

VOL. VI.

SEPTEMBER, 1932.

Price 1d.

The
HOP LEAF
TRADE MARK
THE HOP LEAF
GAZETTE

WITH THE  LLEMENTS
OF

H. & G. SIMONDS LTD., READING

Issued
Monthly
by

H. & G. SIMONDS, LTD., READING.

A RECORD OF SOCIAL ACTIVITIES AT THE BREWERY.

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. VI.

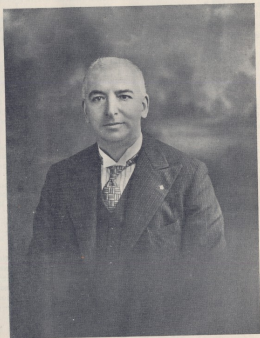
SEPTEMBER, 1932.

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THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, The Brewery, Reading.



MR. A. LUSCOMBE.

MR. A. LUSCOMBE.

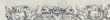
This month we are reproducing in our frontispiece the portrait of Mr. A. Luscombe, who is a widely known member of our staff by reason of the several important positions which he has filled since he joined the Firm in 1899.

Commencing as a junior clerk at our Branch in The Octagon, Plymouth, and serving there for eight years, Mr. Luscombe left to join The National Cash Register Company. He soon, however, realized that his heart and soul were still with the Firm which he had left, and he applied to return. He was reinstated and in the same year was transferred to Ludgershall Branch and from thence in 1908 to London, where he remained until 1915, when he was again moved to Ludgershall and took charge of a Divisional Camp at Warminster and later at Fovant and Hurdoot Camps.

In 1916 Mr. Luscombe was again posted to London Branch as Chief Clerk and later he assumed the position of Acting Manager. In 1919, owing to our rapidly extending and increasing business, he was transferred to the outdoor staff. In later years the growth of military work made it necessary for Mr. Luscombe to devote the whole of his time to that branch of the trade and the districts now covered by him comprise the whole of Essex, including Colchester Garrison, London, Woolwich, Gravesend, Biggin Hill, etc.

Mr. Luscombe has a wide circle of friends in military circles and his popularity can be judged by the frequent enquiries and messages which reach us as to his welfare, from business acquaintances who have moved from his area. His success in his work is entirely due to a strict regard for duty and a keen desire to meet the wishes and requirements of the numerous customers upon whom he calls. As a member of the indoor staff, Mr. Luscombe was always a disciplinarian and a quick worker. He has brought these qualities to bear upon his present occupation, with the result that he is able to carry out a large amount of work in the shortest possible time.

As in the case of many men similarly placed, where occupation consists of daily travelling in and around London, with numerous calls and occasional long journeys, Mr. Luscombe has very little leisure for outdoor recreation and his amusements chiefly consist of club life, tending his garden, and visiting the many exhibitions and places of amusement, of which residents in London have so large a selection.



EDITORIAL.

THE LATE MR. H. F. LINDARS.

It seems difficult to realise that never again shall we see that familiar and much-loved figure, Mr. H. F. Lindars, affectionately known as "Frank" to many of his more intimate friends. But he had served his day and generation well, was regarded by many with feelings of affection that can only be adequately expressed in the word "love," and his rather sudden passing, without suffering, leaves behind nothing but a fragrant memory. In work and play he set us all a fine example. The soul of honour, he had a kind and cheery word to say to everybody, while no one could be in his company many minutes without being struck by his old-world courtesy. He was a very religious man and lived his religion. It was my privilege and pleasure to meet him frequently and have a little chat, often concerning THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, of which he thought a lot, and only a few days before he left us he handed me the following lines, adding, "I know they will appeal to you." They did, and they do more than ever now. Here they are:

Heaven above is softly blue,
Earth around is sweeter green.
Something lives in every hue
Christless eyes have never seen,
Birds with grander songs o'erflow,
Flowers with deeper beauties shine,
Since I know, as now I know,
I am His and He is mine.

HIS LAST HOUR AT THE BREWERY.

It was a remarkable coincidence that his last hour at the Brewery should have been spent with Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds (the Chairman) and Mr. F. A. Simonds (the Managing Director). As a matter of fact, the very last matter he discussed with Mr. Eric was the recent development of our overseas business with particular reference to Malta (Simonds-Farsons, Ltd.), samples of which firm's beers he was tasting with Mr. Eric, and he accorded high praise to those products. Coming from a gentleman with so wide a knowledge and experience that was high praise indeed.

GREAT SADNESS AT THE BREWERY.

Mr. F. A. Simonds was away at the time of Mr. Lindars' death and Mr. C. Bennett informed him by telegram. Mr. Eric replied: "I feel terribly upset by the news of poor Frank's death—to think that I was having such a cheery, lighthearted chat with

him only on Saturday morning and he seemed to be so full of life and energy, a marvel for his years. His death does indeed sever a great link with a happy past.

"I am sure there is a great sadness at the Brewery."

NUMEROUS LETTERS OF SYMPATHY.

Letters expressing deep regret at his death simply poured into the Brewery and all were couched in similar terms paying high tribute to his work and worth. I will just quote from two. A lady wrote: "How beautiful his death was: no lingering, no pain, but a swift transformation. Would we could all pass away thus!" One of our Branch Managers wrote: "It was not my privilege to know Mr. Lindars very intimately although in the course of my career I have been allowed to some extent to tread in his footsteps by coming into contact with tenants to whom the very mention of the name of Mr. Lindars enkindled a warmth of friendship of which mere words can give but little indication. Much as we regret his passing, great as is our sympathy with Mrs. Lindars and family and those who mourn their loss, one cannot help but feel that to be able to engage in one's duties right up to the last and to be able to participate in a favourite hobby within a few hours of the final call was a befitting end to a life so full of years and usefulness. His memory will long remain with us."

THE SOUL OF COURTESY.

It was a great pleasure to me to pay a little tribute a fortnight ago to Mr. H. F. Lindars, and now his long and useful life has come to an end, says the *Berkshire Chronicle*. To know him was to admire him, for he was the soul of courtesy. I should not imagine that he ever had an enemy. He will be greatly missed at Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, for his record of 66 years' service made him an institution there and reflected the highest credit on employers and employee. Then think of his notable association with the musical societies of the town. When one attended a local orchestral concert one always looked immediately to see if Mr. Lindars was there with his double bass, and he must have figured in a tremendous number of concerts. In every walk of life he played the game.

SQUIRREL AND HER YOUNG.

Members of the Park Institute Tennis Club were interested the other day to see a squirrel carrying her young across a court and under the tennis net to a tree. There were four young squirrels and the mother took them, one by one, from an elm to a cedar tree.

Coo!

The other night, about 1.30, Mr. J. H. Wadhams had a strange nocturnal visitor in the shape of a pigeon which flew into his bedroom, stayed a little while, and then took its departure.

"THE OLD DOG," SHAW.

In the course of my wanderings the other day I called in at "The Old Dog," Shaw, Newbury. The river Lambourn runs along by the back of the premises and I learned from the genial host, Mr. J. H. Smith, that good trout and grayling are to be caught. There is not a long stretch of water, but the fishing looks good and may be had at a very small cost. I hope, some day, to try my luck with the fly, though trout fishing will soon be over now. It is a very pleasant spot which appealed to me. Some time ago Mr. and Mrs. Smith lost their little dog. Its grave is in the garden, beautified with fresh flowers. That appealed to me, too.

THE WINE WHICH CHEERS.

Our sympathies may, says the *Daily Mail*, well go out to the cheerful souls at Rheims who are celebrating the 250th anniversary of the discovery of champagne. It is the wine which above all others makes glad the heart of man and at the dinner table thaws the ice. Unluckily the grim attentions of the tax gatherer have placed it almost beyond the reach of opulence as a beverage. In the happy Victorian days it could be had for 5s. a bottle. In our time murderous duties brought down the annual importation from 1,279,000 gallons in 1919-20 to 380,000 in 1920-21, and it has never since really recovered.

THE BETTER FELLOW.

A moderate drinker is a better fellow as a rule than a teetotaler, says the Rev. G. O. Rubie, Vicar of Preston.

LUBRICANT OF HUMAN MACHINERY.

"Alcohol—in just measure—is a lubricant of our human machinery; it brightens the hard facts of life, makes for happiness and good fellowship, and for confidence, and it is regrettable that at a time when confidence in all classes of the community is so necessary, our right-living people should, by increased taxation, be still further restricted in their modest potations of beer," says no less an authority than Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. "The enormous weight of testimony bears out that the rational use of alcohol as a food increases the sense of well-being without interfering with working power."

THE MEANING OF "X."

