

'YOU COULDN'T HELP BUT KNOW': PUBLIC AND PRIVATE SPACE IN THE LIVES OF WORKING CLASS WOMEN, 1918-39

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The concept of the two spheres embodied in the male dimension of public affairs and female domain of private domestic life is too simplistic to fit easily into the lives of many working-class women. An interpretation expressed in terms of the private sphere, for example, ignores the essential contribution such women made to the public life of neighbourhood and community and underestimates the strength and comfort which they derived from their associations there. Space was a luxury among the urban poor, and inevitably imposed a public dimension upon much which would have more comfortably remained private. Cramped housing conditions often spilled domestic life over into the street, while many such women engaged in some form of paid employment outside the home. This spatial experience contrasted with the more proscriptively home based lives of many middle class women, who were often sequestered in distant 'suburban retreats'.¹

Even in the interwar years, much of the culture of the urban poor remained rooted in oral traditions whose transference depended on this public dimension. Thus although they tended not to take part in formal collective activities, the rare gaps in the busy lives of such women were often filled with talk or 'gossip' in the public spheres of street, shop or wash house, particularly as poorer districts tended to have a greater number of such places in which to meet and converse.

The large families which were most common in such neighbourhoods gave the women there a particular investment in street activities, since it enabled them to keep both an eye on their children's behaviour, and occasionally to escape the confinement of their crowded homes. The close attention paid to outer show, whether sweeping down the yard, putting out washing or donkey stoning the doorstep, also provided them with a useful (public) opportunity to keep a watchful eye on street 'doings'. Women played an assertive role in street life, and the nature of their daily witness was highlighted in Harry Watkin's recollections of growing up in inter-war Hulme. Weather permitting, most front doors were kept open all day.

Women stood on their front doorsteps watching passers-by and hoping for a neighbourly gossip, sometimes shouting to each other but generally carried on by groups of two or three at a door with arms folded underneath their turned up aprons. One saw very little of the men, who sneaked in and out of their homes as though it was indecent to be seen in their own street.²

Referring back to his Edwardian childhood in Salford, Robert Roberts suggested that local street talk had been, on the whole, a single sex affair and in support of his contention described a singular feature of the conversation which greeted the outbreak of the First World War, when 'Little groups, men and women together (unusual, this), stood talking earnestly in the shop or at the street corner, stunned a little by the enormity of events'.³ The vitality of women's public presence in neighbourhood life could, of course, differ greatly from what went on in private in all sorts of ways, even among those women whose husbands

were supportive. Both Robert Roberts and the oral evidence collected by Carl Chinn suggests 'that many men helped their wives in the house, so long as it was behind closed doors and workmates and drinking partners remained unaware of such assistance.⁴ As a Broughton woman observed, 'Me dad would do nothing outside but he'd help me mum inside', although even those who helped around the house (often due to unemployment) clung on to established perceptions of a man's status.⁵

Oh yes, he thought he was boss. Till I started! He was to a certain extent. Even though Annie kept everything going; everything in the house was his my house, my this, my the other. Made no difference him being out of work.



The milk delivery. The doorstep was a vantage point from which to observe all the activities of street life, while exchanging information with neighbours and passing traders.



Women's domestic life often spilled over into the public life of the street, as this posed representation suggests, taken on V.E. day in Cheetham Hill.

This woman described her husband as being 'very good natured', although significantly this good humour did not extend to members of his own family:

not to his own. He didn't bring it home. But he was very good natured outside. Everybody liked him. It used to make me mad. I could kill him. You never heard anybody say a word against him. Very good natured. He'd take his shoes and give them to you. That was his fault. Sometimes I moaned about him. But you didn't really let any one know your business. You more or less kept it to yourself. I mean they used to hear the shouting and they used to think it was me, you see. He was so nice outside!

Another woman, speaking of her sociable, philandering father, made a similar tacit comparison with his private domestic behaviour: He was a hail-fellow-well-met was my dad with anybody else but in the house, I don't know'.⁶ Both observations complement Ferdinand Zweig's description of the 'model' worker', who had always to be ready to do his mates a good turn, and whose main characteristics were friendliness, generosity and a readiness to 'live and let live'. As Zweig put it, 'He must be happy, that is, he must keep himself happy and make others happy'.⁷

