

PRICE SIXPENCE

# Hop Leaf

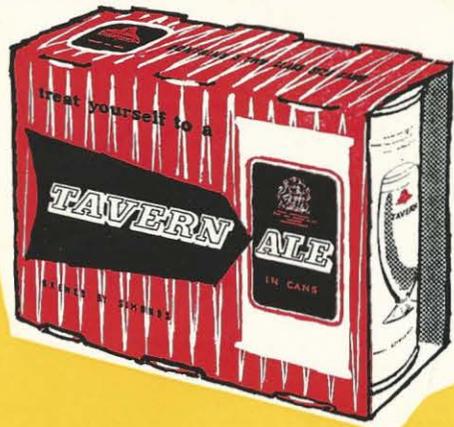
THE HOP LEAF

## Gazette

SUMMER 1958 · VOL. XXXII · NUMBER 3

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

This



is the

pack... that holds the

cans...



that hold

two glasses of



# TAVERN

The attractive 16 oz. TAVERN can has scored a tremendous success in the NEW 3-can pack.

It's the perfect size for serving two people economically, just as the popular half-pint TAVERN can is ideal for one person.

More and more people every day are enjoying TAVERN in cans — because a can of TAVERN is unbreakable . . . needs no deposit . . . is so easy to store and to keep cool in the refrigerator.

## Good ale — and hearty

Brewed by SIMONDS



# Hop



# Leaf

G A Z E T T E

THE JOURNAL of H. & G. SIMONDS LIMITED

S U M M E R • 1 9 5 8

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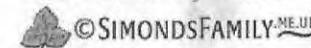
### FRONT COVER PICTURE

*Summer has been a little late this year, but patrons of "The Windmill" at Windlesham are once again enjoying the pleasures of al fresco refreshment.*

### AN APOLOGY

The Editor much regrets that he failed to acknowledge the courtesy of The Reading Standard Ltd., who kindly gave permission to use a photograph of Mr. George Rose which appeared in our Spring Issue.

Courtesy of the  
Simonds family archives



Not for reproduction without permission

## Quarterly Comment

### *Well Met!*

THE first quarter of this year was noted for the continued "Tavern Sales Conferences" which were attended by our Tenants in many of our principal centres. Conferences, in fact, were held successively at Bristol, High Wycombe, Plymouth, Newport, Bridgend, Farnborough, Exeter and Penzance. In all, now, well over 500 of our Tenants have been present, together with a great number of their wives.

These meetings have been quite an innovation in our Trade and we believe they have been well worthwhile. A splendid two-way exchange of views has taken place and generally both parties have left with added wisdom as well as a well-fired enthusiasm to promote the sales of Tavern.

The social side, too, has been, we believe, quite a success; at any rate, a great number of our Tenants have asked for an annual repetition!

However, the main object—that of stimulating interest in Tavern Sales—has been well served, and we are most grateful to all our Tenants who found time to get to the meetings.

May they and all our other customers and friends in all sections of the Trade share in the prosperity which greater sales of Tavern Ale can bring.

## *From the Land of "Tusker"*

*An interesting account of our associated company,  
East African Breweries Ltd., by A. T. WISE,  
Labour and Welfare Officer in Nairobi.*

East Africa is a far flight from Reading yet, among other things we have in common with you back Home, is the satisfying experience of producing good beer for a thirsty and appreciative population!

East African Breweries Limited (Capital £2,000,000), associated with H. & G. Simonds Ltd., have marketed "Tusker" Lager beers in East Africa since 1922, but

we now brew twelve times as much per day as the original brewery did in a month.

The first brewery was established in Nairobi in the days when roads in these territories were little more than tracks; rickshas flourished as taxicabs, "T" model Fords for farmers. The aeroplane was a comparative newcomer.

*(continued on page 4)*

*A general view of the fine brewery buildings at Ruaraka, near Nairobi.*





*The "Belles of the Ball" pose before the prize-winning stand at a District Trade Show in Tanganyika.*

Distribution to areas served by the few railway routes was relatively simple, but elsewhere was a "chancy" business, with risks varying from the bogging down of the ancient transport, in black cotton soil, to donkeys throwing off their loads on the charge of a lion or rhino.

Today road communications have vastly improved, although some visitors from Europe and the Americas are inclined to think otherwise! The greater percentage of distribution is now by means of heavy lorry transport. Nevertheless, there are still vast areas where consignments of "Tusker" only reach their

destination after laborious and hazardous journeys. Needless to say, they are cherished and protected with the utmost tenacity and few fail to reach their goal.

In 1935 we amalgamated with Tanganyika Breweries and built a new brewery at Dar-es-Salaam. In 1951 an additional brewery was built at Mombasa, on the Kenya Coast. These, together with the original (but now greatly enlarged and modernised) Nairobi brewery, are the sources of our products—Tusker Lager, Baby Tusker, Coast Lager, Baby Coast, I.P.A., Celebration Tusker and Uganda Tusker.

In Nairobi is also situated the Company's Malting Plant—a £500,000 development, which processes the barley, most of which is grown in Kenya. This plant serves other industrial concerns in addition to the Breweries.

The Head Offices and City Depot in Nairobi recently moved into new and well designed accommodation, which leads one to wonder how they managed so well in the old premises, which were converted from one of the City's original Bank buildings, to serve the needs of the brewing trade.

People of all races in Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika and Zanzibar are estimated (1956) to number some 21 millions. Add various influxes of Armed Services, tourists and other immigrants to those, and the result provides a sufficiency of

customers to keep the convoys of "Tusker" moving.

This they do, and the products are to be seen everywhere from the homes, hotels, clubs and shops at the coast to the far-away "dukas" (trading posts), Police and Army messes in the Northern Frontier Province, bordering Abyssinia, Somalia and Uganda. Africa is a land which offers great opportunities, but hard work and a "winter-free" life develop a healthy thirst and "Tusker" is out to meet the demand, to whatever proportions it grows.