Mr. Selkirk Wells, a cultured man of charming manners, is also managing director of a long-established brewery company, says the *News Chronicle*. He explained recently the meaning and origin of the "X" on beer casks and other things about beer. "Early in the seventeenth century," he said, "there was small beer (ale) and strong beer (beer). On small beer the duty was 2s., and it had to be sold at under 24s. a barrel. Strong beer, selling at more than 24s., paid a duty of 10s. per barrel; so that casks containing the strong beer were marked with an X, signifying 10s. A hundred years later three kinds of malt liquor were in general use; ale, beer, and twopenny. Customers began to want these three mixed, and used to call for a 'pot of three threads' or 'three thirds.' About 1730 a man named Ralph Harwood, who had a brew house in Shoreditch, conceived the idea of a liquor which would combine ale, beer, and 'tuppenny,' and he brewed a drink which he called 'Entire' because the three beers were united in one cask. It was Harwood who first brewed porter—a dark, sweet liquor. He used to send his men round to the customers. They announced their arrival by calling out: 'Porter!' Hence the name."

ST. MARY'S BUTTS, READING, IMPROVEMENT.

The removal of the "bottle neck" road leading from Broad Street to St. Mary's Butts, an improvement long contemplated by the Corporation, will shortly take effect. Messrs. Holmes and Sons, the house furnishers, announce a clearance sale prior to structural alterations, and under the proposed scheme all the property on that side of the road will be set back level with the White Hart Hotel, giving a 60ft. roadway. Plans are being prepared for the erection of new premises, which will add greatly to the appearance of this busy spot in the centre of the town.

BEES PLAY TRUANT.

Those who happened to be passing the Town Hall, Reading, on August 11, were treated to an impromptu entertainment. The chief actors were the bees usually housed in the model hive in the museum, but comedy relief was supplied by those who rashly tried to capture these determined little truants. It happened this way. The bees went for their morning round of flower-visiting in the Forbury Gardens and when they returned they found their queen missing. There was terrible consternation in the hive and the loyal subjects darted hither and thither, until at last the queen was found on a lamp post where, according to their custom, the bees

swarmed without more ado. A number of attempts were made to entice them from their perch, but the bees heeded not the blandishments of their would-be captors, one of whom had to beat a hurried retreat after nearly succeeding in boxing the swarm. For several hours the bees were masters of the situation, but at last one skilled in the art of bee-catching was summoned, and quickly the bees realised that they had met their master, and abjectly surrendered and allowed themselves to be brushed into a basket and carried back to their rightful home in the museum, where they are now merrily buzzing away none the worse for their adventure.

GOOD LORD DELIVER US!

I have received a copy of a

WINE, NATIVE WINE AND BEER
SPECIAL PERMIT

LIQUOR CONTROL ACT OF ONTARIO.
1931-32.

There are warnings as under:—

Liquor must not be drunk during carriage.

Take purchases unopened direct to your home or room in your hotel.

Drinking in motors is strictly prohibited.

Punishment—Fine or imprisonment.

Drunkenness is a serious offence.

It is an offence to permit drunkenness in your home or room in your hotel.

This permit is personal to the Permittee, and is not transferable.

Permittee must notify Vendor of change of address.

In this Permit is written every purchase you make and the store from which you obtain it.

Good Lord deliver us from such tyranny in England.



AWKWARD FACTS FOR TEETOTALERS (?)

(From "The Licensing World.")

Our arch critics and would-be mentors are so fond of telling us and others what we should drink that we often wonder whether the average teetotaler or intemperate temperance orator really knows what he drinks himself. We doubt it. If he did know he would probably drink nothing but Adam's ale. It is worth recalling that Pussyfoot on one occasion, when addressing a carefully-selected audience, pointed to the mighty lion of the African jungle as an illustration of strength, nobility, and fearlessness, borne of the fact that he only drank water, which was "good enough for the King of the Forest." He added: "It's water that makes him strong!" Whereupon a man in the audience retaliated, "Yes, but see how blooming wild it makes him!" So we make bold to assert that if the teetotaler really knew the constituent elements of some of his favourite beverages he would be a sadder and a wiser man, even were he not to be dubbed wild. Geniality is the soul and spice of life. It rubs away many an awkward corner, dissipates many a cobweb in the complexities of one's existence, and adds zest to all the moments of our little day. Moroseness should have no place among us, cheerfulness and lively emotions are the only things that serve as an antidote to the stodgy and hard influences that press round us and enable us to take a detached view of the circumstances which go to make up our daily round and common task.

A QUESTION.

How can a man or woman be genial and convivial on lemonade, ginger-ale, and herbal drinks, or on many of the other amazing concoctions that are served up for human delectation? It is not natural! Crotchets in the musical world one can understand; but not crotchets and crotchety persons in ordinary life, which, at its best, is only humdrum and exacting. Yet it must be conceded that the drinks of the so-called teetotaler inevitably lead to rustication, lonesomeness, and inhospitality. But this is not all. The very fact that certain people only drink certain eccentric mixtures must affect their outlook on things generally. There can be no stimulation, and this is the very thing that keeps people, especially those who are more than ordinarily active, in proper fettle. The absence of such stimulation, on the other hand, is the very thing that causes moroseness and that depression of spirits which is so often the lot of the kill-joy. Is it any wonder that he is mournful and sad? Or that his face is long and his temperament choleric? It is a melancholy reflection that the teetotaler, with his access to science, is absolutely incapable of producing a really

decent and satisfying drink, not necessarily a thirst quencher only, but a drink that really makes one feel full of zest, vitality, and good fellowship. That he has failed to do so is a matter of notoriety.

IS THERE A TEETOTALER?

We often doubt whether there is really any such thing as a teetotaler. For instance, alcohol and sugar are co-eternal. Has not a 30 per cent. home-made rhubarb wine been known on more than one occasion to produce unusual cordiality in the teetotal ranks? In fact, in many parts of the country, very strong home-brewed rhubarb wine is to-day regarded as non-alcoholic by many people who profess teetotalism. They love it so much that they will probably never be disillusioned. It has also been put on record on more than one occasion in London police courts that port wine and parsnip wine are regarded by many people as non-intoxicating. A strange belief indeed; but a very convenient one for a reputed teetotaler who requires a "livener?" whether in public or on the quiet. The same thing applies to cider, which in many places is looked upon as a "temperance" drink. Ye gods! Some folk can persuade themselves to believe anything under the sun, and it would seem that the so-called teetotalism is nothing further than a figment of the imagination.

A FACT.

One important fact must not be overlooked while studying this matter of drinks: the fact that the beer of the British working man to-day is to all intents and purposes a temperance beverage. It only contains a small percentage of alcohol. So do all the fermented drinks sold under the name of "temperance" beverages, so that the man who dubs himself a teetotaler or total abstainer takes alcohol just the same. Therefore the licensed Trade has legitimate cause for complaint and protest, together with its patrons, because there is something very inconsistent in the fact that merely because of a comparatively slight difference in the relative proportions of alcohol in the different drinks, the output of so-called temperance drinks known as aerated, or mineral waters, should be sold duty free, while light beer should be burdened so heavily by the Exchequer. The idea at the back of the Prohibitionist mind that the physical sensation of thirst caused by nature may be suppressed by a miserable Act of Parliament is surely the most fantastic ever urged by mortal man! For any human being, however eminent or far seeing, to endeavour to slay by legislation the instinctive desire for a stimulant is funny beyond comprehension. It surely behoves Pussyfooters to place their own house in order, and show that the beverages they would substitute for those they condemn are not only adequate for the purpose, but are also entirely above suspicion.

THE BEER TAX FAILURE

(From "The Daily Telegraph.")

The reason given by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his Budget speech for not reducing the beer duty was that "his paramount consideration must be present revenue." He admitted, however, that "in the long run it was bound to be detrimental to the revenue," and as that period has already arrived, all who are concerned in the production and consumption of beer will press for the act of justice of which they were disappointed last April. One of the most valuable sources of public revenue is being seriously undermined, and at least part of the damage is likely to be permanent unless the last step is retraced. Nothing can justify the beer duty being fourteen times as high as it was before the war. The tax per standard barrel, which stood at 7s. 9d. in 1914, rose to 50s. in 1918, and was 83s. last September, when it was further raised to 114s.—another penny per pint to the ordinary consumer.

The result has been an enormous decrease in the consumption of beer. The revenue will not obtain the additional £10,000,000 which the last 31s. increase of duty was intended to produce. Brewery profits are showing a large decline, and will contribute less in income tax. Col. Serocold, speaking at the Watney Combe Reid meeting, said that "the income-tax authorities will lose in income tax on the company's profits a sum far in excess of the amount of the extra beer duty which they have collected in the past year." That is the experience of a great London company. Sir W. W. Butler, speaking for the Midland company of Mit-hells and Butlers, said that the last increase of duty, though only in operation for nine months of their trading year, was responsible for a decreased profit of £113,000, and, if continued, must inevitably check the company's reformed public-house policy, which had revolutionised the character of the houses under their control. This "unbearable taxation," however, is a flagrant injustice to the working man, who is the principal consumer of beer. Consumption for May was 8,660,000 gallons less than in the same month last year. For July the decrease is expected to be 10,000,000 gallons. This means loss to all interests and gain to none.



