

NOW ON TAPE

AGE TO AGE

Hereford Lore Reminiscence Newsletter

Vol.3 Issue 1 January 1995

Hereford Lore, 26 Quarry Road, Hereford HR1 1SS

**WISHING ALL OUR READERS A HAPPY
NEW YEAR AND GOOD HEALTH IN 1995**



This snowy scene was photographed by Martyn Woolaway in 1979 or 1980 at Bartestree. Does anyone recognise the cottage?

As we celebrate a New Year we remember Christmases past. When was the last white Christmas? Do you remember the preparations before hand? All those cakes and puddings to cook and no microwave oven to make it easier

We hope our newsletter will jog some memories for you

Keep sending those stories and photographs to us at 26 Quarry Road and thank you for all your support over the last twelve months.

A Happy New Year to all our readers.

Vi Woolaway

Cold Castle Green

"The first sign of winter to my friends and me on our way to school", writes Mitch Farrington, "was to see the water in the horse trough in St Owens Street frozen hard. If we were lucky there would already be the makings of a decent slide on the adjoining pavement and only the thought of a grim faced teacher greeting us with an open Late Attenders' Book would curtail our first tentative skidding efforts of the season.

No scene was more attractive than the Castle Green and its surrounds on a snowy night, made more beautiful in the lamplight.

It was a perfect setting for toboggan rides from the top of Hog's Mount. An early start was required as proceedings were likely to be abruptly terminated by the arrival of the implacable Mr Dawson, Parks Superintendent, who clearly viewed the enterprise with out the benefit of youthful eyes"

Our next issue of Age to Age will be out in March. Copies are available from City and Belmont Libraries, Hereford Tourist Information Centre, The City Environment Directorate at Garrick House, Age Concern Offices, Berrows House, Bath Street and Hereford Town Hall, Good Old Days' Shop, St Owens Street.

Hereford Lore Editorial Group are Alf Evans, Edith Gammage, Roy Kennett, Jim Thomas, Vi Thomas, Vi Woolaway, Tom Woolaway, Bill Morris and Bill Laws. Thanks to The Rural Media Company and Natalia Silver. We are grateful for the support of :



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Memories of Winter

Stumped By Santa

Bill Morris has fond memories of the magic world of Greenlands toy department and of a somewhat unorthodox Father Christmas.

"I took my four year old son, Christopher to visit Father Christmas. Wide eyed, he walked through the Fairy Grotto to Santa's Cave and apprehensively allowed himself to be lifted onto Santa's knee. As he was handed his present, Santa turned to me and asked, 'Will you be playing cricket next season?'

Seconds later I found myself struggling to answer the increasingly strident, 'How did Father Christmas know you, Daddy?' I suggested he open his present. This he did, only to discover he had been given a black, plastic doll. A tantrum followed which ceased only when I bought him a consolation present."

Greenlands' Glories

"**M**ention Christmas in Hereford and it is always Greenlands store that springs to mind, writes **Roy Kennett**. "The layout of toys in the basement was magic. In the 1930s the construction kit of Meccano was a must for boys. You could receive a starter set to whet the appetite for a larger selection to add to the basic set. Others remember the model farmyard animals, the soldiers and toy forts.

The animals and soldiers were made of metal, this before the characters of outer space were thought up. The bird in the cage, encouraged to sing by inserting a penny in the slot, was always an attraction.

Another highlight was the model railway and this with the Father Christmas Grotto transported the little visitors to a land of magic."

Douglas Parsons recalls the pre-Christmas plans. Extra choir practice was accepted. Then there was the business of decorating the home. "By the time we were fully stocked not a square inch of our living room was left to be covered. The most important item, the tree, always scraped the ceiling." Bunting was made of coloured paper and the holly and mistletoe was culled from the neighbourhood - "We knew every field, wood, pond and hedgerow and the farmers concerned smiled.

We were poor - very poor - and to sing a carol or two at someone's door on a dark Christmas Eve earned us a couple of pennies." A special lady, Mrs Fenton of Litley Court, remembers Douglas was one of those who brought the choir into her home for carols and mince pies.

