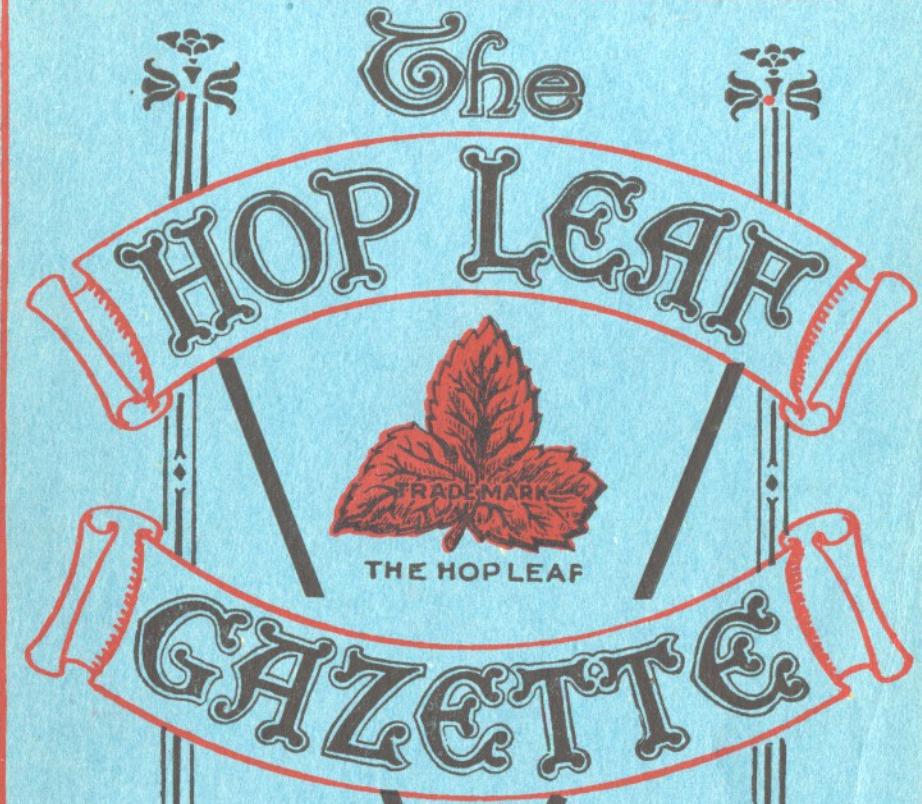


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DECEMBER, 1945.

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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. XX.

DECEMBER, 1945.

No. 1

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All communications should be addressed to—

The Editor, HOP LEAF GAZETTE, The Brewery, Reading.

The Directors of
H. & G. Simonds Ltd.
sincerely wish all
Friends & Employees
A Merry Xmas and
Happy New Year.



THE BREWERY,
READING.



DECEMBER,
1945.



MR. P. RUFFLES.

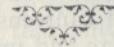
MR. P. RUFFLES.

In normal circumstances it would seem to be an obvious selection for the portrait of a senior member of the staff of our Wine and Spirit Department to appear in the frontispiece of the Christmas issue of this journal, if only to recall the close connection between that Department and the Festive Seasons of bygone years, when rich wines were in abundance and spirits could be obtained without restriction.

The prominence which is again drawn to this section of the Firm's business in this publication affords an opportunity, at least, to reassure patrons that, although supplies are still restricted, there is a prospect of a larger volume being forthcoming in the not too distant future.

The matter of equitable distribution and the despatch of quotas due to customers is one which taxes the resources of the staff to the uttermost and a large share of this burden falls upon Mr. P. Ruffles, who has served 22 years in the Wine Stores and, with a total of 28 years to his credit, is another example of a junior clerk rising to a position of confidence and responsibility by sheer ability and merit. Mr. Ruffles is thoroughly acquainted with all branches of the work and general routine of the cellars, including the breaking down, blending and bottling of spirits and the bottling and care of wines. The regulations governing the removal of excisable liquors are strict and need the most careful observation. The Department has, therefore, been fortunate in retaining the services of Mr. Ruffles during the difficult years of war, particularly when the zoning restrictions were imposed and an interchange of trade with other merchants was necessary. He is mainly occupied with the stock-taking records and the supervision of the despatch of all goods to Branches and local trade.

As a member of the St. John Ambulance Brigade and the holder of Certificates and Medallion, Mr. Ruffles has taken a keen interest in first aid work, and was one of the first to help with the training and formation of the Brewery First Aid Party, of which he took the leadership during the later years of the war. Throughout the war he has served with the Earley First Aid Party, also with the Rescue Service. The necessity for active participation in those services having passed, he hopes again next summer to indulge in his favourite pastime of week-end camping and swimming. For the present he is contenting himself during leisure hours with a game of billiards, of which he is a great exponent.



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.)

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS!

To the ever-increasing army of readers of the HOP LEAF GAZETTE I wish the old, old wish—A Happy Christmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year. There will be many vacant chairs, I know, and our sympathy goes out to those whose family circle will not include some of the old, familiar and loved faces. But these dear boys died that others might live. Of each one we may say : He died with a high heart, with his face towards the enemy, going towards the light of human liberty !

TROOPS' CHRISTMAS FARE : NO CHANGE.

Although troops at home and overseas will be sure of their traditional Christmas fare, NAAFI is not in a position to supply extra quantities this year. World food and transport shortages have decreed that the range and quantities of Christmas items must remain the same as for 1944. NAAFI has arranged for every Service man and woman dining in mess on Christmas Day to have :—In the United Kingdom : One egg for breakfast, at least 5 ozs. of poultry, 4 ozs. of Christmas pudding and one mince pie. Overseas : 4 ozs. of poultry (canned), 4 ozs. of Christmas pudding and 1 oz. of mincemeat. There will be nuts and fresh fruit according to local supplies. BAOR troops are to have an extra ration of chocolate, but there will be no extra chocolate or sweets for Home units. All troops will get oranges according to their availability. Beer prospects are good. Local breweries overseas are producing well. At home, bottled beer is expected to be in short supply, chiefly due to bottle-shortage, but it is hoped that draught beer will be adequate. The creation of the festive atmosphere in NAAFI clubs and canteens will depend largely on the initiative of NAAFI managers and manageresses and W.V.S. club



liaison officers. The NAAFI clubs are arranging their own programmes of games, competitions and general entertainments, and most of them hope to have decorated Christmas trees. NAAFI has greatly simplified Christmas gift shopping for the troops by means of its chain of overseas gift shops. These shops have no queueing. The serving man or woman selects the gift, pays for it, and has it packed and dispatched in successive stages without having to leave the premises. In some areas the W.V.S. members serving as liaison officers in NAAFI clubs take troops on conducted "shopping tours," advising them on gift-selection and economical buying.

THE LAST WORD.

Remember, friend, when passing by,
As you are now, so once was I.
As I am now, soon you will be,
Prepare for death and follow me.

A man, after reading the above on a tombstone, wrote underneath :—

To follow you I'm not content,
Until I know which way you went.

ORIGIN OF "TUMBLER."

The word "tumbler" dates back to Elizabethan days. It was then considered courteous to drain one's glass when drinking a toast. To ensure this being done, a new type of glass became popular with a round or pointed base, which made it tumble over when put down. We still use "tumblers" to-day, but they now have flat bases—no one wishes to risk spilling the precious contents, particularly if they are of the Hop Leaf brand.

And there are other kinds of "tumblers" that you may often see over the Brewery. They are tumbler pigeons, and the way they tumble down in the air is interesting to watch.

NEED FOR UNITY.

It would be true to say that throughout the Empire there is a firm conviction that the need for its unity is as great to-day as it was during the war—if not greater. Yet, just as the spirit of resistance to foreign tyranny required a Churchill to give it effective direction, so the peace-time fight for the Empire's survival calls for the best in leadership and organising ability that the Mother Country and the Dominions can produce. The people of the British nations have to realise that, in the post-war world, isolation means doom, and that only in the closest economic and military unity can they achieve the purposes for which so many

of their best men died. From World War No. 2 have emerged a pair of Titans—Russia, the greatest land-power in the East ; the United States, the strongest naval, aerial and economic power in the West. If they are willing to co-operate they, with the British Empire, can place a distracted world firmly on the path to peaceful progress, just as between them the three eliminated Fascism. If the two giants are only out for loot—in markets, strategic bases and "spheres of influence"—the Empire must rely upon itself to preserve that way of life, those spiritual and material resources, which alone stood up to a victorious Germany and made possible the ultimate victory of both Russia and the United States. Individually we of the British nations, even Britain herself, cannot exercise an influence on world affairs comparable with those of Russia and America. As a group of nations we are comparable with any Power on earth. If our great ideals of international co-operation are realised we are going forward into a world better than we have ever known. If, unhappily, these hopes are not to be achieved, we, the British peoples, have nothing to fear provided we stick closely together.

CORPORAL E. CHANDLER, R.A.S.C.

News has been received of the death of Cpl. Edward Chandler, R.A.S.C., whilst still a prisoner of war in Japanese hands. Before joining the Forces in 1940, Cpl. Chandler was employed in our Transport Department. He was a keen footballer and a member of the Sports Club. Cpl. Chandler is the son of one of our oldest and most popular draymen, and he leaves a widow and daughter (4½ years' old) for whom the greatest sympathy is felt.

HIGH HONOURS FOR OUR A.R.P. OFFICER.

In August a very high honour was bestowed on Mr. C. G. (Laurie) Lawrence, of the Surveyor's Department, when he was elected an Associate Fellow of the Institute of Civil Defence, which carries with it the right to append the letters A.F.I.C.D. after his name. "Laurie" has been with the Company over a quarter of a century, and during the whole of the War period was our A.R.P. and Fireguard Officer. In addition, he joined the 101st Rocket A.A. Battery at its inception, and received his Commission in October, 1943, when he was appointed Troop Commander, and, later, Administration Officer. He still takes a very active interest in Civil Defence matters, being Hon. Secretary to "No. 6" Home Guard Club, Hon. Secretary to the Reading Spotters' Club, and Hon. Secretary to the Southern Regional Council of the National Association of Spotters' Clubs, which body is affiliated to the Air League of the British Empire, and controls all Spotters' Clubs in Berks, Bucks, Oxon, Hants, Dorset and the Isle of Wight.

Congratulations, "Laurie" !

HOME FROM BURMA !

There were unparalleled scenes at the Great Western Railway Station and all along the route right away to Brock Barracks when we welcomed the Royal Berkshire Regiment on their return from Burma. The enthusiasm was unbounded, and the heroes were very gratified at the welcome accorded them by the town and county. At the station they had a civic reception, and at the Barracks the Lord Lieutenant of Berkshire (Mr. H. A. Benyon) was there to greet them. A bounteous meal was ready for these brave men and our Directors thoughtfully treated them to an ample supply of beer.

MEMORIES OF 1901.

