

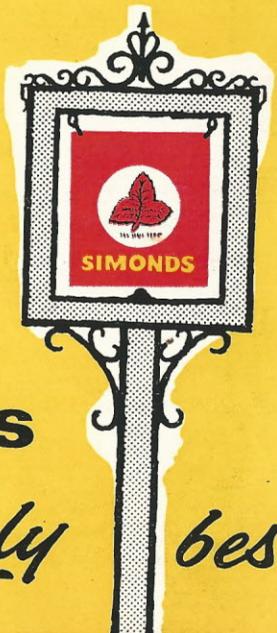
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**NEW LOOK**

in SIMONDS labels!

This NEW label, for S.B. LIGHT ALE, is the first of a series (based on the famous SIMONDS inn sign) specially designed to give a family likeness to some of SIMONDS popular beers.

Clear, modern, easy to pick out, these labels will make SIMONDS beers simpler to recognise than ever.



**SIMONDS** beers

*Now visibly best*

PRICE SIXPENCE

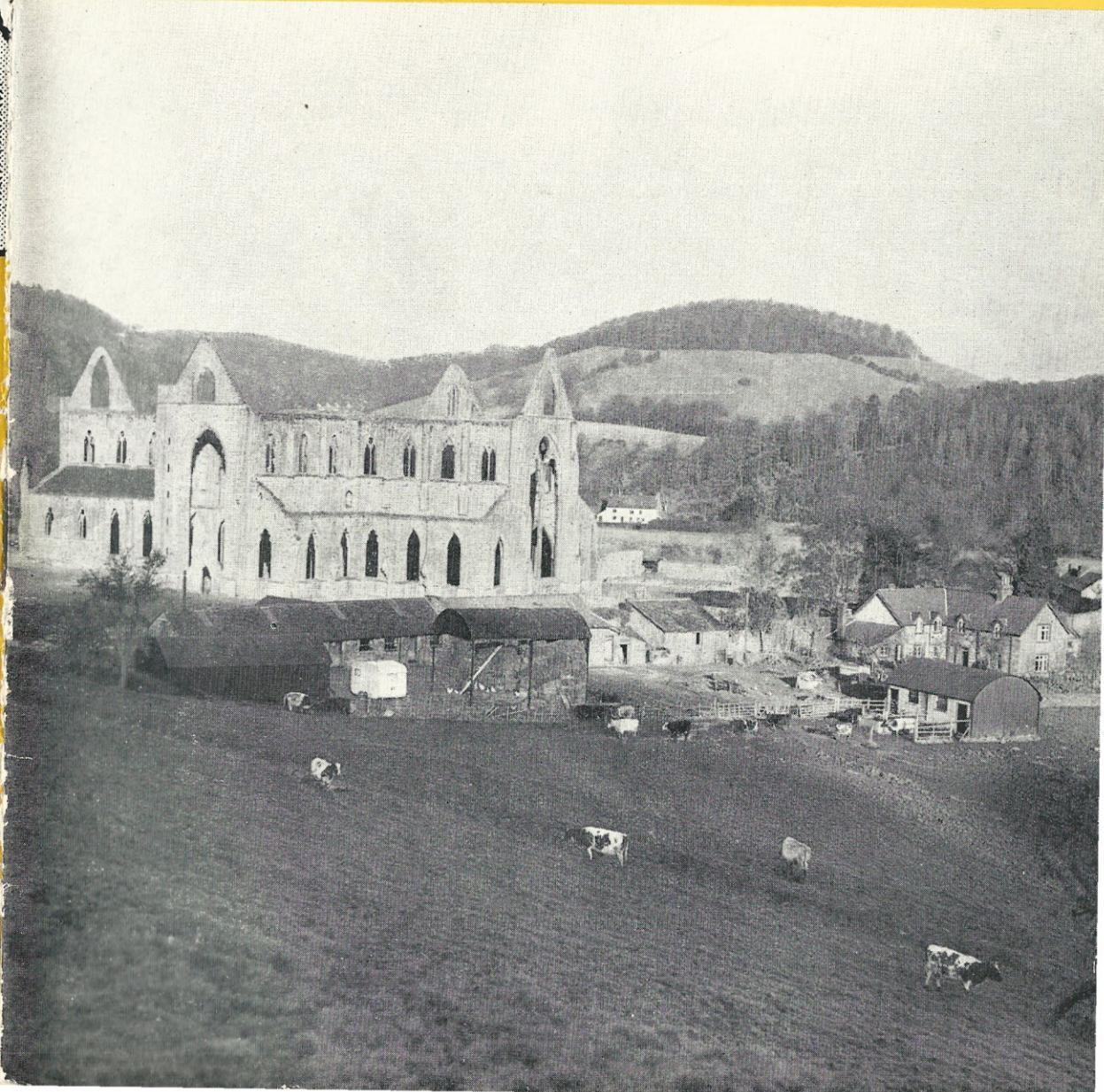
# Hop Leaf

THE HOP LEAF

## Gazette

SPRING 1958 • VOL. XXXII • NUMBER 2

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



# Hop



# Leaf

G A Z E T T E

THE JOURNAL of H. & G. SIMONDS LIMITED

FRONT COVER PICTURE

*The peace of the lovely Wye Valley is reflected in this study of Tintern Abbey standing on the banks of the River Wye*

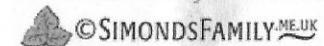
SPRING · 1958

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Courtesy of the  
Simonds family archives



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## Quarterly Comment

FILLED with fine thoughts impatient to be put on paper, we entered one of our houses intending to draft these notes in the company of a glass of Tavern.

The barmaid proffered our choice in an ordinary straight glass and returned to the business of a mild flirtation with her regular admirers. We counted ten unused and sparkling Tavern goblets on the shelf beside her.

Well, we have not the sort of face that incites pretty girls to forgo their normal preoccupations. Nevertheless, we reflected, it was no way to treat a champion ale.

We are not advocating high-pressure salesmanship, or even what is known as "after-sales-service"; the English pub is not the place for it. But few would agree that our champion ale had been accorded the respect due to it.

We digress, however, for our theme was to have been "Tavern in Cans."

Tavern in cans has many attractions for the approaching summer months in particular. It is ideal for picnics, river trips, and that peculiarly English institution, the coach tour. Yachtsmen and fishermen will appreciate its amenability in the matter of storage space. In this age of television what could be more pleasant than to see the intervals through with a Tavern straight from the "frig"? (Incidentally, the cans fit very nicely even into the smallest refrigerator.)

And no "returns" for crating!

No doubt there are many other lines of approach, so let us all give some thought to promoting this newest member of the Tavern family.

## "A.G.R." Retires

Too often, success and efficiency bring in their wake envy and the active dislike of subordinates and sometimes, even, of superiors.

A rare man escapes this predicament by virtue of character and transparent good nature.

Such a man was Mr. Alfred George Richardson, who retired from the position of Chief Accountant to H. & G. Simonds Ltd. in December, 1957.

"A.G.R.", as he was affectionately known, devoted 26 years of his working life to the Company—and the fruits of that association are plain to see on all sides.

His was the guiding hand behind the introduction of a modern system of accountancy by machines which swept away much of the drudgery of old-fashioned book-keeping. He played an important part in the formation of the firm's pension scheme which came into being in 1951.

For these two innovations alone he deserves to be long remembered.

When, in 1931, he became head of the accountancy department the assets of the Company stood at £3 million. In the following 26 years he watched them grow until they now exceed £12 million. "Watched" is perhaps too passive a



## 'A.G.R.' Retires

(CONTINUED)

word, but possibly only accountants can thoroughly appreciate the tremendous increase in responsibility and work that such a development entailed.

During the years 1936 to 1938 'A.G.R.' took a major part in a financial scheme involving the complete changing of the capital of the Company and the liquidation of several subsidiary companies.

Such then, and all too briefly, is the record of Mr. Richardson's long reign in the accountancy department.

His story of exceptional determination and accomplishment began in York in 1896—the year when the first balance sheet of H. & G. Simonds as a Limited Company was published in Reading.

