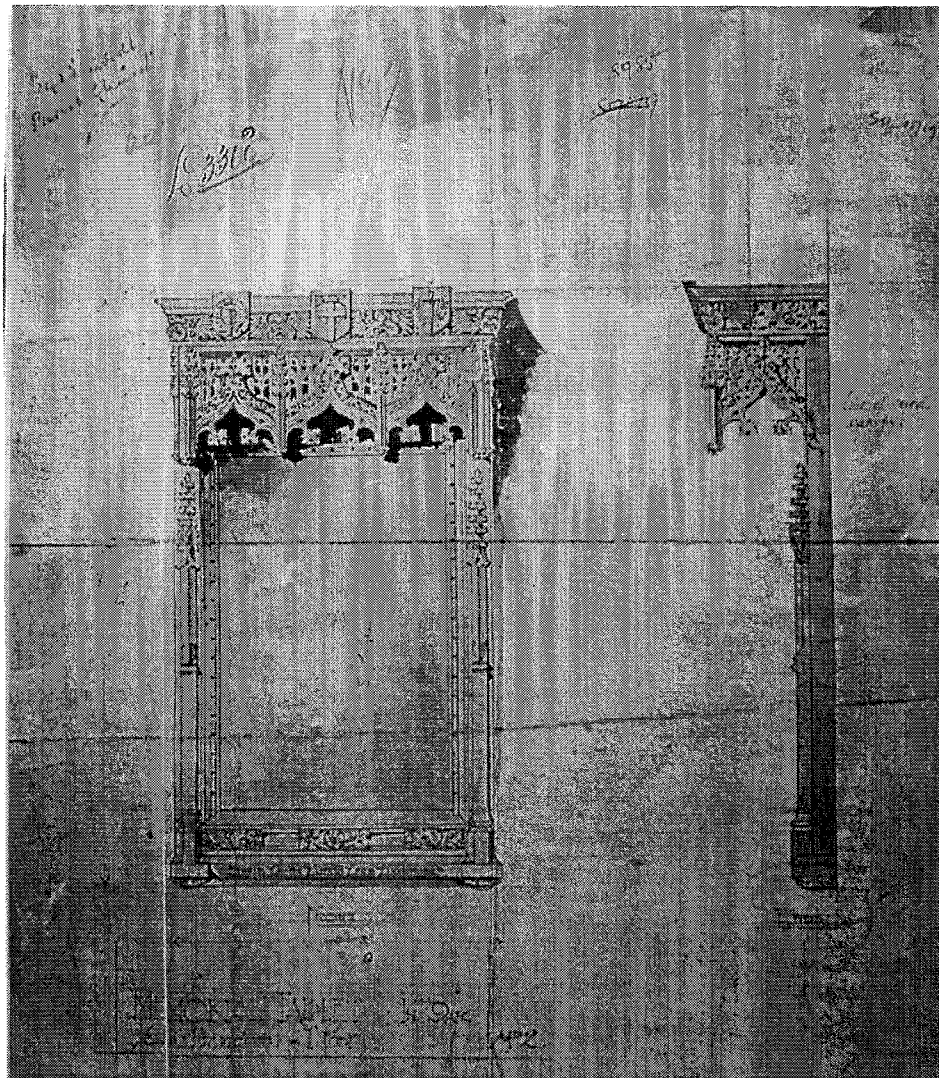


Saddleworth Historical Society Bulletin



Volume 34 Number 2 Summer 2004

Bulletin of the Saddleworth Historical Society

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Cover illustration: Memorial to the Fallen, St Chad's, Architect's Drawing
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Saddleworth Historical Society

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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.

Saddleworth Archives

Neil Barrow

This is the first in a series of articles in which important and interesting items from the Archives of the Saddleworth Museum will be published in the Bulletin

M/GX/K/B/145 Memorial to the Fallen, St Chad's, Saddleworth. Architects' drawings (copy)

Size $13\frac{5}{8} \times 15\frac{1}{2}$ inches Scale $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches = 1 foot

The memorial was designed in 1919 by the office of Henry Jones and Son, architects, Southport. They were also the architects for several churches and memorials in the Southport area.

The names of seventy-nine men were inscribed on the plaque and these are all recorded on Saddleworth War Memorial on Pots and Pans. Their details can be found in Mitchenson¹. As always, family historians should cross check information. The J Richard Byram on the plaque is in fact Thomas Richard Byram²: the T probably being misread as a J. Additionally the fact that he was a lance-corporal is omitted.

Related items in the Archives

M/GX/KB/17 Brochure, Unveiling Ceremony St Chad's Uppermill 1921
Brochure, Unveiling Ceremony, Pots and Pans, 1923
Correspondence 1920-25

M/GX/OBH/8 Brochure, Unveiling War Memorial, St Mary's, Greenfield, 1924

I would like to thank David Hampson of Bank Gap, Diggle for locating this drawing and Roy Jones of Norman Jones, Sons & Rigby of Southport for providing information.

