RAMSBOTTOM HERITAGE SOCIETY

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NEWS MAGAZINE

WORLD WAR II REMINISCENCES SPECIAL

RAMSBOTTOM HERITAGE SOCIETY, C/O RAMSBOTTOM LIBRARY, CARR STREET, RAMSBOTTOM, BURY, BL0 9AE
Contact number for 2005/6: 01706 82 7245

The objects of the Society shall be:-

a) To advance education of the public, by creating an awareness of and interest in the study of the history and heritage of Ramsbottom (as defined by the boundaries of the pre-1974 Ramsbottom Urban District Council).

b) To locate relevant documents, records and artefacts. To retain, catalogue and/or copy them where possible, and to operate as an information centre.

c) To seek to protect the heritage of Ramsbottom.

PROGRAMME 2005-6

November 16th — M/s D. Winterbotham – *"A View of the Irwell Valley; Radcliffe to Agecroft"*

December 14th — ***Members' night*** – Christmas Festivities

January 18th — Mr W. Turner – *"Mary Hindle and the 1826 Riots"*

February 15th — Mr L. Mannering – *"It's the Ukulele Man"*

March 15th — ***Photographic Competition*** – judge: Mrs P. Parkinson
Mrs P. Parkinson – *"Ramsbottom and the Grant Family"*

April 19th — Mrs P. Paterson *et al* – *"The Diary of Reverend Peter Walkden"*

May 17th — ***ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING*** and ***MEMBERS' NIGHT***

All indoor meetings except December are held on the third Wednesday of the month in the Civic Hall, Market Place, Ramsbottom, at 7.30pm for 7.45pm.

Entry by donation, please.

The Editors welcome articles for inclusion in the News Magazine. These may be hand-written, typed or on disc (in "*Word*") and sent to the Heritage Society. Please include your full address and a contact telephone number.

Contents

*Front cover * Drill Hall, Ramsbottom by John B TAYLOR*

Chairman's Report

This year marks the 60th anniversary of the end of World War Two, and I believe it is right the Society should acknowledge it. Many members, past and present, have contributed to our oral taping archive reminiscences of wartime experiences, whether having been on active service, at home or abroad, in reserved occupations, as wives or children of those serving, as evacuees, or those accommodating evacuees. Thanks to the endeavours of our oral history group and our editorial team, articles based on some of these reminiscences appear in this special issue. I am sure they will evoke memories for many, and serve as a reminder for those too young to remember of hardships endured, and sacrifices made.

Members who live in, or visit, Ramsbottom, will have no doubt noticed refurbishment work on the library building has at last begun. The Area Board News Letter for summer 2005 acknowledges the fact, notes the Society's forbearance, and. suggests completion in February 2006, which, if realised, will allow a re-opening of the Heritage Centre in Carr Street at Easter; I am sure everyone is looking forward to that. That said, we are grateful for the use of St Paul's Church as a temporary home, making the most of the opportunity provided by the town-centre location in welcoming visitors from near and far. Many visitors from afar have connections with Ramsbottom, interesting tales to tell, and requests for information about forebears and ancestral homes, as our web site *`Requestfor Information' page* testifies. Mention of St Paul's reminds me once again that our continued presence there depends also on the goodwill of helpers, and I ask all those who have pledged support to continue to give it; I am grateful to you, all.

Our absence from. Carr Street has meant some planned projects have had to be deferred. However, some impressive additions have been made to our web site, and a small team has begun to look at how we might most effectively digitise, and make available for research, that part of our documentary archive and photograph collection which, is not in the care of Bury MBC Archive Department. There will be more of that in a later issue. Also, the Conservation Group continues its liaison with Bury MBC, monitoring planning applications, and maintaining involvement in reviewing local government initiatives.

One interesting quest which has taken up some time during the year was the recovery of some PORRITT family memorabilia. Michael HARVEY, of Norwich, a descendant of James PORRITT,(co-founder, in 1851, of Stubbins Vale Mill) and his wife Kathy, whilst researching their family history, became aware of the existence of several portraits of family members, which had hung at The Cliffe, Stubbins, home of the last surviving family occupant, Austin Townsend PORRITT, who died 1956. The Cliffe was more recently a retirement home which closed earlier this year so, concerned about the possible loss of the portraits and unable to contact the house owners or their agents, Michael and Kathy asked the Society for help. Contact was made, discussions began, and eventually, through the generosity of Mr Asif ZAMAN, of the owning family, the portraits were recovered and are now preserved for posterity.

By the time members read this, we shall be well into our autumn season of indoor meetings, which will have begun in September; I hope we shall soon be selling copies of our video/DVD celebrating Ramsbottom. At the time of writing, it is almost complete; some location re-shooting has been required, and some seconds of voice and background music recording, and historical film sequences remain to be slotted in. Those who saw the trailer earlier in the year, or have visited the web site, are, I'm sure, eagerly awaiting completion.

Although the festive season is still some way off, as my next report is not until spring 2006, 1 take this opportunity to wish everyone a happy Christmas, and a peaceful and prosperous New Year.

Tony Murphy

Obituary

On 1st June, after a lengthy period of ill-health, Betty HAWORTH sadly died, just a few days after celebrating her 76th birthday. Betty was born in Guernsey CI, came to Ramsbottom in the earliest days of WW2, and stayed,

eventually to become a long-serving member of the Society. Her role as Assistant Treasurer brought her into contact with many members at open meetings, where she received entrance fees, and occasionally dispensed raffle tickets. Her illness, and, during her last years, many visits to hospital, were a great trial to her. However, she had an indomitable spirit, and remained as active and involved as she could be until the very end. Betty also had involvement with several charitable organisations, and she will be very much missed by many. We are fortunate in having her reminiscences on tape and we have been able to include in this magazine a very interesting extract. Inher memory, her daughter Barbara and son in law Tim SMITH, have donated to the Society the framed print of Peel Tower which can. presently be seen in the Heritage Centre at St Paul's Church. We are very grateful for this kind gesture, Once we return home to Carr Street, the picture will be hung, and have an appropriate dedication.

MEMORIES OF RAMSBOTTOM DURING WORLD WAR TWO

Betty HAWORTH remembers:

I was born in 1929 on Guernsey, where my father was in charge at the docks, and came to Ramsbottom because of the war when. I was eleven years old. The people of Guernsey knew the Germans would probably take over, and wanted as many of the population as possible off the island. Just before the Germans arrived, the children, were evacuated first and some of the parents followed.

To us children it was an adventure. We thought we might be heading for the continent, America or Australia. Along with, most of the pupils at my school, maybe two hundred children, my group who were eleven years old and under, actually came by boat to Weymouth. There were two teachers and some nuns as it was a Catholic school, although I wasn't a Catholic. (My mum was but dad wasn't.) The children each carried one of the old baskets which had been used to put tomatoes in, the long ones with a handle. In it you had a change of clothes, a small toy as you wanted and that was your limit. During the journey I remember feeling no fear even when. we saw, sticking up above the surface of the water, part of a boat that had been sunk.