At the outbreak of war he sacrificed a university career to join up, and at the age of 18 went to Flanders with the 49th (West Riding) Division (T.F.) in April, 1915.

After serving in the ranks for nearly two years he was granted a Commission in the field with the Royal Garrison Artillery. Subsequently he was seconded to the Royal Flying Corps.

Demobilized in the rank of Flying Officer he decided to take up accountancy in Bradford. He was elected an Associate of the Institute of Chartered Accountants in May, 1922, having qualified in the minimum time.

In September, 1931 'A.G.R.' forsook the North to take up the appointment which he filled with high distinction until his retirement. He was selected by the late Mr. Eric Simonds from over 600 fully qualified applicants.

Throughout the last war Mr. Richardson

was Chairman of the Advisory Council formed by the Directors. In the wider national field, he was a member of the Southern Region panel of the Ministry of Labour and National Service, and served on the Military Hardship Committee.

His great gifts were embellished by a warm humanity. That friends and colleagues from branches as far afield as Bristol and Devonport were present when he received farewell gifts is therefore hardly surprising.

Presenting a television set on behalf of the headquarters' staff, Mr. S. H. Spurling expressed the Company's gratitude and wished him health, happiness and long years of retirement.

Mr. A. E. Wake, speaking for the staff of our branches, said that 'A.G.R.' would be remembered as "a genial accountant" who had humanised the rather prosaic business of accountancy. He asked Mr. Richardson to accept a handsome cigar cabinet from members of the branches.

In his reply Mr. Richardson said that he left the firm with many happy memories. In the course of paying tribute to the staff and the board of directors for many years of friendship and co-operation, he recalled some very amusing incidents which delighted his listeners. He ended by thanking the staff for the charming bouquet which they had bought for his wife.

Finally, on 6th January, the Directors of the Company entertained Mr. Richardson to lunch. He was presented with a complete photographic and cinematographic outfit in recognition of his outstanding service.

There can be few readers who are unaware of the contribution 'A.G.R.' has made to the welfare of the Company. All will surely join us in wishing him and Mrs. Richardson great contentment in retirement—a contentment so richly earned.

## OLYMPIAN FARE

*A great success at the Salon Culinaire*

*Internationale de Londres, 1958*

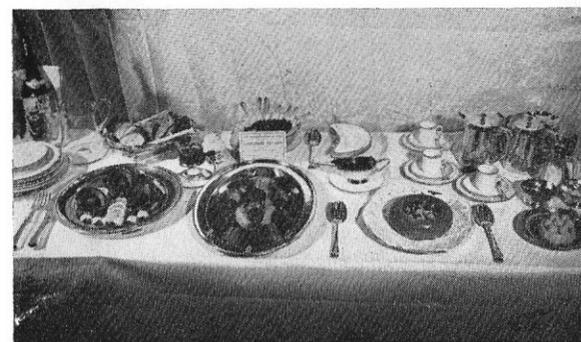
Following the Company's success at the 1957 Brewers' Exhibition, our Hotels and Restaurants achieved high awards at the Salon Culinaire Internationale de Londres held at Olympia in January.

In the face of competition from leading Continental and British hotels, the *Packhorse Hotel*, Staines, was awarded the Silver Challenge Trophy, Gold Medal and a cash award of £10 for the second time in Class 32. The Silver Medal and cash prize of £7 10s. 0d. in the same class was awarded to the *Grapes Tavern and Restaurant*, Windsor.

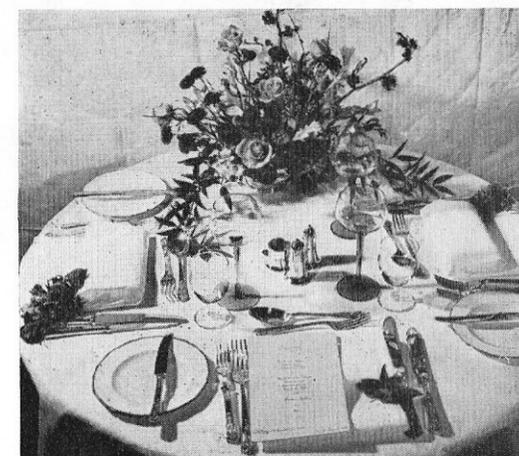
In Class 3, the Third Prize and Bronze Medal was won by the *Queen's Hotel*, Farnborough.

Competitors in Class 32 were required to provide two tables—one completely laid for three couverts for lunch, and the other for the display of all dishes and their accompaniments. The menu and display had to be capable of being prepared in the competitor's own establishment. In all, 102 pieces of equipment were used in the *Packhorse Hotel's* exhibit and a slightly lesser number in the case of the *Grapes Tavern*.

We offer our sincere congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Nias, of the *Packhorse Hotel*, and Mr. and Mrs. Burton, of the *Grapes Tavern and Restaurant*. Their achievements reflect the greatest credit on our Company.



*Of the "Packhorse Hotel" entry J. J. Morel, the famous critic, said: "None but the brave would dare to compete. The honours were well deserved. A nice menu, good table appointments and clever presentation."*



# Tavern is Televised

## *From the South Wales Station*

"Seeing is believing" runs the old saying—and therein lies the force of the television screen.

As Welsh and Bristol area friends will know, our Company has taken full advantage of this latest medium of publicity to strengthen our highly successful press and poster campaign for Tavern Export Ale.

The photographs on this page were taken on the set during the making of films, the first of which was transmitted from the South Wales Station on 25th February. They will be screened regularly until the end of April.

Emphasis throughout is on Tavern Ale as a quality product and reaction to the Company's new advertising venture has been decidedly favourable.

We are confident that our managers, tenants and Free Trade customers in the areas covered by the South Wales transmitter will be quick to take advantage of a golden opportunity to enhance the sales of the "Rolls Royce of Ales."



*Mr. S. H. Spurling outlines the Tavern Sales Campaign scheme to Tenants and Managers at the "Packhorse Hotel," Staines.*

## *The Personal Approach*

In a highly competitive world such as we live in it is not enough merely to produce a high quality commodity. It must be publicised with skill and, above all, with good taste. Further, there must be a sales policy which is thoroughly understood and appreciated by all concerned.

To this end our Company has inaugurated a series of Sales Conferences at which the Tavern Sales Campaign is explained in full detail to tenants and managers by Mr. E. D. Simonds and Mr. S. H. Spurling in person.

The first conference was held at the *Packhorse Hotel*, Staines, on 29th November, and those attending were shown suggested back fitting displays for Tavern Ale, advertising material, press advertisements and attractive Tavern mats and trays for use in bars.

A much appreciated feature of the conference was "Question Time" when Mr. Simonds and Mr. Spurling answered questions on many aspects of the campaign put to them from the floor.

The Conferences undoubtedly mark a new and highly personal stage in the marketing of the finest ale produced in this country.



*After the conference tenants spent some time looking at a suggested back fitting display and filling up their order forms for advertising material.*

## New Appointments



F. L. B. ABBOTT

MR. F. L. B. ABBOTT was appointed to succeed Mr. A. G. Richardson to the position of Chief Accountant as from 1st January, 1958.

For the past twenty years he has been chief assistant to Mr. Richardson and like his predecessor came 'down south' to pursue his calling.

We wish him every success in his appointment.



M. F. RIDLER

We also extend our congratulations to MR. M. F. RIDLER, who was appointed Assistant Manager at Plymouth on 1st April.

He started his career in the Brewing Industry in 1937 at Bristol. After war service in Europe and the Middle East he was appointed a Public House Inspector in October, 1946. An appointment as Free Trade Representative followed some twelve months later, and from February, 1950, he held a similar position in the South Wales Area. He was appointed Assistant Manager at Bristol on 1st October, 1957.

Congratulations, too, to MR. C. R. WYATT upon his appointment as Assistant Manager, Estates Department, Reading, on 1st April.

He joined the Company at Devonport in 1935, and has had experience as Public House Inspector and as Free Trade Representative in South and East Devon.

MR. J. W. VICKERY has taken up the appointment as Assistant Manager, Bristol Branch.

This well deserved promotion follows wide experience gained both in the Tied and Free Trade in Reading and Swindon.

