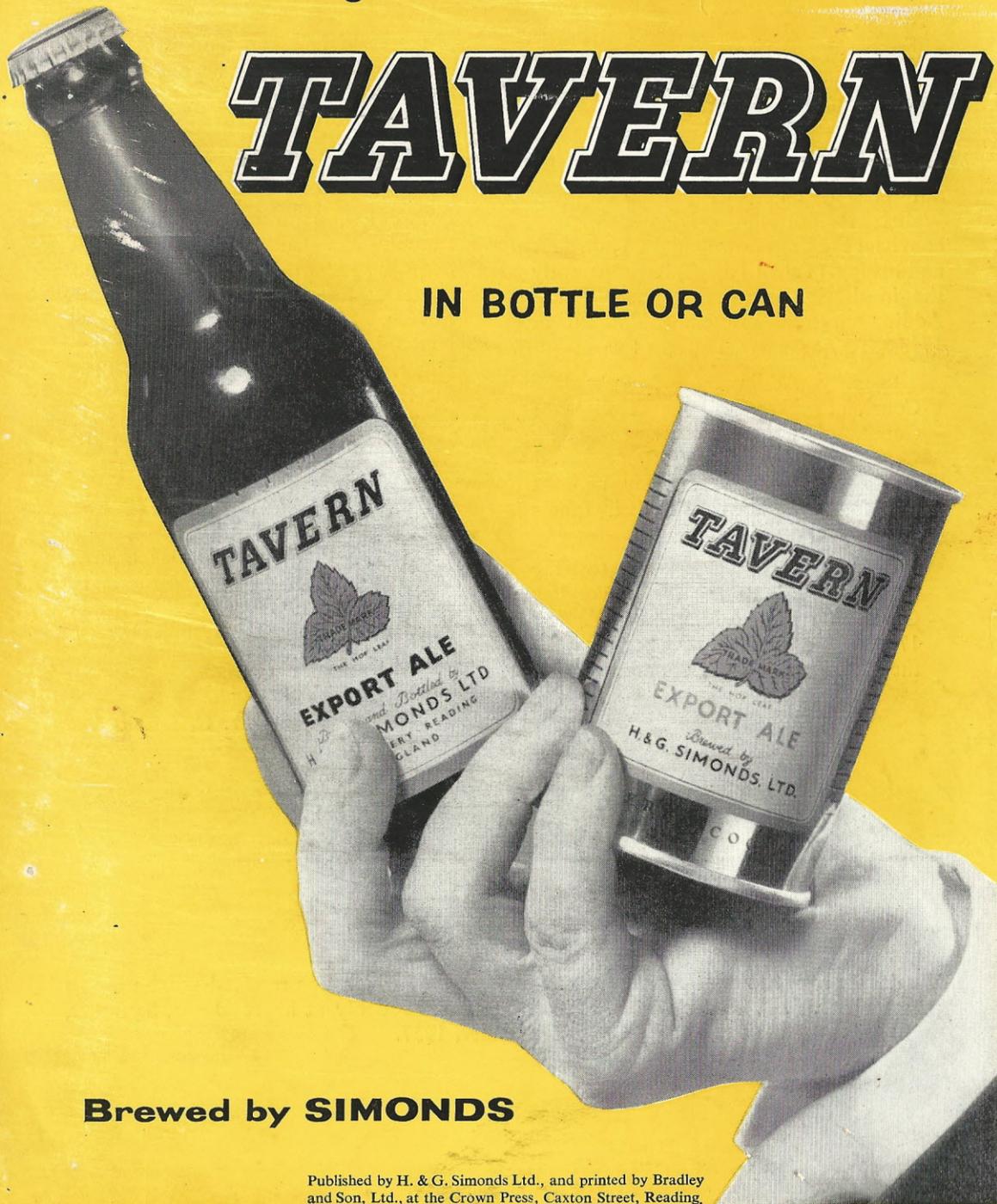


Treat yourself to a

TAVERN

IN BOTTLE OR CAN



Brewed by **SIMONDS**

Published by H. & G. Simonds Ltd., and printed by Bradley and Son, Ltd., at the Crown Press, Caxton Street, Reading.

PRICE SIXPENCE

Hop



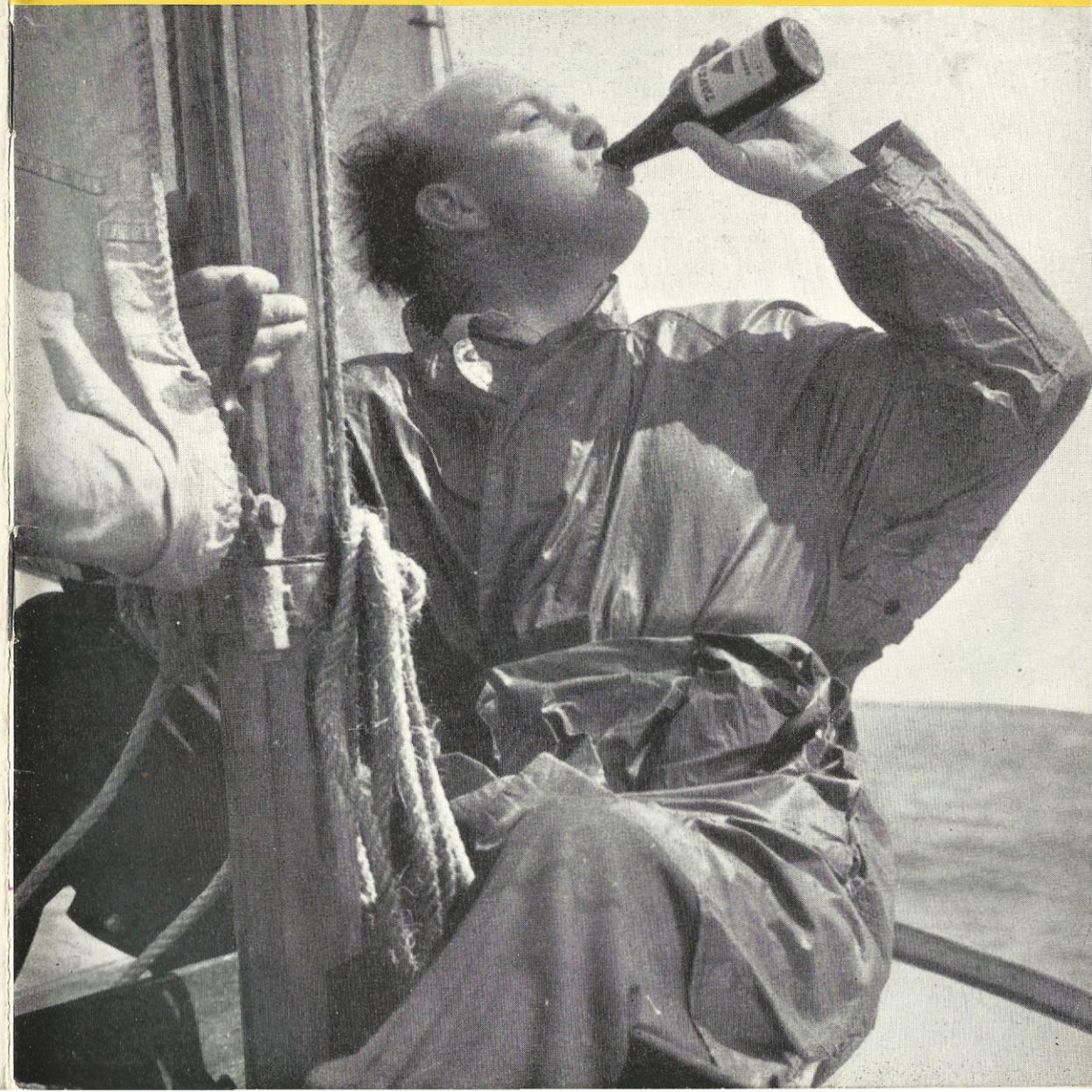
THE HOP LEAF

Leaf

Gazette

AUTUMN 1957 • VOL. XXXI • NUMBER 4

THE HOUSE JOURNAL OF H. & G. SIMONDS LTD., READING (ISSUED QUARTERLY)



**GREAT SUCCESSES AT THE
BREWERS' EXHIBITION
OLYMPIA, 1957**

Just as we go to Press, the news of our outstanding success at this year's Brewers' Exhibition has come in.

