



Sheffield's Sons and Daughters. May 2017

Start at 10.30 at the Canal Basin or meet at 10.15 in Castle Square, there is a nice spot mid-way between The Bankers Draft and Primark, leaving there at 10.20 to make sure we are at the Canal basin for 10.30 – you can join at either point.

Famous Son or Daughter	Biography	Location of memory	Reader	Read Location
Berlie Doherty	Berlie Doherty is a novelist, poet, playwright and screenwriter. She is best known for children's books , for which she has twice won the Carnegie Medal . She has also written novels for adults, plays for theatre and radio, television series and libretti for children's opera. Her poetry is in many public spaces around Sheffield.	Ladysbridge or near Canal basin	Jacqui Lindsay	Canal basin
Kell Brook	Ezekiel "Kell" Brook is a British professional boxer who has held the IBF welterweight title since 2014, and has challenged for the unified middleweight titles . As of February 2017, he is ranked as the world's best welterweight and as the world's seventh best boxer, pound for pound .	Cathedral area or anywhere?	Pat	Canal Basin
Jessica Ennis.	Multi-gold medal winner at Olympics and world Championships and role-model.	Old market or anywhere?	Clare & Pat	Near site of old market, (back)
Roy Hattersely	Labour politician, government minister, author and journalist.	Castle Street headquarters of the Brightside and Carbrook Coop or site of former city center pub Marples,	Sue Lee	Marples, Fitzalan Square
Tony Hewson (Parts 1 &2)	Anthony 'Tony' Hewson, a British racing cyclist who rode in the first British Tour de France team in 1955 and, as an	Snig Hill or Fitzalan Square		Fitzalan Sq.

	amateur, won the Tour of Britain.			
Lord Blunkett	Labour politician, government minister and author.	Cathedral	Roger Lasko	Cathedral
Danuta Reah	Danuta Reah, who also writes under the name Carla Banks, is the author of seven crime novels, a novella, and many short stories she also publishes academic books, valued as resources for the study of language and offers courses in Creative Writing. Danuta Reah is past Chair of the Crime Writers' Association.	Site of National Provincial Bank, Church Street, opposite Coles Corner, or Davy's now WH Smith	Anita Fox	Cathedral
Rony Robinson.	Rony Robinson, writer, educationalist and Award-winning BBC Radio Sheffield presenter. His novels include: The Ted Carp Tradition and The Beano. His plays include Snapshots, Events In An Upper Room and Last Loves	Leopold Street	Paul Cordwell	Leopold Street
Nick Banks.	Nicholas David "Nick" Banks is the drummer in the British band, Pulp. He is the nephew of Gordon Banks, goalkeeper of the 1966 FIFA World Cup winning England squad,	Hallamshire Pub or off West Street near Limit Club. Limit Club was underground of what is now the modern apartment building with lots of balcony's on right as walk up West Street from town	Paul Cordwell	Side street off West Street
Helen Sharman.	Dr. Helen Patricia Sharman OBE FRSC, is a chemist who became the first British astronaut and the first woman to visit the Mir space station in 1991.	City Hall	Sharon Jennings	City Hall
Margaret Drabble	Dame Margaret Drabble, Lady Holroyd DBE FRSL, novelist, biographer, and critic. Author of 19 novels, her characters' tragic faults often reflect the political and economic situation	Public Library Suffolk Street	Christine Barker	Tudor Square
Pete Mckee.	Pete McKee is a painter, commercial artist and cartoonist. Using bright colours his larger than life and often humorous characters inhabit a world of working men's clubs, bingo halls and family trips to the seaside.	Anywhere around city center	Janet Williams	Tudor Square

Helen Mort	Helen Mort is a British poet. She is a five-times winner of the Foyle Young Poets award, In 2010, she became the youngest ever poet-in-residence at The Wordsworth Trust. She was the Derbyshire Poet Laureate from 2013 to 2015. In 2014, she won the Fenton Aldeburgh First Collection Prize for "Division Street". She has written many poems set in and around Sheffield	Leadmill area	Mavis Kirkham	Balcony of Millennium Gallery
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Danuta Reah (Kot)

Once a week, my mother used to go shopping in town – in the city centre. She would go to buy groceries for the week, wool for knitting and material for making our clothes, to go to the bank to take out the week's money and sometimes to pay bills.

