MEMORIES
of
OLD
WELLINGTON
INTRODUCTION

"Memories of Old Wellington" was begun on a Saturday morning in New Street some years ago. Four members of the Civic Society were shopping; Mrs Audrey Smith, Mr and Mrs Don and Kath Pearce and I, when we happened to meet and stopped for a chat. There is nothing unusual in that; people in Wellington have been doing it for well over a thousand years. We had an idea - I wish I could claim it for my own but it really was our idea - that someone should write the story of Wellington as remembered by old people still living here. Someone? We soon agreed that we would have to do it ourselves and as it happened I have done almost nothing, leaving all the work to Don, Kath and Audrey with Mrs Jane Martin.

We never intended this to be an academic history, though a good deal of checking has taken place. It is the story of our town as seen by people who lived through it and if their memories for detail are not precise this is less important than the feeling they have for the place. Our storytellers are characters in every sense of the word. One used to push me in a pram, and I’ve been here 63 years.

The stories were tape recorded and eventually typed. Soon it became clear that Wellington was full of people with tales well worth listening to. The task grew immensely as more accounts came to light. The interviewers were overwhelmed with offers of information. We began to realise that a halt must be called to the gathering of stories if they were ever to be published and that we would never get them all in one book.

The present volume is the result of many hours, many months of patient, painstaking work, often frustrated by accidents like broken tapes, performed with great dedication. At last the Good Idea born in the middle of New Street has borne fruit; the baby after a long and hard pregnancy, has been born.

To all those who did the work I offer my congratulations and thanks. To the readers I recommend this volume and the others as they come out, not only to read but to keep well into next century for future generations.

GEORGE EVANS

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Historical Group of Wellington Civic Society wishes to thank Jane Martin, David Franks, Lorraine Williams and Fred Brown for their help in compiling this book.
INTRODUCTION

This book is not intended as a true history of Wellington but the memories of people who lived and worked in Wellington in the early part of this century.

We make no apology for the inevitable repetition or slight mistakes of the whereabouts of some of the buildings but this is a book of people's memories and who are we to interfere with that?

We would like to thank all those people who welcomed us into their homes and allowed us, and you, to share their happy memories of bygone - days.

This is the first of our booklets and we hope you get as much pleasure out of it as we had compiling it.

Kathleen and Don Pearce
Audrey Smith
Chapter 1 - Mrs Oliver

Mina Oliver (nee; Owen) was one of the first people to give us her memories of the old town, and we will let her tell them in her own words...

Browsing through the pages of the Shropshire Magazine I read the article which had been written by Miss Marjorie McCrea on Mr Henry Baxter and his grand Drapers Shop in Wellington Market Square; it immediately brought to mind my childhood in this small town.

In about 1909 my Grandmother was trusted to take my sister and I shopping and it was wonderful to two wee small girls to see the lovely shop windows, I was eight and my sister was five.

We lived on Mill Bank on the end of the road that joined King Street, my Grandmother lived with us from the time my Grandfather died when I was four. I can remember quite a lot about those little jaunts. If we walked down High Street we always walked on the right hand side because it was the most salubrious.

After we left our house we crossed the top of King Street and we came to the first shop on the left hand side, which was a tobacconists who also sold sweets, chocolate, bottles of ink, small folders of writing paper and envelopes, luggage labels, boxes of chalk and small packets of biscuits which cost 2d for about four biscuits, unless you bought some sandwiched together with cream then you would get only two. This shop was owned by a Miss Jones whose brother and family lived with her. Their garden ran alongside the footpath for a few yards then came a square red bricked house which was reached by going up four steps, the next cottages, to reach them you had to climb onto a cobbled path which ran in front of them. In the first one lived a large family whose menfolk worked at the Haybridge Forge and whose womenfolk went around with a trap selling firewood and would supply logs to order.

In the next cottage lived two brothers; I was petrified at the sight of them for years. They were the most gaunt, ill-looking brothers I had ever seen, they were so thin you could almost see through them. Their long, thin faces were deathly white and they had red rimmed eyes, almost as if they had been working continually in a very strong glare; it was no wonder they looked like dejected hang dogs. They always wore long, pointed shoes and as they picked their feet up they slithered the toes along the street and then slapped their feet down hard. I think that was the part that frightened me most, I was afraid they would fall down. Whenever I saw them they had a jug in their hand going to fetch beer.

The next cottage, the last one, lived a man and his wife, one daughter and three sons, they were all around six feet tall and we always wondered if they banged their heads when going through the small door of their cottage.

Next came the Coach and Horses; you would approach it by three steps, then two tiny cottages, and the Hand and Hart pub. Next came two nice houses standing back a bit, which made a wide stretch of pavement. After that was a big house belonging to the next shop to it which was kept by a Mr Jones who was always known as Jones the Pump, there being a pump on the footpath in front of the shop. This was the only way you could distinguish it from Miss Jones's shop at the top end of the street. Last of all was a public house called the Red Lion.

Then you crossed the road at the bottom of New Church Road where it joined High Street, the first shop was double fronted and was owned by Mr Leek. This was a furniture shop, then there were a lot of houses and passageways leading to little cottages at the back until you came to a Mrs Owens, that was a pinafore shop. She and her sister worked in a pinafore factory somewhere in the town, I think it was the old chapel in Tan Bank opposite the old Grand Theatre. They struck up a partnership and started making their own garments, very much like Miss Smith on the opposite side of the road, then after that there were some more houses.

Continuing down High Street, still on the left hand side, you came to double gates; behind the gates was a Lodging House and I think people could have a bed there for 4d a night. Next came Hitchens, they were boot repairers, then W. Waite the Baker and provision dealer, the Nelson Inn and then a Cobbler's Shop owned by a Mr Jones. Between here and the corner of St. John Street there were two shops, but it gave the appearance that it was two on the outside. This was Harpers Bazaar which was known as the Penny Shop; you could get the most extraordinary things for a penny, you could buy a child's box of paints for a penny, also a skipping rope for a penny.
Then you crossed over St. John Street but the Toy Factory wasn't there in those days. It was a Chapel. Then you came to Mr Frost the Baker, then there was a building that had been a public house but it had been closed down; the windows were still the same but it actually was a private house. I think it was called the Three Tuns. Then there were two more shops, the one was Mr Cameron the Tailor - you had to go up eight steps to his shop and eight to the next which was Hayward's the rope spinners. I don't know exactly what a rope spinner did but you could call him a Ships Chandler. He had massive balls of string outside his shop, huge things you could have sat on, they could have used them for a stool; that was the end of High Street then you came down to Halls the Vet.

On the right hand side of High Street going down, the first two shops were owned by Mr Whitehead who was a Corn Merchant. I think he sold more or less the same thing in both shops, next came the Kings Head pub, then a tiny shop, a few houses and a few cottages.

Then there was the Skelton Oak Inn and a Fish and Chip Shop owned by the Summers family, then there were more cottages and another Fish and Chip Shop that was owned by Whittinghams, then several houses, and then you came to Owens which was a Pork Butchers Shop, a few more houses then Poppets who were also Pork Butchers. Next was Boughleys, that was a sort of General Grocers and they used to go out and gather mushrooms early in the morning and sell them in the shop.

Around the corner were some very badly kept cottages and then you came to Johnsons Oil Shop, Hardware Shop you would call it; they were really noted for selling paraffin oil and that kind of thing. They used to go around with a little cart all around the villages. There were a few more little cottages and then you came to Beards Tripe Shop, they sold tripe and cow heels, then there was a Gents Hairdressers, Malcolm Bailey had that, then there were two more little cottages, then you came to the Oddfellows Arms, that needless to say was another pub. It was all pubs in Wellington.

There was a big shop at the top of the yard, also with a big yard behind it and also at the side which belonged to Mike Welch, a scrap yard. He bought scrap off men who used to bring it in wheel barrows to the yard. A cottage or two then you came to a little shop that belonged to Tommy Austin, first of all it was a Rifle Range, he charged men 2d a time to go in and fire so many rounds and he would award them with a little prize. He made a little money by buying newspapers and selling them. He was a very enterprising man; he is related to the present day Austins; this was how he started off.

The houses then went back a bit and there was Mr Edwards the Undertaker, he hadn't a shop, only the house. I suppose his workshop was at the back. Some more houses to New Hall Lane which led down to Victoria Avenue, continuing down High Street there was the Smith family, they had two or three shops, one a Needlework Shop where they just made clothes on the premises and sold them in the shop, such as children's frocks, petticoats and that sort of thing, another shop, still Smiths, was a Basket Shop. Both these were double fronted.

Next was Clayton the Barber and Corbett the Shoemaker, that was also a double fronted shop. A big shop next to that, was Averys Weights and Scales, it is still there. I can't remember who was next to them, another small shop, people called Carringtons kept it, he was a policeman, a very big man, then one or two houses then Johnsons which was also called the Penny Shop, they sold all sorts of odds and ends, also vegetables, the Three Crowns, or something to do with the Crown. I believe it is still there. There was another pub next door, I think it was the Queen's Head, that was a double fronted building. They later made it into two shops.

Continuing down was Jordans the Butchers, that was a nice shop; there was Stevensons, it was a sweet shop but they sold lots of things, then came Wards the Paper Shop, Keay the Barber and Boyles Wet Fish Shop. They were people with money, they worked very hard. Mrs Boyle was a lady who always dressed in black and also wore a black pinafore and a black straw hat with ostrich feathers in it. Mrs Boyle also had a shop in Ironbridge, she used to travel on the train like everyone else. When I was teaching at a little school in Ironbridge, we travelled on the same train. When she died she left thousands, she left a lot of money for her grandchildren, enough for them to retire on.

After Boyles there were two cottages then an Outdoor Beer House, the last building on the corner of Victoria Street was Pooles the Furniture Shop (later to become Frank Sanson's) they had a window in both streets.

