

**My memories – Hugh Taylor.
Edenfield 1946 – 1958**

I was born on January 10th, 1946 in Jericho Hospital, Bury, though lived at 116 Market Street, Edenfield. In 1958 dad had a promotion which meant that we had to move to Leeds. This account is of my time in Edenfield before Leeds.



Our house. Primary School. Chapel and Sunday School. Grandad Barlow. Grandma Taylor

Edenfield itself is a linear village built around the cotton industry of Rossendale. In the C17 it was spelt Aydenfeld and with its Norse history could mean something like 'the land belonging to the farmstead by the river' (Irwell). Its current population is under 2,000. It lies in the Pennines at an altitude of around 200m (660-ft) and consequently has a damp climate, which together with the plentiful supply of streams and rivers made it ideal for the cotton industry. The village and the surrounding area had been changing slowly for generations but this accelerated towards the end of the 18th century when long established farms, including Greaves Farm at Dearden Clough, gave over their land to mills.

In my time there during the 40's and 50's the mills started to be on 'short time' (workers employed for less than a full week) due to competition from India. Eventually they all closed, with some being knocked down, and others being converted into industrial units or flats.

The bypass shown above – marked A56 - was built in the 1960's, so after we'd left. Before then it was all fields right down to the river Irwell and the railway at Alderbottom.

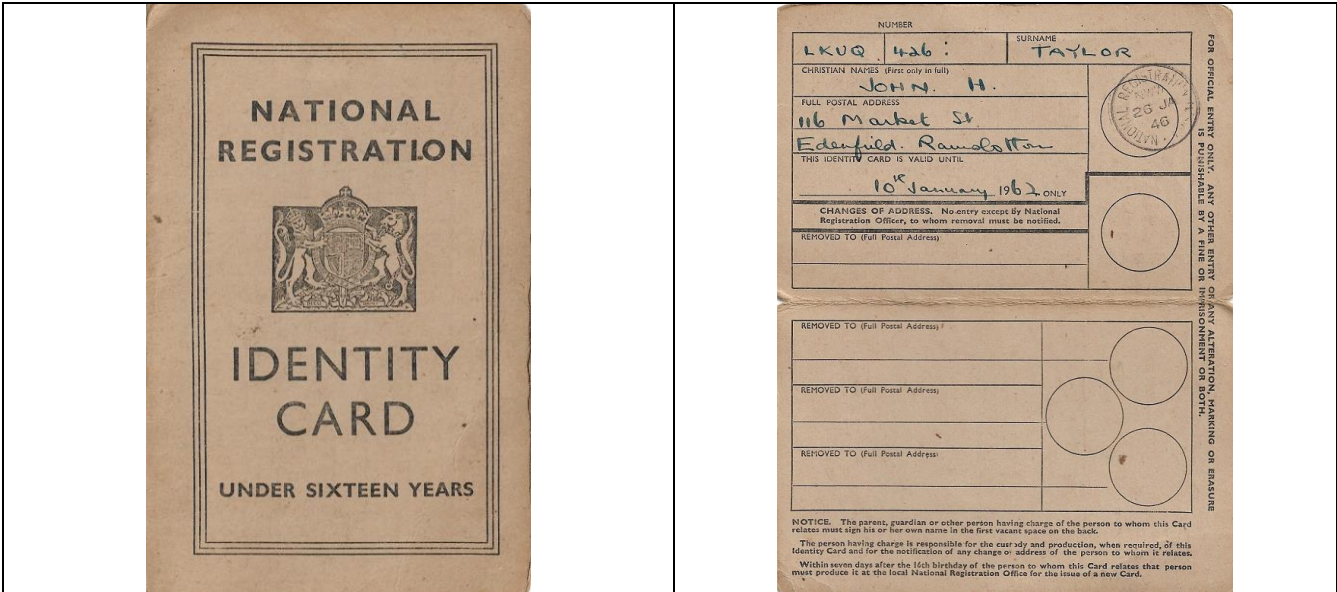


The photo above was taken from Heycrofts behind our house. The farm buildings in the foreground are new. The Primary School can just be seen on the right in the trees. Our house was in the middle of the row of houses above the left-hand new barn. Cousin Clive lived in the right-hand end of the row of white houses above the right-hand new barn

The name of our family – Taylor – is a very common one. In 1891, Lancashire had the highest population of Taylor families, there being 41,329 families living in the county. This was about 22% of all the recorded Taylor's in the UK. It's an occupational name originating from Old French word 'tailleur', and translates as 'Cutter-out of cloth'.



Hope View in c2010. The houses at the far end of the terrace were built first. Our house was the last one in that section, about halfway down the present row where the roof height and colour changes. In 1877, the local Co-op added further houses to the row, numbers 102 – 112, with the higher roof line. Mrs Wolstenholme lived next door this way, number 114, and Mr Whittaker next door the other way. Number 114 always seemed a larger house, and originally it would have been the end of the row. It was usual practice for the person building the row to live in a slightly larger house at the end, so that may be the reason. Cousin Roger and his wife Helen are shown outside their house at the end of the terrace where Uncle Lol (Mum's father's brother) used to live.



When I was born, WW2 had only just ended in Europe (September 1945) and Identity cards were still required for all citizens.

My father was James Taylor who worked in Balloon Street, Manchester for the CWS in Men's Outfitting, so that was jackets, trousers, and suits etc. During the war he volunteered for the Navy, and his ship the Cleopatra was torpedoed and sank. Many were rescued by jumping across to another ship, and dad used to get quite upset remembering those who jumped but didn't make it. He was eventually invalided out because his ears were damaged from the noise of the guns. He had hearing problems all his life, and became totally deaf in one ear, and partially in the other. In later life he suffered from Meniere's disease which made him dizzy and sick, and whether that was due to the damage inflicted during the war is debatable. Dad liked sport and played both football and cricket. Dad in the navy during WW2. He trained in HMS Raleigh at Torpoint, Cornwall, before joining his first ship in Belfast.