These happy recollections helped Douglas to get by when he served with the forces in the Burmese jungle during the Second World War.

Goose Grease As A Cold Cure

When **Vi Thomas** visited Drybridge Day Centre she talked over Christmases past with, among others, **Annie Price, Sylvia Bartlett, Mary Hyett, Kathleen Lawrence** and **Daisy Baker**.

They shared memories of apples, nuts, oranges and a sugar mouse in their stockings for Christmas, and all recalled the lavish, colourful decorations at Greenlands. They remembered warm kitchens, freezing cold bedrooms and wearing old socks over their shoes when it was slippery.

Daisy remembered having goose for their festive meals with the goose grease being set aside as a remedy for coughs and colds during the winter. Although a bit sticky it proved very effective.

Vi also met **Mary Pritchard**, widow of **Edgar Pritchard** of Pritchard's the outfitters. Mary is blind as a result of an accident, but still remembers Christmas lights as a child.



Greenlands store was a winter wonderland

Rabbit House

Muriel Cowley, still too young to remember Father Christmas busy hammering, cutting Christmas 1940. When she asked him what was a rabbit hutch. But on Christmas morning she found a doll's house and doll's cot which had been brought by Father Christmas.

Christmas

Edith Gammage recalled Christmas presents, simple things like a pen or a book, but they were often given in the shed or back kitchen. The presents were often wrapped in newspaper or old cloth. It was always lovely to see the presents.

My father was in the war so we had to go to the Office and this was a busy period for them. But the highlight in our hamlet, Hundon, was the visit of **Hundon Baker**, a broker, and his wife. They would help anyone who was in need. On Christmas afternoon at his house on Christmas afternoon at his house there must have been about 25 of us. We were all given a little bag of sweets. "The Baker's daughter, Cissy was one of the girls at the Garrick Theatre but fortunately was on. "The next big event of the winter was the skating which then took place in the green.

Rescuing

Geo Price from Quarry House remembers that Hereford endured much. He recalls serious flooding in St Martin's and lorries were used to ferry rescues. He remembers being hauled aboard such a lorry. It was only weeks away from having her lorry.

s Past



and at Christmas time (Hereford Times)

e Fit For A Doll

visit Drybridge, recalled watching her and measuring wood days before what he was making, he replied that it was a morning, Muriel and her sister found a doll which had been lovingly made for each of them

as 1914

as 1914 "We would make our own and tea pot holders. My brothers would be making something with wood called Mother's face at our little attempts at

to help out as Mother worked in the Post Office

derdon, was a party given by Charlie. We were a lovely family, always ready to go to hospital treatment. We were invited to and we sang all the carols we knew. On leaving, after a lovely tea, a brand new threepenny piece was given to each of the girls caught in the big fire at the end of the lucky survivors. We were waiting for the river to freeze over and it was a bit of fun but very dangerous."

The Piano

Residential Home on Aylestone Hill. Much harsher winters years ago. In the 1920s and Greyfriars Avenue when boats were moored. Our own Vi Thomas was born in a lorry in February 1947 when she was a baby.

"You can imagine the laughter," she says

At that time there was a market gardeners opposite Drybridge House in St Martin's Street, owned by the late Mr Phillips. When the flood water started to rise his widow asked for help moving her piano to safety. The Chief Flood Warden Alf Evans, sent four wardens who put the piano on a table. The next day the waters subsided. The wardens too, had returned to their jobs leaving the piano marooned on the table where it remained until the Town Hall sent some council workers to bring it down.

'Otter On Display

Alf Evans recalls his mother's story about a notice hung outside the Saracens Head, now the Lancaster, on the Wye Bridge during the 1900 floods. "A penny to see the water otter in the cellar," it read. People paid their penny only to find an old kettle floating around the flooded cellar. This, it was explained, was a water (h)otter! Money raised by the practical joke was given to the hospital.

On a sadder note Geoff Price remembers going home one evening across the Victoria Bridge and seeing the bodies of children being taken from the river. They had ventured onto the frozen river fallen through the ice and drowned.

