

December and
Christmas



Blagdon Life and Times

The Newsletter from Blagdon Local History Society



Merry Christmas!

'Tis the season to be jolly!

Such declarations have a somewhat hollow ring this year. The pandemic seems to have affected most of the inclinations that we normally have right now, mainly those activities that involve people gathering together, gravitating to the warmth and friendliness of Christmas events: like the atmosphere of goodwill and cheer in going to church, carol singing, nativities, pantos, pubs, parties and Christmas Dinner.

But now Covid-19 has infected us, mentally if not in reality. Even Oliver Cromwell, in 1644 when he abolished Christmas, did not manage to scupper the Christmas Spirit so effectively.

As a paltry compensation, all we can offer as a gift to you is this *Bumper Blagdon Life and Times* in which there is a magical Dickensian style misty window into the time of Blagdon in Christmasses past. Also, this comes with our best wishes that next Christmas will have some of the communal joy that Blagdon had in the past. Meanwhile we can console ourselves and hold out just long enough, as the multiplicity of vaccines cantering two by two over the horizon come to the rescue, just like the US cavalry in an old 50s Western...We hope!

Along with that there are tales of the Blagdon beerhouses. The backdrop and theatre to many a Christmas tale.

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Compiled by Sheila Johnson, Jacky Kerly and other members of the Blagdon Local History Society. Edited by Peter May. With source material from the Western Daily Press, the Wells Journal, Addicott Archive, The John Gallop Collection and the BLHS Archive, also 'After Ten Years' by Constance Malleison.

More articles, news about events and pictures can be found on the new website BlagdonLHS.com or the Facebook Group page: Blagdon Local History Society and ask for an invite to join at blagdonlocalhistorysociety@gmail.com.

Together with the Church and School, these places were a most important focal point for the population of Blagdon, and their landlords and ladies have provided us with a legendary cast of unforgettable characters.

Talking of characters, we have an excerpt from the winter memories of actress, author, playwright and one-time lover of Bertrand Russell, Constance Malleison, who made Blagdon her home for 15 years. Her walks round Blagdon set a standard that most of us can only shudder at.

The Blagdon Spirit of Christmas Past

Bristol Mercury
5th January 1830

Samuel Baker, Esq. distributed to the poor of his parish, at Blagdon, Somerset, on Thursday se'nnight, a plentiful supply of beef and bread for their Christmas dinner.

The custom below, referred to as Gooding, was carried on until WWII when rationing and attitudes towards begging changed. See page 5 for the origins and recipe of the 'furmety'.

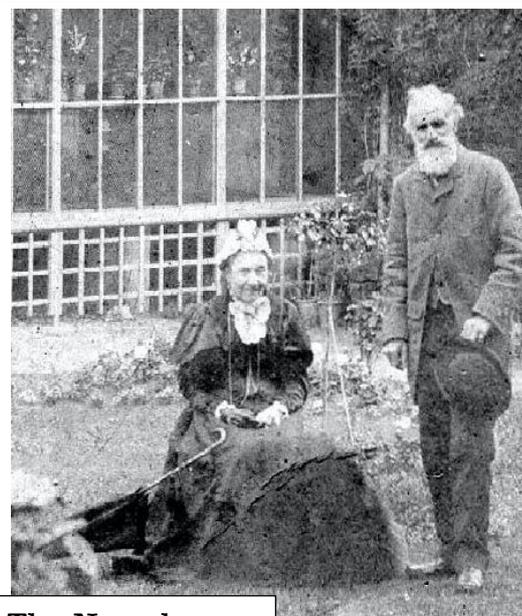
Miss Baker, in her "Northamptonshire Glossary," describes gooding as a St. Thomas's-day custom. In some villages they formerly went about with a two-handled pad, or gossiping pot, begging furmety, or wheat for making it: her good old grandfather always on this day gave a bowl of wheat to any of the poor in the village who chose to come for it.

*Illustrated
London
News -
December
1864.*



Weston Mercury 29th December 1883

It has been the custom for the last 26 years to commemorate the birthday of Miss Newnham, at Blagdon Court, by Captain and Mrs Newnham entertaining many of the working class and old people by giving them a good substantial dinner of roast beef and plum pudding, and also sending dinners to the old people who could not come. The hall this year was very beautifully decorated with evergreens, and a good motto done for the occasion. The afternoon was spent with songs and other amusements, and after the guests had been served with cake and wine by Miss Newnham there was snap-dragon, which was enjoyed by everyone, and then "God save the Queen" was sung. Mothers who had children had large pieces of cake given them to take home. Before the company left, Captain and Mrs and Miss Newnham were cheered and thanked for their kindness. To bring the evening to a close, the drum and fife band of the school, under the conductorship of Mr J. Cook, bandmaster, came and played, and wished Miss Newnham many happy returns of her birthday. The annual portion of beef was given away at the Court last week for Christmas, by the kind benevolence of Captain and Mrs Newnham. This has been the practice for the last 26 years.



The Newnhams



Snap Dragon: there are some references to the game in the 18th century, but by the mid-19th century Snap Dragon was firmly entrenched as a Christmas parlour game. Brandy was heated and placed in a wide shallow bowl; raisins and or almonds were placed in the brandy, which was then set alight. Typically, lights were extinguished or dimmed to increase the eerie effect of the blue flames across the liquor. The aim of the game was to pluck the raisins out of the burning brandy and eat them, at the risk of being burnt.

Coal Hauling

Bristol Mercury – 31st January
1881

BLAGDON.

A NOVEL SIGHT.—On Friday last a number of workmen out of employment collected together in this village, and having borrowed a wagon of Mr. William Thatcher, farmer, they made a temporary harness with ropes and sticks and harnessed themselves to the wagon, and proceeded to Sandford railway station, six miles distant, where they purchased two tons of coal, which they pulled back to Blagdon, selling it to the Rev. G. Lyon, the rector, who paid them for the coal the same price although it had been drawn by horses, and gave them £1 in addition, to divide between them. Much interest was manifested on the line of route by spectators watching them pass, some of whom gave money, food, or liquor by way of sympathy, and the men this way made a very satisfactory day's work. The weight of the wagon was 16½ cwt.—thus making the total weight 2 tons 16½ cwt. The total number of men was 26.

Even if all off these men did not come from Blagdon, it would be interesting to find out why there were so many without work at this time and who or what motivated them. Was it the closure of the workings up at Charterhouse?

In 1895 this happened again and it was Bristol Water Works employees out of work because of the snowy weather. The contractors, Pethick Brothers, did look after them by supplying soup, bread etc, but they in effect had 'zero hours' style contracts and they could not work in the snow. There had already been several accidents, even fatalities, at the site.

However, in the winter of early 1895 it seems to have been taken up almost like a partly forgotten village tradition

Hauling Coal -1895 as pictured in the Weston Mercury 1895, the report on the following page.



Weston Mercury and Somersetshire Herald - Feb 16th 1895

A severe sight was witnessed on Wednesday. A large number of men, who are out of work owing to the severe weather, borrowed a wagon belonging to Sir W. H. Wills Bart. and attaching ropes to it proceeded to Sandford railway station and having purchased a load of coal (the money being subscribed for the purpose) drew the coal back to Blagdon without the help of horses, a distance of about 6 miles. The coal was afterwards distributed amongst those in destitute circumstances. Bread and soup are given away daily by the contractors of the water-works (Messrs Pethick Brothers) and Messrs Ollie and Kitchingman the engineers to those of their workmen who are temporarily out of work owing to the weather.

The Newnhams were still being charitable six years later. Here is the Bristol Mercury's annual report 1889. This is almost a duplicate of an 1888 report in the Weston Gazette.

Captain and Mrs Newnham, of Blagdon Court, have, in accordance with their annual custom, given away tickets for meal to a large number of the parishioners, and 40 flannel petticoats to an equal number of women. The gifts were gratefully received by the recipients.

Weston-super-Mare Gazette 27th December 1889. You can almost imagine there was a competitiveness in philanthropy, where 'the great and good' were eager to seem the most bountiful and beneficent.

CHRISTMAS.—Mr. Wills, with his usual generosity, has again this year given to all his employes joints of beef. Mrs Wills has also kindly remembered with pounds of tea, the mothers attending the mothers' meeting. The Misses Stancomb have very thoughtfully remembered the children on the estate with a variety of very pretty presents, all conducive to joy and pleasure at this festive season of the year. May they long live in health and prosperity!

*Baptist Christmas
Bristol Mercury
20th January
1888.*

BLAGDON.

On Tuesday evening last a public meeting was held at the Baptist schoolroom, Blagdon, the chief object being to relieve a fine Christmas tree of a weighty burden of toys, placed upon it through the united efforts of a number of generous friends, the recipients being the scholars attending the Sunday school. The meeting was presided over by the pastor, the Rev C. Merrick, and addressed by Mr G. Gallop, Mr W. Edgel and Mr O. Derrick. Solos were sung by Miss M. Edwards, Miss R. Gallop, Miss Edith Edwards, Mr G. Edwards and Mr E. Stock. A number of the children gave recitations. An enthusiastic vote of thanks was given to Mrs W. H. Wills, who kindly contributed a large assortment of toys, to Mr G. Edwards and other subscribers, and to the superintendent, teachers, and friends who were responsible for the arrangements. The room was crowded, and everything passed off in a very satisfactory manner.



This was a Christmas card sent by Herbert Rayson to his wife during WWI. The custom of sending cards was started in 1843 by the head of the Public Record Office (now called the Post Office). The idea was to encourage ordinary people to use the Postal service.

The Custom of Gooding

What is Gooding?

An entry in the Blagdon School log dated 21st December 1887 provides a clue:

Had to give a holiday, only about 12 children presented themselves. Gooding Day

What were the children doing? St Thomas' Day, 21st December, is also the winter solstice. A rhyme from Staffordshire links the two events:

*'St Thomas gray, St Thomas gray
Longest night and shortest day.'*

Gooding provided an opportunity for the poorer members of the community to appeal to the better nature of the wealthy at a time associated with generosity and goodwill, by asking for money or provisions for a Christmas feast of their own. The practice was also known as going a-Thomasing or Mumping and is recorded as taking place in other parts of the country. It was occasionally associated with children but much more often with adult women, and especially the elderly poor of a village.

Frumenty, a porridge of hulled wheat...the first thing eaten on Christmas morning...

In some counties the women went from house to house collecting wheat to make furmenty or frumenty, a porridge of hulled wheat boiled in milk and seasoned with cinnamon and sugar. In Yorkshire *it was the first thing eaten on Christmas morning, just as ale posset was the last thing drunk on Christmas Eve*. 'Furmity' served with fruit and a slug of rum, is mentioned in Thomas Hardy's 'The Mayor of Casterbridge'

It was the children who went gooding in Blagdon and Anne King remembers the excitement of the occasion ...

“Are you going Gooding?” was the topic of conversation in the school playground, with routes and companions being arranged beforehand.