He sailed in the convoys which formed up in Loch Ewe on the Scottish west coast. He was on board HMS Springbank when it was torpedoed by a U-boat. Here is an account of the incident –

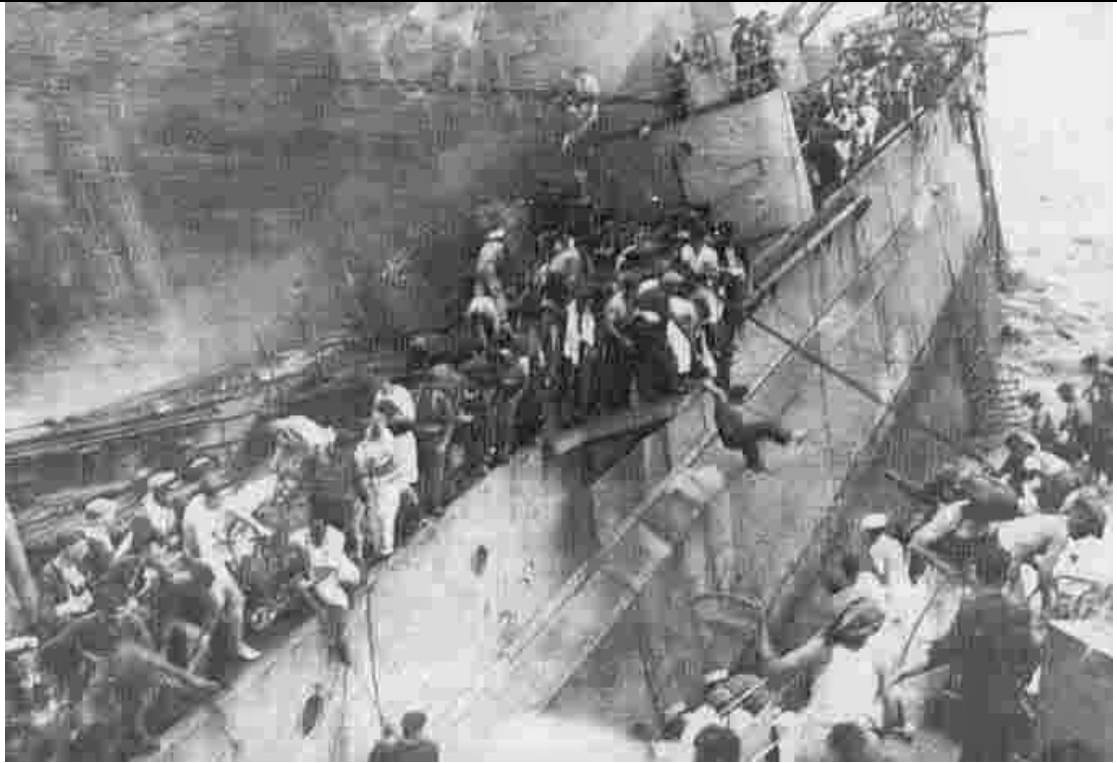
At 02.09 hours on 27 Sep, 1941, U-201 fired the stern torpedo at a steamer in convoy HG-73 but missed, so the U-boat turned around and fired a spread of two torpedoes at the same ship at 02.11 hours. Lookouts on HMS Springbank on station in the fifth column observed a torpedo passing between her and the Leadgate in station #41, shortly before the fighter catapult ship was hit on the port side by two torpedoes about 430 miles west-southwest of Cape Clear (400 miles south west of Ireland). Most survivors from the vessel were rescued by HMS Jasmine, which went alongside to take off survivors and later scuttled her by gunfire after an attempt to sink her with depth charges failed. One officer and 31 ratings were lost. Other survivors were picked up by HMS Hibiscus, which landed them at Gibraltar and by HMS Periwinkle which landed them at Milford Haven. We're not sure which ship dad was rescued by.

A survivor recalls - The weather was so bad that we lost a lot of people by mistiming their jump and falling between the two ships, and others by not timing their jump onto the deck of the destroyer and getting killed by the force of impact against the ship.

This image of men falling between the two ships haunted dad all his life, and on Remembrance Sunday he would try to remember those men who didn't make it, falling between the two ships screaming for their mothers.



HMS Springbank

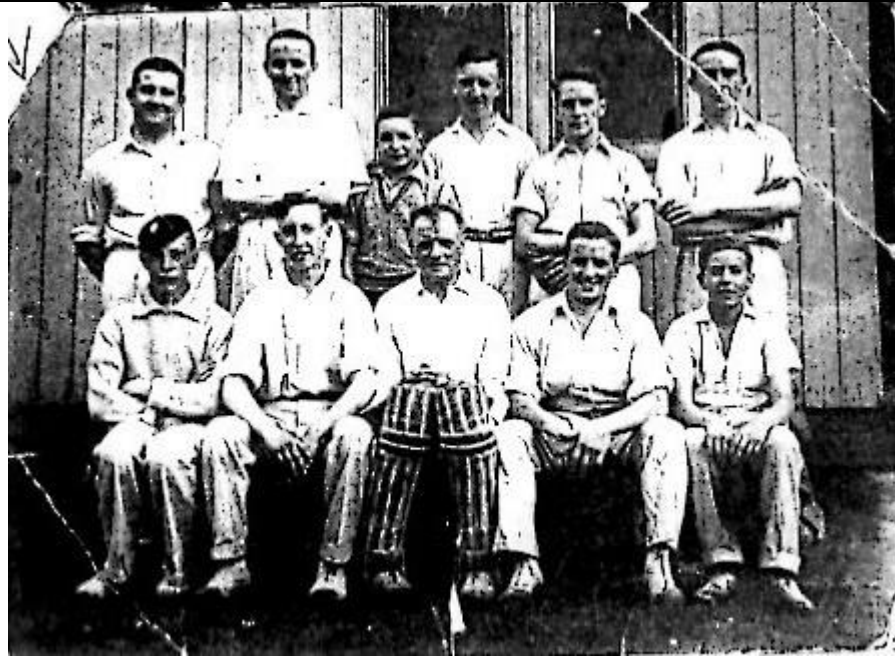


HMS Springbank sinking, with men trying to jump to the ship alongside.

Both of mum's brothers, uncle Harry and uncle Arnold, as well as dad all served in the forces in WW2. Their names are on a roll of honour based in the parish church – see below.

