



Pub History

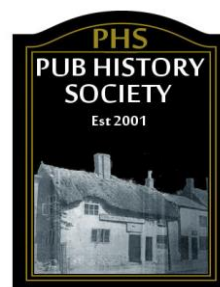
Spring 2022

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Cover images: *The Market Hall Tavern*, Kingswinford, West Midlands. These three pictures were used as part of a submission to CAMRA's Refurbished Pub of the Year competition (1987). The accompanying spec from Wolverhampton & Dudley Breweries PLC, read:

The Market Hall Tavern occupies an imposing site on Market Street. In February 1986 the Wolverhampton & Dudley Breweries commissioned architects Roger Evans Associates to completely refurbish the premises to the standards normally associated with a Banks's public house.



The Victorian building had fallen into disrepair and facilities generally had been neglected for some years.

Internally the building was divided into three small drinking areas all of which were poorly serviced. The brief to the architects was to create a one room public house but to maintain the flavour of the bar and lounge facilities by the sensitive use of floor and wall finishings and seat coverings etc and to provide a catering kitchen in order that the house could offer the standard of lunchtime food associated with the Pint and Platter motif.

The design was carried out with the intention of retaining the intrinsic Black Country flavour of the premises and areas have been created to encourage darts and board games at one end and comfortable seating around a coal fire at the other.

Externally the building received the benefit of a considerable amount of refurbishment work and a full painting and signage package was implemented with the result that the public house now imposes itself into the lively street scene of the area.

Still trading (above) and judging from its Facebook pages, the pub attracts a lively young clientele with music and pool to the fore. The rather busy (but beautifully nostalgic) 1987 look has made way for a stripped back clear-the-decks approach which the locals seem to enjoy. This rebrand typifies the more common look that pub owners now go for. An open space for people to meet up in with little in the way of ornament. In fact many of the online reviews compliment the sterile nature of the interior, albeit using the adjective 'clean'. Fair enough, it's a youngsters' pub but quite honestly they might as well meet up in an aircraft hangar.

Bah humbug. **CM**

[thanks to: www.kingswinford.com]

Subscriptions: Please remember, your yearly membership subscriptions help fund the Society's various publications. If you haven't already renewed, or wish to join as a new member, please send your cheque (per 12 months: £16) to: Steve Williams, 16 Bramble Close, Newborough, Peterborough, PE6 7RP. Please make cheques payable to *Pub History Society*. Please note: An online subscription is only: £8. International members are now invited to subscribe to the Internet Membership option. You may also apply online and pay via Paypal at the web address below. Printed *Pub History* issues may still be available for International Members for an additional fee. Contact the Membership Secretary for more details. If you join half way through the year, don't worry as we'll send the issues you've missed. When April arrives you will be sent a renewal form for the full year. This way it is easier to send out renewals and keeps our paperwork nice and simple!
Steve Williams (Acting Membership Secretary). www.pubhistorysociety.co.uk

From my Final Chair

I start this, my final *Chair*, with sincere apologies to all PHS members for the unforgiveable delay in issuing the Winter issue of *Pub History* which, as you know, did not arrive with you until both Christmas and New Year celebrations had passed. Production gremlins were to blame. Reading that your editor, Chris, and I wished you all the best for the holiday season amidst January must have seemed strange but, I can tell you, they were sincerely meant.

As you can see from the above, this is my last *Chair* as I formally resigned as Chairman of the PHS late last year. Thus, I can reassure you that the unforgiveable delay in publishing the Winter *Pub History* has nothing to do with it. It is my advancing age, the process of recovering from the stroke that I suffered in late February last year and my wife's continuing recovery from her own stroke three years ago, which is on-going. At the time of writing, my replacement has as yet to be appointed. (The photograph of me shown here in deep thought was taken at an AGM by Chris.)

I record here my sincere thanks to my committee colleagues and members who have supported me since I was appointed.



At the same time, purely coincidentally, and unbeknown to me, our committee officer 'without portfolio' but actually our specialist in matters financial and legal (as regards pub matters), Jim Packer, handed in his resignation too. Jim has been attending PHS meetings for a lot longer than I have and his absence from the committee will be sadly missed. However, I am advised that he will be available to the committee to be consulted from time to time, as indeed I will be, until new committee members are found. Also, with Chris Murray's blessing, I will continue to contribute to *Pub History* up until the time my ink runs out.

By the time you receive this final *Chair*, I am hoping that every one of you has been able to return to all the pub-related things you enjoy doing and back to life in general. My collecting of pub and pub game related books, ephemera and odd bits and pieces has restarted. Amongst the first items is this wonderful handmade box built to hold a set of darts. The item was described by the antique centre in Hertfordshire where I bought it as:



Box, handmade from spent match sticks to hold 3 darts (included). Named to Don Langham, Black Horse (pub?). Possibly made by a prisoner.

Years ago, many darts players made their own boxes to hold their darts, usually because the original boxes had fallen to pieces and keeping darts in the top pocket damaged the shirt. Many were carpenters and skilled with their hands and this is only one example. And what an example! I don't believe this was made by a prisoner of war (the darts, and especially the stems, are too 'recent'). On the top lid can be seen the legend 'Langham' and beneath it 'Black Horse' and,

as you can see, the name 'Don' (again made out of dead matches) is stuck to the front of the box. It did not take me too long to find a pub called the *Black Horse* (now closed) at the Essex village of Langham (about 35 miles from the antique centre). Was that where Don used to throw his darts?

Whatever you collect, I wish you luck in your travels. Why not let fellow members know what pub memorabilia you collect or what forms the focus of your research? I am sure others would like to know about them. Why not write a piece for *Pub History*? I'm sure Chris will be pleased to hear from you. [absolutely - Ed]

Now that Covid restrictions have been lifted I am sure that my colleagues are discussing the arrangements for the 2022 AGM and future excursions.

All the best to you all. **Patrick**

Ringling the Changes

As he has explained on the previous page, Patrick Chaplin has penned his last *From the Chair* piece for the *Pub History* quarterly. Patrick has been the very backbone of the Society, particular in matters of publicity (whenever he is interviewed by the media he invariably manages to slip in a reference to the PHS) and of course regarding the innumerable articles he has put together firstly for the *PHS Newsletter* and more recently for *Pub History*. Patrick's submissions began seeing print way back, from issue two of the *Newsletter* in 2001. Always informative, often amusing and far-ranging, from darts-related subjects to obscure pub signage, the quarterly has never been without a contribution from him. Simply put, without Patrick's input it would be difficult to put together a full issue. Although, as fellow members of the PHS Committee we correspond on a regular basis, we have met up in person infrequently, especially over the last few years. In the past the AGM has been the usual meeting place. It has always been a pleasure to meet up and sup a few beers.

Patrick's recent health scare, together with his wife, Maureen's recovery issues, as he points out have meant he felt he had to relinquish the reins as Chairman. He has vowed to continue contributing to *Pub History*, much to my relief! We were privileged to have such a high profile and respected darts historian at the helm.

As also touched on by Patrick, another Committee member has felt it necessary to step down for health reasons. Jim Packer [seen here toasting the conclusion of a recent AGM] has been of similar stalwart status, joining the Society a little later and immediately becoming indispensable. Jim has been our go-to source in matters of historical pub-related legislation and other matters pertaining to past public house traditions and procedures. Jim has also been our financial wizard, keeping records and taking care of bookkeeping, enabling our AGMs to take place with a firm fiscal grasp of the status quo. We won't be losing him as a member however and I look forward to any submissions for publication in the future.



Thanks to both for their service and contributions over the years. These two vacant positions will be filled in due course and the membership will be made aware of their successors.

Chris Murray

PHS member **Alan Greenwood** has sourced this (anonymous) nostalgic look back at a Wrightlington, Lancashire institution, originally appearing in *What's Brewing*, November 1975:

The Memory Will Linger On

Step into old Bob Mawdsley's taproom and you're in a bygone age. An age when men were men and women stayed home (! – Ed); when a night's drinking was done by the smokey light of a paraffin lamp; when beer was fetched up from the cellar in jugs; and when a handful of pennies brought cheer enough to make a man forget the dark toil of the mine.



More than half a lifetime ago it was when Bob clocked out of the pit for the last time, washed away the coal dust and traded his pickaxe for a pub.

The lettering on the half-moon window over the front door of the cosy White Lion hasn't been altered since that day in 1931: "Robt. Mawdsley, licenced (sic) to sell ale, porter and tobacco".

Not that anyone in the Lancashire village of Wrightlington would dream of calling it the White Lion...Owd Bob's its been called, for years.

There have been changes, of course. The beer Bob sold to the miners from nearby Chisnall Colliery back in the 1930s was brewed by a local firm, John Sumner and Co of Haigh, long since swallowed up by Greenall Whitley of Warrington.

Handpumps followed the new beer into the bar, electricity brought a bright new light into the taproom and even the telephone found its way into Owd Bob's life.

But some things don't change. Owd Bob's basic taproom stubbornly defies the relentless march of time. High-backed wooden benches, scrubbed wooden tables and the warming glow of an open fire are a legacy of hard but happy times lovingly remembered.

Even the beer has a taste of the past about it. The locals insist that through Bob's pumps flows nectar. It is delivered from the Warrington brewery in wooden barrels at Bob's wife's (alas – not named – Ed) request, for although she's no beer drinker, Mrs Mawdsley heeds her customers' declared preference for the old-fashioned ways.



You don't get short measure when it comes to atmosphere and friendliness either. One regular said: "Owd Bob's is one of the friendliest pubs in the district; in fact there can be fewer friendlier taprooms anywhere.

"He's an old Life Guard and that means he's always got a yarn or two for his customers."

In years past, Bob filled another vital role in village life – that of the farrier. His father was a blacksmith and Bob used converted stables as his smithy to offer a shoeing service. That's finished now – for Owd Bob was 78 this year.

The smithy's closed, the large market garden at the back of the pub where the Mawdsleys grew much of their own food is slowly running down...and this story has a sad but inevitable ending.

For Owd Bob and his missus [above, in the cellar] are calling it a day, soon to retire from the pub that has been their life's work.

Understandably, there was sadness in the old taproom the night the news leaked out. But many of the regulars felt a twinge of concern, too.

What would now happen to the White Lion? Pinball machines and plastic fittings? Pressurised beer and a penny on every pint?

Not a bit of it – the new broom will sweep no cleaner than the old. For Greenalls are pledged to keep the pub



As it is. A brewery spokesman said: "Regulars need have no fear, it is NOT going to be turned into a plastic and pressurised beer pub."

"It will remain as it is, apart from the fact that there will be a new landlord."

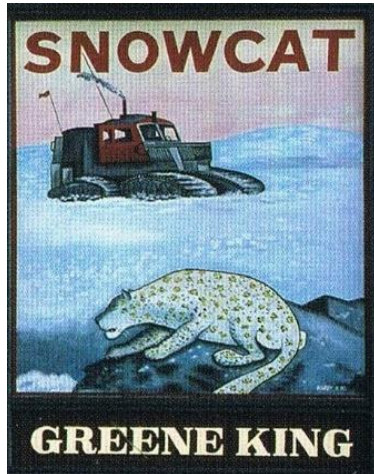
A solemn pledge from a brewery that is taking careful account of the views of its customers – a lesson that Greenalls might easily have learned from the Mawdsleys!

If you want to sample a genuine country pub with good ale and raise your glass to the outgoing old pair, just leave the M6 at junction 27, north of Wigan, head towards Eccleston and you can't miss Wrightlington.

And the name of the pub? Owd Bob's of course...for many a year to come. [The good news is that the pub still trades -Ed]

Snowcat, Cambridge

In *From the Chair* in the Winter issue I briefly referred to a 'snowy' and 'wintry' pub sign *The Snowcat*, and, as a result, had decided to find out more about this pub, its sign and the unusual origin of its name.



I discovered the *Snowcat* in Dorothy Nicolle's book *All About Pub Signs* (2010) whilst seeking for anything 'snowy'. With no details of the sign apart from the excellent image of the sign, I began looking through Eric R Delderfield's numerous books on pub signs and learned of the *Snowcat* in Cambridge. Delderfield wrote in his *Stories of Inns and their Signs* (1974):

The *Snowcat*, Cambridge (Cambs), is named after the vehicle used with such great success on the Trans-Antarctic expedition of 1957-58, as a result of which Sir Vivian Fuchs, the leader, became the first man to traverse the Antarctic covering 2,200 miles in 90 days. It was he who officially opened the *Snowcat*. Cleverly defined in the profile of the inn is the shape of the vehicle, information about it is on display in the bars, and the sign shows a 'snowcat' ploughing through the Arctic wastes.

