

## Where is this?

If you think you know where in Herefordshire this street theme was, call us at IOA, details below.

Meanwhile **Jan and David Pole** have unearthed the mystery of our Yeoman's bus photo (below right). The event was Hereford's butcher boys' and bakers' annual outing. Jan knew because her father, Jack Wainwright is 12th from the left standing next to Brian Higgins who ran a pork butchers in Widemarsh Street, Hereford "where Blacks is now," says Jan.

The outing, sometime before World War Two, took the butchers apprentices and bakery delivery boys off for a day's outing, paid by their employees. On this occasion they were off to Ilfracombe with driver Ray Hill (in the white coat), landlord of the Orange Tree in King Street.



This photo was kindly loaned by the late Diana Seaborn.

## What's on?

- Historical aspects of Ross-on-Wye (Volume Two) Civic Society book launch: **Thursday 28th October 7-9pm**, with light refreshments at the Market House, Ross-on-Wye. Launch by Rhys Griffith from Herefordshire Record Office.
- The Life & Times of Sir John Cornewall, Knight of the Garter and Lord Fownhope. Illustrated talk by David V. Clarke Fownhope Memorial Hall, **Friday November 19 7.30pm** (Margaret Clark 01432 860017: margotmiller@live.co.uk)



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# In Our Age

Living local history

Autumn 2010  
Issue 18



Brockhampton • Butter Market  
Callow • College Estate • Foxley  
Hereford • Hoarwithy • Hunderton  
Preston Wynne • Redhill • Ross  
Sapey • Tupsley • Weobley

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## WELCOME

Welcome to the latest issue of In Our Age, the reminiscence magazine from Herefordshire Lore.

Read about Walter Pritchard's giant flying balloon (opposite), a bevy of Herefordshire pubs (page 5) and Tupsley's over-eager Home Guardsman (Own goal, page 7). Check out Rosemary's return to her childhood hopyard on page 6 and take a sneak preview at our 2011 calendar on page 4.

**How about joining in with us?** Come and meet the Herefordshire Lore team (above) at Hereford's Butter Market on Saturday morning November 13, or the Castle Green Christmas Fair Sunday November 28.



## Foxley get together

"We need a Foxley reunion", says **Thelma Jones** (née Burke) from Redhill responding to Phyllis Edwards' reunion call (IOA 17) for all those who had stayed at the former hospital camp near Mansell Lacy at the end of the last war. "Although some people deny they ever lived there I loved it. We had all we wanted, a picture house, dance hall, youth club, shop, safety and wonderful countryside. I used to take the bus from Mansell Lacy church to Weobley primary and then Kington Grammar schools."



Thelma Burke (above and front left) at Foxley with her sisters Brenda and Beryl (back right to left) and Joan. The family later moved to Birmingham.



Milk time at Hunderton School, Hereford sometime in the 1970s.

## Friday's fish



The late David Benjamin at the family fish stall in Hereford Butter Market.

### David recalls sales on the scales

In 2006 the late **David Benjamin** recalled the boom years for fish sales in the 1950s and 1960s.

His grandmother, Leanne, started the Hereford Butter Market fish stall after her sister, Florrie Hillman, opened a florist's shop in there. The business passed to her sons, Thomas and Bill before David took over with Jason.

"Just after the War there were tons of fish because no-one had been at sea fishing during the War. Our fish used to come by rail from Aberdeen, Hull, Milford Haven. As a little boy I'd go down to the station where they had these big trolleys. We'd load these great boxes of fish onto these trolleys and wheel them out to the van. Opening the boxes with my grandfather there'd be huge fish, four or five foot-long hake all iced up: each fish would be £50 or £60 in today's money.

"In those days there was MacFisheries, Whites, Gardiners, probably Sid Wrights' and ourselves. And on Good Friday we'd sell a lorry-load of fish, more in a day than we'd sell in a month today."

(David Benjamin, who died earlier this year, had been part of Herefordshire Lore for many years.)