At Weymouth we were taken to a school, provided with some food and sent to the classrooms where we were told to get a blanket and a pillow. For three weeks we slept on the floor until we were moved up to Burnley by coach (or perhaps by bus). There it was the same procedure as at Weymouth with another three weeks sleeping on the floor. I don't recall any homesickness

and it still felt like an adventure. A few children stayed in Burnley but my group came to Greenmount, to the school there. We all had labels with our names and ages and I remember that there were ladies looking us up and down, some saying, for example, that they could take two, as they tried to avoid splitting up families. Soon a lady came towards me, saying, "Would you like to live with me?"

At that moment I felt bewildered, until I thought, " Yes IDllgo." I had a sister and cousin and we were fortunate because although we werenDttogether, my sister lived a few houses down and my cousin was further down in the same row

I lived with a Mr and Mrs HINDLE, who were absolutely marvellous people with no children of their own. At Greenmount School we had our own teachers and used the front part of the building. It was strange *at first when* the local children looked at us so we seemed to stay with our own group for a while, but we soon began to play with the other children at playtimes. One day I was amused to hear one lady saying, "We thought you would have grass skirts."

My first impression of the Ramsbottom area was that it was cold, a lot cooler than Guernsey. (I. did miss going to the beaches and it seems that after school every afternoon we asked Mother, "May we go to Fermain?" or one of the other beaches. We were taken there and brought back home for tea, after *which we* played out.) Buildings here seemed so big, especially the factories while on Guernsey we could more or less only think of the greenhouses and the produce such as tomatoes and *flowers.*

During the German occupation of Guernsey of which we children were aware, contact with our parents was done through the Red Cross. A man came round, asked what you wanted to say and wrote down a message of no more than twenty five words, making sure that it did not contain any information which would not have been allowed through. For example, you might want to say that you were at Greenmount but you couldnDtdo that, so you used phrases like "IDmall right" or "IDmbeing looked after", more or less to let people know that you were still alive. Your parents did not know where you were. They were also able to send Red Cross letters.

(Unfortunately, when Betty was thirteen or fourteen Mr HINDLE became seriously ill. Miss ROBERTSD,the lady who was in charge of her transferred her to another place where she wasnDtas happy and only stayed about a month before she asked Miss ROBERTS to move her again. Her next home was in Tottington. Editor.)

Betty continues: That was lovely. The lady even offered to share her own bedroom with her daughter. I thought this arrangement would not have been fair on them. and spotted a folding screen with a little chest of drawers which we used so that the daughter didn't need to give up her room. I stayed with them quite a while and was at Tottington ¯near Christmas time during the doodlebug attack which was just across the road. I lived with Mrs BARRETT then and she called me to come under the stairs where I remember hearing the sound of the doodlebug followed by a sudden crash. All the window glass came out and what stuck in my mind was the sight of the chicken which Mrs BARRETT had bought for Christmas. (In those days it was a marvellous thing to have a chicken.) It was on top of the piano and pitted with glass - but there wasn't a mark on the piano! We had to leave the house and go to Mrs BARRETT's daughter's at Greenmount. A row of houses in Tottington had gone down. A family from London, who had come to live in 'the row, were thought by the searchers to be missing until. they found out the family had returned to :London for Christmas. There were other casualties. My education finished when I was fourteen so I went straight to work and started paying my own way where I lived, I was told not to contribute the first week because I wouldn't have received wages from work but I started paying the second week. I found it hard to save for clothes and shoes repairs. I really enjoyed my first job at the *Elsinore* cafe in Bury because I was able to train in the kitchen, waiting on, in the cash box and typing menus so that meant there was a variety of work. It was the mid-war years and the menu was quite restricted. Every day, once the food ran out, we couldn't serve more. Luckily, I got on very well with the manageress. To this day I often think of one particular day when I was waiting on. A Mr HODSON, whom I knew as a Tottington engineering works owner, was in. the cafe with some friends. I came out of the kitchen carrying some soup, and where did it go? Down the back of his coat. Embarrassed and near to tears, I rushed off for a cloth and told the manageress while he removed the coat. I apologised and offered to pay the cleaning bill but the manageress shook her head saying that it was the cafe's responsibility. Mr HODSON insisted that it was quite all right and that I must forget it, but when he suggested that I serve the others I was afraid of spilling some more. I recall that he went home and changed his suit before returning to his meal. He even gave me a tip!

After the war, when I was sixteen or seventeen, I did return to Guernsey once, for about three and a half weeks. I knew the island but there was nothing to do except the beaches. Also, it didn't seem big enough with only one place, whereas I'd become used to being able to go to Bury, Bolton. and Burnley.

My mother gave permission for me to live in England and I wrote to friends who offered temporary lodgings. I soon found somewhere to stay and a job as a machinist.

Elizabeth HAWORTH

(Starting in 1939, about 20, 000 of Guernsey's population of nearly 44, 000 left during the evacuation of the Channel Islands compared with about one fifth of Jersey's 51, 000 population. All Alderney residents left but the five hundred or so islanders on Sark stayed. Soon after Dunkirk, Guernsey was occupied on 30th June 1940. Rochdale became the home of nearly eight thousand evacuees from Guernsey. Editor)

Can you help? On our website we have a request for information from Carol SMYTH, nee YOUNG from Surrey who was an evacuee living with her mother and brother in Crow Lane. In 1944, she was so seriously injured in a road accident that her leg had to be amputated. Mrs SMYTH would like to make contact with the HENRY family with whom her mother was friendly at the time. When this message was read out at a Ramsbottom Heritage Society meeting, although she did not know the HENRY family, Joan BARCROFT remembered the accident very vividly. Please tell us if you have any information which might help Mrs SMYTH.]

Phyllis RODWELL remembers:-

At the time when we had a visit to see if we had room for any evacuees I had two children. They were sleeping downstairs so that we could quickly push them under the bed for safety. Our evacuees were Ada and her son, from Dagenham, London. At first it felt strange as we arranged things. They had the room upstairs and we decided that we must do the housework and cooking together, although she was responsible for buying her family's food. She didn't seem to have baked cakes or to cook like I do and couldn't understand me making rice pudding. When Jam went on ration I remember that we agreed not to share the jam! Everybody seemed to eat lots of bread and j am in those days.

The little boy was frightened to death, especially when we had the big air raid on Manchester soon after they arrived. My husband was in the fire service and he was there, so we were both terrified, wondering what was happening and seeing the glow from Holcombe Brook.

" always remember one morning when the boy looked in the field near the house. He came racing back shouting, "Mummy, Mummy, come quick. There's a real live lamb," and he rushed her off. Apparently, he had not

believed that lambs were real and had thought they only existed in storybooks. (Other evacuees from Manchester hadn't seen fields before and thought Ramsbottom was the depths of the countryside.) The family stayed about eight months before deciding to return home because there was no bombing going on. We received five shillings a week for their family to stay with us. Sometimes the evacuees did not get a very good reception in the shops. Once, when there was some chocolate, I had bought my ration so Ada, who had her coupons, decided get the ration for her children as well. We were both upset when, at the same shop, she was refused and when I went across 1. was told that I "shouldn't have sent that woman for chocolate as I haven't any for evacuees".