Early on Gooding Day children set out, each carrying a bag or paper carrier which banged and bumped as they ran, big children urged on younger ones as there was keenness to reach as many houses as possible. The old saying ‘the early bird catches the worm’ was well understood! Arriving at a house we stood quietly, someone knocked at the door and when it was opened, we said, “Please we’ve come a-gooding”. Miss Daisy Wood, who lived at the top of so many steps in Sladacre Lane, used to prepare little bags of sweets which she brought to the door on a tray. We were each given something (all the same) which was stowed in our bags as we said thank you and goodbye. The race was on, to the next port of call, no time to waste as the school bell would soon be ringing!”

Nora Day (1889 - 1985) recalled the village children knocked at the doors of the five public houses, the other fairly large houses and the two shops. One shop was in Church Street [now Cherry Trees] and the other was the Village Stores.

“It started about 10 am and we met at Blagdon Post Office at 11 am. Mrs Newnham, the much-loved lady of Blagdon Court, gave postmaster John Nelson a bag of pennies to give to the children who passed through his shop two by two. They received plenty of oranges and apples and sweets. The Rectory and Coombe Lodge were also remembered as generous participants.”

Bett Shaw (née Filer) remembered going round the village at Christmas time “Please I’ve come a-gooding for a bit of Christmas pudding”. Betty received a penny at the Post Office, sweets at the sweet shop, a bun at Baker Cole’s, and an apple at Daisy Wood’s. The children returned to school with bags full of oranges, apples and sweets.

Joan Lyons wrote in her diary: “Just after we came to Blagdon to live, November 1932, Mrs Higginson, who helped in the house, said to mother that the next day 21st December, was ‘Gooding day’. All the schoolchildren were given the morning off to go ‘a-gooding’.”

The Custom of Gooding: Joan Lyons

continued

“When they called at each house the words were ‘Please, we’ve come a-gooding’, which in return they hoped you would give them a treat. Mother had bought a large jar of sweets and did them up in bags for the children that called. The word got round and she had practically the whole school calling.”

Gooding does not seem to have taken place in other local villages, so it is a bit of a mystery how it came to Blagdon.

The School log records the exasperation and inevitable acceptance by the headteacher as

children failed to turn up for school on St Thomas’ Day – in the end he made it a half days holiday.

Dec 21st 1880 - *Attendance this morning reduced to 45 most of the children being “gooding” according to custom.*

Dec 21st 1892 - *A holiday taken by the scholars to keep up an old begging custom called ‘Gooding’.*

The practice died out around the beginning of WW2, when food shortages and rationing came along. Attitudes to begging had changed and jobs, pay and welfare all began to improve.

It is the 1920s

and life steps up a gear, for some at least. Blagdon was full of little shops that at Christmas made every effort to add to the atmosphere in the village and to boost their sales to tide them over the slack winter season ahead.

(Above right) The scene outside Nelsons in the High Street.

(Below right) The article is from the *Wells Journal* Christmas 1925.



CHRISTMAS FARE.

That our local tradesmen are alert and up-to-date is easily proven by the well-stocked shops and windows of Christmas goods that are now so alluringly and gaily dressed with everything that is desirable for the festive season. Mr. J. Nelson has a fine display of Christmas fruits, etc., and presents of all sorts for all ages. Mr. R. Wigley has his commodious shop crammed with prime joints, and he is again well to the front in his display of prize beasts. The windows of Messrs. C. Redwood and Son are a centre of attraction for young and old alike. Mrs. F. Cryer has a very charming and extensive display of seasonable delights and goodies for all comers. Mrs. J. Lyons (Rhodgate Stores) is again up to her high standard with a hugh stock of Christmas cards, sweets, boots, wearing apparel, etc. Miss Durbins (East Town) has a large array of good and seasonable things and Mr. James Best (East Town) is well-stocked with a choice selection of fruits, fish, poultry, etc. For Motorists, cyclists, etc., there are huge stocks of seasonable gifts displayed in the garage windows of Messrs. Harris Bros, Mr. J. Roberts, Bath Road, and Mr. Oliver Lyons, Street End. All the local hoteleries have ample stocks of good cheer that add to the creature comforts of mankind, and the Blagdon Band under Mr. W. Harvey is now adding to the charms of the season with a choice selection of carols and festive music.

Competition

On your Christmas walk around the village, see if you can spot all ten of the shops that would have been thriving in 1925. Mark them on the village map at the end of the Newsletter, scan it and email it to: **Shop Spotting Competition** at blagdonlocalhistorysociety@gmail.com. You may win the BLHS “Village Voices” CD!

BLAGDON.

Children Have Happy Time.

Through the generosity of an anonymous resident, the schoolchildren of Blagdon and Charterhouse were entertained to tea and a Christmas tree in the Infants' Schoolroom, which had been gaily decorated. A miscellaneous entertainment, consisting of carols, games, songs, etc., was held in the large schoolroom adjoining the parents and friends of the children being invited. At the end of the entertainment all assembled in the adjacent Parish Room, where a huge Christmas tree, gaily decorated and laden with presents, was stripped by Mrs Lambrick. Every child on the school register of Blagdon and Charterhouse was present, with the exception of one, who was away through illness, and the children from Charterhouse were conveyed to and from Blagdon by motor-bus. The trimming and decorations of the tree were carried out by Mr and Mrs J. Westbrook, Mrs Lambrick, and Mr F. C. Taylor. The arrangements for the tea and entertainment, etc., were entrusted to Mr and Mrs J. Westbrook, who were assisted by the following:—The Rev. Preb. G. M. Lambrick (Rector), Mrs Lambrick, the Rev. T. A. Richards, Mr and Mrs S. T. Derrick, Mrs. Fred Watts, Mrs Burgess, Miss Daisy Harris, Miss Cox (Blagdon School staff), Mr and Mrs Eels, and Miss Herrington (Charterhouse School staff). At the conclusion of the entertainment, on the proposition of the Rector, three hearty cheers were given to the anonymous donor, and to Mr and Mrs Westbrook. The catering was carried out by Mr and Mrs Coles, Blagdon.

BLAGDON.

Wesleyan Children's Treat.

A large and happy band of children gathered at the Wesleyan Schools, Blagdon, on Wednesday, to participate in the annual Christmas treat. A Christmas tree had been provided by Mr E. T. H. Godwin, and the same was beautifully decorated and laden with seasonable gifts by members of the chapel. The Rev. A. G. Woodnutt (circuit minister) gave a magic lantern display, and Mr H. Willis and Mrs Harris dismantled the tree.

Merry Party.

The members of the Blagdon St. Andrew's Meccano Club held their annual Christmas treat. The Rev. G. H. Prickard was in the chair, and he distributed presents from a tree which was heavily laden. The room was gaily bedecked with streamers. An exhibition of working models (organised by Mr J. P. Roberts) was greatly appreciated, as was a flower demonstration, under Mrs Prior and Miss K. Day.

Even club and society Christmas parties were newsworthy for the Western Daily Press. 15th January 1927

Blagdon Carol Party: Christmas in the 50s and 60s



Extract from the Parish Magazine Dec '80/Jan'81

THE BLAGDON CAROL PARTY an article by Ken Tucker



“The Carol Party has been singing in and around the village for 34 years from 1947. The founder members were John and Sybil Gallop (Sybil played a piano accordion until her fingers were numb with cold), Sheila and Harry Fisher, Yvonne Yorath, Martin Fisher and myself. We sang for three years and gave the collection to a Bristol hospital. Soon more people wished to help sing, and it all became more organised. Members agreed to dress in Dickensian costume, to have pre-Christmas rehearsals, and Jack Burgoyne was to be the first conductor. Jack conducted the party for about four years, often in the home of Bernard Downey at The Close.

When Jack Burgoyne moved away from the village our next conductor, Reg Young, was undoubtedly the true master of the party. Under Reg the party grew to about forty members. We learnt the old English carols we sing today and could render such gems as 'Figgy Pudding' successfully. Discipline was strictly observed, and I still can't make out how his wife Vi found forty cups for coffee at rehearsals! Reg conducted the party for many years, but time and tide..... and he found the village walking too demanding so he called it a day and hung up his baton.

Amy Jefferies was the next conductor. She gave the party excellent service, opened her home in Eastcroft for rehearsals and all will remember her wonderful vol-au-vents. Her husband, Jeff, collected for many years. He had a unique diplomacy when collecting and his ability to time his knocking was second to none. After the Jefferies moved to Locking, Fred Green took control. Fred and Flo, I would think, are the longest continual serving members of the party. It is not easy to be away from your home for 14-15 nights just before Christmas, and Fred getting no younger, so for the past three or four years I have been the conductor.”

Other long-standing members have included: John and Jacky Chamberlain, Winnie Bedwell, Edna Wilkins, John Gallop (who often conducted), John Martin and their families, Roy, Pat and Leslie Powter; Gwen Heard, Mrs. Neep, Eric Duck (each called to higher office), and many younger people. There have been friends from Langford, Butcombe, Langford and Chew Stoke, and for 26 years John Miles has come from Clifton, bringing with him over the years many excellent voices from Bristol choirs.

But there is a wind of change so that what with Blagdon getting bigger and the Carol Party smaller, there will sadly be no outside singing this year, instead there will be an indoor event on Monday, December 22nd (1980), at 7.30 p.m".....And there ends the tale

The members are pictured on Christmas Eve, at the door of the Old Rectory, Burrington, then the home of the McWatter family. George McWatter was the chairman of Harvey's the wine merchant of Bristol

left to right in the carol party:- Anthony King, Ken Tucker, Wyn Bedwell, Molly Wheatly, Eirwen Winter, Sybil Gallop, Lionel Harrison, Evan Tucker, John Gallop,



THE WESTON MERCURY
wishes its Readers a
HAPPY CHRISTMAS and GOOD FORTUNE
in 1962



Blagdon's Dickensian carol party which, as usual, is making extensive tours of the district. Remote homes on Mendip top are included in its calls. Proceeds are for the British Empire Cancer Campaign, for which nearly £200 was raised last year. Our picture was taken during the party's tour of Blagdon on Tuesday evening.

The Carol Party outside Gilcombe House in Blagdon as reported by the Weston Mercury in 1962. Gosh that was a cold winter! It's probably just as well the picture is not in colour. I'm sure there would be some pretty red noses amongst those well-clad singers.

On the next page..
We whisk you back to the 1920s where there follows extracts from Constance Malleson's book "After Ten Years" in which she describes life in Blagdon in winter in 1926.

An extract from Lady Malleeson's book 'After Ten Years'.

She came to Blagdon after an unhappy relationship with Bertrand Russell. (*For more see Tony Staveacre's article The Lady of the Lake in The History of Blagdon, Volume 4.*) She rented the little room facing up Station Road and a bedroom in Walnut Tree House.

