

Mrs Williams And The Capon

Compiled by Andy Owen



As told by my chum, Alan Doherty...

(To find out who Alan Doherty is, please refer to the article on this page, called 'The Master Butcher And The Lady from Torquay').

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I was sat one evening in the Golf club.

I was having dinner with the current captain, whose name was Rod Williams. I had never met Rod before.

As part of the general chit-chat, he asked me what I did for a living.

I told him I was a butcher and I had two butcher shops in Bull Ring Meat Market, having been there for 35 years. I mentioned that before I moved there, I worked at a shop at The Radleys, in Sheldon, a suburb of Birmingham.

He then told me that his mother lived on the Radleys in Church Road.

I looked at him and smiled.

"What's up?" he said.

"I have a wonderful story about your mother that you are going to like..."

Working in a small family butcher's shop in Sheldon there was very little passing trade, so most of our Christmas turkeys would be pre-ordered.

We never had any spare un-ordered turkeys.

On Christmas Eve at around 8am, in comes your mother, Mrs Williams - who was one of our regular customers.

She came in to collect her pre-ordered capon, (a large chicken around 10lb in weight).

I immediately went out to our back fridge where all the orders had names of customers on them. I saw Mrs Williams' order and took it to her in the shop.

She paid me, wished me 'Happy Christmas' - and off she went.

Around 11am, another customer came in for her pre-ordered capon.

I asked her for her name.

"Mrs Williams" was the reply.

Looking at the order, I went cold. I immediately realised that I had given the wrong capon to the previous Mrs Williams, your mother.

We had now got a full shop of customers, so I called the current Mrs Williams over and asked her if she could hang on for 5 minutes?

She was happy to do that, so I then ran out of the back of the shop, round past the front, out of sight and across the road to your mother's house.

I knocked on her door and when she opened it she said "Oh hello, Alan, what can I do for you?"

I replied "I'm so sorry, but I'm afraid I've given you the wrong capon".

She said: "I thought it seemed large for just the two of us".

I replied, "Yes, this one is yours".

She looked a bit startled and said, "Well, you had better come in, because it's in the oven cooking" She took it out of the oven and took off the tin foil which revealed 3 strips of streaky bacon and an already partly brown capon.

I said, "I need to take this one, as the person who has ordered it, is in the shop".

"Of course, Alan". She put a tea towel over it and handed it to me in the roasting tin.

I ran back across the road, through the back door and into the shop where Mrs Williams was patiently waiting.

I called her over and quietly said, "I've done you a bit of a favour"

"What's that? " she said.

I peeled back the tin foil and said, "I've started to cook this one for you"

"Oh you are such a good boy, Alan.

Thank you so much. Have a lovely Christmas"

And off she went to the festive break, very happy indeed.