

In Our Age

Living local history

Issue 24 Spring 2012



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Good News



Welcome to our Spring issue and many thanks for all your letters and calls. Many concerned my relatives at The Residence Hotel (page 5). Plenty of you correctly guessed that it was the Residence Hotel in our Puzzler and I have had some delightful conversations with people who were personal friends of Arthur and Connie and their children. We had great news from Hereford City Council who have awarded Herefordshire Lore a small grant to build bridges with city residential homes and day centres. We're setting up a small Advisory Group: give us a call if you'd like to join.



Hereford City Council

We are also searching for sponsors for our Little Herefordshire Histories series (opposite). We're looking at the best of the county's food and drink: beef, cider, beer, salmon, fruit and milk all based on your recollections and photos. Get those brain cells working!

Finally several readers have not only subscribed, but sent a donation too. Thanks to one and all.

Mark Hubbard, Chair Herefordshire Lore.

"What an overwhelming, incredible magazine."
Club Coach V. A. Tarrant

Herefordshire Lore, run by volunteers, has been publishing Herefordshire memories since 1989. IOA costs £6,000 a year and we rely on your subscriptions and donations.

Subscribe now for £10 before the postal increases. Fill out the form on the back page or go to www.herefordshirelore.org.uk. Did you know you can download IOA for free and see all the previous issues at www.herefordshirelore.org.uk. Old copies of the original Age To Age are available at the County Records Office, Harold Street, Hereford.

In Our Age, Herefordshire Lore, PO Box 9, Hereford HR1 9BX
M: 07845 907891

E: info@herefordshirelore.org.uk

W: www.herefordshirelore.org.uk

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Editor: Bill Laws

Pictures: Bobbie Blackwell

Secretary: Eileen Klotz

Design: Lisa Marie Badham @ Pink Sheep Design

Website: Chris Preece

Print: ABC Print

Herefordshire Lore: Eileen Klotz, Rosemary Lillico, Marsha O'Mahoney, Elizabeth Semper O'Keefe (County Records), Sandy Green, Harvey Payne, Liz Rouse, Chris and Irene Tomlinson, Betty Webb, Mary Hilary and Julie Orton Davies.

Hereford Butter Market

Ninety years after the Great Fire 1922

Ninety years ago fire destroyed the Butter Market. **Mavis Adams** from Graftonbury remembers her dad's grocery stall in the 1930s: "My father, E. L. Hayward's stall was small, but it had a bacon slicer. Sugar was weighed up into blue paper bags, and biscuits were in tins with glass tops. Customers would choose their biscuits which were then weighed out in paper bags. Father employed an errand boy who delivered groceries on a bicycle with a basket on the front.

"On Wednesdays ladies sold their produce from tables laden with fruit, vegetables, eggs and blocks of home-made butter wrapped in nettle leaves. Half day closing on Thursday saw whole market shut down."



Edward Rumsey's historic photo shows Butter Market people in 1957. Edward used to help collect the 18/- a week rent for the Market benches. Here are some of the names. From the left: (top row) Edward Rumsey, Alderman Langford, chair of the Markets committee, Arthur Greenhalgh, Mr. Grizemaund, market custodian Reg Jarvis, Bill Benjamin; (second row, standing) Mrs Hilman, Mrs Hillman's son, Mr Elcox who ran a toy shop; (third row, seated) Dick Harman who worked on Harry Powell's the butcher's stall, Miss Ashburner (Nellie and Hilda Ashburner also ran a shop in St Owens Street opposite the Town Hall), Mrs Gwinell who ran the tea stall, Mrs. Carpenter and Mrs Crostain from the Cosy Café next to Maile's; (front row) Elsie Rumsey.



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Front page: Pam Price with Mrs D. Stewart, attendants at Hereford Ambulance Station in the early 1960s. Pam was Bernard Appelbee's wife - see Emergency! Page 5

Little Herefordshire Histories

We're looking for sponsors and contributors to our Little Herefordshire Histories, a series looking at Herefordshire milk, beef, cider, fruit, beer, salmon. The 34 page Little Histories will cost £1,000 to produce and will be sold to support In Our Age. Can you help?

Were you one of Herefordshire's food and drink makers? Did you pick the hops, brew the cider, deliver the milk or make the bread? Here are some of your memories.