Fillets without a fuss: early days on the Benjamin fish stall.

**Cover:** A winter's scene by the Herefordshire photographer **Marjorie Wight**. Marjorie's work was widely published in the 1950s and 60s. She also worked for the long-gone Vivians Photographers in Hereford. Most of her photographs are held by the County Archive Office.

## Close In Living Memory

### My extraordinary grandfather

#### Hereford's first floating balloon and other innovations

**Muriel Sutters** (née Saddler) from Oxford has been sharing her memories of her extraordinary grandfather **Walter Pritchard** with the Close In Living Memory team.



Walter and Eliza Pritchard's granddaughter was born in 1920 at their house, 24 Broad Street. The Pritchards are a well-known Hereford family

and Muriel told how her mother remembered the tailors all sitting on the floor in a circle in the Pritchard's shop sewing together. Walter was a remarkable man who, as Muriel said, was "born ahead of his time; he was one of the first in Hereford to get a motor car and a wireless licence."

Walter (right) also wanted to investigate flight, even going to America to visit the Wright brothers. He made a hot air balloon in the cellar of No. 24 Broad Street out of silk and set it to sail across the city and the River Wye fired by coal with a small basket underneath but not strong enough to carry a person (left).

He was also a great photographer and would gather the family together to 'expose a plate'. Luckily Muriel still has many of these pictures.



Muriel's contribution was added to the Heritage Lottery supported Close In Living Memory film that Catcher Media have been making with In Our Age. Catcher Media already have over fifty contributors and fourteen hours of recordings. Don't miss the film and education resources when it's screened at the Borderlines Film Festival at the Courtyard and the Cathedral Close next spring.

## You must remember this

From PJ Proby to the world's greatest guitarist



The night that Texan heart throb PJ Proby shocked Herefordshire audiences with his suggestive stage performance at the Redhill Dance hall is remembered by former city councillors.

March 1965 and star-struck teenagers were flocking to the South Wye venue to see singer Proby. Also in the audience was mayor-to-be, councillor June Carter who confessed afterwards to being not amused. Proby's act was, she told the local paper, "disgusting".



"I have his first album (Poet and the one man band 1969)," writes Dave. "They later became Head, Hands and Feet, but his best period for me was as lead guitarist for Emmy Lou Harris' Hot Band, surely the only English musician to make it to the top in American country music."

So who do you remember? Ross's Souleints or Hereford's The Buddies who morphed into Mott the Hoople? The Stanton Jones Jazz Band from the Kemble Theatre? Let us know at [info@herefordshirelore.org.uk](mailto:info@herefordshirelore.org.uk)



Amidst promises that the Texan star would never again play Hereford two South Wye girls **Rita Walker** and **Hazel Matthews** campaigned for a return visit. While P.J.Proby is still performing at 72 he has yet to reveal plans for a Hereford comeback.

Meanwhile Dave and Shona Warnes recall another living legend, the guitarist **Albert Lee**, born into a local Travelling family at Lingen in 1943.

## Turn of the Year Back by popular demand

In Our Age's **lunchtime recital** of Herefordshire's music and memories

With Branch Line singers and readers Shona Warnes, Lyn Rushbrooke, Richard Mitchley and Lindsey Garner