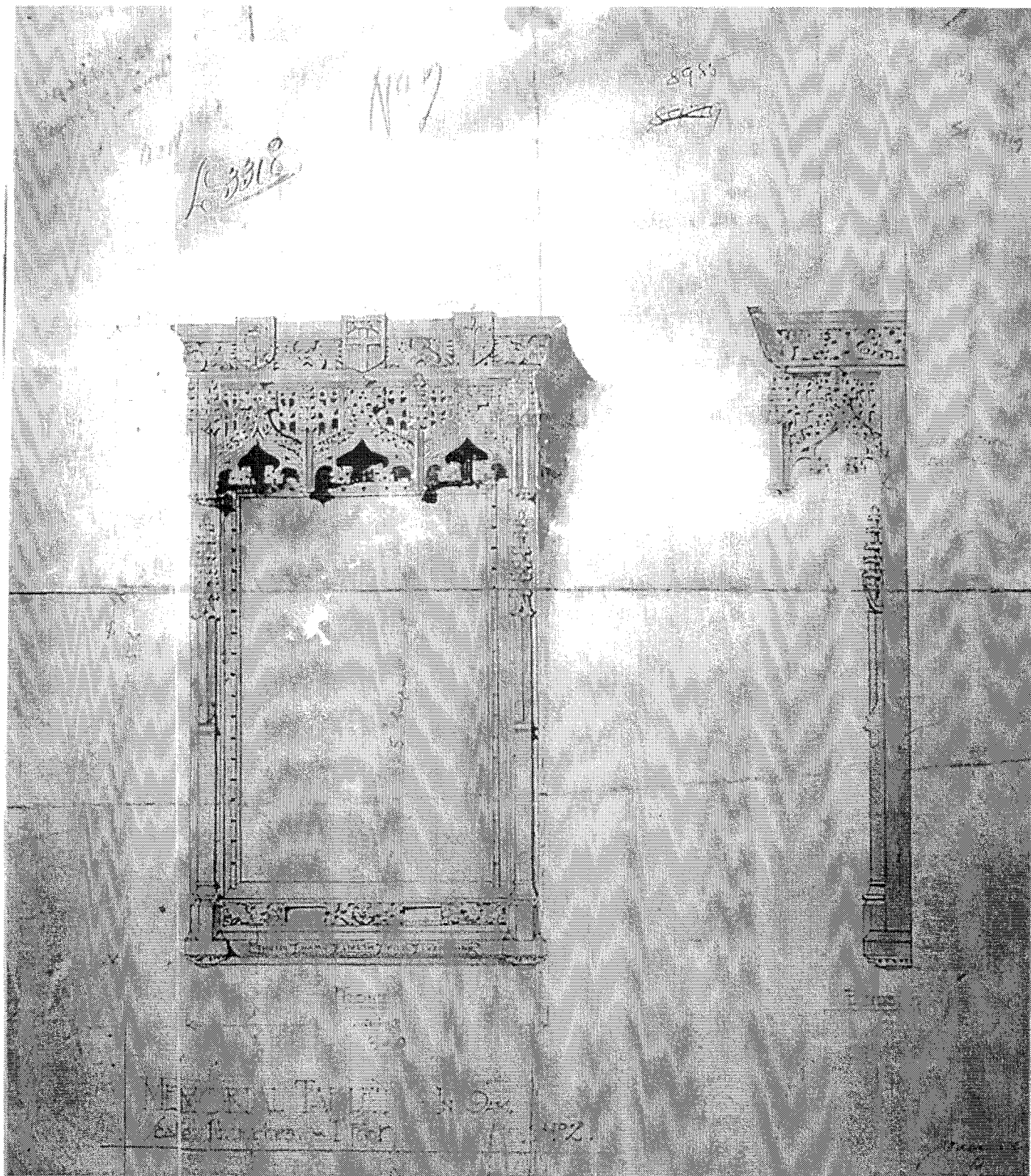
References

- 1 Mitchinson, K.W. Saddleworth 1914-1919: The Experience of a Pennine
Community during the Great War, SHS, 1995
- 2 www.cwgc.org

Useful websites

www.iwm.org.uk

www.war-memorials.co



Lancashire and Yorkshire Textile Mills

Part One

Roger N. Holden

The textile industries and their mills of Lancashire and Yorkshire have been studied in some detail over the years but in isolation from each other, so it seemed worthwhile to try to bring the study of mills in the two counties together and develop some comparisons. The two industries differed in the types of fibre being processed and methods of processing, resulting in mills of different size and layout. Different construction materials were used and together with differing geography produced contrasting landscapes. The business organisation of the industries was also different. What is said here applies to the period after 1850, that is after the classic period of the Industrial Revolution which has been dealt with by writers such as George Ingle in his book on Yorkshire Cotton.

Lancashire.

The Lancashire textile industry concentrated almost exclusively on one fibre, cotton, which was divided functionally and geographically into spinning and weaving. The spinning mills were concentrated in south-east Lancashire and north-east Cheshire, basically the area now designated Greater Manchester although not including Saddleworth. They produced a characteristic landscape of rows of red-brick terraced houses over-shadowed by giant red-brick mills, carrying their names on their water towers and chimneys. Many of these mills were built during the Edwardian period but a lot have now been demolished. Nevertheless, there are areas, particularly around Chadderton and Hollinwood, where something of this landscape can still be seen. The cotton spinning region itself was divided into two districts, Oldham producing coarse and medium yarns from American cotton while Bolton produced fine counts from Egyptian cotton. The importance of Oldham should never be underestimated, in 1911 it contained 27% of all spindles in Lancashire, one eighth of all the spindles in the World, compared with only 12% in Bolton. On this basis Oldham is seriously under-represented in the English Heritage List of Buildings of Historical and

Architectural Significance, 13 mills in Bolton are listed but, excluding the 3 in Saddleworth, only 10 in Oldham which excludes major groups like the four at Whitegate, Chadderton. Oldham was once renowned as the town of chimneys but now only three chimneys survive intact, all others have been demolished or stumped. Of these three only Manor Mill, Chadderton, is listed, the other two, Sandy at Royton and Royd at Hollinwood are not.

By comparison with the later spinning mills, those built before 1850, such as Ryecroft Mills, Ashton-under-Lyne, were narrow being 40 to 50 feet deep. As in all industries, the cotton industry was under pressure to increase productivity. This could be done by speeding up machinery but also by constructing spinning mules, on which the Lancashire industry at this time depended, of greater length while still manning them with a spinner and two piecers. By the end of the nineteenth century mules of up to 1200 spindles were being constructed and these required mills of around 140 feet in width. Pursuit of economies of scale led to mills having in excess of 100,000 spindles.