Her long walk which she took on Sundays and Christmas Day is described in the first part and then again later where she encountered a blizzard and it sounds like she very nearly met her end. We thought that it may be a good 'Boxing Day challenge' to chase away Covid/Bexit/post-Crimble cobwebs but probably best done by cycle nowadays. It will certainly be a firm reminder as to how stalwart some of our predecessors were.

Towards the end it mentions the Lyons family moving to Glen Shean. A few years later Will Lyons was able to buy Walnut Tree House and they moved back there.

AFTER TEN YEARS by Constance Malleeson,
stage name Colette O'Niel

The extract begins after Constance had returned to Walnut Tree House from the Little Theatre in Hull and ten days of rehearsals in London ... she felt unwell and on Christmas Day she looked in the mirror and saw she was bright orange,

'I went down with acute jaundice'.....

ON THE MENDIP HILLS p236 - 242

I was out of bed by the end of January.

The cottage bedroom hadn't been the best place to get well in. The paper was hanging off the walls with damp. There was no fireplace. One door led to the apple loft and the other door led

to the stairs – and between the two of them they made a grand draught. I've often wondered what on earth the dapper little dentist thought when he came out from Bristol in his spats and his comfy two-seater. (I had been obliged to wire for him as I had contracted trench mouth on top of jaundice.) The sick room may have left much to be desired but the nursing did not. Mrs Lyons was a splendid nurse. While I was ill we got to know each other much better. I showed her a photograph M. had just sent me of his little boy, Nicky, and Mrs Lyons was very interested to discover I had not always been a spinster. She spent her time running up and down the stairs with her arms full of hot water bottles. Roy sat on my bed and sang to me. His repertoire was exclusive to himself. It began with 'Little Brown Jug how I love thee'. Without any pause for breath and without any change of tone it continued with 'Show me the Way to go Home', 'I've had a little drink and it's gone to my head', 'Far away without a city wall' and closed with: – 'She'd a dark and a rolling eye. (*See photo of them together at Walnut Tree House pg32.*)

One evening soon after I was well again, I heard Bill calling from the bottom of the stairs that Bert Gallop wanted to see me. Bert Gallop was a neighbouring farmer. He had forget-me-not blue eyes, red hair, and a permanently cheerful expression. He was quite young. He said he had often seen me walking round his farm in the summer – mumbling parts to myself when I was working for the Hull season – and he and one or two others in the village were wondering if I would help them produce a play in the village hail. I rather took fright at the suggestion. I was afraid it might lead to my getting to know the people in the neighbourhood (not the villagers who were my friends already – but the local gentry and the people at the rectory). I confided to Bert Gallop that I didn't know any of those people and between himself and myself I didn't want to. I also suggested, tentatively, that the rector mightn't approve his choice of producer as I wasn't in the habit of going to church.



This early portrait of Constance Malleeson looks like it could be in Blagdon. It is in fact on what was the old path behind Walnut Tree House.

PR image: Lady Malleon 1920s



‘Lor’ bless you!’ said Bert Gallop, ‘Rector won’t mind. Rector be real good sort.’

Eventually I yielded to his persuasion. One or two evenings in every week I would pull on my top boots after coming in from my afternoon walk and I would start off to the other side of the village to take a rehearsal in the big barn in the rector’s garden. Bert Gallop had been absolutely right about the rector. He was a real good sort. He ordered a big lamp to be lit in the barn to keep us warm. He lent us every mortal thing we wanted. He pulled the rectory to pieces and he brought out china, silver, furniture, glass, all his most treasured possessions for us to use as ‘props’ in the play. Once or twice he came to a rehearsal. He sat and smiled at us in the most delightful way. He was the dearest character imaginable.

BLAGDON MUMMERS.

“Arabian Nights” Delights Crowded House

The Blagdon Mummers, under the direction of Messrs Bertram J. Gallop and Vivian Harris, produced the exhilarating comedy, “The Arabian Nights,” at the Parish Room, Blagdon, on Wednesday, and added one more success to their record. The book, by Mr Sidney Grundy, is a continuous series of funny situations and merry dialogue.

Mr Bertram Gallop was delightful as Mr Arthur Hummingtop, sustaining the atmosphere of comedy in a style highly infectious. As his wife, Mrs Hummingtop, Miss Daisy M. Wood was very pleasing, being a heroine of the sweet and dainty type. Miss Ethel Filer, as Mrs Gillibrand, Hummingtop’s mother-in-law, made much of the character of a prim, austere, interfering old woman; and Mr Vivian Harris, as Jonkins Gillibrand, a gay spark, was a fine conception, and added another achieve-

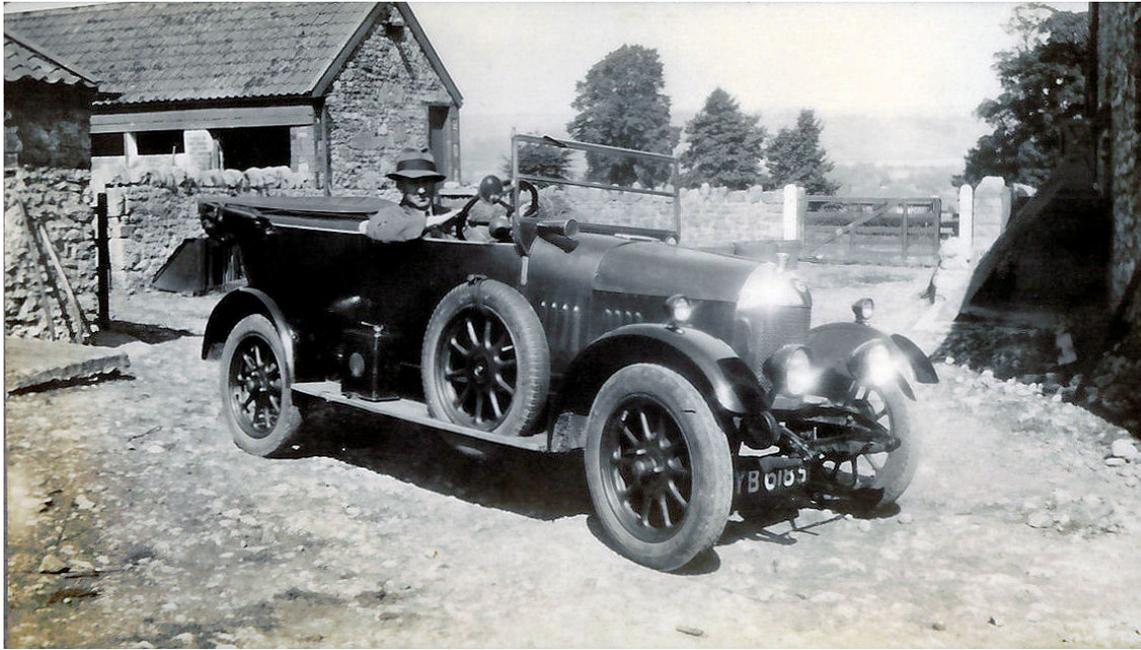
ment to his long list. Mrs Gladys Kimberley in the rôle of a scheming adventuress, gave a fine rendering of the character; and Mr Harry Houlding, as Ralph Ormerod, Hummingtop’s friend, ably supported Hummingtop throughout his difficulties. Mrs F. Gallop, as Daisy Maitland, Hummingtop’s niece, was winsome and charming. Mr Archibald Harris, as Dobson, made an ideal man servant. Barbara, Miss Vera Houlding (a new member of the Mummers), made a fine character study of a pert housemaid.

The comedy was excellently staged. The rehearsals were the work of Miss Cobethe D’Neil, of the Little Theatre, Hull, who infused the whole performance with an artistry and finish that showed her painstaking and patient work generously undertaken.

The stage management was in the experienced hands of the Rev. Preb. M. Lambrick, Miss Latham, and Mr N. F. Kimberley. In the prompter’s box were Mrs Harry Houlding and Miss M. Wood, and Miss Mabel Panes was an excellent accompanist. There was a very crowded house, and the performances will be repeated to-day and to-morrow, and at Congresbury on Tuesday next.

From the Western Daily Press - 5th February 1926. N.B. The misspelling of her name.

The play Bert Gallop had chosen to perform was an ancient farce originally done by the late Sir Charles Hawtrey. Bert Gallop played the leading part. Archie Harris (of the ‘Queen Adelaide’ pub), and his brother Vince, played the comics. A chicken farmer’s wife played the vamp. The cast numbered about ten. I fished some sticks of grease paint out of my theatre basket and I made up the faces of the entire cast. I fished out my town clothes and I clothed the female members of the cast. The rector came to the performances (we gave three in our own village and one in the village of Hannah More (*Wrington?* - Ed) – where we were transported in a big motor lorry the property of Bill’s uncle) and at all the performances the rector worked the curtains backwards and forwards with the most admirable precision. At the very end he gathered the cast together on the stage and gave me a little gold box with the inscription: ‘We will not forget you.’ That touched me more than anything. I drew back into my shell after the excitement of the play had subsided. With the exception of three short interruptions I stayed in it for two years.



*Circa 1930:
Bert Gallup
in his car.
This looks
like a 1925
Morris
Cowley
'Bullnose'
Tourer
complete
with spare
can of petrol
on the
running
board. A
quality
motor of its
day.*

In winter there was never a soul to be seen: never a strange face. Only the men of the place going about their work. Every afternoon I met Bert Gallop driving his cows home at milking time as I came back from my walk. I had no need of a clock: I knew it was midday by the brisk step of Baker Hemmens passing my window to dump a loaf of bread on the kitchen table. I had no need of a calendar: every afternoon on my walk round the lake I met the school children coming home from school (if I didn't meet them I knew it must be Saturday). Monday I knew because it was the day the insurance man called at the cottage. Wednesday I knew because the village 'Stores' shut that day early. On Tuesday afternoon I always met the fish and fruit woman at the cross roads on Nempnett Thrubwell ridge. She and her husband both had vans and they came all the way from Temple Cloud. They always met each other at the top of Breech Hill and they compared notes and if necessary they exchanged goods before continuing on their different rounds. Thursday I knew because it was the day 'Fishy' (the more expensive fish man) came out from Avonmouth in his antiquated grey touring car heaped with boxes of fish and fruit. On Fridays I always passed Baker Sullivan's van (from Wrington) at exactly the same spot outside the farm at Dipland Batch. Hardly anyone came past my window at the cottage because the lane led to nowhere. The winter mornings were mostly grey, damp, raw. At five minutes to nine o'clock Nestlé's big motor lorry rattled down the hill – shaking milk cans with a great clatter – and stopped outside Miss Bath's farm to collect some more. At nine o'clock I started work and I worked until one o'clock.

