

Published March 2021

# **LIFE, LOVE & MEMORIES**



# **MEMORY LANE**

**PUBLISHED BY AGE UK OLDHAM**

## ***How I became involved in Life Story:***

When I retired in March 2008 I knew I needed to find things to keep me occupied. I have tried all sorts but the one thing that has been constant is Life Story and it was the first thing that I found on the internet when I was searching for things to fill my retirement days.

I had spent my working life typing and doing admin work but always found straight forward typing boring and much preferred jobs that involved setting things out. Tasks that are easily done today on a computer but weren't so straight forward on an old manual typewriter. I must admit I did have my doubts about applying for Life Story thinking I would be sat just typing page after page. In the end I decided I would 'give it a go'. If, of course, I was accepted.

### **How wrong can you be!**

At my interview when I was shown a sample book with photos and pictures, along side the typing, all nicely set out, nothing like I had imagined all the doubts I had about it being boring disappeared and I knew it was something I was really going to enjoy doing.

The first story I did was for a man who had been in the forces during the second world war. He was able to give a detailed account of all the places he had been to. I was amazed how he had remembered so much from so long ago.

I have learned so much from people's stories, it's surprising the amount of information you pick up. The things they did during the war, the jobs they did, etc. I have also made some good friends along the way and I'm so pleased that I made the decision to 'give it a go'!

I never thought when I first joined the Life Story project that 13 years later I would be the Editor of a monthly newsletter. It's very much a joint effort from the team and our aim is to provide something that everyone can enjoy and above all help to stimulate and bring back memories whilst introducing you to our Life Story project.

*(Joan Holmes Editor)*

**If you are interested in having your Life Story done for yourself or for a friend/relative. Contact: 0161 633 0213**

**Your copy will be free but for any additional copies we ask for a donation to cover printing costs.**

The jobs that horses were used for.  
**CONNECT THE HORSES WITH THE JOBS**



And just for fun,  
did you have one?



**Turn Page for Answers:**

1. Rag & Bone Man, 2. Funeral, 3. Milk man, 4. Pulling canal boat, 5. Delivering beer, 6 Entertaining children.

*Another poem composed by Sue one of our volunteers:*

## *EARS*

*Ears - they are such funny things their shape is very complex  
But if we didn't have them there'd be nowhere to hang our specs  
They have lots of little niches where the flannel just won't go  
But don't put anything in them that is smaller than your elbow*

*It's hard to get inside them there's lots of twists and bends  
It takes an age to clean them, their washing never ends  
If we only could detach them and wash them in a bowl  
Taking care just in case they end up down the plughole!*

*Don't poke them with a cotton bud that they shouldn't do  
It could get lost within your head and do some harm to you  
They come in different sizes from very big to very small  
Sadly we can't choose their size they're what we're born with after all*

*Some are plain and some have holes to put your earrings through  
And some are decorated with a small or large tattoo  
They do the job they're meant to do enabling you to hear  
Sounds and noises from afar and those that are quite near*

*So it's best to just accept them no matter what their size  
They can look quite attractive sitting there close to your eyes  
Respect your ears and love them for you only get one pair  
After all you'd sure look strange if they were not there!*

*By Sue Livesey*



## THEY CAME A CALLING



Do you remember as a child being told to stand outside and count the bags as the coalman delivered the coal.



Remember the 'Better Ware man' that came to the door selling brushes and cleaning materials from a suitcase.



Before wheelie bins, the Dustbin men (as they used to be called) took your dustbin from your backyard/garden and brought it back empty.



We don't see many milkmen now!



The Rent Man  
Not always the most  
welcome of callers

### The Man From The Pru



A lot of Insurance was collected by someone coming round to your home each week, he/she was known as the 'Clubman/woman.'



