

Age to Age

Available on Tape

Hereford Lore Reminiscence Newsletter

Vol. 4 Issue 5 September 1996

Hereford Lore, 26 Quarry Road, Hereford HR1 1SS



Three Choirs Festival

This picture of the three cities' Cathedral choir taken in 1954, was loaned to us by David Apperley, (second on the left in the third row) lately head of Holmer School Singer and musician Edgar Godwin stands next to him on the left, while seated in the second row are Michael Ilman assistant organist at Hereford and later the Royal Church at Sandringham (fourth from the left) Elgar's good friend and organist at Gloucester Dr Herbert Sumsion (fifth) Meredith Davies, Hereford's cathedral organist (sixth) and Sir David Willcocks, the Worcester organist (seventh) But who is the youthful looking BBC Antiques Road Show personality pictured seventh from the left in the third row up?

Answers please to Age To Age 26 Quarry Road, Hereford. Shortly before his recent death John Lyke a boy chorister in 1933, shared his memories of the Three Choirs with Roy Kennett. John had not only met the great Edward Elgar but added Elgar's autograph to a collection which included Hereford born Gilbert Harding, Sir Harry Lauder Astra Desmond and Frank Titterton And Margaret Colley remembers the crowds gathering to watch the celebrities. Margaret herself saw Elgar in his top hat and tails and George Bernard Shaw usually in tweeds and plus fours. Other artists were Harriet Cohen, the pianist, Heddle Nash Heather Harper Stuart Robinson, Isobel Balie and Dr (later Sir) Percy Hu

Hereford Lore

Publishers of the Age to Age Newsletter
Invite you to a

Coffee Morning & Launch of "The Shopkeepers Tale"

to be held at The Town Hall, Hereford on
Wednesday 2nd October 1996
10.00am - 12.00 noon

ADMISSION FREE

~ Various Stalls ~

Your support would be greatly appreciated

Our next issue of Age To Age will be out in November. Copies are available from City and Belmont Libraries, Hereford Tourist Information Centre, Garrick House Reception, Age Concern Offices, Berrows House, Bath Street and Hereford Town Hall. Hereford Lore Editorial Group are Margaret Ellis, Edith Gammage, Roy Kennett, Jim Thomas, Vi Thomas, 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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RELIEF**



Hops, Shops and

Snippets

George Masons

Eileen Gummery from Kingsway, Hereford recognised Majorie Gummery and Robert Gummery in our photograph of George Masons' Christmas party, published in last year's October issue of Age to Age. Eileen recalls that Robert died tragically, three weeks before his wedding was due in 1973.

Hunderton School

Hunderton County Primary School first opened in May 1950 with 120 children. The headteacher was Miss Savage. The official opening of the infants' school was May 1954. Miss Savage remained head of the infants while Mr Webster took over the junior school.

Greg Thomas attended the school in the 1950s. Now a teacher himself in Somerset, Greg has pleasant memories of his time spent there under Mr Webster. During the lunch break Mr Webster used to join the boys playing football and in the summer he played cricket with them. He was in the habit of placing a coin on the bails when he went in to bat. Any boy who was successful in bowling him out kept the coin. He seemed to bat for a long while!

Clogs At Llanwarne

Jeremy Atkinson was giving a demonstration of clog making with sycamore in Hereford during the Summer Festival. It prompted one of the onlookers, 72 year old **Bill Hughes** of St Weonards, to share his memories of clog wearing with Age To Age's Roy Kennett.

When Bill was a pupil at Llanwarne school he used to wear clogs to school. They came from a firm in Manchester and were topped with black leather which was treated with dubbin. Irons were fastened to the toe and heel. The clogs, which were worn only by the boys, were passed down from brother to brother and Bill's handy hint for keeping your feet warm were to stuff them with hay! Jeremy's clog making demonstrations are a regular feature at events up and down the country. He can be contacted on 01544 231683

Keep In Touch

Ellen Worthing from Much Birch is one of many people who have written asking to be put in touch with old friends. After her article in our last issue, we were delighted to learn that she has received some response. Do you have someone you want to find? Drop us a line.

Hopping

As autumn creeps up on us, two Herefordians have written to us with their memories of hop picking days. The first from **Jeanette Bates** (nee Reed) paints an evocative picture of "going hopping" in the 1930s. "It's time to get up. Hurry or we'll miss the bus." That was my first insight into the joys of hop-picking," she writes. Up we got at about 6.30 the middle of the night to us kids, but we soon got used to it. A quick breakfast and off to catch the bus. Oh how I hated waiting for that bus, we had to wear our oldest clothes and thought everyone that passed by was looking at us!

