

# The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

*Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.*

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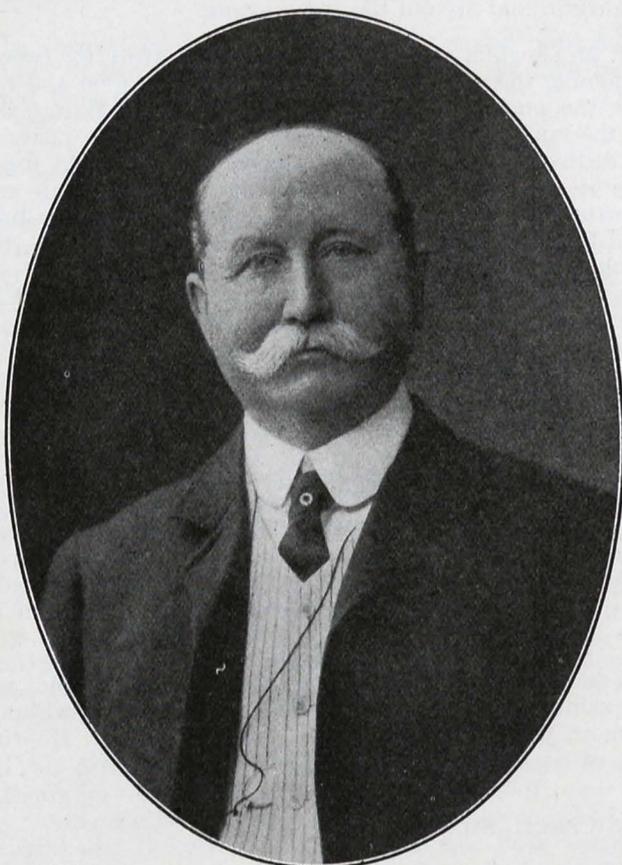
No. 24.

SEPTEMBER.

1928.

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MR. W. H. McLAUGHLIN.

## EDITORIAL.

MR. W. L. McLAUGHLIN.

The position of honour this month is occupied by the portrait of Mr. W. L. McLaughlin, who was Manager of our Plymouth Branch for thirty-three years.

Joining the Firm on the 1st May, 1886, Mr. McLaughlin opened our Branch at the Octagon, Plymouth, where he remained until his retirement on the 1st May, 1919. During that time he was a familiar figure amongst our Military customers in the Garrison, and his keen Irish wit and sterling qualities made him an outstanding personality in and around the three towns.

Mr. McLaughlin served in His Majesty's Army for twenty-six years, joining the 39th Dorsetshire Regiment in 1860 and retiring in 1886, the whole period being spent in the same Battalion. He gained the rank of Regimental Warrant Officer and is justly proud of the distinction of "Primus in India," which his old Regiment bears on its Colours. He was awarded a medal and a life annuity for meritorious service. Mr. McLaughlin was present in India on three historical occasions, viz., at the Durbar, at Lahore, for the late Duke of Edinburgh, who was the first member of the Royal Family to visit India; again at Delhi Durbar, when Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India; and also when the late King Edward, then Prince of Wales, visited that country. These three events are still fresh in the memory of Mr. McLaughlin, who also served under the late Lord Roberts during his famous march for the relief of Kandia.

Few of our Branch Managers have had such a distinguished career as Mr. McLaughlin, whose record speaks volumes for the strong mentality and outstanding ability of a man who remained fit and active after a long Army career to gain and hold an important position in civil life, which he filled with conspicuous success for so many years. In his retirement his interest in the welfare of the Firm is as keen as ever.

All readers, and particularly those with whom Mr. McLaughlin was acquainted in military and civil life, will join us in wishing him many more years of good health and happiness. He reached the age of 84 on August 30th.

## A GOOD CEREAL STORY.

We are very glad to learn that there are such splendid crops of barley this year.

## WHISKY SWINDLE.

A young man operated an old swindle by a new method at Harrow, Middlesex, recently.

He dashed into a chemist's shop with his right hand in a rag and apparently covered with blood. He said he had had an accident and asked for lint and bandages. Then he explained that in the accident many bottles of whisky had been smashed and that he could not take the remainder home.

"Will you buy some cheaply?" he asked. "I'll let you have them at 8s. a bottle instead of 12s. 6d."

The chemist paid £2 for five properly sealed bottles bearing the names of two well-known brands. When the man had gone he found they contained coloured water.

## ORIGIN OF THE WORD "COCKTAIL."

It is interesting to note that the word "cocktail" is to be found in that excellent book "Tom Brown's Schooldays." In Chapter Six, which describes the celebration after the house match, the under-porter, Bill Taylor, is offered the remains of a mug of beer, with the remark: "Here, Bill, drink some cocktail." And the author adds that "Bill drank the proffered cocktail unwillingly."

Thomas Hughes wrote "Tom Brown's Schooldays" in 1857, and this is apparently the first reference to a "cocktail" in England. The American author, Washington Irving, however, mentions cocktails in 1809, the year of Gladstone's birth. So the drink is not so up-to-date after all.

## THE OLDEST DRINK.

The oldest of our drinks, by the way, is ale or beer. Ale is mentioned as having been consumed by the Saxons about the year 940 and beer about the year 1000. Beer is also mentioned in the Bible (Luke i., 15).

Of our other drinks, sack is first mentioned in literature in 1536, sherry in 1608, brandy in 1622, port in 1691, and whisky in 1715. Among other facts one learns that the spelling "whiskey" is Irish and that the word is derived from the Gaelic *uisgebeatha*, meaning "water of life." The French, with *eau de vie*, have hit on exactly the same name.

## WHAT MADE THE THRUSH SING ?

Earlier in the year it is a common thing to hear the nightingale and a few other birds singing far into the night, but on Sunday, August 19th, at 11.30 p.m., the writer, and other people living in the vicinity of Lorne Street, Reading, were surprised to hear a thrush suddenly burst forth into song. It was quite dark at the time and what made the thrush sing at this unusual hour remains a mystery. So clear and sweet were the notes that the Editor was solemnly informed by a friend, living in the neighbourhood, that he was sure it was a nightingale ! The Editor tried to convince the gentleman in question that the bird *was* a thrush, but he was very doubtful of success for

A man convinced against his will  
Is of the same opinion still.

## " TWO YEARS AGO."

The above is the title of a good book by that well-known author, Charles Kingsley. But the words have a far greater significance for readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, for it was just two years ago, next month, that this little journal first saw the light of day. Yes, THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE will celebrate its second birthday on October 1st, and we are sure our ever-increasing circle of readers will wish the sturdy youngster " many happy returns." As we said before, " the little fellow came into the world as an ambassador with the idea of spreading goodwill at home and abroad." How far his object has been achieved we must leave our readers to judge.

## ANCIENT FINE.

Upon a plate in Bugbrooke (Northampton) Church belfry is the following notice to ringers. Rule :—

" He that rings and breaks a stay  
Will have half-a-crown to pay,  
And if he rings in spurs or hat  
Shall pay a quart of Ale for that."

## ATTRACTIVE, BUT—

We take the following extremely funny lines from *Punch* :—

A girl who was lovely and lithe,  
Quite dazzled beholders at Hythe.  
But she suffered eclipse  
When she opened her lips  
And announced her intention to bite.

## VERY GRATIFYING.

It is certainly very gratifying to hear such complimentary remarks about the GAZETTE, especially as they come from such unexpected quarters. The Editor has received letters this month showing that the GAZETTE has been discussed on a railway station, in a tobacconist's shop, while it is, of course often the subject of conversation in numerous inns and clubs. It is, too, often quoted in various periodicals. *The Licensing World* of August 11th, reproduced *in extenso* our Thumbnail Sketch of Mr. G. Rose, of the Oxford Arms, Silver Street, Reading. The pictures, both of Mr. Rose and his pigeons, were also published. THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE is undoubtedly getting more and more popular. Last number extra copies were printed, but the journal was promptly " Sold out !"

## INTEMPERATE " TEMPERANCE."

In the *Church Times* of June 8th, there is a leading article from which we quote the following :—

" The Bishop of London regrets that he receives little support from the clergy in his Temperance crusade. To us, we confess, this is a matter for congratulation. What is called the Temperance agitation has always been characterised by extraordinary intemperance, by wild exaggeration, and by the Puritan's desire to interfere with individual freedom. We are glad to note that Dr. Winnington-Ingram is not in favour of Prohibition, though he says that he has seen the good effect that Prohibition has had on American industry. That was the idea behind the agitation carried on by none too scrupulous Methodist agents and paid for with the money of the great employers. The workman, who has his occasional glass of beer, is likely to retain human desires and ambitions. He will demand to live as well as to earn a living. The first step in the progress from humanity to the robot is to deprive humanity of the wine that maketh glad the heart of man. There is really no need whatever in modern England for Temperance crusades or Temperance societies. Better education, better housing and greater opportunities for reasonable pleasure have, to a large extent, destroyed the drunkenness that was the disgrace of the Victorian era, and the little that remains will disappear when everybody is decently housed, everybody is assured of employment, and everybody has his windows open for the light. The cheap tea-shop, the playing-field, the school, the public library—these are the agencies which are making drunkenness rarer and rarer. The temperance orator has never been anything but a tiresome nuisance."

## THE JOY OF SAILING.

Mr. Fred Simonds, one of our Directors, is well known in the yachting world and has lately been indulging in this fascinating form of recreation. As *The Daily Mail* well says, the changes brought about by machinery in the science of navigation have but enhanced the joys of the strenuous, delicate, and primitive art of sailing. There is no nobler sport. For there is none in which man feels himself so close to nature or realises more fully the majesty of the natural laws to which he must subordinate his efforts. It is a true discipline of the soul that sets a man in the seaman's harmony with the eternal forces of wind and tide.

## FEW SPECTACLES SO LOVELY.

There are few spectacles so lovely as that of the multitude of sailing craft assembled off Cowes. They concentrate into that narrow space of water an epitome of all that is left of a beauty once spread over the oceans of the world. We shall not see again the splendours of the concourse of the ancient navies—frigates of Nelson, galleons of the Indies, ships of Tarshish carrying Solomon's gold. But Cowes is the earnest that we have not forgotten the elder tradition of seamanship, that we still care for the art by which the mariners of a thousand years made our country great, and that our hearts still thrill to the incomparable loveliness of white sails gleaming against the blue of sky and sea.

## US SHALL MEET AGAIN.

Us shall meet again,  
Though distant far we be,  
And till that glorious time we gain  
Our loved ones think of we.  
And ever now to we  
When aught shall give us pain,  
Let these few words our motto be :  
Us shall meet again.

## HOW DOES THE DOG KNOW ?

Mr. Rawle, the popular Steward of the Trades Union Club, is the owner of an exceptionally intelligent and affectionate dog. Mr. Rawle recently left Reading for his fortnight's holiday : and his faithful dog knew that he was going, and days before he left seemed very anxious and worried. It was the dog's custom to go out and remain out most of the morning, but during the few days before his master's departure he would only slip out for " a very quick one " and hurry home again. The dog evidently knew that his master was going to leave him for a while. But how he knew remains a mystery.

MILK AND BEER (from *The Licensing World*).