The paper boy or girl had a paper round in their neighbourhood and delivered the papers door to door before and after school

*Do you remember any of these sayings/words from your childhood?*

**Good Old Lancashire Dialect** They may vary in different districts

**He's not behind the door is he?**

*Meaning: He's not daft is he?*

**She's no better than she should be/ or she ought to be.**

*Meaning: that they think someone is common. (implying the person doesn't come up to their own standards).*

**You'll Laugh on other side of your face in a minute:**

*Meaning laughing when you shouldn't when you were a child.*

**Swealin:**

*Meaning: Deliberately setting fire to a chimney to get rid of the soot, to save paying for a chimney sweep. (not sure on the spelling).*

**Stop pace egging about:**

*Meaning: Stop messing around.*

**Kecks:**

*Meaning: Trousers*

**I were agate and he were agate:**

*Meaning: I said and he said.*

**That's bobbins:**

*Meaning: That is useless*

**Scoo:**

*Meaning: School*

**Leathering or good hiding**

*Meaning: Punishment for a child misbehaving, (a good slap on the legs).*

**Just wait while I get you get home:**

*Meaning: Threat to a child misbehaving when they were out with their mother. It was usually forgotten when they arrived home but served it's purpose at the time.*

*The Information and the Recipe for Simnel Cake on the following page was provided by Jean Ryder, Life Story volunteer.*



## **Did you know ?**

Mothers Day and Mothering Sunday are not the same thing.

Mothering Sunday is actually a Christian holiday and celebrated by many denominations across Europe and always falls on Lent's fourth Sunday.

It originated as a day where people, particularly household servants, returned to their "mother church".

Mothering Sunday is actually also known as Simnel Sunday.



## SIMNEL CAKE

Traditionally made for Mothering Sunday and often baked at Easter.



6ozs butter or marg.

6ozs soft brown sugar

3 med eggs

9ozs SR flour

Pinch of salt

1/2 teasp mixed spice

5 tablespn milk

2 teasp golden syrup

1lb currants

2ozs raisins

4ozs sultanas

1oz glazed cherries (quartered)

4ozs mixed peel, chopped

1lb almond paste

Apricot jam

Beaten egg to glaze

Heat the oven to 180°C 350°F Gas Mark 4.

Grease and line a 8"inch round cake tin.

Beat fat and sugar until light and fluffy, add eggs, one at a time, with a little flour, beating well after each addition. Stir in salt and spice, add milk and syrup with a little more flour. Mix well. Fold in remaining flour and fruit.

Place half of mixture into prepared tin and smooth level.

Divide the almond paste in two.

Roll out one into a 8" round on sugared greaseproof paper, remove from paper and place on top of the cake mixture. Cover the remaining cake mixture. Bake for about 1 hour then reduce temperature to 140°C, 275°F Gas 1 and bake for two and a half hours.

Allow cake to cool. Divide remaining almond paste in two. Roll one half into 8" round. Brush cake with jam and place almond paste on top. Roll the remaining paste into 11 small balls. Brush top of cake with beaten egg and place paste balls around the edge close together, then brush again with egg. Place under a hot grill to brown marzipan.