I suppose if I compare the snowcat on the sign and then look at the photograph of the pub (right) I can just see the 'clever definition'.

The pub was built in 1959 (architect David Roberts) and was situated in Arbury Road. The opening ceremony was undertaken that year by Sir Vivian himself.

A Cambridge website, from which I found the photograph mentioned above, has described the 'estate pub' as 'one of few pubs in this area of the town, and more attractive than the surrounding flats.'



In 1926 Fuchs [left] went to St John's College, Cambridge. His tutor was James Wordie, who had been Senior Scientist on Shackleton's Endurance Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition between 1914 and 1916. Wordie became Fuchs's influential mentor and took him to the Arctic on an expedition. Much later, Wordie was key in supporting the planning of the Trans-Antarctic Expedition. Thus, Fuchs's direct links with the city and later the pub.

According to a 'military history fandom' website, Fuchs was best known as the leader of the Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition, a Commonwealth-sponsored expedition that completed the first overland crossing of Antarctica. Planning for the expedition began in 1953, and envisioned the use of Sno-Cat[®] tractors to cross the continent in 100 days, starting at the Weddell Sea, ending at the Ross Sea, and crossing the South Pole.

Fuchs and his party arrived in Antarctica in January 1957 after camp had been set up. The party departed from Shackleton Base on 24 November 1957. During the trek, a variety of scientific data was collected from seismic soundings and gravimetric readings.

Scientists established the thickness of ice at the pole, and the existence of a land mass beneath the ice. On 2 March 1958, Fuchs and company completed the 100-day trip by reaching Scott Base, having travelled 2,158 miles.

The 'Sno-cat'®, shown here, can be found today in the Science Museum. Made by the Tucker Sno-cat® Corporation, of Oregon USA in 1955 (type 743), and was one of four used in the Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition from 1955-58. It had been developed to negotiate very soft snow to maintain telephone lines in North America so needed a few alterations to survive Antarctica where the temperature could reach minus 40 degrees Fahrenheit and powerful snow drifts. These changes included special anti-freeze engine lubricant, sealing every hole or crevice and lagging the cabin with inch-thick cellular plastics. Comparing the photograph of the 'Sno-Cat'® with the vehicle depicted in the *Snowcat* pub sign shows that the artist has/had a good eye. (I guess the pub was not called *Sno-cat*® for, I assume, product-related reasons or merely allowing artistic licence.)



In 1958, Fuchs was knighted by Queen Elizabeth II. He co-wrote, with Sir Edmund Hillary, *The Crossing of Antarctica*. In 1959 he was awarded the Hans Egede Medal by the Royal Danish Geographical Society, the same year as the *Snowcat* was opened.

However, the sign shown here may be a later version as Delderfield states (1975) that the original sign showed merely 'a profile of the snowcat' whereas the one shown here depicts both the vehicle *and* a snowcat (a snow leopard).

When this sign was described by Bill Beech of the Inn Sign Society in 1992, he commented "Whilst the pub is named for the tractored vehicle used by the Fuchs Expedition to the South Pole, the sign does also have a very good painting of the snow leopard."

In 2001 the pub was refurbished and then renamed *The Grove*. A decade later, in September 2011, it was closed after several assaults in the pub.

On 20th January 2013 the building was reopened as a Cambridge Gurdwara (Sikh Temple).

Patrick Chaplin

Sources: *At the Sign of...Easter – The Newsletter of the Inn Society*. No. 11. 1992.

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Websites: www.cambridge2000.com

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www.sirvivianfuchs.com/biography/index.html

Pubs of Garstang, a Lancashire Market Town

A brief look at pubs past and present in a small town – Garstang in Lancashire, situated about 10 miles north of the city of Preston, the town stood on the main A6, which now by-passes the town centre and is itself now largely by-passed by the M6 motorway to the east of the town.

There was at one time a pub in Garstang which went by the name *XL*. Whilst I believe there is a possibility that it existed at the same time as *The CB* in Arkengarthdale and *The GI* in Hastings, it was nonetheless often quoted as having the shortest name in the country. The house was named after the flagship ale of Blackpool brewers



Catterall and Swarbrick [tray, above]. Though built in the 1930s, when the Garstang by-pass was built, *The XL* superseded *The Cathouse Inn* which stood in Parkside Lane behind the site of the present house. *The Cathouse* was demolished in 1899 and rebuilt, opening in 1901 and surviving until about 1930 when the aforementioned road was built. Following take over by Bass, *The XL* was renamed *The Chequered Flag* later shortened to *The Flag*. Closing again in 2008, it reopened in 2011 as *The Bellflower* [left] by which name it trades today.

The town of Garstang has, at present, around half a dozen pubs. In the early nineteenth century, there were around thirteen. The town's principal coaching inn in the seventeenth century was *The Royal Oak* [below, right] in the Market Place. Probably built on the site of a fourteenth century farm house, there is known to have been an inn here since the fifteenth century. Sir Walter Scott stayed at the inn in 1828 and recorded the fact in his journal describing it as an 'indifferent house'. The building housed the Post and Excise Office in the late eighteenth century. In 1827 a man called Vera Bedra died at *The Royal Oak*. He was part of a group of three men, who came from India and who were jugglers and sword swallows booked to perform in the town. The inn was advertised for rent in 1836 when 32 acres of meadow and pasture land was included. In 1840 it had 11 bedrooms and three servants' rooms, a stable for 14 horses, a brewhouse, pigsties, two coach houses a harness room and a shippon*. A large well was discovered during later renovations.



Another pub still there is *The Farmers Arms*, [below, left] originally known as *The Shovel and Broom* when opened in the early 1800s. In May 1820 the Garstang Catholic Charitable Society was set up at the pub. In 1823 the pub was sold by auction and included a 'fine toned Chamber Organ...Kitchen and Dairy Utensils, a large quantity of casks...one plough...one harrow, three cans and wheels, a large quantity of sacks; one Horse Malt Crushing Mill...a large quantity of hops, Trucks, one Gig and Harness...a large quantity of well got hay, Horses, Cows, Pigs, Pots, Glasses, Pans &c'

The landlord at the time was John Holden. John Hunt must have been the purchaser as he was recorded as landlord in 1825. The name was changed to *The Farmers Arms* in about 1868

Also, still in existence, are *The Eagle and Child*, (for which I understand plans are afoot to change the name to *The Posting Inn*), *The Wheatsheaf* and *The Kings Arms*.

In 1794, a pub by the name of *The Woolpack* existed in Garstang. This later became *The Pack Horse*. It was rebuilt in the early 1800s with a garden and bowling green at the rear. By the mid nineteenth century the house boasted stabling for 29 horses, stallion houses where stallions and mares were brought for mating, a shippon for five cows and a brewhouse. The licence was revoked in 1905 after



which it became a Temperance Hotel [below, left]. In spite of this, the proprietress, Annie Ward, appeared in court for selling intoxicating liquor without a licence on November 28th and 29th and December 5th 1907. From complaints made to Superintendent Pickering, a policeman and his wife were sent to stay for two periods in November at the house, and later after a search by Superintendent Pickering revealed 130 bottles of champagne, 29 bottles of wine, one gallon jar containing port wine, a bottle of liqueur brandy, two bottles of claret and other bottles containing clarets, cherry brandy, beer, stout, whisky etc. When people came in, it was stated, and asked for a cup of tea "hot" the defendant brought the tea from the kitchen, the whisky from a sliding cupboard in the bar, and served it to the

customer who paid 4d instead of 2d as charged for ordinary tea. For the defence it was stated the intoxicants were only old stock and only intimate friends of the defendant were served with them. Mrs Ward was fined £25 and costs, including five guineas advocates fee, and all the liquor except the champagne was ordered to be confiscated. *The Pack Horse* became the Manchester and County Bank (now amalgamated into Nat West) in 1925, and later retail shops.

A house by the name of *The Golden Ball* once stood in Bridge Street. Originally built as a farm house in the eighteenth century, it was certainly a pub by 1848. The stone and thatched building had three parlours and a tap room, with a club room upstairs. Stabling for five horses was also provided. It closed in 1914 after which the Preston Wholesale Cooperative Society purchased the premises. It has since been demolished.

The junction of Church Street and Park Hill Road now features a roundabout. This was the site of *The Brown Cow Inn*. A stone lintel above the door bore the date 1685 and it was thought to have been built with stone from Greenhalgh Castle, a fortress built in 1490 by Thomas Stanley, 1st Earl of Derby, now a ruin. The pub closed in 1903 becoming a grocers and bakery. It was destroyed by fire in 1931 and subsequently demolished.

A group of three seventeenth century cottages in the High Street was amalgamated into *The Red Lion*. Following closure in 1857, the building reverted to cottages. In 1904 they were rebuilt into two larger cottages but were demolished in 1958 and the Post Office built on the site.

Also in the High Street was a small whitewashed cottage known as *The Bowl Alley*. It was renamed in 1805 as *The Holy Lamb*. Having been described in the 1842 rent roll as a 'miserable dilapidated building,' it was closed in 1843 becoming a private residence before being demolished in the 1850s.

So if you fancy an eXcellent pubbing experience, Garstang is a worthwhile distraction from the tedium of the M6. (see what I did there!)

Photo credits: XL tray; brewerytrays.co.uk, *Bellflower*; whatpub.com, *Royal Oak*; Phil Leary, *Farmers' Arms*; Phil Leary, *Temperance Hotel*; Garstang Heritage Society *cattle shed

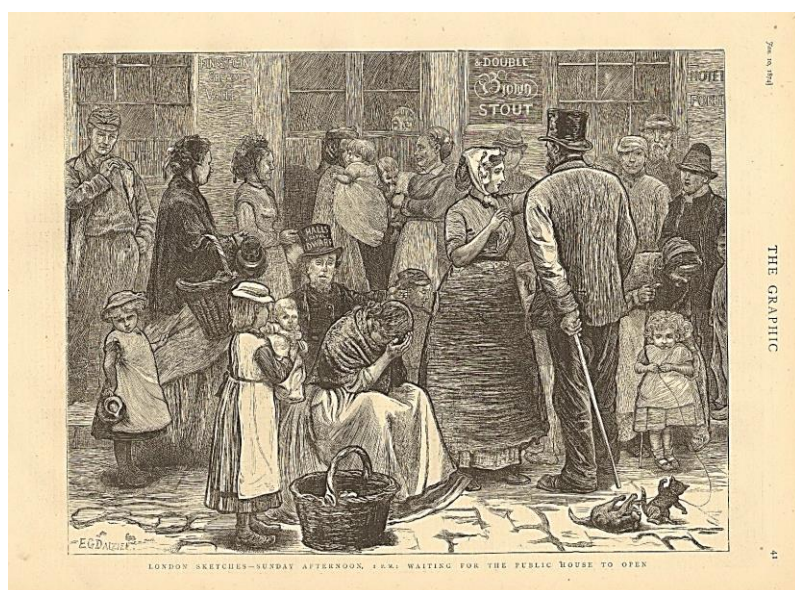
Phil Leary

Whisky Dramming – Cautionary Advice

Dramming is an odious vice, hateful to God and all decent bodies. It's no' that I'll object to a drap now and then, in reason and moderation; but to be dram, dram, dram, dramming, morning noon and night – Oh it's just abominable! Ye may tak' a dram before breakfast, to keep the cauld out o' your stomach, and a dram after breakfast, just to settle the dried haddock, or kipper'd salmon; but ye maunna be always dram, dram, dram, dramming. And I'll no' object to a dram maybe at noon, when ye're over weary of fasting, and a dram before dinner for a whet, and a dram after dinner for the digestion is a dram in season, and a dram after tea's what no one will tak amiss, for tea's a poor lap and hurtful to the stomach without a qualification; but as for dram, dram, dram, dramming everlastingly, it's a sair and brutal sin. Then ye may tak a wee drappie before supper, to gie a kick to the appetite, and twa drams after it, for supper's apt to lie heavy without a moderate stimulus; and then ye'll hold out, I expect, till next morning without anything more, but maybe a cup at your bed-head, in case ye be dry in the night. This ye may do, for it's all in moderation; but dinnae be aye dram, dram, dram, dramming – for it's a hateful custom, and nae Christian body should practice it.

