

Comments to:
Hereford Lore
26 Quarry
Road
Hereford
HR1 1SS

Hereford Lore Reminiscence Newsletter

Age to Age

Vol: 8 Issue 2

April 2000

Inside this Issue

- Wolves in The Wood
- Fun at the Fair
- Holidays at Home
- Carnival Time
- Fateful Flight

Spring Days

Spring has sprung and the daffodils are in bloom. Can we now look forward to a glorious summer?

In our last issue we asked if any of our readers were involved in the Gilbert and Sullivan production of *Merrie England*. I am proud to say that I was in the chorus of the 1951 show (Festival of Britain) at the Kemble Theatre. I enjoyed every

minute of it. I remember some of the principles in the cast Mary Long, Sid Roberts, Ken Williams, Neville Wiggins, Percy Arrowsmith and Jimmy Perkins.

Again we thank you for your contributions and support for *Age To Age*. And we hope that you enjoy this issue.

Keep up the good work.

Tom Woolaway.



Photo: Hereford Times



A. BARNETT. Willowcraft. Hereford.

Basket-maker and local preacher, **Andrew Barnett** is a name many older Herefordians will recall, writes **Eric Fishbourne**. At the turn of the century his father ran a thriving basket making business from a shop in Union Street and a stall in the Butter Market. (His two sisters, Winnie and Annie also ran a tea stall there for many years.) Andrew, after serving in France during the First

World War, set up his workshop in Hunts Lane. Most of the withies used were grown at Pontrilas, the sewage works at Eign, Mordiford bridge and along the Teme near Ludlow. As well as basket making, he kept poultry, pigs and prize rabbits. The basket maker taught for some time at the Boys Home in Bath Street and in 1947 Andrew was elected a liveryman of the

Worshipful Company of Basket Makers. He and his wife had seven children: David took up the business; Tom became a butcher and John was, for a time, secretary of the Herd Book Society. There were four daughters, Ruth, Mary, Hilda and Winnie, now all passed away. Andrew is seen here with one of his baskets and a collection of garden furniture and baskets at an exhibition of his work.

Barnett The Basket Maker

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, Kit Gundy, Vera Kelly 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 is posted to you, by taking out a £3 a year subscription from Hereford Lore, 26 Quarry Road, Hereford HR1 1SS. Next issue will be published in June 2000.



COMIC RELIEF



Ena Price of Green Street, Hereford sent in these pictures which, she thinks were taken around the 1930s. Left, its carnival time for this group of children. Right: Were these the Band of Hope Sunday School children at the chapel in Castle Street, or maybe the YMCA



Wolves In The Wood

On the edge of a forest smoke rises from a group of huts made from wood, mud and thatch," writes **John Newman**. Children play close by. A pack of wolves howls from somewhere deep in the forest, their chilling cry striking fear amongst the villagers. The children are taken quickly into the dark huts.

This is a land virtually unrecognisable to today's urban or city dwellers, but wolves, bears, wild boar and herds of deer were a fact of life to the Saxons villagers who lived here. Eagles still soared in the blue sky above while capercaillie, wood grouse, roebuck and hare hid in the woods below. The wolf cries out again. The last wolf in Britain was shot in Scotland in 1740, but this is 700 years before. The year is 100 AD, the start of the second millennium.

Where is this forest? It's south of Hereford city - itself then not much more than a large village - in an area known as Newton Coppice.

Newton Coppice stands beside the A465 near Belmont Abbey. It was once part of the Royal Forest of Haywood. And it's set to become part of the new Haywood Country Park.

The Forest of Haywood was once one of the best hunting forests in England, much used by our Saxon and Norman kings. The name Haywood comes from a mixture of two ancient languages, Saxon and British. During the reign of Edward the Confessor from 1042 to 1066, every house in Hereford had to supply one man to assist in the taking of game when the king hunted the Forest. Haywood was a Royal Forest as far back as

1140 when the Lord of Kilpeck Castle was fined 100 marks for trespassing in the Forest together with owing an arrear of thirteen hawks to King Stephen.

