AUDREY BROWN:

Yeah, further down Edgar Street, roughly before Blackfriars Street, there was tracks across the road to bring the cattle in and off load in the Cattle Market, because they'd shut the gates obviously, and we'd, you know, stand there and watch them being offloaded. My grandparents lived in Penn grove Road and we were visiting one day, mum pushing my brother in the pram, Rose sat on top and me walking by the side. And, it was cattle day, market day, and the abattoir then was down by Stonebow Road, and that's when the, I don't know if it was a cow or a bull, but when it escaped. And of course mum, first thing she did was go in – there was a little jewellers – and we shot in there out of the way. I shall always remember that. I thought, 'oh dear'.

It's roughly in the area at the back of The Market Tavern, and, it wasn't a market day obviously, and there was my dad with us kids in the back, going up and down the aisles learning to drive with his little Austin 7.

When I was approximately 8 my dad learned to drive his little Austin 7 in the Cattle Market, up one aisle and down the other, and my sister and I sat in the back enjoying ourselves.

We were living in Edgar Street and I went to Scudamore School and various children would go up Wall Street from Eign Street as far as the small abattoir to look down into the blood and gore. Then there was a pub next door, the Wheatsheaf, and there was a skinners yard, and we used to enjoy it.

Yes, lived at number 3 Moorefield House and I could look outside my bedroom window across to the big car park, which was like a big triangle and the cattle market was at the end of that.

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BENBOWS:

DAUGHTER: Well, when I was about 13 years old I used to help my mum in the café in the old market after the old café closed due to foot and mouth, and I used to help do the washing up and I got paid for that as well.

DAD: Well to start off there were three in the café, two at the start and then you joined them……..

MUM: Yes, it was originally started by Betty and a lady called Shirley and then I went to help them when they got busier. Betty was quite a character…../

DAD: Yeah, Shirley was quite a character as well.

MUM: We could have a good laugh in there.

DAD: You were called the posh one…./

MUM: For a time because I didn't swear!...../

DAD: And the other two did. If you complained about Betty's breakfast, because she'd soon tell you…….if the sausage was burnt, you were best not to say anything.

MUM: When I finished in the café, I went to work, still in the old market, as a booking-in clerk. That involved booking in the farmers' sheep, knowing what pen and who they belonged to and then, obviously, when they sell them, whose bought them and what price they are. And obviously that's what I carried on to do in the new market.

The Hereford Market's become quite a big part of our lives really, hasn't it?

DAD: Yeah, yeah.

MUM: Especially since I started to work there. Originally I worked with a wonderful characterful lady called Betty Eckley, who started up the café in the old cow stalls, that was after foot and mouth. I went to work for her a few years after she started, which was quite an experience because she was very much a full of life lady. And then subsequently after that I worked along with the auctioneers and the other members of staff, I actually was booking in the stock and so it's become quite a big part of our lives really.

SON: Quite loud and noisy. People like the auctioneers taking people's bids and stuff.

DAUGHTER: There was always something going on.

SON: Yeah, sheep running everywhere.

DAUGHTER: I remember my mum cooking in there and lots of people, and she'd have to shout really loud to get people to come back up and get their food. And I used to do mostly washing up and got things off the tables and cleaning up and sweeping the floors and mopping the floors.

Well, when I was about 13 years old I used to help my mum in the café in the old market after the other market closed due to foot and mouth. And I used to help with washing up and I got paid for that as well.

DAD: Yeah there was a gang. Tom Stephenson's children were there and they used to all get together and be running around the empty rings. They'd sort of play games in there and have quite a fun tine really.

SON: I started going to the market when I was about four or five, with my dad, in the summer holidays. And I'd rather be there than school, when I was at school. I used to help a lady called Jo load the lorries and after I'd done that I went down to the sweet shop with my friends because there was like a little stall next to the market and we used to get sweets and cakes. And then I'd come back up to the market and look around all the sheep and if there was cattle being moved dad used to put me in a pen out of the way.

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CECIL PRITCHARD:

I am Cecil Pritchard and I was born in the Eckleyside district and I am now 84, 10th November I will be. I've been mixed farm all my life and thrashing contracting, ploughing, hedging, water bottling, farm museum.

The wives used to travel on this train to Hereford, bring their produce in their big baskets, before Tescos came about! They had rabbits in there and pig meat, pork, mushrooms, butter, cheese, you name it, they had it. And then they went down the line you'd see these thrashing machines, twelve men working, and they'd wave to them.

All the buyers and the sellers all met together around these big tables in a big room. Very social occasion. The one with the corn went up to the ???? to the mill, which was used regular, and pick fruit afterwards. Went in with me father on a Wednesday because I was only a schoolboy, didn't have to stop to go to work. We both went in together to the Market Tavern, the dealers, the buyers were there. They'd say to farmers like my father: 'what have you got for me today, Mr Pritchard?' 'I've got some good corn here.' He'd say, have a drink, I'll buy you a drink and we'll have a look at it after'. And he'd tip it out there onto the table, out of this old cocoa tin make sure it had an old-fashioned wrap around, Cadbury's cocoa. And they all looked at it, and they said, I'll have it off you. And they were happy and the sale went ahead and they had another drink. The customer. Yes we had good times there. Plenty of talk, with these pipes going. Yeah, different to today, ha, smokers go out through the door. Some was playing skittles; they were having the time of their life, especially a Wednesday. Some came there for their hot dinners; they'd have hot dinners these farmers. Yes, and they'd all be telling tales in there, jokes, or making them up probably, or about someone else.

Some things will never happen again. Some things……I just can't forget anyhow.

We used to collect the corn from out from under the screen where it comes out into the bag, in an old Cadbury's circular tin, with the old-fashioned label round, bring it in and tip it out on the table, and the dealer would say, what have you got for me today, Mr Pritchard? Oh, some of this. Oh, we'll see just now, he said, and with that he bought a pint of beer.

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DAVID WHITEHEAD:

In a pre-monetary society obviously in the Anglo Saxon times, cattle were fantastically important in Herefordshire, and very interesting…….the archaeology of the city shows that the majority bones were actually cattle bones – people had a very high meat diet in the city. And consequently the cattle was traded in the area of Broad Street and Aubrey Street for probably a thousand years until the mid 19th century. And then with the arrival of the railways, the distribution of cattle was revolutionized because cattle was driven on foot wherever it was destined in England, and the railway made this much easier and it was promised that Hereford would become a great centre for cattle trading, which it did and therefore probably needed a new market. That's why in the 1850s the improvement commission and the city council began to consider the cattle market site, which had hitherto been open fields and nursery land some of it.

Yes, there were several sites for the cattle market, but eventually they settled on the new market area as it became known. There was some difficulty about purchasing the property and also a great debate about taking out about the marketing of household products and smaller items like vegetables and so forth because there was a feeling it would damage the trading structure of the town. In fact the compromise was that they would be kept in the town in the butter market. Although eventually, in the 1880s I think, broader marketing did take place occasionally in the new market area and hence the Wednesday and Saturday markets that were developed at a later date.

I moved to Hereford from the Midlands in the middle of 1970. For about six years I lived in Edgar Street, dead opposite the Cattle Market and one of my memories is going to the Rose Garden pub at Holmer and having to take refuge in the hedges with two young children when crowds of horses sort of jostled and filled the lanes around Holmer. And being driven by Welsh Traders to the Cattle Market. I guess that was probably one of the last times cattle and animals were driven on foot to the market.

Living in Edgar Street it was a routine on Saturday night to go, to take the children across and pick the best fruit that was left because people threw away, the traders threw away the blemished oranges and apples and obviously they could be recycled in various ways, cooked or, in some cases, eaten just as they were. And equally, because I had open fires in the house I lived in, breaking up the boxes and crates that were left over from the market were a good source of cheap fuel for Saturday night heat.

Hereford was always famous for its cattle even in the dark ages and kings would have their tribute collected in terms of cattle because there was no coinage until the ninth century. And several places in Herefordshire have been identified as places where cattle trading took place or where kings came and collected tribute basically from their loyal supporters in the Welsh Borders.

Obviously Hereford was pretty important as well. And we know that horned cattle were traded here because one of the earliest place names was Rotherwall Street, which is what we call Aubrey Street today behind the Green Dragon. And that was, in translation from the Anglo Saxon, was the well where the, or the watering place for the horned cattle. And Rotherwall had the same element in it. it's significant that the Aubrey street remained that same, in the sense that the cattle market throughout the middle ages in the early modern period, although it seems that the cattle themselves were translated into broad street and broad street became the principle cattle market until the 19th century with lesser animals like the sheep and goats and things like that being traded in Aubrey Street. The very shape of Broad Street was created by the effect of the cattle market. It is oblong and broadens in the centre, as many broad streets do because of the jostling of the cattle in the market place. And it's significant that until the 19th century there was this continuity, and cattle had been traded in the same place for probably over a thousand years.

Cattle was traded in the area of Broad Street for over a thousand years. And then when the railways appeared on the scene in the middle of the 19th century, the railway companies sold the idea of railways to Hereford, and Hereford would become a great centre for cattle trading. By about the early 1850s they were, the Hereford Improvement Commission, because they were responsible for this, looking at a sight near where the cattle market eventually settled in new market street. Obviously the attraction for that was the roads could connect to the two stations and cattle could be brought into the market and taken back and sent wherever they were going, probably mainly to Southern England because most of Hereford's cattle went to the home counties and was driven on hoof probably.

The area that they chose rather conveniently belonged to the county surveyor, a man called Charles heather. And obviously as a civil servant he was quite keen to sell the land. Most of the property belonged to a member of the Bulmer family, who were rather more reluctant to sell the land. Basically wanted the best deal they could get. It's interesting that the city of Hereford at this time, the sort of

aspects of development were in the hands of what was called the Improvement Commission, which had been established in the late 18th century. The city council were rather ambivalent about all this because they rather liked the modern debate about the development of the cattle market. They were concerned about the change in focus, trading focus, of the city. And were particularly concerned that the original intention was to take the vegetable and house hold market out into the new market area and they thought this would have a considerable impact on the city. But in the end there was some compromise and the Buttermarket was developed to take the domestic market and the small scale marketing. And so both the improvement commission and the town council were happy with this compromise.

In a pre-monetary society obviously, in the Anglo Saxon times, cattle were massively important for in Herefordshire. And it's very interesting that….the archeology of the city shows that the majority of bones were cattle bones, people had a very high meat diet. And consequently cattle was traded in the area of Broad Street and Aubrey Street for probably over a thousand years until the mid nineteenth century. And then with the arrival of the railway, the distribution of cattle was revolutionized because cattle was driven on foot wherever it was destined in southern England and the railway made this much easier. And it was promised that Hereford would become a great centre for cattle trading, which it did and it needed, therefore, a new market. Which is why in the 1850s the Improvement commission and the city council began to consider the cattle market site, which had hitherto been open fields and nursery land some of it.

Several sites for the cattle market, but eventually they settled on the new market area as it became know. There was some difficulty about purchasing property ad also a great debate about taking out the marking of household products and smaller items like vegetables and so forth, because there was a feeling that it would damage the trading structure of the town. In fact the compromise was that these were kept in the centre of the city in the new buttermarket. Although eventually, the 1880s I think, broader marketing did take place occasionally in the new market area, hence the Wednesday and Saturday markets that were developed at a later date.