Unknown Scottish Minister (allegedly), quoted in *The Atlas*, 26 October 1826 (as brought to notice by Nicholas Morgan in *Everything You Need to Know About Whisky (But Were Too Afraid to Ask)*, The Whisky Exchange, Ebury Press, 2021

Right: Edwardian engraved whisky decanter [my collection CM]



Waiting for the Public House to Open - etching by Edward Dalziel

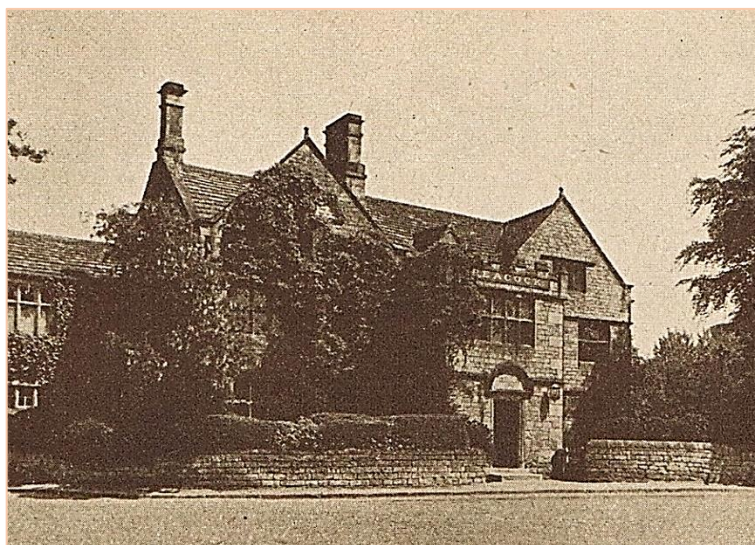
As seen in a full-page illustration for the *Graphic* magazine, January 10th 1874. This weekly was aiming at a middle class (and above) readership. George Eliot, Thomas Hardy and Anthony Trollope wrote for it. E G Dalziel (1817-1905) and his brother George (1815 – 1902), both talented artists, set up a printing business in Victorian London which specialised in reproducing from woodblocks. This picture typically shows the working classes in a poor light. Note the children, one carrying a jug to be filled with beer. **CM**

The Peacock, Rowsley, Derbyshire – Part Three

To be honest I hadn't planned a Part Three. I was going to briefly mention in this *Chair* that I had seen *The Peacock* (photo, right, circa 1938) albeit very briefly during an edition of *Flog It* last October and that was to be it.

However, two other things encouraged me to put goat's blood to papyrus for a third time.

Firstly, Part One was published in *Pub History* Autumn 2021, in which I mentioned a railway station that was 'adjoining' *The Peacock*. It was opened in June 1849 but closed in 1862; a new one being opened at the same time on a different site 'to facilitate connection with a new main line.' I wrote in Part One that 'I would appreciate any railway buff clarifying this 'change' please, and tell me, if possible, how far away the original and the replacement 'adjoining' railway and station were from *The Peacock*.'



Almost immediately after the publication of Part One, up stepped Mike Marr who wrote:

"We have recently had a family holiday in Darley Dale so drove through Rowsley a number of times although I did not have an opportunity to go in the Peacock."

To answer the question concerning the stations, the original station became a terminus as the M B M & M J [Manchester, Buxton, Matlock and Midlands Junction Railway] could not raise sufficient funds to complete the route from Ambergate to Buxton. Although originally destined to cross the land of the Duke of Rutland at Haddon Hall, he was opposed to this so the plans were altered to cross the estate of the Duke of Devonshire further North who was in favour of the railway.

The attractive original station lasted in goods office use until July 1968 and survives today in the middle of the Peak Village Shopping Outlet. It is probably only 200 yards from the Peacock and on the same side of the A6.

The new station opened on 1st August 1862 as part of the through route to Buxton and beyond which opened throughout on 1st June 1863 and ironically crossed the grounds of Haddon Hall, albeit in a tunnel. This station, which closed on 6th March 1967 and was demolished in the 1990's, was the other side of the A6.

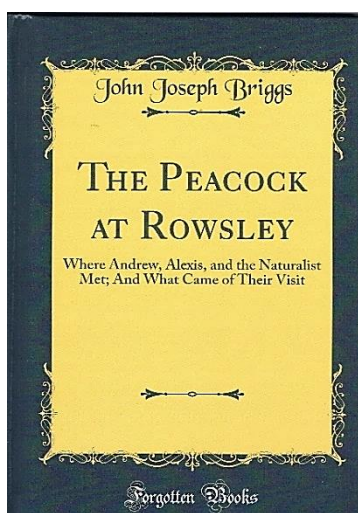
There is a road down to an industrial estate not far from the pub which I think was the way down to the station and looking at the 1920's OS map it was probably a similar distance away from the Peacock than the original."

Thanks Mike.

Secondly, well, throughout my research thus far I have consulted numerous books on Derbyshire pubs and environs (all referred to in the Sources of both earlier Parts), it had *never* occurred to me to search for books specifically titled *The Peacock*.

Nothing I had read or researched about the hotel suggested that I might one day stumble upon John Joseph Briggs' volume *The Peacock at Rowsley* subtitled *Where Andrew, Alexis, and the Naturalist Met, And What Came of Their Visit*.

Originally published in London by Bemrose and Sons in 1869, the copy I happened upon was printed in 2018 in London, by Forgotten Books.



During the group's trip through the Peak District of Derbyshire it was 'our good fortune to halt for a short season at The Peacock'. The group were 'much struck' with the quaint character of the hotel, 'the picturesque nature of the scenery around it, and the many interesting objects, and the associations of the district' that they decided to prepare a series of papers about their visit and findings which were published in *The Field* and, due to popular demand, were reprinted later in collected form in *The Peacock at Rowsley...* in 1869.

Whilst the book concentrates mainly on 'the activities, different tastes, pursuits, and modes of thought together', more than two pages are taken up quoting from an article written by 'HYEMS' that appeared in the *Illustrated London News* 'about ten years ago'. 'HYEMS' wrote:

'There is nothing, perhaps that more enhances the pleasure of travelling to an Englishman than meeting with good and comfortable accommodation at the various hotels he may visit; and though great has been the outcry against

hotel keepers generally – for they are nearly always looked upon as grim ogres who will certainly eat up either your purse or your person – still there are exceptions to the rule...'

And, of course, *The Peacock* was such an hotel, 'the *beau ideal* of a snug country hostelry' which fortune had brought 'HYEMS' 'under the shade of its roof.'

'HYEMS' asked the rhetorical question, 'Who has not heard of the Peacock?', replying 'It's fame seemed on inquiry, to have spread through the length of the land.' The writer enthused of 'old beams', 'the abundance of windows', 'the glowing fire' and the 'snug and cosy feeling' that 'comes over one, produced by the unscrupulous attention to our creature comforts.'

The architecture of the *The Peacock* has already been discussed in Parts 1 & 2 as have the 'piscatorial pursuits', the gardens and the adjacent railway. 'HYEMS' comments on the latter:

'Rowsley...is the terminus of the railway from Ambergate, whence run coaches to Buxton, Manchester, &c. In these days of steam, it is a refreshing sight to see the old-fashioned coach-and-four rolling along – to hear the wind of the horn as it nears its destination, contrasting with the shrill whistle of the engine, which seems like an intruder in that peaceful valley, where formerly the only sounds were the song of the shepherd, or here and there the soft ripple of the stream, whose course, at intervals impeded by craggy fragments, forms fresh beauties to delight the eye.'

In Briggs' book, published ten years later, he placed an asterisk after the word 'terminus' and informed his readers that 'Formerly it **was** the terminus, but now the line is carried forward to Manchester.'

'HYEMS' then spends some time outlining his visits to nearby Chatsworth and Haddon Hall (the latter shown in the photograph below) and then it was time for him to return to his 'old friend' *The Peacock*.



Briggs and his colleagues' subjects on their stay at *The Peacock* included, the mayfly, the common toad, the dormouse, the Greater Spotted Woodpecker, the honey-bee, old parks and trees, the house-fly and the habits of the dipper, although moving off-subject occasionally to talk of the poet, Tom Moore, Virgil, anecdotes of schooldays, etc, etc.

The visitors thoroughly enjoyed the joys of the gardens one saying, 'I love this house. How sweetly the river winds in gentle sweep round the garden wall; then, as

careless and free, frisks through the bridge like a child at play, and making as much wild music. It is a pleasant spot.'

At dinner the friends, quietly seated in a little room at *The Peacock*, enjoyed their 'mutton and old port' and then, once the bottle was passed around again, the conversation also flowed. Then, as the friends prepare to leave, 'the Naturalist' (Briggs) said:

'I shall think long and oft of our well-spent visit, and in imagination wander pleasantly along these meads and streams, or enjoy the comforts and homely delights of this quiet hostelry with my friends...and recall vividly to mind those quaint and agreeable conversations which had leant such a peculiar charm to our visit to Rowsley.'

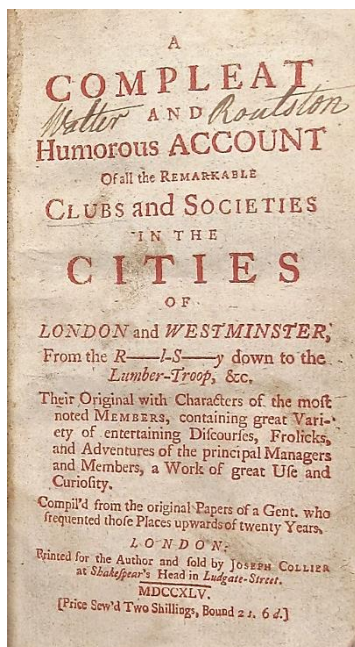
So, that is as far as I can go with the history of *The Peacock*...at the moment.

Patrick Chaplin

(With thanks to everyone who has helped in any way with this reconstruction of the history of *The Peacock*.)

How did a group of Georgian idlers enjoy themselves together at a 'Publick House'?

The Answer is Blowing in the Wind



In Edward Ward's *A Compleat and Humorous Account of All the Remarkable Clubs and Societies in the Cities of London and Westminster* of 1745, his description of the goings-on of one particular club stands out. It began in the 1720s or 30s in a pub in Cripplegate as a secret society wherein its members were sworn to silence (ahem) but either through accident or design it became known to the public at large. It must be said before we proceed that some commentators believe the book to be a satire and that the club is wholly fictitious. However others swear otherwise. The inclusion of the perfectly genuine Kit-Kat Club in its pages may persuade us of its veracity in other matters. Not to put too fine a point on it the society in question was the Georgian Farting Club. Contests were arranged to see which member could manage the most odoriferous discharge. Loath to leave matters to chance, the competitors stocked up on cabbage, onions and peas in order to produce 'better quality'd farts.' Handfuls of pea porridge were devoured that 'went in like bullets' in order they 'might come out like Gunpowder.'

left: 1745 edition

Particular beverages were also employed: Ale and juniper water were favoured...until all were distended 'like a blown Bag Pipe, and then they began to Thunder out whole Volleys, like a Regiment ... in vigorous Attack.' Stewards were appointed as arbiters and weekly meetings were held wherein the members drank to the King's health: 'there was such Trumping...to signalize their Loyalty, that the Victualler was forced to burn Rosemary in his Kitchen, for fear the Expansion of the nauseous Fumes should poison his other Customers.' 'Neighbours and passengers used to stop under the Window, and lend an Ear to their Arses ... and ... Boys and Girls in Imitation of their Harmony, went trumping with their Mouths along the Streets to School.' One admirer, an 'arch fellow' devised a method of replicating the sound of flatulence by the expediency of 'clapping his right Hand under his left Arm-pit, where he would gather Wind, and discharge it so surprizingly, that he would give a Lady's Fart, a Brewer's Fart, a Bumkin's Fart, and an old Woman's Slur, or a Maiden Fizzle, etc.' So successful was he in his enterprise that he was admitted to the Club as an honorary member. The Club's demise came about when 'several of the best Performers went Farting out of the World.' Physicians diagnosed the cause as the 'windy diets they had eaten to excess.' The remaining members 'had the Wit to dissolve their Club, change their Cabbage Diet into substantial Beef, and so tied up their Fundaments by Degrees.'

