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NEWS MAGAZINE

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FRONT COVER -Cottages at Boardmans, Hawkshaw Lane drawn by Tamsin Crowden

Welcome to our ninth News Magazine.
First, a hearty thank-you to Barbara PARK for editing this magazine since issue 2 in late 1990. She very kindly took the reins after my first issue, and has done a sterling job ever since. Under her, the identity of our News Magazine has become established - an accent on Ramsbottom's past as remembered by its older residents and exiles, but also as pieced together by the small but growing number of our members who have looked at the wealth of records which survive in particular at Bury Archives in Edin Street. It has proved a popular mix, so much so that our normal ma length of 300 has often gone into reprint to satisfy the demand of visitors at the Centre. One small change -readers may well live many miles from the town, and may well want to follow up articles by contacting the author, possibly in years to come. For this reason, I propose in future issues to publish contributors' addresses, unless they state a wish to the contrary. Do please continue to give in material - either by post or by hand to the Heritage Centre.

Small items are most welcome. And do remember that recollections do not have to be about the distant past - so much has happened even in the last 20 years to make relatively recent memories of interest. Also, as this issue should make clear, we do not concern ourselves exclusively with the town of Ramsbottom, but rather the old pre-1974 Urban District, which comprised Edenfield, Shuttleworth, Summerseat, Holcombe and as far west as Hawkshaw Lane.

Incidentally, we have just passed, in April, the centenary of the dissolution of the old Ramsbottom Local Board, and its replacement by the Ramsbottom Urban District Council,

which survived from April 1894 to April 1974.

As well as being an historical record, the News Magazine logs the Society's present activities. In January 1995, we hope to begin work on a new Heritage Centre exhibition to commemorate Ramsbottom in 1945, the Year of Victory in Europe and Victory in Japan. If anyone has photographs, newspapers, documents or artifacts that they are willing to loan us for this display, please contact Brenda DECENT via the Centre. The items will be required in the New Year, but do let Brenda know now of their existence.

RAMSBOTTOM IN FOCUS

Over a period of four years, in sunny spring, hot summer, cool autumn, and bitter cold winter, our intrepid film crew carried on shooting footage to put together what we hope is an interesting insight into Ramsbottom, the town itself, and the hidden beauty of its surrounding area - places steeped in history and mystery, and a mixture of events. There are 26 sequences in the film which starts with the official opening of the Ramsbottom Heritage Society's Visitors Centre in 1990, by the then Mayor of Bury, Monty ADLER. Making a film, whatever the subject, is not just a matter of "point and shoot" and that's it. Peter and I spent many days editing the film - Peter taking over the camerawork when our original cameraman opted out.

Some shots were shortened; some sequences swapped places with others, and little shots of unexpected happenings were slotted in.

When the final edit was complete, the film was shown to the other members of Peel Cine Group for their opinion, for we are dedicated film-making Group, who firmly believe that

nothing can replace the enjoyment of handling film to edit it - saving pieces which we have cut out for the possible use in future films, and building up our own soundtrack.

The completed film was sent away for striping, and the work on building up the soundtrack began. The right music had to be chosen to match the mood of each sequence, and the

sound balanced so that it didn't drown out the commentaries, some of which were recorded by Judith APPLEBY, Tom BARRATT and John SIMPSON.

It was an exacting, at times stressful, but in the end an enjoyable production. We learnt a lot about Ramsbottom and were impressed by the beautiful and breathtaking scenery we discovered when seeking out various places linked with history. We feel that we have

WARTIME MEMORIES OF SUMMERSEAT

As my time spent living in Summerseat was during most of the Second World War period, then obviously events connected with the War must crop up here and there. I lived in that village from late 1940 until early April 1944 when I was then directed by the Ministry of Labour to work as a 'Bevin Boy' at a pit in Derbyshire.

I bend my head with shame when I tell you that I doubt very much whether I visited Ramsbottom more than perhaps a dozen times in those days as Bury with its many cinemas, theatre and *Palais de Danse* (whatever happened to Jack CANNON and Band?) was - to a person of my age - a much greater attraction.

Reading Fred ENTWISTLE's story in *Ramsbottom Reminiscences* I notice he mentions the 'land mine' that fell near to Stubbins Bridge. I believe this occurred early in 1941, possibly in the Spring of that year. I recall that after learning of this incident it encouraged my young nephew and I to set out walking from Summerseat to Stubbins - out of sheer curiosity to gaze at the scene. At that time I was 15 and my nephew nine. I noticed the damage done to the mill near the bridge, the roof of which looked as though it had been lifted up by the blast from the explosion and dropped back almost into position again.

Last year, for the second time, I made this trek to Stubbins, only this time walking from Ramsbottom and when I reached that bridge I instantly recognised the scene, the mill etc again, and this was just 52 years later!

