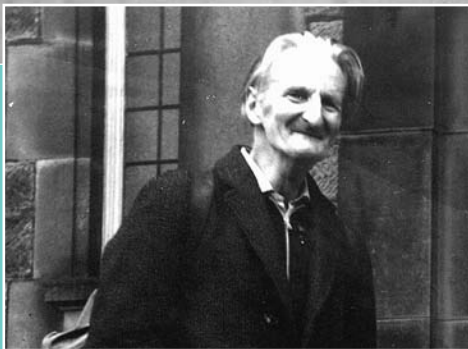


In Our Age

Living local history

Winter 2008
Issue 7



Breinton's
Herbert Gatliff



Lennards'
Shoe Shop, 1927



Herefordshire's
horse handlers



Paula Taylor, who worked at the Dean Leigh Temperance Canteen, at the launch of A Slap of the Hand – The History of Hereford Market in The Courtyard in October.

Anna Johnson from Stoke-on-Trent writes that the sign which once hung over the Cattle Market Canteen door now hangs above her fireplace. "Hand painted by my grandfather, O.B.Wallis, its proud boast that it was 'Licensed to sell Tobacco' causes some amusement nowadays," says Anna. The sign was given to Anna's mother when the canteen closed.

Anna believes the chestnut trees that used to shelter the cattle pens at the Market were planted, as conkers, by her great grandfather sometime in the 1930s.

A big thank you to our Markets Advisor team including Tom Nellist, Geof Jones, Liz Rouse, Julian Gallimore, Margaret Wheastone, Graham Baker; interviewers Bobbie Blackwell, Sarah Laws, Marsha O'Mahony, Sandy Green; and to Eileen Klotz, Dawn Turner, Toni Lunn, Rosemary Lillico and Betty Webb.

Home for single mothers

Richard Whatley has been trying, without success, to trace his father's family. The problem is his father was born 'out of wedlock' apparently in a home for single mothers in Ledbury Road, Hereford – St Francesca.

"I have tried without success to locate the house in Hereford where he was born. His birth certificate records he was born in September 1919 at St Francesca, Ledbury Road, Hereford.

"He was baptised at Tupsley church – there are several other baptisms giving the same, St Francesca address, and which do not list a father's name.

"The birth was registered by B. Acton Redwood, described as the occupier of St Francesca. Was St Francesca a home where single mothers could go for the birth of their babies?"

This sounds like the former children's home, then residential home, Ivy House (now Ivy Close). Can anyone shed any light on this?

A book you almost hear

Review: *A Slap Of The Hand – The History of Hereford Market*

Few publications will equal this *History of Hereford Market* for the raw quality of life and times as they were in the ancient Cathedral city and county town that remains one of England's most rural and least densely populated areas.

Herefordshire Lore, in association with Logaston Press, have brought alive anecdotes, tales and stories collected, collated and recorded from the living memories and mouths of those best placed to recall the market with detailed accuracy – the folk that lived and worked there.

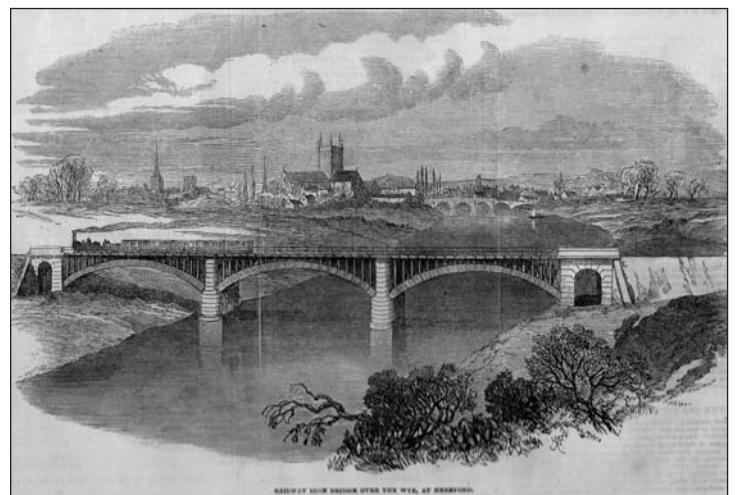
Readers are taken on many a personal journey through the market's past, its origins, auctioneers, buyers, sellers and workers, as well as the shops, stalls and pubs.

