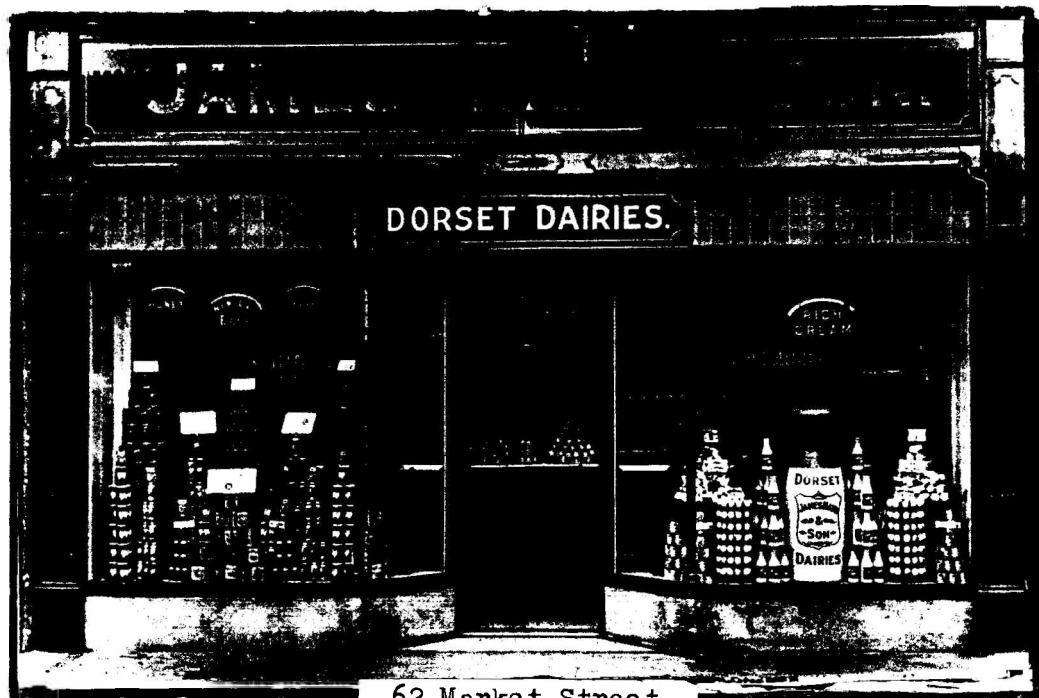
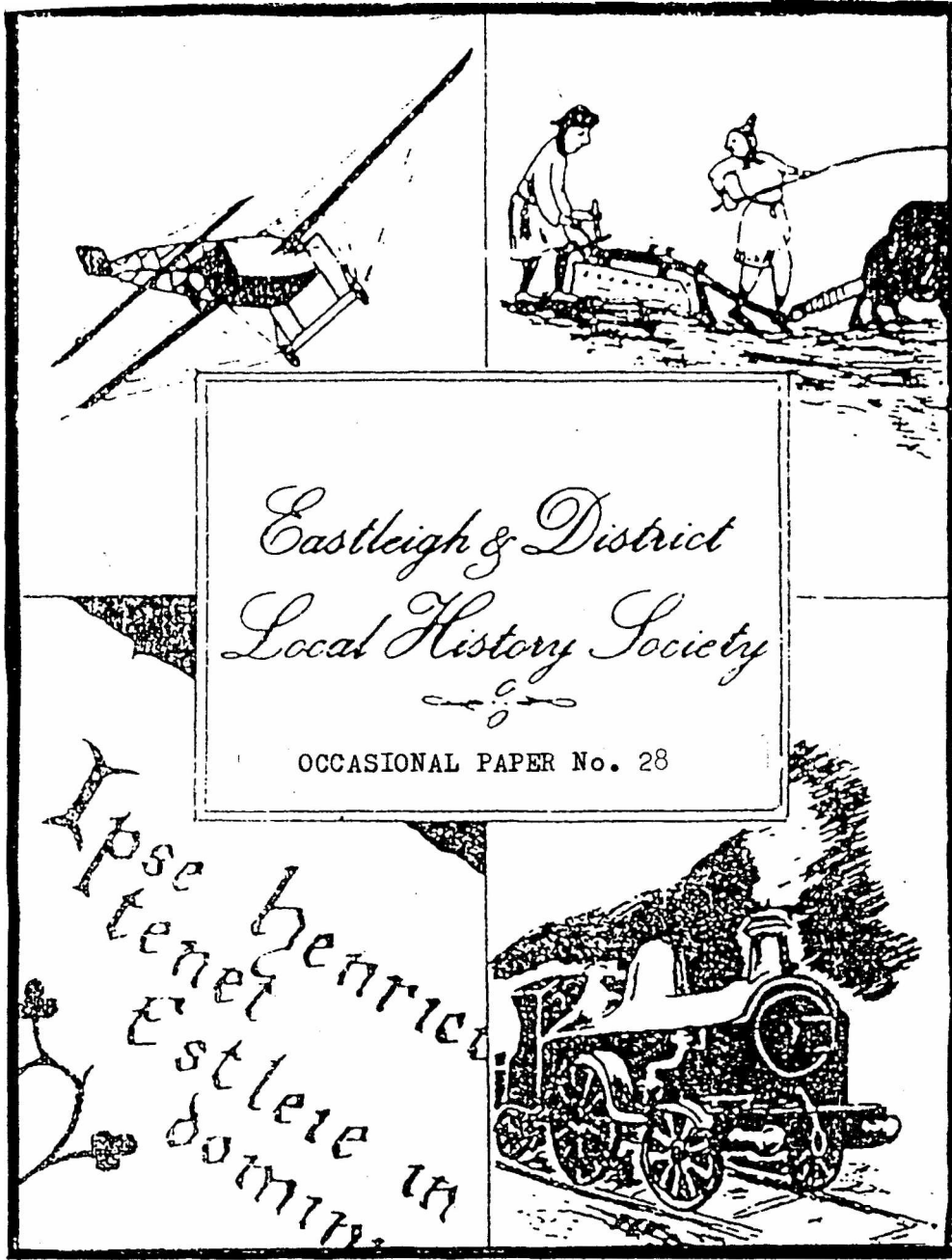


The story of Dorset Dairies.



