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C. Bennett

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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THE LATE Mr. BLACKALL SIMONDS.

EDITORIAL CHAT.

THE LATE MR. BLACKALL SIMONDS.

Our frontispiece is a portrait of the late Mr. Blackall Simonds who was the Uncle of the "Mr. Blackall," so well remembered by many of us, and of our present Chairman. Blackall Simonds was the eldest son of William Blackall Simonds of The Old Rectory, Caversham, and was born on the 22nd June, 1784. The following anecdotes will, to some extent, show the part he played in developing the business of the old Firm:—

Mr. Simonds had always been remarkably fond of hunting, and was a personal friend of that celebrated sportsman, Sir John Cope, of whose hounds he was part proprietor. Having long had an inkling that the Beer Bill would eventually be passed, Mr. Simonds, when hunting, carried with him a pocket map, whereon he, from time to time, marked spots, within a radius of fifteen miles from Reading, at which beerhouses might conveniently be opened; and in this he was often assisted by his old groom. Once having made up his mind on any subject, action, with Mr. Simonds, became a matter of necessity; hence, he took immediate steps to buy the freehold or lease of any house suitable for his purpose, situated in or near the locality marked on his map. Thus, whilst his neighbours were dreaming of the future, he had already opened fifty beerhouses. In connection with this enterprise, a clergyman near Eversley threatened Mr. Simonds that he would soon lose his hunters, as the opening of these beerhouses would destroy the trade of his old-established brewery.

In those days skittles were permissible to the British rustic, and Mr. Simonds, who dearly loved a joke, saw his opportunity. He accordingly bought a field adjoining the rectory-garden, where, a fortnight before the passing of the Act, he put up a shed and four-cornered alley, during which operation the foundations of the intended beerhouse rapidly rose above the ground.

One morning the parson came to Mr. Simonds, in anything but the mildest of tempers, to remonstrate with him on the subject. Mr. Simonds, who received the parson in his usual courtly style, and with great affability, replied "Why, my friend, you have frequently told me that you objected to *public-houses*, so I am erecting this beerhouse and skittle-alley for the benefit of your parishioners. I admit that it abuts on to your garden, but then you must remember that the rectory itself occupies the choicest position in the village, and I can hardly imagine that you wish to appropriate to yourself what you would deny to your poorer neighbours. The noise of 'twicers' or 'floorers' will, when you are once used to them, afford you genuine pleasure, all the more so that you have spared your parishioners a walk of over a mile to

the 'Red Lion' for their enjoyment." Eventually Mr. Simonds settled the matter amicably with the clergyman, and they afterwards became the best of friends.

About the year 1850 he retired from any active participation in the business and built Caversham House, Ryde, Isle of Wight, where he spent the remainder of his life. When no longer able to ride to hounds he used to go to the Meet in a little pony carriage; he was for many years a member of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club and took a great interest in small boat sailing. He died in 1871 at the ripe old age of 87.

THE HAT TRICK.

In our two previous issues we have given remarkable cases of the "hat trick." Here is another. In a recent cricket match on the school ground between Old Williamsonians and Maidstone Church Institute, Maidstone had compiled 80 runs for 4 wickets when G. L. Martin, with the last three balls of an over, did the "hat trick." With the first three balls of the next over R. S. Morris also performed the "hat trick," so the last six wickets fell with six balls for no runs.

TRUE TEMPERANCE.

As *The Daily Express* very rightly says, we have become more sober, not necessarily because we drink less, but because we drink more rationally. The past three decades have seen a sustained raising of the standard of life throughout all classes. As a nation we are better educated and healthier, and make far more use of the freedom and freshness of the out-of-doors than we used to, and our increasing sobriety is but one among many signs of increasing civilisation. Happier than some other people, we have acquired a true temperance through self-restraint, not a false one through Prohibition.

FOOTBALL.

At the time of writing the Reading Football Club has by no means covered itself with glory. In fact, the form shown by the players has been far below that which we know they can display. But they are doing their best and when once they get into their stride we shall witness some thrilling games at Elm Park and elsewhere. It is so easy to criticise. Those who have played the least generally have the most to say. In any case, when the Club is not doing particularly well that is the time for its supporters to show that they can "play the game" in the way of turning up at the matches in their thousands. Go regularly and see the men play, be fair and friendly in your criticisms and, sooner or later, the team is bound to respond by treating us, in return, to some fine football.

"THE HUMAN TOUCH."

Many moving stories of life in a big London hospital, where suffering, tragedy, and acts of heroism and devotion are inextricably mingled, are told by Mr. Philip Inman, Superintendent of Charing Cross Hospital, in "The Human Touch" (Bles, 3s. 6d.). One of Mr. Inman's most moving stories is that of a war-time conscientious objector who was admitted to hospital suffering from terrible injuries received in the rescue of a fellow workman who had been pinned down by machinery. In his diary were found these entries:—

May 22nd, 1915.—Met J.H., who called me "conchy" and shirker.

May 17th, 1920.—Firm's roll of honour unveiled. Asked to keep away. . . . And I loved them all.

The rescued man, for whom the conscientious objector lost his life, was the "J.H." of the diary.

OUR NEW *Cereal* STORY.

It is not often that one sees a squirrel so near the centre of the town as is The Brewery and yet one of these fascinating little creatures may sometimes be seen in the yard by the new bottling stores. He is evidently after some of our cereals. Such a charming little visitor is, we are sure, welcome to a meal. At any rate, the men do not harm him. The Editor was once sitting quietly on the island below Mapledurham Lock when a squirrel came from the meadow on the opposite bank with a nut in his mouth. Making straight for the river the squirrel swam to the island, ascended a tree and made a meal of the nut. As he swam he carried his "brush" high and dry.

OUR BIRTHDAY NUMBER.

With this issue THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE celebrates its first anniversary. We have received numerous very encouraging letters, some of which are printed on another page, wishing it many happy returns. To celebrate the event we have included, in the centre of the little book, on art paper, the photographs of twelve past and present Directors—all fine types of the English gentleman. The production is well worth framing and will doubtless adorn the rooms of many homes. Another feature is the article specially written by Captain Drewe and vividly explaining, from the very beginning, the various stages of the work leading up to the fine new Bottling Stores now in course of erection. The article, containing many illustrations, forms very entertaining reading and gives one some idea of the enormous growth of the great and very

enterprising firm of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. There are many other good things in this month's Magazine which we have tried to make worthy of so notable an occasion.

GLAD NEWS.

We do not often experience so much pleasurable excitement as that which prevailed at The Brewery when it became known that one of our Directors, Commander H. D. Simonds, had become engaged. When showing his bride-that-is-to-be over The Brewery, Commander Simonds very kindly introduced the lady to many of us and we were charmed by the gracious manner in which she received us and delighted at her homely handshake. May they both be blessed with the best of health and their future crowned with all happiness.

IN PRAISE OF BEER.

Mr. Jack Jones, the outspoken Socialist Member of Parliament for Silvertown, has a good deal to say in praise of beer. He believes that if beer is not the backbone of the nation, it at least helps to support the backbones of those who are obliged to bend them continuously during an eight-hour day. Good beer, he says, is essential to the British worker.

ACCIDENT TO MR. ERIC'S SON.

We very much regretted to hear that Mr. Eric Simonds' second son, Mr. Duncan, had broken his left upper arm owing to falling off a bicycle. It is gratifying to know, however, that he is making excellent progress.

The blow is somewhat softened by the fact that he will not be allowed to return to school until after the commencement of term.

"MAN TO MAN."

It is not too much to assert that the Empire tours of Empire leaders have exercised and are exercising a profound effect upon the whole course of history, says *Our Empire*. Anything that vitally affects the Empire must affect in some degree the rest of the world; and nobody would be bold enough to deny that the visits of the King, his sons and his ministers have contributed immensely during the present century to the consolidation and expansion of the British Commonwealth. Over twenty-five years ago, for example, the King's "Wake up, England" speech, delivered at the close of his tour to Australia, opened the eyes of the last generation to the true significance of the Empire's

place in the world, and conveyed with an authority that only he could employ a message that was at once an admonition and a call to action. The Prince of Wales, with far wider opportunities than were available to his father, has worthily employed them to foster that "man-to-man intercourse" to which he recently made such telling reference in Canada. Our Patron now has a personal acquaintance of, and—what is, at least, equally important—is personally known to each branch of the great family of which he will one day be called upon to become the head. Like the Duke of York and his beautiful Duchess, the Prince has done priceless service to the Empire by demonstrating that the Crown is not merely the formal, abstract symbol of its unity, but also represents a living, very human reality that claims dominion over hearts as well as heads. In the future of our loose-knit Empire, wherein each Dominion is equal in status to its sister nations and to the Mother Country, the "human touch" of its Royal chief must become of the first importance, and it is good to feel that nobody recognises this truth with greater clarity than the Prince himself.

"ABOVE ALL DISTINCTIONS."

Referring at Ottawa to the conception and attainment of the Dominions' autonomy, His Royal Highness said:

"To me, in particular, as the King's eldest son, the conception has a special importance, and in whatever part of the Empire I may be I try always to keep it in mind. The Crown stands above all distinctions of country, race, and party, and serves to make a unity where all such differences are transcended. If some day it should fall to my lot to assume that high responsibility, I trust I may be found worthy of it. At least I may say that I lose no opportunity of keeping always fresh those contacts with all parts of the British Empire which I have been fortunate enough to make in the past ten years. If there is one lesson which more than another has been learned in these post-war years it is the lesson of the immense value of personal man-to-man intercourse. In the conduct of the affairs of State and in the management of business one hears the same conviction expressed on every side, and I myself can testify to it, for I know the value to myself, not only of personal visits, but of the opportunities which I have from time to time in London of meeting visitors from overseas. All have something to impart, and to all Canadians I am grateful for the help they give to me in vitalising my interests in Canada and in keeping abreast of the development of this great country, which is so bewilderingly swift."

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

The reference in these notes last month to Arthur Holloway, the Bradfield village blacksmith, has renewed happy memories, write several correspondents. One writer says that Arthur was rarely beaten in debate and on more than one occasion the Editor has seen him make his political opponents look very small. Well, there were two fellows, young at the time (and including the Editor) who were determined for the nonce to get the better of Arthur. It was during the time of the great Tariff Reform campaign. For weeks they read every speech on the subject and many handbooks. Then they set out on a country ramble with Arthur, and soon the three began to argue hotly on Tariff Reform *versus* Free Trade. The two young men were just pulling old Arthur's leg!

NO QUARTER ASKED OR GIVEN.

No quarter was asked and none was given. Arthur was faring rather badly and then the following question was put to him (yes, it was by the Editor): "Supposing you have fair wages and fair conditions in this country, you must charge a fair price for the article manufactured. Under such conditions how can you compete with the unrestricted stream of articles produced under sweated conditions and therefore sold at a cheaper rate?" Arthur was beaten and became so angry that he actually walked away from his companions and it was some considerable time before he was again on speaking terms with them.

BETTER THAN PARTY POLITICS.

But eventually all three decided to drop politics and, as was their wont, study wild Nature's ways. It was some time before the mayfly was expected to be up and these Nature students watched the immature mayflies as they moved about in the bed of the river. They brought one to the surface; it was housed in a structure of small sticks and a sort of cement. "You see, Arthur," said one of the company, "even the mayfly needs Protection!" Never will those two fellows forget the look of anger and indignation on Arthur's face. But the incident soon closed and the three wandered miles by the side of the meandering stream which to each of them contained much that was far more fascinating than fiscal reform.

H. & G. SIMONDS LTD. SAVINGS ASSOCIATION.

The Hon. Secretary of the above (Mr. A. H. Hopkins) has received a letter from the Secretary of the Central Committee, National Savings Movement, acknowledging receipt of the forms

relating to the transactions of the H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Savings Association, Regd. No. 7/8/4, during the period 21st July, 1927, to 26th August, 1927, of which we give the following extract:—

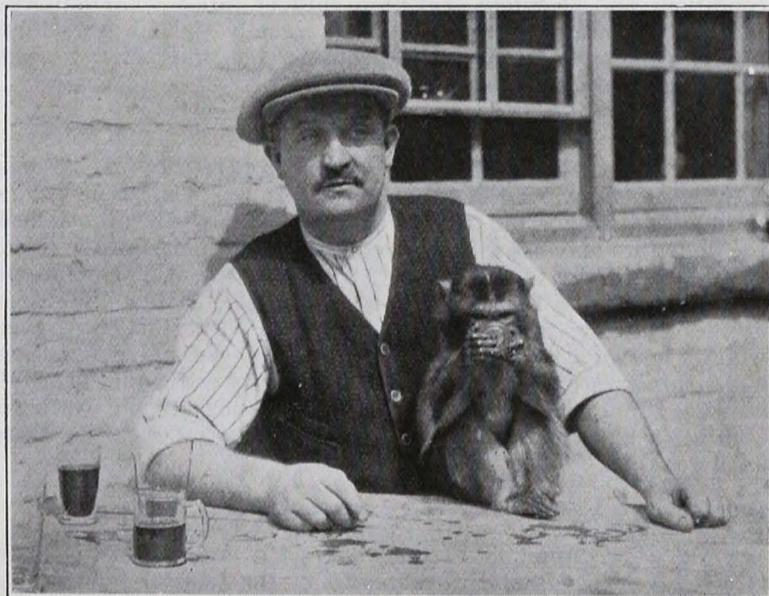
“The accounts are in order and we have noted our records to show that a fresh cycle was started on the 2nd September, 1927.

“We are pleased to note the large increase which has taken place in the number of Certificates purchased during the last “cycle” and to learn that the current “cycle” has started so well. We again wish to thank you most cordially for all that you are doing both for the welfare of the Association and for the National Savings Movement.”

This is most encouraging to all concerned.

Four-and-twenty Yankees
Feeling pretty dry
Went across the Border
To get a bit of Rye.
When the Rye was opened
The Yanks began to sing:
“Who in Hell is Coolidge?
God save the King!”

—From “*The Brewery Record.*”



Mr. G. Rose, of the Oxford Arms, Silver Street, Reading,
with his pet monkey.

A NATURE NOTE.

In this article I propose asking my readers to accompany me for an imaginary walk, though I would point out that every incident described has been actually witnessed by me.

First of all we will enter a wood. As we do so a blackbird gives the alarm. Fifty yards further in the wood the chaffinches “pink pink”; still further away a robin makes a rare fuss, then the jays utter their raucous notes—and so, link by link, the chain of alarm is, as it were, welded together until it stretches from one end of the wood to the other and even into the hedges and fields beyond, every bird and beast being plainly told to “ware man”! But if we sit quite still in this secluded spot the noise will soon subside. We have hardly been here five minutes when close to our feet the grass moves and a mouse makes his appearance. As we remain motionless he is quite unaware of our presence and, sitting on his hind legs, washes his face with that thoroughness which would put many a school boy and girl to shame. Away down the ride a wren is scolding somebody or something. Let us use our field-glasses. Yes, sure enough he has good cause to be cross for, popping in and out of the undergrowth, with murderous intent, is a little stoat. Before long we hear a squeal and know that some poor rabbit has been done to death. Visiting the spot we soon find the warm corpse of the rabbit with a dark red patch behind the ear where the stoat has carried out his cruel work.

THE BADGER.

On the soft earth beside the ditch we notice the footprints of a badger and wonder how far he has wandered during the night, for badgers are rarely seen in the daytime. We track him and are able to see where he dined. The badger likes high meat and will eat with relish game that has been lying dead for weeks and the stench of which to human beings is simply awful. And yet, in spite of such “high” living, I doubt if there is any animal more free from disease than the badger. He eats various roots as well and in some ways is a very clean liver. He is artful, too. Set a gin at the entrance to his earth and no matter how cunningly you conceal it with sand or earth he will discover it. His back is as tough as leather and in order not to get caught by the leg he will lie on his back, work his way thus on to the trap and so “strike” it—then he will emerge safely from his home and set out on his nocturnal prowls.

HAWK AND SNIPE.

But we must get a move on for we have miles to cover yet and much to see. On reaching the edge of the wood we observe high overhead a hovering hawk. He has spotted something in

the grass below and descends by stages until within a dozen yards or so of the ground. Then he shoots down like an arrow and seizes his victim with his talons, which are very much like grappling irons. The hawk then flies to a tree near-by and as he does so we can see him carrying his little victim, a mouse or bird, in his claws. Alighting on a branch he makes his horrid meal. Crossing the meadow we come to a stream and not far away a snipe settles by the water-side. Let us try and stalk him, shy and wary bird though he is. Steadily and stealthily, step by step, we approach until within a few yards of him and, peeping through the long grass, we watch him wash. So quiet are we and so busy is he with his ablutions that he does not notice us. He is apparently enjoying his bath immensely. His bill he uses to good purpose in cleaning his feathers, but with such a long instrument how will he get at his neck? Let us wait and see. As though we have had telepathetic communication with him he at once sets to work to satisfy our curiosity. He raises first one foot and then the other, and by this means gives his neck a thorough scrub. When he has finished his toilet he looks as spruce a little gentleman as one could wish to see. Perhaps, later on, he means to take his young lady to a dance! On the telegraph wires above the stream is perched a kingfisher. He has chosen this coign of vantage with a view to seizing a member of the finny tribe in the water below for lunch. We have not watched him long before down he dives, returning to his perch with a little fish which soon disappears down that lane whence no traveller returns.

GNATS' PERILOUS TIME.

Next we come to a stagnant pool where the water is filmed with silver-grey and behind the rushes we find that the wriggling, twisting progeny of autumn's gnats have in their turn reached the stage at which it becomes incumbent on them to hang with crooked backs to the filmy surface of the water, waiting till their skin splits down what would be their spine if they had one, and releases the perfect gnat. Far from perfect is he, however, on first appearance. His silvery wings, that are to be, look little better than flimsy rags of cobweb, and all his limbs are so soft and unsubstantial that if you breathe upon him he will collapse, a battered wreck, upon the sickly surface of the water. Apart from the rare risk of man's clumsy inquisitiveness, it is a perilous quarter of an hour that the new gnat spends in this world of dangers. How secure would any of us be if we had to stand, when we changed our winter for our summer clothes, each on his own cast-off suit by way of raft?

A TROUT STREAM.

Now we come to a trout stream. Nothing in the countryside has such a fascination for me. The trout are rising and my hand simply itches to cast a fly, for I have been a fly-fishing enthusiast ever since I was old enough to hold a rod and on a good day have landed well over a score of speckled beauties. But in fly-fishing, as in everything else, you have to be very thorough to do any good. For many years I have had a day annually on the Pang and before commencing operations I pay frequent visits to the river to see what kind of fly is on the move and to which the trout are rising. Satisfied on this point, with the feathers of a wild duck, I try to imitate the real article and tie my own flies. Rarely, if ever, have I come away with an empty creel. The experienced angler can tell pretty well by the rise what is the size of the fish—even whether it is a trout or grayling—and, keeping his eye on the rise, he naturally stalks the best fish. Well do I remember one occasion when I kept my eye on the rise—and to my cost. I saw nothing else and fell headlong over a big log half hidden in the long grass. My legs and arms pitched into mud that was inches deep and I presented a sorry spectacle when I arose. But I caught that trout and he turned the scale at 2 lbs. So fascinated was I in the art of fly-fishing that when my parents had retired for the night I used to get out of my bedroom window, climb down a telegraph pole and fish by moonlight. They say your sins will find you out. Surely enough mine did. I did not notice that during a certain day the telegraph pole had been re-tarred. I climbed down it in the dark and after a great time by the river ascended the pole again, undressed and got into bed. And you should have seen the state of my clothes the next morning! That gave the game away, and it was a rod, but not a fishing rod, that then came into prominence. I never went fishing by way of the telegraph pole again.

