NOTE ON MASS-OBSERVATION

MASS-OBSERVATION IS AN independent, scientific, fact-finding body, run from 82, Ladbroke Road, London, W.11. (Part 6517.) It has a team of trained, whole-time objective investigators and a nation-wide panel of voluntary informants.

For five years it has documented the processes of social change, of political trend, of public and private opinion, in a series of books, bulletins, broadcasts and articles. It is concerned only:

(1) with ascertaining the facts as accurately as possible;

(2) with developing and improving the methods for ascertaining these facts;

(3) with disseminating the ascertained facts as widely as possible.

Mass-Observation does not believe that social science can effectively operate only at the academic level. Its job is to study real life; and the people it studies are people who can be interested immediately in the results, which often directly concern their everyday lives.

Since it began with a handful of people and without any money Mass-Observation has become internationally known and recognized. Many political, social, commercial and official bodies have used it, in peace and war.

THE PUB AND THE PEOPLE

A Worktown Study

by

MASS-OBSERVATION

LONDON
VICTOR GOLLANCZ LTD
1943

TO

MARY ADAMS

who made Government and Parliament recognize the value of social science methods.

AND

EVERETT JONES

who saw the full implications that social research can and should have for the future.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

WHEN TOM HARRISSON lent me the proofs of this book, and let fall that owing to blitzes they were the only copy in existence, I felt seriously alarmed to have them in my desk. For the work embodied in them is not merely interesting stuff about one of the nerve-centres of human behaviour—it is much of it unique, and now forever incapable of duplication. Far from being "out-of-date" (because the field work took place mainly in 1938) it represents, for that very reason, the diary of some travellers on perhaps the last excursion-trip made intelligently to a Lost World. Events have turned it, in the Accountant's phrase, into "a Document of Record".

There are two ways in which it can be read. I have once myself, by very different methods, tried to analyse the place of the public house in the working-class life of a great city.[1] It was therefore necessary for me to read this "Worktown" evidence as a serious contribution to an almost completely undocumented subject. Much of it astonished me. Sometimes I thought the mode of presentation so clear and so robust that Truth could hardly escape without a flea or two in its ear. But I had no doubt at the end that, even among those research-workers whom it heartily annoys, this book will stand as a permanent and irreplaceable source-work about the place of pubs in British life.

The other way to read it is as one would read *Vanity Fair*. Everyone is interested in people, especially if they are behaving discreditably. And here is a book that is a magic casement on a foaming fairyland of ale and cakes. It brings home, with the clarity of a dream, a world where there were lights and thoughtlessness and, above all, an absolute stress on private life.

You walk back into a warm bright room and marvel that in 1938 we never knew that those spittoons were in Arcadia.

I am grateful for this book to Mr. Harrisson and his friends of Mass-Observation, and I think that, apart from its serious value, a good time will be had by most.

BASIL D. NICHOLSON.

[1] *The New Survey of London Life and Labour*, Vol. IX.

PREFACE

BACKGROUND: 1938 TO 1942

I happened to spend the years 1932–35 exploring some of the most primitive and uncivilized parts of the world, including Central Borneo and the great chain of islands stretching down the Western Pacific. I spent also a year living among people who were still eating each other, on the island of Malekula in the New Hebrides Group. I found no difficulty in being financed by the Royal Geographical Society, the Royal Society, the British Museum and other bodies to go anywhere in the world in search of rare or previously unknown birds from mountain tops, or to make notes on strange manifestations of human behaviour among peoples with coloured skins. It was gradually borne in upon me that the things I was doing, at great expense, in these difficult jungles, had not been done in the wilds of Lancashire and East Anglia. While studiously tabulating the primitive, we had practically no objective anthropology of ourselves, despite many "social surveys" on a statistical basis. I determined, therefore, to devote as much as possible of the rest of my life to studying the so-called civilized peoples of the world. With this object in view, on my return from the Pacific I went to the industrial North of England (until then strange to me) and spent many months working in different jobs, trying to pick up the threads of mass life in Britain in much the same way as one does when visiting a little known country. Early in 1937, when I had been doing this for six months, I met Charles Madge, then a newspaper reporter, who had many of the same aims in view, but thought the best way to make such studies was through a nation-wide system of voluntary informants, reporting upon themselves, rather than by specialized study on the spot.

This is an old story, just worth recalling in this rather personal way, because this was the origin of Mass-Observation, which has (I think) become in a very small way a significant feature on the intelligent landscape of British democracy. During the past five years we have worked with increasing support, and have at

several points been able to exercise some constructive pressure by supplying relevant facts, not available elsewhere, about ordinary people to Government departments, voluntary bodies, M.P.s, periodicals, factories and informal groups. The structure of Mass-Observation remains very much as it was at the beginning —a team of whole-time paid investigators, observing others objectively; and a nation-wide system of voluntary observers providing information about themselves and their everyday lives. Madge, alas, has since the war been engaged on other work, so that the responsibility for both sides has rested mainly with me. The trained investigators operate from London (82, Ladbroke Road, W.11), though of course they are at any one moment distributed about the country on different studies. But for three years this team concentrated its whole attention on one town in the North, "Worktown".

We have called it Worktown, not because we take it as a typical town or as a special town, but because it is just a town that exists and persists on the basis of industrial work, an anonymous one in the long list of such British towns where most of our people now earn and spend. For three years in Worktown we lived as part of the place. For the first two years we were practically unnoticed, and investigators penetrated every part of local life, joined political, religious and cultural organizations of all sorts, worked in a wide range of jobs and made a great circle of friends and acquaintances at every level of the town structure from the leading family through the Town Council to the permanently unemployed and the floating population of Irish dosshouse dwellers.

The original team of investigators came in simply because they were enthusiastic for the idea of making an anthropological survey of ourselves. We presently received generous and entirely disinterested support from two Northern industrialists, Sir Thomas Barlow and Sir Ernest Simon, for whose early confidence in our initial efforts we cannot be sufficiently grateful. Further help then came from Dr. Louis Clarke (now Curator of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge), from the late General G. H. Harrisson, from Mr. Michael Higgins and from an anonymous senior civil servant (who constantly came to our assistance in days of need). Then Mr. Victor Gollancz gave us sufficient support to enable us to work on a proper basis preparing a series of four volumes on Worktown life, of which this is the first—the others

being more ambitious and extensive volumes on politics and the non-voter, on the religious life of Worktown with its numerous sects, and on that tremendous climax of the industrial year, the week's holiday in Blackpool. The present volume was in proof when the war began; the others were in draft. The war necessarily drew Mass-Observation on to other problems. We are therefore forced to leave completion of the other volumes until after the war, when it is our intention not merely to produce them, but to produce them with additional material, bringing them up-to-date and showing the changes which the war has brought about in the institutions studied—politics, religion, leisure.

In the meanwhile, we offer this volume with some diffidence. As a matter of fact, I had adopted the view that it would be better to leave it over, too. It was not until, by chance, I showed it to Mr. Basil Nicholson (who has written the most intelligent study of the pub in his section of the *New Survey of London Life and Labour*) that he strongly urged it should be published now; he has contributed his own views on this subject in an introductory note. It did seem, thinking about it again, that as well as the possible interest of the field material, a useful purpose might be served after three years of war by recalling in this particular way one small section of the thing we are fighting for, or away from. Moreover, plans are being made about the future of Britain, and these are often being made as if the prejudices and habits of ordinary people can be ignored; publication might serve some constructive purpose in reminding the planners, in their valuable work, of one of the habits they most often ignore. I say this with some feeling myself, as since the war my family have lived at Letchworth Garden City, one of the key towns of the planning movement, and one of the few places in England where no pub is allowed: this book could not have been written at all if Worktown had been Letchworth.

The book speaks for itself. And through it some of the people of Britain speak for themselves too. For the extent to which we fail to appreciate the real quality of that large section of the community who do not write to the newspapers—often do not even vote in a General Election—is so great that the full integration of our democratic culture is endangered. There remains in Britain a gulf between the top people, the leaders, and the rest, the led.

One of the basic institutions in British work life is the public

house. Many books have been written about it; they are referred to and listed in this volume. But there has been little attempt to make an objective, unbiased appraisal of the pub, and especially of how the pub works out in *human* terms of everyday and every-night life, among the hundreds of thousands of people who find in it one of their principal life interests. Mass-Observation has no interest either in proving pubs are good or pubs are bad.

We do not suppose, of course, that Worktown pubs are "typical", any more than Professor Malinowski considers the Trobriand Islands typical. The object of our studies in Worktown was to take the whole structure of the place and analyse it out. This cannot be done in more than one town at once, and the inter-relationships *within* the town, irrespective of relationship to other towns, were the broad basis of our study problem. The obsession for the typical, the representative, the "statistical sample", has exercised a serious limitation on the British approach to human problems and is largely responsible for the generally admitted backwardness of social science in this country. The real issues of sociology can only be faced if the sociologist is prepared to plunge deeply under the surface of British life and become directly acquainted with the mass of people who left school before they were 15, and who are the larger subject-matter of British social science. The issues cannot be fully viewed by statistical inter-viewing, the formal questionnaire, and the compilation of data on the library level. That, at least, is Mass-Observation's view, the incentive of our particular line of approach. There is room for every sort of sociology in this country, because there is so little of any one sort. There is no need to criticize other sorts; but it is necessary to stress that at present the social sciences are still rather one-sided and rather more academic than the subject itself requires and deserves.

The reader will notice that in this volume there is not, for instance, any attempt to make a statistical sample of interviews. There is not one single direct *interview* in the whole book, though there are many reported conversations with informants of all sorts. There are plenty of statistics; they are nearly all statistics of *observation*. Mass-Observation, as its name implies, considers that one of the clues to development in the social sciences is the actual observation of human behaviour in everyday surroundings. We cannot afford to devote ourselves exclusively to people's verbal reactions to questions asked them by a stranger (the interviewer)

in the street, without running a grave risk of reaching misleading conclusions. What people say is only one part—sometimes a not very important part—of the whole pattern of human thought and behaviour.

Main stages in the Worktown survey were thus:

a. Public house reconnaissance and description; preliminary penetration. 3 months.

b. Penetration by observers into all parts of Worktown pub life. 2 months.

c. Observation without being observed. 10 months.

d. Work conducted more openly; active co-operation with all sorts of people in all spheres of local life. The study of individuals, letters, diaries, documents. 3 months.

e. Data from important people. 2 months.

f. Studies of statistics, organizations and published sources. 3 months.

In preparing this book for publication, a source of difficulty has been the dispersal of the unit which originally undertook the main part of the Worktown investigation. John Sommerfield, who led the fieldwork, has been two years serving in the Royal Air Force, is now stationed overseas. Bruce Watkin was first in the R.A.F., and is now engaged on special scientific research. Walter Hood won the first Trades Union travelling scholarship and left the Worktown unit, to be caught by the war in Australia, where he remained and is playing his part. Woodrow Wyatt is a Staff Captain in the army, Brian Barefoot a doctor, Herbert Howarth in Egypt, Gertrude Wagner works in the Ministry of Information's Wartime Social Survey, and so on. This has produced complications in proof reading and in the checking of certain points. Every care has been made to ensure accuracy in this respect, but minor errors may perhaps be forgiven on that account? It is a matter of the greatest regret that the superb pub photographs taken by Humphrey Spender cannot, under present conditions, be reproduced.

The picture ends with the war. The book stands, with trivial modification, as completed in 1939. No attempt has been made to cover the wartime period which is bringing many significant new developments. The consumption of beer has increased very considerably in Worktown since the war, and the social structure

of the pub is subject to great new pressures. The last war transformed pub-life. There were drastic restrictions upon the hours during which pubs could be open, drastic increases in the price of drink (between 1914 and 1921 duty on each barrel of beer rose from 7*s.* 9*d.* to 100*s.*), a considerable weakening of beer's alcoholic content, a considerable decrease in the amount of beer drunk, and a 600 per cent fall in the number of convictions for drunkenness. These changes, brought about by the war, remained. They became accepted as pub normality. Numerous local and other restrictions (such as the "no treating" rule which was an attempt to alter the basic pattern of pub life) were temporary, and produced no post-war effects. A competent and well documented account of these restrictions is to be found in Arthur Shadwell's *Drink in 1914–1922*. Further changes are now afoot.

Even for those of us who took part in the investigation, there is something strange and remote about reading the results again now. Will the highly technical cult of pigeon-racing ever reappear? Shall we see again the esoteric rites of the Buffaloes? And the strange way they play dominoes in Worktown? And the elaborate class structure of the pub, which changes every week-end? Swiggling, standing rounds, the spittoon, the complex system of bookmakers' runners, the annual booze-up on Trinity Sunday, the "Diddlum Clubs", the trend towards bottled beer—what of all these things now? Already it is probable that much that is described here is part of history, the past. If so, we shall indeed have done one of the principal jobs which we set out to do five years ago, when we determined to attempt to describe and record history as it was made. The first Mass-Observation book, published by Faber & Faber in 1937, was a detailed study of the Coronation. Since then we have learnt a lot in the technique of collecting and presenting material in logical patterns. But since then also we have tried to follow the main social changes of our time. During this war, while engaged in doing immediate, war-helpful jobs of social research, we have been able at the same time to put down week by week files of detailed material on how the events of this war—greatest crisis in the story of civilized mankind—have impacted upon ordinary people. To ensure the carrying on of this long term side of our activities we have a small office in the country, Mass-Observation's *War Library*. The War Library collects not only the verbal and behaviour reactions of people from day to day, but also the documentary story of the

war, in posters and postcards, wrappers and pamphlets, menus and bills, programmes, Christmas cards, war books, popular tunes, film scripts, sermons and public speeches.

While in these years of energetic work we have never been successful in obtaining one shilling of support from academic quarters, we should like to take this opportunity of thanking individuals in Universities and elsewhere who have given us invaluable help and advice at many stages. We should like especially to thank Mrs. Mary Adams, Kingsley Martin, Prof. P. Sargant Florence, Prof. T. H. Pear, Dr. E. O. James, Prof. John Hilton, Julian Huxley, Bertrand Russell, H. G. Wells, Tangye Lean, Dick and Zita Crossman, Tom Driberg, Everett Jones, Lord Horder and Max Nicholson. Without their moral support and critical guidance at many points, we should have deviated from the job in hand even more often than we have done; it is not their fault we have not done better.

For guidance as regards technique of investigation, we have turned principally, when puzzled ourselves, to field work that has been done in America, where sociology is so much in advance of anything yet seen in Europe. Here we should like to acknowledge our indebtedness particularly to Prof. E. W. Burgess and the Faculty of Sociology in the University of Chicago, which has published several fundamental studies in this field; also to the work of Dr. Dollard, Dr. Elton Mayo and their associates. We were fortunate, in the later stages of our Worktown study, to be visited by several American sociologists who were most helpful and we should particularly like to thank Prof. H. C. Brearley of South Carolina.

Finally, we owe more than we can ever show—more, indeed, than we can ever know—to the people of Worktown. I think I speak for most of the 80 people who came especially to Worktown to help in these studies, when I say that we found an almost unfailing pleasure, honour, hospitality, among the hundred thousand people of this great, smoky, anonymous industrial town. Whatever we thought of the pubs individually, all of us found there friendliness and the company of British working life. There are many other sides to Worktown's story not dealt with in this study of the pub though fully analysed in the other studies in the series. Whatever these people's limitations, and whatever our own, there emerges unmistakable through this research a basic goodness of heart in the individual, confused with an

indecision of purpose and function in the community, which provide the ground both for hope and for concern about a future which can and surely must be based on the satisfying of the normal, social, psychological and physical needs and hopes and dreams of the ordinary people who drink and laugh, occasionally fight, cry and die in the pages that follow.

The main work on this study was done by *John Sommerfield* and this is really his book. *Bruce Watkin* also did a great deal of the hard work. Only the circumstances of war have prevented them seeing it through into publication more easily and effectively than I have been able to do the job. My own effort to edit and correct have been completed in a barrack room shared with 29 other privates and without any minutes of privacy. It has been particularly difficult to revise the first three chapters. It is possible to start reading at Chapter IV. (page 67) without seriously damaging the continuity, because the preceding chapters are by way of background and basis to what follows.

August, 1942. TOM HARRISSON.

CONTENTS

DIAGRAMS

The diagrams are by Pamela Bocquet, Beatrice Lawrence and Molly Moss.

I

THE PUB

IN WORKTOWN MORE people spend more time in public houses than they do in any other buildings except private houses and work-places.

Why?

Of the social institutions that mould men's lives between home and work in an industrial town, such as Worktown, the pub has more buildings, holds more people, takes more of their time and money, than church, cinema, dance-hall, and political organizations put together.

The pub, reduced to its lowest terms, is a house where during certain hours everyone is free to buy and drink a glass of beer. It is the only kind of public building used by large numbers of ordinary people where their thoughts and actions are *not* being in some way arranged for them; in the other kinds of public buildings they are the audiences, watchers of political, religious, dramatic, cinematic, instructional or athletic spectacles. But within the four walls of the pub, once a man has bought or been bought his glass of beer, he has entered an environment in which he is participator rather than spectator.

In six religious sects (five of them new), the ordinary man or woman has also a higher degree of participation, even extending to speaking in tongues. They are the only other institutions in Worktown which supply a similar participation, except the "clubs"—and the word "club" has become synonymous locally with drink; and especially with obtaining drink after hours.

The relation of the pub to the place as a whole may be indicated by a general account from a person who has been working with the study unit; his impressions are thus:

> There are 300 pubs in Worktown: 200 police: nearly 200 churches and chapels: 30 cinemas: about 24 prostitutes: 180,000 other people.
>
> The major industry of this industrial town is cotton, but iron, leather, machinery, coal, and tripe are also important

industries. Chimneys are the outstanding landscape feature. Most of them smoke, and all day long soot dirties all the faces. It is the most prosperous of all the cotton towns, for it does fine spinning, and so has been least affected by foreign competition. In 1938, 15,000 workers were unemployed, which is approximately one in every nine of the working population. Work is predominantly done in the mills, whose employees include a high percentage of women (with high maternal and infant mortality rates). There are extremely few "upper class" people: there is a constant tendency for people who are economically or intellectually successful to leave the town and the district. The M.P.s are Conservative. There is very little local art, and if you go into the municipal Art Gallery, the attendant comes and has a good look to see that you are all right. The local evening paper is the intellectual dominant, reaching some 96 per cent of homes: it is "impartial", with a strong liberal-conservative slant, old established, first-rate journalism and production. The Unilever combine sales departments regard this as one of their black spots. Local patriotism is strong; though the town (incorporated as a borough in 1838, now getting a strong city urge) is one of an endless chain across the north, it in no sense identifies itself with other adjacent towns. It has a culture essentially its own, and available for uniform study—the solid background and smoky foreground of the industrial revolution and the vast, intricate technical civilization that has grown up around the basic industries. Worktown has a saying which has been heard from two consecutive mayors in public: "What Worktown says to-day, the North says to-morrow, and London the day after." Neither the tram service labyrinth that greets the new arrival outside the huge, hollow station, nor the architecture along the main streets (wider than in other towns), nor the women's hats, lend much colour to this thesis.

Very few workers have holidays with pay. Sunday is strict, and no trams or buses run in the morning. There are some 55,000 houses, and the same number of Co-op. members. The houses stand mainly in long, continuous rows, with narrow backs, across which washing flaps, soot-gathering, on Mondays.

The streets are mostly cobbled—and so is the bed of the town's river, the only paved river in England. Innumerable clogs clatter before daylight on their way to cotton's 48 hour week, cotton spinners with wages from 18 to 80 or so shillings, weavers averaging 32. A third of the workers are in Unions. There is no local branch of the Catering Section of the Transport and General Workers, the Union that takes in barmen. The Isolation Hospital and the Technical School are years out of

date, must soon be replaced to save local disgrace. Water supply good. Rates just up 1*s.* 2*d.* partly because of the new huge extension to the Town Hall, white, ornate, Bradshaw, Gass and Hope (architects) crescent, with lions and arcades. This is in town centre, bordering a huge waste space, fringed on another side by the new and very striking cinema, and a decomposing interstitial industrial belt, with slums immediately adjacent—they also run off from the main shopping streets. The Casual Ward is in the town centre too. The Public Assistance Committee's Mental block is well outside, though, and inadequate; people have to be recertified every few weeks in accordance with law because there's nowhere to shift them to. Most people are sane, pleasant and straightforward, without southern sophistication, local-minded but curious, reasonably credulous, reasonably optimistic, fairly mean and suspicious—these generalizations don't really mean much about any town, and equally cover all.

The dialect is at first unintelligible to the stranger. Full of fine shades of meaning, reversed grammar, and regular good humour. On the whole people care about their own homes, and their few personal dreams (security, a holiday week at orientalised Blackpool, a fortune in the Pools) and nothing else matters very much except the progress made by the town's famous football club, whose stadium draws each Saturday more people than go into pubs or churches, in a once-a-week mass manifestation of enthusiasm, fury, and joy.

Things are made in this dirty town. That justifies it. Why they are made no ordinary citizen knows. In this mess of goodwill, misunderstanding, effort, insecurity, thought for the day, *Victoria the Great* as biggest film draw of the year, the pub stands on any corner. The frequent tide of adult folk sends long temporary pseudopodia into the doors of each, to drink and talk, then retract in darkness to smaller but not dissimilar houses where they sleep. Why do they go there? Because people have done before? Because other people are there? Because there are things there that are nowhere else? Because people go everywhere there is to go? Because the pub is as much a part of this civilization as the font or forge or diesel engine? Because they like to change the rate of living, to alter the tempo of muscle and eye, trained now in such exact and even exacting routines—but people with no such exactness, cannibals and so on, also take rate changers, stimulants, drugs? They go there to drink.

But there is more to it than that.

It is no more true to say that people go to public houses to

drink than it is to say they go to private houses to eat and sleep. These are the things that people do in pubs:

SIT and/or STAND

DRINK

TALK about betting
sport
THINK work
people
SMOKE drinking
weather
SPIT politics
dirt

Many PLAY GAMES

cards
dominoes
darts
quoits

Many BET

receive and
pay out losings and winnings.

PEOPLE SING AND LISTEN TO SINGING: PLAY THE PIANO AND LISTEN TO IT BEING PLAYED.

THESE THINGS ARE OFTEN CONNECTED WITH PUBS . . .

. . . weddings and funerals.
quarrels and fights.
bowls, fishing and picnics.
trade unions.
secret societies. Oddfellows. Buffs.
religious processions.
sex.
getting jobs.
crime and prostitution.
dog shows.
pigeon flying.

PEOPLE SELL AND BUY

bootlaces, hot pies, black puddings, embrocation.

Also

LOTTERIES AND SWEEPSTAKES happen.
PREJUDICES gather.

All these things don't happen on the same evenings, or in the same pubs. But an ordinary evening in an ordinary pub will contain a lot of them.

Here is a characteristic record of such an evening:

This pub is at the corner of a block of brickfronted houses, whose front doors open directly on to the pavement. The road is cobbled; the bare, flat façades of the houses are all tinted to the same tone by the continual rain of soot from the chimneys of the mill opposite and the chimneys of all the other mills that stand in all the other streets like this.

The pub isn't much different from the other houses in the block, except for the sign with its name and that of the brewing firm that owns it, but its lower windows are larger than those of the others, and enclosed with stucco fake columns that go down to the ground; and the door, on the corner, is set at an angle; it is old-looking, worn, brown; in the top half is a frosted-glass window with VAULT engraved on it in handwriting flourishes; at the edges of the main pane are smaller ones of red and blue glass.

The door opens with a brass latch, disclosing a worn and scrubbed wooden floor, straight bar counter brown-painted with thick yellow imitation graining on the front panelling; at its base is a scattered fringe of sawdust, spit-littered, and strewn with match-ends and crumbled cigarette packets. Facing the bar a brown-painted wooden bench runs the length of the room.

Four yellowish white china handles, shiny brass on top, stand up from the bar counter. This is important, it is the beer engine, nerve-centre of the pub. Behind the bar, on shelves, reflecting themselves against mirrors at the back of their shelves, are rows of glasses and bottles, also stacked matches and Woodbine packets. Beer advertising cards and a notice against betting are fixed to the smoke-darkened yellowish wallpaper; and on the wall, beside the door, is a square of black glass, framed in walnut, that has painted on it, in gilt, a clock face with roman numerals, and the letters NO TICK. (The clock can't tick, it has no works; but if you are a regular the landlord will give you credit.)

Five men, in caps, stand or sit, three at the bar, two on the bench. They all have pint mugs of mild.