## EVACUATION WORLD WAR 2

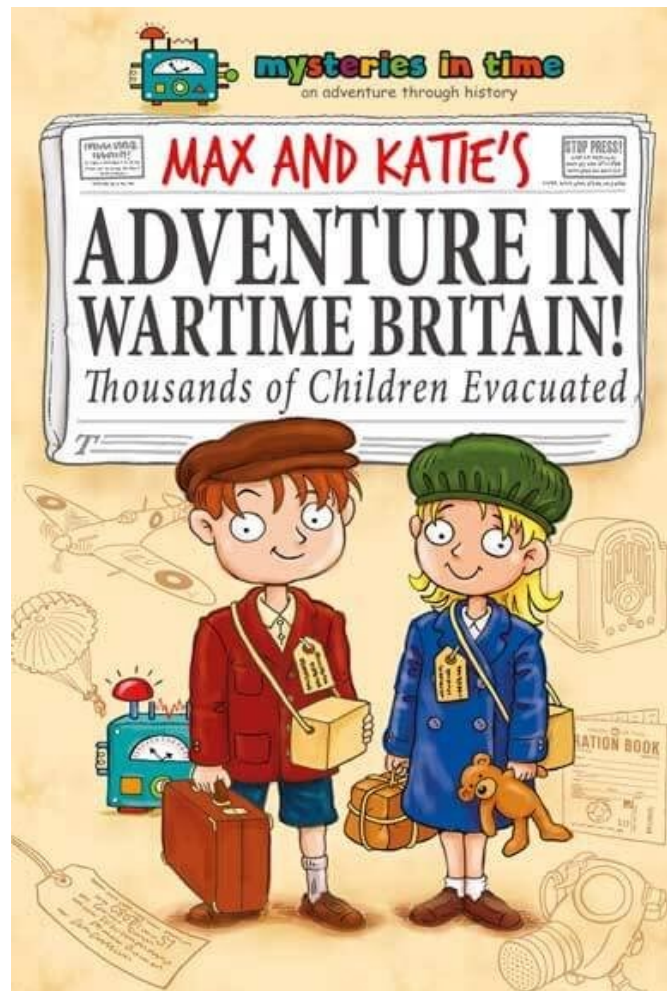
The evacuation of civilians in Britain during the Second World War was designed to protect people, especially children, from the risks associated with aerial bombing of cities by moving them to areas thought to be less at risk. Operation Piper, which began on 1 September 1939, officially relocated 1.5 million people.

### THE CHILDREN:

Boys had to wear a cap or woollen hat and knee-length trousers.

Girls had to wear a beret, headscarf or woollen hat and a knee-length dress or skirt. On cold or wet days all children had to have a warm or waterproof coat.

The towny children evacuees wore labels as though they were parcels and were provided with sufficient food for 24 hours, carried in a haversack, a carrier bag or a pillow case. The food included a tin of corned beef, a tin of condensed milk, biscuits, fruit; in addition they had a change of clothing and their gas masks.



*Read the fictional story of a young boy evacuee on the next page...*

*Evacuation page 2...*

### The Day My Life Changed Forever

It was Sunday. The day after my eleventh birthday. The year was 1939 and War against Hitler had just begun. However, this wasn't just any old Sunday. As I lay in my comfy bed, dreaming about playing football in the cobbled streets (just outside my house) I remembered this was evacuation day. Tears streamed down the sides of my pale cheeks, like a waterfall. Shutting my eyes, I tried to fall back into a deep slumber. No luck. I could hear mum shouting up to me, "Are you awake yet Tom? Don't forget to put on your best Sunday suit." "I don't want to!" I cried, pulling the covers over my scrunched up face.

To tell you the truth, I was petrified of leaving mum. You see, that week during a night raid, a bakery just a few streets away was bombed by V5 German bomber planes, which killed the Brown family. I kept contemplating; what if that happened to mum? What if I wasn't there to protect her? Dad was about to be sent to War, so mum would be all alone.

Reluctantly, I dragged myself out of my bed, wondering whether I will ever get to sleep in it again. Looking solemnly out of the window, I was suddenly reminded of the danger we were in. Demolished and destroyed buildings lined the pavements. I turned to look at my little sister Rose, who was still sleeping like an angel. Far from what she was really like! Trouble! That's what my Dad used to say. It was then I realised I had to go, it was my duty to look after Rose and she was not safe here in the city.

A few hours later, we hurried to the train station. Rose wore her best Sunday dress, soft and silky pink, with a bow in the middle and I wore my navy blazer along with a cap. Small cardboard boxes containing our gas masks hung from our shoulders and attached to our coats were large labels, which had our name, age and school written on. In our hands, we held a square brown suitcase, which carried our clothes and favourite toy.

Continued on next page...