PHEASANT AND PARTRIDGE.

In the realm of nature you may see many examples of the wonderful devotion of parents to their children—and some very bad cases of neglect, too. I suppose the pheasant is about one of the worst of parents. The male bird, a polygamist, takes no part whatever in nidification, or the bringing up of the young afterwards, while the mother is often guilty of glaring instances of neglect. I have seen one, followed by her family, jump a small ditch. Some of the youngsters managed to get across, others fell by the way and yet others did not attempt the crossing. Meanwhile, the mother-bird proceeded to cross the meadow apparently having no concern whatever as to how many of her chicks were following her.

On the other hand, partridges are the embodiment of what parent birds should be. The day that the chicks are hatched the male bird may be seen close by the side of the hen. The latter hands over the chicks, as they are hatched, to father, who tenderly dries them—a very charming sight. And father partridge's care for his children does not end here for he continues to assist in rearing the family and, should the mother be destroyed by vermin, or otherwise, "daddy" will take full charge of the children and tend them with devoted care.

A STRANGE INTENSITY.

As we cross the fields there seems something in the play of cloud and sunlight which gives a strange intensity to all the shapes and colours of the earth, an intensity that answers to the play of our own feelings. Is there anything more restful to the eye or soothing to the mind than the green of the young corn when the sunlight sweeps over it? Then the earth seems to speak suddenly to us, as if she wished to remind us of our duty to her and of that claim which she has on the hearts of men when they do not forget it in their madness. Is there not enough beauty and passion and adventure, she seems to say, in the changes of the seasons and the proper labours of mankind, that they must turn away from these and kill each other? While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease. These things the earth seems to say to us now, after the World War, with a new clearness and eagerness, so that in our wonder at her new and living beauty we wonder yet more, in such times as war, at our estrangement from it.

FOX CUBS AT PLAY.

Taking a cut across the meadows we will, before we make for home, spend an hour or so watching fox cubs at play. We will procure something on which to sit and take up our position behind some bushes, through which we can peer. We must not speak, nor even move, and presently, for the shades of night are falling fast, we shall see some rare fun. After waiting twenty minutes we hear some movement in the bushes close at hand and then, within ten yards of us, out steals one rabbit, then another, and yet others, until over a dozen are feeding within as many yards of us. Then one of us moves, only ever so slightly, and all the "bunnies" disappear as if by magic. Another half-hour passes and the gnats are very troublesome—some of us will have big bumps on our foreheads, legs and arms to-morrow, but it is worth while. Eventually, however, we are rewarded for our patience. Away yonder a fine young fox breaks cover and comes our way, proceeding with rare caution, his alert ears catching every sound.

He is soon joined by two companions and all three make their way to their playground—it is the same spot every evening, and their antics are too funny for words. They cut all sorts of capers, play hide and seek, wrestle, and even appear to box. No wonder their little limbs soon wax strong. Rarely have we seen a prettier sight.

STARLINGS GO TO BED.

Well, we have been for a long ramble and I fear I have rambled in more senses than one. The day is now far spent—and so is my space—so we will, in conclusion, just sit and listen to the starlings as they come home to roost. From every point of the compass they appear to arrive and thousands are going to bed in a clump of evergreens. Like good little boys and girls they sing grace for the good things provided during the day before retiring for the night. At first they simply boil over with song. Then their voices gradually simmer down and eventually sink into silence. The starlings are asleep! Hush!! Good-night!!!

C.H.P.

Mr. H. E. MARSTON'S MARRIAGE.

The wedding was solemnised at St. George's Church, Reading, on Saturday, September 10th, by the Rev. B. H. Patch, of Mr. H. E. Marston, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Marston, of 131, Beecham Road, Reading, and Miss D. M. Bowley, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Bowley, of 48, Chester Street, Reading. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a charming dress of ivory georgette, trimmed with horseshoes of silver sequins, with silver court shoes and ivory stockings, a veil and wreath of orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of pale pink roses and lilies of the valley.

The bridesmaids were Miss Marjorie Bowley (sister of the bride) and Miss Gladys Marston (sister of the bridegroom). They wore dresses of burnt orange silk tussore, black patent court shoes and champagne coloured silk stockings, with black crinoline hats trimmed with velvet and orange tinted flowers, and they carried shower bouquets of shaggy bronze chrysanthemums. Miss M. Bowley also wore a gold bracelet and Miss G. Marston a gold brooch, gifts of the bridegroom. The duties of best man were carried out by Mr. Stanley Marston (brother of the bridegroom).

After the ceremony a reception was held in St. George's Hall, adjoining the church, where some 50 guests assembled, and later the bride and bridegroom left for Torquay. The bride travelled

in a black crepe-de-Chine coat, embroidered in beige, over a beige crepe-de-Chine dress, with a velour hat to match, black patent court shoes and light silk stockings.

They were the recipients of many nice presents including a striking clock and six-hole cruet from the staff of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, Ltd. Mr. Marston is employed in the Estates Office.

ANOTHER WEDDING.

Mr. Luker, who joined the staff of the Firm in 1916 and thus has eleven years service to his credit, is also one of the recent victims of cupid's activities and his marriage to Miss Hasker took place at St. Giles' Church on Saturday, September 17th. His colleagues and friends at the Brewery made him a wedding present of a handsome clock.

Mr. C. Bennett was asked to make the presentation, and on behalf of the subscribers and wellwishers welcomed Mr. Luker as a new member of the honourable and ancient order of Benedicts and said the marriage state permitted of the highest possible expression of one of the greatest commandments to which we had to submit. He extended hearty congratulations and the good wishes of all the staff and asked Mr. Luker to convey similar expressions to Miss Hasker.

After presenting the clock Mr. Bennett said he hoped Mr. Luker and his wife would enjoy good health, experience reasonable prosperity and would remain sweethearts to the end of a long life.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

To live in the presence of great truths and eternal laws—that is what keeps a man patient when the world ignores him, and calm and unspoiled when the world praises him.

It is far better to give work which is above the men than to educate the men to be above their work.

Great wealth, great care.

Power cannot have too gentle an expression.

Nothing is truly elegant but what unites use with beauty.

"FEED THE BRUTE."

Able Article by a Lady Contributor.

Feed the Brute! Most certainly the surest way to keep his affection is to make him eat out of your hand.

Remember this, young Mrs. 1927, with your boyish silhouette, that a yard of pump water and a bit of dry toast so easily maintains. *Men* cannot live on such diet, so do not consider it beneath your dignity to go into the kitchen and devote a regular portion of each morning to the all-important food problem. Nay more, in these days of ill-trained or non-existent cooks, do not even consider it beneath your dignity to learn yourself to construct the plats and dainty dishes which are to tempt your husband's appetite. Take it seriously, get lessons from a "pro," and put as much vim and energy into the learning as you do into your instruction in lawn tennis. It is vastly more important that the Master of the House should be happy and contented than that you should appear on the centre court at Wimbledon!

Napoleon's famous aphorism that an army fights upon its stomach is absolute truth. No man puts forth the best that is in him when he is ill-fed, and a man with chronic indigestion can become a sort of second cousin to the devil—so feed your own particular brute regularly, excellently, and according to his own individual tastes.

Some men like good, wholesome, plain food; others hanker after those dishes best produced by the Ritz or a really A1 chef; but no man likes monotony or perpetual cold mutton.

Take this to heart, young wives, and study a cookery book as you should read your Bible and as you *do* read the frothiest novel a circulating library can produce. Believe me, you will have your reward.

When your husband smiles upon you and the children—even at the breakfast table; when his glance in the mirror tells him he looks "remarkably young"—in short, when the world goes very well with him, if he is an honest man he will know it is but his over-lord, the digestion, speaking within him, and he will return home and "gratefully and with all reverence" salute—the Cook!

Drunkenness may be combated most successfully by the apparently paradoxical method of making life more comfortable for the drinker. People do not behave unseemly in a clean house. Raise the tone, and the problem is solved.—*Daily Telegraph*, August 11th.



"A Tale of the Sea."

With apologies to Frank Dodd.

THE BIRD IN HAND, TILEHURST.

With its well-appointed and commodious bars, smoking rooms, bottle and jug department, and splendidly equipped billiards room, all electrically lighted, the new Bird in Hand, opened on the 29th January last, most successfully meets a long-felt want in this rapidly growing part of Tilehurst. In front of the house there is ample space for all kinds of vehicles, including motor cars, cycles, etc.

The numerous games competitions just completed have afforded much pleasure to those taking part in them. The successful competitors were as follows:—Billiards, Mr. Redgrove; Darts, Mr. Steve Pontin; Dominoes, Mr. E. Bradley; Crib, Mr. E. Turner; Shove-halfpenny, Mr. E. Bradley.

Following the playing-off of the Snooker Competition a Flying Billiards Handicap is to be arranged.

Incidentally, it may be mentioned that since it was found necessary to erect the present building some fifty or more additional dwelling-houses have been erected in the neighbourhood, and at times host Bradley and his two energetic sons find their efforts to serve out the "good cheer" taxed to the uttermost limit.



A loud-speaker has been used successfully as a scarecrow in South Germany, where a fruit grower suffered severe losses from feathered thieves.

A HISTORY OF PROHIBITION FAILURES.

ALBERTA (Canada).—In Alberta a Prohibition Act was approved by a popular vote in 1915 by 58,295 votes to 37,509, and this came into force in 1916. In November, 1923, however, the question was again submitted to the electors, who this time voted down prohibition by 96,000 votes to 64,000.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—This province passed a Prohibition Act to come into force in 1917, if approved by a referendum. It was approved by 38,946 votes to 29,334, but in 1921 the question was again submitted to electors, who by 75,964 to 49,225 voted for its discontinuance.

MANITOBA.—The Manitoba Legislature in 1915 passed a Prohibition Act which was to be subject to ratification by the people. The voting the following year resulted in a majority of 24,595 in favour of the law, which went into operation in 1916. It was abolished in 1923 by a majority of 40,000 votes.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—In New Brunswick a Prohibition Law went into operation on May 1st, 1917, and in 1920 the electors, by a majority of 20,667, voted in favour of its retention. The Government have now passed "a Bill to provide for Government control of the sale of liquor in place of the present prohibition measure."

ONTARIO.—Prohibition became effective in this province in September, 1916, but in 1926 it was made a test question at the General Election, and a Government was returned pledged to the repeal of the law in favour of a scheme of State control.

QUEBEC.—The Provincial Government passed a Prohibition Act which was to come into force in 1919, but, following a popular vote on the question, it abandoned it in favour of a system of State control, which has been in force since 1921.

SASKATCHEWAN.—By 95,249 votes to 23,666 a law establishing complete prohibition came into effect on January 1st, 1917, but after a referendum in 1924 the Province adopted Government sale of alcoholic liquors in 1925.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—Prohibition was adopted in this Province at the beginning of 1917, but was abandoned by an Act passed in August, 1924, substituting State control.

NORWAY.—The Norwegian Government introduced virtual prohibition as a war-time measure in 1916. In 1921 a law was passed prohibiting the import of beverages containing more than 14 per cent. of alcohol; in 1923 this law was repealed so far as the import of wine was concerned; and in 1926, by a vote of 531,425 to 421,292, prohibition of any sort was abolished, and a system of State control instituted. —From "The White Horse Bulletin."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Authority founded on injustice is never of long duration.

In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.

Great talkers are like leaky pitchers, everything runs out of them.

Nothing is too high for a man to reach, but he must climb with care and confidence.

In the meanest hut there is romance, if you know the hearts there.

Nobility of nature consists in doing good for the good's sake.

Life is a rich strain of music suggesting a realm too fair to be.

No one knows the weight of another's burden.

To the man who remarked churlishly: "It is women who make all the trouble in the world," another of his sex retorted immediately and gallantly: "Yes, but it is women who make life worth all the trouble."

WE WEAVE OURSELVES THE LIVES WE LIVE.

We weave ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made;
And fill our future atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.
The tissues of the life to be
We weave with colours all our own;
And in the Field of Destiny
We reap as we have sown.

Wet weather is stated to be healthier, in cities at least, because the germ-laden dust is kept settled and street refuse is carried away.

THE REAL COUNTRY INN.

A "JOURNEY" IN NEWBURY DISTRICT OF HAMPSHIRE.

By the courtesy of the South Berks Brewery Co., Ltd., Newbury, I was able (on one of the few fine days this summer) to fulfil a wish I had had for some years of having the opportunity of doing one of the "Rounds." I chose the district where I saw the real country inn and real country tenants, male and female. We visited, during the "Round," eleven inns. We started at The Pheasant, Highclere, went on to The Three-Legged Cross at Cruse Easton, where you get a good view of the surrounding county, then on to The Railway Inn, The George, and The Ploughs at St. Mary Bourne. The present tenants of The Railway Inn have been in the village twenty-five years and have just lately celebrated the fifty-second anniversary of their wedding day. I heard a whisper of "trout" at the bottom of their garden and I naturally yearned to have a turn with the fly.

It was getting on now for lunch-time and our next call, The George and Dragon, Hurstbourne Tarrant, was the house selected. And right well our luncheon was served. After this, which was about half of our journey, our next call was The White Hart at Ibthorpe where, if you got about eight or ten customers in the tap room a notice of "full house" would be required. We then came to The Crown, Upton. I think The Boot Inn, Vernham Street, which we then visited, was the gem of the lot as far as picturesqueness goes. It is an old thatched cottage with an old-fashioned raftered tap room and quaint windows to bedrooms. This house has been in the same family for over one hundred years. The present tenant has lived there for sixty-three years. This all goes to show what a contented district this is.

We are now going up to the highest point in the "Round," which is 800 feet above sea-level, and we come to The George and Dragon, Farcombe, The Plough at Ashmansworth and then home.

I sampled something at each house. We covered, in the day, about 65 miles. My companion made a good "Showman," pointing out all the notable features of the journey. This is not a corn-growing district, but farmers, etc., were busy. There were no complaints from tenants, which points to the happy business relations that exist between them and the Company.

This was all new country to me. I enjoyed the day's outing in every way and hope to be able to do another "Round" on some future occasion and with the same "Showman."

S. BIRD.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

PROUD MOTORIST: "You'd never think this car was a second-hand one, would you?"

CANDID FRIEND: "No; it looks as if you made it yourself."
From "The Windsor Magazine."

MISTRESS (dreamily): "Under just such a crescent moon, my husband first kissed me."

MAID (also dreamily): "Same here. So he did me."
From "London Opinion."

ONE ELDERLY WOMAN: "They're rivals in dress, those two girls."

ANOTHER DITTO: "Yes; each tries to outstrip the other."

WAITER: "Pl-please, Sir, I'm in rather a fix. Gent over there has just ordered roast mutton."

PROPRIETOR: "Well, there's plenty, isn't there?"

WAITER: "Yessir; but 'e's already 'ad one portion as 'venison.'"—*From "Punch."*

ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR: "What's the date, my dear?"

MY DEAR: "I don't know, grandpa; but you've got a newspaper there."

"No good—it's yesterday's."

A small boy was having his hair cut for the first time.

"How shall I cut it?" asked the barber.

"With a hole in the top like my daddy's, please," was the prompt reply.

A novice went out fishing, and caught something. He wound his line until the fish was quite near the end of the rod.

"What do I do now?" he asked.

"Climb your rod and stab the beast," said his friend.

MINISTER: "I hear, Paddie, they've gone dry in the village where your brother lives."

PADDIE: "Dry, mon! They're parched. I've just had a letter from Mike, an' the postage-stamp was stuck on with a pin."

A stranger came up to Sandy when he alighted at King's Cross.

"You're John Fraser, I believe?"

"No!"

"But you were at St. Andrew's?"

"No!"

"Don't you come from Aberdeen?"

"No!"

"Then you must have a double?"

"Aye! I don't mind."

A visitor, being shown round the lake, asked his guide how deep it was.

"Well, Sir," was the reply, "we don't know the actual depth; but last year a young Australian came here for a swim, dived in, and disappeared."

"And weren't you able to rescue him?"

"No—we had a cable from Australia next day asking us to send his clothes on!"

"Phwat's the matter with ye, Moike? Ye looks loike a famished scarecrow."

"Sure, Pat, and its starvation itself that's staring me in the face."

"Begad, Moike, it must be moighty unpleasant for both av ye."

An old Scot who had just returned to his native village after a visit to London was being greeted by a friend.

"Aye, Jock," said the latter, "and did ye enjoy yersel' in London?"

"Enjoy masel'," gleefully echoed the other, "I should just think I did. Every time I went into ane o' thae restaurants I found tuppence or thruppence under ma plate."

A well-known King's Counsel tells this little legal yarn. St. Peter was involved in an exceedingly acrimonious argument with his Satanic Majesty. The source of the trouble was the intolerable nuisance caused by the smoke which issued from the Lower Regions. All attempts at an amicable settlement were cynically rejected and Peter wound up the abortive negotiations with this message: "I think your attitude in this matter has been exceedingly un-sporting. You know very well that we have no solicitor here to issue a writ against you."—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic.*

ARMY MANŒUVRES.

THE DIVISIONAL AND INTER-DIVISIONAL ARMY AND R.A.F. TRAININGS.

The schemes in which the 1st and 2nd Infantry Divisions, the Cavalry Brigade and Royal Air Force were taking part in Oxon, Bucks and Berks, were brought to an abrupt end, owing to the continual heavy rainfall, which rendered the camps and surrounding country untenable and hopeless in carrying out the programme. In abandoning the actual Manœuvres, the authorities were guided by the absolute futility of continuing training which would have inflicted terrible hardships on the men engaged in mimic warfare and considerable damage to the land. While it is essential from a military standpoint that the troops should experience conditions as near to actual warfare as possible, the authorities exhibited due regard for the health of the men in cancelling the scheme which could only have had deleterious results. The humanity thus revealed in the higher commands of the Army cannot fail to have a beneficial effect on the morale of the troops.

TRANSPORT FLEET.

Our Firm were, as usual, entrusted with the supply of beer to the whole of the troops engaged, a task which can only be carried out by the setting into motion of a thorough organisation consisting of a fleet of transport capable of handling vast quantities of beers, large numbers of marquees for the Sergeants' Messes, all of which latter are fitted out with counters, tables, forms, and numerous other articles of equipment. The arrangements for equipment and supplies from the Brewery were under the experienced direction of Mr. C. E. Gough, while the Manager of our Aldershot Military Depôt, Mr. W. H. Wigley, was in close touch with the military authorities and controlled the staff of supervisors from temporary headquarters at Wallingford. This task required much intimate knowledge of the many details connected with military business. The loading, regulating and despatching of transport from the Brewery was in the hands of Mr. E. Bailey and his staff, to whom much credit is due in carrying out the work. In such weather as has been experienced throughout the training, it also requires great fortitude on the part of the staff engaged.