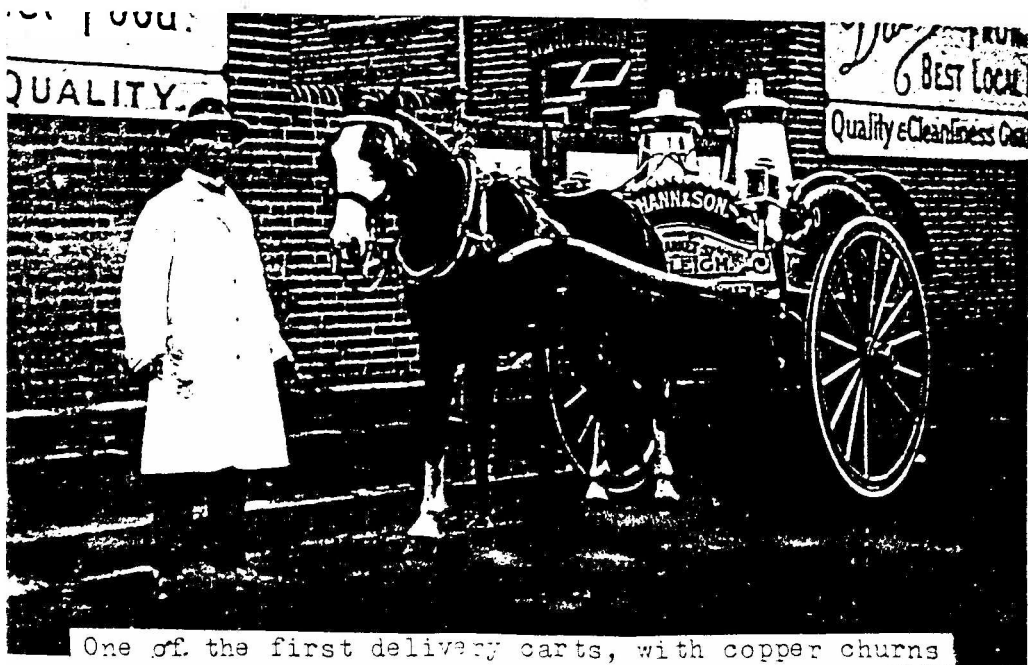
62 Market Street



JAMES HANN - THE FOUNDER



HARRY HANN, Sr. 1948



One of the first delivery carts, with copper churns

THE STORY OF DORSET DAIRIES

To those readers who hope for a definitive history of this family milk business, I apologise. I was born into it and took it for granted during my early years and, as I try to delve into my memories, I find only a jumble of events which affected me personally. I have sought help from my remaining aunt (Mary Galpin, nee Hann) and from the lady who was head of the Dairy Office for over 40 years, Miss Cissy Randall. Together, we shall try to put the facts into some kind of order.

The first James Hann, my grandfather, left home in Nether Compton, Dorset, as a young man, to seek his fortune in London. He looked after the stables for the original James Greig, the well-known family grocery firm. It was said that one night grandfather found the body of one of Jack the Ripper's victims on the doorstep of the stables. When the railway came to Eastleigh, he moved down too. That was in 1903 and he established a tiny milk business based at 76 Market Street. (Later this became Mr. Morris's sweet shop where we could buy halfpenny ice-creams, made with real cream supplied by my father.) There were two children, Harry, a bit of a tear-away (he was away fighting in the 1914-18 war) and Mary, who worked in the business until she married another milkman and moved away. In 1916, James Hann had the opportunity to move a few doors up the street, to No.68, owned then by Mr. Groves, and where the premises at the back gave better scope for expansion and where there was stabling for at least three horses. From there, grandfather would set out twice daily, helped by his daughter Mary, starting the first round at 5.30. a.m. each morning, with a huge copper churn in a smartly painted cart. Through good, efficient service, the customer numbers began to grow, although there were many other small dairymen at the time and competition was extremely keen.

When his son Harry (my father) returned from the war, he quickly settled into civilian life, helping father and always alert to any opportunity of making the business more efficient. In 1921, they were able to buy the old bacon factory, owned by Mr. Dear, in Factory Road. It was ideal for expansion and easily adapted for the new pasteurising machinery, butter making process and underground refrigeration. It provided work for many men, e.g. cleaning churns as they came in from the farms, washing bottles, stoking and maintaining the boiler which provided the steam power and general cleaning jobs on the carts and in the stables. There was always a large tabby cat who resided behind the boiler. Her name was Tibber and she was an excellent mouser. It seemed to my child mind that she was always having kittens and we made a great pet of her.

In 1923, Harry married. His wife was a local girl and a school teacher, teaching at Redhill, Surrey, at the time. Her name was Bessie Abbott and she was an excellent choice, since she was destined to develop the office side of the business and keep the finances under control. She and Harry moved into the Market Street home, above and behind the shop, while James moved to a larger house at 78 Leigh Road. From then on, he took less part in the planning side of the dairy, though still remaining very active wherever needed. The horses were the great love of his life.