I moved to Hereford from the midlands in 1970. for about six years I lived in Edgar street, dead opposite the cattle market and one of my memories is going to the Rose Garden pub at Holmer and having to sort of take refuge in the hedges with two young children and crowds of horses jostled and filled the lanes around Holmer. And being driven by welsh traders to the cattle market. I guess that was probably one of the last times that cattle, animals, were driven on foot to the market. Living in Edgar Street it was a routine on Saturday night to go and take the children across and pick the best fruit that was left , because people, traders threw away the blemished oranges and apples and obviously they could be recycled in various ways, either be cooked or, in some cases, just eaten as they were. And equally, as I had open fires in the house I lived in, breaking up

the boxes and the crates left over from the market, were a good source of cheap fuel for Saturday night heat.

Hereford was always famous for its cattle, even in the dark ages, and Kings, their tribute was collected in terms of cattle. Because there was no coinage until the ninth century and several places in Herefordshire have been identified as places where cattle trading took place or where Kings came and collected tribute basically from their loyal supporters in the Welsh border. Obviously, Hereford was pretty important as well and we know that horned cattle were traded here because of one of the earliest place names was Rotherwall Street, which is what we called Aubrey Street today, it's behind the Green Dragon. And that was, in translation from Anglo Saxon, the watering place for the horned cattle. And Rotherwas obviously has the same element. And it's significant that Aubrey Street remained in a sense the cattle market throughout the middle ages into the early modern period. Though it seems that cattle themselves were translated to Broad Street and Broad Street became the principal cattle market in the 19th, with lesser animals like sheep and goats and thinks like that being traded in Aubrey Street. The very shape of broad street is was created by the effect of the cattle market. It is an oblong and broadens in the centre as many broad streets do simply because of the jostling of the cattle in the market. And it's significant that until the 19th century there was this continuity and cattle had been traded in the same place probably over a thousand years.

Cattle was traded in the area of Broad Street and Aubrey street for over a thousand years and then in the when the railways appeared on the scene in the 19th century, the railway companies sold the idea of railways to Hereford , that Hereford would become a great centre for cattle trading. By about the early 1850s they were, the Hereford Improvement commission, because they were responsible for this, were looking for a site near where the cattle market eventually developed in new Market street. Obviously the attraction for that was the roads could connect it to the two stations and cattle could be brought into the market and sent to wherever they were going, probably southern England I would guess, because most of Hereford's cattle went to the home counties.

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DAVID PROBERT:

Yes, my earliest memories of Hereford Market I reckon was when I was about five. My father was a small farmer, mixed farm/dairy, cereal and pigs. In those days Hereford market was full of pigs. I remember in the early fifties when I was very young my father was a mixed small farm in Herefordshire, was taking pigs to Hereford market, and those days the market was stuffed with pigs every single Wednesday. Unless you were there very early in the morning you had no chance

of getting a pen. So father used to take me in, probably at about four or five o'clock in the morning, with the pigs, and when we arrived there with the first load, we used to get all the pigs out of the truck, put them in the pens and then get the next load. Basically I had to stay in the market and guard the pens to make sure some unworthy farmer didn't come out and nick the pens and put his own in there. So I had to save the pen for my father. It was quite cold sometimes when you were four or five or six years old, I guess I was.

I was often seconded at Christmas time to help Paul Barnsley, who had a company called Barnsley and co, who was actually the chicken auctioneer at Hereford market in those days and it's before he had enough and I always reckoned one of the reasons he didn't want to go on to0 on was because every time he got on off the end of the plank, a hip flask used to come out of his pocket and slurp to ease the pain of course, for medicinal purposes only. But I'm sure it made him that much unsteadier much sooner to get up and down off the plank. And he used to say, come boy, you ought to get up here now and off he'd go and sit in the office. I used to dread finishing the auction because at the end of every auction, which was usually pretty successful I have to say, he'd say, oh well done, come here, good sale, good sale, have a drop of this. And he'd pour me at least four fingers of neat scotch in the bottom of a glass and I was probably only 17 at that stage. And I'd look at it and think I have to drink it to be social but it's going to kill me. It was great memories. He was a great character. Pity that he's not still here but he's gone, long gone.

Dean Leigh, unsung hero of Hereford Market. A wonderful refuge from the cold and the noise, the market used to be in those days. Lovely ladies, they were very motherly I seem to remember. I remember distinctly they all seemed to have huge bosoms and they all used to wear these wonderful cross over pinafores with little tiny flowers over them tied up round the front. And they were just so motherly and looked after us so well. As staff we used to sneak in at the back of the canteen behind the counter and wer could pretty much help ourselves. But they were always made sure we had hot coffee or tea. And of course the doughnuts were the important think.

John Harris who you're going to talk to, or have talked to probably, was the oldest person in those days and still is of course, and he had this competition we had to do with these wonderfully big doughnuts all covered in sugar, and we had to eat them without getting sugar on our lips. And the first person who got a speck of sugar on their lips had to pay for the doughnuts.

We used to sneak into the back of the Dean Leigh café where there were doughnuts in particular. And john Harris, who undoubtedly is still the oldest guy in the market, had this competition going and he used to make us eat these wonderfully jammy doughnuts without getting the sugar on our lips and the first person to get a drop of sugar on the lips had to pay for the doughnuts.

The late risers club, a club for those who have made mistakes in their lives and you only get invited if you have done something really bad. But it all started when a guy called Trevor parker really and some of his friends had been to a pre-bull sale dinner on a Friday night at the Green Dragon, and had a fairly large meal and a drink to go with it. And they were staying at the Dragon and they had so much booze that they didn't get up in time in the morning to see their Hereford Bulls cattle being sold in the market. And of course this caused a great deal of hilarity and laughter. I think that Langford, who was a guy who the sale ring was named after, thought it should be celebrated in some way. So said, right, we'll have a dinner to remind you, you silly buggers, how late you were. And it grew from that. But everyone who makes a mistake now that this little group hear about, you are invited to join them and explain to them at a dinner why you were doing something so stupid to sleep in and let you bulls be sold when you weren't there.

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DENNIS SCHIAVON:

The market was a wonderful place, where all human life existed. There was this complete spectrum of social classes and types of people. You had aristocracy and millionaires, you had homeless people, you had absolutely every type and rank of society coming through that market, all involved in the same crowds and often interacting and dealing with each other. There are very very few places where you'd have that.

Yes, the poultry market used to operate on Wednesdays and some other days too. It was in its own building a little away from the main market where they'd sell live, and dead and dressed poultry, ducks, geese, eggs, even rabbits, all that sort of things. In fact part of my job was to, I think once a month, was to go into the poultry market office and see the manager there, I think his name was Ted Powell, and I used to walk in the door and had to wave through these sheets of pipe smoke and ask, 'can I see your ledgers please.' And so we had these, it was quite Dickensian the way we had these things in those days. So you'd get this huge ledger off the shelf the size of a family bible, and it would come down off the shelf here and his lovely, sort of old fashioned writing would be written for each day of sale there'd be: live, 200, dressed, 150, rabbits 47, eggs 90 dozen, all that kind of thing.

I remember once there was quite a stir among the lady staff of the market, when all of a sudden there was, 'Tom Jones is in the poultry market!' so they all scurried over there and apparently Tom Jones was there buying ducks for his estate, well, that's not unusual!. And there he was, large as life buying poultry, so that was quite a stir at the poultry market.

So there was several places farmers and contractors could park their vehicles, some of which were huge two and three decker livestock artics. The Merton Meadow was the main one. One interesting point was the City Council as the owners ad the owners of the site of the car parks, used to charge people for parking, make people pay and display. If they didn't do so they would make fines, they would book them. Wardens would go round fining people. Many is the time I've had an angry farmer or livestock lorry farmer waving their ticket shouting, 'what are you going about this!' and all that sort of stuff. Sometimes you had to go nose-to-nose with people unfortunately, but that was kind of part of the job as well.

Miners fortnight, gracious me. That was an occasion. Every Wednesday there used to be people coming up from mining areas of South Wales, people, their wives, their families. They used to come in coachloads across the border into Herefordshire, into England, for a day out around the market. It used to peak in two weeks of the summer, when the mines used to close down for their annual two week holiday, hence 'Miners' Fortnight.' The market was invaded by these guys from South Wales and their families, you'd hear them all thronging the market, 'come by y'er' and all this sort of thing. And the whole place was full of it. They were really really colourful characters. On hot days I remember people having to carry office chairs above head height, through the throng of people to get to someone who had fainted in the heat. It was incredible. I actually remember carrying an office chair over everyone's shoulders, one hand holding onto one leg of the chair, trying to get through to a lady who had fainted in the middle of a crowd. It was that crowded. And around the market on a Wednesday, you could actually drink until 4pm in the afternoon, which was actually, compared to these days, was quite something. Some of them, shall we say, used to take advantage of these opportunities.

Market traders were very special people, that they have their own language and their own terminology. So for instance, a market officer, or a market inspector, is known as a Toby. So, 'excuse me mate, are you the Toby? Where's your office?' That was the first thing. So for a crowd, a crowd was known as an 'edge'. Pulling the 'edge' is the art of pulling the crowd in. and 'twirling' the 'edge' is the art of spieling like a spinning top, so you're like, spinning your story so you're gradually getting drawn in. Now ramping, now you're ramping the price up: 'so, I've got a genuine imitation Wedgewood tea set, look at that? Lovely markings on it. Can you see that? This is worth, in the shops you won't get this for £50 quid'. That's ramping. It's putting the price artificially up. Then, what they do then is start 'batting'. And batting is batting the price back down. So it's, 'in the shops for fifty quid, I don't want forty quid for it, I don't want thirty quid for it, I don't want ten quid for it. Ladies and gentlemen, it's breaking my heart; I'll give you this for a fiver.

Part of our job as market inspectors was to resolve disputes between customers and traders. So a customer would come into the office and say: 'I bought this last

week, and I've washed it once and it's fallen apart, or it's broken, or something like that. A teenage girl came into the office with her mates, and said: 'are you the boss 'ere, you in charge?' Yes, what can we do for you? 'I've got a complaint about one of your traders. I bought a skirt from him last week and it doesn't fit and it's horrible, and I want to give it back and I want my money back for it.' I said, ok, have you got the skirt please? She said: 'well, I'm wearing it, aren't I?

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EDDIE RUMSEY AND JEAN GOODE:

ER: Well I was appointed as market assistant to the market superintendent in March 1950 and Jean joined the market department in 1958 if I remember rightly.

JG: That's right, I did, yes. I've just seen Eddie today, and it's 52 years since we've seen each other.

ER: I was appointed as markets assistant to the then market superintendent, who was Albert Whittal, who'd been appointed as market superintendent the previous year in September 1949.

JG: And when I joined in August 1958, at the age of 17, there was a different market superintendent, an Arthur Greenhalgh. He was our boss. So there was the market superintendent in his little office, and Eddie and myself in an outer office, which was called the 'roundhouse'. It was a brick built, freezing cold in the winter, with a quarry tiled floor, do you remember Eddie, and we had a two-bar electric fire for heating, didn't we? And Eddie did have a desk, I do remember that, but I think I had a kitchen table so sit at with a little typewriter on the top.

