



NEWSLETTER 55

The First World War Remembered

Summer 2014

Welcome to the latest Civic Society Newsletter . We have an expanded edition this time as we remember Stourport in The First World War , through a selection of photos from our archive and articles from our members. The middle four pages are devoted to this.

We hope you enjoy reading this latest copy of [our newsletter](#). Please feel free to send in your comments. We would love to hear from you and rely on your articles and suggestions to fill our newsletter. As you can see we always have a variety of articles, and all contributions are welcome.

Enclosed with the newsletter are two copies of our new programme. Please pass on your spare copy to family and friends. We really do need to attract new members. I am sure you will agree that our Secretary, Sue, has put together an interesting and varied list of speakers. Do encourage a friend to come along and sample one of our meetings. Finally, if you have not paid your subs, which became payable in April, our Treasurer, Mary, will be very pleased to receive them (£8.50).

Good News by Pauline Annis

Having given up any hopes of recovering the missing plaque from Lucy Baldwin Hospital which commemorated the opening by Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin, I recently received a surprise phone call from Andy Baker, administrator at the Lucy Baldwin Unit at Kidderminster Hospital. To my great surprise he explained that the Mental Health Unit staff had removed the plaque and some portraits of Lucy Baldwin from the Olive Grove site when they left it and had taken them to the new unit at Kidderminster Hospital for safe-keeping. They are now in the Board Room and I am hoping to go over soon to photograph them. It is possible that at some time in the future they will be returned to Stourport if a place of safety can be found for them.

Our new library, perhaps ?

Stourport Mayor's Charity Appeal

Indian Feast Evening at Severn Tandoori on Wednesday September 17th. Tickets £17.50

Mayor's Gatsby Evening at the Civic Hall on Friday October 17th. Tickets £20 to include buffet meal and music.

If you are interested in attending either of these events (proceeds to Macmillan Nurses) contact the Town Clerk's Department, 01562 732750 for further details.



My Links with Stanley Baldwin" ©

The second and final part of a talk given by Audrey Cooper who *was a member of the Civic Society for many years before her death in 2007*

Telling a friend, Amy Clarke, now in her late 80s about all this, she produced a snap of Stanley Baldwin she had taken herself at a Fete in Astley when she was only nine or ten. There must be many such impromptu records hidden away in local photograph albums. She still remembers the occasion vividly, of his walking towards her, and what he said, which was to the people with him. "Stand aside, please; I'm just about to be shot at'. This seemed to me to be the stamp of a particularly genial character. At that time certain of his critics were accusing of being slow and indolent, more keen on taking long holidays than working (one of his favourite places then Aix-les-Bains in the French Alps), all characteristics I could identify with more than somewhat, as Damon Runyan would say. So I was encouraged to look for more examples of the lighter side, and his wit and humour outside politics. Even when PM he was able to get about alone without a posse of police or fleet of fast cars, and normally chose to travel as an ordinary passenger by train, no doubt first class. He was quite an addict of railways and Bradshaw, in fact, never drove a car or boarded an aeroplane. There is a story of his early days before he was married, that travelling down to Rottingdean for dinner with his intended (they had been introduced by his Aunt Burne-Jones) the train was delayed and late, so he nipped off at every possible stop to send her a wire reporting on his progress. Proof of a caring ardour, or an anxiety not to miss dinner?

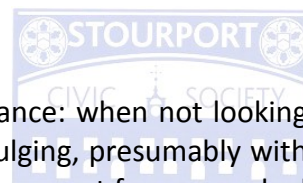
Roy Jenkins has a story from the Memoirs of Tom Jones a P.P.S: When the General Strike was in the offing and Stanley Baldwin as P.M. having to cope with it, he was travelling one Monday morning by train from Chequers to London. S.B. bought his own ticket and 3 newspapers - 2 heavies and 1 picture paper (for Mrs Baldwin he said). On the train, quickly reading leaders, he then concentrated on the Telegraph crossword which he had finished by the time they had reached London.