In 1927, Harry and Bessie had their second child, me. (Their first had been a son, stillborn.) The home over the shop was becoming too small and already one of the upstairs rooms had been turned into an office, manned by two or three very smart girls. Whenever my Mother needed another girl for the office, she would put on her best hat and go round to see Miss Nobbs, Head Mistress of the Chamberlayne Road Girls School. She would pick out a suitable girl who wanted office work and they always turned out to be excellent. The old education system had much to be said for it.

In 1932, big changes were afoot. A second factory building was erected in Factory Road, exactly opposite the first, on the site of Mr. King's picture shop and Waller's grocery shop. This new building had no machinery in it, but was used to house carts and vans, a stable at the back end for twelve horses, a loft over for the hay, the stores department on the first floor, with a huge counter where the roundsmen paid in their daily takings, and three refrigeration rooms in the basement. At about the same time, Harry moved his family from Market Street to 60 Desborough Road, which was very convenient since the lane at the bottom of the garden gave easy access to the buildings and stables. At night, we could hear if the horses were restless. The following January, their third child was born and given the name of his grandfather, James.

Harry Hann was a great lover of horses and an excellent horseman. He nursed and petted them, cooking 'bran mash' on our gas stove if one were ill or had the colic. At that time the number of rounds was increasing and those considered to be too far away or too difficult for a horse-drawn cart were served by a motor van. For some years, Benny Hill, the comedian, was one of our roundsmen and he was known for the speed at which he would gallop his horse home from Fair Oak, over Station Hill, when he finished for the day. No doubt this experience gave him the idea for his song about Ernie, the fastest milkman in the west. Harry was also an excellent mechanic and did as much of his own maintenance as possible. He would never let someone else do the work if he could do it himself.

And so, in the 1930s, with many small dairymen retiring from the scene and the Co-op dairy being the main rival, the business thrived and increased, covering Bishopstoke, Fair Oak, Chandlers Ford and Allbrook as well. The stables were full of small Welsh cobs, excellent for pulling the small carts and patient enough to stand and wait for the roundsman at each stop. My father would go to Wales personally when he needed to buy another horse. Imagine our delight after one of these excursions to find that the little mare he had chosen was in foal (unsuspectingly) and produced a beauty, named Bambi. Extra stables had been built by now, allowing a total of twenty-four horses. One Christmas, when his master was being plied too heavily with Christmas cheer, one of the horses, tired of waiting, walked home, cart and all, with no harm to either. The annual Eastleigh carnival was a great annual event in those days and it gave an opportunity to display some of the vehicles, for even the lorries were hired for various tableaux. They were good days with plenty of hard work but great satisfaction and at Christmas every household was given a small pot of double cream.

In 1937, Harry's last child was born, another son, named Harry and the spit image of his father. This was the year of the Spanish Civil War too and there was a large camp of refugee children off Chestnut Avenue, where Warner-Lambert stands now. Churns of milk went daily to the camp and the Spanish children queued up for their daily mugfull. How frightened they must have been, snatched away from their homes and set down to live in such a cold, rainy place. I remember some of the older Spanish boys rather put terror into the townsfolk of Eastleigh by sitting along the gutters in Leigh Road and brandishing very sharp sheath knives.

After this incident, talk of a European war became more general. When it came, in 1939, it meant vast changes for anyone running a business. Naturally, many men were called up, their place being taken by women. Contrary to some people's expectations, they proved to be tough and resilient, though they were not expected to look after their horses at the end of each day's round. That was done by two dedicated older stablemen, Jock Roberts and Mr. Barnes. Everything became difficult - motor vehicles had to be kept mended long after their normal working life and spares were almost impossible to come by, tyres too. The rationing system had to be operated carefully and it was often inspected by 'the men from the Ministry'. The old home in Market Street had become a smart shop with all the other rooms turned into offices for about ten girls. By now delivery of milk was cut to once a day and of the remaining small dairymen in the town, several retired and the rest were compulsorily merged into Dorset Dairies. Thus Eastleigh was now served by only two milk retailers - Hann's and the Co-op.

One sideline which did very well at the time was the sale of manure from the stables. It was sold by the cartload and since there were so many more people now gardening to produce their own vegetables, often we could not keep pace with the demand.

The air raids were a constant worry to Harry and his wife. If the machinery were to be hit and put out of action, thousands of people would be without their daily pintas and their livelihood gone. The nearest bit was a machine gun attack on the tall Co-op building in High Street by a German dive bomber, who left us several unexploded bombs as a parting gift. I remember the local policeman advising my father that he ought to move the horses to safety but since there was nowhere to take them, we all stayed put. If the raids were not too bad, we sheltered in the large cupboard under the stairs, where two small beds had been fitted up. If the bombing got worse, then the family took shelter in the basement of the factory, together with one or two of the office girls who could not venture going home after working late. My father was never with us - he would spend the nights in the stables moving quietly among the horses to calm them. For us children, it was all just a good adventure.

The memorable raids were, of course, the two on Southampton and the one on Portsmouth, when, on each occasion, their main South Coast Dairies were put out of action. My father undertook to supply these towns with all the bottled milk they needed and our men worked round the clock to do it, while still keeping Eastleigh supplied as usual. Throughout the night, my Mother was cutting sandwiches and making jugs of hot tea to keep the men going. The lorries which collected the milk went further and further afield to fetch the milk required, indeed, as far as Semley, Salisbury, Bailey Gate and other collecting centres in Somerset, Dorset and Wiltshire. Before 1930, the churns held seventeen gallons, a huge weight for a man to lift, but by the war they had been replaced by smaller ten gallon churns which were more manageable and our lorries could then carry them in two tiers.

