

World War Two and the Central Lodge

Henry Bolckow was a prominent figure in the iron and steel industry in Teesside. His company Bolckow and Vaughan was at one point the largest iron and steel company in the world. Bolckow became Middlesbrough's first Mayor and Member of Parliament. He bought the Marton Estate (now known as Stewart Park) in 1853 and built a Victorian manor named Marton Hall, as well as estate buildings where his servants worked and lived.

The Central Lodge housed stables, a cow byre, a laundry and dairy, as well as dwellings for the servants. It was restored in 2017 by Askham Bryan College and the Heritage Lottery Fund and in September 2017 it opened as Askham Bryan College's primary North East campus. Askham Bryan College specialises in land-based education.

After Henry's death, the Marton estate passed to his nephew Carl. Depressions within the steel industry meant that Carl lost a great deal of Henry's money, and eventually the family could no longer afford to live in Marton Hall. They were forced to sell the estate. In 1923 Middlesbrough Council agreed to buy two hundred acres of farmland for £35,000. Councillor Thomas Dormand Stewart, a local shop chain owner, bought the remainder of the land for £25,000 and donated the park to the people of Middlesbrough. The new park was named after him and Stewart Park opened on the 23rd of May 1928.

Marton Hall was in a decrepit state by the outbreak of World War Two. The Central Lodge had been used during World War One to house soldiers who trained in the park, and at the time of the Second World War the park was utilised again. The fields were used for animal grazing for food production, Marton Hall was used by the Home Guard and the high tower was used for fire watch. The Central Lodge was used to store furniture from bombed out houses as well as fire engines from the Auxiliary Fire Service.



World War Two Signage Present in the Central Lodge at the time of the 2016/2017 Renovation

WW2 Word Search

E A L L I H C R U H C K F Z
S H E L T E R A O R S A R E
E E G U F E R L R A N I A N
E S D U F E O A M N I I N G
S G A S L C A S E N G D K L
N O I T A R T N E C N O C A
O E I U E T E L E G R A M N
I H S P R O P A G A N D A D
T T E A N O S R E D N A P I
A E E E U C A V E D A N M N
R C E N S O R S H I P O A T
G E R M A N Y J E W C Z C T
L S O L D I E R R R I O O T
B L I T Z A L L O T M E N T

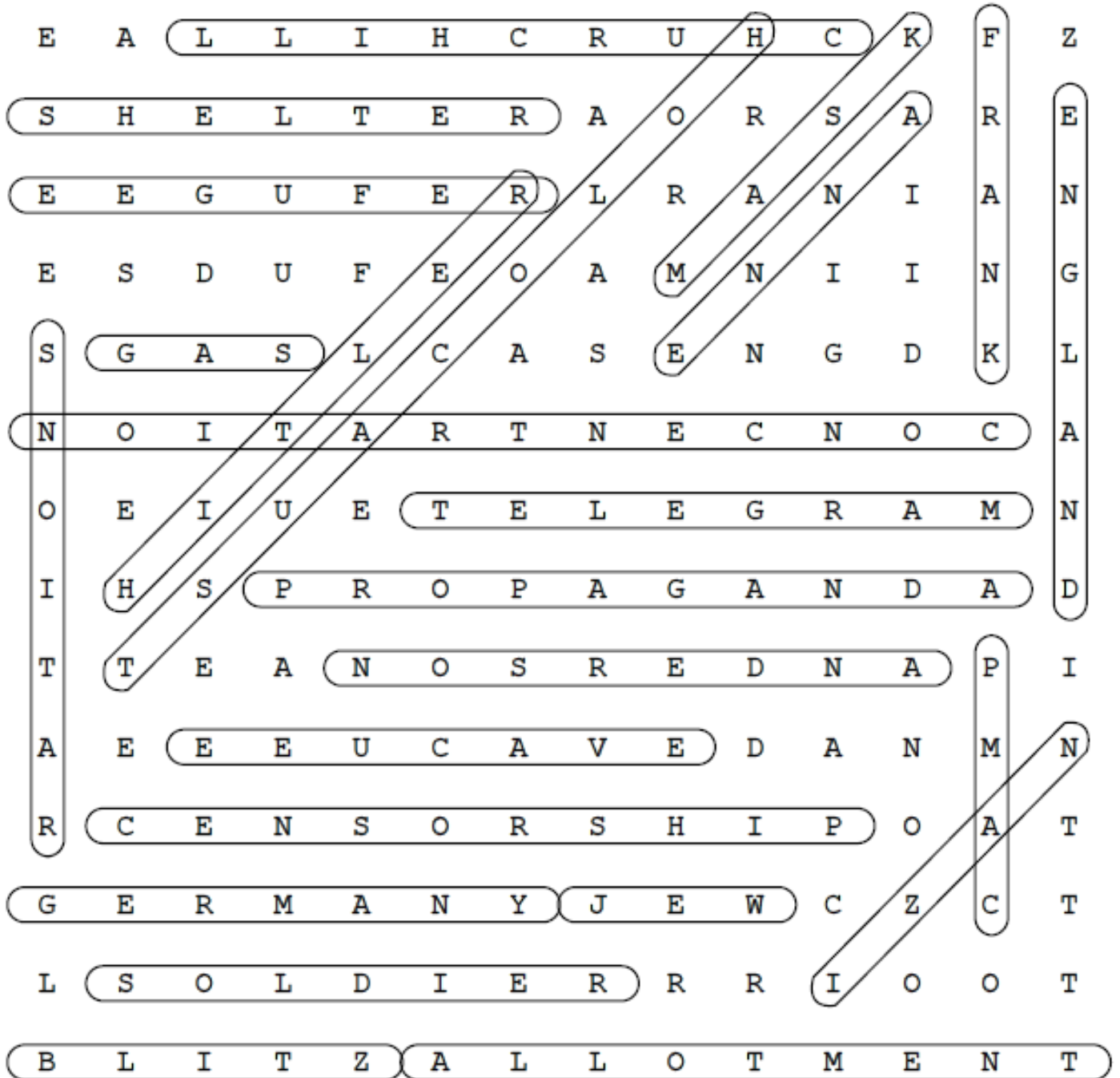
Allotment
Anderson Shelter
Anne Frank
Blitz
Censorship
Churchill
Concentration Camp