No fewer than six awards have been received by our Breweries at Reading, Newport and Devonport. Such a series of successes by one Company is, as far as we know, unprecedented, and we offer our heartiest congratulations to our Head Brewer and his staff at Reading, Newport and Devonport upon their tremendous achievement.

The awards are as follows:—

Tavern Export Ale	-	SILVER MEDAL. First Prize in Class 3 (Pale Ales). GOLD MEDAL. Runners-up in Championship for all Classes. <i>Entered by</i> READING.
S.B. Pale Ale	-	SILVER MEDAL. First Prize in Class 1 (Pale Ales). <i>Entered by</i> NEWPORT.
Special Ale	-	SILVER MEDAL. First Prize in Class 2 (Draught Beers). <i>Entered by</i> NEWPORT.
E.I.P.A.	-	DIPLOMA. Third Prize in Class 3 (Draught Beers). <i>Entered by</i> READING.
Velvet Stout	-	BRONZE MEDAL. Second Prize in Class 12 (Stouts). <i>Entered by</i> DEVONPORT.

FRONT COVER PICTURE

A picture which carries all the atmosphere of the yachtsman's holiday. A fitting drink, too, for the outdoor man, although of course the ideal way to carry Tavern on a boat is in a can.

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 7

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Quarterly Comment

The New Customer

SOME weeks ago we were in a Simonds house we had not previously used. In the busy saloon bar was a most efficient barmaid, who was obviously very popular with the regulars.

Whilst we were admiring her skill, another stranger came into the bar and ordered a well-advertised stout brewed by one of our competitors. The barmaid with a disarming smile said, "I'm sorry, we haven't one of those. The nearest we have is a 'Velvet'."

The stranger, as it happened, decided that he would try a "Velvet". He was obviously impressed and having drunk it, ordered another one.

We were left with the impression that the tenant of the house was lucky to have made a second sale to that customer.

The quality of the "Velvet" persuaded him to try another—it was certainly through no effort on the part of the barmaid. Not only had she inferred that our own product was inferior by referring to it as "the nearest we have" to the other, but had made no attempt to find out whether the customer was enjoying his unaccustomed drink—the one she herself had suggested.

There was no doubt in our minds that here was a man converted to "Velvet" and that he would not hesitate to enter one of our houses and order one again.

Fortunately most tenants and managers are aware of the need to look after the new customer as well as the regular—for they are the people whose efforts are reflected in our increasing turnover.

New Looks for Old

Those very busy Departments—the Architects and the Surveyors have recently completed their work to a number of houses in a manner which illustrates very vividly the tremendous effort needed to keep our properties up-to-date. From London down to Cornwall and South Wales our houses and hotels are constantly receiving attention. But as the pictures on these pages show, the results justify all the hard work.



"The Three Pigeons," in London's busy Ealing Broadway, has been refurbished recently.

Looking well-pleased—as indeed he might—with his newly decorated house, is the manager of "The Three Pigeons," Mr. W. H. G. Pike.





When Mr. and Mrs. E. Barry, the tenants of the "Manor Inn," Brixham, took over the house in 1954 it was a somewhat inadequate building. No one could levy that criticism after the transformation which was recently completed.



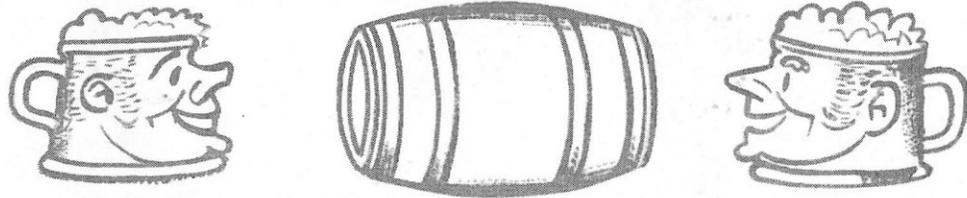
The new bar which was opened at the "Bell and Bottle," Knowl Hill, near Reading, during July.



"The Stag and Hounds" at Binfield has taken on a new 'old' look in the past few months. This clean exterior was part of the renovation.

Inside the "Stag and Hounds" the furnishings have been kept in tone with the house's 300-years-old history.

More Tiddle Tattle



*The best wedding gift of all—a gallon or two
of good ale!*

We had called, my wife and I, to congratulate Pauline, whom we have known since about her fifth bath-time. Her “young man” has at last nerved himself to a proposal.

Between sips of a decorous sherry we talked of the future. Said Pauline, “There won’t be much money coming in, but we are saving like mad for a house.”

“A pity you can’t have a bride-ale,” I remarked.

She looked at me doubtfully for a moment. My wife muttered something about getting the children to bed. “All right, I’ll buy it,” said Pauline, “I can see you’re bursting to air your knowledge!”

This is the most charming thing about this exceptionally charming girl—her willingness to listen to me. I think I have noticed a similar propensity in her fiancé. A thoroughly likeable lad.

“Well,” I began, firmly ignoring my wife’s warning look at the clock, “England was merrie then and the breed was happier, I think . . .”

It was once the pleasant and profitable custom for the bride to sell ale at her wedding feast. The beverage was supplied free by her parents, relations and friends and by those of the groom. This was an early form of the wedding-gift—that bugbear of modern life. One cannot but envy the sheer common-sense and simplicity of the whole arrangement. It was helped, naturally, by the fact that home-brewing was unrestricted.

Invariably the bride found herself possessed of an impressive supply of good, potent ale. This was just as well, for the whole village or district would, as a matter of course, invite itself to the revels for a couple of days or so.

Once the “churcing” was over the guests repaired with alacrity to the bride’s home where the happy young lady received whatever price they were prepared to pay for her ale. Presently this depended to a certain extent on her comeliness and popularity. Rejected suitors, if they attended, probably felt no urge to be generous. On the other hand, those who

were now congratulating themselves on a lucky escape doubtless celebrated their success most handsomely.

According to a book written in 1543, enough money was collected this way “for the two newe-married folke halfe a yeare to lyve upon.” Translated into modern values it would at least produce the down-payment on a house!

Alas, if mankind has a fault it is that it tends to overdo things.

Bride-ales began to get out of hand and became the subject of sulphurous denunciation from pulpit, pamphlet and platform. Too many people got married and too many bride-ales went on for too long. Authority, prompted by the clergy, frowned on the incidence of drunkenness which, as a result of the bride-ales and countless other merrymakings, seriously interfered with the daily round and common task.

In 1573 steps were taken to limit the number of guests who could be invited to a wedding feast. The enactment stated that “no persons so married shall keepe nor have above eight messe of persons at his dinner.” The amount of ale permitted to be brewed for such an occasion was also severely restricted.

It was the beginning of the end.

