



NO news on any more 'Laurel and Hardy in Morecambe' pictures just yet but here's a superb shot on a similar theme.

It belongs to Eric Smith who, with his father Frank, used to construct (and even export) miniature vehicles and other mechanical contraptions such as the previously mentioned 'elephant' that used to offer rides to kids.

This shot was taken, we think, in 1949 and shows the 'other' world famous American double act, Abbott and Costello when they appeared at our Winter Gardens.

As the picture shows, they

were allowed to drive the little beach train near the Midland Hotel and, as you'd expect, drew quite a crowd.

That's Eric looking on at the left and, sitting behind Abbott and Costello and looking back over his shoulder, is Louis Benjamin, Winter Gardens manager at the time.

Eric says he remembers the day well, especially Bud Abbott shouting 'Look out for the rocks' in a broad American accent as they went along.

The picture was taken by a 'Telegraph' photographer, we assume it's the Bradford Telegraph and Argus.

Thanks Eric, marvellous

photo. DAN 29-02





↑ ↑ ↑
 DFD ME X ONE
 SAT ARM
 ON SACK
 A
 MORRIS
 3 WHEELER



1934 MORRIS 10/4
 GREAT FUN DRIVING IT

Morecambe and the Mechanical Elephant by Mr Eric Smith

Eric, Father Frank and Jumbo

During the War (WW2) 1939 to 1945, was alive! (MORECAMBE WAS)

The RAF were stationed here, they were billeted in boarding houses and hotels. The Midland Hotel was an RAF Hospital. We were lucky to live in Morecambe, everything still remained open, I did not feel at all deprived, as time went on things got better and better, till now I think I have lived through the best times, people of my age would agree.

I am going to tell you about the most exciting part of my life, how my father and I made our contribution to Morecambe in its heyday. Starting with what lead up to it, and how it all came about.

My first home was in Pine Street, Morecambe, a terrace house, gas lights, a tin bath you put in front of the fire and filled from the kettle and pans. The only tap in the house was cold water. A shelf over the fire place was called the mantel piece. That is where we kept the Mantels; these were an element for the gas lights. The toilet was in the back yard.

I don't remember much about this. My first clear memories are of 30 Woodhill Lane, Morecambe, a modern semi-detached house, with electric lights and a bathroom and toilet, hot and cold running water. The dining room fire had a back boiler that heated the water. We also had an immersion heater – that was electric.

I was about four years old, it would be 1936, my brother, who was 10 years old died, although he took me everywhere, I cannot remember his face. Across the road lived a man called, One Arm Jack, this is because he was minus an arm. I believe he lost it riding a motorbike on the Wall of Death. When he drove a car, he changed gear with his left hand, knee up to the steering wheel. The Wall of Death was a circular wall, they rode on the inside, and you could stand at the top and look down into it. Motorbikes when they gathered speed would go virtually on their side, centrifugal force holding them to the wall. I am sure I remember a lion in the rode in the side car.

I would be about 8 and 9 years old, in 1940 or 1941. When I helped One Arm Jack in his scrap yard in the winter time, but in the summer time I worked on the Winter Gardens fairground at weekends and in the summer holidays – full time.

One arm Jack had a rifle range stall and Mickey Mouse Circus, more like a Zoo really. The only one performing was a little mouse running on a wheel. When one man left, I was by this time working full time. So Johnnie the other man and I managed. One Arm Jack helped and the weekends. When it was quiet, Johnnie spent most of his time in the bath Hotel, he liked a drink!

I would look after both stalls; I was a clever little fellow, wasn't I ?

In the Mickey Mouse Circus, we had the world's smallest horse, till it grew up! I would ride home at the end of the day, with the little horse and trap. Johnnie would ride my faircycle. I was paid two shilling a day (10p). When Jack was there at weekends, he paid me two shillings and six pence a day (12 1/2p), that was fifteen shillings a week (75p). I enjoyed working and I suppose the money did come in handy. Another job I had was a washer upper, one of the most popular stalls on the fairground was the tea stall, and in fact there were two of them at the front and rear of the promenade.

You could buy a jug of tea with two cups for a shilling (5p), a returnable deposit was charged for the jug and cups, that was two shillings and six pence (12 1/2p). Some people would sit at the table and chairs at the front of the stall, but most people would take the tea across to the beach and have a picnic there with sandwiches. I also at one time ended up on a Bingo stall, Housey-Housey they called it. In the middle was a big square table with lots of little square holes you had to throw the balls into them to get your numbers. I not sure how this worked, but it was not my department, when they were finished the bottom of the table was pulled out revealing lots of little holes for the balls to fall through. My job was to scramble under the table and collect the balls, now with a little bit of technical know how, a sloping floor under the table would have made the balls roll to the edge and even a full size human being could have collected them; but hold on a minute this would have made me redundant ! We would have had to bring in the little boys union. The Winter Gardens fairground was the best; it had a Waltzer, Gallopers, Flying Chairs, Dodgems and lots of stalls and amusement arcades, a Wall of Death, a juvenile roundabout and a miniature railway. The West End fairground had the figure of eight, later called the Cyclone and just a few stalls, nothing much, later when it was enlarged they named it Frontier Land, on a cowboy theme, also, a fun house and an ice rink. I do remember one stall there; it was a fish pond, flat metal fish with in ring in the nose, to hook on to.

It just happened that One Arm Jack owned it, so I could have a free go. I vaguely remember when I was a little younger, seeing on the West End Fairground, Eric the Whale which was probably washed up onto the beach. It was displayed in a long narrow wooden building, with a long glass partition down the middle, the whale at one side, a walkway down the other side, we would go in, paying a few pence to see it, but I think it started to smell, so they got rid of it. Dad was a motor coach driver. But in the winter they would hoist the body up; it would be hung on the roof girders of the garage. Then they would drop a wagon body onto the chassis and secure it. Dad told me of the time they carefully loaded a piece of limestone, in the shape of a horse, which you can see on the promenade today. Dad was not fit enough to join the army, so he was directed to war work, building the ICI Chemical works at Middleton. When it was finished he was sent to Exmouth, Devon where they were building army camps for the build up to D Day. Mother and I went with him. We had a caravan in a field, I would be about ten years old – it would 1942. This was my first opportunity to drive a car. I opened the gate when Dad arrived home, Dad would drive in and slide over, I would close the gate, jump in and drive down the field. I would park with the front of the car facing the back end of the caravan. Mum would say, 'he will run into the caravan, Dad', but I didn't.