Mrs OLIVER'S MEMORIES OF NEW STREET

At the top of New Street on the left hand side going down was Mr Hall the Veterinary Surgeon, next to him was Mr Webb's Grammar School, then Astons Furniture Shop which was as big then as it is now but with a slightly different facade, next was Scott and Browns, a cycle shop. They had two shops, Mr and Mrs Scott ran the one and Miss
Brown ran the other. Then Bourne's, a large shop which I suppose you would call an Emporium. They sold pictures and bric-a-brac of every sort, they had quite a large staff.

Mr and Mrs Howe's with their sweet shop, then Mr Barlow the Hairdresser, next was Mr Harold York, he had two shops and was an Engineer, Plumber and Decorator, both shops were always very busy.

There was Jones's the Fishmongers and Fruiterers, that was a very busy shop, the items were always beautifully arranged - pheasants and many other things. After Jones's came the Misses L. & D. Morgan, they had a ladies and children's Fancy Shop.

The Shakespeare Inn, which is now Sidoli's Cafe, was one particular thing that used to fascinate me when I was a child was the pretty windows, three cornered shaped with coloured glass, next was Mr B. Cornish the Draper and Bates and Hunts the Chemists, where old Mr Hunt used to be. I remember he had a long, white beard and he was also a very big Methodist man.

Next, Chalmers the Wool Shop; Mr Chalmers was a Scotsman, a very nice man, after Mr Chalmers came George Espley the Pork Butcher's, whose shop had a very long window. It was a most tempting window, displaying black puddings, pork sausages, pork pies of all sizes, pork chops, chittlings and tripe. It was the busiest shop in the district - they must have had eight assistants, ladies and gentlemen, serving all the time it was so busy. Their pork pies were famous and used to go all over the country; I remember being introduced to a lady from Durham about 20 or 30 years ago and she was going to take a pork pie back to Durham for her family. She told me that every time she comes to Shropshire she comes to Espleys for a pork pie, they were beautiful pies, nothing like you buy today.

Next was Isons the Grocers which was a peculiar shop because it was a Grocers Shop on one side and a Chemists on the other. You entered by a door in the centre and then the shop divided inside they also had a qualified Chemist. Next door came Thompsons the Pawn Shop, they had two shops, one where you went into to pawn your things and the other where you went to buy something. The Pawn Shop was well used by the people from Ketley as well as the people from Wellington. From my home on Mill Bank we used to see Ketley people going past with their bundles on their heads, especially women with their articles wrapped up, then going and fetching them back on Fridays when their men were paid.

There was a Tobacconists named Wills, then the Misses Sharman who were Printers and Stationers, then Dicks Shoe Shop on the corner of Bell Street, then Mrs Boffey had a small sweet shop, next Mr Grainger had a Gentleman's Outfitters which stood out a little bit into the street. The last shop was Melia's the Grocers on the corner of Crown Street.

At the top right hand side of New Street was Wood's Hardware Shop, only a small one, they also sold toys. (Mrs Woods died aged '100 years). Miss Dabbs Sweet Shop, every afternoon we would go to Miss Dabbs for sweets, there were other shops nearer but we preferred Miss Dabbs. It was fun to go to her shop, there were three steps up to the shop and I was going up the steps this particular afternoon with one of my school friends when I slipped and sort of tumbled into the shop and swung round holding the door ajar; I bumped my head furiously on the wall. Miss Dabbs was in the shop and she said "Oh dear, have you urted yourself" and of course being ladies from the High School we thought that was charming - "you've urted yourself", so after that we always called her 'urt. She was a charming little woman and only four feet high.

Next were two shops belonging to the Misses Jefferies. They were Drapers selling ladies hats, also children's clothes. Then there was Tom Espley the Pork Butcher, incidentally he was the brother of George Espley whose shop was lower down New Street. Tom Espley kept two parrots, they could hear your footsteps going down the street long before you got to their shop. All of a sudden you would hear a whistle just like a wolf whistle and you would look all around to see who it was and it was the parrots.

Next to Tom Espley's was a small house where people named Mansell lived, I don't know anything about them but they lived there for years. Two little cottages came next, the son of one of the families was a porter at the station but he was employed by the tradesmen. He used to do journeys up and down for them. One of the small cottages was taken over by Mr Ward the Jeweller and Watch Repairer. He eventually moved over to the other side where Allums is now, I know it because I have been in there lots of times to have things repaired, watches and that sort of thing.

There was Palmers the Wet Fish and Fruit Shop, then we had Cetti, the Antique Shop, next to them was Dr Wedd's house and surgery which was a long, ugly looking building - a creamy coloured stone- Mrs Stevensons, which was a Ladies Hat and Scarf Shop, then the Singer Sewing Machine Shop. Miss Kaye came next, Stationers, Printers and Book Shop, that was a wonderful shop. It was like Aladdin's Cave. She used to allow you to go in and browse through the books providing you had clean hands and behaved yourself properly.
She had all sorts of children's books on the side table. She also sold pens, pencils and chalk.

She knew everybody in Wellington and she used to walk for miles over the Ercall. In later years when she became nearly 90 she got lost on the Ercall and she was there for two nights before anyone found her; she walked about the whole time. I don't know how many years she has been dead but I do know we had a photograph at home of my Grandfather with Miss Keay when he was a young lad.

My Grandfather, his brothers and sisters and Miss Keay were all playing and somebody took a photograph of them in the garden or yard whatever it was. She was a miniature Queen Mary, she used to wear her hair just like Queen Mary, she had shingles very badly in the head so she had these little false curls made to wear around there to hide the marks on her forehead; she was the only person you ever saw wearing a hood.

After Miss Keay's came the Duke of Wellington. That was a very nice Public House. In fact it was more like a hotel. It was kept by a Gentleman's Gentleman, a Mr Langley who collected Coalport China mugs, and he used to put them in the bar for his patrons to use until they began to vanish, first one was taken then another, so he went in for Grandfather Clocks. In the house you went up two steps, there was another landing, you turned around and there were a few steps, there was another landing, he had a Grandfather Clock on every landing all the way up; he was an eccentric really, he would never allow anyone to swear in his pub. This site is now occupied by Fine Fare.

Next to the Duke of Wellington was Lathams China Shop. he was a man from Oakengates who was in the China business for years. Then came the opening to the Bull's Head Yard which is now a car park. That was a short cut to King Street and also to the Railway Station, there was stabling there which was used by the people who came shopping in a horse and trap, people from a distance, mostly from country farms. They had to park in these yards for there wouldn't be enough room in the streets; of course there were no traffic jams like you would get these days, people were more courteous and would help each other out, today they shout and swear at each other.

Then of course came the Bull's Head Hotel, that was a big hotel, rather an awkward looking place. You went up two or three steps to it, there were pillars on either side of the doorway and the windows were in the shape of a bay. Then Mr Heath the Baker, he also had a restaurant. The Town House was built by Mr Heath's son, Mr Terry Heath, on the site of the old bakery. Next was Mr Mynett the Draper, he has a son who is a judge, his son is still active, he would be in his late 70's now. When Mr Mynett left Wellington he opened a shop at Tettenhall and it is still trading under the name of Mynett.

You then came to Shoebothams the Ironmongers, then Mr Cooper - Edmonds the photographer. Everyone went there to have their photographs taken; there was another photographer in Walling Street, a Mr Bloomer, he didn't seem to be patronised as much as Mr Cooper - Edmonds. Then Liptons the Grocers and Arthurs the Bakers and Confectioners. They also had a tea room, it was lovely to go in there for a little afternoon tea, next Shaw's the Jewellers, they had two shops and then the London Central Meat Company, that is where Baxter's are now. Mr and Mrs Sayers, a Men's Hairdressers and Tobacconists amongst other things, then the Maypole Dairy and last of all the Lamb Inn, you then turned the corner into Market Square.

**Mrs Oliver's Memories of Market Square**

On turning the corner from New Street the first shop on the left was Walter Davies the Gents Outfitter, then Morgans the Grocers and Tea Merchants, they were also seedsmen; Hobsons the Printers and Booksellers next, followed by the Wrekin Hotel, that was a big hotel, then Stead and Simons the Bootmakers on the corner of Market Street.

On the opposite corner was Drouets the Fruit Shop, then the Central Chambers where Mr R.A. Clarke the Solicitor had his office, next Slaney's Vaults, the Wine and Spirits Merchants, Richard Brittain the Grocers Shop then Carriers the Confectioners; they were very funny people. Mr Carrier was a very tall man with a moustache and very big built. He also had flat feet. His wife always wore a black dress, she was rather a large lady and always wore a dress of bombazine material, very shiny; they also had a restaurant.

Then there was the Misses Sheppard whose shop was called La Chapeau. Mr Richards the Barber took it over from them, then Nobletts the Confectioners, always known as the Sweet Shop, they were there for a very long time. Both Richards and Nobletts were pulled down to make way for John Menzies.

Over the Railway bridge came Barbers the Auctioneers, then J.L. & T. Morgan the Drapers, they had ten or twelve counters down each side of the shop; at the bottom you went into a showroom, they had a workroom at the back where they made dresses, also a millinery department where they made hats, it was a wonderful shop. Mr Morgan was a very
big man with a very rosy complexion, he also rode a bicycle; you could call his shop an emporium.

Next came Smiths Vaults, Wine and Spirit Merchants, this was eventually renamed the Bacchus, then a Tailor's Shop and Lloyds Bank, between these two was an alleyway, Ten Tree Croft which led to Queen Street and Bridge Road. After the Bank was another shop but I can't be sure of what it was, then Mr Bloomfield the Ironmonger, this shop was later taken over by Mr Arnold the Saddler. In the corner was the Post Office which was moved to its present site in Walker Street in 1927, then Arnold Jones and his father who kept the Paper Shop which in later years was taken over by Tommy Austin. Last of all on the corner of Queen Street was the Wellington Journal Office and Printing Works, that was the end of the square on that side.