HEAVY FINANCIAL LOSS.

From a contractor's point of view the abrupt termination of the scheme after all arrangements had been made for carrying out the business, is a disaster which can only involve considerable financial loss in throwing on their hands large quantities of bright beers prepared for immediate consumption and the heavy cartage which is entailed in clearing away the thousands of pounds' worth

of canvas and plant. Mr. F. Jefferies and the staff of our Canvas Department have been heavily taxed in dismantling, cleaning and drying the marquees which were saturated with water. As the camps resembled seas of mud, the work involved can better be imagined than described. Yet our staff tackled the job cheerfully and worked like Trojans.

Our photograph shews one of our lorries which has delivered beers to one of the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes at Nettlebed Camp. Unfortunately, our arrangements to take a series of photographs of the various camps were frustrated by the abandonment of the Manœuvres. From left to right, the photo shews Mr. J. Howard, Canteen Manager, Lorry Driver Dewey and his Mate, G. Williams, attached to our Farnborough Depot.



BREWERY JOTTINGS.

Interest in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE continues to be well maintained. The last issue was full of good items and our little magazine has certainly made its mark in the first year of existence. Meeting an office colleague on the way back to work after mid-day who looked hot and flustered, I remarked to him that he seemed in a hurry, and he replied: "I was so *interested* in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE I took home dinner-time that I nearly missed my tram and I have been hurrying ever since." When you sum it up this is easily understood.

By the reports from our Branches and other notes I should imagine the word "rain" (with effects) was mentioned most of all in the September issue and yet we learn from Gibraltar Branch notes that out there they were having a "dry time" from a weather point of view. It would seem our summer has travelled in a southerly direction, although a good many would agree that it had "gone West." Still, it is nice to know it has been fine and dry somewhere.

The way of transgressors is hard, so 'tis written, but what must have seemed harder, at the time, was the lot of our Cricket Captain trying to raise a team on August 27th, the day Reading F.C. were playing at home to Chelsea. A team was originally got together (their names appeared on the notice boards, at any rate), but at the last moment some of the chosen "cried off," the match being scratched. Presumably, as they were ardent supporters of the Reading Football Club, they've cried on and off ever since as Reading were defeated on this occasion, and others.

At practice the morning after the visit of the Reading Football Club players (recorded in our last number) two footballs were kicked out of Elm Park. Apparently the air at the Brewery during their visit proved very bracing or it may have been some of the players found something with a "kick in it"!

We deplore the loss of Mr. W. Maddock, who died at the end of August, age 67, an old servant of the Firm. He was very fond of cricket, being quite a critic. When I first started at the Brewery he was in charge of the Carpenters' Shop and I had not been at work very long before I was sent to see him in regard to repairing a broken sliding shelf arrangement used in connection with the filing cabinet. I asked him, as instructed, if he would mend it. In all seriousness (so it seemed) he asked me if Mr. Louis (the late Mr. L. de L. Simonds) knew of the breakage. I replied "No." "Well," he said, "I shall have to report this to him, this is very

serious"; and I really believed he meant it. However, when some while later on I had to take another for repair and he asked me the same question, I came to the conclusion it was a stock phrase of his. We finished up very good friends for he offered to sharpen my pocket-knife and did the necessary!

He had been ill a considerable while.—*R.I.P.*

On the 3rd September some hundreds of khaki-clad soldiers (mostly Scottish) marched past the Brewery with bands playing, and created considerable interest. Not a few of the staff, when they heard the d-r-r-ums, pipes and pipe-rs, had, almost, a return of that "1914 feeling." The troops looked well, cheery and happy. They also, judging from their remarks, knew they were passing THE BREWERY.

During the Manœuvres we have been very busy supplying the military with our well-known products and quite a lot realised that there was a "war" on. The weather at the start was not too bad, but in the end the "war" had to be cancelled owing to the constant rain and due to the mud and wet it came to a sticky end. One has, however, heard of the "Battle of the Wets" before. In view of the fact that the modern soldier is found in aeroplanes, airships, tanks and many other kinds of mechanised transport, maybe in the future he will be provided with wings. One never knows; perhaps, in this case, his favourite song would be "I'll be an angel by and by"!

The H. & G. Simonds Ltd. swimming relay team entered the contest (and the water), held at the Kings Road Memorial Baths, Kings Road, Reading, on August 28th, but were defeated. The occasion was a swimming gala organised by Messrs. Huntley and Palmers Ltd. Our team was as follows:—Mr. R. P. Burton, Mr. F. Clarke, Mr. P. James and Mr. J. W. Hillier. Owing to a bad throat Mr. R. Gooch, who had been training for this event, was unable to take part, this being particularly unfortunate as he was "the hope of the side," so to speak. However, this is a start, and if an aquatic section is formed at the Brewery you will be duly advised in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE to join up early to be in the "swim."

The incident of the bail coming off and falling back again on to the cricket stumps, mentioned in our last issue, was duplicated in the Leicestershire v. Lancashire match, *vide* the *Athletic News*, dated 29th August, as follows:—

"But the most astonishing incident, illustrating Lancashire's ill-fortune, was that a fast one from Sibbles struck the off bail, which jumped up and came back to rest on the stumps. This escape befell Bradshaw when he was only seven. He went on . . . and scored 50."

Now for a few football notes. Reading F.C. have started rather badly and at the moment of writing have yet to record their first victory. We live in hopes, but feel sure that the team which reached the semi-final of the English Cup last year will prove to be as good as ever later on. We shall see. After the Chelsea match, when Reading were defeated, on the way home I saw a newspaper placard which read "Jimmy Wilde challenges the world." I couldn't help thinking it would be a good plan if he took on Chelsea for a start!

Mr. F. A. Simonds' evident interest in the Reading Football Club was strikingly confirmed when we learned from the *Football Chronicle* that W. McConnell, Reading's popular Irish International back, was going to Hythe as Mr. F. A. Simonds' guest for ten days in order to recuperate after having had throat trouble.

We football enthusiasts have been watching the progress of Portsmouth in their higher sphere and they have done very well. Swansea, too, are quite a power in the land and the Second Division. As regards Plymouth Argyle they seem to be having more "downs" than "ups." We have a Plymouth supporter here whose pet phrase is "Up the Argyle!" but if they do not improve he will have to alter this to "What's up with the Argyle." Another enthusiast seems to imagine Portsmouth to be THE football team and W. Haines the acme of football perfection as regards centre-forward play.

September 30th and the end of the financial year will have arrived ere our magazine sees the light of day. We already have the auditors here, the advance guard. The beginning of October will find us on overtime and in due course wrestling with the balances so we hope everywhere we get it right first time and that it has been a good year.

Just recently a Fordson tractor has been added to our transport (it looks so nice that there are no detractors). It will be used mainly for the conveyance of beers and stouts in tanks from the Brewery to the new bottling stores. It has also been pulling a trailer laden with beer and looks rather quaint in its new coat of red. What with steam wagons, petrol lorries, barges, trailers, horse vans and trains for the conveyance of the Firm's goods, we have to call on a variety of transport which is hard to beat. Perhaps the next addition will be an aeroplane—red, of course—and a cask of beer dropped from the skies with the aid of a parachute would certainly add to the gaiety of nations. Should, however, the cask hit anyone on the head in its flight it could not be truthfully said that there was "not a headache in a gallon." To make it a real success, presumably only *light beers* would be carried!

Two of the staff have recently been married, viz., Mr. H. E. Marston (Estates Office) and Mr. P. Luker (Cask Office). It is also understood that Mr. V. Saunders (Delivery Office) will follow their example in October. Good luck to all of them.

Last month's issue of THE GAZETTE was sold out; more are being printed this month.

W.D.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

When the visit was nearly ended, and it was time for the children to go, Lady Peel suddenly exclaimed: "Oh! but they must see Sir Robert! He would never allow them to go without seeing them." But the message came back that Sir Robert had given express orders that he was not to be disturbed. He was, in fact, preparing his last speech in the House of Commons for that night, that Speech of Peace, as he himself called it, or, as John Bright was to describe it hereafter, "that last, that beautiful, that most solemn speech," enjoining, as against the methods of our old diplomacy, the nobler and better way of peace on earth and goodwill among the nations.

So they could not see him! A great disappointment to the little party! It was time to go!

Just at that moment the door of the library suddenly opened, and in the doorway was to be seen the tall, commanding figure of Sir Robert Peel himself.

His look was grave, weighted down, as it were, by the forty years of statesmanship wherein he had served (and saved) the Commonwealth. But when he saw the children, his countenance brightened with a smile of pleasure—that radiant look, which long ago, in the flower of his manhood, the brush of Lawrence had caught so well.

And he bent down and kissed them, and bade them stay with him for a while. For his work was done.

PROMPT ST. JOHN AMBULANCE WORK.

A serious accident happened to a cyclist outside the Social Club, Bridge Street, last week. At the time, Mr. T. E. Howell, of the Town Division, St. John Ambulance Brigade, was going home to dinner. He rendered very valuable and prompt aid to the injured man, his work winning the admiration of several people who witnessed the accident.

ONE YEAR OLD.

THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE'S BIRTHDAY.

A FEW REFLECTIONS.

This being our Birthday number we may be pardoned for giving a few details concerning ourselves at this juncture and if we seem in a particularly happy frame of mind it must be remembered we are now one year old.

During the preliminaries before this Journal was launched there was just the query as to whether we should be a monthly or quarterly publication. The Editor (Mr. C. H. Perrin) knew only too well from his previous experience the amount of work entailed if it was to be made the former. It was, however, decided to make it a monthly publication. The success which has attended our brief life could not have been foreseen by the Editor, neither could he have known, at the start, the wealth of talent revealed since.

Judges, well qualified to know, say it is one of the best journals of its kind. From the very first number to date it has been full of interesting matter, ably written and appreciated by all, whether working on or off the Brewery. Little did we know before of the many social and sports activities of H. & G. Simonds Ltd., both at Reading and the Branches, etc., that have been unfolded, so to speak, before our eyes every month.

One important factor that has helped us in our initial year of existence has been that we have a really good Editor at the helm, who before coming to the Brewery spent most of his life in a journalistic capacity. That was half the battle.

From the Editorial notes to the last page there has been vim and snap in everything written and we have endeavoured to show that the Brewing Trade is a BIG industry and that Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. are holding their own in this and other countries. We have pleased our friends, we have not displeased our enemies. THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE has tried and succeeded in upholding the high ideals that have animated the Firm for over one hundred years. A year ago THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE was a wee babe, but to-day it is a lusty infant with a splendid circulation.

Now for a few items.

The first issue consisted of 40 pages and the last issue 64 pages, so, you see, we have grown in size. Altogether, for the year, 672 pages have been printed and over 150 photographs and drawings have illustrated the pages, five of the latter by our own Brewery artist, Mr. W. Giddy (Branch Department).

The following gentlemen have completed fifty years' service and over for the Firm during the past year and the account of the presentations in connection therewith have duly appeared in our Magazine:—Mr. H. F. Lindars (Estates Office), over sixty years (July, 1926); Mr. W. J. Roberts (Estates Office), over fifty years; Mr. J. D. Carter (Slough Branch), over fifty years; and Mr. A. Goodall (Farnborough Branch), over fifty years.

Some of those who have passed away during the year were as follows:—Mr. W. Crocker, Mr. J. Hunt, Mr. W. A. Lee, Mr. J. M. Dormor, Mr. W. Hughes, Mr. T. Howard, Mr. W. J. Morgan, Capt. E. J. Seal and Mr. Hasler.

A few of the outstanding articles written during the past year have been:—Memories; Nature Notes; In Central America; Account of Presentation to the Directors; Malta Island of Sunshine; History of Signboards; Recollection of the Old Canvas Depots, etc.; Thousand Miles on a Bicycle; the Test Match. From the foregoing it will be seen that we have had an eventful year and we have more than justified our existence.

[W. D. has modestly omitted his own entertaining contributions under the heading "Brewery Jottings."—*Editor.*]

The whole tone has been good, a high standard was set at the start and has been maintained in all issues since.

Our thanks are due and willingly given to all who have contributed the Branch notes at home and overseas. They have always been bright and interesting.

To our critics, who ever they may be, we would say: "Go thou and do *better*, if you can."

To our Editor we say: "Well done!"

In conclusion, we look forward to an even better year. Long may the Firm continue to prosper and THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE to thrive!

W.D.

"MANY HAPPY RETURNS."

GOOD WISHES FROM DIRECTORS AND OTHERS.

BEST HOPES FULLY REALISED.

The Editor and all connected with THE GAZETTE have been very gratified at the many compliments paid them regarding THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE on this the first anniversary of its birthday. We have been simply inundated with letters expressing very warm appreciation of the tone and contents of THE GAZETTE.

Below we give extracts from a few of the letters:—

FROM OUR REVERED CHAIRMAN.

About this time last year I was writing to invoke the help of all and sundry on behalf of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE and I admit that I did so with some hope and also with not a little trepidation concerning the future of our adventure. Would it be a "flash in the pan" and fizzle out after a few numbers, or would it receive adequate support from all Branches of the Firm at home and abroad?

I need hardly say that my fears have vanished, like mist before the morning sun, and that my best hopes and wishes have been fully realized.

Personally, I am greatly interested in our GAZETTE, and look forward to each succeeding number with the greatest pleasure and enjoyment.

On the first anniversary of its appearance I cannot do less than wish "Many Happy Returns of the Day." To THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, to its Editor and contributors and lastly, but perhaps not least, to its readers, wherever they may be found on earth, air or water, may they each and all have a prosperous and happy year before them, full of useful work combined with enjoyable and profitable recreation. Under the latter heading, of course, we include contributing to and reading THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. Long may it prosper!

G. BLACKALL-SIMONDS,

Chairman.

September 15th, 1927.

WELL RECEIVED AT HOME AND ABROAD.

My birthday greetings to THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE which, during its first year, has more than justified my confidence in recommending to the Directors that such a periodical should be started.

My warmest congratulations to the Editor, Manager and contributors. I have been deeply impressed during my many travels at home and abroad in the past year by the reception which has been accorded it by thousands of not only customers but many people totally unconnected with the Trade who are interested in its bright features.

F. A. SIMONDS,

Managing Director.

A LADY'S GREETING.

Birthday greetings to THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. May it continue to grow and flourish, throwing out its tendrils to be eagerly welcomed in every part of the world where the name of H. & G. Simonds is known.

(Mrs.) C. M. CAVERSHAM SIMONDS.

Wellesbourne Hall,
Warwickshire.

A CANON'S GOOD WISHES.

I understand that THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE celebrates the first anniversary of its birthday in October. I venture to send my good wishes. I always enjoy reading THE HOP LEAF and learning of the many activities of the Firm to which I owe much in connection with my work in Reading. I have had the happiest connections with "H. & G.'s" for many years. Long may THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE flourish!

FITZWILLIAM J. C. GILLMOR.

It was with much pleasure I read your most interesting magazine, THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, and I thank you for placing my dear father's photo in last month's issue. I have never seen a more witty or useful book to the Trade and I hope and trust that you will continue to produce it for the benefit of those people in and out of the Trade who are fortunate enough to obtain a copy.

Many happy returns! May THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE continue to do the good work so ably done in its infancy and attain the ripe old age of 88 not out as my beloved father has done.

White Hart Hotel,
Reading.

P. T. CRISP.

I learn with much interest from the September number of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE that you celebrate your first anniversary next month, and hasten to tender my heartiest congratulations to you on the very excellently written articles on so many varied subjects, which, indeed, have been a source of interest to numerous readers like myself, quite apart from the licensing community. It seems hardly possible that this delightful journal is only a year old!

May you continue to flourish is the wish of

FRANK LEWIS.

Church Lane,
Three Mile Cross.

EXCELLENT AND INSTRUCTIVE LITTLE PUBLICATION.

May I, as a comparatively new comer to the ranks of the "Hop Leaf" members, offer my heartiest congratulations on the first anniversary of the publication of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

I find it an excellent and instructive little publication, and one that does much to enable me to take more than a zealous interest in the activities and doings of the Firm. Of course, the various reports from the Branches are invaluable as they encourage us all to be always up and doing our best to uphold the "Hop Leaf" tradition.

The sport notes recall many happy hours, whilst the various historical notes, nature studies, etc., tend to give THE GAZETTE a much wider scope than most business house journals enjoy.

Wishing THE GAZETTE all the success it undoubtedly deserves, and hoping that it will see many, many more anniversaries.

G.H.M.

WHAT "THE READING STANDARD" SAYS.

The September number of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE is an excellent production and includes, in addition to brightly written reports of the many social activities at the Brewery, some admirably written articles on a variety of interesting topics. Next month THE GAZETTE will celebrate its first birthday, and we tender in advance the warmest congratulations to our young and sturdy contemporary on the very gratifying measure of success which it has achieved since its entry into the field of local journalism.

SOMETHING WELL WORTH READING.

As a regular reader of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, I should like to send greetings for its first anniversary; also a message of appreciation of this little journal. I look for each monthly issue with great eagerness, always finding within its pages something well worth reading—yes! and digesting. One would like to mention especially your little paragraph in last month's issue:—"The little fellow came into the world as an ambassador with the idea of spreading goodwill at home and abroad."

This, surely, is a high and good aim for any new venture, and one which is bound to achieve its purpose.

A REGULAR READER.

A BIRTHDAY ODE TO "THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE."

Here's hearty "congrats" to you, bright little paper,

On having completed your first year of test,

And proved that, though young, you can wordily caper,

Through columns of print with an eloquent zest.

'Tis rare that an infant has from the beginning

Shown that its life is so spirited set,

Or smiled through its contents in manner so winning

As that you display in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

The primary steps in all publishing channels

Are often but weak and of faltering kind,

But you started off, well equipped, in the flannels

Provided by parent with purposeful mind.

The tidings of friends and the chatty trade topics,

Told 'neath the crest of a red floweret

Should bring you admirers from Iceland to Tropics,

And make you ere long quite a famous gazette.

Of course, there are croakers who grieve that your pages

Give news of the genial host and his guest,

Forgetting that good men throughout all the ages

Have found in the hostel a welcome and rest;

But things that are good need not fear carping censure,

For worth will aye conquer though critics beset,

And that "hops" can succeed in a publishing venture

Is proved by the vim of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

So here's to your growth in the world of endeavour,

With wishes sincere for continued success;

May shadow of trouble loom over you never,

And may your own shadow too, never grow less!