"I think there's the making of a snooty little madam," my mother used to say. But once we were on the hop fields we were all dressed the same so it was all right.

We would be taken into our house of hops where there would be a crib for us to pick in to. The first job was to pull the bines with the hops on, hoping they were big and would fill the crib quicker. We children were given an open brolly, turned upside down to pick in to. Once this was full we were allowed to light the fire with sticks we found in the fields. The smell of that fire with the kettle boiling for tea was wonderful. I can still smell it now.

Beetroot Sandwiches

Beetroot sandwiches were the order of the day (I can't remember having anything different) and a piece of home made fruit cake that has never tasted the same since. Back to work. As the crib filled a man called a busheler would come with his basket and empty the hops. I think it was a shilling a bushel. Some bushels were what our mothers called "heavy bushelers" they would fill the basket right to the top so we didn't get so much money. When we saw him coming our little faces would fall so goodness knows what our poor mothers thought, because this hop picking money was for our new school clothes.

The highlight of the day was when the Humbug Man appeared through the gate. He had walked from Hereford with his little brown case full of humbugs. These were delicious pieces of transparent toffee on a stick.



Preaching In Villa Street

Pictured here is a chapel which used to stand in Villa Street Hunderton. Jim Powell who used to work at Goldings and now, aged 92, lives at Bricknell Close, Whitecross was the preacher Colin Quinsey, also pictured, loaned us the photograph. Do you remember this chapel or any others that have disappeared from the local scene? Write and let us know at 26, Quarry Road, Hereford.

Ninety years is picture
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Chapels



ear old Les Powell of Preston on Wye who talked to Tom Woolaway about his active life
ed above, first from the left on the front row. The group are from Painter Brothers' fire
and include Tom's father Reg and his uncle Jack in the back row.

ne war Les was a leading fireman in the auxiliary fire service, fighting bomb fires in
and Bristol. A Duke of Edinburgh award scheme examiner and canoeing teacher, Les
olo across the British Channel. At 61 he was the oldest person to have done so. A keen
e was also a member of the Hereford Wheelers.

and Tom met, Les recited this moral verse: "If you have a mother with silvery hair, Speak
nderly, treat her with care; And as you grow older the least you can do is do for your
hat she did for you."

asted anything so gorgeous since mind you we were only
e if we had been good.

ight was when the farmer said we could have a swede and
s from the next field. The apples were small bright red and

entioned the toilet facilities and 'm not going to.

Curls

ast of hopping we children were allowed to keep the
from an umbrella full of hops. My money went on "Dinki"
h cost 8/4d thought I was the cat's whiskers with my new
although I was told years later that actually looked quite
e journey home was a lovely, happy memory as we jogged
ountry lanes singing "She'll be coming round the mountain
omes" and "It's a long way to Tipperary"

uld drop us off tired and dirty and once home it was a good
the stains and smell of hops from our hands, a quick supper
I not beetroot sandwiches again) and off to bed too tired to
t Van Johnson or Gene Kelly

opping at Westhide, Withington and Claston at Dormington
fourteen years my husband and I have lived amongst these
ds and have never been so happy I was invited to see how
ps with machinery these days. Did I wear old clothes? No!
nk silk suit and matching shows and was told they had never
e in a hop field before

nyone reading this went hopping at these places? If so Age
d like to hear from you

The Booker

Our second correspondent forgot to
leave his or her name. But here are
the recollections of hop picking.

Up at 6.00 a.m for an enormous cooked
breakfast and then out to the hop yards in
a trailer on the back of a tractor A
bookers' job was to go round all the yards
with the busheler and his job was to go to
every crib and measure out in a bushel
basket the amount of hops that had been
picked The booker made a note of this in
the Booker's book. n the 1940s the price
per bushel was around 1s/2d to 1s/3d.

In the Hereford yards the main pickers
came from Dudley just as the Londoners
went to Kent. This was their only holiday
away from the built up areas, but to the
dedicated it wasn't much of a holiday
except for fresh country air They had to
pick all day and every day to make any
money their fingers all black and sticky,
while they lived in primitive conditions.

After a long day in the yards the booker
then tallied up how much money was
earned by each numbered crib and this
was paid out n the evening Some
pickers wanted their pay daily so that they
could go to the nearest pub, but others
were more prudent and saved up all their
earnings.

Another job the booker took on was
selling milk and eggs, so the day ended
very late in the evening

I spent happy days at George
Harrington's Mill End Farm in Ashperton
and have carried these happy memories
every since.

