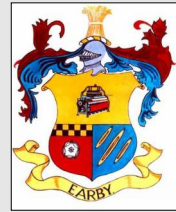


Earby Chronicles



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SOCIETY AIMS:
to raise awareness,
foster an interest
and facilitate
research into the
heritage of Earby &
district including
Thornton in
Craven, Sough,
Kelbrook, Harden,
Hague and
Salterforth.

OFFICIALS
Chairman & NRCC
Rep. :
Bob Abel
phone 01282 843850

Vice Chairman & Edi-
tor of Chronicles:
Stephanie Carter
Phone 01756 794099

Secretary :
Margaret Brown
phone 01282 843932

Treasurer & Archi-
vist :
Wendy Faulkner
phone 01282 863160

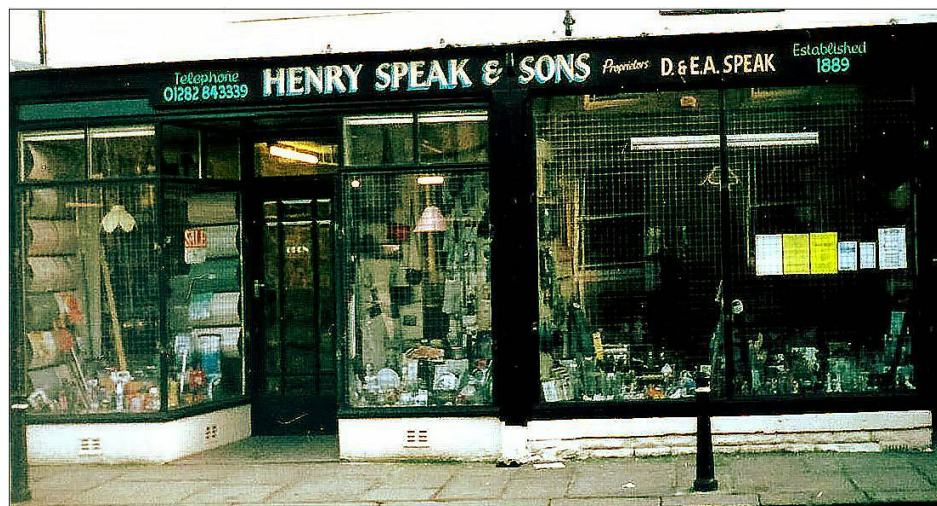
Archivist:
Margaret Greenwood
phone 01282 843394

Web Site / IT/
Programme Secretary
Vacant

Committee:
Trevor Tattersall
Colin Dalby
Ken Ranson
Steve Marshall

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125 YEARS IN BUSINESS



Henry Speak & Sons has closed for business after 125 years. It was founded in 1889 by Donald Speak's grandfather, Henry, as a painters and decorators, at 8 Victoria Road, and moved to No.33 at the turn of the century. Speaks were master craftsmen of quality and in 1949, when most people engaged a decorator, Donald's father Rennie and uncle Eddie employed 10 men working throughout West Craven. Jennie Speak ran the shop.

In 1967 Donald took over and expanded the shop side of the business to accommodate the new do-it-yourself craze. In 1970 he bought No. 31 the shop next door. Donald and Ann stocked fancy goods and cane requisites as well as the traditional wallpapers and paints. In more recent times one could purchase all manner of household essentials.

We shall miss Henry Speak & Sons and Donald and Ann, with their personal touch and are sad to see the demise of yet another Earby institution which has served the town so admirably for 125 years.

Recent talks & features

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EARBY & DISTRICT 1965 – 50 YEARS AGO

Information taken from Craven Herald by Stephanie Carter

January

No House Loans to Foreigners

Earby Council accepted the recommendation of the Finance Committee that no further loans for house purchase be given to foreign nationals.

John Morgan is the winner of the Duke of Edinburgh Gold Award and the Gold Medal of the Boys Brigade. His parents had taken over the newsagent's shop in Water Street from John Smith. Aged 19 and an apprentice at Rolls Royce, John, who is a staff sergeant with the 1st Earby Company, received the Boys Brigade award at an evening service at Mount Zion. John is to travel to Buckingham Palace to receive the award from the Dyke of Edinburgh himself.

Two Earby people who have served the **Earby St. John Ambulance** with loyalty have been awarded high honours. Miss E A Birley of Throstle Nest Thornton is made Honorary Serving Sister of the Venerable Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and Mr James Parkinson of Brook Street has become an Honorary Serving Brother.

Miss Birley had been the Earby president since the death of her father A J Birley in 1944 and Jim Parkinson joined the movement in 1937. He served in Burma and India during the War. He is a keen member of the Civil Defence Corps and deputy leader of the ambulance and first-aid party. Both Miss Birley and Mr Parkinson will travel to London for the investiture.

Over 200 members of the **Earby Old Age Pensioners Association** enjoyed their annual tea and concert at the rest centre in Linden Road. Councillor Waterworth presented gifts of chocolate and tobacco to the oldest couple, Mr & Mrs T Wroe of Cowgill Street, who had been married for 53 years, to the oldest ladies, Mrs Bulcock of Kelbrook and Mrs Welch of Earby, both 83, and the oldest man Mr J Whiteoak of School Lane. Wild Bros. Ltd. of Barnoldswick kindly took people home in coaches.

Fine new tractor offers jobs for at least 100 men

Mr E Field, Managing Director of Bristol Tractors, announced the production of a new tractor, designed, manufactured and assembled at the Kelbrook plant. 100 new workers would be required to meet demand for increased orders in the crawler tractor industry. The present labour force in the group, consisting of Bristol Tractors Ltd., Kelbrook Metal Products Ltd., and Forecast Foundries Ltd. is 300.

Earby Prize Brass Band gave a concert in the new room above the Band Club, which has been converted into a luxurious place at considerable expense. There was a capacity audience. Mr K Bradley, vice president and musical director, introduced Mr B Burns, conductor, who was compere. The first two pieces were 76 Trombones and Rule Britannia.

