

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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H. & G. Simonds

EDITORIAL.

THE LATE MR. H. A. SIMONDS.

Our Frontispiece is taken from a portrait of the late Mr. Henry Adolphus Simonds, son of Mr. William Simonds and head of the Firm until his decease on the 22nd January, 1910.

Mr. H. A. Simonds was educated at Eton College and was Captain of the School in the year 1842. After leaving Eton, he spent some years abroad, and shortly after his return to England married, in 1851, the widow of the late Mr. George Mellish Simonds, a connection which led to his joining the firm of H. & G. Simonds, in which he afterwards took an active and continuing interest until the last, attending, as Chairman of the Directors, a Board meeting only a fortnight before his death. There was no issue of the marriage. Mr. Adolphus Simonds was a man of fine presence and courtly manner, and had a very wide circle of friends. He enjoyed exceptionally good health until ten days before his death, which was due to bronchitis complicated by heart troubles. He was all his life a keen angler and shot. As an all-round fisherman he was unexcelled in his generation, but his special hobbies in the gentle art were the most difficult cult of the dry fly on the famed chalk streams of Hampshire, and fly fishing for salmon, which led him frequently to Ireland, and regularly for many seasons to Norway, where he had great sport.

He was for many years a member of the Corporation of Reading, and served the office of Chief Magistrate with dignity and distinction in the year 1859-60. He was on more than one occasion asked to stand as Conservative candidate for the Borough, but having no political ambition, he always declined the proffered honour.

Mr. Adolphus Simonds, when he came to Reading, resided at Ivy Lodge, Whitley, and later at Cressingham Park, near Reading, and for a short time afterwards at Barton Court, Kintbury. He then removed to Red Rice, Andover, but after Mrs. Simonds' death he went to reside with his nephew, Mr. L. de L. Simonds, at Audleys Wood.

COMING OF AGE.

This little phrase generally means the celebration of a twenty-first birthday. But in the present instance you must deduct a score of years, for it refers to THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, which next month celebrates its first birthday. The little fellow came into the world as an ambassador with the idea of spreading the spirit of goodwill at home and abroad. How far he has succeeded it is not for us to say, but we all mean to celebrate the event by a

greater determination than ever to see that that great bond of union between masters and men which exists at The Brewery is made still stronger and that we go forward with feelings of even greater loyalty and respect, bent on serving to the utmost of our powers the Directors of the great firm of H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., than whom there are no more kind or considerate employers in the wide world. If we can feel that THE GAZETTE has helped to foster that spirit then we are more than satisfied that the little fellow, aged only one, has already made a splendid start towards the realization of a great ideal.

STEELED, BUT NOT STOLEN.

The excellent photograph of the late Mr. Blackall Simonds which appeared in our last issue aroused a great deal of interest. He was responsible for a rather amusing incident at Bradfield, years ago. Calling in the village smithy he said to the blacksmith, in the hearing of the Editor: "Holloway, what's this about *steeling* my hammer?" "Arthur," as the blacksmith was familiarly known, was highly indignant, but Mr. Simonds soon put him at his ease by showing "Arthur" the bill wherein he charged so much for "*steeling* hammer."

QUITE A CHARACTER.

And "Arthur" was quite a local character. If ever the Liberal Party had a staunch supporter it was he. Frequently he had College masters and boys in his shop where some very heated arguments took place. How he would bang his hammer down on that anvil to emphasise a point or to display his anger when his heroes were attacked! He was a fine fly fisherman and in the days that are gone might frequently be met leaving the river long after most good people were in bed. The top joint of the Editor's first fly rod was composed of three steel stays of an umbrella soldered together by "Arthur." It hardly came up to the Hardy standard, but the writer learned to cast a fly accurately by its aid. An artist at his work, generous and kind-hearted, the late blacksmith of Bradfield made many friends. Now he rests in the graveyard not far from the river that he loved so well.

NO CONTROVERSIAL SUBJECTS.

The Editor occasionally receives articles that would arouse political or religious controversy. THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE has no room for such contributions, its object being to bind us all together rather than tend to separate us. And O! how many of our misunderstandings arise from narrow views. We form warped judgments because we do not see the whole of a case. The difficulty

in any dispute is to see the point of view of the other side. This is very noticeable in theological and economic disputes. Bias, prejudices, preconceived ideas rule us. In our judgment of persons how often we are ruled by our dislikes. One fault of character makes us blind to other good qualities.

LABELLED FOR ABROAD.

One of our travellers recently had what was, to say the least of it, a rather novel, probably an unique, experience. In the ordinary course of business he called to see the Secretary of a Club. The Secretary was engaged at the time so the traveller sat on a big box, on which were some papers, and waited for his friend. A little later in the day he was walking down the street when he was stopped by a friend who, taking something from the traveller's "aft" quarters, smilingly handed it to him. The poor traveller had evidently, at his last place of call, sat on the gummed side of a label bearing the following words:—

"Foreign and Colonial Parcel Post."

GOOD CRICKET PERFORMANCES.

We were all glad to welcome E. S. Phipps amongst us once again on the cricket field. He played for The Brewery side against Hackwood Park at home and compiled his half century by dint of perfect play. The wicket was on the slow side and the grass being rather long and very wet in the "field," drives which otherwise would have been boundaries only resulted in ones and twos. In ordinary circumstances his innings was worth a hundred runs. In the same match one of our bowlers performed the hat trick. A. G. Rider has been serving the team well, going in first and by steady play knocking off the sting from the bowling, much to the benefit of the other batsmen. P. James is a brilliant field. We heartily congratulate A. E. Croom on his marriage and wish him the best of luck. Unfortunately, now he is married he will not be able to score a *single* run. He must hit boundaries! H. Mancey has proved our best bowler. He is a stylish and effective bat, and a great acquisition to the team. We have had our victories and our defeats, but all games have been productive of nothing but the utmost pleasure. Well played!

THE BREWERY BAND.

This noted group of musicians will play each day, during the forthcoming week, from 6.5 a.m. to 7.55 a.m., and, with intervals for refreshment, up till 5 p.m. On Saturday the music will not be extended after 8 a.m. We regret to state that one member, the trumpeter, has blown so hard that he has lost his front teeth,

the ukelele player has poisoned his hand, and the drum-major has apparently beaten his instrument so strenuously that he now has his arm in a sling. These little contretemps will, however, in no way interfere with the melody of the music, a full programme of which is held over till another issue. The Band cannot, for the present, accept any outside engagements.

THE SECRETARY.

If he writes a letter, it is too long; if he sends a postcard, it is too short; if he goes to a committee meeting, he's butting in; if he stays away, he's a shirker; if the crowd is slim at a meeting, he should have called the members up; if he calls them up, he's a pest; if he duns a member for his dues, he is insulting; if he does not collect them, he's lazy; if a meeting is a howling success, the entertainment committee is praised; if it's a failure, the Secretary is to blame; if he asks for suggestions, he's incompetent; if he doesn't, he's bull-headed.

Ashes to ashes,
Dust to dust,
If others won't do it,
The Secretary must.

From the Reading and District Angling Association's Handbook.

THE MAGIC BAIL.

During a cricket match at Wing, Rutland, a bail was sent flying into the air by a fast ball from a bowler named H. Presgrave, and, after doing a somersault, it fell on to the stumps again in its proper position.

The batsman, who had left the crease to return to the pavilion, was declared not out, and continued his innings.

WHAT A DONKEY!

Any individual who does not like coming to The Brewery must be a donkey. There is a real donkey who, for some reason or other, is strongly opposed to entering the Brewery premises. Quite recently she had to be literally carried, cart and all, by four stalwart men to the grain stores. All fractiousness, however, disappeared when the little cart was loaded. It is astonishing what a soothing effect a visit to The Brewery has upon one—even upon a donkey!

WELL DONE, LITTLE BOY!

In a Sunday School class recently the minister was addressing the children on the "Beatitudes" and, coming to the passage "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," he said: "I wonder if there is any little boy here who can tell me who the meek are?"

Up went one little quivering hand immediately. "Well?" said the minister. "Please, Sir, the meek is them what does not swank."

The answer seemed to satisfy everyone.

THE HAT TRICK.

There is more than one kind of hat trick. Last month we published an extraordinary "hat trick" which occurred at Mortimer. This month we give a still more remarkable case of "the hat trick" which occurred, not on the cricket field, but in a river. Writing in *The Sportsman*, Mr. F. H. Storey says:—

"On a lovely morning I proceeded to my favourite pool on the Coquet, just above the mill dam at Weldon Bridge. The fish were evidently in a taking mood, and, intent on capturing one that was rising near the opposite bank, I waded in rather deeply. A couple of splashes behind me were puzzling, but still I went on fishing until there was another splash, accompanied this time by a heavy blow on the head and a determined tug at my hat.

"I felt stunned for the moment, and on recovery saw to my utter amazement my hat rushing up stream. Presence of mind, however, did not forsake me. I at once lengthened my line and took a long and accurate cast over the still running hat, which I hooked and after a great effort landed together with a fine, clean-run salmon of 10½ lbs.

"It needs but to explain that the fish had actually jumped at and hooked itself on one of the spare flies in my all too gorgeous *chapeau*."

A PINT NOT ALWAYS A POUND.

When it is a question of such an important thing as cooking, it is not wise to put over-much faith in the saying:

"A pint's a pound
The world around."

A pound of granulated sugar, for example, is one pint or two cupfuls, but a pound of brown sugar is two and three-quarter cupfuls, while for castor sugar one pound is two and a half cupfuls, and of icing sugar a pound is three and one-quarter cupfuls.

Here are some other useful equivalents:—

One ounce of butter, two tablespoonfuls.
One ounce of grated chocolate, three tablespoonfuls.
Two ounces dry breadcrumbs, one cupful.
Eight egg whites, one cupful.
One egg unbeaten, three tablespoonfuls.
One-half pound of lard, one cupful.
Juice of one average lemon, three tablespoonfuls.

FORTHCOMING EX-SERVICE MEN'S CHURCH PARADE.

During this present month it is hoped to hold the Church Parade of Ex-Service Men employed on the Firm. The first date suggested was Sunday, 7th August, but on further consideration it was deemed advisable to hold it over until the employees' holidays were finished. A good muster is anticipated, and arrangements are being made to invite a notable General to inspect the Parade. Further particulars will be posted on the various Notice Boards in the Brewery immediately all arrangements are settled.

CHAPEL DESIGN PRIZE.

Many of our readers no doubt were pleased to know from the local Press that Mr. A. H. Powell who was formerly associated with our Building Department was (together with a friend) awarded second place in the recent competition for designs of a Chapel for the new Reading Cemetery. We tender him our hearty congratulations and wish him further success in the near future.

OUR HORTICULTURAL SHOW.

This annual event, held at the Social Club, was again a very great success. To encourage culture of the fruits of the earth can do nothing but good, and many engaged at the Brewery are evidently making the best of their gardens, for some of the produce was praiseworthy in the extreme. The show was admirably arranged, reflecting great credit on the organisers. Such gatherings of horticulturists always result in interesting discussions as to the best way to grow this vegetable and that fruit. Quite an animated argument arose on this occasion as to whether a savoy is a cabbage. Well, gentlemen, the answer is in the affirmative. An undeniable authority defines a savoy as follows: "A variety of cabbage much cultivated for winter use." Then we heard an argument as to

whether a swede is a turnip. Again, gentlemen, the answer is in the affirmative, for the same authority describes this vegetable as "a Swedish turnip." That does not necessarily imply that a turnip is a swede. Such widespread interest was aroused in these queries that one gentleman concerned could, throughout the following week, be seen strolling about carrying a big dictionary with a view to definitely deciding the point at issue.

MR. A. GOODALL.

HANDSOME JUBILEE PRESENTATIONS: 1877-1927.

Several departmental Managers of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. were honoured by the Directors on Tuesday, 2nd August, with an invitation to join them at luncheon to meet Mr. A. Goodall, Manager of Farnborough Branch, to mark the completion of his fifty years' service with the Firm.

After the loyal toast had been observed, the Chairman of the Company (Mr. George Blackall-Simonds) said: "To-day we are gathered together at no ordinary luncheon, but a very special one. Fifty years ago, almost to the day, a small boy came to The Brewery to seek employment and although very small and quite young he was engaged to commence his duties with us. His name was Goodall. Mr. Goodall has now completed fifty years in our service and it is our wish heartily to congratulate him on having reached his Jubilee in the Firm's service. (Applause.) What is fifty years? It is but a small fraction of eternity. What is time? Time, also, is but a very small fraction of eternity. Time! We divide it up into days and nights and weeks and months and years for our convenience in calculating periods. The life of a man, what is it? That, also, is but a fraction of eternity. It begins its dawn when the soul enters into the body, and the man struggles through life, day after day, until the night cometh when no man can work.

HAD HIS DAWN AND MID-DAY.

"Well, our friend, Mr. Goodall, has had his dawn, his mid-day and has now reached the wonderful period which to-day we are celebrating, and we trust he will be spared much longer to continue his activities. I wish to express myself (but find it rather difficult in terms of ordinary speech) and to say how much Mr. Goodall has done for the Firm. He has also been a man of many activities.

He has been not only Manager at Farnborough, but he has found room for much other work and has accomplished great good in spheres other than the management of his Branch including sport, and especially as a cricketer. His amiable qualities and the good work put in for us and others are well known to all of us here. We feel, therefore, that we cannot let this occasion pass without giving him some small acknowledgment. It is now my very great pleasure to hand to him a token that he can pass to his dear ones (his wife and family) and I am sure it will be treasured by them and eventually handed on as a testimony of the value we place upon him and his long and successful service." (Applause.)