HOW I KNOW WHEN RAIN IS COMING.

By "COUNTRY BRED."

(From *Home and Country*.)

We do not need weather forecasts nor barometers in my part of the country. Through generations of unchanged belief all the signs of coming storms are known to us:—a pale yellow sun-set, rays slanting downwards from the sun, or "sun drawing water" as we call it, rainbow in the evening and a halo round the moon. Still worse weather is heralded by a "sun dog" or halo round the sun.

RAIN AND STORM.

Animals can tell me when to expect rain and storm. Cattle and horses become restive in summer and tear about the fields, teased by horse flies which bite more fiercely just before rain. Sheep cluster together under trees and, in wintry weather, all animals instinctively seek the most sheltered spot before the storm—not always the most obvious one to the human eye.

Pigs run about excitedly grunting and carrying straw in their snouts. Cats often indulge in wild antics, as if pursued by some thing unseen, or else turn their backs to the fire and wash their faces assiduously. Dogs will often refuse food, but eat grass and dig holes.

The donkey brays and as country folk say:

*When the donkey blows his horn
'Tis time to cock the hay and corn.*

Rabbits come out to feed early instead of in the late afternoon. Moles rise to the surface, ready to feast on the worms and insects that rain will bring.

Toads are seen hopping and crawling over the grass. Frogs change from greenish yellow to russet brown and spiders creep from their webs at the approach of rain.

Birds give many clues to the coming weather. Seagulls fly inland at the approach of storm, marking the coming change by their loud excited clamour. Rooks behave strangely, as observed by Edward Jenner, of vaccination fame, who wrote an amusing poem giving forty reliable signs of rain.

*And see yon rooks, how stange their flight,
They imitate the gliding kite.*

The painted woodpecker or "yaffingale" as we call him, makes the welkin ring with his harsh "laugh." Swallows and swifts fly low, peacocks scream and ducks quack loudly.

THE TREES AND FLOWERS.

Trees turn back their leaves for the coming rain. Many flowers are accurate barometers and close tightly if the day is going to be wet. Thus the little scarlet pimpernel, known for generations as the "poor man's weather glass," will close its petals when rain is expected, but, after one or two wet days, the petals become water-soaked and remain open.

Other flowers that keep closed if the day is going to be wet are the convolvulus, marigold, hawkweed, water-lily, chickweed and lettuce flower.

But, in watching flowers for weather signs, it must be remembered that when the blossoms are beginning to fade, they lose the power of responding to heat and light and either remain open or keep tightly closed.

DEATH OF VETERAN WYCOMBE LICENSEE.

One of the oldest licence holders in the borough, Mrs. Clara Mary Busby, 60, widow, of "The Railway Tavern," Crendon Street, High Wycombe, died recently, five weeks after she had had an accident. Mrs. Busby fell in the cobbled yard behind the tavern. She was well known and liked and had been at "The Railway Tavern" 34 years. Sympathy is felt with her son and four daughters.

Dr. O'Connor issued a certificate stating that the cause of death—broncho-pneumonia—might be due directly or indirectly to the accident.

The Coroner decided that an inquest must be held, and the verdict was that the cause of death was accidental, accelerated by broncho-pneumonia and a fracture of the pelvis.

Many relatives and friends attended the funeral, and there were more than fifty wreaths. In addition to those from relatives, were tributes from "The Railway Tavern" Slate Club members; the Licensed Victuallers' Protection Association; and Neighbours and Friends in Crendon Street.

A VILLAGE THAT DOES NOT FORGET.

WHEN ANN TRANSGRESSED 200 YEARS AGO.

Beach pyjamas, bare backs, and shorts are not popular in the Berkshire village of Kintbury.

No wonder.

In the records of the Kintbury parish church are grim reminders of how the "bright young things" who transgressed in the eyes of the parishioners two hundred years ago were treated.

And Kintbury remembers!

Two hundred years ago Ann Rymer, so the villagers said, behaved "too flightily." So, according to the records, she was ordered to be present in the porch of the parish church of Kintbury on Sunday, the seventh day of this instant July, immediately after the ringing of the second peal to morning prayer, and then at the beginning of the Confession shall come into the body of the said church where she shall stand during the time of morning prayer having a large white sheet round about her shoulders and hanging down to her ankles and a white rod in her hand, bare-legged and standing in the middle alley or passage of the said church, where she may be well seen and heard by the congregation and shall pronounce and say immediately after the Epistle and Gospel as followeth:

Good People, I am now come hither to acknowledge my faults and am right heartily sorry, beseeching God and you all whom hereby I have offended to forgive me and beseeching you to take example by this my punishment to lead a chaste and godly life.

After praying that she should never fall into the same sins again, Ann had to repeat the Lord's Prayer and her penance was presumably over.

At the foot of the record there is a certificate by the minister, churchwardens and parish clerk that the penance had been duly performed in public in the church.





THE "HORSE AND GROOM," BRACKNELL.

There has indeed been a transformation scene at the "Horse and Groom," Bagshot Road, Bracknell (Ashby's), as the pictures given clearly indicate, and the proprietor, Mr. B. J. Frost, is quite as much abreast of the times as is the fine new building. An old Coldstream Guardsman, he is always pleased to see old and new friends, and extend to them that courtesy and prompt attention for which Mr. Frost is so well known.

GIRL CYCLIST CHASES SUSPECTS.

Police, motorists, a girl on a bicycle and pedestrians took part in an amazing chase after suspected motor-bandits following a mysterious motor crash at Chertsey recently.

A large blue saloon car, which was being chased by the police, was taking a corner in Bridge Road, Chertsey, at high speed when it came into collision with a van.

Both vehicles nearly overturned, and the saloon car, after twice turning completely round, mounted the pavement and knocked down a wall.

Four men were seen hurriedly to jump out of the wrecked car and bolt across the road and make off with all speed down Willow Walk, a quiet lane.

Inside the car, the front of which was considerably battered and the windscreen broken, were found a safe covered with a mackintosh on the front seat, two furs, some jewellery and some confetti.

Miss Peggy Matthews, the nineteen-year-old daughter of the proprietor of the Vine Inn, Chertsey (Ashby's), which is exactly opposite where the collision occurred, left the bar where she was serving at the time and jumped on her bicycle and joined in the chase.

It is costing America over £2,000,000 a year to try and enforce Prohibition. It is expensive to be "dry."

THE VICIOUS CIRCLE.

When someone stops buying—someone stops selling.
 When someone stops selling—someone stops making.
 When someone stops making—someone stops working.
 When someone stops working—someone stops earning.
 When someone stops earning—someone stops buying.

DEATH OF MR. H. F. LINDARS.

SIXTY-SIX YEARS AT READING BREWERY.

A CHARMING PERSONALITY.

(From the *Berkshire Chronicle*.)

Widespread regret will be felt at the death of Mr. Henry Francis ("Frank") Lindars, which occurred somewhat suddenly at his residence, 29, Mansfield Road, Reading, on Sunday, August 21st. Mr. Lindars was playing in a bowls singles competition on the Reading Bowling Club green on Saturday when he collapsed. He recovered after a time and was taken home, but he died the following day. He was 81 years of age, and was one of the best-known figures in the town, being popular alike in business and bowling and musical circles. A man of charming personality, Mr. Lindars was beloved by all who knew him.

For a period of 66 years the late Mr. Lindars had given continuous service to Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, the Reading Brewers. He had been through several of the departments, and was the Firm's oldest employee. Mr. Lindars joined the Firm on July 23rd, 1866, when he became a clerk in the Cask Office, where at that time only two clerks were employed. The output of the Brewery in those days was about 100 barrels per day. After two years Mr. Lindars moved to the Ledger Office, where again only two clerks were employed. He was then transferred to Farnborough and stayed at that depot for two years. After that he returned to Reading and was attached to the Branch Office, where his duties included a good deal of visiting branches for audit. Next he went to the Estates Department, and in due time became a qualified valuer and was placed on important work in connection with the Firm's contracts with the London and South Western Railway refreshment rooms from Waterloo to Barnstaple. Half-way through these valuations Mr. Lindars' chief, Mr. Johnson, died suddenly, and the work was left for him to carry out, which he did successfully. He carried out similar duties on the Firm giving up those contracts, and he also twice carried out such valuations in the refreshment rooms of the South Eastern and Chatham Railway. Altogether Mr. Lindars spent 56 years in the Estates Office at the Brewery. He was extremely popular amongst the tenants of the Firm, whom he always endeavoured to keep happy and satisfied.

The record of Mr. Lindars with the Reading Brewery was one which is seldom equalled, and the Directors of the Firm were justly proud of it. They entertained Mr. Lindars and made presentations to him when he had completed 50 years in 1916, when he had reached

60 years' service in 1926, and when, on his 80th birthday last year, he had reached the remarkable record of 65 years of continuous service with the one firm.

