

# In Our Age

Living local history

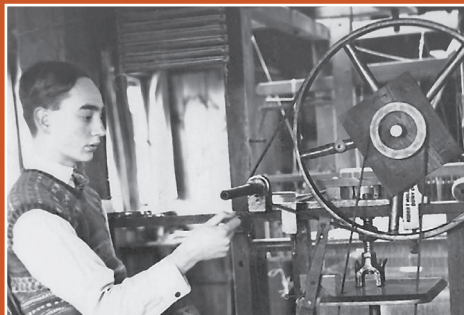
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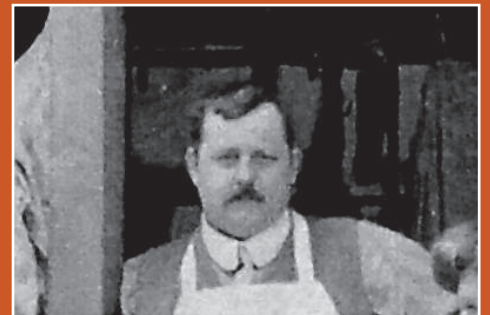
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# Taught to Teach

September 1952 and Stockport's Pam James falls for a student prank on day two at Hereford Training College (HTC).

"HTC was my first choice – I loved the ivy covered building – and I had arrived wearing a long woollen dress with long sleeves. With only one man to deliver 140 students' trunks and obligatory bicycles (we needed them for teaching practice), it was two days before I got a change of clothes.

"At HTC there were three dormitories in the main building for the 70 first-year students. We each had a cubicle, eighteen to a dorm. I was in the Tower (reputed to be haunted by the ghost of little Arthur who had died while the place was a boys' school) and had a cubby with a single bed, a desk cum chest of drawers, an upright chair and a pull-across curtain for privacy.

"Our introductory talk was given by some second year students who told us to assemble for exercise outside the main door at 7.30 the next morning. We fell for it and, still in our best clothes, jumped up and down and jogged around the lawn. It was a warm September that year and my dress was a killer. It eventually dawned on us that we had been had.

"Afterwards we gathered in the hall to give our names in singing tones and state which age group we intended to teach – infants, juniors or seniors. Later we took a spelling test, an intelligence paper with rather catchy questions and a maths paper.

"I was paired with a jolly girl from Wigan for our first teaching practice the following week in the



junior class at Leominster. The class teacher left us to do our best, so we weren't too embarrassed by our incompetence: we were still so green. The practice lasted a fortnight – by which time we had enough of catching the early Leominster bus, trying not to panic when lecturers called to listen to a lesson, and using the primitive loos. We wrote copious notes about how we felt we'd done in the lessons.

"Then it was back to the lecture room and Miss Stead, an ageing maiden lady with a permanent smile and an endless supply of nephews and nieces, employed to explain any point she was making: they earned her the nickname Aunty Doris.

"We did basic psychology (it seemed like common sense to us) and wrote essays about children we knew and how they behaved. We were good at creative thinking with these essays. In addition to lectures there was the dreaded Friday Club, which we junior-division people ran on Friday evenings for two hours. The children, from College Hill, were to be kept occupied with meaningful painting or jolly games, which we supervised. I think



the kids were there under protest too – all they wanted to do was run up and down the corridors screaming and shouting."

*Hereford College of Art now occupies the old building and principal Abigail Appleton wants to hear more about its past. Call IOA or email the Art College's Kate La Barre if you can help (k.labarre@hca.ac.uk)*

*Sadly missed: Bobbie Blackwell, our picture editor and a vociferous campaigner for Rotherwas munitioneers, died in March. In April the Prime Minister announced a national memorial and a medal, similar to that given to the Women's Land Army, for former munitions workers. Bobbie Blackwell will be greatly missed.*

