



## The Beverley Barge Preservation Society

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### BILL'S BLOG 2

#### **TOMMY COLEMAN & MR VOASE - THE BECKSIDE BUTCHERS**

Tommy Coleman had a butchers shop on Becksides and Mr Voase had a butchers shop in Flemingate. They would work together sometimes, as Mr Voase had a slaughter house to the rear of his shop and it was convenient for both of them to slaughter beasts in the one place.

Tommy Coleman had a grandson who lived with him and I was friendly with him. Sometimes on a Sunday both the butchers would slaughter and prepare the meat for Monday morning; sometimes we would go along and watch what took place, I once watched as a pig was taken into the slaughter house and watched as it was stunned by a Humane Killer Gun, then it would be allowed to bleed and a man with a bucket would catch all the blood and take it away to make black puddings. Sometimes two men who I knew as living down Becksides up Fosters Yard, called either Foster or Verity, would do the job.

The pig was lowered into a wooden bath with chains laid in the bottom and these would be pulled back and forth to loosen the hair on the pig. The pig was then pulled out of the bath with a pulley and chain, the bladder was removed and sometimes given to us kids to play football with. Then the pig would be cut into pieces ready for the customers when they visited the butchers shop.

#### **HARRY WILES THE FELLMONGER**

Harry Wiles, whose wife still lives in a house on Flemingate that they lived in for 80 years and I believe was built for them, was the local Fell Monger who collected all dead animals from farms around the district in high sided vehicles. As youngsters we would sometimes go with the driver to the farms.

The dead beasts would be winched into the back of the lorry and taken to Mr Wiles' Knacker Yard or Kett Yard where the remains would be rendered down and sent to the Hodgson's Tannery Glue Works. Some of the meat would be sold off for pet food in a small shop Mr Wiles owned in Flemingate.

At the back of Mr Wiles' house was a big field where horses would be grazing prior to being slaughtered. These horses would be lame or old and of no further use to the farmers.

Mr Wiles also had a large shed where he would store sheep wool and sometimes, if the wool had been stored for a long time, the smell was unbearable - not to mention the flies.