DRIVER FRANK SMITH, OWNERS R. H. HARRISON



FRANK SMITH DRIVER, OWNERS FRANK & PARTNER



"DREADNOUGHT MOTORS" MORECAMBE. YES.

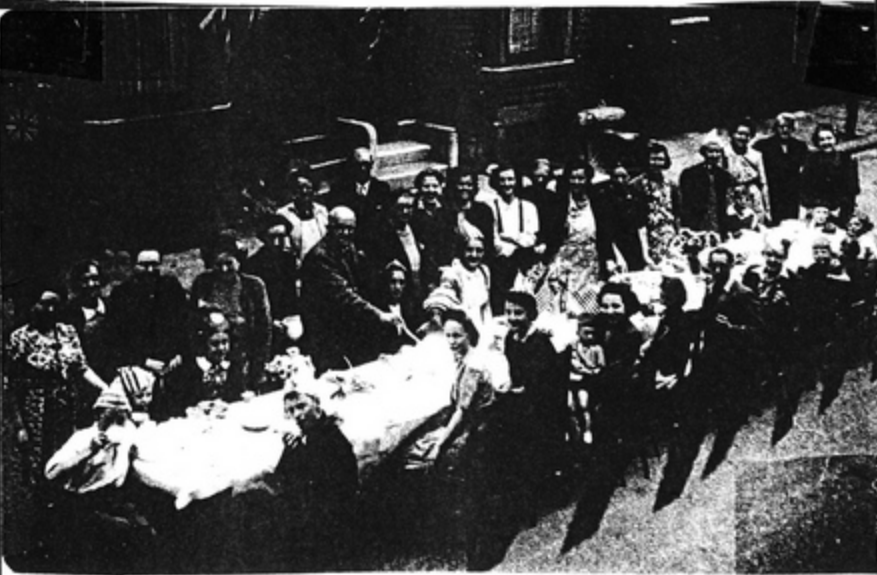
THE ONE AT THE REAR WOULD HAVE
A WAGON BODY IN THE WINTER.

FRANK SMITH
2ND FROM THE
RIGHT

IT'S FLOOD THE SKYRIDER



FEATURE IN THE DAILY MAIL



THE WAR WAS OVER
V. E. DAY
KING STREET
MORECAMBE

↑
PIT
KEN'S
SISTER

↑ ↑
KEN
ERIC
WITH
THE
HAT

Back at Morecambe, you could go to the Tower, and see a film then go into the ballroom all for one shilling (5p).

In the 40's, 50's and 60's Morecombe had four dance halls, the Tower, Winter Gardens, the central pier and the Floral Hall. Thursday nights at the tower was children's dance night, you had to be 18 years old to get in on Saturday. But when I was 15 or 16, I would say I was 18 and I managed to get in.

Recently, I was talking to a lady from London; she said she had been to one of our lovely dance hall on Green Street. The old Labour Exchange Hut I said, you will know the Hammersmith Palais. Well we had four dance halls. Just as big and much nicer, we also has eight cinemas, they were the Palace, Whitehall, Palladium, Tower, Plaza, Odeon and the Empire and also the Arcadian. There was also the Little Star Cinema. This came about; my Ken friend and I were playing in the attic. We had moved into a terrace house, in Kings Street. Dad now owned the garage at the end of the street, he was now self-employed. It would be 1945 and the war was over. In the attic we found a magic lantern, a bulb inside shone a light through glass slides and projected an image onto a screen. Ken said lets make a show with an audience, so we invited Ken's sister and her friend to see the show. My mother said 'Hoy' you are not taking a load of kids up to the attic, you has better move into the cellar. It was my first businessmen partnership, the Star Cinema was born.

We had a curtain that could be pulled by a string across the front of the screen a pull on, curtain and the rail, the whole lot came down, disaster !. But we soon reassembled it and bought cheers from the audience. We had wooden bench seats which usually had about six children on them. On one occasion I think we had twenty in – possibly standing room only. Drinks were for sale at the interval at half penny each. By the way it cost our customers one penny to see the show. We now acquired an 8.5mm movie projector and films. We built a projection room in an alcove at the back and a spy hole for the projectionist. We had music of course supplied by a wind-up gramophone behind the screen. We had the best still board in town, better than any other cinema. This showed picture of the film we were showing – this was all thanks to my artistic friend Ken. Ken would push me around town in my bogie, I would have posters and paste. I can remember we stuck posters on the fence down Bill Hill. It was in the centre of Morecombe, that's where most of our customers came from. The film Blackmail, was one of the ones we made good use of two reels, quite a long one. When an exciting scene came on we would cut the film of and put a card in front of the screen, on it would be, 'see next week, to find out what happens'! Another popular serial was Johnnie of the RAF. A Spitfire pilot, this was a drawing on a card, pushed through the gap in the curtains and the projector light shone on them. This once again was thanks to Ken's artistic talents.

The bogie I mentioned earlier, its main use was luggaging. I would wait at the station, when the trains arrived and the holiday maker came out, ' I would say carry your luggage Sir'? If they plonked their bags in the bogie, I would take them to where they stayed. This was just a Saturday job, I think on a good day I

could earn as much as five shillings (25p). A bogie was a wooden box on pram wheels and two wooden handles.

Just going back to late 1943 and 1944. I also had a very pleasant job dog walking. I took three or four dogs for an hours walk after school and two hours on Sunday mornings.

The two shillings and six pence a week I was paid, came in handy. I also went with the dog's owner to dog shows, he even allowed me to show a dog sometimes. I had to walk it up and down, and then make it stand correctly. Eventually, he gave me one. They were whippets sleek like a Greyhound but smaller. Not everybody had a vacuum cleaner in those days. I would take my next door neighbour's vacuum cleaner to her sister's house once a week and take it back the next week. That gave me another shilling a week (5p), with one shilling and six pence pocket money – I was on five shillings a week in total (25p). It would be 1946 about May time – I had a children's illness – when I recovered I only had a few weeks to go for the summer school holidays, as I would then be 14 years old. I was due to leave school, so I didn't go back to school. I was keen to get full time into the world of work and have fun doing so. At this stage I didn't realise just how much fun and satisfaction was to be had. My Dad remembered my fairground experience he thought it would be a good idea to buy a juvenile roundabout with little cars, a fire engine and motorbikes. It had to be something mechanical, not a dart stall or a rifle range.

