arnhem, and later unofficially reported to have died of wounds, was the younger son of Lord and Lady Simonds.

Lord Simonds, Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, was formerly Mr. Justice Simonds, a Judge of the Chancery Court. He was granted a life barony in April this year.

Major Simonds married in August Mrs. Barbara Willcock, widow of Flying Officer A. J. Willcock.

Lord Simonds is the distinguished brother of Mr. F. A. Simonds and Commander H. D. Simonds.

BINDING OF VOLUMES XVII AND XVIII.

The September issue having completed Volume XVIII, we are prepared to undertake the binding of Volumes XVII and XVIII in one cover, for any of our readers, at a charge of 4s. 9d. If desired, covers can be supplied at 1s. 9d. each, where it may be more convenient for the binding to be done locally. Readers should send complete sets to the nearest Office from which the journal is delivered, or to the Representative for the district.

ROCKEFELLA.

We reproduce a photograph on page 51 of the famous 3-year-old racehorse, Rockefella, the property of Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, Bart., and trained by Captain O. Bell at Lambourn.

Rockefella was born in the purple—sired by Lord Derby's Hyperion, winner of the Derby, 1933, out of Sir Hugo's Rockfel, winner of the Oaks, 1938.

Rockefella, as a 2-year-old, showed great promise in his only outing at the last Ascot meeting, but early this year was stricken with a very serious illness and could not be put into training. At one time his future was despaired of, but the veterinary surgeon recommended the trainer to experiment with brewers' yeast, which was taken, as a rush job, to Lambourn by Major Ashby, and after a few doses Rockefella began to mend.

At the end of the racing season, 1944, he had sufficiently recovered to win three races in brilliant style, and has gone into winter quarters very much fancied for the big Cup races of 1945.

Whenever he wins the Brewery employees, particularly the Union Room men, will have reason to be proud and rejoice! (Will the bookmakers?)

FLYING OFFICER P. R. PAICE.

We deeply regret to record that the following letter has been received by Mr. R. Paice, our Farnborough Branch Manager:—

"I am commanded by the Air Council to state that in view of the lapse of time and the absence of any further news regarding your son, Flying Officer P. R. Paice, since the date on which he was reported missing, they must regretfully conclude that he has lost his life, and his death has now been presumed, for official purposes, to have occurred on the 26th November, 1943.

"The Council desire me to express again their sympathy with you in the anxiety which you have suffered, and in your bereavement."

CRICKET.

LAST SEASON'S BATTING AVERAGES.

In the September issue our report carried up to the end of August with one match to be fulfilled. A game had been arranged with Mortimer, but they found it impossible to raise a team. As timely notice had been given to us, we were able to fix up with an R.A.F. XI. Having previously had two matches against this team we were anxious for the opportunity of breaking the spell they had over us, but the morning of the day saw heavy rain falling, and although we held the fixture open as long as possible, further showers after midday made play out of the question and our opponents did not deem it worth while to make the journey.

All that now remains is to sum up the season's activities. We were fortunate in being able to carry out the fixture list up to the end of July, but after then, for reasons already stated, only one match was played.

During the season W. J. Greenaway, R. Lambourne, R. Mason and E. Priddy were able to fit a game into their leave. To complete the team we had to call on outside assistance, and Skipper Benham would like to express his and the Club's thanks to those concerned for their services, and who generally proved great assets to the strength of the team. We have four in particular in mind, viz., R. Merry, R. Pearce and the brothers K. and F. Scott.

For the first time for many seasons "Bill" Sparks was not on view, and he was greatly missed. After the first few matches George Kelly volunteered to umpire, and everything then went smoothly. Many thanks, George!

In the first six matches, C. A. Morgan stepped up a rank and very ably led the team. Although he was not able to claim a win, three games were drawn. He had the satisfaction of making the highest individual score during the season, viz., 76—also heading the batting averages.

Having recovered from his accident, F. Benham resumed command, but could not get a winning team together, except once. Considering conditions generally it must be conceded that we have done remarkably well to have carried on a team during five war years. We are aware that we compare very unfavourably with Service teams and firms engaged on war work. Our "cricketers" have joined the Forces, consequently the team is now made up with crows, more or less old, and youngsters who have not reached Service age. However, we are not complaining; we have kept the Hop Leaf flag flying on the Sports Ground, and given, we hope, some enjoyment to our visitors as well as to ourselves.

Conditions in the early part of the year were all against the ground staff, but despite the difficulties, we were given a good

pitch every week, and many favourable comments were passed on the excellence of same by our opponents.

A few words for the ladies. It was unfortunate that a team could not be raised, but work, weather and other things upset all preparations, and we can only hope for better times ahead. Some of the ladies, however, did rise to the occasion week by week. Miss Prosser and her very willing assistants were on the spot every Saturday "cutting up," laying and serving tea to very grateful players. A cup of tea is most refreshing after a spell out in the field and the break is very welcome. Again, very many thanks, ladies!

Another lady to be on the Mentioned List is Mrs. Morgan. She has kept the book admirably, and did not have quite so many arguments as to the correct number of balls to an over as happened when "Bill" was wearing the smock. Was that because we reverted to the six-ball over, or some other reason?

All that remains now is the averages. To save space and any complications we have made up one list, including all players' batting or bowling in three or more matches.

