

A Jugful of Much Cowarne Cider

Take your fill from this collection of anecdotal tales of life in Much Cowarne during the 20th Century as told by folk both past and present.

"Large two gallon jars of cider were brought out for the men. They would sit in a ring. A boy would pour a cows horn full of the cider and hand it to the first man who would drink it straight down, then on to the next man, and on round the circle. This went on until it came your turn again, continuing until the jars were empty. On large farms six pints of cider a day was allowed, twelve pints when haymaking." – *Percy Boulcott's Cherry Picking Tales.*



• Cowarne Court from the lake

In 1725, Defoe could write of Herefordshire: "I observe they are a diligent and laborious people, chiefly addicted to husbandry, and they boast, perhaps not without reason, that they have the finest wool, and the best hops and richest cider in Britain... Great quantities of this cider are sent to London, even by land carriage, though so very remote, which is evidence for the goodness of it, beyond contradiction ... but 'tis certain, that not any of our southern counties... comes up to the fertility of this county."