The welcome accorded the Burma men reminded us of the time, 1901, when the Berkshire Volunteers returned from South Africa after twelve months' arduous duty at the front. The scenes then witnessed were thus described in a local paper : " Such a scene of enthusiasm as that shown when the Volunteers emerged from the Great Western Railway Station has never been witnessed in Reading before, and certain it is that a larger gathering of people has never been brought together in the Station Road and Blagrave Street than that which assembled to do the honours. It was one of the most impressive sights we have ever seen, and must have afforded those in whose honour the people assembled the utmost satisfaction." The report goes on to say that Capt. Ewen and Lts. R. J. Clarke and F. A. Simonds were warmly welcomed at Southampton before entraining for Reading. At Reading they were welcomed by Sir Thomas Paisley, Bart., Adjutant of the Volunteers, and Capt. Horwood, Adjutant of the 49th Regimental District, whilst a guard-of-honour was formed of Berkshire Volunteers under the command of Capt. J. H. Cooper, Capt. A. S. Cooper and Lt. B. A. Collins. At the Town Hall the company was welcomed by the Mayor (Mr. A. H. Bull), the High Sheriff (Mr. Blackall Simonds), the Deputy Mayor (Mr. W. Poulton) and members of the Corporation.

FEEDING THE BIRDS !

As I sat by my window writing these notes, blue tits, great tits, sparrows, greenfinches, chaffinches and greedy starlings were eagerly feeding only a few feet away. They come to greet me every morning when I go out to feed them. And I must tell you an amusing story about "Feeding the Birds." The lady of the house had minced a plate of meat. The man came home, and thinking it was a fine meal for the birds, placed the food on his bird table. Dozens and dozens of delighted birds had a great

feed and when the missus returned home the bird lover met her, his face lit up with real pleasure, and he said : " That was kind of you to prepare such a fine spread for my birds ! " The lady appeared puzzled, and asked : " What food ? " The puzzled man replied : " That meat you so kindly minced." The lady was flabbergasted, and exclaimed : " You fool—that was our dinner ! "

Collapse of the bird lover.

MONTHLY ENTERTAINMENTS.

Our Social Club is indeed the centre of much enjoyable activity, and great credit is due to Mr. W. Bradford for the admirable arrangements he makes for the recreation of the members, all of whom are much indebted to the Club's indefatigable Hon. Secretary. The next of the monthly socials, which are being held throughout the winter months, is due to take place on Saturday, January 5th, also February 2nd and March 2nd.

The entertainments are always thoroughly enjoyed, and all members are eligible to attend.

SOCIAL CLUB'S 25TH ANNIVERSARY.

November 11th, 1945, was the 25th anniversary of the forming of the Social Club. To mark this occasion a Social was held in the Concert Room on Saturday, November 10th, from 7.30 to 11 p.m., which was well attended and thoroughly appreciated. Each member attending was given a voucher for refreshments to the value of 2s. 6d. to drink to the further success of the social activities.

All people present declared it to be a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

MANY KIND LETTERS.

It would be ungrateful of me if I did not acknowledge in these pages the numerous very kind letters I have received concerning the contents of the HOP LEAF GAZETTE. These letters, couched in the most complimentary terms, have come from almost all over the world, and I do thank the writers for all the kind things they have said. May the Hop Leaf brands and the HOP LEAF GAZETTE long continue ! And, with regard to the production of the GAZETTE, may I, too, thank all who have rendered me such willing assistance. Nor must I forget to mention our printers, Messrs. Bradley, of the Crown Press. I fear I call on them very often, but I always receive the most competent and courteous help which make the visits a real pleasure. We have passed through

very difficult times, and when the paper shortage was at its worst it sometimes looked as if, for a time, at any rate, the HOP LEAF GAZETTE would cease to be. However, we have always had a square deal with Messrs. Bradley, which is only typical of a firm with so high a reputation.

SUGGESTION BOX.

As pointed out in the Employees' Handbook, there is a Suggestion Box (specially marked for the purpose) inside the main entrance to the Brewery offices. Any suggestions of a practical nature affecting the production and distribution of beers, etc., or for the improvement of the general working of the business will receive every consideration. All such suggestions must bear the signature of the employee concerned. Cash awards will be paid for suggestions which are considered to be of merit and are adopted.

THE LATE MRS. H. SIMONDS DE BRETT.

We deeply regret to record the passing away of the wife of Brig.-General H. Simonds de Brett, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., R.A., at Bletchley, on November 6th.

The following notice appeared in *The Times* :—

" DE BRETT.—On Nov. 6, 1945, at Bletchley, ALICE MAUD, dearly loved wife of BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. S. DE BRETT (late Royal Artillery). Funeral, Spelthorne St. Mary, Thorpe, Surrey, 2.30 p.m., Friday, Nov. 9."

It is a sad coincidence that Mrs. de Brett died at the moment when arrangements were being made for her to travel back to Malta, where her husband is Chairman of our Associated Company, Messrs. Simonds-Farsons, Limited.

H. & G. SIMONDS PAYS 2% MORE AT 20%

NET PROFIT RISES 14% TO £219,025.

An increase of 2 per cent. to 20 per cent. in the total Ordinary dividend for the year ended 30th September, 1945, is announced by our Company.

A preliminary statement shows the net profit at £219,025, a rise of just over 14 per cent., compared with the previous year's £191,801.

The Annual Meeting will take place at noon on December 17th. Issued capital is £2,000,000, of which £800,000 is in £1 Ordinary units (quoted at 104s.).

THE LATE CHARLES WESTALL.

(Photograph on page 52).

We deeply regret the death of Mr. Charles Westall, which occurred at the age of sixty-four.

Mr. Westall, who leaves a widow, joined the firm in June, 1912. He rejoined the Colours at the beginning of the first Great War, serving through the duration, being released on May 2nd, 1921, when he continued his duties at the Brewery. He had a meritorious record of service with the Royal Marines and on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales, now Duke of Windsor, to the Brewery, he was signalled out for special attention from the Prince, who was much interested in his war ribbons, and asked him several questions about his campaigns.

The death of Charles is keenly felt by his colleagues, with whom he was very popular, and Mr. James Crocker, his chief, says he was a loyal and conscientious servant of the Firm. His duties in the Fermenting Department were performed in a most praiseworthy manner. The funeral service at St. Bartholomew's Church was attended by his fellow-workers, and the remains were interred in the old Reading cemetery. There were numerous floral tributes. *Requiescat in Pace.*

F. K.

**GRAND DANCE in THE TOWN HALL,
FRIDAY, MARCH 15th, 1946.**

Preliminary Notice.

A GRAND DANCE is being arranged for Friday, March 15th, 1946, in the LARGE TOWN HALL.

The event is being organised to celebrate the return from the Forces of many members of the Staff.

The DANCE BAND of the ROYAL HORSE GUARDS (Blues) will be in attendance.

Limited number of tickets will be available for friends of employees.

Prices and further details will be announced later.

SOME WEST AFRICAN EXPERIENCES.

GRAPHIC STORY BY CAPTAIN P. F. M. DAWSON, R.N. (retd.)

When I first learnt in September, 1944, that I was destined for the West African Station I received the news with very mixed feelings. I was going to Freetown, and the vast majority of my friends and shipmates who had been there, drew a pretty black picture of the place. However, I had not been abroad during the War, and my previous Service experience had told me that it always paid in the end to go to the place for which one had been selected without any palaver.

ALL THREE SERVICES REPRESENTED.

I sailed from Gourock early in November, and was in charge of a draft of about 400 men. The trooper was very crowded, but I discovered to my satisfaction that one great advantage of being O.C. of a draft was a cabin to myself. All three Services were represented in the ship, and the R.A.F. contingent was very much in the majority, and included a Gang Show which gave us several excellent performances on the voyage. I was interested to learn the different attitude to security adopted by the Army and R.A.F. as opposed to that of the Navy. Whereas all my sailors knew they were destined for Freetown, the Army and R.A.F. had no idea of their destination before they came on board. They soon learnt when they had been half-an-hour in the ship. After we had been five days at sea, and I asked an Army officer where he was bound, he only mentioned "Freetown" in a whisper, having made quite sure that there was no one within hearing distance!

PLEASANTLY SURPRISED.

In due course we arrived at Freetown, spending a couple of days at Gibraltar *en route*. I was very pleasantly surprised at my first view of the place. The entrance to the harbour is very wide, though there is a large stretch of shoal water on the northern side. The northern shores are flat, but on the southern side, where Freetown is situated, the hills, covered with tropical vegetation, rise to 900 feet behind the town. The harbour itself is magnificent, providing a deep water anchorage for at least 200 ships. It was of first-rate importance when all the big military convoys were going round the Cape.

SIERRA LEONE.

The Colony of Sierra Leone, which comes next in importance to Nigeria and the Gold Coast, has an area of 27,900 square miles, and a population of nearly 2,000,000 people. Freetown, the capital,

has a population of 56,000, the majority of whom are Creoles—descendants of slaves liberated in British territory or rescued by the Royal Navy from slave ships. Sierra Leone is still largely undeveloped, though a considerable amount of palm kernels and palm oil are exported every year. These provide the oil used in the manufacture of margarine, soap and cattle cake. Other products are chrome, pepper, piassava, diamonds, iron ore and gold. In 1942, the Americans began the building of a deep water quay at Freetown and when this is completed it will greatly increase the commercial importance of the Colony. The British Government are fully alive to the future development of the West African Colonies, for in 1940 an Act of Parliament provided that over £11,000,000, which had been lent to them, should be converted into free gifts. Furthermore, a sum of £50,000,000 was voted to be given to the Colonies during the subsequent decade to help them to develop their resources, and to improve their standard of living."

HIGH HUMIDITY.

The climate is hot, with a high humidity. During the dry season, from November to March, the temperature is practically constant at 87° by day, and 82° at night, but, in the rains, which are at their greatest intensity in July, August and September, it frequently falls as low as 75°. Sierra Leone is well known as the "White Man's Grave," and up to about 1850, it was notoriously unhealthy, but modern science and anti-malarial research have vastly improved the living conditions. It is recorded that during the first half of the nineteenth century no fewer than thirteen Governors and Acting Governors died while they were on duty or on their way home. An outbreak of yellow fever in 1823 was fatal to eighty-nine Europeans out of a hundred and fifty, the three medical officers all dying within a fortnight.

RECREATIONAL FACILITIES.

The Naval Base, which has been entirely constructed during the War, is situated about three miles from the centre of Freetown, near the village of Kissy. It consists of a dockyard and naval barracks with accommodation for 1,200 men. My appointment was as Executive Officer of the Barracks. At the time of my arrival this place was still incomplete, though fully occupied, and in the midst of its teething troubles. The site had been cleared out of the bush, and the buildings, which were of the Lagos hut and bungalow type, were widely dispersed as a precaution against air attack. Two football, a hockey and a cricket ground supplied the recreational facilities and were always in great demand, as they were used by the personnel of the escort flotilla in addition

to the barracks complement, but the chief amenity was the cinema, which seated 400 persons. The cinema programme changed twice weekly, and ENSA shows visited us approximately every six weeks. Later the new port Radar Officer, who was a cinema engineer in private life, made a considerable improvement in the reception of the films, and we had many requests from the other Services to visit our shows.

