

in

OUR AGE

HEREFORDSHIRE LORE : LIVING LOCAL HISTORY

Issue 66
Winter 2022



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Welcome

We are always so grateful to our readers, who continue to write in with their stories and photographs. We just never know what the postman is going to deliver. For this edition we have devoted our centre spread to 'Mods and Rockers'. In the 1960s through to the 1970s, there was a big Mods and Rockers scene in Hereford. It wasn't quite Quadrophenia, but there were certainly skirmishes between opposing youths. Our interviewees were on either side of the divide, and offer some fantastic reminiscences of the period. 1960's Rocker Esme Fosbery and Mod Brian Tatton still have some of their clothes from the period. Esme still clings onto her studded biker jacket and Brian still has some of the peacock clothes of the Mod style, purchased from Lewis's of High Town. Some of you may remember Lewis's in High Town. It wasn't unusual, said Brian, to see Mods congregating around the window, looking to catch sight of the latest fashions from London. Esme was with a group of rockers when a curate from London came to visit them in 1964 with a view to forming their own club. Among them was Boxer Jones, whom many of you will remember. We are all living history, brimming with stories of the past. You might not even recognise them as being particularly important, but we at Herefordshire Lore do and we are eager to record stories from across the spectrum, so please do get in touch.

Marsha O'Mahony Editor

Cover Story

Photo credit: Steve Riley

Keen-eyed readers will of course recognise this image: the music stage at Castle Green. Perhaps the even keener-eyed among you will be able to deduce the date according to the number plate of the car filling up. Does it pre-date any Mod and Rocker invasions? This place was a popular venue for live music in the 1960s and 1970s, a Hereford-meets-Woodstock if you like. Thank you to Steve Riley for the image, who at the time, was studying photography at the Art College. How precious his images are now.



Editor's Note: We would love to feature more stories and photos from across the county. Please get in touch if you have a story, memory, reminiscence, photo, or letter etc.

CORRECTION:

In our issue 65 and our story on Sydonia Swimming Pool in Leominster, Mary Palmer was incorrectly described as attending Leominster Grammar School between 1966 and 1969. Apologies to Mary. The correct dates should read as between 1959 and 1966.

Herefordshire Lore

Herefordshire Lore launched in 1989 and has 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, associate editor Bill Laws, editor Marsha O'Mahony, and committee: Joyce Chamberlain, Keith and Krystyna James, Rosemary Lillico, Jean and Peter Mayne, Chris and Irene Tomlinson, Linda Ward and Betty Webb. Design: Pink Sheep. Print: Orphans Press.

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Young Conservatives having fun 1950's style



Christine Mason is in the front row, fourth from the right. Photo: Christine Mason.



Young Conservatives campaigning in 1969 on Castle Green. Photo: Steve Riley.

Two photographs with probably a decade between them, both of Young Conservatives. Christine Mason has sent in this photograph of a Young Conservatives Ball in the late-1950s at the Town Hall. How smart and formal everyone looks. A decade later and a world of difference, as we see the Young Conservatives are out again, this time campaigning in Hereford on Castle Green. *If you recognise anyone, please get in touch.*

Policing on Hafod Road in the 1960s



Constable Tom Batho PC 80 in uniform at Police HQ on Hafod Road. Picture: Rob Batho.

Constable Tom Batho PC 80 was a patrol officer in Yorkshire, before being transferred to Hereford in 1945. His wife, who was from Abergavenny, was homesick and wanted to return south. The Bathos family lived in a police house in Bute Avenue, Putson. A recurrent injury, meant PC Batho had to leave patrol duties and went to desk duties at the Police HQ on Hafod Road. A keen cricketer, he was very well known in the area and a much sought-after cricket umpire. He played for the police cricket team and Blanche's Sunday Team. As a child, his son Rob remembers going to see his dad at his place of work on Hafod Road. "I remember the lovely gardens," said Rob, "it was a lovely place. At home he used to keep his truncheon and whistle under the stairs. Every Christmas, the police and the fire service put on a joint party for families at the fire station."

Editor's note: if you were at one of those parties, we would love to hear from you.



Mods and Rockers, style and mayhem in the sixties in Hereford

The mods are coming

Brian Tatton is one of the last of Hereford's original Mods. He still has his mint 1959 Lambretta. The last two years he has taken part in the Mod weekend in Brighton, riding 200 miles each way. "I slept on the cliff top underneath the scooter each night to make sure no one pinched the thing."

"The Cabin Café was one of our hangouts, a real greasy spoon café. The chap behind the counter usually had a

made in what I considered the latest fashion, or what we all considered the latest fashion. I remember being in there in 1969 I expect and I was having this nice black suit done and he said, 'how do you want the trousers?' and I said the usual, 14-inch bottoms like. And he said, 'I understand Sir that flared trousers are starting to be the fashion in London.' 'Really?' I said. 'So alright,' I said, 'I'll have these flared trousers.'

