# Audio file

[Past experience nostalgia SSM24.mp3](https://msuclanac-my.sharepoint.com/personal/frobinson3_uclan_ac_uk/Documents/Transcribed%20Files/Past%20experience%20nostalgia%20SSM24.mp3)

# Transcript

I would like to record one or two of the things which. I can think of which were from days gone by, shall we say. One of the things I missed today, of course. The sight and sound of the town hall. This was a landmark for miles around in bygone days the locals could tell exactly how long it would take to walk from their particular street or road to the town hall. Because you could see it. Now, nearly all the mill factory or manual workers. Used to wear a good strong pair of clogs, otherwise they were not properly dressed. Now every so often. Men in the house Used to buy clog irons or corkers as they were called in those days. To replace the ones that were wearing a bit thin, you see. It was cheaper than the shoe leather. Even school kids wore clogs Leather upper. With the sole the iron was fastened to the bottom. Now these irons were put round the edges of the clogs and fastened with a kind of nail. The nails are like horseshoe nails, though small of course. Now Every household practically every household used to have a cobbler’s last. Now that was a cast iron piece of what should I call it? A three-legged affair with one leg was with a large foot shaped. And then there on another leg was what the smaller side and of course, that was the mens’ and the womens’ and a smaller one still, for the heels of these. Now. This floor was put on the last. And of course the last would be on a bench or table or something like that with a piece of corner string was embedded to move over the chair and it went over the instep of the foot, where you're repairing. And it was about an inch or so from the floor and you put your foot into this and tightened this loop. So that you have more hands free to work. Now the actual cobbler themselves that is the clog makers used to sit in their shops on a stool. Now they have their last fixed onto a type of wooden leg. Now this in turn was sawn off at the bottom so that it didn't wobble. And the cobblers wore leather aprons, which were to the knee, shiny and black in patches. In the middle of the front, where the foot would have been placed in the laps when they were hand stitching them or whatever they wanted, or waxing. What they call heel ball what they put on. Now. I was always fascinated by the type of light that used to use when it was dark. It was a hand oil lamp of course, the glass nottle. But behind it. He had a glass ball or something like that, which was. Rather large in size and it reflected the light onto the cobbler’s work enabling him to see better what he was doing.

Now to go on again. It was a regular thing for the not so well-off mothers for children, when in the street haul the babies out into the gutter so that the child could relieve himself. It didn't matter where or when or who was passing the time the operation went ahead. And no one seemed to mind. There were no traffic lights in those days or yellow lineor beakons all that kind of stuff. And. The roads themselves well. They were made-up of, I would say. What we call sets, they were like. Square blocks of granite. The stones, I should say about four or five inches square. 4-5 inches, I should say cubic. They were set in the road level with each other and the road was filled with them right from one gutter to the next. The length and breadth of the road. And this road oh it went on for ages, miles and miles. One thing I did get I did forget to mention was that when the snow was on the ground of course winter and you wore clogs, well as you walked on the snow. It became attached to inside of the corkers and so that every so often you could kick it off, otherwise you should land flat on your back because you were so high up.

Alright.

Pubs, of which there were many. They nearly all home brewed, you know, beer is made on the premises, brewed the premises I should say. And so, of course, there was never a known shortage in those days. And there were no chemicals added to it either, like there is today. The things in the pub itself were geared up for a working person. Sawdust on the floor and a brass foot rail running along the bottom of the bar about nine inches from the floor for you to put your feet on.

[inaudible] ...spittoon, I should say. Trajectory place, I'm sorry, I can’t say that damn word. Strategically placed I should say, I’m sorry about that, getting old... and they were on the floor because. Umm. Well, many of the manual workers in those days chewed tobacco as well as smoked it. You know the club tobacco, backward twist. Now the twist was cut in large coils which they had in the shops. Now, the shopkeeper cut off how much you required and then of course the purchaser put it inside a round Silver coloured tin with a hinged lid. Not unlike one of the snuff pots, only of course larger and not as elegant. There is only a percentage of snuff taken today compared with many years ago. When women used to take it quite a lot.

