Died 1994
buried in Holmfirth Par
Church graveyard.

Diary of Lucy May Quarmby nee Barrow.

Lucy May Quarmby (nee Barrow)

Born at Butterly, New Mill, Nr. Holmfirth on June 4th 1904.

I was the eldest child of Fred and Alice Barrow. My maternal grandparents were Quakers and are buried in the Quaker grave - yard at the Meeting House in Wooldale. I had three sisters – Madge born on November 5th 1905, Mary born on February 6th 1907 and Enid born in 1914. In between Mary and Enid two other children were born – a boy and a girl, but both died in infancy.

Early in 1905, we moved to Scar Hall New Mill, which was near to the then infants' school.

When my sister Mary was born, mother went into premature labour at night, and dad was unable to find anyone to help with the delivery. Mothers did not go into hospital in those days for the birth of their babies; the babies were born at home. There were no qualified midwives, just some old lady in the village who would help with the delivery.
Mother said some of them were very good so dad hired a cab from H. Booth's livery stables, and we all set off for Grandma's house at Hollingreave. Mother was afraid we were not going to get there in time as there was snow and ice on the road and the horse kept slipping. However we managed to get there in time. Uncle George had gone to bed but he had to get up to let mother have the bed. Grandma sent for Olive Marsden, a friend of hers, who helped with the birth.

Mary was very small when she was born, and black and blue. Mother cried when she saw her and said what a poor little thing she was. Olive said "Hod thi din, this will be flain o't' flock. Uncle George had to sleep in an armchair until it was time for him to go to work. Meanwhile Father decided to walk back to our house at Scar Hall and sleep there, but when he got there, he realised he hadn't the key so he fetched a ladder from the Labour Party Room in Sude Hill and climbed in through a window.

I attended the Infant School from the age of two and a half years. There were two teachers - The Headmistress Mrs Hirst and the assistant teacher Miss Lucy Hirst. In later years, Miss Lucy Hirst went to Africa as a missionary.

Diary of Lucy May Quarmby nee Barrow.

I remember one Christmas party at the school, we had a Christmas tree with a gift for each child. For the girls there were small dolls or fancy purses. I really hoped I would get a doll. Well, I got a doll and was delighted, but when we were in the cloakroom getting ready to leave, one of the girls started screaming that she wanted a doll and not a purse. Mrs Hirst and the girls mother turned to me and Mrs Hirst said "I am sure Lucy wont mind changing" so I got a purse and lost the doll.

At the age of seven I left the Infant School – better known as the bottom school and went up the hill to the Junior or top school – the one opposite the church.

When I was around eight years old, we left Scar Hall and went to live at Springwood. We had to walk to school along Spring Lane, and in winter if there was deep snow, we were allowed to take sandwiches instead of going home for dinner. This seemed a great adventure. There were no school dinners or school milk then, nor family allowance.
During the week we wore clogs and black ribbed wool stockings, but on Sundays we wore shoes. I used to kick my ankles on the insides of my legs when I wore cogs, and sometimes my stockings were stiff with blood. I think I must have walked funny because the other children did not do it. When there was snow on the ground we got "patterns" on our clog soles. I remember walking to school on Spring Lane and we would see who could get the biggest "patterns" before knocking them off. This we did by kicking the clog toe hard against a wall and this dislodged them. I never remember anyone wearing Wellington boots. People who could afford them wore Galoshes. These were rubber overshoes but I never see any in the shops for sale now.

When we lived at Springwood , we used to see a man called Math Kaye. He had the job of church organ blower. This meant he worked a handle which blew up the bellows for the organ. Nowadays organs are worked by electricity. In summer time Math Kaye would be sitting at the side of the road about half way between Newmill and Springwood. He was sitting beside a heap of stones that had been deposited at the roadside, and was breaking up the stones with a knapping hammer. These stones were used later for mending the road. He was allowed to do this to pay off his council rates.

It was whilst living at Springwood that two more children were born – a girl called Phyllis and a boy called Bernard. Phyllis died aged two and a half years and Bernard died aged one and a half years. Both died of pneumonia. When Phyllis was born I was sent to stay with Aunt Rose and Uncle Tom who lived at Silkstone near Barnsley. They lived in a railway cottage, and Aunt Selina and Uncle Brady lived next door. Both Uncle Tom and Uncle Brady worked on the railway. The only thing I remember about the visit was one night at bedtime, for a joke, Aunt Rose dressed me up as a boy, in the clothes of my cousin Dick. She took me round to Aunt Selina's house next door and stood me on the kitchen table. "What do you think of my new little boy?" she asked. I still remember how I wished the floor would open and swallow me up. I was terribly shy and embarrassed.