Albert Dickin	19 Bolton Road North
Harold Holden	Hollins Lane Cottage
John H Margison	10 Market Street
William Bretherton	31 Bolton Road North
Jack Entwistle	Coach and Horses
Arthur Magnall	14 Gincroft
Harry Pickup	93 Market Street
Harold Rawsthorne	365 Bury Road Townsendfold
James Taylor	55 Gincroft
Thomas Whittaker	Bowker Street Irwell Vale
Donald Alexander	5 Green Street
James Kay	Mushroom House
Harold Pickup	64 Bury Road
Arnold Quinton	Hardsough Farm
George Alty	8 Central Avenue
Harry Barlow	15 Exchange Street
Ernest Barnes	56 Burnley Road
Jesse Demaline	4 Oaklands Road
Harry Hepburn	26 Highfield Road
Edwin Magnall	7 Market Street
George Ashworth	100 Bury Road
Tom Pickup	114 Market Street
George Taylor	71 Market Street
George Berry	104 Market Street
Joseph Longworth	Townsendfold
Charles McFadden	The Green

James Barnes	Bolton Road North
Cyril Brown	Central Avenue
James Dewhurst	Rochdale Road
Fred Greenhalgh	Woodlands Road
Fred McDowall	Irwell Vale
Harold Moseley	The Plunge
James Ogden	Barnet Place
Amos Taylor	Rochdale Road
Jack Taylor	Irwell Vale
Geoffrey Turnbull	Lane End House
Henry Willetts	New Hall
George Wolstenholme	Stone Pits
Arnold Barlow	Stocks House
Roger K Crawshaw	The Cottage
Ronald Haworth	111 Bury Road
Alec Kay	14 Rochdale Road
Eric Onslow	3 Market Place
James F Whittaker	19 Crow Woods
Betty Nield Shepherd	Cliffeville
Jack Blessington	6 Market Street
Jack Eland	62 Bury Road
Norman Howard	107 Bury Road
Harold Metcalf	37 Woodlands Road
William Barker	Clough Cottage
Alan Chattwood	Bury Road
Fred Margison	The Plunge



The Edenfield cricket team. Uncle Harry is on the back row at the left, with dad next to him.

My mother was Florrie Taylor nee Barlow, who originally worked in a cotton mill in Dearden Clough, though I only remember her working as a dinner lady at Stubbins School. She was interested in amateur dramatics and played badminton.

I had one sister Lynette, or Lyn to her friends, who is about 3 years older than me. We also had a dog called Sooty, as she was a black mongrel.



Mum and dad knew each other as children, and went to the same Edenfield school. They would go to that school from when they started aged 4 or 5 until they left aged 14 in about 1928. The only children who didn't were those who won a scholarship to a grammar school. There was no secondary school education in those days as we know it now, that started with the 1944 Education Act which created a tripartite system of education – Primary, Secondary, and Tertiary or College/University. We can't find dad on here, but think that mum is on the middle row sixth from the right, with a bow in her hair.

Note the clogs with irons on them.



This is from a similar time, with mum on the third row from the front, next to the left-hand end.



This is probably the oldest photo we have of dad. He has written on the back of this photo - 'myself and John Schofield'. Presumably dad is on the left. We don't know who John Schofield was.



In this photo from 1926, mum and dad would be about 12. Dad is in the centre of the middle row, and mum on the right had end of the same row. Note that clogs were standard footwear.



On the back of this photo dad has written – John Schofield, Mundell McDowall, (?? 1/2 cousins), Harry Pickup, Teddy Yarrow, Ernest Taylor (died ??), me (dad), Florence Woods, Edith Taylor, ?, Annie Bracewell, Florrie (mum) Mary Whittaker, Martha Collier, Sarah Jeffries, ?, Lena Schofield Edenfield School 1925, 6, or 7

Dad is on the back row at the right-hand end, with mum on the right-hand end of the middle row. Mary Whittaker (nee Parsons) was the sister of Charles Parsons who set up a bicycle shop in Waterfoot, Lancashire, in 1931 but eight years later he had an accident that eventually led to his blindness. At the end of the Second World War, he could not buy bicycle bags for the shop, although cotton cloth was still available. His wife and her sister Mary began to make up bags for him. This business expanded rapidly and eventually became Karrimor, an international brand no longer associated with Waterfoot.



Mum and dad were married on the 20th of April, 1940 at Edenfield Parish Church. We don't know why they didn't get married in the Methodist chapel, unless mum's family were church? In the photo from the left are: ?, Marjorie (mums best friend), dad, mum, grandad Barlow (mum's father), ?, Uncle Arnold (mum's eldest brother). This would have been just before dad went to war.



Dad has written on the back of this photo 'outside Methodist Chapel'. This sounds like they were married at the Parish Church, and then came down to the chapel for a photo – but why?



Dad took politics and community seriously, and in 1946 he stood as the Labour party candidate for Ramsbottom Urban District Council: he was unsuccessful. This is a press photo.



Mum and dad in 1936 holidaying in Douglas in the IOM.



Mum was interested in amateur dramatics, and here she is in a play called 'None so Blind' on the back row next to the end, wearing a hat. I think she may have been in Edenfield Amateur Dramatics Association.

NUMBER		SURNAME	
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CHRISTIAN NAMES (First only in full)			
FLORRIE .			
CLASS CODE			
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116. Market St . Edenfield. Ramsbottom			
HOLDER'S SIGNATURE			
<i>J Taylor.</i>			
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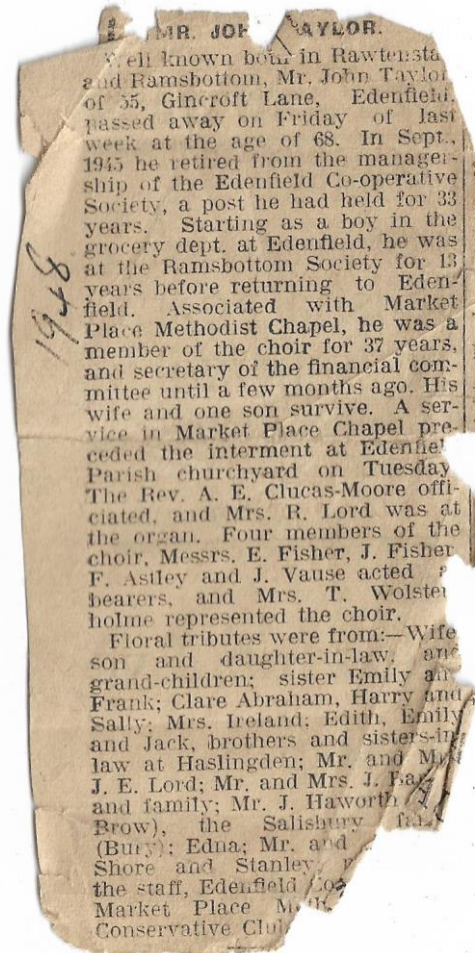
1914

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MARKING OR ERASURE, IS PUNISHABLE

During the war (WW2) everyone had to have an ID card, and this is mum's stamped 1943.