The attendant highs and lows of the market community and country life are vividly portrayed here by people whose upbringing was steeped in the knowledge of their county, their fellows and their animals. Aspects of trickery, cunning and deceit are not avoided, nor are the many references to life trials, sorrows and failures that people have suffered. But these are seriously outweighed by the joys and successes, and not a little affection that ordinary working folk daily shared with each other.

This is a book you can almost 'hear'. Its talk is vibrant, its characters colourful, its accuracy unquestionable. It embraces the history of Hereford Market kindly, often perhaps, sadly, yet honestly with an underlying vein of respect and conviction that only known accounts from real people could make so vivid a picture of the past emerge and compel our human interest and understanding. They, and Herefordshire Lore, are to be congratulated.

Reviewer: Eric Payne, Chairman Worcestershire Folklife

The Market book is on its second print. Call 07845 907 if you're having trouble finding your copy.



Tickets please! A train crosses at Hunderton, now the Western Way. The line from Hereford to South Wales opened in 1886.

Herbert Gatliff - hostel champion

Herbert Gatliff, born 110 years ago, was the son of one of rectors of Breinton. He went to the same Oxford college as prime minister Harold Macmillan before becoming a top civil servant at the Treasury. His passion, however, was walking.

He often set off on his tramps straight from work in Whitehall (he carried his rucksack to work and kept a primus stove and his walking boots in an office cupboard). And he liked nothing better than to end a long hike with a night in a youth hostel.

In the 1950s he was introduced to the Outer Hebrides by John Cadbury, then chairman of the Youth Hostel Association, and he regularly walked there. But there were no hostels in the Hebrides.

Eventually, using much of his own money, he established a chain of hostels where, as he put it, anyone from a bishop to a blacksmith was welcome to stay – as long as they shared the washing-up.

The hostels, mostly built in restored Hebridean black houses, are still running (see www.gatliff.org.uk). Herbert Gatliff is buried in Breinton church yard.



The eccentric Herbert Gatliff (photo: Elizabeth Gatliff) and a Gatliff hostel at Berneray on the Outer Hebrides.

Tickets, please!

Alan Stone from Bredwardine has come across this account, written in the 1950s, by a Hereford man recalling the railways of his childhood.

"In the 1880s Gloucester had one single platform with bays like Cambridge has now. As a small boy I thought it a horrible, crowded, bustling platform providing a long walk from the arrival end to the departure end. In common with other wooden platforms, which were frequent in those days, it gave forth a sound of soft thunder under the wheels of the luggage trolleys. Rubber tyres had not come in. The journey from Gloucester to Hereford was slow. It was enlivened for me by unexpectedly frequent bridges over the Wye, by three tunnels and by such fascinating names as Longhope, Holme Lacy, and Ross."

The unknown author recalled the time when Hereford had two railway stations and three railway companies operating from them. He would have arrived at the present station, but needed to cross the city by cab to the station at Barton (where Sainsbury's now stands) for the Hay & Brecon Line. (In a diary entry only a few years earlier the Revd Francis Kilvert described driving furiously through Hereford in a fly with a white horse to catch his train for Hay at Moorfields.)

Meanwhile our nostalgic account continues:

"The line from Hereford to Three Cocks Junction was efficiently operated by the Midland Railway, but the Mid-Wales Railway which joined at Three Cocks was deplorable, dirty and dilapidated, and I had to be lifted into the coach from the low platforms.

Its only admirable feature was the spectacular and beautiful bridge over the Wye at Boughrood.

"A through coach for London appeared in the 1890s. Passengers for London could leave Hay at 11.26 a.m., and, if they got into the through coach, distinctive in its Great Western Railways livery, they could travel undisturbed to Paddington reaching London by about 5 p.m. That through coach connecting Glasbury with far-away tremendous London was a romantic object to me as a child. Also it was larger than our Midland coaches and contained what none of them had - a lavatory!"