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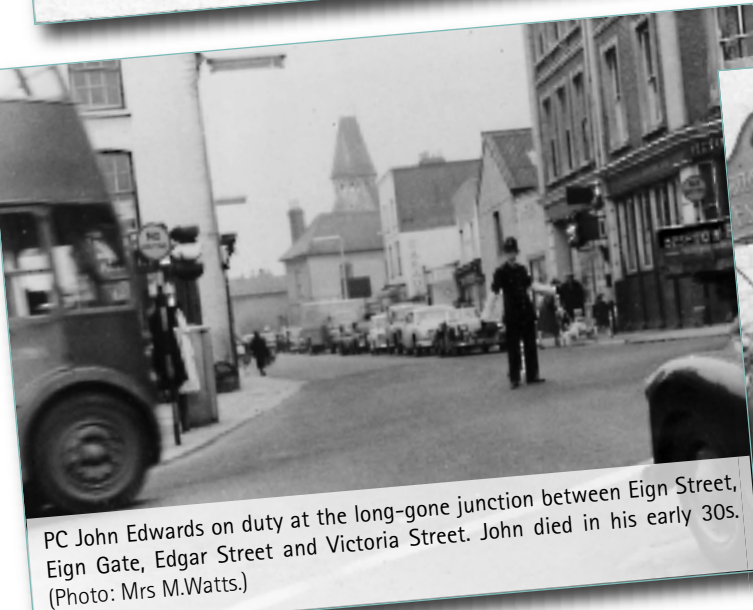
In Our Age celebrates Living Local History thanks to our readers. Our 2011 calendar draws on pictures sent in by readers. Buy yours and support us for another 12 months.



Poster girl: Topsy Price from Ross joined the Women's Land Army in 1939 and found herself photographed for a recruitment poster. (Photo: Topsy Price.)



Beneath the Black Mountains, an evocative picture of Craswall country life. (Photo: Marjorie Wight.)



PC John Edwards on duty at the long-gone junction between Eign Street, Eign Gate, Edgar Street and Victoria Street. John died in his early 30s. (Photo: Mrs M.Watts.)



Christmas meat: Cyril Stephens from Allensmore, who ran an abattoir on the Abergavenny Road, in the driving seat of his van in the 1940s with Burt Roberts at the rear. (Photo: Cyril Stephens.)



Market men, 1958: (l. to r., back) Jack Beck, Frank Clayton, George Willetts, Alec Baynham, Fred Thomas, Bill Norton, Peter, (front): Jack Headen, Bill Lewis and Eric James. Jack Beck had walked over the Welsh mountains after World War 1 to find work at Hereford Market. (Photo: Phyllis Dean.)

**OUT NOW!**  
Our 2011 calendar is packed with your photos and memories

Last year's calendar sales raised enough to pay for one issue of IOA. This year with the help of sponsors Boss Office Supplies and the Hereford Archive Service we aim to top last year's sales. Calendars cost £5 (plus £1.50 p&p). Send your orders (details on the back page) with cheques made out to Herefordshire Lore. Email us at [info@herefordshirelore.org.uk](mailto:info@herefordshirelore.org.uk)

Or buy direct from the team at the Butter Market, Saturday morning November 13, the Castle Green Christmas Fair, Sunday November 28 or from Garrick House, Hereford.

Check out [www.herefordshirelore.org.uk](http://www.herefordshirelore.org.uk) for archives of all past In Our Age publications

## Tales of Herefordshire pubs



### The lost cyclist

Roland and Evan Jones of Dewsall Court used to call by The Angel on the Callow, Hereford at lunchtime when it was run by Mrs Waldron. "She kept her hair in 'earphone' buns," recalls Roland's daughter, Barbara Perrin from Callow. "One day Dad and Evan were sitting on benches outside when a cyclist came along asking for the Angel Inn. For a bit of a joke they told him to carry on down the road, but keep turning left 'til he found the pub. Three quarters of an hour later he arrived back there and, at first, couldn't see the funny side of the joke."

### The absent landlord

William Williams, seen here with his family outside the Red Lion at Weobley (center top), was a Hereford publican who ran the Kings Head (top) on the corner of West Street and Broad Street, Hereford before taking over the Buckingham in Whitecross Road. Here he is (right) with his dog, Dash.

It was not long after William Williams took over the Buckingham that the vicar of Trinity Church, opposite, The Rev. Snell met him in the street.

"I haven't seen you in church yet, Mr Williams?"

"Well Vicar," replied William: "I haven't seen you in my pub yet."