He has previously spent some time in the Bristol area and his many friends there will join us in wishing him every success.



C. R. WYATT



J. W. VICKERY

## Farewell to George Rose

### Retirement of a popular Reading Tenant

Few licensees can claim such a fine record of service to the Company as Mr. George Rose. With real regret we record his retirement from the *Oxford Arms*, Reading—the licence of which he held continuously for 49 years. Unfortunately, the space occupied by his popular house is required by the Reading Corporation for development.

In his new and well-earned leisure Mr. Rose can look back on a life of unusual variety. He has been in his time a chimney-sweep, a bottle-washer at the Brewery (when this work was done entirely by hand) and a professional boxer of repute. Students of the ring will remember that he was light-heavyweight champion of Berks, Bucks and Oxon in 1911, and fought against many of the great ones of yesteryear.

He is a well-known pigeon fancier and has won many prizes for long-distance races.

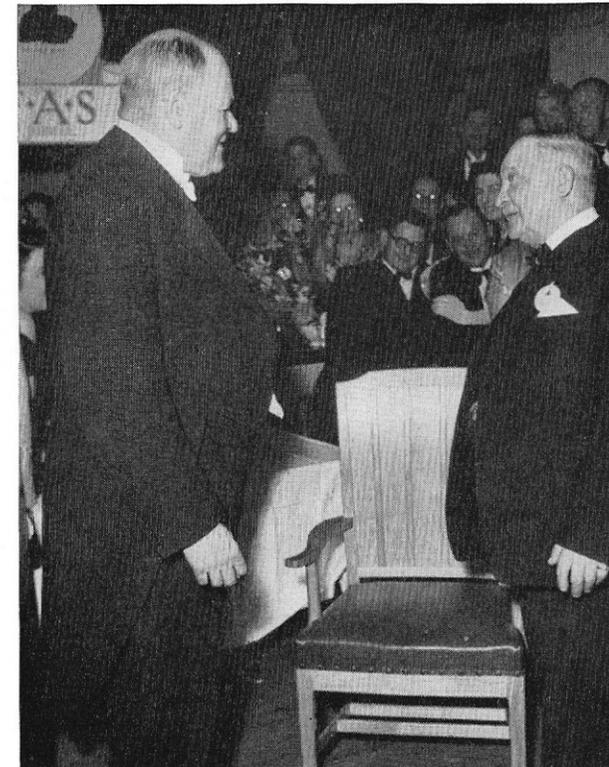
To mark his excellent record, a suitably engraved silver tankard was presented to him at the *Oxford Arms* by Mr. S. H. Spurling on behalf of the Company. From his many friends in Reading he also received a fine easy chair.

We are sure all our readers join us in wishing him many years of happiness surrounded by good friends.



Surrounded by old and new friends Mr. George Rose (RIGHT) receives a fine easy-chair. Behind him stands Mr. S. H. Spurling who had earlier presented him with an engraved silver tankard

This was, perhaps, his "finest hour." Some years ago he was chosen to present a gift on behalf of our tenants to our late and much loved Chairman, Mr. F. A. Simonds.



## In Memoriam

# C.H.P.

Which page of the GAZETTE do you read first? Many of you, we know, turn immediately to "Nature Notes by C.H.P."

You will not, alas, find them in this issue, or ever again. With genuine sorrow we record the passing of a distinguished and able colleague.

To the late Charles Henry Perrin this journal owes much. He was for many years its editor and, later, when he had retired from that position, a regular contributor of profound knowledge and grace.

Mr. Perrin began his working life as a journalist and was, in turn, newspaper reporter and editor. In 1923 he renounced journalism in favour of an outdoor life and joined the travelling staff of our Company. Blessed with vigour and a warm regard for his fellows he rapidly became

one of our most popular Representatives.

His talents were of an unusual order. A brilliant writer and conversationalist, he was also a gifted athlete, achieving high distinction in cricket, football, boxing and tennis. He had few equals as an angler. As many of our readers will know, he was a hard man to beat at coarse fishing and had a cunning hand when casting for the wily trout.

His writings on bird life were widely published and stand as a lasting and elegant memorial to his erudition and command of the English language.

"C.H.P." was of that school (now, unfortunately, not held in the regard which it deserves) which found deep happiness in Nature and delighted in recording what he observed with the pen of a craftsman.

## Newbury Licensed Victuallers Banquet

We are always delighted to introduce our readers to good friends of the Company. In this photograph, taken at the recent Newbury Licensed Victuallers Banquet, are (left to right) Mr. F. W. Freeman, our Home Trade Manager, Mr. J. Robinson, Mrs. Freeman, Mr. F. Osgood (Manager of the Newbury Racecourse) and Mrs. M. I. Robinson (Catering Manageress of A.W.R.E., Aldermaston).

# GOLD MEDAL DINNER

## General Sir Miles Dempsey congratulates the Brewing Staffs on our Exhibition successes

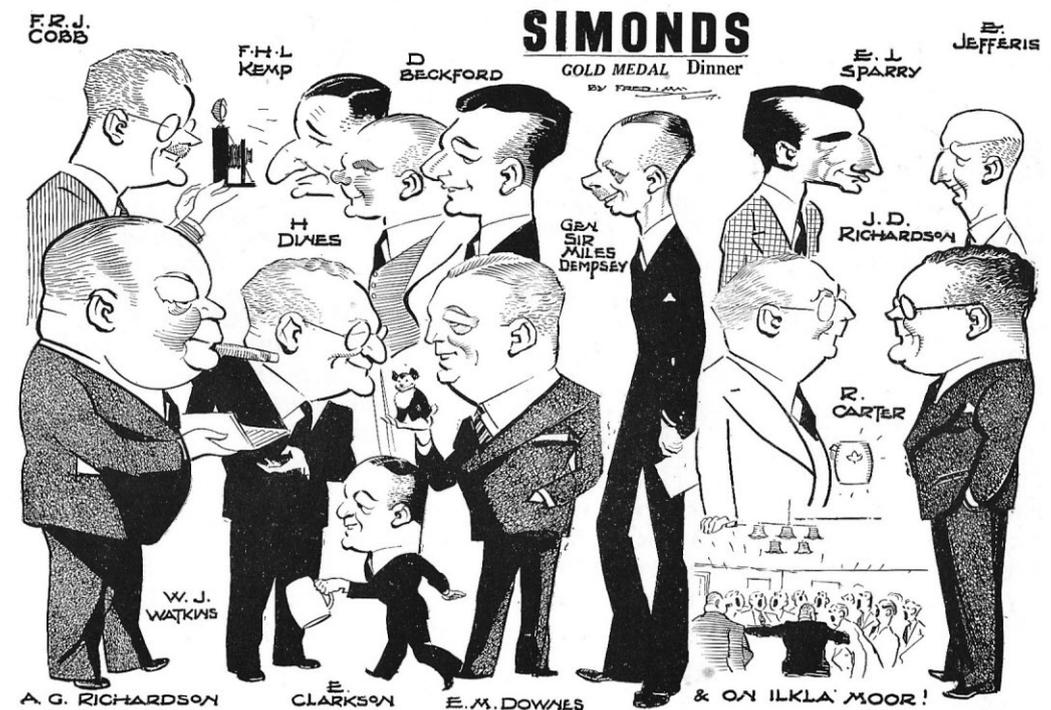
A Dinner was given by the Directors to members of the Brewing Staffs at Reading, Newport and Devonport on Friday, 22nd November, 1957, at the *Ship Hotel*, Reading, to celebrate their successes in the Brewers' Exhibition. General Sir Miles Dempsey was in the Chair.

After meeting for aperitifs before dinner the company sat down to a beautifully prepared table decorated with cyclamen and hop leaves and a first-class

dinner was served under the personal supervision of Mr. J. Hastings. Roast beef of Old England featured on the menu and this was toasted with E.I.P.A. and Tavern (both prize-winning beers) in silver tankards. The latter, we are bound to record, were regrettably missing on the following morning!

The Chairman spoke of the great successes achieved, and after reading the list of awards he congratulated Mr.