WEST AFRICAN NAVY.

One of my most interesting experiences was the control of the West African naval ratings. When it was decided to develop West African man-power for the Forces it was agreed that the Army should have the choice of recruiting the literates, the pick of all the Colonies. This was only right as they required them for fighting in Burma, where they made a good name for themselves, whereas the Navy required recruits for shore duty to relieve white man-power for sea service. The Army chose the majority of their recruits from the villages and up-country tribes, who are physically and morally a far finer type than the Freetown "boys." As I mentioned previously these people are descendants of liberated slaves who first landed in the Colony in May, 1787. They had sailed from Portsmouth in February of that year accompanied by 60 white women of an abandoned type. Another party followed in 1791 from Nova Scotia. Consequently their background was hardly of the best, and a large number of them are liars and thieves of the first water! We had a good many in the West African Navy to our lasting sorrow. Most of them speak a form of pidgin English, but it is extremely difficult to understand, and there are so many different native languages, about 24 in all I believe, that it is impossible to rely on an interpreter. Consequently the conduct of defaulters and requestmen was a considerable trial on one's patience.

THEFTS GALORE.

In my early days I was amazed at the number of cases of theft, large and small, with which I had to deal. Fortunately these cases had their humorous side or some of us would have gone "round the bend." I well remember a case of a West African accused of stealing. The charge read: "Did steal six tins of pilchards, the property of His Majesty." When I heard the words of the charge I looked out towards the north and wondered if Their Majesties would be short of fish for breakfast that week! Although all officers and men were warned of the prevalence of theft on their arrival on the station there were hardly any who did not find some of their personal possessions missing in the first few weeks. On one occasion a thief broke into the Officers' Club and cut away

the cloth from the billiards table. This was particularly maddening, as it was one of our few amusements in the evening, and the new cloth took several months to arrive from South Africa. The thief, I am glad to say, was caught in Freetown, as he had used some of the material to make himself a pair of shorts, and he duly received nine months' hard labour. Demobilisation had begun before I left Freetown, and this enabled us to weed out a good number of the "bad lots." I sat as Chairman of a Committee on the future training and development of the West African Navy, and I feel sure that if the majority of our proposals are accepted it can be made into a really useful unit of the fighting services.

NO HEALTH RESORT.

After the first couple of months I soon became acclimatised. Freetown is no health resort, and the climate is enervating, but any person of normal health can lead a pleasant, active life provided he looks after himself and pays strict attention to anti-malarial precautions. The verandahs round all the buildings were covered with mosquito proof netting which was very effective, and did not affect the temperature of the interior. After seven o'clock each evening everyone had to be in long-sleeved shirts and trousers and mosquito boots which afforded adequate protection. Mepachrine pills (the wartime substitute for quinine) were taken daily by all personnel as a malarial precaution. It was the considered opinion of the doctors that mepachrine was actually more effective than quinine, as the pills had no ill-effect on the health of the majority of people. Recently it was announced that a new drug, known as paludrine had been discovered, which has three times the resistance to malaria as mepachrine. The taking of mepachrine pills begins on the voyage out, and should be continued for 60 days after leaving the station. This is of the utmost importance, as there have been a number of cases of officers and men contracting malaria on the voyage home or even after their arrival in England, due to their failure to continue the daily dose. Everyone suffers from prickly heat in some degree—generally well-covered people are the chief victims. Personally, I found a thorough course of sunbathing was the best cure, but you have to be careful that your skin will stand it. Dysentery is another ailment against which strict precautions must be taken. Flies and the handling of food by West African stewards are the chief causes. All the stewards were tested monthly and if any one was found to be unfit to handle food he was immediately relieved. An epidemic occurred amongst the officers just before I arrived, but it was eventually found that the cause was one of the white stewards in the bar who was proved to be the "carrier." A most unusual occurrence!

CERTAINTY OF FINE WEATHER.

Whilst tropical climates have their disadvantages it is certainly very satisfying to be able to plan outdoor functions of all descriptions with the absolute certainty of fine weather. Another great advantage is daylight up to seven o'clock through the year. This means that everyone can get at least an hour's daily exercise in the open air. Regular exercise is even more important in the tropics than it is at home, and it was noticeable that a very large majority of those people who went sick did not play any games or took little exercise. There were plenty of opportunities for soccer, cricket, hockey, golf, tennis, and even rugger in the wet season. There was also a squash rackets court at the Governor's residence in which I played several times during the rains. A number of bathing beaches are situated some way from Freetown, the chief of which, Lumley Beach, was always well patronised. Transport was a difficulty, but all the Services maintained regular recreational trips to Lumley Beach daily, and generally, a very broad view was taken of the use of Service transport for these purposes. There is no doubt that this was absolutely necessary in the interests of health and morale. A couple of hours at Lumley Beach two or three times a week did one a power of good.

FEW ATTRACTIONS.

There was little to do in the evenings as Freetown itself had few attractions to offer. Most people did a good deal of letter-writing, for we were well served with air mails three out and home each week. The cinema occupied two nights, and I used to play a fair amount of bridge and billiards at the Officers' Club. I heard a good bridge story one evening. An argument arose as to whether the cards should be cut towards your opponent or away from him. Finally, one of the players volunteered to write to Mr. Ely Culbertson to settle the point. In due course he received the following reply : "Dear Sir, the cards should always be cut towards your opponent. I enclose my fee—5 guineas. . . ." The writer was a bit peeved at being charged a fee for this information, and wrote a further letter to his solicitor questioning its legality. The solicitor replied : "As a professional bridge player, Mr. Culbertson is fully entitled to charge you a fee of 5 guineas. I enclose my own fee of 2 guineas."

NOT A BEAUTIFUL CITY.

Freetown itself is not a beautiful city, although there are a number of fine buildings, notably the Law Courts and the Secretariat, but the small native shops have been allowed to encroach into the European centre, and, consequently, one's first

impressions are that it is all native quarter. Derelict cars sit on their axles by the roadside for months before they are removed, hens and goats meander across the main streets at will, and it is not unusual to see the vultures descending on to the body of a dead pariah dog in the middle of the street. The variety of dress is interesting. The small children up to the age of five or thereabouts completely naked, older ones wearing a pair of shorts and perhaps a battered hat, and finally the educated West Africans in full European dress. One striking thing about the children is that they never appear to cry. Even the babies tied on their mother's backs seem quite peaceful, though they look extraordinarily uncomfortable with their heads rocking from side to side. It is to be hoped that the Government grant, which I have mentioned before, will improve the living conditions. There is already a Town Planning Scheme in existence, but one of the chief obstructions to this will be the Syrians. These traders entered the Colony about 30 years ago, and they have planted their dingy little shops all over the town. They are very wily people and have formed a strong black market. They encourage the West African's natural habit of stealing, give them a good price, and then sell with a high profit to the white man.

MOST INTERESTING TIME.

In March, 1945, my Captain went home and I was appointed to succeed him. For the next four months I had a most interesting time for, apart from the command of the barracks, my job included the administration and training of the West African Navy, and the disciplinary control of a number of out-stations. I sailed for home on July 19th, together with many others who were to be demobilised. The rains had started and, as we left the harbour, it was raining so hard that it was difficult to make out objects on the shore, but it cleared slightly when we reached the entrance and I was able to view the lovely three-mile stretch of Lumley Beach where I had spent so many happy hours.



BREWERY JOTTINGS.

BY W. DUNSTER.

This time it really should be a much better festive season for many of us, and we can truly say (and mean) with all sincerity, a Happy Christmas to all employees and friends of our firm and readers of the HOP LEAF GAZETTE. It is also a pleasing thought that in spite of very many difficulties our Magazine has never failed to appear throughout the War, even if we have now become a quarterly issue. That the "HOP LEAF" has been welcomed and appreciated has been evident from the many letters received by the writer from literally all over the world.

Now at long last many of our "boys" are returning either demobbed or on leave. This list will be incomplete, but amongst many seen by W.D. are the following :—The first one to return to the offices was H. Goatley (Estates Office), and as he had served in the 1914-18 War and six years in this last one, must have felt he was not out of his turn. Next was E. Crutchley (Surveyor's Department), G. Poole (Catering Department), F. Pusey (Cash Office), S. Brunsdon (Catering Department), P. James (Accountant's Department), F. E. P. Phipps (Brewing Department) are all back at work again. Others who are demobbed and will shortly be back with us are, S. Collins and C. Josey (General Office), R. C. Pitts, L. F. Pitts (Catering Department), H. Weight (Delivery Office), A. Howman (WHEELERS), M. Rickards (Traveller) and L. Buckingham (Branch Department). Just now it is a daily occurrence to see someone back from some distant clime, and, from memory, these have been seen : A. L. Walker, D. Eyles, P. Loader, R. J. Griffin, G. Gigg, E. Schofield, M. Tilbury, S. G. Treacher, C. Wade, J. E. Knight and H. K. White. I am informed that, at the moment of writing, 59 in all have returned, although not necessarily back at work yet.

Letters have been received by a number who are still away, and L.A.C. K. Organ writes from Rhodes Island (which is just off the Turkish coast) after a long spell in the Sudan, a very warm spot. He says the Island is the home of the well-known chicken, Rhode Island Red, and although still there eggs are 1/- each. Grapes, pomegranates, oranges and peaches grow wild. Food is very scarce (although the R.A.F. get their supplies all right from Athens and Cairo). Life is very grim for the local inhabitants, and no clothing can be seen in the shops. The Island is still full of mines, and accidents occur frequently. Nevertheless, the troops there have been playing cricket, and a local soccer league had been formed. They even had a cinema in Rodi, which is the chief town. He was keeping well, sent good wishes to all friends, and

especially to the members of the cricket team of the Brewery. He eagerly looked forward to the HOP LEAF GAZETTE, which kept him in touch with us.

Cpl. C. L. Langton has written two letters recently, acknowledging in the first the arrival of the HOP LEAF GAZETTE which was full of news to him. He was looking forward to the time when his demob. Group was reached and he could come home for good. Weather had been good. His journey back off leave from England had been a long job, several weeks, in fact, after travelling all over the place, but at long last he had settled down to work in Udine, which is in Italy.

A letter to Mr. C. Bennett from Cpl. R. P. Huddy, in India, informs us he is quite well, but prospects of coming home rather remote. A high spot in his life out there was the arrival of some L.P.A. which was enthusiastically received. Costing round about 10½d. a bottle, it was welcomed, for it was in splendid condition, and a great advance on the local brew of cider-cum-vinegar variety they had been endeavouring to drink. Weather was delightful, but very hot during the day. He concludes with kindest regards and happy days to all.