The Chairman then handed to Mr. Goodall a silver teapot, sugar basin and cream jug, inscribed: *Presented to Albert Goodall, Esq., by the Directors of H. & G. Simonds, Limited, in grateful recognition of fifty years' loyal and faithful service. 1877-1927.*

He continued: "I have also great pleasure in handing him another small tribute, viz., a letter from the Directors, with a cheque, further to commemorate the occasion," and, turning to Mr. Goodall, Mr. Blackall-Simonds said: "In heartily congratulating you on your Jubilee in our service I ask your acceptance of these little tributes." (Applause.)

MR. GOODALL'S ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mr. Goodall, who was evidently deeply moved by the tokens received and expressions made, said: "I thank you sincerely for the reception you have given me to-day and for the presentations from the Directors of the Firm, which I shall always prize and I assure you that my family will share with me the pride I feel in being allowed to be here to-day to receive your congratulations and presentations. I am very proud to have had the honour of representing the Firm as Manager in such an important centre as Farnborough. It is a pleasure and a privilege to be the representative of a Firm of such world-wide renown and popularity. For thirty-seven years, under all sorts of conditions, I have received every support from Reading and the relationship between the Firm and myself has always been of a cordial and satisfactory character. There has been no friction of any kind; all my annual reports have had no discordant note in them and I feel considerable personal satisfaction in those records. (Applause.)

PERFECT GENTLEMEN AND SPORTSMEN.

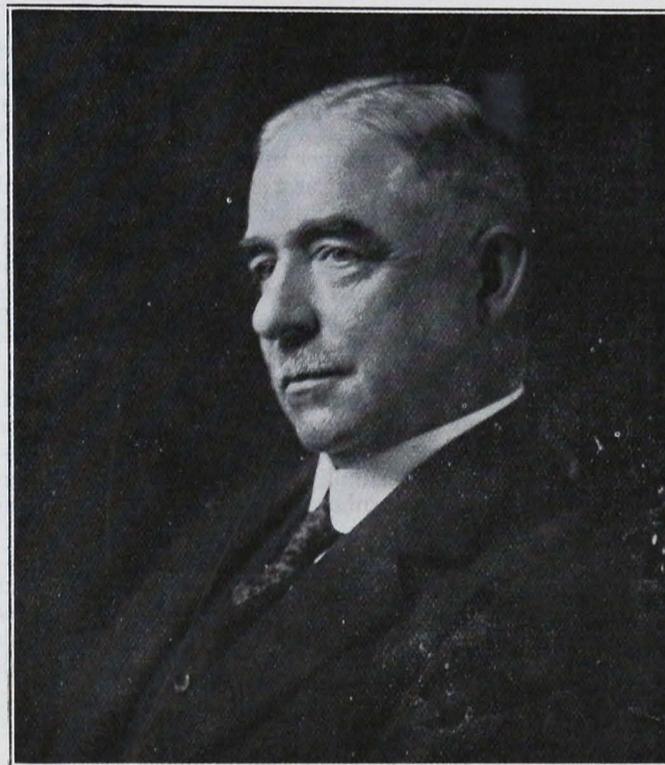
"I have always found the Directors to be perfect gentlemen and sportsmen in the best sense of the words; they always play

the game, and, as far as possible, they see that their staff do the same. In the course of my experience I have had four members of my Branch staff promoted to the position of Manager, viz., the late Mr. F. S. Wallace, Mr. C. Bennett, Mr. F. A. Elley and Mr. A. Bennett. It was also my privilege to advise the Firm to have a resident representative at Woking and later to purchase premises there and I feel that that step has been fully justified by the subsequent developments. It has always been a great part of my duty to look after and develop a number of licensed houses belonging to the Firm in my area and I have always made it a point to anticipate the requirements of the Authorities, whether Licensing Bench or Local Council, and to advocate improvements and remodelling of premises to preserve the licence and the Firm's trade. With my son, now at the George Hotel, Basingstoke, my family has a record of association with the Firm for four generations. I thank you all sincerely for the honour you have done me to-day." (Applause.)

GIFT FROM BROTHER MANAGERS.

Mr. C. E. Gough then said: "Mr. Goodall, for the second time in the history of the Firm, the Jubilee of service of a Branch Manager is being celebrated. The first occasion was but a few weeks since and then our old friend, Mr. J. D. Carter, of Slough, was the hero. We now have you in the premier position and it is my privilege, on behalf of your colleagues, to congratulate you on your very fine record; a record we should like to emulate, but I think you have us all beaten at the start as few, if anyone, can be so young as you are, when reaching the coveted goal. You were more fortunate than most of us in being taken into the fold of the Firm at the tender age of twelve years. Might I be allowed to say that, in my opinion, no member of the staff ever has rendered, or will render, better and more successful service to the Firm than you have, and we feel proud indeed in your being honoured by our Directors to-day. (Applause.) It gives me the greatest pleasure, on behalf of your colleagues, to ask your acceptance of a little memento to mark the occasion and in our congratulations I am to be sure not to forget Mrs. Goodall, who has so carefully looked after you through the years of your strenuous business career. In conclusion, I should like to add that it is our sincere hope that we shall still number you as our colleague for many years to come. Good luck and God bless you." (Applause.)

Mr. Gough then handed to Mr. Goodall a silver salver, inscribed: "1877-1927. With hearty congratulations to Albert Goodall, Esqre., on completion of his fifty years' service on the Firm, from his Colleagues the Branch Managers of H. & G. Simonds, Limited."



Mr. A. Goodall.

THANKS TO BRANCH MANAGERS.

Mr. Goodall, in acknowledgment, said: "I heartily thank Mr. Gough and the Branch Managers for their kindness in presenting me with such a handsome souvenir of this occasion, and particularly do I appreciate the kind and encouraging words that Mr. Gough has used in expressing the sentiments and wishes of himself and the Branch Managers and I will ask Mr. Gough to convey to all concerned my sincere thanks. I fear that the compliments to-day are too much on one side and I would like to say that a large measure of credit is due to Mr. Gough as that gentleman demands a very high standard of work from us all. That keeps us up to the mark and is reflected in the increased efficiency of the Branches, and is for the good of the Firm, while the individual members of the Staff also benefit. I shall appreciate and value this token of the Managers' goodwill and I hope you will thank them accordingly."

ALLGOOD.

Mr. H. F. Lindars said: "This is the fourth important function I have had the honour to attend during a little over twelve months. I am very pleased to be present at this celebration of Mr. Goodall's Jubilee and to hear the congratulations of our Chairman on behalf of our Directors. I do not remember much of Mr. Goodall at the time when he first came on the scene as a small boy, but I remember his father and grandfather who were then engaged at The Brewery, and fine specimens of manhood they were. Mr. Goodall has a name that can be reversed and so made to be *Allgood*, although he would probably not claim to be this. Mr. Arnold, then chief of our office, used to write the name *Goodale*. My position in the Estates Office brought me into close association with him, especially since the time when he succeeded the late Mr. Edwin Nichols, thirty-five years ago. I had always greatly admired him for his close attention to business, his tact and sound judgment and I know how successfully he has met and overcome any difficulty that has arisen. He has had under his responsibility a large number of licensed houses connected with the Farnborough Branch and the tenants and houses, too, have kept and are keeping up well the reputation of The Brewery. No licence had been lost, only several closed by the Compensation Authorities and one beerhouse licence at Aldershot surrendered on account of the isolated position of the house on the top of a hill and therefore difficult of police supervision. I should again like to add how delighted I am to be present to-day. (Applause.)

Mr. Goodall briefly and suitably replied.

Mr. Goodall was the recipient of the personal congratulations from the five Directors present at luncheon and also received a letter from Mr. Fred Simonds (who was away on holiday) expressing similar sentiments.

INTERESTING RECORD.

Our readers will be interested in the record of Mr. Albert Goodall.

He commenced duties in the Cask Office on the last day of July, 1877, at the salary then obtaining, viz. 5s. a week. In 1879 he was transferred to the Branch Office, which was under the management of the late Mr. T. J. Pulley, the late Mr. J. W. Lindars being Chief Clerk, and Mr. J. D. Carter (Slough Manager) the other member of the staff. In 1881 he was appointed as a junior clerk at Farnborough Branch under the late Mr. Edwin Nichols, where he made great progress, and was appointed Chief Clerk in 1887.

Mr. Nicholls was frequently on the sick list and in his absence Mr. Goodall managed the business. In November, 1890, Mr. Nichols died suddenly at a Masonic Banquet at The Cambridge Hotel, Camberley, Mr. Goodall being present as his guest. This caused a great sensation as Mr. Nichols was so well known and popular in the district.

The question of a successor exercised the minds of the Directors, Farnborough being a large business, with a number of licensed houses. At that time our colleague was only 25 and was informed by the Managing Director that he was too young for the position, and that he was asking too much. However, through persistency, and confidence in himself, together with local influence, the Directors decided to place him on probation for three months. He was appointed in February, 1891, and still occupies the position. The business under his management has made great progress and during that time new Offices and Wine and Spirit Stores have been built. He has always advocated being abreast of the times by remodelling or rebuilding the licensed properties. Practically all the licensed houses in the Farnborough Branch district are now up-to-date. He is regarded as one of the Firm's licensing experts. He was the instigator of starting the Woking Branch, which is now in a flourishing condition. He obtained for the Firm the first licence granted in Woking for 27 years. One of Mr. Goodall's prides is the old business connection he has had with the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, and which dates the whole 46 years he has been connected with Farnborough. It is pleasing to know that he has good friends at Sandhurst, where he is very popular. His business career has not permitted him to take an active part in local affairs, just recently. He was auditor for the Farnborough Church School, also Burial Board accounts; also auditor to the Ancient Order of Foresters. Mr. Goodall was a member of Farnborough Parish Council, and was on the management of the Church Schools. He was the youngest Chief Ranger appointed at Farnborough Lodge A.O.F., and the first to memorise the whole of the ceremonies.

He is an all-round sportsman, and particularly fond of cricket, football and billiards. He is an old member of the Surrey County Cricket Club and enjoys entertaining his friends at The Oval on Saturdays. He was also a good skater and played on the College lake for the local club, at hockey.

Some years ago there was a very keen school of billiard players at Farnborough and Mr. Goodall was not the worst of the crowd. History records that once when playing in a local handicap, 100 up, against the local schoolmaster, the latter started off with a break of 72. Mr. G. replied with 64, left a double baulk, and went out next break. On another occasion when playing from scratch in a

handicap at the Duke of York's Hotel, Yorktown, he made breaks of 68, 55 and 30, in succession, his opponent only making 15. Mr. Fred Garside, Woking, was a witness of this performance. Mr. Goodall was the pioneer and secretary of the first billiard club started at The Tumble Down Dick Hotel, Farnborough, of which the late Capt. W. Batchelor, Manager Military Dept., was a member. He won several billiard handicaps from scratch and was a fine snooker player.

He was also a useful cricketer. One of the older inhabitants relates the story that when the Farnborough team on an occasion were in a bad position, Mr. Goodall was going in to bat and the Captain remarked: "We are in a tight corner 'Goodey,' do your best." His reply was that the time to get them is when you want them. He scored 82 not out and won the game for his side. Other useful scores were frequently made by him. He was a fair wicket keeper.

He used to referee the local football Derby, Farnborough v. Cove, when feeling ran very high in those dear old days. Towards the end of one game, Cove got the ball through the goal (there were no nets in those days). The goal was disallowed by our friend, for handling. The excited scorer was receiving the congratulations of his friends when he discovered it was no goal. He rushed up in a fighting attitude and threatened to put the referee in the lake, adjoining. The reply he received was "We will just finish the game first old chap, I shall want a bath after all this running about, but I shall take care you come with me." The game ended in a draw.

Mr. Goodall is a member of many clubs with whom we have pleasure of doing business, and is very popular.

For nearly 20 years he has lived at Woking. It is his proud boast that he has never once missed his train, and reaches the office soon after 8.30 a.m. each day.

The characteristics of Mr. Albert Goodall are his great energy, his business acumen, strict integrity and honour in all his dealings. In brief, one for the younger generation to copy.

May he be spared for many years to hold his present position.

The railway companies are doing their best to meet the competition of the motor coaches, but they'll never succeed until they can manage to make a train pull up at a wayside inn.

A NATURE NOTE.

A great friend of mine who has done but little fishing invited me to spend a day with him on a big lake. He told me he had been informed that pike were occasionally seen to seize wild duck, and it was with great expectations that I set out with him for a day. I took a dozen live baits, the other member of the party brought an ample supply of worms and, with the weather dull but fine, everything pointed to an ideal day. On arrival at the boathouse we found that the punt was half full of water, and so by means of the tins used for carrying worms we baled her out—a task that lasted some three-quarters of an hour.

A MONSTER CARP.

Then we made a move, but nowhere was the water more than two or three feet deep. We proceeded very slowly, disturbing the water as little as possible, and as we did so kept an eye open to see what members of the finny tribe were in evidence. We viewed a number of carp, one a monster, and also a good many tench, all of them upwards of 2 lbs. in weight. Not a small fish was to be seen. What chance had they in shallow water with plenty of herons about? One wondered if there were big pike to be caught, and what was the nature of their food.

There was certainly an ample supply of wild duck for, as we rounded some islands, dozens rose *en masse*. They at first made straight off, but soon returned, and as they swept past us their wings made a sound like a rushing mighty wind. Then off they went again, and were next seen high in the heavens though you could still hear the whistle of their wings. Coots and moorhens, too, abounded, but they made a more leisurely retreat on our approach.

PIKE TAKES TWO BAITS.

Well, we were convinced that our boat would disturb any fish that might be within range of our lines so we moored her to the back of an island and fished from the opposite side. I used a lively little roach and my two friends fished with worms, one ledgering and the other "swimming." We had been thus engaged for upwards of half an hour when suddenly my friend's float went off at a great pace, straight in the direction of mine. Then both floats disappeared together, re-appeared together as suddenly, and continued to keep company. We soon found that we were playing the same fish, for a small pike had not only seized the worm

with which my colleague was fishing, but had made straight for my roach and grabbed that, too. When we drew the greedy fish towards the bank there was the tail of my roach protruding from his jaws, while my friend's hook with the worm was tightly fastened to the side of the jack's mouth. Just as we were landing him the pike spat out my fish, and as my snap tackle became detached at the same time, my friend claimed the fish.