Lastly, it is very gratifying to us to receive the HOP LEAF GAZETTE, with its interesting reviews of your many activities. We hope, that in sending this little account from the Equator, we are reciprocating in some like measure.

*Two Headmen relax with a "Tusker" apiece outside the Brewery Beer Garden in Nairobi.*



## A thought for the future

One of the great difficulties facing every self-employed man is that of providing for the years of retirement and benefits for his dependants in the event of his death.

Our Company has given much thought to this since the passing of the Finance Act of 1956, and has now inaugurated a Tenants' Personal Pension Scheme which is virtually "tailor-made" to suit the needs of the majority of our tenants. The plans have been devised with great care in consultation with C. T. Bowring & Layborn Ltd., specialists in group life and pensions schemes, and the terms and conditions

are undeniably more favourable than would be obtained by tenants individually. In addition to having our own blessing, the scheme can be considered absolutely sound financially for it is being underwritten by the Yorkshire Insurance Company, one of the most renowned of the great Insurance Companies.

This is a most progressive step in the brewing industry and it is the Company's sincere hope that all tenants who are eligible will enter into the scheme and thereby relieve themselves of much anxiety for the future.

## A NEW DEPOT AT PARKSTONE



Yet another link in our chain of service has been forged with the opening of our new Depot at Alder Road, Parkstone, Poole, which will serve the important area of Bournemouth and the surrounding country.

The premises have been "tailor made" with a view to providing the most efficient service possible and are situated in a position from where speedy deliveries can be most conveniently assured.

Mr. J. W. Chandler, whose photograph we reproduce here, is in charge and his considerable experience in the Free Trade in various parts of the organisation, is standing him in good stead in developing our business among many friends, both old and new.



Mrs. Bennett receives a silver powder compact from Mr. E. Duncan Simonds.

## "ABDICATION" AT SLOUGH

*Mrs. Elizabeth Bennett retires after 44 years  
at the Dolphin Hotel.*

"Good Queen Bess" has abdicated. So ran the headlines in Slough papers last March—and everybody knew to whom they referred.

After 44 years at the *Dolphin Hotel*, Slough, Mrs. Elizabeth Bennett has given up her licence. We are pleased to say, however, that this famous house remains in the family, for she has been succeeded

by her son, Mr. George Bennett, who has been her manager for nine years.

Mrs. Bennett has a wealth of memories of half a century in the Trade. Her late husband, Mr. George Bennett, senior, was himself the son of a licensee, and prior to taking over the *Dolphin* Mr. and Mrs. Bennett were for four years at the *Globe*,

*(continued on page 8)*

Windsor. In May, 1914, they moved to the *Dolphin* which was then almost a country inn.

Mrs. Bennett well remembers the day she first visited the *Dolphin*. "The licensee's wife told me she had been there eight years," she recalls. "I told her that I would never be there that long: it seemed a lifetime to me!"

For a period during World War I troopers of the King Edward Horse were billeted at the *Dolphin*. One youngster, she remembers, thought it great fun to ride his horse through the bar!

The *Dolphin* gained world repute through its association with boxing. Ted Broadribb brought many champions there to train, among them Don McCorkindale, tragic Ben Foord, Eddie McGuire, mighty Tommy Farr and even the Ambling Alp himself. Mrs. Bennett enjoys recounting the story of the day when Carnera lifted her high in the air because she had referred to his appetite for peaches and cream (presumably she should have

claimed that he habitually ate his opponents!)

On the evening of her "abdication" nearly 100 friends and old customers gave a welcome to the new host and a tribute to his mother at a party held in the hotel. The oldest guest was Mr. Tom Elias, who claims that he has never missed a day at the *Dolphin* since 1921. Also present was Mr. Steve Jay, who helped many of the champions who trained there.

At the Slough Licensed Victuallers' Association Annual Dinner on 19th March, Mr. E. D. Simonds presented, on behalf of our Company, a silver powder compact to Mrs. Bennett.

The presentation had been a closely-guarded secret. "I never expected it," declared Mrs. Bennett. "It's wonderful!"

For our part, we think you wonderful, Mrs. Bennett, and we know all readers will join us in saying: "Long Live Good Queen Bess!" (if you will forgive the familiarity).

Three generations of the family at the farewell party. Mr. George Bennett stands behind his mother. (Photograph by courtesy of Windsor, Slough and Eton Express)



## Old Harry claims the record

Do you remember the story about Charlie Clark in the Spring, 1957, issue of the GAZETTE?

Charlie, if we need to jog your memory, had then been a regular of the *Sailor's Home* in West Street, Reading, for 56 years and we thought that must be a record.

But records are fragile commodities. The new champion may be found every lunch hour in a corner seat of the saloon bar of the *Bedford Arms* in Bedford Road, Reading.

Harry Weightman, 79 years old, admits to "one on the quiet" in the *Bedford Arms* at the age of 17—62 years ago. It became a daily habit. "You see," he chuckled, "if you had a penny in your pocket those days you could buy half a pint . . . well, you know what youngsters are!"

We said we rather thought we did.

"Known as a good place for bitter, the *Bedford*; always was . . . still is." (An approving nod to Mr. Eric Millard, the licensee.) "Some grand fellows as landlords, too. Old George Soane, for instance. Always went hunting on Thursdays in his breeches and gaiters. Used to come back at night with two friends, their horses real close side by side and the lads leaning, fast asleep, on each other. . . . Knew their jobs, those horses. . . . If they'd separated George and his pals would have fallen flat on their faces. . . . never happened, though, as far as I know."

