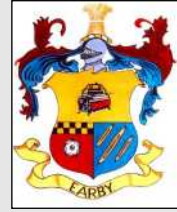


# Earby Chronicles



**Edition 94**  
www.earbyhistory.co.uk

**AUTUMN 2019**

**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.

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## PETER DAWSON'S MODEL OF FIRE TENDER DONATED TO FIRE STATION



L to R FF Stuart Morrison, FE Emma Dickinson, ACM Sam Paul, FF James Davies, Bob Abel

#### Recent features

Page 2 Some Soldiers Wounded in Normandy—Operation Overlord

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## Earby's Austin K2 Fire Tender and Coventry Climax Trailer Pump

At the beginning of WWII the Auxiliary Fire Service (AFS) was created in response to possible attack on civilians by German air raids delivering incendiary bombs. A section of the AFS was established in Earby. In 1941 this was superseded by The National Fire Service (NFS) when all the fire brigades were nationalised.

The Home Office supplied a Coventry Climax trailer pump and Earby Urban District Council obtained an Austin K2 van to tow it and carry the other equipment and ladders.

Some years ago **Peter Dawson** scratch built a model of the K2 fire tender and the trailer pump and he recently decided he would like it to be donated to Earby Fire Station to go on display there.

In June Bob Abel , on behalf of Peter, presented the model to the Fire Station.

## SOME LOCAL SOLDIERS WOUNDED IN NORMANDY OPERATION OVERLORD

Research – Stephanie Carter

The invasion of Normandy started just after midnight 6<sup>th</sup> June 1944. During preparations for the invasion in June **Sergeant Willie Taylor**, aged 37, of Lincoln Road, Earby, was injured in his right leg and underwent an operation in a hospital in the south of England. Sergeant Taylor was a fitter in the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers. Prior to joining the Army two and a half years previously he had been employed in haulage work by an Earby firm.

News of injuries to loved ones was soon received by relatives in Earby and district. In July, after capturing five Germans in Normandy, **Pte. Vincent Cook** of Earby was wounded in his left arm. This information was communicated in a letter from a friend of Pte. Cook. Pte. Cook, aged 29, the only son of Mr & Mrs Cook of Green End Villas, was operated on in a British hospital. A former employee of Messrs. B & W Hartley and a former Territorial, he had been in the regular Army for five years, two of which he had spent in Iceland. (An account of this will feature in another article)

In June, **Tpr. Richard William Woodhead**, son of Herbert and Alice Woodhead of Rush-ton Avenue was seriously wounded in his right arm in Normandy and was in hospital in Scotland. Aged 21 and a former pupil of Alder Hill school, he was afterwards employed at Messrs. Pillings' iron foundry in Colne until he joined the Army in January 1942. He recovered and returned to France in August. He was in the Reconnaissance Corps and died from wounds in January 1945 and is buried in Jonkerbos War Cemetery.

Mr & Mrs Green of Green End Villas received notification that their son, **Pte. Eric Green**, had been wounded in Normandy and was in a northern hospital. Pte. Green was 19 years of age. He had volunteered for the Forces when 17½ years old and was called up 14 months previously. Born in Salterforth, he had been a traveller for Redman's grocers. Worse news was to come. In August **Teddy Benson** of the Royal Engineers died from wounds received in Normandy. Aged 30, he lived at Dotcliffe Road, Kelbrook and had been in the Army for two years. Previously he had helped his father in his coal business in Skipton.

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In April 1945 **Sergeant Alan J Reedy** of Waddington Street was wounded in the head in the capture of Munster, while serving with the Sixth Airborne Division. He was flown back to a military hospital in England. Sergeant Reedy had joined the Territorials in 1939 and was called up when war broke out. He served with the British Expeditionary Force in France before being evacuated from Cherbourg. He took part in the invasion of Normandy with the "Red Devils". The 6<sup>th</sup> Airborne Division was an airborne infantry division of the British Army who were responsible for securing the left flank of the Allied invasion during Operation Overlord. The landings, both by parachute and glider, their taking of the strategically important Pegasus Bridge and the silencing of the battery at Merville contributed greatly to the success of the invasion. Sergeant Reedy was also in action against the German Ardennes offensive. Before the war he was employed by Nutter Bros. Ltd, Grove Shed.