On an occasional pleasant Sunday afternoon, my sister, nephew and I would take a casual stroll to Grants Tower which in 1940-41 was still standing, but only just! It was not open to the public because it was in such a decrepit condition with much of the stone work having collapsed. This littered the ground around the base of this once proud tower. I was rather disappointed that I could never ascend the steps but of course to have tried to gain entry would have been foolhardy and extremely dangerous.

Oddly, never once in those days did I attempt to tackle the climb to Holcombe Hill and its Tower. To my youthful mind, looking at it from Railway Street, it always appeared as a much greater height than it actually was. I was of the opinion that only an expert would scale that!

Nowadays, when I come up to Lancashire on my yearly visits I often climb to the Tower.

Something I wouldn't do at 15 I do quite cheerfully now at 68!

If my memory serves me right I do believe those war-time winters inevitably brought with them considerable falls of snow and when this happened my nephew John and I

would climb the wooded slopes beyond the railway station in Summerseat leading up the the church (now gone) and Rowlands School, knee-deep in snow and enjoying every minute of it - as youngsters would do (especially refugees from London where snow was rarely seen).

Our first Christmas in our home in Railway Street was a most austere one. Any attempt at celebration was down to a minimum, a very sad and tragic period as a few days previously Manchester had received its most devastating blitz, the flames from the many large fires turning the sky red. Also, during the attacks on Liverpool the reddish sky could be

observed from Summerseat.

I wonder, does any member recall the fish and chip shop not far from Brooksbottom Mill? It was run very efficiently by a Mrs Annie COOK. I adored her potato pies but not the mushy peas. Annie used to have a notice behind her which read 'KEEP SMILING -YOUR TURNNEXT', a silly thing to remember.

I do believe Annie had a son or nephew named Ernie COOK who worked in the Co-op store in Railway Street. If alive he would be a little bit older than me. Like myself, he served in the local Home Guard, a rotund type of lad with a wonderful sense of humour and it was always fun being in his company.

Our HG Commander was Lt Andrew MOONEY - a well known character in those parts - even better known in the post-war period - who, so I learned, passed away a few years ago. He always struck me as a cool, calm, deliberate type of fellow and one who would be completely in control of any tricky situation.

I sometimes have a quiet chuckle to myself when I think back to those HG days, the tales I told my sister regarding our 'parades', mock battles, manoeuvres, etc.

The mill canteen was our local HQ where we would meet on Sunday mornings and Thursday evenings and on one occasion, during a lecture on the MILLS Hand Grenade, feeling rather bored and tired, I dropped off to sleep only to be awakened by the lecturer, our

sergeant, asking in a loud voice, 'What was I saying WHITFORD?' which, of course, left me wondering whether many of my old comrades would still be surviving as they would be of some advanced years now.

Sometime during the latter part of 1944, the HG was stood down and by way of celebration we were given what was then called 'A Potato Pie Do' which was held in some hall somewhere either in Ramsbottom or Tottington. This reminds me of the Muffin Man carrying his basket going from door to door selling muffins and crumpets, always on a Saturday but after a while he suddenly disappeared never to be heard of again, and also another very welcomed vendor was the chap with the van who would sell large bottles of lemonade, orange and dandelion and burdock. These cost I believe 5d in old money with a penny refunded on a returnable bottle. This man was also sadly missed when he too after a few months completely vanished. I suppose it is possible that they were called up into the armed forces.

The row of houses where we lived in Railway Street backed up onto the Irwell and during heavy rain storms the river would rise alarmingly and seemingly to within a few yards below the window ledge and at other times when the river was low, we would peer down onto the rocks below and watch the antics of the water voles as they scurried to and fro. Those quaint old houses where I spent a large part of my youth, have long gone, due I suppose to another case of official vandalism.

Nevertheless the nicer memories will never be forgotten. Happy Days!

Jack Whitford

A RAMSBOTTOM BEGINNING: THE LIFE OF CHARLES EDWARD WALKER, CALICO PRINTER

In the early 1860s, a young boy rode each day on his pony from Turton Bottoms to Ramsbottom where he attended a school. Which school this was doesn't really matter and it is not known, sufficient is it there was such a school in that little town effective enough to satisfy his parents that this was a worthwhile exercise.

For how long this lad rode his pony daily is not recorded and is in no one's memory of course: there must have been facilities for the stabling of the animal until the end of the

session and one wonders if any other pupil attended the school in the same way.

After this means of education came to an end the growing boy went off in the other

direction and became a pupil at the Grammar School in Clitheroe where he obviously had to attend as a boarder. It is not at present known when he started at Clitheroe and for how long he was there; this might be discovered from the school records of the period, how is it now known whether he was a weekly boarder and there is no one in the family alive now to enlighten us.