On and off the family was with us for about eighteen months and her second son Alan, who was proud when they called him their *little Lancastrian, was* born here. For one of their stays in Ramsbottom they had a little cottage because by that time I had my baby girl so we couldn't really cope with five children in the house. *Ada's* house in London was bombed twice during the war: the first time all the windows and doors were blown in and the second time it was totally demolished. In the meantime her husband was called up. He once sent some Argentinian eggs which were dark yellow.

In 1948, when my husband died, Ada came up to see me. Her little girl was about six months old at the time. She has written to me every Christmas and since last Christmas she has moved house. Ada's daughter and Alan (the Lancashire lad) now live in Canada and Ada has sent me photographs of her 80`h birthday visit to Canada.

Phyllis RODWELL 1.989

Margaret NOLAN remembers: -

During World War Two, I went to work for Mr ENGEL. Mrs ENGEL, who was German and extremely good to work for, had started the Temple Manufacturing Company at Cobden Mill on Square Street. There was weaving underneath and we were on the top floor. When we were on shifts we had to have all the windows covered for the blackout but we didn't actually work nights, just until 10 pm. Mr ENGEL (of F D SIMS Wire Works) had built our machines on which wire came up from the bottom reel, through two heads with the silk covering for double silk (or if we were doing single silk only one head) and on to the top reel which worked automatically with the bottom reel. There was a traverse which sent the wire across from one side of the reel to the other. We had six pairs of reels altogether and the

work was very interesting. We had to keep checking and using a micrometer to measure the wire, some of which was fine as a hair (002). That was more often than not for the Admiralty, for the cross wires of the submarine periscopes, and so we had to be extremely careful that there was no lump on any of the wire. Mr REEVER came down from the Admiralty to check how our orders were going, and we were told that we had done very well in the few months since we had started practically new work. He came to thank us, bringing in a letter from the Admiralty, and Mrs ENGEL was very pleased. Mr ENGEL maintained the machines and we were told that if there was anything at all about the machines that was worrying us we should just call him up. Once my sister, who was in charge at the time, noticed that there was something wrong, as a reel of wire was building up at one side. It was nearly ten o'clock on a cold wintry night and although we were reluctant to send for Mr ENGEL we couldn't leave the machine like that for the 6am shift. If we had let it pile up much more it would have fallen over and wasted all the wire. Mr ENGEL came down with Mrs ENGEL, who had brought a big flask of coffee and home made buns for us before we went out in the cold. He told us that he was very glad we'd brought him in and he knew the cause of the problem. It only took him about five minutes to shave off one sixteenth of an inch off a part and when we ran the machine, it was perfect. Firewatchers were at the mill every night and we had to take our turn. Sometimes we would stay on after the 10 o'clock shift and firewatch until 6 am and during other weeks if it was our turn we'd start work at 6 am until 2pm after f i rewatch ing, which made us very tired, We had camp beds for if we wanted to sleep but there wasn't much chance. There were two big drums at the end of the room and two fire buckets in case anything was dropped. My bed was next to this and, while I sat there, some of the others had fallen asleep before their heads had hit the pillow. Some nights a little mouse came running around. I'm not frightened of mice but I used to throw something at the barrel and everybody woke up!

We were also in the W.V.S. and twice a week at night we'd go to meetings at Nuttall Hall where we sewed camouflage nets for the soldiers and sailors. It was interesting and we thought it was worth going for the really good cup of tea. Apart from that, one night a week, we used to go for first aid training to the Methodist School underneath the church. The St John Ambulance people came to give us talks and teach us how to put on bandages and slings. At home we had two evacuees Norman and Ronnie, who were brothers from Bradford, Manchester, where they had a lot of air raids. I think Ronnie was about six years old and Norman was older and they came with nothing, no

pyjamas or anything. They were taken to Bury Market on the first Saturday *and bought pyjamas* and a suit. Norman was quite happy about this but Ronnie never really settled with us, although we made them both welcome. The house where we lived at the time, 24, Callender Street, had an attic so they shared a room there and they went to St Joseph's School which seemed to be fine. They had no idea about setting a table or anything, which surprised us as they had come from a family.
One Sunday we decided to take them to visit their home and have a look where they lived. The little cottage was so small that when their mother opened a sideboard drawer it knocked over a bottle of milk which was on the table. We realised then what a vast difference there was between their life and ours. Ronnie, the younger boy, wasn't a bit happy when he had to come back but after that they settled. Occasionally their mother and sister visited us and eventually Ronnie was allowed to go home. Norman stayed on until he left school and we became fond of him. By then the war was all but over and he had to start work so his mother came to collect him. Sometimes Norman and his pals used to visit, cycling up from Bradford. One Sunday about six of them arrived after being on Holcombe Hill, saying, "We've come for our tea, Aunty," and they were all absolutely ravenous. (This was my Aunty Lizzie who lived with us after my mother fell while pregnant with my sister. Mother died on 12th February 1938.) We just made them as much as we could. That night, after they'd gone, Aunty Lizzie told us that we hadn't a scrap of bread in the house but she was pleased because the lads were full.

Margaret NOLAN 1997

Jeff POMFRET remembers: -

I remember waking up in the bedroom I shared with my two year old sister Eileen at 30, Dale Street, Stubbins. A voice shouted out, "Anybody in here?" and I saw a torch and warden Mr ISHERWOOD in his tin ARP helmet at the bedroom door. After I had told him about my sister I was asked to wait until she was found. Covering her cot was some plaster with the laths that had come down from the ceiling with it. Overhead was a clear view of the sky. When the sheet of plaster was pulled away we saw the little girl, who was fine but completely blackened with soot.
We reached the top of the stairs, where I was surprised to find that the staircase had gone! Mr ISHERWOOD carried us both down the ladder which had been put up in its place, Eileen first. The door, which had large wrought iron hinges leaded into the wall, lay flat on the floor and I was warned to take

care. As we stepped through it rocked back and forth. Everyone was assembled nearby and went on to Bolton Road near the chip shop, then a wooden hut which had been flattened by the blast (now rebuilt on the same site). Stubbins Post Office, which used to stand where the garden is now, and a row of bigger terraced houses going towards the River Irwell bridge were gutted.

(Before this WARWICK's ironmongers was on Bolton Road next to the bridge and Mr and Mrs Harry WARWICK lived in a bungalow behind it which had to be replaced - by a redbrick bungalow. Luckily the landmine had gone into the River Irwell, where the river bed provided a relatively soft landing. If - it had struck the roadway or the bridge damage would probably have been even worse. Another landmine had fallen in the field behind the lodge near the houses at East View, Stubbins. The field was walled at the front and potatoes were being grown there at the time. Editor)

Jeff continues:

After assembling we all walked to Chatterton to the first house on the right (called the haunted house by local children, which certainly used to help to keep us away). The adjacent building (now demolished) was in use as a Home Guard post. People from nearby whose houses had broken windows but were otherwise intact, rallied round, including my aunty and uncle (Cecil WILSON) at 111, Chatterton Road which was just opposite. The soot which covered us all was washed off and we were given cups of tea and taken to St Philip's School. After what seemed like hours, we were fed - on rice pudding.