In June 1944 **Cprl John Thompson**, son of Mr W Thompson, steward of the Clarence Club, was reported "missing on active service in Normandy". However, in August it was reported that he was a prisoner of war in German hands. Aged 29, he had been in the Army for 4½ years, including two years' service in Iceland. Cpl. Thompson was formerly employed in Victoria weaving shed by Charles Shuttleworth & Co.Ltd.. He played inside right for Earby Victoria football club, and had a brother, Allan, in the Navy. In May 1945 Cpl. Thompson arrived back home in Rostle Top Road and the Barnoldswick and Earby Times told his story:

"Captured in Normandy in June 1944, Cpl. Jack Thompson, who is now home, was moved from one camp to another as the Germans withdrew, before being liberated by the famous "Desert Rats" on April 16<sup>th</sup>. Long journeys in crowded cattle trucks, inadequate food and day after day without being able to wash, were among the hardships the prisoners faced, but treatment on the whole was 'fairly decent'.

Cpl. Thompson was captured during fighting near Tilly while serving with the Durham Light Infantry in the 49<sup>th</sup> (West Riding) Division. His first camp was at Chartres, where there were about 500 prisoners of war housed in a barn-like building and sleeping on straw. For four weeks he was not able to wash. Evacuated to Germany, he was taken to Limburg, where he stayed for five weeks, still sleeping on straw.

In Stalag 4b at Mulberg, there were men of all nationalities, and it was a surprise to find two Earby airmen, Eric Hodgson and Derek Wellock, imprisoned there. They were quite well. Cpl. Thompson says he was soon transferred to Stalag 357 and he had no more news of them. The new camp lay between Hanover and Hamburg. The NCOs housed there were not employed on factory work. The food position, which had been tolerable the first two months, became much worse, and for the last three months before being released, he declared the diet was nothing more than 'swede and water'. After the RAF made their last great raid on Hanover, shortly before the town fell, the prisoners could see smoke billowing over the city for three or four days, while some important objective – a gas works or an oil refinery still burned.

On April 8<sup>th</sup> Cpl. Thompson and his comrades were again on the move, this time on foot, but the line of retreat was found to be cut, and they were back in camp after three days, just waiting for the Second Army. The 7<sup>th</sup> Armoured Division arrived on April 16<sup>th</sup> and within four hours white bread was being distributed. The prisoners were taken 60 kilometres by road and then flown back to England.

Like other repatriated prisoners Cpl. Thompson has been given seven days leave with double rations. He looks healthy in spite of his privations, but his weight is down to 10st 2lbs compared with 11st 12lbs when he went to France. He has been in the Army over five

years, having served in Iceland.”

## **WOMEN’S HISTORY GROUP VISIT EARBY HOLIDAY HOSTEL**

On a glorious July afternoon a group of feminist historians, led by Denise North, visited the former home (now the Earby Holiday Hostel) of Socialist and social reform campaigner, Katharine Bruce Glasier. The group originally got together in 2017 to research for a book and film on the Women’s Peace Crusade of 1917-18.

There had been opposition to the First World War both during and before its outbreak but from 1916, and particularly after the Somme, until Armistice in 1918, a Women’s Peace Crusade movement spread across the country, including the North West, giving voice to a rising anger.

The research results were coordinated by Dr Alison Ronan, a Visiting Research Fellow in the Manchester Centre for Regional History at Manchester Metropolitan University. The book is titled “The Women’s Peace Crusade 1917-1918 Crusading Women in Manchester and East Lancashire” with a twenty minute film on the same theme. The group later went on to publish a book, again with a short film, this time about the Last Clarion House at Barley

The group continues to meet socially and to get involved in various projects with regard to feminist history. On this occasion they had visited the Independent Labour Party Hall (which is now a social centre) in Nelson where they had lunch. One of the foundation stones of the hall was laid by Katharine Bruce Glasier on behalf of her husband John.

In the afternoon they came to Earby and were welcomed at the hostel by the new manager, Matt, where they had a talk on the hostel and Katherine Bruce Glasier given by Wendy Faulkner. Katharine was ardently opposed to war and during her editorship of the Labour Leader newspaper she pursued a policy of pacifism. She also spoke at Ant-War Rallies around the country both during WWI and after.

The visit continued with a tour of the hostel and the grounds.