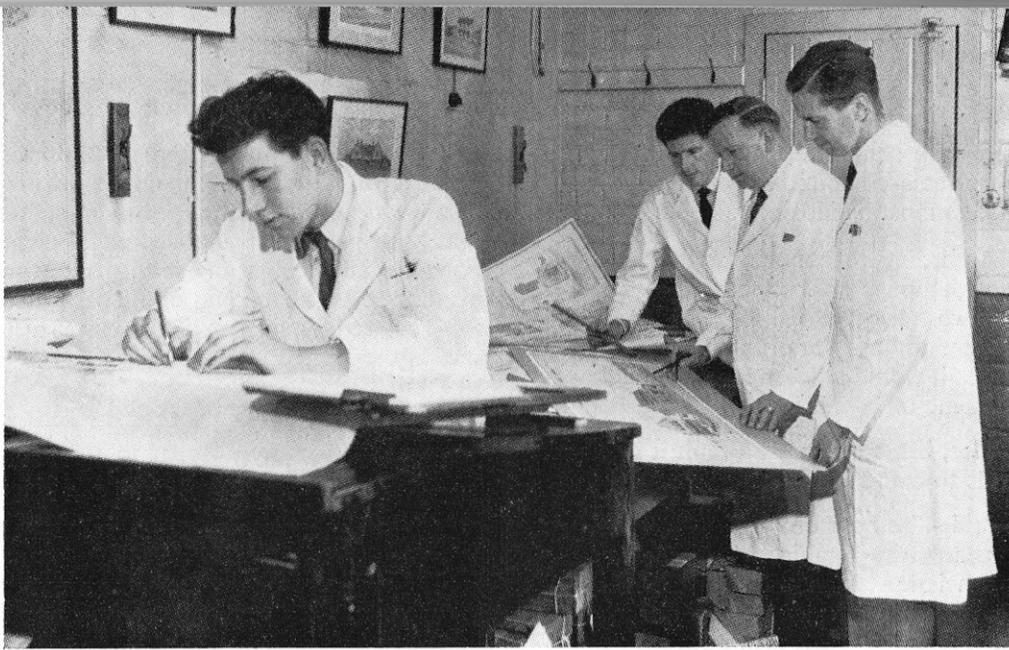
England grew progressively less gay and by Cromwell’s time it was a solemn place to live in. Jollity made a half-hearted re-appearance after the Protector’s death, due, in some measure, to his son Richard (affectionately known to his London cronies as Drunken Dick).

But Merrie England was no more and has become merely a nostalgic subject for historians and novelists.

And all that we have left of the bride-ale is the word “bridal.”

Those who had evaded her net paid up handsomely for her beer.





A discussion in Drawing Office No. 1 between Messrs. E. C. Greenaway, J. L. Hadland and A. J. Dines. At the drawing board is Mr. R. W. Norkott.

The Men Behind the Buildings

The Architects' Department at Reading is one in which everyone in our organisation has a more than passing interest. For every year that department—as students of our balance sheet will know—spends an amount running into six figures on the Company's various properties. This money is expended under three broad headings—the building of new houses, alterations to existing premises and extensions to the breweries.

How it is spent each year is decided by the Board of Directors in the case of new houses, and a committee representing every aspect of the trade where alterations or renovations to other premises are involved.

Once the decisions have been made it becomes the duty of Mr. R. E. Southall, A.R.I.B.A., our Chief Architect, and his eight assistants, to draw up the necessary plans and carry the work through to final completion.

Few of our tenants realise the amount of work involved, and wonder why the work is not commenced as soon as a decision is taken to alter a particular house.

Firstly, sketch plans have to be prepared, usually necessitating an accurately measured survey of the property, and approximate costs assessed, for agreement by the Committee. Then the agreed plans have to be submitted for Bye-law and

Town Planning approval to the Local Authority in whose area the property is situated, and also to the Licensing Justices and the Police. In the case of submission of plans to the Licensing Justices, this entails attendance at the Petty Sessional Courts by the Chief Architect or one of his senior assistants to explain the alterations which are proposed.

Having obtained all these consents, more detailed plans are now prepared and a specification written to enable estimates to be obtained from local builders. The approval of the Committee is then obtained to the expenditure, a contract is signed with the successful builder, and the work commences.

Now it is necessary to visit the property at frequent intervals to check on the work being done, make decisions on sundry items which always arise, especially during complicated alteration work to existing buildings.

Work on the drawing board is still not finished, as the builder requires detailed

drawings of particular parts of the new portions, whilst counters and display fittings have to be designed and estimates for these obtained, together with prices for the necessary beer engines.

Even when the alterations are completed at the property, the work of the Department is not finished. Any defects in the work appearing within six months of completion have to be noted and the builder instructed to make these good. The builder's account is received, checked over and approved for final payment.

Another part of the Department's work consists of preparing the necessary plans and "ring-maps" in connection with applications for new licences or additional facilities to existing licences, which applications are considered at the Annual Licensing meetings.

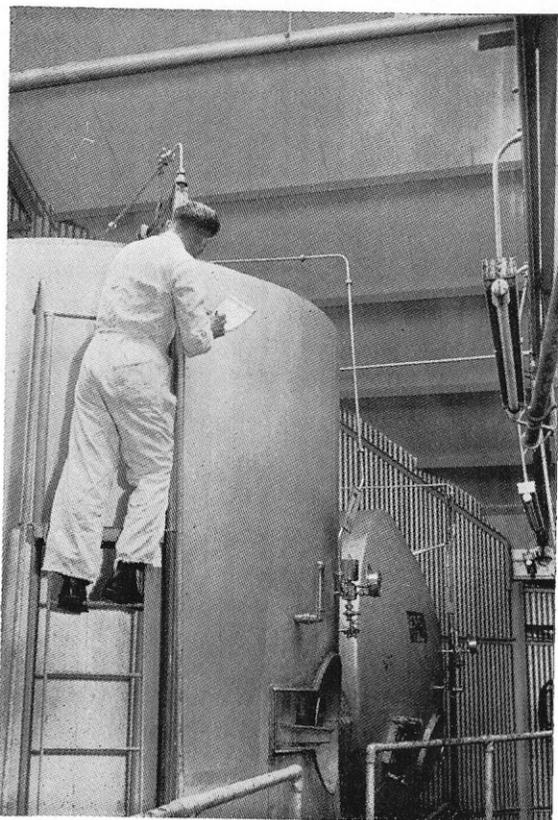
In addition the Department also produces its own "photo prints" of the many drawings that are required which, during twelve months number many thousands.

Mr. R. E. Southall has a word with one of the bricklayers during the building of Reading's extension to its Empties Dump.



In this corner of Drawing Office No. 2 are Mr. E. L. Morgan (extreme right), Mr. L. F. Stone and Mr. W. M. Field.





Checking the level of the beer in the storage tanks.

The modern counterpart of the old question, "How does the milk get into the coconut?" must surely be, "How does the beer get into the can?" Although we cannot hazard a guess in answer to the first, we can at least give some facts about the second, following a visit to Hibbert's beer canning plant at Southampton.

It was here that we saw thousands upon thousands of Tavern cans being swept along on endless belts, at the rate of 600 dozen an hour. They were received from the manufacturers in a chemically clean condition, but were rinsed over a

The Canning of



TAVERN

series of water jets using a pressure of approximately 40 p.s.i. before going on for filling. They were filled by counter pressure rotary fillers similar to standard bottle fillers, but there were many modifications incorporated owing to the special problems associated with open top cans.

For example, it is absolutely essential to eliminate the air from the can before it is sealed. To achieve this, rotating arms blow a fine jet of pure C.O.2 gas into each can after it is filled, just before the lid is positioned on top of the can. This causes

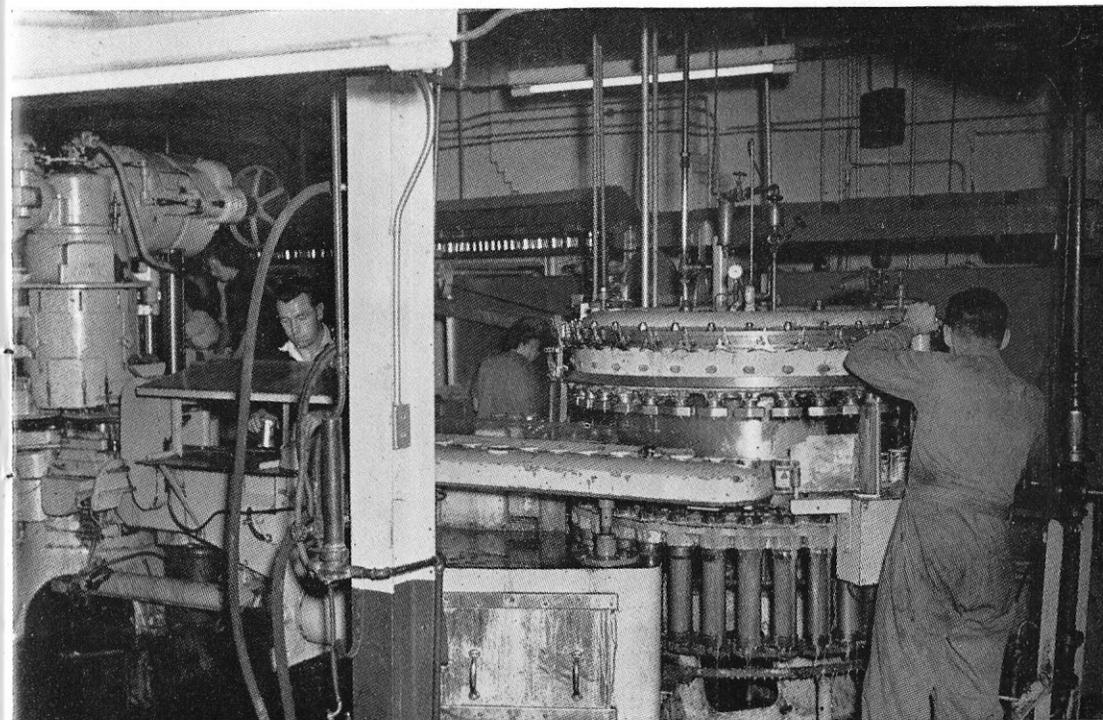


Stitching the cases in readiness for the filled cans.

