



More Market Memories

Phyllis Dean sent in this photo of her father Jack Beck, with fellow workers at Hereford Market. "Jack had worked in the Welsh coal fields from the age of 11 in the First World War. Not wanting to return to the mines after the War he walked over the mountains to Hereford and found work at the Market where he remained until he retired."

A Slap of the Hand, our *History of Hereford Market* is still available. Reviewer Eric Payne, Chairman Worcestershire Folklife, says the book takes readers on a personal journey "through the market's past, its origins, auctioneers, buyers, sellers and workers, as well as the shops, stalls and pubs." Call 07845 907891 for your copy – it would make a perfect Christmas gift.



Where's this? Colin Smith kindly loaned us this Herefordshire scene. But can you identify it?

Happy birthtree

"As a medical student based at Hereford I found your magazine while waiting for a consultant to come and shout at me. I enjoyed it very much (the magazine not the shouting). I was struck by the photo labelled maypole. My girlfriend lives in Switzerland and the rural Swiss erect large trees, stripped of all but the upper foliage as seen in Marjorie Wight's photo and decorate the branches with coloured tape in the same way this tree had been. It is done by the family and friends of a couple who have just had a baby. Loved the magazine: shame I won't be in Hereford for the next issue." **Chris Cawston**. (Chris, catch the next issue on www.herefordshirelore.org.uk)



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"Why do you offer a £10 subscription, yet give IOA away for free," asks one bemused reader. We are determined that no-one should go short of IOA just because they can't afford it so we distribute it free through places like the County Libraries, Tourist Information Centres and Council offices.

But Herefordshire Lore, a voluntary, not-for-profit organisation, spends £6,000 a year on IOA production. We depend on grants and your donations to keep going. So send your subscription to IOA now! Here's our address:

In Our Age

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In Our Age

Living local history

Hopyard
Special

Autumn 2008
Issue 10



Horsing around
In Withington



Raw recruits:
Hereford in the 30s



Glewstone's
Land Army girls

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Bombing Ocle Pychard

When Hitler started bombing London my mother sent me to Hereford, writes **Bruce Leonard**. I arrived at Barrs Court station, arrangements having been made for me to be met by my uncle's family. I was not very old, five or six. I remember having a label tied to my coat lapel with my name and address on but I was alone on the station.

Eventually I was collected and we all boarded a Midland Red bus and travelled out on the Bromyard road to Ocle Pychard.

I spent the war years living with the Adams family at Waterloo Cottage on Tom Pearson's farm. It was idyllic and I was in heaven. It was a mixed farm so there was always something new going on. Bill Adams was older than me but after he'd shown me the ropes there wasn't much we didn't get up to together.

Then one night Bill and I were woken up by very loud bangs – I knew straight away what they were, but was too frightened to say anything. I was afraid that Hitler had followed me from London!

The next day we found a huge bomb crater in an orchard, known as Dankie, not far from our cottage. Later we were told that poor Mr. Jancy's calves and chickens had been blown up into a tree.

It seems the German bomber had dropped his bomb load trying to get away from a British fighter plane that was chasing him and the bombs had landed between each of three cottages. Apparently he was trying to find the munitions factory at Rotherwas. We heard later that the bomber was shot down in the Gloucester area.



Evacuee Bruce Leonard in uniform in later years

That's my family!



Mike Johns noticed the Much Cowarne hopyard scene in IOA 7 and called IOA to say: "I can name them all. From left to right is my mum, Lena, and Dad, Davey Johns, with my brother Dave. That's Young Mushy Johns behind and next to him, his mum, Lena. Big Mushy Johns is sat by the tractor." Mike remembers travelling from farm to farm in the family's bow top wagon during the hop picking season. "Father built the wagon himself. All the Travellers did, starting with a flat four wheel dray and building it up from there. Then you used to have another four wheeled dray for going around collecting.

"We used to do the Much Cowarne Farm and Paske's at Bromyard and then down to Burley Gate. There is an old oak tree there and I can still picture my Grandad standing under it with all the barrel top and open lot wagons around."

Horsing around

Hedley Prosser with a shire horse at Storehouse Farm in a photo from the **Johns** family at Withington.

Meanwhile farmer **Percy Boulcott** from Much Cowarne recalls how a night's bed and board for the stallion led to his father owning one of the best foals around.

"Spider was one of the quietest, brainiest horses I ever knew. He was very active – he could clear a five bar gate from a standstill – and other farmers would borrow him because he was so good at hoeing.

"Spider was born to a very good shire mare we had at the time. The first foal this mare had, well, you couldn't do anything with him. So we weren't planning to any more foals. But when she was 20 years old the stallion and his owner came to stop here. The owner put the stallion to the mare to pay for the stallion's keep. And that's when Spider arrived!"