At the time, she had three small children, my elder sister and I who were 7 and 4 respectively, and my younger sister who was a few months old (and a total waste of space as I, who had been unceremoniously ousted from my place as the baby of the family, was concerned).

Most weeks, my mother would walk into town with the baby in the pram. In those days, buses didn't have pram space, especially not for the big, uncollapsible prams mothers had to deal with then. On the other hand, you could fit a baby and a week's shopping into them. During the school holidays, she used to make this trip with all three of us. I can remember walking along in front of my mother holding onto the pram handle, 'helping' to push and bickering with my older sister who also wanted to help.

The routine was the same each time. First of all, we would go to the bank. It was the National Provincial Bank in those days, on, I think, Church Street, opposite Coles, on what is still called Coles Corner. I can remember the smell of the polished wooden counter, and being lifted up to sit on it while my mother chatted to the bank clerk (almost always the same one). No screens, no railings, nothing to separate us from the bank clerks and the money. These were more innocent times.

Once we'd got the money, we would walk back up Fargate to Davy's which was round about where W H Smith's is now. It always smelt of coffee as there was a café upstairs. There, my mother would buy the week's groceries. I can remember packs of Kellogg's cereals that always had games or something for children to do on the back, but the offers and competitions were always wildly out of date – no sell by dates then, but the cereal always tasted fine to me.

After Davy's we would go to Cole Brothers on Cole's Corner, where the main attraction for me was the brass cylinders that the staff used to send money whizzing across the ceiling to a central cashier.

By this time, my sister and I were getting bored and our habitual bickering was breaking out into open warfare. My mother kept the peace by promises of treats, and once she had finished her shopping, we walked down the High Street towards Arundel Gate. On the corner, there was the department store Walsh's, which later became Rackham's. There was a café several floors up, and my mother would negotiate the lifts with her restive brood. The café had waitresses in black dresses and white aprons. My ambition in those days was to be a Walsh's waitress and wear one of those uniforms.

They would show us to a table where my mother would sink gratefully into her chair, light a cigarette (these were the days when a few cigarettes a day were deemed to do you no harm, in fact, to be positively health-giving), order

coffee for herself and ice-creams for us girls. We were allowed to eat one - and one only - sugar lump each while we were waiting. My sister and I spent the time trying to distract my mother so we could each grab a second illicit sugar lump, but we rarely succeeded. My mother knew us too well.

After this rest, we would begin the trek home. I should maybe add that despite the warfare, my sisters and I grew up to very close. And the heroism of the 50's housewife is something I have only come to appreciate in adulthood.

Kell Brook.

Kell Brook, or to be more formal; Ezekiel "Kell" Brook was born on 3rd May 1986 in Hillsborough and is widely recognised as one of the best pound for pound boxers Britain as ever called its own. In 2016 he was ranked as the world's best welterweight by both the Transnational Boxing Rankings Board and The Ring magazine, and has a record of 36 victories and only one defeat – and even then the one defeat is solely because he had moved up two weight rankings to meet the heaviest puncher currently in the world rankings.

This story is one of misunderstanding and respect.

It turns out that our next door neighbour, John Dunn who runs a very successful white goods business, supplying and installing to the booming rental sector in Sheffield, knows Kell. Back when he first started up his business in premises on Barber Road near Upperthorpe, just down the road was a newly opened second hand shop – owned d by Kell's dad. They shared many new business challenges, successes and occasional frustrations together and became firm friends. John had the more reliable car of the two and often took his son, Kell's Dad and Kell of to many of Kell's early fights in clubs and small venues across the north of England. He was taken on at the World famous Winkobank Gym run by Brendan Ingle which has produced the likes of Herrol Bomber Graham, and there sparred as a youngster with Prince Naseem Hamed.

Anyhow, John said it would be no problem getting a memory from Kell, and as it happened was having dinner at John's favourite Italian restaurant in Woodhouses that evening with Kell's dad – the same restaurant where following some complicated bet, the owner ended up painting John's house.

A couple of days after our conversation, Jon came back with Kell's memory of his favourite walk in Sheffield – not a memory of a location in the city center, but of his favourite walk.

John and I discussed which of us would tell Kell that he had made a mistake, in the end, respect and discretion won out, and this is a description of Kell's favourite walk.