Let's hear your railway memories. Contact IOA on 07845 907 or info@herefordshirelore.org.uk or by post to Herefordshire Lore, PO Box 9, Hereford HR1 9BX.

Front page: Sixty years ago in 1947 Herefordshire suffered some of the worst winter weather. In this photo men from the Ledbury district work in relays to clear the way. See page 5.



This is Charles Rex, photographed in 1904, and grandfather of **Diane Ingram** (nee Rex) who sent in the photograph. Charles, seated on the right at the front in the pale jacket, was a blacksmith with J. Haines in Hereford and he lived in Hunderton, Hereford. "I've been trying to do some work on the Rex family and discovered that my great, great grandfather, John Rex, (Rix) was tenant landlord of the Weston Cross Inn at **Weston under Penyard** in 1832," writes Diane who lives in **Stoke Lacy**. Diane can't work out where the photograph was taken.



Another picture from Diane, above, shows Lennards shoe shop in 1927 where Katherine Rex, Diane Ingram's aunt, worked. "She was born in Vaga Street, Hunderton, Hereford in 1904. She married Albert Williams in 1948. They had no children and she died aged ninety after living in Hunderton all her life," writes Diane, who also sent us the picture of the May Fair, below.



Hereford hoppers. The John family at White's hop farm, Much Cowarne in 1961.

Trevor Watkins from **Credenhill** has sent us his own hop picking memories.

"There were two hop yards close to us, one in Credenhill and another, The Marsh Court Farm, farmed by Mr P.B. Compton just off the Hay road. Although The Marsh was further from home, Mum always chose to go hop picking there.

At the Credenhill hop yard, farmed by Phillip Hall, hops were grown up poles and had to be pulled out of the ground before the bines could be gathered and picked. But at The Marsh the bines were grown up twine attached to overhead wires.

Most of the pickers were local and school holidays were usually arranged, and if necessary extended, to coincide with the hop-picking period. On arrival at the hop yard we would be allocated a crib and a 'house' in which to pick. A house was an area of growing hops, usually within the margin of a certain number of the overhead wires and extending two rows either side of the crib.

After hop picking it was back to school for us and, for our mothers, the pleasant occasion of meeting up again at the farmhouse, usually a week or two later, to be paid.



A north Herefordshire Travelling family in the 1960s. June 2008 is National Gypsy Romany Traveller History month. Send us your memories of travelling and Travellers.



Mary Horner's Aunt Minnie Traylor (nee Loughman) is the lady on the left of this shadowy image taken in Eign Gate, Hereford. "Aunt Min was born in 1902 and I imagine this was taken while she was still single, perhaps in the 1920s. Min later became Head Chambermaid at the Green Dragon Hotel and was a great favourite of TV celebrity Gilbert Harding who always asked for her when he stayed at the Green Dragon." (Harding was brought up in Hereford, his father running the former workhouse in Blue School Street, Hereford.)

"The family lived behind the pub in Bewell Terrace (not Bewell Street), where Tesco's car park is now," writes Mary. "The pub was exactly opposite Woolworth's: I've been told the name a dozen times but it still escapes me - sorry!"

Can you help Mary? Get in touch.

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Free at last: the Ledbury snow clearers arrive triumphantly in town, above, after clearing their way through the snow drifts to Ledbury Preserves, above right.



Eddie's journey

Eddie Dzierza's extraordinary journey began in Poland and ended in Herefordshire in 1946. In the first part of his story he and his family were exiled to a Siberian labour camp. Now the family are loaded on to cattle trucks and sent to Tashkent in Kazakhstan.

"We travelled from Siberia to Kazakhstan, to Tashkent, on trains. My only wish was to get a nice loaf of bread, eat it and die in a corner.

"There were only five of us now, with Mum. My brother, he died in Siberia with meningitis, because we got no medicines. In Kazakhstan the people were Muslim. It was difficult to get anything. We were begging. Sometimes you got a piece of bread, sometimes nothing.