This youth was Charles Edward WALKER the youngest child of Robert and Jane WALKER who had produced nine children, one of whom, Jane, the second, had only lived for seven months. This lone infant death was remarkable for the period in its uniqueness; the baby had been born in 1834. All but one of her nine siblings lived into the 20th Century, the exception being Alice, the third child, who being born in 1836 lived until 1897.

To go a little further back, Robert WALKER, Charles Edward's father, born in 1795, had fathered 14 children in all for he had originally married Jane's elder sister Mary.

Charles

Edward was therefore the 14th child of his father having as his eldest brother (the first born) a mathematical prodigy christened John who had been born in 1819 living until he was 16 years old and dying in 1835.

Charles Edward had been born on 18th January 1853 in Belmont where his father was the manager of the Calico printing concern of DEWHURST and WALKER. As one might expect in those days of fluidity of business his father had 'been about'. Starting as a lad of five years old Robert was working in Walton-le-Dale in which village his two wives were born.

Although he had been born in Bethnal Green, London, his family had been calico printers for five generations in the Dartford area of Kent until they migrated to Lancashire with the surge of the Industrial Revolution.

The later progression as far as can be ascertained at this distance was Belmont, Bradshaw, Belfast, Bradshaw again and finally Quariton Vale where the by now extensive family, had taken over the print works from the MILLINGTONS in 1857 - remaining there until the sale to the Calico Printers Association in 1902. Robert, the father, had died on 31st March 1872.

In this progression of work, the earliest recollection of Charles Edward was carrying the cat in a hatbox from Belmont to Turton Bottoms, for what better way for a family group of getting from one place to another in 1857 was there by walking - and to help things along it was downhill.

A giant step forward for a little boy - when Charles Edward built a house at the end of his life in Rhos on Sea in 1925, he called it Belmont.

We left CEW some paragraphs back, being educated at Clitheroe Grammar School. He must have been well educated at Ramsbottom and Clitheroe and had character and morals instilled both at school and in between school within his family, for his elder daughter Sarah, my mother, always said that he fulfilled the description of gentleman - indeed too much of a gentleman - to survive successfully the rough and tumble of business life.

Although his family had been calico printers for so many generations, Charles Edward, when old enough to start in business, took over an old-established cotton concern in Edgworth from the THOMASSON family and worked it together with his older brother

Robert John Tomlinson WALKER. Their mother's maiden name was TOMLINSON from a family long established in Walton-le-Dale. Her grandfather had been Parish Clerk for 60 years and one of her uncles for a further 30.

The most important and happy event in his life was Charles Edward's marriage on 25th January 1882 to Alice the 12th child (of 13) of Charles HOWELL, bleacher, of Two Brooks, Hawkshaw. This happy event, sealing the already flourishing friendship of the WALKER and WHO WELL families, led to the birth of 11 children, ten living to maturity in Edgworth and Chapeltown. Scattered throughout this country, living in the Antipodes, the New World and the Far East, the still living grandchildren and great grandchildren and great, great grandchildren of Charles Edward WALKER and his wife Alice leave behind a fine pattern of life which they themselves had lived in the proximity of Ramsbottom, a town well-known to the writer who knew it in that part of his working life in the fourth and fifth decades of this century.

As a postscript, the writer was taught to say by his grandfather WALKER in the 1920s *Three Grey Geese Flew Through Clitheroe Castle*. When he repeated this jingle to the late Lord Clitheroe of Downham in the 1970s the latter said it was the first time he had heard it.

JWB Barber-Lomax

It is possible that the school to which young Charles Edward WALKER rode daily in the 1860s was the Athenaeum School, on Crow Lane, forerunner of St Paul's church school. James and Rebecca HOLDEN ran it at the time. James, who had only one arm, kept a newsagent's, stationery and printing shop at 16, Bridge Street from about 1851 and for about 40 years. The shop, now 'Card Talk' was a newsagent's until two years ago.

There are other examples in the early 19th Century of calico printers who moved from the Walton-le-Dale area to our part of Lancashire.

Charles WHO WELL started Two Brooks bleach works about 1851. He was probably one of the better employers, providing an evening and Sunday school for his younger workers, some of whom were under 13. Like many bleach masters, however, he had little idea of how long his manager worked these children - 6.00am to 10.00pm was common for a 'set' (ie a shift) at Two Brooks. Some of the younger ones fell asleep whilst standing at their work, according to one, Mary GREENHALGH. Readers can judge conditions at Two Brooks themselves by

the Expediency of Extending the Acts to Factories to Bleaching Works, a copy of which is in the Bolton Local Studies Library. [Editor]

LIFE AT ASHTON LODGE

On 18th March 1993 a momentous occasion occurred - I moved house! I was born in 1933 at 2, Church Street, Ramsbottom, a little house back to back with 1, St Paul's Place (anyone remember that? - it disappeared about 30 years ago). My brother was also born there in 1936.

