

Sharing Salford's Fantastic Story



LifeTimesLink

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The magazine of Salford Museums & Heritage Service

FREE

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www.salfordmuseum.org
to find out about what's
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www.ordsallhall.org to
discover the history of the
hall or ghost hunt on the
ghostcam

www.lifetimes.org.uk
featuring the background to
the lifetimes project, audio
interviews and a bulletin
board

www.wcml.org.uk to sign
up to the mailing list or have
a look through the material
they have

www.oninsalford.com
to find out about heritage
walks, talks and family
events in Salford

Welcome!

*What do you think of the new-look **LifeTimes Link**? With the opening of our new **LifeTimes Showcase** at Salford Museum and Art Gallery we took the opportunity to redesign our newsletter - to make it bigger and better - with more articles, a letters page, events calendar and recent news from Salford Museums and Heritage Service.*

Editorial

As **LifeTimes** work continues across the city, more and more people are becoming involved. This magazine is much needed to include more of the material you have been donating or loaning to us - the reminiscences you have written, stories you have told us as part of the Oral History work and photographs you have kindly let us copy to add to the archive.

Regular readers may have been anxiously waiting for **LifeTimes Link** No 11 to arrive through their letterboxes, or at the local library. We apologise for the delay but hope that a meatier magazine has been worth waiting for!

We will be producing the new look **Link** twice a year - the next issue is planned for the beginning of December 2002 and we welcome contributions from you about all aspects of Salford's rich heritage.

In this issue, find out more about heritage events across the city, Belle Vue coming to SMAG and a new CD-ROM from the Working Class Movement Library.

We hope you enjoy this first issue of the **LifeTimes Link** Magazine. Drop us a line, tell us what you think - if you have any stories relating to the history and heritage of the city of Salford, send those in too.

The Editor

Adding a LINK to our chain

If you would like to send in an article or contribute to **LifeTimes Link** then send it in to: **The Editor, LifeTimes Link, 51 The Crescent, Salford, M5 4WX.**
Email: info@lifetimes.org.uk.
Tel/Fax: 0161 736 1594

The deadline for the next issue is **1 October 2002**. We must add that we can't accept any responsibility for the loss or damage to contributor's material - so if you want us to copy original photographs, please phone first. We cannot guarantee publication of your material and reserve the right to edit any contributions we do use.

Pottery Workshops

Since January, Craft Officer Paul Smith has been working with community groups and schools to produce decorative tiles. The workshops are free and held every month, with the aim of collating lots of tiles to create a final piece for Salford Museum and Art Gallery.




Hopefully as many groups as possible will take part and the final piece will reflect the creativity of individuals and groups from all over Salford. Groups that have taken part so far include St Boniface Primary School, a home education group and adults from Landridge House.

Inspiration for the tile workshops came from the superb Pilkingtons' fireplace which is on display in the *LifeTimes* gallery in the museum. Ideas so far for the final piece include a wall display or decorative seating.

Workshops are on the second and last Thursday of every month, and groups must attend both these sessions. The first workshop is held at Salford Museum and involves rolling the clay, cutting and designing the tiles. The second is held at Artbase pottery studio (across the road from the museum), to glaze and paint the tiles. Groups can later select several of their finished tiles as a souvenir.

To book a workshop or for more information, please phone Nicola Lynch at Salford Museum and Art Gallery on 0161 736 2649.

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by Alain Kahan

Rebels with a Cause - telling the story of Socialism through archives and objects.

An exploration of how archives and objects tell us about the people involved in the development of radical politics was on display at the John Rylands Library from March to May 2002. This exhibition was jointly organised by the Working Class Movement Library (WCML) and the Labour History Archive and Study Centre.

Examples of items WCML loaned out included:

- the hat of a member of the British Battalion of the International Brigade who fought for the Republicans in the Spanish Civil War
- a women's suffrage badge (a prison portcullis) given to every suffragette imprisoned in Holloway

Displaying WCML material to other venues has been good promotion for the library and brought our work to a new audience.

Radical Women on BBC Woman's Hour

Judy Merry is planning a series of 15 minute programmes for Radio 4's Woman's Hour using the WCML as a research resource.

The present shortlist of candidates includes: Angela Tuckett, Nan Macmillan, Mary Carlisle, Selina Cooper, Alice Foley and Margaret Chappelsmith. If you have any information on any of these women, especially the local ones like Cooper and Foley, please get in touch with the library (0161 736 3601 or email enquiries@wcml.org.uk) and we will put you in touch with Judy Merry, who is particularly keen to include personal reminiscences of those people.

Educational CD-ROM

Childhood in Britain during the Industrial Revolution

The WCML is creating a CD-ROM (an interactive multi-media resource) and worksheets depicting what childhood was like during the period known as the Industrial Revolution.

Although the emphasis is on the north west, it will not ignore the national picture.

The package will be used to teach this important aspect of British History at Key Stage 2 and 3 (school children aged 9-14) bringing history to life using a variety of source materials. The two areas being explored will be child labour and the development of education.

The materials being used include imagery, personal accounts, extracts from newspapers, parliamentary enquiries, letters, literature, poetry, speeches and song. For the CD version many of the personal accounts and some poems have been recorded using volunteer children and adults. There will also be four folk ballads, written during the period, recorded and included in the resource.

A selected sample of the material has already been piloted at two local schools, Ellenbrook Primary, and St Gregory's, Farnworth, to ensure that the material being produced fulfils the requirements of the National Curriculum. A comprehensive pilot scheme is to be run with several local schools when the resource is nearer completion.

The project is being run by the Working Class Movement Library (WCML) and Salford Museums and Heritage Service. Most of the sources being exploited are part of the WCML collection, although other libraries and collections within Greater Manchester are being used.

The project has almost exclusively been a one-person job. Danny Crosby has both researched the material and is producing the resource. That said, both the WCML and LifeTimes staff have made significant contributions.

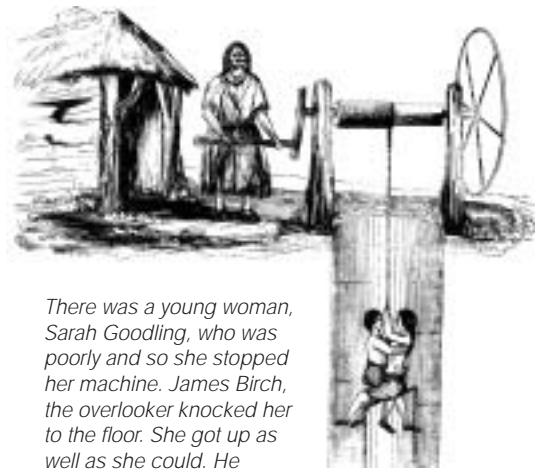
It is hoped that this project will be the first of many of its kind. The WCML is planning to produce more multimedia resources in future depicting different aspects of modern British history with the emphasis of course on the lives of ordinary people.

The resources will have a dual purpose, they will of course be educational, but they will also bring history to life for a 21st century audience. You can contact Danny via email on dannycrosby@hotmail.com or enquiries@wcml.org.uk or by phone care of the WCML on 0161 736 3601.

Examples of reports of the day...

Sarah Carpenter: Interview in The Ashton Chronicle

Our common food was oatcake. It was thick and coarse. This oatcake was put into cans. Boiled milk and water was poured into it. This was our breakfast and supper. Our dinner was potato pie with boiled bacon in it, a bit here and a bit there, so thick with fat we could scarce eat it, though we were hungry enough to eat anything. Tea we never saw, nor butter. We had cheese and brown bread once a year. We were only allowed three meals a day though we got up at five in the morning and worked till nine at night.



There was a young woman, Sarah Goodling, who was poorly and so she stopped her machine. James Birch, the overlooker knocked her to the floor. She got up as well as she could. He knocked her down again. Then she was carried to the apprentice house. Her bed-fellow found her dead in bed. There was another called Mary. She knocked her food can down on the floor. The master, Mr Newton, kicked her where he should not do and it caused her to wear away till she died. There was another, Caroline Thompson. They beat her till she went out of her mind.

John Brown, A Memoir of Robert Blincoe (1828)

About the second year of his servitude - when the whole of the 80 children sent from Pancras Workhouse, had lost their plump and fresh appearance, and acquired the pale and sickly hue which distinguished factory children from all others - a most deplorable accident happened in Lowdham Mill, and in Blincoe's presence.

A girl named Mary Richards - who was thought remarkably handsome when she left the workhouse, and who might be nearly or quite ten years of age - attended a drawing frame, below which, and about a foot from the floor, was a horizontal shaft by which the frames above were turned. It happened one evening, when most of her comrades had left the mill, and just as she was taking off the weights, her apron was caught by the shaft. In an instant the poor girl was drawn by an irresistible force and dashed on the floor. She uttered the most heart rendering shrieks! Blincoe ran towards her, an agonized and helpless beholder of a scene of horror that exceeds the power of my pen to delineate!



He saw her whirled round and round with the shaft - he heard the bones of her arms, legs, thighs, etc. successively snap asunder, crushed seemingly to atoms, as the machinery whirled her round, and drew tighter and tighter her body within the works, her blood was scattered over the frame and streamed upon the floor, her head appeared dashed to pieces - at last, her mangled body was jammed in so fast, between the shafts and the floor, that the water being low and the wheels off the gear, it stopped the main shaft!

When she was extricated, every bone was found broken! Her head dreadfully crushed. Her clothes and mangled flesh were apparently inextricably mixed together, and she was carried off as supposed, quite lifeless.



John Charles Spencer, speech, House of Commons - 16 March 1832

I am of the opinion that the effect of the measure proposed by the honourable member (Michael Sadler), must necessarily be a fall in the rate of wages, or, what is more probable, that children would cease to be employed at all in manufactories. Now I appeal to the honourable member whether a measure which would prevent children from obtaining any employment in factories would not be more injurious than beneficial to the labouring classes.

As long as we have a manufacturing population in the kingdom it will be impossible to render their occupation as wholesome as that of agricultural labourers, or persons engaged in out-door labour. This is an evil that cannot be remedied. It is too late now to argue about the unwholesome nature of manufacturing employment. We have got a manufacturing population, and it must be employed. Any measures which shall have the effect of diminishing the means of labourers engaged in manufactures will produce intensive misery.