I remember when I returned home that our piano, which used to stand facing the window, had shards of glass stuck straight in it, edgewise. Even after it was taken out the marks always remained. Other houses, like those in Robert Street, were just shells and took a year or two to be rebuilt with new windows and roofs. We used spindles from the bannisters of the wrecked houses as cricket stumps. One of the workmen, a joiner, was making me a sword. I kept asking him whether it was ready but he was making a proper job of it by bending the wood, so 1, had to be patient.

Jeff POMFRET (born March 1937) 2005

[Jeff Pomfret was only five years old when the landmines fell on Stubbins but he has a vivid recollection of his rescue, together with his sister, from their bomb-damaged house. Editor]

Bessie & Jennie JOHNS remember:

At the outbreak of World War Two sisters Bessie and Jennie JOHNS were among the many weavers who were soon made redundant from local mills when orders dried up. Lots of mill girls joined the forces and others went into the Land Army, which meant moving away from Ramsbottom. Bessie and Jennie needed to stay at home so they had to report to the Labour Exchange where war work was found for them. Both worked in munitions factories, arranging their night or day shifts so that one of them was always in the house to care for relatives who were ill.

After conscription they learned engineering skills on machines such as lathes and grinding machines at Woodlands Road Training School in Crumpsall. On qualifying from there Bessie first tried unsuccessfully to find work with one or two engineering companies around Bury Bridge and then, following an interview and a medical, she moved on to work at the Ford Trafford Park factory *. For four years she worked alongside hundreds of women and girls on a lathe making parts such as gears and piston rings for aircraft engines. She remembers particularly that all parts were very strictly inspected and that nearby there were four men watching, especially if you moved away from your machine. One day when she went to the toilet, she was timed! During the shifts when Bessie was at work at Ford's the factory was only bombed once and the attack was not near her area. Smoke filled the factory itself so that at first she could not see to go through to where she was supposed to shelter.

As a Ramsbottom girl, Bessie recalls being the only one at Ford's, although there was a man from Ada Street, Joe FRENCH on the same shift and another from Rawtenstall. On the train journey she had the company of some girls: from Waterfoot and also Mattie STARKEY, then of 13, Ducie Street, Ramsbottoni. Mattie worked in Trafford Park but at Metrovick's (once the main employer there with around 25,000 workers in the twenties). Bessie says that the travelling was worst when she was on nights. On occasion she had to walk across the middle of Manchester from Piccadilly Station to Victoria in the blackout, as well as making the usual change of trains at Bury to continue to Ramsbottom. Negotiating the huge crowds of workers from the awe-inspiring concentration of works at Trafford Park must have been a daunting prospect. An incredibly high percentage of the munitions for World War 11 were made there.

* During 1940 part of the old Ford car factory at Trafford Park (which had closed in. 1927 with the building of Dagenham) had been used to prepare for

the mass production of aircraft engines. In May 1941 DFordDsnew`shadow factoryDwas completed at Trafford Park. Owned by the government and managed by Ford, it covered forty four and a quarter acres. At its peak it employed over 17,000 people of whom 7,200 were women. It produced, on licence from Rolls Royce, a total of 30,400 Merlin engines of one type - the XX (twenty) series, loosely described as the `bomber engineD.Each engine consisted of about 10,000 separate parts and, because Ford could only achieve mass production with every part on their engines being interchangeable with the same part on any other engine, they had to redo Rolls RoyceDsdrawings and make all parts with more extreme accuracy. FordDsautomatic and semi-automatic machine tools could be operated by trainees and semi-skilled workers to make large numbers of highly accurate and intricate parts. Skilled Ford men were used to supervise and control this new process of Merlin manufacture and there was an elaborate system of inspection occupying about one tenth of their total workforce. Of the thousands of measurements taken during the manufacturing process, three thousand were smaller than. one fifth of the thickness of human hair [2]

Ford's Merlin XX engines powered the Beaufighter II, Defiant II, Halifax II and V, Hurricane II and IV, Lancaster I and II and the Avro York.

[Jennie JOHNS, who was among the last 50 to be made redundant from Holme Mill at the beginning of World War II, finished her training at Woodlands Road by passing a practical examination which involved making three different items including a shaft. Her friend passed out with her and they were sent out to find work. Once there was an air raid when she was on her way back from Woodlands Road and that the train pulled up and waited in a tunnel. Editor]

Jennie recalls:- When we first arrived at the munitions factories and said that we had come from the training factory the reply was always, "We do our own training here." I found a job at the Royal Ordnance Factory on Sandy Lane, Radcliffe doing lathe work on components such as heads for guns and I remember making inch-long pins with a three quarter inch shaft. Parts were very closely inspected. When I was on the night shift, starting at 7 pm, it was about 5.30 pm when I caught the bus from home to connect with a special works bus from Bury Bridge to the R.O.F. I remember one night that a Czechoslovakian man, who spoke very little English, was trying to explain that there was a `big fire' in Manchester.

There were always police at the factory gates. They picked out at random ingoing or outgoing workers to be taken into one of the two search rooms where bags were opened and checked. Security was very thorough and if the

police spotted anything unusual, they did a search. I was also in the A.R.P. and once had to ask for time off work and a late pass for 1.0 pm to go to Ramsbottom Technical College to do a first aid ambulance examination. I was told, "That's out in the wilds! You'd better have it till I I pm." but made it just after 10 anyway.

At the R.O.F. there was often entertainment for half an hour during the hour long lunch break. Perhaps talented' workers would sing solos or sometimes performers were brought in, one 'of whom. I especially remember singing So *Deep is the Night* because she had a wonderful alto voice. Once a group of about a dozen of us were practising for 'a concert which included *Song of the Island* with dancing steps made up by individuals in the group. One of the bosses found out about this and asked, "Would you like proper grass skirts and tops?" He ordered them and we used gravy browning to give us a `tan'. One lunchtime we gave the concert for the workforce and afterwards the boss told us that the following day the Mayor and Mayoress of Bury and other dignitaries had been invited to an evening performance. All the R.O.F. employees working there at the time would see our show as well. "You'll get camp beds to stay overnight. Ring up the canteen in the morning and you'll get a good breakfast," he said. I asked them for egg and bacon and really enjoyed it.

After the war I was able to get a job wire winding at F.D. SIMS, Ramsbottom where I worked from 1945 to 1975. When Bessie finished at Trafford Park it seemed that she would have to continue travelling down to Manchester and work as a weaver in the mills there because they had a labour shortage. Luckily, when we asked Mr ENGEL at F. D. SIMS she was able to go there instead and stayed from 1946 to 1974.

