

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

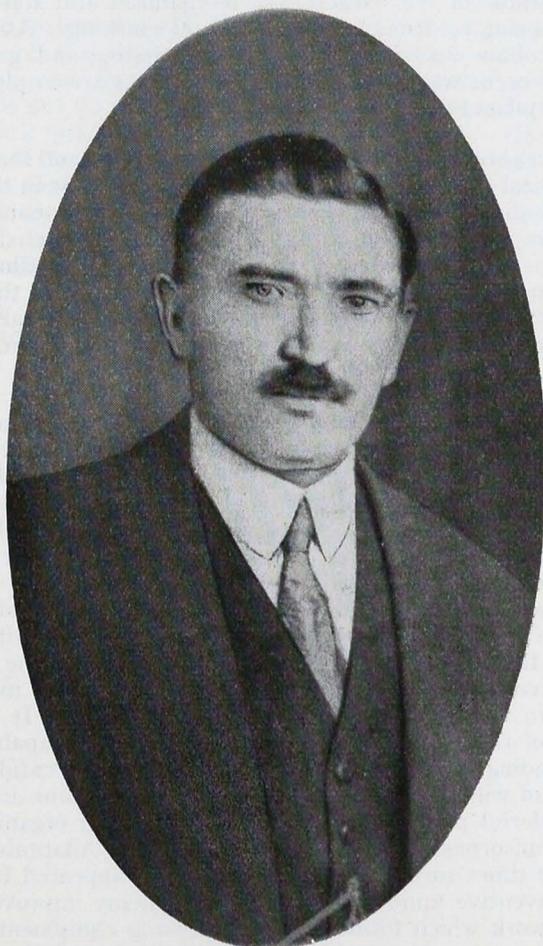
The Monthly Journal of H. & G. SIMONDS, Ltd.

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. XIV.

AUGUST, 1940.

No. 11



MR. F. H. BRAISHER.

MR. F. H. BRAISHER.

When Mr. Braisher joined the Firm as harness maker in 1915, he brought with him an inherited talent for fine work. He was born in 1881, the son of a family of harness and collar makers who possessed businesses at Colnbrook, Staines, Egham and Sunningdale. He made all new harness and carried out all repairs for Reading, as well as Home and Overseas Branches, at the time when over 100 horses and cobs were on the register. It was due to his initiative that the whole of the harness was reorganized and standardized, every set being returned for overhaul and marking. At the same time the collars were altered to minimise chafing and galls which frequently occur where large numbers of horses are employed with ill-fitting collars.

Upon the reduction of the horse establishments and the adoption of mechanical transport, Mr. Braisher took an interest in the canvas work, including the cutting out and sewing of new marquees and the repairs of damaged ones. He quickly mastered the art and became a proficient tent maker. During the long illness of the foreman in 1926, Mr. Braisher carried on the work of the department and was mainly responsible for organizing and carrying out the erection of marquees for large events up to the time he was appointed foreman in April, 1933.

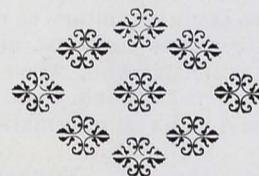
In addition to supervising the erection of the large numbers of marquees during army corps manoeuvres and regular army summer camps in various parts of the country, as well as large Territorial concentrations, the canvas department has carried out the provision of marquees for such big events as the *News of the World* golf championship at Wentworth, racing at Ascot and other meetings and for Henley Regatta. The assembly of the enormous quantities of marquees and equipment for these functions constitutes a vast amount of detail in which accuracy is essential and vital to the success of the shows. The setting out and erection of the marquees at the three Brewery fetes in Coley Park contributed in no small measure to the success of those great gatherings. It is in the handling of these large events that Mr. Braisher's capabilities are so outstanding. Enjoying, as he does, the entire confidence of a fine staff of willing workers, the carrying out of plans are effected with wonderful precision and smoothness. As an organizer, he is probably unsurpassed in his particular sphere. Adaptable, he has at various times surmounted obstacles which appeared formidable and his inventive mind has brought about many improvements in the woodwork which forms part of the camp equipment. In the making of marquees, new ideas of strengthening vital parts have been effected, but Mr. Braisher's crowning glory was the designing

and making of our largest marquee, measuring 120ft. x 40ft., which received great commendation for its graceful setting and is a perfect specimen of the tent maker's art. Attaching to his department there are the responsibilities of the issuing of the general stores and large variety of advertising material, the making of lorry sheets and numerous other jobs too diverse to mention.

As a young man Mr. Braisher served for a number of years in the 21st (Empress of India) Lancers and although he endeavoured again to enlist for the Great War, he was medically rejected.

In the realms of sport, Mr. Braisher played a great part in the formation of the Brewery football team which won the Town Senior Cup and Reading and District League for two seasons. When he is not watching the Brewery team he can always be seen at Elm Park and is considered to be a great critic. He was Vice-Chairman of the Social Club for four years and has served on the Committee from the commencement. As a member of the Social Club billiards team he figured in the winning of the cup on two occasions. In addition to other pastimes he has always taken a great interest in boxing.

As an amateur gardener he has on several occasions taken prizes at the Club Flower Show.



Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine oft infirmities.—The Bible.

CHAT

from



THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

(By C. H. P.)

SHOOTING DATES.

It has recently been ordered that it is legal to shoot grouse on August 5th and pheasants on September 1st. It is of course well known that many grouse are only about half grown on August 12th, and many pheasants on October 1st. Ducks, which for the first 50 years of my shooting experience were considered fit to shoot on August 1st, still may not be shot in Hampshire till August 12th. In the name of common sense, who makes these regulations? asks a correspondent in *The Times*.

HISTORY OF THE VICTORIA CROSS.

Most people are probably aware of the qualification required for receiving the Victoria Cross, *i.e.*, "conspicuous gallantry in the face of the enemy." Its inception, however, may not now be known. The inception came from the idea of William Howard Russell, the original War Correspondent to *The Times* in the Crimea in 1856. It was then so constituted under the Queen's name, Victoria, and was open to military or naval officers and men. In 1860 it was made to include civilians, and the first civilian to receive it was one Kavanagh, who, when at Lucknow, dressed himself up as an Indian native and went at night through the enemy lines and obtained valuable information.

WORD COINING IN WHITEHALL—"MORALE" OF "EVACUEES" AND "AMPUTEES."