Mr. Lloyd George continues his campaign of misrepresentation in his speeches on the new rating scheme. Recently he told an audience near Aylesbury that he had seen a dairy and a brewery ! Under the new scheme, he said, the brewery would receive rating relief, but not the dairy. This, however, was not enough for Mr. Lloyd George, who proceeded to make the astonishing statement that " beer would have three-quarters of the rates paid, while milk would be passed by on the other side." Mr. Lloyd George is not a stupid man, and he must know that in order to give something worth having the Government is concentrating the relief on producers. The producers of beer are the brewers, while those who distribute it to the public are the inn-keepers and owners of public-houses. The direct relief is to be given to the brewers, but the distributors, it is hoped, will share in the increased prosperity of the Trade, though not being relieved of their rates. There is no difference in the case of milk, except that the scale of relief is more generous. The producers are the farmers, who, as agriculturists, will be relieved of all rates, instead of only three-quarters ; the distributors are the dairy-keepers who will share in the trade improvement. Perhaps Mr. Lloyd George will strive to be more accurate when next he criticises the Government's rating scheme.

## TRUTH'S LAST STRONGHOLD.

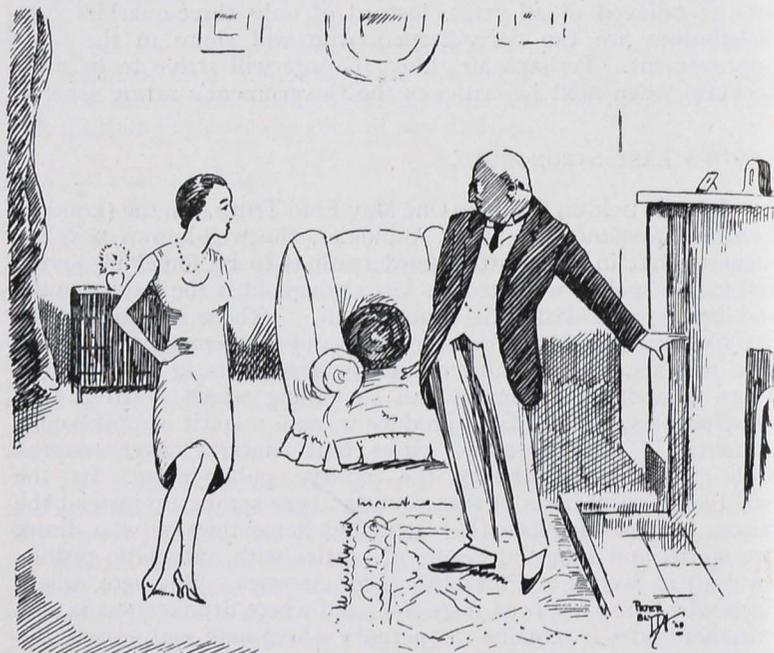
In an article on " Where One May Find Truth," in the (London) *Evening Standard*, Mr. Stacy Aumonier, the well-known novelist, suggests that in the written word truth is to be found in novels, and in the spoken word truth's last stronghold is the public house, and more particularly the country inn. " There sometimes, the day's work being done, the beer good, and the company congenial, men will speak easily and naturally of what is in their hearts. There is about the country inn something which destroys self-consciousness, and tends to produce in man a spirit of philosophic content. It is a thousand pities that America never adapted itself to the atmosphere of the country public-house. In the remote and rural parts of that country there sprang up instead the saloon, a dreadful place that attracted horse thieves, who drank raw spirit, and shot the heads off bottles with automatic pistols. I am all in favour of Prohibition—for America. But here, where the public-house has been respected, and where drunkenness is now extremely rare, it remains a sanctuary where man may escape the insincerities of social life, and, holding the tankard to his lips, may look between the eyes of truth."

## EVIDENTLY GOOD FOR THE VOICE.

Brewers and vintners estimate that the thousands of singers who have taken part in the great Austro-German song festival consumed during the five days of the festival about 400,000 gallons of beer and 200,000 gallons of wine.

## EXIT CRICKET.

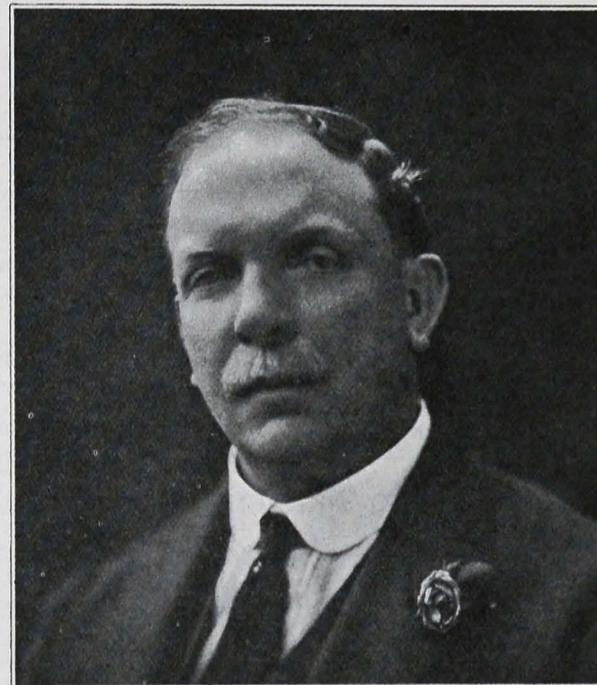
So far as the Brewery is concerned, at any rate, the last ball has been bowled for this season. We have had a very successful innings, for cricket, like all other games, should be judged by the enjoyment it affords rather than by the number of mere victories or defeats. As a matter of fact, our defeats easily outweigh the victories. But "Skipper" Joe Wadhams has handled the side with wonderful ability and contributed largely towards making the outings the real "sporting" events that they have proved to be. It is the unanimous wish of us all that he will carry on next season. And a word of praise is also due to Mr. Jelly, the Hon. Secretary, for all the work he does for the Club.



Patient.—"I called you in Doctor on account of the small pox scare; Really I must be vaccinated, but can you do it so that it will not show?"  
 Doctor.—"Ah, that's the trouble these days Madam."

## THUMBNAIL SKETCHES.

No. 10.



MR. T. CRISP, of the White Hart Hotel, Reading.

For nearly nine years Mr. T. Crisp has carried on the White Hart Hotel, Reading, with eminent success. Besides being a good business man, the subject of my sketch this month is of a most genial disposition and has made many friends. He was for twenty years in the same line in London and since coming to Reading he has been responsible for the carrying out of great improvements at the White Hart. The smoke room is now to be transformed into a snack bar on up-to-date London lines, as it is thought this meets a need long felt and will be appreciated by his ever-increasing number of customers.

Though a busy man Mr. Crisp believes in recreation and is an ardent angler who has met with much success with the rod and line. He used to be a member of the Clapham Junction

Angling Society, whose headquarters were, for eleven years, at Mr. Crisp's house in Battersea. He is a keen supporter of the Reading Football Club and a regular attendant at the matches. He is a member of the Caversham Golf Club and of the Reading Bowling Club.

For four years he was Chairman of the Reading and District Licensed Victuallers' Association, and for a long time he has been on the Committee of Management of the Licensed Victuallers' Schools at Slough, in which he takes the greatest interest. He was founder of the Berks, Bucks and Oxon Charitable Association, which is for the benefit of the Schools and of old people connected with the trade who have seen better days.

Mr. Crisp represents the Trade as a Rotarian ; he is a member of the Wellington Club and also takes an active part in the work of that excellent institution, St. George's Club for Boys.

These few details give some idea of his active and useful life, and may he be spared for many years yet to carry on the good work !

#### THE FORBURY GARDENS, READING.

What a pleasant spot in which to enjoy a rest and shelter from the sun on a summer's day, beneath shady trees and midst pretty flower-beds—just now at their best—a credit to the town and those who tend them ! And this right in the heart of our busy town. True, there is the continual passing of trains and, nearer still, the sound of road traffic to break the otherwise peaceful serenity of the surroundings. But this is only to be expected in these days of rush and hurry, and is a distinct contrast to former times because these Gardens have many historical associations with the past, forming, as they did, part of the outer court to the famous Abbey which brought Reading into prominence in earlier times. Now only the ruins remain, an eloquent testimony of its past grandeur. A stroll through the ivy-clad walls affords plenty of scope for the imagination of those who visit the site. For the benefit of distant readers, who perhaps have not yet had the opportunity of seeing them, the following are just a few of some of the important events and ceremonies that took place and formed part of our national history :—

The Abbey was founded by King Henry I. in 1121.

The burial of King Henry I., 1136.

The trial by combat of Henry de Essex and Robert de Montfort, 1163.

The Hallowing of the Church of The Abbey by Thomas Becket, 1164.

Visit of Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem to King Henry II., 1185.

Marriage of John of Gaunt and Blanche of Lancaster, 1359.

Parliament of King Henry VI., 1453.

Visit of King Edward IV. and his Queen, Elizabeth Woodville, 1464 (when his marriage was first openly acknowledged).

The martyrdom of Hugh Farringdon, last Abbot, 1539.

Parliament also met at the Abbey in 1466-67, and Kings Henry VII. and Henry VIII. visited it on several occasions, but mention is made especially of the above events because they are cleverly illustrated by a series of oil paintings which were exhibited at the Royal Academy. They now adorn the walls of the Corporation Art Gallery and well deserve careful study. A debt of gratitude is due to Dr. J. B. Hurry for presenting these paintings to his native town. The most ancient musical composition in existence was composed at Reading Abbey by one of the monks : it is dated 1240, and is entitled *Sumer is icumen in*.

To return to the Gardens. There are also memorials of modern times, such as guns captured in the Crimean campaign and the Great War. Then there is the tribute to the Officers and Men of The Royal Berkshire Regiment who lost their lives in the Afghan campaign of 1879-1880. This takes the form of a very imposing lion, of cast iron, mounted on a large stone pedestal, on the sides of which are bronze panels with the names of the fallen heroes, and also the following :—

“ History does not afford any grander or finer instance of gallantry and devotion to Queen and Country than that displayed by the LXVI. Regiment at the Battle of Maiwand.”—*Despatch of General Primrose*.

It will be of interest to our readers to know that our esteemed Chairman (Mr. G. Blackall-Simonds) was the sculptor of this monument : it is said to be the largest erect statue of its kind. It weighs about sixteen tons and measures thirty-one feet from nose to end of tail.

No doubt Mr. Blackall-Simonds considered himself honoured that his art should commemorate such heroism.

F.C.H.

## OUR LADIES' PAGE.

## MINERVA.

This month I want to say one or two things to you upon the importance of being sensible. By being sensible, I do not mean serious and strait-laced, but just intelligent sensibility, for it takes intelligent sensibility to properly appreciate a good joke or witticism.

There is only an indifferent response (though maybe much noise) from a partially developed intellect, and that is another form of expression I do not wish you to misconstrue. I don't mean a half-wit! but what most of us are—intelligently lopsided. A catholic taste and interest *ought* to be encouraged so that every window of the soul may be open to let in the light.

Only an intelligent woman is a useful woman in this world, be it in the home or in her career, and just as especially in the home, though this is only just beginning to be generally realized.

It is all very well to sneer at intelligence as though it were some deadly germ to be avoided, as most self-styled "low-brows" affect to avoid it, but it is precisely this in a highly developed sense which distinguishes us from the beast; though some beasts could "knock spots off us," taking into consideration their limitations, as I shall endeavour to show in a future article.

Of course, much of the "business" of the *intelligenza* is merely a pose and more real love of knowledge is to be found very oft-times *outside* Chelsea and such-like bohemian quarters than *in*.

