



Pub History

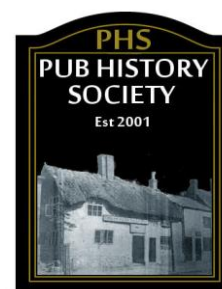
Summer 2022

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Pub History deadline dates:

- Autumn 2022 issue: Copy date – 1st September. Print date - 15th September
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- Spring 2023 issue: Copy date – 1st March. Print date - 15th March
- Summer 2023 issue: Copy date – 1st June. Print date - 15th June



Cover image: *The Boleyn Tavern, Green Street, East Ham, London.* A bit of good news amongst all the doom and gloom in the world of the public house. It might be argued that losing a Premiership football ground around the corner from a pub would be a blow from which it would be hard to recover. In 2016 West Ham United closed the Boleyn Ground, also known as Upton Park and moved to their new home in Stratford, east London. The former site was demolished and residential dwellings now stand where the hallowed turf once was. *The Boleyn* was the unofficial headquarters for the Hammers' fans and of course was jam-packed on match days. As well as this body blow, the fabric of the building was obviously in need of refurbishment, though equally obviously the pub itself had a huge potential, it being an example of a typically optimistically large Victorian boozery,



built 1899/1900 and originally titivated to within an inch of its life. However by the early 2000s the Grade II listed building was looking tired and shabby and the pub later closed. Remarkable Pubs purchased the freehold from Greene King recently and after an extensive bout of renovation it reopened under new management in 2021. Internally the Victorian-style glasswork has been recreated and wooden screening reintroduced to match the original seven bar division layout. There is now a Saloon Bar, Public Bars, Ladies' Bars and a Carriage Bar. Marble and black and white tiled flooring has been laid. The Billiard Room under an impressive stained-glass canopy has been transformed into a small restaurant area and the exterior has been given a welcome scrub-up. The whole effect is most convincing and although the nay-sayers might question the authenticity of the project one might ask what alternative fate would have befallen *The Boleyn Tavern* otherwise?

[my pictures]



Nearby, in Barking Road a similar Grade II listed pub, *The Denmark Arms* [left] built around 1900 which also has lain fallow for a number of years has been picked up by the Antic Collective Company and we are promised a thorough refit. Yet another big Grade II listed pub of similar vintage (1902), *The Earl of Essex* in Romford Road, [right] just around the corner from the other two pubs mentioned, closed since 2012, continues to tease with periodic promises online of a reopening. So tentatively there seems to be an optimism abroad in this part of east London in terms of the viability of large Victorian boozers including the provision of real ale (along with the ubiquitous "craft beers") as being part of the experience. **CM**



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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A Message from the Secretary



Welcome to the Summer issue of Pub History. As you will remember from our Spring issue our Chairman Patrick has reluctantly decided to step down from his position, a role he carried out with enthusiasm and humour. We thank him for his efforts and the guidance he has given the society under his Chairmanship and we wish him well in his future pursuits. It is also with sadness that Committee member Jim Packer has decided to take a back seat in the society. Jim has kept an eye on our finances and provided us with a great deal of knowledge during his time with us. Both Patrick and Jim will still be around to assist in answering queries and writing material for us and occasionally helping with a few bits and pieces!

So what of the future for the society? Chris Murray and I will continue doing what we do best, Chris editing Pub History and me keeping the nuts and bolts of the society operational. Nothing will change in this area.

So, dear members we are on the look-out for a new Chairman! Someone who may possibly want to use the opportunity to guide the society to new heights or take us in a different direction? It's a blank canvas and we'd welcome any proactive thoughts in any suitable direction!

Anyway, to other matters. As we are now returning to some semblance of normality I think it would be a good idea if we at least had a social outing. An informal visit to a town or city with a modicum of historical pubs, obviously with some light refreshment included! We will have a couple of ideas for your perusal in the next issue of Pub History. We will also need an AGM in the near future. Again, we'll have a firm date for the next issue.

In the meantime, enjoy this issue and keep safe.

Steve Williams

Postcard Home – Without the Postcard

PHS lynchpin Patrick Chaplin surprised me with a parcel of assorted beermats recently, much to my delight. One of the more unusual examples is that shown below.



What do you do when you are on foreign shores and want to send a message home but you have no postcard? One enterprising chap, 'Tim' came up with the idea of using something close to hand, presumably in an Austrian pub. Reading the writing on the beermat we can piece together the story. Tim was part of the Hertfordshire Senior Scout Group which visited Austria in 1959. His message to 'William' is poignant:

"Hope this reaches you as I am broke and cannot afford writing paper. See you later."

Mattighofner Bier was produced by the Brauerei Mattighofner in Upper Austria until its demise in 1975, though the buildings were used for a time as a depot for rival Zipfer beers.

Hats off to the Austrian postal service for letting this through the system. I hope it gave William a smile. I recall back in the day a few British breweries produced oblong shaped beermats which resembled postcards to be used in this manner

CM



Knocking back the 'White Wine' at *The Castle*, Holborn, London

The literary output of Pierce Egan (1772-1849) has been featured in the Society's quarterly a few times. Unsurprisingly, since the mid Georgian/early Victorian *demi-monde*, in which he was well versed, is the subject of a lot of his writings which naturally include scenes within public houses, clubs, theatres etc. Especially fond of the "sweet science of bruising" as he dubbed bare-knuckle prizefighting (technically illegal at the time), he produced no less than five volumes of *Boxiana* consisting of collections of his newspaper articles on particular bouts or general pugilistic musings, which were extremely popular. When he moved on to penning humorous fiction, the use of his rakish Tom and Jerry characters together with their roguish companions and their adventures in London and elsewhere brought the sleazy world of gambling, whoring and drinking to his readership's attention. Underworld slang and the general argot of the period is rife, so much so that Egan produced an updated version of Francis Grose's *A Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue* enriching it with boxing and gambling terms to cash in on the public's interest. *Tom and Jerry, or Life in London*, a comic stage play put on at the Adelphi Theatre in the Strand in 1821 based on Egan's books and dramatised by W T Moncrieff was a phenomenon. It ran for a hitherto unprecedented one hundred performances until Egan himself withdrew it. One venue he and others wrote about is most redolent of the period, embodying as it does the public's perception of the drink of the moment, gin:



top: gin dram, ca1810

The Daffy Club

Daffy is gin, as is Blue Ruin, Old Tom, Jackey, Max and euphemistically, white wine. William West (1770-1854) in his *Tavern Anecdotes* of 1825, though, is unhelpful as regards coming up with the origin of the term 'daffy'¹:

"...rather than attempt to gammon any of his readers, etymology being out of the question the only definition he can give to the term DAFFY is that the phrase was coined at the Mint of the Fancy² and has since passed current without ever being overhauled as queer³. The Colossus of Literature after all his nous and acute researches to explain the synonyms of the English Language does not appear to have been down to the interpretation of DAFFY nor indeed does BAYLEY or SHERIDAN seem at all fly to it and even slang GROSE has no touch of its extensive signification."

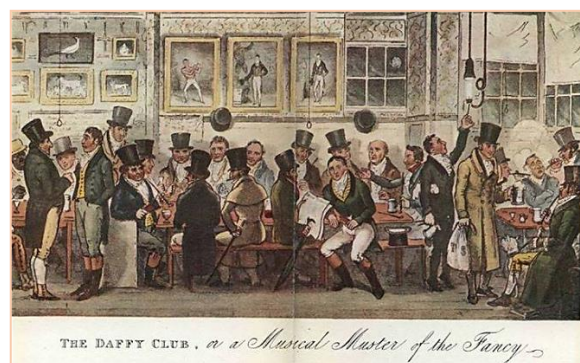


left: Bill Neate

bottom: *The Daffy Club* by George Cruikshank

The Daffy Club had as its seat *The Castle Tavern*⁴, 25 High Holborn, a pub much habituated by the boxing and sporting fraternity of the day, both low and high born. Its landlord at the time of its inception was Tom Belcher⁵, a retired pugilist, one of the most respected stylists and brother to Jem, who was champion of all England from 1800-1805. So esteemed was Tom that he was even made an usher at George IV's coronation. However the Club was started by one James Soares⁶, a stake-holder and organiser of bouts, a sort of proto-boxing promoter. It was he that persuaded the well thought of Bill Neate⁷ and champion Tom Cribb⁸ to fight at Bath after the latter had turned up at *The Castle* in January 1821 to take a drink with his friend Tom Belcher. (The bout was declared a 'no contest'. The fight did not take place apparently and Cribb retired the following year, by which time he was 42 and out of shape). William West again:

"Being a sporting club, they deemed this old fashioned title ("Gin") not quite so agreeable to the listener, to which the term Gin Club would have been rather unmusical; and, as sporting characters, they would be nothing without being flash, they determined to meet [at *The Castle*] under the title of the Daffy Club. This club is without any written or printed rules; no fines are exacted for non-attendance, their only rule is, *to do what is right*; yet they are very remarkable for accommodation, as they show their good breeding in the case of an inventive relator of a story, doing it rather too brown [exaggerating] (such as stating, with a face of day, that in the country he ran a mile in two minutes and three quarters,) so as almost to spoil the steadiness of the mugs of the club; the president therefore gently reminds them, that as being staunch members, of course they will accommodate the gentleman his story. Very few evenings pass over without one such bouncer making his appearance, and causing the gentle chaff to circulate:



“Do you believe it!”

Every member is expected to be in spirits; and the Daffies seldom drink by halves, but generally together, by way of a trio; and it rarely happens that a Daffyonian is under the necessity of muzzing solus [just having one drink?]. “I’ll take a third” is the assent made, whenever the office is given to have a taste. Harmony is the basis of the Daffies; and between the different heats of betting, some good characteristic chaunting [singing] often adds interest to the scene at the Castle; and the president is always ready to further the wishes of the company by his throwing off [joining in with the singing?] without the least hesitation.”

In Egan’s *Sporting Anecdotes*, talking of gin and *The Daffy Club* he quotes:

“The squeamish Fair One who takes it on the sly merely to cure the vapours politely names it to her friends as White Wine[†]. The Swell chaffs it as Blue Ruin[†] to elevate his notions. The Laundress loves dearly a drain of Ould Tom[†] from its strength to comfort her inside. The drag Fiddler [?] can toss off a quartern of Max[†] without making a wry mug [contorting one’s face]. The Coster Monger illumines his ideas with a flash of lightning[†]. The hoarse Cyprian⁹ owes her existence to copious draughts of Jacky[†]. The Link boy and Mud Larks in joining their browns together are for some Stark Naked[†]. And the Out and Outers from the addition of bitters to it in order to sharpen up a dissipated and damaged Victualling Office [throat] cannot take any thing but Fuller’s Earth[†]. Much it should seem therefore depends upon a name, and as a soft sound is at all times pleasing to the listener, to have denominated this Sporting Society the GIN CLUB would not only have proved barbarous to the ear but the vulgarity of the chaunt might have deprived it of many of its elegant friends. It is a subject however which must be admitted has a good deal of Taste belonging to it and as a Sporting Man would be nothing if he was not flash.”

“...the DAFFY CLUB meet under [...] the Picture of the Road to the Fight”¹⁰.

[The Daffy Club may] “boast of greater advantages than any other Society in the Metropolis from its members being always in Spirits.”

In Grose’s *Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*, we are told: “The spirituous liquor drank by the club is DAFFY ie gin but in small quantities as the third of a quartern¹¹ is the allowance for each member at one time.”

