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COACH AND HORSES

— As it was —



NEWS MAGAZINE

RAMSBOTTOM HERITAGE SOCIETY

THE HERITAGE CENTRE

CARR STREET, RAMSBOTTOM, BURY, BL09AF
Telephone: RAMSBOTTOM (01706) 821603

The objects of the Society shall be:-

- a) To advance education of the public, to create an awareness of and interest in the study of the history and heritage of Ramsbottom (as defined by the boundaries of the pre-1974 Ramsbottom Urban District Council).
- b) To locate relevant documents, records and artefacts. To retain, catalogue and/or copy them where possible, and to operate as an information centre.
- c) To seek to protect the heritage of Ramsbottom.

1998 PROGRAMME

- Oct 21st Mr Ron Standring - *Word on a Bit* - Anecdotes and Poems - a hit of dialect reminiscence
- Nov 18th Mr Jesse Riley - *The Forgotten Heroes - The 20th Foot Regiment of the Lancashire Fusiliers* - illustrated
- Dec 9th *Rocking Horses* - demonstration of how to make and decorate

1999 PROGRAMME

- Jan 20th Mrs K Mulholland - *A Cry of Innocence* - based on the book about the Pendle Witches. A new look at an age old story
- Feb 17th Miss S Weymont - *Moorland Mills* - illustrated
- Mar 17th Photographic Competition + Mr Irlvey Magnall
- April 21st Birthday Meeting - Mr T E Ashworth - *Return to Lancashire* and *Big Steam on the East Lancashire Railway* - film show
- May 19th AGM; + Mr David Moss et al - *Ramsbottom Reminiscences* - tapes, slides and photographs

All indoor meetings are held on the third Wednesday of the month in the Civic Hall, Market Place, Ramsbottom, at 7.30pm.

Entry by donation, please.

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FRONT COVER - The *Coach and Horses*, Edenfield, sketched around 1908 by Rawtenstall local historian Patrick Stephens

RAMSBOTTOM MISCELLANEA

Margaret KAY (formerly WESTWELL) died on 29th March, aged 82. She and

husband George, though not members, were especially helpful in supplying information for *Around Ramsbottom*, and had only recently been recorded by Alan SEYMOUR as part of our Taping Project.

Jack W BARBER-LOMAX died in April after a long illness. An early convert to family history, Jack was one of the 1973 founders of the Rossendale Society for Genealogy and Heraldry, of which he became president. From this small, local group, meeting in Bury and Rawtenstall, grew the Lancashire Family History and Heraldry Society, now with thousands of members worldwide. Jack's family connections in this immediate area were extensive, ranging from yeoman farmers at Whitewall, Walmersley, to calico printers (the WALKER and HOWELL families) at Two Brooks Mill, Hawkshaw. In 1904, one of the latter, Frederick W HOWELL, built *Croich Hey*, a family residence which was subsequently (and until very recently) a local authority old people's home. Much of Jack's research has been published, including in this magazine (see issues 6 and 9). I shall greatly miss the regular and informative correspondence which I received from Eaton Socon, St Neots, where Jack had lived most recently.

The Society's Collection - Bury Archive Service received Accession No 1998010 in September. All our documentary material (bar some large maps) and our photographic collection is now at Edwin Street, Bury BL9 0AS. Access should be possible very soon. Please telephone Archivist Kevin MULLEY on 0161 797 6697 for opening times, and to make an appointment. The Committee is grateful to Brenda and Barbara for masterminding the whole move, and to various helpers who have worked through the boxes to check contents.

TURNBULL and STOCKDALE's last-but-one block cutter? - thanks to Tom BARRETT who points out that Robert THORPE of Holcombe Brook cannot, at

retirement in 1958, have been the last block cutter at Rosebank, Stubbins, whatever the newspaper reporter wrote (see News Magazine no 16). Tom recalls that around 1966 one Thomas TAYLOR still had this job.

Market Place's embellishments - like most locals, I had to have a look at 'the Urn' when it arrived properly on 5^h July, to locate over its hole. Everyone will have their own story about when they first saw it, bedding down in the town's psyche, like 'what I was doing when I first heard of the death of Kennedy/Lennon/Princess Diana'. Mine has to be the lady's remark outside St Joseph's as I walked down

Bolton Street with two of my children. 'Going to see the Urn?' she asked. I nodded. She explained how she'd spoken to a couple of visitors in Market Place. 'What is it?' they'd asked. 'An overturned vase, an urn,' she'd said. They'd seemed perplexed. 'Water will run out of it,' she added. 'Oh, like an ornament?' one said. 'We thought it was something to do with the sewers: Already it has become a favourite location for children to play tig, and in August, during one of its non-operational phases, some joker filled it with detergent, with interesting and frothy results when the water came hack on! We await the first frost with interest, to see how much ice the

Urn can create on Market Place!

The Heritage Society has supplied the text that is featured on the historical plaque disfigured by youngsters whose mums and dads are in need of Jack Straw's parenting classes.

Anniversary of the Founding of the National Health Service - there was a lot of national and local coverage of this important anniversary on 5^h July 1998. Some interesting 'then and now' programmes and articles came up with grim reminders of just how primitive health care was 50 years ago. For many ailments which are now readily treated, there was simply no cure - patients were sent home from hospital to die, and indeed were probably not admitted in the first place. I have been told by an octogenarian aunt that when my grandfather was dying of heart failure at home in Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester in 1950, his son was scouring the city 'looking for oxygen or something for him'. It would be valuable to collect members' personal recollections of Ramsbottom's facilities half a century or so ago, before and after the foundation of the service.

Some obvious themes could be local doctors and their surgeries; toothcare (many working class people had their teeth extracted in their twenties to save future dental fees); early experience of X-ray treatment (in its infancy in the 1940s); treatments for common ailments (eg low-salt diets of rice and water for high blood pressure);, opticians and spectacles; surgery; treatment of psychological disorder (bromide mixtures and barbiturates in the mildest cases, with lobotomy as the most extreme remedy); patients' experiences in hospitals; childbirth (almost invariably at home); and, controversially, back street abortions.