My overall memory of the war is how hard everyone worked in the dairy, any number of hours, any job asked of them, and with a pride that it was their war effort and people's food depended on them. My father was often mistaken for one of the workmen and on more than one occasion this paid off, as when someone he did not wish to see turned up or on one Good Friday when a smart lady leaned out of a car and said how good it was to see someone working like that and offered him a hot cross bun! At such times, he would never let on that he was the owner.

My two brothers, though only schoolboys, were also expected to work when necessary. The elder, James, was better with mechanical things, while the younger, Harry, preferred to be with the horses. (It is interesting to look back now and see that James went into top management, while Harry became a Dairy Farmer.)

By the end of the war, everything was physically at a very low ebb but my father still had an eye to future expansion. To this end, he bought a field at Woodside, where he intended building a whole new dairy, and the old school at Chandlers Ford, which would become one of the supply depots. However, in 1950, after a minor operation, he died quite unexpectedly, leaving his widow and 11 year old son to carry on for the time being. Death duties were such in those days that there was no alternative but to sell the business and straighten out the finances. James Jn. continued his training with Unigate, becoming manager of the Broadlands Road Depot and then moving to Hansoms Dairies, Liverpool, where he spent several years before opting out of milk in favour of oil in Aberdeen. For some years, Unigate continued to run Dorset Dairies until economics dictated that it be merged with their Southampton dairy.

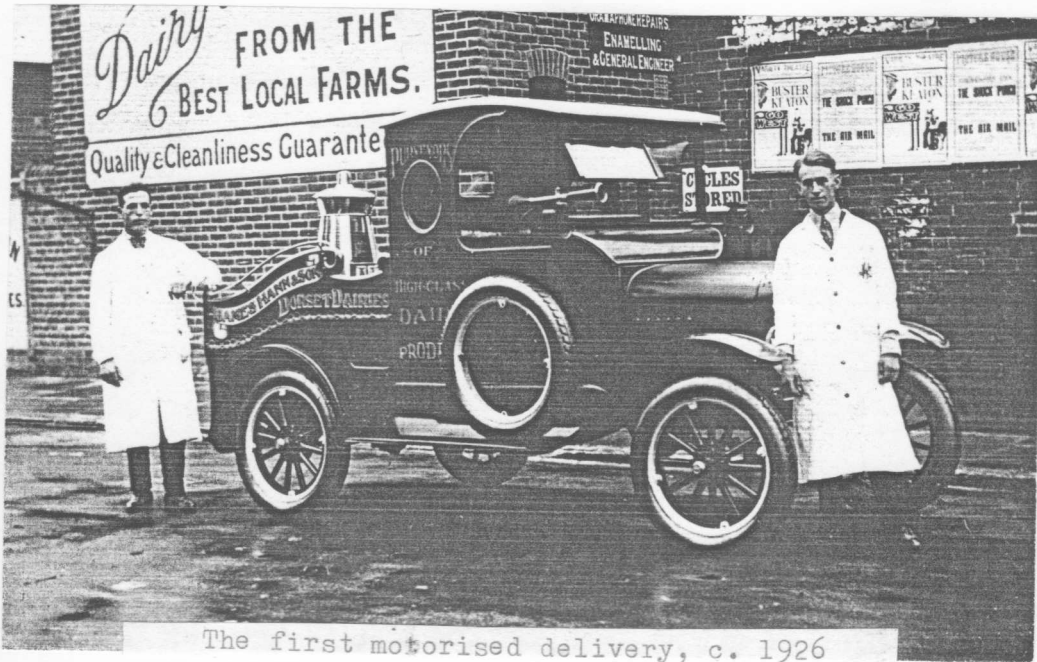
Thus ended the history of three generations in Dorset Dairies milk business, spanning the years 1903-1952. But the family has not severed all its connections with milk. Harry Jn. continues as a dairy farmer in Devon, with a son, Robert, growing up in the farming atmosphere, while I find myself, after retiring from teaching, helping to run a dairy farm with my son, also in Devon. And so there is milk 'unto the fourth generation' of those who love cows, hard work and early morning rising.

MARGARET BATSTONE

July 1987

Sir James Hann became a Burgess of the Guild of Aberdeen in 1982, was knighted in 1996 and retired to live in Somerset where he died on 14th February, 2004.

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The first motorised delivery, c. 1926



One of the first collection lorries - 1947
(James Jn. driving)



Delivery horse and cart - 1948
(James Jn. driving)

