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# The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

*Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.*

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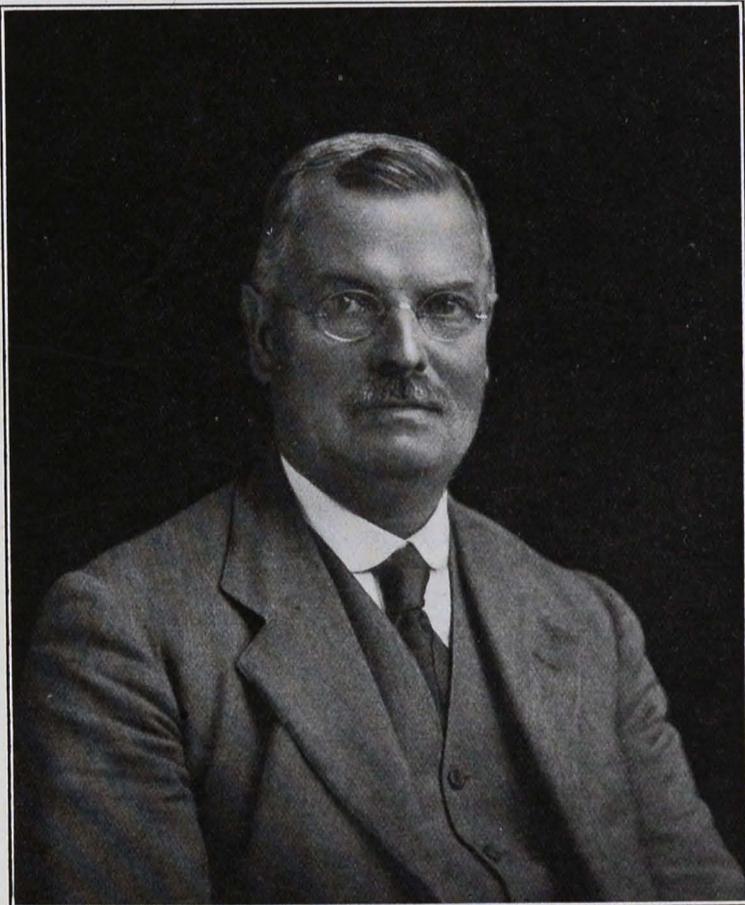
No. 1.

OCTOBER.

1928.

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MR. C. G. ADAMS.

## OUR FRONTISPIECE.

The portrait on our frontispiece this month depicts another member of the Firm who commenced employment at Oxford Branch and reached a managerial position. Mr. Adams joined our staff at Oxford on the 1st January, 1891. In 1898 he was transferred to the Branch Department at Reading and in the following year he was sent to Brighton Branch as a relief clerk. Subsequent events led to Mr. Adams being appointed Chief Clerk there under the late Mr. W. G. Bayliss, who held a financial interest in the business of that Branch. Upon the death of Mr. Bayliss in October, 1909, the entire business was taken over by the Firm and Mr. Adams was appointed Manager. Since that date, under the new regime, great strides have been taken in the increase of business and it is entirely due to the dogged persistence of Mr. Adams, in the face of keen competition, that the Firm have gained a strong foothold and won the confidence of the Trade in the premier watering-place on the South coast. This is no mean accomplishment in a town where all the principal brewers and wine and spirit merchants in the country are represented.

In his reminiscences, Mr. Adams recalls the fact that he manipulated the first typewriting machine which was introduced at Reading and in 1908 he took part in the large and scattered military camps which were held that year. His acquaintance with military camps is renewed annually, by serving the Territorial Units which train during the summer months at Seaford, Worthing, Arundel, Falmer, etc. On the outbreak of the Great War, Mr. Adams was engaged in supplying the large numbers of troops stationed in and around Brighton when the camps were vast seas of mud and the question of keeping up supplies of beer to the troops was a problem which severely taxed the resources and endurance of those responsible. Mr. Adams served in the Brighton Special Constabulary and later joined up in the M.T. Branch of the Army Service Corps.

Whilst stationed at Larkhill Camp, one of his fellow Branch Managers saw him sweeping the roads with a party of men on fatigue, and it can be imagined that there was a fair amount of unedible chaff available that day. Mr. Adams saw service in the M.T. in France and still cherishes his experiences there.

Since the war the Brighton business has been going ahead and the several additions to the bottling department is testimony to the energy and enterprise of Mr. Adams. Although living in congenial surroundings, there is a huge amount of work required to meet the demands of the enormous influx of visitors during the summer and autumn seasons.

The little spare time which Mr. Adams has available is spent in swimming and gardening, in both of which diversions he is an expert.

## EDITORIAL.

## TWO YEARS OF AGE!

To-day, October 1st, THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE celebrates its second birthday. It has certainly established itself in, shall I say, the hearts of all connected with the Brewery, while it has an ever-increasing circle of friends outside. The idea of starting the little journal emanated from the fertile brain of Mr. Eric Simonds. Well do I remember when he called me into his room where, with Mr. Stocker, the question of founding the GAZETTE was discussed and I was instructed to "carry on." I think I suggested a quarterly magazine, but Mr. Eric gave me no quarter(ly) and so the book appears each month and is eagerly awaited on all hands. In a humble way it plays its part in furthering the unity and development of a great business and adding to the happiness of a very happy family.

## TENANTS VISIT THE BREWERY.

Over sixty of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds' tenants recently visited the Brewery and spent a very instructive and enjoyable time. They were hospitably entertained and Mr. S. Bird conducted them round. Many of the party formerly had no idea of the vast extent of the Brewery buildings. From the Maltings, they went to the huge Bottling Stores and were then shown over the Brewery itself. Everyone was immensely impressed with the great pains and wonderful skill that are applied in this department in order to make sure that the public only received the very best of beverages.

The great care taken to ensure that everything, from the rooms themselves to the smallest vessels were scrupulously clean was also the subject of much favourable comment. From every point of view the visit was a great success.

A rather amusing incident occurred when members of the party assembled outside the Social Club. A stranger to the town, mistaking the Club for the Labour Exchange, exclaimed: "Fancy all those well-dressed people having to look out for a job!"

## A MIGHTY MARROW.

Mr. J. Kirk has won first prize for the largest marrow grown in Reading, at the Earley and District Sunflower and Marrow Show. The vegetable weighed 45 lbs. 9 ozs. He also won a prize in the Sunflower Class. By the way, how the greenfinches, great-tits, and other birds like the sunflower seeds. Hang a sunflower in your garden and you will have plenty of entertainment provided by our little feathered friends.

## CHARLES DICKENS.

It is a pernicious and vulgar habit of mind which seeks to "devour" details of a man's inner private sorrows and it is a thousand pities that the novel "This Side Idolatry," making charges against Charles Dickens, was ever published. The fame and honour of Dickens belong to us all and are possessions which can never be filched from us. Who has not been moved, for instance, by the story of the tender protectiveness of Little Nell, the pathetic picture of Dora holding the pens for her clever Doady, the sweetness of Esther Summerson, the supreme self-sacrifice of Sidney Carton? Dickens has given amusement, comfort, and moral instruction to countless numbers. He was a man whose works did more for the benefit of paupers, prisoners and the down-trodden than any laws ever made. The book in question has only served to make apparent the warm affection that the British nation still feels, not only for the great humorist's works, but also for the man himself.

## WHAT THACKERAY THOUGHT OF HIM.

I feel I must just give the tribute which Thackeray paid to Dickens. It is as follows:—

"I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens's art a thousand and a thousand times. I delight and wonder at his genius. I recognise in it—I speak with awe and reverence—a commission from that Divine beneficence whose blessed task it will be, one day, to wipe every tear from every eye. Thankfully I take my share of the feast of love and kindness which this gentle and generous and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world. I take and enjoy my share and say a Benediction for the meal."

## MR. FRED LOOKING FIT.

All at the Brewery were pleased to see Mr. Fred Simonds looking so extremely fit after his holiday. Well-known in the yachting world, Mr. Fred has been indulging in that very fascinating form of recreation and enjoying, too, good sport with rod and line among the denizens of the deep.

## AN INTERESTING STALL.

There is one stall at the Reading Industries Exhibition, in the Large Town Hall, Reading, which opens on October 1st, that no one connected with the Brewery should fail to see. The stall, which is a very attractive one, shows the brewing products of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. from raw materials to the finished article, in casks and bottles. There are also equally interesting exhibits of British and foreign wines and spirits.

## VERY DRUNK AND DISORDERLY.

I have the greatest admiration for our wonderful police, but I think they were rather remiss in not arresting certain individuals for being hopelessly drunk and disorderly. In the Borough of Reading, quite recently, I saw a fellow very drunk, very disorderly and evidently ready for a row with anyone who interfered with him. In the end he did assault a child and make the poor little fellow scream with pain. When I approached the culprit he uttered language that cannot be reproduced in print; he fell down flop and then simply reeled from one place to another! There were other individuals in an equally intoxicated condition, but not a policeman came in sight. And so this orgy continued!

I thought of ringing up Mr. Burrows, our Chief Constable.

But I don't suppose even *he* could have done much, for the individuals concerned were, after all, only drunken wasps on some blackberry bushes!

## BEAUTIFYING THE RIVERSIDE.

The Kennet flows by the Brewery yard and many people have noted with pleasure, on the riverside, a little patch of beautiful blooms. Messrs. Ironmonger and Cannon, I believe, were responsible for sowing the seeds or plants, with the result that there was a dahlia containing a mass of extremely fine blooms. The little garden contains other flowers and vegetables. There are gladioli, runner beans and marrows. The one runner bean plant has yielded pounds of this favourite vegetable, while the gladioli thrived, and the chrysanthemums give promise of bearing equally good "fruit." It was a happy idea on the part of our two good friends to found this little garden by the riverside and it has certainly had very happy results.

## SAME IN ALL WALKS OF LIFE.

In congratulating Gordon Richards, the champion jockey, on riding his hundredth winner of the season on August 29th, the *Daily Express* wrote: "No man can become champion jockey of Great Britain and land a hundred winners in a season without qualities of nerve, skill, and hardihood that command, and very rightly command, the respect and admiration of his fellow citizens. The factors that make for success are much the same in all walks of life. Courage, the will to win, straightforwardness, and clean living—these will bring most men, as they have brought Gordon Richards, to the top of whatever tree they are determined to climb."

## THE FORBURY GARDENS.

The interesting article published last month by "F.C.H." (Mr. Hawkes) received favourable comment in the local press. It drew attention to that fine specimen of the sculptor's art, the lion, and I have been surprised to learn that so many people did not before know that this was the work of our esteemed Chairman, Mr. George Blackall-Simonds, evidences of whose great skill as a sculptor may also be seen in other parts of our County town. Of course, you all know to which monuments I refer.

## "ROSE" TO THE OCCASION.

The other Sunday, after a long cycle ride, I called at the Oxford Arms, Silver Street, with a view to quenching my thirst. The house was very full, but I was promptly served with a glass of bitter in the best of condition. I wondered how the landlord would cope with the task of serving so many customers in this scrupulously clean inn, and I was amazed at the quiet rapidity with which he accomplished his task. He seemed to draw the beer like lightning and, with the assistance of his equally competent wife, everybody was soon served and there was no delay. The landlord certainly "Rose" to the occasion!

## NEVER ANY TROUBLE.

Mr. W. A. Constable, the landlord of the Duke's Head, Broad Street, Reading, supplies his customers with a Reading Football Club fixture list. Incidentally, of course, he refers, on the card, to Simonds' fine ales and stout. He points out, too, that he and other members of the family constitute five, and that therefore there is

"Never any trouble at this house; always five Constables on duty!"

## CRUELTY AND KINDNESS.

If I had had anything to do with the case the fellow who cut off the wings of a chaffinch would have had something that would have stung him much more than one day's imprisonment—a wholly inadequate punishment. But let us hasten to dwell on something more pleasing. Who would not have been delighted to witness the following touching scene at Blackfriars Bridge. A pigeon had fallen into the water and would have perished but for the kindness of a bargeman, who took the trouble to unloose a boat lying near by and, quickly rowing towards the bird, lifted it carefully out.

It was a quiet act; hardly anyone noticed it, but it is well worthy of mention.