On the right hand side from the Lamb was Hilton's the Shoe Shop, then Lloyds the Grocers, next was Baxters the Drapers, they later turned part of Baxters into a Grocers Shop, then a shop with a long window which was Capseys the Drapers. I think Mr Capsey was also the Deputy Registrar, next was Oliviers the Shoe Shop, Bates and Hunt were not there in those days; in those days they only had one shop in New Street, Smiths the Book Shop then the Midland Bank on the corner of Station Road and nothing else only the Lych Gate over the path to the Church, this was added after the 1914/18 war.

Mrs Oliver's Memories of Market Street

Going down Market Street from the Square, on the left hand side, the first shop was a Butchers, Drury I think the name was, there was another Butchers further down, but that was Eastman's, the next shop was a Drapers; I can't remember the name of it but there were three girls that had the shop, there is a sweet shop there now, then you passed the opening to the back part of the Market and the Corn Exchange which was under the Town Hall. Inside the Town Hall, which was a very big building, there was the big hall and the little hall, up some wide steps you came to the little hall, then further on you came to the big hall.

They used to hold dances and there were all sorts of things going on, the little hall was used more or less for whist drives, there were rooms up above but I don't know what they were used for; it was reputed to be over-run with rats from the Corn Exchange below. Eventually it was turned into a Cinema, there used to be travelling cinemas that would come around and do sort of one or two night stands, the first time I ever went to a cinema was at the Town Hall. It must have been in the days of the travelling cinema because the Town Hall Cinema did not open as such until 1920. I couldn't have been very old because my uncle took my sister and I; being so small I was allowed to stand on his lap to see the picture. I remember the picture vividly, it was terrible, an old scratchy thing, it was about a little boy with a Lord Fauntleroy suit standing outside some gates. He had obviously been told not to go through but he did; the gypsies came past in their caravan and snatched him as they went by and he was never heard of again. I thought it was dreadful, I can't remember the rest of the story but I know there was a song and everyone was invited to sing, it was called "Goodnight My Starlight" and my uncle sang along with everyone else.

Next Mr Webb's shop, he was a Corn and Seed Merchant; they had the corn and seed built up in the window and it was always done in beautiful patterns. I could never understand how they managed to get it like that, you would see wheat at the bottom of the pattern and then Indian corn, it kept beautifully in a pattern, then there would be something on top of that and so on all the way up the window. Then Miss Pritchard the Florist, then the main entrance to the Market Hall, further on was the entrance to the open market, there was a covered in part at the very top of the yard and underneath was all the vegetables and the potato market, next to that was the Ercall Hotel and then the yard belonging to them where people used to put their horses and traps when they came into town. Next to there was the Assembly Rooms, on the first floor there were offices belonging to Mr T. Paterson and Son who were Auctioneers and Valuers, there was also a Mr E. Paterson in Market Street who was the Collector of Poor Rates, then there was a big hall on the same floor where they used to hold dances and parties and all sorts of things there, but I think that belonged to the Ercall Hotel and they were rather choosy who they had there; of course, Mr Paterson having his offices there as well he had to be very careful.

Then you came to the Wrekin Brewery which in the days that I am talking about was owned by Mr J.T. Williams, there was also a Mineral Works but this was not connected with the Brewery, they were in Bridge Road where Saverites is now, they were owned by Mr C.A. Ensor and were known as the Wrekin Mineral Water Works. They were not a very large concern but they seemed to do a good trade.

After the Brewery there was Ralphs and Sons, General Blacksmiths and Wheelwrights, this used to belong to Cottons, then Edward Turner the Corn and Seed merchant, he came from Aston and that was the end of the street.
On the right hand side of Market Street starting from the Square next to Drouets the Corner Shop were some offices where Mr Hickman the Architect worked, next was Harveys the Opticians and Jewellers, they had two windows, you could say two shops but you had to use one door for the two, then you went on to Miss Jenks which was a Ladies Shop, a very high class shop. After this was the Shilling Bazaar but I can't remember the names of the other shops in this block except that one was a Gents Outfitters, I think this was the one taken over by Norman Jellyman when his New Street shop was pulled down. Then there were some iron gates and a yard which I think belonged to a shop which was later built on to and became the Army and Navy Stores, at one time this shop was owned by the Wellington Gas Company of which a Mr Woodfin was manager, and the company secretary was Mr R.A. Newill, this building was used for the offices and workshops and in later years part of it became a showroom, but in these days they did not sell gas cookers and other things like they do today.

The Gasometer and the actual works were at the bottom of Alexandra Road, behind the Grooms Timber Yard, you could always smell coal and coke when you went down that way, a lot of the poorer people used to buy coke from there, it was a cheap form of heating, but not very healthy. I don't know if they supplied gas further afield than Wellington, there used to be a Dawley Light Company and after a time they were bought out by the Wellington Gas Company, so they ran all the gas to Dawley. I think some neighbouring places could have come under Wellington - it was a fairly big concern - a lot of local people had their money in it, such people as Colonel Patchett who lived at Haybridge Hall in those days, I think he was a shareholder.

Next to the Gas Company building was a yard where people used to put their horses and traps, so with the Ercall Hotel yard, market customers had good facilities for parking. Next Mr Roberts the Saddler, then more shops including Mr C.H. Bromley the shoe repairer who always had a large and varied stock of ladies, gents and children's boots and shoes, Mr F. Arthur the Grocer and Mr F. Beresford's Cycle and Repair depot.

Then Arthur Pearce the Builder and Timber Merchant, he had quite a long building with just one window, then a lot of wall and then the entrance to his yard. Next to him was Mr Samuel Jones the Monumentalist then the Pheasant Inn and last of all on that side was John Bromley & Co., who were Ironmongers, Agricultural Engineers and Implement Manufacturers. This site was redeveloped and the building is now occupied by Hall, Wateridge and Owen, Auctioneers and Estate Agents.
Chapter 2 - Mrs Morris

I was born in Wellington in 1899. My father was Mr Waite, he worked for Mr Jones in the bakery which later became Frosts.

The pay was very poor and when my father asked for a 2/6 rise it was turned down, so father decided to start up in business for himself. On hearing this Mr Jones, his boss, said he wouldn't last three months. However the business was successful and lasted for many years. It was very hard work, father was up at 5.00 o'clock every morning, very often working until 10.00 o'clock at night.

The shop was in High Street, we lived behind the shop, and the back kitchen became the bake-house. Father had a bread oven built into the corner of the back-kitchen. There were two cottages at the back, and eventually he bought the shop and the two cottages. One of them was used to store coal for the bake-house. The upstairs in the cottage became our play house. We were allowed a fire up there, and we had all our toys and a cat and dog. It was very exciting to us, we played all kinds of games; we used to pretend a wooden box was a coach. Children these days don't know how to amuse themselves.

In the shop we sold bread, cakes and groceries. The customers were not only from High Street but from all over Wellington. We had some from Ketley and outlying areas. From the country, the farmers used to come with big sacks they filled with large 4lb loaves. They also bought large 4lb slabs of fruit cakes which would last them a week. Two ladies used to come in with a pony and cart to collect cakes and bread every week. One customer had to push a pram from Rushton every Saturday.

We sold all types of bread. 2lb loaves were 2 for 4½d and sometimes father would sell two for 4d many a time and the slab cake was 4d a lb.

All this was baked in one vast oven, fuelled by small coal and I remember it had a very large flue.

The flour used to come from Donnington where Bullock's had a flour mill. Their traveller used to call at the shop once a week for the order, it would be delivered in big sacks on a wagon, pulled by three shire horses. The lead horse knew all the stops on its round, it would pull straight into the side of the shop. Mr Bullock, the owner of the mill, was later made a freemason of Shrewsbury.

I worked at home doing the housework and sometimes working in the bakery. Father killed himself with hard work and died in 1915.

There were some wonderful characters in Wellington then. Tommy Austin was one of them. I remember when he first started in a little cottage on the opposite side to ours. In thefront window a football hung on a string. If my memory serves me rightly he was a great supporter of Wellington Town Football Club, there were also newspapers and cigarettes (Woodbines). In the side window were comics such as Rainbow, Sunbeam, Boy's Own. Girl's Own. The Rover and many more. He was a very popular figure and he worked very hard, probably being up before 4.00a.m. to receive the papers at 5.00a.m. He also, I remember, had a rifle range at the back of his shop. Tommy, as he was known, founded the firm and it is still flourishing today.

The shops were more interesting in those days, there was Johnson's the Oil Shop. They sold lamps, oil stoves, saucepans, Hudson's soap and Sunlight soap was popular then, black lead and brushes, floor polish and other cleaning goods. They also did a little round in the country. After Johnson's there were some very nice little cottages, then Beards the Tripe Shop, tripe was very popular in those days and it was only about 6d a pound. Then came Old Lady Fox, who had a little sweet shop and she made thick rice pudding and sold it for 1d a slice. She also sold home-made toffee apples. Then came Mike Welsh the Scrap Merchant, now Rollason's. Then came Briscoe's still a family business. Tinsley's came next, they were grocers and greengrocers. Tommy Austin's ended that road.

Harry Edwards had his funeral parlour where the D.I.Y. shop is now, there were three small cottages next to that and we lived in the cottage next door to Miss Weaver's. When we left Fowlers took up the tenancy. Miss Weaver our neighbour was a dress maker. Next door to Miss Weaver lived Miss Smith.