Outside the Hostel



Listening to the talk outside and inside the Hostel

## EARBY'S CIVILIAN ARMY WW2

From the following article, reproduced from the Barnoldswick and Earby Times of June 1945, some of the many voluntary organisations operating in Earby during the 2<sup>nd</sup> World War are recalled. - Editor

High tribute to all branches of the Civil Defence Services was paid by Earby Urban Council on Wednesday evening. After the disbandment order of the Ministry of Home Security had been quoted, the following resolutions were passed:

- "That following the Order of the Day referred to herein, the Council hereby expresses its sincere appreciation and thanks to all members of the Civil Defence General Services including air raid wardens, rescue and demolition parties, decontamination squads, report centre staffs, first aid parties, ambulance services, casualty services, fire guard, WVS, VAD, St. John Ambulance Brigade and Nursing Division, and all members of the various voluntary organisations for their unswerving loyalty and devoted service unselfishly and efficiently performed in the face of innumerable hardships during the many days of trial and dire peril since their formation in the early days of 1938.
- That the foregoing resolution be recorded in the minutes of the Council as a permanent and lasting tribute to the magnificent services which all members of the

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respective organisations have rendered to the district, the nation and the cause of democracy.

- That the Clerk be also instructed to forward a copy of the said resolution and Order of the Day issued by the Minister of Home Security to the heads of the respective services enumerated in the said resolution.”

A comprehensive motion was proposed by Mr A H Clegg, who said they were all immensely pleased that the time had come when the Civil Defence Services could be disbanded, because they knew the country was safe once more from any foe. At the same time they were all very grateful to the members of those services who during 7½ years had helped the community and the country at large.

Mr Clegg recalled that the first air raid precautions scheme was established by the Council and its officials in early 1938 and later in that year the first civilian gasmasks were issued. In 1939 the Council were asked to take a census of billeting accommodation for possible evacuees. During that year the first black-out exercise was held at Earby. Then the war came and Earby received several hundred evacuees. The way the people responded then and subsequently deserved great credit, he went on. Those who had accommodated evacuees during the past six years had given good service to the community and it was fitting that this should be acknowledged.

In June 1940 supplementary fire parties were formed in addition to the Auxiliary Fire Service, and here thanks were due to the official members of the Fire Brigade and the others. In August 1940 the first stirrup pumps were sold, while bags of sand were issued to all householders. The Fire Watchers Order came in October 1940 and a new organisation had to be started. Then about the same time Earby had another batch of evacuees – others and children from London and many other areas.

Mr Clegg went on to say that in January 1941 the Council were asked to make another survey of billeting for war workers, and the billeting actually started the following July. In September the fire guard was formed and built up. It went on for nearly two years, and then in March 1943 the fire guard organisation was completely re-organised, becoming very efficient thanks to the volunteers who came forward. He wished also to mention the local Invasion Committee, formed in June 1940, and comprising representatives of the Council, Police, Home Guard and Military. The committee did a lot of work in a quiet way. By 1943 they had an immensity of activities, all meaning a great sacrifice of spare time and sleep. He believed the local Civil Defence Services reached a high pitch of efficiency. Then came D-Day and the success of our armed forces gradually lessened their strain.

Mr Clegg enumerated the dates on which the various services were either stood down or disbanded. He referred to the good work of the council's officials, past and present, the Police, St. John Ambulance, WVS and other bodies. The people of Earby had responded magnificently, and it was worthy of note that there was not one paid person in any of the voluntary services.

Seconding the motion, the Chairman Mr A Oates JP added that the Council could honestly say the townspeople of Earby had played their part well. “We are proud of them” said Mr Oates. “We are thankful that this district has been spared as regards bombing raids and we hope that danger will never occur again”.

## DO YOU REMEMBER THE KAZOOLIGANS?



(Information from Barnoldswick and Earby Times June 1955)

This comic band was formed by “a crazy bunch of Bristol Tractormen” in 1954 to raise a laugh at the Earby May Day Festival. It soon grew from six members to thirty, who provided entertainment over a wide area. Musical Director, 34 year-old Wally Holgate told a Barnoldswick and Earby Times Reporter in June 1955 “Some of the boys have asked me to write to Wilfred Pickles (*a well-known radio personality*) to see if I could get the band on his “Ask Pickles” show...My personal aim is that we should enjoy ourselves and let others enjoy us too.”