CANVAS STOOL COLLAPSES.

I was determined to get on equal terms with my brother angler, but under the conditions that obtained was certainly somewhat at a loss as to how to do so. Then a little incident occurred which seemed to amuse my two friends more than it did me. By this time there was quite an inch of water in the boat, and though we were well shod our feet were, to say the least, very damp. I was sitting on my camp stool eagerly awaiting a "run" when, without the slightest warning, my little seat absolutely collapsed and I sat in that inch of water with the result that my feet were not the only part of my being that was wet. My friends laughed heartily.

TRIED SPINNING.

As I said before, I was determined to get on a par with my friend and catch at least one fish. So I set to work spinning. I should think I had covered a mile of water when all at once I felt a tug. I immediately responded, with the result that I was into a little jack. He was certainly not over 2 lbs. so I replaced him to provide some other member of the craft with sport another day.

NOT MUCH TO BOAST ABOUT.

The sum total of our day's catch was two pike, the pair of which would not have turned the scale at 5 lbs. The third member of our party did not have one single bite all day—except at luncheon time when he was particularly busy, for fresh air is a wonderful appetiser. Of course we chaffed him about his day's "catch," but he rightly retorted that we had not much to boast about.

Throughout the day I noticed a lesser spotted woodpecker busy food-hunting in the withy trees. He had been repeatedly calling "tink-tink" and eventually left the islands, making his way by undulating flight to a clump of fir trees, where doubtless he went to roost for the night.

PHEASANTS GO TO BED.

By the time we had wound in our lines all the ducks had returned to the far end of the lake, and a number of pheasants,

cocks and hens, flew from the mainland to the islands, where they were evidently in the habit of spending the night. "Cockup, cockup, cockup," the male birds called as they flew to their perches and soon settled down to rest.

EMPTY CREELS, BUT FULL HEARTS.

As we returned home, though our creels were empty, our hearts were full of thanks to the gentleman concerned for a really delightful day.

C.H.P.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

We cannot, like Beethoven or Handel, lift the soul by the magic of divine melody into the seventh heaven of ineffable vision and hope incommensurable; we cannot, like Newton, weigh the far-off stars in a balance; we cannot, like Voltaire, scorch up what is cruel and false by a word as a flame, nor like Milton or Burke, awaken men's hearts with the note of an organ-trumpet; we cannot, like the great saints of the churches and the great sages of the schools, add to those acquisitions of spiritual beauty and intellectual mastery which have, one by one and little by little, raised man from being no higher than the brute to be only a little lower than the angels. But what we can do (the humblest of us) is, by diligently using our own minds and diligently seeking to extend our own opportunities to others, to help to swell that common tide, on the force and the set of whose currents depends the prosperous voyaging of humanity.

When our names are blotted out, and our place knows us no more, the energy of each social service will remain, and so, too, let us not forget, will each social disservice remain, like the unending stream of one of Nature's forces. The thought that this is so may well lighten the poor perplexities of our daily life, and even soothe the pang of its calamities; it lifts us from our feet as on wings, opening a larger meaning to our private toil and a higher purpose to our public endeavour; it makes the morning as we awake to it welcome, and the evening like a soft garment as it wraps us about; it nerves our arm with boldness against oppression and injustice, and strengthens our voice with deeper accents against falsehood, while we are yet in the full noon of our days: yes, and perhaps it will shed some ray of consolation when our eyes are growing dim to it all, and we go down to the Valley of the Dark Shadow.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

Old Lady (to fieldsman on boundary): "There's room for you to sit down young man."

Poet: "My new poem will cause your heart to miss a beat."

Editor: "Take it away, I don't want anything that will affect the circulation."

Small Dorothy: "Mamma, why hasn't Papa any hair?"

Mother: "Because he thinks so much."

Dorothy: "Why have you so much, Mammy?"

Mother: "Go away and do your lessons."

Rose: "Were you nervous when you asked him for monev the first time?"

Marie: "No, I was calm and collected."

HEALTH NOTE.

With reference to the water supply in a Surrey village a medical man has been telling residents how to prepare the water. A good plan is to boil it, then sterilise it, and then drink beer.—*Everybody's Weekly*.

A man was charged recently with stealing eleven bottles of beer. No doubt the police just failed to make a case of it.—*Passing Show*.

AUTHOR: It's always the same! Whenever I want to work I can't lay my hands on anything.

WIFE: But, dear—I've just filled your fountain-pen and put out plenty of paper.

AUTHOR: Yes—but what have you done with the corkscrew?
—*Passing Show*.

Two Irishmen were gazing in admiration at the Westminster Cathedral. "Shure, Moike," said Pat, "it bates the divil." "Faith, and that was the intintion," replied Michael.

"Well, Bill, 'ow d'ye come to lose yer job?"

"Jealousy, mate; jealousy on the part of the bloomin' foreman."

"Wot was it all abaht?"

"Why, I was just standin' abaht, you know, doin' nuffink—just watchin' the gang workin', an' a bloke as was passin' said to his nipper: 'Look, Tommy, there's the foreman—that man doin' nuffink.' And the foreman 'eard 'im."

What is it that has four legs and lays eggs?

A couple of hens.

"I come from your tailor. He has employed me to collect his account from you."

"Well, I congratulate you on having got a permanent job.—
Passing Show.

"D'ye ken whit's the matter with auld McTavish?"

"Why, mon, didna ye hear aboot it? He's deed."

"Deed, is he? Hoo did he dee?"

"Ach, mon, he ganged hame sober the ither nicht, and his dog took him for a burglar."

VICTOR: "I would go through anything with you, dear."

VERA: "Let's begin with your bank account."

BACHELOR: "I tell you, old man, the feminine touch adds interest to the home."

MARRIED FRIEND: "Perhaps; but it's the dickens for reducing the principal."

A very keen village cricketer was compelled to give up the game he loved on account of his advancing years. The Vicar said to him: "Well, William, I'm very sorry to hear that you won't be able to help the club any longer." "Oh, won't I, Sir," retorted William, "didn't you 'ear I was taking up umpirin'?"—
The Bystander.

THE MUSIC OF FOXHUNTING.

AND MOMENTS WE SHALL NE'ER FORGET.

To feast one's eyes on a long-haired pianist or a tousled fiddler is one thing, but—

"O! is it not—O! is it not—a pleasant sight to see
The chequered pack—tan, white and black,
Fly scudding o'er the lea?"

All the great composers have borrowed from its music, for opera or orchestra, dance or song, yet cannot catch its language or its time. Poets from Whyte-Melville to Masefield, with the eye, the ear, and understanding heart, have given to us something of what it feels like, when our blood is stirred, our memory wakened to the old scenes and sounds, the deeds and exploits of the days gone by.

What an overture pours through the leafless wood after the first few notes have proclaimed that the fox is away. The chorus swells, rises and falls in the valley, and we are away.

"No more the schoolboy dreads; his prison broke,
Scampering, he flies, nor heeds his master's call.
The weary traveller forgets his road,
And climbs th' adjacent hill.
The ploughman leaves the unfinished furrow.
Nor his bleating flocks are now the shepherd's joy.
Men, boys and girls
Desert th' unpeopled village."

Yes, this music holds a mysterious power of chords and pipes, to make our hearts beat, our nerves vibrate, and to bring man's nature into harmony with the wild sweet wonders of the world.

"There is a spirit in the chase, the fervour of whose wild embrace,
The sportsman only knows.
He feels its freshness in the gale,
He hears its music in the vale
Where the brook murmuring flows."

Oh, to have written but one line of that wonderful old hunting-song, "John Peel"; a song which has infected thousands of every class, generation after generation, who were never there when the "pack wide-op'ing load the trembling air with various melody."

It holds the very soul of the foxhunter, calls up desperate rides near brave and straining hounds. Moments remembered to our last day.

Yet there is much in that song that brings a tear to many an eye, reminding them of the years that are past; of those dear ones who caught this elusive music of the chase, and who are now dust.

May we in our day ride as straight as they, and understand, as they did, this music of the wild.

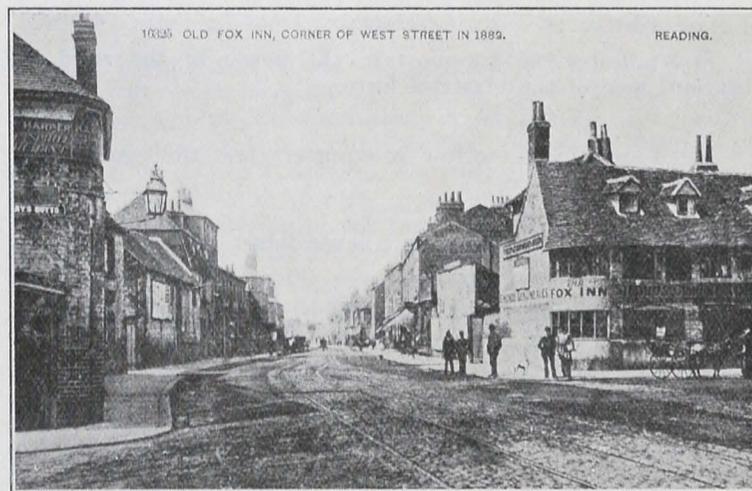
I KNOW A ROSE IS OVERHEAD.

The Rose aloft in sunny air,
Beloved alike by bird and bee,
Takes for the dark root little care
That toils below it ceaselessly.

I put my question to the flower:
"Pride of the Summer, garden queen,
Why livest thou thy little hour?"
And the Rose answered, "I am seen."

I put my question to the root.
"I mine the earth content," it said,
"A hidden miner underfoot:
I know a Rose is overhead."

THE OLD FOX INN, READING.



During the past forty odd years great changes have taken place at the corner of West Street, Reading, as the picture indicates.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Gentle words, quiet words, are, after all, the most powerful words. They are more convincing, more compelling, more prevailing.

He serves his party best who serves his country best.

Play not for gain, but sport.

The strokes of the pen need deliberation as much as those of the sword need swiftness.

The sunshine of life is made out of very little beams, that are bright all the time.

The sword is but a hideous flash in the darkness; right is an eternal ray.

We may take Fancy for a companion, but must follow Reason as our guide.

We hang little thieves and take off our hats to great ones.

The tallest trees are most in the power of the wind, and ambitious men of the blasts of fortune.

The sympathy of sorrow is stronger than the sympathy of prosperity.

Women forgive enemies, but never forget slights.

We have but to toil awhile, endure awhile, believe always, and never turn back.

One of these days is none of these days.

KINDNESS.

A language the deaf can hear
And the dumb understand.

THE SOCIAL CLUB.

CRICKET.

A SATURDAY AFTERNOON WITH THE "SECONDS."

Date: August 6th, 1927. Venue: Prospect Park, Reading. Match: Seven Bridges Brewery C.C. *versus* Junior Conservatives. Result: Rather disastrous for The Brewery XI. (the figures are doubtless recorded elsewhere).

In the June issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE I wrote that the second team could do with more encouragement and support than it generally received. It would certainly seem as if this is still the case as, so far as I could see, on this occasion, the only spectator present from The Brewery (other than the Scorer) was myself. Maybe with the help of our Magazine we shall be able to whip up more enthusiasm for these matches, say, next year.

The game was a friendly one in every way—naturally this is always the case with The Brewery cricket teams and particularly so when playing the Junior Conservatives. It was quite a joyous affair. The afternoon was of the 1927 Summer variety—dull but, fortunately in this instance, it did not rain.

Our team was not so strong as it might have been as the first eleven called on some—four, I believe—of the "Reserves" for their match at Ipsden. However, the second eleven is doing its duty well and will supply the first team with cricketers of the right sort provided the youngsters are persevered with.

The batting on our side was weak (with one exception), but every credit must be given the Junior Conservatives for good bowling backed up by particularly keen fielding, the catching being very smart. This resulted in the dismissal of most of our side. Mr. C. B. Cox (Captain), who was given a hearty clap on going in to bat was "on his toes," but meeting—or rather missing—a very good ball early on he was unable to materially increase The Brewery score. The last youngster in had a "swipe" and missed, the stumps and bails being somewhat disarranged in consequence. However, he took it in the right spirit, making everyone smile by saying: "That would have been a four if I *had* hit it."

After a little refreshment, kindly provided by the Firm, in which "our friends the enemy" were asked to join, the Junior Conservatives went in to bat and soon knocked off the runs to give them the victory. Our bowling was good and two fine catches were made by F. Clark and C. B. Cox, as good as anyone could wish to see, also the wicket-keeping was of the best. Although the fielding could have been better and a closer game made of it,

everyone on our side was very *keen*, so stick it, boys, and you'll get there in the end.

Mention must be made of two other stalwarts, Mr. W. Newport (Umpire) and Mr. J. Edgington (Scorer). By the way, the Scorer for our opponents was a young lady.

Quite a pleasant Saturday afternoon, and I feel sure everyone taking part in the match enjoyed it.

W.D.

The writer would like to congratulate A.P.F. on his delightful story of the epic struggle at Hythe last month. It was most interesting and made the poor reporter for the Reading teams green with envy to think how easy it seemed to string together such an article for one match and a few side lines.

We apologise for doing Mr. Chapman an injustice when commenting on our match at Hackwood. We strive to tell the truth and were assured our remark concerning that famous stroke was correct. We are glad to learn that Mr. Chapman was not the perpetrator or originator of the stroke in question, and hope our assertion will not damage his high reputation as a cricketer and sportsman.

