

Age to Age

Hereford Lore Reminiscence Newsletter

Also available on tape

Vol 5 Issue 6

Hereford Lore, 26 Quarry Road, Hereford HR1 1SS

December 1997



Shoppers inspect Christmas dinner with Jack Goodman outside Whites in Eign Street around 1959. Jack, from Redhill joined Whites in 1938 and, apart from a spell in the forces, stayed there until it closed in 1963. And in case you have forgotten, Whites, with Bakers Shoe Shop one side and the Home & Colonial Store the other, stood where Iceland store now stands.

Our Very Best Wishes To You All

With Christmas rapidly approaching, we sit and ponder: Where does the time go? Young children have much to occupy their minds and most older citizens are generally much involved in day to day activities where their health allows.

Christmas is a time for reflection when we remember

times past, sometimes happy, sometimes sad. Whatever our thoughts, Hereford Lore send you all our very best wishes for a happy Christmas and a peaceful new year

Roy Kennett,
Chairman

The Schoolchildren's Tale

The Schoolchildren's Tale, Hereford Lore's third book, is selling well at Age Concern's charity shop in Widemarsh Street and the Tourist Information Centre in King's Street. Christine Reece from Cheltenham spotted herself and Allan Edwards as two of the children on the front cover

Hereford Lore is grateful to all who came and helped the coffee morning book launch in the Town Hall. And you will be delighted to know the event raised £766. Part of the success was due to the draw and our thanks to all those who sponsored a prize, including the Bay Horse Inn, Boots, Bull Ring Inn, Chadds, H.P.Bulmer, Hereford College of Technology's Reflexology Department, Imperial Restaurant, Marks and Spencer and Wye Vale Garden Centre.

Did you get your last Age To Age? Although we dispatched over 200 copies, we were worried to hear that several people had not received theirs through the post. If you were among them, let us know at Hereford Lore, 26 Quarry Road, Hereford HR1 1SS

Age To Age is published bi-monthly by Hereford Lore, a group of people working to collect and remember our past. Our editorial team, 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. Next issue will be published in February 1998.

We are grateful for the support of:



Charity Projects UK

**COMIC
RELIEF**





Just in case you thought women's football was a new idea, here's the Hunderton Ladies Football Team, photographed in the 1930s. They are: Winnie Preedy, Joyce Hemes, Mary Bridges, Nancy Preedy, Mabel Edwards, Nadie Merrick, Joan Edwards, Joan Morris, Gladys Bodget and Ivy Lilwall. Muriel Cowley from Belmont loaned us the picture.

Uncle Christmas

Many years ago, when I was still young enough to believe in Father Christmas, I discovered he did not exist.

The attic in our house was forbidden territory. My mother and father had warned me against venturing up the narrow, dangerous staircase, but two days before Christmas, confined to the house because of a week of heavy snow falls, I took advantage of the fact that mother was preoccupied making Christmas pudding and mince pies, and stole up the narrow stairs.

I noticed an old sheet thrown over something bulky. Beneath it, wrapped in coloured paper, was a pile of presents.

When I went downstairs, I announced my discovery with an air of triumph. My mother was shocked and angry, emotions shared by my father when he came home. I was told that if I informed my cousin Tony who, with my Uncle Albert and Aunt Edith, was to spend Christmas with us, then extremely harsh punishment would follow.

On Christmas Eve, Tony, three years younger than I, slept in my bedroom on a camp bed. I awoke at first light to find, to my dismay, only the usual stocking tied to the bedpost. No parcels! A cursory examination revealed the usual, unexciting sugar mouse, chocolate coins, sugar cigarettes, an orange and a few nuts. But at the bottom was a

whistle. I blew it loudly near Tony's bed. He awoke in confusion which turned to crying when I told him Father Christmas had not been.

"Father Christmas hasn't brought me anything!" cried Tony when my mother and Aunt Edith came in, aroused by my cousin's yells.

"No," said my mother, "he's left a note saying he will be here after breakfast."

"Can I see the note?" I asked.

"I'm not sure where I put it," said my mother with a threatening look.

Pacified, Tony examined his Christmas stocking and shortly afterwards we were all at the breakfast table. I noticed Uncle Albert ate rather quickly and left the table before anyone else.