At the Christmas Party of the Manchester Cochlear Implant Group (which was a reet good do, as my granny used to put it) I had to smile at how many, especially those recently switched on, remarked on how noisy it now was.

I can't vouch for others, but to me it is not *noise* I hear but *sound* and I enjoy it no matter how loud it may be. What I do believe is that it is the quality of sound that has changed over the many years since I lost my hearing.

... I can turn my memory back like a tape recorder and recall the sounds of my childhood

I do not imagine that I am different from any other implantees in the way I can turn my memory back like a tape recorder and recall the sounds of my childhood. I am going back fifty years now, as I was only eleven years old when my hearing started to go. Horse drawn traffic was still common then so I used to hear the clip clop of horses all the time.

Noise?

by John McMahon

I lived in Salford, just a tram ride from Salford Docks and near Frederick Road railway junction which was a main diverting point for Manchester and all points north west. I had that glorious sound of steam expresses roaring through and blowing whistles, the sound of the local knocker-up who used to go round in the early hours of the morning with his long pole tapping on windows of his customers' bedrooms to rouse them for work. Later I would hear the slam of doors and the clatter of clogs as they set off for the day's labours.

Then the works buzzers would start to sound to warn the layabeds to get moving. The milkman would then come round with horse clopping, crates rattling and clanking then a ships siren would start as a ship moved up the canal and wanted the bridge turned at Trafford Park. At that time trams would be passing up and down Frederick Road, Clowes Street and Broughton Lane.

And then the war began. I would hear the sirens, then the bombers coming over as we made our way to the air raid shelter, where they would always start a sing song to try to drown out the crump of the bombs



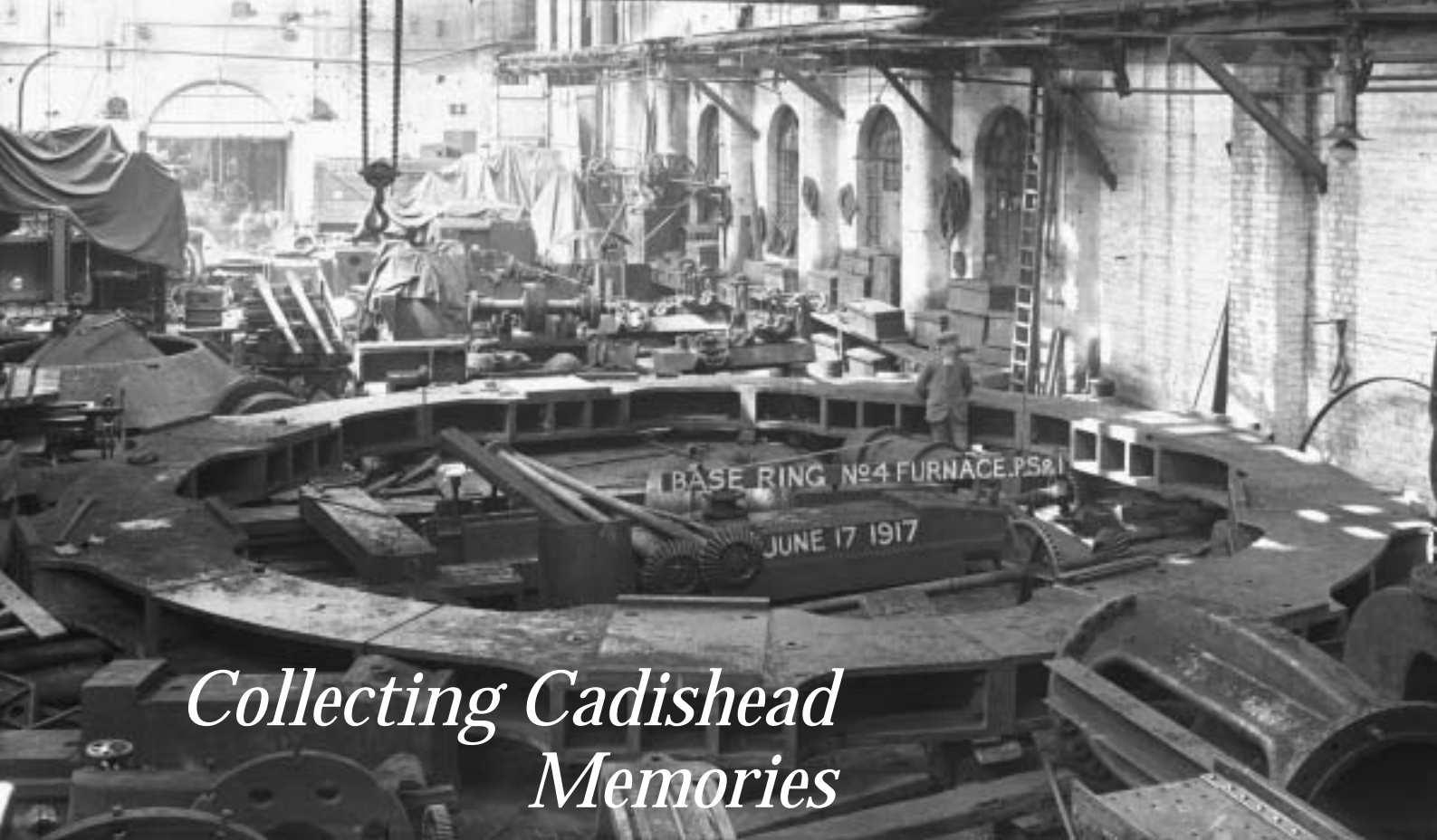
No 6 Wilson Street Pendleton photographed in 1956. John's family lived opposite at No 1 before moving to Broughton during the war.

falling, but they could never hide the way the ground shook.

My mother got us a house move down to Lower Broughton, as where we lived was a prime target area. They were after the docks and railway junction, so we moved just in time... but that is another story.

Over the years that have elapsed since those days everything has vastly changed and in many ways I do not think for the better. But pontificating about it won't change things. So as I have said, I am happy to hear, as every night when I go to bed I return to the world of silence that we implantees know so well. I am grateful when I wake up in the morning I can return once more to what I call the land of the living. Thank you Professor Ramsden and the implant team for my miracle.

(This article first published in ReSound Magazine and is reproduced with their kind permission.)



Collecting Cadishead Memories

Located right at the westernmost tip of the city, Cadishead could easily be overlooked.

*We're aware that over the past three years of collecting oral histories and copying photographs for the **LifeTimes** archive, material from Cadishead has been rather thin on the ground, as in fact has its neighbour, Irlam. To remedy this we are staging two events in Cadishead Library.*

Photos: top - Irlam Steel Works 17 June 1917 - Base Ring No 4 Furnace PS & I (Partington Steel & Iron), below - detail from Kill or Cure Exhibition

Friday 13 September 2002:

Irlam Steel Works - is a chance to see video converted from cine film by the North West Film Archive that we believe has never been publicly screened before. Did you, or a member of your family work there? Come and share your memories at this drop-in afternoon between 2.00-4.00pm.

Friday 27 September:

Cadishead Memories - is a chance to reminisce about living or working in Cadishead. Drop in between 2.00-4.00pm.

Tremendous work has been done over the years by the Irlam & Cadishead Local History Society, collecting photographs and producing books and pamphlets as well as putting on exhibitions in the Heritage Unit, which has switched locations from Irlam Library to Cadishead. The current display is called, **Kill or Cure - Medicine Through the Ages** and can be seen during opening hours (Mon 9.30am-7.30pm, Tues, Thurs and Fri 9.30am-5.30pm - closed for lunch 12.30-1.30pm each weekday - Saturday open 9.00am-1.00pm).



Visit from Down Under!

In June, Salford Museum had a visit from Darryl McIntyre, Head of Public Programming from the National Museum of Australia.

During the celebrations of the Commonwealth Games, Salford Museum and Art Gallery were delighted to host a visit by Darryl to exchange ideas and practices in providing activities for children and young people.

The visit was a chance to learn the Australian approach to offering learning opportunities to young people and to promote our schemes such as Ordsall Alive! Lark Hill Live! SMART and Museum Fever.

Darryl chose Salford Museums and Heritage Service as part of his visit to England because of *"its reputation for providing excellent family learning activities"*.

The Robin Hood Hotel, Clifton

When we interviewed 90 year old Cecil Nuttall a couple of years ago he mentioned something about the Robin Hood Hotel that intrigued us.

Cecil had been born at Egypt Farm, Clifton Junction but moved to Broadhurst Farm in Rake Lane circa 1936. Here's what he told us...

'Broadhurst Farm had fairground people there. They had a snake on the fair and it died and they chucked it on the midden. Somebody found it and said, 'We've found a snake in Clifton.' They had it stuffed and they had it in the Robin Hood in a glass case. People used to come to see the Clifton Snake.'

A year later we were contacted by Don Miller whose grandfather, Thomas Miller, had been the landlord at the Robin Hood from 1925 until his death in 1949. Originally Thomas was in the old building that Don thought dated from the 1750s and had also been a farm. They began building the existing pub on the bowling green in 1939 but work was interrupted by the outbreak of war, although the family were able to move in to the partially built pub in January 1940. The army took over the original premises. After the war the new pub was completed and the old one pulled down. As a child Don was a regular visitor to his grandfather's pub so was able to tell us a lot about it.

but in 1949 it got to the stage where it was falling to pieces and as such we had to get rid of it.

'As a child my grandfather told me that I must not go to the top floor because it wasn't safe, mainly because all the stairs were at various angles but curiosity got the better of me and I went up there and found to my amazement that there were all these racks for rifles or muskets or whatever they used at that particular time. Now I also knew there was a room where there was a big flagstone about ten feet by five feet and six inches thick and it was used for laying bodies out in the olden days. Dad also told me that when anybody died it had been known to bring the coffin into the pub itself, but that was not in my time.'

Photo left: The 'old' Robin Hood Hotel when the licensee was Thos Miller.

