

# In Our Age

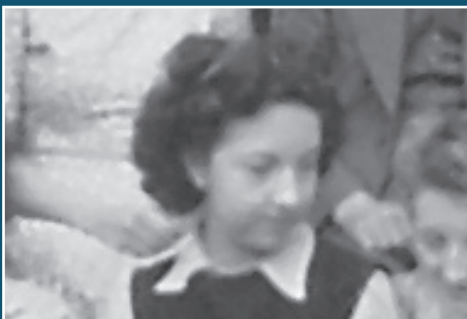
Herefordshire Lore : Living local history

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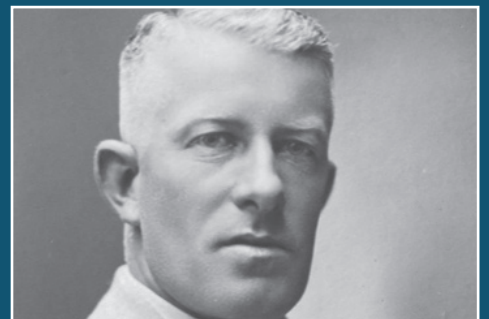
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## Sporting times

Hereford's City Sports Club (right) was started at the Racecourse almost 75 years ago.

The Hereford City Sports Club was founded at its racecourse site nearly 75 years ago utilising part of the old grandstand now demolished. During World War Two the area had been an airstrip while cricket had been played there before the hostilities.

On March 14th 1946, the Club's first chairman, Colonel C. M. Thornycroft, announced at a general meeting held in the Town Hall and attended by 37 persons that Hereford Corporation had agreed to lease the site to the innovative multi-sports club.

**Chris Tomlinson**, whose father Reg had attended that meeting, and **Bill Housden**, former hockey members, are researching the Club's history and want to find out more. Chris explains: "The Club originally catered for cricket and hockey, but over time supported many other sports including tennis. The Club hosted Worcestershire County Cricket with Ian Botham and regional hockey matches."

Were you involved with the Club? Chris and Bill would like to hear from you. In particular they are seeking the whereabouts of minutes of the Club AGMs for 1972 to 2001, the year by which the old grandstand had been demolished and the current building opened. Write or call us at Herefordshire Lore, The Pavilion, Castle Green, Hereford HR1 2NW, 07845 907891.



## Snodhill's owlsh omen

Thomas 'Sidney' Parry went to war in 1918, leaving behind his 42-year-old widowed mother Frances and two sisters, 15-year-old May and 10-year-old Edith.

According to Edith's grandson Robert Morgan, the three were woken on Halloween night by a company of owls that seemed to encircle their remote Snodhill cottage. "The birds' screeching frightened them that much they all ended up in one bed.

"Next morning," writes Robert, "a telegram arrived informing them that 18-year-old Sidney had died of an illness (Spanish flu?) the previous day while with D Training Battalion, Machine Gun Corps (Infantry) at Belton Park, Lincolnshire. Sidney was buried at Peterchurch.

"From that night on my Nan Edith was convinced that if she heard owls screeching there'd be bad news the next day. It never happened again." Curiously her sister May's eldest son, named Sidney after his uncle, also trained at Belton Park during World War Two. "He survived unscathed."

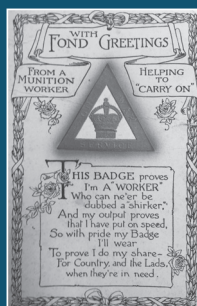
Robert adds that the family was already spooked after a portrait of Lord Kitchener fell off the wall at his great-grandmother's house. (She was 'Sarah' Maria Davies, who featured in IOA 56/ 57). The following day they learned that Kitchener had drowned off the Orkneys, his ship, HMS Hampshire, having struck a mine and sunk.

## Welcome

Our thanks are again extended to the National Lottery Fund for sponsoring three editions of In Our Age. Meanwhile Marsha O'Mahony is working on our latest *Little Herefordshire History, Health Herefordshire* (see back page). In addition we wish Marsha every success in her new challenge of editorship of IOA – Bill having decided to take a well-earned sabbatical.

