

The Hartleys

MADE BY RUTH, WITH
THE WHOLE FAMILY

The Hartleys

A family remembered together

For everyone who sat round the kitchen table and remembered.



The first holiday

Summer, early 1950s · The coast

Ruth

Mum always said this was the first holiday they ever took together.

Clive · Ruth's uncle

It rained every single day and we didn't mind one bit.

Margaret · Ruth's aunt · remembers it differently

I remember sunshine. It was the week after that it rained.

Sam · Ruth's cousin

I wasn't even born, but I've heard about this week every Christmas of my life. Uncle Clive tells it as the wettest week in history and Auntie Margaret tells it as a heatwave, and Grandad used to sit between them and say nothing at all.



Camping in the old car
Summer 1951

Sam · *Ruth's cousin*

Grandad fitted the tent, the stove and the whole family into that car. Nobody has ever worked out how.

Clive · *Ruth's uncle*

I slept on the back seat with my feet out of the window. Dad said it was the best night's sleep he ever had, which I don't believe for a minute.



Sunday best

Chapel Street



The new television

Around 1955 · The front room

Ruth

Nan saved for nearly a year for that television. On Saturday nights the neighbours' children came round and sat in a row on the rug, and she made them all cocoa before the programme started.

Clive · Ruth's uncle

I always sat closest to the screen, and I was told off for it every single time.





Dad's first car

Early 1960s

It broke down on the way home from buying it. He kept it for eleven years.

Sam · Ruth's cousin



Nan's kitchen
1940s

Ruth

Every Sunday the same apron, the same oven door that only shut if you leaned on it, and the same quiet moment when Nan set a place at the table for the people who weren't there any more. I didn't understand it then. I do now.

Margaret · Ruth's aunt

Nan's kitchen was the warmest room in the house. She baked on Saturdays so there'd be something in the tin for whoever called round on Sunday, and somebody always did. I'd sit on the back step shelling peas while she told me who everyone in the street had married, and who they shouldn't have. She never wrote a recipe down. Ask her how much flour went in the scones and she'd say "enough".

Clive · Ruth's uncle

She always saved me the burnt edges of the pie, because she knew I liked them best.



Who are these people?

Margaret · *Ruth's aunt*

I think that might be Aunt Edie on the left, but I'm only guessing.

Clive · *Ruth's uncle* · *remembers it differently*

That's never Aunt Edie. Edie wouldn't have been seen dead in a hat like that. I think it's the Pearsons from next door, the year they came back from Canada.

With memories from

Ruth

Clive

Ruth's uncle

Margaret

Ruth's aunt

Sam

Ruth's cousin

Lovingly Kept

Memories made to be kept.

Made by Ruth, with the whole family