"We stayed in a little house, made with clay and straw, not bricks, and my youngest brother and sister went very, very sick. They went to hospital and I went with them. And I wait there one day and then I got a message: they both died.

"So I was returning to my mum, walking back about seventy kilometres in the desert, to my Mum. I was tired - no water or nothing - so I lay down in the desert and went to sleep. When I woke there was a cow eating straw. I milked her into my mouth! I was thinking: now that was a miracle!

Starved to death

"When I reached home my mum lived only three more days and she died from hunger. When you touched her she

shouted. It must have been painful."

Eddie scraped out a shallow grave and buried her with his own hands. Just fifteen years old, Eddie walked to town with his surviving brother and sister.



"I was thinking that for me the Polish Army is better because I would get food. Next day I found some Polish people. I put my brother and sister into an orphanage." (They would survive the war and make their way to England).

"One of the men gave me new trousers and new shirt. I started a fire, put my shirt on top to burn off the fleas, and then walked to the station for a train to Busork to join the army.

"When I was on my way there was this gang stealing things. I am a Pole, but I got a Russian passport, and when the KGB came for the gang they took me to their station for a couple of hours, questioning me and hitting, you know. I got the punishment yet I hadn't stolen anything. I said: 'I am going to Busork for the Polish Army'. And then they let me go.

"When I arrived I had to go to the army doctor. He ask me: 'How old you are?' I put three years on my age. And he looks to me. I look to him straight to the eye, you know? And he checked me and he

said: 'You all right'.

"The Polish Army was now fighting in Tobruk. I trained on signals and Morse Code. Then I got malaria. When I get out of hospital I was sent to Egypt and the Canal Suez."

In the next issue Eddie and the Polish Army fight their way through Italy.

Real Life

Real Life on the Black Mountains, a film based on amateur film shot by Peterchurch's Dorothy Howells of the local hill farming community, has been re-released.

Real Life features long-forgotten events in the hill farming calendar: sheep being washed in the Monnow stream, shepherds on horseback bringing the flocks down from the mountain, the annual Shepherds' Day when farmers gathered from all over the Black Mountains to sort out the strays, and, the highlight of the film, the regular bare backed rodeo competitions.

Copies of *Real Life* are available through Borderlines Film Festival (01547 540159 or info@borderlinesfilmfestival.co.uk

Garway Hill Through the Ages

After the ravages of Foot and Mouth in Garway in 2001 and the culling of the Hill's sheep, nature took over. In the spirit of 'something must be done', a Commoners Association was set up and a project begun to investigate the history and archaeology of the common from the past to the present day. In due course a programme was put in place which led to the recording of the archaeological features on the common, especially the earthwork enclosure. In addition a book was proposed - and this is the result.