The Castle

Tavern Anecdotes, again:

“THE CASTLE TAVERN, Holborn. A general house of resort for the gentlemen of the “Fancy,” conducted in a most respectable way by one who has figured in the prize ring, but has now retired from it, excepting acting occasionally as a second, or exhibiting at the Fives’ court for a benefit. This house has been kept by two others connected with the ring, but had not become the headquarters until the present landlord, Mr. Thomas Belcher, became its owner. Here the “Fancy” meet very frequently; and the curious stranger, who may wish to have a peep at life, need be under no apprehension in visiting the house, as Tom is a civil landlord, and preserves good order in his crib. On many evenings there may be heard some good singing; on every night good humour prevails, with a mixture of chaffing; store of good liquors are kept for the thirsty; and the hungry may have a bit of something good for the maw, from a well supplied larder. On the near approach of any great match, the house is crowded by the curious, the adventurous better, the veteran pugilist, and the juvenile aspirant; and on the night immediately preceding, numbers throng thither to form parties, and to learn, if possible, the scene of action, which is dispersed about, yet still left as a matter of uncertainty, as it always is; for, although a place may be intended, something may occur to prevent its taking place; yet if the company can ascertain which way the keeper of the ring is to bend his course in the morning, they can generally form a pretty good guess of the probable spot. Tom being a responsible man, is often a holder of considerable stakes, and many nights after a mill the Castle is much frequented, in order to settle bets, blow a cloud, or wet the whistle, with from port to humble daffy. “On such a night as this” the President of the Daffy Club is sometimes invisible at the farther end of the room, “so thick a cloud serene bedims” the orbs. Portraits, in attitude, of many of the most famous heroes of the fist, adorn the long room. Many of these heroes may occasionally be seen in propria persona [ie in person], blowing a steamer, quaffing the heavy wet, blue ruin, or other liquid, as suits their fancy, without any dread of other than a friendly shake of their mawleys. [hands]”



From *London Taverns* by Edward Callow¹², before 1899:

“This noted tavern, described by Strype¹³ a century and a half ago, as a house of considerable trade, has been, in our time, the head-quarters of the Prize Ring, kept by two of its heroes, Tom Belcher and Tom Spring¹⁴. Here was instituted the Daffy Club; and the long room was adorned with portraits of pugilistic heroes, including Jem Belcher [left], Burke, Jackson, Tom Belcher, old Joe Ward, Dutch Sam, Gregson, Humphreys, Mendoza, Cribb, Molyneux, Gulley, Randall, Turner, Martin, Harmer, Spring, Neat, Hickman, Painter,

Scroggins, Tom Owen, etc.; and among other sporting prints, the famous dog, Trusty, the present of Lord Camelford to Jem Belcher, and the victor in fifty battles.”

From *A Vocabulary and Glossary*, 19th century:

“The Castle Tavern, Holborn, was first opened as a Sporting House by the well-known Bob Gregson¹⁵; but designated at that period under the familiar title of Bob’s Chop House:-

*His house is known to all the milling train¹⁶;
He gives them liquor, and relieves their pain.*

The appearance of Bob Gregson was prepossessing – he was in height six feet one inch and a half, weighing about fifteen stone six pounds. It is rather singular to relate that Bob Gregson rose in the estimation of the Sporting World, from defeat. He fought only three battles in the prize ring, and lost them all – thus, beaten by John Gulley, 200 guineas, 36 rounds, near Newmarket, October 14 1807. Again beaten by John Gulley, 200 guineas, 75 minutes, 28 rounds, May 10, 1806. Beaten by Tom Cribb, 500 guineas, 23 rounds, Moulsey Hurst, October 25, 1808. [...] The stylish, well-conducted Tom Belcher, next appeared in the character of landlord of the Castle. The house had undergone some repairs, the rooms were all retouched by the painter; elegance with cleanliness, backed by civility, became the order of the day; a prime stock of liquors and wines



were also laid in to command the attendance of the public. [...] Tom Belcher, after fourteen years residence at the Castle, was enabled by his civil conduct, attention to business, good luck, and a good quantity of the “*Sweeteners of Life*” [money] with security against a rainy day, he retired to a very handsome cottage on Finchley Common, living at his ease like a man of fortune, with his dog and his gun. Tom Spring – Champion of England – next appeared in the character of “Mine Host” at the Castle Tavern. “His appearance” said Pierce Egan – “is very much in his favour; and there is a manly dignity about his person which is prepossessing, his language is also mild and perfectly correct; and his behaviour at all times truly civil and attentive to his customers.””

left: Bob Gregson

Tom Cribb, incidentally, on his retirement ran *The Union Arms*¹⁷ in Panton Street by Piccadilly from around 1824 to around 1839. In 1906 Henry Downes Miles noted down this anecdote in his *Pugilistica*, Volume 1 (of 3):

“THE THREE TAILORS.—Three natty tailors were charged, at Marlborough Street Police Office, in September, 1826, with creating a disturbance, and assaulting Thomas Cribb, the ex-champion of England. The defendants went into Cribb’s house, [*The Union Arms* on Panton Street in Piccadilly] where they partook of some liquor. After a few minutes they commenced a disturbance, and he requested them to be quiet; but they swore at him, and challenged him to fight. One of them being pot-valiant, struck him. The example was followed by the others, who insisted on his having a turn with them. A person said, “No, Cribb, don’t strike the three tailors, who are only the third part of a man!” The astonished tailors, on hearing his name mentioned, took up their clothes and ran quickly out of the house; but Cribb, determining to teach them better, pursued and lodged them in the hands of the watchman. Sir George Farrant: ‘Did they beat you?’ Cribb, smiling: ‘No, their blows were something like themselves—of little importance.’ Sir



above: Thomas Belcher

George Farrant: ‘Did you return the blow?’ Cribb: ‘No, sir, I was afraid of hurting ‘em; I should not like to do that.’ The tailors in their defence, said they were sorry for what had occurred; at the same time, they were not aware that the person whom they had challenged to fight was the Champion: on finding their mistake they instantly left his house. Sir George Farrant: ‘Aye, you thought you had better try the lightness of your heels than the weight of his fists.’ Cribb declined making any charge against them, and they were discharged on paying their fees.”

right: Tom Cribb



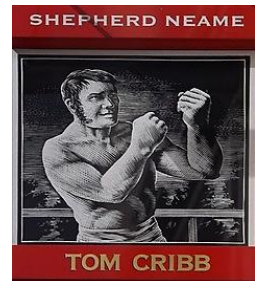
From: *The Amusements of Old London* by William Biggs Boulton, 1901:

“Other taverns sprinkled through Town and owned by former pugilist had their own Daffy Clubs, so that a friendly rivalry of clubs supporting the sporting set [existed]. The Castle Tavern Holborn Daffy Club ‘fancy’ gathered once a week and the most noble patrons of the ring did not disdain to appear on occasion and take their glass of spirits and water with the professors of the art”.



Picture of the Road to the Fight

Notes: **1** The Penguin Dictionary of Historical Slang suggests the term 'Daffy' comes from a medicinal soothing syrup; 'a tincture of senna' of that name advertised from around 1709. Hence jocularly gin is being compared to a medicine. **2** ie the invention of the aristocratic followers and organisers of the sport of boxing **3** ie has gained currency **4** later *The Napier*, around 1858 **5** (1783-1854) Well respected prizefighter, grandson to a noted pugilist **6** Egan and Montcrieff satirised him as Baron Nab'em alias Nicholas Borrowbody in the stage play **7** (1791-1858) a butcher by trade known as The Bristol Bull **8** (1781-1848) British champion. Also crowned 'World Champion' on beating American Tom Molineaux, a former slave in 1810 **9** a prostitute, from the conceit that Aphrodite goddess of Love was reputedly based in Cyprus **10** a picture depicting a crowd of people on the way to spectate at an open air prize fight, which hung on the wall of *The Castle* [see above] by Robert 'Bob' Cruikshank (1789-1856), brother of the more famous illustrator for Dickens, George (1792-1878) 'The Modern Hogarth' [see his Daffy Club print] **11** one third of a quarter of a pint = one twelfth of a pint **12** (1825-1900) Stockbroker and sometime author **13** John Stryke (1643-1737) English clergyman, historian and biographer **14** (1795-1851) Champion of England 1821-1824. On his retirement was involved in arranging high profile bare-knuckle bouts. **15** (1778-1824). "The Lancashire Giant" and "The Poet of the Prize Ring". No businessman, he died penniless in Liverpool. **16** ie followers of 'milling' a slang term for boxing **17** Rebuilt in 1878. Since 1960 known as *The Tom Cribb*. Still trading. [sign, right] † = all terms for gin



Chris Murray

Sources not mentioned in text: Clubs and Club Life in London by John Timbs, 1866, www.regrom.com, boxrec.com. All images in public domain. **NB** A film "Prizefighter: The Life of Jem Belcher" featuring Ray Winstone and Russell Crowe is out soon.



The Tragedy of Richard Caton Woodville Junior

Seen here is a page from a visitors' book I photographed, belonging to *The Swan* in the village of Fittleworth, West Sussex. The pub is known to the membership, of course, through many references in the Society's quarterlies over the years as the founding seat of the Ancient Order of Froth Blowers, alias 'Vat number O'. (Shockingly, due to the pandemic, the pub is at present closed and its future is uncertain.)

The entry is dated 10th May 1896 and is signed R Caton Woodville. Caton Woodville, born in 1856 was a prolific painter of war subjects. At the age of twenty one, while working for the Illustrated London News he was sent to the Balkans to cover the Russo-Turkish War which was a spot of bother between the Ottoman Empire and a coalition of the Eastern Orthodox Christian nations, which included Russia, Bulgaria, Romania, Serbia and Montenegro. This was his entrée into the world of battle scene oil painting, in which genre he specialised for the rest of his career. He exhibited at

the Royal Academy and his work may still be seen at the National Army Museum in Chelsea.

He also painted pictures with an angling theme so it may have been the nearby River Rother at Fittleworth, chock full of freshwater fish that attracted Caton Woodville to *The Swan*. He has portrayed himself painting a new sign for the pub; "Ye Swan" with "Mrs J Hawkins" at the bottom. He has added "working for his keep". Was this a bit of fun or did he really provide the pub with a sign? The 1899 Sussex Post Office Directory confirms Mrs

Jane Hawkins as the publican then. As to the Ambergris Club as featured on the poster on the wall behind him, I am at a loss for explanation. Charles G Harper's sketch of *The Swan* from his 'The Old Inns of Old England' of 1906, here, shows how the pub probably looked at the time of Caton Woodville's stay.

Thirty years after his visit, in December 1926, the first dance organised by the Froth Blowers took place at 'Vat Number O'.

Here we come to the sad part. In August 1927, Caton Woodville was found dead at his St John's Wood studio; a verdict of suicide by gunshot was recorded. Despite his fame and prolific output he was found to be practically penniless. **Chris Murray**



[my photo]

The Parish Register - Part iii: Burials by George Crabbe (1807)



With Andrew Collett we the year begin,
The blind, fat landlord of the Old Crown Inn, -
Big as his butt, and, for the selfsame use,
To take in stores of strong fermenting juice.
On his huge chair beside the fire he sate,
In revel chief, and umpire in debate;
Each night his string of vulgar tales he told,
When ale was cheap and bachelors were bold:
His heroes all were famous in their days,
Cheats were his boast, and drunkards had his praise;
'One, in three draughts, three mugs of ale took down,
As mugs were then - the champion of the Crown;
For thrice three days another lived on ale,
And knew no change but that of mild and stale;
Two thirsty soakers watch'd a vessel's side,
When he the tap, with dext'rous hand, applied;
Nor from their seats departed, till they found
That butt was out and heard the mournful sound.'
He praised a poacher, precious child of fun!
Who shot the keeper with his own spring gun¹;
Nor less the smuggler who th' exciseman tied,

And left him hanging at the birch-wood side,
There to expire; - but one who saw him hang
Cut the good cord - a traitor of the gang.
His own exploits with boastful glee he told,
What ponds he emptied and what pikes he sold;
And how, when blest with sight alert and gay,
The night's amusements kept him through the day.
He sang the praises of those times, when all
'For cards and dice, as for their drink, might call;
When justice wink'd on every jovial crew,
And ten-pins tumbled in the parson's view².'
He told, when angry wives, provoked to rail,
Or drive a third-day drunkard from his ale,
What were his triumphs, and how great the skill
That won the vex'd virago to his will;



Crabbe memorial, St James Church Trowbridge

Who raving came; - then talked in milder strain, -
 Then wept, then drank, and pledged her spouse again.
 Such were his themes: how knaves o'er laws prevail,
 Or, when made captives, how they fly from jail;
 The young how brave, how subtle were the old:
 And oaths attested all that Folly told.
 On death like his what name shall we bestow,
 So very sudden! yet so very slow?
 'Twas slow: - Disease, augmenting year by year,
 Show'd the grim king by gradual steps brought near:
 'Twas not less sudden; in the night he died,
 He drank, he swore, he jested, and he lied;
 Thus aiding folly with departing breath: -
 'Beware, Lorenzo³, the slow-sudden death.'