The *Bedford Arms* is a place of happy memories for Harry. Here he brought his bride for their wedding breakfast. And here, fifty years later, they celebrated their Golden Wedding.

His eyes dimmed for a moment: "I'm afraid that the wife and me are the only ones left from that first party now."

But it is not in his nature to grieve over the inevitable. Soon we were all laughing as he recalled the old days and his service in the army. "I was always with the horses, you know. Went out to South Africa in the 1st Squadron of Yeomanry with Mr. Blackall Simonds. A fine man — great friend of mine, I'm proud to say."

Today life is a more gentle affair for Harry, but idleness finds no favour with this sprightly old soldier. He works most days of the week as a jobbing gardener and, since Mrs. Weightman is much troubled by arthritis, he does the weekly wash, too!

Yes, we think that Harry must be the answer to the challenge issued in our previous article.



Mr. Wadhams receives his "symbolic" gifts from the Company Secretary, Mr. J. D. Richardson.

## Retirement of Mr. J. H. Wadhams

Three packets of seeds—that was the gift to Mr. J. H. Wadhams on Tuesday, 6th May, his 65th birthday. It marked his retirement from the Company after nearly 50 years' service—the last 27 as Assistant Company Secretary.

The presentation was made in the Board Room by Mr. J. D. Richardson, the Company Secretary, who pointed out that the gift was purely symbolic. In fact, his colleagues had subscribed to a complete greenhouse which has now been erected in his garden at 43 Bulmershe Road, Reading.

The following Monday our Chairman, General Sir Miles Dempsey, began the weekly Board Meeting by announcing that he had a very pleasant duty to perform—the presentation of a gold watch to Mr. Wadhams. Sir Miles thanked Mr. Wadhams for his loyal service to the Company over the past 49½ years and wished him a long and happy retirement.

Mr. Wadhams began in the Delivery

Department in 1908, and after three years transferred to the Branch Department.

After serving in the First World War he was selected to fill the post of junior secretary under Mr. Fred Simonds. He was promoted to Assistant Secretary in 1931.

In his younger days he was a fine sportsman and in later years has spent his leisure time playing bowls and gardening. As a member of the Reading Bowling Club he has often represented the county.

In his farewell speech Mr. Wadhams said that during his time with the Company he had met "some jolly nice people and made some very fine friends. For all that kindness, I thank you!"

Readers will be glad to know that Mr. Wadhams has made a remarkable recovery from a long and serious illness and will join us in wishing him a continuance of good health and many happy years of retirement.



Enjoying a respite from dancing are Mr. and Mrs. D. Oxford ("Duke's Head," Sunninghill), Mr. and Mrs. G. Fletcher ("The Vine," Chertsey) and Mr. and Mrs. D. Counsell ("Woburn Arms," Addlestone)

## Staines Tenants Dinner-Dance

The Staines Area Tenants Third Annual Dinner and Dance was held at the *Packhorse Hotel*, Staines, on 27th February, and again proved a great success. Mr. E. D. Simonds was the President, and the Chair was taken by Mr. E. Gosney.

Among those present were Mr. S. H. Spurling, Mr. M. St. J. Howe and

some 75 tenants and their wives.

The toast to the tenants was proposed by Mr. E. Gosney, and the response was made by Mr. F. Couldridge of the *Royal Oak*, Ealing. A toast to the Directors was proposed by Mr. R. Urwin of the *Bulldog*, Ashford. Mr. E. D. Simonds responded.

A "Windsor" get-together. Mr. and Mrs. D. Griffiths ("Duke of Cambridge"), Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Mott ("Windsor Castle") and Mr. and Mrs. P. Talbot ("Carpenters' Arms").





*Mr. and Mrs. K. W. Nias and their Staff.*

## *Pack Horse gets an Airlift!*

On Tuesday, 20th May, the Wine and Food Society held its 282nd meeting at the *Pack Horse Hotel*, Staines.

The Dinner was entirely Swiss in character and was preceded by a tasting of Swiss wines kindly donated by the Federation of Swiss Wine Merchants. Everything served at Dinner was of Swiss origin, with the exception of the vegetables and fruit. The fish, which was Bondelle from Neuchatel, and the cheeses were flown in the previous evening direct from Geneva.

The general theme of decoration in the Banqueting Suite was red and white (the Swiss national colours) and a feature of the floral decorations were massed bowls of narcissi, which were donated by Swissair and flown in specially for the occasion from Vevey.

After the Dinner entertainment was provided by yodellers and accordionist in Swiss national costume.

M. André Simon, junior, who took the Chair in the unavoidable absence of his

father, congratulated the Management of the Hotel, Mr. and Mrs. K. W. Nias, and the Chef, Mr. J. Mc. MacGeorge, on the magnificent arrangements and the excellence of the cuisine.

It will be recalled that the *Pack Horse Hotel* won the Grand Challenge Trophy awarded by the British Hotels and Restaurants Association at the Salon Culinaire at Hotelympia in January last.



*The impressive Banqueting Suite was decorated in red and white, the Swiss national colours.*

# Arthur Cooper Conferences

This rapidly growing side of the Company's activities recently held two Conferences of Managers—one at *Grosvenor House*, Reading, on 12th March, the other at *The Chevalier*, Exeter, on 6th May.

At the *Grosvenor House* function Mr. Philip Wadlow, General Manager of the Arthur Cooper Organisation, presided in the unavoidable absence of Mr. E. D. Simonds, Managing Director, who was only able to be present during the last half-hour or so. Mr. W. Heley, Advertising Manager, Mr. S. T. E. Thayer, Managed House Accounts Department, Mr. N. J. Clements, Stocktaking Department, and Mr. P. Ruffles, Wine and Spirit Department, were there to answer questions and advise on matters affecting their Departments.

