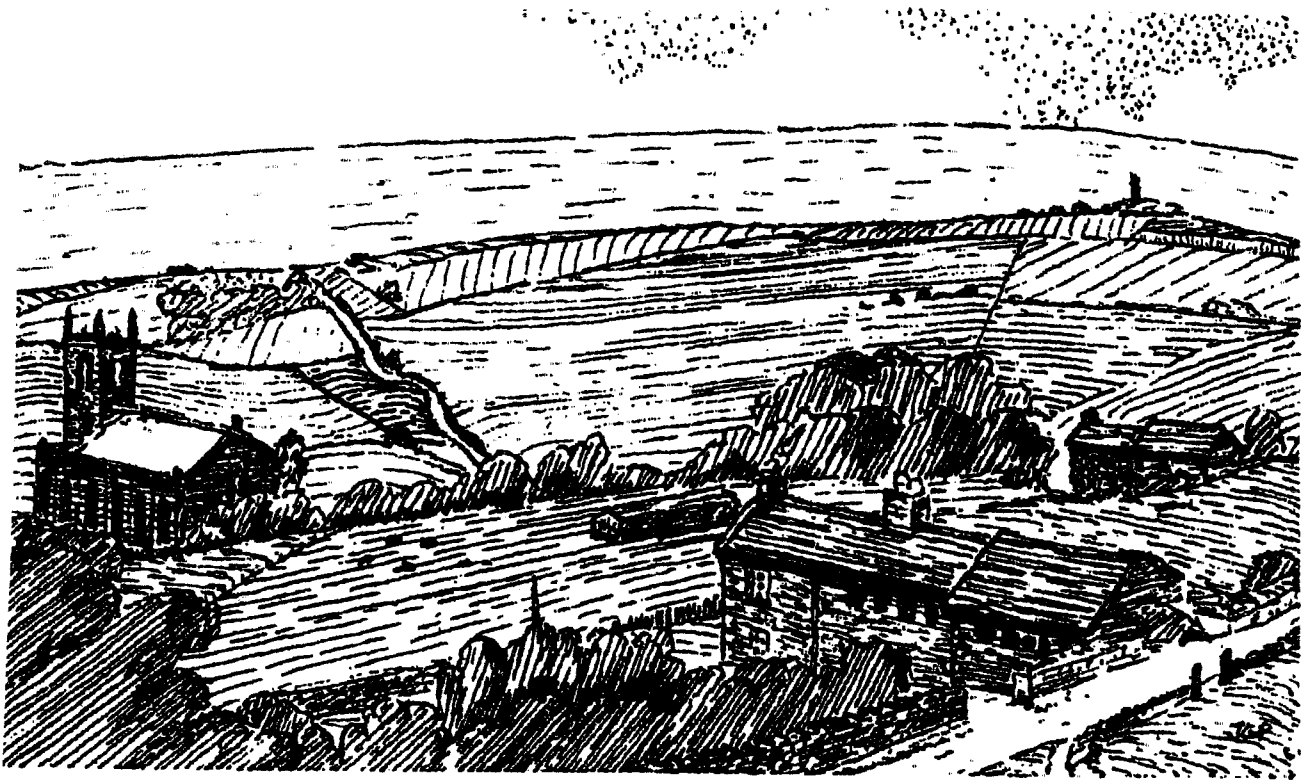


SADDLEWORTH HISTORICAL SOCIETY BULLETIN



SADDLEWORTH CHURCH

Volume 28

Number 4

Winter 1998

Bulletin of the Saddleworth Historical Society

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THE CHAIRMAN'S REPORT AT THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE SADDLEWORTH HISTORICAL SOCIETY ON THURSDAY 10TH DECEMBER 1998

This is my ninth report as Chairman of the Society. It is my pleasure to cover the activities of the past year but also to look forward to the future and to outline plans to bring us into the next century.

We have Local Interest Trails ready for Castleshaw and Diggle and a festival book on Saddleworth from the air. Prof. Barri Jones of Manchester University only completed his air photography as late as last Friday. Michael Buckley has prepared a Web Site on the internet for the Society along with Neil Barrow and Wilf Theakstone. A demonstration will follow this AGM. We hope also to have a CD ROM of Saddleworth ready for the millennium. We wish to install a Public Address system in the Museum Gallery to assist both the hard-of-hearing and lecturers with a quiet delivery.

All these considerations have been discussed at length by your committee and I must express my appreciation of their hard work and dedication. They have contributed to the making-up of this report. Neil Barrow, Honorary Secretary of the Society, has made a valuable contribution to the smooth running of all our activities, booking speakers for our lectures and processing all our Committee meetings with agenda and minutes, even contributing a lecture now and then.

Dorothy Latimer's financial acumen continues to serve the society in many different ways, a copy of her Receipts and Payments Account is appended. A stop press addition to our funds comes in a most generous donation of \$400 from Mrs Esther Shaw Lawn in the USA. We are very grateful for her continued interest in the society and wish her well.

Our Auditors, Godfrey Adams and Richard Horchkiss again report being impressed by Dorothy's efficiency and new ideas she has introduced. We all appreciate what she does for the society and are most grateful to her on our committee.

Elsie Broadbent, our Membership Secretary, is also applauded by the Auditors for the smooth and competent way she administers subscriptions.

Membership continues to thrive and has steadily increased year after year until we now have 483 members. New members recruited this year reached 26 including 3 more overseas, from Spain and America, who are mainly interested in family research, tracing their ancestors. Guidance is provided where available and assistance is given to provide for their continued genealogical studies.

During July a visit was received from Mr W Donald Kershaw of Southampton who is cousin to Mr Earnest Eastwood and his wife from Norway. While here they consulted Maurice Dennett regarding the Eastwood family tree and were able to glean more information concerning their Heginbottom connection, indeed the trail leads back to the famous Rev. John Heginbottom of Saddleworth Church.

One of our new members Mr W H Buckley from London and a direct descendant of the Buckleys of New Tame visited Saddleworth with his cousin from Liverpool and a friend Irene from Langford-Holt. Both William and Roger are descended from Edward Buckley who together with his uncle Abraham Gartside established a wool broking business in the 1930s. The business flourished until the 1950s and Edmund's family prospered: his daughter marrying a cousin of William Ewart Gladstone. Michael Buckley escorted the visitors around

Saddleworth viewing some of the Buckley homesteads and in particular the house at New Tame where the family had lived since the late sixteenth century. The party were delighted to meet Mrs Terry Blackshaw, a Society Member, who with her husband now resides in the Buckley house. Since the visit Lady Irene Langford-Holt has also joined the Society and intends to pursue her interest in the Holt family who originated from Rochdale.

Another interesting visit was made by Judge Sir Roger Buckley together with two of his cousins, Ian Buckley of Warrington and Mrs Elizabeth Foster from Hebden Bridge, who is a member of our society. This visit followed meeting Maurice Dennett, (Archivist) at the museum. Michael Buckley, despite the inclement weather, was able to give the visitors a fascinating time visiting various haunts in Saddleworth associated with their ancestors, the BUCKLEYS of Wall Hill. Since the visit, Michael Buckley and Maurice Dennett have been in correspondence with all three and have assisted in piecing together their Buckley history. They are descended from Robert Buckley of Wall Hill, who lost the family inheritance in the 1840s. He ended his life in difficult financial circumstances and spent many years fighting in the courts attempting to reclaim his inheritance. Sir Roger still has an oak chest which belonged to the family from the late seventeenth century.

Our quarterly Society Bulletins continue to be printed by Oldham Metropolitan Borough Printing Department, Civic Centre, Oldham, who carry out a very successful publication task speedily. 420 are printed each quarter and delivered to our Membership Secretary who organises the distribution. Around 200 copies are delivered by hand through a team of volunteers and approximately 170 are posted directly to country and overseas members.

We were saddened this year by the loss of several friends and colleagues –

Mr Edward Mellor Sykes died while away on business in Indonesia.

Mrs Francis Jackson, a long-standing member, will be remembered for her popular “Birds of Saddleworth” book.

Mrs Margaret Eastham of Moorside, was the wife of Reginald Eastham, author of “Platts – Machinery Makers of Oldham”.

Mr Mervyn Cox was a stalwart member of the Archaeology Group.

Dr Walter Patrick Bowman Stonehouse, a leading amateur Mesolithic Archaeologist was an expert on Saddleworth life in many forms and contributed to the work of the Society in all its activities.

Vice Chairman, Stanley Broadbent, has maintained reports on the season's lectures for the Oldham Chronicle capturing the spirit of our excellent lecture programme and its speakers.

The 1998 Saddleworth Festival of Beer and Brewing was activated by Stanley and this year a major sum of £858 was raised towards the Museum's funds by a dedicated band of volunteers.

Stanley is also Chairman of the Save our Square Group campaigning against the intrusion into Upper Mill Square of a beer garden by the Commercial Hotel, built on land they do not own. This protest has continued with Oldham Corporation for two years.

He also represents the Society along with David Latimer and Michael Buckley on the new Civic Hall Modernisation Party which will assume the future of the George Shaw tracery window in building developments at the Civic Hall in Upper Mill.