The Sun Mill at Chadderton, sadly now demolished, was built in the early 1860s and represented something of a 'step change' in the industry. It was built by a limited liability company, not a private partnership, and was the first of the 'Oldham Limiteds' which greatly expanded Oldham's spinning capacity in the later part of the nineteenth century and up to 1914. It was larger than previous mills in the district. After 1900 Oldham mills followed an almost standardised form of layout, well represented by Maple No.1 Mill, Hathershaw, of 1904. This has four storeys plus basement. The top three storeys were mule spinning rooms, housing a total of 90,000 spindles while the raised ground floor housed the card room. The card room had an extension at the back, known as the card shed, so all the preparative machinery could be housed on one floor. In the basement was the cotton room and warehousing. The staircase tower on the front corner of the mill was extended upwards to form a water tower which held a tank for the fire sprinkler system. The water tower carried the name of the mill and was decorated in a style characteristic of the architect Sidney Stott. On the opposite corner of the mill was the engine house, which housed a steam engine of 1000hp to drive the mill, together with the boiler house and chimney.



Maple No-2 Mill, Oldham - A typical Edwardian cotton spinning mill.

Externally, construction is of red-brick with large rectangular windows. Internally cast-iron columns support rolled steel girders which form the frame work for a brick-arch floor. The roof is a flat, tank, roof which was the most common form of roof as it provided the simplest means of roofing these large areas. The office building adjoins the entrance to the front of the mill. The adjoining No.2 mill of similar layout was added in 1915, but uses concrete filler joist floor construction in place of brick arches.

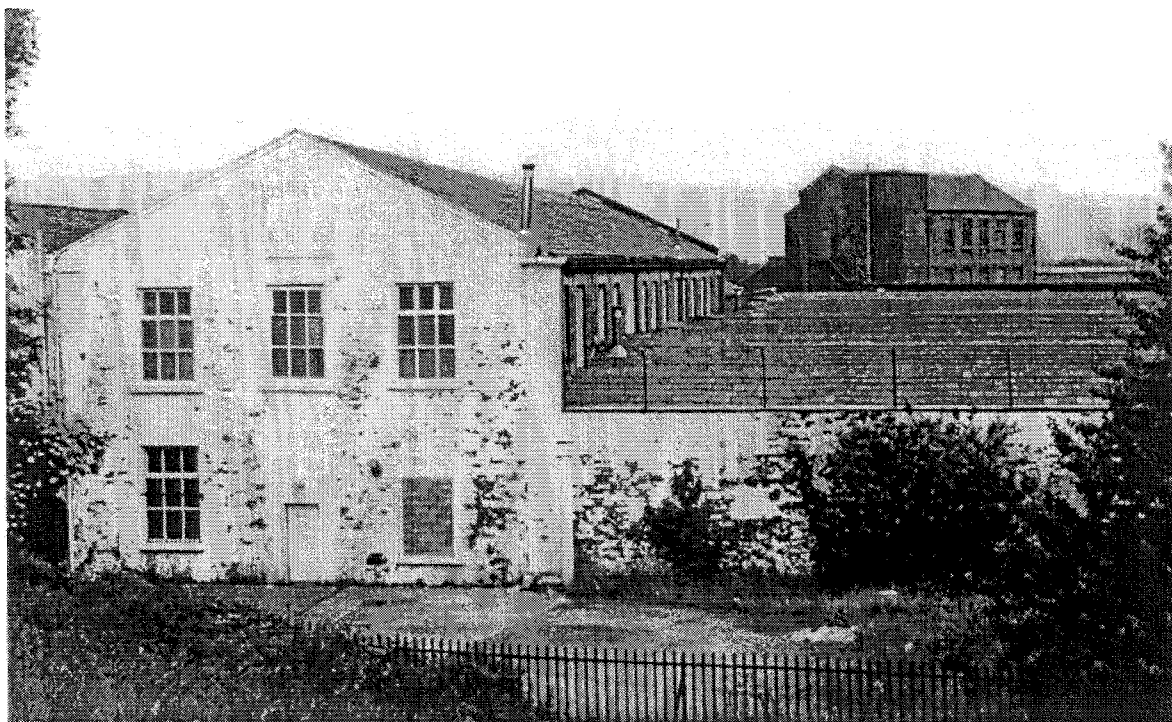
Some Edwardian mills were larger than Maple and a good example is Pear Mill in Stockport, which is now listed grade 2*, and stands complete including chimney. This was built 1908-1912 and equipped for Bolton fine counts spinning. At 137,000 spindles Pear was a large mill and it has six stories plus basement. The layout followed the same pattern, with cotton room and warehousing in the basement, the raised ground floor forming the card room then the top five floors being mule rooms. The architects here were Stott & Sons who were noted for elaborate use of decoration in terra-cotta and yellow brick. Here the name Pear

has provided a theme, most prominently on the water tower the roof of which is pear-shaped. This mill was intended as a double mill but the second-half was never built, the blank east wall of the mill bearing witness to this fact. The engine house was intended for both mills and the engine installed, of 4000hp, was large enough for this purpose. The office building here was separate from the main building of the mill, adjoining the entrance into the yard, and this was the most common arrangement. The office held the boardroom, manager's office, general office and a workshop for the roller coverer who doubled up as receptionist.

The characteristic Lancashire spinning mill of this period was the stand-alone mill of the form we have described. Sometime a second, or even a third, mill would be added but this would also be a stand alone mill, as at Maple. However, in Bolton private spinners were of much greater importance and some of these built up large mill complexes over a period of time, contrasting with the single mill companies of Oldham. A good example of this, which has been largely demolished in recent years, was the Atlas Mills of John Musgrave and Sons, on Chorley Old Road, where there were no fewer than eight mills. Basically, each of these was still a mill in its own right but there were some buildings which serviced all the mills, notably the cotton store, a type of building which has not been identified in Oldham. This building has survived and houses the engines of the Northern Mill Engine Society. A somewhat different example was Sunnyside Mills of Tootal Broadhurst & Lee at Daubhill. Again most of this has been demolished but this was an integrated mill with both multi-storey spinning and single storey weaving mills.