## Exciting Times

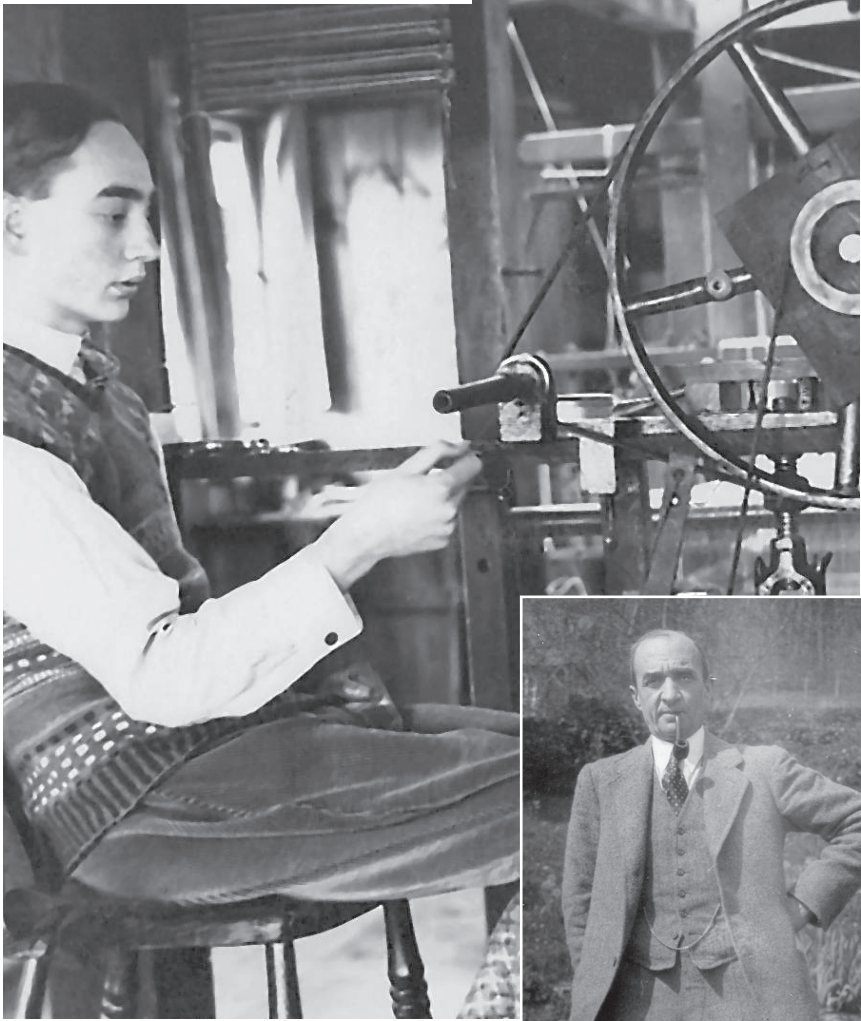
Spring sees the launch of two new projects, *River Voices: Stories from the Wye* and *Herefordshire in World War Two*. *River Voices*, funded by the National Lottery Heritage Fund, will see us out and about collecting your memories and photos of forgotten river crafts from ferries and fly fishing to river swims and kayaks. *Herefordshire in World War Two* will be published in autumn 2018. Read an early contribution to it: Eileen Carpenter's 'The Runaway Evacuee' on page 6.

Chair: Mark Hubbard



# The Bodenham Weavers

A weaver at work on Bodenham tweed



First World War veteran, Francis Appleton

More often associated with the Outer Hebrides, hand-woven home-made tweeds came to this Herefordshire village in the 1920s.

Francis Cass Appleton was a veteran of the First World War. In his early 40s he and his wife Marjorie moved to Herefordshire to set up a weaving shed next door to their rented home, Hill House in Bodenham.

The move may have been influenced by the county's reputation for raising fine sheep, the presence of Herons Wool Yard opposite Barrs Court Station, and the proximity of a local station, Dinmore GWR. Francis was also able to secure a telephone for orders: Bodenham 48.

He advertised his Herefordshire Handwoven Tweeds as "woven on old English looms" with yarns from Shetland, Harris, Welsh, Yorkshire, Cheviot and Cumberland. "We guarantee that every piece of Tweed on sale has been made in the place by us." Material for "Ladies suits" was 9/6d a yard, "motor apron rugs" 35/- and doormats a bargain at 7/6d. These photos were loaned by his granddaughter Gene Clarke who rescued just enough of her grandfather's tweed to have a suit made for herself. (See also Off Road, page 5)



Appleton's Bodenham neighbours dyed and dried the cloth

# Radio Times

Sunday morning was a special time for Herefordshire's amateur radio enthusiasts in the 1950s. At 11.00 o'clock precisely radio enthusiasts like Mike Bush would tune in on 80 metres to hear accomplished radio amateurs like Peter Jones (left), call sign G3ESY, discussing radio news.