AVERAGES

Batting.					
	Runs.	No. of Innings.	Times Not Out.	Highest Score.	Average.
C. A. Morgan	168	12	—	76	14
R. Merry	146	11	—	26	13.27
K. Scott	70	11	5	18	11.66
E. Scott	110	14	1	29	8.46
F. Scott	48	13	7	15*	8
E. Priddy	23	4	1	11	7.66
R. Pearce	33	8	2	9*	5.5
J. B. Doe	45	11	1	12	4.5
H. G. Sexton	47	11	—	12	4.27
J. W. Jelley	41	10	—	14	4.1
F. J. Benham	16	5	1	9	4
J. Eighteen	8	3	1	6	4
R. Lambourne	10	3	—	10	3.3
G. Kelly	8	3	—	5	2.66
E. C. Greenaway	28	13	—	7	2.15

Bowling.					
	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
E. Scott	89	9	330	34	9.7
R. Merry	36	1	153	13	11.76
F. Scott	16.5	2	65	5	13
R. Pearce	65	11	216	15	14.44
E. C. Greenaway	90	7	318	16	19.87
C. A. Morgan	11	1	72	3	24
H. G. Sexton	11	—	79	—	—

Catches:—E. Scott, 6; K. Scott, 5; E. C. Greenaway, C. A. Morgan and R. Pearce, 4; F. J. Benham, R. Merry, H. G. Sexton, 3; J. W. Jelley, F. Scott, 2; J. B. Doe, R. Lambourne and E. Priddy, 1.

Played: 14; Won 1, Drawn 5, Lost 8.

Runs scored:—For, 921—average 7.48. Against, 1,416—average 14.75.

J. W. J.

THE LIGHTER SIDE

THE JUDGE (*sternly*): "I am sorry, but I must have decorum in court."

COURT USHER (*loudly, to police officer at entrance to court*): "Call Dick Oram!"

* * * *

The Sunday School superintendent was empowered to proceed to London to select and order a new banner. When he reached Paddington he discovered he had left the particulars at home. He telegraphed to his wife: "Wire text, size, colour new banner."

Imagine the astonishment of the postmistress when she was asked to send the following reply:

"Unto us a child is born, unto us a child is given, seven feet long, five feet wide, back blue, front yellow."

* * * *

Overheard at the bar of a club:

A: "Have a drink?"

B: "Thanks very much. I *am* just a little thirsty."

A: "Just a little thirsty! Good gracious, do you mean to tell me that you ever let it get as bad as all that!"

* * * *

HER FATHER: "Let's see, when were you born?"

YOUNG MAN: December, 1917."

HER FATHER: "Were you, by Jove, what a perishing winter that was."

YOUNG MAN: "You've said it, Sir. Our stork couldn't make it. I was brought by a penguin."

* * * *

VISITOR (*to War Hospital*): "May I see Captain J. P. Brown, please?"

SISTER: "I am afraid it is not a visiting day. Are you a close relative?"

VISITOR: "Oh, yes, I'm his sister."

SISTER: "Really, so am I. Funny we've not met before."

AGITATED CUSTOMER : "Heavens, man, that quinine you gave me was strichnine."

CHEMIST : "Then I have undercharged you threepence, Sir."

* * * *

"Anyone here know shorthand?" asked the sergeant of the recruits.

Two men stepped forward.

"Good," he said, "go and help with the potato peeling. They're shorthanded there."

* * * *

"Is the manager in?"

"Sorry, Sir, he's out for lunch."

"Will he be in after lunch?"

"No, Sir, that's what he's gone out after."

* * * *

"Hallo, Brown, fancy seeing you. I thought you were asleep."

"Asleep? No. I always keep my eyes shut in a Tube. I can't bear to see women standing!"

* * * *

After examining the private's damaged leg, the M.O. diagnosed a dog bite. Then, as a leg-pull, he added:

"Perhaps the dog had rabies."

"All right," said the patient, "hand me a pencil and paper, please."

"Oh, there's a good chance. You needn't make a will yet."

"I'm making no will," replied the private with a fiendish grin, "it's a list of the sergeants I'm going to bite!"

* * * *

SERGEANT (to Recruit) : "Are you one of those spiritualist mediums?"

RECRUIT : "No, Sergeant."

SERGEANT : "Then why the 'ell do you fall into a trance every time I give you an order?"

An elderly lady living in the country had a son in the Navy. On one of her rare visits to a neighbouring town she saw a sailor. Trembling with excitement, she asked him if he knew her boy.

"Well, what ship is he in?" asked the sailor.

"What ship?" exclaimed the old lady. "Are there two?"

* * * *

Two Scotsmen went into a hotel for a drink and soon were edging around waiting for the other to offer to shout. At last one hit upon an idea and related his hunting experiences on the mainland. "I saw a beautiful specimen, took careful aim, and shot him between the yours."

The other Scotsman looked puzzled. "The 'yours,'" he said. "What's 'yours'?"

"Mine's whisky and water."

* * * *

The sad-looking man entered the restaurant and a waiter bustled up.

"What will you have, Sir? Some cold shoulder?"

"No, thanks. I had that this morning."

"Well, then, some tongue?"

"No, thanks. I'll get that to-night."

* * * *

A Scot was engaged in an argument with a conductor as to whether the fare was 25 or 50 cents. Finally the disgusted conductor picked up the Scotchman's suitcase and tossed it off the train just as they passed over a bridge. It landed with a splash.

"Mon!" screamed Scotty, "ain't it enough you try to over-charge me? Now you try to drown my little boy!"