Miss Horsbrugh, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health, at a Women Citizens Association luncheon in London was asked, "What is female man-power?" "For the answer," she said, "I can only refer you to the Ministry of Labour. They may know. I don't." Attacking our "war vocabulary," Miss Horsbrugh cited "morale" (Ministry of Information) "evacuees," and

"amputees" (Ministry of Health). The Ministry of Transport spoke of "wheelage." Her own department had coined hospital "beddage." When "cabbage" was mentioned in the House of Commons the other day a fellow Minister wanted to know whether it meant taxis or green vegetables. "I hope," said Miss Horsbrugh, "words like these will go down with Hitler."

MOTORIST'S SECRET DEVICE.

After a witness had admitted that he had failed to start a car which had been left unlocked although the ignition key was available, the Cardiff Stipendiary (Mr. Hugh Jones, K.C.) dismissed a summons against Walter Edward Livermore, an engineer, for leaving his car without making it immobile. At a previous hearing the defendant spoke of a secret device which made it impossible to start the car although it was unlocked and the ignition key was available. A fireman told the Court yesterday that he failed to start the car, but Livermore got in and immediately started the engine. The defendant refused to divulge the secret although pressed to do so.

RACING.

Racecourses which will be available for flat racing when it is resumed include Alexandra Park, Windsor, and Lewes in the South, Manchester, in the North, and Birmingham, Leicester and Nottingham in the Midlands. Plumpton, Hawthorn Hill, and possibly Cheltenham and Fontwell Park will be among those that can be used for meetings under National Hunt Rules.

THE HOME GUARD—AFFILIATION TO COUNTY REGIMENTS.

It was stated at the War Office recently that members of the Home Guard, who at present have no mark of identity but the armlet H.G., are being issued with the badges of the county regiment in whose area they serve. The Home Guard administration remains separate from that of the Regular Army, but the force is affiliated to the Regular Army county regiments.

TOO MUCH BONY PART.

Old Gent: "Look here, Mr. Butcher. I want a better joint than the one I had last week. You called it prime, but I found it Napoleon."

Butcher: "Napoleon! You don't mean to say the meat was old, do you?"

Old Gent: "No, but there was too much bony part about it for my liking."

L.G. GIVES WARTIME RECIPES.

Mr. Lloyd George in the Commons recently urged that the healthy diet of the peasant should be restored to Britain, "put on the tables of Mayfair and on the tables of the workers." Mr. R. S. Hudson observed that scientists were agreed that the population could exist in a state of health and energy on a diet very different from that to which we were accustomed. "I don't know that it would be a very palatable diet until we got accustomed to it," he added, "but I have put in a plea that it should be supplemented by adequate supplies of beer." And the M.P's. raised a cheer.

POLICE TO MAKE CARS UNUSABLE.

Forgetful motorists will have the wind taken out of their tyres in future. The police have decided that the easiest way to disable a car is to deflate all four wheels. Car owners who fail to observe the new defence regulations, which order that a car left in a vulnerable position after dark must be disabled in some way to make it useless to paratroops, will have to pump up four tyres before they can drive away. This action, which means a lot of hard work and a great deal of delay for the negligent motorist, has already proved far more effective than a prosecution. The police may also take any step that may think necessary, including the removal of the rotor from the distributor head, or the high-tension lead from the coil of an offending car. Sir John Anderson, Minister of Home Security, has demanded that his recent order shall be enforced with the utmost strictness.

PICTURE THAT ATTRACTED WIDESPREAD ATTENTION.

Last month we published a full-page photograph of a Military Mess—Somewhere in England, 1940. Simonds' famous brands, in barrel and bottle, were much in evidence, and the picture attracted widespread attention and much favourable comment. The Editor would like to take this opportunity of thanking the gentleman who so kindly sent along the photograph for publication. It certainly proved a very pleasing feature of the July issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE!

The following letter addressed to the Manager Simmies, Brewers, Reading, was recently received at the Brewery:—

SIR, COULD YOU FIX ME UP
 AS A MANAGER. I HAVE A LICENCE. IN 1912 -
 HAD TO GIVE IT FHRU THE WAR. I HAVE NOT GOT
 ENOUGH READY TO PAY DOWN. BUT GOT A
 GOOD ENCOME AND GOOD REFERENCE. I WOULD
 MANAGE FOR A SMALL WAGE. AS I WANT A HOUSE
 TO PAST THE TIME AWY. I SUR WE WOULD UP
 THE TRADE FOR YOU ANSWER WILL OBLIGE
 YOURS FAIRFULL

THINK BIG.

The following verses, which adorn the living room of a public house, deserve publication and should be taken to heart by jitterbugs in this country :—

If you think you are beaten, you are ;
 If you think you dare not, you don't ;
 If you'd like to win, but think you can't,
 It's almost a clinch you won't.
 If you think you'll lose, you've lost ;
 For out in the world you'll find
 Success begins with a fellow's will—
 It's all in the state of the mind.

Full many a race is lost
 'Ere ever a step is run,
 And many a coward fails
 'Ere ever his work's begun.
 Think big and your deeds will grow,
 Think small and you'll fall behind ;
 Think that you can and you will—
 It's all in the state of the mind.

If you think you are out-classed, you are ;
 You've got to think high to rise :
 You've got to be sure of yourself before
 You can ever win a prize.
 Life's battles don't always go
 To the stronger or faster man,
 But soon or late the man who wins
 Is the fellow who thinks he can.

THE WILL TO WIN.

We shall win this war. How soon we shall win it, and with what measure of success, depends on our showing, now, the full strength of our determination. Let every man and woman among us who values freedom show it now, in face of the Nazi-Fascist threat to strip us of it. We have our lives at stake, our individual lives, whoever we be, soldier or civilian. But we have more than that ; the freedom of the whole world depends on the outcome of this struggle. And the outcome of the struggle depends on the sacrifices we are prepared to make, on the efforts of work and endurance we are capable of, and on our willingness to brave the perils planned against us as part of the greatest conspiracy against freedom ever dreamed of outside a lunatic asylum. Let us make no mistake : we are in this war for life or death. Which, it is for ourselves to choose. And we choose life, the good life. The life of free men and free women.—*Berkshire Chronicle.*

REDUCE THE DUTY FOR THE FORCES.

Mr. F. A. Simonds, our Chairman and Managing Director, deploras the necessity for yet another increase in the price of beer owing to the fresh taxation levied in the Budget. " This involves a third increase within ten months," said Mr. Simonds, " but I do appreciate the urgency for raising money with which to finance the successful prosecution of the war by all possible methods. I share the universal wish that some scheme could be devised whereby His Majesty's armed forces could buy their beer and their tobacco at a reduced rate of duty. The present prices work very harshly against all those now in the Services." The Government have since solved the problem of allowing duty-free tobacco and beer to the forces by giving an all-round increase of 6d. a day to N.C.O.s and men.