Phyllis was ill for a long time. The doctor said she had fluid on the lungs. Mother had to paint her back with iodine every day. Her back must have been very sore. She used to cry "Don't paint my back today Mama". Mother would have tears running down her face as she painted.

I remember the night Bernard died. I was in bed with my sisters Madge and Mary. Bernard was in a bed downstairs. I heard Mother crying so I went downstairs. The back door was open and Mother was sitting outside on a low outbuilding – I think it was the coal place. I got hold of her hand and said, "Please don't cry Mama". The next day at school the teacher said "how is your little brother today?" I said "Please Miss he is dead".

During the summer holidays from school, we always seemed to have lots to do. We had a lot of fun playing in the woods and around the milldams. In spring times we would collect frogspawn to take home and watch it develop into tiny frogs. We found birds nests in the woods and gathered wild flowers - bluebells, milkmaids, marsh marigolds, celandines, wood anemones, birdseed, stitchwort, little wild violets, and small pansies. I wonder whether it is still possible to find these in the woods today. I also enjoyed "sticking". We would take a large old carpetbag into the woods and fill it with sticks. These were used to light the fire at home.

Sometimes we would collect small sandstones. There were lots in the woods. Then we would find a flat stone on top of a wall, spread out the small sandstones and pound them into sand with a larger stone. When we had half filled a bucket with sand, we went to Mr Lindley's farm at Mearhouse to ask Mrs Lindley "Please do you want any sand?" She usually did. I think she paid us a penny, or one and a half pennies if the bucket was nearly full. The floor of the farmhouse was stone and the sand was scattered on the floor. Then we would go off to the sweet shop to spend the money and share the sweets. We got quite a bagful for a penny.

When I was young, I had a half penny spending money each Saturday. In the afternoon we would walk down to New Mill to spend it at Coldwell's shop. Sometimes I would buy Riley's Toffee Rolls - I think I got 4, or sometimes it would be Kalie, Sherbet Dabs, or Black stick (which we called telegraph wire or braid). When I started work I got three pence every Saturday.

There were lots of children living at Springwood, so we always had plenty of friends to play with. Every year on November 5th we had a huge bonfire at the end of the wood. The men collected most of the wood for the fire, and they also built the bonfire. I think they brought a lot of wood from the mill – old dye tubs etc. We always roasted potatoes in the fire, and the fire was always still alight next morning.

On one occasion I remember playing Hide and Seek with my friends in the wood. We were on the low side of the lane down to Wildspur. We did not often play in that part of the wood. Some of the men had pigeon lofts there, and one man kept pigs. I went running towards the pigsty with the intention of hiding behind it. At one side of the sty was the midden. It looked firm and dry. I jumped over the low wall enclosing it, intending to run across it. Alas! It was only dry on top and I went in it up to my knees. Does anything smell worse than pig manure! I was wearing long black wool stockings. I rushed home in distress, and mother was not pleased.

We used to go "Colloping" on Collop Monday. This occurred once a year on the day before Shrove Tuesday. We went to the village sweet shop and said, " I pray you Dame a collop". The shopkeeper had small bags of cheap sweets made up and would give one to each child. We thought it was marvellous to get sweets without having to pay for them.

On Christmas Eve, all the children at Springwood used to get together and go wassailing (carol singing) to every house. We carried a doll in a box – probably a shoebox, to represent baby Jesus. I don't know whose doll it was, I suppose it would depend who had the best doll. When we went to bed, we each had a black wool stocking laid at the bottom of the bed, ready for Santa to fill. In the morning early, one of us would awaken and try lifting the bedclothes with their feet, so they could tell if the stockings had been filled. Then they would waken the others and whisper, "he's been!" and would explore the stockings in the dark. We would usually find a new bright penny, an apple and an orange, a sugar mouse, probably a doll, and a little book.

At school we did a lot of knitting for the troops during the 1914 – 1918 war.
We held various events to raise money to buy the wool. I was put in with the older girls for knitting, and knitted lots of Balaclava Helmets and socks. Our teacher – Miss E Englands promised a sixpence piece for the one who knitted a pair of socks the quickest.
We were allowed to take the knitting home. Mother let me stay up instead of going to bed with the others, and I finished the socks first, but Miss Englands never gave me the sixpence.