* * * *

An income tax collector had died, and a subscription was raised in a city office for a wreath. The boss promised five shillings, and when a clerk called to collect he was handed a ten shilling note.

"You'll want five shillings change, Sir," murmured the clerk.

"No," growled the boss. "Keep it and bury another."

The members of a hunting party had been specifically requested to bring only male hounds. One indigent member, however, owned only a female, and out of courtesy was finally permitted to include her. The pack was off in a flash. In a matter of seconds they were completely out of sight. The confused hunters stopped to question a farmer in a nearby field. "Did you see some hounds go by here?"

"Yep," said the farmer.

"See where they went?"

"Nope," was the reply, "but it was the first time I ever see a fox runnin' fifth!"

* * * *

A man stood on a bridge contemplating suicide, when he was approached by a genial stranger who said, "Wait! Before committing this rash act, talk it over with me for fifteen minutes."

Whereupon the two walked over to a bench and conversed for fifteen minutes. After which, arm in arm, they walked to the bridge and jumped over together.

* * * *

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?"

* * * *

The man was being shaved when the barber cut a considerable gash in his cheek. He was all apologies, of course, but had trouble in stopping the flow of blood. Finally he put a piece of tissue-paper over the cut to give the blood a chance to coagulate.

The barber wasn't expecting a tip, so when the customer gave him an extra shilling he was surprised.

"That's all right," explained the customer, "I don't often get shaved by a man expert in three trades—barber, butcher, and paper-hanger."

Two women met in the street. One was carrying a parcel and was asked what it was.

"Oh, it's some ham," was the reply. "I always buy ham at Sandy's Store. My husband is very particular and likes Sandy's ham best."

The other thought she would try the ham and off she went to Sandy's Store.

"I want some ham," she said.

"What kind?" asked the shopkeeper.

"Oh, the same as Mrs. M'Dougal gets."

The shopkeeper smiled, and leaning confidentially over the counter, asked: "Whaur's yer bottle?"

* * * *

Do you remember the tale of the couple that wanted to get married in a hurry? The man was on forty-eight hours' leave, and he took his blushing bride off to see the Vicar. The latter hummed and hawed and said it was impossible. Even a special licence would take too long. The would-be bride and bridegroom exchanged a look of misery, then a smile spread across the weather-beaten face of the soldier. "Well, couldn't you say a few words just to tide us over the week-end?" he suggested brightly.

* * * *

A certain club had replaced its black-coated male staff with young and, in some cases, pretty waitresses.

One day a member who had been strongly opposed to the change arrived at the club for lunch.

"How's the duck?" he asked an attractive waitress, rather gruffly.

"Oh, I'm fine;" she replied, perkily. "And how's the old pelican himself?"

* * * *

The new hand was to get a rope and a bucket and draw up some sea-water to flush out the galley. With the necessary equipment, he stood against the rail lost in thought.

"What's that guy waiting for?" asked one of the mess cooks.

"Don't know," replied another. "Perhaps he ain't seen a bucketful he likes yet."

* * * *

The sympathetic clergyman in an English village called on an elderly lady to ask if she was unnerved by the Nazi bombers flying overhead. "No, indeed, sir," said she. "I get all the shelter I need by reading the Bible. Then I have a glass of whisky and go off to bed, and say, "To hell with 'em.'"

* * * *

To a fellow on a London bus, carrying a 100-lb. bomb, the conductor inquired:

"What's that you've got on your lap?"

"It's a delayed action bomb I'm taking to the police station," came the answer.

"Lumme," said the conductor, "you don't want to carry a thing like that on your lap. Put it under the seat."

* * * *

The road was up, and a number of navvies were sitting around eating their midday meal. It happened to be a big race day, and a jovial clergyman was passing by.

"Good morning, men, good morning," he remarked heartily. "Alfresco to-day?"

One of the navvies shook his head doubtfully. "Hoo's ridin' 'im, guvnor?" he asked.

* * * *

In a hotel smoking-room there were a bunch of Great War veterans who got into a dispute over a certain battle. The veterans—all men of high rank—argued very turbulently. Finally, a quiet young man spoke up.

"Gentlemen, I happened to be there at the engagement, and I think I can settle the point at issue." And settle it he did.

The proprietor, much impressed, said to him when he got through: "My dear sir, what may have been your rank in the Army?"

"I was a private, sir, a full private," was the calm reply.

A short time afterwards the private asked for his bill, as he was about to depart. But the proprietor said to him: "Not a penny, sir! Not a penny! You owe me nothing."

"But, why, how is that?" the other demanded in bewilderment.

"I couldn't dream of charging you, sir," said the proprietor warmly. "You are the first private I have ever met."

The barmaid was a flirt, and when the corporal went out to buy a paper she pursed her lips invitingly and leaned over the bar towards the shy young private.

Putting her face against his, she whispered: "Now's your chance, darling."

The private looked around the empty room.

"So it is," he remarked, and promptly drank the corporal's beer.

* * * *

The sergeant climbed on to the stage. "I will now sing 'On the Banks of Allan Water,'" he announced. "Blimey," muttered Private Fedup to his pal, "'E didn't 'arf give me a start. I thought at first 'e was going to sing here."

THE LAST "ALL CLEAR!"

When Reading sounds the last "All Clear!"
The people's cry will be "some beer,"
So when you're out, and have a thirst,
Just look at this and read it first.

S.B. Ale is first on the list,
It's always good, so never miss;
Will make you sing like the two small words,
The S for song, the B for birds.

