

Age to Age

Available on Tape

Hereford Lore Reminiscence Newsletter

Vol. 5 Issue 1 February 1997

Hereford Lore, 26 Quarry Road, Hereford HR1 1SS



A family affair
Mrs Kathleen
Lawrence of
Dinedor Hill
loaned us this
picture of the
Evans family,
taken at
Dinedor around
1920. Her father
was killed in
the First World
War and her
family came to
live with the
Evans family.
Kathleen is the
girl in the
centre of the
front row.

Our Book is a Sell Out

Age To Age goes forward into 1997 hoping for as successful a year as we experienced in 1996. We were delighted with the response to the publication of our last book, *The Shopkeepers Tale*. The initial print run sold out after only two months and we had to reprint to meet the demand for copies.

So 1997 will see a renewed determination to improve upon our previous success with our Age To Age newsletter. Don't forget that for only £3 subscription you can receive six copies a year by post. Write to us at the address above with your subscriptions.

We wish health and happiness to you all

Roy Kennett, Chairman

Convoy to Malta.

We were lying at anchor in Scapa Flow
When orders came for us to go:
We sailed on the tide for the mouth of the Clyde
There it was we found our convoy for Malta bound.
We entered the Med at the dead of night
With Gibraltar on our left and Tangier on our right.
Our friends on the Island were in a fix;
Short of food and being hit for six.
Bombs were falling night and day
What a time they had, needless to say.
And action began the very next day
When the carrier Eagle was made to pay.
I saw her go down; I remember the time
It was my birthday I was twenty nine.

Arthur Bush of Hafod Road served five years on the battleship HMS Nelson and penned this poem while reflecting on life as an ex-Naval rating. Perhaps you too have a few lines you would like us to publish? Send them to Age To Age.

Age To Age is published bi-monthly by Hereford Lore, a group of people working to collect and remember our past. Our editorial team, Margaret Ellis, Edith Gammage, Roy Kennett, Bill Morris, Vi Thomas, Jim Thomas, Tom Woolaway and Bill Laws, depend on grants, donations and book sales to keep going.

Age To Age is available free from the Town Hall, City Library, Belmont Library, Tourist Information Centre, Age Concern and Garrick House reception. But you can ensure your copy by taking out a £3 a year subscription from Hereford Lore, 26 Quarry Road, Hereford HR1 1SS.

We are grateful for the support of:



**COMIC
RELIEF**



**The Army sailing
down the road,
shouted; Does anyone
want to surrender?'**

**Mildred Cantrell
recalls life at sea in
Hampton Bishop**

Snippets

SOLID SILVER

Hereford Lore visited the Air Crew Association in November and read excerpts from our first book, 'Amazing How Times Change'. The passage about gold sovereigns being sent out to pay Lawrence of Arabia's Arabs in the 1920 aroused interest. We were told that in the 1950s silver dollars were produced for bribery purposes during the troubles in Aden. And sovereigns were issued to the air crews during the Gulf War as they were the currency accepted by Arabs for any favours received.

BERYL REID

The recent death of actress Beryl Reid who was born in Hereford prompted Ambrose Emerson to recall the day she hosted a BBC radio Home Service show at the Shire Hall. Recorded as part of the Festival of Britain celebration and broadcast on August 1951, 'Made In Hereford' featured Lichfield Avenue's sixteen year old Sheila Porter, Louise Eacock of Wallis Avenue, Sydney Roberts from Eign Mill and Ambrose himself; then a proficient fifteen year old accordionist from Bartestree.

OFF TO AUSTRALIA

Jim Whent (see Hereford's Banana King on this page) enjoyed 'The Shopkeepers Tale'.

"Congratulations on your latest booklet, a copy of which is on its way to a Hereford exile in Australia."



Pool Farm in the 1950's when flood water swept over the road at Belmont Round.
(Picture: Colin Quinsey)

I remember, I remember

Flooded Out

Mildred Cantrell of Crossfields promptly responded to our request for stories of city floods.

"I have a story to tell of the flood in 1947" she writes.

"My daughter was born on March 4 that year at my parents' home at Hampton Bishop and as everyone will remember it was a terrible year - remember it started snowing later in the day. By the next day the hedgerows had disappeared. The midwife who attended me lived at Bartestree. She could not even get her car out of the garage and yet she trudged through the drifts each morning to see that everything was all right.

When my daughter was two weeks old and I was up and about the snow began to melt. We knew the floods would come because we had had water in the house before. We moved everything upstairs that we would need. The pram which my husband had just bought was put up on the dining room table where we thought it would be safe.

"We lived upstairs for a couple of days fortunately we had a fireplace in the bedroom while the water lapped up against the third step on the stairs. When my hubby and Dad were able to get

downstairs to see what the damage was we found the pram had been pushed off the table by the water and the hood was still full of water.