(Photo: SLHL)

Photo right: The 'new' Robin. (Photo by Samuel Critchley of Bolton & Farnworth Aug 1965)



'The hotel had various rooms which were more or less of Dickens character - tun dishes of brass, pewter tankards and very old pictures. If you went upstairs into the clubroom you'd find details like the Robin Snake which was a python which was stuffed and put into a glass case and was on the wall along with various other animals. I don't know where they came from but it looked like a menagerie. The snake was there in my time. It was transferred to the new building

Victorian Gallery

In November 2001 Salford Museum was awarded a grant of £4,500 from Sightline, in conjunction with the Adapt Trust and Guidedogs for the Blind, to improve interpretation in the Victorian Gallery for visually impaired visitors.

It was recognised that although the Victorian gallery is popular with visitors, featuring a selection of paintings, sculptures and decorative arts, there was little in the way of interpretation. In order to increase access to the collections, it was seen as vital that more information was given on the works of art. Plans included producing an audio guide highlighting some of the paintings and sculptures, and making replicas of some of the ceramics and art objects.

This summer we will be introducing some of this new interpretation into the gallery in the hope it will enhance the visit for everyone. The audio guides are free (but a refundable deposit is required) and available for all visitors and include both descriptive and historical information about the art works. There will also be various handling material available, including real and replica models of the Japanese Ivories and replicas of some of the pots, including a Puzzle Jug and Tulip Vase. Information on the objects is available in Braille and large print.

Children visiting the gallery will also benefit from the increased handling material available, as well as activity sheets and story bags.

Give My Regards to Broad Street the Crescent and Chapel Street



Giving a fascinating insight to the area's history through the eyes of people who remember the places, events and characters that shaped the street, the book contains memories, anecdotes and images from people who took part in **LifeTimes** reminiscence sessions or who contacted us individually.

It contains over 50 photographs covering the journey along this stretch of the A6 as it was when shops, pubs, and leisure facilities populated it. Published by Salford Museums & Heritage Service and priced at £3.00. You can buy it at selected Salford Libraries and also at the Museum and Art Gallery where you'll also find an accompanying exhibition in the new **LifeTimes** Gallery.

Book Reviews

The Iron in his Soul: the story of Salford's Olympic and Empire Games champion - Bill Roberts by Bob Phillips

We published Bill's obituary in our last issue of **LifeTimes** Link so are pleased to announce that Salford's sporting heritage is brought to light in a new book by BBC Radio 5 Live athletics commentator Bob Phillips, which he launched at Salford Museum and Art Gallery in June.

The life story of Bill Roberts is an enthralling one spanning the First World War into the 21st century. His finest hour on the running track came at the Berlin Olympic Games of 1936, as the lone working class member of the 4x400m relay quartet he won gold - a feat not yet beaten by a UK squad.



Born in Tatton Street in 1912, Bill was inspired to take up running by fellow Salfordian Walter Rangeley, who had won three Olympic medals. In 1934, having taken the train to London straight from work, he won three international races at the Empire Games in London, and broke the Amateur Athletics Associations 400 metres record.

It was after this performance that Bill was selected for the 1936 Berlin Olympics, and the British Empire

Games at Sydney, Australia, where he won several events. He also gained the silver medal with the British Relay Squad in the European Championships at Oslo in 1946 - and finally captained the British Athletics Squad for the London Olympics in 1948.

Published by The Parrs Wood Press, Manchester. The Iron in his Soul is an official publication of the Manchester 2002 Commonwealth Games and on sale at Salford Museum Shop for £16.95. ISBN 1 903158 32 X.



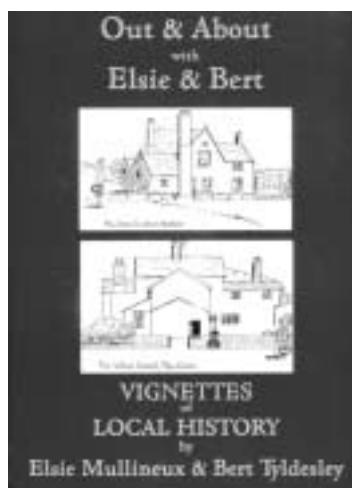
Barton's Bridges by Glen Atkinson

Glen Atkinson tells the story of the ancient crossing point at Barton, of the waterway that was transformed from the River Irwell to River Navigation to Ship Canal and of the bridges and aqueducts that have spanned it.

These include the 17th and 18th century stone bridges, Brindley's Bridgewater Canal aqueduct, Leader Williams' Ship Canal swing road bridge and aqueduct and finally the Barton High Level motorway bridge.

All of these structures were at the cutting edge of the technology at the time and amazingly all suffered major structural failure or total collapse. This includes the modern high level bridge, which collapsed not once but twice during construction, in February and December 1959.

This is a detailed and comprehensively researched account, its fifty pages are illustrated with maps, engravings, facsimiles of documents and fifty photographs, a not to be missed read for anyone interested in local, canal and industrial history. It is on sale at local libraries and Salford Museum and Art Gallery shop at £5.25. Published by Neil Richardson Manchester 2002 ISBN 1 85216 146 9.



Vignettes of Local History; Out and About with Elsie and Bert.
By Elsie Mullineux & Bert Tyldesley

This collection of articles relates to Worsley and Roe Green - Elsie covering Worsley and its characters, with articles about the Duke of Bridgewater, Victorian Worsley and the Ellesmere family, whilst Bert concentrates on Roe Green, telling the story of the Roe Green Co-op, the famous cricketers Tyldesley's and exploding the myth that Roe Green has always been teetotal!

All this is supplemented by some of Bert's poems and photographs with drawings by Harry Liprot. Vignettes of Local History is on sale at £5.00 from Worsley Village, Boothstown and Swinton Libraries; 'Books on the Green', Forrester Street, Roe Green; and Worsley Civic Trust, Walkden. It's published by Worsley Civic Trust and Amenity Society.

Do the Salford Shuttle!

Salford Museum and Art Gallery, with its new LifeTimes Gallery, is linking up with The Lowry's City's Pride exhibition, Ordsall Hall and Islington Mill in Chapel Street with a fantastic FREE circular shuttle service which runs every Sunday until 22 September. The circular route starts at 12.30pm from Salford Precinct and ends at the Precinct for 5.00pm. Ring 0161 736 2649 for a timetable and make a day of it!

Brian went on his first heritage walk on 26 May 2002 and sent us the following report about Body Snatchers and the Bastille - a walk round Swinton led by Sandra Hayton and John Cook.

My First Heritage Walk by Brian Lee

We stood under St Peter's Lytchgate with umbrellas up while Sandra told us about the Chapel of Ease, which was the first place of worship in Swinton, and gave us a brief history of the development of the church.

By this time the rain was really bouncing. Fortunately, Sandra had arranged for us to go into the church for the next part of the tour. Churchwarden and bell-ringer, Roy Bryan, had opened the church and put the heating on so we were all warm and fairly dry while Sandra showed us the church and its beautiful stained glass windows.

Then we had a treat when Roy took us up the bell tower, gave a demonstration of bell-ringing, then took us up into the bell room.

She told us the history of the Bull's Head pub and the watchers club who used the tap room to watch for three nights after a burial to deter the body snatchers who operated in the nineteenth century.

After this interesting surprise, with the rain still pouring outside, when Roy suggested we might like to finish our tour inside - we didn't need any persuasion. We all sat in comfort while Sandra completed her talk. She told us the history of the Bull's Head pub and the watchers club who used the tap room to watch for three nights after a burial to deter the body snatchers who operated in the nineteenth century.

John Cook then gave us a fascinating talk on the 'Bastille', the old Industrial Schools which once stood on the site now occupied by the Civic Centre. My original impression that this was something similar to a workhouse was quickly disproved when I learned that the children were well fed and clothed and were given both an academic and a practical education second to none up to the age of sixteen. The thought of 793 children, 125 of them babes and infants, being marched up Station Road to catch the train to Blackpool for a 22-day holiday in 1918 is amazing.



Ann Monaghan leading a walk last year when the weather was a little kinder.

On the way to Swinton for the walk I told John that we would be back home in half an hour as no one would turn out on such a dreadful afternoon. How wrong can you be? There were some twenty or so people in St Peter's when Sandra and John gave us this interesting and enlightening insight into a facet of the history and development of Swinton and we all enjoyed it.



Photo: Partington Lane, or 'Pratty Brow' looking from near its junction with Worsley Road. The Post Office also ran a circulating library service. Harrowby Road goes off to the left of this postcard.

In 1926 the family moved to Partington Lane into a smaller house, the rent I believe was five shillings a week, later going up to six shilling and six pence - that's 32½p in new money.

The family was made up of grandfather, John Fulford, Dad, Mother, brother Ernest, sister Marjorie, and myself Edward. The house was two up and two down and had gas lights - in the back room was the kitchen with a big boiler in the corner for washing clothes in, it had a fire under it. After the clothes had been washed my mother would put me in and give me a bath.

I was always with granddad and I remember how we used to go over the fields to Clifton and he would collect dandelions and burdock roots to make wine in stone bottles. He died aged 67 years old, a worn out man after a lifetime in the coal mines. I was six at the time he was laid out in the front room in his coffin, people came in to see him and pay their respects.

I was the youngest of four children. My father's name was William and my mother was Betsy. I first saw light of day on 2 August 1924 at 22 Deans Road, Swinton. Like most people at that time my parents struggled to make ends meet. Dad was a yard labourer at Gerrard's of Pendlebury.

I went to school at Wesley Street infants and the first day that my mother took me a lady in the cake shop gave me a broken biscuit. I thought you got one every day but it was a one off! The school stood where the Swinton Shopping Centre now stands. All the children had slate boards to write on and a bead frame to count on. I think I was at that school until I was six.

It was about the time of granddad's death that I was moved to St Peter's CE Juniors. The teacher's name was Mr Bibby and you did as you were told or you got the cane on your hand - I can say from experience it hurt. You soon learned to have respect for your elders.

St Peter's is still the same as it was in the 1920s. It had girls on the east end and the boys was the west door, the hall was divided by a large folding partition and boys were not allowed in the girls side. On the site of the Fletcher Hall was the Senior School and was large wooden buildings that had been ex-army huts from the war. That was the story the big lads told us, I don't know if it was true but the old seniors was replaced by the Fletcher Hall about 1935. We played the very basic games in the playing field at the side of the school and it was mostly rugby or cricket.