Overview: Suffolk born George Crabbe (1754-1832) was first a surgeon, then clergyman and poet. His friends and admirers included some of the big hitters of the day: Edmund Burke, Samuel Johnson, Joshua Reynolds, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron and William Wordsworth to list an impressive selection. His determinedly unsentimental portrayal of provincial behaviour has a whiff of condescension about it to the modern eye perhaps. His long poem, **The Parish Register**, of which the above is an extract, has as its conceit, a country clergyman leafing through his registers of births, marriages and deaths and commenting on individuals and their fates. Andrew Collett, pub landlord is one such. As René Huchon put it in his **George Crabbe and His Times** (1907, as translated by Frederick Clarke from the French):

"Andrew Collett and his customers are arrant rogues; his house is a resort for all the scamps of the country-side."

A key consideration in much of Crabbe's poetry is the perception that moderation and self-control is its own reward: ungoverned passion and weakness of character leads to unhappiness. Moral rectitude and spiritual awareness are prerequisites for a life worth living. Thus we can see that Collett does not fall into this category. His insobriety, vainglorious boasts and encouragement of vice in others is looked upon with disgust, as is his diseased appearance, which of course is the result of his unabstemious habits. In another poem, **Inebriety**, Crabbe has:

"He hates the bottle, yet but thinks it right
 To boast next day the honours of the night"

We may think of him as a temperance advocate *avant la lettre*. The same patronising moral tone that the Victorians would later bring to bear on the working classes is here in evidence.

Notes: 1 A nasty anti-trespass device consisting of a static firearm attached to a trip wire which caused the weapon to discharge when disturbed **2** Referencing playing skittles at the inn on a Sunday which was proscribed by the Church **3** I believe this is a reference to the character of that name in Thomas Kyd's play **The Spanish Tragedy** of 1582/92, a manipulative chancer who preyed on weakness. Crabbe is comparing Collett to him. **CM**

Pictures: Public domain except memorial: Thanks to Wiki



The Falcon Waltham Cross, Hertfordshire

Just room to squeeze in this image. This is the same venue that was mentioned in the Autumn 2021 **Pub History** in connection with a beer mug belonging to landlord Charles McRae who was in office in the 1890s. This view by James Pollard is fifty or so years earlier. Note the "gallows" sign. *The Falcon* was demolished in 1974.

This coloured print belongs to me but I have only just made the connection.

Hidden in plain sight!

CM

A Drunken Dragon

In **Pub History** (Autumn 2021) Chris Murray published firstly (pages 1 – 3), a series of ‘slightly off seasonal references’, titled ‘Jovial Inn Signs’ in which he included, amongst others, *The Jolly Sailor*, *Three Merry Lads*, *The Merry Boys* and *We Three Loggerheads*: every single person on the signs having a great (boozy) time. Then, on page 16, deciding to continue the inebriated theme, Chris focused on a drunken duck; *The Drunken Duck* public house near Ambleside, Cumbria.

At the time, I couldn’t think of any other *Drunken Ducks* and then I found one, *The Drunken Duck* at Hawkshead, Lancashire, being mentioned by Eric R. Delderfield, in his numerous (and oftentimes, so similar) books. Delderfield informed his readers, in this case in 1975, that the tale behind the name was ‘quite amusing’, so here it is, verbatim:

‘It concerned the innkeeper’s wife who discovered several of her ducks lying as if dead in the yard. Thinking they were dead, she started to pluck them whereupon they showed signs of life. It was then discovered that they had found some grain soaked in ale from a leaking barrel. They were drunk, not dead, and the sign shows a merry and convivial duck.’

Delderfield does not allude to what the inn was named before the duck incident.

But having said all that, our editor pointed out that “We might have a problem here. We may be a victim of Northern vagueness in terms of vicinity. I think the “Hawkshead” Drunken Duck is the same venue as the “Ambleside” one.” (I am also wondering if the ‘vagueness’ is/was more due to Delderfield’s research than any vagueness on the part of our Northern friends.) No doubt - apologies to the North – Ed]

One must assume that the *Drunk* or *Drunken* anything being used for a pub name would, apart from causing amusement, also cause unwanted comments...



But this brought to mind a local newspaper article in 2019 relating to the *Brewer’s Arms*, Bicknacre, Essex where a drunken **dragon** caused great consternation amongst sensitive locals and, indeed, with the local Council.

My knowledge of this pub (although only a few miles from my home) is restricted to information culled from the *Brewer’s Arms* website.

Although there has been a building on the site since 1639, it was not until 1870 that the name *Brewer’s Arms* was recorded. The pub

website tells us that the first licensee was Mr John Barnard Mason, and that by 1882 Mr Alfred Boreham was in charge. Hy Wallis followed in 1888 and then, in 1890, James Francis Firman. The year 1895 saw a lady in charge, Mrs Elizabeth Punt (Eliza) who retired in 1908 to be replaced by William Levington. In 1910 Arthur King became a tenant and stayed until 1922 when Charles (Chas) Smith took over. The website tells us:

Chas was probably one of the first in the district to own a television, which he put up in the bar to share with his customers. During the second world war, he offered shelter to the locals from the bombs, who as the first sign of trouble were ushered down into the pub cellar. Unfortunately, one night after an evening with the Home Guard, Chas Smith was killed by a stray bomb as he sat in the pub kitchen.

History is sketchy from then until the early 1960s when Cyril Kelly took charge, who subsequently handed the pub over to John Hainsworth around 1967. The Hainsworths stayed nearly 30 years before Peter and Karen Brown purchased the freehold in 1997. They retired and sold the pub to Ben Davies in 2019 the current owner.

The arrival of Ben as the new owner of the *Brewer’s Arms* in June 2019 caused a stir within weeks when he decided *not* to rename the pub but to rename the existing *restaurant*, the ‘Drunken Dragon’ as a tribute to his grandfather, who was a proud Welshman. That on its own would have been fine but Ben decided to have a huge mural painted on the whole wall at one end of the pub to promote it.

Reaction to the mural was swift. Despite backing from many locals the number against *seemed* to be higher as the Chelmsford City Council told the *Maldon & Burnham Standard*:

"The council have received a large number of complaints from local people regarding the 'drunken dragon' mural...It is considered an advertisement and in response to these complaints, our officers have written to the pub owners to ask them to remove it."

On receipt of the Council's letter, Ben Davies told the *Standard*:

"...to say we are disappointed would probably be the fairest way of describing how we feel."

But Ben refused to let things lie so asked local people who supported him to "come together and say 'Save our dragon'."



Who better to fight in Ben's corner than former British World Heavyweight Champion, Frank Bruno? On an online appeal Frank said:

"It's [fire-?] breathing new life into an old country pub so I want you to join me in trying to 'Save the Dragon'."

In September Frank Bruno was the guest of honour at the *Brewer's Arms* and formally opened *The Drunken Dragon* restaurant, as it 'roared into life', accompanied by 'a great turnout'.

At that time the mural remained in place but only for another few weeks, until early October, when the long-running battle with the Council came to an end and the dragon was 'snuffed out'. Ben had to admit defeat. The mural, that had cost £1,000 to commission and £350 to paint, a tribute to Ben's late grandfather, was painted over. Ben said:

"It was a wonderful publicity drive which was originally unintentional and it has certainly put the pub on the map...As they say, all publicity is good for business [but] we were getting pressure from the enforcement department of the council and we were told it was a fight that we were not going to win. It's a shame as only five people actually complained to the planning and hundreds of people – and I mean hundreds – said they liked it."

(The image above shows Ben's dad David (left) and Ben and Frank Bruno preparing to cover up 'Duncan' the dragon.)

(I wonder if the name of the Council person who made the decision to have the dragon destroyed was George?)

Patrick Chaplin

Sources: Delderfield, Eric R. *Inns & their Signs – Fact or Fiction* (Newton Abbot: David & Charles, 1975) *Maldon & Burnham Standard* – 15th August, 19th September and 10th October 2019.

Website: www.drunkendragonbicknacre.co.uk/history **NB** Frank Bruno makes another brief appearance on page 28 – Ed]

Request for help: "Brighton Palace Pier at Night"

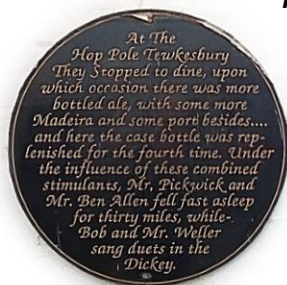


This (undated) atmospheric postcard shows off the gaudy attractions of the English seaside pier at night. However if one looks towards the rear of the image we see the intriguing signage "Lager Beer Hall" in lights. My question to the reader is does anybody know anything about this apparently large venue? I have drawn a blank finding out more. Surely there must be some information out there and even a decent image. I should be grateful for any crumb of knowledge concerning the venue.

Chris Murray

Response may be made in the usual manner referencing my contact details on page two.

The Royal Hop Pole, Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire



‘At The Hop Pole, Tewkesbury, they stopped to dine’—so says the board on the front of what is now *The Royal Hop Pole Hotel*, in Church Street, in the Gloucestershire town of Tewkesbury. But the history of *The Hop Pole* goes much further back than the Dickensian pub crawl that was *The Pickwick Papers*.

The Hop Pole as we see it today is in fact an amalgamation of more than one pub. Prior to 1631, there was a tavern by the name of *The Ram*. The Guild of Cordwainers are known to have met there in that year. Around 1697, the name was changed to *The Bull*. Another tavern of that name had existed in the Crescent, close by, but had ceased to trade around the same time. The name is retained in Bull Alley. A house by the name of *The Punch Bowl* may well have been the same house. By the beginning of the nineteenth century, *The Bull* premises were occupied by two shops, which were later purchased and incorporated into *The Hop Pole* as its dining room. Fifteenth century gothic spandrels and remains of Tudor wall paintings of ornamental flowers and foliage intermingled with human heads are visible in the upper rooms of this part of the house.

Another house was further incorporated into *The Hop Pole* by 1822. To follow the sequence of events leading up to this, we must refer to the current *Bell Hotel*, further up Church Street, Made famous in the novel John Halifax, Gentleman by Mrs Dinah Craik (1826-87), *The Bell* had at one time been known as *The Eight Bells* and may have changed to *The Bell* as a result of another *Eight Bells* having been opened in Church Street. This *Eight Bells* had, by 1820, become known as *The Hop Pole Tap* and was subsequently absorbed into *The Hop Pole*.

The Hop Pole itself had previously been known as *The New Inn* and had been advertised as such by James Hiatt in 1763. It had become *The Hop Pole* by 1793. As the coaching trade declined, part of what had been *The New Inn* had been sold off as a private residence known as ‘Riverside.’ In 1914, ‘Riverside’ became *The Riverside Hotel* and was incorporated into *The Hop Pole Hotel* in the 1920s. However, *The Riverside* was unlicensed and it was several years before the local authority acknowledged that it was actually technically one house. This part of the house and the aforementioned two shops, which had previously been *The Bull* were used as an extension to the



dining room, the windows being taken from Cross House (now a Grade II listed building), which was undergoing renovation. The existing windows in the newer part were lowered in line and the doorway to *The Riverside* blocked up. The former coaching entrance was filled in and the stabling converted to accommodation. The ‘Royal’ was added soon afterwards as a result of a visit by the Duke of Teck, who had married the daughter of Queen Victoria. He was noted for his expectation to be treated as royalty without making any payment. In return he granted the inn the right to display the royal arms. In the visiting party was Princess Mary of Teck, later known to us as the wife of George V and grandmother of our present Queen. The Royal Arms were made by the Coalbrookdale Iron Company. **Phil Leary**

above: the recently renovated *Royal Hop Pole* as it is seen today. Now a Wetherspoons, Wetherlodge Hotel

Sources: Public Houses of Tewkesbury Borough (unpublished) by Brian Liddell, 1972, wiki. Photos: Author’s

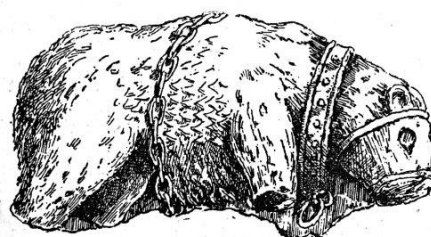
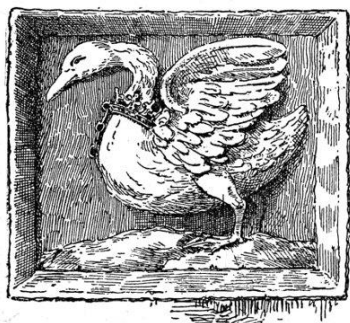
The Reverend John Griffiths: Another picture (1949?)