- My husband used to catch the rabbits 'cause he had a little dog. Two rabbits hanging up on the back door: one for stew and one for roast. **Phyllis Yapp**, Pembridge.
- We had neighbours who dug for victory on an allotment and they were very kind. We did a lot of swapping. And we had the dried egg, which we used to reconstitute, and the dried milk. We were reasonably fit on the rations. We had a lot of Marshall Aid, was it, from America? We managed. **Megan Bennett**, Ledbury.
- At 21 I went down to the (Redhill) Hostel,

working nine hour shifts in the dining room. There was no choice of a meal: if you didn't eat it you had to go without. You had a cooked breakfast, things like 'widow's memories' (sausages). **Elizabeth Godsell**, Woolhope.

- We worked on Ivor Rogers' farm at Hampton Bishop during school holidays in '41 and '42. We were paid 6d an hour. Threshing was dusty and dirty work, but in '42, Ivor bought what I believe was one of the first combine harvesters, a Canadian Massey-Harris. It had to be tractor drawn and was constantly getting stuck in the narrow lanes and gateways. The farm cider used to be stored in a huge barrel in one of the buildings. We could help ourselves whenever we liked – which was often! **John Slatford**, Surrey.



Raised in Herefordshire. A fine flock of sheep at Ewyas Harold. Does anyone recognize the shepherdess?

- We had a dozen cattle, horses, chickens, we'd have a sow and a litter of pigs, weaners, porkers. We all kept pigs. We raised them and sold them as weaners, about eight weeks. We'd keep one for the table of course. We'd salt the meat. It's no trouble. Most farms had got a salting stone in their dairy or pantry. The butcher would cut the pig up into all joints and then you'd put a half inch layer of salt over it and keep it topped up because it would melt and the brine would run off. Take it out and it would be cured. **Eric Morris**, Orcop.

Those Indian soliders

More on the mystery Indian regiment stationed in Hereford during the war, featured in Issue 23. **Eileen Lloyd** from Wimborne lived next door to **Maureen Beauchamp** (nee Williams) who loaned the original photos, at Wormelow Reading Rooms during the war.

"The men slept in small round tents and Bryngwyn Park was provided with concrete standings and large marquees to accommodate them and their magnificent horses. They also had a pack of mules which were used to collect provisions from Tram Inn Station. When we heard the mules returning up the Dewchurch Road we'd run to meet them and be hoisted onto their already load backs. The Indian soldiers were very friendly and colourful. We were sorry to see them go."

According to **Edward Rumsey**, and **Lionel Young** from Redhill, they decamped to Hereford Race Course until late 1940 or early '41: "I believe they were a logistic regiment," writes Lionel. "They took over Holmer School and when we returned to school my class went to the old St Barnabas Insitute, Barrs Court Road, the others to the Bulmer Institute, Bulmer Avenue."

Bryngwyn then became home to the New Zealand Forestry Corp, working in Mynde Wood, recalls Eileen. "Their cookhouse was by Granny Thomas' fence and the children would be treated to iced buns and sweets. Later the mansion was used first by Italian and then German prisoners of war."

What do you remember?

Hopping in the holidays?

Doorstep deliveries of fresh food and drink?

Growing your garden greens?

The business of cider?

Milkmen and maids?

The river fish trade?

People at Herefordshire's Age UK rural day centres will be racking their memories to give the Little Herefordshire Histories a hand (special thanks to Sarah Jenkins).



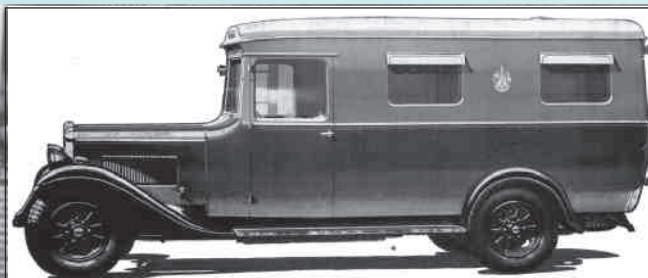
Members of the Indian regiment at Rudhall Manor near Ross in May 1952 visiting Chelsea Pensioners, evacuated to the Manor during London's blitz. (Photo: Gordon Armand)

From My Album: Maureen Beauchamp, Bernard Appelbee, C

Emergency!

Bernard Applebee, superintendent at Hereford and Worcester Ambulance Service on his retirement in 1995, opens his archive on the county ambulance service. If you have any memories or photos, especially of the old Red Cross detachments, he'd like to hear from you.

Ambulances were run by the police until, in 1934, the British Red Cross and St John set up local services. Ross (above), Kington, Ledbury, Bromyard, Leominster and, during the war, Pontrilas and Leintwardine each had their own station. Launched by Dr. Tullis from Moorfield surgery, Hereford and the Red Cross' Colonel Lea of Lugwardine, the service was manned by volunteer drivers. Households paid a shilling a year and local businesses chipped in too: in 1934 Fearis, Boots and the South West and South Electrical companies contributed a guinea each. The volunteer service continued until the N.H.S. arrived in 1948.