About 1937 we moved to 12, Church Street, a larger house with the same communal yard as before. Then in March 1940 we moved round the corner to 27, Garden Street.

Two years ago I decided to start thinking about my old age during twinges from my arthritis and also realising I would soon be eligible to join the elite band of bus pass users.

When I saw the plans for the new building on Stubbins Lane I decided to apply to North British Housing Association and, to my amazement, I was offered a flat.

After a lot of sorting out (after 53 years in one house things do tend to accumulate) the great day arrived and I moved in.

My flat consists of a bedroom, bathroom, fitted kitchen and a lounge from which I can see Bolton Road North at Rosebank, Stubbins, Whalley Road, hills beyond Turn Village and Walmersely Road as far as Gollinrod. A few yards away lies the railway line and it is interesting to note the number of passengers travelling each weekend. I try to ignore the Sterling Paper Mill Effluent Plant between the railway and the river, as I follow the view across the fields to the by-pass and the hills over which hang gliders sometimes hover.

Our complex has a laundry room and outside drying area. There are small lounges, one on each level, where small groups occasionally meet. The Red Room on the top floor is used once a month for Communion services, taken by the clergy of St Paul's Church, when everyone is welcome. Library books are also left there every few weeks for people to choose as they wish.

On the ground floor a large lounge is used each day by the tenants to chat with neighbours and each Thursday a coffee morning is organised with tenants taking turns making coffee, washing up etc. We had a successful Spring Fair in May for which everyone worked extremely hard. We also had a special Coffee Morning in October to which friends and relatives were invited and which raised £283 for Macmillan Nurses.

Our Warden, Denise, and Assistant, Val, have organised various social events and outings which are especially welcomed by the house bound residents.

We now have a Tenants Committee who also work hard organising social evenings. With our Wardens, who call on us each morning, and the intercom-controlled entrance, we all feel secure in our new environment. With all the lounges and events we can be as social or anti-social as we wish. I personally enjoy the friendship of the complex with everyone prepared to help each other whenever needed. In fact good old fashioned neighbourly concern.

So far I have seen spring, summer and autumn colours in the distance and am looking forward to the next season. More flats are to be built between this complex and the railway line

but until that happens I shall continue to enjoy my view.

As a regular helper at the Heritage Centre I sometimes look at the Granny's Kitchen display with its reminders of how life was in the so called 'good old days' and reflect that moving here was the best decision of my life, providing as it does the security of the old neighbourly way of life and all the amenities of the 1990s.

Joan Barcroft

Ashton Lodge was built by the North British Housing Association in 1992, and our society chose its name! We were concerned that it should not be saddled with the garish name Pickwick Place, bruited at the time, and the Association accepted our suggestion. Our name had a double meaning - as well as simply a lodge in the sense of a house, we sought to commemorate the actual mill lodge, which powered the ASHTON family's Ramsbottom Mill. The lodge occupied the land on which are now sited the municipal recycling centre

(formerly known as the Tip') and the baths. This man-made lake will be remembered by many of the residents of its rather drier namesake. Incidentally, does anybody know anything of the history of the Lodge? It was, I believe, a favourite play area after it was filled in - but does anyone have any dates?

We also christened the new stretch of road on which Ashton Lodge stands, for Bury Council accepted our suggestion that the name should commemorate the name of the old field through which it runs, and which we know existed at least as long ago as the Tithe Survey of 1842. So we have Great Eaves Road - but it is a well kept secret, for despite it having existed since 1992, it has yet to receive a name plate! [Editor]

THE STRANGE CASE OF HAWKSHAW'S DISAPPEARING BOUNDARY STONE

Like many Ramsbottom people, I must have passed that small rectangle of weathered stone hundreds of times without noting its existence. Then in June 1989, whilst pushbiking rather than shooting past in a car or bus, I spotted the inscription in a clear late 18th/early 19th Century font:

Bury Parish! Bolton Parish

This parish boundary stone (map reference SD 750150), stood on the A676 a quarter of a mile west of Hawkshaw, where the road bends gently to the right alongside the small lake (actually a glacial overflow from the last Ice Age) before climbing to the cross roads at the *Bull Inn*, Higher Waives. Recently it has disappeared, in mysterious circumstances.

It undoubtedly marked a boundary of great but uncertain age. The ancient parishes of Bury and Bolton covered huge areas (Bury, for example, stretched from Heywood to Cowpe and Helmshore). They were two of the 56 recorded for Lancashire in a papal tax of 1291, and may well by then have been two or three centuries old. Parish boundaries were marked because their courses were of more than antiquarian interest. They determined where you paid certain church taxes like the tithe (tenth) of your produce, and also dictated at one time your legal settlement (ie where you could live and claim poor relief). Consequently a preliterate society, in which there were no maps, had to resort to annual perambulations, traditionally in Rogation Week (immediately before Ascension Day) to check that boundary markers (merestones) were still in place, and to reinforce, in the communal memory, the limits of the parish.