Cpl. D. Stannard, of the R.A.F., writing to W.D., says they had quite an adventure, for he belongs to the Long Range Air Rescue arm of the service. They duly left England in some 100-ton boats, and it was no joy ride, especially going across the Bay of Biscay. They were bound for the Pacific, but only got as far as Gibraltar, and after stopping there for over three weeks, came back to "Blighty" again. At the time of writing they were waiting to go overseas again.

Several letters have been received from L/Cpl. E. W. King, who is in the Signals in Italy. In his last letter to W.D., he mentions he had been to hospital with jaundice. I have since been informed he is likely to be home soon, and when he does he will be demobbed.

L.A.C. G. H. Beddow, in a letter from India, to Mr. E. C. Greenaway, says he is quite well and sends his congratulations to E.C.G. on his marriage. He had gleaned this information from a copy of a Reading paper that had been sent to him. Although he had been on hush-hush work he had been on a driving job owing to shortage of drivers. However, his latest work was with a Base Postal Unit (still as a driver), although he also did a duty with sorting the troops' mail, and this brought back memories of the Brewery, for he saw letters addressed to Mr. J. Hillier, of Reading (Jack Hillier was in the Surveyor's Department with Beddow at Reading), so he was hoping to contact Jack Hillier

soon, for it was evident they were not far apart. Every good wish was sent to all, especially, of course, to the members of the Surveyor's Department.

Another letter to Mr. E. C. Greenaway was from Cpl. J. Hillier, in India. He was not too optimistic of getting home soon for demob; in fact, he thought it would not be before next August. Beer, local brew, was poor, but he was looking forward to some L.P.A. However, they did occasionally have a bottle of Whitbread's and Tennents' lager. He had had a most enjoyable leave up in the hills, but the journey up there would have been a motorist's nightmare, with narrow roads and a drop of thousands of feet on the near side. However, they got there eventually, and where they were billeted was a wonderful place, and the scenery would compare favourably with anything he had seen over here. One thing he had started and that was playing golf, and he was doing so well at it that he thought of throwing out a challenge to Mr. J. Flook (shall I say the Brewery golfer?). All good wishes. He was keeping well.

A letter from Cpl. J. Bradford (son of Mr. T. W. Bradford, our Cashier) to W.D., says how much they welcome the HOP LEAF GAZETTE out there (he has had a most exacting time, to say the least of it in Burma); in fact, he says it is grabbed by other members of his Section as soon as it arrives. In spite of many hardships and dangerous work he was keeping fit and well. He hopes to be home in February, and will verily have a tale to tell. We shall welcome him.

Lieut. F. H. V. Keighley now demobbed is back on duty, and Lieut.-Col. R. St. J. Quarry is back, also demobbed, and will shortly be with us once more.

It came as a shock to us all at the Brewery on learning of the passing of Mr. F. Jones (at Staines) after a very short illness. Mr. Jones some years ago was with us at Reading for a while, and well-known to many of us. The opportunity is taken to express to all relatives our sincere sympathy in their tragic loss.

We were all very sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Edgar Thornbery, chief clerk at Ludgershall branch. He was of Reading, and spent a good deal of his early life at the Brewery before he left us for duty at the branches. He was a colleague of the writer at school, and also later on he was a fellow camper. Of a most likeable disposition, with always a ready smile, a quick wit, and generally a quip, he will be well remembered by many of us at the Brewery. His wartime experiences—he served in the Guards in the 1914-18 War—were grim and this, with the particularly strenuous nature of his work during the last war,

and a heart that was weak, undoubtedly hastened his end. Everyone who knew him will join in sending our sincere condolences to all relatives in their sad loss. He was one to remember, and all must feel the loss of a true friend.

Mr. C. Bennett has received a letter from L.A.C. S. R. Gray, of his Department, who has just flown to India, which took four days altogether. One of the first persons he saw was Doug. Beesley, of the Hotels Department. The weather was not too hot when he wrote. He wished to be remembered to all.

I am sorry to say no news has been received of A. V. Hedgington, of the Estates Department. He was taken prisoner by the Japs on the fall of Singapore, and very little news has been received of him since. It was thought that with the end of the Japanese War tidings would come through. We can only hope for the best, but naturally the worst is feared at this juncture. Our deepest sympathy goes out to his parents in this cruel suspense of no definite news for so long.

Many will remember Mrs. E. Powell, wife of the late Mr. A. Powell, who was caretaker at the Brewery some years ago. Unfortunately her sight is failing and she was moved from Reading to her old home in the West Country. After being installed in her house she met with a serious accident, resulting in a fractured thigh. I am sure all who knew her, for she was a most likeable soul, will wish her a complete recovery.

A pleasing ceremony took place in the waiting room at the end of October, when Mr. F. C. Hawkins presented, on behalf of the subscribers, a silver tea service to Miss M. Tombs and Mr. R. J. Lambourne (of the R.A.F.), both popular members of the General Office staff. All good wishes to both of them.

It is understood that Mr. M. Rickards has been appointed to Woking Branch as a traveller, and we all wish him every success.

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

The Falcon, Theale (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Mr. F. S. Sullivan.

The Three Swans Hotel, Hungerford (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Major H. le Fairfax Harvey.

The Fox and Hounds, Peasemore (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Mr. G. Davis.

The Star, Caversham (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Mr. F. H. Butler.

The Bird in Hand, Tilehurst (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Mrs. M. G. Newington.

The Reindeer, Southampton Street, Reading (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Mr. W. R. Willis.

The Horse and Jockey, Brimpton (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Mrs. E. E. Sheen.

The Borough Arms, Hungerford (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Mr. W. Parker.

The Leopold Arms, Reading (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Mr. W. D. Williams.

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

The Greyhound, Reading (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Mrs. R. C. Scearce.

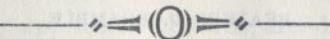
We are sorry to record the deaths of the following, and to all relatives we extend our sincere sympathy :—

Mr. J. W. Scearce, of The Greyhound, Silver Street, Reading, who passed away on the 4th October, 1945, and had been tenant of this house since August, 1933.

Mr. F. J. Sheen, of the Horse and Jockey, Brimpton, who died on the 4th October, 1945, had been tenant of this house since March, 1932.

Mr. G. A. Peedle, of The Bell, Frogmoor, High Wycombe, who died on the 29th November, 1945, and had been tenant of this house since September, 1919.

Mr. Ball, husband of Mrs. E. Ball, licensee, of the Magpie, Flackwell Heath, High Wycombe (Wheeler Company House), who died at the end of November.



NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

SOME FEATURES OF A PHEASANT SHOOT.

FINE FELLOWSHIP AND GOOD SPORT.

INCIDENTS OF EVER-INCREASING INTEREST.

The owner of the estate has a brief consultation with the head keeper, the guns move off to take up their allotted positions by the covert-side, the beaters line up at the far end of the wood, a whistle is sounded, and "the game is on!" As the beaters enter the covert, tapping their sticks against the trees and beating out the bushes, blackbirds *pink pink*, and their note of alarm is taken up by others; jays fly away for safety, uttering their raucous cry, and magpies chatter as they wing their way to safer quarters. The smaller birds also beat a hurried retreat, and rabbits scamper off into the thick undergrowth and, if they are successful, seek shelter in their burrows. Pheasants run across the rides at a surprising pace before taking flight, and then, *crack crack*—the shoot has begun!

SENTENCE OF DEATH!

One fine bird, strong on the wing, flew over an eminent judge who, raising his gun, delivered his considered judgment—it was a sentence of death, for the pheasant fell dead a few yards from where the sportsman was stationed. And so the game proceeded—*pop pop, bang bang, pop bang*; a big covey of partridges sped over the stubble and it proved the final flight for some! A hare broke covert and, in spite of his terrific speed, paid the penalty, as did some rabbits who ventured forth from their fastnesses.

BEATERS v. BRAMBLE.

Meanwhile the beaters moved on ceaselessly, but not very fast for the bramble and other bushes were indeed dense. They wound round your legs and when you had succeeded in disentangling one leg, you found the other in a similar predicament, and a few red lines on the legs of your nether garment told their own painful

tale. But it was great fun, every minute of it. Rabbits are kept down these days, and so the brambles wax and multiply in their own sweet way. Particularly in hard weather, young brambles are a favourite food of bunny, and that is why, with the thinning out of the rabbits, you have a great increase in the brambles.

BURDOCK AND ROSEBAY WILLOW HERB.

And there were not only brambles, for the burdocks were much in evidence, and their hooked bracts clung stubbornly to your coat and trousers, and you presented a comic spectacle as you emerged from a bed of these plants with numerous bracts clinging tenaciously to you from head to foot.

There must have been a very colourful show of the rosebay willow herb in places during July and August. There were big patches of these plants. I gazed with admiration on some of the egg-shaped seeds, each terminating in a tuft of the finest, most delicate silken filaments of considerable length which buoy them up as the breeze picked them out of their open capsules. And the gentle wind was as invigorating as good wine. It was cold, but as you kept on the move it acted as a fine tonic, and you hardly knew the meaning of fatigue. Some of the foliage in the woods was of red variegated beauty, and the berries, hip, haws and spindle added colour to the picture. Rarely has one seen such an abundance of haws, beloved of many birds. I saw great tits, blackbirds and thrushes feeding on them. The haws are a favourite food, too, of our winter visitors, the fieldfares, and the note *yack chuck* overhead announced their arrival; also the fact that they had discovered the whereabouts of these berries.

IN CLOVER!

As we wend our way over the stubble, where a good crop of clover is springing up, scores of birds are disturbed, including larks, yellow-hammers, chaffinches and meadow pipits, the last-named uttering their peculiar notes *zeeah, zeeah, zeeah*. Of rather sombre colour, the meadow pipit is, however, a pretty bird if you have a close-up view, his breast being daintily spotted after the manner of a thrush.

Here and there partridges get up; some fly right over the guns, never to rise again.

EVER-INTERESTING INCIDENT.

Away back into the woods this wonderful animated "movie" proceeds with ever-interesting incident. "Woodcock forward!" is sounded, and what a thrill that call means to the sportsman, for the woodcock is a rare bird. Uttering its alarm note *skaych*, not unlike that of the snipe, this bird appears an awkward flier in the wood and every moment you think he will dash himself against a tree. But he emerges at length, quite safely, so far as this part of his journey is concerned. But he has not long been out in the open before, *bang!* and he falls to the ground—a prize indeed! The rusty-brown, black, grey and yellow-white feathers have a rare variegated effect, while the bird's beak is of surprising length.

The woodcock is a winter visitor, though some stay with us all the year round.

THE TRAVELLER'S JOY.

