

Goole-on-the-Web

Volume Two - Memories

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Pubs Guide

Disclaimer – *These were personal comments reflecting the town in the late 1990s. Things have improved in leaps and bounds. It's unfair to judge a place today on personal recollections from 25 years ago. The content below is now written in the past tense and venue names removed. If you were there at the time, then you'll recognise the places. If you weren't there, then you only need to know that Goole has vastly improved since this page was written.*

In the 1990s, Goole had two types of drinking establishments. The first kind were those which were too loud and full of school-kids drinking alcopops, people fighting and slappers in short skirts. These were to be avoided. The second kind were pubs and clubs where you go for a quiet drink and decent atmosphere. These were recommended and prevailed in Goole.

The focal point on a Saturday night (usually for all the wrong reasons) was Aire Street. This was locally called Blood Alley due to the number of fights, although the trouble could usually be avoided.

There were many clubs in Goole, however these weren't clubs in the usual sense of the word. These were members clubs, usually working men's or unions, which served cheap beer, had dodgy decor, and turns of variable quality. There was one nightclub, Flappers - this should have been avoided at all costs.

The following guides could be used to plan your evening entertainment.

Unlike a lot of larger towns and cities, all the pubs in Goole were original and had their own unique charm. (The first "chain" pub was the arrival of a Wetherspoon's pub in the old Midland Bank). The following venues were a selection of the drinking establishments in the town centre.

Top Five Drinking Venues in the Town Centre			
	Venue	Comments	Suggested Drink
1 ↑	XXX	Although this is an Aire Street pub, it's a safe one to go in. Moves up a place as it's open all day. Serves a nice pint with guest beers and the locals are always willing to chat to you. Has also won several CAMRA awards. Especially noted for the suspended ceiling which has gaps in it where you can see the original ornate ceiling.	Pint of Speckled Hen
2 ↓	XXX	One of the best pubs in the town and it's got a website. The beer and company are always fine and it's a popular pub yet still manages to keep the idiots out. Especially noted for the quiz on a Sunday night and the silly sewing machine tables they have. Its only downside is that the landlord's from Hull.	Pint of Worthington's
3 →	XXX	Once the best pub in the town, but has lost its crown in recent years. Used to be famous selling local brews such as Thorne and Samson but these tend to be of variable quality. Traditionally the pub to start the drinks on a Saturday night.	Anything in a bottle
4 ↓	XXX	More of a creche than a pub. Do not go in here if you are over 16, like draught beer or value your eardrums.	Any alcopop
5 ↑	XXX	I can't see the attraction myself but dozens of teenagers each night can't be wrong, can they?	Can of Carlsberg Special Brew (shared between five)

There were traditionally only five or six pubs that were busy in the town centre on a weekend. If you timed it right, every pub seemed packed. However if you set off too early or too late, then it seemed like a ghost town. As well as the central pubs, there were other pubs, with as much character, slightly off the beaten track. Here were some of them.

Top Five Pubs outside the Town Centre			
	Venue	Comments	Suggested Drink
1 ➡	XXX	A large pub out of the town centre. Infamous for its monthly discos, football team, wedding receptions and (surprisingly) a picture of a Viking by its entrance.	Pint of lager
2 ⬆	XXX	A nice pub split into two rooms.	Pint of bitter
3 ⬇	XXX	Always a busy pub. This pub has the benefit of having the riverbank for its beer garden.	A large whisky
4 ⬇	XXX	One of the few pubs in town to remain open all day. This pub has made an effort to try and change and attract new people by creating an Irish bar and having various karaoke nights.	Pint of Guinness
5 ⬇	XXX	One of the few remaining pubs in the docks (at one time there were dozens). Has interesting photos of the docks on display and even used to host a late night disco, the Inferno, on a Saturday night. Make sure you don't drink too much or you'll fall into the docks.	A diet coke

The following pubs were found in the outlying villages. There usually served good food as well as drink.

Top Five out-of-town Pubs			
	Venue	Comments	Suggested Drink
1 ➡	XXX	A very nice country pub on the banks of the river. Has an excellent range of food and a popular quiz on a Wednesday night (the winning box is always number 2).	A glass of wine
2 ⬆	XXX	Large rural pub on the banks of the River Derwent about ten miles from Goole. Especially noted for its games room.	Half of diet coke
3 ⬇	XXX	A bizarre shaped pub next to Boothferry Bridge. The first pub you see after a hot summer's day on the East Coast.	A cold lager
4 ⬆	XXX	Typical local's country pub and now the only pub between Swinefleet and Eastoft.	Pint of guest beer
5 ⬆	XXX	Not the most glamorous of pubs, but provides a tranquil rest when catching a train back to Goole.	Pint of John Smith's

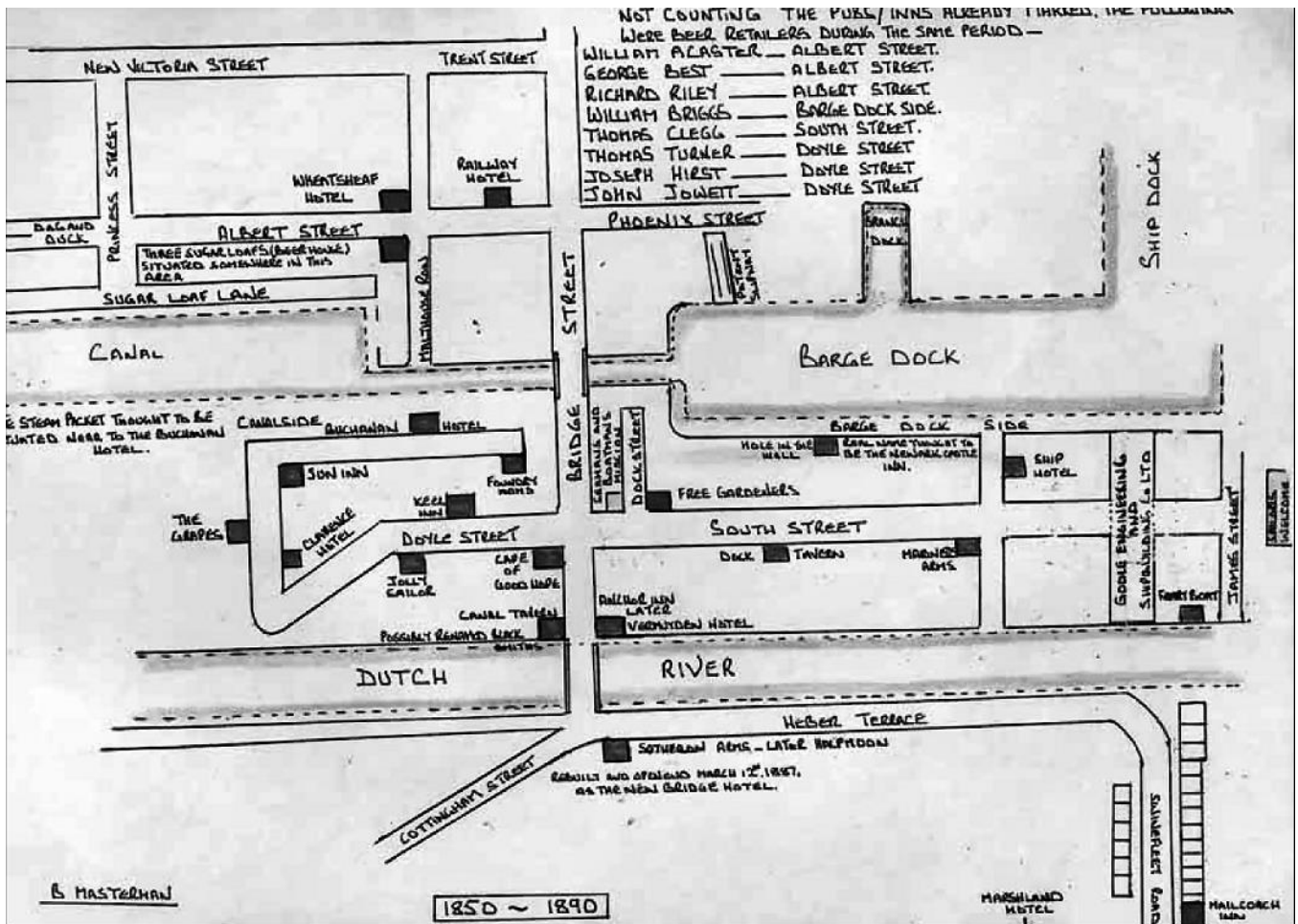
Normally you had to get a taxi to Hull, Doncaster or York to find nightclub entertainment. When the locals found out where you were from you might be attacked. To get round this, people tried to open nightclubs closer to home with varying degrees of success. In the old days the main topic of conversation in the Lowther at 10:30pm on a Saturday was "Are you going to Kilpin or what?". However both Kilpin and Flappers since closed. This table showed the available choices.

Top Three Nightclubs			
	Venue	Comments	Suggested DJ Song
1 ⬆	XXX	Wins by default as it's the only proper nightclub in the town.	Frank Sinatra
2 ➡	XXX	Not really a nightclub, but it has a 2am licence on a weekend. This is worth going to visit if only for the bizarre sight of seeing people queuing to pay to get in.	Techno, Techno, Techno
3 ⬇	XXX	Slips down a few places because it's now derelict and burnt out. Some may say this has improved the place.	Disco Inferno

Don't forget to wash down your beer with a kebab. As with most towns, there were many chip shops open only during the day and traditional pizza places during the evening. Goole has come a long way. The first pizza place started deep-frying in the late-1980s and by the late-1990s McDonalds opened by the motorway junction.

Top Five Fast Food Places			
	Venue	Comments	Suggested Food
1 ↓	XXX	The usual mix of kebabs, burgers and pizzas, but they're open later than the others are.	Nan Kebab
2 ↑	XXX	It's a sad fact of life, but Goole no longer has a sit-down curry house. This is a good substitute, but you'll have to eat at home.	Chicken Jalfrezi
3 ↓	XXX	Consistent crap	Whopper Meal with a Zinger Tower burger
4 ↑	XXX	The original and the best.	Spicy potato special
5 ↑	XXX	Typical Chinese Fayre	Sweet and Sour Chicken





Postcards



Visitor Comments

Posted by Vicki on 24/06/2001

I am trying to determine when and where the Duckles pub or Duckles Brewery was located. As I can't find mention of it, I'm guessing it has gone out of existence. I heard someone visiting from the US once had taken a picture of it - must have been in the last 50 years. Thanks.

Posted by Alex on 05/07/2005

I used to sail to Goole from Selby and loved the Macintosh and the Lowther - oh and Dock Tavern. Few pints then new pilot then on to sea. Wonderful town.

Posted by Andy on 15/07/2005

Goole is a vastly underrated place, I'm sick of hearing locals putting it down. I know of many people who have moved here from elsewhere and they say how great it is.

Posted by Kerry on 03/11/2005

I have been away from Goole for nearly six years now. I remember Friday nights were the highlight of my life back then when we used to regularly trawl Aire Street and then Flappers. To be honest now, after living in a big city, I can say back then it was ace but I couldn't imagine it now.

Posted by Rik on 07/11/2005

I have only been living in Goole for about six months, but I love it. It gets a lot of slagging off. However I would live here any day. The whole town has such a so close and friendly atmosphere.

Posted by Jessica on 16/11/2005

I think it's out of order when people make really bad comments about Goole. I was born and raised there. I moved away when I was eighteen because I moved to university, which I am now in my third year. I still go home during to holidays, and yeah when people ask me where you from and 90% of them say "where's Goole?!" They even take the mickey out of the name. Yes I will I admit that it hasn't got the greatest of names and you get fights and drunks on the street! (I have seen it all!), but hello?! Take a good look around you! It happens everywhere you go. I live in a small town in Devon now, and I can't say it's perfect.

My friends and family still live there, if it was that bad, then why do people stick around? I'll be home at Xmas and I can't wait!

Posted by Peter on 10/03/2006

I've read all these comments and some are fairly true, but you are out of date now. Goole isn't such a bad place no more. You get the odd people hanging by the train station and the lads out in the cars. Just like any other place you get the bad and good areas.

Posted by Geoff on 23/03/2006

I notice the Peacock is a featured pub and back in early 20th Century my granddad Frank Storr was the publican. My Mum (Enid) lived there and used to look out of her bedroom over the docks. I don't know the exact dates but it would have been in the 1930s.

Posted by Pedro on 29/03/2006

J. Stanley took over the Peacock pub from Storrs and was licensee all through the war years. My brother took grandad (an old sailing ship mariner) in for a pint in 1946. Mrs Stanley put down her knitting to pull the beer on which grandad picked up the knitting and proceeded to knit a few rows saying "I used to knit socks when at sea". Grandad was Whittle Brown Cawthorn.

Posted by Geoff on 21/04/2006

I took my mum back to the Peacock for the first time in probably 70 years. Her dad Frank Storr was the landlord. Mum remembered her childhood there. Many thanks to the present landlord for buying a round on the house it was much appreciated.

Posted by Cee on 29/03/2006

I would like to say that most of you are right about the comments you make about the night life in Goole, but over recent years it has got a lot better. When I started going out it was a rough place, but now it is ok. I have a fairly good time most of the time when I go out now with the addition of some new places (Bar Oasis, Jailhouse, the Goods Office, etc.) and might I just say the DJs are better too, Hartleys is a good night for your cheese where you have DJ Shumba and DJ Daz - who might I say is fit (whohoo) but married (dam) - and the Jailhouse is best if you want

your dance music, although DJ Mif does get side tracked sometimes and starts playing cheese - but that's cool.

All the staff in these places are pretty cool too, whereas in some of the others they can be a bit arsey - these are a good group of people. Goole has really changed over the last few years and I think that we have to thank people like of Arthur Wilder who owns Hartleys and Oasis and people like Chris who has the Jailhouse for introducing these places to Goole and making it more up-to-date.

Posted by Geoff on 23/04/2006

You used to get a good pint in the Lowther, "Bass" I think. I used to play a game or two of snooker in there with my dad and some of his mates after they'd docked (he was a pilot).

Posted by Pedro on 05/05/2006

1 doz bottles of McEwens beer 7/6. Beer in the pubs of Goole at that time was 10p a pint. Ah happy days!

Posted by David on 08/06/2006

I left Goole in 1991 and although I would never move back full time, I enjoy my frequent visits back to my home town. Goole, like anywhere has always had its problems. I still remember Friday nights out and how busy the Aire Street Strip could get. I miss some of the old pubs such as TC's, Tavern Hotel, Station, is The Mucky Buck still there? I remember when the Peacock become an Irish bar for a while. Don't have many nights out in Goole now but I think I'll have to call up some old friends and have a night of memories.

Posted by Eric on 24/07/2006

The one pub I recall visiting regular in Goole was the Old George, Market Square. On a lovely day you could sit outside and watch the local talent(?) go by. Nice pint too, shame about the yard though.

Posted by Maggie on 07/09/2006

hi to the people that no me. ive not lived in goole now 4 6 yrs and i miss the place . i used to always love drinkin in the pubs u carnt meet nicer people . its not a s**t hole .

Posted by John on 15/10/2006

On the third postcard down on the right-hand side, top of page is my grandfather with his bicycle, shopping bag on handlebar, taken about 1950-52. He's Harry Cork, former seagoing engineer on Bennets boats and eventually engineer on the steam engines in the "Buzzer House" providing the hydraulic power for the bridges in Bridge Street. His fireman was Percy Morris.

Posted by Hamish on 09/03/2007

Anyone out there who remembers "Melodies" pub and can they tell me what the actual name of the place was? Melodie was the name of the publican at the time in my time - Hughey and his very pretty wife. Does anyone know what became of them? Great people!

Posted by Pete on 23/04/2007

Tony Melody, the actor, occasionally pops up on TV (getting on a bit now). His parents had this pub during the war. The real name was the Railway Hotel (Hartley brewery), until Ivy took it over. The Wheatsheaf was next door (Hammond brewery).

Posted by Hamish on 24/04/2007

There was also a "Railway Tavern" about mid-block on the main street know among us seamen as "Charlie's place" but long gone now. I was over there in 2004 and spent a few nostalgic hours in Goole, had a couple in the Vermuyden looking for a couple of old shipmates, George Cannon and Billy Guy. Billy did a very good impression of Frankie Lane, in Melodies in his younger days.

Posted by Pete on 24/04/2007

Billy Guy still around gets in the Crescent Club. Billy still has his collection of Frankie Laine records.

Posted by Pedro on 29/08/2007

Hughie and Mary sadly both passed on. Hughie retired around the 1970s built a dormer bungalow on Rawcliffe Road. I used to drink with him in the Vikings hotel and reminisce about the good old days. I left the area around 1989 on my return in 1999 I was informed that Mary survived him by a few years. Happy days sometimes.

Posted by Hamish on 01/09/2007

Thanks for that Pedro, Hughy spent most of his time in the bar area as barman while Mary (thanks for reminding me of her name) looked after the singing room? With another waitress, nice girl, older than us sprouts though, very small feet (nothing grows in the shade). Both were great friends of mine, but in retrospect, we were only around twenty years old while Hugh must have been in his late 30s at the time we were there, the waitress must have been about 35 or so. Billy Guy would be in full voice with his "take off" of Frankie Laine, and he was quite good, dependent of course on how many pints one had had. Great old days!

Posted by Wendie on 04/07/2007

I am visiting Goole for the very first time this weekend. After reading various comments about this port town I am quite alarmed. Is it that bad, really? Also, I have a Brummy accent, will I get beaten up?

Posted by Jade on 13/08/2007

We live in Goole, it isn't the best place, but it's not as bad as you think. The pubs aren't the best, but they are ok, you can have a good night if you're with the right people. If there's fighting it's with the locals who have a problem with each other, people don't usually start for nothing (well you come across the odd knob head but it's like that everywhere). The pubs have got much livelier. There's are a mixture of pubs which provide different music and people. Don't diss Goole until you have been! Coming from the Goolies who live here!

Posted by Tom on 13/11/2007

I got a few laughs from trawling the site. My dad kept the Sydney in the 1920s (now gone). Don't knock Goole - it's not pretty but it's a place to savour!

Posted by John on 20/02/2010

Does anyone have any old photos or information about The Sydney Hotel in Aire Street where my great-grandfather Joseph Heptonstall worked in the late-1800s? One of Joseph's descendants married one of the Smiths who worked at Goole Grange Farm or Potter Grange in the 1930s. The world has changed a lot since then, I believe the Sydney has been pulled down. The farm has been burnt down and we don't know what has happened to Potter or is it the other way around? It would be good to see what these places used to look like. Thanks.

Posted by Geoff on 01/02/2008

Can someone please tell me where the Dock Tavern was (is)? Thanks.

Posted by Pedro on 01/02/2008

Dock Tavern, South Street, Old Goole, known locally as the “Middle House”. The “Bottom House” was the Mariners Arms renamed “first and last”. Both pubs have had recent facelifts.

Posted by Geoff on 01/02/2008

Thanks, I thought this might be the pub that my uncle Albert Storr was landlord of in the 1950s. It was certainly in the Old Goole area but I thought it was on Bridge Street.

Posted by Pedro on 01/02/2008

If he (Albert Storr) had a son Norman then he had the Crown Hotel in Ouse Street. If it is the same Storr then I seem to think his wife was nee McDermid or McDermott. I used the pub in the 1950s. Would you believe it was the first pub I ever saw in Goole serving pub grub behind the bar? They had a deep fryer serving hotdogs, burgers and such.

Posted by Geoff on 01/02/2008

Pedro once again thanks, yes he did have a son Norman who sadly died aged just 41. Albert’s wife Ada was nee Ford. They had another son Trevor whom I have lost touch with.

Posted by Geoff on 02/02/2008

Further to my earlier question re the Dock Tavern, I have now found out that my uncle Frank was the landlord around 1945/46. He became terminally ill with MS during which time my granddad Frank Storr ran the pub. Uncle Frank died in 1946, I never knew him as I was only one when he died.

Frank previously had a shop (he was an electrician) which sold electrical equipment, I understand the shop may have been on Bridge Street.

Posted by Wilf on 14/02/2008

There was an electrical type shop in Bridge Street at the Dutch River end opposite side to the gas works. Can’t remember the name but do remember he repaired radios around the 1950s.

Posted by Geoff on 15/02/2008

Wilf, it was 18 Bridge Street, it was my uncle Frank Storr’s shop, and he did repair radios. I do not know what he called his shop but I suspect it was “Frank Storr Jnr Electrical Engineer & Contractor” as per his invoice details. He had in those early days a telephone No. 275.

But it was a bit earlier than you say as Frank died in 1946 and had ceased business to run the Dock Tavern sometime before that following an injury sustained while installing lighting on Goole Docks. It is possible that someone took over his shop in which case your date of the 1950s could be true.

Posted by Wilf on 15/02/2008

Geoff, I was an apprentice fitter and turner at the shipyard from 1948 to 1953 and I remember one of the draughtsmen, Alan Franks, from the yard used to help with the radio repairs on a very part time basis, so that was after your uncle left. I can’t remember which side of the Vermuyden the shop was located.

Posted by Neil on 31/07/2008

Albert Storr/Ada were my grandparents. As a lad in my early years I used to go to the Crown Inn with my father Trevor. I cannot remember my granddad, he died when I was very young. My uncle Norm died in 1976.

Posted by Geoff on 01/08/2008

Neil, it's great to hear from you, please e-mail me, we can exchange loads of info. My mum Enid (Albert's sister) is still alive she will be 90 this year.

Posted by Ginaroo on 02/02/2008

My boss Mike is the best in the entire world (Royal Hotel).

Posted by Geoff on 02/02/2008

My uncle Arthur Storr married Enid Driffill in 1939 at the Station Hotel (Manager A. W. Stafford). The reception bill was as follows:

44 lunches @ 4/6	£9/18/0
6 bottles Sauterne @ 5/6	£1/13/0
1 dozen minerals	6/0
3 lime juice & soda	1/6
14 cigars @ 6d	7/0
50 goldflake cigarettes	2/9
Total Cost	£12/8s/3d

Posted by Patricia on 13/02/2008

The Wheatsheaf pub was run by my great-aunt and uncle Elizabeth and Richard Langton in the 1940s. Inquests were held in one part of the pub. My great aunt and uncle also ran a chippie on Burlington Crescent.

Posted by Patricia on 28/06/2008

Does anyone know of or have a photograph of the Railway Tavern public house which was situated at 62 Boothferry Road (now Dorothy Perkins). My relation Jack Watson ran it for many years and the pub was known by this name around the town. All the old photographs I have found do not go up that far to clearly see it.

Posted by Hamish on 01/07/2008

Had many a good pint in the "Railway" in the 1950s. However the landlord was "Charlie" at that time, Maybe Pedro could fill in the years before "Charlie"?

Posted by Patricia on 01/07/2008

Charlie Hailstones did run the Railway Tavern pub in the 1950s, he took over from L. Marshall (1940s). My relation J. Watson had the pub from 1908 to the 1940s.

Posted by Pedro on 05/07/2008

The older people of Goole, even in the 1950s, referred to it as "Jackie Watsons". It was great little pub I'm sure would still be open today but for fire regulations. The large concert room opened into a small garden which required an exit into Stanhope Street to conform with safety but I'm led to believe the garage owners at the rear refused this and consequently it had to close. Charlie was a foreman joiner at Goole Shipyard and had the Crescent Working Men's Club in Victoria Street prior to taking the Tavern.

Posted by Dave on 14/07/2013

Not lived in Goole for 30 years but The Railway Tavern comes to mind. Was it Thursday nights in the back room when the groups were on? At the end of the night Charlie used to walk in and stick five fingers up for them to cease playing in five minutes time.

Posted by John on 30/08/2008

Night out in Goole thirty years ago. Start Old Goole Working Men's Club; then Marshland; then New Bridge; then Vermuyden; half pist now; across to Cape of Good Hope, see Chris bless him now deceased, good landlord; then to Dock Tavern and Bottom House; just thrown up feel bit better; down to Royal; to Macintosh; throw up again; down to George; then to North Eastern; really pissed now; across to Station Hotel; sorry too pissed; start scrappin' if u can lift ur arms. Locked up or crawl home. Memories! It was a cracking place in the 1970s.

Posted by Allan on 21/11/2008

I remember Goole as a good place back in the 1960s. The Dock Tavern was one of my favourite pubs, I was on Goole pool for a time, sailed on a few Stephenson Clarks ships

Posted by Bob on 26/11/2008

Dock Tavern aka Middle House, haunt of the "Dock Fairies" in the 1960s!

Posted by Mick on 09/01/2009

My grandfather met my grandmother at the George IV (now Old George) pub. My grandfather was a seaman on many local ships. My mother used to love telling the story of how her mother screamed when she thought she had discovered a body in a linen drawer/cupboard in the "George", but this turned out to be a regular who had been placed there to "sleep it off".

Posted by Corby on 08/02/2009

Here's a rare one for the pub collection. In the 1871 census my great-great-grandfather John Singleton Cook, a retired mariner, ran a pub in George Street, Old Goole called "The Hope".

Posted by Corby on 09/02/2009

Many years ago, when I was old enough to know better, five friends and I, one Christmas Eve, set off on a challenge to have a pint in every pub in Goole (24 of them at the time). The best pint in town was Bass best mild in the Lowther, which was a good liner for what was ahead. How far we managed we never knew. However someone took me home and left me in the outside loo blotto. Lucky for me, our neighbour in Malvern, visiting for a drink, almost sat on me. Her screams woke me up and I believe possibly saved my life.

Posted by Hamish on 11/02/2009

I have a similar story, three of us were well into our cups in Melodies one "market day" and in our infinite bleary wisdom decided to change venues and visit Charlie in the "Railway" on Main Street. Well in those days there was a "bank" of public toilets on Bridge Street whose doors opened right onto the pavement, and one of the crowd (whose name shall remain undisclosed) decided to stop for the call of nature. Well the two of us carried on to "Charlies" had another couple (which we in no way required) and because our buddy had not shown up, decided to retrace our steps and look for him. Well on getting to the "loos" here he was, sitting there fast asleep, pants around his ankles and the door wide open with all the passing traffic (bikes) of Bridge Street having a good laugh

Posted by Ken on 02/03/2009

We often came into Goole for coal and our first pub was just outside the top coal berth. In the evening we went to a cafe, I believe was called the Copper Kettle, then with the girls we would go to Melodies. Our galley boy on the ADAPITY was Johnny Mapplebeck. My best girl, Audrey Frome, worked in a food shop along the main street. That was back in 1954/55

I have lived in New Zealand for 43 years but I still think Goole was one of the best ports in the UK.

Posted by Diana on 24/07/2009

I remember going to the Blacksmiths Arms in Hook in the late-1960s/early-1970s and having a great time at the Friday night discos. My friend Maureen (nee MacMaster) married the publican's son. I left Goole in 1972 and immigrated to Australia. I've never been back. I also remember twins Rodney and Derek Norris who I went to school with. Great times, great memories.

Posted by Ian on 07/10/2009

Always enjoyed full board days, no fun nowadays.

Posted by Hamish on 18/10/2009

Full board days. In my day it was known as "market day".

Posted by Hamish on 24/12/2009

Just as a matter of interest, which is the favourite ale house for Goolies at lunchtime, Christmas Day? I remember years ago a very pleasant session in Charlies "Railway" on Main Street, long gone now though.

Posted by Ian on 26/01/2010

The Buchanan on Weatherill Street has and still is the favourite place to be on Xmas Day, for me and my family. Best pint of Tetleys in and around Goole.

Posted by Eli on 09/07/2010

I seem to remember, in the second half of the 1970s, the Station Hotel was one of the places to wind up your efforts on Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights. The beer on offer was not to everyone's liking and we all took to drinking bottles of strong "Special Brew" lager. Every window sill was three deep in empty bottles and all the tables were also full. Within days the brewery got the message and that particular brand of lager became available on draught. Never one to shirk a challenge, the North Eastern over the road enticed us to stay a bit longer by dishing up a draught cider which we nicknamed "Loopy Juice".

Long gone are those youthful days. Blimey, what a time it was. If you were there, you know. The jukebox blasting away in the corner of a jam-packed pub, dominoes clicking, the air blue with cigar smoke and blokes nipping out to the bookies.

What have the Romans ever done for us?

Posted by TheOffshoreFoot on 16/07/2010

I lived in Goole for three years whilst Drax B was being built and I found the town and pubs great. I also worked as a doorman at room at the top (toppers); I remember working with a guy called Paddy Varley, a big amiable guy. I also enjoyed drinking at Ivys Bar down at the docks, a great wee bar with no frills but loads of charisma. I remember the day I left Goole, I had been drinking in Ivys and the furniture van picked me up outside her bar. I rolled my motorbike up into the van, said my farewells and set off for Scotland. Ten minutes later I realised I had left my

new crash helmet in the bar, so we turned round to get it, only to find Ivy had filled it with soil, planted a flowering plant in it and hung it up over the bar. Oh, happy days.

Posted by Beasley on 25/07/2010

Early-1970s, just off Bridge Street, anyone remember how good the Wheatsheaf was when George and Doreen had it? Andy took over and kept it going too!

Dockers coming in after their shift and drinking the barrels dry, as was the style, at the time... Smaje's betting shop next door. Lost and won small amounts many a Saturday afternoon (discreet lock-ins). I remember the 73 cup final. Leeds v Sunderland. Flippin' eck, it had to be a lock-in, it kicked off at three... A verbal wager was thrown across the bar between Stan and Chummy. Chummy gladly accepted the ball of a screwed-up fiver which Stan chucked at him when Sunderland scored.

You couldn't make it up...

Posted by Technobrit on 19/10/2010

My brother remembers visiting Goole in the late-1950s (our mam being a Goole lass) and seeing a pub where the parents would go in, it had a cannon on a ledge over the door.

Posted by Tom on 25/08/2012

The cannon over the Hotel entrance was the Lowther Hotel at the end of Aire Street. I believe the cannon was stolen some years ago. The street had many pubs in it including the Macintosh arms, my dad's local.

Posted by Pippa on 23/09/2012

After a wait of 42 years, The Lowther cannon again sits on the portico over the front door. Howard and Julie have had a replica canon made as close as possible to the original. Makes a change to see something rebuilt for once.

Posted by Hamish on 04/03/2011

I can't help in the evaluation of the new modern day Goole as my first sight of the place was in 1949 and way back then the "Goolies" had not been "long out of the trees." They had acquired the habit of wearing wellies thought and also mastered the ability to ride a bike, in fact Goole in those days was just a mass of cyclists, and a pedestrian took one's life in ones hands just to try and cross the road.

As far as drugs went back then, the only drug really was on "full board day", the day the pubs never closed, where it was a prerequisite to be able to remain upright until around four pm, and it happened once a week. You can imagine the danger of a "half" drunk sailor trying to cross Bridge Street at around five pm (rush hour back then) to get back to his ship, not that the sailor was in any danger (drunken man's St. Christopher looked after him) but to the cyclists, a pile up of around thirty four, broken chains, bent wheels, skinned shins, etc. you get the picture. But I digress, the only drugs back then in Goole were a good pint of ale, and the pretty girls.

The only way us sailors "got our own back" on the hordes of bikes was dependent on the tide times. Nothing I enjoyed more than was to be aboard a ship making its way out of West Dock across Bridge Street at five pm when the bridge would be swung open, and put a stop to the masses all rushing home to get their "tea".

Posted by James on 12/09/2012

I used the Buchanan a lot as a teenager around 1972, when Sid was the landlord. It was a good starting off point, meeting my cousin and good mates, before going to discos mainly at

Scarborough, also York, Doncaster, etc. Always remember a good atmosphere with the jukebox blasting out and us having fun. There was the odd fight, but that's life. I moved to Scarborough in 1974, so my visits got less frequent;

Posted by GPM on 11/10/2012

I have lived in and worked in a lot of towns and cities in the pub trade over a good number of years. Two of those pubs being in Goole, The Peacock and The Steam Packet back in about 1998-2001. So nobody can tell me any better than what I know, Goole has its fighters and you will find 99% of the time it is caused and fuelled by drink, just like it is anywhere else. Goole is, when you take the time and trouble to get to know it and its residents, full of great folk and characters.

I have seen and lived and been and still are great friends with quite a few of them (they know who they are). Goole let me tell you is no better or worse than most places in England and I have been, lived and worked in some right shit 'oles. Not been for a while. Thanks for the good times (great times) Hoggy and Helen, Stoth, Polly, OJ, Brush, Dave Franks, Trace, Diane, Dion, Polly and Katie, Webbo and Trisha, Bobbie, Bert, well I could go on and on.

Posted by Jim on 24/04/2013

Goole has always struggled for nightclubs. In the early-1970s we had to travel to Hull, Doncaster, Wakefield and York for discos though mainly to Scarborough, as I had a relative there where we could spend most weekends. A great time.

Posted by Bill on 01/10/2014

The earlier mention of night clubs in Scarborough reminded me of one of the additives that used to heighten our pleasure. In 1968 when California was discovering LSD, we discovered a cheaper and legal psychedelic substance. It was a cough mixture called Dymaryl(?) - half a bottle of which produced the most agreeable hallucinogenic effects. It became so popular amongst us youngsters working there for the summer that I believe the local chemists completely sold out. Obviously haven't touched a drop since.

Posted by Anna on 26/07/2013

Does anyone remember me doing discos in The New Bridge? They were great nights and always full and lots of fun. I have been DJ-ing around Goole since 1973 when I started at the Dock Tavern in "the dark room" as it was called back then. Late nights as usual and fights broke out and someone ended up through a window then the cops turned up to sort this all out.

Posted by Keith on 08/04/2014

Does anyone know where all Goole's Breweries were? Thanks.

Posted by Norman on 15/04/2014

There was a brewery at West Cowick - it was purchased by the Hull Brewery Co. and was used for storage, I can remember delivering many loads of cigarettes to the old Brewery. It was taken over by Snaith brewery.

Posted by Keith on 15/04/2014

The brewery in Goole, I think, was Heptonstalls. It was sited opposite Lidl on North Street where the Gibraltar Flats are now. C&F Eastons building firm occupied this position after the brewery closed. They was also Cowells on Carter Street and Shorts on First Avenue, but I think they only bottled beer.

Posted by Norman on 16/04/2014

The rather large building in Forth Avenue was called the Carabine Building, I have seen Cod Bottles with that name on a bottle, the first bottle shown to me was found on the riverbank at Laxton. My sister has the other one. The person who gave me this information about the Carabine Family has passed on, he was born in Fourth Avenue and lived to be 84. Has anyone got any information about the Carabine Lemonade Co.? Thanks.

Posted by Margaret on 13/06/2014

The old brewery at West Cowick was Hartley's. I worked there just after leaving school in the mid-1950s. It was, as you say, taken over by Hull Brewery from Hartleys.

Posted by Bill on 11/10/2017

My dad was a regular in the Conservative Club (Carlisle Street) in the 1960s and 1970s, where he enjoyed good company and a game of dominoes. I seem to recall that the downstairs bar was off limits for women but they may have been allowed upstairs. I wondered if anyone knows how long this "men only" rule persisted? Thanks.

Posted by Bill on 30/10/2019

Anyone remember the "cocktail bar" which was on the top floor of the former Station Hotel in the mid-1960s? Surprisingly there was a complete absence of cocktail drinkers - but the bar was always staffed. Because of its discrete location it was the ideal venue for underage drinkers such as myself and my mates (they served Double Diamond beer as well as cocktails!). The Sydney Hotel bar was also quite accommodating to underage drinkers; we used to pop across from the Parish Youth Club for a pint - mind you the clientele was a bit dodgy.

Entertainment Guide

Postcards



Visitor Comments

Posted by Christine on 21/05/2001

What do I remember is... going with my mates to the Paradise Club in Carlisle street (this was the swinging 60s or as near as Goole got to them). Mr Turner the Grammar School art teacher had painted the mural on the wall. Whit walks. The Cosy Carlton. The Tower Cinema.

Posted by David on 18/09/2002

My late aunt Jean MacBride was the projectionist at the Carlton Cinema. I used to love the Saturday matinee (got in for free).

Posted by Kay on 12/05/2006

My dad, Fred Lidster, was the manager of the Station Hotel on Boothferry Road, across from the train station, in the early-1960s. We lived there for a few years. I remember New Year's Eve 1961 when Frankie Vaughan came to town and stayed overnight at the hotel. The biggest event in town that year! I still have the photo of me at the reception desk checking him in - all the girls were crazy about him!

Posted by JR on 25/08/2006

My father (C.W.E. Tomlinson) was born in the dressing room at the Theatre Royal in Adam Street as my grandfather worked backstage. He moved to the Coliseum and was stage manager there and later became projectionist. There is a copy of my father's early life in Goole lodged in Goole Library.

Posted by Gail on 04/10/2006

I remember the Carlisle Street coffee bar but, just in case my dad is reading this, I never actually went in there. (He banned me because he thought it was full of disaffected youth, which of course it was and which is why I spent as much time as possible there). Did that eventually turn into the, ahem, Paradise Club? Which of course I also never went to every Friday and Saturday night. I loved it there. To quote Educating Rita: "Who'd have thought they'd build paradise at the end of our street?"

I've recently been in touch with one old mate (Roy), who reminded me that the magnificent John Martyn once played at the Goole and District Youth Club and had a lift to the station on Roy's pushbike, guitar and all. Classic eh?

Posted by Stan on 23/01/2007

Memories of missing the last minutes of many a film shown at the Cosy Carlton because the last bus left Goole before the end of the film! Saw Moby Dick at the Tower Cinema which then

morphed into Fine Fare at which I washed floors for several years The Classic cinema(?) near the baths... saw several pictures there with my mate who smoked Black Sobrane fags at the tender age of 12! Dances at the Swimming Pool during winter.

Posted by Pete on 11/07/2009

I think you lost a little bit of your memory Stan! The Tower Picture House did not morph into Fine Fare, it burnt down lol. It was the old cinema that morphed into the Fine Fare around 1962. I remember it closing and getting a load of films on reels and looking at them after school with Mally Smith.

Posted by Broadway on 13/07/2009

You're right it was called The Criterion, then became Cinema Palace, then become Fine Fare, Goole's first big supermarket, bigger than the Co-op.

Posted by Keith on 21/07/2014

The Cinema Palace started life with a fantastic art deco frontage. Later, for some unknown reason, it was altered to a more moderate looking frontage. Then to be pulled down to make way for a supermarket.

Posted by Robert on 24/01/2007

Saw films at the Carlton, the Tower and the Cinema Palace. Remember going with my dad in the 1950s to see The Alamo, The Student Prince and the Vikings, and then several years later with a gang from school to see films like Alfie and Up The Junction when we probably weren't quite old enough for the certificate. The Carlton showed Dr Zhivago as one of its last films before it closed for ever. The manager of the Carlton was Billy King, quite a character, never took off his hat, but always cheerful, who after the show could usually be found with his wife Doris in the back room at The Percy Arms, telling jokes and playing dominoes. One particular joke of his still makes me laugh, but it's not repeatable here. After years of films, he said he thought The Towering Inferno best of all. Strange choice.

Posted by David on 24/01/2007

I left Goole as a very young boy, so I don't have much to contribute other than memories of Saturday morning fights at the "flea pit" Carlton Cinema. Great times.

Posted by Bill on 24/01/2007

The Monday night dances for teenagers that used to be held on at the old swimming baths (on Pasture Road) in the early-1960s, live bands and lots of fun. Also my mother used to talk about dances and roller skate evenings being held in the Market Hall, presumably in the 1940s. I've a feeling she also mentioned ice skating in the West Park.

Posted by Enid on 24/01/2007

There were big bands at the old Swimming Baths Hall in Pasture Road once upon a time. There was also a very thriving folk club; I did use to escape there for a couple of hours on a Monday evening, as light relief from childcare, when my kids were old enough to manage without me. At the Buff Club, and run by Eileen Sherburn, whose son Chris is well known entertainer in that style, nationally and internationally - plays accordion and is part of a group that has appeared at Goole's Arts Centre.

Posted by Corby on 09/06/2009

The era of the big bands that came to Goole baths is now a memory locked in the minds of those privileged to have been there and seen it. I wonder if many people realise that their

appearance was due to Les Ellin and co. of the Goole Wheelers, who located an impresario to supply this great source of entertainment. Bands like, Ken Colyer, Sid Phillips, Ken Mackintosh, Alex Welsh, Ronnie Scott, Johnny Dankworth, The Kirchin Mambo Band and Freddie Randall to name a few. Not forgetting the Tramps Ball, another great success story.

Posted by Geoff on 24/01/2007

I've just noticed the postcard of the Whitsun Procession. I used to go on these with my Sunday School not as long ago as the photo but in the late-1940s.

Posted by Enid on 25/01/2007

I never thought of Whit processions as entertainment. Best bit was getting a new outfit for it, from Branson Bowles. Worst, the year when I had to carry and then present a big bouquet to the VIP on the raised stands by the riverbank end of Marshfield Road. Every Sunday School doing the same as each verse of the massed hymn singing went on. The Goole Brass Band accompanying this turnout. When we were young we took all this to be the natural cycle of life. Even in the 1960s these events continued and marched through the streets around Hook Road. Folks stood at their doors and gates.

And the other Sunday School event was Anniversary services. Stepped stands erected in chapels for seating the littlest to the big ones. Recitations, readings, singing, for the rest of the congregation. We must have been trained by our teachers for many weeks beforehand. Again, best outfits on show.

Posted by Old Ancient on 25/01/2007

Somewhere in the far distant past, perhaps the 1950s, a gang used to meet up at the Tower Cinema. To get in, one would queue, others would join later. This was not well received by our elders and betters.

Posted by Alison on 26/01/2007

My mum, Val Harris, was manageress of the Tower when it was a Bingo club until the family moved to Blackpool in 1989. Sad that it's not there anymore; the whole family worked there or helped out from time to time. My mum had loads of friends there and was sorry to leave.

Posted by Anon on 28/01/2007

I remember the Carlton, don't remember the films I probably saw though! Remember the parades, used to go down Hook Road - from where to where! Remember the services as a scout, had to carry the flag one year, remember it being heavy and having to lower it at last post. Remember having no TV and going out to find our own entertainment as kids.

Posted by Old Ancient on 29/01/2007

Entertainments old-style - 1940s: War Years and After

Walks - Lock Hill at tide time, to see the ships swinging in the river; Riverside Cafe when it belonged to Kemps, for ice-creams (or winter teas by fire); Airmyrn Crossing to riverbank and home by Westfield Banks, across fields/railway from New Close to Hook via paths/tracks, from Boothferry Road school to home; down dyke sides for adventure

Bike rides - Bluebell Wood at White City; Snowdrop wood at Knedlington; Saltmarshe; Barmby Marsh; even as far as Sutton-on-Derwent now and then.

Looking at sepia views on an epidiascope (3D vision) and hearing stories about people and places far away; Egypt, told by the former captain of Farouk's yacht, when he and his wife lived in Alexandria; learning from him about astronomy and navigation by the stars (not a good pupil).

Also descriptions of the sinkings, losses and rescues of merchant navy men. Talking to Irish potato pickers working in R.L. Walker's fields.

Sing-songs around the piano; card-schools for servicemen home on leave (who were often still there next morning); concerts at chapels (wearing crepe paper costumes!); playing on West Park swings instead of taking siblings to Sunday School; concerts in West Park bandstand sitting on those French style park chairs; boating/paddling pool at West Park; all those old-playtime favourites like whip and top, skipping games, hide-and-seek (and parents didn't come and find us); word games played in semi-darkness of blackouts; rigging up a play "telephone" line with cocoa tins/string

Reading pre-war gardening magazines stored in a top cupboard (not top-shelf); and some hefty volumes of shipping under sail, and another set about Britain's main roads (I mean the A-roads that had names like The Great North and Fosse Way); doing competitions set by Uncle Frank in the Goole Times; colouring competitions in mother's magazines eg. Home Chat or some such title; wandering around the shelves of some "pay weekly" library in a little shop in Pasture Road; borrowing books from Goole's Public Library (all green, brown, red covers and only when you were nine did you get your own ticket), presided over by a formidable male librarian, with silence in the Reading Room holding newspapers on wooden binders; Lloyds List very popular.

Was Pasture Road "library" run by Mr Dickinson? That name jumps out from beyond. Wooden toys for us one wartime Christmas, a doll's pram for my sister I seem to recall, made by Ep. Ounsley at his Pasture Road workshop (somewhere near where Houseproud is now). Collecting acorns in Cobbler Wood and "selling" them to a pig-man whose animals lived in a yard at bottom of the Avenues. Yes, growing (and digging and weeding and picking) fruit and veg, keeping hens and pigs and putting eggs in Isinglass were our first contact with this "organic" business. We used to go "gleaning" corn for chickens after harvest fields were cropped. Bread, large loaf, four pence ha'penny, had to be fetched after school some days. Ate crust as I carted it home.

Posted by Michael on 08/02/2007

I remember the Carlton, snogging in the back seats, never seeing the film! I was Solomon once, all dressed up and fancy on a Whit float, 1968 I think. Hook Gala and a gala in West Park once with scooters doing stunts. I too remember doing the Remembrance Day Parade with the scouts and St. George's day too. Hours spent sat in the window seat at the Tudor Cafe in Pasture Road. Oh memories.

Posted by David on 11/02/2007

As a child of the 1930s and having lived in Goole during the war years, it must be something to do with the passing of time because even in those dark times the sun always shone. Branson Bowles, now there was a store, not that I was ever into ladies fashion I hasten to add, but my mother and her sisters shopped there and what fascinated me were the Dinky toys placed around the base of the windows, a small boy's dream at a time when such toys were no longer available.

Posted by Jean on 21/02/2007

I remember clearly the fun we had in Goole in the 1960s. The Carlton, Tower and the Cinema picture houses. The Copper Kettle coffee shop on Boothferry Road, and was there not a Wimpy bar on Boothferry Road near where Marks & Spencers used to be? There was also a coffee shop

in Pasture Road which I can't remember the name of, but that was a real "in" place to be... and oh the great Monday night dances. These were great times. I also remember the bus trips on a Saturday night to Christies in Selby and the odd trip to Scunthorpe, and the dances in the Labour Hall down Carlisle Street... memories!! The place has surely changed now!

Posted by Geoff on 03/02/2008

Joe Fletcher had the coffee bar on Pasture Road. It was a great hang out for us kids who were not old enough to use pubs. Also I remember playing football with Mike Bodecott, Keith and Alistair Millar, Freddie Woodall, Alan Smith and Roy Walker.

Posted by Stephen on 05/03/2007

Anyone known anything about the Goole Theatre and Skating Rink on Hook Road that was owned by Tom Harniess and managed by John Rose? I would be interested in learning more about these. Tom Harniess was a fairground operator who died in Goole at his residence at 78 Marshfield Road in 1911. Any memories or information about Harniess's would be of great interest.

Posted by Pedro on 26/03/2007

What a shame reading all this bygone age and then realising (after looking around Goole) that in 30 or 40 years' time it will be full of tattooed old ladies.

Posted by Pedro on 20/04/2007

I remember having to vote for Sunday opening for cinemas.

Posted by Suggie on 24/04/2007

Anthony White's ice cream on a Sunday afternoon. He would come round with his handcart and ring the bell. Mum used to send us with a basin to buy 1/- of ice cream for tea what a treat.

Posted by David on 26/04/2007

West Park boating lake. I recall falling in, being pushed more times than I care to remember then facing the wrath of my grandparents on returning home sodden. There was also a dyke by the side of the park that was great fun; also the poplar or plane trees, good exercise, if you didn't drop. Happy days!

Posted by Pedro on 27/04/2007

Walks along riverbank to Hook with my parents in the long hot summers. Exiting at Water Lane to the Blacksmiths Arms pub and sitting in the rear garden drinking lemonade with Smiths crisps on the side. Dad drinking a pint of dark mild beer, mum possibly a bottle of oatmeal stout.

Posted by Pete on 01/05/2007

Last movie I saw at the Cosy Carlton was "Lawrence of Arabia" about 1962. The film interval sold out of ice lollies, lovely and quiet, even Billy King was lost for words.

Posted by Darren on 21/06/2007

Only went to the Carlton and not the others as they were closed by then, late-1970s. I saw, "A Bridge Too Far", "Grease", a scary film called "Grizzly", about a bear wandering around eating people. I remember grabbing my mate's shoulder at a tense scary point in the film, of course he jumped six foot up and screamed like a girl (shame on you Paul Curry) - oh what joy! I must have seen other films as well, but I can't remember which ones. We didn't always pay, as a mate would pay, go into the loos down at the bottom right-hand side next to the screen and open the fire doors. Then about ten of us would march out of the loos and sit down, sometimes we got kicked out, but not always (kids will be kids).

Posted by Keith on 28/12/2007

Memories of the Carlton Cinema in the 1940s/1950s. The owner was Mr Austin but the greatest character was the manager Billy King, who kept all the kids entertained at the tanner rush (Saturday afternoon pictures) whilst waiting for the main picture to arrive, with sing-songs and a free ticket if you were brave enough to get up and sing a solo. I also remember Billy keeping the peace when the film "Rock Around the Clock" was shown.

Posted by Phil on 13/03/2008

As a youth I used to play doms with Billy King and Doris at the Percy Arms. Whenever you asked what film was on at the Carlton he always replied "Tom Mix in cement."

Posted by Dennis on 21/04/2008

The posts bring back a few memories, firstly in the 1950s at the tanner rush on a Saturday afternoon at the Carlton. There were serials such as "Zorro" and the "Lone Ranger", a few of went each weekend and first stop was the shop next door for a packet of Dominoes, tiny little ciggies six to a packet. First question from Billy King was "do you have any cigs on you" we always said no as we were only aged eight or nine. I remember Billy doing his turn during the interval, selling biscuits and the like. In those days there were very few cars, either being driven or parked and we would go along finding one to look at. One Saturday I ran straight out of Carter Street and under a bread delivery van, probably the only vehicle Boothferry Road saw that day. Billy King told my dad and he hurt more than the van.

Posted by CA on 13/01/2010

I remember all the cinemas around in the 1950s and 1960s, I worked at the Carlton with a friend in 1959-1960. We were not allowed to work when adult films were shown as we were fourteen or fifteen years old. Billy King was a real character, banging the front stage and saying no pictures until all ices sold. Went to school with Billy's daughter Susan.

Posted by Ian on 26/01/2010

Sadly the Cosy Carlton is no more, it has been flattened this week. The memories came flooding back as I watched the last bits fall. Who remembers going to watch the PG Tips chimps in the 1960s, two packet tops to get in, balloons and badges and Billy King.

Posted by Paul on 30/09/2010

I recall Billy King not starting the pictures until he'd sold a large tin of biscuits. After the matinee it was down to the Pleasure Grounds to watch Goole Town getting in for free after half-time. Never saw him without his black trilby hat.

Posted by Mick on 01/10/2010

Billy King would always shout, at no one in particular "Hey You". Usually followed by "I've been all the way to Selby for these sweets." The film would not start until he'd sold most of them, and they were awful.

Posted by Jan on 12/11/2010

Billy King at the Cosy Carlton on Saturday afternoon used to sell a big tin of biscuits before he would show the film. He was also a bit of an impresario, he would encourage kids to come to the front and perform. Sing, play an instrument, juggle, anything. Saturday afternoons were amazing entertainment, thanks to him.

Posted by Colette on 24/08/2011

Remember the “Cosy Carlton” very much. Far from cosy, the seats were really uncomfortable. The cinema manager-Billy King-was a real character as well, sent kids out to come in again quietly and wore a battered trilby all the time.

Posted by Karen on 05/07/2014

I remember the Carlton Cinema well. Used to go on a Saturday afternoon in the 1960s with my cousin and Billy King used to get the children to do a talent show on the stage before the curtains went back and the film started. Still used to go when I was a teenager in the 1970s. Every Tuesday evening - a big group of us. The same film showed for weeks so we just watched it again and again. Always called in the Carlton sweetshop for a greasy bag of salted peanuts and a quarter of pear drops first. Remember the “ice cream girls” at the front at the interval with torches. Happy days!

Posted by Darren on 21/06/2007

I remember going to discos in the old tin scout hut next to the Parish Church. The old baths were brilliant, stayed in all day and came out all wrinkled like a prune. We used to stand in the cold showers and then jump in the water, it was so hot. Then got some soup out of the machine downstairs and some crisps from the sweetshop across the road, BRILLIANT. Also discos in the Baths Hall, I would love to see some old photos of the baths.

Posted by Pedro on 15/07/2007

The Beatles came to Goole before they became really famous and crashed their car at Burton’s corner on Rawcliffe Road. George Harrison appeared at Goole Magistrates court, pleaded guilty to careless driving, and was duly fined. At the time they were returning to Liverpool after appearing in Hull. Pre M62 days.

Posted by Mark on 24/07/2008

Goole’s Beatles-linked Claim to Fame¹

George Harrison: “There were a lot of good times in the van; all the rough-and-tumble stuff that happens. We had a good crash once. We were coming over the Pennines, the roads were icy, and I happened to be the driver. I was driving pretty quickly as we came through what turned out to be Goole in Yorkshire. Everything was fine until suddenly I went into a right-hand turn. It was a bit sharper than it looked and we went up onto the grass bank, which then sloped down to the left. The whole van tipped as we went down the embankment, at the bottom of which was a wire-mesh fence with concrete posts. We bounced along - bump, bump, bump - knocking into all these posts, and finally came to a stop with Neil sitting in the front seat next to me, howling, “Ow, ow, my arm!” The accident ripped the filler cap off and the petrol was pouring out. We scrambled out and had to shove t-shirts and things into the hole to try and stop the flow of petrol. We started to push the van back up on the road, when, out of nowhere, came “Allo, ‘allo, what’s all this then?” It was a cop, and he booked us for crashing. A couple of months later I went to court. Brian came with me for moral support (He did stand by his lads!). But I think they banned me for driving for three months.”

George was, I believe, a notoriously erratic driver! Scene of crash was near to the old Burton’s factory. If you look carefully you can still see the repairs made to the brick wall following the crash. Surely there should be a “Blue Plaque”?

¹ <http://rockindownthehighway.blogspot.com/2008/04/rockin-up-and-down-great-britain-and.html>

Posted by Peter on 02/02/2014

I've just noticed the posts about George Harrison's probably unwanted connections with Goole.

The Beatles had played the Majestic Ballroom in Hull, and were motoring back to Liverpool. In those days, some fifteen years before the M62 was completed, the road journey between Liverpool and Hull was just under 130 miles, including a stretch along the A614 through the outskirts of Goole. After passing through Greenawn Corner traffic lights George, who was driving the van, missed the sharp right near Burton's and went straight on down a track that conveniently provided an escape route for such a mishap. From what I recall, the lads were pushing the van out of a hedge when a local bobby on his pushbike appeared on the scene.

George subsequently appeared in person at Goole Magistrates Court and was done for careless driving or some such motoring offence. There was of course, quite a crowd outside.

Posted by Rod on 21/06/2015

Regarding the Beatles crash, it was into the wall by Burton's factory and it was my dad, Fred Lumley, who called the police. He was security officer at the Burton's factory.

He told us the story that when he had called the police he went out to the vehicle and was asked to help push the van out. When he refused he was asked "do you know who we are? We are the Beatles!" To which he replied, "I don't care if you are the black clocks, you're waiting here till the police come."

Not a great pop lover my dad.

Posted by John on 27/09/2007

Living out at Fockerby, an evening in Goole was an adventure! I remember the Young Farmers' Balls at the baths, all of us hot and flushed in dinner jackets and whatever. The social event of the year, and a mad dash for a bit of supper in the room off the main baths. I always worried that the floor would give way and we would be up to our necks in water.

Posted by Fiona on 14/10/2007

Does anyone remember the Vermuyden and the Cornelius players? My father was the producer, a lot of my childhood memories are of hanging about in the Modern School hall while the rehearsals took place. I think I was considered too young to watch a production. Does anyone remember the tableaux that were produced to advertise Hook Gala in the early-1970s, particularly the mock execution? Does anyone have a film or photos?