Continuing...

Mum held our hands tight, as we stood amongst hundreds of other children, teachers and parents. I had never seen mum so upset before, her crimson, red lips quivered and her body was shaking. Trying to look as brave as she could, she gave us both our last hug and kiss goodbye and whispered softly, "You are a brave boy Tom, look after your sister for me, I love you and I will see you very soon." "I promise." I replied, as I hugged her tightly.

It all happened so quickly. Within minutes we were led onto the crowded train, by officials, in long black coats. Suddenly, the train doors slammed shut! Like a bolt of lightning, silence struck the train. Followed by the deafening screams and cries of terrified and nervous children. Although my stomach was churning like a wheel, I kept strong and didn't shed a tear, as I didn't want to frighten Rose, whose blue, shiny eyes glared at me. Staring out of the steamed up windows, I could see mums hugging in floods of tears. My eyes darted around the platform, hoping to catch a final goodbye from our mum, but I failed to see her.

Soon, the train rumbled and puffed out of the station. Steaming through luscious, lime green fields, where cows and sheep were peacefully grazing. Tremendous, tall trees swayed in the wind their branches waving goodbye, as we got deeper and deeper into the countryside. Clear, blue streams trickled down enormous hills, like the tears I wanted to cry. It was a long journey and soon Rose was fast asleep, her head gently resting on my shoulder.

After a few hours, the rusty train arrived at a strangely named place called Llandrindod. Rose could read, but she couldn't read this word! Everyone was tired, hot and miserable. Here we were marched into a nearby school with a silver gate and grey bricks. We were made to stand in rows like smartly dressed soldiers. My heart raced as a group of adults collected children one by one. Was I going to be split up from my sister? Even though she was annoying that would be like losing an arm or leg! How could I protect her? How could I keep my promise? Five minutes felt like five hours, as slowly the crowd of anxious children dispersed.

Continued on next page...

Continuing...

To my surprise, a lady in a bright blue coat and hat, stretched out her arm to shake my hand and in a soft voice she said, "Hello Tom, hello Rose, I'm Mrs Williams and you will be coming with me." "Both of us?" I asked wearily.

"Yes, it is going to be a bit of a squeeze, you will have to share a room and of course there will be chores to do. Now are we ready to go."

Suddenly, I felt a weight lift off my shoulders, I knew we were going to be safe. Mrs Williams was a short lady with bouncy, brown curly hair just like Mothers. Walking hand in hand through the quiet village, Mrs Williams told us how her husband was serving in the army and that she now lived alone. She told us how she had always wanted children.

Eventually we arrived at a dainty cottage with a straw roof. Inside, a glowing amber fire lit up the room with dancing golden flames. Also in the room sat a tin bath and a wooden table and chairs. Mrs Williams insisted that we both had a bath.

Later on, I asked if I could write a letter to mum and Mrs Williams helped me. Although I felt safe I couldn't help but miss mum incredibly. At the time, I remember thinking that this was one of the hardest days of my life. Little did I know it was about to get much harder!

**The end**

If you were evacuated during the war and would like to share a short version of your story for the newsletter or part of your Life Story Book

**Contact: 0161 633 0213**

Once a Life Story book is completed, you are given the choice of a copy going to Oldham Local Studies & Archives Centre for future generations to view. Some people think they haven't done much but future generations will see it differently. Their way of life will be so much different from ours. Just think of all the changes we have seen.

# CAN YOU NAME THE JOBS

Not all are needed today

1



2



3



4



5



6



TURN PAGE FOR ANSWERS:

2. Window Cleaner.  
4. Hat Maker  
6. Chimney Sweep.

1, Clog Maker.  
3. Knife Grinder.  
5. Watch Maker.



## PETS CORNER

My name is Indy and I'm a Cockapoo (the new name for a cross cocker spaniel and poodle aka mongrel).