*Some of the guests as seen by Mr. Fred May the popular cartoonist of the 'Reading Standard.'*



## GOLD MEDAL DINNER

(CONTINUED)

Downes, our Head Brewer and Director, and all his staffs at the three Breweries. As a token of the Board's appreciation he presented Mr. Downes with a set of 12 English cut-glass claret glasses and 12 cut-glass champagne glasses. Mr. Downes was also presented with a "kitten" by the Brewing Staff at Reading.

Mr. Downes thanked the Chairman and the Board for their generous gesture and his staff for all the hard work involved in this great achievement.

Also present were : Messrs. F. H. V. Keighley, E. D. Simonds, R. B. St. J. Quarry, K. P. Chapman, C. J. M. Downes, E. J. Hollebone, W. J. Watkins, J. E. G. Rowland, F. E. R. Phipps, S. N. Bennett, F. H. L. Kemp, P. I. C. Hill, E. W. Clarkson, I. A. Clinch, E. Jefferies, H. Dines, F. R. J. Cobb, E. L. Spary, D. W. Beckford, E. Barrett, R. Skidmore, R. Weller, R. Carter, E. G. Martin, L. E. Harrison.

*Editor's postscript.* It is with relief and pleasure that, as we go to press, we can reveal that the "missing" tankards have all been recovered, and that new ones have been presented by the Board to those present at the dinner to mark their participation in the various successes.

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

At Christmas last year I had occasion to stay at the Crown Hotel, Cirencester. This was not, alas, for a celebration ; my son, his wife and their two children were driving from Gloucester to spend Christmas with me when they were involved in a head-on collision at Fairford—and were all taken to Cirencester Hospital. I am thankful to say there was not a fatality.

My object in writing this letter is to acquaint you with the very great personal kindness shown both by your manager and his wife and the excellent service we received in every way from the staff. Owing to the worry at the time, I regret to say their names have slipped my memory.

Yours sincerely,

G. F. P. Healey.

London, S.W.2.

Dear Sir,

May I, through the medium of your columns, express the gratitude of my mother and myself for the lovely flowers forwarded by the Directors and Staff and by the Delivery and Transport Department in memory of my father?

We are also most grateful for all the sympathetic messages received and to those who were able to attend the crematorium service.

Yours sincerely,

Eric Kirby.

Major E. W. Kirby,  
5 Base Ammunition Depot, R.A.O.C.,  
Advance Base (BRT. Forces),  
British Forces P.O. 21.



## Fancy Meeting You!

Two very well-known characters at Reading are Umpire and Tinker. And we don't just mean at the Brewery, where they are on the staff of the Transport Manager, Mr. F. E. Dryden. For this fine pair are well-known around the town, too. When they are making deliveries it

is quite usual for complete strangers to stop, rub their noses, and pass on muttering to themselves : "How nice ; how very nice to see them again !"

We are indebted to Mr. J. E. Green, of Bolton, who took this photograph while passing through Reading.

## How long to convert a boat?

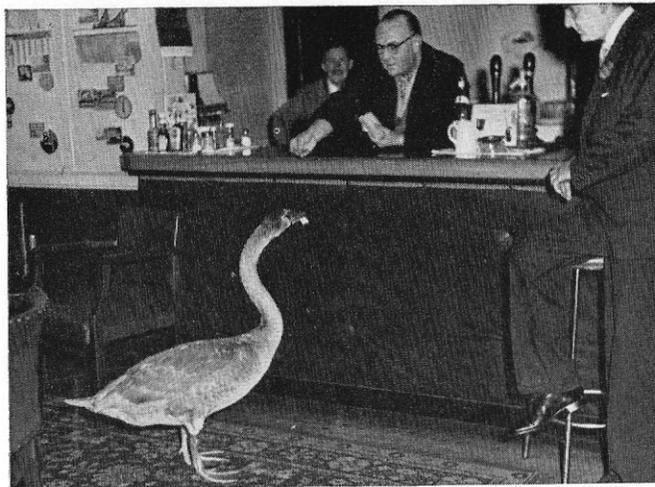
Nearly twenty years ago Mr. Ernest Arnold, of Kintbury, near Newbury, bought for £60 an ex-naval pinnace ; an open boat of teak, complete with steam engine and brass funnel.

He planned to convert it into a cabin cruiser and berthed it in a yacht basin at Brentford. But, unfortunately for Mr. Arnold the job took him much longer than he expected and, of course, the war

put him back several years.

A day a fortnight Mr. Arnold spends working on his vessel, which he intends to use for river cruising, and he anticipates that he will need another two or three years to get it shipshape.

But in addition to being an obvious Simonds man, Mr. Arnold is a man with a sense of humour. The name of his craft is *Hop Leaf*.



## Just Swanning Around

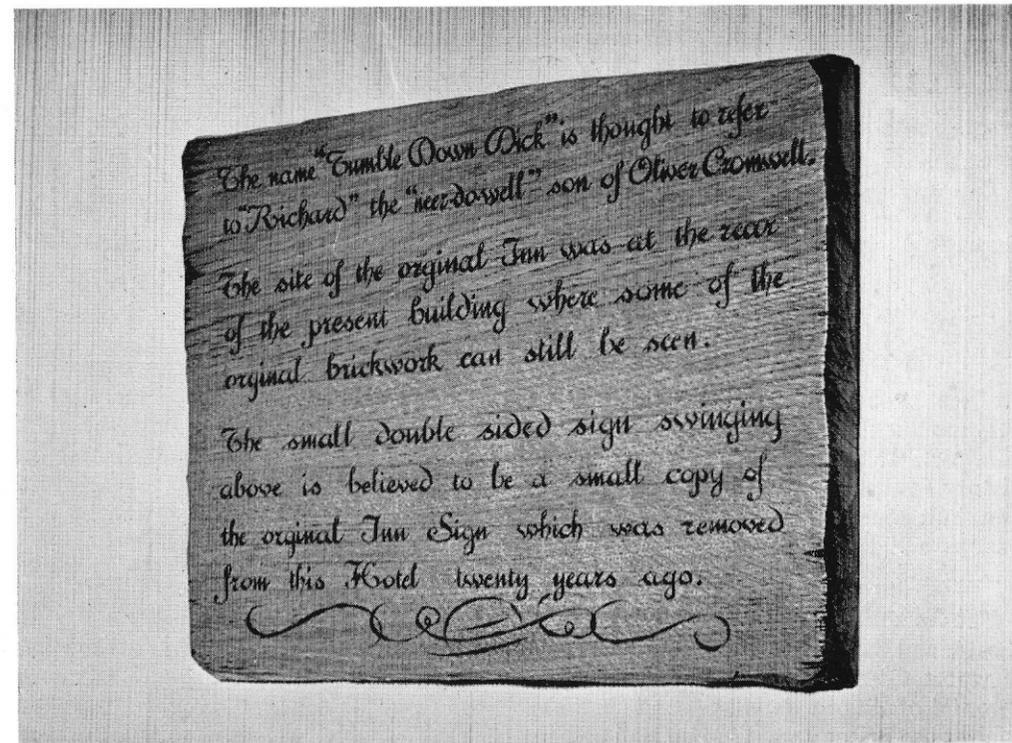
An unusual visitor calls in the River Bar at the *Pack Horse Hotel*, Staines, every morning soon after opening time. This unusual visitor is "Cecilia"—a cygnet, who, without an invitation, customers or not, waits patiently at the counter to be fed with slices of bread. "Cecilia" is somewhat of a connoisseur, since the only tit-bits she accepts must be soaked in Best Bitter; tit-bits soaked in Mild are

refused with contempt!

Mr. G. Hutton, who is in charge of this bar and "Cecilia" (or perhaps we shall have to change it to "Cecil") have struck up a real friendship, which is not just a case of "cupboard love," for Cecilia, even if some distance away, will come paddling through the water and up to the pontoon as soon as she hears Mr. Hutton call her name.

## Beer and Cheese Tasting at Caversham

Another successful beer and cheese tasting in which we participated was held at the *Grosvenor House Hotel*, Caversham, on the 26th November, 1957. About 250 members of the Reading and District Grocers', Licensed Victuallers' and Caterers' Association attended. Among the speakers was Mr. E. M. Downes, our Director and Head Brewer, who spoke of the connection between English cheese and beer.