Garway Hill Through the Ages, Logaston Press, £10.00



Miracle cure

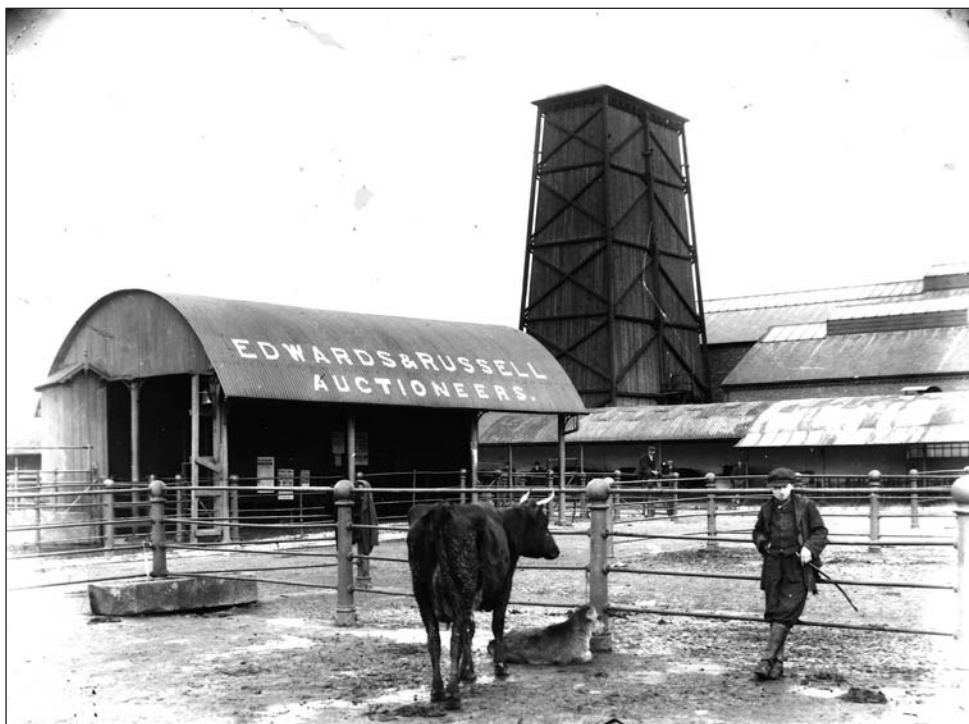
Ken Hyett responded to John Baker's recollections of the Market's Medicine Man. "We knew him as Gypsy Lee, stripped to the waist in all weathers, with a wonderful sun tan and selling his miracle cures. One was Hedgehog Grease, obtained from the fat produced by boiling a hedgehog."

Ken went to All Saints Infant School where a Miss Buckland, the head, and not one, but two Misses Cotterells taught him.

All Saints stood next to the S.W.S Electric Company yard, right, with their twin black wooden towers. "It was a sight to watch the water falling into the reservoirs, presumably generating electricity."

Railway lines led from the Cannonmoor sidings, across Edgar Street, past a pair of large red corrugated iron buildings, the properties of rival auctioneers Passey Nott and Russell Baldwin and Bright, and into the Cattle Market and SWS yard. This was managed by a Mr. Perry who lived in the company house in Widemarsh Street, opposite the entrance to Catherine Street.

Ken lives outside the county although his sister lives in Red Hill. They and the rest of their brothers and sisters used to go hop picking at Weston Beggard. "The mornings were damned cold and standing by that crib picking with frozen fingers was no treat. We were allowed to warm our hands on the Corona bottles, filled with tea."



Happy hop days

A copy of IOA is on its way to South Africa, to my sister Maureen, says Janet Smith (nee Evans) of Tupsley. She and I were on the Wheatstone's photograph of hop picking, below left – it brought back many happy memories.

Comfy school runs

Bob Davies from Ewyas Harold recalls Hywel Davies of the Duffryn pictured with his prize cow in *A Slap of the Hand – The History of Hereford Market*. "He used to give us lifts to Wormside School in his Humber Super Snipe, the most comfortable car I've ever been in. The book is fascinating," adds Bob Davies.

Moses Meadham

Moses Meadham (Issue 6, page 3) is demonstrating a bee extractor, not a washing machine! The honey drains to the bottom of the tank and released by a tap (on the edge of cart) into a strainer and then into jars.

We use the same process today, writes Little Dewchurch's John Kinross from Hereford Beekeepers. "We are always glad of extra members."

Erks and bull

"I was a Corporal (Acting Paid) instructor of shorthand, typing and RAF admin at Credenhill between 1955 and 1957," writes Harry Scharf from Solihull.

"At Credenhill we occasionally had to issue '252s' for insubordination. I charged one of the female 'erks' and she was sentenced to do some 'bull' – cleaning."

"My memories of that time includes that of a young woman with whom I was friendly for a short while – but don't tell my wife! I was so taken by her I even went to church to see her in the choir."

"I remember Red Hill where we danced with local girls and those from the Teacher Training College. I met an attractive student from the college who became my girl friend for a little over a year until we parted company, she to go to Meriden (near Coventry) to her first school as a teacher and I to London to train to be a court reporter working at courts martial. A couple of years later we met again: now we've been married 47 years."