During this year a very important document came to light. This is the Deed whereby the Manor of Saddleworth was conveyed to 31 local entrepreneurs, in 1791, who thereby each earned themselves the right to take the title, Lord of the Manor. The Deed is now handsomely displayed on the walls of the White Hart Inn, Lydgate. The landlord, Mr Charles Buckley, kindly agreed for the Society to make photographic copies of the Deed and this copy will be

deposited in due course within the Society Archive to be available for research and further study.

Wilf Theakstone, our Honorary Archivist reports that a major acquisition for the Society's Archive during the year was a collection of 214 Deeds and other documents which at one time belonged to the Shaw family of St Chad's. A note about the material which was purchased by the Society appeared in the Winter 1997 issue of the Bulletin.

Other additions to the Archive resulted from the generosity of members and colleagues.

The Honorary Archivist has continued with the process of developing an electronic version of the catalogue. Although a slow process, this eventually should make it possible for the entire contents of the archive to be stored on a Personal Computer and for searches of the Archive to be made on a "keyword" basis.

Details of the Archive were included in the Society's Web Pages. It is intended that the details of the collections listed there will be changed on a regular basis, so that information about the contents of the Archive will be available to users of the internet.

In June, the Honorary Archivist attended a Training Day on Contingency Planning at the Greater Manchester County Record Office. This was both informative and useful, dealing with fire, security and salvage risks relating to archival material. The Training Day increased the Honorary Archivist's awareness of the security risks to the Archive in its present location.

The size of the Society's Archive continues to increase, but the space available for its housing does not. This is an increasing, long-term problem and the facilities currently available are not suitable for the permanent storage of material which is both valuable and irreplaceable.

Other commitments have restricted the time which the Honorary Archivist has been able to spend on the Archive this year, and he is extremely grateful to Maurice Dennett and David Latimer for the work that they have done there.

Michael Fox, our Editor since 1988, continues to interest and intrigue us with his wide-ranging quarterly Bulletin production. He recently found it necessary to appeal for contributions so that he has enough material in hand to meet the deadlines he has set himself: 31st January, 30th April, 31st July and 31st October.

The Newsletter, found at the end of our Bulletins, stays in the safe hands of Jack Hindle. We appreciate both his literary references and also the information on coming events for the Society, the Museum, Civic Trust, Saddleworth WEA, Villages Forum and others.

Bryan Jackson, our Publications Officer, holds a vital post in the control and sales of our many books, trails and maps. This huge stock represents a large item in our funds and his work in supplying retail outlets is much appreciated. He tells us that the stock of "Countryside Guides" is dwindling and that we shall need a lot of work in their revision.

John Buckley's interest in Industrial Archaeology and the Huddersfield Canal Society ranges from the Northern Mill Engine Society to work with the machinery in the Museum Textile Area. At the present time he is looking into the archaeology of electrical installations in our area.

Similarly David Latimer, our representative with the Civic Trust, has done sterling work in producing his list of inscribed stones of historic interest within Saddleworth. These include milestones, boundary stones, merestones, marker posts and parish boundary stones. David has also been instrumental in communicating problems of the listing and de-listing of

buildings of special architectural or historic interest within Saddleworth with the Department for Culture, Media and Sport.

The Archaeology group has met at the Cross Keys Inn, Uppermill, until the departure of the landlord, Philip Kay. Egypt, Israel and Jordan were seen on our slides. We took part for the third year in the Civic Trust's Heritage Open Days, attracting 50 visitors to the Castleshaw Roman Forts over the weekend. Assistance was given to Bruce Langridge at the Oldham Museum to include the Roman Road section of the Glodwick Lows leaflet. Similarly, representation was made to Balfour Beatty and Gifford & Partners to allow Norman Redhead to investigate the Roman Road alignment which would be under the M60 development at Kaskenmoor. Norman was also assisted in setting up his exhibition in the Museum of Castleshaw Centre and Piethorne from the Air. A visit to the Museum by the Chadderton Historical Society was welcomed by our own members. Ruth Welsh, newly appointed to the Castleshaw Centre was given assistance on the Roman Forts. We are contributing to the Parish's 4-meres walk.

Wendy Murray maintained an excellent record of good weather, good company and most interesting visits when she led our trip to the Humber Bridge and Hull. Her smooth organization was, again, appreciated.

At this point I must record the dedication of a fine chalice to the memory of our late Honorary Archivist, Canon C C W Airne, at St Anne's, Lydgate, where Pat was vicar for many years. The ceremony took place on Advent Sunday with Margaret and many society members in attendance.

Over the years we collect for our archives the annual reports, proceedings and books from the several learned bodies and societies to which we contribute as members. These have a very limited distribution and we put them on show in the hope that they will gain much wider readership.

There are many individuals to whom we owe our gratitude for their assistance during the year: Matthew Richardson whom we welcome as new Museum Curator; John Cordingley for his reliable work in setting out the Gallery; all who assist in making tea for refreshments; those who express votes of thanks to our speakers and to all members who attend our lectures and support our activities.

In the coming year I am sure we shall all be working hard to make progress, to meet your needs and look after your interests towards the millennium. I wish all members a prosperous New Year.

JIM CARR (CHAIRMAN)

Election of Officers

Chairman	Jim Carr
Vice-Chairman	Stanley Broadbent
Hon. Secretary	Neil Barrow
Hon. Treasurer	Dorothy Latimer
Hon. Editor	Michael Fox
Hon. Archivist	Wilf H. Theakstone
Hon. Membership Secretary	Elsie Broadbent
Industrial Archaeology	John Buckley
Newsletter Editor	Jack Hindle
Publications Officer	Bryan Jackson
Internet – Web Site	Michael Buckley

SADDLEWORTH HISTORICAL SOCIETY
RECEIPTS AND PAYMENTS ACCOUNT
YEAR ENDING 31ST OCTOBER 1998

<u>RECEIPTS</u>		<u>PAYMENTS</u>	
Membership fees	3397	Bulletin Cost(incl.postage)	1497
Bulletin Sales	349	Affiliation fees-- Museum	650
Other publication sales	1809	" " other societies	70
Donations	5	Lecture fees	127
Refreshments	26	Archive purchases--Deeds	650
Social trip	314	" " -- books	15
		Refreshments	32
Bank interest	627	Social trip	250
		Publications purchased	130
		Website setup	409
		General postage	59
		Stationery	42
		Photocopying	97
		Lecture programmes	88
		Miscellaneous	12
	<u>6527</u>		<u>4128</u>
Cash in hand 1.11.97		Cash in hand 31.10.98	
Current Account	1700	Current Account	3524
1 month Account	4084	1 month Account	4241
Premium Plus Account	15123	Premuim Plus Account	15541
	<u>27434</u>		<u>27434</u>

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT

<u>INCOME</u>		<u>EXPENDITURE</u>	
Receipts as per Cash Account	6527	Payments as per Cash Account	4128
Increase in Debtors	157	Increase in Creditors	50
		Depreciation on Projector	252
		Opening Stock	15325
		Closing Stock (14776)	
		Cost of Sales	549
			549
		Transfer to Bernard Barnes a/c	
		Purchase of Deeds	(650)
		Notional Interest	50
		Surplus for year	2305
	<u>6684</u>		<u>6684</u>

SADDLEWORTH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

BALANCE SHEET 31.10.98

<u>ACCUMULATED FUND</u>			<u>ASSETS</u>		
Balance b/f 1.11.97		35115	Equipment at cost	1888	
Surplus for year		2305	less Depreciation	1637	251
Creditors		50			
Bernard Barnes Fund			Stock of Publications		14776
Balance b/f 1.11.97	1673		Debtors		210
Purchase of deeds	(650)				
Interest	50	1073			
			Bank Current Account	3524	
			1 month Account	4241	
			Premium Plus Account	15541	
		<u>38543</u>			<u>38543</u>

MEMORIES OF RUNNING HILL BETWEEN THE WARS

This is an extract from an autobiographical account by Pat Bagenz, kindly lent by Eveline Eddison.

Then came Running Hill. My mother went with dad the first time and the house rang with her condemnation from thereon. I was most anxious to see this dreadful place that she was describing, but it was a weekday holiday for me, but not for any of my dad's driving instructors, so we went by bus.

Way back in my childhood, I had been taken to Saddleworth Church with my cousins by my Grandma. The only memories of it were of a wonderfully happy day out, only marred by the ubiquitous underdone boiled egg tea. I was awestruck when the bus topped the rise at Scouthead and I could see the great spread of the area. My dad tried to show me which was Running Hill but there were so many hills and, coupled with my dad's inadequacy at description, I was looking in totally the wrong direction.

It was a scorching hot day as we got off the bus, (a single decker was adequate then), at Brownhill. We were faced with that awesome climb and my dad pointed out the smooth tarmac road split down the middle with cobbles to allow horses to grip in winter snows. Before we were halfway up, I had a shrewd suspicion that the horses would need a grip to get up in summer as well. By the time we got to the top of Butterhouse, my tongue was hanging out for a drink. Then my dad showed me where the old workhouse was and told me that Running Hill was "just past it". I began to have sympathy with my mother. Half way there was a stone well running with spring water, I buried my head in it and drank like a horse. The final hill to the workhouse was the worst. It seemed to go straight up forever, but, like all things, it ended and levelled out and there was Running Hill, a quarter of a mile further on along a rutted track because the macadam road only went as far as the workhouse.