A DEVOUT CHURCHMAN.

The late Mr. Lindars was a devout Churchman, and had been associated with Greyfriars Church, Reading, since his early days. He at one time taught in the Sunday Schools, and for many years he had been a Sidesman at the Church.

Mr. Lindars was particularly well known for his musical ability. He was one of the few players of the double bass in the district, and as such his services were much in demand. Whenever he was asked to assist in an orchestral concert on behalf of charitable objects, his services were always most readily given. He was the oldest living member of the Reading Philharmonic Society, and he was also a member of the Berkshire Symphony Orchestra and several other combinations.

In the world of sport Mr. Lindars was a keen bowler, and had for many years been a member of the Reading Bowling Club, of which he was a Vice-President. He played for the Berkshire County team on several occasions, and in 1914 was the runner-up in the County singles competition. His ardour for the game continued right to the end, and, as already mentioned, it was while engaged in his favourite pastime that he was taken ill.

The late Mr. Lindars leaves a widow, four sons and four daughters.

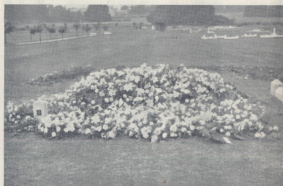
THE FUNERAL.

The funeral took place on Wednesday, August 24th, the first part of the Service being read in Greyfriars Church, Reading.

The Directors of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds were represented by Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds (Chairman), Commander H. D. Simonds, and Major G. S. M. Ashby. The Mayor (Alderman E. O. Farrer) attended, also members of the Reading Bowling Club. Representatives of every department of the Brewery attended, and many licensed victuallers were present, including Mr. H. Rex and Mr. G. J. Greenaway, President and Vice-President respectively of the Reading and District Licensed Victuallers' Association, Mr. Albert Blake, Chairman of Messrs. Simonds' Tied Tenants' Association, Mrs. Blake, Chairman of the Reading Ladies' Licensed Victuallers' Society, and Mr. J. T. Adams, Secretary of Messrs. Simonds' Retailers' Society.

The interment was at the Henley Road Municipal Cemetery, Reading.

There were many beautiful floral tributes, including one from the Directors, inscribed as follows: "With sincerest sympathy and in affectionate memory of 'Frank.' Also in gratitude for 66 years of friendship and loyal service which they will never forget. From the Directors of H. & G. Simonds Ltd." That from the Estates, Surveyors and Building Departments was inscribed: "With deep sympathy and in thankful remembrance of our Veteran Chief and Friend." Other wreaths included those from the Staff of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd.; the Brewing Room; the Brewery Departmental Foremen; the Wheelwrights' Department; Transport Cellars, Union Room and Scalds; Brewery Stable Department; the South Berks Brewery Co., Ltd.; Mr. C. W. Stocker; Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Gough; the Managers of Branches of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd.; Members and Committee of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Retailers' Society; the President and Members of Reading Bowling Club; the Hurst and District Bowling Club.



Floral tributes on the grave.

LOOKING BACK.

NEWS FROM THE "MORNING ADVERTISER" OF 125 YEARS AGO.

No. 4,233. AUGUST 10, 1807. PRICE 5½d.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

SATURDAY, AUG. 8.

LICENSED VICTUALLERS.

The Order of the Day having been read for the second reading of the Bill to amend the Act for granting Licences to Ale-house Keepers.

Mr. SHERIDAN spoke as follows.—I do not wish to cast a general reflection on the Police Magistrates, but cases of oppression have been exercised towards Publicans, which, if made known, would shake with horror the feelings of the House. All the Bill, Sir, requires is, that when a Publican's licence is taken away, he should be informed of the cause, and have a power of appealing to Quarter Sessions. There is no person, however clothed in a little brief authority, who has the right to deprive an Englishman of the means of his and his family's existence, on no other grounds than a malignant whisper to a Magistrate, probably at the instance of a wicked and an envious rival. . . . I will now proceed, Sir, to state the case of a widow, whose family kept a public-house for the space of 60 years in Westminster, in a most orderly, decent and proper manner. On the 14th of February, Mrs. Unthbank, a respectable widow, with seven children, five of whom were incapable of earning their bread, applied for her licence, which was refused, because, as the Magistrates said, it was of no use, in consequence of the improvements making in Westminster. This unfortunate widow, after some time, had at length the honour of an audience with the Magistrates, and was abruptly and brutally told, "You have had your answer, woman, and that's enough." This was adding barbarity to oppression, and the poor woman, with her five children unprovided for, was sent adrift upon the world. . . . The next case of oppression to which I shall call attention is that of a respectable Publican who kept the George and Dragon at Fulham, whose licence was stopped, and for what? Because a Welch girl, who was about to return to Wales, amused a few of her country-women by playing a few tunes on the fiddle in his grounds. For this heinous offence a Publican of a most blameless character was bereft of the means of getting bread for himself and his family.

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The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER said he was of opinion that a Committee of Enquiry should be appointed, for which reason he would move that the Bill be read a second time this day three months.

Mr. PETER MOORE, conceiving that redress would be given them, recommended Mr. Sheridan to withdraw his Bill.

Mr. SHERIDAN said a Publican across the way, Mr. John Morris, had been compelled to relinquish his home on account of its being necessary to take it down owing to the *coxcomical improvement* in the vicinity of Westminster Abbey, which had proved ruinous and destructive to the poor, industrious, honest and hard-working Publicans.

After a short conversation, Mr. Sheridan consented to withdraw the Bill till next Session.

DEATH OF MRS. G. GAINES.

On July 18th the death took place of Mrs. G. Gaines, of the "Royal William," Spring Gardens, Reading, at the age of 51. Mrs. Gaines had lived at the "Royal William" all her life, while her mother lived there for 64 years. Mr. Gaines continues to carry on.

IN MEMORY OF A LOVER OF NATURE.

The world's grey dawns—sundown—such things you loved;
Part of the Earth's great beating heart you were.
There was no life that filled her wild green trees,
Her birds, her creatures, but your joy was there.

No laughter was there of the rain or wind,
No song of bees across a mist of flowers,
No form or colour of a fallen leaf,
But you touched hands with it and made it yours.

Some tell us Death has even beauty, too,
Past all our knowing, and the soul has birth
Into a glory fresher than the Dawn's,
Fraught with more wonder than the flowers of Earth.

If they speak true, do you but merely dwell
Nearer the meaning of the love you bore,
Discerning secrets deep in Nature's heart,
Gleaning her glories unattained before.

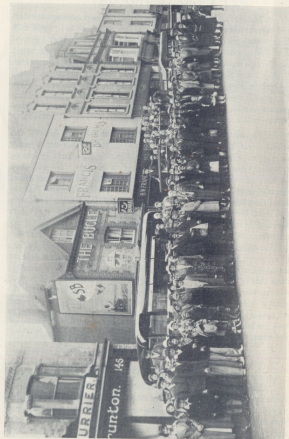
A GREAT THOUGHT.

"The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money a man has, he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honour when success is with us may be the first to throw a stone of malice when failure settles its cloud about our heads.

"The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground when the wintry winds blow, and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer. He will lick the wounds and sores that come from encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun on its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master an outcast into the world friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger and to fight his enemies. When the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in his embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open, in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."

OUTING FOR MOTHERS AND CHILDREN.

About 70 children and their mothers from the Coley district recently spent a most enjoyable time at "California," being conveyed there by five Silver Grey coaches. All the arrangements were made by Mrs. Goodenough, of the "Carpenter's Arms," who also generously provided tea, and her kindness was greatly appreciated.



The party just before the start.

THE CALL OF "THE BUGLE."

A highly enjoyable trip to Southend was arranged by Mrs. Moore, of "The Bugle," Friar Street, Reading, on August 28th. A start was made in the early morning and five charrs-a-banc were required to accommodate the large party. Mrs. Moore very thoughtfully provided refreshments en route and her generosity in other ways contributed largely to a most successful day.

On arrival at Southend the party enjoyed themselves in various ways, and early in the evening a start was made for home.

The beautiful summer weather greatly enhanced the day's enjoyment.

BREWERS' SOCIETY APPOINTMENT.

SIR EDGAR SANDERS AS DIRECTOR.

MANY YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF LICENSING LAWS.

The *Morning Advertiser* is informed officially that Sir Edgar Sanders has been appointed as Director of the Brewers' Society, and that he will commence his duties on October 1st.

Sir Edgar Sanders was Assistant Prosecuting Solicitor at Liverpool from 1899 to 1902, when he became Clerk and Solicitor to the Liverpool Justices, which appointment he held until 1916. He was Assessor to the Central Control Board (Liquor Traffic) in 1915, and General Manager of the Carlisle undertaking of the Central Control Board from 1916 to 1921. Since then he has been a Director of several public companies.