Later limited liability companies did build mills in Bolton, such as Swan Lane Mills, Dove Mill and Croal Mill. Note that limited liability companies took their name from the mill whereas the private company mill usually had a name distinct from that of the company. Thus Swan Lane Mill was operated by the Swan Lane Spinning Company Limited.

weaving shed. Alma Mill, Blackburn, of 1859, housing 400 looms is a good example of this form which seems to have been the most common form around this date. The engine house for a beam engine of 25hp is at one end of the preparation block and the walls of the mill are of rubble stone.



Columbia Mill, Blackburn. A weaving mill with weaving shed and multi-storey preparation block.

However, weaving mills with multi-storey preparation blocks continued to be built into the twentieth century. An example of this is Westfield Mill, Barnoldswick, of 1911 which housed 1156 looms and would have had an engine of around 600 hp. The wall of the preparation block facing the road is almost devoid of windows. The walls are of squared masonry. The alternative form of weaving shed did not have the multi-storey preparation block but was totally single storey and this seems to have been the more common form after

1900. Grane Mill at Haslingden, already mentioned, was of this form and Didsbury Street Mill, Blackburn, built in 1912, is another good example. Its red-brick walls present a somewhat anonymous front to the road, but the entrance is found to lead into a court-yard with the engine house and boiler house facing, the twist warehouse and sizing house to the right and the cloth warehouse on the left, all clearly labelled and dated on the cast-iron lintels over their entrances.

During the early twentieth century a number of single storey north light roof buildings were also constructed for ring spinning, which may be mistaken for weaving sheds. A surviving example is Empress Mill at Wigan. Single storey spinning mills provided for more efficient material handling but required more land. Two such buildings were also constructed for doubling, Spur Doubling Mill at Reddish, which survives largely intact, and Harp Doubling Mill at Castleton.

Integrated spinning and weaving mills were few in number by the 1900s. Those that did exist were mostly associated with the older private companies, like Sunnyside Mills at Bolton which was discussed above. However, during the Edwardian era three integrated mills were built by public companies, these were Talbot Mill at Chorley, Eccles Mill at Patricroft and Premier Mill at Stalybridge. Talbot was a large mill with 111,000 mule spindles, 25,000 ring spindles and 1,700 looms. Eccles Mill was technologically advanced with 40,000 ring spindles and 1,000 Northrop automatic looms. Northrop looms required ring yarn and close control of yarn quality which was possible only in an integrated mill. Talbot and Eccles both had multi-storey spinning blocks and single storey weaving sheds but Premier Mill housed both 21,600 ring spindles and 1,017 looms in a single storey shed.

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Another distinct branch of the cotton industry was the finishing industry, which bleached, dyed and printed the grey cloth produced by the weaving mills. This part of the industry has not been adequately studied by either economic historians or industrial archaeologists so nothing much can be said about its buildings. Strines Printworks, between Marple and New Mills, provides an example. Although established in the late eighteenth century the range of single storey, red brick, buildings surviving on the site date from the 1920s..

An Uppermill Schooling

Michael Fox.

I began school one September morning in 1961. The venue was the Parochial Hall, by Pickhill Lane in Uppermill. This erstwhile drill hall had been commandeered to house the first two years of the infants because the main school building, on Lee Street, had become too small for the purpose.

The first year was taught by Mrs A. This small, bespectacled woman proved to be a relatively gentle shepherdess to the thirty or so young lambs that formed our class. Patience and quiet spokenness are what I chiefly recall of her, together with an aversion to employing the tactic of exploding periodically in histrionics and wrath that was the hallmark of some other teachers I would encounter in senior school.

Our class was lodged in an obscure corner, upstairs and at the rear of this ugly shed of a building, which from the outside seemed all discoloured asbestos sheeting and regimented lines of windows. It was in this small room, with its view of Chapel Street and Uppermill Square, that I was taught the rudiments of reading and writing. Complementing the teacher's soft-voiced instruction was a textbook that each successive day as our comprehension grew would reveal to us a little more of the simple pampered world of the two Scotch terriers, Mac and Tosh.

Helped by aids such as this, I grasped reading fairly quickly; numbering was a little harder. One vivid recollection is of a morning spent wrestling with what at first seemed the incomprehensible sequence of numbers beyond twelve. What satisfaction there was in finally mastering the problem! I recollect that tasks such as this were sometimes conducted with chalk and a piece of slate; perhaps, even at this relatively recent date, paper was thought too precious a resource to squander on a five year old.

My second year brought an end to such primitive methods, as we exchanged our eyrie upstairs for the light and spacious main hall. The change had its drawbacks, however. From

the first it was clear that the relatively easy-going ways of Mrs A. were only for the youngest; big boys and girls like ourselves were felt to need a tighter rein. Mrs B was the person deputed to apply this. On occasion kindly – sometimes even seen to smile – her usual mode was to tower over the class, exuding an authority which everyone quickly found was the height of folly to ignore. In Mrs A's class discipline was exercised by a brief raising of the voice, or at most, a light tap; in Mrs B's the sharp resonance of hard slaps was a regular backcloth to the school day.

It may be significant that whilst I can recall nothing of the teaching in this second year, the gaps in between lessons stick in my mind. At some point during each day Mrs B would take pity on our exertions and command us to lay our heads on our desks for a blessed few minutes of calm. Another respite – albeit regarded more as a treat, than a right, and prone to withdrawal as sanction for bad behaviour – was given by the bringing out of the sand pit. What we were expected to learn from making little hills of sand and pouring bucket fulls of water over them is beyond me, but the licence to create a mess was much appreciated.

Official playtime was, of course, reserved for the playground. Twice a day, weather allowing, we would disgorge in a running, raucous crowd to the small square of rough grass at the back of the school, overlooked by the grim and admonishing red-brick bulk of the Saddleworth Police Station. These brief interludes of laughter, chatter and chase probably taught us as much as all the efforts of our mistresses in the dusty and mouldering building adjacent. The lessons were of a very different kind, however; friendships and enmities would bloom and wither here with what, looking back, seems unaccountable speed.