Another thing was I noticed the workhouses had disappeared, and not before time. What I have been taught even today, all people ... [inaudible]... I don't like it, thank you very much. Now, to go on again. One never sees the good old whisky type of sessions that used to occur in our town. Roman Catholics used to start off in the morning, but preceding them was a man dressed as William of Orange. On a on a, all dressed up and on a White Horse. And he's to lead the procession. Now behind him was nearly always a small child, the small child on the horse dressed as William again riding a Shetland pony. Can you believe that. This lad was attended of course by two stalwart Cavaliers. And then behind them of course came the Union Jack, carried by another cavalier. And then came the standards of the Loyal Orange regiment, the Loyal Orange company, not logic. And behind them came their members who march with a bowler hat and golden sashes across their bellies just like you see the Irish orange walking today. And of course they have the band then behind them, came the hierarchy of the Local Church [inaudible] Attending to the guardrail to keep the banners straight. At each parish or Church had their own banners and procession, and it started off processing from about nine in the morning until noon. There was a type of saluting base of course by the Town hall and it was manned by the dignitaries of the town. And uh. While all this was going on, there was a fairground in operation in the Market Square. Put it that way. With of course, the adjacent side streets, yes the adjacent side streets were all blocked off because of the machinery being used for the roundabouts. There was a distinctive smell of fear and machine oil in the air and the sound of mixed music was deafening. But, still, [inaudible]

Yeah.

Now about 2 o’clock in the afternoon, the Church of England and it’s shall we say satellite religions put it that way paraded. There was the usual banners, fine blazers and vests on and accompanying the banners. They had all kinds of banners each one with their own banners. And the only difference with the Roman Catholics is the absence of the statues. Now. This went on for a long period. You see besides that there was the [inaudible], the church army, the Salvation Army, the fire brigade, detachment of the police and of course, there were never any floats in those days whether they were horse drawn or otherwise. Everything looked grand and after all it was the town showing off. The only thing to mar this event would be rain, but luckily it didn't happen very often. Now each Sunday you could walk in the park in the summer time of course. And listen to a brass band concert. Or take a stroll and see countless happy couples taking a stroll. Or watch the antics of people out on the river rowing. And my we have lost some fun there in that respect. I noticed that in those days, the church, nearly all churches had big congregations. And of course Sunday evening entertainment, as far as I could ascertain mainly consisted of sing songs in the front parlour on the piano and you know, as you walk past each house on the street you could practically tell who was in each house making harmonies by their voices.

