

The display will be up until the end of the day. Should anyone from the society wish to attend the reunion dinner, we would like to be informed by 9th May. There will be no fee; we simply want members of the community and friends of the church to be informed so that they can join us if they wish to.

I can be contacted on [rosaliemarsha93@hotmail.com](mailto:rosaliemarsha93@hotmail.com), or a note can be left at Moseley Road Methodist Church, Moseley Road, Balsall Heath, B12 9AH.

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## BIRMINGHAM GIRLS

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Carol Arnall has a book out called "Birmingham Girls" which recalls her life growing up in the area. Carol kindly shares some thoughts for us here:

*My sister Pauline and I lived in Coneybere Street, Balsall Heath, with our mom during the mid to late 1940s - up the terrace as it was called - Newport Terrace to give it its proper name. It was a back-to-back house at the top end of a row of terraced houses. It was a two-up and two-down house with a patch of ground outside the front door, called the garden, but I can't even remember weeds growing in it let alone flowers.*

*The washhouses were at the top of the terrace where the*

*women took it in turns through the week to do their washing. I see the old mangles and a boiler fetching a small fortune now at the antique fairs.*

*We never thought where we lived was a slum. Why should we? We knew of no other life except that small house at the end of the row.*

*We would jump over the side fence to go to the toilets housed in the yard. From what I can remember, there were only about eight toilets for the whole terrace. We shared with neighbours from along the row, early unisex communal toilets. The only memories of the very early years I have are when Mom sat me on the side by the sink and gave me some cod liver oil followed by malt. I was very young then, no more than two or three I should say. The malt was delicious but the cod liver oil diabolical.*



Coneybere Street, September 1960

*This book is simply a miscellany of my own memories; it tells the story of our early lives in Balsall Heath, Birmingham, where we lived in a back-to-back house with our mom. In no way is it meant to be a historical document. Our father deserted Mom before I was born. She had a desperate struggle bringing us up during and after the war until she remarried. We then moved to Northfield, and we both passed the eleven plus examination to grammar schools.*