Dad was an only child. His father John Taylor, my grandad, was the manager at the Co-op in Edenfield and lived with Grandma Taylor at 55 Gincroft Lane. He died of TB in 1948, so I never knew him. I have vague recollections of seeing him on his death bed, but that's probably a false memory.



This is Grandad Taylor's obituary that dad cut out of the local paper, probably the Rossendale Free Press. It says – "Well known in both Rawtenstall and Ramsbottom, Mr John Taylor of 55, Gincroft Lane, Edenfield, passed away on Friday of last week at the age of 68. In Sept. 1945, he retired from the managership of the Edenfield Co-operative Society, a post he had held for 33 years. Starting as a boy in the grocery department at Edenfield, he was at the Ramsbottom Society for 13 years before returning to Edenfield. Associated with Market Place Methodist Chapel, he was a member of the choir for 37 years, and secretary of the financial committee until a few months ago. His wife and one son survive. A service in Market Place Chapel, preceded the interment at Edenfield Parish church yard on Tuesday. The Rev. A. E. Clucas-Moore officiated, and Mrs. R. Lord was at the organ. Four members of the choir, Messrs. E. Fisher, J. Fisher, F. Astley, and J. Vause acted as bearers, and Mrs. T. Wolstenholme represented the choir. Floral tributes were from:—Wife and son and daughter-in-law, and grand-children; sister Emily and Frank; Clare Abraham, Harry and Sally; Mrs. Ireland; Edith, Emily and Jack, brothers and sisters-in-law at Haslingden; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Lord; Mr. and Mrs. J. Farnell [Grandad Barlow's step son] and family; Mr. J. Haworth (? Brow); the Salisbury family (Bury); Edna; Mr and ? Shore and Stanley; ??? the staff Edenfield Co-operative Society; Market Place Methodist Chapel; ??? Conservative Club".

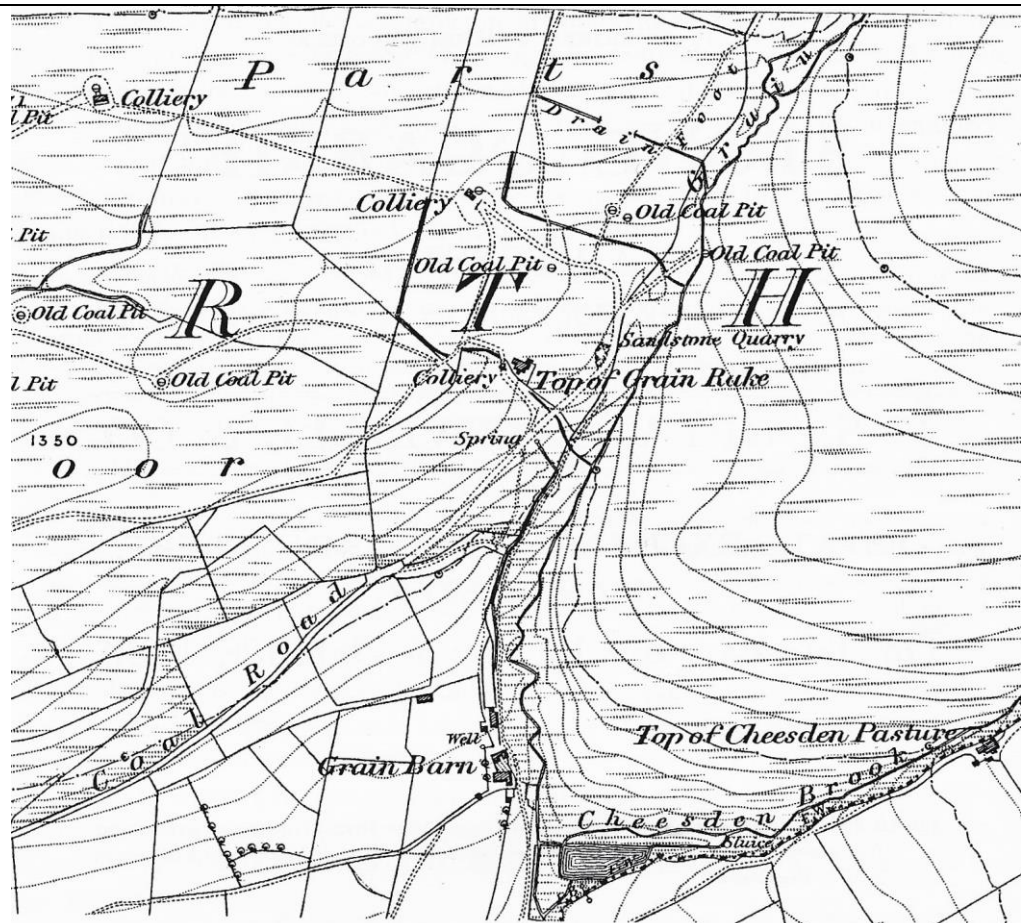
Grandma Taylor's mother – Sarah Ann Barlow, had a brother called Wallace and a sister called Alice Mary. Alice Mary married Sandy Ireland and they had four children, Edith, Emily, Wallace, Eric, and Richard. Lynette says that *Edith lived down the row from us with her mother, Alice Mary who I just about remember as a very old lady*. In the village the GP's were a married couple called Ford, and Eric Ireland was their driver. Why they needed a driver I don't know: perhaps they couldn't drive and didn't want to?