From the back parlour can be heard the sound of a man singing a sentimental song. In here they are discussing crime, man-slaughter, and murder. A small, thin man (whose name subsequently turns out to be X) appears to be a little drunk, and is talking very loudly, almost shouting. Another chap, called Y, also has a lot to say.

X (to Y): "If a man says you're a jailbird he's no right to say it—if he *is* a man."

Another man: "He can have you oop for defamation."

Y: "I've seen cases in the paper where a man's been found guilty and it's a bloody shame."

X (very slowly): "I'll tell you a bloody case, I'm telling you . . ."

Y: "Awright."

X: "There were two navvies——"

Another man, who has been quiet up to now, suddenly says, in indignant sounding tones "No, they weren't navvies", to which X simply replies "Ah'm sober enough" and goes on, apparently irrelevant—"There isn't a law made but what there's a loop'ole in it. Marshall Hall said that afore 'e was made a Sir—some big trial it were, for murder, an' it lasted a week, he'd strangled 'er wi' a necklace, it were that Yarmouth murder. He 'a won t' case, too, but for that courtin' couple, they were passing and they 'eard 'er screamin' and they thought they were only, you know, 'avin' a bit. Instead o' that 'e were stranglin' 'er. D'you know why there's a loophole in these 'ere laws. Well, them there M.P.s—'ave you ever noticed there's always some lawyer puts up. Now the reason for that——" He looks up and sees, through the serving hatch at the back of the bar, a man going into the parlour, and shouts out "Eh, Dick, lend us two an' six. We're skint". Dick shouts back something inaudible and goes on into the parlour.

X stands silent for a moment, beerswallowing. One of the men on the bench says to him "Are you workin'?"

X: "I'll never work no more. I've an independent fortune every week."

Questioner turns to the barmaid, who has now come in from the parlour, and says "Molly, you don't know Mr. X, do you?" (Meaning that she knows him pretty well.) She laughs and replies: "No, I don't know him".

X: "None of that, Mr. X. I call 'er Molly, not Mrs. . . ." He trails off, not knowing her surname.

The chaps begin to talk about swimming. X, irrepressible, knowing everything, chips in "I'll tell you 'oo were a good lad—Bob Robbins".

The singer in the parlour, who has been steadily working through three verses, now finishes with a prolonged and loud note, and there is the sound of some clapping.

The talkers have now divided into two groups, one around X, the other around an old man who is arguing about the age of the swimming baths. He keeps on saying "I remember it being built", to which another chap replies, disagreeing, "My father works there."

X: "That lad could fly through t' water like a bloody fish."

Y: "Bill Howard, that's 'is name."

X: "Goes into water like a bloody fish."

Old man (loud): "I remember it being built."

X: "I'll tell you what 'e could do—you know when you're walking along the towing path, you an' me walking along the towing path, 'e'd keep up wi' you, you an' me, walking decent tha knows, 'e'll keep up wi' you."

X stops, drinks, and the old man can be heard stubbornly reiterating: "I remember it being built."

X: "I'll tell you the hardest feat that was ever known—for a man to fall off the top of the bath and not go to the bottom and not go to the top, as long as 'e can 'old 'is breath—I've seen (name inaudible) do that. 'e could do a 'undred yards in eleven seconds—wi'out any training. What could 'e do wi' training? I'm telling you, he could stay in t' water, not go to the top and not go to the bottom—an' I'll tell you 'ow 'e did it."

Y (interrupting): "'ave another."

X: "Aye."

While he is getting his drink a chap stands up, and says "I swim that road", demonstrating convulsive sidestroke movements with his arms.

The old man looks up from his argument and remarks "I go left 'and first". And returns to the swimming bath discussion.

X, now with another beer, carries on: "He'd drop into the water and neether go to the bottom or go to the top . . ."

In the parlour they are singing the chorus of a jazz song, which the barmaid hums loudly.

It is now half past eight, and more people are coming in. Two old men arrive; both have gaps in their front teeth; wearing clogs, dark scarves knotted round pink wrinkled necks, white hair raggedly protrudes from behind their old caps; their coats, trousers, and waistcoats are all different yet appearing alike to be made of a shapeless greasy grey-blue cloth. They sit together, talking in undertones. Their beermugs are placed

on the edge of the bar counter, and they have to reach forward, half standing up, to get at them. They both smoke pipes, from which drift the ropey smell of cheap twist. At regular intervals they shoot tidy gobs of spittle across into the sawdust. They reach for their mugs together, and drink the same amount at each swig. The mugs stand untouched for several minutes, with a last inch of beer in them; then one of the men stands up, drains his mug, and bangs it on the counter:

The barmaid has gone out, and the landlord takes her place. (He is large, redfaced, clear blue eyes, about 45, wears a clean dark-grey suit, no coat, clean white shirt, sleeve rolled up, no collar or tie.) He draws off two halfpint glasses from one of the middle taps; the old man pays him, and the two empty the glasses into their mugs. During this transaction no one has said anything. Both men, standing, take a long, simultaneous swig, and sit down. One remarks, suddenly loud "Well, of all the bloody good things at Ascot t'other week anyone following Aga Khan t'other week would 'ave 'ad a bloody picnic".

X bawls across at him "What dost tha know about bloody horses. I'll bet thee a bloody shilling and gie thee two thousand pound start an' I'll 'ave bloody Lawson agen 'im. Why, 'e's seven bloody winners at meeting, you bloody crawpit." The old man says nothing.

A group of four men has gathered round the table, and is playing dominoes. Each has a pint mug at his elbow. At the end of the round they turn the dominoes face downwards and stir them noisily. They play with a lot of loud talking and joking.

One says "'oo went down then?"

"Jimmy."

"Oh, Jimmy went down."

"I did."

"My down—one an' one."

"If we're down we're down, that's all. What's the use of worrying."

"Come on, man, don't go to bloody sleep. Th'art like a bloody hen suppin' tea; when th'art winnin' it's awreet, but when th'art losin' it's all bloody wrong."

They talk about the holidays, which begin next week.

"I'm not savin' oop twelve bloody months for t' sake a gooing away fer a week. Wife's always asking what I do wi' me overtime, and I towd 'er—why, I bloody well spend it, what dost think—and she says—Tha owt t' 'ave more bloody sense."

So on, until, at about 10.20, they leave; standing for from one to three minutes outside, and calling "Good night" as they walk, at about two miles an hour, to their private houses, which are seldom more than three minutes' walk away.

We shall presently come to all the different things that are done in the pub, from brawls to Royal and Ancient Order of Buffalo initiations; from the fading folk-lore of Pigeon Racing to the growing rage for darts. It is only necessary to point out here, that betting and gambling are largely centred in the pub, with a whole social group around the bookmakers' runner; but that the other things are found to some extent in other institutions. There are few things which are peculiar to the pub in Worktown, other than draught beer and spittoons. It is essentially a social group around widespread and commonplace social activities. These attain new angles, new point, and a close integration with other aspects of industrial life by being pressed into the service of satisfying, or dissatisfying, these numerous small communities bound together by the bond of beer habits.

There are, on the other hand, certain things which are not found in pubs in Worktown, though they occur in pubs elsewhere. The following might be expected:

Billiards.
Whist Drives.
Dances.
Skittles.
Shove ha'penny.
Literature.

Billiards, dancing and whist drives never occur in Worktown pubs. They are a regular feature of church and political life, and often a major source of church and party revenue. There are also separate dance and billiard halls, well patronized: interest in billiards tends to decline, in dancing to increase. The patrons of both are often regular pub-goers, and frequently leave the halls to have a drink. Skittles and shove ha'penny are apparently unknown in the town, and the pub has apparently given up its one-time function of a reading place; few even have an evening paper for their patrons. Bearing these qualifications in mind, it should incidentally be possible from the particular study of Worktown pub life to appreciate something of the function of the pub in all English industrial communities.

II

DRINK

Beer

For almost everyone in Worktown Drink equals Beer.

BEER IS BEST proclaim the boardings along the main roads.

Showcards in pubs announce "A healthy appetizing drink that will help to keep you fit. The best refreshment".

Oatmeal stout is "Thoroughly sound and well brewed from the finest quality Malt, Hops, and Oatmeal. Free from acidity and GUARANTEED PURE."

A local firm makes and publicizes "Vitamin Stout". And William Younger's is "Just what the Doctor ordered!"

But—says a pamphlet given away by the Rechabites, local temperance society—"Beer is the most harmful of alcoholic drinks because it is the most seductive."

And—of a leading brand of beer a landlord said to an observer—"Anyone who can drink ——'s mild must be able to feed on rats."

An old female rag sorter, when drunk, remarked to an observer, "I've supped ale till I'm sixteen and I'll sup it till I die."

Others write of it with fondness too. Says a letter, sent in answer to an inquiry conducted through the local press on "Why drink beer"—"I drink beer to keep me fit it do's the stummick good, and there is only one good reason I Drink Beer it is because I cannot eat it."

Differently looked upon, and analysed, beer is 3½ per cent alcohol, 3½ per cent malto-dextrins, with traces of volatile acids, proteins, organic acids, and mineral matter.

But beer is over 90 per cent water.

The main local brewery announces that, since 1853, they "have been brewing good wholesome English beer, using only the choicest malt and finest hops. The natural aperient and tonic values of the hop cannot be excelled by better means THAN A GLASS OF BEER".

Hops (*Humulus lupulus*), condemned by Henry VI, were let in by Henry VIII, introduced from Flanders to Kent, still their centre, though the king banned them in ale because they did "dry up the body and increase melancholy".

THE BREWERY

Observers went to the brewery to see. Their report:

The building is large, red brick, with towers, from which all Worktown is visible. In tower is water tank. The town water goes up to it. Sacks of barley are hoisted to the top floor. Pipes, vats, furnaces, pumps, blowers, cooling pipes, grinding machines, make beer from this water, gradually, from floor to floor, down to the barrelling and bottling rooms.

Only yeast is permanent, taken from cold storage rooms, put into fermenting vats for 52 hours, sucked off, dried, and restored to its dark cold solitude.

The water is bought from the town; once a well was bored; they spent three thousand pounds, went down for eleven hundred feet, then gave up. An extra, and very large water tank was put in the other tower. It is empty, has never been filled.

Barley, in sacks, comes up the hoist, is cleaned and polished; big magnets pick out the old nails, etc. Mechanically stoked furnaces boil a mash of barley with water—some brought in tanks from Burton to the brewery siding.

Above the boiling vats are domes of polished copper. Peering through inspection window the seething shiny liquid darkness of hot stout is visible. Carbon dioxide collects in the dome, is drawn off, stored under pressure, used for aerating bottled beer. (What's left goes to mineral water, puts life into lemonade.) After the boiling vats the half-way-to-beer liquid is drained off through complicated cooling pipes into the open, fermenting vats. In these huge tanks, the liquid stands bubbling, while foam gathers on top in snow crags that turn brown, collapse, and form a scummy crust that stays while underneath yeast works for 52 hours.

Then the now "almost-beer" goes down to the next floor, into more tanks. In both rooms half the vats are empty. Some, the brewer who shows the observers round says, have not been used for years. The big vats hold 180 barrels; perhaps ten are filled every week. The brewer was rather evasive about

this. What he liked showing and talking about were the air conditioning and constant temperature arrangements. For the fermenting rooms they are essential, but they are everywhere.

About 150 people work here. Hours are variable. Men have to stay around all night and through the week-end to nurse the fermenting. The biggest concentration of workers is in the bottling plant. Here are machines for bottling, washing, labelling—all American, very expensive. The brewer exhibits pride in them, takes out a washed bottle for inspection, and detailed discussion.

Conveyers take the bottles straight through to the crating department. During bottling carbon dioxide is injected. Women work on this, mostly aged 35 to 45. They wear blue aprons, and look healthy.

Next is washing room, where high pressure containers on wheels, looking like enormous vacuum cleaners, are standing about. These are for yeast that has been removed from the fermenting vats; it is pressed, and the squeezed-off liquid is drained back into the vats. This is done to save tax, because revenue men come round to measure amounts in the fermenting vats. At one time the extra liquid was thrown away.

Observers go down in lift to a room full of crates. The brewer says there used to be twice as many of them at one time. Here the head brewer is encountered; he is tall, with long white coat, bowler hat, red face, reminding observers of a horse breeder. With him is unnamed short, squat, very wide man with a wide felt hat. At the back of the crates is a small table with bottles and glasses. Observers are given strong ale.

Next are the cellars, where again the complaint is made that they are only half as full as they used to be. Then to the huge white barrel-shaped vats where the beer stands, waiting, until it is ready to be barrelled. Here it is icy cold.

Adjacent is the yeast room. A heavy insulated door opens to a small bare cell. In it are four small containers about the size and shape of dustbins. Each is half filled with yeast. There is nothing else in the room, except cold air. But this is the most important place in the brewery. The yeast is 25 years old. It goes on for ever. It has been the active principle in making the beer that some have died from drinking too much of a good long time ago. Kept at the right temperature and properly looked after there is nothing to prevent it going on indefinitely. The brewer worries about the possibility of it going bad, though. When asked what would happen if it did he says that they would have to get some more, and it might be worse than this

lot. (He never refers to anything being not so good as something that exists in the brewery, but always talks about it as being "worse" than what they have already.)

From this cold sanctuary the party is taken to a small semi-underground room with two large barrels, a table, glasses, and rows of sample bottles, handwriting labelled. The brewer leans against the wall, lights a cigarette, and becomes social. Different kinds of beer are brought out and drunk. Observers think, and remark, that they taste rather or a lot better than the same taps in the local pubs. The brewer drinks "best mild". The small, cheerful, saturnine man in attendance has some too. He is a beer apologist, and attempts to give the observers an intellectual beating-up in conversation about pubs and drinking. His job is to go around the pubs and look into complaints, also to see that their beer is kept decently. He says that the landlords are responsible for bad beer; some men come into the trade and don't know anything about it. He quoted landlord of the —— Arms, who used to be a commercial traveller. Observers gain face by pointing out that the beer there is always too warm. Brewer says that within his memory at least four small firms have all closed down.

Everybody comes out of here in social mood, and find themselves in the engine room, where there is a steam engine that was christened after the boss's only son at the age of three. The son never visited the engine (it has the most peculiar valve gear) and there appears to be feudal feeling about this. Brewer says "We've made a mistake here, not having any sons in the business".

There are yet garages and stables to be seen. The harness room, full of past glories of dead horses, is looked after by a pensioned-off old man, who has enormous ears.

The brewer leads the way down to a railway siding where there are trucks full of Burton water. He props up a ladder against one of the trucks and insists that observers should climb up and look in (to see that it is really there). On top of the truck is a manhole; inside, the tank is empty, except for enormous quarter-inch thick flakes of rust strewn over the bottom. Last is the coopering shop. Barrels are still made by hand. The men have nearly all gone home by now, because, the foreman says, they get paid by piece-work. It is quite different here to any other part of the place—old-style craft-work—a difference that is summed up in a remark made by the brewer, who refers to something as "one of these economy stunts", while in speaking of every other rationalizing device in the brewery he had been enthusiastic.

This firm has a capital of £600,000 in ten pound shares. Dividends for the last five years are—10 per cent, 6 per cent, 8 per cent, 10 per cent, 10 per cent; "Information as to the number of licensed houses owned is not available" says the Stock Exchange Year Book.

When the firm was asked for information about this their reply was laconic and obscure.

Workers in this firm are largely unorganized, though at one time many of them belonged to the union[1] (now 40 members, none paid up). Another local brewery firm has its chairman also chairman of the Conservative Party.

Beside making beer they also bottle Guinness, wines, spirits, make cocktails, and soft drinks. They own a number of pubs in Blackpool which, during the holiday weeks, are crammed with Worktowners.

KINDS OF BEER, COSTS, CUSTOMERS

Says the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (14th ed.) speaking of different kinds of beer:

> The essential difference . . . lies in the flavour and colour, which depend particularly on the type of malt and the quantity of hops used in brewing them.

Beyond a certain stage of fermentation the chemistry of beer is a mystery—highly complex, not yet known. Brewers proceed empirically. Differences between different kinds of beer can be shown on the basis of their alcohol carbohydrate and proteid content.

	Alcohol % by weight.	Carbohydrate and Proteid %.
Strong Ale	5·15	9·6
Bottled Pale Ale (best quality)	4·44	4·24
Light Bitter	3·28	3·06
Mild From	3·45	4·44
Mild To	2·58	2·80

Mild is the most commonly drunk beer in Worktown. It costs fivepence a pint—minimum price. In parlours and lounges, the pub's best rooms, patronized by hat and tie rather than cap and scarf, all beer prices are a penny a pint more.

Most of it is supplied by Magees (a local) and Walkers (a nearby) brewery. Other firms are Threlfalls, Hamers, Cornbrooks . . . But Magees and Walkers dominate the local pub scene.

As well as mild there is "best mild", penny a pint more, stronger, and in observers' opinions, nicer than the common

[1] 1931 census gives 472 brewery workers in the town.

mild. It is light in colour, like bitter, which is seldom drunk here.

Other draught beers are strong ale, I.P.A., stout. So that Worktowners' choice is:

MILD	5*d.* a pint
BEST MILD	6*d.* a pint
I.P.A.	7*d.* a pint
STRONG ALE	11*d.* a pint

Draught stout no longer counts. At one time commonly drunk, it now is extremely rare here; we have only seen it sold in one pub. Strong ale is not often drunk; when kept it is displayed on the bar counter in a little barrel.

I.P.A. is interesting. Originally a light bottled ale brewed in this country to be sent to India, specially suitable for hot weather, its introduction to English drinkers was the result of an accident. Hodgson's India Pale Ale was the standard drink of Englishmen imperializing in the east. In the 1820's Bass came in on this market. (They were able to do this as the result of a "misunderstanding" between Hodgson's and the East India Co.) By 1827 shiploads of Bass's I.P.A. were walloping their way down the Irish Channel. One was wrecked. But much of its cargo was salvaged and sold at Liverpool. There, the local drinkers acclaimed it, and Bass's developed a good market in the whole of the area. A bar selling I.P.A. at the 1851 Great Exhibition launched it as a world drink.

But, now, in Worktown, I.P.A. (which is to-day made by all the main brewers)—only sold in bottles in most places—is largely draught. It isn't drunk very much except in a few pubs, is considered to be very intoxicating and to give you a bad hangover. Of it, a barman in a pub that sold it said, "It's a good appetizer—but I wouldn't like to have a lot of it".

Draught beers, on the other hand, are served through pumps, whose handles, sometimes wood, sometimes brass and china, plain, coloured, or patterned, stick up conspicuously upon the bar-counter. The average pub has three or four pumps; these used to be used for mild, best, and stout. Now one or two are often disused, and the others connected up to barrels of mild.

AMOUNTS

The biggest local brewers were asked for relative figures of different types of beer sold. It was useless to ask them for actual

sales; these are surrounded with the utmost secrecy; brewing firms send men to hang round the yards of their competitors and watch their lorries; also they try to take on rivals' employees —all to find out the sales figures.

This is what they replied:

> Dear Sir,—In answer to your letter of the 30th November, we have to say that the information that you ask for is confidential, and further, our staff is too busy to be getting out fanciful statistics.

A director of Messrs. Guinness who is personally known to one of us, replied (courteously) pointing out that it was impossible for them to know what their Worktown sales were, as they were not made direct, but to the local brewing companies, who did the bottling and distribution themselves. In general, we found these data surrounded either by secrecy or uncertainty.

We tried the barmen. One, in a typical, small corner beerhouse, said that their sales of bottled beer were about a third of those of draught beer, and gave the following figures:

AVERAGE SALES PER WEEK

2½ barrels of mild.
16 doz. of bottled ale.
12 doz. of Guiness.
4 doz. small bottles stout.
1 doz. minerals.

The yearly sales of this pub are as follows:

SALES OF MILD
(In barrels, weekly orders)

Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	June	July	Aug.	Sep.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
5	2½	2½	1½	2½	3½	4	3	2½	2½	2½	2½
3	2½	2½	1	2	2½	4	3½	4	3	2	2
2	1½	1½	3	3½	2	3	4	4	3	2	3½
1½	2½	2½	3	1½	2	1	1	3	2½	2½	2½
				4		1½	1½		2½		4½
11½	9	9	8½	13½	10	13½	13	13½	13½	9	15
										Totals	

YEAR'S TOTAL, 139 barrels

This barman wrote "There is so little demand for bitter and draught stout that difficulty is experienced in obtaining them in the meaner quarters of the town".

Some landlords' statements about the relative quantities of beer drunk are:

> (*a*) "I should reckon 93 per cent—no, 92 per cent mild."
> (*b*) "We have plenty of women at night—they drink stout, Guinness, or Brown Pete. I should reckon 60 per cent of the women drink Guinness. Some men drink Guinness as well, but not many." . . . "No best mild; we mix the mild and the bitter."
> (*c*) "I should reckon 60 per cent drink mild."
> (*d*) "The people here drink more best mild than mild—only women drink the Guinness—and port—very little I.P.A. and strong ale drunk—whiskey when they can get it."
> (*e*) "Re proportions of various drinks consumed, I think 90 per cent mild, the other 10 you can work out, but I should give Guinness 5 per cent. You see, the heavy drinker is the man in the vault and taproom, and he consumes 200 per cent more than the customer in the best rooms."

The Brown Pete referred to above is the usual term for Walker's Brown Peter, a bottled brown ale. Their light ale is called Falstaff, and popular with Worktown Irishmen; and they also sell a bottled stout. Magee's bottled beers cover a similar range, the light ale being called Crown. Landlords are not supposed to split pint bottles between customers (prices being 7½*d.* a pint bottle, 4½*d.* a half bottle) but it is often done.

The general estimate of about 90 per cent mild is borne out by all our observations. The *gill* is the common unit of drink, the only Worktown term for a half-pint.

QUALITIES

Choice of brand and type of beer is limited. Most pubs stock only mild, and bottled ales and stout. And most people live within walking distance of only Magees' or Walkers' pubs. (Later we show that 90 per cent of pub regulars don't walk more than 300 yards to get to their usual pubs.)

That most people drink the cheapest beer points to price rather than taste or quality being the deciding factor of their choice. At week-ends, when drinkers have most money, more bottled beer is drunk. We have plenty of observations on men

starting off their Saturday night drinking with a round of bottled Crown or Falstaff, before going onto draught. And nationally the consumption of bottled beer has gone up 300 per cent in the past ten years. This shift has tended to alter brewery work, and is an increasing factor in pub organization. So far in Worktown, bottled beer has made no major inroads on the dominance of draught.

Men are guided by price first. Women, who often have men pay for them, go more for taste and the externals. It is more "respectable" for women to drink bottled beer, mostly bottled stout or Guinness, seldom mild. Brewers have found nationally a preference for beer in amber bottles, rather than green bottles. They don't know the reason. An important factor is the tradition of beer, tradition's drink, as amber-coloured; looking green through the bottle, it isn't absolutely beer. In a random count (May), 43 per cent women were drinking beer or spirits, 57 per cent bottled stout or Guinness.

How is beer drunk? Do people take much notice of it as beer? Later we will go into the complicated and important habit-patterns associated with the act of drinking. For the moment let us see what beer-drinking looks and sounds like.