Twenty-one Arthur Cooper Managers and eight Manageresses attended. Good wishes for a speedy return to health were sent to Mr. F. H. Stevenson, Manager of the Cricklewood shop, who had recently undergone a serious operation.

At Exeter Mr. E. D. Simonds was in the Chair. Mr. D. J. Simonds, the Local Director, and Mr. C. R. Holman, Plymouth Area Manager, were also kind enough to come, and all the Arthur Cooper Bristol and West Country Managers deserted their counters for the day. "Get well soon" messages were sent to Mr. Wadlow and Mr. Heley, who were on the sick list.

Both Conferences were preceded by a Tasting of vintage Claret and Burgundy and an excellent luncheon, and the ensuing discussions ranged over a variety of subjects.

At the Reading gathering Managers showed great interest in an attractive range of new window display pieces which had been set out to great advantage in the ballroom by the Advertising Department, and these will shortly be seen in the windows of certain selected Shops.

*One of the lighter moments during the Reading Conference.*



## A Golden Wedding

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. "Bill" Grenham, of the *Alma*, Cove, who celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary on Saturday, 15th February.

It was, unfortunately, a full working day for them both and the celebration was a "family affair" between the closing of the doors at 2 p.m. and the reopening.

It had to be that way because 73-year-old Mr. Grenham runs the three bars almost single-handed and not even a Golden Wedding was allowed to stand in the way

of seeing all the customers satisfied.

Cove-born, Mr. Grenham is the third generation of Grenhams to look after the *Alma*. He took over from his father, another Bill Grenham, in 1923. Before that his grandfather, and later his grandmother, held the licence.

Most of his family of four sons, three daughters and twelve grandchildren went to the family party in the back rooms of the *Alma* and drank a toast to "Dad and Mum."

*The Areas We Serve*

## Reading—West of the Brewery



*Mr. Peter Thomson and his wife in the attractive saloon bar of the "Prince of Wales."*



*Mr. H. J. Taylor, of the "Bear Inn," Tilehurst, cracks a joke with an old customer, Mr. Alfred Brereton.*

"Go West, young man," they used to say in the rumbustious days of the gold strikes.

It is still good advice today, if you take as your starting point the Brewery Buildings in Reading. For at the sign of the Hop Leaf which stands or hangs invitingly at many points between here and Tilehurst, you will find good company and good cheer in abundance.

Tilehurst, once a substantial farming village, has lost its separate identity as the housing estates have burgeoned. But the planners have used imagination and there is plenty to please the eye. The houses which our Company have erected there blend well with their surroundings and are undoubtedly popular.

Come with us into the saloon bar of the *Bear Inn* and listen to Mr. Bert Nash who claims to have been the first customer to cross the threshold in 1939. "Everything's so clean here—and cheerful. Lovely flowers and nice people. You could bring

anybody here and they would never hear an unpleasant word the whole evening. I can't say more, can I?"

For the licensee, Mr. H. J. Taylor, and his wife this is a new venture. The *Bear* is their first house and they have been there a mere nine months. Mr. Taylor was formerly Chief Methods Engineer for Messrs. Handley Page, "But I've always hankered after a pub," he told us. "And we both love the life," his wife added.

About half a mile away stands the *Prince of Wales* managed (ostensibly) by Mr. Peter Thomson, a jocular and much-travelled Scot. We say "ostensibly" because Mrs. Thomson maintains that the real "guvnor" is Sandy. A great favourite with all the regulars, Sandy is mainly Boxer with Golden Labrador associations, so to speak. A happy house, obviously, and we wished we could have tarried longer to enjoy Mr. Thomson's quick-fire humour and tales culled from the far corners of the earth.

The *Bird in Hand*, in Lower Armour Road, is well-placed to cater for the needs of the older part of Tilehurst. Here the customers like to take their refreshment quietly, and Mr. S. Elliott and his wife are patently the right people for the job. Mr. Elliott has held the tenancy for four years. Previously he worked under Jack Smith, the well-known Reading footballer, at the *New Inn*, Oxford Road, where today Mr. "Wally" Wood is mine host.

At some remove from these three houses is the *Roebuck*, which, standing on the Oxford Road, is a favourite rendezvous for motorists. In July, 1957, extensive damage was done by a fire, but there is no evidence of that disaster today. Mr. and Mrs. Knud Brostrom were previously tenants of the *Lamb Inn* at Newbury and members of the "fraternity" are frequent visitors for old times' sake. Mr. Brostrom, who came from Denmark in 1937 has most successfully captured the authentic

*Customers of the "Bird in Hand" know the story of the mammoth spoon which Mr. S. Elliott is showing to two patrons!*





People come from far and wide for refreshment in the handsome Tudor Bar of the "Roebuck." The tenant, Mr. Knud Brostrom, is a connoisseur of furniture and antiques.

atmosphere. His Tudor Bar, with its gleaming copper-ware, magnificent grandfather clock and period furniture is a triumph of good taste. The house is dramatically situated overlooking the river. A huge window at the rear affords an inspiring panorama of wooded hills, and a drink in such surroundings, on a golden spring evening, is memorable.

The windows of the *Roebuck* are a feature of the place. We were informed that there are 387 panes of glass at the front alone, which must make the window-cleaning bill quite a memorable matter, too, we thought.

Approaching near to the town centre we called at the *Bell* where Mr. and Mrs. George Ratcliffe attend enthusiastically on some of the finest dart-players in

Reading. (Mrs. Ratcliffe, incidentally, is herself an expert, and won the Ladies' Cup a year or two ago.)

On to the *Jolly Brewer* in Tilehurst Road to make friends with Vicky, an Alsatian bitch, who was in an interesting condition. When unencumbered with a family, or the prospect of one, she has some pretty parlour tricks, but these we were not privileged to see that night. The licensee of this friendly, cosy house is Mr. Arthur Ward, who was previously tenant of the *Fox* at Winchester.