[1] *Trafford Park Manchester* - Ian McIntosh of the Lancashire and Cheshire Antiquarian Society

[2] *Ford and the Merlin* - Gary Mills

Bessie and Jennie JOHNS 2005

Cyril DAVENPORT remembers:-

At the age of fifteen I first started work on August 29th 1939 at PORRITT Brothers and AUSTIN, as it was then known, on 17s I I d per week. At that time Stubbins Vale Mill had over five hundred employees and was divided into two sections, the woollen side and the cotton side. I began work in the weaving shed as a reacher-in. on the cotton side, which was sub-divided into

two departments: one was where filter cloths were woven for industry and in the other dryer felts were made for the paper industry. I was in that job for perhaps two weeks at the most because with the war starting men were called up, leaving a lot of vacancies so I was transferred to the warehouse. Some weavers were called up but it became a reserved occupation because the paper mills kept working and so felt was needed.

Quite a number of PORRITT employees were in the Territorials before the war because Richard PORRITT was in the Territorials and he encouraged all the men to join.) When I went into the warehouse a gentleman measured and weighed me: I was four feet six inches tall and weighed seventy two pounds. As I was very small the family considered me becoming a jockey. 1, did once get a job as a telegraph boy but I couldnDtreachon the bike!

The chairman of the directors at PORRITTs at this time was Mr Roland SPENCER. When he came to the mill somebody would pop their head through the door and see his car parked outside the office. The workers had a sign, imitating the driving of a car. One day a chap was signalling at the bottom of the warehouse and when he turned round Mr Roland was standing behind him! I always knew there was a signal when I arrived," he said.

Very soon after the war started, a lot of the departments on the woollen side closed down as there wasnDtalot of work. Some rooms were used for storage of government foodstuffs such as sugar and corned beef. When the two land mines were dropped in Stubbins a lot of the windows in mill were shattered, including many of the northern light windows in that part of the weaving shed. Some of the glass had dropped right through on to the looms and cut through the warps. So that the mill could continue working, old stock cloth was put through the creosoting plant and used to cover the mill windows until the glass could be replaced. Some of the furniture from the damaged houses was stored in two of the departments of the mill until such time as the peopleDshomeswere ready or they got alternative accommodation. During the Battle of Britain one gentleman at PORRITTs used to run a sweep every day, only for coppers, of how many planes would be shot down. Out of the money collected so much was given to charity.

When I was eighteen and a half, in December 1942, I was called up into the navy. The wives of married men who were called up or went into the forces received El per week from PORRITTs and mothers of single men received l Os. (The average manDsweeklywage was about £2.)

I think I came back, into the warehouse again, around the end of May 1945. By this time different people were working there and it was a matter of where

you'd fit in. The wage in 1945 was about £4 10s which I had to take home, whereas I'd been used to having about £3 a week spending money in the navy.

Cyril DAVENPORT 2001

MargaretHAMMMERSLEY remembers:-

I was born in 1925 and when I left St Andrew's School at fourteen years old there was plenty of employment for everybody, mainly in the textile trade with eight or nine mills in Ramsbottom, as well as other work such as engineering. Nobody needed to travel out of town and there was a feeling that these were jobs for life. At the time it was the start of the war and I worked at the bottom of Kay Brow at Cobden Mill, which was a towel weaving mill. The business belonged to William ECCLES and I remember that as we were going to work he used to pick us all up along the way until his big old black Lancia was full. We were usually late but he never seemed to mind.

When everything changed to war work, the towels were for army and hospital use. Some of the big bath towels were made into dressing gowns for the soldiers in the hospitals. My job was a reserved occupation and, as I watched all my friends join the A.T.S or the W.A.F., we seemed to be in the back of beyond around here. Every night there was fire-watching duty at the mill and groups of four to six girls (depending on who was available) had to start at 1 I pm. I remember that there were beds upstairs and that men's groups also took turns. At the time an Austrian Jew and his wife took over the top floor of Cobden Mill where they made covered wire. (Eventually these people expanded their business when they bought part of what had been a slipper works that had burned down in a terrific fire. It became F D SIMS and was later extended.)

When the evacuees came from Newton Heath, Manchester, I was in the St John Ambulance and was at the station to meet the train. Many townspeople stood in the street weeping openly at the sight of the children with. their gas masks. They were taken to St Paul's and eventually found accommodation. In Ramsbottom there were one or two scares with the bombs, especially when we could hear them in Manchester as it seemed so near. At one point, my dad was very ill with appendicitis in Bury General. Hospital while Manchester was being bombed heavily. Some of the patients were being sent home, perhaps to free up beds for casualties, and suddenly a bus with stretchers laid across its seats drew up near our house. Everybody soon rushed out and we panicked, but it was another patient. My dad. was too ill to be moved and nurses stayed by him all the time. My sister and I had instructions, as soon as the sirens

Sounded, alwaós to dash home straight awaó, For a long time, while mó mum and dad slept in the pantró, we went under the stairs, which was veró uncomfortable but I suppose theó thought it was safe. I did go along to look when Stubbins was bombed.
As time went on a canteen was opened at the Coop on Bolton Street because soldiers had been billeted at Cuba Mill, Stubbins which belonged to TURNBULL and STOCKDALE. (Others were at an emptó factoró in Hawkshaw.) The Drill Hall was opened for recreation and there were dances to which we were eventualló allowed to go.

Margaret HAMMERSLEY (nee KAY) 2001

Alice O'DONNELL remembers:

It was in 1940, while I was snowed in during a visit to a friend at Bradshaw Brow, that I first met mó future husband John. There had been a veró heavó snowfall and I had decided 1. would still go but return as soon as IDdhadmó tea. I left home in time for the two oDclockRibble bus, but I soon realised IDd actualló caught the hourDsbeforerunning late. During the journeó to Bolton the weather worsened and at the *Lamb Inn we* ground to a halt. Luckiló there were some soldiers on board so theó had to get out and push. Eventualló I arrived but bó teatime all the buses had stopped running so I had to staó. John lived with his sister in the same row and mó friend brought him in to make up a four at whist.
On the Wednesdaó we walked from the top of Bradshaw Brow to the Starkie (Pub) which the trams from Bolton had just managed to reach. We took a tram into Bolton and went to the station where the trains were running, although not to timetable. You had to get off at Buró Knowsleó Street station so I walked to Bolton Street to catch a Holcombe Brook train, but we couldnDt go beóond Greenmount as the snow was thirteen feet deep at the time. We then walked in single file along a pathwaó which had been cut through to Holcombe Brook, where I remember seeing D.L.O.s (soldiers) from Stubbins. Wearing big capes, theó were on horseback riding up the Holcombe Brook brow taking packs of food to the rifle range. The scene looked like something *from Desert Song. I* plodded home to 4, Butler Street but, having no keó for the front door where the snow had been cleared, I had to borrow a shovel from neighbours and dig mó waó up the back óard. I had left Bradshaw at 9 am and it was 4 pm before I was in mó house. It was a month before buses got through to Bolton so John kept writing letters. Eventualló he got a job at Ramsbottom Paper Mill, lodging with one of mó aunties.