The following is a report by a local working-class man, a non-pub goer, who was told to go into a small beerhouse and give his impressions of beer-drinking:

> When I got in nobody takes any notice beyond two of the men turning to look very quickly at me. I called out "A gill, mild," this was put on the mahogany topped bar, no polish on this, owing to the constant swilling of the top with the beer given in full measure and spilling as it is lifted to the mouth.
>
> Gill was pushed on to the top from the Pump by the chap of about 40 who was in his shirtsleeves.
>
> None are sitting at the form near the door, but when I sits to try my first drink of beer ever I am joined by a man called "Jack", he says "Good evening, chum, never seed thee before in here". I told him that I used to come round that quarter some ten years before, he replied, "Aye, this bloody street has never been the bloody same since the mill shut up, there's bugger all doing round here now, th'art lucky wi' a good job these days, same wi' t'bloody beer, it's nowt but piss and chemicals, it's not so bad here, they keep it well though, I'll say that for him."
>
> We were joined by another man who began to tell me of what he did and where he used to work. "I only come in here on Sunday neets, tha'll not see me in this place for another week, I've gettan a good home and a good wife and family, I've nowt to complain of only my own bloody silly self, that's reet, isn't it Jack, if I'd been sensible I'd have been in the —— now, I was theer for 27 years, they cawn't make bloody beer these days, then they could have etten they bloody meight off the floor then, they kept them pumps clean and everything were all reet."
>
> The other chap in the blue-suit cut in with "Well, it were thee own bloody fault thee should a looked after theysel, still it's noan the same since that Jack H—— geet it".
>
> "Aye, then we used to put gradely Hop dust in the vats then, and when that government chap came round he used to say it weer good, nea they are always watching, they know they play about wi' it. I've seen times when thea could stick a bloody spoon up in it and it would stand up, God strike me dead it were like bloody black treacle."
>
> "Thee tak it frae me, keep to what theat suppin nea, common beer, keep away from spirits and bitter, they're no bloody good to anybody."
>
> As we talk the men are all talking at the top of their voices, now it's about the Wandrers and two are talking about the Army, then it gets to "Thee just see, before long they'll have us all on munitions before long, them and all the bloody women, they'll not let so many men this time on it, it'll be to the bloody front, theer's no beer theer." At this they all laughed, one said "We bet em last time and we'll a to do it again."
>
> They are all ordering their beer like this. "Fill it up, pint o' bitter this time." Then the man held the glass and put to the pump and the handle was pulled down, the glass in nearly every instance was filled to the brim, as it was put down it spilled, sometimes he got the cloth and wiped it up.
>
> Another man called out, "Thea thinks I've gettan a good job, well thee be up every neet on my job, one Saturday neet off in a month, I get to bed when the wife gets up, it noan reet, neet time's the time to be in bed and get some fresh air in't day time."
>
> A chap in a blue suit came to sit near. "Havin it filled up again wi me, Christ, I've had 18 pints in one neet and noan ben any the worse for it, theat reet though, enoughs as good as a feast." Another man of 50, muffler on, "I went into . . . and it were sludge at bottom, I towd him about it, he said tak it or leave it, so I walked out wi't wife, we should a spent 5s. that neet, they're like that till they find they're in debt to the brewers."

"THERE'S NO BAD BEER"

Though beer is a common subject of pub talk, the conversation is mostly quantitative rather than qualitative—when, where, how much, and by whom, it was drunk, rather than about its goodness or badness. There are, however, drinkers who do care for the quality of their beer, and who will congregate at pubs whose landlords keep the beer in good condition (more about this later). And some will go out of their way to try a brew that is new to them, as this case shows:

> The landlord here says he gets his beer from a small brewery in Derby Street. He doesn't care for large breweries, says "It's all done with chemicals". He likes, when possible, to let the barrel stand for a day or two before he taps it. Tells observer a story of how he once ordered a barrel of bitter, but no one asked for it until, six months later, a stranger called in and ordered a bitter. Landlord said that he had some, but it wasn't any good, it had been kept too long; but if he liked he would draw off a little and let him try it. The stranger said that it was wonderful—"like wine". This man took to calling in regularly for it, until the barrel was finished. It went soon, because he told his friends, and they came in for it too. In the end he said he was sorry that he had let them in on it. The moral of the story, according to the landlord, is that beer from the big breweries goes off in no time, and if it had been ——'s bitter it would have been absolutely undrinkable.

Serious drinkers will watch the pumps while their beer is being drawn, to see that it is pumped properly and that no stale liquor is being put into it—a habit that they say is common. We have observed on busy nights in some pubs a bucket half full of beer standing just inside the bar, beside the serving hatch; and the waiters empty the slops from their trays into it. Theoretically all the slops, and beer left in glasses should be collected and returned to the brewers. A landlord writes of this:

> Re condition of beer. Well, this varies, some brewers send it badly conditioned, and it takes three or four hours in that case before ready for use. It takes beer weeks to go off unless something is wrong in the brewing, it is returned if not suitable and replaced, mind you, Brewers do not like a landlord to return anything and they expect him to have the intelligence to dispose of it (someway). Re glasses returns. That also should go back into the barrel and be returned to the brewers, but I question very much if this is done in most pubs.

Some pub-goers give this reason for preferring the "vault" to other rooms, because only in the "vault" can you watch your beer being drawn off. (But you can't know what slops have gone back into the barrel from last night.) About 15 years ago a new type of pump was introduced into one local pub; these pumps were out of sight of the customers and they disliked them; after a few months they were taken away and the old ones replaced.

For the great majority of drinkers, taste and quality of beer are not the major factors; were they so most of the big popular pubs in the town would have to go out of business. The general attitude is nicely summed up by the following correspondent:

> There is, I think, many different brands of beer which so far I have not had the Pleasure of Tasting. Those I have, such as: Magee's, Walker's, Hamer's, Cunningham's, and one or two others, have all a nice Flavour, and I enjoy a glass of beer. The Price question I will not Dispute, because I do not Drink Excessively, so I don't favour any particular Beer, and so I always say: There's no *Bad Beer*, only sometimes Indifferent.

Most pub-goers simply drink the cheapest available beer, while a minority exists for whom quality is most important. This is in agreement with the findings of Basil Nicholson, author of the section on Drink in the London Survey (also republished separately by the Church of England Temperance Society). We cannot trace any other work in this field to which we might refer our conclusions.

HOW MUCH BEER IS DRUNK

It would be little use to answer the question:—How much beer do Worktowners drink? with a figure based on statistical averages. In any case, it is impossible to find from official sources the real total amount of beer consumed in the town for any specified period; the only people who are in a position to know are the brewers and excise officers, who keep records of local sales; but these, as we have already seen, are jealously guarded secrets.

On the basis of national figures (Government Statistical Abstract for 1936) beer consumption per head of population is 17.58 gallons a year. Population of Worktown for that year is 174,000—making on that basis a yearly consumption of almost

three million gallons (2,958,840). As far as other national statistics go, of drunks in pubs (per ten thousand of population) Worktown is below average. (Pubs, per 10,000, Worktown 17.58, England and Wales 18.29. Convictions for drunkenness, Worktown 7.58, England and Wales 10.9.) So we will probably not be far wrong in assuming that the year's beer-drinking of the statistical Worktowner is about seventeen and a half gallons. But what we really want to know is what section of the 180,000 odd population can be expected to be sharers in the year's three million gallons. Obviously not children. Sample counts of 7,172 people in a wide range of pubs showed an average percentage of 16 women. Age group counts (see page 136) showed that over nine-tenths of drinkers were above 25.

In Worktown, in 1936, there were 52,400 males over the age of 25 (age and sex proportions based on national figures of last Census). Field work indicates that some 15 per cent of males are teetotallers (mainly the town's strong Nonconformist element, circa 18,000 chapel-goers). Let us then, on this basis, assume that the maximum *potential* number of drinkers is between 50,000 and 60,000. If they drink three million gallons a year their statistical average per head per day will be about one pint. (Max. 1.1.)

Now let us examine how much people actually drink in pubs.

On one Thursday evening (27/7/37) the amount drunk by every one, from opening to closing time, in the bar of a beerhouse, was noted. (See graphic representation of this on page 195.) 28 men between them put back 88 pints, an average of 3·16 pints per head.

This average was made up as follows:

Pints	0–1	1–2	2–3	3–4	4–5	5–6	6–7	7–8
Men	3	6	6	7	4	1	0	1

A similar set of observations on the following Saturday showed an average of 3·45 pints per head. This, however, was not made up in the same way. 29 men were observed, but 15 of them went on to other pubs—a common Saturday night habit. The 14 who did all their evening's drinking in this pub averaged 4·57 pints per head. Week-end drinking is always heavier than on week nights, and far more people visit the pubs (see Chapter V).

These observations were made on "regulars", that is, men who visit the pub regularly, either on every night or most nights of

the week, who always stay about the same time and drink about the same amount. Their drinking is heavier than that of the occasional casual who drops in to "have one", but, in averaging out the casual's low consumption will be cancelled by the occasional booze-up on special occasions, such as the celebration of a long-priced winner. Outside the town-centre pubs, the majority of people seen in pubs are regulars.

Very few landlords would give any estimate of the ordinary regular's average drinking. Landlord A.H. writes:

"Re quantities of drink. During the week night average 4 pints per night, Saturday probably 12, Sunday 12, including noon."

Drinkers' own verbatim statements give rather a different picture. About six out of ten said that they were regulars, and gave the name of the pub they used; 2 in 10 said that they went to any handy pub; the rest were less definite.

The answers of some who specified amounts drunk are:

Pints	0–1	1–2	2–3	3–4
Men	6	6	1	2

5 said the following variable amounts:

Gills: 2–7, 2–5, 3–7, 2–10, and 8–12.

10 said that they drank more on Saturdays, including one who said he usually got drunk.

(This small check compares well with figures later on, where 58 per cent of drinkers are regulars. The question of drink is so inhibited by teetotal antagonisms and tradition that direct personal data are exceptionally difficult to obtain. Some data was collected by a newspaper competition. One woman came to the offices of the local paper through which the competition was organized, indignantly brandishing a questionnaire, and proclaiming that she had never been in a pub in her life, and was an abstainer. When asked why she had entered for the competition she said that she thought it was a chance to be first for once. We may be warned by this of the serious dangers inherent in any form of direct, verbal, crude sociology.

Another set of clues to the amount pub-goers drink is given by examining the quantity of beer sold by a small corner pub. Earlier (p. 32) we give a table of the sales of a pub right through

a year. This amounts to almost 4,500 gallons. Accepting the barman's statement that their bottled beer sales are a third of this, we get the figure of almost 6,000 gallons, or 923 pints a week.[1]

Who drinks this? We have a list of the regular customers of the pub. There are 62 of them; some are only week-end regulars.[2] We have not exact figures for casual customers; but certainly there are very few of them here. In these local street corner beerhouses (which comprise two-thirds of the town's pubs) strangers are sufficiently unusual to excite comment. The amount they drink only represents a small fraction of the total sales, and for the purposes of this estimate can be neglected. Therefore, we will base our weekly average on the 62 known customers. From this we get a figure of 14·89 pints per person per week, or 2·13 per night. This is certain to be slightly lower than the real amounts consumed by the regulars, as many of them will during the week and especially at the week-end probably have been into the town centre pubs.

Summing up, we can say that the average of 1·1 pints a day based on the town's share of national beer consumption divided out among a maximum number of 60,000 people, is lower than the consumption of the average pub-goer. Observation of regulars in one pub shows an average of 3·16 pints in a night. Only a tenth of pub-goers from all over the town say that they drink less than a pint, and some say that they take more than four pints. And all the figures other than those of our first estimate can only be considered real when it is taken into account that, since the ordinary drinker does not necessarily go to his pub every night of the week, a man who drinks 28 pints in a week will have more than four pints on any given night, and a man who drinks four pints a night may consume less than 28 pints in the week.

The most likely deductions from our data are that the regular drinks around three pints a night, but not necessarily every night; but there is a section of drinkers who consume a good deal less than this, and another of heavy drinkers whose nightly average is above four pints. Also, the majority of all types drink more at week-ends. More data relevant to this later.

Since the lowest average is above 1·1 pints a day, we can therefore infer that the figure of 60,000 potential pub-goers is too high

[1] Multiplied by total number of pubs this gives circa 2,000,000 gallons a year; but about 100 pubs are larger than this one, and thus there is a reasonable agreement with the estimate on other data.

[2] Other material, given later, shows that this is a good average figure for the ordinary beerhouse regulars (p. 110).

NOTE: Colin Clarke estimated national expenditure for 1935 had 6 per cent income spent on drink (with 27·1 per cent food, 3·5 per cent tobacco, 10·3 per cent clothes). Even if we took our minimum figure of 1·1 pints a day for 60,000, this would amount to 3*s.* 2½*d.* a week, which is 6 per cent of 54 shillings. M'Gonigle and Kirby, in their work on food and other family budget items, ignored alcohol, which is not mentioned in their book; it was not included as an item on their enquiry schedule (p. 195). "Small items . . . such as newspapers, cigarettes and amusements" are referred to (p. 196) and classed with "money available for food". The authors comment: "Individual tastes vary so much and habits of carefulness or extravagance are so purely personal that it was not found possible to assess what sum could or should be allotted for these little extravagances or amenities." But these "little extravagances" do not, in our experience, vary any more markedly than do individual tastes in food and housekeeping economy. Our own budget data, scanty so far, shows average 14 per cent on these amenity items, minimum 2 per cent, maximum 25 per cent (see a later volume). Harrison and Mitchell in *The Home Market* (1939) similarly ignore alcohol or pub-going, so did the Liverpool University's *Survey of Merseyside* (1934).

The majority of Worktowners work in or connected to the cotton trade, whose average 1937 wages were 32*s.* 5*d.* a week—20 per cent get less than 30*s.* But Bowley and Hogg (p. 148) showed that half Worktown's families had more than one wage earner. A spinner with two sons and two daughters can afford to drink a lot more when they become old enough to go out to work, but not old enough to leave home.

Basil Nicholson says: "From observation and available figures it is possible to say with some certainty that an average London family (excluding abstainers) with an income of from £3 to £3 15*s.* a week, spent (husband and wife included) about 10*s.* to 12*s.* a week on drink in 1934."

He also quotes (in the London Survey) the Colwyn report: "These estimates are admittedly only hypothetical, and they refer to the whole country . . . but the table for 1923–4 agrees remarkably closely with such family budget figures, including drink, as it has been possible to obtain in the course of the present enquiry, and with a wide series of estimates made by both members of the trade and its opponents, as well as with published estimates by impartial writers."

The Colwyn Report figures that he uses are actually thus:

Income	Combined consumption of husband and wife			Cost	Approx. % of income
	spirits (bottles)	beer (pints)	wine (bottles)		
£100–150	—	650	—	£16 5*s.*	under 16%
£150–200	5½	800	6	£24 7*s.*	under 16%
£200–250	7½	900	12	£29	under 15%

Finally Chisholm gives other calculations. National drink (all drinks) figures for 1937, £232 million, cf. £248 for 1936–7, which is more than furniture, coal and footwear together. Increase on 1932 was 7 per cent, less of an increase than in other retail distribution commodities—papers upped 10 per cent, tobacco 13 per cent, furniture 24 per cent. Drink comes third item on the nation's bill —food is first, £1,305 million in 1936–7.

The Report of the Commissioners on Customs and Excise showed an increase of 5½ per cent beer consumption in 1937–8, £3 million more paid in beer duty. In March and April 1939 the amount of beer brewed fell 90,000 barrels as compared with the same months of 1938.

REASONS WHY PEOPLE DRINK BEER

There are two sorts of explanations as to why people drink beer. One is really the explanation of why men drink, why they go to pubs. It is the answer to what is called the "drink problem". This we won't attempt to give until near the end of the book. But the reasons that people themselves give for drinking beer are a different matter. A competition in the local press (organized by us) brought a number of replies relevant to this.

Reasons of health and/or beneficial physical effect, the factors recently stressed in brewers' advertising, were given by the majority; and the greatest number of actual references in the letters were to these reasons. 52 per cent mentioned them. Their references (some gave two or three reasons) are classified as follows:

Health Reason Given	*Percentage Giving This Reason*
General health-giving properties	24%
Beneficial effect in connection with work, or refreshing after work	17%
Good effect on appetite	14%
Laxative effect	10%
Sleep inducing	10%
"Nourishing"	6%
"Tonic"	8%
Valuable properties of malt and hops	6%
"Vitamins"	6%
"Diuretic"	2%

35 per cent of people gave social reasons—drinking for companionship. Other kinds of statements were made. One communication, in capital letters on a small piece of paper 4½ inches square, said: "My reason for drinking beer is to appear tough. I heartily detest the stuff but what would my pals think if I refused. They would call me a cissy." This may be meant as a joke, or even an invitation; but it may far more likely be a genuine cry of distress.

Compare this with the statements of football pool addicts and smokers, quoted in *First Year's Work*, by Mass Observation (1938); there (in the Pools section), typical statements: "Everybody has a do, thart nor in t' fashion if theau doesn't," and "Everybody practically bets o' t' Pools"; plus the Editors' remark: "It is not surprising that 95 per cent Poolites state

that all or nearly all of their friends go in for Pools too." In this same report's section on Smoking:—"In answering the question 'Why did you start to smoke?' half the observers gave social or imitative reasons such as:—'In order to be sociable.' 'Because other people did.' 'My chief reason for starting to smoke was that most of my friends were smokers and I felt rather an outsider as long as I was not. . . . I did not get any great pleasure from the actual smoking.'" And Rowntree, whose 1900 survey of York throws so much light, concluded (p. 379):

> The large proportion of persons who stayed in the (public) house for more than a quarter of an hour shows how to a large extent the house is used for "social drinking".

One correspondent wrote us that he only went into the pub with his friends for the sake of their company—"otherwise I am sure I should never set foot in a public house . . . actually loathing the taste of every glass of beer that I drink". This is true of others; beer is often spoken of as "an acquired taste".

A letter from a woman who certainly has acquired it, is the following:

> My reason is, Because I always liked to see my Grandmother having a drink of beer at night. She did seem to enjoy it, and she could pick up a dry crust of bread and cheese, and it seemed like a feast. She said if you have a drink of beer you will live to one hundred, she died at ninety-two. I shall never refuse a drink of beer. There is no bad ale, so Grandma said.

A man aged 66 wrote:

> Why I drink Beer, because it is food, drink, and medecine to me, my Bowels work regular as clockwork and I think that is the Key to health, also lightening effects me a lot, I get such a thirst from Lightening, & full of Pins and Needles, if I drink water from the tap it's worse, Beer makes me better the more I drink better I feel, neither does it make me drunk, when a Boy a horn of Beer before Breakfast was the foundation for the day.

Another man:

> Why I drink Beer is there is hops in which is good for you, also Barm in which keeps your Body in good health.

Many people make use of the phrase "Beer is Best". This is a clue to the large number of references to its health-giving properties; phrases like "it is body-building"—"picks a man up"—are direct reflections of brewers' advertising. In the days before mass beer propaganda people drank considerably more than they do now; the history of the last hundred years of drinking in England is a history of decline. These letters definitely show how advertising phrases intended to keep up consumption have become part of pub-goers' mental attitude to their beer.

The clichés of the hoardings provide what the ethnologist calls "stock answers" to a searching question—the question Why do you drink alcohol? There is a considerable sense of guilt attached to alcoholic activity. We shall deal with this in its religious context, later on, and need only note here that it was shown in earliest days of the pub, in Greece and Rome, when some people slunk shamedly into inns, St. Paul shunned them, pagan groups encouraged them. But it is worth indicating now the wider nature of such oppositions, for the pub and anti-pub one, which goes on as much *within individuals* as within the community, keeps on cropping up in inconspicuous forms throughout this work, and its reports and statistics. In Worktown we have found nine major oppositions which cut across the life of the community in all sorts of ways, and often cut across the life of a family or even of a married couple. These are (on the positive side):

Betting (including pools)
Smoking
Dancing
Fishing
Drinking alcohol
Gardening
Working
Cosmetics
Vegetarianism.

Common to all these issues on which persons apparently alike in respect to income, age, appearance, knowledge, etc., may violently differ, may violently resent in each other, are the following:

(1) They involve some positive manifestation.
(2) This is easily expressed.

(3) They involve social intercourse with other people—even betting, lipstick and smoking are essentially social, and so is gardening in Worktown (where gardens are hedged off or exclusive, the antagonism between those interested and those uninterested is generally negligible).

(4) They do not involve any direct or conscious competition between the different people involved; in betting, of all sorts, the competition is focused on the person or thing betted about and the person who accepts the bet; in working, the competition is with time, the machine, the boss. In every activity there is, of course, always a potential of direct competition—even in swilling or sanctity.

Oppositions of a different kind are those between groups within the same general framework of social activity—between rival football teams, church sects, political parties. But we have not been able to find any similar opposition between football players and non-football players, whist players and non-whist players, between coffee and non-coffee drinkers, fish-and-chippers and nons. In later volumes we shall discuss the importance of this fully. It is relevant here because the pub-goer is conscious of non-pub-goers, of propaganda against pubs, which particularly comes from about a third of the leaders in the town's public life. Notices outside churches tell him alcohol is a peril to his liver and/or his immortal soul. In the papers he can learn that chaps get so bad they need Turvey Treatment. Drink is directly and publicly attacked at meetings and services. On the other hand, the brewers, like the bakers and the milkmen, say their product is best, is the way to health, implying even that beer is better than anything else in life. They provide him with a sanction; they point out that millions do it, that it is the done thing. At the moment, they are showing on Worktown hoardings a lawyer in wig and gown, drinking stout. The law does it; the army and navy do it; it is the done thing; indeed, it is the best thing to do. . . .

Beer, more than anything else, has to overcome guilt feelings. That is why its advertising is simple, insistent, fond of superlatives, visual, and often showing other people drinking the stuff, radiant with good cheer or good looks—"Beer is socially serviceable". The opposition, by making drink equal sin, have made those interested in promoting drink for personal profit, provide a simple rationalization for the drinker. The brewer is now in an ideal position—he has a one-point political platform which covers everything, and is, to say the least, difficult to argue with

in terms likely to influence millions of people. The whole basis of the ancient argument has been shifted. The same sort of thing has happened in politics in many countries.

It is this that makes the reasons people give for pub-going so especially "unsound". As a sample of the results of direct questioning on the subject:

We asked a local pub-goer (ex-policeman) to go round and ask a few chaps in the pubs he visited why they liked beer. This was done indirectly in the course of conversation. The following is his verbatim write-up of the results:

> 8.15 p.m. Man aged about 40 says "I drink beer because I think it does me more good than doctor's medicine, it keeps my bowels in good working order". This man was of the engineering type.
>
> Navvy type of person aged about 35, says "If I get three pints down me I can . . ." (What he said is the sort of thing considered "unprintable". It amounted to the fact that when he went home he was able to have sexual intercourse with his wife with the maximum of efficiency, and when he woke up in the morning he was able to repeat the process with the utmost satisfaction.)
>
> A young man aged about 25, well dressed in the latest cut suit, says "This stuff gives me a good appetite and puts plenty of lead in my pencil."
>
> An aged coalbagger says "Eh, lad, two or three pints every neet (night) and a pound o' chops and I could knock a bloody mon off a horse."
>
> A young man, a piecer, says "I don't take too much, about a couple of gills every neet, it seems to put a bit of bant (energy) in thee for t' following day."
>
> A middle-aged man of about 40 of labouring type says "What the bloody hell dost tha tak it for?" I said for my health, he said "Th'art a —— liar." I paid for him a gill.
>
> A man fairly well dressed looked to me like a lady killer says "If tha comes in 'ere and pays for who tha fancies a couple o' stouts tha's no need to get wed."
>
> A young man about 23 says "I only drink this stuff because I come down to t' barracks about three times a week, if I weren't in t' artillery I'd ne'er bother."
>
> A navvy type of man about 38 says "This is a bloody habit with me an' I think if they stopped me tap I should bloody well snuff out tomorrow."
>
> A young man of shop assistant type about 25 says "What can a chap do in a one-eyed hole like this, he'd go off his chump if there were no ale, pictures, and tarts."

The factor that emerges here, that was not mentioned in the written material, is the effect of beer on drinkers' *sexual* powers. While convention forbids reference to this aspect of beer drinking on other occasions, there is an element of facetiousness in the pub replies that stresses this sort of reason, a very real one.

NOT-BEER

43·5 per cent of the local pubs are full licences. That is to say, they are licensed to sell wines and spirits as well as beer—more expensive drinks with a higher alcohol content than beer.

But not-beer does not play a conspicuous part in the drinking that takes place in these pubs:

> Friday, May 7, a smallish pub in Higher Bridge Street, midday, two working class men of about 30 come into the vault and order small ports. This causes a profound sensation, the landlord literally taking a step backwards, and repeating in an incredulous italicised voice "*Small ports!*"

In July, 1937, outside a Methodist Chapel, a large notice was put up saying "WINE, ESPECIALLY RED WINE, RETARDS DIGESTION".

> Bar of the Grand Theatre, April 19. Eight women and two men, all sitting, 15 men standing. Jewish woman next to observer changes her order to gin and lime, then doesn't know if she will have water with it. "I'm not used to gin," she says. Barman makes her take soda with it.
>
> One of the town's leading upper middle-class families, on June 20, have sherries all round before dinner. During the meal the old man has Sauterne, followed by five goes of port. Mrs. has Sauterne, the young scion beer and two goes of port. Old man has whiskey shortly afterwards; goes up to bed at 10.30 taking the whiskey decanter with him, speaks of having a "posset".[1]

[1] Significant, in relation to this, is the yearly Worktown socialite revue organized by this family. While nearly all local and Blackpool music hall drink jokes and references are about beer, alcohol in this show was mentioned in a song:

> "Whiskey makes you pawn your clothes,
> Whiskey there, whiskey everywhere."

Unreality of this section of the community singing about pawning clothes is paralleled by the actual set up of the song, given by two men dressed in a peculiar kind of boating costume, holding TANKARDS, standing by two small BEER barrels.

S—— Inn, Mar. 31. Two women order ginger wine. Barman says "I've been here a year—that's the first one I've seen".

