



Pub History

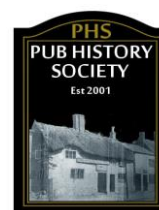
Autumn 2022

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Cover image: *Sir Paul Pindar*. Painting by Philip Norman from his **London Vanished and Vanishing** of 1905 vintage. Norman's own preamble has:

On the west side of Bishopsgate Street Without, some years ago, the Great Eastern Railway Company cleared away a space nearly a quarter of a mile in length which involved the removal, at the end of 1890, of what remained of Sir Paul Pindar's house, a beautiful work of art, and a unique fragment of a great merchant's residence at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The oak front, with its matchless carved work [right] is now to be seen in the South Kensington Museum [now known as the Victoria and Albert Museum].



Pindar (1565-1650) [left] was a wealthy diplomat, at one time ambassador to the Turkish empire. He was knighted by James I in 1623. During the English Civil War he made funds available to Charles I and his son, later Charles II. The building became a pub in the 1700s: *The Sir Paul Pindar's Head* but was demolished in 1890 as Norman tells us, to make room for the expansion of Liverpool Street Station.



below, 1880

The signage for John Javens to the right, seen in the 1880 picture here belongs to the business next door, manufacturers of grocers' canisters, shop fittings etc. To the pub's left may be made out the Metropolitan Hospital founded by Johnathan Fry, son of the social reformer Elizabeth Fry for the benefit of the destitute, which moved here in 1850.



The decision to preserve the wooden façade was very enlightened for the times when, in the name of progress many buildings that would now most certainly be classed as 'heritage' monuments were mercilessly demolished. The frontage has been displayed in different settings. At one point glass panes were fitted to create the illusion of how the pub looked. However the present display, still at the V & A shows the wooden structure only against a plain background, the better to be appreciated. Parts of the plastered ceiling are also on show.

Chris Murray

Pictures: Thanks to V&A, public domain

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).

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In Memorium: The editor writes: Sadly, news has come of two members who have recently passed away. **Bob Oliver** I knew slightly from PHS and Froth Blowers' meet-ups and **Arthur Taylor** I met briefly in the company of Patrick Chaplin (who writes a reminiscence here). Steve Williams remembers Bob.

Bob Oliver

I can think of a dozen people more qualified to write a few words about my good friend Bob who died on 24th August. And yet I've still put myself forward to put pen to paper to share some thoughts on this very decent chap.

It's only when something like the passing of a friend happens that you try and put your thoughts together to quantify your time together. For me it focused on the fact that I knew so little about him. But as I think a little deeper, I understand that I didn't need to know anything about him, as Bob instilled a sense of fun in everybody who met him and from a purely selfish aspect I was quite happy to sit and have a beer with him and listen to his wise words.



I met Bob through the PHS and it was on one of these occasions I started chatting to him and we became firm friends from then on. His activities as Chair of the Friends of the Froth Blowers at Sussex Vats seemed to be where he had the most fun, although many of his friends will comment that his love of live music gave him an equal measure of fun and excitement. Our trip along the south coast from Lancing to Brighton by train calling in at every micro pub along the route holds some very fond memories even if things do get a bit vague towards the end of the trip. I really should visit Brighton again to reacquaint myself with the hazier memories!

Left: Bob at a PHS AGM at *The Royal Oak*, Southwark, 2018

Our last outing was to the annual Friends of the Froth Blowers dinner at *The Rose* on the Thames. We'd all chatted, supped, ate and shared stories amongst ourselves, Bob was in a particularly buoyant mood and I shall fondly remember him as such. Following our lunch several of us decamped to a nearby bar under the railway arches where the sound of the trains was partially masked by the lively background music. As we drank a few more ales we all started tapping our fingers and getting in the swing of the sounds filling the pub. It was Bill Hunt, a musician of some note who pointed out to myself and Bob that the rhythm we were so enamoured with was actually the 4.15pm to Bromley. We all agreed but said it was a great beat anyway!

Right: Bob, standing, at *The Watermill*, Burgess Hill



I shall miss you dear friend and I will ask that all those who knew him to raise a glass to a thoroughly decent chap with an innate ability to make his companions see the brighter side of life. **SW**

[thanks to: David Muggleton for *Watermill* picture] AGM picture: Chris Murray

Arthur R Taylor – A Personal Tribute

I lost a great friend on 22nd July. The pub games expert Arthur R Taylor.

Back in the mid-1980s when I first decided to research darts, I looked around for books about pub games and found only two. One by Timothy Finn *Pub Games of England* (1975) (an updated version of his *The Watney Book of Pub Games* (1966)), the other, *Pub Games* (1976) by Arthur R Taylor.

Me with Arthur, right



Having obtained and researched both of Finn's books, I set my sights on Arthur's book which had been out of print for some time. (No Abebooks back then.) On 20th January 1988 I wrote to Grafton Books (of which Mayflower Books was an imprint) asking for Arthur's address and was informed that the 'only known address' was 'c/o Granada TV, Manchester'.

On 2nd February 1988 our friendship began. Arthur, a Producer and Director at Granada TV wrote:

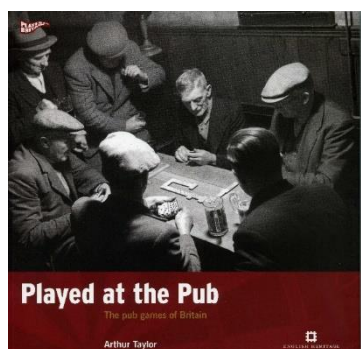
"I've enclosed a copy of the book: I'm not sure if it will help much, since darts has come on a lot on TV since it was written: I'm sure better research than mine must have been done over the last decade...

I'd love to know how you get on – please let me know when your book is out, who publishes it etc...

If you need to contact me again, you can write direct."

We remained in contact, Arthur living in Shaw, Lancashire and me in deepest Essex, until a few months before his death.

We would exchange information and theories about many, many pub games; too many to list but, clearly covering darts and Arthur's personal favourite: skittles, and all its variations, extending to embrace the much less well known 'Fly Loo'.



In 1991 Arthur invited me to comment on the darts chapter of his forthcoming *The Guinness Book of Traditional Pub Games* (Enfield: Guinness Publishing 1992). A privilege.

After over twenty years of letters, emails and telephone conversations Arthur and I met face-to-face at the launch of his, later award-winning, major work *Played at the Pub – The pub games of Britain* (Swindon: English Heritage, 2009) which was held at *The Freemasons Arms*, Hampstead in London. What a pleasure that was.

In 2012, when a member of the PHS, Arthur contributed an article to the Autumn issue of the **PHS Newsletter**, titled *Gnurdling, Leathers and Toads*, a response to my earlier piece *Gnurdling and Signage* which had appeared in the **Summer PHS Newsletter** and expanding my knowledge of the rules of Toad-in-the-Hole.

The second time Arthur and I actually met was when we shared the stage at the Gallery in Cowcross Street, Farringdon, presenting *Trebles and Floorers – the real London Games, darts and skittles* hosted by the series editor Simon Inglis, as part of the 'Played in Britain' celebrations before the 2012 Olympics. The photograph at the top of this tribute shows Arthur and I enjoying a well-deserved drink afterwards.

One of the last emails I received from Arthur was to inform me that he had been unable to place his latest book titled *Skittles and Beer* with a particular academic publisher. He told me:



'[They] seem very dull folk. The lady in charge somewhat sniffily said she could look at a straightforward academic history of skittles - but my book concentrated too much on present practice and atmosphere. Ho hum.'

I do hope that his family take up the cudgel and press for *Skittles and Beers* to reach the general public in Arthur's memory. (Image here shows skittles set up at the *Freemasons Arms* 2009.)

On the future of pub games, speaking to me during the pandemic in December 2020 Arthur said

"My immediate worry about the pandemic is that it might still have a long way to run. The 1918 outbreak lasted two years.... My favourite pub has reopened, but I can't raise the enthusiasm to go. You have to sign in, stay apart and sit at a table, drinks brought by the barmaid wearing a plastic mask. No question about the dartboard or the football table. Not at all an attractive proposition.

As to the long-term effect on pub games - I think games will take a massive hit. (A lot more pubs might go too). Skittles in the West Country will get by - London skittles will vanish. Maybe those amiable fun in the summer games like bat and trap and Aunt Sally, will still be there. Darts and dominoes and cards will still be played by a few ancients, but young people will not be interested - they will be glued to their tablets or mobiles.

In my worst moments, I wonder whether we might not end up like the bars of Northern France - a handful of these estaminets have consciously gone back in time and re-discovered old games. Enjoyable, but a bit like a living museum with beer."

So now, I will have no more discussions with my friend about darts, skittles or even 'Sticky 13s' or 'Games within the tables'.

I miss him already.

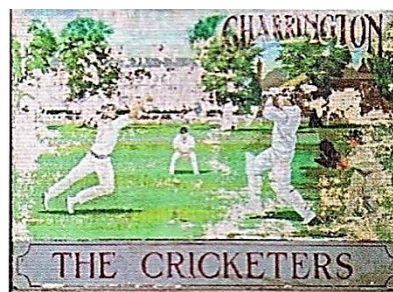
Patrick Chaplin

The Cricketers – but Where?

The following request has been published in the September issue of the *Brewery History Society Newsletter* and I was convinced I could help Robert. However, I couldn't:

Looking for *The Cricketers*

Robert Humphreys, with his Charrington's hat on, has been contacted by the TV company which makes the 'Salvage Hunters – the Restorers' series. This sign was acquired from a dealer in Hereford. There are five Charrington's *Cricketers* in the National Brewery Heritage Trust archive. There does not seem to be a photo linking the sign to any of them. Can anyone help?



I checked through all of the inn sign sources in my archive but, alas, could not identify the location of this sign. I then enquired of the Inn Sign Society but despite checking their records, ISS Journal Editor, David Roe confirmed that his colleague, who had access to the Society's archives of sign photos, had kindly looked through all "Cricketers" signs but could not find this one. So, can members of the PHS help our colleague at the BHS? If so, please drop a note to Chris Murray, our editor, or direct to me at patrick.chaplin@btinternet.com.

Patrick Chaplin

The Parkway Tavern, Park Hill Flats, Sheffield

Between 1957 and 1961, Sheffield Corporation City Architect's Department built Park Hill Estate. Architecturally, this estate is of international importance. It is also the largest listed building in Europe (Grade II* listed 1998). The deck system is unique as the steeply sloping site allows all but the uppermost decks to reach ground level. The building ranges from 4 to 13 storeys, and included shops, almost 1000 flats and four pubs.



The four pubs were each built to a common plan: four-bay ground floor units with clerestory windows, close to the shopping centre. They faced in two directions: a lounge and public bar, linked by a central bar and glazed screen. The Yorkshire Film Archive includes a 1962 film which contains footage of a delivery to *The Scottish Queen* and outside images of *The Parkway Tavern*. The other two pubs were *The Link* and *The Earl George*.

One of the four pubs, *The Parkway Tavern*, was originally managed by the Hope and Anchor Brewery, advertising Carling Black Label and Jubilee Stout. The pub later became part of the Bass empire. It closed in 2006 and has a two-bay mosaic mural which is a remarkable survivor (architects: Hadfield Cawkwell Davidson & Partners).

The Parkway Tavern was used in the 2014 film *'71*. Directed by Yann Demange: following a riot on the streets of Belfast, a young and disoriented British soldier is accidentally abandoned by his unit. The flats were used to recreate Divis Flats.