I came to live with my Mum, Sandra, five years ago when I was just one year old. I'd already had two homes before – the first couple that had me as a puppy couldn't keep up with my boundless energy as they had some mobility issues. I went to live with a family with another cockapoo after that, but they said I didn't get on with the other cockapoo.

When I first lived with my Mum she was living alone, and she spoiled me rotten (she says I'm her angel because she's much happier since I came to live with her). I pretty much ruled the roost – slept on her bed, got lots of human food treats, barked as much as I liked, etc. After a year, a man called Mike started coming to our house a lot and after a while my Mum started chucking me off the bed when he came round. I was a bit jealous so I started a bit of a competition with Mike to see who could get my Mum's attention.

Most of the time, I win because he can't sit on her knee – he's too big! If they go out together, I can usually go but I get fed up sometimes when they go out without me. I let my Mum know when she comes home though because I nibble her hand but don't bite hard. I tried biting Mike once to see if that would make me the boss, but I got in lots of trouble so I won't try that again!

Now Mike and me have called a truce and we have lots of fun together, I just have to be good and not bite, bark too much or go on the bed....oh yes and I'm not supposed to poo where he walks to his van either but I do forget that sometimes so my Mum has to pick it up before he stands in it! We go on lots of big walks and hikes together and I even go on my Mum's back when they go out cycling sometimes, then she lets me run at the side of her when we are in the woods where there are no cars. I think Mike loves me as much as my Mum does now, but he'd never admit it and I don't think he sees me as his angel!



*Thanks to Sandra Ward for sharing her little angel with us.*

# OUR HISTORY - THE PLACES WHERE WE WORKED

## COTTON MILLS

### 360 mills

At its peak, there were over 360 mills, operating night and day. Oldham was hit hard by the Lancashire Cotton Famine of 1861–1865, when supplies of raw cotton from the United States were cut off.

UK's largest textile factory

By 1911 there were 16.4 million spindles in Oldham, compared with a total of 58 million in the United Kingdom and 143.5 million in the world. In 1928, with the construction of Elk mill Oldham reached its manufacturing zenith.



**Spinning.** A spinning mill opened raw cotton bales and cleaned the cotton in the blowing room. The cotton staples are carded into lap and straightened and drawn into roving which is spun using either a mule or ring frame. The yarn can be doubled and processed into thread, or prepared for weaving.

Pictures from inside cotton mills 1950s



The air in the cotton mills had to be kept hot and humid (65 to 80 degrees) to prevent the thread breaking. In such conditions it is not surprising that workers suffered from many illnesses. The air in the mill was thick with cotton dust which could lead to byssinosis a lung disease.

The spinning room was almost always female-dominated, and women sometimes also worked as weavers or drawing-in hands. Boys were usually employed as doffers or sweepers, and men worked as weavers, loom fixers, carders, or supervisors (*No sex discrimination laws*).

The passing of numerous Factory Acts over the years saw a gradual improvement in working conditions, but life as a mill worker was never an easy one. The constant din of the looms and other machinery in the mills struck everyone who entered. Sign language and lip reading were the only ways to communicate.

It's hard to image now what places like Oldham and Shaw were like when all the cotton mills were belching out smoke.

# SPORTING PAGES

## OLDHAM ATHLETIC—The early years:

The history of Oldham Athletic began with the founding of Pine Villa F.C. in 1895 by the Licensee John Garland and his son Fred together with a group of friends at the Featherstall and Junction Inn. The team played in the Manchester and Lancashire leagues. When neighbours Oldham County folded in 1899, Pine Villa moved into their stadium and changed their name to **Oldham Athletic**.



Oldham  
Pin Badge  
Set



The original colours of red and white stripes with navy shorts were also born due to inspiration from the rugby club as well as the town's coat of arms, before the change to blue in 1907 with entry into the Football League by which they are still recognised by.