It is in the nature of the best social history that it has no written sources - it is carried round in the memories of those who experienced it. This could be as patients, or their relatives, as well as doctors, nurses, dentists, pharmacists and administrators.

We would dearly like to collect your impressions. These could be short or long, and written or spoken. Fred HANSON's short piece on the Cottage Hospital (see page 6) large centralised hospital, people who in hospital experience would describe generally

appropriate if we could collect more memories of this institution, since it enjoys its centenary on 13^h November 1999, and an article bringing together such source material would be ideal for the last issue before the Millenium.

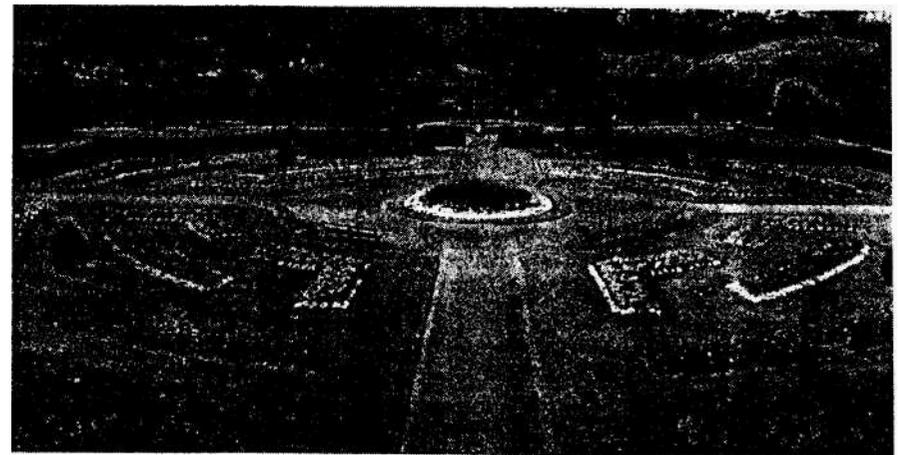
If you want to pen something on any aspect of health care in the district (or indeed on any aspect. of the town's history) please send it to me (183, Bolton Street, Ramsbottom, Bury BI-0 9JD, 824511). If you would prefer to tape record your memories, then please commit them to cassette tape. Alternatively, if you are reasonably local, one of the taping team can arrange to come round to look after the technology and let you get on with the reminiscing! We would give you a copy (possibly of great interest to your younger relatives?) and honour any restrictions you would wish to impose on our future use of such recordings. The important thing is to get the record.

Andrew Todd

NUTTALL PARK, 1928-1998

The 21st July 1998 marked the 70th anniversary of the opening of Ramsbottom's largest stretch of community-dedicated land. The date fell on a Saturday in 1928, and an RUDC programme for the opening ceremony, printed by SCHOLLES and Son

of Ramsbottom, survives in the Society's collection. This programme relates the history of the 15 acres, secured 'for the health, welfare and recreation' of the town's inhabitants through the generosity of Lt Col Austin Townsend PORRITT. Nuttall Hall had been built for John GRANT in 1817 and it was this and its surrounding grounds which had been bought in 1928 from Sir Peter Grant LAW SON, the heir to the GRANT estate in Ramsbottom. 'The whole cost of the hall, land, footpaths, fencing, river walls, bowling green, three hard tennis courts, bandstand, seats, plants, shrubs, and everything necessary for the completion of the Park,' explains the programme, 'has been munificently borne by Col PORRITT.' The layout of the park had been designed and executed by DICKSONS Nurseries Ltd of Chester, having



Nuttall Park, c1950, photographed by Roy Fishwick

It must have been quite a day, and the park will have been crowded. ~~th proceedings~~ started at 2.45pm with the National Anthem, and speeches from various councillors, notably Chairman JE WRIGLEY, and of course from Lt Col PORRITT, were interspersed with the band's various selections. The tennis courts were opened, trees were formally planted, the Colonel opened the Hall, the band played 'Auld Lang Syne', and then continued with its selection until dusk. Refreshments were

the Hall, and this a i i , survived demolition m t now Ma orns a wal i n our ~~entage~~

There must be many people alive in Ramsbottom today who were in the crowd. Bert COLLIER, who unfortunately died last November, was one of the few there who have put their recollections of the day on paper. One can almost see Bert with his mum and dad, mingling with the crowd, straining to catch sight of the dignitaries, though this particular small boy remembered the sorts of things that lads always do, whether in the 1920s or the 1990s:

It was a good day. The weather was pleasant, the ~~band was playing~~; there was ice cream and speeches. There were a lot of people, some standing round the ~~band~~ - some walking about, some sitting and talking or listening to the music. The neat flowerbeds were full of colours and the grass newly mown. Now and again a steam train passed by on its way to or from the Station, and on the other side of the river the cricket match. Ramsbottom were playing one of their Saturday League games. Dad thought there wouldn't be as many spectators as usual. There was tea and cakes in the Hall. It was an exciting day and of course the Park was a popular venue for several years, with games facilities, Sunday ~~Band~~ - concerts and well kept gardens, whilst the Hall was faintly mysterious uo but picturesque and serene as part of the Nuttall history and landscape.

Of course, municipal parks have been an early target in the tax-cutting '80s and '90s. 'When I last visited the Park a few years ago,' Bert wrote in 1996, 'it was rather

sad to see it so neglected, as it used to be kept so beautifully.'