The walk starts near Shirecliffe and climbs to above the former site of the Sheffield Artificial Ski Slope in Parkwood Springs, (was the fire an accident or an insurance scam?). With his dogs, Kell's favourite walk takes in woodland and heath and open parkland, with spectacular views over the city centre, the suburbs and the distant moors of the Peak District. The walk takes in the historic Wardsend Cemetery, the 'Boy and the Bird' sculpture on Rutland Road, and the 'Spirit of Parkwood' sculpture on Cooks Wood Road, both by local artist Jason Thomson, and perhaps less scenically, the River Don and the railway line.

So now, imagination as we look through and beyond buildings to Kell's favaourite walk and take a moment thinking of our own.

Berlie Doherty. A walk along Sheffield Canal.

I first walked along the Sheffield canal towpath in 1985 with my daughter Janna, who was a teenager at the time. I was writing a novel set in Sheffield, my adopted city. The novel was called Granny was a Buffer Girl, and was based on a series of stories I had previously written for Radio Sheffield. I had placed my buffer girl and her husband Albert in a

terraced house backing on to the canal, near Darnall Road, and I wanted to write a chapter where Albert takes his grand-daughter Jess along the canal to show her where he used to work. I wanted to hear what Janna thought of the place. Even then, in the 80's, Janna and I found the canal a derelict, unsavoury place, just as Jess does. 'At the Sheffield end of the canal the water's as yellow as dandelions; I suppose that's with all the rust and chemicals. All the reeds are crusted with yellow and where they've been cast up on to the bank they look like long strands of rusty wire. Grandad says if I fell in I'd come out galvanised, and I believe him. There's an odd smell, too, like ammonia and pig-farms.'

All the same, Janna and I loved the canal. We loved its sense of history and dereliction, the notion of people hurrying along the towpath to the mills, the ghost echoes of voices and clanking machinery; barges busy on the water. Some of the buildings and the canal itself had a natural beauty like the white mill at Victoria wharf, and the bridges tufted with wild flowers, the amber glow of the sun on the water, and, as you neared Tinsley, the sense of being in the open countryside. There was a mill that particularly fascinated me; brick, with a red door, and dozens of black windows, many of them broken. I imagined a mill lad gazing out of one of the windows, longing for air and sunlight and freedom, and so for my book I invented the character Davey, and wrote the story/chapter that is called 'A Lad of Seventeen'. 'My eyes darted along the walls and sheds and roofs of the mills on the opposite bank, and then to the little red door right on the water's edge, and up and up the rows of tiny black windows, right up to the very top floor. The white face pressed against the glass stared down at me just as it had done in my imaginings so many times before.'

Perhaps ten years ago my husband Alan and I took our canoe along Sheffield canal. It was disgusting, slimy with reeds and weeds, littered with dozens of plastic bottles and polystyrene food boxes; a dump for shopping trolleys, prams and bikes. But today it's all changed again. The Victoria wharf area has cafes and cruising centres, the water is clear and lovely; there are waterlilies and huge carp ghosting the depths of the shadows. The sheds and mills are still there, most of them busy with the clatter of machinery again, the lift and fall of voices. And yet there's still a colourful and welcomingly familiar scruffiness about the place as you walk the towpath; yellow weeds head high, buddleia dipping into the water, poppies and butterflies.

And there's an old derelict mill, many of the windows broken, where the ghost of a lad might still be gazing out at the people strolling past.

Helen Mort

Here's a quick Sheffield memory from me about Sheffield centre, I'm afraid it is pub-themed again....

When I was 18, I used to drink lukewarm lager in a pub in Chesterfield called The White Hart with my schoolfriend Iain. Often our trips there would lead to some kind of adventure: a cross country walk in the dark, a game of imaginary football on the local pitch (even I could score goals with an invisible ball and invented goalposts). One night - buoyed up by pork scratchings and Scampi fries - we decided to take the train to Sheffield. Sheffield was like an older sister who always had the best clothes and was allowed to stay out late. Sheffield was glamour, tall buildings and black cabs.

We stumbled from the train and were immediately drawn to the bold red lettering down the side of the Leadmill. Inside, it was very dark and nearly empty, but the dancefloor was like a midnight stage, holding the presence of everything it had witnessed. I imagined Pulp doing their early gigs there, could almost hear the echo of one of their early songs, see Jarvis Cocker mock-sneering behind the microphone. We bought some bottles of Fosters, lined them up on the table and sat down to watch the dancers. It really was a theatre, changing every hour. When we went home to Chesterfield, I felt older, taller, cooler until my dad met me at the door: "what time do you call this??"