Good things for the palate deserve advocating,

And so we who value them feel in your debt

For, in diction so able and pleasing, narrating

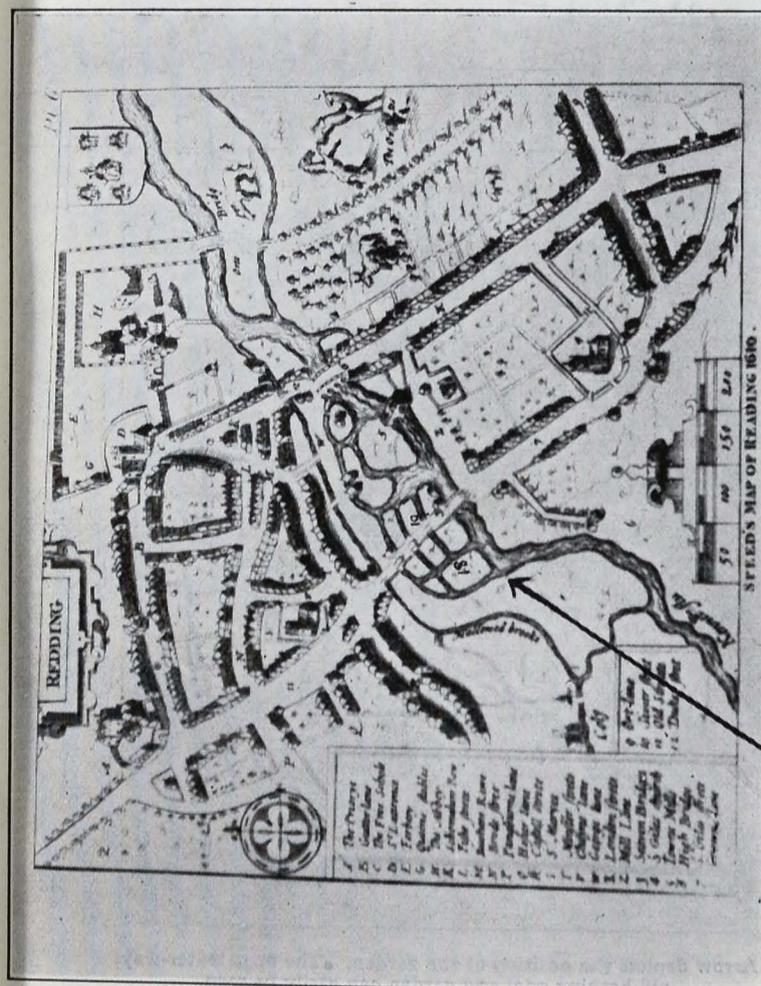
The news that we find in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

THE NIB.

THE ADVANCE OF TIME.

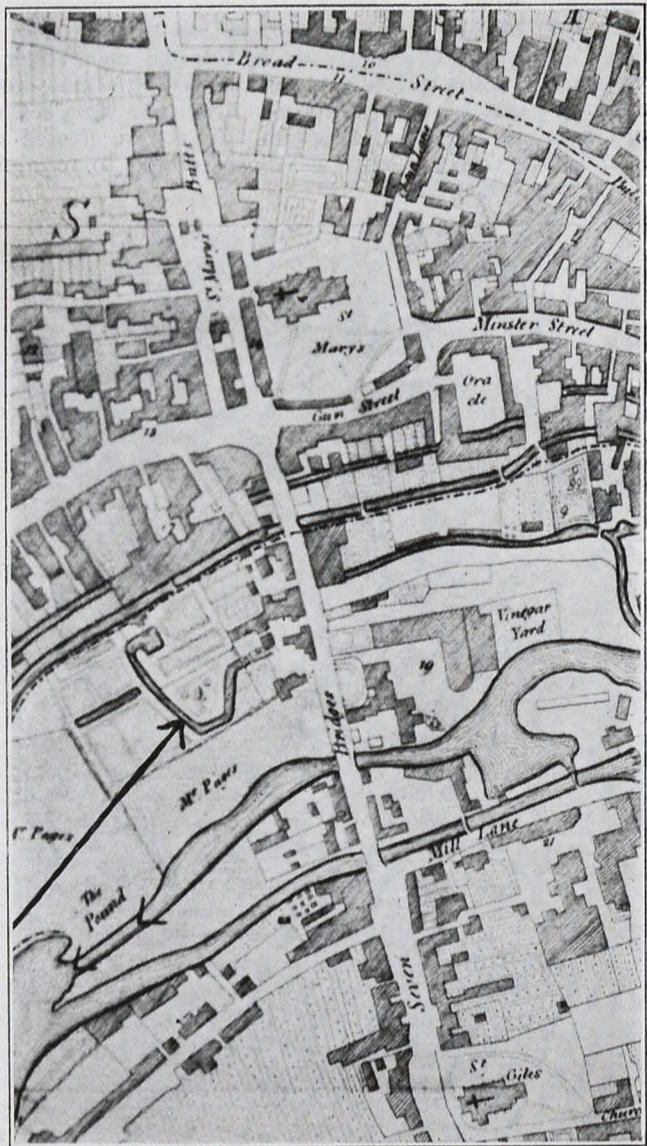
FROM BOG TO FACTORY.

On the south-west of the old town of "Redding," between the River Kennet and St. Mary's Church was a low-lying and boggy meadow which, in those turbulent days, protected this part of the old hamlet from invasion, but as time went on and "Redding" increased in size roads had to be made over this swampy ground to connect the main town with the high ground on the south. One of these roads ran from St. Mary's Church to Mount Pleasant and over the swamp there were erected seven bridges and the necessary waterways constructed to reclaim the swamp. (Plan—1610).

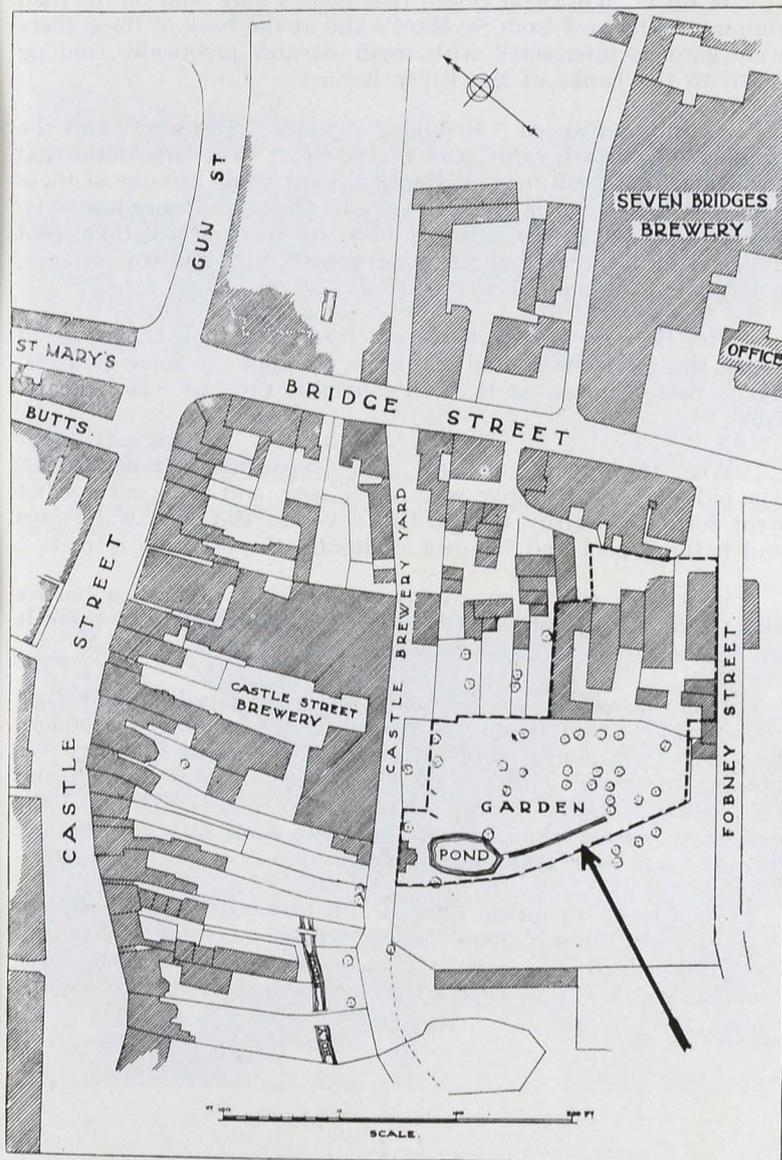


The arrow pointing to the centre of the plan denotes the position of the Brewery. No. 18 is the new Bottling Stores and No. 19 the main Brewery. On this plan will also be seen three arches over the main river and four others over the various streams, from which the street derives its name of "Seven Bridges."

Buildings gradually sprang up along the road and the old waterways were either done away with, covered in by culverts, or bricked up and left open. (Plan—1802).



Arrow depicts the position of the garden. The open water-way, old bathing pool and garden can easily be seen.



Plan taken from an old Ordnance Map dated 1887 distinctly showing the garden, water-ways, the Seven Bridges Brewery and the old Offices.

In the reign of Good Queen Bess houses were built on the road running south-west from St. Mary's and at the back of these there were gardens intersected with small streams practically running down to the banks of the River Kennet.

As time advanced "Redding" became "Reading" and the original outskirts became part of the heart of a large industrial town, but there still remained until a short while ago one of these gardens which struggled for existence on the ancient meadow level, having an old-world air with two open streams and a bathing pool amongst its beauties, but surrounded with ultra-modern cottages, a large and a small Brewery. (*Plan—1887*).

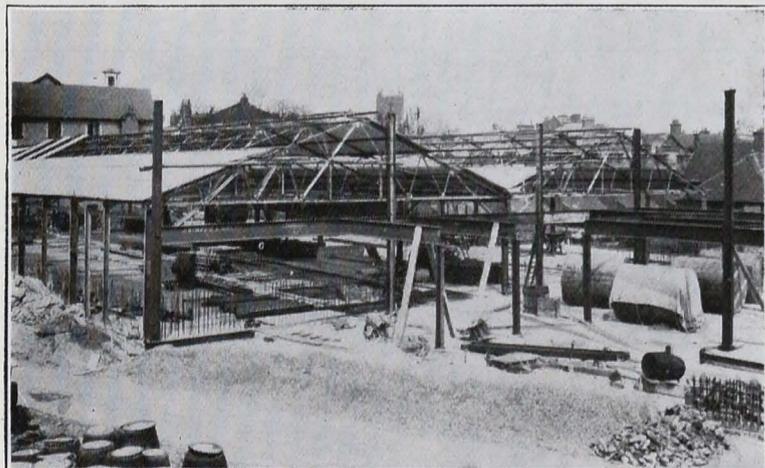
The Brewery in which we are interested took the name of Seven Bridges Brewery and still bears this name in some quarters, but is better known as H. & G. Simonds Ltd., of "Hop Leaf" fame.

With the advance of time came expansion and new ideas. The old, alas! had to give way to the new, and in 1922 the edict went forth to destroy the garden, cover in the open waterways and bathing pool and for ever obliterate the old-time retreat.

In a very short time thousands of loads of broken bottles and thousands of loads of ashes poured on to the site to bring it up to the levels of the surrounding ground.

The waterways and bathing pool were piped in and then started the consolidation of the ground for the building of a modern factory. Two months slipped by and the mud of Flanders was nothing compared with the mud and mess of consolidation and the rolling with the 7- and 12-ton steam rollers to obtain the necessary bottom required. At last this work was finished and all was again order and cleanliness.

Then came an inroad of men and materials, large dumps of sand, shingle, railway lines, and a tangled mass of girders and steel rods which were soon marshalled into order and the large building which was to be erected on this spot started to assume shape.



Showing the site, with St. Mary's Church in the distance and the Castle Brewery on the left.

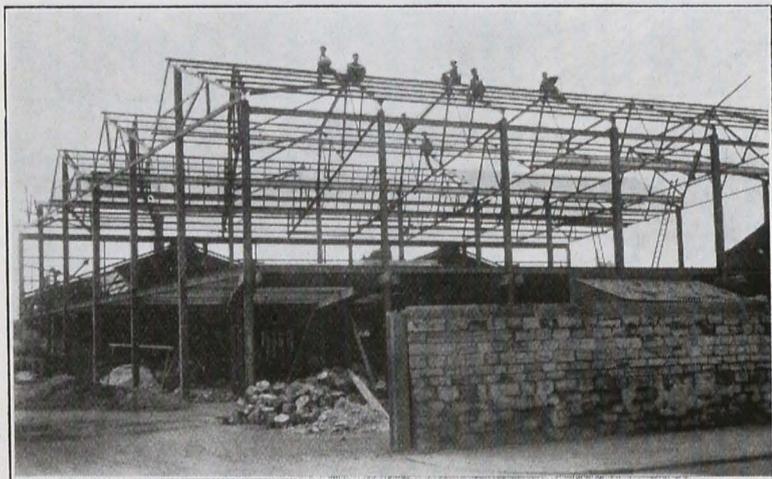


Looking towards the river Kennet.

The above photographs are reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. A. D. Dawnay & Son, Steel Work Contractors, Battersea.



Through one span of new Bottling Store showing the old Castle Brewery in the distance.



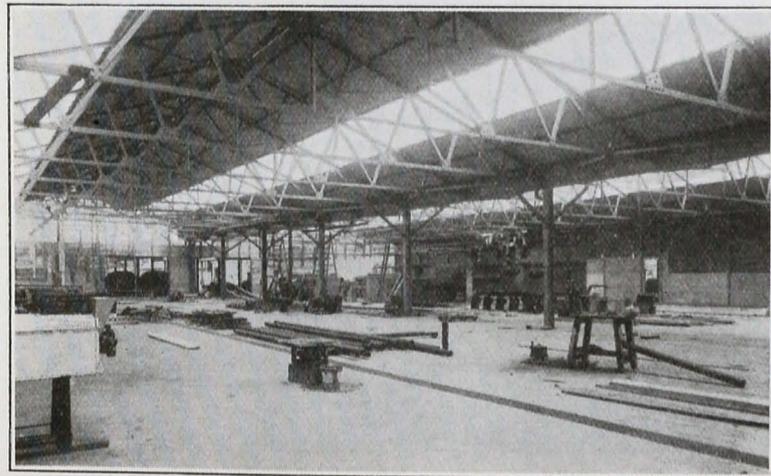
Steelwork of the first floor in course of erection.



The foundations of steel rods for the reinforced concrete for first floor.

Sixty-three miles of steel rods were laid one foot apart all over the ground, which was covered with concrete 12 inches in depth to form the foundation for the super-structure and to take the heavy machinery that was to be installed. The dimensions of the main buildings are approximately 223 feet long by 125 feet wide and another at right angles to this 140 feet wide and 143 feet long, having a total area of 50,000 square feet.

Soon the buildings were sufficiently finished and furnishing was started with some of the most modern plant for bottling beer yet invented.



Bottling machinery in course of erection.

Again commenced a turmoil, clashing of hammers, sawing of steel, erecting of electric mains, hot and cold water pipes, great pieces of machinery, weighing from 10 to 15 tons each, fitting of guards, lifts, boring of wells, installing communication between one section and another, each link in the chain now in its proper place and ready to carry out its own particular duty in turning out the bottles of beer to be sent to all parts of the Globe.

Thirty years ago (within easy knowledge of many on the firm) all the bottling was done in a small cellar (since demolished) by Mr. Wm. Toms, who washed the bottles on a treadle machine and, with the help of two or three boys, filled them, he afterwards doing the corking himself.

Then came the expansion of this Branch which very shortly grew, as a young child grows, into a boy, new stores had to be built and when the removal came to this palatial building in 1910 the trade did not seem to warrant the new venture, but as children will grow, so did this Branch. Was it the constant feeding with S.B.A., Tiger stout or milk stout, or what? At any rate, owing to the standard of the goods and their superior quality and palate our friends, the public, deemed it necessary to force an even greater venture on the firm, and now the old "new store" is just as inadequate as the one-time cellar and the treadle machine.

After much thought and visiting various places for the most up-to-date ideas, our Head Brewer collected all the information necessary to put forward for the great extensions that were made imperative to keep up with the public demand, and to deal with the ever-increasing trade in England, the Colonies and elsewhere. Now we enter on a new decade when the boy has grown to a lad, bordering on manhood, with such rapidity that it is a wonder to all who have to deal with him, and in the near future a giant will be in our midst whose appetite can now be fully appeased.

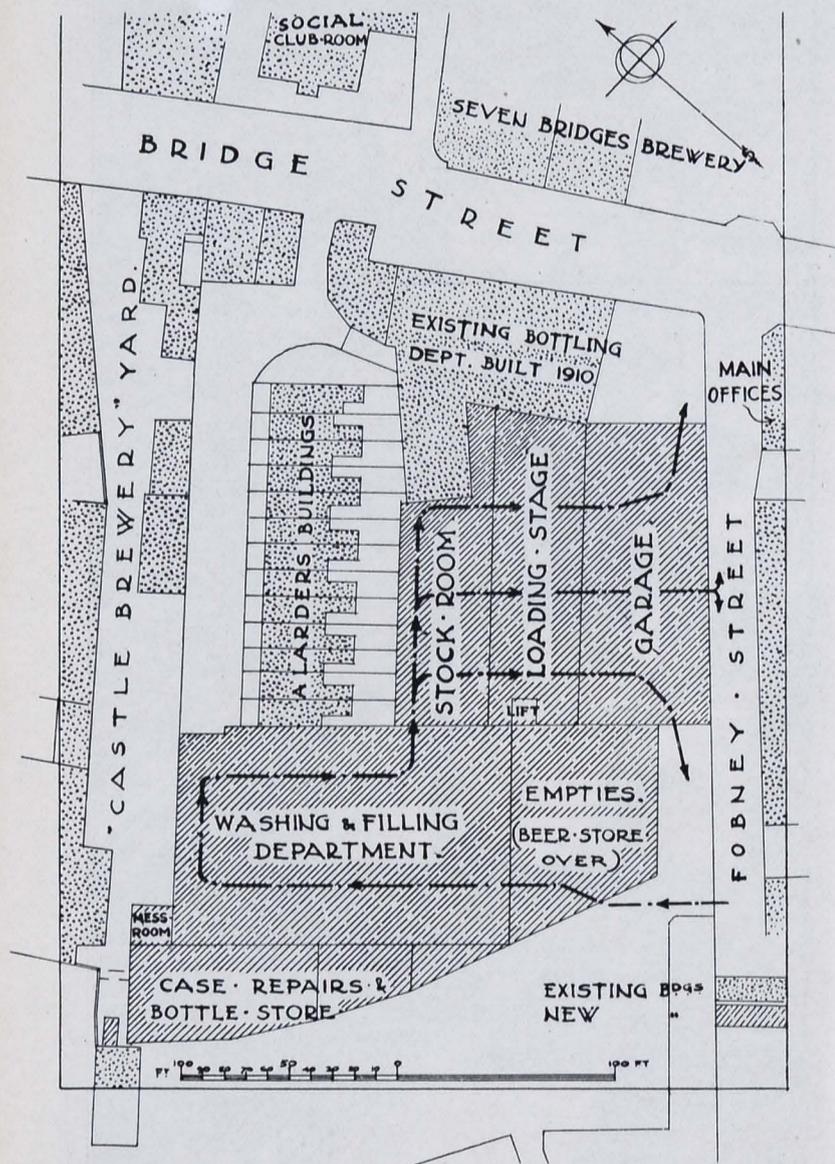
The machinery from the one-time treadle machine has grown, and the best way to explain it is to refer you to the photos with its glass-lined receptacles, Miller hydro washers, conveyors, bottling machinery, crown corkers, labellers, etc.



First floor bottling machinery completed and ready for working.



Main bottling machinery on second floor, taken from the first floor.



Plan of site 1927, showing the new Bottling Store and the course of the Beer, etc., indicated by the arrowed line, Main Offices, Castle Brewery Yard, Social Club and part of the Brewery.