Men and women who "strut" their learning before the crowd as something to be emulated, are far from the "simplicity of character" which was designated by THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE as "the natural result of profound thought." Many so-called bohemians affect simplicity and the simple life without experiencing any of its claims. Still, I confess to a "strong weakness" for all and sundry who attempt the intellectual life at all and in any way; it is better by far than no desire for a richer, fuller existence whatsoever, that is why I feel sure that women more generally should seek to develop their mental as well as their spiritual powers.

We have always been told that women are more spiritual than men. Men crave for companionship of the mind and if a man cannot find intellectual sympathy and understanding in his own wife or sweetheart he will go where he can, though it *may* never mean more than just "intellectual sympathy." Still, a woman would certainly not be flattered if her spouse sought one of the highest attributes in another woman because he failed to find it in her.

What is an intelligent woman? If it is anything at all, it is certainly one whose mind and soul are evenly balanced, that is, a woman in whom reason is not out-balanced by feelings—the sympathies and emotions of the heart.

Let the heart be the reins and the reason the skilful driver.

Some people boast of more beef than brain, but it is not right that the body should be stronger than the mind. So much in a woman's nature stirs her to rash action and whimsical impulse. 'Tis said that this is due to intuition—an instinct which is lauded rather highly, but which does not merit all the commendation it receives, for it not infrequently leads her astray, and, not only herself, but others who are inclined to be guided by her.

A friend of mine who always depends upon her intuition will never permit her hubby to speculate in shares unless she "has a feeling that it is going to be right." Once she persuaded her husband to be so guided that he sold out certain shares in some oil company or other. He did this, but failed to sell one which he retained in another company through some error of his own, though meaning to sell out with the others as Madame "A" directed. It was precisely this one that "came home with the goods," much to the chagrin of Madame "A" and the joy and re-fortified self-opinion of Monsieur "A."

So you see, here Madame "A" was decidedly wrong or she would not only have been impressed to sell out the worthless shares, but to be doubly sure that they did not sell the one that was ultimately to bring in a small fortune. Monsieur "A" certainly possessed the calculating faculty, the faculty of reason, but was not permitted by Madame "A" to make use of it.

A stronger-minded man in his position would have ascertained exactly what he was doing instead of relying upon mere intuition.

And that is precisely what *every woman* should endeavour to do—ascertain what she *is* doing, and not only what she is doing, but what she is Thinking, and Feeling, and Learning and Growing to be.

W.L. (Swansea).

(To be continued.)

## HOLIDAYS.

The topic of conversation most to the fore this time of the year (August) is, I feel sure, that of "Holidays," and I would venture to say that should you meet a friend or an acquaintance

whom you have not seen for some time, the first words after the usual greetings have been exchanged, would be "Have you had your holidays yet?" and then would follow such questions as these (that is, if the answer was in the affirmative): "Where did you go?" "Was the weather good?" "Did you like the place?" Or, if the answer is in the negative, then you would hear: "Where and when are you going?" Indeed, to the average man and woman, holidays have now become a regular institution, and one feels it is their duty to stray from the usual routine of work-a-day life and to find pleasure and ease preferably in a part of the world they have not before visited. It may be said by those to whose lot falls the responsibility of making arrangements for the annual vacation that it is a lot of bother and worry, but I do not think that even they can escape from the anticipation of the change in their manner of life. For without a doubt much pleasure is derived from the anticipation and expectation of our holidays and we make plans of what we hope to do although often they are not realised.

However, we should make the best use of this particular period and take the fullest toll possible of fresh air and sunshine to help us through the dark days ahead. We ought not to return from a holiday without having derived some benefit from the change. And then, having enjoyed to the full, these days of relaxation, there must necessarily come the day for return. We remark how sorry we are to be going back, which, of course, is only natural, but I often wonder if these same remarks are really genuine, and if we are not secretly looking forward to taking up the threads of the every-day life once again, when we meet our friends and recount our various experiences.

It is indeed good to be in harness once again and to feel that we have our niche in the work of the world.

M.P.

#### BUILDING DEPARTMENT.

##### ANNUAL WEEK'S HOLIDAY.

The employees of the above Department had their annual week's holiday this year from August 6th to the 13th, when the works were practically closed down. The weather was ideal.

The action of the Directors of the Firm in so kindly granting the holiday with full wages is greatly appreciated by us all, and we ask them to accept our sincere thanks. This is the second year that the holiday has been granted.

G.W.C.

#### WITHIN THE HOUSE.

A poor old man had eked out a poverty-stricken existence for many years by the cultivation of a small stony bit of ground, the produce of which he sold in a far distant town by means of a garden truck and an old horse. One day, however, he lost his main dependence, his faithful old horse, and while sadly digging a hole deep enough to bury him, his heart being full of anxiety as he had no money wherewith to buy another horse, he turned up nugget after nugget of gold. He sold the gold, bought the surrounding land, mined unlimited gold and ultimately died fabulously rich. Now why did not the man dig up the gold before and why did he live a life of poverty when he might have lived in affluence? Obviously, because he didn't know it was there, and as soon as he did know it, he benefited immediately.

So is it with the marvellous and as yet hardly discovered Power *Within* which can actually be applied to material and spiritual affairs in a manner which truly maketh rich and addeth no sorrow—a *scientific* power quite apart from, and independent of, any dogmatic beliefs one may care to hold.

One of the homeliest Short Stories in Scripture is contained in seven small verses and tells us of a poor young mother, left with two little boys whose father was dead; she had unavoidably got into debt—perhaps through his illness and funeral expenses—and had no means wherewith to pay. At last, the creditor would wait no longer and came to take the little boys away as bondmen. This, of course, was more than the poor distracted mother could stand and decided her to take drastic action. She went to the kind prophet Elisha and asked his advice; he said "What shall I do for thee? Tell me, what hast thou *in the house*?" She answered that she had nothing but a small pot of oil. Then Elisha told her to borrow all the vessels she could from her friends and neighbours—to "scant not" or "borrow not a few" and he also said "When thou art come in thou shalt shut the door upon thee and upon thy sons and shalt pour out into all those vessels and thou shalt set aside that which is full." When she got home she sent the children to borrow the vessels and shut the door as the Prophet had told her and when every vessel was full the oil stayed, but not till then. Elisha then told her to sell the oil, pay her debt, and to live and keep her children on the remainder of the proceeds.

Here is one of the most comforting lessons in hope and faith that we can have, for we all feel that we have our way to make in the world; most of us are wage-earners; many of us have others dependent upon us, and we are all more or less under the dominance of fear—fear that competition is too keen for us; fear that we shall

be numbered among the failures; fear that there is not room for us in the field of supply. Perhaps, too, we have not yet taken the first step in seeking higher advice as the anxious mother did in her extremity, that is, we have not gone to the Inexhaustible Supply with our fears and failures. If we had, the same question would have been put to us "What hast thou *in the house*"—in the *within*—that "best-seller" amongst our own talents, which if developed and believed in, represents to each of us our substance and supply. One has outstanding business ability; another, literary abilities; another, great organising powers; another, a wonderful singing voice—all these and other talents "within the house" can be utilised to greater advantage than ever before by the *awakened* consciousness. Our supply can come to us in the way that we can best understand at present, in the work we are doing to-day, through the thing we have "in the house" of our "*within*." What we do best is our work here to do, and there can be no failure when we realise that Divine Love is our Life, our Substance, our sole employer and that there is no middleman between divinity and ourselves.

There can be no obstruction in Love; its blessing rests on every right endeavour and there is no stronger power to defeat it. Whether we have ten, five or only one talent "in the house," the result is the same. "There are diversities of gifts but the *same* Spirit" which blesses and hallows all gifts alike.

The little mother fighting for the liberty of her sons in the story quoted, did not know what to do with her little pot of oil—her "talent"—until the Prophet directed her, and he did not and could not do this until she applied to him. So Truth reveals to us how we shall use that which we possess "within the house." How? you will ask. By the quickening of the intuitions. Truth lies about us everywhere, and it is not until we develop the awakened intuition that we catch the full significance of its hitherto unsuspected meaning.

Then it is that those two comforting assurances of the shepherd king burst upon our realisation:—"I will fear no evil" and "I shall not *want*"—the latter state of security being the natural outcome of the former attitude of mind.

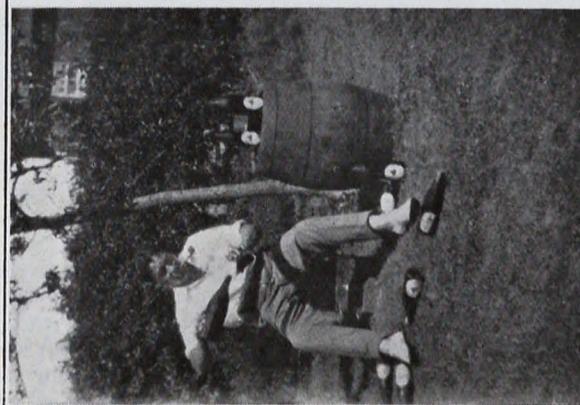
E.M.D.F.



SATISFACTION.



REALISATION.



ANTICIPATION.

## A GREAT THOUGHT.

*The dream children whom I would now raise, if I could, before every one of you, should be the dear child you love, the dearer child you have lost, the child you might have had, the child you certainly have been. Each of these dream children should hold in its powerful hand one of the little children now lying in the Hospital for Sick Children, or now shut out of it to perish. Each of these dream children should say to you, "O, help this little sufferer in my name; O, help it for my sake."*—Extract from a speech by Charles Dickens when he presided at the Festival Dinner of The Hospital for Sick Children, London, February 9th, 1858.

H. & G. SIMONDS, LTD., "STABLES" CHAR-A-BANC OUTING.



The Happy Party.

On Sunday, August 12th, the "Stables" at H. & G. Simonds Ltd. had an Outing by char-a-banc to Southsea. The party started at 8.30 a.m. and, after a very enjoyable ride with a couple of stops to give the car a cooler and the company refreshments, the sea was reached just after noon. The party then went off in different directions, but it was soon evident that all of them knew where the "Portland" was. In the afternoon, "Mark"

showed some of his companions how to be sailors by taking them "round the harbour." "Soldier" was the only one to "paddle," but his poor feet did not like the pebbles and he said so! After "Robbie" had finished all the whelks obtainable, a start was made for home at 6 p.m. and after one or two stops on the way, the "Merry Maidens" was reached in time to have a parting "wet."

Thanks are due to the Farrier for the splendid arrangements he made for lunch on the way.

All expressed the hope that this "Stable Outing" will become an annual affair.

THE CROWN HOTEL, SHEPTON-U-WYCHWOOD.



The above is a "snap" taken outside The Crown Hotel, Shepton-U-Wychwood. The proprietor (Mr. E. Medcraft) and a few London visitors to the neighbourhood are in the picture. As the chief demand is for "S.B." and at this particular time everybody was "on it," one of the "boys" thought this would be a worthy time to take a photograph. This is a "free" house, but our "S.B." has taken on enormously, and very seldom do you see any other beers being sold (in bottle).

## BREWERY JOTTINGS.

Owing to the good offices of a good friend in the Offices, I received a copy of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE for last month whilst I was on holidays. It was indeed a link with home and I was right glad to get my copy early.

How many times have you heard the query what the letters "S.B." stand for? The following are a few I've heard, and they were said in all seriousness, too:—

Simond's Beer.

Simond's Best.

Small Beer.

A Yankee designation would be, no doubt, "Say Bo! Some Beer!"

There seems to be quite a chapter of accidents to report this month.

Mr. F. Kirby, who is so well known at the Firm, met with an alarming accident, fortunately without a serious result. Cycling home, he was knocked over by a motor car in the Bath Road, escaping with bruises and shock. After a short while he was able to resume his duties in the Office and is now looking more like his cheery self again I am pleased to say.