A literary precedent was set by Jonathan Swift (of *Gulliver's Travels* fame) who published a pamphlet in 1722 entitled 'The Benefit of Farting Explain'd.' [that's enough flatus – Ed]

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RICS

St Albans *The Fighting Cocks* is Up for Sale

It was certainly on the cards. Though the Pub History Society has in the main steered clear of crusading on pub matters, it does seem right that we should pass comment on the closure of what the Guinness Book of Records once accepted as the oldest pub in Britain (this claim is now 'rested'), *The Fighting Cocks* in St Albans.

Its venerability is not in question. The main structure is believed to date back to the 11th century. The monks of St Albans Abbey used the building as a dovecote, collecting eggs and poultry. When it became a pub or rather an alehouse is up for debate. Whatever, it is an iconic venue, not just because of its age but also because of its unique origin and subsequent history. Not to mention its

quaint chocolate box appearance. It came as somewhat of a shock therefore to hear that the place had gone into administration. The news was picked up and travelled around the world: CNN, the Washington Post, the Spanish press, even India was engrossed by this story of a pub that had 'survived plagues and wars' and yet was laid low by a modern pandemic. Except that this isn't quite true. *The Cocks* is in little danger of permanent closure. The story does have a victim, however.

Christo Tofalli [right] had been in charge of the place for ten years but was forced to close due to "devastating COVID restrictions". Setting aside the rights and wrongs of government legislation, the sheer brutality of the inflicted closures over two years, coupled with the cost of providing a safe environment for staff and customers meant that the inevitable had to be faced: The pub was no longer a viable going concern. As Tofalli said in one of his many interviews with the media (the man didn't go down without a fight); "I'm a publican, not a politician. I wouldn't be able to pay the staff if I continued. I have to be pragmatic." He went on; "when we served our last customers...it was like a death, packing up our numerous awards, our whole success. It was like a funeral, like losing someone." He explained that he believed that business rates were in line to rise 47% over the next five years, which he calculated meant selling over 7,000 more pints each year to make a profit. Further, Sean Hughes, owner of *The Boot* was of the opinion that 80% of the city's pubs will see their rates rise by 72% which signifies £7,000 per year on average. If these figures are accurate it would seem that government policy is more successful than the temperance movement was in closing down pubs in Victorian times.



BBC News Online put it bluntly: "Tier three status means dining pubs [are] 'thrown to the wolves'". A Save St Albans Pubs Campaign was launched in a bid to keep open not just *The Fighting Cocks* but also other prominent and historical pubs such as the 16th century *Boot*. It being on the doorstep of CAMRA HQ, it was little surprise that the Campaign for Real Ale lent its backing. To no avail, it seemed, as far as *The Cocks* is concerned. However now that Tofalli has left the scene the pub is now up for sale as a business. The Herts Advertiser called Christo Tofalli a local legend, pointing out that "he has helped raise vital and valuable funds in aid of our local young people particularly during the ongoing pandemic."

It is difficult to argue with the outgoing landlord in his summation:

"We are running award-winning businesses, loved by local people, providing much-needed respite from the trials and challenges that 2020 has thrown at them - and we have been operating in a safe way, and still we are sacrificed."

Now that there seems to be some semblance of normality on the horizon it seems that *The Fighting Cocks* will see the light of day again, albeit with no input from Mr Tofalli.

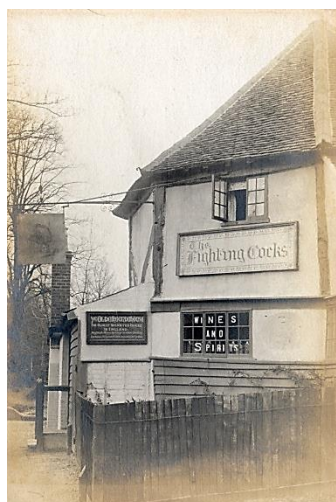
Chris Murray

Reprinted here is an article, written for a special one-off edition of the PHS Newsletter in 2012 given out to the public to coincide with the launch of the British Film Institute's Roll Out the Barrel DVD set with which the PHS was involved.

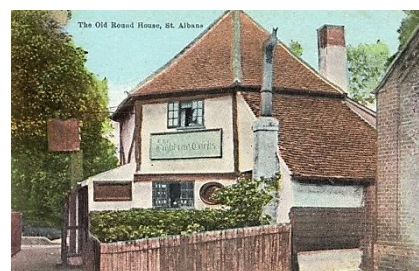
The Fighting Cocks, St Albans



by “oldest pub”? Does it infer a building that has continually traded as a pub? That would rule out a very old building that has had odd periods of trading only. Are we to include venues that have been considerably restructured over the years so the modern



day building bears no resemblance to the original or indeed has been completely rebuilt? Can the definition accept a building that has been removed from its original position and been rebuilt elsewhere, such as is the case with *The Fighting Cocks*? For what it is worth The Guinness Book of Records accepts the St Albans pub's claim. [not now – see previous page – Ed]



The pub appears briefly in the BFI's *Roll Out the Barrel*. Its fame was such that it actually is seen in two of the films (*The Story of English Inns* and *Down at the Local*). *The Cocks*, as it is known to regulars is a small picturesque pub, quite unpretentious in its appearance, indeed it was formerly a dove-cote or pigeon house used by monks who aimed for self-sufficiency in matters of food and drink, at St Albans Abbey which was dissolved by



Henry VIII in 1539. Later the Abbey church became St Albans Cathedral.

The shape of the building, which was created for the comfort of the birds lent it the early epithet of *The Round House*. However by the nineteenth century its present name was adopted due to the fact that the odious “sport” of cock fighting was taking part on the premises. The whole structure was moved to its present riverside location in the sixteenth century, though its foundations have apparently been dated to the eighth century which begs the question “were the foundations moved too or was the pub laid atop an existing foundation?” This pub history stuff is never straightforward.

The pub must be one of the most pictorially documented boozers in Britain. Its chocolate box looks and the advent of the picture postcard came together to hand us down dozens of different images of the *Fighting Cocks*. Through scrutiny of the pictures one can make out the slow evolution of the pub over the last hundred years or so. For instance the outside standing chimney gradually gains a more substantial brick cladding and the pub signage goes through many permutations. Well worth a visit today, St Albans is also the home of Camra (Campaign for Real Ale) headquarters. Camra has been at the forefront of pub promotion, particularly in the matter of protecting pub heritage and so this makes it an even more fitting site for this historic venue. The postcard illustrations appear in approximate date order, oldest first.



Chris Murray

I'm bending the rules here. I am well aware that our Society bears witness to the history of the public house but surely the beer tent must count as a near relative?

In any case I couldn't resist reprinting the following gem from one of Ireland's drollest writers, Patrick Campbell. Born in Dublin in 1913 as part of Ireland's aristocracy, he was styled the third Baron Glenavy. He was educated at Pembroke College, Oxford and began to write for the Irish Times, and later the London based Sunday Times. He made his name penning humorous pieces for various periodicals. His tandem career was as a broadcaster; probably he was best known for his appearances opposite his friend Frank Muir on the television panel game show, *Call my Bluff*. He used both his six foot five frame and his sometime stammer to comic effect. He died in 1980. **CM**

One for the High Road (Extract) from *The Compleat Imbiber*, Fisher Knight & Co, St Albans, 1956

Round another bend in memory's lane loom up the heavy figures of Matty, Mossy and Confucius Ryan – three bookmakers whom I met in a refreshment tent after the last race on the final day of the Galway Races, a sporting event of four days' duration held by many to be even more destructive than Wicklow Regatta.

Matty and Mossy, holding on to one another, had just given a high, dog's note duet of the 'Rose of Tralee.' Confucius, so-called because of a chronic, yellow pallor, did not like it, and said so. He invited me to sing. 'You're the class of a fella, Mick,' he said – they'd been calling me Mick for some time – 'wit' a big neck on him.'

In this, oddly enough, he was perfectly right. My voice, on this last day, probably owing to the heavy traffic that had been pouring down the throat, had descended into my boots – a symptom I'd often noticed before, and an indication, indeed that all good things were about to come to an end. I had enough spirit left, however, to oblige Confucius. Furthermore – I can't imagine how it happened – I'd just learnt all the words of 'Moonlight Becomes You.' I indicated this would be my choice.

'Good man, Mick,' they said, respectfully, and lay back against the bar to listen.

The first note astonished me, and them. It was a full octave lower than anything I had attempted before. It was a blend of Crosby and Chaliapin, with overtures of Tallulah Bankhead. It created an immediate silence in the uproar of the tent. Men, whose lives in the horse-coping business had left them previously indifferent to the arts, now turned as though hypnotized, to listen. A party of tinkers abandoned an altercation by the door.

*'Moonlight becomes yooooo...
Eet shines in your hay-err –'*



The sound seemed to come out of the ground at our feet. It shook the tent like the bass notes of an organ.

*'Aaand you certainly know the right things –
To way-errr –'*

Confucius took off his hat, a brown Homburg with a race-card stuck in the band. This was a signal for most of the rest of the company to uncover. They knew they were in the presence of something bigger than themselves.

*'Aaand whaat a night to go dreee-ming –
Mind if I tag along...'*

I threw out my arms in spontaneous appeal. A little man in a white muffler and a cloth cap was so moved that he murmured 'Come on, yourself, surr, an' welcome,' before he knew he had spoken.

*'Eet teesent because of moonlight – although –
Moonlight becomes yooo so –'*

As a mark of gratitude, perhaps, I sang the last two lines to Confucius, my hand laid gently on his shoulder.

Silence fell. Then came a great roar of applause, followed by so many offers of refreshment – all accepted – that before I knew where I was I'd lost my bookmaking friends and had formed a new association with the proprietor of a greyhound racing track, represented to be a strong tourist attraction only fifty miles away. It took us two days to get there. On the evening of our arrival, after the dogs had finished with the track, I took on four local athletes in a two-lap hurdle, and was beaten out of third place by a short head at the generous odds of 100/7.

But I will dally no longer with memory. The future looks even brighter than the past.

Knock the neck off that one, boy, and let's see what it holds in store.

Illustration: John Minton [sadly, Minton committed suicide the next year, 1957, aged just 39]



The Rise of Scotch Whisky 1879

Another intriguing ephemera find. A communication from a Scottish distillery in correspondence with a wine and spirits merchant based in Birmingham [letterhead, left].

W & J Mutter were whisky distillers on Islay, an island in the Inner Hebrides, responsible for Bowmore branded Scotch Whisky. At this time distillers were less likely to deal directly with public houses or the breweries that owned them. Indeed intermediaries were the norm, whether wine and spirit

merchants or grocers, or entrepreneurial individuals. All business for the distillery was conducted through their Glasgow offices at 41 Ann Street. This particular letter is advising that their "new season's make of Bowmore Islay Whisky is now in the market at four shillings and threepence per gallon" but "we shall soon require to raise our quotation." It goes on to suggest any purchase should be made before the end of the year to take advantage of the present price.

W & J Mutter began as the Bowmore Distillery owned by the Simson family, founded 1780. The Mutters took ownership in around 1828 and by 1869 descendants James, George and William were in charge. Like all the other distilleries on Islay, the Bowmore Distillery was built on the seaboard, it being felt that sea air and terroir were intrinsic to the nature of the whisky. Its output per annum in 1888 was 300,000 gallons. Their Glasgow headquarters consisted of "spacious suites of well-appointed offices and counting-house, together with sample rooms and all the accessories of a large and well-organised establishment." The fact that the firm had a team of representatives that covered England, Scotland and Ireland in 1888 showed how things were changing in the way that whisky was being sold inasmuch as the firm was actively beginning to chase custom. They also exported to the colonies.

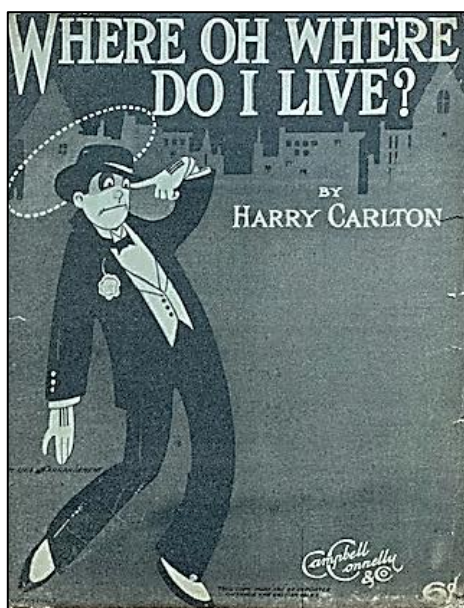
The Bowmore brand is now owned by the Beam Suntory conglomerate.