John Taylor's father, my great grandad was James Taylor. He married Mary Taylor and they had 8 children. For some reason, we don't have any photos of the family. Their 7th and 8th children were twins, and Mary died giving birth. James then re-married to Mary Rothwell. James Taylor was born in 1846, and in the 1871 Census he was living in Bury Road with Mary, both aged 24.

He was then a coal miner. By the 1881 Census, he was residing with his wife Mary (nee Taylor) and children, at 34 Eden Grove, Edenfield. This street was situated near the top of Bury Road where a minor road goes down to Eden Bank and is no longer in existence. His occupation is still shown as Coal Miner and we understand that he worked a drift mine on Scout Moor, though whether for himself or someone else is unknown. He had just enough room to crawl into the tunnel and hardly room to use a pick and shovel. He worked on his side, often in water, and used a candle for illumination. I have the hand pick that he used, and James Mitchell (Angie's son) kindly fitted a new handle for me – see below.



In 1908, at the time of his son's wedding (John Taylor my grandad), he is shown as a general labourer. He was an official of the 'Druids' or 'Oddfellows Society' and was proud of the fact that he could read and write. He was very industrious and used to cut men's hair and do odd jobs. Although he never had a big wage, when he died, he left £400. (This is equivalent to about £45,000 now). He was very straight and about 6' tall, and looked very smart in a top silk hat and frock coat. He resided at 11 Thorn Bank, Bolton Road N. Edenfield. He died from cancer in 1911 at his son Richard's (Uncle Dick) house, and is buried in Shuttleworth Church Yard.



Collieries and abandoned coal pits on the south-east end of Scout Moor in the 1840s.

This map is taken from 'a History of Edenfield and District' by John Simpson. Was one of these mines where my great granddad worked?

The eight children were -

John, died in infancy.

Mary Alice married a Joseph Whitehead and moved to Blackpool to run a boarding house, and they had two children, John and Annie. I suppose nowadays we call them B&B.

Emily married Frank Beswick and had no children. They lived on Rochdale Road near to where grandma Taylor ended up. Frank played a concertina which I think is now in the hands of Leslie Hallam. I can only ever remember seeing them in their house, and they had a reputation for frugal living, even though they were not short of money.

Clara married Abraham Hill. I don't remember them, but they had a son called Harry Hill who lived with his wife Sally in Waterfoot next to the river Irwell. They were considered to have money and drove a car. Mum thought them posh, or at least pretentious, always getting out the best crockery etc when visiting for tea. Their daughter Ann Margaret married a man called Colin Everett, and they currently live in Morecambe, having briefly lived in Arnside in the flats that were previously the Convalescent Home up Saul's Drive.

Richard (Uncle Dick) I don't remember.

Then came John Taylor, dad's dad, and my Grandad Taylor.

The last of the eight children were the twins Hannah and Mary. Hannah died at birth, and Mary lived to be five years old.

His first wife, Mary Taylor nee Taylor (it's all very confusing) was the daughter of John Taylor (not that one!) who was an agricultural worker born in Musbury near Haslingden. In the 1851 census, he was living at Top 'O th' Lee, Shuttleworth, nr Bleakholt. In 1795, there were two farms there, one worked by Lawrence Barlow, the other by Richard Haworth, so presumably he was working at one of those. In 1860, Alexander Barlow and other Barlow family members farmed Top o'th Lee as well as running Twine Mill in Shuttleworth. In 1899, John Bradley was called up for the Boer War whilst living at Top o'th Lee.

Visiting in 2021, there were still two buildings there, confusingly both called Top o' the Lea (sometimes Lee). One was still a working farm, the other converted into a house with its outbuildings converted into dwellings.



Top o' The Lea farm



The other Top o' the Lea, converted into a house



The outbuildings converted into dwellings

The photo below shows Grandad and Grandma Taylor, date unknown. They married on 29 Aug 1908



Grandad Taylor at his home up Gincroft lane



Grandad and Grandma Taylor, on holiday presumably



The Edenfield Co-op Management Committee. Grandad Taylor is in the centre at the back.



Their house on Gincroft Lane



Lynette, me, Clara Hill, Aunt Emily, Grandma Taylor.
Possibly in 1948 or 1949 after Grandad Taylor had died.
We think it's outside the boarding house belonging to Mary Alice and Joseph Whitehead.



From the left: Lynette, Aunt Emily, Uncle Frank in front, Grandma Taylor, Mum, me.
Probably taken in the garden at the back of Grandma Taylor's house. The Primitive Methodist chapel is just visible behind. Why is Lynette holding a bucket? And I look like I've just woken up.

Grandma Taylor was born a Parker, and her family is shown in the photo below.



The Parker family circa 1915. From the left:

Great Grandma Parker - Grandma's mother Sarah Ann Barlow (dad pronounced it as Sur-an)

Great Aunt Alison – Grandma's sister. Her children Gladys and Margaret now live in New Zealand.

Grandma Taylor – Dad's mother, with dad on her knee,

Great Uncle Smith – Grandma's brother, presumably home on leave from WW1. He had a son called Robert, who in turn had a daughter Joan who married Roy Waddington.

Great Aunt Emily – Grandma's other sister. She was unmarried, and had a daughter Evelyn (below).

Evelyn on floor in front – Evelyn married Tom Young, a mill worker. They lived in Haslingden and had a son Leslie, and daughter Barbara. Barbara married Leslie Sutcliffe and they lived in Lancaster. Les was a policeman, and they retired to Morecambe, and later Bury to be near their son Brett. Les died in 2020, and Barbara still lives in Bury.

Great Grandad Robert Parker – Grandma's father.



This poor-quality photo is of Robert and Sarah Ann Parker. Sarah Ann looks rather fierce, and has the same frowning look as Grandma Taylor in the previous photo with Grandad Taylor



My Grandma Taylor is on the back row second from the left, with her mother on the middle row on the left end. They all seem to be wearing the same style hat.



This is 'Aunt' Anna, who was grandma Taylor's aunt, and so my great grandad Parkers sister. She lived in Irwell Vale.



Dad has said that this is Wallace Barlow.