Posted by David on 17/12/2007

A Christmas spent with my grandparents during the war years is best remembered by a visit with my mother to the "British Restaurant" which was situated in a hall at the back of the old Baths in Pasture Road. Whatever it was it was foul, not fowl, but at least it passed as a Christmas Dinner for myself and a lot of other youngsters who were present. Times were 'ard guv but we enjoyed ourselves.

Posted by Pedro on 18/12/2007

I don't recall any British Restaurant in that area. However I can think of two possibilities you were either in the hall of the British Legion (used for kids' parties and dependants of those serving) or actually in the Baths Hall annex used for private functions.

Posted by Corby on 18/12/2007

David, we now have three options for your dining hall as I can remember. Somewhere on the other side of Pasture Road, maybe the drill hall or nearby. Where we had to take different coloured plastic discs for whatever course we were having. Black for main course and red for sweet. I liked the suet puddings, wherever it was.

Posted by David on 23/12/2007

Gentlemen, it was the Baths Hall, entered via a green door in the side street.

Posted by Geoff on 25/01/2008

I remember queuing for what seemed like hours with my mother and younger brother to see "The Greatest Show On Earth" at the Tower Theatre. Basil Falkingham was the proprietor and it was always regarded in those far off days as a special treat.

Posted by Gooligan on 31/01/2008

Has anyone got any good pics of the fairs that used to come to Goole?

Posted by Richard on 11/02/2008

Does anyone else remember building bonfires for bonfire night on the riverbank? There was great rivalry between kids from around Belgrave Drive and those from Richard Cooper Street, with raids on each other's bonfire. We would also build dens in the reeds along the river from the bales of cut hay.

Posted by Bill on 21/02/2008

Yes, I remember the bonfires being built on the riverbank and the bonfire (bon'ire) raiding gangs - although in my case it was more talk than action. We built and lit a bonfire on the triangular piece of ground on the corner of Limetree Avenue and Queensway, which was only yards away from houses, God knows how we got away with it. But in those days you could ride your motorbike without a crash helmet and there was no speed limit - a different world.

Posted by Eddie on 28/07/2012

Queens Avenue with the bonfire almost over the gas pipe every yea. Toffee apples, brandy snap, roast tats on bonfire night.

Posted by Bill on 04/11/2018

"Mischievous Night" - does that mean anything to anyone? In the 1950s and early-1960s, in our part of Goole, it was Nov 4th and it meant that us kids could do mischief, pretty tame by today's standards, eg. knocking on doors and running away, maybe lifting off garden gates. By contrast, as I may have posted previously, November 5th was anarchic. Kids built big bonfires on any bit of open land, eg., the open triangle corner of Queensway and Limetree Avenue, on Riverside Gardens. These were often wholly unsupervised by adults. On the run up, rival gangs would go on "bonire" raiding parties to steal wood from other gangs' fires. Of course the sale of fireworks was practically unrestricted and young kids would run around with bangers, in their pockets. I think it got more civilised (and safer) with the organised community bonfires, the first one I attended was at Victoria Pleasure Ground.

Posted by Corby on 04/11/2018

Thank you for that nostalgic trip back in time. All I receive is a blank stare when I mention mischievous night.

The Bonire raids were also important part, to create the largest bonfire and guarding it from raiders. Pedro and I used to recall this, for his bonfire and ours were quite close Quite often

could be seen a discarded piece of furniture on one fire. Then for it to be seen on the other fire and so on.

Ours was on the point of land opposite the Burlington Hotel between Alexandra Street and Stanley Street.

That point of land had history. A boarding house before it was knocked down. Then A Anti Aircraft Battery Which was not there when the bombs dropped One of three Air raid Shelters in the area. the two smaller ones were great for the kids to gather with candle in jam jar evenings We would play games like Truth, dare or promise With forfeits being Kiss, love or torture. The torture usually being a Chinese burn or a face slap. It was amazing how many plumped for torture. Rather than the more romantic option!!

Posted by Goolie Gone on 05/11/2018

All that takes me right back to when we lived in black and white - except at "bonfire" time, of course. Yep, how times have changed with this elf 'n safety business. And I hadn't heard the term "bonfire" for many a year. Them were t'days!

Posted by Keith on 06/11/2018

More memories waiting for the ashes of the bonfire, to throw in large potatoes, raking them out an hour later looking like pieces of coal and actually eating them. Yes, them were the days.

Posted by Corby on 06/11/2018

You hit the nail on the head with that one Keith. The kids in our area couldn't wait, scoffing the lot. Nowadays people buy charcoal tablets for stomach problems, what's the difference? All that was missing in our feast was a little butter and salt.

Posted by Christine on 01/03/2008

Does anyone remember the Goole Brass Band or have relatives who played in it? I am trying to find out if anyone remembers Aaron Dales who I am pretty sure played in the band before 1950. Are there any photographs around anywhere? Thanks.

Posted by Joanne on 22/03/2008

I lived in Fifth Avenue until 1979/80. I remember the Silver Jubilee street party in our "back lane". What memories!

Posted by Terry on 02/04/2008

A very old friend and former work colleague lived in Goole as a schoolboy and he often refers nostalgically and with great affection to the town's cinemas, particularly the Tower which he tells me was the biggest and the best. He maintains, however, that the Carlton and Cinema Palace were also very comfortable and pleasant places in which to watch a show.

Posted by Ken on 03/04/2008

I played in a group called "The Daybreakers" and we often played at the Baths Hall in the 1960s along with Dave Berry, Shane Fenton as he was known then, and a group called "A Band of Angels" whose singer later sang with Manfred Mann. I can also remember playing at the Sydney pub which used to be somewhere near where Lidl is now, and at the Station pub and at nearly all the local clubs. Great days.

Posted by Dennis on 21/04/2008

In the 1960s the dances in the Baths Hall were great and were usually a first fumbling intro to the opposite sex. We used the Greek cafe on Boothferry Road regularly, we called it El Grecko's, don't know what its real name was. It was a seedy joint but much better than YMCA, etc.

Posted by David on 16/07/2008

As a small boy, my grandfather Joseph Lea used to waltz me round the docks area on Sunday afternoons. I remember him pointing out to me a theatre nearby that had windows at eye level with the pavement where, as young boys, he and his mates, maybe brothers, were able to see into the dressing room area and see the artistes getting sorted. This would have been in the 1800s when Joe was at Alexandra Street School.

Posted by Patricia on 25/07/2008

Can anyone help in finding out why a street party was held in Edinburgh Street and Broadway in 1958? The photo is on display at the Waterways Museum. They displayed a date of 1953 but I know this is wrong due to family connections. My mum and brother appear on the photo and he was born 1955 and is three years old. After asking around no one, including my mum, can remember why it was held. Does anyone know what would they be celebrating?

Posted by Stuart (Webmaster) on 25/07/2008

There were a lot of official celebrations in Goole in 1958 as this was the 25th anniversary of the town's charter of incorporation (in 1933).

Posted by Geoffrey on 08/10/2009

With reference to street parties, I remember going to our street party. It was held in the Sea Cadets hut behind the British Legion. I would have been about five years old, sitting there with my sisters having jelly and custard and all the grown-ups crowding around our table. I have the original photo of us all at the table. I can just about name everyone who is in the photo who lived down Brough Street and Mond Avenue.

Posted by Sue on 14/06/2008

I used to like the Old Goole Galas with the floats and the effort that went into it and everyone helping. Then there was the Blue Angels Jazz Band, we used to go all over on competitions.

Posted by John on 30/08/2008

No one's mentioned Market Hall wrestling with Klondyke Bill and Big Daddy, etc.

Posted by Chris on 19/06/2009

I remember my gran going to Pasture Road Baths to watch wrestling on a Saturday afternoon. There is a family rumour she got into trouble hitting Mick McManus over the head with her shoe as Les Kellett held him through the ropes! She had to watch on the TV later in life, but as she had angina I used to panic as she would get really wound up watching our heroes performing.

Posted by Amanda on 17/03/2010

Can anyone remember the boxing in Goole at the Market Hall or Drill Hall? My uncle boxed there, he was Eric Kid Lawton.

Posted by Brian on 21/03/2010

My father-in-law Taggy Newton also boxed at the Drill Hall and Market Hall with Eric Lawton, so did Hector Wilbe.

Posted by Keith on 09/11/2010

I remember the boxing in the Market Hall took place with local boxer Joe Carroll who always topped the bill, late-1940s/early-1950s. I seem to remember wrestling having a short spell on stage at the Tower picture house also.

Posted by Corby on 08/01/2018

I remember live wrestling at the Market Hall, Jack Pie always drew a crowd. Real all in, with eye-gouging and biting commonplace. No faking in those days. I seem to recall Boxing also took place at the Drill Hall.

Posted by Graham on 12/11/2008

I remember Saturday mornings at the cinema opposite the end of Carter Street, watching “Dan Dare” and other stuff that scared the crap out of me. Who did I go with? Peter probably, but the rest were too young, I’m sure. “We come along on Saturday morning, greeting everybody with a smile...” was that there? I’m ashamed to say we used to regard the sweetshop on Pasture Road as a natural (free) feeding ground on the way home from school. The one close to the British Legion. The other one (opposite the Baths) was where some lunatic ran over me (with their bike, no less) when I was sent out for my mum’s illicit salted peanuts one night... We used to raid the trucks on the railway sidings at the end of Fourth Avenue and make lanterns... We used to traipse all over the docks, especially towards Old Goole where the sulphur dumps were. I remember the Whit parades, and my dad taking me out in my grandad’s new car and doing 100 on the road down towards Rawcliffe. I also remember what my mum said about it! Visiting Howden Minster (my gran worked out there on the R101 in earlier days). Seeing the ship run up on the riverbank after being holed, alongside the cemetery... I also remember often, very often it seemed, visiting Shorts to see the Guinness being bottled. We got a brand new Austin van (in Cowell’s colours) and the drivers used to sneak me out with them. (Thanks George Bear!). To this day I don’t know if my dad/grandad knew that was going on.

Posted by Richard on 26/12/2008

Does anyone remember the George Senior Band that played at the British Rail Club sometime in the 1960s?

Posted by Old Codger on 06/01/2009

Happy memories of Walt Shorts lemonade factory. I guess I must be a wee bit older than Graham when I was a nipper, Walt’s shire horses were delivering. The stables at the bottom of First Avenue (now a kids’ play school). The whole area including TSB bank was fenced in and called Shorts Field and yes, horses grazed here. Cowells factory in Carter Street made all the splits (small bottles of pop) including bottling vinegar.

Walter Short was also the supplier for Smiths potato crisps paper bags with a separate blue twist bag of salt inside Yummy. I must search through my old photos, I’m sure I have the Whit parade with Shorts horse drawn delivery cart complete with oak casks on board. Happy memories.

Posted by Polo on 04/02/2009

Anyone remember seeing the Bay City Rollers long before they were famous at the Vikings in Goole? Saturday nights the cops used to have a raid on the Vikings for under-age drinking. I got collared and asked was I 18? I said no and was chucked in a van along with a load more and taken to the police station in Goole. The sergeant booking us in asked if I was 18. I said no, well how old are you then? 19 I said, well what are you doing here? I don’t know, this copper asked me if I

was 18 and I said no so he put me in the van! Sharp exit from that establishment, but cut a bit off my walk to Swinefleet.

Posted by Ian on 09/10/2009

The Bay City Rollers could not have played the Vikes, There was a raid in 1973 when the band was Mud.

Posted by John on 21/10/2009

During 1973 they played the Vikings three times in quick succession. Somewhere I have a beer mat signed by Stuart Wood, Eric Faulkner and Les McKeown which I got when they came to the bar after one of their sessions. You did recall Mud playing there which I also saw and good they were too. Many good bands had the Vikings on their CV. We had lots of memorable Saturday nights at the Vikings travelling from Sheffield in a Hillman Imp. I remember the Hull Brewery Ale was a bit slape though.

Posted by Pauline on 07/03/2010

Reading these posts bring back loads of memories. I left Goole in 1974, but remember going to the Mac five nights a week in the early-1970s. We used to spend a fortune in the jukebox playing Maggie May over and over. Also going to the Blacksmiths on a Sunday night. I worked in the Buchanan in 1973. I can also remember going to the Vikings on a Saturday night, they had some good bands on in them days, Glitterband, Detroit Emeralds and loads more. My memories of Goole are good ones.

Posted by Paul on 30/03/2010

The Bay City Rollers certainly did play the Viking. I compered it. One Saturday in 1971 I brought along an American soul band called The Tams, they were in the UK promoting a recently re-released single "Hey Girl Don't Bother Me" and were unable to play the previously arranged gig in Leeds, due to Musicians Union nonsense. Their record company (Probe, part of EMI) asked me if they could come out with me. The guys enjoyed the Viking too, signed a few autographs, but most people were not interested in them though. About three weeks later "Hey Girl" crashed into the charts at No. 1. The Goole girls missed out on that one!

Posted by Paul on 30/03/2010

I was a DJ back in the 1970s, doing big Mecca ballrooms, and small clubs as well as radio (Caroline, for you landlubbers and boaties). One gig I did every few months was the Vikings, then pretty new. I was always impressed that the locals knew their music and were into the latest Soul and Motown, though the girls needed the glam-pop stuff to get up and dance, while the guys would stand by the bar until about 11;30, and then make a mad rush to have a last dance with (and cop off with) one of the girls. I always found Goole a friendly place, only saw one fight at the Vikings. I used to walk to the station with two boxes of records and get the last train back to Hull about 1am.

Must go and have another look.

Posted by Small Face on 20/07/2010

I went to see a band called Geordie at the Vikings in the 1970s. I stood too close to the speakers, which if I remember rightly, had the name Mungo Jerry stamped on 'em. They were so loud that my ears were ringing for days after! The lead singer was Brian Johnson who is now front man for AC/DC...

In Goole the Vikings was about the only place for live music but at that time the "Vikes" was a sort of Phoenix Nights club for bands like the Tremeloes, Detroit Spinners and the Glitter

Band, whose star had faded and were on the way down before hitting the scampi and chips circuit. They'd play their hits of yesteryear to mums and dads, suited, booted and coiffed in their Saturday night best.

So no, Goolies were offered little in the way of live music in the early to mid-1970s, and what there was, was mostly DIY.

Posted by Freda on 21/03/2009

Nearly every one of my age learned to swim at the Baths on Pasture Road and it was an important part of our recreation. We went there too from the Grammar School every week in the summer term. We also cycled, taking picnics with us, sometimes even as far as York. We walked after Sunday School, either along the riverbank and round by the Fever Hospital, down Pasture Road and home or the same loop in the opposite direction.

My grandfather, Richard Jolley, as mayor, recognised that Goole needed jobs to be created, as the shipyard and ship building declined. He was responsible for getting what was then a light industrial estate underway, including of course Burtons tailoring. Grandpa was also instrumental in finding entertainment for teenagers. He brought roller skating to the Market Hall, operated twice a week by people from Doncaster, I think. That was around 1951. Looking back we seem to have been fortunate in having the local facilities and locations, as well as the time and freedom to explore on bikes and on foot. With warm regards from sunny Adelaide, South Australia.

Posted by Chris on 18/06/2009

Anyone remember the Copper Kettle, Boothferry Road? My gran took me for a milkshake for a Saturday morning treat in the late-1950s.

Posted by Bill on 03/07/2009

Chris, the Copper Kettle enjoyed a certain notoriety in the days when coffee bars were a new phenomenon with a dodgy image. They were often frequented by teddy boys, loose women and beatnik intellectuals, not that they were many of the latter in Goole. Sometimes, on the way home from GGS in the early-1960s, I would sneak in for a coffee and feel very daring, if out of place. Maybe it had become a bit more respectable when you went with your gran.

I also remember that there was a Chinese restaurant a few doors away, the first restaurant to which I ever took a girlfriend (Cheryl I think) for a meal. Felt pretty sophisticated then! Oh, the innocence of youth.

Posted by Broadway on 10/07/2009

Best butchers was Nightingales Jim/old Danny and the boys, great pork pies; Mrs Jacksons across the road. Sliding down the riverbank in winter on a bread tray; nicking the daffs in spring for Mother's Day; swimming in the canal in summer, great but YUK now... Doing stuff you should not was always good at the time, cider in West Park.

Best cafe in the 1960s, for those who could not take the hard stuff yet, was the Riverside Cafe (the Greeks), fantastic backroom, jukebox thick with smoke, loud music, fab... or the Arcade cafe, OXO for a tanner; Copper Kettle, all great spots.

If you wanted a drink, Dock tavern half bitter, in the blue room, me and Colin Walker spent many happy times, until his mum/dad found out, whoops.

Goole still has some great pubs, but sadly no characters these days. I remember old Pom 5 o'clock Saturday selling the Green "Un", old Ted on a Sunday morning with the papers.

Posted by Kerry on 02/08/2009

My dad remembers "Pom". He used to sell the Hull Mail and the green paper outside the station or at the market. Another chap, Harry Day, also did the same thing. My dad said Pom used to walk funny.

Posted by Jackie on 11/01/2010

I came across this amazing site almost by accident, love the stories. "Broadway" mentioned "Ted" selling Sunday papers... my grandad Fred Potter used to stand outside the subway, 24/7, selling the local papers. He lived in the railway house on the opposite side of the road (I believe an Indian Restaurant is there now). Anyone on here old enough to remember this sweet gentle man?

Posted by Bill on 29/11/2010

A remember a man who was always seen on the station every evening. He was the chap who used to collect the newspapers (Hull Daily Mail and Yorkshire Post) when they arrived by train. He would distribute them to us paper boys. In fact we bought them off him and we kept the money we collected from the customers. I made a profit of about 30 bob a week - good money then. I bought the round from my cousin and sold it to a friend when I'd had enough of it. The only time I have been self-employed. Anybody know who that man was? I remember he was quite a character.

Posted by Keith on 18/10/2011

I also remember a man selling the papers was his name Hague.

Posted by Humble Pie on 21/07/2009

I remember Goole being better known as "Sleepy Hollow" in the early-1980s CB radio AM frequency. Fantastic times, met all sorts of folk, good and bad! Rhythmstick, Canteen Cowboy, Moonraker, Penguin, Bullwinkle, Pandora, Catweasel to recall a few. Meetings at Kilpin country club. Boothferry Breakers. Wow! Any of you still got the old AM squawk box in the loft to remember the era by?

10 10 till we do it again! We're down we're gone.

Posted by Geoffrey on 07/10/2009

I can remember going to the Carlton on Saturdays to the matinees. Also I remember Shorts wine shop on Pasture Road which became Littlewoods soft drinks. I used to work there when I left school as a drivers mate. I also remember the Palace Cinema which was pulled down and turned into Fine Fare supermarket. I also remember working at the Savemore supermarket at the top of Pasture Road. Our family lived down Brough Street in the 1950s/early-1960s then moved to Murham Avenue.

Posted by David on 16/10/2009

I also worked as Littlewood's Lemonade for a while around 1969. My brother Richard was also there for a few years in the early-1960s. I remember Golly Thompson, Lionel, Arthur and Mad Tommy the drivers.

Posted by Pauline on 29/11/2009

No one has mentioned the dances held at the Territorial Army Hall (Drill Hall) behind the Catholic Church in Pasture Road. I think it was the early-1960s. The committee of Goole RAFA. ran it, and, as my mum and dad were committee members, I got in free if I helped in the cloakroom. There was always a "live band" so lots of young lads with ambitions to be famous, played for not

much money. Unfortunately I don't remember anyone who actually did become famous! But it was a good excuse for me to wear my full skirt with layers and layers of "can can" net under it. It had to be stiffened with sugar water when it was washed.

Posted by CA on 13/01/2010

I went to all the cafes mentioned plus Ransomes in Aire Street who were strict about behaviour on their premises. Went to Monday nights at Baths Hall also spent most of the summer between West Park and swimming at Baths Hall. Still see one of the female attendants (shopping in Tesco's) when I visit Goole.

Posted by Patricia on 07/02/2010

Does anyone have any photos or memories of Old Goole Jazz Band in the 1930s and 1940s?. My grandfather, William Spink, was the band leader for a while and I would love to find anything out about it. He wore a Union Jack suit, and most of his family was in the band. I have been sent photos of the band in the 1950s/1960s, but he had given it up by then.

Posted by Frank on 08/02/2010

Yes I remember the Jazz Band very well. I recall it being called Goole Town Prize Jazz Band. The memories are in my mind but no pictures or names, just the enjoyment of chasing after it.

Posted by Anne on 14/04/2010

Does anyone remember the Yorkshire Skiffle Championship being held at the Baths Hall in 1957 or 1958? It was won by our local group who called themselves "The Satellites". There were six members John Hughes, Ken Ibbotson, Les Krebbs, Pete Morton, Roy Thompson and "Mo" Le Voguer. A great night was had by all. They made a record, "Mama Don't Allow" (I think), and photographs were taken. My request is to have a copy of any photograph taken that night, no matter what condition. I so hope someone may find one in an old shoebox or something. Hope I stirred up some good memories. Thanks.

Posted by Colin on 09/07/2010

Anne, I spoke to Ken Ibbotson recently and showed him a copy of your posting, he remembers it well. I have photocopies of two of his pics from the days of the band. You are quite welcome to have them.

Posted by Colin on 08/09/2010

I don't know if you see the Goole Times but Mike Marsh wrote an article that featured the Skiffle group and it was in the paper. The photos are the ones that I have photocopies of.

Posted by Anne Jones on 12/09/2010

My friend has been in touch with Ken on the phone following the enquiry after the Mike Marsh article. It's the first time they have spoken for about 53 years. That's quite a result anyway.

Posted by Patrick on 14/05/2010

Anyone remember the North Eastern Folk & Blues Club? I was there when I was about fourteen or fifteen.

Posted by Frank on 20/05/2010

I remember the Blue Water evenings at the North Eastern. Where the mariners sang songs of the sea. It was on the wireless². This was in the 1920s.

² https://genome.ch.bbc.co.uk/schedules/service_rt_regional_northern/1937-03-23#at-20.30

Posted by Small Face on 18/07/2010

The late-1960s was certainly a time... Scooter boys of Goole and Howden, Goole and District Youth Club (at the Grammar), Y.M, Parish youth club, Carlisle Caff. Hey, what about the Paradise Club? Tamla Motown, Otis Redding, Marvin Gaye, the Mayphil Caff just over Boothferry Bridge.

Posted by Janet on 09/09/2010

Anyone used to go to parish youth club in the 1960s? David Heseltine, Martin Crapper, Janice Rocket, Susan Abson, Jennie Branham, Joan Sunderland ,Pete Butterick, Dave Clarke, Bernard Roffey (who I was married to for a while).

Posted by Bill on 12/09/2010

Yup, I was there. Was good, but not good enough to prevent us popping across to the Sydney for some underage drinking. Before that there was the scouts (3rd Goole Troop) and briefly the Church Lads' Brigade. Anybody remember those?

Posted by Patricia on 12/11/2010

Does anyone have any memories of the Old Goole Jazz Band from the 1930s/1940s? It was run by my grandfather, William Spink, and the money he raised went to the local hospital.

Posted by Jan on 12/11/2010

I remember going to sat afternoon pictures at cosy Carlton. 6p for pictures and 6p to spend, usually at a sweetshop down Wetherall Street, run by two sisters. All spent on the penny tray. I went on to direct many productions at Boothferry Middle School in early-1980s. Anyone remember Mikado, Gondoliers, Bugsey Malone, Joseph?

Posted by Ann on 12/12/2010

Can anyone remember Ike and Tina Turner playing at the Paradise Club in Goole?

Posted by John on 14/01/2011

I remember Ike and Tina Turner playing at the Paradise Club, they asked us where you could get an alcoholic drink as they only sold soft drinks there. We took them to the Peacock for a drink before they performed.

Posted by Keith on 28/01/2011

I've lived in and around Goole for many years and never heard of the Paradise Club. Where was it?

Posted by Small Face on 28/01/2011

The Paradise Club was down Carlisle Street. It morphed, in time, into Shaw's Pastimes.

Posted by David on 06/02/2011

My brother Richard was a doorman at the Paradise Club - we got to see some great acts there over the few years that it was open.

Posted by Gail on 10/02/2011

I was a regular at the Paradise Club but I don't recall Ike and Tina Turner playing there. They were already international stars when the club was open and there was a very similar Leeds act called Root and Jenny Jackson, who definitely did play at the Paradise. Ike and Tina in Goole? Sounds like that scene at the end of The Commitments when nobody believes Wilson Pickett will turn up but he does.

Posted by Small Face on 12/02/2011

Well, I didn't like to make a comment about the Ike and Tina article until Gail had the courage to do it first... "River Deep, Mountain High" was released in 1965, so we all know they wouldn't have been at the Paradise. How in heck did you remember Root and Jenny Jackson though... good call! Memory escapes me but did we have the pleasure of Geno Washington and the Ram Jam Band once or twice?

Posted by Roy on 16/04/2012

Paradise Club 1969 - fell in love on a postage-size dance floor.

Posted by Anon on 13/09/2015

Just been discussing the Paradise Club with my sister-in-law who doesn't remember it at all. I am sure I saw Ike and Tina Turner there and Gino Washington! Can anyone confirm? Looked back on this website - mixed comments. I also remember them asking for alcohol as there was none at the club. Is my memory playing tricks? Left Goole when I was eighteen but am still in touch with family.

Posted by Elaine on 15/12/2015

I used to go to the Paradise Club with friends from Goole Grammar School and we definitely saw Geno Washington & The Ram Jam Band there in the late-1960s. I think Ike and Tina Turner did appear there but sadly I didn't get to see them.

Posted by Kathleen on 02/03/2011

Does anybody out there remember "The Avengers"? Not the TV series but a pop group who used to play together at dances in 1963-64. Mike Brogan, Bri Ibbotson... I think they even made a recording, with donations from Senior VI at the Grammar School. Or the radio hamming - Paul Moncaster comes to mind, same era?

Posted by Sue on 05/03/2011

I don't remember the Avengers, but Bri Ibbotson later formed "Stovepipe Lee and the Mobile Stragglers", 1966-67, with himself, Roy Strachan and Chris Warren on guitars. I've forgotten the drummer's name.

Posted by Robert on 06/03/2011

Were the others in the band Mick Leonard and Roy Strachan?

Posted by Sue on 07/03/2011

Was it Reggie Leonard?

Posted by Jan on 08/03/2011

I remember that band with Bri Ibbotson, Strachan, Brogan, etc. They played for a dance I attended at GGS. Later on in life I took my daughter to a panto in Bradford and noticed Bri in the orchestra!

Posted by Rob on 04/04/2011

Who remembers Roger Blooms Hammer?

Posted by John on 04/04/2011

Roger Blooms Hammer hailed from Sheffield, they played several times at the Paradise Club down Carlisle Street. Must be at least 40/42 years ago.

Posted by Jon on 01/08/2011

There was a band which played in the Goole area in the late-50s and early-60s. Nothing avant-garde. They weren't about to burst into the charts, or tour Germany in a Bedford van. Just a group of gents in smart suits and bow ties playing jazz for dances. As far as I know they didn't have a name. The only photograph I have is of a quartet: piano, drums, tenor saxophone and guitar. My father, Geoff Kelsey, was the guitarist. I think the sax player was Harold Mann, and that at some time there was also a double bass player called Wally. I'm fairly sure they played at the North Eastern, amongst other local venues. As a small boy I wasn't interested, but with 50 years' hindsight I wish I had paid more attention, and would love to know more. Does anyone remember them?

Posted by Keith on 14/05/2012

The Monday night Christies dances at the Baths Hall were the highlight of the week.

Posted by Broadway on 19/05/2012

Anybody ever get into the Riverside coffee bar? The back room, full of smoke; great jukebox; great crowd of folks, Brin, Bert, Myler, Tina, Sue, Val, to name but a few; OXO a tanner a cup. The two Greeks who owed it were good guys as well, Chris and Vass. Happy days.

Posted by Bill on 20/05/2012

In the early-1960s I used to hang out in the back room of that Greek owned snack bar in Boothferry Road. It was at times decidedly seedy, I remember food stuck to the ceiling and some minor sexual misdemeanours!

Posted by Sue on 21/05/2012

Coffee bar, scruffy backroom, banging jukebox five plays a bob.

Posted by SP on 21/05/2012

"Wooly Bully" by Sam the Sham belting out, fab times.

Posted by Norma on 11/07/2012

Does anyone out there remember the YMCA in 1965/1966? We had great times. Went on a coach to see the Stones at Leeds, also went to the Cavern in Liverpool. I lived in Thorne.

Posted by Burl on 15/07/2012

Table tennis upstairs, mini coffee bar ground floor.

Posted by Bill on 16/07/2012

YMCA in the 1960s, bad memory. May the guy who punched me in the face rot in hell.

Posted by Eddie on 28/07/2012

How about the yo-yo, sausages and the rest served in the YMCA.

Posted by Tom on 20/01/2013

Yes I remember it, situated at the end of the town opposite a pub whose name I cannot remember, the building just about falling down. Upstairs for table tennis downstairs was the disco and cafe. Never went on any trips, family could not afford it.

Posted by Emma on 21/01/2013

The pub in question is the Peacock.

Posted by Tom on 06/02/2013

Thanks, should really have remembered it as my father practically lived in it as well as the Macintosh Arms.

Posted by Graham on 03/11/2012

Anyone remember the Youth Club at the rear of the Grammar School 1973-1975? Great times.

Posted by Fiona on 07/11/2012

I remember the Youth Club, though I didn't go much as I never really liked pop music until punk arrived and then I was on my way to art school. What I do remember was the very distinctive weird smell in there. I am sure all the Motown would come flooding back if I were to smell it again? Anyone have any idea what caused it?

Posted by Graham on 05/12/2012

The only explanation for the aroma in the Youth Club would be that it was hormones/testosterones from the youth of the day!

Posted by Jez on 22/02/2013

This has evoked a memory from 30 and more years ago. We had a gig at Goole Grammar round about 1975 – 77, I think. Phil was on lead guitar and I played piano, was nothing portable but my own upright Joanna from home. I had to transport it by van then haul it into the school, do the gig, then back home with the heavy “beast” which you can appreciate was well out of tune by the end of the night. I remember we did Tom Robinson “2 4 6 8” and also the stones “Under My Thumb” which immediately springs to mind. Hope you are doing well Phil. Jez from 55 Oxford road

Posted by Phil on 23/02/2013

Nice to hear from another musician. Unfortunately it was not me on lead guitar as I had left Goole. I think it must have been my cousin Martyn Barker. My last gig around Goole was at the Blacksmith's Arms in Hook with Dennis Wilburn on lead and Geoff Laverack on drums. It was around 1970. We played in the annex a under the name Forgery as it was the Blacksmith's.

Posted by Anna on 11/06/2013

The first mobile discotheque I had was the Alusion Five Roadshow and started in the Dock Taven, South Street, Goole in 1973. Fighting usually started off around 10.30 and some German or Danish sailor ended up through the front window. It was a wire mesh type glass and my father ended up putting new glass back in the front window. He did wonder why we didn't we put hinges on the windows to save the glass. I remember lots of tables and stools getting broken as well as lots of beer glass and bottles. The police waited until it was all over and then came in to make arrests. It was a hard place to do discos back then.

Posted by Corby on 04/08/2013

The Theatre Royal on Adam Street was once the venue for the Cub Group ran by a Mrs Barlow. On the onset she would seat herself on the stage. In chalk she would write BARLOW. Every boy present would then place pennies upon the letters. In an attempt to complete her name. This never happened, most boys could ill afford the cap and jersey required, not forgetting the woggle, but I certainly enjoyed attending.

Posted by Sheena on 23/08/2013

I remember the G&D in the 1970s, it was the “in” place for anyone who was aged thirteen to sixteen to go. I also remember queues of girls waiting outside the Carlton Picture House to see

Grease and many went two or three times. People will remember the swimming baths in Pasture Road - the blue turnstile to get in, up the stairs and putting your clothes in wire baskets.

Posted by Bill on 01/09/2013

Yes, I remember those heavy metal hanging baskets for storing your clothes. In the men's changing rooms there was a machine which dispensed Brylcreem on which the most funny but obscene graffiti had been scratched; can't repeat it here but others of my generation may remember it!

Posted by Peter on 25/10/2013

Does anyone still remember the local beat group Dean Cresta and The Falcons from the early-1960s?

We had Alan Vaux on vocals, Rob Thornton on piano, John Lawton on guitar, and Kenny Wilde on drums (and me on bass guitar). After Alan left to join Thorne's Daybreakers, and Kenny took off for Scotland to join a pro band, Trev Smith and Ann Fysh came in on vocals, and Pete Morton on drums. I remember Pete had a mate, a piano pounder called Jammy Giles, who could really rattle the ivories. John Eyre, who could wow 'em on ol' Jerry Lee numbers, also rejoined on vocals and guitar.

The local shacks we used to shake included the Station Hotel, the Tavern ("Charlie's"), and the Sydney. I can only imagine just how great Ann would have been on those Motown classics that came along a few short years later. Happy Days!

Posted by Keith on 26/10/2013

Think John Eyre and Rob Thornton joined the "Black Jets" with two other guys. Quite a good foursome

Posted by Tee on 03/05/2016

You mentioned The Falcons and I think my dad, Alan Vaux, is the lead singer of whom you speak - you'll be pleased to know that Alan is still rocking all over the world, or in France to be more exact. Do feel free to get in touch if you have any stories regarding my dad!

Posted by Peter on 03/06/2016

It's good to hear that Alan is still rockin' away - somewhere in France! I hope he's keeping well. We lost touch after he left for The Daybreakers, but I still remember him very well from our days in The Falcons. Somehow, it's well over 50 years since those times - well, who knows where the time goes? Alan was a very charismatic front man, and had a lot to do with our local popularity. We often had trouble getting our gear to the various venues in the area, as we were all very young and too poverty-stricken to have our own transport. We were not quite like, say, Status Quo, with tons of stuff to lug about, but we did have a bit too much for the bus into town. Somehow, we got by. I remember a local guy, Big Les, who had a big car with a massive boot, who sometimes ferried us about. A big help! Ah, happy days!

Posted by Alan on 27/12/2016

Hi to those who remember me. I used to be lead singer with the Falcons later joining The Daybreakers. I had a few names (some not so nice from non-female followers whose girlfriends liked our music), such as Alan Cresta, Dean Cresta and at one stage Vince Deacon. It was only later in life that the initials for those names were quite significant.

Now in France, still rocking and doing a non-stop tribute show of legends such as Elvis, Neil Diamond, Roy Orbison, Jerry Lee Lewis, Cliff and loads more great acts from the past. Loads

of costume changes also makes this a really memorable show. Anyway lovely to read some of the articles about Goole, Uncle Arthur's, Winning Post, Goole Market Hall, The Baths, Sydney Hotel, etc. If I ever get the show over to Goole then I will have it well advertised so that some of you guys who remember me can come along and buy me a beer or two. Cheers!

Posted by Denise on 25/01/2017

Are you the same Alan that sometimes sat with us on the bus to Moorends back in the day? We had some good times in The Winning Post.

Posted by Alan on 05/02/2017

Sure Denise that was me. Pleased to see you are still alive and kicking. I remember you sang some Jerry Lee numbers especially good.

Posted by John on 20/02/2017

Dean Cresta and the Falcons: the line-up was, John Eyre (lead guitar), John Lawton (rhythm guitar), Rob Thornton (piano), Doc Holliday (saxophone), Alan Roberts (drums) and Alan Vaux (vocals) who took over from Ray Ward (alias Johnny Hawk).

Posted by Trev on 21/12/2013

I know there won't be many who can remember this far back with the Tower Cinema, but mum (she is 107) was telling me today about being an usherette there in the 1920s. She said it was a cinema part of the year and put on productions the rest of the year. I would like to find any info about these times if anyone can help please.

Posted by Dennis on 22/12/2013

I remember the Tower Cinema, it always stunk of diesel because the electricity was generated by diesel engines at the back of the premises.

Posted by Paul on 26/12/2013

It was certainly a theatre in 1962 as on 19 November the Goole Operatic Society performed the "Quaker Girl."

Posted by Robert on 26/12/2013

Yes, not just a cinema. I have some press cuttings from an old family friend who died over 20 years ago now. She was Ethel Shipley, later Ethel Laverack, who sang contralto (rather well people used to say) in the early days of the Goole Amateurs when they regularly performed at the Tower Theatre. For example in March, 1922, "Last night at the Tower Theatre, the Goole United Amateur Operatic Society opened a week's performance of The Mikado."... "One of the chief triumphs of the evening was the Katisha of Miss Ethel Shipley, whose reserve of dramatic ability has not previously been utilised." I'm sure a search through the Goole Times microfiche at the library would find more between 1900 and 1940.

The article then compares the Tower with the Theatre Royal where productions had been performed in earlier years, the Tower having a more roomy and well equipped stage. Other performers and support mentioned are Miss Nellie Carmichael, Miss Sylvia Cooper, Mrs H. Petman, Mr R.W. Simpson, Mr W. Blyth, Mr J.H. Carmichael, Mr J.W. Nichols, Mr J. Crabtree, Mr Ernest Johnson (conductor) Mr Lindsay Harman (coach) Mr R.G. Bickerron (President), Mr Ernest Gunhill (business manager), Mr Harold Lloyd (secretary).

Actually, from memory, I think the Tower continued as a theatre into the 1960s and possibly the 1970s.

Posted by Trev on 28/12/2013

Robert, many thanks for your info about the Tower Cinema. I will try mum with the names that you sent, she may remember some of them (her memory is still good at 107). She has now told me about a cinema that was in Hook Road, her aunt and uncle lived next door to it and used to help out there, so mum used to go in free when she was a child.

Posted by Gerald on 31/12/2013

The Quaker Girl was the first production on the return to the Tower Theatre by the Operatic Society. Not sure where they had been previously. The next two productions were White Horse Inn and Blue Moon.

Posted by Paul on 31/01/2014

What about the Dale Sisters? They had two top-forty singles in the 1960s and appeared on "Thank Your Lucky Stars" with Adam Faith and Johny Leighton.³

Posted by Goolie Gone on 25/10/2019

I seem to remember that the Dale Sisters were nieces of local butcher Tommy Dunderdale, who had a shop on Bridge Street in the 1950s and 1960s. Tommy played the Hawaiian steel guitar for a time in a local C&W trio called the Three Canyons.

I'm fairly certain also that the Dales had previously hit the UK singles charts the previous year (probably 1960) with the old Buddy Holly song "Heartbeat".⁴

Posted by Bill on 29/10/2019

Yup, they are brilliant. Goole's own Beverly Sisters!

Posted by Goolie Gone on 30/10/2019

Heartbeat by the England Sisters. Nice record from 1960 then. Their uncle Tommy D. must have been Goole's one and only Hawaiian guitar player - anyone know otherwise?

Posted by Tony on 31/10/2019

The Dale Sisters Betty, Julie and Hazel Dunderdale, their father had the butchers shop in Carlisle Street. Their name was changed to the England Sisters when Paul England took over management. I believe they toured with the Beatles.

Station Hotel combo Harry Middlebrook played piano with them. He was a salesman at Jacksons Furniture Stores. Also think they had Hawaiian or steel guitar

Posted by Keith on 06/11/2019

I remembers walking into Jacksons Furniture shop and Harry was sat playing a piano like a good 'un. Think he was practising for the night time combo.

Posted by Norman on 06/03/2014

The place to go in the early-1960s was Moorends, I remember a singer called Vince Everett and the Black Orchids, Dave Berry, Freddie and Dreamers, The Fortunes and many more. Johnny Walker was the manager of the pub. Don't forget the Winning Post. Last bus home 10pm. Good memories.

³ <http://www.ohboy.org.uk/thank-your-lucky-stars/index.php/episodes/series-2-9-9-61-23-6-62/item/25-1961-saturday-4th-november-5-50-6-30-pm>

⁴ <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8O0gdFAJIT4>

Posted by Peter on 25/06/2014

I remember heading via Rawcliffe and the Johnny Moor Long to Uncle Arthur's and The Winning Post at Moorends and Thorne. The beat groups seen there included Screaming Lord Sutch and The Savages, Freddie and The Dreamers, Dave Berry and The Cruisers, Me & Them, and maybe (it could just have been at the Baths, though) Mike Sagar and The Cresters with the great Ricky Harding on guitar. Abs fab, he was, on a number called "Deep Feeling". We lived back then in a time known now as history.

Posted by Lynda on 27/06/2014

We used to go to Uncle Arthurs every Friday Saturday and Sunday evenings. Great group and always had a good time, never wanted to leave the catch that 10 o'clock bus,

Posted by Peter on 29/06/2014

Uncle Arthur's and the Winning Post really were the places to be at back then, and always seemed to be packed whenever I got to go there. These were the days of our lives - as a certain Freddy Merc later went on to sing about.

Posted by Sheila on 06/04/2014

I always participated in the Whitsuntide walks. I also went to St. Paul's Sunday School and went for Confirmation classes at the vicarage on Clifton Gardens. One of my Sunday School teachers was Annabel Ramsey. She was the daughter of Dr Ramsey, the music teacher at GGS. We always had our new summer outfit for the Whit walk. Remember that it was a great family occasion and the route to the Riverside Gardens was lined with many people. Always had an ice cream after the parade too.

This was a time when everything was closed on Sundays. It was considered bad form to cut the grass or do the washing on this day. I always wore my Sunday best with white socks, white undies and a ribbon in my hair. The rest of the week it was beige socks and no ribbon. Would also go out for a walk in the summer or visit relatives. Not the done thing to play out now, you know... Oh! How times have changed.

Posted by Bill on 07/04/2014

I was in the Whit Walks as a participant on one of the "tableau" from the Parish Church Sunday School. These were mounted on the back of flatbed trucks. I have photos. In one I am a four-year-old with my legs hanging over the side next to the wheel - no considerations of Health and Safety then. On the same subject, I always remember the precipitous drop of about ten feet from part of the river embankment walk down onto Hook Road. It is amazing that small kids never fell off. I'm sure it will be fenced now. And yes we were always dressed very smartly for the occasion, our mum having taken us to Foster and Tetley's for our new "rig outs". Although these "walks" were supposedly religious in purpose, their main importance, as I remember, was as an amazing manifestation of community spirit and civic pride. Pretty rare commodities these days.

Posted by Sheila on 07/04/2014

I remember riding on the flatbed lorries when very small and then walking the route as I got older. So grown up at seven!

As you say, no one ever fell off. Some children had chairs on the lorry but others like you, sat on the edge with their legs dangling over the side. Think it may well have been civic pride, as it seems that the whole town turned out. Most children went to Sunday School in those days though so, the spectators would have been family.

Hook Gala and Fancy dress parades were also well attended.

Posted by Norman on 09/04/2014

Fond memories of the Whitsuntide parade. I worked for LEP Transport depot in Fifth Avenue. I and other drivers volunteered to prepare a lorry for the Monday parade. We started preparing them Saturday morning washing and painting the unit and trailer, back Sunday morning to touch up the paint work and hope that the paint had dried. Monday morning over to drop off the trailer to be got ready for the parade; slow ride back to town so I did not drop any kids off the trailer; nice run round Goole back to Old Goole church for a tuck in. Nice memories, they last longer than dreams.

Posted by Dennis on 09/04/2014

I left Goole in 1961 aged fifteen, when my mum remarried, and we moved away from the area. I remember the parade being the biggest day of the year apart from Christmas.

Posted by Bill on 10/04/2014

Norman, I'd just like to second Sheila's words of appreciation and thank you, and your colleagues, for the wonderful voluntary work you did on behalf of the children of Goole. There is no doubt that those Whit walks enriched our lives and left us ex-pats with the fondest memories of Goole as it was then.

Posted by Tony on 11/04/2014

I worked at LEP with Norman. I always went to the church on the corner of Humber Street, All Saints or St. Marys can't remember its name. They always had two artics for the kids to ride on and a rigid for the tableau. Most of the lorries used were LEP or Hudson Wards and there was a friendly rivalry between us as to who had the best looking lorries. After the procession we all went back to the church for the tea party. My wife and baby always rode in the cab with me.

Posted by Fiona on 17/04/2014

I remember the Whit Walks, I think they stopped in the 1970s when Whitsuntide ceased to be a holiday. My dad, who was born in 1924, told me that as a child he and his brother were on a dray when the horse was stung by a hornet and bolted! I don't think anyone was hurt but he said mothers screamed with fear for their children.

Posted by Tony on 17/04/2014

I remember doing the tableau with one of the new Trader 75s, the first ones with air brakes - daren't put my foot near the brake pedal.

Posted by Norman on 17/04/2014

The Thames Trader 75 had a warning at back of the flatbed reading "caution, air brakes", If you hit your brakes at 15mph you would shoot backwards and hope there was nothing close behind you, I don't think any driver lost anyone off their vehicles on any of the parades. We are talking about what took place in 1965, it would not be allowed to take place today.

Posted by Anon on 26/04/2014

Looking back in time, I can remember our neighbour, who worked for a local coal merchant, as a drayman, on the Whit Week Parade. All the horse brasses were polished and plumes on the horses heads made to look nice, Seeing the shire horse outside our front door looking a proper picture, It's a shame there was not as many cameras about in those days, just think what photos we would have if camera phones had been around then, The kids dressed up in their

Sunday best, the dray looking a picture, the driver steadying the horse. The driver's name was Charlie MacDermot. Please make sure any old photos around Goole never get disposed of and kept for the future. Fond memories.

Posted by Sheila on 28/04/2014

Cannot say as I recall the horses in the Whit Parades but do remember the dray horses in the Hook Gala parade. Suppose that if we were all in our Sunday best, then the horses should be too. Sadly, it is a sight seldom seen by the younger generation today. But wearing your Sunday best is a thing of the past now too.

Posted by Keith on 13/06/2019

Oh yes the Whit Parade, when your shoes stuck to the running Tarmac. Your Sunday best got covered in the stuff. Those days were when Goole was a Close community... good old days.

Posted by Corby on 13/06/2019

Whit Parade. I recently had a major shock down here in Southampton when I met a gentleman and his wife. They came down at the same time as us over 60 years ago. His name is Tommy Robinson and he is a captain in the Salvation Army. He showed us photos of when he carried the banner on the Whit Walks ahead of the floats. What memories we recalled of happy days.

Posted by Dave on 02/10/2019

I remember Tommy Robinson had something to do with the Old Beulah church in Old Goole. I think he was the guy to get myself and my mate Dave Blanchard on the Whit Parade dressed as angels!

Posted by Bill on 03/10/2019

Dressed as angels - you were lucky! I had my face blacked up to play the part of an African child being preached at by a missionary. Took days to get the stuff off my face. But that apart, the Whit Walks were a wonderful community event.

Posted by Sheila on 07/04/2014

Remember the "big" dances at the Baths Hall in the winter when the pool was closed. They did not finish until 2am. So late... However, I was only allowed to go if I returned home on time from the youth clubs during the year.

Posted by Corby on 09/04/2014

I well remember the big bands in the mid-1950s at the Baths Hall, something to look forward to. Without which it meant going to Hull, Leeds and Donny. I also remember girls going against the wish of their parents who went to the "Sweatbox" at Thorne. I meant no disrespect to the parents of the girls who frequented Uncle Arthur's dances at Thorne. Some of these parents also warned against The Copper Kettle.

I know four girls who went to Thorne who later married the man they met there. I married the girl I met at the Baths. I wonder how many other found their intended at that venue. Happy days.

Posted by Keith on 11/04/2014

The Saturday dances at the Baths Hall were great along with the "big" dances, Young Farmers Ball, Police Ball, Platt & Featherson's dance to name a few. Monday night dances, promoted by Christie's of Selby, were fantastic for the rockers.

Posted by Peter on 12/04/2014

I remember the time that Johnny Kidd & The Pirates rocked the old Baths Hall with their big hit "Shakin' All Over". Unfortunately, and unforgivably, there were only about 30 of us there that night. The group didn't use the stage, which I remember as seeming quite high above the dance floor (but maybe I was on my knees at the time), and set up in front of the stage to go through their numbers. Those of us there formed a circle around them as they belted out one hit after another. True professionals, and a really great night's entertainment! Shame about the poor attendance.

Posted by Keith on 14/04/2014

Baths Hall was the best dance venue ever. I remember Johnny Kid and the Pirates, and the big dance bands, Nat Gonella, the Monday night dances; how we got up for work on Tuesday morning is anyone's guess. The most memorable for me, because I worked there, was the annual Burton's Dance, which I helped organise.

Posted by Peter on 17/04/2014

Sadly, I never got to see those great jazz bands at Goole - didn't even know they'd hit our town - though I was probably just a bit too young then. I well remember a trip to York, though, to see Count Basie when I was about 14.

The Monday night hops at the Baths were great. I seem to remember that sometimes local "talent" would get up on stage, and we would watch from the balcony. Two of them stood out for me. This would have been a couple of years before The Beatles blew the pop music world wide open. One of them, a fruity-looking guy in gig-lamps, would get up and sing Roy Orbison songs such as "Only The Lonely" and "Blue Angel". I might be a bit more discerning now, but he sounded fab at the time. The other one would sing with his arms stretched out in front of him, shaking from head to foot. I don't think it was stage fright, but more an affectation, much like the Sheik Of Shake, Dickie Pride. Rock on.

And, oh to be young again!

Posted by Anon on 28/04/2014

As a lad I remember my oldest sister at the age of eighteen saying to mum, please ask dad if I can go to the Baths Hall dance on Saturday night. If some other girl had the same dress on as her, she would come home and change it, I also remember my sisters going to the music shop on Boothferry Road to get the latest music sheet with words so they could learn the words of the new songs.

Posted by Lynda on 20/06/2014

Oh yes, how well I remember the Monday night dances at the Baths Hall, highlight of the week. It was "do we go pictures on a Saturday or the Monday night dance?", as my friend Sheila Whitehead and I could not afford to go to both. The Monday night dance always won.

My mother-in-law worked at the Baths Hall for years, Doris Beamson, sure everyone who swam will remember her, lovely lady sadly, along with the Baths Hall, no longer with us.

I cannot remember the name of any of the bands, but always had a wonderful evening and danced all night.

Posted by Keith on 20/04/2014

Anyone remember the roller skating at the Market Hall, it didn't last that long. Also the wrestling at the Tower?

Posted by Corby on 20/04/2014

I returned to Goole in 1957 to marry Audrey Pearce. She was a Burton's girl for five years. Her closest friends were Mary Taun, Mary Clements, June Clark and Gladys Rose. She cannot recall the Monday night or Burtons dances. When these girls bopped to the wild music the whole floor bounced.

You mention the events at the Market Hall. My first hero performed there when wrestling took place. Jack Pye, who I always assumed was Goole born because he could be seen with his brothers walking down Estcourt Street on a regular basis. I felt quite deflated when I learned the truth. Another hero was the local strongman who used to demonstrate his unique talent around Goole, Sylvanus Baxter. A crowd gathered one day opposite the Lowther on the railway sidings where a goods wagon bogie (axle and wheels) was on the track. He hooked his arms under the axle and deadlifted the whole bogie clear of the line. A great cheer went up, I don't know what the weight would have been for all this cast iron, but I remember it as if it was yesterday.

Posted by Bill on 21/04/2014

My mother told me that there was roller skating (and dances) in the Market Hall during the war years. I'm too young to remember if they continued beyond that. Think it had all finished by the late-1950s.

Posted by Frank on 16/05/2014

I only went once to the dances at the Market Hall in 1943 and it was quite good with a good crowd. I wonder if Vera Eldin remembers? She was a good dancer.

Posted by FW on 16/06/2014

My grandfather, Richard Jolley, instituted the roller skating in the Market Hall in approximately 1951-52 when he was Mayor of Goole, because he felt that more was needed to be done for young people. The operators came from somewhere near Doncaster. My parents, Kathleen and Charles Watmough reopened and ran the Parish Church Youth Club, in the Church Hall, Church Street, complete with snooker tables and refreshments.

At the same time he also negotiated the light industrial estate, including Burton's tailoring and LEP, as he could see that ship building was going into decline

Posted by Keith on 09/11/2020

I remember roller skating in 1950s at the Market Hall. Also remember dancing there about 1958-ish was the last time.

Posted by Peter on 21/04/2014

Anyone recall a mid-1950s singer from Old Goole who sang Hoot Rains-era Slim Whitman songs? His name was possibly Brian Masterman (but I may just have made that up). I was eleven or twelve at the time, and knew note-for-note some of Slim's songs such as Rose Marie and Indian Love Call from the old 78s my mum and dad had. Brian - I think that may have been his first name, anyway - was a local favourite who would have been well-known in the Marshland, and did terrific versions of those old songs. He even looked a bit like Slim, with a pencil-thin moustache!

Posted by FW on 16/06/2014

The senior sixth boys at Goole Grammar School slipped out surreptitiously some lunch times to play bowls next door, having had shove halfpenny and bridge banned by Mr Latimer. We also cycled to York for the day in the summer holidays, taking with us a picnic of course. It's interesting

to note that these entertainments cost very little, apart from the occasional trip to one of the three cinemas on Saturday afternoon or evening.

A walk round the docks or along the riverbank to Hook after Sunday School was popular too and again cost free. The good old days do sound very appealing!"

Posted by EW on 16/06/2014

I forgot to mention the Baths Hall on Pasture Road, where we all learned to swim when we were seven- or eight-year-old and went there regularly right through the Grammar School years too. We even went with school as part of PE. and those of us with season passes spent many hours there, leaving our bikes propped up outside. The baths were open only in the warmer months before boards were placed across the pool area to become a ballroom, for winter dances.

My mothers' generation ice skated in the winter on the local ponds.

Posted by Keith on 19/06/2014

The CLB or Church Lads Brigade also used the Parish Church Hall. As I recall Tom Wilburn was the C.O. and Mr Rossiter the church caretaker also helped. The GFS or Girls Friendly Society used the other Church Hall. Anyone remember these?

Posted by FW on 27/06/2014

The two Miss Gray sisters, Enid and Freda, ran the GFS, along with their adopted sister, Doris. They took the girls on an annual trip to stay at the GFS hostel in Filey. Mr Noel Chessman ran the Church Lads' Brigade. He was in the Parish Church Choir too, along with my stepfather Charles Watmough, after graduating from being choir boys.

Posted by Bill on 27/06/2014

I certainly remember the CLB. I think it was short-lived but very active. I remember polishing those brass buttons on the uniform. We learnt marching drill in the Church Hall and played football in the adjoining yard. Participated in Remembrance Day parades. One year we went on a summer camp to Bognor Regis. Names I remember are Mike Chessman and Mike Tune. My sister was in the GFS also very active. Did they have summer camps in Filey. I know the choir did.

The two Miss Grays mentioned in connection with the GFS also at one time ran a sweetshop at the top of Marshfield Road. Names I remember from the choir about that time are Ricky Wilcox and Malcom Potts and of course Miss Jessop the choir "master" and organist.

Posted by Keith on 30/06/2014

The CLB in my day was run by the church caretaker Mr Rossiter and Mr Tom Wilburn. I also remember the Gray sisters who taught at the Sunday School, and Canon Rawlins. Anyone remember him at choir practice?

Posted by Paul on 09/12/2014

I too remember the CLB in the Parish Church Hall. I also went on that summer camp to Bognor Regis. The tented camp was on Nyetimber Lane just outside the town. It took an age to get there as I recall on a red and cream bus! How's that for a memory? Remember also going swimming in the sea just at the side of the pier and one of the head honcho's always kept his flat cap on even when swimming.

The CLB in Goole was run by a guy who worked on the railway, can't remember his name. The only two lads I can recall were a big blonde haired guy called Paul (maybe Hart) who carried the big drum and a lad called "Shiner". Good days

Posted by Freda on 17/12/2014

Mr Noel Chessman ran it and was helped by my stepfather Charles Watmough. Both of these men had been choirboys at the Parish Church and then choirmen.

