

Saddleworth Historical Society Bulletin



Volume 32

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Winter 2002

Bulletin of the Saddleworth Historical Society

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Cover illustration: A photograph of Frank Ackroyd and members of his family, his own annotation on the back of the photograph reads: 'front seat F Akroy and V Akroyd 2nd seat Grandmother Broadbent HM Akroyd and Ivy Akroyd trip to Southport in Delphean? Coach.'

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Saddleworth Historical Society

Registered Charity No. 505074

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The Bulletin aims 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 (or shorter contributions) from anyone considering preparing one. Articles need not be confined to subjects within Saddleworth's borders, but should have some connection with the district.

The Society's Web site is at:

<http://www.saddleworth-historical-society.org.uk>

This has full details of the Society's activities, publications, library and archives, and there is an e-mail facility. An index to Saddleworth place names, a reference map of Saddleworth, and a bibliography of Saddleworth publications are included, together with the Newsletter and the current issue of the Bulletin. There are links to other Saddleworth Web sites.

John Buckley

**11 February 1925-
26 November 2002**

John was born and died at Shaws, Uppermill, the elder of the two children of Fred and Mary Buckley. He spent his formative years in the area, was educated at the Hulme Grammar School for Boys in Oldham, and on leaving joined the Ferrantis' in Hollinwood as a Laboratory Assistant. He continued his education at Oldham Technical College studying Electrical Engineering and eventually became Design Engineer and finally Plant Engineer for the Special Component Department. For the last five years of his working life he was with Dunphy Oil and Gas Burners, and he then went into partnership with his son Richard in a Model Engineering business.

It was in the late 1940's that he met Nell. At that time she too was employed by Ferranti and they were married in Oldham on 2nd June, 1951. They lived in Denton where Phil and Richard were born and moved later to Grove Bank in Uppermill, a home built by his father, then to Shaws, the family home for the past 22 years and which was next door but one to the house where he was born.

John was industrious, popular and without pretensions. He was always good with his hands – building a TV in the early 1950's, a scale model steam-engine and currently a steam launch along with friends Des O'Brien and David Chadderton. John enjoyed the countryside and he organised and guided many walks with Manchester Pedestrians. He was a founder member of Saddleworth Historical Society, leading the Industrial Archaeology Group, and organising and lecturing at Conferences. He was a member of the Saddleworth Museum Committee and of the 'Black Hand Gang' with Oliver Benson, Stanley Stewart and Edith Shaw. They operated the looms and kept the machinery working in good order. He was a founder-member of the Northern Mill Engine Society (member No.4) working on the preservation and display of various engines in the region. He was also in the Huddersfield Canal Society and the local Civic Trust. In his younger days he enjoyed potholing and climbing in the French and Italian Alps. He was a radio amateur and had been a very good photographer.

His was a long and fruitful life blessed by children and grandchildren and he will be remembered as one who has made a significant contribution to Saddleworth life.

J. C. Carr
Chairman of The Saddleworth Historical Society

Maurice Dennett

1920-2002

[This obituary, written by Maurice himself, was presented by the Rev. Simon Brandes at the funeral service in St Anne's, Lydgate on Monday 16th December 2002.]

Maurice was born in 1920 at Horwich, near Bolton. After attending Rivington and Blackrod Grammar School, he entered Lancashire County Library service in 1935, until he joined the Royal Air Force in 1940.

On discharge he trained as a teacher in Birmingham, where he began his teaching career at Dudley Road School in that city, accompanied by his newly wedded wife, Irene. Eventually they moved to Prestwich, where Maurice taught History, English, and Religious and Social Studies at The Heys Boys' Secondary School, having obtained a Bachelor of Arts Degree of the University of London.

Their daughter, Barbara, was born in 1950 and son, Philip, in 1952, the family moving to Grotton in 1954, when Maurice became headmaster of Zion School, Lees. In 1955 they bought a newly built house in St Anne's Crescent, where making a garden from what had been part of a football pitch was to occupy him for some time.

In 1956 Maurice became head of a new school, Saxon Nook, in Middleton, and in 1959 daughter Judith was born. He remained at Saxon Nook for the rest of his career, retiring in 1982. During that career he taught G. C. E. English for several years at Oldham Technical College and lectured on the teaching of reading and on interview technique at Mather College, Manchester. For many years he was an Assistant Chief Examiner at G. C. E 'O' Level for the University of London.

Maurice was founder Vice-Chairman of Saddleworth Round Table, a founder member of Saddleworth 41 Club, Treasurer of the Lees A. T. C. Squadron and Secretary of the Probus Club of Oldham for several years.

Since 1964 he had been a Freemason, a Past Master of Solidarity Lodge, Shaw and Peace Mark Lodge, Uppermill. He was a Past Provincial Officer of East Lancashire and of the West Riding of Yorkshire.

On his retirement in 1982, he was introduced to Saddleworth Museum by Canon 'Pat' Airne, one of whose Sidesmen he had been for some years. Canon Airne had built up the Saddleworth Historical Society's archives. Maurice took on the job of doing the same for the Museum and the two enjoyed many happy years of working together. Over those many years Maurice was profoundly grateful to Pat and to the Museum Trustees and Staff for their friendship and companionship, especially after the death of Irene in 1999, and indeed, for Irene's tolerance, for

she often used to say, 'If anything happens to me, you'll be at the Museum full-time!' and she wasn't far wrong.

Maurice and Irene always enjoyed a very close relationship with Barbara, Philip and Judith and their families, which again helped Maurice tremendously when Irene died, as did the support of his brother Malcolm and his cousins and the kindness of so many friends who, he knows, will be here today to say 'Till we meet again'.

The Chairman's Annual Report at the Annual General Meeting Presented to the Saddleworth Historical Society on Thursday 16th December 2002

My thirteenth report is saddened by the loss during the year of respected friends and colleagues: Bryan Jackson, John Farrow, Maurice Dennett and John Buckley. They had served the Society as Publications Officer, Editor, Archivist and Leader of the Industrial Archaeology Group. We also lost Margaret Airne, a steadfast supporter, widow of Archivist Canon C. C. W. Airne, who regularly at our AGM would time this report.

I lead a dedicated Committee who during the year have worked extremely hard to move us forward and I particularly appreciate those new members who have slotted in so efficiently to carry on the good work started by others.

Your Vice-Chairman Stanley Broadbent has had another typically busy year wearing various 'hats'. The 2002 Saddleworth Festival of Beer and Brewing held in September at the Museum, was shepherded by Stanley, Jack Hindle, Richard Hotchkis and Bill Hartley, raising a goodly sum of £900.00 for Museum funds. Pies and refreshments were organised by the Ladies of the Museum. The attendance on Friday night was quite remarkable and a good night's music was provided by the Harmony Hounds Jazz Band. Saturday night's music was tastefully delivered by Clive Yeadon, a renowned jazz pianist and his superb Jazz trio playing Classic Jazz.

Pat Bottomley's secretarial services in writing to 25 Newspapers and the 6 Breweries proved to be quite appreciated in laying the advertising groundwork. The Oldham, Rochdale and Bury Branch of CAMRA guided the selection of the 10 Local Real Ales which were to stand on the stillage in the Museum, kindly provided by W. H. Shaw and Son Ltd, on these Festive nights.

1000 Festival Programmes generously sponsored by 6 Local Breweries and 35 Inns were distributed throughout Saddleworth to publicise this Beer Festival Event.

Reports for the *Oldham Evening Chronicle* on our excellent series of lectures have again been produced by Stanley over the year.

Various letters expressing the Society's concern on local conservation matters in Delph, Uppermill and Denshaw have also been written by him to the Oldham Planning Department.

Stanley's wife Elsie continues her good work, combining it recently with a move to their new address, which she will, no doubt, distribute, when subscription time comes. The membership of the Society continues healthily at around 500 members, attracting new members all the time. This year resignations and joining new members have maintained the above total. Lapsed members rejoin to savour our Pennine heritage expressed by the Society's bulletins and Mrs A. M. Brogdanovic, of Mallalieu descent, is one of these this year. Correspondence is carried out with new members throughout the year and creates a deal of local interest.

Elsie is preparing a comprehensive Index of Articles and their Authors to cover the whole Bulletin since its inception in 1971, ably assisted by Mr Ian Douthwaite of New Zealand. This will prove a definite bonus for the members involved in researches and is particularly welcomed as it develops in its depth of information.

Last December Mrs Esther Shaw Lawn, our American benefactress, generously donated 500 dollars towards our future publishing ambitions and our grateful thanks have been extended to her for this thoughtful gift.

We are extremely sorry to report the following members have died during this year: Mr David Beeseley, Mrs Jean Cunnington, Mr A. R. J. Broadbent, Mr C. J. S. Booth, Mr Jim Holden, Mr Arthur B. Marsh, Mr R. Partington, Mrs E. A. Whitehead, Mrs Gladys Buckley, Professor Leonard Broadbent and Mrs Margaret Airne.

Your Secretary, Neil Barrow, has also had a busy year, heavily involved with many others in a highly successful Local History Week in early May. With Alan Petford he hosted a visit by the Manchester Victorian Society to Saddleworth in September. Once again the main task of the secretary has been to prepare the society's lecture programme. This tries to reflect the various interests of members. The talks covered the millennium! From Mike Buckley on the Saddleworth boundary 1000 years ago to Howard Green on the air-raid shelters under Stockport.

Whilst we continue to be fortunate in attracting prominent outside speakers it is pleasing that members share their researches with us. Mollie Jenkins, on the Kenworthys and Eunice Bingley, on the Farrars, both gave debut talks and were much appreciated.

The secretary would welcome suggestions for speakers or topics, particularly from members. These would not have to be full-length lectures: members might like to present a short topic of interest, or 'work so far' or 'where my researches have hit a problem' and invite help from members.

Dorothy Latimer, our Treasurer, has had another busy year in which Bulletin distribution has undergone a major change – Elsie Broadbent had proposed a totally postal system would be more efficient. Third Party Liability Insurance has also presented a problem which must be resolved by a decision of the membership. The financial report, which follows, will show Dorothy's efficiency and dedication which has earned the congratulations of the Society's auditors. Subscriptions have been another theme for discussion – again an AGM decision is needed. Members who pay tax are urged to register with their subscription in order to gain the maximum Gift Aid tax refund. During the year efforts have been made to gain grants along with the museum through the Lottery Local Heritage Initiative to fund either the computerisation of both our archives or to finance the publication of the *Saddleworth Villages Book* for the 2003 Saddleworth Festival for the Arts. Production of this book has been shared among members of the Committee under Neil Barrow's leadership.

Sunday, 8th September, 2002, saw the unveiling of an inscription commemorating the life and work of Dr W. P. B. Stonehouse in Saddleworth. This was added to the Ramsden Memorial in the square as part of the Dobcross weekend. Dobcross Junior Band performed and Messrs. Derek and Martin Nonhebel carried out the unveiling prior to refreshments at the 'Top House'. David Chadderton gave a lecture on Pat's work amid a Dobcross Exhibition organised by Michael Warrington. Freda Millet's booklet *Impressions of Dobcross* was launched.