Mrs. Powell, wife of Mr. A. Powell, both of whom "looked after" the Offices, &c., for so many years, was knocked down by a motor cycle after alighting from a bus and rather badly hurt. She is now much better and well on the road to recovery. It has been an anxious time for the genial Mr. A. Powell, who dispenses the liquid nourishment at the Bar.

Two of the younger members of the staff in the Cask Office had a narrow escape from severe injury a few Sundays ago. The motor car in which they were riding was wrecked owing to a burst tyre. They luckily escaped with scratches only.

Mr. A. E. Smith (General Office) is not being at all favoured by fortune's smile just lately. His wife has had to undergo a severe operation at the Royal Berkshire Hospital, the second time in three years. Fortunately, she is making good progress which at the moment of writing is being maintained.

Mr. R. J. Bartlett (Chief Clerk, Salisbury Branch) paid us a visit the other day. He was looking quite bonny and pleased to have a chat over old times and doings.

A few Saturdays ago I saw the First Eleven playing Cricket on an ideal afternoon and ground yet, as far as I could see, there were two supporters only of the Brewery watching the match, excluding the Umpire and Scorer. Surely our Cricket team deserves better support than this!

It seems hardly true that 'ere this number sees the light of day Football will be in full swing and that Reading will have played two matches. Judging from those who have seen the Practice Matches, we are in for a good season. It is to be hoped so, for a successful team helps the town of Reading without a doubt.

At the moment we are all optimists and hope springs eternal in the Football Director's breast. Arguments as to the constitution of the team for the first match have already been heard, and should Reading F.C. fail there will be even more. The general feeling seems to be that the Reading Football Directors have done well in the signing on of so many good players. We shall see.

W.D.

A motto in an Oxford tavern states: "There are a thousand and one reasons why I should not have a glass of beer with you—but I can't think of one at the moment."

## BINFIELD WEDDING.

The wedding of Mr. Frederick George Symonds, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Symonds, of Bramley, Hants, and Miss Elsie Agnes Marks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Marks, of the Victoria Arms, Binfield, took place at All Saints' Church, Binfield, recently. The Rector, the Rev. Hugh Bonsey, officiated, and the hymns sung were "The voice that breathed o'er Eden" and "O Love Divine," and Miss S. Burton, a friend of the bride, was at the organ.

The bride was given away by her father, and she was attired in a dress of ivory beaded georgette, with a white tulle veil forming a train. She carried a bouquet of pink sweet peas and carnations.

She was attended by two bridesmaids, Miss Joan Comer and Miss Mary Barrow, both of Binfield, who wore dresses of salmon pink silk and carried bouquets of yellow daisies.

Mr. Albert Symonds was best man. A reception was afterwards held at the bride's home.

Customers presented the bride and bridegroom with a cut glass and silver biscuit barrel.



The Bride and Bridegroom.

### THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A teetotaller has attempted to swim the Channel, but he was well oiled before he started.

MR. BOREM: "I am opposed to intoxicating liquors as a beverage. Yet I believe that liquor rightly used is a benefit to humanity. I am fully convinced that whisky was once the means of saving my life."

MISS CUTTING: "Perhaps it did; but I fail to see how that proves it a benefit to humanity."

"How long has your wife been away?"

"Oh, about a cheque book and a half."

### THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"I certainly prefer singles," writes a lawn-tennis expert in a daily paper. On the other hand, many people prefer doubles—and not too much water.

A lady suspected her two sons of carrying on a mild flirtation with one of the servants, a bonnie Scotch lassie. In order to arrive at the truth she pressed the bell, and when the girl answered it, spoke to her.

"Tell me, Jane," she said quietly, "which of my two sons do you prefer—James or Albert?"

"Weel, Ma'am," replied the blushing Jane, "they are both very nice, though I think of the two I prefer James; but for a real good spree gie me the master."

Finding a name for a racehorse is becoming more and more difficult. Curiously enough, after the race most of us can find scores of things to call him.

"It is the duty of seaside landladies to warn their lodgers against bathing risks," a doctor says. At present all they do is make sure that none of us enters the water after a big meal.

MRS. GLEESON (at seaside concert): "She has quite a large repertoire, hasn't she?"

GLEESON: "Yes, and that dress she has on makes it look all the worse."

BORE (on Monday morning): "I passed your house yesterday, Jones."

JONES: "Thanks."

They were a family of enthusiastic motorists, and the youngest daughter was reading an extract from a history book to her mother. "Just fancy, mother!" she exclaimed. "Those Spanish pirates I've been reading to you about thought nothing of going three thousand miles on a galleon." The girl's mother thought a moment. "Ah, yes, dear," she said. "But your father was only saying the other day that you can't believe all you hear about those foreign cars."

One of the most famous stories of the Great War is told in Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice's "Life of General Lord Rawlinson of Trent" :—

W., a distinguished general, arrived suddenly to inspect a brigade. At the last moment it was found that one of the men was too intoxicated to stand up, so he was hastily smuggled out of the ranks, put on a stretcher, and rolled up in a blanket behind the rear rank. W., in his inspection, seeing a body on a stretcher, halted in front of it, stood to attention, and, saluting with much ceremony, said: "I salute the honoured dead." A thick and muffled voice replied from the blanket: "What's the old say?"

An old farmer and his wife were standing by their pigsty looking at their only pig, when the old woman said: "It will be our silver wedding to-morrow, George. Shall we kill the pig?" And George replied: "What's the good of murdering the poor pig for what happened twenty-five years ago?"

A certain temperance society is thinking of prosecuting a local fisherman for taking a large bass during prohibited hours.

Two "charladies" were discussing the general quality of the beer and milk with which they had been supplied, and they came to the conclusion that both beverages, or liquid foods, had been adulterated. "Oh," said one of them, who was one of those people who appear to know everything, "I'll tell you what we'll do! We'll take 'em to the Town 'All and we'll have them paralysed by an anarchist."

"And after that, I believe," said the solicitor, "you and your wife had words?"

"No, only my wife," replied the witness.

The young man and the girl were saying good-night on the doorstep when a window above them was suddenly pushed up and a weary voice said: "My dear sir, I have no objection to your coming here and sitting up half the night with my daughter, nor even to your standing on the doorstep for a couple of hours saying good-night, but out of consideration for the rest of the household who wish to go to sleep, will you kindly take your elbow off the push-bell?"

It was at a dance, and a young man, observing a girl standing alone, and thinking that he recognised her, went up to her and said: "Pardon me. You look like Helen Black."

"Yes," she replied, "I know I do; but I assure you I'd look far worse in white!"

The following was told by an Englishman just returned from a visit to Scotland :—

"A want ye to examine ma, doctor."

"It's the whusky, Jock. Hoo much d'ye drink a day?"

"Three or four drams."

"Ye mun limit yessel' to an oonce till y're weel again."

Jock was hazy as to the amount of whisky in an ounce.

"Hey, laddie," he called to a schoolboy on his way home, "A want ye. Hoo much is an oonce?"

"16 drams 1 ounce, 16—"

"That'll do, laddie. What a feast I'm going to ha'e!"

Men's suits with sixteen pockets are now being made. Some wives have a lot to go through.

#### DRINKING.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,  
And drinks, and gapes for drink again,  
The plants suck in the earth, and are  
With constant drinking fresh and fair;  
The sea itself—which one would think  
Should have but little need of drink—  
Drinks ten thousand rivers up,  
So filled that they o'erflow the cup.  
The busy sun—and one would guess  
By's drunken fiery face no less—  
Drinks up the sea, and when he's done,  
The moon and stars drink up the sun.  
They drink and dance by their own light,  
They drink and revel all the night.  
Nothing in nature's sober found,  
But an eternal health goes round.  
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,  
Fill up the glasses there; for why  
Should every creature drink but I;  
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

—Abraham Cowley.

## SOCIAL CLUB.

## ANNUAL FLOWER SHOW.

The Annual Flower Show took place on Saturday, August 25th, and proved to be one of the most successful held for several years. Outstanding features were the honorary exhibits made by F. A. Simonds, Esq., per Mr. Haines, head gardener at "Mertonford," Wokingham, and Mrs. L. de L. Simonds, per Mr. Dean, head gardener at Audley Wood, Basingstoke. The show room presented a very pleasing spectacle owing to the artistic arrangement of flowers and ferns, etc. Other items of interest were an exhibition of prize racing pigeons, kindly arranged by Mr. Bowsher, Secretary of the Reading Flying Club, and an exhibition of prize fur-producing rabbits, staged by Mr. Rosum. Both items proved a very attractive addition.

Mr. Haines and Mr. Clift (second gardener at Audleys Wood) acted as judges and awarded the prizes as under. The brunt of the work of arranging the show fell on the shoulders of Mr. W. Bradford, the Hon. Secretary, who is to be heartily congratulated on the success which attended his efforts.

Mrs. C. Bennett kindly presented the prizes.

Mr. F. C. Hawkes proposed a vote of thanks to Mrs. Bennett, and Mr. Bennett, responding on behalf of his wife, congratulated the competitors on making such excellent exhibits, and said such produce was a great credit to them all. He considered that the arrangements made were most satisfactory and reflected credit on all concerned.

Prizes were generously given by the following:—Messrs. C. W. Stocker, C. E. Gough, F. C. Hawkes, C. Bennett, H. F. Lindars, R. Biggs, H. L. Chaplin, E. S. Phipps, A. R. Bradford, H. Shepherd, Major Kaye, F. Josey, W. Wheeler, A. H. Hopkins, W. Curtis, J. Webb, S. Murton, H. Woolcott, G. F. Irwin, A. Grove, J. Wadhams, S. Bird, and Miss Fleet.

## PRIZE LIST.

- Collection of Vegetables*—1, T. H. Stacey; 2, F. Braisher.  
*Potatoes (Kidney)*—1, W. G. Humphries; 2, L. Duguid; 3, H. Prater.  
*Potatoes (Round)*—1, T. J. Williams; 2, T. H. Stacey; 3, H. Prater.  
*Heaviest Potato*—1, J. T. Cholwill.  
*Onions*—1, F. Braisher; 2, T. J. Day; 3, G. H. King.  
*Heaviest Onion*—1, A. O. Taylor.  
*Carrots (Long)*—1, F. Braisher; 2, T. J. Williams.

- Carrots (Short)*—1, T. J. Williams; 2, F. Braisher.  
*Largest Carrot*—1, T. H. Stacey.  
*Runner Beans*—1, J. Kirk; 2, J. T. Cholwill; 3, T. J. Day.  
*Pods of Peas*—1, T. Osborne.  
*Cabbage*—1, A. Waller; 2, L. Duguid; 3, H. Prater.  
*Heaviest Cabbage*—1, T. H. Stacey; 2, A. Waller.  
*Beet (Globe)*—1, T. J. Day; 2, T. H. Stacey; 3, T. Osborne.  
*Lettuce (Cabbage)*—1, J. T. Cholwill.  
*Lettuce (Cos)*—1, T. Osborne.  
*Marrows (for table)*—1, H. Prater; 2, F. Braisher; 3, T. H. Stacey.  
*Heaviest Marrow*—1, J. T. Cholwill; 2, T. H. Stacey; 3, A. Weight.  
*Turnips*—1, F. Braisher.  
*Shallots*—1, T. Osborne; 2, W. G. Humphries; 3, T. H. Stacey.  
*Parsnips*—1, F. Braisher; 2, T. H. Stacey.  
*Roses*—T. J. Williams.  
*Asters*—1, Mrs. Braisher; 2, T. Osborne.  
*Dahlias*—T. H. Stacey.  
*Mixed Cut Flowers*—T. J. Williams.  
*Sweet Peas*—1, J. T. Cholwill; 2, F. C. Hawkes.  
*Specimen Plant in Bloom*—1, A. Weight; 2, E. W. Bowsher; 3, W. Sparks.  
*Specimen Foliage Plant*—1, T. H. Stacey; 2, H. Prater.  
*Heaviest Sunflower*—J. Kirk.  
*New Laid Eggs*—1, Mrs. Braisher; 2, T. Osborne.  
*Boiled Potatoes*—1, Mrs. Prater; 2, Mrs. Bowsher.  
*Needlecraft*—1, Miss Stanborough; 2, Mrs. Stacey; 3, Miss L. Hutchins.  
*Wild Cut Flowers*—1, Master Osborne; 2, Master Bowsher; 3, Miss Bowsher.