Round about midday the inner man calls for attention, and we proceed to where awaits us a very welcome, wholesome, satisfying meal. On our way we pass masses of wild clematis, or old man's beard, on the hedges, and so we will call our "inn," or rendezvous for luncheon, "Traveller's Joy." An apt term under the circumstances, for we have travelled some miles through bracken and brambles and over fields. The cold wind had sharpened our appetites and the plain, wholesome food was fine. Of course the meal would not have been complete without a pint of the best—*Simonds'*! It went down like nectar. Here we were privileged to chat with gamekeepers, broad-shouldered, broad-minded men, with a wonderful knowledge of the countryside. They are indeed a fine type of Englishmen. They seemed to form a prominent part of the good fellowship that prevailed everywhere and, are we not told that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

After the meal, and feeling like giants refreshed, we must "on with the show." There are incidents of infinite variety, accompanied by the *crack, crack* of the guns. The grey squirrel would appear to be here as almost everywhere, and I noticed a number of this animal's dreys, or nests, big globular bundles of sticks and leaves, lined with moss and other soft material, very conspicuous in the forks of trees. The grey squirrel was introduced into this country in 1890, and he is now a national menace. Nothing comes amiss to him. He will eat strawberries, apples, peas, bulbs, birds and their eggs, including those of the partridge and pheasant. I have seen one on the nest of a nightingale. The poor bird was sitting and the wretched squirrel quickly did her to death. It is not so much a question as to what evil this grey squirrel does as to what evil it does *not* do. One keeper told me he shot as many as eighty grey squirrels in a week.

REYNARD SEEKS SANCTUARY.

In one belt of woodland Reynard just showed himself, but was off like lightning to seek sanctuary in a field of kale. There was a badger's sett or "earth" in a pit. You do not often get a glimpse of Brock, but you can often trace his whereabouts by marks on the tree trunks where he has been sharpening his powerful claws. But I looked in vain for these signs of him on this occasion. The power of his claws can be judged by the fact that, if the ground is not too hard he will bury himself in less than a minute!

FAITHFUL FELLOWS.

I love to watch the work of those faithful friends, the retrievers. "Go, find!" the keeper will say, and in a surprisingly short time the dog will return with a bird that has fallen into some thick undergrowth; or one that has only been wounded and has run quite a long distance before being overtaken. And the retriever holds the birds so tenderly in his mouth that he rarely, if ever, damages the game while carrying it to his master.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

While running after one of these birds a retriever tore his throat rather badly with a sharp stick projecting from the ground. The poor dog was in considerable pain and it was a touching sight to see the other retrievers tenderly licking their injured comrade's wound !

Altogether, it was indeed a great day, with fine fellowship and good sport. To me it seemed to be over all too soon, but the happy memories will long remain !

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

SALESMAN : "Yes, sir, this car is absolutely the last word."

CUSTOMER : "Good ! I'll take it, my wife loves it."

* * * *

"Are you making progress in getting acquainted with those fashionable people who have just moved next door to your house ?"

"Their cat invited our cat to a musical evening yesterday."

* * * *

WOMAN PASSENGER (*to friend on 'bus inquiring about her husband*) : "So I tells 'im, 'you're getting a sight too fat,' I says. 'What you want is one o' them abominable belts !'"

* * * *

Asked at a Scripture test examination to describe the sufferings of Job, little Jeannie wrote : "Job had one trouble after another. First he lost his cattle ; then he lost his children ; and then he had to go and live in the desert with his wife."

* * * *

WIFE (*at dance*) : "This is the twelfth time you've been to the refreshment buffet."

HUSBAND : "Oh ! that's all right. I tell everybody I'm getting something for you."

* * * *

BEGINNER (*fishing with dry fly*) : "Am I keeping my fly properly dry, Duncan ?"

SCOTTISH KEEPER : "Oh, I'm thinkin' she'll be dry enough. She's stickin' up in that big willow near by where yer started fishin'."

A GREAT THOUGHT.

A young man who prided himself on his honest scepticism once said : "I will believe only what I can understand ; none of that 'mystery stuff' for me."

He was asked to explain : How is it that a black cow eats green grass which makes white milk, and churns yellow butter, and when eaten by the milkmaid's sweetheart, made red hair ?

Can you explain this mystery of God ? Note some other mysteries of His creation :

Consider the remarkable transformation that takes place when a caterpillar (an upholstered worm) encases itself in its home-made casket and is changed into a beautiful butterfly. How hair is changed to scales—a million to the square inch. The many legs of the caterpillar become only six legs on the butterfly; the yellow colour becomes a beautiful red ; the crawling instinct becomes a flying instinct.

A handful of sand is deposited by the Lord in the heart of the earth. Great heat is applied from beneath and ponderous weight from above until, when it is found by man, it has been miraculously changed into a beautiful fiery opal.

God takes a handful of clay, deposits it deep in the earth, applies great heat beneath it, and when it is found by man it has become a beautiful amethyst, prized most highly.

God takes a handful of black carbon, plants it deep in the bowels of the earth, treats it with heat below, presses it with rocks of the mountains above, and transforms it into a glorious diamond fit for a King's crown.

Next, note the marvellous accuracy of God in His operations in the three kingdoms of the earth : (1) the animal, (2) the vegetable, and (3) the mineral kingdom. In the hatching of eggs, for example :

*The eggs of the potato bug hatch in 7 days ;
Those of the canary in 14 days ;
Those of the barnyard hen in 21 days ;
Those of the ducks and geese in 28 days ;
Those of the mallard in 35 days.*

While the eggs of the parrot and the ostrich hatch in 42 days.

God's wisdom is seen in the making of the elephant. The four legs of this great beast all bend forward in the same direction. No other quadruped is so made. God planned that this animal should

have a huge body, too large to live on two legs. For this reason He gave it four fulcrums so that it could rise from the ground easily.

The horse rises from the ground on its two front legs first.

The cow rises from the ground with its two hind legs first.

God's wisdom is revealed in His arrangements of sections and segments as well as in the numbers of grains. Note :—

Each watermelon has an even number of stripes on the rind.

Each orange has an even number of segments.

Each ear of corn has an even number of rows.

Each stalk of wheat has an even number of grains.

Each bunch of bananas has, on its lowest row, an even number of bananas, each row decreases by one, so that one row has an even number and the next row an odd number.

The waves of the sea roll in on the shore 26 to the minute in all kinds of weather.

All grains are found in even numbers on the stalks, and the Lord specified thirtyfold, sixtyfold, and an hundredfold—all even numbers.

God has caused all flowers to blossom at certain specified times during the day, so that Linnæus, the great botanist, once said that if he had a conservatory containing the right kind of soil, moisture and temperature he could tell the time of the day or night by the flowers that were open and those that were closed.

Another mystery, as yet unsolved by man : God causes the limb of a tree to grow straight out from the trunk for a distance of forty, fifty or sixty feet, with no other anchorage than perhaps fifteen or eighteen inches of fibres which lose themselves in the trunk of the tree. No human being has discovered how to apply this principle in the construction of buildings or bridges.

God takes oxygen and hydrogen, both of them odourless, tasteless and colourless, and combines them with carbon which is insoluble, black and tasteless. The result of this combination is beautiful white, sweet sugar. How does God do it? We do not understand.

We only know that God can take your life—drab, useless and fruitless, and transform it into a beautiful garden of the sweetest graces for His glory.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The road to human freedom is by way of responsibility.

Beyond all calculations of worldly goods and earthly uses are such things as love and honour and the soul of man, which cannot be bought with a price, and which do not die with death. They who would fain live happily should not leave these things out of the lessons of their lives.

Would you care to live your life over again is a common, if foolish, question. A good answer is given to that by Benjamin Franklin. "Yes, provided I am allowed the author's privilege of correcting the second edition."

What is the message that comes to me

Out of the years that are past?

"Be strong and go forward, for only He,
Who fashions the pattern of life, can see
How fair and how beautiful life may be

At last, please God, at last.

Politeness is like a pneumatic tyre—there isn't much in it, but it eases many a jolt in the journey.

A pleasant disposition—like oil in a bicycle bearing—reduces friction, and prevents a world of wear and tear.

True friendship is a sheltering tree beneath whose branches those who are storm tired thank God for shelter.

By taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but by passing it over he is superior.

A man should keep his friendships in constant repair. If he does not make new friendships as he advances in life he will soon find himself left alone.

Here's to a friend—raise the goblet up,
Then drain the last drop from the sparkling cup.
For I drink to one who surpasses far and wide all
The rulers of States, the heroes of war;
A friend is he who feels my woes,
And when fortune smiles no envy shows;
Who covers my faults with charity's pall,
Nor cares to climb by his comrade's fall;
Who does by me with simple grace
What he would wish were he in my place.
So drain the cup dry, and then bow the knee,
To the man who's as great as a friend must be.

Courtesy has been well defined to be self-sacrifice in little things for the sake of others. It is courteous to resign to another some comfort or convenience that only one can enjoy, to take a little trouble, or to submit to some deprivation that another may be gratified.

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the great art in life is to have as many of them as possible.

A contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world.

We are not here to have facilities found us for doing the work we like, but to make them.

Be not angry because you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself what you wish to be.

If you cannot do anything but odds and ends, be an expert in odds and ends.

Our best increases with the doing of it. What do we live for if not to make the world less difficult for each other?

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

DEPARTING GUEST : " You've got a nice place here, Gerry, but it looks a little bare yet."

HOST : " That's only because the trees are still a little young! I hope they'll have grown to be a good size before you come again."

* * * *

A South of England school inspector had before him a class of infant rustics from whom he could not draw any answers. In despair at last he asked :

" Can anyone tell me the names of any animal—any beast whatever? "

One youngster held up his hand and said : " Please, zur, a wurram ! "

" Good! " said the relieved inspector. " That is an animal, though a lowly one. Can any boy name another? "

A long pause. Then another boy exclaimed : " Please, zur, another wurram ! "

* * * *

" Beautiful cat you've got. I never remember seeing such curious markings."

" Well, my husband's an artist, you know, and he never will think where he is wiping his brush."

* * * *

" Tell me : Who was braver than Lancelot, wiser than Solomon, more honest than Lincoln, wittier than Mark Twain, and more handsome than Apollo? "

" I didn't know you knew my first husband."

* * * *

MRS. GOSSIPER : " Yes, that's Mrs. Binks. She's lost four husbands already."

MRS. LISSEN : " My dear! How careless she must be! "

* * * *

" Cheer up, old man! Things aren't so bad as they seem to be."

" No, but they seem to be."

A lady was entertaining her friend's small son.

"Are you sure you can cut your meat?" she enquired, after watching him a moment.

"Oh, yes," he replied, without looking up from his plate. "We often have it as tough as this at home."

* * * *

There was a loud knock on the door. The doctor, who had just settled himself for a nap, rose.

"What is it?" he asked the man at the door.

"I've been bitten by a dog," said the man.

"Well, don't you know that my hours of consultation are between twelve and three?"

"Yes," moaned the patient, "but the dog didn't. He bit me at twenty to four."

* * * *

YOUNG WIFE: "How fortunate I am in having a husband who always stays at home in the evening."

