

# In Our Age

Living local history

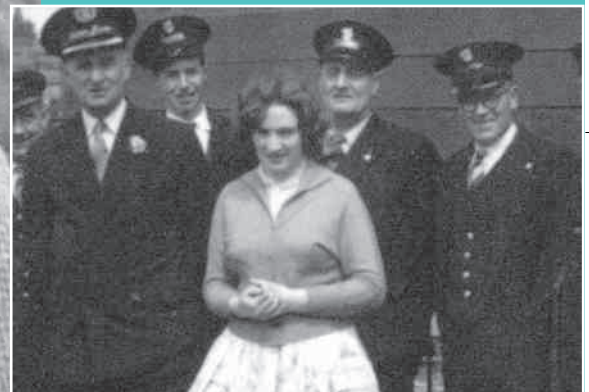
Issue 25  
Summer 2012



Who is he? See Page 5



Dairy Days  
Pages 2 & 3



Ross Railway  
Page 4



Hops at Weston Beggard  
Page 5

[www.herefordshirelore.org.uk](http://www.herefordshirelore.org.uk)

Find us on **facebook**



## Welcome



Welcome to the summer issue of IOA and all your contributions. There's Dairy Days on these pages (we want more of your memories); hop picking, street parties, Ross railways and Thynne's Tile Works on pages 4 and 5; **Joan Thomas** talks about her first day at work on page 6 (what was your's like?); and poignant recollections of a 'plane crash at Bredenbury from **Vera Parry** on page 7.

We're changing from subscriptions to an annual membership of Herefordshire Lore (see back page) so there's nothing to pay until the new year. And thanks to a grant from Hereford City Council, the October issue will be a bumper 12 pages long.

This is the twenty-fifth issue of In Our Age. Help us to keep going for another 25!

**Mark Hubbard**, Chair Herefordshire Lore.

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

E: [info@herefordshirelore.org.uk](mailto:info@herefordshirelore.org.uk)

W: [www.herefordshirelore.org.uk](http://www.herefordshirelore.org.uk)

Follow us on Facebook

Editor: Bill Laws

Pictures: Bobbie Blackwell

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, Julie Orton Davies and Carole Smith.



Hereford  
City Council

# Dairy Days



## The Whitecross Creamery

"You can whip our cream, But you can't beat our milk". So ran the motto at Norman and Dorothy Baker's Devon Creamery in Whitehorse Street, Hereford. **Joan Evans** takes up the story: "Grandfather Charles had the shop with the dairy at the back. When Mum and Dad took over we'd collect milk in churns with the horse and cart from farms such as Manning's at Sutton and Didley. We delivered with the horse and cart too.

"As well as his riding horse, Beauty, which pulled a gig, Dad had two horses stabled opposite the shop. My favourite was a piebald, Tommy, who knew exactly how far to walk along the road to each delivery and when to step on to the pavement for a titbit. The milk was bottled into pints, half pints, gills (quarter of a pint for schools) after going through the cooler in the dairy at the back of the shop."

Joan went to Scudamore School and a small private school in St James before doing shorthand and typing at Miss Trevelyan. At seventeen, just after the war, she was behind the counter full time running the shop "We were still handling ration books," she recalls. She passed her driving test ("first time") in the shop van.

Although there was another milk round in Cottrell Street ("a Mr. Bishop who used to deliver milk with a bicycle") the main competition was from the Co-operative and the shop was eventually sold.

## The Cottage Dairy

"My Dad Henry Rex hand-milked a small herd of cows on our smallholding in Overbury Road off Aylestone Hill in Hereford," writes **Di Ingram**. "As a ten year old I helped dad with the milk round, delivering the milk locally with a very bad tempered horse and cart, carrying a churn in the back. Customers used to leave jugs on the doorstep and we decanted half pints or pints or with a ladle.

"The introduction of milk bottles was a big improvement of which Mum and Dad were very proud. They were printed 'H C Rex - The Cottage Dairy'. Mum used to pour the milk into a large container and it then ran over pipes filled

## Hop picking for Victory

"I went hop picking from an early age with my mother, remembers **Sheila Hince** (Jones as she was then) from Burley Gate. I had to pick hops into an upturned umbrella: when it was full I could off and play with other children.