The Birmingham firm mentioned in the letter is Joseph Shore & Son of Easy Row, first encountered in the record in 1808. According to diaries written by Miss E Waddell, sister of George Waddell, Post Master [and owner, I believe] at *The Hen and Chickens** (now owned by the National Archives) there was a connection between the Waddell and Shore families.

*Pub well known to Dickens. See Pub History issues passim.

Chris Murray

Thanks to: www.glasgowwestaddress.co.uk, nationalarchives.gov.uk



Insobriety as Subject for Humour

Sheet music from around the 1930s? The Victoria and Albert Museum have a similar example from 1927. Picked up from an Oxfam outlet. "Harry Carlton" was an alias for Harry Fahey (or Fay) [right], a shadowy figure on the halls; a comedian and prolific singer and songwriter.



The lyrics are slight in the extreme (extract):

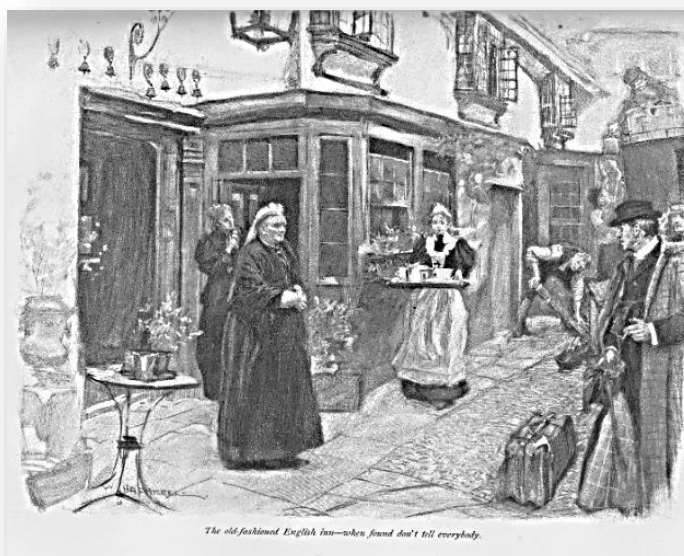
When you've had one, when you've had one, one more than your eight
What a bad one, what a sad one, you can't walk home straight
Lose your bearing, start a-swearing, when two moons you see
As the lamp-post you caress, you sing this S.O.S:
Where do I live? Where oh! where do I live?
Number one, two three, four, any old number on the door.
All I've got in this world, I'll be willing to give, if there's anybody here can tell me,
where, oh! where do I live?

CM

The English Inn – a Paragon

Superb drawing from an article on the respective merits of places to stay for the well-to-do European traveller that featured in one of the weekly magazines of the 1890s. The inn is not named but is so detailed that surely it was drawn from life. Naturally it is determined that nothing could beat the accommodation afforded by an English inn. This particular venue appears to have Queen Victoria front of house...

CM



Tolworth Mural



In the Winter 2021 Pub History Tim Harrison's book, Hello Tolworth, I'm Ziggy was featured. It tells the story of David Bowie's first gig as Ziggy Stardust and the pub in which it took place, in 1972, the now closed *Toby Jug* in Tolworth, South East London. Many in the area considered the original event to have considerable significance in the history of pop music. It seems at last their opinion has been noted since a large mural depicting the singer in his Ziggy phase has seen light of day on a wall of the underpass of the Tolworth Roundabout, near to where the pub stood. CM

Image: Thanks to www.yourlocalguardian.co.uk

Pickwickian Topography – Some Dickensian Inns by Charles Dickens the Younger

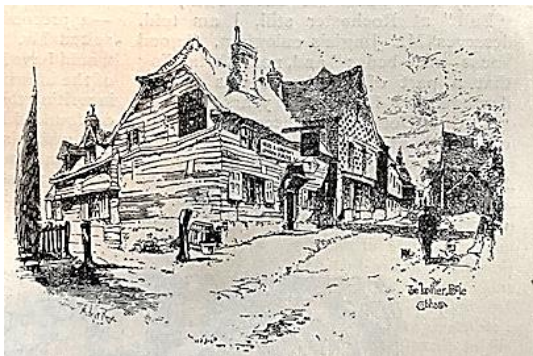


In the country-places which Mr Pickwick visited there have been almost as many changes as in London during the last thirty years – perhaps in some cases even more – but several Pickwickian landmarks remain practically unaltered. There is no “Marquis of Granby” at Dorking, it is true. Perhaps there never was one – a theory which is supported by the fact that I have more than once been asked by inhabitants of the pleasant little Surrey town for information as to the position of the house over which Susan Clarke, afterwards Weller, presided as hostess. But the “Great White Horse” at Ipswich still displays “a stone statue of some rampaging animal with flowing mane and tail, distantly resembling an insane cart-horse,” although it is no longer necessary – another, and a very valuable, reform this! – to order “a bottle of the worst possible port wine, at

the highest possible price, for the good of the house” and to drink brandy and water for one’s own: the “Bull” at Rochester [right] still, I am told, deserves Mr Jingle’s eulogium, “good house – nice beds”; and notwithstanding that a part of the house was greatly damaged by fire a few years ago, the “Leather Bottle” [bottom, left] still faces the beautiful old church at Cobham.



There have many changes for the better at Bath, but the general appearance of the city answers fairly well to the descriptions in **Pickwick**, and the old Assembly Rooms, [below, right] though a little faded and exhausted, are pretty much the same as they were in the palmy days of Angelo Cyrus Bantam, M.C. A couple of years ago, when I was reading in one of them, Mr Oliver, the proprietor, showed me with great satisfaction the actual spot where Mr Pickwick played his disastrous rubber with Miss Bolo, Lady Snuphanuph, and Mrs Colonel Wugsby. And, in connection with Bath, may be noted an odd topographical mistake which was made by the author of **Pickwick** himself. When Mr Winkle had his embarrassing experience with Mrs Dowler and the sedan chair in Royal Crescent, it is recorded that he afterwards “tore round the Crescent hotly pursued by Dowler and the watchman,” that he kept ahead, and that “the door was open as he came round the second time.” Unfortunately, it is not possible to tear “round” Royal Crescent. When you get to one end of it you have perforce to turn and retrace your steps – a proceeding which would not have suited Mr Winkle’s book at all, as it would have landed him in the very arms of the infuriated Dowler. The fact is that in writing this description

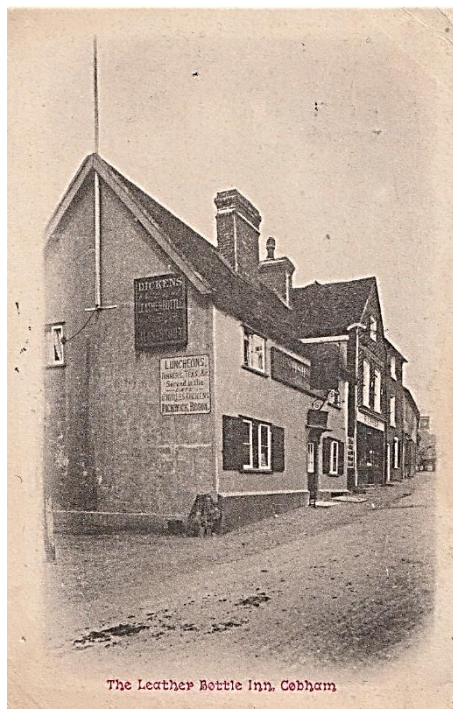


Charles Dickens confounded Royal Crescent with the Circus, which is close at hand, and in which the scene could easily enough have been enacted; and that, probably by some oversight, the mistake was never afterwards rectified.

(Extract from an article in *The English Illustrated Magazine* volume 1892-1893, published by Edward Arnold, London, 1893)
[my collection - CM] *Leather Bottle*: See next page.

Images: Charles Dickens Junior carte de visite (1874), *Bull*, Rochester; Herbert Railton, *Bath Assembly Rooms*; Hablot Browne, *Leather Bottle*, Cobham; Herbert Railton [all in public domain]

The Leather Bottle, Cobham, Kent: Some Postcard Views



The Leather Bottle Inn, Cobham

As mentioned in the previous extract by Charles Dickens the Younger, *The Leather Bottle* is happily still with us. I have been inside a few times and on my last visit about ten years ago the pub just about still retained a whiff of Dickens about it, though I suspect not many customers went out of their way sheerly for the literary connection, his celebrity having waned in these more modern times. Railton's sketch on the previous page from the 1890s shows a rather crude construction. Though obviously rebuilt at some stage,



Leather Bottle Inn, Cobham

at least the chimney is still recognisable in the later views. Top left postcard has a 1903 postmark. Above right; (Meux & Co) a little later?

Right: In Truman's livery; 1960s?

Below: Breathe in if you want to be seated here! Jam-packed interior including a proper clock and all the Dickensiana you can shake a stick at. Wannabe Windsor chairs. Maybe a wee bit earlier than the previous image?

Today it operates as a bona fide restaurant with attendant bar. I am not overly fond of the vegetation adhering to the frontage.



A. I. THE STREET, COBHAM, KENT

A. M. Pope (Photographers) Ltd., Gillingham



LEATHER BOTTLE, COBHAM, BY GRAVESEND, KENT



The pub was featured in *The Pickwick Papers* but was also used by Dickens himself. **CM**

(my postcards)



Friendly and Benevolent Societies and the Local in Flintshire

On the 30th October 2021, I attended the annual lunch of the Friends of the Ancient Order of Froth Blowers, held at *The Rose* on London's Albert Embankment and was sat next to the Society's quarterly editor, Chris Murray. As I'm aware he is always looking for articles, I made the cardinal error of offering to write one on the link between the Public House and Friendly Societies. When researching the subject, I didn't expect to have to become familiar with the 'Seditious Meetings Act of 1795', of which we will hear more of later.

So who and what are the Friendly or Benevolent Societies?

Prior to the birth of the NHS, they are probably among the most important organisations supporting the working man. Many of you will have heard of the Buffaloes (Bufs) or the Shepherds, but you may not be aware that by the late 1800s there were around 27,000 registered Friendly Societies in the UK. A verse from the 1846 rulebook of the Bristol Royal Union Friendship Society, reminds us of the functions of the 19th century benefit club, the provision of health and death insurance for the working man's family:

*'To a Good old Proverb listen pray,
Provide a something for a rainy day Age brings Infirmary,
Accidents make lame, and sickness dire attacks the human frame,
But when disease confines us to our bed,
Our union funds provide our Children in Bread Should God be pleased to end our journey here,
With fostering hand we dry the Widow's tear,
Be united and persevere.'*

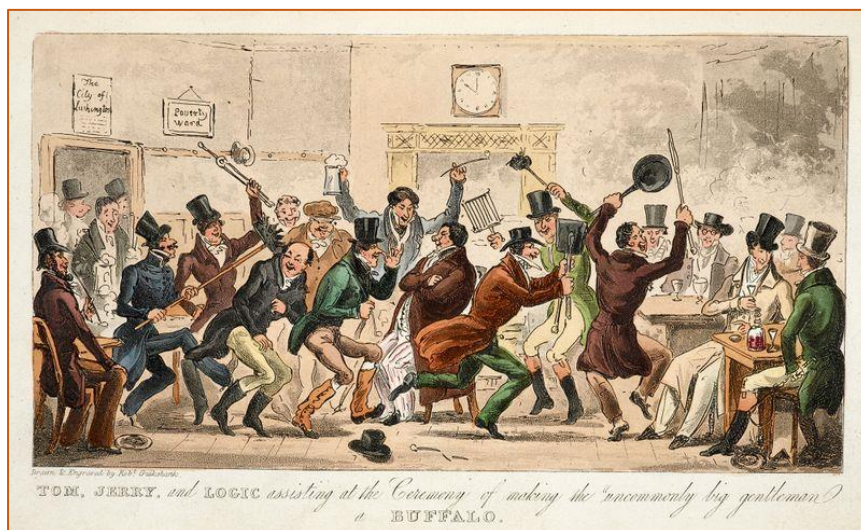
Although many societies existed, the following national organisations had the largest number of overall lodges and members. A trawl of newspapers for the period 1830-1900, identified a total of 75 Lodges in Flintshire of which 66 were associated with the National Organisations. The largest numbers were found in the industrial towns of Buckley and Holywell. Buckley being well known for its pottery, brick making and coal mining, while Holywell was known for its links with lead mining and various 'manufactories' in Greenfield Valley¹. Mold and the surrounding area also had its fair share; *The Crown Vaults*, High Street, Mold hosted the 'Loyal Ancient Bailey Hill Lodge' of the Independent Order of Oddfellows, Manchester Unity. *The Griffin*, also found in the High Street, hosted 'The Builders' Operatives Society' and the 'Lily of Mold Lodge' of the Druids. The annual festivals of the societies were major community events. Meeting in their particular pub, members led by a band, would make their way to church, immediately followed by a march around the local gentry houses. On returning to their host pub, they would sit down for a meal culminating in the drinking of numerous and lengthy toasts, before the members, families and paying spectators would often end the day with a dance. In

Mold, the dance would often be on the site of the Norman Castle, now known as Bailey Hill. In some cases, other activities including athletics events would be held. Whatever the form the day took it was always brought to an end by the patriotic and enthusiastic singing of the National Anthem. Information on the five main orders are outlined below.

Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes²

An order more commonly known as the 'Bufs', was founded in 1822 at *The Harp Tavern* [top, previous page], Covent Garden, by the artist Joseph Lisle,³ comedian William Sinnett along with others employed within the theatre industry. The order, like others, was an imitation of Freemasonry with its organisation, symbols, badges and procedures. Apparently the order's name is derived from a popular song of the time, 'We'll chase the Buffalo.' The song was for some reason particularly popular among emigrants and one verse is as follows;

*We'll settle on the banks where the pleasant rivers flow,
We'll settle on the banks where the pleasant rivers flow,
Through the wild woods we'll wander and we'll chase the buffalo,
and we'll chase the buffalo,
Through the wild woods we'll wander and we'll chase the buffalo.*



Left: Cruikshank cartoon: inauguration of a Buffalo from Tom, Jerry and Logic of 1829 by Pierce Regan[†]

With many of its members working throughout the country, lodges were initially opened in towns visited by touring theatrical companies, before eventually spreading throughout other parts of the world. In 1866, a Grand Lodge was formed with the aim

of producing standard rules and procedures for branches, including Provincial and District Grand Lodges. Needless to say not everyone was happy, and eventually divisions led to break-ups but with all groups retaining the name 'Buffaloes.' One such group is called The Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes under the Grand Lodge of England (RAOB GLE). During World War One, the group provided ambulances and crews to the front line as well as operating orphanages. With the introduction of the NHS, the need for orphanages decreased and the buildings were subsequently run as convalescent homes, these will be found in Harrogate and Paignton. The Order has three tiers: Minor (Private) Lodges, Provincial Grand Lodges and the Grand Lodge and each province may have a Knight's Chapter and Roll of Honour. Surprisingly, I have identified only three lodges in Flintshire, although of course there may well have been many more in the county. In the introduction, I made reference to the Seditious Act of 1795. The purpose of the act was to restrict the size of public meetings to fifty persons. In addition, a magistrate's licence was required for lecture and debating halls where admission was charged and policies discussed. Why was the act considered necessary? During the period of revolution throughout Europe and with Jacobin sympathies growing in the United Kingdom, its main aim was an attempt to avoid seditious movements growing in Britain. The consequence of the act was to result in the disbandment of some organisations. The Act also applied to the Friendly and Benevolent Societies, so in the Buffaloes case they described themselves as the Loyal Order of

Buffaloes. The adoption of the word was to show that the organisation was not subversive to the interests of the state. Subsequently the word 'loyal' was often mispronounced as 'royal' and while the term 'Royal' in any organisational or business title in the UK requires a royal warrant, the Lord Chamberlain's Office permits its use, subject to one proviso. That the Order conducts itself in a manner that does not disgrace the use of the term. Is this the reason that discussions of politics, religion and sport along with gambling are strictly forbidden at meetings?

The other part of the name that causes some confusion is 'Antediluvian.' Apparently it means before the time of the flood in the Bible, so similar to the use of the term 'royal' it is intended to add some solemnity to its fellowship status.

The Cricklade Museum⁴ was lucky enough to receive, as a donation, a large collection of items relating to the Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes from Ye Olde Saxon Lodge, which met in *The Red Lion*, Cricklade, and only closed at the end of 2016. The collection includes regalia and items relating to initiation as well as the minute books of the Order. These are held by the Cricklade Museum and are accessible on request.

Ancient Order of Druids⁵

Not to be confused with a high ranking religious and administrative class in ancient cultures dating back to the fourth century BC (or in today's world now quoted as BCE). The order in question was founded in 1781, by a man named Hurle and was a fraternal society, again modelled on Freemasonry. The Ancient Order of Druids [sash, right] started its life in London, but it wasn't long before it spread country-wide, requiring a national and provincial structure and hierarchy. Hurle's founding lodge became the 'Grand Lodge' with power over the rest of the order. For an unknown reason, some of the lodges split off from the primary organisation in 1833, and became a government registered friendly society calling itself the 'United Ancient Order of Druids.' This order continued under its original name, unregulated, but purely as a fraternal society. I understand both orders still remain in existence today.



In Flintshire, I identified a total of eleven lodges, but I have been unable to determine whether they are part of the original order, or that of those seceding in 1833. The first Flintshire lodge was established in the town of Holywell in 1840. By 1867, the adjacent Flint District of the Order, founded in 1862, was said to be in a flourishing condition with eight lodges and almost 400 members.



Ancient Order of Foresters⁶

Pictured, left is a meeting held at *The Miners Arms*, Gwernaffield⁷ on the outskirts of Mold. Formed in the 18th century in Leeds, and originally called the Royal Foresters, the society was primarily a sociable body. At some stage, members decided that it was necessary to support the less fortunate; "as they walked through the forests of life." By 1813 the Foresters started to establish branches (ahem -Ed) throughout the country,

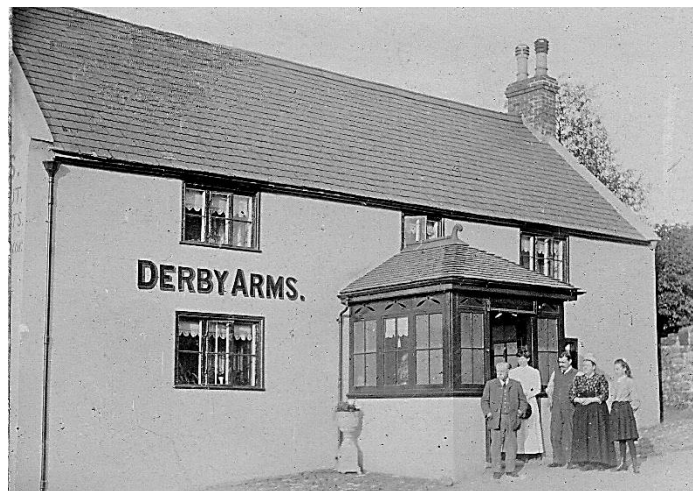
with particular emphasis across the counties of Yorkshire, Lancashire and Cheshire. However, with such rapid growth of the order and the attempt by the mother court in Leeds to micro manage subsidiary courts, the inevitable break-up occurred. The majority of the courts decided to secede from the parent organisation, and 'The Ancient Order of Foresters' came into being in 1834. Working under a new structure, individual courts were responsible for their own finances, electing a member to represent them at the annual High Court. The High Court was responsible for making changes to the common rules and electing an Executive Council. By 1850, the order had spread across the world, and in the United Kingdom, the order achieved a legal status under the terms of a new Friendly Society Act. In 1892, a large number of Courts specifically for females were opened. These catered mainly for single girls. There was a condition not applicable to the all-male groups; female groups were initially only permitted to meet in non-licensed premises!! All change in 1899, when women were allowed to join male groups, ultimately leading to the amalgamation of the courts. With the introduction of the 1911 National Insurance Act, the order became an approved society, allowing it to get involved in the State system of National Insurance. The result of this was that the order virtually doubled its membership.

The order also widened their charitable acts including the following:

- 1864: Set up the first UK voluntary Lifeboat fund.
- 1918: Established a War Memorial Fund to provide financial aid to members and their families who had been severely affected by the losses of the First World War.
- 1988: Payments on War Fund had reached £1 million.

The order continued to progress and at the Centenary Celebrations of 1934, thanksgiving services were held at over 500 locations, while 1,135 delegates from across the world, attended the Annual General Meeting. With changes in legislation, the order became regulated by the FSA under its current name 'Foresters Friendly Society.'

In Flintshire, I have identified 15 lodges. One lodge the 'Court Anchor of Hope, No. 4138 A.O.F.' had a dedicated lodge room at *The Derby Arms* [right] in the village of Caergwrle.⁸ The village played an important part in the history of Wales, in that Prince Daffydd of Gwynedd went from the castle to attack the English at nearby Hawarden Castle. The action led to the defeat of the Welsh by the forces of Edward I and the conquest of Wales. The second link is related to the stepfather of Henry VII, Sir Thomas Stanley, who became the first Earl of Derby, whose lands included the village. The pub was named after him and in the 19th century the landlord of *The Derby Arms* also controlled social activities on the castle site, including the order's dance held in the derelict castle grounds. In March 1893, the *Wrexham Advertiser* reported on the condition of the lodge "The balance sheet of the Court Anchor of Hope, No. 4138 A.O.F. Held at *The Derby Arms*, Caergwrle [shows] that over £50 has been paid to sick members, there being only one funeral claim. The total worth of the lodge is £409 11s 5d. The number of financial members is sixty-two, and the average age thirty five years."



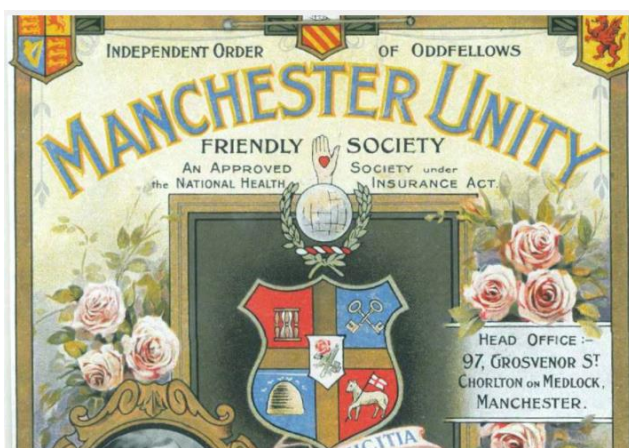
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This was also the location of one Female Society, but the ruling on non-licensed premises appears to have been ignored. In 1851, the licensee was a widow called Sarah Jones and she hosted what was described as, a numerously attended meeting to establish a Female Friendly Society. This was required to support the deserving poor of the surrounding district. Officers and a committee were elected and between 30 and 40 females joined on the evening, with more promising to join at the next meeting.

The *Wrexham Advertiser* in July 1887 reported on the Anniversary of 'Anchor of Hope,' No. 4138 Of the Ancient Order of Foresters which took place at the old castle – “members of the court met at *The Derby Arms* before processing around the area led by the Band of the 1st Flintshire Engineers before returning to the assembly room in *The Derby Arms* for a dinner.”

The pub has now been converted to a private residence and having visited the house and seen the former lodge room, I'm not sure how you could have got 50+ members seated for their anniversary meal.