Clothing always used to be passed down. Zips were unheard of in those days so that men wanted the toiled to relieve themselves then never had an excruciating painful accident, did they? Braces were the item worn to hold up the trousers. And all the men always will wore a broad leather belt. Now this, as far as I could see, was for three reasons. One was to hold up the breeches, two to belt the youngsters if they got cheated or did wrong. And the third reason was to stroke their cutthroat razors. As far as I know manmade fibres were not on the market until after the Second World War when thousand of Asian immigrants arrived to work in our mills. A lot of men even in those days wore spats around their ankles and carried walking canes. Watches wore across their gaudy coloured waistcoats of course in the middle of the chain on some trinkets or other it might have been the gold guinea or semi precious stone or something of that nature. And of course, this lot was topped by a boater, a flat straw hat. The ladies, as far as I could see, I can't remember much about the ladies because I want the lady myself obviously. They had, as far as I could see, always wore long dresses, long dresses, touched the ground. They had a hat on to match and carried a parasol, as well as the handbag. Now many of them wore long buttoned boots which had to be fastened with a button. And when the men met the ladies in the street they always raised the head gear and bowed down towards them as they passed by. Another thing which to my mind was a bit different than it used to be was that the corner shops have all gone and have been replaced with supermarkets. And what’s happened is personal service is hard to find. Now, if you could take a good look at the railways of today. I don't think they could compete with the system that was in operation years ago. They are much dirtier they don’t seem to run on time. And the price of a ticket is gone sky high. Adverts on telly suggest that they are getting there, but they don't say where. I could tell them, even the buses. I can remember when services run strictly to time. And if a bus left a certain point before a specified time then the bus crew were before the Superintendent, when they got back to the depot. Today, who cares? You tell me. And as for answers well, they say “we're making inquiries”. And that's why you get told that's the last you hear of it. Whatever it is. I'll tell you what I find missing today, Street Traders and the horses. At one time, a chap could nip out into the streets if you if he was quick enough, you know, with a shovel and brush and a bucket. And get free manure for his allotment. Now it's all chemicals from the garden centre or he has to buy it in bags. Now it's bedding manure they get, and it’s not half as good as what they used to have. And this is from the nearest stables. You have to go, miles to get it. Sometimes it all depends how far it is, but honestly, it could be a long way away for the nearest stables. I'll see you we’ve no tram lines down now. They have gone along with the tram and the gas lamps have gone. The knocker ups have been made redundant of course, the factory hooters don't tell us what time it is anymore. And Sunday schools, well, they've given up the ghost, haven't they? Spanking a child now is against the law. Muggings and robbers, troubles with drugs and child molesting and all that kind of stuff has increased. But of course, the common citizen. Must never hurt these people through retaliation. Because I think the authorities jealously guard the supervision of punishment. And that means that a criminal must be left to get on with it. No matter what it is. Under the protection of the law as well. The situation is. It's about time this pendulum swung back the other way. At one time. I could get some parched peas or pearl lintels, but nobody comes around anymore. Even the donkey stone men they don’t come round either. And the only time you see a policeman, of course, is when you're parked illegally or you're the subject of the traffic offence or something like that.

Now, how many true cinder tracks are there today? I've taken notice that where have they come from? Things are difficult, aren't they? The miles and miles of us folk now up and down the length and breadth of the British Isles. You don't see much tar today either do you really. You know, so of course. Therefore, you don't need to get rid of any off your person or have any transport cars. All of them. And it's not too dangerous, really, because the fair restrictions and [inaudible] And I will kick the can relieve all hide and seek, skipping, leap-frog and all that kind of stuff. Probably forgotten. That means of course that the spirit of comradeship is missing from our younger generation. It is left for persons like the Duke of Edinburgh to implement schemes to enlighten them. That wasn't the case years ago, the children learn the true meaning of friendship as soon as they could walk. They used to go out in the street and they played about... Now. I can remember a time when the thing I've just thought about was, public houses [inaudible]. I was a teenager, of course, and a few of us used to get together at night time, go in the pubs through the back door. And ask the landlord for some balm off the top of the beer. You see, this was a very good cure for the spots we used to have. It worked alright. We used to take it in turns to ask each time and we would take a jam jar and he would fill it up for us. Now the lads used to go and watch the Hoopers making wooden barrels. Uh. In the yards there you know and sometimes they would come away with a lot of firewood.

Buying it from the sellers who came round on the streets with horse and carts. There are plenty of errand boys involved there you know with their bicycles with large metal carriers on the front, especially butchers and grocers. And of course there were telegraph boys in their uniforms nice and smart with the red bikes. And all the policemen wore cloaks as well as a friendly face. And they'd rather give you a cuff on the head for anything you did wrong whilst you were there rather than report you or take you back into the police station or whatever. Now that to my mind, were the good old days.

Now, to jog my memory back a little bit further. Just makes you want to other things which. Perhaps people haven't taken notice of, one is the picture rail, normally situated in the front of you know, in the front room, I should say, or the parlour, whatever they call it, in every terraced house, now it's all but vanished. The same as the rocking chair. You know the rocking chair and. We used to get long paper spills. We call them long pieces of paper. Rolled up so that they were always handy. And they were found on the cornice that is above the fireplace, you know, on the shelf above the fireplace and they were used to light the gas lamps then or perhaps a pipe of tobacco for the chap of the house. If he smoked the pipe. That's another the thing now.