"Having a small baby napkins had to be washed - no disposables in those days so a bucket was tied to a piece of rope and we hauled water from a large water butt below the bedroom window. To dry the nappies we pegged them along the guttering as far as we could reach. When the army, always there to help, were sailing down the road in a boat they shouted up to ask us if anyone wanted to surrender!"

Preedy's Ferry

"Regarding the old chapel in Villa Street says Jim Whent, "I used to go there to Sunday School when it was known as the Emmanuel Hall and run by the Hile family. There was a Sunday School teacher there, Mr Taylor who taught us to sing hymns and choruses in Welsh. "I also remember the ferry boat "Princess Mary" nearby run by the Preedy family who sold delicious ice cream from a kiosk. It cost a penny to cross the river to Broomy Hill and, believe, 2d for a bike! "Then there was the off licence and



"There was a Sunday School teacher there who tried to teach us to sing in Welsh" recalls Jim Whent

about

member...

general stores nearby, run by the Lakin sisters, which was always open well into the evening and well patronised by the community. The nearby Vaga Tavern was hosted by a Mr Kendal and beer was drawn straight from the wooden barrels."

Villa Street Chapel

The Waymark of Pilley Road recalls the Villa Street chapel too.

"It was built near enough in the early 30s by the Hereford firm of John Hiles and Sons. My brother Jim G lbert was also an employee of Mr Hiles and when the chapel was completed Jim became an ardent member of the congregation. The chapel caretakers were Mr and Mrs Ruck and family. I too attended the chapel and did have a small Sunday school class for a short period

"It was a beautiful compact place of worship. There was a section for baptism near the pulpit where a portion of the floor opened to reveal the baptismal waters. After all the hard work and love put into the chapel it has now been demolished

"I left Hereford in 1934 to work in London and did not return to my home town until 1966."

Hereford's Banana King

Jim Whent and his wife Eileen of Blackmarston Road think they recognise a relation in the last issue's front page photograph.

"We are almost certain that the lad on the extreme right of the front row was Eileen's late father, Claude Russell, who was born in Berrington Street in January 1903 and later moved to Birch Grove, Hinton just before the Second World War.

He was the son of the well known Banana King, Mr Tom Russell, who used to sell bananas from a hand cart in Eign Street and High Town. He was a smartly dressed gentleman who always sported a large flower in his button hole. I always remember his cry of "Come on Ladies! Seven for Sixpence. All ripe" when I was a young schoolboy.

"The photograph would have been taken around the outbreak of the First World War (1914) although I have no idea of the venue or the occasion.

"Claude died in 1973, aged 70. He was keen supporter of Hereford United from the Birmingham League days. His widow Violet, passed away in 1976.

"I well remember Harry Quinsey's greengrocery shop in Belmont Road. It was opposite the present stores and next door to a fish and chip shop. I also remember the Watts and Bolts bakery a few yards down the road at the junction of Ross Road, Belmont Road, facing St Martin's Street."

"On the way home from Lord Scudamore's School to Hunderton I could not resist stopping by at Tibbey's Forge on the corner of Cross Street and Belmont Road to watch the blacksmith shoeing horses. There was a horse trough in the road outside for the animals to slake their thirst. Other troughs I remember were at Commercial Road near the bus station, St Martin's Street by the Duke's Head Inn, Broad Street (Queen's Arms), High Town, St Owen's Street (Golden Fleece) and Whitecross Road."



Caps on. The regulars in this Hereford pub clearly found the coal fire inadequate since so many of them kept their caps on as they supped their pints. This is another picture from Colin Quinsey's collection, but we do not know where it was taken. Was it the Ship Inn? Or the Greyhound Dog at Belmont?

Noticeboard

Hereford A.O.S. Youth Group

The Pirates of Penzance

Wednesday April 23 to Saturday April 26, '97
at the Operatic Theatre,
Whitecross Road, Hereford

Hereford Gilbert & Sullivan

Operatic Society present

"TRIAL BY JURY" and

"H.M.S. PINAFORE"

at the Aylestone School Theatre, Hereford

1st 5th April 1997

COFFEE EVENING

(with entertainment)

at Hereford Town Hall

Friday 28th February 1997

KATE RUSBY

Friday 14 February 1997 8.00pm

A Yorkshire solo singer and

performer at

Folly Arts Theatre,

Herefordshire College of Art &

Design, Folly Lane, Hereford

Contact 01432 273359

Hereford Police Choir

Saturday 15 February

Concert in aid of Hope Farm Trust

Shirehall, Hereford

Contact: 01905 454760

Hereford Concert Society presents

The Vanbrugh

String Quartet

Thursday 20 February

Shirehall, Hereford 7.30pm

Contact: 01432 510263

The Martinique Jazz Band

at the Imperial Restaurant, Hereford

7.30pm

Contact: 01432 273646

Alf Evans'

Column

1907 - 1996



In 1916 we were allowed to kill our pigs for our own consumption. My mother called out to my father: "When are we going to kill that sow, Fred? We're getting short of bacon - look at the rack in the kitchen." "Next week," answered Fred. I took note too.