Dad has put on the back of the photo 'Florrie's cousin Martha: died in South Africa'
Cousin Roger doesn't know about this, but his wife Helen seems to think Clara mentioned relatives in
America and South Africa



Barbara Young on the right, with Gladys (now in NZ)



Evelyn and Tom Young, with mum on the right, taken at their home in Haslingden



Evelyn and Tom Young's daughter Barbara's wedding to Leslie Sutcliffe



Evelyn and Tom Young's son Leslie on the right, with me on the left.
Sat on our front door step.



Mum, Lynette, and me at Grandma and Grandad Taylor's house in Gincroft Lane.

When Grandad Taylor died in 1948, Grandma Taylor moved into number 24 on Rochdale Road: a small 2 up 2 down terrace house, with an outside toilet at the end of the row. There can't have been more than about five toilets at the end of the row, so whether there were more at the other end for the houses in the row, or whether houses shared toilets isn't clear. I can certainly remember all outdoor toilets like this being whitewashed inside, and Grandma's had newspaper on a nail on the back of the door for toilet paper. Hard times. I think she used to look after me occasionally as I can remember her putting me on a potty and saying 'tinkle tinkle' as I weed – how embarrassing. She had no electricity in the house so all the lighting was run from industrial gas. I can remember the very delicate gas mantles that the gas light used, and the gentle hiss of the gas when the light was lit.



Grandma Taylor's house on Rochdale Road.



This photo of grandma Taylor was probably taken in her little back garden of her house on Rochdale Road, as the building behind looks like the Rostron Arms above.

As she grew older, she moved in with her sister, Aunt Alison, who lived in a back-to-back house on Haslingden Road that ran between Rawtenstall and Haslingden. A back-to-back house was one where two houses were literally joined by their backs so there was only one door, at the front of each house. It was on a slope, so the terrace at the front was on the road, with an alley through to the terrace at the back that was some way above the hillside. Access was then along a walkway. Again, there was an outside toilet, but this time along the walkway and then down a stairway. Not very good for an aging woman.



The Barlow family 1920's, probably after Rosannah died in 1923, making mum about 9. From the left: Grandad Barlow – James Jediah, whose parents were John Barlow and Emily Barlow nee Whalley Uncle Harry, Mum, Uncle Arnold, Unknown (perhaps one of Rosannah's sisters?).

The group below are the Barlow family taken about 1920-21 outside Edenfield Wesleyan Sunday School. Cousin Roger says that the Barlow family were always Wesleyan Methodists, but his mother was parish church.



Standing back row

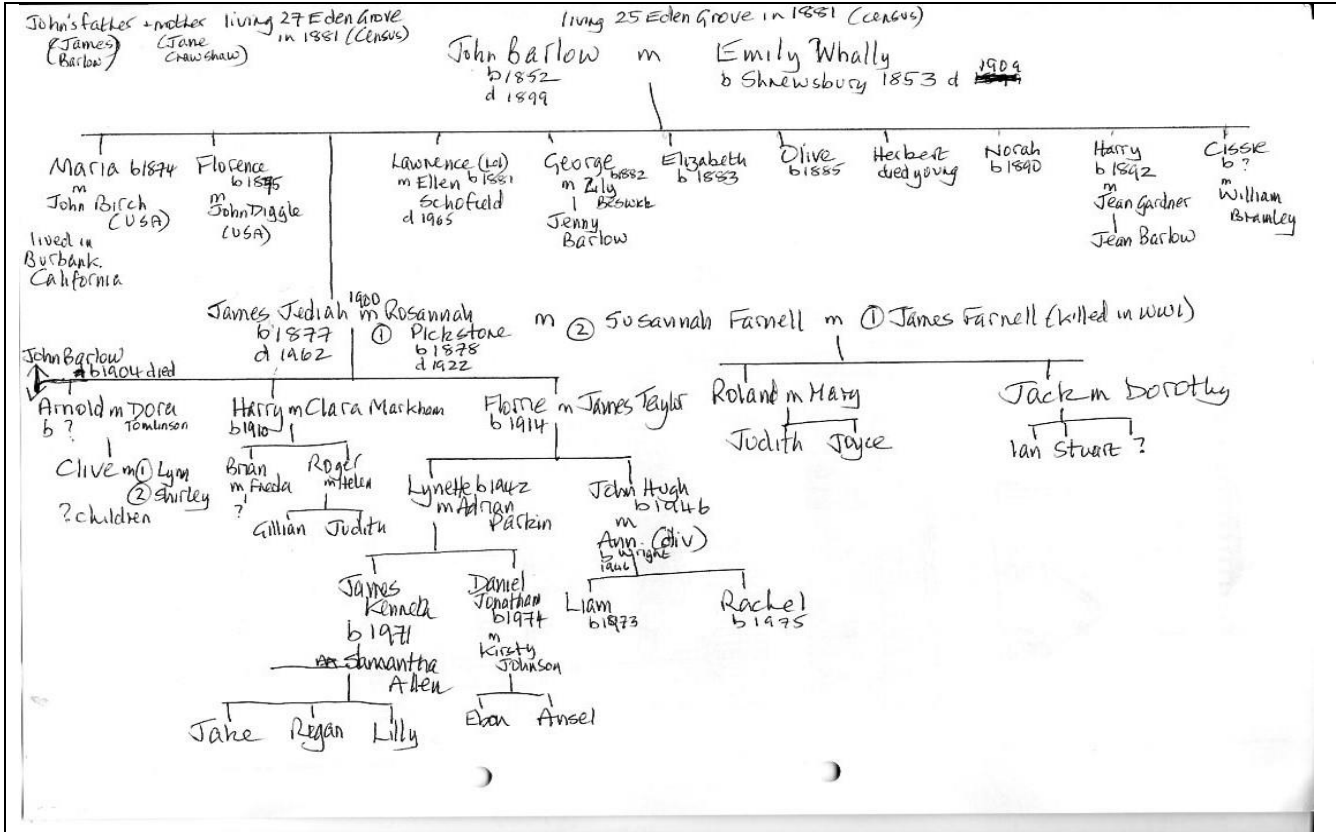
Cissie (nee Barlow), ? , Rosanna Beswick (don't know who she is), ? , ? , Norah Barlow, Jimmy Beswick (married to Rosanna), James Jediah Barlow.

Sitting front row

Bill Bromley (married to Cissie), Olive Barlow, Ellen Barlow (nee Schofield) married to Uncle Lol, Lawrence Barlow (Uncle Lol), Rosannah Barlow (nee Pickstone, mum's real mum), with Mum standing in front of her.