Something unusual I'm going to mention now and that is. I don't suppose many people will know or understand about an affliction called the Glenny blink. No coal miners were the main sufferers of that. And as I understand it, the minors took a small lamp down the mine with them that perpetually blinked. Now this was for safety reasons you see. If the lamp wire went out while they were down the mine. Working in their place. Then that meant, move and move quickly because they'll be gas about. It was the signal that went out to move. Clear the vicinity altogether. The report, of course, shout out. Yes. Now, with working down the mine with the lamp and it perpetual blink. I would suggest it made the miners blink perpetually as well even when they were not down the mine. And of course, it was very embarrassing for them in situations, especially in front of say the ladies, which of course would take the blink as a rather crewd come on kind of thing. And, as I said, it was very, very embarrassing for them, but it looks it seems as though most of it is about extinct now. Luckily for the miners.

On another occasion, let let me think of something else now. Then you see, I'm going from one thing to another as I said, I might. I I'm thinking about Sunday nights during the light nights since you know what I'm talking about. When it was light at nights in Summer special. There would be a commotion the streets. If you looked out to the curtains, lace curtains and looked peaked out, you would see in the street there would be a group of people gathered in the roadway one sat with the portable harmonium another stood on a box and something and they would have books and hymns I supposed and in their hands and they would be singing or praying very loudly. There were the [inaudible] gospelers, you know, come to save our souls. Now they might have a meeting at one end of the street and after a little while go to the other end and repeat the doors. And, if at that particular time. Or about that that if you went onto the covered market in the town. You would see four or five groups. All at the same game, up their gospelling. And believe me, when they got singing all each ones singing their own different type of hymns. And all different tunes. And they were near each other. So you can tell, you can imagine. Look, what a cat's concert. Well it used to be awful one try to drown another out. And this is how it used to go on. And even when they were giving their little sermons. And what would we call them then? Testimonies. One person would try and drown another out and this is how it went on nearly every Sunday night. You can go on to the market for a bit of a laugh and this is what you can get.

Now. Some of the town's fathers, of course. Felt that drunkenness was becoming a blight on the town, so therefore they organise and started. What we should have used inaugurated the first temperance association meeting. This was formed, and it was where the person signed a pledge not to take alcohol anymore in their lives, in other words, becoming teetotal. The teetotal movement. Of course, decided to copy and in many other towns followed suit. So. That was a good thing, wasn't it?

To jump again like a grasshopper or little fly. Wind up gramophones became the rage, of course. In the 20s that was. And they're often taken out on a warm sunny. Warm summer evening along with some records. To some prearranged spot where couples would meet. And they danced most of the night away. With that, they enjoy themselves. Some public houses, that’s what we call it in the public bar. It was just like a piano, but you put coins in the slot in the side of it, and the thing played a tune for you. Just like a jukebox today. But of course no records. It was just the same tune played in rotation like a musical box.

Now, here's a thought for you, jumping, I'm jumping again. Can you imagine? In years ago, years gone by when I was probably really small. And the number of chamber pots that have been emptied and cleaned each morning must have been millions. No, it's not that many years ago really, is it? And. These last few years you see have changed all right, every household, well nearly household have an inside toilet.

Now, with the help of the silicon chip, it’s changed our lives hasn’t it. First of all, the electricity sets and see what we've got today. Science and technology, along with computers. To my mind, in a shortcut to education. With all the whys and hows and the wherefores don't count anymore. To me it seems though our brains are not needed today as computers have taken over. If you want any answers for anything at all, get on the computer you’ll soon get it in next to no time. Now that to me is a bit dangerous. Situations do change rapidly from time to time. Where there is no computers, you can't get a computer or phone or radio, and you're on your own. You've gotta think quickly now. If you don't learn or practice thinking quickly. I'm afraid we’re going to rapidly [inaudible]. Uh, you see? All I'm trying to do is to recall and pass on a little of what it was like in the past. I wouldn't say all the changes were detrimental I don't mean that what I need to say is that if you're not careful and you’re so used to other things and people during our particular thinking for us we’re too idle, too lazy to think for ourselves. And if you don't practice I'm afraid you lose the use of that particular tasks. Would it not?