The beer enters the Bottling Store by means of large glass-lined road tanks from the main Brewery. It is pumped into glass-lined receptacles on the first floor and is then treated and run to the fillers. At this point it is met by the empty clean bottles which are conveyed from the empty dump to the Miller hydro washers and thence to the fillers. The full bottles are then labelled and passed to the Store Rooms ready for delivery by rail, road or water. The course of the work is indicated on the plan 1927 by a black arrowed line.

The additional plant is capable of turning out 8,000 to 9,000 bottles *per hour* and, when necessary, this output can be doubled or trebled.

Owing to the enormous annual increase in the sales of the Firm's bottled beers and stouts, it has been decided to retain the existing plants both at the present Bottling Stores and at the Castle Brewery.

A.S.D.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I understand a short article on the new Bottling Stores is appearing in this month's HOP LEAF GAZETTE and, as one who can speak with some inside knowledge, I should like to supplement it by stating that Captain Drewe, the writer of this article, deserves all the credit for planning and carrying out the additions and alterations to our Bottling Stores not only in Reading, but at London, Hythe, Devonport and Woking.

C. W. STOCKER.

Don't forget the Dance arranged by H. & G. Simonds' Retailers Society, which is to be held at Olympia on November 9th.

No life's so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler, for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, the statesman in preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams which glide so gently by us.

JOURNALISTS AT READING BREWERY.

BY ALBERT E. JACKSON, *Editor "Morning Advertiser."*

I have been asked to give my impressions of Simonds' Brewery at Reading after an afternoon's inspection with a party of Pressmen and Women during the Conference of the Institute of Journalists at the end of August. I had the honour on that occasion of representing Mr. Charles Igglesden, J.P., the President of the Institute, who was unable to attend for the simple reason that the hospitality of Reading was so great that he was invited to be in four places at the same hour, and he found it a physical impossibility to fulfil all his engagements. No one regretted more than I did that he was unable to visit the Brewery. He is a man of unbounded urbanity, and what is more to the point, perhaps, besides being the Editor and Managing Director of Kent's best known County newspaper he is Chairman of the Licensing Justices of the Ashford Division.

Of course, nothing in the nature of a critical report could be expected from so short a visit, but as there is a similarity about all breweries which differences in nationality cannot change, the practised observer can see at a glance if all is well. In my opinion, all is well at the Reading Brewery. Every Directors' board-room introduces you, metaphorically speaking, to the founder and his successors, and in every brewery the eight distinct processes in the making of beer are carried out, but in almost every brewery also these processes, or some of them, must vary according to local conditions and the water supply. On the surface, however, all breweries bear a family likeness, especially the most up-to-date ones, and the art of the brewer in providing for local conditions is a detail the majority of visitors would not appreciate.

I believe that many of the members of our party were new to breweries, and that some believed that all sorts of concoctions were resorted to in the making of beer. The impression conveyed to the mind of one intelligent observer was that the process was simple—almost homely—but yet a wonderfully natural evolution. That afternoon's visit served the useful purpose of correcting many false impressions in the minds of some of us, and left most in wonderment at the changes which simple treatment can stimulate in a barley corn.

On one point we were all agreed, and that was that Mr. F. A. Simonds, who acted as the chief guide to the party, was a splendid specimen of a Brewer, a sportsman, and a gentleman. We left the Brewery conscious that we had enjoyed an instructive afternoon, that we were wiser people, that the Brewery was an example of cleanliness and good management, and that Simonds' Ales deserve the high reputation they hold, not only in the South of England but in many distant parts of the world.

THE SOCIAL CLUB.

CRICKET.

REVIEW OF THE SEASON.

Last month's notes ended with the remark that one more game remained to be played and reported. As it turned out we had already finished our programme. Cold Ash were our intended victims, or perhaps it would be better to say guests. After getting our team together and broadcasting same, the counter-claims of the Reading-Chelsea "footer" match proved too strong for the end of our season and although every effort was made to fill the breaches made in our defences, it was found impossible to do so. We were therefore reluctantly compelled to wire our regrets that we were not able to fulfil the fixture.

The old trite saying that "Time and tide wait for no man" is as true to-day as when first uttered, and the lapse of time led the writer into an error last month. In commenting on the 2nd XI. match with the Junior Conservatives, the remark was made that one of our opponents was an "S.B." Well, that is true, he *was*, but no longer is, having left the Firm some time since. His absence "off parade" was not noticed.

LACK OF LOCAL SUPPORT.

In "W.D.'s" admirable narration on the game just referred to he speaks of the lack of local support on that occasion. We have often wondered where all the members get to on Saturday afternoons. We can assure him that they do not all follow the first team; in fact, we should welcome a few more ourselves. We said in our first issue that we endeavour to play the game in the right spirit and win or lose we keep smiling and congratulate or commiserate with our opponents. In our away matches, when the lorry is available, we can always accommodate six supporters.

For those interested in figures, the results of games and averages are given below:—

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

2ND XI.—Played 12, won 1, lost 11.

Three matches of the 1st XI. and two of the 2nd XI. were scratched owing to the inclemency of the weather and the reason given in our opening paragraph.

AVERAGES: 1ST XI.

| BATTING. | Innings. | Runs. | Most in Innings. | Times Not Out. | Average. |
|--------------------|----------|-------|------------------|----------------|----------|
| C. H. Perrin ... | 7 | 118 | 36 | 2 | 23·6 |
| J. H. Wadhams ... | 9 | 117 | 40 | — | 13·0 |
| A. E. Croom ... | 13 | 96 | 25 | 2 | 8·72 |
| P. James ... | 10 | 69 | 32 | — | 6·9 |
| T. Bartholomew ... | 13 | 88 | 21 | — | 6·76 |
| A. G. Rider ... | 11 | 67 | 17 | — | 6·09 |
| G. H. Mancey ... | 12 | 70 | 33 | 2 | 5·83 |
| F. Collins ... | 9 | 40 | 13 | 2 | 5·71 |
| J. W. Jelley ... | 10 | 36 | 9 | 3 | 5·14 |
| J. Rumens ... | 10 | 43 | 12 | — | 4·3 |
| H. Osborne ... | 9 | 29 | 12 | — | 3·22 |

The following also played in three or less matches:—

| | Innings. | Runs. | Most in Innings. | Times Not Out. |
|----------------------|----------|-------|------------------|----------------|
| F. W. Freeman ... | 3 | 8 | 7 | — |
| C. L. Langton ... | 2 | 7 | 6 | — |
| F. S. Hawkins ... | 2 | 4 | 3 | — |
| — Knott ... | 1 | 8 | 8* | 1 |
| H. Woolcott ... | 1 | 5 | 5 | — |
| W. Dunster ... | 1 | 2 | 2 | — |
| T. Osborne ... | 1 | 0 | 0 | — |
| R. P. Burton ... | 3 | 7 | 3 | 1 |
| S. Bird ... | 2 | 1 | 1* | 2 |
| J. Hillier ... | 1 | 5 | 5 | — |
| J. Cholwill ... | 1 | 3 | 3 | — |
| W. Sparks ... | 1 | 5 | 5 | — |
| — Philpott ... | 1 | 3 | 3 | — |
| G. Smith ... | 1 | 0 | 0 | — |
| E. S. Phipps ... | 2 | 62 | 50 | — |
| J. Benford ... | 2 | 2 | 2 | — |
| R. Waite ... | 2 | 2 | 2 | — |
| J. E. C. Rowland ... | 1 | 1 | 1 | — |
| T. King ... | 1 | 0 | 0 | — |
| J. Doe ... | 1 | 1 | 1 | — |

| BOWLING. | Overs. | Maidens. | Runs. | Wickets. | Average. |
|------------------|--------|----------|-------|----------|----------|
| G. H. Mancey ... | 129·5 | 47 | 215 | 41 | 5·243 |
| C. H. Perrin ... | 37 | 6 | 116 | 18 | 6·44 |
| A. E. Croom ... | 130·4 | 30 | 307 | 31 | 9·903 |
| F. Collins ... | 28·1 | 3 | 82 | 7 | 11·714 |
| J. W. Jelley ... | 25 | 2 | 89 | 6 | 14·833 |
| J. Rumens ... | 42·4 | 5 | 182 | 10 | 18·2 |

The following also bowled in less than three matches:—

| | Overs. | Maidens. | Runs. | Wickets. | Average. |
|-------------------|--------|----------|-------|----------|----------|
| E. S. Phipps ... | 6 | 1 | 17 | 1 | — |
| H. Osborne ... | 13·5 | — | 33 | 4 | — |
| F. S. Hawkins ... | 2 | — | 22 | — | — |

AVERAGES: 2ND XI.

| BATTING. | Innings. | Runs. | Most in Innings. | Times Not Out. | Average. |
|-------------------|----------|-------|------------------|----------------|----------|
| R. Waite ... | 7 | 77 | 31 | — | 11· |
| — Clark ... | 12 | 45 | 11 | 3 | 5 |
| W. Bolton ... | 6 | 22 | 14 | — | 3·66 |
| — Poole ... | 11 | 33 | 21 | 1 | 3·3 |
| F. S. Hawkins ... | 11 | 35 | 8 | — | 3·18 |
| R. Broad ... | 8 | 22 | 13 | — | 2·75 |
| C. B. Cox ... | 7 | 16 | 9 | 1 | 2·66 |
| — Philpott ... | 6 | 13 | 4 | — | 2·16 |
| G. Smith ... | 7 | 9 | 5 | 2 | 1·8 |
| B. W. Brooker ... | 9 | 11 | 4 | 1 | 1·37 |
| — Patrick ... | 7 | 4 | 3 | — | ·59 |

The following played in three matches and less than six:—

| | Innings. | Runs. | Most in Innings. | Times Not Out. | Average. |
|------------------|----------|-------|------------------|----------------|----------|
| G. Benford ... | 4 | 15 | 7 | — | 3·75 |
| J. B. Doe ... | 4 | 10 | 6 | — | 2·5 |
| R. P. Burton ... | 4 | 9 | 4 | — | 2·25 |
| J. Tift ... | 3 | 4 | 3 | — | 1·33 |
| — Kirk ... | 5 | 4 | 2 | — | ·8 |
| C. Bernard ... | 4 | 0 | 0 | 2 | — |

The following played in less than three matches:—

| | Innings. | Runs. | Most in Innings. | Times Not Out. |
|------------------|----------|-------|------------------|----------------|
| J. Hillier ... | 2 | 10 | 10 | — |
| G. Lawrence ... | 2 | 1 | 1 | — |
| C. Waller ... | 1 | 1 | 1 | — |
| J. Edgington ... | 2 | 4 | 3 | 1 |
| — Knott ... | 1 | 10 | 10 | 1 |
| T. King ... | 1 | 0 | 0 | — |
| — Aldridge ... | 2 | 5 | 4 | — |
| H. Goatley ... | 1 | 1 | 0 | — |
| P. Luker ... | 1 | 0 | 0 | — |

| BOWLING. | Runs. | Wickets. | Overs. | Maidens. | Average. |
|--------------|-------|----------|--------|----------|----------|
| R. Broad ... | 143 | 35 | 67 | 15 | 4·85 |
| — Clark ... | 183 | 37 | 87 | 11 | 4·94 |
| G. Smith ... | 68 | 11 | 23 | — | 6·18 |

The following bowled in more than two and less than six matches:—

| | Runs. | Wickets. | Overs. | Maidens. | Average. |
|-------------------|-------|----------|--------|----------|----------|
| — Philpott ... | 43 | 6 | 14 | 1 | 7·16 |
| G. Benford ... | 55 | 7 | 24 | 3 | 7·85 |
| F. S. Hawkins ... | 74 | 7 | 19 | — | 10·57 |
| R. Waite ... | 43 | 2 | 14 | — | 21·5 |

The following also bowled:—

| | Runs. | Wickets. | Overs. | Maidens. |
|------------------|-------|----------|--------|----------|
| J. Edgington ... | 9 | 3 | 4 | — |
| J. Hillier ... | 16 | 1 | 7 | — |

TWO "HAT TRICKS."

As will be seen by the foregoing, C.H.P. (our hardworking and genial skip) heads the batting, thanks to several good smacks and being twice undefeated with a good score on the credit side. In addition to his batting achievements, we have to record a performance of the "hat trick," a fact that had escaped his notice until congratulations were showered upon him. Croom also did the trick and was naturally heartily congratulated by his colleagues.

G. H. Mancey heads the bowling, his work with the ball being consistently good throughout the season. On one occasion he got four wickets in one over, but, unfortunately, a blank ball intervened and the "hat trick" did not come off. We join him in his regrets over his ill-luck with the bat. Only during two matches did Dame Fortune smile on him and he did show us then what he is capable of doing.

Mr. Phipps has the honour of being the only one to get fifty for us this season and had it not been for the slow outfield the score would have been much higher, as many hits only resulted in singles which ought to have been twos and threes, if not boundaries.

MOST IMPROVED PLAYER.

The most improved player in the premier team is, undoubtedly, Percy James. His fielding always has been top-notch. Keen as mustard and always on the alert, he saves many runs every match and has a very safe pair of hands. We can assure him his colleagues only sympathise with him when a catch is not held. We do not expect him to hold *everything* that is going his way.

Bert Croom has not been quite so happy on the cricket field this season. We hope now he has joined the noble army of benedicts he will be happy in his new sphere of life as well as when with us and that many runs and wickets will fall to his share.

"Chub" Rider has again proved what a good "sticker" can do when sent in first. A new nickname will have to be found if he has many more innings like the one at Wargrave, when 11 runs were garnered in an hour and forty minutes. How would "Brick-wall" suit?

J. H. Wadhams, who comes second in the batting, had a few lean innings, otherwise he would probably have been sitting on top. His forty in the first match of the season, against the Factory bowling, showed what he can do. He is also to be credited with a "top score," for not many batsmen can show eight runs for one hit (no overthrows).

LOTTIE KNOWS!

Bartholomew, Osborne and Rumens had a lean season. It is not often that "Bart" collects an egg on three consecutive Saturdays—no presentations were made. In fact, only one gift was made and Lottie knows all about that! Joe Rumens could not get hold of the ball at all when sending up his notorious slows or when trying to hit the other fellow's.

In addition to eleven more or less regular players, we called on twenty other members to play for the first team during the past season.

THE SECOND STRING.

R. Waite heads the Seconds' batting list and but for bad luck towards the end would have shown much better figures. His nearest rival was Clark, who, in turn, just heads Reg. Broad off the bowling championship. In one respect Clark beats the First bowlers, as during one match he got four wickets off successive balls and on that occasion his figures were 15 runs, 7 wickets, 7 overs. Even then his team were defeated, mainly owing to the "tail" lashing out.

Frank Hawkins again led the Seconds and got the best out of the ability at his disposal. A little more support, both active and following, would lighten his task considerably.

One promising player was lost off his list this year. After participating in four matches, George Benford accepted a post at Hythe and we hope to hear of him assisting the ever-blooming "Rose" down South. The talent is there and only wants bringing out.

R. Broad would have been found in the 1st XI. had he been able to accept the invitations to play, but our loss was the Second's gain as his bowling was a great asset to them.

Twenty-five players in all assisted the Seconds, eleven of whom were more or less regular. It is, of course, a great advantage to have a more or less stable eleven, but with holidays and other causes intervening that is out of the question and then the others get their chance. It is then up to them to strive for a more regular position in the team. Both teams, obviously, can do with new talent and are always willing to help anyone along.

PRACTICE.

Whenever business permitted Croom was to be found at the practice nets, spending practically all the evening in coaching. His efforts in this direction are, in the opinion of the Executive, either not realised or not taken full advantage of. It is not everybody who would devote two evenings per week to assist other people, and we only wish his coaching would have shown better results. Maybe the seed he sowed will blossom next year.

It is too early yet to produce a balance sheet, but our balance to be carried forward to 1928 should show a good increase on the start of 1927.

Whilst passing Prospect Park we noticed preparation for next year's cricket pitches being made. The holes are apparently being filled in and marl distributed. We hope we may find them in good order and take full advantage of the sites allotted to us.

J.W.J.

THE WINTER PROGRAMME.

We are now entering into what is known as the "Club Season" and before the next issue of this Gazette is published, shall be well advanced in the Winter programme, a copy of which is given. Notice of other events, the dates of which are not yet fixed, will be published in this journal, as, and when, arrangements are made. We are hoping to arrange for a home and home match with the Bradfield Comrades Club.

The date given for the Annual Dinner is only provisional, as this is left to the convenience of our President, Mr. F. A. Simonds. Although great interest and enthusiasm were displayed last season in the Departmental Tournaments, it is confidently anticipated that even greater keenness will be found among the respected teams to win the coveted "Directors' Cup" and the "Frank Lindars Cup," the latter being held by the "runners-up."

Mr. C. W. Stocker has again offered a prize for the winner of the Billiards Handicap, which is commencing early in this month, and a prize is also given to the "runner-up." Mr. Stocker has given a prize for a Billiards Handicap for so many years, that it is now looked upon as an annual event, and has done much towards bringing hidden billiards players to the notice of the Club members, and recruited new members for the respective teams in the Reading Billiards League.

Last season we had visits from members of various clubs from all parts of the country who were making trips to Reading in connection with the football matches; we look forward to having an opportunity of meeting these friends again this winter and extend a hearty invitation to any club who would care to arrange a Games Tournament in the evening after the football match is over, or if time does not allow of many games being played we shall be pleased to have their company for as long as the time at their disposal permits.