Sir Edgar has been President of the Justices' Clerks' Society three times; he is a Vice-President of the Federation of British Industries, and is a member of the Council of the London Chamber of Commerce.

During his association with the Liverpool Licensing Justices, Sir Edgar Sanders was engaged daily with licensing matters, and obtained a thorough insight into the working and administration of the licensing laws.

Mr. F. A. Simonds is Vice-Chairman, and if he should succeed to the Chairmanship of the Brewers' Society next year, he will no doubt find the advice and assistance of Sir Edgar Sanders to be invaluable.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

BY THE RIVER PANG

ON AN AUGUST AFTERNOON.

On Sunday, August 7th, I spent some delightful hours on the banks of the river Pang. Millions of gnats were buzzing just above the water's surface and a sudden little gust of wind would send wave upon wave of these tiny creatures away down stream for some yards and then they would buzz their way back again. I watched them for a long time, and so far as I could see there was not one collision. How they managed to avoid one another as they sped to and fro in rapid flight was a mystery to me. There was no one-way traffic here and when motorists can thread their way safely through such crowds and with such wonderful precision we shall indeed have reached the motorists' millenium.

THE JAWS OF DEATH.

And then a dragon fly would come along taking heavy toll of the smaller winged life. A voracious creature, you could distinctly hear the "snap" as his terrible jaws came in contact with some little victim. Presently he took a rest, no doubt to aid his digestion. I stalked him stealthily and experienced little difficulty in capturing him with my hand. I examined him carefully and was amazed at his gorgeous colouring and beautiful gauzy wings. But what an engine of destruction! Taking great care not to harm him I gave him his liberty, and he was soon at his death-dealing work again, darting right and left, to and fro, and gathering all manner of forms of life into his rapacious jaws as he proceeded.

Dragon flies appear to be particularly plentiful this year. You can see them, large and small, in their happy hunting grounds by the riverside and you cannot fail to be struck by the variety and beauty of their colours.

But don't run away with the idea that they can sting, because they have no apparatus with which to perform that pleasing little ceremony.

GRASSHOPPER WARBLER'S PECULIAR NOTE.

I was glad to note that the grasshopper warbler is here again this year, for there is no mistaking his peculiar note, very similar to the chirping of a grasshopper, though louder and much longer. If you pull your fishing line out from your winch you have a noise,

for it is hardly musical, every bit like that produced by our very shy little friend the grasshopper warbler. He will soon be taking his departure now and if his "song" is not exactly melodious it is very welcome for all that. This bird's nest is most difficult to find, but it is a very dainty little structure and the speckled rosy-white eggs are dainty too. Bon voyage, little bird! Come again next May and gladden us with your song. I will call it a song, for I am sure your wife, at any rate, thinks there is none more musical.

LIFE AND DEATH.

Away yonder are the cornfields in all their golden glory. And as evening sets in you can hear "terwit, terwit," the note of the partridge. They have call-over each evening and I fear that before many days are over now many will be missing, never again to attend call-over and answer "adsum"—I am here.

It is a strange, strange world, with all its joy and sorrow, life and death.

ALCOHOL A FOOD.

(By Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, Bt., C.B.).

More people are killed by over-eating than by over-drinking.

Alcohol is both a food and a medicine, and like other foods and medicines it must be used with judgment.

The man who cannot control either his glass or his fork will not be held in check by legislation. He is a problem to be dealt with by various means—certainly not by restrictions which put the vast majority of us on the level of excessive or surreptitious drinkers, who have therefore to be heavily handicapped against indulgence of their vice.

Such an attitude engenders a false or muddled public opinion, is psychologically unsound, and introduces into the drink problem corrosive elements of passion and prejudice.

For those who labour on the land, for the manual worker in shop and factory, an occasional tankard of ale or stout can do nothing but good.

COST SAFEGUARD.

The cost of beer and its considerable dilution are in themselves safeguards against excess.

For the sedentary worker an occasional glass of beer at the end of the day's work is to be commended. It should be preceded or followed by moderate exercise and is best taken in conjunction with a meal.

The value of spirits is more strictly medicinal, and their habitual use is, therefore, more liable to be unwise and excessive. For the tired brain worker, however, weak whiskey, well diluted and taken with his evening meal, is definitely an aid to digestion, acts as a sedative, and enables him to take a rational view of life and its problems.

Indeed, the wheels of Life are apt to groan and jar unless they are oiled now and again, and it is just in this way that alcohol in moderation acts upon the tired brain and body.

The practice of wine-drinking is not widely followed in this country, but there can be no doubt that wine-growing countries such as France, where wine is consumed regularly by everybody as part of the daily diet, maintain an extraordinary level of health and longevity.

Like beer, wine is not only a stimulant but a valuable food.

Indeed, the French Ministry of Health issues circulars to the school-children educating them in the value and use of moderate wine-drinking. Why does not someone circulate this literature to our Pussyfoot propagandists?

Of the strictly medicinal use of alcohol in the shape of brandy and champagne one cannot speak too highly. They have saved many lives at the point of crisis where nothing else would have prevailed; and even in the case of infants a drop of brandy in the milk is often successfully prescribed to pull them round the corner in a grave emergency.

Tobacco, like alcohol, helps so much to round off the angles of our daily lives that, in my opinion, its occasional abuse is far outweighed by the pleasure and satisfaction associated with its moderate indulgence.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Judge not. Thou canst not see. What seems to thy dull sight a stain may be a scar brought from some well-fought field where thou wouldst faint and yield.

The older we grow the more we feel that those who are gone are nearer to us than ever before.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

BY W. DUNSTER.

This issue completes another "year" of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, and, in the words of a well-known song, "it does not seem a day too long." With this number we shall be six years old, and I venture to think our monthly Magazine has been a real asset.

HOLIDAYS.

The weather having been of the right quality for August, it is safe to say holidays have pleased everyone this year. It has also been a constant topic of conversation and it would be interesting to know how often one has heard, "Been for your holidays yet?" or again, "How did you enjoy your holidays?" August Bank Holiday, however, particularly in the district where the Firm operates, was not up to standard and many of the open-air functions suffered in consequence, which was a pity, in view of the many events where one could obtain the well-known products of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Having, personally, only just returned from holidays and getting somewhat out of touch with Brewery matters, I am afraid my "Brewery Jottings" will be short. I hope everyone will find during the winter the benefit of the summer sun and that all will be free from illness.

FOOTBALL.

During the sweltering heat recently experienced it seems a little out of place to think (and talk) again of the big ball game. At the moment we all are rather sweet on the chances of Reading winning the League this season. It seems from the trial games that have been played the chances are rosy. It is the earnest wish of all enthusiasts that the team will have a successful time. At the moment we are all optimists.

Of course, we have our own Brewery teams, and the writer hopes they will both have many successes on the playing fields of Reading and district. Having been present at the Supper given to celebrate the winning of the League by the First XI, I still have pleasant recollections of the "band of youth present," which, I feel sure, will keep the "Hop Leaf" banner flying for many years to come.

THE LATE MR. H. F. LINDARS.

I feel that no words of mine can adequately express the sorrow that was felt at the passing away of that grand old English gentleman, Mr. H. F. Lindars. Liked by everyone, both in business and

out of business, he had a disposition and personality that are given to few. He always had a pleasant word for everyone and was genuinely liked and admired for his many sterling qualities. He will be greatly missed at the Brewery and in many other spheres.—R.I.P.

"MAJOR" P. T. HERRIDGE.

I had a pleasing letter of thanks from the above gentleman for my reference to him in the August issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. He says, after being out of touch with his old colleagues for so long, it is gratifying to him to know he is still remembered at the Brewery. He also says he very much appreciates the reference to him in the Tamar Brewery notes, which he is under the impression emanated from his friend, Mr. Law. I hope I am not "telling tales out of school," but he mentions that the clue to the cue story is that Mr. Law and himself used to leave the office at 8 p.m. to catch the train for an evening paper. They invariably missed the train and paper, so adjourned to the Crown Hotel, where Mr. Law generally "whacked" him with the cue, but not with the glasses. He hopes Mr. Law will still be good for another 50 up—in years.

CHANGES OF TENANTS.

The following changes and transfers have taken place during the month up to the time of writing, and to all we wish every success:—

- The "King George," Speen (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries, Ltd.)—Mrs. R. Ellis.
- The "Duke of York," Aldershot (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. E. Jeffers.
- The "Railway Arms," Wraysbury (Ashby's Staines Brewery, Ltd.)—Mr. A. G. R. Lambert.
- The "Crown," Crown Street, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. L. J. Westall.
- The "Royal William," Spring Gardens, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. E. F. Gaines.
- The "Swan" Inn, Arthorfield (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. G. J. Alder.
- The "Castle" Inn, Cold Ash (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. G. J. Ash.

DEATH OF AN OLD TENANT.