We learned in the Autumn 2017 Newsletter that the Reverend’s church, St Augustine’s, in Fulham was demolished by enemy bombing in 1940. A temporary place of worship was set up in the Parish Hall. However due to the inadequate space that was afforded, the vicar hit on the idea of visiting neighbouring public houses in order to bring the church service to the ordinary man and woman. One such was the nearby *Halfway House*. This image probably is another view of the same visit shown in the previous Newsletter. Note the looks of amazement on the pub goers! **Thanks to London Metropolitan Archives.**

CM



Cheapside and its tributaries are, as times go, rather rich in stone signs. On the external wall of No. 37 may be seen a well carved swan¹ with collar and chain [below, left]. This is a sign of heraldic origin without doubt; it was, in fact, one of the badges of Henry IV, and was also heraldically one of the charges of Buckingham, Gloster, and others. Hitherto, however, efforts to trace the exact history of this sign have been without avail. Far different is it with the White Bear² [below, right], now to be seen within the house of business of Messrs. Gow, No. 47, Cheapside. This most interesting sign was discovered while making alterations as lately as 1882. The house itself stands at the corner of Soper's-lane (modern designation, Queen-street), and was once the shop of the far-famed merchant, Sir Baptist Hicks, Kt, subsequently Viscount Campden. Baptist Hicks was the successful son of a wealthy father, and succeeded to what was in those days a most thriving silk mercer's business. His career is remarkable in more ways than one, for though a favourite at Court, immensely wealthy and knighted, he was the first London merchant who after knighthood took the resolution to still continue in business.



It is also worthy of notice that the stone figure of the bear faces in the opposite direction to all other heraldic signs now standing in London. At No. 28, Budge-row, will be found one of the best preserved of all the London signs, "The Leopard"³ [below] (otherwise Lizard or Lazarde). This is the crest of the Worshipful Company of Skinners, and as Budge-row took its name from the skin of newly-born lamb, which was termed Budge, the origin of this sign can be in no way a matter of doubt. The Skinners' Hall, too, was close by, and quite early in the fourteenth century it may be noted that enactments were in force against the wearing of "cloth furred with Budge or Wool" by persons (women) of inferior rank.



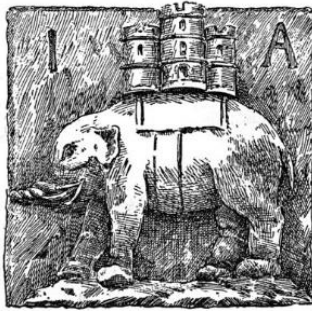
Lower Thames-street, known in the time of Stow⁴ as Stock Fishmonger-street, still possesses two very good examples of signs: one, the "Bear,"⁵ [right] with its collar and chain, carved in very high relief, and surmounted by initials and date (1670).



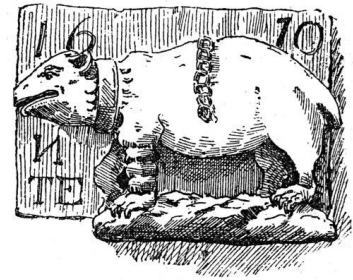
On the borders of Islington and Clerkenwell there are a group of signs which belong to houses celebrated in past days. The first is the "Old Red Lion."⁶ [left] Here there are two carved shields, one of which only is antique—*i.e.*, that on the north gable. This house has memories and traditions both literary and artistic. Within its walls Tom Paine wrote the "Rights of Man."⁷ This is, however, a questionable honour. Here Hogarth was wont to stay, and has even introduced its gables into one of his prints—"Evening." The house, too, was the haunt at times of Thomson, Goldsmith, and Johnson.

Another sign is the "Pelican,"⁸ [right] of which there is an example in Aldermanbury. The fabulous story of the pelican "vulning" (*i.e.*, wounding) its breast to feed its young endured for ages, and even as late as the reign of George I., at Peckham Fair, there was advertised to be on view "A pelican that suckles her young with her heart's blood, from Egypt." In the same district as the "Pelican," at the corner of Addle-street, E.C.,



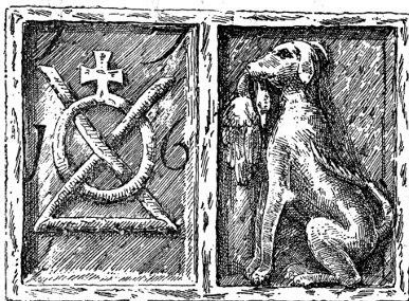


may be seen yet another “Bear”⁹ [right] — how popular as signs and how enduring these bears seem! This carving is dated 1670 (not 1610), and bears initials N.T.E. The N., which is the surname, is reversed; the T. and the E. standing in all probability, as was customary, for the Christian names of the builder and his wife. The “Elephant and Castle,”¹⁰ [left] irreverently called the “Pig and Pepper-box,” in Belle Sauvage-yard, is the crest of the



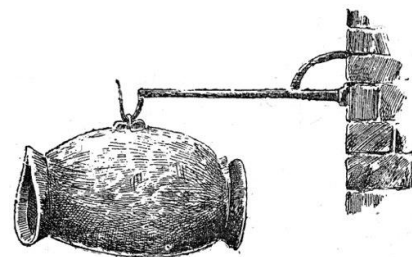
Cutlers’ Company, to whom the house was left in 1568 by John Craythorne. The “Belle Sauvage Inn,”¹¹ over the origin of whose name and sign so much antiquarian ink has been spilt, vanished years ago. This hostelry was memorable among other things for being opposite the spot at which the rebel Wyatt rested on the occasion of his unsuccessful attempt to penetrate Ludgate. It was also a celebrated stopping-place for the northern carriers. In Belle Sauvage-yard for a time dwelt Grinling Gibbons¹², and there he carved, according to Walpole, “a plot of flowers which shook surprisingly with the motion of the coaches that passed by.”

Two or three outlying stone signs remain now to be mentioned. One is the “Cock and Serpents,”¹³ [right] at No. 16, Churchlane, Chelsea. This sign, evidently religious in its origin, is very remarkable, both in its design and also from its date, 1652. It does not appear to have any history, though the road in which it is to be found teems with memories of not a few of England's worthies. Another, the sign of the “Dog and Duck,”¹⁴ [below, left] now built into the garden wall of Bethlem Hospital in Southwark,¹⁵ is important from the fact that it records the precise sport (duck hunting) which was the attraction of the house, and also because on the same stone, and dated 1716, we find the arms of the Borough and Southwark—a conjunction of which the history of signboards offers no other example.



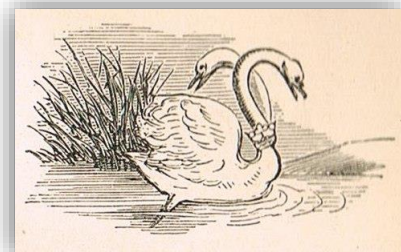
One illustration is given of a sign which is not stone, *i.e.*, the “Leather Bottle,”¹⁶ [below] at the corner of Leather-lane, Hatton Garden. There appear to be doubts whether the present sign is the original, but as one branch of sign lore deals with signs appropriate to places, it may be well to mention this one, which is certainly of respectable antiquity, as an example. Space is wanting for more than mere mention of the “Marygold” of Messrs. Child’s, the “Golden Bottle” of Messrs. Hoare’s, and the three quaint iron squirrels of Messrs. Gosling’s¹⁷. Nor can the traditions of the ancient “Cock” Tavern¹⁸ in Fleet-street,

with its carved wooden sign (possibly the work of Gibbons), be here related. The writer, however, may perhaps be permitted in conclusion to acknowledge with gratitude his indebtedness to the only standard book on the subject, and also to kind assistance rendered to him by many with whom he has come in contact while tramping the now modern streets of our historic metropolis in search of its ancient signs.



Overview: The anonymous author’s [abridged] narrative leaves plenty of room for conjecture. Some of these signs probably did not signify a public house but some other business, nonetheless the vast majority of the named signs have seen service on public house signboards at some time.
[article sourced by Chris Murray]

Notes: 1 Confusingly a pub called *The Swan with Two Necks* existed at number 41 Gresham Street, Cheapside (formerly Lad Lane). This sign was, incidentally, the focus of Patrick Chaplin’s research in the Autumn 2015 Newsletter, and other issues. Curiously Patrick’s image from 1785 [right] features the swan with a crown around its necks, similar to the stone sign. I am not trying to necessarily conflate the two signs since a royal connection to swans generally might explain the crown but still it is a coincidence. 2 Gow appears to have been a broker of some kind 3 Though Dunkling and Wright’s 1987





Dictionary of Pub Names references the Company of Weavers as the heraldic origin
4 John Stow (1524-1605) English historian and antiquarian **5** Larwood and Hotten in
 their **English Signboards** of 1866 maintain this sign was known as *The White Bear* **6**
 a pub in St John Street, Islington, according to some sources **7** Thomas Paine (1736-
 1809) wrote this seminal work on the rights of the working classes in 1791 **8** Long
 gone, though there is a school and catering company of that name in the vicinity
 perhaps denoting a past connection **9** Similar to the other two bear signs, this
 unfortunate is chained and probably refers to the incomprehensible "sport" of bear
 baiting **10** An example of a pub name becoming synonymous with an area; Elephant
 and Castle is a recognised area in Southwark **11** It seems this inn showed the
 previous sign as part of its fabric, since the building was donated by the Cutlers? **12**
 Of Dutch origin, master carver of his age (1648-1721) **13** Cannot find a reference here. Anyone? **14 & 15** A pub [left, depiction by Thomas H
 Shepherd of *The Dog and Duck Tavern*] of this name was demolished at St George's Fields, Southwark in order that Bethlehem Hospital (an
 early psychiatric facility) might be built on the site **16** Perhaps associated with the Horners' Company which amalgamated with the
 Bottlemakers' Company (in 1475), whose heraldry included three leather bottles **17** Child's, Hoare's and Gosling's were all banking
 companies. Another branch of the Hoare family were prominent brewers, incidentally **18** Extant **CM**

Red Lattice, Green Lattice (and The Chequers) – Part One

Why did I decide to write about pubs named *Red Lattice*, *Green Lattice* or indeed *Green Lettuce* and *The Chequers*?

Well, it all started whilst reading (again) my late friend Ken Stubbings' book *"Here's Good Health to the Pint Pot"* – *A brief history of Maldon's Inns, Alehouses and Breweries* (aka 'Pint Pot') published in 1988; a local Essex pub book that, as part of my on-going recovery from a stroke, I had decided to revisit thirty-five years on and update.

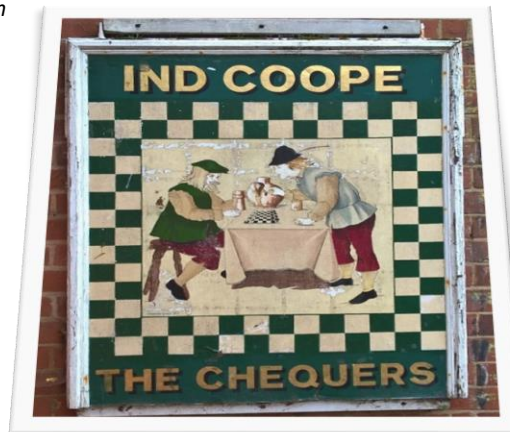
Chapter Two of *Pint Pot*, titled 'Signs of the Times', included a section relating to the *Chequers* in the High Street, where I had my 'stag do' back in January 1973 (now demolished). (That's the pub. Not my marriage!) Having discussed another long-gone pub, *The Exchange Inn* at nearby Heybridge Basin, Ken moved into the town to discuss *The Chequers*. He wrote:

'In the same way as Heybridge Basin had its Exchange so Maldon had the Chequers, for these were the places where money, tokens and goods were exchanged back as far as Henry II. The sign, which tends to depict a chess board, was as well-known as the red and white barber's pole or the three gold balls of the pawnbroker. The chequered board sometimes comprised of black and white squares, and at other times red and white. The sign that hung outside the Maldon Chequers had a green and white square surround [with an insert showing two men playing, not draughts as first imagined, but upon closer examination, chess].'