In the afternoons I walked in all directions round the country (after the first year I nearly always walked round the lake) and I knew most of the roads and footpaths in every direction for ten miles or so. On Sunday afternoons and on Christmas Day I gave myself a special treat and I went for a long tramp round the Mendip Hills. I would start down the combe, through the curved horseshoe-shaped woods. Passing beneath Rowberrow I would cut through Shipham Gorge. Halfway down the gorge I would pass Callow Lime Quarries (white all over as though crusted with hoar frost) and see Glastonbury Tor rising in the distance beyond Wedmore. I always passed William Small's shop where he made 3,547 lbs of cheese for the National Antarctic Expedition. From Cheddar Cross it is five miles (and uphill every bit of the way) to Kingdown Farm – which stands on the fringe of Ubley Warren. Then the road lies dead straight along the spine of the Mendip Hills. In the blowing gales of winter there was never a soul up there except 'the dead men': the men from the sanatorium. They were either very pale or very red. They were always hatless. The village was out of bounds for them and they never came into it except in their coffins.

At the head of Ubley Drove I would turn sharp to the right and come downhill all the way to the very door of the cottage. In the west, the lights of Clevedon swarmed and clustered through the darkness. On my walks inanimate objects often appeared to be animate: stones and trees took human shape and form. By such signs I knew I was lonely. I should not otherwise have known. I was 'apart from the world as in the grave'. And the dead are not lonely. When I got home from my walks I never looked for letters. I expected none. When work failed me and I got stuck and could make no headway, I went to bed and slept it off. In the morning the difficulty would probably have solved itself. I remembered having asked B.R. (*Bertrand Russell -Ed*) if he ever got stuck and I remembered his prompt reply: 'Yes. I was stuck for two years. When I got unstuck it took me five years to write it down.'

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I practically never went to Bristol. If I went to Bristol I had to discard my tweed suit and find respectable clothes. That upset routine. When the winter snow had melted then all the streams ran free. It loosened the ache at one's heart. Snow-drops came early. Primroses followed close. Lanes and ditches were starred with wildflowers. In the fields they appeared with startling rapidity. Crop followed crop with the certitude with which night follows day. It gave stability. Cowslips came first: down by the withy beds below the railway cutting. Goosey-gander orchids came at the same time: in the corner of William Bath's fields. Somerset cuckoo-flowers came: the best were in the fields below Bourne. When the lake meadows were enamelled with buttercups of bright gold the crescendo of colour had reached its climax.

Constance goes away to Plymouth, returns to the cottage for five months then has a trip to Ireland here she returns

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I went back to the cottage and I stayed there right through the winter and on into the spring. Christmas Day came again and I did my Christmas Day walk again. I set out soon after lunch and I noticed it was rather a nice afternoon. Before I was half way through Shipham Gorge it was snowing and sleeting like the very Old Nick (as Mrs Lyons would say). In Cheddar every cottage was closed as though plague were stalking the Gorge. A dog ran out and barked at me. I hadn't met a single soul from the time I'd left the cottage. I started to fight my way up the Gorge and I began to think I'd never do it. I was met by a howling blast hurling down the narrow corridor between the great bastions of rock. The force of the wind was something awful. The worst five miles still lay ahead of me (from the cottage round the hills and back again is very nearly twenty miles) and I pushed on as best I could. It was then snowing and sleeting and beginning to freeze. A horse started up from the ditch and went neighing wildly down the road in front of me. The wind battered my body and the hail stung my face. My eyes were streaming copiously by the time I got to Kingdown Farm. I had no feeling in my arms up to the elbow. I'd a good mind to give it up. Instead, I pushed on to the farm and I banged at the door. No one heard me. My hands were too numb to turn the handle. I kept on banging till at last they opened to me. Mother, father, and four children were huddled round the fire. I blurted out that I was half dead with cold and would they give me a drink of something hot. I was afraid to sit down because I knew I'd never get out of that room if I did. I drank some boiling tea and I thanked them and I pushed on. I had still to cross Ubley Warren and to do the last three miles from Charterhouse — along the road which runs past the now deserted Mendip Mines.

They were having a party in the kitchen when I got back to the cottage. They undressed me and Bill took a knife to cut me out of my coat because it was frozen stiff. Mrs Lyons came running up the stairs with a bucket of hot water for my trench bath and hot bottles for my bed. That night I knew what paradise was like. The sheer physical joy of bed and warmth was beyond description. If there'd been a proper bath in the cottage I'd have lain in it all night. I didn't put my nose outside the cottage again all that week. It snowed and it snowed. There was six foot of snow outside Kingdown Farm — I was told.

The newspapers said it was the hardest winter there'd been for twenty years. It was certainly the hardest I'd ever experienced and I thought of it the next year when I was doing a thirty mile tramp in the sweltering heat of the South African summer. That Christmas Day tramp in South Africa was the longest (and hottest) I'd ever done – but it was luxury compared to the shorter tramp on the Mendip Hills.

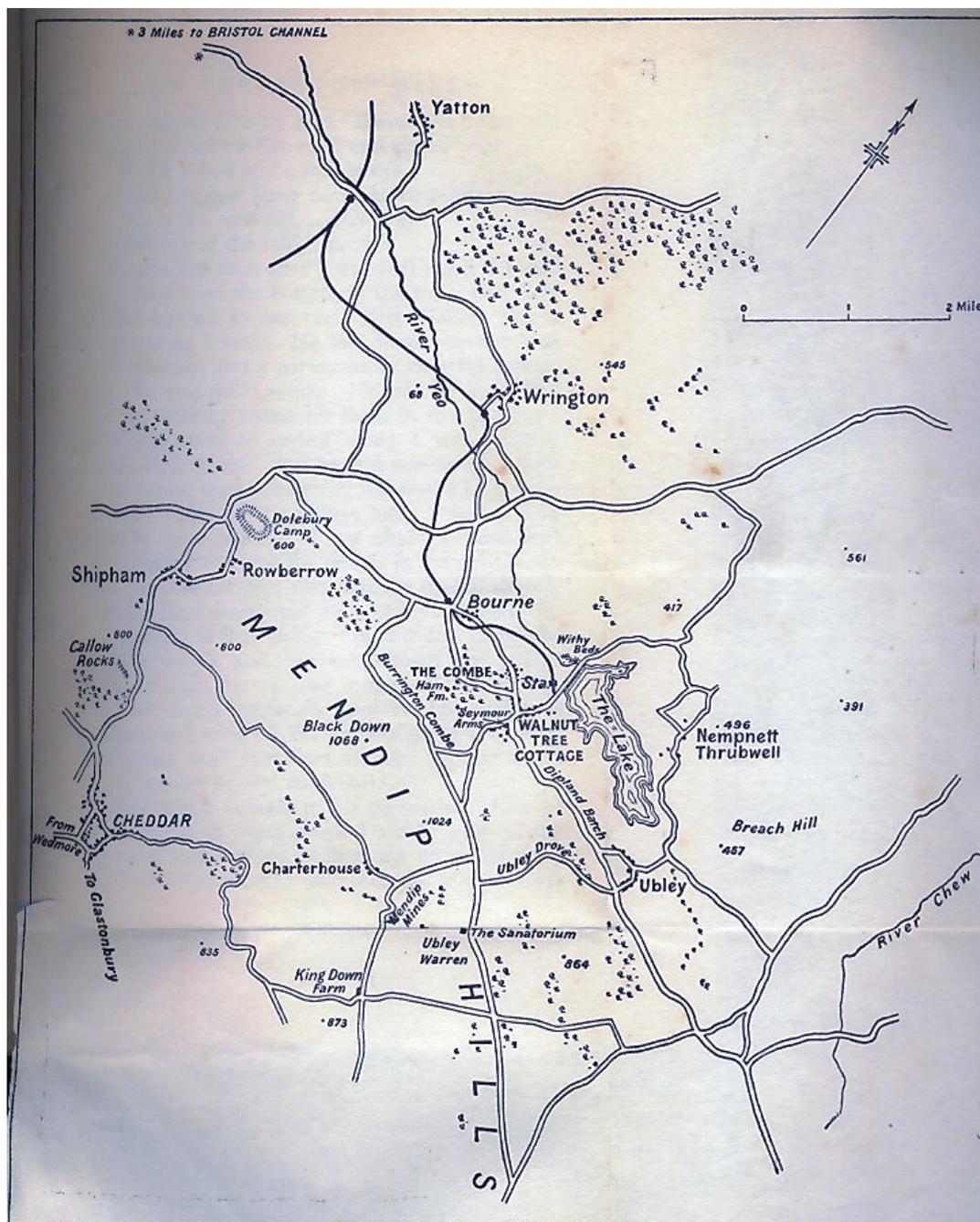
Five months later my play was put on at the Arts Theatre in London. While we were rehearsing it, I had to go backwards and forwards between London and the cottage. One night I got back rather late. I felt discouraged and tired. I dragged up the hill. No sooner had I sat down in my room than Mrs. Lyons came up to tell me that we had been given notice to quit. The cottage belonged to a railway porter and he had got a job at the station. He naturally wished to live near his job and in his own cottage. At first I couldn't take it in: it was too awful. I felt the cottage was my last stand. I was being routed from my last stand. I sat looking stupidly at Mrs Lyons. Then I asked her what she proposed to do. Her answer was worse than her original news had been. She said there was a new house being built in the village street (didn't I know it!) up by the Seymour Arms. She and Bill proposed to move in as soon as it was built. I said nothing – but my heart sank into my boots. She talked a little more about plans – and then I said I'd go up to the village and have a look at the house.

I got up and I went –just as I was. It was dark and it was raining. I hadn't bothered with an umbrella. I walked up the village street in my high heeled London shoes and my long cape and the gardenias still in my furs. The rain kept coming down and my thin suede gloves stuck to my hands like wet tissue paper. I got to the house and I began to climb the scaffolding. There were no floors in the upper storey and I crept along the slippery planks. I stood at the top of the scaffolding and I visualised what it would become: re-inforced concrete blocks, bright pink tiles – all of a pattern. Doors and windows mass-produced from some factory. All brand new. And below the windows ran the village street – with its telegraph poles. The village shop was opposite. The stucco houses were a little way down: with those pretentious black beams that had turned me back on the first day I had come to the village. The traffic (any there was) would pass right beneath my windows. Another house was being built exactly next door. I descended the scaffolding and I felt I couldn't bear it. Gone would be the quiet of the cottage down the lane. Gone would be the sight of the sun disappearing like a fiery bird into the apple trees. Gone would be the glimpse of the channel to westward: where B.R., Allen, and I, had spent our Christmases. No. I couldn't bear it. I would find some other place to live. Some farm on the hills. I walked slowly through the village, and as I walked, the other side of the question presented itself to me. I stopped once or twice and stood still and tried to get it all worked out in my mind. I tried to get it all equally balanced. It was as though I held in my hand a pair of scales. One shining half orb held a picturesque abode and quiet and peace. The other half orb held three human beings: Bill, Mrs Lyons, the wee fellow. I balanced them one against the other as I walked down the hill. By the time I got to the bottom of the hill the human beings had it: every time. The world was full of people: men and women: males and females; but there weren't many human beings among them. The human beings had it: every time. In that moment I made my decision. From that moment I threw myself heart and soul into the idea of the new house. I planned it out with Bill and Mrs Lyons. We would have a bathroom with hot and cold taps. We would have the hot pipes brought through on the inside. We would have a linen cupboard. We would have masses of drains. I would say goodbye to my trench bath and its chequered radiance.