Anyway, I will jump again now. A simple thing, football we used to play football. Yeah. Slightly bigger ball and it was laced. Now that meant [inaudible] it did consistent of an inflated bit of leather. And it was put inside a hand sewn bit of leather case. You could lace it up tight. Now, if the lace was not properly fastened with the trees slack, while you're playing, you have to head the ball where the lace was and you can end up with a nasty cut on your forehead. Now, I've had one or two and it stings in the head. And then you see, the only thing it’s down your face and it's in your eyes and you can’t see where you’re going or what you're doing or anything. So therefore that's a good thing that the balls have been made different today isn’t it.

I can say that. Well, I can say that many things have changed in my since my boyhood. Pardon me. I don't hear of any Sunday School outings now for instance and I remember going without fail every Sunday along with many more children. You will give little text cards with pictures on and a text. The place in the bible where it came from. And that way we could quote like parrots. Believe it or not? Another thing. I can't remember now. The hospitals and other institutions were always the same colour. Inside the bottom half of the walls inside with the shade of green and the other half cream, a yellow and a white ceiling. So drab and austere. With the womenfolk strutting about. Wearing a ridiculous white arrangement on their heads, I wouldn't call them hats, I wouldn't call them anything really. Like bonnets or something damn description. And they nearly always the hair fastened in a bun at the nape of the neck. Now to finish the effect off or shall we say of superiority or was [inaudible] they were a white type of apron which were starched very still. White cellular? Celluloid collar and cuffs and they were a frightening lot believe me. Speaking about celluloid, by the way. I remember that nearly all the toy golden things. for the amusement of kids came from Japan, and yes, they were made of celluloid. Now we could ... toys that came from Germany and that place. We made mostly of tin. They were very strong and they used to be the line up type. They were very good too. I thought so anyway. As I moved up into, pardon me. Higher classes I was along with others introduced to exercise books pens and inkwells and not sort of thing, pen nibs, of course you must remember them with blotting paper and a foot ruler might with different measurements. Now, my exercise books were rather blotched I must have been untidy. But I was always looking. I'm not bothered much about it because I used to get through the lesson in next to no time, right down to do somehow or other and get it finished with. And I didn't used to look around the copy off anybody else, in fact they used to copy off me sometimes and get it wrong. By the way. I used to marvel at some of my classmates you know, how they managed I don’t know. They used to wipe their noses on their jersey sleeves. You would see them screwing up a bit of blotting paper keep it in the inkwell and flicking it onto some unfortunate child they didn’t like. Then of course, quickly putting their faces down pretending to be busier with their lessons. Of course, the fighting that went down in the classes in those days. Your boys business. And I suspect that it still goes on. Going on again. I can't remember when I first realised that tiles were being used on some rooves, I could only remember seeing slate. Well, by the way, I forgot to mention. Sorry that in the school where I was when I first learned to read and write, you know? Before we graduated to pen and ink. Of course we used slates, the slate pencils and that kind of thing. I'm sorry I forgot that.

And another thing I became aware of when I was in higher classes was that the town had a clog fund. Where a child in need of footwear to go to school and were passed a note to take to the a nominated shop in the town which supplied the town with clogs to wear to school. Sometimes the clogs as well as well as other items of clothing and furniture down the miserable pawn shop. It's all dependent on the finances to the deprived, so that’s about it. The lasses that I knew who went to school then this is before school uniform were made compulsory was pinafores and that was it. Now, the fellows and the lads used to wear strong union shirts they were called very, very strong cotton shirts. Good wear and lasted a while. And it was, you know, the working man’s dress in a way. If they're going on some outing or other, of course a post event they’d have a wash and shave and put the clean union shirts on. And then over it, you'd put you'd get hold of the celluloid collar for the neck and it was fastened to the neck by a back stirrup of course and [inaudible]. Now, before the collar was actually fastened in front a was put on the shirt. Then the whole lot fastened. And after that, of course, a tie or a bow tie was added. And then the chap got celluloid cuffs around his wrist on the jacket. Now, he also had on a new or a good clean pair of corduroy trousers. And some shiny creaky boots. And the chap was ready. And besides sweating. And therefore always felt uncomfortable. Couldn't wait. To get back into the house to change.