Grand United Order of Oddfellows/Independent Order of Oddfellows.⁹



Left: Detail of a poster advertising the order. Below: Leeds plaque

The largest order in Flintshire with 24 lodges identified with 14 of these being in the town of Holywell¹⁰. The history of this order is clouded in mystery, it has been suggested that it dates back to the Israelites from Babylon in 587BC. Following the Norman invasion in 1066, Guilds appear to have a significant impact upon communities by regulating markets and trades. The earliest orders represented tradespeople within particular trades, and were organised

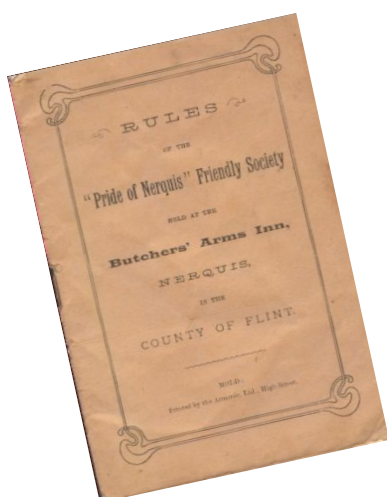
with the aim of the proper training of craftsmen through apprenticeships. In smaller towns and villages there were often insufficient tradesmen to form guilds for specific trades, so these tradesmen often banded together and formed a guild of 'Oddfellows.' It is believed that the earliest surviving rules for this order are from the Loyal Aristarcus Lodge¹¹ which dates from 1748. This Lodge met in three pubs in London; *Oakley Arms*, *The Globe Tavern* in Hatton Garden and *The Boar's Head* in Smithfield. Many pubs throughout Britain named 'The Oddfellows' may well have also hosted lodges. In Flintshire the only pub I could find with this name was in the small town of Bagillt. In its early days as an order, two separate organisations ran in parallel, 'Patriotic Lodge' and the 'Ancient Order.' As with other orders, disagreements occurred regarding overall control of the organisation and in 1810 a number of lodges broke away and formed what is now



known as the Independent Order of Oddfellows (Manchester Unity) Friendly Societies. Subsequent breakaways occurred in the 19th Century, resulting in the 'Ancient & Noble (Bolton Unity) and the 'Nottingham Odd Fellows.'

Similar to other orders, members paid a subscription and in the event of sickness or death the society would make payments to the member or his dependents. Lodges would also levy fines on members for failure to observe the rules. The Pride of Nerquis Lodge of the Loyal Order of Oddfellows, No. 565, based at *The Butchers Arms Inn* in the Parish of Nerquis¹², [rulebook, left] Flintshire included the following:

Rule 7: Every Member shall pay the sum of 3d towards defraying the necessary expenses of the secretary.
Rule 8: Each Brother shall pay the sum of ten pence halfpenny per fortnight, as a contribution to the funds of this lodge.....



Rule 12: Membership Entrance Fee: Proposal and secondment required. The President shall then ask the Brothers present if they have any objection to his initiation, and if a majority are of opinion that he is a proper person, he may be admitted on the following terms, viz:- from the age of 18-30 years, the sum of five shillings and sixpence; from 30-35 years, seven shillings; from 35 to 40 years, ten shillings and six pence; two shillings and sixpence of which must be paid when the person is proposed,

Rule 13: Incorrectly recommend someone for membership... person above 40; convicted of a felony; complaint or disorder upon him, and who is likely to become burthensome to this lodge such Brother or Brothers shall each be fined ten shillings and sixpence for every person they shall recommend.....

Rules 14, 15 & 16 also details fines for breaking the rules.

Rule 17 covers the scale of payments for members and these vary from five shillings week to ten shillings until they receive in total £20, whereupon the payments are scaled back on a 52 week basis.

Rule 18: Covers the issue of a certificate for authorisation by the Lodge surgeon regarding the sickness, and the President & Vice-President are required to visit the member weekly to verify he is still unable to work.

Rule 21: Should a Brother's disorder be caused by any immoral practice, excessive intemperance, fighting and such like misconduct, he shall not be entitled to any of the benefits mentioned in these rules. If any suspicions arise that his illness proceeds from any improper source, he shall be examined by a Physician or Surgeon; if he refuses to be examined, he shall be excluded.

Rule 22: If a Brother receiving sick relief be known to be intoxicated, gaming or performing any description of work, his pay shall be immediately suspended by the visiting officer.....

Rule 23: Governs when claimant can go out. 'No sick Brother shall be out of his house or lodging after eight o'clock at night in summer... after 6 o'clock in winter.....under penalty of one shilling for the first offence; two shillings and sixpence for the second; and for the third his pay shall be suspended.....'

Rule 24: Death Benefit. On the death of a financial Brother, or his wife, or child, or children born in lawful wedlock...If the Brother has been a member between twenty six weeks and not 52 weeks the sum of four pounds shall be paid for the funeral, also four pounds for such Brother's wife funeral; and ten shillings for each child under 18, if born alive. For Brothers who have been members 52 weeks and over the rate is increased to eight pounds and one pound one shilling, provided the Brother does not owe more than six shillings in contribution to the Lodge.

Rule 25: Birth Grant. Brothers who have been members 52 weeks and upwards shall at the birth of each child (provided such child or children are born in lawful wedlock) be entitled to the sum of ten shillings and sixpence.

Rule 26: Funeral Benefit. When a late fully paid Brother's widow dies the nearest relative shall receive the sum of six pounds, for the entire purpose of interring the said Brother's widow in a decent manner, providing she (the widow) comply with the following – she shall pay or cause to pay into the Lodge the sum of two shillings and sixpence, within two months after her husband's decease, and two shillings and sixpence per year so long as she remains a widow.

Rule 27: Any Brother having received funeral benefit from the funds of this Lodge for one wife, shall pay as entrance money for a second and every succeeding wife, providing she is in good health, the following sums:- From 18 to 30 years, the sum of five shillings and sixpence; 30 to 35 years, seven shillings; 35 to 40 years, ten shillings and sixpence; and from 40 to 45 years, thirteen shillings. No Brother shall be allowed to enrol a second or succeeding wife, if their age exceed 45 years, or not in good health at the time.

Rule 30 to 37: Other rules resulting in fines.

Rule 38: Details on annual dinner for which Brothers shall pay one shilling and sixpence.

One such anniversary meet was recorded in the *Wrexham Advertiser* of 14th July 1877, although the lodge location in a room in which alcohol was banned is somewhat unusual:

"The Victoria Lodge, No. 1127, Penymynydd, of the Grand United Order of Oddfellows, held its anniversary on Saturday last. The members, wearing their regalia, assembled at the National Schoolroom at eleven o'clock and proceeded to St. John's Church, where divine service was held, and

36 FINES.	
<i>All Fines particularised in the subjoined List shall be equally binding although some of them may not be enforced by any express Rule.</i>	
For coming into the Lodge-room covered during Lodge hours..	s. d. .. 0 1
Not paying their address to the Officers on coming into the room ..	0 1
Not paying their address to the Officers on going out of the room ..	0 1
Principal Officers being absent at the time of opening the Lodge—each ..	0 6
Inferior Officers being absent at the time of opening the Lodge—each ..	0 3
Past and Present Officers and Past and Present Committee not attending Quarterly Committee to settle accounts—each ..	0 3
Any member refusing to serve an inferior officer ..	0 3
Any member refusing to serve on the Committee..	0 3
Any principal Officer leaving his situation without leaving a member in his stead ..	0 2
Any inferior Officer do. ..	0 1
Any member entering the Lodge and sitting down before he attends on the Secretary ..	0 1
Cursing, swearing, or using indecent language at either Lodge or Committee meetings—each offence ..	0 6
Refusing to obey the President on his calling to order ..	0 3
Singing any indecent or political song, or giving any indecent or political toast, or offering to lay wagers in the Lodge—each offence ..	0 6
Reading newspapers or Books not belonging to the Order in open Lodge ..	0 6
Any member eating or sleeping in the Lodge during business—each offence ..	0 6
The President neglecting or refusing to demand a fine when required ..	0 2
Members neglecting to attend the Lodge when summoned, if they reside within four miles of the Lodge-house ..	0 6
Neglecting to clear the books at each quarterly meeting ..	0 3
Members addressing one another without using their title or using the word Brother—each offence ..	0 1
Any member behaving rudely at the initiation of a member ..	0 3
Any Officer neglecting to bring or send his key at either Lodge or Committee meeting ..	0 6

an admirable sermon, appropriate for the occasion, preached by the Rev. C. H. Bateman. Afterwards, forming in procession, and headed by the 1st R.W.F. Engineers, marched through the district as far as Lane End, Buckley, and on returning sat down to a substantial dinner provided in the schoolroom by Mr and Mrs Davies, *White Lion Inn*, Penymynydd. This lodge, which is in a flourishing condition, was formally held at *The White Lion*, but a few years ago, through the instrumentality of the Rev J. Baines, late minister of St John's, who kindly offered the use of the schoolroom, the lodge was removed and has since been held at the school room. No intoxicating liquors are allowed to be brought on the premises, thus a great evil which is so prominent at meetings of this kind is avoided. This example should be followed by all societies, if possible. After dinner, through the kindness of the Rev. C. E. Bateman, the grounds of the parsonage were thrown open to the members of the lodge, a small charge being made to the public for the benefit of the lodge, and dancing was commenced on the lawn

which continued till nine o'clock, and, after thanking the Rev. C. H. Bateman for his kindness, the National Anthem brought a most enjoyable day to a close."

Rule 42 to 44: Further details of fines.

Rule 45: If any Brother enter the Lodge room during the time of business in a state of intoxication, and disturb the peace of the Lodge, he shall pay a fine of one shilling, and if the Brothers think it necessary, he shall be turned out for the night.....

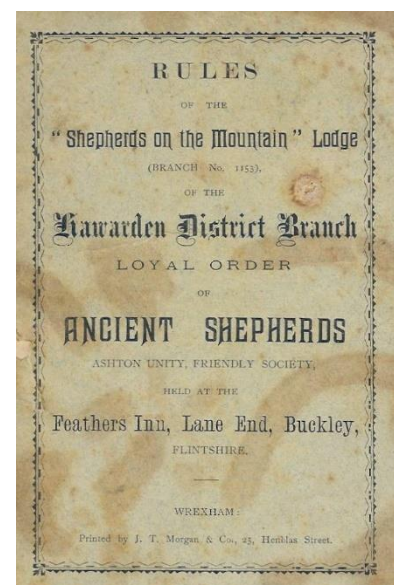
Appendix

The above list of fines would not look out of place at a VAT meeting of the AOFB.

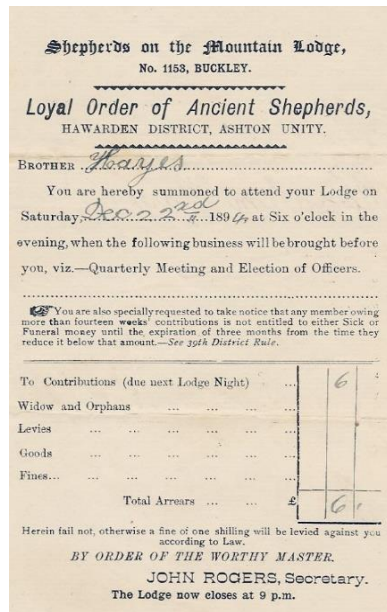
One functioning Flintshire Oddfellows Hall exists in Saltney, a town part in Flintshire and part in Chester. The city of Chester Oddfellows Hall, on Lower Bridge Street, has been converted to a boutique hotel and restaurant.

Shepherds.¹³

Pictured, right is the handbook associated with the 'Shepherds on the Mountain Lodge' who met in *The Feathers Inn*, Buckley. The third largest order identified in Flintshire with a total of thirteen lodges. The order started life in Ashton-under Lyne, on Christmas Day 1826. It was later renamed 'The Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds, 'loyal' referring to the Crown and 'Shepherds' referring to the Nativity of Jesus. The declared aim of the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds was "to relieve the sick, bury the dead, and assist each other in all cases of unavoidable distress, so far as in our power lies, and for the promotion of peace and goodwill towards



the human race.” Unlike some of the other orders we have discussed, the Shepherds appear not to have had any major schisms. Over time various other bodies amalgamated with the Shepherds, including the Royal Shepherds Sanctuary Benefit Society which was established in Yorkshire in the early 19th century. The order expanded across the country, with the first lodges opening in Scotland by 1868, with branches called ‘Sanctuary’ rather than ‘Lodge.’ The other significant difference was the name used by the organisation north of the border, ‘The Ancient order of Shepherds,’ which opened offices in Edinburgh in the 1890s. Today the organisation goes by the name of Shepherds Friendly Society. The authorities remained suspicious about these working class organisations. When, in July 1873, Edward Price of *The King’s Head*, Broughton in Flintshire, applied for an extension of an hour on the occasion of the club anniversary of the Prince of Wales Lodge of Ancient Shepherds, the magistrates made a number of critical comments and refused the application.¹⁴ Members were issued



a ‘summons’ [left] to attend a meeting, and as can be seen the notification also gave details of any monies due to the lodge.