When my mother and Aunt Edith had cleared the table, they went into the kitchen to wash up.

"Look! It can't be!" yelled Aunt Edith. "It is! It's Father Christmas!" cried Mother.

We rushed to the window. There, just emerging from the garden shed, carrying a bulky sack, was a figure I instantly recognised as Uncle Albert. He was wearing a Father Christmas hat and mask, a tight fitting red raincoat which belonged to my mother and a pair of black wellington boots.

Tony, to my amazement, did not recognise his father and was speechless. We watched as Uncle Albert made his way through the

deep snow which covered the garden. Then one boot became stuck and as he struggled to free it, his foot came out. For a few seconds he struggled to keep his balance, only to fall over gently while the sack spilled its contents onto the snow.

"Oh! Poor Father Christmas!" wailed Tony. I started to giggle, but a sharp tap across my ear from my father silenced me.

Uncle Albert struggled to his feet, reloaded his sack and made his way carefully to the back door. As he entered, my mother, ever houseproud, whispered quite loudly, "Wipe your feet properly, Albert," but Tony was in a state of enchantment and did not hear.

Uncle Albert did not seem in the best of moods. He dispensed with the traditional "Ho! Ho! Ho!" and glared balefully at the family as he slumped in a fireside chair. He turned to his sodden sack and began to hand out damp parcels.

Suddenly one of the buttons on the red raincoat, unable to resist any longer my uncle's portly frame, shot into the fireplace. I giggled but received another tap from my father. My mother hunted anxiously in the hearth for the button.

Eventually the ceremony was over. Tony had more presents than I had.

Bill Morris

Snippets

Burton's Bakery Bus

Jim Bowen, now retired from driving buses for Yeomans, spotted Stan Lloyd of Leominster as the driver for the Burton Bakery Outing, pictured in our last issue. He could even identify the fleet bus as number 74 or 75.

Kindly Monkleys

The picture of Monkley's shop in Bridge Street in our last issue also triggered some memories including, some concerning Mr Monkley senior's nephew, Geoff Monkley. The picture, it seems, was taken around 1914 and the Monkleys had a warehouse in Newmarket Street where, on market days, they would take orders for delivery. Vi Thomas, whose family were registered with Monkleys for their war-time rations, remembered Michael, Mrs Hooper and a gentleman called Sid who served on the bacon counter "Nothing was too much trouble for them," she writes. "If any goods that were in short supply arrived in the shop after I had done my shopping, they would deliver them to my house. A

biscuit was always found for my young son and when I had my second baby, Michael delivered some goodies and a big bunch of lilacs to the nursing home. What a service!"

Clean For Christmas

Miriam Penson, who lives in Belmont, remembers one Christmas in the 1930s when, as a Sunday School teacher at St Mary's, Holmer, the boys and girls performed in a Christmas concert. The children were dressed in saris, but seemed to hold their hands awkwardly. The reason was their hands were all coloured and stained with make-up and they were afraid to dirty their costumes.

What happened in '47?

Call Jan Doran at Arts In Action, 89, East Street, Hereford HR1 2SB (01432 278118) with your memories of Hereford, 1947. She is working on Hereford's community play, 'The Visitor', and would love to hear from you.



"It was VE Day and my 20th birthday," writes Mary Lewis from Leeds who sent us this picture. "We were on our way to the pictures when we were 'kidnapped' - I'm the one next to the sailor. We helped serve teas and probably had a couple of ciders, but there my memory ends! We were wondering if anyone else remembers this occasion? Some of our friends married Hereford lads and we would love to hear from them." When Mary was demobbed, she went to work in the sisters' living quarters at the Hospital where a Mrs Wilding-Davies did the cooking. "She had a house on Kings Acre Road which she rented to the camp commanding officer," writes Mary. "The only other thing I remember was going to the Travellers Rest pub where the old lady used to sing folk songs. One, called the 'Mistletoe Bough', was a sad song about young lovers playing hide and seek; the girl got locked into an old chest and died." If you can add to Mary's story, drop us a line at Hereford Lore, 26 Quarry Road, Hereford HR1 1SS.