"We used to go up the Redhill Hostel every Friday night and Saturday night, and all the bands appeared there, pretty much whoever you can mention. In the 60s all the Mods used to go up there. There'd be hundreds of scooters parked in the car park there by the ballroom.

"I bought my Lambretta in 1967 from a friend. As soon as we got them we were free to go everywhere we wanted. We used to go to these exotic places we had never been to before, Peterchurch and Dorstone, Weobley. Mods used to go to Ascaris, but I didn't get there much. I was more at the Dani (Blue Danube) and later Dactari, which was opposite the Farmer's Club. When you went to dances they were alcohol free. One of the biggest ones we used to go to was the Sunday Sound Disco and that was at the Lad's Club, on Widemarsh Common.

"A hundred yards up the road was the Bull's Head public house. Now all the Rockers got in there on a Sunday night and all the Mods went in the Sunday Sound disco. The road passes between the two and half way up there used to be a gate and that was the demarcation line. You could park your scooter right up to the gate and the Rockers would park their bikes right down to the gate post and never the twain shall meet. We didn't speak to each other, there was no aggravation. On a Sunday they were on that side of the post and in the pub and Mods on the other side of the post and in the disco. Because there was a lot of trouble between the Mods and Rockers in Hereford in the mid to late sixties. Tended to be little skirmishes. I remember outside the Hostel a certain band would turn up that both Mods and Rockers wanted to see and then there would always be a punch-up inside the Hostel and then another in the car park outside as well.

"So the Bull's Head was full of Rockers/Greasers and us Mods were down the road. We didn't interact at all. And then one night at the Sunday Sounds this thing came and stood in front of me staring in-between me and a girl. It had a collarless shirt and no hair, red braces, pair of jeans, rolled halfway up the legs, Doc Martin boots. Then a fight broke out. I disappeared under him on the floor and his mates jumped on top of me, about twenty of them, and then all my mates jumped on top of them. I couldn't move at all. Then it all sort of cleared. And a big hand in a jacket sleeve grabbed me by the shoulder and pulled me up and I looked into his face and he said, 'Come on mate, we've got them on the run'. And we ran outside and the Mods and the Rockers had joined together and were fighting the skinheads on Widemarsh Common. This was about 1969. The skinheads ended up running away in the direction of Wiggins. Then this great big Rocker turned around to me and said, 'We done them mate, fancy a pint?' and I said yeah, and we went up the Bull's Head and had a pint. And within half an hour several of us Mods were at the Bull's Head enjoying a pint and listening to their music because they all had rock and roll on the jukebox. And some rockers were in the dance hall with their girls dancing. And that was the end of the feud between Mods and Rockers in Hereford. We all hated the skinheads."



Brian on his Lambretta in 1969, and again last summer. He grew his hair again so he could recapture the picture again.

cigarette hanging out of his mouth, while he cooked your food and stirred your food for you. Upstairs, it was just a café, and downstairs it was more modern and you had to take your coffee and take it downstairs, but they had a jukebox and tables downstairs. And people used to actually put money in the jukebox and dance down there. In the late fifties it was where the Teddy Boys went and then later on the old Rockers got in there. But by the time you get round to about 1966 or 1967 the Mods were getting in there as well, but it tended to be what we would call a Greasers' café, the Rockers were in there too, but we didn't use it much.



"The Mods used to use Ascaris, which is there now, and the Dani as we called it, which is the Blue Danube. That was on Union Walk, by the Bus Station. That's where all the Mods used to go. On a Saturday morning, round about 10 o'clock in the morning, from Franklin Barnes all the way down Commercial Road, the left-hand side, you couldn't move, there would be all scooters parked, nose to the kerb. There would be hundreds and I do mean hundreds. All the way down, there wouldn't be a car there, completely full of scooters, and usually halfway up the other side by the Ritz. On a Saturday morning everyone met down there; Saturday morning you couldn't move in Commercial Road for scooters.

"We were dressed like Mods, suits were the thing. I used to have an account at Burton the Tailors, on the corner of High Street and Broad Street. I paid 2/6 a week, about 12 and a half pence, and every three months or so I could have a brand-new bespoke suit. Which I did every three months and I would have a suit



Rockers meet churchman to form their own bikers' club

In her wardrobe in London, where she has lived for many years, Esme Fosbery's studded leather Rockers jacket is still hanging. She can't bear to part with it. As a teenager, Esme was part of the Hereford Rockers and bikers scene.

