

# Age To Age

Hereford Lore Reminiscence Newsletter

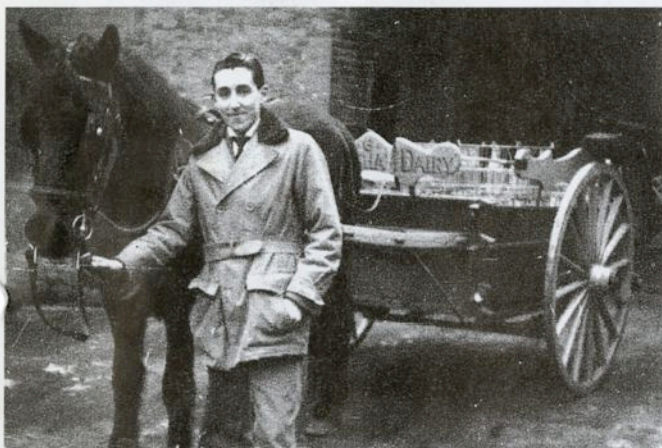
Also available on tape

Vol 6 Issue 1

Hereford Lore, 26 Quarry Road, Hereford HR1 1SS

February 1998

## Looking Forward, Looking Back



*Tom Wheatstone, landlord of the Queens Arms, worked for T.S.Mathews at Bartonsham Farm in the 1950s. Here he is with Lady in 1954.*

I hope that like myself you have survived the hustle, excitement and wonder of Christmas, resisted the Sales, and settled back to plainer food and a more leisurely life style

Despite the stormy weather, many bulbs are peeping through and we can start looking forward to Spring

Newspapers and magazines have recently predicted our fortunes for the coming year, but at Age To Age we are more interested in your memories and photos of the past. How we all love to read your reminiscences! So please keep sending them to us at Hereford Lore, 26 Quarry Road, Hereford HR1 1SS. Happy Reading!

*Vi Thomas*

## Healing Herefordshire

Leon Standifer will be an unfamiliar name to most of you. But this ex-US army man from Baton Rouge, Los Angeles, has some very special memories of Herefordshire people. He writes, "In February 1945 I was convalescing in the U.S. Army hospital located at Foxley. Physically I was recovering from wounds, frozen feet and pneumonia. Emotionally I was shattered and despondent. I had seen too much of war"

"I remember walking along the narrow residential streets and meeting old ladies who would stop and talk to me.

'It's such a lovely day.' 'I think spring is the best time to be in Hereford.' 'You seem to be walking better than you were last week.'

'Small boys playing in their yards would ask: 'Hello Yank. Any gum for us?' I remember a park along the Wye where I could lie and think of absolutely nothing. One day I was lying there, when a very proper little boy said, 'My parents say that it's rude to ask Americans for gum, so I don't.'

"I remember the cinema, fish and chips and movies ending with everyone standing to sing God Save The King. I remember weekly dances at the community centre where soldiers from many countries met British girls and the girls trying, very bravely, to teach me dance steps. I didn't know how to dance and was too clumsy to learn easily. I remember some ATS girls and their British and

Canadian boyfriends persuading me to try drinking local cider I learned to enjoy it, but didn't care for the beer I remember being embarrassed at the proper ATS girls joining us in singing Roll Me Over And I remember crying when we sang: "There'll Always Be An England."

"Above all, I remember Hereford for the love, warmth and tolerance. I was a badly frightened and shocked boy - not really a man. You provided the healing love which I so desperately needed."

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 April 1998.

We are grateful for the support of



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**COMIC  
RELIEF**







These remarkable pictures come from Ray Williams of Hinton Road. On the left is the old Skin Yard and Herrons Wool Factory. Below right is the Station Fruit Stores, now part of Safeway's car park and below is the scene today. Ray also loaned us the picture of the 'Bassom' at the bottom of the page.