The stone that, until last year, marked this thousand year old line was almost certainly erected shortly after the passage in 1797 of the Edenfield and Little Bolton Turnpike Act, which authorised a group of local heavy weights to take over the line of lanes and track ways which purported to connect those two places and to upgrade them. An entirely new stretch of road was to be built through what is now Hawkshaw. The trust's first minute book (1797/1817) has survived, and a photocopy is now in Bolton Local Studies at the Central Library. (It would be gratifying if the later volumes were also to turn up). From this, we know that contracts to build a line of new road, from Bradshaw Fold to Booth Pits (ie the T junction at the top of the modern Holcombe Road) were signed in September 1797.

The parish boundary also marked the boundary between two townships - Bradshaw in Bolton parish and Tottington Lower End in Bury. Strictly speaking it was this demarcation that was important, for the inhabitants of each township owed annual statute labour of six days on their stretch of turnpike. Though the labour would have been probably commuted to a highway rate by 1797, no township was going to pay to repair an inch more of road than it had to.

Having survived nearly two centuries undisturbed, there seemed no reason to be concerned that

this merestone was threatened. I did write to Bury's Director of Engineering, BA MARSH, following my first sighting in June 1989. He assured me that his authority had

.... no plans to remove the boundary stone in the foreseeable future.

Cynics might recall how politicians have doubled VAT, increased NI contributions and extended VAT to domestic fuel within months or even weeks of having uttered this now famous cover phrase. But I think that subsequent events had no conspiratorial sleight of hand behind them. I also wrote to the Department of the Environment, and was told how I could go about applying for the stone to be listed - a very simple process.

Within six months, the stone had vanished. Mr Marsh, however, was able to reassure me that Bolton MBC had recently laid drainage stones behind the kerb, and in the process buried the unfortunate stone. Now it is in the nature of things that boundary stones have the ill luck to have the mistakes visited upon them of not just one local authority, like the rest of us, but of two. In May 1990, however, the stone resurfaced, though still partly buried in rubble.

This bend claimed a fatality in a road accident around 1989, and it may well have been in connection with safety improvements that it has been worked upon since. One of

these sessions may have been the cause of the stone's second, and apparently final disappearance in 1993 - one week it was there, the next it was gone. A letter to the authority has elicited the response from Engineering that the only stone of which they were aware was further east - there is a more modern highway division stone about two hundred yards nearer

Hawkshaw, on the north side of the road. Of the missing stone, however, they know nothing.

The Chief Executive shares my concern about this disappearance, and members will probably recollect newspaper coverage in early June resulting from a press release the Council's Press Officer has been asked to prepare in an attempt to solicit public cooperation in trying to find it. He has undertaken to reinstate the stone if it is ever found. He asks that our members be vigilant in looking out for it, and it is for this reason that I am writing this piece.

The Chief Executive suggests that it may have been stolen to ornament someone's garden. It is also possible that it lies some way below the surface at or near its original location, as happened in 1990. A third possibility is that it has been inadvertently destroyed in the process of road or drainage works, by one council or the other.

I'm afraid that Bury MBC cannot claim a very strong record in conserving the minutiae of roadside artefacts. Some of us may remember discussion in 1991 about the possible reuse of redundant STRANG lamp columns in and around the Ramsbottom conservation area. These were 19th Century products of Joseph STRANG's brass and iron works, Prince's Foundry, on Prince Street, Ramsbottom, of which there are a handful of examples.

Depot at Fernhill in 1991. Similarly, there was, on Annie Street, Ramsbottom, a dated lamp post bearing the inscription 1899 F&D *MILLS MAKERS, HEYWOOD*. This is mentioned in John TAYLOR's *Stories in Stone: Datestones in Ramsbottom* (1991), page 39. It was replaced by the authority in 1991, and put in store; but it too has been lost.

It is very easy to apply for buildings and fixed artefacts like boundary stones and lamp posts to be listed - simply send photograph (or photocopies of them) from all visible sides, with map reference, to *Department of National Heritage*, Room C9/19, Marsham Street, London SW IP 3EB. Listing, however, would not save anything from council negligence (as may be the case with the stone). I believe that it is time that the authority made an inventory of items such as these, and publicised it to all relevant departments.

There are very few other stones from the turnpike era in Bury parish. I know of the two finger posts - by the Dusty Miller, at the foot of Tottington Road, Elton, at the junction with

Croston Road; and at the Cockey Moor Road/Starling Road east of Ainsworth. If you know of any more in our ancient parish - milestones, direction stones, boundary markers - do please let me know, care of the Heritage Centre, Carr Street.