F—— Vault. Jan. 22. Yorkshireman, wearing Clarion cycling club badge, says to observer "They're sloppy pubs 'ere". He doesn't often drink, he adds, but when he does he "likes something decent". Is contemptuous because "They haven't got any chartroose whiskey—you'd expect it in a pub this size."

NOTICE

MAGEE'S VAULT PRICES

Whiskey, Rum, Gin	6*d.*
Magee's Ballyhooley Irish, Old Souwester Rum	9*d.*
No. 10 Liquer Scotch	10*d.*
Port, Sherry, and Empire Wine	3*d.*

. . . . . .

In 1935 alcoholic liquor national consumption per head worked out at

Beer	17·58 galls.
Wine	·31 galls.
Spirits	·19 galls.

(Census of Production figures)

That is, the volume of beer drunk is 90 times that of all spirits. But comparison by volume is not realistic. A gill of beer contains about five times as much liquid as the ordinary pub single whiskey. So we can say that for every drink of spirits sold about 18 gills of beer are drunk.

Four out of seven Worktown pubs don't sell spirits. Therefore if this national proportion of spirits to beer drunk holds good for pubs, those with spirit licences will have to sell far more than one spirits to 18 beers. Do they?

A very popular medium sized pub, outside the town centre. Observer asks how much whiskey is drunk. Landlord "Under 1 per cent". Later, after drinking three rounds with observer, he reconsiders this and says "I reckon 2 per cent".

A landlord who gave 5 per cent spirits, and all bottled beers except Guinness, said:

The average person drinking spirits today is suffering from some ailment which necessitates spirits as a medicine, and cannot stand long drinks, or probably a Business man who is being hard pressed by work or financial matters, falls to spirits as a quick consolation to forget matters.

Town centre pub, landlord takes observer into cellar, to reckon up sales by inspection of empties. This is the landlord's estimate.

Mild. 7 loads a week. (A load is 36 gallon barrel.)
Bitter. 1 load.
Old. 2 quarter loads.
Blue Label and Oatmeal stout. 150–200 bottles.
Guinness. "Very poor selling."
Whiskey. 7 or 8 to 10 bottles.
Gin. 4 bottles.
Rum. 4 bottles. (Sold in bottle—"Mostly a sailor and an old woman".)
Port. 8 bottles.
Sherry. 9 bottles. "I drink a lot myself."

This is a pub with a rather special type of custom. It is not used by the ordinary working class pub-goer and many women (non-beer drinkers) go there. Relatively more spirits are drunk here than in almost any other local pub. Yet to approximately 330 gallons of beer only 35 bottles of wine and spirits are drunk. That is over 5,000 gills to between five and six hundred drinks of wine and spirits. (18–20 single whiskeys are got from a bottle, and about 12 glasses of wine.) That is, the chances are ten to one that anyone will order not-beer in this pub.

In another pub, which has a very big custom, especially of young people from the nearby dance halls, an observer reports:

The waiter-on says they drink a lot of whiskey here. When asked how much he meant by a lot he said "I reckon he (the landlord) does eight bottles a week".

We can conclude that the drinking of wines and spirits by ordinary pub-goers is very small. Though in the Wine Bar, which has a special type of customer, wine is drunk on a large scale especially a sticky-sweet concoction called Sweet Mountain Wine which sells at 2½*d.* a large glass. There is also a good sale of spirits from the barrel here.

The national figures quoted earlier certainly do not represent the relative amounts of wine and spirits to beer drunk by Worktowners (and presumably by working class pub-goers in other industrial districts). This must be made up by middle class (especially non-pub) drinking. Whether this is due to the price factor we cannot go into now, but the enormous volume of gin drinking amongst working people in the days when gin was very cheap seems to show that if spirits cost no more than beer today a lot more of them would be drunk.

Orders from the lounge of the town's best hotel, whose customers are non-Worktowner in habit, many being the better paid class of commercial traveller and business man, plus a number of mostly plump, made-up women of between 30 and 40, show a distinctly different selection from that of other pubs. The following is a list of the orders (in the succession given) for the lounge during half an hour, compared with those of the vault of a large pub nearby:

Lounge, Best Hotel	*Vault orders in ordinary pub*	
2 champagne cocktails	3 milds	1 mild
1 Bass	3 milds	1 sherry
Grapefruit	1 Crown	2 milds
Two best (milds)	4 milds	2 milds
2 Brown Ale and 1 Guinness	2 milds	1 best
1 Guinness and 2 best	3 milds	2 milds
2 grapefruit	1 mild	2 best
2 Guinness	2 best	2 milds
1 best	1 mild	1 mild
2 Guinness	3 best	1 mild
1 ginger ale and 7 I.P.A.s	1 mild	1 best
2 best, 1 whiskey and lemon	1 best	1 mild
2 Guinness and 1 lager	2 milds	
2 "Tenpenny cocktails"	1 mild	
2 oatmeal stouts and 2 sherries	1 mild and 1 best	
2 gin and lime	2 best	
2 best	7 milds	
2 Bass	2 milds	
	1 mild	

The lounge drinks average out at 6*d*. a head, those of the vault at a shade over 2½*d*.

The grapefruits are drunk by the ladies while they are sitting about waiting for the gentlemen. Minerals are not in general thought highly of, e.g. Lounge of large town centre pub, woman drinking tonic water, man asks her "What's that you're drinking?" to which she replies "It's the same as water, it's tonic".

On holidays (principally spent in Blackpool) there is a change for some people in their qualitative drinking habits, as well as their quantitative ones—everyone drinks more then—lots more—but there are also changes in pub behaviour and types of drink consumed.

A barman writes:

> As a general rule people on holiday drink more expensive drinks.
> G.S. Drinks gin and it at Blackpool—in Worktown mild beer.
> W.M. Guinness only at Blackpool, and mild beer in Worktown.
> F.A.S. No difference. Objects to wife's preference of Guinness.

Here is a Blackpool pub patronized by Worktowners:

> 8.30 p.m. Majority of men are drinking mild; female Guinness consumption going strong. 2 women are drinking advocaat, 2 have small bottles of Moussec, and 1 contemplates a Bass.

Advocaat, mostly ordered under the name of egg flip, is a thick yellow sticky liquid supposed to be made from eggs and brandy, and reputed to have an aphrodisiac effect. Later that evening 15 orders for it were recorded in ten minutes. In another Blackpool pub:

> Plenty of bottled beers are being drunk, female Guinness and small ports, also some cyder (never seen in Worktown). Many male whiskies.

In Blackpool the unprecedented spectacle of two unattended women ordering whiskey *at the bar* (absolutely tabu to women in Worktown) has been observed. However, this increased wine and spirit drinking on holidays is, as a change from the normal, not anything like as noticeable as many other important changes in drinking habits that happen then. (This is discussed later.)

We began by saying that, for the ordinary Worktowner, drink equals beer. We can repeat it, and add—mostly mild beer.

NOTE.—We have not allowed for consumption of beer in *clubs*. This amounts to 6 per cent of the national drink consumption. Worktown has 65 registered clubs, one for every 2,727 of the population, while the general average for county boroughs is nearly 3,000. Estimates of the kind we have made are not sufficiently accurately delimited to allow for this low percentage. This also applies to off-licence sales.

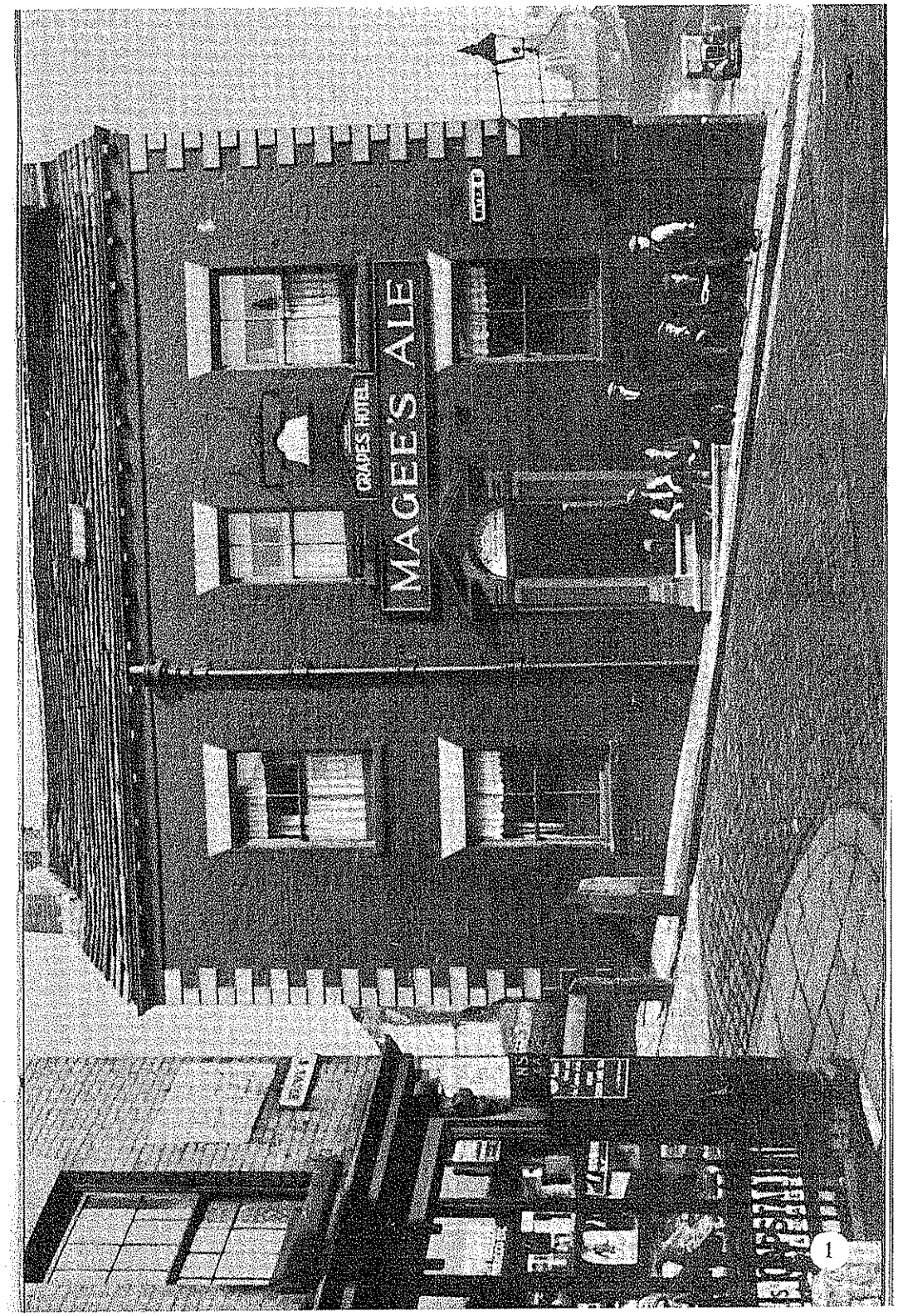
A NOTE ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS

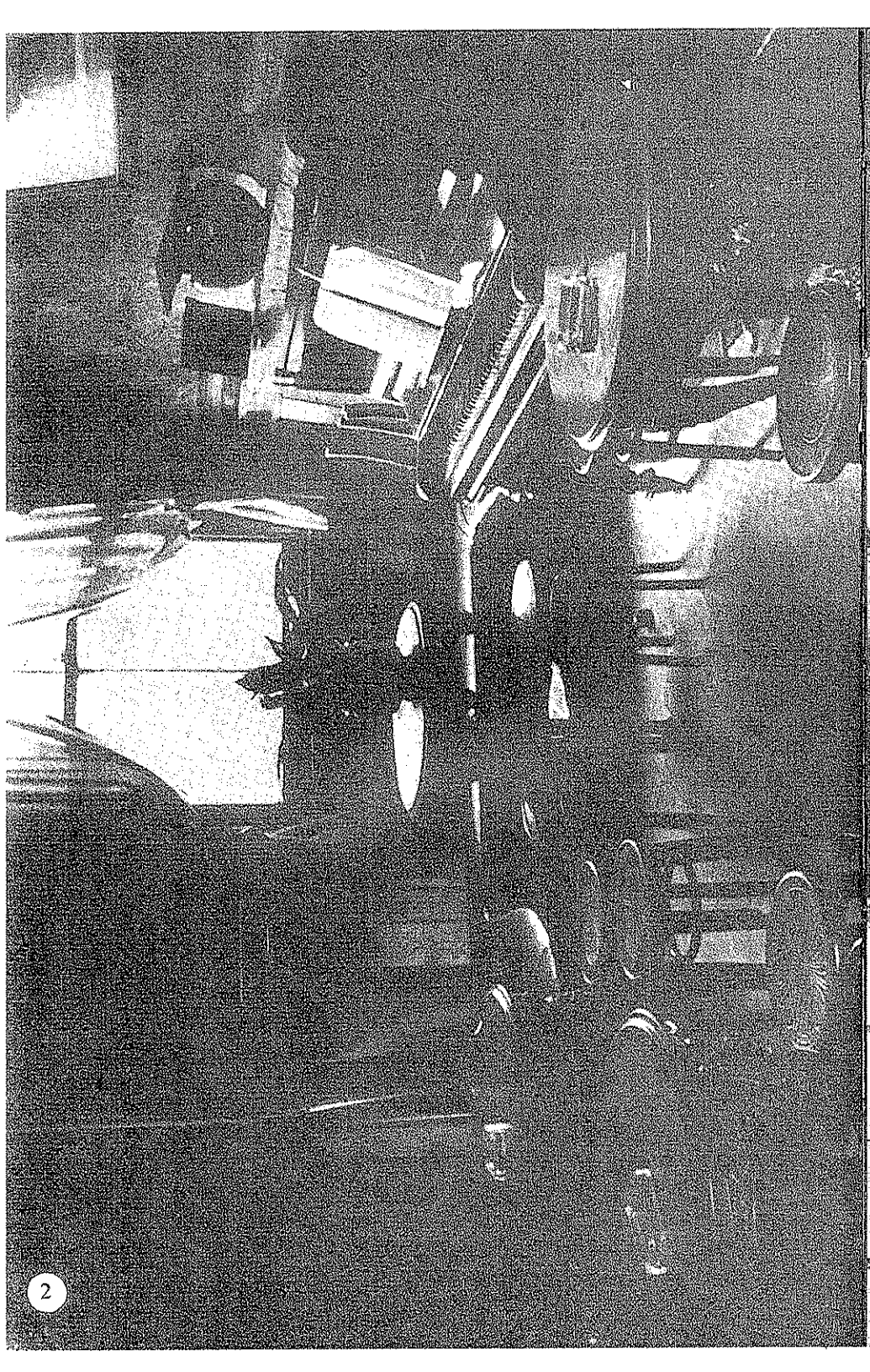
The twelve photographs on the following pages were taken as part of Mass-Observation operations in and around Worktown, already described in the Preface. Our principal photographer was Humphrey Spender, then a well-known professional working for *Picture Post* and various agencies. Like nearly all those involved in the Worktown project, he worked for nothing. His photographs are almost unique in reporting ordinary, everyday and night events in much the same way as some of our observer studies. I have selected ten of his pub pictures, all taken in Worktown in the late thirties, as straight documents of pub life as it was then, plus two from another ready and generous colleague, Michael Wickham, taken when we revisited the area in 1960 for our book *Britain Revisited* (Gollancz, 1961).

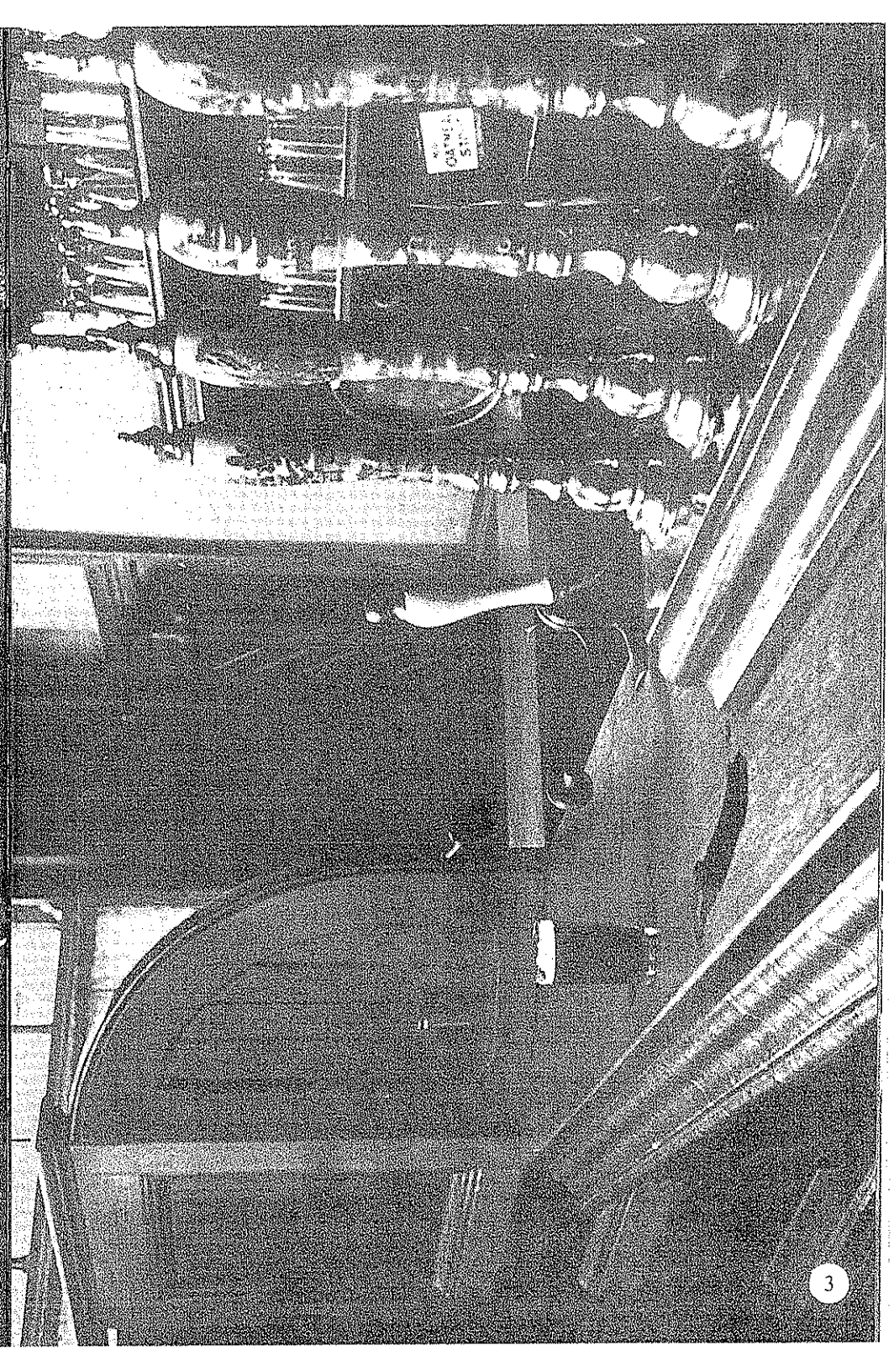
The basis of this sort of photography is the camera as impartial, objective and, preferably, unobserved recorder. *Plate 1* shows men in the summer street waiting for opening time. *Plate 2* takes us into the formal intimacy of the saloon bar with piano and aspidistra. With *Plate 3* we move into the Vault, with its then inevitable beer pumps (see page 95), and *Plate 4* takes us to the other end of a small pub bar. In *Plate 5* the solitary drinker finishes his pint, whereas in *Plate 6* more middle-class drinkers characteristically stand along the bar of a big pub in the middle of the town. Standers and sitters are mixed in another long bar, early in the evening, in *Plate 7*. The domino players of *Plate 8* are "regulars", whereas the couple in *Plate 9* are week-end drinkers especially. The pub closes to end the drinking week, Saturday night, *Plate 10*.

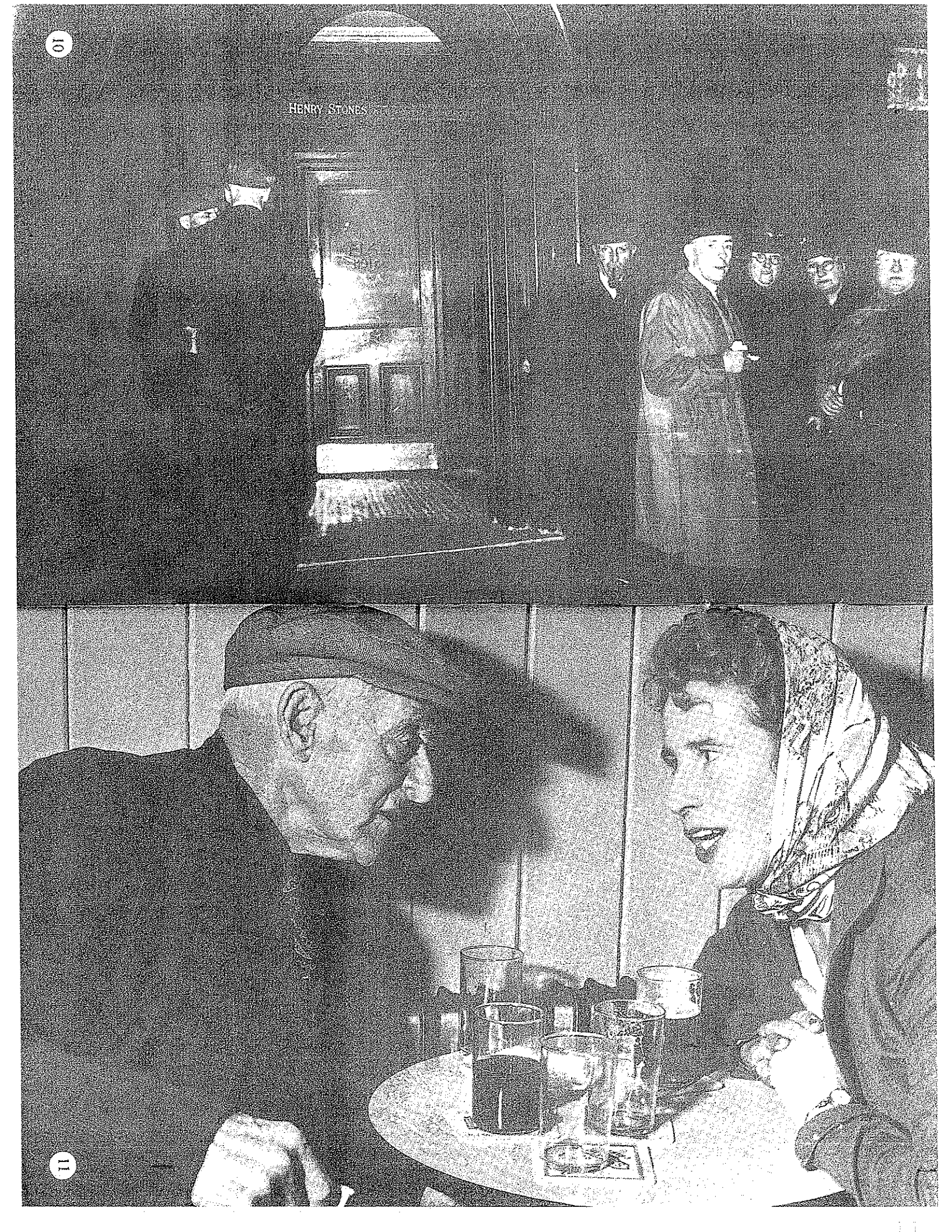
Plate 11 shows mass-observer Nell Umney with a regular in an updated Blackpool pub, 1960. *Plate 12* shows drinking in 1960 in a West Houghton pub outside Worktown, at the annual ceremony when a cow is dismembered and the bleeding head is placed in the saloon bar (see *Britain Revisited*, page 216).

Tom Harrisson.








10
HENRY STONES
11

s gettin it yed f

feelings of aristocratic anti-mass. "Crowds are only powerful for destruction," he said (p. xix), and (p. 6) "What really takes place is a combination followed by the creation of new characteristics." Of these the latter statement approximates more nearly to observed fact; but there is no creation of novelty, rather a simple mechanics of numerical effect such as we have seen in the speed of drinking a gill of beer. Pub space: Saturday night: more money: more people: less space: more drinking: faster drinking: more effect: more drunks: more noise: song: maybe brawl: more police cases. The people are people just the same, the drunks drunks, the beer beer. The relative quantities of each alter, but there is no evidence so far for McDougall's mystical obscure "sympathetic induction".