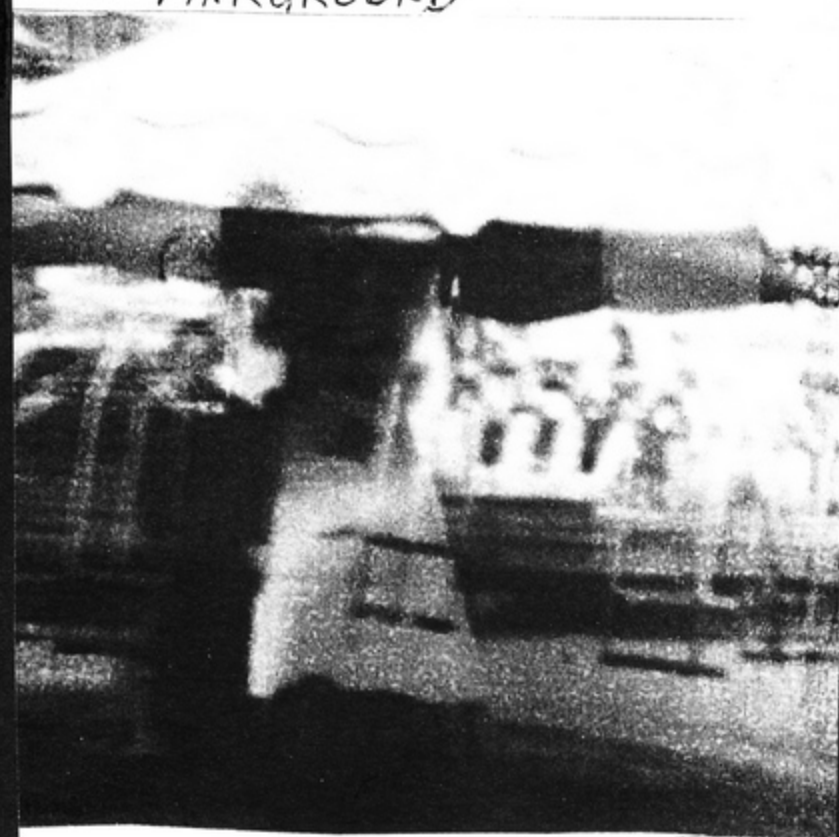
The second summer, we converted it to flying chairs something different to the competition. There were several other children's rides on the Winter Gardens fairground. Dad thought in the winter I could sweep the garage floor and make the tea. Little did he know that he would never have done what he did without me, and I certainly would never have done what I did without him, what a team ! After two summers on the fairground, I got fed up, working till 7 or 8pm and weekends, so I said I want to be in the garage winter and summer. Then, I could go out with my mates, evenings and weekends. Just a five and a half days a week, finishing lunch time Saturday.

I did continue my education by going to night school doing just 1st year engineering and 1st year welding, but 1st, 2nd and 3rd year motor mechanics attaining my City and Guilds Certificate. I didn't do much motor repairing. I was too busy building and operating children's amusement rides, even against my will. When I served my National Service in the RAF in Scotland. Apart from coming home in my little Austin Seven to get some work done building trains. Back at camp I was busy sign writing lettering the vehicles also any welding jobs. Which I had to take to the general workshop, our workshop did not have welding equipment. I did not do many parades or get involved in all the Bull; I managed to get an 18 month excused parade chit and a few weekly ones. But that's another story!

Dad took Mother to Bellevue, an amusement park, in Manchester. He saw an elephant, a real one; it was giving the kids a ride. When he arrived home, Dad's imagination ran away with him, he said – let's have one at Morecombe! I am going to build a mechanical elephant. When he told me, I said really very



1946
WINTER GARDENS
FAIRGROUND



CHANGED WE MADE IT
INTO A FLYING CHAIR RIDE.
1947



THIS WAS THE FIRST
JUMBO



THIS WAS THE SECOND



THEY RIDE THE FLYING
DUTCHMAN



THEY RIDE THE SECOND

uninterestingly, I had lost interest in children's amusement rides. Sunday lunch time, Dad came home, he said to me I have started it, started what I said? The mechanical elephant, he said. Oh! I said shrugging my shoulders, but my curiosity got the better of me and when I went out, I popped down to the garage to see what he was up to. There on the floor was a set of iron bed rails; he had got them from the scrap yard. They were from the old type bedsteads, which had a spring mesh, suspended across, then an old feather mattress on. I can remember Mother plumping up her feather mattress. I slept on the new interior sprung mattress.

I was now a motor mechanic and not an amusement ride operator any more, not for long though. The father of my friend Ken, would go down to the garage at evenings and weekends and help my Father with his mechanical elephant, Pooh!, I did not like the look of it. Thought I could I do a better job of it? So when the second one was made, I took over the body work and made the head more realistic. We used barrage balloon fabric, surplus after the war. Then painted it with Bostik glue, and then painted it gray. Sea shells were used for its toes and a customer of ours a dental surgeon, made some plastic eyes and with the aid of a motorcar windscreen wiper motor they were flicked from side to side. It was also connected to the beasts' ears, making them flap. This was me back in the amusement job. I even ended up strolling along Morecambe beach with a mechanical elephant. With a load of kids on its back – they paid 6 pence time (2 1/2p). It was propelled with an Austin Seven engine, permanently in gear, so you pressed the starter and with a jump, jump and it fired up and away we would go - I also had to make some steel steps for the children to climb onto the elephant. This was the only the start, every year we came up with something new. By the way, it was a bit of a headache for the licensing authority, when we went to get a licence to take it onto the road, to get to the beach. We also needed a number for the number plates. An elephant with a number plate – how about that !? Dad was like me, money was necessary, but that was not what motivated us in any of our business ventures.

It was now 1948 I know it was as I was 16 years old at the time, because the Police Chief at Morecambe a customer of ours – he said to Dad, 'Eric shouldn't be taking the elephant on the road with out a licence'.