"We used to go to Paula's café in Union Street, that was popular and we also went to the Anglers, Kerry's Arms and the Great Western Vaults in Commercial Road, and the Saracen's Head on the old bridge. They all had jukeboxes and we used to dance, jiving away." Esme was with a bunch of bikers who, in October 1964, met Reverend Bill Shergold when he visited Hereford, meeting at the Green Man in Fownhope.

In October 1964, The Hereford Times on the meeting: "Hereford's hillside swarmed with motorcycles and leather-clad riders last night, as 60 of the city's rockers, headed by

their leader, Boxer Jones, rode in to meet London's 'ton-up' vicar, the Reverend Bill Shergold. Aside from church duties, Reverend Shergold had formed the famous 59 Club for motorcyclists and now local Rockers wanted to form their own club." Esme was there, in her tassled leather jacket.



Mulhollam School

Miss Marshall has featured in the past in 'In Our Age'. I remember her as a kind but strict head teacher. I went to Mulhollam School from 1937 to 1946. I then left to go to Lady Hawkins' Grammar School. I walked through the fields to the school, we were just a small school and then we had many children from Liverpool – an education for them and us. We couldn't understand them. In those days we took sandwiches for dinner time and if the stove was hot, we toasted them on the top. Miss Marshall was a good pianist. She taught us 'Land of Hope and Glory' and many more difficult songs. When she came out of the School House dressed in her navy gym skirt we knew we had to do exercise, country dancing, and rounders. If it was wet, we stood by our desks to do as much as we could. I have included some photos of the school, also one of a pageant. Does anyone know what it is of? I am on it, I can recognise some of them. I could write more but it was a long time ago.

Mrs Margaret (née White) East, Builtb Wells



Mulhollam school. Picture: Mrs Margaret East.

Tupsley Girl Guide Camp 1954



Humphries, Unknown, Pauline Holt, Sara Jenner, Ann Davies, Pamela Clark, Miss Davies (Guide leader), Sheila Hatton, Patricia Colley, Barbara Preece, Jeanette Thorpe, Vivian Whittall, and Yvonne Llewellyn.

Subscriber Judith Morgan from Hereford has sent in a photo of Tupsley Girl Guide camp in Clitheroe, Lancashire in August 1954. Miraculously, Judith has been able to name them all, bar one, and wonders, 'where are they now?'

Front row, l-r: Susan Spratt, Elizabeth Salter, Mauvan Bouverie, Louise Slater, Rosemary Ashton, Valerie and Josephine Harris.

Middle row l-r: Margaret Aston, Marlene Peake, Judith Broad, Diane Rex, Nora Swinglehurst, Janet Bollington and Janet Thompson.

Back row, l-r: Ruth Keech, Chloe

Hereford Choral Society

Sorting through my recently deceased father's papers, I was interested to discover in the Spring 2018 edition of In Our Age, a passing reference on page 4 to my uncle, Sidney Roberts, who was featured in a 1952 Festival of Britain BBC broadcast and thought you might be interested in some reminiscences of him.

Sidney Roberts was well-known in Hereford city and county musical circles as a stalwart bass-baritone of the Hereford Choral Society in their own concerts as well as their contributions to the Three Choirs Festivals, in addition to being a principal singer in the Hereford Gilbert and Sullivan Operatic Society and several others in surrounding areas over numerous decades. His Lord Mountararat (Iolanthe), Don Alhambra (The Gondoliers) and Mikado (The Mikado) complete with suitably resplendent costume and fan are particularly memorable.

He attended St Paul's School, Tupsley, and sang in the church choir; Cecil Rouse was a singing mentor who passed on several vocal scores to him, which are now in my possession. As an adult he lived and worked in Hereford for all his life, apart from RAF service in North

Africa, residing in what is now Eign Mill Road, until he died in 2001.

A highlight in his life occurred in 1969/70 when he accompanied my parents and me to the Royal College of Music in London one Saturday for me to have a pre-college lesson with my soon-to-be professor, the inestimable Hugh Bean (who, as leader of the then New Philharmonic Orchestra, had played solo in Vivaldi's Four Seasons on their visit to the Cathedral in c 1967, conducted by Carlo Maria Giulini, no less. Almost needless to say, the Cathedral was packed). As we waited by the RCM entrance, the then Director, Sir Keith Faulkner, the world-renowned bass soloist and a singing hero of my uncle's from pre-war Three Choirs Festivals, approached us, but stopped abruptly, looked at Sidney and said: 'I know you, don't I?' Once the connection and the reason for our presence there had been established, Sir Keith entered the building, leaving my uncle with a radiant expression, and feeling some inches taller, after all these years.

Through the HGSOS, he took part in numerous G & S For All performances, featuring current star singers of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, forming a particular friendship with Donald Adams, who sang the roles Sidney took. Although he gave up in the 1970s, I am sure some of the then younger G & S singers will remember him.