Most of the people in the district worked in the cotton mills such as the Dacca, Simpson and Godley in Deans Road, Acme Mill Pendlebury, sadly all gone as have the coal mines that also employed hundreds of workers in the district of Swinton and Pendlebury.

The Life of a Swinton Boy by E Evans

He was a machine gunner in the First World War and taken prisoner by the German army. He would never talk about his action but he was mentioned in despatches for something that happened at Ypres in France. The eldest child was also William, but he died before I was born.

I remember the day of the funeral well. A horse drawn hearse and all the family walking behind all the way to the grave at St Augustine's and then we all gathered at Uncle Bill's house and had what I thought was a party. I cannot remember the street, but the area was known as Bilson, a very poor run down part of Pendlebury.

Just around the corner, off Bridge Street, my mother had a sister, Auntie Hettie, who lived in an old wooden van in the most appalling conditions. She was married to a man called Harry, who was hated by the rest of the family. They had three boys, no running water or toilet and I was terrified when my mum called to see Auntie Hettie.

Most of the people in the 1930s had clogs, and on the cobbled roads they made a lovely sound as they came home from work at teatime. Clogs had wooden soles with irons fitted, those were the days. Mother one day repaired mine and put rubber soles on made from an old bike tyre and I was very proud of my silent clogs. It was like a status symbol until all the rest of the kids got them. I now know that it was a case of saving money by using the old tyre, a very wise move on mum's part. Clogs also played a very important part in a game of football, you tried not to get kicked on the ankles or shins, I didn't join in if I could get out of it.

In the early 1930s there was a lot of open space off Partington Lane starting from the top and going down. On the left, and

behind a high wall, was the Industrial School, now the site of the Civic Centre. We used to play in the old school which had been closed for many years, the one place that we stayed out of was the cellars. The story was that they buried the dead kids in there! I suppose they told us that to keep us out - if they did it worked - later they used them as air raid shelters during the war but even then I didn't go in them.

The ground at the bottom was the school farm and the local men still used the land to grow food to help feed the family. The clinic and police station now stand on that site. On the right hand side of the road was the hospital for disabled children and a row of houses. The one in the middle was a sweet shop and the lady who owned it was called Mrs Blears. The lane at that point was known as Pratty Brow and the house on the corner of Everton Street had a stone head built into the wall with the name of Pratty under his face, I never found out who he was.

On the corner of Deans Road and Partington Lane stood some very old low cottages and in the third one my auntie, Annie Richards, lived. The ceiling was very low and had wooden beams with an oil lamp hanging down. To get to the loft, which was very dark, they had a board ladder. It had foot holes cut into it to make steps. The house had just one room downstairs and a small out house that had a tap for cold water also in the corner of the yard was the toilet which was no more than a very smelly large bucket and a wooden board with a hole in to sit on. I believe the council came in the night and emptied them.

Down on the left of Deans Road were the allotments and that was another place where home grown food was produced. Partington Lane had a corn shop and it was the shop on the corner of Chester Street. It was a very busy place as a lot of the men kept hens and pigeons in the back gardens of their homes. Number 109 was Bell's the greengrocer and my friend Donald lived there. We spent most of our spare time helping his mum in the shop and I was rewarded with fruit known as fades, that was any damaged fruit and we could cut off the bad parts, and we were only too pleased to do it as we got very little at home due to lack of money.

On Saturdays Donnie and I went out with a small cart and sold the greens and fruit that would have gone off had it been left in the shop over the weekend, we also sold bundles of fire wood to the posh people who lived in St Peters Road and Stanwell Road. We had the idea that because the houses were big we thought they were the rich people, what we didn't know was most of them took in lodgers in those days. In the 1930s trams ran down the lane and horses pulled carts that

carried everything that you could name. There was no such thing as a radio but my Uncle Bill made a crystal set and if we all kept quiet and he put it in a tin bowl we could hear it and it was music and the radio station call sign was 2LO. I don't think that the BBC was even going in those days but I could be wrong.

Fog was a regular event in the winter months and when things got really bad the air was yellow with sulphur from coal fires and it felt like you were choking when you breathed. Even fogs had a funny side to them. It was sometimes impossible to see where you were walking and a man named Jack Seddon, who was totally blind, used to lead groups of people down Partington Lane when he was coming home from Henshaw's Blind workshops. He knew every step of the road and the fun started when he got to number 82, the house that he lived in on his own. He would just say, 'Good night.' and leave his followers stranded!

Our weekly treat was going to the pictures at Swinton market place and to get the tuppence we had to take four jam jars back to the Co-op and if you managed to get six jars you had money for some sweets as well.

At number 78 the shop was Johnson's, the coal man. I used to go to the stables to help muck out. The horses were huge heavy shire horses and they also worked on the farm that was behind the stables, that land is now Fernlea Crescent estate. On that field was a cricket pitch where Worsley Road Methodist's played. They always had a good turnout and a lot of supporters as did Swinton Rugby Football Club that had a new ground at Station Road.



Photo: Swinton and Pendlebury receive the Charter of Incorporation in Victoria Park on 29 September 1934. The Earl of Derby presents the Charter to Mayor Arthur Bennett. Processions, firework displays and all kinds of festivities were organised to celebrate the day.

In 1934 when Swinton and Pendlebury was made a Borough and I was in the joint school choir we had to sing at the ceremony that was held at Victoria Park. One of the songs that we sang was 'Land of Hope and Glory' and we all waved our little flags for Lord Derby.

In 1936 I was sent to Moorside School. The first year I was in class 1b and next year I was put back into class 1b again. I was told that I was too young to go up, my birthday was 2 August and they did not put me in the right class to start with, but I think that I was a slow learner anyway.

I always did well with my hands and art and craft, along with woodwork, were my best subjects. It was about the same time that more cars started to be used on the roads and I was always there if a car broke down trying to find out how they got them going again and so that was the path that I followed in my working life - but that's another story!

Family Friendly Diary Dates



Sunday Fundays @ Salford Museum and Art Gallery

Last Sunday of every month,
1.00-4.00pm

A day of family fun activities and workshops, which change every month, ranging from making Victorian hats and peg dolls to rag rugs! You may even get a chance to sneak a look inside one of the shops in Lark Hill Place!

Price: free

Family Fun Days @ Ordsall Hall Museum

First Sunday of every month,
1.00-4.00pm

Mingle with the Tudor residents of Ordsall Hall for this hugely popular day and try out some of the activities, including making pomanders, archery, brass rubbings and games.

Price: free

Heritage Open Days Saturday 14 September @ Ordsall Hall Sunday 15 September @ Salford Museum and Art Gallery

Price: free

The Big Draw - Body Parts Throughout October

Create 3D drawings based on the human body using wire, paper and projections. Workshops are free and open to all ages and abilities. Big Draw is part of a National Drawing campaign. Workshops for community groups

Wednesday 9 and 16 October, 1.00-3.00pm or 5.00-7.00pm

Explore the shapes and outlines of the human body to create a group piece for exhibiting at the museum. Booking is essential.

Public drop-in workshop Sunday 20 October, 1.00-4.00pm

A chance for all visitors to contribute to the final piece and literally put a part of themselves into the picture!

Price: free

Murder Mystery Weekend! Saturday 2 and Sunday 3 November, 1.00-5.00pm

After the success of last year's event, Salford Museum and Art Gallery are holding another murder mystery, so brush up on your detective skills!

Price: 50p, free if you're in Victorian costume!

Festive Family Fun Day Sunday 1 December

The usual fun activities with a festive twist!

Price: free

Christmas SMART Show and Tell Sunday 22 December

A Christmas party hosted by SMART (the museum's club for juniors). Find out what SMART members do and try out some of their activities and games, with special guest Father Christmas.

Price: free

The NEW LifeTimes Gallery



The **LifeTimes Showcase** opened to the public early in May 2002 at Salford Museum and Art Gallery.

This new exhibition features stories of childhood memories, work, travel, holidays - in fact everything relating to the social history of Salford over the past two centuries.



After consulting with members of the **LifeTimes** workshops, **LifeTimes** volunteers and ideas from the Museum

Fever group, the gallery offers new information and displays for everyone. They can use the interactive IT equipment, view a digital slide show of images from across the city, handle objects, listen to audio recordings and even dress up in Victorian costume.

Whilst younger visitors can sit and relax, browsing through photographs.

The gallery has been divided into small zones, each covering different aspects of Salford's history. 'To Tell A Story' looks at the buildings that have shaped the city, currently includes the building of the Manchester Canal and the less well-known notorious Eccles Vauxhall.

'In A LifeTime' focuses on the individual or a family. Salford Hero, Market Square, the pride of place. The Pilkington factory is illustrated with an interactive fireplace and several Royal Lancastrian.

The Gallery is open Mon-Friday, 10.00-5.00pm - admission is free. Contact 0161 736 2649 or www.lifetimes.org



Gallery opens



Photos:

1. Gallery staff were busy for months prior to the opening.
2. Handling trolleys contain objects and documents on a Then And Now theme.
- 3+7. Dressing up is popular with both children and adults as these images prove
4. Three Listening Stations situated around the gallery give visitors the opportunity to sample a selection of audio clips from our Oral History Archive.
5. "The service is lousy in this place", jokes Chad Bradley, as he props himself up on part of the Broad Street/Chapel Street display. We told him the pumps weren't connected and sent him off to the Tea Shop where he would have no complaints!
6. The Pilkington story is told through images, sound and examples of pottery and tiles

visitors can play
games older
minisce whilst
albums of

been divided into
focusing on
of our heritage.
books at events
our past and
the mammoth
Manchester Ship
s dramatic but
Wakes.

uses on an
family and here the
book Addy, takes
the world famous
at Clifton is
ornate tiled
eral examples of
Pottery.

en during normal opening hours -
10am-4.45pm and Sat-Sun, 1.00-5.00pm
e. For more information contact SMAG on
r visit our websites at www.salfordmuseum.org and
g.uk.