Initially, these 'Streets in the sky' enjoyed popularity and success; tenants had the luxury of private bathrooms and efficient heating. However, by the 1980s, Park Hill had become dilapidated and was no longer popular. It had both poor noise insulation and badly lit walkways, passages and alleys.



The estate is currently being redeveloped as part of a joint venture between Urban Splash and Places for People, work commencing in 2007. The structural frame is retained while architectural and internal features are replaced. The Parkway space re-opened in 2021 as the first convenience store on the new development: Park Hill Provisions.

Dave Pickersgill

Reference: Yorkshire Film Archive: Park Hill Housing Project (1962): www.yfanefa.com/record/6585

From: The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp by W H Davies, Jonathan Cape, 1908

The author, a committed tramp has met another on the road who explains....

"I have other ways of making a living. If I can get a good audience in a public house, I can often make a day's living in a quarter of an hour, with several drinks in the bargain." "What, by singing or dancing?" I asked. "No", said he, "but by reciting. Listen to this". With that he began to recite a long poem.

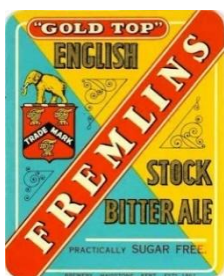
If he was so zealous after a weary day's walk, and without stimulants, what would he be under the influence of several glasses of strong ale? I shuddered to think of it. "You have a wonderful memory", I said. Here we are at the 'Cock' [Bedford].

We now entered the 'Cock', and after calling for two glasses of ale, enquired as to accommodation for travellers, which we were informed was good, there being plenty of room. Sometimes, if ale is not called for, they are disinclined to letting beds, especially in the winter, when they find so little difficulty in filling the house. On entering the kitchen we found it occupied by a number of men, some of whom recognized my fellow traveller, and spoke to him. But, strange to say, although this man had proved to be so garrulous with one for a companion, with the many he had very little to say, and sat in a corner all through the evening smoking in silence, and paying no heed to others either by tongue, eye or ear. [sourced and abridged by CM from his collection]

The Peacock, Iden Green, Kent

PHS member and erstwhile governor of *The Royal Oak* at Southwark, Frank Taylor has sourced this excellent interior scene from the Kent County Book by Richard Church, published by Hale, 1948. *The Peacock* has featured in past PHS quarterlies in connection with eccentric oenophile and pub landlord, Tommy Layton (who ran *The Peacock* for a short while). In fact Frank knew Tommy back in the day and has confirmed Tommy's offbeat reputation.

The post-war interior is typical of a rural pub in a time of austerity. A couple of well-worn Windsor chairs flank the substantial fireplace and there is a bit of copper and pewter on the shelf. A lone Toby jug sits below. Just in view is a well-used dartboard. A few tankards hang from the ceiling. Also visible is a placard advertising Fremlin's Gold Top Stock Bitter on the wall. Stock ales were about to disappear from the market,



representing as they did a tradition that probably began in the 18th century of setting aside the strong first running of a parti-gyle brew, a method of brewing where more than one beer was produced from the same mash, where the beers would be progressively weaker. These beers would be bound up in casks or vats and let alone for months to round off the sweet barley flavour profile via a process of oxidation, encouraging lactobacillus bacteria and Brettanomyces yeast, the dreaded 'brett' of hobby brewers worldwide. The former is responsible for a lactic acidity and the latter which the wooden containers harbour, makes for a sour overtone*. This taste profile was considered desirable at the time. The term 'stock' probably came about through the conceit that the beer was kept in stock, rather than being put on sale straight away. The beer, which was well hopped, sometimes had sugar added and became very strong. It was also used in blending. By 1948 the style had been significantly debased, indeed Fremlin's version came out at a mere 1048 OG, little more than half the strength of some of the 19th century brews.

*Both these inclusions were regarded until recently as undesirable contaminants by most breweries (except specialist Belgian beer makers who harked back to old styles such as Flemish brown and red beers and lambic beers making use of so-called spontaneous fermentation from wild yeast in the air). The obsession of the new 'craft' brewers for novelty has revived the use of these two bad boys in a pursuit of the 'other'.



Left: Sketch by 'Biro' of *The Peacock*, 1963 as seen in Tommy Layton's reminiscence of running a pub; A Year at the Peacock of 1964 vintage.

Still trading, under the Shepherd Neame banner, its website advertises it as 'a family and dog-friendly pub'. Occasional morris dancing takes place in the yard.

Chris Murray

A Yorkshire Dram Shop

Another dip into the discarded Victorian solicitor's letter archive gifted to me. This time featuring a note from one R Broadhurst who posted a folded letter with integral envelope from Rotherham to George Nicholson, solicitor in Wath, then in the historic West Riding of Yorkshire, on August 7th 1860.

I have before in these pages bemoaned the propensity of mid-Victorian writers for scrawled handwriting and this particular author is certainly no exception. It seems a gift for telepathy was needed to ascertain the meaning of these messages. In light of this I have been unable to decipher every word, however the sense I have made of it still produces some interesting material. The following is a stab I have made at 'translating' the letter:

Dear Sir

I have made every effort with persons likely to sell this Public House, belonging to Rawson (Brewery?) but without effect – it appears that general opinion (is) that the shop was used as a dram shop (and) is unnecessary and an inconvenience and ought to be separated from the house. I believe it will be (synonym for 'necessary'?) to push the sale beyond ordinary negotiation for there can be no doubt of a sale being ultimately made but I should certainly detach the dram shop and let it separately.

Come over and see the matter for yourself. I shall be home every day except next Wednesday.

Signed: R Broadhurst

The PS scribbled at the bottom is most interesting albeit practically illegible! As far as I can make out it is relating that Broadhurst has contacted the Pond Lane Brewery regarding the matter.



Consulting the Brewery History Society's **Century of British Breweries Plus (1890-2004)** we may see that the Pond *Street* Brewery situated in Sheffield was home to Thomas Rawson & Co Ltd, [left] founded by that gentleman in 1758, and notable as the first provincial concern to brew porter. The Luftwaffe destroyed the brewery in 1940 but the remaining premises and land were purchased by brewers Duncan Gilmour & Co in 1946 who were in turn taken over by Tetley & Sons Ltd in 1954.

Whilst working as Secretary for Harper's Weekly Gazette, Alfred Barnard, having visited every working distillery in Britain and Ireland between 1885 and 1887, produced a 500 page guide with impressive technical specifications, including descriptions of whiskies and drawings of the distilleries. Deemed a success, he next turned his attention to those nations' breweries. His "The Noted Breweries of Great Britain and Ireland"* of 1889 was an even more thorough examination of the status quo of the brewing scene of the time. One of the breweries he visited was the Pond Street Brewery (Pond Lane became Pond Street at some point) of Sheffield. At the time of Barnard's visit the brewery was turning out 'Yorkshire ales', porter and other beers. Three vertical refrigerators were used to cool the wort, which meant cutting edge technology was being employed. This was no small provincial undertaking. In fact 50,000 barrels of beer were being produced per annum. As an aside, the concluding sentiment is reproduced here:



Before leaving, we tasted one of several samples of Messers Rawson's ales, which was sound, pure and pleasantly flavoured, no doubt the other samples were equally good, but not being "beer drinkers" we were content with a taste of their bitter beer and stock ales, which have gained for them a great reputation.

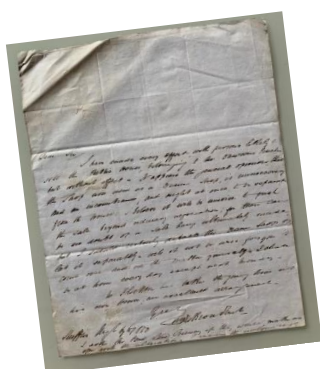
left: part of the malt tun room

'Not being beer drinkers'! What were they doing there, then?

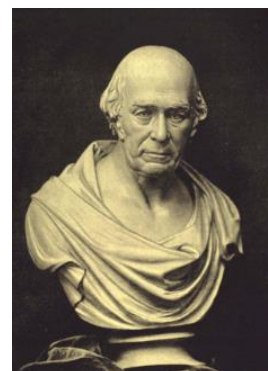
A report in The Derby Mercury Newspaper, a four-page broadsheet, dated Wednesday September 22th 1847 printed and published by Thomas Burroughs, of Iron Gate, Derby, included a report of 'a destructive fire at Pond-Lane Brewery', which threatened the existence of the brewery.

However, patently the business was able to resume at some point.

Getting back to the letter, we may see the middle-class reaction to a dram shop, a disparaging term for a gin drinking venue. Broadhurst was probably a land agent, equivalent to today's estate agent (a relative is seen in that line of business in a contemporary directory) and was determined to 'detach' the dram shop from the property. Did he think it lowered the tone? Almost certainly. I doubt we will ever know the exact location of the dram shop but this letter allows a most interesting peep into the world of the land agent and his dealings with a licensed premises.



*From this source we learn that Thomas Rawson was a well-respected politician, and at different times, a Commissioner of Police, Deputy Lieutenant of West Riding and a magistrate. "Zealously devoted to the people" he spoke out against the Peterloo Massacre of 1819 when fifteen unarmed attendees of a protest against unfair parliamentary representation were killed by the 15th Hussars as they charged into the crowd. Hundreds were injured. So revered was he, that a bust was commissioned representing him [right] by Sir Francis Legatt Chantrey (or possibly by Edward Law), the leading sculptor of the Regency era. Rawson died in 1825.



left: the letter

Chris Murray

The King's Arms from Old London Bridge

This splendid piece of heraldic carving has come down in the world.

It formerly had a prominent position on the southern gateway of Old London Bridge, visible to all who crossed from the south to the north. Now it is in a back street in the Borough, and noticed by few.

When it was on the gatehouse the inscription on it was G.II.R. (Georgius II. Rex), but when it was moved this, by a little ingenious alteration, easily became G. III. R., and the date 1760 was cut on it.

This is the date on which it was determined to get rid of the gates and houses on the bridge as obstructors of traffic, in order to widen the thoroughfare, so the Royal Arms came down.

Just then a new street was being cut through in the Borough called King Street, and the builder, a man of the name of Williams, so Dr Norman tells us, took the stone and





set it up as the sign of a tavern. King Street was afterwards given the name of Newcomen Street, which it still bears, while 1890 marks the date of a late rebuilding of the tavern.

This sign is so clear cut and well executed that it is worth a visit for itself as much as for its historic associations.

Newcomen Street will be reached by crossing London Bridge, continuing along the Borough High Street, and taking a turning on the left.

The editor writes: The sign on *The King's Arms*, as seen in the Spring 2013 PHS Newsletter (and reproduced above) although recognisably the same sign has had some work done to it. I am also suspicious of its claim to antiquity. The unicorn's horn has led a charmed life for over 260 years of weathering for instance. Nonetheless a spectacular sign, often overlooked due to its situation off the main drag. [picture by Dave Woodhead]

The Swan with Two Necks

Though this is a new sign, it is a remembrance of one which used to be fairly common for old inns.

The origin of the sign is both curious and interesting. As is well known, the swans on the upper Thames belong to the Crown and the Dyers and Vintners' Company, who each year make an excursion up river to mark their respective birds. Sometimes, one nick was used in addition to the mark and for others two nicks, so the swan with two nicks could be identified and claimed. If there was no mark the swan was claimed by the Crown.

The earliest record of the right of the Vintners' Company to nick swans is 1509.

It is easy to see how in vulgar parlance the swan with two necks is substituted for two nicks and the carver followed the general idea.

The sign is still to be found in London and elsewhere pretty frequently.

The editor writes: The surreal aspect of a swan with two necks must go far to explain the crop of pubs that have borne the name over the years. Indeed PHS quarterlies *passim* have contained much on the subject.