Posted by Keith on 20/12/2014

I remember Noel Chessman as a choir boy and as an older CLB lad, but not in charge, must have been after my time.

Posted by Anon on 24/06/2014

Who remembers Sunshine corner? It was held at the Co-op hall between the post office at the corner of Carter Street and the bombed out Church, It was also used for wedding receptions - our sister had her reception there in the late-1950s.

The building was constructed out of wood. We also had a once-a-year party. You had to have so many stamps in you book so you could attend the party.

The song we used to sing was. "Sunshine Corner, Oh it's jolly fine, It's for children under ninety-nine, All are welcome, seats are given free, Goole Sunshine Corner is the place for me." I think this was about 1950.

What about "Bill Hailey and the Comets" at the Cosy Carlton? The queue was round the corner into Jackson Street when the film was shown. There was dancing in the aisles, I wonder what Billy King thought of it.

Posted by Anon on 18/09/2014

I think a lot of girls and ladies who worked at the Burtons factory will remember when "Worker's Playtime" paid a visit to the factory; this was broadcast live on the radio⁵. I think this was in the 1950s.

Posted by Anon on 18/09/2014

How many of us old ones remember Wilfred and Mabel Pickles⁶ visiting Goole? Can you remember his saying "Give 'em the Money Mabel", it was one pound if they got the question right. He had a lovey broad accent, good memories.

Posted by Bill on 20/09/2014

What's on the table Mabel?

Posted by Karen on 27/11/2014

I know St. Paul's Players still exists today and I am so pleased the name lives on. How many people remember the old St. Paul's Players? I was a member from 1976 to around 1994. We produced two plays a year at the Secondary Modern School (that was). Usually April and October/November and usually comedy. I was Karen White and acted with Betty Benton (became Raywood), the late Bri Cook, Rob Whitehead, Joan Overington, Nichola Theaker and the late Phill Sharp, to name a few. We progressed to pantomimes at the Grammar School but the best days were at the Modern School. Betty and Phill were the main directors and we did the scenery and costumes ourselves. Scenery was often loaned form "Lee Roma's" down Dunhill Road. Happy Days. Hope we were as entertaining as we thought we were. "There's no business like show business". I've still got loads of photos and newspaper cuttings.

⁵ https://genome.ch.bbc.co.uk/schedules/service_light_programme/1958-04-24#at-12.30

⁶ https://genome.ch.bbc.co.uk/schedules/service_light_programme/1965-01-26#at-19.31

Posted by Neil on 12/12/2014

I left Goole in 1963 at the age of eight. I have so many wonderful memories of growing up in Broadway and playing in the shared lane with Edinburgh Street. Ullerthorne's chippy and Rollinsons sweetshop. The Hudsons, the Marshalls and the Gormlies! The docks and the riverbank was my playground, the dykes at Kingsway, catching newts and sticklebacks, Alexandra Street School and the Baths.

Just so many memories of a special place and I am so proud to be a Goolie!

Posted by Goolie Gone on 20/12/2014

Does anyone out there have any old memories of the Copper Kettle, Goole's first American-style coffee bar, on Boothferry Road between the old St. John's Hospital and the Station Hotel on the corner with Pasture Road? I used to pass it every day on my way to and from school. I'm sure the place had a proper jukebox, again probably the town's first.

Posted by Marjorie on 21/12/2014

I remember the Copper Kettle on Boothferry Road. I went on my second date with my boyfriend who became my husband who I have been married to for 50 years. You are right, there was a real jukebox. We have lived in Somerset for 52 years but it brought back memories.

Posted by Tony on 22/12/2014

The Copper Kettle was owned by the Sylvester family. I was in the Merchant Navy in the early-1960s. When the ship was in Goole I used to go there with my girlfriend and meet up with friends. We sat at the back near the jukebox eating egg and tomato sandwiches and drinking milkshakes or egg and milk, putting money in for music, five plays for a shilling (5p). The place was always full but there was never any trouble. It was a big part of our lives at the time and missed when it closed. My girlfriend Marian and I have now been married for 51 years. I wonder what happened to the big copper kettle which hung outside.

Posted by Goolie Gone on 28/12/2014

It's great to hear a recollection or two about the Copper Kettle. Maybe it wasn't quite the 2i's, though clearly "local talent" was often to be seen there. Can anyone describe how the place was laid out inside?

Posted by Bill on 29/12/2014

I seem to recall there was a longish bar on the right as you went in, where you could sit and self-consciously admire yourself in the mirror behind the counter. But knowing my memory I could be wrong. It was considered to be a cool, even bohemian, place to hang out.

Posted by Goolie Gone on 31/12/2014

I can see it there now. A row of Teds in their quiffs and D.A.s, decked out in drapes, and like the Fonz: "Hey! Perfecto." What's in the mirror just cannot be improved on. Their dolls are dreaming: "Swoon, He's my guy!" And the jukebox! Elvis, Carl, Jerry Lee, Richard, Fats, Ricky, the Everlys... and the rest. Man, it was bliss.

Or something like that.

Posted by Slim on 10/01/2015

I remember the Copper Kettle very well as I spent many hours there. We went in after school and stuffed out little hats into our satchels to look less conspicuous. Who remembers letting the warm Coca Cola sit for a while to get rid of some of the fizz? Didn't they also serve hot

orange juice? When we had only Radio Luxembourg for pop music, the jukebox at the Copper Kettle was played incessantly... I played Roy Orbison every time I was there.

Posted by Goolie Gone on 12/01/2015

Wouldn't it be great to be able to walk into the Copper Kettle as it was back then, and plug a few coins into that ole jukebox? Though they weren't Roy's first recordings, I remember just how fab "Only The Lonely" and "Blue Angel" sounded on first hearing them.

Some years later I saw him in "The Fastest Guitar Alive" at the Cosy. Can't recall what the main film was, but this one was a real dud. Roy was a wonderful singer, but his acting was, well, "pretty wooden".

Posted by Ray on 01/12/2021

I sometimes used to help out with the washing up there, because my mate Malcom Sylvester's dad and mum owned the place. (Maybe that was often on a Saturday, when he would probably be off playing rugger somewhere!)

All those years ago, Mr Sylvester taught me something that I take note of every time it's my turn to do the washing up at home. He said "Never put a really dirty plate into your clean hot water - use the hot tap to rinse the worse of the dirt off into the sink first, and only then put the plate into your bowl of hot water".

I didn't need to put any money in the jukebox at the CK, because lots of lads and lasses did that. The Copper Kettle was sometimes was a bit of a "dating agency" but Mr Sylvester got quite cross if couples sat around just talking to each other without a fresh coffee or tea or cola in front of them, and he would gently hassle them to buy more.

The Kettle closed down after when it got too much for the owners.

Posted by Peter on 19/01/2015

I remember when they put in the new ultra violet lights in the music room at the Station Hotel, which bathed the room in purple, and made any white clothing glow, and er, was sometimes a bit revealing.

Posted by Karen on 23/02/2015

Wonder if anyone out there remembers the Northern Soul nights at the Vikings back in the mid-1970s. Talc on the dance floor and "all dayers"? Also the discos on Friday and Sunday nights at the Blacksmiths Arms at Hook. The DJs were Paul Haslam and Tony Fletcher but I seem to remember before them it was Tony Edmunds and Martin Flannigan.

Posted by Topolino on 22/08/2015

Does anyone remember the entertainment nights at The Sydney in Aire Street? Small, but perfectly formed. The place is long gone, of course, but I remember a few Friday night there, throwing a few shapes in the early-1960s at the rock 'n roll bands that played there. Let's Twist Again and all that.

Posted by Keith on 09/11/2015

I remember Mrs Mundy who ran the Scouts in the 1950s.

Posted by Bill on 10/11/2015

The mention of Mrs Mundy the scout "master" rang a bell. She ran the Third Goole Troop out of a Nissen type hut on land next to the Parish Church. I was a cub and then scout and have many memories of that time. I wonder if there are any records of the Scouts activities at that

time and a list of the camps they went to. I remember her taking us to an international Jamboree in Ireland in about 1959.

Posted by Slim on 29/09/2016

Does anyone remember a group called The Tycoons? They played regularly at the Baths Hall on Monday nights, had a fantastic drummer and wore slick suits of different colours.

Posted by Goolie Gone on 10/07/2017

I remember playing on the bomb site, or was it just demolished houses, near the Dutch River Bridge in front of the gasworks, and down Albert Street (where we once found massive chocolate bars in an old railway wagon). On Saturdays, we'd walk over the docks, past the Lowther and along Aire Street to the market. Then on to the Tower, the Cinema or the Cosy Carlton for the tanner rush. As we'd stamp our feet, the guy there in the jaunty trilby wouldn't run the films until he'd sold all his packets of crisps (cruel). Laurel and Hardy, The Bowery Boys, Flash Gordon, Cisco Kid, Hopalong Cassidy, and all the rest - we knew how to live!

In Old Goole, we'd walk along the riverbank past Fisons, and mess about on the tips, or get chased off his land by Farmer Dudding, always a miserable old sod. Another tormentor was Copper Matthews who uncannily always seemed to know when we were up to no good, though we'd soon scarper when word got round that he was on his way. He knew how to sort us out.

The first circus I went to was at Hunt's Corner, and just past there, opposite the shipyard was cobbler Joy's hut, under some trees in front of Johnsons' Farm. St. Marys used to have a rock 'n roll hop one night a week, and the South Park had its attractions, the pool, swings and football pitches. Hard to believe now, but no shops were open on Sundays and, much to our annoyance, the gates of West Park were locked. I could go on... but better not!

All a long time ago, but growing up in Goole weren't that bad!

Posted by Corby on 11/07/2017

I knew all the paths you took. Who knows, we may have met on the Alum works ash dump, the circus, watching Mr England with his famous trilby at the Tower Theatre or South Park. I recall meeting a girl at the Stanley Street fairground one night. She had been stood up by my best mate and asked me to walk her home which she said was near South Park. Her home was a farm, far, far beyond the park. It took ages.

Posted by Bill on 14/07/2017

I remember the circus at Hunt's corner. I recall seeing a panther in a very small cage and a tethered llama - that spat all over me!

Posted by Goolie Gone on 14/07/2017

I went to Old Goole Catholic Primary School and one day, to bring some excitement into our little lives, our teacher led us along the track on the Fisons side of the Don to watch the Alum Works chimney on the other side being blown up. Well, we waited and waited, then trooped back to school in disappointment. Apparently it was too windy to bring the stack down that day. Of course, it was brought down shortly afterwards, though we didn't see the event.

When we were kids, we all loved the circus when it came to town. We didn't know anything about animal rights, or were aware of the conditions in which they lived or were kept. It was just so magical to see such exotic animals from far-off places that we may have heard about, or maybe knew from our stamp albums, and the circus was the only place we ever thought we'd see them.

The past was another country back then, and things have changed big-time over the years, way beyond what we ever could have imagined!

Posted by Keith on 20/04/2018

I remember the slide as Goole Baths which was removed around the mid-1950s and the diving stages. Unfortunately they were not high enough so when the life guards were not looking we used to dive from the balcony hand rail. But as you get older you realise what silly things you did when young. These baths were fantastic as they doubled as a ballroom in winter.

Posted by Corby on 21/04/2018

I recall an incident involving the rail you speak of. Workmen had to somehow attach drapes of some kind along the front of that hollow hand rail. At the time it was used as a Dance hall. A workman was drilling the front of the rail when there was an explosion which threw the guy backwards into space. I don't know how he suffered, but the investigation proved that there was a huge build-up of chlorine gas, hence the explosion.

Posted by Liz on 10/06/2019

Many of the comments have made me laugh. I don't know any of the contributors as far as I'm aware but have enjoyed reminiscing with the messages. As a born and brought up ex-Goolie (now living in France since 2008) it has brought back many memories of my childhood and growing up and the changes that have taken place over the last few years. Keep up the comments and messages. It has brightened up my day.

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Visitor Comments

Posted by Steve on 27/09/2003

I was amazed to look on this website and see pictures of my grandparents' shop in Boothferry Road called Sheppards Music Shop. The shop was owned by my great-grandfather and then his son. My grandfather married the Saturday girl Alice and she ran the shop while Bert did repairs to the pianos and radios that were sold in the shop. Bert died in 1958 but Alice lived for many years in Scarborough and only died in 1999 aged 92. How lovely to see a photo of the shop. My mother and father and sister still live in Goole and I return often to visit.

Posted by Geoff on 24/03/2006

Uncle Cyril Storr had a butchers shop on Pasture Road. Auntie Vera Bateman had a pork butchers shop on Aire Street. I can remember her making sausages, back pudding, etc.

Posted by Pedro on 25/03/2006

The grocer shop at the end of Phoenix Street was Mrs Darley. The fish shop at the opposite side was Tommy Ramsker and the sweetshop was Rollinson.

We used to go through the arch into Marshfield Road to Dick Autys Butchers. Most of the residents in Phoenix and Richard Cooper Street had credit with him, paying at the weekend. Unfortunately during the war years he seemed to have nothing but corned beef and sausages.

Posted by Pedro on 29/03/2006

There was a photographers shop in Mariners Street by the North Eastern Hotel. Opposite was a garage and Seniors Newsagents. Later Mr Kitwood opened his cafe on the corner. Moving there from the cafe on Goole Station, later having quite a large bakery business in town.

Posted by David on 12/06/2006

The sun is shining and I am in the garden reading through past messages left, as an expat it is a pleasure. I recall a Mr Smithson visiting my grandparents in Jackson Street and leaving soot for the garden.

Talking of names and characters from years gone by how about Mr Doubtfire who sold ice cream; Mr Joy, he had a sweet shop in Jackson Street and Mr Cowling, he was the barber in the same street; not forgetting Charlie Gates the cobbler.

One other name that comes to mind is Mr Drury. For many years this gentleman was my grandfather's steward and when my grandfather retired, Mr Drury went with him and I have an idea he opened a (second hand) shop in a street where you caught the Blue and Cream bus to Brid. The story has it that Mr Drury saved my grandfather's life in 1918 when the REMUS was torpedoed off the Orkneys with the loss of five crew.

Posted by Bill on 18/09/2006

I remember Annie Wilson shop in Carlisle Street. She was really nice and friendly to kids who went there, gave us advice, eg. enjoy yourself while you're young and sold us single cigarettes. This would be 1961 or 1962. There was also a really nice sweetshop just up the street opposite the Tower Cinema.

Posted by Golden Oldie on 10/10/2006

I was reminded just today about my youth in Goole when I used one of my saws which I keep for use in my mitre-cutter. You can just make out the words "T S Kaye - Hull and Goole" etched on the blade. The shop was just round the corner into Pasture Road (the town end of course). That was a proper tool shop looked after by an old man in a buff-coloured warehouse coat and he wrapped everything up in a twist of brown paper.

Posted by David on 24/01/2007

Memories of a happy childhood spent in Goole.

Afternoon tea in Hackforths. Favourite seat at a table by the window overlooking Boothferry Road, in the company of my mother and various aunts. I spent my time watching the vehicles going by. For example a red steam lorry that spat cinders out and low loaders, RAF ones that had aircraft parts on them, I seem to think that Glews garage was taken over by the MoD or whatever government department was responsible in those days.

Later in life I became aware of the Art Deco frontage Hackforths had, I trust it has a preservation order on it.

Posted by Lorna on 24/06/2007

My great-great-grandparents ran the grocers shop at 42 Doyle Street in 1901. They had three sons Joseph, George and Harry. Harry was my grandfather who had a son named Eric but Eric's surname was Settle which was his mum's maiden name before she married Harry. Sadly Harry died in war after only being married four years. Does anyone have any info or photos of the Mortons or the shop? Thanks.

Posted by Mark on 21/11/2007

I remember going to a shop called Donahues for stuff for chemistry sets (no ban on kids playing with these sort of things then) and toys, etc.

Posted by Joanne on 13/01/2008

I lived in Fifth Avenue in the early-1970s and then, it had a lorry depot, and a lovely sweetshop/newsagents that sold those wonderful, triangular ice lollies. However, I seem to remember the shopkeeper to be very child unfriendly!

Posted by Geoff on 18/01/2008

I remember Whiteheads Sweetshop (early-1950s) opposite the Working Mens Club in Victoria Street. Mrs Whitehead usually served in the well-stocked shop. Mr Whitehead kept a horse in a stable at the rear of the shop which backed onto the Tower Theatre. He used the horse to pull a small cart from which he sold bundles of firewood for 3d.

Posted by Fiona on 21/01/2008

Does anyone remember this shop and know any more about it?

I grew up in Goole in the 1960s/1970s. I remember going in the shop with my parents in the late-1960s. It was on the Grammar School side of the crossing gates and sold "things for men". It was very un-Goole like and had quilted smoking jackets in a smaller than normal window. I think it also sold things like whisky, cigars, cigarette lighters and cigarette cases. I think it did a line in cravats and ties as well.

The people in Goole who I keep in touch with say I've imagined it.

Posted by Pedro on 21/01/2008

I never saw any smoking jackets but remember a small shop in the area selling a mish-mash of items including smoking items. Whisky – no, it would have had to be licenced. It later became a small sweetshop (now JustJents barber shop). Could this have been the one directly opposite the Goole Times?

Posted by David on 25/01/2008

Fiona is quite right about that “Little Shop”. It stocked amongst other things Tootal ties and cravats of which I had a considerable number. I wouldn’t be seen wearing them today but there was a time! Not living in Goole I was surprised (pleasantly I might add) to find such a shop that was on a par to Dunns, found in London at that period in time.

Posted by Fiona on 27/01/2008

Glad you remember that shop David, can you remember what it was called? Maybe I imagined the whiskey, as Pedro is right, it would have needed a licence, possibly it was licensed. A ten-year-old girl would not have cared; I just remember being a bit bored in there.

Posted by Tony on 24/03/2008

There were two gents outfitters on Boothferry Road as I recall. One next to Milners called Coopers, which also sold wines and spirits, and directly opposite was Donald Parishes. This would be in the early-1960s.

Posted by Fiona on 25/03/2008

Thank you, Coopers is the men’s shop I have been wondering about. You are right it did sell spirits and things like cigarette lighters and smoking jackets. Knew I hadn’t imagined it!

Posted by Pedro on 22/01/2008

God only knows how the shops made a profit with staff to pay, etc. Grocers Hackforths (still smell the aroma of ground coffee), Lipton, Home and Colonial, Meadow Dairy, Melliars, Maypole and others all within a stone’s throw of each other. Before even going west of the crossing gates.

Other grocers were Ramsey, Gallons, Rudge, oh so many, not forgetting the Cooperative with your Divi number - today’s equivalent of bonus points at Tesco. I do remember paying shop bills on Fridays for my mum and one would start all over again with credit for the following week. I myself buy very little at supermarkets, still believe in supporting local business. We still have some very good butcher shops in town and on comparing prices with the big fellas, far cheaper. I guess I am old fashioned (quote from my kids). I miss the personal touch.

Posted by Geoff on 24/01/2008

1950s. I remember the Northern Clothing Co. shop on Boothferry Road, opposite the old St. Johns Hospital. Also the Cosy Carlton Picture House had a well-stocked sweetshop annexed to it. Further along, past St. John’s Terrace toward the Station Hotel, was a popular coffee bar called the Copper Kettle and a shoe shop whose name I can’t quite recall.

Adjacent to the Clock Tower (which still had its toilets) between the Cinema Palace and the Market Hall was Arthur Reads Jewellers, which I believe later became Andersons Jewellers. At the North Street end of the Arcade was a newsagents called Lee’s. Through the Arcade into Victoria Street and opposite the Post Office, was Val (dry) Cleaners which was owned by a Mr Smith. Maynards sweetshop was opposite The Cinema and the jewellers.

Posted by David on 25/01/2008

I remember Seltzers, just before Woolworths, I'm not sure what they sold but have a feeling it was leather goods, not for the faint hearted.

Posted by Geoff on 26/01/2008

I remember Mr Seltzer well. His meticulously well stocked shop sold the latest swimming trunks, sports kits, air guns, (even leather goods) and all manner of knives. I bought my first pair of "continental" football boots there. His shop sold Real Madrid football kits when Ferenc Puskas' magical side were the kings of Europe.

Posted by Martin on 14/02/2008

My grandfather, Philip Seltzer, was the owner of Seltzers Leather Store. I recall visiting the shop when I was a child. It was a shame that the shop was forced to close in the 1970s when the lease expired and he then went to run the sports goods department in Northern Clothing until he retired. My mother, who lives in Hull, has photographs of the shop.

Posted by Miriam on 15/02/2008

My grandparents owned and ran "Seltzers". Every Saturday we went from Hull by car with our mum to collect my grandparents... it was the weekly treat. The shop was an Aladdin's cave! The right-hand side of the shop went from waist height to almost the ceiling in stepped shelves covered in toys of all shapes, sizes and price range! The end wall was the same stepped shelves with horse brasses and household ornaments and the left-hand wall was filled from floor to ceiling with sports goods... fishing rods and tackle, tennis rackets and all sorts of balls! golf, football, tennis, etc. My grandad also would re-string tennis rackets in the back of the shop with "catgut", of course I thought it was really cats' guts! They also stocked guns I think and shot. My aunt and uncle had a hairdressers shop but I'm not sure of the name of the shop or which street it was in. Their names were Leah and Johnny Burkoff.

Posted by Fiona on 27/01/2008

I remember Broadbents Shoe Shop and Flowers on Pasture Road where my mother took me to buy sensible Clarke's and Start-Rite shoes.

Dunderdales Butchers in Carlisle Street - I remember the painted pig on the glass door, the white picket gate and the curtain that divided the shop from the living quarters. The chitterlings, that you had to order on Wednesdays, were one of the highlights of my parent's week, served with malt vinegar and salt and pepper. Their sausages were good too, I often get a craving for a Dunderdale's chipolata!

Posted by Bill on 28/01/2008

That painted pig on the glass door always amused me, I have a photo of it.

Posted by Penny on 10/11/2020

Yesterday I made homemade haslet for the first time and went down memory lane growing up in Goole and Dunderdales and Autys Butchers who both made haslet. The thought of Dunderdales pork pies still makes my mouth water! I did the internet search and stumbled on this website that I found very interesting and informative. Thank you.

Posted by Pedro on 28/01/2008

On the corner of Argyle and Carlisle Streets was Beumont Grocers (now I think a cash 'n carry). Opposite was the butcher and next door Harold Bell the Gents Taylor, further along Carlisle Street was Tom Hewsons Ladies Hats (Tom & Co) with Vincent Butler Furniture next door.

Opposite was Mr Goodworth, newsagent (now Chappelows). Corner of Southeron Street, Mr Norman had the off licence and not forgetting Harry Bonser Finances (still I believe in the family). The less fortunate would get a club cheque from Bonsers enabling them to buy goods from Seltzers or Northern Clothing and pay it back weekly or even catch the workman's train to Hull and shop with it at Edwin Davis Store in Bond Street. The town of Goole also had a Bon Marche and Pasture Road had Edmund Gibbins Furniture.

Posted by Robert on 29/01/2008

There were shops in Dunhill Road, Parliament Street, Manuel Street and Phoenix Street, to name just a few. In particular, though, I must put in a mention of my grandad's firm, Foster & Tetley, which was a men's and women's clothing shop in Church Street from 1930 to 1963, and then Aire Street until it closed in 1982. As well as the shop, at least half the business was done travelling round the villages.

Posted by Bill on 30/01/2008

I do well remember Foster & Tetley. My mum must have had some kind of savings account there. Just before Whitsuntide each year she'd take me and my sisters there for our new "rig-outs".

Posted by Robert on 30/01/2008

It wouldn't be a savings account, it was probably because many of F&T's customers paid weekly by instalments, at no extra cost, as this started in the days before signed credit agreements or charge cards. They maybe weren't the trendiest or cheapest of places, but I think they provided a needed service, and also clothed lots of farm workers when they only got paid once a year. They hardly ever had any bad debts either. It wouldn't stand a chance now.

Posted by Fiona on 31/01/2008

My father was apprenticed to Foster & Tetley after he left school. He told me he used to cycle around all the big farms around Goole Fields and Swinefleet Common measuring up farm workers for clothes they got at Michaelmas. This was the traditional time for hiring farm servants; they had a suit, overalls and boots.

Posted by Robert on 07/02/2008

Thanks for those memories, my dad used to mention Fred from time to time.

Posted by Jan on 13/11/2010

I remember Foster & Tetley. My mum used to pay a weekly amount, recorded in a book and this enabled her to rig us out for such occasions as the Whit Procession. She also paid into a club with Mrs Colbridge for shoes down Carlisle Street.

Posted by Robert on 16/08/2011

Some may be interested in the book I've just finished, "Famous for Suits: the story of Foster and Tetley, clothiers and outfitters of Goole." Available from www.lulu.com. ISBN 978-1-4476-7563-1.

Posted by Geoff on 01/02/2008

I remember Storrs Florist on Carlisle Street. My auntie Vera (nee Storr but no relation) did their books for a number of years.

Then there was Butlers Furniture Shop also on Carlisle Street, the Butlers lived in Garth Lane, Hook. As a five-year-old and later at about ten, Elaine Butler was my first "girlfriend".

I can recall the sweetie shop on Kingsway (my mum's family lived in it before it became a shop) and opposite Darleys that was a magic place to a young boy, even in the 1950s it seemed a relic of past years. Then there was the chippie round the corner (great fish and chips).

Posted by Geoff on 01/02/2008

I also seem to remember a shoe shop near to Storrs and Butlers. Am I imagining this and its x-ray machine for seeing how your shoes fitted?

Posted by Pedro on 01/02/2008

Opposite Storrs on the corner of Carlisle and Burlington Crescent was Colbridges Shoemaker and Repairs. Dunno about an x-ray machine but he certainly made work boots and leather clogs!

Posted by Fiona on 02/02/2008

I remember Colbridges, but I think I might be too young to remember an x-ray machine. A friend of mine who grew up in Coventry remembers having his feet x-rayed when he went for shoes as a young boy. They did exist, so it is likely there was one in the shop in the late-1950s/early-1960s. It must have gone when I started getting shoes because my Mum was so obsessed with correctly fitting shoes I'd have been in there!

Posted by Geoff on 02/02/2008

My uncle Frank Storr had a shop (he was an electrician) which sold electrical equipment, radios, sewing machines, etc. at 19 Bridge Street. He was later landlord of the Dock Tavern.

I have a receipt for the wedding reception for 44 guests for Miss Driffill, 25 August 1939, for the sum of £12/8s/3d from the Station Hotel. By comparison my uncle Frank Storr sold Enid Driffill a "Vickers" cabinet model walnut finish deluxe sewing machine for £16/10s/0d in 1934.

Some five years earlier than the wedding reception the sewing machine cost more than the reception. Can you imagine a sewing machine costing more than a wedding reception?

Posted by David on 06/02/2008

When thinking of Hackforths, my thoughts went back to the fire station which was behind Hackforths on Stanhope Street, I think. Some years ago, when last in Goole, I was looking for petrol and saw that the old station was at that time a tyre fitting centre.

During the war I recall being enthralled by the sight of a bright red engine with brass fittings and solid tyres sitting in the station, by the side of which was a drab looking AFS Fordson fire truck, complete with trailer finished in battleship grey. I can only hope that the red beast ended up in a museum.

Posted by Geoff on 11/02/2008

I recall a cobblers shop near Bob Leggots hairdressers in Carlisle Street; believe he was called Wally Earle. Also, George Botley had a sweetshop in North Street next door to us. He used to run coach outings and would give us kids a free bag of sweets. We lived at No. 37 in what had been Richardsons shop. The shop front remained boarded up though while my parents were tenants. Fred Bamforths Cycle Shop was on the corner of North Street and Cross North Street. He also had storage space further along on the next block. Wrightson General Smith shoed horses in a cellar workshop next to this. He eventually moved to the opposite side of the road between Northern Dairies lockup and Townend garage, which I believe was owned by Easthams. Next to the dairy lockup on the other side, was a joiners shop whose name I cannot recall. At the rear of

the dairy lockup, (North Street access) was Mobbs Coal Merchants complete with stables for the dray horses.

Between Icon Heppenstall Brewers, (which later was Claude and Frank Eastons Builders yard) and a workshop, was a vacant plot of overgrown land. The workshop was used by Ken Morrill (a plumber), by Sylvanus Baxter (a local decorator) and also Alan Pidd (another plumber), although at different times.

Posted by Fiona on 12/02/2008

I think the carpenter might have been Tom Smith who was my great uncle.

Posted by Geoff on 12/02/2008

Tom Smith did use this workshop at one stage I believe he may have done work for a local builder at the time, Maybe Geo. Farmery. I was trying to recall an earlier user.

Posted by Miriam on 15/02/2008

My aunt and uncle's shop was Seltzers Hairdressers in Pasture Road.

Posted by Audrey on 06/03/2008

My great-grandfather was Charles Doubtfire who made and sold ice cream. I think that was in Pasture Road, he certainly lived in Pasture Road. Would appreciate any information about him. Thanks.

Posted by Jill on 14/03/2008

I think Charles Doubtfire was my great-grandfather too. I have pictures of my grandad Henry Doubtfire outside the Station Hotel with the ice cream cart in about 1945 and one of him as a younger man beside a market cross, possibly in Goole. I have two uncles still living, one in Goole and some family now in Canada. Doubtfires is no longer Doubtfires but still carries the name.

Posted by David on 30/03/2008

Audrey/Jill, I recall your great-grandfather and his ice cream van. This was when I was a very small boy, possibly before the war, bearing in mind the food restrictions. As far as I can remember, his van was cream and red and could be found parked off the road in front of the Market Hall in the area where the outside stalls were to be found.

As towns go, Goole was always comparably small, everyone knew everybody (if they didn't they soon made it their business to resolve this situation); as it happened my mother and her parents were on speaking terms with Mr Doubtfire, my mother actually lived in Pasture Road before the war and for a short period after the war started. This was next to Tomlinsons fish and chip shop. Memories from another age, but I hope of interest.

Posted by Pedro on 01/04/2008

Doubtfires, as us Goolies are aware, are still in business and parking in the same market area. My earliest memory of the old man as a child was him plying the streets, his transport most colourful; one could liken it to a merry-go-round. It had barley stick uprights on four corners painted bright red with a large gold and yellow canopy above. He would announce his presence by ringing a very large brass bell. Needless to say, Doubtfires still sell the best ice cream in town as vouched for by my grandkids on visits to Goole.

Posted by Kathleen on 24/03/2008

Nice to see the Station Hotel in the photo above. My father was manager there in the mid-1950s. They were happy days. My bedroom was on the second floor, with bars on the window (don't know why!) and overlooking the railway crossing. I used to play with friends up on the flat part of the roof, and (don't tell anyone) spit on the people passing by! I remember the lovely sweetshop round the corner on Pasture Road - can't remember the name, but I would often buy a bag of those little chocolate discs with the coloured sprinkles on top. There was a bicycle shop almost next to the hotel, and the owner frequented the hotel bar often - can't remember his name.

Posted by Tony on 02/04/2008

The bicycle shop owner you mentioned who frequented the Station Hotel would be Claude Bamforth. He played dominoes regularly in the "mens only room" with a group of friends which included Bill Abdy, who had the butchers shop on the corner of Gordon Street.

Posted by Codger on 02/04/2008

Mid-1950s next to station, wasn't Bamforths in North Street? A bike shop near the Station Hotel, wouldn't that be Seagull Smith?

Posted by Geoff on 06/04/2008

Fred Bamforth's bike shop was in North Street, later taken over by his son Kevin who developed it to sell and rent TVs, etc. He was married to Noreen Moon whose mother and father had a milk delivery round and lived in Cecil Street. I remember Claude Bamforth with his bike clips and flat hat. I believe he was Fred's brother.

Posted by Kay on 08/04/2008

I do remember Claude Bamforth being in the Station Hotel, and I thought it was Bamforth's shop on Pasture Road, but I can hardly remember what happened yesterday, never mind 50 years ago!

Posted by Robert on 10/04/2008

Wasn't Donoghues a bike shop as well?

Posted by Geoff on 10/04/2008

Donoghue's had a thriving family bike business on Pasture Road. It was on the same side of the road as the Baths Hall. I believe it was on the corner of one of the Avenues. Claude Bamforth had a smaller business at the Boothferry Road end of Pasture Road.

Posted by Codger on 11/04/2008

I remember Donoghues in Bridge Street, Old Goole prior to opening in Goole

Posted by Chris on 18/06/2009

Claude was a gentleman caller to my gran, Ivy Rowley, Parliament Street, I remember him as a tall polite man. My first bike (a small wheeled Moulton) came from his shop. My paternal grandad, Claude Ingleby, had a printing shop across the road to Bamforths on Pasture Road. It was very old fashioned, even then 1958-ish, but had some amazing printing presses and guillotines. Congrats on the site, my memories (and tears) come flooding back.

Posted by Brian on 17/04/2008

Claude Bamforth lived in Dunhill Road in the first house before the bend. He was first of all a postman then he had a shop at the Boothferry Road end of Carter Street where the Polish shop is now. He used to repair boots and shoes. He always had a collection of numerous cigarette cards stuck on the wall.

When I was eighteen years old I used to go in the mens only room at the front of the Station Hotel with my father Stanley Sunderland (butcher) who played dominoes with Claude Bamforth, George Hawksworth (fruit and veg) and Tommy Atkinson (who had a fish and chip shop). Their wives had to wait in the green room while they had finished when they joined them.

Posted by Gary on 22/04/2008

I went to school in the 1960s with Donoghue's son, don't recall his name, though. I thought the shop was on the west side of Pasture Road (opposite side to Baths Hall), unless that was Bamforths.

There was a similar shop, though much smaller between the British Legion and Marlborough Avenue along Pasture Road, I think, and if my memory serves me correctly, it also was called Donohue's, though no relation to the other one. He also sold toys and paraffin. I remember falling in love with this Dinky toy in the shop window in 1957, when I was five. I went home and told mum that it cost 6s.11d. When it turned out that it was, in fact, 16s.11d she wouldn't buy it for me. I never really got over that. After getting home from Pasture Road school on a snowy winter's afternoon Mum would send me back to that shop with an empty gallon can to buy paraffin. It's not much fun walking home along slippery pavements, carrying a full gallon can with frost-bitten hands when you're five years old. I never really got over that, either.

My uncle Ken now has an electrical/hardware shop just up the road from there, near the intersection of Fifth Avenue next to the fish and chip shop. Hi Ken!

PS: Does anyone remember "Hubys", a little shop at the corner of Fourth Avenue and St. Andrews Terrace? Is it still there or did it get pulled down along with all those terrace houses, which included the one I grew up in until I was eight.

Posted by Old Codger on 28/04/2008

Donoghues was the same place. Across the road was Seagull Smiths Bike Shop now Discount Cycles. Hubys now a private dwelling. St. Andrews Terrace was pulled down and rebuilt with new apartments.

Posted by Old Codger on 28/04/2008

Gary, if your dad was Don Masterman then I worked with him. I used to live in Fifth Avenue up to 1960.

Posted by Gary on 05/05/2008

Old Codger, thank you. So, you left Fifth Avenue in 1960, eh! You don't happen to remember a tired and frost-bitten five-year-old carrying a can of paraffin resting on your front wall do you? Well, that was me and Don Masterman is indeed my dad.

Posted by Trev on 14/06/2010

Just spotted the mention of Hubys shop in Fourth Avenue. My mum moved next door to the shop when she was five in 1911. Her family were called Abson. She is now 103 years old and has told us some really funny stories about the things that happened in Fourth Avenue years ago. I was born in Pasture Road after mum moved there in 1944, we now live in Somerset. No one has mentioned Eli Procters Bread Shop in Pasture Road. Anyone remember the poster he always had up on the wall?

Posted by Brian on 15/06/2010

I used to work for Cyril Kershaw delivering milk. He had about the fourth shop on the left-hand side down Pasture Road coming down from Boothferry Road; he used to make and sell curd from his shop.

The only Abson I knew was Eli Abson who lived down Gordon Street, he always had a black patch on one eye. He used to go fishing for eels in the river and kept them in a bucket in his back yard.

Posted by Trev on 22/06/2010

I asked mum about Eli Abson as I have never heard of him. She said he used to do a lot of poaching and that he was my grandad Benjamin's step-brother. All the Absons lived in Gordon and Cross Gordon Street.

Posted by Older Codger on 16/04/2008

I remember John Willie Theaker directly opposite Goole Shipyard. Good business with all those yard workers' bicycles needing repairs.

Posted by Graham on 22/06/2009

John Willie Theaker, who had the bicycle shop across from the Shipyard in Old Goole, was my grandfather. I remember the shop well from the 1960s and visiting him in early the 1970s at his home in Morley Street after he had sold the shop, only to find I had been sent there by my dad to cut granddad's hedgerow whilst he was out at the Old Goole Working Mens Club! I would cycle there from Northway and work all afternoon then cycle back home after seeing John Willie in from the club and fall asleep in his chair. He died in (June or July) 1976. I am sure that I inherited my like for bicycles from both him through my dad Walter Theaker (died 1996).

Posted by Andrew on 29/06/2008

Some great letters you fellow Goolies. I remember the Baths and going out for some cheap bread at Ellwoods, which I lived next door to in Western Road. I spent the afternoon on the riverbank, highlight of the weekend, and went to Sunday School with Mrs Barrett in Bridge Street.

Posted by Keith on 10/10/2008

Anyone remember Scotty Drurys Second Hand Shop and Smith's Radio Shop off Aire Street?

Posted by David on 11/10/2008

I remember my grandfather taking me to see Mr Drury in his shop when I was a small boy. I understood from my grandfather that Mr Drury was his steward on board the LOWLAND. I hope I'm right, his shop was in the same street that bus left for Brid.

Posted by Pedro on 14/10/2008

I remember both shops very well. Mr Smith used to hang all the loudspeakers from the trees on Hook Road prior to the church service for the Whit Walks in Riverside Gardens. Mrs Smith in the shop would sell/buy or exchange all your comics and used books, etc. Scotty, one could buy everything for a zinc bath to a wardrobe (probably called antiques nowadays).

Posted by Bob on 25/11/2008

Lots of shops still on Bridge Street between the two bridges in the 1960s. As mentioned previously the cycle shop and the butchers. The butchers put dripping on their sandwiches, something I thought disgusting as a fourteen-year-old! There was also another butchers next door to The Cape, in fact my bedroom when living at The Cape was directly above the shop complete with delicious smells of their meats cooking.

Next to the butchers was a fish and chip shop, but we only got them from there occasionally as they weren't very nice, they were better in Old Goole! Also in that block there was a barbers shop and a grocers.

Also on Bridge Street was a men's outfitters (on the corner of South Street and Bridge Street), catering for the sailors and dockers mainly I seem to remember, with next to it a bookies and a post office. Near to the Vermuyden was a newsagent (I think) and a sweetshop (I think).

All full of character but alas all long gone.

Posted by Glynne on 09/12/2008

Bridge Street Western side:

Arthur W G GRINGLEY, saddler
Bert DOUGHERTY, butcher
THOMPSON and Co., grocers
Harry Edmund GOWLAR, fried fish shop
Alfred ABREY, butcher
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, public house
Kenneth Foster WORK, chemist
Tommy DUNDERDALE, butcher
DONOGHUE Cycle shop

Bridge Street Eastern side:

VERMUYDEN HOTEL, public house
DIMBERLINE and GODDARD, shopkeepers
Jem William GARNER, electrical, etc.
Frank JOIINSON, hairdresser
Edward LEACEY, clothier
Miss E COULT, confectioner
Frank STORR, wireless dealer
Arthur WHITAKER, newsagent and post office

Posted by Beryl on 01/12/2008

Came across this great website and was surprised to see my family name mentioned. Mr Joy who had a sweetshop in Jackson Street was my uncle. Does anyone remember my grandad's cobblers shop? I think it was near Manuel Street. His name was Harry Joy and I believe he looked after the football boots of Goole Town.

Posted by Glynne on 14/12/2008

There was a Tom Joy who had a boot-mending shop in a wooden hut on Swinefleet Road, Old Goole, opposite the shipyard offices.

Kids to and from school often stopped for a yarn with Tom or a warm-up in cold weather. He burnt all his leather offcuts on his stove and you could smell it hundreds of yards away.

Posted by Beryl on 04/03/2009

Thanks for the information about Tom Joy, I believe he was my great-uncle. My grandad's practical boot and shoe repairers was in Marcus Street. I have a business card of his which must be 1910-20 as he died in 1921.

Posted by Patsy on 02/02/2009

After the crossing on the left-hand side was Crapper (butchers), Coggraves or was it then called Helmsley's Chemist. Another butcher Sutherlands, Riches bakers, Wendy Wool Shop and Coopers that sold men's clothing, quality stuff and booze. My mother used to pay into a Christmas club and talk to Mrs Cooper for hours. They lived on Airmyn Road and had a daughter who worked in the library.

Also the fish and chip shop which is still there was run by Mr and Mrs Fletcher, no relation to Joe Fletcher who was keen on football and had a grocery shop down Pasture Road. Does anybody remember the two or perhaps three hairdresser shops that were run by the Dawson family? The website has brought back many happy memories of childhood.

Posted by Tracy on 28/07/2009

Wow, I remember a lot of those shops, Liptons (bakers), Freeman Hardy Willis (boots), Shoppers Paradise, Goole Times, Yorkshire Electricity Board, and I remember it before it was pedestrianised. Marks and Spencers, also when the Wetherspoons was a bank and the market when they had the outside bit at the back of Woolworths. The trucks used to park at the back of Woolworths in the week when there was no market on.

I also remember Althams at the other end of Boothferry Road and the cinema with the sweetshop next door with all kinds of sweets. Oh yeah, those were the days, they were brilliant, hey memories.

Posted by Broadway on 30/07/2009

What about Maynards, Burtons, the cafe in the Arcade, Dunderdale the butchers with the singing daughters.

The small record shop in the Arcade, think it was the only one in Goole; the laundry with the pull-down fire escape on the back you could ride on; the best chippy in town top of Edinburgh Street; Northern Dairy and the famous Blue Line rattler that used to run to Rawcliffe, could hang on the back on ya roller skates get a lift to school...

Posted by Geoffrey on 07/10/2009

Can anyone remember that hut on Bridge Street that all the dockers used go to for dinner? Also does anyone remember the cafe down Aire Street going down towards the Lowther Bridge on left-hand-side? I used to go in there for bacon butties on a Friday night.

I don't live in Goole now but surely do miss the place.

Posted by David on 16/10/2009

I remember the cafe in Aire Street - I think they called it the Globe Cafe?

Posted by David on 16/10/2009

There was a bike shop at the bottom of North Street next to the Peacock pub which had a repair shop in the cellar beneath. I used to go there and help the old guy mend bikes, I'm sure it was also Donoghues. I went to school with one of the sons, Peter.

Posted by Polo on 21/10/2009

David, the bike shop was Bamforths not Donoghues. Both companies had shops in Pasture Road if I remember correctly. I remember Peter Donoghue also, I think his brother Mike ran the bike shop. Donoghues also had a shop on the left of Bridge Street going into town from Old Goole just before the second bridge which his dad ran. Had my first three wheel bike from there. Happy days.

Posted by Joyce on 13/11/2009

Do any of you “oldies” remember a cobblers shop? I think in Alexandra Street, which my father Jack Alcock had in the late-1930s. He had been left the business by his uncle Clayton Alcock. Could have been in the part of Alexandra Street where Eastgate now stands.

Posted by Elaine on 15/12/2009

Can anyone please tell me where Goole Co-operative Society was? My late Grandfather worked in the haberdashery department from the late-1940s until his retirement in the early-1950s. I live in the Midlands but have very happy memories of visiting my grandparents in Goole many years ago.

Posted by Alan on 27/12/2009

I came to live in Goole in 1950. The Co-op was very popular with many shops spread throughout the town and local villages.

The Head Office was in Red Lion Street, the first on the left of Pasture Road and included a very big shop on the ground floor. The clothing department you refer to was on Boothferry Road, on the same side as and between Gordon Street and Jefferson Street. It was a department store, quite impressive. If you stood with your back to the railway gates looking out of town you would see the shops on your left about 100yds away. The building is still there but now split into separate shops.

Posted by Bill on 11/01/2010

I remember my mother taking me to the Co-op head office in Red Lion Street once or twice a year to collect something she called the “diddleum”. Which I guess involved cashing in some kind of loyalty stamps. Does anyone else remember this, it would be late-1950s/early-1960s. Also our milk was delivered by the Co-op milkman and instead of paying him with money, we paid with special copper tokens previously bought from the Co-op, which seems like a pretty sensible idea.

Posted by Alan on 15/01/2010

The refund you got from being a “member” of the Co-op was called the “dividend”. I’m not sure how often you could draw it out, maybe twice a year. I’m almost certain my mum’s dividend number was 1163, which you quoted every time you made a purchase at any of the Co-op shops. The “diddleum” you refer to was like a Christmas savings club run by various people in the town. One such person was a Mr Bramham (I think?) It was great to know you had something to draw just before Christmas, even though you had probably struggled to make the payments through the year! No Credit Cards in those days!

Posted by CA on 16/01/2010

I remember my mum shopping at the Co-op and receiving her “divi” Also, Mr Bramham gave out club cheques that you could use at various shops, one being the Northern Clothing where Hargreaves is now. Some corner shops also gave credit like the ones in Poets Corner and Brian Cannon in his shop off Carlisle Street. They were a help in hard times.

Posted by Frank on 01/02/2010

I remember my mother drawing her “divi” once a year. You had to save all your purchase checks. My brother and I were outfitted for school at the Northern Clothing Co. every year.

Posted by Patricia on 27/02/2010

Co-op Managers

My mum, Marie Spink, nee Watson, worked at the Co-op in Red Lion Street in the 1940s, and remembers the following managers. Percy Street, Cliff Hebden; Escourt Street, Claude Hawksworth; Marshfield Road, William Wright; Carter Street, ? Cawthorne; Weatherill Street, ? Bygrave; Pasture Road, Charlie Whittaker; Red Lion Street, George Ligg; shoe shop, Morris Edmondson; coal manager, Herbert Scutt; dairy manager, Charlie Humble; pasteurising plant manager Alf Harrison.

Posted by Trevor on 27/08/2010

I remember the Co-op milk tokens well. They were copper-brown in colour, made of metal and about an inch square. The Co-op dairy was on the right-hand side of Centenary Road, next to Pasture Road Junior/Infant School playing field. I also remember the Co-op Grocery Store on Woodland Avenue, not far from the corner with Rutland Road. My mother and sister were members of the Co-op and had the numbers 4687 and 4683 respectively. My uncle Maurice Edmondson was manager of the Co-op Shoe Shop on the corner of Jefferson Street and Boothferry Road and his wife Doris, when she was an unmarried Doris Fielder, worked in the Co-op offices in Red Lion Street.

Posted by Norman on 20/04/2014

I remember the butcher who worked for the Co-op Butchers shop in Red Lion Street, his name was Mr George Ligg and the delivery boy was Terry Becket, Mr Ligg used to lend us the Co-op two wheeled cart to go to the gas house to purchase bags of cinders, The gas house was in Doyle Street, people used to scrat cinders on the Dutch riverbank as they were free.

The door to the Co-op Office was in Red Lion Street upstairs, the banister was fabulous I slid down it many times.

Posted by Sam on 18/12/2009

Please restore my memory, whose was the newsagents/sweetshop next to the Vermuyden pub and who had the barbers shop on South Street? I have Mr Watson in my mind for that one. There was a butchers shop next to The Cape. I think that was owned by a big chap called Abrey or Abbey. I had my first three wheeler bike from Donaghues on Bridge Street and was also amazed at the clothes shop Laceys opposite, as he always packaged goods up in brown paper and tied with white string. Was there a chippy somewhere there also?

I once remember seeing a lot of grownups looking at some strange bent green and yellow things in a long brown wooden box on the floor in the Co-op shop in Percy Street, me thinking what all the fuss was about as I was but a tot. These turned out to be bananas of all things. Apparently the first to be seen in the place.

Been long long gone from Goole but we all come from somewhere.

Posted by Margaret on 06/08/2013

The butcher's shop on Bridge Street was Alf Abreys.

There was a fish and chip shop across the road. I lived in South Street at 89, opposite Cowlings shop. Playmates of mine were Jean Taylor, Brenda O'Brien, Josephine Clarke from Bottom House and Brian and Ernie Morton from James Avenue. My grandmother Annie Nick lived Doyle Street. Thanks for the memories.

Posted by Phil on 17/08/2014

I'm new to this site but am grateful to Sam and Margaret for the reference to Alfred Abrey's butcher's shop on Bridge Street. He was my great-uncle and as a kid I spent many happy

Saturdays at the back of the shop helping with sausage making and also eating the excellent pork pies baked by my great-aunt Sarah, and of course, bridging time, as I'm now in my ninth decade (born 1928).

Posted by CA on 13/01/2010

So many shops to remember. What about Balloon Yeast Store in Aire Street? My grandad went to the hut in Bridge Street for meals as he was a skipper on barges in Goole. There was Garners Cafe off Aire Street. I remember Hubys, my grandparents lived nearby. Does anyone remember the corner shop near the old Bus Depot (Burlington Crescent) nearly opposite Edinburgh Street? Also the shop on the corner of Fifth Avenue (not Pasture Road end). There were shops on nearly every street corner in the 1950s and 1960s and you could buy everything on Boothferry Road and Pasture Road. Arcade Gowns let you pay weekly to get the latest fashions. Peter Halls Music Shop was very popular too. This website brings back a lot of memories.

Posted by Alan on 17/05/2010

My cousin Christine Goodworth worked at the Balloon Yeast stores. An odd name for a shop?

Posted by Frank on 01/02/2010

Stores I remember were Crappers the butcher; Sheppards for records; Currys for bicycles; Home & Colonial; Maypole; Elite in Pasture Road; Miss Appleyard for toys; Battys in Aire Street for cigarettes; Leggets for haircuts; Branson Bowles for Hornby trains; Gleadows for Lucky Turnovers; Miss Steeles for Palm Toffee.

Posted by Christine on 14/02/2010

Does anyone remember Antonio White's ice cream parlour? My mum told me about the delights of ice cream when I was growing up in the war... I was so disappointed when it re-appeared.

I lived in Alexandra Street and there was an ice cream parlour at the back of our lane, possibly next door to Dunderdales. They did wonderful milkshakes and iced drinks.

Posted by Frank on 15/02/2010

The name Antonio White is familiar. There was also many barrows and bicycles with ice cream. Then came the Walls Bicycles with frozen fruit bars. One in particular came up the back way in Third Avenue. He used to get the kids round him and he wrote a number down and you had one chance to guess it. If you did you got an ice cream free. He was very popular.

Posted by Brian on 25/02/2010

I remember Anthony Whites ice cream parlour down Ouse Street. He also had an ice cream cart on Goole Market, his daughter Irene still lives in Goole. Also down Ouse Street was Scottie Drurys Second Hand Shop, also Smiths Electric and Radio Shop, there was also a pub called the Crown, a lady and gentleman played piano and drums on a Saturday night. I believe the drummer was Tommy Bidder. There were other shops down Ouse Street but I cannot remember their names.

Posted by Sally on 29/03/2011

Anthony White was the chap on the market with the hand cart, who sold ice cream in summer (in pink cornets!) and chestnuts in winter?

Posted by Jon on 30/03/2011

I can remember the ice cream and chestnut seller wheeling his cart down the lane behind Marshfield Avenue.

Posted by Trev on 30/03/2011

In the early-1960s I remember coming out of the pictures with mum on cold winter's nights and having a bag of chestnuts. Where did 60 years go!

Posted by Denise on 15/04/2011

Antoni White had a small "ice-cream parlour" down Ouse Street. We lived in North Street and each Sunday I would be sent there to buy a bowl full of ice cream and ask for plenty of wafers! His ice cream was the best I've ever tasted.

Posted by Gail on 03/05/2011

I remember my mum telling me Antony White got into trouble for putting eggs in his ice cream but he carried on doing it. Don't know how true this is, or why he shouldn't use eggs, does anyone else?

Posted by Trev on 09/05/2011

I asked my mum about Antony White using eggs, she says it was during World War II when they were on ration, but he did carry on using them. Mum is 104 and can remember everything from her childhood. Regards from Somerset.

Posted by Gail on 11/05/2011

Thanks, Mr White always called me Stormy, which I hated, but his ice cream was delightful.

Posted by Chris on 02/05/2010

My great-grandmother worked for a while at the North Eastern Hotel on Boothferry Road. It seems that it was whilst there she met her future husband John Richardson a widower and jeweller. At the time of their marriage in 1917, John's address is 3 Roseville Terrace in Pasture Road. John's father was Philip Richardson, also a jeweller, so I think it was a family business. I appreciate that this is outside living memory for most but I don't know when the business closed. John was 58 at the time of the marriage and I have been unable to trace his death certificate but he may have carried on working for a while.

Does anyone remember a jeweller in this area? I assume that Roseville Terrace is a section of Pasture Road. Thanks.

Posted by Pauline on 14/05/2010

John Richardson died 1923 (Q4) aged 65 years. The Richardson family were well-known clock and watch makers. Roseville Terrace is marked on the 1911 census as Westfield Avenue. Look on the stonework on the older houses, names were usually engraved over doors, etc.

Posted by Zoe on 11/05/2010

Can anyone remember the "You are here" map on Boothferry Road? It was a large blue box with very stiff buttons which made lights come on inside to show where places were. It was outside the Halifax/at the end of Belgravia. Can anyone tell me what happened to it, or does anyone have any pictures please?

Posted by Karen on 01/12/2014

I remember the big street map. We loved to push the buttons to light up when we were kids.

Posted by Denise on 13/05/2010

Down Ouse Street when I was growing up, there was a cafe, I think called Garners. There was a grocery shop on the corner of Ouse and Aire Street and Mr and Mrs Arrowsmith took it over when the previous owners left and then I think someone called Ledger took over from them. "Tea

Cake" Willson was also down Ouse Street, best bakery for miles. The buses to Marshlands and beyond used Ouse Street as their terminus. Can anyone remember a butcher's down Aire Street, not Oldridges, as a child I called it Mrs Bacon's but wonder if it was really called Batemans.

Posted by Gerald on 20/05/2010

There were three butchers in Aire Street in 1937, one of whom was called Bateman.

Posted by Geoff on 21/05/2010

You would call the butchers Mrs Bacon as it was a pork butchers. George Bateman died around 1950 but my Aunt Vera ran it herself for many years.

Posted by June on 20/05/2010

My parents Bill and Frances Leggott both had shops in Carlisle Street, dad was a barber and mum had a wool shop. I remember Dunderdales and there was a great sweetshop just opposite. Dad had one of the wooden shops along that stretch in the 1940s until they moved to 30/32 around 1949 when I was two. I remember a furniture shop, Robinsons I think, a shoe shop, garage and a grocers where bacon was sliced for you, butter patted into a slab and sugar weighed and put into dark blue bags. Can't remember the name of the lady who ran it - wish my memory was better!

My uncle had a butchers in Pasture Road, John Claybourne, another uncle, Fred Evans had a tobacconists near the Clock Tower and a third, Alf Cowling had a coal business in Marshfield Road. The library was just across the road from where I lived until it moved to its current location.

Posted by Frank on 02/06/2010

I always had my hair cut in Leggats from when I was a kid and so did my brother and dad. I am talking the 1920s and early-1930s.

Posted by Sue on 26/05/2010

Does anyone remember Gunns fish and chip shop at the top of Gray Street, where you could get fish patties, chips and scraps? Miss Goldings little sweetshop, where they had a penny tray, all the sweets on it cost no more than one penny; it later became Carols at the top of Byron Street. I think there used to be a Co-op shop on the corner opposite the Buchanan pub which Sid Chappell ran. There were other small shops all along Weatherill Street, a butchers shop near St. Paul's Church and Hall. A lot of these shops have long since been changed into homes, and St. Paul's demolished and swallowed up by Timms Mill, which in turn has been demolished and when I last visited was still a waste land. I remember them as a small child living in Gray Street with my parents.