The closure of the **Barnoldswick/Earby branch railway**, with the withdrawal of services and the closure of Barnoldswick station, now looks inevitable.

February

The **Parochial Tea**, Sale of Work and Evening Entertainment was held at All Saints. Aladdin, the pantomime, was given by the children at Mount Zion Baptist Church. Sunday School parties were held at St Mary's Church Hall Kelbrook.

The Earby Civic Dinner and Ball was held at the Manor House Hotel. This was a change of venue from the usual Albion Hall.

Earby Youth Club has 35 members. The new leader is Mr J K Tennant.

Plans for an extension to **Armoride Ltd.** factory scrape through at a meeting in the Council Chamber.

Earby Police Ball was held at the Manor House. It was a great success and there was a splendid carving buffet. Dancing was to Keith Newton and his band.

The first work's dinner of **Vokes Ltd.** was held at the Black Bull, Rimington.

Earby Light Engineers, established eleven years ago in Earby, has built itself from a labour force of two to 125 workers and built up an enviable reputation in the aircraft industry. More men are urgently required. The firm's Northside works in Old Lane proved inadequate, space was taken at Dotcliffe Mill. Managing Director, Mr K Robinson praised the dedication and skills of the workforce, as the firm launched a new product, a mini-gardener, which, it is claimed, represents the greatest revolution in domestic gardening since the lawn mower.

Jenny Tattersall of Salterforth received the Duke of Edinburgh Gold Award. An inspiration to all young people, she is also a sergeant in the Girls Brigade and has 28 badges.

March

The Earby Social and Festival Committee chose the **new May Queen** at a dance at the Albion Hall. She is dental receptionist, Margaret Jonkajtys, of Wentcliffe Drive.

The **Earby British Legion** branch dinner was held at the Hendley Hotel, Colne.

John O'Toole, Earby's successful playwright, who has had plays on TV and stories on radio, has written a new script, Wish upon a Star, a new musical fantasy.

P.E. STONE

Margaret Brown

In August while waiting for a lift at the bottom of Riley Street, I passed the time looking at the cottages on Stoney Bank. I noticed a puzzling carving on the garden wall of the cottage nearest Riley Street Junction. I had not noticed this before and could not understand its meaning. It is of a Capital "P" and arrow pointing downwards and a capital "E" - see picture. Does anyone have any idea as to what these carvings mean and when/why were they made? (see over)



HOW THINGS HAVE CHANGED!!!

The following article appeared in the Craven Herald of 14th September 1928
(Transcribed by Stephanie Carter)

HATLESS WOMEN AT EARBY WEDDING TURNED AWAY BY VIC- AR

Circumstances have once again brought the Rev. J B Atkinson M.A. (Vicar of Earby) to the forefront. On Saturday a situation arose in connection with the Parish Church which inspired drastic action on the part of the Vicar and caused him to give utterance to piquant comments relative to modern practice.

On Saturday morning a large number of women and girls hurried from the mills to the Parish Church in order to see the wedding of a girl weaver. When some of them reached the Church door, however, they were stopped by the vergger who told them that as they were without hats the Vicar would not countenance their admittance. But when the Verger went away they entered the Church, expecting no further opposition.

Just as the ceremony was about to start, however, the Vicar caught sight of them and ordered all women without hats to leave the church. He declared that until they had gone he would not proceed. Thereupon the offenders got up in a body and went out, and a number of women who had hats walked out as a protest against the Vicar's action. The bridesmaids at the ceremony had only wreaths on their heads.

Speaking from the Chancel steps at the morning service on Sunday, Mr Atkinson defended his action. The practice of females appearing in church with uncovered heads, he said, caused him considerable pain. Much as he regretted it, he had been obliged to ask those who came to the wedding without hats to leave and he had noticed that several others, with hats on, had also withdrawn. But it was a universal custom of the Church and the great mass of Christian people that women should wear hats in church.

"No doubt my action will cause a great deal of talk", Mr Atkinson went on, "but I am quite accustomed to everything being twisted and misinterpreted in the worst possible way."

As long as I am Vicar of this parish – and I can speak for my successors also – I will demand and enforce the withdrawal of any female who dares to venture into this church with head uncovered. It gives me great pleasure to think that nothing of this kind has ever been attempted in this church before. In some parishes I know the Verger always stands at the door to see that the rule is not broken. For some reason, weddings bring into the church people who never visit it at any other time, and they imagine that the customs of the Church are the customs of the picture house. However much it pains, and whatever the cost, I will stop this sort of thing.”

Mr Atkinson went on to say that in future the Church’s functions would not be advertised. He held that spending money in that way, as promoters of auction sales and entertainments did, lowered the dignity of the worship of God. To his mind, the members ought to provide all the publicity that was required...

The Vicar’s action has been widely talked about and has been strongly criticised in some quarters. Commenting upon the vicar’s action, a Bradford clergyman told a Press representative that he quite agreed with Mr Atkinson’s attitude. “No women with any sense of respect or reverence would enter a church without a hat. It may be only an old custom, but it is a time-honoured custom, no different so far as I can see from the one which decrees that a man shall remove his hat when entering a church. Yet I have heard women protesting against a man wearing his hat in a café, let



All Saints Parish Church, Earby

alone on a place of worship.” “The trouble is”, the clergyman continued, “that people regard a wedding as an entertainment, not as a service, and consequently they imagine they are entitled to behave just as though they were in a picture house.

It is not so much that I think there is anything intrinsically wrong in a woman entering church without a hat. What I object to is the careless attitude it denotes, and the general sloppiness in both dress and behaviour it might easily lead to.

Bradford mill girls are as a rule very well behaved at weddings, and my experience in a district where the people cannot afford many clothes is that women always make an attempt to cover their heads when they come into church. Many who slip into my church in the middle of their morning’s work to see a wedding in which they are interested wear shawls over their heads, and I have known women who haven’t a hat and were anxious to see the ceremony, wear a man’s soft hat for the time being.