The games we played helped this process along. Often they would be initiated by someone bawling above the hubbub, "all join on!" Continuing to shout these words, he (never 'she' – this was not a role for the girls) would hold out his arms in cruciform and, like a scarecrow in motion, walk about the playground. Others – boys and girls alike – would gather to the summons, linking themselves together to form a line which, with its instigator at its centre, swept the playground like the spiralling arms of a galaxy. The, the game to be played – typically a riotous, disorganised 'tig' – would be finalised and proceedings commence.

One afternoon towards the end of the second year in the infants, our class was led the few hundred yards to the parent school on Lee Street. Assembled in an awestruck hush in the hall, we listened as the headmaster explained that the coming September would find us lodged in the classroom downstairs.

What a dramatic change seemed in prospect, but my year with Mrs. C. as form teacher was to prove relatively quiet and trouble free. For me, the only serious deficiency of this conscientious and quietly reassuring, if somewhat colourless, individual was her liking for handicraft. It was during the seemingly interminable sessions of this latter that I had confirmed my suspicion that although possibly fitted for steering a pen over paper, my hands were virtually useless for anything more practically constructive. Mrs C's expectation that I would tease raffia into some recognisable shape was surely the definition of misplaced optimism.

Junior 1, which I entered in the autumn of 1964, was something of a change, a mini-vision of the future. Mrs D. was in the new mode of teacher, keen to depart from the tradition of presiding from the front of the classroom over regimented rows of desks. Instead, we would often sit face-to-face in little groups, our desks in islands, and be given tasks to be worked on together under the roving supervision of the teacher. None of her colleagues adopted what they perhaps regarded as a radical technique.

Then came Junior 2. The leader of this was one of those unfortunate teachers who, through a particular combination of physical characteristics and idiosyncrasies of manner, are despised by their pupils. The price Mrs E. had to pay was the indiscipline of a small section of the class, which the skills of Mrs D. had kept under control. Often – sometimes once a week, on occasion two or three times in the same day – the recalcitrance of the form sluggards would push Mrs. E. beyond her so-easily reached breaking-point. Then, to the barely suppressed glee of the class, a familiar pantomime would begin. First the indifferent and sullen victim would be summoned to the front by a shout of rage; then Mrs. E. would tear open her desk drawer, extract a wooden ruler and apply it with gusto. I once sneaked a look at this implement as it lay on the teacher's desk; a battered and broken thing, it impressed me even then as a sad testament to failure.

After such excitement, Junior 3 was an interlude of calm. This was owing to the warm-hearted and slightly dotty influence of Mrs. E. who taught with an effective mixture of unflagging enthusiasm and vigilant, but well-regulated discipline. In part, the tolerant affection in which she was held was the consequence of her being a spinster, an unaccountable phenomenon to us, who, from the example of our parents, regarded adulthood and marriage as synonymous states. She was an assiduous teacher, generally quiet-spoken and patient, but liable to bristle with anger whenever she detected a sign of what to her was the greatest sin of all, inattention. She was of that discomfiting breed who expect their pupils to remember in detail what has been taught them in class long days before; we often disappointed her in this.

Junior 4, the final year, brought a teacher new to us. Mrs. G. adopted a homely and intelligent approach that stopped just on the right side of being patronising but had enough hint of steel in it to keep most of us performing at our best. Her love was to tell us stories, and her well-modulated, slightly lilting voice, running appreciatively through a children's classic, became synonymous with the final hour Friday afternoons.

As a regular change from the resident teachers, we received weekly visits from a singing instructor. Mrs. H. was an ebullient individual with a relish for her task of inducing thirty or so young boys and girls at a time to sing, if not in tune, then at least in relative harmony. On a mid week morning we would herd around the piano that lurked in a corner of the downstairs classroom. Mrs. H. would take her seat at the instrument and with a supervisory eye flitting this way and that, her voice a confident boom, would lead us into action with all the enthusiasm of a commander at the front. Only rarely were our efforts to the complete satisfaction of Mrs. H. Her stentorian voice rising effortlessly above the crash of her instrument, she would often descant her singing with admonition or injunction ("Do not sing "dance" - sing "dawwnce!").

Somewhat ironically, my clearest memories of both infants and junior school are of leaving it. Not for me the dubious delights of school dinners; instead I had merely to walk the few hundred yards to the far end of Pickhill Lane where, at number 28, I could share my

grandparents' main meal of the day. Grandma's succulent apple pie seemed an invariable part of this, but even more eagerly anticipated was the rich soup that some times comprised the main course. This aromatic repast was made from the pheasant which a journey into the cellar a day or so before would have revealed suspended in the darkness awaiting the expert attention of grandma.

Grandad Kenworthy was a formidable looking but kindly man, economical with words but ever ready to bestow a quiet smile on his two grandsons. He was likewise ready to side with us against a strict and sometimes captious mother: 'He's all reet,' he would say with a complicitous chuckle, as I sipped appreciatively the dregs of the glass of beer with which it was his routine to conclude the meal. This habit of mine much alarmed my mother who feared with Methodistical intensity that I was taking my first steps on the long, ruinous road to the public house (she was right). Soon after granddad had put on his cloth cap and had left by the front door – often pausing to replenish his button hole from the garden, to which the chimney of this mill made a Dickensian backdrop – I would take my own leave for an afternoon of lessons; my beery breath was never commented upon.

As at the Parochial Hall, so at Lee Street, the other main respites from class work were the playtimes that came halfway through the morning and afternoon, respectively. At the signal of release we would crowd down the bare stone stairways – boys on one side of the building, girls on the other – to emerge onto the enclosed rectangle of tarmacadam at the rear of the school. The chief characteristic of this gathering place was its grossly inadequate size in relation to the hundred or so children who disgorged onto it. Concentrated into the equivalent of a walled tennis court all this frenetic activity generated a huge volume of sound that rings clearly in my memory even now.