"Primitive" or "savage" society is full of restrictions, conventions, tabus. And its way of life is rigid. There are no alternatives to it. Our society, though increasingly offering alternative ways of living and thinking, is no less full of conventions and restrictions. But they are conventions and restrictions imposed in a different way than those of primitive societies—purchasing power instead of magical power giving one the power to override them or make use of them, convention being enforced more by economic than religious sanctions. And while in primitive societies there are ritual and socially accepted occasions of breakdowns of tabu, our "feasts", holidays, etc., don't work out in quite the same way. Today in England, for instance, there is no occasion when the breakdown of sexual tabus and conventions is "officially" recognized, though Christmas (above), New Year, Easter and Holy Trinity come near it. In the life of the ordinary Worktowner no occasion arises when he is officially sanctioned and encouraged to dance in the streets, unless the Monarchy is involved in some ritual climax. But it is all right for him to do it in Blackpool, and he often does, not necessarily because he has been drinking a lot, but because a lot of people have got drunk and don't care any longer for the social conventions that forbid them to dance in the streets.

The conclusion to which evidence points is, just as there are two aspects of pub-going—social and alcoholic—that cannot really be separated from each other, so there are two aspects of drunkenness—individual and social—that are inseparably connected. And on occasions these two aspects are synthesised in the form of "social intoxication."

VIII

SINGERS AND PIANISTS: BOOKIES AND PROSTITUTES

THERE ARE PEOPLE who go to pubs to make money. One type, singers and pianists, are paid or otherwise rewarded by the landlord; their function is that of attracting other people to the pub. The other sort, bookies and prostitutes, also act as attractions to sections of pub-goers; but they make money from the drinkers and not from the landlords.

MUSIC

Pub music plays, and has played, an important role. Says the report of the Worktown Temperance Society for 1852, giving an example "illustrative of the evil effects of singing saloons":

> Two young women . . . visited one of the singing saloons for the first time. One of them attracted the attention of a young man there, a perfect stranger to her; he artfully persuaded her to leave the room in his company. The sad result was, she became a mother.

There do not appear to be any figures, either for that time or for today, of the effect of pub music and singing on the birth rate. And it does not appear likely that the present declining birth rate can be correlated with the decline of pub music! Today the authorities tend rather to correlate it with drunkenness. Says the Worktown Chief Constable in his report for 1936:

> I am rather inclined to believe that the increase (of drunks) may be to some extent attributed to the attractions—which include organized competitions, concerts, and variety entertainments . . .

He, the Chief Constable, while recognizing that there had been a general increase in drunkenness throughout the country that year, pointed out that the local increase was higher than that of the national one. A glance at the diagrams already given, will show

that his interpretation, though clearly offered in the best of good faith, was a mistaken one, since there was not a straightforward correlation between national prosperity indices and those of Worktown, and the national increase in employment and drunkenness since the lowest period of the slump (1932) had taken place less regularly in Worktown. None the less the Chief Constable circulated a letter to all licensees prohibiting the employment of singers and variety artists in their houses, and he says in his report, since then "the practices have apparently ceased". Apparently is the operative word.

In the parlours of most pubs there is a piano. All customers are welcome to play it, and sing with it, and on week-end nights playing and singing is usually going on. Above many pianos a placard will be found, saying "Voluntary playing only allowed". This is usually a sign that on at least one night a week someone is being paid to play. In the lounge of almost all the really crowded and popular pubs there will be a pianist playing for most of the evening on week-ends. And from week to week it is usually the same pianist. It is not likely that such regularity is unrewarded. Although it is not necessarily paid. Writes a barman:

> The pianist is the most important person in the pub concert room. He is generally a light that has failed, whose indulgence in pleasures of the immediate surroundings keeps him from seeing further afield. In most pubs in these days business is bad and payment of good players is a matter of difficulty, so people play who are content to sit and tinkle all night for a few drinks providing a sort of wireless background to a buzz of conversation. To stimulate the artist a custom prevails in Lancashire. That the landlord treats one who has sung two songs. He must do or business suffers.

Anything from 7*s.* 6*d.* to half a crown a night is the fee for a pub pianist.

> In the F. I got into conversation with the waiter-on who had been there 15 years and was aged 35. A very tough little chap. The new manager had been there only 12 months, and the waiter-on was very angry against him. He told me how this pub's business which was once the first in Worktown with 64 barrels of beer a week has now fallen right away, so he had made the new manager get in a pianist against police regulations —in fact he said to the manager, who is a very timid man "Oh surely you know how to get a man to play and pay him and tell him to keep his mouth shut about it!" This pianist was an awfully seedy-looking object, but one of the finest that I have heard in Worktown and for an hour and a half he played beautifully, the most sentimental jazz tunes.

Before the official ban on paid entertainers, pubs would hire good variety artists and advertise them. Some are remembered and discussed today, one in particular has become an almost legendary figure.

> Fish and chip shop, man of about 40, proprietor, and observer talk about singing. Man says that it has been stopped in the pubs here. "Done the town a lot of harm." "It's taking the money out of Worktown" says fishman. But they go on to say it got to be a bit of a scandal. They were advertising for auditions in the pubs and girls came along got up as if they were going on the stage. They refer to V.Y. who was famous for a comic number "when they clapped her she used to pull out her tit and clap on it—she 'ad fine big ones too . . ." And he made an indicative sketching gesture with his hands.

This girl used to sing at the pub referred to in the previous report. She emigrated to another town nearby, and for quite a long time many Worktowners used to go over to visit the pub where she operated there.

A landlord who was asked whether he thought music made people drink more said:

> "Where there's entertainment there's more drinking." He also said of the Chief Constable "He used to send his men round in plain clothes to see if they were playing for money." And he told a story about one cop who dressed up as a navvy and went to a pub. "He stayed all day there. He sang for them when he left 'I shall come home when the ebb tide flows', and next day he raided 'em."

More than a year after the prohibition of this paid entertainment, when the 1937 drunk figures were announced (nearly 25 per cent increase) a further statement was made by the Chief Constable, who said (Report to Watch Committee for 1937, published 1938):

> It has now become apparent that certain licensed houses are again catering for this form of entertainment, and various

subterfuges are being adopted to assist the licensees to break the law.

And he adds:

> While no attempt will be made to suppress the occasional use of a piano on week-days in the case where friends meeting in a public house may play and sing for the entertainment of one another, the practice of holding what amounts to weekly concerts must cease.

It was too early to see what the effects of this would be before the war stopped this study. The initial effects of the original edict were more widespread than might be imagined. The pub concerts were a great attraction for people from the suburbs and surrounding villages who came into the town at week-ends on shopping excursions.

Now:

> Pub in X. Singing and music are of course permitted here; one pub has a jazz band. Until Chief Constable stopped singing in Worktown many went there at week-end to drink; the buses were packed. Now this movement has stopped. On the other hand plenty of Worktowners come out to drink in X. The people here are agricultural labourers, and also bleach workers. A man says to observer that Worktown "seems dead-like, no life in it, no music, no singin',—nothin'." He says none of them keep to one pub, but they have a local round and tend to end up here. "There's a good crowd 'ere—not the same as it is in Worktown."

The effects of this are both economic and cultural. The people of these villages are tending no longer to look on Worktown as a centre for enjoying themselves. The whole focal effect of Worktown, whose population of some 170,000 is about a quarter of its generally assumed "shopping area", has been upset, its week-end function of bringing people in to shop, cinema and drink, from the many small hamlets all round. And the effect has actually been reversed even from Worktown centre. Says a publican:

> "It's taking thousands of pounds out to surrounding places and going to the pubs there, where music is permitted, to drink and sing."

A trip round the outskirts on the following Friday confirmed this; landlords of surrounding hamlets said there were Worktown people in, and that many more came over on Saturdays.

In banning organized music the Chief Constable—whose powers in such matters are considerable, though subject to the Watch Committee, the Anglican churchwarden chairman of which goes on his summer holidays with his family along with the C.C. and his family—has hit a vital element in pub culture, one which each evening transformed the individual units of drinkers in all rooms into a harmonizing whole, who send themselves often into a sweat with laughter and melody. Worktown people love music of simple sort. They love singing. There is nowhere else where they may sing the songs of their own choosing. In a town which has practically no native painting or poetry or literature, the curtailing of music is a serious matter intellectually. And the action has evidently done nothing either to stop drinking or drunkenness. It has practially nothing to do with either—far less than darts, dominoes or the Police Sports, which is the biggest local sporting betting-cum-booze-up of the year. But in making such decisions it is doubtful whether those responsible, despite their intelligent and sincere interest, are competent to make judgments based on understanding either of drinking people or drinking fact. The Chief Constable of Worktown is a teetotaller. Neither he nor the Chairman of the Watch Committee, nor the religious leaders who are active in restricting pub activities, ever go into Worktown pubs. Indeed, nine out of ten of all the well-to-do in Worktown never go into pubs.

Those well-offs who drink do so at home or (a large number) in the Golf Clubs, which are open all hours, including Sunday (excepting the Municipal Golf Course, where Sunday golf is prohibited). Such a position is typical of the contemporary English scene, where those who legislate for the poorer sections of the community have little accurate knowledge of what they are doing or where it will lead. Classic example was that of the recent Royal Commission on Gambling, which called nearly a hundred witnesses, representing every sort of interested organization imaginable, but not a single ordinary person, not a punter. In an almost casual sentence it advised that the whole of Football Pool betting be made illegal; it called no witness who had filled in a pool form. It can have had no *social* understanding of what it was doing; its conclusions cannot have been

arrived at on the basis of impartial analysis, objective human facts, or social realities. Naturally, the Commission, like so many such Commissions, produced a report which could not and cannot properly be put into practice, at least with useful effect. The local police are in the same boat. On crime they know their stuff well enough. When they start tampering with the normal, inhibiting pleasures generally regarded as "legitimate", complications are bound to ensue. The pub is the one "normal" place which the police can closely control and command. They are unable to tell churches that they must not have Liturgical Services or Sung Eucharists.

So far few Worktown pubs have radios. When they become popular the pub atmosphere will have changed quite a bit. For the radio does not cater especially for large, amorphous groups who come to *participate*. The pub-goer is not just a listener and looker. He is active in drinking and talking about all sorts of subjects and with all sorts of people, many of whom he would never meet in any other way. So he or she needs accompaniment rather than complete entertainment, at least for most of the time. Music in the background, songs which everyone knows, largely sentimental songs.

At present, therefore, the musical side of pub culture is getting involved in a sense of guilt and repression, another one of the several already associated with the pub. Pianists are still being paid, but in secret; two reports on this:

> C. Arms. 9 p.m. Approx. 70 in all rooms; 35 in main singing room, where an old man, black suit, bald, pince-nez, plays piano and sings, making cracks in music hall patter style between songs. (Rector of Stiffkey, just deceased, was mentioned.) All join in the singing, very loudly indeed, also those in the next room, who usually finish a whole bar later than in here. The entertainer is an ex-pro. and in observer's opinion is certainly paid by the landlord.
>
> Best room. Piano being played by young woman in brown dress, who has glass of Guinness at her side on the end of the keyboard. Over the piano is the notice "Voluntary playing only". Two young men are fraternizing with the pianist, then exchange jokes with the landlord. The pianist says to him "You look tired" and he says "I am tired, me 'eart's broke". She plays loudly and sings "Somebody stole my heart away". The young men join in loudly, slapping their knees and beating time with their feet. Then she plays another jazz tune, and then some old ones, such as Burlington Bertie, which are very well received.

All observers report that the sentimental and old-fashioned songs go much the best, and also the sad sort of Irish songs are popular. And though mostly jazz songs are played and sung, the evening nearly always finishes with old-fashioned ones.

Sufficient examples of ordinary voluntary pub singing have been given in reports in earlier sections. We are able to give the pub pianist's point of view, written by himself—the account actually is of a Christmas club, and also contains material relevant to our next subject:

> About the end of August the ladies frequenting the parlour decided to have a saving up club for Christmas. Some of them wanted to have curios as well. (See later about this.) . . . Anyway, the landlady objected, so this was just a saving club, no limit. Five of them drew out their money before the time. The remainder were paid out last night (Dec. 22). They all turned up for their money and the landlady paid for the contents of a large potato pie, which was made by a customer. She no doubt was actuated by the thought of a presence of so much money, and the hope that some of it might be spent in the house. Ladies drifted in about 8 onwards, until the appropriate moment, everyone being paid out, the pie made its appearance. This was sold at twopence per plate, the money pooled in front of the secretary. This pie was sold in all parts of the house. While this was going on a weary and neglected professor of music was thumping tunes out of a dilapidated piano.[1] The pie finished, it was decided that each contribute to the accumulated heap of pence, then to have Guinness round until it was finished. Tense moments were experienced when the drinks were being paid for. The last round was bought before anything like a convivial atmosphere prevailed. Everyone was satisfied when it was suggested that the threepence left over should go to buy the pianistic drudge a beer. He responded to the noble gesture by playing Christmas carols, Noel, and Christmas Bells. There was singing of a community type and a little dancing. Time was called, and round empty tables talk centred round the family life and the good old times. They drifted out in ones and twos, the pianist

[1] This piano once had a gallon of beer poured into its works by a drunk. The writer is the only person who can produce anything recognizable as music from it.

gathered up his music, patted the dog, and made his way home full of potato pie and free beer!

BOOKIES

Betting is important in the pub, takes various forms. One form is centred around activities that take place *within* the pub. This is dealt with later. Another form centres round activities that take place *outside* the pub. Betting of this kind involves the largest sums, and is carried on through the medium of the bookmaker and his runner.

Writes a landlord:

> Betting is forbidden by most pubs, but the pubs that do the best trade are those that have a means for that entertainment, a good bookie is a great asset to a pub.

This is corroborated by the following, written for us by a local drinker, who was asked to write up what he knew about a leading local pub bookie:

> This man, known as Nero, employs about 170 runners in Worktown and district but has no particular pub where he stays for a long time. At one time when singing was allowed to have full swing in Worktown he used to follow a niece of his around wherever she was engaged in that capacity. It is always noticeable when he enters a public house where any of his agents are employed. He is a tall man, thick set, with thick gold chain very prominent, he also has the usual cigar and a very prominent display of gold rings on his fingers I personally have counted as many as six rings on both hands and when he is drinking usually rests one hand on the counter to display the same. He is always welcomed by the landlord owing to the fact that through his business he is responsible for probably half the custom that enters these places. The word goes round the house that Nero has arrived and all the customers in the lobby get as close as possible so that they can be in the first order. The vaults clients usually voice their protest through the agent who very often is permanently placed there and the drinks are on Nero. He usually has a large following of relatives but these are deteriorating at present owing to the fact that they are employed as checkers and trusted servants to get the slips in from agents, consequently one or two of them have been putting slips in after the race has been won, so poor Nero can't even trust himself now. He is expected to contribute to all annual picnics or bowling handicaps the usual contribution being £1 so that his prestige runs very high to the people who buys his cigars and rings. The agent also holds a position of esteem in the pub especially during the dinner hour of a working day the position is that the client wants a bet and the runner being in the pub causes the client to enter to make his bet and this helps the landlord to make a sale. There is also the fact that a client that has a method of selecting winners and enters the pub to receive his winnings very often calls for a drink and the agent receives one also so that one can see how profitable an agent can be to the Licensee. I personally would suggest that instead of a brewery advertising "Guinness is Good" it would be better to say "Nero's agent calls here". The agent also has a great deal to do with arranging domino sweeps, bowling handicaps, picnics, etc.; money lending is also another feature of his business because he works on a weekly basis of payment with the bookmaker all winnings being paid in at week-end so that the agent has always a surplus of money during the week, this enables him to lend money to his clients. So that we can weigh all the facts together and find that the agent is more prominently placed in the pub than the Licensee himself. The Licensee therefore has to give a great deal of Latitude to the agent so that when he puts his betting dice on the table the licensee has to close one eye and be content to have his card posted up "No betting allowed".

This account covers the whole field of bookies' pub activities. As the writer says, betting is usually done in the dinner hour:

> Midday, vault. The bookie's runner comes in and has argument with the landlady about her yesterday's doubles. Betting slips and newspapers are produced. She then makes bets on the day's races. The runner has a gill of mild.

Of course, all this is illegal. Transactions usually take place unobtrusively, like this:

> Vault, 5 men with caps and scarves, talking about work and wages. Man, blue suit, no hat, comes in, says nothing, gives half a crown to a chap. Blue suit leans against door for a little. Nothing has been said so far. Then the man to whom the half-crown had been given says, husky and questioning, "Pint?" and goes to bar and gets a pint for blue suit.

But the police are aware of it, though perhaps not exactly when, where and who. Our old friend P.C. Thirsty bets heavily

in his local pub. At this pub the local bookie sometimes doesn't come round at midday, but sends his wife instead. Barman suggests that he knows the place is being watched on those occasions.

Though almost every pub has regular betting, convictions are rare. It is an accepted breach of the law, and one that the police themselves often commit. In the following case a landlord in a small pub on the edge of Worktown was fined £10 and costs (4s.) "for permitting the use of a betting house"—the bookie was not penalized; ditto the bookie's runner. The press report of the police court case reads:

> A man named X—then said in the presence of Y: "I've got a good thing for the 4.30 race at Pontefract. I have a friend who sends me tips." X wrote out a betting slip and showed it to the officers. Y (the landlord) was still in the room, about six feet away.
>
> Z then shouted across the room "Be sharp with that bet. You are going to be too late." Z then went to the table where the officers were seated, produced a betting clock, and taking a betting slip and money, put them into a betting clock bag. Between 2.30 and 3.13 the majority of men present wrote out betting slips. . . . On the following Saturday . . . in the room were 15 men and the man Z was sitting at a table about three yards from the licensee. Z was counting about 15 betting slips at the table, and did something with them that the officers could not observe. Sporting papers were also in the room, and the licensee was present at the whole of the time, except when serving drinks.
>
> When Dt. Insp. ——, Sergt. ——, and other officers, executed a search warrant at 2.50 on June 12th Z had in his pocket three betting clocks. He was seen to tear up some betting slips and throw them under the seat. In two of the clocks were 35 betting slips, representing 131 bets ranging from 3*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* to a total value of £3.
>
> When charged Y said "They did it all unknown to me. I knew the fellow Z came in, but I never saw a bet passed." Gambling brought no reward to the licensee. There was a notice prohibiting betting. It was detrimental to the licensee, and put him in danger of losing his house and his occupation. He had been a licensee three and a half years, and did not gamble, and had never seen a betting clock. He did not hear the remark about the betting clock. If he had he would have ordered the man out.

Incidentally, in a main street in the centre of Worktown there is a large cigarette shop that doesn't sell any cigarettes; there are dummies in the window, and the counter inside is only used for passing bets over; everybody knows about this, including the police, since anybody can walk in.

It is, amongst pub-goers, a known thing that the bookie's runner acts as moneylender. Verification of this can only be laconic and unexciting, such as the following note given to us by a pub-goer who has helped with this work:

> August 1st. Two instances of the bookmaker's runner lending money occurred at the V. Hotel on the above date about 9 p.m. Two regulars, one borrowing two bob, and the other one shilling.

But the connection between the speed of horses, credit, and the consumption of drink, manifests itself in other ways:

> People drinking at table on one side of the room are very loud and cheerful. Little sharpfaced woman, very old, is rather drunk and talking bawdy about little men and copulation. The old woman says "What about flies, they do it all right" and everyone laughs. She tells a story about her husband (also a little man) urinating out of the bedroom window one night and nearly having a regrettable accident, owing to the window suddenly slamming down. She then says that she is going to G— tomorrow, to the barracks, where she will drink in the canteen with generals.
>
> This group are drinking on credit, the man who orders the rounds writing them down on a piece of paper. He has won on a horse, and collects tomorrow, he says.

The illegality of pub betting, and the consequent surreptitiousness of the transactions, makes it easy for an outsider completely to overlook the place of the bookie and his agents in the pub. On the other hand it is easy, as does the writer of our report on Nero, to exaggerate the importance of the bookie as a pub figure. The real importance of pub betting in the life of the pub is that it makes possible for "week-end drinking" to take place amongst isolated groups on any night of the week, when a member of the group has come up on a long priced winner. The economic importance of the bookie, to the landlord, both as a "draw" to betting customers, and as source of rakeoff in drink profits on the occasions of big winnings, is self-evident.

PROSTITUTION

In Worktown, a town in which strangers are not common, and whose transient population is small, prostitution does not flourish: the full-time prostitute is a rarity. The small band of them that exists are to be found in a few town centre pubs. They circulate within this limited orbit of a few hundred yards. One of these pubs in particular is regarded as their headquarters. A local pub-goer who spent an evening there acquiring what information he could, wrote the following account:

> I received some very interesting conversation during my stay there, I got into touch with a man who spends on an average a pound per week on prostitutes. This man pointed out all the prostitutes as they came in and their methods of operation. In the first place he gave me to understand that a great deal of jealousy attached to this particular pub owing to the fact that where you find a dozen prostitutes in a particular pub at one time they watch one another for stealing their clients. They also observe what clients their rivals pick up. To give an instance of this he tells me a story about himself and two prostitutes that attended there regularly and he says "I always interrupts by saying I can get eight in a night" . . . An elderly prostitute then entered with a client I felt sorry for him because I know she has had about 3 packets.
>
> When I asked him how much they charged he replied there are types that will do it for free drinks, those are the type that are married or receiving some income from elsewhere, then there are those who manage to scrape enough together by backstreet methods, prices varying from 2*s.* to 5*s.*, but the real professional type that take their clients home charge from 10*s.* to any price according to what they think a client can pay.

Another local pub-goer gave us the following dossier on some of the pub whores:

> *The Z*——. Well noted for Married Women Type of Importuning.
>
> *May X.* Resides in the vicinity of ——. Visits the ——. Can be seduced after two bottles of Guinness. Many boys have missed the last car to bed.
>
> *Fannie Z.* Frequents the —— in preference. Mother tells fortunes. Very low class type.

> *Miss* ——. Frequents (three pubs). Clean professional type. Always requires pay, before Business. Very generous will treat patron to a good drink. These women generally want 10*s.* and supper, have only one man a night, and let him sleep.

The most common type of pub prostitute is semi-professional, of the sort referred to above, girls who work and who sit about in pubs waiting to be picked up and stood drinks; they will go home with the men who stand them drinks, or rather let the men "see them home"—the town's irregular sex life is consummated in the back streets, which are narrow alleys running behind houses parallel to the road in which the houses stand. The peacetime street lights go out at 11.15 p.m. This makes casual intercourse uncomfortable, but available, and is one of the reasons why so few Worktowners have recourse to professional prostitutes.

This type of amateur prostitute is mostly found in the pubs frequented by young people, referred to earlier. Here is an excerpt from a report from one of these pubs:

> Next to observers were two young women wearing green coats, fur collars, thick make-up, veils. Also (*a*) a respectable looking young millworker, (*b*) thin, cheeky young man, and (*c*) man of about 30, pockmarked, with glasses. The girls try to get off with observers (who are both wearing prosperous overcoats) by saying at different times "Are you enjoying yourself?" "Been on whiskey all the evening then?" "Is your name Sattiwell?" and "Been here before?" After ten minutes the young man (*b*) got into conversation with these girls. (*a*) took longer. The girls paid for their own drinks; it was about this that (*b*) got into conversation. He said "You know the bargain, don't you—the price of two Guinnesses and I'll take you home, front door or back". (Both observers felt that had it not been for the hope held out by their prosperous overcoats this offer would have been accepted.) But the girls left, unattended, at 10.5 p.m., having arrived at 8.41 and had only one drink, no cigarettes. They said twice "beggars can't be choosers you know". Just before they left (*a*) joined in backchatting to them, but they didn't take much notice of him.
>
> Directly they had gone animated conversation developed, (*a*) saying "I knew you wouldn't get anywhere with 'em", at which (*b*) said vigorously he never expected to.

(*c*) "The only way you can get anything from them is for money." (Another man, sitting by, solitary, says "I weighed them up in three seconds." And he never spoke again.)

(*a*) declared it was impossible to get anything out of them anyway. (*b*) agreed. (*c*) said "There's about as much chance . . . (thinking hard) . . . as an Eskimo getting sunstroke." He then told a confused and improbable story about how at one time when he had a lot of money and was going on a trip up to London and wanted to take a girl with him, he dated up one of these girls for the week-end. (He got very confused with his dates, speaking of meeting her on various days.) But she said she wouldn't come unless he came across with a Guinness immediately. So, as he said "I took 'er at 'er word and didn't turn up meself on Wednesday."

(*a*) "They're just gold grubbers."

(*b*) (very cheerfully) "All they want is Guinness, 'ere every night for it."

