

Remember the old days when our milk was delivered by Horse & Cart and later Electric Milk Floats.

Collected by Bob Lusty and Vicki Walker

I certainly remember the Milk Floats as they were called.

Before that in Leonard Stanley where I lived, milk was delivered by pony and trap with big churns of milk in it. Mum would give me a jug and I would give it to the milkman, Mr Harrison, who then would ladle the amount of milk required into the jug.



Milk cart in Birmingham

Later Mr Harrison had a small electric float to deliver the milk, it had a handle in the front that when you pushed it down the float moved forward, with him walking in front to steer it. After that came the float like the one in the picture. In those days the milk came in bottles that were returnable. No plastic.

Great days.

Bob



I remember staying in Cardiff at my Nan's house and being woken by the sound of milk bottles clinking and the whine of the milk float electric motor; that was 60 years ago. In Uley, when I was a kid, the dairy farm was 100 yards away. I would go down with a jug and watch as the fresh, unpasteurised milk was run through the cooler and into the jug. The taste was out of this world, happy and simpler days indeed.

Dave Griffiths.

I can remember the milk float.

I can remember living by Red House Farm, Cashes Green where the milk churns were put outside. I think getting the milk in a jug was just before my time (the late 1950s) but I heard about it.

Then in Stonehouse, we got our milk from Hudson's Dairy in the High Street. Delivered daily with cream on the top! Do you remember the blue tits used to peck the foil caps to get at the cream?



Vicki



Before the foil tops they used cardboard ones that had a punch-out hole in the middle, the blue tits did not puncture those. We used to wash them and save them for games. Also we used to put two together and thread wool through the hole, back out and round the outside, back through the middle evenly all round until you could not get thread any more through. Then with sharp scissors cut through the wool round the edges of the two bottle tops. Then between the two bottle tops tie very tightly a length of wool, then cut the two bottle tops in half and take them away. This left a ball of wool which was then trimmed and you had a Pom-Pom or Bobble.

What fun!!!!

Bob

Lovely photo and comments. I too remember milk in churns and you had to take your jug out to the pony and trap for the milk to be ladled in with a measure with a long handle with a hook on the top that was hung over the inside of the churn. You always got a small second dip of milk for a short measure!!!!. I can recall my mother having an up and downer with Mrs Sullivan from King's Stanley (she delivered our milk) telling her to keep the lid on the churn as it was raining and my mother was not paying milk prices for rainwater!. Hey- ho how would health and safety cope with that today?

Dave Camm

Lionel Malpass owned the lorry.
It was green.

His house was in Seven Waters on the corner of the Stanley Downton and Frocester Road.

Some if not all of the milk he collected was taken to Cadbury's chocolate factory in Frampton. It then went by canal up to Bournville Factory in Birmingham to make milk chocolate.

Bob and his cousin Brenda Wainwright (nee Savory)

The man pictured on the lorry is Dave Wheeler.



I remember the milkman at Woodchester coming round with his horse and cart and providing us with milk straight from the urn into our jug, but Stonehouse I can't remember, other than milk bottles on the doorstep.

I also remember delivering newspapers to the Dairy next to the Police Station from where they were picked up by the farmer who lived over the rail track at Ants Bank, but nothing about Severn Road deliveries.

Derek Oakey

This is now Stagholt Farm, over the railway embankment behind Oldends Lane Playing Fields. There is a track down past the allotments, under the railway bridge, and over a pedestrian crossing over the railway tracks. Or drive further along the Gloucester Road to Crowcumpill Cottages where there is a track to a bridge over the railway.

Ants Bank was the boys' name for the section of the embankment where they used to sit to collect railway engine numbers, as you could see both the GWR line and the Midland line from there. There were always a lot of ants nests there so it got called Ants Bank.

“Ants Bank” in April 2021



Lionel Malpass had two parts to his business, a coal delivery business and a milk churn collection service. He got the coal from Frocester station and, I suspect, most of the milk he collected went to the Cadbury factory at Frampton.

My grandfather Thomas Cook was the village milkman for around 20 years from about 1900 to 1920. He got his milk from Frocester Court Farm and delivered it to Leonard Stanley and King's Stanley as well as Frocester.

I'm not sure who came after him but, from around 1930, Bert Stafford (brother of Walt Stafford of the White Hart) took on the round. He continued until poor health intervened, after which his daughter took it on; she was married to Albert Harrison who you might remember. My grandfather and Bert Stafford both used to ladle the milk out of special buckets filled from churns into their customers' jugs.

Here are two photographs of my grandfather with his pony and trap, one in Frocester, the other making his way back to Frocester via the top of Seven Waters.

John Hale



More comments from Stonehouse History Group Facebook page

This is how the milk was picked up when I left school and went to work for Jack Macdonald at Horsemarling Farm at the bottom of Standish Lane. We had to swing the churns up onto the stand at the entrance to the farm so they could just be rolled onto the lorry. Happy days. I remember Hudson's dairy in Stonehouse.

Ray and Mary Barr

Yes - my uncle Lionel's milk lorry at Seven Waters, good old days.

Michael Lane

..with Dave Wheeler driving it. I like Dave I know him of old..

John Williams

Yes - I remember milk being brought to our house by horse and cart and ladled straight from the churn into our jugs.

Ann Hurdiss

There was a platform at top of Browns Lane, where Peter Sturm put his churns

Nigel Stoker