England
Evacuee
Gas Mask
Germany
Hitler
Holocaust
Jew

Nazi
Propaganda
Rations
Refugee
Soldier
Telegram

WW2 Word Search

Answers



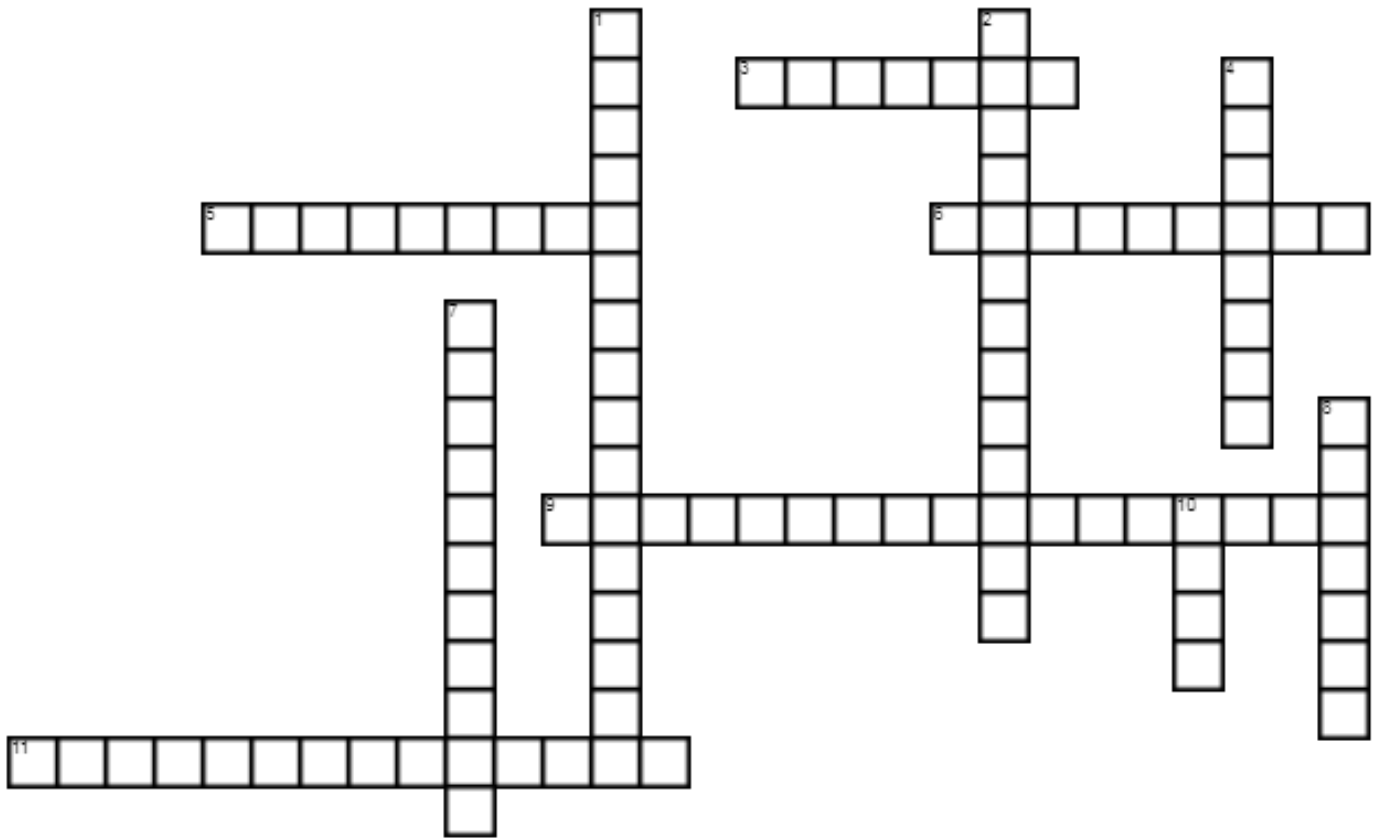
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WW2 Crossword

Can you answer the clues to fill in the crossword?