## ALCOHOL WITH MEALS.

No less an authority than Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane says that a moderate amount of alcohol, in the shape of beer or light wine, with meals is desirable. Of course, I would not deign to criticise the pronouncement of so eminent a member of so great a profession. But had he added that the best brands of these beverages were to be obtained from Simonds he would have been giving the public still more valuable advice. We must get him to "Say 'S.B.!'"

## "SPOONERISMS."

Dr. and Mrs. Spooner, who live in retirement at Oxford, have just celebrated their golden wedding.

Many are the "Spoonerisms" that have been foisted on the learned doctor, who for twenty years was Warden of New College. He is now eighty-four, and of course he denies practically all the slips of speech attributed to him. Still here are a few that make good reading, whether Dr. Spooner is responsible or not:—

Dr. Spooner is supposed to have said: "Yes, indeed. The Lord is a shoving leopard," to have announced the hymn from the pulpit as "Kinkering Kongs, their Titles Take," and to have referred to the "Reversed vision of the Bible."

He is said to have exclaimed: "It is empty work preaching to beery wenches," meaning that it was "weary work preaching to empty benches."

Dr. Spooner, so the legend goes, had a maiden aunt who attained a venerable age, but not so venerable that she deserved this greeting: "I am delighted to see you looking as hairless and cappy as ever."

## "DIRTY DAYS HATH SEPTEMBER."

At the time of writing the gloriously fine weather continues. But in Ireland the people seem to have experienced the very reverse kind of climatic conditions. It is thus described in verse:—

Dirty days hath September,  
April, June, and November.  
From January up to May  
The rain it raineth every day.  
All the rest have thirty-one  
Without a blessed gleam of sun.  
And if any of them had two and thirty  
They'd be just as wet and twice as dirty.

WHAT HE *Sediment*!

A little boy went into the bar of a public house and complained of the beer (of course, it was not Simonds') and this is the conversation which took place between the youngster and the barman:—

BARMAN: Your father said there was "element" in beer—didn't he mean "sediment"?

YOUNGSTER: Well, I don't know what the "element," but that is what he "sediment"!

## TWO YEARS OF AGE.

*Greetings from the Mayor.*

I was naturally very gratified to receive the following charming letter from the Mayor of Reading, Alderman J. Rabson, J.P.:—

Town Hall,  
Reading.

26th September, 1928.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I hope I am not too late very sincerely to wish you and all readers many happy returns of the day.

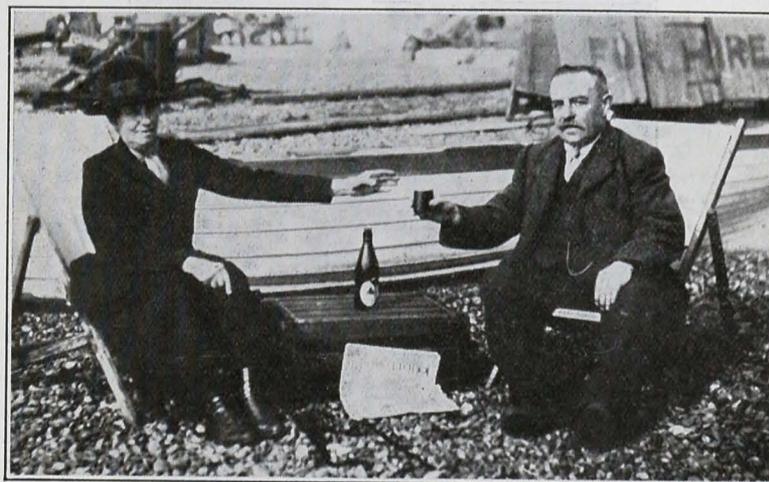
Birthdays, as a rule, while marking a glorious custom while we are young—especially when they happen to be our own—are apt to chafe a bit when we've passed something more than a goodly number of them. But to all of us they may be very real and helpful if we regard them as milestones on Life's Journeying—resting places by which we may pause awhile and reflect on the fellow-travellers that we have passed on the road, to whom we might have passed a cheery greeting or extended a helping hand, and did not; determined that along the miles that may remain for us, we will do our best to make the going easy for others.

It is because I believe that your natty little publication aims to promote comradeship and because, Mr. Editor, I have very happy recollections of the cheery greetings and handclasps that you and I have exchanged in our familiar passings, that I extend to you and all your readers real hearty wishes for happiness to come, and for increasingly grateful reflections on arrival at future year marks.

All the good luck in the world to you,

Yours very cordially,

John Rabson,  
*Mayor.*



Mr. Kibble, of the loading stage, Reading, hands his wife a glass of "S.B." on the Brighton beach.

## H. &amp; G. SIMONDS' RETAILERS' SOCIETY.

## RIVER TRIP TO MEDMENHAM.

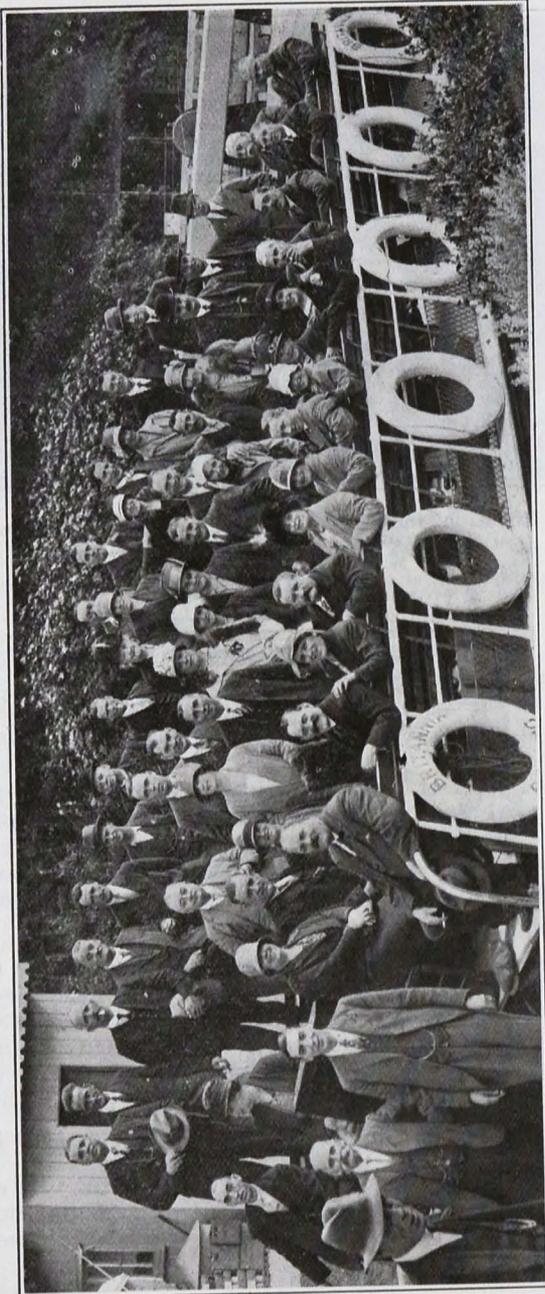
A good representative company of members and friends of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Retailers' Society had a most enjoyable trip by river to Medmenham Abbey, recently, being favoured by fine weather. On arriving at Henley the party disembarked and took lunch at The Royal Hotel, where an excellent repast was well served by the host.

A word of praise should be recorded to the Chairman (Mr. C. B. Duguid) for the able manner in which he fulfilled his duties, and the hospitality he extended to all present; also to the Vice-Chairman and Committee, who had charge of the arrangements, not forgetting the Secretary (Mr. J. T. Adams), who worked well to make the outing the success it undoubtedly was.

After lunch the party proceeded to Medmenham.

The proceedings were much enlivened by the Concert Party on board, including Messrs. Teddy Pare, George Smith, Sid Hinton, and Company, who never relaxed their efforts to amuse.

H. &amp; G. SIMONDS' RETAILERS' SOCIETY OUTING.



Picture of the Happy Party.

## OUR LADIES' PAGE.

"GOD SAVE THE KING."

It is characteristic of the inconsistency of human nature that women, so critical with regard to the deportment of their male acquaintances and "belongings," should themselves fail in an important respect. Watch what happens at the close of any formal entertainment and you will see what I mean.

The band (or vocalists) tune up with "God Save the King." The men, practically without exception, stand to attention; but their fair companions grope for their furs, start putting on gloves, fidget about for their umbrellas and hats, or pack up their chocolates. They seem to consider the pause to be a suitable opportunity for scouring around after anything they have dropped. And, curiously enough, the older women are the worst offenders. I do not for one moment believe that their attitude should be regarded as disloyal. It is due to mere thoughtlessness, and springs from a failure to grasp the fact that responsibility goes hand-in-hand with privilege. The emergence of women into equal participation in citizenship carries with it an obligation to testify their loyalty to the Empire, and the gracious Sovereign who is at the head of it. These privileges and their accompanying responsibilities have been made ours by Act of Parliament; we are now fully enfranchised citizens. This is one of the notable features of the franchise—it means very much more than the mere right to put a cross on a voting paper at the polling booth. It has made us participants in the responsibilities of the State. In the past our Empire was built up—directly, at all events—by the activities of men. In the future we women have to take an active share, and shoulder the responsibility for our Empire prosperity—or failure.

The pre-war woman was pitchforked into a war, and made eligible for the franchise before she was aware of it. Under such circumstances the wonder is—not that she made mistakes—but that she rose to her duty with such true heroism; accomplished her task more than adequately, and earned for herself the lasting veneration of all future generations of her sex. With the signing of peace, however, the responsibilities of State did not cease; and whereas *then* they were voluntary, *now* they are ours by right, and must not be shunned. The maintenance of our historic British traditions in national etiquette ought to fill an important niche in the Temple of our Souls. We have inherited, as it were, a spotless shield, and it is our bounden duty to pass it on to our descendants, not only unsullied, but enhanced in splendour.—

From The Woman's Section of *Our Empire*.

## VISIT TO THE HOP FIELDS.

This year I departed from the usual custom of spending my holidays at the seaside and went to the country instead, a change which I do not at all regret for I had the opportunity of seeing many things quite new to me. One of these, and by no means the least interesting, was a visit to the hop fields. My destination was a little village about 10 miles from Worcester in the vicinity of which many large hop fields are situated. My arrival coincided with the commencement of the hop-picking season and, fortunately, I was given the opportunity to visit a "yard" where the picking was in full swing. The vines present a very pretty scene as they hang on strings suspended from overhead wires, the latter being fixed at the top of large posts placed at regular intervals in the field or "yard." The distance from one post to another is called a "house" and a picker is required to pick all the hops in the "house" in which he is stationed before moving to another. The pickers arrive at the "yard" any time after seven in the morning (needless to say I was not there at that hour!) and they are provided with "cribs" (canvas constructions on four crossed wooden posts, doubtless so called from their resemblance to a child's cot or crib) in which to deposit the hops as they are picked from the vines. The strings supporting the vines are cut down from the wires by men employed for this purpose, and the pickers then commence picking as quickly as possible, taking care to keep leaves from falling into the "cribs" as these latter have a tendency to damage the hops in the drying process.

The general rate of pay is 1/- for every four bushels picked, but I am unable to say what the average earnings of a picker are, for my visit was only a short one. The picker at whose "crib" I stopped and into which I picked hops for about one and a half hours was regarded by the overseer as being a very good worker. She had a "crib" to herself, and previous to my joining her she had picked 6 bushels and before I left another 5 bushels were taken from her "crib," so I should estimate that by 1 o'clock she would have picked 14 bushels.

Early morning is the best time for the pickers, the hops are then fresh with the morning dew and "bushel up" better. By that I mean that fewer hops go to make a bushel as they are much fuller before the heat of the sun gets on them. Periodically the "busheller" goes the round of the "cribs" accompanied by his clerk and two men with a large sack, into which the hops are emptied as he measures them from the "cribs." His clerk records the quantity in his book and also in a book carried by the picker. As soon as a large number of sacks are filled they are loaded on a

cart and quickly taken to the kilns where they go through the drying process before being despatched to the hop warehouses, which, in this instance, are in Worcester.

When in this city a few days later the smell of dried hops was very pronounced.

In conclusion, I must say that I thoroughly enjoyed my visit, the work, given fine weather (and the conditions this year have been ideal), is healthy and while perhaps being a little on the tedious side is not laborious.

M.P.

MINERVA (*continued*).

I am reminded of Egeria as I sit down to open this continuation of the "Minerva" talk, Egeria who inhabited the forest of Aricia. She was so highly extolled for her wisdom that Numa Pompilius, the second King of Rome, often consulted her on the affairs of State, and becoming enamoured of her mental and physical beauty, he married her.