FIXTURES FOR SEASON 1927-28.

| | | | |
|------------|------|----------|---|
| 1927. | | | |
| Monday, | 3rd | October. | Billiards League. |
| Wednesday, | 5th | " | Whist Drive |
| Friday, | 7th | " | Departmental Tournament—Transport v. Building |
| Monday | 10th | " | Billiards League |
| Wednesday, | 12th | " | Whist Drive |
| Friday, | 14th | " | Departmental Tournament—Coopers v. The Rest |
| Monday, | 17th | " | Billiards League |
| Wednesday, | 19th | " | Whist Drive |
| Thursday, | 20th | " | Games Tournament with Members of H. & G.S. Tied Tenants Society |
| Monday, | 24th | " | Billiards League |
| Wednesday, | 26th | " | Whist Drive |
| Friday, | 28th | " | Departmental Tournament—Offices v. Transport |
| Monday, | 31st | " | Billiards League |
| Wednesday, | 2nd | November | Whist Drive |
| Monday, | 7th | " | Billiards League |
| Wednesday, | 9th | " | Whist Drive |
| Friday, | 11th | " | Departmental Tournament—Coopers v. Building |
| Monday, | 14th | " | Billiards League |
| Wednesday, | 16th | " | Whist Drive |
| Monday, | 21st | " | Billiards League |
| Wednesday, | 23rd | " | Whist Drive |
| Friday, | 25th | " | Departmental Tournaments—Cellars v. Transport |
| Monday, | 28th | " | Billiards League |
| Wednesday, | 30th | " | Whist Drive |
| Friday, | 2nd | December | Games Tournament with Police Club |
| Monday, | 5th | " | Billiards League |
| Wednesday, | 7th | " | Whist Drive |
| Friday, | 9th | " | Departmental Tournament—Offices v. Building |
| Monday, | 12th | " | Billiards League |
| Wednesday, | 14th | " | Whist Drive |
| Friday, | 16th | " | Departmental Tournament—Coopers v. The Cellars |
| Monday, | 19th | " | Billiards League |
| Wednesday, | 21st | " | Whist Drive |
| Wednesday, | 28th | " | Whist Drive |
| Friday, | 30th | " | Departmental Tournament—Cellars v. The Offices |

| | | |
|------------|--------------|--|
| 1928. | | |
| Monday, | 2nd January | Billiards League |
| Wednesday, | 4th " | Whist Drive |
| Friday, | 6th " | Departmental Tournament—Rest v. Transport |
| Saturday, | 7th " | Children's Xmas Treat |
| Monday, | 9th " | Billiards League |
| Wednesday, | 11th " | Whist Drive |
| Friday, | 13th " | Departmental Tournament—Offices v. Coopers |
| Monday, | 16th " | Annual Dinner |
| Wednesday, | 18th " | Whist Drive |
| Friday, | 20th " | Departmental Tournament—Cellars v. Building |
| Monday, | 23rd " | Billiards League |
| Wednesday, | 25th " | Whist Drive |
| Friday, | 27th " | Departmental Tournament—Rest v. The Offices |
| Monday, | 30th " | Billiards League |
| Wednesday, | 1st February | Whist Drive |
| Friday, | 3rd " | Departmental Tournament—Transport v. Coopers |
| Monday, | 6th " | Billiards League |
| Wednesday, | 8th " | Whist Drive |
| Friday, | 10th " | Departmental Tournament—Building v. The Rest |
| Monday, | 13th " | Billiards League |
| Wednesday, | 15th " | Whist Drive |
| Friday, | 17th " | GAMES TOURNAMENT AT POLICE CLUB |
| Monday, | 20th " | Billiards League |
| Wednesday, | 22nd " | Whist Drive |
| Thursday, | 23rd " | RETURN GAMES TOURNAMENT with Members of H. & G.S. Tied Tenants Society |
| Monday, | 27th " | Billiards League |
| Wednesday, | 29th " | Whist Drive |
| Friday, | 2nd March | Departmental Tournament—Cellars v. The Rest |
| Monday, | 5th " | Billiard League |
| Wednesday, | 7th " | Whist Drive |

BILLIARDS.

A meeting was held at the Social Club on August 26th to elect Captains and Vice-Captains for the two teams entered to play this season in the Reading and District Clubs' Billiards League. For Division I. Mr. S. Bird was chosen Captain and Mr. R. Clement Vice-Captain. For Division II. Mr. C. Weller was elected Captain and Mr. C. Palmer Vice-Captain.

The teams are the same, with one exception, as played last season.

MR. CHAPMAN'S OYSTER FEAT.

A CHALLENGE.

Apropos the paragraph which appeared in the week-end newspapers regarding Mr. A. P. F. Chapman's feat in eating 17½ dozen oysters during the Australian tour in 1924, the following letter has reached him:—

"18, COAST ROAD,
FOLKESTONE.
Monday.

Sir,

I seen in a paper as u can ete 2 undred hodd oysters, or u says u can right hoff. I ham open to hete a match with u at eting winkles any day u says.

Conditions is:—

- (1) Wepons ladies at pins honly.
- (2) him wot gives in first pays for hall the winkles.
- (3) We catches our hown winkles.

P.S.—I can show wer to find the fish.

P.P.S.—I done down 70,000 mussels in a day.

P.S.S.—I vote you find some beer for us.

Yours truley,

JOE PHILBELLEY."

There is more than a suspicion that someone is pulling Mr. Chapman's leg, but he has accepted the challenge and we await further developments with interest.

SIMONDS' CONCERT PARTY.

With the dark evenings rapidly approaching, one's thoughts turn to Dances, Musical Evenings and Concerts and in connection with the latter we think of our own Concert Party. Since the last season the Party has been considerably strengthened by the addition of Miss Wheeler. Miss Wheeler is a Contralto of considerable ability and has a full strong voice, and quite recently appeared with great success at the Steinway & Aeolian Halls, London, which is convincing evidence of her talent.

So we have now a very strong and well organised Party constituted as follows:—Miss F. Palmer, the talented Soprano; Miss G. Burnett, the accomplished Soubrette; Miss Wheeler (previously mentioned); Mr. S. Hinton, whose Baritone songs are well known; Mr. G. Weait a Tenor who is always appreciated; Mr. E. Kelly the light Comedian who never fails to put life into the Party; and last but not least Mr. C. Lawrence the Pianist, who always does most work in the programme and receives the least publicity.

With a Party so constituted we have no hesitation in saying that they will be putting on programmes second-to-none in the district and people will be well advised to take the first opportunity of hearing them. The Party is already well booked up, but anyone requiring their services should make early application to the Hon. Secretary of the Concert Party, c/o The Social Club, 19, Bridge Street, Reading, who will be pleased to give open dates and quotations for any Concert within reasonable distance of Reading. (Branches please note.)

THE THREE FIRS, BURGHFIELD.



This picture reminds us of the old days, but, as a matter of fact, it was taken a few weeks ago and depicts a picnic party who called at this inn for refreshment.

BRANCHES.

WOOLWICH STORES.

First of all, we at this Branch would like to take this opportunity of congratulating our Director, Mr. H. D. Simonds, on his recent engagement.

Once again the end of the financial year is upon us and no doubt by the time these notes appear in print many anxious minds will be set at rest by finding the balances to be correct.

We have now finished our Territorial Camp work at this Branch for another year, and judging by various remarks everyone had an enjoyable camp and were all pleased with our supplies.

During August we had the pleasure of supplying the 1st Batt. The Suffolk Regiment on an eight-day recruiting march through Suffolk. Our foreman, R. T. Kingwell, followed the Regiment by road with the beers and a marquee. The marquee was pitched at different villages along the route and our beers were ready when the Regiment arrived at the various stopping places. Our foreman was treated splendidly by the Regiment, having his meals with the Sergeants, and was privileged to attend several interesting functions given in welcome to the Regiment.

There is a very strong branch of the "Old Contemptibles" in Woolwich now, numbering over 200, and just recently they had a very successful Garden Party and Children's Sports at Shrewsbury Park, the residence of Mr. F. T. Halse, L.C.C., a very large contractor in this district.

We have again had the pleasure of supplying the following sports meetings which have been rather upset by bad weather:—"R" Division Police Sports; Messrs. Peek Frean Social and Sports Club; Messrs. Tillings Athletic and Social Club; The Westerham Horse Show; Standard Telephones and Cables, Ltd.; Messrs. J. Stones & Co., Ltd., Engineers, Deptford; Erith and District Firemen's Sports on August Bank Holiday; Bexley Heath British Legion Annual Sports.

The St. John Ambulance Brigade, No. 41 (Royal Arsenal) Division, have held their Annual Gala. This Brigade is very conspicuous at the local football matches, and we did our best to assist on this occasion.

WOKING.

All Woking rallied to the support of their Carnival which terminated on Saturday, 3rd September. The object of the Carnival was a two-fold one, namely, to raise funds for the Woking Victoria Hospital and the Woking Football Club. The weather during the four days allotted to such festivities was perfect, and signs were not lacking that the venture would result in a huge success. Happily, such aspirations were fully justified, and it is pleasing to record that over £500 was taken at the gates of the Sports Ground. Collectors for the Hospital Fund were early on the scene on the first and subsequent days of the Carnival, all eager to do their bit.

A wonderful programme of events was provided, including push-ball competitions, seven miles road race, fire brigade displays, boxing tournaments, etc., and fireworks displays in the evening.

Saturday was specially set apart as the Children's Day, and so remarkable was the enthusiasm for this venture, that nearly four hundred entries were received for the fancy dress procession for the young folk.

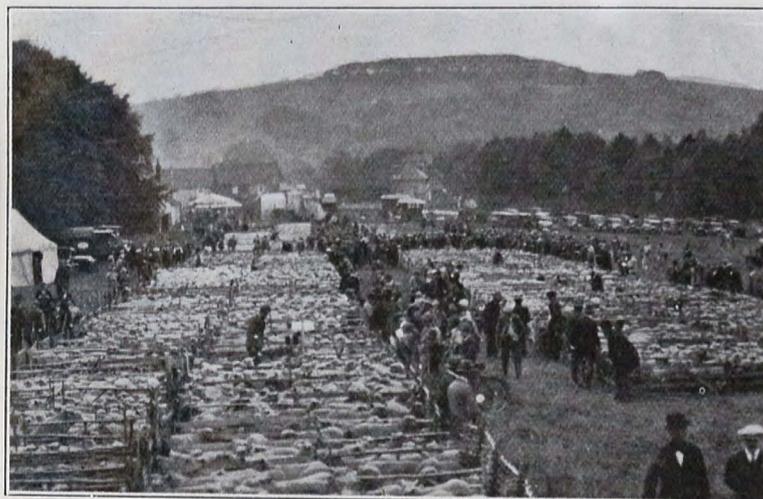
The Grand Finale was staged for Saturday night in the shape of a confetti battle outside the Woking Railway Station, with the Woking British Legion Band in attendance.

Woking truly lived up to its reputation of doing things well, particularly where the Hospital is concerned.

The Woking Football Club has started the present season in fine style. They are unbeaten in the Isthmian League and so far occupy the third position in the League table. The one reverse to date was suffered at the hands of the "Casuals" in the Surrey Charity Shield. The team met Weybridge in the English Cup on Saturday, 17th September. Hopes are entertained that the Amateur Cup will find its way to Woking this season.

BRIGHTON.

After hoping for months that we should have summer here, we at Brighton have given it up, consoling ourselves that other places have fared even worse than we on the South Coast. However, we broke the record here on Wednesday night, 14th September, when we registered 2.2 inches of rain



Findon Sheep Fair.

The 14th was the day of the Findon Sheep Fair, quite a big event, when some 10,000 sheep were sold by auction. We put up a marquee for Messrs. Boyce & Son, of Guildford, and had a very unpleasant experience in pulling it down in pouring rain and much slush. Two of our staff have something to remember, keeping watch all that wet night over one of our lorries that got stuck in the mud there. They will realise in a small degree what our soldiers went through night after night and day after day in Flanders, 1914-18.

Another event spoilt by the weather was the Annual Sports given by the West Tarring Club at Worthing on the 13th August. Here, again, one of our marquees proved a welcome shelter for the Club members and their friends, and the sales of refreshments apparently did not suffer through the inclemency of the weather.

The Steward of this Club, when spending a holiday at Folkstone, went to Hythe one day and called at our brother brewery. He had quite an interesting time and was vastly impressed by the bottling plant there.

Mr. Mitchell would like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Andrews and Mr. Spencer for their courtesy in showing him round.



Our Lorry at the Sheep Fair.

We are glad to record that our foreman, Albert Smith, though not quite recovered from his accident, has now returned to work after an enforced absence of thirteen weeks.

FIRST COUNTRYMAN : " They seem mighty clever at Reading."

SECOND COUNTRYMAN : " Aye, and why ? "

FIRST DITTO : " Well, we can milk cows, but Simonds' Milk Stout ! "

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

The alterations and extensions to the Brewery are well under way now ; the new offices have reached the stage where the inside work is being commenced, the site of the new loading stage and bottling store is practically cleared, and the old malshouses and the buildings lately occupied by Messrs. W. E. Harvey & Son are nearly all demolished.

The Football Team has entered the Devon Minor League (1st Division) this season and are very optimistic of making a good show for their first time in the League. Two home matches have already been played : the first against Sutton A.F.C. was won by the visitors scoring five goals to two, but the second, when Plymstock were entertained, had a rather more favourable result as our team had settled down and netted seven goals to two. The home ground is at Maker and the team will welcome all the support those interested in the game can give them.

The Social Club has arranged a Dance at the Hydesville Institute on September 17th to open the Winter season, and the Kyra Orchestra has been engaged for that evening, which should make the success of the venture a foregone conclusion.

We again were fortunate in securing the supply of refreshments to the Plymouth Race Meeting, held on Wednesday and Thursday, August 31st and September 1st. Luckily, the weather was kindly disposed on those two days and the Meeting was well patronised.

DOZMARE POOL.

Dozmare Pool, situated near St. Neot's in Cornwall at an elevation of 880 feet above sea-level, is the subject of many a strange legend which arise through the lifeless appearance of the Pool.

The native will tell you how anything falling into it will be sucked down and see light no more till disgorged into the waters of Fowey Harbour many miles away ; or how " in the dead vast and middle of the night " the wicked Steward Tregeagle may be heard shrieking or moaning on the blast. Saved from the devil by the prayers of priests, he was brought back from the grave as a witness in a court of law, and, having given his evidence and been ordered to withdraw, a fierce struggle ensued between the powers of good and evil for possession. Knowing that there is always " hope " the priests sought his retention and imposed on him the task of emptying Dozmare Pool with a limpet-shell, but the devil would not give him time to use even that small spoon, and many another task has from time to time been assigned him in the hope to afford him the time needful for repentance.

All so far in vain, his present occupation being that of sweeping the sands of Porthcurno round the headland of Tol-pedn-penwith against the full force of the Gulf Stream into Nanjisal Cove. Ever and again the devil chases him, and it is his shrieks of agony and terror that ignorant ones take for the moaning of the wind.

ANCIENT CORNISH HISTORY.

The question as to who were the ancient inhabitants of Cornwall is one of considerable difficulty. Having a mistaken idea of the vicinity of the British Isles to Spain, which he thought lay to the West, Tacitus says : " Who were the original inhabitants of Britain, whether they were indigenous or foreign, is, as usual among barbarians, little known. Their physical characteristics are various, and hence conclusions may be drawn. The dark complexions of

the Silures, their unusually curly hair, and the fact that Spain is the opposite shore to them, are an evidence that Iberians of a former date crossed over and occupied these parts." The Irish Bards improved on this till they came to believe that Ireland was discovered shortly after the Flood by three Spanish fishermen! Oddly enough, however, it is not to the Fir-Bolgs, the short dark people of West and South-West Ireland, that Irish tradition founded on bardic tales attributes the Spanish origin. It is very possible that these Fir-Bolgs are the same as the pre-Celtic races of Britain, of whom traces may still be found in Scotland and in many parts of England, including Cornwall.

The theory that the Silures were Iberian is supported by no evidence, while the differences of language and of custom are so great that we need not hesitate to reject it. These dark tribes, who appear from their sepulchral remains to have been, in the pre-metallic period of history, firmly established over the whole country, belonged in fact to a people between whom and no other European race has any affinity been established. As early as the neolithic age we find evidences in Cornwall of at least two races, the one short, long-headed and with black curly hair (who have been called by some the Aborigines of Western Europe), and the other short, with an extremely broad skull and probably dark straight hair. The latter race seems related to the Lapps and Finns. The fusion of these two races formed the basis of the Cornish race. It is to the race so formed that our earliest sepulchral tumuli must be attributed. The traces of the physiognomical aspect of these people are still strong in the Cornish who are the darkest people in England.

The next race of whom we find traces (notably in the "round barrows" so frequent in the County) were tall, strong-limbed men, with broad heads and rough, almost forbidding faces, and probably light hair; and (which is evidence that they were more or less civilised) the women appear to have been tall and strong in proportion to the men. In the case of these men we can only judge their appearance from that of other "round barrow" men, for cremation was general amongst them in the County. This race brings us to the "Bronze Age"; the next arrivals, the Celts, left so strong a mark in the character of the Cornish people that we are apt at times to forget there were any earlier settlers.

The conquerors next after the Celts were the Romans, but as far as can be learned they interfered little with Cornwall beyond establishing a commerce with its people and posting a few soldiers here and there as police for the protection of their merchants. Roman coins have been found in plenty and a few Roman ornaments.

After the Romans had left the Saxons arrived, but in the West they found their conquest by no means such an easy matter as in other parts of England; in fact Damnonia, i.e. roughly speaking Devon and Cornwall, was about the last place visited by them. Nowhere, accordingly, did they leave more of the older elements remaining than in the West, and in Cornwall apparently more than Devonshire.

PORTSMOUTH.

"NAVY WEEK" AT PORTSMOUTH.

PUBLIC SHOWN OVER MODERN MEN-OF-WAR IN THE CAUSE OF SERVICE CHARITIES.

It is very rarely that the public has the opportunity of seeing over a battleship, cruiser, submarine, or mine-sweeper. The British Navy, of course, has secrets which it would not do to disclose to anybody. It therefore seems strange when the Naval Authorities spring upon a surprised public an invitation to "Come and see our ships." Needless to say, visitors to Portsmouth and Southsea, and residents as well, made the very most of this unique opportunity.

That famous old ship, the *Victory*, by the presence on board of guides attired in the sailors' "rig" of Nelson's day, was by no means the least interesting of the ships to be seen. The contrast on leaving this warship of "The Wooden Walls of England" class and proceeding over the *Iron Duke* is amazing. On this ship, the bridge from which Lord Jellicoe directed the Battle of Jutland is to be seen. Visitors are presented with a printed leaflet telling them all about this great ship.

Below is a reproduction of this very interesting statement:—

THE "IRON DUKE."

The origin of the name "Iron Duke" is interesting and not generally known. After the Duke of Wellington overcame Napoleon at the Battle of Waterloo in 1815, thus becoming "the great world's victor's victor," he became a popular hero in the nation, and a number of ships in the merchant service were called after him, either as "The Duke of Wellington" or as "The Duke."

One of the first steel ships to be built was called "The Duke," and to distinguish her from wooden ships of the same name, she was nicknamed "The Iron Duke." This adjective so suited the character and personal appearance of the Duke of Wellington, that it became used in reference to him, and he was

subsequently, almost universally, known as the "Iron Duke." Our present ship, H.M.S. *Iron Duke*, is called after the first Duke of Wellington, and was launched on October 12th, 1912, by the late Duchess of Wellington, wife of the fourth Duke, who was the grandson of the Iron Duke, but it was not until March, 1914, that she was commissioned for trials, and she did not become a fighting unit until after the Great War had started.

As soon as she joined the Great Fleet she became Fleet Flagship, Admiral Callaghan being the first to fly his flag in her, shortly to be followed by Admiral Jellicoe, and subsequently by Admiral Beatty. It was as Fleet Flagship that the *Iron Duke* went into action at the Battle of Jutland and she is therefore historically the second most illustrious ship in the British Navy of to-day, giving right of place only to H.M.S. *Victory*.

An interesting memento of the Great War is the Silver Plate in the Admiral's Lobby. This Silver Plate was the property of Lord Nelson, and was used by him on board the *Victory* until the day of his death. There were in all twenty-three of these Plates collected by the Navy League, and it was decided by the League that the set should be divided piece by piece among ships which rendered conspicuous service during the War.

In presenting the Plate to the *Iron Duke*, the President of the Navy League said: "While realizing every unit of the Fleet has rendered service in accordance with the best tradition of the Royal Navy, H.M.S. *Iron Duke* has been able to render herself conspicuous amongst her gallant comrades."