ACROSS

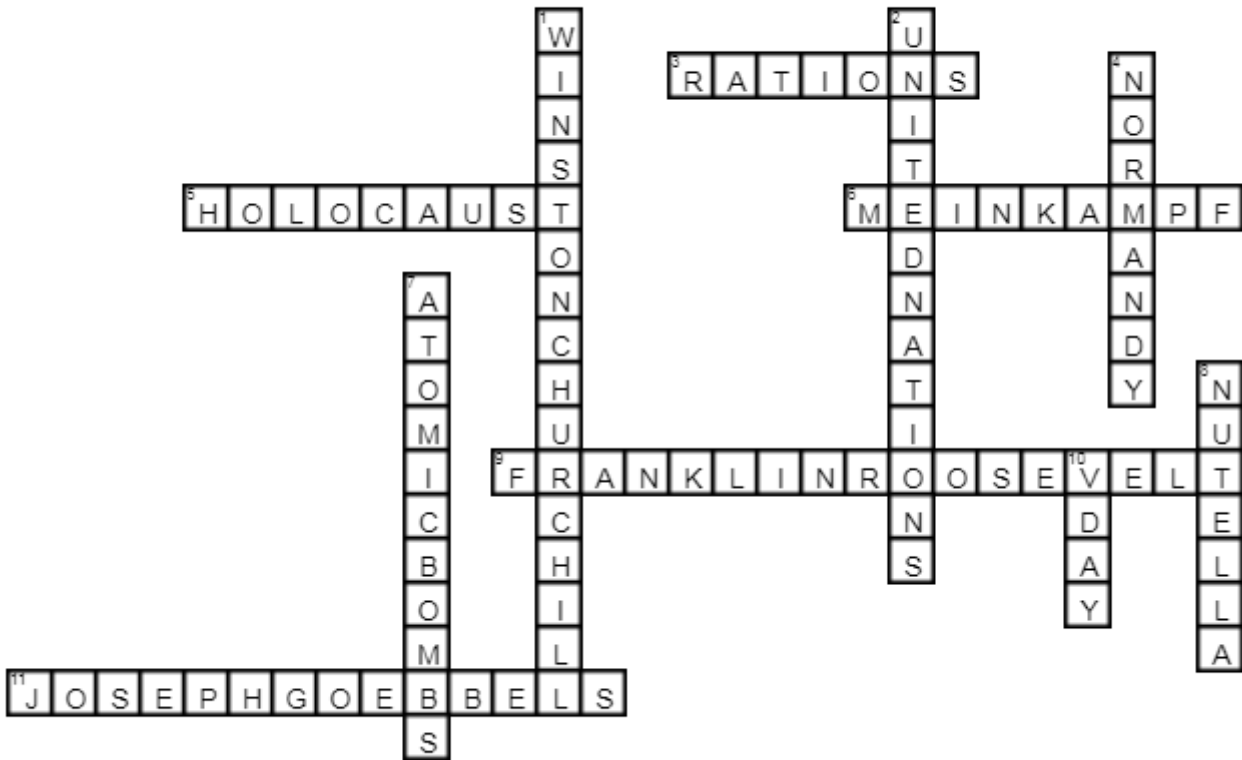
- 3 The name given to the limitation of food. Rations (7)
- 5 The systematic killing by Germany of about six million Jews as well as five million Poles, Russians, and Gypsies. (9)
- 6 The title of Hitler's book. (4, 5)
- 9 Who was the U.S. president when Pearl Harbor was attacked? (8, 9)
- 11 Hitler's Minister of Propaganda. Joseph Goebbels (6, 8)

DOWN

- 1 Who was Prime Minister for the majority of the war? Winston Churchill (7, 9)
- 2 An international peacekeeping organization to which most nations in the world belong, founded in 1945 to promote world peace, security, and economic development. United Nations (6, 7)
- 4 Where did the D Day invasion take place? Normandy (8)
- 7 Japan surrendered after these were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki in August 1945. Atomic Bombs (6, 5)
- 8 Which popular breakfast spread was created due to a wartime chocolate shortage? (7)
- 10 The name for the day that the war ended in Europe. V Day (1, 3)

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Life As An Evacuee – Elizabeth Furlong

The war to me meant evacuation. A new word to all children in 1939, but it soon became reality. After training in donning gas masks (horrible smelly things) we were all informed that we would be taken to stay in the country to be kept safe as the Germans were going to bomb all of England.