A story told by S.B. himself was of travelling alone with only one other passenger in the compartment. This gentleman eventually asked "Aren't you Stanley Baldwin I knew at Harrow in 1884" and after getting an answer in the affirmative, enquired a little later "And what are you doing now?" This is part of a speech he made locally when a Freeman of Stourport in 1925. I like its sly wit:

"How many people in London, where they know so much, realize that Stourport was lighted with gas before the City of London was? Indeed, had it not been for the railways - and as an old Tory I am against all that kind of progress - Stourport would have been a very large town now. We were essentially a creation of those days when people looked to the canals as being the principal method of England's navigation, I think, with uncommon skill..." I'm not sure whether he mentioned the fact that the gas had been installed by Baldwin predecessors.

And another gem, spoken, I believe of Chequers: There are three classes which need sanctuary more than any others: birds, wild flowers, and Prime Ministers. He once said of Astley that he believed his garden there "commands the most beautiful view in all England, with its array of lovely hills opening up and presenting a circle of beauty which I defy any part of England to match".

My Links with Stanley Baldwin continued



In most of the photographs he seems hardly noted for his sartorial elegance: when not looking vaguely uneasy in formal dress, it seems to be shaggy tweeds, pockets bulging, presumably with pipes and tobacco. His wife Lucy Baldwin presented amore buxom elegance apart from a marked eccentricity in hats. I was close to her only once, when she presented the school prizes at Kidderminster H.S. sometime in the late thirties, but if she said anything then, I don't remember it. In her younger days she was a noted lady cricketer, so you might say she bowled him over, instead of the other way round.

I would really like to have met Stanley Baldwin. A line from the nations favourite poem 'If written by his cousin Rudyard Kipling "If you can walk with Kings nor lose the common touch", seems to fit him. So does what Tony Blair said of the Queen, rather daringly, to her face too, "unstuffy, unfussy, and unfazed, the best of British" and I would like to think that these qualities could apply to him just as well.

JESSE PENNINGTON Hero and Legendary Albion and England Footballer

By Margaret Dallow

Jesse Pennington, born in 1883 in West Bromwich, was one of the football heroes of the early twentieth century being rewarded with 21 International English caps. He played for West Bromwich Albion for twenty years retiring at the age of forty in 1923. In 1907 he and his wife had acquired a sports shop in Smethwick High Street knowing that a footballer's career could easily be cut short by injury.

In 1937 with the sale of the sports shop in Smethwick Jesse and his wife, Nellie, settled in the village of Shrawley where they acquired The Knapp, a smallholding. It was while living here that Jesse became acquainted with the former Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin. Both men were brought together by their interest in breeding pigs.

A few years later Jesse and Nellie settled into the old Tannery House at Titton, near Stourport. Shortly after moving to Titton, Jesse became a football coach at various High Schools and Colleges in Worcestershire. He also became secretary of the sports section at 25 M.U.,RAF Hartlebury, known as Rafmain, a position he held for nine years. Rafmain had their own sports ground which offered both football and cricket. The Maintenance Unit closed in 1977.

It was during these years that Nellie and Jesse were living at Titton, that they were visited by Joe Bird, a childhood friend. Joe and his family had settled in the village of Hartlebury. Both men had dedicated their lives to sport and with their friendship rekindled they spent many hours reminiscing on the 'good old days' of sport and sportsmanship. Joe had been one of the founder members of the West Bromwich Ellesmere Athletic Club, set up in 1911.

Unfortunately, Nellie had her first stroke about 1959, a further stroke claimed her life in 1965. Meanwhile, in 1963, Jesse had left Titton, and acquired a new bungalow at Hazeldine in Stourport, where he remained until his own death aged 87 in 1970. Both Nellie and Jesse were cremated at Stourbridge Crematorium.

Jesse was not forgotten in his native town for in the district of Albion is Pennington Close, which perpetuates this great footballer.