Continuing down High Street came Smith's the basket makers. They had two shops, one for baskets and the other a dress makers. Then came John Clayton the Barber who also repaired umbrellas. Next to that was a lodging house kept by Mrs Mannering, later it became a small shop, and then a fish shop kept by a Mrs Ward. Next to that was an entry then a small haberdashery where they sold pins, buttons, thread etc.
Then came Dolphin's a little sweet shop which eventually closed down, another house and then a pub 'The Bottles'. Nobody knows why it was called The Bottles but its correct title was the Duke's Head. Next to The Bottles was a small bakery run by Mr Butler, he was an odd character, he wasn't a married man, he lived with his mother who was an old lady. He used to go out late at night with his horse and cart delivering bread, and stopping at all the pubs, his old horse always bringing him safely home. Then came another shop kept by three sisters, one of them had a son Colin, and later they bought the Coach and Horses. Then came an entry at the top of Chapel Lane, leading down to Victoria Avenue, then a little grocery shop, then Greenfield's the music shop, then Herrings, (Mrs Johnson was her business name) they sold all kinds of things. Another small cottage and then the Three Crowns, still there today, followed by another pub the Queen's Head, going towards New Street.

Across the road from the Queen's Head was another pub called the Three Tuns, then kept by Mrs Ray, next to that was a fish, fruit and flower shop, run by Miss Boyle (later Mrs Dickin), then came Mrs Smith who kept the Little Dustpan. In the corner was a house with bow windows where Freeman's lived. There were three cottages next door to the Chad Valley which used to be the Wesleyan Chapel and Sunday School.

Going back up High Street I remember the Penny Shop which was Harpers Bazaar, it was at the bottom of St John Street and was kept by a Miss Richards and Mrs Harvey. They also used to keep the Penny Stall in the Market. Next door to the Penny Shop came Mr Jones the Cobbler, then two more cottages, a house with a square window, then an entry at the end of which were more cottages, two more houses, then another house with a big window, where Dave Harris the decorator used to live. The Nelson pub came next followed by 'Our Shop' and Hitchins. Miss Hitchin used to make dolls' clothes. After Hitchins came Clarke's lodging house. Clarke's lived in the front and the lodging house was at the back and went all the way up the side of our house.

Tommy Palin lived next door to Clarke's Lodging House. He used to fetch coal in little trucks and weigh it on big scales. He didn't deliver house to house so people collected it themselves. Big loads were delivered to him by horse and cart from the railway. He later took over the fish and chip shop from Mrs Ward, and later gave it up and took a small-holding in Millfield which was successful. Further along was a house and shop kept by a Mrs Owen who sold aprons, dresses, shirts etc., which they made on the premises, they also had a stall on the market. Then came some more cottages, in one of them lived old Mrs Hoggins. At the top of the street was Mr Leek at the Antique Shop but that has all gone now. There were some cottages at the top of High Street which jutted out into the road. In the corner cottage lived Martha Scarrat.

I can remember other characters, chiefly Irishmen; I remember one night, our garden was at the back of the house and it ran right up to Little Ireland. It used to be terrible on a Saturday night - rows, fights - someone came out with a great big brick and said 'I'll silence them'. There was a tin shed where someone kept a donkey, and the man threw the brick onto the shed and after that everything went quiet.

Another person I remember was Sarah Barnes, she used to get drunk. One Saturday night she was carrying on in the street and the police weren't putting up with any carry - on, so they caught hold of her and during the kicking and screaming her skirt came off and the policeman picked it up and put it in the basket at the top of Station Road. Sarah was taken to the Police Station and kept there till Monday morning, when she would be up before the Magistrates.
Chapter 3 - Miss Ida Steventon

In the time of which I speak, my father was the youngest member of the County Council, and he later became the father of the County Council. He was also an Alderman. He spent years doing public work. He was Chairman of the Football Club, later becoming President. He was born in Trench and worked for the Water Board.

Later the family moved to Wellington (before the 1914-18 War) and came to live in Vineyard Road. It was very different before the bus terminal was in Queen Street. Charlton Street was like a little country road, hedges either side and gardens, with the Vineyard Nursery on the corner.

I can remember quite a few of the families who lived in the Vineyard Road area at that time. The Williams's lived at The Beeches, Mr Williams had a position at the old Wrekin Brewery.

Dr Hawthorn lived next door to us when we first went there and later he moved to Charlton Street.

At the top of Vineyard Road was Brunton's, later they moved to Ercall Lane and the house later became a Medical Practice. Coming back down the road there were two houses, in one of which was Mr Crowther, Estate Agent for Apley Castle, which was owned by Sir Thomas Merrick. On the opposite side were the Lairds in Parvill Cottage. Further along were the Misses York who were next door to Bradford's the Dentist. Mr and Mrs Morris who owned Hobson's also lived in Vineyard Road. At the Vineyard itself lived the Shaws from Shrewsbury.

I was educated at the Girls High School in King Street. Miss Ross was the headmistress there at that time and was there for many years. Some of the teachers were Miss Holmes, Maths; Miss Robinson, History; Miss Parks, French; and Miss Etches who was the Junior Mistress. She was a Wellingtonian and has recently died.

In those days one half of the school was for boys and the other half for girls. Later the Grammar School was built in Golf Links Lane for the boys.

There would be about 200 - 250 girls there. The girls used to leave school between the age of 16 to 17. Some of them would go on to college or university. Some of them went into teaching.

Miss Ross was a very strict Headmistress but she was an excellent person. She was a Suffragette and she had a home in London.

The school uniform was a navy blue gymslip, navy blue coat, cream blouse, a Panama hat in the summer with scarlet bands and a woolly hat with scarlet bands in the winter. Our hair was either plaited or tied back.

In the last two years at school we could specialise in various subjects. The school had some very good results - looking back, people who went to university did very well without grants, not like they do today. These days people don't know they are born. In my day those that wanted to get on did so by sheer hard work. Also there were scholarships to be won and the County paid for their education at the High School. I know heaps of boys and girls who have got on very well by a scholarship, otherwise their parents could not afford to pay for them.

We had quite a lot of schools in Wellington at that time. There was Captain Webb's Grammar School at the top of New Street, later taken over by Captain Frood, but still continuing as a private school. The Misses Garbitts' Preparatory School for Young Ladies and Gentlemen, later becoming St Chadds, the Old Hall School and Bailey's College, now the Wrekin College.

The other private schools which I remember were Hiatts Ladies College. When Hiatts had their Centenary, there was some discussion as to whether it was the oldest girls' public school to have the Charter of England. The college was very old, situated at the fork between Park Street and King Street. There are houses there now. Hiatts also took in boarders. The other school was Brooklyn House at the corner of Watling Street and Dawley Road. A Miss Sugden was one of the Mistresses.

Mrs Owen had a school on Mill Bank which was next door to the monumentalists, the house is still standing.

I used to think there was scope for hotels, because with all the private schools, the parents used to come at half-term and they had great difficulty finding anywhere to stay.
I remember there were one or two good furniture makers in Wellington. When my sister married they had a bedroom suite made for them by Dudley and Reece, who had a workshop on Tan Bank and a shop in New Street. In those days furniture made by them was expensive, but very cheap in comparison to today's prices. They used only good solid oak and walnut. If anyone wanted furniture, they first gave some idea of what they wanted and Dudley and Reece made it. There was no hire-purchase though, it was all cash in those days. Their shop in New Street had been Mr Jeffries Antiques which they took over. The next door shop was run by Mr Jeffries' sister who sold baby and children's clothes up to the age of five. As I said before, Dudley and Reece's workshop was on Tan Bank where the fish shop is now and they had a large house close by there which is now demolished.

There were other furniture shops in Wellington such as Astons, but they sold factory produced furniture. Another shop was Mr Sanson in Victoria Road, he sold high class furniture. After the war he went in for 'Rembrandt', made by ex-Service Men. By now if you wanted anything special you had to go further afield.

In the days I'm talking about there were some very good builders in Wellington. There was Pearces. They lived for a time at 'The Beeches' in Vineyard Road. Then they moved to Park House which they built at the top of Haygate Road. One member of the family still lives there.

Of course there was Carvers who were excellent builders, they built a lot of houses along the Holyhead Road. Stone House being one of the most prominent. I think Wellington has gone backwards since those days, we seemed to have much more than we have now.

We had more shops than we have now, several good drapers' shops. There was J.L. and E.T. Morgan, that building is still in existence, it was where the hairdressers is now, next to Barbers. It had a millinery department, drapery etc. They sold ready-made things and one could have things made there. They must have employed a good number of people because it was a very large store. They had a middle-class clientele.

There were two other good shops. There was Baxter's in the Square and Cornish's in New Street, a similar type of shop to Morgan's. Both of these employed a lot of people.

The shops in those days were lit by gas-light, because there was no electricity. Mr Baxter had a coke stove in the middle of his shop. Business was brisk in those days. There were not so many ready-made clothes, but everyone seemed to know a dressmaker (who probably learned her trade at J.L. and E.T. Morgan's). There was a dressmaker down Foundry Road and one at Smith's in High Street who I remember. People would buy material at the shop, and have it made up there or take it to a dressmaker they knew.

Ladies wore hats and gloves then which was also a good trade, but now they're hardly worn, except for special occasions.

I've just remembered that Freda Jones, who was a school teacher at Hadley came from a large family and one of her sisters was Head Milliner at Morgan's. She could make a hat, or trim one, to match an outfit.

The drapers made quite a good living then because there were very few ready-made clothes and people needed thread, ribbons, buttons etc. to make their own, or have them made.

There were one or two superior gown shops, such as Madam Wood who had a shop situated on the corner before turning into the old car park at the Charlton Arms Hotel. Of course it was mostly horses and traps at the time I'm speaking of.

There were one or two superior gown shops, such as Madam Wood, who had a shop situated on the corner before turning into the old car-park at the Charlton Arms Hotel. Of course it was mostly horses and traps at the time I'm speaking of.