Privatised Aspects of Male Experience

This sociable impulse was, however, a public manifestation which was not quite so readily expressed in the private space of domestic life. Indeed, home was where men expected to be able to drop the mask which helped maintain friendly social relations among their workmates; it was a place in which to relax, away from the unwarranted intrusions of visitors, especially women. Unlike their frequently uneasy presence in street life, the man's space within the house was 'usually well defined and formalised, as in the privileged comfortable chair by the fireplace', which symbolised both dominance and a sense of not really belonging to the domestic world. In Alice Linton's house, no-one ever dared sit in her dad's old wooden armchair, 'which held the place of honour in front of the fireplace, since it was 'sacred to father alone'.⁸ Mary Bentley remembering the largely hard furniture of her childhood in Clayton, Manchester, described how as soon as there was a little more money, a 'really comfortable chair' was bought for her father.⁹ Mogeby observed the strictness with which men

kept 'outside the home' and inside the home as separate domains. 'Coming in from the outside world, the symbols operative there are removed: off comes the jacket, off come the collar and tie, off come the boots or shoes.'¹⁰ Once he came home, this private space by the fire became male territory, where the accepted stereotypes applied to male and female behaviour were reversed in a number of respects. For not only were women expected to be protective partners in the sense of keeping men in ignorance of the struggles needed to ensure the family's survival, but as Harry Watkins highlighted in his description of men creeping in and out of their homes, the sociability which the worker displayed amongst his workmates contrasted with the privatised existence he often led within the street community.¹¹

Household and Social Space: Symbolic Qualities

Spatial definitions within the household had more than a purely physical significance in other ways too, the best room or parlour which better-off working-class families managed to keep being a token of the kind of order it was usually impossible to achieve in a busy family. The symbolic qualities of this space were apparent in the fact that it was 'seldom used, apart from on special occasions or on Sundays'. William Atherton, for example, described his family's parlour as 'a sanctuary'.¹² Like the hallway, it was a buffer between the privacy of domestic life and the unwanted intrusions of the outside world. The front parlour sustained an ideal of life as it should have been, although families were not immune to the comic implications of striving to maintain its special status. An Ordsall woman, for example, laughingly described how many families endeavoured over several years to acquire a sofa for their best room, and took so long to buy one that by the time it was fitted up as they wanted the children were old enough to be courting and were using it themselves.¹³ In another variation on the same theme, a couple saved up all their lives with the aim that:

when they was so old they'd have this parlour and he would be sitting reading his Sunday paper, and she'd be making the dinner and so on. And they'd have a nice carpet and er, when they got it she called out whatever they called him, Jim or Jack, you know, 'Where are ye?'

'I'm in the parlour'.

'Not on that new settee!'...

'Not on that?'

'No, no I'm on the carpet.'

'On the carpet?'

'No, I've rolled it up.'

And the idea was that when they got it, they were so afraid of using it, you see.¹⁴

Such jokes played on the essential hollowness of aspirations, which by deferring gratification to a distant future were at variance with the more immediate preoccupations frequently colouring working-class attitudes. Nevertheless, insecurity of employment and susceptibility to the vicissitudes of ill health meant that working class families often lived a precarious life balanced between coping and bare survival which made

age, and often involved a verbal reticence which had regard for other people's separateness. Mrs Hopwood's parents emphasised the virtues of hard work and the fact that, 'You mustn't listen to anything'.¹⁶ For other it was: Honesty, yes, always stressed honesty. And, of course, cleanliness etcetera - very, very strict. And never to borrow, never to borrow, or gossip. She didn't like you to start talking about people, and she said, always, she always said, 'If anybody tells you, tells you anything, and it's to do with gossip, you should say yes, aye, no'. It was a technique designed not to cause offence, allowing them to listen, but ensuring that they did not add anything to what was being told.¹⁷ Ada Hunt's mother 'always brought us up to be good neighbours. That was part of her religion.' However, neighbouring to her did not represent the kind of 'tooting and froing' which could so easily have become a nuisance', so that while she was always willing to give a helping hand, she did not go to gossip.¹⁸



A rare photographic intrusion into the private domestic space of the nursing mother.

sensitivity to many minor signs of status and awareness of the barriers maintaining social space very important. Indeed, the closeness of life in overcrowded neighbourhoods placed many restraints upon social behaviour. Linear street plans, back-to-back housing, alleys, courts and tenements all affected the quality and extent of personal contact in working-class communities, as did the amount of space available within individual houses.