FRIEND: "Yes, he never was much addicted to pleasure."

* * * *

WAITER: "Your coffee, sir; it's special from South America, sir."

DINER: "So that's where you've been?"

* * * *

ARTHUR: "I think she's as pretty as she can be."

JEAN: "Most girls are!"

* * * *

MRS. HATTERSON: "What! you've had fourteen cooks in three months?"

MRS. CATTERSON: "Yes, and I didn't please any of them."

* * * *

HE: "Do you really like conceited men better than others?"

SHE: "What others?"

A party of sailors were being shown over the Cathedral by a guide.

"Behind the altar," he told them, "lies Richard the Second. In the churchyard outside lies Mary, Queen of Scots; also Henry the Eighth. And who," he demanded, halting above an unmarked flagstone, "who do you think is a-lying 'ere?"

"Well," answered one man, "I don't know for sure, but I have my suspicions."

* * * *

Tommy had spent a lot of time looking at a bookstall and came home very pleased at what he had seen.

"Dad, I see they've published a dictionary containing 5,000 extra words."

"Great Scot!" For Heaven's sake, don't tell your mother."

* * * *

Three young "bloods" out East had a Chinese servant upon whom they played divers pranks. But each morning he brought in their coffee with bland smiles and never a complaint. So they decided to play no more tricks on such a good fellow, and told him so.

"No more nailee shoes to floor?"

"No."

"No more puttee sand in bed?"

"No."

"Velly well," he assured them. "No more puttee mud in coffee."

* * * *

The tramp walked up to a prosperous-looking house, and knocked at the door. When the lady answered, he asked for a bite to eat.

"But you look an able-bodied man," said the housewife. "You ought to be strong enough to be in the army, or at least in defence work."

"I know, Mum, and you seem to be beautiful enough to go on the stage, or into the movies, but evidently you prefer the simple life."

"Step into the kitchen and I'll see if I can find you a steak."

THE LATE MR. E. H. THORNBERRY.

With considerable regret we record the passing of Mr. E. H. Thornberry, whose death occurred on the 24th October, at the early age of 57, at his residence, Simonds Road, Ludgershall.

Mr. Thornberry was appointed Chief Clerk at Ludgershall in 1925, and has been a tower of strength in the conduct of the vast business throughout the Salisbury Plain area. Since the death of Mr. F. L. Shrimpton, less than twelve months previous, he has conducted the Ludgershall Branch with the greatest efficiency, and his loss will be keenly felt. He commenced his career at Reading in 1902, and served the firm at London, Ludgershall and Salisbury Branches, as well as at Aldershot, Swansea, etc., where he carried out relief work.

In the 1914-18 War Mr. Thornberry fought in France, and was engaged at the Battle of Cambrai in 1917.

In 1926 he joined the Special Constabulary at Ludgershall, and throughout the war years was a very keen and conscientious officer. He obtained his release from the Force after the end of the war with Japan.

THE FUNERAL SERVICE.

The funeral took place at St. James' Church, the Rector (the Rev. R. S. Miller) officiating, and the coffin was borne to the grave by four members of the local staff, Messrs. T. Flemington, W. Littlecote, W. Osborne and T. Harper.

A number of officials and employees of the firm and of the Regular Police and Special Constabulary were present for the beautiful service, which was fully choral, Mrs. Steele being at the organ. An impressive moment came when Mr. S. Wernham, a brother-in-law, rendered the solo, "If with all your Hearts," from Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

In addition to the family mourners the service was attended by practically the whole of the staff from Ludgershall Branch, headed by Mr. E. Pearce. Mr. A. R. Bradford represented the Directors, and Mr. F. Josey and Mr. E. Kealey the headquarters staff. Mr. R. Paice attended from Farnborough.

The high esteem in which Mr. Thornberry was held was evidenced by the large attendance at the church. The long and detailed account of the funeral which appeared in the Andover Press testified to the wonderful respect in which Mr. Thornberry was held in the neighbourhood and particularly amongst his colleagues.

The Rector said the committal sentences, and among the beautiful floral tributes were wreaths from the Directors of the Firm, the Ludgershall, Salisbury, Andover and London Branches, the local Branch of the British Legion and Ludgershall Sports Club.

BRANCHES.

WOKING.

Woking is congratulating itself that it has exceeded its target in the Thanksgiving Week by a handsome margin. The first three days were distinctly discouraging, but a wonderful spurt was made by all at the end of the week.

With one exception, we regret to report that we have not had the pleasure yet of welcoming home those members of our staff who have been serving in H.M. Forces overseas. We trust that it will not be long now before they are reunited with their families and friends. We have had visits from Messrs. Blake, Marett and V. Cooper whilst on leave, and all were looking fit and well.

With the approach of Christmas we are being bombarded with requests for a bottle or two of the "stuff that cheers." Up to the time of writing we are sorry to say that it looks more like a "dose of austerity." We sincerely hope that the powers that be will make it possible for us to kick up our heels ; we feel we deserve it.

We should like to thank our customers for their forbearance and understanding during this transitional period, and hope that we shall soon be able to make it up to them. We also wish them all a happy time at Christmas.

To our respected Directors and to our colleagues at all our Branches we wish the Compliments of the Season and a Prosperous New Year.

PORTSMOUTH.

PEACE AT LAST !

For the first time for six long weary years, the Christmas number of the HOP LEAF goes to press with the world at peace. We can, therefore, be sincere in the wish we extend to all our readers that not only will they experience a richly deserved festive season befitting a great and glorious Empire that has successfully survived the horrors of a long drawn-out world war, but that they will have a peaceful and prosperous New Year. So charge your glasses and drink a real bumper to the lads and lassies of the Navy, Army, Air Force and Civil Defence, and to the future. May it bring us health, happiness and contentment.

We welcome back amongst us those of our colleagues who have, or who will shortly, return to civil life; we mourn those who have passed over to the Great Beyond—those who have died that we may live. Let us here and now, amidst our rejoicings, decide to keep their memories green, and never to forget the inestimable debt we owe to them.

IRISHMAN'S TOAST.

And apropos of toasts, have you heard of the Irishman who was given a thimbleful of Benedictine to drink the health of the bride and bridegroom? He lowered the precious liqueur with evident relish, but exclaimed, "Glory be to the blokes who make this Benedictine, but everlasting perdition to him who made this glass!"

OUR LORD MAYOR.

Alderman A. E. Allaway has received many congratulations—and we of the HOP LEAF desire to add ours—on his unanimous re-election as Lord Mayor of Portsmouth for a second year. May he equal the remarkable records of office of the late Councillor F. J. Privett, the first Lord Mayor, and three years previously Mayor; Sir Denis Daley, who was five years Lord Mayor; Sir John Timpson, Sir John Corke, and others. He will always be remembered as the occupant of the office during the two peace years following the greatest of all wars, and during the initial period of the rebuilding of our City—a colossal task, which will need unbounded energy, determination and vision.

A MUCH BLITZED TRADE.

According to official statistics Portsmouth suffered more heavily than any other place in the country, except London, in the war damage of licensed premises, and it was necessary to suspend the operation of no fewer than 145 houses during the war period.

Hence the licensing district of the City has been declared a Licensing Planning Area under the Licensing Planning (Temporary Provisions) Act, 1945, under which a Licensing Planning Committee has been set up, with Sir Denis Daley (Deputy Lord Mayor) as

Chairman. The members, including five magistrates, will hold office for three years, and will have very wide powers. Incidentally, they will have a splendid opportunity to improve and rearrange hotels and licensed premises generally, having regard to the proposed replanning of the area and the requirements of the public. The Act came into force on September 1st, and from that date no ordinary or special removals can be sanctioned and the provisions regarding the making of a levy for the purposes of Compensation are suspended.

L.V.'S. AND THE BENCH.

Should licensed victuallers be eligible to sit on the magisterial bench? This is the vexed question that is being heatedly discussed by "The Trade" and the Licensed Victuallers' Defence League are taking the matter up officially with the Lord Chancellor and Members of Parliament. At a meeting of No. 8 District of that organisation, held at Portsmouth, a strong protest was made concerning the official ban that had been imposed against the appointment of licensed victuallers as J.P.'s, and it was urged that there was neither justice nor common sense in the arbitrary decision.

"Why should L.V.'s be regarded as the black sheep of the trading community?" asked one speaker, who proceeded to argue that members of the trade were more intimately associated with their customers than those of other businesses, and were able to give valuable advice and assistance to magisterial benches. These views are to be put before the Lord Chancellor in an effort to get the ban removed.

Our deep sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs. A. Perryer on the loss of their son, C.E.R.A. Harold J. Perryer, at the age of 33 years. He joined the Royal Navy at the age of 15, and was serving in H.M.S. *Jupiter* when she was sunk in a battle off Java in 1942. He was taken prisoner-of-war, and at first the Admiralty reported him as missing, but twelve months later he was found to be in Japanese hands. News was received only recently that he had died. Mr. A. Perryer was in the Firm's service at this Branch for over 50 years, and has continued to live at Southsea in his retirement. A few weeks ago he celebrated his 80th birthday, and we are pleased to say his health continues very good. He still makes regular weekly calls at the Office here.

LUDGERSHALL.

Our Christmas Greetings must this year be tinged by a feeling of sadness, for in the passing of Mr. Thornbery we mourn the loss of a very great friend.

Last Christmas Eve we all left the Branch stunned by the loss of Mr. Shrimpton.

This year, as we exchange our Good Wishes, we must all be conscious of another sad gap. For then we shall miss the handshake and sincerity with which Mr. Thornbery always bade us "Good night, and a Happy Christmas" on Christmas Eve.

The year has seen many changes on the Plain. These must be typical of any military centre in wartime.

At Ludgershall we have been in the heart of the American troops, among whom we have made many friends. These friendships have, of necessity, been of a transitory nature, but not infrequently we are surprised and pleased to find some old friend who has once wished us "Good-bye" turning up again after his varied travels in Europe.

Gradually these American troops seem to be thinning out, and although we are told they expect to be in the district (in lesser numbers) until after Christmas, it seems more than likely that this year we shall spend Christmas without the many parties which, in their goodness of heart, they have always made a point of holding for the kiddies.

These American have a habit of making up their minds very quickly, and no doubt one morning we shall waken to the fact that they have received orders to vacate Tidworth.

The return of Driver Horsfall after a long spell as prisoner of war in the hands of the Japs is indeed good news.

Horsfall has had a pretty rough spell, and Christmas this year will indeed be a happy time for his family. We may at a later date be able to induce Horsfall to retell some of his adventures for publication in the GAZETTE.

In passing our Greetings to the Directors, the staff at Reading, and staffs of other Branches, we at Ludgershall, Andover and

Salisbury can, with our Wishes for a Happy Christmas for all, add with the deepest sincerity a hope for a better and brighter New Year.

BRIGHTON.