Today, on August Bank Holiday Mondays, Nuttall Park may have Teddy Bears' Picnics, in concert with the East Lancashire Railway, but its layout is still very

much as that crowd would have recognised it. As I walked through the park in July of this year, a green and white coat of paint was being applied to the wooden ransoms plant, located in the north west corner by the echoing footway tunnel under the railway. The painter, helping KerryMORRISON, explained the locations of the other four sculptures, each being chainsawed into shape. The stump of the old bandstand had just had its old concrete surface dug out, and a map of the park, indicating sculpture locations, was about to be set onto it. Contractors were at work putting in drains under the fields, in an attempt to solve the waterlogging which one would always associate with this old water meadow land.

It would, I mused in my reverie, be nice to hear the band playing its 'selection' until dusk once more.

Andrew Todd, 183, Bolton Street, Ramsbottom, Bury BLO 9JD

RAMSBOTTOM'S FIRST FLOODLIT FOOTBALL MATCH, 1878

This Autumn sees another anniversary for Ramsbottom. John SIMPSON takes up the story - Editor

In the Summer 1995 issue of this News Magazine, I suggested that some Ramsbottom people may have been in the crowds which watched floodlit rugby and football matches at Haslingden in 1878.' In fact they had a match much nearer home to watch. There was some robust competition in this pioneering field after the Manchester electrical firm CW Provis staged the world's first floodlit football match at Sheffield on 14¹ October 1878. In the remaining months of the year, Provis and its rival Parker and Bury, also of Manchester, tried to outdo each other in candle power at a number of Lancashire venues. Unfortunately, the new technology was not always trouble free - special trains helped to swell the crowd of 8,000 -10,000 which braved wintry weather to attend a promised floodlit match at Chorley football ground. A small steam engine drove a dynamo, but from 'some cause or other,' the *Chorley Standard* reported, 'the wires would not carry the electricity to the poles: Thwarted spectators surrounded the electricians and, as the *Standard* put it, 'uttered strong expressions of disappointment'. I

The electrical apparatus proved to be a little more successful at Ramsbottom two months later. ~~the~~ *Bury Times* of 14¹ December 1878 (page 1, column 1) announced:

**FOOTBALL MATCH
BY THE
ELECTRIC LIGHT
THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING, SEVEN O'CLOCK
AT TWO GATES³, NUTTALL LANE, RAMSBOTTOM
After the Match
DANCING AND RACES
TWO BRASS BANDS WILL BE IN ATTENDANCE**
Admission 6d each
Carriages 2s 6d °

Judging from this report in the *Bury Times* of 21^o December 1878 (page 8, column 4) everything went well:

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT - On Saturday night a football match, organised by members of the Ramsbottom Cricket Club, took place in field at Two Gates, Nuttall Lane, by the aid of the electric light, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather there was a very large attendance of spectators. Two lights were in operation, and considering the dense fog that prevailed, proved most effective in their illumination. The match was between Ilolcombe and Ramsbottom clubs, and the result was a victory for the former, who obtained four goals, whilst the Ramsbottom team only secured one. The 57¹ LRV and Stubbins Vale Brass Bands were in attendance, and played for dancing at the conclusion of the match. ~~There~~ were no entries for races, etc., as advertised, consequently no sports took

References

- 1 Chris Aspin, *Surprising Rossendale* (Hehnsore Local History Society, Helmshore, 1986) p1
 - 2 Aspin, pp67-9
 - 3 Two Gates, Nuttall Lane appears to be a name now lost from local usage. It seems to refer to a road junction, and could therefore have been a locality or field name in the vicinity of the junction with Bolton Road West/Bolton Street. I am happy to be corrected. [Editor]
- John Simpson, The Cottage, Tor View Farm, Helmshore, Rossendale BB4 4AB

A BRIEF MEMORY OF RAMSBOTTOM COTTAGE HOSPITAL, 1933

Fred HANSON's recollection of his stay at the Cottage Hospital brings alive the reality of health care before the NHS. Apart from the various treatments hinted at, it sums up that command approach to patients which has only started responding to the consumerist spirit of the age in the last few years - I wonder what would happen if anyone were treated like Mr SMITH in 1998! - Editor

I started work on the railway in January 1933, but in the February Dr LAWRIE sent me to the Ramsbottom Cottage Hospital with an abscess due to malnutrition. They kept me in five weeks. I used to wind sterilised bandages perpetually and read or draw. I got four meals a day - actually all of our family could have done with the same treatment! Hot poultices with Kaolin - a good cure. Back at work by Easter 1933. Mr SMITH in the bed across had his thumb off. The porter brought it on a covered salver showed it Smithy and he fainted! A Mr STURDEVANT (I think) in the next bed had a rupture - three months convalescence. A man in the other bed had a broken leg.

12 beds in the hospital, six male, six female. For each there was a large bathroom and two toilets. The local doctors LAWRIE, CRAWSHAW and STOTHERS put their patients in, their own operations and discharged them accordingly. An outpatients' room at the back was open daily from 8.30 to 11.30am, and from 3.30 to 6.00pm. There was a matron, Sister GOUGH, two day nurses a porter and night nurse (she wrote books on nights). I still remember the sister and nurse watching a couple through our ward window one night about 9.00pm and Mr SMITH opposite bed getting agitated to see what was going on and getting out and going behind the nurse to see what was going on and saying 'They're at it' - whatever that meant. Suddenly the nurse said 'Sister, Mr SMITH'. They marched him to the bathroom and then there was silence for 10 minutes. Sister and nurse came out and left the ward, Mr SMITH came in and said they'd given him a cold bath in his pyjamas. I never found out why!

Same hospital Esther HANSON, my Grandmother, went in after fracturing her hip in 1929. She fell between the platform and the train at Ramsbottom Station. We've been chasing a report of this accident for years, having seen it in the *Bury Times* '50 years on' in 1979. She discharged herself, got some chest complaint and went to bed to die.