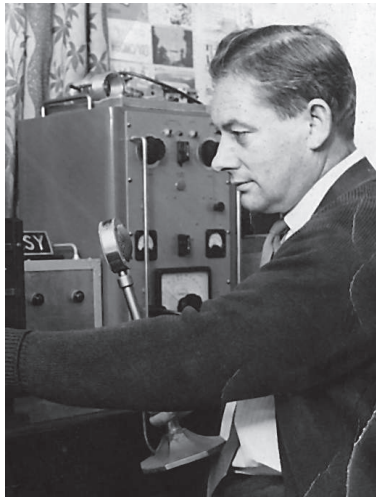
Mike (G3LZM) called IOA after reading about pioneer radio man Percy Prichard (IOA 43). Mike says that Peter would come on with a signal so clear that you could hear the wall clock ticking in the background. "Peter served with bomber crews at the end of the war and was later part of Y Listening Service attached to GCHQ operating from his Putson home", he says.

Mike, whose father Arthur started the College Green fish and chip shop when he left the Navy (HMS Nelson), used to cycle to the Boys High School practising Morse code by reading the advertising slogans posted along Widemarsh Street. Good knowledge of Morse code was a prerequisite to obtaining a full radio license.

Yet, he says, he was "hopeless" at school. Nevertheless, it didn't stop him from writing a book, *Bottom Of The Class* (£5, Microlab, 2009) about his life, creative achievements and product successes. Mike also edits the Hereford Amateur Radio Society (HARS) Journal. Contact Mike at 5 Quay Close, Hereford, HR1 2RQ, or on m2c2ab@btinternet.com

## Foley Street

Another local author, Win Morgan-Brewer has devoted her energies to a book about her home territory, Foley Street: Its Houses, Residents and Neighbours Past and Present (Logaston Press, £10). Some families have a long history (110 years in one case) and Win looks at them as well as the railway and tile workers, lodgers and local pubs.



Peter Jones on call sign G3ESY at home in Putson. His day job was as returning officer for Herefordshire Council.

Front cover: A trainee teacher at Hereford Training College in the 1950s. The photos belonged to Gwendoline Weaver who taught physical education at HTC before becoming a physiotherapist at Leominster and Kington cottage hospitals. See page 4.





## From My Album: *Gene and Pip Clarke, John Davies and Sue Weaver*



*Tomorrow's Teachers: Physical education lecturer Gwendoline Weaver's photos of students at Hereford Training College (HTC) were rescued from a barn by daughter Gene. Gwendoline left HTC to marry Martin Appleton – see Off Road, opposite. (Photos: Gene and Pip Clarke)*