MARGARET BATSTONE

July, 1987



JAMES HANN - THE FOUNDER



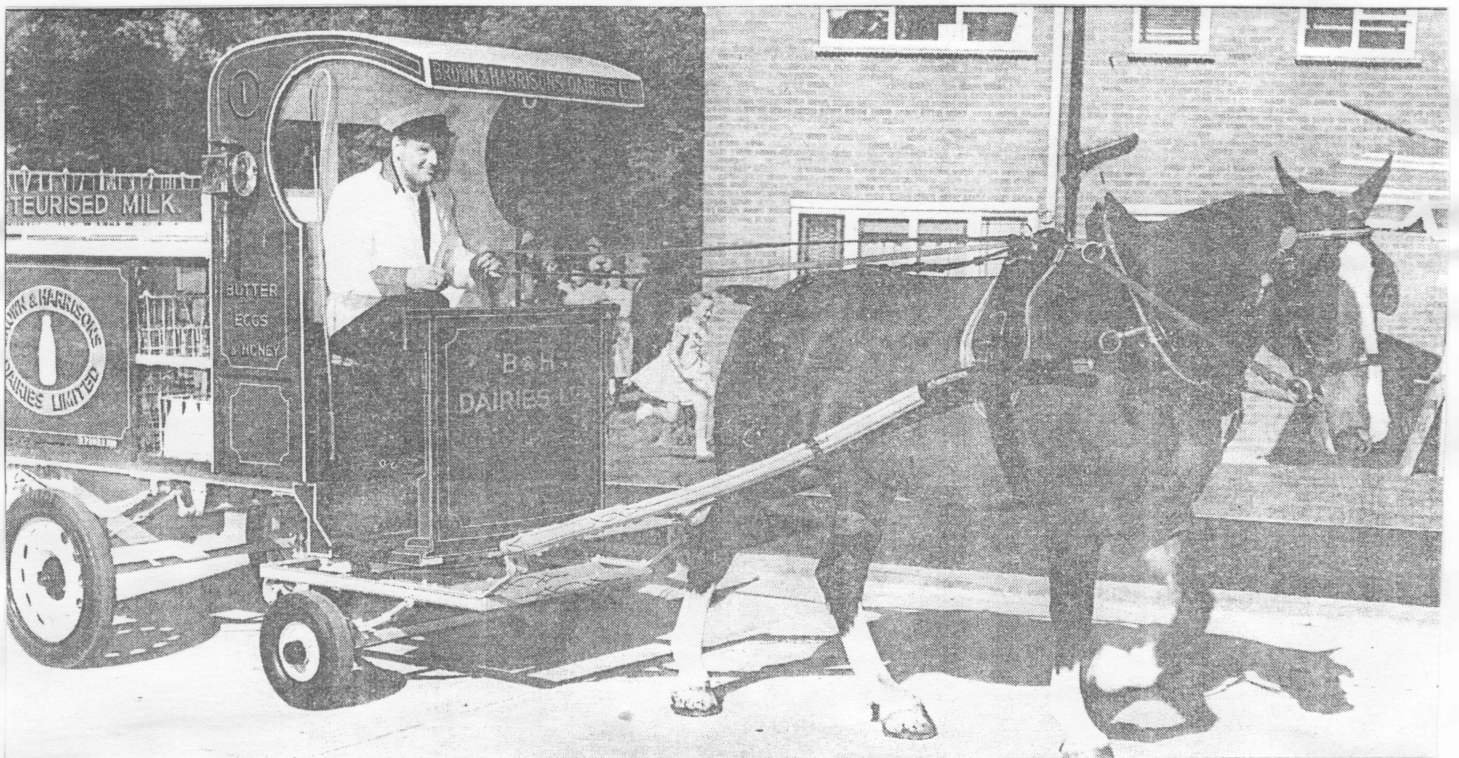
HARRY HANN, Snr. 1948



One of the first delivery carts, with copper churns



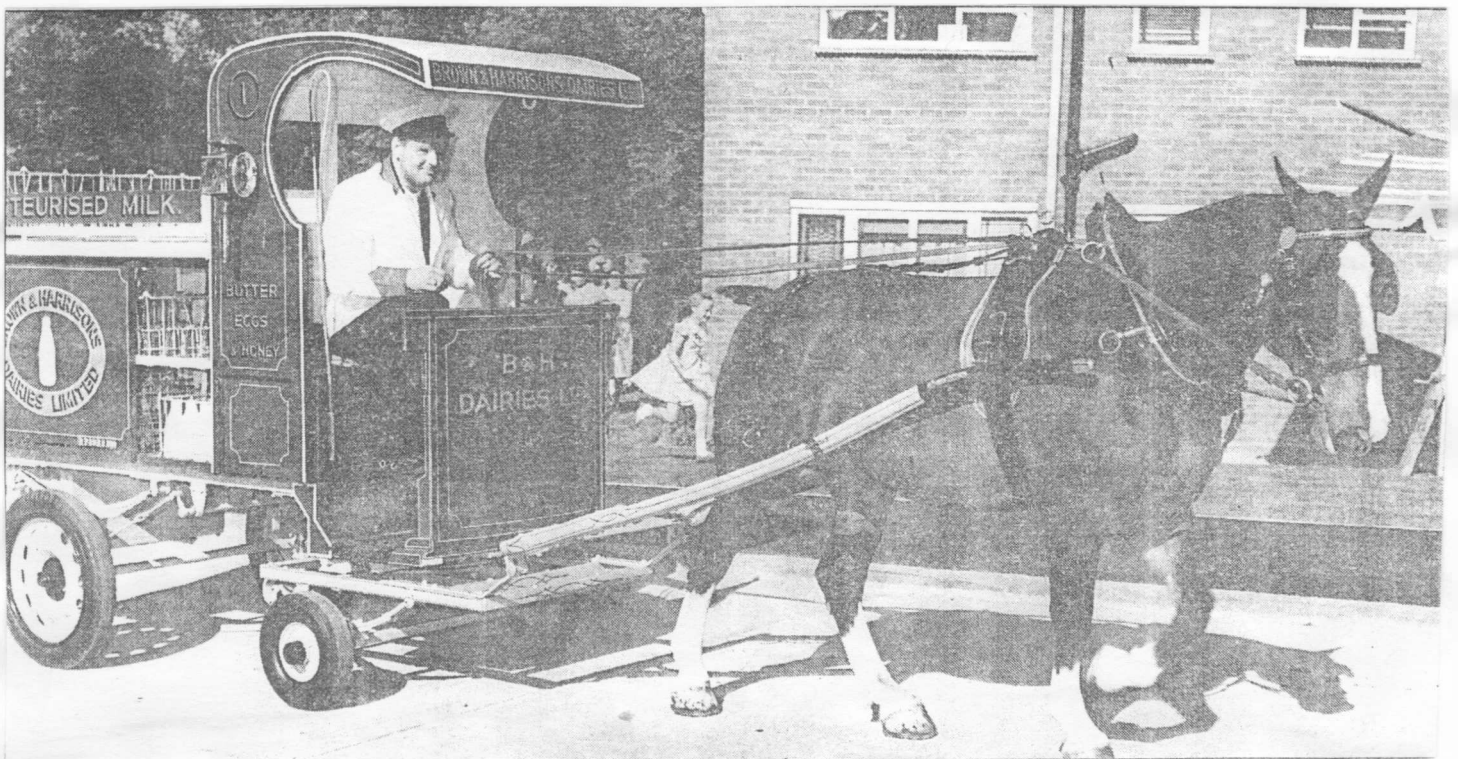
Sir James Hann



Benny in a rare public appearance on his old horse-drawn milkcart



Sir James Hann



Benny in a rare public appearance on his old horse-drawn milkcart

Sir James Hann

businessman with a talent for turning around ailing companies who became chairman of Scottish Nuclear

SIR JAMES HANN, who has died aged 71, was a pioneer of the Scottish offshore oil supply industry and went on to bring commercial sense and dynamic leadership to the running of Scotland's nuclear power stations.

James Hann was appointed chairman of Scottish Nuclear – the state-owned generator of more than half Scotland's electricity – in 1990, when it had just recorded an annual loss of £190 million. He had no experience of nuclear engineering, but was a seasoned businessman who listened carefully before reaching considered decisions; he also brought a brisk style which contrasted refreshingly with the bureaucratic mindset the company had inherited from its previous life as part of the South of Scotland Electricity Board.

Scottish Nuclear's power plants, Hunterston B on the Clyde, and Burscough near Berwick-on-Tweed, were relatively efficient, but had been hobbled by expensive supply and reprocessing contracts with British Nuclear Fuels.

On the other side of the business, Scotland's electricity distributors were still obliged to pay artificially high prices for power from Scottish Nuclear, but these arrangements were due to end after 1995, making nuclear generation more competitive with coal- and gas-fired stations.

After a period as acting chief executive as well as chairman, Hann recruited an able new chief executive, Robin Jeffrey, and the two worked in tandem to renegotiate contracts with BNFL. In particular, they argued that costs could be substantially cut by dry-storing spent fuel on site rather than sending it for reprocessing.

The result of their efforts was a significant reduction in operating costs and a return to profits of £65 million by 1993. Hann became a frequent advocate for the viability



Hann: although a southerner, elected a Burgess of the Guild of Aberdeen

and safety of nuclear power, both at the political level and through a public relations effort which brought 25,000 visitors a year to the power stations on free "Scottish Nuclear Coaches".