Fred A HANSON, 50, Central Avenue, Birkdale, Southport PR8 3EQ

THE COACH AND HORSES, EDENFIELD

This well known inn, standing at the west side of the old A56 road through Edenfield, at the north end of the village, has after two centuries undergone a major change of identity. In recent months, it has become *The Three Sisters* restaurant, its sign indicating that it is celebrating some little known association between Edenfield and the BRONTE sisters! John SIMPSON has kindly provided a number of extracts from various sources relating to this well known inn, and his research forms the basis of the following article. The sketch of the *Coach and Horses* on this issue's front cover is from a copy found by John in Rawtenstall Library, probably, he suggests, originally from TL MAXIM's papers in Rochdale Library. PATRICK according to STEPHENS, there was a datestone on the inn's stable, *JH 1796*, which presumably survived until demolition, around 1962. This must be a reference, John suggests, to John HOUGHTON of Flaxmoss, near Haslingden, and not to James HAWORTH as John TAYLOR suggests in his book, *Stories in Stone: Datestones in Ramsbottom* (1991). According to court books of the Manor of Tottington, held at Lancashire Record Office (under reference DDHCI) John HOUGHTON had bought the pub on 14th November 1795 for £211 is.

There are several other references to the *Coach and Horses* in the records of the Manor of Tottington between 1792 and 1815.. Presumably built to accommodate new coach traffic arising on the new Bury, aslingden, Blackburn and Whalley turnpike (enacted in 1789) the inn is first referred to in January 1792 when Thomas DUCKWORTH, of Edenfield, innkeeper, mortgaged 'that new erected message or dwelling house situate in Edenfield now used as the wine tavern'. Later in the same year Thomas DUCKWORTH sold the property to William HOPKINSON, of Edenfield, innkeeper, when it was described as a 'large, commodious and well accustomed public house with two housesteads thereto adjoining.'

The pub changed hands several times and by 1812 had become a 'capital message or dwelling house now used as an inn or public house known by the name or sign of the *Coach and Horses Inn* with the cottage, stable, brewhouse, outbuildings, garden and appurtenances situate in Edenfield'. In 1814 it was sold to Richard HAWORTH of Higher Ashenbottom for £488 10s, although in 1818 one Nancy DUCKWORTH drawn up. There is every likelihood, therefore, that the owner and occupant of the inn were different people, even at this early stage in the history of the licensed trade.

Judging from trade directories, it is noticeable that the two earliest owners of the *Coach and Horses Inn*, Thomas DUCKWORTH and William HOPKINSON, appear to have belonged to families with other innkeeping interests - the DUCKWORTHS were associated with the eponymous *DuckworthArms* in Shuttleworth, whilst one

Edward HOPKINSON (and later Alice) occupied the *Bull's Head* at Green Turning (ie Naylor's Green) in the mid-19th Century. Perhaps further delving would reveal whether we have here evidence of an early 'beverage' in Tottington Manor!

Evidently there was not so great a living to be made as a licensed victualler in an Edenfield town, suggests in his innkeeping diary a sideline as a *Coach and Horses* Railway

			aged 55		
John KAY	head	married		victualler	farmer
Ann "				19 acres	born Bury
	wife	married	aged 55		Shuttleworth
Ann "	daughter	unmarried	aged 28	farmer's dau	Tottington, Higher End
John "	son	unmarried	aged 17	waggoner	"
Thomas "	son		aged 14		"
Dickey "	grandson		aged 2		"

Various references in the *Bury Times* indicate how an inn, probably then the only substantial public building in the locality apart from the church, was used for functions long since transferred elsewhere:

7th July 1855, page 4, column 4 - an inquest was held at the *Coach and Horses* on a man who had committed suicide.

12th Feb 1859, page 2, column 2 - there was notice of a sale of furniture at the inn.

23rd Sept 1865, page 2, column 2 - notice for a cattle sale at the inn.

The following quotation from the *Accrington Times* of 13th February 1875 (page 6, column 5) confirms that bird fanciers have long had connections with public houses:

EDENFIELD

CANARY SINGING - On Saturday a canary singing competition was held at the house of Mr. E. Ashworth, *Coach and Horses Inn*. There were fifteen birds entered for the competition, the prize winners were: 1st, brass pan, J. Tattersall, Rawtenstall; 2nd, copper kettle, George Holden, Ramsbottom; 3rd, metal teapot, extra prize for singing longest time, a handsome purse and gold chain won by James Whalley, *George Inn*, Haslingden.

Local newspapers can also be useful in offering clues as to changes of ownership.

The *Bury Times* of 14th Aug 1858 (page 2, column 2) featured a sale notice of a third share in the *Coach and Horses*.

The MERCER family was closely connected with the Edenfield and district beer trade in the latter part of the 19th Century, and well into the 20th, according to trade directories. Thomas MERCER owned the Springbank Brewery, Burnley Road, later the Edenfield Brewery Company. One James MERCER was licensee at the *Horse and Jockey* in 1861, whilst by 1871 this inn was run by Mary MERCER, whilst Martha had the *Coach and Horses*.

An especially interesting account of a^{2nd} hearing of the licensing sessions, the annual 1945:

Coach and Horses, Edenfield

POLICE OBJECT TO RENEWAL OF LICENCE

Objection was taken at Bury County Licensing Sessions yesterday to the renewal of the licence of the *Coach and Horses Hotel*, Market Street, Edenfield. Mr. H.C. Riches (Oldham) appeared for the owners, Baxter's Glen Top Brewery.

Inspector Ball gave details of the business and domestic accommodation, and said the trade was "working class". It was a tied house. Trade figures for 1942,

1943 and 1944 showed about 31 barrels of beer per annum, 760 to 720 dozen bottles of beer and stout, and 136 to 107 bottles of wine and spirits. Rent was £20 a year, which had been paid by the owners since the outbreak of war.

There were two fully licensed houses within 300 yards. The objection was on the grounds of redundancy. Considering the trade done and the necessity of the trade, witness considered the house was not required.

Sergt. Fallowfield (Ramsbottom) agreed with the statements of the inspector.