The final phrase shown in the above quote in square brackets is mine. Ken's original text had read *'with an insert showing two men playing draughts, or as it was known three centuries ago 'Tables''*.

I had not heard of 'Tables' being used with regard to draughts, only backgammon, so I consulted pub games expert Arthur R. Taylor who told me:

"My understanding is that "Tables" refers to backgammon, or previous similar games. Quite a different board from draughts/chess. On the other hand, you sometimes come across references to "Games within the tables" - which could include all table games. The boys on the sign are definitely playing chess."



[The sign (above right) from *The Chequers* is shown when it was 'stored' outside in the yard of the Maldon Museum on the Park in 2012. (Image © Chiphotos)

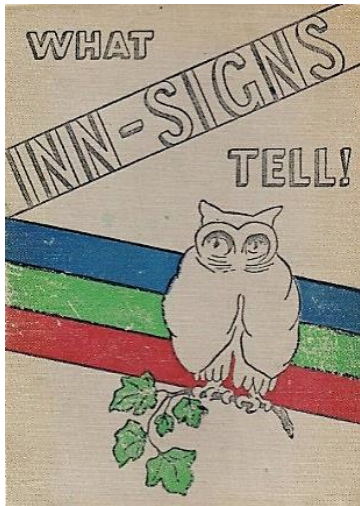
Ken's text then continued, without any previous reference to the words 'lettuce', 'lettice' or 'lattice':

The oddly-named Red Lettuce or Green Lettuce pubs are derived from the same source, 'Lettuce' being a corruption of 'Lattice'. From the Christmas Ordinary, [London] 1682 comes:

*'Where the Red Lettice doth shine,
'Tis an outward sign,
Good ale is a traffic within;
It will drown your woe,
And thaw the old snow
That grows on a frosty chin.'*

Sounds good but why did he mention these pubs? What had 'lattice' (or either of the other two versions) have to do with the chequers board? Clearly, I had missed something.

To make any connection with 'chequers', 'tables', and 'lattice', for whatever reason, I initially consulted the obscure and rare tome by Whittoney Block, *What Inn-Signs Tell!* (1929). Block confirmed that *The Chequers* was a trade sign 'of great antiquity' and the trade was that of the money-changer. As for the 'tables', Block (pseudonym of Caroline Ella Cox Eve) stated:



'The tables, just like those in the temple had the alternating squares of black and white which formed the natural aid to counting. The pictured sign is a chequered board, [Not found in my copy of her book.] the commerce commending itself to the publican, who found especial facilities for combining financial proceedings with a friendly drink, and a house "Ye Olde Chequers" still exists at Battle in Sussex close to the Abbey, where possibly the soldiers of William the Norman exchanged their pay into current coin. [Image below, right – Ye Olde Chequers, Upper Lake, Battle, Sussex 1927. And yes. Still open today.]

The written name would be "Exchequer" appearing to date from the twelfth century or earlier, and is to be derived from the French "Echec", check at chess, and "Echequier" the chequered cloth on which money was counted, a practice which was continued in the Scottish Court of Exchequer down to modern times.

Sometimes the sign-board was painted with cross lines instead of black and white squares, when it became known to the yokel as "The Lattice" perhaps because of the latticed peep hole in the castle gate, and when again these bars were painted green the sign was still further corrupted into "The Green Lattice".

So, let's blame the 'yokel' but there must be more. So I moved on to the main source for all words, the *Oxford English Dictionary*, or, in this case, the *Shorter Oxford English Dictionary on Historical Principles* (1978) which clarifies 'lattice' as:

'A structure made of laths, or of wood or metal crossed and fastened together, with open spaces left between; used as a screen, e.g. in window openings; a window, gate, screen etc., so constructed... A window of lattice-work (usu. painted red), or a pattern on the shutter or wall resembling this (see CHEQUER) ... formerly a sign of an alehouse or inn – 1735.'



My next source is, as usual, Larwood and Hotten (1868) who further explained the 'lattice' and adds 'trellis', both in the ale-house sense, thus:

'In old times the ale-house windows were generally open, so that the company within might enjoy the fresh air, and see all that was going on in the street; but as the scenes within were not always fit to be seen by the "profanum vulgus" that passed by, a trellis was put up in the open window. This trellis, or lattice, was generally painted red, to the intent, it has been jocularly suggested, that it might harmonise with the rich hue of the customers noses; which effect, at all events, was obtained by the choice of this colour. Thus Pistol says: -*

"He called me even now by word through a red lattice, and I could see no part of his face from the window."

[*‘Ancient Pistol’ - a character from Shakespeare, an officer in the army, a swaggering braggart, an ensign-bearer, is mentioned in three plays – Henry IV Pt. 2, The Merry Wives of Windsor and Henry V. The above quote is taken from Henry IV Pt. 2.]

The same idea is expressed in the “Last Will and Testament of Lawrence Lucifer,” 1604:

“Watched sometimes ten hours together in an alehouse, ever and anon peeping forth and sampling thy nose with the red lattice.”

So common was this feature, that no ale-house was without it:

“A whole street is in some places but a continuous ale-house, not a shop to be seen between red lattice and red lattice.” – Dekker’s English Villainies Seven Times Pressed to Death. [Thomas Dekker - c. 1572 – 1632]

At last it became synonymous with ale-house:

“As well known by my wit as an ale-house by a red lattice.” [Marston’s Antonio and Mellida, 1633]

“Trusty Rachel was drinking burnt brandy, with a couple of tinder-box cryers at the next red lattice.” [Tom Brown’s Works, vol. iii, p. 243].

Further research found that *Notes & Queries* (1901) added a quote from *The Miseries of Inforc’d Marriage* (a play written by George Wilkins (London, 1607)):

“Tis treason to the red lattice, enemy to the signpost.”

Further proof supporting Larwood and Hotten’s evidence that ‘red lattice’ was not necessarily the name of a pub but a generic word for an ale-house, appears in the *Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue* (1785) where the entry reads simply:

‘RED LATTICE. A public house.’

[End of Part One]

In Part Two I will go in search of both red and green lattices (as alehouses) and see if, as mentioned by Larwood and Hotten, after lattices disappeared from the windows, either name (or corrupted version) is recorded as having been adopted as actual signs and pub names, and as such, if they continue, as L&H wrote in 1868, ‘to the present day’.

Patrick Chaplin

Sources:

Block, Whittoney (pseudonym of Caroline Ella Cox EVE) *What Inn-Signs Tell!* (London: Luzac & Co., circa 1929)
Grose, Captain Francis. *Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue – A Dictionary of Buckish Slang, University Wit, and Pickpocket Eloquence* (London: Bibliophile Books, 1984. Originally published 1785.)

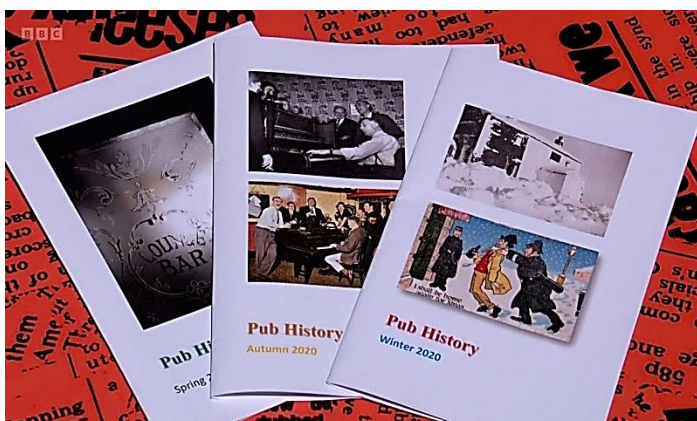
Larwood, Jacob. and Hotten, John Camden. *The History of Signboards, From the Earliest Times to the Present Day* (London: John Camden Hotten, Fourth Edition, 1868)

Onions, C.T. (Ed.) *The Shorter Oxford English Dictionary on Historical Principles* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, Third Edition, 1978, Volume I)

Stubbings, Ken. *“Here’s Good Health to the Pint Pot” – A brief history of Maldon’s Inns, Alehouses and Breweries* (Maldon: Kelvin Brown Publications, 1988)

Taylor Arthur R. Email to Patrick Chaplin, 7th February 2022)

Photograph of Ye Olde Chequers Inn – pubwiki.co.uk.



Fame at Last: PHS on BBC Television

Blink and you'd missed it but the 29th April edition of Have I Got News for You contained a fleeting reference (complete with pictorial image) to the Pub History quarterly.

The programme got in contact with us and asked for a few examples of Pub History with a view to quoting from it to use in their "fill in the missing words

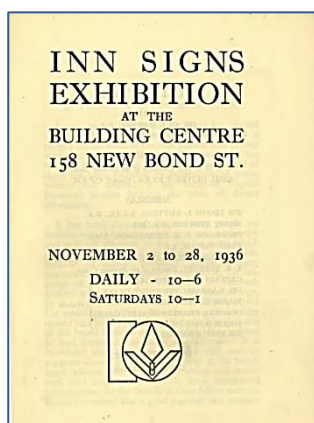
section". Host Jo Brand in a game attempt at a Cockney accent explained that the latest edition of Pub History is ... "ahtside, now!!"

The quote selected was from Patrick Chaplin's piece in the Spring 2019 edition concerning the attack by an escaped lion on the London to Exeter mail coach at *The Pheasant Inn* at Winterslow near Salisbury in 1816:

"The most famous incident connected with a pub was probably when....."

Paul Merton supplied the missing words:

"Ian (Hislop) bought a round." CM

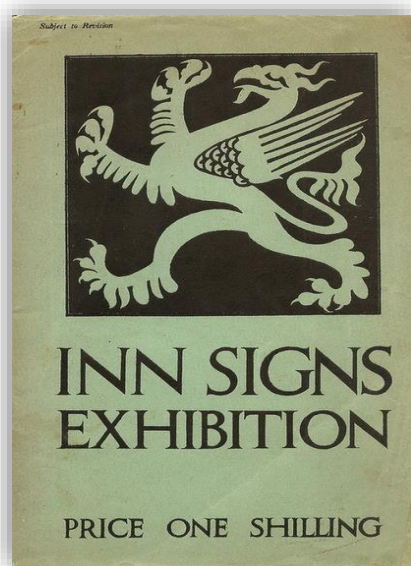


More on the Inn Signs Exhibition of 1936

In the Spring 2015 Newsletter we learnt of the Inn Signs Exhibition put on at the Building Centre in New Bond Street in the West End of London in 1936, courtesy of a contemporary article in a magazine, *Weekly Illustrated* for 14th November in that year. "More than 400 signs" were represented in the ground-breaking event which lasted from 2nd to 28th November and was judged a great success. Signs from all over the country were loaned or donated to the exhibition, including iron wrought examples as well as the more conventional painted boards. Here I would like to concentrate on the catalogue and focus on some of the individual signs on show.

The enterprise was put together by a committee chaired by Sir Guy Dawber RA (1861-1938), an architect who worked in the Arts & Crafts style. Vice Chairmen were Basil Oliver FRIBA and E L D Lake of the Brewers' Society. Six other members of the Committee were also members of the Brewers' Society and it may be that the whole thing was managed as a vehicle for propaganda on behalf of the public house which was enjoying an ambiguous reputation at the time. The conceit of the "improved pub" was in full swing at this time and perhaps exhibiting sign boards in the manner of an art gallery was an attempt at upgrading the pub to the level of national importance. Indeed, Sir Edwin Lutyens was also on the board, lending a heavyweight seal of approval, his influence being universally recognised as being seminal. Renowned architectural commentator Gavin Stamp had him down as "the greatest British architect of the twentieth (or of any other) century".