From this weekend further material about the Ramsden family was received for our archives and Wilf Theakstone has also recorded 'The Platt Cup' donated by Nancy and Alan Bradbury, as mentioned in the Bulletin. Wilf has received from Wilfred Ashton of Saffron Walden material to be named 'The Thornton-Ashton Bequest'. Microfiches of the Delph and Wrigley Mill Wesleyan Registers have been produced, and copies offered for sale. The computerisation of our archives is still being pursued by Wilf and the Museum jointly. Each year we have subscribed to seven

different learned societies: The Council for British Archaeology, The English Place-Name Society, Greater Manchester Archaeological Journal, The Association of Industrial Archaeology, The Lancashire and Cheshire Antiquarian Society, Manchester Regional History Review, The Northern Mill-Engine Society and finally we have joined the Yorkshire Archaeological Society. Their journals and proceedings are added to the archives by Wilf.

Graham Griffiths took over as Publications Officer at a sensitive time and has worked very hard to maintain some momentum. He has had difficulty in replacing out-of-stock Countryside Maps – North and South, and is also organising the reprinting of the Saddleworth Street Plan which requires major additions. Mike Farmer Associates' Calendar for 2002 became a joint effort with the Museum which eventually took over distribution and sales.

Similarly Nick Cox took over as Honorary Editor and continued the good work already in hand. The publication of an additional Bulletin will allow Nick to synchronise better with the seasons. He is always willing to receive contributions for inclusion and to offer assistance in research.

Jack Hindle produces his very readable Newsletter with poetic introduction to go with the Bulletin and he, too, is glad of items for publication.

The Family History Group goes from strength to strength led by Jean Sanders with Mike Buckley manning the Internet Web site. The 1901 Census is now on microfilm and E-mail listings now exceed 50.

2002 saw several anniversaries: William Walton, the Peterloo Massacre Black Flag, 40 years of Saddleworth Museum and the Golden Jubilee of the Queen's Accession. Society members assisted the Museum in commemorating these events.

In July we had our summer trip organised again by Wendy Murray. We visited Hull for the new marine experience of 'The Deep'. Later so much rain came down that we felt that was what we had reached!

During the year your Chairman has acted as an assessor locally for the Civic Trust Award – the Print Works development in Denshaw gained recognition. Then in June I gave an illustrated talk on 'Saddleworth from the Air' at the Museum to the North-West Gas Historical Society. Maintaining our connection with Manchester University, we attended the leaving party for John Walker, Director of Greater Manchester Archaeological Unit, who takes over in York. His successor is Mike Nevell who recently gave us the lecture on Tameside. At the same party we met Professor Julian Thomas who has taken over from the late Professor Barri Jones. He said he had visited the Museum here several times.

Finally a number of items have been discussed by your committee in response to public interest: the Delph lamp, St Mary's Gate Uppermill, Buckley New Mill chimney and water tank, Royal George canal bridge, St Chad's old churchyard, boundary changes in Springhead and Lees affecting Polling Districts 77 and 78, Delph Methodist graveyard, Springhead Liberals' centenary history and even the Museum Fire Regulations.

I would like to thank all who have in any way worked or helped in Society activities and to wish you all a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year but also an especially Happy Birthday to Clara Shaw whose 90th birthday we celebrate today!

Jim Carr (Chairman)

Saddleworth Historical Society

Receipts and Payment Account Y/E 31. 10. 2002

Receipts		Payments	
Membership fees	3532	Lecture Programme/fees	305
Bulletin Sales	178	Bulletin Costs	1418
Publication Sales	1025	Publication Costs	723
Donations	525	Web-site Cost	58
Refreshments	38	Refreshments	39
Social Trip	434	Social Trip	376
Bank Interest	1129	Affiliation fee: Museum	1200
Post	41	fees: other	136
Miscellaneous	153	General Postage	178
Gift Aid Tax refund	485	Stationery	136
		Photocopying	199
		Insurance	--
		Miscellaneous	138
		Stonehouse Memorial	97
		Sub total	5003
		Cash gain in year	2535
	-----		-----
	7538		7538
	-----		-----

Income and Expenditure Account Y/E 31. 10. 2002

After adjustments for debtors, creditors, transfers of stock and assets

Income		Expenditure	
Publication Sales	956	Opening Stock	10310
		Publication purchases	723
		Less closing stock	(10575)
		Cost price of publication sales	458
Membership fees	3532	Lecture programme and fees	275
Donations	523	Bulletin costs net of sales	1490
Refreshments/trip	57	Affiliation fees	1336
Gift Aid tax refund	485	Web-site	58
		Post, stationery, photocopying	452
		Insurance	525
		Pat Stonehouse Memorial	897
		Miscellaneous	59
		Stock write-off	382
Bank interest after tfr. B.Barnes' a/c	1079	Surplus for year	700
	-----		-----
	6632		6632
	-----		-----

Saddleworth Historical Society

Balance Sheet at 31. 10. 2002

Accumulated Fund		Assets	
Balance b/f	41957	Equipment b/f	1988
Surplus for year	<u>700</u>	Purchased this year	----- 1988
Balance c/f	42675	Depreciation b/f	1988
		" this year	----- (1988)
		Net assets	nil
Creditors	1650	Debtors	82
Bernard Barnes Fund		Stock of publications at cost	16218
Balance b/f	1223	Stock write-offs (cumulative)	(6088)
Notional interest	<u>50</u>		
	1273	Bank – current a/c	1157
		Premium Plus a/c	34166
	-----		35323
	45598		-----
	-----		45598

The Autobiography of Frank Ackroyd

Readers of the Bulletin will be familiar with Frank Ackroyd's memoir of Dobcross, published in Volume 29 (2-4) and 30 (1). His autobiography provides a vivid addition to those materials and is published here in full. The former editor of the Bulletin, John Farrow, prepared the text for publication and provided occasional explications in the text, along with additional information provided by Frank Ackroyd's daughter Patricia Wisenden. These insertions are in italics in straight brackets in the text. The practice of retaining the spelling and punctuation of the manuscript, adopted by the previous editor, has been followed. Captions to the images are Frank Ackroyd's notes on the reverse of the original photographs.

1. Childhood



Dobcross Whit Friday about 1912

Frank Akroyd born April 3rd 1912.

My grandparents lived on a small farm at Diglee Diggle, William and Mary Akroyd they had two daughters Lillie and Annie also one son Ernest Gladstone who was my father. Lillie married William Henry Bradley, Annie married Arthur Castle. My mother used to tell me about two

women who used to visit them, named Bellee and Lidia Bainbridge, their father was a captain on a ship they came from Sunderland. I do not know what relation they were.

My mother was a Bradbury from High Stile a small hamlet near to Saddleworth Church now pulled down, my mother's name was Hanna Maris she had a sister Saria also two step sisters Eva and Liza and a step brother William my grandmothers second marriage name was Broadbent his bye name was 'John Hans' otherwise John, son of Hanna they used to call me John Hans as a boy this later became 'Dan' some of my old friends still call me 'Dan'. At one time my grandfather Akroyd was a wire drawer in Warrington how he came to marry my grandmother and come to live in Diggle I do not know. I would only be about two years old but I can remember somewhine lifting me up to look at a new born black and white calve this is my first recollection.

[Hannah Maria Bradbury's parents were Joseph Bradbury and Mary Anne Sykes. Joseph was a stonemason and died at 31 of pneumosilicosis. Joseph's parents were Edwin Bradbury and Maria Mallalieu. PW]

My father had a rough time on the farm as his father did not pay him a wage but fed him and gave him a little spending money. He started courting my mother and eventually he got her in the family way, but could not marry her as he had no means of supporting her. The child was our Doris May and she was brought up by my mother at grandmother Broadbents Doris must have been to my reckoning about 8 or 9 years old when my mother was expecting a further child, this time he married my mother and my sister Ivy was born. Later on I was born and then my brother Vernon.



William Akroyd and Bella Bainbridge his neice my father's cousin at Diggle Farm

I do not know what went wrong but my father left the farm and went to keep a greengrocers shop in Latimer Street Oldham then came the 14-18 war he enlisted and left my mother with four children to bring up. She left the shop and moved to Pennant St. I can remember this street because my grandfather Broadbent made Vernon and I a wooden truck each and I can remember playing in some sand in the street with the trucks. She later moved to Stable St. just a few streets away behind Platts Engineering works, you could hear the machinery in our house. I can also remember my father coming home on leave we did not know who he was. I remember one night our Vernon got lost and the Police found him up Ripponden Rd near the 'Black Horse'.

Our next move was back to Dobcross Bankfield Terrace to live with my grandparents Broadbents. My Aunt Sonia went to live at Stable St and she and her stepson Joe Jackson lived there until she died. I remember she had a black and white dog that used to growl and snap at you also used to jump up on the dresser. I do not know how we all fitted in at Bankfield Terrace. Grandfather, Grandmother, Aunt Eva, Aunt Liza, mother and four children. The staircase was made of stone steps also there was a parlour used only on Sundays. Lower down the row lived a woman called, Liz-at-doctors that was the only name I knew her by she must have worked for the doctor at some time. she used to take me to visit her nephew in Oldham.

Our next move was to Woods Lane Dobcross these were the happiest days of my life. How my mother managed I shall never know.

The war ended and my father came home after being in hospital for some time. I do not remember much about him he was very strict my brother and I used to stand up to the table when eating our meals if we spoke or misbehaved we had to leave the table. One thing I do remember he used to take me to gather nettles to make nettle beer in the set boiler he used to tell me to grasp the nettles firmly and they would not sting me I do not think I grasped them hard enough I was always full of stings and rubbing them with dock leaves. He never worked after coming out of the army just a few odd jobs for Tommy Garratt the butcher I guess he got paid in beef. Eventually he died and I remember him lying upstairs a little shell of a man just like a little doll. Not long after he died our Doris got married to Jim Allon and they lived with my Grandmother Broadbent in a house that was round the back from ours.

About 1924 I heard my first radio a crystal set built by Jack Smith later he built me one, you had to use head phones to listen if you placed them in a bowl or dish the rest of the family could hear it very faint. *[This paragraph was a later insert.]*

My mother now lived on the war widows pension and to help out she went out cleaning and washing for people, in later years I realized how she must have struggled to keep us clothed and fed because we never went short of anything always a basket with oranges and apples in it two pence per week spending money. We were in bed soon every night except our Ivy who stayed up longer, she used to clean the clogs ready for school next day. When I was about ten I went into hospital with appendicitis whilst in hospital the Boy in the next Bed told me I should never walk again and I believed him until my mother told me otherwise.

2. Dobcross Church Of England School: 'PLAY UP AND PLAY THE GAME'

[This section was written separately from the main narrative.]

My first recollection is sitting at desk playing with plastcine rolling it up and down.

