

Hop



Leaf Gazette

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says "Hoppy"



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THE
HOUSE
JOURNAL
OF
H. & G. SIMONDS
LIMITED
(ISSUED
QUARTERLY)

Flowers and yet more flowers is the motto of Mrs. Win Harris, the "Prince of Wales", Porthcawl. One of her regular daily tasks is to ensure that her hanging baskets are not thirsty.

THE ROYAL WARRANT

Her Majesty The Queen honoured our Firm by the award of a Royal Warrant of Appointment as Brewers.

It was on February 1, 1929, that the Firm received its first Royal Warrant as Brewers to His Majesty King George V.

Queen Elizabeth I was the first Sovereign to appoint Warrant Holders. The greatest care has to be taken that firms so honoured are of the highest integrity and supply goods of the best quality, and the Queen is advised in the matter by the Lord Chamberlain, the Keeper of the Privy Purse, the Master of the Horse and the Master of the Royal Household.

The Warrant carries the privilege of permitting the holders to display the Royal Arms over their premises and on their stationery and other printed matter.

Hop



Leaf

G A Z E T T E

THE JOURNAL of H. & G. SIMONDS LIMITED

A U T U M N • 1 9 5 5

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Editorial

The Inner Man

There are times when we feel sorry for our American cousins and others, including ourselves, touring our country—and these times are usually meal times.

In the course of business—and pleasure—we frequent Inns and Public Houses in every part of these Islands and have to depend upon the proprietors for our sustenance solid as well as liquid, for sit-down meals and for the casual snacks, and we are always intensely interested in the reception and service that we and our fellow travellers receive.

At times we are treated like visiting Royalty, waited upon hand and foot and swiftly supplied with hot fresh food by polite and sympathetic helpers. At such places if all the tables are occupied we are asked to wait with deference and made to feel that our wishes and our custom are matters of the utmost importance to the proprietor and his staff. You frequently hear of such places—"The nicest meal I ever had was at The Buxom Wench in Twinbury—it's worth going miles out of your way" or "For a really good meal in Blankshire you cannot beat The Quacking Duck in Maleston."

The Other Side

There is, unfortunately, another side to the picture. At times we are treated like itinerant tramps neither entitled to nor deserving of attention or food. At such places, if we succeed in getting anything, every effort seems to be made to serve cold soggy food as slowly as possible on cracked plates on to soiled tablecloths, and the staff, taking their cue from the landlord, make it quite clear that it would be a great relief if you would take your confounded self and custom elsewhere. "Don't go to the Dead Duck," your friends tell you; or "If you want food poisoning the hard way you will get it at the Drain and Dustbin," they say. It is at these places that they tell you—with a jubilant leer—that every place is occupied or reserved—presumably by cretins.

Such places kill stone dead all the goodwill that has been won by hard work and thousands of pounds of advertising money, both by this country itself and by the Company.

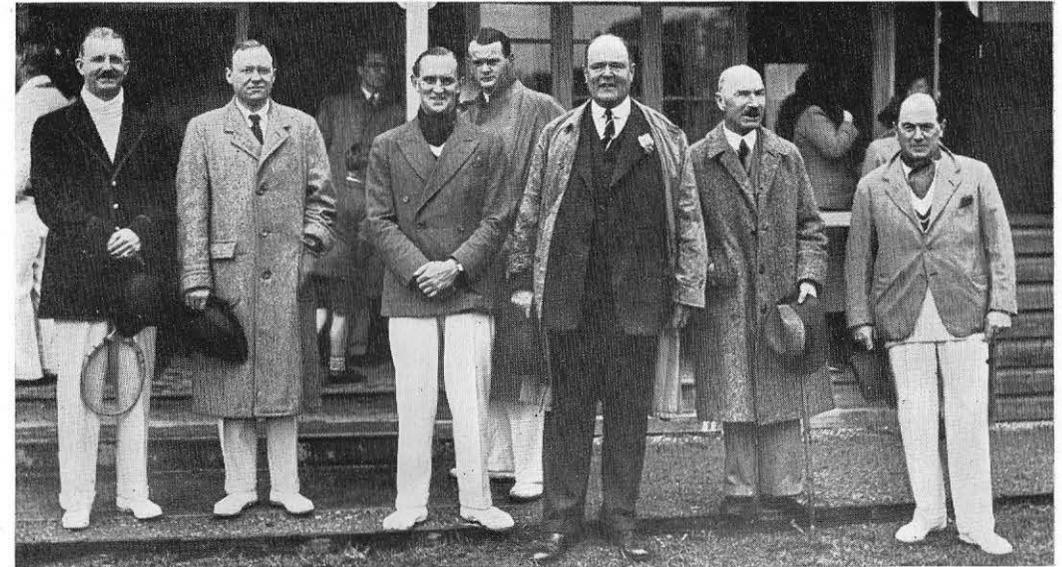
It does not apply to sit-down meals only—there are Inns where a request for a snack is met by the curt response, "We don't do snacks." After all, if a customer asks for a snack it must be because he, or she, is hungry, and most people do give a crust to a hungry dog!

At times the fault lies in the unimaginative way in which a landlord approaches the question of meals and snacks. For instance, we recently walked through a market place strewn with fresh vegetables and peas in abundance to an Inn for a meal. When the meal arrived it included warm, watery, tired-green tinned peas; the waitress there forgot the drinks we had ordered and during the meal curtly told would-be diners that there was no room. Several tables were marked 'Reserved' it is true, but at no time whilst we were there were they occupied.

A good and commendable way to obtain an excellent name for one's House is to treat the hungry visitor as one would like to be treated oneself.

THE EDITOR

The Sports and Social Club, Reading



FLASH BACK—Our late Chairman, Mr. F. A. Simonds at the opening of the Sports Ground on May 6th, 1939.

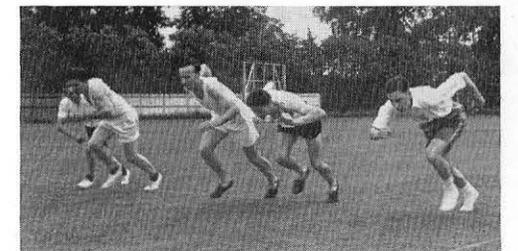
The provision of sports and other recreations for the staff has, in post-war years, become an almost essential amenity provided by most large firms. It is gratifying to know that our firm is aware of the importance of these things and were in fact planning to provide excellent facilities for them before the last war.

"I hope that it will be a rallying point of the employees' social activities for many generations," said our late Chairman, Mr. F. A. Simonds, when he opened our 14-acre Sports Ground at Berkeley Avenue, Reading, on May 6, 1939.

Subsequently he must have been well satisfied that his hope was being realised. He saw the bustling activities there and the staff—both men and women—training

or taking part in keenly fought games of cricket, football, tennis and hockey in their season.

Nevertheless, on that opening day in May, 1939, the clouds of war were darkening the horizon and it was but a few months later that the storm of conflict broke. For more than six years the sporting



Five athletic types on the running track.

activities of our staff were curtailed—at any rate, in the more orthodox sporting activities.

War Time

The late Mr. F. A. Simonds was not unmindful of the threat of war on the opening day and he remarked that he was sure that it would be “a great stride towards better times” if the people of the world were as sporting-minded as those of Britain.

During the war years the hospitality of the Sports Ground was extended to many service units stationed in and around Reading. In those days recreational facilities, like so many other things, were in short supply.

The fine sports pavilion, too, was ready to play its part—it was earmarked for Civil Defence. A rather grim purpose for which, happily, it never was required.

BELOW—Four more from behind the scenes: the back-room boys of the Sports and Social Club. Left to right: R. Broad, Treasurer; “Wally” Bradford, Secretary; K. Organ, Referee, and H. Dines, Chairman, come out into the open for a conference at a sports meeting . . .



ABOVE— . . . and after them, literally from the back room—the kitchen—comes Mrs. A. M. Bradford who, aided by Mrs. Jessie Hannis, is responsible for all the catering, lunches and teas, which enjoy top popularity with visitors to the Ground.



Part of the ground was turned over to allotments for the staff to enable them to respond to the Government's pleas to “Dig for Victory,” which they did with a will.