Well, let us get back to our own little sphere and narrate something of our ups and downs. Our first encounter since last month's report was with the Camberley Working Men's Club on their ground. We took over quite a useful side and were favoured with fine weather. At all events it was not raining, but it did blow cold when sitting out. Our opponents, having the lucky penny, elected to bat, but did not meet with immediate success; in fact, Croom got a wicket with his fourth ball when the score was 1. The second fell at 8, and third and fourth at 21. Then came a stand when 50 were added; then the pendulum swung again and, although the sixth wicket put on a dozen, the next three fell for one run. Back went the pendulum again and the last wicket—both men chancing their arms a bit—took the total from 86 to 129. Well, we thought our chances even then were fairly bright, but luck seemed to be right against us and when 7 wickets were down for 60 we felt that marbles were more our forte. Then came a great stand between our skipper and our junior member of the team. Our spirits started climbing as these two battled against the skilful changes of bowling. The Camberley skip did not mean to lose the game and everyone was on their toes, in fact, were too keen, and a catch was muffed. We were counting the runs and the minutes—would we pull the game out of the fire, would the clock or our opponents be the victors? Then James tried to pull a straight one but hit it

with his leg instead of his bit of timber and retired with his total at 32 and the grand total at 113. Congratulations to him on his highest yet! Then we had two men to go in and 17 to get and only about ten minutes to go. Collins started off with a couple and C. H. P. was still batting confidently when time was called, but as mentioned in last month's Editorial the Camberley skip generously gave us the opportunity of getting the few runs necessary—if we could. Then the bowler put down a proper "bailer" and C.H.P. had to retire. Our eleventh "man," a young left-handed lad, tried to fill the breach, but got a nasty crack on the hand. His keenness, however, made him take his stance before he had got over the shock and he mis-hit one, which was held and we had to retire gracefully, four runs behind. Should we have been content with a draw or take the sporting view—a fight to a finish? Well, everybody was unanimous that it was a most interesting game and in the W.M.C. afterwards the struggle was discussed over and over again, and the sporting view was voted the only course for two such friendly teams to take.

Our next venture was on Prospect Park, where we entertained Hackwood Park. The weather was unkind and doubts were expressed whether any cricket would be possible. However, the rain ceased and a late start was made. We had the services of Mr. Phipps and he opened the match with "Chub" and treated us to a very fine innings, scoring a level 50, the first made by our team this season. It must be a long time since he has included so many singles in one innings. After making 82 for 5 we declared and our lucky star continued to ascend, for the first Hackwood wicket fell for one run and they continued to fall at regular intervals until the last man was caught and bowled with the total of 39. One catch made on our side was decidedly freakish. Having gone through the fielder's hands, hit his chest, the ball finally came to rest in his lap. Someone said "Jammy"; others said "J—y."

The next Saturday we took a depleted team to Ipsden, where we were thoroughly trounced. Mr. Roy Higgs took the first knock and after making 56 retired for the other members to help the ever-increasing score along until it reached 128. Our batting was right off, only Croom and Bartholomew reaching double figures, and all told, it only amounted to 50. We had to draw rather heavily on the "Seconds" to make up our team and a twelve aside match was played.

Our next two matches had to be cancelled owing to the inclemency of the weather. We were down to play Sutton's and Bradfield Comrades. The latter hoped to be captained by Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds and we were very disappointed when we learnt that he was leaving for France that day. We hope he has run into

better weather than we had that day and since and will enjoy his holiday.

Since our last issue, A. E. Croom has joined the noble army of Benedicts and we wish him every success and happiness in his new venture.

Seconds into the Ring! We wish we could point to a trail of triumphs, but, unfortunately, that will not be the case, for the three matches played have had the same result, the initial of the word commencing with L.

First of all, Whitley Hall visited Prospect Park and took the field and the plums. Our first 3 wickets put on the noble sum of 0 runs and but for a stand made by Clark (11) the total would have borne a sorry aspect—it only amounted to 27. It goes without saying that it was not nearly enough; in fact, the first wicket of our friends topped it by one run, then we had a spell of better luck and eventually got the last man out when they had made 59. Clark got 4 for 18, Broad 3 for 18, which was decidedly good under the circumstances.

The next Saturday saw the return fixture with Reading "B" and another needle game was anticipated. Here again our colours were lowered, but the margin was only 6. Our *men* made 39, of which Bolton was responsible for 14, and Reading responded with 45. Gordon Smith did most havoc with the ball, getting five wickets for 16; Clark was not far behind his 3 costing 14. This match was apparently a ten aside.

Junior Conservatives were the next to come, see, and conquer. Here, unfortunately, the team was very weak owing to the demands made by the premier side. We had the first show with the willow, but only mustered 16. Waite, who has been doing well with the bat unfortunately being run out early on and the rot followed him. The Juniors, after a poor start, ran away to the tune of 56, of which A. Manning made 22 and F. Hopkins 11. The latter is an "S.B." and it looks as if his services would be useful on our side, for he took 5 for 11 in addition to his batting strength.

The next two matches, which the captain assures the writer would have been victories, were cancelled owing to the rain. This was doubly unfortunate as they constituted the only outings it was possible to arrange. The first was at Bradfield. The trip was taken, but no opposition was visible on the venue for the struggle, so the players wended their way to the local Flower Show, where for a time they were the majority of the spectators.

The next and last match of the season should have been at Knowle Hill, but a report was received during the morning that the ground was under water and consequently no play possible.

J.W.J.

FROM THE TIMES OF 1827.

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1827. PRICE 7d.

BRIGHTON, Friday, July 27.—People are talking here very loudly that the cricket match which has just ended (between Sussex and All England) was a *cross*, and that it was lost purposely by the men of Sussex, lest their adversaries should be deterred from contending with them again, as they had already failed before in two matches. However, I must say that I do not believe there is any foundation for the charges, for, as far as my observation extended, both sides appeared to do their best. The complaints are directed chiefly against two or three players in the second innings—J. Broadbridge threw his bat at the ball, not being able otherwise to reach it, as it came wide of the wicket; and his bat striking it, he was caught out by Mr. Ward. This is considered very strange, as he is one of the best players in Sussex; but it was declared by Mr. Lord (of Marylebone), I understand, that on his own ground Broadbridge would not have been given out under such circumstances. Thwaites, too (another good man), hit his own wicket, and a great many leg balls were bowled, without producing a single run, which such good players as they were, and indeed any tolerable players, it is alleged, could not have failed to get from them.

TENNIS CLUB.

The Editor is pressing for some Tennis Notes but what is one to write about when the weather is so unfavourable for this popular form of recreation? True, we commenced the season in fine style and had just got into the swing of play for our Tournaments when the elements decided to change, resulting in a wet July and August. We have, therefore, only just managed to get through the first rounds. An occasional match has been played but further progress is held up by holidays and *the rain*. However, we must hope that September will save the situation and give us some sunny days; certainly we shall have to get a move on when we leave the Office in order to reach the courts as soon as possible, for the evenings draw in noticeably as the month advances. It will not do for us to dwell unduly on the dark side; we must remember those evenings when conditions were favourable and keen contests enjoyed. We have not been slack in making the most of opportunities and have played several times to the detriment of rackets and balls.

An important item that should not escape notice is the greatly improved play in general. One member of the Club remarks that an occasional rest from the game is good for a player, but for my part these occasional rests have developed into frequent rests and

it is the play that is "occasional." This same player has, without a doubt, advanced considerably this season and one evening, not long since, when engaged in a foursome he could do nothing wrong, the majority of his shots being par excellence.

My partner and I were well beaten in the first two sets; we then commenced to get desperate and succeeded in winning the third set, 7-5, much to our gratification, and as my partner remarked, "This win will save us from a sleepless night."

We had hoped to have another Tournament with our neighbours, The Caversham Bridge Tennis Club, but under the weather conditions obtaining at the time of writing, it is impossible to make any arrangements.

A.M.P.

ANNUAL FLOWER SHOW.

On Saturday, 20th August, the Simonds Social Club held their Annual Flower Show, which was one of the most successful held during recent years. The exhibits were of a high standard and this goes to prove that keener interest is taken in this particular section of the Club's many activities and this fact was borne out, even more so, by the greatly increased number of Members and their friends who visited the Show to inspect the Flowers and Vegetables entered.

The beautiful Honorary Exhibit made by Commander H. D. Simonds (per Mr. R. W. Dean, Head Gardener) attracted a great deal of attention, so also did the floral honorary exhibits sent by Mr. Rodwell, Mr. R. Biggs and Mr. J. H. Wadhams. Mr. H. James' honorary exhibit of some fine apples was very pleasing. Mrs. J. Champion very kindly gave a chicken, dressed ready for cooking, and Mr. "Bob" Allen made his annual gift of a sack of vegetables. These two gifts were disposed of in aid of the Children's Xmas Treat and realised £1 2s. 6d. and 18s. 8d. respectively. Many exhibitors left their exhibits to be sold for the same cause and this kind action was much appreciated.

Mr. Haines (Head Gardener for F. A. Simonds, Esq.) and Mr. Dean (Head Gardener for Commander H. D. Simonds) were the judges. These two gentlemen have acted in this capacity since the inception of the Show and their decisions have always been eminently satisfactory.

At the conclusion of the Show Miss Williams kindly distributed the prizes and was duly thanked by Mr. W. Bradford, the Hon. Sec. of the Club, Mr. F. C. Hawkes (Chairman) replying on Miss Williams' behalf.

The awards were as follows:—

				PRIZES GIVEN BY	
Collection of Vegetables	...	1	J. T. Cholwill	...	Mr. F. C. Hawkes
		2	T. H. Stacey	...	Ditto
		3	T. Osborne	...	Ditto
Kidney Potatoes	...	1	A. T. Walsh	...	Mr. C. W. Stocker
		2	F. Braisher	...	Ditto
		3	L. Duguid	...	Ditto
Round Potatoes	...	1	H. M. Prater	...	Mr. C. W. Stocker
		2	T. Williams	...	Ditto
		3	L. Duguid	...	Ditto
Heaviest Potato	...	1	J. T. Cholwill	...	Mr. C. W. Stocker
Onions	...	1	F. Braisher	...	Mr. C. E. Gough
		2	S. Moss	...	Mr. A. R. Bradford
		3	J. T. Cholwill	...	Ditto
Heaviest Onion	...	1	T. H. Stacey	...	Mr. H. James
Long Carrots	...	1	A. T. Walsh	...	Mr. S. Murton
		2	F. Braisher	...	Ditto
		3	J. T. Cholwill	...	Ditto
Short Carrots	...	1	F. Braisher	...	Mr. A. Grove
		2	L. Duguid	...	Mr. S. Murton
		3	J. T. Cholwill	...	The Club
Largest Carrot	...	1	J. T. Cholwill	...	Mr. A. Grove
Runner Beans	...	1	R. T. Sloper	...	The Club
		2	J. Kirk	...	Mr. C. Bennett
		3	T. Williams	...	Ditto
Peas	...	1	T. Osborne	...	Mr. J. Webb
		2	J. T. Cholwill	...	Mr. R. Biggs
		3	L. Duguid	...	Mr. J. Webb
Cabbage	...	1	L. Duguid	...	Major H. Kaye
		2	T. H. Stacey	...	Mr. R. Biggs
		3	H. James	...	Ditto
Heaviest Cabbage	...	1	J. T. Cholwill	...	Major H. Kaye
Globe Beet	...	1	E. Bowsher	...	Mr. E. S. Phipps
		2	L. Duguid	...	Ditto
		3	R. T. Sloper	...	Ditto
Cabbage Lettuce	...	1	W. Seward	...	Mr. H. L. Chaplin
		2	J. T. Cholwill	...	Mr. J. H. Wadhams
Cos Lettuce	...	1	T. Osborne	...	Mr. H. Woolcott
		2	T. H. Stacey	...	The Club
		3	J. T. Cholwill	...	Mr. H. Woolcott
Marrows	...	1	H. M. Prater	...	Mr. W. Wheeler
		2	H. James	...	The Club
		3	E. W. Bowsher	...	Mr. W. Wheeler
Heaviest Marrow	...	1	T. H. Stacey	...	Mr. A. H. Hopkins
Turnips	...	1	J. T. Cholwill	...	The Club
		2	H. M. Prater	...	Mr. H. Osborne
Shallots	...	1	T. Osborne	...	Mr. W. Curtiss
		2	T. H. Stacey	...	Ditto
		3	S. Moss	...	Ditto

				PRIZES GIVEN BY	
Parnsips	1	F. Braisher	The Club
			2	A. T. Walsh	Mr. H. Osborne
			3	J. T. Cholwill	Mr. J. H. Wadhams
Bunch of Roses	1	T. Williams	Mr. H. F. Lindars
			2	F. C. Hawkes	Ditto
			3	F. C. Hawkes	The Club
Asters	1	T. Osborne	Mr. F. Josey
			2	Mrs. Braisher	Ditto
Dahlias	1	T. H. Stacey	Mr. F. Josey
			2	T. Williams	The Club
Mixed Cut Flowers	1	T. Williams	Miss Fleet
			2	E. W. Bowsher	The Club
			3	S. Moss	Ditto
Mixed Sweet Peas	1	J. T. Cholwill	Mr. G. F. Irwin
			2	Mrs. Prater	Ditto
			3	E. W. Bowsher	The Club
Specimen Plant in bloom	1	E. W. Bowsher	The Club
			2	Mrs. Prater	Ditto
Specimen Foliage Plant	1	T. H. Stacey	The Club
			2	Mrs. Prater	Ditto
			3	E. W. Bowsher	Ditto
Heaviest Sunflower	1	J. Kirk	The Club
Dozen New Laid Eggs	1	Mrs. Braisher	Mr. H. L. Chaplin
			2	W. Seward	The Club
			3	J. Walsh	Ditto
Dish Boiled Potatoes	1	Mrs. Prater	Mr. H. Shepherd
			2	Mrs. Seward	Ditto
			3	Mrs. Champion	The Club
Specimen of Needlework	1	Miss A. M. Smith	The Club
Needlework (Open)	1	Mrs. Stacey	The Club
			2	Mrs. Stacey	Ditto
Bunch of Wild Flowers gathered by children of Members	1	Master Osborne	The Club
			2	Miss Bowsher	Ditto
			3	Master Braisher	Ditto

Last year there were over 10 per cent. fewer convictions for drunkenness than in 1925, and fewer than in any year since 1919. The Home Office, in issuing these figures, warns us not to build too much on them. But at least they support the view, which is incontestable, that our people are steadily becoming more and more sober.