A woman’s wearing of a hat is a universal custom; it is a question of good or bad taste; but I have never known the custom violated in my parish, though mill girls are constantly slipping in to see weddings. They always put something over their heads – if it is only a handkerchief. Whenever there is a wedding I find most of the women near the church come to see it, but they are always well behaved. Those who haven’t hats wait outside the door.”

WHY PEOPLE GO TO CHURCH

Margaret Greenwood, sifting through her Aunt May Greenwood's newspaper cuttings, came across the following rhyme which lists reasons why people go to church. Published in the Craven Herald, it is taken from the 1910 autograph book belonging to a Bradford reader:

Some go to Church just for a walk.
Some to stare and laugh and talk;
Some go there to meet a friend,
Some their idle time to spend.
Some for general observation,
Some for private speculation;
Some to seek or meet a lover,
Some a courtship to discover;
Some go there to use their eyes,
And newest fashions criticise;
Some to show their own smart dress,
Some the Parson to assess;
Some go there to please the Squire,
Some his daughter to admire;
Some to claim the Parish "Doles",
Some for bread and some for coals;
Some to sit and doze and nod-
But few to kneel and worship God.

SCOUTING IN EARBY

From Mafeking to Earby.
Ken Ranson



The seeds of scouting in Earby were sown in 1899 in a small town called Mafeking, in the Cape Colony South Africa. Colonel Robert Baden-Powell was sent to raise two regiments of mounted riflemen. Their aims were to resist the expected Boer invasion of the Natal Colony. Baden-Powell chose to make a defensive stance and prepared to occupy Mafeking for its strategic position.

War was declared on 12th October 1899 and Mafeking was besieged the following day by a Boer force of 8,000 men. Baden-Powell had at his command approx 2,000. A cadet corp of boys aged 12 to 15, was also formed to act as messengers and orderlies. The recruitment of these cadets released men to fight. The Scout movement had been born!

Baden-Powell had grown up with a love of the outdoors and during his time in the army had written a book entitled "Aids to Scouting" to give the soldiers under his command a guide to survival in the wilderness. On arrival back in England he found that his book was being used for training by many organisations. After witnessing in Mafeking how brave young boys could be he rewrote his "Aid to Scouting" specifically for young boys and called it "Scouting for Boys".

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To test out his ideas he took a party of 22 boys on a camp, in August 1907, to Brownsea Island in Poole harbour. His book became an overnight success and soon scout patrols, as suggested in the book, had sprung up all over the country.



Robert Kershaw

In 1909 Robert Kershaw, weaver and Sunday school teacher, of 18 Cross Street, Earby, put together a sketch about scouts for a concert in the local church. The boys involved performed in uniforms which they had borrowed from the 1st Skipton Bulldogs patrol.

After the concert a number of boys made their wishes known to become Boy Scouts, and so a troop was formed in 1910 with Robert Kershaw as Scout Master and J. H. Coupland as Assistant Scout Master.

The troop had their headquarters in Back Water Street but then came WW1; the scout leaders enlisted and the troop struggled to keep going.



After the War scout troops were founded at the Baptist church on Water street and at the Wesleyan church on Riley street and scouting flourished. But as always lack of adult volunteers was a problem and the Baptist troop soon folded.

The Wesleyans were able to keep going mainly through the efforts of the stalwarts of Earby scouting, Herbert Lumb and Lloyd Clough, who was recently returned from service in WW2. A fall-out between the troop and the vicar of the time caused a patrol to leave and form a troop at Northolme Estate which lasted for five years.

The troop reformed at the school on New Road, Earby under the leadership again of Herbert Lumb. Herbert had a saddlers shop at 85 Colne Road and along with his wife, son Geoff and other willing volunteers kept the movement going in the town until bad health forced him to retire in the early 60's.



There was no scouting in the town for a few years until the St Andrews when until the age old problem of lack of adult leaders caused it to disband.

In 2004 a new group was formed and has flourished for the last ten years. Postscript. Ken has compiled a full history of the Scouts in Earby and if anyone would like a copy please contact him on ken@ranson.org.uk

BE HOME BEFORE IT GETS DARK...

Ken Ranson

I was always a loner. Although happy to play with other kids I always enjoyed my own company, and still do.

The house I lived in as a kid, was surrounded by fields and, in the distance, heathery hills, which, in summer, were an absolute heaven for a young boy with an imagination. Packing up a paper bag full of jam sandwiches and a bottle of pop, Dandelion and Burdock was my favourite, I would set off, climb over the barbed-wire fence that separated my house from the fields and head off into an unfolding adventure.

Never told my mum or anyone else where I was going, for the simple reason I never knew, and on the very few occasions that I did, the only answer was "be home before it gets dark." Imagine any young kid doing that nowadays? But let's not talk about the present the past is much more interesting.

Now the first obstacle in my path were the cows! Dozens of them and weren't they big, or was I small? Although a very docile animal they were always steered clear of as much as possible, as were the large piles of muck that they produced, (the first time my mother told me to "watch the cows clap" I had a mental image of a herd of cows lining up and applauding me with their front hooves as I walked past), although this wasn't always successful and my shoes, my only shoes, usually had an odour of cow about them. Pity the mums of today that have to clean the modern kids-shoes which have soles with a network of ridges which take days to clean - but let's not talk about the present the past is much more interesting.

Just reached the first field fence and, being too lazy to walk to the stile, I always climbed over the barbed-wire fence. One day I left my finger behind on a barb which curtailed instantly that day's adventure and resulted in a long tearful walk with mum to the doctors surgery. I still, when in a pensive mood, trace the outline of the scar with my thumb nail and think back to those days.

In "those days" many of the field boundary fences still had lots of trees within them, remnants of the early field systems. They had many uses: for cows to ease an itch with, birds to nest in, for young lads to prove how brave they were by climbing to the top (yes I do admit I had a birds egg collection), but most usefully they gave shelter, to both man and beast, from the rain and sun. On many an occasion this fence would be the limit of my day's excursion, for it would start raining and I would take shelter, eat my jam sandwiches, drink my Dandelion and Burdock, and then run home. Can never remember wearing a raincoat!