(Adapted from a longer article originally published in the Black Country Bugle, 3rd January 2002)



Tales from the Anna Carter Tapes by Mike O'Shaunessy

Mrs Doris Bayton, nee Martin, her mother was a Milligan who owned the coal yard in the Gilgal. She lived in The Mitton opposite the Fire Station, now the printing works. She describes the excitement when the fire alarm sounded.

.....at that time when the fire brigade, when they used to have to catch the horses down at the riverside. They used to break the glass, it used to be a round thing with a knob in the middle and it was in the main street. If there was a fire they used to break the glass and set the alarm off. It was terribly loud and of course it used to wake us up. We were only two doors away from it so every fire when this was going we used to get up and go and see. The man who used to have to catch the horses, he lived just down below us in Mitton St. We used to go to the window and my mother would say you'll never get up in the morning. Anyway we used to get up and say "Charlie where's the fire". He used to curse and say "Those B's who started the fire should be made to put it out", and he would not answer us. Anyway he had to go right down to the riverside to catch the horses, down to what they called Regatta meadow, 4 meadows down the riverside as you stand on the bridge looking towards Bewdley. They always held the regatta there years ago. Of course he was getting on, he was in his 40's, and he used to trot off down the meadow and come galloping back with these horses. By then we had found out where the fire was. Anyway this Charlie Hodges used to run a haulage business, and if he was taking goods from the (Vinegar) works to the station and there was a fire he used to have to take the horses out of harness and let them have them for the fire. Most comical it was in those days. Anyway, when I was 17 there was a fire at the Vinegar Works and I was courting my husband at the time, and I met him down there and we watched the fire. I have never seen anything like it. I can't remember any one else talking about it too much. They had to empty the vats because of the sugar. The river was a sea of foam, it was all foam and I've never seen anything like it.....

Report It *by David More*

This is a new online County Council reporting system to report problems. I have found it an easy to use alternative to phoning the Worcestershire Hub or contacting your councillors. You can also attach digital photos to your report for completeness.

<https://www.worcestershire.gov.uk/onlinereporting/>

If you have issues with:

Potholes	Issues on Roads and Pavements
Drainage or Flooding on the Road	Mud or Oil or a Spillage on the Road
Bridges and Structures	Other Issues with Roads or Pavements
Winter Services	Gritting
Traffic Lights	Footpaths and other Public Rights of Way
Overgrown Shrubbery causing an obstruction or visibility issue	
Street Lights (including Bollards and Illuminated Signs)	
Grit Bins (to report an empty or damaged Grit Bin)	

The First World War Remembered



Roll of Honour First World War 1914-1918

Stourport-on-Severn

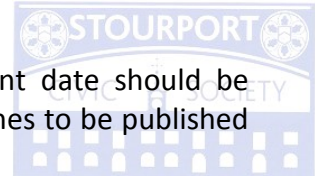
James Baldwin.
Sam Baynton.
William Birch.
Walter Breeze.
William Browning.
John Calcott.
Ernest Collett.
PTE Alfred Cook.
Enoch Crumpton.
C F Dudley.
Charles Dunsford.
Percy Gaunt.
Frederick Glover.
Thomas Gwilliam.
William Holloway.
George James.
Thomas Jones.
Donald Large.
Walter Lashford.
H S Mobell.
John Massey.
Thomas Matthews.
Gilbert Middleton.
William Millichip.
James Neale.
William Neal.
Charles Payne.
Eric Pheysey.
Donald Powell
George Randle.
Albert Rowley
Harry Smith.
George Spence.
William Taylor.
Samuel Underhill.
Frederick Wall.
A Whitmore.
B S Worth.

Parish of St. Michael and All Angels.