Front cover: Happy hopper. But who or where she was we don't know. This is another gem from photographer Marjorie Wight – see pages 4 & 5.

Shock of war – **Barbara Dawson** on Friar Street and Bradury Lines in the 1930s

Does anyone remember the Drill Hall in Friar Street, Hereford? asks **Barbara Dawson** of Ross Road, Hereford.

I was born in the Drill Hall House in 1932 and it consisted of a large, four bed-roomed house, and an the officer's mess. At the end of the yard was the Military Club which my father ran and a massive gym where the men boxed.

As a little girl I always went to sleep at night to the sound of the Military Band playing underneath my bedroom window, very loud drums, marches, etc. I couldn't go to sleep without it and to this day I get a tear when I hear as military band. (That's why I have to have noise in my house now, a busy road, and lots of chiming clocks!)

My father was S/Sgt (Kings Special Light Infantry) Bill Pullinger who came from a military family. He was in the First World War, and a prisoner of war. We were at the Drill Hall until I was seven. Then, about 1938/39 the Bradbury Lines Army Camp was being built – I watched its construction – and Putson's houses were going up in place of beautiful green fields and cows.

As we moved, so Dad was nearer the camp, the War started. My father was the Army Recruiting Officer during the War and I remember him telling me he got a guinea when he enlisted a guardsman!

Terrible injuries

And so to the horrors to come. We had to blackout our windows, have an Andersen Air Raid shelter in the garden and there were no street lamps (gas in those days). Butter and sugar on a Monday only as food was rationed. We had a few bombs, but nothing like other places. At one time we had eleven people living with us is our small semi. Where my dear Mother put them all I can't remember – I know I slept on a camp bed.

By a couple of years later the Camp was many things: Boys Battery, RASC, etc. But the main thing that



My father, Bill Pullinger, bottom left, outside the Drill Hall, Friar Street.

sticks in my mind was its role as a convalescent camp. I woke one morning to go out and play and the whole length of Hoarwithy Road was lined with our dear boys, injured. (The Cornish flats weren't there then). They were all lying in the hedges, waiting to go into the Camp. It was an awful sight. Some had legs shot off, arms missing, eyes blindfolded, head injuries, feet or hands gone. They were all dressed in blue felt jackets and trousers and they were all only young.

I went running home and my dear friend Gwen (Lock) Watkins went home and our mums made cakes, sandwiches and drinks. Then Gwen and myself went and sat with the men all day. There were some Americans amongst them: not so badly injured: they taught us to jitterbug in the middle of Hoarwithy Road! I stayed connected with khaki all my life. I was in the Girls Training Corp and loved marching through town.

But my experience that day with the injured troops taught me to smile . . . even in the face of tragic times.

Korean War survivors? Toni Cook (who designed our Market Teachers' Pack (www.herefordshirelore.org.uk) is working on stories from the Korean War. Can you help her with any recollections, reminiscences or memorabilia? Call Toni on 01432 360376.



Military Club as it used to be.



Drill Hall – Barbara Dawson in the doorway as a baby.

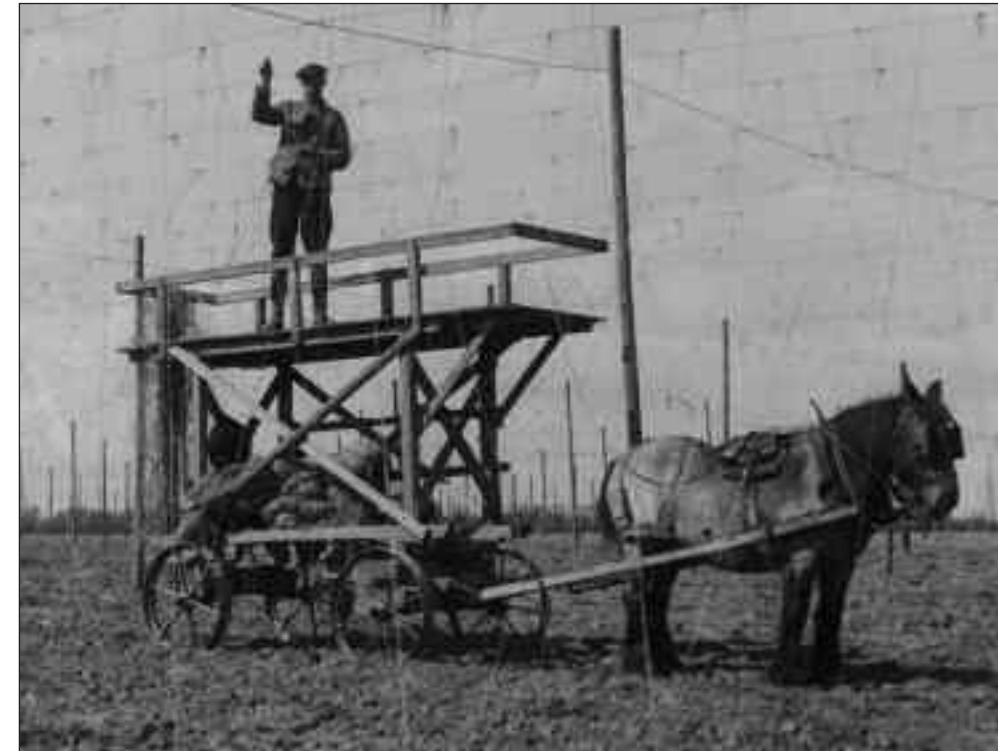
Life in the Hopyard - The Marjorie Wight collection