Roy Hattersley Memory of the Sheffield Blitz

Roy, now Baron Hattersley was born in Sheffield in December 1932, a government minister, Deputy Leader of the Labour Party from 1983 to 1992 and Journalist. His mother, Enid, was a city councillor, and later served as Lord Mayor of Sheffield. His father, Frederick was a former Roman Catholic priest, who renounced the church and left the priesthood to marry.

Memory of the Sheffield Blitz.

The blitz began on the evening of Thursday 12th December, 1940, at first it seemed like any other air raid. The siren sounded and then there was silence – nothing as usual. Then, as we reassured ourselves that the Germans had passed over Sheffield to somewhere else, things changed.

As the bombs began to fall, Joey, a stray budgerigar which we had caught in the churchyard and befriended., who lived in a second hand cage began his odd behaviour.. Although he never spoke in human tones, he was an enthusiastic bell ringer. When his sand was changed or his millet bowl filled, he rang his bell in thanks, this night it was not for thanks the bell tolled.

The Luftwaffe arrived in waves. First silence, then we heard their engines, then heard the anti-aircraft guns, then the explosion of their bombs on the city centre. Joey always anticipated the next wave with a peal on his tin bell. At first it seemed a coincidence. Then as the pattern persisted we realised Joey picked up the sound of the enemy's approach before it was audible to human ears. We stared at him, waiting the warning of the next attack. Eventually our amazement, fuelled by fear turned to hatred and there was talk of Joey being strangled.

The raid ended for the Germans crews to get home for breakfast. After the all clear sounded there was a red glow over what had been Sheffield's shopping centre, (Roy was living in the Middlewood area at that time). The steelworks and factories had largely escaped but the Castle Street headquarters of the Brightside and Carbrook Coop had been destroyed and Marples, the city centre pub destroyed. Thirty men and women were killed in Marple's vault that night. At the age of 9 I believed that a divine hand punished the ungodly drinkers but spared those who repented.

Tony Hewson.

You will already know from my book that I was born and bred on Shiregreen council estate and that my parents gave me licence to roam alone from an early age. I would take the bus into the city centre and drop off at the terminus in Ponds Hill, then walk up Snig Hill to the enclosed Market Hall (near Fitzalan Square). There under its ornate iron and glass roof, chirruping birds nested and sometimes would come swooping down skimming the stalls. It was a truly magical place, with a bubbling fountain and a chained iron drinking cup at its centre amid the perfume of fresh cut flowers. Apart from the usual range of fruit, flower, veg and clothing stalls was one dedicated to cutlery and knives of every size and description and another, my special delight, a second hand bookstall. I remember buying a 1907 Boys Own Annual, which I still possess, and a pearl-handled four bladed pen knife --- most schoolboys had one, I hasten to add not to threaten or harm other people but simply for show or whittling purposes. The entire area was imbued with strong smells carried up on the breeze ---- of malt from the Don-side brewery and from a nearby cafe that roasted its own coffee beans. It was a noisy place of roaring traffic, lorries, delivery vans, buses and clanging trams, sparking electrically as their long poles bounced on the overhead wires.

Down Snig Hill to West Bar stood the Blue Boar tavern. There one unforgettable evening in 1956 I went with my mates to watch a performance by Big Bill Broonzy(qv). Bill has long been acknowledged as one of the best ever American black folk and blues singers. He was getting on in years by this time and on his last tour of the UK. He sat snuggling his guitar to his chest with a full bottle of whisky by his side. Received with rapturous applause after each song, and with sweat pouring from his brow, he would take a long swig from the bottle. After an hour it was empty. I guess he was an alcoholic and within two years was dead, probably from liver failure.

Also on Snig Hill was Macey's clothes shop. My first teenage girlfriend Shirley worked there as a clerk in the back office. A bit further up was a stone built block of flats (now demolished and being redeveloped) where my ancient Aunt Sarah lived. Once or twice when I was a tiny tot, my mum took me to see her. Dressed in black widow's weeds, she lived alone and was stone deaf. She used an old fashioned ear trumpet, despite which she kept bellowing "Speak up! I can't hear you!". I remember being a bit scared of this forbidding old woman and was glad when it was time for us to go.