There were five detached buildings and a couple that were semi-detached. The one that dad was in was the latter, furthest from the road. The man who was selling was standing at the door of the only cottage that stood by the road with no garden in front. He had a head of the thickest, whitest hair I have ever seen and a moustache to match. If he had grown a beard he needed only to function for one Christmas and he'd have been set up for life. He led us through a metal five-barred gate, past a cart shed and two-storeyed little shippon on the left, past the first of the semis to the other one. The driveway ended at a large wooden garage and there were fields beyond. We entered the house from the back where there was an outside pump for use by both houses. The only water supply was from a deep well by the other house's back door. The kitchen was well proportioned with a large pantry with two stone slabs and a window which was just large enough for me to get through on the occasions when I found myself locked out (which at the beginning was frequent). None of the doors were either standard size or design. The one from kitchen to dining room was the original and just tall enough to admit my dad without bending. It bruised a few heads of anyone taller than 5' 8" though. The living room was large and had mullioned windows on three sides. It was a beautiful room but a hell of a thing to keep warm in winter. It had the added distinction of having the only entrance to the cellar via a large trap door in the middle. It also had an old type Yorkshire Range that someone, with more economy than common-sense had painted black and white. The front hall separated this room from the sitting room. This had the distinction of having a permanent gas operated fire-lighter. I had never seen one before nor since and here came the crunch. There was no electricity. There were three bedrooms, one facing East. My father decided that it would make a nice bathroom. That way, we discovered that it was the coldest room in the house in winter.

Once outside again, I started to ask questions – like “why don’t you buy the other one as well and make it into one?” and “doesn’t the land in front belong to this as well?” Father Christmas fixed me with a cold blue stare and suggested I had a nice glass of milk with his wife.

By the time I had finished it, dad bought the place just as it was.

Father Christmas was called Sam Gartside and it was from him that I first heard about Mr Green. He had lived in our new cottage and it was from him that old Sam had become the new owner; how, was a moot point. Everyone, locally, knew Mr Green as Yogi because he has painted YOGA on the barn door. Next door had been converted from the barn and our house had been three-storeyed to house the looms of the wool weavers of the past. He was said to be quite an educated man, but though he sat telling fortunes, wearing Eastern silk robes, doubts were thrown on his ever having been to India. Several people told us that he sat on the bare flagged floor, cross-legged, whilst clients, after a future, sat in a chair. Pigs, hens and ducks walked in and out as and when they chose, but clients, many of them wealthy, came from all over the world. One neighbour vouched for this when I started to collect stamps. It had been his job to burn all the old rubbish when old Yogi died and amongst it was a pile of envelopes bearing foreign stamps enough to fill an album. Presumably, the old man was paid for his efforts, yet he died in the workhouse, penniless. Neither had he any “overhead” expenditure because he went down to Uppermill on Saturdays and filled his wheel barrow from Bakers to Butchers, with stuff they couldn’t keep over the weekend because they had no fridges. He was also noted for carrying and planting trees. There were only, at a conservative estimate, ten fully fledged trees and a few bushes when we moved in, and two of them were lilac bushes – all planted in what was a barren area by Mr Green. Mrs Father Christmas was a bit of a character herself. She dealt in antiques – which covered a lot of ground for the old, the ugly and the useless. She was also acting matron at the workhouse before it closed, just as her husband was also the workhouse Bailiff. She had been by old Yogi’s side as he died and she said he kept muttering something about “it’s under the tree”. What was “under the tree”, is a matter for conjecture, but if my dad subsequently did any digging near any of our sparse trees, old Sam found it in his way to be there.

Alice came with us the next time we went to Running Hill. Mr Gartside was a mine of information about the whole area, especially the workhouse. He took us to look round. There was a picket gate let into the main gate which was a very large solid barrier indeed and it had a fierce row of iron spikes along the top. Mr Gartside was still the Bailiff so he had the keys. At the back, facing Running Hill, were the casual wards. In front of these was a substantially built, three-storeyed detached house, which included the Matron’s house and the hospital. Later, this building was destroyed by some bloke who bought it for the stone and moved it into an adjacent field to build bungalows. He went bankrupt of course as anyone who hadn’t the wit to leave them where they were deserved. The rest were mainly barns, piggeries and shippens, with a small mortuary in the middle. There was also a large laundry with a boiler in there that was sold for £1,000 which was what the later bankrupt bought the whole workhouse for from the West Riding of Yorkshire (which had been West Riding (or a third) of Yorkshire for a thousand years, until progress set in). There was also a tall chimney like a factory chimney. It was a landmark for miles. The water supply to the workhouse, was provided by its own small reservoir on the hillside. There was a spring feeding it with water, away up on the moor, but mainly there was a subsidiary supply from a wind pump. This, alas, was past its best. It hadn’t been oiled in years and whenever the wind blew from any direction (which happened frequently at a thousand feet above sea level) round, merrily, went the vents with an intermittent screech that could be heard a mile away.

I was beginning to notice qualities, or lack of them, in my father that I had never suspected. He had no imagination which didn’t do much for his supply of common sense. This, matched with his own high moral principles and honesty, rendered him vulnerable to every liar and

cheat in his path. He was always surprised when they rooked him of whatever they could get. The plumber and decorators spent the whole of that summer having a good time in glorious weather, up there and we didn't move in until October.

The neighbours were all characters in their own right. There was only one cottage on the right-hand side. It was also the only house **not** in the Peak National Park, the boundary of which went off to the left, down a well-grassed over, rutted lane called Hill Barn Lane. There were three people living there, all called Parke. The men were identical twins and the only way I could tell which was which was that the unmarried one was always drunk. The married one was as deaf as a board and a gardener, but his wife was as allergic to water as I had once been. Her neck was always dirty and my dad, who should have known better, said so was her bosom. When the drunken brother died she started to go peculiar – said there were aerial dog fights going on round the chimney. She ended up in an Institution and I never heard of her again. Down Hill Barn Lane, the farm of the same name was still occupied by a family called Fielding, but the place was in such disrepair that when they moved out, it remained derelict. I bought most of the grey slate roof much later, to lay a terrace on my garden and landscape it, but now, I very much doubt whether so much as the foundations are still there. A land-hungry farmer bought all the land attached to our neighbours' houses as and when the countryfolk left and were replaced with an urban population. I saved the Parkes' cottage from being "modernised" with a cedarboard frontage by finding the new owner an original stone arch from a tumbledown barn at Bleakhey Nook. In the next up there lived Mr Lyons and wife. They had a cat called "puppy" and every time they had a quarrel, they left notes to each other around the house. I know because I found some. One day it said "Dorothy Lyons is not going to speak to Arthur Lyons until he writes to say he loves her again", and I found the answer, too. "Arthur Lyons will not love Dorothy Lyons until she speaks to him again". The next cottage was owned by the Head Laundress at a Manchester Hospital. She only came at weekends and saw my dad right away about her water rights. Apparently, her only supply was from a stream at the furthest reaches of our field, where a tub had been sunk for catchment. She must have had the constitution of an ox because a two gallon bucket full, carried uphill for three hundred yards tends to weigh twice as much before you've halfway got there. Raging blizzards didn't stop her, either, but I often wondered how she managed when it was frozen. Melted snow would have been handy, but melted snow from Running Hill tended to be shades of grey with all the muck it had collected from industrial Yorkshire. Next came the Gartside and an old bloke who worked for them who had a caravan on the ground in front of us, (which I'd wanted to be ours and which my mother said should be ours and said it all the time). Then there were our next-door neighbours. They were called Newkins and my mother's reaction was typical. I had to have nothing to do with them. There were two boys, Cyril and Derek, within my own age range and Mrs Newkins was expecting a third – which, according to my mother, was disgusting at her age. The Newkins were friendly, happy and warm-hearted and definitely beneath us. I took to them right away and the two boys, Trixie and I spent hours roaming the area and visiting their friends and relatives. I was too big, going on thirteen to be smacked and when the carpet beater came out I simply held her wrists until she stopped screaming abuse. I was, therefore, left to my own devices for amusement.