Posted by Brian on 08/06/2010

There were a whole lot of shops down Weatherill Street. My grandfather and father ran Sunderlands Butchers opposite St. Paul's Church. Between Milton Street and Byron Street there was a fish and chip shop and Mrs Beamsons fruit and vegetable shop. Goldings was on the other corner of Byron Street. George Blackburn had a sweetshop on one corner of Grey Street and on the other corner was Gunns Fish and Chip Shop. As mentioned there was a large Co-op shop on the opposite corner to the Buchanan pub, a bit further down Weatherill Street. Frank Monroe had a general grocery shop on the corner of Spencer Street.

Through the side street, past the Buchanan, on the corner of Jackson Street there was Alf Wallers Hairdressers, Jack Hagues Grocers and Tommy McGraths Taxi and Sweetshop on three corners. A bit further along was Charlie Gates Boot and Shoe Repairs.

Posted by Pauline on 11/06/2010

I worked for Jack and Jean Hague in Jackson Street when I left school in 1971. They also had a taxi business which they ran from there. My wages were £4.80 a week.

Posted by CA on 24/06/2010

Mrs Gunn always said "ta love" when you paid for your chips, patties and scraps and Jean Hague's mum sold pies, peas and gravy from her back door in Tennyson Street. They then opened up the front room as a shop before moving to Jackson Street.

Posted by David on 14/07/2010

As a very small boy in the 1940s I remember spending hours in Charlie Gates shop fascinated by the way he could cut and shape leather for soles and heels from the large sheets of leather he had in the shop. The knives he had were something else, truly a craftsman the like of which are hard to come by today. Charlie lived with his wife next door to another shop owner a delightful man by the name of Mr Joy (Joy Boy) sweets and newspapers. Happy Days!

Posted by Paul on 24/03/2011

I remember Charlie Gates from the late-1940s/early-1950s as he lived at No. 51 Jackson Street next door to my grandparents. His wife Dora worked in a fish and chip shop in Weatherill Street between Milton Street and Byron Street or the next block up.

Posted by Gerald on 22/06/2010

Mr Goulden had a chip shop, but where? I remember it as being at the Kingsway end of Queensway but I have been told it was actually in Richard Cooper Street. Is my memory that bad?

Posted by Broadway on 09/07/2010

What about the best, butchers in Goole? Jim Nightingales, a true gent, fantastic pork pies, excellent sausages, could just eat one.

Posted by Helen on 19/08/2010

Does anyone know what was sold at the shop owned by George Botley 35 North Street? The shop was owned by Charles Simpson a French polisher (my great-grandad) then by his daughter and son-in-law Maud and George Botley. Thanks.

Posted by Geoff on 29/08/2010

George Botley was a southerner, (Londoner I believe). He and his wife sold sweets and ran the occasional coach trip to the seaside. He walked with a limp and used a stick. They kept a rather noisy dog in the back yard.

Posted by Barrie on 15/10/2010

As a schoolboy I worked after school at F.A. Bamforths shop who sold bikes, radio and TVs. They were located at 33 North Street. The shop next door was owned by George Botley and we often used to buy sweets and lemonade from him. Another lady on this site informed me that the shop was just known as Botleys as I could not remember what the name was. There were quite a lot of children lived in that area in the early-1950s and they used to frequent that shop.

Posted by Denise on 16/10/2010

I remember Botleys Sweetshop so vividly. My best mate, also called Denise, used to toddle up the road every day to buy a few sweets. I also loved going to Whiteheads on Victoria Street, but that was usually on a Sunday, dad would send me for toffee and chocolate eclairs, his favourite.

Mrs Whitehead had her grandchildren living there I think, Jennifer and Graham they were called. She always seemed to have a lovely smell of dinner cooking. Can you remember Beecrofts that was also on Victoria Street? They sold groceries, etc., I think the daughter was called Brenda. Happy days.

Posted by Trevor on 09/11/2010

Having read all the comments about shops I think I can add a couple to the list. Sammy Fielders Off-Licence and Joe Picksley Grocer. They were both on Pasture Road and I worked part-time at both while I was at GGS.

Sammy Fielders was on the corner of one of the streets opposite the Baths. I worked there moving crates of ale and boxes of bottles from his store at the back of the shop along the street and up the steps into the shop through the front door. I also used to go on his delivery bike to collect boxes of lager from the Carlsberg depot on Rawcliffe Road.

I worked for Picksley's delivering groceries on his delivery bike and used to collect gross boxes of eggs from Hook, also on the bike. Since a gross box of eggs was longer than the delivery frame on the front of the bike, the box would sit in it lop-sided and make the bike a little awkward to steer. I bet the modern police would have something to say about that!

Posted by Robert on 11/11/2010

I worked for Sammy Fielders too in the late-1960s, just a few times as a stand in for a friend when he was away. You had to take all the crates of empties on a barrow out of the front of the shop, along the side to a store at the back. He always went to lengths to emphasise never to drink anything left in any of the bottles - it might be pee. He would also tell you what new stock he wanted taking from the store to the shop, three crates of these, two of those... You got to know every bump and crack on the pavement. If you were trusted, he also asked you to go to the bank with the takings. You would be riding down Boothferry Road on your bike with several hundred pounds in a leather pouch. Great job. Lovely man.

Posted by Jan on 12/11/2010

I remember Peter Halls Music Shop down the Arcade and the coffee bar down Carlisle Street where I used to buy a milkshake and think I was so sophisticated. My mum told me never to go in the Copper Kettle! I bought a dress from Arcade Gowns with my first pay packet. I trained as a telephonist at the GPO before going to college. The coffee bar used to be the only thing opened on a Sunday!

Posted by Bryan on 16/11/2010

I remember Joe Fletchers Coffee Bar down Pasture Road (now Donoghues Bike Shop?) I often used to help out Joe in my early teens (late-1950s) and remember to this day he said always make a cup of coffee with water "just off the boil". Another nice chap.

Posted by Trev on 29/11/2010

Not a shop I know, but in the 1950s going to Alex there used to be an old chap sat in the subway doing crayon drawings. He had lost both legs so how he got there I never knew. His hat usually had some coppers in it. Can anybody else remember him? Thanks.

Posted by Keith on 18/10/2011

I remember the man with no legs who did the crayon drawings in the subway, he travelled about on a board with wheels on and pushed himself along with gloved hands.

Posted by Denise on 01/12/2010

Do you remember Kitchens Bakery that was once Richies? That was my dad's. We moved to the Boothferry Road shop in 1972 which is now a Salvation Army charity shop. Also the Bakehouse in Richard Cooper Street which sadly is no longer standing, the bread strike in the 1970s was a sell-out.

Posted by Marjorie on 01/01/2011

I worked in Richies Cake Shop in 1961/62. I also worked at the Bakehouse on a Saturday morning. Me and a friend used to cycle down there at 5am, we had to scrub all the uneven tiled floor. We also used to ride in the three wheel electric van bringing the bread and cake to the shop.

Posted by PW on 20/03/2011

Can you tell me if the Crappers still live in Goole? They had a butchers there. Thanks.

Posted by Keith on 21/03/2011

They had quite a few shops in Goole. From memory there was one near the George pub, one at the top of the subway near to Sheppards Music Shop, one at the corner of First Avenue/Pasture Road, and I believe a shop on the corner of Marlborough Avenue/Pasture Road opposite Mellors Cycle Shop.

Posted by Ed on 21/07/2011

Frank Crappers shop was near the George, Ron and Ted Crappers was next Platt & Feathersons on Pasture Road. Ron and Ted split and Ted opened a store opposite the post office on Pasture Road.

Posted by Norman on 24/04/2014

In the early days I used to go to Crappers Butchers with a bowl to be filled with hot ducks - absolutely fabulous. Also don't forget tripe; I would eat a couple of pound of tripe if was put in front of me, with plenty of vinegar and pepper on it (not all in the same bowl). It's unfortunate it doesn't like me.

Posted by Corby on 25/04/2014

We were a constant customer of the tripe shops in Carlisle Street and Pasture Road, By the way you missed one out, lovely udder.

Posted by Nick on 12/11/2011

I'm not from Goole but I dug up a bottle with the name "Conway & Lansdale Ltd Goole" on it. I can't seem to find anything about it. I wondered if anyone knows anything about it? Thanks.

Posted by Pauline on 13/11/2011

Ernest Lansdale was a merchant at 34 Burlington Crescent. The family came after the 1891 census and had left before the 1901 which should help you date the bottle. Their eldest son was baptised Ernest Conway.

Posted by Bert on 07/01/2012

Does anyone remember a decorators shop in Old Goole run by Bert Fisk?

Posted by Denise on 24/01/2012

My husband's uncle married Mr Fisk's daughter, Mary. She used to tell me that her dad had a decorators shop in Old Goole. Mr and Mrs Fisk went to live near Immingham I think.

Posted by Mel on 11/10/2018

My Grandad Bert Fisk owned and ran Fisk & Sons, painter and decorators, passed down from his father and grandfather at 77 Swinefleet Road, Goole, with his wife Betty, and their two children. My aunt Mary and my dad David Fisk, Mary and her husband Phil live in Brigg and my dad and mum live in Immingham. Sadly my grandad and grandma Bert and Betty are no longer with us having both passed away some years ago now.

My grandma Betty was an Oldridge before she married my grandad Bert (Herbert William) Fisk (J.G. and H.W. Fisk & Sons Painter and Decorators and Painting Supplies, 77 Swinefleet Road, Old Goole). She used to live at Goole Hall, not sure if any connection with the Oldridge butchers mentioned? I know they were farmers.

Posted by Denise on 03/01/2019

Mel, your aunt Mary is married to my husband's uncle Phil. Mary used to talk about your grandad's decorating shop in Old Goole and I think she once told me that she drove the van for him.

Posted by Mike on 22/02/2012

Reading these postings brought back so many memories. I'd completely forgotten how many shops there were in Bridge Street. I do remember Fisks Decorating Shop but can't remember which street. I remember going in there with my mum to buy paint and wallpaper. Can anyone remember a haberdashery shop, Mrs Crushworths, at the corner of Swinefleet Road and Humber Street? A real old curiosity shop, even in the early-1960s was like going back in time.

My favourite shop was Peter Hall records in the Arcade. That's where most of my butcher's round money went.

Posted by David on 10/03/2012

I wonder if anyone can remember Harry Burkhill who married Emily Ann Garland in 1910? He was a hairdresser at 18 on the 1911 census and Emily was a relative of my cousin who lives in Goole. Harry died in 1961, has anyone heard of him and where he worked or did he have his own shop? Thanks.

Posted by Paul on 10/03/2012

Harry Burkill had his own hairdressing business in Colonels Walk in Goole in the 1940s and 1950s. Probably No. 4 Colonels Walk, next door to Liggs Cobblers. After he died the shop was taken over by Jack Redford and subsequently Mally Lace. He now has a business in Carlisle Street. One of Harrys other jobs was shaving and hairdressing at the local hospital.

Posted by Barrie on 20/03/2012

I lived in Goole from 1949 until 1955 and I often went to that hairdressing shop in Colonels Walk, I think that he also came to cut my grandfather's hair when he was ill. I also seem to remember another hairdresser in that locality called Earnshaw but perhaps it is my memory playing tricks after many years.

Posted by Keith on 21/03/2012

Earnshaw the barber was on Pasture Road between Marlborough Avenue and Fifth Avenue, about four shops up from Mellors Cycle Shop. Pattersons Hairdresser was on the opposite side of Pasture Road at the Boothferry Road end, near to Lilly Gunns Fish and Chip Shop.

Posted by Arthur on 20/04/2012

My brother Colin and I had to go to Mr Earnshaw the hairdresser every few weeks and we hated it, primarily because it was always packed and you thus waited ages to be “done”, which wasted a whole precious Saturday morning. We weren’t very keen on being “bolshed” (very close-cropped) either but mum liked the economic aspect!

Posted by Bill on 25/04/2012

Then there was the demon barber at the bottom end of Edinburgh Street, opposite Argyle Street, possibly called Jacks? He’d drop most of the clippings down your back and when finished slap on some inferior Brylcreem type product. Slightly better was one located at first floor level in a building at the top of Carter Street, was very popular but can’t remember the name. I thought the poshest was the one opposite the Tower Cinema in Carlisle Street, for no other reason than I was told you had to make an appointment - a unique and bizarre concept for barbers in Goole at that time.

Posted by Paul on 25/04/2012

In the late-1940s, and until I left Goole in 1954, I recall the barber at the top of Carter Street was Don Cowling. Some barbers used “trugel” which “set” to keep your hair in place.

Posted by Robert on 27/04/2012

I used to get sent to Alec Howletts in Parliament Street to have my hair cut.

Posted by Glynne on 26/05/2012

I remember Joe/Jack Moore who had the barber’s shop at the end of Edinburgh Street. He was indeed a “demon” barber and his efforts often appeared to have been made with a knife and fork. Don Cowling had a lock up wooden hut at the end of Carter Street. Don was notoriously right wing (somewhat to the right of Genghis Khan it was said). The legend was that at times he would refuse to cut the hair of anyone he assumed to be a socialist.

I can’t remember the name of the barber opposite the Tower but I used him regularly between 1956 and 1960 because, since he worked the appointment system, there was no waiting in queues.

In my boyhood days I used to visit Eddie Cooper (who was known as a “gentleman” barber) on Swinefleet Road at the end of Morley Street. I believe his son took over the shop after I left the Goole area in 1961.

Posted by Geoff on 24/07/2012

My mum is 94 this year and she says she remembers a shop called “Ice cream Marys”. Can anyone confirm this?

Posted by Eddie on 28/07/2012

“Ice cream Mary” had a shop in Ouse Street, I think she was the mother of Antony White who was related to the Audas family. I wish that they had a shop living near us in Benidorm at the moment.

Posted by Sue on 14/10/2012

Any ladies remember Paramount Hairstyles in Aire Street?

Posted by Denise on 08/11/2012

I remember Paramount Hairdressers, there was also one across the road just along from the Arcade, it looked like someone’s house with the hairdressers room at the front.

Posted by Eddie on 10/11/2012

For the interest of anyone, Pattersons Hairdressers was No. 29 Pasture Road and at the rear of it was Walkers Bookmaker. No. 31 used to be a tripe shop then was taken over by Madam Doris, a second-hand clothes shop. Lacies Grocers and sweetshop was at the corner of Queens Avenue and Red Lion Street.

Posted by Margaret on 16/11/2012

Really enjoyed the memories of the town that I grew up in! Does anyone remember Hume's fish shop in Western Road?

Posted by Bill on 16/11/2012

Would that be the fish shop at the Pasture Road/Westfield Avenue end of Western Road? I remember we used to hang out outside sitting on a wall, which annoyed the proprietor who would come out and berate us for dropping litter before we had actually dropped any. Also remember a girl fiend eating chips out of the bag with her gloves on, as it was a cold night, which for some inexplicable reason I found, and still find, quite funny.

Posted by Margaret on 17/11/2012

I think it would be about No. 5 Western Road as we lived almost opposite at No. 8. When Humes had the fish shop, people came from quite a distance as it was a very popular "chippie" in the 1950s and 1960s. The shop changed hands and eventually closed down. There is a fish shop still thriving in Westfield Avenue though... just next to the newsagents that used to be called "Greens" many years ago. On this block of shops used to be "Miss Holland's" and "O'Donnell's" and "Darnbrough's" butcher shop.

Posted by Robert on 19/11/2012

One of the things I remember about Hume's fish shop is that in the early-1970s they had an assistant who was the fastest fish and chip wrapper-upper you've ever seen. It was worth going in just to watch her. The wonderful fish and chips were a bonus.

The shop was then owned by Derek and Pauline (Popsy) Hume, but had been started by Derek Hume's parents, Walter Eric Hume and Dorothy (Dolly) Tate, who was from the family of Tate's fish shop, Rawcliffe. The Tate family had several other fish shops away from Goole. One in Rotherham is remembered by Mike Marsh in "Growing Up in Goole" Vol 3, page 11. Someone once joked of the Rawcliffe shop, that Jack Tate was known far and wide for the size of his fish - he used a Swan Vestas match box as a template."

Posted by Trev on 20/11/2012

The fish shop in the 1950s was the Tomlinsons and, has Margaret said, Greens Paper Shop then Edna Holland who was my mum's best friend until Edna died (mum is now 106 years old) then O'Donnells and the butchers and on the corner of Colonels Walk was Anny and Minny May. Just been looking on Street View and Pasture Road has changed so much since I left in 1958.

Posted by John on 08/12/2012

I used to have lunch every day at Hackforths cafe, above the shop. I attended Gwalia Preparatory School in Hook Road, so needed to eat somewhere as I lived out of Goole. A good three course lunch was three and sixpence. One week the bill rose to seventeen and six, because I dared to have a Christmas Dinner on the Friday. My mother was quite horrified that the cost was nearing one pound for the week! Mrs Richardson was the manageress, a very smart lady!

Posted by Gwen on 09/01/2013

Wow, some happy memories coming back. I used to live on Murham Avenue, opposite Margaret Harness, her sister Joan, mum Phyliss, and Billy. My dad and Billy were mates and used to go out together to the pub.

I remember Humes Chip Shop, and Todds Sweetshop on Western Road. Happy times.

Posted by Broadway on 19/01/2013

Best fish 'n chip shop was the one across from the cop shop and market. It was always packed and did great patties. The chips tasted like chips, none of the oven stuff or sunflower oil crap we have today, you got the real thing; and scraps, free... plus if you were flush, you could go in the back and sit down. Egg 'n chips, cup of tea, slice of B&B, cost one and a kick... it's all about style!

Posted by Bill on 19/01/2013

You are absolutely right - the fish shop across from the cop shop was the best. Now I have to spend the rest of the day trying to remember what it was called.

Posted by Marjorie on 19/01/2013

I can remember the fish shop near the police station. I worked at Woolworths in the late-1960s and we used to go for dinner on a Friday. I don't think I have tasted fish, chips and peas since. I cannot remember the name. I left Goole in 1963.

Posted by Corby on 20/01/2013

The fish shop on the corner of Estcourt Terrace and Stanley Street belonged to the Marshalls in the 1940s, then became owned by the Atkinson Family (late of Gordon Street) in the 1950s after the houses were pulled down in Estcourt Street and Stanley Street to make way for a car park. Thereby a whole community moved away. No doubt taking with them many happy memories. To me the street have lost their identity and my street does not even have a nameplate, although the fish shop is still standing.

Posted by Bill on 21/01/2013

Yes, Atkinsons was the name I was trying to remember. My mum was their cleaner for a while.

Posted by Keith on 27/01/2013

Two other great fish shops sited on Pasture Road were Lilley Gunns and Waites Pattie Shop, great when exiting the Swimming Baths, a nice peppery pattie.

Posted by Graham on 12/02/2013

If we are talking about really good fish 'n chip shops then the two opposite each other on Weatherill Street have to come out tops, it was difficult to choose between the two as to which one to get your Friday/Saturday night supper from, they were both so good.

Posted by Denise on 03/03/2013

We lived down North Street and always went to Kellys Chippie, best fish and chips ever. If I sat on our front doorstep and waited for my uncle Bob, he always gave me a threepenny bit and off I'd go to Kelly's for a bag of chips.

Posted by Suze on 29/01/2013

A young boy stood the library corner playing an accordion in the 1960s?

Posted by Denise on 03/03/2013

I can remember the lad playing the accordion, think it was Tommy Tune, if not Tommy it was one of his brothers.

Posted by Robert on 18/03/2013

Very interesting to read Phil de Cobain's comments in the Goole Times this week giving the reasons why they are closing their last store to become an online retailer only. The comments seem worthy of wider circulation.

The family has had a shop in Goole for around 100 years starting originally with a bicycle shop, and has been in electricals since just after the war. He believes Goole is now no longer a retail town, partly as a result of bad planning decisions, and that it is too late to do anything about it. There are no more than five quality retailers left. He traces the change back to the loss of the M&S store, following which Goole lost the ability to attract people in from the outlying villages, and there is now no longer anything to come into Goole for. He believes the Wesley Square development was disastrous, splitting the town in two and destroying the town's main car park, and not least it is built of yellow brick in a red brick town. Also, possibly a quarter of the population now are from overseas, and many send money home rather than spend it locally.

It amounts to a pretty strong statement, and although Goole is clearly not the only place in the country with fewer shops than it had, it is certainly very different from how it used to be.

Posted by Steve on 22/07/2013

I am related to the Streckers that had a butchers shop on Boothferry Road. Anyone have any photos or more info on them? Would be much appreciated.

Posted by Paul on 06/10/2013

Does anyone remember Dougie Dawson barbers in Gordon Street and Murray Milners shop also in Gordon Street? Abdys butchers and Milner Greengrocers. Last but not least old Mr and Mrs Batters small shop in Gordon Street too. Long time ago...

Posted by David on 06/11/2013

I'm trying to get some information and hopefully some photos of our current property which seems to be at the "wrong end" of Pasture Road (143) as far as photos seem to go. I've so far found out it used to be Leggotts Wool Shop and was bracketed between Walkers? Hairdressers and Cawthornes Gents Outfitters with Salmons Grocers on the corner where the Chinese takeaway now is.

If anyone has any further information I'd appreciate it, I'd love some old photos for the waiting room. Thanks,

Posted by Keith on 06/11/2013

I spent most of my childhood down the Pasture Road area, I can vividly remember Enid Walkers Hairdresser, Cawthornes Outfitters and Salmons Grocers. But cannot remember Leggotts Wool Shop in this position. The Leggott Wool Shop I remember was on Carlisle Street

Posted by Burl on 20/11/2013

There was a Leggotts shop in Carlisle Street. I bought all sort of coloured silks there age eight, can still hear click of hair scissors next door.

Posted by June on 05/01/2014

My mother, Frances Leggott, did indeed have a wool shop in Pasture Road. Not sure I have any photos but will have a look around.

Posted by Tony on 02/01/2014

Branson Bowles was on Boothferry Road, the first shop after the Station Hotel; Edmund Gibbins was in Pasture Road. My sister-in-law worked in Foster & Tetleys; also Gunns who had the fish and chip shops were her aunties. Finally I used to always buy my darts from Seltzers and afterwards from the Northern when he moved there.

Posted by Tony on 03/05/2015

I was in the wallpaper shop on Pasture Road, which used to be Edmund Gibbins yesterday. When I went through the door I noticed a mosaic patch on the floor which I imagine was originally outside going by the shape of it. Written in the tiles was the name "Stanley George and Sons". Does anyone know who they were or what business they were in? Thanks.

Posted by Keith on 20/02/2014

Does anyone remember Mellors Bike Shop on Pasture Road? The pungent smell of inner-tube adhesive when walking through the door. H&S would have had a field day.

Posted by Ann on 07/05/2014

I lived in Goole from 1961 to 1971. I went down Pasture Road most days. I think the pram and baby shop was owned by Mr Donoghue. I know he owned a shop which had some brilliant toys in the window. His wife taught at Kingsway Primary School. They also owned a bike shop down Pasture Road. I think there was Keith Sandersons Jewellers shop and there was a lovely card shop. The butchers at the end of Pasture Road was called Mr Crapper and the chemist next door was a Mr Coggrave. My favourite shop was the Goole Times Shop on Boothferry Road

Posted by Karen on 05/07/2014

Does anyone remember my grandad "White's Ice cream" selling Italian ice cream outside the market from a barrow. He pushed it round the streets of Goole, ringing a bell. He had a shop down Ouse Street originally and ended up with a sweetshop at the top of Henry Street. A real character!

Posted by Jan on 15/07/2014

I remember Antonio White and his ice cream cart. It was wonderful ice cream. He also sold hot chestnuts in winter in front of the market.

Posted by FW on 31/07/2014

I went to GGS with Antonio White's son, John, in the 1950s, but my mother, Kathleen Jolley went to school with Antonio in the late-1920s. His mother was Maria and known as "Ice Cream Mary."

Posted by Karen on 08/08/2014

I don't know of Antonio White's son John. My grandad, who people remember selling ice cream from the cart in front of the market, was known as Antonio although it was his father's name. His father (my great-grandad) started the ice cream business in Goole. I'm not certain but I think my grandad's mother was known as "Ice Cream Mary", although that may have been her sister. I will check with my Auntie Pat, my dad's sister, who now lives near Otley. (I could do with one of grandad's ice creams right now. Glorious weather eh).

Posted by Bill on 17/08/2014

When I was sorting through some old photos recently I came across one taken in 1967 of a derelict house in Goole and among the debris in the garden is a dumped ice cream trolley which has the inscription "Whites Genuine Ice Cream" on the front. Quite poignant.

Posted by Karen on 21/08/2014

How very interesting. The shop my grandad sold ice cream from was in Ouse Street and I can't remember when that street was demolished (the Capricorn night club is built around that area now). I wonder if the cart is in the backyard of there? I will contact my auntie Pat to find out more. We have the old sign "WHITE's" hanging in our garage but that's all.

Posted by Anon on 05/08/2014

I remember next door to the Carlton was Radio Rentals. When we moved up a notch from going to Richardson in Pasture Road for our accumulator to be recharged, we had Radio Rentals put in the new radio with the controls hidden behind the curtains. I seem to remember that we only had two channels.

My sister and I came out of the Carlton to see a fire engine racing by. We chased after it and followed it to our house, our chimney was on fire.

Posted by The Clitheroe Kid on 15/08/2014

Does anyone else remember when there were chip shops all over the place? Let's say, in the 1950s, 1960s and 1970s. There was always a long queue on a Friday dinnertime wherever you went. Does anyone else remember the postcard size poems and funnies stuck on the walls of some of them? Your eyes would be drawn to them as your chips browned. They were penned by someone by the name of LuLu? A bit saucy some of them were, like seaside postcards. I'll give you an example. In fact it's the only one I can remember.

She offered her honour
He honoured her offer
And all of the night
It was honour and offer

Posted by Derek on 15/08/2014

Does anyone remember the name of the dress makers, opposite Goole Baths about 40 or 50 years ago? Began with an "S" if I recall correctly?

Posted by TCK on 15/08/2014

Was it a family name or a stylish name? Probably totally wrong here but I have got the name "Sabine" in my head now. I think Sabine is a style of dress too. While we are talking about across from the Baths, there was a quaint little knitting shop called Wendy Wool. That doesn't help, I know. I'll get me coat!

Posted by Karen on 01/12/2014

I remember being a child in a pram sitting outside Maypole on Boothferry Road and the shop owner came out to give me a fig biscuit. I ended up working as a Saturday girl in the same shop when it became Liptons, starting in 1970. Mr Waterfall was the manager, always whistling with always a smile and a joke. I worked with the late Dawn Campling, such a lovely lass. We used to drink camp coffee at break time in the back, down some stairs in a long funny shaped room. We sold joints of meat and cooked meats, weighed out in quarters, ready in the window. Cheeses of every kind and cooked chickens on the spit, twice the size they are now in Tesco. It was my job to put the canopy up to shield the window. Wow was it busy on a Friday and Saturday! The shop completely full of customers from morning until evening and hardly anyone pushed in or complained.

Next door was Baines Toy Shop (how exciting that shop window was!) then Maynards Sweetshop then Kitwoods Bakery on the corner. The other way was a bakers and Marks and Spencers and the shoe shop (was it Freeman Hardy Willis?) and Dewhursts Butchers. Also the gas showroom. Not that long ago but oh how different now.

Posted by Anon on 09/12/2014

I have just enjoyed a few moments reading your memories. It's nice that people write down their memories of our wonderful town as we remember them in the late-1960 and early-1970s.

The girls who worked for the shops in the town was so pleased and proud to work for these companies. M&S, Boots, Woolworths and many more. My wife started working for Boots the Chemist in 1963 at fifteen years old. Her pay check was £1/7/6 and on her sixteenth birthday a 12/6 a week pay rise bringing her wages up to £2 a week. Wow she thought, what she was going to do with all this money, her mother soon told her how to spend it - she put up put up her board.

Posted by Keith on 14/01/2015

Anyone remember the names of the two tool shops that used to be on Pasture Road in the 1940s, 1950s and 1960s?

Posted by Corby on 15/01/2015

There was only one real tool shop in Pasture Road in the 1950s, T.S. Kayes. I had left before the 1960s so cannot comment.

I started work at Smith Bros, Bridge Street in 1949. After a year in small craft I started a five year apprenticeship. I was instructed to make myself a tool box which was then filled with tools purchased by my employer from Kayes. I still use a dovetail saw with their name on it.

Posted by Tony on 15/01/2015

Kayes was the first shop in Pasture Road next to the entrance to the Station Hotel yard. The other one was Kirbys which was nearly opposite Second Avenue. Although they were tools/ironmongers, they always had a big display of sheath knives which you could buy and carry around in those days.

Posted by Keith on 15/01/2015

In 1956 I too was sent by my employer to Kirbys for a few basic tools to start my apprenticeship.

Posted by Keith on 15/01/2015

How many cycle shops were there in Goole around that time?

Posted by Karen on 18/01/2015

I know there was Discount Cycling down Pasture Road - is it still there? Albert Smith ran it and then his daughter Val followed by his grandsons and great-grandsons. Albert was a real character, I remember him running Val Cleaners at the top of the Arcade in Victoria Street. I worked for Mr Smith in the 1970s when I was sixteen as an office girl at United Friendly Insurance down Aire Street. He kept everyone on their toes. He used to ring me from the phone box opposite pretending to be an old lady with an insurance claim! I used to get him a "cuppa tea and a date square" every day from Phyllis' cafe below us. He could reel monologues off like no one on earth. One of Goole's characters - never to be forgotten.

Posted by Tony on 18/01/2015

Is this cycle shops or shops that sold bikes? I`m struggling a bit here, late-1950s/early-1960s: Bamforths, North Street and Pasture Road; Heaths, Aire Street; Currys, Boothferry Road; Woodalls, corner of Argyle Street and Carlisle Street; Donoghues, Bridge Street.

In the late-1960s John Donoghue started on the corner of Marlborough Avenue, then later to the corner of Third Avenue and extended to what it is now when he took over what was Flowers Shoe Shop. The one down Bridge Street was his father which I believe was taken on by his brother Peter. That`s my lot, but I expect you will probably name others. Not sure when Discount Cycles started.

Posted by Keith on 18/01/2015

You got most of them except Mellors on the corner of Marlborough Avenue (don`t remember John Donoghue taking over though). Most seem to forget Heaths, probably because it was sort of squashed in between shops on Aire Street.

Posted by Tony on 19/01/2015

Mellors was the one I forgot. We lived in Marlborough Avenue until 1970 and my wife bought a bike from the top of the street. I found the bill in some very old paperwork for the bike, PE. Donoghue, 65 Pasture Road. I think that might be what was Mellors.

Posted by Keith on 16/04/2015

When I lived in Marlborough Avenue, Mellors owned the bike shop where we bought our catty `lastic and have our punctures repaired. But I believe Donoghues did take it over.

Posted by Paul on 18/04/2015

Mellors was the official Raleigh agent in Goole and that was the main reason why Donoghues purchased the business.

Posted by Keith on 18/04/2015

I always thought Currys on Boothferry Road was the Raleigh agent in Goole?

Posted by Graham on 20/04/2015

My granddad, John William Theaker, had a bicycle shop in Old Goole across from the entrance to the Shipyard. He sold Raleigh bicycles and the huge sign on the gable end of the shop said "Theaker`s for Raleigh". It stayed there for years after he sold up and retired, but was eventually covered over by a new occupant. A great pity, the sign was the first thing you saw on rounding the corner of the road where the circus used to set up each year.

Posted by Goolie Gone on 22/04/2015

I remember in the 1940s and 1950s, just along from Hunt`s Corner where the circus would pitch up, there was a cobbler`s hut belonging to Cobbler Joy on Swinefleet Road, opposite the Shipyard, under some trees. There was a grass field behind the hut, and the entrance to Johnsons Farm was a bit further along the road. The row of shops just past the farm and before Morley Street had a demon barber who once managed to stick a comb in the back of my neck, drawing blood. I still keep away from the Sweeneys for as long as possible, until I really do have to go!

Posted by Catherine on 07/06/2015

Can anyone remember a grocers shop on Aire Street? My grandma used to supply them with curd, must have been in the 1930s/1940s.

Posted by Keith on 07/06/2015

I can't remember the name but it was sited near to the Macintosh Arms. I think Les Broadley Builders took it over in the late-1950s for a short period, double fronted property, think they used it as a store/office.

Posted by Goolie Gone on 14/07/2015

On Saturday afternoons I used to walk over the docks, past the Lowther, and along Aire Street, heading for the tanner rush at the Cinema or Cosy. From a vague memory, that grocers shop may have been called Hopleys.

Posted by Keith on 14/07/2015

Hopleys was sited near to Bevans Hardware Store. The shop I remember was nearer the Globe Cafe.

Posted by Goolie Gone on 14/07/2015

In the early-1960s the Arcade was of course the location for Peter Halls Music Shop, a real treasure trove back then. I remember one of my friends and his other pals would buy a "single" there on Saturday mornings, then saunter along Boothferry Road with it on display, up one side, then back along the other, just to shoot the breeze. Oh, happy days!

Posted by Keith on 14/07/2015

I can't remember Peter Halls in the Arcade, but I do remember him next to Thompsons Veterinary Surgery at the corner of Aire Street and North Street and later in Pasture Road. But then again my memory not what it used to be!

Posted by Goolie Gone on 15/07/2015

I'd forgotten about that little place on the corner of North Street, before Peter Halls moved into the Arcade. I seem to remember a girl called Brenda worked there, and really knew her music. Along from there, past the Sydney, was a place on the corner of Aire Street and Ouse Street, run by a guy named Griggs. It was full of old comics and magazines which would be worth serious money now!

Posted by Keith on 15/07/2015

Yes, Brenda did work for Peter Hall. The comic shop could that have been Scotty Drurys just on the corner of Ouse Street/Aire Street. He had everything second hand.

Posted by Goolie Gone on 17/07/2015

Seems you must have known Brenda at Peter Halls, in those days. That shop on the corner would have been Scottys place, though I remember a guy called Griggs working there. He was a stocky bloke, with a Clark Gable-type 'tache. Across the road, in Aire Street, Bevans seemed to stock almost anything a handy- (or not so handy-) man might want, the kind of place we just took for granted back then. Four candles, fork handles, you name it, they had it!

Posted by Keith on 17/07/2015

Smiths Radio Shop next door to Scottys, could have been there?

Posted by Tony on 23/07/2015

Don't remember Peter Hall in the Arcade, D&F Electrics were down there and sold records, we used to spend most of Saturday afternoon in there playing records.

Posted by Goolie Gone on 23/07/2015

About Peter Hall's and the Arcade, I was sure it was there for a time, and that Brenda worked there, but my memory bump must have got, er, yes, what was I going on about? Well, maybe then my recollections are somewhat impressionistic - of course, we've had the Sixties since then...

Posted by Bill on 24/07/2015

I thought Peter Halls was in the Arcade? (Singles were 6s/8d). Was there another record shop on Boothferry Road approx. opposite the top end of Pasture Road?

Posted by Goolie Gone on 24/07/2015

I bought my first ever LP (by Elvis) in the Arcade, and was pretty sure it was from Peter Halls - about four or so shops in, on the left-hand side, from the Victoria Street end. There was certainly a record shop there, though Keith and Tony reckon that it was owned by somebody else.

And I do remember a shop that sold records, opposite the Station Hotel, because I used to go out with a girl that worked there.

Posted by Keith on 24/07/2015

The record shop down the Arcade was originally A to Z Electrical, later becoming D&F Electrical. The shop opposite the Station Hotel was originally Sheppards Music Shop, later becoming D&F Electrical which moved from the Arcade. But I have been told by a reliable source that Peter Hall and Brenda were down the Arcade. All the above sold records!

Posted by Transportman on 25/07/2015

I remember Peter Halls down the Arcade like you say, three or four shops down on the left from Victoria Street in the mid-1960s. Always the first stop for records. In the unlikely event they didn't have it in stock, we tried Woolies or Richardsons on the corner of Red Lion Street and Pasture Road. I've still got one of their bags serving as a record sleeve.

Posted by Goolie Gone on 28/07/2015

Thank you for confirming that Peter Halls (and Brenda) were down the Arcade. Maybe the little grey cells aren't yet in complete disarray after all. Yep, us Gooligans could pick up our records in one of several places back then.

Posted by Polo on 05/08/2015

I too remember the record shop down Pasture Road/Centenary Road, bought a few "singles" from there myself. The lad that had it was Phil Sprakes, a really nice guy. If what you wanted was "a bit far out" and he didn't have it in stock he could get it quick time. There was something special about such shops with rows and rows of singles, LPs, posters on the walls, etc. The big music stores today are too clinical for me and the music ain't as good either.

Posted by Patricia on 21/07/2015

Can anyone remember Newbold Bakery? They delivered to the small grocery shop on Grange Road in the 1960s (now a house)?

Posted by Tony on 23/07/2015

In the late-1950s, Newbolds Bakery had a depot on Kingsway between Queensway and the council houses. All local deliveries were made from there.

Posted by Margaret on 30/07/2015

The small grocery shop on Grange Road was Charley Bests. I used to live in Chestnut Avenue.

Posted by Margaret on 11/08/2015

Patricia. Is your aunt Mabel Watson? If so, we have been friends since 1947, and of course I knew your mum. Betty, Sylvia and Tina. My little brother, born down Chestnut Avenue, ten years after me adored Mabel. Sadly he left us in 2009. We left Chestnut Avenue in 1952 and our neighbours down there were Rosaleen Marrit, Clynes and Bowes Chapman and Gosney, he became mayor at one time. Of course Iris Skegall lived next to your mam and I had an aunt down Seavy Road, Binnington, also a great aunt on Grange Road, Edith Gilliam. Next to aunt Edith lived Mary Thompson who married my cousin John Nicholson in 1957. You will be quite a bit younger than me I guess as I am just two months older than Mabe. Been nice remembering my times down there. Thanks.

Posted by Patricia on 11/08/2015

Hi Margaret. Yes, it is my Auntie Mabel, she did tell me she knew you for a long time. Mum remembers you very well too. I only remember a few things about Grange Road, being brought up in Scunthorpe.

Posted by Wean-in-the-Wid on 04/08/2015

As far as I recall, Lewis Ratcliffe was the first driving instructor in Goole, having previously become known to many of us as PC. Ratcliffe, who used to visit local schools to talk about road safety. I learnt to drive in Goole in the early-1960s. There were no roundabouts or traffic lights (seem to remember the lights at Greenawn Corner came a bit later), and the nearest we got to hills was Bridge Street. The trickiest manoeuvre in town was getting round the town centre toilets under the Clock Tower. And there were no motorways anywhere near Goole in those days. Eventually, I passed my Driving Test after a few lessons with Mr R.

Posted by Corby on 04/08/2015

My employer's son, George Smith of Smith Bros, taught me on the Timberpond Road in his Jowett Bradford van. I passed my car test first time. I know there was not the traffic, back in the good old days.

Posted by Paul on 04/08/2015

I was reading an article in the Hull Daily Mail regarding patties being made from mashed potatoes and sage or some other variant. I recall in the early-1950s having patties from the fish shop in Weatherill Street that were two slices of potato with fish in the middle. Is my memory failing?

Posted by Goolie Gone on 04/08/2015

Our local chippie in Percy Street also sold such patties, covered in batter - either with fish between the 'taties, or sausage meat. Patty and chips - cheaper than fish 'n' chips, too! Healthy livin' back then.

Posted by Polo on 05/08/2015

Wow, you've got my taste buds going now. Gladys Thomson's chippie in Percy Street, best for miles around and as much vinegar as you wanted! A big bag of chips 4p. Could smell 'em from our house, brilliant.

Posted by Keith on 05/08/2015

You couldn't beat the peppery taste of the patties from the "Patty Shop". Waites of course, straight out of the swimming baths. Now they WERE patties!

Posted by JG on 19/12/2015

I was born in 1972 and lived in Goole until I was 21. I was talking with my dad recently about when Darth Vader visited the toy shop on Boothferry Road near the Clock Tower end of the now pedestrianised bit. Does anyone else remember this? I have no idea who Darth Vader was, I don't expect it was the real guy - after all we are talking about Goole and not London.

I remember being scared to death because he was towering over me. I'm pretty sure I didn't dream it. I clearly remember not wanting to go into the shop at the time and there was a queue of people all waiting to meet him.

Posted by Jane on 28/12/2015

Does anyone have any memories of Walter Shorts? He and his son dealt in bottled mineral water (would have been worth a fortune today!) I believe he also had a few horses.

Posted by Keith on 30/12/2015

I remember Shorts, they had a bottling factory on First Avenue. I used to play in the field behind what is now the Bingo Hall with one of the sons Bobby (Bob), I think they had a sister too. The factory closed down around the 1950s I would say. I also seem to remember a heavyweight boxer related to the Short's used to visit them, think it was Bruce Woodcock but could be wrong.

Posted by Jane on 17/01/2016

Thanks for that Keith, it's always good to have first-hand memories. Walter Short the elder was my great-grandfather. He had seven children Edwin, Clarence, Florence (my grandmother) Doris, Walter (who carried on the business) Emma and Ethel. I have a photo of my mum, Doreen Collier, on one of Walter's horses in the yard. It was a skinny looking beast! I believe that the bingo hall used to be Joseph Glews the undertaker who dealt with my mum's brother's funeral. He was only six weeks old.

Posted by Bill on 17/01/2016

Any old bikers remember the motorbike shop down Aire Street? Was it called Pettys? I recall he usually had something decent out front, like a BSA. Road Rocket and a lot of very dubious dirty stuff inside.

Posted by Transportman on 18/01/2016

I remember Jack Pettys Motorbike Shop down Aire Street. Rod Allinson and John Cotter used to be his mechanics, John had a BSA Gold Star. Jack always told me I would never have any money while I had motorbikes and women. When he stopped dealing in bikes to concentrate on his garage and MOTs he sold 100 bikes to the scrap man for £100. As he used to say, "if he knew then what he knew now", but no one expected the classic scene to take off like it did.

Posted by Sam on 24/01/2016

Jack Pettys was down in a bit of a hollow in Aire Street at the back of the bus stops. Jack didn't rush at repairing stuff, in fact I took my Yamaha 80 to him to sort out the gearbox in 1969, yes 1969, and it isn't ready yet! A real nice jovial guy whom I reckon they modelled Arthur Daley on! I used to call in weekly to see if the Yamaha was ready and it was a different excuse every time, but I knew he was running out of what to say next when he told me the ship carrying the parts from Japan had sunk in the North Sea with all hands lost! What a man.

Posted by Keith on 25/01/2016

I think Jack was the brother of the Petty who had a shop on Aire Street. I also believe he was a pro-motorcyclist at some time. I think he either left Goole or passed away and Jack took over the business before moving to Cross Chapel Street in the dip. Could be wrong, possibly someone out there has more info.

Posted by Sam on 26/01/2016

I recon you are thinking of Ray Petty who was more than well known for his motorbike skills. He was an accomplished rider himself setting many track records but is known more for his engineering skills, and especially engine tuning of the Manx Norton engine which were a class apart then, plus he designed and built his own frames. An original frame or engine today if found and authenticated would be lottery money, he was that good. Ray was from down south somewhere, Hampshire I think, and would be surprised if he was Jack's relation but I'll stand corrected on that one. I haven't been in the Aire Street area for decades and dare say it's all gone now under development and tarmac.

Posted by Keith on 26/01/2016

Actually that part of Aire Street is still much the same. Pettys Garage is still there in the dip, now run by Jack's son Keith.

Posted by Goolie Gone on 19/01/2016

In the late-1950s I used to walk past Donoghues Bike Shop on Bridge Street daily, on my way to school. A few doors away was Tommy Dunderdales Butchers, and on the corner of Doyle Street was a chemist, Kenneth Work, opposite The Cape. There were other shops on the other side of Bridge Street, including a post office/newsagents, and a tailors, Leacys, if I remember, on the corner of South Street.

This was back when we lived in black and white - now long, long ago!

Posted by Denise on 18/02/2016

Anyone know the name of the builders merchant that was either on or near Carter Street somewhere near the old sub post office? Thanks.

Posted by Keith on 18/02/2016

The builders merchants was Williamsons.

Posted by Goolie Gone on 18/02/2016

I seem to remember that the sub-postmaster near Carter Street (in the 1960s) was called Harrand. Does anyone know what became of the family? Thanks.

Posted by Geoff on 19/02/2016

Do not know too much about the Harrand Family. I am pretty sure they had a son called Peter, who worked at G.W. Townend Chartered Accountants down Carlisle Street. He married a girl from Carlton called Janet Lazenby.

Posted by Paul on 19/02/2016

I went to Boothferry Road Infants and junior schools with a Peter Harrand from about 1948 - 1955 until I left to live in Hull. That would make him in his early 70s. Did a quick Google and found a Peter Harrand who is a councillor on Leeds City Council. One of the pages says he moved to the Leeds area in 1966 from East Yorkshire. It may be coincidental but he is/was a chartered accountant, has a wife called Janet and is 71. As I haven't seen him for about 60 years,

I didn't recognize him from his photograph. I have a photo of him and the class in the infant's playground but it didn't help!

Posted by Geoff on 20/02/2016

Checked with my sister who knew Janet Lazenby. Says Janet does live in the Leeds area. Also looked at the picture you mentioned and I am pretty sure that is the Peter Harrand we are talking about.

Posted by Peter on 20/02/2016

Good to hear about Peter Harrand. We were in the same year at GGS, though I lost touch after leaving in 1961. Clearly, Peter didn't have far to go to get to school, or to Townends, for that matter!

Posted by Keith on 20/02/2016

Have it on good authority that Peter Harrand was a relation to the Harrands that had the Carter Street Post Office. Peter's parents did have a Post Office but it was on Bridge Street, Old Goole. It was pulled down along with other shops along the street and they then moved to Goole.

Posted by Tony on 28/04/2016

I've just found two Airfix 00 scale models in the loft, bought from Pennywise, 29p each. Where was the shop? Thanks.

Posted by Tony on 13/05/2016

Pennywise was on the corner of Jackson Street in the old Easthams Furniture Shop.

Posted by Anon on 10/08/2014

I worked for LEP Transport in the 1960. I was a lorry driver working out of Fifth Avenue. The amount of work done there was unbelievable. The depo opened midnight Sunday and work carried on for 24 hours a day until Saturday lunch. Then all the lorries were put away until midnight Sunday when it all started again, unloading and loading for the day's deliveries.

Lorries were in and out of Fifth Avenue day and night. After our day's work we would return back to the depo to be greeted by "bump and scratches" to see if you had done any damage to the vehicle. Charley Gell took over and fuelled the vehicle, we just handed our notes to the foreman who was Slippy Marshall, he was nice chap.

Also in the avenue was the transport house, it was the place for lorry drivers to stay overnight after delivering their loads to the docks.

Posted by Keith on 21/10/2016

I think Charlie Ransom and his wife ran the Transport House B&B for the drivers. Later Charlie and his wife ran the Globe Cafe on Aire Street around the late-1950s/60s.

Posted by Bill on 21/10/2016

Ah yes, the Globe cafe in the early sixties. The clientele could at times be a bit like in the Sydney, with foreign sailors and "dock fairies" - feeling a bit exotic and dangerous for us naive teenagers. Also each year a special promotion when you could buy bottles of coca-cola for only 2d.

Posted by Jane on 06/05/2017

Very vague I'm sorry, but can anyone tell me anything about my grandmother on my dad's side? Don't know her first name but my dad was Reginald Leslie Beamson. I went to see her once in the early 1960's and she ran a corner sweetshop in an area of old terraced houses in Goole. Can't

tell you any more than that. I know some of the Beamson family still live in Goole but I've never seen them as mum and dad divorced when I was tiny and are both dead now.

Posted by PC on 13/05/2017

Annie Beamson had a shop at the corner of Byron Street and Weatherell Street. As far as I know she had three sons Jack, Leslie and Douglas. I do not know of any Beamsons still living in Goole.

Posted by Bill on 13/05/2017

There was a Beamson family living in Limetree Avenue in the 1960s.

Posted by Lynda on 12/06/2017

Jane, we have messaged each other before, you were asking about your grandmother. She was called Alice (b. 1897, d. 1995) and is buried in Goole Cemetery, Her son John (always called Jack) and Doris Beamson his wife (my ex father and mother-in-law) are also buried in Goole Cemetery.

She did have sweetshop down Weatherall Street, if I remember rightly, and can remember visiting most weeks when we lived in Goole. I can remember your dad he used to visit his mother and when he did we all had a family get together, I am sure that somewhere I must have a photo of her, if you are interested I will have a dig about in my old stuff. Jack, Doris (who lots will remember worked at the bath hall for years) and their son John did live down Limetree Avenue in Goole for most of the 1950s through to the late-1980s.

Posted by Keith on 02/10/2017

Sammy Thomson had a men's clothes shop on Pasture Road. There was also a Mr Cawthorn on the same road, and Mr Cooper on Boothferry Road. The latter two possibly longer than 20+ years ago.

Posted by Paul on 02/10/2017

I remember Mr Cawthorn who was also the choirmaster at St. Pauls.

Posted by Keith on 21/11/2017

In its day Goole had quite a lot of butchers. Can you name any? I'll start you off with... Crapper.

Posted by Tony on 21/11/2017

Darnborough, Auty, Abdy, Claybourn, Cowling, Sutherland, Dunderdale, Garrett – there;s a few more. There were three Crappers one next to the George, one facing Pasture Road (now a barbers) and one on the Pasture Road corner of Elsie Street brothers only remember Frank and Tom.

Posted by Keith on 25/11/2017

I don't remember a butcher at the corner of Elsie Street, only a bakers shop, but yes you got most. Nightingales, on the corner of Burlington Crescent was another; Storrs (mainly cooked meat), at the top of Marlborough Avenue; Co-op, where fishing tackle shop is now on Westfield Avenue, they had many dotted around the town. Think the one on corner of First Avenue and Pasture Road was possibly a Crapper, but it did change hands a few times?

Posted by Keith on 26/11/2017

Just remembered another butcher... Oldridges on Aire Sreet.

Posted by Tony on 26/11/2017

I should have remembered Oldridge, he used to supply all the ships. The corner of First Avenue was Rooks.

Posted by RDW on 27/11/2017

Gowlands in Dunhill Road

Posted by Fiona on 07/01/2018

There was Colin Snells Butchers on Pasture Road, Rewcastles on the other side of the road, Dewhursts on Boothferry Road and a Co-op butcher on Argyll Street. The butcher died in the Co-op one when he was serving in the shop, sometime in late-1970s or early-1980s.

Posted by Corby on 08/01/2018

Colin Snell - a blast from the past. He was one of a family who lived two doors down from me in Stanley Street. They had a whippet named Nell. Nell Snell - good choice for a name. Whenever I left the street to go on my many rambles this dog would follow. In other words she adopted me. Mary, Colin's mum knew of this, but didn't mind. The last time that I spoke to Mary she told me that she was living above Colin's shop, but I did not know where.

Posted by Fiona on 08/01/2018

It's always interesting which butchers people had allegiances to. My grandparents who lived on Hook Road had always gone to Fosters, they were personal friends of Mr and Mrs Foster. When that became Claybournes they went there and so did my parents until it closed. Then my parents went to Oldridges and my grandparents to Richard Auty.

At that time everyone knew the butchers, they were real members of the community. Richard Auty was a churchwarden at St. Johns.

There was also Jos Sloans in the market, my mum would never ever buy anything from her, because her father told her that he bought cheap cattle that were unfit to be exported. However he also farmed and I imagine he was getting cheap store cattle this way and not selling unfit meat in his shop. I remember he had a TV in his shop in the Market Hall and use to watch the wrestling on a Saturday afternoon.

Posted by Corby on 08/01/2018

Nightingales Butchers was on the end of our street and Burlington Crescent which we used until we left. I notice that they're still going on Carlisle Street.

Posted by Goolie Gone on 23/01/2018

I too remember Jos Slowens place on Goole market in the 1960s. On Saturday mornings I used to do some shopping for an aunt, and Jos's meat shop was one of my regular calls. I recall him as being a big guy, who must have downed plenty of his own meat products - or maybe it was just me that was little and skinny, 'cos I didn't get much meat!

Posted by Keith on 25/11/2017

Another quickie, how many fish and chip shops (before 2000) can you name?

Posted by Tony on 26/11/2017

Humes, Tomlinson, Waites, Gunns (Pasture Road and Weatherill Street), Fletchers, Atkinsons, Molloys, Ullerthornes (Queensway and Richard Cooper Street - smashing patties). Was it Kellys on North Street? All these go back to late-1950s.

Posted by Keith on 27/11/2017

There was one in a front room on West Street, another in a front room on Colonels Walk. Goole must have eaten a lot of fish and chips, along with lots of meat, in the 1950s/1960s.

Posted by RDW on 27/11/2017

Kirbys in Carter Street.

Posted by Paul on 27/11/2017

Would Gunns on Weatherill Street have been there in the early-1950s? I recall a fish shop between Milton Street and Byron Street. The next door neighbour to my grandparents, Dora Gates, worked there and her husband had a cobblers shop in Laura Street.

Posted by Corby on 08/01/2018

Marshalls fish shop was replaced by the Atkinsons after we left.

Posted by Carl on 09/03/2018

Does anyone remember the Watsons chip shop on Richard Cooper Street circa-1930s?

Posted by Bill on 23/01/2018

One of my memories of Goole Market in the 1960s was the gypsies who used to come into town to shop there. They used to smell very strongly of wood smoke. Strange the things you remember.

Posted by Keith on 04/10/2018

How many furniture shops past, can you remember in Goole?

Posted by Bill on 04/10/2018

My decidedly hazy recollection is of a furniture store that was originally located somewhere near the Carlton Cinema. It moved to their new purpose designed premises in their "library" building, didn't like it (and were probably made a good financial offer by the Council who were looking for somewhere for the new library) and decided to move back to where they came from. Can't remember their name.

Posted by Corby on 04/10/2018

Flemmings was the furniture shop near the Carlton. Out of interest Mrs Flemming was the sister of Goole wartime hero Eric Heworth. Eastham's first furniture shop was in between Stanley Street and Estcourt Street.

Posted by Keith on 04/10/2018

Eddie Easthams had two shops before the library one. One next to Carlton Cinema, and one where Gotches is now on Escourt Terrace. When this shop was knocked down he moved to the library but I think he keep the Carlton one for quite a while after.

Posted by Corby on 04/10/2018

Two schoolmates of mine, Geoff Hepworth and Dennis Foster, on leaving school in 1949 started their apprenticeship for Easthams Estcourt Terrace. It was Joyce Heworth, who married Flemming, who had their first shop near the Carlton.

Posted by Keith on 04/10/2018

I remember when attending Alexandra Street school in the 1940s/50s as stated where Gotches is now, there were two shops nestling under a wrought iron and glass canopy. One of these was Easthams the other I can't remember who owned it. These shops were pulled down to make way for the building that's there now, originally a garage and workshop, now Gotches electrical shop.

Easthams other shop in the 1950s and later was joined to the Radio Relay shop next to the Carlton picture house. Flemmings, as I remember, was at the corner of Montague Street about the same time. This shop has had many tenants since and is now a Polish supermarket.

Posted by Corby on 05/10/2018

I appear to be getting too old for this, having had a severe reprimand from my wife.

It appears Easthams other shop was near the Carlton. It was Robinsons opposite the library, Flemmings was on the corner of Montague Street. Butlers was opposite Sutton Street and was where she had earmarked furniture for our new home, if we had stayed in Goole, but I whisked her away. The rest is history.

Posted by Paul on 08/10/2018

As well as the Eastham shop near the Carlton they also had a warehouse on Jackson Street opposite No. 47-49 where my relations lived.