Does a two hundred year old boundary stone really warrant all the fuss? In comparison with nurseries and old people's homes it seems to be an insignificant authority concern. Yet as far as I know it was the only surviving marker on the 50 or so miles of Bury Parish's boundary. And its loss will be one fewer reminder of our past, one less prompt to make children - and adults - ask that all important initial question which gets them interested in

Andrew Todd

HAWKSHAW: THE MOVING VILLAGE

As well as providing Hawkshaw with a parish boundary stone to leave its inhabitants in no doubt as to when they were straying into Bolton parish, the Little Bolton and Edenfield turnpike had a rather more dramatic impact on the village. Effectively, it gyrated the settlement through 90 degrees! Jan BARNES, who lives in the original Hawks haw, tells us the story.

You may know, or think you know, where Hawkshaw is. If asked you might direct someone along the A676 from Ramsbottom towards Bolton and tell them to look for Hawkshaw Post Office on the right. But you would be wrong, for that is Hawkshaw Lane End Post Office.

To find Hawkshaw you must turn right here and follow the ancient highway, Hawkshaw Lane, north for about a mile. Hawks haw Farm, now called Hawkshaw Hall, is on your left but carry on to the next farm on the road - now called Boardmans.

This was one Hawkshaw Meadows and the centre of a thriving community of some 13 cottages (the census of 1841 lists 48 people living here) a farmhouse, barn, shippen, stables and a Public House called the *Peel's Arnz*, where there was accommodation for 12 persons

and their horses.

Many of these people worked in the hand loom weaving industry working for a fustian master who kept them supplied with warp and weft, the weaver being paid according to their production and the finished cloth stored in the warehouses at Withins and Lee Bank

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until it could be sent to the markets of Bolton and Manchester. Others are listed as quarrymen

or farm labourers.

Hawkshaw Lane is mentioned in the Clitheroe Court Rolls in 1533 when the 'highway between le hyles and Howkeshagh is obstructed by John HOLTE' and again when 'John BROKE, turned back the watercourse out of its proper course in the lane called le

Hawekeshey Layne'.

Take a closer look at the lane and you will see in places that it is up to 15' wide. In parts the original cobbled surface could still be seen prior to the surfacing work completed in September 1992. The original walls, once delineating the width of the right of way, but long hidden under grassy banks, were exposed during this work.

The sense of community for those who lived in the tenements serviced by Hawkshaw Lane was very strong for in 1830 the *Society of the Modern Order of United Artizans* was formed. The Society met at the *Peel's Arms* and the preamble to the booklet containing the 'rules and orders' of the society reads as follows:

Considering that this life is liable to serious accidents, by which many families are reduced from flourishing to necessitous circumstances, that it is praiseworthy to alleviate, as much as possible, such visitations of Providence, by relieving those who by any unavoidable accident, or sickness, stand in need, and by decently burying the dead; and it is not possible for one individual in our station of life, to perform all these brotherly actions, we have mutually and solemnly agreed to institute a society, that by our prudent rules and stated meetings, we may soften the cares and promote the advantage and happiness of each other.

The construction of the turnpike road (A676) around 1800 led to the growth in population at the 'lane end' and along the line of the new road. Stone, cloth, meat, milk and other farm produce, however, continued to be sent down the lane from the original Hawkshaw to supply the needs of the rapidly expanding settlements along the Irwell Valley. Nowadays, however, Boardmans is considered a pleasant walk from the village instead of 'lane end' being a pleasant walk from Boardmans.

Jan BARNES

The author of this article, Jan BARNES, took a civil action, under the Highways Act of 1835, against Bury Metropolitan Borough Council at Bolton Crown Court in 1991. She succeeded in proving that Hawkshaw Lane had been 'a vehicular highway' in 1835, and 'maintained by the inhabitants at large' - ie by the township of Tottington Lower End. A crucial reference in a contemporary document indicated that a carter had been in the habit of using the lane prior to 1835. As a result, the authority was required to surface the lane. Jan promises to relate the story to us in a future article.

It is interesting how ribbon development along the turnpike road has effectively meant that Hawkshaw now extends west to east rather than its original north-south axis of Hawks haw Lane and Two Brooks Lane. There are other 'Lanes' in our area - Nuttall, Walshaw - which gave their names to communities. Can anybody shed light on this phenomenon? (Editor/

DOWN ON THE FARM: MEMORIES OF FARMING IN HAWKSHAW IN THE 1930s

Farming is, and always has been an occupation at the mercy of the weather. To the city and town dweller, farming appears to be a happy-go-lucky way of life, beautiful sunny weather, blue skies, all the country sounds, home-produced wholesome food, and not a worry in the world. However, to those who make and have made a living from farming, things are a bit different.