The next thing was learning to thread your shoes you had two pieces of leather with eye holes in them and a pair of boot laces, the idea was to lace the two pieces together and then tie a bow. Later we were given a slate and pencil the slate was in a wooden frame the pencil 6' x 1/8'. Also a damp cloth for cleaning. When all the class were scratching away it was like a cats chorus.

The teacher was Miss Lees she had a club foot, and lived in a cottage just below the school a very nice and calm person, she had to be. The next thing was learning our tables and alphabet. This was done by a list on the blackboard and the teacher point to each letter or number and the class repeating after her, if she saw any child not concentrating he or she had to stand up and repeat on there own. When they all mastered the system and said the words all together it was bedlum.

After learning the letters you had to learn how to write them on your slate also the figuars. After about twelve months of this you were moved from the baby class downstairs to standard one under Miss Jess. Quite a big jump in your education because you had to learn how to connect up these letters and make words, also the numbers had to be played about with, adding, multiplying and dividing also you are now using a new tool a pencil.

As you progressed you moved up from one class to the next, when you reached about class five then the work got you down, a lot harder on the brain.

Headmaster Mr Eyres. If you were misbehaving he walked behind you and lifted you up by your hair at the back of your neck. He also dished out the cane, one falasy was that if you placed a horse hair on your palm it did not hurt, it never worked for me and I got my share of the cane. New subjects now came up singing, drill, reading poetry, nature study, drawing, sports.

The best job was ink monitor, on Fridays it was music but the monitor got out of this because he collected the ink wells and washed them out and refilled them ready for Monday morning. Dobcross was a C.O.E. school and at dinner time before going home we sang grace, also on return we then thanked God for what we had for dinner, I do not think a lot of us had much to thank him for. One more little quirk was some children left at five minuets to twelve to enable them to take there fathers dinner to work more often than not a pudding bason with plate on top tied up in red handkerchief also a tin with lid full of tea. Every year there was examinations and if you passed you received a scholarship to go to the Grammar School or Secondary School in Oldham. My mother never allowed us to enter because at school leaving age we had to work, I understand now because she was a war widow bringing up four children on a war widows pension it must have been tough for her she used to go out washing and cleaning for extra money. When you reached the age of thirteen you could go to work part time work mornings school afternoons or the other way round, we never did this. Oppisit the school was Tweedales toffee shop he did good trade with our half penny and pennies. Gob stoppers, humbugs, aniseed balls, and Licorice Sticks and the root we used to chew. The Gob stoppers used to last ten minuets and change colour as you sucked them.

When I am sitting alone at night different things come to mind, that night it was old songs that you never hear now. I only remember snatches of them such as

*I wish I lived in a caravan with a horse to drive like a pedlar man.
Where he comes from nobody knows or where he goes to but on he goes.
His caravan has windows two and a tin on the roof where the smoke comes through.
He has a wife with a baby brown, and they go riding from town to town,*

Chairs to mend, and Delph to sell he rattles his cups till they ring like a bell, sauces to match and plate with the alphabet round the border.

This is a song about two plants in the earth during the winter.

*Little brown brother oh Little Brown Brother,
Are you awake in the dark?*

(I do not know any more only after the reply)

*What you are a Sun Flower
How I shall miss you when you grow golden and high
I ll send the bees every morning to greet you
Little brown brother good bye*

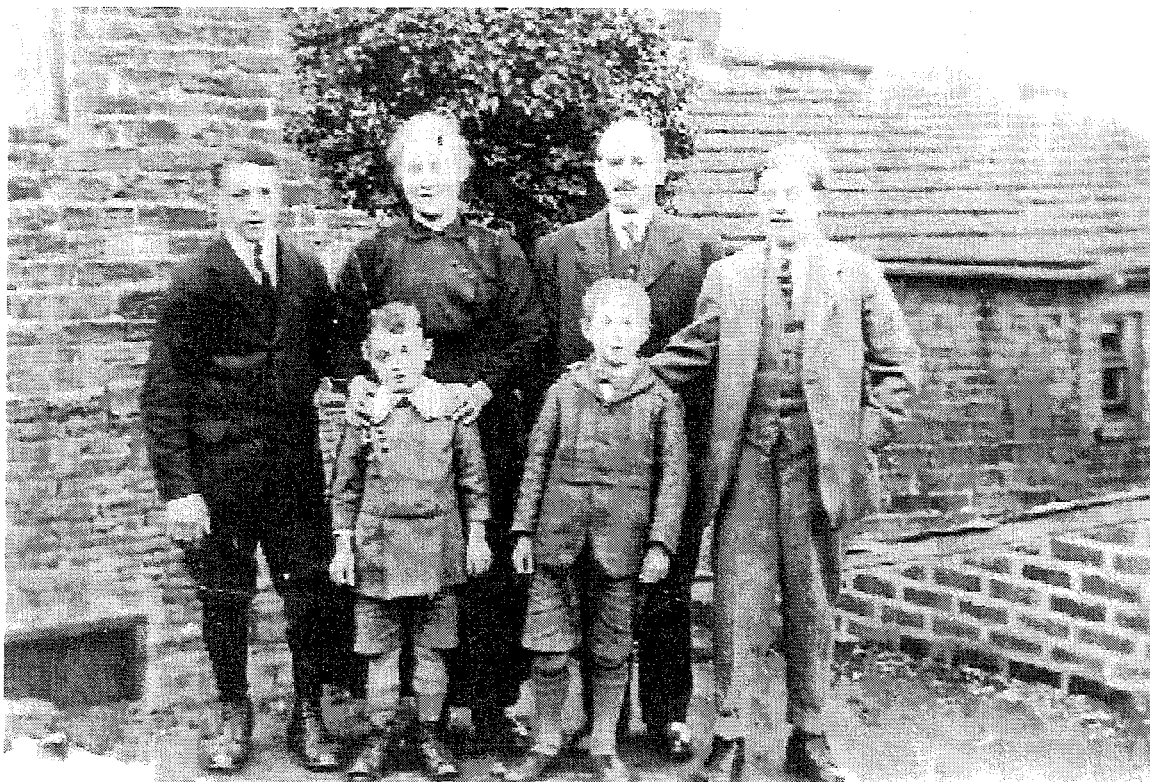
*Give me a ticket to heaven Sir
thats where dads gone
they say he 'll be so lonely without me
travelling all that way.
Mother died when I was four Sir
and left dad and me all alone,
so please give me a ticket to heaven
before the last train is gone.*

(This was a story about a little girl whose father had had an accident and taken to hospital but he recovered the station master took her to see him, I can remember seeing this tale on picture postcards, the railway station Station master and little girl. Things like this were very popular years ago.

3. Growing up

I was now growing up and spending most of my time at Charlie Walton's farm. I was there first thing in the morning untill bedtime at night. I think farming should have been my vocation. Mr Walton bought me a pair of riding breeches and leggins and I used to strut about like a 'Bantom Cock' if I was on holiday he used to take me to Huddersfield Cattle market it was one shilling return from Saddleworth Station. If he bought any stock it came back in a cattle truck to the station and then we walked them back to the farm our house was installed with hot water and every Friday night Charlie Walton used to bring two large milk cans across and fill them with hot water for his bath. A new farmer came to live in the district named Mr Childs he came canvassing for customers and his milk was cheaper than Walton and my mother engaged him, mother and Walton had words about this and he did not speak to us again so my farming had to finish.

As one door closes another door opens or so they say. Dr. Ramsden lived up Sandy Lane but used to attend a surgary in Delph but all his prescriptions were made up at his house at Dobcross. My job was to carry the medicens etc. from Dobcross to Delph every night for two shillings per week. The man who made up the medecine was called John Wood he also kept hens and I used to go and clean out the hen cotes for a further two shillings.



*Jack Smith Mrs Walton Charlie Walton
Sid Smith F Akroyd Herbert Hall
Bottom of Chancery Lane
C Walton Farmer at Woods Farm
I am about 10 years old*

About this time I was enamoured with my school teacher Hanna Gartside who lived in Delph and I used to hand about with my medecons untill she came out of school and then I would walk over to Delph with her. Saturday afternoon she used to play hocky with a local team I used to go and watch and cheer her. One year she went to I.O.M. for her holiday and she sent me a postcard. I still have that postcard she is dead now.

Grandfather Broadbent came home one night from the band club sat in the chair and died, grandmother carried on living with Doris and Jim just as a passing comment about this time I do not think there was more than six cars in Dobcross. The doctors, Miss Lord and Stewart Morton had a Tin Lizzie Dr Loftus had an Indian motor cycle. I saved up and bought my first cycle for fifteen shillings and thought I was king of the road.

4. Dobcross Loom Works

I was growing up fast and moving in a new world. I started work at fourteen at Dobcross Loom works. Seven thirty untill twelve then one untill five also Sat. mornings 19 s. 9 d. per week.

I now had friends of my own age. Henry Pearson, Norman Biltcliffe, Stanley Biltcliffe, Reg. Hirst and we all played sports some of us rugby some football this was our pastime which we took very serious training twice a week, boxing and health and strength.

I was now working in the fitting shop erecting looms for carpet and cloth weaving the Foreman was Ogden Taylor. We worked in gangs about three men to a gang and then different fitters came and added bits and pieces, as a boy it was hard work because everywhon pushed you aside and then you had to do your work and keep up with the others. The leader of our gang was a keen huntsman Nelson Buckley who lived at Hollygrove in the same house where grandmother Broadbent used to live. I will just mention this bit of information. Nelson gave me a Honeysuckle cutting which I planted at Delph, as it grew I gave Marion's Aunt Edith at Tunstead a cutting. When in later years when I was married we moved to Flixton, I took a cutting of Honeysuckle with me and now Pat has a plant growing at her house in Glossop. I will now carry on with my story, Nelson taught me all the old hunting songs and on many occasion I went out with the hounds and afterwards went to the Cross Keys for a sing song and a bowl of stew. Many a tale I used to hear of days gone bye and old huntsmen who used to roam the hills of Saddleworth. About this time the firm went on short time I worked three days in three weeks and when it came your turn to go to work you did not feel like going in. The youngsters of to-day who are out of work have my sympathy I know how they must feel.

One day the manager sent for me in his office when I got there Ogden Taylor was with him apparently the store keeper was retiring and Ogden had recommended me for the post, they gave me a couple of days to think it over. I talked to one of the old fitters and he told me not to take it as I was next in line for going out fitting this was a good job as you travelled up and down the country also abroad erecting the machinery. The fitter said that Ogden was pushing me in the stores so that his son Jack who was younger than me would eventually be made into a outfitter, his words proved true as he did go outfitting. I weighed up the pro's and cons. and thought well in the stores I would be my own boss and no short time so I accepted and I was made a member of the foremans union. The manager used to think a lot about me and we got on very well because I used to tell him what I thought.

John Bottomley was a fitter at that time and he lived quite near the works and he made me a small radio that I used to have on at dinner time, one day I forgot to switch it off and the manager walked in, he said where is the music coming from, I said it must be the Ice cream van on the road, he replied the ice cream van is not in that cupboard and that is where the music is coming from, I had then to own up and show him the set. He played hell and that put an end to my lunch time concerts.