**WARRANT OF APPOINTMENT.**

The name of H. & G. Simonds Ltd., Brewers, Reading, appears in the London Gazette of July 23rd, 1940, in a " List of Tradesmen who hold Warrants of Appointment to The King in the Department of the Master of the Household, with authority to use the Royal Arms."

This signifies the grant of the Warrant of Appointment to the present King, an honour much sought after, and which has been received by the Firm with unbounded gratification. The Firm likewise enjoyed the privilege of holding the Warrant of Appointment as Brewers to the late King George V.

NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

DEPARTURE OF THE SWIFTS.

WILD LIFE ON OUR SPORTS GROUND.

The swifts have held their mass meetings and passed resolutions *nem. con.* to the effect that it is time to be off to Africa or other countries where the warm sun will shine while we, who have to remain in England, will experience fog and frost—but, we fervently hope, not quite so marked as last year!

At this time of the year it is very interesting to watch the aerial manoeuvres of the swifts. Scores of them appear, as if by magic, high up in the heavens, twisting and turning with lightning speed and shrieking loudly their delight. They are like a lot of arrow-heads let loose and being shot in all directions. Higher and higher they ascend and then, all of a sudden, there is none to be seen! They have started on their journey to warmer climes.

And have you noticed that the swifts use one wing only at a time when in flight, not both together. I cannot call to mind any other bird that wings its way through space in a similar manner. The swifts are among the last of our summer visitors to arrive and among the first to go.

BEAUTIFUL BUTTERFLY BIRDS.

On the waste land near our Sports Ground are many thistles and where there are thistles you generally find goldfinches. And here you may now see daily scores of these beautiful birds twittering away with evident joy as they peck at the thistle seeds. These little feathered friends in their gay suits of scarlet and black and brown, yellow and white, are more like butterflies than birds. And they live exemplary lives, feeding on the seeds of weeds and imparting nothing but joy to their beholders by their very cheery chatter and captivating ways.

Pliny tells us that the goldfinch bears animosity against no living creature except the donkey which eats the flowers of the thistles and so deprives the goldfinch of its food.

FEATHERED FREQUENTERS OF OUR TENNIS COURTS.

Where there are tennis courts you generally see some spotted flycatchers, for they show a great partiality to the nets or wire surroundings as coigns of vantage from which to dart out and seize insects on the wing. A number of these sombre-coloured birds, whose note is just a weak chirp, may now be seen on our tennis nets and wiring, from morning to night, and they are often accompanied by the willow warbler, a great little favourite with many of us, for is he not about the first, with the chiff-chaff, to tell us each year when spring is here?

CHARMING STUDIES IN BLACK AND WHITE.

Our grass courts, too, are favourite hunting grounds of pied wagtails. How they love a newly-mown lawn! They do not hop but run rapidly in pursuit of their prey, their tails, which are in perpetual motion, no doubt assisting to guide them and help them keep their balance. They frequently rise and take short jerky flights after the flies. They do, indeed, make charming studies in black and white.

MANY MISSEL THRUSHES.

On our Sports Ground, too, may be seen many missel thrushes. Considerably larger than our song thrush, the missel thrush is our largest British song bird and his loud, wild musical notes may often be heard proceeding from a tree-top during the bleak winter winds. Probably that is why he is familiarly known as the storm cock. The missel thrush is a handsome fellow with his breast covered with prominent deep brown spots oval and triangular. Particularly after rain, dozens of these birds descend on to the grass and, with many hundreds of starlings and other birds, the grounds in places have quite a darkened appearance.

OUR PAIR OF PARTRIDGES.

Nor must I omit mention of our pair of partridges. I have had my eye on them since the spring but never their nest could I find. Often they were seen together; then for some time the lady only joined her husband at eventide. Now they are generally together again but no little partridges have put in an appearance and I fear the old birds have been robbed of their eggs.

I hope to see you often again, little brown birds—*turwit*, *turwit*!

O! WHAT A SURPRISE.

Coming across a ball of fine grass I thought it was the nest of a mouse. With my usual curiosity concerning nature's ways I examined this grassy sphere more closely. And, my word! I had no sooner partially removed the lid than a host of humble bees dashed out at me. My dog, who accompanied me, a "nosey parker" like myself, was even more surprised than I, and was off like a gun, while I also hurried away, not far behind. Don't run away with the idea, gentle reader, that humble or bumble bees don't sting, because, undoubtedly, you will find their feet equally hot to those of the wasp or ordinary bee.

A great friend of mine, not unconnected with the Brewery, had a similar experience when he unearthed a nest in his garden. The humble bees quickly claimed their territorial rights and my friend promptly retired, in some disorder, at the points of many bayonets. He was astonished, and much pleased, to see that these busy little bees very promptly repaired the damage he had done to their home.

Peculiarly enough, there is a "cuckoo" bee which sometimes enters the humble bees' nest, and destroys the queen. The usurper then lays her eggs which, with the larvae, are tended by the worker bees with the same care that a wagtail, for instance, will bestow on the young bird cuckoo that has been foisted on her.

Truly there are strange happenings in the wide realm of nature!

A PLEASANT MONTH.

Wherever we go, if we do, August is a pleasant month, even if it has not the thrill of the spring, since "it comes when we remember nothing but clear skies, green fields and sweet-smelling flowers—when the recollection of snow and ice and bleak winds has faded from our minds," as a writer in *The Times* observes. The thought of the war cannot and ought not to fade from our minds, but some August days well used may help us to play our humble part in it.

TWELVE O'CLOCK IN LONDON.

U.S. COMMENT ON A FATEFUL HOUR.

The *New York Times* publishes, under the heading "Twelve o'Clock," the following leading article:—

It is 12 o'clock in London. Hitler has spoken and Lord Halifax has replied. There is no more to be said. Or is there? Is the tongue of Chaucer, of Shakespeare, of Milton, of the King James translation of the Scriptures, of Keats, of Shelley to be hereafter in the British Isles the dialect of an enslaved race?

Let us try to see clearly. We have to look back a good many centuries to find the beginnings of English liberty. We see it as a rough and obstinate growth heaving the rich soil under the oaks of lordly estates, breaking out in Wat Tyler's time and in Cromwell's, and in the day of the second James, forcing through the Reform Act, never perfected, never giving up. We see the spread of democracy and of Empire side by side, confused and turbulent. But we see democracy ever marching on.