We welcome this opportunity to tender our best wishes and Christmas greetings to the Directors and staff at the Brewery and Branches.

To our colleagues still with the Forces we extend our seasonable greetings, and trust that their return will not be delayed too long.

Brighton is slowly recovering from the shock of hostilities, and although many difficulties remain, every effort is being made to re-establish and improve the amenities associated with the town.

We look forward to the return of prosperity for the South Coast in 1946.

BLANDFORD.

The staff wish to convey their sincere Christmas Greetings to the Managing Director, Directors and Staff at Reading, also the Managers and Staff at all Branches, and wish them all prosperity, combined with good health, in the coming year.

SALISBURY.

The staff at Salisbury Branch take this opportunity to convey to the Directors and all members of the Firm at Reading and the Branches their best wishes for a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

We would also like to extend these greetings to all members still in the Forces awaiting demobilisation, and welcome home all those who are already back again at the Brewery.

We were glad to see Mr. M. Rickards looking so well on his first day after demob., and also to welcome back to England Bdr. T. A. Dennis, now recovered from an accident sustained in Germany, and who is looking forward to returning to Ludgershall Branch early in the New Year.

We understand that Cpl. G. Higgins will also be returning in the New Year, but Pte. W. R. Minchinton still has another two years' soldiering to do.

To all these Salisbury "old boys" we send our best wishes for the future.

OXFORD.

THE "CROWN," B.H. HINKSEY, OXFORD.

It is with regret that we have to record the passing of Mr. William Thomas Butler, commonly known as "Tom" Butler, at the age of 80 years.

He was the Firm's oldest tenant, having taken over the "Crown" on the 4th of October, 1897; previous to this he was a member of the Oxford City Police. He was an ideal landlord of the old school type, and the premises were always kept in a spotless condition; it could be truly said that one could "eat off the floor."

Mr. Butler was very fond of gardening in his earlier days, but unfortunately had been confined to bed for the last $3\frac{1}{2}$ years.

We tender our sympathy to the widow and family.

Flight-Lieut. B. H. Quelch, D.F.C., who, as before stated in the HOP LEAF GAZETTE, was a member of our clerical staff at Oxford before joining up with the R.A.F. (from the R.A.F.V.R.), in 1939, is in the news again.

We are indebted to the *Oxford Mail* for the following extract from their issue, dated September 22nd last.

"An Oxford man, Flt.-Lieut. Basil Quelch, D.F.C., recently fulfilled an ambition when he flew over the heart of Berlin at housetop level in his Mosquito. With a cine-camerman on board, Flt.-Lieut. Quelch made several runs down Berlin's famous six-mile avenue, starting from the Kaiserdamm and finishing at the historic royal castle at the end of the Unter den Linden.

"He flew at 200 m.p.h., with the altimeter flickering at 200 feet. The soldiers of four nations and the astonished Berliners watched him rise to clear the hundreds-feet high column, commemorating the German victory over France in 1870, and then dip again to skim the Brandenburg Gate, which leads into the Unter den Linden.

"After a wide circuit, which took in the Stadium and the American-occupied Templehof airfield, he dipped the nose of the Mosquito over Hitler's Chancellery and skimmed over the Reichstag to obtain a comprehensive view of the acres of devastation wrought jointly by R.A.F. Bomber Command and Red Army artillery."

"It was a fine hour's flying," said Flight-Lieut. Quelch on his return to Gatow, the R.A.F.'s Berlin terminus. "Unfortunately, ground haze restricted visibility, and it was no sinecure weaving in and out of tall buildings and spires at 200 miles an hour."

Our Christmas Greetings to all.

OXFORDSHIRE LICENSED VICTUALLERS' CENTRAL PROTECTION SOCIETY.

VICTORY BANQUET AND BALL, RANDOLPH HOTEL, OXFORD,
THURSDAY, 22ND NOVEMBER, 1945.

Oxford and District members of the Trade and their friends spent a very enjoyable evening on the occasion of the resumption of their annual Festival, after a wartime lapse of five years.

The Banquet and Ball were, as heretofore, extremely well organised by Mr. J. B. A. Wiley (Secretary of the Society), with the assistance of an efficient Committee of ladies and gentlemen.

Mr. Percy R. Brewis presided, and supporting him were the Mayor and Mayoress of Oxford (Councillor and Mrs. D. Oliver), Squadron Leader Sir Gifford Fox and Lady Fox, the Chief Constable of Oxford City and Mrs. C. R. Fox, Mr. L. A. Simonds (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.), Mr. D. C. Maxwell (Hall's Oxford Brewery, Ltd.), Mr. H. J. Timms (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., Oxford Branch), Mr. J. A. Mundy (Morrell's Brewery, Ltd., Oxford, in the absence of Mr. James Morrell), Mr. T. G. Lewington (United Breweries, Abingdon), Mr. A. P. Iliffe, Mr. L. P. N. Percey, and others.

After the Banquet the ballroom at the Randolph Hotel was cleared for dancing, and a programme of both modern and old-fashioned dances was greatly enjoyed by everyone present.

STAINES.

CHRISTMAS, 1945.

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, and may we see you soon.

THE LATE MR. F. J. JONES.

We regret to record the passing of Mr. F. J. Jones, who died suddenly at his home, 113, High Street, Egham, on Wednesday, September 26th, 1945.

Mr. Jones was 55 years of age, and joined Messrs. Ashby's Staines Brewery, Ltd., in June, 1910, as a ledger clerk. After serving five years in World War No. 1 he resumed duties at Staines until 1932, when, upon the acquisition of Messrs. Ashby's by Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., he was transferred to Headquarters, remaining at Reading until January, 1938.

He was then again transferred to Staines, holding the position of head of the General Office until his decease.

Mr. Jones was well liked and esteemed by all he made contact with, and his sudden passing was a great shock to us, his colleagues at Staines, also the many tenants who knew him.

The funeral service and interment took place at St. Jude's, Englefield Green, on Monday, October 1st, 1945, at 2 p.m., the Rev. A. C. Tranter, of Egham Parish Church, officiating, Mr. A. E. Beach reading the lesson.

There were many beautiful floral tributes. The Staines staff attending were Mr. W. F. Mercer (representing Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.), Mr. H. N. Deane (Surveyor's Dept.), Mr. A. E.

Beach, Miss W. McEvoy (Offices), Mr. H. Carr, Mr. F. Gray (Transport Dept.), Mr. E. J. Brown, Mrs. J. Cooper, Miss N. Haines (Bottling Dept.).

The following tenants were also present: Mr. W. Butler, Mr. W. Carter, Mr. H. Hales, Mr. E. Watkins and Mr. C. C. Wright, also Mr. John Huxley and Mr. M. Bendall, of Messrs. Joseph Huxley & Sons, Staines.

To Mrs. and Miss Jones we extend our sincerest sympathy in their sad loss.

MR. V. P. BROWN.

We much regret to publish the death of Mr. Victor Percy Brown, of 33, Charta Road, Egham, who passed away on Saturday, October 20th, at the Middlesex Hospital, London, after a long illness patiently borne. Joining the Surveyor's Department at Staines in March, 1942, Mr. Brown was esteemed by all he made contact with, and will be greatly missed by his colleagues at the Brewery.

Forty-one years of age, he was a well-known Egham sportsman, excelling at football, cricket and billiards.

The funeral took place on Friday, October 26th, at St. Jude's, Englefield Green, and was attended by the following from Staines: Mr. H. N. Deane, Mr. H. Dexter and Mr. F. Wellbelove (Maintenance Dept.) and Mr. F. Wicks (Brewery).

To his widow and family we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

SWINDON.

The staff at Swindon Branch, through the medium of the HOP LEAF GAZETTE, would like to send the Directors and staff at Reading and the Branches good wishes for Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

With the approach of the Festive Season, the Tamar Brewery takes the opportunity to send their very best wishes to the Directors and staff at headquarters and all the Branches for a Happy Christmas and Prosperous New Year, and to all our colleagues who are still serving with His Majesty's Forces at home and abroad.

We regret to record the death of Mr. James Ponsford, who has been a tenant of the Firm for twenty years, holding the licence of the Newmarket Hotel, Launceston, and latterly the licence of the Tamar Hotel, Crownhill, Plymouth.

Colour Sergeant Ponsford, who served in the Royal Marines for 25 years, was one of the most famous boxers the Corps ever had, and was welter-weight champion of the Royal Navy for three years in succession. It was due to his efforts in training young Marines that the standard of boxing in the Plymouth detachment reached such a high standard, and he was a familiar figure at all boxing meetings in the neighbourhood. It was Colour Sergeant Ponsford who trained Bugler Lake when he won the Lonsdale Belt.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to Mrs. Ponsford and her two daughters in their great loss.

We regret to report the death of Mr. George Bidwell, our Refrigerating Engineer, whose death occurred as the result of an accident at the Tamar Brewery. Mr. Bidwell was a devoted and hard-working servant of the Firm, and was liked and respected by all for his courteous manner. To Mrs. Bidwell and her three children we express our sincere sympathy in their loss.

Mr. Bidwell served during the war in the Merchant Navy and only rejoined our employ in August of this year. He had travelled considerably with many convoys in various parts of the world.

We are pleased to announce the following marriages of our staff. Many good wishes were expressed by numerous friends at the Tamar Brewery for long life, good health and every happiness :—

The marriage took place at St. Catherine's Church, Plymouth, on the 26th September of Mr. C. H. Harris, a member of our clerical staff, and Miss D. Hollow, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Hollow, of Plymouth. The bridegroom was presented with a reading lamp for which members of the staff subscribed.

On the 8th September, at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Sutton-on-Plym, Plymouth, the marriage took place of Mr. E. Turner, a member of our clerical staff, and Miss P. Llewellyn, eldest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn. Mr. Turner was the recipient of a cheque from the staff at the Tamar Brewery.

On the 22nd August two members of our Bottled Beer Department, Miss B. Ford and Mr. J. Honey, were married at Stoke Damerel Church, Devonport. The happy couple were presented with a glass water-set subscribed for by members of the staff.

We have been very pleased to welcome back a number of our staff who have obtained their demobilisation from His Majesty's Forces. In course of conversation they appear to be quite happy in their new surroundings and do not appear anxious to return to their former "Employer."

On the 8th September the marriage took place at St. Aubyn's Church, Devonport, of Miss P. Cairns and Private J. Bennett, of the Airborne Troop. Both bride and bridegroom are employed in our Bottled Beer Department, and were the recipients of a tea-set from fellow-members of the Tamar Brewery.

On the 23rd October, Mr. E. Patton and Miss M. Coomber, two members of our Bottled Beer Department, were married at the Plymouth Registry Office, and were presented with a gift of linen from the staff at the Tamar Brewery.

On the 28th November, Mrs. R. Luscombe presented her husband, Mr. F. Luscombe, of our Bottled Beer Department, with a son. We are pleased to say that both mother and child are progressing favourably. Mrs. Luscombe was formerly employed at the Tamar Brewery.