Preface to the Inn Signs Exhibition catalogue



by Professor A. E. Richardson, A.R.A. [1936]

A sign, being the introduction to an inn, should attract by its appropriate character. Just as a comely façade hints at the rich comforts of private apartments, so the sign should convey to the traveller the amenities of an inn. The subject of signs has been favoured by generations of poets, writers and artists; it has enriched English literature besides forming the basis of decent advertising. It has been observed that ordinary people are familiar with the dainty quips, profound sentiments and political allusions of the myriad signs which embellish the inns of the English countryside. Neither do learned townsfolk despise ordinary announcements of hospitality couched in the language of the nursery. The truth is, everyone gathers amusement from a brightly painted sign, be it a representation of Henry the Eighth or the Cat and Custard Pot. You conclude that a sign should be a jovial impertinent sort of affair. Eloquent of the broad humour of the English who continue to find something to laugh at.

above: catalogue

right: A E Richardson



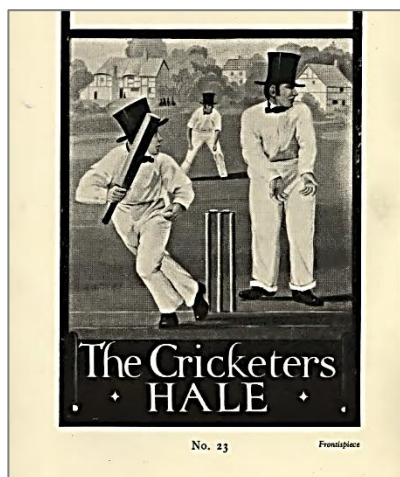
Therefore it is important that the design of the sign and its supports should be in no way inferior to the building it adorns. In the old days artists and craftsmen were sought after to make these ornamental contributions for the benefit of their fellow mortals. It was recognised that a good sign not only encouraged men to resort to a particular inn but kept them in good humour, and moreover, was frequently the subject of a toast. The object of the present exhibition is to promote further interest in this special branch of artistry and to prove that even the finest beverage is all the better for a "Bush." In these days of intensive travel by road, when old inns are written up, and new ones are in process of building, the subject demands a new orientation. There is the widest scope for the artist, the journeyman sign painter, the blacksmith and the wood carver, neither should the skill of the artist architect be forgotten. No longer will the brewer tolerate a machine-made sign, while one badly composed, or showing faulty heraldry, is pounced upon by the discerning public and held up to scorn. The problem of designing an appropriate sign has now been transferred to the professional artist, who has recourse to the blacksmith for crowning scrolls and overthrows, and who relies on the carpenter for the selection of natural hard wood on which to paint the sign proper.

Frequently the whole of the sign is made up of wrought iron, as for example at Thornham in Norfolk, where King John peeps through a lattice. The modern traveller, be he Hiker, Biker or Motorist, has come to regard the signs of inns and taverns as a minor National Gallery. All who frequent the King's highway to-day are persons of taste in more senses than one. There is a growing dislike of signs which affect either snobbery or insipid drollery. Your true connoisseur now asks for bold limning as well as for more delicate touches. We dread those essays in Olde Englyshe which some spark, invented for the beguilement of the unknowing. Who has taken the trouble to jot them down to form a scathing anthology? What a theme it would make for Sir John Squire or Mr Belloc. But even such lapses into a language unheard at Stratford-atte-Bowe, count as nought by comparison with those enamelled signs which are supposed to be proof against water.

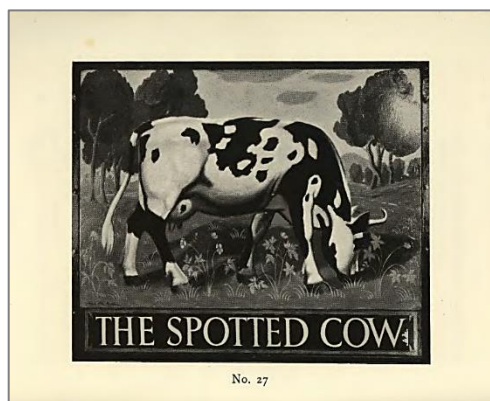
Once again, if the main purpose of this unique - and let it be hoped - opportune exhibition is achieved, the inn signs of the future will represent the natural feelings of every walk of society. There is opportunity to record national reactions to great events, political and historical, satirical and profound. While sympathetic to the great hierarchy of old signs, the promoters of the exhibition are primarily concerned with the works of contemporary artists and craftsmen. The inn sign is in a category of its own. There are no rules and no machinery for its production. It may have much in common with the design of posters, but it certainly has nothing in common with those fantastic essays of the studio which are arty and crafty or merely modernistic. Neither can the products of ordinary commercial enterprise be entertained in competition with the rare and individual works of

artists. The forceful simplicity of the theme, the pleasant graceful form of the sign itself, the beauty of the lettering, no less than the quality of the workmanship, are criteria of excellence. Further, all such works should be signed and dated clearly and legibly. A new profession is about to be opened for talented men and women. Signs will be produced that are neither cryptic of meaning nor dull of drawing. In such ways the new will form from the old.

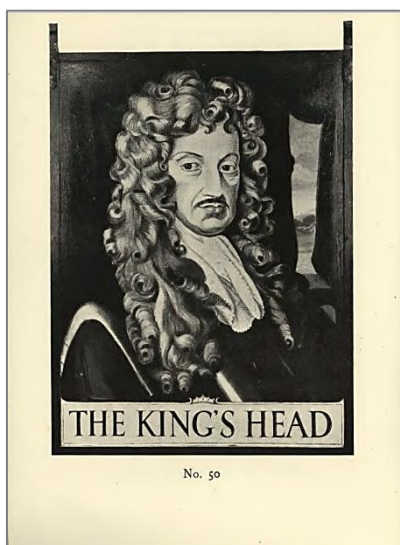
Gallery of examples of featured signs from the Exhibition's catalogue



The Cricketers, Hale, Surrey. Demolished 2018. Earliest reference 1855 (Kelly's). Artist: Ralph Ellis. Lent by Watney, Combe, Reid & Co.



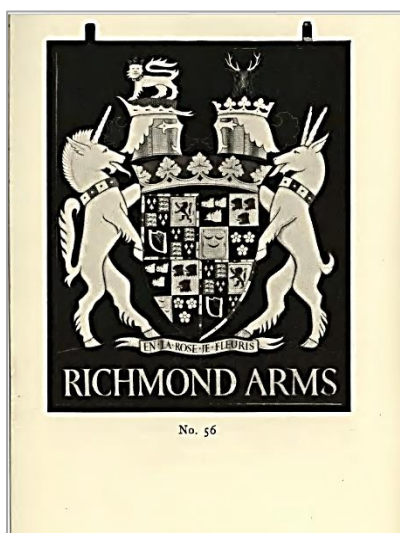
The Spotted Cow, Littlehampton, Sussex. Earliest reference 1839 (PO Directory). Still trading. Artist: Ralph Ellis. Lent by Henty & Constable, Chichester.



The King's Head, Richmond, Yorkshire. Built 1720. Still trading. Artist: Ralph Ellis. Lent by the Richmond (Yorks) Hotel Ltd.

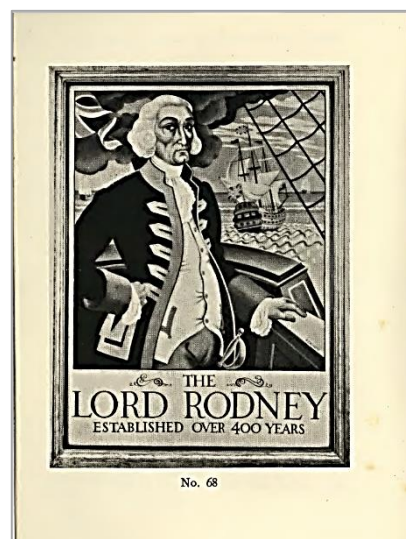


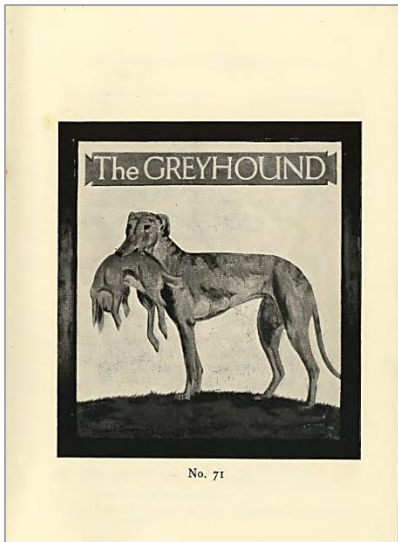
The Royal George, Worthing, Sussex. Extant at least 1913 (Kelly's). Gone by mid 1950s. Artist: Ralph Ellis. Lent by Henty & Constable, Chichester.



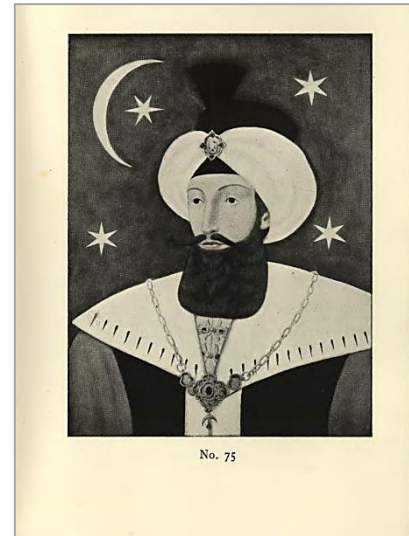
Richmond Arms, Chichester. Earliest reference 1855 (PO Directory). Still trading (Now known as *The Waterfront*). Artist: Ralph Ellis. Lent by Henty & Constable, Chichester.

The Lord Rodney, Bradford, Yorks. Demolished around 2008. Appears to have been rebuilt? Artist: H R Hosking. Lent by Reynolds Ltd, Bradford.

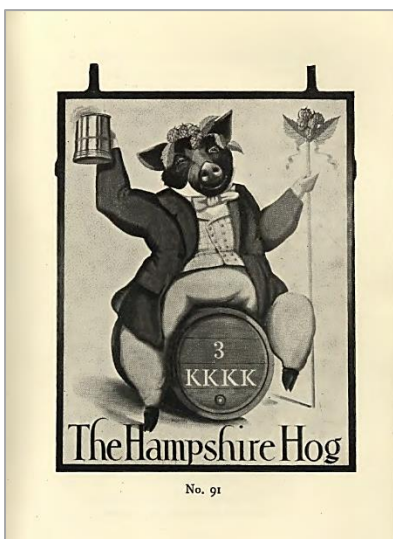




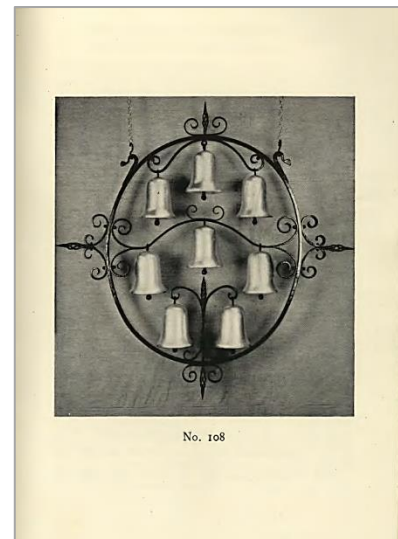
The Greyhound Inn, Cotehill, Carlisle. Mid 19th century pub. Still trading. Former State Management Scheme (DORA) pub (1920s). Artist: E M Dinkel. Lent by the Carlisle and State Management Scheme.



The Sultan, Waltham Abbey, Hertfordshire. Extant at least 1871 (Essex Census). Still trading. Artist: Unknown (after L S Lee). Lent by Whitbread & Co.



The Hampshire Hog, Hammersmith, London. 17th century pub. Still trading. Artist: Ralph Ellis. Lent by Watney, Combe, Reid & Co.