The next, of course, is a pint of beer;
Will make you sing and give good cheer:
The beer, you know, is from a tub,
So don't forget the Social Club.

The wife suggests a good Milk Stout,
Then the okey-cokey and turn about;
It will make you think of the old trade mark,
The red hop leaf as bright as a lark.

While the old folks dance and have fun,
The old man slips and has a rum.
Then back he comes to have a "do."
That Lemon Hart's the thing for you.

When the Steward shouts, "Last orders, please!"
Then round the counter just like bees;
But don't forget the last is best,
So ask Old Tom for F.O.S.

A MEDITATION ON A TRAIN JOURNEY.

The rambling brook does wind its way,
Thro' dell and dale it ambles on,
And on it's course, my thoughts do sway,
Another world of peace they trail along.

By cottage door—a field of corn—
Away unto the hills—now back to town—
The brook becomes a swirling mass forlorn,
Among the crags and beauty spots renown.

Thus does my mind enchanted, roused,
Regaled, revived, refreshed, depart
From laboured thoughts on which it browsed
To musing on the morrow's start.

Thus does the brook my mind inspire,
And give the grace of help denied,
Just as of old the bards with lyre
Showed how by facts were cares belied.

Thus God's creation at its best,
Seen in drear days of trial and toil,
Will ever put the mind at rest
And be to souls as balm and oil.

So ponder thus and 'ere recall,
That in our path the way is shewn
To step, to walk—and not to fall,
And time to all is just a loan.

B. L. V. ELLIS.

CHEER FOR THE YEAR.

We know not what New Year will bring ;
Still, after all—'tis day to day ;
So, facing each, we'll carry on,
And trust, and work ; and right will win.

Then lift up chins, and stride along—
For daily then, from sun to sun,
Our duty done—will bring its song
and rest : *and all the best !*

BRANCHES.

BRIDGEND.

Since the September quarter issue of the GAZETTE we have received several visits from members of our Staff at present serving with H.M. Forces, and are pleased to say they are all looking very fit and enjoying good health. Our congratulations to Mr. S. H. Spurling who has now attained the rank of Captain, and we look forward to hearing in the near future of his acquisition of a "Crown."

On September 21st last we were grieved to learn of the death of one of our oldest tenants, Mr. F. C. Anthony. He held the licences of the Golden Lion Hotel, Aberkenfig and the Welcome-to-Town, Bridgend, for a total of some forty years, during which time he conducted these houses in an exemplary manner for which he was highly respected. His many friends in the Aberkenfig and Bridgend districts will, we feel sure, join with us in expressing our deepest sympathy to his family in their great loss.

We were privileged in October to receive an invitation to attend a "Farewell Supper" and Concert given by the patrons of the Victoria Hotel, Maesteg, to Mr. and Mrs. Rowsell who were leaving the house to take over the tenancy of the Welcome-to-Town, Bridgend. The event was organised by a Committee under the chairmanship of Mr. J. A. Spracklen, with Mr. H. Griffiths acting as secretary. The tables were tastefully decorated and the many expressions of appreciation of the supper served were a testimony to the endeavours of the Committee. The Chairman, on behalf of the company assembled, expressed regret at the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Rowsell and wished them every success in their new venture. Mr. Enoch Rees and Mrs. K. A. Llewellyn, J.P., spoke in like terms and many other tributes were paid them by subsequent speakers. Mrs. Enoch Rees presented Mrs. Rowsell with a handsome table lamp as a token of their esteem, and wished both she and her husband prosperity in the future. After an excellent concert the evening was concluded with dancing.

With the approach of Christmas may we, the indoor and outdoor staffs of Bridgend Branch express our respectful greetings to our Directors, the Departmental Managers at Reading, our fellow-employees both at home and serving with H.M. Forces in this country and abroad, our Tenants and Managers and our many friends in naval, military, Royal Air Force and free trade circles, with our sincere wish that in 1945 it may truthfully be said, "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men."

BRIGHTON.

Brighton is preparing for the dawn of peace. Those who have memories of their visit in the past can imagine the difficulty in clearing away barbed wire and other obstructions before the vast stretch of beach can once more become attractive. But attractive it will be and with anticipation Brighton looks forward again to entertaining the thousands seeking health, rest and enjoyment after these terrible war years.

The members of this Branch extend the season's greetings, and best wishes to all employees in the Services.

We also send our best wishes to the Directors and those employed at Reading and Branches.

BLANDFORD.

The Staff at Blandford would like to wish the Directors, Managers and Staff at Reading and the Branches all the best wishes for Christmas, 1944, and may the New Year bring the end of hostilities and the safe return of our friends serving with H.M. Forces.

BRISTOL.

In common with many other homeland towns and cities, Bristol knows the anguish of total war and its heavy toll. But we can still send our cheery felicitations to those other centres of "Hop Leaf" activity where battle-scarred walls and stark desolation bear mute witness of the price paid. To dear old London, to our proud G.C. friends at Malta, to those at Tamar-side and good old Pompey, a very thankful Christmas-time for mercies vouchsafed and many dangers passed.

And to our ever-comprehending Board of Directors, to those who are away, and to all our confreres at home and overseas; to those many who carry on the "affairs of State" at headquarters, and yet are always ready to share in our minor burdens, too—to all, a Happier Christmas, and the realisation of all your fondest hopes in 1945.