I am sorry to record the death of Mrs. C. M. Busby, tenant of the "Railway Tavern," High Wycombe, who had been at this house for 25 years.

THE "KENNET ARMS."

SUCCESSFUL FLOWER SHOW.

In May of last year the clientele of the "Kennet Arms," Pell Street, Reading, formed a Sunflower and Marrow Club, but although the season was then well advanced, the Show that they staged last September proved a most creditable one and one that gave the Committee greater encouragement for the holding of this year's Show, which was held on Saturday, August 20th. Mr. Harry Hawkins was Chairman of an enthusiastic Committee, which made excellent arrangements for the receiving and staging of the eighty-five exhibits which was an increase on last year of over 50%. This Club hitherto has proved quite self-supporting, all the prize money being paid from the Club's funds, whilst all the specials have been awarded by generous donors who are active members of the Club, though they cannot be termed as enthusiastic gardeners in the literal sense of the word. Moreover, all members equally share in the surplus money, which this year amounted to practically one half of their year's contributions. This year the Committee had secured the services of three gentlemen as Judges (Messrs. G. Curtis, A. W. Robbins and A. Stevens) who were regarded as experts and, needless to say, they gave entire satisfaction despite the keenness of the competition, especially in the classes for pair of table and best shape marrows.

The awards were as follows:—Heavy Marrows—1, Mr. F. Carey, 26 lbs. 7 ozs.; 2, Mr. G. Bryan, 19 lbs. 10 ozs.; 3, Mr. Montague, 18 lbs. 6½ ozs. Sunflowers (Heavy)—1, Mr. W. Barnes, 3 lbs. 4½ ozs.; 2, Mr. Carey, 2 lbs. 11 ozs.; 3, Mr. W. Knott, 2 lbs. 9½ ozs. Best shape Marrows—1, Mr. A. R. Neal; 2, Mr. E. Payne; 3, Mr. J. T. King. Pair of table Marrows—1, Mr. W. Barnes; 2, Mr. G. Bryan. Best shape Sunflowers—1, Mr. W. Knott; 2, Mr. A. R. Neal; 3, Mr. G. Bryan. Runner Beans—1, Mr. Neal; 2, Mr. Knott; 3, Mr. R. W. Ellis. Dish of Cooked Potatoes—1, Mrs. A. Haynes; 2, Mrs. J. T. King. Aspidistra—1, Mrs. Gutteridge; 2, Mrs. Ellis. Children's Bunch of Wild Flowers—1, Catherine Carey; 2, Dorothy Carey; 3, Iris Humphries. Lucky Number—Mrs. Neal.

Every child who exhibited was given a prize by Mr. Knott, whilst other donors of special prizes were Messrs. C. Hine, L. E. Daubney, W. Singer and C. Wheeler, their awards going to Messrs. Montague, Whitcomb, Haynes and Ellis. Later in the evening the officials were elected for the ensuing year, the business meeting being followed by a miscellaneous concert.

Charity is synonymous with the "Kennet Arms" and as a result of this Show the Queen Victoria Nursing Institute will benefit to the extent of £1 3s. 1d., this being the result of a collection from the visitors and the return by Mr. Knott of his entire prize money.

SOCIAL CLUB.

THE ANNUAL FLOWER SHOW.

The members' annual vegetable and flower show was held on Saturday, August 20th, 1932. The usual high standard of produce was well maintained and the number of entries was equal to other years. Particularly pleasing were the honorary exhibits; outstanding amongst them was the excellent display of vegetables and flowers sent by F. A. Simonds, Esq., per Mr. W. Clift. Twenty feet of tables were required for its staging. Commander H. D. Simonds, R.N., sent a very fine show of lilies and sweet peas which attracted much attention. Other honorary exhibitors were Milton Bode, Esq., per Mr. W. Broomfield (flowers), Mr. A. W. C. Bowyer (collection of vegetables), Mr. Jesse Champion of Bracknell (collection of vegetables), Mr. A. W. Higgs of Shinfield (flowers). The judging was ably carried out by Mr. W. Clift (Head Gardener to F. A. Simonds, Esq.) and Mr. W. Broomfield (Head Gardener to Milton Bode, Esq.) and their decisions gave every satisfaction. The Committee responsible for the arrangements were Messrs. W. Sparks, J. Benford, A. Weight and Walter Bradford (Hon. Secretary).

CLASS.	WINNER.	PRIZES GIVEN BY
Collection of Vegetables ...	1. T. Stacey ... 2. H. Prater Mr. F. C. Hawkes ... Ditto
6 Potatoes—Kidney ...	1. T. J. Day ... 2. H. Kirk ... 3. H. Prater Mr. C. W. Stocker ... Ditto ... Ditto
6 Potatoes—Round ...	1. H. Prater ... 2. H. Kirk ... 3. E. A. Higgs Ditto ... Ditto ... Ditto
1 Potato—Heaviest ...	1. T. J. Day Ditto
6 Onions—Spring ...	1. T. Stacey ... 2. A. Lake ... 3. H. Kirk Major G. S. M. Ashby ... Ditto ... Ditto
6 Onions—Best ...	1. H. Kirk ... 2. T. Stacey ... 3. A. Lake Mr. W. H. Davis ... Ditto ... Ditto
1 Onion—Heaviest ...	1. A. Lake Mr. W. Wheeler
4 Carrots—Long ...	1. T. Stacey ... 2. E. A. Higgs ... 3. T. Osborne Mr. C. Bennett ... Ditto ... Ditto
4 Carrots—Short ...	1. T. Stacey ... 2. E. A. Higgs ... 3. T. Osborne Mr. H. F. Lindars ... Ditto ... Ditto
1 Carrot—Largest ...	1. T. Osborne Mr. W. Wheeler
9 Runner Beans ...	1. T. Stacey Messrs. H. & G. ... Simonds Ltd

CLASS.	WINNER.	PRIZES GIVEN BY
12 Pods of Peas ...	1. T. Stacey ... 2. T. Osborne ... 3. V. Saunders Messrs. H. & G. ... Simonds Ltd. ... Ditto
3 Cabbage ...	1. T. Osborne ... 2. H. Prater ... 3. T. Stacey Mr. R. Biggs ... Ditto ... Ditto
1 Cabbage—Heaviest ...	1. C. Rosum Social Club
6 Beet—Globe ...	1. T. J. Day ... 2. E. A. Higgs ... 3. T. Osborne Mr. C. E. Gough ... Ditto ... Ditto
3 Lettuce—Cabbage ...	1. T. J. Day ... 2. T. Osborne ... 3. T. Stacey Capt. A. S. Drewe ... Ditto ... Ditto
3 Lettuce—Cos ...	1. T. Stacey ... 2. T. J. Day ... 3. A. Weight Major H. Kaye ... Ditto ... Ditto
2 Marrows for Table ...	1. P. Maynard ... 2. T. Osborne ... 3. H. Kirk Mr. A. R. Bradford ... Ditto ... Ditto
1 Marrow—Heaviest ...	1. T. Osborne Mr. A. H. Hopkins
4 Turnips ...	1. E. A. Higgs ... 2. T. Stacey Mr. W. Curtis ... Ditto
12 Shallots—Grown from Bulb ...	1. T. J. Day ... 2. T. Stacey ... 3. T. Osborne Mr. E. S. Phipps ... Ditto ... Ditto
3 Parsnips ...	1. E. A. Higgs ... 2. C. Rosum ... 3. T. Osborne Mr. J. Webb ... Ditto ... Ditto
6 Apples—Culinary ...	{ 1. E. A. Higgs } equal { 1. H. James } 1st	{ Mr. F. C. Hawkes { Mr. W. Curtis
6 Apples—Dessert ...	1. H. James Mr. H. L. Chaplin
1 Bunch Roses ...	1. P. Maynard Ditto
6 Asters ...	1. E. A. Higgs ... 2. T. Stacey Messrs. H. & G. ... Simonds Ltd.
6 Dahlias ...	1. T. J. Day ... 2. E. A. Higgs Social Club ... Ditto
1 Bunch Mixed Cut Flowers ...	1. T. Osborne ... 2. T. Stacey ... 3. A. Lake Messrs. H. & G. ... Simonds Ltd. ... Ditto
1 Bunch Sweet Peas—Mixed ...	1. T. Osborne ... 2. H. Prater Mr. A. G. Richardson ... Ditto
6 Gladioli ...	1. C. Rosum Social Club
1 Specimen Plant in Bloom ...	1. Mrs. King Mr. S. Bird
1 Specimen Foliage Plant ...	1. Mrs. Wetten ... 2. H. Prater ... 3. J. Champion Social Club ... Mr. F. Josey ... Mr. S. Bird
1 Sunflower—Heaviest ...	1. H. Kirk Ditto

CLASS.	WINNER.	PRIZES GIVEN BY
1 dozen Eggs—New Laid	1. H. Plank ...	Mr. F. Josey
1 Dish Boiled Potatoes ...	1. T. Osborne ...	Mr. W. H. Wigley
	2. H. Prater ...	Ditto
	3. Mrs. Wetten ...	Social Club
1 Specimen Needlework ...	1. Mrs. Stacey ...	Ditto
	2. Miss P. Hillier ...	Ditto
	3. Miss E. Hillier ...	Ditto
Crochet Work ...	1. Mrs. Stacey ...	Ditto
	2. Mrs. Wetten ...	Ditto
	3. Mrs. Davis ...	Ditto
Knitting—Hand ...	1. Mrs. Stacey ...	Ditto
	2. Mrs. T. Sewell ...	Ditto
	3. Mrs. Sparks ...	Ditto
2 Jars Jam or Marmalade	1. Mrs. Brown ...	Ditto
	2. T. Osborne ...	Ditto
	3. E. A. Higgs ...	Mr. A. G. Richardson
Bunch of Wild Flowers	1. J. Bradford ...	Social Club
	2. Miss Champion ...	Ditto
	3. Miss Wetten ...	Ditto

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

He had purchased a very old car and felt he owned the road; so when another driver, whom he had kept behind for over a mile, yelled out: "Get your darned old iron out of the way, can't you?" he was furious.