Since the end of the war, interrupted plans for the development and full use of the ground have gone ahead and it has enjoyed ever-increasing popularity.

The Management

Management of the ground—and the Social Club in Bridge Street, where again the accent is upon the provision of facilities to suit a wide variety of tastes—is in the hands of the eighteen committee members of the Sports and Social Club. The committee is made up of twelve from the Brewery and six from the Office.

Chairman of the Committee for the last four years, Head Cooper Horace (Jimmy) Dines, and veteran Secretary Wally Bradford, who has filled this vital position since 1920 and has continued with his “labour of love” despite his retirement four and a half years ago, are both untiring in their efforts, and no less active in this direction are the committee members in ensuring that the words ‘Sports and Social’ in the title of their committee are amply justified.

The Facilities

Floodlighting of the football pitch to facilitate training after dark for the stalwarts of the soccer team is being installed, providing a fine example of the progressive attitude of the committee. There is also an ever-popular children's corner with swings and see-saws for the youngsters.

At Berkeley Avenue and at the Social Club indoor activities—table tennis, darts and cards—are available, and in addition there is bar billiards at the Social Club. Weekly whist drives and dances organised by the different sections are another feature of the Club.



The Annual Sports Day with its thrills and excitement is looked forward to by young and old alike. Here Anne and Brenda Thompson are winning the 3-legged race.

The youngsters and the not quite so young can always find a convenient and comfortable spot for a quiet half hour.



At the Social Club. A Whist Drive in progress.

No less than five table tennis teams make it one of the keenest sections at the Social Club. The first team, which includes several County players, were last season's Reading and District Champions.

At one time there was also a flourishing billiards club which may be revived if sufficient demand is forthcoming; and swimming, rowing and cycling clubs are among the many other sections which could and would be developed to follow in the footsteps of the latest section to be formed—the Angling Club—which came into existence less than a year ago.



Bar Billiards and television are two of the amenities which are well patronised at the Social Club.

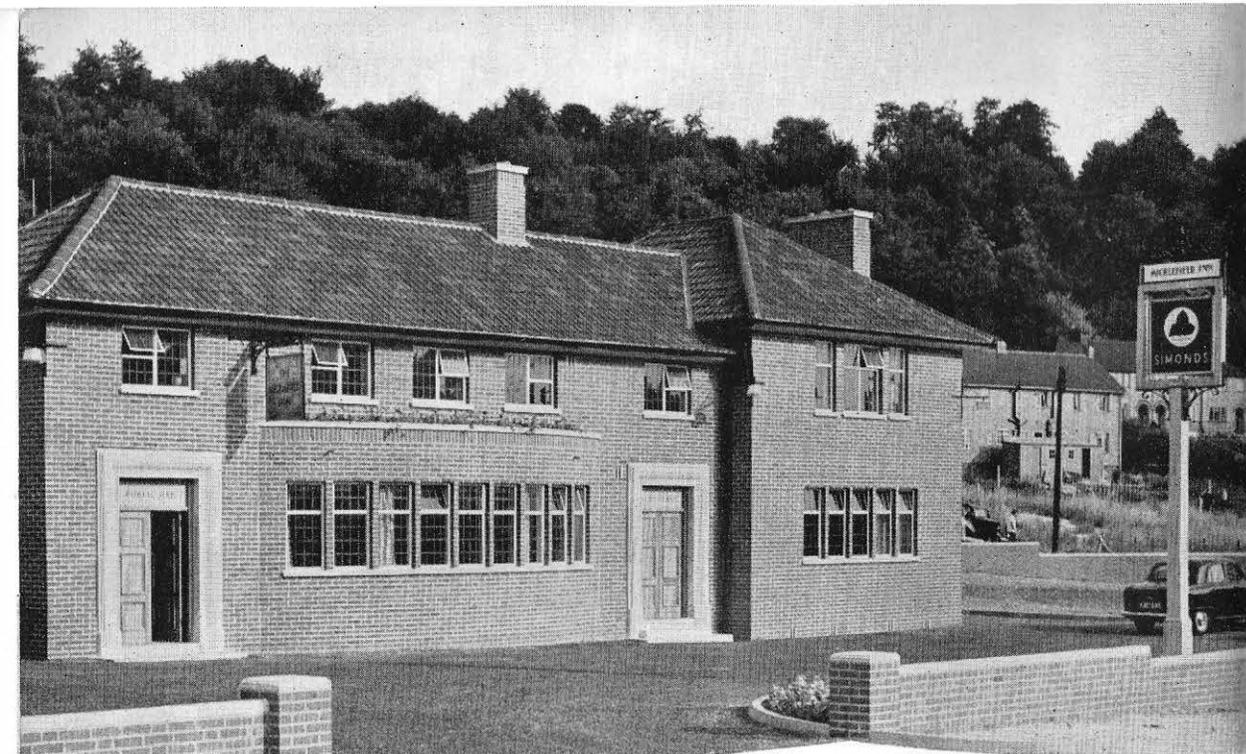


For the youngsters too, there is the Children's Corner and here several are obviously enjoying themselves.



Before the rush begins at the Bar at the Sports Ground.





The Micklefield Inn

AN INN OF THE TIMES

The newest and one of the most pleasant Public Houses in Great Britain was opened by Mr. E. Duncan Simonds on July 28 last on the Micklefield Estate on the outskirts of High Wycombe.

Called the "Micklefield Inn," its architecture and its interior decoration and furnishing astonished and delighted the large crowd of visitors.

It is a modern house in the best sense of the word. Combining comfort and spacious accommodation in delightfully colourful surrounds. The Public Bar with its gold painted piano; its Games Corner and its wheel-back chairs—made locally in the traditional High Wycombe style—and its modern prints and gay curtains, rather took away the breaths of the first customers who were immediate and whole-hearted in their approval.

Ballet Motif

The ballet provides the motif for the deep carpeted Lounge. This theme runs through the modern prints and the curtains. The walls are alternate panels of pale walnut and dark oak. Both bars are fitted with the newest types of "weather-foil" heating.

In a short address at the opening, Mr. Simonds wished the new tenants, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Luttmann, many successful years in this new house. He said that it was in 1930 that the Firm had first taken an interest in the town of High Wycombe. We then had 55 houses there. By careful planning and with the full support of the Licensing Bench this number had been reduced to 43. In all the Company had spent £335,000 on buildings in the town and the effect on local industries and on

employment had been considerable. He congratulated Mr. R. E. Southall on an excellent architectural achievement, and Mr. R. Howie on the admirable interior decoration.

Amongst those who attended the opening night were:

- Mr. John Hall, M.P.—Member for High Wycombe.
- Mr. J. L. D. Barry—Chairman of the High Wycombe and District L.V. Protection Association.
- Mr. L. Garland—Vice-Chairman of the High Wycombe and District L.V. Protection Association.
- Mr. W. G. Bishop—Secretary of the High Wycombe and District L.V. Protection Association.
- Councillor P. H. Picton, J.P.—Mayor of High Wycombe.
- Mr. R. Hodson—Secretary of the High Wycombe British Legion Club.
- Mr. Alan Sears of Messrs. E. C. Hughes Ltd., the main contractors, and Mr. G. Smith who was the foreman in charge of the building of the Inn.

Mr. P. Nickson—Clerk to the Licensing Justices.

Mr. M. B. Parry Jones—Clerk to the County Justices.
Alderman Lance.



Mr. R. Howie, who designed this safe and attractive surround for the dart board, tries it out.

When the Inn opened at 7 p.m. there was an immediate rush of customers to the Public Bar, each anxious to be the first served and they found this attractive bevy of ladies waiting to serve them—Mrs. Luttmann is in the centre behind the bar.



The taking over of the "Saracen's Head"

Before taking over the new Inn at Micklefield, Mr. and Mrs. Luttman had been at the "Saracen's Head," High Wycombe, for just on seven years. They have been replaced by Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Russell.

Taking over a licensed house is a complicated affair quite unlike taking over any other business.