There was also Madam Evelyn in Market Street, she learned her dressmaking in London. She made beautiful things, doing all the bead-work and embroidery by hand herself. It was a very stylish little shop and anyone who wanted a wedding outfit went there. Dresses from both these shops were expensive, but compared to today's prices they were ridiculously cheap. However, both ladies made a good living and retired comfortably off.

Apart from ladies outfitters we had very good tailors, such as Agnew's, Steventon's (Joyce Steventon once said there was a distant relationship to me), and Keeley's, three excellent tailors. Ken Davis who lived in Church Street, made all the doctors' suits. Then we had Hepworths and Fosters.
Then of course we had good shoe shops. The main shops being Stead & Simpson and Craddocks. If anyone wanted hand-made shoes they would go to Tranters. He made excellent fashion shoes if requested, but he specialised in orthopaedic shoes. They would be very expensive, but that would be chicken feed now.

Another lovely shop was Bourne's in New Street, that was an Aladdin's cave, selling Coalport china, pictures, toys etc. It was the most important shop of its sort in town.

Another nice shop was Miss Keay's, which sold stationery of all kinds. It was a little old-fashioned shop; we used to buy all our pencils and pens for school there. Miss Keay herself was little and she looked very much like Queen Mary in miniature. She even dressed like Queen Mary.

Wellington in those days was a thriving place. Of course people these days have more money but don't seem to have anything to show for it. It's funny, but in days gone by even the cottages had a few nice things in them, a corner cupboard, a dresser or a bit of Willow-Pattern china. They looked after their money then.

There were not so many means of transport in those days, so people did all their shopping in Wellington.

We had to make our own amusement then and as a family we were very fortunate. We had our own ponies, a boat on the Tern and our own tennis courts. Father and the boys had a billiards room and a table tennis set. At birthdays and Christmas time we had parties in the house. We were a family and a very happy one. Now it has to be a disco or something in a hall. There were outside entertainments such as the cinema but we didn't crave to be off all the time, we had plenty to amuse ourselves with.

Every Christmas we were taken to a pantomime. Christmases were lovely then, not so sophisticated but very much nicer.

As we grew older we could attend dances in the Town Hall. That was by invitation, sent out by the Cricket Club, the Football Club, Red Cross, the Catholic Church and the Motor Club.

For people who didn't belong to the clubs there was the Music Hall at Shrewsbury and the Palais de Dance. Some dances in Wellington were organised for charity and anyone could go.

Nearly everybody played whist in those days and they had great whist-drives. The Wrekin Hall held dances too.

In those days one had to be dressed correctly to go to a dance. Always a full length dress and a fan on occasions. At dances we carried a programme with a little pen on a tassel.

A dinner party of course called for a dinner dress and if you went to a garden party you would wear a garden party array, chiffon dress with a large hat and a parasol. If you didn't dress correctly in those days you were an oddity.

There were a lot of various concerts in Wellington, a very good Operatic Society, run by John Wesley; they put on Gilbert & Sullivan at the Grand Theatre. There was also a very good dramatic Society which had gone into the Theatre Club. In these days the Operatic Society has fizzled out.

The Station-Master was prominent in musical circles, he was a Mr Whitby. He helped us to get artistes, such as pianists, violinists etc. These concerts were held at The Town Hall. I can remember selling programmes at some of the concerts. Wrekin College and the High School were taken in groups to the concerts. Everyone seemed to be interested in music then. Of course there would be a lot of other concerts apart from these, not the top-notch but local talent.

There was a very good musical appreciation group at the Y.M.C.A. Various people would give a recording of classical music, later the record would be discussed; it gave people a greater appreciation of music. I think people have become more musically inclined over the years.

When John Wesley used to have the opera at the Grand Theatre people used to flock from all the surrounding areas. It was packed every night and it used to run for a week. My brother used to take a leading part.

I forgot to mention earlier on about the sport at High School. Net-ball was very popular at that time for the girls also hockey, tennis and rounders. The boys' games were
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THE MARKET SQUARE, WELLINGTON. W. Cooper Edmonds. Photo
Heaths came to Wellington from Kidderminster in 1888 and 31 New Street became a temperance hotel, the top floor had 8 bedrooms for commercial travellers.

The top floor was for the travellers to relax and write up their notes; this was known as the Commercial Room.

Below was the shop and Coffee House, to the right was a flat which Mr Heath's son had, the bottom premises being occupied by a Photographer, a Mr Dellman. This later became Noblett's after they left the small shop in Church Street. The site is now Menzies.

Mr Heath was a Rechabite

In later years Heaths had a Restaurant where people could obtain lunch, morning coffee or afternoon tea.

Strawberry time became quite famous with Wellington people, Heath's Strawberry Tarts selling as fast as they were produced.

It is sad so many good things seem to have been lost through lack of local enterprise and history.

The people in the picture are:- second lady, Mr Terry Heath's grandmother, the staff boy, Master Ball.

Note the name of the hotel in the picture.

This information was supplied by Mr Terry Heath.
football and cricket, the sportsground being in New Church Road, now built on. The boys also played marbles in the school yard.

We were a healthy lot in those days. Miss Ross at the High School never had an epidemic, except the usual like measles and mumps. T.B. was rampant among the people in those days, also diphtheria and scarlet fever were killers. My father was Chairman of the Public Health Committee and he was delighted when Shirlett Sanatorium in Broseley closed down, because there were not enough T.B. cases to keep it open.

There were some good doctors in Wellington. I remember the doctors used to travel around in the old days in traps, in fact, I can remember after we came to Wellington people going around in those funny things (the older generation). One used to come in like a chariot. I don’t know the names of the various traps.

Of course people used to ride as well. Miss Bromley used to come in from the country riding side-saddle sometimes.

Some of the farming people used to come into town wearing some funny headgear. One used to wear a half top-hat, another used to wear a tall bowler hat.

We used to take our ponies to be shod at Mr Johnson’s the Blacksmith. He was where the Post Office is now in Walker Street. The Post Office was where Agnews used to be in Church Street.

There would be plenty of work for Mr Johnson, because Wellington was choc-a-bloc with horses and traps and on average there was more traffic than there is today. We didn’t have accidents like we do now. It was bad in the winter of course especially if a horse slipped down. Children earned a penny just to hold the horses.

It didn’t seem so dangerous walking then, in spite of the horses and carts going up and down. People were much more polite in those days.

Pierce’s in Market Street used to keep a hearse for funerals. They had four black horses, specially kept for funerals and they wore black plumes.

The streets were lit with gas-lamps then. They were standard lamps and two or three people would be responsible for them then, it was the Gas Company in Market Street, a private company, then it was nationalised.
Chapter 4 - Mrs Greenfield

Wellington was one of the cleanest, loveliest little towns in this country. I used to be very proud of it.

In those days you could have come to Wellington to do your shopping and provided yourself and your family with complete outfits for a wedding, from any of the lovely shops that were in Wellington. Morgan's was one of the better shops for clothes. There was also McClures, at that time they only had the one shop, on the same side as the Halifax. There was also Cornishes and Mynetts in New Street and further up New Street was a Milliner's shop. There were also excellent shoe shops.

Wellington used to serve the outlying areas and Brittain's was one of the most popular shops. It was a marvellous shop with beautiful smells. They sold black bacon, white bacon, Danish butter, pieces of ham for boiling, coffee, tea and sugar. Twenty five shillings would pay the weekly grocery bill in those days, and it would be delivered to your door. There was plenty of money to be made in Wellington in those days.

We had a music shop in Walker Street, moving to the top of New Street in 1928. Both shops are long since gone. The Walker Street Shop was where the Chinese Take-Away is now and the door opened onto Walker Street. We sold a variety of sheet music, along with pianos, organs, violins etc. Violins were very popular in those days. We also sold gramophone records, whatever people asked for we ordered for them.

A variety of people in those days were interested in music, it was considered part of one's education. There is a revival lately.

Webb's Grammar School was on the opposite side to our shop in New Street and my son attended, which was very convenient. There were about twenty eight to thirty children at the school which was a prep. school for children up to the age of thirteen. They then went on to the High School which is now New College.

I remember one old lady in High Street who used to work for me. She lived in a cottage at the back of "The Nelson". I called to see her one day when she was ill. I went into her kitchen which was very low, with a low door. Her table was scrubbed as white as the driven snow. There was a little stairway, not very wide and the stairs were also as white as snow. People talk about hygiene today, but there were no labour-saving gadgets then. It was a bit antique but she was a marvellous, very hard-working woman and it is a memory I can always look back on.

There were lots of cheery curtains at the windows of the cottages along High Street and those cottages were better than modern flats. Further along on the other side of the street was Johnson's Oil Shop, known as the Red House. (It was built of red bricks).

There were a lot of poor people in those days, and remember, money was not as it is today. I could never say I saw any vandalism.

There were a lot of small alleyways off High Street and down one of them lived twin brothers, Snooks and Joker. They were both cattle drovers.

High Street was a close-knit community and everyone helped each other. There were so many small shops in the vicinity of High Street that the local residents did most of their shopping in that area.

Another character I remember was Mrs Barnes, she lived in Tin Lane (now Union Road) Sarah liked a drink and sometimes she had too much. She would then go and break the Police Station window and they would lock her up. One day they were taking her to Winson Green Prison, with a constable and always a woman had to go as well (there were no women police in those days). On this occasion the driver didn't know the way to the prison so Sarah said: "Let me sit in the front with you and I'll show you the way". She went so many times that she knew the way. She wasn't a heavy drinker because she couldn't afford it, but she just couldn't take it.