He stopped and completely blocked the lane. "Look here!" he cried. "I demand an apology!"

The other looked at the dilapidated car pityingly. "You've got it!" he said.

* * *

"I don't see why jokes about our race being so close are continually being published," remarked a young Scotsman. "We are not close, just thrifty."

"I think it's a shame," agreed the Irishman, with whom he was walking.

They proceeded in silence until they came to a tobacconist's.

"Come in and have a cigar," invited the Irishman.

They stepped inside. The Irishman put his hand in his pocket, then withdrew it with an exclamation.

"By Jove," said he, "I left my money at home."

"Well, the day's young," commented the Scotsman. "I don't mind walking back with you to get it."

At the Spring meeting of a certain golf club the local "tiger" was drawn against one of the long-handicap players, and much amusement and interest was taken in the game. It was seen to finish on the last green, and the club secretary went forward to discover the result.

"I won," said the long-handicap man, excitedly.

"Yes," growled the scratch player, "with the help of the Almighty, fifteen strokes, and three stymies."

* * *

"What's nice to-day?" asked the diner.

"Mushrooms are very good," said the waiter. "Would—"

"No!" snapped the diner, "I won't have any mushrooms. I was nearly poisoned by them last week."

The waiter leaned confidently across the table. "Now, is that so, Sir?" he said blandly. "Then I've won my bet with the chef. I said they were toadstools."

* * *

On arriving at his office Gates discovered that he had left his pocket-book at home.

"Jane," he said over the telephone to the maid, "I left my pocket-book in the inside pocket of my dress-suit last night, and now I can't find it. Have you seen it anywhere?"

"No, sir," replied the girl. "The mistress put your clothes away this morning."

"Where is Mrs. Gates now?" asked the worried husband.

"She went out shopping immediately after breakfast, sir."

* * *

ARTIST: "I'll sell you that picture for ten pounds."

LAD OF THE VILLAGE: "No you won't. But I'll give you ten shillings for the address of the model."

* * *

SHE: "I suppose you've been in the Navy so long that you're accustomed to sea legs?"

HE: "Lady, I wasn't even looking!"

* * *

"Look at the buffet," exclaimed a wealthy householder. "That goes back to Louis the Fourteenth."

"Oh, yes," said one of the guests, "that reminds me that the whole of my furniture goes back on the fifteenth."

"I'm frightfully worried about my wife."

"Good heavens; What has she got?"

"The car!"

* * *

LADY: "Can you give me a room and bath?"

HOTEL CLERK: "I can give you a room, madam, but you will have to take your own bath."

* * *

Before the dinner a young man with an eyeglass and a drawl said to somebody standing near: "Beastly nuisance, isn't it? Spoke to that fellah over there—took him for a gentleman, and found he had a ribbon in his coat. The confounded head waiter, I suppose?"

"Oh, no," replied the other, "that is the guest of the evening."

"Oh, really!" drawled the young man. "Look here, old chap, would you mind sitting next to me at dinner and telling me who's who?"

"Sorry, I can't, Sir," was the reply. "You see, I'm the confounded head waiter."

* * *

"I beg your pardon, sir, but what is your name?" the cashier politely asked the man presenting a cheque.

"Name!" replied the customer. "Don't you see my signature on the cheque?"

"I do," answered the cashier. "That's what aroused my curiosity."

* * *

A school was pursuing its placid course when a woman appeared in the hall carrying a hammer and calling loudly for Miss So-and-So. Miss So-and-So duly appeared, but at the sight of the hammer beat a hasty retreat to her room, where she secured the door.

The headmistress now came on the scene, and suggested that it might be better if they talked matters over in her private room.

"No fear," was the reply: "I've come here to use this hammer and I'm going to use it. My Johnny's got the seat right out of his pants."

"But surely," urged the bewildered head, "Miss So-and-So did not do that?"

"No," said the irate parent, "and I'm not blaming anybody, but I'm going to knock that nail down."

Whilst on the topic of schools, we are reminded of a lesson of which the subject was the wonderful instinct displayed by animals and birds. At the end of the class the teacher asked if any child wished to ask a question. One small boy held up his hand.

"Well, what is it you want to know?"

"I want to know, Sir," replied the boy, "what makes chickens know how big our egg-cups are?"

* * *

A hotel was on fire and the guests, gathered out in front, were watching the flames.

"Nothing to get excited about," one man was boasting. "I took my time about dressing. Lighted a cigarette. Didn't like the knot in my tie and retied it. That's how cool I was."

"Fine!" remarked a bystander, "but why didn't you put on your trousers?"

* * *

A dentist was about to extract the tooth of a girl who declined an anaesthetic but resolutely closed her jaws whenever he approached her with the forceps.

At last he whispered to his assistant: "Quietly stick that needle in her back. That will make her open her mouth!"

The assistant carried out his instructions. The girl opened her mouth and the tooth was removed.

The dentist said: "I hope you didn't experience much pain?"

"No," she answered, "but I never knew the roots went down so far."

* * *

"Bobby," said the geography teacher, "come up here and point out America on the map." Bobby did so.

"Now," went on the teacher, "can anyone tell me who discovered America?"

"Bobby did," shouted the class in unison.

* * *

"Curious thing about that fellow over there," said Waggoner, thoughtfully. "He knew nothing about rubber, invested his savings in the stuff, became rich in six months, and was able to marry the girl of his heart! . . . All out of rubber, and now . . ."

"And now?" echoed Bagger.

"They've got a bouncing boy!"

The golfing "rabbit" struggled to the tenth tee, and stood and mopped his brow. "What couldn't I do to a bottle of lager?" he exclaimed.

"'It it wiv' a golf club," retorted his disgusted caddie.

* * *

The husband was leaving for the races and his not-very-long wedded wife was giving him some last instructions.

"You'll back that nice-looking horse we saw on our honeymoon, dear? The aristocratic looking one. I'm sure he ought to win."

"Yes, pet," replied the adoring hubby as he kissed her good-bye. At 6 p.m. he returned.

"Well, and how did the aristocratic one get on?" inquired the wife eagerly.

"Like so many aristocrats, dear. He was the last of his race."



MR. GILBERY'S WONDERFUL EXPERIENCES.



Mr. S. R. Gilbery.

Mr. S. R. Gilbery, who may often be seen in the town assisting in the deliveries, has had the wonderful experience of having been a diver, seen service in the submarines, been flying with a camera gun at the R.A.F. Gunnery School at Eastchurch, and, incidentally, was one of the first four naval ratings to obtain a Certificate from the Army School of Musketry at Hythe.

This is the month when many of us will be worried with income tax papers. Readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE are reminded that Mr. J. P. C. Fleet, Accountant, Auditor, and Income Tax Specialist, of 71 South Street, Reading, who acts for many of the Licensees in this district, specialises in The Trade—so if any assistance is required, consult him.

BRANCHES.



LUDGERSHALL.

The above photograph shows the recently completed premises of the "New Inn," Fordingbridge, which has been entirely rebuilt.

Mr. George M. Young, the tenant, is a well-known sportsman in the district and he will be pleased to see supporters of the famous "Hop Leaf" brand who happen to visit Fordingbridge.

Visitors to the Bournemouth district should make a point of calling at Fordingbridge, which is situated on the edge of the New Forest and is one of the places of interest in that area.

PORTSMOUTH.

It was with great pleasure that the nation generally heard of the success of Mr. T. W. Green in the 50,000 metres walk at the Olympic Games in Los Angeles. That news was even more pleasant to us in this district as Mr. Green comes from Eastleigh. Not only does he live at Eastleigh but he is also a member of one of the clubs we are supplying in that district. Moreover, as reported on a previous occasion in this Gazette, Mr. Green trains on Simonds' "Luncheon Stout." Thus we have yet another Simonds' success to report: the successful invasion of America in this case. The moral is obvious.