## INFORMATION SERVICE!

From Bridgend and London we received letters asking about our recently re-opened Hotel at Farnborough—the *Tumbledown Dick*—details of which appeared in our last issue. Both readers wanted to know how the house received its unusual name.

Ever anxious to please, we made the necessary enquiries, and even photographed the results so that all our readers can see for themselves! The sign and notice hang in the hall of the hotel.



# The Areas We Serve

## NEWPORT-CRWR DA ICHW

(GOOD BEER FOR YOU)

At the mouth of the River Usk in Monmouthshire stands the town of Newport. It has a link with early British history from the days when the Romans and subsequent invaders, such as the Saxons and the Normans, settled in our land.

The Roman Legionary Fortress, Amphitheatre and Barrack Buildings at Caerleon, Newport County Borough's fragmentary records of Saxon landings and battles against the Britons and the Norman castle on the Usk in Newport itself, subscribe to the area's background.

Industrially and commercially in this modern day, Newport derives its

prosperity from coal and mineral transport. The mining valleys to the north and north-westward, the iron, steel and aluminium industries and the shipyards use Newport as their sea station.

In the way of relaxation, Newport has many open spaces in which adults stroll and children play; also there are the public libraries, museum, art gallery, Little Theatre, sports clubs and, of course, the "pubs."

With a feeling for history and a liking for modern relaxation based upon the old, a tour of public houses in and around Newport brought to notice the attractive and comfortable *Greenhouse* in Cwmbran.

(LEFT) Ruined Tintern Abbey in the lovely Wye Valley. (RIGHT) Overlooking the Roman diggings on the heights of St. Julians stands the half-built "Centurion" which our Company will open this summer.



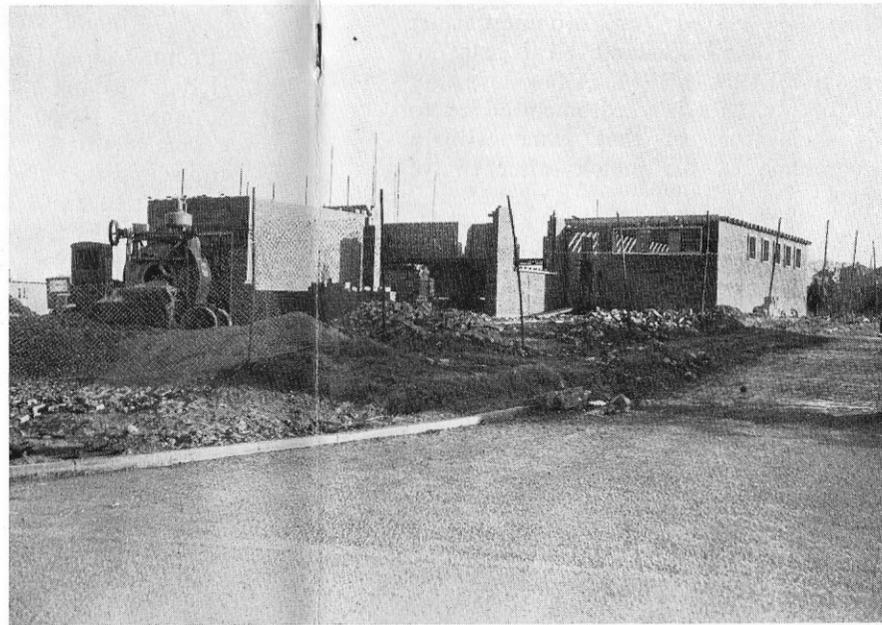
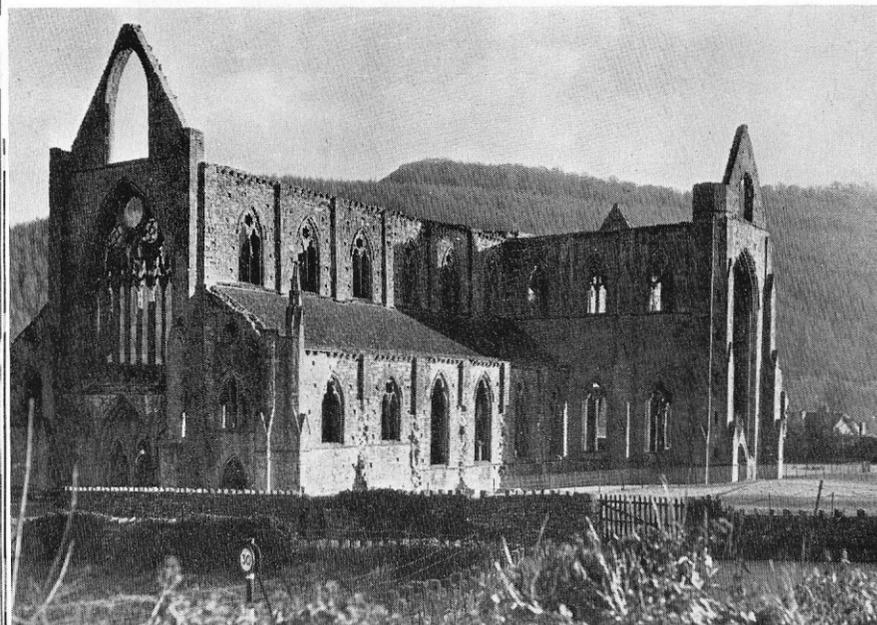
The old Welsh sign above the door of the "Greenhouse" in Cwmbran, formerly a grain house in the grounds of Llantarnam Abbey. Translated it reads: 'Good beer and cider for you. Come in and you shall approve it.'

Genial Mr. Ronald Burge knows a little of his hotel's former days when the building was a grain house in the grounds of Llantarnam Abbey, which is now a convent. The building's old use gave rise to its more modern name when the grain house became the *Greenhouse* as far back as 1719.

Over the main entrance is an old Welsh sign which reads:—

Y TY GWYRYDD  
1719  
CWRW DA A SEIDIR ICHWI  
DEWCH Y MEWN CHWI  
GEWCHY BROFI

Translation of this was lost in the intervening period, as far as Mr. Burge knows, until his wife's uncle, Mr. Gray Davis, a scientist with the National Coal Board, deciphered it as:—





*Mrs. Pamela Maxwell interrupts a game of cribbage at the "Greenhouse" with pints of beer for Mr. Charles Evans, a customer for 35 years, Mr. A. T. Elston, Mr. Ronald Burge (the licensee) and Mr. H. Beard.*

THE GREENHOUSE  
1719

GOOD BEER AND CIDER FOR YOU  
COME INSIDE AND YOU SHALL APPROVE IT



*Mr. Frank Morris, licensee of the "Pontnewydd Hotel," Cwmbran, discusses rugger with his patrons.*

Also in Cwmbran, which lies on Newport's outskirts, we found Mr. Frank Morris pulling a pint in his *Pontnewydd Hotel*. An ex-footballer, Mr. Morris told how he played for and skippered the Pill Harriers Rugby Club team before the last war. Afterwards, he played with Newport and was twice reserve for Wales and once played against Scotland at Swansea. Standing on his bar is the ball used when he played for Monmouthshire against a New Zealand Kiwi team at Pontypool Park in 1946. A few days ago, one of Mr. Morris's customers added to his mementoes of that game with a programme of the match—after twelve years!

The grace and charm of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Grayson, of the *Waterloo Inn*, also in Cwmbran, ensures a big batch of regulars. The hotel, which was modernised two years ago, was on the original 1874 schedule of our Company's predecessors



in the area, Phillips & Sons Ltd. Before Phillips were absorbed by us nine years ago, they perpetuated a darts trophy which last year was won by the *Waterloo Inn's* ladies' team, with Mrs. Grayson as a player. The team also won the Challenge Cup last year of our "Hop Leaf" League.

Continuing in and around Newport, we found the *White Hart* alongside the market. The house, run by Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Davies, is one of three to have a special "market licence" which permits opening from 11.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. and from 8 to 10 p.m.—but on market days only.