It is 12 o'clock in London. Not 12 o'clock for the Empire—there is no Empire any more. Not 12 o'clock for the old "dominion over palm and pine." Twelve o'clock for the common people of England, out of whom England's greatest souls have always come. Twelve o'clock for all that they are and have been, for all those things which make life worth living for free men.

Twelve o'clock—and the wisest prophet in Christendom cannot say what is to come. The old, old towns of Britain, the hills and cliffs and shores and meadows, rich with history, the homes and lives of 45,000,000 people, the great British traditions of human worth and dignity, the folk sayings, the deep wisdom and the long-suffering hopes of a race—these, not being pleasing to Hitler, are condemned.

We know little, and for a time shall know little, of this unparalleled spectacle of the nation rising as by a single impulse to the defence of "this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England." From our own shores we cannot see the shadow over ancient gardens, over houses hoary with age, over the graves of poets and philosophers, and the tombs of the martyrs. We know only that one of the green and lovely oases of civilization in the wilderness of man's time on earth is foully threatened, and that the whole world for ever more will be the poorer if it falls.

Words falter. There are no phrases for the obscene ambition that attacks, for the magnificent mobilization of a people that defends, unshaken and unafraid. We can only pray that soon the time will come when the vultures no longer defile British skies, and the cry goes out from John o' Groats to Land's End: "Twelve o'clock, and all's well."

[Reprinted from the "Camberley News and Bagshot Observer."]

Obituary.

MR. H. H. SQUIRES.

To the great regret of his large circle of friends, the death occurred suddenly at the Staff College, Camberley, of Mr. Harold Henry Squires.

After serving for eighteen years in the Devonshire Regiment—he was a native of Devon—Mr. Squires was appointed Mess Steward of the Staff College in 1924, and remained there until his death. He was known and respected by all the officers who had passed through the College during the past sixteen years, as well as by many Camberley residents.

A fine horseman, he took a keen interest in the Staff College Drag Hounds, and for years seldom missed a cubbing meet.

With the Devonshire Regiment, Mr. Squires served in Burma, and in France during the last war, when he was badly gassed. Some years ago he was awarded the Medal of the Order of the British Empire.

He is survived by a widow and a daughter.

BOTTLED BEER.

DIRECTORS' APPEAL TO TENANTS AND CUSTOMERS.

The Directors beg their customers and tenants to be patient and tolerant if, in these difficult days, their bottled beers are not delivered to them with the same expedition, and to the full extent of their orders, as in happier pre-war times.

It will be appreciated that with the loss of so many key men in the Bottling Department and the shortage of competent labour and transport difficulties the output cannot be as rapid and efficient as heretofore.

Furthermore, the demands of His Majesty's Forces are most insistent and nobody would refuse them preferential treatment. It will be realised that Services Messes and Institutes, particularly those on H.M. Ships, are not in a position to handle cask beer as in the case of Public Houses. An appeal is therefore made to our tenants to persuade their customers wherever possible to consume draught beer as against bottled beer, and we do look for their loyal co-operation to this end.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

Congratulations to Mr. J. Stone on occupying pride of place in the July issue of our magazine. Known as Jack to one and all, he is ever so well liked and to my mind always ready to lend a willing hand. As to his skill as a craftsman, our lorries are an every-day tribute to him as they move along the roads of southern England.

One of our colleagues of the General Office staff, now on service—Mr. E. Martin—was recently married and, to mark the occasion, a presentation of a canteen of cutlery and a case of fish knives and forks (which had been subscribed for by the staff) was made by Mr. F. C. Hawkes to Mrs. Martin when she called at The Brewery. In a letter to Mr. Hawkes recently, Mr. E. Martin writes:—"I am writing to express my gratitude for the most acceptable present received from the members of the Clerical staff on the occasion of my wedding, and I shall be very grateful if in my absence you will convey to them my thanks for their generous gifts."

Mr. T. Kent, our first-aid chief, has just been awarded his long service medal, having completed 15 years' service with St. John Ambulance. Actually, he tells me, he has been in this wonderful organisation for 18 years. To gain the medal you have to pass an examination each year, attend the annual parade and also put in 12 drills each year. We all know that Tom Kent is very good at every kind of first-aid work and we do heartily congratulate him, particularly all of the first-aid contingent of the Firm's A.R.P. organisation.

Another of the staff, Mr. S. G. L. Treacher, now on service, has recently been married, and the opportunity is taken to wish both Mrs. Treacher and himself all good fortune and happiness.

Since last writing I have not heard of any other members of the staff leaving us, although quite a number of them registered in July and in some cases they have had their medical examination; so it will probably be that some of them will be going very soon. Naturally, in consequence we are increasing our female staff. In quite a number of departments of The Brewery ladies are working probably for the first time in the history of the Firm.

We have had visits from quite a number of the boys who are serving and they come from all parts of the country. In all cases they look ever so fit and well. Their cheerfulness is very heartening.

Trade still keeps very brisk and in spite of understandable war-time difficulties things are working very smoothly. It seems a pity (to us at any rate) that it was found necessary to increase the price of beer again, making three times since the war began. However, we have taken this without grumbling, knowing that the revenue will benefit in a practical way. One of our staff has a souvenir which reads "Beer 4d. a Quart," a memento of by-gone days, and when he displays it for our benefit says with feeling, "Boys! those were the days." However, we seem to be luckier than Germany, for latest reports mention the probability of a beer famine in that country before very long.

The following extract from an article entitled "Are we Downhearted?" written by Geoffrey Edwards for the *News Chronicle*, I thought particularly good:—

"In this front-line coast town, where the civilians, navy and army continually mingle, you are bound to overhear snatches of humour from T. Atkins. Here, for example, is an officer congratulating a convoy of lorries on their good camouflage.

"'Number four is particularly good,' he says. 'You must have taken a lot of pains with that.'

"'Aye, sir!' says the driver. 'We've got the beer aboard.'"

The following changes and transfers have taken place and to all we wish every success:—

The Roebuck Inn, Wokingham (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. E. Elliott.

The Jolly Butcher, Staines (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. H. Toddy.

The White Hart, Thatcham (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. D. G. K. Walker.

The Cricketers, Stockcross (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. H. R. Tucker.

The Chairmakers Arms, Lane End (Wheelers Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. W. H. Hill.

The Rising Sun, Stanwell (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. E. Heward.

The Clarence, Staines (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. E. J. Watkins.

The Catherine Wheel, Egham (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. C. F. Scott.

The Old Ford, North Camp, Aldershot (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. R. J. Andrews.

The Rose and Crown, Newbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. P. E. Edwards.