The Eight Bells, Watford, Hertfordshire. Extant at least 1725. Closed 1954. Designed by: Colonel Healey. Lent by Benskin's Brewery, Watford.



The Cross Keys, Sherborne, Dorset. Earliest reference 1823 (Pigot's). Still trading. Designed by J B Clark. Lent by Eldridge Pope & Co Ltd, Dorchester.



A short film was made of the exhibition "Inn Signs Through the Ages" (1936). Still, above. **CM**

The Spy Who Ate Here

The mysterious story of master spy, Klaus Fuchs, and his connection to a Steventon Pub

Klaus Fuchs was the atomic spy credited with one of the greatest acts of treachery in British history. His espionage, from 1941 when he was working on the Manhattan Project in the USA, to his confession in 1950, resulted in Russians building their own atomic bomb.

Fuchs [right] was an anti-Nazi German refugee who studied at Bristol. He worked with Rudolf Peierls, initially at the UK Ministry of Aircraft Production, his speciality being refining uranium for the development of an atomic bomb. In 1944, they both joined the Manhattan Project in Los Alamos, New Mexico. It is believed that Stalin knew about the Trinity Test (the first nuclear detonation) before President Truman did! Whilst still at Los Alamos, Fuchs started work on a hydrogen bomb. After the war ended, he was reassigned to the UK Atomic Energy Project in Harwell. (*In the photo below, Fuchs is standing far left.*) By 1949, he had passed on enough intelligence to the Russians to enable them to have a detailed understanding of British and American progress on nuclear weaponry.



Fuchs was finally identified in the summer of 1949 following FBI work on decoding messages. MI5 started systematic surveillance. In January 1950, MI5's chief interrogator, Jim Skardon, invited Fuchs to join him for lunch at *The Railway House Hotel* in Steventon, Oxon (now *The Cherry Tree*). How very civilised and so British! Over lunch, it became clear to Skardon that Fuchs was close to confessing. "*He was under considerable mental stress,*" Skardon wrote. "*I suggested that he should unburden his mind.*" Fuchs realised that there was compelling evidence of his espionage and so his lengthy confession began. Even so, he was not immediately arrested.

Skardon asked Fuchs to make a full official statement and, on January 27th, they met at The War Office. Fuchs was hopeful that he would be allowed to continue with his work at Harwell [! -Ed] but he was tried and sentenced to 14 years imprisonment and stripped of his British nationality. He was released from prison in 1959 and returned to East Germany where he continued to work in atomic research. He died in 1988.

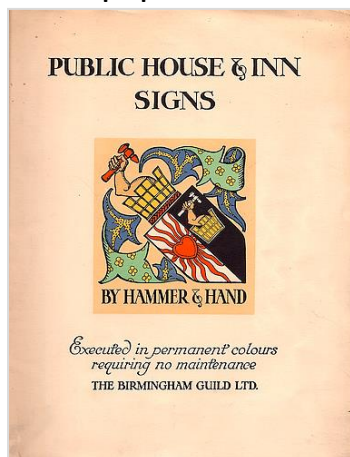
MI5 dossiers show that without that bizarre lunch and post lunch confession, there would have been insufficient evidence to prosecute Fuchs. Skardon later obtained a confession from Anthony Blunt, the Cambridge spy.



right: *The Railway House Hotel*

Dick Bosley

Another proponent of Arts & Crafts style pubic house signs:



The Birmingham Guild Limited Catalogue (ca1930) "By Hammer and Hand"

The catalogue contained many examples of hand wrought pub signs to show the variety and quality of the Guild members' talents, including *The Royal Children* sign, right in Castlegate, Nottingham. The pub appears to be still standing but the sign has disappeared.

The brewery owners, Home are featured on the sign which is most distinguished and tasteful, exactly what one might think of when "Arts & Crafts" is mentioned.

Chris Murray

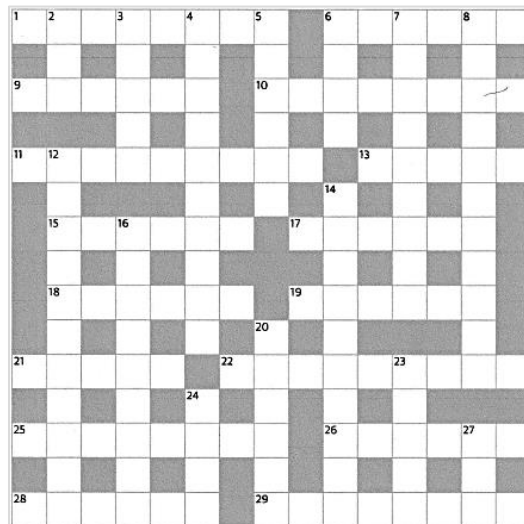


Pubs and Bars Crossword # 14 by Bibulus

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)
Foreign venues at 6 and 18 across and 4 and 23 down. For fun only – solution next issue.

Across

- 1 Iconic Carlisle Street, Soho girls-only clubbing spot, closed 2013 (5,3)
6 --- / --- Inn. Dippy Hippy Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, Canada venue? (WEE NAG) [anagram] (3,3)
9 Ashford, Kent pub with unique name: The Bonny -----. Unsurprisingly a house with a tie (6)
10 Famous old Brewery's heraldic sign at Harborne, Birmingham (4,4)
11 Wimbledon's homage to "The Swedish Nightingale", a renowned 19th century soprano (5,4)
13 Bar named for exotic lizard in Camden, London (5)
15 Café ----- Italian bar in Dorking. Tailor made? (6)
17 Walthamstow, east London pub: Lord ----- One time Lord Lieutenant of Essex. Rebook possibly? (6)
18 Irish pub in Cantiano, Italy belonging to an Irishwoman, ostensibly. (SAM & EVE) [anagram] (6)
19 Sir Richard ----- London MW3 boozier celebrates 18th century essayist, playwright and poet (6)
21 Ballycastle, County Antrim Bar in commemoration of Australian and New Zealand Army Corps (5)
22 Neutral coloured equine at Kingston-upon-Thames (4,5)
25 Sunderland pub referencing recent purchase of an American bowler hat? (3,5)
26 Bar ----- Famous Soho joint, inspiration for 1995 Pulp song (6)
28 Tresco, Isles of Scilly pub, oddly generically named - meaning land surrounded by water (6)
29 ---- / ---- Arms. Whitstable sign showing regimental badge of South East England county (4,4)



Down

- 2 Mash and --- Oliver Peyton's stylish Manchester 1990s rendezvous, complete with inhouse brewery (3)
3 Leeds pub, strangely named for a South West county (5)
4 Glamorgan Vale, Australia pub. Named for large plant with flask-shaped trunk (TOTE TREBLE) [anagram] (10)
5 & 6 Edinburgh pub – home to the redbreast (6,4)
7 Local watering hole in Fingringhoe, Essex. Its sign depicts a skeletal piece of a giant marine animal (9)
8 & 27 Venue in Threshfield, North Yorkshire. Avoided by the local poachers, no doubt (11,3)
12 Sneinton, Notts. The pub's name is a Nottingham peerage title. (MRS VERA LANE) [anagram] (4,7)
14 Pub and restaurant in Tamworth quaintly named for attractive porkers (6,4)
16 This pub at Harrogate is named after the wife of Edward VII (9)
20 Chancery Lane, London pub. Archaic spelling for South West county of Scotland (6)
23 ----- Bar-B-Que. Missouri USA venue. Oz Clarke drops third, fourth and last letters. (5)
24 Café Bar in Canterbury. Also engaged in roof reduction (4)
27 See 8 down

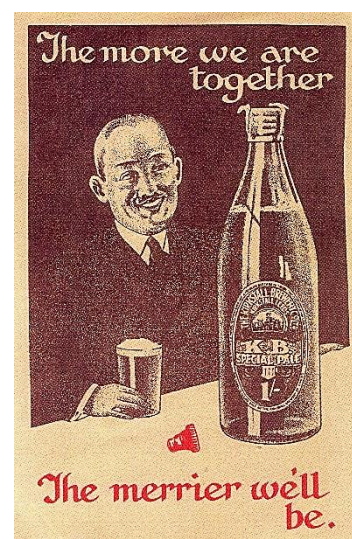
Kirkstall Brewery Advertisement 1920s?

A subtle reference to the Ancient Order of Froth Blowers without naming them. The copy alludes to the Blowers' anthem of course. The brewery buildings which were part of a complex that straddled the Leeds and Liverpool Canal had a long pedigree going back to the 18th century. Much building work was carried out and in 1872 the enterprise was purchased and took the name of Kirkstall Brewery Company. Kirkstall is a suburb of Leeds.

Other breweries jumped on the Blowers' bandwagon without specifically naming them, probably for fear of attracting bad publicity.

"Always order Allsopp the frothblowers' favourite" was one byline.

CM



Hope & Anchor Breweries - Hope Brewery, Sheffield

If forty years ago, you had asked a beer-buff to talk about breweries in Sheffield, you would have heard mention of Stones, Tennants (by then, Whitbread owned) and Wards. However, it is unlikely that the Hope Brewery would have been mentioned.

Opened in 1939, the Hope Brewery (Clay Wheels Lane, S6 1NB) was the home of Carter, Milner & Bird Ltd. The company was founded in 1892, and, in 1899, registered, at Mowbray Street, by Christopher Carter, Eleazar Milner & George Bird. In 1939, due to redevelopment of the area, the original Hope Brewery was closed and a new model brewery was built [above, 1991].



The company merged with Henry Tomlinson Ltd (Anchor Brewery) in 1942 after the Luftwaffe's destruction of Tomlinson's brewery, and the name was changed to Hope and Anchor. They saw spectacular growth in the 1940s and 1950s, fuelled by several acquisitions:

- 1948 Wellington Brewery bought from Isle of Man Brewery, Castletown
- 1954 Wilkinson's Pine Street Brewery, Newcastle
- 1955 Truswell's Brewery Sheffield with over 50 pubs
- 1957 Openshaw Brewery Manchester with 125 pubs
- 1958 Welcome Brewery Oldham with 3 pubs



By 1960 the company had around 250 tied outlets and the telegram address: Jubilee Sheffield.



In addition, novel marketing was used. Local artist, Kenneth Steel, known for paintings and advertising, many of which were reproduced as designs for station billboard posters, produced advertising material. This included paintings of pub on beermats, trays and posters.

Many local pubs were featured, including, *The Barrel Inn* (Bretton Clough) [top, next page], *The Derwent* [left] (Bamford) and *The Scotsman's Pack* (Hathersage), all in Derbyshire. In addition, Kenneth illustrated other pubs which were much further afield. For example, *The George and Pilgrims Inn* (Glastonbury, Somerset).

Grade I listed, the latter dates from the 1430s and was originally the hospitium of Glastonbury Abbey until its dissolution in September 1539. It is a restored historic building and retains a lot of its original features including oak beams and a panelled stone frontage.



Hope and Anchor also featured in the 1950 short film, 'The Inn that Crossed the Sea*.' This film was made at the height of the post-war export drive. Beer consumption in the UK was in decline and overseas markets were wanted. It tells the story of exhibiting their beers to world-wide buyers at the 1949 Canadian International Trade Fair in Toronto.

As part of the exhibition, the brewery used 15 tons of material to create a replica of the, still-open, Old Rose and Crown (Hoylandswaine, Barnsley). They exhibited: Golden Mead Ale, Jubilee Stout, Old English Beer, and from partners, Castletown, Oyster Stout. Local liquor laws meant that beer had to be poured down the drain. However, the 50,000 visitors/day resulted in both lots of publicity and good sales. Their Jubilee Stout was airlifted to Toronto.



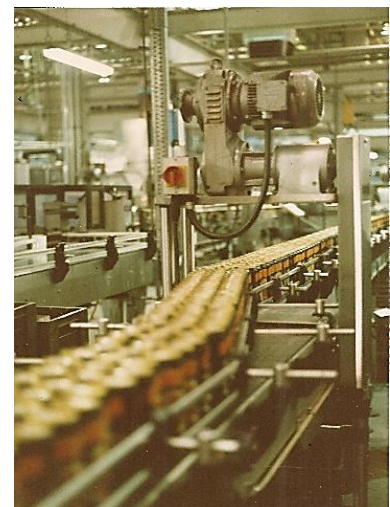
A 1952 reciprocal agreement with Canadian Breweries (CBL), led by President E.P. (Eddie) Taylor saw Jubilee Stout on sale in Canada and the initial entry of Carling Lager to the UK.