The following changes in our licensed houses have occurred since our last publication :—

Sydenham Arms, Plymouth—Mr. A. E. Moore to Mr. R. D. Hartigan.

Newmarket Hotel, Launceston—Mr. A. J. Ball to Mr. D. E. Ellwood.

They have our very best wishes for a successful business and happiness whilst under the "Hop Leaf" banner.

We have under our control the "Tavistock Inn," Poundsgate, which is claimed by a number of residents of Poundsgate to be the oldest licensed house on Dartmoor (but we cannot vouch for

the authenticity of this statement). Our present tenant, Mr. F. J. Foley, is always pleased to welcome any friends of the Firm when they are in the vicinity of the "Moor." We give you on page 52 a photograph of the House as it was several years ago, and also a few lines of verse dedicated to the Tavistock Inn.

In the Devonshire Highlands stands Tavistock Inn;
Despite its great age looks as new as a pin :
It's a mecca for folks when the day's toil is done
To enjoy Beer and Cider and innocent fun.

There's Garge and there's Peter, and old William, too
Grouped round the fire sipping Home Brew,
Recalling old times as they stare at the logs,
Of a prize-winning beast or the fattest of hogs.

On a centuries-old table they set down their beers
To shadow the sheen that reflects all the years
Now deeply etched by numerous scars
Can tell us more than all the stars.

The best tale, perhaps, is of sixteen thirty-eight
When Old Nick himself who had booked a date
With old Bobby Read down Wadcombe way
Stopped at the Inn before the affray.

He was sewed with a'ink by the Innkeeper's wife
Who, sniffing the orimstone, went in fear of her life ;
The fine gold'ul Ale started to hiss in his throat
As sparks from his beard lit him up like the "Tote."

The glass when returned was almost red hot ;
It burnt the old counter—you can still see the spot :
But thanks to the Beer that the Devil partook
It was too good for evil so he slung his hook.

The rest of the tale the old table can't tell,
But this much it can, and tell you full well ;
If drinking good Beer be classed as a sin,
Let's all sin together at the Tavistock Inn.

A "Victory" smoking concert was held at the Criterion Restaurant, Devonport, on the 1st December, which was attended by a well represented gathering of male employees of the Tamar Brewery, Devonport.

A very pleasant evening was spent, and splendid entertainment was provided by Mr. Reg. Pound's Concert Party.

The high-light of the evening was when Mr. J. E. G. Rowland, our head brewer, presented to Mr. Harry Balkwill a wallet of Treasury Notes subscribed for by the employees at the Tamar Brewery and Mr. Balkwill's business associates, as a token of esteem on Mr. Balkwill's retirement.

Mr. Balkwill expressed his thanks, and said that the thirty-six years at the Tamar Brewery had been the happiest years of his life.

A vote of thanks was made to Mr. A. Johns and the Concert Committee for having arranged such an enjoyable evening.

BRIDGEND.

At this Festive Season, the first to be spent in the post war era, we would like to convey our Greetings and Good Wishes to our Directors, Departmental Heads at Reading, the members of our staff at present on active service, the tenants of our licensed houses and our good friends in the free houses, clubs, Royal Air Force and Military Messes, whom we have endeavoured to serve to the best of our ability during the past year. We trust that when Christmas, 1946, arrives, the "extra bottles of spirits" will not be so elusive, and that we will once again be able to meet all demands made upon us with regard to supplies.

On the 31st March last, Mr. A. J. Boyle retired from the management of this Branch, after a business association with the Firm and Messrs. R. H. Stiles & Son of over 40 years. At a Farewell Ceremony held in the offices, Capt. S. H. Spurling (at that time on a short leave from H.M. Forces) presented Mr. Boyle with an inscribed Tankard, together with a bouquet of flowers for Mrs. Boyle. He recorded the deep affection the staff feel for Mr. Boyle, and on behalf of all assembled wished him a long and happy retirement. Unfortunately Mrs. Boyle has not enjoyed very good health during the past six months or more, but we trust she will soon be able to take up her usual active life again in the not too distant future.

During the past six months we have had several changes of tenancies. The following houses have changed hands, and we wish the licensees every success in their new ventures :—

The Conway Inn, Aberdare—Mr. S. E. David ;
The Goldcroft Inn, Caerleon—Mrs. G. Jones ;
The White Hart, Caerleon—Mrs. M. Walkley ;
The York Hotel, Bridgend—Mrs. T. Wernet ;
The Three Horse Shoes, Bridgend—Mrs. N. Griffiths ;

and in connection with these changes we regret to record the passing of three of our tenants, viz., Mr. L. Jones, of the Goldcroft Inn, Caerleon; Mr. A. E. Walkley, of the White Hart Hotel, Caerleon; and Mr. J. H. Griffiths, of the Three Horse Shoes Hotel, Bridgend. In each of these cases the wives of the deceased are carrying on, and we extend our heartfelt sympathies to each of the widows and families in their sad loss.

BRISTOL.

It is with feelings of thankfulness and pride that we record the safe return of a number of our tried and trusted pre-war employees from service with H.M. Forces. They doubtless are as pleased once again to travel along "the great Hop Leaf Way" as we are to have their company.

S.S.M. A. W. Bold ...	Surveyor,
Corpl. J. H. Uren ...	Transport,
Corpl. A. J. Sutton ...	Cellars,
A/C. T. H. Godsell ...	Cask Yard.
Sapper E. J. Burden ...	Case Shop.

May they all have many happy and fruitful years with us, with the hateful memories of war receding year by year until only the treasured comradeships and the triumphs remain. We pray that the New Year ahead may bring to all men a fuller conception of the rights of others, and that the impatience of to-day may be but the "growing pains" of a more tolerant to-morrow.

There is, alas! one vacant place for which we shall all mourn—that of an old and valued member of our Case Department, whose cheerful smile and willing arms we shall sadly miss, especially at Cheltenham and our out-of-doors contracts—Gunner W. Stadden, whose death over two years ago at Kokopo Camp, New Britain, whilst a prisoner of war in Japanese hands, has now been confirmed by the War Office. Our very deepest sympathy is extended to Mrs. Stadden, and to all those who, like us, had been hoping and praying for good news for the past three years or more. Like so many other valiant souls, our colleague found his last resting place in a hallowed spot of a Far Eastern land where his comrades lie around him, a place which in all our hearts will be "for ever England" and "at the going down of the sun—we will remember them." (Photograph on page 51).

Corpl. C. Wright, of the Wiltshire (Engineers' Dept.), has been making a name for himself as a placer of lost persons in the neighbourhood of the ill-famed camp of Belsen. His job is also to

assist in assuaging some of the mental anguish which is still so apparent in a displacement area of 15,000 souls.

As one of the organisers of almost nightly dances, he is kept very busy. A dance hall capable of holding 250 couples is nothing like large enough for the eager crowds that want tickets. A very good job of work, Corpl. Wright, until that not far distant day when your rifle is exchanged for a Bristol spanner!

One of our younger clerical staff, Pte. W. M. Bennett, of the R.A.M.C., is now in the Indian Command after some months of intensive training at home with the Army Blood Section at Bristol Headquarters. His most interesting letter, written "en voyage," has been read by many of us. We wish him every good fortune, and the best of health in the land of the rupee, and a safe return home when his term of duty is done. We shall always be pleased to hear from him.

As a temporary addition to our Brewing Room, we very warmly welcome Mr. J. H. Naudi from the Malta Branch of the Hop Leaf Family Tree, who is rapidly familiarising himself with our funny little ways over here. One day, perhaps, he may be persuaded to tell us a little about his reactions to them. As yet, we are diplomatic enough not to enquire! They should be interesting—possibly illuminating. He is a son of Mr. Hector J. Naudi, an old and valued representative of Messrs. Simonds-Farsons, Ltd., who is known to every branch of H.M. Forces in the Malta area.

Mr. Naudi is assimilating all the brewing knowledge he can acquire in this metropolis of the Western Counties, both at Jacob Street and at the Merchant Venturers' Technical College. We wish him every success, and are happy to feel that Malta and Bristol are forging yet another link in that chain which over the past two centuries has bound our maritime history and commercial interests so closely together.

On this, the first Christmas festival of our deliverance, we send our grateful homage to that island fortress, set in often turbulent waters, whose steadfast faith and matchless courage gave the free world their first real glimpse of Victory. Happier years, Malta! May your future ever be worthy of your present greatness.

We are pleased to see the return to duty, after a very unfortunate cycling accident, of Miss O. Hudson, of our Correspondence Department. We trust no ill-effects will remain to remind her of a rather nasty experience.

Once again the "Merchants Arms" Darts Team have succeeded in "beating all comers" in the Red Cross Challenge Cup; for the second year in succession.

Colonel Dan Burges, V.C., who made the presentation of Cup and Medals to the winners, paid tribute to the interest which our tenant, Mr. Honeyfield and his wife have taken in their successes.

Tradition counts on every battlefield, and certainly these "Merchantmen" appear to have evolved a plan of attack in the "Monty" fashion, to which none of the enemy has as yet found the right answer. First class staff work! Well done, the Venturers!

The re-introduction of E.I.P.A. (East India Pale Ale) on draught has been warmly welcomed in this area by all our Trade friends. The old favourite is in fact becoming even more widely known and appreciated, and it is evident that this noted "Hop Leaf" product will be in very high demand when wartime restrictions are only a memory and the "brake" is really off.

With Milk Stout in bottle also available, we can visualise this "Ideal Pair" contributing in no small measure to any future success which Jacob Street Brewery may achieve in the (we hope) many years to come.

And that brings us to the epilogue, a happy task for this reflective season of the year which has brought to many the fulfilment of their hearts' desires. How grand it is to be able to record at last our deep thankfulness to that Divine Providence which guarded and guided our own Architects of Victory, our land and Empire, along the dark valley of horror and sorrow, and led us even unto the mountain tops of our exultation. How many hidden truths of human endeavour have been revealed anew to us during that journey? We pray that despite the apparent utter futility of war, we and the generations to come may, by the same guiding Providence, yet help forward man's great destiny and in truth build a world "better for mankind that we have lived."

We end by paying a very grateful tribute to those leaders who during these past six years of travail so courageously and firmly steered this great Firm through many stormy seas and anxious days: To our ever considerate Directors, both those few who kept the flag flying at home, and to those of the younger generation who accomplished and endured so much to our everlasting glory, we send you Bristol's respectful, very sincere thanks, and greetings

on this Christmas of Deliverance. May your re-unions bring to each of you every happiness and good fortune in those new years of Opportunity which lie before us.

And to all our colleagues, whether at home or overseas, we send our warmest greetings and best wishes for the future. We pray that the morrow of Victory may bring its due rewards to you all!



The late Gunner W. Stadden.



"Tavistock Inn," Poundsgate.



The Prince of Wales, now Duke of Windsor, talking to Mr. Westall.

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