So, on the morning of 1st September 1939, I was in a long line of pupils from St. Garards RC School, being followed by mothers, almost all of them carrying babies, walking to Sandhills Station in Liverpool. My last instructions from my tearful mother were that I must not allow anyone to separate me from my two younger sisters. In spite of the excitement most of the children were in tears by the time the train moved off, leaving all the mothers in tears at the station.

We travelled a long way through countryside we had never seen before until finally we stopped at a railway station in Shropshire.

All station names had been removed for security in case of German invasion. We were then taken in a bus to a village hall which we later learned was Whixall and given a drink of milk and a sandwich and told to wait until someone would speak to us and decide where we would go to stay with some kind people. The people in charge of speaking to the children, asked first of all for children who were alone, and then for pairs of related children. I had strict instructions from my mother that I was not to allow anyone to take my sisters away from me, so I stubbornly refused to be parted from them.

Finally, one man who had come to collect "two nice clean little girls" on behalf of friends of his, having driven back to them to explain about the trio of clean little girls, who were determined to remain together, and they had agreed to take all three of us. So we were taken to Platt Lane, Whixall to stay with Mr and Mrs Bert Cliff, and we were instructed to call them Uncle Bert and Auntie Lila. They took us into the garden, which was wonderland to three children from the back streets of Liverpool, especially the pump, which they explained was where they got their water from!

We were shown upstairs to a room which contained a big double bed with a huge feather quilt on, and told to put our nighties on and get ready for bed. My two young sisters, aged six and eight, were worn out with the excitement of the day and were soon asleep but I was awake for a long time wondering what my parents were doing at home without us.

Next morning, Auntie Lila came to tell us it was time to get up and were going to pick some mushrooms for breakfast. This was all new to us, straight from the Liverpool slum area, but all part of the new adventure, and we went with her across the lane outside the house into a field where she showed us how to pick very carefully, the round brown objects which were growing in the field. When she had filled the bowl she had brought, we went back into the house and she fried bacon and some of the mushrooms and gave us plates of this to eat. I had never tasted anything so wonderful and to this day mushrooms are one of my favourite things to eat!

The next day we were taken in a car to meet our schoolteacher, Miss Lee who had travelled with us from Liverpool and was to remain with us for as long as we were away from home. She explained that we would be going for lessons in the village school, and we began to feel more at home with this familiar figure promising to teach us our usual lessons. Our days took on a familiar pattern, going to school and enjoying our freedom to play in the fields adjoining the cottage. Autumn came and went, and occasionally a coach from Home James Ltd in Liverpool would bring parents to visit us and

reassure themselves that we were being looked after and were happy. We felt sad when it was time for them to go back on their coach, but we soon settled into the joys of country life. When Winter came, it brought new delights because snowdrifts formed in the lanes and fields and we had fun playing snowballs in this wonderful white snow, a lovely sight to us because we were used to seeing any snow which fell near our street quickly made into slush by the feet and horses passing along.

At Christmas, we were promised that Father Christmas would not forget that we were living in this lovely cottage, and sure enough, we had presents, books for me and dolls for my young sisters. We settled into this new life quite happily, and at one stage our Mam was evacuated to the village with our two other young sisters and our baby brother. But country life was too quiet for my Mam and she worried about my Dad being left at home with no one to cook for him, and she decided that as we were happy and well looked after, she would go back to Liverpool to be with her mother and father and my father too.

Life went on for us and Spring came and went, with the wonder of the flowers in the fields and the fun of going to school over the fields and having some of our lessons outside in the field adjoining the village school. Summer came and went and with occasional visits from my Dad who came by train and walked from Whitchurch, the nearest town to Whixall to see us. But this was the time of the "phoney war" as it came to be known. War had not started as expected, and my parents and grandparents who lived next door to us, were missing us terribly and so it was decided that we would return to Liverpool, and one day we went to meet the Home James coach because we had received a letter telling us that our "adopted brother" who lived near us in Liverpool and had eaten meals with us since his mother died, he and his brother were taken very much as part of our family, and we had not seen him for two years as he had joined the Army, so we were very excited and quite unaware that he was coming on behalf of our parent to take us home. While we were overjoyed to see him, we cried at the thought of going back to Liverpool, and Auntie Lila cried too, which I can now understand, but we obediently boarded the coach with Gerard and cried all the way to Liverpool. Only now can I understand how distressing it must have been for our mother to find children weeping at the thought of coming home to her, but we were very quickly absorbed into the warmth of home and things were soon back to normal.

Not for long though because we were in Liverpool for the big Christmas Blitz and our School was among the buildings devastated in that, and the Education Department did not consider the collection of shrapnel in the street, exciting as we considered it to be, an acceptable alternative to formal education.