Although Tuesdays and Wednesdays are both market days, the latter is by far the busier. Farmers and porters pack the bars and, for farmers wishing to talk business, there is a special room reserved for them alone.

As a memento of more contemporary history, Mr. Davies proudly displays a bottle of King's Ale which was specially bottled in February, 1902, in honour of Edward VII's Coronation. Mr. Davies

*The game of darts over, Mr. and Mrs. Grayson return to the other side of the bar to dispense friendly hospitality to some of their customers in the modern attractive saloon.*

*Welsh "airs and graces" from Mrs. C. Davies, wife of the licensee of the "White Hart," Newport. Mr. Davies hands a beer to Mr. Bill Stafford.*





Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ferguson, tenants of the "Isca Hotel," welcome a former licensee, Mr. Billy Harris (third from left), while customers Mr. W. Griffiths, Mr. A. G. Williams and Mr. C. Mainwaring lend an ear to tales of the old days.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Jim Rock, of the "Cross Hands Hotel" on the Chepstow Road, Newport, prepare for their lunch-time customers.

found it amongst the stock when he became the tenant 18 months ago, and it has pride of place on the shelves in the bar.

On the Chepstow road, in Newport, stands the *Isca Hotel* run by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ferguson. While dealing with the brisk morning trade, Mr. Ferguson told modestly of his start as a page boy in Port Talbot, his rise to head waiter in Pontypridd, army life in World War II when he became light-weight champion of the 15th Welsh Battalion and of his management of the *Cross Hands* farther out on the Chepstow road.

Scene of the hotel's darts team's competitions in the "Hop Leaf" league, and Lodge meetings, the *Isca* has an old foundation for its popularity. The former licensee, 76-year-old Mr. Billy Harris, who is well-known locally and throughout Great Britain as a dog expert and a steward at horse shows, was one of

Mr. Ferguson's customers at our time of calling.

A member of Phillips' office staff many years ago, Mr. Harris showed us the gold watchchain he won as first prize in a 120 yards' flat race at the Abertillery athletics meeting in 1902.

We called in at the *Cross Hands*, formerly managed by Mr. Ferguson, to see Mr. and Mrs. Jim Rock. The hotel was formerly a country pub until expanding Newport absorbed the area. With the growth in trade, the hotel was rebuilt in 1931. Sporting discussions are customers' main topics as the Newport Football Club ground and dog track is nearby.

Mr. Graham Davis, licensee of the *Lliswerry Hotel*, probably has more football discussions in his bar as, apart from the premises also being near the football ground, Mr. Davis was a professional soccer player until five years ago. He

Former soccer player, Mr. Graham Davis, of the "Lliswerry Hotel," Newport, bowls in the hotel's new skittles alley, watched by Messrs. Terry Yarnold, Lawrence Abghan Alan Holloway and John Miller.



proudly showed a tankard he has for playing in the final of the Southern League Cup several years ago while a member of Colchester United.

Extensive renovations and alterations were made to the house four years ago when Mr. and Mrs. Davis became the managers. Customers form ladies' and men's teams to play skittles in the hotel's modern alley, then compete against other teams in the district.

In Commercial Road there stands the *Windsor Castle* with another ex-footballing mine-host, Danny Newall. Mr. Newall played for Newport County F.C. for 17 years, and was skipper for four, until he retired 18 months ago.

An all-footballing family, Mr. Newall's brother-in-law, Billy Lucas, a former player for Wales, is now Newport Manager. Another brother-in-law, Ken Sargeant, plays for the Newport Rugby team. Mr. Newall's sporting interests must impress his customers because the *Windsor Castle's* men's darts team last year scooped the pool in the Pill League



*A customer of the "Windsor Castle" contributes a few more pence in aid of the Monmouth Blind.*

by winning the Fours, Pairs and Individual competitions. And the men's table skittles team won their Championship too. The cups on the bar shelves back all this up!

The counter of *The Rising Sun*, at High Cross, Cefn, bears an interesting 40-year-old brass cork extractor, which was in common use before crown bottle tops were developed. Its operation was explained by Mr. Stan Gadd, the present tenant, who has been in the hotel business for 35 years.

A Captain with the Royal Gloucester Hussars Yeomanry in World War I, Mr. Gadd recalls that he and his sister, Mrs. M. Cox, formerly of the *Old Swan* at Abercarn, sang in a 6,000 strong Welsh choir at the Festival of Empire in 1911 at the Crystal Palace. A photograph of the choir hangs on the bar wall of *The Rising Sun* and, with a magnifying glass, Mr. Gadd can be seen.



*The "Fwrrwm Ishta" stands sturdily and hospitably at the foot of the hills in Machen. In olden days the squire held court here and settled local disputes.*

Rich in names, this part of the country can provide many with very old origin. The *Fwrrwm Ishta* at Machen has an old meaning behind its name. Mr. Jesse Smart, aged 75, and one of the house's regulars, agrees with freelance writer, John Harries, that it originated before the days of local government when the squire heard disputes at the "local." The present tenant, Mr. J. A. Evans, says that, translated, the name of the house means "The bench of the court."

History was again unfolded when we visited the *Goldcroft Inn* at Caerleon. Standing near the old Roman Amphitheatre, recent extensions to the building led to the discovery of broken Roman pottery dating, according to experts to A.D. 80-100. Some of these remains are in our Company's office in Newport. The tenant, Mrs. Gwendoline Jones, says that the now-disused racecourse is the scene of summer excavations by archaeological students.



*A chat over the bar is enjoyed at the "Halfway Hotel," Cwmbran, by the licensee, Mr. W. G. Fice and a regular patron, Mr. E. Haskey.*



*Mr. Stan Gadd, of the "Rising Sun," High Cross, looks at a photograph of the Welsh Choir taken at the Empire Festival in 1911.*



*Leaning against the porch-post of the charming "Wain-y-Clare" near Pontypool, tenant Mr. Danny McCarthy enjoys a lunchtime joke with some customers from the nearby factory of the British Nylon Spinners Limited.*

Imagination and thought by the licensee of the *Wain-y-Clare*, Mr. Danny McCarthy, has made this Eastern Valley house, near Pontypool, a favourite in the district, and particularly for the employees at the British Nylon Spinners factory opposite.

With its ship's wheels, ship's and carriage lamps, and old horse brass, Mr. McCarthy's enterprise has earned him a reputation far afield. Last Christmas he received cards from former guests resident in Canada, Australia, Singapore, Hong Kong and the U.S.A. When it is "Time,

gentlemen, please," Mr. McCarthy rings out the news on a ship's bell.

The lure of the lovely Wye Valley had us motoring past Chepstow Golf Club and Racecourse, through Tintern Forest to see the ancient dignity of Tintern Abbey's roofless shell. Founded in 1131, it stands near the *Rose and Crown* run by Mr. and Mrs. F. Curthoys. Their "pub" looks over the River Wye to hilly green fields through which walkers stroll each summer. This white, tiled roofed house is also a stop-over for many a canoeist making his expedition through the Valley of the Wye.



*"The Rose and Crown" nestles in Tintern Village and is well-known to all who make the journey to see the ruins of which Wordsworth wrote so movingly in his famous poem.*



*The "Old Globe" at Rogerstone stands between road and railway.*

More recent history surrounds the *Lyceum Tavern* in Malpas Road, Newport. It was built late last century as the home of the late Sir Henry Irving, to his architect brother's design. Sir Henry never lived in the house and it became an off-licence 60 years ago. The present managers, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Morgan, were granted the first licence five years ago. The house was named after the London theatre where Sir Henry earned most success as a great Shakespearian actor.

This new house, which will open in the summer, is a £20,000 project which will have an uninterrupted view of the Roman diggings on the Centurion plateau.

Finally, as if to demonstrate that progress is both important to our survival and part of our Company's plans, we visited the half-built *Centurion* on the heights of St. Julians, Newport.

Thus we have again that combination of history and modernity for which this part of the country is so famous. It is perhaps the right note on which to look back and



*Assistant Branch Manager, Mr. S. B. Farmer, presents another lucky horseshoe for the bar of the "St. Julians Hotel," Christchurch, near Newport.*

to say goodbye to that mystic county in which so many men have died over the centuries to maintain their independence. Proud people they are indeed in Monmouthshire, but they are also among the most hospitable.