The next morning I got up early and I went up to the house to interview the builder and to make arrangements for the rooms I was to occupy. I put the fear of God into the builder and his men. I told them they were not to cover a single brick in my rooms. Not a single piece of stone was to be painted. Not one piece of wood was to be stained or painted or varnished. If they did any of those things I'd wring their necks. I would see to the fireplace myself.

If there *had* to be Tentest on the walls the pieces were to be of uniform size. The strippings on the ceiling were to run longways. One entire side of my room was to be built-in bookshelves – from floor to ceiling. One entire side of my bedroom was to be a gigantic built-in wardrobe. I drew plans to scale. Then I went up and helped Mr Weekes from Priddy to lay the brick fireplace. When it was done, he said the bricks were ‘floating nicely’. I think that was the term he used. Then I had to go back to London to watch the rehearsals of my play. Bill and Mrs Lyons said they would see to the move for me. I said goodbye to Walnut Tree Cottage and I went back to London.

My play wasn’t a success. I can’t quite trust myself to write about it – even now. For a year I couldn’t bring myself to think about it – even inside my own mind. Every sort of failure is hard to digest – and though every person whose opinion I valued spoke well of it and every person whose opinion I disregarded spoke ill of it, and though the persons who set the ironic laughter going were persons I knew to be fools – I found that failure *very* hard to digest. I see that evening in short sharp scenes. Myself starting for the theatre full of hope – and standing at the back of the stalls. Then the rise of the curtain and the certain knowledge (fifteen minutes after it had risen) that my play was going to be killed stone dead by that Sunday night audience.



(Left) The map that appears in “After Ten Years”. It is easier to trace Lady Constance’s winter-walk on this since the significant places stand out, as they would have done then. Nowadays, with trunk roads funnelling our constant streams of traffic over the countryside, the traveller speeds by the truly interesting details of the locality. The older maps of the area show roads as important links to homesteads, farms and small villages, rather than flooded arteries to busy conurbations and cities. Try ‘the walk’ as a Christmas ‘Cobweb Dusting’ jaunt. But keep an eye on what the weather might do. The Mendips can be cruel.

Melloney and Roger Kaye's moving act of generosity in passing on the 'Stewardship'



'Stewardship', a painting of Edwin Carpenter (1899 - 1993) by Martin Bentham RWA

On the **16th September** we received an email from the History Society Chair, Sheila Johnson, saying:

"As you probably know Fir Tree Farm has been sold and Mell & co are in the process of packing up ready to leave. I spent the morning with Mell and she has very kindly handed over the photo albums showing Fir Tree Farm before conversion, including very detailed annotated photographs taken by Neil Bentham which highlight many interesting features. The last tenant, Edwin Carpenter, was born and died in the house (aged 89) and the house retains many of the original features including two plank doors with 17th century door hinges (wonderful!) and several original fireplaces which were uncovered, having been added through the centuries as the house grew in size. It is thought that a house has stood on this site since before Domesday.

These records have been accepted on the proviso that if the society closes the documents will be offered to Somerset Heritage Centre.

In addition, Roger and Mell have very generously given the Society the Martin Bentham painting of Edwin Carpenter in Fir Tree Farm and a framed aerial photo of the farm, before and after conversion. Some of you will be aware that the boundaries changed when the Wills Estate extended the car park for the Queen Adelaide and also provided access to the rear of High Street Cottages. The early aerial view shows Orchard Cottages and High Street Cottages, both of which were built by W H Wills. A fascinating and well documented addition to our archives!"

In response to committee members replies of warm gratitude Sheila added:

"Yes, they have been generous - they see themselves as custodians of the house and are now ready to let someone else take over. The thought that went into the conversion is outstanding, retaining so many old features in a subtle way - imagine seeing 17th century hinges!

The cider press is still there, as is the old pump over the well in the back room, sympathetically preserved next to a new Belfast sink with taps. Neil's photographs are brilliant - so much detail, and we have the original auction document which shows the floor plan before conversion."

On the **12th December** Sheila wrote:

We have now received the promised painting from Fir Tree Farm and Martin came to the Lodge yesterday to advise on the best place to hang it. He kindly came back in the afternoon and hung the painting, no easy feat as it's quite large. It's one of those paintings where the eyes follow you around the room! I hope you like it, he has included a lot of historical elements from Fir Tree Farm and it really captures the very essence of Edwin.

THE ARTIST'S STATEMENT

The artist Martin Bentham added a brief statement with the painting, showing how the painting, the house, his father and its residents are both linked into and are part of the history of this ancient house.

"Edwin Carpenter lived in Fir Tree Farm, Blagdon, as tenant farmer. The farm was owned by the Coombe Lodge and Langford Court estate.

This painting is a combination of other paintings that I did between 1989 to 1993, notably, *Edwin's Cider Press* (1989); *The Old Stable, Edwin's Farm* (1989); *Portrait of Edwin* (1993) and *Nearing Re-union* (1993). I composed it from memory, invention and reference material - sketches and photos, and brought lots of things together.

Edwin had sadly passed away before I did this painting.

In '*Stewardship*', Edwin holds a bucket and the door frame leading into the cider-press room (the cider-press is still there) to show he is strongly a part of the place. A cider mug with *God Speed the Plough* is relevant to his occupation. I introduced the mirror from my painting entitled; *Edwin's Kitchen* (1992) because I thought it could show more about Edwin's long life ... he looks out towards us, the viewer, but into the mirror, past me painting him towards his dearly beloved wife Edith (who he lost earlier in his life) maybe in thought on his past. The door beyond the cider-press is there in reality, but the view we see is changed to show Blagdon churchyard in which Edwin now sleeps.

Melloney and Roger Kaye bought Fir Tree farm in 1994 and carried out extensive renovations with the help of architect Dr Neil Bentham ARIBA (my father). They purchased the painting soon afterwards and suggested that I entitled it '*Stewardship*' with considerations regarding 'one looks after' OR is the 'steward' of a building in one's lifetime, eventually to pass it on to future generations."

[Editor comment] It is things like this that 'make your day'. Something that kindles the fading embers of hope. With the generosity of spirit that has manifested itself in this gift and adding to this the confluence of work and creativity that has gone into the house and the painting, it makes you feel that despite the constant moribund news that has come to us over the last year, there is hope for, not just our little world of Blagdon, but the world as a whole.

Happy Christmas!

And now for a star turn from our Society Chair **Sheila Johnson**

- hot off the press, here is a piece that not only follows on from last issue's history of Blagdon Inns, it will remind our readers that the backdrops of so many Christmas Festivities, were the village beer houses. "History was writ within these walls!" We might cry, "And so may it be again!"

Beerhouses

Inns, described in the last newsletter, were different from pubs and alehouses as they were primarily concerned with providing accommodation for travellers. These hostelrys were identifiable by the carriage entrance and/or stabling required for the traveller's horses and most sizable settlements had an inn by the 15th century. The development of the coaching trade in the 17th century gave rise to the coaching inn which flourished in smaller towns along the coaching routes from London until the establishment of the railways in the mid-19th century.

In the 18th century gin consumption had reached worrying levels, particularly in London. It destroyed the health of the people, causing misery with high rates of infant mortality, crime and prostitution. Satirical artist William Hogarth used his etching skills to support the Gin Act of 1751 whereby various taxes and duties made gin out of the reach of the labouring poor. *Gin Alley* and *Beer Street* warn of the dangers of gin consumption while extolling the benefits of beer drinking: <https://www.royalacademy.org.uk/article/hogarth-gin-lane-beer-street>

There was another upsurge in gin drinking at the beginning of the 19th century. The Government of the 1820s and 1830s were keen to promote beer drinking instead of spirits, especially gin. Beer was taxed which meant the cost could be prohibitive to the working man despite that fact that beer was safer to drink than water. Water at this time was untreated and could be dangerous to drink - NB. but not so in Blagdon as we had the benefit of springs and wells supplying good pure water, another reason for the relative longevity of our residents.

On July 23, 1830, Parliament passed "An Act to permit the general Sale of Beer and Cyder by Retail in England." Commonly known as the Beer Act of 1830, this law called for a major overhaul of the way beer and cider were taxed and distributed in England and Wales. It abolished the beer tax and extended the opening hours of existing licensed public houses, taverns and alehouses from 15 to 18 hours a day. The intention of the act was to increase competition between brewers.

The Beer Act stipulated that a new type of drinking establishment, the beer shop, or beer house, could now be opened by any rate-paying householder in England or Wales. For a modest annual licensing fee of two guineas (£2.10), rate-payers in England could now purchase a license to brew and sell beer from their own residence. Opening hours were from 4am to 10pm and it was not uncommon for people to call in for a drink on the way to work in the morning.

The excise licence stated whether the beer could be consumed on the premises (beerhouse) or as off-sales only (beershop). The Act resulted in the opening of hundreds of new beerhouses and breweries throughout the country. Supervision of these establishments by local justices was reduced - this was not popular with the local magistrates and gentry, and stricter controls were reintroduced in the Wine and Beerhouse Act of 1869.

Beerhouses in Blagdon

By the time of the 1841 census there were two beerhouses in Blagdon, one at Old Cottages, Church Street and the other at Utree on the corner of Street End Lane (see below).

The 1842 tithe apportionment shows John and Mary Stephens occupying Old Cottages and the census for 1841 and 1851 list his occupation as beer house keeper and beer retailer respectively. The 1861 census records widow Mary Stephens running a beerhouse near Park House (New Inn?) with John and Harriet Carpenter probably in Old Cottages - John's occupation was butcher and beerhouse keeper. Butcher John Davis and

family are listed next door. John Tregellas from Cornwall, a farmer of 90 acres and a beer retailer, occupied what is now The Plume of Feathers. Two other beer retailers were listed - John Woolford in the High Street in 1851 and Levi Watts at Ellick in 1861.

By the time of the 1871 census the number of beerhouses had increased again. Mary Stephens had been replaced by Miss Mary Andrews (probably in the premises now known as the New Inn) and Joseph Allen was running a beerhouse near the school. Butcher John Davis had opened The Butcher's Arms near to what was later the Live and Let Live in the Score (see below).

As time went on it is not easy to identify the properties used as beerhouses from the census without the assistance of a document such as the tithe apportionment. Utree Cottage and Old Cottages were listed from 1841. The Queen Adelaide opened soon afterwards followed by The Plume of Feathers, The New Inn and The Live and Let Live.

Utree Cottage, Street End Lane

A beerhouse run by George and Elizabeth Brunt for over thirty years, they had retired from the business by the time of the 1881 census. In keeping with other beerhouses in the village the cottage was split into two dwellings.