IOA presents another selection of photographs from the little known Marjorie Wight, from the collection held by Hereford's County Archive Office.



Some of Hereford's hoppers were caught on camera by the remarkable Marjorie Wight, a freelance photographer whose photos were left to the County Archive Office in Harold Street, Hereford after her death.

Above, stringing the hops by hand, right above, shovelling hops in the hop kiln, and right, what look like spent hops coming out of the brewery.



This was the modern way of stringing hops . . . before the tractor came along.



The hop pickers: this photo, from the Johns of Withington, shows two of the Gypsy ladies who worked hard to bring in the hops. Right, a Gypsy wagon photographed by Marjorie.

Remembering Marjorie

Thelma Holland from Ledbury well remembered Marjorie Wight.

Thelma worked at Vivian's, the photographer's shop next door to Lloyds Bank in Hereford's High Town, where Marjorie sometime printed up her photographs.

"We worked in rooms above Manfields shoe shop and Russell's the book shop and Marjorie used to come in and process her films during our lunch hour. She would borrow our darkroom and print her photographs.

"She did live at Mordiford for a time then she moved to Overbury Road. She used to ride a sit up and beg bike."

In later years Thelma used to print Marjorie's work for her and take it round to her home. "It is so nice to see her work acknowledged," says Thelma.

Vivian's was set up by two ladies, Ada and Gertrude Durrant (Gertrude ran a craft shop in St Peter's Square and Thelma became their apprentice).

A studio photographer's was set up when RAF Credenhill started and Thelma and a friend ran it until the station closed.



A Jammy Life – Rosemary Lillico delights in a new book on Ledbury’s jam factory

The Pozzy – A History of Ledbury Preserves by **Brian Hudson, Ken Jollans and David Smith**, published by Munjac Press (www.muntjacpress.com) and available from Three Counties Books and Ledbury Books and Maps, High Street, Ledbury).



The Pozzy outing from Ledbury.

The mention of jam takes me back to my childhood of the 1940s, hot school holidays when my mum would make us a few jam sandwiches and along with my school friends we would be sent off to wander the countryside, told only to ‘stay away from the river’ and ‘come home when its getting dark.’ (What we got up to is another story). This delightful book tells of when the Jam Factory came into being around 1919 and one is taken along the often rocky road of production up to the factory’s closure in 2007. The book is well dated with facts and figures and much research. At the same time the camaraderie shines through with several personal memories and photos. As one of the largest employers in

Ledbury it was more than work – it was a way of life and a job for life too. Workers came from far and near on foot, by cycle, by lorry and even on special buses. One worker made the journey from Hereford to Ledbury daily, by train, at accost of 7/- out of a £3.00 weekly wage. The management encouraged a good social atmosphere with their own football tem and social club. When the fruit harvest was over in September or October the company paid for a coach outing to the seaside starting off early Saturday and returning at 5.00 or 6.00 a.m. Sunday morning. Anyone who ever worked there would welcome their own copy of the Pozzy in their Christmas stocking.



Army girls

Nancy Price, originally from Stoke-on-Trent and now living in Alberta, Canada was in the Women’s Land Army, left, based at Whitefield Court, Glewstone near Ross. “Lots of blisters and sore backs,” Nancy remembers. She fell in love with, and married, Tom Price from Little Whitefield Farm. The couple emigrated to Canada in 1957.