Business was brisk when we arrived at the *Blue Lion* in Wolsley Street. This is a house with a marked "Simonds" background. The tenant, Mr. Arthur Comley, was born in a cottage (since demolished) in the builders' yard at the Brewery. His

father was one of the Company's out-riders who accompanied officials when they visited the houses to collect the takings. After a serious accident he became the first watchman at the Yeast House. Mrs. Comley's mother was at one time parlourmaid to Mr. Blackall Simonds, a former Chairman of the Company, who died in 1905.

The sun was sinking as we arrived at the *Rose and Thistle*, Argyle Road, to sample Mr. Charles Absolom's bitter beer for which he is justly renowned. Customers were gossiping in his charming garden, for the air was mild.

Mr. Absolom is unmistakably a publican, typical of the cheery rubicund innkeepers who people the stories of Dickens. "This is a real family pub," he maintained. "Why, I've served generations of the same families—it's a nice feeling." We could well believe him—it is the sort of place you go to again and again. He is engagingly proud of his inn and proud, too, of the fact that he is the second oldest Simonds' tenant in the Reading area.

The *Grenadier*, in Basingstoke Road, is energetically managed by younger folk, Mr. and Mrs. Michael McCluskey. It serves a largely residential area and is admired for the extensive gardens at the rear. A great attraction is the fine pond

Mrs. G. Ratcliffe, of the "Bell," ensures fair play between Messrs. Dennis Beere and Ken Hawkins.



Mr. and Mrs. A. Comley, of the "Blue Lion," entertain Mr. O. H. Bateman of the "Reindeer."

containing (we believe) not less than 100 goldfish. In summer, naturally, the *Grenadier* is a meeting place for families.

It was quite dark when we swung the car into Friar Street and pulled up outside the *Boar's Head*. Through the windows we could see the warm glow of the house and a cheerful clatter and rattle of mugs and glasses proclaimed that the Manager was having a busy evening.

It is one of the oldest inns in Reading and was much used by the carriers of bygone days, and he is intent on making it the sportsman's pub *par excellence*. Nowadays there is (or was at the time of writing) a *Boar's Head* football team which can be transformed as occasion demands into a formidable darts team! A lively imagination and an eye for colour has worked here. The cellar bar and the dining-room are particularly worth a visit. The latter, we learned, is soon to have a boar's head over the fireplace!

On another evening we took the Oxford Road which brought us to the



*New Inn.* Here Mr. "Wally" Wood, ex-Metropolitan policeman and much decorated man (but that is another story) squires it benevolently over a 66ft. bar. "The longest in Reading," he claims, and we dare say he is right. Helping him in this bustling and pleasant house are his wife and his son and *his* wife. We can vouch for the fact that all are kept busy.

From the *New Inn* to the *Bedford Arms* is just far enough to promote a thirst, and is to be recommended as healthy exercise. There are other rewards; particularly the company and the friendliness of the licensee, Mr. Eric Millard, and his wife. The *Bedford Arms* is their first house and both are adamant that "This is the life!"

The *Battle Inn*, which stands close by, is equally well patronised. While talking to Mr. "Reg" Brinsden and his wife we discovered that Mrs. Brinsden was literally

*The "Grenadier," on the Basingstoke Road, is an imposing and very popular house.*

*Mr. Charles Absalom, tenant of the "Rose and Thistle," pours a Tavern for the Editor.*



born and bred in the trade. Her birthplace was the *Mitre* and her father, Mr. Harry Egby, was tenant of no less than six Simonds houses. Her grandfather was also one of our tenants.

Formerly the *Russell Arms*, this inviting inn has a sign which recalls the death of King Harold at Hastings. It stands on land of the Manor of Battle which was granted to Battle Abbey by William the Conqueror, and later became part of the estate of Reading Abbey.

Another attractive house in this district is the *Wellington Arms* in Howard Street, of which Mr. L. J. Clifford is the tenant.

Judicious use of side-streets brought us to the *Horse and Jockey* in Castle Street, where a cheerful hubbub satisfied us that Mr. and Mrs. Bert Lever had plenty of happy customers on hand.

Our last port of call that night was the delightful *Sun* in Castle Street which stands, somewhat impudently, elbow-to-



*Smiles at the "New Inn": Mr. and Mrs. 'Wally' Wood and Mr. and Mrs. Wood, junior.*

elbow with a church. This charming house, with its narrow passages twisting about like the wards of a key, invites one like a deeply comfortable mahogany arm-chair. Tankards and glasses, cutlasses

*Customers of the "Boar's Head" register their approval of the boar's head.*





(BELOW) Mr. R. Brinsden, tenant of the "Battle Inn," leaves his customers in no doubt when it is time to call "Time."

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Millard, of the "Bedford Arms," proudly claim that theirs is one of the happiest pubs in Reading.

and china twinkle in a nicely subdued light. A perfect English tavern; and Mr. L. J. Robbins, a small humorous man, is the perfect landlord in such a setting.

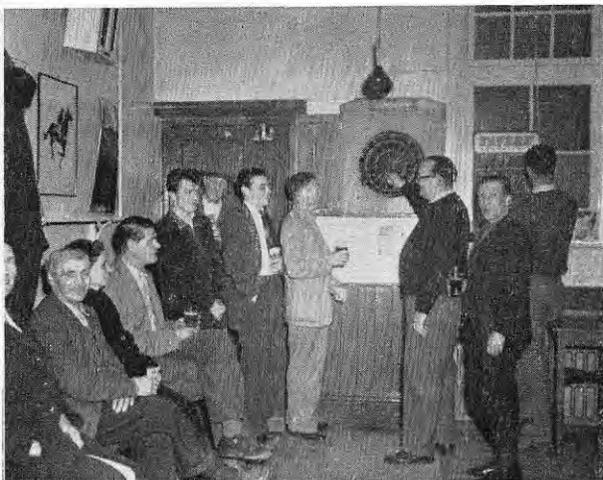
A small printed notice on a wall in the public bar tells the sad story of a monk and the fair daughter of an earlier landlord. Like all love stories its path is not smooth and it ends, satisfyingly, in oceans of blood. We doubt its truth, but all old inns should have a story and this is as good as most.