Harry Barnett.
Archibald Beazer
J.E. Bourne.
William Bridgford.
Charles Bullock.
Richard Calcott.
Hebden Constantine.
TPR Alfred Cook.
Harold Darby.
Stanley Duggan.
Samuel Field.
William Geddes
Thomas Griffiths.
Frank Higgins.
Percy Horton.
Reginald Jones.
Walter Key.
George Large.
Frank Lee.
James Marks.
George Matthews.
Edward Messe.
David Middleton.
Jack Morris.
Donald Neale.
Rudolf Pardoe.
George Perry.
Bertram Pinnegar.
F C Powell.
C H Richards.
Ernest Sheward.
Frank Smythe.
Rimmell Talbot.
R Thomas.
Frank Wainwright.
Alfred Weaver.
James Williams.
Alfred York.

Jesse Baylis.
William Bentley.
Donald Bowcott.
Sidney Brooks.
Leonard Burton.
A Clayton.
Joseph Cook.
J Gravenhall Cook.
Alfred Deane.
F Duggan.
John Gaunt.
William Glazzard.
William Griffiths.
Frederick Hodges.
Sidney Hoult.
W Jones.
Frederick Knowles.
William Large.
Alfred Lloyd.
Alfred Mason.
Henry Matthews.
Louis Middleton.
Herbert Millichip.
John Moseley.
Leonard Neal.
Albert Payne.
Harold Perry.
John Potter.
Stanley Pritchard.
Bernard Rogers.
Ronald Smith.
George Sparks.
Arthur Taylor.
Harry Trew.
Joseph Walker.
Charles Weavers.
William Wood.

WE WILL REMEMBER THEM



A number of members have expressed the opinion that this important date should be remembered. To this end our Chairman approached me to write some lines to be published in our next Newsletter.

As a veteran of the Second World War, it makes me feel very humble to write about those lads who fought and died for our way of life 100 years ago. As I was born in 1922, I have no memories of that fateful August. However my mother had two brothers who served and my father had four brothers who served, two were killed. You will see that often the conversation at family gatherings was about the war. My brothers and I would listen avidly. It would appear that the population of the town in 1914 was just under 5,000. Of these some 530 served, while 89 were killed. I am sorry ladies I have no knowledge of your service. We do know that some ladies trained as nurses at Kidderminster Infirmary, and went out to France to serve in the hospital set up by Lady Dudley of Witley Court. One of these was Mrs Pratt from Lickhill Farm.

Our town always had a high reputation of service, from the threat of Napoleon, and the setting up of the Worcestershire Volunteer Force, in the Crimean and Boer Wars. So at the outbreak of this war C Company, The Worcestershire Regiment, our local Terriers, or part of the Territorial Army, was well up to strength.

After the initial surge of men to sign on, subsequent volunteers from our town served in many different fighting units, The Royal Navy and even the infant Royal Flying Corps.

With all this military activity going on we must not forget our local factories. Wilden Forge and Baldwin's Foundry, where hundreds of thousands of cast iron hand grenades were made. The Anglo Enamelware where masses of equipment was made, Beakbane's Tannery and some smaller firms as well, all made significant contributions and played their part.

So at this time let us never forget, and let us honour the memory of those long departed townspeople.