The other time I crossed him was when he stopped anywhon with a motor cycle riding up the lane you had to push it up. He said to me, I never see you pushing your bike up the road how do you get home? I replied I ride it along the dam bank and out at the other send. I was in the bad books for that so from then on I had to push with the rest of them.

[This paragraph and the next are a later insert.] About this time 1930 a gang of us used to go to Cunninghams Camp I.O.M. it cost us 19s. 3d (old money) from Saddleworth station to Douglas I.O.M. £2 for board, on the first day you tipped your waiter and then the rest of the week he used to give you two helpings if you wanted it.

Buckley and I used to go to watch the T.T. races some of the riders used to be at the camp, practice was at 5 o'clock in the morning and we used to go up to watch them. Norton's used to win nearly every race sometimes an A.J.S. or Vellocett might figure, now it is all Japs.

I will relate an escapade that happened to me - we went to the dirt track at Belle Vue one Saturday night and took the tram to Manchester to get there. At that time there were two stations at Manchester Exchange and Victoria both connected by a long platform our last train home left at ten minutes past ten. We were on the platform at ten and about ten twenty we asked a porter what time the train was to Saddleworth he replied eight o'clock Sunday morning - we had been waiting on the wrong platform. We counted up our money and we had about ten shillings between us, we asked a taxi driver if he would take us home and he just laughed at us. We set off and we walked home I arrived home about five next morning and at eight my mother got me up to go to Sunday School.

5. My family

Because my father was gassed during the war this made me a war orphan and the British Legion used to give us a party at Xmas and take us on a trip every year. At one Xmas party I saw a girl that I fancied her name was Marion Gilbert the following year I saw her again on the trip to York and sat with her coming back.

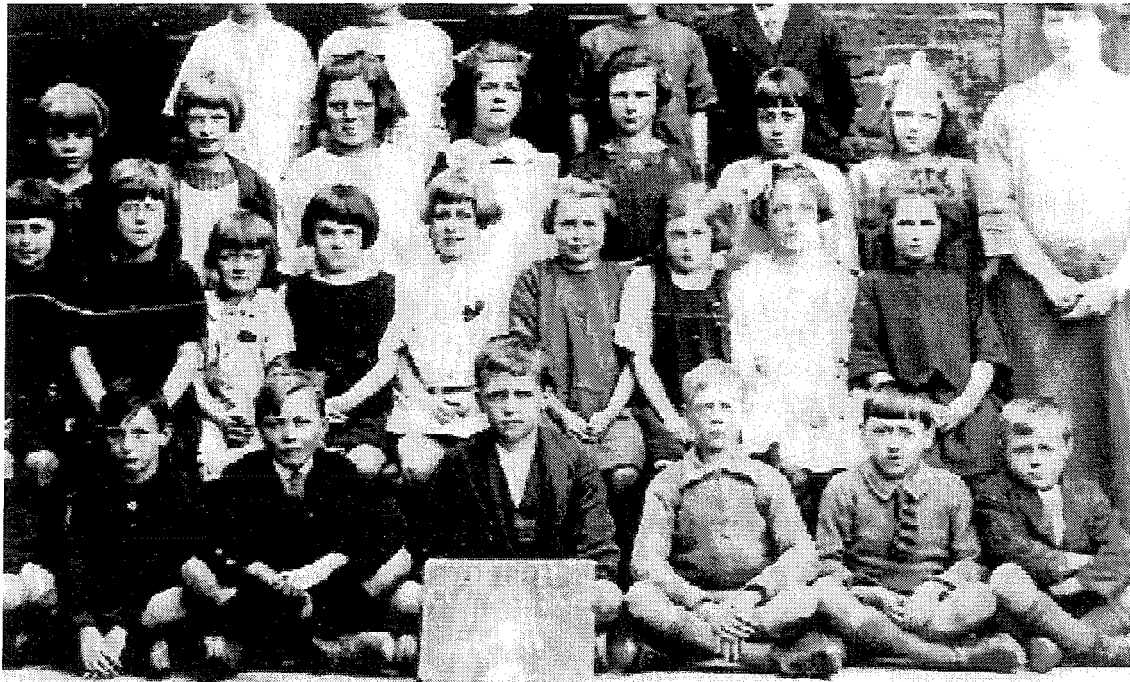
My mother got the chance of a council house at Moorland Avenue Dobcross so she took it. We went to live at Moorland taking grandmother Broadbent with us and Doris and Jim moved to Delph New Road. Vernon and I slept in the attic mother and Ivy in the front bedroom grandma in the back. During the winter the snow used to blow under the slates and the following morning snow would be on the bed. But we thought it was very posh we had a bath in the kitchen you had to fill it by hand but it had a plug to drain away the water, when not in use it had a wood lid on top.

I have not mentioned the Akroyd grandparents because I did not come in contact with them a lot. The only thing worth mentioning was that when I used to walk home for my dinner she would be waiting for me when I returned she would be standing at the door in her white apron and always had an apple for me. The men who I used to walk home with used to kid me about it. Grandfather died first shortly after grandmother died I think my mother got a few pounds also a piano which no one ever played. They are both buried at 'Seladine Nook', Huddersfield, a Baptist Chapel. The Akroyd family came from that area.

The friends I used to have are now courting or have drifted away to other parts of the country and I am falling [going] out with Arthur Buckley nephew of Nelson with whom I used to work. Saturday nights we used to travel to Oldham and return on the last but slightly worse for drink I am sorry to say. I used to leave Arthur at the top of Dobcross because he lived at Edge End which is on Larkhill and I walked along Platt Lane to Moorland Avenue. On occasions a young girl would be waiting under the lamp at the top of Dobcross and she used to ask Buckley to walk her home as she was frightened as it was very lonely where she lived. I did not think anything at the time, but she was noted for her free and easy attitude with the lads of the village.

One Saturday night I went to catch the bus at Delph Station also waiting for the bus was a girl in nurses uniform, I looked at her and recognized the Marion off the war orphan trips, we got talking and I saw her to the infirmary where she was on night duty. I arranged to meet her the following week when she was off duty. I asked her if she wanted to go to the pictures but she said no she would rather go for a meal because they did not get proper meals at hospital when on night duty they lived on beans on toast we seldom went to the pictures it was a meal or a ride on my motor bike. She told me that she got twelve pounds a year from the hospital and had to buy uniforms

and text books. Also before becoming a nurse you had to be recommended by a well known person and sit an exam. Dr. Loftus recommended Marion.



*Marion Gilbert 3rd row up 2nd in
[The inscription on the board reads: DELPH COUNCIL SCH 1925 GROUP]*

From what I would gather Marion's mother had a struggle like my mother used to have she was also very strict she did not allow her to go dancing or mixing with the opposit sex so our courting was done in secret untill her mother got to know and then she gave her a lecture and said I was no good for her. Anyway we eventually got married at Heights Church by special licence. Her mother Emily Gilbert was living in a new house at Clifton Holm built by Delph C.W.S. you paid your rent and at the same time it went towards buying it. The sum was £300 the same houses now [ca. 1978?] are fetching 20 to 24 thousand pounds.

We spent the first day of our married life by going to Manchester to listen to Albert Sandler a well known violinist Marion played the piano so she was very interested in music. It was Saddleworth wakes and on the Monday I went to work at Gatley Manchester taking some machinary out for H.H. & Co. Ogden Taylor got me the job he said I would need the money 'how right he was,' later in the week we went to, Horsley Woodhouse to visit Marion's great aunt and she made us very welcome. We also visited some more relations who lived n a farm. Horsley Woodhouses is between Derby and Nottingham Aunt Nell's husband was killed down the pit. Marion's grandmother Gilbert must have come from down that way her grandfather Gilbert was a Cornishman and he came from Redrouth I remember once we were on holiday in Cornwall and we went to Redrooth to try and find some ancesters we looked in the grave yards but every other grave was a Gilbert.

We came back off the honeymoon and lived with Marion's mother it was not easy at first she still thought me not good enough for her daughter and was not afraid to show it. I can understand her

feelings because she has sacrificed to get Marion in the hospital and it was all thrown away because of me. [Nurses were required to resign if they became pregnant. *PW*] Towards the latter end I think she forgave me because when she was on her death bed I was the only one she wanted.

Eventually Patricia was born and before the birth Dr. Loftus made me sit upstairs with Marion whilst she was in labour, he said if the husbands had to suffer child birth the birth rate would be down. Marion told me afterwards that I looked more scared than she was but everything went well and Emily Gilbert adored the child I kept working and putting as much overtime in as I could get.

Pat would be about two when Marion got Peritonitis Dr. Loftus got her in Dr. Kershaws Hospital where Dr. Brown operated. Marion knew Dr. Brown from her hospital days and he was one of the best surgeons at Oldham Royal. Whilst she was in hospital we had a very heavy snow fall and all transport was stopped but I walked over Grains Bar and dropped down into Shaw to go to the hospital they said they would have to keep me the condition I was in but I made it back to Delph. Marion was in hospital quite a long time and when she came home she was very frail I used to carry her up and down stairs so she must have been very light but we fattened her up. But when she was strong enough she had to go back for a further operation to have her appendix removed which had caused all the trouble. Whilst she was in hospital Mrs Bottomly a very good neighbour looked after Pat because Emily worked and I could not have time off work.

One Sunday morning about this time Arthur Buckley was walking past the house where this girl lived who had the child that he was supposed to be paying for he never did pay. As he passed the house the girls father came out with a shot gun and blew part of Buckleys leg away and he ended up in hospital. When he recovered he sued the girls father but they settled it out of court the understanding was if Buckley dropped the charge he would take no more warrents out against Buckley for none payment of maintence money. Soon after Buckley joined the merchant navy and passed all his exams and finished up as an engine room artisifer. During the war he was torpedood three times and received the George Cross. He went on to be the harbour master at Singapore he was also in customs at Singapore [actually Bermuda *PW*] the last I heard of him he was a boiler insurance inspector living on the Worrell [Wirral] he sent both his boys to Repton Collage so he must have done well to do that as it was not cheap.

6. The War Years

The next big event in my life was the war. The manager moved me back on the shop floor because the firm went on war work making radar for ships so the textile side of the business practcally closed down. The radar was in such a big demand that we used to work all hours. Trucks used to come from Portsmouth and wait untill a set was ready for them to take back. Sometimes we went to work Friday and did not return home untill Sunday night we worked straight through just getting a break when we could.

On top of this we had to do Home Guard duty as well we did a rota on top of Knott Hill or at Castleshaw water works, Sundays we were on manouvers or up at Diggle rifle range. From the top of Knott Hill we could see when Manchester was having an air raid, one of the excersises on the range was advancing under covering fire using live ammunition. The Delph patrol was very good and we had to demonstrate for the top brass and the other companies (what an honour I don't think).

Marion and I got very friendly with a woman who worked with me her husband worked at Metropolitan Vickers Trafford Park M/C Edith and John Heap. They taught us to appreciate good music. He had a car and they used to take us to the Opera and Ballet in Manchester. They used to come to our house two or three times a week. John allways came up Fridays for a bath as they did not have a bath room.