## River Days

**F**ranks Williams from Leicester has sent in many warm memories of Hereford, including these of a boyhood by the river "In the early 1920s, my cousin Walter Norton and I, together with a few pals, including Godfrey Broad and Leslie Farr, spent a large part of the school holidays playing in and about the river near Victoria Bridge and also in the Castle Green. In the latter case we sometimes climbed the fence and made a den in the bushes bordering the Castle Pool. If an attendant approached, our lookout would warn us and strict silence was observed until the danger passed. Occasionally Mr Dawson, the Park Superintendent, would approach and, as he was a man we all feared, we would quickly make ourselves scarce.

Another activity in the summers of those days was bathing in the river at Bartonsham. There was a wooden hut and a fairly long diving board out into the river. The men's changing rooms we discovered had a small hole in the wall which, for those in the know, gave

a good view into the girls' dressing room. Not long afterwards, however, the hole was blocked up.

In the early 1930s, during the summer, camping on the banks of the Wye was very popular. For two years I camped above Hunderton with Leslie 'Bunny' Harris, Fred Nicholls and Leslie Beason, all in one bell tent! The following year I moved across the river to the Breinton side where there were many more tents. We had to walk to and from work every morning and evening - a distance of over two miles. Swimming in the river was a favourite pastime, especially diving off the branches of a tree. One summer, while I was away on holiday, there was a drought and the level of the river dropped. On my return I went for a swim, dived in at the usual place and hit the bottom, badly cutting my head. I still have the scar. A day or two later, Ted Veale, who was camping on the other side of the river, did the same thing and was so badly injured that he had to go to hospital.



## The Missing Airman

I remember that picture in your last issue from Mary Lewis of Leeds, writes Harold King from Lower Bullingham. "I was the RAF Corporal on Mary's right!" On leave from RAF Pershore, Harold was standing outside Mason's in High Town, when he was approached by a local landlord. "He already had the other people in the picture with him and he wanted an airman to complete his party. 'There will be a drink in it for you,' he promised." Harold dutifully went to help with a children's street party in Berrington Street in the old Corona Fruit drinks depot by what was then the Palladium Cinema. Around a hundred children, from babies to 14 year olds, tucked into the feast and afterwards, the drinks were indeed on the house. "I enjoyed myself," writes Harold. "I think the soldier and the sailor are both Herefordians. I did not know the two WAAFS or the landgirl. I hope this has helped to complete Mary's story." Thank you Harold. Now who were those two girls?



*Sunday afternoon at the Bassom which lay down river from the Victoria Bridge and Bartonsham Farm.*



## Snippets

### Totally Foxed

Colonel John Blashford-Snell writes from the Scientific Exploration Society in Dorset with something to add to Mary Lewis' story in our last issue (see The Missing Airman). "I remember Mrs Wilding-Davies well. Her husband, Theron, was the local Master of Fox Hounds and they were parishioners of

Holy Trinity, my father's church. One winter's morning, Theron Wilding-Davies came over for a sherry after Matins and was on his second glass when he exclaimed, 'My God, vicar, this is strong stuff! I can see a bloody great dog fox lying in front of your fire!' At which point the old fox yawned - it was one of my mother's many pets. Theron quickly downed another sherry and left muttering."

Ladies football team, pictured in our last issue.

### Grandfather Quinsey

We were invited to talk about Hereford Lore at the Royal Naval Association last November. We had an enthusiastic audience including one member, Barry Goode, telling us tales about his Grandfather, Harold Quinsey, who founded the shop on Belmont roundabout, and who has featured in several of our issues.

### Don't Miss The Visitor

The Visitor is being performed in the Shire Hall from April 2 to 11. The Visitor is about a mysterious circumstance in a Herefordshire village in 1947. My name is Rosie Laws and I am in the play. If you want to be in it or find out more, call Jan Doran on 01531 670729 or Arts In Action on 01432 278118.

### Lugwardine Court

When we visited Lugwardine Court in November, we were pleased to meet Ivy Smith who was born in Mill Street in 1908, Enid Pugh, whose family were corn merchants, and Jeff Colley from Moorhampton. We wish them well.