When I was 17 years old – I got a licence and I bought my first car. It was delivered on the back of a wagon. The front nearside wheel had sheared off – it was thrown inside along with two dustbins full of rubbish and a mouse. When customers asked what was in the corner of the garage. I said it's mine and I am going to take the body off and make a sports car body for it. When they remarked you'll never do it, it made me keener than ever. I bought two sheets of metal and metal tube to form a frame to fold the sheet metal over. This was my first experience of designing and marking metal bodies etc. I created a very detailed drawing of the elephant, to send to the Patenting Solicitors. But in recent years I got a copy of this Patent and they had disregarded mine, and had made a simple line drawing to my disappointment. I was really disappointed because I had taken so much time and effort to prepare it. Dad sold the Patent – he was offered £5000 in those days, if you earned £500 in a year it was good going, but they wanted Dad to manage the project. He was not interested; if I

had been older he said I could have done it. There were several men involved, but a breakaway group offered £1000 and they would go it alone. The elephant created the most publicity of anything we made. Although, the other things we made did get a lot of press publicity in The Visitor, Guardian, Evening Post, Westmoreland Gazette, Yorkshire and Scottish papers and have you heard of the Page Three Girls ?, Well, I was the centre page boy in the Daily Mirror – the elephant was the star of course – I was only the elephant keeper. I know one ended up in America and I have been told one is the star in the annual Christmas Pageant in Adelaide, South Australia, which is held in mid November – 'Nellie' is a much loved icon of that city. Lunebank Engineering at Halton, near Lancaster made twenty for the owners of the Patent (Mecades). A man called Frank Stuart made a larger version which I assume infringed the Patent – which I think only covered Britain – so this is why the larger versions were sold abroad?

Dad bought a 7 ¼ in Gauge Miniature steam train and coaches, you sat astride them. He had a short length of line in the garage, he used it to run up and down when he got up steam. He got a site at Heysham Head to operate it, but instead of running on steam we built a simulated dining car and put an Austin Seven car engine in it to push it along. We also has some miniature buses that Dad bought, we ran them along side of the train. I drove one; you had to lift four children into them. I sat in the middle, with the engine between my legs, a two stroke 125cc Villiers. They were very built with very fine attention to detail, by a man in Brighton, a Mr Johnstone. Dad, then went on to get a site in Happymount Park, he bought a 10 ¼ in gauge steam engine chassis only. Instead of making a boiler and cab, I said I would like to make a Coronation Scot body blue and silver, just like the one we went to see going through Hest Bank Station. When we were little, we used to put a ½ penny on the line – when the train had gone, they were then the size of a penny. I was always interested in body shapes, the girls of course, but really it was car bodies and things. The Coronation Scot body took quite sometime to build, but I did it and I also built the coaches to match, with silver line beading down the side to match the engine. These you sat inside and were quite a bit wider than the Heysham Head train. We also had Skyrider running along side, Dad built a chassis and he put hydraulic jacks, at each corner and mounted ^{A BODY} which I had made like jet plane. When it set off you lifted the front end, then raised the back, after the trip round on returning, you lowered the front and then the back. The Skyrider along with the Happy Mount Park train were featured with Flook in the Daily Mail. Flook was a cartoon animal of some kind, which travelled around the seaside resorts. Then we had a motor car, guided by a sunken channel in the road; it pulled four little Honda Monkey Bikes. We also had some of these on the beach behind the Midland Hotel, at Morecombe, on a concrete track.

Dad's fascination with trains made him want to put one on the beach. There was no way the Council, would have let us run on the promenade, it would have ^{NOT} taken a lot of maintenance, as the sand would ^{NOT} have got into all the working parts. Dad built a train like the ones on lines, of four big driving wheels and four small bogie wheels. It would not steer, it just wanted to go in a straight line. I used to get a lot of American magazines in those days – so got the idea of building it like an American diesel electric train – Dad agreed, and it was a success. We ran one at the West End and one on the central beach. Dad bought an Anzani Iron

Every picture tells a story

THIS regular picture feature in the Daily Mail Readers' Letters page offers you the chance to submit your photographs. They can be previously unseen, of interesting features and events, fascinating insights into famous people or occasions, or a little bit of history you were able to witness, for publication here.

IN SEPTEMBER 1956, Hulton Press organised a Boys' and Girls' Exhibition at Olympia, London. My job was to organise the opening ceremony, led by Harry Secombe, on a mechanical elephant.

Unfortunately I forgot to warn him about the elephant but, being the great trouper that he is, he gritted his teeth and mounted the lurching monster.

Alan Richmond,
Great Baddow, Chelmsford.

■ SEND your pictures, with full details of who and what they depict, as far as you know it, to Picture Panel, Daily Mail, 2 Derry Street, London W8 5TT. Enclose an SAE if you want your picture returned.



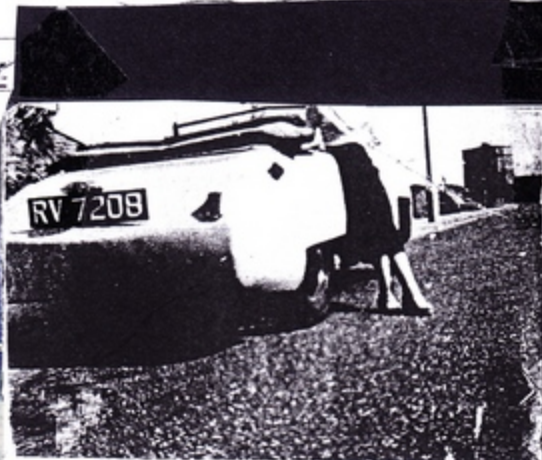
Goon up: Harry Secombe helps a boy mount the mechanical elephant

"Daily Mail" 6th May 2000.

THEY SAY ELEPHANT
DON'T FORGET
THE POST OFFICE SAYS DON'T FORGET THE
POST CODE



ELEPHANT BUILT BY LUNE BANK ENGINEERING
FOR MACADES.