We deeply regret to record the death of Mr. F. T. Ball, our late tenant at the Royal George, Thornbury, after a long period of ill-health, very bravely borne. Our most sincere sympathies are extended to Mrs. Ball and all her family in their great loss. Mr. Ball had been at the Royal George since October, 1929, and was very highly esteemed by all who knew him. As an example of fortitude in sickness and of his ever helpful endeavours to assist others he will be long remembered by many, both in Thornbury

and elsewhere. We hope Mrs. Ball will find her new responsibilities as licensee not unduly heavy, and that her endeavours to carry on in the family tradition will assist the greatest healer of all, as the years pass by.

After our Mr. A. W. Bold's unexpected visit last quarter it was only natural that his old Gloucester Hussars' confrere of 1939, Mr. C. M. Ausden, our Assistant Brewer, should look in upon us during this term, after his long absence in the Middle East with the immortal "Eighth" from Alamein to Rome. He was looking very fit after his experiences as an officer in the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry, and it was a very pleasant surprise to us all to see him again.

We also had a very brief visit from Mr. E. Burden, a very old member of our Carpentering Staff who was unfortunate enough to be rather seriously wounded in Normandy by an exploding mine attached to one of the Hun's many booby traps being handled by another Sapper, who escaped serious injury. We hope his period in the Convalescent Depot will not be overlong, and that he will in due course find full health and vigour again.

Lastly, we have had a cheery postcard from Stalag VIII B by an old and valued member of our Clerical Staff, Mr. Kenneth S. Holdaway. We are delighted to note he is in the best of health and trust, with him, that we shall all see him in the near future. He asks us to pass on his kind regards to all who knew him. We wish him the very best of luck and a safe return to England, home, and Mrs. Holdaway.

May 1945 bring to our Empire and to each one of us happiness, peace and security!

"MERCHANTS' ARMS" DARTS TEAM.

By a printer's omission due acknowledgments were not paid to the *Bristol Evening World* for permission to reproduce the photograph which appeared in our September issue. We desire to convey to the Editor of that newspaper our best thanks for his courtesy in loaning us the photograph.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

Heartiest greetings to all the employees of H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., particularly those in His Majesty's Service. We also send our best Christmas wishes to the Directors and employees at Headquarters and Branches, and to Messrs. Simonds-Farsons, Ltd., at Malta, G.C.

Much sympathy is felt for the relatives of Cpl. M. Spriddle, of the Wiltshire Regiment, who has been killed in action in Holland.

Before joining the Army he was employed in our Transport Department, where his father has also been employed for many years.

We are sorry to record that Flight-Lieutenant W. Waycott, D.F.M., has been reported missing during operations on the European Front. He was on our clerical staff at the Tamar Brewery.

Leading Telegraphist T. Sara, R.N., of our Office Staff, has been wounded during a naval action in the English Channel, but we are pleased to say he has fully recovered and is now on foreign service.

We are pleased to say that among those who returned from Arnhem was P. Fitzgerald, of the Airborne Forces. He joined the Services in the M.T. Section of the Royal Artillery and has seen service in North Africa and in Italy. He was employed in our Transport Department.

Congratulations to Sub-Lieutenant and Mrs. H. G. H. Cook, our tenants of the Brown Bear, Devonport, on the birth of a daughter, Maria Anne.

We regret to learn that Flight-Sergeant-Engineer D. Davey, R.A.F., of our Bottling Department, has been reported missing (believed killed) on operational duties.

A visit has been paid to us by Pte. J. C. McCarthy, R.A.S.C., who escaped after being a prisoner of war in Italy for four years, and although he had a pretty grim time he looks none the worse for his experience. He has a good word for the Italian partisans who were most kind to him.

We were also glad to see Sergt. V. Mann, of the Royal Marine Commandos, safe after his experiences on D-day.

Both Pte. McCarthy and Sergt. Mann are in our Transport Department.

Among others who have called at the Tamar Brewery are :— Pilot/Officer Navigator G. H. Jeffery, of our Clerical Staff, who has recently returned from Canada, where he completed his training; Flying/Officer R. J. Dunstan, who was on short leave after a number of operational flights over Norway and Germany; Sub-Lieutenant W. McKnight, R.N.V.R., and his brother, Sub-Lieutenant T. McKnight, R.N.V.R., who have been very busy

mine-sweeping in the Mediterranean and off the invasion beach-heads and Channel ports; Lieut.-Commander C. R. Holman, R.N.R., Fleet Air Arm; Petty Officer R. E. Campion, R.N.V.R.; Petty Officer C. R. Wyatt, R.N.V.R.; Petty Officer D. J. N. Webb, R.N.V.R.; Leading S/A. G. Palmer, R.N.V.R.; L. T. Gruit, The Devonshire Regiment; C.S.M. J. R. Jagers, R.A.S.C.; H. Ayres, The Coldstream Guards; S. Pinnock, The Airborne Forces; A.C.I (Cadet) P. Witchell, R.A.F.; A.C.I (Cadet) D. Browning, R.A.F.; Cpl. P. Penrose, R.A.F.; L. Loynes, R.A.F.; P. Le Tissier, The Mines.

We have also heard from Cpl. W. F. Germain, Royal Corps of Signals, who is serving in India.