Mr. T.F. Bayley, Ramsbottom Sanitary Inspector, said nine houses had been demolished in the vicinity in recent years.

Mr. F. Butterworth, a Bury valuer, said the building was worth about £600. It would cost about £150 to convert into two houses.

Mr. J.A. Entwistle, the 70-years old licensee since 1937, said it was a family house, used chiefly by men and their wives. Some of the younger element who were customers were now in the Forces. He had a catering licence, provided teas and had "put up" people. It provided him with a comfortable living.

Supt. Kay: You say you are not grousing? You pay no rent. How long is it since you paid any rent?

The licensee: Not since the war.

The Clerk (Mr. J. W. Smith): Why don't you pay any Rent? Have you got a good brewery?

The licensee: It must be. (Laughter).

Supt. Kay: You don't pay any rent because if you did you could not make a living?

"Oh no" replied the licensee, who added, "It is not a big house for beer, but we do well in spirits."

Supt Kay: You are not doing more than half a barrel a week.

John J. Mills, a Heywood motor driver, gave evidence as to the house providing meals.

John T. Hamer, East-street, Edenfield, a retired brick-layer, said he had been a customer forty years. It was a clean and comfortable house. He liked the landlord.

The Clerk: Do you like what they sell? - Hamer: I should not go every day if I didn't. (Laughter).

Richard Dearden (aged 68), of 70, Market-street, Edenfield, said he had been a customer since 1937. He liked the house and the beer.

Mr. Riches, for the owners, contended that the house was serving a need of the neighbourhood. What was consumed in the house was not evidence of redundancy. It was built in 1796 [sic] and they had to remember that beer and spirits were in short supply today. This was not the time to assess its value whether it was redundant or not. He asked the justices not to disturb the present licensee in the eventide of his life but to give him a chance until the lads come back and see if it was a redundant house then.

The licence was referred to the Compensation Authorities in Salford but was renewed in June 1945.

John SIMPSON has also unearthed a *Ramsbottom Observer* article of 14th August 1964 reporting a visit to the *Coach and Horses* by 'Ken BARLOW' (viz Coronation Street actor, William Patrick ROACHE) who presided over the toppling, for the benefit of the Spastics Society, of a column of pennies worth £27 11s 7d. The licensee and his wife were Mr and Mrs Albert HANSON. Entitled, '£27 in pennies for spastics', the report is a lesson in how institutionalised certain television programmes and their stars have become, yet how dated the subsequently politically incorrect can appear!

Any of the records used by John to research this public house can be similarly used to pursue the origins of others in the area, and any resulting articles will be published in future editions. Thanks to John for his generosity in passing this research on to us.

Andrew Todd, 183, Bolton Street, Ramsbottom, Bury BLO 9JD

GREYSTONES: A HUNDRED YEARS HISTORY OF A STUBBINS HOUSE

Anyone leaving the roundabout at the Edenfield Bye-pass/M66 connection, and heading up Bolton Road North towards Edenfield centre, will have noticed the short, soot-blackened terrace on the left. This is Eden Bank, perched at the edge of the slip road, with Water Lane bordering it off at the north end. The double fronted end terrace, no 90, has a particularly impressive staircase window at the back. In fact, it served as the manse for the Stubbins Congregational Church which, until demolition in 1983, stood on the opposite side of the roundabout and lower down Bolton Road North. One other house stood at the southern end of Eden Bank. Brenda DECENT explains what happened to it, and how closely entwined this small group of houses is with some of the district's most influential families- Editor

Until about 30 years ago, *Greystones*, often known as Stubbins Villa, stood at Eden Bank, the small group of houses at the top of the steep climb out of Stubbins towards Edenfield, on the left hand side of Bolton Road North. The house was linked with many families, industries and churches that made history in its century of life. It moved into its second century by making way for a motorway. It occupied the south end of Eden Bank, and the slip road and roundabout now cover its site.

Greystones, 92, Bolton Road North, was built in the early 1860s by James PORRITT (1810-96) of *Stubbins Vale House*. As major textile industrialists in the Stubbins, he and brother Samuel of *The Cliffe*, Stubbins Vale Road, felt it their duty to supply the village with a place of worship and schools. At the time, the village had neither.

The Stubbins Congregational Church, funded by the PORRITTS, was opened for worship in 1867. In July 1864, Rev Thomas CAIN (1836-1926) had been invited to be pastor at Stubbins. He conducted services in the schools until the church was built, and took up residence at *Greystones*.

The house was built in Gothic style as was the church. Society member Joyce TURNBULL, who lived at *Cross Moor*, between school and church, recalls that its porous stone gave rain free access! BARRETT's 1880 directory records that the church was built of 'white freestone', presumably limestone, and notoriously porous. This stone may well have been used for both buildings.

Greystones was never the official manse of Stubbins Congregational Church. The house appears to have been given to Thomas CAIN on account of his marriage to Mary Hannah PORRITT, one of James PORRITT's 15 children. Certainly in SLATER's 1888 directory, Thomas CAIN's home is listed as 92, Bolton Road, Eden Bank.

Rev CAIN retired from his position in 1906, after a pastorate of 42 years, continuing to live at *Greystones* until 1910 (he died in 1926, aged 90). Son Herbert Porritt CAIN moved into the house, along with his wife Florence Susanna STOCKDALE and their children - Marjorie (now Mrs ALREROFF), William Thomas and Thomas Herbert Porritt CAIN. On the death in March 1923 of William STOCKDALE, Florence's father, the family took over nearby *Rosebank House*.

Back for a moment to Stubbins Congregational Church. After Rev Thomas CAIN's retirement, the church decided that a manse should be found for the new pastor. In 1910, a bazaar was held to raise funds and with help from Austin PORRITT of *The Cliffe*, the church bought the house next door to *Greystones*, no 90, Bolton Road North. By the early 1950s, the double-fronted no 90 was considered too big for this purpose. It was sold in 1955, and the manse moved next door to the smaller no 88. Thus Stubbins ministers lived at three adjacent addresses over the space of a century. Also, an as yet unidentified Rev Alijah HEATON lived at no 86 in 1924, according to KELLY's directory!