I think that this side of the tape is just about shot at so. I'll cease forthwith and continue on the next side on the other side, OK.

Most of the women that I came in contact with when I was at school, that is the mothers I mean, spent most of the time sewing and patching clothes for their youngsters. And the better off mothers had a sewing machine, which they turned with a little handle. That was before the foot pedal came out. They were forever having to repair even their men's long johns. You know underpants. Which, by the way, were worn throughout winter. Also a long-sleeved woolen vest. You can imagine how men sweated can’t you.

Now, another thing which I’ve just thought of. One thing I didn’t hold with and that was bird nesting. Lads used to go out into the country and take wild bird eggs out of the nests. I've had a few fights about that and I’ve had a few biffs to the nose in the past. But that's not to say I didn't give as much as I got. And. From every time or two a bit more. I never backed off from a fight. And see I was used to it and what's more I didn't get a lot of, well I wouldn’t say a lot but a little respect, at least, but I've had it when it mattered.

Periodically. I help from a nearby farm binding corn. And then we used to stack them against each other in about four or five. With a stoop [inaudible]. Now. When they're all in line and standing there they look pretty big. And. The fine thing about it was that we would go to the farmhouse later and tuck into a scrumptious supper. Bread, butter as thick as you like, cheese, tomatoes, lettuce, salad, you know the usual stuff. And custard and a kind of ginger care, which they called bonnick. Then the father would take me back in a pony and trap. I liked those days. I used to get special permission for that because they said I was good at the work.

In those days, we had our share of illness. I mean the whole population. You know, diphtheria, measles, Scarlet fever, chicken pox, mumps and all that. Sort of. But if you went to the hospital with appendicitis then it was a bad time for you and a long recovery job.

The chap used to come round the streets around the houses every week. He used to sell stuff. You paid so much a week because you know what you want the tale-banks. And of course, there's a burial burial society used to come around. A penny a week for the club that was the doctor's sick club, you know, you pay a penny a week and he treated you whenever you wanted a prescription or whatever or. You have to go and visit you. You're all right. Now, people were in debt in those days just like today, but not as much, not not a bit as much. And. In any case. If, for instance, down the street, Mrs George, you would say what, Mrs. Smith? Yeah. Was a bit short. Then a spare hot pot or some tripe and onions or something of that nature, would find it’s way onto Mrs Smith’s doorstep. Then it'll be a quick knock on the door and then you retrieve it as fast as possible. Nobody would be any wiser. Well, that went on oh in those days without any fuss whatsoever and nothing was ever mentioned. Neighbours were just well, neighbours.

A pretty well-off person would have a grandfather clock. And fancy gas bulbs over the gas lights and that kind of thing. In the kitchen they’d have a big table there, a nice table. A nice, what shall we say like a nice table cloth, [inaudible] oil cloth it was kind of thing. And it was a type of cloth and I just used to call it an oil cloth. And it was put on the table, it was a table cloth actually and very nicely, what should I say printed and it could be wiped off then to keep it nice and clean and smart.

Now the home [inaudible] a coal fired range, clothes rack hanging from the ceiling. Great big buckets of coal and maybe a rug made from bit of cloth pegged into an old sack if you would. It's very effective and cost to afford is not so bad. Now if you were unfortunate enough to have a chimney catch fire, then the fire brigade would turn out in the brass helmets and what-have-you. They would have the horse drawn fire engines gallop up the street. All the people coming out of the houses down towards your house neighbours crowded round, all that carry on. Now when everything was over. Of course, the house would be black with soot you’d light a fire. You're going to ask a neighbour to borrow the kettle for your tea. Now the next day the chimney was swept to make a bit more mess for you of course. After that you would start by clearing the soot out as best you could in a sack and you start all over again. Heating the water washing, first of all you would light a fire to be used for [inaudible] cleaning and washing. Eventually you'll manage to get your tin bath out of the yard, and when you were by the fireplace then you get a piece of string, thin twine or rope or something, so you trying to crush you? They would swing over that and then get some towels or blankets or whatever. Just for privacy so that you could get stripped off. Get in this big bath with a large bar of carbide soap and have a good soak as fast as you could before anyone entered the house.