When I was about eleven years old, I went with more girls from my school to Scholes School for cookery and laundry lessons once a week. We had to walk to Scholes School and we took sandwiches for lunch. Children came from other schools for these lessons, because Scholes school was modern and had facilities for cookery and laundry work. Once we were told to take a pillowcase to wash, and I took one with a frill all round it. Miss Bott made me iron the frill with a goffering iron. The pillowcase looked lovely.

Looking back, I quite enjoyed washing day at home, but it did not seem so at the time. First of all, Mother would light the "copper". This was a brick container with a metal lining, and there was a place underneath where you lit a fire. It needed quite a few sticks to get the fire going. The

copper was filled with cold water. When the water was hot, it would be ladled out into the washtub. We used a ladling can, sometimes this was called a pigin. Some people used soft soap for washing but Mother always used bar soap. Soft soap was sold in tins. It was a jelly like substance. You got a handful and put it in the water. It was strong stuff!
Before washing the items were sorted into heaps in the order in which they were washed. The white things first, then the coloureds, and lastly the mill overalls and smelly socks etc.. After putting the white things in the tub, it was time to use the posser or pegleg. I liked to use the peggy. The posser seemed a lazy way. I did not think it was as effective as the peggy. We then used the rubbing board. This was a board that we put in the tub, it had a piece of corrugated metal in the middle – I think the metal was zinc. After using the rubbing board, I always had blisters on my knuckles. Mother said I rubbed my hands instead of the clothes.
When the clothes had been rubbed, the tub would be dragged under the mangle. This was a big contraption with wooden rollers, and a big wheel at one side with a handle attached. We would put the clothes through the rollers turning the wheel with one hand, and guiding the clothes with the other hand – you had to watch your fingers!
In the meantime the copper had been filled again, half full this time. After going through the mangle, the clothes were put in the copper to boil. We did not often call it a copper, it was more often called the set pot.

Meanwhile the next lot of clothes had been put in the tub and the same process would be gone through, except these were coloured things and were not boiled.
After the white things had been boiling for a while, they were lifted out with a "copper stick" into a large baking bowl. This was put under the mangle and things mangled again. The hot water in the bowl was added to the tub to warm it up. The bowl would then be filled with clean cold water and "dolly-blue" added. This was to rinse the clothes, which were then mangled again. Things that had to be starched - shirt collars, pillowcases, tablecloths etc. were put in a smaller bowl containing starch for a short time and mangled again. They were then ready for hanging out to dry.

When the wooden rollers on the mangle got worn in the centre, which they did after a time, strips of old sheet would be wrapped round them to make them level. I think these were stitched on. After a while we would have to buy new rollers, but the worn ones were made to last as long as possible.
With a modern automatic washing machine I don't even have to get my hands wet. I no longer use "dolly blue" or starch. I have some spray on starch, but it isn't much good.

Olive Marsden who was Grandma's friend, always wore a large shawl, the sort the mill girls used to wear. She lived at the top of Sude Hill. If she was going into the village, she always carried a small whip under her shawl - the sort we played whip and top with. When the children were coming home from school, the boys would be rushing down the hill in gangs. In order to stop them jostling her, she would be swinging the whip around as she walked, and any boy who got too near would get his legs lashed. Sometimes the boys would push one boy towards Olive and laugh at him when he got lashed.

Pancake Tuesday was always Scripture Exam Day. A gentleman came to school and examined each class in turn. It was not a written exam, he just asked questions and had children reading passages from the bible, the children were then allowed to leave school for the rest of the day. This meant a half-day's holiday. We all looked forward to Scripture Exam Day.

Outside our house in New Mill was a gas streetlight. I used to see the lamplighter come. He had a long pole, which had the top six inches covered with metal. There were splits in the metal and inside was a flame. Below this was a piece of metal shaped like a letter "T". He would hook this "T" shape round a ring in a chain on the lamppost and pull down hard. This turned on the gas. He would then hold the flame to the gas mantle to light it. In the morning he would pull the other end of the chain to put the gas out.

I can remember when people started to get electricity in their homes. It cost one pound a light to have it fitted. We had two lights fitted.
We also had a wireless (radio). The transmission came from Poll Moor. The wireless was a battery set, and we had to keep taking this to be re-charged.

