

Talking to the Local History Group, 26th April 1989.

Good evening to all of you. Some I know and some I don't know. There are quite a few faces I certainly do know.

Briefly, I was born in the Tally Ho which is obviously the local hostelry which you will know; very well I imagine some of you. 1920 I was born and my name is Bernard Goodyear and at that time that place was kept by a Lansley, as it is now. He was my grandfather; my mother, the only child of that Herbert Lansley, married Reginald Goodyear from Nether Wallop and after they were married they came to live in the Tally Ho, that's how I came to be born there. Eventually the pub was taken over by my mother – some of you will remember that. Eventually, she had to leave the place and it was taken over by Ted Lansley who was my grandfather's nephew. Prior to my grandfather going into the Tally Ho, I believe it was in 1911, he used to have the tenancy of The Plough. I imagine you will have heard of The plough, certainly not as a pub but as a small domestic dwelling, that he took over in the 1890s. So you can see the Lansley family have had quite a spread as far as looking after the pubs is concerned.

Just to touch on, if I may, on the pubs in the village before the 1918 War; this is how it was told to me by my Grandmother mainly, some by my grandfather. They were open all day, in other words they opened them then at seven o'clock in the morning and they closed at eleven; the pub certainly was primary.

Grandfather worked away from the village, he would probably set off at five o'clock in the morning and Grandmother would take over the running of the pub all day. This is exactly how it went on five or six days a week. A very strenuous occupation as you can imagine. So, having pubs open as you have got them now, some of them, quite long hours is not new. In Broughton they were open all day in the 1890s, up to the 1914-18 War I think. I'm just touching on all this as a background but if there is anything you'd like to ask me at this juncture, on the pub side of things? *When did The Plough close?* 1911, certainly before the 1914 War. *[Roy Blake] I think it was a little later than that, at my birth in 1912 your grandparents were living next door.* My father incidentally died in 1921; he died very young and my mother managed to stay at the pub, she managed to take it over.

I made a few notes about this, while we are on the subject. Maybe some of you, not all of you, would like to know the prices of the stuff they sold in the pubs even in 1937,38,39. They were Strongs pub's, both of them, one was closed of course and the other carried on. The price of beer in those days which came out of barrels was seven pence a pint, that's old money. Some of it was five pence a pint, old money. Whisky was eight pence a glass. Cigarettes, Woodbines, there were an awful lot of Woodbines smoked in country in those days; after all the farm workers' wage at that time was only about 31/6d a week, for basic labour. I know some of the jobs such as dairyman, carter and so on did raise a few more shillings. Wages were exceptionally low but the comforts, if you like, the smoking and the drinking for those that were interested in them and a lot were, they weren't paying an awful a lot for them, comparing with their rates of pay. Woodbines were 2½d for five, packets of five, open packets. You could buy them in tens, of course. Players were sixpence a packet and if you bought a packet of twenty you paid eleven pence ha'penny. If you bought them out of a machine, you had a ha'penny in the packet. Perhaps that is enough about that side of it.

One of my great interests and my family's interests was sport in the village and I wonder if you would like me to talk about that? Cricket to make a start. In those days and particularly pre-war days Broughton was exceptionally strong in the

cricket field. They won numerous cups, there was a cup put up at that time by a gentleman named Hornby who lived at Shipton. He had his own ground there, it was a beautiful ground; as you came in from the Wallops, it was on the right but it is no longer there of course. It was a beautiful ground and that's where they played most of the time. To give you an idea about the ability of some of these working cricketers; as a very small child I was taken up there by my mother. They played all-day matches there. As we walked in the gate, there was a policeman at the gate and naturally my mother asked him the scores; he said, "Well Broughton are 130, 140 something for one wicket, this was at lunch. It was an exceptional ground of course, and pitch. This gives you an idea of the standard of cricket.

I'll mention a couple of these players, the top players of course. That was Ted Lansley, you will know him of course, a marvellous cricketer but the chap who was better than him, I must say this, was a chap named Frank Bendry; again some of you will know of him. He also used to look after the field and the pitch which was beautiful. The background is, Bendry was the village postman, his origin was he was regular Army, I think Royal Corps of Signals, something like that. He was stationed in the West Indies and he used to tell us kids; again we go back pre-war, tell us kids about these West Indians and their ability to play cricket. In those days it meant nothing to us and really we thought he was giving us a lot of houhar. But you see he wasn't. He used to tell us, the young people out there were cricket mad. He used to tell us, if one of them dropped a catch you never saw him again: that sort of thing. Anyway, that's Frank Bendry; a great character, he finished up as a Chelsea Pensioner.

Great cricketers, I have a photograph here of some of them and if you ask why there only ten men there, the one that's missing is Bendry. *If I may interrupt – when the cricket team used to come back with a cup the Band used to go up the Wallop Road and play them back into the village and then play out in the Square. And the School Choir. That's right, yes. Broughton's colours in those days were gold and green, I suppose, yellow and green? They had ribbons that they tied on the cup. I wonder if they think about these colours now? Any cricketers here? [Pam Dawkins] - Oh yes, I am sure they do, they are in the village now]* I certainly remember these ribbons, I suppose they kept them at The Tally Ho. *Did the band meet them if they lost? No, they didn't come home that night.*

Incidentally, coming back to that band, in that band there were four Lansleys at the one time. One used to beat the big drum, one used to beat the kettle drum, one was a cornet player and the other one was Bandmaster.

This chap Bendry, what I didn't tell you was that he was a great knitter, he learnt it in the Army; he made beautiful cricket sweaters. Another thing – he used to sing Pat Maginty's goat; always providing he'd had a good innings. *[And if he'd had refreshments at the Fluttering Duck!]* *[R.B.- His father, died when he was quite young and his mother married Bendry. When Frank became about 16, I think, he ran away from home and joined the Army and used the name of Bendry].* He went to Wherwell, to some relation at Wherwell. Incidentally Mr. Bendry [step father] was a saddler. We used to have a saddler in the village; we can't imagine it now when there isn't even one in Andover. This chap Bendry kept going; when he was 56 he scored a 100 at Ludgershall and he ran every single one of them. We'll leave cricket for now and just touch on tennis.

Pre-war the courts were up in the top corner of the cricket field. Are they still there now? It was quite a keen little club in those days. But tennis fell foul of cricket