## DEPARTMENTAL TOURNAMENTS.

SEASON 1928-9.

The Committee have pleasure in informing members of the Social Club that the Departmental Tournaments will commence on Friday, October 5th, and the following will act as Captains of the teams:—Offices, Mr. H. Davis; Beer Cellars, Mr. W. Wheeler; Coopers, Mr. W. Sparks; Building, Mr. — Mitchell; The Rest, Mr. S. Bird; Transport, Mr. A. O. Taylor.

These Tournaments created a tremendous amount of enthusiasm last season, and it is hoped that even more members will avail themselves of the amenities of this popular item in the Club's activities.

## READING BILLIARDS LEAGUE.



Members of Simonds' Social Club who headed the first division in the Reading Billiards League for the season 1927-28. With the exception of one player this is the same team that won the cup two years ago.

## CRICKET.

The weather is hot, the sun shining and King Football is with us once again. Oh! this will never do. Soccer encroaches so much on the Cricket Season that we must not give it too hearty a welcome, so will bid it keep in the background for just a little while longer. Let us keep the memory of Cricket green for a short spell.

I truly wish the following narrative could be more rosy, but really, if not absolutely black it is a very sombre grey.

On the 23rd July we journeyed to Wargrave, taking what we thought was a fairly good team, but we found the locals in a holiday mood. They batted first and to a jolly lively tune, the first wicket falling at 74 and the next at 140. After trying six bowlers, our skipper had a hand and got a wicket, thereupon Wargrave declared

their innings closed, the score then reading 186 for 5. With one wicket down for 1 and the next falling for a single, we made a bad start. Mr. Woolcott, who seems to have happy memories of Wargrave, made 29 and Croom got 14, but no one else reached double figures and our total only reached 77, which speaks for itself. We are sorry Mr. Woolcott cannot see his way to turn out more regularly for us, for we could do with his assistance.

The next Saturday our old friends from Hackwood Park should have paid us a visit, but owing to heavy rain we had to stop them from coming over. As it happened the afternoon turned out fine, but the change in the weather came much too late to be of any service.

Our next encounter was with Factory "B" and we were asked if we would like to field. Naturally, as we did not win the toss, we gladly consented. We had a spell of success, Croom taking the first wicket with the score standing at 5. With 4 down for 34, things looked a little like coming our way, but Caryer (a first team man and our old coach) and A. Lewendon took the score along, the former getting 25 and the latter 36. With three others getting double figures, their total reached 117. Once again we made a poor start, the first wicket falling for 2. Then we picked up a bit and Croom (19), Osborne (13) and Perrin (23) helped our score up to 77 for 5. From that time it was a procession, for the next five only averaged one apiece. Caryer was their most effective bowler, securing 6 wickets.

We had been asked by Heckfield to go out to them to play the "Return" fixture, the first having been unfortunately mixed up, both teams anticipating an away match. They must have known something, for we came unstuck properly. This time the procession started in the front ranks and seven good wickets were down for 10 runs; Collins was tempted with a few "jammy" ones, but did not succumb quite so easily as was anticipated and Broad opened his shoulders three times and was top scorer with 8. All told, we mustered 24.

Although Croom and Broad were bowling splendidly and repeatedly beat the bats, no luck favoured them and when the tea interval was announced, only one run was required for a draw. This was soon got and the men started hitting out. Change of bowlers altered the tale, Collins, in two overs, got three wickets without any runs; Rumens and Jelley got two each and Osborne got one, the full total then reached 64. Broad in 13 overs got 1 wicket for 20 and bowled 6 maidens. Croom had very similar figures, *viz.*, 13 overs, 1 wicket, 20 runs, 3 maidens.

The Second Eleven have only played two matches during the last four weeks, as Serpells scratched owing to their inability to raise a team and Bradfield did likewise on account of the inclement weather.

Earley was the first of the two encounters and our visitors turned the tables. Thanks to F. Bedford, with a good innings of 40, they kept the score going on merrily until it totalled 91. James, who was unable to make the trip to Wargrave with the First Eleven, turned out for the juniors and Hawkins gave him the ball to start with and to some purpose; he got 5 for 22. Of our batting, a very few words will suffice, as we only made 21, and of that 7 were extras.

What to say of their next and last match is difficult. As the result showed a substantial win, we should like to crow lustily, but the score book shows five strange names. What excuses have the five missing ones to offer, I wonder. It is not playing the game to promise to play and then not turn up, or even inform the Captain of absence.

However, another team found themselves without any opponents and we borrowed five men and the "Imps" borrowed one and so carried out our match. Thanks mainly to two of our friends who made 69 between them, we only missed the century by one run. One of the two then showed he was equally as good with the ball, taking 5 for 6 runs. Clark had the other five and his only cost 18 and with 4 extras brought the "Imps" score up to 28.

The Second Eleven have now finished their season, while the First Eleven have one more, namely at Bradfield, where we had hoped to meet Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds on the field of Cricket; he, however, is enjoying a well-earned holiday in France, so our hopes have once more been disappointed.

The result of this match and a resumé of the season will have to be held over until our next.

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#### WORDS OF WISDOM.

He only is exempt from failures who makes no efforts.

---

Nature is beyond all teaching.

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The right kind of a Dream is the Advance Agent of a Deed.

## A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.)

Nature has many beauty spots in England, and one of these is Mapledurham. On the hottest day you can be cool at Mapledurham. The surging water, as it dashes down the tumbling-bay, makes the trees shiver at its wrecklessness. It dilutes the air, which, as it passes over the sweet-smelling flowers and herbage, imbibes some of their rich scents and fills the atmosphere with a fragrant freshness.

The buzz of the busy bees sipping nectar from each tempting bloom; the chorus of young voices in some nest every now and then, as the untiring parents try to fill the ever-gaping mouths; and the little stoat darting to and fro, in and out, alas! with murderous intent, forms a Nature picture that can never be produced on canvas, and but imperfectly described in print. And the sounds are as sweet as the scenes.

Mapledurham! Everyone who knows anything at all about the Thames has been to Mapledurham and listened to the music of the waterfall, or taken tea on the pretty islands, where the rats come and steal your cake, and where you may see the kingfishers—flashes of rich amber and blue—speed along the water's surface, uttering their plaintive cry, tit-chu, tit-chu, tit-chu. It is here the kingfishers make their nests. There they are as plain as can be to the practised eye, but rarely seen by the uninitiated. Thousands of people have been within a foot of at least three such nests this season, but I do not suppose ten have known it.

There is not much to see—but a good deal to smell if you only place your nose close enough. The nest is at the end of a hole which extends about an arm's length, and which is pecked out by the birds in the cliff-like portions of the river's bank. The entrance to a kingfisher's nest is a quagmire consisting chiefly of the remains of small fish which the birds have swallowed, afterwards disgorging the bones. The eggs, five to six in number, sometimes more, are of a beautiful transparent white, and almost round.

These birds are in truth "King" fishers. You may see them hover over the water in hawk-like fashion and then dive into it like an arrow. Plop! and there is one little fish less in the Thames, for these expert anglers rarely return without some victim to their unerring aim. They seize it by the tail, rap its head severely against a twig, and soon all is over.

Nature, in her wonderful wisdom, knows that the bright colours of the bird on a nest in the open would court disaster, while the

pure white eggs would be equally noticeable in the absence of the bird, and so the nest is placed in a hole where bird and eggs are out of sight.

Mapledurham is one of Nature's choicest gardens, and in the springtime love-making goes on apace. This year a pair of snipe chose it as their summer residence. I watched them on the little pebbly beaches by the weir for weeks.

After a while there was but one, and I knew just where, in some rushes, there were four pretty eggs and that the hen was sitting. The eggs of the snipe are rather large for the size of the bird, so that when sitting they are always placed with the small ends to the centre, as in the case of plovers' eggs.

Some time elapsed, and then to and fro the parent birds would fly, each time carrying some dainty morsel to their young. Later on they taught their little ones to fly, taking them very short distances at first, then further and further until the tiny wings grew strong.

It was a delightful sight. How those birds cared for their children—far more than many human parents care for theirs! The pretty creatures warned their offsprings of every danger, showed them every tenderness and yet at the same time taught them to look after themselves. It was a model home.

As I stand quietly by a tree, unnoticed, a squirrel takes to the water from the other side, and, holding its pretty "brush" aloft, swims bravely across. Not far away many little bleak, dace, and roach spurt out of the water from a deep pool, making ducks and drakes along the water's surface. But this is not play, as well the experienced angler knows, and one has only to watch a short time to see what causes the commotion. The performance is repeated, and at the same moment out leaps a hungry fish, with cruel gaping jaws, which seize a silvery-coated bleak across the shoulder and turn the poor little victim round to be gulped down head first.

The culprit is a large and wily trout such as anglers love to kill. Those who know the fascination of "playing" such a prize—there is not a gamer fish than a trout—on a thin line and a pliant rod agree that bringing down a pheasant from its lofty flight, stalking a timid deer, or even rolling over a mighty lion, is a lesser prideful feat than lifting safely from the water into one's net a heavy speckled beauty.

Mapledurham is not too near a town, and not too far away. Spring, summer, autumn, and winter each clothe it in different garbs, but all of equal beauty.

In spring there are the germs of vegetation quickening into sturdy life under the warm rays of the genial sun. The first few twigs of what will soon be nests of exquisite design may be found on every hand.

The golden summer sun warms all life into maturity. The flowers are in full bloom; what not long since were but little eggs are now strong young birds, while myriad forms of tiny life, children of the sun, spring into existence and dance with sheer delight.

Autumn follows, and, as though not to be beaten, she clothes herself in the varied garb of all the other seasons. She steals the choicest shades and hues and weaves herself a gown of matchless beauty.

Then comes winter, when Nature sleeps; but only sleeps, for—

He marks the bounds which Winter may not pass,  
And blunts his pointed fury; in its case,

Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ  
Uninjured, with inimitable art;  
And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,  
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.

These, the finest of all cinematograph pictures, are to be seen each season of the year at few other places as at this lovely rural spot, through which the majestic Thames flows in all its varied splendour. Mapledurham!



The Fox Inn, Purbright.

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

If you want work done, go to the man who is already fully occupied.

Let us try what esteem and kindness can effect.

One beats the bush and another catches the bird.

That is but an empty purse that is full of other men's money.

If it rains—well! If it shines—well!

An old warrior is never in haste to strike the blow.

Nought is lost in misfortune while despair is frowned upon.