Mr. Russell, who was due to go into the "Saracen's Head" on July 20, had to accompany the outgoing licensee, Mr. Luttman, to the local Police Court on that morning to ask the Bench of Magistrates to grant him a Protection Order. This Protection Order allows him to be in charge of the house pending a full transfer of the licence. Licences are transferred on special days, of which there must be a minimum of four and a maximum of eight in the Judicial Year.

The Magistrates heard his application and after the Police had informed them that Mr. and Mrs. Russell were excellent characters, they granted it.



Mr. Russell leaving the Police Court with the signed and sealed Protection Order. Mr. Luttman is on the left of the picture. The other gentleman is Mr. Ray Horley, the Valuer, who makes smooth the path of the licensees.

There is, of course, much more to a transfer than this. All kinds of officials descend on the house—stock-takers, valuers, representatives of the Estates Department and insurance officials—and a harrowing but exciting time is had by all.

An Annual Outing—the modern way

Members of the Social and Darts Club at the "Feathers," Basingstoke, certainly move with the times. At the suggestion of the landlord, Mr. Fred Brett, they flew to Jersey this year for their annual outing—the first time ever such a party arrived on the Island.

Thirty-two flew in the B.O.A.C.

chartered aircraft which cost £155, including transport to and from the plane, breakfast and dinner. The Club very nearly raised enough to pay for the fares and expenses of the members; those who were not members paid £6 each. They had 11 hours of sunshine with plenty to do on the Island. The Club is now deciding which part of the Continent to fly to next year. Such an enterprising way of spending a day might well be copied by similar associations.

Thirty-two happy customers from the "Feathers" just before departure for Jersey.



The South Wales Tavern Belle

A 28-year-old vivacious brunette, Mrs. Betty Woods, was chosen as the South Wales Tavern Belle by Mr. Donald Gray from a record number of entries.

It was a particularly appropriate choice because Betty is employed at our house, the "Talbot Hotel," Newport—a fact which Mr. Gray did not know. She won a cheque for £25. Mrs. Pearl Beynan of Maesteg was second, and Miss D. Walbey of Newport third.

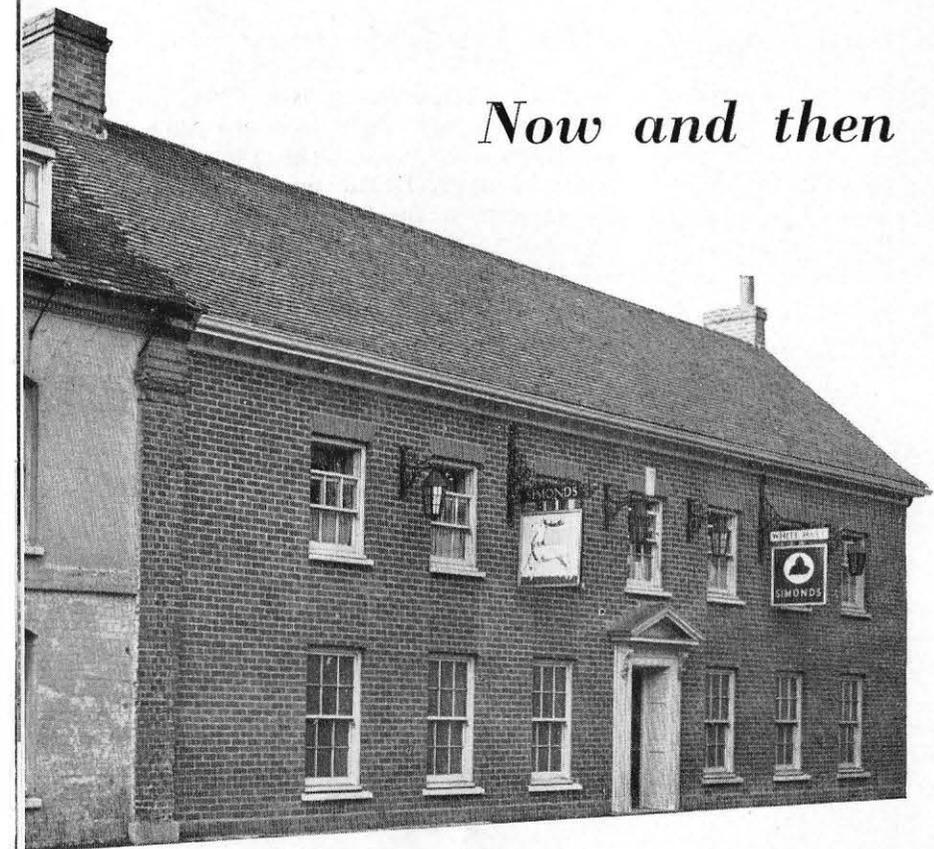
The Tavern Belle pours a "Tavern" for herself. Centre is Mrs. Beynan (second) and, left, Miss Walbey (third).



The outgoing tenants, Mr. and Mrs. Luttman—and "Judy" the cat—wish Mr. and Mrs. Russell good luck and prosperity in their new home and business.



Now and then



The
"White Hart"
at Thatcham
as it is after
re-building.

and as it was just
after it had been
wrecked by a
huge beer tanker
some months ago.
Luckily nobody
was injured in
the crash.



An old friend retiring

One of our oldest friends, Mr. S. R. Lines, Agricultural Show Organiser for the British Oil and Cake Mills Ltd., is retiring shortly, after being with his Company for 35 years. When he leaves he will carry with him our most sincere wishes for a long and happy retirement.

Mr. Lines, who served with the Royal Naval Air Service in the 1st World War, joined B.O.C.M. as a chemist in 1920. In 1925 he became Agricultural Show Organiser and his first show was the Oxfordshire one at Caversham, when he first made our acquaintance. From then he has attended 210 shows for B.O.C.M., being responsible for the erection of stands and the supplying of foods, drinks and so on.

During the 2nd World War he was a Flight Lieutenant—Electrical Officer—in Bomber Command. This year's Thame Show will be his last. He has paid us this pretty compliment—"One of my biggest headaches after the show has always been



Mr. S. R. Lines.

checking Brewers' accounts—Delivery Notes, Invoices, Credits for supplies and containers. During all this period I have not had a single mistake in the accounts from H. & G. Simonds."

Tyrolean feather for Mr. Campbell's hat

Herr Franz Wieser, an Austrian railway executive on holiday in Devon, recently complimented the Manager of the "Waterside Hotel," Three Beaches, Paignton, on the authenticity of design of his Tyrolean Bar.

"I was amazed to walk in and see a bar like that in Britain," he said. "It was like being back at home in the Tyrol. There is not a thing out of harmony with the completely Tyrolean design."

Herr Wieser was also surprised to find Cisk lager on ice in the bar. "Far too few English pubs bother," he said.

His delight was complete when he told

the Manager, "Now, if I were at home I would have a nice cool glass of white wine to finish off with." Nothing was simpler—a Waterside speciality is the sale of L'Auberge blanc, ready cooled, over the bar at 1s. 6d. a glass.

Two days later Herr Wieser took his wife along to see the bar. "I must have a witness," he said with a smile, "or they will never believe me back home."

Before they left Herr Wieser asked for a pen and a sheet of notepaper, and both he and his wife autographed a message of good wishes to the Hotel Manager, Mr. Duncan Campbell.

The marble stopper mentality

The London Evening News recently gave a prominent display to the following letter from Mr. C. F. Halls, Director of our old friends, Messrs. Hibberts.

"You stated in a leading article that, in the opinion of experts, canned beer is not as good as bottled beer, that bottled beer is not as good as draught, and that the tin is taking away from small boys the delight of collecting the round glass stoppers they used to know.

Your remarks may have been applicable to the old cone-top beer can with the wax lining, but our beers can be stored for nine months in the new flat-top can with a lacquer lining without ill-effect and without picking up any flavour from the can. Leading brewery chemists have proved this.

The British beer-drinker may be conservative in taste, but not as conservative as your experts who, obsessed with childhood memories of extracting marble stoppers from bottles, are prepared to resist the benefits of modern science."

C. F. HALLS (Director),
C. G. Hibbert & Co. Ltd.,
Norfolk House,
E.C.4.

Much Appreciated

To THE DRAYMEN,

As I could not thank you individually before the "Little Red Lion" was closed, will you all please accept my very best thanks for your many kindnesses to me during the past twenty-six years it has been my pleasure to know you.