Curiously Blake has this one down as a new sign and does not disclose its exact whereabouts in London but infers it belongs to an inn. In format it displays the common feature of a chained crown surrounding the necks at the point of juncture.



If Blake's explanation concerning the nicks is correct it seems odd that a royal crown is in evidence on the sculpture (and other versions) since the royal swans were left 'unnicked', as it were.

Can anyone supply more details on this particular sculpture?

The Tavern Where Priests Worshipped

Gate Street, a turning off Kingsway near its north-east end, is a curious shape, being rectangular, one arm running into Kingsway and the other into Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Just at the corner where the turn is made the Ship Inn is situated. Part is in Gate Street and part in the passage called 'Little Turnstile', which runs into Holborn.

This tavern is very historical and has served the Catholics in England many a good turn.

When Catholic services were illegal generally in this country the priests in disguise made their way to the big room in the Ship Tavern. Should a warning be suddenly passed round that the soldiers had been seen, the priests went into hiding with the vestments and vessels, and there remained only the habitués of the tavern, sitting at the table with their pipes and beer.

The editor writes: Though intrinsically the same building, *The Ship* is almost unrecognisable today



[left]. Blake has

the history right. To flesh out the story, the pub began its life in 1549 in the area that was to become known, in the 1630s as Whetstone Park, a real estate speculation by one William Whetstone, which through a failure to attract more buildings became a backwater of vice and gambling. The Reformation at the time of the inn's inception did indeed proscribe Roman Catholicism and the saying of Mass and Blake's story is true. In 1736 it became a Masonic Lodge.

The extraordinary Chevalière d'Éon [right] (1728-1810), a French spy, fencing expert and adventurer/ess who, though assigned male at birth often dressed

and was treated as female visited *The Ship*. The pub's website asserts that it has always been called *The Ship Tavern* (not Inn). Whichever, the pub's name becomes more understandable when one realises that in the 16th century the River Fleet would have passed nearby (the Fleet was later paved over – it still flows underneath Fleet Street for instance). The monochrome picture shows the pub in Edinburgh brewers William Younger & Co livery.

The pub's present configuration stems from a later restructure.



The Sign of the Black Bull



This was once the sign of an old coaching inn in Holborn known as the Black Bull. The inn was demolished, to allow the extension of Messers Gamage's premises, in 1904.

Coaches plied between the Black Bull and Wycombe and Oxford and its yard was the scene of busy life during the coaching period.

Wagner reminds us that it was at the Black Bull that Dickens made Mr Lewsome fall ill and be unfortunate enough to have to depend on the ministrations of Nurses Sairey Gamp and Betsy Prigg. Being better he was helped into a coach in the Bull Yard, Mr Mould the undertaker looking disappointedly on.

After the demolition the sign came into the hands of Sir William Bull, the former popular MP for Hammersmith, and he had it erected over the entrance porch to his office where it most appropriately remains, as the name of the firm is 'Bull and Bull.'

The editor writes: Gamage's as written above was a huge department store. Lewsome, Gamp and Prigg appear in Martin Chuzzlewit. As for the sign itself it has led a most peripatetic existence. Sculpted by one Obadiah Pullman at Woodbridge, Suffolk in the early 1800s it was transported by sea and up the River Thames to stand outside *The Black Bull Inn* on the junction of Leather Lane and Holborn (nearby to the present *Craft* specialist beer bar). After that venue's demolition in 1904 the charismatic bovine was indeed snapped up by Hammersmith MP Sir William Bull (as seen above). After his firm of solicitors was also closed and the building pulled down, the bull moved down the street to end up outside *The Ravenscourt Arms* on a plinth where it remains today, the pub having changed its name to *The Black Bull*. However recent events have conspired to render the business closed for the time being and its future is uncertain. The sculpture appears to be in a very poor state [above right].



These four extracts and monochrome pictures are from **London Cameos** by A H Blake, published Herbert Jenkins Ltd, 1930 [sourced by **Chris Murray** from his collection]

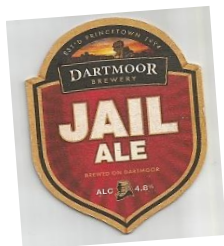
Thanks to: knowledgeoflondon.com, hammersmithfulhamforum.com, theshiptavern.co.uk, NPG (public domain)

Bah, Humbug! Pub, Torquay, Devon

One end of Petitor Road leads to a naturist beach but some folk seem to appreciate more the attraction at the other end of the road, namely *The Crown and Sceptre*.

This pub has been in the media over the years, not least when Roy Wheeler was landlord from 1976/7 and during that time he was known as the grumpiest landlord because, among other things, he banned the mention of Christmas and he banned the use of mobile phones.

Roy died in 2012 and was replaced by his son, David who was very vocal about “using or losing” your local and the pub did get extra visitors and income when he put on music nights in the upstairs function room. Then Covid struck and *The Crown and Sceptre* closed. As we moved through the pandemic, other hostelrys re-opened but not *The Crown and Sceptre* and rumours started that it was converting to residential use. Then, almost out of the blue, builders were there and did a quick £180K redecoration / renovation for the new owners, Champion Inns Ltd, who terminated the 40 years of tenure of the Wheelers.



The work done is not extreme and there is still a central serving island, dividing lounge and bar, from where Jail Ale from the Dartmoor Brewery and Otter Ale from the Otter Brewery are served; there is a garden to the rear but it is as much a smoking area and to date, the upstairs function room has not re-opened. It is awaited to discover whether the new licensees, Richard and Anita Ing (or their manager Colin Hinder) are as eccentric as Roy Wheeler who would be a difficult act to follow.

right: in 2020



The re-appearance of *The Crown and Sceptre* is welcomed as the nearby *Palk Arms* and *Old Albert* are now in residential use, *The Snooty Fox* is now a charity shop on the ground floor with flats above, *The New Inn* has long been a restaurant while *The Artful Dodger* remains closed and its future is unknown. This leaves *Molloy's* and *The Dolphin* as the only remaining watering holes in the St Marychurch area of Torquay and neither have the ambience of *The Crown and Sceptre*.



left: following the revamp, 2022

As for the earlier history of *The Crown and Sceptre*, it has been in existence since Georgian times and little has been located about its early years. However, there is a 1½d pub check in existence for *The Crown and Sceptre* which was made by Seage of Exeter to be issued by William Eddles who was in tenure from the 1860s to the 1890s.

The next landlord / proprietor traced was Charles Budden who was in the 1911 census. George and Mary Turner followed, being in trade directories in the 1910s and '20s. Patrick McCarthy was there in the 1930s while James then John Vincent Miller (brothers or father and son?) saw the pub through the war years. And it could have been the bulldozer for *The Crown and Sceptre* on 30 May 1943 when 21 enemy aircraft flew over but their bombs fell on the parish church a mere 50 yards away, killing 26 children and teachers.

The 1950s saw George Rook, Dennis Williamson then Sidney Prockter running the pub. This was followed by Ernest Bastin, Spencer Davis (not the musician) and David Johnson as landlords in the 1960s. It was John Stock who led into the 1970s, followed by Francis Smith and back to Mr Grumpy, Roy Wheeler.

Sometimes it is the least said the better and that is the case with *The Crown and Sceptre*. It's an honest to goodness local where strangers are welcome and where the beer is vastly more important than food . . . and a bigger attraction than the nudist beach!



David Matthews

Weobley, Herefordshire: Three Inns, Cider and Perry

Weobley is on the Welsh border. You can tell that at once by the voices you hear and by the surnames. The long dignified line of the Black Mountains stands well in sight on the other side of the winding Wye. There are ruined Border castles strewn all up and down the valley, here too.

I found three inns, the *Unicorn*, the *Salutation*, and *Red Lion* [below], all freehold, free-houses, built of this dark timber and plaster.



Charles I slept at the old *Unicorn Inn*, now called the Throne Farm, on his way to Presteigne after his entry into Hereford in 1645, and the owner of the manor or castle of Garnstone at that time, Thomas Tomkins, lost his all through his allegiance to Charles.

Then there was the ceremony of 'Burning the Bush'. A wreath was plaited out of hawthorn and blackened over a fire, very

early on New Year's Day before it was light. It was carried out by men only. The bush was then kept in the house with mistletoe bough until the next New Year's Day, when it was burned on the fire which blackened its successor. They used to shout 'Cheers for good cider' with the ceremony. One lovely old couplet about Weobley constantly rings through my ears:

When there are two full moons in May
Neither apples, nor hops, nor hay

The steam flour-mill which used to keep four men going all the year round and supplied stone-ground flour to all the neighbourhood, no longer functions. You can still see the brew-house at the back of the *Salutation Inn*, but they now no longer brew the home-brewed. It's all bought beer nowadays, though they still, of course, make their own cider. Dan Matthews who, after a lifetime of farming in the United States, has returned to his native Weobley to farm in his own land, took me up to taste some of his home-brewed perry, the pure juice of the pear. It tasted delicious.

Mrs Grout was born (in Weobley), and has lived here all her life:

"There are a lot of old trades that have died out since I was a girl. There was the old cooper who used to clean out the coppers. Then we all brewed our own cider. And when the hop-picking season came round we all used to move there with the gipsies. We earned as much as eight or ten pounds, and had a grand dance and supper on the last night. Nowadays it's all farming."

Mais then interviewed Mr Absolom, schoolmaster:

Mais: Why is the cider-making dying?

Absolom: It is no longer given as part wages on the farms. It pays the farmer better to sell his apples to a cider farm.

Mais: Is beer displacing it in the inns?

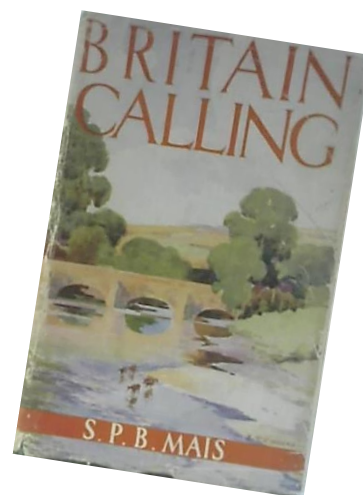
Absolom: No, more cider is being drunk.

Mais: Yes, and I've been drinking that cider today.

From: Britain Calling by S P B Mais, published Hutchinson & Co, 1938

S P B Mais (1885-1975) was author, journalist and BBC broadcaster

Sourced and abridged by Chris Murray [from his collection]



As regards Weobley, (incidentally pronounced 'webbly'), today, *The Red Lion* appears to be now known as *Lal Bagh* (Hindi for red big cat - usually 'tiger' but here meant for 'lion') and is trading as an Indian restaurant. *The Salutation* [left] is going strong and is known locally, (banally), as the 'Sal'. The last of Mais's triumvirate, *The Unicorn* [below], is now in residential use. Steve Turner, writing on the www.closedpubs.co.uk website reports that:

The Unicorn Inn was situated at 1 Hereford Road. This grade II listed 16th century farmhouse [was] extended early 17th century with 18th century alterations. Formerly...possibly The Throne Inn. Architect Andrew Thomas claims that the oldest part of the house is from 1478 but an inscription that was found in the fireplace says that the house was built in 1599. Although some of the stonework appears to be of medieval date it has been reused probably from the castle. King Charles I is supposed to have stayed here on 5th September 1645 when it was the Unicorn Inn. The name of the inn was reputedly changed to 'The Throne' in honour of his visit but the 1902 OS map still showed it as 'The Unicorn'

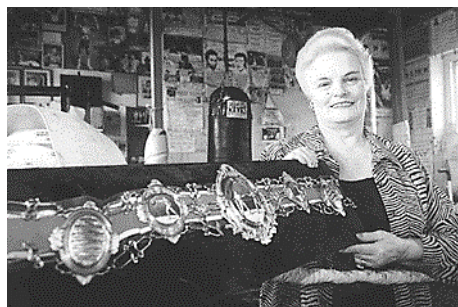


Images - thanks to: Britain Calling, Tripadvisor, www.closedpubs.co.uk

CM

Boxing Boozers Feedback

Member **John Dearing** reminisces: I was interested by your article on pubs with boxing connections in the Spring *Pub History*. Not my area of expertise but it did remind me of one I visited in Cardiff a few years ago, *The Royal Oak*. I see that this pub is Grade II listed and is even honoured by a Wikipedia entry. My diary entry for Sunday April 20th 2007 records: 'The first pub (I was on a pub crawl!), *The Royal Oak* had a boxing theme, and predictably was showing the Big Fight in which the Welshman, Joe Calzaghe [with an Italian name] beat the black American with a Welsh name, Bernard Hopkins. There was also nearly a real fight, as one guy called another who was obscuring his view "a—hole."'