Posted by Denise on 16/11/2018

There was also Robinsons down Carlisle Street. When my girls were babies they loved going past in the pushchair and shouting because it echoed down the deep doorway.

Posted by Keith on 17/11/2018

Others were the Co-op, Jacksons, Alan Wales and a bit later Hargreaves.

Posted by Tim on 19/11/2018

Butlers on Carlisle Street was owned by Vin Butler who employed his two brothers and a small number of staff. They had a lot of contracts with local offices and renown for quality.

Posted by Keith on 20/11/2018

I think another could have been Mr Wroe who was on Aire Street but could be wrong

Posted by Daniel on 14/11/2019

My wife and I had a dress shop in Pasture Road opposite Marlborough Avenue, part of a block of shops, called Mayfair Fashions. Can anybody remember it and may have a photo of shop front?

Posted by Claire on 29/08/2020

Does anyone know if there was a sewing/Singer shop with an adjacent butchers? 1940s-50s. Possibly Pasture Road. Thanks.

Posted by Keith on 30/08/2020

Yes, there was a Singer Sewing Machine Shop next to Garratts Butchers on Pasture Road. When the shop first opened, don't know what year, my uncle was the manager. I believe it closed in the 1950s. I also delivered meat on occasions for the butcher.

Posted by Claire on 03/09/2020

Thanks. Do you know what is in its place now just so I can find it on Street View? Apparently there was a door in-between the two shops. This led to what was then my great-grandparent's house which I would love to find out more about.

Posted by Keith on 05/09/2020

At the corner of Third and Second Avenue in the 1950s/1960s were Childs Greengrocers (later Hawksworths Greengrocers); then Ingelby Printers; next Singer Sewing Machines; next Garretts Butchers; next a ladies hairdresser, I think maybe Miss Seltzer (later Mrs White); possibly a shop next door; then Morrills Painter and Decorators (later Hawksworths Electrical).

I might be way out on some but certainly there were doors to Inglebys and the Singer side by side. Whether the house you are looking for was originally one of these. Most shops were also living accommodation for the owner and possibly the frontage was let off.

Posted by Alan on 28/09/2020

My grandparents, Mary Harrand (maiden name Brigham) and Len Harrand (Charles Leonard Harrand) ran the Boothferry Road post office until late-1970s. I would sit as a toddler and stamp the pension books.

They were at the opposite side to Jackson's. There was a newsagents round the corner with a barbers above the newsagents. The barbers was exactly like a 1950s/1960s barbers was expected to be.

Opposite was the cinema. I remember watching Herbie on a Saturday afternoon.

Posted by Tom on 19/11/2020

My wife and I were reminiscing of our childhood and we discovered something we both looked forward to some Saturdays. For her a very special treat was a banana milkshake which in Russia in the 1950s was virtually unheard of. I too enjoyed the same at a cafe on Boothferry Road almost opposite Northern. Can anyone remember the name of this cafe? Thanks.

Posted by Keith on 19/11/2020

I think the cafe was the Copper Kettle, but never heard of the other one across the road you mention. Did you mean Northern Clothing?

Posted by Tom on 21/11/2020

Thanks. Northern Clothing and the Copper Kettle. Dad bought my first pair of running spikes from Northern, Green Gola spikes - thought they were the bee's knees.

Posted by Bill on 22/11/2020

OK, as we are in Northern Clothing, my recollections from around 1966 is that they were the only store in town which sold the must have fashion item for young lads. Namely, tight fitting, denim jeans of a particular colour - ice blue (very light blue). Strangely, the fashion did not last long and, as far as I know, has not returned!

Posted by Rod on 22/11/2020

The Boothferry Road cafe certainly was the "Copper Kettle". Probably the first place we kids had access to a jukebox.

Posted by Thomas on 30/11/2020

Thanks to all for bringing back the memories of the Copper Kettle. The jeans reminded me of chisel toe shoes which my dad would not let me have (they will ruin your feet) but athletics was ok. Now aged 70, I have spondylosis of the lumbar, arthritic knees and ankles, all down to running, along with numerous other sports, ie. football, track, athletics, rugby and seventeen years as a PTI in the RAF., so probably the shoes would have made no difference to my present state.

Posted by Goolie Gone on 13/01/2021

In the late-1950s/early-1960s, on most Saturday mornings, a friend of mine and three or four of his teen mates would head for Peter Halls Music Shop in the Arcade, where, after about half-an-hour's browsing, one of them would buy a new, promising "single" on 45 rpm. The gang would then slowly mooch along Boothferry Road from the market end, with the new record enticingly

held by the lucky buyer at around shoulder level, inviting an “Oo, what’ve you got there, then?” Hopefully from girls rather than the other lot. Mostly, it worked. They would cross the road when opposite the North Eastern, then mooch slowly back towards Maynards.

Seems like this rite of passage carried on for a few decades, in one shape or another!

Posted by Keith on 13/01/2021

I remember Peter Hall at the corner of North Street and Ouse Street. Then Arcade, then Pasture Road.

Posted by Corby on 13/01/2021

When the big bands hit the scene at the Baths it opened a whole new world for the circles I moved in. I bought an old wind up record player, taking it to the riverbank. Of course it only played 78s.

I first set of on collecting my records from Sheppards, between the subway and Montague Street. They were always the first to find new releases. So much so that two of my purchases were banned.

Happy memories of a happier life spent with good friends who are no longer with us.

Posted by Goolie Gone on 15/01/2021

Was Peter Halls on the corner of North Street painted red and white, or have I imagined that?

More or less opposite, on the other side of Aire Street, was an ironmonger’s place, Bevans, I think. One of those treasure troves that seemed to have anything and everything you wanted. The staff would climb a ladder to get stuff from a drawer just below ceiling height.

Posted by Keith on 15/01/2021

Peter Halls was opposite Bevans, but I can’t remember the colour it was painted. It was next door to the vets which stood right on the corner point. Bevan’s was just as you described. Can you remember the shop next door to Bevans, or, as you look at Bevans, on its right?

Posted by Goolie Gone on 16/01/2021

You continue to be a mine of information for some of us old Gooligans. I’m not sure about the next-door shop to Bevans, but there was a place a bit further along that had hares and other game hung up outside for sale (was it Hopleys?)

Also, there was a wine shop where my aunt would send me for her bottle of QC. She was partial to the sherry wine, and I was her little helper. They did sell me the stuff, so must have believed it was for a responsible adult, and that I wouldn’t be downing it myself round the corner.

Happy days (or daze)!

Posted by Bill on 19/01/2021

I’m looking at a photo of Aire Street in the 1950s. Walking towards the town, you have Barclays Bank, Hopleys, Bevans and then Glews (drapers) and then Heaths (cycles). Photo and info in Susan Butler’s “Goole - a pictorial history”. There is also a reference in the text to a wine merchants run by H&E Armitage - but its location is not clear.

Sport

Goole is not the sporting mecca of the north, but has a passing interest in various disciplines. Its most famous sporting success is with Goole Town AFC. This team regularly plays at the Victoria Pleasure Grounds and has had a chequered past. Once high in the non-league game, it went bankrupt and was disbanded. The club was re-formed two years ago and has started the climb back again. They have been promoted every season since restarting from the Central Midlands Premier Division and are currently in the North East Counties Premier Division. Surely Europe (or at least the Grandstand vidi-printer) is only a few seasons away?



Other sporting activities taking place around Goole:

- **Athletics** - The Victoria Pleasure Grounds has a six lane running track and there are various facilities at the leisure centre. Goole Viking Striders are the local running club and organise the annual Riverbank challenge (it was the Three Rivers Challenge, but they then got lazy).
- **Cricket** - Lots of pub teams take part in this sport, although it's usually just an excuse for a huge party at the end of the season. West Park and the cricket ground off Westfield Banks are the places to go to hear the crack of leather on willow.
- **Cycling** - Vermuyden Cycle Club is the local club and have masochistic cycling tours on Sunday mornings. Goole is ideal cycling country because the Vale of York is so flat. There are many time trials on summer nights and several Audax routes pass by the town. It is also close to the Sustrans network linking Hull with Selby.
- **Darts** - Although this is not technically a sport, there is a very popular darts league amongst the local pub.
- **Fishing** - This ranges from stickle-backing in West Park to various organised competitions along the canal and at Thorne. Barry's of Goole (with a branch in Leeds and elsewhere) was a big organiser of these tournaments, but they recently closed down.
- **Football** - As well as Goole AFC, there is a very healthy Sunday League competition.
- **Golf** - Boothferry Golf Course situated at Spaldington provides a good 18-hole green so long as it's not rained recently.
- **Motorcycling** - As with cycling, the flat countryside is ideal for motorbikes. The local motorcycling club (the "Wobbly-Goolies") meets at the Macintosh Arms pub. Goole also boasts a world sidecar champion rider.
- **Pub Quizzes** - Every pub has one. To win, simply buy the Daily Mirror and watch Fifteen-to-One the day before taking part.
- **Rugby Union** - The rugby club has moved from Murham Avenue to a new factory-like site off Westfield Banks. There is a very popular Sunday League.

- **Street-Fighting** - Not really a sport, but a common pastime nevertheless. These events were hosted down Aire Street on weekend nights. Audience participation was welcome at any time.
- **Swimming** - Goole Baths may have closed, but the swimming pool at the Leisure Centre is the place to go for swimming. There is also a swimming club based in the town.
- **Tennis** - Goole has a brand-new tennis centre off Westfield Banks, but there are also facilities at West Park and Vermuyden School if you nip over the fence.
- **Trainspotting** - This seems to be the most popular pastime for Goole Youth nowadays. There's always a large number of youths congregating at the station each night wearing strange coats looking for new engine numbers for their books.

Postcards



Visitor Comments

Posted by Andy on 15/07/2005

“Lots of pub teams take part in the sport”. There is not one pub cricket team in Goole, though there are many pub football teams. Just Goole Town CC and Goole firemen.

Posted by Laura on 09/05/2006

Street fighting in Goole, how utterly shocking!

Posted by Phooky on 05/05/2007

Something worth a mention (usually every week) is the incredible “West Riding Sunday Trophy” was won by local pub side Woodlands Raiders in 2003. A Goole side winning this cup is as hard as Scotland winning the world cup. I can't see it ever happening again. Well done lads!

Posted by Gary on 29/10/2008

Way back in the dark ages, early- to middle-1970s, I was instrumental, in a small way, in the formation of what was supposed to become the mecca of minority sports in and around Goole. I refer to an amalgamation of the Goole Judo club, the Goole Weightlifting club and the Goole Boxing club. Needless to say, it was an uphill, against the tide, battle from the outset, but nevertheless, we went ahead. Due in no small part to the then leading lights of the three clubs. Frank Askew, Sam Siddown, et moi, from the Judo club; Dennis Philpot and Bill Sutton from the weight lifting club and Kenny Dawson, who represented the Boxing club. We cannot forget the tireless efforts of the late Jim Crowe, who kept the dream alive for so long, representing all three factions.

We were known collectively as the Goole and District Physical Training Association, and for a while, all went well. We raised funds through various means and managed to build, against great odds, a training hall behind the Goole Town football stands in the Victoria Pleasure Grounds. We further expanded to include a Karate club, a first for Goole, and again, things went well for a short time. However, due to infighting and interference from various Johnny-come-latelies, the ideal

began to crumble. First the Judo club, which had contributed the most, decided to cut its losses and move. The success of John Burkhill, who relocated the Judo club to the Goole Leisure Centre, proves that this was not a bad move. The Karate club, who had contributed next to nothing were the next to move, so they were not really missed. The boxing club, which one would have thought would be the most successful never actually got off the ground, despite Kenny's passion. This left the weightlifting fraternity who, in all fairness, kept the ship afloat. The last I heard, an eternity ago, the whole 100ft x 30ft building was given over to the iron pumping crowd. Kowabunga!

After all this, is the building still there, and if so, what is it used for now? I would be pleased to hear from anyone who, whether involved or not, could shed some light on this. I would imagine that the building is still there, as it could be converted to almost anything. Over and out.

Posted by Tom on 26/04/2012

Regarding the original boxing and weight lifting club Back in the 1960s it was located in an upstairs building facing the pleasure grounds about the size of a large two story garden shed. Then the main stay of the club was that ever green "Goole's oldest teenager" Kenny Dawson. I used it for fitness training as a member of the Goole athletics club run by the late Cliff Glasby, along with my friend Norman Prentice who I believe still lives in Goole. It was very old and we often wondered if it would fall down whilst we were in it! I'm afraid that's as much as I remember of it. There was one other chap who was into Karate or Judo, unfortunately I do not remember his name.

Posted by Geoff on 29/04/2012

I did not have anything to do with the club you speak about, but while working for British Telecom at Goole, a colleague of mine called Jim Crow was a long-time member of the club. Was this the man you cannot remember?

By the way, my wife can recall you when she worked at the Goole Times, when you dropped articles in for the paper.

Posted by Tom on 02/05/2012

Yes I used to be at the Goole Times a lot, Ernie Butler was the editor and Mike Marsh used to take the reports of the athletics results. Jim Crow rings a bell but cannot remember the face. Apologies to your wife but cannot remember the ladies at the Goole Times. Mind you I was only 16! Still running albeit a great deal slower and wrinkly.

Posted by Graham on 27/08/2010

Who remembers Boothferry Road Junior School playing in the schools cup final at the Pleasure Grounds against Kingsway in around 1967-69 and beating them 3-2? Great time afterwards with a trip to cinema to see James Bond in OHMS and then a trip to the chippy/cafe across from the Police Station. Kev Price was in goal for Boothferry Road Junior School. Great days, fantastic times in Goole.

Posted by Paul on 01/10/2010

Played in the same competition for Boothferry Road School in about 1954 when we drew 0 - 0 with Old Goole at the Pleasure Grounds. Also had fish and chips near the Clock Tower.

Posted by Bill on 02/11/2011

There was a street game that we played in the late-1950s called "Eggity Budge" or something like that. Unfortunately I can't remember what it involved, other than running around frantically. Maybe others of my generation remember it.

Posted by Denise S on 05/11/2011

I think “Eggity Budge” was a game where one child threw a ball in the air and the others in the game ran round like maniacs, the ball thrower shouted someone’s name and they then had to get the ball. Once they had got the ball they shouted “Eggity budge” and everyone had to freeze and the kid with the ball threw it (usually as hard as they could) at one of the children. You weren’t allowed to move or you were a “bad egg”.

Posted by Geoff on 11/05/2012

Talking about the Athletics club do you remember a John Slater, used to go to Selby Technical School with John? My wife’s brother-in-law was Bill Drakely, someone I am sure you will recall.

Posted by Tom on 14/05/2012

John lived at the top of Kent Road, I lived half way down at 37 and I still have a picture of some of the athletics club members including Bill in the photo. John was always very quiet and a bit of a loner as I recall, but we got on well. Often wonder where they all are today. Only ever met one person Gavin Ash whilst on a Med cruise, he was the ship’s engineering captain. Stranger still, my wife is from St. Petersburg and we met someone she knew in Manchester and they were living in Edinburgh Street, a far cry from the very beautiful city in Russia.

Posted by Tom on 13/05/2016

Back in 1967ish I held the record for the fastest run between Boothferry Bridge and the Hook pub (name cannot remember) near the road junction.

Posted by Corby on 15/12/2016

The only sport that I was involved in was cycle racing. For three years I was a member of the Goole Wheelers. I was nothing special but looking back we were a fearless bunch. For not many members in my day even had gears to descend hills like Rudston Walk, Wass Bank and Sutton Bank. You took your life in your hands with feet tied in tight to the pedals and a fixed wheel (no freewheeling). Happy days.

Posted by Tom on 28/12/2016

I remember Norman Walsh a prolific cyclist and our coalman back in the 1960s. I was a member of Goole Harriers and when Norman delivered our coal we would exchange our stories of events of the week previous. Also a lad I was at school with, Brian Rose, was also a very good Wheeler. Later, in the RAF, I was to join a group of four and cycle from Land’s End to John O’Groats for charity. Not my best event sore for days afterwards. But great fun at the time.

Posted by Roy on 06/03/2017

I remember the relay run from Goole to York and back delivering a message from the Mayor of Goole to the Mayor of York? If I remember rightly I had to run on the spot just outside York (Fulford) as the Mayor was having his lunch and wasn’t expecting us so soon. Happy days.

Posted by Tom on 20/03/2017

Came to Goole a couple of weeks ago when someone from the Park Run got in touch. Very different park to the one I remember. The run was to York and back correct. Running days well and truly over. Paid a heavy price for running so many years. Knees ankles hips all shot to bits along with the back. My wife can run faster than me, mind you that’s not difficult these days.

Football

Football in Goole is having a mini-revival over the past few months. After the club was reformed a few years ago, the crowds have started to return the VPG. The club is several divisions below their true place and this actually helps the entertainment - Goole have won by over five goals on several occasions.

Football in the dizzy heights of the Midland Supreme Division has its own special charms. You might get a brilliant atmosphere seeing Leeds United play at Elland Road for your £25, but the £3 spent at Goole AFC offers far better value for money. Plus you can turn up to the match at 2.55 and leave by 4.50 without the hassle of a large match.

The idiots from the old Gooligan days have gone (Mrs Thatcher once wrote to Goole thanking them for wrecking her old home town when Goole played at Grantham). In order to show newbies what's involved with a Goole AFC match, and for overseas surfers to see what the atmosphere is like, here is a scrapbook guide to a Saturday afternoon at the VPG.



One of the traditions in Goole is to nip to Jacksons on Boothferry Road to buy a newspaper to read during the boring bits and some crisps to keep you going until the half-time burger. From the shop, walk down Carter Street toward the Victoria Pleasure Grounds. You can see the stand and floodlights as you walk down which adds to the anticipation. You'll notice the people walking towards the ground and the dads taking their kids to the match. You'll also notice that everybody else is carrying a Jacksons bag. As it was cold we decided to pop into the Victoria Club for a swift pint, but it's not compulsory.

When you reach the ground, walk past the little kids playing football in the street, give the nice man your £3 and go through the turnstile - Welcome to the VPG.



The Victoria Pleasure Ground is a shadow of its former self. There is only one stand and a rather decrepit running track around the pitch. Notice how people living on Dunhill Road are watching events from their bedroom windows and the little group of kids playing with a football by the side of the pitch. If you're lucky you'll hear music played from the tannoy. If you're unlucky you'll just about hear the music from a ghetto-blasters at full volume.

At first glance there appears to be alarmingly few facilities. There is a small car park on the grass for players and officials, a burger van for half-time, and a club shop the size of a toilet. However the hidden gem - the bar - is round the back of the stand. Buy a programme, buy a scarf and head for a drink. On the way to the bar, one of the spectators, thinking we were visiting fans told us that there would be mince pies after the match if we wanted to hang around. That made a refreshing change. At Leeds if they think you're a visiting fan, you may get a fist through your forehead.



Next is the easy part and actually watch the football. If you're lucky, Goole will win by several goals, however this will get harder to do as they progress onwards and upwards. Ensure you queue for the burger van early. The "Monster Burger" is particularly pleasant.

After watching the team win, nip back to the bar for a pint and watch the football results on teletext.

Visitor Comments

Posted by Steve on 19/03/2001

The virtual tour of a game is fantastic. I need never leave my house to remind myself of what I am missing - but if you're here you've got to live the dream! The monster burger is still fantastic and yes, despite the upward mobility, Goole have still managed to hit four this season on a couple of occasions - there is still plenty of excitement left in the season, the championship may still be "on" if Brigg are deducted three points and ordered to replay against us. The delights of the VPG are creature comforts compared to some of the delightful grounds in the NCEL

Posted by BB on 06/12/2005

Remember the VPG well: Wrexham in the cup in 1976 - shoulda done 'em, great draw at Wrexham in first game though; great pie and peas with mint sauce.

Went back this year for first time in 28 years. No more Mr Postman or Peters and Lee at half time; no more blue and white stripes; the smell of pipes and ralgelex had also gone and there was no Basil Brush on TV when I got home...

Posted by Robert on 05/05/2006

Phew! Goole AFC not relegated. The Unibond and the Goole Times sites both say this. So it's Unibond Division 1 again in 2006/07. My eleven-year-old son (an Arsenal follower) might stop taking the ##### for a while. Had it not been for the formation of a new Midlands league next

year involving current Unibond clubs, Goole would be back in the NECL. Hope next season is better. We'll be in the same league as the great Bradford Park Avenue who (sadly) will be coming down from the Premier Division.

Posted by Goole Lad on 10/05/2006

Well I reckon this virtual tour was made in around 1998 or 1999 and, even though we have climbed the non-league pyramid about four leagues since then, things never change. Still the same things with people nipping to Jacksons, although now it is a Sainsbury's, and then off for a quick pint. The only thing that has changed is the ground which has been renovated through the years and a stand has been erected at the Dunhill Road side and plastic seating has been installed along with a nice new bar; still the same old toilet sized club shop though!

Posted by Phil on 16/06/2006

Fond memories of sneaking in to watching Goole Town midweek games by climbing over the wall off the back lane of Dunhill Road with Peter Drury. Also a big thrill to play on "the Wembley sized" pitch in the Short Cup Final for Boothferry Middle vs. Marshlands. Playing extra time and having to share the cup because Town had a match. Left for Canada in 1982 so I never got the chance to watch my older brother play for Goole (but he still mentions the glory years playing with Tony Currie and getting nutmegged while playing a friendly against Man U.)

Is the old Judo club gone from the back of the main stand? Lots of cold Saturday mornings spent there but it was better than the previous club that I remember being upstairs behind a hotel. The Station Hotel if I remember correctly. Great trip down memory lane with the virtual tour.

Posted by Goole Fan on 12/12/2006

This guide is well out of date. The ground has been developed since the reporter went to his only ever Goole game. Looking at it, this was the FA Vase game against Bermerton Heath, when Goole was still in the Central Midlands League (att. 582).

The pies and peas and all the food is now done via the catering section of the ground and not a van, the toilets are disgusting and always have been. It is just a pity the running track is still there as it is not used anymore and just hampers the atmosphere of the ground.

The tannoy system has been upgraded and now sounds very good, you can hear the team announced near West Park!

The main stand stanchions and roof desperately need a clean and paint job which would make the ground look even better. How about a stand built on the grass verge behind the goal on the Dunhill Road and Railway ends?

Posted by GMC on 27/03/2009

It's good to see that teams like Goole can survive! Onwards and Upwards!

Posted by Fitz on 04/11/2009

Was one of the original Gooligans that followed Goole Town all over. Great times in the 1980s. We are nearly all in our 40s now. There does not seem to be any lads in town that are up for it nowadays. We were loved by many and hated by a lot more but to us it was just a good laugh and piss up.

Posted by CA on 15/01/2010

What about when the football showbiz XI came to play at the pleasure grounds? Tommy Steele, Mike and Bernie Winters, Jess Conrad and others whose names escape me and so does the year possibly late-1950s. Tommy Steele shook hands with my little sis.

Posted by Bill on 14/05/2010

I remember that showbiz football match. We looked through one of the open windows to the changing rooms and asked a semi clad Mike (or Bernie) Winters if we could have his autograph. To which he replied "do you mind", which I suppose was quite restrained in the circumstances.

Posted by Jan on 12/11/2010

I certainly remember the showbiz football team playing at the Victoria Pleasure Grounds. I was in heaven for weeks after because Jess Conrad smiled at me! I was in the girl guides and we got in free to sell programmes. It was fab. I remember the bus pulling away with the stars in. That's when Jess looked out of the window and smiled at me.

Posted by Dave on 20/01/2010

My last visit to the VPG was when Paddy Buckley (a family friend) was manager of the "Town" back in the late-1980s. The side included Gary Ingham, Mark "Buzz" Burrows, Ray McHale and the great Paul Showler et al. and was the one that went on to beat Barrow in the NPL League Cup Final that year at Maine Road (remember the penalty shootout?).

Just one question though... is Chippy Dicks still on Carter Street?

Posted by Patrick on 14/05/2010

I remember watching Goole Town in the days of Jimmy Kelly, a brilliant non-league winger. I try and get over to watch once or twice a year. It's good to go back to your roots from time to time.

Posted by Paul on 02/11/2010

Best right winger I saw in the early 1950s was Mickey Walker, a non-league Stanley Mathews or so I thought at the time. He even had a football with his name on it purchased from Gates the cobbler on Amy Street. His wife Dora ran the fish and chip shop in Weatherill Street

Posted by Andy on 18/12/2012

My great-grandfather Ernest Kent was chairman from the 1930s to the 1950s.

Posted by Tom on 07/01/2013

The best days were without doubt the 1960s. Jim Kelly, John Powell, Jeff Barmby, Paul Feeseey (Manager), Joe Stocks (plus his whippets), Thompson (went to Hartlepool), Tony Galvin (went to Spurs), Brooksy (broke his leg just turning round), Allen Shaw (smallest man in the football league) and in the Northern Premier League as well.

Goalkeeper one of three brothers in football. Eleventh man cannot remember

Posted by Pete on 19/08/2013

Looking at these comments made me think about when I was with Goole Harriers, but I am amazed that no one has mentioned that all the great stars of football have played there. I remember England All Stars playing Manchester United during the 1970s. Can anyone else remember that? I got all the autographs... Bobby Charlton, Jackie Charlton, Alan Clarke, Billy Bremner... just to name a few.

Posted by Tom on 17/12/2014

I went to Goole Town in 1971 to help my friend Alan Turner out for a few weeks to help out with some of the younger players. I enjoyed the lack of hassle that is always present in the Football League. I enjoyed it so much I stayed around eight seasons playing with many different characters and getting further up the league with each season. Alan was a good manager with a good attitude towards his players proven by the many good results achieved. I was lucky to be granted a testimonial and managed to get together a selection of well-known international players to play against Man Utd - the night was a great success. I can't thank Alan Turner and Goole Town enough for the good times I had there.

Posted by Paul on 07/01/2020

I remember Tom Wilson's testimonial, fantastic night. My grandad was Tommy Campsell, who made Goole Town FC his life. He put a lot of time and effort with running the club. On Tom's testimonial night I was fortunate to be in a penalty prize comp - think I was eleven at the time.

I was always travelling away on the supporters/players bus as my dad Jimmy was the driver. They were great days and all the players were proper gents. For me these days were Goole's best, never met any of the players since.

Posted by Tricia on 25/11/2014

Can anyone help me identify a medal I found in my late father's possessions? I think it is football related as I remember going to watch Goole Town with him in the 1960s but could be completely wrong. The "silver" medal is a cartouche shape and in the middle is a circle and within that is a shield depicting three birds (ducks?) and under that a galleon type vessel and under that the word "ADVANCE". On the reverse side it says G. & T. FA. MINOR CUP WINNERS 1947-48. I have guessed (probably wrongly) that this might be Goole and Thorne FA? Dad never played football so I don't know how he came by it. There are also some stamp marks at the bottom which I cannot read and at the very bottom F&S.

Posted by Goolie Gone on 16/03/2017

Some of you must remember Brian "Cus" Howard, one-time Goole Town centre forward (as "strikers" were known back then). I saw Cus many a time at VPG, after he joined Town from Goole Dockers. I remember the brief Dockers' match reports in the back pages of the Goole Times - reports such as "Howard nets five in Dockers rout" being typical.

Cus was a real warrior on the pitch, always getting stuck in, but he suffered some brutal treatment from many of the visitors' defenders. Things were very different back then - by today's standards, some of those visiting teams would be finishing the game with seven or eight players on the pitch.

Having said all that, the likes of Town's Walt Brewin could dish out a bit of stick!

Posted by John on 05/01/2021

Can anyone tell me about Jimmy Kelly's time with Goole, and how long he was there for? I heard he recently died (October). He was a Queensbury lad who started with Halifax Town.

Posted by Tom on 11/01/2021

He was signed from Halifax Town when Jack Bennion became manager in 1964-65. He was a brilliant inside forward or wingman, mainly No. 8. I left Goole in the 1970s and he was still playing. Must have played well over 200/300 games for Goole. Fantastic ball control. At the time he joined we some top class forwards, particularly Jeff Barmby and Johnny Powell, but I reckon Jim was the best. Very sad news.

Schools

School in Goole was cool. The school system was revamped in 1990, when the Grammar School was renamed as Vermuyden School and the four middle schools became primary schools. Of course, for the older surfers, there used to be the old Secondary Modern School (now Goole College and previously Bartholomew Middle) and the Grammar School. Here is a brief description of the four old middle schools and the Grammar School.



Goole Grammar School - GGS was built in 1909 by the famous Scottish Architect Dougal McMick⁷. Several more ugly additions such as the Science Block (now demolished), the New Block and the Sports Hall were added over the years.

Here in Goole has risen a most beautiful academy built in the best tradition of good greystone architecture and yet consistent with modern requirements. A dignified, inspiring building, well set among lawns and garden beds of bright flowers. It was an education in itself to pass the school

“Puppets in Yorkshire”, Walter Wilkinson

Pupils belonged to Tudor, Windsor, Norman or Stuart houses for the inter-class competitions. The highlight of the academic year was Presentation Evening where old pupils came back to collect their exam certificates.

⁷ Not true of course



The highlight of the sporting year was the annual cross country run to Airmyn and back. Many runners took shortcuts across a field near Boothferry Bridge, until the teachers started inspecting boots. Anybody with muddy boots had to do it again. The school is now called Vermuyden School and a lot more metal fences have appeared around the building in recent years.



- **Bartholomew Middle School** - The old Secondary Modern School and now Goole College. The pupils were split into groups of Stanhope, Aldham and Creyke for sports events - keeping the names of famous Goole people alive.
- **Kingsway Middle School**
- **Marshlands Middle School**
- **Boothferry Middle School** - The only claims to fame for this school is that they appeared on the TV show “Hold Tight” in the mid-1980s and the M62 passes through their playing fields.





Postcards



Visitor Comments

Posted by Russell on 16/12/2000

Another claim to fame for Boothferry Middle School is that a Lancaster Bomber was found while they were building it!

Posted by Robert on 26/09/2001

In response to the mention of cross country runs in the section on GGS. They usually took place in snowy or icy weather when the school pitches were unusable for alternative forms of torture. There were a variety of routes: Airmyn crossings, fever hospital path, Mad Dog Lane. We once got chased by a farmer with a gun when an enterprising student teacher invented his own route across the fields from Rawcliffe Road to Airmyn.

But as you say, people used to find ways to make it easier. Richard Jennings, who lived in Western Road, just used to pop home in his running clothes and then go back to school at around the time he thought it would have taken him to do the whole thing, taking care of course not to be amongst the first back which could have risked being selected to represent his House in some sporting event or other. The games teacher, Ellis Postill (“you silly willy nilly”), eventually suspected something and one day greeted his return “Ah Jennings! Nice to see you. Did you enjoy your cup of tea?” The reply “Coffee, actually Sir” did not help.

As a result Richard then had to do a cross country run all on his own to Boothferry Bridge one evening after school. He had to report back the height shown on the plate at the top of the bridge. Anyway, he got a little way along Airmyn Road when someone, it could have been Steve Kelly, came along on his bike, so Richard just had to wait while* whoever it was came back with the required information. (*while = local usage).

Posted by Bill on 17/09/2005

I'd forgotten about the wonderfully named Mad Dog Lane. I do remember that sadist Mr Postill very well.

Those at GGS in the 1950s and early-1960s will remember the earth covered air raid shelters. As a special sadistic treat Mr Postill sometimes required us to run over them prior to the cross country run. Not a particularly pleasant experience when they were covered with thistles and/or snow. On return we were chased through the showers by Mr P. wielding a slipper. We also used to stop off mid-run at a pupils house to drink tea and smoke cigarettes. Well maybe it was character building.

Posted by Dave on 15/06/2006

I went to the Grammar School from 1963 to 1970 and have many memories - good teachers and great atmosphere. Remember the cross country very well - bad move though, trying to run across the ice on the park boating lake! I was the first pupil ever to walk the length of the gym on my hands. Got a Mars Bar for that at the time, and arthritis in thumb joints because of it now. Sorry to hear the science block has gone but I suppose it is progress.

Posted by Ivan on 08/09/2006

Ah, yes the cross country runs. We all hated them but they were no doubt good for us ultimately. We had fun, we had discipline and what's more we had terrific education. What's gone wrong in the last 50 years?

Posted by Arthur on 26/04/2007

GGs 1950 to 1955. Cross country running enthusiast, since I detested rugby (scared of getting bashed) and never properly knew the rules anyway. We had a strong team for the inter-school sports cross country competition, hardened with many circuits of Westfield Banks in all weathers. In about 1953, we competed with Wath, Mexborough, Thorne, Doncaster, and maybe one other school. One cold and drizzly Saturday morning at Wath-on-Deerne, out of a field of about 40 runners we came 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 6th, 8th, 14th (me) and about 28th and 29th. At the following Monday morning's assembly we glowed with pride when feared but respected headmaster J.L. Latimer announced our triumph to the whole school. I think it's the only time I got smile out of Priscus - sorry, Mr England, Latin scholar.

Posted by Ian on 23/02/2009

I was at GGS between 1957 and 1961. It was fascinating looking through this website. I well remember Mr Postill, the games teacher, who introduced me to cross country running and he did indeed get pleasure out of making you run through mud and snow. I think his favourite saying was "sick, lame and lazy".

Posted by John on 10/04/2009

I think Mr Postill gave me up as a bad job in the Sixth Form. He used to check the library to see those who missed Double Games - normally those revolting cross countries! Always seemed to be foggy too! He often saw me pretending to read but just left me alone - maybe more of a liability outside than in.

I sometimes had to support Mr Postill when he did knee stands on me... I think I normally dropped him, so he was happy to "lose" me in the library bookshelves. He always treated me well and we could walk the dreaded cross country course in an hour - no need to use a lot of steam!

Posted by Phil on 12/11/2010

I was fascinated to read the memories from many years ago. I attended Alex Infant and Kingsway before GGS, in 1962. I left to go to Australia (Adelaide) when my family migrated in 1966. The cross country runs, through the boating pond and potato field! Remember taking the wrong route on a cross country and managed to take about twice as long as it should, particularly since I ended up around Hook.

Posted by Jan on 13/11/2010

Cross country runners used to stop off at our house and ask to use the outside loo. We lived in Murham Avenue at the time.

Posted by Dennis on 30/06/2012

Cross country running brings back happy memories for me (GGS 1950-55) as my father had the garage at the top of Airmyn Crossing. This became a pit stop for me and my classmates to take in a packet of crisps and lemonade before continuing to Boothferry Bridge and back to school. American cream soda was the in lemonade at that time. Bill Foster was the gym teacher until replaced by Pag Glew (initials being PAG).

Posted by James on 03/09/2012

I too have fond memories of cross country running (or lack of it) by calling home en route, later re-joining the field and sometimes in the lead.

Posted by Kevin on 04/02/2002

I was pleased to see the photo of the Boothferry Primary as my great-great-aunt was head mistress there from 1907-1928.

Posted by David on 03/06/2005

At the time I attended the Secondary Modern School, the houses were Durham (blue), Chester (red), York (yellow) and Lincoln (green, of course). I was in Chester house. This was 1964-68.

Posted by Richard on 20/12/2005

What about the old schools? What has happened to Alexandra Street Primary and the nursery next to it? Brings back fond memories of my days in Goole!

Posted by David on 17/04/2006

I attended Miss Rhodes "Gwalia" school. My grandfather used to walk me to school each day. Miss Rhodes and her father used to put the fear of God up me to the extent that on occasions I used to give my grandfather the slip and play "hookey". My mother eventually got fed up with me and I was banged away to boarding school for the duration.

Posted by Pedro on 17/04/2006

I remember Miss Rhodes well on Hook Rd; as a kid I even ran to the corner shop for her; she would pay me with comics. I always used to think those school kids must be learning a lot because I came away with a bundle of Dandy 'n Beans.

Posted by Ian on 01/08/2006

I attended the Gwalia Prep School on Hook Road run by Ms Rhodes from 1949 to 1954. As the school was near to Richard Cooper Street, all the kids from there referred to the school as Goole Pig Sty. What happened to the school? I moved away from the area in 1955 and have had no contact since.

Posted by Ann on 24/02/2013

I attended Gwalia Preparatory School and I hated it with a passion - and its effect on me has never gone.

Posted by Angie on 14/04/2013

I was also at Gwalia Preparatory School until it was closed - Miss Rhodes was so scary but I did learn a lot.

Posted by Ivan on 08/09/2006

I attended GGS from 1954-59. Quite a few of us came by (steam) train but towards the end diesels were introduced. I got on at Snaith but other pupils were from Hensall and Rawcliffe. There were also pupils who came on the Hull train, Hessle, Brough, etc.

I well remember my first day in September 1954, there was me in crisp new uniform and new brown leather satchel. Whilst waiting for assembly I climbed to the top of one of the air raid shelters and was instantly pushed off by a (new) Second Former showing his authority. I was covered with mud and grass stains and mum was not pleased when I got home!

Does anyone remember the goldfish pond in front of the air raid shelters?

Posted by Amanda on 16/01/2007

I used to love it at the old Grammar School. I left in 1986 but they were the best days of my life. I remember Mr Plunkett the drama teacher who used to wear eyeliner. Wouldn't be heard of nowadays. It was and still is a good school - even without the old science block - those stairs were horrendous to climb.

Posted by Priscilla on 28/04/2007

I remember the semi-operas we did in school, "Pirates of Penzance" and others - they were really fun. The field hockey we played, and the basketball. Also the trips to the swimming indoor pool where we earned our certificates, and medal. I also remember being so scared of the gas mask, until we had to try it on in school and that helped me overcome the fright.

Remember Miss Backhouse? She was our principal. I remember I could have left school when I was fourteen years old, but my parents and a few other parents arranged for a group of us to remain until we were sixteen years old, so they made a special class for us.

Posted by Shuffleton Streets on 04/05/2007

Somewhere, I have a photo album that proves I did go to school. Abiding first memory was not having a hymn book for morning assembly on first day. I seem to think I called for Marian Knott and my cousin Eileen Houghton sorted me out a locker in Windsor green. A mention on one report that I "was quietly effective at back in hockey" also belies my ineptness at sports. Am sure more of these awful memories will surface sooner rather than later - things like showers without curtains springs to mind, too.

What was good was being in School Guides, Miss Caldwell, I recall, and we took off on my first youth hostelling weekend in First Year - Malton, with a borrowed haversack and school lace-ups.

Posted by Been There on 04/05/2007

Went to the nursery across the road from Alex then to Alex Primary, onto Kingsway Junior, then High School as it turned comprehensive (1974-ish) then after two years onto the Grammar School until 1979, with a year in Junior Sixth. Don't have that many memories until High School - friends mostly rather than school.

Mr Newton probably the greatest mentor I had in my teenage years, trips to Wales and the Lakes in his Land Rover with the dog and his family and a few other lads. Mr West - English teacher. Mr Smith - Geordie one at that!

Posted by Laura on 05/05/2007

A host of memories are coming back as I read your site and other people's comments on school life. I remember having naps in the afternoon at Alexandra Nursery school. At aged six onwards I walked by myself to school, first Alexandra Street Infants (lukewarm milk every day), then Kingsway Middle and on to Bartholomew and finally GGS.

I sometimes rode my bike the long way round, through Hook over to Airmyn and down the road to GGS - a long way but if I set off early enough I could get there just in time. Usually it was a last minute dash down Boothferry Road. I loved the big windows at Kingsway and my favourite teachers there were Miss Cowling and Mr Hodgson, I also remember Mrs Thompson and Miss Smith. We played netball and rounders and every year the whole school (it seemed) put on a play.

At Bartholomew I worked in the library and who was that teacher who smoked cigars all the time? He taught science. Lots of teachers smoked, I remember the staff room being filled with smoke. I remember arguing with Mrs Greensitt that girls should be allowed to wear trousers as well as skirts - she eventually conceded. And (this was the year of equal opportunities for women) I managed to do woodwork instead of cookery one term (but only because there was a boy who wanted to be a chef so he wanted to cook!). I still have my bookcase!

Crossing the road to GGS was quite a big step and I remember getting lost in all those new corridors. During my years at GGS I spent a lot of time in the music block - Miss Glover taught music - singing in the Goole Grammar School Singers and playing in the wind band. We had to evacuate the science block once when someone produced chlorine gas. I remember physics on the first level, biology on the second and chemistry at the top. Shame it's gone.

I too remember those cross country runs. Trying to jump over a water-filled ditch is the thing that sticks in my mind because I usually fell in! But I preferred cross country to hockey! My favourite teachers, Mr Rinne, Mr Rumney, Mr West and many whose names escape me now but I can still see their faces and while I might have forgotten much of what they taught me, I enjoyed the whole experience of going to school in Goole!

Posted by Fiona on 11/06/2007

The teacher that smoked cigars at Goole High School was called Mr Brant. I can almost smell them now, thirty-five years later. I initially thought the smell was some chemical in the science room. How things have changed, my students are not even allowed to make a cup of tea or use oil paint in the college I work in, but the in 1970s teachers actually smoked in the school science lab!

I went to Kingsway, failed my 11+ and ended up at the High School. I frequently thank God that the schools went comprehensive, as I do not know what would have become of me had I stayed there. I was one of the first generation of students in Goole's comprehensive system. I recall it being very experimental with subjects such as Modern Studies where we looked at inner city deprivation first hand in Sheffield. Religious studies entailed dancing with patients at a mental hospital, which seemed very frightening and wrong to me even at the age of fourteen.

Posted by Shuffleton Streets on 06/05/2007

Seems quite natural to be going backwards with school memories - in the days of Boothferry where I started aged five plus in the January term, I seem to think, anyway the moon was still in

the sky when I left home - soon afterwards on a bike more often than not. Rode on the wide pavement if unaccompanied down Airmyn Road, otherwise marshalled by my dad on his shop bike. These were the war years. Taught by Miss Hall. Classroom had all the stimulus I have since seen in my grandchildren's primaries. Nature table/high window sill, calendar and season charts to be changed daily. Monitor duties. Aged nine or so, late for school 'cos I wouldn't clean my shoes and kept at home until I did. Soon learned.

Later years going on eleven, clubs on a Friday and reading groups with pupil reading leaders. Sitting 11+ exam at Goole High School, don't remember any preparation, nor advice about what to do. Wrote my English composition as we called it on my favourite book - these were scarce during the war, but I had read Little Women. Hated having to do canteen duty, for a three-penny bit I think, weekly. A tin bath full of knives forks and spoons in greasy water. Am certain I answered back and was docked wages by the Chief Cook. Dinners were horrible, like Sago pudding. First banana eaten at school, fruit from USA I think. Had no idea what to do with it until shown. Outside lavs, separate playgrounds for boys and girls, nits and school nurse examinations.

Posted by Gail on 09/05/2007

I too remember being at the Alexandra Street Nursery and having afternoon naps (we were aged three or four). We each had an emblem on our blanket, coat peg, etc. Mine was a pipe, which upset me immensely as I wanted something glamorous like an apple or strawberry. Anyway, reading everyone's memories is fascinating except that I still don't know what Goole High School is. I went to the Grammar School from 1963-1970 and I only remember the school across the road being called the Secondary Modern.

Posted by Shuffleton Streets on 16/05/2007

High School (formerly the Secondary Modern) was so-named when it acted as a staging post on introduction of comprehensive education, 11-13 years, as Junior School pupils from across Goole went there before crossing the road to what was still called GGS.

Posted by Priscilla on 08/09/2007

I remember those Alexandra School pictures, as I helped to make them as I was a teacher in that class, helped the youngsters settle down for their naps after lunchtime. Most of the children enjoyed the pictures as they were too young to read so it helped them know where their own belongings were. Some very interesting reading here, thank you everyone.

Posted by Richard on 15/05/2007

GGS 1962-63, just one year but long enough for those freezing cross country runs to make an indelible impression. Some brilliant teachers and one or two real eccentrics (Bongo!) still fondly remembered. Before that, Kingsway, Mrs Millward, Miss Hall, Mr Hodgson, Mr Millward. Mr Millward loved all things Scottish, teaching us Scottish songs, the Glencoe massacre, the '15 and '45. The headmaster, I think, was Mr Richardson. I remember getting the cane but not what it was for! Before that, Alexandra Street elementary and the nursery, with those compulsory afternoon naps, very boring lying awake in the semi-darkness with the curtains drawn.

Posted by Bill on 16/05/2007

You stirred a few memories for me. "Bongo" was indeed a lovely man. Mr Millward was very frightening, I remember him slapping the cane down on our desks to help us remember our multiplication tables (it worked!). Kingsway was the only school where I was caned - my crime was writing lines on the wrong part of the page, the teacher was, I believe, Miss Furnace? I was only nine years old and it was quite brutal in retrospect, but we thought nothing of it then.

Posted by Peter on 08/07/2007

I attended Goole Grammar School 1982 to 1985. Had Miss Dean as the form teacher all the three years there. My favourite though was Miss Henderson, kind of a school boy crush, but she looked after me through times of been bullied. I was well looked after by all the scooter boyz too.

Posted by Janet on 26/07/2007

I went to Goole Grammar School 1963-69. I truly enjoyed my six years there. I was in the House of Windsor, for PE., I kicked booty on the track, becoming the "Victrix Ludorum" two years in a row. I loved field hockey. Mr Teed was the headmaster, Mrs Williams was the headmistress. Miss Potter was our PE. teacher, with backup from Mrs Ounsland (I think). She had a daughter my age named Gail... I did have a crush on one teacher - I cannot remember his name. He, Mr Fletcher and Mr Caldwell, lived at the Clifton Gardens Hotel. Of course I did have a schoolgirl crush on one boy that lasted six years. His name bless his heart is Charlie.

Posted by Val on 26/07/2007

I started my school days at Pasture Road School and remember telling a teacher my "Auntie Amy" and my young brother had measles so I could be sent home. I next went to Alexandra School as my dad Alf Gaskin could take me to school en route to work. Growing older I went to Boothferry Road School and finally to Goole Secondary School having failed the dreaded 11+ despite taking a rabbits paw which my friend's father, Nobby Clark, had given to me (he was a fishmonger on Pasture Road). I bitterly resented she went to Goole Grammar School but my parents could only afford to send my brother Leslie, as it was believed boys needed to be trained. Les, joined the RAF when he was seventeen and became a Pilot Officer and was killed in 1942.

I find IT has given me a new interest in life and I have enjoyed looking at our genealogy from the comfort of this super nursing home.

Posted by Kate on 15/08/2007

I came to GGS in June 1959, having moved up from London about a month before the end of the summer term. The school was celebrating its jubilee (50 years) - remember the story of a pupil who thought that the architect's name was MCMIX? I used to have a collection of school magazines, "The Viking", but my Mother threw them out during a house move in 1972, I'd love to see them again.

Does anyone remember Cosh House? It was very remote - I think it was in the Yorkshire Dales. Walking expeditions were made from there each year, but probably only by the senior boys. I remember the Rambling Society and one particularly exhausting walk in Dalby Forest, where we got lost. Happy days.

Posted by John on 25/09/2007

Who remembers Miss Bell, the Deputy Headmistress of the Grammar School? Her very scary, though exciting, lessons were great - I studied history as a result! I thought she was really old, until I met her after my school days - age is definitely in the eye of the beholder! Bongo's hilarious lessons, we were all a bit naughty; Miss Scurrah's German lessons, so much fun; Miss Charlton's Classical Society, who remembers the Roman Banquet? I live in Manila now.

Posted by Gail on 26/09/2007

Miss Charlton was responsible for my inexplicably winning the Fifth Year prize for Latin. I was baffled then and still am now. But what I do remember is that she loved perfume so much, she signed herself "Nora Perfumatissima" on many documents. She always wore her cap and gown, as it did many other teachers.

Another lasting memory is of Doc Ramsey (Bud) making us all sing classical songs in sol-fa notation. I can sing several songs as, for example, “mi so so, re so so, mi so la do la re” but I’ve no idea what the real words are and I still can’t read music.

My mum also went to GGS, but it was fee-paying in her day and she won a free scholarship, otherwise she couldn’t have gone. By the time I went it was a state school, but I feel very lucky to have been a pupil at that time in its history.

Posted by John on 27/09/2007

“Perfumatissima!” You have a good memory. Does anyone remember the trips to the Roman Wall or Housesteads? I have a photograph with Valerie Jensen (Miss Streaky Bacon!), Roy Mapplebeck, Chris Lewis and Stephen Hoier. It’s good to be older - so much fun looking back! We were all sitting on a wall somewhere on the classical trip. Bud used to get me to accompany the orchestra - I got hopelessly lost in a performance of Haydn’s Creation! He looked very pained! My schoolboy crush was Mrs Thompson, who was heavily pregnant in my first year. Do you remember the costume cupboard at the back of 1B?

Posted by Arthur on 24/03/2008

“Mi so so, re so so, mi so la do la re”. The music is “To a Wild Rose” by the American composer Edward MacDowell. I’ve never seen any words put to it, but I still play it now and again down here in deepest Essex. Bud Ramsay was a hero of mine, since I had a natural inclination for music, and enjoyed his classes. I took my first piano lessons with a Mrs Sherriff, somewhere near Alexandra Street School in about 1950. Incidentally, for years I was lovesick for Bud’s breathtakingly beautiful daughter Judith, but shyness and terror meant I don’t think I ever exchanged one word with her.

Posted by Jan on 14/11/2010

I remember Nora Charlton’s Roman Banquet. I can remember Stephen Hoer(?) reciting an ancient Roman recipe called “salt fish without fish”! We had to stay behind after school to complete the Latin course. She took us on a trip to Lincoln and filmed us with her cine camera.

Posted by John on 16/11/2010

The Roman Banquet was quite a feat! We were all dressed in sheets, I think! I remember having to place a wreath of laurel leaves on Mr Latimer’s balding head - hands shaking of course. Physical contact with the great man was not the norm and very anxious not to pierce that hallowed brow! Stephen Hoier was my best friend at school - super bright too! He left me in the shadows there!

Posted by Angie on 30/01/2012

I’ve only just found this site and am enjoying re-living the old memories. I was at Boothferry Road for just one year before moving to GGS in September 1959 where I stayed until 1966. I too remember the Roman Banquet and the sheets! I also remember Nora Charlton’s trips to Hadrian’s Wall which were brilliant but it always seemed to rain when we were there - also remember going to Barnard Castle and High Force.

Posted by Kate on 12/10/2007

I remember Miss Bell (Mabel) very well - she was very keen on neatness and conforming. She once made one of our form go and remove all the back-combing from her hair (it was the swinging 60s!) during an English lesson. And brought in the rule about regulation shoes, which was very unpopular with parents. She was a wonderful teacher, though.

My own particular memory of her - she once told me, when admonishing me for some youthful high spirits, that I reminded her of herself at a similar age. I was so embarrassed! Now I think I should have been flattered. I have a photograph of her with the tennis team circa 1963. (Why was she on it? - have never fathomed the logic of that!)

Posted by Brian on 01/11/2007

I have fond memories of Goole Modern School 1946-49. The headmaster was Mr Firth who was a large imposing figure who frightened all the boys by his stature. Then there was La-La Moody who taught English; Charles Dunville taught religious studies; Charlie Greensides taught geography; Fred Amery taught chemistry; Pop Northey taught history; Hutch Hutchinson taught P.T. and games; Mr Reavley taught woodwork; Diddy Day taught gardening; Mr Probert taught amateur dramatics; Birdie Fell taught maths; Mr Foster taught metalwork. In those times it was never known to cheek teachers or answer back. I passed a scholarship in 1949 to go to Selby Technical College for two years, so left the Modern School.

Posted by Ivan on 04/11/2007

Interesting information, you certainly have a good memory. I attended GGS from 1954-59 and we had a metalwork teacher called Stan Foster and a mathematics teacher called "Hutch" Hutchinson. I reckon they must have moved across the road don't you?

Posted by Bill on 04/11/2007

Hutch Hutchinson was form teacher for 1D when I arrived in 1959. I remember him appointing a class "window monitor" whose job it was to climb onto the high window sill and open the large sash windows. He advised the monitor not to step back to admire his work!

Posted by Brian on 05/11/2007

Hutch Hutchinson played rugby for the old boys - there is a photo of him on the wall at the Rugby Club. Another master I forgot was Ron Houghton who taught maths - his photo is also on the wall at the Rugby Club.

Posted by Paul on 11/11/2007

Just to confirm what you've been saying. I was at GGS 1951-56. "Hutch" Hutchinson was the maths master and Stan Foster taught metalwork and geo/engineering drawing. Must say I thought they were both excellent (I only managed two GCEs).

Posted by Willo on 06/12/2007

I really only attended school for the rugby and a smoke at lunch time over in the gardener's shed near the junction of Centenary Road and Airmyn Road. I remember getting caned by Mr Lattimore for not having my cap - the dog had eaten it but couldn't convince him. Stan Foster was my form tutor in Fourth and Fifth Years and Gerry Appleyard in Second Year. He checked to see if you had regulation grey socks on every day. I think that a lady called Roesenbruck (or similar) was in Third Year. Her husband had a market garden in Howden.

Can remember a teacher called "Hutch" teaching (sorry trying to teach) us physics and chemistry - we didn't qualify for "test tube Taylor". One day he twigged that we were cheating and came along and caught Trigger Tredgitt, Steve Watson and Franksie with books in the drawers on their left-hand side. When he came to me the drawer on the left was empty, he didn't realise I was left-handed and the book was in the drawer on the right. Happy days and what do I do for a living? Well of course I'm a teacher, what else.

Posted by Alan on 29/12/2007

I “attended” Goole Grammar School 1951 to 1956. I was out of my depth a lot of the time in the lower classes, holding the rest of the school up! I only got two GCEs, but I have done more learning and studying in my working years in the Police force and other jobs I’ve had since. I am sure my years at GGS did me good. My favourite teacher was Mr Hutchinson who I lived near on Westfield Avenue Goole. Mr Latimer didn’t like me having an errand boy’s job, not right for a Grammar School boy?

Other great teachers were Angus Turner, brilliant at art and taught me a lot; Ken Ibbottson, woodwork; Mr Foster, metalwork; Mr Kimber, our form teacher and French teacher, who was also a Hockey player for Derby County(?). Do you remember the “staff” hockey matches? I was proud to help make the new flagpole for the front of the school, although I don’t suppose it’s the same one standing there now. To be serious for a moment - I do think Grammar School education did give one a slightly different outlook on life and it has certainly stood me in good stead.

Posted by John on 05/01/2008

Do you remember that frightful woodwork shop with all that smelly beeswax constantly cooking in a pot? I was always “removed” from woodwork to metalwork as my practical skills were, and still are, nil. I always managed to block the metalwork room furnace with clinker, and smoke everywhere. Boiler Wright and his “exciting” maths lessons - I took four attempts at my O-level before I got it. Dr Ramsay was a bit eccentric, but a wonderful musician. How about poor Bongo - he really lived his subject. Arnie Chappell seemed nine feet tall, but maybe not! Such a lot of fun, not so much work done, but I’ve been a Head now for many years, at present working in Manila and running Korean Schools. Mr Teed shook hands on my last day, telling me he thought I would be a success in life, but not in the academic field!

Posted by Robert on 06/01/2008

If I remember right, you were in the year above me. I once came on the bus to your place in Garthorpe with a crowd of Belgian and German exchanges. I had one of the more extrovert Belgians called Philippe Antoine. We still send each other Christmas cards. I also got the “not academic” brush off from Teed, but I doubt in the 1960s they appreciated how extensive the opportunities for late developers were starting to become. I could name several who went on to become solicitors, vets, university and college lecturers and so on, and the owner of the Costcutter chain of shops.

Posted by John on 07/01/2008

I remember that terrible party! Smoking oil lamps and dark corners - my parents were not too thrilled! I still keep in touch with my Belgian people too. We had quite a lot of opportunities at GGS. I am still very fond of the place - would like to visit it one day. We should all get together and pretend we haven’t changed at all! I am really enjoying reading these memories - all credit to the people involved.