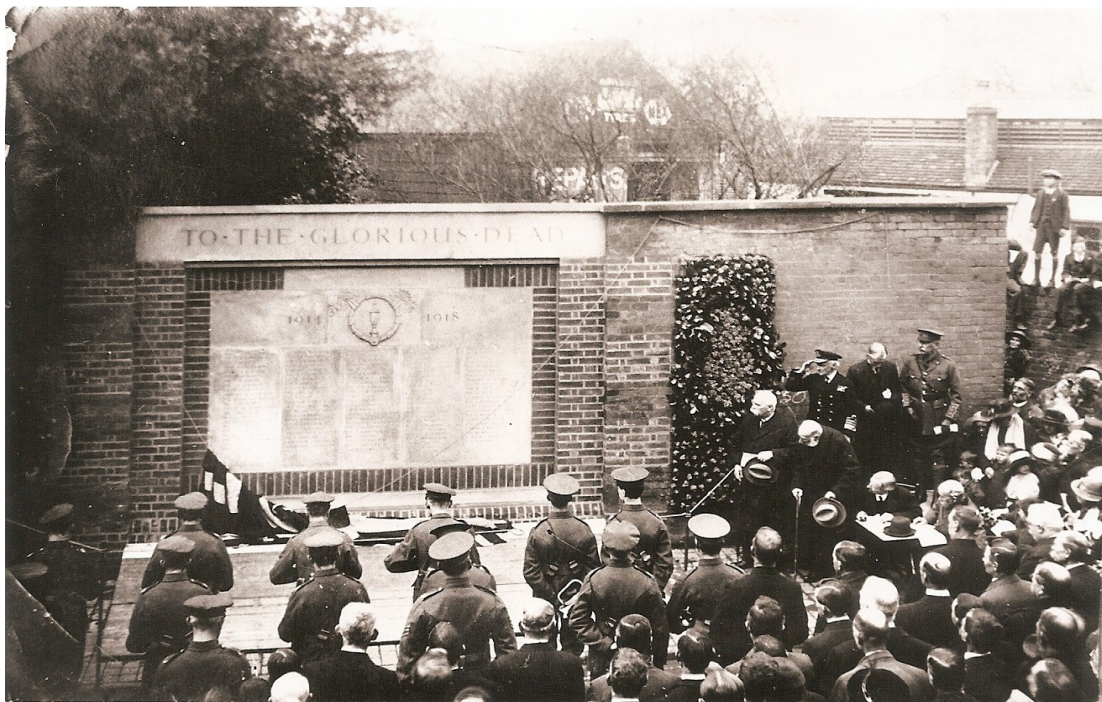


Staff and convalescents at the Red Cross Hospital in Areley Kings. The Victorian building was next to the windmill and later became the Severn Manor



A Whist Drive for convalescent servicemen during World War 1. It was held at Concordia, Church Avenue, the home of Mr & Mrs George Jackson. The mansion behind was the Vicarage, once called Belle Vue. Although listed it was demolished in 1969.

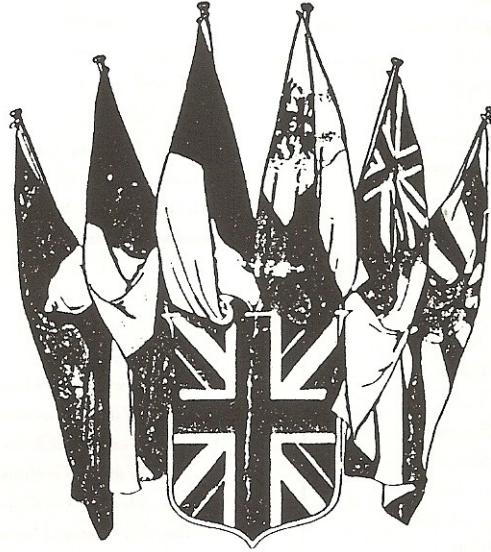
Picture from the Roy Baylis Collection



Unveiling the 1914-18 War Memorial in the High Street, April 1922. Mr Stanley (later Earl) Baldwin contributed £500 towards the memorial which was made by the Bromsgrove Guild. It was set in against the wall of Bank House garden but was moved c1977 to the corner of Vale Road and Mitton Street.

The Great War.

WAR DECLARED 4th AUGUST, 1914. ARMISTICE SIGNED, 11th NOV., 1918.
PEACE SIGNED 28th JUNE, 1919. PEACE CELEBRATIONS, 19th JULY, 1919.



Programme and Souvenir

OF

THE PEACE CELEBRATIONS

HELD IN

Stourport, on 19th July, 1919.

"GOD SAVE THE KING."

HONORARY SECRETARIES:

GEORGE JACKSON.

TOM M. LONG.

M. CANE, TYP., STOURPORT.

TWOPENCE.

STOURPORT AND ME

by Terry Green



Because I seem to have been around in Stourport forever and a day a fair number of people are under the impression that I am Stourport born and bred. In fact I was born on the Wirral overlooking the River Mersey and moved to Stourport in September 1948. When I married Mike Green I discovered I had joined a fairly longstanding Stourport family.