It was Wally, Bristol Tractors’ tool-room foreman, along with Jerry Walsh, who emigrated to Canada, who were responsible for the formation of the Kazooligans. Members included Scots, Irishmen, Geordies and men from Lancashire and Yorkshire, with ages ranging from 14 year old Jack Purdy to 50 year old Bill Anderson. They included Earby Councillor Clarence Pickles and former member Gerry Whitehead

It took the “motley crew” 1½ hours to get into costume and apply make-up. The idea was to start with a pair of old trousers and odds and ends until the required “madness” was achieved. Some band members, like conductor Wally Holgate, had four costumes.

Musical instruments included a shadaphone, made from lampshades and bikaphone from a bicycle frame. Only three bona fide musicians were in the crew and the band learned a couple of dozen numbers, with the help of a piano, guitar and banjo. The Reporter was told that “whether the sound was coming from Bill Anderson’s bagpipes or his next door neighbour’s motor cycle exhaust tube, the noise was unmistakably that of a “Kazoo” (tommy-talker), Kazooligans, from where the band got its name.

The band raised money for charity, and performed at such occasions as a carnival at Ince near Wigan and the Burnley Hospital Gala. They usually travelled to engagements by coach getting into costume and make-up before they set off. Rehearsals were held Tuesdays and Thursdays in Earby Brass Band Club.

## **WW2 INVASION OF ICELAND**

Research by Stephanie Carter

On 10<sup>th</sup> May 1940 Iceland was invaded and occupied by British troops despite the island's neutrality. This was because the British government feared the island would be used by the Germans who had recently over-run Denmark. It was invaded a) to forestall a German occupation, b) provide a base for naval and air patrols and c) to protect merchant shipping lanes from North America to Europe. British troops disabled communication networks, secured strategic locations and arrested German citizens. The occupation involved building a network of roads, hospitals, harbours, airfields and bridges.

The following article is reproduced from the Barnoldswick and Earby Times October 1941:

### **EARBY SOLDIER'S IMPRESSIONS OF ICELAND**

**Vincent Cook**, recently returned from a long sojourn in Iceland which began when Britain took over the occupation of that island in May 1940, has some interesting things to say about the inhabitants, their customs, habits, home-life, politics, religion – in short, the kind of people Icelanders are. He sums up their attitude to the British Tommy as “friendly but reserved” and adds with characteristic Yorkshire candour “you could hardly expect them to kiss us, seeing we walked in without knocking as you might say”. But relations improved when they got to know each other. The Icelandic hearts proved to be warmer than their climate.

#### **Always Raining**

The worst element in the climatic conditions was not the cold, which was bad enough, but the wet. In Iceland it rains for a large part of the year practically every day. The ordinary common or garden English language was inadequate to describe it and a number of uncommon alphabets were, one gathers, in daily use. Life in Iceland for the army of occupation was no picnic, long winter nights with hours of darkness, loneliness, icy gales that blew your ears off, little news from the outside world, no amusements, no beer. The troops were well equipped against wind and weather, however, fur caps, double-skinned, wool and waterproof overcoats, double sleeping bags, thick warm under-clothing, were provided, and knitted comforts came in welcome parcels from home. Iceland lies on the edge of the Arctic Circle and in winter the earth is frozen two or three feet deep. Camp huts were built with concrete ends that stood up to the violent gales. Life there at its best is a test of endurance, but the British soldier accepts it in his usual philosophic fashion, takes the rough with the smooth and adapts himself.

#### **Food Rationed**

The main industry in the island is fishing and the tanning of sheep skins which are used in one form or another as covering. Unemployment was prevalent and poverty very noticeable in the homes of the people. Scarcity of food prevailed and a rationing order was in operation. But conditions improved somewhat after the occupation. New industries were started and many of the unemployed were absorbed. The coming of the British Tommy was in



many respects of definite advantage to the Islanders. Friendly relations were soon established between the newcomers and the population. Visits were paid to the houses and little jobs of work done for the boys from home such as mending and washing. Houses in Iceland are kept very clean and simply furnished, very often with articles brought back from English and American markets when deliveries of fish are made. The walls have a superfluity of pictures and family groups, and the people are of friendly, even affectionate disposition. They are sturdily built, fine looking and the children handsome fair-haired youngsters. Fish is naturally a main item of diet and potatoes, fruit and vegetables are in common use. Fish cakes and pastes, very palatable to the taste, are always on the table, however short other commodities may be.

### Education

Although the schools close for a glorified period during the summer months, education is taken seriously among the islanders. As many as three or four languages are learned by older scholars and English is in fairly common use. Icelanders are proud of their educational achievements as of their democratic political system.