With my best wishes to you all for the future.

(Signed) E. M. GRIFFITH,
19 St. Mary's Street,
High Wycombe, Bucks.

To THE SECRETARY,
Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd.,
The Brewery,
Reading, Berks.

My Committee have instructed me to write and express to your Directors their thanks and deep appreciation for the assistance you have afforded this Club in the past and recently.

In particular the writer would personally mention the extreme help and courtesy he has at all times received from your Mr. F. W. Freeman and Mr. G. Harding.

It is our hope that this pleasant relationship between the Club and your good selves may continue for many years to come.

(Signed) L. H. PHILLIPS,
Hon. Secretary,
Farnborough Masonic Club.

New Off-Licence

12 PORTLAND STREET,
CLIFTON, BRISTOL 8
Tel. No.: Bristol 33830

An entirely new Arthur Cooper Shop was opened on June 3, conveniently situated for the west side of Bristol and for houses just in Somerset approached over the famous Suspension Bridge.

OXFORD AREA SALES REPRESENTATIVES



G. T. HARDWICKE, Area Manager

V. R. KEATES



NORTHAMPTON

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

BANBURY

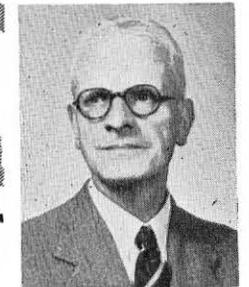
BUCKINGHAM

CHIPPING NORTON

BICESTER

BUCKS

W. T. SANDERS



BURFORD

OXFORDSHIRE

WITNEY

OXFORD
(LOCAL)

ABINGDON

F. J. CHANDLER

STANFORD-IN-VALE

BERKSHIRE

WANTAGE

DIDCOT

WATLINGTON





Our people and places

THE BRIDGEND AREA

Slag, coal mines, blast furnaces and tall chimneys belching out black smoke—that is the picture the mention of South Wales conjures up in most people's minds. Most people forget that the chimneys are overshadowed by magnificent natural mountains and that green pleasant valleys separate the industrial area, and that the valleys merge into lovely sandy beaches about the sea-board.

The Bridgend area of South Wales is a jigsaw of natural beauty spots and grimy bustling industrial areas. It is a prosperous place now and this prosperity is mirrored in the busy shopping centres and the crowded inns.

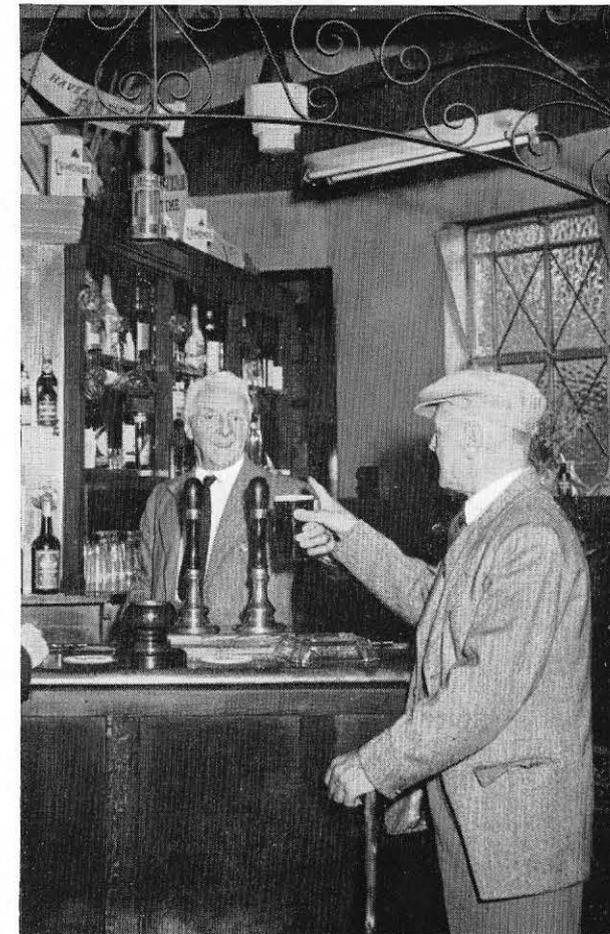
We began our tour of the area at the "Tavern-y-Garreg" Hotel at Penycae, a secluded white-washed inn dwarfed by

huge mountains, dotted with grazing sheep, which rise up on every side. There has been an inn in this picturesque spot from time immemorial. The English translation of the Welsh name is "The Inn of the Stone" and sure enough there is a massive granite boulder, also white-washed, outside the front door.

About 25 miles from Swansea on the road to Brecon it attracts a substantial passing trade, but draws most of its customers from the farms in the nearby valleys.

Secluded it may be, but Mrs. Pauline Richards, wife of the licensee, Mr. D. J. Richards, loves it. She has lived there since 1913, when her grandmother held the licence. "It's lovely in summertime and it's quite all right in wintertime as well, although when the weather is very severe we are cut off from all our neighbours," said Mrs. Richards.

Leaning on the five-bar gate admiring the Welsh hills is Mrs. Pauline Richards of the "Tavern-y-Garreg" Hotel. She doesn't really have much time for this pleasant pastime.



Mr. R. E. Edwards of "The Lamb and Flag."

The "Lamb and Flag" and the "Oystermouth"

On the road back we called at the "Lamb and Flag" at Morriston, a busy town on the outskirts of Swansea. This has a most impressive frontage on an excellent corner site and the high ceilings and oak panelling of the bars are well in keeping with the air of dignity which the house possesses. The landlord, Mr. R. E. Edwards, has been there 20 years, in which time he has built up a wide circle of friends and customers.



Mr. Bill Brookman with his 30 h.p. Stock Racing car.



On the other side of Swansea is the "Oystermouth" Inn, right beside the Mumbles light railway and only a few yards from a pleasant and popular beach. It is the centre of unusual activity, being the headquarters of the Swansea Stock Car Racing Club, of which the landlord, Mr. Bill Brookman, is one of the most keen and successful drivers.

Every Friday evening he takes part in this shattering sport in a 30 h.p. Hupmobile car which has a habit of turning over at about 40 m.p.h. He has never been scratched and he generously gives

credit for this to the "Hop Leaf" sign which stands out prominently over the roof of the car.

Our next call was at the "New Inn" in the prosperous holiday resort of Porthcawl. We received a friendly welcome from an unusual looking black dog—we discovered he was a French bulldog and that his name was PUNCHINELLO of QUATT. He is commonly known as "Whisky" and is owned by Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Phipps, who have held the licence of the Inn for the past 3½ years.

This is a smart neat Inn where everything

shines and Mrs. Phipps has helped create a saloon bar where comfort and decor have been excellently blended.

The Longest Bar

A complete contrast is the "Queen's Hotel" in the same town. Situated in the busiest part, it was packed with holiday-makers when we reached there. Boasting the longest bar in Wales, its huge lounge has become famous throughout the Welsh valleys and it attracts numerous parties of day excursionists who can refresh themselves and sing to their hearts' content in

cater for the holidaymakers and the local people by providing a Beer Garden—the only one in the town.

Mrs. Harris is a great believer in flowers for brightening the place up and no matter what season of the year you visit there, you are charmed and cheered by the colourful floral decorations.

Even outside the Inn, as our cover picture shows, hang baskets of well-tended flowers.

A few miles from Porthcawl in the



The pleasant forecourt of "The Swan" Inn is a favourite meeting place for holiday-makers and local residents alike.

a bar hallowed by the fact that it was once a boxing booth where Tommy Farr fought.

Mr. F. C. Bryant, the landlord, who has built up the reputation of the house enormously in recent years, has one very treasured souvenir—the helmet of a member of the Dutch Queen's bodyguard, who was evacuated there following the German occupation of Holland in 1940.