The full Barlow family tree is shown below.

Cousin Roger has investigated the family tree back into the 1600's, and he says that they came originally from the Haslingden Grane area, with some moving into Edenfield in the 1800's, presumably for work.



Dad has written on the back of this photo 'Florrie's aunt' and then added 'a Pickstone' indicating that she was on her mother's side of the family.

Mum was one of three children, having two brothers called Arnold and Harry. Her parents lived in a two up two down terraced house in Edenfield near the Coop.



Mum lived in the house second from the right above.

Downstairs had a front room for 'best' and a living room at the back where they spent most of their time, with a kitchen porch added on. Her father was Grandad Barlow – James Jediah - who I remember as an old man sitting in a rocking chair in the back room, smoking his pipe.

His first wife was Rosannah Pickstone and she was mum's mother. She died when Mum was only 7, and one of her aunties offered to take mum to the USA with her as she was emigrating; she didn't go. Mum's dad remarried to Susannah Farnell nee Hawkins. She already had two sons called Roland and Jack Farnell. That meant four boys sleeping in the back bedroom, and mum sleeping in the main bedroom with her dad and step-mum. Mum said that when it was meal time, she had to stand as there wasn't enough room for her at the table.

When his second wife died (James Jediah had pre-deceased her), there was a big to-do over the will which mum walked away from. She received no money or belongings, everything seemingly being left to the Farnell side of the family.

Uncle Harry lived with Aunty Clara in an end terrace house down Exchange Street which led to the recreation ground, the 'rec'. Uncle Harry was a painter and decorator. They had two sons, cousin Brian and cousin Roger. Brian was about 7 years old than me so we never played together. He lived with his wife Frieda in Bury, and had no children. He died in 2020. Roger was about 5 years older, so we played sometimes, and he still lives in Edenfield with his wife Helen.

Mum's other brother was Uncle Arnold who lived with Aunty Dora down near the school in an end terrace house. He was a lorry driver. They had one son, cousin Clive, who was about 2 years older than me, so we often played together, and for some time a dog called Mickey that was the sister to our Sooty. Mickey used to throw itself at the front door when you left the house: never did know why!

Their house backed onto a field full of old lorries, or wagons as we called them, and they made a great place to play pretending being drivers etc. They were the cast-off vehicles from Richard Nuttall Haulage business at the end of the terrace. I can remember going for a ride with Clive in one of the lorries to a paper mill in Ramsbottom, presumably dropping off or picking up. Nuttall's also had a farm next to the haulage business,

but more of that later. Clive now lives in Knott End with his wife.



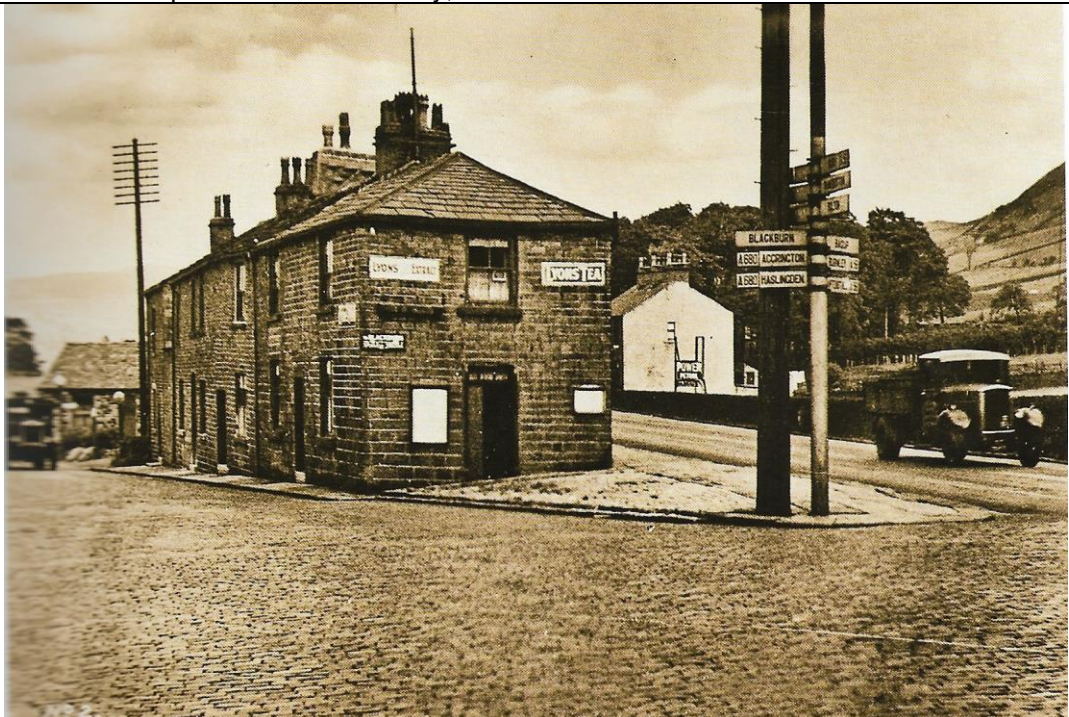
This photo is of James Jediah Barlow and his wife Rosannah Barlow nee Pickstone, mum's real mother.



Dad said that these photos were of mum, with the one above right being with her real mum, Rosannah.



Rosannah Pickstone 1842-1926, mum's grandma. She's shown here as the landlady of a beer house called The Horseshoe Inn in Edenfield. It was situated at the guidepost on the corner between Burnley Road and Blackburn Road – see below. Beer houses took advantage of the 1830 Sale of Beer Act, that allowed houses to sell beer on or off the premises. Unbelievably, the Act was intended to reduce drunkenness.



The site of the Horseshoe Inn. It later became a café, and was demolished in 1958.



A later photo of the Horseshoe Inn: now houses.

Hence it was a very different childhood to many modern family's, in that all my grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins all lived within half a mile of each other, the so-called nuclear family. You couldn't get up too much without someone noticing and telling.