### Hot Springs

Houses are heated by means of pipes connected with the geysers, common in Iceland, which spurt boiling water into the air sometimes to a height of 50 feet. By this means a central heating system is made possible, with an inexhaustible supply of hot water involving practically no cost beyond the laying of the pipes. The National Parliament, called the Althing, meets in a fine park. The Icelandic parliament is said to be the oldest in the world. The system of election is much the same as in our own country, but it began a lot earlier. The Icelanders are mainly Roman Catholic and one or two fine cathedrals are to be seen in the larger towns, but Protestant denominations are also well represented and their meeting places, small neat buildings with white-washed walls, are found in plenty of the villages. The Salvation Army is also well established and adopts much the same method of outdoor propaganda as we are familiar with in England. Skiing, skating and ball games in winter and gliding in summer are favourite outdoor occupations.

### Life Strenuous

Life is strenuous for the British Tommy; camp duties and continuous exercise and games keep him physically fit and well and an educational programme which, in addition to a general education in normal school subjects, includes classes ranging from debating to technical instruction in metal work and lectures on architecture; mind and body are therefore kept alert. And here is a little story told by Eric Linklater in a small booklet entitled "the Northern Garrison". It shows how the Tommies attached to a Yorkshire battalion have broken down the reserve that first met them and captured the hearts of these simple but proud and independent island people. A senior officer had arrived in a northern village and was walking down the street towards the harbour, accompanied by a corporal, who hailed from Huddersfield. On both sides the villages behaved in the politest way imaginable, the men touching their caps, the women bowing and the children all saluting. The senior officer was delighted and afterwards recalled the experience with pride, he heard the truth – "It wasn't you they were saluting. They don't know you, but they all know Corporal Watsisname. He is the British Army here, and the British Army in consequence is very highly respected."

### NB

Many will remember Vincent Cook as the friendly porter on Earby Station—photograph over. Vincent is on the left and Bob Lemmon, station master, on the right.



## GEORGE STREET METHODIST CHURCH

(From an article written in 1968)

“Miss Nancy Wormwell of Colne Road remembers when she came to Earby 67 years ago (1901) before George Street Methodist Church was built, ‘there used to be a massive stone where the church is now’, she said, ‘The children used to play a game of buck and stick on it. They put the buck on the stone, tapped it so it went up in the air, and tried to hit it before it dropped.’

George Street Methodist Church was opened in 1902 with the Rev. Fred Bannister as the first minister. The Rev. T Thompson took over in 1912 and preached his last sermon at the church on his 90<sup>th</sup> birthday.

A plaque used to stand in the church porch in memory of a Mr Stansfield who helped the church out in those early days by donating £500 when it was most needed.

In the 1930s the church became part of the Barnoldswick Methodist Circuit with the amalgamation of Methodists and Wesleyans. The minister was based in Barnoldswick.

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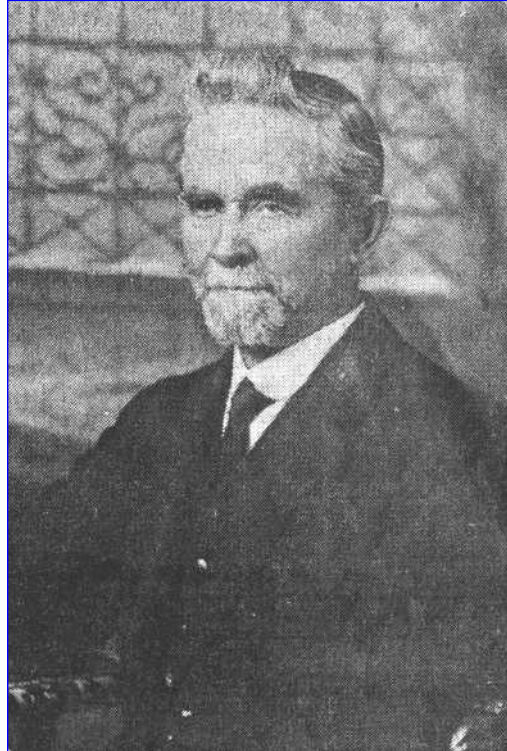
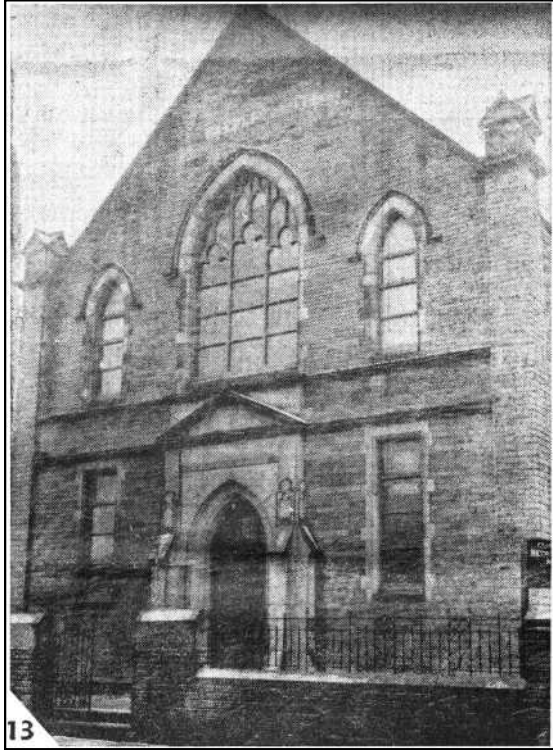
## Earby Chronicles