One of the Inns nearest to the famous Coney Beach and funfair park at Porthcawl is the "Prince of Wales," where the landlord and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. J. Harris,

village of Nottage stands a popular holiday house, the "Swan," where the landlord, Mr. T. Thomas, and his wife, have been for the past 22 years. Situated in beautiful rural surroundings which attract great numbers of campers, the "Swan" has built up a wonderful reputation for its appetising snacks, particularly its fresh sustaining meat pies.

As well as campers, farmers and miners congregate there to sit and drink in the cool of the evening on benches and chairs about its forecourt.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Phipps of "The New Inn."





The "Three Horse Shoes" by level-crossing gates on a hillside overlooking one of South Wales' loveliest valleys.

The Quarries and the Collieries

By level crossing gates we found the "Three Horse Shoes" at Cornelly. This pleasant country Inn is close to the Steel Company of Wales' limestone quarries, which provide the lime essential to the production of steel.

Quarrying is hot and dusty work and it is at the "Three Horse Shoes" that the men wash the dust and limestone out of their mouths with great draughts of I.P.A. A busy and a pleasant house overlooking a lovely valley and two famous golf courses—the Royal Porthcawl and the Pyle and Kenfig.

At Pontcymmer we came right into the coalmining country. The "Pontcymmer Hotel" overlooks the Faldar Colliery where 400 feet down a thousand tons of coal a day is produced. The shifts change twice in 24 hours and just after 3 p.m. every afternoon (the Inn closes at 4 p.m.) the bar fills up with men who have returned from the bowels of the earth anxious for cool, clear, refreshing beer.



A "big wheel" is a frequent feature of the South Wales landscape but few are so conveniently placed to a popular Inn as this one.



Looking like a country house in its own grounds, "Ye Olde Brewery House" is one of the busiest houses in Bridgend.

It is a huge rambling house which, up till 10 years ago, was two different Inns, one above the other.

The landlord is Mr. T. C. Hale, whose wife, Mrs. Olwen Hale, claims the distinction of being the youngest grandmother in a Simonds house. At 38 she has a granddaughter, Valerie, now 5 months old.

The Vale of Glamorgan

Bridgend, like all the other towns we visited in the area, was a hive of activity which became even more pronounced as we approached its "Ye Olde Brewery House." This fine Inn stands like a

country mansion in its own grounds.

The reason for the increased activity about it was the market place opposite, where farmers from the surrounding hills and the Vale of Glamorgan were buying and selling cattle, sheep and pigs. The Inn itself was packed with farmers congratulating or commiserating with each other on the prices or the beasts they had just acquired.

Before the house became an Inn, it was the family residence of the Stiles family who were Bridgend brewers taken over by our Firm.



"Time, gentlemen, please or . . . , but nobody is really intimidated by Mrs. Nancy Griffiths' old naval gun which her daughter Bess, is holding.

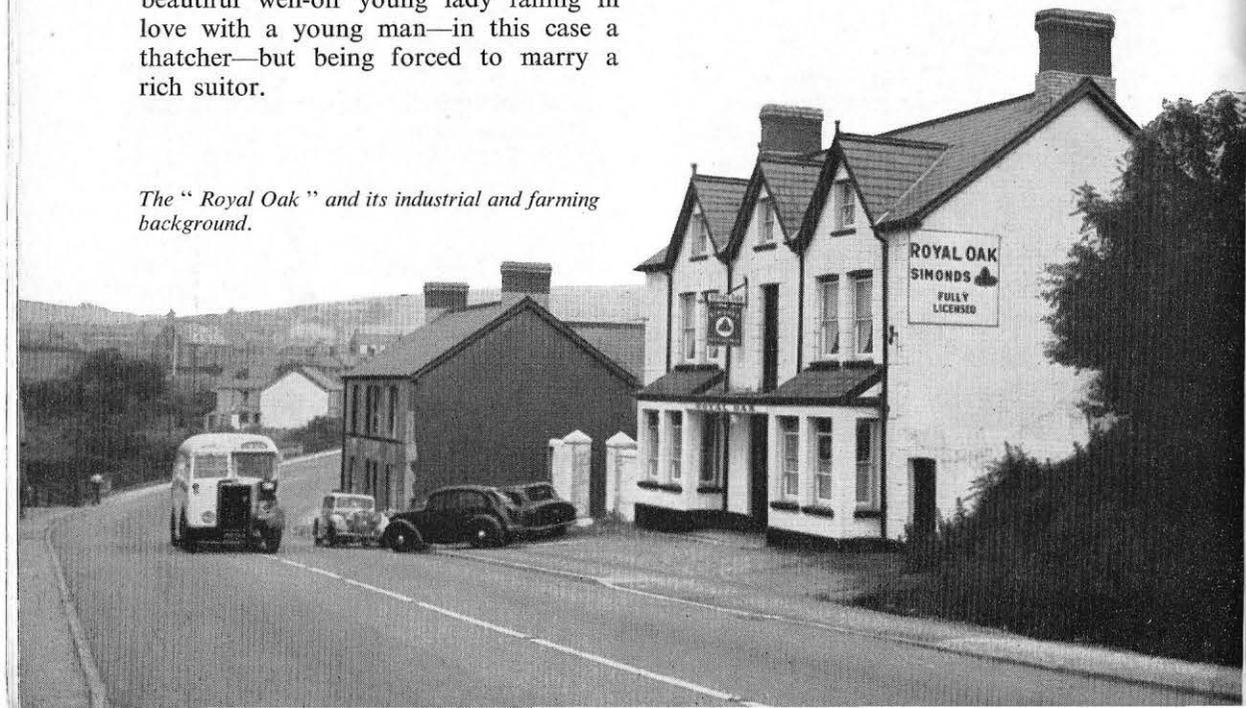
At the next Inn in the town we found a refreshing breath of romance. It was the "Three Horse Shoes." The licensee, Mrs. Nancy Griffiths, told us how within living memory the Maid of Cefn Ydfa herself used to stable her horse there.

The story of the Maid is one of the most famous in song and in story of a Welsh love affair. It is really the old story of a beautiful well-off young lady falling in love with a young man—in this case a Thatcher—but being forced to marry a rich suitor.

Six years ago Mrs. Griffiths was responsible for re-introducing the Meet of the Llangeinor Hunt to her house after a lapse of 50 years. The Meet in the centre of the town has now become an annual affair.

The "Royal Oak Inn," Bryncethin, is a compact house at the foot of the beautiful Ogmere and Garw Valleys. As we

The "Royal Oak" and its industrial and farming background.



approached we had to keep an extra special lookout for the mountain sheep ambling from one side of the road to the other, completely indifferent to the passing traffic. The landlord, Mr. Jack Davies, had plenty to say about the sheep, each one of them, apparently, having the appetite of an ostrich, the climbing prowess of a monkey and the cheek of Old Nick himself. In fact, in his opinion, the best place for them is on a hot plate with mint sauce.

The Inn is surrounded by Common Land where owners may graze their sheep free of cost and where they eat everything they come across, including "Tavern" posters.

Apart from the sheep, Mr. Davies' customers are farmers and workers from the nearby mining and steel industries.

The Beauty Spots

Southerndown is a charming little seaside hamlet of lovely bays and sandy beaches beneath the picturesque Dunraven Castle, 5 miles from Bridgend. It is very popular with the nearby town people and with parties from the various valleys who go there for a day by the sea.

The "Three Golden Cups" is a famous old house within a few yards of the beaches. Its fame has been further enhanced in recent years by its large and unique collection of brasswork—the hobby of the landlord, Mr. E. Campbell Davies. He has well over 700 different highly polished pieces decorating the bars; even the water pipes in the bar are burnished! His one complaint is that the house is too small to accommodate all the customers.

The Inn takes its name from the crest of the Butler family, whose family seat is Dunraven Castle.

On the road from Bridgend to Southern-down is the attractive "Fox and Hounds" at St. Brides Major. Mr. John Thomas,



Mr. E. Campbell Davies is showing a customer his most interesting brass curio—one of the only four brass bellows in existence.



"The Fox and Hounds" is a pleasant compact house as comfortable inside as it is neat outside.



"The Farmers' Arms" Hotel.

who has been there over a year and a half, has every reason to be proud of his house which is as attractive and comfortable inside as out. It is patronised by local as well as passing trade and has an enthusiastic Air Rifle Team which gives an excellent account of itself in the local league.