Marion's mother had left us and gone to live in a cottage just behind our house. She fell ill and the doctor did not seem to know what was wrong with her, he treated her for ulcers, but she got gradually worse so we decided that she must come back and live with us sot hat we could nurse her. She did not improve but got worse and then we found out she had cancer of which she died.

The war was still dragging on and Marion was now going our nursing people. I was heaving a lot of trouble with my teeth and decided that I would have them out and have false ones, so Marion and I went to the dentist and he said he would take the top out one week and the bottom the following week 'just the needle no gas in those days' when he finished taking out my teeth Marion said to the dentist 'will you take mine out#2, he replied why yours are allright but she insisted in having them out at the same time as me so that we both struggled together we allways did things together and allways have done. I think that is why we have had such a happy life together. When we got our false teeth the first Saturday after we went to a dinner in Huddersfield run by the Foremans Mutual Society to eat the dinner I took my teeth out but Marion struggled with hers.

The war was still dragging on and we still had ration books and clothing coupons I used to get extra petrol coupons for John Heap off the lorry driver at work.

Our next door neighbors were Frank and Isabel Edwards. Frank and I kept a few hens and ducks but the ducks vanished one night. Marion and Isobel kept white mice and bred them for a laboratory they had to be a certain weight and in good condition any not up to standard they used to kill they both suprised me by the hard line they took with poor little mice but they made a bit of money out of it.

John Heap had the brilliant idea of getting one hundred day old chickens cockrels and fatten them up for Xmas. The only thing he did not think of was feeding them. At first we robbed our hens of food and boiled potatoes and scraps but as they got bigger this was not enough for them. I got in touch with a man at work and he supplied us with a sack of flour well we tried allways to feed them with this, dry, wet like dough but they could not get it down I had an idea mix sawdust with it and they eat it that way but now they were that hungry they were eating one another and we only had 50 left by Xmas. I think we had about six left because we started eating them when they had put a bit of weight on and Marion and Isobel had a ration for meal for the mice so they gave up some of that. The same man that got us the flour said he would get meat from Eirland so he got some for us we had three lots and it used to come through the post the fourth lot was bad when we received it. There must have been a delay in the post it stank awfull. I bet the postman wondered what it was. We never sent for any more after that.

Marions Aunt Edith and Uncle Taylor Winterbottom were very good with us we used to visit them often and when they went on holiday they used to take Pat with them. Marions Grandad Gilbert died he used to be the coachman for Buckleys at Tunstead and grandma was a servant she lived for a year after he died and then she joined him they are buried at Saddleworth Church at the bottom near the steps as you go up church road. Marion's father's name is also on the stone he never came back from France killed in action machine gunner.,

We bought a Scots Terrier and named it Kipps after H.G. Wells' Kipps that I was reading at the time. It was a good little dog but it was for ever looking for a fight with any dog it did not matter how big it was. It used to guard Pat when she was in the pram and one day it snapped at a child who came to look at Pat and it got jelious any time people went near the pram. The manager at work had seen Kipps and I told him how he was so Mr. Marsden said he would buy him off me. I said he could have him because I knew he was going to a good home. After I had left him with Marsden he came back twice to us but I took him back and he settled down and got fatter and fatter because they spoiled him.

Later on we got another pup a golden spaniel bitch a lovely dog we named her Beauty and she was a beauty we showed her in the puppy classes her show name was Beauty of Gilroyd she won quite a few prizes we bred of her once her sire was 'Brinfall Bond' he came from Ashton-in-Makerfield. She had two pups and we sold them both.

On the other side of us lived a widow Mrs. Bradbury and her daughter Lucy. Mr Bradbury used to be the secretary at Mallilues Mills and Lucy worked there. Lucy was courting Alfred Thomas who was the brother to Margaree the well known singer. She used to come to Bradburys and Lucy played the piano and Margaree sang. She went very high in the world of opera and when we used to hear her on the radio it brought back memories.

At Clifton Holm we had an allotment and greenhouse in front of the house I used to grow all our veg. And tomatoes. I won the first prize for sweet peas one year at the local show that is why I think Marion was fond of sweet peas they must have brought back happy memories of Delph.

7. After the War

The Day everywhon was waiting for arrived the end of the war. The new world was going to be born or so they told us we were the victors what a laugh it proved to be all those lives lost and for what the working class was still underneath and the profit makers on top. Every whon was unsettled after the war both the men who returned with there graturities and the whons who stayed home and did not get a graturity.

Hervy Marsden moved me into the Foundry to do Joe Dyson's job. I looked after the orders of parts that were required and found the patterns for moulding. I knew nearly all the different parts by working in the finished goods stores and for my own benefit I made a catologue of a lot of the parts that were not used everyday I wrote a description and added a sketch to each one. One day Harold Heap the fitting shop foreman saw the book and said it was a masterpiece. He allways came to consult it with me if the was stuck on some part. He wanted the book but I would not part with it.

Another of my jobs was going round the foundry and checking the work done by the men and working out there piece work, also checking up how much scrap had been made. Eric Langfield was the Foundry foreman and if the scrap was high he had to answer to H. Marsden. H. Marsden gave us the mixtures to use in the furnace different brands of pig iron and how much scrap metal to mix with it also how much lime stone to be added, this acted as a flux the furnace would be about twelve foot deep from the loading opening to the spout at the bottom. The spout was inside the foundry and you fed it on the next floor above, it was lined with bricks and after every cast the bottom had to be remade everyday it was lined with clay and a small opening left in the base coming away from the hole was a shute down which the metal ran into the Dandy or ladle. A plug of clay was inserted in the hole to keep back the running metal. When the ladle was full the

furnace tenter had a long length of stick he put a new clay plug on the end of his rod and pushed it into the hole. A very dangerous job as you could get splashed with the white hot metal or you could get your clogs full of it. I enjoyed it in the Foundry it was interesting work but dust used to be everywhere, but to see the metal running into the moulds was a great sight.

About this time my mother and Vernon moved down to Chancery Lane at the top of Dobcross as our Ivy was now married and Moorland Ave. to far out and to big for two of them.

John and Edith Heap decided to buy a business at Binbrook in Lincolns Lane near the R.A.F. station. We did not seem to settle after they had we missed the car and trips out and they were good friends.

8. The Paper Shop and the Chip Shop

Frank Edwards who lived next door had a brother David who kept a paper shop on Shaw Road, Oldham, Frank said it was a very good business she said Isobel would not go to live in Oldham or else he would have had it. Marion and I talked it over and she said she would do whatever I wanted. We sold the house drew our money out of the Halifax and borrowed two hundred pounds off Uncle Taylor.

On looking back I wonder was it a wise move like Hervey Marsden said I was a fool to give up a good job and take something on that I knew nothing about anyway that is water under the bridge now. We had not had the business long when we found out it was not as good as Dave Edwards had made out cigaretts on ration, papers not on sale or return. All the racing papers you had to keep them on during the winter because not many people backed horses during the winter so the papers were left unsold on the counter, if I had stoped them I should not have been able to re-order them when the flat racing started. I had a stand just inside Platt's works and every morning I was there at six o clock to catch the night shift coming off and stay untill the day shift came on they all wanted cigaretts but my allocation was very poor. I used to go to the wholsaler and get 'Pasha' and other makes they used to buy them in the mornings when they wanted a smoke. Marion was never happy in that shop and she told me one day she had taken Beauty out and the poor dog had tried to roll in tufts of grass that was growing up through the nicks in the pavement on one of the side streets.

Friday nights I had to go round and collect my money if the preists umberella was hanging on the door latch I could not go in. Some would say I will see you next week I have had a bad day on the horses, others would lock the door. One house I went to I knocked at the door a voice said from in front of the fire the money is on the table I looked and to my surprise a young woman was having a bath in a tin bath in front of the fire, I picked up my money and flew out of the house. Every Friday I used to arrive home with one or two fleas on me.

One morning a boy from up the street came in for some candles, we sold a lot of candles because that was the only light they had when the electric was cut off. I gave him the candles and he said that one of there hens had fallen down the lavertry. Later in the day his mother came in the shop and asked Marion did she want to buy a raffle ticket for a chicken!

Probably if things had been normal and cigs. In good supply the business would have been allright but as it was we were struggling because we were paying Uncle Taylor his money every week and we had no working capital. Aggro from the customers about cigaretts also fire fireworks at Nov 5th was another headache, I could see that it was getting Marion down. The only

good thing that did happen in Oldham was Pat got a place in Count Hill Grammer school [Oldham High School – *PW*].

One day I went up to Platts and Matty the lodge keeper a retired policeman said he wanted a word with me afterwards. When I was ready for home I went into the lodge to see him he said to me, I am telling you something for your own good but in confidence do not let it go any further. The foundry is going to close and all the work is going to Fords old place at Trafford Park, if I was you I would be thinking about getting rid of that business.

In the meantime we heard about a chip shop on Huddersfield Rd that was coming up for sale another bargin (when would I learn) anyway we put the shop up for sale and a couple from Bacup near Rochdale bought it. They were a different kettle of fish to us when we had money to play with, and when part of Platts did eventually close he did not worry but was content with the paper rounds. We became quite friendly with them. well the chip shop was no different from the paper shop all hard work and no compensation fat was on ration and I was buying it on the black market to keep the shop open. New potatoes was a further trial if you put them in the peeler there was nothing left only a few marbles so you did them by hand. The shop had a catering licence and a beef allocation Marion and the help used to make fifty beef puddings every day rolled up in rags what a job. Aunt Edith used to come and give us a lift at dinner time because we got a lot of workers who dined in the back of the shop, one of the women who helped us in the shop used to load up the plates with chips I told her about this and she said they were workers and needed a good meal (at my expence). Whilst we were in the shop one Whit Friday somewhon came in the shop and said that their had had been murder committed up Saddleworth. It was in the paper at night a young man had murdered a couple who lived on the Stanage Diggle.

After one year we were both fed up with the shop, Marion used to go to the public wash house to wash our cloths and the public baths. We decided that Pat was not getting the attention she should also we were both working hard for nothing. Eventually we put it up for sale a young couple from Blackpool said they would have it but it took him a long time for him to find a customer for his small holding.

9. Flixton

In the meantime on our day off Marion and I had been taking bus rides to the other side of Manchester, Sale, Stretford, Gatley, Llym and other places. We found one place Flixton. Heaps used to live here at one period and it was handy for Trafford Park for work. Eventually the man sold his market garden and bought the chip shop.

We lived a short time at Tunstead with Aunt Edith and Uncle Taylor untill we found a house that suited us. We saw one advertised in Flixton and we went to have a look at it Marion fell in love with it straight away, next door was a general store so I went in and got talking to the owner, I asked him what the work situation was like round about. He said that Petro chemicals just a couple of miles away wanted men also, Trafford Park was only a bus ride away. Urmson Grammer school was not far away so it appeared to be OK in every respect.