The popularity of the order is demonstrated by the quarterly audit of the Hawarden District held at *The Glynne Arms Hotel* in April 1874.¹⁵ “The corresponding secretary submitted the financial report to the auditors. It seems the district is making good progress both in members and in funds. There are now 20 lodges, with 1,250 members, also 80 juvenile members, making a total of 1,840 members. Receipts for the year, £1,663 8s 7d; paid for sickness and funerals, £631 15s 10d; management, £307 16s 7d; increase for the year, £723 16s 2d; total worth of the district, £2,776 7s 3d. One thing worthy of notice is that the management expenses of the district were only 3s 10d. in the pound, which includes management of lodges and districts.”

Pictured below are Shepherds outside *The Glanrafon Inn* in the hamlet of Hendre on the outskirts of Mold. This completes our tour of the main orders, but that is not the full story as many pubs

hosted societies not affiliated to the national bodies. During my research a number of other local societies were identified in 1869, including:

- Operative Bricklayers Accidental Trade and Protection Society (Mold Branch) who met in *The Griffin Inn*, Mold.
- Golytyn and Wepre United Friendly Society who met in two pubs, *The Quay & Custom House*, Connah’s Quay.
- Pentre Halkyn Friendly Society who met in *The George and Dragon*, Halkyn.
- Fraternal Union Society who met in an unnamed pub, at Trelawynd.

In the days before the inception of the Welfare State and beyond, the importance of these societies cannot be overstated. They provided sickness relief and other benefits to the thousands of their members and their families, and in the 1940s it was estimated that the various orders had in excess of 14 million members.

My research, limited as it was to Flintshire, only scratches the surface and if members can contribute anything further it will be greatly appreciated.

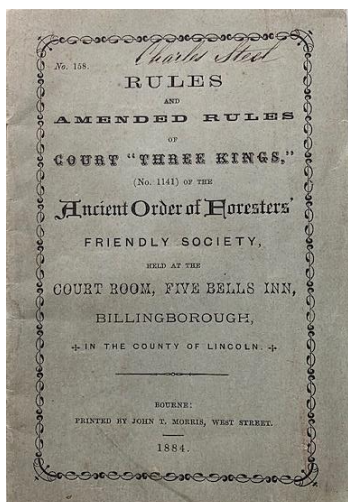
David Rowe

† See also Summer 2018 PHS Newsletter for more of Egan’s Tom and Jerry adventures



Notes/references: 1 greenfieldvalley.com 2 en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes 3 www.britishmuseum.org/collection/term/BIOG35960 4 www.cricklademuseum.co.uk/raob/ 5 www.britishmuseum.org/collection/term/BIOG257405 6 archiveshub.jisc.ac.uk/search/archives/8842343e-75d2-3fec-a8db-e8501323518e 7 www.cadwynclwyd.co.uk/images/uploads/Gwernaffield Pantymwyn.pdf 8 www.flintshire.gov.uk/en/PDFFiles/Tourism/Discover-Hope-and-Caergwrle.pdf 9 www.oddfellows.co.uk/about/history/ 10 en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Holywell, Flintshire 11 odd-fellows.org/history/ 12 The spelling is the English version of the village which is currently known by its Welsh name, Nercwys 13 www.shepherdsfriendly.co.uk/resources/the-history-of-friendly-societies/ 14 Wrexham Advertiser 26th July 1873 15 Cheshire Observer 18th April 1874

Addendum



A rulebook I found for 1884 referencing the Ancient Order of Foresters' Court "Three Kings" which met in *The Five Bells*, Billingborough in Lincolnshire. The rulebooks illustrated here and on previous pages all bear similarities of design and format, even content, including as they do dire warnings for unapproved behaviour and the fines which would be incurred if any boundaries were crossed.

The Five Bells was situated in Vine Street and is now residential.

This book has been marked for Charles Steel who might be identified as a solicitor of that name who lived in nearby Sleaford, born 1805, and died in 1889, "a great friend to the poor and needy". He was secretary of the local branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society. **CM**



Clay pipe "RAOB" with Buffalo horns [mine]

Victorian Foresters' sash



Shepherds' medal

Insofar as the Friendly Societies tended to emulate the Freemasons in terms of structure and ritual, so did the preference for "dressing up" also follow. Banners, sashes, medals and other associated paraphernalia were *de rigueur*.

The items seen here are merely the tip of the iceberg. Much printed ephemera is still extant. **CM**



The NAAFI Club – the Military’s Answer to the Pub

Wartime Britain was a time of privation for most of the population as the consequences of a *de facto* besieged island took hold. As the Second World War progressed the public house suffered shortages and rations along with the rest of the businesses in the hospitality industry. However the armed forces of the time could look to the resources afforded by the clubs run by the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes. The NAAFI began life in 1920 as a combination of the already existing Expeditionary Force Canteens (EFC) and the Navy and Army Canteen Board (NACB). As well as offering goods for sale to servicemen and their families and providing food, by the 1930s

licensed social clubs existed across the world, in military bases and as separate entities.



above: NAAFI branded half pint glass



These wartime clubs were seen as essential to morale. At the height of World War Two the NAAFI was employing about 110,000 staff. Judging by the postcards I have seen, the individual clubs were surprisingly homogenous in terms of facilities.

The card that I found that piqued my interest is shown, left. The NAAFI Club in Leeds boasts a lounge, a ball

room and a ‘tavern’. This last appears to be a rather kitsch attempt at recreating an Elizabethan pub, complete with fake wattle and daub style walls, high backed settle, benches and tables. Notwithstanding the club is situated in a building which looks to be of a contemporary nature. The serving staff appear to be in livery. The postcard can be dated to wartime since the reverse has a quote from ‘the Prime Minister’: “Let us all strive without failing in faith or in duty”. This is actually a reference to Winston Churchill’s ‘Broadcast to the Nation’ which went out on radio on 11th September 1940.



Other cards had similar stirring Churchillian quotations.

Looking around online brought forth other postcards that



show similar clubs from around Britain. I understand where a

lounge is indicated, this was euphemistically meant to be where alcoholic drinks were served. Here was where the pub experience could be had without the pub!



One other bonus for the enlisted men was that Commissioned Officers were not normally to be seen in the clubs since they had their own Officers’ Messes. It would be seen as an intrusion on to the junior ranks. Beer was the drink of choice in the bars. As the war went on, spirits became harder to get hold of and besides, draught beer was the more sociable option.



Some of the clubs had restaurants, reading rooms, quiet rooms, games rooms, even a theatre. The wartime advertisement, right, reveals that ‘first-class’ NAAFI clubs existed in over fifty towns or cities in Britain, with others situated abroad. **CM**



Oddfellows Arms, Keswick, Cumbria

Further to David Rowe's exploration of Friendly Societies and their connection to public houses [see page 21], he mentions that pubs including 'Oddfellows' in their title would probably have hosted a lodge. This made me recollect a pub so named that I came across last year while visiting the Lake District.

A local branch of the Oddfellows was begun here in 1831 and the Oddfellows Hall was built in 1850. Presumably the Grade II listed pub had some connection, it being late 18th century in construction. Historic England describes it as being: 'pebble-dashed over stone, three storeys. Yard entry to right, double sash window in centre and round-arched doorway to left with Gothic glazing bars in fanlight. Two double sash windows on each upper floor, in stone architraves.'

The sign depicts the coat of arms for the Society with the motto: 'Amicitia Amor et Veritas' meaning 'Friendship, love and truth'. The symbols in the quartered shield represent time (the hourglass), knowledge (crossed keys), work and thrift (the beehive) and sacrifice and innocence (the lamb and flag). This begs the question: Do any pubs with these individual names have Oddfellows connections?

Chris Murray [my picture]

Thanks to: www.cumbriacountyhistory.org.uk



Oh Dear! The Duke of York, Rathbone Street, W1

I passed this pub the other day. An unassuming boozer in London's Fitzrovia district. It is marked '1791' on the exterior. Anthony Burgess, the novelist drank here. It is said that he witnessed a razor gang attack here in 1943 and the speculation is that it gave him the idea for the violent scenes in his *A Clockwork Orange* story.

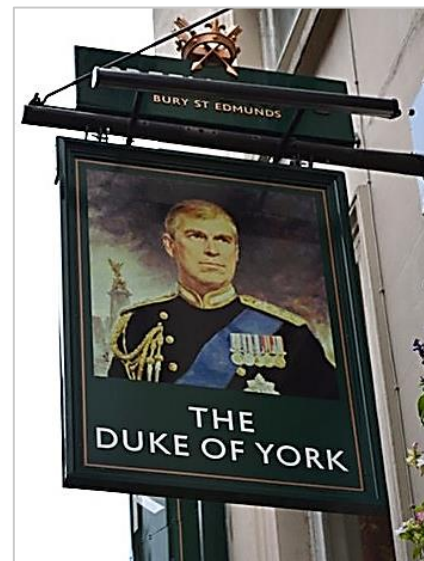
It seems to have led a reasonably blameless life since then but through no fault of its own it is in the spotlight.

In 2014 the pub sought the permission of Prince Andrew, the Duke of York to use his likeness on the signboard and the unusual wraparound enamelled corner piece. ('That looks expensive' I thought). At the time I expect the brewery owners, Greene King imagined they had pulled off a coup. Today not so much. Lucky for them they apparently sold the pub in 2019 despite the brewery's livery still being on show. What is to become of the pub's décor? Will the owners brazen it out and keep the image of the disgraced Royal?

I'll be keeping an eye out for you.

Chris Murray

[my pictures]



The Nine Tailors (extract) by Dorothy L Sayers, first published 1934

He spent the early part of the morning in fresh unavailing study of the cryptogram, and as soon as he thought the pubs would be open, went round to the Red Cow for a pint of beer.

'Bitter, my lord?' inquired Mr Donnington with his hand upon the tap.

Wimsey said No, not today. He would have a bottle of Bass for a change.

Mr Donnington produced the Bass, observing that his lordship would find it in very fine condition.

'Condition is nine-tenths of the bottle,' said Wimsey, 'and a lot of it depends upon the bottling. Who are your bottlers?'

'Griggs of Walbeach¹,' said Mr Donnington. Very sound people they are, too; I've got no complaints to make. Just you try for yourself – though you can tell by the look of it, if you see what I mean. Clear as a bell – though, of course, you have to be able to trust your cellarman. I had a chap once that never could be taught not to pack 'is Bass 'ead down in the basket, same as if it was stout. Now stout will stand being stood right ways up and not shook about, if you're to do justice to the beer.'

'Very true indeed,' said Wimsey. 'There's certainly nothing wrong with this. Your health. Won't you take something yourself?'

'Thank you, my lord, I don't mind if I do. Here's luck. Now, that,' said Mr Donnington, raising the glass to the light, 'is as nice a glass of Bass as you could wish to see.'

Wimsey asked whether he did well with quart bottles.

'Quarts?' said Mr Donnington. 'No. Not with quarts, I don't. But I believe Tom Tebbutt down at the Wheatsheaf does a bit. Griggs bottles for him, too.'

'Ah!' said Wimsey.

'Yes. There's one or two prefer quarts. Though, mind you, most of the business about here is draught. But there's farmers here and there as likes the quarts delivered at their homes. Ah! In the old days they all did their own brewing – there's plenty farms now with the big brewing coppers still standing, and there's a few as still cures their own sides of bacon.'

Overview: Sayers's aristocratic sleuth, Lord Peter Wimsey first appeared in *Whose Body?* In 1923. She knew the Fens area, where *The Nine Tailors* is set, well, having grown up there. Many of her novels contain passing references to pubs.

Note: 1 Fictitious both. Walbeach, though, is a combination of real Fen towns; Walsoken and Wisbech. [sourced **CM**]



19th / Early 20th Century Beer Glasses

Displaying the eclectic nature of what constitutes a beer or ale glass, these four odd companions sum up the attitude of drinkers in Victorian / Edwardian times: As long as it holds a drink it may be used for that purpose. In fact what binds them together is the finely etched depiction of hops and barley on each, thus certifying their use for beer drinking. They are all made from lead crystal glass. Tallest 14cm.

Chris Murray

[my collection]