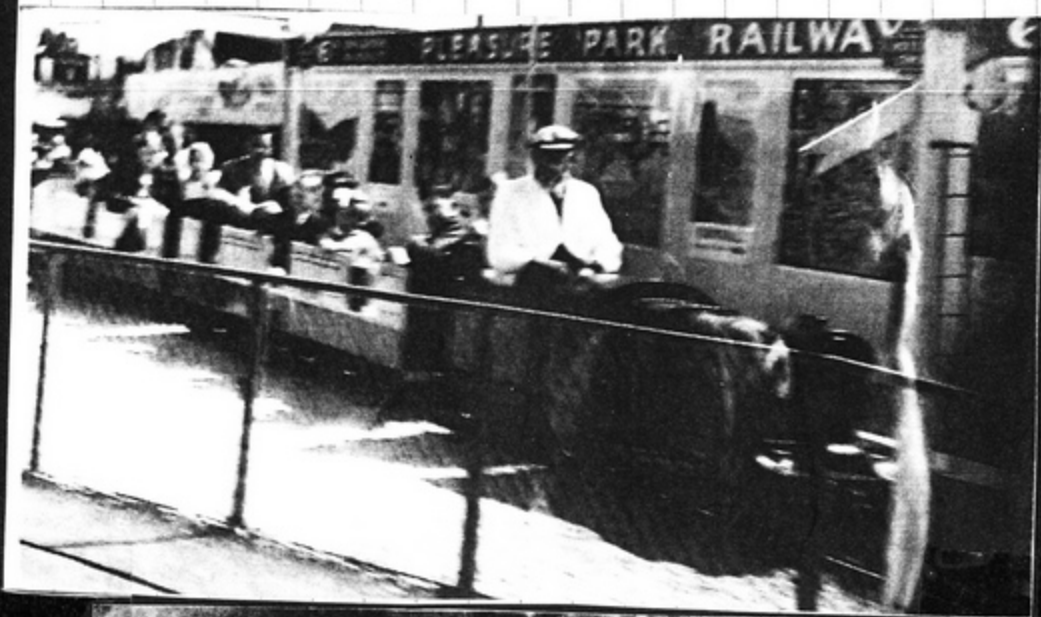


AUSTIN SEVEN
CHASSIS

BODY BY
ERIC SMITH



1957. WINTER GARDENS FAIRGROUND.



FEATURED IN THE DAILY MIRROR

Horse, a two wheeled farm tractor which you walked behind, holding the two handle bars and you could also pull a plough along. We used this to put a steam paddle boat body on which I made. We called it 'Saucy Sue'; it was like the one on Children's Hour TV at the time. It ran along the beach – when the tide was in, we would run it on the edge of the water, and it would not float of course.

I recently met a lady, who – when seven years old, waited at the stage door of the Winter Gardens for ages to get the autograph of Abbot and Costello. Lou Costello came dashing out and said 'sorry I've a train to catch' what a shame. Bud Abbott and Louis Benjamin – manager of the Winter gardens and all the rest of the them must have been waiting in the Midland Hotel for Lou Costello to arrive – so they could catch my train. It was a surprise to me when they arrived, but of course none of my passengers booked in advance!. Lou Costello jumped into the driving seat and Bud Abbott, jumped on to the back of the engine, then me. As he drove off I shouted mind those big stones, Bud Abbot translated this, to 'mind the Rocks'

When I had completed my National Service in the RAF – I came home ready to carry on where I left of, but even during the period of my National Service -I did come home from where I had been stationed in Scotland, approximately every six weeks. I came home in my little Austin Seven 180 miles, each way No motorways. We built two of our trackless trains. I had a profit on one of them, which gave me a deposit to buy a caravan, twice the size of the one I rented. I lived out of the camp with my wife, with a married allowance and travel expenses. I was on seven pounds a week. My Austin Seven did do 40 mpg; it was very cheap to run. Home for good, right said Dad, what are you going to do, get a job or work for yourself? I was shocked, to say the least but I was given the use of his workshop! Dad used mostly second hand parts. I wanted to build them as new – I set out to build three trains, making three of everything. I only had the winter to make these as in the summer; I operated a train on the beach at Redcar. Dad had set this up for me... I think the council had written to him – so he thought it would be a good start for me! I employed someone to run it for me after two summers. I then put a steam railway on the Winter Gardens fairground, on rails – I put a petrol engine in the cab. The next winter I wanted to build a miniature bus. My bus held twelve children and they entered through a door and walked down the isle and sat on seats on either side. The engine was between the two rear seats. It was not built in such great detail as the little one Dad had bought. But that's what I thought, a miniature bus should be. Purchase tax was payable on anything new the tax man said, if it carries twelve passengers it would be exempt, though it should have an entrance and an emergency exit. I quickly gathered my thoughts. You go in the door, in an emergency you jump out of the roof – it was open it did not have a roof. He replied, that will do. I sold the bus to a Mr Hart. He lived in St Albans, not long after a Canadian gentleman rang from London. 'I am over here looking for children's rides, I have heard about you'. I said – I will not be making anything else this year – I said, you have just missed a miniature bus. He cut the conversation short. I am coming up to see you; he said and put the phone down. When he arrived I showed him a photo of the bus. He asked me where it had gone to, who had bought it. A week later I got a letter. Your bus is on its way to Canada. Do you know of all the things I ever made, this was the only one I had a

warranty claim on. It was for only a length of Bowden cable, something and nothing. It was to operate the accelerator pedal. I put it in an envelope and posted it to him. After twenty years of operating and manufacturing in the amusement business, I decided to go back into the motor trade. Which I did for the next twenty years selling new and used cars. I sold NSU and Reliant cars, and then I had twenty years selling furniture. 'Quality Plus' nice things at reasonable prices. In Yorkshire Street, Morecambe, even then I could not stop making things. I bought a warehouse which doubled as a work shop, with the help of a friend, we designed and made a folding trailer, you could put it into a car boot. I wanted a door at the rear of the shop making bigger to get a trailer through. I said a folding trailer would save me the trouble so we made one. Even in the motor trade, first in Pedder Street, then at the County Garage - I just had to make things. I sold tyres, so I made a tyre fitting machine. I made a 20 foot long steel bench, with deep steel drawers, and when I moved to the County Garage, I had to cut it in half to transport it. I also used to make tubular framed trolleys for a fibre glass firm, to put their tubes in for Pubs and hospitals. Then I had a go at a fully adjustable hinge, which I used on wrought iron gates which I made and sold.

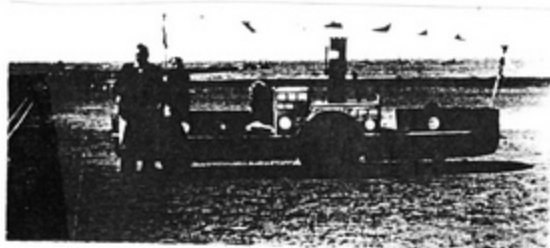
A man called Wally Wiley who used to operate the big rides on the Winter Gardens fairground; at Morecambe - he immigrated to South Africa - he told a man about me and my trains. He wrote to me - and enquired 'can you make me one of your trains'. I wrote back saying 'No'. As I was now in the motor trade, and don't know why, but I added, I have closed all my suppliers accounts. Therefore the only way I could make it would be to use locally sourced second hand material. The reply was, 'I don't care how you make it - here is the name of my shipping agent - they will collect it for me! Let me know when you have made it and I will send you my cheque'!