Another character was Mrs Ray, Manageress of the Wrekin Hotel in the Square. She had a pet parrot which she always carried around on her shoulder. I remember her so well because we used to swim at the Baths. She always wore a very smart costume but we just had our club costumes. Mrs Chinnock, her mother, used to come and watch her and one day she said "That's my daughter, isn't she lovely?" Mrs Ray used to carry the parrot everywhere with her, I expect it slept in her room. I doubt if the parrot would have left her, and when she died they were not parted; they were buried together.
The Pierces were another well-known family. Mrs Pierce kept the Ercall Hotel in Market Street helped by her husband. They used to hire out carriages which they also used with a hearse for funerals. Old Mr Jones used to drive the carriages and also drove them at funerals.

George Pierce had the cycle shop opposite the hotel. Later when horses went out of fashion they changed to cars and later sold out to Clarkes.

The Fire Station was in Walker Street, a different Walker Street than it is today. The Fire Station was manned voluntarily. The fire bell used to ring in the Council Buildings then someone would run round to Pierces to fetch a horse and it would be ten minutes before they got going.

Johnson the Blacksmith used to be in Walker Street which is now the Post Office, and the children used to go and watch the horses being shod. Citley's used to have a little cycle shop this side of the Blacksmith and next to that came the Fire Station. Where the Indian Restaurant is now was the Urban Council Offices and the flag pole still rests above the building. A little further along came Potts Boot Shop. I must retrace my steps here to the Queens Hotel where there was a big house which I think is still there, and some old cottages.

Next door to The Raven was our Music Shop, then came Mrs Chiddley who sold milk. After that came a brewer's warehouse, managed by Mr Holmes. Then came Edgbaston House, now Gwynnes the Solicitors. Then the entrance to the old Swimming Baths and the library. Arthur Garbett had a brewery behind the Swimming Baths.

In those days the men used to sweep the streets on Sunday morning, that is something you don't see today. Also the litter is worse today; the streets were much cleaner then.

On the corner of Market Street was Drouet's the Greengrocers, Miss Dixons, then Jellyman's the Gentlemen's Outfitters. Further on there was an opening to the back of Slane's. Then the old Gas Offices, then the opening to Pearce's Yard where they kept the traps. Next was Roberts' the Sadler then some more shops before the Wool Shop, Then Hunt & Co., Accountants. This is on the right hand side of the street, as much as I can recall.

Stead & Simpson were the corner shop on the left hand side, next to Drury's the Butchers. Then the opening to the Corn Exchange and the old Town Hall which is now the Arcade. Further down was Daisy Pritchard the flower and fruit shop.

I remember the Recreation Ground was left by the Bowrings as playground for the children of Wellington because there was no playground at all then, it was just a meadow.

The Bowrings also built 'Bradley Moor. Mr Bowring died first and Mrs Bowring died between 1910-1912. The Bowrings also gave land and money for the Cottage Hospital to be built and it was called the Bowring Memorial Hospital.

There was no National Health Service then and I remember Nurse Elson being appointed. She was the first qualified nurse to come from Queen Charlotte's Hospital. She lived in a little cottage on the village green, later moving to a larger house further along in Church Street. On retirement she moved to Tan Bank and lived with her daughter, Mrs Lloyd.

On the opposite side of the road in Tan Bank was a nice large house owned by Mr and Mrs Reece. They were furniture makers and were later joined by Mr Dudley. They took over the shop run by Mr Jeffries the antique dealer in New Street. They were then known as Dudley and Reece. Their workshop was in Tan Bank where they made reproduction antiques and furniture. They also made furniture for individuals on request, quite inexpensively compared to today's prices.

The Jeffries shop in New Street was double-fronted. Miss Jeffries on one side selling babies and children's wear and her brother ran the antique shop at the other side. In the same block were the following shops: Miss Dabbs, Sweet Shop; Espleys, pork butchers; two little cottages, Smith's the Fish Shop; Cettis, Pawnbrokers (now the pet shop).
I can recall when Wellington Station was a Joint Station. Great Western and London North Western was afterwards the L.M.S that jointly operated from Wellington to Shrewsbury and on to Chester, but not from Chester to Shrewsbury. Chester to Birkenhead and down the Hereford line. I think it went as far as Hereford.

Wellington was a busy junction. There was a line from Crewe, through Market Drayton to Wellington. There was also a line from Wellington to Stafford, it went off to Hadley and Newport. A line which branched off at Hadley, that finished up at Coalport, which went through Madeley and Oakengates.

There was the other line which went up to much Wenlock, Craven Arms and joined the Shrewsbury - Hereford line, and besides that, there was also shunting going on all day and night in the yards down from Bridge Road towards Orleton Lane. Of course with five lines coming into town it meant a lot of inter-changing. The Little Ketley Dodger went out from the bay. it went to Ketley, Horsehay Flat, Coalport, Ironbridge and Bridgnorth. Before it was due to go out the man at the ticket office used to have a hand bell which he used to ring before the train left the station - we could hear the ringing all over town. It was a single line to Ketley (with a road crossing) they had to have staff so as to unlock the line for when it arrived there, for the junction to come into Wellington; it finished upon the main line and I suppose in its day it was pretty thriving, especially I believe further on, because it was the main way of getting goods to the towns.

Much Wenlock and all those down to Coalbrookdale had to depend on the trains to get the corn in and out, cattle food and many other things.

They had 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class on the trains in those days, even on the local trains. Later in my time 2nd class went out, it was before the World War. They were then called 1st and 3rd class, why they dropped the 2nd I really don't know.

Travelling on the railway was very cheap in those days, 1/3d (7p) return from Shrewsbury; 4/- (20p) to Birmingham (cheap fare); from Wellington to Madeley it was 1/6d (8p) or 2/- (10p) return. I used to travel up to Birmingham on Wednesday or Friday for 4/- (20p) return, but the ordinary fare would be 6/- (30p) I used to travel in the evenings. I went from Wellington to Wolverhampton for 1/6 (7½p) and then on to Birmingham for 2/6d (12½p), and that went on for a long time. Then you could go from Birmingham to London for 6/- (30p) return on a half-day excursion. A full day excursion was 13/6d (67½p). so in proportion it was cheap even by today's prices. You could leave Wellington at 7.45 in the morning, returning on the 12.10a.m. from Paddington at night, arriving back at 5.00 o'clock in the morning.

The buses came to Wellington round about 1920. If I remember rightly the Midland Red started with a charabanc. one seat behind the other, each had an independent door, it didn't have a corridor down the middle and we sat five abreast.

Teddy Kendrick was the first private owner of a charabanc, his father kept the Three Crowns in High Street. He didn't run a regular bus service, just excursions.

The first regular services I think, must have been the buses, Jarvis's then Smiths. These were small buses really, on a Ford chassis, with a bus body on them; they gradually became the coaches of today. A lot started as a charabanc with an ordinary hood and when it rained it pulled up.

Leslie Saxton started one of the first haulage businesses in Wellington, he had a contract to deliver the railway parcels from the passenger side, using an old Ford van for delivery. He also used to run petrol from Wellington to Bridgnorth in cans, one of the oil companies had a depot at the corner of the L.M.S. yard. He had a lorry which he used to put seats in and use for Sunday School outings. They used to use the ordinary forms from the School Hall as seats.

In the 1920's there was still considerable horse traffic in Wellington. and the Great Western delivered their goods from the Station Goods Yard by flat wagons pulled by shire horses. Large crated goods were dropped off on the door-step as they would not go through the doors. Large crates had to be unpacked in the street. The Great Western was always very good, especially George Cooper, he would always come and collect the empty crates and send them back to London or Birmingham.

Also there was no electricity until the 1930's so there was no refrigeration. Ice was brought in by passenger train to Wellington and stored. As you go up Station Path there was a wooden cage there, the ice was stored in that under the steps. I don't know whether the cage is still there today. Porters from the Station used to push it up New Street, taking it to
the various shops, Smith’s Fish Shop and the butchers dropping it off. They were huge pieces of ice, about a yard long and probably 18 inches wide and 9 inches deep, wrapped in hessian. I suppose people would have to order it, no doubt each butcher had a cold room, and they would have an ice chest where they would crush the ice.

I can see the Porters wheeling that about now. You would see a lot of trucks trundling about then, almost all the time. Every house had a Tate and Lyle box on wheels.

It was interesting how they loaded the goods in those days. The Goods Station was level with the deck so that the goods could be wheeled off on a truck. For anything heavy they used a low loader, having to man-handle it off the deck. They also had a special little trolley 2ft wide with six wheels; they use them today in furniture shops.

The horses were stabled at the Goods Yard (L.M.S.) on one side. There would be at least four horses. Further down there were a lot of cattle pens, full, ready for loading for Birmingham and Leicester. Wellington was one of the best butchers’ markets in the Midlands.

Still on with horses, Mr Exley from Arleston Manor, used to drive into Wellington in a high trap, with stepping horses, bowler hat, whip and everything, a very smart turn-out. Most of the country people had to travel in wagonettes and horses and carts. The wagonettes had a length of rope down each side to which the passengers held on. These were run by the local carrier from whichever village they came from, and sometimes having imbibed too freely the horses would take the owners home. The Duke of Wellington yard was full on a Monday and Thursday and you would find yourself stepping over shafts, the horses having been put in the stables.

If the weather was very bad people had to be very well wrapped up, especially people coming into town in traps or wagonettes etc. As far as I remember the horses were replaced by lorries and the draymen became lorry drivers.

Mr Coles became a lorry driver, also George Cooper. There was also a woman who used to deliver. She was a little woman, not very tall, she used to wear trousers and a straw boater; she stabled her horses on Tan Bank. During the war she was driving her horses and delivering goods, just like a man.

Nearly everyone in those days had a bicycle. Harold Yorke and Harold Knowles always went to work on their bikes. Later on when Harold Yorke took over Mynett’s business he came from Herbert Avenue on his bike.