The charming "Sun Inn" is an ancient tavern with plenty of history for those who like their beer spiced with stories of Olden Times.

Journey's beginning next day was the *Horncastle* in Bath Road, Calcot. A busy place these days, for across the road huge blocks of modern flats are rising and there are new customers aplenty. They can depend on a hearty welcome from Mr. Arthur Swatland, who has spent a lifetime behind the bar. We learned from

him of a horse-chestnut tree which once grew nearby and disappeared overnight. Perhaps we looked a little incredulous so Mr. Swatland produced a photograph of a vast crater to prove his story. Barely level with the edges was, unmistakably, the top of a tree. "Ground subsidence," he explained. We drank up quickly,



*Mr. Bert Lever, popular licensee of the "Horse and Jockey," shows the lads how to place 'em during a friendly darts match.*

thanked him, and walked, rather carefully, to the waiting car.

In the comfortable lounge of the *Moderation*, Caversham Road, we espied a notice enjoining us to "Let moderation be your guide." We are pleased to record that Mr. J. C. Berry's customers invariably comport themselves accordingly. This house (like its landlord, immaculate in every respect) has an inviting beer garden dressed with fairy lights which is a favourite "yarning" spot for riverfolk and their ladies.

We found good company indeed at the *Kennet Arms* in Pell Street. It was warming to be greeted so heartily by Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Freeman and to listen to the good-natured banter which always flows between this jovial licensee and his



*Mrs. J. C. Berry, wife of the tenant of the "Moderation," shows her lounge bar patrons a photograph of her house as it was some 50 years ago.*



*Mr. Arthur Swatland (LEFT) settles an argument in the bar of the "Horncastle." Seated next to him is Mr. Charles Price, 52 years a regular.*



*Mr. Ted Pilgrim (RIGHT) and Mr. Fred Ballard take it with a pinch of salt while Mr. Len Freeman (LEFT), of the "Kennet Arms," recounts a tall one !*



Mr. Bill James, of the "Wellington Arms," Whitley Street, shows his customers a shark's jaw.

regulars. Among these is a famous Reading character, 73-year-old Mr. Ted Pilgrim. Mr. Pilgrim, though full of fun, takes his drinking seriously. One should be properly dressed for it, he stoutly maintains. Any who have seen him in his favourite corner, resplendent in bowler hat, carefully-brushed dark blue suit,



pearl tie-pin (his father's before him) and obligatory button-hole will agree without reserve. We salute a grand old gentleman and are proud that he considers our beer "very, very good indeed."

A cluster of two-stroke machinery on the forecourt informed us that the *Wellington Arms* in Whitley Street was a sportman's "club." It transpired that we had arrived on the night of the Reading and District Motor-Cycle Club's weekly meeting. The licensee, Mr. "Bill" James, is a great sportsman himself, his speciality being shark fishing. Hanging in his bar is the jaw of a formidable 128-lb. shark—the spoils of last year's holiday. We thought it impressive enough, but he is ambitious for a bigger catch this year, and we wish him luck.

There could be no more pleasant end to our wanderings than a visit to the *Swiss Cottage* in Tilehurst Road. White-washed and gabled, it is an unobtrusive, restful place for refreshment after a hard day's work. The licensee, Mr. Charlie Thatcher, appreciates that many people just want a "nice quiet drink and a gossip"—and he makes sure that the *Swiss Cottage* never fails them.

Unfortunately it has not been possible to mention every one of our houses in this part of Reading. To do so would demand many more pages than we have at our disposal—and considerably more time, too. But every house we entered bore the same unmistakable hallmarks of service cheerfully rendered and real friendship between landlord and customer.

The Company is well served West of the Brewery.

Last drink of our tour—and nicely poured by Mr. Charlie Thatcher at the "Swiss Cottage."

## Snooker at the 'Plymstock'

Winner and runner-up pose with Mrs. Eileen Docking.



Last winter was enlivened for customers of the *Plymstock Inn*, near Plymouth, by a Knock-Out Snooker Competition. The Finals, from 66 entries, were played early in March (but too late for mention in our Spring issue).

Enthusiasts came from as far afield as Plymouth and Saltash across the Tamar to watch Mr. Terry Gilbert win a keen game against Mr. Derek Mutton. Mrs.

Eileen Docking, wife of the *Plymstock's* popular licensee, presented a silver cup to the winner and a cue and case to the runner-up.

The *Plymstock Inn*, incidentally, "fields" a fine team of snooker players, and regular matches are played with Service teams from R.A.F., Mt. Batten, and H.M.S. *Cambridge*, the Naval Gunnery School.

## L.T.S.A. Golf Tournament at Yelverton

Many well-known personalities in the wholesale and retail licensed trade in Devon and Cornwall took part in a Golf Tournament at Yelverton Golf Club on 21st April.