### Ladies Football

Peggy Wellings, who attends Putson Baptist Ladies Fellowship, says she knew every member of the Hunderton



## City's First And Second Petrol Pump

Question. Where was the first petrol pump in the city of Hereford? Answer (we think): Marriotts Garage in St Owens Street. But the second city pump arrived at Brown's Garage in Whitecross, where Mr Reg Brown, now in his nineties, recalls dispensing petrol at 1/6d a gallon (that's 7.5p in today's money) in the 1920s.

A much respected member of the Hereford Motor Trade, write Roy Kennett and Vi Thomas. Reg Brown became an apprentice at the age of 14. In 1925 he was selling and serving in the cycle and motor cycle shop, but in 1930 the firm took on the motor car. Originally the showroom was the home of the Renault; today they are agents for BMW and Brown's is still something of a family concern with the Brown's granddaughter, Jill Boase, still involved in running the business. One time Group Scout Master to the 1st Herefords, Reg recalls cycling from Gloucester to Hereford with a member of his family who rode a tricycle. In 1940, Reg joined the Home



Guard and later became Lieutenant in the Army Cadet Force. In 1977 he and Mrs Brown celebrated their 70th wedding anniversary. They had been married at the Chapel, Whitestone.

## Familiar Lines?

Former Telecom engineer Bert Daniels has penned a few lines of nostalgia which may ring a familiar bell with one or two of our readers. Conelly's charabanc would take you on trips.

On steep hills all the fit persons would walk. Some had to push to help the engine. You were covered by a large tarpaulin as a guard against the weather. Confetti nights at the Mayfair. It got in your clothes, it got in your hair. "Lovely fun."

Studs horses and dragons added to your delight. The steam engines, things of beauty making power and light.

Rossers and Higgins for your pork pies.

T.B. Mares for shirts, collars and ties.

Whites and Coles for curtains and lace. Nurses and Witts for your fish and dace.

The Cafe Redan for your buns and cream teas. Henry R Roger's for your fruit and veg.

The Chocolate Box was full of goodies.

Goldings and Daffurn & Edwards for your household goods.

The Maypole dairy shop was in the High Town.

We could not afford to pay for butter. 'Will you please stamp the cow on the margarine? We are having some posh friends for supper.'



**4th and 5th April  
Launch of  
Hereford**

A focus on  
Herefordshire to  
celebrate the County  
becoming one.  
Queenswood Country  
Park, Hereford.  
Look in the local  
press for details.

## Noticeboard

**BEEKEEPING  
EXHIBITION**

Saturday 23 February  
to 31 May  
Hereford Cider Museum,  
Pomona Place, Hereford  
For more information  
contact: 01432 354207

**DANIEL  
O'DONNELL**

Wednesday  
25 February  
7.30pm  
Hereford Leisure Centre  
Booking Office:  
01432 278178

**HEREFORD  
STRING  
ORCHESTRA**

Saturday 7 March  
7.30pm  
Griffin Centre,  
Hereford 6th Form  
College, Folly Lane,  
Hereford  
Contact:  
01432 355166



### Rifle Club

The late Kathleen Rounds who died in August last year holds one of the cups won by the Hereford County Rifle Club team in the late 1950s. Beside her (to her right) sit Peter Prowlin and Mr Beddoes with (back row, right to left), Bob Leonard, Jack Barnett and Jock Fisher. But do you know the two men on the left? Let us know at Hereford Lore, 26 Quarry Road, Hereford. Kathleen whose maiden name was Weeks also featured in our June 1997 issue. She was the nurse at Painter Brothers.

### Jack Laurie

Do you recognise anyone in the picture below? The late Jack Laurie, in the front row, second from the left, led an interesting life, writes Tom Woolaway. His family had been in the licenced trade for over 80 years. His parents ran the Box Bush Inn, Ashperton. He, in his turn, was tenant of the Chase Inn at Bishop's Frome before he took over the tenancy of the Commercial Hotel in Hereford. He was a prominent rugby player and played soccer and cricket and served in the RAF during the last war.

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