When Conservative ministers

reviewed the privatisation prospects of the sector in 1995, Hann argued for independence, and was disappointed by the decision that Scottish Nuclear should become a subsidiary – alongside its English counterpart – of British Energy, which

was duly sold off in 1996. He moved on to other fields, but remained a staunch supporter of the industry through the pressure group Supporters of Nuclear Energy.

James Hann was born at Eastleigh, Hampshire, on January 18 1933 and educated at Peter Symonds School in Winchester. His first ambition was to become a naval officer, but after his father's death in 1950, James had to take over the family dairy business, which employed more than 100 people. In 1952 he was called for National Service in the Royal Artillery, and the firm was sold to United Dairies (later Unigate).

His Army experience was not entirely happy: he was "returned to regiment" mid-way through an officers' training course. "I was an angry young man," he said later. "I answered back." After the Army, he worked for United Dairies, spent a year in Lausanne at the IMEDE business school, and returned to become managing director of Hanson Dairies in Liverpool.

In 1972 Hann saw the opportunity of the opening up of North Sea oil, and applied for the post of managing director of Seaforth Maritime, a fledgling venture in Aberdeen running supply ships to the rigs. He quickly emerged as a leader of the industry which grew up to meet the needs of the offshore platforms. Seaforth – which included engineering and shore-based logistics, as well as a fleet of 23 supply and diving vessels – became a role model for the sector.

Hann loved the marine side, going to sea for engine trials as each new ship was commissioned. Though a southerner with a Hampshire burr, he was well liked in Aberdonian business circles: in 1982 he achieved the distinction of becoming a Burgess of the Guild of Aberdeen.

His impact in several Scottish boardrooms in the late 1980s, and

his success at Scottish Nuclear, gave Hann a reputation as a "corporate recovery" specialist. In 1994 he was asked to take the chair of Hickson International, a Castleford-based chemicals group which fell into difficulties after losing a contract to supply a detergent ingredient (which, it was alleged, caused clothes to rot) to Unilever, the makers of Persil. Hann acted decisively – bringing in new management and selling off non-core businesses – to return the company to profit.