The jumble of bodies made the organising of any game a challenge. This problem was easily solved whenever snow came, however. Then a ragged queue would form spontaneously at the top of the yard, the slope of which was just the right gradient for a slide. I was always too timid to join the reckless careering down the shining path of ice, which the feet of each successive user would polish to an ever more treacherous sheen.

From the playground could be had glimpses of the work a day world outside. A feature nearby was the embankment that carried the railway from Stalybridge to Diggle. For some of us, the frantic pace of play would be interrupted to watch long trains of wagons being dragged volubly up the grade by a straining locomotive belching smoke. Production of far more general interest was the annual visit of a travelling fair. The convoy of vehicles, laden with dodgems and coconut shies and chaperoned by caravans, would roar along Station Road on the other side of the playground wall, causing a bywash of excitement among the spectators within.

The fair encamped on waste ground adjacent to the Uppermill Cricket Club. On summer afternoons we would troop to the club pitch to develop skills with bat and ball. This was under the supervision of the headmaster, Mr Williams. Known, for obvious reasons, as 'Taffy', Mr Williams was a generally kind and thoughtful man, not given to bullying or acting the tyrant. The calm authority he exerted on the cricket field was a mirror of that he brought to bear on the running of the school. Our liking for him was laced with much respect and not a little fear, however. He was indisputably the source of all authority in the school, a fact that he would on occasion emphasise by taking the few steps to the cupboard in a corner of the upstairs classroom; sometimes we would sneak a look inside and shiver at the symbol of ultimate authority that lodged therein.

Overall, I retain very few distinct memories of the hundreds of hours of teaching I received at Lee Street, but the lessons that the headmaster would occasionally give stand out clearly in my mind. The concentration he demanded was total, the standard of work required uniformly excellent. This was all the more taxing as Mr. Williams delighted in the direst, least palatable subjects of which the mind of a nine or ten year old could conceive. Like some malevolent conjurer, he would produce piles of the dreary and dusty textbooks that the other teachers had quietly overlooked. With these uncertain guides open before us, one week we would struggle with logarithms, the next be confounded by trigonometry. How I longed for playtime.

Much less arduous was the ritual into which every pupil was initiated soon after arriving at Lee Street. Mr. Williams would sometimes play a part in this himself. His appearance in a

classroom was often accompanied by a snapped command such as ‘nines!’ Galvanised into action, the whole class would, as one, enter into the mesmeric chant of the times tables. It is the rhythmic rise and fall of thirty or so voices, reciting in unison these most potent of aids to memory, that forms perhaps my clearest recollection of daily life at junior school; whenever I mentally recite the never to be forgotten sequences of multiplication, I am instantly transported back to a classroom of the mid 1960s.

Some of the more tangible products of this period are still in my possession. These books of rough, lined paper in pale green covers, filled with laborious arithmetical calculations or the pencilled, somewhat crabbed, script of English compositions, were rescued from destruction by prescient parents. In some of them are drawings, bold scribbles in crayon without perspective in which stick figures inhabit technicolour representations of the little world I knew. Each page is flecked with red pen marks (spelling was still checked at the time) whilst here and there a small adhesive start glows on the paper alongside the coveted writing in green ink, ‘10/10’.

Although these old exercise books rekindle memories, they do not evoke nostalgia; indeed there is only the faintest rosy tinge to my recollections of school, as I recall too well the anxieties, the uncertainties, and even the sheer boredom which tainted so many hours there. But, in retrospect at least, Lee Street was a place of security and belonging, with staff who on the whole tempered strictness with kindness and employed methods of teaching which, though probably seen as old fashioned now, generally worked.

I left Lee Street school on Friday, the second of August, 1968. Two years later it closed, replaced by a new building on Rhodes Avenue, elsewhere in the village; the Parochial Hall would also soon be abandoned by the Education Authority and after securing as a youth club for a few years, be demolished a decade or so later.

The building on Lee Street has survived and currently fulfils the role of parish centre for Saddleworth Church, the erstwhile school’s parent. Sometimes, when I return there to give talks or attend meetings, I will take the opportunity of leaving the preparations for a few moments to steal upstairs to what was once the main classroom. It looks much as it did

when I last walked out of it as a pupil at the age of eleven, and as I stand in the speaking silence, the memories flood back ...

Michael Fox.

Author's note: In order to protect the innocent (and the guilty!) I have generally avoided identifying personalities. The letter by which each successive teacher is designated may or may not be a guide to their actual surname.

SADDLEWORTH HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWSLETTER
SUMMER 04

.....

"I love my lass, a pipe and a glass,
Gaily along life's road I pass
Jolly and free; will you gang with me
Out on the hills in the morning ?"

Saddleworth song a favourite of
Joe o'Breb's from Old Saddleworth Days.
Ammon Wrigley.

SOCIETY LECTURE

On Wednesday the 5th May, 04, Michael Buckley and Alan Petford gave an excellent lecture entitled 'In the Name of God',- AMEN', The Saddleworth Probate Documents from the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, which attracted a very good audience of members to the Museum.

SOCIETY COACH TRIP

The traditional Society Coach Trip will take place on Saturday, 11th September, 04 and the venues we are to visit are as follows:-

The Imperial War Museum North, Salford Quays.
The URBIS Museum, Corporation Street, Manchester.

Full details are contained in the booking slip at the end of the Bulletin.

SADDLEWORTH VILLAGES BOOK

It has been brought to our attention that some incorrect numbering of pages exists in a few of the volumes issued of the Saddleworth Villages Book. If this applies to the book you have purchased it can be replaced at no cost. Return the book to Neil Barrow, Carr Farm Cottage, Carr Lane, Diggle,, Saddleworth, Yorks. OL3 5ND . Tel. No. 01457 87 6381 or if more convenient to the Museum, High St. Uppermill, marked for the attention of Neil Barrow with your name and address.