They tried to provide some schooling in the parlour of homes which had spare rooms, but this amounted to only one hour every two days, which was not going to make us worthy citizens, so it was decided we must go away from the City again. Like the preparations which had been done for the September evacuation, the only decision which had been taken was the name of the place they considered safe enough to take us to ...Penmaenmawr, North Wales.

There had been no provision made for billets for us, so the WVS LADIES drove us around the village knocking on doors and asking the residents to take on refugees from Liverpool. No great eagerness was found so we spent the first night of our stay on the floor of the Convent, the boys being sent to sleep in the Monastery across the road. My youngest sister was only barely five years old and was very upset at having to sleep on the floor, and cried that it was hurting her bones, so she lay across

me and spent the night that way. Life in Penmaenmawr was almost like life in Whixall, except that we had the beach instead of fields, and we settled into the new life there.

This time we had been placed with a Welsh lady who did not want children around and we were not happy there, so when we had the offer to move to live with a retired Head Mistreee who had asked for more evacuees because if she took in six children, she was given an extra ten shillings and sixpence for laundry. The big attraction as far as I was concerned was that she had bookshelves filled with lots of books, and I was an avid bookworm. So we moved to live with Miss Leonar and life turned yet another page.

When Liverpool suffered extremely heavy bombing in May of that year, all the Liverpool children were told that we could go into one of the big empty houses on the seafront, and put a label without mothers name on it, and place it onto a door of a room in the house. We did this, but my mother decided that if Hitler was going to kill us with bombs, we should die together as a family, so once more we were back at home in dear old Liverpool and added to our collection of shrapnel from the streets. There was a brick Air Raid Shelter in the street outside our house, and every evening we were dressed in our warm clothes and settled down to sleep in there. We had a wireless somehow in there which put me in seventh heaven because I had the notion that I could sing! Unfortunately for the neighbours, I had an exceptional memory for words of songs, so persisted in serenading all and sundry with all the Vera Lynne and Anne Shelton songs of the day, what memories they must have had!!

Extracts from the diary of Anne Frank (1942-44)

July 8th 1942: “At three o’clock (Hello had left but was supposed to come back later), the doorbell rang. I didn’t hear it, since I was out on the balcony, lazily reading in the sun. A little while later Margot appeared in the kitchen doorway looking very agitated. “Father has received a call-up notice from the SS,” she whispered. “Mother has gone to see Mr. van Daan” (Mr. van Daan is Father’s business partner and a good friend.) I was stunned. A call-up: everyone knows what that means. Visions of concentration camps and lonely cells raced through my head. How could we let Father go to such a fate? “Of course he’s not going,” declared Margot as we waited for Mother in the living room. “Mother’s gone to Mr. van Daan to ask whether we can move to our hiding place tomorrow. The van Daans are going with us. There will be seven of us altogether.” Silence. We couldn’t speak. The thought of Father off visiting someone in the Jewish Hospital and completely unaware of what was happening, the long wait for Mother, the heat, the suspense – all this reduced us to silence.

July 9th 1942: “Here’s a description of the building... A wooden staircase leads from the downstairs hallway to the third floor. At the top of the stairs is a landing, with doors on either side. The door on the left takes you up to the spice storage area, attic and loft in the front part of the house. A typically Dutch, very steep, ankle-twisting flight of stairs also runs from the front part of the house to another door opening onto the street. The door to the right of the landing leads to the Secret Annex at the back of the house. No one would ever suspect there were so many rooms behind that plain grey door. There’s just one small step in front of the door, and then you’re inside. Straight ahead of you is a steep flight of stairs. To the left is a narrow hallway opening onto a room that serves as the Frank family’s living room and bedroom. Next door is a smaller room, the bedroom and study of the two young ladies of the family. To the right of the stairs is a windowless washroom with a sink. The door in the corner leads to the toilet and another one to Margot’s and my room... Now I’ve introduced you to the whole of our lovely Annex!”

August 21st 1942: “Now our Secret Annex has truly become secret. Because so many houses are being searched for hidden bicycles, Mr. Kugler thought it would be better to have a bookcase built in front of the entrance to our hiding place. It swings out on its hinges and opens like a door. Mr. Voskuijl did the carpentry work. (Mr. Voskuijl has been told that the seven of us are in hiding, and he’s been most helpful.) Now whenever we want to go downstairs we have to duck and then jump. After the first three days we were all walking around with bumps on our foreheads from banging our heads against the low doorway. Then Peter cushioned it by nailing a towel stuffed with wood shavings to the doorframe. Let’s see if it helps!”