### Shop!

#### Mobile memories and walking to work – from Dorset

Now retired, Geoff Payne from College Estate, Hereford is pictured here (right top) as a fifteen-year-old alongside his Dad's mobile shop which toured the Estate, Westfields, the gas works, Edgar Street and Bobblestock. "Edmund Payne ran his mobile green grocers from 1947 to the mid 70s and supported a family of five on it."

This determination to be the breadwinner ran through the family: "Grandfather Edwin Payne" (seen here far right) "walked from Dorset to Hereford in search of work in the late 1800s. He found it as gardener and coachman for the Corner family at Holmer Park. But when a new owner, Lady Wood arrived bringing her own coachman and a car, Edwin had to move on. He soon found work as the city judge's coachman, driving the coach that can still be seen at Hereford Museum.







## Harvest break

The Bufton family farm at Llanhedry features in *Brilley Voices* (Editor: Judith Gardner, Logaston Press, £10). Family and farm workers take a break at harvest time (left). Do you have a local book for review? Email [info@herefordshirelore.org.uk](mailto:info@herefordshirelore.org.uk)

## All Our Yesterdays

*A History of Hoarwithy*, Elizabeth Cutcliffe, (2009: from local bookshops). Reviewer: Rosemary Lillico

As someone who enjoys looking back, it is heart-warming to see many local people put into print their life 'as it was'. Elizabeth left Hoarwithy for a time, but has now returned and done a very good job in telling of her life there. With just a sentence she transports readers back in time. Changes have taken place in Hoarwithy, but the heart of the village is still there and the community spirit is still going strong although what were tiny two up and down cottages have now been transformed into highly-sought after 'des res'. Well, I suppose that's progress. And Hoarwithy is well worth a visit especially now with the beautiful autumn colours on display: Golden days in the sunshine of our happy youth – as Romberg and Donnelly put it.

## Back to the hop yard

### Rosemary returns to Fords Farm

September saw Rosemary Lillico return to Fords Farm, Preston Wynne where she lived and picked hops as a child from 1947 to 1952. John Ford's family came here in 1921.

"When I arrived work was already in full swing. The hops, no longer picked into cribs, are cut and trailered to the barn before being fed through a machine that strips the hops on to a conveyor belt where any remaining leaves are removed by hand. The hops are then laid on horsehair mats over a heated floor to dry before being packed into hessian 'pockets' for delivery to local breweries.

"At the barn twenty family and friends worked the leafing machines before stopping for a full English breakfast. Then it was back to work. I had a wonderful time – it took me back to my childhood and I came away very happy.

Read all about it: *A Pocket Full of Hops* (Bromyard and District Local History Society, £12.95); *A Herefordshire Tale – Claston, Hops and The Davies Family*, Peter Davies.



## Guarding the hopyard coal

Our country correspondent John Thacker shares another of his unique tales.

A lot of people think the Baiting Inn, our local pub in Upper Sapey, has to do with baiting animals. It is not. In Herefordshire bait means food and when the local hop farmers used to fetch their open cast coal from Menith Wood, the Inn was where they used to stop for bait for their horses and themselves.

Unlike the Welsh coal Menith was a second-quality coal which burned slower and seemed to suit the hop drying. The coal used to be loaded, by hand of course, and it seemed to get loaded quicker if they took along a barrel of cider.

One day when Dick Benbow's father, Walter, was a lad, around 1911, he was told he'd got to go with the coal carters on a job. Although he didn't want to go he had to, rolling around in the empty cart from Burley Gate to Menith Wood which is a long way. He still didn't know what he was supposed to do when they had loaded the coal.

But when they reached Stanford Bank the waggoner got in the hedge and cut the long, swishy nut stick and put young Walter on top of the coal with the swishy stick.

The reason was the horses had to have a quarter of an hour rest at two places on the Bank because it was such a long, steep, heavy haul. And while the horses were rested the women from Sapey Common used to come out to pinch the coal. Walter's job was to beat them back!