After Hickson, he was chairman of Eurotherm and Bath Press Group. He had earlier been deputy chairman of Scottish Transport Group, the bus and ferry operator, and chairman or director of numerous other companies north and south of the border, including Associated Fresh Foods and the textile group William Baird. He was an honorary Fellow of both the Institute of Nuclear Engineers and the European Nuclear Society. He was appointed CBE in 1977 and knighted in 1996.

Hann's love of the sea remained with him all his life. Among his public appointments, he was chairman of the Northern Lighthouse Board, and at Scottish Nuclear he sponsored and led a project with the Fairbridge Society to give disadvantaged young people the chance to develop skills and self-confidence in the sail-training schooner *Spirit of Scotland*.

After retiring to Somerset, he bought back an Aberdeen harbour pilot's cutter which he had owned some years earlier and sailed it from Salcombe, spending three months of the year aboard. The sea represented freedom to him: he felt "lonelier in the middle of London than I do on my boat in the middle of nowhere".

James Hann died on February 14. In 1958 he married Jill Howe, who died in 1999; they had a son and a daughter.

SIR JAMES HANN

Chairman who invited the public to inspect his nuclear power plants

SHORTLY before James Hann became its chairman in 1990, Scottish Nuclear incurred a loss of some £190 million. Just two years after his appointment, it was in the black by £13.7 million.

For a salary of just £39,000, Hann had been expected to contribute no more than a couple of days a week. Instead, he dismissed the chief executive and for nine months performed the role himself. By drastically cutting costs and boosting productivity, he restored the generator's self-esteem and readied it for privatisation. Nonetheless, in 1995, he was told that his services were no longer required.

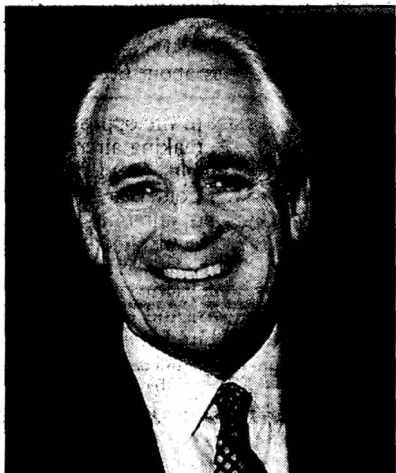
Always frank, Hann had paid the price for criticising the Government's plans for the nuclear industry. A year after he departed, he received considerable consolation, in the form of a knighthood.

The eldest child of a dairyman, James Hann was born in Southampton and grew up in Eastleigh. During the war, he had to work in the family firm, James Hann & Sons, which had been founded by his grandfather. As a result he sometimes fell asleep at his desk at Peter Symonds School in Winchester.

At 17 he was forced to abandon his studies, after his father's sudden death at 49. For the next two years he ran the dairy business, taking charge of 110 employees. Just like his father, he proved a hard-nosed and demanding employer, but death duties and his call-up for National Service eventually necessitated the sale of the firm to United Dairies.

He served with the Royal Artillery, 1952-54, and although selected for officer training, he was "returned to regiment" half way through the course, when his commanding officers concluded that he lacked leadership ability. "I answered back and questioned some of the stupid things we were asked to do," he recalled.

Emerging from the Army as, in his own words, "an angry young man", he joined United Dairies and for 11 years ran a string of subsidiaries. In 1965 he started a

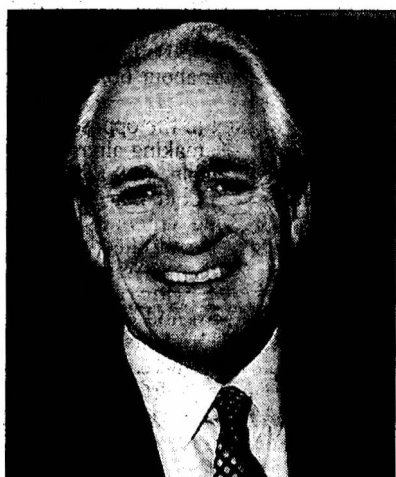


Hann: was running a business at 17

two-year business course in Lausanne. He then served for six years as a managing director of Hanson Dairies in Liverpool.

In 1972 he was appointed chief executive of Seaforth Maritime, which serviced the offshore oil and gas industry in Aberdeen. His success in that role was recog-

string of subsidiaries. In 1965 he started a



Hann: was running a business at 17

two-year business course in Lausanne. He then served for six years as a managing director of Hanson Dairies in Liverpool.

In 1972 he was appointed chief executive of Seaforth Maritime, which serviced the offshore oil and gas industry in Aberdeen. His success in that role was recognised in 1977 when he was appointed CBE for services to the offshore industry, but he resigned from Seaforth in 1986 after a dispute with shareholders over plans for expansion. He then served as chairman of Bauteil Engineering in Glasgow, Exacta Holdings in Selkirk and Associated Fresh Foods in Leeds.

In 1990 he joined the ailing Scottish Nuclear. It had come into being on the break-up of the South of Scotland Electricity Board into Scottish Power (which had been privatised) and Scottish Nuclear (which remained in the public sector). Although it may have made good business sense, many of Scottish Nuclear's employees felt slighted by the split. Dynamic and inspirational, Hann raised spirits and improved the company's public image by running a campaign that welcomed visitors to its power stations.

Having turned the company round, though, he did not approve of the Government's plans to merge Scottish Nuclear with its English counterpart, Nuclear Electric. He argued that it should remain independent or, if necessary, be given some parts of Nuclear Electric.

To improve the chances of a successful privatisation, he suggested the creation of a state-owned holding company that would accept the future costs of dismantling reactors and reprocessing spent fuel. In this way, investors would be able to buy nuclear industry assets without having to take on its biggest and most indeterminate liabilities. The proposals got a frosty reception from the Government.