"As I grew older I wanted a bicycle. My father, who was in the army made me a small crib and my mother said that I must pick hops to earn the money for a bike. I was only nine but when hop picking finished I had £9. I was so excited going to Watsons in Commercial Road to purchase the bicycle. It cost £10 – Mum gave me the extra £1. It was a little too large for me and they had to put wooden blocks on the pedals so that I could reach them I cycled the eight miles home. The cycle was a Victory prompting Mum to remark: 'I hope that the war will soon be over and we will have victory.' Within one year we did!"

S

## From dairy to doorstep, IOA looks at milk

with cold water and thence into the bottle underneath. My job was to put the cardboard tops on and then foil."

The small holding was run by Di's grandparents Ernest and Sarah Davies, who originally worked at the cider makers Boltons' private home, Elmhurst in Venn's Lane. Ernest was coachman. Di's parents took over the farm in the late 1940s.

"Another of my jobs was walking the cows round the road to their grazing on some small fields we rented. My parents sold up around 1958 and moved to a smallholding at Bromyard."



The Rex family (left to right: David, Birdie, Baby Di, Nancy and Elsie) on their Overbury Road smallholding. They also supplied 'Fishy Gardiner's' in Hereford with grapes and tomatoes grown in the greenhouses behind. Front Cover: Ernest Davies milking at Overbury Road.

## Choosing your cow

**John Matthews** of Hereford's Bartonsham Dairy talked to Sarah Laws about buying cows at Market in the 1950s and '60s.

"When the market was in its heyday, there was a great deal of different breeds, Shorthorns, Ayrshire's, Channel Island breeds, Friesians, all sorts. Some were flighty like these Limousin. Cows are like people: there are great differences in the temperaments.

"At Market you'd see perhaps 150, all lined up, tied by the neck with a lot number on them. The people who were selling would have the soapsuds on them and brushing their tails out. But they wouldn't milk them on market day. That allowed you to put your hand on her and try her round from every quarter to make sure she didn't have what we call a blind quarter. Obviously then she's only worth three quarters! And to make sure she didn't have mastitis.

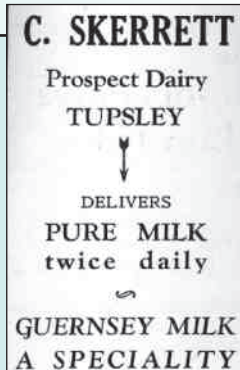
"And you got to check she's quiet because if she kicks it's a bit of a headache! And cows do kick very hard. Some cows don't like being milked. Then some cows were very hard to hand milk: if the teat canal was very small it used to make your hands ache. Sitting on this cow for twenty minutes – no good at all. You want a nice free milker, you want a nice even udder, nicely displayed, not out of all proportion: if you've got one udder that's very big, it'll only get worse. Then you're looking for a good bodied animal as well. Nice temperament – very important."

## Little Herefordshire Histories

Were you a milk maid? Did you farm a dairy herd or deliver the milk? Were you the milk monitor at school? Did you work at Cadburys? We want to hear from you.

We're planning a *Little Herefordshire History* on Dairy Days and we need your photos and memories. We especially want to hear from readers in day centres and residential homes – Hereford City Council have kindly given us some funds to forge better links with you – so go on: pick up a pen!

Herefordshire Lore, PO Box 9 Hereford HR1 9BX

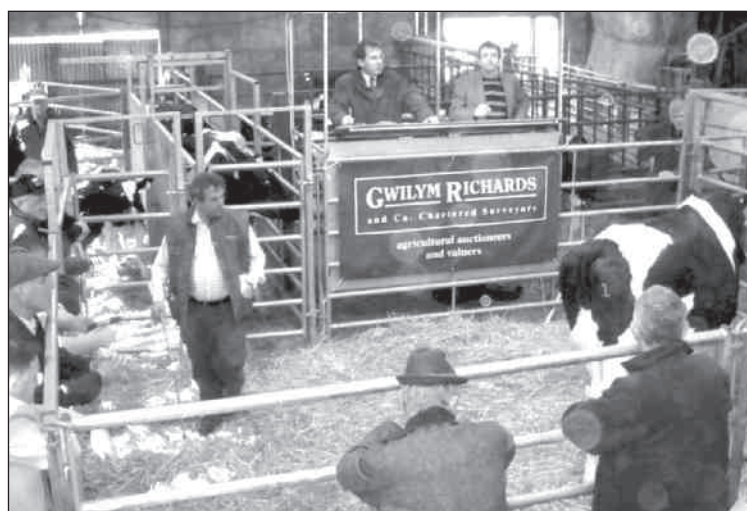


## Bromyard's Butter Mountain

**Joy Atkins**, daughter of an Upper Sapey rector, used to milk the house cow of Mr. A. G. Baldwin, the auctioneers. Joy, from Aston Clinton, also worked on Gaffer Preece's farm in her summer holidays. "The winter of 1939/40 hit hard with deep snow and the milk lorry would not risk the steep hills to collect the milk. Mrs Preece made butter for several days, but soon the question arose: what to do with it all the milk.