The Duke of Wellington's Regiment and the *Iron Duke* maintain a permanent *Entente* as being both named after the same man, and whenever the ship and the Regiment meet, the opportunity is taken to cement the friendship. The Divisional Banner was presented by the Regiment, and is a replica of the Flag used at Regimental Headquarters during the South African War. It is interesting to note that the Duke of Wellington is buried in St. Paul's Cathedral alongside the greatest of all our Admirals.

We are once more in the football season, and from the one or two matches already played by Portsmouth, it would appear that their first season of First Division football will be a highly successful one. The team remains very much the same as regards players, and it is the general opinion that it would be a difficult job to find better. We are looking forward to be drawn with Reading in one of the cup-tie rounds.

OXFORD.

Our city and the surrounding country has seen many a fierce fight down the ages and ancient battlefields are many in the district. Right back in the dawn of the history of our country there was a fort in the vicinity of Dorchester whence the Britons sallied out at all and sundry who threatened the peace of our valley. Then came the Romans who gave the place its name, to colonize and to subjugate for a period. Their earthworks still stand as a witness.

Afterwards, with the coming of the Danes, Oxford itself (an important stronghold then) was the scene of many a skirmish.

Again, some centuries later, Chalgrove, a village a few miles distant, saw one of the fiercest battles of the Civil War. Indeed, at the Battle of Chalgrove Field, John Hampden, one of Cromwell's stalwarts, received his death wound. Oxford was then the seat of the Royalist Government and Oxonians of that day showed their zeal for Charles I. by seizing all the College plate they could lay hands on to be minted into silver crowns to pay for the war.

And now, to come to the point, we fear that we are to be invaded once more. Camps of immaculate canvas have sprung up in our green fields, appearing in the night, like mushrooms. Soldiers swarm everywhere around us, but not armed with shield and spear, pike or musket as heretofore, but clad in the serviceable khaki and armed with modern weapons.

What will they do to us peaceful citizens? Already small raiding parties have penetrated our ancient walls, busily making enquiries—for what? It is all right now, the raiders were only looking for Simonds' Office in the High Street—the *Sergeants' Mess* had run out of "S.B."!

For the moment the raiders are satisfied, but like the Danes of old, they will come again, and who can blame them?

To sum up and to cut a long story short, we are once more in the midst of what the natives call the "manoeuvres."

The "war" area is spread over the very ground on which our ancestors strove in the dim past. At the time of writing the Firm is, as usual, busily ministering to the thirsty combatants and lorries laden with "Beer for the troops" are to be seen hastening to the "front" with fresh "ammunition."

A column of troops in full war kit passed through our city one evening recently evidently bent on a night attack. Much comment was evoked from the fact that behind each platoon marched two or more soldiers with white bands on their arms on which were emblazoned the magic letters "S.B."

Many opinions as to the duties of these particular men were evinced by the onlookers.

[These notes were, of course, written while the "war" was in progress. The manœuvres were suddenly abandoned owing to the wretched weather.—*Editor.*]

May we at Oxford add our modest meed of congratulation to Mr. A. Goodall on his attaining his Jubilee with the Firm, and further may we put it upon record that we heartily agree with the chronicler in the September issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE that he is indeed "one for the younger generation to copy."

SWANSEA.

"Many Happy Returns" to our extremely popular and illustrious journal, THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, upon celebrating its first birthday to-day.

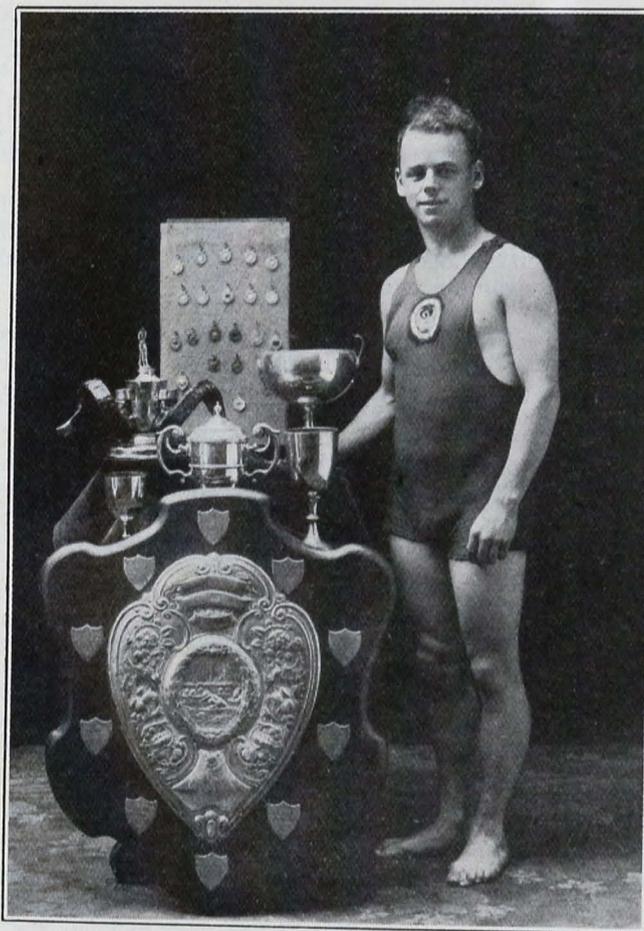
We feel sure that this will be the wish of the many hundreds of its readers, who must find the numerous articles most interesting and edifying. They also serve to keep the distant Branches in touch with the Brewery in business, sport and pleasure.

May we offer to the Editor our heartiest congratulations for the splendid manner in which our GAZETTE is compiled, and we feel confident that in the new year our contributors will redouble their efforts and make our GAZETTE even more and more interesting, if possible.

After reading of the recent Jubilee Celebrations at the Brewery, we wonder how many of the Firm's present employees will be spared to celebrate the Jubilee of this ever-popular GAZETTE?

We are very pleased to report that one of our staff, Mr. Alan Woodward, has again this year been very successful in winning numerous prizes in swimming events. He is at present holding the Championships of Swansea for diving, 100 yards and 150 yards sprints, quarter of a mile, and the 1 mile open sea; the last event he won for the fourth consecutive year in the time of 23 minutes 23½ seconds, which constitutes a record for Wales.

The Swansea water-polo team, in which Mr. Woodward plays centre-forward, is still at the top of the Welsh League, having been League champions (and "Knock-out Trophy" winners) since 1923.



Alan Woodward and some of his swimming prizes.

GOOD FELLOWSHIP.

Wine does a number of things—"Works the heart up, wakes the wit," but nothing does it do so well, I think, as induce companionship and fellow-feeling, perhaps precisely *because* it "works the heart up, wakes the wit."

And nowhere is the old spirit of friendship found if it is not in the old wayside inn, "the home of English poetry, English drink, English friendship and English laughter," as Sidney Dark

assures us. 'Twas certainly at these old hostelries and meeting-houses that some of the jolliest, friendliest gatherings were held, and some of the finest conversation, wit and laughter ensued. One has only to remember the Mermaid Tavern, where, says Mr. Thurston Hopkins, in his recently published "Old English Mills and Inns," Shakespeare and other poets of his time met and talked over a tankard of ale. And such talk it must have been, too. And there was Dr. Johnson, who sat and smoked and made edifying conversation—Chaucer, Dickens and a score of others who found the inn a place to gladden the heart of the wayfarer, to encourage fellowship and spontaneous conviviality.

Over "the cup that cheers" enemies become friends and friends boon companions. Petty quarrels and disputes are forgiven and forgotten when the toast goes around, and each pledges the other in the immutable draught.

Says J. B. Morton in his essay on "The Song of the Tankard": "He who drinks because he is gay and would have the best of companionship is a god indeed." And "Drink breeds laughter and song and story and friendship and goodwill."

It is all there awaiting you "at the end of a perfect day," when you enter the wayside inn to quench your thirst and regale yourself with mirth and human communion. "At inns you meet good fellows, honest enemies and loyal friends."

After love, friendship is one of the greatest and grandest things on earth—a boon, a blessing. Old friends, tried, trusted and true, stand us in good stead in times of sorrow and of need. "A sturdy friend is like a good coat which can be worn in all weathers."

We are raised and uplifted by friendship, worthy friendship, noble friendship. "Friendship, like everything else," wrote J. Stalker, "is tested by results. If you wish to know the value of any friendship, you must ask what it has done for you, and what it has made you." We learn altruism—we learn to sacrifice in little ways for those we honour, esteem, love. Another thing we learn from friendship is loyalty. "If you would have a friend, first of all you must be a friend," and one cannot be a friend to any man if one is not "true blue" behind his back as well as before him. "For he that does a base thing in zeal for his friend burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together" (J. Taylor). "Merit confidence by frankness, at the same time guard with fidelity whatsoever secret be entrusted to you. Reserve wounds friendship, and distrust destroys" (Mrs. Sigourney).

I think friendship has something of the hero-worshipping touch about it, the hero-worship of our boyhood. For whoever had a friend in whom there was not something to admire, something great and good? There is some trait that draws you to him, some principle, some characteristic valued by us, a trait, maybe, we would wish to possess ourselves. He is the embodiment of at least one of our ideals. And we have something so very much in common with this friend, because of the mutual compatibility of the mental and social ground upon which we may meet in consequence. "Fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind." And we gain in tolerance. We bear with our friends through all their little foibles and eccentricities; in fact, we often love them for the very idiosyncrasies they possess, but sometimes only in spite of them and we are patient with their petty little peccadillos.

Friends are generally quite frank with us—I mean they will not only tell us our little virtues, but show to us kindly and gently our deficiencies, which is the best criticism we can receive. A. C. Benson relates a story of Loveday, the novelist, who was once informed of rather adverse criticism meted out to him by a lady. He resented this—wrongly, I think, though Mr. Benson does not think so, rather holding to the view that friends should withhold unpleasantries.

We get to sharing our joys and pleasures with our friends, and to be properly appreciated a joy must be shared. We have all known the instinctive desire to let others know of our own particular paradise. We Adventure together, Dream together, Aspire together, Romance together, and thus is a friend a great blessing to travel with down through the years hand in hand, inseparable and undivided.

A friend grows to be your second self, you learn from him, you get to see things from his vantage point, and he in return learns to sympathise with your point of view and thus you meet in harmonious agreement, giving and taking, and adding considerably to each other's knowledge and breadth of outlook—mental and moral.

The conversation and the "heart-to-heart"-ness of friendship is worth a monarch's crown. The congeniality and the confidences that pass between them! What a beautiful experience to unburden your mind, to lay bare the sacred places of the heart to one whom you know you can trust. The discovery of another's soul is more thrilling and wonderful than any geographical Columbian discovery.

J.L.

GIBRALTAR.



A toast we will all drink with zest,
 And we'll drink in a brew of the best,
 Here's to "Hop Leaf" "S.B.,"
 The top of the tree,
 The Brand that can stand every test.

It is with considerable pleasure that we chronicle the arrival at Gibraltar of Lieutenant-Commander J. de C. Richards, who has been appointed to take command of H.M.S. *Splendid*, of our Local Defence Flotilla. This gentleman is a relative of members of our Firm. We trust his period of duty in this part of the world will run in very pleasant grooves.

We recently had the pleasure of meeting an esteemed customer of the Firm in the person of Mr. Walter C. Barrow, from London. We feel sure he and his party enjoyed their short visit to Gibraltar and vicinity.

Old sojourners on The Rock will be interested to learn that we have been "treated" of late to some particularly heavy Levanters, when everybody, even including the locally born, have felt the depressing effect of this wonderful freak of nature.

Our tame poet submits the following "Station" limericks:—

A Firm known as H. & G. S,
 With *Reading* as their chief address,
 For their "Hop Leaf" Brand
 Are renowned o'er the land,
 In hotel and canteen and mess.

A sailor once stationed in *Malta*,
 His habits he never would "alta,"
 He regaled on S.B.
 When he came in from sea,
 His footsteps were ne'er known to "falta."

There was a young man down in *Dover*,
 Who on bottles did swear he'd seen clover,
 To the best of belief
 It was a "Hop Leaf,"
 He must have been "several sheets over."

A young soldier down at *The 'Shot*,
 Was known as an athlete hot,
 He changed over from tea
 To the famous S.B.
 It's surprising the "cups" he has got!

There once was a fellow at *Slough*,
 Desired to be strong. But hough?
 He took Simonds' Stout
 Week in and week out.
 He is stronger than Samson nough.

SWINDON.

"GRAPES" RIFLE CLUB.

The Grapes Rifle Club inaugurated the forthcoming season with a Supper and Smoking Concert recently, and from the remarks made during the proceedings the outlook is very promising. Among the guests invited were Capt. Elley (Messrs. H. & G. Simonds' representative), Lieut. F. Moreman (Chairman of the Swindon and District Rifle League) and Mr. W. J. Newman (Secretary of the League).

The chair was occupied by Mr. W. R. Long, Chairman of the Grapes R.C. Right well did he carry out the various duties of the office, and during his remarks urged the members of the club to pull together and do better than last season.

After supper, to which between 60 and 70 sat down, the evening was devoted to harmony.

The feature of the evening was the presentation of a handsome cup on behalf of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds by Capt. Elley to the Grapes Rifle Club for competition amongst the members. He hoped it would encourage and promote good sport amongst them and at the same time invited the company present to toast his health.

Mr. Dashfield proposed the toast of the Visitors. Lieut. F. Moreman responding said that shooting was one of the best of sports to promote goodwill and comradeship. Mr. W. J. Newman also responded, as did Mr. C. Neville who had come over from Devizes.

The Chairman proposed the toast of the Host and Hostess for the admirable arrangements made and the splendid supper provided, to which Mr. and Mrs. Horsington responded.

The arrangements for the concert were made by the courteous Secretary of the club—Mr. A. E. Collins—who must be congratulated on the success of the evening.

HYTHE JOTTINGS.

We believe that this month is the celebration of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE'S birthday. As the Mother Brewery's largest whelp, we take this opportunity of getting in with the loudest bark possible of congratulations, good wishes and felicitations for a very happy

birthday, followed by many more. Good luck, good hunting and good sport.

Heartiest congratulations to Commander H. D. Simonds on his engagement to Miss Molly Ramsden, the news of which was read in the papers with the greatest pleasure and interest by all down here. We all hope that if a yachting honeymoon is decided on, part at least will be spent on a cruise viewing the beautiful fiords and sounds which exist on the Hythe canal, before sailing on to pay a visit to the wild, mountainous and rugged scenery existing all over Romney Marsh.

Tickets for this most enjoyable sea trip may be booked at Ashdown's Corner, exactly opposite the Brewery, and the party may be assured of the heartiest send-off from all the Brewery hands as they steam away from Paddock House Jetty.

On September 3rd a large party, consisting of most of the well-known cricketers who were playing at Folkestone, were shown round the Brewery. Mr. Eric was here in person to greet them and helped in showing them round. One of the most interested was Mr. F. T. Mann, the Middlesex Captain, who is also a Director of Mann, Paulin & Crossman, and who showed the keenest interest in all the new bottling machinery, as they, too, have just opened new bottling stores at Chiswick.

The accompanying photograph shows Mr. Simonds, Mr. Mann and Mr. Chapman, whose birthday it was,



The enclosed amusing notes show the formalities and celebrations which occurred in connection with this happy (?) event. They were found stuck up in the Metropole Hotel, Folkestone, by an anonymous author.

The following are additional special arrangements for the Birthday of Mr. A. P. F. Chapman on Saturday, 3rd September :—

1. At 8 a.m. Mr. Chapman will rise, and celebrate the unusual occasion by having a bath, the orchestra playing "Muddy Water."
2. At 9 a.m. the local Choir will assemble and will sing "The Birth of the Blues."
3. At 10 a.m. the Choristers from Mr. Chapman's house of business will foregather and hum "The Frothblowers' Anthem."
4. At 10.30 a.m., as a tribute to his superb powers of conversation, Mr. Chapman will be served with a breakfast-dish of tripe.
5. After breakfast Mr. Chapman will celebrate his years by swallowing three number 9's, which he has calculated make 27—the age to which he has now attained.
6. This will be followed by an interview with a man who has called to see about a dog.
7. Having sold this gentleman a pup, Mr. Chapman will proceed to the cricket ground, where he will probably be immediately caught, both by admirers and by the fielding side.
8. At lunch time, in celebration of the event, the Mayor will make a speech and will hand Mr. Chapman a cigar. This will undoubtedly bring a lump into Mr. Chapman's throat.
9. At tea-time the Mayor will make another speech.
10. Mr. Chapman will then don his University blazer and sing "So Blue."
11. Mr. Chapman will subsequently eat a hearty dinner, after which he will seek an early couch, the Orchestra playing selections from the Desert Song, concluding with "One Alone" as he sinks between the sheets and dreams of his next birthday.



The second photo shows the party (or those who could be enticed out of the cellars) standing, smacking their lips in anticipation of one or two more as soon as the photographer could be got rid of. Those featuring from left to right are A. P. F. Chapman, J. W. Hearne (Middlesex), A. W. Lang, F. T. Mann (Middlesex), W. W. Whysall (Notts), L. E. S. Lyatt (Warwick), G. Brown (Hants), G. L. Jackson (turning round; Captain of Derby and the England XI. in Africa this winter), Capt. Kiddy (Hon. Secretary, Folkestone Cricket Festival), F. E. Woolley (Kent), T. Shepherd (Surrey), and McConnell (Reading F.C.), and in front, L. Hammond (Gloucester), E. W. Dawson (Captain, Cambridge University) and E. R. T. Holmes (Captain of Oxford University).

Altogether a very interesting group.



The last photo shews two Reading notabilities: Mr. T. A. Burrows, the Chief Constable, and Mr. McConnell. The former, the well-known guardian of the town's gaol and the latter one of the guardians of the town's goal.

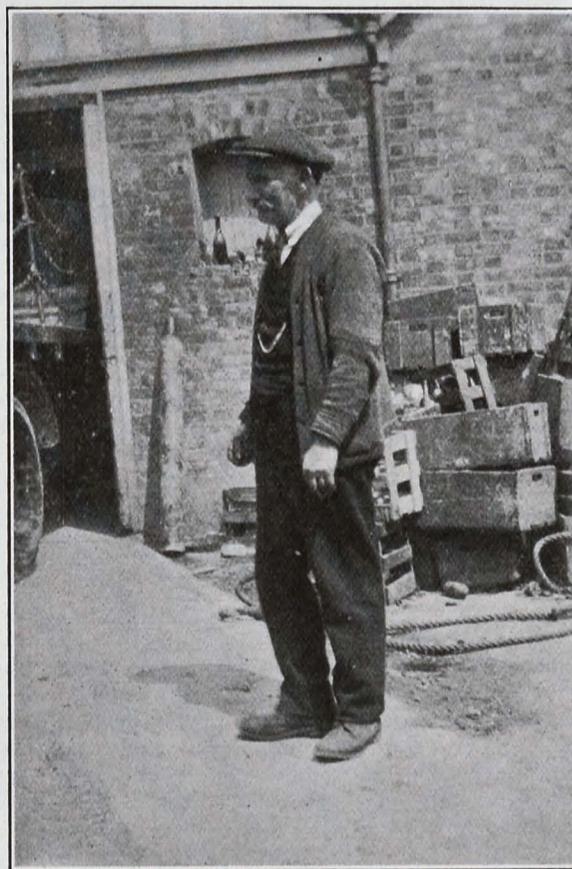
We had the pleasure of a visit from both of them down here lately. McConnell came to the town to recuperate from his illness and Mr. Burrows on a pleasure visit. Although not seeing as much of either of them as we should have liked, we hope they both returned to Reading perfectly fit.