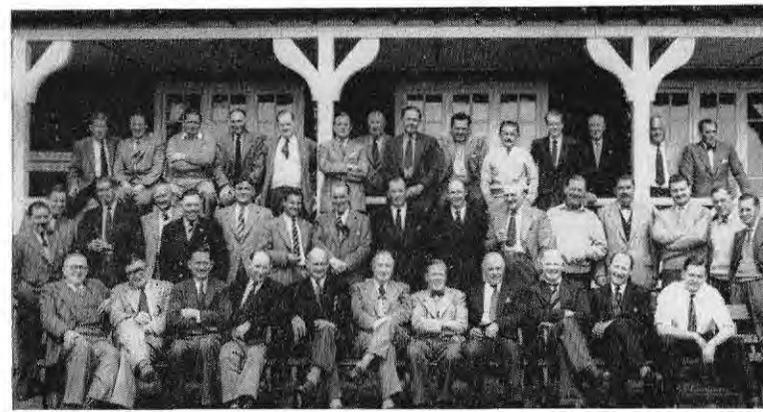
The Tournament was sponsored by the Licensed Trade Sports Association under the auspices of the Devon and Cornwall Brewers' Association and was superbly organised by the West Country N.T.D.A.

Winner of the fine silver cup was Mr. D. Welsh, tenant of the *Union Hotel*, Bovey Tracey. Few readers will need to be told that Mr. Welsh was a famous England,

Torquay United and Charlton Athletic player, who later became the highly successful Manager of Liverpool F.C.

In the afternoon a match was played between licensed trade representatives of Devon and Cornwall—Devon winning by a good margin.

At the end of play, Mr. Claud Hatfield, Vice-Captain of the Yelverton Golf Club, expressed the appreciation of the Trade golfers to the Secretary of the West Country N.T.D.A. for the organisation of the Tournament.



A happy photograph taken at the Yelverton Clubhouse after the Tournament.



Mr. Raybould demonstrates the record changing mechanism of his 1890 cabinet musical box. On top is the whistling bird made in 1760.

The magnificent Swiss musical box shown here was made in 1885. On the mantelpiece is a charming Italian instrument dated about 1870.



## Melody Inn

Customers of the "Cross Keys" at Pangbourne treat themselves to 'Tuneful Taverns'.

The *Cross Keys* at Pangbourne is a tranquil inn of stout timbers, mellow bricks and friendly gleams from copper pots and pans. The tenant, Mr. George Raybould, is a retired landscape gardener who is making his first venture in the trade. He has brought a unique feature to this picturesque Thames-side village.

When we visited him in early May he was preparing a room to house his museum of musical boxes and Victorian bric-a-brac. When it is finished it will be a Mecca for people from far and wide.

His collection of musical boxes numbers well over fifty, and is priceless. It all began many years ago when his grandfather left him a musical box. Since then he has made many strange and hurried journeys in search of these treasures.

The museum includes a large cabinet musical box made in 1890 by a Swiss emigrant to America. A magnificent piece, it has an automatic record changer, a speed control and a magazine to hold

twenty of the large steel disc records of the period. The sonorous, bell-like tone comes as a surprise to a generation which thinks of musical boxes as tinkling little novelties.

An intricate ormolu cage containing a miniature bird is the showpiece of the museum. Made in 1760 for Louis XV of France by a master of his craft, it is probably the oldest instrument of its kind in the world. It faithfully reproduces the song of the nightingale, while the little bird within its gilded cage flutters its wings, wags its tail and turns its head from side to side. Its feathers, although they have lost their sheen, are perfectly genuine.

There is not space here, unfortunately, to describe all these lovely relics from yesteryear, but "Ariston" must be mentioned. This is a genuine 1850 Bavarian hand-organ which plays paper disc records. In the repertoire are "See Me Dance the Polka," "Abide with Me" and "Rescue the Perishing." The last-named is top of the pops, as it were, in the public bar and provides a regular and irresistible stimulus to Pangbourne's amateur tenors.

An endearing collection, made by a connoisseur. It may well bring renown to the *Cross Keys* and its tenant.

## INTERNATION-ALE—continued

Dear Sirs,

It is with some trepidation that we write to you, not as usual, to give you gloomy news about banning of beer imports, but on the rather more gentle pursuit of philology.

We refer, of course, to the Winter, 1957, issue of HOP LEAF GAZETTE, and in particular to the "Internation-ale" article on page 25.

Whilst we bow to the learning displayed by your very comprehensive linguistic European survey of potato salutes, we feel we must join issue with your Hindi translation. There is unfortunately in "shoudre", or pure Hindi, no equivalent of the expression "Cheers!" in its sense as a greeting over a drink.

"Ap Ki Sevame" does not lend itself to literal translation and it is difficult to explain its meaning in English. To avoid getting complicated we should like to leave

it by saying that it is an extremely flowery way of asking a person, of infinitely superior rank to the supplicant, what it is he wants. Incidentally, in India women are seldom so superior to men as to merit use of this expression unless one is in one of the South Indian matriarchal societies where the mothers-in-law have really come into their own—but they do not speak Hindi anyway.

In languages of Sanskrit derivation other than Hindi there are sayings used more or less loudly according to the stringency of the local prohibition laws and the nearest relation to anything in English that we can think of is an Urdu phrase "Daur Chalta Rahe"—roughly translatable as "Keep it flowing" or "Throw away the cork."

Yours, etc.,

PHIPSON & CO. PRIVATE LTD.

Bombay.



# STAR TURN

*A Pangbourne 'Teddy Boy'—  
with a difference.*

"Time for Teddy Boy's drink," announced Mr. Leslie Kent, landlord of the *Star* at Pangbourne.

He placed a wineglass of beer on the counter. Teddy stumped across, muttering under his breath, and sipped. He paused theatrically and ran a beady eye over his rapt audience. Another sip; another pause.

You could have heard a feather drop.

Then—an appreciative smack of his tongue and a long, drawn-out "Aaaah!" Tension relaxed and chattering broke out again.

The star of this once-nightly pantomime is a Blue Amazon parrot, which, by some odd quirk of Nature, sports a brilliant green plumage. Like all "characters" he has his little eccentricities. He will not,

for instance, patronise the saloon bar. He eschews baths, preferring to be sprayed with a syringe. Although a conscientious friend of alcohol and stalwart anti-abstainer he insists on tea first thing in the morning—but not direct from the cup. He spoons it up, grasping a tea-spoon firmly in his claw throughout the operation.