A fountain-pen filler was used to feed a London baby which weighed only 1lb. 6ozs. at birth.

"THE BUGLE" OUTING.

A very successful outing took place on July 31st, attended by about ninety customers and friends from "The Bugle," Friar Street, who were conveyed in three chars-a-banc supplied by The Cushy Coaches.

A very amusing feature was the wearing of caps, parasols, etc., which were supplied by Mr. Spragg, Minster Street, and created much fun.

The party proceeded *via* Pangbourne, Dorchester, Drayton and thence to Steventon, where tea was served by the host at "The Fox."

After tea Mrs. Moore, in a brief but pleasing speech, expressed her thanks for the support she and her husband had received from those present during the period they had been at "The Bugle," and hoped that the present gathering would further cement the good friendship which already existed amongst them. (Applause.)

Games were then indulged in and prizes awarded to the winners.

The return journey was made *via* Streatley and Pangbourne, arriving at Reading about 9.30 p.m., all voting it a very enjoyable trip.

PRETTY POLLY.

Everyone who has seen and heard this very clever feathered companion of Mr. and Mrs. Moore, at "The Bugle," will regret the passing away of "Polly," which happened five weeks ago. Her mimicry was marvellous and was a source of amusement to many who came from all parts to hear her.

"Polly" was also instrumental in collecting £6 7s. 3d. in seven months on behalf of the Philanthropic Society.—*R.I.P.*

RECENT PRESENTATION TO DIRECTORS.

GRACIOUS LETTER OF THANKS.

The report which appeared in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE and the local Press concerning the presentations by the staff and employees to the Directors of a clock and illuminated address has been quoted far and wide. The following is a facsimile of the gracious letter which the staff and employees have received from the Directors, conveying their thanks for the gifts:—

THE BREWERY,
READING.

11th July 1927

Dear Sir, or Madam

At our Board meeting to day, the Directors unanimously decided, to record on the minutes of the Company, their deep appreciation of the very beautiful, and historically interesting, Grandfather Clock; which was presented to them, together with an illuminated address, on the fourth instant; by so vast a number of their Staff and Employees.

The Directors desire to express their thanks and full recognition, of the spirit of good will and generosity, which inspired these kindly gifts; which they accept, as visible and conclusive evidence, of the loyal support; which they are wont to receive; not only at Reading and all Home & Foreign Branches; but equally from all the Allied Companies —

Yours faithfully

Geo. Blackall-Simonds, Chairman

Board of Directors

H. G. Simonds L^{td}

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

To my mind the best number of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE we have had so far, appeared last month. In the first place I had been away for a holiday but owing to the kindness of a thoughtful friend I received a copy of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE before resuming office duties, which brought back Brewery memories very quickly. The whole of the contents were very enjoyable. The rush on Tuesday after Bank Holiday was real. First and foremost it was the beginning of the month and the bills had to be despatched in their usual prompt manner; orders were plentiful as well. This first week in August always seems to be the busiest of the year (with the exception of the week before Xmas) for it is a big holiday time for so many others. However all at the Brewery worked with a will and got through the work in splendid fashion.

The next issue will be our Birthday number and it hardly seems true that we have been in existence for nearly twelve months. It will be readily admitted by everyone lucky enough to read our journal that it has eminently fulfilled its purpose. Long may it flourish.

Most of us if asked our private opinion of August Bank Holiday would undoubtedly say it was *Blank* Holiday for them. It's an ill-wind, etc., and whilst it may have dampened the spirits of all those who endeavoured to enjoy themselves at the many Fetes and Shows that were being held—after all, the *fates* were against them—and the sales at these places of the Firm's well-known products suffered in consequence, it would appear however quite a number of the Firm's houses did very well indeed, judging from the urgent orders that seemed to pour into the Brewery on the day after Bank Holiday.

After such a dismal summer (for weather) as we have experienced this year it is not to be wondered at that many football enthusiasts in Reading, and especially at the Brewery, are eagerly awaiting the "kick off" on the 27th August. For the ardent follower, two practice games will have taken place at Elm Park before this date and the Buffet critics will have had a chance once again to air their views and let us know how many embryo internationals have been signed on and also will not keep *dark* what they think of the white ball. As quite a number of Brewery supporters have Stand Season Tickets for the forthcoming season, perhaps this may have a restraining influence on them and they will only *clap* when Reading score. This has been the correct thing to do, of course, for years when the other side score, and not *too* loud at that. Then again, perhaps, a player—an opponent—will be referred to as an "unclean bow-wow" by the "Standites" in future. One and all I feel sure wish the Reading Football Club another successful season.

Who knows but what in time the Brewery will discover a Channel swimmer and the reason is this: An invitation has been issued to business houses in Reading to enter relay teams (of four) to take part in a Swimming Gala to be held on the 26th August at the King's Road Baths, Reading, and from information received (not from the Police) it is expected a team will be entered from the Brewery. Mr. A. T. Walsh (Branch Office) has been trying to get a good team together and has been sorting the "swans" from the "ducks," so to speak, by the aid of two practices per week. The constitution of the team has not been decided upon at the moment of writing. This may be the forerunner of a Swimming Section. To revert to the Channel swimmer idea, say one was revealed from the Brewery and accomplished the splendid feat of crossing the seas, would it not be nice to read in the daily paper: "Mr. Smith-Jones, a Brewery worker of the wonderful Reading Brewery, attributes his success to having trained on that well-known sustaining beverage, "S.B."; then again, we might see a photo of him at work in the office, telephone at one ear and pen behind the other; or in the garden with his dog, the aforesaid Mr. Smith-Jones being marked with a cross so as to avoid any mistake in identity.

How many working at the Brewery know their way all over it? I wonder.

THE HOP LEAF GAZETTES still are greatly in demand and it has been a job to satisfy all requirements which is not surprising considering the value of the contents.

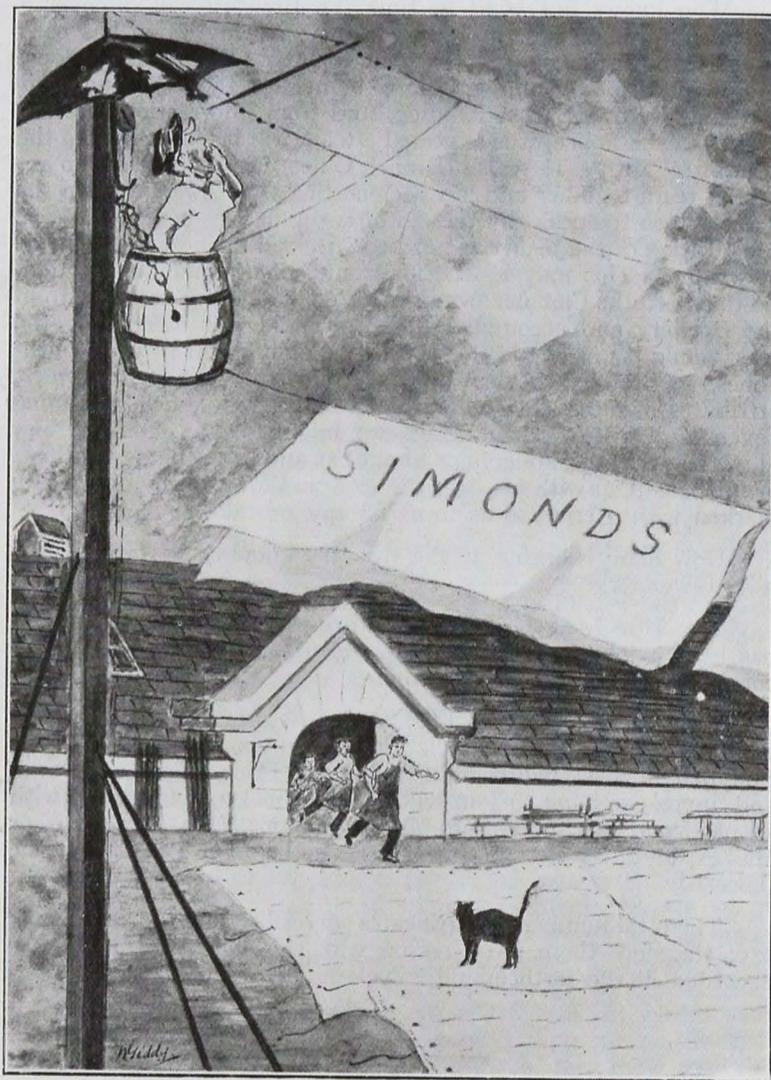
The H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Saving Association still flourishes and the end of the fourth "cycle" is in sight, viz., August 26th, 1927. The fifth "cycle" will begin a week later, Friday, September 2nd, and anyone wishing to join will be welcomed and furnished with all particulars on applying to Mr. A. Hopkins (Hon. Secretary), or Miss A. M. Prosser (Hon. Treasurer), both of the Correspondence Office.

The total number of Certificates subscribed for this time is over 250, therefore there is no reason why this figure should not be exceeded in the forthcoming "cycle" and reach at least 300.

W.D.

MR. F. A. SIMONDS' SUCCESS AT READING SHOW.

At the Reading and District Horticultural Show, Mr. F. A. Simonds (Gardener, Mr. W. Haines) took 1st prize for some wonderfully fine carnations. He also carried off the 3rd prize for annuals and for sweet peas and the 2nd prize award for pears.



AT THE CANVAS STORES.

The continued heavy rains seriously hamper the activities of this department.

Our sketch shows that a sharp "look-out" is being kept to get the canvas dry.

A FEW EPITAPHS.

QUAINT LINES—SOME GRAVE, SOME GAY.

A visit to many of the pretty churchyards which one comes across on a ramble is often repaid if the trouble is taken to read the various inscriptions on the tombstones. Some of these, both grave and gay, prove to the reader that a man may live a long and merry life, which can be very shortly summed up by his admirers (or others) who erect a memorial to him after death. We print below a few which the writer has seen personally and for the rest we are indebted to a master mason of Reading, who in the course of plying his calling has made a large and interesting collection. Here is one from Great Walford, Worcestershire, evidently to an original Frothblower.

Here old John Randall lies,
 Who counting from his tale,
 Lived three score years and ten,
 Such virtue was in Ale,
 Ale was his meat,
 Ale was his drink,
 Ale did his heart revive,
 And if he could have drunk his ale
 He would still have been alive.
 But he died January five
 1699.

There is something subtle about this one in Carry Church, near Edinburgh, to the late parish dominic.

Beneath these stones lie Meekie's bones
 Oh! Satan gin ye take him,
 Appoint him tutor to your weans
 And clever de'ls he mak' em.

At Brightwell-Baldwin, Oxon, is another, evidently written by a sportsman. It is one of the few examples of a bet on an epitaph.

Here lies Stephen Rumbold,
 He lived to the age of an hundred and one,
 Sanguine and strong.
 A hundred to one you don't live as long.

Was this one in Bramston, Northamptonshire, written by a cynic?

'Tis true I led a single life
An ne'er was married in my life,
For of that sex I ne'er had none
It is the Lord: his will be done.

Witchingham, Dorset, has this one which was erected to a Thomas Alleyn and his two wives.

Death here advantage hath of life I spye,
One husband with two wives at once may lye.

To the following epitaph in Edwallon churchyard, Notts, we would call the attention of our pussyfoot friends.

He drunk good ale, good punch and wine
And lived to the age of 99.

Had this gentleman whose memorial is in Alresford Church been harried to his grave by the Income tax man? Or perhaps he was connected with the Excise himself.

No supervisors' check he fears
Now no Commissioner obeys.
He's free from cares, entreaties, tears
And all the Heavenly Orb surveys.

One to an old maid is evidently written with a sense of relief.

Beneath this silent stone is laid
A noisy antiquated maid,
Who from her cradle talked till death
And never before was out of breath.

This one makes play with the name of the deceased who was no doubt a member of the "trade."

Tho' hot my name, yet mild my nature
I bore good will to every creature.
I brewed good ale and sold it too,
And unto each I gave his due.

WILLIAM PEPPER.

At Upton-on-Severn is one to an innkeeper.

Beneath this stone in hopes of Zion
Doth lie the landlord of the Lion;
His son keeps on the business still
Resigned unto the Heavenly will.

Here are two which, while no doubt well-meaning, are unfortunately expressed.

Erected to the memory of
John MacFarlane
Drowned in the waters of Leith
By a few affectionate friends.

Woolwich Churchyard—

Sacred to the memory of Major James Crush, Royal Artillery, who was killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol by his orderly
14th April, 1831.

Well done good and faithful servant.

This in St. Pancras, London, to a lawyer, Mr. Talbot.

Here lies—believe it if you can—
Who though a lawyer was an honest man.
To him the gates of Heaven shall open wide
And quickly close against all the tribe beside.

This tells of the sad end of a lady.

Here lies the body of Mary Ann Lowder
She burst while drinking a seidnitz powder,
Called from this world to her heavenly rest
She should have waited till it effervesced.

We do not know if this is necessary as a warning to the present day young lady on the follies of tight-lacing.

Mary had a little waist,
She laced it smaller still;
A stone o'er Mary has been placed
Out on the silent hill.

And on this stone these words are writ
Oh, let us hope she's gone
"Where angels never care a bit,
'Bout what they have got on."