The local carrier in New Mill Square was called Fred Shaw. He used to run a wagonette each Tuesday afternoon to Huddersfield to enable people to spend an afternoon shopping there. We did not have a lot of clothes then, as people do now. Once a year for Holmfirth Sing, which was held on the Sunday a week before Whitsuntide, we had a new dress, made by the local dressmaker. We could then take last year's dress for everyday wear.

Our house in New Mill had a basement room with a window. My father used this room for a watch repairing shop. He was good at repairing clocks and watches. Granddad Barrow was a watch repairer and he had taught dad. The repairing was done in the evening after dad had finished work at the mill. Sometimes I used to go down stairs and watch him work. I think I should have liked to be a watch mender.

In those early days, there were no water closets (toilets) or dustbins, just earth closets, and ash pits in the back yards, or at the end of a row of houses. Two or sometimes three families would share the closet. The closets had wooden seats with usually two holes cut in them. Sometimes there was a little wooden box-like seat for small children. The closets were kept very clean. The seats were scrubbed every week and the inner walls whitewashed each spring. The sharing families took it in turn to scrub the seat and wash the floor. There were no toilet rolls, instead newspapers were cut up into squares and threaded onto a piece of string. This was then hung on a nail behind the closet door.
The ash pit was a small structure with a half door. All the household rubbish and ashes from the fire were thrown in over the door. When the closet and ash pit needed emptying, someone would notify the council and men would come with a cart to do the job. This was always done at night. The men who did the job were called night soil men. In summer the closets and ash pits were apt to smell a bit, and attract a lot of flies. During the summer holidays, Mother would say "Go to

the Council offices and ask for some disinfectant". Looking back, I think this would happen when we were playing around the house, and being a nuisance. The council offices were at Mearhouse, just before the road drops down to Jackson Bridge. Knowing how children dawdle, it would take us quite a while to get there and back. The disinfectant was in a cardboard packet about the size of a two-pound bag of sugar. We were allowed two bags for each family. The stuff was sprinkled in the ash pit and closet, and also around the drains.
The earth closet at Longley Farm where Uncle Irvin and Aunt Edith lived was emptied by Uncle Irvin or David Heap and the contents scattered on the fields, along with the "night soil" from much of nearby Underbank. I remember they grew some very good potatoes at Longley Farm. Maybe it was the result of the night soil!

Grandma Barrow used to tell about men going through the village buying "weetings" (urine from chamber pots). They would have a small tank (a piss pot) on a handcart. The "weetings were used in the mill as it was ammonia and was used for scouring the wool.

Grimley's Feast came to New Mill once a year. It used to arrive in a field behind the Shoulder of Mutton Public House, which is now pulled down and the field is a recreation ground. We used to go into the field after school to look around, as the swings and roundabouts did not start until the evening. Old mother Grimley always wore a black patch over one eye, and we thought that she looked like a witch!. One day after school she came to the door of her caravan and said would I go on an errand for her. I have forgotten what she sent me for, but when I got back, she said I could go on the swings. This was marvellous – going on without paying! The swings were the sort that held two persons. You pulled a rope to make it swing. The ropes were padded at the bottom like the ropes bell ringers' use. Well, I had such a long swing. I can remember to this day how sick I was when I got out. It put me off swings forever.

My mother told me about an occasion when the women of Sude Hill "Rode the Stang". This happened when a man in the village threw out his wife and brought his "fancy woman" to live in his house up Sude Hill. The village protest or "stang" was mounted against him. All the women living up Sude Hill took tins, pan lids, - anything that made a noise and gathered outside the

house. There they made a lot of noise, and sometimes burnt an effigy of the man, to let him know his conduct was disapproved of and offended the people of the village morally.

I remember my father buying two rows of potatoes. They were in a field in Sally Wood. One Saturday when father was not at work, I had to go with him to pick the potatoes as he dug them up. He had borrowed a handcart to put them in. When we got home, they were spread on newspaper under the beds to dry.

Once we had the bed brought downstairs. I cannot remember the reason us children were given, and we never wondered why father was not at work, but after dinner that day, as we were returning to school, I was given a note to take to an old lady called Mrs Booth who lived at Sude Hill. When I came home at four-o-clock father met me in the doorway and said, " We have a new baby". I remember saying " we haven't you are kidding me". He said "come and see", and there was mother sitting up in bed with my baby sister Enid beside her.