In these uncertain times it is with sadness that we acknowledge the void left following the cancellation of our local Armistice ceremonies – particularly poignant this year as it is the 75th anniversary of the end of World War Two.

**Julie Orton-Davies**, chair



*Armistice: a souvenir Armistice Day card along with a munitions postcard sent by munitioneer Ciss Price from her billet in Barton Street, Gloucester, to her family in Brilley.*

## Herefordshire Lore

Herefordshire Lore launched in 1989 and we've been collecting and publishing your memories ever since. We are: chair Julie Orton-Davies, secretary Eileen Klotz, treasurer Harvey Payne, webmaster Chris Preece, proofs Sandy Green; committee Joyce Chamberlain, Keith and Krystyna James, Rosemary Lillico, Jean and Peter Mayne, Marsha O'Mahony, Chris and Irene Tomlinson, Linda Ward and Betty Webb. Design: Pinksheep. Print: Orphans Press. Editor: Bill Laws.

**Front cover:** Crowds gather in High Town, Hereford to celebrate Victory Europe (VE) Day on May 8 1945. The photo comes from **Michael Young** who was there alongside his Mum, Dad and sister Ann.

## Wartime worker

In 1942, 15-year-old Ivy Doody started as a clerk at the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries.

"I was living with my dear brother Leslie and 'Pappy' (Grandad) in Eaton Bishop. Buses only came on Wednesdays and Saturdays meaning I had to cycle to work – as did everyone else in the country.

"My first workplace was a requisitioned doctor's surgery in Offa Street, opposite the Ministry office. Our department, Feeding Stuffs, covered a radius of 11 miles and dealt with wartime items, rationing coupons and forms to be filled. When you began, you were given mundane jobs, filing, writing envelopes, making tea.

"Our office proved too small and we moved to Castle Pool Hotel, which was much nicer. The Transport Section moved with us. After work in summertime, they'd drive us in their army lorries to jobs like potato picking, training hops or the Three Elms factory sorting fresh fruits until 9 o'clock when we'd cycle home.

"When war ended in 1945 and the Italian and German POWs were moved from Redhill Hostel, Ross Road, we went to the Hostel. I left in 1949 to marry and moved to Birmingham. When we left Redhill, being Civil Servants, we were all given CSCA pins."



*Ministry workers at the Castle Pool Hotel. Back (left to right): Joan Jones, Ivy Billings, Kathleen Rowe, Betty Spencer, Doreen Reece, Doreen Godsall, Joan Lloyd, Evelyn Bailey, ?. Second: Pamela Poppelston, Violet Priday, Miss Weaver "our secretary", Mr Hardy "our boss", Audrey Williams, Gwen Thomas. Front: Josie Vanstone, Mary Williams, Ivy Doody, Ivy Powell, ?, and Valerie Edgar. "Not in the photo," writes Ivy, "were Mrs Smallbone, Rosemarie Thomas and a girl named Betty. Later Mr John Thompson became our boss."*



## Herefordshire's POWs

Our feature on Prisoners of War (IOA 56 & 57) reminded readers **Eric Morris** and **Sheila Hince** of their own friendly encounters.

A German POW, Verner Eggerland ("spelt it as it sounds," explains Eric's daughter Hazel Jones) cycled to Green Farm, Orcop from his POW billet in Wormelow. He'd call for fellow farm labourer Eric (left) and, despite the language barrier, they shared food (Verner's sandwiches were always unappetising), photos (Verner was upset one day by the news of his mother's death), and a joke or two.

Once, mending a fence, Eric beckoned to Verner; the German thought he was being told to hang his clothes on the fence. And Eric's warnings to beware the farm bull left Verner terrified of any cattle. "The POWs were good workers even if their farming knowledge wasn't as good," says Eric.