Posted by Robert on 10/09/2008

Entries in an old diary.

19th July 1965. School trip with penfriends to Rowntrees, York.

21st July 1965. Broke up from school. Went to party at Wraiths. It was OK.

22nd July 1965. Went to fetch my mac which I’d left at Wraiths.

24th July 1965. Went to Heather Gunsons to tape some records (from memory it was Roy Orbison). Party at Leonards in Hemingbrough. Not very good.

Posted by John on 11/09/2008

I went to the Leonard's party too - we seemed to have parties every weekend! How did we get to them all, without so many cars? We had a lot of fun and a lot of friends.

Posted by Mike on 06/01/2008

There seems to be a lot of school memories based on GGS, but many Sec Mod pupils did go on to do well in their careers despite the 11+ rejection and the efforts of some of the teaching staff to talk them down.

Posted by Phil on 12/03/2008

Anyone remember GGS science teachers Mr Bennett and Mr Hutchinson known musically as "Cliff Bennett and the Rebel Trousers?"

Posted by Bill on 19/03/2008

I remember Mr Bennett. At one time he lived in Kingsway where I used to live. I remember him as being a good teacher. Also "Hutch", who was my form teacher when I was in 1D in 1959, another good man.

Posted by Prim on 16/03/2008

My mum is Annie Hall (nee Proctor) and went to GGS from around 1934 to 1942. I remember her tales so well, people like Mahalski and Gertrude Leishtman(?), Priscus the Latin teacher. She has such fond memories but many of her year group were killed in the war years. Mahalski went on to be a code cracker - a brilliant man, she recalls.

Posted by Josephine on 23/04/2008

I have contact with a Canadian man called Geoff Boyd on GenesReunited and he has told me that the teacher at GGS was indeed a "code breaker" at Bletchley Park during World War II. His name was Norman Mahalski⁸. He married a Goole girl and then immigrated to Canada. He then worked in marketing for Rowntree's and then for Shell Oil. He invented various popular slogans and it was his idea to introduce the concept of the "self-serve" gas station.

Posted by Kathleen on 24/03/2008

I went to GGS for only two years, during the mid-1950s and I remember our headmaster Mr Latimer and art teacher Angus Turner who had no patience with me, I never was and never will be an artist! Mr Kimber took us to Bruhl, Germany on our student exchange trip. That was a memorable, but scary time for me. The family I stayed with were very weird and Anneliese, the daughter, never did the return visit to Goole. I remember the channel crossing - our cabin was on top of the engine room, and the fumes and the rough seas made us all sick.

I remember disqualifying our team (Tudor) in the summer games relay race one year, when I dropped the baton - so humiliated! I hung out with Janet Garner (who moved to Australia later) and Veronica Main. I always hated the uniforms, but now I think young people should wear them! There were good memories, too!

Posted by Rod on 15/04/2008

Boothferry Road School Sports Day 1962. As a teacher at the school, it was my job to organise that event and I remember to this day the wonderful support from fellow teachers and parents and the great friendly competition among the pupils. How sad that this type of competition is so frowned upon nowadays!

⁸ <https://www.legacy.com/ca/obituaries/theglobeandmail/name/norman-scott-obituary?pid=189771867>

Posted by Rod on 16/04/2008

I went to GGS with Maurice LeVoguer. We were great friends. We were in the "B" class but both did, and hated, Latin. In order to not have to sit our O-levels, we had a competition to see who could get the lowest mark in the mock exams. I believe I won with 4%.

Posted by Barry on 22/04/2008

I have a copy still of the Prospectus which I received just before starting at GGS in 1955. I've added the nicknames.

Headmaster: Mr J.L. Latimer (Lennie/The Boss)

Senior Mistress: Miss E.M. Venables

Assistant Masters: Dr G.S. Caffrey, Mr W. Calder, Mr A. Chappell (Arnie), Mr J.A. England (Priscus), Mr S. Foster (Stan), Mr W.K. Geldart, Mr P.A. Glew (Sticky), Mr G.B. Hargreaves, Mr N.F. Hidden, Mr R.D. Hirsch, Mr E. Hutchinson (Hutch), Mr K. Ibbotson (Tacky Ken), Mr F.W. Kimber, Mr R.H. Martin (Reg), Mr N.F. Ollerenshaw, Mr W.K. Petch (Bill), Dr C.E. Ramsey (Bud), Mr G.W. Stones (George), Mr L. Taylor (Test Tube), Mr D.C. Turner (Angus), Mr A.W. Wright (Boilerhead).

Assistant Mistresses: Mrs R.M. Ayello, Mrs B.A. Bean, Miss M.M. Coghlin, Miss D.M. Dean, Miss K.M. Holland (Katie), Miss J. Longhorn, Mrs L.H. Mosley (Minnie Mos), Miss D.J.

Robertshaw Miss E. Scowcroft, Miss E.M. Tyler (Tillie), Miss S.M. Woodcock

School Secretary: Miss D.M. Laverack Assistant Secretary: Miss S. Hill

Posted by Kate on 23/04/2008

Interesting to read the 1955 staff list. I came to GGS in July 1959 and many of the names are familiar. Miss Coghlin, who taught English, was Senior Mistress (acting) for a year before her retirement in about 1965. She was known to all affectionately as "Ma Cog".

Posted by Kate on 26/04/2008

I think it was Hutch who used to do a splendid rendition of "Albert and the Lion" at the Christmas parties - also of Harold at the Battle of Hastings, "with an arrow through his eye". What simple fun we had!

Posted by Alan on 26/04/2008

I went to GGS 1951-56 and I had Mr. Ted Hutchinson as a form teacher because I was always in the bottom "D" classes holding the rest of the school up! I was inspired by his love of rhyming poetry such as Albert and the Lion and others, "Sam pick up thy musket" I still write such poetry when moved to do so! I also lived only a few houses away from Mr Hutchinson, on Westfield Avenue and would watch/help him mend his Austin 7 car. He was a very nice family man.

Posted by Sue on 14/06/2008

I was born and brought up in Goole and Old Goole. We lived near the police station and went to Alex nursery and primary school. My sister was friends with Stacey Steel and I was friends with Billy and Lucy Steel who were twins. We moved to Old Goole and we went to Old Goole First, Marshland Middle and the Grammar School. At the Grammar School my form tutor was Mr Ward. I remember all the tutor group putting money together and getting a strip-a-gram for his birthday - an article and pic went into the Goole Times. Mr Ward was my maths tutor - he was a down to earth chap and was my favourite teacher.

I didn't like lessons much and used to gaze out the windows except in science as it was more practical then, just sitting listening to teachers drone on. I still remember a few people like Amanda

Best, Sherron Preston, Heather Bennet, Dulce Raper, Helen Blewitt, Hillary Clifford, Dawn Brown and a few more. I didn't have any grades when I left but learnt more when I left and started working.

Posted by John on 13/07/2008

Thanks for all those memories! The smell of polish in Miss Bell's office; being terrified to place a laurel wreath on the head of Mr Latimer for our Classical Society Dinner; Perfumatissima in appropriate garb with perfume behind her knees. I remember "Hamlet" and "She Stoops to Conquer" - who was in them? Those terrible cross country runs - Mr Postill checking in his van at the hospital! What was the name of the thin tall lady that supervised the lunches, when we gobbled our lunch on the stage - all very smart!

Posted by Kate on 20/08/2008

My friend Hazel Grimwood played Maria in "She stoops to conquer" and I think Tim Plackett was one of the lead males. Festus presumably directed? All the dramatic productions were very good - "Murder in the Cathedral", when Garth Jones came back to teach in the English Department, was excellent. He eventually married Gill Ford, who was in it.

Posted by Robert on 13/10/2008

I've been thinking about air raid shelters. There is an old aerial photograph of the Grammar School with the earth-covered shelters clearly visible at the back, worn with footpaths over the top. I never saw those, but at Boothferry Road School the shelters were red brick with concrete roofs. There was one at the Henry Street side of the infant's playground, with a dark entrance opening we didn't dare go anywhere near, and another between the infants and junior's playgrounds.

Some houses had shelters too. In Dunhill Road two of our neighbours still had them in the 1960s, again brick and concrete. They were great for climbing on to throw muck at children in other gardens.

Posted by Old Codger on 18/10/2008

The shelters at most schools including Alexandra were Anderson steel sections bolted together, covered with sandbags earth and then grassed over. Internally wooden boards like pallets in the walkways with wooden benches along either side. At the sound of the siren grab your gas mask and enter the dungeon or in my case at Alex run like hell home to mum quickly followed by the air raid warden blowing his whistle trying to stop me.

Posted by Elsie Street on 17/01/2009

I am surprised that no one has mentioned yet a charming old gentleman teacher from 4A at Alex, Mr D.B. Craven affectionately known to us all as Pop.

Posted by Gail on 27/01/2009

I certainly do remember Pop Craven. I'd have been in his class in 1962 or 63. He once asked us all to write down what our favourite sweets were, which we innocently did (we were ten years old). Christmas came and each one of us in his class, at least 35 of us, was given our preferred sweet. What a lovely man. I also remember him once sending me to the council offices with an envelope of money to pay his rates bill! I'd no idea what a rates bill was, but to this day I'm flattered that he trusted me with his errand. I did well in his class and regard him as one of the main reasons I loved school.

Posted by Elsie Street on 27/01/2009

I was in Pop's class with you. There was also a made-up pillar box at Christmas where we could "post" cards to friends. Pop made sure everyone got at least one card by sending us one himself! Unheard of these days, but do you remember him smoking Park Drive during lessons?

Posted by Gail on 28/01/2009

I'd forgotten about Pop Craven smoking in class. Astonishing! I can't quite remember the headmaster's name though. Was it Geoffrey somebody? He sometimes joined in the songs in morning assembly without using words, just very loud POM POM POMs.

Posted by Elsie Street on 28/01/2009

Wasn't the head's name at Alex, Geoffrey Wood? Sitting cross-legged on the hall floor singing sea shanties and folk songs. Piles of comics in the hall after dinner when it rained. How did we pass the 11+?

Posted by Gary on 15/03/2009

I was in Pop Craven's class in about 1962/63. What a character he was - they don't make them like him anymore! And he was a marksman with a piece of chalk, or a board-rubber, or whatever he happened to have in his hand at the time if he heard you talking in class. I swear, my mate John Pettican would be brain damaged if he hadn't have lifted his desk lid up when he did. The board-rubber would have hit him between the eyes. And there was the time when John ducked, and the chalk hit David Caldicott sitting behind him. There was a soft and playful heart though, underneath that formidable exterior. I remember Pop chuckling to himself one day upon over-hearing Richard Kay, who was in the washroom off the classroom at the time, doing Bill and Ben impersonations. A great teacher and an unforgettable man.

Posted by Mally on 23/03/2009

I remember Pop Craven and the flying chalk. Saw him many years later in the British Legion club at Goole, must have been in his 80s and quite frail which betrayed my childhood image of him, but he remembered all his old pupils. Names like Terry Broughton, Dave Bryers, Richard Kaye, Cynthia Clarke, Pud Rice and many more. Website brings back a lot of memories and names from the past.

Posted by Gary on 02/06/2013

I always thought Pop Craven had stepped out of a Charles Dickens novel to teach us - but he was indeed brilliant! Despite having had books, chalk, board rubbers - anything that happened to be in his hand at the time - thrown at me for the heinous crime of whispering to the bloke next to me, I have always had fond memories of him. I don't know how old he was, he always looked the same age.

Posted by Polo on 26/01/2009

I went to GSM School and hated it except for football and metalwork. Mated about with Graham Skinner, Paul Jarvis, Jeryl Ward, Joan Kirk, John Revell, Alan Parish, Turkey Burton, Pud Rice, Bongo Arundal and John Pettican. Headmaster was Mr Patterson, best teachers were Josh England and David Severn and "splutts" for double digging, plus Miss Finch had a nice pair of legs. All stood me in good stead for my life ahead which has worked out ok.

Posted by Polo on 04/02/2009

Born in Percy Street 1952 and started life at Old Goole Infants School - headmistress was Mrs Higham. I remember a Miss Taylor(?). I sat next to Stephen Backhouse on my first day. Then

went to the junior school on Cottingham Street - headmaster was a Mr Dickinson his wife taught there too along with a Miss Gunhill(?).

Kids I remember, John Clift lived in the school house when his dad Jack became a teacher, Peter Daniels, Brian Burns, James Ward, Joe Ward, Paul Raywood, Janet Whitely, David Sharp, Steve and Malcolm Nichols, Mosser Theakston, Michael Carter, Lillian Taylor, Peter Donoghue, Philip Thomlinson, Stuart Anderson. Audrey Andrews, Peter and Neil Hawksworth. Good days, good people.

Posted by Ashley on 18/02/2009

I left Goole Grammar in 1984. I was in the Stuart House (Yellow) and my class teacher was Mrs Lester who was also my English teacher. Friends I remember were Peter King, Jonathon Stafford and Mark Headley.

Posted by Gerald on 16/03/2009

Just happened on this site and saw some names I recognised. Ivan Tasker, Colin Ransome and Paul Campsell. I lived in Westfield Sq. and attended Pasture Road School then Boothferry Road and then Alexandra Street. I remember Don Craven but don't remember him giving us sweets at Christmas. It was more likely to be the cane as my friend Norman Robinson found out one day. Anyway, from there I went, much to the surprise of the teaching staff at Alexandra Street, to the Grammar School, 1954-59.

I remember Ivan and Colin from those years. We also had with us Gavin Bryars, Hazel Dunderdale, Mick Jackson, Fred Marsh, Sheila Quarmby, Peter Parker, Pat White to name but a few. As far as teachers went I liked Norman Hidden and Mr Petch (history) who kept things interesting.

Posted by Lynn on 07/04/2009

Attended GGS from 1963-1970. I remember that teacher Mr Postill, who remembers Miss Potter? Was sorry to hear only today that Arnie had passed away.

Posted by Elsie Street on 08/04/2009

I remember you very well. We were in the same B-stream all the way through GGS, right through to Gerry Appleyard's class. I sat firmly on the other side of the classroom, near Fanny Gray, Dave Blackburn, Snecky Bacon, Mike Clayton, Peter Hardy, Tank Collins and yes Tony Chappell. I add my condolences to the Chappell family. As I recall, you sat near the window in Gerry's class just in front of Elaine Elson from Brough, I think. Cynth Potter - unforgettable. Postill - unforgiveable, after a conversation I had with him and a slipper (in shorts) after I deducted the leg to Airmyn on the cross country to Boothferry Bridge.

Posted by Bill on 10/04/2009

I'm also sad to hear that Arnie Chappell has passed away. One time when I had the affrontery to say I wanted to go to college, he looked down his nose and sneered "Stewart, do you really think you are university material?" - which was fair comment as I'd spent most of my time through school in the D stream. I think it was his remark that made me determined to prove him wrong - which I did. At which point he was very gracious and gave me wise advice about choice of college.

Posted by John on 10/04/2009

I too was sorry to read about Arnie - that towering man! He told me much the same. I asked to do A-Level geography, even when I failed O-level! He was really a very kind man and was

interested in his students. Do you remember the dancing lessons - much better fun on a frozen day? Still remember the school lunches - those steamed puddings and custard! Blow all this healthy living!

Posted by Bryan on 14/04/2009

GGs 1955-59 "The best days of your life" and why not. "Soppy Stuarts" against the Tinny Tudors, Nutty Normans and Weedy Windsors. Happy days indeed even if you hated cross country runs. Headmaster Latimore put the fear of God into everyone, discipline as it still should be but would never be allowed now. Teachers fondly remembered, Doc Ramsey my piano teacher who took me through my last Royal Schools of Music Exams and selected me to play the piano in the school production "The Mikado"; Tilly Tiler was it biology or something similar; Stan the man Foster for metalwork (whatever happened to Yvonne his daughter?) plus many more and last of all Gerry Appleyard my maths teacher.

Posted by DB on 24/04/2009

I was at Boothferry Road First School from 1980, and remember the house colours being red, blue, green and yellow. We all had to wear our house colour badges at all times and at the end of the week the house with the most points received the trophy with their colour band around it for the next coming week. I loved that school so much. Mrs Bellamy kept a jar of sweets in her cupboard for pupils that had achieved good work - on recognition she would hand out one dolly mixture for that person. She was so strict and was there for years.

Posted by Robert on 30/04/2009

Nice to see Boothferry and Mrs Bellamy mentioned. Winifred Bellamy must have been at Boothferry Road School all of her career as I started school in her class in the 1950s. She died in 1999. My teachers were, in order: Mrs Bellamy, Mrs Shand, Miss Walker, Mrs Hopley. And then in the juniors: Mrs Thomas, Mrs Jenkinson and Miss Cowling (twice). Miss Spencely was infant headmistress and Mr Millward junior headmaster.

Posted by Phil on 26/04/2009

I well remember Ellis Postill and his slipper (a size twelve plimsol). He once used it in the gym to help us vault the horse. I think it was Pete Daniels from Old Goole who was so nervous, he launched himself at the horse, Postill whacked him and he cleared the horse without touching it, breaking his arm as he touched down on the mat. Good job there was no parent power in those days - lucky Ellis. He also slipped us for giving the girls a crossbar on our bikes to the baths. I got two for saying my bike did not have a crossbar... halcion days.

Posted by Broadway on 13/07/2009

Kingsway teachers, Miss Cowling fondly known as cowbag, great teacher. Best was Mr Crawly a real gent 100% nice guy. Then off to Sec Mod, school disco were good; smoking in the bogs; swinging on the red pipes; headball playtime; pushing that massive roller if you were caught on the pipes. Great days.

Posted by Patrick on 12/09/2009

Goole High School 1972-75. What a great school, best time of my life. I was a kid from the local children's home and attended Goole High School during this period. I remember Mr Thomas English teacher and Mr Puncheon Science teacher, both great mentors. Learned a lot from these two. I think the Headmaster was Mr England?

Posted by John on 04/10/2009

That terrible metalwork shop! I used to block the fire with clinker, fill the room with smoke and be banished, yet again, to the woodwork shop! Mr Ibbotson was very tolerant - split wood in all directions and lots of failed dove tailed joints! Needless to say, I have never been able to be practical, in the slightest - except if it involved a hammer... The beeswax was always cooking in the woodwork shop. Whenever I smell a candle I think of dear old GGS.

Posted by Geoffrey on 07/10/2009

I went to GWM 1950s to 64. My teacher at that time was Miss Hall then we had Mr Evans for PT. That dreaded run from Modern School to Boothferry Bridge and back. We all hated it.

Posted by Paul on 01/11/2009

What is in a name? Throughout my school career, if ever a nickname caused anyone so much discomfort, ridicule and difficulty then Paul "Turkey" Burton did it for me! I also remember all those other nicknames of boys that I went to school with such as Tony "Flicker" Fletcher, Gazzer, Mally, Pudding, Petty, Pazzar and many more. Like many growing up in the 1960s having lived through the trials and tribulations of being regarded as an 11+ failure and then being rescued by having a solidly good education and encouragement at the Secondary Modern by enlighten teachers. Many thanks to John Evans, Frank Ford and Mr Thomas to name but a few, who gave many pupils direction and hope.

Having left Goole for nearly 30 years it still holds a few fond memories! Warm summer evenings after school fishing at Oakhill or the Brick Ponds with the Mann brothers Jimmy and Arthur. Then in my late teens living it up on a Friday night at the Blacksmiths Arms and Saturday night at the Vikings with my still good friends the Armitage brothers, Graham and John. "Biff" Richardson and her crowd of "le gals" made up some lively female company. I have looked at interest at all of the threads on this site and it has stirred up what I thought were some deep, long forgotten and buried memories and has left me with a smile. "Turkey" never to ever be again answered to.

Posted by Polo on 11/11/2009

I have said on this thread before it is surprising who reads it and from all corners of the world as well. You stick in my mind not only as one of the lads but as the first person I met when I arrived at the Modern school, You were sent to the matrons office to "collect" me and show me the way to the class room as I started a few weeks after the term had begun, funny what little things you remember.

The nicknames of both the lads and lasses are as you say a distant memory and now you sometimes wonder how they got there in the first place but, with age and respect they get for the most part left behind. The Modern school was a good solid institution and as I have told many folks throughout the years there was a good education to be had from some really good teachers, Josh England was my favourite, if I had to choose any - very fair but very firm. Ok so we messed about a bit but at least we were taught the basics properly of how to read and write, etc., and respected right from wrong which without doubt has been a good base for me over the years. If you seriously crossed the mark then you took the punishment for it.

I can remember the only time I had the cane, it was from Patterson the head honcho, that was for being caught by Mr Cutler for going to the sweetshop during the break, and getting the slipper by Les Settington, who had size ten hands, and a size four slipper, I thought at the time this won't hurt, but how wrong I was - by hell I shudder even now! That was for climbing up the cricket nets when they were first erected down near the bottom prefabs.

But Les, God bless him, was a fantastic bloke and his horticultural skills, his big smile and superb manner taught me a lot which I have made good use of throughout my career. I left school and went to work for Joan Kirk's dad and then her brother for a lot of years, plus Jeryl Ward's dad as well. I sat next to Jeryl all the way through school as I remember it was strange going to work and still seeing them. Paul, it is good to know you are still around even if like me you are long gone from Goole. We can all shake off a nickname but one thing is for sure mate we are all Goolies born and bred. Stay lucky.

Posted by Sue on 04/11/2009

GGs 1960-67. I'll always remember thinking how big the Sixth Formers were when we started at age eleven. They were building the new hall at that time. There was the most horrible smell in the school which we were told was the decomposing bodies of dead rats which had been trapped under the new construction. The cleaning ladies sprayed lavender air freshener around which did absolutely no good.

My First Form teacher was Miss Coghlin, she taught English; Hutch taught us science in First Year, and gave us the formula for photosynthesis, which we didn't need until Fourth Year. I was freaked out! Cynth Potter with her cape and motor scooter was a real character. And I remember Bongo - what a sweet man. He had a lot to put up with from us. "Tommy-Gun" Taylor - poor guy with a horrible stammer, Test Tube Taylor in chemistry, "Elvis" - can't remember his surname - in physics. Bennet and (Josephine?) Huddleston for biology. "Boris" for English - can't remember his name either, but he always had a 5 o'clock shadow.

Does anyone remember how the Vulcans came in over the school as they were on final approach for RAF Finningley? One particularly loud one caused "Turnips" Townsend to speculate it was an old boy getting his own back! I was Deputy Head Girl in my final year and had my title and prefect's badge taken off me for getting caught smoking at the swimming gala!

Posted by Bill on 09/01/2010

I see you had your prefect's badge taken away from you. I suffered the same fate. My crime was to be caught canoodling with, possibly even snogging, a beautiful girl in the Fifth Form. She was called Cheryl, can't remember her last name. In the event I was happy to lose my prefect's status as it meant I was no longer eligible to read a lesson in the morning assembly.

Posted by Alex on 10/11/2009

Wow! What a lot of dredged up memories. I too can remember sitting in Pop Craven's class at Alexandra Street School, though I only did one year there. Then on to GGS in 1964 and a memorable cast of characters. Fond memories of "Bongo" Smith's history lessons, less fond memories of Postill's cross country runs (or in my case walk around the streets near the school and then jog back in near the end!). I recall having Dr Ramsey as a form teacher and then "Minnie" Caldwell, and being the despair of Mt Ibbotson when trying to teach me woodwork!

Lots of fun in the Science block with Mr Bennett, Miss Huddleston and Dr Taylor. I also remember a mad Polish chemistry teacher who seemed to like setting fire to things. Naturally I remember "Arnie" Chappell - terrifying but a brilliant teacher - but my all-time favourite has to be "Hutch" Hutchinson. He was supposed to teach us General Studies when I was in the Sixth Form but we soon discovered that he was easily side-tracked into telling stories of operating the limelight machine in the old Tower Theatre, and lots of other fascinatingly irrelevant stuff. I also seem to remember John Wraith in a production of Hamlet. My own contribution to the artistic life of the school was to play the Cat in Pinocchio!

Posted by Steve on 09/12/2009

I was at the Modern School from 1970-75, My Teacher was Taffy Thomas. Just reading some of the comments, creased me up. Had a good time at school, had a long weekend most weekends and didn't go back until Tuesday, always had Friday off, yeah it was good fun.

Posted by Keith on 15/12/2009

I was at GGS from 1964-1971, so I remember Terry Broughton, Arthur Walker and Pete Daniels, to mention but a few. I think no one can forget Bongo Smith and Arnie Chappell. Reading Arnie's obituary made me realise why he struck fear into us - we were nothing compared with what he went through at Arnhem. I also fondly remember Alan Whitehall and "Benjy" - a great teacher who'd be struck off these days! Like some have recalled, my parting words from P.L. Teed were "we wish him well we can do no more" - written off at eighteen!

Posted by John on 31/12/2009

I started at GGS in 1958 and my First Form teacher was Ted Hutchinson. One of the best to gently introduce a boy from a small village into large school. I can still visualise him walking along the corridor and raising his hand in greeting with the litany "I = V over R" after we had had a science lesson. I hated PE. and Gym with a fervour especially when we were sent out on runs while Ellis Postill retired to the staff room in bad weather.

I recall the school being extended by connecting the old hall to the canteen block and the construction of the tower block which was reputed to be 18" out of plumb. Despite this minor detail it stood the test of time. During the building phase "Nutrocker" by B. Bumble and the Stingers was to be heard blasting out from contractor staff radios.

I spent many happy hours in the wooden metalwork shop which stood apart from the main school. Maybe that was a fire precaution in case the forge was overfired? Stan Foster was my form master for two years in 4M and 5M. "Elvis" Hall taught physics and somehow showed us how to create formulae out of thin air by dimensional analysis. I wish I could remember how but it's forgotten nowadays. We had a brilliant chemistry student teacher called Gray, who won a PhD in chemistry while he was with us but had a really difficult time controlling us kids on a mundane level. I also have fond memories of Bongo Smith reading from the Canterbury Tales to us but when he came to a risqué bit he would edit the reading. We said he had a wooden leg but I don't know if that was true. George Stones ground "BODMAS" into our minds in his maths lessons. I found myself doing exactly the same to some apprentices a couple of years ago. Contemporaries of mine were Tim Lewis, Paul Wales, Paul Dobson, David Kyme, John (Spud) Taylor, Susan Abson, Christine Colby, Beryl Taylor, Anne Stannard and others.

Posted by Robert on 02/01/2010

Doc Gray wasn't a student teacher but a full staff member. He started around 1961 and stayed until around 1967. Around 1963, Mrs Rosenbroek told us Mr Gray was now to be called Dr Gray.

Posted by John on 03/01/2010

I think Dr Gray came to GGS as a student teacher first, then came back again shortly after as a full time chemistry master. I could be wrong?

Posted by Alan on 02/01/2010

I attended GGS from 1941-46. I saw Gerry Appleyard's name among those listed, he was in the First Form in 1941 J.L. Latimore was headmaster; "Bandy" Burroughs was metalwork; Miss Maddison taught English; can't recall other teachers. Among other pupils at that time were Jack

Hatfield, Roy Greensitt, Wilf Pullan, Daz Wressle, Dis Allen, George Cheeseborough, Ken Richardson and Malcolm England.

Posted by CA on 12/01/2010

I well remember Mr Craven. I was in his class 1956-57. He wore a trilby as I remember. G Wood was our Head. We had Noel Longbottom, Mrs Raywood, Mrs Westerman and other female teachers whose names escape me. In the infants Miss Savage is the only name I remember, although I think Mr Longbottom might have taught infants too.

I have school photos of Mrs Raywood's and Mr Longbottom's classes from the early 1950s. My sister went to the nursery but I went straight into the infants. I remember being shown round Kingsway School when some had the chance to attend there but I wanted to stay at Alex. I have some fond memories of Alex friends and teachers. I moved as an adult and after 27 years went back to Goole, sad to see that the old school had gone.

Posted by Gerald on 16/01/2010

I was in Mr Craven's class 1953-54. I started school at Pasture Road, I walked to school from Westfield Square. Left Pasture Road and went to Boothferry Road School. There was then some changes made and I, along with several others from the Westfield Square/Woodland Avenue area were moved to Alexandra Street.

I recall the "kid catcher" had his office at Alexandra Street School. His name was Mr Crabtree and he lived in Westbourne Grove. I went to his house a couple of times with my father to watch television, football matches as I recall. I seem to remember Mr Craven as being very strict and a very good teacher. He must have been, I got to the Grammar School. Alexandra Street has been demolished and neither Boothferry Road or Pasture Road are schools any more, a shame that.

I seem to recall a tall, thin lady with glasses but don't know a name. The only other name I remember from the primary schools is that of Miss Cranitch who was headmistress at Pasture Road School when I started there in, heaven forbid, 1948...

Posted by CA on 17/01/2010

Gerald, I think you possibly mean Miss Savage. There was Mrs Windle(?) and a Miss Peterson. I think she came after your time at Alex. Surprising how things come back, this website stirs memories up. I started school about 1950 as I was born end of 1945. Left Alex summer of 1957.

Posted by Arthur on 06/02/2010

Re teachers at "Alegs", as I and my mate David Clarkson called it. The headmaster was Mr Frankland, our final teacher was "Pop" Saynor (?), and there was a Miss Brown in my class - she was rather partial to whacking kids across the knuckles with a ruler.

Posted by Andy on 17/01/2010

I was in Greenawn children's home from 1980 to 1984. As far as I am aware the home is used for social services at this present time. I had some good times in the home and I am hoping if anyone else has been in the home they also get in touch. Some of the staff were good people, Andy Bainbridge, David Dodd where are these people today? If any staff or kids from the home out there get in touch it would be great to catch up on old times.

Posted by Tom on 27/07/2011

I was in Greenawn children's home from 1957-1962 and went to the Modern School. The people I most remember from school are David Ullathorne (who gave me the best Xmas I'd ever had in life up until then). Raymond Gledhill, Ray Bonser (I think this is right), Dennis Cook (who had the hardest shot in football), Martin Addy (who could run faster than Usain Bolt). It was only in the last two years I was there that it became a mixed school. The only girl I can remember was a Linda Devrell.

I can remember on the school sports day, someone being speared by a javelin, the first hockey match between the teachers and the girls, playing for the school football team, and scoring in the final at Goole Town's ground. Happy days. The first super I was under in the kid's home was a Mr Mieningham; the second was Chinny Turner; there was a Mrs Rook from Hook! We all had a job to do in the home, washing-up, cleaning, looking after the younger kids, making beds. We would join any club to get out and about. Goole Brass Band, Sunday school. We went to West Park.

I now live in Castleford, just up the M62. My memories of Goole are happy ones, with some good school friends.

Posted by Barry on 22/10/2013

Is there anyone who was in Greenawn kid's home in the 1960s who remembers my brother Anthony (Tony) and myself (Barry)? The head was called Mr Turner I believe.

Can't remember much else about the place. Is it still going?

Posted by Dennis on 23/10/2013

I was at Greenawn for about eight months, 1960/61.

Posted by Malcolm on 05/02/2017

I was at GGS 1977 to 1979 whilst I stayed at Greenawn. I remember some good times. I remember one girl in my class was very nice to me, I can only remember her first name Victoria. I seem to remember her mother had a stall on Goole Market. If you know who you are, I would like to say thank you for making me feel welcome, as not many people did.

Posted by Fly Wheel on 11/11/2018

A chap called Allan Turner ran Greenawn. The head gardener in 1966 was Mr Herbert specialising in begonias in the big greenhouses at the side of main building.

Posted by Kevin on 31/01/2010

My great-aunts Beatrice and Cecille Lee were teachers at Boothferry road school in the 1920s.

Posted by Sue on 31/01/2010

Does anyone remember the name of the Head Boy who was killed on Bridge Street while he was biking to school? It happened around 1965, I guess. I remember he had a bright future ahead of him and what a tragedy it was.

Posted by Bill on 02/02/2010

I think he was called Keith Burton, he had a younger brother who I knew. I believe Keith was waiting to go up to Oxford or Cambridge when the accident occurred. The headmaster (Mr Teed) organised a memorial service at the Parish Church to which the whole school attended. A very tragic affair.

Posted by Raymond on 06/02/2010

I attended Goole Grammar School from 1938 to 1943. It was a fine school. The headmaster was Mr Latimer (called Rattlesnake by the boys, as he had the reactions of one). The PE. teacher was Jack Ellis, who had played rugby for England and the staff were all very fine people. During the war, there were air raid shelters covering the part of the playing fields, and some of the senior boys took turns sleeping overnight at the school, doing fire watch duty. At that time, you were in school either on a scholarship or your parents had to pay, I think that the fee was about three pounds a term. Our School Magazine was "The Viking". Have lived in Canada for the past 50 years or so, and am still enjoying life.

Posted by LM on 02/03/2010

Does anyone remember the hut in Nidderdale which the Grammar school used to own? I would be interested to hear of any unusual experiences anyone had when visiting it.

Posted by Graham on 03/03/2010

That would be the hut on Walkers Farm next to the farmhouse. We used to go there during the summer and host lots of children each week from the Batley area. It was a great place and fantastic to spend your summer there doing all sorts of things such as pot-holing, canoeing, hill walking, climbing, day trip to Scarborough, swimming in the River Nidd. It was just great to get away from Goole but mainly the family and spend your summer being independent and giving those kids the time of their little lives. Wonder if any of them remember their one week holiday camping in the field next to the Grammar School Hut. I remember walking along the ridge of a hill and seeing a Vulcan Bomber fly down the valley, it was almost beneath us and we could see the pilot!! Happy days.

Posted by Ed on 11/03/2010

Anyone remember the Pately Bridge Camp School? We went from the modern school in 47 or 48, a lot of happy memories from those carefree days of youth.

Posted by Brian on 21/03/2010

I went to that camp from the Modern School. It was known as Bewerley Park camp. I must have been there about the same time as you my sister Enid. I cannot remember many of the boys there only Eddie Binnington and Billy Thornton who ran away and tried to get back home. Good old days. We used to have concerts on an evening performed by the pupils. During the day we used to go swimming and boating in the River Nidd which was only about eighteen inches deep. I think we were there for about six weeks. I believe our parents sent us there to get rid of us.

Posted by Eddie on 23/03/2010

I went to Bewerley park camp, climbed up to crocodile rock and York folly. Great times. I think it cost two pounds ten shillings for the month. A lot of money in those days.

Posted by Graham on 13/10/2014

I remember, with great fondness, our trips to the School Hut on Walkers Farm in Nidderdale each summer. The trips to schools in Batley to talk to the Asian children who would visit us at the campsite for a week at a time during summer holidays. It was great briefing them on what suitable clothing to bring with them and a sleeping bag as they would be kipping in tents in the field in front of the school hut. Then watching them climb off the coaches wearing shorts, t shirts and plastic sandals carrying a rolled up blanket - bless them!

But it was fantastic taking them hill walking, rock climbing, pot holing, swimming and the trip to the seaside at Scarborough on the Thursday each week. Was great to see the look on some of their faces at seeing the sea for the first time.

The evening walks down the road to Pateley Bridge, trying to get the pub landlord at the pub next to the bridge to sell us beer was fun. Remember well the time he let us have a pint of Old Peculier and then going back to camp to drink, covertly, a half bottle of whiskey between us. Sore head the next morning! Who else remembers those balmy summers at Walkers Farm in Nidderdale?

Posted by Sheila on 27/10/2014

Interested to read the comments about the school hut in the Dales. I believe it was bought in 1967 and a group of us had great fun making two canoes for it in woodwork. Girls were not normally allowed to do woodwork but it was decided that we should have a “creative” double lesson a week as a break from O-levels. Never found out if they floated though... Maybe someone can enlighten me?

Posted by David on 10/06/2010

My dad Mr Teed was headmaster at GGS 1964 to 1984. He was the one who pushed the am dram with Doreen Chappell, hired the teacher from London who wore makeup and got him in trouble. I went to same school 1971-78. How weird we all have similar memories of the school bit like reading Proust and it all floods back from a taste of a piece of cake. He retired in 1984 first to Bristol and then to Cornwall. He is still alive if a bit dodderly at 85. Personally I was very proud of what he did during his tenure at GGS 1964 to 84.

Posted by Fiona on 12/06/2010

I was at school with you, I seem to remember we shared the art prize though you were much better than I was. I work as an art lecturer and still do my own painting. I remember the drama teacher who wore make up. What happened to him? I seem to remember he was there one day and gone another. At fourteen you quickly forget and in those days we didn't question stuff like youngsters do today. There was another teacher called I think Mr Kerridge, something weird happened to him too.

Posted by John on 14/06/2010

Very happy to know Mr Teed is still hopping around! He very kindly talked to my class in London, years ago, about a historical subject, but the students only wanted to know if I had been bad at GGS! I stayed with the family in Thornbury - I still have a Shirley Teed in a prominent place in my house in Manila! Much admired... Please give him my very best wishes!

Posted by Bill on 16/06/2010

Some time ago I posted a message seeking contact details for Mr Teed. I simply wanted to give him my belated thanks for something he did for me. Once when I had committed some misdemeanour, can't remember what it was, possibly not attending some cultural event, your dad summoned me to his study. I was expecting a good telling off. Instead after expressing his disappointment in my behaviour he gave me a load of books to read by American authors: James Baldwin, J.D. Salinger, B.F. Skinner, Kerouac, etc. Some of it quite racy stuff for a 16-year-old in Goole! Anyway I read them and the experience engendered a lifelong interest in American Literature which has given me much enjoyment. I wanted, belatedly, to thank your dad for that. I would appreciate it if you would pass this message on to him. I thought he was an excellent headmaster.

Posted by David on 17/06/2010

My father is coming to stay this weekend and I'm going to introduce him to the website.

Posted by Peter Teed on 19/06/2010

Hello there, this is Peter Teed, headmaster GGS 1964-1984. We are staying with David in London and have read your emails. It is amazing that anybody should remember all those years ago and I very much enjoyed the experience of everyone's recollections. John Wraith - I well remember coming to your school in London, but I had no idea you had finished up in Manila. It sounds idyllic.

Shirley is still painting and is currently showing in York where Robert, my youngest son runs an art gallery. I do nothing except try to keep alive. Fortunately for me the health remains reasonably good. We love living in Cornwall and the webmaster has my email and if any of my ex-pupils wants to get in touch pls feel free.

Bill, I will send you an email. I must say I don't remember giving you the American literature but it seems to have had a more positive effect than the cane!

Posted by Gail on 02/07/2010

Dear Mr Teed, I have lots of happy memories of being a pupil at GGS from 1963-1970. I decided to take an extra O-level at the same time as my A-levels and in order to accommodate it you gave two of us extracurricular classes on the American Constitution in your own study. I got the extra O-level, by the way.

But my strongest memory of you is this. One day you began morning assembly with a talk about the American civil rights movement and Martin Luther King Jnr. Someone from the side of the stage quietly came to tell you that Dr King was dead, had been assassinated. It broke your heart right there in front of us all and you had to leave the stage. I've always believed that moment changed me too. Very good work, Mr Teed.

Posted by Mandy on 06/07/2010

I think Peter Teed was a visionary. As I recall he came in for some stick from hang 'em and flog 'em locals, but I think his interest in the wider world, notably Europe and America, was timely and brought a refreshing new dimension to school life. His passion for the arts filtered into school life and made my GGS days richer than they would otherwise have been.

Posted by Justin on 17/01/2011

Hello David Teed, you won't remember me as I am quite a bit younger than you, we lived in Old Goole not far from your old house, Manor Cottage. Your mum painted a picture with me on it at Old Goole First School in 1985. The painting hung in the old school hall for years. When the school closed it was sent to Marshlands Middle School, where it spent many years in a cupboard. I went back to the school a couple of years ago and asked about the painting. It now hangs in my front room, next to a small landscape painted by your mum in 1961. I never thought, almost 25 years after the picture was painted, that it would be hanging in my front room. I also have a copy of your dad's book.

Posted by Zigger-Zagger on 30/04/2011

Mr Teed was much liked and respected by many pupils, parents and teachers who knew, worked and studied with him. What stood out most for me was his accent - one typical of his class and generation - announcing him as an upper-middle class Cantabrigian, while hiding his enlightened, progressive, patrician values. A rare mix in Goole back in the 1970s.

Just remember - and compare with anywhere now - what the school had going for it back then. An abundance of rugby, cricket and hockey teams, athletics events and sports days, Duke of Edinburgh awards, camping trips to Nidderdale/Lofthouse with map reading, rambling, pot holing, caving, rock climbing (“outdoor pursuits”, as they were quaintly called). Then there were the foreign exchange trips to France and Germany (for many this was a first trip abroad), and for those rich or religious enough, trips to see Passion Plays in Oberammergau. There were lunchtime and after school hobby clubs, a drama soc. debating soc. etc., etc. And a youth club on site. Plus staff with a range of teaching styles and accents from around the world. An education back then was about so much more than paper qualifications.

My personal encounters with him were few. The most memorable was probably when the form teacher Dave Cox had put all the boys in detention, following some minor misdemeanour to which nobody would own up. Myself and two other lads felt this was unfair as he didn't know if the culprit was a boy or a girl, so we said the whole class should be detained, and not just the boys (this was after all 1973 when battles about feminism and equality were raging). So our “delegation” went to see Mr Teed who ensured both girls and boys were duly kept behind and equality got its fullest expression... I remember he had a particular habit of taking apart his pen while talking to you, examining the parts, and then putting it back together again. It's true that back then there was often a lack of discipline in class, but those were changing times, difficult ones when authority of all kinds – politicians, police, parents and teachers were being challenged on every front.

Throughout the whole of the 20th Century I doubt there has been a harder time to be at the chalk face. But overall, yes, without doubt we were lucky to have been at Mr Teed's school. I owe him much, and wish him a long and happy retirement.

Posted by Steve on 04/06/2011

The older I get the more I realise just what a remarkable headmaster he was. My elder brother, also a GGS boy, was killed when I was in the lower Sixth. Mr Teed had a chat with me in his office which was simply inspirational as well as very practical at that sad time. He joined the school when I was starting in the Second Form, he was years ahead of the rest, most of whom now appreciate what he was about.

Posted by Helen on 19/08/2011

I too remember with fondness Mr Teed's leadership. His comment once in an assembly about knowledge - something about it's not being able to know everything but it is knowing where to obtain the information and how you use it that matters - it's a long time ago so has got a bit lost in translation. Anyway, I have always found this helpful.

Posted by Richard on 29/01/2012

Following my years at GGS (1962-67), though I do recall Dr Latimer, it is Mr Teed that I will always remember as the headmaster. Specific stand-out memories are surprisingly few; I think that the key is the environment that he created - it wasn't noticeable because it worked. He allowed us freedom to disagree and trusted us, even to the extent that he lent a trio of us his car to pick-up blocks of expanded polystyrene from the factory in Howden. But there were limits to his trust, as we discovered when we rearranged the furniture in the Senior Sixth Common Room: “Move that sofa! I'll not risk, one day, finding a couple of you copulating behind it!”

I also value the lessons in the responsibilities of power, when as Head Prefect, I had to report the indiscipline and disruption from one of the younger boys. Mr Teed asked me how the boy should be punished: "I can cane him. But do you think it will do him any good?"

Posted by Trevor on 23/10/2010

I was at Pasture Road Infant School from 1948/49 to 1950/51 and then went to Alexandra Street Junior School. I progressed there until from Class 4B I passed for the Grammar School. The Headmaster at Alex was Geoffrey Wood and I wish I could remember the name of the class teacher of 4B as it must have been his hard work that got me through the 11+.

I was at GGS from 1955 to 1963 and was in the same year as Bryan Avery. Bryan lived on Fifth Avenue and his parent's house backed on to the same lane as a friend of mine, Mike Nichols. Mike also started the Grammar the same time as me and we were in Class 1C. The air-raid shelters were still up on the edge of the school field and were definitely out of bounds and the prefects kept an eye out for trespassers. I also suffered Postill's cross countries but never dared cheat. I remember Reg Martin was the science teacher who could not keep any discipline whatever in his classes. I remember a disabled history teacher who we believed had a wooden leg. Was this Bongo? I was taught maths up to O-level by "Fritz" Hargreaves. We called him Fritz because for some reason we thought he looked German (his huge eyebrows maybe?). Stan Foster, the metalwork teacher, also taught me engineering drawing.

I was in the Senior Sixth Form and I remember that one day Arnie Chappell came in the classroom and said that anyone who had not applied for college yet was now too late as the closing date for applications had now passed. I hadn't applied so I stayed on at school for an extra year.

Posted by Phil on 12/11/2010

Have just found this site and read with interest a lot of memories from GGS. Whilst I left in 1966 to come to Australia, I still have great memories of my school years (infant, primary and secondary). I missed the reunion as I was not aware of it and was 12,000 miles away.

It seems incredible that it was 48 years ago that we started at GGS.

Posted by Jan on 13/11/2010

Remember doing O-level exams in the hall at GGS with the noise of bulldozers etc in the background. They were extending the school in the 1960s and we suffered. I am sure that they wouldn't put up with it today. Girls used to go on long walks for double games in bad weather because there was no gym due to the refurbishment. Miss Holland who took us for home economics would dictate housekeeping notes eg. 1 - get the cooperation of the husband!

Posted by Roy on 02/02/2011

The memories keep flooding back. I attended Boothferry Infants and was in the same class as Mrs Thompson's (GGS teacher) daughter who played Sleeping Beauty in the Christmas play. I went on to Kingsway where Mr Millward terrified me but I think it was the pressure of trying to get us to pass the 11+. He seemed much kinder and more relaxed after the exams. Failed the 11+, obviously the effect of the ruler rapped over my head and told to get my brains working didn't have the right effect. Best friends there were Timothy Rowse whose father was head of GSM. Thanks to the support of a great teacher Mr Evans I managed to get to GGS 13+.

Many happy memories of GGS. The smell of Hartnell's "in Love" wafting from Nora Charlton; being in "She Stoops", "Murder in the Cathedral" and "Hamlet". Anyone know what happened to Geoff Sayers, Geoff Hearne and Heather Gunson?

Posted by Robert on 06/02/2011

I remember the three you mention well, being in the same class as Geoff Sayers, the same chemistry group as Geoff Hearne, and although Heather Gunson was in the year above, she went on a Belgian exchange visit at the same time. I'm sorry to say I noticed in the Goole Times that Geoff Sayers died at home in Goole last July, aged 60. I believe he had returned to Goole after retiring from teaching. Anyone else remember him as Hamlet in the school play?

Posted by Jan on 07/02/2011

I remember Geoff Sayers. My sister Pam was in "Murder in the Cathedral" and she was Gertrude in Hamlet. I remember he was in Oedipus in a grand production between the Goole Amateurs and ex-students. It was performed in the quad I think.

Posted by Bill on 07/02/2011

I was sad to hear the news about the death of Geoff Sayers at such a young age. Although I was older than him, I did know him because he lived in our street, Kingsway, and his parents - who were lovely people - were friends of my mum and dad. Geoff was one of those people you remember just because he was such a nice guy. And yes I remember him playing Hamlet at GGS.

Posted by Fiona on 09/02/2011

I remember my dad was in that Oedipus production as well, late-1960s? I remember he had a terrible cold and caught it because the play was performed outside in bad weather and he was wearing a thin cotton costume. I think he was a messenger.

Posted by Roy on 30/03/2011

I remember your sister Pam in Hamlet. There was one particular rehearsal when everything was going wrong - a lack of commitment, people not turning up for rehearsal, etc. Mr Teed was in a poor mood. He told Pam that she should be coming on stage sounding like a cow in labour to which she screamed/yelled that she had never felt like a cow in labour. It did get a round of applause and somehow the rehearsal improved after that.

Posted by Richard on 29/01/2012

That infamous production of Hamlet - I can add another anecdote to that of Roy Mapplebeck (Laertes) - late in the rehearsals, he suddenly exploded, violently throwing the book onto the stage floor and demanding to know why we hadn't learned our lines yet. The shock, coming from one so calm, certainly had impact (after all I can still remember after 46 years), but not entirely successful - I was miserable throughout the performances due to my difficulty in remembering my lines... But a memorable production with Geoffrey Sayers as Hamlet, Gillian Ford as Ophelia, Stephen Hoier as Polonius, John Wraith as The Ghost, John Gibson in a bravura performance as the Gravedigger and Colin Graves as the Prince of Denmark but with a sword, not a cricket bat.

Posted by Tom on 23/03/2011

I have been reading some of the messages from people who attended the Secondary Modern School but there was very few from my era 1960-65. I was in Miss Thompson's class in First Year but thereafter I cannot recall the teachers' names.

Posted by Sally on 29/03/2011

What about those of us who went to GGS 1964-1971, can you remember "march of the mods" at the Xmas parties?

Posted by John on 06/04/2011

The grounds of Kingsway were very well kept and good school lunches too - never mind good health - long live steamed jam sponge and custard! Did anyone reach the dizzy heights as biscuit sales persons! We collected them from Mr Richardson's office at break times - going through the minute school library. I can taste the marshmallow biscuits as I write!

Posted by Fiona on 13/04/2011

I remember those biscuits too, and the library and adjacent medical room where we used to go and see the school nurse to have injections. I fell in the playground on the ice and broke my arm. I think they had gritted it when I returned to school, but could you imagine the outcry now? Then it was just an unlucky accident.

Posted by John on 20/06/2011

Glad somebody remembered the biscuit sales. I also had an accident at Kingsway - I tripped over a cane in a PE. Lesson and couldn't really walk for about three months - my only claim to fame!

Posted by Alasdair on 18/04/2011

I was an English and drama teacher at Goole Grammar School from 1969-1972 following on from Garth Jones and being replaced by a Canadian chap called Robertson I think. I have very happy memories of teaching there. I was an extremely young teacher and not at all sure then that teaching was what I wanted to do. Peter Teed, a terrific head, was hugely influential in encouraging me to continue as was Ernest Ferriman, the Head of English, and I have subsequently enjoyed a very rewarding and varied career in education. So thank you Mr Teed and my very best wishes to you.

Whilst at Goole I directed Zigger Zagger, The Dragon and, of all things, a Japanese Noh Play! I remember three very talented actors Lyn Sharman, Stephen Tose and a girl called Pam - I can't remember what her second name was. The bloke who played Zigger himself was great too but the name has also gone. I was sad to hear about the death of Geoff Sayers who became a good friend and we stayed in touch for some years afterwards.

Posted by Phil on 21/04/2011

I well remember being in Zigger Zagger singing "There's something about a soldier". It was a nice change after Shakespeare and opera productions. Was it you Alasdair who produced and directed our improvised drama at the youth club which won the runner-up spot in a local drama competition?

Posted by Alasdair on 28/04/2011

Nice that you remember the play Phil. I was the drama tutor at the youth club for most of the time I worked in Goole so yes I think that was me.

Posted by Brian on 26/03/2012

Alasdair Brown was a colleague of mine in the early-1970s and we worked together on a number of productions. I remember the Noh play, Kagekiyo, which involved my eviscerating the school's baby grand (all in the best possible taste).

I hope I didn't upset too many people during my time in Goole. I've made a couple of brief visits there over the years, including taking my children to see where I used to work and live. Perhaps I'll be able to do the same for my granddaughter sometime.

Mr Teed gave me my first teaching job for which I was grateful.

Posted by Steve on 05/08/2015

I read with interest Alasdair Brown's contributions - I was in your 1971 Japanese Noh play production "Kagekiyo", which my late mother absolutely loved. I often think of you and your wonderful English teaching colleague, Stella Harris (previously Ilditch).

Posted by Brian on 07/05/2011

We had some great and memorable teachers at GGS, including Elvis, Test Tube and Boilerhead. I was in the Senior Sixth when Mr Teed joined as headmaster. He invited a few prefects to his home one Saturday evening. It happened to be my 18th birthday, so, to say the least, I attended reluctantly. Two of the girls were opera fans and asked Mr Teed to play his records of Verdi's "Othello". This seemed to drag on for hours. To make the evening even more memorable, I caught chicken pox from one of Mr Teed's children. Happy days!

Posted by Gerald on 16/05/2011

I have come across an old photograph taken at Pasture Road School in May 1951. It shows a group of boys in front of a ramshackle wooden building. Something we were building I seem to recall. Apart from myself on the photograph are Michael Armitage, Peter Greenfield, Bryan Avery, Michael Baines, George Abbey and Keith Dobson. There is another boy at the front shielding his eyes from the sun and I think that is probably William Bird. There is another boy in the top right-hand corner who I cannot identify. We are all now 67/68 years old, aargh.

Posted by Broadway on 07/07/2011

Goole Secondary Modern, best of the lot on the day I was there, Mr Hislop sports and Miss Read, and Mr Sethrington (old stutters). The worst of the lot was Patterson, the head - a man who loved to get his cane out, boys must be punished he would say, yeah right...

Posted by Gary on 15/07/2011

Aye, those were the days! My favourites were Messrs Watson (Dog), England, Oliver (Great bloke, but we didn't learn much), King and Mrs Greensitt. I remember the gardening teacher as Mr Settington (or "Spluts") - another wonderful character. I'll never forget him trying to teach a whole class of fifteen-year-olds how to mow the lawn - with garden shears. You're dead right about Patterson, though. I only spoke to him once, on 29/11/69, the day he expelled me.

Posted by Geoffrey on 06/08/2011

Does anyone remember my grandma Mrs (Lily) Page who was dinner lady at Pasture Road School in the 1950s? Thanks.

Posted by Gerald on 12/08/2011

I started at Pasture Road School in 1948. I do not remember your grandma, Mrs Lily Page. The only members of staff I can remember is the Headmistress, Miss Cranitch. She lived across the road from the school in the row of houses between Midwoods and the shops near Colonels Walk.

Posted by Trev on 21/08/2011

I also started Pasture Road School in 1948. I could not remember Miss Cranitch but I asked mum who is 104 years old and she remembers her. You mentioned the shops before Colonels Walk - can you remember the corner one was run by two sisters called Annie and Minnie May? I left Goole in 1958 but it's great to keep up to date on this brilliant website.

Posted by Susan on 28/08/2011

Alexandra Street football team. Since my last post I have been given some names for the team picture I mentioned. They are Alex Street football team 1967-68 and were possibly runners up in the Short cup Standing, left to right are Philip Bristow, Paul Adams, ? Howard, Stephen Cross, Russell Noon, ? Terry Spavin , Ken Punter . Front Mal? Gibson, Tony Proctor, Christopher Jackson, Rob Clark, Brian Marshall Some of the identifications were not very certain. Are they right?

Posted by Gary on 16/10/2011

I'd just like to put on record the teachings of Mrs Greensitt at the Modern School, 1967-68, which was my time in Fourth Year. My grammar's still not great but what she taught me in a creative writing sense has never left me. A little belated perhaps but to Mrs Greensitt, "thank you".

Posted by Fiona on 16/10/2011

I remember Mrs Greensitt and her obsession with the library classifications of Melville Dewey. I also remember her referring to First Years as uncooked cakes - all sorts of ingredients waiting to go in the oven to be formed into the final cake. An interesting analogy which I have remembered for 40 years!

Posted by Gary on 18/10/2011

I always remember Mrs Greensitt cycling though the town and her cheery "Hello!" whenever she saw me. I left Goole in 1969 and returned to visit after seven years in Australia. Mrs Greensitt called out "Hello" to me as though I'd never been away. I had longer hair and a beard in 1976, but she still recognised me. What do you suppose her Christian name is?

Posted by Fiona on 20/10/2011

I think her name was Elizabeth, my dad who played rugger with the Greensitts called her Bessie. It's odd when you are a schoolchild, you don't think of some of the teachers as being "real" people with lives outside the school.

Posted by Richard on 29/01/2012

What a great website! I only discovered it yesterday when, following an e-mail dispute with my older brother, John (GGS 1962-63), about the spelling of Mr Chappell's name (we were both wrong), I thought I'd take a look on Google Maps to see if the old school was still there, and a little research threw-up all these comments from old school friends. But tinged with sadness to hear of the passing of chums.