We much regret to record the following deaths and to all relatives we tender our sincere sympathy:—

Mrs. Coff, late tenant of the Brickmaker's Arms, Windlesham, who died on the 27th July, started with her husband there in May, 1907. On the death of Mr. Coff in 1918 she took over the tenancy in February, 1918, where she continued until May of this year when her son-in-law, Mr. Viner, took over.

Mr. Frank Incley, who died on the 11th July, was tenant of the Royal Adelaide, Windsor, where he had been since October, 1934. The following extract is from the *Morning Advertiser* of July 17th:—

"We regret to record the death of Mr. Frank Incley, aged 57, licensee of the Royal Adelaide Hotel, King's Road, Windsor. He had been in ill-health since the end of February last.

"A native of West Haddon, Northants, and son of the late Mr. Frank Incley, a well-known farmer and judge of cattle in Northants, Mr. Incley went to Eton in 1928, and was licensee of the Crown and Cushion until 1934, when he transferred to the Royal Adelaide Hotel, Windsor, of which he was landlord till his death. He was a member of the Windsor and District Licensed Victuallers' Protection and Benevolent Association.

"Described as a family man, his main interest was in sport, particularly pony racing and boxing, in both of which he was keenly interested all his life. In his younger days he kept racing ponies, and with them had many successes. One of his ponies won over 300 races.

"In his early years he rode himself and won his first race at the age of 17 at Guilsborough Park, Northants. In Windsor and neighbourhood he had many friends who held him in much esteem."

Mr. John Spracklen of the Eight Bells, Newbury, who died on the 22nd July, had been tenant of this house since 1928. The following extract is from the *Newbury Weekly News*:—

NEWBURY'S OLDEST LANDLORD.

STARTED WORK IN THE MINES.

"The death took place at his home on Monday last week of Mr. John Spracklen, Newbury's oldest landlord, at the age

of 67. Mr. Spracklen had been a licensee for 47 years and had never in that long time had a black mark against him. He will be greatly missed, for he was always ready to help those in need.

"Born in London, Jack Spracklen, as he was known to everyone, went to Yorkshire as a boy, and started work in the pits at Elsecar at the age of 13. After working for seven years in the pits, Mr. Spracklen came south to Newbury in 1893 and was for a short time a traveller for Singer sewing machines. In the same year, when his aunt retired as licensee of the Pigeons, Cheap Street, Newbury, he took over the house, and was its landlord for 34 years. In 1927 he left the Pigeons and took the Eight Bells, Bartholomew Street, where he remained until his death. He was a keen sportsman. He was a follower of Reading Football Club for many years and thought nothing of travelling many miles, sometimes right up to the North, to watch a game of cricket or football. His greatest hobby, however, was pigeon racing, and his birds were known throughout the whole country. He helped found the Newbury and District Pigeon Racing Club and won many prizes, among them being the *News of the World* diploma from Jersey in 1914. For years in succession he won the Reading and District Old Bird Average Challenge Cup, which then became his own, and he also won the S.R. Federation C.A. Cup. During the last war several of his valuable pigeons 'served' with the forces. A lover of music, he played the violin, piano and other instruments. He was always a cheery 'mine host.'"

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Don't worry, it may never happen.

The darkest hour has only sixty minutes.

A carper will cavil at anything.

A crowd is not company.

Catch, then, O catch the transient hour ;
Improve each moment as it flies ;
Life's a short summer—man a flower—
He dies—alas ! how soon he dies !

Flatterers are cats that lick before, and scratch behind.

For a web begun, God sends thread.

Great joy is only earned by great exertion.

He that can be won with a feather will be lost with a straw.

Hold up thy head ; the taper lifted high
Will brook the wind when lower tapers die.

If a donkey bray at you, don't bray at him.

Lead, kindly light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on.

Life is a long lesson in humility.

Measure men around the heart.

My inheritance how wide and fair !
Time is my seed-field, to Time I'm heir.

None ever saw the pillars of the firmament ; yet it is supported.

Nothing is more binding than the friendship of companions-in-arms.

Real worth requires no interpreter ; its every-day deeds form its blazonry.

The great doers in history have always been men of faith.

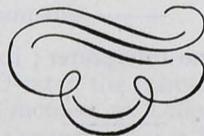
A GREAT THOUGHT.

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

Views with respect to the probable improvement of the world are so conducive to the comfort of those who entertain them, that even, although they were founded in delusion, a wise man would be disposed to cherish them. What should have induced some respectable writers to controvert them with so great an asperity of expression, it is not easy to conjecture; for whatever may be thought of their truth, their practical tendency is surely favourable to human happiness; nor can that temper of mind, which disposes a man to give them a welcome reception, be candidly suspected of designs hostile to the interests of humanity.

One thing is certain: that the greatest of all obstacles to the improvement of the world is that prevailing belief of its improbability, which damps the exertions of so many individuals; and that, in proportion as the contrary opinion becomes general, it realises the events which it leads us to anticipate. Surely, if anything can have a tendency to call forth in the public service the exertions of individuals, it must be an idea of the magnitude of that work in which they are conspiring, and a belief of the permanence of those benefits which they confer on mankind by every attempt to inform and enlighten them.

As in ancient Rome, therefore, it was regarded as the mark of a good citizen never to despair of the fortunes of the republic, so the good citizen of the world, whatever may be the political aspect of his own times, will never despair of the fortunes of the human race, but will act upon the conviction that prejudice, slavery, and corruption must gradually give way to truth, liberty, and virtue; and that, in the moral world, as well as in the material, the further our observations extend, and the longer they are continued, the more we shall perceive of order and of benevolent design in the universe.



DEATH OF MRS. BLACKALL-SIMONDS.

WIDOW OF A FORMER CHAIRMAN OF H. & G. SIMONDS LTD.

The death occurred at Keswick on Friday, July 12th, of Mrs. Gertrude Blackall-Simonds, of Bradfield House, Bradfield, at the age of 81. She was the widow of Mr. George Blackall-Simonds, who died in December, 1929, and had lived in Bradfield for very many years, taking a keen interest in everything connected with the life of the village. She left it for Keswick only a few weeks ago.

Mrs. Blackall-Simonds was the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Prescott, of New Hampshire, U.S.A., and married Mr. Blackall-Simonds in 1877.

Mr. Blackall-Simonds was a well-known sculptor, local examples of his work being the lion in the Forbury Gardens, the statue of Queen Victoria outside the Town Hall, and the George Palmer statue in Palmer Park, which once stood in Broad Street. He practised in Rome, Brussels and London after studying at the Royal Academy of Arts, Dresden. He was for some years President of the Reading Conservative Association and a former Chairman of the Board of Directors of H. & G. Simonds Ltd.