It was amusing to watch Mr Jellyman (he took over Grainger’s business) who was a stickler for the law. When the traffic became one-way he would put his bike on his shoulder and walk the few yards to the shops.

There were a lot of bicycle shops in Wellington then. Scott-Brown, Bacon’s, Sutch and Perry’s which is still in Park Street. There were other little repairers around the town so it must have been quite a big business.

Wellington at that time was neither prosperous nor rich, but we never suffered real hardship through the Depression. On the whole we kept going pretty well. It was such a mixed economy as one would say today.

We had a farming community, and this side - the industrial part at Hadley, Ketley and of course Wellington. The real deluge of motor-cars did not happen until after the War, 1945–46, but it was coming in the 1920’s and 30’s. People still had to come in by buses and trains so the shops still maintained a steady business.

Wages were not very high in those days. A first hand in a grocery store would earn about £2.00 to £2.10s (£2.50) a week. My father paid a gents hairdresser £3.00 a week plus commission and he had another 1/1d (6p) on everything he earned, which made another 4 to 5 shillings a week, then of course there were the tips. It would be a threepenny shave and a sixpenny haircut.

A lot of people came into Wellington from outlying districts, but Dawley had some good shops and it was a fairly prosperous little town. Oakengates was prosperous too, there was the Co-op there, also Dickins which was a large department store. Oakengates was a very prosperous little mining town and very go-ahead.

We had a Co-op in Wellington, trading in New Street for about forty years. Bowens also was in New Street.

Mr Boffey also traded in New Street as a grocer and sweet shop for a number of years, later selling out to the Co-op. He kept a lot of the warehouses at the back which he
turned into the Palais de Dance, later becoming the Majestic. Later he bought the hall in Tan Bank which is now the Billiard Hall. The Dance Hall has long since gone and has now become Kwick-Save (or part of it has).

Going back into Wellington in the early 20's you can see that all the backs of the shops in New Street were warehouses and gardens. Belmont House which is now Tan Bank Car Park, was a very large house: the car park was more or less their garden and grounds. There were three entrances, Tan Bank, Glebe Street and New Street. The Espleys lived at Belmont House: before they lived there it was Captain Webb's Grammar School, later being taken over by Captain Froome. After the Espleys left in the late 1920's the building was taken over by the Income Tax people. They stayed there until the Crown Offices in Walker Street was opened, and where they have remained.

Continuing down New Street to Bournes, this was a large shop with large doors at either end of the front. They traded in fancy goods, Coalport China, pictures, watercolours and some oil paintings, picture post-cards etc. and they did a very good trade in picture framing. Mr Cox was the picture framer and when Bournes closed down he commenced business in King Street. A shop like that would often be called a bazaar. On the death of Mr Bourne the business was inherited by Miss Elphick later to become Mrs Sutch. (The Sutch's later ran a cycle shop on the corner of Watling Street and Dawley Road).

Bolley's grocers and sweets was one of twelve grocers in the centre of the town and this shop was taken over by Mr Bolley in 1910 from the late Mr Howes who at one time had three shops in the town. He failed in business and committed suicide. On Mr Bolley moving next door that shop was taken over by the butchers, The British and Argentine Meat Co. Ltd. Later moving down the street trading under the name of Dewhurst, but the owner was Mr Lowndes.

On a Saturday night about 9.00 o'clock you would see a lot of people going down the streets with empty baskets. They would be going to the butchers who would be clearing away for the week-end and they would have a lot of meat left over, so they would sell it off to the people.

Barlow's, our own shop was taken over in 1911 from Mr T. Wood who emigrated to New Zealand. My father started the first ladies hairdressing salon in town, also wig-making and hairpieces of all types were made on the premises. This continued until the late 1920's when fashion for this declined, although a little hair work was carried out until the start of the war in 1939, when any orders that came in after that were sent to London to be made. From 1920 until 1939 the price of a haircut was 6d (3p) for gents, ladies 1/- (5p). Electricity at that time was obtained from a private supply. A perm was 2gns (£2.10) for a few curlers in the front. £5.5s to £5.15s for a full head. These prices came down in the 1930's when electricity came to the town. The shop also sold toiletries, make-up, fancy goods and toys. We ceased trading in 1962 for re-development.

Other shops in the town, Morgan's, Brittain's, Neal's and Cooks were provisions only, such as bacon, cheese, butter, that was the difference between provisions and groceries; groceries were dry products, sugar, tea, rice etc. and provisions were cooked meats such as ham, bacon and perishable goods.

Ison's in New Street had two shops, groceries and provisions. Their provisions shop was later Dewhursts and next door being empty at present. Fine Fare started there, they bought Ison's then later moved to its present position.

Star Supplies was where Preedy's shop is now, the Maypole was where Edmunds Greengrocery is now. Phillips was where Woolworths is now. Hunters' has been pulled down and the shop that was next door to Espleys has been pulled down.

Further up in High Street there were a lot of little shops, nearly all trading in groceries. All these businesses managed to survive because the wives worked in the shops and the husbands went out to work at their various jobs. The profit they made on the shop paid for the rent, as they lived on the premises.

At that time Wellington had some very superior shops, Brittain's being the leading grocers. In those days you could leave your grocery order at the shop and they would deliver it to your home.

Morgan's were also high-class. They called themselves grocers and Italian Warehousemen. I often wondered whether they sold spaghetti, or what it was, but I think they sold dried fruit. They had a big sign over the front door of the shop.

Shopkeepers were most polite in those days, they would open the door to let you through and close it after you. I can see Mr Howman now, (Manager of Brittain's) wearing his white coat and apron. He would serve and fuss around his customers.
Mother used to shop at Morgan's the Drapers, he would bring a chair for her to sit down while she chose the material she wanted. Baxter's and Mynett's were the same and all the customers were well attended to.

These stores went out of business even though they had sons; they were bought by multiples. Another thing I remember, the grocers sold wine and spirits and they came under the licensing law. Ison's and Morgan's sold spirits, also the chemists sold them.

In my young days the price of a bottle of Scotch was 12/6d (62.5p) either from the pub or chemist.

I would like to say something here about the Duke of Wellington which was where Fine Fare is now. It was run by Mr Langley and his sister who were real Victorian characters without a doubt. He sold mostly beer with a big trade in spirits, mostly in the morning with men dropping in for a 'quick one'; these were served in Waterford glasses, he did have five pint mugs as well. The Waterford Crystal was 4/6d a glass in those days and it was a devil of a price to pay for a beer glass, but he made his money on them obtaining an extra glass out of every quart of beer he sold, so he did very well.

He had a yardsman called Fred who could be seen every morning removing the empty spirit bottles; this was the previous day's and yet there was hardly anyone in the place.

Mr Langley's people ran The Raven for the Wheatleys. At one time he was Secretary of Wellington Town Football Club. That was in his younger days before he became more eccentric.

He was a keen connoisseur of antique glassware, he had a whole suite of glass, even finger bowls. He also had a collection of Grandfather clocks.

One Saturday some people from the Black Country came to a football match and went into the pub. There were about twelve of them. They said "Give us a dozen pints Guvnor". Mr Langley said "Before I do I must tell you I sell a special brand of beer and it's a shilling a pint". The man said "Oh, B... H...!" Mr Langley replied, "If you go next door they sell ordinary beer". After they went out he turned to my father and said, "I couldn't have served them, I only have five pint mugs".

The licensing laws were different then in Wellington, the pubs opened at 5.00 o'clock in the evening and closed at 9.00 o'clock. Oakengates was half on the Wellington Justices and half on the Shifnal Justices, and at Shifnal opening was from 6.00p.m. until 10.00p.m. and Wellington from 5.00p.m. to 9.00p.m. the Oakengates drinkers just crossed the road and carried on.

In those days there was no National Health Service but there were Medical Insurance Companies such as Hearts of Oak, Oddfellows, Buffaloes etc. People paid so much a week into the Company of their choice and they were insured against illness. The company also paid out sickness benefit. Doctors received 6/- (30p) per head for each patient.

There was a nation-wide scheme whereby people paid a weekly sum which was collected weekly and paid into the hospitals. People who earned £5.00 or more were able to buy a stamp which covered the medical treatment. Subscribers to the hospital schemes had to have a Recommend before they were admitted to hospital (a certificate stating they needed hospital treatment which was usually issued by a person authorised to issue them). I myself had a book of Recommend: it enabled me to write out certificates making people eligible to go to hospital stating that the doctor had seen them and recommended treatment. No matter how long people were in hospital they would be covered by their insurance.

We had one very important event in Wellington each year, and that was Hospital Sunday. It was always held in June or July and was organised by the Friendly Societies who got together and marched through the town with collection boxes. They all met at Bayley College (now Wrekin College), they had a band concert in the College grounds and a choir from Hadley. Admission was free but they sold programmes and had a collection. The people who owned shops usually lived over the premises in those days and the people who were collecting had nets or long poles and they would hold them up to the windows where people put money into them.

Wellington at one time had a Town Hall which was let for whist drives and dances. Dinner dances were not very common in those days as far as I can remember. There was a stage there that touring theatre companies used and it was used for concerts organised by local people. The entrance to the Town Hall was not very imposing, there were a lot of wide stairs to it. I think probably it was connected in its earlier days to the Wrekin Hotel. There was an entrance to it through the Wrekin Hotel, so they must have held very posh
It was only just before the Second World War that they had a drinks licence. Of course in the early twenties the Town Hall was taken over as a Cinema and that finished it really as anything but a cinema.

Wellington Swimming Baths were used for social events during the winter. The pool was boarded over and used for whist drives and dances. Also the Y.M.C.A. (Wrekin Hall as they called it) was used for the same purposes, but that was difficult to get into, having three flights of stairs.