(*c*) in the face of strong opposition, seemed to think that there was a chance of something further, though he admits "You pay for 'em inside the pub, you pay for 'em outside and by that time you're inside out". At the end he summed up, in his peculiarly difficult style "It's like a motorbike—pitting your skill against hers."

The interesting thing about this conversation, notes the observer, is that not one of them considered the possibility of *paying* for the girls; it was something outside the range of their ideas.

The observer's comment at the end of the report above shows the attitude of the ordinary Worktowner who wants a casual girl; and explains the small part played in the life of the pub by prostitution.

HAWKER PUB-GOERS

Hawkers have already been discussed, from a different angle. They form no groups, neither do they act as an attraction to pub-goers. But many in their private life capacity go to pubs. The 1931 census lists over 500 hawkers in Worktown. A pub opposite the open market is a special hangout for many of them.

Certain newspaper sellers, who have a regular pub round, are popular as individuals, and in a very limited sense can be said to be part of the pub social life. Most famous of these is an old, amusing, loud-shouting, back-chatting, paper-seller called "Chronicle Tommy"; his real name is unknown.

Where these hawkers differ from other pub-goers is that they are permitted to come in and go out again without having a drink. So are Salvation Army lassies. They are accepted as part of the Worktown landscape, though not necessarily with good grace. And it is significant that several prostitutes, in one pub particularly, do not drink alcohol unless they are with men. They drink grape-fruit, and it is "done" for them to do so, no one regards it as odd. They thus put themselves somewhat outside the pub life, dissociating themselves (partly for practical and physical reasons) from the basic pub item of alcohol. In the reverse direction, the bookie is generally expected to stand a round when he enters, acknowledging a special pub status. He is the centre of the betting, which comes second to drink as pub interest, first as an all-round working-class leisure interest generally. The methods of betting, raffling, sweeping, gambling, will be shown when, in the chapter after next, we describe the sporting life of the pub. Before that we must briefly examine the sub-groups with no definite money-seeking figure as centre, the secret societies and pub-clubs. The bookie, prostitute, pianist or hawker are persons out not so much to enjoy as to acquire; they come from outside, and focus certain human interests, of food, gamble, rhythm, news, sex, which are not catered for in the structure of the pub itself, or are actually forbidden by law in the pub. The sub-groups in the pub, subject of the next chapter, have similar interests, but run them from within the pub, with the assistance of appointed regulars, and the positive approval of the landlord.

X

SPORTS, GAMES AND GAMBLING

PERHAPS THE STRONGEST early stimulus to the embryo pub in ancient Greece was the Olympic Games. Today the pub is the stronghold of sport, while tennis, golf and cricket clubs are also pubs for middle-classites.

The pub sports collect groups around them, similar in several respects to those described in the last chapter, and some transitory, spontaneously organized within the pub, some extending over long periods and not necessarily organized amongst a wholly pub group. Examples of the first kind are pub games such as dominoes and darts, of the second, bowls, angling, and pigeon flying clubs—whose meeting places are in the pub, and in the case of bowls the pitch on grounds adjacent to the pub.

PIGEONS

Of the well-organized groups the most elaborate are the pigeon flying clubs. Many of these are called after the pub in which they meet. Pigeon flying itself, a highly-developed form of active and co-operative culture, is on the decline. Reasons for this are indicated in the following material, and it also must be noted that the decline of this sport is symptomatic of the decline in a whole range of communal and non-commercial forms of culture.

Pigeons flutter around the Town Hall, roost in public buildings. Some prefer public houses. A Worktowner's write-up of pigeons who became pub regulars shows this:

> PIGEONS: Many migrants are now spending their time on the electricity station in Vale Rd., but of all these migrating pigeons from the Town Hall, St. Patrick's (R.C.) belfry houses most. I watched these birds flying in and out of a Shamrock-shaped hole in the building, and on to the slates of the pub, the New Zealand Chief. But they entirely ignored the offices of the Unemployment Assistance Board which are directly opposite. I went in to have a chat with the licensee, on Sat. Oct. 3rd, and he told me that he bought grain and fed the birds. He liked the birds, he said, and they would fly down and feed from his hand. "They'll never go back to the Town Hall whilst I am keeping this pub. Any of them will fly down on my hand that are up there. . . ."

Pigeon flying clubs meet in the pub. Their notices are posted up in it. Here is one:

RULES AND CONDITIONS OF THE X ARMS SILVER CHALLENGE CUP

1. That it must be flown for annually from this club house, the X Arms.
2. That it shall be a open spin sweep the spin to take place at this club house not later than one month before the date fixed for the annul sweep.
3. That the date of the said sweep shall be fixed by a general club meeting.
4. That the date having been fixed up a general meeting must remain as fixed.
5. That the annul date after haveing been fixed and found to be unsuitable may then be rearranged by an agreement of club members at their general monthly meeting.
6. That the Cup shall be held by the winner of the sweep for one year, less one month when it shall be returned to the club house.
7. That the commite of the club shall be held responsable for the care of the cup.

The donner will also present the winner with a miniture repleca of the original cup.
And any further rules the club may wish to add it is free to do so.

This document is understood and appreciated by the club members, who, in carrying out their sport show ability to master intricacies of topography and organization. And in the course of training and breeding their birds they show themselves capable of acquiring an extensive empirical knowledge of genetics, bird psychology and the conditioning of reflexes.

Every club has to have a mapper. The following is from a local flyer's written account:

These regular "mappers" of the clubs are regarded as experts at the job; but, of course, if there is any doubt about places and distances the matter is submitted to the council of the district. Other members of the clubs also possess maps, and certainly need them for training purposes. The majority of the clubs have what is called a centre, such as, in the case of the S—— Hotel Club, the Hotel itself: where the licensee, himself a member, has his cote. Other methods—according to what the members decide—are also employed. The map of the district is spread upon the table, and a "spinner" is used. Wherever this brass spinner falls, the pigeons housed nearest to the point of the spinner is mapped from. . . .

My method of training . . . is what is known as "roading" a pigeon. As with a young pigeon, having to fly to his home for the first time (perhaps guided by an old hen), so with all the other birds being trained for a "Sweep". Supposing the mark I am to fly from is one hundred yards up the Lane. I get out the map, take a piece of string, and from the position of the starting point to my cote I get a line. This is then as the pigeon flys. I then make points at stages. These points may be 5, 6, or 7, according to my judgement of the bird and the weather conditions likely to be met with. The first point may be 100 yards from the cote, at the gable end of a shop, or even in a garden. If I cannot get permission to toss in the garden I take the nearest point to it. It is certainly true that pigeon flyers meet up with opposition from other people. Birds of mine have had stones thrown at them by farmers, and others, and on one occasion when I was training a bird for an important match and had a point on a back doorway the owner of the premises threatened to shoot the bird if I came again. But it was imperative that I should toss the bird (the best in my cote) several times from this mark during the month's training. . . . (He goes on to describe how he fetched the local secretary of Short Distance Flyers' Union, who told off the property owner and threatened prosecution if he carried out his threat.)

It is essential to fly to a "set" time during training. The watches must be set accurately (chronographs), a time indicated to the man at the outer end when to toss, and the inner end men know to a couple of seconds when to expect the pigeon. At both the inner and outer ends there should be timers and tappers, as in an actual match. At ten seconds before the time to toss the timer says Get ready! and begins to count, one, two, three, four . . . eight, nine, Up! At this last remark the pigeon is tossed. At the inner end the men are

waiting for the pigeon, knowing to seconds when it will arrive, the tapper is looking upwards as soon as the starting time is reached, and immediately the bird comes in sight raises his hand ready to tap the timer's shoulder. If the bird alights within ten yards of the centre of the cote the tapper will tap the timer, crying Let! Usually a trained pigeon makes a bee-line for the cote and enters it nearly as quick as lightening. . . .

It is the policy I have always pursued to have my young birds flying from a mark that some of the old birds are on. It has been found by purely training the birds—giving them two fly's in the space of an hour—that the bird will do the better time on the second outing rather than the first . . . the policy is to fly the bird a trial an hour before the match. Say you have matched a young cock—4 months old, with a 2 years old hen—then you will have the opportunity since he will have become a parent a couple of times before the September young birds "sweep" of finding out whether he flies best sitting, driving his hen, or to the young ones. The hen mate of this age is more of an attraction for him and it is also likely to keep him steady. . . . She will be proud of her cock and ever ready to fly to him, the eggs, or the young, just as the case may be. . . .

He now describes in detail the elaborate methods used during an actual match, the synchronization of timing, and what means are used to ensure that there is no cheating, then:

> . . . it is absolutely essential in the case of this place, they are such bloody thieves and rogues. A man who was at one time a member of this club, was found to have altered his mark and was disqualified. The mapper was in a rage at this trick that was alleged against a member of the divisional council and thoroughly investigated the charge and proved it to the satisfaction of the council. Tappers (particularly since severe unemployment in the collier fraternity has come to be known) have been known to accept bribes. A bribe would induce (providing it was large enough) the timer and the tapper at the outer end, to allow the pigeon "up" five or six seconds before its time. This, and other methods, such as men being hired to fire stone from behind a hedge, or to fire airguns in an attempt to injure or drive the pigeon off its course, are not uncommon.

He writes more on training methods:

> With a cock bird I have taken his hen away from him a fortnight before the race, boxed him up for a few days in the

dark, and then, after feeding his hen well during this time, have put him back to her seven days before the race. There is an immediate reunion with his well fed mate. . . . On the Wednesday night I give the cock two cod liver oil capsules and clear his bowels. From Thursday onwards I prescribe for both birds a mixture, baked into a cake. . . . This consists of Rape, White Millet, Dandelion, Sesame, Lettuce, Hemp, Linseed, Golden Pleasure, Mauve, White Spanish, and Thistle seeds. The latter are very dear, costing 1s. per oz, but the pigeons crave for these after eating them. The seeds are made into a sweet cake by mixing a little Demarara sugar and a gill or more of Sherry. . . . The motions of the birds are carefully watched, and should be jet black with a smear of white on top. On the Saturday morning I give the cock bird a beak full of Parish's food and a wee bit of the cake. Then he is boxed up for an hour or two (because in the dark he will settle down to rest) after which he is put in a trap cage where he can see his hen being fed on the very best food half an hour before the race, whilst he can't get to it. When the time is approaching to take him up to fly, the best tit-bits that a pigeon could desire are placed in front of the cage, and he is released. As soon as he begins to feed . . . he is grabbed, put into the carrying box, and taken to fly for the money. It sometimes happens that he is ready and about to tread his hen on being released. He should be grabbed and put into the box, and off for the money. He will come like hell in either case. Another trick is to put a large mirror in the cote on the Saturday. This is much better than putting in another cock to make him jealous, because the other pigeon may be able to knock the stuffing out of your flying cock, or seriously exhaust his energies. When released from the dark box he spies his opponent in the mirror and pecks at him without being injured in return. Then when the time has arrived to take him up you put down his hen's food and tit-bits and food he should have; let him see them in addition to his imaginary opponent in love, then grab him and take him up to fly for the prize. If he has trained after the method I have described he will take some beating. . . .

About betting on the race:

So confident are they in their pigeon's merit to win the race, I have seen the Landlord of the X Arms have a side bet of a 100 black puddings. This is of course in addition to the money bets that have been wagered over a course of several weeks. After the race, when the men are in the Pub vault, the pudding man would bring his 100 puddings all piping hot, and Jim would say "Get into 'em, lads". An hour after there would be the skins all over the vault floor. I have also seen side bets of sacks of potatoes, a sack of corn, flour, case of oranges, joints of beef, legs of pork, etc. I have betted a fishmonger a box of kippers that my bird would beat his, and won handsomely. My brother has also had such bets on my birds, as of bottles of Whiskey and Rum, and I remember him betting a local tripe dresser a dozen pounds of tripe on my bird. We ate the 12 lbs. in the pub Saturday night, used up a couple of bottles of vinegar on the job as well.

It can be seen that the groups of flyers and the whole social side of their elaborate organization and knowledge, centre around the pub.

Raffles—which play a large part in the life of all pub clubs—are organized by the pigeon clubs, and take place in the pub. One of these is described later in this section.

Writes another local flyer:

Really I'm fascinated with the hobby, and I regard them as such, and I like them for the lovely creatures they are, their beautiful types and characters appeals to me. . . . I think it's folly to enter in this sport with your outlook from a money making proposition, it simply isn't done, I venture to say not one per cent make this hobby pay, never mind showing a profit. . . . A hobby or sport presents you with as much returns as you put into it, not from a Capital standpoint, but from an interesting, social, and perhaps some little rewards for the patience you endow to it. . . . To my mind the racing pigeon is one of the Greatest sports it is possible to imagine.

A man asked in a pub if he found pigeon racing exciting replied:

"Why, how long is it sin' Jim Hardy dropped dead at a pigeon match, Bob?"

"Oh, it's good while sin', Jim."

"Aye, Ah know it is. Weren't 'e buried on the Saturday that (inaudible) won?"

"Aye, 'e were, Jim. 'E were fifty-one year owd. 'E were so excited about 'is pigeon that dropped dead."

Another report, taken from a local man's account of a race, shows the intense feeling that flyers have for their sport:

The spectators were doomed to disappointment, for the pigeon did not come in during the two minutes that the times allow for the distance. In fact it hadn't come in after four minutes, and produced from the throat of its owner the despairing cry "It's bloody well lost". He meant that the pigeon itself was lost, not so much that he had lost his money. It was a study to see the features of this man (who was unemployed). The tenseness on his hollow-cheeked, mal-nourished face was that of a man who was awaiting the verdict of a court. I felt great pity for this man. I had chatted with him going across country, and had found him what I should say is the ordinary working man down on his luck. When he asked the timer "What time has mine done?" his face was eager. But when the reply came—"It's not come" his look altered to one of despair. He said "I've only been roading it a week, because I didn't know whether I could get enough money to enter it. It serves me reet, it's my fault, not the bird's."

But despite organization of the sport, and the enthusiasm of its followers, pigeon flying is on the decline in Worktown. The unemployed man's statement above is one clue to it. Writes the secretary of the local district clubs: "The Short Distance Union is a great organization that caters for the humble working man." He is appealing to us for help "to bring back Short Distance Flying to something like its normal strength, owing to circumstances over which we have no control, namely bad trade and depression, we have dwindled down considerably. . . ."

An observer who asked a collier if a local pigeon club was still going got the following reply:

"Nar, they are broken up, tha knows what wi' one thing and another, un t' pits not doin' so well, thee geet short o' money, un this stated 'em fawing out among theirselves."

Asks the observer "Are many of them unemployed?"

"Aye, ayther that or they're not arnin' bloody salt" (earning their salt). The collier points out a nearby pigeon cote—"'e's 'ad some o' t' best birds in England."

Observer then goes into a pub and talks to chaps about pigeon racing. They say "It's gone bump about a couple o' year or more. The buggers were aw skint wi' bein' out o' wark—bar a few like owd Bill R. an one or two more . . . one or two on 'em are still flying. . . ." "There were sweeps every two-three week, mebbe ten bob a pigeon, un thee carn't do it." Observer asked if there were other factors, such as a few experts winning too many races, that were responsible for the decline. "Aye, I dar say there is sumat o' that in't." One man said "Owd Puffy's won 'is share, but 'e's buggert now, poor bugger carn't walk. . . ."

Pigeon flying is traditionally a sport indulged in by colliers, and they have suffered probably more than other sections of Worktown people from unemployment and short time. Though the decline of the sport can be understood on economic grounds, it is also correlated with the decline of many of the local forms of culture that are skilled, active and communal, in favour of newer and passive forms of leisure activity.

The present situation is that few of the clubs are actually functioning, though many individual ex-members still keep some birds, and sometimes race them. Talk in pubs where pigeon fanciers hang out is of past glories. One tells this story:

"It were nineteen 'undred when Joe Chamberlain won Pitman's Derby (Northumberland Plate). We 'ad a slip made out for every 'orse int' race—nobody about 'ere 'ad a telephone in them days. Well, one o' our men 'ad a fast pigeon as ud come straight un fly o'er cote. 'e took it in a box down ta *Evenin' News* place—gets it out in 'is 'ond und lets it 'ave a look round und puts it back again. Winner o' race is give 'im by a pal in there afore it 'as getten into print. It were number eight. 'e fastens it ont' pigeon's leg un quicksticks 'e tosses it up. In 'arf a minnit it were o'er our 'eads at t' cote. Number eight Bob, go on, gerrit on quick. Well you know, no bookie ever dreamt us would know t' bloody winner. Aye, isn't that reet, Jim? 'e took t' bloody bet as comfortable as you please, but 'e ad to pay out about thirty pound to us t' same neet. Thee carn't do that now, now wi' near everybody 'aving a telephone, tape machines, un aw that sort o' thing."

FISH

Some pubs are the headquarters of fishing clubs. A local brewery organizes a big annual angling competition. This takes place at Salwick, on the Lancaster Canal. Teams are of four. There were 464 individual entries for the competition that year. The teams go there by train, and the match starts at 10.30 on a Sunday morning. It lasts for two hours. Afterwards, some stay and go on fishing, others go to Preston and have pints, and others take bus or motor trips to the coast towns. The whole

procedure, except for the two hours' angling, is very like the outings organized by the pub picnic clubs.

At five pubs owned by this brewery only one knew anything about it. On the other hand one pub entered 12 teams. An observer's report of the match:

> . . . people fishing all the way at pegs ten yards apart except where the canal is obstructed by weed. Wearing a dark suit, was conspicuous: anglers mostly wore check suits and light tweed caps. While fishing a match there is intense concentration, some having barely the time or the wish to smoke. The fishing equipment of these men must run to thousands of pounds. Rods, lines, reels, keep-nets, bait cans and baskets, top boots, rubber boots, etc. To pass by a line of them a couple of miles long is to get this astonishing impression almost at the beginning.
>
> Secretary gave out rules before the start. Stood on a table he said "There is a printer's error in the tickets, the man who gets B 100 will go that way, but the ticket is marked A 100, through the printer's mistake. Now there is no bloodworm or bloodworm feed to be used. No man must have above two hooks on his line. If any man is found to have broken these rules his team will be disqualified without the option. As soon as you get your team's tickets get to your pegs. Match starts at 10.30 a.m." The committee conducts the draw for numbers. The tickets in each series are mixed up and then one from each placed in a packet (A, B, C, D series), thus team mates cannot fish near each other.
>
> Typical conversation recorded amongst the anglers:
>
> "Who's gerrin ar tickets, Squire?"
>
> "Gi' us a tin."
>
> "Nay, theau's getton three bloody tins awready. Theau come wi' no bait, we've g'en thee three tins o' bloody maggots, un then theau wants more."
>
> "Ah copped a Bream just under 3 poinds weight last wick i' this length."
>
> "This bloody weed's stopping me fra doin' owt."
>
> "There's a barge coming."
>
> "By Christ ah'm bloody glad too, it u'll shift this bloody weed, happen."
>
> "Whor is it, owd lad?"
>
> "Perch—Christ cum eaut. 'e'll atta 'ave 'is jaw cut awf, ah'm not wasting my time maulin abeaut gerrin this 'ook eaut." (Cuts fish's jaws open with scissors.)

> "What's good a buggerin' abeaut wi them lickle weights. Get four eaunce purron mon."
>
> "Ah'll bet thee a bloody quid there's four eaunce, nar mind what theau says."
>
> The weighter and checker on C section took such a long time to weigh each man's fish that they came in for a few curses.
>
> "They arr a bloody farting numb lot arr you two, by Christ!"
>
> After the match is over two hundred people go on fishing, most of them in entirely different places from where they fished during the match. Observer enquired the reason for this. Practically every man gave the same answer, either "Ah were on a bad peg", or "Bloody place ah worr at wur full o' weeds, an' ah couldn't get deawn."
>
> Those who went on fishing did not drink during the afternoon, and caught the 7.20. On the station they went to the Gentleman's. Says one "By Christ! ast ever seen a free shit 'eause on a railway station afore? Ah've not. It's too bloody good almost ta be true. Ah ah dree-aming, Joe?"
>
> "Ar'ta bloody 'ell, it's reet enough."
>
> "Then ah'll 'ave a free shite afore t' train comes in."
>
> Coming out this individual got in a carriage with the others and commented further on the "free shit"—"Theau con tell thi pals at wark, Joe, that ah 'ad a free shite at —— station."

The prize giving, which takes place ten days later upstairs in a pub, is a sociable affair. The following is part of a local working man's report on this:

> . . . On the large table was a large silver cup in a mahogany case which is presented by the brewers. The landlord of each pub pays *2s. 6d.* to entitle his team to enter. The cup is held by the winning pub for a period of 12 months and the concert is also held at the winning pub. They used to present medals also, but now give money prizes. There were 464 entries this year and in addition to the cup £37 10*s.* plus ten pounds from the brewery was given as prize money.
>
> . . . The Chairman started off by calling upon the pianist to give a piano solo; quite contrary to the *Evening News* advt. the pianist said "I can't play a solo but I'll play 'Old Folk at Home' in different times." This was followed by "Bells of St. Mary", "On the Missisipi", and "Swanee River". There was loud applause and the chairman called on Mr. S. to entertain. S. sang "Because" and received loud applause, a man saying "He's a good singer, yon man, but yon pianist'll knock bottom right owt o' two pianos if 'e

plays like that all neet." There was more singing, by a bass who sang about Devon.

Immediately the talk starts about fishing, so asked one man was there so much interest in it. He replied "Aye, once tha taks a mon fishing an' he gets a big un he never forgets it". Then a conversation developed about the journey to Salwick. There is plenty of technical fishing conversation—samples:

"I allus uses maggots on a match."

"Ah could a gotten a bream if ah'd t' right maggot on."

"I were sittin' there three hours under t' bridge and ah did well."

"Last year on biscuit meal I catched 16 roach and not one were under 'alf a pound."

Then there was more singing. The waiter then came in and said "Sup up, we're havin' one on t' firm", and the man next to me ordered ginger beer, and said "I never drink anything else".

The writer goes on to describe the presenting of the cup, which was done informally, the winner replying in a short speech in which he remarked "You know, we don't want record catches, what we want is an average catch for an average angler". A vote of thanks was then given to the landlord and everyone's future patronage was asked for. There was more singing until closing time, some of it voluntary.

DOGS

Important and regular dog shows are held in two big local pubs. They are run by canine societies, which are not sponsored by the pubs, but whose landlords are on the committees. They hire a special room for the evening. Exhibitors come from all over the area, seldom more than twenty from Worktown itself. Terriers are the principal interest. We learned the function of the fox terrier's stiff upright tail when we saw owners lift their dogs into different positions in front of the judges, tails used as handles. Most of the exhibitors drink beer between the classes, but there is no special drinking activity.

Practically every Worktown pub has a sweepstake on the Waterloo Cup, the year's major greyhound race, run near Liverpool. Tickets from 6*d*. to 2*s*. 6*d*. This survives as a tradition, though interest in coursing is now slight. There is also a greyhound stadium in Worktown, with a bar exclusive to club members. Observers have not recorded a conversation about greyhounds in any pub.

Ordinary dogs are talked about. And freely admitted with their owners. In a pub near our headquarters a man regularly sells dogs, brings puppies into the vault. If there are any strangers present, for the price of a round of beer he and his fellow regulars will give a display of tricks of his Alsatian. This dog does all the traditional Rin Tin Tin stuff rather better than Rin Tin Tin, or so it seemed to two (sober) observers present on such an occasion.

Cats are seldom seen in pubs, much less than in London. No cat shows are held in Worktown. Canary and budgerigar shows are held, but not in pubs.

BOWLS

Other groups around the pub are the bowls players. Like pigeon flyers, their activities as a group take place *outside* the pub, and are not directly connected with drinking. But their link with the pub is closer than that of the pigeon fans, since much of the bowls played in Worktown takes place on greens belonging to the pubs.

The game played locally is "crown bowls", which takes place on greens of fine turf that are not quite level, having a "crown", or slight convexity, that raises the centre of the green a few inches higher than the edges. (In the south bowls are almost invariably played on a flat green.) The game is played by teams or individuals bowling round wooden balls (about 8 inches in diameter) at another smaller ball, called the jack. The "woods" have a bias, are flattened so as to be slightly elliptical; considerable skill is required to allow for this bias. Each player bowls two woods at the jack, the nearest wood in each case scoring a point.

There are many bowling clubs, some connected with the pub at which they play, others organized by the workers in various factories, etc. There are inter-club leagues, and handicaps, often organized for charitable purposes, between clubs and individuals. Besides all this, unorganized individual games are played. (There are municipal greens in the parks, as well as those belonging to pubs and clubs.)