Heroism can save a nation in difficult circumstances, but it is the accumulation of little daily virtues that makes its grandeur.

Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen six, result happiness; annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery.  
—*Charles Dickens.*

Think this over—All that comes to "him who waits" is D-i-s-a-p-p-o-i-n-t-m-e-n-t. Often the only difference between a successful man and a failure is that one did it to-day and the other said he would do it to-morrow.

The soul's emphasis is always right.

Those only deserve a monument who do not need one.

We give advice by the bucket and take it by the grain.

What glitters is for the moment; the genuine is for all time.

Those who abide near the heart of Nature learn from her lessons of peace and patience that she does not teach to her more bustling children.

What sort of a shadow do you and I cast? Is it depressing and disheartening to those on whom it falls, or is it a patch of grateful shade in the heat of somebody's day?

A blessed thing it is for any man or woman to have a friend; one human soul whom we can trust utterly; who knows the best and the worst of us, and who loves us, in spite of all our faults.

## "THE FEAR OF CHANGE."

I love the homely village talk,  
The sleepy street, the cottage fires,  
The lonely woods, the sheltered walk,  
The gleam of distant spires.

There's not a tree I do not know;  
Of fields and crofts I've crossed each one,  
'Neath Autumn's rain, or Winter's snow,  
Or Springtide's waking sun.

These things I love with steadfast heart,  
Because they yield a sober joy.  
Of my real self they've been a part  
Since I was but a boy.

I know not why this fancy came  
To fill my heart with sudden fear:  
Oh if—it burnt my soul like flame—  
If I should go from here.

And if—when other years had passed  
And I the World's wide waste had ranged—  
I turned towards home, to find at last,  
That all I love had changed!

## THE LATE SIR CHARLES COTTIER.

Mr. F. A. Simonds attended the funeral of Sir Charles Cottier, Chairman of Messrs. Bertram & Co., on Saturday, August 25th, which took place at the private Chapel in the grounds of his residence, Swyncombe House, Nettlebed.

## BRANCHES.

## OXFORD.

We were again entrusted with the supply of malt liquors, etc., for the Ardington and Lockinge Sports on August Bank Holiday, at which the catering arrangements were in the capable hands of Mr. F. G. Godwin as heretofore. The meeting was a success and an enjoyable day was spent by the thousands who attended and who also took advantage of Mr. A. T. Loyd's kindness in throwing open his beautiful gardens and residence to the public.

The catering for the Hagbourne and District Flower Show (also on Bank Holiday) was well carried out by Mr. J. W. Dunsdon, mine host of the White Hart Hotel, Didcot. This was also a successful function and we need hardly mention that the famous "Hop Leaf" specialities were to the fore.

On this day we were also favoured with the supply of the "needful and welcome" at the Bicester R.A.F. and Town Sports at Bicester. Mr. J. H. Baines of the Crown Hotel, Woodstock, was here responsible for the administration of the liquid side of the entertainment.

The attendance at these Sports was good and a successful day was spent. The weather was kinder to us over the holiday this year than last, and the "gates" at the local shows, etc., benefited greatly in consequence.

The Oxford Royal Regatta took place as usual on August Bank Holiday and as the day was fine there was a large crowd on the towpath to view the racing. There was a good number of entries and most of the events being keenly contested some close finishes were witnessed.

## PORTSMOUTH.

## THE KING'S VISIT TO PORTSMOUTH.

On Tuesday, July 17th, this city was honoured by a visit from His Majesty The King. In the uniform of Admiral of the Fleet the King first visited the two Australian cruisers, the *Australia* (Flagship of Rear-Admiral G. F. Hyde) and the *Canberra*, which have just been added to the Commonwealth Navy. After which, he went on board H.M.S. *Victory*, Nelson's Flagship, which after several years concentrated effort has now been restored to represent her as she appeared at Trafalgar. The main purpose of His Majesty's visit was to inspect the transformation that has been accomplished, and His Majesty unveiled a tablet on the middle deck of the fine old ship, commemorating the work of restoration.

The King lunched on board H.M.S. *Nelson*, battleship, and at 3 o'clock returned to London. The visit was purely of a Service character, and confined to the Dockyard. Ships in harbour were gaily dressed for the occasion and there were the customary Royal Salutes. The weather was perfect.

The Commemorative Tablet unveiled by the King was inscribed as follows:—"H.M.S. *Victory*, laid down 1759, launched 1765, was, after 157 years of service, placed 1922 in her present berth, the oldest dock in the world, and restored to her condition as at Trafalgar under the superintendence of the Society for Nautical Research. To commemorate the completion of the work, this tablet was unveiled on July 17th, 1928, by H.M. King George V."

The guns, the intricate rigging, the fire buckets, the cannon balls, the crew's living quarters beside the guns all interested the King, who examined everything with the greatest care. There was nothing he missed, and privileged spectators on the quayside caught occasional glimpses of him through the open ports as he passed from one deck to another.

The proceedings on the *Nelson* occupied until 2.40, and as the King left by barge the crew manned ship. The same procedure was observed on the *Canberra*, as the barge passed on its way to the *Australia*, and a very few minutes later the King crossed the flagship's deck and landed on the South Railway Jetty, where he entrained for London at 3 p.m.

## CIVIC WEEK IN PORTSMOUTH.

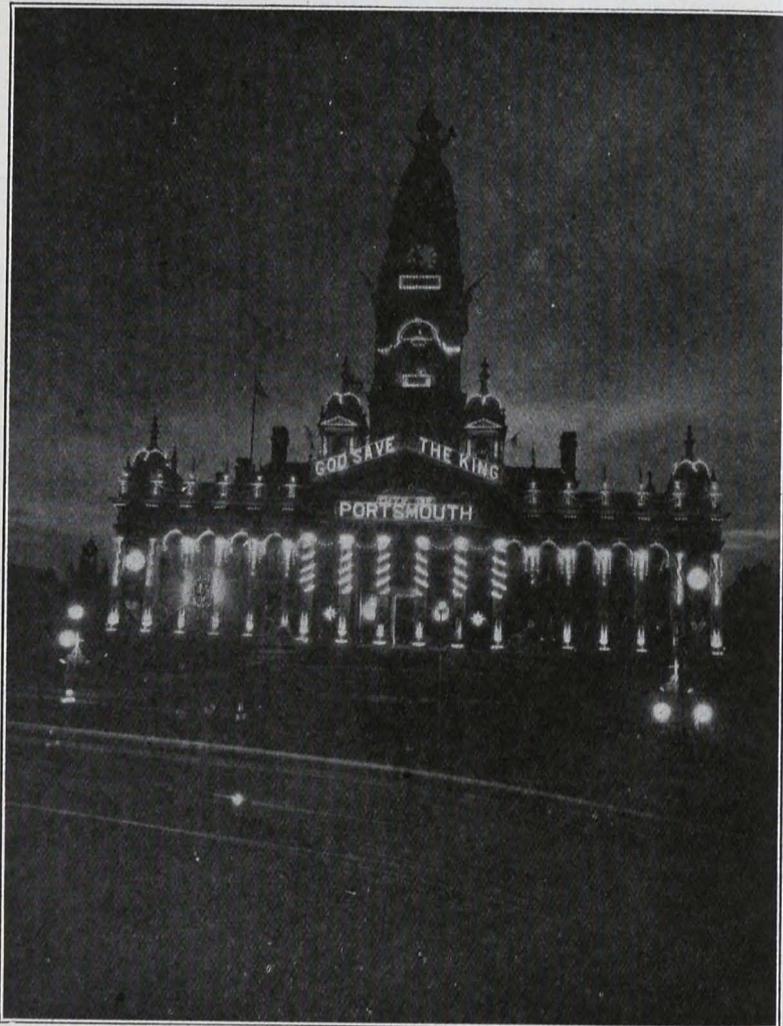
## LORD MAYORAL STATUS CELEBRATED.

The week from August 2nd to 10th was known as Civic Week, in which there were celebrations of the raising of the Chief Magistrate of Portsmouth to the status of Lord Mayor. The proceedings commenced on Thursday with the entertainment by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress (Councillor and Mrs. Frank J. Privett) of some 2,000 school children at the Town Hall. They were continued on Wednesday with a battle of Flowers and Carnival. On Friday afternoon the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress gave a garden party in the Mental Hospital Grounds. The celebrations finished on Friday evening with a Ball at the Guildhall. The weather happily has been most propitious for the outdoor events.

The Magistrates kindly entered into the spirit of this week and granted permission for the licensed houses to remain open from 10.30 in the morning to 10.30 at night. This was very much appreciated by both residents and visitors.

This month, Southsea has had a record influx of visitors and the weather has been perfect. With two large Territorial Camps, one at Weymouth and one at Swanage, we have been experiencing

a very busy time, the Bottling Department and the Transport having been taxed to the utmost to cope with it. We were pleased to have the pleasure of supplying Regiments such as the 4th Royal Berks, 4th Oxon & Bucks L.I. and Buckinghamshire Battalion at Swanage. It was some two or three years ago that these Regiments were last in this district, when they were in camp at Weymouth. This year the weather has been kind to them and we hope they have all had an enjoyable time at camp.



[By kind permission of Mr. Stephen Cribb.  
The Portsmouth Guildhall illuminated.

## SWANSEA.

TIME—*continued from previous issue.*

Ah! What is time but "eternity cut off at both ends"? We speak of the beginning of time, but can the mind of man conceive when time was not?

We are unable with our at once feeble and wonderful finite intelligence to grasp the whole of time which, to a higher sense, may possess no Alpha and no Omega.

It is like the question—can something be got out of nothing? and if so, what was before? which is, of course, harking back to an eternity. If I understand relativity aright, time and space are one, and if time is but man's method of measuring eternity and time is in fact limitless, so must space be boundless upon this argument.

However, let us, as did old Khayyam—

"Leave the wise to talk;  
One thing's certain  
That time flies."

"Make time, Save time,  
While time lasts;  
All time is no time when time is past."

The passing of time is a peculiar thing. There is something sad about it. We read of the great personalities of the past who lived and breathed and thought and felt and dreamed—vanished with the voice that is still.

Writing of J. B. Morton's nocturnal tramps, I have said somewhere—"I tried hard to get at it, the inner meaning of it, the feeling, the atmosphere."

I tried to visualise a man, all alive in the dead and darkness of night, the *actual period of time*; I tried hard to project myself into it; *the past, to go back, to be there then*, and all I was conscious of was the tick of the clock and the quick beating of my own heart and yet, for one solitary moment I believe I went back, and was there with my soul and my sympathy! Have you ever tried to do that? To get back in this same way with the immortals? to recapture the past? And we cannot do it without the aid of Wordsworth's "Inward Eye." Neither in connection with the past history of others or ourselves.

Things that have happened to ourselves :

How *we* have lived and suffered and joyed and all now as though it had never been (but for that "Inward Eye"), how we have loved, and longed and lived hilariously, anticipated, thrilled, romanced, dreamed, desired—all gone and we cannot recall one single moment but in reverie. But in reverie the past lives again. What a wonderful miracle—the miracle of memory!

Wordsworth's song to the "Inward Eye" rings with the joy of retrospect and remembrance, in which can be stored those wonderful images and visions of beauty and loveliness.

Time is the great healer. The dispeller of forebodings—of suffering, sorrowing, gloom.

Things that take their "quiet place in the perspective of time," how different are they in aspect. And sometimes we are glad one day so rapidly succeeds another and yesterday is gone. And sometimes we dread the morrow, but why?—To-morrow never comes!