Teddy is just over 10 months old and his vocabulary is not yet extensive. But he is an apt pupil and has mastered "Teddy Boy," "Simon's gone to school" (Simon is Mr. Kent's son) and a few pungent phrases which are the cause of general and uproarious approval.

He also manages a stentorian "Leslie!" which, Mr. Kent assures us, has on occasion drawn from himself an involuntary "Yes, dear?"

# Hop Leaves

At a recent Licensed Victuallers' Association Dinner the Mayor of \* \* \* \* \* was the Guest of Honour. In due course he made a speech during which he referred to sputniks and space travel.

"Looking around me," he said, "I wonder which of these charming ladies will be the first to have a Tavern on Mars!"

The point was quickly taken up by everyone present—except, of course, the Mayor himself, who had had no intention whatsoever of venturing into the field of "subliminal" advertisement for the House of Simonds!



Our congratulations to two Oxford Managers—Mr. C. O. Watts and Mr. H. J. Martin, of the *Dewdrop Inn* and the *New Inn*, respectively, who have both received diplomas after taking part in the Second Oxford Licensed House Training Course arranged by the National Trade Development Association.

*Mr. H. J. Martin.*

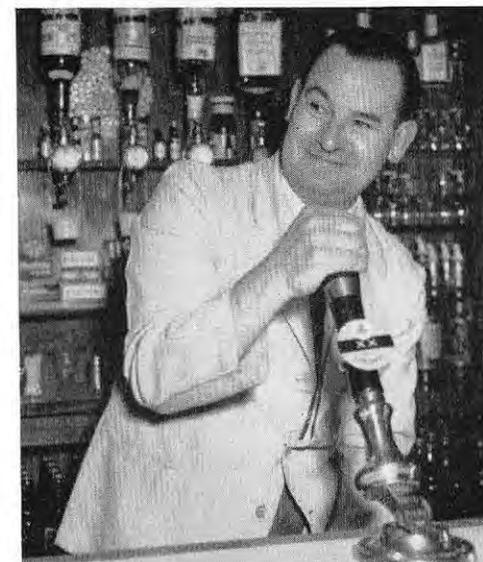


*Mr. J. A. Kemp, of the "London Inn," Paignton, has found a decorative use for empty Tavern cans. He is willing to waive the copyright!*

Here is the hardest hard-luck story of the year:—

Mr. Ron White, of the *Crown Hotel*, Caversham, romped his way to the Divisional Finals of the Individual *News of the World* Darts Competition held at Shoreditch Town Hall in March. In the quarter-finals he easily beat Mr. T. Fox (Kent), the most fancied player present

*Mr. C. O. Watts.*



by 2—0. He again emerged victorious from the semi-finals by beating Mr. H. Sowden (Sussex) 2—0.

Matched in the final against Mr. B. Kelly (Hants, I.O.W. and C.I.) he scored three successive 100s in the first leg, and won comfortably.

And then the luck changed.

When well in the lead in the second leg he struck the "60" wire *three times in a row* (will somebody work out the odds against that ?), losing his darts and the leg.

Braced by his opponent's outrageous fortune, Mr. Kelly thereafter was unbeatable.

We can only commiserate with Mr. White and take a perverse pride in his unusual hat-trick.



Swansea's earliest known Charter was granted by the Earl of Warwick in 1158. To salute the 800th anniversary of that illustrious occasion a reception was held in Mr. Munday's Wine Cellars (in the delightfully named Salubrious Passage) on 27th March.

*Members of the Reading Hop Leaf Darts League who visited the Guinness Park Royal Brewery in February.*



*Mrs. M. MacGregor and Mrs. Lily Cohen (RIGHT), winners of the Devon Finals, National Darts Tournament. Mrs. Cohen is the wife of our tenant at the "Park Inn," Kingskerwell.*

The Guests of Honour were our Chairman, General Sir Miles Dempsey, Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Allfrey and Mr. E. Duncan Simonds. Many local dignitaries and other well-known people attended this pleasant function given by Mr. Gerry Munday. Among those present was Mr. F. R. Scott, Manager of our Bridgend Branch, who assures us that the liquid refreshment and the buffet were most interesting and satisfying.

## Obituaries

*We deeply regret to announce the deaths of the following friends of the Company. Our sympathy is extended to all who have been bereaved :*

**Mr. A. S. Hamaton**, on 3rd March, at the age of 88. Mr. Hamaton was tenant of the *Railway Bell*, Hampton, where he died, for several years until November, 1950, when the licence was transferred to his son-in-law, Mr. L. H. Heryet.

**Mr. H. Holloway**, on 20th March. A pensioner of the Company, Mr. Holloway served in the Beer Cellars from 1902 until his retirement in 1947. He was 80 years of age.

**Mr. C. W. Andrews**, on 24th March. He retired in August, 1953, after 24 years' service in the Building Department.

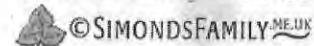
**Mr. I. Wallis**, on 4th May. Mr. Wallis was a member of our Managed House Accounts Section and his passing is a grievous loss to his colleagues.

**Mr. William Allen**, on 20th May, at the age of 75. A pensioner of the Company, Mr. Allen retired in July, 1911.

**Mr. J. W. Jude**, who was for many years Head Brewer of Phillips & Sons Ltd., retiring when that firm was taken over by our Company.

**Mr. R. H. Whitfield**, after a protracted and patiently borne illness. He was on the staff of Phillips & Sons Ltd., before taking over the tenancy of the *Old Globe*, Rogerstone.

Courtesy of the  
Simonds family archives



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