In 1230, on the order of Henry 111, oak timber and stone were removed from Haywood to repair Hereford Castle and the old Wye bridge. Stone, both for the bridge and the Cathedral, is said to have come from the King's Quarries at Haywood. Up until the late 1950s the quarry was still supplying Belmont sand and gravel.

Just how large was this forest? I believe it took in the parish of Allensmore, the common of Coedmore, most, if not all, of the Parish of Callow, Dewsall, Grafton and Belmont as far as the Wye. On the north side of the Wye, Warham and Breinton would, most likely, have been included too.

So when you drive out along the A465 or walk by the still Belmont Pool, stop and let your imagination take you back over the centuries to 1000 years ago when the air was pure. Times was of little importance, no rat race, no computers - a much more simple way of life. Are we really better off today? I sometimes wonder.

Mister! Where's My Half A Crown?

As a small boy in the late 1920s I usually found, as did my schoolboy friends, that the annual May Fair was a very exciting annual event which we looked forward to for weeks."

"But," writes **Bill Morris**, "I remember one unhappy visit to the May Fair when I was

about eight years old. According to my friends, I had made my way with half a crown in my pocket (a value of 12.5 pence in today's currency). As the various rides, the Noah's Ark, the Big Horn, and the Big Horn, pence a time, my half crown was a very enjoyable evening.

When I had only three pence left, I decided to be a gambler. I walked towards the stalls where there were large tables marked out wide enough to accommodate a few people. I rolled pennies down a wooden board and your penny rolled into a square. The number of pence indicated the prize. Most of the squares offered a prize but in the middle of the board was a square worth half a crown. The man in charge of the stall, a big, burly fellow with a heavy mustache, My first two pennies failed to land in a square and were briskly gathered by the stall holder. My last penny, to my amazement, and delight, settled in the half crown square.

I turned and shouted to my friends who were casting furtive glances at the Naughty Nineties tent outside which some rather muscular ladies of uncertain age were displaying their



Snippets

Holidays At Home

Tan your White Faces at home this year, declared the Hereford Holidays at Home scheme in the summer of 1944. The list of events, published in a souvenir programme sent to Age To Age, included everything from the swimming gala with a Comedy Act thrown in for one shilling to open air dancing on the Castle Green and Hereford's first appearance of Doris Hare in the Edgar Street Marquee. First prize in the Grand Baby Show was a free permanent wave for the babies' mother and £5 - enough to buy 20 tickets to see Sandy Powell (of "Can You Hear Me Mother" fame) and Jack Demain, billed as The Ace Manipulator.

People knew how to enjoy themselves in those days, didn't they? If you have any memories or pictures of entertainment in times gone by, let us know at Age To Age.

All At Sea

Why is there a model lifeboat inscribed "Presented by Hereford Branch, RNLI" on an Icelandic mantelpiece? asks **Daphne Abbott**. Ten years ago Daphne visited Reykjavik and was shown the model when she visited the HQ of their lifeboat institution. "Can anyone throw any light on this?" she asks.

High School

Betty Reinold from Shaftesbury in Dorset was delighted to see the picture of the High School for Girls staff in our December issue. "I was taught by every single member in that photo and kept in touch with Miss Muller and Miss Harwood until they died," reports Betty. And, she points out, our caption misprint: it was Miss LaBrooy, not Miss Brody.

More On The Warrens

Blanford reader **Marion Stevens'** request for information about her parents, the Warrens of Arran Avenue, has drawn a response from former fireman Andrew Thomas of Haverfordwest. "I lived there too," he writes. "There was a Miss Stait at No.5 and next door were the Warrens. There was also a Joan Hurcomb, now married, who might be able to help if she reads Age To Age, like Warren, her father worked as an engine driver"

Testimonial

"May I take this opportunity to say how much I look forward to reading each and every issue," says Mr Maclean from Newport in South Wales. Mr Maclean is one of our 360 subscribers - there were a mere 35 when we started out in 1993. If you would like to take out a subscription, follow the instructions at the bottom of our front page.