In March 1960, Northern Breweries Ltd was formed to merge: Hammond's United Breweries Ltd, Hope & Anchor Breweries Ltd. and John Jeffrey & Co. Ltd. The name was later changed to Northern Breweries of Great Britain Ltd and in October 1962 to United Breweries Ltd. In 1962 they merged with Charrington & Co. Ltd of Mile End London and name changed to Charrington United Breweries Ltd. In 1967 CUB merged with Bass, Mitchells & Butlers to become Bass Charrington Ltd.

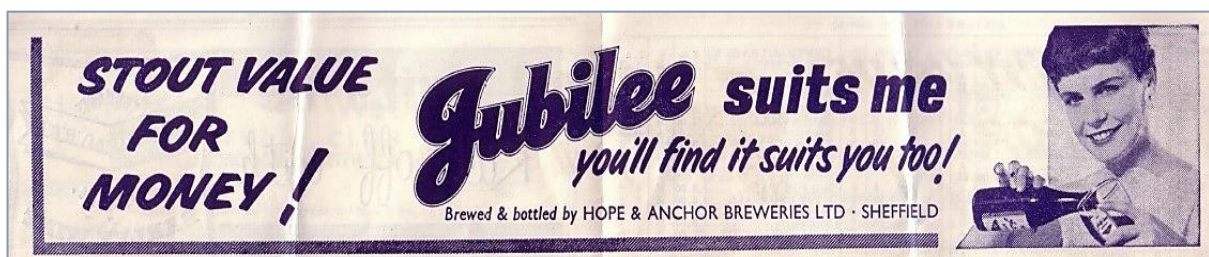
The Hope Brewery became a specialist brewery for bottled beers before it was closed by in 1994. For a short period it brewed, one of the few bottled-conditioned beers available at the time, Worthington White Shield (abv 5.6%, Original Gravity: 1050.5).

*Produced by National Screen Services Ltd. In BFI archive. More on Hope & Anchor Brewery and Carling in Autumn 2019 Newsletter - Ed]

Dave Pickersgill



Above: Beermats featuring *The Barrel Inn* and *The Scotsman's Pack*: Bottling line, 1991. **Below:** 1960 advertisement



Getting a Round in – Pub Ownership and the Boxing Profession. More on Pug Landlords

It would seem that ex-pugilists and pub ownership have an affinity. As far back as the bare-knuckle days the retired pug saw running a pub as a reasonable way of earning a living and incidentally keeping his hand in so to speak in the world of fisticuffs by the expediency of making his house one of a sporting type, encouraging the attendance of “the Fancy” – the hard-boiled aristocratic followers of the sport, together with their lower-class hangers-on and enthusiasts. Naturally the fighting protagonists themselves, whether active or retired would also be seduced by the atmosphere of such a venue. One early pugilistic pub gov’nor was Scottish born (1832) Bob Brettle, who hailed from Portobello, near Edinburgh but became a Birmingham fixture after a successful fight there. After defeating local favourite James Malpas in 1854 he went on to take part in five more brutal contests. The last of these, in 1858 against the daunting Tom Sayers, the British champion at the time ended in defeat when the ‘Birmingham Pet’, as Brettle had come to be known was unable to continue after dislocating his shoulder. Shortly after this adventure he retired and took the licence of *The White Lion* in Digbeth Street in his adopted town (Birmingham only became a city in 1889). His tenure lasted nine years at which point the pub was demolished after a compulsory purchase order was placed on it to make way for road widening. In fact a smaller pub called *The British Lion* was later built on the site but that too has gone. Brettle died comparatively young in 1872.

In later, more enlightened times, when at least gloves were used in the ring, the allure of pub management remained. Nowadays when top professional boxer may earn sums that resemble the Gross National Product of a small country, pub ownership is seldom on the table, unless by some whim or fancy, certainly not as a means of support.

Dave McCleave [right] was a welterweight fighter of some renown in the 1930s. He won the gold medal at that weight in the 1934 Empire Games (precursor to today’s Commonwealth Games). Turning professional he won the British welterweight title in 1935. After a spell in the army during the war as a PT instructor he continued his boxing career for a short time

then retired in 1945 aged 33 to take over as landlord of *The Union Tavern*



Pub in Camberwell, Southwark, south London [left and below, left - 1950s]. In tandem with pub running he set up a boys’ boxing club and gym in a backroom [below, right] with assistance from the 1935 ABA featherweight champion Edward ‘Tiny’ Ryan. Pathé film-makers later made a documentary of the venture. In the 1960s he left to be in charge at *The Tulse Hill Hotel*, this time running it as a conventional pub with no pugilistic connections. *The Union Tavern* is now *La Tavernetta*, an Italian restaurant and *The Tulse Hill* is now a boutique hotel and restaurant.



Another south London pub, *The Fellowship Inn* in Bellingham had its moment in the boxing spotlight when it became part of the training camp for British heavyweight boxing champion Henry Cooper in 1963 as he prepared for his epic first fight with Muhammad Ali (then still known as Cassius Clay). Cooper and his twin brother George had lived just around the corner on the Bellingham Estate. Though forced to retire from the bout due to a cut over his eye he had famously, earlier in the fight dumped the ‘Louisville Lip’ on his backside, leaving ‘The Greatest’ to retract his

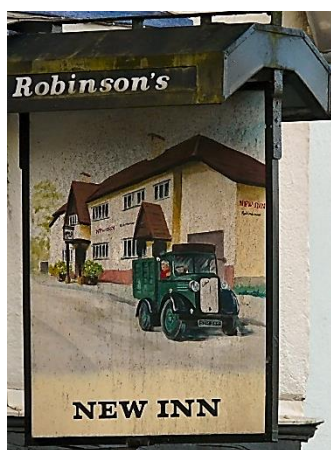
assessment of Cooper as being a ‘bum’. In the later 1960s and 1970s the pub put on music acts including Eric Clapton and Fleetwood Mac but as part of a general decline of the area, by the 1980s the pub closed and was left semi-derelict. To say the pub has had a chequered career is an understatement. It began life as a bold experiment when it opened in 1924 as an integral part



of a housing estate where social housing was being provided for recently dispossessed tenants, ie what would then have been called slum clearance. Local brewers Barclay Perkins managed to circumvent the prevalent anti-pub bias by promising to run *The Fellowship* on 'improved' lines. In more recent times the pub has been renovated by the Electric Star Group, part of a small portfolio of venues which have been bought up and thoroughly overhauled. The business is owned by Rob Star and so on reopening, the pubs' names are subtly altered by the addition of a 'Star'. Hence *The Fellowship & Star*. I doubt that Our 'Enery [in *The Fellowship*, 1963, above] would have been overenamoured with the cinema/café/microbrewery/pub business model mooted by the Group but in the end the rebrand was scaled back and the microbrewery failed to materialise on its reopening in 2019. However in a bitter twist, thanks to the COVID situation the pub is currently not trading and the Electric Star website is not forthcoming as to any chance of it reopening any time soon. The building is Grade II listed incidentally.

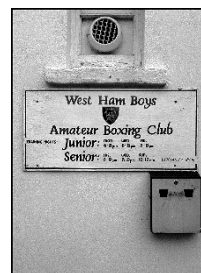


(Incidentally *The Lord Napier Star* in Hackney Wick, mentioned in the Autumn 2016 Newsletter and the Summer 2021 Pub History is part of the Group's portfolio.)



The New Inn at Hattersley, Greater Manchester was where Ricky "the Hitman" Hatton, the former light-welterweight world champion grew up, his father being landlord in the 1990s. Part of the cellar was used as a gymnasium. The pub was converted to residential use around 2012. Chillingly *The New Inn* was the onetime local for Ian Brady and Myra Hindley, the so-called Moors Murderers.

The Black Lion at Plaistow, east London was home to West Ham Boys Amateur Boxing Club. In addition to providing a healthy sporting outlet for the area's youth, the club offered gym and training facilities to a raft of professional boxers over the years. Amongst whom may be mentioned Billy Walker, Terry Spinks, Nigel Benn and Barry McGuigan, champions all. The pub was popular with the West Ham FC players incidentally, back in the day. Bobby Moore, Martin



Peters, Geoff Hurst, Harry Redknapp and Jimmy Greaves were all patrons. Rebuilt in 1875, the building obviously has some age and is reputed to have origins in the 16th century making it the oldest building in the area by far.



The Peters Bar in Bamber bridge, near Preston, Lancashire closed down in 2020, a victim of recent events. However its previous incarnation was *Tommy Tucker's Bar* in recognition of its landlord. Active between 1918 and 1933 Tucker (real name Thomas Fletcher) took part in nearly 100 bouts at light heavyweight and heavyweight categories. After a brief stint as a professional wrestler he took the reins at the pub as a retirement project. The pub was originally a grocery store in the early 1800s.

left: Tucker in later years

Randolph Turpin's is a sad story. Born to a black ex-soldier from British Guyana (now Guyana), Lionel, who came to Britain to fight in the First World War and an English mother, Beatrice, daughter of a bare-knuckle fighter he grew up in poverty as his father died when he was an infant. Racism played its part in his growing up. Taking up boxing as a young man he had a very successful amateur career before turning professional in 1946. The highlight of his boxing life came about in 1951 at Earl's Court where he took on arguably one of the world's best middleweight fighters of all time, Sugar Ray Robinson for the world title. A huge underdog, he upset the odds by taking a points decision and became a national celebrity on the strength of it. In 1952 he became owner and licensee at a former hotel, part of the Summit Complex at Great Orme by Llandudno, North Wales where his wife had family connections. The venue was known as *Randy's Bar*. After a subsequent chequered career however he was forced to enter the world of professional wrestling and due to



A section of Randy's Bar, Great Orme Holiday Centre, Llandudno.

unpaid taxes on this income and other debts he was made bankrupt. It seems his business acumen did not match up to his sporting prowess and in any case the rewards of professional fighting in the post-war years were not enormous. In 1966 at just 37 years of age, years of financial and marital strife overcame him and he committed suicide by gunshot wounds.

left: postcard of the original *Randy's Bar*

by dint of much memorabilia and a rather good mosaic floor image of Randy at his peak, in boxing kit [right]. A wooden statue of the fighter completes the picture.

No piece on pubs with boxing connections could be complete without the inclusion of *The Thomas A'Becket* on the Old Kent Road, South East London. Boxing on the premises goes back to the early 1900s but its heyday was arguably in the 1960s when Beryl Cameron and partner Tommy Gibbons ran the gaff. Famously Henry Cooper regularly trained there in the upstairs gymnasium from the 1950s to the late 1960s. Legends of the game including Muhammad Ali, Joe Frazier and Sugar Ray Leonard also sparred there (though not altogether!). Above the gym was a rehearsal studio used by among others David Bowie, in the 1970s. This enormous late Victorian confection was built right at the height of confidence in the



pub as an institution (1898) and must have been thought to be a permanent feature in the landscape. But as we know life and times do not stand still and over time the pub was seen to be out of step within the community it served and during the last twenty years or so has seen service as an estate agents (!) then an art gallery. 2017 saw a rebrand as it became *Rock Island Bar and Grill*, opened by the Mayor of Southwark and Frank Bruno. However this was to be a short-lived venture, closing a year later. It is currently a Vietnamese restaurant, *Viet Quan*.



left: *The Thomas A'Becket* in 2013

Sources (websites): flickr, roys-roy.blogspot.com, wiki, boakandbailey.com, oldhyde.blogspot.com

Publications: Central Birmingham Pubs Volume II by Joseph McKenna

Chris Murray

***The Ship* Wardour Street, Soho**

Just room to squeeze in an image which didn't make the article in the Spring 2015 Newsletter about the pub which was used by the press in the 1950s/60s, showing the charming etched windows through which one may follow the goings on of this famously cosmopolitan area of the West End.

CM