New Service for Schools @ SMAG

A new school service has been launched at SMAG that's bringing the Victorians back to life! Schools have been discovering life in a Victorian street around the turn of the last century as they explore Lark Hill Place with the help of cottage dweller Mrs Brown and Mr Tomlinson the grocer.

Visitors can find out what a 'knocker upper' does, help Mrs Brown with her washing, or hear what Victorians ate for dinner!

The guided tour has been developed for Key Stage One pupils and can be accompanied by a teacher-led handling box of Victorian objects available on request. A 'schools pack' containing worksheets for Lark Hill Place and general information can also be requested. Lark Hill Live! is free throughout 2002 whilst the service is piloted and feedback is welcomed.

Interested schools can obtain more details by contacting the gallery on 0161 736 2649 or visiting the web site at www.salfordmuseum.org. Feedback from schools so far has been excellent.

'Dear Mrs Brown, Thank you for letting us play with the olden days toys. I loved the way you did the washing. Your soap smelled lovely. I learned a lot and heard every word.'
Sebastian

'Thank you for showing us around Lark Hill Place. I hope I can come again. I had so much fun that I think I am going to burst!' Sarah, age 6

'The guides were most helpful and informed. I look forward to coming again next year.'
Teacher at St Andrews
CE Primary

'The children were immediately curious. We made a Victorian fashion parade!'
Teacher at Broughton Jewish Primary

Photo: Mr Tomlinson shows schoolchildren his shop window display in Lark Hill Place.





Murder Mystery Weekend - whodunit!

Was it the chemist? The photographer? Or the curator? It may be a strange venue for a Murder Mystery but hundreds of people joined in the fun for Salford Museum and Art Gallery's Murder Mystery Weekend at the end of October 2001.

The event was a huge success and saw visitors enthusiastically working through a trail of evidence and clues to solve the murder of the assistant curator.

Feedback from visitors was very positive. Samuel Jon Kaufman, age 11, said it was an *'excellent day out with helpful staff and it really worked my brain. I would definitely do it again.'* Steven, Tadie, Blane and Siobhan all agreed - saying it was *'mint!'* It proves that museums really can be both fun and make you think!

This year, on the weekend of 2-3 November, we will be holding another Murder Mystery weekend with a different theme. We are even hoping to get some real life detectives along to show us some of their secrets! Phone Nicola or Jo at the museum nearer the time of the event for more details.

I was born in 1924 at 19 Feredy Street, Walkden. The house was typical of the area and the times, in a street of door, window, door, window, two rooms up and two rooms down. I already had two brothers and two sisters - and this was to become two more sisters and another brother before we had to move for more room and where eventually the two brothers were born, which made up the family of six boys and four girls.

I never again saw so many men fishing around the lodge as at that time. I had not got to the lodge area on my own but had probably been taken there by my older sister Doris. She probably had sped off to get Mam when she saw the state I was in. Doris was always ready to tell me that she was my protector, and that she looked after me. Knowing Doris I suspect that she got me in as much trouble as she got me out of!

My next earliest memory was going home and being told that I didn't live there any more and that we had 'flit'. The new house was in Brackley Street, number 25 to be exact. We stayed there for about seven years before we had to move again because of the arrival of the last two of the family, two boys.

The house in Brackley Street had three bedrooms, but they were small except for the front main bedroom. The family sleeping arrangements made it necessary for the younger end of the family to sleep in the main bedroom with Mam and Dad, and the youngest one, Alan, to sleep in a cradle. Mam did have the very young babies in the bed with her.

A Miner's Son

(1924 -1950) by Ted Brooks

The 1950 in the title of this piece refers to the year that I left the UK and emigrated to Australia. I had worked on the railways of the coal mines in the area of that time. My earliest memory is of being led by the hand of my Mam, she in her shawl, up Granville Street in the area of the Boatshed Lodge. I remember it well as I had dirtied my trousers and I was being taken home to be cleaned up.

The time must have been either the time of the great depression or the time of the miners' strike.

There were lots of men fishing around the lodge. It couldn't have been the weekend because the cotton mill was working (this was to become Burtons Mill). The mill went bankrupt at a later date, this was after they had an explosion in the boiler house. I believe this was the Egyptian Mill.

The others, five in total, slept in one bed, three at the top and two at the bottom. I would have been the oldest of these, the two older girls, Alice and Doris, had a bedroom, and the two boys, Tommy and John, the other.

While we were at this house it was the time that the estate of Hillside Avenue, Plantation Avenue and Mountain Street were being built. Doris had the misfortune to fall into the lime pit that the builders had at the rear of a house in Hillside Avenue. She had long black stockings on and it was panic stations as everyone thought that the lime was going to burn her. I don't think that she suffered any ill effects, but we all got a scare.

It was while we lived there that I also got the worst hiding of my life. It was a Sunday and I went on the hill in Brackley Street and got all my best clothes dirty while digging out a dug-out on the hill. Dad got into me with his belt - but only on the legs.

Our next move was in to a house at the top of Dagmar Street. The houses had improved as we had made our moves. The Feredy Street house only had gas lighting, the Brackley Street house had electric but only downstairs, the Dagmar Street house had electric all through the house! The fact that the owner's mother was resident there before us might have had something to

do with it. The fact that he also owned the house we had in Brackley Street didn't mean that we should expect the same.

The house was only two doors away from the house in Brackley Street so 'flitting' wasn't much of a problem. We also got a bath in this house but it was in the rear bedroom. The rooms were bigger in this house and we were able to spread out and we didn't have to 'top and tail' any more.

I recall being in the Albion Inn as a young bloke and someone giving me beer to drink. Dad liked his pint of course but he couldn't afford much seeing his responsibilities, so he used to 'wait on' at the Albion to get a pint in occasionally.

It must have been just a little time later that Dad took me to Mosley Common. I remember it as we walked all the way and we went not the normal way but through the fields. The route was Granville Street, Ashton Field Street down Tynesbank to Hilton Lane across there and through passed the Farm House and then Ellenbrook Brickworks and then on to the pit.

School days were spent at St Johns Ellesmere Junior School. I heard an explosion while in the classroom. The explosion was responsible for closing down the cotton mill that I referred to earlier.

I don't know that there were any gangs as such in the area at the time but I do know that the children and the youths had to find and organise their own amusements. One of the favourites was Piggy. They used to play this on the spare ground at the back of Mountain Street. Another game the teenagers used to play was Pitch and Toss, this was a gambling game and the police used to raid them from time to time as it was deemed illegal.

When I started work the men told me that they used to have games of 'Piggy' on the areas that were sometimes used to store coal during the summer months only to be loaded up again when required during winter.

The men used to make their own piggy sticks out of broken coupling poles that we used on the railway, these were hickory and the men during quiet moments just with a piece of broken glass shaved them down to be about three quarters of an inch in the middle and to have a nice hand grip at one end and at the top to have as wide as possible a flattened striking point. Original thickness would be about two inches.

The Brackley Street lads had to use old pick handles, which they shaved down. These sticks didn't have the spring in them that the hickory sticks had.

The same area north of Mountain Street was also the area where rounders matches were played. The games were organised into a

league and the Walkden cotton mills and the Farnworth mills were represented. Our oldest sister Alice played for the Laburnum team. One day when I was taking my younger brother Ernest to school, a big dog attacked him. He got a bite on his arm, which was just behind the biceps. Lucky for him the dog must have just snapped and released or his muscle could have been ripped out.

For weeks I had to take him to Dr Ryner to be treated. Dr Ryner was one of the two black doctors in Farnworth at the time, the other was Dr Lucas. Dr Ryner was quite a figure always well dressed and he attended our local church St John the Baptist, at Hill Top. He was kind to the poorer people as he let you pay off his fees weekly. His driver, who was also his pharmacist, was one of the many people who came to the house every Friday night to collect money for the many people to whom you were in debt to. These are some of them: the rent man; coal man; milk man; insurance man; and the doctor.



We never had anyone from the clothing stores as Mam would not go into debt for clothes. Mr Salt, who was the manager of No 6 branch of the Co-op, I believe let Mam run up a bill during the time of the Depression - but she was careful not to jeopardise her good name by renegeing on the groceries. Mr Salt always had a good name from her.

When I was about 10 years old I was asked to do errands at lunchtime and also after school for two people, Mrs Birchall and Mrs Masters. They lived in Feredy Street. Mr Masters was wounded in the First World War and was permanently doubled up. He was the agent for a bookmaker and he was also the biggest smoker I had seen. He smoked at least 50 or 60 Woodbines a day - I know because I shopped for them.

I did a few errands for Mrs Birchall first, then I went to do Mrs Masters to do their errands. Mrs Birchall gave me thre'pence a week, Mrs Masters gave me sixpence a week, the bookie business must have been doing okay!

Photo above: Greetings from Walkden postcard (Ted Gray Slide Archive)

The police were always after them as what they were doing was illegal. They had clients down at the end of Brackley Street and to reduce the amount of people coming to the back of the house Mrs Masters used to go and pick up the betting slips, but even this was too risky for them so they got the idea to take me down there and I was asked to stay in the top house of the houses.

These houses had a common backyard with about ten or more houses in that block. Mrs Masters would go through the back yards and get the slips and money, give me the slips, but not the money, and I would take these back to Mr Masters.

This only happened until my Dad found out and he stopped it. Everyone knew them of course and they were 'Beat' for Beatrice and 'Judd' for George. They had a family of four boys and two girls all grown up by the time that I am referring to. One of the boys was not at home and I think that he might have been in trouble with the police, and he only came home on occasions. One of the girls was married and was not living at home the other girl was home and she was in the last stages of tuberculosis. She was in a bed downstairs and she was absolutely gaunt and had to be hand fed, and to be constantly looked after. She died while I was doing the errands. One day Mam said, 'Don't go to Masters today.' Then she told me why.

I often think how lucky we were, not to get TB. I knew of two others who died with it. One lad about my age who lived in the last house in Treacle Row, nearest to the railway bridge. They were a big family and went to the mission in Louisa Street that we went to. The other was Mary and she

(Continued overleaf)

A Miner's Son

(continued)

went in the army when the war started. She was a lovely girl a little older than me, and she came from a big family that lived in Brackley Street. She wasn't in the army long when she was discharged and she died soon after.