This has been a little bit of what was happening in Morecambe.

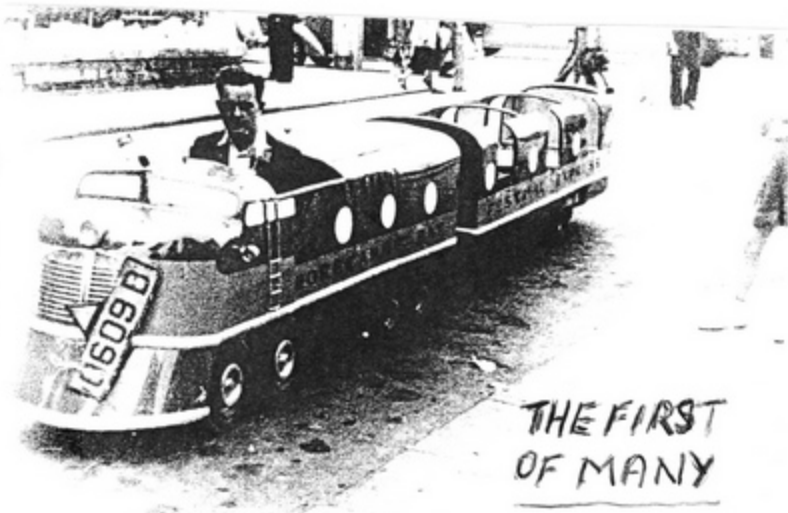
Morecambe could have got by without Dad and I, but I think we put the icing on the cake. We should have called ourselves, Smith's International - Dad's ideas travelled to America and Australia, and I exported to Canada and South Africa.