George Brunt (1808 - 1887) the publican was a timber merchant, and he is also reputed to have extracted teeth with a boot crook - a forked device for pulling on jack boots.

All went well until August 1872 when PC Windmill observed several customers buying beer on Sunday morning before 12:30pm and (worse still) before the end of morning service at Blagdon church - namely 10:30am. When George Brunt went to renew his licence later in the year it was refused.

Utree Cottage, Street End Lane



Queen Adelaide

Mrs Clement's house was first mentioned in the vestry minutes of 1844, although it wasn't listed as such in the 1851 census. By 1861 Samuel Clements Jnr is recorded as a beerhouse keeper living with his 13 year old daughter Emma who was born in the Cape of Good Hope. The house was named Queen Adelaide. The photograph shows the property was split into two dwellings, the right-hand part was let.

The Clements family also owned the adjoining cottage known as Uitenage named after a South African town in the Eastern Cape Province. Samuel's parents lived in the cottage whilst he was landlord, and Emma retired there.



Emma Clements married local tailor George Harris in 1869 and they had nine children several of whom opened their own businesses in the High Street. Perhaps because of the increasing size of their family the Harrises gave up the beerhouse in 1879 and moved to the other side of the village where George continued to work as a tailor. Subsequent landlords included Joseph Gray, and retired army pensioner Edwin Robinson who had served 20 years in the army, much of it in India.

By 1882 the Queen Adelaide was owned by Oakhill brewery. Next came Thomas Hurlston (from 1887) followed by William Lyons (1902 - 1908) and Blagdon's first water bailiff Gilbert Day. During the 1890s the premises were frequently used for coroner's inquests which included a number of fatal accidents at the waterworks. George and Emma's son



Archie (1890 - 1976), and his wife became tenants of the Queen Adelaide in 1924 when Gilbert Day moved to the Seymour Arms. Archie also ran a car hire business from nearby Central Garage (built by the Harris brothers) and he also made bird tables. The Queen was owned by Ashton Gate Brewery Co and subsequently taken over by Georges Breweries, at which time Archie was asked

to sign a new agreement. All went well until 1939 when Georges' gave Archie three months' notice to quit. He went to court stating his grandfather had built the premises and, claiming an unblemished character, wanted to know why he was being evicted. Unfortunately the agreement he signed with Georges Brewery stated he could be given notice without reason at any time. After several failed court appearances Archie left the Queen Adelaide and Alfred Greenslade took over.

Alfred (1886 - 1950) had served 22 years in the Royal Navy and had subsequently run a bakery business and guest house in and around Wedmore. In 1940 the brewery applied for a wine licence, but this was opposed by representatives of The George and Seymour Arms and so it was refused. Georges brewery also owned the New Inn, another beerhouse. Alfred and his wife Lucy were well liked in the community. Their three daughters married by the 1940s - Marjorie married Bob Gulliver in 1937 and continued to live in the village. Iris married Ronald Veater in 1943 and Yvonne married Hugh Veater in 1949 - the Veaters were brothers.

The brewery did not permit the Greenslades to serve food, only sandwiches at Christmas. Alfred wore a bow tie, he never drank, and he had a 'pipe with horns'. Rooms were let during the Greenslade's tenancy. It was recognised as a Waterworks pub as their employees used to drink there.

In August 1950 Alfred lost his life in a tragic accident at Redhill involving a Bristol Tramways coach, a lorry laden with sheet aluminium and his car. He was thrown over 200 feet out of his vehicle and the car was reduced to matchwood.

Lucy Greenslade obtained a wine licence in 1953. It was not until April 1959, after the closure of the George Inn at the end of 1958, that a full license was granted - the New Inn was granted a full license at the same time. The Greenslade's tenancy came to an end in 1964.

In March 1975 the sale of a *charming old inn with large 36 ft Lounge bar, comfortable three bedroomed owner's suite, cellar and car park* was auctioned by Courage Western.

The Queen Adelaide was bought by Mr A J Clarke of Kingham in Oxfordshire for £27,500. Mr Clarke had recently returned from America was formerly circulation manager of the Daily Mirror and publicity director for IPC newspapers. He and his wife Joan were to receive a two-week training course before moving to the Queen Adelaide in May. The Clarkes carried out various alterations to the premises, creating a lounge in the loft in 1977 and erecting a wall and covered area in 1978.

Sometime afterwards the ownership passed from the brewery to the Wills' Estate and in 1997 alterations were made to extend the carpark and provide off street parking for High Street Cottages. Subsequent landlords were Albert Horn, Richard Sheldrake (1968), Duncan Harrison, Mike Watson, Mike Loveless (2010), Phil and Pauline Hogan (2011), Colin Chappell (2014) - can anyone help with the names of recent landlords? The pub is currently closed and awaiting new tenants once the Covid pandemic has settled down.

The Live and Let Live



Live and Let Live c1930s before development of bungalows opposite (Joan Lyons)

In 1841 the property was a small cottage occupied by William and Louisa Challenger. William was the brother of teazle dealer John Challenger who lived at Fir Tree Farm. He died in 1852 aged 59 and his wife Louisa in 1865 aged 77. The 1871 census shows widower John Davis, butcher and beer retailer, running the Butcher's Arms in the vicinity of this cottage. In 1868 John's son William Davis was charged with damaging

the lock on the door of Joseph Allen's beerhouse. It was said they were neighbours and on bad terms. John Davis' licence was refused in 1873 *for non-improvement of premises contrary to condition on renewal in 1872*.

Joseph Allen died in 1875 and his widow Mary Anne continued to run the beerhouse for a few more years. John Davis died in 1879 aged 67. The occupiers of the beerhouse were tenants - the premises were owned by carpenter Richard Gallop who had a house and workshop on the Bath Road. After his death in 1889 the premises and other property were left in trust to his widowed daughter Sarah Prior.

In 1879 William Davis applied for the transfer of license from Mary Ann Allen, he had obtained a temporary license but had discovered that the license of the previous occupant had been endorsed. Mary Anne had been caught serving beer after hours, local police discovered one customer hiding under a bed in an upstairs room! The license for William was approved, and from an advert in the local press we know the house was called Live and Let Live from at least 1882. William Davis died in 1882 and his widow Mary ran the beerhouse with help from her mother Sarah Phillips. When Mary died in 1887 her mother took over the licence, and in 1896 it was transferred it to James James, husband of her daughter Elizabeth.

Elizabeth James is remembered with great affection, she served beer in a square jug, pouring the beer or cider into glasses. In Mrs James' time it was a cottage pub, a cider house. There was a small holding reaching to the top of Score Lane, including an orchard measuring in total over three acres. Cider was brewed on the premises. As young lads, Jim Lyons and George Wilson helped look after animals.

Mrs James retired in 1928, the stock was sold along with poultry, dairy utensils and cider and the licence was transferred to her son-in-law Mr. Sid Boulton, a well-known pianist at the Kings Picture House in Bristol in the days of silent films. The premises were sold following the death of Sarah Prior in 1932 and Mr and Mrs Jack Wren took over briefly when it was being altered and extended from a cottage to include a modern façade – the house had to stay open. A three-seater toilet was the first thing to be taken away and the last thing to be rebuilt!

Memories of Joan Lyons:

My family, Mr Albert Stokes, his wife Beatrice, her sister, known to all as Auntie Edie, and myself, only daughter Joan, came from Bristol to live at the 'Live and Let Live' from 1933-1960. At that time it was just an alehouse owned by Oakhill Breweries and had just been modernised from a small cottage pub, the only entrance from Score Lane, outside double loo in back garden.

My people catered for Bed/Breakfast, luncheon, teas, evening meals, the lot. It was mostly fishermen who stayed. Such people as the comedian Will Fyffe, Nero and Knox of the Crazy Gang and many interesting people. Every Saturday Auntie would play the piano in the Tap Room and the same locals would, in turn, sing their favourite songs and everyone joined in the chorus. Chrissie Tidball always sang 'The Man who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo', marching up and down as he sang. Tom Spurling sang 'The Flora Dance' and Bert Buxton sang 'O, to be a Farmer's Boy.'

The Live and Let Live obtained a wine licence in 1948 and a full licence in 1956. In 1960 Albert Stokes retired and the licence was transferred to Mr Bob Gulliver – his wife Marjorie was the daughter of Alfred Greenslade former landlord of the Queen Adelaide. The Gullivers were filmed by David Veater in 1985 when they described the curious events which had taken place in the pub, thought to be evidence of haunting.



The Live and Let Live as many people in Blagdon remember it before it was demolished in 2012. Conjecture was rife at the time as to whether knocking it down got rid of the ghost.

In the early 1980s Mr. & Mrs. Bob Gulliver retired after more than 20 years.

Les and Wyn Wagstaff took over in January 1986 and carried out a number of alterations. A restaurant extension, kitchen, pool room and extra bedrooms were built in 1996/97 – there were nine en-suite rooms which were popular with fishermen during the season.

Two other landlords followed after which the pub closed and the premises were sold. In 2012 the Live and Let Live was demolished to make way for much needed affordable housing in the village.

New Inn

The tithe apportionment and census for 1841 shows Rebecca Stephens as owner and occupier of the premises now known as The New Inn with adjoining orchard. She was a woman of independent means, living with her nephew Henry Somers who was a cattle dealer.

As mentioned above it is possible that Miss Mary Andrews was the first licensee – she was listed in the Trade directory for 1866 and in the 1871 census where she was recorded in *Andrew's beerhouse* occupation 'shopkeeper and beerhouse'. However an application for a full license in 1956 stated the premises had been licensed from 1869, but this may relate to later records from the brewery. In common with the other beerhouses the upper



end was a private property let as a separate dwelling.

During Gilbert Lyons tenancy the lower end was part disused, part used as a cellar. There was a large orchard running down the east side and from which the apples were used to make their own cider for sale on the premises.

The 1871 census lists Henry Wood *late innkeeper* in Rickford with his wife Elizabeth. Henry had been landlord of the Seymour Arms and also worked as a carrier. In 1872 the licence of the New Inn was transferred from Mary Andrews to Henry Wood.

Henry Wood died in 1879 aged 38 and the licence was transferred to Elizabeth. The 1881 census shows Elizabeth with children William Henry aged 14 and Mary Ann aged 10, her occupation was innkeeper. The premises were run as a smallholding with poultry and pigs, and a productive orchard. By 1891 the business had expanded and Elizabeth's occupation was listed as Pork Butcher, Grocer and beer retailer, her daughter Mary was working as a stocking manufacturer.

After the death of Rebecca Stephens in 1851 the ownership of the premises had passed to the Somers family who ran the bakery in Gilcombe House. Elizabeth was a yearly tenant of the New Inn. In 1898 the estate of William Somers including the bakery business, New Inn and other property was auctioned at the Seymour Arms. The inn contained a sitting room, smoke room, tap room, five bedrooms, kitchen, cellar and offices. The house had recently been re-roofed. There was also an orchard, garden, two-stalled stable, cart house and privy, and a good supply of water. The premises were bought by John Davis for £630 and Elizabeth Wood and family moved to the Bath Road in what is now known as School Farm where she continued to run a grocery shop.