ER: next door to the Dean Leigh temperance canteen, which was erected actually in the old days for the drovers who used to bring in the meat cattle years before on foot and it was opened up by the Dean Leigh. The Dean of Hereford at that particular time. I can't remember when it was built, but it was quite old.

A lot of stock entered the Cattle Market in the entrance in Blackfriar Street, where there was a hut where the collector of the toll, Harry Farmer as his name was in those days, used to collect all the tolls from the ??? Or farmers or whatever they were for all the livestock that they bought into the market.

JG: and he would ask the farmer what he'd got on his vehicle. He would ask the farmer or the driver what stock they'd got on the vehicle and he had a book of tickets and he would mark on there how many he got, and so much per cattle, calves, sheep, pig or whatever, and he would hand the counterfoil and they were allowed to come into the market and unload their stock. And at the end of the

day, those tickets in those books would come back up to our office and I think, after you, my job then was to enter them into a big ledger. Used to take me all day Thursday to enter them all up. Because you can imagine the amount of animals came in on a Wednesday, thousands, so used to take me all day Wednesday to enter these tickets and each book of fifty tickets. And the cash from that, obviously, the city council wanted revenue from every resource, and so they made quite a bit of money I would imagine, charging a toll for each animal that came.

ER: yes, the markets, Hereford Livestock Market had the largest throughput of any municipal-owned market in the country. They have over a quarter of a million livestock going through the market in the course of the year. The only other market that was larger was Banbury market, which was privately owned.

JG: the most magnificent animals, the pedigree Herefords, you know. And I remember that Mr Gallimore used to do the auction for that. It was wonderful. And when we moved from the old office to our new premises, there was a fantastic window that overlooked the square, and I used to go up and watch these wonderful animals walking around. It was a magnificent sight, yes.

Another thing that our office used to have to do was organize the Hereford Christmas fat stock show and sale and we used to have to send a list of the rosettes required to with the British Legion, Poppy Factory, Petersham Road, Mitchum, Surry. Do you remember doing that, Eddie? And all the prize cards were done for us by Jakemans in Tudor (?) Street. And silver cups were awarded for all the classes and that was totally organized by our office. Not the selling of the animals, but the actual show was. And the winners were allowed to take the silver cups home. We used to get the little shields on the plinth engraved. I'm trying to think who engraved them, but I can't remember. The farmers were allowed to keep the silver cups and trophies. Magnificent they were. They were allowed to keep them for twelve months 'til the next show. But that was such a lot of work, do you remember Eddie? The work involved in that, well, it used to take hours to organize it. But it was a wonderful show. And in the evening, not that I went for a few years, but they used to have a dinner at the Farmers in the evening to celebrate the wonderful day.

I remember the man who sold the crockery. Do you remember, his name was Walter Davies from Birmingham.

ER: he was from Worcester.

JG: Sorry, from Worcester. And it was the highlight of peoples' day to flock to Hereford Market to see him throwing the dinner services in the air, catching them and banging them, and then telling you how cheap you could buy it. And he had a great big loud voice, do you remember Eddie?

ER: he used to come along with his brother and sell linoleum from the back of a lorry.

JG: Oh, I think he did, yes.

ER: yes.

JG: another part of the market which was run by the market department was the car parks round the actual market, which included the Merton Meadow, Blueschool Street, New Market Street, Cannonmoor Street. And we had a little attendant at the entrance to these car parks. He physically gave a ticket, collected the money and later on in the day they all used to descend on the office, tip the money out, and we used to have to reconcile the tickets with all that cash from the car parks. Course, as the years went by, tickets machines came into being. But I think our department still had to go and, if they were told the car park machine was full, they had to go and empty the machine, put new tickets in. but of course by that time we had dispensed with the presence of a car park attendant.

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DEREK BARNES:

The only thing I can relate to in regard to the market was that my father, who had joined Hiles & Son in 1948 as an accountant and Duncan Hines, who was their auctioneer, was taken ill one day with a sore throat and he couldn't take the sale. So my father was asked, would he do the sale. So he did the sale, he jumped in at the deep end, never done the sale before, and he must have done it so well, for then on he became their auctioneer.

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GERALD SKYRME & GEOFF TURBETT:

GS: Remember when we was young, the third week of October was always the October ??? And they used to sell the foals, the Shire foals and that on a…..

GT: MacCartney's used to sell horses.

GS: Yes there would be a show with prizes for best pen of sheep on October fair day, like.

GT: shows for ewes and lambs in the spring, which I competed in on several occasions.

GS: we both had prizes for our ewes and lambs.

GT: well I remember the market going down with my father to the market; I was about fourteen then, cause I left school at fourteen. And part of the market then, the army had taken it over, on the left hand side, at the top going down towards the football ground, it would be on the left hand side of the market. Half of it, the army occupied all that. And then the Dean Leigh café was in the middle of the old part, and of course that got moved over when the war finished and the army finished like. And they used to have sales of produce and potatoes and all that, in the old army bit before they pulled them down.

GS: on the other side of the street they used to sell bikes.

GT: oh that was H Smiths. They used to sell small stuff, like bikes and wheel barrows, odds and ends like that. But up at the top end HE Barnsley sold the poultry. And then of course that was all pulled down and moved into the one shed, but the one brick building on the left hand side was built especially for pigs. And I can remember queuing up at six o clock in the morning to get a pen. And then he'd got there was no pigs at all, hardly any pigs at. What you call the old market, I see every brick of that laid. That was the new market compared with what I knew.

GS: in the pig pens there used to be run alongside the Newmarket Street.

GT: Newmarket Street as you knew it; you knew the old market as they call it before they pulled it down. Well all along side there, well the street has been widened. So half of that street was in the market and there was some iron railings all the way along the side of there and the auctioneers used to stand in the street and sell the pigs over the rails. And his name was Fred Hammonds that auctioneer.

GS: Newmarket Street in them days was a lot narrower because there was a row of property beside the street.

GT: Oh yes.

GS: Between there and where we go into Tesco and that.

GT: Wheatsheaf and Sunderlands had their office. And right at the top on the other side of the street there was a skin yard, where all the skins were cured and that was next door to Smiths and then there was Morris', the implement people, were along there as well.

GS: Bellows, before Alexandria & Duncan?

GT: That's right. What actually happened, on a Monday it was all fat stock, right, such as sheep, cattle and pigs. On a Tuesday once a month it was horse sale. And on a Wednesday it was sheep, pigs and general stock, and calves, a lot of calves. Then a Thursday was store cattle, you'd have as many as a thousand store cattle on a Thursday. And then on a Friday it was dairy cows. There'd be 150 diary cows on a Friday. So it was used every day of the week really, other than a Tuesday once a month.

GS: once a month in the autumn there would be a two day sale store cattle. Bullocks one day and heifers the next.

GT: that's only once in the autumn. Remember Colin Manning who was one of the head men here? I remember him starting as a young chap, selling his first calve. Well there's all sorts of stories. I remember Colin first sold a cow for us when cows were about 30 or 40 pounds when they grew up a bit, first cow could make £100. And Colin tried very hard when it got to 95 to get this cow to 100. And he said to father, well, what about that? Father said, yes, but Colin, she more or less sold herself. Would have been better if you had been trying when they were making 45.

GS: I remember being about 19, 1943, father said to me, if you're in the alley way and someone says stop that pig, jump over into the nearest pen he said. Because the big sows could rip your leg open like.

GT: as far as farming is concerned, the biggest problem is, I think farmers would have, is when the supermarkets got started. Because there was plenty of food in the world when they started and they, unlike a little butcher down your street, he couldn't go to Brazil, supermarkets could by the boatload. And they gave up on us for quite a while. But now food is getting shorter, they're thinking very different. They want to join in with the farmer now. There was a time when they didn't want to know us. The farms are getting bigger now, and they will get a lot bigger and then they will be able to talk to the supermarkets. You can only fight fire with fire. And when it was all a lot of little farmers, they came into the business, well, they couldn't do nothing about it. We was in the hands of middle men. But we're getting through that now.

GS: farmers got into quite a bad state really. Looking at our parish now, there's only about two farms farming from the farmstead. Now there's big people taking over and they're developing it, buildings, and there's no small man will ever start. It's got so big they'll never have a chance.

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GRACE DAVIES:

It could have been 30 years ago I expect, my dad and my brother was busy, 'oh Grace, you could take the lambs to market if you like'. So off I went, feeling quite chuffed at the time. Anyway, got them in the market, and got them up onto the weighbridge, and apparently got weighed, and into the pens. And hold and behold, they didn't get graded. Why I don't know, but I just felt about that small and I felt, well, I don't know what to do. And I caught a glimpse of my brother coming in, and, 'thank god, you've come.' I said, 'I haven't got them graded'. And he said, why. And I said, you tell me. I don't know why. So I left it with him and I bolted out through the back then, and went up town then and let him get on with it.

As I was coming up through the market there was this photographer guy and he said, oh, excuse me, would you like your photograph taken. And I said, oh, I don't know, sort of, you know, blushing a bit then, and thinking, oh, why not. So I said, is everything all neat and tidy. I had a dark green moleskiney coat on and my shoes were tan, and then we had a little frail basket for when you buy your papers up town. And then you come back down and look around all the cheap jacs (??) and just mingling around town and just enjoying the day.

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GRAHAM BAKER:

Started at Sunderlands when I was 17, nearly 18 years old and I was supposed to be an articled pupil to a man called Cyril duffield, who was the proprietor of the firm at the time. And in those days articled pupils parent's normally paid the auctioneer a sum of money, which was something like three hundred pounds. And then the pupil would be there for three years to learn the trade of the auction business. Fortunately for me, my stepfather was a cattle dealer who did quite a lot of business in Hereford market and knew Mr. Duffield very well, so he actually waived that. My wages for the first year were one pound ten shillings. The second year two pound, and the third year two pound ten shillings. And after those three years it shot up to four pounds.

The market before the Queen came was quite old. Originally cattle were sold in the middle of the town, in Broad Street and then it moved to the cattle market. But there were basically two big sheds that contained a sale ring, and outside the pens were in the open and just under the trees, no protection or anything. And in those days we used to have drovers we called them, they're called porters today, who would drive the animals around the market. And some of them used to sleep in the shed beneath the, where the buyers used to stand. And they'd come to work at eight o'clock in the morning and wait to be employed by the auctioneers.

And we'd say, right, we want you, you, you and you. That was how it worked. But there were only a couple who slept rough we called it. Strangely enough, both of those men's' names were Phipps. The other people who helped us were farmers who had small farms and wanted an extra bit of pocket money and perhaps some young farmers who wanted to get into business.

In those days you're right, there was no amplification and one had to shout and sore throats were quite regular occurrences with auctioneers, but we just kept taking lots of lozenges. Even the Langford sale ring when it was first built that didn't have a tannoy system and it was quite hard work when you had a big sale ring to project your voice to the buyers.

When you're an auctioneer you find out which buyer wants what product. Some want small sheep, some want big sheep, some want fat, and after years of experience you learn to look at those people because you're expecting them to bid on it.