The last building in the hamlet was empty because it was it was an Isolation Hospital, and as such, was being held in reserve by West Riding, in case Bubonic Plague over-ran us. Mr Gartside was in charge there, as well. He was given an allowance for coal to keep the place aired, but smoke going up the chimney was a rarity. We were taken on a conducted tour of that, as well. It had originally been two cottages, so it had two separate cellars, each with its own stone well running with spring water. The entrances were a marvel of a maze to fox anybody bent on robbery. There were two at either end, but each only led to a half. There was a bridge of very large flagstone that led to a door on the first floor, but the stairs within only led to the upper storey which was one large room partitioned lengthways with a wooden screen. This must have been the hospital part, but God help the staff who ran it – and a

hospital it had certainly been because the older locals could remember convalescent patients sitting in the garden. There was also a large wooden placard which stood there for years announcing its status. So much for our new neighbours, but there seemed to be another one that nobody except me knew about. My father and I were always the first to go to bed, my dad because he got up early, me, because I could rock myself to sleep in peace. It was only a few days before I became aware of the unusual noises in the wall and I dismissed them as next door's boys playing, mixed up with ordinary house noises. You got them in those days of coal fires cooling off in the night and subsequent contraction in the house fabric. Then the bed end lifted ever so gently and went down again. It never occurred to me to be frightened because I didn't, at first, think it had really happened. It was just my imagination, or a stomach upset. It didn't happen every night and **never** if Alice were there, but it **did** happen to a friend of mine, so it wasn't my imagination. That friend never came to stay again, overnight. Then the lights began. They were the palest phosphorescence and they formed no part of anything recognisable. They were just shapes varying in size from a football to a chest of drawers, and they moved round the room in perfect silence. I might have been frightened if the lights had happened first, but they merely raised the speculation of what came next and when I got tired of watching them, they disappeared. When I discovered that my friend had experienced the bed end rising I told the rest of the family. Alice and my dad laughed loudest. Ella was terrified. She had first hand experience of the bed rising and one night my collection of plates, which I kept on top of the wardrobe, were shuffled like playing cards. Ever after, there was no way Ella would go up to the bathroom without me escorting her.

I have heard, since, that children, especially girls, hovering around puberty, frequently cause poltergeist activity, but this was no ordinary poltergeist. Nothing was ever thrown and I remain convinced to this day that something essentially a part of Mr Green's charisma was still absorbed by the walls. The strange thing was that people who had no idea of IT's existence witnessed strange happenings. A young man who stayed overnight and slept overnight in front of the living room fire, saw and heard somebody walk down the stairs, through the living room, into the kitchen. He fell asleep before he heard anyone go back upstairs and just assumed someone had been ill overnight. But, whatever it was, really went to town on my dad and Alice.

It gave my dad a sharp reminder of his mortality one day when he bent down to tie a shoe-lace. A large roll of lino, which was leaning against the wall, stood upright and would have, at the very least, knocked him senseless if he hadn't moved just in time.

As the intellectual superior of everyone in the hamlet, whatever it was must have enjoyed itself with Alice. It was whilst the War was on and digs were difficult to find all over Britain, so Alice and her husband lived in the sitting room. There were heavy blackout curtains so that no light could get either out or in. First, the foot of the bed rose and to emphasise its presence, she found two eyes glaring at her from the mantelpiece. I wasn't there at the time, nor did I know where Alice was, so they called Whatever "Yogi". Strangely our mother was the only one who never saw, heard nor felt anything unusual. The dogs frequently backed away from something that nobody else could see, though.

My father was thoroughly content with his retirement. He had bought a pregnant cow from Mr Gartside that we called "Dolly". She gave enough milk, daily, for rice puddings to feed a regiment and my mother actually made butter with a little hand churn. When she calved it was discovered that she had TB. She and calf were taken away and we never saw them again. For the next twenty years we only had goats in the shippin. There were hens that laid eggs for as long as they lived, but that wasn't very long. My dad had an autopsy done and it was discovered that my dad had built the hen house where the builders had dumped rubbish, including a load of broken glass. We had a pregnant pig as well. It settled its score with the sire by lying on all its litter – all except one which Alice called "Cyril" and refused to let it go for bacon because it was her pet. So dad built a row of rabbit hutches in the garage and

bought four very expensive Rex rabbits which had all been impregnated. They all ate their litters. So dad moved the hen shed and spent the rest of his retirement with goats, hens, pigeons and his garden, the produce of which my mum refused to cook because he manured it with the contents of our chemical toilet. The first carrots we had were strongly flavoured with Jeyes Fluid. That portable lavatory caused household upsets in every possible way for the next forty years, especially when my dad tripped up and emptied it down the stairs!

Pumping our water supply caused no end of hassle as well. The outside pump was only used for the garden, but water had to be hand pumped to the cistern in the loft. The handle was in the pantry and could have been operated with your little finger if dad had let it alone, but he was of the opinion that anything that worked easily wasn't doing its job and by the time he had finished with it he was the only one who could, and I was the only one daft enough to work it. Consequently, baths were as rare as butterflies in January. This, however, didn't prevent our mother from telling anybody who was silly enough to believe her how she had hot mustard baths ready for both Alice and I when we got home at night. If anybody had taken notice of the size of the fires that were permitted, they would have realised that the back boiler rarely got warm enough to stop it from freezing. My place, for as long as I lived there, was at the back of the room; mainly because it was the only place left, but also because it was the only place light enough to see what I was doing. We had had electricity installed by this time, but the strongest bulbs permitted were only 60 watt and only one per room. The old cry of "we can't afford" was doubly operative now and my father was just beginning to realize what a big mistake he had made in taking my mother to see why "we couldn't afford" whilst in Africa. She had seen his bills and for drinks alone, he had paid more a month than he had been sending home.

Within the first year of living there (Running Hill), our dad had already established himself as something of a character. Within the first month, every male within a quarter mile radius trod carefully. Mr Gartside didn't though. It wasn't long before my dad realised that all the points I had made on the first day were exceedingly valid, especially when next door bought a goat which knocked down the wall facing us. Dad roared at Gartside and was speechless when Gartside roared back. I don't think it had ever happened before and I surveyed the outcome with relish, from half way up one of Yogi's trees. "Thee had thi eyes to see wi" roared old Sam, and walked off unmolested.

Mr Dunning, a sheep farmer who lived on the edge of the moor, wasn't quite so cool. His sheep were straying and knocking dad's walls down all over the place. Dad waylaid him as he was on his way home. I watched from the cart-shed this time. Dunning was not a small man, he was also a power in his household. He made his two teenage daughters work in one of the village woollen mills and they had as far again as Running Hill to walk in all weather conditions. Dad roared. Dunning roared back. Dad moved towards the five barred gate and roared. Dunning put his shopping down and roared. Dad rolled his sleeves up. Dunning picked up his shopping and went home.

One evening, I was coming home from school, it was winter and the sky was black with heavy cloud, it was also blowing a blizzard. Snow had fallen like a Christmas card in Oldham. It was the doing the same as I trekked from Moorgate (Uppermill) Halt, and it was still pretty until I got half way up the hill. That was where the blizzards began and nobody from lower altitudes would believe what they could be like. The workhouse hill was a mist of horizontal breathlessness and, with every step, it went worse. There were snowdrifts to cope with as well, at the top of the rise, there was a barrier of snow the height of the workhouse main gate, but it wasn't the drifts that stopped me in my tracks. In the direction of Running Hill, I was increasingly aware of a strange flickering, orange coloured light. As I struggled through the highest drift of compacted snow, it looked as if our next door neighbours were afire. There were ominous shadows of people running about in panic.

The road was blocked with snow as high as the walls and hurrying was no faster than a crawl, but I arrived and heaved a sigh of relief. It was Mr Gartside's workman's caravan that was ablaze beyond redemption. I have long since forgotten his name, but my emotions aren't difficult to recall. He was sobbing with hopelessness, even whilst he was throwing snow into the blaze, and I dumped my satchel and helped him. Everyone else had stopped moving and suddenly the weight of the owner's loss was stupefying. He was losing a lifetime's trivia that meant nothing to anyone except the owner. These were what he was still trying to save. After all, there was always a workhouse with a bed, somewhere. He stayed with the Gartsides for a bit, but one day disappeared and I never saw him again.

Our first Christmas at Running Hill, there was no mistaking, was going to be a very white one. Ella and Sydney were invited to dinner, with Hilary, at 20 months old, still in a pushchair. Nobody in the hamlet had a 'phone and my dad couldn't even get the car out of the garage. Before they were halfway up the hill it became obvious that a pushchair was surplus to requirements. They couldn't very well turn back either. Buses were rare phenomena on Christmas Day and taxis had to be booked well ahead.

By the time they got to the bottom of the workhouse hill, Sydney was just about ready to be carried as well. The lamp at the bottom there, was the last light, then. The snow was just high enough for Hilary to climb up and swing from the cross bar. Sydney had settled for the pushchair because he could use it as a crutch-hand, occasionally, as a shovel. By the time they got to the front door, Hilary was the only one singing Christmas Carols. They stayed for the New Year as well.

Dad had a wonderfully simple philosophy: if he didn't like it, it wasn't there. The worst blizzard lasted for four days, non-stop, and dad coined a phrase that followed him for the rest of his life. "It's turning to rain". This prognosis was issued hourly and on the fourth day, he was right. The council had not, as yet, invested in snowploughs, so it took them another four days to dig us out, then it rained and there were floods. Dad had met me at the bottom of the workhouse lane with the car for the first week, then he decided to walk down and meet me at the last lamp. I wasn't frightened very much, but the dark still troubled me and the dark of the abandoned workhouse set my scalp shrinking, even with my father beside me. One night there was a swirling mist that created images, some of which were there. We had been to see an Amateur Dramatic Society play. I can't remember its name but a hat box was featured in which a murderer had hidden the head of his victim, which he carried around wherever he went. My imagination worked permutations on the horror that of that hat box and on a night of swirling mists, there was no way I fancied the walk up home via Brownhill. One of my friends from school lived at Diggle, so I walked up to Diggle with her. There were electric lights halfway up the hill going that way round and the extra mileage got lost in that comforting thought.