There was a time when all the farms in Hawkshaw and up Hawkshaw Lane were farmed for a living for the farmer and his family, most of them being dairy farms. The cows were milked by hand, the milk sieved and put through a cooler. There were no refrigerators, so, during the hot weather the milk churns had to be placed in a water trough to keep the milk cool and fresh for the next day. Some farmers delivered milk in the morning and evening to ensure the freshness.

It was delivered by horse and cart in large cans or 'kits', no bottles. Jugs were left on the doorstep, usually with a saucer or lace doyley over. The farmer dipped in the cans with a pint measure and gave an extra dip for good measure. Some customers would ask for half a pint and then an extra half pint and they then got two extra dips. If the milk was spilled on the newly cleaned and stoned doorstep when pouring then you were in trouble. I was once in trouble when I had to pour the milk in a jug on the table. The jug wasn't large enough and I must not have been watching what I was doing and the milk overflowed over the chenille tablecloth! My Grandma, father and the family farmed at Boardmans, Hawkshaw Lane and had a milk round in the village, we also sold milk to a dairyman in Heaton Park. The milk was taken by train from Holcombe Brook Station at 8.30 am. No matter what the weather the milk had to go or people in Prestwich and district were without milk. I do not remember my father failing to beat Holcombe Brook in time but he had some 'near misses'. The guard could hear the horses hooves coming along the road and he would hold up the train until the milk cart arrived. I can remember my mother polishing the brass name plates on the churns with the addresses on for delivery and return. This she did every day.

Haymaking was a job for all the family. There were no balers or tractors, just hay carts, rakes and pitchforks. The horses really had to earn their keep. There were no weather forecasts so the old barometer on the wall was tapped many times before it was decided that the time had come to start the haymaking. Father would get up at about 4.00 am on a lovely morning and the mowing machine blades having previously been sharpened, a 'setting' was mown, just enough to deal with by the resources which were then available. Then the swathes after being left for a while to dry, were turned by hand. What a heavy back-breaking job! The swathe turner was sometimes used. Then the shaker was used or the hay was shaken out by hand. If the weather was kind, the hay was eventually put into windrows and forked onto the haycart and taken to the barn. If the weather was not kind this had to be a mug of home-brewed beer was made for the haymakers, I can still remember the yeast on the top of the mug. Irishmen came over every year to be hired for haymaking so the farmers hoped the weather would be good or wages were being paid for no work.

I remember Hawkshaw Lane often being blocked level from hedge to hedge with snow when the blizzards started and many were the times when we had to dig the road out. The milk had to be delivered so the horse and cart was taken through the fields because the snow had been blown off the field into the lane and wasn't too deep. The horses had to have studs

put in their shoes so that they would not slip on the main road. But the milk always got there, there was no giving up when that was the main source of income for the family.

And what about the lighting, the heating and the cooking? There was no gas or electricity. Cooking was done in the side oven of the fireplace, or on a paraffin stove. Lighting was a paraffin lamp and candles. We at Boardmans had a paraffin lamp hanging from the ceiling but when we children had gone to bed a lamp was put in the middle of the table, not as safe, but a better light with which to read or sew. Any homework had also to be done on the table as there was only one heated room in the house.

The ironing was done by a box iron in which was placed a red hot heater from the fire. I can still hear the 'clip-clop' of the heater in the iron as the ironing was carried out on the big square table. The wash was, of course, done in a big tub with a 'posser' and a 'dolly' and a large wooden mangle. Water was heated in a brick coal boiler which smoked if the wind was in the wrong direction.

The furniture was not luxurious - flag floors, a stoned hearth with a homemade rag rug in front of the fire. Anyone who has ever made rag rugs will recall the sore fingers we had with cutting up the cloth to make them and pushing the rug needle through the sacking. And weren't they heavy to shake?

The bedrooms were covered with linoleum with perhaps a few mats, as in most houses at that time, wasn't it cold on the feet on winter mornings? The bath was a tin one which had to be filled with water from the side boiler and then emptied so it was quite a chore to have a bath, but quite a delight when the bath was in front of the fire.

Space does not permit any more memories. We now live in more modern days with modern conveniences which we all take for granted but are they happier days? I will leave you thereaders to answer that for yourselves.

Edith Coates

The author was born at Boardmans, daughter of Joseph KNOWLES, the last man to farm there. The family left there in 1939, moving down to the village on the main road. Edith unfortunately died last year, and this article is reproduced by kind permission of her husband, John COATES. [Editor]

THE BROX BULLETIN: BROOKSBOTTOM MILL'S WORKS MAGAZINE, 1944

In August 1944 the first issue of *The Brox Bulletin* was published, an idea suggested at the first Works Council meeting in October 1943. The Council had been formed following a suggestion made by Miss VAUSE, the newly appointed Welfare Officer. The *Bulletin* detailed the activities of mill employees - bowling, football, cricket fixtures, ENSA Employees in the Forces were not forgotten. There was a collection in every department each Thursday afternoon, after wages had been paid, the total sum collected each week being doubled by the fine. Money was sent off regularly or banked in the Mill Savings Group for the employees serving abroad.