When Even The Ink Froze

Margo Morris, then Staff Nurse Tylke, remembers the chills that hung over their sleeping quarters in the wards which were later converted into wards at the County Hospital in that memorable winter of '47. The only form of heating was old pot-bellied stoves which frequently went out before the nurses came off duty. One trick they learned was to wear long operation socks in bed to try and keep warm.

Writing home with tales of their hardship was made difficult when the ink froze in its ink bottle. "No path was cleared between our huts and the wards only for the man who took the pig sties."

SNIPPETS



Mr Thomas Woolaway, above, was a master saddler from 1925 to 1950 at 45 Eign Street, Hereford. But his relatives, Tom and Vi Woolaway are mystified by the regalia he is wearing in this picture. Does it have something to do with his occupation? If anyone can solve the mystery, please contact Hereford Lore at 26 Quarry Road, Hereford HR1 1SS.

The Deans Medal

Thanks to Ken Palamountain, former pupil of Lord Scudamore School who solved the mystery of the Deans Medals, highlighted in our Issue 4 in January last year. Ken recalls the setting up of the Lord Scudamore Trust scheme to assist school leavers whose parents were unable to pay for indentures for the children.

Parents applied for help from the fund and the pupils concerned then received the Deans Medal. Mystery solved!

We're Looking For A Lady

A lady rang our printer, Freestyle Graphics, after our last issue carried a picture (kindly loaned by Basil Butcher) and story about the one and only car ever made in Hereford. Not so, reported our caller, who could help us put the record straight.

Unfortunately she did not leave her name or address. If she can contact us at Hereford Lore, 26 Quarry Road, Hereford we would be delighted to hear from her.

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Contact 0981 23263 (evenings)

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The Bread Must Get Through

Brian Sanders of Welbeck Avenue recalls the difficulties of maintaining deliveries for his father; the baker **Jack Sanders**, at what was then 142 St Owens Street, now No. 6, during the winter of 1947

"By 1947, with the war two years behind everyone things were beginning to get a little better-although there was still some food rationing. Then came the winter to end all winters. Early in the new year, there were 10 days of continuous frost, culminating on January 26 with the big snow fall

"The rounds where father had most of his customers were on the eastern side of Hereford Hampton Bishop up to Woolhope. I was still at school in Tupsley, but the headmaster Mr Croome agreed to let me off school to help with deliveries. It was hard work as we were often over the tops of our wellingtons in deep snow carrying a large basket of bread flour and cakes or buns on one arm and sometimes a flour sack of bread over our shoulders.

"Half a days work had already been done father and his staff started baking at 4 a.m. - when at 10 a.m. we loaded the Bradford (Jowett) van recently bought from Mr Lawrence of Victory Garage in St Owens Street.

"The main delivery began along Hampton Park Road, calling at the Blind Home, then it was out to Franchisestone. Here there was a cottage where an old lady lived who often used to recall the time of the explosion at Rotherwas, just across the river which had blown her across her garden. A few doors down was Mrs Purchase whose son used to work as a butcher at one of the family shops in town.

"Then it was down to the Bunch of Carrots. Outside there was a cage in which was told, they had kept some monkeys before the war. Down the lane was a delightful cottage where lived a Mrs Taysome and then to Church lane. Another name remember was Mrs Harrison.

"The deep snow made it difficult to negotiate the lanes and we found ourselves going round the back meadows and climbing over hedges with baskets and sacks of bread.

"By the middle of March came the rapid thaw and the Wye valley was inundated with flood water. Rowing boats were commandeered from Jordan's boathouse and used to take supplies to people stranded in their upstairs rooms. remember a senior police officer asking father to help supply tea and sugar for stranded cottagers, awkward because of rationing, but was dispatched in a police van to bring back from our shop whatever could be spared.

"On the Saturday following the flood, father and I managed to get past Franchisestone and up the drive to Court Farm where we parked the van loaded ourselves with baskets of bread and flour and waded across Church Lane to reach as many people as possible. The water came over the top of our wellingtons so it was a matter of boots off, empty them out and plod on, wet feet or no. After all, the bread must get through!"

FRIENDS OF AGE TO AGE

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The Good Old Days

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H.P. Bulmer

Hereford Amateur Operatic Society