The following is part of a description of a typical match between two well-known players, one from another town:

> Observer went through the lobby bar, and across the pub backyard on to the green. . . . The two players stood in the middle of the green, with the judge, a middle-aged man

in a brown suit and cap. . . . At the end of each set the judge calls the score out to the spectators. At first B. runs up after his wood all the way each time, while M. goes about four paces after it, then stops, watching its course. He gestures to it with his arm, calling "Get along". Later, after M. has bowled and gone up to stand by the jack, he watches B's wood approach and gestures it away with his hand. At certain times (which the observer cannot as yet differentiate from any other occasions) B. runs like blazes after his wood as soon as it has left his hand, so that he reaches the jack almost as quickly as does his wood. One time, as he goes by, he is heard muttering to himself "Should make summat this time, shouldn't I?"

Chaps are calling out to each other "B. is cracking." "'e's stalling." "Better take 'is shirt off." "'e carn't stand t' pace." . . . Observer begins to come to the conclusion that the running up after the wood and the magic gestures made with the hands are done increasingly in proportion to the player's *uncertainty* as to the course of his wood. This seems to be the only explanation of their behaviour, since sometimes they charge up the green the moment the ball has left their hands, while at other times they do nothing until they have watched it travel some distance. And sometimes they simply stand still, with arms folded, and watch it. . . . This also applies to the amount and intensity of the arm gestures that they make as they run after the wood. These gestures are always made *inwards*, so that they use the right arm in order to encourage it to go towards the left, and vice versa. However, this does not apply to another sort of gesture, which is done very quickly, moving the hand from the wrist, as if beckoning. . . .

By the entrance to the ground is a small bar, with a sort of serving hatch connection to the ground. Some chaps stand and drink there, others take glasses and stand with them at the edge of the green. Throughout the game there was a steady trickle to and from this bar.

There is plenty of betting going on.

. . . one man calls out "Ah'll tak two dollars" several times. Man in front of him immediately calls "I'll take 14 bob to 8."

"B. carn't win this game."

"I'll take 5 to 4."

"Ten bob to eight."

A man passing "Ten bob to nowt!"

Two bookies' runners sitting on the bottom step of the stand suddenly begin a furious argument (incomprehensible to observer) which one eventually offers to settle by betting a pound, which he clutches in his hand and shakes under the other's nose. Nothing being done about it, he then walks off, and sits down about ten yards away, threatening to punch the other's nose. Nearby spectators are amused, make remarks about "When bookies fall out . . ." Other bookies and runners are taking bets on slips of paper. . . .

Now there is more intense gesturing going on in the game, as it nears the end. At one point M. runs so fast that he overtakes his wood as it is slowing down; he lies down, one elbow on the ground, bends his head low over it, and whispers. And B. watches M's wood intently all the time, making adverse gestures at it.

B., the local man, wins. The players' gestures and adjurations to their woods, and *against* (when things get tense) those of their opponents, are among the most exciting things one can observe in anthropologically exciting Worktown. They cannot, of course, influence the ball; "obviously" they are expressions of the players' feelings, and serve the purpose of relieving their tensions, but the form that they take is that of sympathetic magic.

Saturday afternoons are the times for important bowling matches. These sometimes end up with a big drunk in the evening.

FLAT GREEN BOWLS

Flat green bowls, though not a local pub game, is played in some of the parks, organized mostly by church groups, who have been discussing the possibility of forming a league.

The jack in this variety of the game is small, about the size of a cricket ball, and white.

CARPET BOWLS

There is an indoor variety of the game, called carpet bowls. This is played on raised carpets, and the woods do not have bias. It is seldom played here, and never in pubs, mainly in connection with church groups.

Bowls is one of the oldest sports practised today. It originated in the 12th century. As far as Worktown is concerned it is the only pub game that is also frequently played elsewhere. Darts and dominoes, for instance, are rarely seen outside the pub. Also, it is through bowls that the pub links up with "official" non-pub life—the Infirmary Handicap, for example, played on pub grounds, organized partly through the pub and partly through

non-pub important people, the Mayor as Patron. It is a link between the pub and municipal affairs.

Another point peculiar to bowls is the lack of any class characteristics in the game. In the south it is played mainly by middle-class, and "old gentlemen". Here, all sections of the community, of all ages, join in it. And they play *together*, especially on the municipal greens, numerous players criss-crossing their bowls and jacks on the same green.

Women also play bowls—but not on pub greens. This is important. The games described later in this section—cards, dominoes, darts—are vault and taproom games, and so only played by men—exceptions being landlady and barmaid, to whom vault and taproom are not tabu.

There are certain things common to the above sports. In each case the pub is the social locale of the groups that engage in them, in many cases being the actual meeting place of clubs, which are named after the pub. Then, there are always prizes, cups, certificates of merit—compare the remark on the pigeon flying official diploma "Great achievements merit honour and recognition" with the Buff ritual speech that "It has long been the most ancient custom of mankind to honour its leading figures." These are presented in the pub, on "climax" occasions, usually followed with or accompanied by plenty of drinking and singing.

The pub games played indoors need no such build up. And, connected with all of them, as well as with the games that take place outside the pub, and with pub-clubs, are betting, lotteries and raffles.

GAMES PLAYED INSIDE THE PUB

SMALL GAMES

A barman writes:

> Games played are darts, dominos, cards, these are subject to rule that no gambling takes place, the writing of betting slips is prohibited, the licensee being technically responsible for proper supervision. Regulars may play for drinks, and so the consumption of drink is encouraged, and such artifices run through the whole business, for the stimulation of trade.
>
> Card game played is all fours—play partners, 4 players, for who pays for drinks, spectators will have bets in among themselves, but it's done surreptitiously. . . .

As well as the games mentioned above, quoits are played in a few pubs. There is no shove ha'penny, or skittles, both common in some districts.

Commonest game is cards—all fours—played with a reduced pack, for "tricks" which are marked on small board full of holes, into which are inserted pegs (often matchsticks) that are moved forward as each player scores a trick.

DARTS

Darts, which went out in Worktown before the war, is now coming back again rapidly. The highly organized brewers' darts league and clubs, common in other districts, have not yet made their appearance here. But a few pubs, belonging to a Manchester brewery, have participated in a league. A landlord of a pub who had belonged to it said that they had given it up as "It didn't pay. Someone always got dissatisfied. They have a meeting and propose a resolution and then someone objects and has it altered. It's the same with the dominos league now. They want to be top dog. They're like a lot of kids."

Because of the lack of organization of darts playing, the rules here have a certain fluidity. At one time in the north of England darts were played on a comparatively small board (about 9 inches across—100 years ago on a 6-inch board, the darts blown through an 18-inch blowpipe) divided into quadrants numbering from one to twenty (not consecutively). Around the edge was a double line, about a third of an inch across. This was the "double", and a dart hitting the board between the lines counted twice the score of the respective quadrant at whose edge the line was. Now this board is being replaced by the larger type used originally in the south. The southern board, also, has a "treble" inner ring, as well as a "bull" in the centre, counting 50, and a ring around the bull, counting 25. The method of play used in most parts of the country, is that a double has to be scored by each player before the game can begin, and then the players have to score 301, finishing on the correct double—i.e., a player who wants 19 to reach 301 must score a 1 and a double 9, or a 3 and a double 8, etc.

This method is rarely used here. Instead, most games are "round the board"—the players having to score 1, 2, 3 and so on up to 20, and then finishing on the bull. In most pubs players are allowed to count any double under 9 as the equivalent number

from which to follow on—so that a player getting 8, then a double 9, can go straight on to 19. There are also variants about getting both the inner and outer bull, and the double 20 as well as the 20. But there is no standard method of scoring common to all pubs.[1]

Each player has three darts, wooden and/or brass-shafted. Games are played between individuals or pairs, mostly the latter. From the spring of 1937 to that of 1939 the number of pubs at which darts are played in Worktown has more than trebled. And many of the places which originally had the old type of small board have replaced this with the bigger southern board. But as yet few darts clubs have appeared.

This great increase, common to the whole country, is largely due to a little episode at Slough, Bucks, where on December 17th, 1937, the King and Queen, inspecting a Social Centre, casually threw darts at the dartboard there. A press photographer snapped it. Big news! Royalty as worker! Since then, darts—though always popular among pub-goers in parts of London and the south—have boomed everywhere in pubs, clubs, schools, hostels. The *Sunday Chronicle*, nine days after the episode, put it:

WOMEN FLOCK TO FOLLOW THE QUEEN'S LEAD AT DARTS

THE QUEEN HAS MADE THE WOMEN OF BRITAIN DARTS-CONSCIOUS

Since she played her first game of darts at Slough nine days ago thousands of women have asked where they can have tuition in dart-throwing.

Mr. R. B. Tillock, hon. secretary of the British Darts Council, told the *Sunday Chronicle*: "During the last few days the British Darts Council has been snowed under with inquiries from all parts of the country." By the way, there is now a darts room in the servants' quarters at Buckingham Palace.

And next day the *Daily Express* has a special map, and head:

[1] Recently Professor H. Levy has written a book called *A Philosophy for a Modern Man*, which tells people that they must be scientific about themselves, without giving either actual or factual examples of method. Early on this book has a diagram intended to demonstrate "statistical order" in human behaviour; in fact it demonstrates the difference between the theoretical idea of behaviour and what really happens. Diagram shows a normal dartboard, with dart pricks distributed in a concentric pattern, described in the caption: "The perforations due to the darts are most closely packed near the bull's-eye, and fall off according to a definite law as the distance from the bull's-eye increases." This is an example of a typical academic social philosopher, imposing from above a theoretical pattern of behaviour which is *not* found in fact, among ordinary people in every-night life.

IN ONE TOWN IN ENGLAND DARTS IS FORBIDDEN

THE TOWN? HUDDERSFIELD

In the 250 public houses in town are two where the game is known, where darts—of a kind is permitted. But the arrows have rubber suckers. Or they are made of sharpened wood. . . .

No one knows why the ban was put on. But there is a Public Health Act of 1871 which stops the game. Magistrates have power (by the same Act) to allow the ancient game to be played.

Since the King and Queen played applications may soon be made to the courts to let Huddersfield do the same.

While the weekly *Answers* occupied a whole page of the *Daily Express* with a coloured advert. of a dart board, as part of their "50th Birthday Celebrations" . . . "*Every Home should have one of these superb dart boards.*"

In common with all other games darts are not played in the home-from-home part of the pub (i.e. lounge, snug, best room) but in vault or taproom, usually depending on which of these rooms is most patronized by the regulars.

QUOITS

Dying out in Worktown, now seldom seen, is quoits, played with small rubber rings that are thrown against a shield-shaped board with projecting hooks on it. The hooks are numbered from one to twelve, and have to be ringed consecutively. In those pubs where quoit boards are found we have seldom seen them being played. And during the period of our observation, plenty of quoit boards were replaced by darts. There are few quoits fans. Said one "It's a bigger game than darts." And he told us the story of the ace local player who could put five rings into a gill glass, and how he would stand at the end of the bar and ring all the beer pump handles, and finish up with the small tap on the strong ale barrel.

DOMINOES

Despite the increasing popularity of darts, dominoes are still the most popular pub game. Dominoes is played with oblong bone, wooden, or composition pieces, about half an inch across and two inches long. The face of the pieces is divided into half; on each half are a number of dots. In the form played almost everywhere else in the country, the dots number from one to six. Worktowners, however, play with dominoes whose dots range

up to double nine. Players receive nine dominoes, and the game is to construct a chain of them by matching the number on the free ends of the chain—i.e. if the first domino put down has three dots on one side and four on the other, the next player has to put one down with either a three or a four on it, and so on. Until no one is able to match the numbers on the free ends of the chain. When this point is reached the numbers left in each player's hand are added up, the one with lowest number being the winner.

A board, with raised edges to prevent the pieces falling off, is often used to play on: while in some pubs there are special tables for the game.

The pieces which are left over after the players have each taken their nine, remain lying face downwards on the table, and the chain is started by placing the first dominoes on top of them. At the end of the game the used pieces are turned over and mixed with the unused ones; this is done by stirring them all round, usually in a clockwise direction. The dominoes are always held in the players' hands—which means at the start, five in one hand and four in the other, difficult until you are used to it—instead of being stood up on edge.

Dominoes are found in about two-thirds of the local pubs, least of all in the town centre houses. One or two of these, however, have several tables, and are well-known hangouts for domino fans.

The outstanding difference between all these games, which take place *inside* the pub, and the sports connected with the pub that take place outside, is that the outside activities are well organized into clubs, leagues, etc., with a highly competitive background, while the inside activities are for the great part *unorganized*, their competitive elements unstressed, and the players held together as pub groups rather than games groups. Pub games are male and do not involve large or permanent teams. Almost invariably the competing unit is of either one or two persons.

There is no connection between the pub and either football, cricket, tennis, or golf, in Worktown. The two last are mainly "class" games, involving considerable capital and current expenses. Tennis and golf players are seldom pub-goers, generally earn more than three pounds a week, often have their clubhouse as a pub serving drinks at all hours and doing very good business in this respect. Cricket, on the other hand, is played by all sorts of people in Worktown; working-class teams are largely financed

by their mills, never by pubs, and the pub link is unusually weak here. All these sports involve special clothing. None of the pub sports demand any change of clothes.

The pub spirit is not the team spirit. It is the freedom of each individual to do as he wants, an unregimented, individual, "democratic" spirit, the right of each person to play and back himself for a small bet, in a game that does not involve any differentiation of function between the players, any authoritative leadership, or, for the games inside the pub, any elaborate preparation, or length of play.

The pub is the only institution which positively encourages this sort of play.[1] In general other institutions tend to stimulate what is often called "the team spirit", which assists them in organization and in linking individuals of different interests into one machine. And often these other institutions, who link all ideas of traditional British sportsmanship to the team spirit (nearly all our team games have comparatively recently become so), express some active resentment against the pub technique of games. Amusing aside on this appeared in *The Times* during April, 1938:

> The Rev. Ralph Allport, a Weymouth Methodist minister, on Saturday condemned tortoise racing, which is gaining popularity in South Dorset. The contests take place on billiard tables, the tortoises carrying toy jockeys. Mr. Allport said that many public houses in Weymouth were exceeding their legitimate function as places of refreshment. They were being turned into fun fairs, and their proprietors, having exhausted the possibilities of darts and mechanical games as a means of retaining custom, were resorting to silly stunts. Dumb animals which had been bought as children's pets were being dragged out of their natural environment. Mr. Cyril Frampton, who introduced tortoise racing, said, "It is all harmless fun, entirely free from cruelty. We do not allow betting."

[1] Football, like the musichall, is closely associated with drink, though not with the pub. The top of the huge stand at the Worktown football stadium is decorated with enormous letters that spell the name of a local brewery. During the interval the bars are crowded (interval 3.45). Another advertiser here is the Y.M.C.A. The position was well put by a leading Quaker 20 years ago (MSS. given to us): "All the work in connection with the stalls is voluntary, and all sorts of teetotal drinks, mineral waters, and meat pies, are sold in such large quantities that in spite of an increased yearly rental the profits increase from year to year. Many men now find that a 2*d.* cup of coffee makes them warmer than a glass of beer, and often drunkards from the liquor bar are considerably sobered down after further quenching their thirst at the Y.M.C.A stalls." This is still true, twenty years later.

Other side of the tortoise picture is Liverpool, where good statistics and some social data are available. As regards its pubs, Liverpool is well below the national average of 18·29 per 10,000 population, for it has only 15·02 per 10,000 (H.O. Licensing Statistics, 1936). As regards drunkenness, Liverpool is well up; against the national average drunkenness convictions per 10,000 of 10.9, Liverpool averages 27.37, a figure only surpassed by London and Birmingham. In view of these facts, and also because of our ideas of the pub as a social unit, we were therefore impressed by a passage from the Merseyside Survey (III, 286):

> Very few public-houses in Merseyside provide facilities for activities other than drinking. A few supply food, but provision for games is rare, and it is understood that the licensing authorities tend to discourage the use of public-houses for playing games. Some public-houses have bowling greens, and others . . . have billiard tables. But games such as darts and shove ha'penny are practically never found.

These two facts—the exceptionally high drunkenness rate and the exceptionally severe ban on pub games—seemed possibly significant in connection with the theme of this chapter, so that we sent over a skilled observer unit without giving any idea of what we were interested in; instructions were to find out, first by observation and then by conversation with landlord and regulars, about pub games.

Result of observation:

0 per cent had pub games
6 per cent had slot machines

A typical strip through the town-centre showed:

	Number of pubs	Games	Machines
Main streets	13	0	1
Side streets	17	0	1

Result of conversation:

Here are typical comments selected from a whole series, many of which are almost word for word the same and which reflect a decided local point of view:

1. "No games here."
2. "No. You'll not find any games or that in this town. Yer daren't speak above a whisper—yer not allowed a sing-song even."
3. "Yer daren't change yer mind—niver mind play darts or cards in this town. You have to go to Manchester for games."
4. "This town, it's dead for things like that. They're not allowed." Man of 50 intervenes, "It would cost too much. If they gave a dart board to one, everyone would want one!"
5. White cockatoo kept on saying Hello-Hello! Observer thought he had made a find, seeing a penny-in-slot pin table. Obs. went to play, and asked if there was anything to be won for a good score. Says landlady "Oh no, it's for amusement only." Obs. asks about games. "Oh! no not in 'ere you won't." Man, 60, cap, "No son, they'll not 'ave darts nor dominoes in this town—you would get a sing-song in the suburbs. They're not allowed—but yer can sing in the doorway outside."
6. Man in naval uniform, 50, says "Oh, no—it's the worst town in the country for that kind of thing." Another "I don't see why men shouldn't have a game if they want." Barman "It's the police—yer can't change yer mind unless they're on top of you 'ere."
7. "Ye'll not find a dart board in Liverpool—all they want is for yer to get in an' get out again, that's all." Barman told how a man had been fined for running a raffle in the Vault on the number of a cigarette card, fined £3. "When next 'e comes up for th' license renewal he'll be—phuff" (he makes rude noise).
8. "No, it's the police 'ere—not so long ago you got into trouble if a man was reading a racing paper in the bar 'ere."
9. "This is the worst town in the country. Yer not even allowed to swagger a bit—before yer up."
10. "It's the council in Liverpool—it's like nothing on earth. They don't allow any games at all."
11. "Naw there ain't nowt in this town excep' th' booze."
12. "There's no games in Liverpool. Yer just come in and go out."

DRINKING IN THE RAW

Here, then, we get drinking in the raw. And, say the statistics, drunkenness—though of course on such data there is no suggestion of a positive correlation between less games: more drunkenness.

But it is perhaps worth noting that an observer casually timing men drinking gills of beer standing at the bar in a Liverpool pub on a November Tuesday got an average drink speed of 5 mins. 34 secs., no one taking more than 11 minutes. The Worktown Tuesday *average* speed is over 13 minutes. It is quite possible that people drink faster in the unsocial atmosphere of Liverpool pubs; we have already seen that on the large series of Worktown figures, people drink appreciably slower in company. Faster drinking is an important factor in getting drunk.

But there is another interesting aspect of the Liverpool position. On April 20, 1939, Mr. A. P. Herbert, Independent M.P. and friend to the pub-goer, asked the Home Secretary in the House of Commons:

> "What is the statutory authority by which licensing justices are able to veto games on licensed premises; and will the Home Secretary draw the attention of all licensing benches to the Report of the Royal Commission on licensing?"

The part of the Commission's report to which Mr. Herbert refers is contained in paragraph 243:

> We have indicated . . . the importance which we attach to any influence which will help to modify the insistent emphasis on the sale of intoxicants. It has been suggested to us that entertainment and the sale of intoxicants should be kept severely apart; but, apart from any question of the reasonableness of suppressing legitimate amusements in places of wide public resort, we believe that games, music and the like, have a definite value as distractions from the mere business of drinking.

Yet most licensing authorities, including (very emphatically) the Worktown ones, tend to inhibit the playing of cards and pianos in pubs. Or rather, it would be more accurate to say that the Chief Constable of many places, including Liverpool and Worktown, do so. For in these matters, the opinion of the Chief Constable is generally the dominant factor. Frequently his opinion runs contrary to demonstrable fact and contrary also to recommendations of the best available experts. The whole position in which the Chief Constable determines the contours of pub leisure is at the same time undemocratic and unconstitutional. Commenting on this, the Royal Commission (which reported eight years ago) paragraph 244:

> Complaints were made to us that in some districts the police, presumably with the danger of gaming in view, had purported to forbid the playing of various games on licensed premises. . . .
>
> The police have, of course, no statutory authority to forbid such games, and the licensee is under no obligation to comply. We hope that steps will be taken to secure the discontinuance of any policy of discouragement of lawful games on licensed premises. . . .

This is the curious position that Mr. Herbert recently set out to remedy. Emphasis was given to it by the reply of the Home Secretary to his Parliamentary question:

> "The licensing justices have no power to veto any lawful games and I am in general agreement with the views expressed by the Royal Commission as to the desirability of encouraging such games 'as a distraction from the mere business of drinking'."

Encouraged by this answer, A. P. Herbert issued a public challenge to Liverpool. Pointing out that there was no legal validity on the darts veto at all, he urged publicans to play the game. One only, the Royal Yacht Hotel, responded. The reason is simple. The whole autocratic control of licences by the licensing justices working in conjunction with the police, makes it everywhere possible for these authorities to go beyond the law and intimidate publicans into obedience to any regulation. Arbitrarily and without appeal, a pub can have its licence taken away. That is a permanent disaster for the publican and his family. He can't take the risk. The Liverpool authorities are actually cutting down on licences all the time. Although the number of pubs is well below the national average, they have cut the number of Public Houses from 1,217 in 1935 to 1,195 last year; the number of Beerhouses from 70 to 65. On the other hand, and consistent with their idea of what drink is for, they have only reduced the number of Off-licences by 1 over the same period.

In Worktown the attitude of those controlling pub licences seem to be moving in the same direction. And another great city, Glasgow, has apparently adapted the Liverpool method. On April 12, 1939, the licensing bench decided that "dominoes, darts and games of any kind" must no longer be played in the city's 1,100 pubs. The reason given: "games encourage drinking." Although no date was given for the orders coming into force,

every pub stopped games immediately; at least 200 Glasgow pubs have darts teams, many of them playing regularly in League matches.

Liverpool certainly proves that people will go to pubs to booze and talk without being able to play any games. If the licensing authorities would prohibit talking, we should have an excellent control on all our pub generalizations about social factors, etc. But the Liverpool pub, like any other, is stronger than the restrictions on it. Its future should be watched with interest by all those concerned in alcohol, for or against. We have strayed from Worktown. Back there. . . .

RAFFLES

Here is a raffle report from a Worktown pub:

They decided that owing to the blind ex-soldier being present in the pub he would be the person best suited to give the draw an air of respectability, and that they could tell their friends at home that the numbers were drawn by a blind man, which would consequently help to allay their fears, and keep their patronage for other draws to come.

The first remark as the blind man took hold of the bag of tickets was "They're shook up, David." "Never mind that, lad," says David. "I'm going to give them a good shake now, and every time I've drawn a number. Leave it to me."

Voices heard. "D. Warburton, he has aw't' Chorley lot." "Bring a blue un out, David." "What colour's that?" "It's a whiteun." "Five, seven, eight, buff colour."

"Nar, they durn't go back in t' bag."

"We carn't purrum back in t' bag, Johnny."

"Buff colour again, two, ninety-one."

"Go on again, David."

"Where is that dickey bird?"

"It's a white un, two forty-one."

Secretary—"Two forty-one, white, is E. Hart, E. Jones' card."

"Bloody hell fire."

"Bring a blue un out, Daff."

"Who's won that?"

"Peter McEwan. Hey, bloody hell, they're gerrin aw t' lot."

"There's another prize yet, gentlemen."

"Gerra blue one out, David lad."

"Right, I'll do me best for you."

"Wheer's wife to neet Henry. Is 'er up t'Elephant?"

"Nar, 'er's ut Clayton."

"Well, gentlemen, that concludes the draw," says the president. "I propose we give David a pint—all in favour?"

Grunts of approval. Voice at back "Give 'im a shillin'."

"Is it moved that David 'as a shillin'?"

"Aye, und seconded, lad."

"Moved and seconded that we give 'im a bob. All in favour?"

"Aye, gerrit 'im."

"Right."

Secretary—"Gentlemen I should like to tell you that we 'ave sold two thousand four hundred shares in our draw. It is not a bad number, but I think we can do better if we try."