When I got to the last lamp my dad wasn't there. I looked up that dreadful pitch black hill and thought of the torments of hell. It was my idea of the entrance to The Pit and my gut churned with horror. No way I could walk forwards into that eternal blackness. I sat on the wall, under the light of the last lamp and waited for my father to come.

A long time later, I took "Tom Sawyer" out of my case and read.

A long time after that the book fell from my numbed hands and my eyes were getting sore... and a long time after that, I knew that my father wasn't going to come. The nightmare started as soon as I moved out of the aura of the lamp. The best I could do about it was to turn my back and keep my eyes on the ever dimming lamp as I moved, but that didn't work either. All manner of unmentionable things were creeping through the mist behind me. The hill got steeper and darker and the only way I could run was back down again and whatever I did, I was on my own. I couldn't see the workhouse, but I could hear its creaking wooden gate, like

the entrance to a crypt, only this wasn't a celluloid reel. It was there – and I couldn't run, except downhill and then I would have to do it all over again. Just as I drew level with that scraping horror, the old windmill in front of me started to scream. I could feel my legs giving way and my hair standing rigid. My mouth turned to sand and I couldn't do anything except force myself forward. I think that at that moment I went over the top of fear. I have never re-experienced that dreadful moment. When I got home my parents were having a row about their families. My dad never came to meet me again.

February was my 13th birthday and three days after mine it was Alice's 21st. It was 1933.

My father's driving instructors had now become friends of the family. Two of them were unattached and Alice had designs on both of them. Ella and family were invited to the party as well and I was amazed to see that Ella was blatantly courting the two eligibles as was Alice, and with considerably more success. I was, as usual, the odd one out, but when everyone forgets you are there, it's amazing what they will let you see. One of the eligibles was an unabashed flirt and flirted with our mother as well. She rose like a hungry salmon. Our dad was bored to desperation and drummed an eight fingered tattoo on his chair arms. When he was displeased he had taken to humming "Colonel Bogey" and I could distinctly hear his sotto voce murmurings from the back of the room. It was getting past his bedtime too. He retired every night at 9.30 and expected everyone in the household to follow suit. He said it was to save electricity, but I think it was pure boredom. He had no indoor hobbies, only read the newspaper and farming magazine and stopped playing chess because I beat him all the time. Our mother did at least read novels.

Our dad was in for a bit of a change in his routines on Alice's 21st. Sidney opened the front door to see how well that should wrap up Hilary and fell flat on his back, underneath a pile of snow. There wasn't a chance that anybody was going anywhere. There were some interesting sleeping arrangements that night. Alice, Ella and Hilary slept together, all the males slept wherever they could, in the front room and the girls slept in the living room. I slept in the bath.

Three days after they had all gone home, the bathroom blew up. It sounds incredible, even as I write, but it was only demonstrating a basic law of physics. The water supply had run low, the copper cylinder was full of steam and my dad started to pump freezing water into the cistern. The steam condensed, creating a vacuum and the cylinder folded up, like a concertina!

We had just finished mopping up in the bathroom and reinstalling a new cylinder, when our bedroom was flooded. Dad had taken to pumping water for a set time every day, only the cistern in the roof space had frozen over and he was pumping water on top of a slab of ice where it had frozen the day before. I slept in the bath again until my bed dried out. By this, I felt secure in the knowledge that the bath was the last place in the house to find water.

Meanwhile, at school there had been a subtle change. I was no longer consistently amongst the bottom five in class and had moved up to consistently lower middle. It was only my abysmally low maths marks that were holding me back and **still** my feckless maths teacher did nothing to help.

In our second year, we had to choose a third language. The choice was Latin or German. I couldn't conceive of a dead language being of much practical use, so I took German, and to my amazement came out on top. Our teacher was a young man and, in retrospect, probably a Fascist. He obviously liked Hitler and all he did, as much as he liked the language. It was 1933 and Hitler had forced all printers to adopt Gothic script. At first it was almost as difficult to adapt to as Cyrillic, but it interested me from an artistic viewpoint and I romped away with it. Subtly, we were being taught Hitler's viewpoints. The burning of books was

something to be encouraged with some of the books that were being printed in England. Enquiry raised the subject of pornography, sex and religion. These dissertations I allowed to flow unhindered over my head. I lumped politics with religion. Both were subjects to enthrall only the elderly, fools and rogues.

We were encouraged to have a German correspondent. The boys had German girls and we had German boys. Mine was called Kurt and we exchanged photos. He wasn't a bad looking lad, but he was a member of the Hitler Youth. When Neville Chamberlain came back from Munich waving "Peace in our time", Kurt wrote and asked me what I thought of Adolf Hitler now. I wrote back and told him. I never heard from him again.

Shortly after Maggie had persuaded the class to send me to Coventry, she decided that we were going to be friends. She had known me before we moved to Running Hill, but at Running Hill she stayed over nearly every holiday. We roamed on Saddleworth Moors for hours in blissful unhindered adventure long before Ian Brady and Myra Hindley desecrated them with their moors murders. We found a deep gully where some of the springs ran red and we found bogs in unexpected places. Because I took German and she took Latin, we called our gully The Rôte Pulchra, which loosely translates as the beautiful red river. Its real name was South Clough.

We discovered vast expanses of whortleberry and, in Spring, a carpet of White Mountain Avens. Everywhere, we flushed grouse that made their characteristic cry Grrrrr! Go back, go back, go back! There were weathered, ancient tree roots that had been washed to the surface and there were beautiful shapes amongst them. Neither of us could understand how anybody could describe the moors as barren. Game-keepers walked the moors, too, because they were invaded by grouse shots every so-called "Glorious Twelfth" of August.

Later, the moors were rented to a sheep farmer and all the whortleberries mountain Avens and grouse disappeared.

At school, my athletic abilities were constantly getting me into trouble. At dinner-time we had no supervision whatever. I think we were supposed to be too intelligent to be adventurous, so we were simply locked in. And, of course, the inevitable happened. Our netballs, tennisballs, fivesballs and whatever else we were playing with, ended up on the railings. I was always the one to retrieve them, not because I wanted to but because I was the only one who could. On my way back from these excursions, my hands slipped and I scraped my side on one of the iron spikes.

The one thing I ought to have done, I daren't. We were expressly forbidden to go out of bounds, so there was no appealing to the staff. When we exposed my side in the cloakroom, I had a bad graze, two inches wide, all down my left side. All I could do was bathe it with cold water and spread a less than clean handkerchief. I spent an agonised afternoon haring nothing and doing less and when I finally got home my mother bathed it in Comfrey. Comfrey was my mother's overall remedy for every visible injury. Mercifully I healed quickly.

Rainy days weren't without their hazards, either. We had a special classroom for incarceration on wet days, and I was leaping about between desks, as a diversion from doing endless homework, when one of the seats slid off and I fell on my stomach, over the iron support. I felt a brief moment of panic as I passed out. I thought I was dying. I could only have been out for seconds, but I was shaking with shock. Someone had been to the staffroom and the maths teacher came strolling in, saw I was conscious and walked out again.

Maggie had a bike and it was Maggie who persuaded my dad that I needed one, too. It was my Rolls Royce. It was made by Vindec, whoever they were, and it cost just over five pounds. I still got no pocket money, but now, I was allowed five shillings a week, but I never

saw a penny of it. It went to pay off my bike. As soon as my bike was paid off, I still didn't see a penny of my five shillings a week pocket money.

My first experience of fog in Saddleworth was spectacular. It had been a frosty day, clear as sparkling glass, and the early winter evening was the same. We were going to see some play in Oldham and arrived by dad's car in good time. There was not, as yet, a problem with parking, but we wanted to be as near to the entrance as possible because our mother had developed an allergy to walking since the arrival of the car. Everything went fine until we left the theatre and found ourselves surrounded with a pea-souper fog. Smoke control was not in force at this time and industry was churning the muck out of its chimneys at a formidable rate, so were house fires. Few had central heating and smokeless fuel was unpopular and expensive. It was as well that the car was nearby. We could only recognise it by its canvas top. One of the teacher drivers was with us and had to walk in front of the car, guiding it by the slow inch, all the way. We could only just see **him**.

We were halfway up the workhouse hill when the car poked her nose through the fog, like a dumpling through white sauce and, suddenly, the sky was brilliant with stars. All around disconnected hills poked through a fog that looked substantial enough to walk on and it was obvious that the other side of the Pennine ridge was as clear as crystal. This phenomenon happened frequently on frosty days. Sometimes the fog would pour down the valleys from the other side of the ridge. Only Turner could have done justice to the colour effects.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS AT DELPH INDEPENDENT CHAPEL PART VII

243 – Herbert Du-Mills STOTT infant son of Cyril Hope and Florence Clague, Sheffield, died Jan 19th 1911. James William STOTT born April 16th 1857, died February 27th 1934. Also Sarah Emma, wife of the above, born August 23rd 1858, died March 25th 1934. Also Sydney Hepworth son of James W & S.E. STOTT born January 30th 1888, died August 30th 1889. Also James Henry their son, born April 13th 1891, died August 9th 1897.