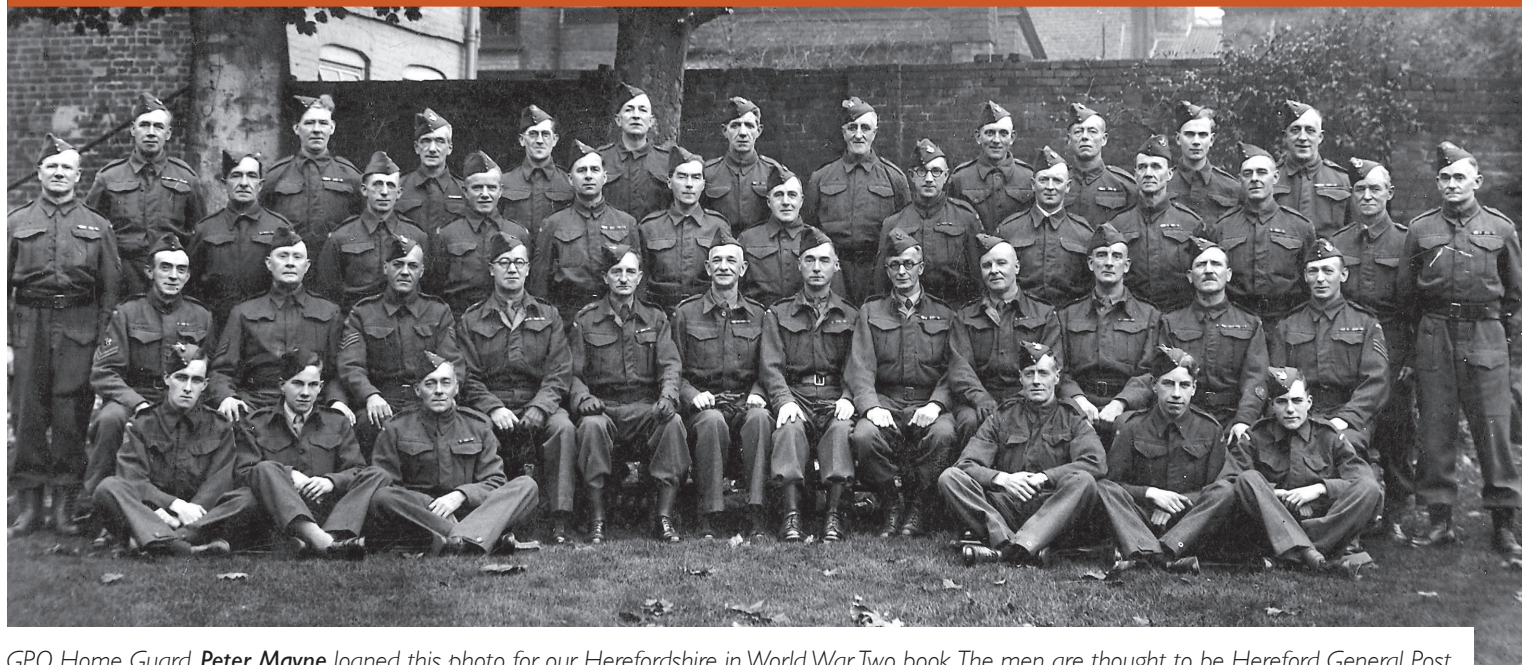
*Streamlined Gresley: A rare visitor to Barrs Court Station, Hereford, LNER Pacific No 4498 Sir Nigel Gresley was en route from Newport to Shrewsbury. The crewmen were driver Ron Wargen and fireman John Gwilliam while the startled looking railway man on the platform is IOA regular and engine driver **John 'Brecky' Davies** who loaned the photo. John asks: "Who remembers the Hereford Rail Festival of 1991 and the naming of Loco 31-405 as Mappa Mundi by the Hereford Dean, Peter Haynes?"*

***Sue Weaver** stumbled on this in the papers of her late father, Bill Parker. John Davies named the men (left to right) as Bill Parker, Tony Lerigo, John Davies, area manager Bill Parry, drivers Brian Didluck and Arthur Sankey, Robin Jones and Frankie Keep. (Photo: Sue Weaver)*



*Off Road: Dubbed the Bull, this 1964 Mark I Cortina, BUL 832L, was driven hard by Bodenham farmer and rally driver Martin Appleton. Regular co-drivers included Doug Moon, Leominster optician Reggie Mayall and Burgess Street garage owner Bill Bengry. Martin, who was also an inventor (he built his own log splitter from the scrap parts of a Lancaster bomber), farmed at Orchard Cottage. He bought the Bull new from Ravenshill in Hereford and claimed to be first person to drive a car over Bodenham's Hen House Hill. (Photos: Gene and Pip Clarke)*





GPO Home Guard. **Peter Mayne** loaned this photo for our Herefordshire in World War Two book. The men are thought to be Hereford General Post Office workers. **Janet Lloyd** from Marden meanwhile recalled all but one of the twenty-five members of Castle Frome Home Guard (pictured in IOA 2: view it at [www.herefordshirelore.org.uk](http://www.herefordshirelore.org.uk)). "My grandmother Maggie Dutson owned the Green Dragon at Bishops Cleeve. When Stan Taylor delivered the cigarettes Gran always put packets of five Woodbines aside for the village boys away at war. If she didn't have enough I'd make little newspaper envelopes for two or three cigarettes. Their mothers would collect them on their way to the post office, run by Mrs Bullock, to put in the letters."

## The Runaway Evacuee

"Our family happened to be on a family holiday in Hereford when war was declared in 1939. We were packed and ready to leave on the train home to Birmingham, but my parents, concerned that Birmingham would be bombed, decided to leave me with an aunt. Like most people my aunt (she wasn't actually an aunt, but we always called older people aunt or uncle in those days) thought war would be over by Christmas. I spent my first month taking my cousin to and from school. In between I shopped for my aunt and helped about the house on Edgar Street. It wasn't a very happy time for me and I was always writing my mother to let me come home.