William Lyons took over the tenancy for a few years from 1901 -1902, followed by Gilbert Lyons (cousin?) who was to remain landlord until his death in 1940. Sometime during this period the premises were acquired by Georges Brewery.

Gilbert Lyons was a butcher and ran a coal business from the site. Winnie Filer, later Mrs Charlie Carpenter, helped with the coal round. Eventually Gilbert bought a Peerless lorry and then a Vulcan and then they delivered as far as Chelvey (see memories of Ivan Carpenter). Gilbert used a shop for his butcher's trade in the grounds of Gannet Cottage nearby. After Gilbert's death in 1940 tenants included footballer Jonah Wilcox (1894 - 1956). His clubs included Bristol City, New Brighton, Bristol Rovers and Gillingham.



Roger Sheppard held the licence from September 1955 when his parents William and Anne bought the inn from Georges Bristol brewery - at aged 18 he was the youngest landlord in the country.

An application for a full licence was refused in 1956 and 57, the latter was opposed by the Baptist and Methodist Churches, Rev Marriott, representatives of the Seymour Arms, George Inn, and Live and Let Live and a petition signed by 31 residents.

A wine licence was granted to Roger Sheppard in February 1958. Roger claimed significant improvements had cost £4,000 and there was more to be done. In 1958 the licence was transferred to his father William and in 1959 a further application was made for a full license, claiming that £6,000 had been spent on improvements including a large car park for 50 cars. It was the headquarters for the rugby club and the cricket club and many fishermen stayed there. The full licence was agreed, partly assisted by the closure of the George Inn at the end of 1958.

Bill and Anne Sheppard continued as landlords until they sold the inn to Wadworths in 1964. In 1973 Wadworths submitted a planning application for a new bar, stores, kitchen and toilets.

Subsequent landlords include: Edward Endres (1973), David Pillinger (1974), Mr Robert Brinkley Bonomay Price, Denise and Michael Loveless, Robert Price (2010), Anne and Patrick McCann, Roger and Jacqueline Owen, and Iain and Lynda Webb (née Owen).

The pub is currently closed awaiting new tenants once the Covid epidemic becomes under control. This is becoming a dangerous theme in the village. As soon as this pandemic is over we have get back out there and help to inject new life into these social life lines.

Whilst we are on the subject of pubs and beerhouses.....

we have a little snippet of George Wilson's memories of the Score, which includes many recollections about the Live and Let Live. The thoughts must stretch back to the 1920s since its Elizabeth James who was the landlady at the time and she was to retire in 1928. Also he describes the place as being owned by Oakhill Brewery, which burnt down in 1924 and was subsequently taken over by Courage. It was famous for its 'Invalid Stout'. I'm not sure whether it called that because it was suitable for invalids or if that's how it made you feel after an evening session drinking it!

Memories of the Score by George Wilson



Score Lane with Hiles Cottage in the foreground and the school and Live and Let Live in the centre. Note the smallholding behind the Live and Let Live and the orchards

Score Lane is now a busy road with all the housing development which has taken place since the 1940s-50s. But sixty years ago it was a narrow lane wide enough for wagon or carts and only roughly surfaced, with the 'Live and Let Live' on the right at the entrance to the lane, and on the left the school-children's garden where boys of 11 years had their first elementary gardening lessons. Some will remember the well with its pump which supplied water to the farm, which once stood there.



Score Lane was better known to locals as Hiles' Lane, named from William Hiles who with his wife Lucy occupied one of the two thatched cottages at the top of the lane. Other residents were Mr. & Mrs. Harry Hollier and their son Jack, and later Mr. & Mrs. Higginson and family. The ruins of these cottages are still partly visible.

A high retaining wall with entrance steps to East End Bungalows bordered the lane, and beyond this was Tom Derrick's orchard. There was no through way to the fields on the left until the East Croft development took place.

Nearby was another well with an iron or steel pump at its head for use by anyone needing water. You must remember that there were only water mains on the main highway, and drinking water was obtained from 'stand pipes' at frequent intervals, usually where habitation was greatest. One such stand pipe is still preserved at Bell Square.

The lane gave access to the field known as The Score, which still has the remains of a lime-kiln; also to 'Headlands', a field farmed by Mr. Samuel Baker of Honeysuckle Farm, Church Street. From the lane a footpath led to Leaze Farm and another to Stoodley which led eventually to Blackdown. Some East End and Church Street people will remember when as children they went to pick whortleberries on Blackdown.

The 'Live and Let Live', popularly known as 'Live & Die', was the property of Oakhill Brewery, and had the facilities of a small-holding and an orchard above running up to Headland. What is now a car pull-in on Bath Road was then part of an orchard with a 10ft wall, near which were two or three Douglas fir trees. A pair of wide doors in this wall gave access to the rear, but the only entrance to the public house was off Score Lane. Oh yes, and the toilet was a galvanised shed on the lawn!

The 'Live & Let Live' had only a 'Beer, Ale, Cider and Porter' licence - no spirits or wines. It was generally known that any stranger was limited to one pint of beer and then asked to move on, such being the great strength of Oakhill beer. This did not inhibit the consumption of that Somerset drink, cider.

It was best not to enquire too closely about the 'best ginger brandy' - some might say it tasted more like port! Table quoits was a popular game, but at closing time on Saturday nights the board would be put away, to be brought out again on Monday. No games on Sundays in those days!

Having worked as a boy before and after school for the landlady, Mrs. Elizabeth James, I can reveal what a great lady and character she was. I have seen her spread the milk in big flat pans, skim the cream off next morning, and in summer this was lowered in a bucket down the well to keep cool. When sufficient cream was accumulated, salt, etc., was added and my job was to turn the glass container into which the cream was put until the butter was made. It would then be cut in sections and stamped with a wooden mould crest ready for sale; no doubt this was the practice of many a farmer's wife.

The Swancombe development now occupies the place where the farm buildings stood - cowshed, stable, cart-shed, pigsties and cider-house complete with press where the apples from the orchard were pulped to make cider for sale in the 'Live and Let Live'. I remember once when the apple pulp was around and my job was to clean out the pig-sty; I found the pigs liked the pulp, and when they were let out they were in a state of intoxication, rolling around unable to stand, much to the consternation of Jim Lyons and Mrs. James. You can imagine that I knew nothing - and got away with it! The orchard was eventually sold to Axbridge RDC who built a pair of houses for farm workers, the first houses in what is now West Croft.

As you can see, the occupation of beerhouse landlord wasn't necessarily the only means of sustaining a living. Gilbert Lyons of the New Inn was running a coal delivery service as well as a butcher shop just down the road. They were building birdhouses at 'the Queen', timber merchant and 'dentist' at the UTree, and butcher at the Live. It was as if any waking time that you had spare was to be used in some sort of useful or remunerative occupation. Taking Gilbert Lyons as a particular example. On the next page are Ivan Carpenter's memories of the man and his family.

Gilbert Lyons, Inn keeper and coal merchant

Memories of Ivan Carpenter

Gilbert Lyons was landlord of The New Inn and had a yard on the site where he bagged coal. It was one of the biggest stocks in Blagdon and he had it guarded by a little dog. He obtained his coal by hauling it himself from various pits in the Somerset Coalfield and by rail – the latter coal probably came from South Wales; it was the best quality. Some of the pits he used were Stanton Drew (a soft coal), Radstock, Farrington Gurney (good quality coal) and Old Mills.

Winnie Filer (later Carpenter) was the second of seven children living in Stones Cottage, Station Road. The eldest was May, then Winnie followed by Bett (later Shaw), Reg, Gwen, Leslie and Mary. Their father Arthur Filer was an engineer at the Waterworks. Later they moved a short distance down the road to Station Hill Cottage which was owned by the Waterworks.



Gilbert Lyons and Auntie Beat

Winnie went to live in with her 'Uncle Gilb and Auntie Beat' when she left school in the 1920s, helping in the Inn and with the coal business. The pub was a traditional one with sawdust on the floor and cider made on the premises. Winnie also did some polishing at the Waterworks.

When he was aged seven or eight Ivan Carpenter used to go down some Sunday mornings taking a jug to turn the warmed milk in a separator to produce cream. He returned home with half a pint of cream which cost sixpence.



Winnie would take the horse and cart to a pit in Farrington Gurney to get a good quality hard coal, which was notable for its lack of stones and brassy patches of iron pyrite. On the return journey they would wait at the bottom of Dipland Batch until the second horse Prince arrived to haul the load up the steep hill – the timing was by experience. Ivan's father Charlie rode Prince, which was an ex-army horse, blind in one eye. Gilbert had a field where he produced hay for his horses.

Gilbert had a field where he produced hay for his horses. On delivery days, a ton of coal would be weighed out into sacks. Winnie was able to carry the one hundredweight sacks, even to George King's cottage up the top of Sladacre Lane. Eventually Gilbert bought a Peerless lorry and then a Vulcan and then they delivered as far as Chelvey.

When Winnie married Charlie, they moved to the white cottage just above the coach garage in Street End – 'Twincott' today. At that time Teddie Carpenter used to fetch small amounts of the white sand from the top of Sand Pit Lane for housewives to use for polishing their front door steps. Later they moved to Number 3 Mount Pleasant in Grib Lane. Their neighbours were the Cobbs in No 1, The Raysons in No 2 and the Griffins in No 4 – Mr Griffin was an engine driver who lived with his sister.

Letters to the Editor.....

Putting names to Faces

From: Mike Adams

Sent: 02 November 2020 13:38

Subject: Blagdon Life & Times No3 - Flower Show pic. Question about the identity of the members

Hello Peter

I have had an email from Ben May saying the newsletters are brilliant and thanks. He has forwarded them on to his sister Belinda in Perth Western Australia.

She has helped provide information to the question about the identities of the flower show helpers and committee members.

On page 19 of No3 – the helpers & committee members of the flower show - the 3 ladies on the left are

Jean Tucker, Pam May (Ben's Mum) & Jessie Jane (his Gran-Pam's Mother). The photo must have been taken in the 1950s, but doesn't know the exact year.



Ben adds that he knows both his Mother & Grandmother moved to Blagdon in September 1951 so it was after then.

A Differing of opinions on the Monmouth Rebellion etc

Back in October our Treasurer, Ken Parsons, gave an excellent account of the Monmouth Rebellion against King James II. Charles Crawford wrote in to congratulate Ken.

On 08/10/2020 09:28, Charles Crawford wrote:

A most interesting and thoroughly researched talk, Ken, Thank you. Unfortunately, I could not stay to the Q & A as supper was calling but I still learnt a lot more about the rebellion that hitherto, some of which will be useful in my role as a cathedral guide.

You may not know but 2 bishops of Bath and Wells played important roles during and after the rebellion.