I don't think that we were too far off, I for one always had sores on my face in summer time and Doris had what we used to call 'pouks' on her eyes. Pouks are I think now known as styes. These are both indicators that you were suffering from malnutrition.

I think that in the war, although we did not have a lot of food, we did get a better balanced diet. Babies even got orange juice on their ration cards, something which we had never seen as children, we never saw eggs.

The Birchall family of Feredy Street for whom I did errands played a part in my later life. The family consisted of three girls and two boys. They were all older than me, the youngest was Edna. When I decided to emigrate in 1950 I learned that she, with her husband, Maurice Butterworth, were to emigrate also to Australia just two weeks before me.

They eventually settled in Melbourne, and later like we did, they retired to the country area of East Gippsland. We were in contact for most of that long period of 40 plus years. Maurice came from the Worsley Road area.

Like me the girls also did errands and they did them for Mrs Pomfret. When they had to go to the Birch Road school they handed the job to the next girl coming up. Edna doesn't remember me doing the errands for her and her sister Florrie. They walked from the Burgess Mill every day for a dinner that I had probably shopped

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Every Building Tells A Story - Part 2

Behind Closed Doors

by Josie Potkin



Photos: top - Barber's Shop and Off Licence on Oldfield Road -1959 The barber's became a cafe for a while in the 1980s before being demolished. (Photo C Kelly Salford Photographic Society) Bottom - Family gathering at 114 Oldfield Road Frank 'Pop' Wilson is on the front row far right - note the heavy blackout curtain at the back and cupboard with shaving and hair preparations.

for. Though she did remember my eldest brother who died in August of the same year that I was born in December. He was named Alfred and I was given his name together with Edward which was my Dad's name. Alfred was also Grandfather Brooks' name.

As you can imagine I didn't spend too much time inside, weather permitting my time was spent outside. St Mary's Park was popular, and the Pit Dirt Rucks and watching the locos 'thrutching' their way up the Ashton Field Bank. We used to dare each other to stand on the footbridge while the engine went underneath. The danger mostly was that you could get a red hot cinder up your trouser leg but as there was a metal plate directly underneath this was unlikely, but there was a danger that you could get a cinder down your shirt after the loco had passed by.

I didn't spend too much of my time in the house as the number of people inside was too much for me. If it was winter and dark I used to visit my Grandfather and I would go in and so long as I was quiet and behaved, I was permitted to stay until bedtime. When it was time to go off I went, no argument. I don't think that my siblings used to have the same privilege, maybe they were too noisy.

One dark night when I was not at Granddad's I was playing 'Murps' with my friends in Bolton Road near Faulkners Mill and Mr Reg Whalley shouted across, *"Do you want a ride in my car?"* My friends and I of course said, *'Aye!'*

We all got in and he drove around the back of Bolton Road on the east side and put his car in the garage behind his shop, and that was the first time that I had ridden in a car and I must have been about six or eight years old then. Reg and his father had a big men's outfitters shop across the road from Granville Street. Every Christmas Reg, or should I say Mr Whalley, put on a competition for the boys and girls of the area. He would put a wind up clock in his window and ask a boy and girl, to guess at the time when it would wind down and stop. The prize was always a good one and it was always appreciated.

Public buildings - and those of architectural merit - often have a wealth of information about their use, including the prominent people who lived or worked there. Unfortunately the same can't be said of humbler buildings like houses and shops. These buildings rarely leave documentary evidence behind them, even though in their hey day they were as important, being just as much at the centre of the community which they served as the public buildings.

Many will have fond memories of the barber's shop and 'out-door' on Oldfield Road. Frank Wilson ran the barber's shop but I always knew him as 'Pop' Wilson as he was one of my aunt's in-laws. Three or four times a year in the '40s and '50s we would visit the shop and at Christmas and in the summer the extended family would gather together for a party. Small children would be in their prams in the backroom and when the party was over our parents would push their offspring the two or three miles home.

Friends and family enjoyed each other's company and met together as often as they could especially during the war years. The shop was close to Ordsall Lane, a short distance from the Docks and was probably where black market cigarettes could be had! Despite its limited size, this two up and two down was the centre of interest and excitement during my childhood, generated by the entertainment and generous relatives on Oldfield Road.

Today we take our fire service for granted, dial 999 and you get a swift and efficient response. In 1898 things were not always so simple, as an article in the local paper recounting the tale of the fire at St Edmund's Catholic Church, Little Hulton illustrates - you could almost call it a case of tragedy turning to farce !

The Trustee's engine, Neptune, set out cautiously along Manchester Road. The fog prevented the driver seeing more than a yard ahead, but eventually they reached the church where a large crowd had gathered. Connecting the hoses to a nearby hydrant they found the water pressure so low as to be useless. They were then directed to a pond in a field about 100 yards away but had difficulty finding it because the fog was getting thicker and they had to take a circuitous route to avoid the fences and a steep slope.

When pumping commenced it was found that the pond was little more than a mud

The Earl of Ellesmere's Fire Brigade & the Little Hulton Conflagration

The fire was discovered by Father Grobel at 10.20pm, initial efforts to extinguish it were hampered by the thick fog and total darkness. A messenger was sent to the Bridgewater Trustees Offices in Walkden for their fire engine and a telephonic message was sent via the instrument at Little Hulton Police Station for the Farnworth Brigade.

puddle and the hoses stopped up with sludge. Back to the road where they found another hydrant that did work. By this time the building was well ablaze, the heat making the corrugated iron sheets glow like a furnace, residents described the scene as 'most impressive'.

But what of the Farnworth Brigade?

Travelling down Worsley Road, hampered by the dense fog and the fact that the Little Hulton street lamps were out, they struck the kerb with such force that Superintendent Entwistle was thrown head foremost over the horse's head. He escaped with a severe shaking but the pole of the equipage was broken. After some delay the firemen repaired it using their belts and proceeded with all possible speed, presumably holding up their trousers! (I know they probably wore braces but I find the image irresistible).

Despite the best efforts of both brigades, at 12.30, the whole building collapsed on its foundations, nothing left but the ironwork. A tragedy indeed for the congregation. However, the very next Sunday they started collecting funds for the new, more substantial, church that was to rise from the ashes, and that building still stands today.



Photo: The Earl of Ellesmere's Fire Brigade (Courtesy of Mrs Cottle)

In 1838 a Grand Menagerie and Zoological Gardens opened in Broughton. It had a very short life as the animals and other properties connected with the gardens were sold at auction in 1842. Some of the livestock went to Belle Vue Gardens in Manchester, which also had other attractions like dancing, horse racing, circus, and boating. Their first elephant arrived in 1861.

From the mid 1920s the venue grew - you could see firework displays, brass band concerts, and speedway. But, fifty years later Belle Vue was in decline and the zoo finally closed on 11 September 1977 - so this year is the 25 anniversary of the closure.

Do you remember visiting Belle Vue? Did you work there? If you have memories of going to the zoo, the circus, or any of the other facilities, or if you worked there in any capacity, then the North West Sound Archive in Clitheroe would love to record your recollections.



Memories of Belle Vue

A special 'Belle Vue Memories Recording Day' will be held at Salford Museum and Art Gallery on Tuesday 13 August when NWSA staff will be on hand to capture your memories for posterity. Drop in any time between 11.00am and 3.45pm.

If you can't get to this event but still want to tell your story, contact the Sound Archive at The Old Steward's Office, Clitheroe Castle, Clitheroe BB7 1AZ. Tel/Fax: 01200 427897. Email: nwsa@ed.lancscc.gov.uk

Salford Museum and Art Gallery are running an exhibition about Belle Vue at the moment (it closes on 8 September) including a private collection of memorabilia kindly loaned by Brian Selby.

If you want to remind yourself about Belle Vue then visit David Boardman's website <http://manchesterhistory.net> or read the book by local author Robert Nichol, 'Looking Back at Belle Vue', published by Willow Publishing, ISBN 0 946361 29 0.

Photos: top - Belle Vue Programme, middle - Belle Vue Guide bottom - Belle Vue Wrestling Poster for an event featuring Salford-born 'Giant Haystacks' the late Martin Ruane (Photos courtesy of Brian Selby)



TAKEN BY ANGELS

Having read the article in your *LifeTimes* magazine concerning the dead baby in the brown paper parcel [LifeTimes Link No 9], it reminded me of a story told me by my elder sister about a baby that was born into our family.

It would have been about 1909 or 1910 when my sister was told a baby would be arriving any day. She was very excited by this news because at the time she was the only child. She wanted to know where the child was coming from and was told it was being brought from heaven by the angels.

On the day of the baby's arrival she awoke to find small clothes warming on the fireguard. She couldn't wait to get home from school but when she arrived there was no baby. I don't know if she was looking for something else but she came upon a 'Lively Polly' soap box at the back of the mangle. I cannot remember her describing any clothing if any, or whether the baby was a boy or girl but it was lying dead in the box. Obviously this distressed her greatly. How could God or the angels let this little baby die on the way from heaven? I think this was the point where my sister lost her belief in God.

Mrs E Taylor
Prestwich

A FAMILY AFFAIR

My grandfather, Edwin Holden, born in Rochdale, was married to Fanny Tonge of Winton and was a furniture dealer - probably in Patricroft, during the 1880s. According to a family anecdote his wife ran off with the vicar and so grandfather divorced her. There were no children.

He was on his way to Australia to seek a new life when he met my grandmother (in Manchester or Liverpool). She was about thirty years younger than he was. Edwin Holden and Florence Louisa Dobbins were married in Salford in 1886. There was supposed to be a special Act of Parliament passed to obtain a divorce from his first wife but no one has ever succeeded in finding any reference to this.

Was Grandfather Edwin a bigamist? I wonder whether any local newspapers of the period carried this news? I doubt divorces were common occurrences at that time.

Mrs Elsie Hemming
New South Wales, Australia (via email)

MIXED BATHING IN SEEDLEY

Seventy plus years ago I learnt to swim in Seedley Baths, which was only 800 yards from where I was born and raised. The baths had three pools, Boys, Girls, and First Class. The place was always kept spotless and admission for school children, if you produced your Bath Ticket issued at school, was a halfpenny.