Family histories

Can you help these family historians fill in some details?
Email In Our Age:
info@herefordshirelore.org.uk

Unmarried mum

My great-grandmother, Ivy Maud Dando, born in 1894 and raised in Hereford disappeared after giving birth to my granddad, Roy Brown Dando, in May 1919 at a Bodenham Road ‘nursing home’. No father is listed on his birth certificate so I’m presuming Ivy gave birth in a single mother’s home. She was listed as ‘Former Police Constable’ and I’m wondering if Ivy joined the munitions factory. Are there any staff records (my other grandmother, Edna Rose Dyche, was as a “Payroll Clerk” there in WWII). **Zena Dyche.**

Rotherwas

This is a long shot and I am hoping your readers could help me. I am trying to track down Mary Farrell who worked at the Royal Ordnance Factory in Rotherwas between 1946 to 1947. She was my paternal grandmother, having adopted my father adopted who was born at the Old Priory, Leominster in July 1947. **Marnie Watkins**

Gypsy wagon builder

My uncle, George Cox, lived in Hereford all his life and died just short of 104. He was a wheelwright and rebuilt a Gypsy caravan that he had original helped built as an apprentice around 1910. It was donated to Hereford Museum. My mother’s family, Henry Cox and Jane Cole, came from Peterstow and Woolhope districts areas of Herefordshire. **Sheila Cox.**

Cookes and Gwilliams

My Great Grandmother Agnes was a Gwilliam as was her daughter, Alice Daisy Gwilliam (my Grandmother). The connection between the Gwilliam and Cooke family was when my Great Grandmother married William James Cooke. This family in the 1917/18s moved to Glanrhyd, Ystradgynlais, Swansea. **Phil Turner.**

NEWS AND VIEWS

Wrong hospital

That’s not the County Hospital (IOA 9), points out **James Went** from Hereford. It’s the old General Hospital. (We know – it even said so on the card. Sorry).

Amusing request

After I left Hereford Cathedral School and Choir aged 16 my first job was in Gordon Griffith, the Chemist shop, writes **Griff Lloyd**. One day an elderly farmer came in and asked for “Oricks Tablets, please.” Of I went, searching the shelves and muttering – “Oricks ... Oricks?” I had to summon help from my colleague who whispered in my ear: “Horlicks, Griff!”

Another customer was Christopher Bond, an actor with the local Repertory company. “Packet of Durex please,” he requested as I served him. After he left the shop, my boss, Norman Griffith, confronted me, “Griff, when selling such delicate items, please refrain from grinning throughout the transaction!”



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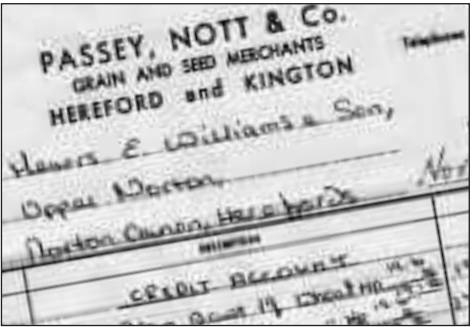
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Help

Our photo editor Bobbie Blackwell seriously needs a new computer. In Our Age has a wonderful collection of photos from our readers, and she desperately needs to archive them. Her old laptop is reaching the end of its life. Could you help us with an Apple Macintosh loaded with iPhoto, and a portable scanner? Call us on 07845 907891.

Passey Nott saga

Did Passey Nott, the grain and seed merchants come from Kington or Hereford? (See IOA 9, page 7). **Peter Smith** says this 1963 statement should settle things once and for all.



Bleeding radiators

Do you have problems finding someone to bleed those radiators, clean gutters or unblock sinks? The Herefordshire Handyperson Scheme, provided by Herefordshire Council’s You@Home Service is a safe and secure way to find a handyperson. And you only need pay the cost of materials. To find out more please contact 01432 260757.

Seat scenes

If you were to look under the seats of the choir in Hereford Cathedral you will find strange scenes carved there, writes **Harry Scharf** from Solihull. The misericord is the tip-up seat whose purpose was to support members of the choir who had to stand for a long time during services.

Where are they?

These two views of Hereford foxed many of our readers including **Laura Morris**. “I work in a local residential and nursing home. We have been asking staff and residents and have come up with many suggestions: now we are keen to know the answer! Please set our minds to rest!”



Shaun Morris of Newton Farm and **Mr Harper** from Symond’s Street say this picture above is looking down Victoria Street towards the new bridge. The picture below is looking up Edgar Street towards the football ground (“the pub on the left is the Wellington Hotel,” adds Mr Harper).



Tony Hitchings gives more details: The top picture shows the Red Lion (right) and King’s Cycle and Radio (left). And here is Dean’s store on the right and the Western Vaults on the left. This was the junction of Edgar Street, Victoria Street and Eign Street and once Hereford’s only set of traffic lights.

“They bring back memories of my days as an errand boy,” writes Tony. “I started in 1945 aged 12 years working in Dean Stores which was part of a group of stores (another in Hereford was Merchants in High Street opposite Marks and Spencers and now Boots). Pay was 7/6 school and 12/6 holidays, but there were plenty of tips.