"Time is money" and the supply of time a daily miracle of which no one can rob you, and if you are ever tempted to plead "I haven't time," remember, you have all the time there is!

Goethe says—"Time is a great curse to those who believe they are born to kill it!"

On the possibilities of the employment of fragments of time called "odd moments." Samuel Smiles says of Daguesseau—Chancellor of France—that "by careful working up his odd bits of time he wrote a bulky and able volume in the successive interviews of waiting for dinner." And of Madame de Genlis that she "composed several charming volumes while waiting for the princess to whom she gave her daily lessons."

Nelson confessed that he owed all his success in life "to having been always a quarter-of-an-hour before time."

Finally, Stevenson says—"You may remember how Burns, numbering past pleasures, dwells upon the hours when he has been happy thinking." It is a phrase that may well perplex a poor modern, girt about on every side by clocks and chimes and haunted even at night by flaming dial plates.

And somewhere else in his essay on "Walking tours," he says—"You may dally as long as you like by the roadside." It is almost as if the millennium were arrived "when we shall throw our clocks and watches over the house-top and remember time and seasons no more." He speaks of a village "where there are hardly any clocks" and believes that if people were aware of it they

would "stampede out of London, Liverpool, Paris and a variety of large towns" where "the clocks lose their heads—and all these foolish pilgrims would each bring his own misery along with him in a watch-pocket!"

J.L.

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#### HYTHE.

The last four weeks seem to have slipped by more quickly than usual. It generally appears so when we are really busy, and the weather also is a big factor: fine days pass much more quickly than wet ones.

The glorious weather that has been favouring our small Isles has been exceptionally good in our particular corner; what few showers we have had have usually come during the night. It is possible to get a good idea of the state of the weather in other parts of the country by watching the reports of the County cricket matches. One often sees that matches are delayed or no play at all in the West or North when we are enjoying glorious sunshine. On only one occasion lately has the Kent team been out of the field all day at an "at home" game. That, unfortunately, was the first day of the Canterbury Cricket Festival, the Saturday before Bank Holiday, when not a ball was bowled. Rain coming then was doubly unfortunate as that match with Somerset was set aside for Frank Woolley's benefit, the popular Kent left-hander.

Whilst we have drifted on to cricket we should like to take this opportunity to congratulate Mr. Chapman on the honour conferred upon him in being elected to captain the English side in Australia during the coming winter. All at the Brewery will watch his doings out there with the greatest interest, and we all wish him the best of luck. Really, we think there is some honour reflected on the Brewery as our team was one of the first that he led into the field and the experience he gained there with such men as we can turn out must have stood him in good stead.

The Brewery cricket team have again had a fairly successful month, but we have almost finished now, as it is very difficult for us to raise a team during August owing to so many of the staff being at work on Saturday afternoons.

On July 24th we played our annual match with the Folkestone Police. This game is always looked forward to very much as these gentlemen in blue from our sister cinque port are splendid sportsmen, and win or lose they are out to enjoy themselves. This year we won rather easily. Mr. Mullin proved a good substitute for Mr. Chapman, placing his field and working the changes with his bowlers

quite like a County skipper. The Brewery team were right on top of their form, being good in every department, batting, bowling and, where they are generally so weak, in fielding. There was not a catch missed, and some of the efforts were really brilliant. When a team plays so well it is hard to single out any individual member, but we think Rose, who made 62, and Sibbald (31) are worthy of special mention, as also Mison, who took 5 wickets for 12, and E. Blackman, 4 wickets for 22. With regard to the latter, every credit must be given to the fielders who backed them up splendidly, otherwise their average would not have been nearly so good. Here is the full score:—

BREWERY.		FOLKESTONE POLICE.	
H. Rose, c Bailey, b Little	62	P.C. Bailey, c Hollands, b Mison	3
F. Sibbald, c Thompson, b Stevens	31	P.C. Little, b Mison	8
A. Tugwell, c Allard, b Thompson	10	P.C. Bates, c Benford, b Blackman	0
G. Dray, b Wood	14	P.C. Thompson, c Dray, b Blackman	6
E. Blackman, lbw Wood	2	P.C. Pierce, b Blackman	0
J. Mullin, b Pierce	7	P.C. Stevens, c Rose, b Mison	1
A. Rust, not out	11	P.C. Wood, run out	2
L. Hollands, c Thompson, b Little	0	P.C. Langford, c Mullin, b Mison	6
G. Wood	} did not bat.	P.C. Allard, b Blackman	6
R. Mison		P.C. Sherwood, c and b Mison	2
G. Benford		P.C. Long, not out	0
Extras...	7	Extras...	0
	<u>144</u>		<u>34</u>

We are again indebted to Mr. G. L. Mackeson for the loan of the Hythe Cricket Club ground. This accounted, we are sure, for the good show the Brewery team put up. It is much different playing on a pitch of this description to some of the grounds we encounter in our away matches. We were very glad to see the Superintendent, Mr. Beasley, and Mrs. Beasley present; they both took keen interest in the play.

As regards other matches, we have played four games, winning three and losing the other. Our return game with the Gasworks we won, scoring 97 for 6, and getting our opponents out for 60. Against Lympne we won by 12 runs, the score being 54 to 42, and against Lydd we just won a very close and exciting game by 2 runs, 50 to 48. Our only loss was against the Southern Railway at Ashford, where we went down by 13 runs, 87 to 74. Our cricket team has done very well indeed this year and they can really be proud of their achievements. If the same spirit only pervades our football eleven during the coming season we feel sure they will do equally as well. It is only by pulling together that any team can succeed, and we hope the older members will bear with the younger ones who have to be included and help them to improve their game and reach a higher standard.

## AN ALARMING EXPERIENCE.

Mr. Cole had an alarming experience on the last occasion he visited Reading. Whilst in the vicinity of Bisley a bullet, which must have ricocheted from one of the targets, smashed through the windscreen of his car. Fortunately, no other damage than broken glass was done, but it is not one of those experiences travellers on English roads expect to run up against in peace time. We congratulate him on a very lucky escape.

“LUCK.”

Reading Farnborough notes for August we see that “Cherry” won a brace of those birds that have not yet learnt to fly at a Fete recently, but regret to read that we shall not even be allowed a sample of the bacon to try. At several fetes in this neighbourhood we have had competitions for real live pigs, but none of our members has been lucky enough to secure one, let alone a brace. However, we had a fair on the green opposite to the Brewery over the Bank Holiday and we hear that one of the staff succeeded in winning a brace of real live birds. If the worst comes to the worst he is now sure of a Christmas dinner, that is if he does not kill them with kindness in the meantime. As there is a pair, there may be some little birds, in which case they may be placed on the market, but for this we must wait and see.

## HIS MISTAKE.

Whilst Mr. Vicary, one of our representatives, was in Maidstone the other day, a gentleman, a merchant in a small way of business, went up to him and, saluting, said: “Good morning, Colonel, will you buy a pair of laces?” Mr. Vicary, whose invariable custom it is never to do business with anyone unless he has been properly introduced and thinking that he had not met this gentleman before, replied: “You’re a smart chap. Now, tell me, how did you guess I was a Colonel?” The reply was “I can always tell, Sir, I know by your look!” It being one of our representative’s uncharitable days, he told him to guess again and if he guessed Police Inspector he would be nearer the mark. Exit the merchant, mumbling apologies. It is up to the Navy now, but can an Admiral be mistaken for a First Lord?

We regret to say that Mrs. Whiting, the wife of the popular member of the Hythe staff, whose portrait appeared in the August number of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, has undergone an operation in a London hospital. We are very pleased to say, however, that the operation has been quite successful and that she is going on all right. We trust she will soon be back in Hythe, restored to her family, fully recovered.

## OUR CRICKET WEEK.

Hythe Cricket Week started on Monday, August 13th, and Hythe is crowded with visitors at the present time in consequence. This is the most important event in Hythe during the whole year and people come from far and wide for the various entertainments carried out during this week. The first match was Hythe *versus* Free Foresters on Monday and Tuesday, and the second Free Foresters *versus* Oxford Harlequins on Wednesday and Thursday. Mr. Chapman is playing for the Free Foresters and was out for 7 in the first innings, but the remainder of the team piled up a big score, which seems to assure that they will not lose.

As Mr. Editor likes our notes in early and we can hear him saying that we have already exceeded our fair share of space, we shall have to stop here, but, like the daily papers and magazines, we may add that another thrilling instalment will be included in our next issue.

Notes of the progress of our Channel swimmers, cricket and football teams will also be included and, above all, we may publish particulars of our Million Pounds Insurance Scheme. So be sure to place an order immediately with the agent in your district, otherwise you may be disappointed. Last month, we believe, thousands went without their copy through leaving it too late.

## THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

What with Carnival Week, Regatta Week, and now Navy Week, we seem to be having a regular orgy of "Weeks."

Plymouth is the happy possessor of many attractions, and money spent in broadcasting them cannot be said to be wasted. It may, at the time, seem like "casting one's bread upon the waters," but that is what all advertisement is. The real test is in the quality of the "seed" sown after all.

## PLYMOUTH WEEK.

It was regretted on all sides that the "S.B." Wagon did not distribute free samples *en route*, as did a few other trade vehicles during the Advertisement Procession. We shudder to imagine the scenes which would have been enacted had we decided to follow suit. We should, no doubt, have now been able to report record sales, if we had marked the occasion in such a manner. As it was, however, we did not notice a trade refreshing breeze about, beyond the prevailing "choppiness" which summer usually brings us. In fact, it still seems a very debatable subject, judged by local

comments, as to the merits or demerits, from a trade point of view, of such events. Many shopkeepers tell us "People don't shop on such days, they buy only necessaries." Which statement causes us to reason out what "shopping" implies usually. Perhaps our "Weaker Sex" know best, if we dare ask such a question! Advertisement has, however, much to answer for, if we are to apportion blame for the way we are caused to spend our spare cash. An attractive poster or window pleases the eye and reacts on the pockets.

Our Week, anyway, caused a lot of folk to remember Plymouth for the stirring times and glorious weather they enjoyed, and they will, no doubt, come again and cause many others to come West with them in search of further pleasures and health renewing breezes.



"S.B." Tableau.

## REGATTA WEEK.

A King's Sport indeed! To charm the eye and delight the senses! During the Week, we were fascinated by the sights which the various classes of yachts gave us in their events. These thoroughbreds of the ocean, which included His Majesty's *Britannia*, Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock*, and all the other famous 21-meter

boats and schooners of International Class, were a wonderful sight, when, beating for home and with a strong S.W. wind heeling them over, they reappeared from the mists of the channel, their snowy-white canvas in contour with the blues of the sea and sky. What a picture! Even the most hardened "landlubber" watched the finishes with keen interest and partisanship, and strained eye and nerve as he gazed with strange ardour at these "white-winged steeds." As exciting as any Derby at times, is this sport.

We are privileged to count many of the Sport's strongest adherents amongst our friends, and "Hop Leaf" products are a very favourite call among them at the Royal South-Western Yacht Club, which is situated just under the slopes of the Hoe and within hail of the starting line.

We pay tribute to our local yachting enthusiasts for the enterprise and keenness shown in their 1928 programmes and look forward to a successful era in the years ahead. There is no doubt but that the labours of the past and its present results have aroused the public interest, and there should be less anxiety for the future of the sport amongst those responsible for its welfare.

#### NAVY WEEK.

By kind permission of the powers that be, we, of the West, have been able to pay our Senior Service a visit on their own premises. Jack was "At Home" for the Week, and entertained us right royally on board those mighty world-renowned ships of His Majesty's fleet, the *Hood*, *Rodney* and *Emperor of India*.