The Austin-20 Ambulance Car.



The first Hereford station was off Commercial Road behind what was Imperial Motors and later the Westland Motor Company. When the lease expired in 1952 the station moved to Canal Road, and in 1967 to Grafton. Above (left to right) Trevor Vaughan, Austin Morris, Reg Mullis, Don Tarbath and Les Daw in front of a Bedford ambulance at Canal Road.



The first air ambulance rescue, for a man with spinal injuries, involved an RAF airlift to Stoke Mandeville hospital. On the scene were Ernie Taylor, centre, and Bernard Appelbee. Ambulance man Bernard joined St John in 1951 and has a rich archive on the service.



One of the German or Italian prisoners of war at Wormelow pictured with toddler Maureen Beauchamp. See *Those Indian Soldiers*, page 3. (Photo: Tony Williams)

Belbee, Gordon Armand and Beryl Bowen open up their albums for IOA



Street party: College Estate, Hereford celebrates the coronation in 1953. (Photo: Beryl Bowen)



1945 and 14-year-old Beryl Bowen with her Mum, above, mark the war's end with a street party on College Estate, Hereford.



Gordon Armand of Ross writes: During the visit of the Indian soldiers (see page 3, and below) with Chelsea pensioner (probably William Henry Lockley, Captain of Invalids), General Sir George Sidney Clive, Perrystone Court, Major William and Mrs Dulce Morland, Commandant of the RHC Rudhall Detachment (the Morlands owned Rudhall Manor) and Retired Admiral John Lewis Pearson. The sprigs of oak leaves commemorate Oak Apple Day on May 29th, probably 1942, the 250th anniversary of the founding of the Royal Hospital Chelsea by Charles 11 in 1692.

But can anyone name the RN officer on the left? He may be Sam Beattie VC of St. Nazaire /Campbeltown fame whose father, Ernest Halden Beattie, was Rector of St. Mary's Ross in the 1930s.



More on the Tony Williams photo left loaned by Maureen Beauchamp and published in Issue 23. The chap in the glasses (back row centre) was Eddie Unit, says Leslie Rowlands from Garway. "Sadly he died within two years of the photo being taken. His father was station master at Barton Goods Yard in Whitecross, Hereford.

Derek Foxton kindly supplied the following: The Allied Entertainments Committee's Concert Party was received by Col. F. J. McDonald, Commanding 123rd Medical Company (seated centre) at Foxley when the medical staff was entertained. Left to right standing: Miss Fecht, Miss Joseph, B. Nicholas, K Barwick, Wynne Oxlade, "The Rhythmists" with Mr Cross [compere], Daphne Slim, Miss Schieber, and Miss D. Turner. Front, kneeling, Dorothy Turner's Juveniles. During the performance Miss Daphne Slim sang Don't Fence Me In.

Frank Slater was resident organist at the Ritz in Commercial Road for many years.

Wash day traumas

Joan Thomas from Tupsley and her twin sister Joyce, (right) were brought up in the village of Loggerheads, Staffordshire where their father was the village bobby. In the third part of her memoir Joan exhibits some childish behaviour.

The police station was the most important thing in the village – that's if you don't count the pub. The pub was called The Loggerheads Hotel and it had a swinging sign outside with a picture of three angry men drinking together and quarrelling of course. When a stiff wind blew, the sign creaked and sounded like arguing voices.

Our house was surrounded by heath land with purple heather, pine woods, bilberry bushes and rhododendrons. Those aromatic pine woods were the reasons for the Sanatorium, built at Loggerheads with only three outside walls. The whole of one side was open to all weathers. It was here that the poor people of the Potteries, with its smoking factory chimneys, came to recover from tuberculosis. Fresh air in abundance was said to be the only cure. Few people survived the dreaded consumption brought on by malnutrition, overcrowding and living in smoke laden squalor. Happily, some did recover and many of the nursing staff were themselves recovered patients. It was thought that once you had been cured you were immune. Dr Edwards, who ran the sanatorium, had himself been a patient there. He lived to 92.

We picked bilberries which grew among the heather, and then bought six penneth of cream for them from the farm nearby. They were delicious, but stained mouths and hands making us look bruised. Our clothes were stained too because the bushes were at ground level and we often sat down to pick.