When I was thirteen and a half years old I was ill with a throat infection. My neck was very swollen on the right side. The doctor said that it was tonsillitis. My throat got better, but the swelling never subsided. In late May, my neck started to hurt, so mother took me to see Dr. Trotter. After looking at, and feeling my neck, he said I should have to have it cut!
Grandma said, "don't let her go to the infirmary". It appears she knew someone who had the same operation there, and it left her face all twisted and drawn. So, I had the operation at home on the table. We had linoleum on the floor, so we avoided having to have the carpet taken up. The curtains were taken down and newspaper pasted on the two windows. Dr. Edward Trotter and Dr. Robert Trotter did the operation, and Nurse Barnes – the district nurse was also present. Dr. Robert gave me the anaesthetic and Dr. Edward performed the operation. I had tubercular glands, and they had begun to burst – at least that is what the doctor said. The doctor said he had scraped under the skin in case the infection had spread. I was bandaged down to my waist. I was worried about the mark it would leave, but they would not say how many stitches they had put in. About five days later, Dr. Edward came to take out the stitches, also a rubber tube about five inches long with holes in it. This had been left sticking out from the bottom of the wound to drain the wound. The stitches were of catgut and were stiff and prickly with dried blood. It was

not pleasant having them taken out, especially the tube. As the stitches were pulled out, I collected them up. There were ten stitches!. A bed was brought downstairs for me after the operation and I had my fourteenth birthday in bed recovering from the operation. In time I stopped worrying about the scar.

People did not go abroad for holidays. The holiday for most people who worked was the first week of September – one week only! People went to Blackpool, Scarborough, Bridlington, Morecambe, or Southport as these were the nearest coastal resorts. We went to Grimsby because our maternal Grandmother lived there. We would walk from Springwood to Stocksmoor station, going along Spring Lane, Fulstone and Helen Springs. Mostly it seemed to be good weather, but it must have rained once because I remember going by cab to Brockholes Station. I thought it quite an adventure to be going on a long train journey. We always seemed to have a pram with us as we walked to the station. I presume the luggage would go in the pram as well as the youngest child. The pram would be left at the Public House by the station until our return the following Saturday. Whilst we were staying at Grimsby, we would be taken to Cleethorps for a day. We each had a bucket and spade, and enjoyed playing in the sand.
When I was older and had more money, I would go away with friends in the holiday week. We did not get any money that week, as there were no paid holidays then. I remember going to the Isle of Man, and once to Blackpool.

I loved school and was always at the top of the class along with another boy and girl. Sometimes we would have equal marks, or there would be only one mark difference between us. The other two went on to Holmfirth Technical College, which was the equivalent of a Grammar school. The girl eventually went on to Sheffield University and the boy got a very good job. Father would not agree to me going to the Technical College, although Mr. Warburton, the vicar, pleaded with him to let me go. He said he would get me a grant. We had never heard of people getting a grant in those days. Evidently Mr. Warburton had been watching me teaching in the Sunday school, where I was teaching in the Kindergarten class before I was twelve years old. He said I should continue my education, as I was a born teacher.

However it was not to be, and I left school the day I was thirteen years old and started working at Moorbrook Mills as a bobbin-puller, the next day, When I had been at Moorbrook for a while, I was promoted to winding. This meant more money. We were paid according to how much weft we had wound, and it would depend on how fast we worked. After a few years I became a weaver. I never liked working in the mill, but there was no chance of doing anything else.

My memories of Holmfirth Flood. 1944.