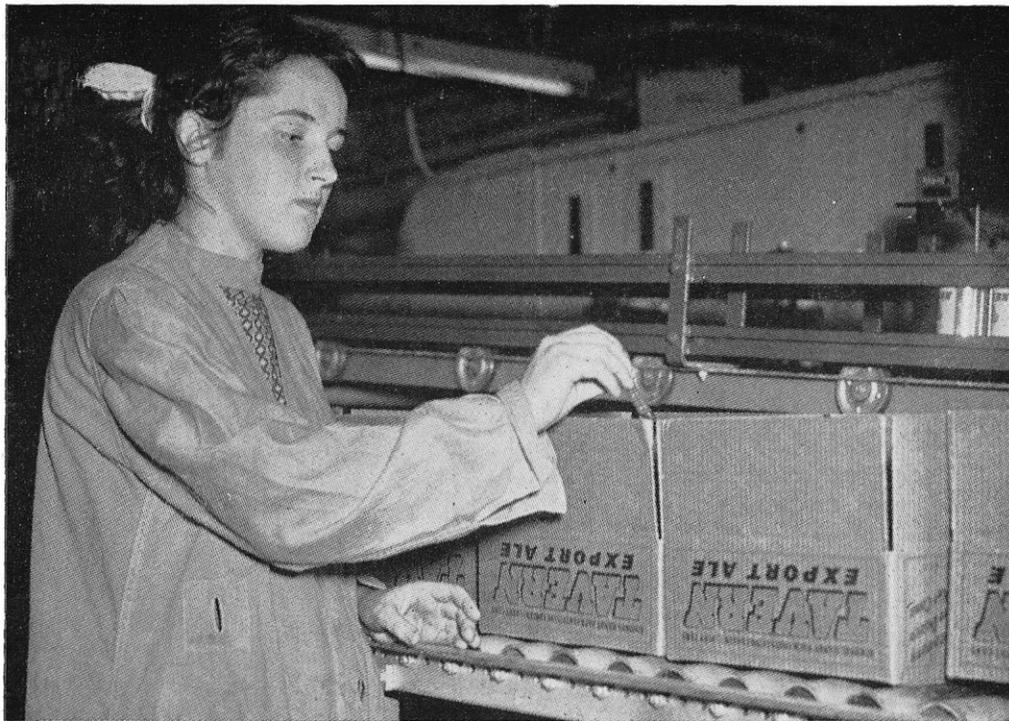
the beer to fob, excluding all the air at the moment of sealing.

The beer is sealed in its can by a machine known as a seamer, which is perhaps the most delicate operation of the whole process. The seamer is a precision machine which attaches the loose end (or top) to the body of the can by interlocking the curl of the end with a flange on the can, thus creating a hermetic seal. Absolute precision is necessary since a slight variation of even a few thousandths of an inch could cause leakage or damage to the internal or external lacquer of the can.

After sealing, the cans go into a pasteurising plant following which, they



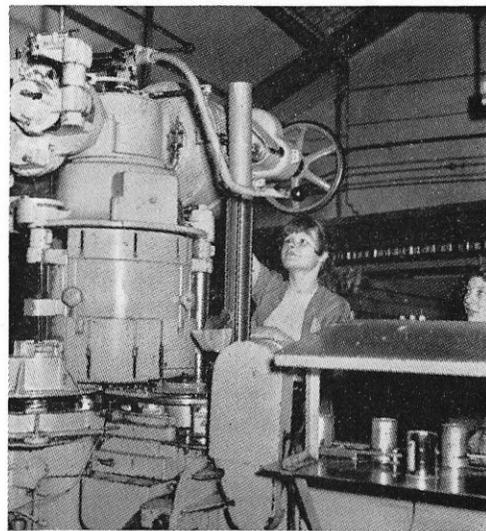
One of the counter pressure rotary fillers. Although similar to the bottle fillers there are a number of special features.



An opener goes into each case.

are packed into their cartons and finally weighed to ensure that the correct quantities are contained in each package. Into each carton goes an opener, the covers are pasted down and the cans begin their journey to the customer.

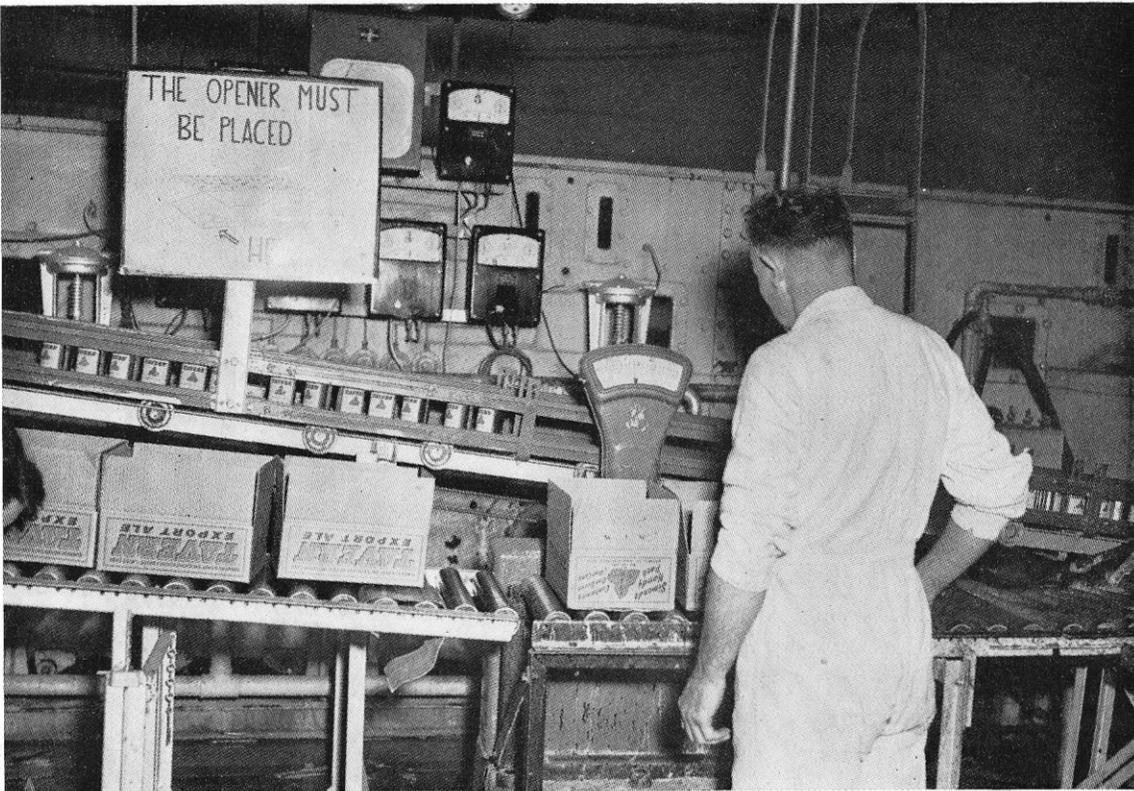
The great advantages of canned beer lie in the can's ease of storage and the beer's keeping properties. Canned beer has a longer shelf life than bottled beer because the light is completely excluded and the can contains less air. Furthermore, there is an obvious advantage in that the risk of breakage is almost eliminated. It will be obvious, therefore, that since the saving of space is a matter of considerable importance in every kind of shipping, a very large proportion of canned Tavern finds its way into the ships



Feeding loose ends (or tops) to the seamer. They are used at the rate of 600 dozen an hour.