When I first started selling, no, well I was booking for Colin Manning in the rostrum, on a Monday we would have ten, twelve, maybe fourteen or fifteen, local butchers who would come in and they would buy a few pigs, two or three pigs, they'd buy eight or ten lambs and then they'd buy a couple of cattle. I think the biggest local butcher was a Mr Pritchard of St Owens Street, who was known to us as SOS, and he used to buy seven or eight cattle a week. They then took them to Stonebow road, Hereford, to an abattoir and then they were obviously slaughtered and delivered to their shops. But nowadays I don't think there, in Hereford, there is more than a couple of local butchers that come to market. One of the last ones to come was a man called Mr Moxley. He was an amazing man. He had two shops. But today most of the animals are bought by agents, who send them into big abattoirs and then those abattoirs serve the retail butcher.

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HEATHER KNIGHT:

Well, I come from a family of ten, eight children and my dad. And we all lived in Whitecross street. But the cattle market was our playground, because I used to play there with all my sisters and all our friends from round about. And we spent many happy hours in there, playing different games kids play. And sometimes we used to use the bullring as our stage, and do performances. Might sing a little song or do a little dance. Because we all used to go to dancing class because mum was a tailoress, so she made all our clothes. For payment we all got taught how to do tap and ballet. And acrobats. So sometimes we'd practice in the bull ring.

Well, part of the fun of playing in the cattle market was Mr and Mrs Whiteford, who weighed all the lorries when they came in and out. They used to kind of weigh us all and we used to think it was kind of magical as well because it moved with the weight of all of us children.

Dad wouldn't let us play in the street because Widemarsh Street was the main street, so he just wouldn't let us. So he got permission from the caretaker, I think his name was Mr. Beck, and we used to go in there and play in the evening club. My sister and I used to stand in the bull ring, wearing a big badge that she'd made, and we all had a little badge with our names on, because a lot of children from around, Blackfriars street, Edgar Street, that kind of area like, all used to come to club. But I can't remember what night of the week it was. But we got to see them at the market, which was brilliant. We used to play hide and seek, go tracking, because my sister next to me, we joined the Brownies and we were taught how to do little signs and follow the arrows til we got home again, back to the bull ring like. And we used to ride our bicycles. Just play children's games. We might skip or have a hoop, that kind of thing.

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HIGH TOWN -

STEPHEN HILL:

I've been on the markets with my dad since about the age of five. So about 29 years now? So full-time, as going out on my own, has been about twenty years. Yeah, I was at the old market until about 2000, but it got so quiet there in the end had to pack up because it wasn't' worth trading there. Basically the time you put fuel in your van, pay your rent, stand there and just no one was coming there really. Generally being on the market all day you'd get bored, so me and my sister we used to just disappear across in the cattle pens, run along the auctioneer boards, play hide and seek, swing on the gates as you do. I remember the big cattle pens, because being a small child then, the gates were a lot taller the fences were taller, so we used to just hide in there and lose many hours of the day then really. It was a busy, bustling market, really packed with traders, packed with customers every Saturday I was there. Well, I think the best times was in the nineties, then onwards, then the late nineties, when the foot and mouth came in and then it really died off then. So just lack of people then and all shut off, fenced it off in halve. Then no one could park their cars there and it just went really quite. Just a shame what happened there really.

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SHIRLEY COLLINS:

For nineteen years I worked for a company called Dairy supplies in Hereford cattle market. I came down from Birmingham with my husband and when the children were grown up enough to start back to work; I had a choice of two jobs. I retrained as a secretary at the college and I was offered a job in a motor agency, which stank of petrol and diesel fumes, or this dream job in the Hereford cattle market, which smelt of cows, and pigs and farmers and everything I loved when I came to Hereford from Birmingham, because it was like being on holiday every day living here.

I started off when Mr Patrick Coyne owned and started the company in goodness knows when. There were no buildings in the cattle market. I've heard it said that he told us the tale that he just had a little shepherds hut, a wooden hut that he used to operate from in the middle of the market. And there was him and his secretary, Flora Gwilliam. And then when I started work at the company, he'd just sold to Alflalabel?? A big milking company because he was of retiring age. So I was the new secretary, I took over from Flora and I was there for nineteen years and we used to supply all the needs of dairy farmers, bolt milk tanks and install the milking parlours and repair them all, and we had service men going round all the areas doing all this. And then we had vans going round all the farms selling all their needs. And the farmers used to come in. they used to come into the office to pay their bills, when we could get them to pay. And they smelled. I loved the smell of cows and farmers. It was wonderful working there.

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MIKE THE BAKER:

There were quite a lot of people, coaches, coming up the market. A lot of people from Wales coming up there as well. So I met quite a few people from back home. Yes, they moved us into the piggery there and they set it all for stalls. So that was a good idea that was when they moved us there, because we were out of the elements there. We did quite well there. There were quite a few of us there. And of course over time there were plans to close it down and of course a lot of them finished then and a few of us went outside and eventually closed it all together and they bought us into the town. It's a lot different to what it was then. People here are nice; they're good regular customers here. But it was a lot different then with the farmers and their wives in there. So we used to have a chat with them and surprising how well you get on like. Yeah, used to enjoy it there like. Meet a lot of strangers here, course they're not farmers as well, so it is quite a bit different to what it was there and what it is here.

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JOHN BISHOP:

In 1961 I was given two sows and those two sows used to provide me with four litters of pigs per year to sell. And the litters used to come to about seven pounds each. Now this was a hundred per cent profit, because my father and grandfather paid for the animal feed, but I had to work off even though I was only eleven years of age. But the economics side of it, or the reality side of it, is that those two sows in five years gave me enough money, producing me roughly £1400 of clear profit, and that meant I had enough money to buy my first house in Colwall. Because property was selling between twelve and fifteen hundred pound. Today, two sows probably wouldn't put the fuel in my vehicle. That's the economics of farming.

We all think we're going through hard times, all farmers complain about the hardship. But it is a difficult way of life, it is a hard way of life, it is 24 hours a day, seven days a week, especially livestock farming. Probably during the thirties, my grandfather had a lot of sheep called a 'tack'. That meant he got them out feeding on farms around the county. And he told me that in 1932 I think it was, that they bought a load of sheep in Pontrilas on the train to the old market. He didn't get a bid for them and decided to walk them home to colwall, which is 17 miles away. They got them as far as Tarrington, that was my grandfather George and my uncle Walter, and the sheep were exhausted. So they put them in an orchard, walked onto ledbury , missed the last train home, and then walked on to Colwall and then turned around and walked back the next day and continued their journey. We never have to face hardship like that today.

Obviously there wasn't the lorries, so most of the stock was walked in. some came in on the trains, but o remember my uncle telling me he knew some old boys who'd seen some geese being driven to Birmingham, whether it was I don't know. But he said they used to walk the geese through tar, and then let them go through some very fine gravel, and when that dried on their feet it gave them a wearing pad so as they could walk the geese to the market or to the house for slaughter.

If you read a book called, 'the drover's roads of Wales,' you will find that cattle were driven from north Wales to Smithfield's and they used corgi dogs to drive them. Very often the old boys would get drunk when they'd got there, sell their horses and walk back to north Wales. I get exhausted now walking around the market but that's another story.

The characters I've known and the old stories and like most of these stories, when you're young you're not important to you. I suppose my uncle would be a good example. I used to drive him into Hereford market and we'd both be buying cattle and on the way, back this old boy left school when he was thirteen, would say exactly the kilo they were. I'd say they were 89p or something like that. And he's say no, they wouldn't be that much, they'd be 87 and half pence. He'd work

it out in his head and he would know precisely where he was at. So education isn't everything is it?

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JOHN HARRIS:

Well, my name is John Harris. I am 82 and I've been in the market for 62 years. I was always in the old market on a Wednesday with the sheep, booking in the sheep, sitting on the plank next to the auctioneer and worked from there. We did the pigs as well, I was involved with that. That's what it was on a Thursday. I probably weighed the cattle, on a Monday I'd probably weigh the lambs.

I remember one of my earliest memories of weighing sheep, I went weighted 80 lambs for Alderman EW Langford, who was the man who laid the stone for Langford cattle ring, and I weighed 80 lambs for him. I'll always remember that. The farm he had was Ashley Court, where the pub is now.

Yes, one of the earliest memories I've got is weighing sheep. I weighed 80 lambs for Alderman Langford, who was the man who laid the first stone for the Langford cattle ring, and that was in probably early 51 or 52. I'll always remember that because afterwards I saw him and he gave me six pence and I couldn't believe it.

It was homely, it was homely. In the old days everyone knew everyone else, and people went to market on a Wednesday, it was their day out. They went to market if they'd got anything to sell or buy, they still went.

When I went there in 51, they hadn't built the big cattle lairage; there were a couple of corrugated huts, which they used to use. One was Sunderlands and one was Russell, Baldwin and Bright. All the pens were out in the open, in most places there were trees there. It gave shelter to the stock. The pigs used to be sold outside as well, until they built the pig market. The pigs were up against the road in Newmarket Street.

We've had odd beasts in the past go up into the town. We did have one went into a china shop, but it was alright, it wasn't any big problem. It backed itself out and on it went. Yes, I remember once a beast broke free and it went up into town and it went into a china shop. Fortunately it backed itself out and on it goes. So there wasn't any damage. There could have easily have been.

People came from all over the place to buy. They came from north of England, as far as Scotland, eastern counties. Back before the foot and mouth, we had a market virtually every day. Fat stock on a Monday, sometimes have a bull sale or a horse sale on a Tuesday, store cattle on a Thursday and in the autumn the store cattle sale would be over two days, Thursday and Friday. They had

bullocks on the first day and heifers on the second day. On a Friday would also be the milking cows, which was a big auction in those days.

When I came here first they had a horse auction and it was in the open market then, under the trees. Then when they built the new Langford sale ring, it had the horses in there. But they didn't have all that many horses after that. The one big sale they did have in the horse world, they used to have the Fairoaks sale of welsh mountain ponies.

A little round place right in the centre of the market and it was always full and people always went in. another place for refreshment was in the market Tavern. Some used to come to market tavern in the morning and that was as far as they got. But then they'd come out of there, get into their vehicles and drive home. Because in those days if you could walk you could drive.

He'd be on the pigs and he'd say, 'sold to that man over there with the red face,' or something like that. And he wouldn't ask the man his name. Whoever was trying to book, he had to go and find out who it was.

This Matt Higgins who we were talking about, he was a dealer and he was one of the characters. We had an old boy from Wales by the name of Fred Rolfe. He used to sell a lot of cattle in Hereford, not to the auction, but by what we called 'by hand'. He'd got his regular customers and he used to buy his cattle all over Wales and sell them in the market. He was a real character, rough old boy to look at and always got a mustler ?? On and he liked a little drop of refreshment as well, but he was a real character. He used to sell a lot of cattle.

Then we had people coming from the north, one man came from Blackpool, another man from Wrexham, a man called Hastings, and he'd buy a load of pigs. The Wildes came from Cheshire, they used to make cheese and they wanted the pigs for whey and they used to come with a big brown artic lorry. They used to go away with a load.

Some people now say to me, 'oh it's taken the heart out of the town'. It probably has in a way, but the traffic had got so bad that when we moved out we couldn't believe how easy it was and the number of people who became customers at the new market. I did say one thing to the party I was with; I said it's a pity to get it dirty. It looked a picture. It had been freshly painted and the concrete was clean, everyging was good and I said it was a pity to get it dirty. Since we've been, it's used; we get fresh customers every day, so we must be doing something right. Yes, when we moved up I said I was going to retire, but the bosses said, no you can't. I said, why? 'Well you've been such a long time, you know everybody and they know you.' And farmers are a breed of their own; they like to deal with their own, because we speak the same language. First thing I said was, well, that's ok, I said I will come. But I said the last couple of winters almost croaked me. I must have an office up there and it must have an electric, have some heat in the

winter. And they said yes, like that, so they bought me this house and we've moved on from there.