If you got up the Stanford Bank now you can still see the level places on the road where they used to stop.



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# NEWS AND VIEWS

## Protecting Brockhampton

"My father, Brockhampton Court head gardener Sergeant Lewis, served with the village Home Guard from 1938 – 48," writes Ann Milne from Scotland. "Meanwhile our school, Highfield was evacuated from Gorleston-on-Sea, Norfolk by the head Miss Cleo Blank, plus dog Chum, to Ross, initially to New Street or Kyrle Street and then the Red House, Palmerston Road. I used to go on the train everyday from Fawley station. Anyone else remember Highfield School?" The full picture: see these photos at [herefordshirelore.org.uk](http://herefordshirelore.org.uk)



## End of the elms

The Stirling bomber plane which crashed near Preston Wynne in 1943 went down 'looking like an ocean liner with all its portholes lit up,' according to one 11 year-old witness from Ocle Pychard (IOA 16). The Stirling crashed into a wall of elm trees surrounding Rosemaund Farm killing all nine crew. Ken Blackwell, a Marden Bulldozing contractor (and father to IOA Picture Editor, Bobbie Blackwell), was later employed to blow up the elm stumps– the trees had already succumbed to Dutch elm disease. Why did the Stirling crash? One theory suggests it was destined to die because designers shortened the wings so the plane would fit inside a standard hanger.



## Where in the world?

"That's Haine's Sweet shop," wrote Flo ("My mother heard there were sweets on sale so, like everybody else, stood in the long queue: this was probably in the early 1940s") and Bob Haseltine from Essex ("You published this picture in IOA 15"). Allensmore's Eddie Thompson. Brian Skyrme from Dorset adds: "It was 30 yards down from 53 Eign Street, towards the city centre. My parents C.H. & E. R. Skyrme kept the fritterer's and greengrocers and the fish and chip shop at 53 and 53A, starting up in 1934 after grandfather, H.J. Davies, handed over to my mother and her sister, Grace Lilley. In the end the two shops were brought by Mr. Dean who ran a vacuum sales and repair shop there."

Eddie Thompson explained: "It's where Steels, Westgate now stands. There was Brain's Hay, Straw and Animal Feed next door and the County Motors, which sold Triumph motorcars like the Mayflower and Renown and was home to the County School of Motoring run by Mr Frances."



## Own goal

John Slatford's recollections of an RAF Madley Percival Proctor plane crashing on Tupsley in 1944 (IOA 17) reminded his friend Margaret Betley-Leek (née Powell) that she looked on as one wing broke from the plane and fell into Tupsley School playground. But when she ran home to tell her family no-one believed her. John served with Tupsley Home Guard, which paraded every Sunday at the Rose & Crown, Ledbury Road.

"Margaret's father, Sergeant Powell, was giving instructions on using the Blacker Bomarde mortar, aiming it at his own house, 11 Church Road 400 yards away. Whether he intended to or not, he fired the missile (it could not have contained explosive) and hit the target! The damage was not too serious and no-one was hurt whereupon a second bomb was fired, hitting a neighbour's house and inflicting greater damage."



Winter 1947 with, from the left, Hazel Taylor, Jean Taylor (now Morris), Nora Swindlehurst and Ivian Whittall outside 11, Church Road, Tupsley

## Bus boy

Mike Brookes of Orcop liked to fix things, even as a boy and at his funeral in September son Andrew recalled the day when Mike, born and brought up in Orcop, was travelling on the school bus from Ross Grammar. The bus broke down on Saddlebow Common and the driver abandoned his charges to walk for help. Mike, unable to sit still and wait, got under the bonnet and before long had the bus going. The driver was less than happy to meet Mike driving the bus into the village with all of his friends still aboard.

Speaking of buses, Julie Colman recognised her grandfather, Billy Thomas in that picture of the first Midland buses and their drivers, parked up at the Black Lion, Hereford (IOA 16).