October 9th 1942: “Today I have nothing but dismal and depressing news to report. Our many Jewish friends and acquaintances are being taken away in droves. The Gestapo is treating them very roughly and transporting them in cattle cars to Westerbork, the big camp in Drenthe to which they’re sending all the Jews. Miep told us about someone who’d managed to escape from there. It must be terrible in Westerbork. The people get almost nothing to eat, much less to drink, as water is available only one hour a day, and there’s only one toilet and sink for several thousand people. Men and women sleep in the same room, and women and children often have their heads shaved. Escape is almost impossible; many people look Jewish, and they’re branded by their shorn heads. If it’s that bad in Holland, what must it be like in those faraway and uncivilized places where the Germans are sending them? We assume that most of them are being murdered. The English radio says they’re

being gassed. Perhaps that's the quickest way to die. I feel terrible. Miep's accounts of these horrors are so heartrending... Fine specimens of humanity, those Germans, and to think I'm actually one of them! No, that's not true, Hitler took away our nationality long ago. And besides, there are no greater enemies on earth than the Germans and Jews."

October 20th 1942: "My hands still shaking, though it's been two hours since we had the scare... The office staff stupidly forgot to warn us that the carpenter, or whatever he's called, was coming to fill the extinguishers... After working for about fifteen minutes, he laid his hammer and some other tools on our bookcase (or so we thought!) and banged on our door. We turned white with fear. Had he heard something after all and did he now want to check out this mysterious looking bookcase? It seemed so, since he kept knocking, pulling, pushing and jerking on it. I was so scared I nearly fainted at the thought of this total stranger managing to discover our wonderful hiding place..."

November 19th 1942: "Mr. Dussel has told us much about the outside world we've missed for so long. He had sad news. Countless friends and acquaintances have been taken off to a dreadful fate. Night after night, green and grey military vehicles cruise the streets. They knock on every door, asking whether any Jews live there. If so, the whole family is immediately taken away. If not, they proceed to the next house. It's impossible to escape their clutches unless you go into hiding. They often go around with lists, knocking only on those doors where they know there's a big haul to be made. They frequently offer a bounty, so much per head. It's like the slave hunts of the olden days... I feel wicked sleeping in a warm bed, while somewhere out there my dearest friends are dropping from exhaustion or being knocked to the ground. I get frightened myself when I think of close friends who are now at the mercy of the cruellest monsters ever to stalk the earth. And all because they're Jews."

May 18th 1943: "All college students are being asked to sign an official statement to the effect that they 'sympathize with the Germans and approve of the New Order.'" Eighty percent have decided to obey the dictates of their conscience, but the penalty will be severe. Any student refusing to sign will be sent to a German labour camp."

March 29th 1944: "Mr. Bolkestein, the Cabinet Minister, speaking on the Dutch broadcast from London, said that after the war a collection would be made of diaries and letters dealing with the war. Of course, everyone pounced on my diary."

February 3rd 1944: "I've reached the point where I hardly care whether I live or die. The world will keep on turning without me, and I can't do anything to change events anyway. I'll just let matters take their course and concentrate on studying and hope that everything will be all right in the end."

July 15th 1944: "It's utterly impossible for me to build my life on a foundation of chaos, suffering and death. I see the world being slowly transformed into a wilderness, I hear the approaching thunder that, one day, will destroy us too, I feel the suffering of millions. And yet, when I look up at the sky, I somehow feel that everything will change for the better, that this cruelty too will end, that peace and tranquillity will return once more. In the meantime, I must hold on to my ideals. Perhaps the day will come when I'll be able to realize them."

Go through your wardrobe



DOMINA NACHSHEN



IWM



**A clear plate
means
A clear conscience**

Don't take more than you can eat

every available piece of land must be cultivated



GROW YOUR OWN FOOD

supply your own cookhouse

IWM

WANTED



FOR SABOTAGE

THE SQUANDERBUG *ALIAS* HITLER'S PAL
*KNOWN TO BE AT LARGE IN CERTAIN PARTS OF
THE KINGDOM*

USUALLY FOUND IN THE COMPANY OF USELESS
ARTICLES, HAS A TEMPTING LEER AND A
FLATTERING MANNER

WANTED

ALSO FOR THE CRIME OF 'SHOPPERS DISEASE'
INFORMATION CONCERNING THIS PEST SHOULD BE REPORTED TO



***DON'T** do it,
Mother—*

**LEAVE THE CHILDREN
WHERE THEY ARE**

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH

IWM

She's in the Ranks too!