*The "Lyceum Tavern," Newport, formerly the home of Sir Henry Irving, is in the friendly charge of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morgan. Mr. Morgan points to a poster advocating the repeal of the no-drinks-on-Sunday law.*

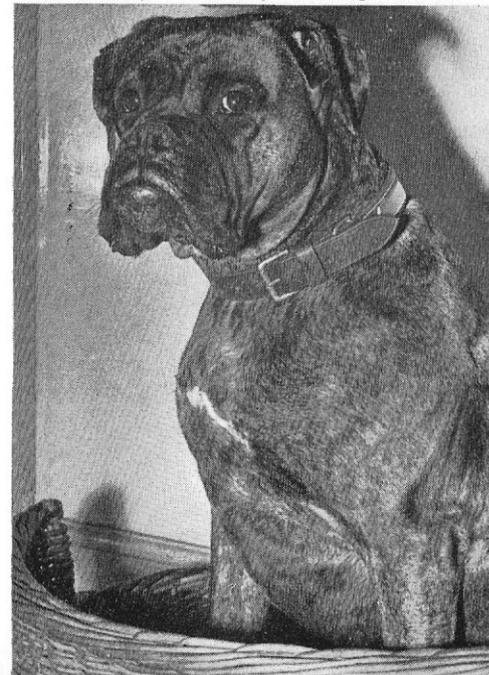
## A Dog Around the Place

**"For protection of property and person, dogs are supreme," says JOHN HOLMES—whose trained animals have often appeared on B.B.C. Television—but then adds a note of caution.**

More and more people are becoming aware of the help which dogs can give to the Police, Army and R.A.F., but I find that surprisingly few people realise the great value a dog can be as a private protector of person or property. Perhaps this is because so few dogs are any good and of those that are, many are dangerous.

There is a common belief that to be of real value as a guard, a dog must be ready to tear the throat out of every stranger it sees. Obviously though, such behaviour would render it quite unsuitable on licensed premises. Our Police forces now have on their strength many hundreds of dogs which are expected to protect their handlers if, and when

*Friendly by day with the customers, but alert and ready to attack after closing time!*



necessary. At the same time these dogs mingle with the general public and are used to find missing people, both young and old. It will be realised, therefore, that although these dogs are expected to bite if necessary, it is absolutely essential that they do not bite until necessary. In the same way it is quite possible to get a dog which will mingle and be friendly with the customers in the bar but which would, after closing time, attack and hold anyone who attempted to break in.

### *Good and Evil*

This can be achieved in two ways. Firstly, there are dogs (more than people think) which can and do instinctively differentiate between people with good intentions and bad. This is due to the difference in behaviour of good and evil doers and to the dog's senses and instincts being much more highly developed than ours. Added to this is the fact that all the dog's instincts and senses are many times more acute after dark than during the daylight.

For example, we own a young Maremma dog who welcomes all and sundry if they are with us. A strange footstep at night, however, or someone whom he cannot recognise moving in the distance starts him barking ferociously. When we are giving displays he has no objection to crowds of people round our vehicle all day. If someone happens to move behind

## *A Dog Around the Place—(cont.)*

the tents or in any half concealed place after the crowd has gone, or if anyone approaches at night his growls literally vibrate the whole bus. That type of dog, while welcoming customers during daylight could be relied on, without any training, to prevent a stranger entering the premises at night.

Secondly, a dog can be trained to attack on command from the handler (under certain circumstances without command). Generally speaking, I am all against the average dog owner teaching his or her dog to attack. If you came in contact with dogs and their owners as much as I do you would realise why! A dog with the right temperament, however, absolutely under control, may be far safer than the one mentioned above. If dogs are in any way almost human it is because they make mistakes and may dislike someone whom the law says they should not bite. Even if you dislike the person as much as the dog you may still be convicted as the owner of a dangerous dog and may even have to have it destroyed. The trained animal can be controlled and has several other advantages over the one in which instinct plays the greater part. Not least is the fact that it can be taught to catch and hold *anyone* obviating the risk of someone getting on friendly terms with the dog.

### *Out of Hiding*

Another advantage of the trained dog is that it will bark at, but not bite, anyone whom it finds hidden. This is perhaps the most important job of the Police and Service dogs for many a burglar who would have passed undetected by the policeman on his beat has been routed out by his dog. Of course, not everyone who hides is a criminal, for which reason it is imperative that the dog does not bite!

A trained guard dog, like a loaded gun is not to be played about with, as it will grab hold of any attacker whether that person is in earnest or just larking about. It should of course let go instantly on command, but by that time someone may have a very painful arm.

As I regard it as very much a job for the expert, I do not intend going into details on training dogs for "man-work." That applies not only to the training but in deciding whether or not the dog is suitable for training. It only takes about ten minutes to turn a previously safe animal into a really dangerous one and, in spite of anything you may have heard about "de-training" service dogs, that is something which cannot be done. I consider as quite unsuitable for training of this sort any dog that is in any way shy or even suspicious of strangers. The safest, by far, is the great boisterous brute who is everybody's friend but who can, provided he has enough "guts" quite easily be taught to grab hold and hang on. He usually treats it as a game, but provided he really hangs on there are few burglars who would want to play it.

### *Time to Teach*

Although I regard it as a job for an expert, training can, to advantage, be carried out with the co-operation of the owner. Actually it takes two people to teach a dog "man-work," a "criminal" and a handler. By far the most skilled job is that of the criminal, and if you can find one with experience (to find one at all I usually find difficult) he could at the same time advise you on how to handle the dog. This has the great advantage that the dog would learn to protect his own master and property which is what is wanted and which is, in fact, much easier than teaching him on strange ground.

## *Why not go camping?*

by A. E. WAKE

Camping! the word which conjures sheer horror or delight! To many, far too many, it simply recalls desperately uncomfortable days when a beneficent War Office, hard pressed for more permanent accommodation, housed its far from enthusiastic Soldierly in tents. These could house eight in reasonable comfort if the occupants were not encumbered with the usual impedimenta of kitbags, valises, etc. But, by their very design only allowed three of the eight dwellers therein to stand upright at any one time!

It recalls stumbling over guy ropes in the dark—the curses of the tenants so disturbed, squelching through mud—the apparent permanent shortage of duckboards—and the impoverished canvas bringing, so frequently, inside the water that should have remained outside!

If there were brighter moments, then these have receded and only the horrors remain. There is a peculiarity of camping under official auspices—unlike the other experiences of Warriors they seldom become glamourised!

There is, however, believe it or not, a brighter side and some devotees will tell you that only joy is found under canvas. This is equally false. The truth is that there is a certain pleasure in looking after oneself, in being self-sufficient in a world where so much is "laid on" and the joys far outweigh the discomforts. Campers

are well known to be optimists and, as opposed to their Service counterparts, only remember the sunny days!

There has been an enormous growth of camping activity since the War, helped by the problem of transporting kit being overcome in the shape of the family run-about and encouraged by the exorbitant prices charged for holiday accommodation. This has not altogether been a gain for the real enthusiast, as desirable sites are, in the popular holiday months, often over-run and resemble the sort of sight one associates with a gold rush! However, there are good sites—away from it all, and the discerning camper will find them.

So often, far too often, poor inadequate kit will result in discomfort and ruin an otherwise good holiday. It is hardly good enough to borrow an old tent which has laid in a loft for years and to hope for sunshine only—in our climate it does not work! Likewise you cannot prepare breakfast satisfactorily over a worn-out Primus or a few sticks of wood.

It is worth remembering that to keep warm you will want as many blankets underneath as on top! Do not pitch the tent facing the wind, the fly sheet, if you have one, may take off!—and with the "door" open the tent will billow out like a balloon.

You will find the pastime rewarding as it opens up opportunities of really getting to know our incomparable countryside—there is no need to follow the herd—campers are a friendly crowd and you will make friends in the open air—you will enjoy your food as never before and you will find that we have a better ration of sunshine than you think!—Good camping, and do not forget to take some Cans of Tavern with you!