Navy Week again brought its thousands of visitors to Portsmouth and some 129,000 people viewed with wonder, and with awe, some of the finest ships in the British Navy. This wonderful week of pageantry, full of pleasure and interest to visitors, has undoubtedly become one of the premier events of the summer season.

Southsea has been "full to the doors" this summer and every year seems to bring more and more visitors to what has undoubtedly become the most popular seaside resort on the South Coast. Naturally this "invasion" has led to more thirsty people and better business has been recorded. The sun is undoubtedly trying to smile away the gloom from a tax-burdened people.

Portsmouth is quickly gaining a good name for its new airport, and since its opening last month by Sir Phillip Sassoon, and the wonderful display by the Royal Air Force, it has been a turning point in the King's Cup Race, and on Wednesday, August 10th, Sir Alan Cobham visited the city with his fleet of aeroplanes to give an exhibition.

Football is with us again and interest is already quickening as to "team prospects." Portsmouth will again be represented by the same team as did duty last season and this seems automatically to suggest some more first-class football for Portsmouth supporters.

The annual summer show and fete of the Portsmouth and Southsea Horticultural Society, combined with that of the annual international exhibition of the British Gladiolus Society, was held on Southsea Common in brilliant weather and large attendances saw what was described by the experts as one of the finest shows on the South Coast. The exhibits were of a high standard, higher in fact than those of previous years, and there were over 1,000 exhibits in the gladiolus show, exhibits coming from all over the British Isles and many from Holland. The show was undoubtedly a wonderful success and deserved all the praise it received. Our liquors were again well to the front and good business was done.

SLOUGH.

Langley North Star Football Club have in their four years of existence gone from success to success in each season. As was printed in these columns last year the first eleven went through a whole season's fixtures in the 2nd Division of the Windsor, Slough and District League without losing a point, thus creating a record for the League.

In the season 1931-1932 the first eleven won the Premier Division of the League without losing a single game—one only being drawn—thus equalling the record of the previous year. The team also won the Slough Town Premier Cup and the Nicholas Cup. The second eleven won the 4th Division League Cup.

To commemorate this performance, on June 18th the President (Mr. A. J. Austin of Langley Hall) invited all players, reserves, committee men and officials to a dinner, which was held at the North Star Club Room. The company numbered forty, and the catering, which was carried out by our genial host, Mr. J. C. Overbury (the Club's Treasurer) and his wife, left nothing to be wished for and a very enjoyable evening was spent by all present.



Langley North Star Football Club.

OXFORD.

The portrait in the front of the August issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE prompts a train of reminiscence covering a long period.

These thoughts of the past, in their turn, impel me to "rush into print" and pay tribute to my old friend, W.J.K., whom I have known for nearly forty years.

An extra word or two with regard to his good qualities (so ably extolled in the article following his portrait in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE) will, perhaps, in the circumstances, be permitted.

One of his chief characteristics was his kindness and generosity as evidenced by memories of visits to the theatre back in the "nineties" for the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and his invariably generous treatment on any occasion, were it a walk or some other excursion.

His partiality for walking in his younger days is a ripe memory with me. I happened to be one of the budding managers who accompanied W.J.K. on the famous Bampton-Fairford walk as mentioned in the article already referred to, and can remember an amusing incident en route. During the afternoon we called at an inn, since closed (in those happy times they were open all day). When the ale was proffered at our urgent request we found, much to our disgust, that it was "sour as vinegar." We were all, I remember, extremely thirsty, and one member of our party on taking a liberal sip was heard to exclaim, very emphatically, "Gawd, spare the crows!" this being accompanied by a facial contortion depicting acute agony, both mental and physical.

W.J.K. was also an ardent cyclist in the days following my initiation to the Firm under his tutorage at the old offices at Queen Street, Oxford. I remember the machine he used was a "New Howe" cycle and much water has flown under the bridges since it was "stabled" at Queen Street.

I trust Mr. W.J.K. will live for many years to enjoy his retirement in good health.

H.J.T.

BRIGHTON.

At the time of writing Brighton is full of holiday-makers revelling in the glorious sunshine which has prevailed since the beginning of the month. It is not long before a healthy tan is apparent on the faces and limbs of those who are fortunate enough to spend their days in the open. Bathing, of course, is very much the vogue, and to-day is conducted on very different lines than in the days of the Regency. *The Brighton and Hove Herald* had an interesting article recently on bathing in those days, of which the following is an extract, and may prove interesting:—

"Bathing was a complete novelty during the early days of Brighton's development, and seems to have consisted of a plunge, for swimming was an almost unknown habit. By means of a

hook-ladder the bather ascends the machine,' runs one account. 'They are drawn to a proper distance from the shore, and then plunge into the sea, the guides attending on each side to assist them in recovering the machine; which being accomplished, they are drawn back to shore. The guides are strong, active, and careful; and in every respect adapted to their employment.'

"MARTHA GUNN AND HER RIVALS.

Among these early guides, and renowned to this day as the Queen of Dippers, was Martha Gunn. It is said that she actually dipped Prince George when a baby, and a poet broke into verse on the subject:

To Brighton came he,
Came George the Third's son,
To be dipped in the sea
By the famed Martha Gunn.

"But this legend is without foundation, since George did not visit Brighton until he came of age. The Prince and the Queen of Dippers, however, were firm friends, and he would sometimes send for her to amuse him with her quaint conversation. Martha Gunn and her fellow dippers were known and respected by all, yet we learn from an old advertisement that her business was once seriously challenged:

BRIGHTHELMSTON. SEA BATHING.

This is to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, and others resorting to Brighthelmston, that Martha Tutt, Mary Guildford, Susannah Guildford, Elizabeth Wingham, and Ann Smith, five strong Women, all used to the sea, have completely fitted up a set of NEW MACHINES, with a Careful Man and Horse to conduct them in and out of the Water, for the purpose of Bathing Ladies and Children, the Ladies at One Shilling each, and the Children Sixpence—Attendance will be given every morning.

N.B.—Orders received at "The Rising Sun," near the Bathing. March 27th, 1780.

"One can well imagine the flutter in the opposition camp, and up went a poster which defied all competition:

BRIGHTHELMSTON. SEA BATHING.

The Old Bathers for the last Thirty Years Past. This is to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, and others resorting to Brighthelmston, that Mary Howell, Mary Cobby, Martha Gunn, Abigail Miles, Susannah Patching, Ann Langley, Ann Smith (late Ann Cherry), and Martha Johnson, CONTINUE TO BATHE THE LADIES as usual; with James Johnson, a Careful Man, with good horses, to conduct the machines in and out of the sea. Attendance given every morning.

N.B.—Orders Received at Mary Howell's, No. 3, East Street. April 5th, 1780.

"For many years thereafter Martha Gunn remained the 'veteran Priestess of the Bath.'"

The West Tarring Working Men's Club held their annual treat for the members, wives and children on the Saturday previous to Goodwood week, and had a most enjoyable day, favoured with fine weather. About 250 members' children were taken for a three hours' motor ride into the country, returning to tea and sports in the Worthing football field. Also about 500 members and their wives sat down afterwards to a meat tea.

The Band of the Royal Sussex Regiment was engaged and rendered popular selections during the afternoon and evening. Refreshments were provided from a marquee and the arrangements were in the capable hands of the Steward, Mr. Mitchell, and his assistants, who kept the members well served with the well-known brands. The new President, Mr. Punter, was in his element, as usual, with the children. Great credit is due to the Social Committee, under the guidance of the hard working Secretary, Mr. Vincent, for the excellent manner in which the arrangements were made and carried out.

We accord best wishes to Mr. W. J. King on his retiring after such a long term of service with the Firm. Our Manager has very pleasant recollections of his early days at Oxford Branch, and was one who had the pleasure of accompanying Mr. King on some of his long tramps.

MALTA.

In the photograph overleaf, the popular proprietor of the Rose and Crown, Floriana, Mr. T. J. Paterson, is to be seen with a number of his patrons.

Mr. Paterson has a wonderful reputation for the quality of the liquors sold in his bar. He has resided for over 38 years in the house shewn in the photograph, which is reputed to have been built in the year 1242. There are few more loyal supporters of our products than Mr. Paterson and his house is one at which many English visitors call when making a tour of the Island.

The shuttered doors and windows are peculiar to Malta and other countries where, during the summer months, the intense heat makes it necessary to close all entrances during the daytime to keep out the hot dry air. The thick stone walls make it possible to retain a comparatively cool interior and after sunset all doors and windows are again opened.

We recommend to any of our readers who may call at Malta on holiday, a visit to the Rose and Crown and they may rely upon a warm welcome on the part of Mr. Tom Paterson.



The "Rose and Crown," Floriana, Malta.