Now, I think I'll divert a little bit. Do you know that the water works there for Preston and district has been in existence since 1654. Now, it’s a private company and of course, there's quite a lot of controversy went on. The[inaudible] there, as you say, the Preston Health Authority acquired the waterworks under the Public Health Act laws 1849 something about there I gather. And you see that was because the company who were the owners a private company and the owners at that time. Ignored the conditions laid down. By parliament. [tape has interference here] ...died. You know, and inadequate water storage, you had to have enough water for 80 days in an emergency. Yeah. I think it was a Mr Austin. I'm not quite certain though. Who wrote this report and gave it to parliament I think it were. In any case. The Preston Water Preston Corporation. Now one of the first things to do is just ask Preston in the stonemason or something? They build, you know, the big reservoir at Grimsagh. They built that in about eight months, I would suggest it would be about 8 or 10 months, though it would be a pumping station. They have a few men working for him and too, of course the population is only about 33,000as it was then. And of course, part of the town received no water supply at all. Although that was guarded into those districts, the cost was about oh halpenny, that's the old money. 3 gallons of water. Now, the Preston Waterworks Act of 1853 gave it complete control, gave the Council complete control. And eventually the water pressure was so great, so satisfactory shall we say, that t local factory owners who then had of course a big fire insurances could cancel them because they had enough pressure in the pipes that they could use it to put their own fires out. Now, later on, there was an average of about e0 gallons a head for 70,000 houses for the place was growing you see. Ah. But it was it was about 167,000,000 gallons of water was at Preston’s disposal at that particular time. And from what? From what I can make out. That meant that the town was growing again and also the catchment area. And more of the reservoirs were required. Now, application is made to Parliament. And the necessary of rates as water wasn’t cheap. Now, all this about water supply to Preston and district can be found in a book in the reference library of it's the Harrish Free Library in Preston. It tells you all you want to know about it. All the details from start to present day, well in light of what we said anyway. And what I wanted to point out was the water rate up to about 1947 according to that book in the Harris was about 1/8 at the rateable volume of the domestic line that means to say well in fact, 2 pipes in the pound according to that book that I said. Now today the water rates I would say is yesterday will be between £70 and £75. It’s not really that bad I don’t think. And, of course the waterworks that went on from strength to strength. Now they were 24,000 fire hydrants. And. Another £34,000 was spent on installing water meters. I could go on and on. But I do think. That we can. Expect another sharp rise in the water rates now that the industry has once more gone into private arrangements.

Now, to change the subject. Again, let's see. What happened to good old fashioned courtesy? It was the norm for younger persons... [inaudible] and give up one’s seat for a lady or an older person might have the seat. Now. I think this vast change for the worse has come about you, since corporal punishment was outlawed. However, I have often been proved wrong in the past. But think about, I didn't say excessive corporal punishment. Let's put it another way. Say this we couldn't do well without, but also do gooders... Now, I know, because I've had both. But they were a different time then. You know, I haven't seen any gladstone bags lately, in fact I haven't seen them for ages. And what a personal account [inaudible]. Another thing. Buying sugar, rice or tea out of sacks. Maybe that isn't it. Like tell you that they're also... And the cheese and butter today is ready, wrapped and packaged. Now let’s say something else, if you're... oil or goose grease for use on [inaudible]. What a concern, what it caused concern between the parents and might have demand an inquiry into it require everybody else. Another thing I’ve noticed is that clocks and watches, they don’t need to be wound up anymore using batteries and whatever and that's it.