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JOHN LEWIS DAVIES:

I think the year in Hereford could be divided up into four major occasions. That was every four years when: the Three Choirs Festival came here, then there were the Hereford Bull sales and of course two traditional fairs over April, and the Royal Charter. But in effect the bull sales were quite remarkable. The diversity of voices one heard, who walked down Broad Street. You almost needed an interpreter to come with you, and many funny incidents in the pubs actually when they first met English beer in pint glasses for the first time. But they seemed to adapt to their conditions or environment very well.

There was not a great deal of buying from the shops or anything like that because they were under strict currently regulations, and the only money they could get really was from their embassies. But the city centre was crowded, it was dynamic and when you walked into the butter market and cattle markets you could virtually smell the vibes. And one of the great large attractions were the Russians, there's no doubt about that. And we've tried to get into the Farmers club ??? But unfortunately the security was so strict that they weren't really allowed to mingle. I've a vague idea that they weren't allowed to stay in the city but they stayed in accommodation, I'd say four or five miles out and were kind of wheeled in by their guards during the day.

Hereford was extremely busy, with people here from all over the world. And of course the people who really attracted us were the Russians, because it was the time of the cold war and things like that and all sorts of stories ran about. But they were definitely here to improve their livestock and they took as their example a famous Hereford dealer, breeder in the world, Captain De Quincey. And wherever Captain de Quincey went during the visits to the old market as it is now, they were in hot pursuit. They always appeared to be followed by men with square shoulders. And word soon got round that these were KGB, and point of fact, they were British Special Branch keeping an eye on KGB. So nobody knew where they stood at all!

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JOHN VAUGHAN:

This is the Queen visiting Hereford new cattle market in 1954, the year after the coronation. She's here with these three cattle. This one is Easton Easton venture, bred by OS hellier of Easton Bishop, and this is the second time she's

met this bull because the previous year, the coronation year, she gave a cup, the Queen's cup for best beef bull in England, which Easton Eastern Venture won. And this little boy sat up here with his head looking over the wall, that's me. And I'd be ten or eleven. I must have been 11 at that age, yes.

The January sale was always the main sale. There were five sales in Hereford every year. One in October, another in November, then the big one in January, and then another one in March, and another one in April. And there was 300 bulls at each of these sales going all over the country. But the January one they went all over the world and you'd have a job to find any empty hotel rooms or boarding house rooms in Hereford or in Leominster, or any, the whole county was booked up in them days. And there'd be visitors from overseas and buyers: Argentine, Uruguay, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and a few from America. They were the biggest vendors the Americans mostly.

Oh yes, in the eighties was my hey day. I had herd of the year six times in a row, that's based on how many points you get, so many points for first prize, second, at all these sales, these October, November, January, through the year you see. I was the first chap to win champion in reserve at the January sale. And that was a memorable day because they sold all the champions together, and we took the champion, Easter Boy in, and he made seven thousand, which was pretty good, well they don't make that much today. And then the next one going was, the runner up Fort Worth, he was a junior bull, and he made three thousand six hundred to the under bidder of the champion. And we were just going out of the ring and somebody said to me, 'John, you've got to take that bull, your champion back in. and the chap from Uruguay wasn't bidding, he was just smiling at somebody. I said, oh my god. We hadn't got the buyer so we had to go back in again. We hadn't got the buyer, the bid or the under bid. So who's going to buy the thing I thought to myself. So we take him in the ring again, seven thousand two hundred. The milk marketing board who wanted a lot of bulls for their stud, the buyer for them had been late because it had been foggy. Two minutes he wasn't there and he was there then, enough to give us two hundred more guineas for the bull.

Because they were the most efficient producers of beef. Most of them still are. They went down to very very small numbers in the nineties and the beginning of this century, but now they're on the rise again, as they're finding out Hereford beef is the most, it's the best beef there is. In fact, talking about that, last Saturday I went into the Coop in Leominster and, since this whole horse meat scandal, all the breeds are identified in this supermarket, and they were two Hereford steaks, hell they were expensive mind, five pounds – thirty pound a kilo compared to British steak at twenty two. I don't kill the beast anymore so I never have then, so I went an bought two steaks and this lady with said, do you know what, this is the best steak I've ever had in my whole life. So it was best spending a bit of money.

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JULIAN GALLIMORE:

I'm Julian Gallimore. I've been an auctioneer for, or was an auctioneer before my retirement, from the time I left school, which was at the end of 1959, and I started up 1960 in Kidderminster and in 1962 I came to Hereford to join my father's firm to continue the work of a livestock auctioneer.

About the same time as the Queen's visit, in other words about 1950, the mid 1950s, I was a school boy, and during the school holidays I was allowed to come and work for five shillings a day running sales slips. Sales slips were the pieces of paper on which the purchaser and the price of the animal was recorded. There were about five lots on a particular piece of paper, they were then given to me with a clip on it, as I recall, and I would take them up to the office, which was in the corner of the market by the market tavern for all the purchases to be put on the invoices. And then I would go back, and, as I said, had five shillings a day for doing that. It was useful pocket money. I remember the first time that I did it I was told that I would be running sales slips, so I did, I ran, two hundred yards from the sale ring, the old sales rings all the way up to the market, and ran back. And I got back puffing and panting and I was told, no, you don't have to be that quick! So it was a little bit of pocket money. It was useful pocket money at the time.

I'm told it was 1953 that the Queen came to visit Hereford and came to the market. My father being a partner in Russell Baldwin and Bright at the time, got us seats in the Langford Sale ring, and about three rows up and right in the centre of the sale ring. And I think my sister was there. I was there at about the age of 12 I should think I suppose. And the Queen, together with all the officials, no doubt the lord lieutenant of the time and the Mayor and other important people, came into the sale ring. She'd come over the weigh bridge, the cattle weighbridge, as did the Duke. And the Duke turned back wards, looked up at the Sale ring, well looked up at the dial of the weighbridge, and muttered something to the Queen, which I presumed, always presume, we've been weighed.

The great change that there has been with pedigree Hereford marketing, and probably it's the same with other native breeds as well, is that the sheer quantity of cattle that we don't sell now or that did sell then. We were having five sales in a year, run by the Hereford Herd book society, for whom we were the official auctioneers, up to four and five hundred bulls in January, and various other bull sales during the year as well. Now there are two sales in a year and the quantity would certainly be nothing like as great as the January sales in those days.

Father joined the firm in 1946. he started to sell Hereford cattle fairly soon after, as I understand that, and then during the intervening years the bull sales in Hereford were becoming much more, much more prominent , of much greater importance. The particular one was the January bull sale, where we'd have very nearly five hundred bulls. And that was the big highlight of the year. In 62 I came into firm and from about 1965 I suppose, I think it was 65, I started selling the

Hereford cattle. All of the cattle, all of the bulls would be graded on the day, which was always a Monday. They would be paraded for the judges in the various classes and that would go on, started as soon as we arrived at ten in the morning and would go on to three, four, probably four in the afternoon. So having done all that and awarded the champions and other prizes, there was a dinner at the Green Dragon afterwards, the eve of the January bull sale. Now, it really used to be quite something. I don't know how many people were there but there used to have to be two sittings for the meal. It was always an excuse to partake of probably too much food and maybe too much drink. One of the worries I always had was I never like being late home because I knew I had a day's work to do next day, so never really got into the full swing of it all, but I used to enjoy it. Many people enjoyed it far more than I did.

The late risers club, now that originated, if I remember rightly, from one of the January dos on the night prior, when the particular gentleman did not get up in sufficient time to see his bull sold. I was never a member, I was quite thankful I was never caught up in the shenanigans that must have gone at some of the dinners they had. But it was very popular and I presume it is still in existence. It was a very popular, let's call it partying club.

And all the way through the late 1940s early, well into the 1950s the bull sales were coming of great prominence and there would be five sales a year. The biggest sale was in January, that was always THE January bull sale. There would be up to, close to 500 bulls to be sold at any one of the January sales. So into the 1960s then and in 1962 father was the principal auctioneer and, along with Geoffrey Chambers. Then I suppose around 1965 I started selling Hereford cattle and I would sell at all of the bull sales in Hereford. Besides the five sales I've mentioned, the auctioneers also put on three sales in a year. So you can see the quantity of cattle sold was quite remarkable. I can't see that turning round to come again.

In the original tin sheds, which you may have heard spoken of before, I liken them to the construction of the old village hall, in other words, corrugated iron on the outside and tongue and groove boarding on the inside. They were very much like that. In neither ring was there any amplification at all and it was quite hard work. But it did work, but when you've got a lot of people there, you've got a ring full of cattle, you've got seating full of people, it's quite hard work. In fact, after we'd started introducing a portable microphone system, my father suggested it once for a bull sale, and I rather poo pooed it, which was probably very wrong, but then after that we seemed to rely on amplification, which made the whole thing much better.

There was one of my predecessors, who was never a partner when I was working for Russell Baldwin and Bright, called Jack Like. Jack was a big man, with a really gravelly voice, I presumed tuned by years of selling and selling of course without a microphone. It is easier, I'm not saying people have it easier

now because they have the microphone, it does make a tremendous difference having sort of amplification. And the old Langford sale ring –I've sold one bull to a drunken farmer and I remember him standing up there and only after did I drop the hammer did I realize that he was drunk out of his mind. It was a difficult position because the next bull was probably in the ring and I think somebody went to get his name and address and realized he was totally out of his mind. Anyway, we had to put it up again. I can't remember anymore than that, whether we got more money second time.

Pretty much everybody had their own particular style. Some winked, either a fairly obvious wink or ……once you pick the person up round the ring as a bidder then you knew what to look for. In other words then the wink might have got……..quick wink, move a finger, just standing arms on the rails, lift a finger, move mouth, nod, or shake their head if they didn't want to bid, nod. Some people quite flamboyant about it. But there were all sorts of different styles. People used their own particular style. You knew how Mr Jones was going to bid if he did bid. Sometimes you did get people bidding a little bit by mistake or waving. The Hereford bull sales were the worst for that because you had many people round the ring who wouldn't normally go to a sale, and all of a sudden they see a friend across the ring, and you'd be half way through selling a bull for a thousand guineas and you'd see this wave. And you'd look up of course and think it was a bid and you'd realize that person's not looking in my direction, they're waving at a friend.

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KEN & DAISY JONES:

KJ: Yes, well I'd be ten or eleven I think and it'd be 'bout 1935 or 1936. And of course there wasn't the transport for animals in those days, as it is today, and my father and I were walking a big old sow to the cattle market. And we'd got as far as Edgar Street, where the football stand is now, it used to be a corrugated iron fence in those days, and the poor old sow laid down and refused to go any further. We tried all ways, prodding and poking her, hitting her, but she wouldn't move. So in the end, in desperation, my father walked to the market and he bought back a big old cart that they used to use to transport the animals around the market, the difficult animals. And all these chaps were going to work on their bicycles, because there weren't very many cars in those days, and they all helped to lift, and push and cajole this sow into this big old, it was like a bull cart really, and then we trundled it on into the market and we got her out ok then.