Posted by Rick on 19/02/2012

Does anyone remember what year Alexandra Street School closed, and what year it was demolished?

Posted by Sheila on 27/02/2012

Alexandra Street School closed at the end of the summer term in 1990. I believe it was demolished shortly afterwards when work commenced on the development of Wesley Square. I can recall building work being undertaken when I visited my dad in Hook and there were shops on site by the time he died at the end of 1992.

Posted by Sheila on 23/02/2012

Just found this site and spent quite a few hours reading all the comments. A wonderful trip down memory lane. I went to Pasture Road Infant School and was taught by Mrs England, Miss Watson and Mrs Hutchinson (the wife of Hutch at GGS).

Then to Alexandra Street with Miss Brown (I thought she was quite sweet but that was her last year of teaching), Mrs Caldicott, Mrs Gunson and "Pop" Craven. He was a great character and a brilliant teacher. Remember also Mr Wood but cannot recall him singing. I used to visit the other classes to collect for the Lantern Appeal.

Started at GGS in 1963 with Hutch as our form master and maths teacher. A great bloke and very funny. I recall many of the teachers there with fondness and respect but one or two should have chosen a different vocation. My all-time favourite has to be Mr Ferriman. A brilliant teacher and form master.

Posted by School Memories on 22/04/2012

While at Kingsway School I will always remember a lad putting a straw in an ink well and blowing - his face covered in ink. The teacher Mr Crowley made him go to morning assembly. Does anybody know his name? Thanks,

Posted by Memories on 31/08/2012

It was "Doggy" Owen.

Posted by Bill on 02/11/2012

I was evacuated from Edmonton London in 1944 aged five and lived for nine months with the Skelton family at White City Airmyn. I attended Boothferry Road School during this time and kept in touch with Skelton family and descendants for 60 years. Went to school each day with Suzie Cooper but now too old to remember much else, but do keep a photo of the school.

Posted by Dennis on 03/02/2013

Peter Litherland Teed, a progressive man after our previous headman Latimer. I remember when I went into Senior Sixth he decided that everyone in their last year should be a prefect - so I refused it. He insisted, so I wore the badge under my jacket lapel.

Arnold Chappel and Ellis Postill - between them they excluded me from school in 1970, but when I met Arnie at our reunion, all he said was "My Dennis - how are you?" I know I was a big disappointment to him, and I liked him a lot.

Posted by Phil on 04/02/2013

Arnie was a big disappointment to me... the dinnertime he caught us supping in the Vikings. He marched us straight back to school and refused to let me finish my pint. Mind you it was probably Watneys Red Barrel or similar.

Posted by Graham on 19/02/2013

Favourite teacher at GGS during period 1970-75 was Julian Gurden in pottery. He was well laid back and a great teacher too.

Posted by Angie on 14/04/2013

I was at GGS from 1959 to 1966. I do have a photo of me somewhere in the GGS "pork pie" hat. I think it was taken on my first day. I remember that they were very unflattering and as we moved through the school they were placed further and further back on the head, sometimes held on with grips! When could we stop wearing them - was it Fifth Form?

Posted by Tom on 29/05/2013

John Evans was a form teacher and PE. teacher during the early-1960s - then Goole Secondary Modern School. I was there from 1960-65. He had the distinction of playing in a teacher versus school at hockey and unfortunately smashed a ball straight into a girls face breaking her jaw. That

was the end of staff v pupils. John laughed when I said I wanted to be a PE. teacher. I was then in the second lowest form in the school. Love to meet him today. I have retired from teaching having spent 27 years as a PE. teacher and sixteen years in the RAF as a PTI. Nice guy but terrible school.

Posted by Tom on 02/06/2013

Leggot, a man who was more than a waste of space, he took up valuable breathing space as well. As a teacher of more than 25 years I would be ashamed if anyone mentioned that man in the same breath. Not only did he fall asleep at the desk but used to hide his cigarettes inside the desk lifting the lid to smoke behind it. He enjoyed hitting lads at the back of the head.

Miss Thompson was our form teacher in First Year. She was a lady ahead of her time (an inspirational teacher) - her imagination and creativity were brilliant, considering the facilities available to her. She suddenly announced she was leaving to get married. A huge surprise to everyone at the time. The biology teacher (name forgotten) was also a good teacher.

Posted by Dave on 03/06/2013

I just love the way you've described him, that was brilliant and now you've said it, I remember him having a smoke under the desk lid too. The science teacher you were thinking of was Lugs Brant(?).

Posted by Tom on 10/06/2013

I remember the prefabs and the domestic one about half way down I think. But the names are a distant memory, just some stick for good and bad reasons. That period was for me not a very happy time and for good reasons chose to put it to rest. Some people I remember were Geoff Naylor, Malcolm Eyre, Brian Smith, Peter Daniels and a girl I was crazy about Stephanie Lovitt and that's about as much as I can recall.

Posted by Dave on 16/06/2013

In the end prefab wasn't there a teacher called Mrs Pascoe?

Posted by Tom on 23/06/2013

Mrs Pascoe, I can see her face now! Amazing - I would never have remembered the name and more amazing she comes to mind.

Posted by Dave on 23/06/2013

I've had a long think, here goes. Teachers, was there also in the prefabs a Mrs MacAllistar; a Mrs Jenkinson who came from Hook(?); a Mr Reaveley (nicknamed Chisel) who was in the prefabs at the Newport Street side who, along with Mr Richardson, also took woodwork; Mr Oliver who took metalwork.

Posted by Dave on 26/06/2013

Every day I try to remember things like the sweetshop in Newport Street and the back lane at the side of it, where all the smokers used to go. I mean we're doing well to remember all we are doing. We're going back almost 50 years, plus I've not lived in Goole for 30 years.

Was there also a teacher called Mr Houghton (plump guy with a bald head) who took tech drawing too?

Posted by Tom on 27/06/2013

The sweetshop, pineapple cubes and coca cola cubes in a bag for three (old) pence, smokers lane.

I remember getting the cane on my first morning by Harry Cutler for going in the quadrangle - my first thoughts were what the hell is a quadrangle, rubbing my stinging hand; lining up in the playground on the whistle; British bulldog; foul school dinners; milk and a Haliborange capsule; ink monitor or milk monitor - never a prefect, not high enough. Won a prize for citizenship from Ernest Reid, could never figure out what I had done, but still got the book, a dictionary by Nelson, 50 years old.

My late father was the caretaker at the Grammar School back in the 1980s when Mr Teed was headmaster. I remember the two schools finished 30 minutes apart so we did not meet out on the main road - why is beyond me.

School dances with a record player, playing the same three records over and over. Dancing instead of PE. - arrrgh.

Posted by Gypsy on 05/07/2013

Wow - that lot stirs the mind so I'll add a few more names. Minni Miles taught French along with Miss Finch and Miss Morris; a weird guy called Sykes did music; Mr Salmon taught commerce; Mrs Whittaker taught art; Mr Ford taught science; Mrs Lawson who made everyone stand still whilst she went across the playground to the feeding troughs. Then there were a few more "teachers" who just turned up for a warm I think. Most of them could have done better in my view save for Messers England, Seven, Oliver and Splutts who were straight blokes.

Posted by Keith on 19/07/2013

When I attended the Secondary Modern school in the 1950s, Mr Oliver was the metalwork teacher and Mr Reaverly was the woodwork teacher.

Posted by Gypsy on 19/07/2013

You are right Mr Oliver was the metalwork teacher and a really good one at that. He taught me a lot which has stood me in good stead over the years, plus he used to take a few of us fishing to the Newport canal in his old Dormobile van. The other bloke, Reevely aka "Chisel" was housed in the brick class rooms on the Newport Street side, didn't like him one bit.

Posted by Corby on 14/07/2013

I attended the Modern School from 1945 to 1949. In that time there were two music teachers. The first was Mr Dunhill who was a very good teacher. He took the time to go from pupil to pupil whilst singing to advise and also listen to make sure the right words were being sang. Then Mrs Triggs took over. A quiet lady of a nervous disposition. Often the wrong words would be heard over the correct ones.

Posted by Paul on 14/07/2013

Very interested that you mention a Mrs Triggs as that is my surname. My mother I believe taught at the Modern School prior to 1945 but did not return there until September 1948 when I was nearly four and could start at Boothferry Road Infants a year early. She was primarily a PE. teacher but may also have taken needlework/English/drama, etc. I don't recall her being involved with singing although she could play the piano. It is not a common name and is unlikely there is another Mrs Triggs.

Posted by Corby on 14/07/2013

The date fits for I was in 4A in my last year. I would describe your mother as slender with fairish hair and she wore specs. She was treated with less kindness by the class in general, compared with Mr Dunhill who was overbearing. I also remember her as a pianist.

Posted by Corby on 15/07/2013

I once penned many of my childhood memories. About my schooling I stated that the only teachers that I remembered were the ones that caned me. Mrs Triggs being the exception for I never saw her cane anyone. Mr Moody and Mr Fell used lightweight canes, which smarted for a short while. Mr Greensides and Mr Northey used what appeared to be walking sticks, but Mr Averej once used a steel rule, which landed him in trouble from a very irate mother. But my worst experience was from Mr Rouse the head who replaced Mr Firth. I was called to his office where he and a police officer carried out an interrogation about a missing bicycle pump. My name had been put forward as the culprit. I was totally innocent, although I suffered this bullying from these two individuals. It left me with a huge mistrust of the police and anyone in authority.

Posted by Dave on 17/07/2013

Oh someone's mentioned Mr Greensides. How could I forget him! Was his first name Charlie? Did he live on Centenary Road? He once hit me so hard he left five finger marks on my leg. I remember after that little incident, my dad walking into school in his boiler suit and asking him to step outside with him. He declined my dad's invite - but he never hit me again.

Posted by Brian on 24/05/2014

I attended Goole Modern in the early-1950s and remember the teachers and their various tools of punishment. Mr Rouse would ask you to put coal on his fire then three stokes of his cane on the backside; Mr Baker (art teacher) used a plimsoll; LaLa Moody (RE.) the cane; Charlie Greenside the black board rubber on your knuckles; but the worst one was Mr Stokes who took over from Mr George Windle in PE. used a cricket bat; Birdy Fell (maths) - I don't think I had any punishment from him apart from throw my book out of the window; the other Birdy Fell (science teacher) used a plimsoll; Mr Revely (woodwork) once locked me in the store for three hours and forgot I was there; Pop Northey was a cane man.

Posted by Keith on 04/08/2017

Charlie Greensides was a favourite teacher, could be quite hard when he wanted. He was my form master too.

Posted by Paul on 05/08/2017

I left Boothferry Road Junior School in 1955 (year before 11+) to live in Hull. As I recall my form master was the same person. Did he move to the Secondary Modern School after 1955? Also from recollection if you didn't pass the 11+ there was a way after two years to transfer to the Grammar School. An examination/recommendation?

Posted by Keith on 06/08/2017

Charlie was my form master in 1951, so he was at the Modern School then. Headmaster Mr Rowse had just joined the school. Mr Fell another teacher, Mr Moody, Mr Oliver (another great teacher) - could name many more.

We did get a chance to take the 11+ if your parents could afford it. Unfortunately not many could but, as Corby said, you made out the best you could. Having a Modern School education didn't hold me back and I am happy with my lot.

Posted by Keith on 06/08/2017

Just had a thought I think Charlie left the Modern School and joined the staff of Boothferry Road around 1955. But could be wrong possibly someone could throw some light on it.

Posted by Corby on 06/08/2017

I remember the names of teachers who caned me, Birdy Fell, Pop Northey, LaLa Moody and Charley Greensides who named his cane Paddywack. All others very vaguely, although the English teacher, who I thought was named Houghton, I liked. He went to great lengths to teach poetry, to explain in fine detail the true meaning of the written word. One piece in particular, which is still etched within my brain, was from Othello. "The value of a good name".

Mr Rouse took over from Mr. Firth - chalk and cheese.

Posted by Paul on 06/08/2017

I think Mr Greensides must have joined Boothferry after the Modern School. I had two years in the year before the 11+ because I started when I was three, nearly four, in 1948 so I had to lose a year along the way. I don't recall having Mr Greensides in the first of my two years only the second. Only started school so early because the Modern School wanted my mother back teaching there. Lived in Jackson Street and then Clifton Gardens so not far to walk and dinner at home or grandma's also in Jackson Street. Really enjoyed the school, teachers and fellow pupils.

Posted by Keith on 07/08/2017

I remember Ron Houghton even though he never taught me. The only time was when party time came round, and we "A" formers were going to Thorne Girls. Ron took us for dance tuition but no one could dance. He asked me to join him in the centre of the hall. When I said I couldn't dance he said "right lad, stand on my shoes" and off we went. I certainly learned to dance after that experience. Needless to say we were mostly wall flowers at Thorne.

Posted by Corby on 07/08/2017

You had us in stitches here with your description of the dance lessons. We recall Charlie with the boys, his wife with the girls. With the dancing, it was always ne'er the twain shall meet. Not long afterwards at the Baths Dance Hall they couldn't keep their hands off one another...

I am sure it was Ron that I knew. He had a way of coaxing out the best in his pupils.

Posted by Keith on 31/08/2017

Glad you enjoyed my dance description - I didn't, I can tell you!

Posted by Roy on 01/10/2013

I attended GGS from 1943 to 1948. My nickname there was Flicka. My special pals were Peter Jackson from Limetree Avenue and Ken Penistone from Rawcliffe. Teachers J.L. Latimer (Head), J.A. England (Latin), Miss Hargreaves (French), D. Turner (art), "Bandy" Burroughs (metalwork), "Serge" Wright (PE.), J.A.E. Hart(maths) and Miss Brindley(geography) are who I remember. Senior pupils included A.K. Temple, Malcolm England and Alec Burton.

Is there anyone still out there from those days? Would like to hear.

Posted by Bryan on 01/02/2014

I was looking for references to J.L. Latimer and came across this site by accident. Mr Latimer was an excellent teacher and I did respect him even if I got caned three times, once for slow hand-clapping the school orchestra. Another assault on my pride came from Gus Turner who gave me a very hard slap across the face for my best attempt at art.

Mr Latimer taught geometry using a text book authored by himself. He used to award bonus points as a way of encouraging interest and concentration.

Posted by Gerald on 03/02/2014

The book mentioned was "Course in Geometry" by J.L. Latimer and Thomas Smith. We had a maths teacher called Hirsch. After one school holiday he did not re-appear. A story swept the school that he had found a mistake in the book. Never knew for certain that there was a mistake. Pity about Mr Hirsch though, he was a good teacher.

Posted by Ian on 06/02/2014

Wow. I have read with a lot of interest these "fond memories", laughed a lot, sighed a lot and wondered a lot about the lives we all had back in the 1950s, 1960s and 1970s. Great names have jogged my aging memory, fond memories of my time at the old "Modern School"; names like my first teacher Miss Finch (mmmm), Len Townend, Dog Watson, Spluts, Mr Oliver, and what was the name of the woodwork teacher who was in one of the old prefab brick buildings who use to make you stand outside the class and you had to show him your hands. If they were "mucky" you would feel the back of his ruler.

It was a great school with some great teachers, Len Townend was our teacher for the last three years, Finchy the first two (I think). Anyway you old playmates, keep talking, the good old days will always be the good old days.

Posted by Karen on 14/02/2014

Found this on a wet Friday afternoon - much relates to things before my time, can't quite remember what dates exactly that I was at Goole Grammar School, early-1980s I think, turning 50 has wiped my memory I fear. I also seem to remember going to the one across the road for a couple of years after Junior School (Kingsway).

I remember one of Mr Ferriman's lessons on the poem Jerusalem. I always think of him when my dear husband is listening to Test Match Special. Mr F. used to relish the phrase "arrows of desire" - I always thought that a bit odd! But he did inspire a continuing love of poetry.

Posted by Bryan on 22/02/2014

Do you remember Mr Hutchinson, the maths teachers and a lovely man? He used to recite the Stanley Holloway monologues at the end of each term. The whole class would be in stitches but it was unfortunate that the gigglers in our class (yes, girls) would disrupt many a class for a good fifteen minutes during term time. Poor Mr Hutchinson, he must have been exasperated but never lost his temper.

Posted by Hill Street Blues on 28/03/2014

I remember too Pasture Road School in the 1950s. Crab apple tree in t'front garden. There was an old caretaker Mr Johanson(?), who came out of the boiler house at dinnertime and a lucky kid would stand on the pedal of his bike and be wheeled to the gate. The tiny outside toilets at the end of the yard which seemed to freeze over when the first leaf fell...

Posted by Sheila on 28/03/2014

Oh! Remember well the little sweetshop next to the railings that we used to swing on. What tales the old man could tell. Suppose he was lucky to be alive after all he went through but no doubt he must have struggled financially prior to the advent of the Welfare State.

Cannot ever recall the toilets freezing at Pasture Road but they did at Alex during the big freeze of 1963 and we were all sent home. Do you remember the Izal toilet paper? Not the most effective but great for tracing paper though...

Posted by Hill Street Blues on 28/03/2014

You are right about Alex toilets freezing over in that big freeze of 1963. I could be wrong about Pasture Road ones. It's been a while after all. Yes, the railings on that patch of grass on the corner. The air-raid shelters which we used to jump off; shiny loo paper - spare me; now wash your hands, now wash your hands... ha, ha...

Posted by Paul on 29/03/2014

Regarding toilets at Boothferry Road, we were no better off as they were outside, two rows back to back serving the infants on one side and the juniors the other.

Posted by Sheila on 29/03/2014

Think we all suffered with the delightful outside toilets except for those who went to Kingsway. Used to go there for my violin lessons every week. On reflection, I now realise that we did not even have hand-washing facilities. Wonder what Health and Safety would make of these days.

Yet our entire childhood would be considered hazardous today! Our trolley was a plank of wood over a set of pram wheels with a bit of string to steer it and no brakes. Great fun! We could even buy our own fireworks from the proceeds of our "Penny for the Guy". Making the Guy was always our half-term project.

Posted by Sheila on 29/03/2014

Forgot about the air raid shelters. There was also some waste land at the end of Brough Street that we called the fire station and could access by climbing over the gate. Both sites now have flats for the elderly. However, we played a lot in the street or skipped with a washing line from one side of the street to the other.

Posted by Peter on 29/03/2014

Happy old memories of Uncle Festus.

Our class of 1958 (or was it 1957?) used our combined wit to come up with the top idea one week of paying our dinner money in (old) pennies. It was probably five shillings a week in those days, as everything seemed to cost us five bob (or "five shillings" as Lenny Lat was apt to pronounce it). As one by one we tramped out to the front of the class with our 60 pennies, Uncle Festus calmly placed the piles of coins in rows on his desk - and didn't bat an eyelid... To his great credit.

Saddo that I may be, I do look back on my time at GGS with fond memories, but I was so lucky to have a great bunch of, er, classmates in my year, as we moved up through the school.

Posted by Paul on 29/03/2014

Reading with interest about those who went to Pasture Road School. Was there a reason (catchment area) why you transferred to Alex or Kingsway as it seems Boothferry Road School was nearer, eg. for those living on Elsie and Hilda Streets? Was there a shortcut for the two schools over the railway, eg. bridge at end of Cheviot Avenue? My cousin in the late-1940s/early-1950s lived in Jackson Street near Centenary Road but went to Boothferry Road although Pasture Road was a lot closer.

I remember that on Centenary Road opposite Jackson and Weatherill Streets, where the bungalows and six semi-detached houses are, were allotments.

Posted by Sheila on 29/03/2014

I suppose there must have been a catchment area for schools but not sure what it was. I was born in Brough Street with the school dentist on the corner (too close for comfort) and went to Pasture Road and Alex. We did sometimes go over Kingsway Bridge to get to school but

usually, went through the town. However, Peter Walker, who lived at the other end of the street on Mount Pleasant, went to Kingsway. Philip Baker (a family friend) lived on Jackson Street and went to Alex. We also had a girl in our class at Alex from Adeline Street. So make sense of that if you will...

Posted by Elsie on 30/03/2014

I remember the inkwells in the desks, even at GGS. Us lads would nip up the pen nibs in a woodwork vice and poke them down milk straws. Lethal darts they were.

Posted by Norman on 27/04/2014

I went to Goole Modern School - always at the back of the classroom, the teachers had no time for anybody who was slow to pick things up.

One teacher would walk up and down the rows of desks if someone said something he didn't like his cane would come down on your desk at rocket speed you had to get your hand out of way pretty quick. Bob Reavelie he had no time for me I spent the lesson in the store room he also used to forget I was there - I've also had to climb out of the window.

We had some very nice teachers. Mr Watson would stop after time to teach us how to play chess; Mrs Moncaster was also nice, she must have drawn the short straw to get our class, she was good to us. The headteacher Rouse - I felt his cane many times across my hands and backside. He once had me and Tommy Tune on stage in front of the whole school to give us six of the best - all we did wrong was dig up the chicken run, we didn't know they had grassed it, we thought we would let the chickens have a good feed on worms. I bet they enjoyed the worms better then we enjoyed the cane.

Posted by Karen on 03/05/2014

I remember GGS well. I was in Tudor and in the First Year was with Miss Scurrah in room 7. My class mates were Lesley Bristow, Karen Garner, Elaine Linklater, Diane Betts, Margaret Hall, Karen Button, David Holborough, Danny Hennessy., John Hewitt and Gary Wakes to name a few. Our next year was in Room 8 with Mr Ferryman (Festus). Very happy days for me. Some brilliant times and lovely friends.

Does anyone remember Miss Mead, the music teacher? And Pansy Potter, PE. teacher with Miss Ounsley? Also was there a Miss Esherwood? I think a drama teacher or was she the domestic science teacher in the FE. Block? I remember Bongo - bless him; and Mr King who taught us history. Loved every minute attending that school.

Posted by Sheila on 10/08/2014

I still remember my first day at GGS over 50 years ago. Having spent much of the school holidays helping to sew name tags into every piece of uniform, I ventured forth into this brave new world with my new uniform and "pork pie" hat carrying a new satchel over my shoulder containing only a pencil case and an Oxford Concise Dictionary. I still have it as well. Still also have the Bible, school hymn book and geometry set we were given on that momentous day.

Remember that many of the boys in the First Year were wearing their first pair of long trousers but some were still in short trousers. These days even the smallest of boys wear long trousers. How times change...

Posted by Elsie on 10/08/2014

School outfitters, Gordon Clarke's opposite Tower Cinema on Carlisle Street, close to where the Paradise Club sprang up.

Posted by Sheila on 11/08/2014

Or the Co-op drapers on Boothferry Road. What about the length of your trousers then? If I remember correctly, you wore long.

Posted by Elsie on 11/08/2014

Short pants at first then long later. We wore the cap until the end of Third Year as well. I was going for the Jimmy Clitheroe look...

Posted by Robert on 11/08/2014

This may be apocryphal, perhaps someone will know, but I remember it being said that under Mr Latimer's headship, those who stayed on an extra year in the Sixth Form to go for Oxbridge entrance, many of whom would reach the age of 20 during that year, still had to wear the school cap walking to and from school!

Posted by Mike on 12/08/2014

School caps were essential even in to the Sixth Form although many were discarded on walking through the school gates, unless staff were cycling passed. Good to hear that Gordon Clarke's is still remembered. My mother managed the shop for several years although I still didn't get long trouser until Second Year! The shop (School Outfitter), was situated almost directly opposite the library and the Tower Cinema.

Posted by Peter on 12/08/2014

I can remember my time as one of Lenny's serfs as if it was just yesterday, and woe betide you if you didn't wear your school cap! Ewan Dennis, who was in my year, tossed his cap into the Ouse from the bus one day crossing Boothferry Bridge. The cap was returned to him a few days later - name tag helped in the reunion.

Posted by Sheila on 12/08/2014

Remember that the Sixth Form boys looked a tad silly in their caps. Especially when most were over six feet tall. Mr Teed (the new Head) was responsible for changing the Sixth Form uniform to a grey suit and a different tie (plain navy with a gold Viking ship). The Sixth Form girls wore any coloured blouse or sweater with their suits. Some retained their original uniform but wore the new tie. The caps/hats were no longer part of their uniform.

Posted by Karen on 23/08/2014

I went to Hook Primary School in the 1960s when it was opposite the Memorial Hall (one of the walls we used for hand stands is still there). Mr Hewson was head teacher and Mrs Jenkinson and Miss Blanchard were the other two teachers. My classmates were Richard Fawbert, Peter Brooks, Helen Chiswell, Maureen Challenger and Karen Garner whose mum and dad ran the village newsagents. Only three classes and 60 in the school. What a shock we got when we went to Grammar School with hundreds of pupils. A huge school hall and what seemed like hundreds of classrooms that were a complete maze when the bell went for the next lesson.

Posted by Anon on 29/08/2014

My time at Goole Modern School was 1954 to 1958. We had no girls to look at, they must have thought that girls needed protection from us the nasty boys, the school was separated by locked doors we only got to the girls end was when we had gardening. I wonder if the girls had a peek at us as we did at them? I didn't see the girls on way home as me and the lads walked home down the back lanes so we could have a fag which we bought three woodbines and a match for sixpence.

Posted by Keith on 22/09/2014

I remember been segregated. Even on the sports field during the breaks we were not allowed to mix. The boys and girls lay looking at each other over no man's land. Fortunately I was a prefect whose job was to walk up and down making sure the two did not mix. How times have changed.

Posted by Marjorie on 07/05/2015

I went to Goole Modern School 1955-59. I remember the headmistress Miss Alburn, she was a dragon - she thought boys were despicable that's why we were not allowed to mix with them. My favourite teacher was Mrs Greensitt.

Posted by Tom on 27/06/2015

Do you remember the white line down the centre of the sports field - girls one side, boys the other? The staff obviously never ventured over to the bowling green toilets.

Posted by Peter on 15/09/2014

I remember games lessons. In football we played skins and shirts, one side played without their shirts on. If you did games with Kingy (Mr King) he would then give the whistle to one of us to referee and clear off to the staff room. Cricket with Evensy, if you dropped a catch he would stand you ten yards away and throw the cricket ball at you - he fancied himself as a demon fast bowler.

Posted by Terry on 22/07/2015

I have just found this site. I was at GGS 1965-1971 and have many memories. I was glad to see a reference to Mr Smith who was simply one of the best teachers I have ever encountered and gave me what has been a life-long interest in history. Mr Teed I saw mentioned - headmaster who taught British Constitution - lovely man and glad to see he is happy in retirement in Cornwall. I moved away from Yorkshire in the early-1970s and never returned to Goole but I loved my time at school - if I did not pay enough attention I can now say sorry! Windsor House was always the best - at simply everything!

Posted by Christine on 27/07/2015

I went on a GGS trip to Chartres, France, in the early-1970s, where we attended a local school for a few days.

Posted by Jane on 05/08/2015

I was at GGS 1965-1971. I remember Arnie and Mr Cauldwell who inspired my love of geography. Bongo, despite being amazingly knowledgeable about all things historic, didn't inspire me as much so I failed history A-level. Mr Heath and Miss Potter were encouraging in all things sporting and the fantastic summer camps in Kettlewell and Pateley Bridge.

The pupils I remember were David Ibbotson, Gillian Hardy, Sue Johnson (great goalie), Ricky Kay, David Hinks (fantastic runner), Judith Petch, Steven Theaker and lots of others I have forgotten the names of. Most memorable things were the hockey teams, Zigger Zagger, the assembly about a nuclear attack, the sudden death of Angus the art teacher.

Posted by Goolie Gone on 06/08/2015

I was at GGS a few years before your time there, and therefore didn't know any of the contemporaries that you mention, but I still found your post most interesting. Some of the staff would have been the same, of course, including Mr Turner. Gus was a bit scary for a callow eleven-year-old, but he was always one of my favourites there, and rather inspiring to me. As were Mr Branson and Mr Ferriman.

I didn't know what became of Gus after I left, but it seems he didn't have a long life.

Posted by Dobbie on 02/09/2015

Good to hear Gus mentioned. He was a bit scary to the uninitiated but his heart was in the right place. He was a great supporter of the rugby teams and never missed a home match.

He took quite a gang of us to Perthshire each year for the grouse beating - Lower Pitcairn Farm near Aberfeldy. Mike Staveley, Bruce Combe, Terry Dunsworth, my brother - Paul Dobson, John Armitage. We spent the best part of six weeks with Gus and his family living in a bothy on the Grantully Estate. Of course Gus didn't do any beating, he had the more illustrious position of "flanker", where he spent most of his time painting watercolours - no surprise there. Oh yes, just for the record Gus didn't live in the bothy. He lived in the farm house!

Posted by Bill on 11/12/2015

Your reference to Gus and grouse beating in Perthshire raised some memories. I went up there for a couple of seasons around 1965. Hitched-hiked all the way from Goole to Aberfeldy and back. It wasn't a problem in those days. Enjoyed discovering the Scottish Highlands. Enjoyed the independence of living in a bothy. And the pay, 30 bob a day I think.

Was appalled by the behaviour of the aristocratic fools with the guns - one of them even managed to shoot me - not seriously. Probably fuelled my subsequent dalliance with left wing politics. Can't remember too many names, I think Al Knott, (?) Strachan, "Sugar" Barley. I remember also hitching over to Perth to see the Kinks. And walking a few miles back from a distillery nursing a large glass of single malt. Hanging out in the local coffee bar with Scottish lasses - heady stuff for an impressionable provincial teenager.

Posted by Alan on 01/11/2016

I certainly do remember our Grouse beating working holiday with Gus centred on Aberfeldy - brilliant time. I seem to remember everyone smoked except me so inevitably I finished the holiday as a smoker! We beaters went on strike (or threatened to) in order to get one of us (in rotation) to stay at "home" to cook the evening meal and make the sandwiches for the following day - but still get paid - the aristocrats caved in quickly.

I remember the local coffee bar (coca cola and aspirin was tried I remember) and the local bar where we tried Green Chartreuse for the first time. Some great memories.

Posted by Simon on 20/01/2016

Just found this site and previous comments about Angus brought back a couple of memories.

He once picked on the form "hero" and made him stand on a chair and recite "Mary had a little lamb" as payment for some misdemeanour. Then he made him do it all over again "this time with feeling boy".

Another occasion when in the Sixth Form we (myself and partner in crime) were summoned in a commanding voice to go to his stockroom. In a whisper he told that a piano had been in the girls' quad for some time. He gave us a hammer and an axe and told us to go and collect the lead hammer weights and bring them back to him. In mid-task we were accosted by Arnie, undoubtedly alerted by the enormous amount of noise, who asked what we thought we were doing. "Mr Turner told us to do it sir" was enough to stem any further enquiries!"

Posted by Celia on 30/08/2017

Gus was one of my favourite teachers... along with a couple of others. One day we were sent into his stockroom to get some yellow powder paint. Oooops, it was accidentally dropped and

clouds of powder filled the room. Gus was furious and locked us in the stockroom until the dust settled, we then had to clean it up. Happy days.

Posted by Steve on 05/08/2015

I was at Goole Grammar from 1965-1972 and am very familiar with many of the names people have been discussing.

I have lost touch with the people who were in my form, which causes regret, Rob Palmerone, who went on to be a clinical psychologist on Humberside; Howard Burton, whose brother Keith died tragically in a road traffic accident in the autumn half term holiday in 1965, just after being accepted to do maths at Oxford; Ruth Jackson, our illustrious Head Girl, went on to study at the Royal Academy of Music; Jane Clayton went up to university to study French, I think. Other folk who readily come to mind are Sue Whitaker, Sue Clayton, Amanda Johnson, Rob Beevers, John Torn, Mike "Yakky" Wood, Stephen Tose, Dave Brogan, Joyce Garner and many more.

Posted by Peter on 15/08/2015

Miss Coughlin took us for what was known as English Language back then (English Lit was a separate subject). In one stirring piece wot I wrote, I used the term "by sheer weight of numbers" for which Miss C docked me a mark or two. She referred to the word sheer as being slang, and therefore not acceptable for use in schoolwork. I'm sure I'd seen that term in either *The Dandy* or *The Beano*, so I remember being a bit miffed at her cavalier use of the red pen.

Does anyone know what happened to Miss Coughlin? I do hope that she had a long and happy retirement after putting up with so many philistines for so long."

Posted by Robert on 15/08/2015

Peter's question about Miss Coghlin stirred my curiosity too, so I looked her up using my genealogy subs. She lived to the age of 102. Mercy Marion Coghlin, born in the Lanchester (Durham) district, 16 May 1904, death registered in the York district, 28 June 2006.

Posted by Peter on 16/08/2015

Thank you so much for your information on Miss Coghlin. ("Further marks deducted, Kirkpatrick, for spelling my name wrongly," she might have said.) It's great to know that the formidable Miss C. lived to age 102. Good for her! It may be then, after all, the wherewithal she had to knock into shape decades of recalcitrants sent her way at GGS was what kept her going!

Posted by Wendy on 25/01/2016

I remember all of my teachers at GGS, most fondly Dorothy Thompson (art) and Julian Gurdan (pottery). I have lived in the US since 1983, this site is like a visit home for me! And how about Ian McElhinney my drama teacher now a star on "Game of Thrones"!

Posted by Lucy on 08/09/2020

Ex-drama teacher in mid-1970s Ian McElhinney still delighting TV audience in *Derry Girls*, *GoT* and some others. The whole class had a crush on him I think and to much shock and delight he used an "F" word (fart, in case you were wondering, as in "imagine someone's just farted in front of you"). Good stage prompt.

Posted by Goolie Gone on 31/01/2016

On Sundays it was school again for some of us in the early-1950s, Sunday School, ours being at the Tin Tabernacle on Bridge Street - now long gone, of course. It was on the opposite side of Bridge Street to Albert Street, near where the traffic lights are now.

In those days, about 50% of kids went to Sunday School, some of us sent there to give our mums and dads a break, Most places were closed on Sundays, and I remember that West Park was locked for the day. No Sunday football in the park back then. Still, we managed to amuse ourselves, “oot and about...”

Posted by Bill on 31/01/2016

Yep, I did the Sunday School thing in the 1950s - in the church hall across from the Parish Church. Although a committed atheist now, I appreciate what I learnt about the Bible stories at Sunday School. There are so many biblical references in our literature and art that, thanks to Sunday School, mean something to me - but are completely lost on subsequent generations of children. Also, I bet a lot of parents made good enjoyable use of the privacy they gained when they packed the kids off to Sunday School!

Posted by Keith on 08/02/2016

I went to the All Saints Church on Bridge Street in the 1950s. I was in the choir and so on a Sunday it was Holy Communion at 7:00, choir practice at 10:30, Sunday School at 2:00 and evening service at 6:00. Mr and Mrs Barret were the husband and wife who ran it. I remember the socials on a Wednesday night. I am not religious at all now, but thankful for the knowledge it taught me.

Posted by Neil on 08/02/2016

My late mother Joyce (nee Guylee) Young went to Goole Grammar School around 1930. I have a couple of her embroidered GGS school crests - one on a gold background, one on a navy background, two of her school ties, and two rollout black and white school photographs - one titled Goole Grammar School, the other titled Goole Secondary School 1932, and several old photographs from mum's days at school.

Mum came to Canada in October 1939. Her father (my grandfather) William Guylee was a bobby - PC Guylee, in Goole from 1922 to 1938. The family lived at 9 Percy Street.

Posted by Alan on 03/11/2016

I wish I had found this site earlier - so many familiar names of staff and pupils (Bill Stewart in particular - we were good friends in the days when trainspotting was the thing to do). Steven Hunt as well - I was in the same class as his brother Vernon and I used to go to Airmyn to ride on his scramble bike and I think we were all proud of him when he became a pilot and so shocked when he was killed). For myself I married Janet Major - also of GGS (still happily married) eventually became a chemistry teacher and then university lecturer - now mostly retired but still do some work for the OU. Still go back to Goole because Janet's mum still lives there - and I still go and watch Hull City (but I'm not sure how much longer that will last!)

Posted by Bill on 10/06/2017

I remember Vernon Hunt's scramble bike. A 350cc Royal Enfield. I also remember riding it into a barbed wire fence, which he and I were not too pleased about.

Posted by Bill on 03/04/2017

GGS and “Alta Pete” bring back fond memories. My time was 1961 to 1966. We had a bus laid on from Hook village and a long bike ride if you missed it. First Form teacher was George Stones (maths) - his immortal phrase still reverberates “Is it your homework tonight?” Games master was Postill who rode a scooter (Lambretta?). It got special treatment from some leavers on the last day of summer term (1965?). “Elvis” Hall was a great physics master; “Doc” Gray chemistry.

Posted by Celia on 30/08/2017

What a great hour I've spent read all the comments, having just discovered this site. So many happy memories of GGS came flooding back!

Who remembers Mr Parry and the production of the play "Ichabod Crane"? I think I was the front end of a horse costume... what a memory to lie dormant all these years. I was at GGS from 1960-67.

Posted by Keith on 09/09/2017

Another lesson now dropped from the school calendar, horticulture. I remember gardening taken by Mr Hutchinson at the far end of the school field. There were also animals. Again I remember feeding the pigs in the summer hols. Anyone else remember?

Posted by Corby on 09/09/2017

Still flying the flag for the other school. Mr Day taught horticulture in my time. Mr Hutchinson must have been out of his comfort zone in that job. Being a sportsman, Mr Reveley taught metalwork, then I believe was a woodwork teacher - multi-talented I think. I cannot remember my woodwork teacher but he helped to point me in the right direction as I ended up working in wood and I always got good marks at school

Posted by Keith on 09/09/2017

Possibly your woodwork teacher was Mr Richardson. Mr Reveley was mine, not a very likeable teacher but he got the job done. Mr C.B. Fell (maths), another firm teacher - threw many a pupil's maths book out of the window. Mr Oliver (metalwork) another favourite teacher.

Posted by Bill on 25/10/2018

Mention of school masters at GGS reminded me of one in particular. I regret I can't remember his proper name, he was not one of my main teachers but I did meet him once or twice after I left school. Possibly he taught history - his nickname was "Bongo". He was a pleasant, intelligent, sympathetic and civilised man with some physical disability. I fear he was often teased and treated unkindly by pupils. The last I heard was that he committed suicide but I cannot vouch that this was accurate information. If so it was a tragic end. Does it ring any bells with anyone?

Posted by Peter on 25/10/2018

I remember Bongo, though I didn't attend any of his classes. My history lessons were with Bill Petch and Ma Bell. I think his name was Smith, and he joined the staff in the late-1950s. He knew his subject very well, and by all accounts his lessons were quite entertaining, if a bit unruly. He was however seen as a figure of fun, though I do hope this was nothing to do with his pronounced limp, but because he looked a bit like Phil Silvers.

Posted by Tom on 31/10/2018

Mr Smith was one of the history teachers at the Grammar School. He was a wonderful teacher and a very kind man (unlike one or two other members of staff in the 1960s). I owe Mr Smith and Mr Petch a great deal as they helped me pass my exams. Unfortunately Mr Smith had an artificial leg, I heard he lost it in an accident, however it could have been the war. I guess he was in a good deal of discomfort walking, but he was always cheerful. I was very upset to hear that he had taken his own life.

Posted by History Man on 13/11/2018

No doubt we all have our own recollections of Bongo Smith. He was indeed a kind and helpful teacher. I seem to remember that as well as his slow walk and pronounced limp he was small,

wore glasses and a hearing aid and had a slight West Country accent. We didn't always behave well towards him. When annoyed he would call us "you people", and some would try to goad him further into losing his temper when he would go rigid in the face and bite his front teeth tight together, and then after holding this for several seconds he would relax and carry on as if nothing had happened. He was a modest man - he once said "Mr Hall can understand my subject but I can't understand his."

He was Ivor B. Smith, and Googling him pulls out his name on pass lists for his BA and Dip Ed at Bristol in 1943 and 1944, and his photograph, presumably in the 1950s, on the staff page of the website of Waterloo Grammar School Old Boys Association (Liverpool) where it appears he was known as "Whiss". He was however at GGS by the late-1950s and lodged near Mr Latimer in Centenary Road. I believe he moved to Guiseley near Leeds in the 1970s and was found in his car on the moors around 1973.

Posted by Geoffrey on 24/01/2019

A few memories of my time at the Modern School, 1954-56, when I left to go to the new Don Valley High School.

I recall Mr Musto, with his big red sports car, the "fire engine"; Mrs Conrad (biology); Peter Dornford May (music); Mr Reavely (woodwork), who, when I broke my arm in the playground, happened to be passing and cradled it all the way to Bartholomews; Mr Bamford (English); Mr Fell; and was it Mr Houghton who listened to the cricket test matches? Mr North (history)

Miss Cranidge at Pasture Road; "Ginger" Winn; hearing a Hawaiian guitar at what I guess was the Coronation Celebration(?). Mrs Haywood at Alexandra Street; learning bookbinding. Hopefully more memories will follow as I read further.

Fond memories of my years there and the people I met. Shame I've lost touch with everyone from that time.

Posted by Graham on 22/10/2019

I was only at Goole Grammar for the Upper Sixth. My clearest memory is the inter-house swimming gala. I had not been picked to swim as my house captain did not know me. Well on the morning of the event they came to me and said they were short of a boy to swim the last leg of the freestyle relay. I was to swim the last leg.

The race started and my team were doing badly. On the last return towards my turn to swim the others were halfway down the pool towards me. My team member was still standing there waiting for his swimmer to touch the end. At last he touched and the guy swam towards me. The others by now were on the last leg of the race and nearly halfway to the end of the last lap. My man touched my end and I dived in. We won the race.

Eric Postel asked me who the hell I was. Nobody knew I had represented Hereford and Worcester for breaststroke the previous year. More importantly - my mother's Goole Grammar free style record was broken by a girl that very same gala competition.

Posted by Peter on 02/02/2020

I used to do well when Bill Petch took us for history, and recall his sense of humour. According to Bill, Henry VIII always wore a strong belt to stop his belly from dropping down over his knees. For a couple of years Miss Bell (Ma Bell) the deputy head, took over our history lessons, and I slipped down the ratings, but moved back up when Bill took over again. Funny, that.

Posted by Liz on 07/06/2020

I was at GGS from 1959 to 1966. I remember Mr Latimer was the head when I joined, then Mr Teed succeeded him. Great to see so many teachers' names - Miss Coghlin, Mr Turner, Mr Petch, Mr Branson. Anyone remember the physics teacher (Elvis) who never marked the work? I remember the new science labs being built. They tried out the fire escapes - not great as they ended on a first floor roof!

When I joined the school the air raid shelters were still a feature on the playing fields.

I can still recite the class register (how sad is that) - Abdy, Auger, Baxter, Best, Burt, Clayton, etc. The girls included Gillian Mackinnon, Sue Elvis, Gillian Shepherd.

Posted by Goolie Gone on 17/08/2020

The other day a friend and I were on about our earliest school memories. I was still only three when I started at Old Goole County Primary in the late-1940s. In the playground was an outside toilet block, against the wall of the lane behind Beverley Street. The headmaster was a Mr Dickinson.

I was telling this friend that we used to have a nap in the afternoons on camp beds that were otherwise stored in a rack against the classroom wall. Now, this does seem a bit unlikely, so I'm wondering if somewhere along the way I've imagined it. Does anyone else remember the afternoon naps at the school? Thanks.

Posted by Keith on 17/08/2020

I remember the camp beds for sleeping in the afternoon. Pasture Road School, and before that the Alex nursery.

Posted by Jimbo on 16/02/2021

I went to Old Goole Primary School starting in 1957 as a five-year-old. The head mistress was a Mrs Higham, I think she lived somewhere top of Morley Street on Swinefleet Road. Don't remember any beds, but do remember break times when biscuits were on sale to go with the small bottle of milk we had every morning. At Christmas there was always a Christmas Fair which were always well attended and good fun.

Then at around nine years old I progressed next door to the Primary School. Dickinson was the headmaster and a right nasty piece of work, his wife also taught there. Miss Gunnill used to arrive every morning on her bike from Hook, rain or shine. Dickinson left and Jack Clift became the head, fantastic man. Mrs Gutowski taught among other things basketwork which I thought was brilliant. I played for the school football team a few times in the amber and grey shirts taking on the likes of Alex, Boothferry Road and Kingsway, usually losing I might add but all good fun. After school we would play in the school yard, plague the caretaker Mr Priestly and later Alfi Taylor (councillor) who couldn't run for anything.

Born in Percy Street the school seemed to be always there and holds a lot of memories, good and bad. I had occasion to see the old place some years back what a mess progress has made. Still we move on I suppose.

Parks

The town planners were generous with the amount of green space they gave Goole. This gave a welcome change to people living in the terraced houses. Most parks were built to commemorate some local or national event and, although they aren't used as much nowadays, many people have memories of stickle-backing in West Park, walking along the riverbank to Riverside Gardens or visiting the circus in South Park.



- **West Park** - The largest park in Goole, this was laid out in 1923 with the help of money from the Unemployed Grants Committee. People of Goole remember it for the paddling pool, boat lake (mostly seaweed), steam engine, playing chicken on the motorway and the sports facilities. The park hasn't changed much. There are fewer items in the playground and the large building is rarely used.
- **Corner of Airmyn Road/Centenary Road** - Technically not a park, but still a pleasant piece of land on the corner of the two main roads.



- **Riverside Gardens** - A small park next to the riverbank just off Hook Road. It has a bandstand in good condition, a very nice bowling green. This is the place in Goole to catch worms if you like fishing.
- **South Park** - The only park in Old Goole (unless you include the waste ground next across from the old shipbuilding yard). Infamous for big dogs which chase you and kids on motorbikes.



- **Kingsway** - Green land next to Kingsway School. Has strange playground rides consisting of seats on large springs which fling you several feet in the air. Another favourite haunt for kids and their motorbikes.
- **The Riverbank** - A very nice walk can be had along the footpath. Start at Lock Hill off North Street and keep walking all the way past Riverside Gardens, the Cemetery, the railway bridge all the way to the Blacksmith Arms in Hook.

Postcards



Visitor Comments

Posted by Matt on 30/10/2005

Why do the people of Goole hate the place so much? We moved here a year ago and have been repeatedly told that “people don’t move to Goole”, etc. The fact is that there isn’t much in East Riding at all - Goole offers more than most of the surrounding towns and villages, and has no more problems than anywhere else. In terms of West Park, I frequently walk my dog after dark around the park and have yet to feel threatened or unsafe. Goole, along with the rest of East Riding, is slowly being dragged into modernity through development, new jobs and better communications links. People who live here are the ones who should be promoting the town, if you think Goole’s bad have a look at Hull or even the back streets of (much more expensive) Beverley on a Friday night.

Posted by Paul on 12/07/2007

I moved to Hull from Goole. Enough said! Girlfriend from Hull. She loves Goole but she never lived there. It’s the place that’s stuck in a time warp!

Posted by Gordon on 09/09/2007

I remember West Park from my childhood. We spent a lot of time hanging around the few swings and things, and was never tempted to go for a swim in the green slimy pool. I wonder what it is like nowadays? I left Goole in 1974 for Australia - never to return.

Posted by Auntie on 05/11/2008

Hi there Gordon. How are you my little (ha ha) nephew? Couldn’t believe it when I saw your name. I remember paddling in the green slime in the West Park pool - yuk! Love to all in Oz.

Posted by Joanne on 22/03/2008

My mum ran the cafe, sold sweets, etc. in West Park for a short time in the late-1970s.

Posted by Sue on 14/06/2008

There was a small park in Percy Street, Old Goole. As kids we played there for many hours after school. There were bramble bushes near the flats so we sometimes took bowls with us and picked the brambles. There were two fields opposite each other behind the houses on Dempster Avenue and Morley Street where we went looking for old bottles. A BMX track was built on part of it by the kids. We also used to go tadpoling in the ditch that ran alongside the field. Across the road was another field that was always water-logged. That was at the back of the houses in Percy Street and kids used to skate on it when it froze over. There was the snicket that that everyone used.

My mates and I used to go looking for conkers and playing on Tarzan swings across from the shipyard. The siren that sounded every morning at 7:30am and the shipyard workers, most of whom were on push bikes, but we never needed an alarm to get up for school. We had a funfair that used to set up on the waste land on Swinefleet Road for a week - yet the Tarzan swing was more appealing, especially if you went from the top of the billboard and you got the butterfly feeling in your belly.

Posted by John on 11/09/2008

I remember all that too. Do you remember old cobbler's hut near the swing next to billboard? I lived in Morley Street in 1970s.

Posted by Sue on 01/11/2008

I remember the cobbler's but it's a bit vague. I also lived in Morley Street with my dad and sister. My dad is still in the same house. I remember getting stuck at the top of the billboard and a kind stranger helping me to get down, I just froze couldn't go down on the swing or look down to climb back down and I haven't liked heights since.

Once I had left school I did two big stain glass paintings in the St. Thomas Hall when it was a community centre, not sure if they are still there though.

Posted by Shaun on 25/10/2009

The park in Percy Street is still there. It's recently been redone and it looks pretty cool now. There's South Park in Old Goole where I live, but that really is nothing much more than a bit of grass. It really needs renewing, turned into something good like Percy Park is.

Posted by Geoffrey on 08/10/2009

I can vaguely remember going to West Park in the early-1960s when Jimmy Saville was there for some sort of event. I remember him turning up in a pink Rolls Royce. Does anyone know what that event was? It's been bugging me for a few years now. Thanks.

Posted by Fiona on 15/11/2009

The event that Jimmy Savile opened was known as Goole Carnival.

My dad (who always seemed to be involved with these events, he was the "voice of Hook Gala") arranged for me to meet Jimmy Saville. I would have been about five or six. He came up to me and said "Hello little girl". Even then he seemed very creepy. I remember stumbling over all the guy ropes behind one of the marquees in my rush to escape from him.

At one of the carnivals there was a go-kart race where someone was seriously injured. I seem to remember the grown-ups saying that the person had broken both their legs.

I used to go to West Park sometimes with my mother. We walked all the way from the Fountayne Street area over the railway bridge. It seemed a huge park to me at the time and so well kept. The rockery gardens were beautiful and the children's playground was marvellous. Going there was a real treat. I remember my dad pointing out the oak tree that Prince George planted. It is still there, but the park is a shadow of its former self.

Posted by Tom on 06/04/2011

The event you referring to was organised by Earnest Smith, then mayor of Goole, for I believe the National Trust for the Welfare of the Elderly, a charity formed by Earnest Smith. One, then young, women who worked in the town library was asked to dress in a very small costume and sit with him in the car. Fortunately for her I cannot remember her name.

This is the same Earnest Smith who was a teacher at the Secondary Modern School.

Posted by David on 23/10/2009

We spent most of our summer holidays at West Park during the late-1950s/early-1960s. We were a large family, mum and dad both worked and the older kids looked after the younger ones for the day. We would set off early from Halifax Avenue and be waiting for the gates to be opened by the park keeper. Well prepared for the day with a quart bottle of water (the water fountain didn't always work at the park) which we sometimes crushed a "penny fizz" into (gave it a very weak colour but certainly not the fizzy pop taste we were convinced it did) and a couple of egg sandwiches which were usually eaten by ten in the morning!

The whole day was spent playing on the swings, slide and roundabout, hide-and-seek amongst the well-kept flower borders and trees, paddling in the boating lake to cool off on the hottest of the days. I even thought I learned to swim in that pool but, in reality, I was just crawling along the bottom. We sometimes had a (home-made) bat and ball but a full scale football match would sometimes get going when someone brought a football. Even the tennis courts were very popular and well used.

It was an adventurous place where kids could run free, enjoy a wide open space in relative safety. I say relative safety for an abiding memory was the day we decided to go "fishing" for sticklebacks and newts in the dyke that ran along the eastern border with the open fields adjacent to the park - despite the fact that we only had our hands to catch them with and no jam jar or container to keep anything we may have caught. The dangerous part was when we tried to cross the ditch using a log or pipe (or something like that) and one of my sisters fell in the quite full dyke. She surfaced covered in mud, slime and weed and squelched all the way home to face the music.

Yes, West Park was a major part of our family's life and that of many other children at the time.

Posted by Robert on 25/10/2009

I like David's memories of West Park. Nowadays kids would mutiny just at the thought of walking that far. They'd prefer to be taken by car to somewhere like Flamingoland, at vast expense, or to be taken shopping. Oh yes, and we used to have to float down the sewer to get to school...

Posted by David on 25/10/2009

Not quite, Robert... but I did walk to school, first from Halifax Avenue to Kingsway then from Burlington Crescent to the GSM. I was about fourteen before I managed to get a bike (built it from spare parts and a scrap bike) and started to bike to GSM. One humorous tale was when I was cycling along Boothferry Road enjoying a quiet smoke when I spotted one of the teachers... a sharp detour into the back lanes was called for and I quickly "nipped" the cigarette and put it

in my school jacket pocket, re-joining the main road at the next street. It was only when I got off the bike at the entrance to the school that I noticed the smoke billowing from inside my coat. As I opened it the slight breeze caught the embers of my lining and brightened the burning ring of cloth as I frantically tried to beat the fire out!

Some ingenious imaginations were going to be needed to explain this to mam...

Posted by Jan on 14/11/2010

I spent lots of time at West Park during my teenage years. I would go on my bike after tea most nights and hang out with friends near the seesaw and roundabout. I also remember bands playing in the bandstand on a Sunday. There was an annual tennis tournament when I remember Doctor Lowe, the lady doctor, used to win mostly. I also remember the carnival when I bought my first alcoholic drink - a rum and bock! Because I had heard people mention that drink and I didn't know what to ask for!

Posted by Zigger on 20/01/2012

Hook Gala! Does anyone remember the parachute display in about 1973 when one of the team collided with live electricity cables a couple of fields away? There was a big red flash and for a moment he was caught on them, and everyone feared the worst. Luckily he turned out fine and all was well.

The evening disco was more like midsummer fertility rights, attracting youth from far and wide.

Posted by Fiona on 25/01/2012

I remember that happening. My dad used to do the commentaries for Hook Gala. I was a bit young at the time to remember what his commentary was, probably there was no commentary as I seem to remember all the power was down in the village. It was a very lucky escape. Hook Gala was such a big event for a small village. Unfortunately it outgrew its self, a pity.

Posted by Tom on 06/09/2012

The parachutist was from the RAF Falcons and did this jump without authority and was in very serious trouble for it. I was at the parachute school under training at the time it happened. His name escapes me for the moment but I do remember reading it in a Sunday paper. He got tangled in the earth wire above the live wires so elected to release himself and fall to the ground. I think he got away with one broken leg.

He is not the only one to have a mishap, another - whose name I will not give - fell from the top of a football stand dressed as Santa. Sadly he had his leg amputated as a result. He was a very good semi pro footballer. That ended, but he did marry his physio.

Posted by Corby on 15/09/2013

It seems strange to me now, how we can all remember our first experiences. I now find it difficult to remember last week.

West Park was a great place with the roundabout, zigzag, maypole and high slide. All would not pass Health and Safety these days. Whilst sitting on the zigzag with my hands firmly wrapped around the short pole between my legs. When the big boys took us up to great heights I learned one day to not be tempted to reach out and grab a support pole which was alongside of me at full height. Resulting in me being plucked from my seat on the descent. Sending me out in space.

The high slide: we used to become tired of going down sitting, then laying on our back, on our front, feet first, head first - ultimately to be launched off at the end.

The dangers came when a big boy would sit on the top and allowing a long queue to form up the steps. Then the more adventurous would climb out and slide down the side supports. This was less exciting. I learned the hard way one day. When I believe I became the first boy in history stupid enough to go down the tube, head first. The tube was set in a concrete block which I hit head first. The surprising thing is that I walked away from it, showing how resilient a young body is, although I did have a huge bump for some time afterward. Happy days.

Posted by Priscilla on 22/02/2016

I remember West Park, spent many a wonderful day there, including getting a splinter in my bum from the old slide chute. No problems though, mom to the rescue back then.

I sure miss everyone I knew back then. I left for Canada in 1946 and have never been able to return. My father died in 1947 and mother came out here. I anyone remembers me, hello, and enjoy life, it is so short when we reach this end of it.