In 1972, no 88, Bolton Road North was in turn sold to the DUNNE Family. Councillor John Philip DUNNE, a one time Mayor of Rossendale, was the son of Dorothy TURNBULL, granddaughter of William TURNBULL, the co-founder of TURNBULL and STOCKDALES. Philip's father still lives there.

For some years after the CAINs left in 1923, *Greystones* was rented to Horace and Edith MOORHOUSE, Edith being the sister of Florence STOCKDALE. (Horace and Edith's son, James Stockdale MOORHOUSE, was subsequently associated with the family firm of TURNBULL and STOCKDALE.)

Then on 19th March 1927 Herbert Porritt CAIN died tragically at Langdale in the Lake District. (His widow, Florence, lived on until 1961.) His executors rented Son John and sister Jennie have happy memories of their stay there. At some stage, the house was brought into the 20th Century, a garage and tennis court being built.

Its clerical associations continued! St Philips Church had opened in Chatterton in 1927, and *Greystones*, empty in the early 1930s, was bought as the parsonage house for the then vicar, Rev William WYNNE. In 1965 a new vicarage was built at Chatterton, leaving *Greystones* unoccupied. In 1967 the house was compulsorily acquired by the Ministry of Transport in connection with the Rawtenstall to Edenfield Bye-pass and demolished.

I recently went to Eden Bank for the first time. Only *Greystones* has gone. It is a pleasant and peaceful place, now enjoying a little used close between itself and Bolton Road North. But it cannot be so quiet with the 1466 so near. I should mention that Edenfield Primitive Methodists moved to 86 Eden Bank in 1956. No wonder it once became known as 'Parsons Row'.

Brenda Decent, 20, Carr Bank Drive, Ramsbottom BLO 9BG

References

Ramsbottom Heritage Society News Magazine articles by Clyde Tweedale:
Stockdale Saga, in no5 (Summer 1992) pp6-7;
The Turnbull Tale, in no7 (Summer 1993) pp2-6;
Profit from Porritt, in no10 (Winter 1994-5) pp10-12
Jubilee 1881-1931, Turnbull and Stockdale Ltd (1931)

The many names in the Greystones story can be very confusing, but a walk around the rarely visited but beautifully kept churchyard of the demolished Congregational Church reintroduces you to most of them. I was surprised at the number of gravestones that are there. The problem is finding someone with a key to the padlock on the gate! Editor

A ROUGH SUMMARY 1: AT HOME AND SCHOOL

In our last issue, Fred HANSON described how his grandfather came to Ramsbottom. Here, he relates the difficult times that his family experienced here between the Wars. The family lived in Carr Fold, off Carr Street, as described in his article 'Carr Fold in the '20s and '30s', in our Autumn 1997 magazine - Editor

Fred Ashworth HANSON - lived from 4th November 1918 to 2008 roughly. Born in Camberwell, London in the parish of Southwark, one week before the signing of the Armistice (11th Nov 1918) heralding the end of the 1914-18 Great War. I had an elder sister, Florence Esther, born 30th June 1917 and died 28th December 1983.

I started at St Andrew's in 1922, aged four. Milk at 10.30am costing 1/2d, no dinners free or otherwise. We children (Florence, me, Tom and Peter) went home for it and

there was never enough, odd days nothing; and back about 1929 when my Grandmother died, we went to dinner three or four times a week to my Granddad's at 18a, Dundee Lane which was 100 yards from St Andrew's School.

Granddad ordered dinner from DUCKWORTH's opposite their house. [Harry DUCKWORTH, shopkeeper, 19, Dundee Lane - KELLY's 1924 Directory - Editor]. It was a confectioners opposite, on the corner of Charlotte Street. Mrs DUCKWORTH served you, usually with flour up to her elbows. They made potato pies, hot pots, meat pies etc to order (real beef) no sausage meat. Rice, sago, tapioca puddings.

Sponge and Christmas puddings. Vanillas, custards, trifles. Cream cakes, currant cakes, Eccles cakes, sponge cakes, Madeira, walnut, Simnel, birthday and wedding cakes. Bread, muffins, teacakes, currant and plain. Monday was an enamel washing-up basin, 14 inches, holding about eight platefuls of potato pie with a crust, price 2s 6d and rice pudding for eight at 1s Od. Tuesday take the bowls back before 9.00am and order same sizes of hot pot and sad [ie not well raised] cake (no currants) and sago pudding. We alternated these Monday to Thursday and had fish pie on Friday with tapioca pudding - those were the days. These meals must have been a godsend for Granddad when he was a widower.

When Grandma was alive we all called at 4 o'clock for a slice of bread and butter before walking home from school. No! you daren't ask her for another slice, she'd have floored you. Oliver Twist would never ask her for more.

My sister Ann died of Diptheria aged about 18 months, about 1926. She was a bonny, uncomplaining child, and she had only been ill about four or five days. And Doctor LAWRIE had been attending daily. I was seven or eight at the time and as we all brought one another up I was nursing her. I didn't realise or understand for half an hour that she was dead. The doctor came immediately, and said Diptheria was rife at the time. This was life. We paid the doctor's man Mr HORROCKS, 6d a week if we had it. He was also School Board visitor and played hell if you were off school, and not ill. Various reasons - no clogs, no shoes, sometimes no clothes, Mother ill, look after young ones etc.