As living conditions improved and some working-class families acquired material goods which became associated with status and respectability, so the need grew to regulate carefully who was allowed to enter the inner sanctum of domestic life, although changes in the physical pattern of working class housing and neighbourhoods could introduce a frequently thankful sense of space and distance which owed little to wider ideological forces promoting 'acceptable' domestic behaviour.¹⁵ Respectability, for example, implied a distinct set of values which was impressed upon children from an early

Street respectability also had a physical manifestation in standards of housekeeping which were important markers of physical space, as expressed in the careful attention paid to donkey stoning the doorstep, which was washed, scrubbed and carefully delineated with 'donkeystone', a rectangular shaped stone stamped with a donkey motif which came in different colours; white, brown, cream, even greyish with blue speckles which was known as 'blue mould'. Donkey stoning publicly affirmed a woman's sense of domestic responsibility, yet also conveyed different meanings according to the family, street or period in which it took place. To those women who wished to distinguish themselves from the rough poor it could certainly express a desire for cleanliness and respectability: 'It was a competition for the cleanest steps. That the house should be spick and span from top to bottom. Everything had to be tidy. Clothes had to be cleaned and washed and pressed'.¹⁹

The geographical and spatial limitations which marked women's lives had an important bearing upon the almost



Close attention was paid to outer show, whether sweeping down the yard, putting out washing or donkey stoning the doorstep provided a useful opportunity to keep an eye on street activities. Note in this photo the clearly defined doorsteps, window ledges and drains.

ritualistic way in which such activities were approached. 'It was an unforgivable sin to be without donkey stones for your front doorstep. No matter how poor you were, and how poor the inside of your house was, or how dirty, the doorstep had to be kept clean and freshly stoned, and woe betide anyone who stepped on that mopping before it dry!'²⁰ The familiarity of such routine could also be used to channel anger, frustration and humour, as was expressed in an extreme form by one woman during the Second World War when, 'after one Sunday night raid, a woman was seen donkeystoning her front steps of her house the following morning. Asked why she was doing this when the whole of the back of the house had been damaged, she replied with a grin - 'Well! I always stone the steps on a Monday morning'.²¹

Some streets exhibited a stubborn uniformity in their donkeystoning: 'Was it traditional, or did you choose your own patterns? No, everything was the same. There was no

painting different colours.'²² In other contexts, however, such attention meant more than a representation of cleanliness and thereby respectability, becoming the daily assertion of a woman's right over a certain territory and even an expression of her character. Fred Davies, writing of his childhood in Hulme observed how each house had its own permutation of donkey stone, 'Our top step was white, the one below, level with the surrounding flags, was brown and a few nearby flags were cream'.²³ Even techniques for rubbing in the stone could vary, 'sometimes the edge of the step alone was whitened or may be a strip at the side of the step ...'²⁴ In Glasgow closes women decorated the floors of their entries at the wall edges with pipe clay scrolls 'carefully and precisely applied with designs peculiar to each close'. Such emblems signified pride in the locality where they lived, failure to maintain such communal statements being a potent source of argument and gossip:



Man's space within the house was usually well defined, as in the privileged comfortable chair by the fireplace.

*There was a slitter in every close didnae do her pipe-claying right, and splashed the walls when it was her turn to wash the entry and the stair. We'd one like that and there was a right bit of aggravation over her; I can tell you. The rest didnae get on with her at all.*²⁵

As use of the work 'slitter' suggests, a dirty home implied a certain sexual laxity, in the same way that too ready an

for the street photographer, whose snapshots of working-class women usually characterised them in terms of their domestic and maternal obligations, wearing an apron and attended by children. It was an important vantage point from which to view the comings and goings of street life, and as such was often a source of much discomfort to outsiders. It was a space defined by the conventions of donkey stoning, which gave a collective significance to the marking of individual territory. 'It was a



The street was the children's playground where women could also keep a watchful eye on their activities.

occupation of public street space indicated a similar looseness in the minds of those who preferred to keep themselves. Such rituals asserted both private space and collective responsibility, the doorstep being transitional space, on the border of public and private. Donkey stoning symbolically defined the point of entry into the home, representing a sanctuary from which a woman felt safe to hurl insults at neighbours without fear of being followed for retribution. It formed a natural backdrop

pleasant sight to see, on a Saturday, the long line of multi-coloured pavements and doorsteps winding away up a long street; a real communal undertaking'.²⁶