"Look what I've won," I shouted. I turned to find my penny had disappeared.

"Where's my money? I won half a crown," I said.

"No you didn't," said the stall holder

I continued to protest until the man who had cheated me uttered words which my mother would not have liked to hear - a rough translation of which might be: "If you do not depart hurriedly my footwear will make contact with your posterior!"

We retreated to a safe distance and shouted at him words my mother would not have liked to hear!



In the defence of the realm, Hereford (Rural) 4th Battalion, A Company, No 2 Wellington Platoon of the Home Guard line up for their photograph in the early 1940s. Ten years on and the Hereford TA Z Reserve Camp pose for the photographer from the Hereford Times in 1950.



This curious looking wedding was set up by Hampton Bishop W.I. in 1952 for their pageant at Saltmarsh Castle. Watch out for Mrs Alford, Mrs Jones, Mrs Richards, Mrs Board, Mrs Spratt, Rene Jones, Miss H. Field, Mrs. S. Jones, Mrs Preece and Mrs Edwards.

Fateful Flight

Born in the early 1900s, **Godfrey Broad**, a true Herefordian man now 90 years of age related a very interesting story recently to **Roy Kennett**.

In his younger days Godfrey was a motor cycle enthusiast. He had a great friend in Mr Lawrence of the Victory Garage in St Owen Street. Godfrey had the freedom of the workshop to maintain his motor cycle and was taught to drive a car by Mr Lawrence. On one occasion Mr Lawrence was very busy and unable to attend to a customer's request, this was for aviation spirit. A mono aeroplane had landed on the Lugg Flats and could not take off through lack of fuel. So Godfrey came to the rescue and delivered the fuel to a much relieved aviator. The pilot was Mr R. W H Knight who was the son-in-law of Dr William Ainslie and Mrs Janet Ainslie, one time mayor of Hereford.

Pleased to receive the delivery of aviation spirit, Mr Knight offered Godfrey a view of Herefordshire from

the air. This Godfrey accepted. The plane being a single seater, it turned out to be a tight squeeze. Godfrey said he had to put his arm around Mr Knight's back to make him feel secure.

However the trip was enjoyed by him. Quite an achievement in those days.

Godfrey learned that Mr Knight took flight from the Lugg Flats to London, then later proceeded to Saudi Arabia where he was lost in the desert. His wife, Nita, learning of the route he was to take, endeavoured to trace her husband. In the search, Nita was

to be a victim herself of the conditions in the desert. There is an article in one of **Nigel Heins'** books Flashback relating to the lives of two truly dedicated people.

Likely Lads. But who are they. We think it's the Thistle Football Club. If you can you help us out, write to us at Age To Age.



NOTICEBOARD

Scout Gang Show 2000

Monday 24 April to
Saturday 29th April
at the

**Courtyard Theatre,
Hereford.**

Evening performances

7.15 p.m.,

matinee 2.00 o'clock.

Tickets from the
theatre box office.

Tel: (01432) 359252

FRIENDS OF AGE TO AGE

FREESTYLE Fields Yard, Plough Lane, Hereford HR4 OEL 01432 343188 Fax: 01432 358513

ABBOTSFIELD FUNERAL DIRECTORS Monkmore Street, Hereford HR1 2DX

COPYING & RESTORING OLD PHOTOGRAPHS, PHOTO GLAZING Juergen and Janet Koenigbeck, Tel: 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

BAY HORSE INN King Acre Road, Hereford Tel: 01432 273351

ADVOCACY FOR OLDER PEOPLE, 25 Castle Street, Hereford HR1 2NW 01432 261165