The editor writes: Looking into this pub, I was intrigued to find an ongoing dispute over the provenance and whereabouts of a Lonsdale Belt. Kitty Flynn [left, with belt], who was the landlady at *The Royal Oak* pub in Adamsdown for over 50 years, died on March 12th 2021 aged 91. The belt originally belonged to Jim Driscoll (1880-1925) a Welsh featherweight but was bequeathed to one Tom Burns. Allegedly the belt was lent to his brother Jim Burns who displayed it at *The Royal Oak*. Relatives are suggesting that the belt was never returned and remains missing. **CM**



Above: Window display seen at the New Bond Street Building Centre Exhibition venue, 1936

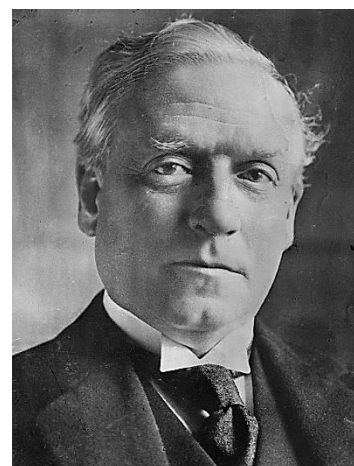
"Owing to the public demand the Building Centre will remain open on Saturdays until 6pm for the duration of the Inn Signs Exhibition"

1936 Inn Sign Exhibition as seen in last Pub History: Youngs, Crawshay & Youngs Ltd, Brewers

In 1936 there was an Exhibition of Inn Signs in New Bond Street, London. Initially twelve signs were requested by the hanging committee to be exhibited. Such was the quality and popularity that a request came for 'any further ones available'. All were hung in prominent positions, 'that of *The Royal Arms* being positioned in the premier and central place'. **Thanks to:** www.norfolkpubs.co.uk

When Asquith Tried to Bar the Barmaids

Whether the Liberal politician Herbert Henry Asquith [right] when Prime Minister of the United Kingdom (1908-1916) was a full-blown alcoholic or merely a heavy drinker is a moot point. Certainly he had a reputation for less than abstemious behaviour both in and out of Parliament and it earned him the soubriquet "Squiffy", suggested, jocularly by his surname. Which makes it all the more peculiar on the face of it that he promoted the Licensing Act of 1908 which was designed, for the most part to rein in the brewers' steady colonisation of the country with its onward march of new pub openings – or so the temperance faction would have it. In fact the broad remit, if enacted would have decimated the licensed 'on' trade, removing at a stroke practically a third of all pubs in England and Wales on the pretext of excessive numbers of premises and nationalising the others. A bold



response to the perceived 'Drink Question' of the time and of course a political initiative, designed to appease middle England whose disaffection with public drunkenness was a factor and the temperance faction which sought to tap into this groundswell and make use of it to promote an extreme agenda of pub closures. And that was to be just the start of it.

However, this pandering to the teetotal fanatics would prove to be the unravelling of the Act. In addition to their dream of the suppression of the public house, a couple of other bees in their bonnet, which on the face of it had nothing to do with the issue at hand were thrown into the mix. One of these insertions, under clause 20 would give local magistrates (who already wielded swingeing powers over licensing matters) the ability to ban barmaids in pubs through the expediency of not allowing a licence to a premises that employed them.



The Bishop of Southwark, Edward Talbot [left] enjoyed popular respect and he and his wife, Lavinia founded Lady Margaret Hall the first university college for women, at Oxford. Nonetheless despite this apparently enlightened approach to women's education, at a conference in 1908 discussing, in part the seemingly ubiquitous 'Drink Question', he was moved to pronounce:

"The nation ought not to allow the natural attractions of a young girl to be used for trading purposes."

This summed up the thinking of the old guard. But not everyone agreed with him.

This Bill would not be nodded through. The powerful Trade lobby was of course against this draconian proposal and was mobilising support from within and without the House and was preparing for a battle. The Colonist newspaper of 3rd March 1908 reported that the brewers and publicans had raised "a fund of £100,000 to conduct a great campaign against the Licensing Bill". Nevertheless

there was still a possibility of this Trojan Horse being passed and having a huge effect on the earning potential of a swathe of working-class women.

In a Commons debate on the Act on 14th October 1908 in which both Asquith and Arthur Balfour, the former Conservative Prime Minister and Leader of the Opposition took part, one Liberal MP at least could see the absurdity of hitching disparate objectives together within the Act. George Harwell, Member for Bolton [right] addressing the House put his finger on it when he had this to say, as paraphrased in Hansard:

A great mistake had been made in jumbling together a licensing and a temperance Bill. He said that as one who had advocated the main principle of this Bill for more years than most of the Members now supporting it. He felt very strongly indeed the absolute need of the essential principle of the Bill, which was that the nation should obtain the control of the drink traffic. He would have thought that was object enough. It was certainly sufficient to raise enough opposition and difficulty without putting into the Bill a number of temperance matters. He was not going to discuss them, but would merely say that this was not a proper temperance measure, and these matters ought not to have been put into it. A number of things had been put in, and he protested against them. As a supporter of the main principle of the Bill, he protested against "local option," "barmaids," and many other things being brought in. He opposed the whole of these things, because he believed they were unwise.



Though no fan of the public house, he made the point well enough that the Act was seriously flawed.

Public opinion was split but certainly the barmaid had her supporters. A petition bearing around 600,000 signatures in favour of female participation behind the bar was delivered to the House of Commons. A bigger display of support was to follow, in Hyde Park on 27th September 1908 when an estimated three quarters of a million people invaded that part of London. Organised by the National Trade Defence Association, another of those protectionist umbrella entities put together by the brewers and distillers, special trains were hired to bring the attendees from all corners of England and Wales. Banners, placards and no less than 100 brass bands to the fore! Speeches were made. Though thoroughly drilled by the Trade, the event was also swelled by members of the public in a spontaneous show of support. Depending on which newspaper you bought the crowd was either well behaved or the worse for drink. Whatever the truth, the point was made. The general public was unconvinced by this attempt at an extreme curtailment of the public house.

One social observer had read the fine print and was determined to oppose this Act in person, citing one particular aspect of its content: The abolition of the



barmaid. Her name was Eva Gore-Booth [left]. At the heart of the matter was the astonishingly patronising implication in general circulation that attractive women were being used to lure men into pubs and that their pathway from then onwards would consist of one of moral turpitude and eventual prostitution, or indeed suicide. This view was particularly prevalent among some Labour MPs it must be said (barmaids were not unionised as many trade unionists saw working in a public house as an unseemly situation for a woman).

On the face of it Gore-Booth was an unlikely protector of the working-class woman. Born into a wealthy Anglo-Irish family in County Sligo she authored many books in different genres. She was a poet, playwright, philosopher and friend of W B Yeats but her socialist beliefs led her to leave her privileged position in Ireland

and to move to working-class industrial Manchester in 1897, where as a suffragist she joined the executive committee of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies and later became co-secretary of the Manchester and Salford Women's Trade Union Council. Her background as an activist and feminist *avant la lettre* meant she was able to circumvent the usual disdain reserved for a woman in the political arena by direct action. She formed the Barmaids' Political Defence League in a successful attempt to accrue publicity from the press and draw attention to the clause against barmaids in the proposed Licensing Act. One of her supporters, the Irish MP Lord Winterton went so far as to say that the clause was "a discreditable innuendo against a large number of respectable persons", (ie that young women would be swayed into disreputable behaviour). One of her successes was getting the Home Secretary Herbert Gladstone to agree to a meeting with her and a group of barmaids. Through her determination and perseverance she gained supporters who otherwise would have backed the Bill. When it was pointed out to her that her organisation did not involve any barmaids, she retorted that they were all too busy.



A key moment in her campaign came when the incoming President of the Board of Trade, Winston Churchill [right], under Parliamentary rules was obliged to seek re-election in his own constituency, Manchester North-West. This was seen as a formality by Churchill but was seen

as a challenge by Gore-Booth. With the assistance of her sister Constance Markievicz, a fellow socialist and Sinn Féin member she mounted a concerted campaign against Churchill while backing the Conservative candidate, William Joynson-Hicks* [right]. One reason Churchill was singled out by Gore-Booth was his vehement opposition to women working in the public house, indeed his antipathy to the working woman *per se*. The two sisters pulled out all the stops for the campaign including hiring a carriage pulled by four white horses which they drove through Manchester, making speeches as they went. In the end Churchill was handsomely defeated by Joynson-Hicks due in no small way to the efforts of the two Irishwomen. Strange to think that an Irish revolutionary was partly responsible for the promotion to Parliament of a Conservative MP.



It was all too much for the Government and the offending clause was removed and many other amendments were agreed to. To no avail since on 27th November 1908 the Act was defeated in The Lords by 272 votes to 96.

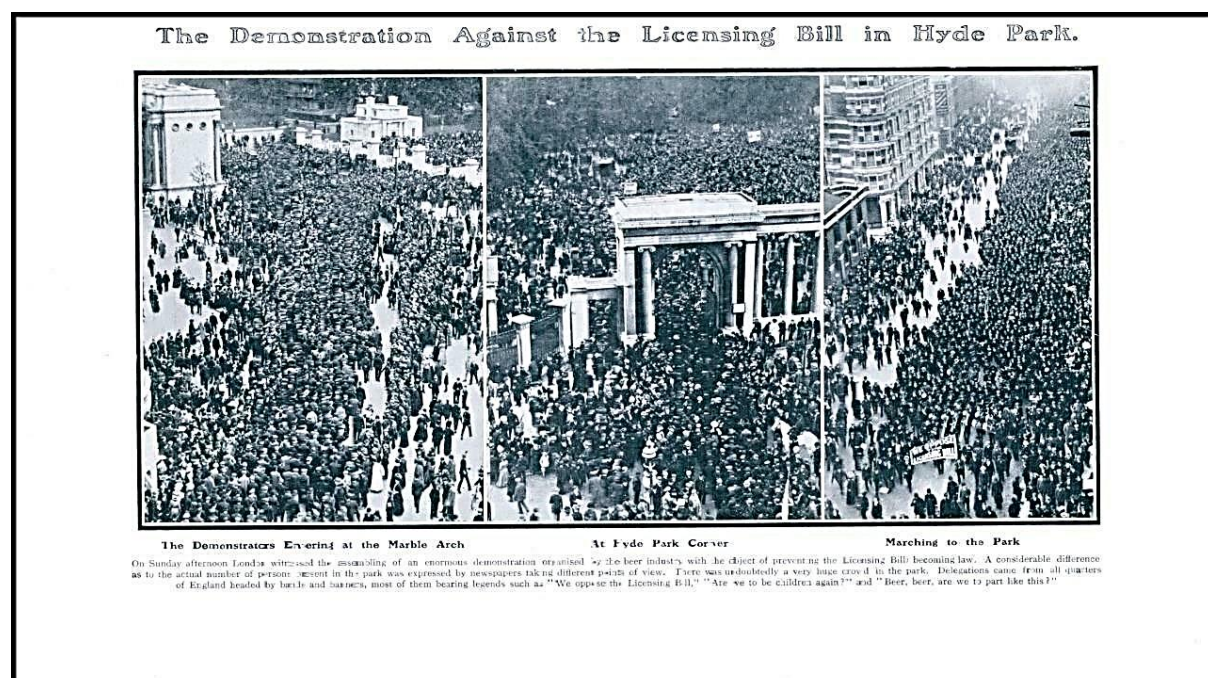
Now women were welcome to serve in the pub, officially it seemed. However it was to be a while before it was considered respectable for a woman to enter a bar by herself.