The first prize was 10*s.*, then 7*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.* (twice), 1*s.* 6*d.* and 1*s.*

Gambling and raffling, though theoretically prohibited, takes place among drinkers generally, as well as among the more limited groups already described, and in addition to the betting that takes place with bookmakers. For instance, the raffling of a pie is common:

Vault. Barman comes round with a small canvas bag, jingling it. Asks observer if he wants to come in a penny draw for a pie. So observer pays his penny, puts hand into the bag, and draws out a worn brass disc, about the size of a halfpenny, on which is stamped RIGGS' PIES, and a number. The draw for the winning number did not take place in the vault. Number 9 wins; it is one of the men playing dominoes; he gets a small hot pie, the sort that you can buy for fourpence.

The raffling of what are called "curios" is a common local custom. Here is a description of this by a local pubgoer:

Parlour. Conversation lively, especially of two stout women who are talking about why or why not to have children. One young woman (the most attractive in the room) is going round to customers inviting them "to have a penn'orth in our curio". She wheedles one or more pence out of everybody present, and then goes into the vault and taproom. No person appears to have the moral courage to say "no" to her request.

The "curio" idea is that each week some member of a prospective picnic party (in this case the women customers of the pub) gives a small object to be raffled off, the proceeds—which are all profit—go to the pool to be shared out at the "dividing" which takes place a day or so before the actual

picnic. The "curio" takes many forms, sometimes useful, as a small parcel of grocery, sometimes humourous, and sometimes lewd. Its value ranges from half a crown down to a penny or so. In about 25 per cent of the cases it is given back to the "club" to be raffled again, unless it is grocery, when the winner invariably keeps it. On an average from 4s. to 10s. profit is made on each "curio", and invariably results, over a period of about 3 months, in a "free" picnic for the members of the "club" . . .

In this case we see the raffle being conducted for a picnic club, but amongst all the drinkers in the pub.

Curios are also raffled amongst the Buffs, and at one Lodge a member brings some pies every fortnight and puts them up for raffling. The Lodge has special wooden counters, with numbers on one side and one of the ritual Buffalo words on the other, which are used for raffles.

We have seen a large range of objects raffled and bet, from 100 black puddings to a small pie, a box of kippers to a fireside stool. We have even heard of a game being played for socks:

> The landlady told observer that a man who used to sell silk stockings from door to door, came into the pub and played dominoes with her for a sock a game. She won three and a half pair, but "was so greedy" to make up the fourth that she lost them all back to him again.

All pub games are played for some kind of stakes—usually drinks. A landlord said "No one wants to play cards for love". Games are also played for money. To refuse to play for a stake is bad form:

> Stranger comes in and pays for gills all round. He suggests a game of all fours (cards). After the first round the game is abandoned, owing to the stranger refusing to pay a small wager on the game. His attitude is resented by all present who say that he is unsporty, though he had paid for treat earlier.

OBJECTIONABLE PRACTICES?

At the Worktown Annual Licensing Meeting, 1852, Mr. Taylor, a temperance man, said:

> "The objectionable practices which are now associated with the public house embody raffles, clubs, bowling greens, theatres, music, singing, dancing, and in some cases, brothels, and the police know it".

Most of this still applies. In fact, apart from drinking but bound up with it, the pub has a cultural life, and/or "objectionable practices" of its own. They comprise all the non-drinking activities that go on inside the pub. Selley sums up the material of his book on pub-theory plus some observation:

> My observations show that in most public houses intoxicants are objectionably prominent. The majority of public houses are "drink shops" pure and simple, and a large proportion of them are not fit for the purpose of social institutions. . . .

The merit of Selley's work is that he, despite strong prejudice, does recognize that the pub *is* a social institution. But the conclusions that he draws do not agree with those that are suggested by our observations. No pub can simply be regarded as a drinking shop. It may be lacking in facilities for games and music, present no organized forms of social activity, and its actual accommodation be of the crudest; but none the less the activities of the drinkers are not confined to drinking. To say that they come there to drink is true, but an incomplete truth; just as it is an incomplete and misleading truth to say that a cinema is the place where young men go to feel girls' breasts.

The pub is a centre of social activities—for the ordinary pub-goer the main scene of social life. Worktown working people rarely meet in each others' homes for social activities in the way middle classes do. For some there is the social activity of politics, football or cricket clubs. But participators in these activities are a small minority. The place where most Worktowners meet their friends and acquaintances is the pub. Men can meet and talk of the way of their womenfolk.

A drink is the only price of admission into this society. And so, for the pub-goers, drink becomes inseparably connected with social activity, relaxation, and pleasure. And the picnic, the outing, the angling competition, the bowls match, the savings club, games of cards and darts, betting—all these forms of non-pub social activity become connected with the pub, and thus are "incomplete" without drink.

The pub-like places in which drink is not sold, such as the milk bar, the fish and chip shop, are not used by their frequenters as centres of social activity; they are—so far—shops in which the goods sold are consumed on the premises. (People don't stand each other rounds of milk shakes, or fish and chips.)

The forms taken by pub social activity bear on the conclusions that we have drawn from the behaviour of drunks. Here, too, the social and the alcoholic motive cannot be disentangled. The alcoholic motive itself is primarily social, if it is given a long term definition; it is a motive that seeks the breaking down of barriers between men, the release from the strain of everyday life in the feeling of identification with a group. And the rituals of the Buffs and the clubs, the merging of groups in singing, all in different ways are part of this process.

But as well as this group-forming process that takes place in pub social life, there is another and apparently contradictory form taken by the pub social and cultural activities, one that is shown most clearly in the hierarchical organisation of the Buffs, and that also appears in the playing of games, pigeon-flying and angling competitions. This is the form of behaviour that is governed by motives of exceeding and beating the other man, of being the best in the group. And it must be recognised in a concrete form, by regalias and medals, by prizes and cups and diplomas. "Nobody wants to play cards for nothing." The winner of the domino game is getting more than prestige, he is getting a free gill.

These two motives, of being the winner, the best in the group, of rising in a social hierarchy: and of getting something for nothing, plus the excitement of the game or of waiting for the result of the race so that even if you lose you still have had something, are characteristic not of pub society, but contemporary industrial society as a whole—indeed of animal life. And they are the opposite of the democracy of drinking, that manifests itself both in the merging of individuals into groups, and also in the basic ritual of drinking, that of standing rounds. This, the most fundamental and regular of all the pub rituals, is based on an assumption that all the members of the drinking group have the same amount of money to spend, a truly "democratic" assumption in a wage-earning personal-advance society.

The competitive side of pigeon-flying, bowls, angling, takes place away from the pubs; but the groups participating in these activities of trying to excel one another, then come into the pub, sit down, and form an essentially communal, equalitarian, leaderless drinking group—they go to the democratic vault or taproom, not the best rooms (lounges), in which the groups are isolated from one another, middle-class either in fact or space or dress.

Whatever forms of pub society that we analyse we find this contradiction manifesting itself in some way or other. It is, in the last analysis, a contradiction found through all forms of human society, the mutual irreconcilable of everyone's desire. Increasingly complex societies impose increasingly more restrictions upon their members, while at the same time freeing them increasingly from the restrictions of their conflict with "natural" (non-social) forces. In the jungle you are free from the factory siren, but you've got to watch out that your neighbours, animal and human, don't kill you. In Worktown you are free from the shadows of sudden violent death and starvation, but a lot of the money you give for your beer goes to pay for unobvious guns. And you never know when your mill is going to shut down.

So you hope for a fortune from Littlewoods, for the Wanderers to be top of the League, to beat the others at darts, to back the winner; you put on a bowler and go into the parlour on Saturday. But you all get a bit drunk together on Saturday night, forget your troubles, be good company. You work co-operatively, create nothing yourself, but as part of a process with thousands of others who between them turn out in a day more than they could make as individuals in a year. Then you go to your own separate house, your own separate family, sit down to your own separate tea.

The Worktowner's culture (between home and work), as much as the time that he spends at home and work, shows these fundamental contradictions of a society whose ways of thinking and whose ways of living reflect two different aspects of social organisation, pulling "human mind" and "animal body" in the dimension of time.

It is fundamental in the pub, inherent in the whole arrangement and feeling of pub social life, centred in beer, that *there are no drinking matches*. Beer is outside of (escape from) the personal advancement ethic. During over two years in Worktown, we have never come across any case of any kind of drinking matches nor have we heard of them anywhere, outside Oxford, and Cambridge and parts of London. There are eating matches though, mainly pies and kippers. They are rare, and we have not observed one. But a friend of ours, who has worms and a pushcart, claims to out-eat all comers, to manage a pushcart of kippers. He attributes his success, which is generally admitted, to the fact he only drinks beer before and after, not during, the match. These matches are always between males and in a pub.

XII

THE LAST HOUR!

BEER DRINKING IS one answer to the solution of the personal problem of existence, the personal revolution. It provides a mechanism for dealing with situations which appear to be recurrent and almost universal. There are few races in the world who do not have some similar method of physiological change as well as a "spiritual" one—religion, an intellectual one—a magic or science, and a physical one—sport, dance, etc.

The work-life rhythms of pre-industrial civilizations were bound up with those of their cultural life; they both arose from the same sources—the seasons. In the mill, where it is perpetually sub-tropical summer, what you do, how and when you do it, is independent of time and weather, which are the governing factors of men's work in agricultural societies. The sowing-reaping cycle, not only governed men's working lives, but set the rhythm for their religious and cultural activities. In an industrial society, whose religion is still based on the seasonal cycles of primitive communities, as are many of its cultural traits—spring cleaning, for instance, children's games, adult sport (the football fan's life in the summer is not the same as in the winter). The ordinary daily activities by which people get their living are conditioned by dynamo and steam engine instead of sun and moon.

The pub is still essentially very much a pre-industrial institution. Format, ritual, traditions, nomenclature, games, have not changed very much in the past hundred years. It still caters in the simplest way for leisure hours of working people living in the immediate vicinity, but with one portion for better off folk (and irregulars and travellers). Today the pub is a sort of bridge between the older institutions and those new ones catering for people strictly as individuals, but on a mass basis. The recent experiences and contemporary difficulties of the pub are closely similar to those of its opposite number, the Church. Their Cain and Abel history has already been discussed. But the Church, and the pre-Christian trajectory of year, still decides the distribution of and emphasizes social activity throughout the year and the week. The pub is ruled by that rhythm too, but is more directly subservient to industrial variations.

The cycle of working life determines, if not directly *how* leisure should be spent, *when* it should take place. Evenings, week-ends, Blackpool holiday week represent, to a different degree, periods of freedom from certain constraints. At work a man's actions are being imposed upon him directly by material circumstances over which he has little or no control.

We have already suggested that both holidays and drunkenness represent breakdowns, the lifting of restrictions and tabus. Human societies have only been maintained by limitations of their members' freedom, by restrictions, tabus, laws, barriers between man and man. The internal stability of a society is dependent upon the general observance of these things. They have to become "natural", so that the ordinary individual in the society considers his way of living to be the normal, sensible one, and other ways stupid, crazy or immoral.

But they are also "unnatural" inasmuch as they tend to repress, constrain, and modify powerful instinctive urges in connection with sex, eating, aggression, etc. Therefore the machinery to preserve the stability of the society must include safety valves, that allow a partial release of accumulating tensions.

The most stable societies tend to be the more primitive ones, which have the most definite and organized ritual breakdowns of tabu, unrepression and "intoxications". It is in these societies that magic, ritual, and convention are most highly developed One of the features that differentiates our "civilized" society most clearly from other and more primitive forms is the weakening of these forms of restriction, so that it is possible for many people not to accept the idea that the way they live is "natural".

But while these restrictions have weakened another type has become very strong—those imposed by the actual economic structure of the society. The economic restrictions, not imposed by religion, magic or convention, are none the less "unnatural", and the need for their breakdown is just as strong, (possibly stronger) as it is in other forms of society. But there are only few and feeble sanctioned breakdowns of contemporary restrictions. The Christmas feast, the Cup Tie, the wedding party, the week-end drunk—these are our forms of release. But they

are feeble—there are, for instance, no real and sanctioned occasions of sexual freedom—and though the economic restrictions can be temporarily forgotten, yet they are actually present because so often the whole thing is dependent upon how much money people have got in their pockets while they are celebrating. No breakdown provides free beer for all. It is in this respect that we see the importance of the pub democracy, exemplified in the ritual of standing rounds.

The decay of the organized occasions of breakdown of social restrictions has not been accompanied by any real relaxation of those restrictions, or of the need for their breakdown. The yearly holiday and the week-end intermission from work have taken their place. And, no money—no holiday.

While the ordinary, week night, quiet evening at the local pub represents social relaxation, "week-end drinking" (in its extended sense) is playing the same sort of social role as the Cup Tie, the Coronation, religious and political revivalism. As contemporary industrial society becomes more and more unstable, manifesting this in fears of wars, unemployment, revolutions, lack of confidence in the future and of certainty that we live in the best of all possible worlds, the need for breakdowns becomes greater amongst those who have no adequate set of values to deal with the situation. But drunkenness is not on the increase. There is, however, as will be shown in other books of this series, an increased belief in magic, luck, craving for "mystery", gambling, a whole series of alternative values, passive, personal and non-participative, though of course with the necessary social sanction that large numbers of other individuals —some of them famous or royal—do the same thing.

One big function of the pub is thus being undermined, from other angles, by other groups whose principal motive must be the making of profits. But there is still no other group interested in providing a place to which ordinary people with ordinary incomes can come without formality, swear with impunity, meet strangers and talk about anything, and maybe spit on the floor.

OTHER INTERPRETATIONS

Finally, we should look at some other points of view on the pub. The list of books at the end of this section is not intended to be a full bibliography. It is only of those books actually referred to during the writing of this one. Most of them are of

little use to anyone who wants to get to know anything about the pub as a living social organism.

They can be divided as follows:

1. (*a*) Historical. The majority of these are sources of quotation. No kind of comprehensive history of the pub as a social institution exists. In order to find anything about it, it is necessary to consult broadsides, pamphlets, plays, poems, in which chance remarks can be found that throw a light on how the people of the period regarded the pub, and what they did in it. Our selection of sources is naturally limited; we have not attempted to write a history of the pub.

1. (*b*) Contemporary works which are specifically about the history of the pub or which include passages relevant to it. Of these, antiquarian, like R. V. French's *Nineteen Centuries of Drink*, or the useful work of Firebaugh, Marshall and Gregory; and sociological, like Sidney Webb's work on the Licensing Laws; a few others have been relevant to this study.

2. Scientific works. (*a*) Physiological. Of these there are plenty. And as far as they go they are adequate. But, cf. Koren's remarks on how experiments on the effects of alcohol are carried out. There is nothing in any of these books to show, for instance, what the effect of drinking beer *in a pub is*. They contain material about "subjects", not pub-goers.

2. (*b*) Sociological. There are plenty of these too, some specifically about drink, and others which treat of drink. While most of them contain a lot of statistics, they are concerned with the "drink problem", not the pub. The titles of those we have listed show this quite clearly. The sociologists and the sociologically minded temperance writers have not considered the pub as a social institution. To them it comes under "Crime and Delinquency" (cf. *The London Survey*).

That the physical, moral, and statistical results of excessive drinking are interesting and important is not to be denied. But they are the results of an *abuse* of the special functioning of a social institution. And writers have studied these results as a "problem" divorced from its real background. It is just as if the problem of unemployment was to be studied without any reference to, knowledge, or understanding of the social and economic system in which it took place.

The trouble is that sociologists and temperance men are seldom pub-goers. To them, as to Worktown's Rural Dean, the pub door

opens on to mystery. Who goes in and what happens there they don't know. But from this doorway there reels a succession of figures that can be recorded under the headings of drunks per ten thousand of the population, and later as victims of cirrhosis. We have seen how few of the people who come out of these doors actually are had up for being drunk or do die of cirrhosis.

The ordinary pub-goer has no official existence. It is typical that the *New English Dictionary* gives no pub use of the word "vault" and that for the *Encyclopædia Britannica* the pub only exists in relation to the liquor laws (to which one-eighth of a paragraph is devoted) and the legal aspect of public house Trusts.

The *Fact* survey quoted earlier speaks of people seeking "more civilized" amusements than pub-going. The idea implicit in this is that it is more civilized to go to the pictures than get drunk. Well, most pub-goers don't get drunk anyway, but is it more civilized to go to the pictures than get drunk? It just depends upon what your ideas of civilization are. The film is nearly 100 per cent celluloid, beer 3½ per cent alcoholic. In terms of stupefaction content the film wins every time. Yearning after Garbo instead of flirting with the barmaid is a lot less trouble. This is an idea of civilization that is based on self-culture.

3. Books that contain accurate descriptive material about pubs. There are very few of these. *The London Survey* (drink section by B. D. Nicholson) and Selley's *English Public House as it is* we have frequently quoted. Also Rowntree's pioneer study. The first, though limited in its scope, contains more fact about pubs in its few pages than can be found in all the other books listed here. Selley's book is written from a temperance point of view, assuming that the pub must be bad. And Rowntree shows a good deal of prejudice at times. These writers have *observed* pubs, and their conclusions are based on something else than the study of official statistics and the bumps on dead men's livers.

There is also a whole pile of "Ye Olde Inne" books, of which a few are listed here. (p. 345). These are of little use for the understanding of the pub today or at any other time.

Thomas Burke's *Book of the Inn* is a good anthology of passages from various writers about inns, and contains a lot of material about the use of the inn as a place of accommodation and eating. It is a pity that he gives no details of the works—beyond the writer's name—from which these references have been taken.

Most of English literature contains descriptions of inns and inn scenes—Chaucer, Skelton, Dekker, Shakespeare, Fielding, Smollett, Dickens, are examples. But they contain little that is enlightening on the function of the inn as a normal place, or a social hangout for the locals. The descriptions are of people eating or sleeping there, and of adventure and encounters for which the inn is simply a background.

Amongst contemporary novels there are plenty of pub scenes also, the most outstanding being Joyce's pub stuff in *Ulysses*, and a short story in *New Writing* (1938) by H. T. Hopkinson. But no one—say an educated Indian—ignorant of the pub, reading modern novels would be able to get from them any understanding of what the pub really is and who uses it. We have thus had to leave out most literary sources and we have learned, above all, to distrust (i) data from "official" sources, from interviews with leaders and persons who have vested interests (psychological or economic) in the subjects involved, (ii) from written sources of all sorts, whether historic, contemporary, or questionnaire—wherever and whenever these sources claimed to speak for anyone other than the person speaking. The difference, for example, between what an Anglican clergyman says happens in his church, and what he knows happens, between what he knows happens and what the verger knows, and what the choirboy does, is often sensational, and in each case differs in external circumstances from what *happened*. . . . For any incident consists as much of invisible as visible components, is as much an expression of opinion as of fact. Each interpretation can also be called a misinterpretation, each and all must be included in a sociological decision of "truth". The difference between what is supposed to happen and what does happen, between the written law and the law as enforced, between the press report and the observer's report, is a constantly recurring, and at first bewildering factor in the study of this civilization. Indeed it appears to be a diagnostic character of the key institutions in our civilization, and one which is constantly raising grave and (on present methods) insurmountable problems. This type of discrepancy between fact, fancy, fallacy, decides many of our judgements and personal attitudes—including, no doubt, those of all mass-observers. And the channels that claim to represent public opinion or accurate fact are silted up solid. Clearly we get involved in the same position in Worktown. But

we try not to forget that every expression of opinion, act or word, is valid and potentially significant as part of field-work material.

A typical case of such expression (and relevant at this point) is provided by two articles in Worktown's weekly *Journal and Guardian* in early 1938, showing the process of reportage and remoulding, which makes the externals of English culture at first a fog and a wilderness to the groping researcher.

(*a*) The *Journal and Guardian* carried a four-column centre page item called "Weighing-up Your Neighbours", with a heavy caps para to start off:

> Most of us like to speculate upon our neighbour's habits. As a rule, it is an idle form of harmless curiosity but recently, it has been elevated into a pseudo-science "Mass Observation". Worktown has been one of the experimental stations of the mass-observation movement and some months ago its citizens were assailed with the question "Why do you drink beer?"

The journalist goes on to say how silly this pub-research is, and to analyse the Chief Constable's annual report to the Licensing Justices for 1937:

> The most curious information is that Monday and Tuesday, along with Friday, are the days when Worktown goes on the "binge". I wonder if the mass observation people can tell us why? In the meantime whilst waiting for their reply I myself . . .

And he proceeds to explain everything, using neither data nor humour. We must suspect his line of approach from the start, because the word "binge" is not a Worktown pub-goer's word; "on the piss" would have been right, or if his paper can't face that fact, getting kettled, canned, or boozed up. His first explanation covers Monday as binge night. "That shilling left over from Saturday and Sunday nights determines where he shall go." It is not clear why a shilling should determine the place, for beer prices are uniform.

The writer implies that a Worktowner gets arrestably drunk on one shilling (the price of two pints). He then steps on to safer ground of Monday Bank Holidays, etc., before going on to ask, with a usual vagueness:

> But what of Tuesday? Baking as a rule, does not usually drive the man of the house from his home. So the solution must be found elsewhere. I have an idea that market day on Tuesday provides the answer. It provides the one necessary excuse I can think of for coming to town. Carrying a shopping bag has led many a man to the altar. What better reason then, than going to town to give the missus a lift with the marketing does a man need for meeting his cronies of the pub? And this, my mass-observation friends, is, I think, as near a solution as any you will arrive at.

The above statements contain the following erroneous conclusions:

1. That people need an excuse to go to a pub.
2. That they actively help their wives with marketing.
3. That to drink on Tuesdays they come into the centre of the town.
4. That being "driven from his home" is the most probable impulse to pub-going.
5. That most Worktowners still bake their own bread.
6. That people go to the town centre pubs to meet friends; just the reverse, the local pub is for that.
7. That men carry their wives' shopping bags.[1]
8. That carrying a shopping bag has led many a man to the altar.
9. That his mass observation friends can't arrive at something nearer to what he calls "a solution".

The writer carries on his laborious pilgrimage of rationalization throughout every day of the week, and ends up with considerable éclat, "Any sharp rise in the returns of drunkenness should be strictly investigated, especially in view of the tendency over post-war and pre-war years to a decrease".

The futility—from an administrative point of view—of such generalizations is immediately demonstrated by a glance at the drunkenness figures for the previous year, 1936, when there were less people drunk on Monday and Tuesday than on any other night. While Thursday, of which this journalist says an "empty purse automatically rules out having a binge" (he doesn't know about the pub credit system) has only three less drunks than Tuesday in 1937, twice as many as Tuesday in 1936.

(*b*) On another page of the same issue of the same paper a special article by a staff reporter describes a series of University

[1] A Tuesday night's observation at the market showed only one in one thousand men carrying his wife's shopping basket; the majority of women were not accompanied by men.

Extension lectures being given in Worktown. It mainly deals with a series of questions set as a sort of examination after the latest lecture. It says:

> They were interesting questions too. The first one was "What is democracy?" That's a stiff question. Even when one is attending three lectures on "The Theory and Practice of British Democracy". But when the lecturer goes on to say that he wants the answer in the fewest possible words, and allows about three minutes for the answer to be written then it becomes a really tall order. Did it worry members of the audience? Not a bit. They wrote swiftly and silently—some kneeling on the floor while using the form as a desk—and then waited calmly for the next. And although I have no idea what sort of answers were written I am quite sure no one wrote anything like "Government of the people, for the people, by the people."

The writer of this is an expert on local opinion, contributing extensively to both the leading Worktown papers, which enter 96 per cent of its homes.

Actually these questions were designed and set by us in connection with our political research, and in collaboration with the lecturer. Of the 52 Worktowners who were at this lecture 13 *actually and exactly used the cliché* whose non-use the reporter was sure of. Thirty-eight (73 per cent) used forms of it which included the phrases "by the people" and "of the people".

The article ends by quoting with approval a statement, which is clearly correct, from the lecture syllabus:

> Over and above this, it has become especially evident in recent years that no democracy can hope to survive unless, in regard to subjects with a close bearing on public affairs, its people are given full opportunity, with fair guidance, under conditions of free inquiry, to learn and to think for themselves.

Quite so.

But along such routes of purely pious and decent *hope* there seems no likely lasting achievement. It is imperative to face the *facts* of contemporary culture. Until we do that our good intentions are mostly futile. The correlation of fact-finding sociologist with act-making humanist, reformer, reporter, reactionary or revolutionary, is essential?

LIST OF RELEVANT REFERENCES

IN THIS BOOK we have had to make the best use possible of the scanty material about the pub itself. America, richest sociological source, has no pubs in our sense, unfortunately for this bibliography. In this list of publications (excluding fiction) which we have referred to, those marked X have been most useful, and those followed by H have provided significant historical material.

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