Cases stacked in the Customs Store ready for despatch.



Each carton with its one dozen cans is weighed before sealing to ensure that every case contains the correct quantity of cans and beer.

of Her Majesty's Navy and the large liners carrying travellers to and from the ports of this country. Hundreds of yachtsmen, too, are finding the advantage to be gained by the neat storage ability of the can, and the absence of labels which are so inclined to wash off bottles while at sea.

But these advantages can also be used by the live Mine Host, particularly for increasing off-licence sales. Canned beer is obviously easier than bottled beer to put away in the home and can be kept without worry about its condition for those special party occasions. Purely

from the point of view of the tenant or manager, of course, there is no complication about returning empties!

It is worth remembering, too, that we were one of the first breweries in the country to start canning our beers. So if every one of our houses were to carry only a small number of cans every tenant would be certain of stocking and being able to offer something different from the majority of his competitors. Which is always a good selling point.

Beer and Cheese Tastings in South Devon

Two Beer and Cheese Tastings have been held in South Devon in recent months, organised by our Octagon Brewery and the Milk Marketing Board. The first was at the "Waterside Hotel," Paignton, before the Torbay Dairy Festival in June, where the dining-room was laid out with English cheeses and a display of beers

arranged by Mr. K. J. Micah.

Another successful Tasting was run on similar lines at the "Camel's Head Inn," Devonport, thanks to the active assistance of the Manager and Manageress.

At each event several local dignitaries were present.



A group at the "Waterside Hotel" which includes Mr. D. J. Simonds, Superintendent Stone of the Paignton Constabulary, Mrs. Stone and Mr. A. Lamshead of the Milk Marketing Board.

The Areas We Serve

SWINDON—SALUBRITAS ET INDUSTRIA (HEALTH & INDUSTRY)



"The Black Horse" on the Wroughton road from Swindon. The tenant is Mr. F. G. Clutterbuck who was previously at the "Oddfellows Arms."

At the end of the Swindon Borough Guide occurs the following statement :

"In dealing with Swindon, it has been our intention to be honest. It is no paradise. It has no lovely river, no cathedral. Most of it is drab. But it is set in a lovely countryside, offers a surprisingly wide range of interests for a town of its size, is anything but 'dull' to anyone who cares to look a little way under the skin."

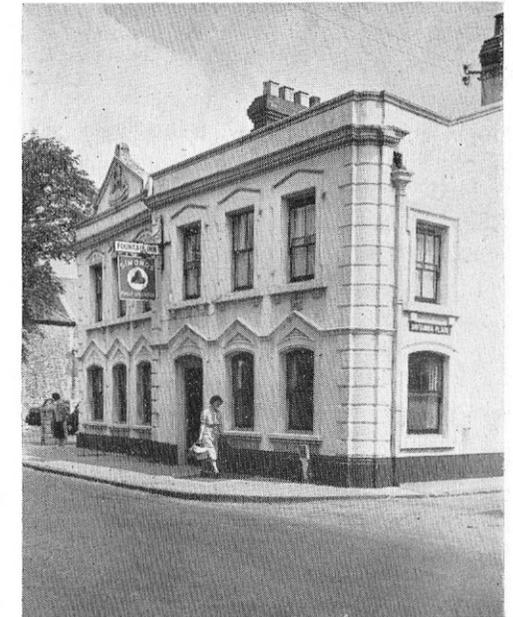
When we visited the town this summer it was our intention to try and look under that skin, but it quickly became apparent that Swindon is a transparently simple town over which there is no real "skin." For example, it is obviously a wealthy town, its prosperity firmly based upon the 326-acres-large engineering works belonging to British Railways, Western Region. Employing some 13,000 people out of a total population of 75,000, the works have dominated the lives and finances of Swindon's folk for just over 100 years—indeed the Railway's arrival jumped the population from around 2,000 in the early part of the eighteenth century to 45,000 in 1900.

It was not inappropriate, therefore, that the first Simonds house we visited was called *The Locomotive*, where we took the opportunity of examining the valuable collection of forty Toby Jugs owned by the landlady, Mrs. S. W. Reeves.

But other engineering firms have been attracted to Swindon during and since the last war—the high standards of engineering efficiency set by the railway



"The Bell and Shoulder of Mutton" have won most of the darts competitions in Swindon and Mr. E. W. Spackman is seen here placing yet another trophy in position.



The "Fountain Inn" where Mr. A. W. Parton has presided for the last seven years.



"The Brown Jack" at Wroughton was named after the famous racehorse which was trained in the village. This is the only remaining link the village has with the horse. The tenant is Mr. E. H. Jackson.

works inspiring them to build works to siphon off some of the skilled labour trained from apprentices by British Railways but not always employed in the town because of lack of opportunity.

In the *Rolleston Arms Hotel* the regulars were anxious to talk about some of the new firms who have contributed towards Swindon's present booming prosperity and expansion. They told us, for example, about the building during the war of the Vickers-Armstrongs super-marine works at South Marston, 3½ miles north-east of Swindon, and the Plessey Company Ltd., who have built an Automatic Machine Shop in Kembrey Street. In this same hotel, too, they confirmed our opinion that engineering is thirsty work since some fourteen barrels of draught beer are sold there every week!

But Swindon is not only a town of engineering works for, as the town motto, *Salubritas et Industria* (Health and Industry) indicates, it is also a very healthy town. That is an unusual claim for any community other than the more famous Spas to make and we were consequently very interested to find out why Swindon should adopt such a motto. It bases its "healthy" description on the fact that it has a moderate climate with a temperature ranging from 37°-61°, is not too wet (a rainfall within 25-30 ins. per year, and this is evenly distributed over the months of the year) and is a sunny area, with six months of fine days every year.

Although it is an industrial town, Swindon is remarkably free from smoke pollution because the surrounding country-



The "Rolleston Hotel" is one of the busiest houses in the town. Mr. W. J. Atkins and his wife who have been tenants for six years have to work hard to attend to their many customers.



Mr. A. C. Johnson who has been tenant of "The George" for twelve years and says that one of his proudest moments was when his house won the Simonds Darts League this year.

side is entirely agricultural and the prevailing wind is able to bring fresh air down from the hills of the Marlborough Downs and the Cotswolds.

Obviously enjoying this salubrious atmosphere was Mr. F. C. Edds whom we met at the *Fox Tavern* where he is the manager. "I have never felt better in my life," he said, and then, "But why shouldn't I, with my house breaking records and my takings having increased by nearly 25 per cent over the last six months."

Mr. Edds is a man who should know good health for he has lived four years in Swindon, having previously been invalided out of the Royal Navy.

In our visits to the different houses at Swindon we found more evidence of hobbies than is usually found in the trade. For example, mention has already been made of Mrs. Reeves' Toby Jugs at *The Locomotive*; in addition, we found pigeon breeding at the *Oddfellows Arms*, where Mr. T. G. Thompson is both

Inside the "Cricketers Arms," Mrs. F. C. White (extreme right) who has been the tenant for thirteen years, arranges a bunch of gladioli. Among the people in the bar is Mr. A. Popjoy who is 83 years old and who has been a regular visitor to the house since 1939.



landlord and an active and successful member of the local Pigeon Club ; at the *Rising Sun* was a remarkable collection of dolls owned by the wife of the tenant, Mrs. L. R. Woods. There was an intense interest in darts, and particularly at the *Bell and Shoulder of Mutton* which has won most of the competitions in Swindon, both ladies' and men's, while at the back of the *Falcon* we found Mr. A. H. Fleming, the tenant indulging in his hobby of tomato growing.