About 1928 my mother (Alice Maud) got fed up and went to bed, I think there were seven of us then and very little money. Florence was kept off school to look after her. We owed Uncle Jim LEACH about £1 15s, which was a week's wage, and about 21s Od coming in. 1919 to 1934 was a period of great depression, frustration and despair. The mind can only stand so much and after Ann's death at 18 months my mother gave up mentally; she'd had enough. We all loved Ann, she was an exceptional baby, beautiful, always smiling, chuckling and prattling. She died in my arms, I was ten and devastated. Now I know the words, then I didn't or the unfair distribution of the world's goods. Without Uncle Jim and Aunt Hannah's shop we would have starved, everything went on the bill. It took until 1934 to pay it off, after I had worked over 12 months and still nothing in my pocket.

Mother was in bed for about six weeks, School Board called re Florence off school. She must go! Two days later Mother suddenly decided Tuesday night she was going to London to see her brother Arthur and sisters Florrie and Lizzie. She caught the 8.47am train from Ramsbottom to London arriving at Euston at 12.15 noon. She stayed there three weeks and on coming home was a different person. Things started to improve. I got a paper round which paid 5s Od a week with the stale cakes from the shop every morning which six of us ate for breakfast. Luxury!

Grandfather Fred HANSON had a brother Peter who was the 'Black Sheep' of the family, he used to come up to Ramsbottom on the scrounge. If he caught Fred on his own he'd finance him for some hair-brained scheme but if Esther was around he'd soon be off with a flea in his ear. Where he finished up I don't know. He used to tag on to Uncle Jim if around and go with him whippet racing.

At the age of 121 took papers for Mrs HARTLEY, widow, no children, about 55 years old [perhaps Mary Eliza of 18, Market Place, as shown in 1932 electoral register - Editor]. She employed two paper lads (girls were not invented). 'A' Round went down Stubbins Lane as far as the Pin pub, and all points this side. I did 'B' - up at 5.30am, paper shop at 6am. Down Bridge Street, Crow Lane, St Paul's Street, Garden Street - that block - police station over level crossing, Kenyon Street, to 100 yards from top of Peel Brow. No houses off left, just a few on the right. Then back over the crossing and watch for Miss CROSS on Bridge Street (clogs and shawl) going from somewhere round Dundee Lane I think, to work at the cotton mill, Rose Mill, Kenyon Street, for a 7.45 start weaving - *Daily Mail* was her paper - for a Labour voter? She was about 50, old to me then! She called in the shop Saturday and picked up Saturday's and paid 6d for the six days. Then back to the shop - sweets, tobacco, toffee, choc etc and cakes. This was my round. Drop paper bag and take home any stale cakes for breakfast for five or six children. I eventually got home to Carr Fold about 8.00am, pot of tea and margarine toast, sometimes beef dripping on good

days, sort out the young 'uns and off to school about 8.40.

Newspapers I delivered - *Daily Dispatch* and *Daily Mirror* most popular (30% each), then *Daily Herald* (20%) *Daily Mail* (10%) - the rest shared 10% - *News Chronicle*, *Daily Sketch* (not anything as low as the *Sun*, *Star*); upper crust - *Daily Telegraph*, *Financial Times*. Twice a week - *Bury Times*. Saturday the *Bury Guardian*,

Ramsbottom Observer on Friday. Also in order of numbers sold - *Bulls Eye*, *Beano*, *Rover* etc, magazines for boys. *Woman's Weekly*, *Woman's Own* and odd weekly racing papers, *Outlook* etc. If a round hadn't turned up when I got back, I took that, bringing 8.30am, having to push for school, especially Mondays when my

Evening Chronicle and Manchester *Evening News* only. Most popular on Sunday - *News of the World* - keep it away from the children.

Mrs HARTLEY also had a round for Saturday mornings only to Holcombe Village, majority of the houses, and along Moor Bottom, you started this round after the other, usually 8am to 9am and finished 12 noon. You got a bacon butty at the *Shoulder of Mutton* where you left half a dozen papers and half a dozen mags. This round was worth 1 s 6d. Mrs HARTLEY was closed on Sundays.

Christmas was the time for tipping the postman and the paper boy. I dropped Dr LAWRIE a *Daily Telegraph* every morning before 6am - across from Kay Brow [Rose Villa, 140, Bolton Street - Editor]. He left Half a Crown for the paper lad. Dr Hugh LAWRIE was our doctor - he collected 6d a week off us for doctor's bills. I to £1 5s Od would be picked up in tips which usually went on presents or helped out at home.

St Andrew's C of h Day School - I attended from 1922 when I went into the Infants at four and at five into Class 1. School started at 9.00am - prayers until 9.15. We always recited the school motto. 9.00am in the school yard and the bell went, we all lined up and marched via the cloakroom into school I dropped out at the school door and when all the pupils had marched in I closed the big door and held the door knob against latecomers, woe betide me if I let the door go. There were always half a dozen latecomers, including the school bully who used to shout through the door what he'd do to me at playtime. I held it until after morning prayers when the teacher told me to let them in, they passed me muttering further threats. All latecomers were given 100 lines. Come playtime on one occasion the latecomers came for me led by the cocky leader. When I wouldn't dodge the bully boy came charging for me backed up by his gang. I stuck my left fist out and he ran straight onto it. There was blood everywhere. The headmaster came out, sized things up and sent him to the nurse. He never bothered me again.

There were two school bullies - in order of avoidance, Louis BURRIDGE, Nuttall Lane. Father Wallace a beery type. His parents were always in school after Louis got the stick; Harry KNOWLES - a natural who bullied anyone smaller. Headmaster Mr BOARDMAN was always down on bullies. He had no favourites. Tom was at school a class or two lower than I. We didn't meet often on getting there; I recollect one occasion coming out and Peter waiting for me very upset and saying

Tom was in a big fight in the Church Field. We ran there and there was a crowd of lads in a rough circle; pushing through, there was Tom fighting a bigger lad than him, but I couldn't stop it, being held back. They were both marked about the face with spots of blood around; wrestling and thumping went on for about half an hour. Both were exhausted, eventually when they were both down I ran in and got Tom up and told him to go to Barwood Lea and wait for me. Peter went with him and I helped the other lad up, he'd had enough. Bill DAWES was his name, I told him to keep clear of our family in future. A policeman appeared so we all scattered. I found Tom and Peter, we bathed his face with dirty rags in the spring at the bottom of Barwood Lea and went home, it was 6 o'clock. Mother took one look at Tom's face and we were all sent to bed until Father came in.