*William Joynson-Hicks. Appears in the Summer 2018 Pub History

Chris Murray

Thanks to: Sonja Tiernan Independent 30 6 2012, www.philmellows.com, Tim Holt BHS (All images believed in public domain)

PS Below is a contemporary image from 1908 from Sphere magazine showing the crowds that turned up to support the public house and its key worker, the barmaid by protesting against the proposed Licensing Act, marching from Marble Arch up to Hyde Park.

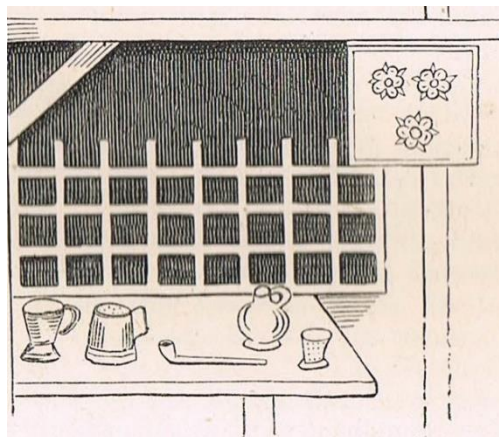


Red Lattice, Green Lattice Part Two

At the end of Part One of *Red Lattice, Green Lattice* (**Pub History Summer 2022**) I reached the point of concluding my research into *The Chequers* and clarifying some definitions of the various 'Lattices' (and alternative spellings) and established that 'Lattice' could either be a pub name, a replacement for a window or a generic word for an alehouse.

(The illustration [right] is titled 'A Lattice': the source being 'Roxburghe Ballads, circa 1650' and can be found in the eighth edition of Larwood & Hotten's masterwork.)

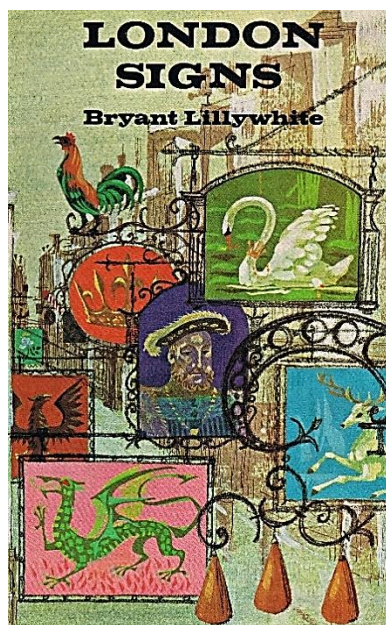
In this, Part Two, I go in search of the *Green Lattice* and see if, as mentioned by Larwood and Hotten (L&H), after lattices disappeared and were permanently replaced by windows, either 'Lattice' (or any corrupted version) is recorded as having been adopted as an actual sign and/or pub name. If so, did they continue, as L&H wrote in 1868, 'to the present day', to *our* present day?



But before that, I track down other *Red Lattices* not previously mentioned in Part One.

Of the 'red' version Lillywhite (*London Signs*, 1972) wrote:

'The RED LATTICE is so-named from the colour of the painted wooden lattice or trellis used in place of glass windows or screens at alehouses; known in London as early as 1512 and probably earlier. Similarly Green Lattice and both were corrupted into Lettice and Lettuce.'



Lillywhite quoted Marston and Dekker (already quoted in Part One) presumably sourced from L&H's work, but he also stated that the 'window lattice' is mentioned in *The Bible* – Judges 5.28:

Out of the window she peered, the mother of Sisera wailed through the lattice: 'Why is his chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the hoofbeats of his chariots?' (English Standard Version).

While mother awaits the hoofbeats, presumably at home rather than in a pub, Lillywhite recorded:

"Red Lattice in Southwark" 1633.

"Red Lettice in the Butcher Row near Temple Bar" 1709.

Red Lettuce Frogwell-court Charterhouse-lane [W. Smithfield]. Tavern 1809-11.

Before moving on to the lattice of the green kind, reference to *Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase & Fable* (1990) gave the definition of

'Red-lattice phrases' as 'pot-house talk' which, I suggest, could today be translated as 'pub talk' or even 'the beer talking'. The full reference from *Brewer's* reads thus:

'Red-lattice phrases. Pot-house talk. A red lattice at the doors and windows was formerly a sign that an ale-house was duly licensed; see the page's quip on Bardolph in *Henry IV*, Pt. II, ii – "called me e'en now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window."

'I, I, I myself sometimes leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand...am fain to shuffle, to hedge and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags...your red-lattice phrases...under the shelter of your honour.' (SHAKESPEARE: *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, II, ii.)

I now return to L&H who recorded that *Green Lattice* alehouses (presumably a different paint job) were known, as well as featuring on at least one trade token:

'The GREEN LATTICE occurs on a trade token of Cock Lane, [London] and still figures at the door of an ale-house in Billingsgate, whilst not many years ago there was one, in Brownlow Street, Holborn, which had been corrupted into the GREEN LETTUCE.'

But the key work in this instance is Lillywhite's where he introduced the *Green Lattice/Lettuce* as follows:

'The GREEN LATTICE or GREEN LETTUCE as a tavern-sign in London dates from the sixteenth century, has now fallen into disuse. Accordingly, to Halliwell's dictionary, the word 'lattice' being an alehouse, many inns formerly had this sign and were distinguished by the lattice, not by a glass window, the latter being fragile for the customers. The sign is commemorated in sundry Green Lettice courts, alleys, &c.'

Clearly the fragility of glass was another reason, or perhaps even the major reason, for wooden lattices replacing glass, presumably less likely to be broken.

So, the name *Green Lettice* was attributed to alleys and courts names too.

Lillywhite also cites 'In 1592: "His sign pulled down, his lattice borne away."'* but does not give the actual source. (It is one I cannot trace at present.) Presumably the phrase indicated the closure and/or destruction of an alehouse.

However, here are those premises Lillywhite was able to discover [Please note the variations of spelling.]:

*'Green Lattice - 5 Billingsgate. Tavern 1826-60s.
Green Lettice - Fore Street, Cripplegate before 1761.
Green Lattice - Green Lattice Lane Cannon Street before 1720-1767.
(Green Lattice Court south side of Cannon Street led into Lawrence Pountney Hill.)
Green Lattice in the Old Jewry 1590s. See The Water Tankard No. 15750.
Green Lettice - Brownlow Street, Holborn. Tavern 1725-28
Green Lettuce in Holborn 1737-c1840s. Lettuce is a corruption of Lettice.
Green Lettice in Cock Lane [West Smithfield] c1648-60s.
A token issued here bears the device or sign of a latticed square.'*

So, here we have a token issued at an alehouse named the *Green Lettice*, West Smithfield, which, rather than referring to the lattice 'window' it relates to the 'latticed square' discussed in Part One when referring to the sign of the *Chequers* or perhaps to the lattice illustrated at the beginning of this article.

Hackwood (1909) (who I, for no known reason, am always a little wary of) offers the following on the lattice of the green type:

'A further corruption of Lattice, assisted by the substitution of green paint for red, is claimed to have been the origin of the "Green Lettuce," a sign once exhibited near Holborn. But it is more probable that these signs originated from the ancient custom of distinguishing houses at which malt liquor was to be sold by painting the lattices red; and also it may be recalled that in the old times, when the different classes of public-houses in London were known as Osteries, Taverns, and Cookeries, those at which drink was to be obtained were usually known by their walls being painted in chequers, or lattice-pattern.'

To be honest I had never heard of 'Osteries' or 'Cookeries' used in the context of public houses so I had to look them up – 'Osteries' being the plural of 'osteria' – an Italian word for 'a place of serving wine and simple food' – and 'Cookeries' (Surprise! Surprise!) being 'a place for cooking'.

But note here that Hackwood does not mention a sign but the 'walls being painted in chequers, or lattice-pattern'. He further explains

'He [the innkeeper] at times even adopted the field or background of the shield, as the heraldic chequé, commonly called the Checkers. This, if painted in red and white squares, is said to have obtained the slang name of the Red Lattice; which gives us the clue to the allusion in Henry IV. part 2, where Falstaff's page says to Bardolph –

"He called me, even now, my lord, through a red lattice."

Hackwood then provides a quote that suggests the red lattice may have been adopted from a specific heraldic device:

A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine for September 1794, makes the far-fetched suggestion that in olden times "the great earl Warren" was given the exclusive power of granting licences to sell beer; and that his agent might collect the tax more readily, he ordered that the door-posts of all licensed houses should be painted in Chequers – the arms of the Warren family.



And then Hackwood asks his readers "Where is the evidence of this?"

Well Frederick. I couldn't find any. The only thing I found was that the heraldic device of the Warren family does bear a lattice/chequers design on its shield but, as far as I can see, (and as you can see above) the colours were/are blue and yellow.

Sorry, dear reader, but I really don't have the time to go any further along that particular road.

Before closing this second Part of *Red Lattice, Green Lattice*, I mention the film, *Mrs. Fitzherbert* (1947) directed by Montgomery Tully, with Peter Graves (Prince of Wales) and Joyce Howard (Mrs. Maria Fitzherbert). It features the tangled affairs of George, Prince of Wales, which lead to his secret, illegal marriage to commoner Mrs. Fitzherbert the Prince had met in London in 1783.

One afternoon in July I was half-watching *Mrs. Fitzherbert* on Talking Pictures TV and picked up on a brief piece of conversation where a character tells the Prince of Wales that Mrs. Fitzherbert's ring was found in an inn "between the lattice and the door" ... If anyone has the technology to retrieve the actual dialogue, please let me know.

In Part Three I will turn my attention to locating any pub name(s) that today (or until recently) bear the word 'Lattice' or its derivations but, of course, avoiding '[*Slug and*] Lettuce'.