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Today is bright and sunny, the first fence has been successfully negotiated and things are looking good. A bit peckish so munching on a jam sandwich, also a bit thirsty so sipping at my pop, on many an expedition I would have to resort to "bush meat" to sustain me throughout the day swilled down with beck water.

These journeys of discovery really did last all day, for I have now been gone from home over an hour and only reached the second fence. But the "second fence" was an important milestone on my journey for it was here that I got my first sight of "The Beck"! I would usually spend time leaning on the fence to take in all the delights of the beck as it wound its sinuous weaving course through the fields until it disappeared with a sensual motion into the tunnel under the railway line.

"The Beck", every boy's delight, not very deep, not very wide, but a thing of great beauty, with its flower-coated banks, the rare incandescent blue flash of a kingfisher, the shoals of tiddlers, the lone bull-head, which we would spend hours trying to catch and then take home in a jam jar. The cows lazily chewing the grass along the banks and wading in for a much needed, satisfying drink. With luck you would spy a heron standing rock still in the water, patiently waiting for its lunch to come swimming unwarily by. This section of the beck was very slow moving and was never very clean, but there were no qualms about taking off shoes and socks, and in very hot summers everything else, and paddling in the cool water. Hours could be passed looking under stones for strange looking insects that would dart away as their shelter was invaded.

Time to move on, the shadow of the lone oak tree in the field by the beck is shortening, and there are many miles to walk, and many things to see and do before I have to turn around to make sure I am "...home before its dark". Being a bit peckish I munch on a jam sandwich and swill it down with Dandelion and Burdock.

Through the tunnel under the railway I arrive at the main road, the frontier of the wilderness that lay ahead of me. Once negotiated I was then alone. Alone to pict my wits against whatever nature may throw at me, but I was up for it, for no one would see if I was afraid or frightened unless they saw the dried tear stains under my eyes.

I am now Jungle Jim, ahead is a long meandering track up through the fields heading towards the hills. There are wild beasts on every side of me and I have to hack my way through the undergrowth (hope the farmer doesn't see me in his meadow). A brief respite at a watering hole, a quick drink out of a trough as I sped through a farmyard. I was never happy about walking through farmyards. They are full of so many hidden dangers, dogs that bite, farmers that shout, cows that clap (thank you, you are so kind), geese that hiss et al.

Now been gone from home for four hours. Time for lunch. Munching on my last jam sandwich and swilling it down with my last drop of Dandelion and Burdock I take stock of the day so far. It's nice and sunny. Managed to get over the barbed-wire fence unscathed. Didn't fall in the beck. Got applauded by cows just for walking through a field. A good day so far.

Not far to go now, my journeys end, the wood in the dell. A mysterious wood full of rustles, cries and shadows. This is the place where, to my shame in later life, I collected birds eggs. Every boy had a birds egg collection, kept in a wooden box stuffed with cotton

wool. This is the place I collected my other scar. It's three inches long on the left hand side of my stomach. I climbed to the top of a tall tree where a birds nest could be seen, put my hand inside the nest and a young bird bit me. I fell down the tree gashing my side as I fell which curtailed instantly that day's adventure and resulted in a long tearful walk with mum to the doctors surgery.

I am now Robin Hood, I have my trusty bow and my band of merry men. Deer are killed, The Sheriff of Nottingham is captured and held to ransom and I steal a kiss off Maid Marion. I am now tired and, I must admit, a bit scared, the day has suddenly started to go dark and the wood in the dell is now a frightening place.

All my jam sandwiches are gone, my bottle of Dandelion and Burdock is empty. I want to go home "...before it gets dark".

LOTHERSDALE TO PERSIA (NOW IRAN) 1ST WORLD WAR

As part of the Middle Eastern theatre of World War 1, the Persian Campaign was a series of engagements between the British, Russian Armenian and Assyrian forces against the Ottoman Empire which was aligned with the Germans. The Persian forces were established around certain districts, instead of as a single force. Depending on the tribal grouping, each district provided one or two battalions of between 600 and 800 men, usually under their own chiefs.

Under Lothersdale News in the West Yorkshire Pioneer and East Lancashire News of 3rd August 1917, the following extraordinary letter was re-produced.

NEWS FROM THE PERSIAN GULF—AT AN ARAB FEAST

The following letter describing an Arab feast etc. has been received by the parents of Sergeant J Moorhouse of the RAMC stationed in the Persian Gulf, which should prove both interesting and instructive:

"I was surprised to hear that you had snow at Easter. Please send some over to us, the temperature is 110 degrees in the shade. It is simply burning, and the light is so strong that we are obliged to wear dark goggles. Now for a little news:

Last Friday two officers and about twelve sergeants (including myself) were invited to supper at Sheik Halil's. This notable Arab is a kind of wealthy landlord in this district and is a brother or some kind of relative of the Sheik himself, who, by the way, is a sort of Prime Minister in Persia. The Arabs round here are a much better class of Arabs than those in Mesopotamia, and as they are under the control of Sheik Halil we decided to accept the invitation, for it is far better to lump on the right side of such men. Well, his house, or palace as palaces go out here, is situated about 2½ miles upstream from our camp. He therefore sent two "balhams" or long shallow boats to take us up there. The moon was shining clear and bright and we landed at his house at about 9pm. There was no proper landing stage, just a narrow plank suspended from the "Balham" on to the river bank. Here the old man was waiting for us and after much salaaming he led us up a flight of stone steps right on to

the top of his flat-roofed house. Here a long table was out ready for us. We had previously sent down two native waiters from our own camp, also knives, forks, spoons etc. These Arab feasts generally last one night only, but this was obviously a "special" for it had continued a whole week. Tonight happened to be the last night and I should think that fully 300 Arabs had assembled in the courtyard surrounded by different sections of the palace. Sheik Halil and his attendants – some fully armed with guns and their crescent shaped knives, were with us on the roof looking down on the gay crowd below. Of course they could not speak English but we had an interpreter, so remarks were exchanged.