Posted by Goolie Gone on 17/08/2020

There's been mention of local lakes and ponds, often so vivid in childhood memories. If you were an Old-Goolie, the ponds you'd perhaps remember were the ones by the side of the Dutch River.

On the Cottingham Street side there was a track alongside the river, past Fisons, past Chantry's farm, under the railway bridge and then a hundred yards further along the riverbank. I'm sure it was used for fishing, though I was never a hook-slinger myself. I did once pull a moorhen out of the pond by its beak. A bit of a shock for me too. Not sure what name the pond was known as.

On the other side of the river, somewhere about opposite Fisons, was the timber pond. Some of the logs were fastened together to form a type of raft or platform. Leaping about, on and off them, could be slightly hazardous for a kid as they were apt to float about a bit, as I found out more than once, and fell in the pond. Doh! The first splashing about should have been a lesson enough.

Posted by Paul on 30/10/2020

I've been looking at an OS map for the late-1800s and was surprised to see a recreation ground bounded by the workhouse, Jackson Street and Charter Lane (now Pasture Road) and the rear of properties in Pasture Road with foreshortened Widop and West Streets. Subsequently Amy Street, Laura Street, Adeline Street and extended Widop Street and West Street, etc. were constructed. Does anybody know anything about this recreation ground? Would have been very useful when I was at Boothferry Road School rather than having to walk to West Park.

Posted by Bill on 29/01/2021

I remember paddling in the pond in West Park. Do you remember the bottom of the pond was covered in green slime which made it certain you would slip over and fall in? Another occasion there was go-kart racing in the park, with little or no safety precautions, and one child was injured when one of the go carts came off the track.

More recently, within the last ten years, I visited the park on bonfire night and witnessed a fantastic and very professional firework display. The park is a great resource.

The Clock Tower



The Clock Tower was erected in 1927 as part of the Centenary celebrations of the opening of the docks. It has the dates 1826 and 1926 inscribed at the top of the tower. It replaced a large gas lamp that had been there previously.

The clock was later moved a few metres to stand it in the middle of the Clock Tower roundabout. Originally there were public toilets at the base of the clock. In the late-1990s it was defaced by the addition of a huge CCTV camera, although curiously standing by the tower is the only place in Goole out of sight of the cameras.

Goole had a reputation of being the easiest place to pass a driving test because there are no dual-carriageways or hills. However the first part of any driving test was to negotiate the busy roundabout.

This part of Goole was always a focal point of the town, either for the unemployed to congregate in the 1920s and 1930s or for drunken New Year revellers in later years.

Postcards



Visitor Comments

Posted by Robert on 23/05/2005

What roundabout? It wasn't there when I did my driving test. Nor were there any traffic lights for that matter - the first ones appeared at Greenawn Corner around 1970. The hill start was in Mariners Street where it joins Stanhope Street (which I think is one of the original roads raised above ground level using the spoil from digging out the docks, creating a three or four foot hill), although you also had to use the handbrake in (possibly) Manuel Street which had a particularly nasty camber for the three point turn. Bill Campbell taught us all the tricks and made sure we were one step ahead of the examiners.

Posted by Andy on 03/05/2006

I like the Clock Tower. When I was young I used to think a man lived inside.

Posted by Robert on 03/05/2006

Does anyone remember using the toilets that were underneath the Clock Tower before it was moved?

Posted by John on 28/06/2006

Strange request re Clock Tower toilets but since you ask... They were clean but a bit smelly. The fittings were very substantial. There were not, as far as I know, frequented by dubious characters.

Posted by Hamish on 04/02/2007

The toilets in the Clock Tower were a life saver at times. They were just around the corner from the pool office and just across the street from the Leeds bus stop and, after a two hour bone jarring bus ride from Leeds, they were the first port of call before going to check in at the pool. Then if one stopped for a "couple" before the bus trip back to Leeds, one was in agony until one reached Selby, and many a bus I missed in Selby!

Posted by John on 28/08/2008

I remember using the toilets at Clock Tower as a kid about eight. I also remember catching the bus to Old Goole across from them too, outside a bank I think it was. Who decided to put cameras on a piece of Goole's history? Shame.

Posted by CA on 14/01/2010

All the teenagers who were out and about in the late-1950s/early-1960s used to meet up at the Clock Tower and the girls used the loos for checking hair and makeup with own mirrors (none provided). I seem to remember a weighing machine or is my memory playing tricks?

Posted by Frank on 16/02/2010

I remember many a visit to the toilets under the Clock Tower and then over to Miss Appleyards toy shop. The new tower to me, seems to have lost its character.

Posted by DH on 09/12/2006

So when were the toilets closed and the tower moved to create the roundabout?

Posted by David on 21/09/2009

I can recall the toilets beneath the Clock Tower and using them as a child and, as I worked for the local authority after leaving school, I worked on taking the tower down, building the roundabout and rebuilding the tower. Removing the old stone paving slabs is not new either.

When I was on the road gang we took up the pavements in George Street area and they were sent "down south". I recall being told that they were being sold to wealthy people who wanted them round their swimming pools! But then I was young and a little naive.

Posted by Colin on 23/08/2014

The late Jack Bryant late Freddy Cooper, late Jack Andrews, late Tom Collins as well as me rebuilt the Clock Tower. It was hard work.

Posted by Pete on 31/03/2007

And then they stuck that ugly CCTV camera on top.

Posted by Bill on 01/05/2007

Pete, couldn't agree with you more. I did talk to the planners at Beverly and suggested it was time for an alternative location for the cameras or at least something smaller. The Clock Tower is one of the few buildings in Goole of architectural and historic interest, it really was crass to stick those cameras on top. Incidentally it was done without the necessary planning permission but it's too late to do anything about that now.

Posted by Fiona on 22/06/2007

Can't anyone think of anywhere else to put CCTV cameras? Last time I was in the area I was horrified to see one on top of Howden Minster. Does anyone know if there is one on Beverley Minster or St. Marys Church Beverley?

Posted by Stu on 06/06/2012

Just reading this about the Clock Tower, very interesting that it has the 100 year celebration on it. Do you think we as people of Goole should have the Clock Tower brought back to its former glory for the 200 year celebration in 2026?

Posted by Keith on 07/06/2012

I think the road around the Clock Tower should be brought back to its original glory before 2026. It's now similar to tram lines.

Posted by Peter on 24/10/2013

Saw the slightly relocated Clock Tower again when in Goole last week.

I remember my dad bringing home a copy of the Daily Herald (er, sadly long-gone) one day in the late-1950s, saying I should take a look at page 4. The Herald had a feature writer named Jon Akass, a very good journalist, though a sarcastic sod. Anyway, he'd written a feature on Goole which he observed was "typified by its town centre, a public convenience."

Now, some might say..."

Posted by Bill on 24/10/2013

Well at least they were properly staffed and properly maintained public toilets which are a rare commodity these days.

Posted by Bill on 10/06/2017

I was wondering if it was only me that continues to be outraged by the ugly camera on top of the Clock Tower. Apparently it is, as the Town Clerk advises me that mine is the only complaint in seventeen years. Also that the Council doesn't have the money or inclination to replace or remove them any time soon. It is a shame that one of most significant historic structures in the town has to be disfigured in such a way. Especially as a much smaller less obtrusive camera could do the crime watch function just as well.

Bridges

There are lots of bridges in Goole because of the flat land and the large number of river crossings. The largest bridge to dominate the skyline is the Ouse Bridge which carries the trans-Pennine M62 motorway between Liverpool towards Hull.



The bridge was completed in the mid-1970s and resembles a huge Scalextric model. If you stop under the bridge along Westfield Banks, you can hear the rumble of thunder from the traffic in the sky above and there's a spooky echo if you shout. There is a panoramic view of Goole from the top of the bridge, along with Boothferry Bridge and the Humber Bridge if you know where to look. It has solar-powered navigation lights in the central piers.



The Ouse Bridge was built to ease the congestion on Boothferry Bridge, which was built to replace an earlier ferry. From the days of "Booth's Ferry", this crossing point became increasingly important to travel and communication in the region and, with the demise of the Selby ferry, became the major crossing on the entire length of the River Ouse. It opened up the area to the north of the river and helped the growth of Howden. When the ferry ceased in 1929, it could claim to be the longest serving ferry on the Ouse and is forever remembered in the Ferryboat Inn nearby.

Boothferry Bridge was built to provide a more reliable way of crossing the river and was officially opened on 18 July 1929. It quickly became a traffic bottle-neck as the designers could not have anticipated the rapid growth in motor transport.



There are two footbridges across the railway, the Monkey Bridge off Gordon Street and Kingsway

Bridge. The railway itself crosses the Dutch River, but the most famous bridge is Goole Railway Bridge at Hook. This is a huge iron bridge made of several spans and is notorious for getting struck by ships which struggle to navigate in the fast flowing Ouse.

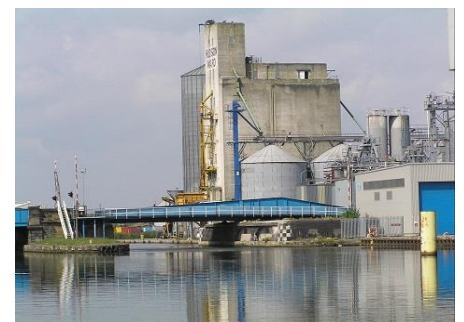


Bridge Street is the original name given to the road running through the heart of the docks. There are three bridges crossing West Dock, South Dock and the Dutch River. These bridges are notorious for slowing down the traffic because there are single-lanes, and when they close all traffic comes to a standstill. Although the bypass provides a detour around West Dock bridge, there is no alternative for the others unless the bypass is extended.

There was also a railway bridge across the road to carry coal wagons along a high-level line to a hoist. This was removed in the 1980s after the line was retired as it split the docks in two for high-side vehicles.



The Lowther Bridge crosses the docks at the top end of Aire Street. It was built around World War I and replaced an earlier bascule bridge.



The South Dock bridge was recently replaced with a newer model. The new bridge was built by the side of the existing one and slid across with a huge floating crane over the space of a weekend. It allows two lanes of traffic to cross at once and was part of a more general modernising of all the bridge mechanisms. Instead of a man and a bike, the bridges are now controlled from one place and monitored with CCTV.

There were plans to preserve the original bridge, but these never happened. Instead the bridge has been abandoned and provides a sunshade for people fishing in South Dock.

The broad and tidal rivers that mark the northern frontiers of this area do not lend themselves to bridges. Until modern times the way out has been by ferry. In times past Whitgift Ferry was the most important with a long list of famous people from Charles I to John Wesley who have crossed there and a melancholy list of tragic drownings. The most dramatic of these happened in December 1614 when Sir John, Sir Edmund and Mr Philip Sheffield, sons of Edmund Lord Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave and President of the Council of the North, with all their retinue were drowned at Whitgift Ferry. The 1906 Ordnance Survey records other ferries at Reedness, Swinefleet, Howden Dyke, Boothferry, Airmyn and Rawcliffe. No doubt there were others.

Swinefleet Ferry was important too. Its great tragedy was on the 21st September, 1735 when, as Whitgift parish register tells us "The ferry boat at Swinefleet was upset with 15 persons on it, 14 of whom miserably perished in ye river". Since the development of Goole much the most important of these ferries was that to Booth - the Booth Ferry. Originally it belonged to the Bishop of Durham as Lord of Howden and those who ran it leased it from the reigning Bishop. In the tidying up of episcopal estates that took place after 1836, rather oddly, it came to belong to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

The great days of the Ferry seemed to end with the coming of the Railways. Up until then the Boothferry Inn had been famous nationwide for its hospitality and comfort. But the motor car brought traffic back to the roads and the Boothferry soon became again a very busy place. Indeed from 1888 onwards there had been a growing demand for a bridge. Building began in 1926 and the bridge - swing bridge, of course, because of the shipping - opened in July 1929. The final ferry crossed on 17 July 1929. Today the only ferry still in use - for pedestrians only and not available apparently to the general public - is that at Airmyn. Let it be treasured both for its continued practical usefulness and also as a surviving fragment of a nearly lost strand in our history.

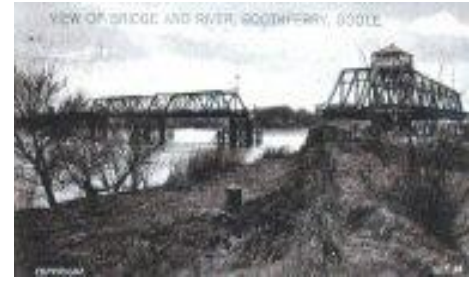
The first bridge across the lower Aire was between Carlton and Snaith. It needed an Act of Parliament and, built in 1777 for £1,850 at the expense of Thomas Stapleton of Carlton Hall, it was a Toll Bridge. Though the reasons given for the bridge was "the importance of the flax trade to the area and the inadequacy of the ferry for the transport of bodies for burial in Snaith Churchyard", it looks as though it might really have been something of a commercial enterprise. As in those days ships had priority over roads it had to be a swing bridge. In 1928 because of the old bridge's "exorbitant tolls" and "total inadequacy for motor traffic", it was replaced by the present steel girder bridge. Much of the old bridge and its toll houses still remain. It is a great deal more beautiful than its replacement.

Horses (and mighty stagecoaches) can cross rivers by ferry. The last of the Aire railway bridges was built in 1912 for the Selby-Goole line between Rawcliffe and Newland. The line closed in 1964 and the bridge was demolished and only its be-graffitied supports remain. It is a scene of desolation. But the great and famous railway bridge is that across the Ouse near Goole. This was built with great difficulty in 1868 to carry the new line to Hull. When it was built it was one of the largest swing bridges in Europe and a great marvel.

The most beautiful of the bridges (actually the only beautiful bridge in the neighbourhood) is the magnificent new bridge that carries the M62 high above the Ouse at Hook. Begun in 1973 it was completed in 1976. The old rivers nearly won. Firm ground for the foundations was found with difficulty and the final cost was vastly greater than the estimates.

"Rivers, Rectors and Abbots", David Lunn - Bishop of Sheffield, 1990

Postcards



Visitor Comments

Posted by Rod on 09/06/2003

My uncle Doug (Doug Abbey) operated that bridge for many year after the war and after he retired from the Navy. He later became Harbour master at Goole Docks. I was probably down to him that you got stuck at the bridge so often!

Posted by Robert on 01/06/2005

There used to be a footbridge over the railway at the Stanhope Street end of Bridge Street for use by pedestrians when the railway gates that used to be there were closed to road traffic. There was also a footbridge between platforms at the station, and I suppose the Boothferry Road subways under the railway count as bridges too. The M62 brings several flyovers - if you look to your left at Rawcliffe as you approach Goole, you can see Rawcliffe Station below you (please do not try this if you are the driver). One of my favourites, though, has to be the "under and over" railway crossing between Rawcliffe and Gyne Corner.

Posted by Brian on 22/07/2005

For years when I was small we used to get stuck in the traffic crossing Boothferry Bridge and I always wanted us to get stopped at the front of the queue when the bridge opened for a ship. Then I remember the day before they opened the motorway bridge and everyone was walking across it - but not us because we had the caravan on the back and there was nowhere to park.

Posted by Robert on 02/09/2005

I remember the motorway bridge on the day before it opened. It was a pleasant evening, a Sunday I think, and there must have been several hundred people walked up to or across the bridge. I went with some friends and had just got to the middle when the police came and cleared everybody off. I've only ever driven across it since.

Posted by FH on 15/07/2005

Pickard's Bridge: this was a bridge within the docks, near to what was called the buzzer house. It allowed persons to pass from one side of the dock to the other.

Posted by Richard on 13/12/2005

In November 1973 the Boothferry Bridge was the scene of a huge traffic jam. A railway steam locomotive of class WD built by Vulcan Foundry in 1943 for the British Army had ended up in strategic store in Sweden. It was purchased by the Keighley & Worth Valley Railway at Haworth and was brought on a low loader lorry through Hull Docks. This load was so wide and heavy that all other traffic was stopped as it prepared to cross the bridge only to find that a couple of boats required the bridge to be swung. Eventually after something like two hours, the lorry and engine had crossed and traffic started rolling again. It was a bitterly cold day.

Posted by John on 14/01/2006

My grandad was the last ferryman and the first bridgeman at Boothferry and retired in 1964. His name was the same as his father's, John (Jack) Henry Robinson. We as a family spent many Sunday afternoons in the bridge control room, three longs and a short on a ship's horn would be the signal to open the bridge.

Posted by Bill on 04/06/2006

I remember that the Kingsway (pedestrian) Bridge was the place to try out your roller skates. In those days there were no "safety features" to get in the way. Brave souls would come down all the way from the top, I only managed half way. Terminal speeds were frightening and collisions with innocent oncoming pedestrians not unknown. It's a miracle we escaped without broken skulls.

Posted by David on 09/10/2006

The ferry at Booth was owned and operated by my great-grandfather who also had a pub at the same location. My grandfather was the youngest of six children, several of whom worked the ferry. The opening of the bridge put the ferry out of business but two of my great uncles (Jack and Harold) were employed as bridge keepers. The road over the bridge also bypassed the pub which didn't do much for the trade but I don't know when it closed. There was also a second ferry a little further downstream at Howdendyke. At low tide you can still see the remains of the slipways of both ferries that they used to get vehicles on and off.

Posted by Goolie on 12/11/2006

Ahh manya drunken nights on the monkey bridge back in the day LOL

Posted by Street Writer on 31/12/2006

Plenty of graffiti under the Ouse Bridge, ahhh lots of drunken nights there...

Posted by Clive on 11/02/2007

You have missed the railway bridges over the Dutch River and canal. I can see it from my bedroom window for the last 45 years.

Posted by Peter on 08/07/2007

As a former Old Goolie, not now living in Goole, I've not seen the new Dutch River bridge yet. Is it any better? Is Bridge Street still havoc? Any new safety measures along the stretch? That's one part of Goole not missed but I do miss the town.

Posted by Amanda on 13/07/2007

Could someone tell me how the "monkey bridge" got its name? I have asked my partner, who is originally from Goole and still has family there, and even he doesn't know!

Whenever we come through from Hull, we always go over Boothferry Bridge. I aren't too good with crossing bridges, and this one puts the fear of God in me.

Posted by Robert on 18/07/2007

It was called the "monkey bridge" at least as far back as the 1950s, but probably before. I've always assumed it was because of its design, the sides were made from metal strips in a diamond shape, like wire netting, so that people going across looked like climbing monkeys. I'm just guessing.

Posted by Bill on 04/08/2007

Indeed the “monkey bridge” was so named well before the 1940s. My mother was raised in Carter Street in the 1920s and she always referred to it by that name. I would love to know the origin of the name.

Posted by TMH on 17/02/2008

Having lived in Goole for most of my life, and played on the “monkey bridge” as a child, I have often wondered where it got its name from. Thanks from New South Wales.

Posted by John on 30/08/2008

As kids we used to cross it to go to school every day and we used to tie rope underneath to make a swing. This happened from it being built. The police used to chase us, if we were seen they called us little monkeys.

Needless to say, I got caught by local bobby. He chased me and clipped me around my ear for been cheeky. It hurt too, his hand was massive, wasn't cheeky to him again.

Posted by Anon on 13/01/2011

The monkey bridge crew lol

Posted by Amanda on 29/07/2007

I can't picture Lowther Bridge, we always use the bypass so don't know where it is. Is it true that each bridge was opened by a bloke on a bike? My partner told me this... I thought he was joking.

Posted by Ken on 31/10/2007

As a young lad I watched the Kingsway Bridge being erected. It was not without incident. Apart from a small fire, the centre section somehow got dropped and bent and had to be taken away for straightening, at Goole shipyard I heard. The brick built ramps are hollow inside and for a time we could crawl in there when the brickies went home - wonder if anyone is still inside?

It was the best runway for our pram-wheeled trollies on the Fountayne Street side. If you were good you could fly down the ramp from the top, shoot along the pavement and make a hard left at Kingsway, just miss the lamp post at the chicane, before flying over the kerb and onto Kingsway playing field. If you were not so good you either rolled it or hit the lamp post. Happy days.

Posted by Ray on 28/12/2014

The Kingsway pedestrian bridge collapsed onto the railway line when Goole Council Engineers tried to put it up, because they attempted to lift the entire span in one piece, which it was not designed for. The bolts holding two of the sections together failed, and the bridge had some minor damage, which had to be repaired, before another and more careful attempt at putting it up could be made, some weeks later. (This account is according to a Council Engineer, who told me the story).

Posted by Sam on 18/12/2009

I was born in Old Goole. I spent many hours waiting for the pea lorries to slow down for the Dutch River bridge and then run alongside and nick peas from them. I was also once daft enough to swing under the bridge as a dare on a small tube that ran from one side to the other. It doesn't bear thinking about now.

Posted by Robert on 14/08/2011

East Riding Archives at Beverley Library has a census of vehicles using Boothferry Bridge for the whole of the week beginning 10 February, 1930 (reference POL 3/6/5/70), little more than six

months after the bridge opened. It includes the date and time, the name of the vehicle owner and the destination. There was more traffic than you might expect, possibly over 100 pages.

It is fascinating to note lots of local names, e.g. Easthams, Storrs, Pigeon Sykes motor bus from Swinefleet, Dr Wigglesworth from Howden, and (what I went to look for) Foster and Tetley's clothiers en route to Blacktoft on the Monday and Broomfleet on the Tuesday. There was some long distance traffic too. The archives also have later 1930s censuses, but I only had time to look through the February 1930 document. The others do not appear to list the owner's details.

Posted by Andrew on 08/11/2011

Working as a maintenance fitter on the docks in the early-1980s, one of our weekly tasks was to service West Dock, South Dock and Lowther bridges on a Thursday. This involved opening the bridge during the service to undertake maintenance work. I remember a boy stood on the footpath behind the lowered barriers commenting on the absence of a ship during such an event, only to be told by my colleague, Mr Dick Taylor, that a submarine was passing through and to look closely for the periscope. The lad's face was a picture and still makes me laugh all these years later.

Posted by Bill on 27/01/2013

Just to the east of Kingsway Bridge and next to the railway line there is/was a small rubbish dump which we called the "delf". There is a path to it between the allotments. Curious as to why it was so called. Anybody know?

Posted by Corby on 28/01/2013

There were three delfs and three dykes/ditches. The first dyke ran the whole length of Malvern Road. The second was between the two crossings that existed before the bridge was built. The first crossing linked Malvern and Limetree. The second crossing led to Hook Road by what everyone then called Mad Dog Lane, which now has a different location. The third dyke stopped at the cattle arch in Cowlings field. The dykes drained the railway embankments but fed the delfs which held the surplus water and became reed beds. A great place for kids for the abundance of wildlife.

Posted by Bill on 28/01/2013

Thanks for that very interesting bit of info - how on earth did you know that? I was wondering about the origin of the word delf, it sounds a bit Dutch but apparently it's an Old English word meaning a quarry. Could it have stayed in the folk memory from Old English/Viking times?

Posted by Keith on 28/01/2013

The delfs and dykes at the Malvern Road end also had an abundance of newts and sticklebacks, which as kids we would catch in our nets made from flour bags and pop them into a jam jar. Great times.

Posted by Corby on 28/01/2013

The creatures we caught had local names. The Great Crested Newt was known as an Astrid. There was also a fish about the size of a stickleback which was known as a Black Doctor. Black above and golden underbelly. I have never located this fish in books. Was it local to the area? Fishing and egg collecting was a passion back in those days - almost 70 years ago in my case.

Posted by Bill on 28/01/2013

Yes, catching newts and stickle bats in the dyke between Kingsway Bridge and the cattle arch was a favourite pastime. Last time I looked, about ten years ago, the ditch seemed to be entirely filled in - don't they need drainage anymore? When slightly older we used to go along there and

roam around the delf with air rifles trying to shoot rats - but we never succeeded. Amazing that we could walk back home along the street toting an air rifle and nobody thought anything of it.

Posted by Keith on 28/01/2013

You're quite right, the black doctor and the redbreast were it seems local to this area. I too have never see them in any reference book. Don't forget the cattiees (catapult) - these were the days when kids could roam and parents need not worry!

Posted by Mark on 29/01/2013

This site brings back so many memories. I remember the cattle arch and the dump. I once lobbed a broken toy and caught my dad on the head by accident! I believe there was a bottle dump not far away? I broke loads to get the marbles out. If only I knew at the time they'd be worth a small fortune. I also caught newts in the dyke behind our house on Malvern Road. Never saw any rats though, thank god. We used to swing on a rope tied under Kingsway bridge and dared each other to swing out across the tracks as the trains came along. There used to be garages near the bridge and a building site (playground to us) just beyond those garages.

Posted by Phil on 17/08/2014

I'm now in my ninth decade (born 1928). I was delighted to see references to the delf. I often got my feet wet there in the company of George Turnbull, Les Kellet and Les Mitchell. While crossing the railway from Kingsway to go to Westfield Avenue where uncle Alf Abrey lived, there was a big field with a large greenhouse full of tomatoes. If you hung around long enough when the tomatoes were being picked they'd sometimes give you a big tomato to clear off. Oh, happy days!

Posted by Ray on 28/12/2014

Boothferry Bridge had a very embarrassing first time opening ceremony. It was a hot day, the bridge designers had not correctly calculated how much the bridge would expand, and the bridge simply jammed in the heat at the Goole end, and simply would not open. End of ceremony. The nearest "expert" who knew a bit (a lot) about expansion of large steel structures was the Assistant Superintendent of Goole Shipyard - my grandad. He turned up, examined the problem, and said "You need to cut six inches off this end of the bridge". This was a massive task, but eventually was accomplished, and the bridge opened and shut regularly thereafter. Somewhere, I have a photo of my grandad, taken when he was called out to inspect the bridge.

I realise that some non-engineering folks may think that six inches "sounds an awful lot" but be advised that when the new road bridge over the River Severn was designed many years ago now, we had to cater for expansion and contraction of several feet between a very hot summer's days and the coldest imaginable winter's day. And yes, we did have to ensure that cars don't have to "fly through the air" for five or more feet on a cold winters day!

Posted by John on 30/03/2016

My father always told me he drove the first bus across the Boothferry Bridge at Howden in 1929. His name was Ken Harper, and he would have been 26 at the time.

Other Attractions



Obviously there is not enough space on the web to list all the things of interest in the town. Here are the highlights that should be on any itinerary.

- **The Water Towers** - The Salt and Pepper Pots, both of which dominate the skyline. When it was built, the water tower was one of the largest in the country.
- **Victoria Pleasure Grounds** - The home of Goole Town AFC and the Athletics Club. The ground is still run down compared to many years ago, but it was recently improved to meet the stringent requirements of the Northern Counties League (ie. so that nobody can see the match for free and the entrance does not turn into a giant puddle whenever it rains).
- **Leisure Centre** - A modern leisure centre and swimming pool built in the heart of the company town. The glass ceiling crashed into the pool when it was first opened, but it's fine now (honest).
- **Greenawn Corner** - The top end of Boothferry Road that greets new visitors for the first time. Here is the old Goole Grammar and Bartholomew Schools.
- **West Park** - The largest park in Goole. Go here for Goole Town Gala, walking the dog, bowls, basketball and tennis.
- **The Riverbanks** - No visit to Goole would be complete without seeing the river. If you're feeling adventurous, then walk all the way to Hook, passing the cemetery and the railway bridge. Otherwise walk onto the banks anywhere of Hook Road and admire the views. You will usually see ships turning around in the river as they make their way into the locks.
- **Old Goole** - The part of town the other side of the river. This area has been hit the hardest by the closure of the shipbuilding yard and general decline of the town.
- **St John's Parish Church** - This large church dominates the skyline for miles around and is the oldest church in town. It is situated on the edge of the docks and was built when Goole consisted of just the block of houses off Aire Street.
- **Cemetery** - This large cemetery is the best place to track down your ancestors, and contains the mass grave of the World War I zeppelin attack. There are nice views of the railway bridge from here.
- **The Monkey Bridge** - The bridge with nice views of the water towers and the docks. It was traditional to go here as kids and throw sweet wrappers on passing trains. The bridge has been recently replaced and has lost all of its old character.
- **Town Centre** - Goole, like most other small market towns, has several shops in the centre of town which cater for the locals' needs. Although most people go to the larger surrounding towns nowadays, the town centre has seen a recent resurgence, with the pedestrianisation of Boothferry Road between the railway and the Clock Tower and a new shopping centre built on the old railway goods yard.

- **Aire Street** - One of the main streets when the company town was formed. Note the rounded corners on the buildings and the three pubs down the street. The original slum houses were knocked down and the land turned into a supermarket.
- **Goole Museum** - Situated above the library, next to the Clock Tower, this is the best source of local history information.
- **Sobriety Centre** - A recent waterways museum opened in the middle of the docks. You can take a canal boat ride from here, or use it as a base to see the coal hoists and other parts of the docks.



- **Lower Boothferry Road - Timms Flour Mill** - A busy flourmill working in the town centre. If you look carefully you can still see the old windmill in the heart of the factory. Famous for its red trucks seen all over Yorkshire.
- **Lower Boothferry Road - Trinity Church** - A pleasant church which used to display a huge nativity crib by the road each Christmas. This stopped a few years ago after people kept vandalising the donkeys.
- **Lower Boothferry Road - The Cosy Carlton** - One of the three old cinemas in Goole. There used to be a small sweetshop to the right. The whole complex is now a Walker's Bingo Hall.



- **Upper Boothferry Road** - The town centre is now fully pedestrianised and it works well. One a sunny day, you can sit at a cafe bar, have a coffee and listen to the odd busker.
- **Upper Boothferry Road - The Old Goole Times** - Now a charity shop, but you can still see the ornate artwork and the inscriptions on the front.
- **Upper Boothferry Road - Belgravia** - A small side street of the main road. The first part to be pedestrianised and acts as a short-cut to the docks.



- **Pasture Road** - Goole's second shopping street. No longer leads to any pastures but to various small shops instead.
- **Pasture Road - The Charter Club** - The new name for the British Legion Club.
- **Pasture Road - Goole Baths Hall** - The Baths are no longer here as it was replaced by a modern office block and shops several years ago. However you can stand here and reminisce about past swimming galas, wrestling matches and dances.



- **Aire Street** - The main street in the company town. It was once a large, wide street full of shops and a market, although it is more sedate today.
- **Aire Street - Wm. Lows** - The corner of Aire Street and North Street. This piece of land had lots of original Company Town houses, but they were demolished many years ago. It was then transformed into a BMX racing track before becoming a supermarket.
- **Aire Street - Adam Street Garage** - Although you may not be interested in having your car repaired, it is listed here because it was an old theatre in the original town. Inside you can see the old balconies.



- **Centenary Road** - Built in 1926 hence the name.
- **Poet's Corner** - The name given to a block of streets off Centenary Road which are named after famous British poets. These streets are called Tennyson Street, Spenser Street, Gray Street, Byron Street and Milton Street.

- **Eastgate Flats** - Goole's only attempt at social engineering.



- **Transport Bottlenecks** - There are two ways to get stuck in Goole. If a ship needs to enter West Dock or South Dock, then one of the bridges on Bridge Street is open for about five minutes. If South Dock Bridge is open then Old Goole is cut off from traffic (although pedestrians can walk over the dock). If the Dutch River Bridge is open, then Old Goole is cut off unless you take a 20-mile detour towards Scunthorpe.

The other way to get stuck is when the level crossing opens. This cuts the town into two and can lead to large traffic congestion. There is a perfectly good bypass, but people would rather sit nose-to-tail and pollute the pedestrians.

Visitor Comments

Posted by Gail on 24/01/2007

I'm glad you've listed the huge nativity outside the Trinity Church as a former Goole attraction. I think its popularity peaked one Sunday morning when we all went to have a look at the handiwork of some Saturday night pranksters. The baby Jesus had been lovingly inserted into the donkey's mouth and some fish and chip paper nestled cosily in the manger. It couldn't happen now, of course, because chip shops don't open on a Saturday night.

Posted by Bill on 29/11/2008

I used to live in Burlington Crescent on the site of Eastgate flats. The flats as originally built were pretty awful but whoever was responsible for the makeover some years ago deserves credit as I think they made a reasonable job considering what they have to work with.

Posted by Mick on 01/01/2009

I remember one year in the 1960s that was designated as European Architectural Heritage Year. Goole marked this occasion by destroying its only Georgian terrace, East Parade. I also remember that it was possible then to walk across the lock gates to Old Goole. Just before arriving at the "Bottom House". I remember passing two early Victorian cottages on Quay Street/Bury Street. I was always disappointed as a child, that Betsy Trotwood or Mr Pickwick were not in the garden of these picture perfect dwellings. To complete the "hat trick" of destruction by Associated British Ports and its predecessors, I must, of course mention the total obliteration of Ouse Street. This was the heart of the unique company town that was Goole.

Ouse Street was a wide street of low early Victorian, possibly Georgian houses. It was ideal for the location of the original Goole market, where my ancestors had a stall selling home-made ginger beer. Ouse Street included the old "lock-up" and the "Crown", with its unique spittoon, which was a trough that ran the full length of the bar. I was there at the last night of the "Crown" and also the "Steam Packet". I knew that something was dying even if "Goole" couldn't give a damn.

Every time I enjoyed a pint in the bar of the Royal or the Lowther, I would picture someone there with me. Having a drink before or after a performance. One of the many who entertained the good people of Goole, at the neighbouring Music Hall, before they went onto bigger audiences. Charlie Chaplin and Stan Laurel to name but two. Cheers Stan, Cheers Charlie. Goole was a nice place once!

Posted by Bill on 05/01/2009

It depresses me so much what is happening/has happened to the town in architectural and townscape terms. Because I've not lived in Goole since 1967, I am open to the criticism that what happens there now is none of my business. But I do retain a strong affection for the place, which I still visit from time to time. It puzzles me that the town does not seem to have any kind of Conservation Group or Amenity Society (like many other historic towns) that could do some constructive lobbying of the planners and property owners. Maybe you have more pressing problems to worry about?

Posted by Judy on 18/02/2009

I remember being so upset when they pulled down the Maternity Home in Goole where both my children had been born. Always remembering my mum saying that when the light is on in the big window at the front of the building that another baby was being born in Goole. They built another more modern building but not for maternity purposes. I know we have to move with the times but these buildings are our heritage which once pulled down are lost forever.

Posted by John on 05/11/2009

I wonder if there are any photographs of the Goole Gas Works still in existence? As a schoolboy we were taken round the old Gasworks and watched as one of the coke ovens was discharged after the gas and volatiles had been baked out of the coal loaded into it. We then followed the route of the gas through the plant and into the gasholder. I think this was as part of our chemistry course but it was also relevant to the engineering part of our metalwork course as well.

It's quite sad to see the site of the gasworks now with all the industrial heritage obliterated.

Posted by Paul on 02/05/2010

We had our wedding reception at the now demolished New Potter Grange back in 1976. I would never have believed that it would get demolished.

Posted by Phil on 01/02/2011

Goole is of prime importance as a piece of history. It's one of only two or three (Stourport? Altrincham?) to have been founded as specifically canal towns. It isn't ancient, alas, which is why it doesn't attract the heritage mob. Also, because it was a Company Town and more or less everyone was an incomer, and there were no long-established families there used to running things, it may have suffered from a bigger division between the working population and the bosses than in other places.

Good luck with all the conservation work - Goole is much more important than many of its residents know!

Posted by Keith on 30/07/2013

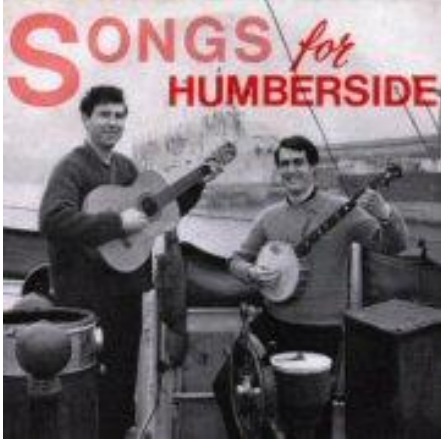
Just spent 25 minutes getting from the Grammar School to Boyes. Hit every traffic light, but the thing that really gets my goat is the amount of time the crossing gates are closed, thus cutting the town in two. The traffic is held up firstly by the gates closing at least five minutes before the train pulls into the station, the passengers disembark taking another four or five minutes still the gates

are closed then the train decides to move off. This happened three times on my journey. I think the train companies are having a laugh at Goole. There's no wonder people shop outside of Goole... Rant over!

Posted by Keith on 17/04/2018

I think it's time the traffic lights at the junction of Boothferry Road and Pasture Road were sorted. Stopped today on Boothferry Road with a mile of traffic blocked up behind, lights at green... three cars were let through before the red light. The Pasture Road traffic started to move, eight vehicles let through. No wonder Goole is always grid locked! Boothferry should have priority as this is the main road.

Songs for Humberside



The song “Humber Bridge” was written by Christopher Rowe and recorded by Christopher Rowe and Ian Clarke. It is a protest song about the lack of a Humber Bridge, but is included here as it’s the only song I know with “Goole” in the lyrics.

The Humber Bridge Song

Christopher Rowe

Voice

E♭ B♭7 E♭ B♭7 E♭ A♭ E♭ B♭7

In our ear-ly his-to-ry Juli-us Cae-sar crossed the sea to this is-land off the north-ern coast of France. Then some

E♭ B♭7 E♭ B♭7 E♭ A♭ B♭7 E♭ Fm7 B♭7

o-ther Ro-mans came to treat us just the same and they stayed a lit-tle long-er just by chance They came, they saw, they con-quered ev-ry

E♭ Cm Fm7 A♭ B♭7 E♭ Cm

thing that they could see 'til they reached the Ri-ver Hum-ber, that no-ble es-tua-ry. But they burnt their boats be-hind them not

A♭ B♭7 A♭ B♭7 E♭ B♭7 E♭ B♭7 E♭ B♭7 E♭ B♭7

think-ing it could be that the an-cient Brit-ons had-n't built a bridge. Will they e-ver bridge the Hum-ber will they e-ver span it or is it

E♭ A♭ B♭7 E♭ B♭7 E♭ B♭7 E♭ B♭7 E♭ B♭7 E♭ A♭ B♭7

al-ways an ex-cep-tion to the rule? Is it such a priv-i-lege not to have a Hum-ber Bridge and to have to keep on go-ing round by

E♭

Goole?

In our early history Julius Caesar crossed the sea
To this island off the Northern coast of France.
Then some other Romans came to treat us just the same
And they stayed a little longer just by chance.
They came, they saw, they conquered everything that they could see
'Til they reached the River Humber, that noble estuary.
But they burnt their boats behind them not thinking it could be
That the ancient Britons hadn't built a bridge.

CHORUS

Will they ever bridge the Humber? Will they ever span it or
Is it always an exception to the rule?
Is it such a privilege not to have a Humber Bridge
And to have to keep on going round by Goole?

In a thousand years or more there arrived on England's shore
A noble duke who came from Normandy.
Duke William was his name and conqueror he became
For he conquered all the land that he could see.
But one day he came up North and there to his surprise
As he reached the River Humber he was made to realise
While Romans could build straighter roads and walls of every size,
They never tried to build a Humber Bridge.

In the English civil war when they fought on Marston Moor
And the Royalists were scattered far and wide.
They disturbed the peaceful slumber of the quiet River Humber
But they knew that Hull was not a place to hide.
For the city favoured Cromwell and there they could not stay
They headed for the river to cross without delay.
But on reaching Hessle foreshore they found to their dismay
No one had ever built a Humber Bridge.

The year of 1966 found Harold Wilson in a fix
With his overall majority down to two.
He just couldn't face rejection at the Hull North by-election
Barbara Castle came to see what she could do.
There is one thing I can promise, she assured us on that day,
You'll get your Humber Bridge and there won't be much delay.
But she forgot to mention that a squeeze was on the way
And still we're waiting for a Humber Bridge.

Now they've built across the Severn, they've built across the Tay
And they've even spanned the mighty Firth of Forth.
But an increase on this number with a bridge across the Humber
Appears to be more trouble than it's worth.
Gas may flow in from the ocean, oil may spurt out from the sea
We could join the Common Market or something else maybe
Then in Whitehall and in Westminster perhaps they'll start to see
That at last we really need a Humber Bridge.

POSTSCRIPT

In 1981 when at last the bridge was done
It was opened by Her Majesty the Queen
It was suspended by steel/cables spun by spinning wheel
The longest that the world had ever seen
But it was financed by a debt and so we had to pay
At first it was a pound to go across each way each day
But now it's two pounds seventy with increases on the way
And we can't afford to cross the Humber Bridge.

Will they ever pay the loan off? Will it ever be free?
Is it always an exception to the rule?
Is it such a privilege just to drive across a bridge
Not to have to keep on going round by Goole?

Visitor Comments

Posted by Niki on 02/10/2005

At long last I've heard it again and remembered nearly all the words! The rest of the album ("Songs for Humberside") is worth a listen to as well (if only I still had it). My mum bought it when it came out, but it went the way of many records, the charity shop. Has anyone got a copy that they don't want? There's a good home ready and waiting!

Posted by Carol on 24/06/2005

The Humber Bridge song! I can't tell you how much it meant to me to hear it again! I remember Dr Clarke's son singing it on stage at the Grammar School, and although I've only heard it that one time, it has stuck in my memory, and I've often found myself singing the chorus to myself! I have told my kids about it, but they thought I was a little crazy, as they believe the Humber Bridge has been there for ever! Thank you for putting it on the site!

Posted by Ian Clark on 31/07/2006

I was intrigued to see the emails about the Humber Bridge Song on your site and delighted to know that your correspondents liked it.

It is now 38 years since Christopher Rowe and I first recorded the "Songs for Humberside" EP collection - to be followed by the rather predictably titled "More Songs for Humberside" and then by the Decca LP. I know there are some copies still around which haven't been turned into plant pots and a number of people have contacted me about digital copies of individual songs now that turntables are almost as scarce as the records.

I'm very sad to say that Christopher died some five years ago - a great loss to all his family, friends and fans. I'm sure he would be delighted to know that there are still those around who sing about "going round by Goole" and remember the songs with affection. The Haltemprice level crossings, Victoria Square and the William Wilberforce statue all bring back very happy memories of our time in Hull.

Living across in Merseyside and making regular trips back along the M62, I frequently give vent to a verse or two as we pass the bridge. I think I'll have to start singing earlier - as we pass Goole!

Best wishes to all your surfers!

Posted by Janice on 27/04/2008

In the late-1960s I shared Christopher Rowe's address! He lived in the flat adjoining mine in Park Avenue. Our electricity meters were run by shilling coins and he was always running out and coming to me for them! I was sorry to read Ian Clark's note that Christopher had died.

Posted by John on 10/04/2008

I was delighted to see this posting of the lyrics for the Humber Bridge Song. I first heard it and captured it on cassette at The Gate Folk Club in Coventry in the early-1970s, but the guys who sang it got the verses confused and sang twice about "Duke William was his name", so for the last 30 years I have been missing the bit about what happened after Julius Caesar arrived, and although I've found many references to the song, I've never been able to get the lyrics.

Thank you so much for this - once I've learned it, I'm looking forward to singing it in Lostwithiel later this summer. If anyone has an mp3 of any of the other material, I'd be more than happy to contribute some beer tokens for a copy!

Posted by Joe on 10/10/2008

Thank you for letting me download this. I'm doing a dissertation on the cultural impacts of the Humber Bridge, and this song is very useful to me.

Posted by Patrick on 12/12/2008

This is a wonderful find. I have been looking for ages to find anything about these two guys and their wonderful songs. Very saddened to read about the loss of Christopher.

Now if I could just find a copy of the "Whitby to Scarborough Line", I would be in seventieth heaven, let alone seventh.

Posted by Bodo on 16/12/2008

I remember with great emotion my very first visit to England in October 1972. After being married for one year in our early 20s we went to see the friends of my wife in Bridlington and they had this song which impressed me so much. Tonight I decided to search for it and found it. Our love with England is still going strong and we are looking forward to our next visit to Filey in 2009.

Posted by Vikki on 19/12/2008

I visited Hull last weekend and I remembered my dad having the tape in car when I was a child.

Posted by Len on 06/01/2009

This site brings back memories of my home town, Hull - I now live on the South Coast. I was fortunate to meet Ian and Chris when they published a poem and songbook called "By the Tide of Humber" back in the early-1970s. The book featured one of my own short poems and I am proud to say that it appeared alongside the likes of Philip Larkin, Alan Plater and my old work colleague Howard Clarke.

I remember being out for a few drinks with friends and somehow finished the evening at Chris Rowe's house, can't remember how or why, but Chris and Ian entertained us with a few songs right there in the living room.

I still have a couple of copies of the book stored away in my "memory box" and over Christmas was having a nostalgic read. Sad to see Chris is no longer with us.

Posted by Ian Clark on 17/02/2009

Great to see some interest in the songs Chris Rowe and I put together.

Posted by Helen on 18/02/2009

Hello Ian (Sir!) - I have been in touch with Geoff G. recently and we were discussing Songs from Humberside and how brilliant those songs were. Chris took me once to the Look North studios and I was absolutely amazed by it all. He was such a lovely gentle soul who wouldn't hurt a fly - a gem of a guy. He and Pat were inseparable.

Posted by Joan on 14/01/2010

We had your "Songs of Humberside" for years but when my husband died last September the family couldn't find it. I'd love another copy. I want to thank you Ian for the wonderful memories I have of our family singing the choruses and having a laugh over the words, they were so witty.

My husband was delighted when he found that one of you (and I think it was you) was his English teacher when he went back into Adult Education for a course in English, Accounts and Office Practice, years ago.

My son passed this site onto me, thank you again.

Posted by Michael on 11/03/2009

I wrote the below poem on the day of the 25th Anniversary of the Humber Bridge opening

THE HUMBER BRIDGE 25th ANNIVERSARY

What cause we have to celebrate this day?
For twenty-five years now we've had to pay
To cross this bridge that they have built.
But should not our Government bear the guilt?
For we pay tax to fuel and drive our cars
So is not this tax to cross a tax too far?

A bridge to nowhere from God's own land
Will for the rest of time always stand
As a symbol of our Government's greed
And how they always take no heed
Of those who keep them in such splendid state
So take up your diaries and note well this date.

Michael A. Hellyer

Posted by Sue on 15/12/2009

So pleased to have found this website. I also would love a CD of the "Songs for Humberside" album. Does anyone know if such a thing is available anywhere? Thanks.

Posted by Terry on 18/01/2010

Oh what would I give for a "digital" version of the entire LP?

Just woke from a dream, trying to remember the name of the post war planner who re-designed Hull, and of course, it's mentioned in one of the songs, as the "Abercrombie Plan" where the guys sing about Carr Lane et al. Memory fading now, but remember listening to this back in the 1970s. C'mon, digitise it and re-launch it for us Oldies!

Posted by Blair on 03/02/2010

I'm also interested in tracking down a copy of "Songs from Humberside", "More songs from Humberside", and also "Folk Train".

Posted by Molly on 03/03/2010

Please can we have all your songs on CD or download! I grew up with them and I can still remember all the words. Even my grown up sons know about the man who operates the railway crossing! I was in Hull last weekend for the first time in 20 years and the songs were going through my head all the time. So Ian, if you're out there, make us all happy!!

Posted by Kevin on 13/04/2010

I first heard this song sung by a young woman at Lowestoft folk club in the mid-1980s (the only time I ever heard it) and it's often been in my head since - especially these last two months when I have been to Hull twice for the first time and finally seen the fantastic Humber Bridge. How wonderful to track the song down tonight on this website and hear it again. Very sad to learn of the composer's death; at least he lives on in this and his other songs. I really like Hull by the way, despite the fact my ex-wife lives there!

Posted by Gill on 22/04/2010

I heard this in my early teens and I also can remember the songs "Jaffa Juice Billy" and Victoria who overlooks the toilet! No one in my family believes that this exists and thinks I'm nuts!

Posted by Robert on 03/05/2010

Humber Bridge Song is now on YouTube, with pictures⁹

Posted by Lindsay on 26/08/2010

So pleased with the YouTube link as I've been trying to find a CD copy of the "Songs for Humberside" to give my parents. Chris Rowe was my second cousin and my parents have always been very proud of his songs. Thanks for the link, it brought back such memories!

Just played the clip down the phone to my mum and dad, Trevor and Frances Rowe and they were thrilled! It doesn't take much to bring a smile to people and the clip has certainly done that today! Thank you!

Posted by Stuart on 14/07/2010

I grew up in Beverley (born 1965) and saw Chris and Ian several times. I recently found their LP and as I still have a turntable gave it a spin. I remembered all the tracks and it really took me back to my childhood. I left Beverley in 1977 but went back a few years ago, via the Humber Bridge. I sang the song to myself as I went over.

Posted by Ian Clark on 29/08/2010

Just revisited the site for the first time for quite a while and I'm delighted to see that there is still interest in our songs. Good to hear the song being used on Radio 4's "In Living Memory" the other day. That reminded me that in 1970, even after the song had been recorded and sung, for about three years we still weren't sure there was going to be a bridge - even four years after Barbara's famous promise! I remember saying I'd believe it only after I'd driven over it. Such a cynic!

Anyway - all the best to you. Happy listening.

⁹ <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zvuQJNVDJYk>

Posted by Mezzo on 27/04/2011

I just found your site. It brings back happy memories of my student days. My best friend at uni was an American who had taken her international baccalaureate in England and was going out with a bloke who came from “up north”. She brought back a tape with “Songs for Humberside” and I - being German and not very familiar with the regional characteristics of Humberside - tried to figure out what it was all about. I can assure you, I learned a lot. There was a time when I knew all the songs by heart. Great stuff.

Posted by Linda K on 28/04/2011

I am said friend of the former poster. Slight correction, although my then boyfriend was from Hull, I actually taped the album (via microphone - that was high tech in those days) while visiting “Our Chalet”, a Guide International Center in Switzerland. The songs were a great hit with all my friends, but the story doesn’t end there. When I played it for one of my English friends, she said it had been written and performed by her tutors! I did buy the LP quite a number of years ago and am still waiting for my brother-in-law to transfer it to CD for me! In fact we discussed this just last Sunday. So “Songs for Humberside” live on!

Posted by Hartmut on 19/06/2011

Thank God there are still people who remember Christopher Rowe’s and Ian Clark’s wonderful songs. They are sure Hull’s answer to Flanders and Swann. I got a copy of “Songs for Humberside” so many years ago, and I still enjoy listening to the marvellous stuff. Which betrays my age, I guess...

Posted by Elizabeth on 11/07/2011

Great to find others who love these songs! Got them on vinyl but would love to be able to download them digitally. Wonderful songs I still play very loudly when the family is out! Thank you.

Posted by Ian Clark on 30/12/2011

Decided to pay a last visit to the site this year and saw a number of people looking for digital versions of various songs. I’ll do my best to help. In the meantime all the best for 2012. Keep singing!!

Posted by Andrew on 10/01/2012

Can I join the clamour for a digital release for “Songs for Humberside”, a nice CD with notes perhaps? Brought up in Hull in the 1960s and 1970s. I now live in Glasgow. It’s a long way from there to here. Goole gene pool is great by the way.

Posted by Jill on 03/02/2012

My parents had the “Songs for Humberside” LP when I was a child and we learnt the songs when we were little. I now have a baby who I entertain by singing the songs to her, so in addition to learning nursery rhymes, she’s learning about the wonderful city of Hull - Queen Victoria’s toilets are guaranteed to raise a giggle from her!

Posted by Claire on 22/03/2012

I spent some very formative years of my youth in Hull. I have all three of the LPs and still play them regularly, they bind me to Hull and are lovely songs in their own right.

Posted by Bob on 21/09/2012

Saw the article on the Humber Bridge in the Guardian and the letter today on Chris and Ian's song. Just played it on YouTube. Many happy memories of Chris with whom I sang in my college days in Manchester.

The Bridge is still the most iconic in the world and there will never be another Chris Rowe.

Posted by Robert on 23/09/2012

Letter in The Guardian yesterday (22/09/2012) points out that there is another song with Goole in the lyrics - Slow Train by Flanders and Swann.

No one departs, no one arrives,
From Selby to Goole,
From St. Erth to St. Ives,
They all passed out of our lives,
On the slow train

That makes Hartmut's comment doubly appropriate (above 19/6/2011).

Posted by Andrew on 26/01/2013

Was discussing Ian and Chris on the Kelvin Hall Facebook group and found this site. If any ex-Kelvin pupils or teachers (Ian!) want to join contact Geoff Gooding on Facebook. Off to the loft now to get the LP down.

Posted by Christopher on 05/03/2013

What an amazing find! By far one of my favourite albums that I still have and play today. Apart from "The Humber Bridge" (obviously) my other favourite song is "The Man Who Put the Halt in Haltemprice" and I still sing that in the car driving around the villages in Malaga!

Thanks for providing the sheet music, chords and lyrics - guess what I'll be playing when I get back home tonight!

Posted by Rob on 11/08/2014

I don't know why I got round to "Googling" this song today after so many years. I am now 57 and when fourteen or fifteen had an RE. Teacher at my school (Henbury Comprehensive in Bristol) by the name of Don Rowe - was he any relation? Anyway, he played guitar and sang us this song, and I have remembered the lyrics of the first verse and chorus with me ever since. Interested to hear the song again - I've downloaded it and will have a listen just now.

Posted by Allan on 11/07/2017

All very interesting... and yes don't we all love the bridge. What I can't find is a recording (or even much reference to) the music commissioned for the opening ceremony of the bridge. It was by Anthony Hedges and was I think entitled "Cantata: Bridge for the Living".

Any info anyone? Thanks.

Posted by Richard on 30/08/2017

As far as I remember the penultimate line of the last verse reads "We could join the Common Market if the French would just say Oui". It was some years before De Gaulle changed his mind and let us in. Nevertheless, I still have my vinyl copy of "Songs for Humberside" and its successor "Out along the East Coast". Happy memories of Hull in the early-1970s.

Posted by Steve on 06/04/2018

I am after the music to The Whitby to Scarborough Line as I now live in Robin Hood's Bay but used to be Vicar of Gilberdyke. I sang the Humber Bridge Song at Bay Folkclub in the 1960s. I was often on the same bill as Rowe and Clarke in the East Riding Folk Clubs.

Posted by Judima on 28/05/2018

I come from Hull and loved these songs, but the LP somehow went astray. I was so pleased to find this site and so many of the songs on YouTube, but am not sure I have them all. How many songs were on both the original LP(s)?

My brother and I amazed our spouses (neither from Hull) by bursting into the chorus of the Humber Bridge song - after nearly 40 years! The song still gives me goose pimples and the bridge is in IMHO the loveliest bridge in the world.

Posted by Bill on 05/06/2018

I agree it is a fabulous bridge. When I'm heading north on two wheels I often take a large detour just so I can ride over it.

Posted by Martin on 21/02/2021

I first heard of this song from my late mother who spent many happy years living in Hull during the 1970s. After getting married she moved to Leicester where I was born and grew up. I have many fond childhood memories of car journeys up to Hull to visit relatives and the feeling of excitement as the spectacular Humber Bridge came into view.

The "Songs for Humberside" are not just a pleasure to listen to but a part of local history that should not be forgotten.

Posted by Robert on 10/06/2021

As author of the "1981" postscript, sent to Stuart many years ago, it's time for an update. Here is my offering:

In two thousand and four, dissent rose up once more,
Motor cyclists said for them it should be free,
They caused such frustrations paying in large denominations,
The queues stretched out as far as one could see,
And so to solve the riddle, they came up with a fiddle,
They reduced the debt, and bikers now go free,
For us it's one pound fifty and ever more will be,
And Goole can disappear under the sea.

Posted by Bill on 10/06/2021

Robert, that's fabulous. Especially for me, as in other posts I have proclaimed my joy at riding my English made motorcycle over this English made bridge!