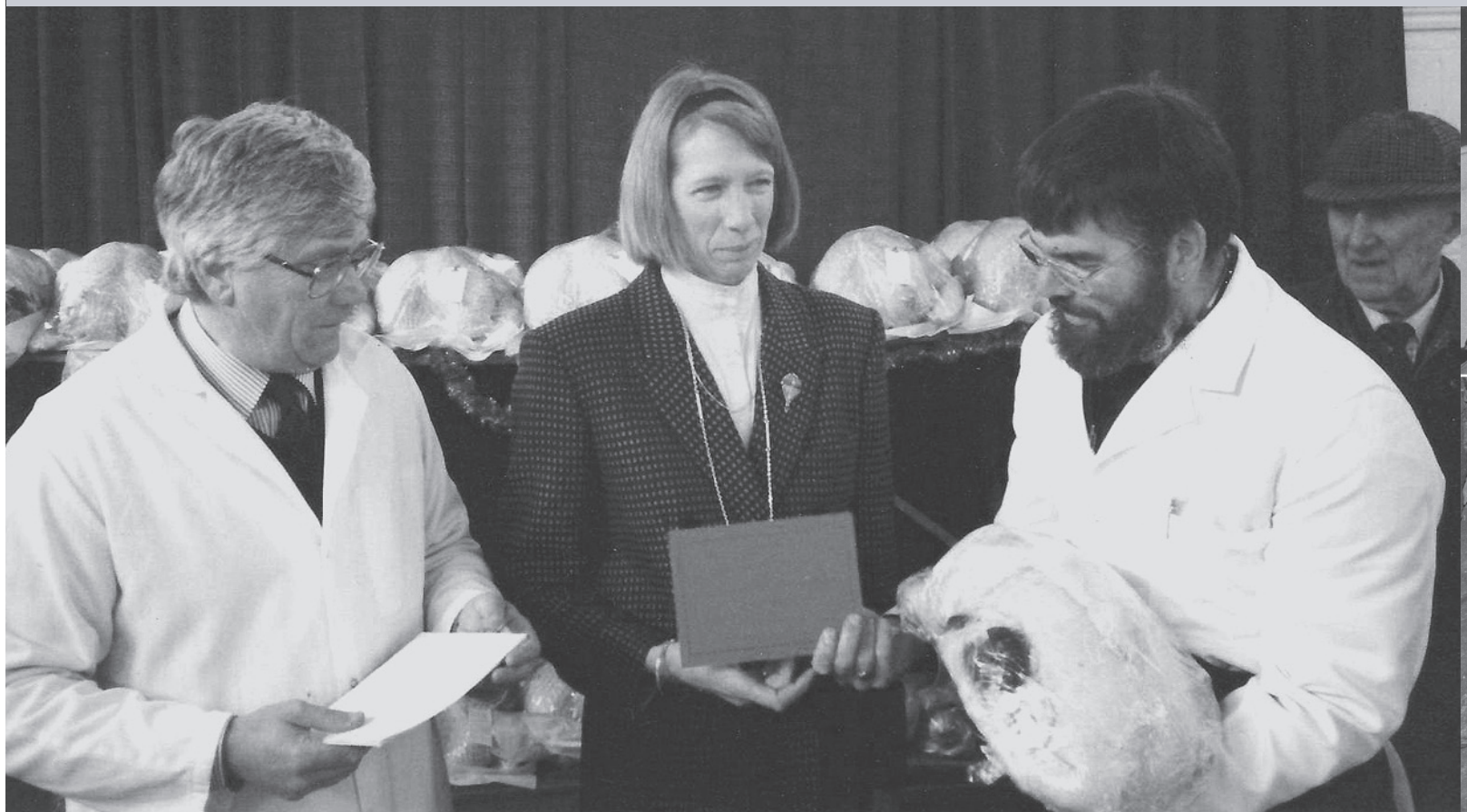
Eric also worked with an Italian, but Verner was a good friend. "Dad would love to know what happened to him," says Hazel.

**Sheila** from Burley Gate recalls Ullingswick's Italians, wearing their POW emblems, cycling to work on nearby farms. With her Dad, Walter Jones, away at war, her Mum Agnes took her to visit the Italians' 'camp', a large metal hut beside the road at Bullocks Bridge.

"They made me a ring which I have treasured all these years. The outer edge was from a thruppenny piece, which looked like gold, and the centre, of King George's head, was cut out from a silver spoon." (See hop picking POWs, page 5.)