We usually walked the three miles to school and back, but if it rained heavily we caught the bus. On Mondays we walked home. Well,



mum did the weekly wash on Mondays. On Mondays our liberty bodices and knickers were on the line for all on the bus to see as we got off. We didn't mind our pretty dresses, but: "Why did mum always hang our knickers where they could be seen from the bus?"

She said we were being childish. "But we ARE children mum. We're supposed to be childish."

"If you never have anything more to worry about than that you'll be lucky," mum said in her you-mark-my-words voice. And why did she have to wag her finger as she said it? Mums don't understand important things. Mums understand trivial things like washing hands before eating and not talking with your mouth full - things that don't matter. There was nothing in the whole world worse than having to get off the bus in front of our knickers.

There was no official bus stop. You just stuck your hand out and made a please-stop-for-me expression. We didn't have school buses either. We used the ordinary bus. Both driver and conductor knew every child who used the service. If you had a parcel or a message for someone on the bus route, the bus conductors would always oblige for free.

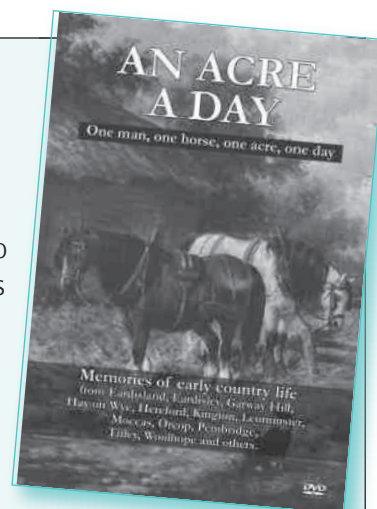
When it snowed we walked to school. Some mothers let their children stay at home, but ours didn't. We still had to go. We wanted to: it was such fun. It didn't matter if you were late: the teachers were just pleased to see you. So we made sure we were late. It looked as if we had made a big sacrifice.

An Acre A Day

DVD, Bridget Fraser
(Granary Press Productions, 07836 209165
info@barngalleries.com) £12.99.

This heartwarming DVD produced by Bridget, who grew up in Holme Lacy, shows exactly what life was like for farmers and their wives in the good old days. All the people interviewed say life was hard, but how many in their 80s or 90s look back with pride at their achievement with very machinery to help?

Pre-war and pre-tractor farmers depended on their trusted horses and a close bond was forged between them. At harvest time villagers would join together to gather the crops and store them away for winter. Then would come the Harvest Supper and celebrations. You will need to watch this DVD to appreciate what life was like. Take sixty minutes to relax and enjoy this wonderful life that has gone forever, along with the horse and the acre (the EU has decreed that the acre is no longer a unit of measurement). Something that no-one can take away is our heritage. This DVD is a wonderful gift. Reviewer: Rosemary Lillico.



NEWS AND VIEWS

Hospital history?

I am pleased to have found your publication, writes **William Felton Ross** from America. I grew up in Wigmore and worked, for about eighteen months, at Hereford General Hospital in 1955/56. Is there a publication on the history of the hospital? (Try *Charles Renton's The Story of Herefordshire's Hospitals*, Logaston Press, 1999)

Running star

Joan Austin from Weston-Super-Mare was fifteen when she left Holmer School to work at Marks and Spencers alongside ace runner Jenny Powell (Issue 22). Joan also remembers Skylon. "Living in Mortimer Road, Hereford we kids stood watching it coming up the road from Painters. Later we went on our first trip to London with Holmer School." Club coach, **Victor Tarrant** from Holmer, also recalls Jenny's prowess as a sprinter ("she was County Champion for years") and Madeline Haines (who loaned the picture). "Madeline was a



very good club runner and it was a treat to see her and Don Cousins, the main force behind getting the eight lane running track by the Leisure Centre."

Passing out

I understand from IOA (Issue 19), write **B. D. Yost**, that Vivian's photography in Hereford took photographs at RAF Credenhill. The RAF Administrative Apprentice Association is keen to obtain photographs of parades and apprentice pass-out parades at the Station. Can anyone help?

Footy photos?

My father C. Davis is in the Hereford United line up in the photo (centre) loaned by Wendy Beavan (issue 21, page 5), writes **Tessa Hodges**. He played for United and Tottenham Hotspur and was also a referee in the late 1930/40s. Like Wendy's father he worked at Bulmers too. In the war he served with Battalion C of the King's Light Shropshire Infantry. Are there any more photos of United from the mid 1930s?