Coping Mechanisms in a Crowded Community

The world view sustained by working class women inevitably had elements of masquerade whose symbols were well understood by participants, so that apparent concern with such

markers of responsibility did not necessarily imply an assimilation of middle class values. Rather, their public manifestation may also be seen as a strengthening mechanism which helped sustain people against the ever present perils of economic insecurity. John Burnett describes the frequent preoccupation in working-class autobiographies with keeping the home clean and tidy and maintaining standards of domestic respectability, and sees concern with symbols like a pristine doorstep as not only an urban 'but especially a northern phenomenon' which provided a spotless symbol of female affirmation to the dark satanic mills belching outside the home. They were certainly signs that a woman was not so abandoned in hope as to lose both self-esteem and the public recognition which was the only acknowledgement of her domestic struggles. In a similar way, the weekly pattern of household activities contributed an important collective rhythm to life and helped give women the psychological momentum to maintain their daily struggles. Even within the demoralising circumstances of their material lives, women managed to assert their identity in surprising ways, domestic space itself sometimes becoming a vehicle for self-expression.²⁷

Trying to keep the house clean was a thankless task. The houses were very neglected by the landlord, yet it is surprising how some folks managed to keep their homes bright and cheerful. I remember one young Irish woman who kept her little parlour furnished with everything bright green. All the chairs had green covers on. The

Women stood on their front doorsteps watching passers by and hoping for a neighbourhood gossip.



*curtains were green and even the mantelpiece was draped in green. It seemed strange to me, but that was her idea of cheerful colour for her home. I suppose it reminded her of her homeland.*²⁸

On the whole, however, conformity with neighbourhood mores not only implied a belief in the importance of shared experience, but also reflected a desire to control or at least stabilise the uncertainties of daily life. It only needed a few to ignore local conventions for relationships to start to fall apart and petty rivalries and jealousies to surface, so that pressures for conformity and the control of public space were consequently a means of disciplining latent disorder. Such considerations may be glimpsed in C. Stella Davies's description of Charlesworth, a Derbyshire village eleven miles from Manchester, in 1916. The local inhabitants, many of whom were the descendants of early textile workers, were largely employed in the local cotton mills and rope works. The village itself was neglected by public services with unlighted roads and no public removal of refuse.

Under these circumstances the village was surprisingly clean and tidy. There was a collective sense of responsibility tied up with 'being respectable', which prevented the place from becoming squalid. Those who did not maintain the respectable standards were quickly made to feel the weight of public opinion. 'It's high time tha emptied thi closet, ar't waiting for me to do it for the.'²⁹

Indeed, a narrowness of experience and expectations could easily lead to an over-preoccupation with the minutiae of their neighbours' lives, for an awareness of spatial codes did not preclude speculation about other people's affairs, especially where people were thrown in on one another. An Ordsall woman, for example recalled the public nature of life in poor communities during the inter-war years where little remained secret for very long, and neighbours' knowledge of each other could often be quite intimate:

We were so close to one another then - your door was there - their door was there. You couldn't help but know. If you spoke loudly or had a row, your ear was to the wall and you were listening!³⁰

It was this very intimacy which made some particularly sensitive to incursions into their private space, especially when expressed through gossip, a potent mediator between public and private. The daughter of one woman who 'kept herself to herself' and didn't want to know anyone's business subsequently admitted that 'actually, it wasn't a very happy marriage, so I don't think she wanted anyone to know'.³¹ As this woman's comments suggest, gossip threatened the myths attached to family life, and the risks of divulging in public what had been private consequently placed both individual and collective checks on its subject matter. Its interest in private doings threatened to nudge intimacy into scandal, and as such had a considerable subversive potential. Holding aloof from the local gossip exacerbated a conspiratorial, evil minded interpretation of its function, since those women who kept apart made themselves more susceptible to damaging myths about the poor and their apparently feckless behaviour. This effectively hid the importance of reciprocity and supportiveness in the public life of the street.

Conversation about others could be restrained by a number of factors, not least of which was kinship. Such talk often had to be handled with care since it could be difficult to know who was related to whom in both fast shifting neighbourhoods and localities underpinned by complex family relationships, although in long established neighbourhoods names and



The doorstep formed a natural backdrop for the street photographer, whose snapshots of working-class women usually characterised them in terms of their domestic obligations, wearing an apron and attended by children.