## From My Album



*Christmas is a'coming and the geese are getting fat: at the annual Hereford Market Christmas Show and sale of dressed poultry auctioneer Graham Baker (left) and Mrs Gillie Bulmer wait to learn who won the prize turkey from poultry judge David Fletcher. (Graham Baker)*



*Sankey's: Putson's **Connie Morgan**, in black, front row, sent this 1950s photo of Sankey's employees at a dance at Hereford's Redhill Hostel. Sankey's, once famous for its kettles, took over the Rotherwas Works, which produced jet engine parts, paraffin stove sections and beer barrels, in the 1940s.*





Mystery photo: A bundle of canes, a man with a generous moustache, and some shadowy railway buildings. Can you identify what's going on? Or who the man might be? Write or text us at Herefordshire Lore, The Pavilion, Castle Green, Hereford HR1 2NW, 07845 907891.



On the hops: (right) German POWs with a local toddler at Pomona Farm, Bartestree. The man on the right, Kurt, is thought to have stayed in the UK and settled in Port Talbot. (Photo: IOA 6/ Ruby Kemeys)

Digging up Hereford: "These (above) were taken on an excavation of one of the bastions facing what is now Victoria Street, somewhere between St Nicholas Street and West Street," writes **Marcel Glover** who left Hereford High School in 1967. Do you recognize anyone? And below, looking south along old Victoria Street from Dean's Corner before the road widening.





## Plum job for Much Marcle's Walter Brace

**In the 1930s, Frank Llewellyn, landlord of the Plough Inn at Overross, Ross-on-Wye, persuaded Much Marcle smallholder Walter Brace to sell his plums door to door after sampling his fruit. Walter's granddaughter, Jenny Park, takes up the tale.**

Walter, born at Redmarley in 1898, had married Nancy Hardwick in 1924 and moved to Nancy's father's smallholding. Now, acting on landlord Frank's suggestion, he knocked on a few doors in Smallbrook Road, Brixton Terrace and North Road. His plums so were well received he decided to sell fruit and vegetables door to door.

He harnessed Kitty the carthorse up to the flat cart, covered at the front with a tent-shaped tarpaulin, and for the next 15 years took his Saturday fruit and veg around Ross.

The produce, all home grown, was picked the day before or in the morning and included potatoes, cabbage, savoy, celery, sprouts, plums, apples, eggs from the farm chickens and butter made by Nancy. Walter also sold oranges and bananas, bought from Brown's veg shop in Ross. He was helped, for two shillings a time, by a young lad called Pip Bullock.

At the end of a gruelling day of travelling and selling door to door, Walter would set out for home, bringing the tobacco back for Marcle's three pubs. He kept dry under the tarpaulin, his feet inside a Gobsall Brown hessian sack, the cart lit at the front by a carbon lamp, and at the back by a paraffin lamp. It afforded little light, but the mare knew her way home.

Walter might stop for a meal at the fish and chip shop belonging to the famously short Polish gentleman, Mr Wenderlich, or a plate of faggots and peas at Langford's.

An additional stop would be made on the way home at Frank's Plough Inn at Overross. There was a shed for the cart opposite the pub . . . but not for Kitty. The horse went with Walter through the pub's front door and into the yard at the back where it was given a nosebag in readiness for the journey home. (Frank Llewellyn also kept a magpie, which swore profusely, in a cage.)

Walter's son Godfrey recalls his father telling him that after a few pints the mare often brought him home without any steerage from the driver, although in winter they sometimes stopped at the bottom of Gatsford Pitch for Walter to put extra-long nails into Kitty's shoes to enable her to get a better grip on the icy road. Likewise, when coming down Gatsford Pitch a slide was inserted under one of the back wheels to stop it sliding down the hill. This took some of the weight off the load and enabled the mare to hold the load back more easily.

### Highway robbery

Once, when driving home in the dark through Coldborough Woods a man jumped onto the cart and attacked Walter with a stick, hoping to take his cash bag. Walter smartly pushed him off the cart and asked the mare to make a speedy getaway.