Well I was never at such a supper in all my life. There were 12 courses, and altogether we spent about 2 hours eating. We had course No.1 mashed potatoes and mutton; No.2 rice with curry; No.3 a salad consisting of lettuce, onions, parsley, oil and curry; No.4 pineapple and sauce; No. 5 fried potatoes with chicken; No. 6 boiled potatoes and chicken etc. etc. About half way through the supper two of the Sheik's best dancers were summoned. Although one was dressed as a woman, both were good looking young men, and rather refined for Arabs. Carpets were laid down on the roof, and the music commenced.

The band consisted of three men; two sat down and began beating their tom-toms, or native drums, whilst a third filled in with a bit of singing in Arabic. I cannot speak too highly of the dancers. They were simply fine. Up and down the carpet they danced, not coupling up as we do in England, but keeping perfectly in step. One of the dances was a death dance. Half time they worked themselves off the carpet on to the floor, when a man stepped up and pretended to cut off their heads. Soon after, a twitching of limbs started and they came to life again, working the dance up to a great finale. Three performances were given, and altogether they lasted about an hour. After each performance the dancers first made their salaams to their master and then shook hands individually with us.

Sheik Halil has 13 wives but only 9 children. One is his real wife and the others are sort of ornaments. I saw them on the roof opposite ours watching the 300 Arabs below. The women are not allowed to mix with the men in public. In these large houses the occupants sleep on the house top, for rain seldom interferes with us out here, and if the night is clear we know that no rain will descend. The people in the courtyard were all sat down, forming a large open square, in which other dancers and clowns performed. They had their drums, and what with the clapping of hands and singing and one thing and another, it was like bedlam. I wouldn't have missed it for anything. The company broke up at 1-30 am and after bidding adieu we were rowed safely back to our camp.

Such is life out here – sometimes we are not so successful in getting the food these Arab toffs get, but of course we could not live regularly on such food as they eat."

Editor's Note

Joseph Moorhouse was born in 1888 in South Shields, Durham. His parents were Jessie and John George Buglass Moorhouse; his father was a schoolmaster. From 1894 to 1921 father John was headmaster at the school in Lothersdale. In 1911 son Joseph, aged 22, was a pharmaceutical student, boarding in Lambeth, London. He became a pharmacist and was living in Skipton when he enlisted in the Royal Army Medical Corps, aged 27, in 1915. The letter was written by Joseph to his father who was living at the School House in Lothersdale.

A BRIEF LOOK AT ISLAND SQUARE Margaret Brown

Island Square contained some of Earby's first cottages built to house the weavers at the local mills. They were small one or two up and down cottages with accommodation that was basic and cramped. They were cheap to rent and so attracted those on low incomes.

The Old Row was built before 1840 as a single row of eight houses as shown on the OS 1848-50 6" series map. In the late 1870's early 1880's the second row was built of a further 12 houses in 2 back-to-back rows. One of these was also a shop; making a total of 20 houses. These were occupied on a rental basis mainly by cotton workers. Most of the people named in the census had moved on at each census taking. The late 19th century and early 20th century were hard times in the cotton industry, with many people looking for work. They would travel around the mill towns constantly in search of better paid work, staying in the cheapest places. The cottages were known locally as a very rough slum area.

The residents of Island Square over the years came from many places in the UK. Half of them came from the cotton towns of Lancashire, while the rest from all over the UK, London, Cornwall, Bedfordshire, Lincolnshire and Northamptonshire were among the places of birth listed. To the local inhabitants, who did not normally go out of the area, the many different accents and backgrounds must have been quite exotic.

Because of the wide variety of backgrounds of the weavers resident in these cottages



Island Square from the bridge



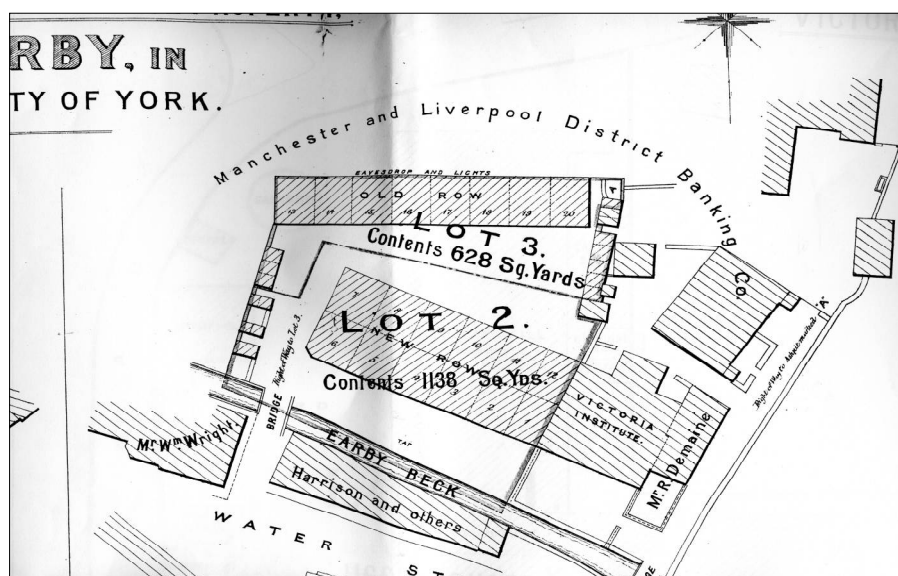
Old Row with New Row on right and Waddington Fold in the background

and especially in the lodging house, it became known as the "flags of all nations", even though all of the residents came from the UK. This was the first area that had people from outside the village moving into it. The Square is usually named as Island Square but on some plans it is named as Ireland Square. I think this is a miss-spell when the writer takes the oral pronunciation rather than the written word. There does not appear to have been an influx of Irish immigrants moving there, anymore than anywhere else in Earby.

In 1887 the two rows were put up for auction. Lot 1 was New Row "12 cottages and shop, one half of the beck, total weekly rents of £1. 5s. 3d (£1:26p) The particulars also state that the owner must give right of way to the owner of Lot 2 the "Old Row" "to pass with horses, cattle and vehicles in, along and over the road leading through Lot 1 on the westerly end." The vendor also had the right to lay pipes for gas and water and also sewer pipes.