ANCIENT TREES.

An article on the National Newspapers have reported that the Woodland Trust has launched a campaign to recognise the importance of ancient trees as "green monuments" calling for legislation to protect these arboreal treasures from the threat of our sprawling urbanisation, farming, vandalism and general neglect. Members are therefore requested to report if they are aware of any trees in this class which deserve the support of the Historical Society to preserve a champion tree, please contact your Chairman, Mr. Jim Carr on 01457 87 3612.

Britain's oldest tree is thought to be a yew at Ashbrittle Church in Somerset, which began life more than 3,800 years ago. Perhaps the most historic is the 2,500 year old Ankerwyke yew in Wraysbury, Berkshire. Over looking the Thames at Runnymede, it was standing when King John signed the Magna Carta in 1215. Henry V111 is said to have wooed Anne Boleyn beneath it in the 1530's.

STREET GUIDE TO SADDLEWORTH.

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The Street Guide to Saddleworth, first published by the Society in 1995, has now been reprinted and brought uptodate with 32 street additions included. It is set out in a very clear folded map form with an attractive yellow cover and a full alphabetical street index on the rear. It can be obtained direct for the sum of £2.00 free postage to members for a limited period using the enclosed form and ordered from Mrs. E. Broadbent, Pastures Farm Flat, Back o'th' Low Road, Strinesdale, Saddleworth, Yorks. OL4 3SG. A very useful acquisition and well worth your support.

SOCIETY INTERNET WEBSITE

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We are urgently requiring a member to take over the running, organisation and updating of our Society Website. This is vital work to keep the Website in good order and to show the Society activities, policy and objectives. If you are interested please contact our Chairman, Mr. Jim Carr on 01457 87 3612

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SADDLEWORTH CIVIC TRUST SOCIETY

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Forthcoming Lectures:

Thursday, 24th June, 04. 7.30 pm. Cross Keys Barn, Uppermill.
'The Restoration of Saddleworth Churchyard'. Illustrated talk by Michael Buckley, followed by a tour of the old Graveyard.

Wednesday, 15th September, 04 - Summer Trip. Viewing of the Restoration of Temple Newsam House, Leeds. Special Guided Tour by Anthony Wells-Cole, Senior Curator of Decorative Arts and Colleague.

Friday, 15th October, 04, 7.30 pm. Saddleworth Museum.
Members' Evening - meet other Members and the Committee followed by 'What are How we do - What we do'. Illustrated by Dr. T. Flanagan, Executive Director of Environmental Services, OMBC

To join the Civic Trust Society please apply to the Hon. Secretary,
Mrs. Lorna Gartside, Hollingreave Farm, Holly Grove, Dobcross,
Saddleworth. OL3 5JQ Tel. No. 01457 873195

FORTHCOMING EVENTS AT SADDLEWORTH MUSEUM

FRIENDS COFFEE MORNINGS – Wed – 14th Jul / 11th Aug / 8th Sep / 13th Oct

Enjoy a tea or coffee in a friendly atmosphere and for the ladies – clothes

FARMERS MARKETS – Sundays – 11th Jul / 8th Aug / 12th Sep / 10th Oct

An opportunity to stock up on fresh quality produce

BOOM TING – Every Friday at the Museum during school term time 10.15-11.00
One for the children or grandchildren an introduction to Music and Rhythm for 0-5 year olds using

ANNUAL BEER FESTIVAL – Fri & Sat 3rd Sep

The annual museum Beer Festival offers an opportunity to enjoy the 'real' taste of beers from around the country

HERITAGE OPEN DAY AT THE MUSEUM – Sunday 12th September

The museum opens its doors for a free access day to the museum as part of the national event encouraging people to enjoy their heritage.

ANTIQUES VALUATION DAY – Thursday 21st October

An excuse to get those antiques out of the loft – or garage! Look out for more information nearer the day.

ART EXHIBITIONS AT THE MUSEUM

The exhibitions in the Art Gallery at Saddleworth Museum change regularly and are free to visit. The preview nights are an entertaining evening for all to enjoy.

SADDLEWORTH GROUP OF ARTISTS

29/05/2004 – 25/06/2004 (preview night Friday 28/05/2004)

JEFF BEAUMONT

03/07/2004 – 01/08/2004 (preview night Friday 09/07/2004)

TEN PLUS TEXTILES

07/08/2004 – 19/09/2004 (preview night Friday 06/08/2004)

SADDLEWORTH OPEN

25/09/2004 – 24/10/2004 (preview night Friday 24/09/2004)

An opportunity for you to show your artistic talents. The exhibition is also this year combined with the nationwide 'BIG DRAW' event

TEMPORARY EXHIBITIONS AT THE MUSEUM

IVAN HIRST – THE SADDLEWORTH MAN WHO SAVED THE BEETLE

This exhibition continues celebrating the man from Saddleworth who saved the Beetle. Major Ivan Hirst, a Saddleworth Historical Society member, who recommissioned the production lines of the Volkswagen Beetle at Wolfsburg in Germany, providing employment for 6,000 workers during this critical period at the end of the war. Geoff Woodhead has produced an excellent biographical booklet on the life and times of Ivan Hirst, which is on sale at the museum at £2.50p

SADDLEWORTH WORKERS' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION

COURSES PLANNED FOR SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER 2004

FROM SHAKESPEARE TO JOYCE

a varied literary experience

TUTOR: LYNDA BELSHAW

MONDAYS from 13th September 2004 10 weeks

HISTORIC ARCHITECTURE OF SADDLEWORTH

TUTOR: ALAN PETFORD

TUESDAYS from 14th September 2004 10 weeks

CANALS & RAILWAYS OF GREAT BRITAIN

TUTOR: IAN MOSS

THURSDAYS from 7th October 2004 10 weeks

PHARAOHS & PYRAMIDS

TUTOR: VICTOR BLUNDEN

THURSDAYS from 16th September 2004 10 weeks

All courses are held at Saddleworth School, Uppermill from 7.15 to 9.15 pm

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING FRIDAY 3rd September 2004

Masonic Hall, High St. Uppermill 7.30 pm

followed by :-

A VICTORIAN MAGIC LANTERN SHOW

given by PETER FOX, the new curator of Saddleworth Museum, Uppermill

Free entry

all welcome

cheese & wine

To receive a course brochure in July/August please ring 0161 633 3205

Brochures will be sent to all students who have attended courses over the last few years

Current Society Publications

Books

Saddleworth Villages, illustrated with sketches by Geoff Toms, text by Saddleworth Historical Society Members. Price to Society members £13.95 to Society Members.