## DARTS AT MAIDENHEAD

The finals of the North-West Maidenhead Area *News of the World* Darts Competition were held at *The Rose*, Maidenhead in the evening of 23rd January.

There was more than normal interest in the occasion because Mr. 'Ron' Berry, tenant of the *Rose*, was strongly fancied, and there is no doubt that it would have been a popular win.

For Mr. Berry is a popular man with his customers.

Aided by his wholly charming Irish wife and his parents (both greatly experienced in the trade) he has invested his house with a warm, friendly atmosphere which is immediately apparent even to the casual visitor.

During his tenancy he has transformed his saloon bar with a unique wall-display of weapons ranging from Zulu assegais to Japanese ceremonial silver swords. Significantly, some of the most valuable have been presented, as tokens of appreciation by customers themselves from among their family treasures. The little public

*Mr. Ron Berry accepts defeat smilingly as Miss Jo Anne Matthews congratulates Mr. C. Millard.*



bar, too, with its gay contemporary curtains is a gem of cosiness.

Mr. Berry has not been content merely to make the *Rose* itself attractive. He has been most energetic in the organisation of social occasions for his customers—his coach trips, for instance, are immensely popular and competition for seats is very keen. A first-rate photographer, he always has his camera in readiness to "shoot" some event held in his bars and the resulting prints are eagerly sought by his "family" of customers.

The public bar was therefore packed with well-wishers when Mr. Berry took his stand on the rubber mat. A close eliminator with Mr. W. Birch (*Barley Mow*) went excitingly to the third leg before loyal patrons breathed again!

In the other match, Mr. C. Millard (*Moffat Arms*) gained a victory over Mr. W. Marshall of the *Leathern Bottle*—and that, too, was anybody's game until the final throw of the last leg.

An interval for refreshment of nerves and body naturally preceded the finals.

Hopes ran high when Mr. Berry won the first leg, but luck (even the luck of the Irish—at one remove) deserted him thereafter.

Mr. Millard now goes on to meet the Oxford Area finalist (perhaps he will be a "Simonds man"). Good Luck to them!

But it would have been pleasant to record a win for the friendly inn!

Prizes were presented by Miss Jo Anne Matthews, the T.V. personality, who congratulated the players in a charming speech.

The event was organised for the *News of the World* by Messrs. G. Tedder and J. Pharo.

## HOP LEAVES



*Mr. B. E. Smith, formerly of the Swindon Branch, who was appointed a Special Representative at Reading early in January.*

The *Ship Hotel*, Reading, was the scene in January of a reception and lunch given by the High Sheriff of Berkshire, which was attended by many well-known personalities of the County. The thirty-two guests included Sir Arthur Harris, the Mayor of Reading, the Mayor and Mayoress of Wallingford, and the Chief Constable.

Everyone enjoyed the special menu prepared by Head Chef, P. Tramantana.

Alas that the rewards of virtue are not always of this world!

On a cold night in January the customers of the *Green Dragon*, Alderbury, were enjoying the renowned hospitality of the tenant and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. T. Lees.

At about 9 p.m. mobile police entered. They explained that a large double-decker bus had skidded on the icy road a few yards from the inn, completely blocking the road. Would anyone care to assist in the work of righting the bus and clearing the road?

The clientele responded to a man, and departed on the errand of mercy, leaving many a thirst unslaked.

And unslaked they remained that night.

For, despite working with all possible despatch, our gallant customers heard midnight chime before the job was done.

And the "local" had closed its doors, as the law demands, at 10 p.m.!



On this page is a picture sent in by Mrs. J. E. Cruden, the tenant of the *White Hart Inn*, Dawlish. It shows a backcloth used at the local production of "Aladdin" and represents an excellent advertisement for the *White Hart* in particular and our beers in general.

Mrs. Cruden must have made the producer and his assistants very welcome at her house, where they are customers, for them to have repaid her so generously.



## Hop Leaves

(CONTINUED)

Our belated, but none-the-less sincere, greetings to Mrs. F. A. Simonds, who celebrated her 75th birthday on 17th January.

Mrs. Simonds is the widow of our former Chairman and Managing Director, and the mother of Mr. E. D. Simonds and Mr. K. Simonds.

Mrs. Simonds has led a most active and dedicated public life, holding many high offices in the Reading Women's Conservative Association. In recognition of her outstanding political and public work she was awarded the O.B.E. in 1929.

Although now retired from public life, Mrs. Simonds is still very active and is remembered with affection by a wide circle of friends.

A family party was held to celebrate the birthday.

H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh has that happy gift, the common touch. We all know of hundreds of instances illustrating his lack of pomposity.

We think our readers will appreciate another Royal anecdote, particularly as it has a decided Hop Leaf flavour.

In November last year the Duke visited

£240 changes hands at Neath (see next column).

the Geevor Tin Mines at Pendeen, Penzance. He spent a considerable time below surface and delighted the miners with his knowledge of their problems and his informality.

"What," he was asked with proper deference, "would your Royal Highness prefer as refreshment?"

"BEER, please!" the Duke replied without hesitation.

Now (by coincidence) a quantity of Tavern Export Ale was available together with a supply of Tavern Goblets. A can was opened and quaffed by the Duke.

"Very nice," was the Royal verdict.

We congratulate our Penzance Manager, Mr. L. G. White, who supplied the ale, on this outstanding example of anticipating the demand.

A very pleasant little ceremony took place in January at the *King Edward VII Hotel*, Neath, when a cheque for £240 was presented to Lieut.-Colonel E. J. M. Corfield, County Appeals Organizer for the Blind, by Mr. Harry Bunstan, of Neath.

This large amount was the result of an effort made by the wife of the licensee of the *King Edward VII*, Mrs. L. G. Goodried and her mother, Mrs. E. Williams. Customers, staff and friends contributed regularly to the appeal and all are to be congratulated on their wonderful generosity. The money has been given to the Southerdown Sunshine Home for Blind Babies, and we can think of no cause more worthy of assistance.

The presentation ceremony was followed by a social evening during which drinks and buffet snacks were provided at our tenant's expense.

## Obituaries

We deeply regret to announce the deaths of the following:

**Mr. A. F. Weight**, on 15th November, 1957. He became a pensioner of the Company in January, 1953, after 53 years of service, and at the time of his retirement was a cooper at Reading.

**Mr. G. C. Searle**, on 23rd December, 1957. Mr. Searle joined the Company in 1921 as Free Trade and Military Representative, in which capacity he served until retiring in 1947. He is mourned by a wide circle of friends.

**Mr. E. T. Gibbs**, of the Accounts Department, suddenly on 23rd December 1957. He joined the Company's Farnborough Branch in 1913, and served in various branches before being transferred to Reading. He had the gift of kindness and will be greatly missed.

**Mr. A. Nash**, of the Reading Brewery, on 11th January, 1958. He began employment with the Company in 1910.

**Mr. F. Kirby**, a pensioner of the Company, on 15th January, 1958. He served the Company loyally until he retired from the Delivery Office, Reading, in 1946.

**Mr. Arthur Morgan**, for many years a licensee under Phillips & Sons Limited, and latterly, until his retirement, under H. & G. Simonds, Ltd. Mr. Morgan took over the licence of the *Greenmeadow Inn*, Risca (now delicensed) in 1927. He moved to the *Britannia Inn*, Risca, in 1931. He made many friends for the Company.

**Mr. Fred Hathaway**, at the age of 69. Mr. Hathaway, who retired in 1950, joined Messrs. Arthur Cooper in 1913, and after some years as Cellarman was transferred to the Brewery at Reading in 1945.

**Mrs. P. Abbott**, on 29th January after a very short illness. Mrs. Abbott was the wife of our Chief Accountant and we extend our very great sympathy to him in his bereavement.

**Mr. E. A. Foss**, on 18th February, after a long illness. Mr. Foss was licensee of the *Dartmouth Arms*, Dartmouth, from 1951 until his death. Prior to entering the trade he was associated with the theatrical profession and was at one time Stage Director of the London Coliseum.

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Courtesy of the  
Simonds family archives

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