Patrick Chaplin

*In fact the quote comes from **Arden of Feversham**, an anonymous play of 1592 vintage. One Black Will, a murderer for hire is boasting that he can have a pub closed down. Speculation has it that Shakespeare had some hand in it. - Ed]

Sources: Evans, Ivor H. (ed.) *Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase & Fable* (London: Cassell Publishers Ltd., 14th Edition, 1990)
Hackwood, Frederick W. *Inns, Ales, and Drinking Customs of Old England* (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1909)

Larwood, Jacob. and Hotten, John Camden *The History of Signboards, From the Earliest Times to the Present Day* (London: John Camden Hotten, Eighth Edition n.d. but circa 1868)

Lillywhite, Bryant. *London Signs – A Reference Book of London Signs From Earliest Times to about the Mid-Nineteenth Century* (London: George Allen and Unwin Ltd., 1972)

The Bible (English Standard Version)

Mrs. Fitzherbert (1947) www.imdb.com/title/tt0039733

Patrick Makes his Point

The Observer for 3rd July 2022 included a piece on the decline in numbers and of traditional names of public houses in Britain. Our own Patrick Chaplin, name checking the Pub History Society, was consulted to lend an air of gravitas to proceedings. The general tenor of the article suggests that the trend in pub closures is not abating. Citing Food Standards Agency statistics it was also noted that there were '103 fewer licensed establishments with 'inn' in the name compared with in 2020'. This was put partly down to the rise of the 'craft beer bar', whose premises usually were unlikely to conform to that description. The decrease in traditional names was simply put down to the number of closures of old-school pubs. Unsurprisingly the term 'bar' was up by 119 in the same period, taking into consideration the size of the average new start-up.

More damning statistics: In the 1980s there were about 55,000 pubs in Britain but that figure has fallen to about 47,500 (according to CAMRA).

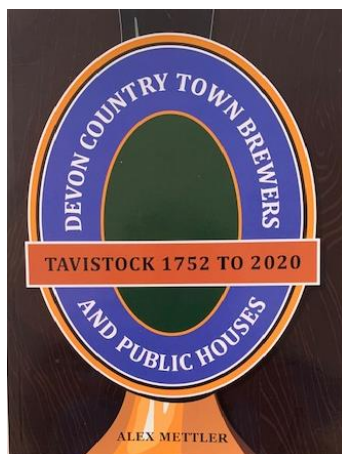
Patrick brings some history to the table, explaining the significance of the different sort of pub signs. Other commentators run through a potted history of the pub via the usual suspects; the gin palace, the estate pub, post-war boozers and finally the new 'craft' outlets. Nothing we didn't know already really but I suppose the article is aimed at the general reader and not us seasoned old toppers.

I could have done with an appraisal of the 'craft' scene. I am not saying that 'craft' beer *per se* is a bad thing, just that putting beer in tins and having a preternatural enthusiasm for exotic hops with taste descriptors such as 'grapefruit', 'citrus', 'pine', 'passion fruit' and even 'mandarin' (Centennial, Chinook, Citra, Cluster and Comet – and that's just the 'C's) while eschewing traditional 'beery' hops such as Fuggles makes for a one-note experience akin to wandering around the fruit section in Asda.

The rather incongruous picture of Peter O'Toole outside the Soho pub that notorious roué Jeffrey Bernard frequented, *The Coach and Horses*, may be explained by the fact that O'Toole played him in the West End play 'Jeffrey Bernard is Unwell'.

CM





Book Review: Devon Country Town Brewers and Public Houses - Tavistock 1752 to 2020 by Alex Mettler, Tavistock Heritage Trust / Tavistock Local History Society, 2020

This book is a bit of a beast. Weighing in at around 550 fine quality pages, it requires an effort to lift it from the table. As an in-depth look at the brewing and drinking cultures of a typical Devon market town it is well-nigh unsurpassable. Published by two of Tavistock's upholders of its rich past, (Mettler was founder member of both entities) the author has been allowed the luxury of letting the words flow. As he tells us, this project has been bubbling under for more than forty years, stemming from a move to the West Country town in 1976. The first five chapters deal with a general history of brewing, a history of Tavistock

and an entertaining trot through the town's breweries from 1798 to modern times. Chapter six gets us to the meat of the book: The pubs!

Listed alphabetically the venues are recorded with their first known date of existence and their stories are told up to their demise or more cheerfully are continued up to the present day. Where there is a good story to tell, Alex Mettler spares no detail. While most pubs are given a few pages some are afforded an expansive ten or more. Much of the narrative is provided by the expediency of direct quotes from contemporary newspapers, often recounting the various misdemeanours that publicans or customers have been accused of in the courts. There is a wealth of pictorial evidence, from maps, postcards and cuttings to photographs of licensees from different eras. What strikes one as different from other works of this kind is the desire to tell us about the character of the bar staff, right through to the present. Thus we may see photographs of 'farewell drinks for Arnold and Joan Godsiff' at *The Duke of York* in 1989 and a proud Frank and Shirley Hedges (who offers a toast to the camera), incumbents at *The Exeter Inn* in 1979, smartly dressed and the very epitome of their times. The pubs chosen, dating from the 18th century to recent openings are covered in great detail. Recourse has been made to the usual sources: Trade directories, census statistics, postcards, back copies of periodicals etc, but it is the judicial quotation from newspaper archives that bring to life the pub in its setting and reminds us how rough and ready existence must have been in Victorian times and before. Reading of the escapades of both customers and bar staff makes for an addictive desire to learn more about the protagonists. Why was that police officer particularly vindictive towards that specific pub? Were those women members of the bar staff or were they sex workers? The tales come and go. As we get to more recent, more enlightened times adventures become less histrionic but are none the less involving for all that. It is easy to reach for the 'those were the days' quote but really, they were, weren't they?

As a work of reference this is useful in that a list of brewers and innkeepers is provided as well as many advertisements for the pubs mentioned. The temperance faction is not overlooked and a run through of the teetotal 'pubs', restaurants and boarding houses is included. It is also a source of reading pleasure. The book repays dipping in and out. We need to know what happens next!

In a work of this size there are bound to be few lapses. A couple of images appear twice – one appears three times! But so what?

In summation, a very successful realisation of a recreation of the life and times of pubs and breweries in Tavistock through testimony and reportage. Very enjoyable.

Chris Murray

More on Caton Woodville and *The Swan*, Fittleworth, West Sussex

As a matter of coincidence Dave Woodhead, in the Spring edition of his Friends of the Froth Blowers newsletter (number 66!) gave out a bit of history on the above venue, in which he makes mention of the ill-fated Richard Caton Woodville, as featured in the last Pub History. On making contact, Dave told me he was happy to share the following with the membership:

The Swan - a Little Bit of History

It is thought that some sort of inn has stood beyond the fording-point/bridge over the river Rother, serving travellers on one of the oldest roads in England, since just after time immemorial. Topographical journalists of Bert Temple's time claimed that *The Swan* was at least six hundred years old then. Whatever-the-case, the two licensees of the 1880 to 1930 period - Mrs. Hawkins and, following her, Mr. Thorpe Oliver – were celebrated for their care for the inn and their hospitality. It was in the former's time (and a little before) that artists drawn to paint the Rother and its surroundings left sketches to adorn the walls of the inn as a 'thank you' to the lady. One, Richard Caton Woodville, donated the inn-sign of a swan in rushes (and a frog, too, apparently) beneath which carts and cars have passed for close on 130 years. Most of these artists – and one or two musicians – left smaller contributions in the leather-bound Visitors' Books. Recent vandalism and thefts – by owners and lessees – have meant that most of these valuable objects have gone 'who knows where.' (Some of them belonged to me!)

Reading the description of the sign donated by Caton Woodville above, surely the picture shown here, right, is the very same. I took this photo of the sign some years back when visiting *The Swan* – it was hanging on an inside wall. Though the varnish has darkened the image it is clear that as well as the rushes mentioned, we can make out a pipe-smoking frog floating blissfully in a spouted pewter measure! Where is it now? Hopefully it will re-emerge. Incidentally I share Dave's anger at the banal thefts involving a hundred years and more of social history that were within the covers of the extraordinary Visitors' Books that have apparently 'gone missing'.



However there seems to be better news concerning *The Swan*. Joe Stack at the Sussex Express tells us (July 6th 2022) that, though:

The Swan Inn in Lower Street, Fittleworth, closed down in December 2020 due to 'insurmountable losses' due to the Covid-19 pandemic.

And:

The freehold of the Grade II Listed historic coaching inn was on the market with leisure property specialists Fleurets at a guide price of £1,250,000 + VAT.

The two-storey property which dates back to the 15th century is due to reopen under the leadership of experienced operator Angus Davies. Angus said: "I am thrilled to announce that following the success at The Hollist Arms in Lodsworth I will be taking over the Swan Inn, Fittleworth. I have been touched by so many messages of support and well wishes already and I am determined to create a wonderful pub with community at its heart for everyone to enjoy, whether you are local or visitor. "While there is much work to be done over the next few months I am excited to be taking an active part in the sympathetic refurbishment of the building including, with luck, the plan to reinstate the iconic picture room.

Hopefully *The Swan* is not dead in the water after all.

Chris Murray

In the Summer **Pub History** I put out a plea for any information concerning a German-style lager beer hall situated on Brighton Pier before the First World War as seen in a contemporary postcard. PHS member Patrick Chaplin contacted fellow member David Muggleton who came good with some excellent archive trawling which has enabled me to put some flesh on the bones of the story: Thanks go out to both of them.

Brighton Palace Pier Lager Beer Hall

In the August 9th 1900 edition of the Brighton Gazette and Hove Post, an announcement appeared under “Public Notices” [below] which revealed that one Constantine Nomico (apparently of Greek extraction) was making clear his intention to apply at the General Annual Licensing Meeting at the Police Court Town Hall, Brighton for a licence to sell spirits, wine, beer, porter, cider, perry and other intoxicating liquors on the premises known as the Pavilion¹ on the Marine Palace Pier. “The Brighton Marine Palace and Pier Company, of 17 Victoria Street, Westminster is the owner...which premises I intend to keep as an Inn, Alehouse or Victualling House.” Nomico gives his address as 6 Blythe Hill, Catford in the Parish of Lewisham, in the County of Kent (now in south east London). The Palace Pier which replaced a previous structure had opened only the year before, in 1899.



By 1913 “The Brighton Palace Pier Restaurant and German Beer Garden at Pier Head” is being advertised, in the March 23rd 1913 edition of The Referee, a London based Sunday newspaper [below]. Prospective visitors are tempted with; “Finest Wines and Cuisine. English and Continental Menus. Genuine Munich and Pilsener Lagers on Draught².”

This entrepreneur appears to have been Constantine Anthony Nomico, born in Zante, a Greek Island, in 1868, married to an Englishwoman, who settled in Lewisham. Whether he had the intention of opening a

German beer venue in 1900 or merely a conventional bar he doesn’t tell us. The list of ‘intoxicating liquors’ he applied for to sell certainly covered all bases.



By the time the advertisement appeared in The Referee, in 1913 the writing was on the wall for a German-themed venue, of course. Surprisingly an advertisement for the Lager Beer Hall in the 30th June 1914 Sussex Daily News shows that the business probably traded until the last minute before war was declared on Germany on 28th July of that year.

Chris Murray

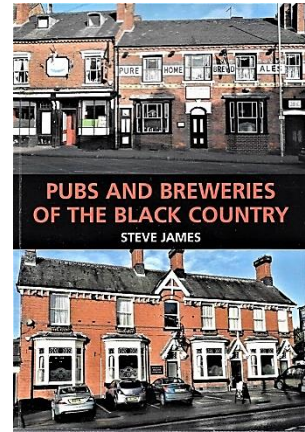


Notes: 1 The Pavilion later became a theatre, I believe. 2 ‘Genuine’ here is a moot point. A genuine pilsener should come from Plzeň (Pilsen in German) [left “Urquell” = original], now in the Czech Republic but here a German version is probably meant. The Munich variety mentioned here is in the previous dark lager style that gradually became supplanted by its paler competitor. “Münchener” lager, right.