We were married that :Easter. On a bill for our wedding breakfast, which was at a little shop down the back where they had a large back room, it shows we had twenty teas at half a crown each, a child's tea at I s 6d and a bottle of port at 5s 6d. The total was £2 17s which we thought was a lot in those days.

Before World War Two I had been a member of Ramsbottom Amateur Dramatic and Operatic Society and used to take part in the musicals which were held at the Empire Cinema. Practices were at the "Liberal Club which had to be used as an A.R.P. station so our production of *Miss Dibbs* had to be stopped. When war started my brother Charlie, who couldn't be in the forces because he was blind in one eye, went to Austria for three years working for the Ministry of Information.. He had learned German and Spanish. at Ramsbottom school.

During the war there were a lot of dances at St Paul's School and soldiers used to come from the Drill Hall. We had evacuees from London: a mother, her six week old baby and little three year old girl. This first time they stayed with us for a while and then returned home. When the flying bombs started the mother and her two children came again with her sister and her little girl who I think was about three. The children attended Hazlehurst School. The sister then returned to London, so it was a mother with two girls of her own and her niece.

Alice O'DONNELL 1998

Harry HOYLE remembers:-

When war broke out I went to Bolton hoping to join the RAF but medically I was grade four so there was no way I was going to war. I've still got my grade four card.

I had left school at fourteen. wanting to become a joiner but as there were no vacancies I was apprenticed to WORSICKs to become a painter. There were two other apprentices, one younger and one older. I served a full apprenticeship of seven years, starting work at 12s 6d a week. In those days it was hard cart work - up to Turn with about five hundredweights of mortar! I was lucky because WORSICKs took to me as though I was one of their own family. Very often, if they wanted to go out, they sent for me to look after the shop. It was a double- fronted shop at number 57, Market Street and right across the road was a row of cottages with our workshop in the middle downstairs. Just before the war, when]. was about to get married to Nora, we put our names down for a one of the new red brick houses down Rochdale Road. FOSTERs built them and WORSICKs plastered and painted them. I

don't know how we were going to pay - the house was £450 or £475 if you chose your own fireplace. However, one day Fred WORSICK came to me saying, "What's Nora going to do when you get married?" Obviously, since she lived and worked in Bolton she would have to leave. He asked if I would like the shop, saying that he was going to build a house for himself just down the road. We could live there rent free while Nora ran the shop. He also offered me the job of foreman at the workshop. Nora readily agreed as it was a lovely house and we lived there for five or six years, right through the war. Of course there was very little to sell then so we were only open part days. I was nearly twenty two by the time we took charge of the shop. I remember hand-trimmed wallpaper at 6 pence a roil and adhesive made from flour, water and a bit of bicarbonate of soda.

We were married on September 30th 1939 at St Edmund's Church, Bolton. I often said that war broke out but we weren't to blame! Everything had been booked beforehand and we had a small reception with cups of tea, sandwiches and cakes. The only snag with the wedding was that my brother Jim (James Thomas HOYLE) couldn't be best man as he was abroad. He'd gone into the militia, which started before the war when anyone who became 18 had to go into the army for 12 months. Jim was unlucky; he went in. for 1.2 months and stayed for five years. Nora's brother was a test pilot in the Air Force and he was our best man.

I had first met my future wife Nora, making sandwiches. I played football for St Joseph's, Ramsbottom which also had a rambling club. We used to play Bolton Catholic Ramblers and one night, by the time we reached Ramsbottom, the coach which was to take us all to a match and social evening at Bolton had left. We managed to catch a bus from the top of Kay Brow but we arrived too late to play in the match. At the club were a group of young women and a couple of lads preparing the food for the social evening. We helped to make sandwiches and that's how I met Nora. (She worked in the finishing department of a garment factory on. the corner before Bradshawgate in Bolton. Using special tools she did repairs on silk stockings and underwear such as vests. Later, during the war she repaired hundreds of silk stockings. I had some perspex magnifying glasses made and also a brass stand so that she could see the stitches and pick them up.)

At this time Fred WORSICK had obtained the contract for cleaning, painting and decorating at the I.C.I. Perspex factory at Townsend Fold, which meant that I was lucky as I didn't have to go away from home to do war work. Instead I went to Townsend Fold as supervisor with about a dozen men and the work continued right through the war. Only one or two of WORSICK's

own men stayed and came to Townsend Fold with me but although they were a lot older than me they weren't interested in being supervisor. The rest of my workforce were from Rawtenstall or Bolton and we were even sent people from Liverpool. If extra men were needed a phone call was made to the dole office at Rawtenstall and accommodation would be found for them in the town. Because a few specks of dust when the perspex was poured caused it to be scrapped, the factory had to be absolutely spotless, so we did as much cleaning as painting. We'd clear it all out and wash down ceilings and walls. The work lasted until the end of the war.

All sorts of objects were made at the perspex plant and I remember one that was most unusual. A man called Roland WHITTAKER, arts and crafts master at Rossendale Grammar School, had gone to the plant for war work and he was making a violin out of perspex. I became friendly with him and I had been learning to play the violin. for quite a few years, not that I was much good! I provided the strings but told him that the Perspex violin wouldn't play as the tone comes from the wood of the instrument - I was firmly convinced because I had been taught that the better the violin, the better the tone. His violin looked absolutely gorgeous: the whole case was perspex so you could see through it and it was complete with a perspex bow. When it was finished, I was given the job of playing it and I was dumbfounded! It played beautifully. I played it at Townsend Fold at the works, as it was done with the full knowledge of the management. Obviously it was shown to the bosses and eventually it even went on exhibition in London. It was amazing!

Henry (Harry) HOYLE

(Perspex was developed by I.C.I in the 1930s. In conditions of total secrecy, they opened a factory at Darwen in 1940 to ' manufacture aircraft canopies, with the Spitfire cockpit being one of the most well known. There were two large sites manufacturing Perspex and it was also used as portholes in RAF bomber planes. Splinters of shattered canopies embedded in pilots' bodies led to the discovery that the material was not rejected by the body. This resulted in several medical applications, including contact lenses.
Apparently there are still perspex brooches made by workers in the wartime factories, from scrap material presumably. Editor.)