I wonder how many women can truthfully be said to influence mentally thus? So many on the contrary do not even reason things out for themselves. They frequently accept opinions from their menfolk ready-made so that it is uncertain whether or not their advent into the realm of politics at the "flapper" age will make any appreciable difference to the Government of this country. What a number of women are just Liberal, Labour or Conservative because their fathers or their husbands are. Why, I have even known them to change their politics with the changing of their name! But does it not become even more important now that woman has the added responsibility of the franchise for her to exercise a little discretion and think for herself? To do this, she must get outside herself, her home, her menial duties and know what the world is thinking and doing, and to this end she must, among other things, discover the joys of reading, if she has not already done so—though most women read nowadays if it is only fiction.

Perhaps it is a far cry from Ethel M. Dell to Professor McDougal, but I am not asking for a leap from the sublime to the ridiculous (or vice-versa, as you choose) in this way, although it is an easy thing for a reading woman to find herself led on from "milk" to "meat." Biographies are so very much like fiction after all, in that they recount the lives and habits of characters and the working of destiny, but so much more enthralling in that they relate to real men and women who have actually lived and loved and suffered, and truth is so much more strange than fiction.

Novel reading is all very well in its way, especially when it is chosen discreetly with a view to understanding the complexes of character and situations, the perplexity of life and the philosophy of living which each has to discover for herself. But there must also be developed the art of reading not only those books that indicate a knowledge of the world, but of the minds and souls of men and women. And again I would especially refer to books of travel, wherein as many thrills and "kicks" are to be found as in any highly coloured novel and by which a stay-at-home woman may satisfy her "wanderlust." And there have been women travellers, pioneers, explorers, and they are still represented in such as Rosita Forbes, whom every woman should read with avidity. There are books about women which show us what we can be and books written by women which show what women can do. Noble poetry and inspired verse are soul-satisfying to a woman in her loftiest moods. We should form a habit of reading, a habit from which we shall desire never to be parted, a joy, a treasure, an exploration which broadens the mind and outlook, develops the sympathies, inspires existence and fits us for intelligent converse with men and women. It may be true that a man dislikes a clever woman, but he abhors a dull one and secretly ridicules her in his own mind. There is a deal of talk about the mental equality of men and women, but whether they are intellectually equal or not it is certain that if men are, as they aver, the "superior" sex in these matters, they will not be scared at a *clever* woman, for like will tend to attract like and as is inevitable in natural selection their choice will fall upon not merely the outward and physical signs of beauty which, after all, cannot endure, but the charm and inward grace of the bright intelligent woman whose stock-in-trade prevails when the bloom of her youth has faded and beauty has ceased to attract.

N.B.—Women *can* do big things. Some time I want to talk to you about some famous women who have done them.

W.L. (Swansea).

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#### ACCIDENT TO MR. LOCK'S DAUGHTER.

We were very sorry to hear that Miss Elsie Lock, younger daughter of our Mr. Lock, while drilling children, turned round sharply, fell, and broke her arm.

It is gratifying to know Miss Lock is making good progress.

#### WORDS OF WISDOM.

Courage may be displayed in everyday life as well as in historic fields of action. There needs, for example, the common courage to be honest, the courage to resist temptation, the courage to speak the truth, the courage to be what we really are and not to pretend to be what we are not, the courage to live honestly within our own means.

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This would be a great old world if people's babies, generally speaking, were as easy to put to sleep as their consciences are.

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Under all circumstances, however unpropitious, try to preserve that peace of mind which is the chief source of the little chastened happiness this changeful life affords.

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Speak gently! 'tis a little thing  
Dropped in the heart's deep well.  
The good, the joy that it may bring  
Eternity shall tell.

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No man can be good, or great, or happy, except through inward efforts of his own.

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Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.

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The next dreadful thing to a battle lost is a battle won.

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The most certain sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness.

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There never was any party, faction, or sect in which the most ignorant was not the most violent.

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There is not on earth a spectacle more worthy than a great man superior to his sufferings.

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There is no wealth but Life—Life, including all its power of love, of joy, and of admiration.

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There is no outward sign of courtesy that does not rest on a deep moral foundation.

## SOCIAL CLUB.

## TENNIS.

The return match with Barclays Bank (Camberley) team was played on Saturday afternoon, 1st September, when we were favoured with glorious weather, in spite of heavy rain which fell on the previous evening and which also caused our hopes to fall somewhat. As will be seen from the results given below, Messrs. Barclays once again carried off the honours. Play on both sides was, however, very good and drew many favourable comments from the spectators.

Everyone present acknowledged they had spent an enjoyable afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Bennett showed their interest by returning from Woking to be present and our thanks are due to Mr. Bennett for generously providing tea for one and all.

## RESULTS.

H. & G. S.		BARCLAYS BANK (CAMBERLEY)	
Miss E. Fullbrook and Mr. A. G. Rider ... ..	beat	Mr. D. C. Scribbans and Mr. W. J. Davies ... ..	6-2
Mr. A. T. Walsh and Mr. J. B. Doe ... ..	lost to	Mr. R. Kemp and Mr. J. Twort ... ..	3-6
Mr. C. Langton and Mr. F. W. Freeman ... ..	lost to	Mr. L. Bennett and Mr. R. M. Hicks ... ..	2-6
Mr. A. T. Walsh and Mr. J. B. Doe ... ..	lost to	Mr. L. Bennett and Mr. R. M. Hicks ... ..	2-6
Mr. F. W. Freeman and Mr. C. Langton ... ..	lost to	Mr. R. Kemp and Mr. J. Twort ... ..	1-6
Miss E. Fullbrook and Mr. A. G. Rider ... ..	beat	Mr. L. Bennett and Mr. R. M. Hicks ... ..	6-1
Mr. J. B. Doe and Mr. A. T. Walsh ... ..	beat	Mr. D. C. Scribbans and Mr. W. J. Davies ... ..	7-5
Miss E. Fullbrook and Mr. A. G. Rider ... ..	beat	Mr. R. Kemp and Mr. J. Twort ... ..	6-3
Mr. F. W. Freeman and Mr. C. Langton ... ..	lost to	Mr. D. C. Scribbans and Mr. W. J. Davies ... ..	3-6

## CRICKET.

With such delightful weather as has been experienced during the month of September, that is, up to the time of writing these notes, it almost makes one wish that our fixture list had been extended into the so-called "footer" season. Surely, even the most rabid of R.F.C. supporters would not cavil at participating in a few more games of cricket for the weather has been far nicer for the latter sport.

Our season, however, finished on August 25th, when we visited Bradfield. Unfortunately, it was something like "Hamlet" without the Ghost, as Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds, whom we hoped would captain the opposition, was still away on holidays. We trust he benefited considerably by the change of air and scenery.

The Legion batted first, but, as luck would have it, could only muster ten men to wield the willow. A fairly good start was made on a fast wicket, 16 runs being scored ere the first wicket fell. The next partnership added 18, and then our bowlers got really busy and the total only reached 61. F. Byles, the groundsman to the College, played confidently for some time, but could only garner 6 runs before Lottie got him. Clarke bowled very well, taking 5 wickets for 25. After tea we batted and scored 27 for the first wicket and topped their score for the loss of 6 wickets, Croom having retired when his total was 13.

Thus our season finished up with a good win, and although from a winning point of view we were not very successful, yet, taking the outings and the pleasant spirit the games were played in, we ought to admit it has been quite a good year. The only drawback has been the difficulty on several occasions to get a really representative side to put in the field. There were several causes that are hardly likely to happen again, so it is hoped our "Skipper" will not have such an unthankful task next year.

The results of the games were as follows:—

1st XI.—Played 14, won 4, lost 8, drawn 2.

2nd XI.—Played 12, won 2, lost 10, drawn nil.

The averages of both teams are appended, from which it will be noted that our late "Skipper," Mr. C. H. Perrin, thanks to a couple of "50's not out," established himself well on top with an average of 36.75, H. Osborne coming in second with 13. Our old stager, "Lottie," heads the bowling, but only a decimal point places him above Clarke, viz., 6.9 and 6.96. The cares of office, no doubt, had a lot to do with Mr. Wadhams being lower in the batting list than usual, for we were not treated to many of his old, light-hearted innings.

Croom had a hard season at bowling; he participated in 14 matches and altogether bowled 117 overs. He was not altogether lucky, otherwise his final figures would have shown up much better.

The general work in the field was, on the whole, up to standard, and forty-seven catches were held during the matches played. Our "Tom" behind the stumps claimed seven of them, being at the top of the list. No record was kept of those dropped, otherwise some reputations might have suffered.

The 2nd XI. did not play so many matches and owing to the claims of the 1st XI. on several Saturdays could not always field a strong side. One of the new comers, C. Streams, headed the batting list, with 10.8, his nearest rival, Varnell, being 5.8. Clarke, who divided his services 'twixt First and Seconds, headed the bowling, his wickets averaging 4 runs apiece. Their "hands" were about as safe as the premiers, the total reaching 45, Kirby claiming top place with 6.

## FIRST ELEVEN.

BATTING.	Runs.	Innings.	Times Not Out.	Highest Score.	Average.
C. H. Perrin ... ..	147	7	2	58*	36.75
H. Osborne ... ..	104	10	2	32*	13
A. E. Croom ... ..	134	14	2	33	11.16
J. Rumens... ..	63	11	2	14	7
J. W. Jelley ... ..	84	12	0	19	7
J. H. Wadhams ... ..	56	11	1	16	5.6
T. Bartholomew ... ..	50	9	0	9	5.55
P. James ... ..	40	8	0	12	5
R. Broad ... ..	28	7	1	8	4.66
J. Hillier ... ..	22	8	1	8	3.14
A. G. Rider ... ..	18	6	0	8	3
F. Collins ... ..	25	9	0	9	2.66
F. Clarke ... ..	6	5	0	4	1.2

The following played in less than six games :—

F. W. Freeman ... ..	4	3	2	2*	4
R. Waite ... ..	15	2	0	11	7.5
C. Streams... ..	5	2	0	4	2.5
R. P. Burton ... ..	2	2	0	2	1

The undernamed also batted :—

H. Woolcott 29, C. L. Langton 3\*, S. Bird 2, J. Benford 2,  
J. E. G. Rowland 2\*, G. Smith 1\*.

BOWLING.	Runs.	Wickets.	Overs.	Maidens.	Average.
F. Collins ... ..	207	30	72.2	16	6.9
F. Clarke ... ..	174	25	62.4	6	6.96
R. Broad ... ..	112	10	59.2	17	11.18
J. Rumens... ..	209	16	57.2	3	13.06
A. E. Croom ... ..	303	17	117.1	26	17.82

The following bowled in less than six matches :—

C. H. Perrin ... ..	85	4	19	3	21.25
J. W. Jelley ... ..	74	3	19	2	24.66
H. Osborne ... ..	86	3	16	0	28.66

The following also bowled :—

H. Woolcott ... ..	25	3	6	1	8.33
P. James ... ..	4	1	2	0	4
J. H. Wadhams ... ..	5	1	1	0	5

## SECOND ELEVEN.

BATTING.	Runs.	Innings.	Times Not Out.	Highest Score.	Average.
C. Streams... ..	54	6	1	30	10.8
J. Varnell ... ..	29	5	0	15	5.8
G. Poole ... ..	27	7	2	15	5.4
P. Hendy ... ..	34	7	0	13	4.85
L. Kirby ... ..	37	9	1	18	4.62
B. W. Brooker ... ..	18	6	1	6*	3.6
F. S. Hawkins ... ..	35	10	0	7	3.5
F. Clarke ... ..	13	5	0	7	2.6
P. Luker ... ..	19	11	1	5	1.9
N. Lipscombe ... ..	7	5	1	3	1.75
S. Brunson ... ..	9	9	2	5	1.28
D. Luckett ... ..	8	9	0	5	.88

The following batted in less than five matches :—

J. Hillier ... ..	44	2	1	33*	44
G. Winterbourne ... ..	5	2	0	5	2.5
J. Lovejoy... ..	5	3	0	3	1.66
H. Scott ... ..	3	2	0	2	1.5
G. Smith ... ..	4	3	0	3	1.33
E. Lovejoy ... ..	4	4	0	2	1
W. Bolton ... ..	4	4	0	2	1
K. Maingay ... ..	2	2	0	1	.66

The following also batted :—

R. Broad 1, J. B. Doe 2, C. L. Langton 4.

BOWLING.	Runs.	Wickets.	Overs.	Maidens.	Average.
F. Clarke ... ..	92	23	49	13	4
P. Hendy ... ..	121	17	40	4	7.11
C. Streams... ..	163	21	61	12	7.8
L. Kirby ... ..	103	11	39	4	9.36

The following bowled in less than five matches :—

E. Lovejoy ... ..	93	14	36	3	6.6
F. S. Hawkins ... ..	54	6	20	4	9.0
G. Smith ... ..	40	3	7	0	13.3
J. Hillier ... ..	39	2	15	1	19.5
I. James (1 match) ... ..	22	5	16	3	4.4
R. Broad ( " ) ... ..	20	4	7	0	5
W. Bolton ( " ) ... ..	12	2	4	0	6

The following also bowled :—

P. Luker ... ..	4	0	3	1	—
H. Scott ... ..	2	0	1	0	—
S. Brunson ... ..	8	0	1	0	—

It is too early to express a definite opinion on the finances of the Club, but a preliminary survey shows that we should have as substantial a balance to carry forward into next season as we started with this year. One great asset has been the use of the Firm's light lorry, which we have had for the entire season, thus saving the heavy expense of hiring. The tackle is in fairly good condition and not many replacements will be required.