It seems one Thomas Green arrived in Stourport about 1850 and set up business as a tailor in No. 11 Lion Hill which is one of the terrace between the White Lion and the Bell Hotel. (He was also a lay preacher but in my ignorance I don't actually know what that entails). Two of his sons followed him into this trade/profession as did one of his daughters. Another daughter married a Jim Grainger who farmed and had a milk business, at what is now Minster Grange care home. His youngest son, William, went to work for the local chemist, Len Munn, at his premises on the corner of York Street and High Street. William's wife, a very formidable lady by the name of Teresa Eliza who seemed to have a flair for business, then bought the business from Len Munn and kept him on as manager until their son, my husband's father, qualified in London as a pharmaceutical chemist. At times, particularly after rain the High Street wall still bears the name of W.Green & Son.

In the twenties, Moor Hall, a gentleman's residence and grounds were sold. The Hall was demolished and the grounds sold off. Teresa Eliza bought 5 acres of the land and Holly Cottage, which had been the gardeners cottage for the estate. She then proceeded to build another four houses, one fronting Moorhall Lane and the other three overlooking the river with views up the valley to Stagborough and over to Areley Hall and Areley Kings church. The lane itself was mostly an unmade road, a quiet cul-de-sac and a 6'0" path through to New Street for pedestrians only - even cycling was prohibited by order of the Clerk to the Council one John Moffitt. The only other traffic was when Mr. Pratt moved his cattle from Wood Green farm for the summer months, onto the riverside meadows and when pedestrians who owned summer bungalows and houseboats occupied their properties, some of which dated back to the early part of the 1900's. Apart from the lodge a handful of houses were built on the right-hand side of the road. But a high wall was built on the left-hand side, encompassing a large house by the name of The Heath, where the local solicitor, a Mr. Capel Loft and his family lived. He had a son Noel, who was also a solicitor but unfortunately he was an alcoholic and ended up being struck off and from thereon apparently worked at the Swan, collecting the empty glasses, a pub being the last place he should be in.

Unfortunately, the marriage of my in-laws broke down in the early thirties and the business was sold to Eddie Palmer, a very popular "Character" who many preferred to consult rather than the doctor. I believe he continued to employ the two existing assistants, Betty and Rene Wilcox. Both these ladies married, Betty became Mrs. Jo Webb a very unpopular local policeman and Renee married John Morris who was a thoroughly nice person; all four were involved in the Scout movement.

Over the years several other High Street properties were purchased adjoining the chemists shop. Immediately next door was a double fronted shop run as a very poor greengrocers by an elderly lady who looked as if she had stepped out from Victorian times. Following that a Peter Wase and his wife ran it as a pet shop.

STOURPORT AND ME continued

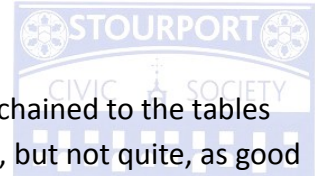


Teresa Eliza was a wry domineering character, known to be the power house of the marriage. William, I believe just did as he was told. The few people still alive that knew him have always spoken highly of him. He mainly ran the final shop as a tobacconist and sold musical instruments as well as issuing fishing licenses and the premises were their home for some years until their house in Moorhall Lane was built. One of the front rooms of the property was turned into a hat shop as her daughter in law was French and it was named as Madame Lind - Teresa Eliza was one never to miss an opportunity. After the divorce it was rented out for many years to the Quality Cleaners. The tobacconists was rented out for some time to a Bert and Frances Bateman followed by Mick and Ella Grinnall who really transformed the business and eventually moved to larger premises in York Street.

When I arrived Stourport was a really thriving, bustling town, with full employment and a variety of shops far superior to those of today. So many of the shops in Bridge Street and High Street have changed hands over the years, many are empty or charity shops mostly due to our District Council imposing punitive rates.