This bears out the old wife's saw: "Cast ne'er a clout till May be out."

Beneath this stone, a lump of clay,
Lies Uncle Peter Daniels,
Who, early in the month of May
Took off his winter flannels.

We hope this is a libel on the fair fame of a leading health resort and also that a well-known tenant of H. & G. Simonds who recently visited it will not be unduly perturbed.

Her I lie with my three daughters,
Who died through drinking Cheltenham waters.
If we had stuck to Epsom salts,
We should not sleep in these cold vaults.

We will conclude with this one in Winchester Cathedral; it is in memory of a Grenadier and it may prove of value to our military friends.

Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire Grenadier
Who caught his death by drinking cold small beer.
Soldiers be wise from his untimely fall,
And when you're hot, drink strong or not at all.

Just one more as a warning to the juveniles.

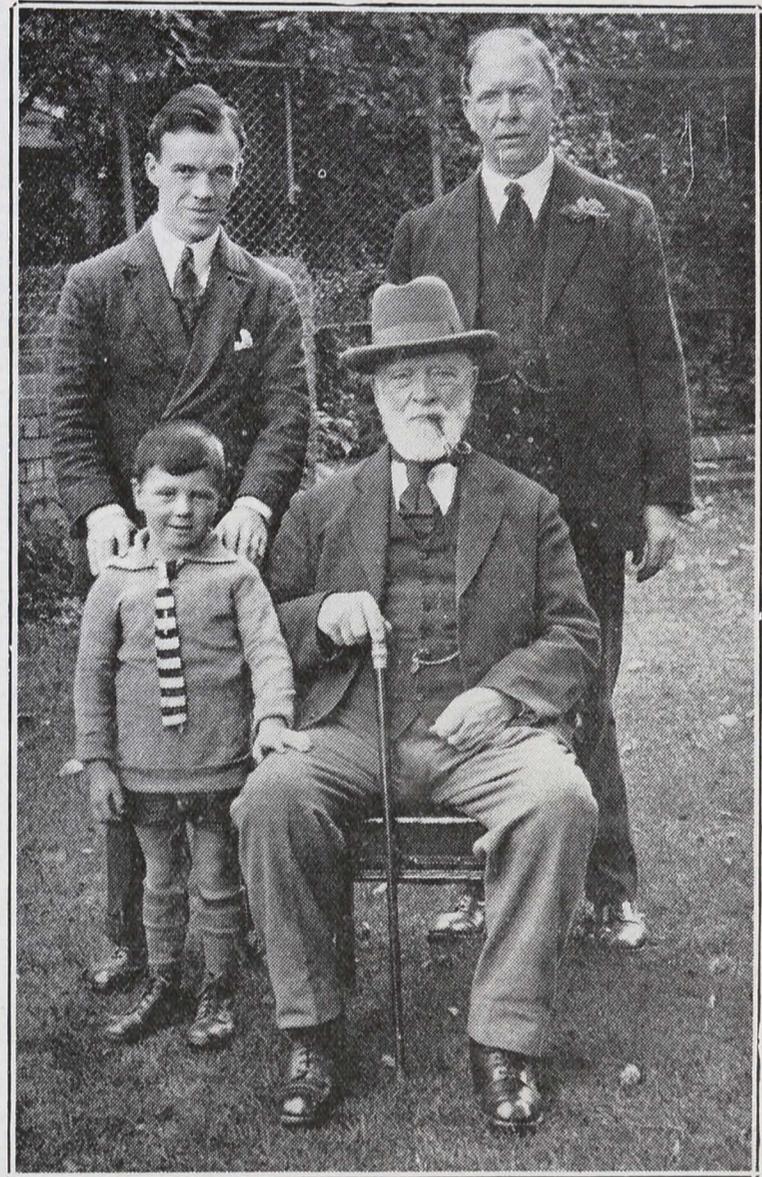
Little Willie from his mirror
Licked the mercury right off,
Thinking in his childish error
It would cure his whooping cough.

At the funeral his mother
Smartly said to Mrs. Brown:
" 'Twas a chilly day for Willie
When the mercury went down."

F. M.

A LONG LIVING FAMILY.

At Stony Stratford recently there was a remarkable gathering when the twelve oldest inhabitants were entertained. They included the oldest of all in Mr. W. J. Crisp, the father of Mr. P. T. Crisp, of The White Hart Hotel, Reading. Mr. W. J. Crisp is 88 years of age and is the father of six children, the oldest of whom is 64, and the youngest (Mr. Tom Crisp) 51. All are alive. Mr. Crisp, sen., has been spending the week in Reading, and he says that he had never felt better in his life. He is able to read a newspaper without the aid of glasses, he has managed to do without false teeth, and he is very active for a man of his age. Mr. Crisp enjoys a glass of beer and smokes an ounce of shag a day.



Four generations of the Crisp family.

DEATH OF CAPT. E. J. SEAL.

LONG ARMY CAREER.

We regret to record the death of Captain Ernest James Seal, proprietor of the "Elephant" Hotel, Reading, which occurred last month. He had been in ill health for the past two years, and was 55 years of age. He had had a long army career, covering a period of thirty years. Joining the 16th Lancers, he served in the South African War, and in 1910 he became attached to the Berkshire Yeomanry, with whom he went to Gallipoli and Palestine as regimental sergeant major. It was during the war that he received his commission, and was then transferred to the York and Lancs Regiment. His military career came to a conclusion with the end of the Great War, and in 1919 he took over the licence of the "Elephant" Hotel, Reading, where his genial nature made him popular with a large number of customers. He was a Freemason, having joined the Morland Lodge in 1913. He was also keenly interested in the Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes, a lodge of which met at his house. He took an interest in all kinds of sport, and was a fine shot. He leaves a widow, a daughter and a son.

THE FUNERAL.

Full military honours were accorded the funeral, the interment which was at Caversham Cemetery being preceded by an impressive service at St. Mary's Church, Reading. The service, which was choral, was conducted by the Vicar of St. Mary's (the Rev. A. G. Parham, M.C., M.A.), who also officiated at the graveside, the hymns sung being "Fight the good fight" and "Abide with me." The wreath-covered coffin, draped with the Union Jack, was carried on a gun carriage drawn by six horses, driven by members of the 264th Battery R.A. (Territorials), while four non-commissioned officers acted as bearers. A bugler from the Royal Berks Depot, Reading, sounded the "Last Post" at the graveside.

The mourners were:—Mrs. Seal, Miss Seal, Mr. E. J. Seal, (son), Mr. H. Seal Wilson, Mr. F. Seal, Captain and Mrs. Henson, and Mr. H. Craig.

The large gathering at the church included Captain J. H. Loveridge, Captain R. A. Hogarth, Dr. and Mrs. Edmunds, Captain L. N. Sutton (B Squadron, Berks Yeomanry), Messrs. E. Bradbury, A. Seward, G. Wheeler, P. Major, S. Kerry, J. H. Roberts, Bob Wells, A. Callow and F. G. Millard (Berks Yeomanry), Messrs. J. B. Anderson, P.M., P.P.G.Purs., A. E. Winslow, W.M., J. M. Wright, J. H. Fuller, C. B. Duguid, T. E. Hughes, G. Povey, H. Downing and H. Smith (representing the Morland Lodge of Freemasons), Mr. George Harding (Treasurer of the Morland Masonic

Lodge and late Sergeant in the 16th Lancers), Messrs. E. Sopp, A. G. Long, F. Attenborough, Messrs. T. Lawrence and A. J. Adams (representing H. and G. Simonds Retailers' Society), Mr. G. W. Smith (representing Reading and District Licensed Traders' Protection and Benevolent Association), Mr. H. Godwin (representing Mr. F. G. Godwin), Mr. J. Foote, Mr. F. W. Church, Mrs. Deaves, Mr. V. Lane, Mrs. Berridge, Mr. C. Oakford, Mrs. Oakford, Mrs. E. Wills, Mr. H. W. Munt (representing 1st Royal Berks Old Comrades Association) and Mr. H. Goddard. There was a large number of members of the Order of Buffaloes, no fewer than ten Lodges being represented by parties of their members, who, wearing the regalia of the Order, marched in procession at the rear of the cortege.

There were many beautiful wreaths, those to send floral offerings being:—"From his wife," Son and Toddles," "Mother," "Flo and Fred" (brother and sister), "Emily and Bert," "Harry and Gladys" (nephew and niece), "Maud and George," "Dot," "Cissie, Alf and Cicely," "Nellie and Bob," "Harry and Polly," Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Craig, the Officers and Members of the Beaconsfield Club, Reading, Mr. and Mrs. Sage, Old Members of B Squadron, Berks Yeomanry, From Royal Berks No. 3146 R.A.O.B., General J. T. Wigan, Mr. C. B. Krabbe, "All Members of the Slate Club," Mr. and Mrs. Percy Tate, Reading and District Licensed Trades Protection and Benevolent Association, Members of the P. Grand Lodge R.A.O.B., Reading and District, Mrs. and Mr. A. E. Stock, From the old Yeomen of D Squadron, Pride of Reading Lodge 3145 R.A.O.B. G.L.E. Reading and District, Officers and Brothers Crown of Reading Lodge, R.A.O.B., Mr. and Mrs. Moulard, A. and A. Hewson, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Bryant, Members of the Minster Lodge No. 3939 R.A.O.B., Brothers Crisp and Stocker, "Mrs and Mrs. J. Messias and family," Officers and brothers of the Richard Harrison Lodge, Mr. Tiller, Mr. Nolan, "Mr. and Mrs. J. Burgess and Toney," All Members of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Retailers' Society, "Mr. and Mrs. E. Lane and son," Mr. H. Townsend, Mr. T. Townsend, Mr. G. Smith, Mr. H. Smith, Mr. Watson, Mr. Ireland, "Mr. and Mrs. Drew and family," "From six ex-Service men, Jack, Len, Bill, Charlie, George and Harry," Sir Charles Keyser Lodge No. 4560 R.A.O.B., Mr. and Mrs. C. Blackwell, The Brethren of the Morland Lodge of Freemasons 3066, Mr. James Carter.—

From The Berkshire Chronicle.

MR. JEFFERIES.

We are very glad to say Mr. Jefferies is back in harness again, his health having greatly improved. He wishes to thank, through the medium of the GAZETTE, the many friends who made such kind enquiries about him during his illness.

A FINE START

BY THE READING FOOTBALL TEAM.

A fine start was made by the Reading Football Team to what we hope will be a very successful season, by a party of about fifteen of the players making a tour of the home of "S.B.", to wit, the Brewery. The party arrived outside the Brewery Gates in the early afternoon of Tuesday, August 23rd, and as soon as it was recognised that the said party consisted of playing members of the R.F.C., a little wave of pleasurable excitement seemed to take hold of most of the Brewery employees. At least, one could hear from odd corners remarks relating to the merits of the individual players, and apparently a fair number of minds were made up as to how the next Saturday afternoon was to be spent. "Seeing Chelsea? not 'arf! And, bless us, why not?"

The players were conducted over the Brewery by Messrs. F. Josey and W. Wheeler, and both these gentlemen are of the same opinion inasmuch as each says that if the Reading players found as much pleasure in their tour as the "guides" did in conducting such a jolly party, then there is "no grumble coming from no-one, no-how."

The Reading players were greatly interested in the brewing procedure and not a Department was visited but that questions were asked and enthusiasm shewn by our guests, who were greatly impressed by the cleanliness and care taken to ensure that "S.B." and its "Brethren" reached the public in that state of perfection that has made the public reach for them.

And in conclusion we hope that the Reading players will have as enjoyable a season as we had in their visit to us, and if it is as successful then Elm Park will have to be enlarged to hold the crowds next season when First Division football is played thereon.

Good Luck Reading!

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

They were telling tales of dexterity, and, of course, each of them tried to outdo the man who had spoken last.

When one concluded a really remarkable story another took up the task.

"That's nothing," he said, "I know a stonemason with one arm."

"Rubbish," said the first man. "How could he do his work?"

"Very simply," came the astounding response. "He holds the chisel in his teeth, and hits himself on the back of the head with a hammer."

BRANCHES.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

Plymouth Civic Week was a great success, the whole town having the carnival spirit and every other person in fancy dress. There have been motor parades with valuable prizes for decorated cars and also decorated lorries. We were too busy to do any decorating and had to leave that to our friends. We had the sole supply of liquors to the Band Contests, Athletic Sports and Dog Trials, and also we supplied our ales and managed the distribution of free drinks for the Corporation of Plymouth to the men of the Atlantic Fleet for the United Services Gymkhana and Ball. The men of the Services are a fine lot of fellows.

Following Civic Week we had the Regatta with the *Britannia*, *White Heather*, *Lulworth* and *Shamrock* racing each day. The five Yacht Clubs have their Regattas throughout the week and the big yachts were a fine sight. Plymouth Sound is always a thing of beauty and with the warships picked out with electric lights at night and the big yachts sailing by day, the estuaries of the Rivers Tamar and Plym (which form the Plymouth Sound) were sights to be remembered. The wooded slopes of Mount Edgcumbe looked very lovely on one side and the Staddon Heights on the other, with the Hoe made a gorgeous setting—no other Port or watering-place has ever put up such a fine show. The town has been decorated during the past fortnight, a great credit to all concerned.

HOW DID HE DO IT?

In our May issue the following paragraph appeared:—"We give below a problem which our readers will find most interesting to work out. The genial proprietor of the 'Jack of Both Sides' had three casks, one 8-gallon capacity full of Simonds' 'S.B.', one 5-gallon capacity empty; and one 3-gallon capacity empty. He wished to *measure* 4 gallons of the S.B. into the 5-gallon and the 8-gallon casks respectively, using the three casks for this purpose. How did he do it?"