No doubt a number of our readers listen to the broadcast arranged by Mr. F. Grisewood in the Home Service of the B.B.C. at 6.30 p.m. every Saturday evening. It is a most interesting item and Mr. Grisewood collects persons from all over the world. One Saturday in November someone broadcast "What becomes of the Old Ships." The broadcaster referred to one of our soldiers finding a teak ash tray made by a Plymouth firm in a German dug-out at Caen in Normandy. The firm in question make a speciality of articles made from old ship timbers, such as ash trays, tobacco jars, candlesticks and small items, besides garden chairs and furniture, umbrella stands, firelog boxes, etc. They make up all sorts of interesting articles from old measures, shell cases and carriers, binnacles, steering wheels and other salvaged articles which would either have been burnt, melted down or thrown away. There is an article in the shop made of the bowsprit from H.M.S. *Victory*, but this is not for sale.

The Cooperage is now employed on Government work and they have not much labour to spend on souvenirs. When visitors come to Plymouth they generally visit this well-known shop. The Company have a stall at the Chelsea Flower Show and other shows in the country during peacetime and Royal visitors have often purchased articles therefrom.

The Company have been Coopers for generations and have supplied the Royal Navy, Merchant Navy and Yachts with water beakers when all water was carried in wooden casks. The casks were made flattish, that is with an oval head; round casks would have rolled and also taken up too much room. They also made a large quantity of herring and pilchard barrels in the season. All fish exported to Germany and Italy before the war were sent away in barrels. The barrels were not headed, the cover was a piece of hessian and the top hoop rammed over it to keep it in position.

The present proprietor keeps in close touch with the Royal Navy and his son-in-law is a V.C. Commander of a submarine.

LONDON.

We accept this opportunity of conveying to the Directors and Staff at Reading and Branches our best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

Our thoughts are continuously with our Staff serving with H.M. Forces. All are overseas. We send them our best wishes, trusting that they will be blessed with health and good luck, also a speedy return to their homes and families. Fortunately, we have not heard of any casualties amongst our staff serving in H.M. Forces.

May Victory and Peace be granted to us at an early date.

To those who have suffered loss by enemy action we trust that they are now in better circumstances and we hope that the worst of their troubles are over.

To all our Staff thanks for their loyal support during the past year. Owing to enemy action, conditions have been very difficult. We have come through well. The attempt of the enemy to destroy London by fire proved fruitless. In this district we were bombed heavily and our Stores received a number of incendiaries. Our Fire Guards did excellent work and owing to their efforts fires were soon put out. We certainly had good fortune on our side.

A number of our Staff are members of the Home Guard and we congratulate them on their patriotic service. They have done a good job well. Beyond their training and duties they could always be found where work was to be done, particularly giving assistance to Civil Defence workers.

Our Mr. C. Law commands the H.Q. Company, 30th County of London (Tooting) Battalion, and holds the rank of Major.

At the end of the year they stand down, ready if occasion should arise to give of their best.

We have had the pleasure of supplying a number of units and, we trust, with satisfaction. We extend to them our best thanks and appreciation for their courteous business relations.

During the year we have had the honour of supplying many Messes and Canteens of H.M. Forces and the U.S. Army, making many friends, whom we shall always be pleased to meet, and trust that when in London they will call at the Plough Brewery to renew acquaintances.

LUDGERSHALL.

We take this opportunity of extending greetings to the Directors and Staff at Reading and other Branches, and trust that by this time next year we shall have the war behind us.

To those of our Staff who are away with the Forces we offer our hearty greetings and hopes for a safe passage through those difficulties which must be met.

It is unlikely that a copy of the HOP LEAF will reach Harry Horsfall who is at present a prisoner of war in the hands of the Japanese, but if by chance one should get into his possession we assure him that we are all looking forward to the day when he is with us again.

H. Matthews who recently was taken to hospital with shell-shock found himself transported in the ambulance which was presented to the Red Cross by the Borough of Andover. No doubt he wished coincidence could have been taken a step further and the journey ended at the Andover War Memorial Hospital.

Our contributions to the GAZETTE are, we regret, few and short, but as our lives here revolve mainly around military affairs there is little of general interest which we may report.

Therefore, a Happy Christmas to all, and a Peaceful and Prosperous New Year.

PORTSMOUTH.

Once more the time has arrived for us to extend to all readers of the HOP LEAF Christmas greetings. We have all been living in hopes that by this time the war would be over, but it drags on, and we are still anxious about those near and dear to us who are engaged in fighting a remorseless and cruel enemy. We look forward to their safe return at a not too distant date. Meanwhile, we wish them the best of good luck, coupled with the heartfelt assurance that a hearty welcome awaits them when they come back to resume their normal lives. We are grateful for all they have done for us, for the great sacrifices they have made and are still making. "We will remember" is no idle expression.

To those belonging to our firm at headquarters and at the branches, and also to those who have been carrying on during times of great difficulty and danger, our thoughts are specially directed, and we shall rejoice when the great day arrives for a happy reunion both in business and private life.

OUR NEW LORD MAYOR.

For the first time for five years Portsmouth has changed its Lord Mayor. Alderman A. E. Allaway has been unanimously chosen by his fellow-members of the City Council to succeed Sir Denis Daley, with the sincere hope that early in his reign peace will be restored throughout this troubled world, and that the bells will once again ring out their joyous song.

Few of us realised five years ago when a Royal Marine—a man who had seen much service in the first Great War—was placed in the chair of Chief Magistrate that his job would extend over so long and so momentous a period. Year after year the war has dragged along, and year after year Sir Denis Daley was re-elected. He has worthily led the city through dangers and difficulties, damage and destruction; whenever we were attacked—and we have survived 65 intensive raids—he was always first on the scene to cheer up the people, and encourage them by example and precept to bear their burdens uncomplainingly. “Keep smiling, brighter days will come,” he told them, and now when victory is so near he hands over the reins of office to a worthy colleague.