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This I assume is because the bridge was an ancient right of way to Waddington Fold farm, and the land was originally part of the farm. Lot 2 was the Old Row of eight cottages and other buildings at a total weekly rent of 14s (70p). These were put up for auction by Mr. Dyson Mallinson. He was the son-in-law of Christopher Bracewell of Greenend House. The cottages were auctioned with 22 other Lots of land and rows of houses in Earby. However in 1890 the cottages were again put up for auction, along with Victoria Mill, after the owner, Mr. Dyson Mallinson, went bankrupt. Maybe the cottages did not sell at the first auction. The sale schedule shows the 20 cottages, privies and yard; these were accessed via the small bridge that is still in use today. It would seem that each of the privies was shared between several households and that the only source of water was from a tap in front of the No. 4 New Row. On the sale plan the houses are numbered 1 – 20 for the purposes of the sale and not used as a postal address.



1887 Plan

The sale schedule also gives the rental value of the cottages. It put Nos. 6 & 7 on the plan (1 & 2 on the census) together at a rental value of 2/- (10p) per week each. This probably was the property that was a shop. There was probably a doorway through between the properties. This property later became a weavers' lodging house. The rents for the other cottages ranged from 1/9 (just under 10p in modern currency) to 2/3 (11p) making an income of £1.19.0 (£1.95) per week.

All mill towns had a weavers' lodge; these were very cheap lodgings for single weavers who were "on the Tramp" looking for work. They were run often by unscrupulous land lords who wanted to maximise their earnings; also as the rents were very low they attracted the worst workers who possibly drank their wages or were down on their luck. Decent people tried very hard not to have to use such accommodation.

Common lodging houses were governed by the 1851 & 1853 Acts which stated that they had to be registered and inspected by the police. However, these Acts were badly drafted and rarely enforced.

The accommodation was very spartan. It is said locally that the lodgers did not sleep in beds but slept sat on a hard chair and held by a rope across them to stop them from falling off the chairs while they slept. This seems to have been common practice in the cheap-

Earby Chronicles

est of lodging houses. It is also said that this is the source of the saying as “being able to sleep on a clothes line”.



Inside one of the Cottages and the Stairs

The 1891 census shows several of the residents supplemented their income by taking in lodgers, though there is no evidence of a boarding house. The 1901 census shows that a Margaret Martindale lived at No. 2 Island Square along with her daughter, son-in-law and 3 month old baby. She ran a boarding house and at the census had 12 male cotton weavers staying there. As No. 1 Island Square is listed as being occupied but no residents are named, it could be that Margaret Martindale owned or rented the property and used this as her lodging house. For the purposes of the census they were all listed as occupying No. 2. The lodgers were mainly in their 30's and 40's and gave their place of birth as one of the Lancashire mill towns e.g. Colne, Burnley Hebden Bridge, Blackburn, Stacksteads, Nelson, Ramsbottom, & Preston.

The 1911 census shows that John Proffit occupied Nos. 1,2 & 3 New Row. He lived with his wife and 5 children and 2 live-in servants. The census also states that they had lost three children. As their eldest child was only ten years and they had been married for eleven years, then these children must have died at an early age. The census also gives the names of twenty men whose occupation was given as a cotton weaver; these stated as boarders. It is not clear from the census who lived in which house, but presumably the lodgers would live in No. 1 and his family and servants lived in 2 & 3, though as these cottages were back-to-back with only one room up and one room down they must have been grossly overcrowded. The ages were between 28-59, three in their 20's, six in their 30's, seven in their 40's and four in their 50's. Their place of birth was given again as from the mill towns of Lancashire – Preston, Macclesfield, Burnley, Blackburn, Darwen, & Hebden Bridge. The lodging house continued in use until late 1920's/early 30's

By the early 1900's the cottages were falling into disrepair and were suffering from frequent flooding, they had a bad reputation and were far short of modern living standards, with outside privies which were shared between households. They were cramped with no bathrooms, no ventilation and numbers 1 – 12 were back-to-back. In the Council Minutes of Sept. 1915, Walter Wilkinson, as owner of numbers 2 – 12 (even numbers) was called to attend the Council meeting as the cottages were in disrepair and unfit for human habitation.

Earby Chronicles

He agreed to do the repair work within three months. In January 1916 they were still unfit for habitation. In 1932 there was still concern over the frequency of flooding especially in Walter Wilkinson's cottages. Various means of dealing with this were discussed, including cleaning out the beck, raising the wall, condemning the properties, but at the time they had nowhere to re-house the occupants. In 1930 the Government offered help to local councils with a special slum clearance subsidy for them to pull down slums and re-house their inhabitants at rents they could afford. Earby Urban District Council took advantage of this and had the rows demolished. The inhabitants were re-housed in Spring Mount.



Old Row

belongs to Waddington Fold farm and is part of the back garden. It seems that the ownership of this small piece of land has had a complicated history.

There is still visible part of the western end and part of the back wall of the end cottage; this can be seen off Back Water Street. It looks like the cottages were fairly substantially built with large cornerstones. Also in the back wall of the library/Coronation Hall there are still traces to be seen of the cottage fire places and end wall of the back to back cottages.

During WWII, a temporary building was constructed on the site, to be used as a cook house for soldiers billeted in the Coronation Hall.

In the 1960/70's the site was redeveloped and a two storey block of flats was built on the site of the "New Row" and was renamed Shaw Square.

In the 1920's Harry Taylor's father started the "Earby Film Transport Company" in Water Street. In 1958 he bought the land where the Old Row once stood from Stanley Procter and got planning permission to build a stone garage, now accessed from Shuttleworth/Waddington Street. The date stone on the side reads "T.C. 1958" reminding us of Tommy Cowgill, the man who built it. Also incorporated into the end walls are three small stone window frames; could these have come from the demolition of Island Square? The rest of the site now



Side of Library showing fireplaces of New Row houses

THE WAY THINGS USED TO BE

We were wallowing in nostalgia at the January meeting when our guest speaker Harold Hoggarth jogged our memories of life in the three decades 1940s, 50s and 60s.