Dolls and Train Sets

Christmas is a time of nostalgia, looking back on those childhood memories, writes Roy Kennett. Going to bed with no sign of decorations or Xmas tree, it was difficult to get to sleep knowing that the morning would bring a wonderful spectacle of festoons,

balloons and the Xmas tree waiting to greet my sister and me. As the day progressed, the presents began to appear: the farmyard animals, toy soldiers and a fort. The non-electric train set for the boys, the china dolls with eyes that closed for the girls, dolls' furniture to add to the collection already installed in the

dolls' House. And Christmas visits to town, to that magical store Greenlands and also Turner's Toy Shop - my memories are going back to the 1930s. Now we have a magic toy shop department in Chadds with its Father Xmas to delight today's children.



Christmas 1947 from Mary Lewis of Leeds.

FRIENDS OF AGE TO AGE

FREESTYLE

Fields Yard, Plough Lane, Hereford HR4 0EL
Tel: 01432 343188 Fax: 01432 358513

ABBOTSFIELD FUNERAL DIRECTORS

Monkmoor Street, Hereford HR1 2DX

COPYING & RESTORING OLD PHOTOGRAPHS, PHOTO GLAZING

Juergen and Janet Koenigsbeck, Telephone
341608 Work 851560 Home

HEREFORD AMATEUR OPERATIC SOCIETY

ROCKFIELD DIY

Station Approach, Hereford 01432 274146
Your Local Independent DIY Store

Imperial Restaurant and Bars

Widemarsh Street, Hereford 01432 273646

Boneyard Lizzie

Florence Vaughan (once Florence Hunt) writing from South Africa, recognised her sister working in the war time food office at the Town Hall, pictured on the front cover of our August issue. "My sister Joyce Morris is sitting on the back row, extreme left."

Florence was four when the first war broke out and remembers her father, two uncles and a great uncle going off to volunteer at the city's Territorial Barracks. One was drafted into the R.F.C and sadly died in an air raid. The other three joined the R.A.M.C. and survived the war, although her father was eventually invalided out after being gassed in France.

"I remember him coming home on short leave with a bugle and a loaf of German black bread, as stale and hard as a brick. I can also 'see' the

gas lamps being painted blue to subdue the light in case German planes managed to make it as far as Hereford. The first Armistice Day will always remain in my mind. Does anyone remember Lizzie from the Boneyard, as we called her, a munitions worker from Rotherwas? I can visualise her riding down Whitecross Road, wobbling along all knobbly knees and elbows, steering with her left hand and waving a small Union Jack and yelling: 'It's Over!'" Now in her eighties, Florence shared many more acute observations of war-time England which, when space permits, we will share with you.

Water Shortage

Marion Petz of Westfaling Street was born at the Lodge, or Keeper's Cottage, at Broomy

Hill Waterworks where her father was Chief Engineer. She was reminded of his brother, her Uncle Bill, when she read about Hereford's fire-fighters in the last issue of Age To Age. "Nobby Clarke, as he was known, was a very patriotic man who not only survived the 1914/18 war, but still played his part in the '39/45 war as a bugler in the Hereford Regiment. He and a comrade wrote a poem, 'The Advance of Sulva Bay'.

"I can also remember the huge fires at Greenlands, St Georges Garage, Woolworths and Grooms Timber Yard. When my late father was chief engineer, it was his responsibility to ensure there was enough water on hand. This was sometimes a 24 hour job. I have seen the main reservoir and filter beds almost empty of water and, when things became this desperate, the big steam pump, now on view at the Waterworks Museum, was put into operation and my father had virtually to eat and sleep at the Pumping Station."

BEAUTY and The BEAST

5th and 6th December

Presented by Hereford
Ballet School
Royal National College
for the Blind, Venns
Lane, Hereford

Contact 01432 266632

Noticeboard

Hereford Police Choir 12 December

The Choir's annual
concert of Christmas
Carols for Children.
The Shirehall, Hereford

Contact:
01432 355072

Sleeping Beauty

27 December

By the Pantomime Society
Hereford Leisure Centre,
Holmer Road

Contact: 01432 278178

NEW YEARS FIREWORKS EXTRAVAGANZA

*A spectacular
fireworks display
for all the family.*

Contact:
01432 364710