Nancy always knew when he neared home because the dog, Keeper, would bark, hearing the horse approaching down Ross road. Then came the job of settling the mare for the night. Kitty, unless the weather was very bad, didn't like being shut in her stable so Walter fed her, then waited for the sweat to dry off before turning her out into the meadow.

Walter continued his Saturday deliveries up until the end of World War Two. His hard work obviously did him no harm – he died in 1990 at the age of 92.



## Extra!

"The *Green 'Un* (Keith James, IOA 56 & 57, page 6) that I recall," writes **Michael Young** from Rugby, "was not the *Hereford Times* edition, but a Saturday evening sports paper of Berrow's Group printed in Worcester. In the late 1940s, if Hereford United was playing away, I remember, at Dad's request, running with a few pennies from Barrs Court to the steps of St Peter's burial ground in Commercial Road where a paper seller, Walter Parry (see below) had a pitch. It would be about 7 o'clock and if the paper was late a knot of readers would congregate since the *Green 'Un* was the only reliable source of local news until the *Hereford Times* appeared on Tuesday. As I dashed home people, spotting the newspaper, shouted the inevitable question to which I'd shout over my shoulder, 'United won two nil ... Charlie Thompson scored both.'"

Michael adds that the newspaper seller could have been Walter Parry, "he, of an indeterminate age, Peaky Blinder style cap, large shoulder bag and wonky eye. Walter delivered papers in the Barrs Court area. Dad always had the *Daily Mirror* from Walter, but following the *Mirror's* attacks on the Conservatives in the 1945 election, it was the *Daily Mail* that Walter pushed through the letter box."



The former Sheffield player Charlie Thompson was "a folk hero" says Michael Young, who loaned the souvenir programme. "He lived in Link Road and cranked around the area frequently clad in a tracksuit bottom and a wartime surplus US Air Force leather flying jacket on his old, drop handlebar bike."

## Black Mountains

George Zochowski emailed (info@herefordshirelore.co.uk) to say he'd visited the crash site of Ascend Charlie (IOA 55). "It's quite a slog, but here are the Google Map GPS co-ordinates: 51°55'17.9"N 3°06'13.7"W (+/- 10mtrs)



## Who was Tommy Faulkner?

The answer to our appeal for information on Tommy Faulkner (IOA 56 & 57), the 22-year-old Sapper executed in Norway in November 1942, lay close to home. Sapper Faulkner was a member of the Allied raid on the heavy water facility in Norway. Captured and executed by the Germans along with other soldiers and airmen, he was buried at Stavanger. His sister, **Joan Powell**, wrote to us in 2009: "He was third in his family to die in uniform. My grandfather died at Gallipoli in 1915; my father, who died from a heart attack on Ross Shooting range in his 40s, was with him; and my 21-year-old brother Tommy was killed in 1940 in Norway." Their father was Charlie Faulkner, Sergeant Drum Major of the Bugle Band. Joan served with the RAF at Credenhill during the war: "I think we did our share," she wrote. (Read Joan's recollections at [www.herefordshirelore.org.uk](http://www.herefordshirelore.org.uk), Vol 2, 2009)

That's not my Dad, says **Judith Morgan** of Godfrey Broad (IOA 56 & 57, back page). Here he is, centre, with Jimmy Perkins and Hereford's Great Western Railway delivery truck in the seriously snowy winter of 1947. And **Tim Ford** points out it was our own **Jan Preedy**, not the late Betty Hartland who loaned this souvenir (Betty Hartland, School of Dance).