Not far away at St. Brides is another popular house, the "Farmers Arms." Well patronised by local and passing trade, its rural charm is further enhanced by a charming little lake opposite. The landlord and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. R. Saunders, who have been there four years, were previously Manager and Manageress of the "Craig-Yr-Eos Hotel," Ogmore-by-Sea.

Near the famed beauty spot of Ogmore Castle, set against high verdant hills, is the "Pelican Inn." This attractive house

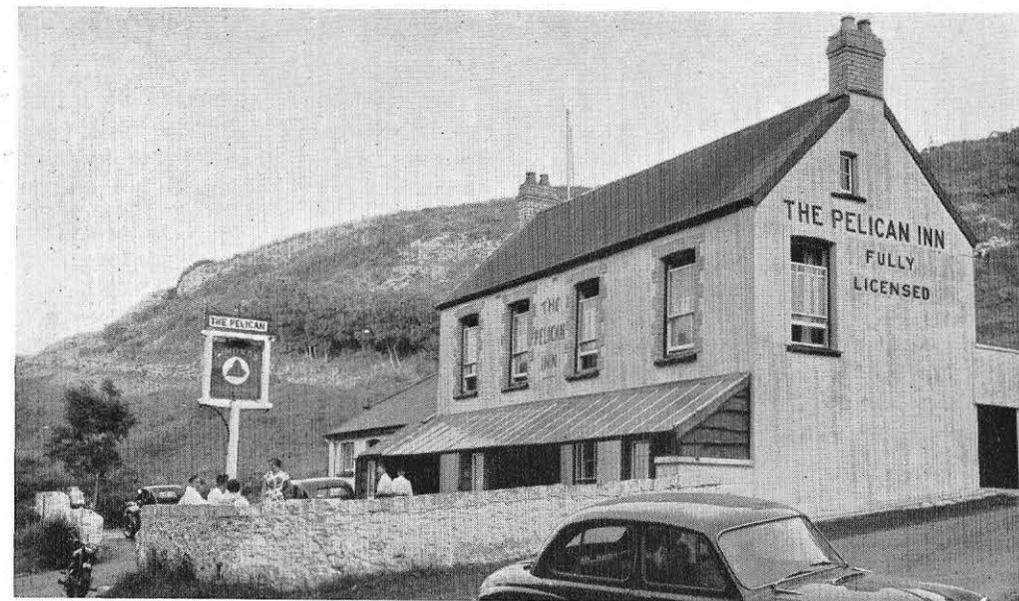
was crowded to the doors with holiday-makers mixing happily with local people—farmers and workers from the nearby potteries.

It is but a short distance from the well-known Ogmore Stepping Stones, all that remains now of a mediaeval bridge.

Expert help for the landlord, Mr. H. M. Edwards, was available in the person of his mother-in-law, Mrs. W. Phillips, who has recently left our "Red Cow Inn" at Maesteg after 50 years.

The "King Edward VII"

Our final call in the Bridgend area was at the "King Edward VII Hotel" at Neath. This is a truly excellent Inn and the landlord and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Goodreid, have also built up a thriving hotel business. They have eight bedrooms for letting.



The roomy and attractive Pelican Inn near Ogmore-by-Sea.



When day is done . . . a scene at the King Edward VII Hotel, Neath, after closing time.

The landlord, Mr. Leonard Goodreid is in the centre background; Mrs. Goodreid is mopping; her mother is helping with the glasses and Mr. Goodreid's brother, Dave, stroking a tired brow.

Mr. Goodreid, who was a successful salesman before entering the licensing trade about two years ago, has not neglected his sales training, and in a hundred and one ways he attracts and caters for his customers.

The saloon lounge is tastefully and effectively decorated with china, much of it rare and expensive pieces of Dresden, Wedgwood and Worcester. There is also a music room complete with a recorder on which customers may play back their own vocal renderings.

We came away from the Bridgend area regretfully. In the short time we had spent there we met charming people, and as well as magnificent scenery, had seen one of Britain's foremost industrial areas bustling with activity. We had also seen brisk business and excellent service in all the Inns we visited.

The Office Staff

A VITAL LINK IN OUR SALES ORGANISATION

A. E. WAKE, Sales Manager (Branches)

Like every other commercial concern, we are continually engaged in impressing our customers and our potential customers with the excellence of our products and the efficiency of our organisation. We spend considerable sums of money in advertising and other forms of publicity in order to attract custom and we support this by Representatives who make continual and personal contact with existing and potential customers.

You may say, "What has this to do with the Office Staff?" In fact it has a great deal to do with them—whether you are the Chief Clerk or the Office Junior, bad and slipshod office work can certainly curtail and sometimes even lose sales.

Everybody Counts

Any Representative can tell you of instances where, in spite of all the energy, tact and hours of selling time he has used, the orders which he has gained have been subsequently lost by some stupid mistake in the office. Everybody on the staff, from top to bottom, is a member of the Sales Organisation—for the livelihood of all depends on successful sales. Trivial mistakes irritate customers and frequently lose business.

Another important detail which may make all the difference is the manner in which a customer is greeted on the telephone. Frequently one hears "Hello" said in an off-hand manner—it is just as easy to announce the name of Department or Branch and give a greeting, "Good morning," etc. Delay in putting people through to the right Department or being put on to the wrong person is irritating—remember that the customer, like yourself,

is very busy and cannot afford to waste time.

Correspondence is another vital link. People ask questions in their letters and delay in replying or incomplete information causes them to lose faith in the Firm.

Most people are proud of their name and they like letters addressed to them personally—but they do not like their name being misspelt. We often receive letters from persons asking to be considered for employment and only too often they have not troubled to find out the correct spelling of the Company's title—we are not impressed, neither will our customers be impressed if they are addressed incorrectly. The leaving out of enclosures is another fairly common way of making a bad impression.

A first-class way to lose business is to misread a customer's order—to send "S.B." instead of Berry Brown, bottles instead of halves, or Port instead of Sherry. This sort of thing can undo months of patient wooing by a Representative.

How to Annoy a Customer

Another source of annoyance is invoices and monthly accounts incorrectly made out. Remember that many Club Secretaries and other officials are purely voluntary or, at the best, part-time officials with many duties to attend to—after a normal day's work elsewhere—they are not very happy if they have to spend time and temper in sorting out mistakes on our bills. Furthermore, many of our customers are private individuals not versed in book-keeping routines.

All this boils down to the fact that the office can be a great hindrance in the matter of sales, and that the efficient efforts of all can be a major contribution towards the upward climb of the Sales graphs.