"There were no 'fridges in those days. So Gaffer Preece from Church House got together with Griffith and Gwen of the Lea. They put a horse to the wagon to try and get to Bromyard. After the milk was loaded they dug their way down the lane to Church House where they loaded Gaffers' milk then set off for Bromyard Station seven miles away.

"On the way they picked up milk from farms along the way together with more men with shovels and extra horses and finally reached their destination. Can you imagine that in this day?"



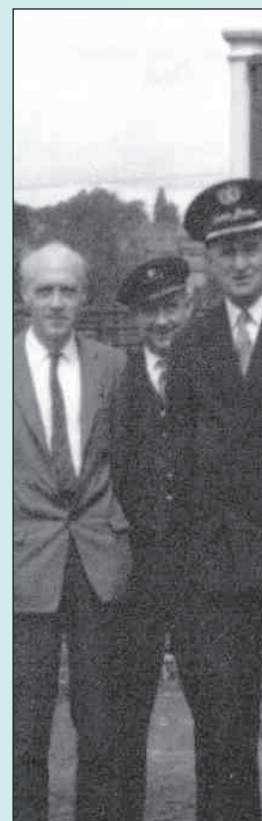
Difficult times: many dairy farmers have pulled out. Malcolm Barrell, left, at the dispersal sale of his dairy herd.



# From My Album: Pat Preece, Ann Morgan, Joan Evans, B



*Doesn't she look young? The Queen and Duke of Edinburgh on their visit in April 1957 neatly snapped by Pat Preece.*



*Station staff around the time Ann Morgan loaned her uncle, Penrose Hughes, to the Navy during the war. Hughes worked on the railway from his navy days.*



*Joan Evans, above right, worked at Thynnes Tile Works. "I used to go round the different departments checking on the orders: it was very interesting. I met my husband, Lacy Evans, a designer at Thynnes, there." Lacy played piano with Delavene, the dance group that featured Larry Jordan on drums and the Pontin brothers on sax and trumpet. Above Thynnes boss Neil David, centre and his wife, Pauline left.*



Evans, Beryl Bowen and Sheila Payne.



staff around the 1950s or 1960s. Evans loaned the photos of her mother Hughes, right, in the Royal Air Force during the war. Born in 1919 he spent his life apart from the railways all his life apart from his navy days.



Below: Another photo from Thynnes, this time of their 1954 'Old Fashioned Garden' carnival float from regular contributor Sheila Payne - she's the young lass in front. Behind are Gerry Tyler, Betty Macloud (former owner of the Vaga Inn), seated, and Kathleen Hutton standing.



A coach trip prepares to leave the Good Companions at Putson.

Ron Spalding (left) ran a slaughter business off Eign Road in Hereford. Reader Tom Wheatstone remembered a favourite trick of Ron's: "He'd say to you 'How many five pound notes you got in your pocket?' And you'd get 'em out and everyone with an odd number you give him, and everything with the even numbers you could have. I always lost out!" (Photo: Joan Evans).



Beryl Bowen sits on Nan Evans' lap, centre, at the Weston Beggard hopyard sometime in the mid 1930s. That's her Mum in the black beret on the right. Below, another photo from Beryl's album, of the pectin plant workers in the 1940s.





## Shoe polish for film star

*Joan Thomas continues her account of a Shropshire childhood.*

At 9.00 a.m. each weekday I arrived for work at Gordon Amies shoe shop in Market Drayton. This was my first job. On Saturday all the shops kept open until 10 pm and that was when the last bus left. The Manageress allowed me to leave at five minutes to ten because if we missed that bus there was a four mile walk.

I was paid 4/- a week (20p now) and nearly all of it went on bus fares. What was left over was for stockings. Nylons hadn't yet arrived and Brettles Sylkesta were 1/11d. Stockings had seams down the back, or down the side if you were careless. We always darned our Lysle, or woollen stockings when we could, using a weft and a weave. That meant filling the hole with threads going all one way across the gap first, and then weaving another thread under and over each of those threads going the other way.