CARING FOR EVACUEES IS A NATIONAL SERVICE

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH

TO THE BRITISH TROOPS



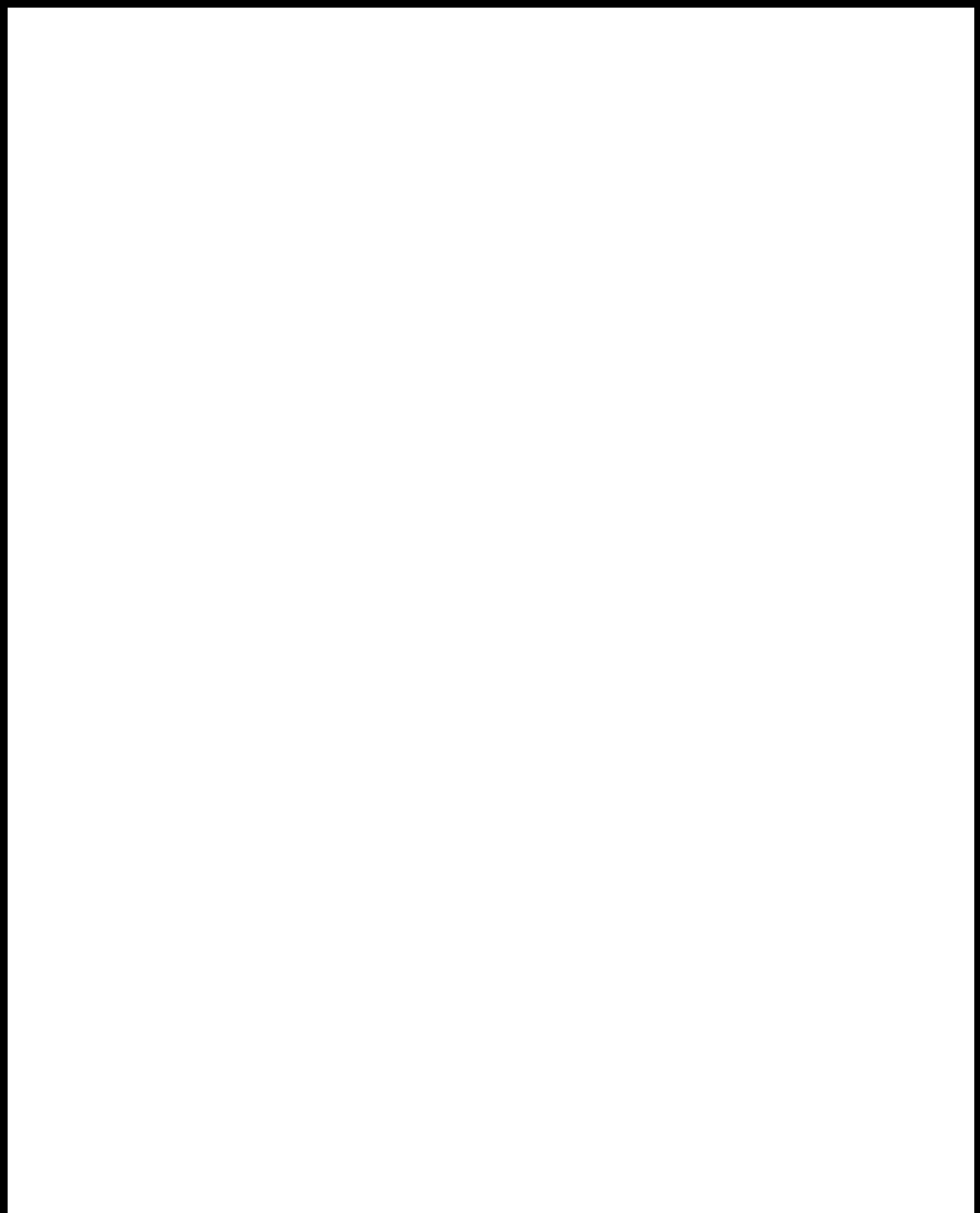
"I want to know where your unit is stationed—so that I can bomb you and drop parachute troops to machine-gun you. This information I will get from you and your friends—please continue to give your friends military details. I shall hear." *Lieutenant-General Schultz.* GERMAN INTELLIGENCE.



*Keep mum
she's not so dumb!*

CARELESS TALK COSTS LIVES

Looking at the examples provided, create a World War Two poster focusing on saving money and food, evacuating children or keeping the war details confidential.



World War Two Gardens

Before the outbreak of the Second World War, Britain imported around 55 million tonnes of food per year. The German government disrupted this importation by using their battleships and submarines to hunt down and sink British merchant vessels.

Due to the decline in food imports, Britain had to introduce a system of rationing. Each household was registered to their local shops – the shopkeepers were then provided with enough food for their registered customers.