Around 1929 in the First Class pool they decided each Sunday morning to have mixed bathing for adults. At that time this was regarded as a most radical and risqué thing to set in motion. Once having got the bathers inside they went to a lot of trouble to ensure each sex was kept apart. The ladies had female attendants on the left of the pool whilst the gents having male attendants on the right were only allowed to enter or leave the water on that side. The cubicles on the right hand side were allocated for males whilst the left hand cubicles opposite were left empty, the ladies changed well out of sight in the cubicles of an adjoining pool. How times have changed!

Eric Gaunt
Chorlton

THE PLAY WHAT SHE WROTE

I wonder if you have any record of the amateur dramatic society started in 1938 by Florence Ratcliffe to perform a play she had written? I think we were called The Langworthy Players.

I forget the play's title but it concerned a seaside resort (Blackpool?) and the 'goings on' of the vacationers in the boarding house. I played the role of a rather naughty elderly man, with designs on one of the pretty young things. The play was performed - I forget with what response from the public - in the fall of 1938 or the spring of '39.

It had been intended to put on a performance of Cinderella, also written by Mrs Ratcliffe, but the outbreak of WWII put a stop to that. Pity, I had been cast as one of the ugly sisters, Grace and Beauty. It would have been fun.

I wonder what happened to the society. Did it ever get going again? Does anyone remember the play that we performed?

Bill O'Connor
British Columbia, Canada (via email)

ROYAL PATRICROFT

What a surprise to read about Queen Victoria's visit to Patricroft Station in 1851 [[LifeTimes Link No 8](#)] during her visit to Peel Park when she broke her journey from Balmoral to Windsor. My sister couldn't believe it when I read her the article over the phone.

Patricroft was not exactly dazzling or splendid when I grew up there though it was full of good hardworking people.

My sister and I used to catch the train to Salford Station so we knew Patricroft Station well when we were at school in Salford at Adelphi House.

I wonder if the pub across the road from Patricroft Station was called the Queen's Arms after Victoria's visit? What a shame we weren't told more at school about such occasions in our history. It's only now in my old age I realise just how significant and important a place like Patricroft played in the Industrial Revolution. A few hundred yards from Patricroft Station the first railway line from Manchester to Liverpool crossed over the Bridgewater Canal - the first canal. How significant.

*Please keep sending more copies of **LifeTimes**. They make such interesting reading for those of us who are scattered around the country now. We - the old ones that is - have such clear pictures in our memories of our childhood. Keep up the good work.*

Mrs Margaret M Eccles
Droitwich Spa, Worcestershire

RAISING FUNDS FOR SALFORD ROYAL HOSPITAL

My father, Richard Powell, was a tram driver at Frederick Road Depot. I remember the summer days outing for children to Worsley.

I have fond memories of Salford Royal Pageant [[LifeTimes Link No10](#)]. We lived in Fawcett Street close to the racecourse. In the morning my brother and I watched the floats and people entering for prizes. There were plenty of jazz bands and morris dancers.

I wonder if anyone remembers an African gentleman in national costume? I believe he was a well known tipster at race courses.

One year a friend and I entered the pageant as gypsies. We darkened our skin with cocoa mixed in water and soon looked a sorry sight.

In 1933 I started work in a cap factory on Bury New Road. Everyone contributed two pennies a week to the Hospital Fund.

Mrs Emily Hoogstins (nee Powell)
Lancaster

You Write...

Send your letters in to: **The Editor, LifeTimes Link,**
51 The Crescent, Salford, M5 4WX.

Email: info@lifetimes.org.uk. **Tel/Fax:** 0161 736 1594.

Due to space limitations we reserve the right to edit any letters that we do include.

Salford Civic Anthem

by E J Frank

*Far beyond the terraced houses
Far beyond the dirty streets
Far beyond the closed down buildings
Here the heart of Salford beats*

*Don't believe the lies they tell you
In the press and on TV
There's the pride that fills our city of
Salford
From Worsley to Langworthy*

*We'll no longer hide in shadow
We emerge into the light
Manchester will never swallow
Salford's glory burning bright*

*Home of theatre, art and music
Culture shines behind the grey
Soon the new regeneration
Will replace the old decay*

*Next time that you come to Salford
Don't just look to criticise
Where once was an urban wasteland
From the ashes now we rise*

*Salford's people stand defiant
"Do not put our city down"
We'll stand strong to build our future
Bring respect to our home town.*



Ellison's Turnstiles

by Ted Gray, our Isle of Man correspondent!

Visitors to the Isle of Man who call at any of the Manx Museums or the Manx National Heritage sites will find plentiful reminders of the island's connections with the industries of the north west of England.

There was a practice by Victorian engineers of either casting their name and town in the metalwork, or of fixing a brass maker's plate to their product. For its time it was an inexpensive piece of advertising which today proves a useful guide to help historians to determine the origin of many artefacts.

As a Salfordian, I was always irritated by the practice of certain Salford-based industries which chose to advertise their address as 'Manchester, England' or, occasionally, 'Salford, Manchester,' on the assumption, presumably, that for products exported further afield, an apparent association with the larger city would enhance their national or international image. Just for the record this mild deceit is not unknown today!

Other local industries, however, would show more confidence and boldly declare their location as simply Salford. I was not aware until very recently of the existence of a third category, of which more later... Examples of all three types may be seen in the museums and heritage sites in the Isle of Man.

In the Douglas railway workshops (an industrial archaeologist's delight, by the way) are several examples of products from the Manchester area. Amongst them is a restored stationary steam engine dating from 1873, which at one time was the source of power for the shafting and belts which drove the machines. In the casting on the side the maker's name is given as 'John Chadwick & Son, Prince's Bridge Ironworks, Manchester'.

But the Prince's Bridge Ironworks were on Hampson Street on the Salford side of the River Irwell. Similarly, the then Salford firm of Mather & Platt provided much of the 1893 electrical equipment (some still in daily use today) to the Manx Electric Railway, but gave their address as 'Mather & Platt, Manchester'.

The Salford engineering firm headed by William Bailey did not indulge in such unworthy nonsense. In the railway museum at Port Erin you can see a pump manufactured at the Oldfield Road premises. Cast in prominent raised letters on the flywheel is the legend 'W H Bailey, Salford'. Bailey became Mayor of Salford and was knighted by Queen Victoria in 1894 at the time of the opening of the Ship Canal. He was proud of his city.

But the recently noted example of a third category, takes pride in the city to an extreme, and may be unique. It was unusual for manufacturers to display as their main address any obscure or lesser-known districts of large towns. However, visitors to the Manx National Trust site at Laxey (to see 'The Lady Isabella', the largest working water wheel in the world, built in 1854 to pump water from the mines) pass through an elderly turnstile. On the top of the turnstile, prominently cast in shining brass, is the name and location of the manufacturer, 'Ellison's Patent Rush-Preventative Turnstile. Sole makers W T Ellison & Co, Irlams o' th Height'.

How many of the thousands who must have passed through that turnstile over the years have ever noticed this, and of those who have done so, how many would recognise Irlams o' th Height'?

Photos: Turnstile counter from Seedley Baths made by Ellison & Co, Irlams o' th Height, Manchester! (Kindly donated by Eric Johnson) All other photos courtesy of the author.



The Broughton Flood

by Marjorie Skade

In July 1946 I left Adelphi House aged 18 and in September I began work as a laboratory assistant at ICI Dystuffs Division in Blackley, Manchester. Every day I'd take four buses - one from Great Clowes Street to the corner of Leicester Road and Middleton Road (Halfway House) and another from there to ICI - and then back again.

Four weeks later on Friday 20 September I was coming home from work at about 5.30pm when the bus conductor going down to Broughton announced that the bus would go no further than the Tower Cinema on the corner of Broughton Lane, because the River Irwell had flooded.

After leaving the bus I walked along Broughton Lane to the top of Earl Street which crossed Clarence Street near my

home. I started to walk down Earl Street and saw ahead of me a dirty grey sheet of water extending as far as I could see. When I reached the edge I took off my shoes and stockings but very soon found that because the street sloped down to Clarence Street the water became deeper and deeper so that when I reached the corner of Clarence Street it was above my waist. The water was rushing along my street like a torrent, (continued overleaf)

Exploits of a Salford Daredevil

by John McMahon

During the war I didn't have a father to control me - he was at war in Danzig, Poland, now known as Gdansk, after being captured at Dunkirk - so I was a bit on the wild side.

My mother did her best, God rest her. She even used to whack me with stair rods but I was the local daredevil and would do anything if challenged.

My Grandfather was the local ARP warden and used to bring me shrapnel, empty shell casings and spent bullets he found after air raids. One day he brought me a parachute! Not a full

sized one but one that had been attached to a big bomb that luckily had failed to go off. The bomb disposal men gave it to him as a souvenir as he was the one who had found it. When he gave it to me you can imagine my first thoughts - I had to try it out! All the more so as my pals knew I had it and dared me to use it. But where could I get the height?

There was only one place high enough, the local church. Snag number one was Mr Dickinson the caretaker. He had eyes like a hawk and used to watch me like one too. He also had a huge bullmastiff dog that

had the run of the school and church grounds, it was a fearsome looking animal to any young child. Still, I had been dared so I had to take my chances.

The Ascension Church in Lower Broughton has no steeple but is about 80 feet high. I thought that would be more than enough. Foolish boy! I now know that wisdom comes with age, but sometimes oh to be foolish again. But I digress...

Getting to the edge of the roof posed no problems - small boys can shin up drainpipes like monkeys. Getting to the ridge was

terrifying. It was so sheer and there was nothing to grip. How I got to the top I will never know, it must have been sheer determination. But I somehow got there, and then came the easy bit, getting down!

I don't remember the actual jump - it was over so quickly. But my pals said the parachute didn't open until I had almost hit the ground. Which was with a mighty thud! I was stunned but unaccountably not badly hurt apart from walking like a cowboy for several days after. Somebody up there must have liked me. But that is why my wife, Maureen, swears I am now falling to pieces - it is payback time.

carrying bins, prams, bikes, animals, even flagstones - and those were just the things I could see!