We lived in the middle of a row of terraced houses called Hope Terrace, with a front room for Sundays and best, and a living room at the rear where we spent most of the time. This is where we ate and cooked, though it had a sofa for sitting. There was a coal fire, with a fender with tuffets at each end, inside one of which was kept shoe polish. As there was no bathroom as with modern houses, the toilet was outside across the yard at the rear of the house, and I have memories of walking across the yard in the middle of the night in my dressing gown and slippers. Underneath every bed was a potty, commonly called a 'goes-under', for having a wee. Baths were a weekly affair, with mum and dad filling a tin bath (with a hose pipe?) positioned in front of the fire. Presumably we all took it in turns, though I don't know where I came in the pecking order.

In the yard were two outhouses, the toilet mentioned above, and the coal shed, plus the dustbins. The yard contained a sand pit when I was young.



Playing in the back yard. I'm in the sand pit, with John Ramsbottom on the right, and probably John's younger sister Margaret on the left. I loved my little pedal car.



Me in the tin bath in the back yard: no household paddling pools in those days.

Along the rear of the terrace was the lane that served as access for the bin men, coal men, and the rag-and-bone man with his horse and cart. I assume he collected things like old clothes, and general scrap, and served as an early form of re-cycling. Did he used to give the children sweets and gold fish? Most of the playing by the house was on the back lane. I remember pedalling a little metal car which I loved, and later we rode our tricycles, and later bicycles. When we were small it was also the venue for cricket with dad, at which Lynette failed to excel, though I wasn't much better. Neither of us have been very interested in playing team sports games.



Dad and Lynette playing cricket on the back lane, with me interrupting play on my three wheeled tricycle. The house called Windy Arbour is visible on the skyline behind.



A good view of the back lane, with me on the left and John Ramsbottom (I think) on the right. Note all the clothes stoops. On washing days, the lane would have been criss-crossed with washing lines.



Me on a tricycle on the back lane. Was it my first, or a hand-me-down from Lynette?

I think we rented the house from Fred Ramsbottom who lived opposite, and sometime in the mid 50's, mum and dad must have bought the house from him as they had an extension built on the back that contained the kitchen with a bathroom and toilet on the end. This was luxury as nightly walks across the yard were now a thing of the past. The only problem with the bathroom was that it had no heating, so in the winter it was cold.



This is the extension at the rear of the house. The out buildings on the other side of the yard were knocked down to give more space.

Above the extension, a window has been added. When we lived there that was the box room.

Upstairs were three bedrooms, each with a small open fire, plus a box-room over the stairs. I can remember having a fire lit when I was in bed poorly. The box room was a walk-in cupboard rather than a room. Mum and dad had the large double bedroom at the front of the house, Lynette was in the small double bedroom with the box-room at the back of the house, and I had the single bedroom on the front. My room faced west and in the summer time I had difficulty getting to sleep due to the sun shining in through the curtains, and the solution

was to hang a thick blanket over the curtains. In those days of course there were no duvets, only sheets and blankets.

The views from the house were idyllic, with no houses directly in front or behind. The front looked west over to Holcombe Hill with its tower, and round to the flat top of Musbury Tor. The rear looked out onto the range of hills called Dearden Moor, but the hill directly behind us and half a mile away was known as Heycrofts.

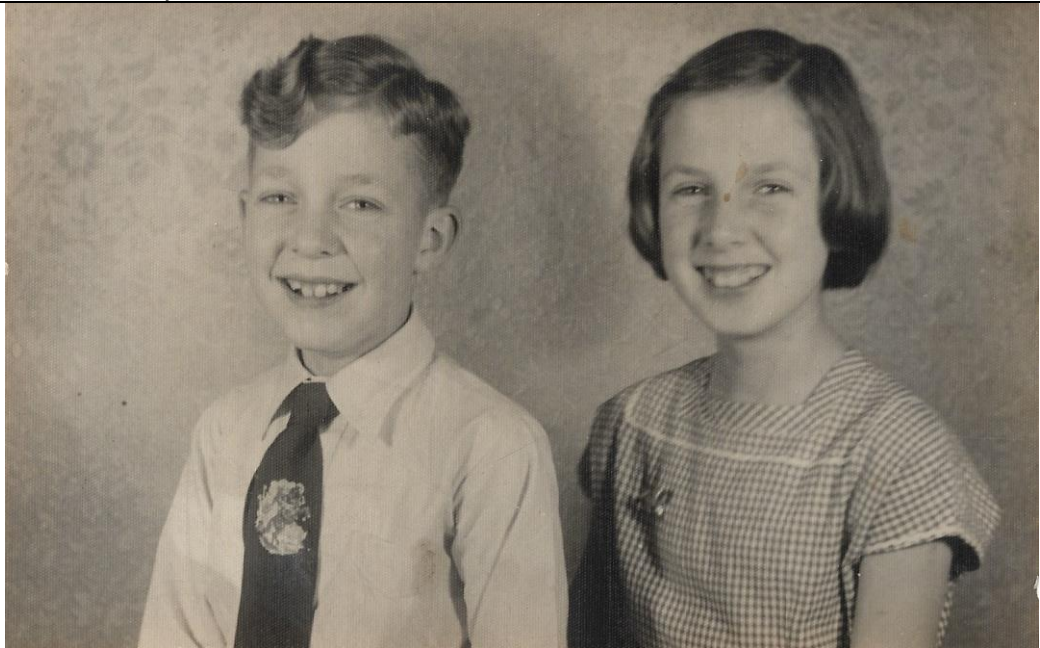


The view from the front across the road, though taken from outside Roger and Helen's house. The building on the left is Mushroom House where the Kays lived. They had money, and Lynette thinks they had a maid. I can remember a fancy car, and a gymnasium with medicine balls. I played with Peter Kay, and Lynette with Patsy Kay.

To the right of Mush' House is the gate that we walked through on the way to the woods beyond. Holcombe Tower is just off the photo to the left.



Again, at the front of the house taken from the same place as above, though looking more to the right. The house on the right is where John Ramsbottom lived. Below that, where the trees are now, is where we had the bonfire. The houses beyond weren't built when we lived there: it was a small field with hens roaming freely.



I remember this photo of me and Lynette being taken. Mum and dad had hired a professional photographer to take the photo, and he seated us like this on a seat. The picture on my tie was a transfer that gradually peeled off over the years.