We put our deposit on the house and moved in 16 Goldsworthy Rd Flixton, semi-detached house with nice garden at rear small garden at the front three bedrooms bathroom and W.C. Front room dining room and kitchen. Both Marion and Pat fell in love with it. Aunt Edith and Uncle Taylor used to come and visit us for a weeks holiday they said it was better than Blackpool. When we

went to live there at first just up the road was open fields and corn growing, you could take a nice walk down the road to Manchester Ship Canal and then a ferry boat across to Irlam. It used to be very strange to see one of the Manchester liners going up the canal it looked to be going through the fields if you were a short distance away.

When we removed we had two weeks holiday to get things straight and Pat got fixed up at the Grammar School a girl across the road used to attend so had a pal to introduce her to her new school mates.

We had a bit of spare cash now and we had put a good deposit on the house, so we decided to buy a car it was a Ford 8 Popular the one with wire spoked wheels and the spare wheel strapped on the back

The next thing was getting a job, so I went along to Petrochemicles at Carrington, they interviewed me and gave me a job on maintenance but I had to re-join the union because when I joined the foremans union I dropped out of the A.E.U. I was just young enough to re-join as a Section One member another year and I would be to old. With a section one card you could get a job anywhere because that meant you were a time served engineer.

The first day at work scared the day lights out of me, the foreman told a fellow to show me round the plant. The work that used to take place was this. Crude oil used to come up the ship canal and stored in large tanker then it was reined and various end products came off it such as, Trivetholine oxechloride, anti freeze, Polystyrene, all kinds of different resins. The raw material first went through the, Cracker Plant and the the amonia plant, (I found out later that a similar plant in Germany blew up) from here it went up distillation columbs heated and forced through filters to purify it the higher up the colume it went the finer it was, the waste was drawn off at various stages, so you can imagine the place was a mass of pipes valves and instruments. Our job was to climb up these towers to service and replace worn out parts the towers would be about two hundred feet high, we climbed up a stair way for about twenty feet and then reached a landing and then another twenty to the next landing. I was never any good at heights and when this fellow took me to the top I nearly had a baby. I told him I did not think I could manage the job I dared not look down never mind working up there. He said you will get used to it stick with me and I will pull you through. I told him I did not know the first thing about pipe fitting he said stick with me and I did he was a good mate to me he taught me all he knew about pipe fitting, joints, valves, different sizes different kinds of Packings between the flange joints taught me how to weld, gas, and arc. He was a real trump not everywhome got on with him but he took a fancy to me and pulled me through.

When I had been there a month or two I was moved to the 'Ethelene Chloride' plant this produced 'Glyco Ethelene'. There used to be a lime crushing machine which was allways breaking down and it was our job to free the obstruction and get it going again we used to wair rubber suites when on this job also goggles because the lime used to burn you as it was what they call quick lime if you perspired you could feel the lime burning on your face and afterwards you used to have a shower. When tankers came with liquid Chlorene it was our job to connect them up to our storage tanks, when we did this we wore gas masks. One day I passed out whilst coupling up to the tanker I came to in the ambulance room my gas mask was faulty, I never told Marion.

One day one of the blokes told us that 'Geigy' in 'Trafford Park' wanted fitters and three pence an hour more than what we were getting. Three of us went and got a job it was a similar kind of work but all the distillation was done in buildings so I did not have to climb up the towers as

before. A new plant was due to start up and I went put on shift work on this plant we worked three shifts of eight hours seven days a week weekend off every three. Some nights when you went on you had nothing to do so you used to get your head down. The next night you may be slogging away all night to get things going again., The operators used to get an output bonus but the fitters did not get it which was a sore point admitted we were on a higher rate than them.

Marion had now got herself a job at Metropolitan Vickers as a clerk. Pat was settled in at school and had made friends. We also had a fresh car a 'Austin Ruby' at weekends we used to go over to Saddleworth to visit either Aunt Edith or my mother who now lived on her own as Vernon was married. Sometimes mother came back with us and stayed for a few days. All this time we had kept up the friendship with Heaps and they used to come and see us and we used to go and visit them at Binbrook.

Meanwhile Marion is going great guns at work, she is attending day school where she is learning shorthand and typing in the firms time. She eventually passes out and is ready for a better job in the firm. She is moved into the production office working for Bill Young. She had not been with him long when the Chief production engineer wants a new secretary Marion applied and got the job she liked working for this man she allways said he was a gentleman. I cannot remember his name. Marion kept telling me to get a job at Met. Vicks she said I would be a lot better, but I said the money was not as good.

Shortly after this conversation I was at work on days when the plant chemist asked me to take an instrument out of a pipe line. I asked him, have you purged the line? That meant had he run water through the pipes to clean out any gas or chemicle. He said 'yes you are alright it is clear', I loosened the bolts on the flange and out came a flow of gas the next thing I knew I was in Park hospital I stayed in for two days but that was it as far as Marion was concerned she said she would see about a job at Metro-Vickers. One of my jobs when I was on nights at Geigys was every Sat. night at ten thirty I had to get the firms car out and pick up the night superintendent who was at the 'Gorse Hotel' Stretford he used to buy me a drink and then I took him back to work.

I went home for tea one night and Marion says, 'I have got you an interview at work tomorrow they are wanting a fitter in electronics'. I said what do I know about electronics she replied you can allways learn I did not know shorthand and typing did I. I did not have a leg to stand on so I went for the interview. I met the foreman named Tommy Robinson he asked me my history where I had worked and what I had done and as soon as I mentioned textiles he said I would do for him that was good enough. Apparantly during the war he got some fitters from Platts in Oldham and he said they were the best men he ever had. I asked him if he knew John Heap and he replied Heap and Konroy were two of the fitters he was talking about. Later on I found an inspector named Don Grundy who knew John Heap.

I worked a weeks notice at Geigy and started at Metro's when I started they employed eighteen thousand people that was on Turbines switch gear Railway signals electronics etc. at night it was like a football crowd going home cycles, cars, buses, pedestrians the lot. The first week I did nothing at all only watch the man who I was to replace he was called Bob Holland and he was going into development as an engineer. The job that he was teaching me was assembling Modulators for a small Scanner that was fitted in the nose of aircraft the bowl of the Scanner was about two feet in diamiter and the modulator was two feet tall and eighteen inches in diameter covers were fitted when complete and it looked like a bomb it was full of instraments, chokes, transformers, condensers etc. I did not understand how it worked. That was one of the jobs I had to do,. The other was stripping down a small power unit that was used for radar on submarines

these had been in service and had come back for repair and re-conditioning. I found the work very interesting and the work that I had done during the war helped me quite a lot.

During the lunch break I used to wander round the works and the size of the main isles where the turbines were made amazed me I had never seen anything like it. Giants overhead cranes great big rotors for the turbines and the turbines themselves huge I had no idea it was like this. Some of the assembly was done on large cast iron bed plates and one day one of the cranes was lifting a lead plate to a fresh position further up the shop when one of the chains broke and the bed plate fell down onto two men they could not be reckonised they were that flat they had to wait untill night and find out who did not clock off and check from that the two men did not work in that department and were just passing through.

The other tradgidy that happened whilst I was working at Metro's was The Munich air disaster everybody supported United and it was like a morge after the event, some of the men had a week off work they were that upset.

Pat had now left school and was attending Pitmans shorthand collage [Loreburn College - *PW*] in Manchester, after the course they offered her a job at the collage which she took for a short time. Marion and I wanted her to carry on schooling and go to collage but she would not. Later she came to work at Metro's in some lab or other [the Research Laboratory - *PW*]. The dog Beauty was now living a good life a nice garden to run about in and the people next door used to let her out whilst we were at work.

One weekend some friends of Heaps who we knew came to see us the father was interested in, Barton Swing Bridge so we took him to see it this is a road bridge that swings open when a ship wishes to come up the ship canal. There is a also an aqueduct that carrys a narrow boat canal that swings open as well as the road bridge it is full of water when it swings. The only draw back was people living the other side of the canal used to be late for work if the bridge happened to open whilst they were going to work the traffic used to build up on each side of the canal. Later on before we left Flixton they built an high level road bridge that was a big asset to Trafford Park.

Marion was doing well at work her boss recommended her for the post of secretary to the chief draughtsman but she did not like it as well as her former job and she told her old boss she did not like it. She had not been in the job long when the girl who she replaced wished to come back to work. This suited Marion because her former boss said he know of a job that was coming up. The export manager was a friend of his and he was looking for a new secretary if he could find one. Marion's old boss recommended her and she got the job. She told me it was the best job she had ever had and most interesting she came in contact with so many different people of all nationalities, she used to look after them and book them in the hotels and when Mr Heys went abroad she looked his plane flights and hotels. Mr. Heys used to think a lot about Marion because he thanked her former boss for recommending her. Marion was on the staff so we registered our car in her name so that we could put it in the staff car park under cover.

We were now running a Morris Minor car and it was a very good motor it would take you anywhere run up the side of an house if you asked it. Whone Sat. we had been to Rhyl for the day and had got within three miles off home when we reached Partington just outside Sale suddenly a car shot out of a side road on our Right and ran straight in front of us I braked but had no chance to avoid him. Marion shot forward and cought her head on the inside driving mirror also her knee on the glove compartment she was in a bad way I was just shaken up. People from a house nearby came running out and they carried Marion into there house and phoned for the Police and ambulance. They took us to Davyhulm Park Hospital where Marion had to have

above her eye and the side of her stitched also stitches in her knee. They ran us home in the ambulance and our local Dr. called next day, also the young man who had driven into us. He said he was very sorry but he did not know he was approaching a main road. Afterwards Marion had to have plastic surgery on her face this was done in a private nursing home in Withington. The car was off the road for many a week. I was a member of the R.A.C. and they fought the case for me and after much haggeling we settled for two hundred pounds so we did not make anything out of it when all the bills had been paid. Shortly after that event we exchange the car for a new Vauxhall 101 because Marion said she never felt safe in the Morris after the accident.

Pat had started to bring boy friends home about now and seemed to be having a good time and we did not object.

My sister Doris had been ill for a while now and the doctors did not do her much good so she went to see a specialist and after x rays and tests he said she had a growth and must go into Christys for deep x ray treatment. Whilst she was in hospital we used to go every Friday and bring Jim her husband to our house and then on the Saturday we used to fetch Doris out of hospital to our house and return her on Sunday night and then take Jim back to Dobcross we did this every week untill she came out of hospital. Our Doris never forgot what we had done for them but the main thing was she recovered and even the doctors were amazed because when she went for check ups the doctor said to some students, 'This patient should be dead so just take a good look at her.'