1/2/2011 Typed by Tim Keenan - Margate - Kent

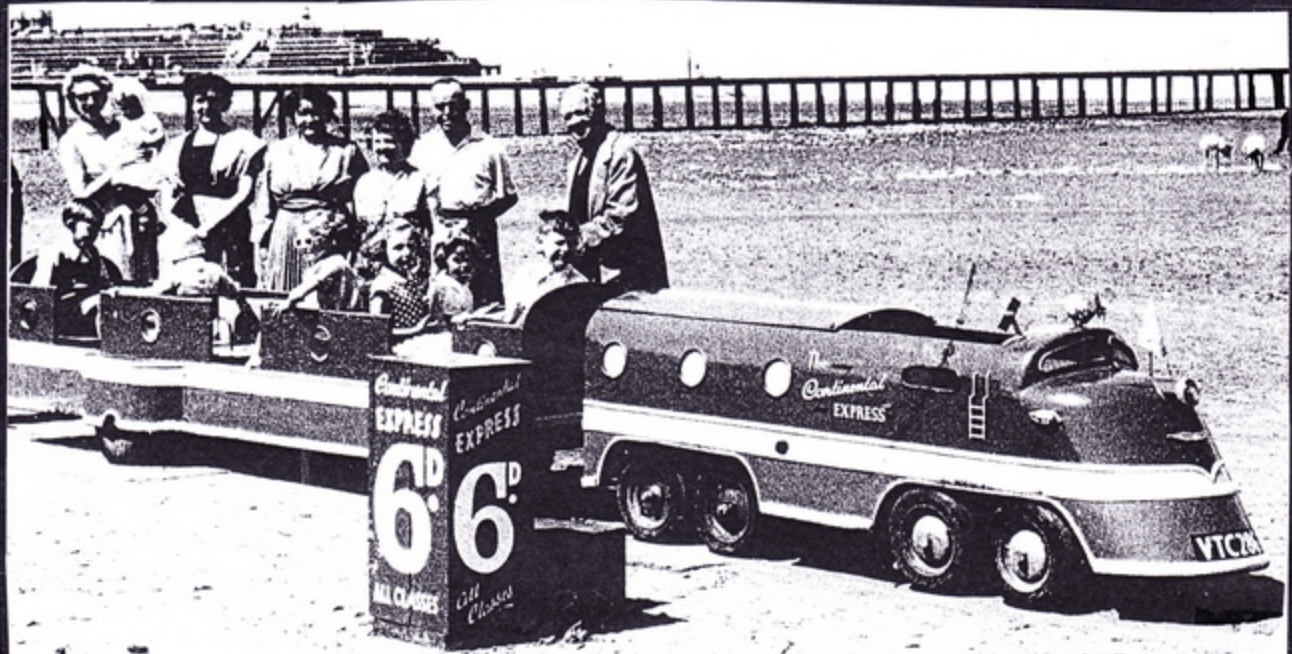
ALL CORRECT *Tim A*



SAUCY SUE



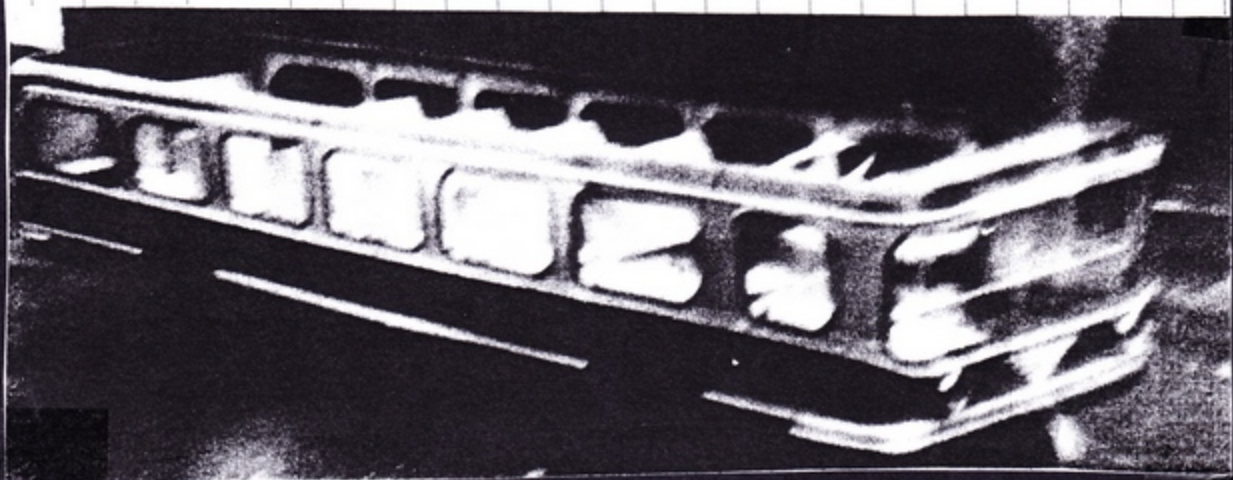
THE FIRST OF MANY



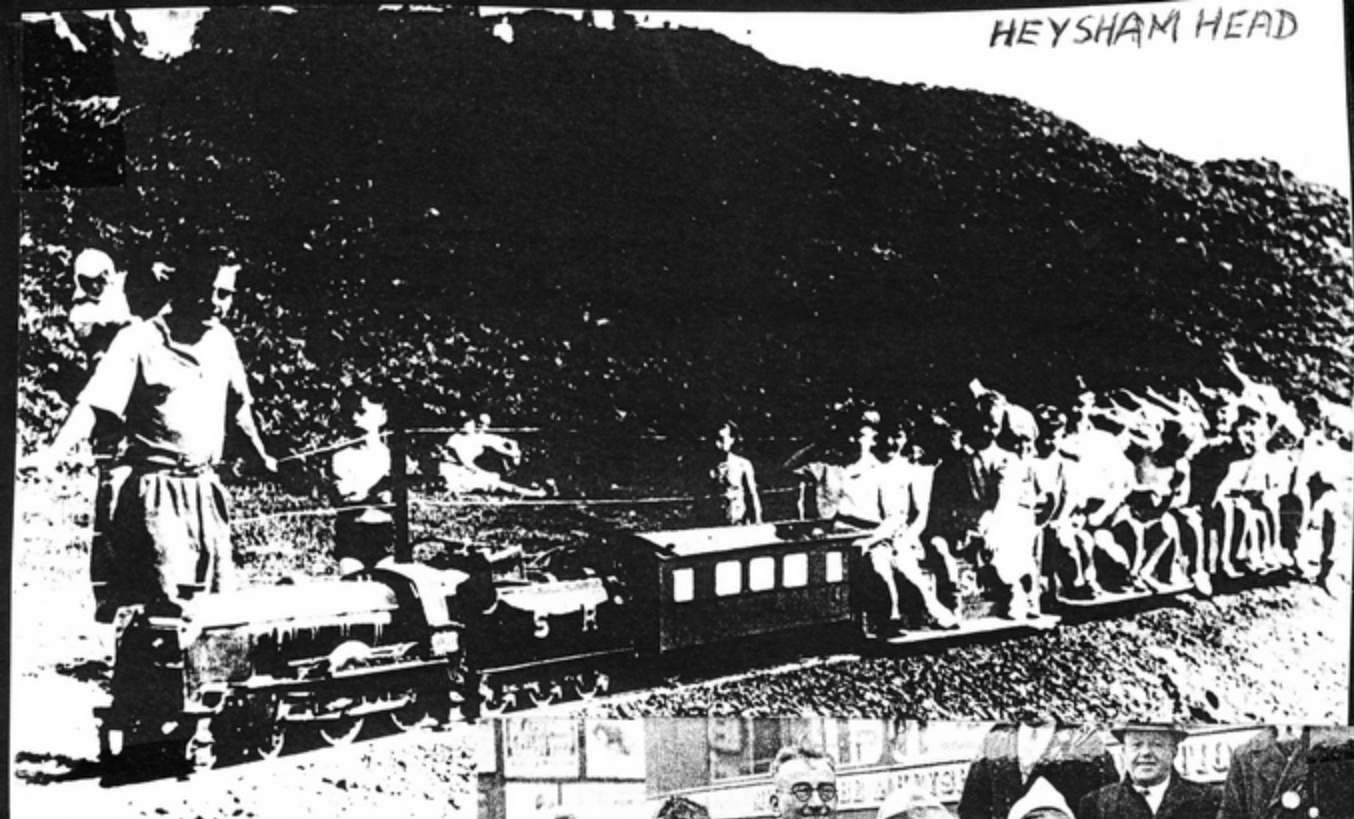
REDCAR 1956
ERIC AND ALMY.

Since Francis, the fourth Earl, came to Woburn in 1626, his descendants have added to its grandeur. Through the centuries this ancestral home has gained in splendour. Then came the second World War. Woburn was neglected. When John, the present Duke of Bedford, inherited his title in 1953, the Abbey was in chaos. The Duke soon restored his home to much of its former magnificence and decided to open Woburn Abbey to the public. Now thousands of people visit his impressive home every year. He, too, has added to the Abbey in a modern way, and to-day there are many new attractions like a pets' corner, a playground and a maze. On the left is the Duke, enjoying himself on a miniature train with some of his young visitors. Above is Scruffy, a firm favourite with the children and, right, a sightseer makes friends with one of the Duke's many animals.

12SEATER BUS BUILT IN 1956 BY ERIC SMITH

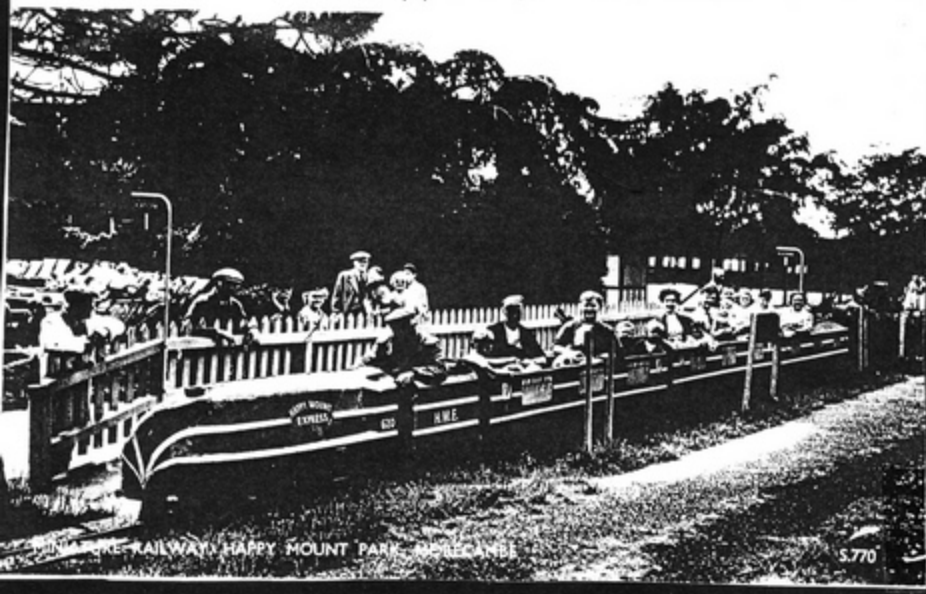


HEYSHAM HEAD



CORONATION SCOT
HAPPY MOUNT PARK

BUILT BY MR JOHNSTONE
OF BRIGHTON



MINIATURE RAILWAY HAPPY MOUNT PARK - BRIGHTON

S.770



PURCHASED SEP. 1978
AND REBUILT BY
MR. LARRY GAVETTE
OF MICHIGAN. U.S.A.