Mr Williams the pig killer, known as Piggy Williams and not to be confused with his brother Shoey - agreed to come at 6 a.m. sharp the following Tuesday.

Our piggeries were well hidden with rustic wood frames covered with logan berries clinging all over, together with a few marrow plants. Unfortunately the wind was not always westerly!

Saturday evening Dad went to the piggeries with Charlie Baugham, head waggoner for W.G. Andrews of Manor Farm, Billy Andrews and Fred Gilbert, second waggoner.

Charlie said; "I be dankered she must be nigh on 18 score, she be." Fred thought she was more like 20 score. I'm almost sure he licked his lips under his huge moustache. They went away and brought some straw from burning the hair off the sow and had some beer.

On Monday the pig bench - a huge affair made of elm, 6 feet long, 2 feet wide and with the legs wide apart to prevent it overturning, pulley blocks, rope, two props to strengthen the washhouse beam, a galvanised washing bath and 3 buckets were made ready. The copper was filled with water and the fire laid underneath.

The fire was lit at five o'clock on Tuesday morning and the bench and straw made up in the yard. Charlie and Fred arrived and, with my father, they started to get the sow quietly down from its sty to the yard using a hemp sash cord tied to her rear leg to prevent her going astray. Piggy Williams arrived on his bicycle and helped to get the pig on the bench and tied down with hemp cords. Mr Williams with a quick movement sharpened his knife on a steel and nodded to me with my bucket.

Next time: The Deadly Deed is Done.

What Happened To Hereford's Knights Of Old?

Back in 1989 when Hereford Lore started, Katy Deem of College Estate told us about Hereford's lost statues. "There was one at one end of Commercial Street and one at the other end near the Old Labour Exchange. They didn't look very elegant on the wall, but they were ancient. They should really be back in Hereford the same as the Mappa Mundi"

Eight years on, John Newman reveals all: In December 1985 two sandstone sculpture of English Knights were auctioned at Christies, purchased by a then unknown person abroad for £56,000. But in March 1986 the Arts Minister Richard Luce, suspended the export licence on these two 13th century sculpture to see if the United Kingdom could raise the necessary money to keep them for the nation, and, of course, for Hereford. Why Hereford? Because these two knights had been part of the old Bye Street Gate in Commercial Street for many years. The money was raised, but because of a point of law, they were exported in the end to the USA. The local and national press made much of the story at the time.

It seems that the sandstone figures had made their way to Hampton Court in the latter part of the 18th century when Bye Street Gate was removed. Both figures are 137 cm high. One is a seated Knight with his hand on his heart, a medallion around his neck and the handle of a sword in his right hand. The second is another seated knight wearing chain mail with his left leg resting on his right knee with a seated dog at his side. The knights looked out from the gate for 500 years.

In 1940 they turned up in the Ernest Brummer Gallery, New York, but they were then bought by Sir Charles Clore, a noted Herefordshire landowner in 1965 when they were brought back to Britain and loaned to the Victoria and Albert Museum where they remained until their sale in 1985.

The unknown buyer at Christies turned out to be Ronald Lauder son of Estee Lauder the perfume magnate. At the time there was talk of them being loaned to the city for three years.

Nothing came of it and John Newman, perhaps echoes the sentiments of other Herefordians when he writes: "They are part of our heritage, Hereford's Elgin Marbles. It is sad to think the people of Hereford will never see them. Some will say they are only bit of old sandstone, but to me they are part of the City's past. I would like to see them come home to Hereford, the city they had watched over for five centuries."

What do you think? Drop us a line and let us know.

FRIENDS OF AGE TO AGE

FREESTYLE

Croydon House, 5 Eign Road, Hereford HR1 2RY

Tel 01432 343188 Fax: 01432 358513

ABBOTSFIELD FUNERAL DIRECTORS

Monkmoor Street, Hereford HR1 2DX

JOSHUA PLUMBTREE LTD

33 Moor Road, Whitecross, Hereford 01432 279515

will deliver your garden produce to your door

BRITISH TELECOM, H P BULMER LIMITED

HEREFORD AMATEUR OPERATIC SOCIETY

ROCKFIELD DIY

Station Approach, Hereford 01432 274146

Your Local Independent DIY Store