Alderman Allaway, who has long aspired to the highest offices the burgesses can bestow on any of their members, has had a long experience of civic administration, and his greatest desire is for the progress and welfare of the city. Many great problems face him, but he is the type of quiet, unobtrusive, unostentatious administrator who will grapple with them courageously and firmly. May success reward his endeavours, and may he be blessed with good health to carry out his difficult task.

BROADMINDED PARSON.

Portsmouth people are talking about the Rev. E. J. K. Roberts, Vicar of St. Bartholomew's Church, Southsea, whom they designate “the most broadminded parson they have ever known.” The reason for this is not far to seek. In his parish magazine last month he made the following comments concerning licensed houses in the city: “The pubs deserve full marks for the way they have illuminated their windows. It is the best advertisement possible, and it positively makes one thirsty. It is a great pity that many of us judge what goes on inside a typical pub by the silly folk who can't stand the strong fresh air after closing time. If we were to go inside, meet the publican, chat with the customers, have a pint of beer, and play a game of darts, many of us would be the better for the experience, and we should certainly revise some of our sweeping judgments on beer, bars and barmaids.”

He has received many letters congratulating him on his sentiments so bluntly expressed. One of his correspondents sums

up with this sentence: “Good luck, Father Roberts; A few more like you, and Pompey will lead the way for better days to come.” Most of us will agree.

WHEELBARROW AND CASTLE.

A reader of the HOP LEAF who has noticed from the top of a bus the wheelbarrow perched over the top of the facade of the Castle Hotel has asked our Portsmouth correspondent if he can explain its significance. “It seems so strange to a visitor to see such a queer sign—if sign it be,” he says.

We agree. But there is a reason, a justification, for it. Originally the Castle Hotel, which stands at the corner of Castle and Kent Roads, Southsea, was named the Wheelbarrow and Castle, and there are many strange stories told about it. One is that many, many years ago the hostelry was the rendezvous of officers who were stationed at the Castle. It was long before Southsea, as we know it, was built, and farm lands and common land surrounded the inn. There were often somewhat riotous celebrations at the old place of assembly, and young officers were so overcome by the potent liquor they consumed that they were unable to walk to their quarters. So the potman, to avoid them getting into trouble and possibly also to augment his own meagre income conveyed them to the castle in a wheelbarrow. Hence the name of the hotel and the presence of the conveyance. That is the story. Our readers have it for what it is worth!

STAINES.

The staff and employees at Staines tender their best wishes to our Directors, also all departments at the Brewery, and old friends at other Branches, for a very Happy Christmas.

To our colleagues serving in His Majesty's Forces at home and overseas our warmest greetings. May we soon welcome you home again!

SALISBURY.

The staff and employees at Salisbury Branch send their very best wishes to the Directors, the staff at Reading, and all who serve under the Hop Leaf Banner, to all serving in the Forces on land, sea and in the air, wherever they may be.

We wish them good luck and a speedy return to their homes and the blessings of peaceful days.

OXFORD.

We have received interesting letters from the following members of our Oxford staff who are doing their bit in various places :—

L.A.C. A. Siggery is somewhere on the Continent with the R.A.F. He says he is keeping very well and glad to get his copy of the HOP LEAF GAZETTE. He sends his best wishes to Mr. J. M. Hammond and all other old friends at the Brewery.

L.A.C. R. F. Gooch writes from Northern Ireland where he is stationed with the R.A.F. He expresses his appreciation of his copy of the HOP LEAF GAZETTE, and looks forward to reading about the lads, as he puts it. He bewails the fact that he is unable to wet a line now and again. As most of us know, he is a very keen and efficient angler.

Pte. R. J. Clarke writes from "Signals, South East Asia," to say that he enjoys the climate; the heat suits him, he is quite happy and contented, but would like to come back and help with the office work again. (We hope he and the rest of his Service colleagues will soon get the opportunity.)

Gunner P. J. Oliver, whose chief occupation is lobbing shells at "Jerry," writes from somewhere in Italy to tell us that he is keeping in the very best of health. He says it is very nice where he is, but he gets "browned of" at times, and would then give anything to be "back at the old Stores."

Cadet V. R. Keates, R.A.F., writes us from somewhere near Salisbury in Southern Rhodesia to say that he has recently passed his "wings exam." and expects to put them up shortly. He is rather afraid that the war will be over before he can have a go on his own account.

Pte. H. Beesley, R.A.O.C., writes from somewhere in the Old Country to say how he also looks forward to getting his GAZETTE. He is improving the hours of a night's guard duty by writing us from the guard-room, of all places! He is fit and well, and sends his best wishes to all his friends.

Sgt. L. J. Lardner, R.A., we hear, has been seriously wounded in operations over the water, and is in hospital at Basingstoke. We sincerely hope that he will soon be fit and well.

Flt.-Lieut. B. H. Quelch, R.A.F., called to see us recently, and he was looking very fit. He is quite a veteran now, having been in the service since the outbreak of war. He joined the R.A.F.V.R. in pre-war days.

Oxford Branch staff and employees send their warmest greetings and best wishes for Christmas and the New Year to their colleagues at home and abroad, and at the same time we express the hope that 1945 will see a return to normal times and a real reunion.