"I used to fetch the milk from the shop before breakfast. I'd made friends with the other children nearby (we'd hold races, either along the front of the houses or through the houses, up the long gardens at the back and over the wall and back down the drive), but my aunt wasn't over happy about this. Saturday afternoons uncle would take us 'up the Canny', the local brook just behind the house where I'd go along a tree branch that hung over the water as far as I could without getting my feet wet. Uncle turned a blind eye, but my cousin told on me and I'd be in trouble.

"Eventually I started school at St Francis

**While Syrian families currently shelter in Herefordshire from the bombings at home, 80 years ago the county gave sanctuary to Brummies like Eileen Carpenter**

Catholic School in Little Berrington Street. The nuns and teachers were very kind to me. I'm not a Catholic and when the children assembled for morning prayers I remained in the classroom. A teacher said the Lord's Prayer with me then left me to say my own prayers, which mainly consisted of hoping my parents and brother, ten years older and a navigator in the RAF, were safe.

"During special services, I was left in charge of the class – I would read to them – and felt very important. At break time we'd queue in the yard just inside the street doors for a Horlicks tablet or an Ovaltine. I



hated Horlicks and since my cousin usually got Ovaltine I'd make her change with me (she liked Horlicks), but, of course, when we got home she told my aunt.

"Mother used to send me a 6d postal order: 3d was for my cousin and 3d for my bag of Maltesers (sweet rationing had yet to start) and a ball of wool from the market (I knitted clothes for my four very small crock dolls).

"Finally in December 1939 my parents decided that, as there wasn't any bombing, I could return for Christmas. Mom was going to send my railway ticket, but by Christmas Eve no ticket had arrived. I was devastated and decided to start walking home. I packed my small case and went down the Canny to sit on the tree branch and sob. And that was where my uncle found me. He brought me back to the house. Christmas morning came, I hadn't any presents to open and was very miserable – during the morning there was a knock at the front door and there stood my father, he'd come to take me home – I couldn't believe it. We caught a train back to Birmingham and although most of the Day had gone by the time we got to my home, it was wonderful."

(More from Eileen in the next issue of IOA)

## Herefordshire History Days

**Glen Sims** (below left) embarked on some detective work when he stumbled on a 1918 General Service Medal during demolition work in Breinton. Thanks to Mandy Palmer from Bromyard Local History Society, Glen discovered the medal had been awarded to Charles Henry Calder. Charles who lived on Munderfield Road, Avonbury, Bromyard had served with the Royal Engineers during the war. Glen presented the medal to Charles' grandson, Terry (below right) at Bromyard.

Expect more stories like these at the Herefordshire Country Fair on Sunday August 6. The Fair, to be held on Hereford's Bishops Meadow, has teamed up with the World War I Commemoration Committee to mark the anniversary of the 1917 Home Front.

Come and meet Herefordshire Lore at the Fair. Or join us at the Castle Green Historical Day in Hereford on Saturday July 1.



## Wiggins

Did you work at Wiggins' factory at Holmer in the 1960s or 70s? Remember Wiggins' annual Christmas panto or their famous flower festival? Did you live in the special housing built by Herefordshire Council for Wiggins' workers? IOA plans to publish a feature on Hereford's famous alloy manufacturers later this year. Let us know at IOA – contact details at the bottom of the page.



Hyett of the Hereford Garden City Youth Club summer seaside outing in 1945.

## Municipal Nursery

When Harold Salisbury, foreman at Hereford Municipal Nursery (now the Rose Garden, Hereford), retired **Geof Tarring** was there with his camera. Harold is pictured with (left) his daughter, councillors David Fleet and George Hyde, Sally Salisbury and David Fleet's wife. Many readers recalled names from Geof's Municipal Nursery Parks picture in IOA 43 (page 4). The occasion was Glyn Jenkins' leaving do and those pictured included Alan Morgan (cemetery), Des Hopkins (Grimmer Road works manager), Julian who went on to be a refuse contractor, John Leek (greenkeeper at the municipal golf course), John Lilley (works foreman, Grimmer Road), Dave Collier (parks and nursery), Phil Iles (parks foreman), Chris Williams with beard, Eric Fishborne in blue trousers in front of vehicle and Brad, a Grimmer Road carpenter.



## Dinmore Memorial Tree

"In 1937 or 1938 I was photographed beside a tree planted by, or for, Princess Elizabeth," writes **Eileen Carpenter**. "It was planted on a stretch of grass near the River Wye over a bridge and down a path on the left. It had railings around it with a plaque, probably taken away in the war. Is the tree still there?"