And one more little observation. I'd like to remember whether or not baby food was on the market in those days. I can remember Rusks. And sugar butties. And the milk wasn't pasteurised either, as far as I can remember. And. Of course. The nappies worn by the babies in those days were such that. They seem to have a permanent rash between the legs and on the butts. Also, some babies became bandy as they grew older. Well, I'm bandy myself. And if I am my spackle around the bow I'm sure. Fit perfectly. Still, that's how it goes.

Now, in this street, the front doors can be left open. That was many months ago. Females of all ages wore long stockings usually black and they kept them from coing down by wearing garters. From what I can make out. It wasn’t written much about it, I was too sheltered for that.

However, [inaudible] and you could buy sweets, but two halves of a penny. Of course. That was a lot of money then, the penny. Budget 2 ounces. And. One thing the usual gear for small boys in those days was like small boys going to any fun. The sailor suit. The seller most of the time normalised wore short pants until I went out to work. Well. Of course, the oftentimes knee breeches, which were fastened just below the knee with a buckle and a strap attached.

Now, changing again. Furniture. It was nearly always made out of horsehair, wasn’t it, I don’t think there was much of anything else went in it other than horsehair that was what was used in upholstery as far as I could see. And one interesting little part about something else was that let's see packets of cigarettes. They had cards in them, cards. Now they're all different and in series of pictures. Some which one cigarette card two in a packet of twenty. Sometimes the the pictures of soldiers from the different regiments. Or maybe home nations, and again, you might get animals. Lots of different subject which they had. Now, lads will collect these and they would swap each other out. And try and get a full set. Besides that, they can use building pyramids or games? Yes, a lot of fun were had with cigarette cards in those days I could remember that quite well. I should have a few packets today, I bet they would be worth something?

There are plenty of children's homes in those days, my word there were that there was quite a lot. And. That was when I was growing. And. They were, as far as I know. All a type of institution. Multiple severe and austere living was the only way I can put it. I don't think there is a single person today. Who spent the childhood in a home. Sorry to leave. Now a regular thing that happened daily. Parents and guardians took the children to feed the ducks on the park where they had a pond you know?

That another interesting thing in those days was that on busy crossroads, or in the town there would be a policemen on point duty directing traffic and people. And there were plenty of motorbikes with sidecars too there would be a lot then. They would sometimes scare the horses with the cars and off they’d belt would the horse, you know. And then you’d need to scatter then quickly. Or be maimed or even killed.

Let's go onto something else. On Sunday mornings what I can remember about them is that I could remember chopping the firewood for the week sawing of the logs. Emptying water down a soak in the backyard. These are sounds and sights I saw. Smell of boiling vegetables. There was never any sound of clogs on the pavements or anywhere else on Sundays. You’d see somebody dashing to the corner shop for gravy browning or something like that and then in the distance you there, the drums and bugles of the scout band or something of that nature. It might be the Boys Brigade, or the Church army or whatever. And you see other people walking up and down in the streets, some of them going to church, some of them coming from church. And you never thought a hammer was being you somewhere, but that's how it went. Children playing on the pavement. And you'll be passing some house or other with the doors and all the doors were always open, you were alright you see. And. You hear somebody shouted for some clean clothes, which have been put away, after being washed and ironed. Well, where’s me other shirt or whatever. And. There’d be men strapping the cut throat razor on leather straps. Swishing the shaving bushes round and round and round this thing trying to get a good lather. And then towards midday you would see queues of them, menm, men, forming at the pub door waiting for the pub to open.

Now there were no police, ambulance, fire engines with sirens in those days. They all had bells, so, you know, the sounds and sights are different today to what they were then. You would be inevitably if you walked into a house, you'd always see an aspidistra or some potted plant. Nearly everybody had one for decoration I suppose. And all the steps in the street, the houses who had steps in the street, were all scrubbed well and they were clean and they were up with a donkey store. And I dare say I can get more boring by the minute. So I think it's time to stop.

Anyway, I hope I've given you a little insight as to what was like in those days.