Since Swindon is a relatively small town covering an area of just over six thousand acres, with its closest neighbour, Oxford, some twenty-eight miles away to the north-east, it may well be that its inhabitants still retain a belief in the almost forgotten maxim that "Satan finds work for idle hands to do." This "busy" feeling was apparent everywhere in Swindon—in its public houses, in its streets, in its shops—and it is not surprising perhaps that some of its inhabitants must find extra work in the form of hobbies.

And like the other places we have visited, Swindon is a friendly town. It becomes increasingly apparent, as the number of places visited rises steadily, that when one takes the trouble to talk to people, especially in their own houses, that friendliness is a natural characteristic of the British people.

True or False ?

But we left Swindon with a personal problem still unsolved. Before visiting the town we were told that it had an outstanding claim to fame in certain areas of France, since it had provided considerable assistance to different units of the Maquis during World War II.

We were told that enquiries would quickly bring the whole story to light and that most people would know all about



Dominating a busy crossroad is the "Ship Hotel," whose sign and weather-vane have prompted many questions to the tenant, Mr. S. H. Mills.



One of the most unusual collections to be found in a public bar is this group of dolls in the "Rising Sun." They were part of a much larger collection which has been got together by Mrs. L. R. Woods and her daughter.



"The Oddfellows Arms" is sometimes called the "Pigeon Pub," which is not surprising when it is remembered that the tenant, Mr. T. G. Thompson, is well-known as a breeder of racing pigeons. Here he is ringing a bird before dispatching it to take part in a racing event.



They like their crib in "The Grapes Hotel" where Mrs. S. H. Millin is seen here serving a pint to one of the players.



Afternoon closing time at the "Fox Tavern" and the Manager, Mr. F. C. Edds says goodbye to Mrs. Edds who is off to do some shopping accompanied by their youngest son Stewart.

it. The story goes that during the war Swindon people organised "snail hunts" and sent the proceeds via the R.A.F. to the Maquis—an action which helped boost morale in those parts where the "wall fruit"—the local slang term we were told—was dropped.

However, we found no-one in the town ready to talk about those days—so just to put us out of our misery in possessing an unconfirmed story, could anyone in Swindon tell us the truth? Fact or Fiction?



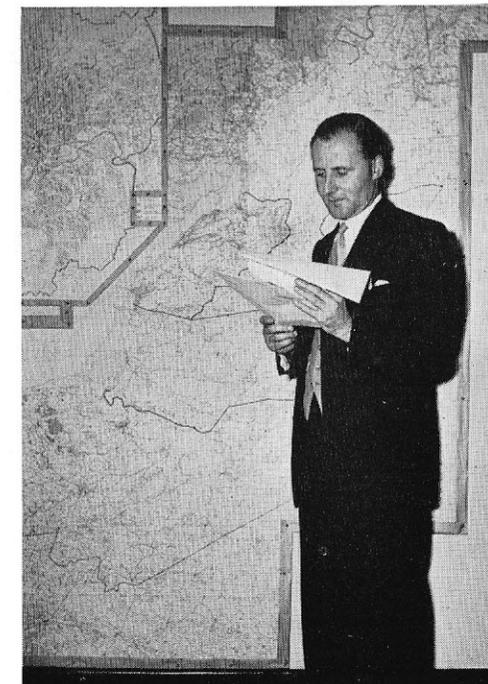
In a corner of the yard behind the "Falcon Inn," Mr. A. H. Fleming (left) grows tomatoes and as this photograph shows, the sunny corner he has selected is appreciated by his customers.

Draymen Jim Haywood and Cliff Bishop were other visitors to "The Locomotive." Here they are lowering into the cellars a kilderkin of E.I.P.A.



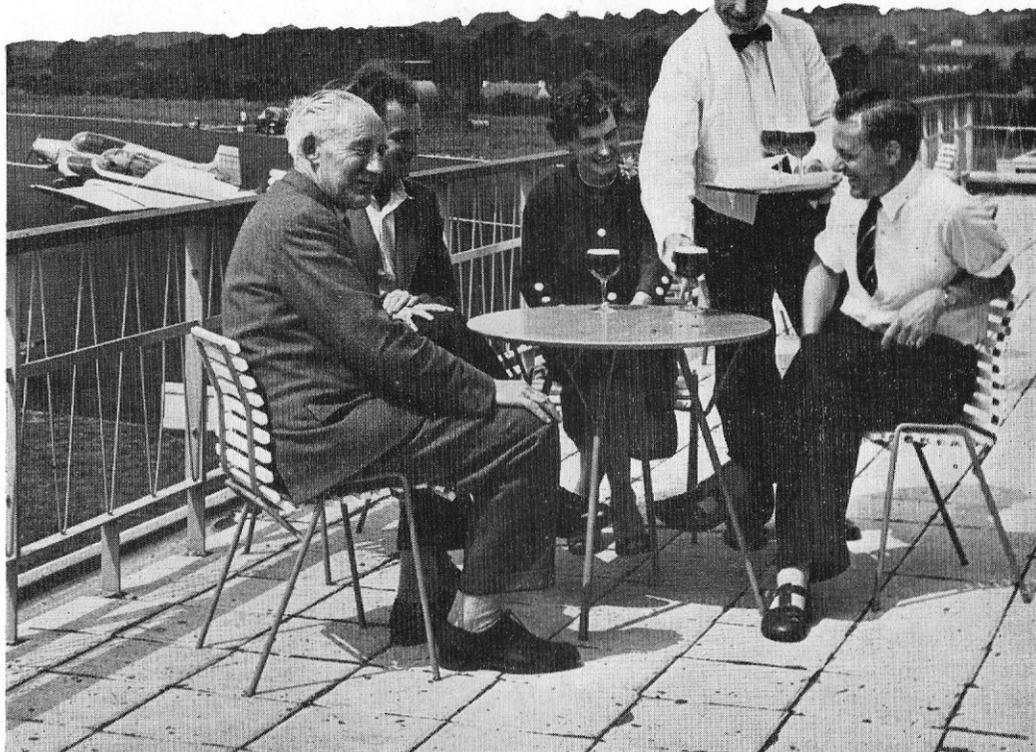
A corner of the main office at Bristol which includes, far left, Mr. W. H. Room, the Chief Clerk and Mr. H. W. Tooze, the Cashier. Mr. Room has forty-six years service and Mr. Tooze, thirty-eight years.

Ship-Shape and Bristol Fashion



The Company's branch at Bristol has one claim which must make it unique among Simonds properties. It is that two public roads divide its various stores, plant and offices which are linked by a bridge over one road and a tunnel under another. But in another respect it is unmistakably Simonds. And that, of course, is in the loyalty and length of service of its staff and workpeople.

Manager of the Bristol Branch is Mr. B. H. Quelch.



One of the places served by Bristol Branch is Bristol Airport, where many a Tavern has been served on the veranda overlooking the flying field. Regular visitors will easily recognise the Airport Manager, Mr. Williams (left).

Supplying an area from the Bristol Channel to the borders of Wiltshire and which includes Gloucester and Somerset, the Bristol Branch employs 120 people, many of whom have worked in the brewing trade for over thirty years. All the very long-service employees like the Chief Clerk, Mr. W. H. Room, who has no less than forty-six years' service, were previously with Messrs. Rogers and Sons whom we bought up in 1935.

A quick glimpse at the office records

reveals that in addition to the 100 tied houses which rely for their supplies from this Branch there are many avenues of free trade along which flow considerable quantities of our products. The city airport, for example, and the Bristol and Wessex Flying Club, of which the Branch Manager, Mr. B. H. Quelch, is an enthusiastic member; Gloucestershire Cricket Club for which we do all the catering, Bristol Zoo, Bristol City's Supporters Club, Bristol Rugby Club and



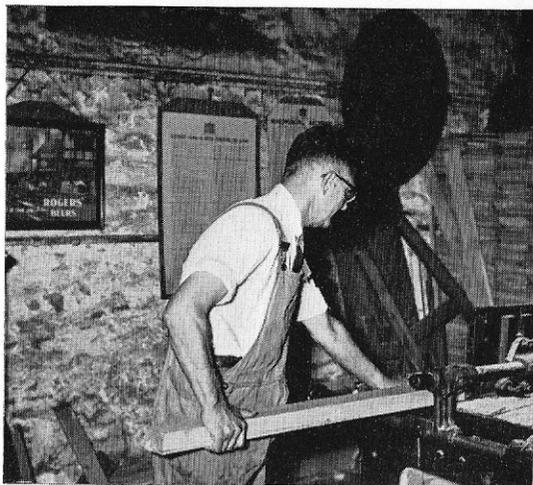
In charge of the wine and spirits store is Mr. C. G. Clark (right), who has been twenty-five years with the Branch.