WOKING.

It is with deepest regret that we have to record the death of Mr. A. Bennett which occurred at his residence, "St. Julians," The Hopfield, Woking, on Wednesday, October 18th. He passed away very peacefully after a very long illness. The late Mr. A. Bennett, who was 55 years of age, had been manager of our Woking Branch from 1927 until the breakdown of his health in 1939. His term of office was wonderfully successful and his popularity was widespread. He was associated with many Clubs in the district, and it was greatly deplored that ill-health compelled him to retire from active participation in the life of the Clubs which he loved. It is indeed a tragedy that so fine a man should have been stricken at his comparatively early age. Many messages of sympathy with Mrs. A. Bennett in her great loss have been received.

Mr. A. Bennett previously held appointments at Farnborough and Portsmouth Branches. When at Farnborough he was an enthusiastic campanologist and also a valued member of the church choir. He was laid to rest in the churchyard of Horsell Parish Church on Saturday, October 21st, the service being performed by the Vicar, the Rev. F. A. Woodard.

A simple but very impressive ceremony was held, opening with an organ voluntary, and including the singing of the hymn, "Jesu, Lover of my Soul." The chief mourners were Mrs. A. Bennett, and Mr. Fred Bennett (brother), Mr. C. Bennett (brother), Mrs. E. Leno (sister), Mr. G. Watts (brother-in-law), Mrs. Grenham (sister-in-law), Mr. G. Grenham (nephew), and Mrs. M. Brooks. Others attending were Mr. A. R. Bradford, representing the Directors and Branch Managers, Mr. F. Josey from Headquarters Staff, and Mr. Gosney from Farnborough Branch. Woking Branch was represented by Mr. and Mrs. F. Francis, Mr. J. Holloway, Mr. S. Wareham, Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard and Miss D. Brown. Mrs. A. E. Wake attended in the absence of her husband who is serving with H.M. Forces overseas.

The floral tributes were beautiful and numerous, including wreaths from the relatives, the Directors of H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Bradford, Woking Staff, Mr. W. H. Davis, the Woking Working Men's Club and Members.

The Woking Liberal Club contributed a handsome wreath, and were represented by Mr. C. Austin. The Clubs' Steward Union paid their respects in the attendance of Mr. T. Loughnane.

We also have the sad duty of reporting the death of Mr. A. Brooker of this Branch, at the age of 64 years. The late Mr. A. Brooker had been our off-licence attendant for some 15 years; previously he had been a driver of horse and van. He joined Woking Branch at its opening in 1900, coming from Farnborough Branch, and thus completed 44 years' service. He was liked and respected by all for his courteous manner. Mr. Brooker was a well-known and popular member of the Woking British Legion Club.

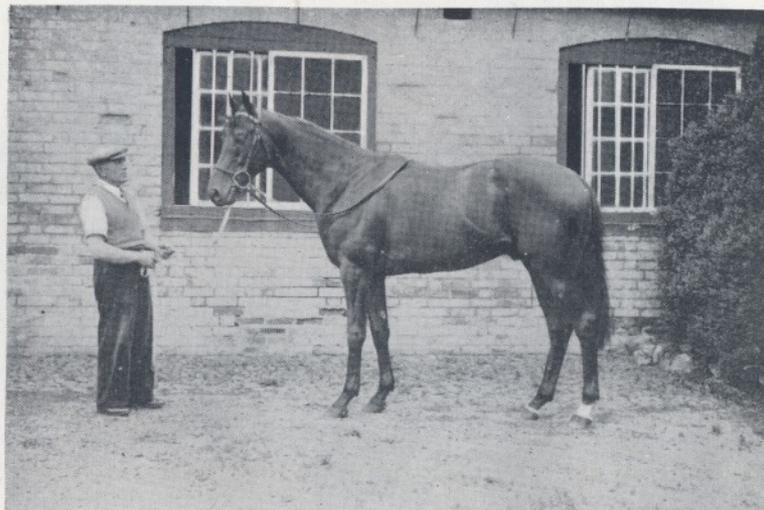
The funeral took place on Friday, November 10th, at Brookwood Cemetery. A handsome wreath was sent by the Woking Staff and a wreath of Flanders Poppies was laid on the grave by our traveller, Mr. Holloway, on behalf of the Woking British Legion Club. Our staff were represented at the funeral by Mr. J. Holloway and Mr. S. Wareham. By his death another link with the old days of horse-drawn transport has been broken. We are indebted to Mr. Seabrook, one of our oldest customers, for his able assistance in supplying the floral tributes.

We have received a very cheery letter from Cpl. J. Marett, of the Dental Corps, in which he informs us that he is by way of becoming a linguist, having successfully struggled with French, Flemish and Dutch languages.

He is now looking forward to renewing his acquaintance with English, and has spent considerable time in adding up length of service, age, etc., in order to arrive at an approximate date on which he might once more resume the custom of sampling "S.B." We echo his sentiments that "it will not be long now." There is a dearth of news from the rest of our staff overseas.

We are at present fully occupied in trying to explain to our numerous customers why it is that we cannot promise them an "extra bottle of spirits" for Christmas.

We take this opportunity of wishing our Directors, and also our customers, the "Compliments of the Season."



W. A. Rouch.]

ROCKEFELLA.

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HARROWAY.

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The late Raymond Rice.



The late Sergeant-Navigator
Leo John Michael Kury, R.A.F.

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