Mr. and Mrs. Blackall-Simonds' only son, Lieut. George Prescott Simonds, of the 2nd Batt. South Wales Borderers, lost his life in the first few weeks of the last war.

THE FUNERAL.

The funeral of Mrs. Blackall-Simonds took place at St. Andrew's Church, Bradfield, the interment being in the family grave in the churchyard.

The family mourners and others who attended the service were: Major and Mrs. Shea-Simonds, Mrs. F. A. Simonds, Mr. J. H. Simonds, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Simonds, Mr. Arthur Moore, Lady Foley, Lady Cassidy, Miss Watney, Mr. G. B. Sankey, the Head Master of Bradfield College, M. and Mme. Le Grand, Mrs. W. H. P. Stevens, Mr. C. W. N. Sharp, (representing Messrs. Cooksey & Walker), Mr. and Mrs. J. Timms, Mr. W. Timms, Mr. L. Timms, Mrs. Percy Gordon, Mr. A. G. Talmage, Mr. McCall, Miss Evelyn Morgan, Mr. W. Lee, Mrs. Rowe, Mr. W. J. Cumber, Mrs. J. Cripps, Mr. S. Cripps, Mr. E. G. W. Wilson, Mr. C. H. Ballard, Mrs. Wathen, Mrs. Willoughby, Mrs. S. Minchin, Mrs. M. E. Reeves, Mr. Dennis, Mrs. W. Hillier, Mr. R. H. Ford (representing A. F. Ford & Sons), and members of the indoor and outdoor staffs at Bradfield House.

LORD MAYOR'S RED CROSS FUND.

	To July 3rd, 1940.			To date.		
	Last collection.					
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Beer Cellars	1	3	6½	3	16	11½
Bottling Department	1	12	0½	5	6	2¼
Brewery	18	3½		2	17	6
Building	1	8	8¼	4	18	2¼
Cooperage	12	9		2	0	9½
Delivery Office	9	11½		1	14	3½
Maltings	1	4	8½	3	6	1
Offices—						
Ground Floor	1	14	7½	5	6	11
First and Second Floors	1	13	5	4	12	9½
Surveyors	1	0	0¼	1	13	4¼
Stables	5	0½		15	7½	
Social Club	1	1		1	1	6½
Transport Department	1	0	11½	3	1	2½
Transport Repairs, Engineers and						
Electricians	1	12	11	5	1	0¼
Wheelwrights	12	8		1	16	11
Wine Stores	12	5		1	19	8
Sundries	—	—		6	5	½
	£16	3	1½	£49	15	6½



Mr. S. G. Treacher, of the Wine and General Office Staff, who was married to Miss Dakin at Yateley Church on Saturday, July 27th. We wish them both the best of health and all happiness.

“ VENISON.”

Venison—A song of deer
Turn, our thoughts, to park and glade
Where the timid hinds appear
—Where the lordly stags parade.

Venison—Our eyes we fix
On a forest wild and vast
Where the moments seem to mix
With a more romantic past.

Venison—We oft have seen
Bucks with branching antlers peeled
In those paradises green
—Windsor—Fawley—Englefield.

Venison—And down the wood
Where the leaves before us sail
Comes the cry of Robin Hood
Carried on the summer gale.

Venison—A toast we drink,
Present sorrows to assuage :
And regretfully we think
Of an older simpler age.

Venison—Our wills we brace
Other, fiercer, prey to hunt :
And the unknown future face
With a firm united front.

S. E. COLLINS.

THE TRADITION OF A REGIMENT.

AN INSPIRING ORDER OF THE DAY.

The following Order of the Day was issued by the officer commanding a battalion of The Royal Berkshire Regiment on the sixtieth anniversary of the disaster of Maiwand :—

Sixty years ago to-day took place one of the most gallant actions in the history of the British Army. At Maiwand, a small hamlet in the wilds of Afghanistan, the 66th Foot, now the 2nd Battalion, The Royal Berkshire Regiment, was attacked by an overwhelming force of fanatical and comparatively well-armed tribesmen.

You all know the story of how the 66th fought on throughout the heat of that burning July day until out of 600 men only 11 remained alive ; of how these 11 collected together and, standing

back to back, took up a position in a garden ; of how the Afghans, amazed at the bravery of these soldiers, held back, and finally, of how, when their last round had been fired, this little band of Berkshire men charged the enemy and died.

There is an analogy between the position in which Great Britain finds herself to-day and that of the last 11 at Maiwand. She, too, has been left to fight alone and has taken up her stand, as it were, back to back. Moreover the time will come when she, too, will have to make her charge, in which we of this battalion will take our allotted place. True we have brighter prospects of victory than had the last 11 at Maiwand, but nevertheless the situation in which we find ourselves to-day demands the same desperate qualities displayed by those brave men. We must derive inspiration from their example—therein lies the value of regimental history—so that when our time comes, whatever we may lack in numbers may be more than compensated for by bravery, skill, and determination ; so that “ the grandeur of our bearing and the nature of our charge ” may strike fear into the hearts of our enemies, as it did when the 66th made their charge 60 years ago.

DARTS.

The accompanying pictures reflect great credit on the performances of this very successful team as will be seen from the under-mentioned list of awards. Under the guidance of their very popular and enterprising captain, a spirit of true comradeship exists which doubtless has contributed largely to these successes. The headquarters of this team is the Sportsman and his Dog, situated at Penn, Bucks, in the midst of beautiful country surroundings, in normal times frequented by lovers of the countryside in large numbers. The popular host is Mr. W. Humphries who is always ready to see to the comfort of visitors to his establishment.

Appended is the list of awards :—

King George V League—won 5 years in succession.

King George V Knock-out Cup—won 3 times and finalists once.

Winners of Pairs Cup open to High Wycombe and District.
Donors : Wycombe Sports League. *Winners* : F. Perfect and W. Wills. 144 pairs competed.

Other cups and medals have been won in various knock-out competitions.

The captain and his partner (H. Perfect and W. Sturgess) have already won 8 cups and 30 medals during five seasons.

We consider this to be a very good record and offer our congratulations to the participants and hope their very high standard of marksmanship will be maintained when opportunities are again offered in the “ victory days ” ahead.



A fine array of trophies.



Proud winners.



The most popular "Cup" of all!

WEATHER PROPHET.

Hints on how farmers and others can become their own weather prophets were issued recently by the Ministry of Agriculture. They are contained in a leaflet, "Emergency Weather Forecasting," which is intended to mitigate the war-time handicap of the ban on weather news.

