The Home Market



The Butcher's Shop, Home Market

In those days, we had the Home Market in Upper Woodford - which was lovely. You had a grocer one side and on the other side was the butcher's shop, and the butcher's shop was run by a gentleman called Mr Ling who was marvellous and the meat was lovely. In those days to, you had bread that was delivered at least three times a week from the Thorntons, we had greengrocers that came around, and we used to have a fishmonger that came round too. When the children were small, I used to send them up the road and Rupert said years later. "Mum, why did you always say that I had to go and see Mr Ling and say - Can I have four nice chump chops please?" He hasn't forgotten.

Helen Hosier



The Grocer's Shop, Home Market

The Home Market was started by Colonel Bailey. If you stand at Barb Portnall's front door, you're looking across at the Home Market; the steps were in the middle, on the right was the butcher's shop and on the left was the grocer's shop. Mr Rogers, he was the butcher, the slaughter house was round the rear - he used to do everything from slaughtering the animal to producing it on the counter. As kids we used to go in the slaughter house. Next to that was where they used to deal with the milk. I used to go round in the milk cart with Bunny Harding and Tom the horse drawing it. I then went out with Stan Rogers in a Bullnosed Morris and helped him deliver milk. This was village experience you don't get now. It was magic - it really was.

George Freer

My grandfather was the village baker and Dad worked for his father and they'd been in the valley since 1833 as bakers. My first memories of the Woodford Valley are going out with Dad in the van, to give Mum some peace. There was a lot less traffic in those days, so I could go from the back of the van up to people's houses with a bag of flour or whatever was needed. I enjoyed it, but at times it was a bit of a chore, but then the people had known me all my life so you always got a good welcome at the front door or the back door.

Carolyn Thornton

I remember the baker coming round on a Saturday and we were allowed what we called a 'bought cake' which was quite a treat. You only had what Mother made as a rule, but just occasionally we were allowed a bought cake. It was really a nice treat for us - a 'bought cake' - which meant from the baker - so that was great fun.

Pat Powell