The first, Peter Mews (1673-84) is sometimes referred to as the 'Bombardier Bishop'. A staunch royalist he fought with Charles I at Naseby and was wounded and taken prisoner. The portrait in the palace shows him flaunting his 'war wound' clearly visible on his cheek. He was translated to Winchester (richest see in the country) in 1684 but during Monmouth's retreat from Keynsham, he decided to follow their movements and on the night before Sedgemoor he went spying on them and realised the Royalist army artillery was pointing in the wrong direction in relation to the likely attack. He informed Churchill and then unhitched his horses from his carriage in order to help re-position the guns. Later although remaining a supporter of James, it did not prevent him from becoming one of the '7 bishops' imprisoned in the Tower for signing the Declaration of Indulgence. His distinctive banner hangs in the Quire and is emblazoned with cannons in recognition of his military connections.

The second, was his successor, Thomas Ken. Ken who is considered perhaps the most saintly of past bishops ministered to the rebel prisoners during their internment in the cloisters. He also ministered to Monmouth in the Tower on the eve of his execution and attended him on the scaffold. A man of great principle (he had come to the notice of Charles II due to his refusal to provide accomodation for Nell Gwynne during a visit to Winchester by the king. Ken was at the time chaplain to the bishop) he was deprived of his bishopric in 1691 due to his refusal to sign the oath of allegiance to William and Mary on the grounds he has already done this already to a monarch who still lived. This was to him an unbreakable point of principle notwithstanding as a staunch Protestant he was no fan of James.

During the march towards Keynsham when Monmouth's army passed through Wells, some of the rebel soldiers billeted themselves in the cathedral and did further damage to stained glass and statuary which has survived the Civil War. In the circumstances, it was remarkable Ken was so sympathetic to the rebels later on!

Many thanks
Charles

On publication of the newsletter Ken offered qualified praise and replied to Charles's comment:

Congratulations on the Newsletter - an enormous amount of work I'm sure. I have 6 comments:

I've found some of the newspaper cuttings are virtually impossible to read the text - and I've got a 21" screen on my computer. Printing it out did not help. In the end, it was possible but I could not be bothered to make the extreme effort, I'm afraid, and if I couldn't....A lot of people these days will be viewing on a tablet or mobile phone. Could you photoshop to improve the contrast if nothing else?

page 16: I am interested to know the source for John Gallop saying they gave up fruit growing because of a sugar shortage. After his wife Sybil died, we used to have John (our nextdoor neighbour) round for Sunday dinner quite regularly and often discussed his farming and subsequent careers (he sang for his supper!). The story I remember (and this is going back a few years now) was that they (like most other small fruit growers in the country) quite simply gave up because it was difficult to grow small fruit to get a reliable harvest, prices were kept down (by imports?) and crucially nobody in the more affluent late 50s of full employment wanted to do poorly paid back-breaking fruit picking work. I had never heard a shortage of sugar being a factor (which isn't to say it wasn't) but it did come off rationing in 1953 and I do distinctly remember in my own family in two different

households that big pots of fruit and sugar stewing away on gas stoves and the massed ranks of Kilner jars - certainly in a domestic context buying sugar did not seem a problem. Happy to be corrected about sugar but I am certain it was a more complex decision. John may well have used "sugar shortage" as a way of diverting responsibility from the family for the decision but we'll probably never know. I should have made notes at the time!

Page 20: elements of Charles Crawford's account of Peter Mews are wrong - this incident is well recorded. Mews was not spying on the rebels, he was in the Royalist camp at the time. The rebels were able to approach the Royalist camp undetected and unspied upon until a properly posted picket observed them and raised the alarm. The bishop was active in providing his coach horses to move the Royalist cannon, but only because the civilian drivers had disappeared - a dynamic action for which all credit. But he was at the field of battle as an observer, a tourist, and did not inform Churchill what to do (what military officer would take much heed of a civilian of whatever status at times like these and it was blindingly obvious anyway what to do?) and in any case Churchill was not in overall command - he was subordinate to Feversham who would make such decisions. Mew's role was important enough and a good enough story without embellishing it. I am sure, given the larger than life man, that the story did get embellished over the second bottle of port in his later life and that this is the version extant in the cathedral cloisters (we all do it)! Secondly, I am fairly certain (although hard to prove a negative) that no prisoners were "interned" (peculiar terminology) in the cloisters of the cathedral. They were kept in the city gaol and in St Cuthbert's church. The cloisters were used to hold prisoners temporarily on the days of the Assize Courts, being conveniently close to the Market Square where the trials were held, and it is possible Ken did administer to them then - or indeed elsewhere in Wells. Obviously sources can differ and knowing that Charles is a guide at the Cathedral, I hesitate to contradict him, but.....

The intro to Sheila's inn article is rather suspect. To start with, England didn't exist as a concept for much of the period she alludes to - "English life" had no meaning for much of the period. Generally historians date the unification of England to the reign of Athelstan (from memory about 830). We know about inns in England from Chaucer's writings (1380s) and certainly from then on there is a fairly good record. Perhaps solve the problem by deleting this introductory paragraph as sliding over 1700 years of history in 12 lines and not adding much to the article?

I would just comment on your comment (page 1) that newspaper cuttings showed little emotional concern. I think this is partly simply the style of newspaper reporting at the time (no Redtops back then), partly that back then stuff happened to people, you expected life to be hard. In 1843 about a third of children born in Blagdon died before the age of 5 (this is kosher gen., I've analysed the death records of the time - I might write it up if you're interested), and so attitudes to child deaths had to be very different. If you had 3 kids and on average one would die, with a lot more dying before the age of marriage. You had to be fatalistic to survive mentally. It was God's will. Different times!

Thanks for all your work on this.
Best wishes,
Ken

Sheila Johnson commented in respect the story about John Gallup:

It was John Gallop who said the shortage of sugar put paid to jam making, he wasn't definite about the date. I had a quick look on Google

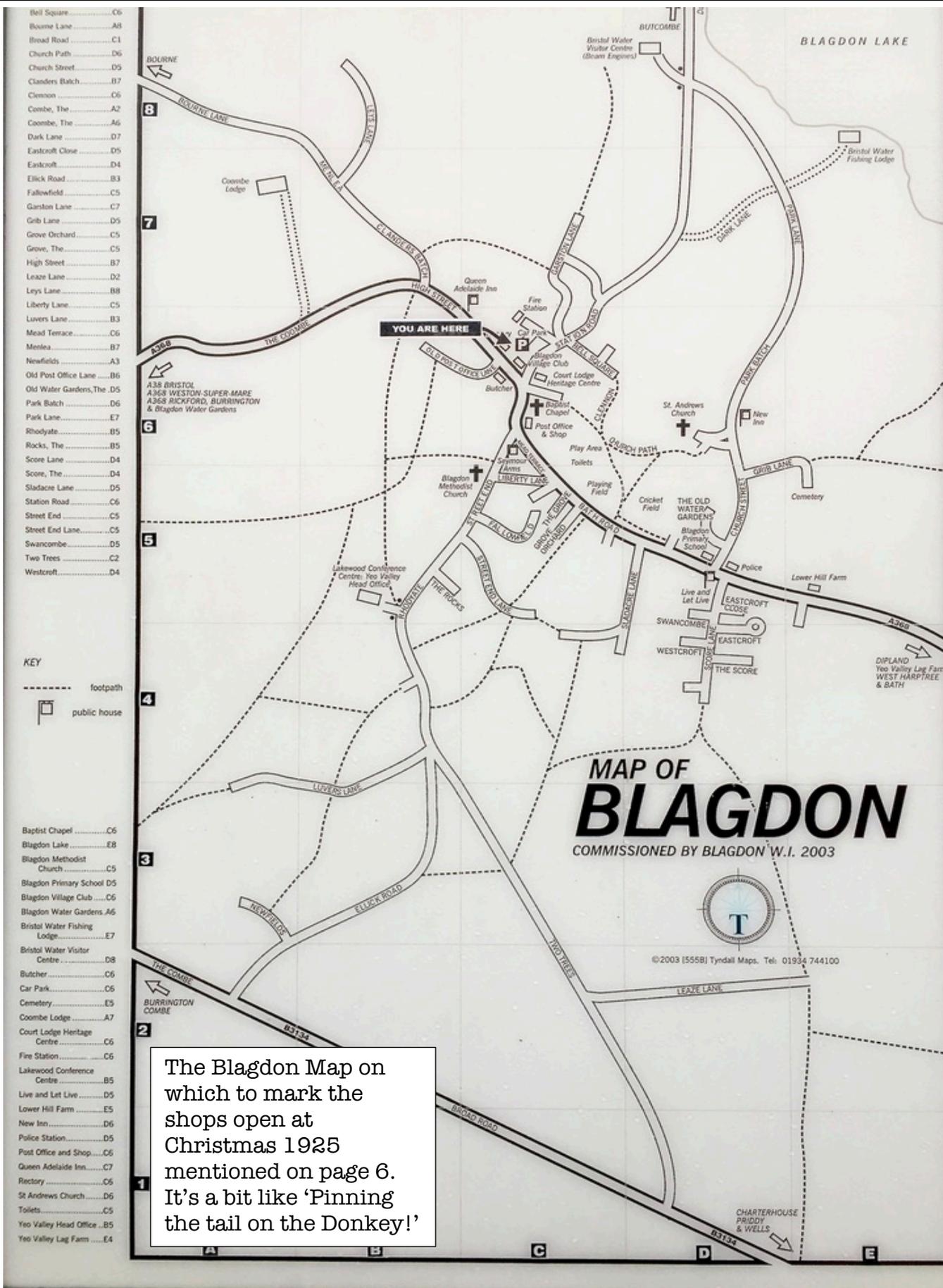
February 5, 1953: *Children rejoice as sweet rationing ends in Britain. Eight years after the end of the war, children and the sweet-toothed could celebrate again as the rationing of sweets ended in Britain. Children and the sweet-toothed were overjoyed on this day in*

1953 as the rationing of sweets ended in Britain.

and

Sugar was eventually taken off rationing in September 1953; and meat, the last item to remain rationed, became freely available again in July 1954.

Sheila





This photo of Lady Constance Malleon and Roy Lyons taken in 1926 came in just we were wrapping up this issue. It was too perfect to leave out.

As a parting comment and gift, if any of you missed the excellent presentation by Roger Francis live on Zoom a short while back you can catch up with it on You Tube. It is a tale of the career of one of this country's most experienced pilots and how the maritime world has changed over the last 50 years. It's fascinating. The specific link is: Deep Sea Pilotage - Roger Francis. <https://youtu.be/W4zgl66TOrI>

Next issue we have stories that may indicate the possible consequences of having so many pubs and beerhouses in Blagdon. Also a description of the final rung of the social ladder - the work house. On top of that, local mills were the power stations of medieval to early Victorian industry and manufacture, plus much of the odd characters in the wonderful social tapestry of Blagdon.