## Achievements:

There were no tears because the name was changed and the birth of Oldham Athletic came about. Latics enjoyed success in the early years finishing runners-up in the First Division (the equivalent of today's Premier League) in 1914/15 having earlier reached the FA Cup semi final in 1913.

In the history of the club, only three managers have won a league title:

**George Hardwick:** Division 3 North in 1953

**Jimmy Frizzell:** Division 3, 1974

**Joe Royle:** Division 2, 1991.

**Jimmy Frizzell:** won promotion from Division 4 in 1971 (3rd place),

**Jack Rowley:** from the runners-up spot in 1963.

The Latics lost their top-flight status in 1923 and would not regain it for 68 years. In the intervening years, most was spent in Division Three North, Divisions Three and Four. The club's three championship winning campaigns also came in this period in 1952/53 under the legendary George Hardwick, 1973/74 and 1990/91.



**Do these pictures bring back memories  
Can you remember what happened in these  
sporting events:**

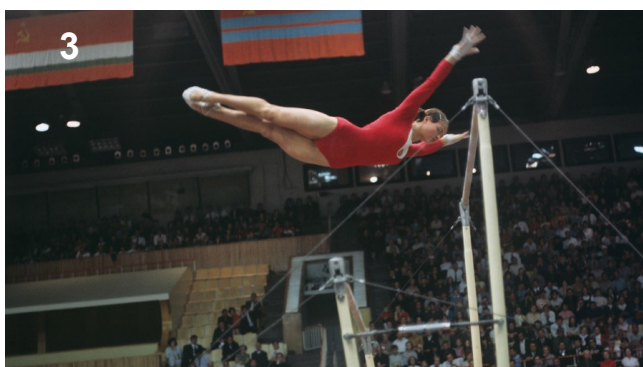
British Icon of the 1988  
Winter Olympics



Annual Event (1978)



Ludmilla Tourischeva World Cup 1978



1976 Olympic Games



FIFA World Cup. on 22 June 1986,



1956  
Grand National (Devon Loch)



*See next page for answers...*

## **Answers to the Sports Pictures on the previous page:**

### **1. Eddie 'the Eagle' Edwards.**

The British ski jumper was mocked for his performances at the 1988 Winter Olympics in Calgary, but he was a fearless and dedicated athlete who sacrificed a lot to make it to the Games. The rise to stardom is still fascinating all these years later; and love him or hate him, you cannot deny Edwards his place in Winter Olympics history.

### **2. Cambridge Boat sinking in the 1978 Boat Race between Oxford & Cambridges Universities.**

The Cambridge Boat began to take in water around Barnes Bridge, and went down soon after. When Cambridge asked for a rematch, the Oxford president refused.

### **3. Ludmilla Tourischeva World Cup 1978 Apparatus collapsed**

She confidently coped with her mesmerizing routine on the apparatus, demonstrating pencil-straight lines along with solid acrobatics but the moment she landed her dismount, the bars collapsed and crashed to the ground.

### **4. Princess Anne falls off horse.**

The fall happened when she was competing in the eventing category in the 1976 Olympic Games in Montreal, when she fell off her horse. The Princess Royal got back on her horse and completed the course but admitted afterwards she did not remember any of it.

### **5. Diego Maradona scored a controversial goal (Hand Ball)**

'The hand of God' was a phrase used by the Argentine footballer Diego Maradona to describe a goal that he scored during the Argentina v England quarter finals match of the 1986 FIFA World Cup. The goal took place on 22 June 1986.

### **6. 1956: Grand National - Queen Mother's horse falls.**

#### **Devon Loch falls on the final straight**

In 1956, it seemed that the Grand National would experience its first royal victory in over half a century. However, on the final straight, the Queen Mother's horse, Devon Loch, appeared to suddenly slip, land on his belly and come to a stop, handing victory to E.S.B.



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LIFE STORY VOLUNTEERS  
EDITOR  
JOAN HOLMES**



# Life Story

Every life has a story...