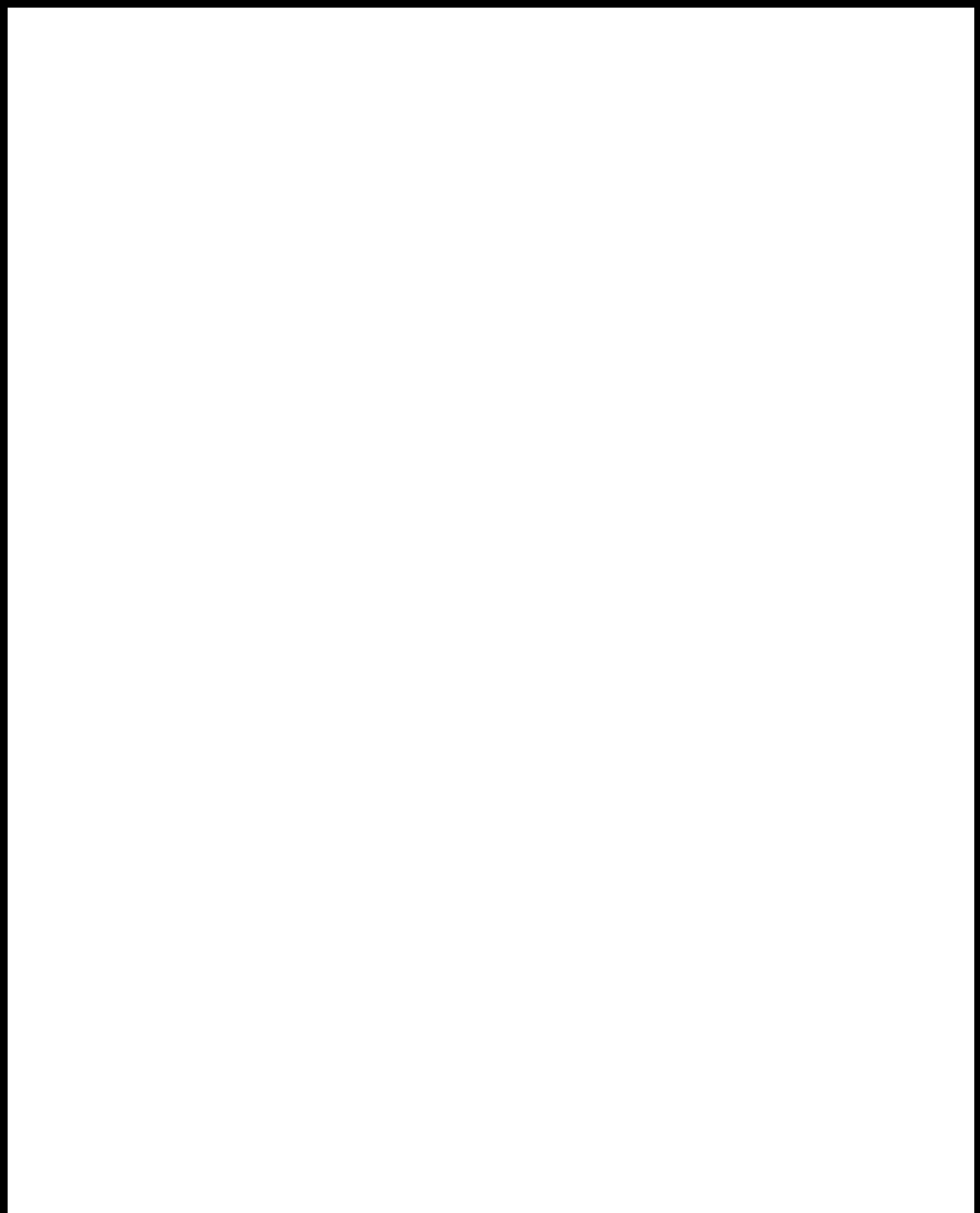
The government also introduced a Dig for Victory campaign that called for every man and woman in Britain to keep an allotment. Lawns and flower-beds were turned into vegetable gardens. Beans became a regular part of the everyday diet, carrots replaced sweets and onions briefly became worth their weight in gold. The propaganda campaign was successful and it was estimated that over 1,400,000 people had allotments.

People were encouraged to keep chickens. Others kept rabbits and goats. Pigs were especially popular as they could be fed on kitchen waste.

Another popular feature of World War Two gardens was an Anderson shelter, where families would take shelter from air raid bombs. These shelters could hold up to six people and were built half buried into the ground, with lots of earth and grass on top so that they were hard to distinguish from passing planes. People would even grow vegetables and flowers in the soil on top of the shelter, and neighbours would often have competitions for the best looking shelter. They were created from six foot high curved corrugated steel panels and had one door for access. They were foot feet wide and six feet long. There was a simple drainage system to catch rainwater seeping into the shelter.

Families were expected to fill the insides of the shelters themselves, and so this ranged from seats and benches to bunk beds. Most shelters would be filled with warm blankets.

Using the description provided, draw what you think a typical English garden would have looked like during World War Two.



Mock Banana Recipe

During the war, a lack of food imports meant that Britain could no longer enjoy bananas. Mock banana was created as a substitute.

Ingredients and Equipment:

1 medium parsnip.

2-3 teaspoon of caster sugar.

2-3 squirts of banana essence.

Chopping board.

Vegetable peeler.

Knife.

Pan and lid.

Masher.

Method:

Peel and chop up the parsnip and boil until soft.

Drain and mix in the caster sugar and banana essence.

Mash until fairly smooth.

Allow to cool.

Spread onto bread to make sandwiches.