Judith Whistance from Garway wonders if the photo of the three ladies (Issue 6, page 4) by the coach is her husband's grandmother, Elsie Whistance, and her daughters Roma and Rene? "They wouldn't have been going hop picking, but probably on a coach trip."



SNAPSHOT



Hereford's Holy Trinity Institute prepare a feast in 1953.

Valuing local history

Getting involved with local history is a great way of getting involved in your community. That's the view of David and Margaret Clark from Fownhope's Local History Group. With 150 members, four meetings a year and an annual exhibition, the Group is about to publish their history of the village. Contact David and Margaret, 2 Ringfield Drive, Fownhope 01432 860017 marclark47@hotmail.co.uk

Marden too has a group, chaired by Joy Davey (01432 880312). They meet every month and organise displays and exhibitions. Do you have a local group? Tell us about it.

What's on?

Look out for the St James, Hereford display with its photos, maps and plans in the Herefordshire Records Office, Harold Street, Hereford from January. Contact 01432 260750.

Anne Shoring of The Small Gallery, Hereford is running a ten-week textiles and mixed-media course at the Records Office, starting January 17. Contact 01432 260750.

Friday 18 January – Herefordshire Family History Society, 7.30pm at The Kindle Centre, Belmont Road, Hereford, HR2 7JE. Our regular monthly meeting where there will be a Talk entitled 'Hereford Living History' by Bill Laws. Contact 01432 355723.

Friday 15 February – Herefordshire Family History Society, 7.30pm at The Kindle Centre, Belmont Road, Hereford, HR2 7JE. Our regular monthly meeting where there will be a Talk entitled 'The English Gypsy, 20 years of Research into my Romany Roots' by Mary Horner. Contact 01432 355723.

Friday 21 March – Herefordshire Family History Society, 7.30pm at The Kindle Centre, Belmont Road, Hereford, HR2 7JE. Our regular monthly meeting where there will be a Talk entitled 'Tudor Maydes, Two 16th century women tell of their everyday life' by Adrienne Grinyer. Contact 01432 355723.

Sunday 23 March – Monday 24 March 2008 – Open Days in Steam, All Engines Working, 1pm – 4pm at Waterworks Museum, Broomy Hill, Hereford, HR4 0LJ. The story of drinking water brought to life through massive working pumping engines in a beautiful setting by the River Wye. Historic steam, gas and diesel engines, turbines and pumps. History of Hereford in WW2. Children can lift water like Roman slaves, follow trails and do much more.

design: pinksheep print: Reprodex Printers Ltd.



Three members of Herefordshire Lore, Betty Webb, Mary Horner and Lennie Williams selling copies of *A Slap of the Hand* after auctioneer David Probert launched the book at The Courtyard, Hereford.

Sales from the book help to keep this publication going. **So do your advertisements.** (Contact Lisa Marie 07971446632 or lisamarie@pinksheepdesign.co.uk, if you want to take out space).

Herefordshire Lore

In Our Age is read by 8,000. It's free. And copies are distributed through Herefordshire Council, Tourist Information Centres and Libraries in Ross, Ledbury, Leominster, Bromyard, Kington, local museums, cafes, day centres, village shops and residential homes.

"Our copy of IOA went to Canada, then Leominster and now back to us in Solihull." **Harry Scharf.**

"Every success with your most interesting magazine for many years to come" **Ken Hyett.**

"Long may your editorial reign!" **Griff Loyd.** (We hope to use your recollections in our next issue, Griff.)

"Keep up the good work." **Richard Boughton.**

"I read your excellent IOA with interest." **John Kinross.**

"I think your publication very, very interesting and look forward to other copies." **Mrs. P.M. Williams.**

There's a £10 a year subscription: just write to our address – details below.

Editor: Bill Laws

Pictures: Bobbie Blackwell

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Committee: John Turner, Mary Horner, Rosemary Lillico, Elizabeth Semper O'Keefe, Harvey Payne, Sandy Green, Dawn Turner, Betty Webb, Lennie Williams.

07845 907891

info@herefordshirelore.org.uk

Herefordshire Lore, PO Box 9, Hereford HR1 9BX

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