Much space has been taken up by the averages and as all matches have been dealt with month by month, there remains only for me to wish all readers and members of the Club "Au revoir."

J.W.J.

### H. & G. SIMONDS' SOCIAL CLUB.

#### APPRECIATIVE LETTER.

The Committee is now busy preparing the programme for the Winter Season, and as a preliminary, we give below a fixture list for the Departmental Tournaments.

#### DEPARTMENTAL TOURNAMENTS—SEASON 1928-29.

1928.					
Oct.	5th	...	Beer Cellars	v.	Building
"	12th	...	Rest	v.	Coopers
"	26th	...	Offices	v.	Transport
Nov.	9th	...	Beer Cellars	v.	Coopers
"	16th	...	Building	v.	The Rest
"	23rd	...	Transport	v.	Beer Cellars
Dec.	7th	...	Coopers	v.	Building
"	14th	...	Rest	v.	Offices
1929.					
Jan.	4th	...	Building	v.	Transport
"	18th	...	Offices	v.	Coopers
"	25th	...	Beer Cellars	v.	Rest
Feb.	8th	...	Offices	v.	Building
"	15th	...	Coopers	v.	Transport
Mar.	1st	...	Beer Cellars	v.	Offices
"	15th	...	Rest	v.	Transport

Several Clubs have written asking for dates for home and home tournaments and these will be dealt with as soon as possible. A billiards handicap will commence shortly. All members wishing to enter should sign on without delay.

Full details of the Winter programme will be given in our next issue.

#### OFFICERS' MESS MEMBERS AT THE BREWERY.

A very enjoyable evening was spent recently as will be seen by the letter we print below.

To Mr. W. Bradford.

Dear Sir,

We paid a visit to H. & G. Simonds' Brewery last Saturday, September 8th, and we were sorry to learn, on arrival, that you were away on leave. However, the Mess Members and myself beg of you to convey to H. & G. Simonds our utmost appreciation of all that was done for us. We also thank you for so kindly arranging the visit. We were treated with the utmost

respect and kindness and everyone with whom we came in contact evidently looked upon it as a pleasure to make us comfortable inside the Brewery and at your Social Club.

On behalf of our Mess Members, I extend, with pleasure, an invitation to your jolly crowd to pay us a visit, when convenient, and we will do our best to make you happy.

My very best thanks to Mr. S. Bird for making us comfortable and also for conducting the tour.

Once again, many thanks and good luck.

Yours very sincerely,

H. PAYNE,  
*Mess Secretary.*

OFFICERS' MESS,

H.M.B.I.,

FELTHAM.

#### DON'T-YOU-WORRY.

There's a town called "Don't-You-Worry,"  
On the banks of the River Smile,  
Where the Cheer-Up and Be-Happy  
Blossom sweetly all the while,  
Where the Never-Grumble flower  
Blooms besides the fragrant Try,  
And the Never-Give-Up and Patience  
Point their faces to the sky.

In the valley of Contentment,  
In the province of I-Will,  
You will find this lovely city  
At the foot of No-Fret Hill.  
There are thoroughfares delightful  
To this very charming town,  
And on every hand are shade trees,  
Named the Very-Seldom-Frown.

Rustic benches quite enticing,  
You'll find scattered here and there.  
And to each a vine is clinging  
Called the Frequent Earnest Prayer.  
Everybody there is happy,  
And is singing all the while,  
In the town of Don't-You-Worry,  
On the banks of the River Smile.

## A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.)

I have been overhauling my tackle, greasing my lines, and preparing generally for winter fishing. Nothing, to my mind, is so restful to both body and mind as a day thus spent. Last winter I had some really good catches of roach, perch and pike, while, of course, on the other hand, many of the "coverts" I drew were blank. Here is the description of a typical day's winter fishing.

## AT THE OLD MILL TAIL.

When the river was in a normal condition a friend and I spent a day fishing at an old mill tail. The weather was bitterly cold, but we are both blessed with sound constitutions and our enthusiasm for the art is such as helped us to forget that we were enduring almost arctic conditions.

## EXCITEMENT OF THE FIRST "RUN."

First of all we tried for pike and it was quite half an hour before we saw any sign of a fish. Then, suddenly, one of the floats disappeared under the water. O! the excitement of that first "run." Seizing his rod my companion gathered up any loose line that there was and then, when in direct contact with the fish, he struck. The hooks were evidently driven home and the rod was bending as the pike made a bold bid for liberty. But my friend is an old hand at the game and "plays" his fish with consummate skill. Eventually the jack is guided to the side of the boat. I applied the net and drew the prize into the punt. The fish weighed about 6lbs. When landing a heavy or fair-sized member of the finny tribe never lift it straight out of the water or the strain on the net will probably be too great. Draw it towards you and, when within reach, take hold of the net by the rim and thus drag the fish in. Otherwise you may not only damage your net, but lose a big prize.

## MY HELPMATE!

Well do I remember one occasion when I was into a big fish and a friend who happened to be passing kindly offered to land it for me. When my would-be prize was near the bank the gentleman in question made running shots at it with the net. The pike was terrified and dashed away at such speed that I thought the game was over. Luckily I had all I could do to hold him or my friend might have heard some unparliamentary language. It was some time before I could again entice my quarry near to the bank. I told the inexperienced angler to go to work as quietly as possible. And up to a point he did, but when once he had got the fish into

the net he attempted to lift it straight out of the water. Bang! The net gave way and for another ten minutes there was I tussling with that pike. At length I tired him out, drew him to the bank-side, placed a finger in one eye and a thumb in the other and lifted him on to terra firma. I had had enough of my friend's help, though I knew he was doing his best!

## TRY ANOTHER SPOT.

But we must get back to the old mill tail. The cold is intense and as neither of us have had any luck for the last hour we shift our ground, or, rather, water. It is good to move, if only with a view to keeping as warm as possible. After waiting for about half an hour one of the baits suddenly becomes very lively; something is evidently exciting him. We guess the cause—a pike is no doubt lurking near with the intention of eventually making a meal of the little bait. Our surmise was correct for the float disappears as if by magic. The pike is hooked and promptly landed. He is just about sizable so we throw him back to provide sport for us or some other angler another day.

## DROVE PIKE INTO THE OPEN.

We spent a couple of hours at this spot, but it was unproductive, so we decided to return to where we first pitched our camp. It was alongside a bank of rushes. Before we left on the first occasion, thinking perhaps that the fish were lying in the rushes, we took the precaution to "beat" these rushes with our punt pole and drive the pike out into the open. This had the desired effect, for we caught four more fish here, three of which were a nice size. The other we returned to the water. Pike are peculiar fish. At one time they appear to be absolutely without fear, and will take almost anything, and under any circumstances. At another time they are shy in the extreme and cannot be tempted with even their favourite food. But it is the glorious uncertainty of fishing that makes it the fascinating sport it undoubtedly is.

## SWANS' CURIOSITY.

For more than an hour a couple of swans evinced the keenest interest in our floats. For a long time both of them took up a position about twenty yards away and simply stared at these items of our tackle. Did they think the floats were a form of food? Perhaps they did not approach nearer because on some former occasion they had shown the same curiosity and an angler, resenting their inquisitiveness, had hurled some stones at them. Perhaps, too, that angler was a good shot.

## A TURN AT ROACHING.

Well, having done quite well with pike, we next pay attention to the roach. Choosing a likely-looking swim we throw in some ground bait and soon get to work fishing with gentles as the stream is rather fast and paste would be quickly washed from the hook. Between us we caught over a score of roach only one of which was under size, though we threw several back.

From a merely fishing point of view that is, briefly, the story of our day's fishing.

## MUCH OF INTEREST.

But to the observant naturalist something of interest occurs nearly every moment. We were reminded of the sea by numerous seagulls; a kingfisher, that jewel of a bird, frequently made its appearance, dived into the water and proved more adept at catching fish than we. Within thirty yards of us two bullfinches were having a bath in the icy water, as also were blackbirds, thrushes, greenfinches and sparrows. Then they flew to a tree and preened their feathers. What clean little birds! In what was left of some reeds hung a reed warbler's nest—a very delicately formed little structure, cunningly concealed when the reeds were at their height and the tree, under which the nest was placed, was in full foliage.

A hungry hawk passed overhead, hovered, and then shot down behind some houses. I wondered what poor little creature figured on his menu card for dinner that evening.

These are only a few of many items of interest seen on such a day, to record all of which would occupy much more space than is at my disposal.

Perhaps on a future occasion I shall ask my readers to accompany me fishing again.

## DISSOLVING VIEWS.

Most of us who have lived at the seaside or other holiday resort are familiar with that form of amusement known as "Dissolving Views," whereby we put a penny in the slot and gaze into a sort of camera where we see perhaps a coloured landscape, at first clearly defined, but after a few seconds each object gradually assumes the shape of something quite different; the tree becomes a light-house, the waving corn a foaming sea, and so forth, but this transition takes place so imperceptibly that it is not until the whole view has been completely changed and remains for a moment clear-cut that we realise what has happened. It is not the sudden jerking off of one view and the switching on of another as in the cinema.

By this same gradual process are many of the old superstitions, dogmas and doctrines—which, be it clearly understood, served a useful purpose in their day—passing away and are being substituted by a clearer and more enlightened comprehension of the great Truth concerning Life, and concerning ourselves as manifestations of Truth. Science is joining forces with Religion, Intuition and Reason, and the false teachers who have attempted to press men's minds and beliefs into moulds suited only to the mental development of hundreds of years ago are being exposed or ignored, while the march of enlightenment presses on.

Glorious indeed is the world of Nature around us, but more glorious the world of God (Good) *within* us. The new knowledge of the Power Within comes to those bound by physical and mental restrictions and unfolds something of the meaning and potentialities of Life in its wider sense. This Power offers freedom instead of bondage, happiness instead of sorrow and anxiety, wealth instead of poverty, success instead of failure. Its keynote is Love. It does not condemn: it asks man to *give up* nothing until he has first acquired something for which he gladly surrenders the lesser possession. A knowledge and realisation of the working of the perfect laws that govern man's existence enable one to deal with all the sorrows and joys that vibrate in the human heart. One has only to reflect, for instance, on the vast amount of space in the daily press devoted to the wider, broader vision of things spiritual and mental to appreciate the general change of tone and outlook in the public taste.

Hope has been defined as desire and expectation rolled into one, but it is only in the measure of our hope and our love that we can function upon that higher plane of mental power to which it has been our aim to point in these short articles.

Every time our thoughts go out in cheerful, helpful compassion to a sick man, a wounded animal, an ailing child, we are demonstrating one of those immutable laws of that Power Within, and here let it be said that those states known to us as "heaven" and "hell" are separated by man alone, existing in the mind, and behind each state is the potentiality of Divine Perfection, Whose laws work on with a precision which no earthly law can upset.

Only by cheery, happy service can strength come to us to redeem that which in our blindness and ignorance we have cast away, and only can we redeem our own inheritance by giving it to others, by trying to raise them, comfort them, to give them a wider vision, a higher hope, a truer love.