DJ: I got used to being one of the few women at the market in those days. We had pigs to sell so you had to do it. My husband was working so I had to get on with it. I was in the front of sale if I could be. You put your hand up to bid.

KJ: I think Colin manning got to know her quite well actually. Because of course you didn't need to put your hand up really. All you needed to do was nod or wink, and that was enough. I expect I was in my thirties when I first started bidding. Late twenties to early thirties.

In the thirties the market was all open. Some of the cattle rings were enclosed, but all the sheep and pigs were in the open and the pens, in those days, fronted onto Newmarket Street, all open pens. Very basic. Then of course in the fifties I think it would be they built the new market then, which is now being rebuilt again isn't it?

DJ: well I used to catch the bus at Wellington to go into the market and have a look around the pigs, see if they were all safely in there, and check them in and my husband used to come down, before they were sold, to look to see they were ok. And that was it. And of course if they weren't sold we took them back home.

KJ: in 1948 they used to have car auctions at the market you see, and we'd been looking for a car but we didn't have much money in those days, and this old Austin seven came up, it was 1929 model. And I bought if for £68. It was only £98 when it was new! And by then it was nearly 20 years old. I think in those days Mr Hines was the auctioneer and Stan Barnes was his assistant.

This would be in thirties and early forties I think. When my father used to sell pigs there was a carrier who came from college road, or somewhere, with a pony and trap, and we used to load his pigs in and they were transported that way. They would be smaller pigs, not big sows and things like that.

In addition to the pigs and poultry we also grew a lot of plants for the trade. Mainly brassicas, cabbage, brussel sprouts and broccoli, things like that, leeks, bedding plants, wall flowers. We used to people like frank Barnes, who was one of the big garden shops, with Simpson's, Brampton's in the market, people like that. And I used to ring up from work to these different places and get the orders and I was very interested in pigeons so I'd take a couple of pigeons to work with me and put a little tiny note with a rubber band round the leg, let the pigeon go – cause we had no telephone you see and you couldn't' get a telephone in those days. So daisy would wait for the pigeon go into the loft – sometimes they a bit longer to go in – and remove the little note and find out exactly what the orders were for the following day you see. That's how we worked it. But in later years we did manage to get a telephone.

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MARY HARPER:

My name is Mary Harper and I've worked in the poultry market since about 1987. but my earliest memories of the market was when I used to go with my dad since about nine or ten in the dairy section, when he was selling cows. We used to have to wash them and make them look presentable for selling. I used to remember brushing their tails and coats.

In the poultry market the customers come in and you have to book them into pens, make sure they are the right birds in the right pens. Then when we have the market on Wednesday I go out with the auctioneer and I also take down the prices for the other customers. But then we always have to watch at the bidding times. Children are always inquisitive what's in the boxes. They like to play with the chickens so they take the chickens out of the boxes to look at them, but then they put them back in the wrong boxes with the ducks unfortunately. Someone will come along and say, oh, I've bought a box with six chickens and there are four in there now and we find two in with the ducks.

We had these two gentlemen from Shropshire they'd came down with a little pick up with their trailer and they were always buying and selling poultry. But they'd have so much poultry that they actually had them in the car with them as well.

At dressed poultry sales we had to watch what the customers were picking up. They used to pick up things that really didn't belong to them. And one time we had a turkey missing and Stan, who was watching, said, 'I know where that turkey is.' He ran outside and found they'd thrown it under their vehicle and they were standing there and he got the turkey back. And there times we would have eggs go missing. The porter was watching and he knew whose pockets they were in. So he went behind him and just smashed his hand against his pockets and so he had a pocketful of mushy eggs. Eating eggs. We had fertilized eggs as well.

You had to make sure the birds were healthy. So if we did see something that may have had sort of wasn't looking a hundred per cent, or sometimes might have something in their eyes and things, we'd have to tell the customers to take them out. But then sometimes some customers would come in and say, we have three old lovely birds. And we'd say, sorry, but they are cockerels. They thought they were going to get away with it. I think they thought if they took a few feathers out they might look like females not cockerels.

Sometimes they'd bring the birds in a sack. A goose came in with just his head poking out, stuck under the farmer's arms. Well they're not supposed to do that. They're supposed to come in crates. But really putting it in a sack the goose was quite safe, wasn't flapping around. Safe for the goose and the person bringing them in. but sometimes they'd bring birds in and they'd say they had a female

goose or a duck and we'd notice they'd actually taken the feather out of its tail, which curls up. It really was a drake or a goose.

Very often they'd come to market and they'd have a goose in a sack. The goose was tucked under the farmer's arms with his head poking out of the sack. In one way it was quite safe. The bird was quite safe; he wasn't flapping his wings around. But then another tine we'd find they wouldn't quite tell us actually what the birds were. We may have a lovely looking duck and they'd say, 'it's a female duck. But we noticed they had taken the curly tail off, so it was a drake. Occasionally some feathers would come out of the cockerel's tale. We think this is a female. Well no it's not a female, it's a cockerel. So you have to keep watch on them all the time. We've got a very good porter who's on top of it all. He knows the stock. He watches them.

It was a unique atmosphere at the old market because people were all busy buying, selling, watching. There's so much going on and it is very difficult to describe. And a lot of people knew each other so it was their meeting point as well. Very often they'd come early to go for a coffee together, breakfast together. So they could catch up on news, yeah.

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MATT DAVIES:

If he had things there that would sell that were cheaper and would do the same job, he would sell that to people. So people always used to come back to him because of his knowledge and because he was just a very honest man as such. So he got to know people that way. Also the other people within the businesses, I mean, he would buy things from all the different businesses there, so, you know, he would go to Bearings, belts and sprockets and Carlton, who worked there, and buy bits and bobs for his business. He would go to the actual market itself. When we were growing up we would get sweets, two ounces sweets on a Saturday, when we were very young from a sweet stall at the market. He would go to the cheese stall to buy cheese, he would go to the meat stall, James', and he used to have the big meat van there to buy all the meats. He would go to Les on the flower stall to buy all his flowers. Sometimes he'd go and get his shoes and things. So he was very much an integral part of that community and he loved it, he loved it, it was his life.

From the word dot dad would pretty much take us to work with him. We got to know the community within the cattle market as well as the community outside the cattle market that used to come into the cattle market through the fact of my dad being a very honest man and also, I suppose in some respects, us being there. And the other thing was the community. He would quite happily go and buy

from that community to keep it going, because he loved it. When he worked or Harris' he'd sold a combine harvester. And later on that day this tramp came running into the showroom as such, shouting and screaming, where's my stuff, where's my stuff. And my dad said, well, I don't know where your stuff is. What's this about? To which the tramp told him that he'd actually left it all in the combine harvester that my dad had actually just sold. So my dad was kind of like, I'm sorry I've sold it and I can't' actually get your stuff back. So yeah that was quite an amusing story.

If one of us was ill, but not that ill you couldn't sort of go out, when we were away from school when we were very ill, my dad sometimes would take us to work. I remember a few occasions when he took me, and in his office he had two desks and he would sit at the one desk then he would shimmy up in the chair to the other desk and just get a whole pile of scrap paper and let me sit there all day, quite happily scribbling away. And, you know, it was just a really nice atmosphere at the market. You know you always felt safe because everybody new everybody.

Well my father, he was a 76 year old man and he loved working, he loved his job, he loved the cattle market. It was his life. And he worked there up until August 2011 and unfortunately he died in September 2011, so a month later. So we actually cleared out the cattle market just before he died. So he worked there right until the end. He loved it there.

Well with the café, my godmother, Paula, used to work there. And there were occasions when my dad would pop in, and you know, we'd have a cup of tea, sometimes a doughnut or whatever. And she'd make a fuss and whatever, not only of me; in know I was her godson, but also all of my brothers and sisters. And the other thing is my dad would pop in there to see some of the farmers, to see how they were doing, see if they needed anything.

Well, occasionally my dad would take us into the Dean Leigh and we'd pop in there to see my godmother Paula. She'd either be on the front counter obviously serving, or she'd be out the back washing up. And she'd always make a fuss. We quite liked doughnuts and a cup of tea and whatever. And it was just a really nice place to be because she really would make a fuss of all of us. We would go to the Dean Leigh café and it was more often than not it was to go and see Paula. And if she wasn't sort of working on the front counter she'd be washing up or whatever.

We would quite often go to work with dad, and it would be trying to amuse us so there were these different bits of machinery, bits we were curious of, like the quad bikes, he'd sit us on there. So in some respects, when we were very young we almost actually amuse the customers because there were two sets of twins and obviously there's thirteen months between both sets and people got to know us through the fact that it was unusual at the time. My dad obviously had his own

business later on and we were going there from time to time and was actually helping out. So sometimes we would work for him. My twin brother used to work alongside him. You know, they would help to give advice to people and selling some of the goods. And also bits of machinery. Yeah, my dad Jim he worked at the cattle market probably for forty years in total. In the beginning he worked in the big building in the centre of the cattle market, which was originally Harris' which sold agriculture machinery, later on becoming Ravenhills, which was the same thing. And then later on he came back to the cattle market to set up his own business in 1993, of which was called Jim Davies ground care equipment???

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MIKE & ELIZABETH PATRICK:

MP: Yes, well I lived in with Cecil Watkins and Mrs Watkins of Bridge Court, with their two children, and when I was on school holidays the sheep had to go to Hereford. We used to have to drive them by road with Mr Watkins with his dog and myself ahead of the sheep to close all the gates getting on into Hereford, so they wouldn't go into people's gardens. But it did happen once or twice and they all got loose. But then we'd get in towards Hereford market and they'd be penned up and I'd go to the auctioneer's office. There was a lovely lady there called Mrs Peat. And I used to have to go and stand next to Mr Watkins, and she made sure I had a hot chocolate drink. She used to go and get one of her secretaries to go and make me one. And we went on from there.

Yes, there was a gentleman there, Mac Higgins his name was and all us younger farmers then, he used to make us laugh at the way he used to buy cattle. He'd be up the ring there leaning over the ring and when he went like that he'd go (slurping sound). He was just a character, no matter what he did or said. Always had his walking stick. It was like that where he'd put his thumb through like that. And he'd always come up and ask, 'do you want to buy those cows, boyo, I've just bought!' but he was quite a character.

EP: I think the market was important to the county and the city because it bought a focus of activity every week. And Wednesdays was an important day for the whole the city, because not only did the farmers come in, but they bought in their families, and their wives, and they would go to Greenland's, the wives, and go to the linen department, or toy department, and perhaps go to Pritchard's, and the men would be measured up for their britches. And it bought in people from all the surrounding counties as well. And it was the focus of the whole of the community. And we don't have that anymore. There was a pattern to the week and it was predictable. And that is something that we have lost now, community and also the characters and the business that they bought in, and that is something that has gone.

MP: As a dairy farmer whenever I wanted any heifers to put into the herd, I'd come into Hereford because I knew the people that was selling them and I could talk to them all about them, before I went up in the ring to buy them, or try and buy them. That's how I got to know….. But there were very good farmers there. Liz and I hadn't long started in the milk and we were short of money, still are, and they used to say to me: look, you don't have to pay for them now. See me in a month's time, after we've had their milk, and we've had the milk cheque and we paid them just so much. But the farmers especially, a good friend of mine John Jones of Malvern, he was a very good friend, and he said: you sure you can manage it this month. I said yes, we must keep our word and what we said. It went on like that. They were all like that, very good, friends weren't they?