**John Davies** recalls another commemorative tree, planted in memory of trades union stalwart Sidney Box. Orphaned at eight (he was one of seventeen children) the Mathon farm labourer's son was himself on farm work by the age of nine. The self-educated Victorian led the county farm labourers' union during the First World War and helped found Hereford's Labour Party a century ago. Box was buried at the city cemetery, but his passing was marked by Hereford Trades Council with a memorial tree at Queenswood Country Park, Dinmore.

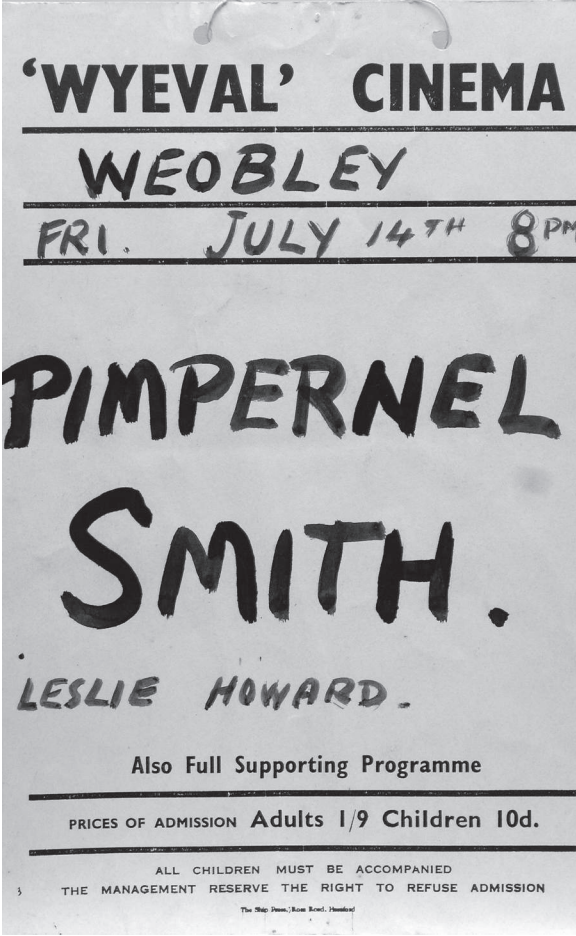
## Moor Street, Hereford

Copies of IOA are winging their way out to Bob Colwell in Bowmanville, Ontario, Canada, writes **Jennifer Holmes**. Elaine and Allen Brewer's Moor Street photo (IOA 42), and Ken Hyett's helpful caption (IOA 43), had pictured Bob and his brother Reg Colwell with their mum. "Bob married Alwyn Weaver, my first cousin and the daughter of Inspector Reg Weaver and his wife Dot. Always known as Ann, she and Bob moved to Canada with sons David and John. Ann died in 2014," writes Jennifer. Below, another snap from Ken



# Hidden Treasurers

Photographer Keith James dropped in on Weobley Museum for this issue. Funded by Weobley's local history society and based in the old police station, the museum is run by Gina Harley and Sue Hubbard. Normally open on Mondays from 10am – 1pm and Thursdays 2 – 5pm, other times by arrangement: 01544 318278. Advertising the 1941 thriller Pimpernel Smith, directed by Leslie Howard, the poster is a reminder of the days when projectionist Norris Tulk toured county village halls with the Wyval mobile cinema.



**Where is it?** This village postcard was presented to Herefordshire Lore by the late Dorothy Jancey from Sutton St Nicholas. Can you name the village and the street?



**In Our Age** Editor: Bill Laws. Design: Pink Sheep Design. Website: Chris Preece. Print: Orphans Press.  
Herefordshire Lore: Chair, Mark Hubbard; Secretary, Eileen Klotz; Treasurer, Harvey Payne; Proofs, Sandy Green. Committee: Rosemary Lillico, Chris and Irene Tomlinson, Betty Webb, Julie Orton-Davies, Joyce Chamberlain, Keith and Krystyna James, Chris and Irene Tomlinson and Jean and Peter Mayne.  
**In Our Age** Munitions Group ([www.rotherwasmunitionshereford.co.uk](http://www.rotherwasmunitionshereford.co.uk)) Barrie Mayne (chair).

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