244 – Annie Louisa, beloved wife of John BARLOW of Shady Grove, Church Street, Delph, who died October 5th 1946 aged 75 years. Also the above John BARLOW who died May 18th 1961 aged 84 years.

245 – John JOHNSON of New-Delph who died July 30th 1908 in the 65th year of his age. Also Lucy his wife who Died January 13th 1920 in the 77th year of her age.

246 – Christina wife of Bramley BUCKLEY of Palin Wood House, Delph Lane who died June 19th 1915 aged 66 years. Also Bramley BUCKLEY husband of the above Christina BUCKLEY who died April 24th 1926 aged 81 years.

247 – Virtute Come Fortuna. Duke of Wellingtons Regiment
60285 Private W. HELPS Duke of Wellingtons Regiment 30th January 1920.

248 – Sarah Margaret beloved wife of Thomas SIDDALL of Carr Cote Delph, late of Mossley, who died April 3rd 1914 in her 59th year. Also the above Thomas SIDDALL who died September 30th 1923 in his 66th year.

249 – Thomas SIDDALL died September 30th 1923 aged 65 years. A token of respect from the employees of Lumb Mill.

250 – Ernest KENWORTHY died June 12th 1942 aged 26 years. Gertrude KENWORTHY died August 1939 aged 55 years. Also Isaac Edwin KENWORTHY died 25th November 1965. Also Phyllis daughter of the above died 29th June 1914 aged 5 years.

251 – John beloved son of Jesse and Sarah Ann OLDHAM of Pingle House Delph, who died August 15th 1914 aged 25 years. In life respected, in death lamented. Also the above Sarah Ann wife of Jesse OLDHAM who died April 9th 1929 aged 68 years. Also the above Jesse OLDHAM who died July 23rd 1946 aged 91 years. True worth.

252 – Joseph beloved husband of Ann BUCKLEY of Arundel Street, Ashton who died May 11th 1915 aged 70 years. Also Ann his wife who died December 23rd 1917 aged 76 years.

253 – Edward CRAVEN of Thornton, Bradford, Yorkshire who died May 24th 1915 in his 71st year. Also Martha CRAVEN wife of the above who died November 3rd 1928 in her 85th year.

254 – Emma

255 – Herbert WOOD who died on Good Friday April 14th 1922 aged 41 years. John WATSON of Stoneswood Delph who died January 26th 1914 aged 78 years. Also Ann his wife who died May 27th 1923 aged 87 years.

256 – Fred FARRAND of Delph died May 9th 1913 aged 52 years. Also Matty his wife died April 26th 1936 aged 76 years.

257 -- Edmund BUCKLEY of Old Vicarage, Delph died December 31st 1933 aged 71 years. Also Janet Ann beloved wife of Edmund BUCKLEY died January 31st 1933 aged 67 years. Also Clarence their son died November 24th 1912 aged 18 years.

258 -- Percy WINTERBOTTOM of Delph who died January 25th 1911 aged 49 years. Also Sarah Jane his wife died August 29th 1935 aged 70 years. Also Esther daughter of John and Alice HUDSON, died February 1929 aged 17 years. Also John HUDSON died June 11th 1944 aged 58 years. Also Alice his wife died May 20th 1955 aged 70 years. Also George Henry son of Albert and Angus SHORE died in India June 25th 1920 aged 5 months. Also Isobel, daughter of the above died January 25th 1933 aged 2 years. Also the above Albert SHORE died April 16th 1942 aged 53 years. Also Agnes his beloved wife died June 22nd 1973 aged 81 years. Also Percy Winterbottom SHORE their beloved son died January 31st 1974 aged 61 years. Also Jessie wife of Percy 1913-1989. Ethel wife of Charles WINTERBOTTOM died October 15th 1955 aged 69 years. Also Charles WINTERBOTTOM died April 5th 1964 aged 77 years.

259 -- James Edward, beloved husband of Sarah BUCKLEY, died June 26th 1926 aged 83 years. Also Horace Rupert their son died March 16th 1887 aged 29 weeks.

260 -- John CARTER of Delph died March 25th 1937, in the 80th year of his age. Also Mary Anne, his wife died July 17th 1931 in the 78th year of her age. Also Walter Ewart their son died January 28th 1901 in the 4th year of his age. Also Dorothy their grand-daughter and daughter of Albert and Edna HENTHORNE, died April 11th 1914 aged 11 months.

261 -- Elizabeth wife of James CARTER of Carr House, Delph. Born May 28th 1828, died March 15th 1908. Also the above James CARTER born June 6th 1831, died August 10th 1918. Also Novilla, daughter of the above, born November 9th 1859, died July 28th 1932.

262 -- Ann WRIGLEY who died January 26th 1909 aged 81 years. Also Sarah WRIGLEY who died April 2nd 1910 aged 76 years. George T Schofield of Delph who died April 20th 1928 aged 69 years. Also Sarah his wife who died May 18th 1927 aged 71 years.

263 -- BROCK.

264 -- John PENDLEBURY Emma his wife daughters Emma, Beatrice and Florence. Granddaughter Eunice F COLLIER died 16th August 1985 aged 70 years.

265 -- Selina Elizabeth BRIERLEY who died July 7th 1912 aged 48 years. Also John William her husband who died July 12th 1933 aged 69 years. Life's work well done. Also Sam CHORLTON their grandson who died in infancy.

266 -- Thomas Anderson, dearly beloved husband of Georgina DOWNEY, who died June 29th 1940 aged 44 years. Also their dear son P^{te} George Arthur DOWNEY, killed in action in France, July 16th 1944 aged 19 years. Also our dear aunt Florence Annie NICHOLS who died April 21st 1932 aged 60 years.

267 -- George William SPENGELEY, died December 2nd 1923 aged 49 years. Also Margaret his wife died July 5th 1923 aged 48 years. Also Francis William their only son, died January 11th 1931 aged 23 years.

268 -- Councillor Thomas Edwin MOORHOUSE, J P Director C.W.S. who died on Sunday January 1st 1922 in his 68th year. Also Sophia wife of the above who predeceased him December 2nd 1920 aged 67 years. Also Lilian their youngest daughter died February 13th 1951 aged 70 years.

269 – Francis dearly beloved husband of Jane Louisa MAITLAND who died December 4th 1922 in the 79th year of his age. Also the above Jane Louisa MAITLAND who died February 9th 1927 in the 79th year of her age. Also Jane Louisa, beloved daughter of the above died October 1st 1930 aged 52 years.

270 – Job HUNT who died September 3rd 1932 aged 65 years. Also Betty, wife of the above who died September 19th 1949 aged 79 years. Also James, son of the above who died August 5th 1936 aged 33 years.

271 – Edwin Alfred beloved son of Alfred and Sarah WALES of Oaklands, Delph, who died August 16th 1905 aged 3 years. Also Gladys Winifred their daughter who died June 11th 1909 aged 9 years.

272 – Manson RAMSDEN of Slackcote, Delph who died March 20th 1908 aged 47 years. Also Agnes Mannam, his wife who died November 22nd 1904 aged 46 years.

273 – Hugh KENWORTHY died September 25th 1903 in his 49th year. Gone but not forgotten. Also Mary his widow, died October 3rd 1926 in her 73rd year. Also William their son died December 8th 1930 in his 55th year.

274 – John William DUCKWORTH who died September 14th 1961 aged 58 years. Also John LAWTON who died December 6th 1914 aged 56 years. Also Mary Ann his wife who died May 13th 1926 aged 63 years.

275 – Annie WINTERBOTTOM of Glenburn, Grains Road, Delph, died November 5th 1937 aged 70 years. Also James WINTERBOTTOM husband of the above died December 24th 1946 aged 80 years. Also Harry, son of the above died February 5th 1919 aged 18 years. Also William Leonard their son died June 7th 1971 aged 78 years.

276 – John William BUCKLEY of West View, Delph, died March 14th 1897 in his 31st years. Also Mary, dearly beloved wife of the above died October 6th 1941 aged 75 years. Worthy of everlasting remembrance. Also Elliot, their son the dearly beloved husband of Edith BUCKLEY died August 10th 1961 aged 71 years. Also Clara, dearly beloved daughter of the above John W and Mary BUCKLEY died April 7th 1964 aged 71 years.

277 – Sarah beloved wife of John BUCKLEY of New Delph who died September 22nd 1894 in her 54th year. Also Hamlet their son who died July 18th 1907 in his 31st year. Also Lewis their son who died January 19th 1912 in his 42nd year. Also the above John BUCKLEY who died December 30th 1916 aged 77 years. Also Sarah Elizabeth their daughter who died January 6th 1955 aged 72 years.