Mrs MURPHY, she kept control in Class 1 with a foot rule across the knuckles. I was always in front of the class so went into Class 2 after 12 months, although some stayed for two years as this was the basic 'kicking off' class. Reading, writing, 'rythmetic up to 12 times table, read a chapter, multiply, add and subtract to pass. A Miss HUTCHINSON had Classes 1 and 2 - she lived up Dundee Lane. Mother-type. Children took to her - four year olds were soon at home!

Mrs MOFFAT ('Mouse') took Classes 3 and 4 at one time - was good with the ruler (knuckles) in a writing lesson. She lived up Hazelhurst.

After the Infants at school Classes 3, 4, 5, 6, & 7 followed, arriving in Class 7 at 11 years old. I stopped in this class for two years and then they made an additional class 7x. There were four of us in this class. No class had above 30 scholars. There was nearer 100 than 120 in the whole school, aged from four to 14. Arthur BOARDMAN was the headmaster - known as 'Plank' - stem but very fair, had twin daughters born about 1922-3 who attended our school. He took the top classes, 7 and 7x. Lived at Holcombe Brook. At final assembly the Head named who were leaving and we recited the school motto which he had invented or adopted: 'Do What is Right With All Thy Might and Let What Will Come Of It'. Usually the stick! The girls wept and the boys cheered. Nostalgia!

Second master was James HASLAM, a dedicated teacher, who lived on Callender Street, bottom of Rostron Road. He took Classes 5 and 6 (the next to the top classes) also the boys in 6 and 7 for gardening. There were a dozen plots in the school garden about five yards by three. Two lads to a plot, we grew a row of potatoes (planted March or April), a row of snowball turnips. We never got a real crop of turnips as being white snowball and sweet, when the master's back was turned we used to pocket a couple, wash them in the cloakroom and eat them like apples - delicious. You got the stick if caught, one stroke for each turnip; one lad was caught with six, he used to sit on his hands for a week. We also planted a row each of carrots, lettuce, broad beans and sweet peas-also spring onions, radish, beet. We had half the crop between the two lads and the school had the other half. We couldn't eat flowers! We did an hour's gardening on Monday, 3.00pm to 4.00, 11.00am to noon on Fridays.

Mr HASLAM was a good teacher. Lived to 92 years, and played for years at St Paul's. He took 5, 6, 7 and 7x for group singing on Tuesdays and Thursdays, 3.30 to 4.00pm. He'd walk round listening. You got a clout behind the head for being flat.

Hard work, but I could play at the harmonica then. His nickname was 'Monkey Jimmy' - scholars could be cruel. But the name fit. He hunched his shoulders and belted the instrument.

Woodwork on Fridays 1.30 to 4.00pm at the Technical School, Stubbins Lane, with Mr CAM - a small technical joiners shop where you were initiated on your first attendance with being up-ended and your short trousers stuffed with wood shavings soaked in oil. It took a week to clear it and you were in dire trouble at home. This was the only time I saw and made a match box stand. Sports were girls netball and the boys cricket and football, merely half an hour on Tuesdays and Thursdays, half a day Friday.

St Andrew's School played a school cup final against St Paul's on the field behind the Cottage Hospital. One of our players, John CHADWICK, played in clogs, couldn't afford boots. The ref saw them and stopped the game. One of the opposition,

the 12¹ man, lent him a pair. What a game. 4-4 after extra time. Hard game! No fouls! No animosity - today's games and sportsmanship don't compare! !

Saints' Days - St Andrew, St George, St Patrick and a couple of others - we lined up in the schoolyard and marched to the church about 150 yards away. A beautiful church, stained glass, Edwardian carpets, highly polished pews and panelling. The minister, Right Reverend David LEWTAS, had a short service, about half an hour, and then said: 'Children, as it's a Saints Day you can now have the rest of the day off if Mr BOARDMAN agrees.' He'd obviously had too much of us and always agreed.

We went through school, me, Tom, Peter, William and Maurice. Maurice had measles in October 1932 and the teacher came round and collected the four of us and sent us home. I was due to leave at Christmas, so never got back. We had to keep away from other children but Winnie FOX wouldn't have any. She was my girls' gang leader in our gang. I remember one time my mother said Winnie had called for me and gave me a funny look. I think she was hoping to catch measles to be off school with us.

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MOCKING THE TACKLER

The tackler was a key member of the workforce in a weaving mill, being responsible for the proper working of the looms. Not surprisingly, he was blamed by the weavers if looms did fail, and pilloried if valuable production time was lost, since this meant lower wages for the pieceworkers. The following item from the Ramsbottom Observer of 1st April 1921 provides an echo of April Fool Day's humour of which, I suspect, the tackler and his unfortunate successors in similar textile establishments, was regularly the butt! Thanks to John SIMPSON for sending me this gem, and to ex-weavers Bessie and Jenny JOHNS for explaining the subtlety of the wit! - Editor

BUYING A TACKLER

A woman in Ramsbottom, going shopping recently, met another woman on a similar errand. She told her friend that she was going to a butcher's shop for a 'tackler', but not wishing to show her ignorance by the nature of the purchase, the other woman determined to satisfy her curiosity and obtain one of these new fangled joints, or whatever they were. Sallying forth to a meatmonger's, she **asked the man behind the counter for the object of her visit, and was shown a sheep's head. 'Is that a tackler?' she queried. 'It will be when lave taken t'brains eawt',** replied the butcher.