Grim stuff

A Grim Almanac of Herefordshire, Nicola Sly (History Press, £14.99). This book, the author's twenty-first, has been carefully researched and will appeal to a certain type of reader and not the faint hearted or as a book at bedtime. The book tells of crimes committed and the severe punishments carried out, often in public and called entertainment. Read it. If you dare! Reviewer: Rosemary Lilico

Making history at Llanwarne

Roundels At Risk (below) is a weekend of local history events on May 18, 19 and 20 from a cheese, wine and antiques valuation evening to a full blown exhibition of village history. The event is in aid of Llanwarne's Roundels Appeal and more details are available on 01981 540825 or 07867 808819.



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Quick thinking

Joy Atkins from Aylesbury was raking hay with the horse rake on Baldwin's (the auctioneer's farm) at Upper Sapey in the 1940s when the horse spooked. "He began walking back before I could pull up the rake and I fell down between." She scrambled free seconds before losing her legs when the man pitching the hay grabbed the horse. "I am ever grateful to him: it enabled me to enjoy seven years with the Womens Land Army."



Barronia

Recalling Tony Williams (Issue 23), **Doreen Oldman** explains that her father worked for Barronia Metals. "We lived next door to the works in Widemarsh Street, Hereford. Before Barronia the building (now Wickes) was an army supply depot with 30 to 40 soldiers billeted there. My mother cooked all their meals."

Litley Court

Josephine Field (nee Hawnt) recalls Americans based at Litley Court on Hampton Bishop Road, Hereford. "When I went to work at the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries at the Court we saw a huge map the Americans had drawn on one of the walls regarding D Day." Both Josephine and Robert Edwards, one of our kind donors, enjoy IOA. "I've been reading IOA free for years so I'm sending a subscription and a donation. I hope it continues for many years to come!"

Send us your memories

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The Puzzler



Who? What? When?

Send us your answers to this puzzling picture.

Readers **Derrick Blake**, **Ken Griffiths**, **Ann Morgan**, **David Harper** and Mr. G. P. Fish recognized the Exchange Hotel in our last Puzzler. **J. A. Newman** from Fownhope worked at Dewhurst's butchers in High Street and delivered meat there while **Richard Thomas** from Credenhill recalled: "My father, Rev. W. R. Thomas, then vicar of Marden with Amberley, used to park his car in the yard at the rear on his weekly trip to town." **Mrs P. Williams** from Wellingborough remembered the Hubbard family (who ran the Hotel) as neighbours in Broomy Hill and when Connie Parson was head girl at the High School.

Attack

Seventy years ago the skies over Hereford darkened briefly as a single German bomber swept down on Royal Ordnance Factory Rotherwas, Hereford. At 89, **Vera Mary Oakley** remembers the day.



"I arrived early for my 6.00 a.m. til 2.00 p.m. shift on the South Side so myself and a group of fellow workers went into the canteen for a cup of tea. The siren sounded shortly afterwards so we took cover under the nearest table and waited. The horrific noise which surrounded us was the bomb dropping onto the shed next door. A few minutes later I would have been there, clocking my card to start work. There was utter chaos all round and my auntie, who was on duty too, advised us to walk home. It was five miles back to

on Rotherwas

father William Lewis' farm at Allensmore.

"The next day I was back at work on North Side filling the empty bomb shells with TNT, sometimes stenciling names on the boxes. I was friendly with the foreman and some lunch times he would put in a request for the song, *Oh You Beautiful Doll*, on the factory radio. On my 21st birthday he picked me up and carried me through the sheds singing *Twenty-one today*. We made our own fun, often singing songs from 4.00 a.m. onwards to keep awake. The downside was working with TNT which often made your hands and hair go an awful yellow, hence our names: Canary Girls.

"You weren't allowed to wear jewellery due to the risk of sparks and

an explosion and the Danger Man, as we called him, would patrol the factory to make sure everyone complied. Again the foreman would step in and place any jewellery we had under his hat 'til Danger Man had gone.

"I met a young forklift truck driver, Winston Clive Oakley from the Forest of Dean and who was staying at Redhill Hostel. His nickname was Curly. Mine was Ginge. At the shift's end he would help me stack the many boxes. I worked four years at the Factory and later Clive and I married and went on to have four children: John, Marilyn, Beryl, Irene and Carol."



Diary

In conjunction with Age UK and The Courtyard Theatre there will be an event on **Wednesday 6th June** to celebrate volunteers who deliver services to older people in Herefordshire. Please contact Sarah Jenkins on 01432 350483 or email sarah.jenkins@ageukhl.org

Llanwarne's Roundels At Risk History Weekend: **May 18 – 20**. 01981 540825 or 07867 808819

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