We hear on the best authority, however, that McConnell is a very much better footballer than a golfer, the local Reading heavy-weight residing here, who is almost as well known as a full back at hockey as McConnell is at football, having no difficulty in giving him a drink, some strokes and a beating.

We are glad to say that Andrews, our bottling foreman, who, at one time, was feared to have contracted a serious illness, has quite recovered and has now gone to Reading to shew them how to score a few goals. We all hope he will succeed.

We are glad to say that this year the Firm had the contract for drinks for the Folkestone Festival and gained full marks for ale supplied from a somewhat critical school of consumers. The work was admirably carried out by Mr. Beatty.

The malting season has now started again down here and Fairhead, our foreman maltster, may now be seen several times daily flitting daintily through the Brewery yard from house to house. When slippery he has been known to exhibit all the newest Charleston steps. We are sorry that we are not as big as Guinness and Co., as then he could do the journey by rail, but we understand that he has written to the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports suggesting an extension of the Hythe light railway as far as the Post Office. We wish him luck in his request. We enclose a photo shewing the subject of our remarks passing the half-way house.



Our only real excitement during the past month has been a slight burglary which took place one night at about 11.30 p.m. with, luckily, no very serious results. A suspicious character had been seen hanging around the front Office earlier in the evening, but had been taken for one of the local "garglers" in an exalted mood (they will exist even in the quietest and best-run towns) and no more was thought of him. Suddenly a crash was heard and then the sound of running footsteps pursued by others; this was followed by another crash, a bang and a flow of rich and lurid language, and then a deep and suggestive silence. Shortly afterwards the truth came out in the shape of a hot and somewhat begrimed Police Sergeant, and the mystery was cleared.

It appears that the crash had been caused by the aforementioned suspicious character who had got in in some way to the Office, but had drawn a blank, and in his anger, we presume, had smashed the window to let all know where he was. The rest of the noise was caused by the ever-ready and always-on-the-alert local police, this time in the shape of an old friend of ours who, on his rounds, had stopped to see that all was well. He had seen the figure escape from the Office and regardless of danger had flooded his carburetter, jumped into top gear and darted in pursuit; unfortunately, the track was bumpy and he had reckoned without a lump of Mr. Chislett's best coal which put itself in the way of his flying hoofs and brought the intrepid officer down with a crash, spoiling his underwear and cutting the official pants for many an inch.

In the ensuing scene the burglar escaped, leaving no clues, but the proud officer now wears the "Hop Leaf" emblazoned rampant on his chest, and as he said to me the next day: "I have suffered, but—for the rest of the story read the *Weekly Dispatch*."

Up to going to press the burglar is still on the loose. Several lumps of coal, however, were arrested and cremated next day as accessories to the crime.

Yet another of our foremen must come into the glare of lime-light this month. We refer to Hollands, our motor-cycle expert, who much desires to know how to get up Hythe Hill (i) without puncturing? (ii) how to ride through a pool of oil without spinning round, sliding on his foot and mouth disease along the very hard, high road and finishing in a blackberry bush? and (iii) how to start his bike at all?

We cannot answer the first two, but suggest that the latter is quite easy if you only remember to turn the petrol on.

The Brewery have started their active career on the football field triumphantly and are to be heartily congratulated on a really good beginning. We hope they will go on as they have begun right through the season. The results are appended.

BREWERY v. SMALL ARMS SCHOOL.

On Saturday, August 27th, the Brewery played a practice game with the Small Arms School, resulting in a loss by 2 goals to 1.

We were quite prepared to lose by about 6 goals, and our surprise and elation can be judged when at half-time the Brewery were leading 1—0.

Electing to play with a slight wind, the Brewery more than held their own and the honours were about even. F. Blackman scored the only goal shortly before half-time.

On resumption the S.A.S. forwards got into their stride, and scored twice in quick succession; but from then onwards they were very rarely in the picture, and the Brewery had great misfortune in not getting an equaliser.

The team was as follows:—L. Wonfor; P. Blackman, L. Blackman; H. Wood, G. Benford, H. Rose; E. Blackman, G. Hymers, E. Cooper, F. Blackman, B. Johnnings.

HYTHE BREWERY v. SMARDEN, AT SMARDEN.

On Saturday, 10th September, the Brewery team went to Smarden to play their first League fixture. The Brewery, though not playing with the inspiration that they showed in their game with the Small Arms School, won their match by 6 goals to 1.

The first goal came shortly after the kick-off, when McCann broke away on the wing and passed to Hymers, who netted the ball with his usual precision. The second goal was scored by Johnnings. Smarden then followed up a dangerous movement and scored. F. Blackman netted again for the Brewery.

On resumption Smarden was very dangerous and should have scored but for very poor shooting on the part of their forwards. At one point a goal seemed inevitable. Wonfor was full length on the ground and it seemed impossible for him to get to the ball, which was trickling into the goal-mouth. He got to it, however, and saved a goal at the cost of a corner.

The Brewery rallied and netted three more times, once by Cooper and twice by Hymers.

The Brewery team was as follows:—L. Wonfor; P. Blackman, L. Blackman; H. Wood, G. Benford, H. Rose; F. McCann, C. Hymers, E. Cooper, F. Blackman, B. Johnnings.

BREWERY v. WILLESBORO' OLD BOYS.

On Saturday, September 17th, the Brewery entertained Willesboro' Old Boys in a League match at Hythe.

Willesboro' started at a keen, fast pace and early invaded the Brewery half. This attack was repulsed and, after some minutes of mid-field play, the Brewery broke through Willesboro's defence and scored. The successful marksman was Cooper.

Willesboro' tried hard to equalise, but were unsuccessful. The Brewery again carried the play into Willesboro's half, where the goalkeeper, after running out to save, was unable to get back to his charge in time to save a shot by Johnnings.

Hymers scored the Brewery's third goal.

In the second half Willesboro' did not play with the vigour that marked their efforts in the first half, and the Brewery had by far the best of the play. Two goals were scored during this half. These were obtained by Cooper and Johnnings.

Result: Brewery 5, Willesboro' O.B. 0.

The Brewery was represented by the following:—L. Wonfor; P. Blackman, L. Blackman; E. Blackman, G. Benford, H. Rose; F. McCann, C. Hymers, E. Cooper, B. Johnnings, F. Blackman.

BREWERY *v.* FOLKESTONE POLICE.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22ND.

CRICKET SEASON CLOSES.

BLOWER AND BLACKMAN BEAT BLUEBOTTLES.

FOLKESTONE SLEUTHS FITTINGLY FOILED.

ENTHUSIASTIC CLOSING SCENES.

PAVILION A SCENE OF DELIRIOUS DELIGHT.

SMITH SINKS SIXTEEN.

SPENSER SWALLOWS SPIGOT.

FAIRHEAD FOUND FOXED.

HOLLANDS HIDES HOGSHEAD.

BENNET BOOZILY BEATS BENFORD.

(Ah, lackaday me !)

From these glaring but distressingly true headlines taken from the *Daily Delirium Tremens*, may be seen with what joy the south coast, nay the whole South of England, welcomed the downfall of the police league winners by the Brewery lads of Hythe.

The contest had been arranged late in the season, it is true, and the hay had been allowed to spread over the ground to an alarming length, but was the keenness diminished? No, a thousand times no! it takes more than hay, rain and snow to damp the ardour that burns so brightly in the heart of a policeman and a brewer.

The day dawned dark and rainy, but at dawn Blackman leapt from his bed singing "For I'm to be Queen of the hay, Mother dear," Wood gurgled grouchingly "Old King Cole was a merry old soul," Dray was heard humming the chorus "Beer, Beer, Beer said the Private" and Mullin leapt to the mash tub shrieking "Another little drink wouldn't do us any harm" with the net result of what? We found a kil. of P.A.I waiting for us in the Pavilion. But this is beside the point and let us hie to the jousting ground.

And now the lists are clean, the wickets pitched, and our Blower and his mate have advanced to their sites in the middle of the greensward. From the dark of the Pavilion, through the drizzle and gloom of a typical English summer afternoon, the chosen champions of the Folkestone force advanced, and behind them again through tumultuous applause from the two old ladies, and the one dog present, strode the local giants, Rose and Middleton.

A hush spread all round the ground as Blower, having belched forth "play," Rose raised his trusty blade to the attack. But what a different Rose to that we had seen batting unflinchingly not so long ago, through another summer's afternoon *v.* the local police. The Rose who then had gone clad in nuptial garments of a virgin white and had batted undefeated for three long hours, was now in an outfit of deepest mourning, and clad in black from head to foot. It was easy to see that all his sap was withered, and finding the wicket no bed of Roses, he was dismissed first ball. At this disaster a sigh, which was felt round all the ground, was raised to Jupiter, who had started to cry once more, and Jupiter hearing this wail relented and for the rest of the afternoon our old, but extremely shy friend, King Sol, peeped out, so Rose though making "o" had played his part.

Wall now entered to bat, having come all the way from Ireland, with but a very short stay at the Transport Office to take breath.

He unfortunately was in such a hurry to get back and vote in the general election now on there that he was quickly run out; he rushed back to Holyhead, covered himself with shamrock and swam quickly back to Dublin.

Enter J. C. Mullin who drives a car of his own and so must not quarrel with the police. He shows a bold front in the crisis—a very bold front—for two or more overs, hits a ball to the boundary, falls over twice as though ashamed and then departs, a hotter, sadder and possibly lighter (we hope so) man, to the pavilion, where he promptly stands the chief constable a drink and apologises for the boundary—such is diplomacy.

The Brewery finally amassed 110, which after the deplorable start of 3 for 1 and 18 for 5 was not so bad and what is more the 6 men who made "o" all made them beautifully. Moore fought a magnificent rearguard action of an hour and a quarter, making but 2 himself, although some 90 runs were added while he was in; but then did he not teach his stepfather Sir Thomas Moore at Corunna how to bat on a sticky wicket?

After a suitable interval for tea, amidst the same wild applause we took the field. The rest of the tale merely concerns Frank Blackman and his dreaded accomplice Blower! Having been promised the ball if he took 8 wickets, Blackman bowled like the devil himself. The first four wickets were his when the score was 40, then came a stand which was only broken by Blower giving both the batsmen out l.b.w., and then shouting "over." As though ashamed of his decision and to cover his maidenly blushes he produced a briar and blew out clouds of smoke, thereby living up to his name, but nearly asphyxiating an unfortunate head brewer who moved quietly off on his toes, his head and nose on high, sniffing the wind like some great stag on Dartmoor.

Unfortunately Blackman failed to get his hat trick but got his 8 wickets and the ball. He bowled splendidly, taking 8 for 33 and being entirely responsible for the side being out for 71.

This is the best win of the Brewery this season as the Folkestone Police are the winners of the police league cup, played for by 25 teams, and the match was only won 4 minutes from time.

The scores were as follows:—

| <i>The Brewery.</i> | | | <i>Folkestone Police.</i> | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----|-----|-----------------------------------|-----|----|
| S. Middleton, b. Pierce ... | ... | 0 | Rowe, l.b.w., b. Blackman... | ... | 15 |
| H. Rose, b. Lawrence ... | ... | 0 | Bailey, l.b.w., b. Blackman ... | ... | 6 |
| J. Wall, run out ... | ... | 1 | Lawrence, b. Blackman ... | ... | 8 |
| J. C. Mullin, b. Pierce ... | ... | 8 | Pierce, c. Moore, b. Blackman ... | ... | 11 |
| C. Dray, b. Pierce ... | ... | 0 | Parks, c. Middleton, b. Blackman | ... | 2 |
| A. W. Rust, b. Pierce ... | ... | 0 | Allard, b. Chapman ... | ... | 10 |
| F. McCann, c. Brittain, b. Pierce | ... | 0 | Brittain, b. Blackman ... | ... | 0 |
| G. H. Benford, b. Lawrence ... | ... | 0 | Bates, b. Chapman ... | ... | 7 |
| D. A. Moore, not out ... | ... | 2 | Stevens, b. Blackman ... | ... | 2 |
| F. Blackman, c. Lawrence, b. | ... | 83 | Little, not out ... | ... | 5 |
| Allard ... | ... | 12 | Southey, b. Blackman ... | ... | 1 |
| A. P. F. Chapman, b. Pierce ... | ... | 83 | | | |
| Extras ... | ... | 4 | Extras ... | ... | 14 |
| Total ... | ... | 110 | Total ... | ... | 71 |

AVERAGES.

| Name. | Innings. | Times | | Runs. | Highest Score. | Average. |
|------------------|----------|----------|-------|-------|----------------|----------|
| | | Not Out. | Times | | | |
| H. Rose ... | 15 | 1 | 15 | 43 | 64 | 13.54 |
| S. Middleton ... | 12 | 2 | 10 | 157 | 33 | 13.44 |
| F. Blackman ... | 16 | — | 16 | 134 | 44 | 8.37 |
| A. Tugwell ... | 17 | — | 17 | 118 | 45 | 6.94 |
| A. Rust ... | 9 | 1 | 8 | 53 | 27 | 6.62 |
| W. Gubbins ... | 8 | — | 8 | 50 | 19 | 6.25 |
| G. Dray ... | 13 | 1 | 12 | 66 | 15 | 5.5 |
| J. Dale ... | 10 | 3 | 7 | 38 | 5 | 5 |
| — Woodward ... | 12 | 1 | 11 | 46 | 20 | 4.13 |
| E. Blackman ... | 10 | 2 | 8 | 27 | 10 | 3.36 |
| A. Moore ... | 6 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 4 | 2.4 |
| F. McCann ... | 15 | — | 15 | 44 | 9 | 2.93 |
| L. Hollands ... | 11 | 1 | 10 | 27 | 13 | 2.7 |
| J. Wall ... | 6 | 1 | 5 | 9 | 5 | 1.9 |

The following also batted:—

| Name. | Innings. | Times | | Runs. | Highest Score. | Average. |
|----------------------|----------|----------|-------|-------|----------------|----------|
| | | Not Out. | Times | | | |
| A. P. F. Chapman ... | 2 | — | 2 | 154 | 83 | 77 |
| J. C. Mullin ... | 3 | — | 3 | 19 | 10 | 6.33 |
| H. Cole ... | 3 | 2 | 1 | 15 | 12 | 8.37 |

BOWLING.

| Name. | Overs. | Maidens. | Runs. | Wickets. | Average. |
|-----------------|--------|----------|-------|----------|----------|
| F. Blackman ... | 150.5 | 28 | 366 | 80 | 4.57 |
| A. Moore ... | 8.1 | — | 27 | 5 | 5.31 |
| W. Gubbins ... | 18 | 1 | 72 | 12 | 6 |
| H. Rose ... | 53.2 | 16 | 201 | 33 | 6.09 |
| A. Sherwood ... | 29.2 | 3 | 90 | 14 | 6.43 |
| G. Dray ... | 50 | 5 | 154 | 11 | 14 |
| A. Tugwell ... | 33 | 1 | 140 | 10 | 14 |

The outstanding performance of the season, of course, is the bowling of F. Blackman, and we think it will be many years before this record is broken.

CHARACTERS OF BREWERY CRICKETERS.

(We apologise profusely for anything said below which shouldn't be, but all being sportsmen, we know that it will be taken in the sporting way.)

H. ROSE.—“ Full many a flower is born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air.” This does not apply to the clinging variety found growing and nestling in Hythe. A slow beginner, but when set climbs fast. Only needs tender nurturing.

S. MIDDLETON.—“ Soon we'll have to call him father, Soon we'll have to call him dad.” Apply Moody and Sankey for the rest of the verses.

A. TUGWELL.—“ The chimney smoking ? ” Nonsense ! Smoke Inspector ? ! ? ! When I was in the Senior Service we stoked like this——” The rest will follow when the Inspector calls next month.

D. A. MOORE.—A very old man who wrote an almanac and prophesied the end of the world last year ; it didn't come off so he bought a motor-bike and sidecar instead.

G. DRAY.—“ It's no good, I can't bowl after treading on a rusty nail. Sorry, I'd like to, as you know, but——(disappears in the dark up the malt chute)—about three more quarters.”

F. BLACKMAN.—The demon bowler. Practises spinning screw-tops into bottles all the week and having got his length by Friday night, knocks everything over on Saturday afternoons, regardless of cost. Police and Willesboro' Old Boys are earnestly advised to keep well out of this young man's way when angered.

F. MCCANN.—“ Fifty, Sir ? Keep your pads if I make fifty, all right, Sir ! No, I didn't mean to forget to post your letters.”

J. C. MULLIN.—“ I didn't think they'd get me out all day, and it certainly didn't look straight to me ; now when I used to play for Sonnin' at Readin'—well, p'raps just one more, Andrews.”

C. DRAY.—Poor little butterfly.

A. P. F. CHAPMAN.—“ Perfectly ——” As the Australian girl said to Arthur Gilligan.

H. COLE.—I came ; I bowled ; I conquered (with apologies to Julius Caesar). For references, see bowling analysis, Brewery *v.* Police, 1926 : H. Cole, 6 wickets, 7 runs.

L. GUBBINS.—“ And he girded up his loins and smote the enemy with the jawbone of an ass, but when he had gathered to himself one score book full he stood up before the Roberts and was bowled.”

A. SHERWOOD.—An all-round of exceptional wit and endurance ; never at a loss for a snappy remark. The question is “ Do shrimps make good mothers ? ”

A. CHIPPERFIELD.—A wise old owl who seldom ventures (like Ajax) from his tent. Enjoys a good pipe and can tell a good story ; in fact, a splendid cricketer for a rainy day. Now takes the football team for cross country runs and is like his own cocktails—very frisky with plenty of kick.

E. BLACKMAN.—A typical all-rounder. Useful at a pinch at any branch of the game.

T. SMITH.—Only played once—Married *v.* Single. Has hollow legs, but always rings true. At the moment is keener on Brewery cricket than football, but this, however, is only a question of time.

G. H. BENFORD.—A keen fisherman who hangs his bat out to dry with rather negative results. Better at crossword puzzles, dancing and football. Will not accompany the M.C.C. to Australia next year unless he pays his own passage.

J. DAVISON.—The spearhead of the Brewery attack in the clerical department. Heads all attacks, on paper, at both cricket and football, and on facts is quite unplayable. His keenness is perfectly delightful and the Sports Club owe a great deal to him.

J. “ BLOWER ” ROLFE.—A model umpire in speech, looks and decisions. When tickled under the arms will always give a batsman out. Has been a firm favourite with the Saltwood populace for upwards of fifty years.

G. WOOD.—“The brew's all finished, Sir. Yes, it certainly is blowing hover, Sir, but it ought to be all right for the Folkestone Festival ; now, when I was in Egypt . . .

A. W. RUST.—A chip of the old block. Slow to anger, but when roused he can do fearful deeds ; in fact, he is a perfect demon on a couple of carraway seeds. Motto : “Where there's a fire there's a Rust.”

J. WALL.—Like the Roman wall of old, he cannot withstand a determined attack and his castle is always knocked over, but coming from Ireland, he never knows when he's beaten.