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Pictures reproduced from the newspaper over show  
George Street Methodist Church

Rev T Thompson minister from 1912 to 1916

A group at George Street taken when the minister was Rev. J W Holden who came to the church in  
1924 George Street Methodist Church trip – date unknown.



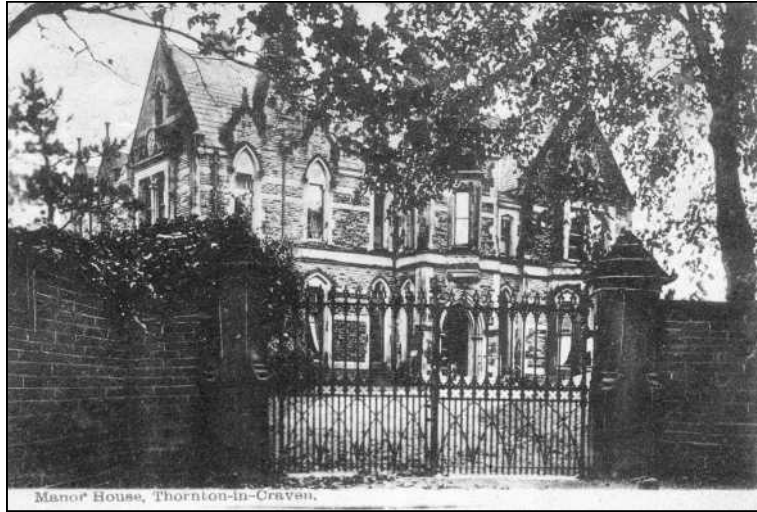


**NB Stephanie's next project on behalf of EDLHS is Earby, Kelbrook and Salterforth Methodists. If you can help in any way with recollections, photographs etc. please contact her.**

### **THORNTON CONVALESCENTS ENTERTAINED JUNE 1941**

The beautiful home of Mr and Mrs J W Clay, of Thornton-in-Craven, which has been temporarily placed at the disposal of patients suffering from one or other disability due to the war, was the scene of happy merriment on Thursday evening last, when a little band of voluntary entertainers assembled to cheer the patients domiciled there. Whatever thoughts of gloom or consciousness of physical malady might normally disturb these inmates, no sign of it was apparent on this occasion. Happily, infectious laughter greeted the humorous sallies and banter that the artistes indulged in. The Manor House with its lovely and restful surroundings, is certainly an ideal spot wherein to recover from shock or other injury sustained in less salubrious areas, and many of those privileged to stay there had been very near to the valley of shadow.

Thursday evening's concert was one of a number arranged for the benefit of the patients, and matron, nurses, patients and voluntary workers were there to enjoy it. Miss Gladys Firth, the popular soprano, sang some of the more favoured songs, always a finished performance, and Mr Horace Pawson's deep reverberant notes provided an artistic contrast. Edwin Hicks, wizard, magician and illusionist, caused thimbles, playing cards and other impediments to appear and disappear in most awe-inspiring fashion, and, as conjurors will, engaged in a mirthful repartee which kept his audience in a titter of amusement, and as it was doubtless intended to do, took their attention off the point at issue. Arthur Worrall played attractive airs on the piano accordion, and Mr Rennie Pawson accompanist and versatile entertainer, and his daughter Katharine, made their own talented contribution to the programme which Mr Pawson had personally arranged. Mr N Dobson, a patient who has made himself responsible for the entertainment side of the Home's activities, compered the show.