My first job was a few months at Pheyseys the agricultural equipment people and here I met, indirectly, what I called one of Stourport's characters or eccentrics, one Lady Margaret Huntington Whiteley. She had come into the office to pay a bill and when she had left I just could not believe it when told who she was - a titled Lady dressed almost like a tramp, wearing huge muddy gumboots, a very shapeless and ancient Harris Tweed suit, covered in dog hair, with a hat that was almost unrecognisable as a hat. When I see her granddaughters photographs in the glossy magazines today as she is a topnotch model known as Rosie Huntington Whitely who quite regularly hobnobs with royalty the contrast is unbelievable. I also particularly remember the tractor drivers coming in to collect their wages bringing rabbits which certainly helped to supplement our tiny meat ration. No sign of ready meals then. I think rationing generally finished about 1953 When I married in 1948 even bread was rationed and we all had our allocation of BU coupons. Next to Pheyseys was Lloyds Garage with the petrol pumps immediately on the pavement and then we come to J.Nevil Butler where the premises were open frontage -and one could see the wood going through the timber yard to be turned into coffins. Old Nev was another character and the only funeral business in the town until Les Oakley opened up premises in Lion Hill, opposite the White Lion pub. Nev lived one of the earliest houses in Moorhall Lane. Consequently Teresa Eliza sent for him if anything went wrong with the plumbing at her house. Many times he would say to me how much he was looking forward to measuring her up for her coffin Unfortunately he never did that as he died before her so was deprived of that pleasure.

The house next the Bridge Inn, now an Indian Restaurant was the home of a Capt.ain Palmer who ran the steam ships on the river, and eventually taken over by Captain Head. The Rendezvous Cafe on the corner of Raven Street was a Bakery business run by Underhills and taken over by Ted Mirchell. His brother Jim joined him but eventually Jim went to work for Lloyds Garage and went on to marry Kath Lloyd. Jim and Kath's son, Paul, went on to run the business but now his premises are in Sandy Lane, after a lot of jiggery Pokery by WFDC. The Rendezvous was then taken over by the Cogan Brothers. They had the sense to consult Miss Biddle who had run an absolutely cracking fish and chip business further up Bridge Street.



Mind you when I first went in I was taken aback to find the knife and fork chained to the tables but it was all changes except the quality of their fish and chips was almost, but not quite, as good as Miss Biddles who used a coal range and dripping.

My next anecdote is to do with that wonderful ironmongers Buftons. I had accompanied Teresa Eliza for her to buy a new saucepan and old Mr. Bufton served her but his two sons were also present having recently returned from service in the war. Eric and Cecil both looked as if a puff of wind would blow them away - the old man looked stronger than both of them. However, when the saucepan was presented it was complete with lid and Teresa Eliza had plenty of lids at home and did not require another one. The most almighty row broke out between them. I was absolutely petrified of Teresa Eliza and Cecil and Eric looked equally frightened of their father. I can't remember how long the row lasted - 1948 is a long way away now but who do you think won. Then we went home to kill a cockerel - I had to hold the legs of the bird while she did the dastardly deed.

As we move up Bridge Street we find the old Town Hall, on the corner of Bridge Street and New Street and quite often this was referred to as The Market. Again, we have another character Freda Jones, a lady of somewhat indeterminate age and temper. She seemed to sell almost anything to do with agricultural products and animal feed. I have to say she was always very nice to me but on reflection I think she was sorry for me having got landed with Teresa Eliza. Her father, one Jackie Jones was one of the few people who managed to get one over Teresa Eliza, as he told me over and over again. Just as the 1939 war looked likely he managed to persuade her to sell the 3 acre field at the bottom of Moorhall Lane at an absolutely give away price. How he did it I'll never know. The front of the Town Hall was another building with an open frontage and had a small wrought iron balcony overlooking Bridge Street. The whole place was another of those in a shocking state but even so no-one expected it to collapse in New Street, burying several cars. My only experience of the interior was collecting the orange juice, iron tablets and cod-liver oil that was dished out to all expectant Mums in the 1950's.