A thousand times a day opportunities occur for the higher self to be manifested, often unrecognised by others, but the all-seeing God follows us around all the time, gleaned as it were the

little ears of corn we have dropped, the little thoughts of kindness, the little struggles against depression, and, above all, the many little laughs when we have felt nearer weeping, and lo! when at the end of this particular phase of existence the spirit bursts out of the prison house of the body of flesh, like a beautiful new butterfly emerging from its outworn cocoon, there, in a granary all our own, the harvest of these little—ofttimes forgotten—deeds awaits us, for he who loves most lives and gives most.

If we have got even thus far in our response to the Infinite Power there is cause for thankfulness for the degree of freedom that is ours, for to live in an age of changing mentality and spiritual comprehension is of itself to share with our fellows a great responsibility. Unity is called for in a way that we have not grasped—unity within and without, in the business, the home, the national life; for in the measure that we fail in loyalty to our brother, our servant, our employer, we fail in loyalty to the God Within, and the consequences will be, not God's judgment as we in our ignorance used to think, but that brought upon the individual by himself.

E.M.D.F.

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### A GREAT THOUGHT.

*On a small framed text we read these tender and illuminating words:*

*"I will go softly all my days."*

*There is so much bounce and brag and resentment and grumbling in this sad, yet sweet, old world of ours, that it behoves us, if we want to be happy, to step aside for a moment and meditate.*

*There are those who are like the bull who broke into the china shop. He did much damage to the china, but what did he do to himself as well? Tears and cuts, slashes and bruises.*

*That is what we gain by giving way to anger and resentment—blow for blow and sarcasm for sarcasm; but when we go softly peace and friendship will come our way and joy and love will come gladly to us.*

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### MR. A. W. GLOVER'S BEREAVEMENT.

We were very sorry to learn of the sad loss suffered by Mr. A. W. Glover, our Agent for Egypt, in the passing away of his son, on 14th August. The sympathies of all readers will go out to Mr. and Mrs. Glover in their bereavement.

### INNS AND ALE.

When did man first develop the taste for a stimulating drink in preference to water? We all know from our Bible that wine was certainly known and used from the earliest times, and the brewing of ale is nearly as ancient an industry. Mention of it is found in Egypt five thousands years ago, and the history of inns and ale in this country has been traced right back to the earliest days of civilisation.

The first Roman taverns in this country were originally guard houses on their roads, where rest and refreshment could be taken, rather than mere places for supplying drink. But with the Anglo-Saxon invasion the village inn, as a resort used by local inhabitants, apart from travellers, began to take its place. These soon became too numerous and in 616 King Ethelbert passed a law for their regulation, so that from very early days the law has always had some say in the industry. Brewing at first was mostly carried on in the old English monasteries or by the housewife in her own brewhouse. It is with the introduction of the hop vine into this country, somewhere about 1500, that beer, as we know it, first became popular, although for some long time the hop was looked on as an adulterant and its use was checked by law for a century or more.

Many of the ancient inns were attached to the various monasteries so as to be near to the source of supply and provide accommodation for pilgrims. To this influence may be traced many of the sign names which are still to be seen.

Brewing was at first, in this country, a purely domestic industry, but about 1400 we find mention of it as having developed into a business with a distinct organisation. In 1445 a royal charter was granted by Henry VI. to "The Masters and Keepers and Commonalty of Art of Brewers in the City of London," and the craft opened their own guild or hall, and from that time may be dated the fame of English ales both at home and abroad.

The first mention of beer for export is in 1492, when Henry VII. granted a licence to John Merchant, a brewer of London, to export fifty tuns of ale. During Queen Elizabeth's reign 500 tuns of "strong ale" was sent to Amsterdam for the use of our troops on service in the Low Countries. The name of the brewer has been lost, but the taste of the soldier has not altered with time, although now we can supply the name and the brand of their favourite beverage.

Beer has been the traditional drink of Englishmen for so long that many of the customs have been lost in antiquity, but some of them still remain, and a fine study of national manners is opened

out by the tavern life of old England. These taverns have played an important part in social history, and right down from the days of Shakespeare, English literature is full of references to them.

One authority has it: "A Tavern is a rendezvous, the exchange, the staple of good fellows." The gloomy manners of the Puritan age did not check these centres of jollity (was not Cromwell himself a brewer?) and they still remained the meeting places of the poets and wits of the times. But in a larger measure they became identified with business, especially in towns where all sorts of transactions were carried out. They were more than places of sojourn for travellers; they were the meeting places for social intercourse and business which often accompanies friendly entertainment.

In England the public house is as universal as a place of worship and under healthy conditions is a natural and useful institution. An old inn can give relish to travel; a halt at one is a pleasant interlude to one's journey. There is an old proverb: "He goes not out of his way who goes to a good inn."

There are many amusing rhymes especially under some of the old signs, and we will give just a few.

One seen under the sign of The Travellers' Rest:—

"If you go by and thirsty be,  
The fault's on you and not on me.  
Fixed here I am, and hinder none,  
So refresh, and pay, and travel on."

The sign of the Red Cow sometimes carries this couplet:—

"The old Red Cow  
Gives good milk now."

At an inn in East Ilsley used to be seen these lines:—

"Far famed for wool, though not for spinners,  
For sportsmen, doctors, publicans and sinners."

The poem, "Written at an Inn," will be known to most of our readers. We quote the last verse:—

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round  
Where'er his stayes may have been,  
May sigh to think how oft he found  
The warmest welcome—at an Inn.

## A YEAR OF PROGRESS.

OUR SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

Our monthly "pick-me-up" launched two years ago has fulfilled its mission as being "A record of social activities at the Brewery." To this should be added "and at our Branches."

Whatever fears may have been held when THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE was first published, as to its future, they have certainly been dispelled now. The first year of issue was one of progress and the second year has maintained that, and our position in the world is now consolidated. Rightly so, for our magazine supplied a long-felt want and we have learnt more of what is going on both at home and at the Branches, which is all to the good. The "H. & G. S. family" is a large one and undoubtedly through the agency of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE good feeling and fellowship have been increased. We know from the many tributes made that our lively little "mag." is appreciated.

Features have been introduced from time to time, and it is safe to say they are read with keen delight. Our Editor (Mr. C. H. Perrin) has worked on the right lines and has set us all a good example in his own varied contributions. I venture to think that the Editorial, Nature Note and Thumbnail Sketch each month are excellent in their different ways.

We have proved in no uncertain fashion that working on a large Brewery is by no manner of means a soul-killing business.

A small band of contributors has now been gathered round and the Editor sees that their items are received early. This from actual experience. There are others who have a good deal to do in the preparation of our magazine, to whom our thanks are given. They blush unseen. All the Branch Notes, Hythe Brewery Notes—(unfortunately, our friends at the South Berks Brewery only favour us very seldom)—are always full of interesting items and the various correspondents are duly thanked here and now.

In conclusion, a most satisfactory year has passed and in view of what has gone before we can and do look forward to another bright year.

Many happy returns of the day to THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE!!

W.D.

## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"Do not touch the exhibits," says a notice at Mme. Tussaud's. We understand that despite this warning, there is one effigy of a millionaire so realistic that several Scotsmen have tried to "touch" it for a "five."

An absent-minded professor was deep in his work when his wife called to him.

"Henry! Baby has swallowed all the ink in the inkpot. Whatever shall I do?"

"Write with a pencil, I suppose," was the dreamy reply.

Training classes are held for young firemen. They have to learn not to take offence when the instructor tells them to go to blazes.

A famous cricketer's wife confesses that she became engaged to him after watching his batting. Love at first smite.

TEACHER: "Now, Bobbie, tell me the names of some stars."

BOBBIE: "Football or film, Miss?"

A woman was charged with assaulting a rate collector when he called at her house. When asked by the magistrate for an explanation, she replied: "Well, he shouldn't have called after dark. I thought it was my husband."

Lectures on country walks are now being given in London. We suppose the speaker makes a long, rambling statement.

A messenger boy is publishing his reminiscences. Written in the loiter vein, we suppose.

A newly-invented chicken-house is said to make the birds happy. The coop that cheers, as it were.

A very hard-riding man had a bad toss out hunting one day, and subsequently become very ill and irritable. His valet was very distressed about his master's condition. One day, as the doctor, looking very red in the face, emerged from the sickroom, the man said: "Excuse me, Sir, but is it true that the old gentleman is in a critical condition?" "Critical! . . . critical!" snorted the medical man, "he's worse than critical, he's damn well abusive."

An Old Age Pension officer was questioning a woman regarding her affairs. "Have you ever been in the hands of the police?" he asked. She hung her head. "Come along, you must tell the truth." "Well," she said, "in my young days I was a cook, and you know girls will be girls. But still," she added proudly, "he was a sergeant."

The Laird was entertaining an Indian Prince, and had promised him that he would catch his first salmon on the local river. Donald, the principal ghillie, was sent for and the Laird explained that the august visitor was a real Prince even if he was black, and would have to be addressed as "Your Highness!" On no consideration was Donald to forget the deference due to such a distinguished stranger.

Next morning Donald took the potentate out in the boat and showed him how to cast the line near a big rock, where several salmon were known to lie. At first he was most polite and never forgot his instructions to address the Indian nabob as "Your Highness." But when, suddenly, the visitor's line went "whirr" to a fine salmon Donald got all mixed up in his excitement, and this is something like what he said:

"Steady, yer Majesty! That's grand, yer Royal Highness! Reel oot, Sir, reel oot! Carefu', man, carefu', or ye'll coup the b—y boat! Now ye've got him, yer Royal Majesty! Splendid, laddie; splendid! Strike, strike, ye great black devil, or ye'll lose the fush entirely!"

THE MAID (at the telephone): "Oh, mum, do come home. I've mixed up the terminuses. The wireless is all covered with frost and the electric refrigerator is singing 'Constantinople.'"

A teacher once asked a little boy to define the word "trickle." "To run slowly," was his reply. "Now define 'anecdote,'" said the teacher. "A short, funny tale," he answered. "Now," said the teacher, "use both words in one sentence." "The dog," he said, "trickled down the street with a can tied to his anecdote."

Fortunately we shall be dead before the world erects its first statue of a statesman in plus-fours.

There doesn't seem to be much trouble in meeting expenses—one meets them everywhere.

CONDUCTOR: "How old is your little girl?"

THE CHILD: "Mother, I'd rather pay the fare and keep my age to myself."

BROWN: "Can you give a definition of an orator?"

SMITH: "He's a fellow that's always ready to lay down your life for his country."

YOUNG LADY: "And how often do you skin the foxes for their fur?"

FARMER: "Only three times, ma'am. After that they're inclined to get bad-tempered."

An Englishman met an old Scottish friend and they went out together.

The Englishman stood the Scotsman cocktails and a good dinner, and took him to the theatre.

The Scotsman stood 5 feet 10 inches!

"Vy do you fret and fuss so, Mrs. Cohen, ven you haf your husband's insurance money?"

"Ah, I loved him so much, Rebecca, that I'd be villin' to gif up half der insurance money if he could come back."

CARELESS MAID (viewing the ruins of an expensive china vase): "If I were you, madam, I'd go in for brass vases. They only get dented when they're dusted off."

Being operated on for appendicitis takes it out of one.

## THUMBNAIL SKETCHES.

No. II.

(BY C.H.P.)



MR. H. REX, of The Queen's Head, Reading.

It was my pleasure to look in at The Queen's Head, Christchurch Road, Reading, recently and have a chat with our good friend, Mr. H. Rex, the genial landlord. Mr. Rex has had a wide experience of the Trade and runs his house on ideal lines. Every courtesy and consideration are extended to one and all of the customers, the beer is always in excellent condition, and every bar is kept spotlessly clean. These are some of the reasons why Mr. Rex is so popular and successful as a landlord.

For nine years he carried on the good work in London and then coming to Reading he was, for a quarter of a century, at the Sailors' Home, West Street. He has been at The Queen's six years, so that he has had a good innings and is still batting well.

Though he pays the closest attention to his business he has many outside interests. He is a keen supporter of the Reading Football Club and can play a good game of bowls. When he started to play the latter game, in the first year he won the Novices Competition at Mortimer. He is a successful breeder of Alsations, and with one dog he has won no less than twenty-four prizes in three months. Mr. Rex is also an active member of the Philanthropic Institution, and a prominent Druid. He is on the Committee of the Reading Licensed Victuallers' Protection Society.