Mr. A. E. Spriggs who has been in charge of the cellars for forty years. He would not hazard a guess at the number of casks he has handled in the time!

At the time of our visit Mr. J. C. Vickery was the Assistant Manager and he is seen here talking with Miss O. Hudson and Miss A. Sillick in the Correspondence Office.





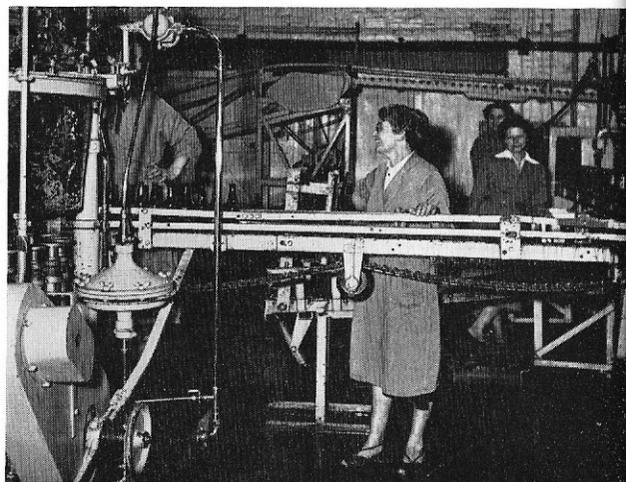
Mr. E. J. Burden, has thirty-seven years service and he is well experienced to undertake the repair of equipment which might range from a small stand to a marquee.



Examining a bottle of beer for colour and temperature is Mr. A. Halse (thirty-six years with the Company).

Clifton Rugby Football Club are other outstanding examples. All the principal hotels are supplied.

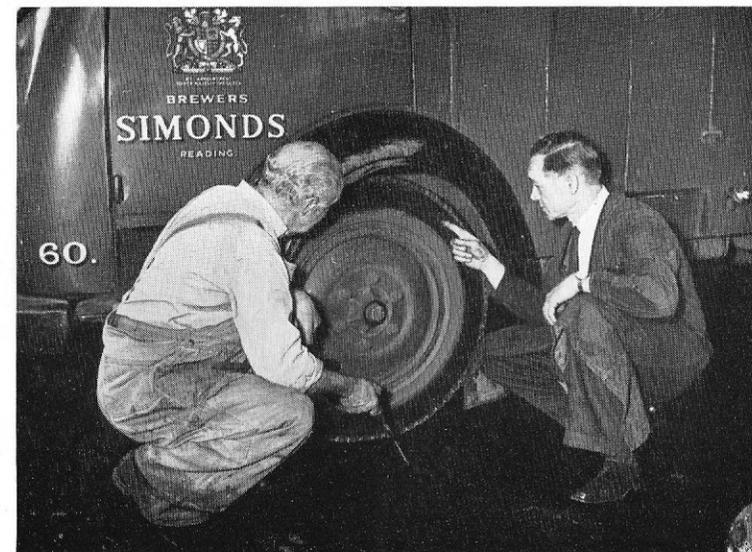
West of England people are renowned throughout the United Kingdom for their reluctance in accepting unproved goods for they like only the best. It says much for the quality of our beers therefore that our sales should have remained so consistent over the years, and should be showing an improvement. The staff at Bristol, too, are deserving of the highest praise for the manner in which they maintain our ideals of service.



One of the characters of the Branch is Miss Mary Winter (centre), who has twenty-seven years service and is the bottling forewoman with thirty women employees in her charge.



During our visit, Bristol's Goram Fair was in progress and this picture shows one of our trucks delivering supplies to the bar run by our friends, Morans (Bristol) Ltd.



On the right, pointing out a tyre defect is Mr. D. O. Waterman (thirty-seven years with the Company) who is in charge of Transport. With him in the picture is Mr. J. Bartlett.

The Championship Cup of the Swindon League was received by Mr. H. Usher, of the "George."



Pairs Champions of the Swindon League were Mr. J. Peapell and Mr. C. Brown, of the "Rose and Crown," Highworth. Receiving the trophy is the tenant, Mr. W. G. Brown.



Around the DARTS LEAGUES

Earlier this year the winners of the Newport and District Hop Leaf League received their awards from Mr. A. N. Phillips, the League's President, at the British Railway Staff Association Institute, Newport. Also present was Mr. S. C. Saunders, the Area Manager, and Mr. A. Morgan, the League Secretary. Winners were "Old White Lion" ('A' Division and Knock-out Competition), and "Ivy Bush" ('B' Division). Runners-up were the "Windsor Castle" and the "Isca Hotel" respectively.

At the presentation of prizes won in the Swindon Hop Leaf League, the Championship Cup was received by Mr. H. Usher, Captain of "The George,"

Swindon. Other trophies were won by Mr. G. Ferguson of "The Locomotive" (singles) and Mr. J. Peapell and Mr. C. Brown (pairs) of the "Rose and Crown," Highworth.

The annual trophies presentations of the Southern Clubs' Darts League took place on July 3rd, at the Tooting Conservative Club. There was a good gathering to welcome the President of the League, Mr. S. J. Sulston, who, before presenting the trophies reviewed the successful past season of the League, paying special tribute to the work of the Secretary, Mr. H. E. J. Hodder, and his Committee. He was particularly pleased that the prizewinners this year were

from nine different clubs. The Simonds Silver Challenge Cup was then presented to the Tooting Conservative Club, Champions, Premier Division, and other trophies to the various winners.

The "Black Horse," New Haw, Addlestone, Darts Team (Transport Section) reached the Finals of the National Golden Keg Rum Darts Competition, but, unfortunately, were defeated by the darts team from the "Kingsfield Hotel," Blookfield. During the competition, which lasted four rounds, all matches were played on their own boards before a neutral referee, against unknown opponents. The referee was required to verify the score and despatch it to the headquarters of the Competition, who notified competitors of the results a week or so later. In reaching the Finals, the four members of the team shared a prize of £50, and Mine Host, Mr. H. V. Harris, was the recipient of £10.

For three seasons the darts team of the "Commercial Hotel," Millbrook, have been playing in the Torpoint and District League, and their record has been a good

one—Runners-up 1954-55, League winners 1955-56, and now Challenge Cup winners.

They celebrated with an "At Home," and in accordance with custom the trophy was used as a loving cup and passed from hand to hand during the evening. With the licensee, Mr. C. Chelly, "presiding," the team captain, Mr. H. Clotworthy, called for a speech from Mr. A. Whitell, who recalled that he was the oldest club member, having been a regular at the "Commercial Hotel" since 1892. During the evening a collection was made for the blind of Cornwall. Team members besides Mr. Clotworthy were Messrs. H. Arnold, D. Crawford, F. Ware, J. Knight, M. R. Ward, A. Grylls, G. Lewis, J. Huggins and D. Garley.

Last but by no means least, let us raise our hats to the ladies and to the Ladies' Team of the "Bank Tavern," Aldershot, in particular. For they have a record we challenge any men's team to surpass. This is it—they have been winners of the Aldershot Darts League, Ladies' Section, for the years 1951-52, 1953-54, 1955-56, 1956-57.



Mr. A. N. Phillips, President of the Newport and District Hop Leaf Darts League, presenting the Championship Shield to the Captain of the "Old White Lion."



Members of the Commercial Hotel, Millbrook, darts teams at their "At Home" to celebrate their third successive win in local darts competitions.