We were all doing well at work all three of us at the same place, 'all the eggs in one basket,' A new project came on our section type 800 Radar and the foreman told me that I was to work with the engineer Tom Lowdon on the job. The first thing we did was the reflector aerial built up with aluminium tubes in a framework like a huge cradle everything had to be spot on and he used to come down and check my work every day some days we worked together using an extending micrometre and various testing gauges for stress and strength because when the aerial was finished it would be mounted on a turntable well above ground level and open to all the elements. Afterwards we built the Cens frame and the turn table I will not describe these because any one reading this will be bored with it. But I was not bored when building it I thought it a great honour to have chosen to do so because this was the first one off, Plessey and other electrical firms were also playing about with this type of Radar but Metros were the first. I got so well in with the engineer that he used to take me with him to Frodsham when he was testing other Aerial equipment. My foreman Jim Levy used to run an old time dancing class and he persuaded Marion and I to join I did not enjoy it but Marion used to like going and we met different people which was a good thing for us.

Now that the type 800 was in production I was transferred to another section of work. Harwell Atomic Research had commissioned M. Vickers to make two linear accelerators one for them and one for C.E.R.N. in Switzerland the accelerator was about 40 ft. long and 5 ft. in diam. Made of copper and brass, magnets were in position all the way down this tubular construction and a beam of Protons was fed into the tube and kept in line by these magnets the Protons were speeded up by this process and came out as neutrons. I think that was it or it could have been the other way round what it was used for we never found out as it was top secret. I know it was a very difficult job lining everything up. We used to line it up by using a kind of refractory telescope that means you have a mirror target at one end and you lined up with the telescope a very tricky job as it was all new to us. When we had finished the one for Harwell I and two more fitters went to Harwell to erect it we were down there about three months and later I went down again to do a slight modification.

I knew a young man who worked at Harwell, well I knew his dad I used to work with him. I made enquiries about Mr Mettrick that was his name, and one day he came to see me whilst I was working on the job. He offered to show me around the establishment and he gave me a white coat to wear also a badge that registered radiation everyone wore these badges and they used to check them every so often to make sure the wearer had not been in contact with any radiation. It was a great experience going round I saw all sorts of things including white mice monkeys, etc. used for experimentation. Whilst at Harwells at weekends I went to various places in Berkshire and roundabout Windsor Castle, Oxford, Henley and Newbury where all the racing stables are.

Pat had been going out with a young man named Alan Jenkins and they were talking about getting married but he still had his national service to do as he had been deferred so that he could study for his exams. Anyway they did get married at Flixton Church and they lived with us whilst he did his national service. When he came out they bought a house in Hollingworth near Glossop. It was not long before they had their first child Stephen. Marion thought that there was no one like Stephen even if he did make her a grandmother.

10. Back to Saddleworth

All our weekends were now taken up by visiting relations in Saddleworth who were all getting older. My mother had gone to live with Doris and Jim but after a while it became too much for our Doris and her doctor said she could not keep it up unless she wanted to be ill. Eventually my mother went into a home in Huddersfield and she was quite content there. One day she got up out of her chair to help a woman she fell and broke her hip. They took her to hospital but after a few days she died. Marion and I were with her. It was a sad loss to Marion and I because she had been good mother to both of us.

Pat's second child Christine had now been born. We had lived in Flixton about fourteen years and we were doing very nicely a new car every three years paying for them on H.P. but we could afford it with both of us working and it was our only pleasure we did not go out drinking.

One Saturday John Pilling came to see us he lived in Diggle and worked at the place where I served my apprenticeship H.H. & Co. he was a foreman in the gear cutting in those days but now he was a manager. He asked me if I ever thought about going back to live in Saddleworth I said 'why' he replied I have a job for you if you want it. He explained that they were starting on machine tool fitting and they wanted someone to set up an inspection dept. also there was an empty house near by that we could rent after it had been modernised. He left us to think it over. Metropolitan Vickers were now A.E.I. and Weinstock was the head man and he had cut down the work force to about 1200 also he intended all the electronics division to be transferred to Leicester in fact my foreman advised me to go and get a job on the Turbine section where at the moment I could choose the job I wanted but later they would put the work force where they wanted it to be. I went and got a job on the blading section which was supposed to be one of the lightest jobs this was balancing the blades in the rotors and fitting them. I did not care for the job and you had to work nights in your turn.

Marion and I talked the matter over about us returning to Saddleworth, she was not in favour because she had such a good job and Mr Heys said that if he was transferred to Leicester he would take her with him. I said, what about me? She replied he would find me a job at the same time. After a lot of discussion we decided to return to Saddleworth because as Marion said we were going up there every week to see relations and that would be impossible if we moved to Leicester.

This was another slip up that I made I was not to know it at the time but a few years later I realized we had done the wrong thing.

I settled down in my new job as inspector this was something they had never had at H.H. & Co. and a lot of the men could not work to the limits required and I had difficulty in making them understand when I turned some of the work down. Marion in the meantime had various jobs but found it very hard to be the junior typist when she had been used to giving every whon orders I felt very sorry for her. Eventually she did get a job at Ferranti Waterhead which was similar to her old one at A.E.I.

After three years the H.H. & Co. works closed down and I was out of work. I got a job at measurments Meter works at Dobcross maintenance. I stuck at that for eighteen months and because the foreman and I did not agree I left and started at Ferranties. it was piece work and the limits were that tight that you could not make a job pay because if you worked quickly you could not get the job passed by inspection. If you took your time and did the job properally you had no bonus and the pay packet was down. I stuck it for twelve months and then got a job at Ferro Statics in Glossop and this was more to my satisfaction and I enjoyed working there. After tow years I was made redundant. It was a case of last in first out even the superintendant had had to go. Marion said that things were better at Ferranties now as the unions had stepped in and all prices of jobs had been reviewed so back I went to Ferranties same job same boss but it was a lot easier to make a wage.

One day a fitter who worked in the test lab. told me that he was leaving and why did I not apply for his job. I went to see his foreman and he said that the job was mine if my own foreman would release me. I approached my foreman and asked him for a release but he would not give me one. I said in that case I shall leave at the first opertunaty. About this time one or two of the fitters had left and gone to A.R. Roes aircraft one of them said he would get me an interview if I so wished. I went for an interview and got a job so I handed in my weeks notice on the Friday afternoon when I was due to leave I had drawn my pay and got my cards and everything when a gentleman came up to me and asked me if I would like to work for him. I asked him who he was he said he was the engineer over Test and test equipment. I said that I had applied for a job on his section but my foreman would not let me go. He replied that he knew this but the problem was you were not allowed to take men off a section if the foreman would not let you go. I told him that I had got my cards and money and a job to go to on the Monday. He said is name was Alan England and he would give me one hour to think about it. I did not know what to do so I went to the under foreman with wholm I was friendly and explained the situation to him and asked his advice. He said it does not need any thinking about pick up that phone and tell him you except the job you are getting to old to be crawling in and out of air frames and you will find this a good job. I accepted the job and it was a good move. It meant that I could still take Marion home at night and I would be in contact with her during the day if ever I wished, she was very pleased.

My new foreman was Keven Leyland and he was on Oldham Council the job involved making test gear for commisioning dept. I was the fitter and three wire men also worked in the dept. A lot of my time was spent in doing jobs for Alan England and his friends, making coffee tables, roof racks and various things for his caravan and the foreman gave me plenty of work to do on the side, needless to say when I made anything if I required one I made one for myself. Once when the fitters had a dispute they went on strike and we had to go out with them we were out for nine weeks. Marion made friends with Ethel Romfell a lady who lived in Uppermill and worked at Cairo [Mill].

Marions Aunt Edith had died and Pat had a child Michiel, but reading between the lines Pat was not to happy with her husband at this time. We talked it over but I told Marion it was none of our business, but she was all in favour of confronting him. We were both very happy at work and I think Marion had forgiven me for dragging her away from Flixton and her job at A.E.I. some of her friends still wrote to her and gave her all the latest news. Pat's troubles came to a head and she got a divorce and went to live at Simmondly taking the three children with her. It was a strougle for her but she coped very well

I am now coming up to retiring age Marion has all ready had to retire at sixty. We have talked it over and decided to move again. The trouble was living in Diggle shortage of shops no chemist or doctor and a bad bus service and when you get old these are the things you have to bear in mind. My brother told me about a person that was leaving Uppermill and his house would be up for sale shortly. We went to have a look at the house, it used to be owned by the council but he had bought it from them, the price was reasiable so we put a deposit on it. We sold our house in Diggle and moved into the new one in 1978. I cannot say that it has been a good house for us. First of all I have had operation for gall bladder removal also at a later date removall of a polpipus in my seat. Marion's heart was not to good and there was allways the threat of pleaurisy which she had twice before and it had left her lungs pretty weak, also the neighbours were not to good and Marion was a person who could not bite her tongue and let things slide over her she allways said what she thought which in my opinion is not allways the best thing to do, I think if you ignore people they get more frustrated than if you answer them back.

11. Retirement

After retiring I got a part time job and Marion had one or two part time jobs, but as she got older she gave these up and devoted her spare time in going to C.A.B. as an adviser, she enjoyed doing this work so I did not object. Her other hobby was our grandson Michiel we used to have him every week end and at holiday times. She used to take him to the baths and got him swimming and I think we tought him the basics in life which I hope he will remember in years to come.

It is now the year 1982. The worst year in all my life. April 6th Doris went into hospital she died on April 17. Marion contacted some sort of flue bug and was very ill she could not go to the funeral. Thirteen days after the funeral Marion had a severe stroke and went into hospital. She was in hospital sixteen weeks and five days. I am not relating all the upset and anguish that we all suffered during those weeks. She had been home ten weeks when I fell down stairs and cracked three ribs and damaged my knee, consequently Marion had to go back in to hospital because the doc. Said I could not manage her, she was in hospital three weeks.

1982 came to an end but I am sorry to say Marion was not improving in any way. May 11th 1983 Marion went back in hospital for intensive Physio. Treatment. I had an attack of angina and Dr. Bhans who was also Marion's doctor at the hospital came to give me a check up. Mean while Marion has had a relapse she is now worse than she has ever been before. June 28th attended Bhan's clinic after X ray and everything else he said I was O.K. if I took things easy and just carried on normally. As regards Marion I would never be able to have her back home I could not manage her so she would have to go on the long stay ward they moved her on July 14th two weeks after she died. I have not put down all details as they are written in my Diary. She was buried on August 2nd 1983 aged 68 she is in Dobcross church yard in my Father and Mother's grave at her feet is Annie Woodcock a good friend of ours when we lived in Diggle in fact our next door neighbour.

Life is very queer Annie and her sister-in-law came to see Marion one day and on the way home Annie said to Amy, 'I would not like to be like Marion is'. A few months later she was suffering from the same complaint but she did not last very long and died before Marion and now they are both resting in peace.

12. Happy Times We Spent Together

Our first holiday was our honeymoon which we spent at, Heanor in Derbyshire at the home of Marion's great aunt, 'Nell', her husband was killed down the pit, Across from the cottage was the, Dame Edith Sitwell estate, we visited various relatives round about including some on a farm. I have forgotten all the names. Marion enjoyed it I think it was the first holiday she had away from her mother.