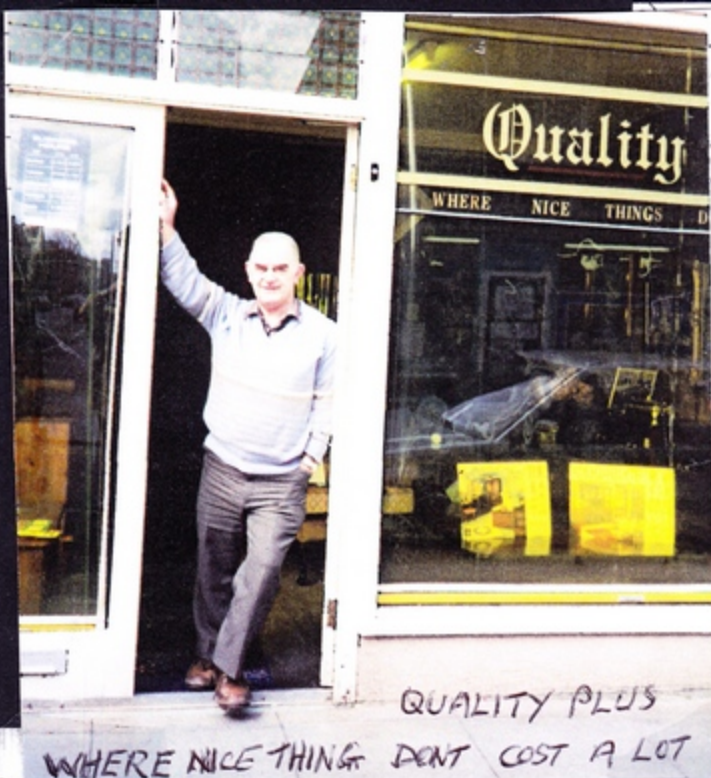


EXPORTED TO SOUTH AFRICA



Mr. Frank Smith, a garage proprietor, of Pedder Street, Morecambe, has for some years been making miniature railways, with their own track signals, tunnels, etc. These trains have carried thousands of children in Morecambe during the past few seasons, and he has had several inquiries from other seaside Corporations to supply them with miniature railways. It came rather as a surprise to him and his son Eric, who works with his father, to receive from Durban, South Africa, an inquiry for a Yankee Diesel Electric Express, with two cars accommodating 24 passengers, and a petrol-driven engine. They set about making this model three months ago and recently it left Morecambe on its way to Durban where it was to operate at Easter. [Photo: The Lancaster Guardian Ltd.]

THIS WAS THE LAST ONE



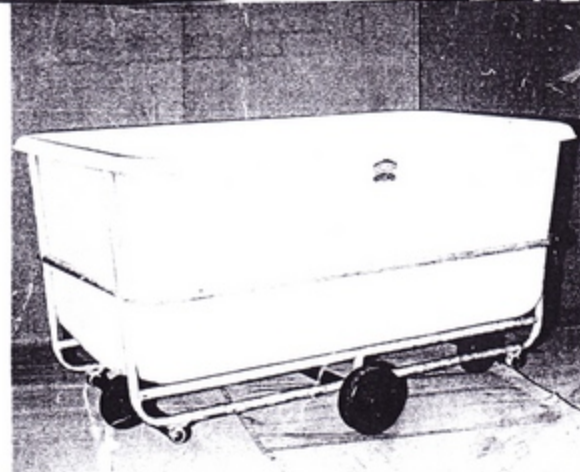
QUALITY PLUS
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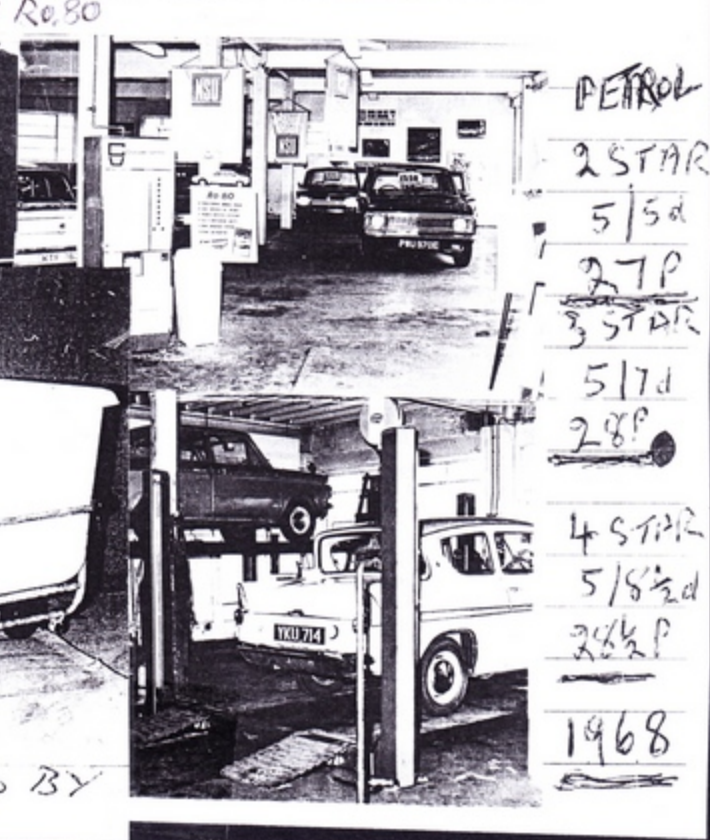
REGISTERED OFFICE
II. SOUTH ROAD,
MORECAMBE
TELEPHONE 3003



TUBULAR FRAME TROLLEY SUPPLIED BY
ERIC SMITH



NSU Ro 80



PETROL
2 STAR
5/5d
27P
3 STAR
5/7d
28P
4 STAR
5/8 1/2d
28 1/2P
1968