Hop Leaves

Recently opened in Plymouth, Farnborough and Feltham are three new Arthur Cooper branches. The addresses are Britannia Wine Stores, Milehouse, Plymouth, 6 Park Terrace, Farnborough Road, Farnborough, Hants, and 220 Uxbridge Road, Feltham, Middx.

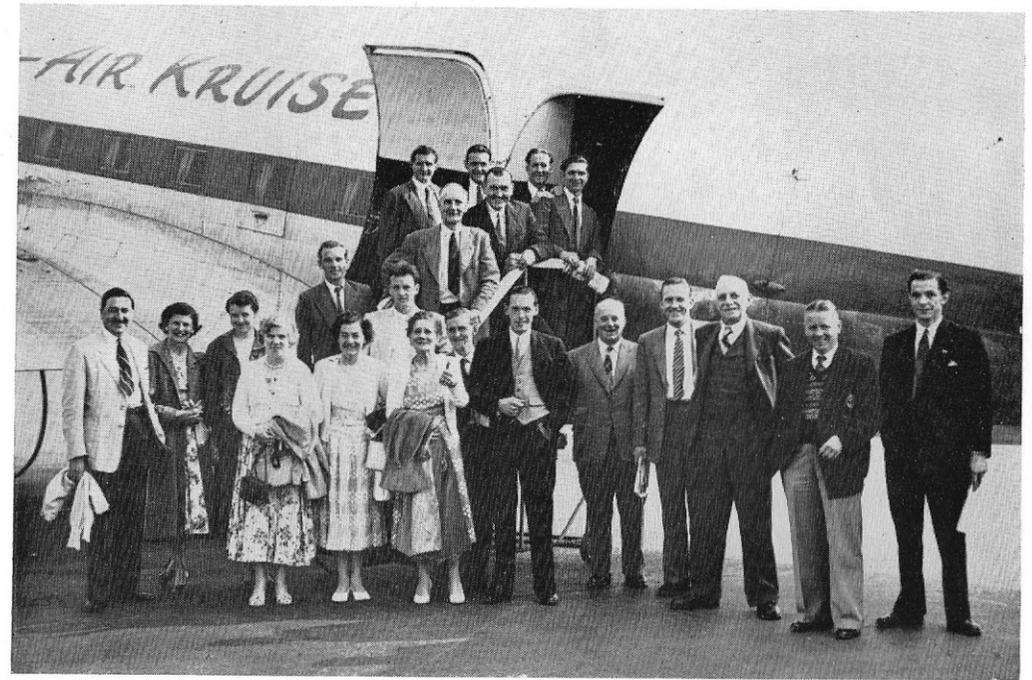
Congratulations to Mr. W. Huse, tenant of the "Black Dog" at Ashford, whose family tenancy of the house totalled fifty years last August. Mr. Huse succeeded his father who took over the house in 1907, when it was owned by Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd. From a price list of those days we noted that best bitter was 54 shillings a barrel and best bottled beers three shillings a dozen!

The "Pelican Inn," Pamber Heath, and the "Fox and Hounds," Tadley, were concerned in a cricket match early in August which attracted crowds sufficient to stop the traffic. The venue was the green outside the former house; the teams were drawn from each house and were competing for a silver challenge cup.



Mr. H. J. Clement, tenant of "The Lamb," Southall, with the giant cricket bat, which is competed for annually by teams from "The Lamb" and the "Wolf Inn."

Customers of the Pretoria Wine and Spirit Vaults at Okehampton on their annual outing to Paignton, where they visited the "London Inn" and Simonds Social Club.



Members of the Darts Club from "The Feathers," Basingstoke, at Blackbushe Airport before their day's outing to Le Touquet.

The scores were low, the Pamber Heath side raising only 22 runs, but were successful in dismissing their opponents for a mere thirteen. Umpires were Mr. G. Cottrell and Mr. H. Englefield. And if you are wondering why all the excitement, we had better tell you now that the two sides were ladies, which, we suggest, is a novel way of keeping customers friendly.

Another cricket match in the news was the "Battle for the Bat," an annual contest between "The Lamb," Southall, and the "Wolf Inn" of Norwood Green, Southall. The former house upheld the honour of Simonds by defeating their Taylor Walker opponents by two wickets and retaining the bat for another twelve months.

Customers of the Saloon Bar at the "College Arms," Reading, presented an engraved barometer to Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Pearson (the manager and his wife) before their departure to take up an appointment at the Hayes Football Club's Social Club.

Whilst excavating recently during alterations at the "Goldcroft Inn," Caerleon, a number of fragments of Roman pottery were unearthed. The curator of the local museum identified the fragments as parts of wine jars and drinking vessels dating back to the Roman occupation. The Ancient City of Caerleon has many historical associations and formed a military base for the Romans, which was founded about A.D. 75 by Legio 11 Augusta.

NATURE NOTES

by C.H.P.

During each August I often spend some delightful hours on the banks of the little River Pang near Bradfield. On a fine day thousands of tiny gnats can be seen buzzing just above the water's surface. A sudden gust of wind will send wave upon wave of these minute creatures away down stream for some yards. I watched them for a long time, and so far as I could see there was not one collision. How they managed to avoid one another as they sped to and fro in rapid flight was a complete mystery. There was no one-way traffic here and when motorists can thread their way safely through such crowds and with such wonderful precision, we shall have reached the motorists' millenium.

Voracious Creature

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

By the River Pang

large and small, in these, their happy hunting grounds, and you cannot fail to be struck by the variety and beauty of their colours. But do not run away with the idea that they can sting, because they have no apparatus with which to perform that unpleasant little ceremony.

It was pleasing to see and hear the grasshopper warbler again. There is no mistaking his peculiar note, very similar to the "chirping" of a grasshopper, though louder and much longer. If you pull your fishing line out from the winch you make a noise—for it is hardly musical—very much like that produced by our shy little friend the grasshopper warbler. He will have departed by the time these lines appear and if his "song" is not exactly melodious, it is very welcome for all that. This bird's nest is most difficult to find, but it is a very dainty little structure and the speckled rosy-white eggs are dainty too. *Bon voyage*, little bird! Come again next May, and gladden us with your presence and your song. I will call it a song, for I am sure your wife, at any rate, thinks there is none more musical!

Strange World

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

Reader's Letter

Dear Sir,

As a customer of the "Three Tuns," I was interested to see the photograph of this hotel in your Spring Edition.

I learn from the History of St. Peter's, by Edward W. Dormer, F.R.Hist.S., that our present enterprising licensee, Len Weller, is not the originator of the convivial evenings now held on Thursdays and Fridays (Talent Nights) but apparently the inspiration came from one, Henry Addington, first Viscount Sidmouth in 1798. To quote Mr. Dormer:

"Henry Addington of Bulmershe Court, Speaker of the House of Commons 1798, founded the Woodley Cavalry and George III, often referred to the Corps as his Woodley Yeomen and freely acknowledged their fitness and unswerving loyalty.

Colours were presented to the Reading Volunteers and Woodley Cavalry by Mrs. Addington in August 1798 and a sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Valpy at the consecration

of the Colours. The Woodley Cavalry consisted of three Officers and 54 men. Addington was in command. Edward Golding, of Maiden Erlegh, was Captain; Richard Palmer, of Holme Park, Sonning, was Lieutenant; and the Hon. Thomas Windsor was Cornet. Dr. Valpy, Headmaster of Reading School, was Chaplain. Among the privates appear such well known county names as Blgrave, Bulley Hare Earle, Monck, Simonds and Wheble. Sir Nathaniel Dukinfield, of Stanlake, Hurst, was the Inspecting Field Officer for the County. The Barracks of the Corps appear to have been some old cottages in Church Road, Earley, and the 'Three Tuns' inn was the Headquarters for many convivial gatherings, including the annual dinners."

I am sure Pte. Simonds was a most exemplary member of these gatherings; there is certainly no record in this History of his ever being "barred" by the Landlord.

Yours, etc.,

M. G. HENDY.

Reading.

OBITUARY

We deeply regret to announce the death (the news of which was received as we went to press) of **Mr. F. C. (Frank) Riden**, in his 74th year, suddenly at his residence, Saturday, 21st September, 1957.

Courtesy of the
Simonds family archives



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