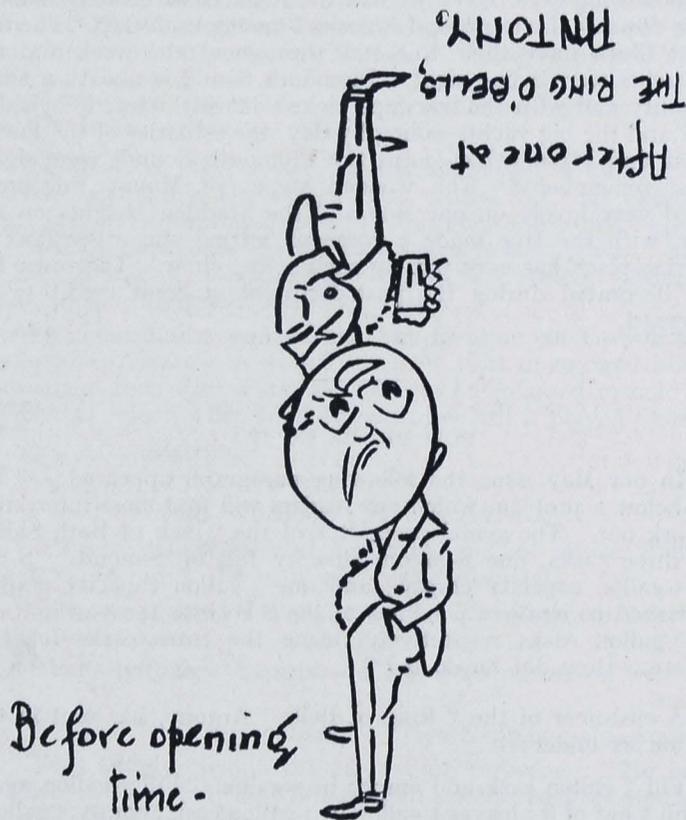
A customer of the "Ring of Bells," Antony, has sent in the solution as under:—

Fill 3-gallon cask and empty in 5-gallon. Fill 3-gallon again and fill 5 out of it; leaves 1 gallon in 3-gallon cask; empty 5 gallons

in 8-gallon, put 1 gallon out of 3 in 5 and fill 3-gallon cask out of 8-gallon, emptying it into the 5-gallon, which leaves 4 in 5-gallon cask and 4 in 8-gallon cask.

The host of the "Ring of Bells" points out a printer's error in last month's issue. Where beneath the photograph of his house the situation was given as Devonport, this should have been ANTONY.

Below is a sketch of the effects of calling on Mr. Moule.



BRIGHTON STORES.

The early August influx of visitors to Brighton has, we think, exceeded all previous records. The Bank Holiday and races brought tremendous crowds to the town, and the arrangements made for their needs in the liquid line proved hardly sufficient. Bank Holiday unfortunately turned out to be wet, but it is an ill wind that blows no-one any good, and visitors were driven into the hotels, where good business was done. As evidence of this, we collected from our different customers on the Monday and Tuesday many thousands of empty bottles and the total constituted a record for Brighton branch.

The 169th Infantry Brigade from London were encamped at Worthing, and thoroughly caught on the "S.B." habit. A tattoo arranged by the Brigade unfortunately ended up with a tropical downpour, damping the spirits, and garments, of the majority from the camp who attended.

In one of the Sergeants' Messes, lines were fixed up to dry the "civvies" of the members, and some wit labelled them with sale cards, perhaps minimising the value of the various articles of clothing.

We are glad to report that our foreman, Albert, is on the way to recovery, and we hope that before this appears in print he will be back at work. He wishes to thank all those who have made enquiries as to his health. During his convalescence he has been bringing back to memory incidents of his early experiences with the firm, and quotes:—

"I remember some 40 years ago when the Berkshire Volunteers came to Brighton for the Easter manoeuvres. I had to fill 100 1-gallon jars with S.B., and send it to the railway station, with a liberal allowance of bread and cheese, and distribute it in the carriages, with pint pots, for the men to have on their return journey."

So S.B. is no new product of the Firm. Albert's memory takes him back to the days when we had truck loads of small casks of S.B. and Inter. for private trade, and he reminiscantly compares that trade with the enormous quantities of S.B. now sent out in bottles.

RHINELAND.

Our friends in the Sergeants' Mess of the 2nd Royal Berkshire Regiment, who are very strong "Froth Blowers," now have their own Vat, and it has been registered as "The Hop Leaf Vat No. 1." The writer had the honour of being present at one of their meetings and without a doubt it is the finest Vat he has ever had the pleasure of visiting.

The "Blaster" is Mr. Groombridge, R.S.M., and the musical arrangements are in the hands of Mr. Weaver, the Bandmaster, with Q.M.S. Birmingham as the very able Secretary. Good Luck to the "Hop Leaf Vat No. 1."

The Sergeants' Mess gave their "Maiwand Ball" on the 4th August, which was a great success, a large and distinguished gathering being present.

The 8th K.R.I. Hussars had their first Regimental Sports in Rhineland. The weather was dull, heavy rain falling before the mounted events and somewhat marring the jumping events.

A large and distinguished gathering which included the G.O.C.-in-C., witnessed the events.

In spite of the weather everybody thoroughly enjoyed the sports which were varied and interesting.

The final day of the Annual Sports of the 43rd Light Infantry had to be postponed last month owing to inclement weather. The meeting duly took place at Bad Schwalbach and was favoured by bright weather conditions. At the tea interval, ugly clouds made their appearance, peals of thunder rang out but no rain fell, and within a few minutes the sun broke through again and continued to shine throughout the succeeding proceedings.

The meeting was a highly successful one, with never a dull moment. The capital form displayed by the competing athletes sustained the interest throughout, but mention must also be made of the peals of laughter which rang out during the holding of several amusing events, especially during the Transport Race and A.O.F.B. Inter-Company Relay.

SHE KNEW.

The teacher was taking a class in arithmetic and on noticing that one little girl did not appear to be paying attention she suddenly pounced on the latter with the following question, "Now Mary! What comes after eight."

"Dad gets merry and bright and reckless and pussy gets sad and careful," came the astounding retort.

OXFORD.

Our transport indulged in a "busman's holiday" this August Bank Holiday, being busy with supplies for the Lockinge and Ardington Show and also the Abingdon Horticultural Show. These annual functions were not so well attended as they might have been if the Clerk of the Weather had been kinder, and so trade suffered in consequence. The same may be said of all Bank Holiday events this year. The Oxford Royal Regatta was so poorly attended that there must have been more competitors than spectators. The former showed a keenness that no weather could damp and some excellent racing was witnessed by the spartan few that "stuck it" on the tow-path.

The writer and other optimists who had entered for a lawn tennis tournament on this day remained in the pavilion watching the downpour, with an occasional round of "S.B." as a consolation. Life is full of such "little consolations," and so the unanimous verdict was: Let it rain! Never was there such a wet Bank Holiday (*verb. sap.*).

The following day, Tuesday, was an ideal summer day, and we were back in the office.

One more lady member of our clerical staff has left us for the same old reason. Miss D. Heydon, after some nine or ten years' efficient service with the Firm, said good-bye to us at the end of July. To cut a long story short we received last week a small package, conventionally inscribed, which contained wedding cake. Miss Heydon, on the day of her departure, was presented with (how history does repeat itself) a canteen of plate and the Oxford Branch Staff's very best wishes. May she balance her housekeeping book as well as she did our ledgers.

We would like to congratulate Farnborough Branch Staff Cricket Club on their memorable 103 for no wicket on July 13th. last against the Aldershot "Bobbies." We notice also from their reports that the "Doctor" isn't finding much use for that case of spoons so far.

THAME.

The forthcoming Divisional training of the Aldershot Command has been heralded by the arrival in Thame of one of a number of units of the Army. The actual training commences in September but

activities in preparation are in progress and much interest is being evinced by the townspeople. There are three camps on the outskirts of the town and it is anticipated that about 13,000 men will be under canvas in this portion of the training area. The canteens are being supplied by Messrs. H. & G. Simonds and needless to say, the men have found out where they can obtain "S.B." in the town.

The South Oxfordshire Hunt Puppy Show was held on Thursday, August 11th, at the residence of the Master, Brig.-General A. D. Miller, C.B.E., D.S.O., of Shotover House, Wheatley, and was much appreciated by a large number of visitors. The judging of the hounds was watched with interest and at the conclusion the Master entertained the visitors to tea.

The inclement weather experienced of late has greatly interfered with the sport of the town. The annual cricket match in Aylesbury was played on Thursday and was won by Thame, 119 to 83. The Bowls Club has also been handicapped by the rain and matches have had to be abandoned.

The Thame Agricultural Show to be held in September bids fair to establish another record and given a fine day it is expected the attendance will exceed 25,000 people.

The Thame and District Allotment Society, which has the "Birdcage" for its headquarters, will hold their Annual Show of fruit and flowers and vegetables on September 8th, and this again should prove a success.

PORTSMOUTH.

CROWDS OF HOLIDAY MAKERS.

Southsea has been smiling between showers at her crowds of holiday-makers. Necessity has driven her to counting them in real earnest. Portsmouth has been fairly content in the past to live on the Navy and the Dockyard, but those are shrinking now.

Since a quarter of a million people cannot live by taking in each other's washing, Southsea has been promoted from a supernumerary to leading lady. This means that the City Corporation has overhauled and refurnished its Publicity Department, and the results are quickly apparent. So far from Southsea's light being hidden under a bushel, an out-of-date mode of illumination, it has been set on high in the London papers and elsewhere. Holiday makers are invited there with open arms, and are flocking in with their well-known responsiveness to suggestion. They have arrived in round numbers. And Southsea being more on show

than ever, has preened herself accordingly. She has increased her tennis courts, her golf courses, and her manifold other delights, conscious from past experience that money spent in this way is bread cast upon the waters. The more she costs now, with the assistance of Portsmouth's purse, the more they will both have to eat by-and-by.

Even the evenings of autumn and winter, do not daunt her. An Indian Summer is quite on the cards this year, for the Clerk of the Weather owes us some reparation for his summer tricks. As a winter resort Southsea is coming more and more into medical and popular favour. It is hard to beat for salubrity of climate, while its sheltered position between Portsdown Hill and the Isle of Wight, the variety of its amusements under shelter and its unique social appeal, with the breezy naval element ever to the fore, leave its seaside rivals standing.

TWICE A CITY.

Portsmouth is not a little proud of being a newly made city twice over. It basks in the sunshine of Royal Favour from His Majesty The King—who spent some busy, happy years there as a Naval Officer—downwards. The King's elevation of the place to the dignity of a city has been followed quickly by its selection as the Head Quarters of the new Diocese of Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight.

A Bishop acceptable to churchfolk and the community in general has been found in Dr. Neville-Lovett, the late Archdeacon of Portsmouth. His enthronement in the pro-Cathedral, the venerable old Portsmouth Parish Church, took place last month, and was quite an ecclesiastical event. After that the new Diocese may be expected to settle down quickly to routine working, and the next big event for the churchfolk to look forward to will be the provision of a new and permanent Cathedral.

So far as the City as a whole is concerned, a great occasion that lies ahead and one that the Mayor (Councillor Frank Privett, J.P.) has at heart, is the further raising of its status by the conferring of a Lord Mayoralty upon it. Sooner or later this will come, and ambitious Portsmouthians ask, "Why not sooner?"

TRAMS VERSUS BUSES.

When a community owns a public service, that service has as many would-be managers as there are people who write to the papers about it, and their name is legion. A great topic of controversy in Portsmouth just now, perhaps THE topic, is that of trams *v.* buses, with motor cars and motor coaches intervening. The silly season is quite in full swing in this respect.

The actual Manager and the Tramway Committee are doing the best they can, but still the critics rage; even the stalling off, by arrangement, of the local competition from the Southdown Company's buses, a competition mainly responsible for the Tramway deficit of £20,000 last year, has not pleased everybody. Southsea traders declare that as a result customers are now being carried from the country districts to other big shopping centres. The trams have many enemies who would abolish them utterly in favour of buses. So far, the Tramway Committee have failed to see their way to the sudden scrapping of assets worth a million of money. They have tried to compromise by deciding to vary some tram routes and abolish others, and to introduce more buses of their own; but both sides only grumble the more. Old Æsop's fable of the "Old Man and his Donkey" is being enacted again at Portsmouth. Trams and buses run on, and so does the controversy.



Branch Office of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, Limited,
Marmion Buildings, Southsea.

LONDON.

The following anecdote has been received from Mr. C. Lane, of Gore End, Woolton Hill, near Newbury, who, many years ago, was attached as Traveller to London Stores:—

The late Mr. Henry John Simonds enjoyed an occasional hour or two with the rod and was usually accompanied by a local wiseacre—Doakie Frankum—who was supposed to know just where sport was to be obtained. On one occasion, a drenching downpour occurred and continued for hours and there was absolutely "nothing doing." At last the Guv'nor said: "Where the devil are all the fish, Doakie?" Doakie (fed-up and all awash) "Gone under the bridge to get out of the wet, I should 'fink."

HYTHE JOTTINGS.

From a cutting in last month's local paper, we see that our Mr. Hollands was unable to sell the beer, so laboriously carted over to Tunbridge Wells for the Agricultural Show, owing to a sudden outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease. We trust that he has quite recovered again now and that his fortnight's holiday will repair both foot and mouth.

Last month we had a very welcome visitor, who quickly made himself universally popular, in the shape of Mr. Jefferies from the Reading canvas stores. He was sent down to convalesce after a serious illness and we are glad to say he made a very good recovery here in spite of the continuous rain. He returned to Reading a short time ago, having sampled most things in Hythe, looking a much fitter man. Next time he comes we all hope he will bring the one and only "Pinker" with him.

We are sorry to say the Brewery Cricket Club met with a severe rebuff at the hands of Denston Cricket Club, in spite of some fine driving by Charlie Dray, who took the team over in his car. Even with his fine jockeyship the Brewery could only amass 28 to Denston's 93.