characteristics were 'carried along the gossip chain and treasured as a way of making contact with the world beyond the front door', thereby helping to extend the mental concept of neighbourhood.³² The verbal reticence described earlier meant there were also other areas of experience which were subject to privatising tendencies. A former midwife who worked among women in a very poor part of Birmingham during the 1940s described how 'an awful lot of them put up with pain, it was part of everyday living ... these mothers used to be in long, tedious labours but very few of them made any row at all, the fortitude of pain was much higher because they had been schooled up from that from children'.³³ Such women had known the pain of hunger when keeping the rest of the family fed, and expected to put up with the pain of physical ailments because they could not afford to go to the doctor or dentist; 'I've seen them with a dreadful tooth abscess and a big salt bag, used to fill a bag with salt and put it in the oven and get it hot and hold it against their faces, they couldn't afford to go to the dentist because he charged.'³⁴ Marie Stopes reported that 31 percent of her first 10,000 patients in the 1920s had serious untreated gynaecology problems, and one woman writing in *Maternity*, who suffered from the 'cruel torture' of a fallen womb, only found out by accident that other women she met were not experiencing the same distress.³⁵

This ignorance stemmed in part from the fatalistic sense that it was a woman's lot to assume such burdens, and contributed to a culture of private pain and public stoicism which effectively closed off certain areas of a woman's life to frank, supportive discussion. Such examples suggest the extent to which critical areas of feminine experience remained individualised, and contrast with the images of neighbourliness and friendly chat which feature powerfully in many recollections of life in inter-

war working class communities. Michael Conway, writing of inter-war Portwood in Stockport, described how local social life centred upon the communal yard where:

*they gossiped, kept pets, played, hung out their washing, and on occasions squabbled over some trivial incident. The families of one yard were moulded into a clan, banding together in the face of any illness, accident, or disaster that befell any member.*³⁶

It was, 'in the warmer days, above all, that people felt a glow of 'community', a sense of belonging to each other that, for the time being, overrode class and family differences'.³⁷ Yet these cosy street scenes easily obscure the contradictions of enforced intimacy in many close-knit neighbourhoods, and spatial distinctions were apparent even in the midst of this easy familiarity. Jack Jackson wrote of inter-war Salford, for example, that 'The man of the house, if he wasn't in the pub, would almost always sit in solitary state, while the womenfolk gossiped in groups of perhaps three or four, keeping an eye on the youngsters playing around them in the street.'³⁸ The material circumstances of their lives had a critical effect upon how working class people interacted with each other, since the friendly reluctance to go to bed in summer owed a great deal to the deterrent effect of the insect population, which often became a 'real pestilence' in hot weather.³⁹ Richard Heaton described the bug ridden houses of his early days in Salford before the First World War, where the summer saw people sitting outside their homes 'until well after midnight and they were tired out, otherwise they could not sleep for the infestation'.⁴⁰

No wonder most people didn't bother to go to bed at nights, and sat up instead at the bottom of the

passageways, in a rocking chair or armchair, gossiping away to each other until the dawn appeared. At least it was better than being bitten away by bugs.⁴¹

The Tension Between Public and Private Space

The physical deprivation of their homes forced a frequently uneasy public life upon the urban poor, in which exhaustion, stress and depression easily triggered quarrels and street fights. The scenes enacted within this public space often had the character of an exclusive society to outsiders. The adult whispers which kept children at bay led to a child's view of a world full of dark, strange secrets, while middle-class visitors frequently felt threatened by omnipresent eyes and muttered comments, although a critical part of the discomfort experienced by such intrepid adventurers was the fact that women's visibility in these public locales represented a disordering of the spatial assumptions traditionally made about them. Such expectations could, of course, also affect the outlook of working-class men. Miners in South Yorkshire who met a woman on their way to work in the morning would not go into the pit because such an encounter presaged death there. Such superstitions inevitably died out as women were incorporated into the economic life of the colliery as canteen workers and pit-bus conductors, yet were symptomatic of similar assumptions.⁴² Yet women of the

urban poor were unapologetic in their possession of the public sphere, and their uninhibited behaviour could shock even those who lived amongst them:

my eyes used to boggle and I was only a kid, I don't know why I used to, and, and, it always stood out in my memory, big, fat, women, they didn't bother wearing corsets and bras, they couldn't afford them ... and some people, some women were very fat and they had big families and they used to sit on the step, feeding the babies with the breast and men walking past, no shame.⁴³

While the respectable working class might retreat into domestic privacy as a means of hiding poverty under an appearance of coping, the poorest could ill-afford to maintain such illusions. Lack of privacy was endemic in the poorest working class areas, where street life inevitably became an extension of the domestic. These public characteristics are a reminder that the definitions of public and private space applied to women's experiences in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries had a more rigid application in the lives of middle class than working class women, the very openness of this presence in street life testifying, despite its ambivalent aspects, to a desire for companionship, participation and public affirmation otherwise denied by their impoverished surroundings.