Each year on Whit Monday congregations from the Church and Chapels walked in procession round the district, singing hymns led by one of the local brass bands, then finished up in Victoria Park for a combined sing. After that, all the children went to various schools for tea. Our young son and daughter were to go to the National School and after tea were to go to Rotcher House and wait for Harold my husband to collect them. But whilst they were in the park, there was a violent thunderstorm and it began to rain very, very heavily. When I looked out at the back of our house, all I could see was a torrent of water rushing past. Just then a neighbour came hurrying past to go up the lane. He said, "You should look out at the front". We went to the front of the house. What a sight! The whole valley was awash. Water filled the whole valley, carrying all before it – trees, cattle, bales of wool etc. and a torrent of muddy water rushing along. But where were the children? Had they started for home when it began to rain, and got caught in the flood? Harold grabbed his coat and hat and said, " I must go down and try and find them". Off he went. I could not stay at home wondering what was happening. So I started off down Modd Lane. There were people looking over the wall towards Lower Mill (and the river) or what remained of it. Someone said they had pulled Geoffrey Riley out of the river as he was being carried past by the torrent, but his father drowned. All the time I could hear a bell tolling. It must have been a fire or burglar alarm, but it was a most weird depressing sound. I went towards the centre of Holmfirth but could not get on Hollowgate. It was awash like a broad river. I hurried towards Victoria Street. Halfway down there were a lot of people watching the water rushing past. I could see the water in Wallace's shop window. It kept rising and falling like waves, Eventually the whole building came crashing down, also the bank and other buildings at the bottom of the street. After a while the water slowed down and someone said it was possible to get across the bridge by Benny Mellor's mill, so off I went.

As I was hurrying down, Mrs R. Hardy was in her garden looking at the flood. She said " your shop has gone" but I was not concerned about the shop, only my family. I went hurrying down Station Road. Everything looked grey and there did not seem to be another sole about. It was like a dead world. Then I saw them. Harold coming up holding the hands of our two children. Nobody could know how I felt. The first words were spoken by my small daughter. She said "Mummy my new shoes are spoilt". What did shoes matter!

What a sight when we went down to Holmfirth the next morning. Mud and filth everywhere. On that day Harold had to go to Leeds to be conscripted into the forces. The doctor said "Haven't you a flood at Holmfirth? - Are you affected?" When Harold told him the position the doctor cancelled the medical and sent him home. " You have enough to do there," he said.

New Market Bridge, and other buildings were in the riverbed. Rotcher House was flooded to a depth of eighteen inches. The garage and other of our buildings had been flooded.

Italian prisoners of war were brought in to help to clean in up. They worked very hard and did a good job.

Hilda Jenkins, who lived over Wallace's shop lost a gold watch which was later found along with some sovereigns in the debris where the shops had collapsed.

We learnt later that the children had not gone to National school, but to Rotcher House and were already there when the flood came. An old blind lady, a Mrs.Brook, was at Rotcher House that day, and when the flood came they all had to climb through the kitchen window and up the brow at the back to Hubert Quarmby's house. They had quite a job hauling her up.

The day after the flood, I spent all the day at Rotcher House helping to get rid of the mud. We took the carpets up and spread them over the wall at the bottom of Rotcher. Eventually the carpets, car mats and seats etc. were taken up to Washpit Mills to be dried.

Year 1946.

Around the year 1946 we had a long shockingly cold winter, and one day I was walking down Victoria Street when I met Blanche Wadsworth. She was a small, bright, jolly woman, who lived in a cottage up Goose Green, opposite the wells, with her son Frank. As we met, Blanche said "wah, it win't be long afore t'buds on't trees are 0oppening, an birds'll be singing e than ah'll be thinking – ee ah am glad ah did'nt dee in't winter!"

Blanche's son Frank would occasionally have a few too many beers at the pub, then instead of going home, would wonder up the hill to the cemetery belonging to the Parish church. He would go into the small Chapel of Rest to sleep. Here he connected a fire to the electricity to keep warm. Shortly after this, the chapel was pulled down, as it was in bad repair, but also no one at the church could understand the very large electricity bills!
Outside the cottage where Blanche lived were some fine carved stones. One was a "trial run" for the celebrated weeping willow carving on the gravestone of brave Thomas Kaye, the huntsman, whose grave you can still see over the wall from Binns Lane in the top corner of St. Johns church cemetery.

Developments 1904 - 1994.

These are some of the things discovered, invented, and produced during this time: -
Motor cars, telephones, electricity, vacuum cleaners, washing machines, electric irons, kettles, biros, wireless, televisions, microwave ovens, traffic lights, people going to the moon, aeroplanes, jet engines, hovercraft, submarines. Splitting the atom, radar, atomic bombs, doodle bugs, dustbins, water closets, bathrooms, x-rays, penicillin, cello tape, cooking foil, cling film, plastic, refrigerators, freezers, crematoriums, oil from under the sea, North sea gas, Mersey Tunnel, Humber Bridge, Supermarkets, Multi-storey car parks, computers, videos, launderettes, busses, motorways.

This has been the most eventful Century.