Can You Lend Us A Picture?

*Do you have any old
pictures of Hereford shops
or shopkeepers?*

*Perhaps you have a
memory of shops and
shopping in Hereford?
Rogers the fruit shop
stood in High Town in the
1930s where the
staff, pictured here, used
to earn between £1.10s and
£2 for a long working
week. Gladys Williams
whose husband Leslie is
second from the left (Percy
James is next to him)
loaned us this picture for
The Shop Keeper's Tale,
Age To Age's new booklet
due to be launched at our
coffee morning in the Town
Hall on October 2.*

*If you want to be in our
new book, send your
contributions to
Hereford Lore, 26 Quarry
Road, Hereford HR1 1SS
as soon as possible.
Our deadline is the
beginning of September.*



Rogers the fruit shop in Hereford's High Town.

Noticeboard

HEREFORD AMATEUR
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Salad Days

4 - 9 November 1996
Clubroom, Whitecross Road,
Hereford
Telephone 355441

- CRAFTS TRAIL MAP -

A new guide to the best craft
outlets in Herefordshire is
available at Hereford Tourist
Information Centre,
1 King Street, Hereford **FREE**

Focus of Photographer

Hereford Photographic Festival
starts on 7 September with
exhibitor in various locations in
the City. Copies of the festival
programme are available from
Hereford Tourist Information
Centre, 1 King Street, Hereford
Tel. No 01432 268430

CONCERT PROGRAMME

Hereford Concert Society have
recently produced their Jubilee
Programme of events for
October 1996 to April 1997
Copies of the programme are
available from Outback Records,
Church Street, Hereford

Murder At Tupsley

Eighty eight year old Philip Ballard who had been a first class ceramic painter at Madeley Ceramic Factory in Shropshire, lived at the Knoll, Tupsley. He had been a City Councillor and a keen canal enthusiast - he had helped complete the Ledbury section of the Hereford Gloucester canal - but in October 1887 he had a terrible premonition. He told his friend he was destined to suffer a violent death. A fortnight later he was murdered with an iron bar and an axe. Within days of the murder two men James Jones, 20, from Eign Hill Hereford, and Alfred Scandrett, 21 from Birmingham were arrested. James Jones had Ballard's gold watch in his pocket. Each blamed the other for striking the fatal blow.

Sent to Hereford Gaol to await trial, Jones' letters to his family complaining about the lack of food and asking for provisions to be sent to the prison were published in the Hereford Times. But in March 1888, the Hereford Times were publishing details of the two men's execution. They had been found guilty and sentenced to hang at 8.00 o'clock on the morning of March 20, 1888.

Hymn Singing

Not a word passed between the two men as they stood side by side, their arms strapped to their sides by James Berry, the executioner. Jones, it was said, had had a restless night while Scandrett had sung hymns until midnight.

As the executioner pulled the fateful lever the sound of the trap door opening could be heard in Union Walk, the street outside. The two men died said the Hereford Times, within 50 seconds.

John Newman

The Alf Evans Column

1907 - 1996



I went to the Catholic Lower Bullingham school which during the second world war moved from there and became St Mary's. I was a day scholar and the local council paid for our education. I got into trouble once.

Sinn Fein was going strong in those days. There was the terrible affair of the 1916 Dublin rebellion and at Dinedor Court there was a Captain Price who had property in Ireland and who, when he was out riding with his wife over there, was taken from his horse and shot. Well of course this is a next village affair, getting near to home.

Father Morrison, the Catholic priest, came along every Friday to give us our religious instruction. The Irish nuns and teachers had some of their brothers in prison with De Valera. Father Morrison kept on about the English, about Black and Tans and convicts being let out of Dartmoor - he probably was right, but I got so fed up with this. I was only eleven and I got up and called him a liar and walked straight out. I didn't wait for any punishment. How I did it I don't know; I'm a bit of a timid fellow myself.

Well, I went home and five days later my mother had a note for me to go back and see the Mother Superior. Now the Mother Superior, Ma Sarah, she ran the whole affair. Her name was Sister Arundel. She was the granddaughter of the Duke of Arundel, Earl Marshal - you couldn't be more English than that.

She told me off about it and I went back to school. But the Protestants didn't have any more Roman Catholic teaching at all. Not long after the Father left.

It was a very terrible thing to have to be sent before the Mother Superior. We used to have corporal punishment, and they could lay it on, those Sisters could. They wore white bonnets and they used to shine their canes up on their long skirts before they used them.

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