NOTES

1. For an examination of the separation of the two spheres in the lives of the middle-class see L. Davidoff and C. Hall, *Family Fortunes: Men and Women of the English Middle Class, 1780-1850*, (1987).
2. H. Watkin, *From Hulme All Blessings Flow. A Collection of Manchester Memories* (1985), pp.13, 57,41.
3. R. Roberts, *The Classic Slum: Salford Life in the First Quarter of the Century*, (1973), p.18.
4. C. Chinn, *They Worked All Their Lives. Women of the Urban Poor In England, 1880-1939*, (1988), p.16.
5. Transcript, Oral Local History Group, (hereafter OLHG), Lena, born 1914, Broughton.
6. Oral History Archive, Lancaster University, Mrs H8P, born Preston, 1903.
7. Zweig, in J.Klein, *Samples From English Culture*, (1965), p.133.
8. A. Linton, *Not Expecting Miracles*, (1982), p.2.
9. M. Bentley, *Born 1896: Childhood in Clayton and Working in Manchester and Cheshire*, (1985), p.4.
10. Klein, *Samples from English Culture* p.139.
11. Watkin, *From Hulme All Blessings Flow*, p.41.
12. Manchester Studies' Tape Collection, (hereafter MSTC), tape number 515.
13. MSTC, tape number 665.
14. MSTC, tape number 665.
15. J. Rendall, *Women in an Industrialising Society: England, 1750-1880*, (1990), pp.79-98.
16. MSTC, tape number 42.
17. MSTC, tape number 36.
18. MSTC, tape number 39.
19. MSTC, tape number 544.
20. J. Brooke, *The Dukinfield I Knew, 1906-1930*, (1987), p.39.
21. M. Harris, *War Memories of London and Manchester, 1941*, (unpublished).
22. F. Davies, *My Father's Eyes: Episodes in the Life of a Hulme Man*, (1985), p.13. Fred Davies was born in 1908. His mother had 10 children. Other writers have also observed how lack of paid employment for women led them to elevate the status of domestic work by adding ritual to it. See, for example, Rosemary Crook, "'Tidy Women': Women in the Work and Family Size Between the Wars', *Oral History*, Vol.5, No.2, 1977, p.84-100.
23. MSTC, tape number 493.
24. L. Slater, *Think on! Said Mam. A Childhood in Bradford, Manchester, 1911-19*.
25. A. Blair, *Tea at Miss Cranston's: A Century of Glasgow Memories*, (1985), p.67.
26. Oral History Archive, Lancaster University. Mr B. born 1927 in Preston. 'in a fairly typical street of terraced houses but superior, or at least the people in the street thought so.'
27. J. Burnett, *Destiny Obscure. Autobiographies of Childhood, Education and Family from the 1820s to the 1920s*, (1982), p.218.
28. Linton, *Not Expecting Miracles*, p.52.
29. C.S. Davies, *North Country Bred. A Working Class Family Chronicle*, (1963), p.156.
30. Tape, OLHG, Mrs D.M., born 1907, Salford.
31. Tape, OLHG, Mrs E.B., born 1916, Salford.
32. J.M. Mogeey, *Family and Neighbourhood*, (1956), quoted in Klein, *Samples from English Culture*, p.129.
33. MSTC, tape number 964.
34. MSTC, tape number 964.
35. J. Lewis, 'Women between the wars', in F. Gloversmith, *Class, Culture and Social Change: A New View of the 1930s*, (1980), p.221.
36. M. Conway, *Half Timer: A Stockport Mill Boy Remembers*, (1983), p.24.
37. R. Roberts, *A Ragged Schooling. Growing Up in the Classic Slum*, (1978), pp. 56, 106; J. Hooley, *A Hillgate Childhood: Myself When Young*, (1981), p.36.
38. J. Jackson, *Under the Smoke: Salford Memories, 1922-41*, (1990), p.8.
39. A Linton, *Not Expecting Miracles*, p.53.
40. R. Heaton, *Salford My Home Town*, (1982), p.2.
41. T. Furniss, *The Walls of Jericho: Slum Life in Sheffield Between the Wars*, (1979), p.12.
42. D. McKelvie, 'Some Aspects of Oral, Social and Material Tradition in an Industrial Urban Area', PhD Thesis, 1963, Leeds University, pp 122-3: *Coal is Our Life*, p.219.
43. MSTC, tape number 12.