Maybe you have long wanted to be able to look at the sky, test the wind and remark—without *too* much risk of being wrong: "Us'll 'ave rain to-morrow, I rackon." Well this is how it is done:—

First study the sky. No doubt you already know that "red sky at night is the shepherd's delight" whereas in the morning it is his warning.

Well, there is more to that—

A yellow sunset more often precedes a RAINY NIGHT than a red one.

An entirely overcast or grey sunset or sunrise usually means a RAINY DAY to follow.

WHAT CLOUDS MEAN.

"Mare's tails" or cirrus cloud—white, wispy streaks too thin to cast a shadow—are supposed to be a sign of RAIN or WIND. But, says the Ministry, they are not very reliable.

Cumulus clouds—towering heaps with rounded tops—which appear on fine summer afternoons, should be watched carefully. If they do not get too big and disintegrate at evening the weather will stay settled.

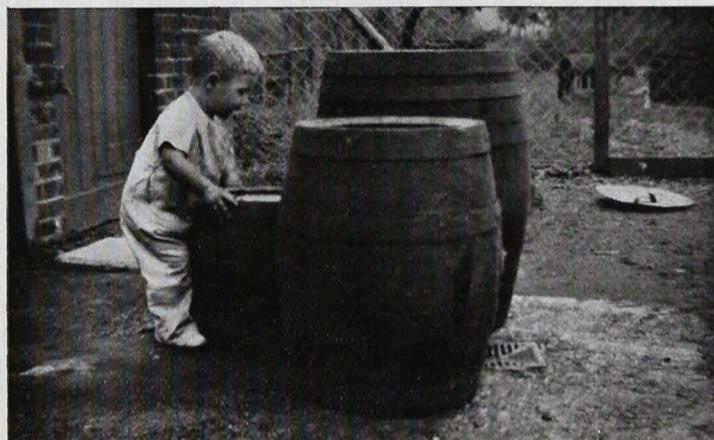
If they grow very big and high expect THUNDER. If they develop a flat-topped fringe of "false cirrus," making them wedge- or anvil-shaped, expect the thunder any minute.

"Turret clouds," small and high up with castellated or battlemented tops arranged in groups or lines moving from south or west in fine weather, mean THUNDER WITHIN 24 HOURS.

A fairly low layer of large rolls or connected masses of cloud, with blue sky or lighter cloud between, mean—FINE, SETTLED WEATHER.

You may see a HALO round the sun or moon. More than half the halos seen in London or Oxford have been followed by RAIN WITHIN 12 HOURS. Three out of four of them have meant rain within 24 hours.

Mr. C. W. Webb, while on holiday at the Duke of Wellington, Hatton Road, Bedford, sends the following interesting photographs of his nephew, aged 2 years 5 months, lending a helping hand.



1. Successful frontal attack, 2. Roll up the barrel.
3. His task completed.

CRICKET.

Another month has flown by, but we have not been successful in getting every Saturday on the cricket field. During this period we have played two matches with military teams and one inter-Brewery game.

The results have gone against us, but we did our best and gave our opponents an afternoon's sport, which is the great thing.

June 29th. SIMONDS C.C. 147 v. ROYAL SIGNALS 152 for 3.

Let it be confessed here and now that this was an "off" day for us in the field. Pity the poor bowler who has four catches dropped in one over, three of them being off successive balls. It is said that opportunity only knocks once and is then so veiled that it is hardly recognisable. Be that as it may, we lost valuable chances of getting wickets, which makes the above score appear so formidable.

To start at the beginning, we batted first, but it was not too promising; two down for 9. The next wicket showed an improvement and 24 runs were added. The feature of the innings was the splendid knock of E. G. Crutchley, who went in at the fall of the third wicket and carried his bat for 68. J. B. Doe (15), W. R. Brown (12), G. Beddow (11) and G. Kelly (16) were the other double figure men. The last named was No. 11 and with his skipper put on 24 runs.

The Signals made a fair start, but with three down for 45 we were in an average position. However, Silver and Thomas thought otherwise and took command of the situation so well that all changes of bowling came alike to them. The fielding seemed to fall away and as mentioned above catches were put on the floor, in addition to those that were put up but would not come to hand.

We are hoping for another game with these opponents and to show that such apparent slackness is not usual with us.

July 6th.

Efforts to get a game fixed up were unavailing so we had perforce to rest.

July 13th.

We were due to play a return fixture with the P.O. Engineers but, owing to business reasons, our opponents had to scratch the match. Their notification reached us in time for an inter-Brewery game to be arranged. Mr. Crutchley took charge of one team and Mr. Clark the other, the former's team batting first.

F. Benham (27) and E. Clarkson (28) took possession of the bowling and put on 53 before being separated. E. Crutchley added 10 and R. Broad 20, the innings finishing with 107 on the board. The game, by the way, was nine-a-side.

The Vice-Captain's team thought that was not an impossible score to equalise and opened with G. Kelly and W. J. Crisp. The former made 18 and the latter carried his bat for 30 not out. Unfortunately he did not receive much support from the remaining batsmen who only made 15 between them. Clarkson had an inspired spell of bowling taking 4 wickets in 4 overs for 4 runs.

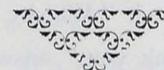
July 20th. SIMONDS C.C. 38 v. POST OFFICE SPORTS CLUB 116 FOR 9.

The score indicates the state of this game. It was rather late before we started and racing people know how a delay often upsets thoroughbreds. From a cricket point of view we do not claim to be real top notchers and it may have been due to other things than delay which caused such a procession to and from the pitch and pavilion. F. Benham alone made double figures.

The P.O. set about their task and in spite of a keen attack by F. Clark, who was captaining the side, our total was passed during the first wicket partnership of Lembridge and Beavan. The other end of the attack was unable to keep the runs down and some misfielding also helped the batsmen. The first wicket put on 61 and, although wickets were not thrown away, there was not the necessity of each player having to play himself in, and the wickets fell at more or less regular intervals.

It is hoped to fix up other games during August, if conditions permit. Enquiries have been made by the R.A.F.C.C. for a game in place of those previously cancelled, and by a Company of Royal Engineers.

J.W.J.



THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"Your voice is decidedly raspy this morning," complained the Colonel.

"I know, sir," answered the Lieutenant. "I've been out roughing it with a file of soldiers all morning."

* * * *

Seeing a light in a window after an air-raid warning had sounded, the warden shouted, "Put out that light up there."

An old lady came to the window with a candle in her hand. "What do you want?" she asked.

"It's an air-raid warning," was the reply.

"Well, put it through the letter-box. I can't come down now," was the curt reply.

* * * *

Hitler's "secret weapon" was being discussed.