The ground sloped up to the off-licence where I stood and there was a group of men who had tied a strong rope from the lamppost on this side to the one on the other side of the street at the corner of my terrace. One of the men helped me along the rope, otherwise it would have been impossible for me as the water was up to my neck (I was only four foot ten inches tall) and the current was so strong.

We struggled to my house, where my mother was waiting at the door. Inside the water was six feet deep so all the family was upstairs, where I took off my filthy wet clothes in the bath. My mother had taken as much food as she could upstairs and we ate herrings for tea and Dad had rigged up a Primus Stove for hot drinks. He and our neighbours had strung ropes along from bedroom windows so they could pass supplies to each other. I think we were upstairs all the next day till the waters receded, leaving a stinking layer of mud half way up the rooms downstairs and nearly everything was either broken or ruined, floor covering, furniture, clothes in drawers, crockery and food.

Dad used a hosepipe through the front windows to swill out the mud and I expect we helped him and my mother to restore some kind of normality. It's strange but I don't remember how we replaced everything or how we lived until the house dried out. We were given 2000 clothing coupons but perhaps insurance companies paid out.

Outside the damage was enormous, adding to the Blitz damage still evident. Pavements were torn up, walls, fences and doors destroyed. Some people's homes never recovered or dried out. In my friend's home clothes were turning mouldy years later.

My mother and I went to a clothing centre opened by the WVS (Women's Voluntary Service) on Hough Lane, who treated us like refugees. I don't know if my mother accepted anything but I would not. The banks of the Irwell were reinforced and wide walkways built on each side, so it never flooded seriously again. But it made the inhabitants of Lower Broughton nervous every time it rained for long periods.

Photo: overleaf - Daily Herald Photo from SLHL
Clarence Street was a river, swollen by the River Irwell bursting its banks, it had to be crossed by a lifeline. Two harassed Salford policemen bring children, old people, and expectant mothers to safety while the waters rose.



Mystery Pix!

Salford Local History Library holds a collection of over 50,000 photographs and in trying to track down where they're all from, we've got a few where we haven't a clue! Can anybody help? Do you know where these photos were taken, what date, and what event? Drop us a line, or pop in to the Local History Library at Salford Museum and Art Gallery if you have any information about any of these images.

Photos (from top):

Eccles Photographed by Tillotsons for *The Journal* so is this an event in Eccles? Men and women are seated whilst a moustached gent on the right carries the tea urn.

Teachers From the dress this looks like the seventies. The 'Jason King' look-a-like on the front row is wearing a three-piece suit with wide lapels and a purple tie.

Monty Field Marshall Montgomery at a barrier, but where? Did he visit Salford? This came in a collection with some Salford Grammar School photos.

This calendar of Local History/Heritage activities is based on information supplied by the individual organisations and is believed to be correct at the time of going to press. It may be advisable to confirm the details in advance of the events. Some groups organise their meetings from September to the following June. Details of some of these were not available at the time of publication.

Boothstown & District Local History Group

Meet at Boothstown Community Centre. Contact: Ann Monaghan on 0161 736 1594 or ann@lifetimes.org.uk. Price: £1.00 per lecture

- **Wed 17 July, 7.45pm**
Elizabeth 1st visits Boothstown!
Lizzie Jones presents her dramalogue 'I am England' the life and times of Elizabeth I.
- **Wed 21 August**
Guided tour of Manchester Cathedral
Meet 7pm at the Cathedral entrance
- **Wed 18 September, 7.45pm**
The Cotton Queens
Maureen Gilbertson's illustrated talk on a feature of Lancashire mill life in the 1930s.
- **Wed 16 October, 7.45pm**
Pendlebury Children's Hospital
With Pamela Barnes.
- **Wed 20 November, 7.45pm**
Salford Slideshow
Tony Frankland presents another instalment of his ever popular slideshow.

Broughton District Local History Society

Meet at Broughton Library. Contact: Mrs P Dimond on 0161 798 6382. Price: £1.00

Eccles Heritage

Meet at Eccles Library. Contact: Miss Ann Humpage on 0161 789 2820. Price: 50p

Eccles & District History Society

Meet at Eccles Library. Contact: Mr Andrew Cross on 0161 788 7263. Price: £1.00

Irlam, Cadishead & District Local History Society

Meet at Irlam Library. Contact: Mr J H Heap on 0161 775 7826

Salford Local History Society

Meet in Salford Museum & Art Gallery. Contact: Roy Bullock on 0161 736 7306. Price: £1.00

- **Wed 31 July, 7.30pm**
Industrial Struggles in Pendleton with Ruth Frow
- **Wed 28 August, 7.30pm**
History of Barton Aerodrome and Lancashire Aero Club with Bill Ball
- **Wed 25 September, 7.30pm**
Rediscovering the Hidden Treasures of Great Woollen Hall with Joe Martin
- **Wed 30 October, 7.30pm**
Queen Victoria's Visit with Ann Monaghan
- **Wed 27 November, 7.30pm**
The Places That Lowry Painted with Mike Leber

Local History Round Up

Swinton and Pendlebury Local History Society

Pendlebury Methodist Church, Bolton Road, Pendlebury. Contact: Ann Monaghan on 0161 736 1594 or ann@lifetimes.org.uk. Price: 50p

- **Mon 2 September, 10.15am**
Lowry's Places an illustrated talk by Mike Leber

Walkden Local History Group

Meet at The Guild Hall, Guild Ave. Contact: Ann Monaghan on 0161 736 1594 or ann@lifetimes.org.uk. Price: 50p

Local History Walks

Contact Ann Monaghan on 0161 736 1594 for more details or pick up a Walks Leaflet from Salford libraries. All walks are £2.00 for adults, children free.

- **Wednesday 17 July, 6.45pm**
Monton Green to Liverpool Road with David George Follow the route of the Bridgewater Canal to Patricroft and back, taking in canal and railway features, Salford engineers and A V Roe's house. Meet on Monton Green.
- **Thursday 1 August, 7.00pm**
Industrial Worsley with Glen Atkinson A gentle stroll around the centre of the village looking for evidence of Worsley's industrial past, including the amazing underground canal. Meet outside the Court House.
- **Sunday 11 August, 1.30pm**
The Crescent to Flat Iron with Tony Frankland Exploring the northern side of Chapel Street, including the site of the Flat Iron Market, a focus for some of Samuel Coulthurst's photographs of Victorian street life. Finishing at the Pump House. Meet at Salford Museum and Art Gallery.
- **Sunday 18 August, 2.00pm**
Industry in the Valley with Christina Whitefoot A circular walk along the Irwell Valley and canal featuring local landmarks the 13 arches, hump back bridge and those giants of industry, Chloride and Pilkington's. Meet at Clifton Station.
- **Thursday 29 August, 7.00pm**
Windsor to Islington and Salford Bridge with Roy Bullock A walk along the south side of Chapel Street, featuring Royalists, Rechabites and Vimto. Meet at Salford Museum and Art Gallery.
- **Sunday 1 September, 1.30pm**
Salford Quays and Trafford Park with David George A walk along the Quays and over the Lowry Bridge to Trafford Park Village, finishing at the Trafford Park Heritage Centre. Meet at Salford Tourist Information Centre.

- **Sunday 8 September, 1.30pm**
Down by the Riverside with Tony Frankland From Peel Park to the Mark Addy pub following the bank of the River Irwell, featuring bridges, floods and other fascinating facts. Meet at Salford Museum and Art Gallery.

Exhibitions

@ Salford Museum & Art Gallery

Salford Art Club - until 11 August

Petra McCarthy - until 18 August

Peoples Choice II - 24 August to 29 September

The Hairdresser's Shop - until 15 September

Noreen Rawling - 31 August until 13 October

Black History Month - throughout October

START in Salford - 12 October to 25 November

NWFAS - 19 October to 8 December

Max Ayres - 15 December until 16 February

Through the Eyes of a Child - throughout December

@ Ordsall Hall Museum

Salford Pals - until 1 September
Ten Plus Textiles - 8 September to 3 November

Heritage Open Days
Various venues across the city will be open to the public between **13-16 September**. Watch out for more publicity nearer the time.

GMR History Alive
Local History Fair at Manchester Town Hall on **Sunday 29 September**.

Growing Up by Wilf Veevers

Let's go back to the sixties, when I was just a kid,
and one of my favourite pastimes was painting the neighbour's binlid.
I was born in nineteen sixty, February to be precise,
where growing up in 'our house' was simply 'very nice'.
I lived in Newall Street, in an old terraced house,
with Mam and Dad and all the kids, and 'Kanga' the jumping mouse.

The house was old and crumbling, even the taps worked on their own,
everything was basic, we didn't even have a phone.
But that didn't matter to us lot, cos we used to love it there,
with all the things that were going on including Cross Lane Fair.
We had a dog called Rebel, my God he was no slouch,
he used to catch the pigeons and hide 'em behind the couch.

We played out in the street from morning through till night,
the kids were always friendly, we never saw a fight.
In the streets we all played games, 'Rallyheaveho' and 'Kickball Hide',
but I used to dread playing football, I was always on the worst side.

When it came to bath night Dad scrubbed us in the sink,
he'd strip us off and clean us down without even time to think.
Then he'd send us in to Mam who rubbed us till we were dry,
my God, I hated bath night, that Derbac made me cry.
The Mams and Dads pulled together and helped each other through,
they borrowed off each other, yes, even sugar too.

Eccles New Road was at the top with Butterworth's and Barmy Mick's,
and Cross Lane with all the pubs, and the Carlton we called the 'flicks'.
Sunday dinner, three o' clock, we'd wait outside the Buck
to walk Dad and Harper down the lane for the dinner that Mam would cook.
We'd walk as far as Newall Street and then it was time to say,
'Get home and get your dinner, Uncle John, and give our love to Aunty May.'

Sunday tea was always good, we used to get a treat,
jam and crackers, chunks and cream, but rarely any meat.
Newall Street was brilliant, the greatest place of all,
growing up there was wonderful. Us kids? We had a ball.
Great times don't last forever, I suppose they never could,
Me? Go back tomorrow? You bet I bloody would.