278 – Annie Davies BUCKLEY the beloved daughter of John William and Ann BUCKLEY of Railway View, Delph, who died August 31st 1890 in her 14th year. Also the above Ann BUCKLEY who died February 28th 1907 in her 55th year. Also the above John William BUCKLEY who died November 17th 1929 in his 79th year. Also Mary Elizabeth their daughter who died December 19th 1958 in her 80th year.

279 – Johnson ROEBUCK of Baily Terrace, Delph, who died November 17th 1901 in the 65th year of his age. Also Esther his wife died February 19th 1906 in the 72nd year of his age. Also Joseph their son who died April 12th 1925 aged 56 years. Also Abel their son who died October 25th 1936 aged 58 years. Also George their son who died February 16th 1937 aged 68 years. Also Silvanus Thorn their son who died October 23rd 1939 aged 64 years.

280 – William and Ann BOOTH.

- 281 – Also Edwin Joseph, beloved husband of the aforesaid Violetta SYKES who died March 16th 1947 aged 71 years. Also their daughter Violetta SYKES who died October 14th 1944.
- 282 – James BUCKLEY of Bank-Field, Dobcross who died July 14th 1908 in his 60th year. Also Jessie Sophia his wife who died February 3rd 1933 in her 86th year. Also Esther Martin their daughter who died July 1st 1896 in her 29th year. Also Helena BUCKLEY who died September 30th 1894 in her 4th year.
- 283 – John ROBERTS of Bailey Terrace, New Delph, who died September 6th 1894 aged 58 years. Also Emily Mary his wife who died January 18th 1905 aged 63 years. Also Albert Edward, son of the above who died August 22nd 1910 aged 46 years. Also Sarah Ellen wife of the above Albert Edward ROBERTS who died January 8th 1939 aged 78 years.
- 284 – Miriam beloved wife of William PLATT, died July 21st 1950 aged 68 years and was cremated at Rochdale. Also Norman their son died in infancy July 14th 1911. Also the above William PLATT died January 7th 1956 aged 75 years and was cremated at Rochdale. Also Betty beloved wife of Norman CADDICK died November 7th 1973 aged 31 years. Cremated in Australia. Also Harold HINCHCLIFFE who died October 1st 1979 aged 73 years. Also Mary his wife who died December 8th 1983 aged 79 years.
- 285 – Sarah Ann beloved wife of Charles SOWERBY of Central View, Delph born August 2nd 1838, died August 12th 1902. Also the above Charles SOWERBY died June 25th 1920 aged 83 years. Also John BRAY their son in law died September 17th 1927 aged 64 years. Also Annie BRAY his wife died July 20th 1957 aged 94 years.
- 286 – Ernest born 12th August 1893. Died December 1897. Son of Henry HUDSON born 22nd December 1860, died 8th February 1925. Headmaster Greenfield Council School, 1894 to 1924. Methodist Local Preacher for over 40 years. Jane his wife born 12th January 1865. Died 2nd November 1947. "Re-united".
- 287 – Arthur WIMPENNY the beloved husband of Ada Ann Roebuck of Delph who died November 12th 1925 aged 59 years. Also Edith their daughter who died July 19th 1911 ? aged 6 years. Also Lewis their son who died December 20th 1900 aged 10 months.
- 288 – J.T. BUCKLEY died January 11th 1905 aged 51 years. Also Priscilla his wife who died March 17th 1893 aged 37 years. With the love of comrades who will never look upon his like again.
- 289 – James W. ANDERSON of New Delph who died April 1919 aged 63 years. Also Stanley son of the above who died November 10th 1909 aged 16 years. Also Herbert son of the above who died whilst on active service in France February 5th 1917 aged 21 years and was buried in the military cemetery at Bray. Also Fanny widow of the above James W. ANDERSON died February 24th 1948 in her 89th year.
- 290 – Lucy Ann beloved wife of James BUCKLEY of Oaklands, Delph, who died December 23rd 1923 aged 55 years. Also the above James BUCKLEY who died July 22nd 1942 aged 77 years. Also Herbert their son died January 22nd 1890 aged 7 months.
- 291 – David NIGHTINGALE died August 17th 1945 aged 63 years. Lucy Muriel NIGHTINGALE (nee ALLOTT) died April 17th 1939 aged 55 years.

LETTERS

9 Chester Court,
Winchester Road,
Southampton,
SO16 6TZ

1st January 1999

Dear Mr Fox,

Manchester Mercury – William and Martha Heginbottom

It was with interest that I read in the Autumn 1998 edition of the Bulletin on Page 19, the extract from the Manchester Mercury, 14th February 1809 about William Heginbottom and his wife.

He was the fourth surviving son of that infamous vicar of Saddleworth Church from 1721 to 1771, the Rev. John Heginbottom MA (Oxon.). (My great grandfather five time removed).

William was born on the 11th April 1727, so when the Mercury was published on 14th February 1809, he was 81 years old. His wife, Martha (not Mary as quoted in the Mercury) was 79 years old. This makes their joint ages 160 years (not 166 as reported in the Mercury). The paper says that on the 26th February 1809 they had been married 60 years. This agrees with their recorded marriage on the 26th February 1749.

William had inherited the musical talents of his father who used to play the fiddles in the church, and to dancing and drinking after harvesting on the glebe when he used to enlist the help of his parishioners.

In a letter to the editor of the Bulletin in the Summer edition, J A Heginbottom of Halifax wrote some interesting information about the last years of William's life. He had 10 children, 131 grandchildren, 153 great grandchildren and one great great grandchild. To see this last child, he walked 32 miles in his 90th year. He died shortly after this at 90 years old. At his funeral at Heights Church in December 1817, were 9 of his children and 59 grandchildren along with numerous relations, vocal performers, friends and domestics. There were over a hundred at the gravestone ceremony which was performed at night by torchlight.

Yours Sincerely,

W Donald Kershaw

In response to the article in the Autumn 1998 "Bulletin" on Saddleworth industry, Dannie Wright has sent these reminiscences.

"Stonebottom Mill was first "Chamleys" (?) then Bradburys bought it. They wove a lot of Khaki and Air Force blue in the war, then in 1946/7 they bought 24 Dobcross automatic looms and 24 Swiss-made looms; they probably got the last mentioned as Dobcross Loom Works didn't have the capacity at the time. In 1957/8 Bradburys extended the weaving shed at Stonebottom and got 30 second hand Dobcross looms in 1959/60. At some point they bought Robert Byrom's Slackcote Mill and started it up again as it had closed down. They bought some more new looms for Stonebottom. Bradbury's at this time (early - mid 1960s) was working day and night and were the largest manufacturers of tartans in Europe.

The C.W.S.'s Tamewater Mill was still working in the 1960s. In Uppermill, in the top part of Damhead Mill, a firm which I think was called Waldamore's made garments, mostly from Bradburys. This firm came from Eagle Mill in Delph, where some Dobcross looms were in operation. In the 1960s a man called Smith ran these looms from Marsden.

A lot of mills were very dirty places. I worked in a lot of them, having been an outfitter for Dobcross Loom Works. I did my apprenticeship of six years then left the loom works to work as a pattern chain maker then overlooker. Then I went back to Dobcross Loom Works and worked as an outfitter until the works closed in 1968.

Dobcross had been the leader in woollen and carpet looms but eventually they neglected the carpet trade. George Hattersley, loom makers, bought Dobcross but they didn't make a go of it and they too closed down.

Another mill was the Saddleworth dyeworks at the bottom of Woods Lane; there are new houses there now [Treetops Close - editor]. It was still working in the 1970s. Nearby was John Kenworthy's (Tame Water Mill) but this closed in the 1950s. Bankfield Mill in the War manufactured plastics. The occupiers were a firm from London called, I believe, Ebonesters, and they made parts for the War effort. The mill closed soon after the War then burnt down; I think this was in the Winter of 1947. A small part of Walk Mill, also in Dobcross, is still standing. R. S. Morton took it over jointly with a Mr Ward, so it was called Morton Son and Ward. It closed down in the 1950s; the firm manufactured sheet metal parts. I think R. S. Morton are now in Golcar near Huddersfield.

Valley Mill in Delph was, I believe, run by James Shires Ltd. Of Milnsbridge near Huddersfield. I also think that Byrom's of Slackcote Mill had, in addition, a cotton mill in Tameside some time after the War".

Dannie Wright would like to get in contact with a member of the family of the late Frank Ackroyd who lived in Diggle and worked at Dobcross Loom Works. Please telephone him on 0161 284 5305 or write to him at 127 NORMAN STREET, MIDDLETON, MANCHESTER M24 2JL.