Does anyone remember that, in order to purchase an alarm clock, the Welfare Department

had to provide a note certifying that they were 'scheduled persons within the meaning of the Essential Work Order?' Or that it was possible for the mill canteen to provide a full Christmas dinner for 2/6d?
As we are thinking this year of the D-Day landings, I thought that the following two extracts from Forces Corner in the Bulletin would be of interest:

D-DAY

So the most speculated day turned out to be June 6th, 1944. I think the reaction of most of us at home was thankfulness. Thankfulness that the suspense was over, that we were at last up and doing at the Jerries on the much talked of Second Front.

The first reaction was quickly followed by the thoughts of those nearest and dearest to us who were serving with HM Forces - we knew they were in England a few days ago, but where were they now? - Southern England or the beaches of Normandy? Well, we couldn't do anything about that; we knew France had to be invaded one day if we were going to have Hitler where we wanted him. Their safety was beyond our care, and silently we commended them into God's keeping. We had the assurance, we told ourselves, of knowing that, after these strenuous past four years, they were far superior in skill, training and arms than were the gallant B.E.F. who embarked from the shores of England in 1939.

These thoughts passed slowly through our minds, and then gradually we became conscious of the world around us, the person working next to us, seeing them do the things we had seen them do day in and day out for the past few years. The woman over there had a son in the R.A.F., or was it the Paratroops he was in - you remembered her saying one day that he had been practising dropping by parachute. Bill, working at the "top end," has a daughter in the A.T.S. and Tom has a girl in the N.F.S..

Looking round, everybody seemed to have someone who might at this moment be fighting for his life on the Normandy beaches. Then suddenly, as clear as daylight, came the realisation that all of us were dependent on one another - we were dependent on the boys in the Forces, they were dependent on us - dependent on us to keep the supply lines going. We thought of their equipment - planes, parachutes, landing craft, guns, rifles, ammunition, bombs, tents, camouflage sheets, surgical equipment, bandages, haversacks, etc. That's enough to be going on with - enough time has been wasted just thinking. Get that loom running, get that frame doffed, get that cloth away on the lorry - the supply line will NOT slacken from BROX.

From *The Brox Bulletin*, Issue 1, August 1944

EXTRACTS FROM FORCES LETTERS

From L/Cpl. R SEDMAN, R.A.S.C., British Liberation Army: "... I was very pleased to receive and read 'Brox Bulletin'. I am very pleased to report that the cloth of all descriptions woven at Joshua HOYLE's is not only serving in England but in France and other countries. I saw last night a towel being used by one of our fellows with a stamp that I myself have used many times

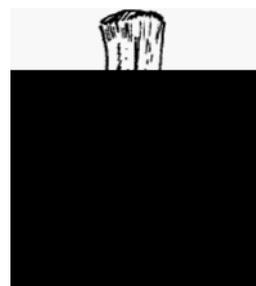
- a Joshua HOYLE & Sons Ltd stamp.

From *The Brox Bulletin*, Issue 2, September 1944

Thanks to Jean Price, the expatriate specialist on Summerseat who lives in Batley, Oxford, for these timely extracts. Can anyone shed any light on for how long *The Brox Bulletin* was produced, and whether complete sets exist? (*Editor*)

ABRAHAM WARBURTON'S MASON'S MALLET

The mason's mallet currently on loan and on show in the Heritage Centre, was used in conjunction with mallet headed (mushroom shaped) chisels to do the fine finishing to smooth faced stonework. This mallet belonged to Mr Abraham WARBURTON founder partner of the firm WARBURTON and HAWORTH Ltd, Builders and Contractors of Square Street, Ramsbottom, and is the property of Mr William SNOWDEN.



Mason's Banker Hammer



Mason's Mallet

A mason's banker was a temporary 'table' of stone with a flat stone top. On this table the mason worked the newly quarried rough stone into cubical shape. The banker hammer belonged to Mr Fred HAWORTH, the other founder partner and is loaned by Mr Gordon WHITE formerly of Callender Street, but now of Guildford. Amongst other buildings, they were responsible for rebuilding *The Old Dun Horse*, Bolton Street.

(See: John B TAYLOR, *Stories in Stone, Datestones in Ramsbottom*, (1991) page 47.)

Gordon White

If anyone has further information on this firm, or on any aspect of the building trade in Ramsbottom, please drop me a few lines! Please note that whilst we can arrange to display briefly items of local interest, we have no facilities for long term storage in the Centre. Artifacts such as these really belong in Bury Museum. [Editor]