Back to Fitzalan Square. 1950s/60s an era of high employment and easy to get a job. It was fronted on the south-east side by the Gas Board offices where I worked briefly (see my book CH 26, page 177) in the cycling off-season before returning in February to race on the Continent. Beside it stood the News Theatre dedicated to showing news reels and cartoons all day long in a continuous process --- enter/exit at whatever time you liked. In the wake of the 1940s blitz, the whole area was still surrounded by gappy weed-invested bomb sites, roamed after dark by prostitutes plying their trade and giggling young lovers, embracing in the shadows. Here too on an island in the centre of the square stood some underground ladies and gents toilets. Posters were plastered on the walls: "Clean living is the only safeguard" (against venereal diseases); "Careless talk, costs lives!" and, if I recall correctly, adverts for soap and toothpaste. Here too, above ground, my cycling club, The Falcon Road Club, used to meet off-season each Sunday morning for a spin out into Derbyshire, the climb to the Peacock Inn beginning at the bridge on Totley Road.

Rony Robinson.

Rony Robinson invited Clare and me onto his BBC Radio Sheffield show to talk about Steel City Wanderers. During the show, we asked him for his memory.... Going to the dentist as a child, on Leopold Street, memories of the smell of warm rubber as the gas mask was placed on his face, remembering carrying a card with a green dot in the corner, the green dot meant extraction. Triggered my memory of having around 20 teeth pulled one Saturday morning by Mr Wolf, because my milk / baby teeth would not fall out. As a reward my parents sent me to watch The Wizard of Oz. Anytime I hear Judy Garland the memory comes back as fresh as the day.

Jessica Ennis.

Millhouses Park, Children's Play Area, February 23rd., about 3.00 in the afternoon. A gentleman spots a young lady who he believes is Jessica Ennis, but being unwilling to go with the gambit she would have heard many times before "heh, are you Jessica Ennis", instead, using his granddaughter as a decoy, approaches her, a fair haired friend and their two toddler children – one surely Reggie, and asks, "were you by any chance born in Sheffield", the fair haired lady replies "Rotherham" the dark-haired lady, rather warily "why"? The gentleman explains about the Sheffield U3A and the Steel City Wanderers memory walk. Jessica, for it is she, confirms Sheffield birth but in reply to the memory question says "that's very difficult, I can't remember any. Any memory of the city centre the gentleman perseveres, "not really" she replies, how about going into town on a Saturday morning, "yes, I did that", what about shopping with your Mum, "yes, often went to the shops with Mum". Did you know the hole in the road, "no, it was before my time, I was too young for that". How about visiting the market with your Mum, "oh yes", did you buy fish there, "yes", could we have your buying fish with your Mum in the market as your memory, "oh yes".

So there we have it, parental fish purchasing in the old market – thank you Jessica.

Margaret Drabble 2016. Sheffield

As a child, two of the places that I loved most were the Botanical Gardens and the Public Library in Suffolk Street. My friends and I would often walk home from school through the gardens. They were full of secret places- ponds, the bear pit, and little glades. We weren't very interested in flowers, though we liked the dragonflies and the birds and squirrels. It was the space we liked. I now know more about when they were designed and how they have been planted, and my gardening son Joe Swift has visited them several times with Gardener's World. My father was a keen gardener, but I don't remember ever going to the gardens with him.

Every Saturday morning I used to go on the bus by myself from Nether Edge to the library to change my library books, which was one of the highlights of the week. I felt very grown up as I browsed the shelves for books by Pamela Brown, E. Nesbit, Rider Haggard, John Buchan, Richmal Crompton and other favourites. Some books I would read again and again. There was one book, called I think Children Still, which I loved in a morbid way- as I remember, it was full of characters walking the plank and dying horribly. I've never been able to find it again and don't know who wrote it. Nor can I ever remember whether Nesbit is Edith or Enid- I always have to look her up. She was always just E to us. BB's Brendon Chase was another top choice- a book about which I have in vain tried to enthuse my grandchildren. That library, and the journey to and from it, were very important to me. It is a grand, imposing building, and as a child it made me feel independent and adult. We were allowed three fiction and one non-fiction titles, if I remember rightly, and I was happy to make my way through the Life of the Oyster and the World of the Honey Bee.