The following year Pat was born so we did not go on holiday. Marion's mother went to Scotland. Ogden Taylor and his wife Anne also they had a son Ogden the same age as Pat. They came and spent a week with us, every day we played tennis at Clifton Holm. Luckily it was a fine week, during the week at a church fete in Delph they held a baby show Pat won 2nd prize John Bacon came in 1st. The next holiday that we had we went to Ryhl and stayed at Mrs. Polletts Water St.

The first tea time we all sat down together Pat gave a slight 'Berp' and said excuse me 'Wrigleys Bread' 'Wrigleys' was our local baker of course this broke the ice and everybody became friends. Pat stayed on for a second week with my sister Doris and her husband Jim they had no children so they enjoyed having Pat with them. At this time war broke out.

The next holiday was during the war, we went to Great Yarmouth and we did not like it, first of all the digs were shocking also everything was taken over by the army and air force. The second day we saw Mr & Mrs Rhodes and son Trevor who lived near us in Delph and we told them about the digs and they said come and stay where we are it is very good so we left and moved in to their boarding house and after that we had quite a good holiday. In between times Pat was going on Holidays with Marion's Aunt Edith and Uncle Taylor, to Southport and to Relations in Derbyshire.

Our next holiday was Southport, Pat was getting over Hooping Cough so we thought it would do her good, in those days, we only had a weeks holiday so after the first week I came home to work and Marion and Pat stayed on for a further week and I went the following weekend to bring them home.

The next year we went to Southport with Edith and John Heap we went in style because they had a car.

The following year we went to Bispham Blackpool quite a party of us, Marion, Pat, Edith Heap, Lucy Watson and her two girls and we stayed at Lucy's relatives who also had children so we had quite a party I was the only male.

After this we moved to Flixton and Pat was going to Grammar School, that year we went to Great Yarmouth again and took one of Pat's friends with us. We enjoyed it better this time because we now had a car and could get about and see the countryside round about. One day we took a trip round the bay to, 'Seal Island,' on an M.T.B. boat Pat and her friend were sitting on the top deck and we were below them. After leaving the shelter of the harbour and meeting the open sea the

boat started to toss about a little and this girl with Pat went green and was then sick of course the wind spread it about and everywhon on board got some of it, we pretended not to know the girl (rotton bugger).

I think the following year we went to a Holiday Hotel at Westward Hoe this time we took Anne Lubeck and Joan Tibbot with us, we all enjoyed it, the three girls all got a boy friend, Pat's was called David Pew from London and she wrote to him when we returned home, she also went down to see him at is home, I cannot remember if he came to our house or not.

The following year was the best holiday we ever had together we Hired a kind of House Boat moored in the channel at Falmouth. Mr & Mrs. Armatage and daughter Jan lived on board with us and Pat's boy friend David Pew went with us ? it could be just the three of us went the first year and David went with us the second time. It was the ideal holiday messing about in boats, Jan taught me to sail and we went to different places up the river Fal by outboard motor, St. Just etc. the time of our lives good company at night playing, MahJongg with a captain of a Ocean going yacht on which Pat had a sail to the Needles one day.

We went to Falmouth three years in succession the last time Jenkins went with us. I remember one year we went a day early and stayed at Tottness with a lovely family I called her Mrs. Miniver. I have overrun my story by a year or two, one year we toured Devon and Cornwall and finished up spending a few days at Falmouth thats how we found Falmouth and fell in love with it, this was the week before the Lynmouth floods whatever year that was. I think that was the last holiday that Pat had with us. The one on 'Nerance' with Jenkins.

It must have been about this time when we went to Norway with Edith Heap, quite a good holiday a big change first time out of England. We sailed to Oslo had a few days in Oslo and then boarded a sailing vessel mail boat to be exact which sailed up the coast calling at different ports untill we reached Bergan we lived on board good food all the time. It was a holiday never to be forgotten we saw things we shall never see again lovely country & people.

The following year we went to, Austria 'Lecke' we were not very struck with it.

Next we ventured a little further afield Yugoslavia. Marion did enjoy these holidays we must have gone four years in succession and enjoyed every one the photographs that we have prove that. The second year we became friends with two more couples one from London and one from Middleton also Vera our first courier who arranged to meet us every year and travelled about with us, as she was at Jagrebb [Zagreb] University she made it her holiday. What good times we had the happiest time of our lives, something they cannot take away from me.

These were the last holidays we had but we had the car so we used to go to Lincolnshire very often untill Edith died.

We had one or two holidays with the grand children. Also at one spell we used to go to Aberdaron Wales with two friends from Metro. Vickers on the whole we did not do to bad. They are good times to look back on.

13. Later in my life

After Marion died I am afraid that I went down hill all the way, out every night drinking with two pals who could take it better than me. This went on for quite some time and what bit of money that I had was going down the drain and I was becoming a wreck of a man.

One night at Dobcross Band Club I met a young woman seventeen years younger than me and I asked her for a date. We met the following week, and from then on we struck up a friendship that lasted nine years. We went out together every week end dancing, Clubs, etc. Saturdays, dancing at Osram club Sundays lunches and days out, holidays abroad every year. One night at Osram a woman said to Alison 'but for you this fellow would be dead now the way he was living when he and his pals used to come here the last thing every Sunday.

Everything must come to an end and Alison was not the Lady that I first met she had other interests now bowling, keep fit, and other friends and I felt I was the second best the bowling was interfering with our weekends our last two week end breaks were not a success owing to me. Any way she called one Friday and said she thought we should see less of each other for a while but still remain good friends. I said no if you want to pack it in we finish all together and this we did after nine years. It was a bad thing for me and I felt just like I did when Marion left me. When I was on my own at night I thought about everything and I could see both her point of view in my opinion she was still a young woman and I was getting to be an old man. Also to be quite honest I was getting tired of the way things were going. Lees & Hey every Saturday catching a bus down wet or fine, then a taxi home at night. Sunday out to lunch then back to my house or hers then thats another weekend gone just like the previous one so now I am content to sit and watch the Teli with sometimes a bottle to keep me company.

Wed. dinner at Pats more oft than not Sunday dinner time up at the club a pint or two with friends bowling when it comes and this will be the rest of my life untill the END.

Taken all round I have not had a bad life, some good time and some bad.

Nov. 4th 1997

I am just wondering is it all worth while, I have the winter to face and day times not to bad, but the nights are the trouble!

April 20th 1993 OLD AGE

Old age is not anything I would wish on my worst enemy.

All your life you look forward to finishing, clocking off at work and what is the result ——

The first thing shortage of money lower standard of living.

Then after a few years the aches and pains appear, rheumatics, Arthritis, then your water works does not function as it should. Every morning when you get up it takes one hour before you are fit for anything full of catarrh coughing and spitting and gasping like a broken down organ. You

get one or two perks Leisure Pass, Bus Pass, a bit of bowling in the summer, but the Winter is deadly shut up all day nothing but the box & radio no wonder a man turns to drink.

I vote for the pill any time!

March 18th 1998

Friday night 10.00 after a glass or two.

I am now in my 86th year Winter has just about finished and I look forward to Summer. When you live on your own as I do this is your program luckily I still run a car so I can get about a little.

I rise about 9.00 hang about for ½ hour untill I have got rid of my coughing and flem then I make breakfast, just toast, porrage or cornflakes then a rest before washing up. After a few puffs on my inhalers I am ready for the day it is now about 10.00 to 10.30 a.m. now I sit and read untill dinner time, Pat may have called in between.

I cannot walk any distance now short of breath if I go to the shops I have to stop on the way and recover my breath in other words I am buggered. I used to go to Dove Stones it took me 1 ½ hours to walk round the last time I went I just walked the length of the dam and had to turn back.

I have been in door bowling Tues. & Thurs. I can manage this if I take my time and keep having a puff on my inhaler. I do not know how I shall perform when the green opens I shall have to wait and see.

[My father never played bowls again. He was taken to hospital on his 86th birthday, 3rd April. As President of Dobcross Band Club he should have opened the green at Easter. He died on 3rd May 1998. – PW]

SADDLEWORTH HISTORICAL SOCIETY
NEWSLETTER - WINTER - 2002
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This newsletter is a welcome opportunity to announce the first two Historical Society Lectures of 2003, each being by a Society member.

Wednesday 22nd January, 03. 7.30 p.m. Saddleworth Museum.
George Shaw - A Man of his Time. by Alan Petford.

Wednesday 5th February, 03 2.00 p.m. Gallery Oldham.
Gallery Oldham Behind the Scenes. by Peter Fox.

The latter occasion is a specially organised event to visit this new and spectacular building in Oldham.

At the Annual General Meeting in December it was decided to increase the Membership Subscription for 2003, a hopeful provision for the coming publication of our new book 'Saddleworth Villages', which is to be introduced for the Saddleworth Festival of the Arts in May.

The Membership Rates, therefore, are as follows:-

January 2003- January 2004

Family Membership.....	£14.00
Single Membership	£12.00
Retired - Single & Family	£ 9.00
Student Membership	£ 9.00
Overseas members.....	USA & Canada 40 dollars or £15.00 sterling.
	Australia & New Zealand..... £15.00 sterling.

Enquiries regarding membership should be addressed to the Hon. Membership Secretary,
Pastures Farm Flat, Back o'th' Low Road, Strinesdale, Saddleworth, Yorks. OL4 4SG
Tel. No. 0161-785-8268

J. Hindle.

CURRENT SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS

Books

SADDLEWORTH FROM THE AIR. By Professor Barri Jones. £12.75

SADDLEWORTH 1914 -1919: The experience of a Pennine community during the Great War. By K. W. Mitchinson. Soft backed £5.00 Hard backed £10.00

CHERRY VALLEY CHRONICLES: 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. Transcribed by Maurice Dennett. £5.00

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 collection of historical essays. (WEA Publication.) £2.00

HUDDERSFIELD NARROW CANAL: A compendium of articles from the Saddleworth Historical Society Bulletin on the construction of the Canal. £3.60

Local Interest Trails.

Walks around Saddleworth: Illustrated with notes on local history and landscapes. £1.20 each

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| 1. DELPH, HEIGHTS AND GRANGE | 7. DELPH |
| 2. UPPERMILL | 8. LYDGATE AND GROTON |
| 3. GREENFIELD | 9. DOBCROSS |
| 4. HUDDERSFIELD NARROW CANAL | 10. DIGGLE |
| 5. GRASSCROFT | 11. CASTLESHAW |
| 6. DENSHAW | |

Maps

STREET GUIDE TO SADDLEWORTH: An A2 comprehensive Street Map of the area. £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 *Out of print*

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

LOWER GRAVEYARD PLAN, Saddleworth Church. £3.00

Pamphlets

ADDRESS TO THE VARIOUS CLASSES OF MEN IN SADDLEWORTH: 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. By Daniel Nield. £0.75

Items are available at the Saddleworth Museum and at local bookshops, or by post from the Society's Publications Officer, Mr Graham Griffiths, 6 Slackcote, Delph, Oldham, OL3 5TW (Tel: 01457 870159). Please make cheques payable to Saddleworth Historical Society and add 20% postage and packing for delivery outside Saddleworth.