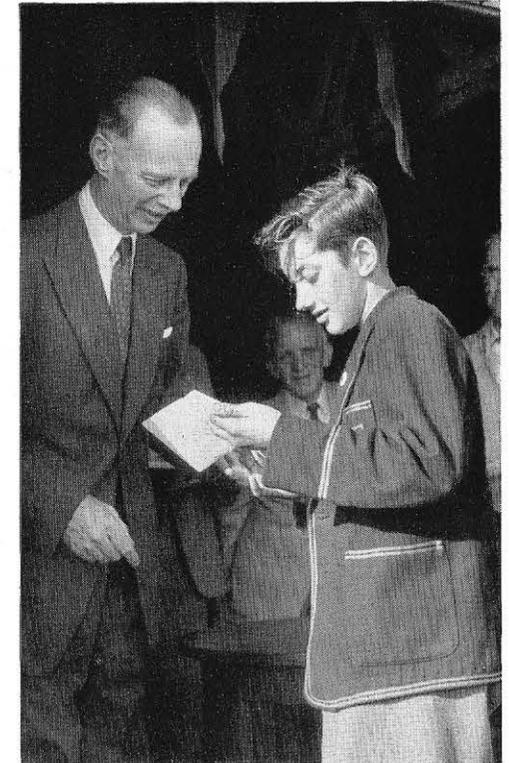


READING ANNUAL SPORTS 1955

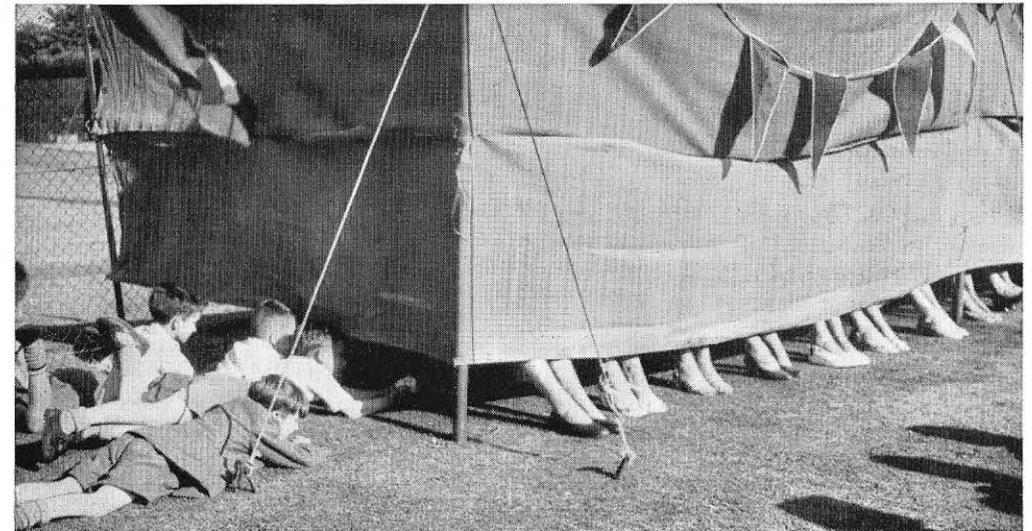
THE AWARD

RIGHT—General Sir Miles Dempsey rewards one of the victors after the Sports have finished.

BELOW—Youthful critics at the ever popular Ankle Judging Competition went more deeply into the matter than the official judges.



COO!



Sport

BATH

"The Mason's Arms" Sweep the Board

Teams from the "Mason's Arms," Combe Down, Bath, have concluded an outstandingly successful season. The 'A' Skittle Team won the Licensed Victuallers' League; the 'Sports' Team won the Club League without losing a match, and 'The Admiralty' Team, using the "Mason's Arms" alley, won the League Shield without losing a home game.

In the Combe Down Darts League the "Mason's Arms" Team won all their games and were awarded all the league trophies, winning the League Cup, the Knock-out Cup and the Pairs and Singles Cups.

PLYMOUTH

"Minerva Inn" wins the Championship

The "Minerva Inn" beat the "Eagle Tavern" in the finals of the Octagon Brewery Darts League Championships; the other semi-finalists were the "Hele Arms" and the "Old Road Inn." In the Individual Championships, Mr. C. Ciquel of the "Minerva Inn" beat Mr. Regin of the "Edgcombe Hotel."

The contests, which took place at the Exmouth Hall, Devonport, were followed by the presentation of prizes by Mr. David J. Simonds and a dance which was attended by more than 400 persons.

During the evening, Mr. E. C. Dyer of the "Old Road Inn" spoke of the forthcoming amalgamation of the Octagon Brewery Darts League and the "Hop Leaf" Darts League in the Plymouth area, wishing all the participants the best of luck under the "Hop Leaf" banner.

BRISTOL

"Hop Leaf" Skittles

The thriving "Hop Leaf" Skittles League finished its season with a Dinner at the Civic Restaurant, Bristol, when 350 guests attended. Avondale won the League Championship of Division A, with St. George's C.C. runners-up. B Division was won by Stapleton; Optimists were runners-up. The Knock-out Cup was won by N.F.S.; Redfield Sports were runners-up.



Lt.-Gen. Sir C. W. Allfrey presenting the Championship Shield to Mr. T. Binks, captain of Avondale. Others are (left to right) Mr. E. G. Harding, Secretary; Mr. F. R. Scott, Asst. Manager, Bristol Branch; and Mr. T. C. Lloyd.

KNAPHILL

Ladies thrash the Men

A ladies team from the "Royal Oak," Knaphill, routed a men's team from the Knaphill Cricket Club decisively in a recent game of cricket.

The men scored 48, but then the ladies went in and scored 79—they just would not stop playing. At last darkness intervened when the ladies were still four wickets in hand! (I expect somebody will write in now to explain the conditions.—EDITOR.)

LEE-ON-SOLENT

The Simonds Revolver Shooting Trophy

Competed for in the Home Air Command Rifle and Revolver Meeting, the Simonds Trophy was won by a team from H.M.S. *Fulmar*.

Revolvers were loaded and placed on a table 10 yards from the target—known as Tiles. Teams were drawn up at 60 yards from the table and on the word 'Go' advanced to the table and opened fire. The winners were the team who hit most tiles in the shortest time, or who, at the end of the time limit of 30 seconds, had hit the greatest number of tiles.



The Winning Team.

Left to right—A/P.O. P. S. Elwood, Instructor Lt.-Cdr. Mackie and P.O. Photographer G. Clements.

TILEHURST

British Legion Club Results

Mr. F. W. Freeman, Home Trade Manager, who was chief guest, presented the challenge trophies, miniatures and prizes at the finals night of the Tilehurst British Legion Club. The winners were: Snooker, Mr. A. Gowers; Darts, Mr. C. Adey; Shovehalfpenny, Mr. H. R. C. White; Ladies' Darts, Mrs. Gowers.

STAINES

The "Forester's Arms" Games Festival

One hundred and twenty competitors entered for various contests held on the finals night at the "Forester's Arms," Egham. Winners were as follows: Darts, Mr. F. Leney; Shovehalfpenny, Mr. F. Babb; Crib, Mr. A. Gilbert; Dominoes, Mr. F. Croucher. Prizes were also awarded to players participating in the "Hop Leaf" Darts League: Best average, Mr. R. Swansborough; Best finish, Mr. F. Leney; Highest score, Mr. H. Chesney.

SWINDON

The "Red Lion's" Roar

The "Red Lion," Wootton Bassett, defeated all comers in the Swindon and District Darts League. They won the 'A' League, defeating the "Bell and Shoulder of Mutton," Swindon; the Simonds Challenge Cup, defeating the "White Lion"; Cricklade and the Silto Cup, defeating the "Rose and Crown," Highworth. The remaining championship, that of 'B' League, went to the "White Lion," Cricklade, who defeated the "Swan Inn," Wroughton.

READING

The "Hop Leaf" Darts Champions

Local darts fans and supporters of the respective teams crowded the Olympia Ballroom, Reading, to witness the Reading "Hop Leaf" Darts League Championships. The presentation of trophies and prizes was carried out by Mr. E. Duncan Simonds.

Most exciting game was the Ladies' Championship final between the "Crown Hotel" and the "Bell," the latter being rather unlucky to lose by 4 games to 3. The "Fox and Hounds" had a comfortable win in the Men's Team Champion-

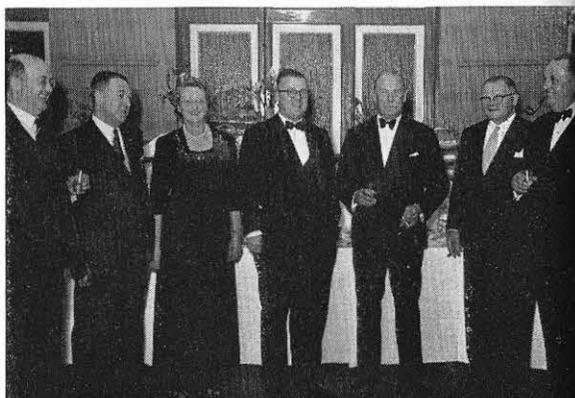
ship. They beat the "Tanner's" in the semi-final, and went on to victory in the final with a similar win over the "Station Hotel," Twyford. In the play-off for the Smith's Crisps Shield between the captains of the losing semi-finalists, Percy Rudman, captain of the "Reindeer," beat his

counterpart of the "Tanner's Arms," L. Cox.

Mrs. C. Radcliffe of the "Bell" won the W. D. & H. O. Wills Cup and the Landladies' Championship. The Landlords' Trophy was won by Mr. Jack Berry of the "Elephant."