Saddleworth From the Air by Professor Barri Jones. £12.50

Saddleworth 1914-18: The Experience of a Pennine Community During the Great War by K. W. Mitchinson. Soft back £5.00, hard back £10.00

Cherry Valley Chronicles: Letters From Thomas Buckley and Family - Immigrants to Cherry Valley and Milburry, Massachusetts, USA, to His Son Ralph Buckley and Family, of Dobcross and Delph in 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 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 landscape. £1.20 each.

1. *Delph, Heights and Grange*
2. *Uppermill*
3. *Greenfield*
4. *Huddersfield Narrow Canal*
5. *Grasscroft*
6. *Denshaw*

7. *Delph*
8. *Lydgate and Grotton*
9. *Dobcross*
10. *Diggle*
11. *Castleshaw*

Maps and Plans

Ordnance Survey Maps
Lees
Oldham East
Lydgate

Churchyard Plan: The Old Graveyard at Saddleworth Church. £1.80

Churchyard Plan: The Lower Graveyard at Saddleworth Church. £3.00

Street Guide to Saddleworth:

Comprehensive Street Map of the Area. £2.00

Microfiche

Delph Wesleyan Chapel: Baptisms
Wrigley Mill

Pamphlets

An 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, adding 20% for postage and packing, from the Society's Publications Officer: Mr Graham Griffiths, 6 Slackcote, Delph, Saddleworth, Yorkshire OL3 6AT

MEMBERSHIP SECTION.

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We welcome Mr. Derek Legg, of Lee Cross, Diggle, who has joined the Society since the publication of the last Bulletin.

Subscriptions to the Society for 2004 are as follows:-

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

We have inserted a reminder in this Bulletin regarding members who are still outstanding their subscriptions for this year and we shall be pleased to receive payment at the earliest convenience. Very many thanks for your continued support to the Society.

Cheques made payable to Saddleworth Historical Society and forwarded to:-

Mrs. E. Broadbent,
Hon. Membership Secretary,
Pastures Farm Flat,
Back o'th' Low Road,
Strinesdale,
Saddleworth.
Yorks.
OL4 3SG

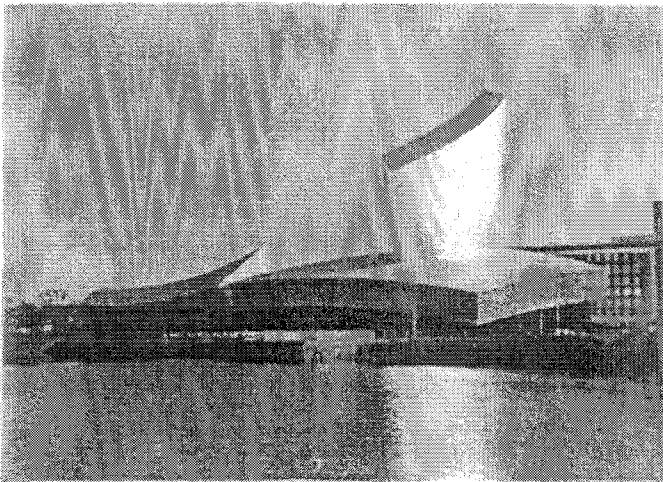
The next Bulletin, Autumn 2004, will contain the Syllabus for the forthcoming lecture season which we are sure will once again provide a full range of interesting subjects to satisfy the membership prepared by your Honorary Secretary, Mr. Neil Barrow, for which he should be applauded.

J. Hindle.

SADDLEWORTH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

AUTUMN COACH TRIP SATURDAY 11th SEPTEMBER 04

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THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM NORTH
SALFORD QUAYS.

THE URBIS MUSEUM, CORPORATION ST.
MANCHESTER.

The Imperial War Museum North, Salford. The N.W. Visitor Attraction of the Year 2003

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This most talked about new museum is about people - young, old, near, far, yesterday, today. About how their lives are shaped by war and conflict. About everyone. It looks at war in a new way. The building is the first in the U.K. by the international architect Daniel Libeskind. It is located at the Quays, Manchester's new water-front leisure destination. There should be time to explore the area and have lunch before moving on to central Manchester for a visit to URBIS the Museum about living in cities.

Coach leaving Uppermill Museum at 9.30 am. Price..... £6.00

Please return booking slip to Mrs. Wendy Murray,
134 Oldham Road, Denshaw, Saddleworth. OL3 5RP Before the 12th August, 2004
tel no. 01457 874493

Cheques made payable to Saddleworth Historical Society.

SHS AUTUMN COACH TRIP - SATURDAY 11th SEPTEMBER, 04
THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM NORTH, SALFORD QUAYS.
THE URBIS MUSEUM. CORPORATION ST., MANCHESTER
.....

Mrs. W. Murray,
134 Oldham Road,
Denshaw,
Saddleworth. OL3 5RP

No. of seats Adults

Coach leaving Uppermill at 9.30 am. £6.....

Names of persons

Address

Tel No.....

.....Post Code

I enclose cheque in the sum of :.....

Made out to Saddleworth Historical Society, before 12th August, 2004

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