Book Review: Pubs and Breweries of the Black Country by Steve James, Voxlumina, 2022

Of course there are different methodologies when it comes to recording the historical cultural heritage of the pub and its denizens both behind and in front of the counter (assuming there *is* a counter); no one way necessarily better than another. Author Steve James has gone for the inclusive approach which means he has had recourse to investigate and record the fate of around 3,000 pubs (I confess I have not made an accurate head count). Many of these descriptions have been culled from earlier writings in the Black Country Bugle and Blackcountryman magazine. Naturally, taking into account the sheer scale of the project, necessarily most pubs merit a line or two at most, though key premises or quirky examples get a more thorough examination. This way of doing things takes a bit of getting used to – the information may seem overwhelming at first but of course you don't have to read it all in one sitting. The book is sensibly laid out alphabetically by area from Amblecote to Wordsley.



Large inns and common beerhouses rub shoulders and their stories are told from an historical perspective as well as meriting an updated tagline if they are lucky enough to have survived to the present. The first thing that strikes one is the vast number of home-brew houses that existed before the First World War and even after. Netherton, home to one of the most famous (and beloved) examples, *The Old Swan*, or *Ma Pardoe's* as the locals dubbed it, could boast dozens of beer-making pubs. Can you imagine how idiosyncratic a pub crawl would have been back in the day?

The Black Country was defined by its industrial hinterland; its collieries, ironworks, chain-makers, glass factories, brickworks and canals. The workers needed their thirsts slaked and the pubs were there to lubricate the workers' throats. The large number of pubs meant that canny licensees would need to offer their own original attractions to the well accommodated customer: Giant pigs, four-legged ducks (!) and other animal oddities went on show as well as the more prosaic, albeit cruel dog-fighting, bull-baiting, cock-fighting and bare-knuckle bouts.

Naturally many a character shows a face.

The George and Dragon at Blackheath, for instance, in the 1890s, was kept by ex-policeman Frederick Salt who became a local hero for helping to end the shenanigans of the Smethwick Slogging Gang. They sound like something cartoonist Bill Tidy would come up with, but in fact were a notorious bunch of muggers and thugs, precursors to the Peaky Blinders of neighbouring Birmingham. *The Anchor* at Halesowen was once run by the local hangman, one Jethro Hemp (a good name for one whose work involved rope), which gave rise to its indelicate nickname *The Throttler*. The book is full of these quirky asides which spice up the relentless tide of dates and names. A good helping of local history lends a backdrop to the story of the Black Country's pubs.

An element of repetition is inevitable in a work of this nature, there are only so many ways of describing a pub, its location and its inhabitants but that is to miss the point. It is a book to dip into. I straightaway looked up the areas to which I have had a personal attachment.

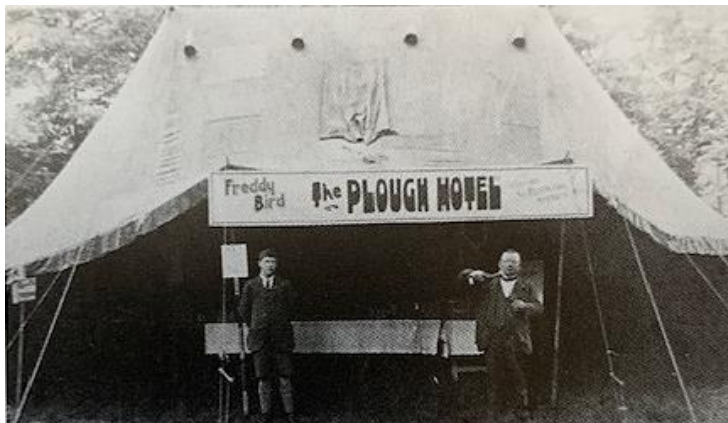
There is a special section on the breweries that have served the area. This has obviously been a huge labour of love, considering the amount of information offered up. In addition to his own original research, the author makes clear his debt to Tony Hitchmouth's database 'Black Country Pubs' and the writings of John Richards.

If you are looking for a pictorial overview you will be disappointed – there is a dearth of photographic imagery, which detracts from the reading experience. However a very useful addition to the canon.

Chris Murray

Colchester's Pubs under Canvas

From a collection of postcards from the Colchester, Essex area, these two tented pubs are presumably contemporary. It must have been an important event to justify setting up these temporary structures. The signboard for the first set-up has Freddy Bird, *The Plough Hotel*. A happy customer pours a drink. The home base, *The Plough* was in Magdalen Street & St Botolph Street, Colchester, now demolished.



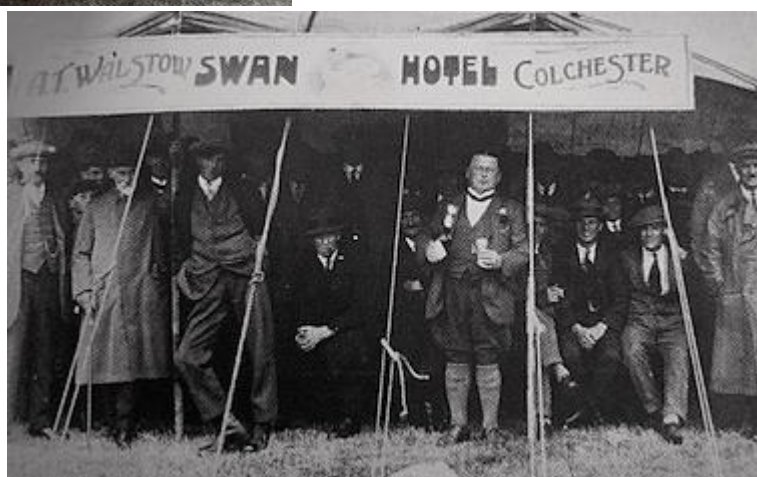
Kelly's Directory tells us Frederick James Bird was in charge from at least 1917 to before 1925.

The second image has A T Walstow, *Swan Hotel*, Colchester. We see surely the same man from *The Plough* tent, bottle and glass in hand.

Kelly's again informs us that Arthur Thomas Walstow held the reins from at least 1908 to before 1933.

If our assumption that the two pictures are contemporary is correct, we may infer that they must have been taken, judging by what the men are wearing and the landlords' dates, sometime around 1925.

Walstow's pub was based in the High Street. It has also vanished. *The Swan* may be seen, centre in the postcard below.



Ltd of West Bergholt, a village next to Colchester. The business was acquired by Truman's in 1958. Most of the brewery buildings still stand, close by Colchester Castle. (Thanks to: Century of British Brewers Plus [BHS])

Chris Murray

As we have said before in **Pub History**, the licensed beer tent is the close cousin to the public house and the marquee named for the mother pub must surely be an even nearer relative.

One last image from the same collection [below] shows a brewery dray belonging to Daniell & Sons



A Remarkable Pub is *The Pelican*...

In the Summer 2022 Pub History, we saw *Old Stone Signs of London* and reference was made to the Aldermanbury Pelican. Without re-iterating, a pelican plucking her own breast to draw blood to feed her young, symbolises the Redeemer shedding His own blood to give life to the world. Thus the act is known as The Pelican in her Piety and given the religious connection, it is not unusual to find such images in churches, eg, Wynards Chapel, Exeter.

However, the focus is on pubs so to give background to this, it should be explained that in 1545, Sir Edward Carne who was a lawyer and adviser to Henry VIII, was allowed to buy Ewenny Priory which is SSW of Bridgend in South Wales. Of more relevance to us is that the family coat of arms was a medieval image of The Pelican in her Piety [modern version, right].



Then certainly before 1741, the Carne family built what became *The Pelican* pub in Ogmores by Sea, Bridgend but the first trace of it as such in trade directories was not until 1884. Jumping forward just over a century, it was in 2000 that the name of the place was expanded to The Pelican in her Piety - possibly unique?

This could give rise to a very interesting inn sign and there is or was one featuring the coat of arms of the Carne family and therefore The Pelican in her Piety too. However, it is possible this has been replaced and what currently hangs outside the Ogmores by Sea hostelry is a rather bland name board.

And one final point is a quote traced that states: "An occasional inn has been called the Pelican, because of the size of its 'bill'" suggesting high prices in certain such establishments.

If anyone knows the area or will be visiting South Wales, perhaps they could update us via the editor about the signboard and the prices charged.

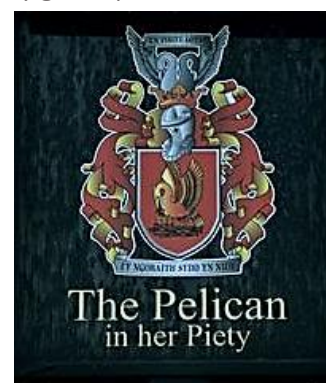
David Matthews

The editor writes: David's piece above led me to investigate the situation regarding *The Pelican*. www.walesonline.co.uk reports that the pub which suddenly closed in 2016 has now reopened, albeit now reverting to the more prosaic, *The Pelican inn*. The site also tells us that a new company - Newbond Hospitality has taken on the pub and spent £130,000 on a revamp. And:

The old inn found on the Ewenny River overlooking Ogmores Castle is now a trendy gastro pub with an interior and menu to match its new description. With dark coloured walls, wooden floors in the restaurant, low lighting and classy trinkets dotted around, it could be straight from the pages of a glossy magazine but still feels warm and welcoming.

Forgive my churlishness but looking online at the redecoration of the main bar I do not recognise the description as above. The words 'trendy gastro pub' already had set my teeth on edge and to me it looks bland and boring and uninspiring but that seems to be the template from Portsmouth to Newcastle upon Tyne, so maybe it's me.

right: the old sign



Pubs and Bars Crossword # 15 by Bibulus

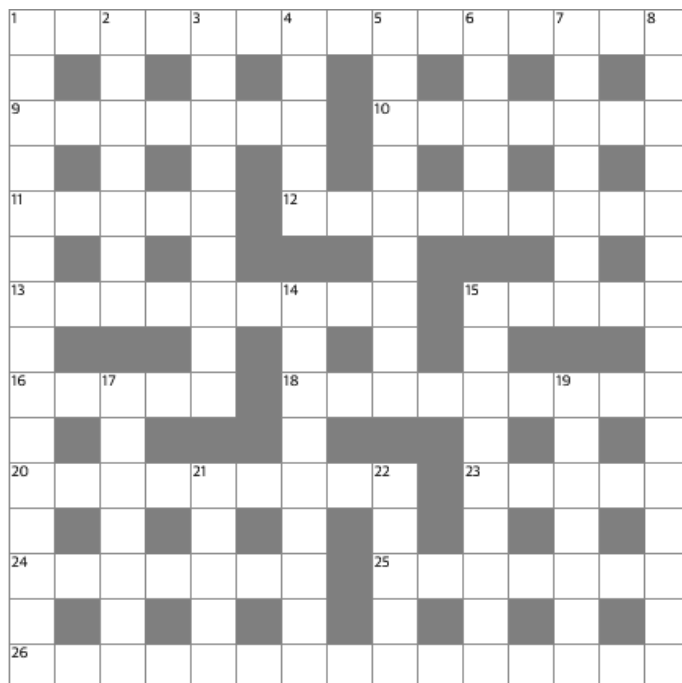
All answers refer to actual establishments either extant or sadly no more. The place names mentioned give one example.

Main references: Wordsworth Dictionary of Pub Names (Dunkling and Wright) English Inn Signs (Larwood and Hotten)

Quite a few foreign bars this time. For fun only – solution next issue.