EP: yes, it was a good community spirit and people were very kind and supportive.

MP: when Liz and I started farming, after a while we went into milking at marlbrook and I didn't have enough money to buy many cows. But there was several farmers that always helped me out after I looked at them in Hereford market and we went from there. Mr John Jones, who is a dealer and a farmer and a very good friend of ours, he always let us have them and not pay straight away, on monthly terms. Which was very good. And there was Mr Colin Manning, who was an auctioneer in one of the markets. And Mr Bill Gallimore and they were always very good and helpful. Don't worry about paying now, and we went on like that. We always managed. We kept our word and paid our depts.

EP: well in the late sixties and early seventies, when Michael was farm manager for Lord Hereford, we used to go the January sales that the Hereford herd book society held. And they were very important sales and people would come from all over the world, from Uruguay, Argentina, South Africa, Australia, Russia, and then in the evening there would be a marvelous dinner dance. And they'd have, I remember Julian's discothèque was very popular and then there was a more formal band for the more sedate people. Wonderful dinner and speeches ad a tremendous get together, very exciting and really quite elegant. And the buyers would come from all over the world and all the hotels in hotels would be full and it was a tremendous occasion. It was very exciting especially for a very small town. And I remember very well because they used to go into my family's shop, which was Pritchard's, and buy cufflinks and squares, and ties, and we would meet people from, say South Africa, that we'd been sending things to during the year, so it was really a marvelous occasion.

MP: well all the farmers would get together and they'd all get down to the Tavern and get the alcohol in them. Some of them were tight and some weren't. But us boys used to get in there with them. Especially at Christmas time after the Hereford fat stock, we'd get in there. But the farmers always managed to get us

as well. So we had to get home. I'm sure your mother wasn't very happy. It was just a good outing for all.

Yeah, he was a character at the market and the things he used to come out with was unbelievable. I could say one thing. I always remember walking the sheep across the yard with a Mr Farr, Jim Farr, and Mrs Farr was a lovely lady, and came out calling, Jim, Jim, Jim! And Jim looked around at me and said 'hark at that woman squawking. It was quite laughable that. He was a lovely gentleman though, he really was.

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MIKE POWELL BUTCHER:

Market was a throng of people and the farmers wives used to have tables in the middle selling their own produce. And the wives would, the farmers would come in when they'd finished their business down there and walk around. It was really really busy. We had just two units. We just used to do fresh meat but in the last five years we've taken the other three units. We do, my son makes the pies and his wife, we do cooked meats and hot rolls now. We're just trying to enhance the business.

The heyday was the late seventies, early eighties. Because where Maylord orchard stands was a massive car park there, and people used to queue up there and it was more or less like Hereford's big supermarket

During the summer they'd have what you call a miners fortnight, where they'd be on holiday and you couldn't walk through the market. If you wanted to get to High Town, you'd have to walk round. My father couldn't cut chops quick enough. When I first started when I was 16, there was five butchers and with five units at the back. In those days they'd have their block out in the gangways cutting the meat, and then we'd just carried on as it got busier we took more units on and started doing cooked meats, pies, making our own pies, and hot rolls.

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PHILIP PRICE:

Well, going back to when I would have been six to ten, something like that, routine was to clamber into the car, come into town, park in the lorry wash park, as it was in those days, and just park up and leave the doors open. The men folk would go down into the market and I would go with my mother. We'd head off to the back of Bewell Street and there was a grocers there. And we'd just drop off the household requirements for next week with the order and then disappear off

into High town to Harris' caf' as it was known, on the corner, where I think McFisheries was and there's now Hinds the jewelers, and then probably somebody else since then. But we'd have coffee, go into town to do all the other household jobs and socializing as you do. We'd come back by the same café for having some lunch, or we might even go to the Continental café as it was known in those days, and then head back to the car park, meet up with the men folk following the end of market. The grocery would have been delivered to the boot of the car by bicycle and pannier and nobody ever stole anything, it was wonderful in those days. And back for home.

I started on my own account when I was 19. And when I started purchasing and using the auctioneers in and around Hereford market, they weren't known as Hereford auctioneers in those days. It was either Russell Baldwin & Bright or Sunderland's, or Sunderland & Hammond. But I quickly became known as 'surname, farm name', so I was Price the Mill. And that has lasted all the way through my farming life up until today. As such when I left the Mill some twenty years ago, I'm still known as Price the Mill.

When the council were putting in the inner relief road there was a problem with a certain gentleman with the purchase of his property, known as Mr Davies the chemist. Everybody in farming the last fifty years would have known of Mr Davies, William Davies his name was. He wasn't going to sell and he finished up with a three-storey, single room wide building propped up by scaffolding in the middle of a building site. He eventually moved to what became the dispensary in, opposite what is now Steels Westgate garage. But it was interesting that every time you came into Hereford there was just this three-storey building. But he was the supplier of all sorts of wonderful and weird concoctions for farming. I can remember when we used to go in there and buy mineral bullets, fifty years ago, to give to the sheep and cattle. And he was a friend to all farming families. Not just for themselves but for agriculture in particular. A great character, a real Herefordshire character he was.

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RICHARD HYDE:

Richard Hyde. I'm director of Hereford Market Auctioneers Ltd and a partner in Sunderland's and Thompson's and I came to Hereford in 1986.

There was, that day when the last animal was sold, had a, we had a siren in the office, that if an animal broke out at all and something happened, hit the siren and everybody shut the gates and ran and did everything imaginable. And then when we sold the last animal we put the siren on and that was, I don't know, that was to me almost like closure. It was a bit melodramatic, a bit stupid probably, but we're sort of, that is the end. Yeah, it was very very poignant. But it didn't

take many seconds to think, I've got to get the next one ready in seven days and that does concentrate the mind. That when the old market closed, that build up was phenomenal, because the build up started for almost six months before the closure. In 2011 it started to build really well, more than we expected it to so that when you came here, yeah, we bought an awful lot people than we thought were going to come at the time. We'd had so many years with the build up to it. Okay, right, it's happening. Of course it was sad to close the old one because there was so much; I'd had twenty something years there, 25 years there. So yeah it's a big part of your life. But the thought that you were coming out of something 21st century brand new was brilliant. And yeah it was a very sad day but I think it was the looking forward to the new that you said right, this is what we've been aiming at, this is what we've been trying to do, it will be better for us, everybody involved. So to me it wasn't that particularly sad. I still can't believe we've got it. You know it's like that sort of thing when you think somebody's going to take it away from you. But thankfully we've got it and its growing. It's doing phenomenally well.

Farming is a very isolated occupation. The labour force went off the farms thirty, forty years ago. There was the boss or the son or the father and the son, then there would be workmen. That has gone. You know, the boss or whoever, would come to market, dressed up to the nines, and it was a day out and the wife would come to do the shopping and all that sort of thing. It was a big day out and they would dress up for it and it would be something pretty spectacular. Well as things have gone on that labour force at home is not there. So they come in in their working attire, do the business and then tearing off home because they're not there doing the work, because there's no one doing it. So that has changed massively. Market day used to be a big social event. That has gone now. Even when I started it was more of a day out but it is now changed out of all recognition. It is a business day, it's a working day. You come in, you do the business and you go home again and set about the work again. Phenomenally busy and they used to say Banbury was the stock yard of Europe. I would Hereford was very close behind it.

Yes, it's always been the centre for the welsh borders to mid Wales to the Welsh coast and then way off into England. It's where the welsh livestock is born and then fattened in England. So it's where the welsh livestock meets the English fattener, is a broad brush approach to how Hereford has evolved.

But the social element of a market is way understated, because it is very important. The amount of people who come here on a Wednesday not to do anything other than to see other people is phenomenal. You know, you'll see them at breakfast, and you'll say, you retired X years ago. They haven't come to do anything but it's where all their friends are. And it's hugely important to keep, sort of, communities together and this is, we have a very big hinterland around here, from the Welsh coast and half way up to the Midlands, and you get people from a very wide area.

Yeah, you've got to move with the times. The old market, many years ago, pre 1856, was in Broad Street. Now, you can't even begin to envisage something like that. It's got to be, things have got to evolve. The old Hereford cattle, they plodded along very nicely and they stood in the middle of Broad Street and they were sold there, however it worked I can't start to imagine. But that's what happened. Then in 1856 they went and built a specific livestock market, the one we left. That then became, was, in the centre of the city, which is not a good place to have it. So that evolves again so in 2011 we moved out here. And this is absolutely perfect. And it needed to move out because you don't want people queuing for hours on end on a Wednesday morning trying to get into the market, causing congestion to everybody else. The parking was down at the Merton meadow, which was out of step, to park, go back down again to pick up the vehicle, you know, back and forth, back and forth. This is a 21st century facility and that is what's needed. And access, parking, ease of everything, it's all under one roof, it's all covered, you're not running from building to the next getting soaked when it's pouring with rain, it's under one roof.

Oh, in 86 actually, it was very busy, vibrant, congested. In those days, on a Wednesday there was the store market, which was very big affair, and you'd have maybe 20 coaches come up from south Wales, ten to twenty virtually every week in the summer period, and it would be absolutely buzzing. People came up from south Wales for a day out on the coaches and the market was absolutely swamped with people.

2001, February, foot and mouth broke out. It was cataclysmically horrible. It was dreadful. There's no two ways to describe, but there was fires everywhere, animals were slaughtered, it was utter mayhem, and it was dreadful. It was the biggest crime that was every perpetuated in my opinion. But there you are, it happened. But, it underlined the importance of the livestock market because there were people were actually glad to go to funerals to meet people. The market day, their meeting day, was stopped for 12 months, and, as I said, it's a very lonely business. They weren't allowed to chat to too many people; they weren't allowed to gather even at one point. So when something like a funeral they were at, they were glad to go and have a chat.

You see you only remember the very best and the very worst, but the worst was when we lost an animal out into the town and it landed up by the cathedral on castle green. And that was awful. Poor thing was shot. That's something I would rather forget but it's there ingrained because we had police cars and traffic. It was, that was awful and I would sooner forget it. But unfortunately it's one of those things ingrained into my mind. All the good, all the fun that there was, but unfortunately that was one memory that I really do not wish to remember. But it's there. It was a great big animal. It got either frightened or upset or free at the same time. Attacked somebody, broke out, broke out into the town and the potential of hurting someone was pretty great. You get half to three quarters of a

ton lumbering around, that's not in a very good mood, and it's always going through your mind, 'who's it going to hit, who's it going to damage' and …..

You always envisage characters to be much older than yourself, but there are still characters that are now my age that will stand up against the characters of old. It's almost a rogue's gallery some of it. There are some very very nice characters; some you know are slightly closer to the edge. Yeah, you just accept they are what they are and deal with them accordingly.

I would imagine it's probably like acting: if it's going well, there's probably nothing like it. But if it's not going well then you could probably crawl down a rat hole and crawl away. But thank God that doesn't happen very often. And it's adrenalin. I imagine acting, singing, anybody who's performing to an audience, if it goes well it's magnificent. You know you walk a foot above the ground, all this sort of thing. It's wonderful. The livestock auctioneering end of the business never got too much recognition or though a lot of my college colleagues have gone into markets all over the country. And, you know, you do get into a mess. You can be plastered from one end to the other. And that's basically the dirty end of the stick. There's a very clean end to managing thousands of acres in Scotland or wherever, and there's us in the middle of the livestock yard, not exactly pristinely clean.