Starting with Prime Minister Chamberlain's announcement that a state of war with Germany had been declared, Harold reminded us of ID Cards, ration books, gas masks and the like. Double summertime and the black-out were recalled and the war time propaganda and posters. We heard and sang along with Vera Lynn and Flanagan and Allen and heard George VI's speech in 1945 at the end of hostilities.

1947 saw the marriage of Princess Elizabeth, an event to lighten the post war austerity still being felt. Rationing continued well into the 1950s.

During the 1940s, radio came into its own as a means of both information and entertainment but also with the menacing tones of "Germany Calling, Germany Calling" from Lord Haw Haw and his enemy propaganda.

1951 brought the Festival of Britain and in 1953 was coronation year when the television age really started. One million 9" television sets were sold for people to watch the event. The 1955/6s saw the beginnings of commercial TV the first advert being for Gibbs SR toothpaste.

Radio was still important with programmes like the Al Read Show, Billy Cotton's Band Show, Take it From Here, Have a Go, with Wilfred Pickles, and the Clitheroe Kid, Harold playing some recordings as examples.

1957 saw the start of the Space Race, when the Russians launched their Sputnik earth satellite, leading up to America's successful landing on the moon in 1969.

1960 saw the start of the long running TV soap opera, Coronation Street, although the radio's The Archers had started ten years previously.

Most people of that era will remember where they were on that fateful day in November 1963 when President Kennedy was assassinated.

The 1960s saw the burgeoning of consumer products from soap powders to sweets. Although some have been consigned to history it is surprising how many have survived to the present day including dreft, persil, smarties, mars bars etc.

Harold's talk, which he interspersed with sound and video clips, was very well presented and well received by an appreciative audience.

OBITUARY—FLORENCE WRIGHT



We are sad to report the recent death of Florence Wright at the age of 100. Her memories of old Earby were portrayed in her booklet "Picking sticks with stockings on".

Florence was born in 1914 at 23 Victoria Road, the daughter of Ebor and Ellen Smith. She was educated at Riley Street Wesleyan and Alder Hill Schools before continuing her education at Skipton Girls High School.

Her father, Ebor, had a plumbing and glazing business which he established in Earby in 1897, her mother running the shop at 23 Victoria Road.

After finishing her schooling Florence became a teacher, her first post being at Apple-treewick Council School. After five years she transferred to Gisburn Road Infants School in Barnoldswick before moving to Alder Hill.

She met her husband, Norman, on the tennis courts whilst on holiday in Scarborough. Norman was from Worksop in Nottinghamshire, so their courtship was a long distance affair. Norman could catch a train from Sheffield to Manchester and Florence could get from Earby to Manchester, so their courting was carried out in Heaton park in Manchester. Norman and Florence married in 1941 and they had two sons Peter and David.

For many years Florence lived in School Lane, from where she recalled memories of old Earby in her book for EDLHS "Picking Sticks with Stockings On". She always had many tales to tell, and spent her final years in Cravenside, Barnoldswick.

SOCIETY AGM FEBRUARY 2015

The Society held its annual general meeting on February 17th 2015

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT 2014/15

Another eventful year has passed which was dominated by the WWI commemoration.

A £6100 grant was awarded by the National Lottery Heritage Fund to help pay for our events.

The project was launched in February 2014 with a coffee morning and mini exhibition to try and assess what local interest and support there might be. It was gratifying to find that there was plenty of interest. Planning then began in earnest.

Stephanie Carter had been researching for her book "Earby in the First World War" since 2013 and now with funding in place we could prepare for publication and the book was launched in May.

Many people submitted material for the exhibition and gradually a series of large exhibition panels were designed for printing. Exhibits were collected together and we had major contributions from three museums – The Dragoons Museum in York, The Infantry Museum in Preston and the Craven Museum in Skipton. WWI re-enactments were booked from whom we heard about life in the trenches and casualty clearing stations on the front line. We had music from a Springfield School choir and Earby Brass Band and excellent refreshments and lunches served by Earby Development Group.

I would like to give a huge thank you to all those who helped particularly the members of the committee who put in a great deal of work. The crowds of people who attended the exhibition and the positive feedback obtained made the whole event very worthwhile.

Back to more mundane issues.

Membership has held steady again this year, standing at 120, 27 away, 38 email and 55 local.

Financially we are in a sound position as shown by our accounts so ably kept by Wendy Faulkner

Archives have continued to grow and as a result of the WWI commemoration project we have now created a specific WWI archive.

Earby Chronicles

Chronicles, edited by Stephanie Carter, is still as popular as ever and I make my annual appeal for members to submit items for inclusion.

Future

2015 is the Society's 20th anniversary having been formed in January 1995 when a handful of interested people met to discuss the feasibility of a Local History Society in Earby - and the rest they say is history.

The WWI project is timed to be completed by January 2016. We have offered to loan the exhibition boards this year to the local schools for use in any WWI related project.

There has also been a suggestion that we take the exhibition panels to Pendle twin town Marl in Germany but this is by no means certain.

There will be another book launch later this year, Stephanie has been working diligently on the next publication on the lives of people in service. It is hoped to combine the launch with a 20th anniversary event.

We also hope to start a project involving archaeology and we are considering looking at LIDAR imaging of the Earby area which will hopefully show up ancient features underground. John Clayton, a local historian & landscape archaeologist is going to give us advice on and where to start. The mill site behind the Youth Hostel has been suggested as a good place to begin and a good anniversary project. We would be pleased to hear from anyone who would be interested in taking part in this project.

Once again I have to give special thanks to all those who have contributed to the society's running for the past twelve months.

	Income	Expenditure
Society 2014	£3194.34	£1553.59
Lottery Grant (WWI Project)	£6100.00*	£4235.60*
TOTAL	£9294.34	£5789.19

There is at least £1600 awaiting payment on receipt of bills.