Enquiries about membership of the Saddleworth Historical Society should be sent to:

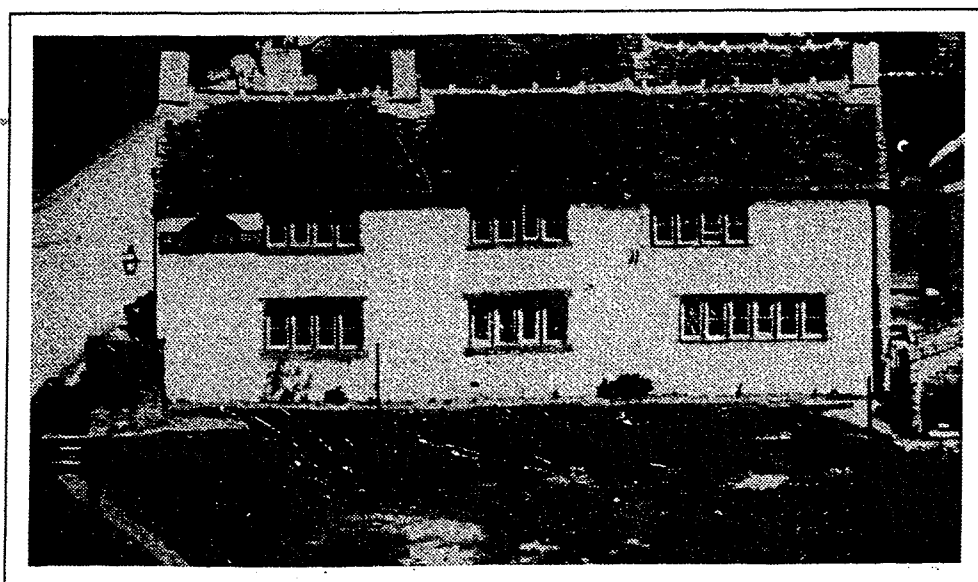
Mrs E Broadbent
30 Beechfield
Grasscroft
Oldham
OL4 4EL

The Editor of the "Bulletin" is:

Michael Fox
4 West Mount
Greenfield
Oldham
OL3 7LF

Contributions

The "Bulletin's" aim is to reflect and encourage interest in all aspects of the history of Saddleworth. It relies on a regular supply of articles, letters, short reviews, etc from members and others. Fresh material is required constantly and should be sent to the Editor, who will be happy to discuss ideas for articles with anyone considering preparing one. Articles need not be confined to subjects within Saddleworth's borders, but preferably should have some connection with the district.



Saddleworth Historical Society

Publications

Books

SADDLEWORTH 1914 – 1919

The experience of a Pennine community during the Great War

By K W Mitchinson

Soft backed £14.00 – Add £2.50 for postage

Hard backed £16.00 – Add £2.50 for postage

Delivered free in Saddleworth

CHERRY VALLEY CHRONICLES

Transcribed by Maurice Dennett

Letters from Thomas Buckley and family - immigrants to Cherry Valley and Milbury, Massachusetts, USA to his son Ralph Buckley and family, of Dobcross and Delph, Saddleworth. £16.50

PASSAGE THROUGH TIME

A history of Saddleworth roads and track-ways

By Bernard Barnes

£5.95

WITH AMMON WRIGLEY IN SADDLEWORTH

By Sam Seville

Son-in-law and companion of the Saddleworth writer and poet

£2.95

THE SADDLEWORTH STORY

A WEA Publication

A collection of historical essays

£2.00

HUDDERSFIELD NARROW CANAL

A compendium of articles from the Saddleworth Historical Society Bulletin on the construction of the Canal.

Published for the Bicentenary in 1994

£3.60

Local Interest Trials

Walks around Saddleworth: Illustrated with notes on local history and landscapes.

1. DELPH, HEIGHTS AND GRANGE
2. UPPERMILL
3. GREENFIELD
4. HUDDERSFIELD NARROW CANAL
5. GRASSCROFT
6. DENSHAW
7. DELPH
8. LYDGATE AND GROTON
9. DOBCROSS

90p each

Maps

STREET GUIDE TO SADDLEWORTH

An A2 comprehensive Street Map of the area

Published by the Society, May 1995

£1.20

Countryside guides

Large scale maps of the district, showing public footpaths, amenities and features of special interest: with notes on the local and natural history of Saddleworth.

SADDLEWORTH NORTH £2.40

SADDLEWORTH SOUTH £2.40

CHURCHYARD PLAN – A plan of the Old Graveyard at Saddleworth Church £1.80

Pamphlets

ADDRESS TO THE VARIOUS CLASSES OF MEN IN SADDLEWORTH

By Daniel Nield

Shewing the necessity of supporting the Plan laid down for augmenting the Price of Labour in the Woollen Manufactory:

Describing the Distressed Situation of the Parish in 1795.

£0.75

Cheques made payable to the Saddleworth Historical Society and forwarded to Mr B.E. Jackson, 7 Slackcote, Delph, Oldham, OL3 5TW. Tel. No. 01457 874530. Add 20% postage and packing for delivery outside Saddleworth.

SADDLEWORTH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NEWSLETTER ---WINTER 1998

"In the bleak mid-winter
frosty wind may moan
Earth stood hard as iron
water like a stone:
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter long ago."
Christina Rossetti

During February John Goodchild gave an excellent lecture at the Museum on "John Radcliffe of Stonebreaks; an early Saddleworth Industrialist and his concerns".

Between 1740 and 1820, production in Saddleworth was to expand from 8,500 to 60,000 pieces of manufactured cloth. Transport was the key to this progress; the Austerlands to Wakefield Turnpike being constructed in 1768; Oldham Mumps to Stanedge Turnpike by 1792.

John Radcliffe was an original subscriber and on the committee of the Huddersfield Narrow Canal Company which arrived at Wool Road, Dobcross in 1799; the Stanedge Canal Tunnel opened in 1811.

When James Farrar sold the Manor of Saddleworth in 1791, John Radcliffe assumed the duties of Chairman, Treasurer and Secretary, keeping the minutes for 32 subscribers intending to purchase the Manorial Rights of Saddleworth for their farms and tenant-held lands. In 1800 he gave evidence in Parliament representing Yorkshire woollen interests against woollen exports.

By 1806 he built two water-powered mills at Woodbrook for dressing and dyeing pieces of cloth. Active in all local affairs, he was a churchman and a magistrate in 1828. Living until 1840, with four daughters and a son, named John, his was a full life of endeavour reflecting the industrial achievements of Saddleworth.

The programme of Historical Society lectures continue as follows:-

Thursday 18th February	Oldham Coliseum Theatre	David Rustidge
Thursday 25th March	Why Saddleworth became part of Yorkshire	Michael Buckley
Wednesday 14th April	Canals to Castlefield	John Fletcher

SADDLEWORTH FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS (continued)
AT SADDLEWORTH MUSEUM

Thursday 3rd June Poems for Fun; an entertainment for children(7-11 yrs)
by John Gillespie; accompanying adults welcome
Saddleworth Museum 10.30 a.m. Museum entry charge.

Friday 4th June Folk Evening; Martin Stimson and friends.
Saddleworth Museum 7 to 11 p.m.

Sunday 6th June Vintage Vehicle Gala, George V Field, Uppermill
12 noon onwards.
Cars leave Tanner Bros. Greenfield at 11 a.m.

Art Exhibitions at Saddleworth Museum

13th February to 14th March Oldham Camera Club

21st March to 18th April Paintings by John Kimpton

23rd May to 6th June Saddleworth Group of Artists

Other Exhibitions at the Museum

At present The Saddleworth Volunteers in the 1870s;
the forerunner of today's Territorial Army

In preparation now World War I and II

Saddleworth W.E.A.

Spring 99 Course

Botany Bruce Langridge
6 weeks commencing Thursday 10th June 7.15 p.m.
outdoor walks included. Saddleworth School, Uppermill

Autumn 99 Courses

We are hoping to run courses on Armchair Walks, Railways, Antiques; others have still to be arranged. Watch this space!!

If you would like to receive our programme by post when it is finalised, please telephone D. Latimer 0161 633 3205

MEMBERSHIP SECTION

Your Committee is pleased to announce that they are able to maintain subscription levels at the same rate as last year. A notification will be enclosed with this bulletin and your cooperation in prompt payment of your subscription will be appreciated by the Membership Secretary.

The rates are as follows:-

Family Membership.....	£12.00
Single Membership.....	£10.00
Retired & Student	
Membership ---per family.....	£8.00

Once again we have pleasure in welcoming several new members to the Society and trust that they have an enjoyable membership.

Mr. W.A.H.Taylor, Dobcross
Mrs. Anne Johnson, Buxton
Mr. Hans Mallalieu, St. Kitt's, West Indies
Mr. John Wrigley, Woking
Mr. & Mrs. F.Cragg, Diggle
Mr. & Mrs. B. Kenworthy, Oakam, Leics.

It is with special pleasure that we would like to record the fact that Mrs. Esther Shaw Lawn, of San Obispo, California, has made an extremely generous gift to the Society, of 400 U.S. dollars, which will be of benefit to our continuing work in recording Saddleworth's history; our thanks, once again, to Mrs. Shaw Lawn.

CIVIC TRUST LECTURE --- Saddleworth Museum ---- 7.30 p.m.

Reinstatement of the Standedge Canal Tunnel for Canal Usage Thursday 11th March 1999
Joint meeting with Huddersfield Canal Society,
Alan Turner, Ove Arup and Partners.

J Hindle
February 1999