Formerly he belonged to the Reading Waltonians and has enjoyed many successful days with roach and pike.

Two of Mr. Rex's sons are following in their father's footsteps and following, too, his good example as a landlord. One is successfully conducting The Bear, Bridge Street, and the other is in charge of the Brunswick Arms and is doing equally well there.

Mr. Rex informed me that he recently called at an inn at Portsmouth (not one of H. & G. Simonds') and there, to his surprise, was prominently displayed THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

Even if he does not complete his century, I hope Mr. Rex has many years of usefulness before him yet.

### TEETOTAL FANATICISM.

#### A MISCHIEVOUS MOTION.

The *Western Mail* states: An example of the fanatical intolerance of the political teetotaler was afforded at a meeting of the Cardiff City Council when a motion was submitted to prevent the ordinary courtesies of hospitality at the City Hall. The motion was to the effect that no intoxicants should be provided by the Corporation out of public funds, including the Lord Mayor's salary. The inclusion of the last sentence brought the motion under the reproach of informality, and the Lord Mayor promptly ruled it out of order, pointing out that when money was granted to the Lord Mayor in the form of salary the Council had no further control over it.

This was not the Lord Mayor's dictum merely: it was the ruling of Mr. Justice Romer in the Chancery Division in the year 1894, when an action was brought against the Cardiff Corporation upon a similar point, the Judge declaring that a Mayor had unfettered discretion as to the spending of the salary voted to him.

The motion so ruled out of order arose from the churlish motive of deciding what other people should or should not drink, and if passed it would have led to the almost incredible result of limiting the Lord Mayor to a "ginger beer banquet" on the occasion of visits to Cardiff of conferences of public institutions and on all other conceivable occasions.

Cardiff has in recent years become popular as a resort of public organisations, and such occasions have enhanced very considerably the reputation and credit of the city as one of the foremost in the country.

If the utterly absurd motion submitted at this meeting of the Council had been passed Cardiff would have acquired a reputation throughout the country for narrowness, intolerance, and crankiness.

### BREWERY JOTTINGS.

The September number of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE closed a chapter of our magazine's progress for it finished another twelve months' issues.

In spite of it being the holiday month—August—when the "copy" was prepared for publication, it was issued well to time and the contents, as usual, were quite up to standard.

This summer will be remembered for the fine weather experienced by all. Those who had their holidays early and those who had them late all have the same answer to the inevitable question as to the climatic conditions: "Yes, had lovely weather and hardly any rain." As far as I have heard, there has not been so much variety in the holidays taken by the staff this year, and by the seaside is where they have spent their leisure, the large majority at any rate. One or two have visited "foreign parts."

The advent of the auditors for a little preliminary work shows that the end of the financial year is in sight. May we all (Home and Branches) balance first time!

Now that holidays are over we shall soon be settling down to dark evenings and overtime when the balance is in the balance.

Going home in the local bus the other day and reading a well-known weekly paper, I was told by a Town Councillor that I ought to read THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE instead. I soon enlightened him that I never missed reading the latter. The upshot is he has promised to write something for us and I shall see he always has a copy every month.

The glowing terms he used about the GAZETTE would make our Editor blush.

Calling at an inn a few nights ago I was more than pleased to see one of our old office colleagues, Mr. C. B. Cox (now with the South Berks Brewery, Newbury) present. An interesting chat together, a merry evening, and THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE was not forgotten.

Football is *with us*, and Reading F.C. continue to do badly at Elm Park. It is a good thing that the selecting of the team is not left to the critics, for no one can apparently agree on an ideal eleven to bring forth a much overdue victory. Certainly it seems as if a branch of the "All-is-Lost-League" has opened at the Brewery, for the voice of the pessimist is loud in the land. Still, the stand season ticket-holders—we have a few—will bravely carry on. We are so down in the dumps that I couldn't get a friend to agree—

after Reading's latest home defeat—that the Band played well. 'Twas ever thus. After a victory everything seems brighter, the crowd cheerier and when later "how battles are won and lost" is discussed at the local hostelry, you can hear more "What's yours?" and "Have that one with me" than if Reading have lost.

We had a visit from the Rev. A. V. Hurley the other day. He used to be in the Estates Office and after serving in the R.A.F. with distinction became a clergyman. He is now in a clerical capacity at Portland, a Borstal Institution, and he informed me 70 per cent. of the Borstal boys "make good" in after-life.

W.D.

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#### ALCOHOL AND BRAIN POWER.

The topic discussed after luncheon in the Mikado Café by the Nottingham City Business Club was the resolution: "That in the opinion of this meeting the consumption of alcohol is detrimental to business efficiency."

Mr. C. Atkey, opposing the resolution, said that a very large proportion of moderate men regarded favourably the moderate consumption of alcohol. Sir Arbutnot Lane, for example, considered that the consumption of beer with a meal was very beneficial, for it stimulated digestion, and had no ill-effects on the system. Moreover, there were "temperance" drinks which contained preservative preparations that reacted harmfully on the system.

The brief discussion was not without its flashes of humour.

A member said alcohol produced a state of mental syncopation, and another rejoined that, according to a very high authority, "Wine maketh glad the heart of man."

"If we are going into the realm of quotation," said yet another, "wasn't something written about the wild asses quenching their thirst at the springs in the valleys?" (*Loud laughter.*)

"The Cockney declared it was impossible to get up an argument on cocoa," was recalled to the further amusement of the company.

The motion was defeated by a substantial majority.

#### MEDICAL VIEWS ON ALCOHOL.

##### MODERATION APPROVED.

The founder of the Citizens' Rights and Liquor Reform Association of Australia, the late Sir Herbert Maitland, Australia's most eminent surgeon, once declared that in his experience more people died from excessive eating than from excessive drinking. It was fitting, therefore, that the first issue of *Common Sense*, the official organ of the Association, should record the opinions of other famous men on the subject. The following extracts are culled at random from a wealth of evidence available:—

Sir James Paget, F.R.C.S., F.R.S.: "There is not yet any evidence nearly sufficient to make it probable that a moderate habitual use of alcoholic drinks is generally, or even to many persons, injurious; and there are sufficient reasons for believing that such an habitual use, is, on the whole, generally beneficial."

R. Brudenell Carter, F.R.C.S.: "I affirm that there are some people to whom it is a necessity that they use alcohol if they are to exert the full measure of their powers."

Sir James Crichton Browne, F.R.S., M.D., M.R.C.S.E., B.Sc., LL.D.: "No other drug can satisfactorily take the place of alcohol, and the doctor who has laid it aside has in some measure crippled himself in his combat with disease."

Sir Dyce Duckworth, Bart., M.D., M.R.C.P., F.R.C.P.: "As clinicians we have learned to value alcohol as both a food and a valuable therapeutic aid for certain conditions of disease."

Dr. W. E. Dixon, F.R.S., M.D., B.S., B.Sc., D.P.H.: "The conclusion . . . which is, I believe, the one approved by all pharmacologists, is that alcohol cannot be regarded as in any sense a poison, but it is, on the contrary, a food, because it yields to the body useful energy."

Late Dr. Charles Mercier, M.D., F.R.C.P.: "Alcohol has the power to unlock the store of energy that exists in the brain, and to render available, for immediate expenditure, energy that without its use would remain in store, unavailable for our immediate needs."

Max Herz, M.D., etc.: "Of all so-called luxuries, alcohol, above all, is indispensable at the bedside. Alcohol shows itself not only as a momentary stimulant, but when the directions given are followed, it acts for a longer period as a tonic. In this form it is an excellent vehicle for easily digested foods."

F. M. Sandwith, M.D., F.R.C.P., etc.: "When taken in concentrated form, and for this purpose (heart stimulation), it is an invaluable medicine in cases of shock, faintness, or heart failure."

Dr. A. A. Brill, M.D., New York: "Alcohol does supply a genuine and healthy want in people. It is an admirable counterpoise to the stress of civilisation."

Lord Dawson, of Penn, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., M.D., B.Sc., F.R.S.M., Physician-in-Ordinary to H.M. the King: "The action of alcohol upon the nervous system is beneficent and useful when taken in proper quantities and at the proper time."

Dr. Freeman, distinguished American surgeon: "I agree with Lord Dawson that the moderate use of alcohol by adults is a good thing, and that it brings brightness and happiness into the lives of thousands of tired workers."

Prof. E. Mellanby, F.R.S., M.A., M.D., Professor of Pharmacology, University of Sheffield: "Small quantities of alcohol are capable of dispersing temporarily many of the worries and troubles of life, and so may play a part in restoring to better working order various functions of the body whose action is known to be depressed by anxiety."



## BRANCHES.

### OXFORD.

On the Monday and Tuesday following the first Sunday in the month of September Oxford is shaken, as it were, out of her long vacation sleep by two days of revelry and merriment, for these two days are set apart each year for the celebration of the Feast of St. Giles. The thoroughfare, broad and flanked by stately trees, named after this Saint of blessed memory to the youngsters for hundreds of years, is the scene of one of the largest pleasure fairs in this country, and then young Oxford lets itself go, waking up the old city and at the same time spending hard earned and jealously hoarded coppers on the swings, roundabouts, switchbacks, etc., which have been erected on either side of the street especially for their delectation. The older folk use their threepenny pieces for the purpose of renewing acquaintance with that very hardy annual, the fat lady, or perhaps the cow with six legs, or some such fearful and wonderful attraction. Then the girls, bless 'em, they simply must have their fortunes told, and, as a result, the palmists and other "gentry" of the same "kidney" do a roaring trade.

We Oxonians are practically unanimous in our opinion that these days of foolishness and frivolity are indispensable to us and we hope, even the sobersides among us, that the memory of St. Giles will ever be commemorated as has been the custom for generations.

Our Stores' personnel enjoyed their annual outing so much this year that they send a description of it.

Another summer is drawing to an end—a very bright and glorious end though—and King Cricket will this year see his demise in a blaze of glory if this grand weather holds. Then we must put our bats and pads away for a season hoping in the meantime that Reading F.C. (notwithstanding her reverses of the past three weeks) will finish top of their division at least.

"A most enjoyable time" was the unanimous opinion of our draymen and their wives on the occasion of their annual outing on Sunday, August 26th. The party, numbering 22, assembled at 1.30 p.m. and boarding the char-a-banc provided for them commenced their journey to Buckingham, their objective, *via* Bicester. Everyone was in high spirits and with the help of songs and jokes Buckingham was quickly reached. Here their rendezvous was The Three Cups Inn, where Host Smith was awaiting their arrival with pleasurable anticipation. A "high tea" proved most acceptable and full justice was done to the good things provided. Afterwards, various places of interest in the town were visited until the "fall in" was sounded, and the party commenced their

homeward journey, after suitably acknowledging their host's kindness and hospitality. The journey was by way of Aylesbury, where a halt was made and a short stroll round took place. Thame was the next stop, and a pull-up was made at the well-known "Birdcage," where a very enjoyable hour was spent, not the least item on the programme being a study of the qualities of the Firm's famous "S.B." Host Gaunt was very studious of his visitors' welfare, which was much appreciated. Before commencing the last "lap" for home a hearty vote of thanks was accorded the foreman, Mr. E. Hollidge, for his kindly interest in the outing and he was voted "A jolly good fellow." The homeward journey was then continued, the party arriving at Oxford just before 11 o'clock. Notwithstanding the inclement weather, the outing was voted a great success.

### BRIGHTON.

#### FOOTBALL.

Up to the present Brighton and Hove Albion have shown very poor form. The first three matches were lost by the only goal scored. Cook, the centre-forward, has returned to lead the attack, so with a little reorganization we have "Hopes" for the future.

Maurice Tate, the Sussex bowler, has again been chosen to go to Australia, and we wish him good luck "down under."