Submarines, Minelayers, the Aircraft Carrier (H.M.S. *Glorious*), were all open for inspection, and despite the charge of 1/- many thousands daily crowded up and down the ladders and gangways of these mighty ships of the line, watched the firing of depth charges and torpedoes, and followed with deep interest the technicalities of each particular branch of the Service, which were carefully explained by the (to them) supermen who have the responsibility of guiding these mighty steel walls of Old England, and of perfecting those evolutions which appear to be so simple and are yet so impossible to others.

The influence of such a demonstration of power radiates far and wide, and must help to cement that bond of calm confidence which we all should feel in our Royal Navy, and in its ability to do any job that "turns up."

We count it an honour to number these particular Units of our Base as patrons, and that "S.B." and Milk Stout are recognised by all sailormen the world over as the best of beverages, at any time, as day by day and year by year they strive to keep alive that motto which their Admiral bequeathed to them and our Nation.

So we to-day look to them, and believe that they, in their day, are not one whit behind the boys of Nelson's day in their resolve to carry on their duty—as "England expects."

We in the West, despite our position on the map, have therefore not quite "gone West" altogether. We shall not be amongst the "gone and forgotten Brigade" if our City Fathers have any thing to say in the matter.

They can count on our support in any efforts of the future towards such progression.

#### THE PASSING OF H.M.S. "IMPREGNABLE."

Everyone in Devonport will have learned with regret of the announcement by the Admiralty that one of the Navy's most important nurseries, the *Impregnable* boys training establishment, is to be closed down, and the boys transferred to the *Ganges* at Shotley and the *St. Vincent*, Portsmouth.

For a great many years the *Impregnable* training establishment has been one of the most famous links between the Navy and Devonport. Thousands of men now retired and many more at present serving will shed a tear at the fate of the establishment wherein they first learnt the rudiments of the Senior Service.

A great number of the boys that have passed through the *Impregnable* climbed high in the ladder of promotion; one well-known Officer—Captain Lyne—commenced his naval career there and came back in after years to command it. Another *Impregnable* hero was Boy Cornwell, to whom a posthumous Victoria Cross was awarded for valour in the Battle of Jutland.

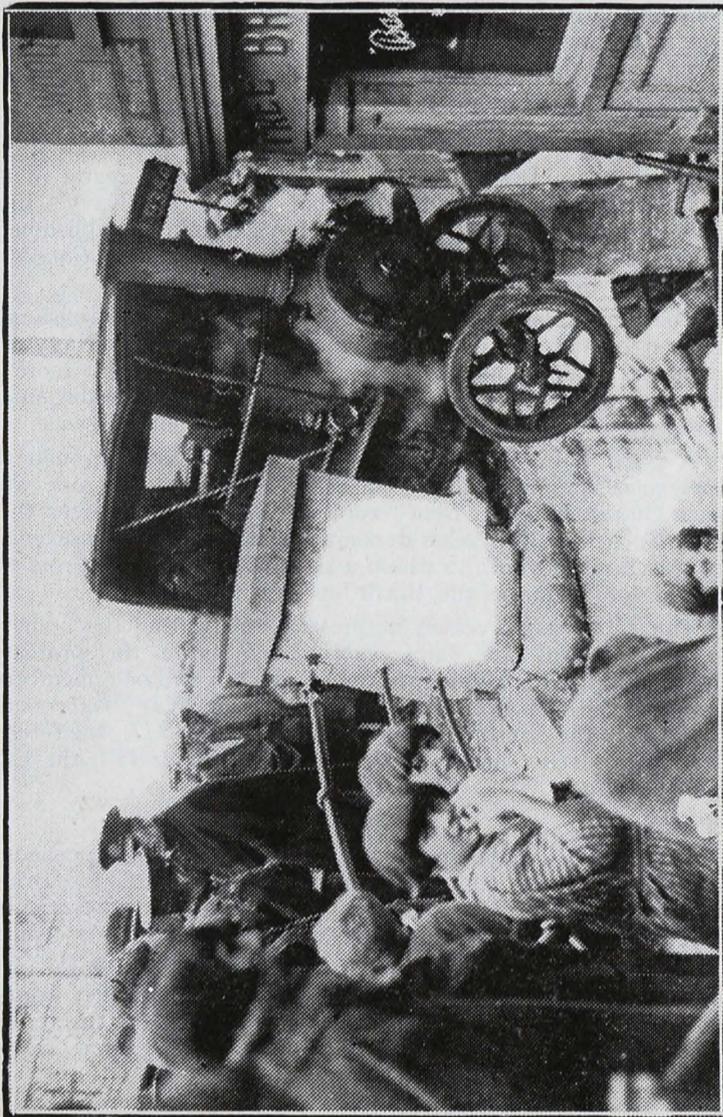
The *Impregnable* vessels at present constituting the home of the establishment are *Impregnable I.*, formerly the protected cruiser *Powerful*, the landing parties of which it will be remembered distinguished themselves in the South African War; *Impregnable II.*, formerly the cruiser *Andromeda*; *Impregnable III.*, the *Ganges*, an old three-decker line-of-battleship; *Impregnable IV.*, the light cruiser *Caroline*.

The attached photograph of an accident which happened in Stonehouse recently, shows how narrowly our House, the Bridge Inn, escaped. Mine Host, George Wadlan, must have experienced an anxious five minutes wondering how far the lorry was coming.

The steam wagon belonged to Messrs. Huxham & Co., was proceeding from Devonport to Plymouth and had just crossed Stonehouse Bridge when the steering failed, with the result that it crashed through the railings and the front part came to rest

overhanging the pathway. Fortunately, no serious damage was done and the wagon was eventually towed clear by a Corporation tram.

The block was kindly lent by the *Western Independent*, that well known country Sunday paper which maintains a very wide circulation in the West of England.



Narrow escape of the Bridge Inn.

### LONDON.

We were pleased to note that Mr. F. A. Simonds has returned after his long absence and hope that by this time he is quite fit and back in harness.

We are writing this while in the throes of an "aerial bombardment," and (according to the Air Ministry) our immediate vicinity is entirely devastated, as also the Duke of York's Territorial Headquarters at Chelsea; nevertheless, we are still supplying "first aid" in the shape of "S.B." to the "survivors."

Three or four of our staff had their usual stay midst the glorious Sussex Downs at Goodwood, and although it was not a "picnic," their visit was made enjoyable by the delightful surroundings.

It is now history, but everyone well remembers the splendid show that British Empire athletes made at the Olympic Games at Amsterdam, and of the fine performance of our rowing eight. This crew was drawn from the Thames Rowing Club, which Club we have the pleasure of supplying. They had distinctly hard luck when the U.S.A. crew just managed to beat them in the final, but perhaps another nip of "XXXXX" would have done the trick—who knows?

We again renewed our acquaintance with Mr. A. P. F. Chapman at Kennington Oval, when he captained the English Test Team against the West Indies Eleven, and hope that the team going "down under" to try and retain the "Ashes," will be as successful as at the Oval. Our beers were as usual in great demand and (after a damp start) Old Sol was kind, thereby creating a proper "S.B." thirst.

Football is now upon us, and already one hears talk of practice matches and the form shown therein.

## WOKING.

We are pleased to include with our notes this month a photograph of one of the Firm's houses, the Fox Inn, Pirbright, Surrey, the licence for which has been held by Mr. W. E. Liley, for the past sixteen years. It would be difficult to imagine a house set in the midst of more delightful surroundings, and Mr. and Mrs. Liley are deservedly proud of the Fox Inn. Flowers abound in profusion and variety of colour, and no one visiting the premises for the first time could resist being charmed by the cleanliness and the industry necessary to keep the house and surroundings in such excellent order. Small wonder, perhaps, that visitors from a wide radius find this such a pleasant rendezvous.

Mr. Liley has quite a reputation in the catering world, and the considerable number of occasional licences which he has held from time to time in various parts of Surrey, in connection with sports meetings and agricultural shows, etc., are a sufficient testimony to his abilities in that direction.

The West Byfleet Social Club held their Annual Vegetable and Flower Show on the morning of August Bank Holiday. Exhibits are confined to the members of the Club, and this venture is a credit to all concerned, and to the Club movement as a whole. The recent spell of exceptionally dry weather restricted some of the entries on this occasion, but the usual keenness and enthusiasm was not affected thereby, and the floral display was highly commendable.

As in former years our supplies were in evidence at the Chertsey August Bank Holiday Sports Meeting. This meeting is always a great attraction—certainly one of the most popular in this area. Chertsey has a reputation for doing things well, and the good attendance as well as the large number of competitors must have been gratifying to the Committee who spare no efforts to ensure the success of this annual fixture.

Our delivery staff were kept busy on the morning of the Bank Holiday, but, as usual, the response made was quite adequate to meet all demands which the various functions and the excellent weather occasioned.

Once again football is with us, and we are all looking forward to another successful season. Woking again compete in the Isthmian League, and this year have been exempted from the preliminary rounds of both the F.A. and Amateur Cups. Readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE will be interested to learn that W. J. Price, Woking's inside left, has signed professional forms for

Fulham. We are all very sorry to lose him, but at the same time wish him every success in his new sphere. Last season Price gained full International honours, playing for England against Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, besides playing for Surrey in the Counties competition.

## BRIGHTON.

We were all very pleased to see Mr. Eric again, and hope that his health will continue to improve.

This month does not give us much time to get matter for the GAZETTE, for at this branch all departments have been working at high pressure for some weeks to keep our customers going with supplies to be consumed by the vast crowds who have invaded Brighton lately, especially for the August Bank holiday, and Brighton races.

Although in the weeks ahead we had made preparations to cope with the business by getting big stocks of bottled beer in hand, these proved inadequate, and Reading came to our rescue with a few tons of bottled beer.

Supplying territorials in camp at Arundel, Worthing, Seaford and Falmer increased the demands on our reserves, but the staff at both office and stores, and the delivery staff, have put their best into their work, so that we are getting over an extremely strenuous time, and kept all customers going.

As mentioned above, crowds poured into Brighton in early August; the number of visiting char-a-bancs and converted motor lorries on Bank Holiday easily made a record, and gave the police much anxiety as to where to park the hundreds of such vehicles. Fortunately the weather was fine, so that the hundreds who could not get a bed during the race time could sleep through the night on the beach without the discomfort of a wetting.

The West Tarring Working Men's Club, Worthing, held their annual fete on Saturday, 11th August, when they gave much pleasure to the children of their members, and perhaps to the members, in holding these sports, with tea under one of Simonds' spacious marquees.

Another marquee was kindly lent by the Firm to the 8th Field Brigade, R.A., on the 14th August, when our friends from Preston Barracks held their Annual Sports on Falmer Down, near Brighton. In spite of the distance from Brighton, and the half

of a gale that was blowing, a goodly number of civilian friends went to see the sports, and enjoy the hospitality of the Sergeants Mess to tea in our marquee.

After seeing the evolutions of the smartly turned out teams, it makes one regret the advent of the tractor to eliminate the horse in this particular sphere. It wants some imagination to find any pleasure in a tug-of-war by tractors, or wrestling on tractors, which with horses were outstanding features of an enjoyable afternoon's programme.

The spot where these sports were held was one which would have appealed to "C.H.P.," whose interesting "Nature Note" in the August number was much appreciated by many lovers of the South Downs.



The "Hop Leaf" Lorry at the Swindon Carnival.