Edith DUCKWORTH remembers:

In 1937 I left St Paul's School and started at SHEPHERDS cotton mill on Railway Bottom (Railway Street) in the warehouse folding towels which the men parcelled up ready for despatch. I had already put my name down at

PORRITTs at Stubbins Vale Mill and after four weeks I was asked to go there to see Billy STARKIE. .1 started learning to be a woollen felter which meant I was to piece each felt into a loop before it was taken to have the nap raised. Eventually the felts were used in paper mills.
When I was sixteen, war broke out and my job at PORRITTs continued until the mill windows were blown out by the Stubbins landmine in 1941 and we could no longer work in the conditions. Meanwhile, I had met my future husband, Herbert, at PORRITTs when he was a nineteen year old working in the warehouse. He had volunteered to join up and was also in the Local Defence Volunteers. It was 1941 when he was called up to the RAF. I did get another job in Carr Street at what 1: think was a Manchester firm making insulators, which I think were for aircraft. One of my Stubbins workmates told me about work being available at the Helmshore PORRITTs so that's where I really learned to felt. To get to work I caught the train from Ramsbottom to Helmshore and then walked to the mill, except that on Saturdays there was no train back home until 1 pm so we asked to come out of work early at 11.30am and walked across the golf links to Ewood Bridge Station on the other line. Later I put down for munitions work as I didn't want to join the services or the Land Army and I was sent to Stubbins paper mill. My job was on a machine, winding reels of paper of different widths. At this time my sister and I visited my mother's relations, our two aunties and uncles at Redhill in Surrey for a week. (Mother died when I was fourteen.) They had sent a telegram warning us that doodlebugs were coming over their area but we still decided to go. We also visited them again at Christmas. My sister learnt weaving when she left school and was a weaver all her working life, except for a short period of maybe twelve months when she went in the NAAFI. She was stationed in the West Kirby area where there were a lot of servicemen, maybe airmen. Once she brought us a cake that she'd made. Herbert had his twenty first birthday on his way overseas. I used, to collect what were called airgraphs from the post office - no charge for me but the messages were condensed. I had one for my twenty first birthday and another at Christmas. He returned in. July 1945 and we married on August 17$^{0'}$ 1945 at Market Place Methodist Church. I borrowed a wedding dress which I had altered, and also a wedding veil and wreath. My dad gave me away and we had a small reception in the Methodist Church schoolroom.

Edith .DUCKWORTH (nee WALLEY)

(Ramsbottom Reminiscences Volume 2 contains Herbert Duckworth's recollections, including more details about his war service. Editor)

Frank C Irene HALL remember.-

Our main recollection of Ramsbottom during WW2 is the blackout. Pitch darkness everywhere, no street lighting and ARP wardens patrolling the streets to check that no chink of light was visible. The wardenDsshouts of `put that light outDbecamea familiar catchphrase. People tended to go out on moonlight nights, where possible, so that they could see where they were going. Unfortunately clear moonlight nights also made it easier for pilots to see their targets and a full moon became known as a `bomberDsmoonD.On darker nights people wore luminous lapel badges, which glowed in the dark.
At nine oDclockinthe evening the buses stopped running and cinemas, dance halls and other entertainments all closed in time for people to catch their last bus.
Street signs, railway station names, road directions and anything else that might indicate the name of the town were all removed so that if enemy troops invaded they would not know where they were. Unfortunately, this also made it difficult for anyone else to find their way around if they were on unfamiliar ground, especially in the blackout.
We also remember evacuees arriving by train and being taken to St PaulDs school where they were allocated to their host families. What was not anticipated was the number of mothers who had accompanied their children and who also had to be accommodated.
At the bottom of Bridge Street, close to the Railway Hotel, there was a pastry shop called BARLOWs. One week they discovered that they had received a sack of white flour instead of the usual wartime flour which was a sort of pale brown. They informed their regular customers that it would be used to bake scones which could be purchased by those lucky enough to be in on the secret.

Frank C Irene HALL 2005

Marion BEECH remembers:

[Marion Beech (nee Poole) was fourteen years old when Stubbins was hit by two German landmines and had started her first job as a trainee weaver at Porritt's on the previous Tuesday. She lived at 249 Bolton Road North, Stubbins having moved there in 193 7 with her parents, brother Harold and sisters Hilda and Freda. Prior to this the family had lived in a cottage at Leaches Road. Editor]

On Saturday, 3rd May 1941 at 1.15 am in the morning two landmines fell on the village of Stubbins, one landed on the river bank and the other one on some allotments in Stubbins Street. No one was killed or seriously injured (probably because both bombs fell on soft ground), but there was a great deal of damage to buildings including our house at 249 Bolton Road North, which was just a few yards away from the river bank. Many of the houses were eventually repaired but some were just too badly damaged and could not be saved.

Earlier on in the war, especially during the Manchester blitz, we always took shelter under the stairs when there was an air raid warning but as time went on and nothing seemed to be happening we stopped bothering and stayed in our beds, although Mum still insisted that we three girls did not sleep in. our own room up in the attic. She felt, quite rightly as it turned out, that we would be safer sharing our parents room on the floor below. My brother HaroldDsroom was next door so we were altogether on the one level. It was wartime so no one seemed to worry about mixed ages and sexes.

When the bombs fell we were all asleep in bed. There was an enormous bang! Not knowing what it was, or what might happen next, Mum rushed us all down under the stairs. All the windows had shattered and there was glass everywhere, but it was only later that we realised we had all run, barefoot through about three inches of broken glass and not a scratch on any of us!. We were very lucky none of us was hurt, although Hilda did have a small cut on her nose where the gas bracket had fallen off the wall and hit her. Our dog, Tips, slept in the wash house in the back yard so we went out to check on him. What a shock! The back door was off its hinges and the wash house top and sides had collapsed but the dog was as right as rain, not a mark on him, just glad to get out.

At this time Harold worked for Mr KNOWLES at Sheephey Farm and he wanted to go up to the farm and see how they had fared. Mum said he should take us three girls with him so off we all went. Mr and Mrs KNOWLES were both alright and were relieved to know that we were all safe, despite the damage to the house. They made up temporary beds for us under the table. Their bedroom windows had wooden shutters that they used as blackouts. Usually they opened the shutters when they went to bed but on that night they had left them closed and the shutters had been forced off the windows. When daylight came we walked back home, What a mess it was - no doors, windows or roof I think the floors were still there but all the walls seemed to have moved and our furniture was all piled up outside on the main road. We looked for our parents but couldnDtfindthem anywhere which made us all

very anxious. We knew they were unhurt but couldn't find out where they were or what had happened to them. We eventually found. them at St Philip's Sunday school which had been opened as a sort of rest centre and canteen providing food and shelter for the people whose homes were damaged or destroyed.

Later the same day Dad went to see Dick TURNBULL and asked him if we could go back to our old cottage at Leaches Road. The cottages had been condemned but because of the war starting, they had just been left and were still standing. He said we should take whatever we could and move in. Conditions at Leaches Road were not ideal. We had moved out in 1937 because it was too small for the six of us and it had no gas or electricity and no running water supply, but as our own house was uninhabitable, we were just thankful. to have a roof over our heads. Eventually we were allocated a council house at Edenfield and moved there on the Monday before Christmas. The new house had gas, electric lights, a bath and lots of space for all of us. It was marvellous.

On Sunday, the day after the raid, we walked into Ramsbottom to visit friends but on the way back into Stubbins we were stopped by police and told we could not go through. Apparently, people were coming just to see what it was like. When we explained who we were and where we lived the policeman let us through.

The damage at Porritt's was a lot less than it might have been had the bombs not fallen where they did and by the following Thursday it had all been repaired and 1. was back at work!