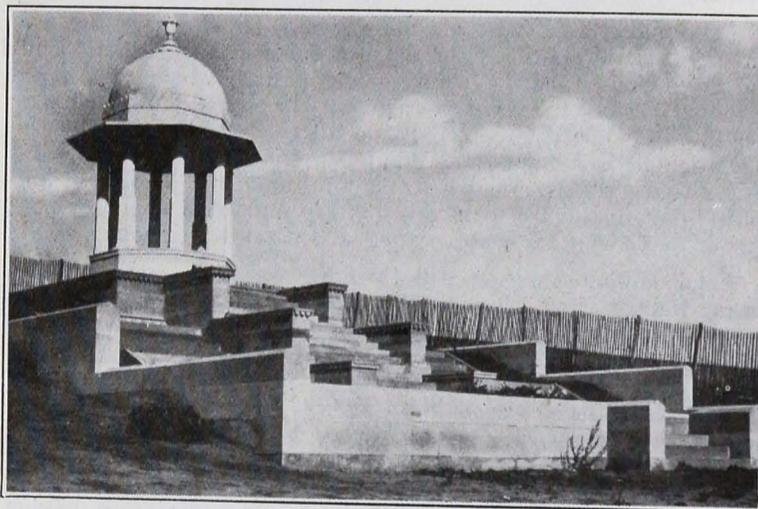
The first weeks in September have graciously prolonged August's rare legacy of sunshine. The August just passed was one of the best for weather that Brighton has enjoyed: altogether 225 hours of sunshine were recorded and the rainfall 1.88 inches.

We have been visited by several of the staff from various Branches, and Reading, who have come to Brighton for their holidays. We were pleased to renew our acquaintance with Mr. H. Shepherd from Reading, and feel quite sure that he enjoyed his stay at "The Queen of Watering Places."

The Odd Fellows Club have again presented a very good balance sheet to its members, and continues to make headway in all sections. The "Hop Leaf" brands are still as popular as ever. The second billiards team had the honour of winning the Division II., Section "A," Championship of the Brighton Billiards League last season, and one of its members the individual championship of the same Division.

The photograph with this month's notes is of "The Chattri" Indian War Memorial, Patcham, Brighton. This memorial stands upon the South Downs, about a mile north of Patcham, now in Greater Brighton. It is upon the site of the crude crematory used by the Indian troops who used the Royal Pavilion as a hospital

during the war. It was a strange sight then, when one was out of an evening, to come up to this performance. A large fire, with a grid, upon which a deceased Indian lay, the whole being surrounded by dusky warriors, and their priest, singing their chants. We can assure readers of our GAZETTE this sight made one's bones creep.



"The Chattri" Indian War Memorial, Patcham, Brighton.

### GIBRALTAR.

Since our last contribution we have lost the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Colony, His Excellency and Lady Munro embarking in the P. & O. liner *Kaiser-I-Hind* on August 13th. The departure was a most impressive ceremony, the streets were lined by the Royal Navy, the Army, and the Scouts and Guides. The scene at Ragged Staff was perhaps of all the one most likely to be remembered. A guard of honour found by the 2nd Batt. East Surreys, together with Band and Drums, was in position, an enclosure was arranged where the representatives of the Naval, Military and Civil dignitaries were present to take leave and wish His Excellency "bon voyage" and "good luck" in the future. As the Governor's barge moved out a salute of seventeen guns was fired and the Band of the Royal Artillery played "Auld Lang Syne" from the end of the Docks. His Excellency Sir Charles C. Monro, Bart., has had a most distinguished career, commencing in "The Queens" Royal West Surrey Regiment in August, 1879. During the Great War he held important commands in France and the

Dardanelles, and afterwards he was promoted to Commander-in-Chief in India, where, single-handed, he took on the task of re-organising the Indian Army and bringing it up to the strength necessary to supply the needs of the various Armies in the field. The last five years of his service have been spent as Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Gibraltar. He retires at the age of sixty-nine, spending nearly half a century in the service of King and Empire.

The most important sporting events to chronicle are the Annual Aquatic Sports of the Dockyard Social and Athletic Club and the Garrison Rifle Meeting. The former, which took place in the Dry Dock on Saturday, August 25th, proved a most popular meeting and reflects great credit on all concerned, especially the indefatigable Secretary, Mr. W. Jefferey. Over three thousand people were present. The Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Townsend and many other distinguished naval, military and civilian guests were among those who enjoyed a varied and capital afternoon's sport.

The Annual Garrison Rifle Meeting was held on the North Front Ranges from Tuesday, September 4th, until Saturday, September 8th, the last day being devoted to a 500 yards sweepstake shoot and the prize presentation by the Acting Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Colonel L. A. E. Price-Davies, V.C. Considering the reduced size of the Garrison the meeting was a very successful one; the shooting was very keen and of a very high standard, and shewed a marked improvement on last year's effort. In the individual competitions, Pte. Driver, a very young soldier of the 2nd Batt. East Surreys, won the Aggregate Cup, having tied with Sapper Robertson of the Royal Engineers with a score of 61. Pte. Driver was declared the winner on the rules of the meeting, which give a preponderance to the highest score on a long range shoot. Pool shooting took place each day and was well patronised, the value of pool "bulls" being above the average of most rifle meetings. Of the Inter-Unit competition, the Ferrary Cup, presented by Mr. A. E. Ferrary, open to Sergeants' Messes, the Civil and Dockyard Police and the Dockyard Rifle Club, was won by the Sergeants' Mess 2nd East Surreys. The prize for the highest score went to Staff-Sergt. Tucker, R.A.O.C. : this also was presented by Mr. Ferrary. The Inter-Unit Officers Cup was won by the 2nd East Surreys, the Royal Engineers were successful in the Governor's Bowl, and the W.O.'s and Sergeants Cup. The Royal Navy are to be congratulated on their prowess in revolver competitions. The winner of the Lewis Gun Competition, "C" Company 2nd East Surreys, put up a really good show. This Company was also successful in the File Competition. A medal, presented by Mr. J. Hayward (special prize), was won by Lce/Cpl. Joyce (Royal Engineers).

The Committee, who are to be congratulated on their excellent organisation, were :—President, Lieut.-Col. M. J. Minogue, D.S.O., M.C., 2nd Batt. East Surreys; Secretary, Capt. G. W. Kennedy,

M.C., 2nd Batt. East Surreys; Assist. Secretary, Lieut. J. J. Carey, 2nd Batt. East Surreys; Record Officer, Capt. D. J. Allfree, 2nd Batt. East Surreys.

As we post our "copy" we hear that General Sir Alexander Godley, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., A.D.C., the new Governor and Commander-in-Chief, arrives on October 16th.

#### 28TH COMPANY, ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS.

On Saturday, August 11th, the Sergeants' Mess members held an outing to Cadiz. They left the Rock about 6.30 a.m. and returned, tired but happy, about midnight. At San Roque the Spanish authorities had a look into the char-a-banc to see that we were not carrying contraband, and when they saw the famous "Hop Leaf" ales in our possession they passed us "All's well, friend." Just as a souvenir we passed over a bottle of "Simonds'" now and again to some of our Spanish friends on the way, and it is needless to say the good ale was quaffed with zest. The wines of the country are very nice for a change, but are unpalatable unless washed down with a brew of "H. & G. S." Knowing this, we made certain of taking a good supply of the latter with us. It was a glorious ride through 95 miles of beautiful scenery, and on arrival at Cadiz sightseeing was the order of the day. There were many places of interest worth visiting, notably the old Cathedral and Alameda Gardens. During our homeward journey we passed away the intervals between stops by singing, the favourite song being "H. & G. S. Little Pale Ale, How I Love Thee." Some of the lines were very weird, and would have made the Poet Laureate weep. Still, everybody enjoyed themselves, so what matters.



Snapshots of Members of R.A.M.C. Mess Outing to Cadiz.



Up-to-date means of transport at our Gibraltar Branch.

### THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

We were very pleased during the autumn yachting season to receive visits from Mr. Fred Simonds, whose beautiful schooner yacht *Sunshine* was cruising in these historic waters. She was the object of much admiration as she came to anchor under the slopes of the Hoe. Mr. Fred inevitably brings us fine weather and on this occasion he excelled himself.

It was our privilege to make a little more known to him this western district, and we appreciate the favour he granted us of seeing one of the family whose interests we serve. He was looking very fit indeed, and favoured with such glorious weather we have no doubt but that he had a memorable trip.

We have been kept busy for many weeks past owing to the fine weather, and we fear the run on "S.B." has caused our Bottling Staff many anxious moments. Having, however, now weathered the storms, we are looking forward to the time when our new Beer Bottling Department will be in use and we are better able to cope with the insistent demands of the folk of these western counties for "More 'S.B.'"

Among other contracts during the autumn we have been favoured by the Executives of the following events, who have accorded us their patronage for the sole supply of malt liquors:—Lydford Pony Show, Yealmpton Agricultural Show, Cornwood Horticultural Show, Plymouth Races, Plympton Agricultural Show, Kingsbridge Agricultural Show.

The military camps at Okehampton and Willsworthy also made things hum a bit and we find that "Hop Leaf" beverages are to-day more in demand than ever, when Tommy Atkins leaves the barracks for the "tented field."

We hope our many good friends in the 8th Infantry Brigade have not had too strenuous a time during their training. We are glad to see them back again in our midst.

### SOCIAL CLUB.

As the Annual Meeting of the above has not yet taken place we cannot, at present, anticipate how attractive a programme our Committee are arranging for the winter season. We know, however, that owing to so many of the younger members of the football club being snapped up by better clubs, we have to forego, for this season anyway, the excitement of running an Association Football Club of our own. We hope it is only a temporary lapse and that next season we may be able to again enter into local competitions.

We have, however, many keen billiards players and what we are losing in the football field we hope to gain on the billiards table as we have entered both in the First and Third Divisions of the Plymouth and District Billiards League. If we do not "set the Thames on fire," we can at least "set the Tamar alight" with a few good wins.

It is also hoped to show a profit financially in the year now ending and we will report further in the November issue.

One of the members of our clerical staff, Mr. J. L. Jinks, was the victim of a misfortune when on the return journey from his

holidays during August, the front forks of his motor-cycle combination collapsed and pitched him on his head. Fortunately for him, owing to his engine being shut off at the time the breakage occurred, he was not travelling fast: this fact undoubtedly saved him. We are glad he is now able to again carry on his duties and congratulate him on his lucky escape.

#### DEVONPORT CARNIVAL.

Herewith is a photograph of the Swan Hotel, Cornwall Street, Devonport, as it appeared during the Devonport Carnival Week. It presented a striking picture at night, which attracted many to its neighbourhood. The genial host, Mr. A. W. Sorrell, late of 1st Batt. The Somerset Light Infantry (Prince Albert's) is deservedly popular in Devonport and was a useful member of the Carnival Committee. As our photograph shows, both old and young "Salts" appreciate the precincts of the Swan and, we have no doubt, sample the good things under the "Hop Leaf" label. And not bad judges either!

Talking about the Carnival, why go to Nice?

Here, in England, is a town full of citizens who, with full blooded enthusiasm, entered into each item of the various entertainments given and vied with each other in the many competitions carried out. The whole occasion was, however, marked with little or no riotous merrymaking. Indeed, to an outsider, it must have appeared to be a trifle over-rated. Still, if Devonport did not openly "bang the big drum" very loud she performed in the cause of charity a great deed and we of the Tamar Brewery pay her no undeserved tribute in saying so.

The sum aimed at was £500, but we hear that the amount is expected to be nearer double that sum. Even prizewinners handed their prizes back with subscriptions added.

Evidently charity here begins at home. Unfortunately, we ourselves were unable to enter a vehicle in the advertisement section owing to the exigencies of trade at the time. We, however, appreciate the all-round hard work which must have been put in to obtain such results.

How the hearts of Devonport's sons must beat with pride when they read in their various stations at home or abroad of such doings. Bravo, Devonport!

#### HERE'S TO THE 29TH.

By the time these lines appear many readers of the GAZETTE will be in the joyful throes of their yearly figures.

We wish them luck, and hope the year now closed has been a record for all. We ourselves look forward to the year ahead with its promise of political excitement and changes and hope for yet another record year.

May it indeed be one for all the Branches at home and abroad.

And to those whose mission in life, early in October, is to probe deep into the mysteries of those ledgers, wherein lie all the secrets of "our calling," we hope you'll be lucky, too!