Clive Hobday, Middlesex

When pub games ruled



Ladies' darts team

This photo of a ladies' darts team in Clehonger came from John Ridgway, whose parents were publicans in Hereford. We think it might be the Seven Stars pub. Can anyone shed any more light on it?



Cribbage

Quoits, Shove Ha'penny, dominos, darts and cribbage, traditional pub games that fostered legions of teams, leagues and competitions. In the 1970s, The Buckingham pub in Hereford had its own cribbage team. We can identify only one face in the photo, Ron Wargen (third left, back row), who lived in Park Street. Can anyone recognise the other players? Do get in touch.

Railways of the Wye Valley

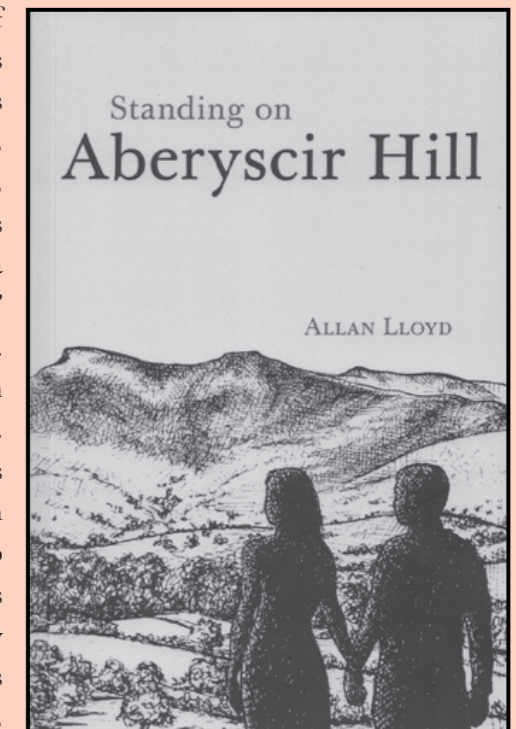
Next year marks 50 years since the last train ran on the Wye Valley Line. We would love to hear your memories, like these of the late John Brookes of Sellack, speaking in 2010:

"There was a station at Fawley, and all livestock, hay, straw and crops were transported by train. There were several passenger trains a day and the station was busy, with a station master, two porters and two signalmen. The halt at Backney Bridge closed just after the war. We used Backney for taking the milk. Well all the farmers did. We sent our sugar beet from there look, and hay and straw – all manner of things. Would be taken to Backney and put on the trains. Backney Halt it was called. It was a very busy station. Only small mind. But very important for loading stuff and sending off. It would go from Gloucester to Hereford. We used to take our milk churns down there on motorbike and side car. I wasn't old enough to drive it then. I didn't drive it. I wasn't hardly old enough. I was on the back.

Kington memoir raises funds for St Michael's Hospice

A long-time resident of Kington has written his memoir. All proceeds from Allan Lloyd's book, *Standing on Aberyscir Hill*, will go to St Michael's Hospice. Allan was a teacher at Lady Hawkins' School for nearly 40 years. He has lived in Kington for the past 65 years. Allan's memoir covers his interesting life, from childhood through to spearheading campaigns to secure radiotherapy and chemotherapy centres for Hereford hospital, and the Kington bypass.

His previous publications include *The Chequered History of Lady Hawkins' School and Kington, the Smallest Town in Herefordshire*. *Standing on Aberyscir Hill* is published by Logaston Press and is available from St Michael's Hospice and the publisher (with all proceeds to the Hospice).



Herefordshire Lore's Christmas Markets – make a date in your diary



Buy local history books and meet the authors



Herefordshire Lore is excited to be taking part in street markets in the weeks leading up to Christmas. We will be selling our books (see below for a selection of our publications), and the authors will be on hand to give personal dedications and seasonal messages in purchased books. The dates are: Ross Christmas market, Sunday November 27th, from 11am, and Hereford Market High Town, on Saturday December 3rd from 9am. Do come and say hello. There will also be an opportunity to take out a subscription for In Our Age, a year-long Christmas gift that keeps on giving!

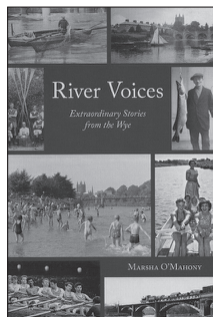


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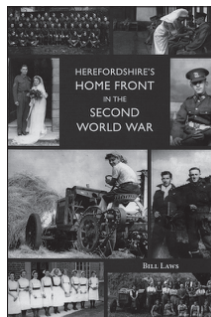
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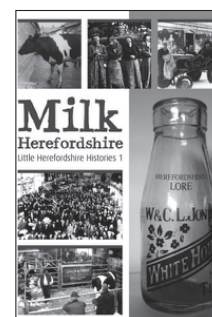
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