What we consider the best cricket week in England, and even more enjoyable than Canterbury, as it is not so serious, ended last

Saturday—we mean the Hythe week. Unfortunately it was ruined, as most things have been this year, by the appalling rain which fell whenever it possibly could.

The evening performances, which draw thousands of people, were luckily blessed with finer weather and the usual splendid shows were seen. This year they took the shape of a remarkably fine tattoo on Wednesday, a fancy dress car parade on Monday and a fancy dress dance on the Friday.

The usual fun was also seen at the fair, at the further side of the cricket ground, later at night. Several brewery notabilities were to be seen escorting members of the gentler sex around the various stalls, and many a prize was carted triumphantly away, most of which we hear were won by members of the bottling staff who seem to excel in the art of throwing things about.

Talking of the bottling stores, brings us to the fact that our new stores are in full swing now. The buildings and equipment are all very imposing and up to modern standards; the Brewery has changed so lately, what with all the improvements, that it is all Mr. Mackeson can do to find his way about on his weekly visit.

We are glad to say that our August Bank Holiday week's figures this year have beaten last year's, mainly due to a large increase in the bottled trade; as last year was a record we are naturally proud of the fact. Our wine stores too, are doing great work.

On September 3rd, during the Folkestone cricket festival, we are having the privilege of showing the two sides of cricketers who are featuring in the North and South match of the Folkestone cricket festival, around the Brewery. This is an official visit and we understand that as Mr. F. A. Simonds will be in Hythe at the time, he will be here to welcome them personally. It will be a pleasure to see some of England's best cricketers out of flannels and also to see if those north of the Trent will appreciate the good beer brewed south of it as much as they ought.

We have been unfortunate enough to have had two slight accidents lately in the transport dept. The first might have had serious developments, but luckily the lorry and driver got off

lightly. C. Dray was driving the 5-ton lorry and 4-ton trailer down the narrow and winding sea road to Rye, when on approaching the very dangerous Brooklands corner he had to draw into the side of the road to let a vehicle pass; suddenly the side of the road gave away and the car collapsed into the dyke. Luckily nobody was hurt and the lorry was towed back on to the road and home. We do not know whether it was the weight of the driver or the heavy gravity of the beer that caused the road to collapse. We hope the latter but fear the former.



The lorry that came to grief.

The second was at the expense of Matthews, one of our lorry driver's mates, who was unfortunate enough to get the full weight of a lorry on his finger when moving the block from the wheel on a slope. At first it was feared he would lose a finger, but we are glad to say this is not the case and the finger is healing well.

We are very sorry to state that Rose has ceased both blooming and batting in this rainy weather. He has unfortunately withered, and is without doubt the last Rose of a dreary summer. R.I.P.

We enclose the fixture list of the Brewery Football Club, which very shortly now will begin. We wish Hymers and his men every success in what we think is a somewhat lengthy programme for an

opening season. Great interest is being taken in the Brewery and town over the new club and we hope they will have as triumphant a season as Reading did on their first appearance in the 2nd League.

HYTHE BREWERY FOOTBALL CLUB.

FIXTURE LIST.

Sept.	5th	...	Ashford Manor	Home
"	10th	...	Smarden	Away
"	17th	...	Willesboro' O. B.	Home
"	24th	...	Ashford Charity Cup	
Oct.	8th	...	Charing	Home
"	22nd	...	Kennington	"
Nov.	5th	...	Sellindge	
"	12th	...	Willesboro' United	Away
"	26th	...	Lympne	Home
Dec.	3rd	...	Ashford Invicta	
"	10th	...	Willesboro' R.A.O.B.	Away
"	17th	...	Sellindge	
Jan.	7th	...	Ashford Wanderers	Home
"	21st	...	Lympne	Away
"	28th	...	Willesboro' United	Home
Feb.	4th	...	Charing	
"	18th	...	Willesboro' O. B.	Away
March	10th	...	Ashford Manor	
"	17th	...	Ashford Invicta	
"	24th	...	Willesboro' R.A.O.B.	Home
April	7th	...	Kennington...	Away
"	14th	...	Smarden	Home

There will be Ashford and Hythe Charity Cup matches to be played in addition to the above fixtures.

WOKING.

August is truly a holiday month, even though the weather leaves a good deal to be desired in that respect. Apart from the great number of club outings to the Sunny South—and Southsea seems to be a very favoured spot for such events—a considerable number of our friends from this district are having their annual, and those of us who have not been so fortunate are looking forward to the month of September for our vacation.

The popular event in this area for August is the Chertsey Bank Holiday Sports Meeting, and it was hoped this year to make it a record success, but unfortunately the weather was very unkind to us, and the attendance was not a quarter of what might have been expected. The Meeting was held in the grounds of the Abbey Chase, Chertsey, by kind permission of the President (Lieut.-Colonel O. C. Clare), and a most attractive programme was drawn up. The Hon. Secretary (Mr. W. E. Collins) and the Committee spared no efforts to make this one of the best meetings in the South of England, and the rain which fell practically the whole of the day failed to damp the ardour of our Chertsey friends, who as usual

gave the occasion their utmost support. As in former years, the "Hop Leaf" products were in attendance and were quite a factor in catering for the requirements of those who braved the elements.

Another important item on Bank Holiday was the Vegetable Show held by the West Byfleet Social Club. This event is confined to members only, but from the wonderful exhibits one would think it was open to the whole of Surrey. The writer of these notes was present, and shared in the spoils, thanks to the kindness of Mr. A. Munns and the good services of "Peggy." This annual event is looked forward to by the members with great keenness, and to the Hon. Secretary (Mr. T. H. Brooker), the Committee, and exhibitors, great credit is due, as it is a valuable feature in the



Mr. J. Atfield with his Son, Grandson and Great Grandson.

activities of the Club. The President of the Club (Mr. J. Atfield) was again one of the judges, and it is perhaps appropriate that these notes should be accompanied with a photograph of Mr. J. Atfield, son, grandson, and great grandson. Four generations, each and all with a connecting link with the West Byfleet Social Club. Mr. Atfield is now in his eighty-first year, and has been President of the Club for the past seven years. Born in Shere, Surrey, where he spent a good deal of his earlier life, he is now a respected resident of Byfleet, where he has lived for the past twelve years.

Our congratulations to Mr. Atfield, and may he long continue his activities and interests in the West Byfleet Social Club.

GIBRALTAR.

This is usually the quietest period of the year in Gibraltar; consequently news is somewhat sparse. However our monthly contribution to "THE GAZETTE" must go forward. Life has been enlivened to a certain extent, during the past few weeks, by the presence here of H.M.S. *Royal Oak* and H.M.S. *Valiant*. The latter has since left for Malta. Many old friends who have visited here in the past put in an appearance and several friendships have been renewed. A wish is often expressed that the powers that be would make this a permanent base for a bigger portion of the Mediterranean Fleet. We have been without rain for many weeks and The Rock and the surrounding Spanish country have taken on a dried and parched-up appearance. The inhabitants continue to keep fresh by absorbing a certain amount of moisture from bottles labelled "Hop Leaf."

Lecturer on total abstinence:—

"You all know the story of Dives, the rich man, and Lazarus, the poor man. The former had everything he could desire, whereas the latter had to be content to pick up the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table. Both died, the poor man going to heaven, the rich man going to the other place. The erstwhile rich man, parched and thirsty looked up and saw the once poor man resting in ease and comfort. The former, gasping for a drink, called on his late earthly acquaintance for something to quench his awful thirst. What was it he asked for my brothers and sisters? Was it whisky? Was it gin? Was it beer or stout? No! my friends, it was water, pure water. And what does that go to prove?"

A short silence and then a navvy's gruff voice from the back of the hall:—

"Proves where teetotalers go Guv'nor."

There was a young lady of Gib.
Who never was known to fib.
When taken to dine
And asked how she'd "wine"
Said "Simonds' Milk Stout, *ad lib.*"

SALISBURY.

BRITFORD GREAT SHEEP FAIR.

To-day, but few of our English Cities stage such an event as the above. For many years this Annual Fair has been held on the outskirts of the City, at the junction of the Winchester and Dorchester main roads, and the results of such a gathering are not only highly important to the neighbourhood as a profitable industry, but also to the Empire at large from East to West, in providing its essential food supplies.

Here breeders, farmers, home and foreign buyers meet, and the most famous flocks known nominate their number of entries in the sales catalogue.

To name only one breed, the "Hampshire Downs," the breed which is so well known throughout the civilized world as a particularly hardy animal, suitable for almost any climate, as a sample of the class of entries for sale or letting, is to ensure the success of this event for many years to come. Our distant Colonies have bought, and are still buying, of the best blood procurable for the improvement of their own immense flocks, and for the successful rearing of the sheep which they export to us for our tables.

This year, entries from such breeders as Major J. A. Morrison, D.S.O., Colonel C. W. Sofer Whitburn, Lieut.-Col. A. G. Troup, D.S.O., Major and Mrs. Jervoise, and many lots from the famed Chilmark flock of Mr. James Flowers, together with other noted entries, made it a most imposing social event as well as a sale, and a highly interesting hour, as well as an amusing one, was spent by our representative amid the hum and bustle of busy shepherds, noisy auctioneers, and the many hardy sun-bitten buyers and exhibitors. A most animated picture of good health and fellowship, which in these days one may not witness in another place in Britain.

On a hot dusty day it takes a lot of moisture to please such folk, whether it falls on the outside, or runs down the inside of

the human frame, but we venture to say that the "SIMONDS" which most of them quaffed in deep long draughts, not only pleased but thoroughly satisfied the tastes of these sons of the soil, who are throughout the year engaged in this highly important industry.

OUR "WEEK."

Owing to wretched weather, from a cricket point of view, it was almost non-existent, play being possible intermittently on four days only. A few hardy spirits however braved the elements from time to time, not only to inspect the wicket but to see what was doing in the "HOP LEAF" tent.

We can with confidence assert that it was owing to the bracing qualities of the Berkshire Brews that no ill-effects followed the drenchings which most of us got.

County cricket requires much stimulus in Wiltshire to bring it even near the standard of its neighbours, and we trust the County Club will go on with its good work, so that better luck may attend their efforts in future years and that they may reap the benefits of their present enterprise. The County is waking up from the sleep of so many generations and we feel sure will back them up.

The unseasonable weather has rather spoilt many of our out-door contracts, but thanks to "S.B." we are weathering the storm well, and whatever clouds are about we can in Salisbury see a real "£.S.D." lining. Contracts carried out include:—

Handley and Tilshead Fetes.
Fordingbridge British Legion Sports.
Bemerton Flower Show.
Codford Fete.
Shrewton Fete.

With many others coming along for this month and September we hope to end the year (ours) with a sense of added prestige in this locality, and with optimistic thoughts of an even stronger bid for its favours in the future.

SWINDON.

During the week of Carnival held in Swindon in June, the procession of decorated vehicles included one of our lorries on which a tableau of Frothblowers was very cleverly arranged by Mrs. Hall, on behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Horsington of the "Grapes" Inn, Swindon. A well merited prize was awarded and from the following

photographs it will be seen that a vast amount of labour was spent on the lorry, which formed a very popular feature of the procession. There is no doubt that Mrs. Hall has great aptitude in arranging a decorated car of this description and our congratulations are due to her and those who assisted.



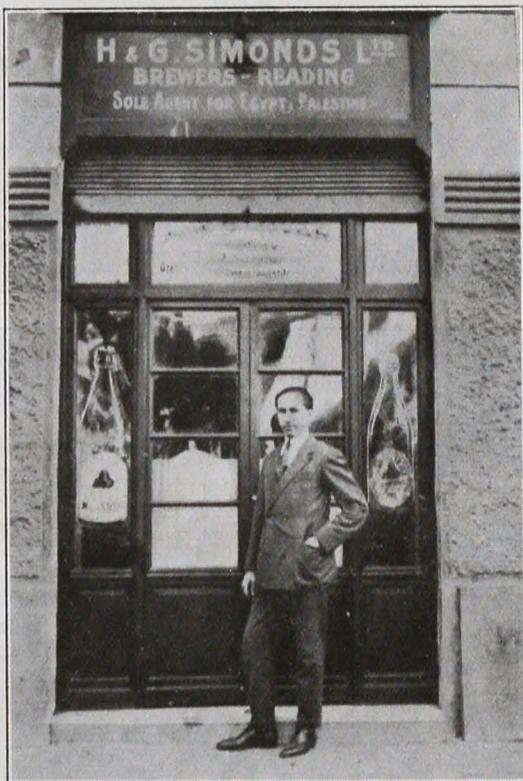
Carnival at Swindon.

The above photographs are published by the kind permission of Mr. L. Maylott, Artistic Photographer, Swindon.

EGYPT.

We have received the following interesting photographs from Mr. A. W. Glover, our agent for Egypt and Palestine, whose keen enterprise and knowledge of local conditions has been of great advantage in furthering the Firm's interests.

The first photograph is a "close-up" of Mr. Glover's Cairo office and shew his chief clerk standing at the entrance.



Mr. A. W. Glover's Office at Cairo.



Quite a good photograph of a "Haboob" (Sandstorm).
Khartoum, July 14th, 1927.

Mr. A. W. Glover has recently paid a business visit to Khartoum and having the interest of our GAZETTE at heart, he kindly sends three unique photographs taken during his sojourn there. A description of the snaps is given below each one and we feel sure our readers will appreciate the novelty of the views. The patrons of the R.A.F. Canteen at Khartoum are to be congratulated on having a very smart staff to look after their wants, whilst the view of the sandstorm depicts the terrible nature of those events very vividly.



Sudanese Staff at R.A.F. Canteen, Khartoum.



War Office, Khartoum, showing Lord Kitchener's Statue
in foreground.