At election time, every hall in town came into use, we had two elections after the First World War. There were three candidates: Mr Palmer (Ind), Charlie Duncan (Lab.), Sir John Bayley (Lib.). Mr Bottomley sponsored Mr Palmer. Sir John Bayley finished bottom of the poll. It was great fun for us children to stay up and listen to the political meetings.

Great interest was taken in these meetings and the halls would be packed to the doors. Sometimes they used the Corn Exchange for the meetings, that was below the Town Hall.

There were outdoor meetings in The Square as well. It was quite a hulabaloo in those days.

Mr Palmer was only in office for twelve months. When he died, Mr Bottomley then brought down Sir Charles Townsend who was a popular figure.

I believe that when Townsend was elected they had a coach from Weston Hall, and took him round the town. We were at school then, the Headmaster was a keen Liberal, he went out to see Townsend go by and after seeing him he came back into school and started using his cane because he was disgusted.

Mr Bottomley who sponsored Sir Charles Townsend got himself into trouble and ended up in prison, where he later died. After a few months there was another election and Mr Button was elected, and that became the first Conservative seat for years and years; it had always been Liberal.

I'd like to say something briefly about local politics. Party Politics didn't come into it really, most of the candidates put up as Independants. On the one occasion when John Woollam put up as Labour he was soundly beaten. Even after that he put up as an Independant and I think we had a Catholic Priest on for some years.

Amongst those I recall on the Council were Dr Hollies, Tommy Grainger, Cllr. Murrell, Mrs Heath, Mrs Jones, Tom Edwards, Tommy Steventon (he was the Florist at the top of New Street) Wesley Clift, the coach maker and Percy Potts.

The Council in those days was similar to what it is today.
THE LATE Dr CRANAGE OF WELLINGTON
(Reprint from the Wellington Journal and Shrewsbury News, Nov. 21st. 1891)

The death of Dr Cranage of Old Hall, Wellington, took place shortly after midnight on November 12th. The sad event was not altogether unexpected although the announcement was received with a profound feeling of regret and sympathy for the surviving members of the family. The Doctor was a son of Joseph and Martha Cranage and was born in Wellington in April 1826 and was therefore in his 66th year of his age. For 45 years he was Principal of the Old Hall School, one of the most widely known and popular educational establishments for gentlemen’s sons in the Midlands and many of his pupils today occupy prominent positions in professional, commercial and Christian work. He relinquished the principalship to his eldest son - Mr G.E.W. Cranage - in April of last year, his health being then considerably impaired. But is probably that the deceased gentleman will be remembered and his memory more deeply revered for his unceasing efforts in Christian mission work and an earnest endeavour to ameliorate the condition of the poor of his native town. When a young man it was his custom to spend the greater part of his annual holiday in Ireland, and while on a visit there in 1859 he saw and was deeply impressed with the remarkable religious revival which then took place, and upon his return home he commenced what afterwards proved to be the absorbing work which influenced his after-life. He became a missionary among the poor, speaking at different schoolrooms in the county and taking part in daily prayer meetings, and in 1860 he began his evangelistic services in the Town Hall, Wellington. For the next two years his work was very successful and then was erected the New Hall, probably the largest and the first mission premises built in England, with sitting accommodation for 800 people. Here he conducted services every Sunday evening and from time to time other agencies were introduced, such as Bible classes for men and women, children's services, Band of Hope and other organisations tending to influence for good both young and old. To the large hall six rooms were added, the deeds providing that the building shall never become the sole property of any Church or sect, but it is open to Christians of every denomination, Unitarians and Roman Catholics excepted. The entire cost of the building was very great; but Dr Cranage obtained assistance from friends far and near, and in addition to defraying debts incurred from time to time, he established branches for the alleviation of the miseries of hundreds of the poor during the hard winter months of the many years he laboured among them. The poor of Wellington have undoubtedly lost a true friend and one who was anxious to secure their highest welfare. In 1884 the first symptoms of a painful illness manifested themselves and he was pronounced to be suffering from diabetes. Acting upon medical advice he paid a visit to the Riviera and Egypt and upon his return in 1889 he was very much improved in health, but in 1890 he suffered a serious relapse and another journey to the Riviera was resolved upon. He returned home a few months ago with improved health, although the change of climate and scene had not acted upon him so beneficially as his first visit appeared to do. In August of this year he became very unwell but rallied again until on the 31st ult., his condition gave rise to much alarm, and after that date he had been unable to leave his room. Dr Johnston was his medical attendant and during the last few days of the deceased's illness, Dr Burd (Shrewsbury) also paid frequent visits to their patient. The Doctor has left a widow, three sons, (the eldest of whom was married on November 4th), and one daughter to mourn their loss.

FUNERAL

The remains of Dr J.E. Cranage were interred in the family vault of Christ Churchyard on Saturday. The funeral was timed to leave the Old Hall at a quarter to 12 and by that hour there was a large concourse of people assembled although it was not generally understood that the funeral was to be of a public character, but there was evidently a wide-spread desire to show the respect in which the deceased gentleman was held. The obsequies were of the simplest nature and were in full accord with the last wishes of the Doctor. The procession left the Old Hall in the following order - Dr Johnston and Mr H.A. Newill; tradesmen of Wellington and other gentlemen, including the Rev. J. White (Oakengates), Rev. J. Judson, Mr R. Stone, Mr J.W. Littlewood, Mr T. Paterson, Mr J. Bayley (Wellington College), Mr Bennett (postmaster), Mr Wilkinson, Mr W. Davies, Mr H. Parker, Mr A.M. Barber, Mr W. Corbett, Mr J. Fance, Mr Neal, Mr H. Pooler, Mr J. Kendrick, Mr J. Bowring, Mr A. Sharman, Mr T. Reid, Mr E. Lawrence, Mr White, Mr W. Webb, Mr C. Webb, Mr John Jones (Church Street), Rev. H. Reid, Mr J.C. Belton & Co; Coffin borne by employees, some of whom has been in the deceased’s service for upwards of 25 years, and included Messrs. C. Hayward, W. Taylor, Thomas Tayler, W. Carson sen., W. Carson jun., J. Shepherd and members of the Christian Union; mourners; - Mr G.E.W. Cranage and Mr D.H.S. Cranage (sons), Mr W. Parkin - Moore (son-in-law), Mr G. Picken (brother-in-law), Mr W. Dixon (cousin), Mr S.S. Twigg (nephew), Mr R. Weston and Mr T. Radcliffe; Mr Richard Groome’s private carriage; representatives of the Young Men’s Christian Association; representatives of the Baptist Church; representatives of the Christian Union; Mr Greene (undertaker) and Mr Lecke (coffin maker). The pupils of the Old Hall School proceeded to the church before the funeral procession and the cortege was met at the Church by Rev. H.J. Alcock (Vicar of Wellington) and the Rev. T. Owen (Vicar of Christ
Sure am I that if the uppermost thought of my supposed assembly were expressed, it would run in the oft-quoted words:-

Oh, for the touch of a vanished land  
And the sound of a voice that is still.

If I think of the reception to Paradise which awaited our beloved friend, who is not lost but only gone before, I am reminded of the text in which Christ desires us so to employ the riches which are often got by unrighteous means, that when we die, we may have friends waiting at the other side of Jordan to receive us into everlasting habitations. Surely then Dr Cranage found himself no stranger in a strange land, when entering the House of many Mansions. He would find many ready to greet him, and acknowledge how much they were indebted to his unwearyed, uncalculating love. But we need make no excursion into the realms of the imagination; We have those in our midst who will readily proclaim that they lived neglecting or opposing the great salvation till they profited by the teaching of our unsectarian hall. Our departed friend has left us an example of zeal and devotedness, which we should do well to copy. There are many worthy Christian gentlemen in our locality, but I would gladly leave to themselves to decide, whether we have among us anyone who cared so long and so much for the poor and the neglected and those who can render no recompense. But Dr Cranage had his reward even in this world. And that reward lay not in the reception of a single penny-piece, for his unceasing labour, but in the “luxury of doing good”. And now, though we express our grief by draping our Church in black, we sorrow not as those who have no hope, but rejoice to anticipate the day when God will make up his jewels and unite the comparatively few members of the Catholic Church below to the inestimably greater majority of the Church triumphant above:-

The pulpit and reading desk were draped in black, and special hymns were sung, as well as special lessons from the last chapter of Daniel and 1 Thessalonians iv, and the prayer used after the sermon was the conclusion of prayer for the Church Militant, where thanks are given for the happy deaths of the faithful.

The Rev. T. Owen (vicar) preached at Christ Church in the morning. No special reference was made to Dr Cranage, but funeral hymns were used, and the preacher delivered a very able sermon on the subject of “Death”.

At the New Hall on Sunday evening it was fully expected that a memorial service would be held; but that has been postponed till tomorrow evening. The rostrum was heavily draped in black cloth and in white letters was the text “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for their works do follow them”. Mr Shipley the evangelist, announced that being a stranger to the deceased Doctor he was unable to do full justice to his memory, and therefore Mr Morgan (a personal friend of Dr Cranage’s) would hold the service on the following Sunday evening. However, special hymns were sung and Mr Shipley made some very happy allusions to the deceased during a discourse on “Jesus and Lazarus.”
rotuli hundredorum. Com 'salop'.

after the erdingtons sold the manor to Hugh Burnet - renewed in a new charter of June 1st, 1283 given at rhuddlan (edward the elder, clwyd mawde) translated in the calendar of charter rolls

"grant to Hugh Burnet and his heirs, of a weekly market on thursdays at his manor of rhuddlan, c. salop, and of two yearly feast on the vigil, the feast and the morrow of st barnabas, and on the vigil, the feast and the morrow of the decollation of st john respectively."

id est: the 10th - 12th june
and the 28th - 30th August (st john baptist)
Replica of the original Wellington Coat of Arms reproduced on a piece of Goss China