In July 1995 Hann attended a meeting with John Robb, the chairman-designate of what was to become British Energy. Later that day he released a statement informing his staff that he had resigned.

Although he was no longer wanted at Scottish Nuclear, Hann remained in considerable demand elsewhere. Before being forced to retire through ill health, he served as chairman of Hickson International (1994-99), Eurotherm (1996-98) and Bath Press Group (1997-99).

James Hann married Jill Howe in 1958. She died in 1999. He is survived by their son and daughter.

Sir James Hann, CBE, chairman of Scottish Nuclear, 1990-95, was born on January 18, 1933. He died of cancer on February 14, 2004, aged 71.



1952. Christmas Party for the children of the employees of Dorset Dairies, by permission of Stanley and Marion Brehaut.



1942. "Hann's Harem". Staff at Dorset Dairies.

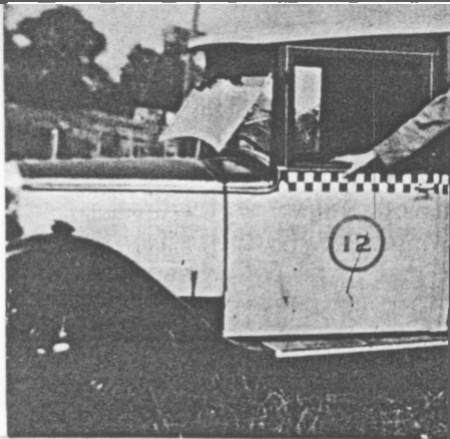


Jack Yates and Tom Cumner with one of Hann's large carts.

at the rising sun, Golden Common, three times ev

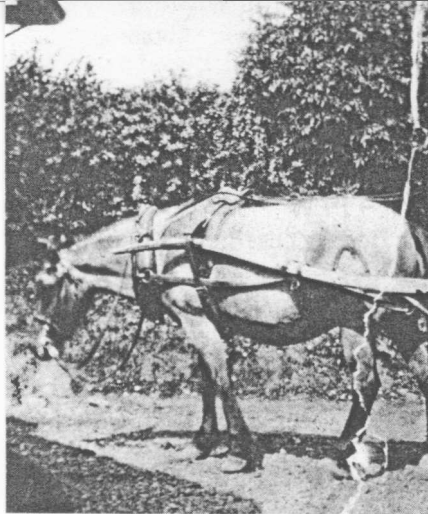


George Bodman driving one of Mr. Weeks' cows, 1925.

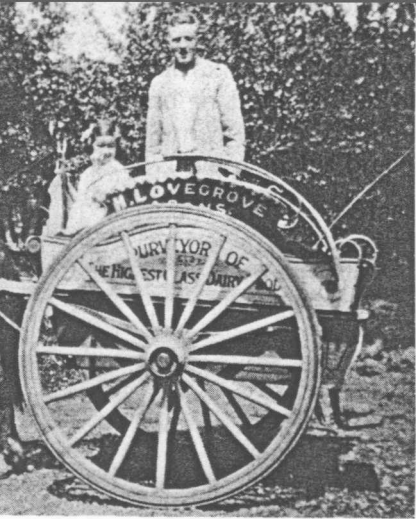


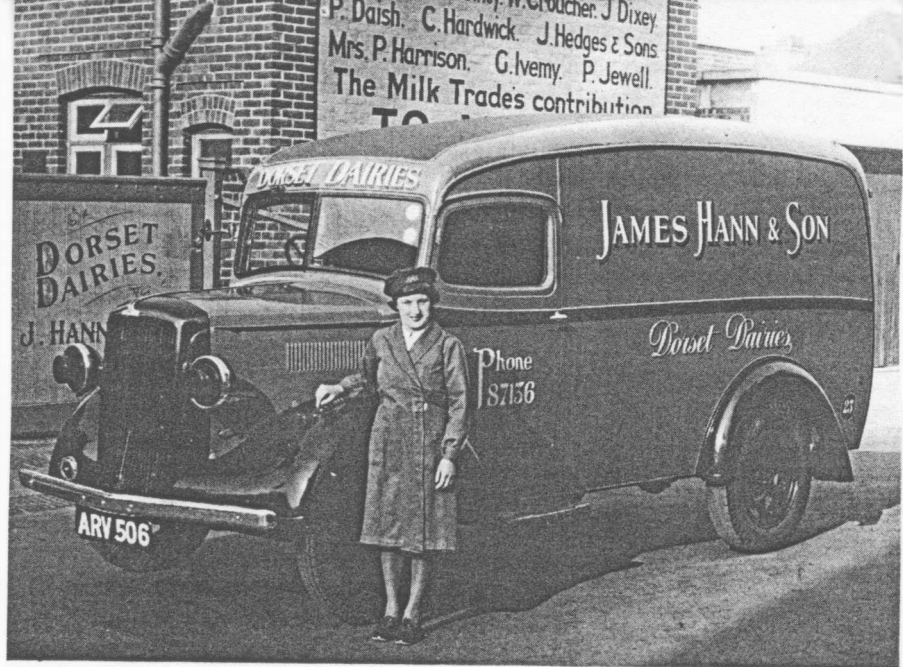
One of Hann's small vans.





c. 1928. Lovegrove's milk cart.





Nellie Bodman outside the dairy. The board in the background lists the local dairies that were in the Lease Lend Scheme.





1926. The nurseryman on the left was Bazeley.