I also liked the little art shops on the street, which sold Lakeland pencils and china horses, and I would gaze into the windows with longing. But I don't think I ever went into the Graves Art Gallery, in all the years I lived in Sheffield. This seems odd to me now, and I've visited many times since. But our family didn't go to galleries. We were bookish people, and knew nothing of the visual arts. My sister Helen Langdon became a distinguished art historian, and she taught the whole family to look at paintings. But it was a closed world to us then. And we didn't go to the theatre, except, annually, to the panto at the Lyceum. Books and gardens were our thing. And Sheffield did us proud on both fronts.

Helen Sharman.

I expect many places are common to most of the people you have asked so here is a few so you can choose:

The main library not far from the Town Hall, where I would spend many a Saturday afternoon in the science section supplementing physics and chemistry lessons at school. Before the Internet it was a great source of information.

On the same road as the library is an unassuming door leading to vast rooms above, where I would go for piano exams. It seemed to be freezing cold on most occasions and I would warm my fingers on the radiators inside before being summoned for the exam.

The City Hall was (and is) a great place for music and I remember many a family outing to listen to the Halle Orchestra. I also attended Faraday lectures there with the school, a lecture series run by the IEEE that I later gave as part of a team from the University of Sheffield.

Redgates toy store was the shop of choice to spend birthday money. I do not know if it still exists. It was on a main road running off The Moor.

Nick Banks. The West Street Walk.

I first started exploring Sheffield's music scene when I was about 16. The place to go was the Hallamshire pub on West street then head down West street to a spectacular dive called the Limit Club – This occurred most Mondays, Wednesday and Thursdays. Folk would meet at the Hallamshire – possibly see a local band in the upstairs room (or even perform) and then leg it down West Street so that you could get in the limit before 11, the price went up after this time (we were always skint!). We would loiter in The Limit drinkless listening to the music (not chart, always the alternative sounds of the day) until, 11.30 when the drink prices got cheaper!

Looking back, the Limit was our 'social media' of the early 80's- I met all the people I went on to make music with in the dank cellar that was the Limit! There was nowhere else like it in Sheffield.

The Limit is gone now, buried under offices. Its rough location was on West street opposite the turn for Carver Street but on the opposite side about 50 yards down the hill towards the city centre. I often harbour thoughts that it still exists under the office block with the skeletal remains of a couple of regulars be-cobwebbed within. "Steve to the wine bar!"

Pete Mckee.

Artist, cartoonist, now synonymous with Sheffield's popular culture and known nationally for his amusing and low-key takes on football, music and day-to-day life

My sister worked in a shop on the High Street, my brothers were both fitters and my dad was a machine operator. I'd see first-hand the toil and sweat which went into a day's graft and thought to myself, 'I don't fancy that!' The plan at first was to make it big with my band and play The Top of the Pops, but that didn't quite work out and it took another 30 years of working various jobs before I could make art my full-time occupation.

Music was my first love and on our council estate in Batemoor, first it was punk starting it off for us when we were kids, then ska, nu-wave and others. That part of growing up was brilliant, I started off by dipping my toe into the mod era. Then I kind of got into ska and then from there I went straight into indie music with Orange Juice, you know – kids with short back and sides, quiffs, tight rolled up jeans in plaid shirts.

Anywhere in the city center is filled with memories, from leaving school I worked in HMV, Tesco and was a postman.

Now its music and painting and painting about music, and sport and amazingly The Everly Pregnant Brothers*

Sheffield, Where else can you get a proper fishcake buttie and a decent pint

* McKee, Toby Foster, Richard Bailey, Charley McKee, Klive Humberstone and Dave Williamson).

Lord Blunkett

"At the age of four, yes four, my mother and father were 'ordered' to take me to boarding school and to leave me to settle into the dormitory. This involved two bus journeys from Parson Cross to Manchester Road (where the residential school was sited). My memory is very much of getting on what was then the 97 bus into town. Holding my Mum and Dad's hands and walking up through the city centre, early evening (early September), and past the Cathedral with the sun going down and touching my face as we walked to Leopold Street to get the number 60 bus up through Broom Hill and to Manchester Road. My abiding memory is of the sun touching my face, of the Cathedral bells calling people to the evening service because it was Sunday, and arriving bewildered to share a dormitory with other children.

And here is the irony. Years later I visited my eldest son and his now wife Sarah, at their first ever flat together. It turned out to be in the old building now vacated, which was the school for the blind in Sheffield all those years ago!"

Steel City Wanderers.

Pat & Clare Ryan

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