Hop Leaves

A radiogram for Mr. E. J. Markham, and a diamond and sapphire marquee ring for Mrs. Markham, were presented at a dinner at the Connaught Rooms, London, by the Board of Management and other friends of the Licensed Victuallers' Benevolent Institution. The gifts were "in appreciation of the highly efficient manner in which Mr. Markham presided over the administration of the affairs of the Institution during the preceding twelve months." Donations and subscriptions during the period amounted to £26,763 14s. 10d. Mr. Markham is landlord of the "Jolly Waggoners," Hounslow.



A group taken at the Annual Dance of the Imperial Club (N.A.A.F.I.), Portsmouth.

(Left to right)—Mr. A. Layard, Asst. General Manager and Manager of the Naval Canteen Service; Mr. S. B. Martin, Joint General Manager N.A.A.F.I.; Mrs. A. S. Knight and Mr. Knight, who is Command Supervisor, Portsmouth Command, N.A.A.F.I.; Mr. G. E. C. Wood, General Secretary, Headquarters Imperial Club; Mr. E. E. Warner, Controller of Bakeries and Factories, N.A.A.F.I.; and Mr. F. C. Cowlin, our South Coast Area Manager.

Everybody was right on the 'Bull' at Bisley this season as regards beer, and there is every reason to suppose that the outstanding marksmanship and the broken records were in part certainly due to the Hop Leaf products available.

Standing outside the "Tamar," one of our managed houses in Crownhill, three miles from Plymouth, the Vicar, the Rev. Eric Turnbull, collected £435 in one day towards the building of a new church.

Mr. L. T. Gruitt, landlord of the "Hole in the Wall," Torquay, has set up a new record. His house has won first place in the Decorated Bar Competition organised by the Torquay Carnival Committee for the third year running.

The Winchester Morris Dancing Men visited the village of Kingsclere recently, where they gave a very much appreciated show. Subsequently they danced in the bars of our Inn, "The Crown." It was even better!

According to a letter in the London *Evening Standard*, the "Friend at Hand" near Wycombe is living up to its name. Mr. R. Viner, of Westminster, ran out of petrol four miles from the nearest garage; a passer-by suggested that he should call at the "Friend at Hand." He did so and the landlord, Mr. D. Pennock, not only provided the petrol but drove Mr. Viner back to his car and filled the tank for him.

Brandy at 2s. 7d. a bottle, whisky at 2s. 4d., gin 2s. 1d. and a pint of mild ale or stout for 6d., are some of the prices quoted on an old price list recently discovered in the files at Bristol. It is an old W. J. Rogers of Bristol price list.

"Charlie's caught a shark, Mrs. Pike!" cried an agitated customer who rushed into the "George Inn" at Loddon Bridge, and Mrs. Pike, the landlady, and the customers in the bar stared at the speaker in frank disbelief. Nevertheless, they all ran to the river's edge and, sure enough, there was a five-foot shark on the bank.

Loddon Bridge is several miles up past locks on the River Thames and though there certainly was a shark on the river's edge, it is stretching credulity a little too far to claim that it swam there—it might have walked!

From fiction to fact at the "Flowing Spring." Two men walked into the bar of the "Flowing Spring" at Sonning Eye, near Henley, at 10 p.m. one night recently and informed the landlord, Mr. W. T. Tucker, that they had just landed their aeroplane in his front garden—and they had!

They had been returning from Cornwall to Northolt but visibility had become very bad, so they decided to land at Woodley aerodrome. They mistook the illuminations of the "Flowing Spring" for the aerodrome lights and came down to land safely just by the saloon bar.

They stayed the night and flew off again in bright sunshine the following morning. The pilot was Mr. F. W. Wheeler, Director of Mercury Sound Recordings Ltd., Islington.

EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY



Sgt. Frank Bell, of K.O.Y.L.I., Mess Caterer at the Army Apprentices' School at Arborfield.

Nature Notes

BY C. H. P.

The Beauties of the Countryside

To me there is nothing more delightful than a stroll round the countryside during the Spring or Summer. Oh! Let us absorb as much as we can of the beauty of the flowers, of the joy expressed in the songs of the birds, and let us radiate that beauty and joy so that it sinks down deep into the hearts and minds of men. Let there be competition here, the keener the better—competition as to who can collect the most beauty and the most joy, aye! and competition as to who can pass on the most of these great assets into the souls' banking account of our fellow men, women and children. These priceless gifts represent real wealth and will yield an interest with which no other investment can compare. *Giving* will be our motto rather than *getting*, and here, surely—O! surely—we can all be of one class and creed, striving and looking on and upwards to our great goal, the real brotherhood of man. For there is, indeed, enough joy and beauty to go round, enough and to spare!

Construction—Not Destruction

The great gardener, God, is preaching to us construction, construction, construction in every field, wood and stream;

in every seed and bud and flower; and in every nest which only He teaches the birds to build.

So let us go all out to stay this terrible day of destruction that is threatening to blot out the beauty and the joy with which the world should abound. Let us away then to the woods, the fields and the rivers and learn of these: learn to assimilate the joy of the birds, and other little creatures; learn also to absorb some of the fragrance and beauty of the blooms. Then pass on the seeds of joy and beauty and they will multiply a thousandfold, until the earth is filled with gladness and we shall indeed enter into the joy of the Lord!

My Mission and My Message

I have been writing now, for more years than I care to remember, on the wonders of wild life, and the day will come when my pen will be laid aside. But if I have succeeded in any way in passing on to others some of the delights that I have myself experienced by my rambles through the woods, in the fields and by the river-side, then I have indeed been more than repaid.

In some strange way I feel that that is my mission. In any case, it is the message I would like to leave with you all when the time comes to say Adieu!

His 92,161st Pint

On his 90th birthday Mr. David Watkins, of Cwmbran, Mon., walked to his regular house—the “Halfway Hotel,” Cwmbran—and drank his 92,161st pint. The landlord, Mr. M. J. McClenchy, told him that his pints that night were ‘on the house’ in honour of the birthday and then presented Mr. Watkins with a bottle of rum from the other customers.

At 6.45 p.m. punctually each evening

Mr. Watkins arrives at the “Halfway Hotel.” Only twice has his routine been interrupted—during the South African War when he was fighting the Boers, and during the 1st World War when he was having a ‘go’ at the Germans. He drinks four pints of beer each day, with a rum after the second and a double rum to finish the evening.

Obituary

F. L. MASKELL

It is with great regret we have to announce the death of Mr. F. L. Maskell, who passed away at Stratton St. Margaret Hospital, Swindon, on 29th June, 1955, at the age of 50. Many readers will have been aware of the grievous illness from which he suffered and which he bore so patiently for the last three years or so.

Mr. Maskell (or “Mac” as he was affectionately known by his friends and many business associates) joined the Company in 1920 and was first employed in the Brewing Room at Reading. Later he was transferred to Portsmouth Branch and after a few years there joined the Oxford Branch staff. His first appointment as Branch Manager occurred when the Company acquired the business of J. L. Marsh and Sons Limited, Blandford, and in 1945 he was transferred to Swindon to take over the managership of that branch, a position which he held until forced to give up through ill-health.

During his career with the Company, Mac gained a reputation as a hard and willing worker, and a man who enjoyed his work, but he will be remembered chiefly for his buoyant good nature and his willingness to help others at all times.

THE FUNERAL SERVICE

The funeral took place at Christ Church, Swindon, on July 2. It was conducted by the Vicar, the Rev. F. W. Thomas, and a Masonic oration was given by Mr. J. J. Gale.

A very large attendance of mourners included Mrs. N. K. Maskell, the widow, and other close relatives; representatives of the Brewery; representatives of various Masonic lodges and Conservative Clubs; Swindon Rotary Club; St. John Ambulance Assn. and the British Legion; Swindon Town Club.

★ ★ ★

We also deeply regret to record the death of Mr. ARTHUR BOWERS WHITE, who died on August 24, after a long illness. Mr. White retired from the “Dewdrop Inn,” Banbury Road, Oxford, in January, 1954, after a tenancy of 14 years.

We extend our deepest sympathy to Mrs. White.

Courtesy of the
Simonds family archives

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