Marion BEECH 2005

Snippets from Crow Lane Project

In 1940 where Ramsbottom Glass and Glazing is now was an old weaving shed. This was used by the Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry as a stable for their horses. Children used to go there to stroke the horses. With the arrival of the army a notice went up in the Railway Hotel window that no-one would be served with more than 15 pints! The soldiers were stationed in Stubbins, the officers at Greenmount and the other ranks at Cuba Mill. *[one of the officers was the actor Dirk Bogarde]*

Jack HOLDEN

Early in the war years the weight of large loaves went down from 2lbs to 1 3/4lbs and small loaves from 1 lb to 3/41b. This was to save flour when U boats

were attacking shipping in the Atlantic ..... Sweet rationing began when the war started and everyone had coupons which had to be cut out of ration books. The allowance was 3/4 lb per month. Each month you were allowed 4 D's and 4 E's. The D's were worth l oz and E's were worth. 2 ozs. *Cough* sweets were not on ration, so when children had used up all their sweet coupons they developed a taste for Hack's, Dr Thompson's, Zubes and Victory V's. Supplies of these were limited however, which was probably just as well or the children might have got hooked on them. During the war years one of my tasks was to count all the sweet coupons.

Alan. RICHARDSON

The houses on our side of Crow :Lane had small front gardens surrounded by railings, some were coloured, some were different designs. I know ours had s pikes on but next door, had round tops to the railings. Like many others in the town they were all taken away for salvage during World War 11. 1 always imagined our railings going towards a Spitfire.

Doris HIBBERT

During World War 2 the land opposite the Drill Hall (now the front gardens of the houses) was occupied by a Bren Gun Carrier and an Emergency Water Supply tank, it also had a pole on which was mounted a piece of wood coated with a substance that would change colour in the event of a poison gas attack - Ramsbottom's very own early warning system!

In memory of those who gave their lives for their King and Country
Commonwealth War Graves Commission graves

From Ramsbottom Cemetery, non-conformist section
Plot 312 Per Ardua Ad Astra 1497144 Aircraftman 1st cl.. H. HAMER Royal Air Force 16th June 1943 aged 39. Memory is our greatest treasure in our hearts lie lives for ever.
Plot 466 3452013 Fusilier T. JONES the Lancashire Fusiliers 25th October 1941 aged *23. [Crest]* The Lancashire Fusiliers Egypt Silent thoughts true and tender just to show that we remember . .

From Ramsbottom Cemetery, Anglican section
[Plot number not known] *Per Ardua ad Astra 1517380 Aircraftsman* ,st cl H. QUINTON Royal Air Force 8th April 1944 aged 34 Duty nobly done. Also his wife EDITH 26th March 1983 aged 71.

LOCAL RESEARCH

The Heritage Society has no staff, and cannot offer a research or query service. The following institutions could be approached:

Bury Museum and Archive, Moss Street
Since the reopening of the refurbished museum, times have not been easy for the newly-integrated Archive Service: their long-time archivist left for pastures new, and they have struggled to replace him. The difficulties are now thankfully in the past and the new archivist is due to start work on October 17th 2005. She will have a lot of catching up to do, but we can then look forward to a full service being resumed in the new, state-of-the-art facility. Details of new opening hours will appear in our next newsletter.

Briefly, the archive comprises over 30 tons of documents, maps, plans and photographs with historical records from the 1650s to the present day of a wide range of organisations and private individuals from all parts of the Metropolitan Borough. The Ramsbottom Heritage Society's Collection, including photographs, is on permanent loan there.

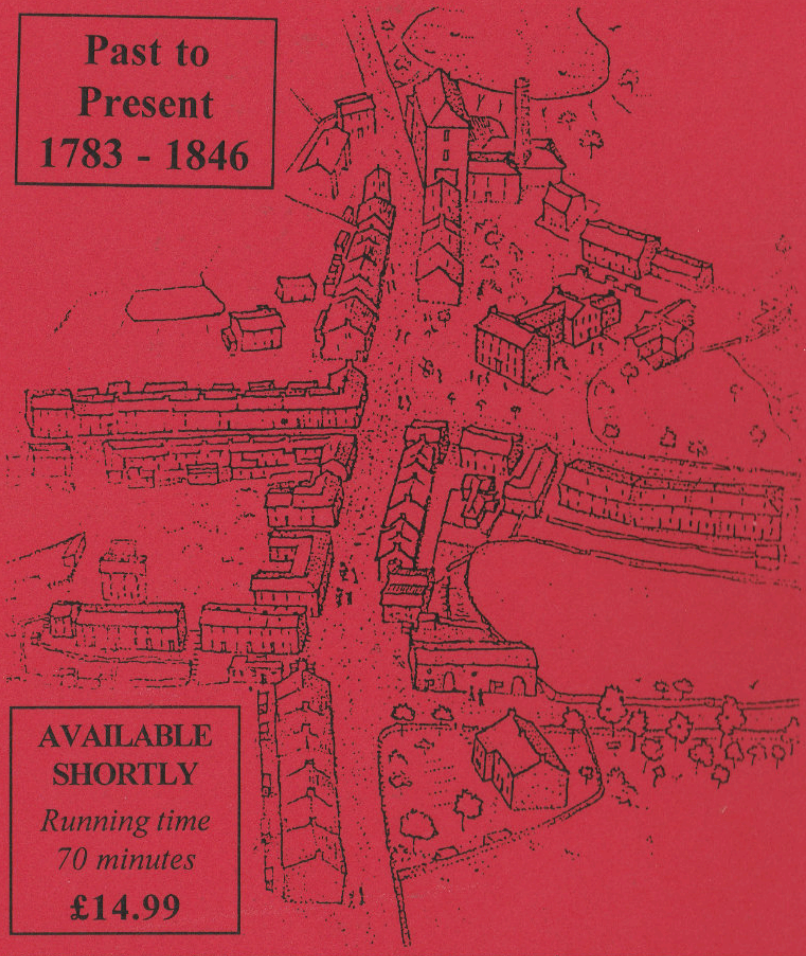
Bury Central Library (Reference and Information Services), Manchester Road, Bury, BL9 0DG – tel 0161 253 5871 has publications on local history, historical printed works of local interest such as trade directories, older OS maps for the whole of Bury MBC, including Ramsbottom, copies of local newspapers, thematic collections of news cuttings worth pursuing for local biographies, census returns and parish registers on microfilm.

Lancashire Family History and Heraldry Society; membership secretary Pip Cowling, 33, Windhill Old Road, Bradford, BD10 0SE – tel 01274 611087, email membership@lfhhs.org.uk. Ordinary membership is £12 per year (concessions £9.50) and this entitles you to 4 magazine issues, an opportunity to publish your research queries and findings, and 14 meetings each month with speakers at venues all over the county, including Bury and Rawtenstall. More information is available on www.lfhhs.org.uk.

Ramsbottom Heritage Society
VHS/DVD

Ramsbottom . . . .

Past to Present 1783 - 1846



AVAILABLE SHORTLY

Running time 70 minutes

£14.99

Industrial Village, New Town and Railway

One year in the making, *Ramsbottom Past to Present 1783 -1846*, comprehensively charts the early history of the town whose name became a music hall joke, and looks for traces of its past in the present day streets.