Across

- 1 Pub in St John's Wood, London NW8 remembering the medieval military order headquartered in Jerusalem (closed) (7,2,2,4)
- 9 Bar in Rome with atomic connotations (7)
- 10 Southampton is the site for this sign in honour of a famously ill-fated ocean liner (7)
- 11 Bar on the cruise ship Norwegian Bliss alluding to the cream of celebrities (1-4)
- 12 --- /----- Bentham. Bloomsbury venue, now gone (3, 6)
- 13 Torremolinos men-only bar. EAGER FEEL [anagram] (4-5)
- 15 Italian bar in Shoreham by Sea, West Sussex named for Puccini's tragic operatic heroine (5)
- 16 ----- Ray. Whisky bar in Toronto that pays homage to Woody Allen's fictitious jazz guitarist MET ME [anagram] (5)
- 18 Great Yarmouth. Heraldic sign for local family. RAN MASONS [anagram] (5,4)
- 20 Philippe Starck designed luxury West End hotel. DRESS ANON [anagram] (9)
- 23 Jamaican themed bar on Thai island Ko Samui (5)
- 24 Bar in Huddersfield (now closed) celebrating the gourmet experience? (7)
- 25 Late night Bangkok, Thailand bar with American spelling (7)
- 26 Defunct, iconic, weedy Liverpool venue (variant spelling) ONE DEADLY ISLAND [anagram] (6,9)



Down

- 1 Pub in Wantage, Oxfordshire. Known locally as "Alfies", the sign shows the face of an English monarch who died in 899 AD (4,7,4)
- 2 Local's bar in Mozart, West Virginia – on a hill? (7)
- 3 --- / ----- Club & Institute, Walthamstow east London. THE STEREO [anagram] (3,6)
- 4 Didcot, Oxfordshire boozier, referencing a small fish (5)
- 5 Bar, now closed, in London W1. Punning on Father Ted, the Channel 4 sitcom (6,3)
- 6 Garstang, Lancashire pub whose name in dialect refers to storage on a farm set aside for church tax produce. Th' Owd ----- Barn (5)
- 7 Lounge and Grill in Atlantic, Iowa. Slang term for pigs (7)
- 8 Stirling pub, opened 1718. Name refers to knee strings tied around farm workers trousers. CAN KNIT ARMY VEST [anagram] (5,4,6)
- 14 Abbots Bromley, in Staffs venue which has a farm animal in close-up on the sign (5,4)
- 15 Gatehouse ----- Kent place name suffix. BORING TED [anagram] (9)
- 17 In Waregem, Belgium, this beer bar means 'involving the whole world' (7)
- 19 Swiss bar in Baden named after a prolific Italian opera composer (7)
- 21 Hotel in Canterbury, Kent. BUYER [anagram] (5)
- 22 -----'s Café and Sports Bar is in Johnson City, Tennessee. UNMAN [anagram] (5)

Solution to Pubs and Bars Crossword # 14: Across: 1 Candy Bar 6 New Age 9 Cravat 10 Bass Arms 11 Jenny Lind 13 Gecko 15 Rialto 17 Brooke 18 Maeve's 19 Steele 21 ANZAC 22 Grey Horse 25 New Derby 26 Italia 28 Island 29 East Kent **Down:** 2 Air 3 Devon 4 Bottletree 5 Robin's 6 Nest 7 Whalebone 8 Gamekeeper's 12 Earl Manvers 14 Pretty Pigs 15 Rialto 16 Alexandra 20 Argyle 23 Ozark 24 Fred 27 Inn

The following is a list of the old signs in Thames Street:

"The White Lion" Inn; "The White Lion" Inn near London Bridge; "The White Lion" inn at the White Lion Wharf; "The Blew Anchor" inn; "The Old Swan" inn; "The Bull Head" inn; "The Naggs Head Tavern" inn; "The Princes Arms" inn; "The Fling Hors" inn; [ie The Flying Horse], "The Lion and Key" inn; "The Black Bull" inn; "The Woodmongers Arms" inn; "The Crose Bulets" inn; "The Suggar Lofe" inn; "The Lobster" inn; "The Bear and Ragged Staff" inn; "The Two Fighting Cocks" inn; "The Blue Boar and Three Horse Shoes" inn; "The Horse Shoe" inn; "The Royal Arms on Shield" inn; "The Cross against Barkin Church" inn.

From: **London the City** by Sir Walter Beasant published Adam & Charles Black, 1920 (page 195) [as sourced by **Chris Murray** from his collection]

NB Thames Street, City of London, a venerable thoroughfare, spanning Tower Hill to Westminster is mentioned in T S Eliot's **The Wasteland**.

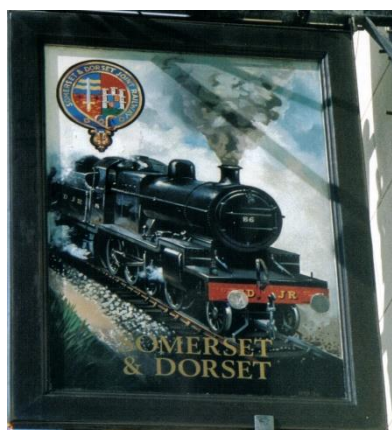
Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset Round-up

In the Spring edition of the **Pub History**, I looked at the pubs of a small northern town. For this edition my thoughts turn to the seaside and so I have chosen another small town, this time Burnham-on-Sea in Somerset. The town started as a small fishing village and only grew in popularity in the late eighteenth century when visiting seaside resorts became a more regular practice. Nowadays, less well known than its nearby neighbour, Weston Super Mare, it has achieved some notoriety as a result of the lighthouse which stands on legs on the beach here. Due to shipwrecks being a common occurrence on Gore Sands, just off the coast a lighthouse was built in the late eighteenth century, the only

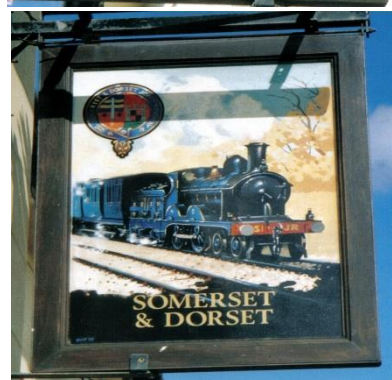


previous aid to shipping having been a light on the tower of St Andrew's Church. This lighthouse was taken over by Trinity House in 1815. Now reduced in height, it can still be seen. Its replacement is the lighthouse on the beach [left]. Standing on nine 'legs' it has become the instantly recognizable symbol of Burnham, and as such appears on the sign of *The Lighthouse* pub in Highbridge Road built in 1970. The image also appears

on the sign of *The Dunstan House* pub in Love Lane. Listed as a private residence in nineteenth century directories, it is named in honour of Saint Dunstan, born in the village of Baltonsborough near Glastonbury, the town of which he was made Abbot by King Edmund in 943. He later became Archbishop of Canterbury. Dunstan Street is nearby as was the former St Dunstan's School, closed in 1983.



I recently watched a television programme about lost railways, which featured the Burnham branch of the joint Somerset and Dorset Railway. Originally built to join up with a ferry service to South Wales in 1858, it finally closed in 1963. A railway signal unit can still be seen at the side of the road close to *The Somerset and Dorset* pub, which stands on the corner of the High Street.



The double-sided sign [left] depicts two different engines, which some expert members will no doubt be able to identify better than I. A 'railway' pub can also still be seen in College Street at the opposite end of the High Street. At the end of the railway was the pier from which the ferry ran from 1860 to 1888. Between the High Street corner and the pier stood *The Pier Hotel*. The present pier, apparently the shortest in the country is situated further along the Promenade, as a result of which *The Pier Hotel* became the 'Old Pier' [right and below] and as such still continues in business today.



The present sign shown here, however, doesn't clearly represent the original pier. Older signs depicted people walking down the jetty to the waiting South Wales ferry, much more in keeping with the old pier as it was.

Heading towards the sea front, on the corner is the current *Reeds Arms*. Built in 1858, the pub was named after its builder, leading local developer and benefactor George Reed. Reed was responsible for the building of the Manor House, his residence





from 1841 until his death in 1869. Lucerne Cottage in Berrow Road, developed as a tea garden, the National School on the sea front opened in 1857 and the Gas Works built in 1858. Following temporary closure in the 1870s it reopened as *The Queens Hotel* in 1884. It reverted to *The Reeds Arms* [left] in 2004 and is now part of the Wetherspoons chain.

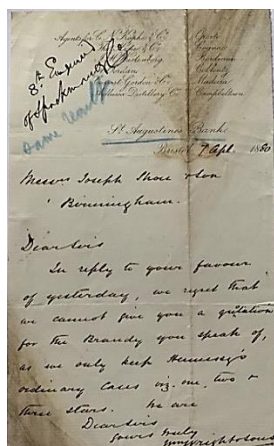
The first bar in Burnham-on-Sea was *The Royal Clarence Hotel* [below] situated on the sea front built in 1796. Named after the very popular Duke of Clarence, later William IV, it was built as a coaching inn at a time when Burnham consisted of little more than a few cottages. There being no esplanade at the time, the main entrance was in Regent Street to the side where an archway provided access for horse and carriage. When advertised in 1838, the grounds were described as being 'a garden of three rods, 14 perches...plus a boat house and rabbit warren and sand dunes of 10 acres.' A later advertisement of 1903 stated 'carriages and horses for hire.' In the 1930s, the then landlord would collect customers from the railway station in an 1898 Daimler Wagonette, built at the Motor Mills factory in Coventry and now on display at the Haynes Motor Museum at Sparkford, Somerset.

Other pubs, still operating in Burnham, include *The Rosewood*, *Hungry Horse*, in Love Lane and *The Victoria*, in Victoria Street, which dates back to the nineteenth century. Several more pubs in the town have gone, including *The Commercial* in the High Street closed in the 1960s and now an estate agent and *The Crown* in Oxford Street, closed in 2007 and converted to flats like so many pubs around the country. Hopefully, those that remain will be able to prosper in spite of these troubled times.



Philip Leary

Sources: Wikipedia, whatpub.com, royalclarencehotel.com Photos: lighthouse-facebook.com, royalclarencehotel.com, my own



The letter

Letter from William Wright & Sons, St Augustine's Bank, Bristol, 7th April 1880

Just enough space to display yet more correspondence from my Victorian archive (see page 8, this issue for details). This wine and spirit merchant was in business from about 1836 to at least 1906. They had bonded warehouses dockside. The letterhead explains they were agents for: N Köpke & Co of Oporto. Founded 1638 by a Hamburg entrepreneur and still trading, it is the oldest port wine house extant. Thomas Hine & Co of Cognac is also listed, a distiller of brandy, founded by an Englishman in 1763. Also still trading. J H Würtenberg of Bordeaux is more elusive – I have drawn a blank here. Next up is Anthony Jordan of 'Coblentz'. A wine shipper with connections to Edmund Brace & Co (9 Exchange Square, Glasgow). Cossart Gordon, another venerable firm, based in Madeira and still trading (founded 1745) specialises in that area's fortified wines. Ardlussa Distillery supplied Scotch whisky from Campbeltown. The firm began in 1879 and was wound up in 1923.



St Augustine Bank warehouses 1830s by James Johnson

The letter answers a query from Joseph Shore & Son, of Easy Row, Birmingham* concerning availability of brandy. Oddly they are given an alternative supplier, since Wright's 'only keep Hennessy's ordinary casks', despite quoting Hine on their letterhead, as above. Of course Wright & Sons would cater to a more upmarket clientele than the average pub. Probably middlemen were employed who would sell on to the better drinking establishments or restaurants.

*This firm appears in the Spring 2022 Pub History

Thanks to: westcountrybottles.co.uk

Chris Murray