"My friends at the War Office," claimed Lance-Corporal Smith, "told me all about it."

His hearers were duly impressed.

"It's like this," continued Smith. "The Fuehrer's going to sign a Pact—and then he's going to keep his word—and paralyse the enemy from shock!"

* * * *

Tommy called at a farmhouse and was asked if he would like something to drink.

"A cup of tea, perhaps?"

No tea for me, thank you."

"Coffee, then?"

"No coffee for me, thank you."

The old farmer whispered, "Whisky and soda?"

"No soda for me, thank you," answered Tommy.

* * * *

WIFE (to hubby on leave): "Shall I give this old suit of yours to the charity bazaar?"

SOLDIER HUBBY: "Certainly not! I'll need it when I return to civilian life when I go to complain about my tax assessments."

"Do you think this Hitler bloke stands any chance of getting what he's out for?" asked Bert.

"I don't," replied Bill. "But I think he's got a good chance of getting what he's *in* for."

* * * *

HE: "I wonder if Hitler gets any sleep these nights?"

SHE: "He should. He's got eighty million sheep to count!"

* * * *

SOLICITOR (at Tottenham Police Court): "What did you give your husband for his dinner on Sunday?"

WIFE: "Beef-steak pudding."

SOLICITOR: "And on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday?"

WIFE: "Beef-steak pudding."

SOLICITOR: "Surely you could have given him something else?"

WIFE: "I would have done if he had eaten the pudding I gave him on Sunday."

* * * *

CLERK (at a North London Police Court): "Is your husband at home?"

WIFE: "Oh, no. He won't be home for a long time. You see, he is a guest of His Majesty at one or other of the large houses in the country."

* * * *

In the course of questions in the House of Commons on enemy losses at sea, Mr. J. Davidson asked: "Is it true that when British sailors call out 'Waiter!' Italian submarines come to the top?"

* * * *

It's a funny world. If a man gets money, he's a grafter. If he keeps it he's a capitalist. If he spends it, he's a playboy. If he doesn't get it, he's a ne'er-do-well. If he doesn't try to get it, he lacks ambition. If he gets it without working for it, he's a parasite. And if he accumulates it after a lifetime of hard work, he's a sucker.

Molly had just arrived home from a charabanc outing.

"How did you enjoy yourself?" asked grandma.

"Oh, it was all very beautiful. You should have seen the Devil's Gorge."

"My dear," reproved grandma, "you should not speak like that of your friends. I expect the ride in the fresh air gave them all good appetites!"

* * * *

Two recruits were pegging down a tent; one was holding the pegs for the other to hit. Attempting to give a peg a hefty blow, the man with the mallet slipped and caught the other a nasty blow on the head.

Rising, the man with the bump whispered to the other: "Don't muck about, Arthur. The sergeant's watching us!"

* * * *

The Scripture lesson was coming to a close. The teacher, who had been dealing with the story of Joseph and his brothers, turned to one child and asked: "Now, why did they put Joseph in the pit?"

"Because he was wearing a coat of many colours," was the reply. "If he'd been properly dressed they'd have put him in the stalls."

* * * *

FIRST PRIVATE: "All these 'ere army jams 'ave the same flavour to me."

SECOND PRIVATE: "But you can easily tell the difference by the labels."

FIRST PRIVATE: "Oh, yers—I never thought o' tastin' the labels."

* * * *

The new recruits were having a lesson on tactics, when the sergeant-major noticed three of them not paying attention. Calling them out to the front he bellowed: "What is the quickest way to send a message? . . . Come on . . . sharp."

FIRST RECRUIT: "Telegraph."

SECOND RECRUIT: "Telephone."

THIRD RECRUIT: "Tell a woman."

WORKMAN (to Manager): "I've now been here for over twelve months working my inside out, and doing the work of three men for the pay of one, and I want a rise."

SCOTCH MANAGER: "I canna afford tae gie ye a rise in pay but if ye'll tell me the names of the other two men I'll sack them."

* * * *

A country school was visited by one of the Governors, a man with a pompous air. He put some questions, and one of them was, "What is the Sixth Commandment?"

When no one answered he tried again.

"Come, what Commandment did Cain break when he killed Abel? Who can tell me?"

One scholar beckoned to the teacher and whispered something to her. The visitor demanded to know what the child had said, and the teacher quietly replied: "The child simply said that there were no Commandments when Cain killed Abel."

* * * *

A fashionably-dressed woman approached the flower-seller and asked for a shilling's worth of blooms. After the purchase she inquired: "Will you be here next Wednesday, as I shall want some flowers for my daughter? She's coming out that day."

"She shall have the best on the market, ma'am," the woman answered. "What's she in for?"

* * * *

The General was fond of putting on his oldest clothes and taking an early morning walk in the park. It was thus that he was seen by young Jones, a very young recruit, who, very confident in his new uniform, approached the General, patted him on the back and said: "Why don't you join the Army? You'd be far better off."

Later in the day, when walking along a corridor of the War Office, the General—in full uniform—again met Jones. With a twinkle in his eye he stepped smartly up to the dumbfounded recruit and said: "I've joined!"

* * * *

Sadie and Maisie were talking about soldiers and their favourite regiments.

"My! Are the Royal Engineers strong?" exclaimed Sadie in great admiration. "I read in the paper that they are throwing heavy bridges across the Rhine!"

BRANCHES.

PORTSMOUTH.

It is with deep regret we have to report the sudden death, after a bathe, of our naval and country representative, Mr. Geoffrey Whittle. Mr. Whittle left a wife and one child and our very sincere sympathy is extended to them in their tragic loss. Mr. Whittle was on a short holiday and soon after coming out of the sea at West Wittering he complained of feeling unwell. He was attended by a doctor as soon as he got home but the following morning it was necessary to move him to hospital where he died shortly after being admitted. Mr. Whittle had been representing the Firm at Portsmouth Branch since 1933 and the many messages and letters of sympathy received proved that during this comparatively short time he made himself very much appreciated. He had a big district to cover and all his customers spoke highly of his unstinted endeavours to give them the best possible service.

From the *Portsmouth Evening News* :—

“ An elderly lady asked a policeman who was guarding a bomb dropped at a town in the south whether it was an ‘ insanitary ’ bomb.”

A long service medal will be presented to Mr. Jack Tinn, the Portsmouth F.C. Manager, at the annual meeting of the Football League this year which is being held in London. Plans for the next football season are on the agenda. The balance sheet shows a profit of £17 15s. 1d. for the year ending 4th May, 1940. The Football League Jubilee Benevolent Fund now amounts to £32,661 8s. 2d.