The time you get thrown is when somebody is in a ring with a catalogue and all of a sudden they feel hot and start fanning, and you think, oh look out. But very often you see that move and just as the hammer's coming down you think yes, in other words go again. And then you look and think, oh my god, this man's fanning himself, and think this is the end. But, it doesn't happen very often. But it's that and there's the twitch and then some will really throw you sometimes. They'll have their finger on the pen and do that, and then they'll stop doing that and wink. And you're busy watching the finger and then they wink and then miss it. 'I bid'. No you didn't. 'Well I winked instead'. You think, oh great.

Richards' gavel – that was given to me thirty five, around thirty two or three years ago by a chap called Ben Hopkins, who was a porter in Cirencester market and it was his originally, his stick, droving stick. He broke it and cut that end off and gave it to me. I don't' know how many years he'd had it. But quite a few, but I've had it ever since, thirty odd years. It's followed me around quite a lot and yes, it has sold a vast amount of money's worth. But you get to the point when it is sentimentally pretty important and I would hate to lose it now.

When you arrived, or when I arrived in 86, don't go in the market tavern. That was one of the first things ……..unless you bought the whole pub a drink, you'll be in trouble. It was almost a no win situation. If you got in there, it was, 'oh, he's always in the market tavern', and that was wrong. If you do go in there and you don't buy everybody a drink, that's wrong. So the advice was, don't go in there, and then you can't get into trouble one way or another.

Generally speaking the last few years have been a lot better. We've been in times when it's been dire and awful, but food does become a more important product as the years go by??????????Will change the face of the world. They will need food in massive proportions and I just hope and pray I live long enough to see when food is really right at the top of the agenda of people spending.

In 86 it was the fat stock on a Monday, horses once a month on a Tuesday, there was the normal market we have here on a Wednesday, there was store cattle on a Thursday and dairy cattle on the Fridays. Some weeks yes, it was five days a week.

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ROSEMARY LILICO:

My name is Rosemary Lilico. I was born in 1938, which makes me 75 and I was born in south Wales. My family came up to Hereford in 1940. My mother and father moved into a tied cottage at Breinton. It belonged to the farmer and my mum and dad were expected to work for him, which they did. We'd go to market on a Wednesday. Now, she'd walk all the way from Breinton into Hereford, pushing my brother in a large pram.

I loved the market, I loved the animals. And we'd go round and have a good look at all pigs, and the cows and sheep. And it was day out. And I got married in fifties and my children came along and I took them along as well and they loved it. It's something, part of my life the market.

The person who looked after the pigs very often put the children in with the pigs and they stroked the little pigs, which was lovely. Which of course wouldn't' be allowed now. There were lots of stall holders there. There'd be a fruit and veg man and he had his name above, and his name was, something and daughters, which I thought was lovely. There'd be a man who sold china, drapery, sweets, what else? Well on a Wednesday people would come up from Wales in a charabanc. It would stop at the back of the market and all the ladies would get out. And when the miners week was on, which meant the mines closed, the men would come as well. On those occasions, everyone would get out, the men would go into the pub, the newmarket or the imperial or whatever, and the ladies would have a look round the market, buy what they wanted, they would take their things back to the charabanc and then they'd go up to town and buy what they wanted from town. They would come back with their bags absolutely loaded and they'd get on the charabanc and go home.

My uncle Percy Bristow was known as the market constable. His office was in the vicinity somewhere opposite the Dean Leigh café. It wasn't directly opposite, it

was sideways on. He had a little office and he had a kettle and a primus in there and cups and we used to go in there for a cup of tea sometimes.

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RUSSEL BREESE:

My name's Russell Breese and I worked at the market from 1967 to 1991. I started there in 1967 and I was generally the general labourer.

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WENDY & DORA DAVIES:

DD: I'm Dora Davies and I am 93. I've lived at Davidcwbul ?? For about 50 years.

WD: I'm Wendy Davies and I'm married to Dora's eldest son, Tom. I live here at Maescoch with tom and my three eldest daughters.

DD: Wednesdays was a fantastic day at Hereford market. Like you know I got to know a few of the men, brought poultry in.

WD: as a family we always looked forward to going to Hereford on a Wednesday. I must admit I probably enjoyed it a bit more once the children had gone to school and then I too could meet friends and go for a coffee on a Wednesday. Because farming is a busy life and you don't have a lot of time for socializing. But you also got round, met other farmer's wives and you discussed what had been happening, what had been going on and you met other farmers. My husband and all his friends, they'd get together and they'd discuss the business and what was going on. Yes, it was a wonderful time. I think the social side of market is very important because a lot of farmers, they work alone at home, they're outside, lots of them work long hours, and I think its very good for them to go to market and meet their friends once a week and do their socializing because they've got to have a chat to somebody.

DD: I used to meet up with a friend from Gloucester and we'd have a look around the poultry market, then we'd go up the town, have a cup of coffee and come back to the market and see what he had bought.

WD: in the mid seventies and early eighties, because women of today have got to go out to work, in those days not so many went out to work. It was an occasion. You went to Hereford with your husband. Also a lot of women didn't drive, so you went as a family and you all had your little parts to play. Whereas

these days, and I've noticed it myself, when you go to market it's mainly men. The only women you will get there who are actually farmers in their own right, who go and sell their own stock or buy their own stock in. it's a sad fact of the times I think, that it's not a family day out anymore.

DD: we used to have some chickens, you know, hens, well there used to be some cockerels and we put the cockerels to feed, and kept the pullets then, they were ready and they were dressed for Hereford poultry market. Mr. Powell was the auctioneer then and he said to me, 'Mrs. Davies,' he said, I could write a book on you. Get him out of the side of the market. STRUGGLING TO UNDERSTAND THIS BIT The geese were struggling you know. Apart from that cockerels were pretty tidy.

WD: there were different auctioneers that went in the poultry market and some specialized in selling sheep, others sold store cattle, some sold fat cattle. We've seen quite a lot of auctioneers in our time, most of them were really good characters and you got on with all of the. Oh lots of characters, really really strong characters. A lot of older men like my father in law, who could tell a good tale and the auctioneers, were always very friendly. Everybody had their own little secret bidding way. As Dora said, my father in law used to catch on his little collar and he used to wave his thumb a little bit. No one could ever see he was doing it, only the auctioneer.

I just used to go like that, stick a finger in the air. But I used to always like stand at the back because I could see then who was bidding in front of me. If you stand at the back you had a jolly good idea who else was bidding.

DD: I remember when it was coming Christmas we were outside the market in Hereford with dressed poultry at 7 o'clock. And it didn't open till half past eight. You put a bit of sage when they get to Hereford and the looked lovely. We had a van, a Landover. He'd take the van to Hereford, like Wendy said, with some children in the back ?????

WD: Oh, the Dean Leigh was a lovely canteen. Everybody used to come and meet their friends and we used to have a little gang of us, some guys from the pig market, another couple that used to buy sheep, and probably there was about eight of us altogether and we used to sit round after the market had finished, having coffee and telling jokes, regaling stories. It was really lovely time. It was a square building that was, the last time I remember it, it was propped up with aqua props because the roof was falling in. but it was a friendly place. Very basic but the food was always good. I can't remember the guy's name, who used to run it, but he was always very friendly and he had a lovely helpful band of ladies. Yes it was good friend.

DD: we used to go in there, have a, might be a fish and chips, we'd have a laugh and a joke, and then we'd go out, she'd go her way and we'd go home and she'd go home.

WD: well we first starting going there, oh, must be back in the early 1970s and my children came along, we used to take them. They used to play in the sheep pens. It was a wonderful place for children to be at actually. You didn't see the dangers and the eldest one particularly get lost on purpose so she could hear her name called over the tannoy. And when it was cold and I used to leave them in the office with Wendy and Ralph, and they used to look after them. Used to leave the pram in there as well, because I would, more often than not, be selling weaned calves. Or at some stage I'd be buying weaned calves, depending on what we were actually doing. My husband was always buying store lambs. He used to buy for himself but he also used to buy for a couple of clients, one in Devon and the midlands. So yes, we used to spend some long hours there on a Wednesday.

The old cattle pens, barren cow pens, had some beautiful trees and it was a very picturesque place to be actually. They weren't particularly good at keeping stock in mind.

Trevor my father in law was a great character and he used to go into the poultry market on a Wednesday and he used to buy lots of little bargains and the van would come back bulging at the seams, ducks and geese and turkeys when it was the right time of year. And he'd take them home to mum. They'd be fed. If they were ready to kill they would be done and taken back the following week. Otherwise they would be fed up and then they'd be taken back when they were ready.

Tuesdays was always a very busy day. Mum would be there up to her knees in feathers. And then she'd dress them. It was always a fun day. The children loved it. And then on the Wednesday morning they'd be up about five, six o 'clock in the morning; get us all to Hereford all to sell. But also in the back of his van when you opened his doors from market you may be surprised what you would find. He'd have a little crate, perhaps with some puppies in, he might have a sack with a couple of geese that weren't enough to kill, so they'd be back to be resold. And on some occasion there might be an odd child in the back of the van. Probably not for sale, but……

I mean we used to get up fairly early and we'd do the work we had to at home and we'd get together how many of the girls we had at the time and we'd get off in the lorry and we'd go to market. Sometimes if we were taking something to sell we'd have to go a little bit earlier to make sure that we were there in time. And then when we got there the girls would usually were quite free to roam around. It always seemed a quite safe place. On reflection perhaps it wasn't, I don't know. They would go and do their own thing. If it was cold they would go and sit in the

office with Ralph or Wendy. Tom would go across to the sheep section and he'd be buying his store lambs or whatever he was going to do and I would usually stay in the cattle section and sell the weanlings, or, depending on whatever, I would buy weanlings to grow on.

The winter of 81/82 was a horrendous winter. It was the first winter my husband and I actually came to live up here. And we had great fun taking the poultry down that had been dressed. We had to walk across the field with it in big baskets. And then we had to walk down onto the roads and cross the drifts and down to where we could meet a vehicle that could take us into Hereford. Coming back up sometimes in that vehicle was quite hairy. And I can remember having to sit on the Landover bonnet and jump up and down trying to weight it, to get it to bounce up on the snow. It was quite good fun.

I did used to go to the poultry market. Never to buy anything but usually to see what my father in law was up to. And it was a very busy place. All sorts of people there and a lot of people used to come up from south Wales. And they'd come up with their little crates full of chickens and swap them for some younger ones. I used to like it particularly in the spring time, when the middle tables were all full of the little chicks, there'd be boxes and boxes full little chicks and ducklings and goslings and the children used to like it there as well. They used to poke their fingers in and have a little play.

I do remember there was a little character called Johnny. You wouldn't really describe him as a tramp but he was a little bit, sort of, lost in the world. He used to sleep rough in the pig market and they used to put him some straw down there. And they knew he slept there there. He was a lovely character.

This is William and he's my grandson, Dora's great grandson and he lives with his mummy and daddy over in Craswall and they live on a farm and William likes to go to market. So this is our next generation of farmers.