Either garters or suspenders held your stockings up. Garters were quicker to put on but could stop your circulation. If they were not too tight they rarely did the trick and you would find your stockings round your ankles.

I had been lured into the job by the smell of new leather. That, and the prospect of sitting on a fitting stool to "advise". My interest waned as I discovered that the only advice I was encouraged to give was that the customer should buy what I wanted to push - sorry "promote". One tactic was: "These are becoming very popular Madam." "These" being a style the shop wanted to get rid of because it didn't sell. If she asked for navy and all we had in her style was brown, I would be told to say: "We find navy ties one rather, but we have it in 'nigger'" (you said nigger then) "and nigger goes with almost anything. Madam would try diplomatically to tell us that she

didn't want it to go with almost anything. She wanted it to go with the navy suit and matching hat she had bought from Reed and Shaws the other day.

There was an X-Ray machine in our shop. When children said their shoes were comfortable if they liked them, or that they hurt their feet if they didn't, we could sometimes call upon "Ray" as we named it to be the arbitrator.

### Ann Todd

The Corbet Arms, an imposing Residential Hotel with ivy clad walls which gave it a certain tone stood across the road from the shop. The film star Ann Todd, star of such films as *The Seventh Veil* and *South Riding*, was staying there. Currently married to the film director David Lean (It was best to say "currently" as there's often a quick turn-over) she was in residence while Lean did his bit as an Air Vice Marshal at RAF Tern Hill nearby.

My euphoria when serving the great movie star with a medium sized jar of Meltonian shoe cream for her hand-

crafted Sir Herbert Barker shoes with arch supports, cushioned insoles and hand-stitched welts, was short lived.

Our manageress Miss Healey was 50 odd, unmarried and always would be if you ask me. There were multiple reasons why I couldn't visualise our Manageress as Mrs ... anybody at all really. One of them was her smile. We hardly ever saw it; but it would never help her anyway. Her smile manifested a grimace which displayed her teeth.

Miss Healey stepped forth to supervise my wrapping of the medium sized jar of Meltonian shoe cream I had just sold to Ann Todd all by myself.

"Can I send the cream for you Madam?" she fawned. "We do have our errand boy." A rare smile proved Miss Healey's teeth were indeed her own. After all who would pay for teeth like that?

Madam raised her finely plucked eyebrows just enough to display the right amount of surprise. Her measured portrayal of surprise was because the tiny jar of cream sat nicely in her gloved hand and a couple of good strides would see her home.

**What was your first job like?  
Write and tell us at In Our Age.**



The Christmas choir of the 135th making music in Leominster. Pictured with our Rosemary Lillico, Martin and Fran Collins launched their new book, *The Friendly Invasion of Leominster*, at Berrington Hall. Read Rosemary's review, page 7.

# NEWS AND VIEWS

## Wartime accident at Bredenbury

Early in the War, probably about 1940 a young RAF trainee was on his first solo flight over our village, writes **Vera Parry** from Newtown. Finding himself in some difficulties he landed safely in a field opposite our house, no mean feat as there was a commemorative oak surrounded by an iron frame bang in the middle of the field. He went across to the New Inn, now Barneby Hotel and reported to base. He was told not take off and return to base. In the meantime his plane was pushed in a corner of the field and guarded day and night by our Home Guard.

Then on Monday morning an experienced pilot arrived and he prepare for take off. He decided to taxi in a southwesterly direction and a group of us watched. We all knew that that particular field dropped steeply away towards the stream. To our horror in a few seconds we saw the plane crash into an oak tree near Lower Brockington. The adults rushed down (we teenagers were discouraged). Some while later we saw the body of the pilot being carried up to New Inn on a field gate. Someone walked beside carrying a single long boot.

Officials came and cleared away the wreckage but when we went down later there were still canvass rags in the branches and a small rectangular plate on the ground. It read Air Speed Oxford. I kept this for some years as I was deeply affected at having witnessed such a sad event.

## Cup winner



**Mrs. S. Weaver** found this photo of grandfather Charles Parker with the cup he won running against Bob Cole on August Bank Holiday 1938/39 at Edgar Street football ground. "The cup was put in the National Provincial Bank, Broad Street for safe keeping, but we don't know what happened to it." Can you help? running track by the Leisure Centre."