The accounts were unanimously accepted by the meeting and the committee was unanimously re-elected with the addition of Steve Marshal as Webmaster.

A YEAR OF SIGNIFICANT ANNIVERSARIES

2015 sees a whole host of significant anniversaries: 800 years since the signing of Magna Carta; 200 years since the Battle of Waterloo; 70 years since the end of World War II; 50 years since the death of Winston Churchill and last but not least 20 years since the founding of Earby and District Local History Society.

January 1995 saw the first meeting to discuss the viability of a Local History Society at New Road Community Centre. Roy St Pierre, then the Community Centre Manager, was trying to encourage more groups and societies to use the centre and a meeting was called. A hand full of people met including Roy and Jan, one of the stewards, Bev Parker, Jim Walker, Peter Dawson and Bob Abel. Dorothy Carthy from Barnoldswick History Society was present in an advisory capacity.

At that meeting it was decided to "give it a go" and plans were drawn up to publicise the new venture and Bob Abel was appointed as the first chairman.

KITCHENER'S PALS

Our November meeting was the final page of our commemoration of the centenary of the start of WWI.

We invited popular speaker, Steve Williams, to present his talk "Kitchener's Pals". Steve has had a long interest in the history of the First World War has several talks on the theme and also organises guided tours to the battlefields of France and Belgium.

At the start of the war, Kitchener realised that it may not be a short affair and that the British Army would need bolstering with new recruits. To encourage men to volunteer the idea of what became known as the Pals Battalions was proposed. It was thought that men would be more likely to volunteer if they could train and fight with their friends, neighbours or work colleagues etc.

Many large towns formed Pals Battalions and the larger cities formed several. Professional and other organisations formed Pals Battalions of which footballers, public schools, artists and stockbrokers were examples.

Accrington was the smallest of the towns to form a Pals Battalion. The major employer of the town, Howard and Bulloughs, was in dispute with its workforce and the men had been locked out so the Mayor of Accrington, Captain John Harwood, had a ready supply of willing volunteers to form the basis of this new battalion.

However the Accrington Pals (11th Service Battalion of the East Lancashire Regiment as they were known) were not exclusively Accrington men. Twenty-five percent were from Accrington itself, some 25% were from the surrounding district, 25% from the Burnley area including a detachment from the Burnley Lads Club, and the balance from the Chorley and Blackburn areas

The battalion left for initial training in Caernarfon in February 1915 and after training at several other venues around the country arrived on Salisbury Plain. From there they weren't dispatched to the Western Front as they expected, but were sent to Egypt to guard the Suez Canal. When the threat from the Turks receded they were posted to France in February 1916 in the build-up to the Battle of the Somme.

The Somme was partly to take the strain off the French, who were under severe pressure at Verdun, and the front line 19 miles long was to the north of the French.

The Accrington Pals were entrenched opposite the village of Serre which was their objective. Following a period of intense bombardment by the British artillery it was thought that the German trenches and barbed wire defences would have been obliterated and the attack would be an easy stroll. As the Pals went over the top they found a different scenario. The Germans were so well dug in that most of them were protected and the shells had not destroyed the barbed wire. Of the 720 pals, 585 were killed or wounded in the withering German machine gun fire. One hundred and thirty five bodies were never recovered and have no know resting place.

The Somme brought a realisation that the idea of Pals Battalions was a public relations disaster as local communities, like Accrington, suffered severe losses. An original Pal recalled, "I remember when the news came through to Accrington that the Pals had been wiped out. I don't think there was a street in Accrington and district that didn't have their blinds drawn, and the bell at Christ Church tolled all the day."

Consequently, particularly with the introduction of conscription, men joining from a particular locality were not grouped together in one battalion but were spread out amongst other geographic regiments.

Steve concluded his talk with the stories of several of the Chorley contingent, both officers and men, survivors and casualties.

The presentation was rounded off with two clips of BBC footage taken when Steve and a party visited the Serre area of the Somme and the Accrington Pals memorial.

Steve's talk was very professionally presented and well received.

ANNUAL DINNER

This years annual dinner will be held on Tuesday 2nd June at the White Lion Inn. In Earby. Our after dinner speaker will be Father Trevor Vaughan from Ripon. Fr Vaughan was a vicar for forty years, some ten of those spent as rector of Thornton, Marton and Broughton.

After retiring he moved to Ripon where he has turned his hand to writing. He has had two books published, the latter being "Parson's Pie" described as "a motley mix of merry musings". His talk will draw from his book amusing tales and topics from his varied ministry among his parishioners and soldiers.

The booking form is attached to this edition. Places are limited so early booking is recommended.

STOP PRESS

Earby Corn Mill

As announced at the AGM a documentary and archaeological research project into the Earby corn/fulling Mill has been started.

The mill appears to have been situated in the area behind the Youth Hostel with water being taken from Earby Beck to power the waterwheel.

If you would be interested in being part of this project, contact Margaret Brown or Wendy Faulkner.

PROGRAMME

21st April- Local Industries through the Ages - Colne Library Volunteers

19th May- Hollywood Stardust versus Yorkshire Grit Salts Mill Saga 1981) - Maggie Smith

2nd June—Annual Dinner at the White Lion, Earby.
Booking essential—see booking form attached

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Local History
Society.**

DATA PROTECTION ACT

Members details are held on computer for mailing and compilation of a membership list. The details will not be used for any other purpose without the express permission of the member. If you do not wish your details to be held on computer please inform the Treasurer immediately.

THE SOCIETY

Meets at the Community Centre, New Road, EARBY on the 3rd Tuesday of the month at 7.30 p.m. (except for outside visits).

**ANNUAL
SUBSCRIPTION
£7.00
UK £9.00
Overseas £13.00**

Contents:

Whilst every effort is made to ensure accuracy of information in this edition, this cannot be guaranteed.

NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

Don't forget this is your newsletter. Send in articles, photos and any other anecdotes, so that we get as wide a flavour of Earby & District, yes that means Thornton in Craven, Kelbrook, Sough, Harden and Salterforth as well.

EDITOR

Stephanie Carter
01756 794099