On the opposite corner was a general grocers run by a Mr. and Mrs. Jack Thomas and although I was not very old, just about 20, I could feel the sorrow emanating from them both as their only son had been killed during the war in an incident which I understand involved a Lancaster bomber. They sold the business shortly after that when it became the Milkmaid and then was eventually opened up by Howard Beard as an electrical shop, the adjoining shop was a furniture shop and a ladies outfitters next door was run by Olive Whaddon, who is still going strong in her nineties.

I am a bit uncertain of my facts here - the Wheatsheaf pub - originally part of it was used as an cobbler's by a very ancient individual by the name of Mr. Birch and for a time his apprentice was Roy Crowe but he went on to better things and was eventually a Councillor for some years.

Stourport was well blessed for pubs and the Severn Trow was I believe, a Mitchell & Butlers establishment run by a very nice couple by the name of Harradine. Outside was the most magnificent carved boat, a Severn Trow and I do wonder what happened to it. It really was outstanding and for a time was hung outside the present Civic Centre, after then it went to the Minster Road Road school and then disappeared.



STOURPORT AND ME continued

I just wish it could be found and reinstated at the Civic Centre. (*see good news, front page!*)

Another thing which made me jump - although I had lived on a farm as an evacuee in Shropshire and they kept pigs I had never actually seen one slaughtered, and still haven't but on my way to work one morning, when I came to Mr. Browns the butcher there was a large pig hung in the doorway and with a large cleaver he was cutting it down the middle. I was a bit surprised to say the least. It seems the shop now known as Bentleys, on the opposite side was run by a Mr. Tunkiss and he too had his own slaughterhouse.

It was quite surprising the number of things Stourport had in two's. - the Haven Cinema and the Woodbury - the first one was a bit of a fleapit but the other one was the height of luxury. There were two electrical businesses - Bill Osborne, who also owned the Woodberry cinema and Harry Prescott in Parkes Passage, now Eric John the hairdressers, Howard Beard came along a little later. I particularly remember the accumulators being charged up for the wireless at 6d a time. We had several paper shops, mostly run by Darbys who, I believe were descended from four brothers who arrived here when the canal opened. Another was a maiden lady by the name of Miss Cane who also acted as agent for the Midland Red Parcels service, as well as a laundry collection point. Blunts and Miss Millichip (I believe her name was Beatrice) were shoe shops, Blunts particularly have gone from strength to strength but Miss Millichip's shop was eventually incorporated into the premises of Lloyds - There were offices for the gas and electric showrooms and payment offices Bartens, the men's outfitters had a very famous customer apart from Stanley Baldwin, a gentleman named John Osborne, the playwright, who was appearing at the old Playhouse in Kidderminster but who was in lodgings in Syon Gardens . Apart from Olive Whaddon there was a very substantial business known as Paris House, ladies outfitters and drapers, as well as Mrs. Clayton who ran a much smaller exclusive dress shop. I remember my husband attempting to teach her to drive and I don't think she used a gear other than first and I simply must not forget Lashfords who sold the most mouth watering homemade ice cream now part of Mantons the jewellers. Then there was the ladies and gentlemen's outfitters run by Freda and Arthur Haynes - again Freda was the brains behind the businesses. We had a few more well known visitors to Stourport through the annual Carnival as we were lucky enough to have Mr. Oscar Congrave, who owned the riverside cafe and amusement park. He had contacts within the Hippodrome Theatre in Birmingham and whoever was appearing there came either to choose the Carnival Queen and her attendants to crown her. Among others I met Vic Oliver of Life with the Lyons And Freddie Mills , the champion boxer, as well as Reg Varney from On the Buses.

I helped to run the Carnival for some six years but when I stepped down I gave all my photographs and programmes to the succeeding secretary, I think it was Margaret Millington, who was followed by Jean Smith whose parents were the stewards at the Workman's Club.

May 2014