## Tiger Coates

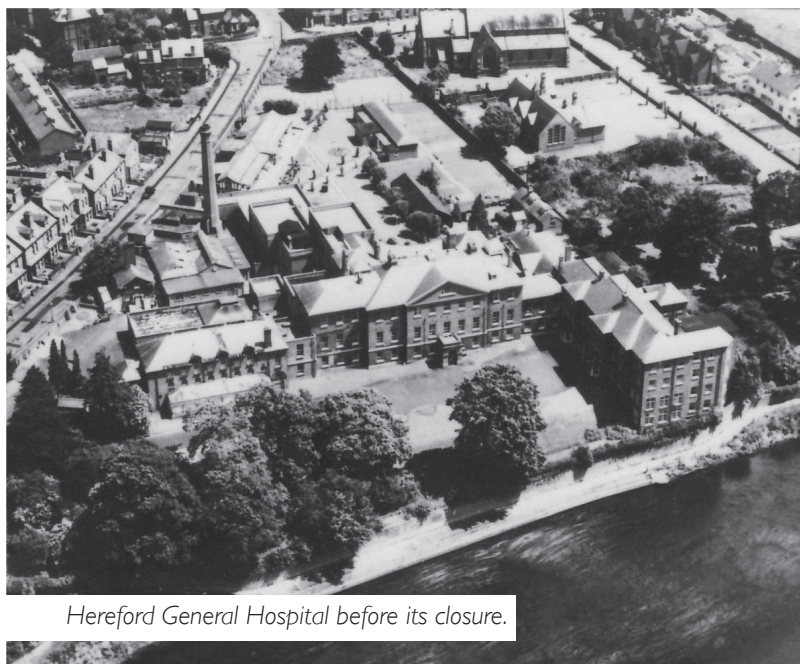
**John Slatford** adds his own recollections to former Hereford High School pupil Charles Weston's staff portrait (IOA 56 & 57, page 14, top photo): from the left, back row E.R. 'Erky' Wood, English; K.J. 'Ken' Jones, Latin; middle, A.F. 'Andy' Watson, woodwork; E.G. Wilson; William 'Bill' Witts, English; D. Borar, physics; and J.I. Stevens, chemistry. Front, W.E. Birde-Jones, A.J. 'Araby' Heale, history ("his regular phrase was 'Brains of a duck, my boy!'"); headmaster R.G. Ruscoe; J.W. 'Jack' Ashton, senior maths ("and in my day deputy head; he was also second in command of Tupsley Home Guard, featured in IOA 54") and finally A. Jammie Hartley, French.



# Health Herefordshire

With health on everyone's mind, *Marsha O'Mahony* has focused on medical matters for our latest *Little Herefordshire History*.

In 1948 the National Health Service was formed, bringing free health care at the point of delivery for the first time to all. Before then, visits to the doctor, hospital, midwife, dentist, pharmacist, and any other health care provision, was largely dependent on one's ability to pay for treatment. Where health care was available for free or cheaply, there was a patchwork of different services that all had varying levels of quality and access.



Hereford General Hospital before its closure.

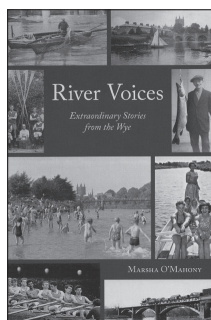


Nurse Alice Watkins came to Walford, Ross in 1952, not long after the birth of the NHS. (Photo: *A History of Walford and Bishopswood*, by Virginia Morgan and Bridget Vine).

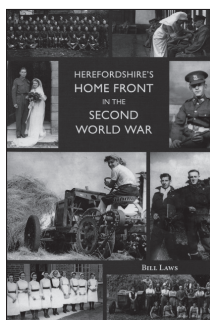
We see the challenges and blessings, for both patients and health professionals in receiving the right level of care. We meet outstanding hospital clinicians; Military Cross holders and Special Operations Executive operatives; a female gerontologist travelling from her leaky barn in the Black Mountains daily to Hereford; midwives cycling at all hours of night and day in the most atrocious conditions to attend women in labour; the horrors of the foot treadle as the school dentist pulls into the yard; GPs making home visits; terror as epidemics, polio, TB, smallpox, threaten communities; and relief as vaccines are found; folk medicine and remedies as the bonesetter fixes many, and breaks a few others. This is their story, told in the words of people themselves and illustrated from Herefordshire Lore's archives.

*Health Herefordshire: Little Herefordshire Histories 2*. Price £5 includes p.&p. See order form below.

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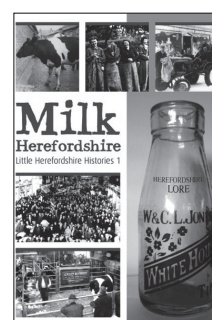
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