Your plight reminds us of an old doggerel which aptly describes a situation so common to all those who in the past have tried to solve such problems:—

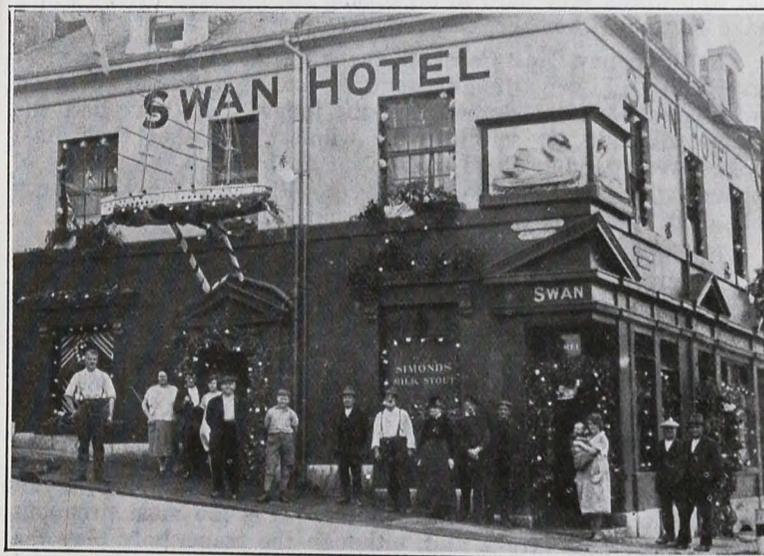
"We've looked in 'A,' we've looked in 'S,'  
And still we're in a rotten mess,  
It ain't in 'L,' must be in 'eaven,  
That damned elusive two-and-seven."

#### THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A Scotsman went into a buffet and ordered two bottles of beer. He drank one and left the other—to settle!

#### DON'TS.

When visiting the country don't leave empty beer bottles behind—the person who finds them will be disappointed!



The Swan Hotel, North Corner, Devonport.

## HYTHE.

We cannot commence our notes this month without first saying how pleased we all were to see Mr. Eric paying us his usual visit again and taking an interest in the general work of the Brewery. We trust that his recovery is now permanent and that he will experience no setback.

Alas! summer is gone; autumn is now with us, and winter stares us in the face. How the seasons come and go! But what a glorious summer it has been: not for many years have we had such lovely weather, even in South-East Kent, which is noted for its small rainfall compared with other parts.

We have had a very full month since our last notes, as after finishing the Hythe Cricket Week, we have had a two-days' Hospital Fete, the Folkestone Cricket Festival, lasting ten days, and a Venetian Fete on the Canal at Hythe. All of these were huge successes and patronised by throngs of people from all parts.

Continuing where we left off last month regarding Hythe Cricket Week, the cricket was of a very high order this year. Most of the players were members of County teams. The evening attractions brought together by far the greater numbers. Never have we seen so many people on the ground for the Military Tattoo and Fireworks and the Fancy Dress Carnival, which must have been very gratifying to Mr. Mackeson, who is the Hon. Secretary and who works very hard in organising the different events which make Hythe Cricket Week so popular.

At the Fancy Dress Carnival on the Friday evening there must have been well over a hundred entries, and so exceptionally good and original were the dresses that the judges must have had the greatest difficulty in selecting the winners, but that their final choices were popular there can be no doubt from the rounds of applause with which they were received. Mrs. G. L. Mackeson very ably distributed the prizes to the lucky winners.

In the following week we had more cricket in the shape of a match between Kent and Surrey Second Elevens, and this was followed by our annual Hospital Fete. We have not yet heard the amount collected, but we should think it must have run into hundreds of pounds and beaten all previous records. One of the attractions at this Fete was a Pushball Competition, for which eight teams entered, one being from the Brewery Sports Club. We were drawn against the Hythe Football Club in the first round and succumbed by 8 points to nil. We do not know if any of our readers have ever seen a pushball match played seriously, if not they should take the first opportunity. It is the most strenuous game we have yet struck and, although the teams only play ten minutes from each end, it is quite enough. We put up quite a good

fight, but were beaten by a better team. Charlie Dray was picked to play for us, but unfortunately arrived too late. He said afterwards, however, that he was never so pleased at being late before in his life. A team from the Small Arms School were the eventual winners.

## THE VENETIAN FETE.

Before the war the Venetian Fete at Hythe was famed far and wide, and visitors from all parts came to witness the sports and illuminations. Of course the war put a stop to all such things and not until last year was it revived. This year it was fixed for September 12th, and gorgeous weather helped to make it a great success. The Canal lends itself to spectacles of this kind with its overhanging trees and ornamental bridges. It is, perhaps, more picturesque than the upper reaches of the Thames, and with fairy lamps dotted about amongst the trees and lining the banks, and in fact everywhere it was possible to put a lamp, it was a sight worth going a long way to see. With a little imagination one could quite picture up the Grand Canal at Venice. Sir Philip Sassoon, speaking at the distribution of prizes to the winners of the various competitions, said that "It was more Venetian than you get in Venice."

As regards the decorated and illuminated boats we might say that the beauty and ingenuity displayed were of a marked order. The Viking which came from Dover was exceptionally good and was awarded first prize, but The Lighthouse, Princess Venetia and Britannia ran it very close, however, and all received prizes.

In connection with all of the events mentioned Mackeson's had the exclusive right of supplying all alcoholic beverages, a high tribute to the excellence of the Firm's goods. Great thanks are due to Mr. Jack Summerfield, of The White Hart Hotel, Hythe, for the part he played in running the bars at the Hythe Cricket Week and Hospital Fete, and to Mr. J. Donald, who held the licence for the Folkestone Cricket Festival and other events held on the magnificent new sports ground there this summer.

Our cricket team finished the season very badly, but that cannot be helped as we could only put out a very weak team against the United Banks at Folkestone, who are, without doubt, the strongest side we meet. We lost by over a hundred runs.

## FOOTBALL.

As far as we can see we shall have a slightly stronger side than we had last year when we get into our stride. All old members have signed on and we have, in addition, some new material which promises well. Bumstead, who was at the Brewery last year but did not play, has joined up as also has Minshall, Prebble and Mison, newcomers. All of these are experienced players with good reputations and we look forward hopefully.

Our first match, on September 5th, was at Betersden, against the local side, and we failed by 3 goals to nil. There is nothing in this, we think, to be disheartened about. Our boys had had no practice at all and two reserves had to be brought in at the last minute to make up the team. Last year we started off with a rush, winning four or five games right off, after which we fell away and could do nothing right. We trust our bad start this year is a better omen and that we shall improve as we go along and be there or thereabouts at the end of the season. We have again entered for the Ashford and District League, Senior Division, and the Ashford and Hythe Charity Cups.

We feel confident that we shall do well if we all pull together. Everyone working on the Firm wants to see the team win and no one minds helping in every way possible to bring that about. We trust this spirit will continue. We have some splendid sportsmen in the Brewery, men who will stand down without a grumble and who are even willing to do a mate's turn of duty for him in order that he shall get away to assist the side. This is a great asset to any team and must bring success. Mr. J. Spencer, who we all regret is no longer Chairman, continues to take the greatest interest however, and recently attended one of the meetings of the League at Ashford, on our behalf, as it was thought with his experience he could push our claims forward better than someone fresh to the job.

As we are writing this Mr. Fairhead has informed us that he has just heard that the Brewery have defeated last year's runners-up by 3 to 1, away from home. We have early turned the corner and hope the Reading team will do the same.

Mr. Chapman visited the Brewery the other morning to say "Good-bye" to old friends before leaving for Australia, and presented the Cricket Club with a splendid bat to help us win more matches next season. We again wish him every success "down under" and we are all certain that the "Ashes" are safe in his keeping, backed up by the splendid side that is going out with him.

#### THE SECOND BIRTHDAY.

We cannot finish off our notes for October without wishing THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE "Many Happy Returns." We were pleased to see in the Editorial notes of last month the words, "ever-increasing circle of readers." We trust this will be the case for many years to come. That it does spread "goodwill at home and abroad" there can be no two opinions, and we think the Editor and all connected with its production are to be congratulated for the live and interesting booklet we get at the beginning of each month.

## PORTSMOUTH.

### NAVY WEEK AT PORTSMOUTH.

The Committee responsible for the arrangements this year had a difficult task to face when they decided to have another Navy Week. They had to take into consideration that last year they caught the public fancy with the originality of the idea of the Navy being on show. Also Devonport and Chatham had followed Portsmouth example with considerable success, Chatham's "gate" being 41,000 for five days and Devonport's 67,900, compared with 48,765 at Portsmouth last year. But with the experience of last year to guide them the Committee set out to beat not only last year's figures, but also those of the rival ports. It is a great credit to the Committee and those in charge of the arrangements that this year the figures for Portsmouth for the full week ending September 1st reached the large number of 89,583, which figure easily beats all records. As one of the main attractions there was the completely reconstructed *Victory*, the *Nelson* (flagship of the Commander-in-Chief, Atlantic Fleet), the *Repulse* and the *Renown*, the Royal tour ships, destroyers and submarines, and the aircraft carrier *Furious*, the first British ship of its class to be thrown open for public inspection. There was no doubt about the success of the effort from the opening days. Thousands of visitors from the city and from all parts of the country crowded into the Dockyard each day, and the *Victory*, *Furious*, and the dances on the quarter-deck of the *Repulse* were the most popular attractions. Leaving out the figures for the first Saturday and Monday, Portsmouth's total for the five days was 74,169, beating Devonport's total by more than 6,000. It is estimated that the Service Charities will benefit to the extent of at least £4,000 as a result of the effort, compared with £2,000 raised last year.

### NAVAL AND MILITARY TATTOO AT CHICHESTER.

This event attracted thousands of sightseers to Priory Park and they were rewarded by spending a really wonderful evening. The general organization was admirable and it is a credit to the Chichester Military Band to have been able to compass so big an undertaking with such a marked degree of success. Their object was to assist the Royal West Sussex Centenary Fund and in the securing of such a fine display of bands they were helped by the fact that the units of the bands were amongst those on manoeuvres in Sussex. The four bands were those of the 1st Batt. Royal Warwickshire Regiment, the 1st Batt. The Seaforth Highlanders, the 1st Batt. The Royal Ulster Rifles, and the 2nd Batt. The North Staffordshire Regiment. It was a unique occasion for Chichester to have the opportunity of hearing these bands. Their playing during the marching evolutions aroused the enthusiasm of the spectators to a high pitch. The Commanding Officers and Bandmasters gave the readiest co-operation, also the Band and Drums

of the 1st Batt. Royal Sussex Regiment, the Depot of the same Regiment and the Pipes and Drums of the Seaforths.

Community singing, under the conductorship of Mr. T. P. Ratcliff (accompanied by the Chichester Military Band), beguiled the time till the opening of the programme proper, which was signalized by the breaking of the Flag by Brigadier-General W. L. Osborn, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., after which there was playing by the massed bands.

A physical training display was then given by instructors of the Royal Naval Physical and Recreational Training School (Portsmouth), whose clever chair tricks, vaulting, etc., had the spectators marvelling at one moment and convulsed with merriment the next. The Pipes and Drums of the Seaforths were next in evidence, and then came the massed bands with their wonderful rendering of Tschaikovsky. A section of the Aldershot Tattoo was recalled with spectacular effect in the next item, which demonstrated historical and modern methods of changing guard. A "castle" at which the guard was mounted was flooded with light and the spectators were equally impressed by the historical guard and drums (furnished by the Depot and the 1st Batt. Royal Sussex Regiment) and those of the modern period for which the Depot again found the guard and the Seaforths the drums. The quaintness of the uniforms and the slow marching of former times lost nothing by comparison with the modern method from a spectacular point of view.

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#### BEER v. WATER.

"Yesterday no little excitement was created in the vicinity of Howley Quay, Warrington, through a report being circulated in the town to the effect that a man named Johnson, of Manchester, better known as 'Teetotal Samson,' was going to draw a four-ton lorry. At the appointed hour for the performing of the feat—11 o'clock in the morning—a good number of people had assembled and a lorry belonging to Mr. R. A. Naylor, laden with the required weight of timber, was drawn up by a powerful horse on to the set pavement in the middle of the road. By the time the horse had been unyoked 'Teetotal Samson' put in an appearance and on being yoked in the shafts succeeded in drawing the four-ton lorry 13 feet, amidst applause. The horse had been put into the shafts again and the lorry was about to be taken away, when a young man in the crowd, named Thomas Boscow, asked to be allowed to try and permission was granted him. He took hold of the shafts with his bare hands, and without the assistance of the collar, which 'Teetotal Samson' had round his shoulders, drew the lorry 36½ feet. He was loudly applauded and when he had finished, remarked: 'There you are; I'll go and have a pint of beer now,' and he did so."—*Extract from "Portsmouth Evening News" of August 23rd, 1878.*