## Scouting



Runner **Maddy Warhurst** writes from Llandudno with a host of Herefordshire memories including all those evenings "spent jogging from Baysham Street (above) to Bulmers Sports field in Whitecross. If I wasn't doing that I was tap and ballet dancing at Betty Hartland School in Berrington Street.

"Commercial Road Youth Club, hours spent watching TV, playing records, table tennis, snooker or drinking in the little café room. And of Mr. and Mrs Hazel who took a group of us to Amsterdam.

"My father was Scout Master Kim Briffett. He was always down at the Crozens Hut in Eign Road, making canoes. My mother Amy did lots of the catering and I was roped into buttering loaf after loaf. There was a Scout Jamboree at Eastnor when the Chief Scout came.

"The annual fete on the Wye. All the boats were decorated. One year I entered dressed as Miss Muffett and the boat was decorated as a web with a very large spider that had eyes on it."

## Send us your memories

Call: 07845 907891

Email: [info@herefordshirelore.org.uk](mailto:info@herefordshirelore.org.uk)  
or send us a letter

[www.herefordshirelore.org.uk](http://www.herefordshirelore.org.uk)

## Yeoman's coaches



Hereford-born **David Lacy** from Shrewsbury, who left Clehonger in 1961, thinks the coach was a Yeoman's not one of

Bill Morgan's Wye Valley Motors (IOA 20, p 7). "The half-cab coach with its two characteristic curved side flashes are indicative of a Strachan style body: Morgans didn't operate any, but Yeoman's ran five on the AEC Regal 3 chassis." Helpfully, David can date the photo between August 1948 and

## The Friendly Invasion of Leominster

Fran and Martin Collins  
(Brewin Books, £10.95)

This book has been researched and presented to a very high standard and is the seventh published in the series. It tells of the activities of a number of American units based around Leominster during the war. Barons Cross and Berrington Hall are noted. Often land would be requisitioned and within weeks a hospital would up and running, to care for injured service men. The authors mention over 100 such units and detail the medical procedures carried out.

As the servicemen recuperated they were often to be found in local pubs and clubs and enjoyed making the acquaintance of our girls who thought the much better company that 'our boys' with their ready smiles, smarter uniforms and (if you were lucky) nylon stockings, candy and gum. Our boys thought otherwise and coined the saying 'over paid, over sexed and over here' and fights often occurred. But romance often blossomed and many of our girls sailed off to Amerifa as G.I. (Government Issue) brides.

Reviewer: Rosemary Lillico

Local book shops or order direct from Fran and Martin at 31 Ipswich Crescent, Great Barr, Birmingham B42 1LY [francollins@mail.com](mailto:francollins@mail.com). Add £2 for p&tp.



## The Puzzler



## Who? What? When?

Send us your answers to this puzzling picture.

This unusual image comes from artist Jason Hodges from Redhill, Hereford. Jason uses photomontage to create unusual images and has, here, recreated an old Herefordshire scene. The question is where? If you want a clue, one of the buildings on the right is still standing (and that's the artist, Jason, on the steps of the building on the left).

Well done to reader Derrick Blake who recognised the photo of Hunderton School and teacher Nick Major in Issue 24, Spring.

# New subscription plan for your In Our Age

**We're changing our subscription plans. And you have nothing to pay until next year!** (No longer will you wonder: "Have I paid my subscription?" or "When do I need to pay?")

New rates start in January 2013 when we will ask you to pay £12 for individuals and £30 for groups. If you've already paid for a year you'll have less to pay: we'll tell you how much.

## Why are we changing?

Readers have suggested the change. The increase is to cover extra expense, especially postage. IOA costs just over £6,000 a year and we currently rely on our 300+ subscribers and the many kind donations we receive.

## What's in it for you?

Your £12 not only gives you a year's membership of Herefordshire Lore and regular copies of IOA, but also free or reduced entry to our history events.

*"IOA just gets better and better."* Miss J Ellis.

## What's in it for us?

Collecting most of the money just once a year will cut our postage and administration costs.

## In summary

Pay nothing now.

Pay £12 in January 2013 (or £6 if you renewed your subscription this summer issue 25). We'll let you know what you owe.

## New member?

Want to get IOA for the rest of the year? Fill in the slip below and send us £6 – cheques should be made to Herefordshire Lore.



Did you know? Old copies of IOA are available at [www.herefordshirelore.org.uk](http://www.herefordshirelore.org.uk)

Name .....

Address .....

Please send me Issues 25 and 26.

I enclose £6 membership. Please send me a membership reminder for next year, January 2013.