Two photographs of The Manor House Thornton-in-Craven

#### Offers of Help Welcomed

Among other interesting events arranged for the benefit of patients at Manor House are trips by motor coach to various places of interest. Last week a delightful journey had been made to "Riverside", the lovely home of Mr Ralston Nelson at Sawley, jointly arranged by their hostess Mrs J W Clay and Mr Dobson, and visions still linger in the minds of the patients of unlimited cigarettes, tea, mineral waters, games and, above all, kindness and hospitality without stint. Messrs. Wilde Bros. generously provided free transport and contrived to show the patients many places of interest displaying native and characteristic loveliness during the journey.

Offers of drives by private car owners, entertainers, film shows or other forms of relaxation for these convalescents who have borne with courage and fortitude the heat and burden of the day and are now winning back health and vigour are always welcomed by their hostess Mrs J W Clay at the Manor House, Thornton-in-Craven. The Home is run in conjunction with the Red Cross and St. John Societies.

## PLAYING OUT ON THE RANCH 1940s – 50s

Ken Ranson

“Is Kenny playing out?” The question never needed an answer - it would always be “Yes”.

As a young boy growing up on Northolme Estate, affectionately known as “The Ranch”, it was “playing out heaven”. A small estate totally surrounded by fields, no traffic; there was only one family had a car to begin with; we had the streets to ourselves; everywhere was a playground.

I moved into a prefab on The Ranch in the spring of 1946 aged nearly two; so my “playing out” days were yet to come.

I moved into the new house in February 1953 so a lot of the recollections that follow I was under eight years old. We were treated as young adults and allowed a great amount of freedom.

The estate was split in two by the road to Salterforth and we tended to stick to our side of the estate, Kenilworth Drive, and left the “t’uthersiders” to their side.

My earliest recollection of playing out was Mischief Night, the favourite trick being to tie a length of cotton to door knockers then go and hide somewhere and then pull the cotton to knock on the door, and of course when the door was answered there would be nobody there.

Bonfire time brought about another period of play for us. Within the circle of prefab houses there was spare land upon which every year was built a large bonfire. We always used to tunnel our way into the centre of the bonfire and formed a den which we lined with plasterboard which we pinched off the builders building the “new” houses. Mums would make parkin and treacle toffee and dads would put potatoes in the fire embers for us to eat, usually half raw.

The houses on Tysley Grove were built on a slope. A family called Purdie had a large black car which never ran. It was parked at the top of the slope and we would all push it to get it moving and then all jump in and steer to the bottom of the hill, and still lived to tell the tale.

### BRISTOL TRACTORS FOOTBALL FIELD

Bristol Tractors, who had premises in Sough mill, had a football field two fields down from the Ranch. We used it all year round, to play cricket in summer and soccer in winter.

The field was used in 1953 for children’s sports to celebrate the Coronation.

### WINTER

Cold weather never stopped us from playing out, but I have lasting memories of many times going home crying with my fingers numb with the cold and mum putting my hands under the cold water tap to thaw out.

From Kenilworth Drive there was a ginnet leading down onto the footpath through the fields down to Sough. In winter it was shot ice and many hours were spent sliding down it.

From Moor View farm there was a sloping field down to the stile at the bottom of the ginnet and the farmer kindly let us use it for sledging. And just like the trolleys, everyone seemed to have an homemade sledge complete with metal runners (quite a few fathers worked at Rolls-Royce and Bristol Tractors).

All over the estate you would see giant snowballs - a snowball rolled along in the snow by gangs to see who could make the largest; then made into snowmen with the compulsory pieces of coal for eyes and a carrot for a nose. Snowball fights, normally just the lads, a bit too rough for the girls, for quite often a stone would be placed inside the snowball which caused some nasty bruises.

### **PLAYING IN**

Whilst "Playing out" was the norm, my only "Playing in" activity was with a friend of mine, Jim McCabe, who lived just around the corner from me. We both had a large collection of lead soldiers and an array of tanks and field guns. We would spend hours making forts out of cardboard and playing mock battles.

### **BUILDING OF NEW HOUSES**

In the early 1950's the prefabs had served their purpose and a programme of building new modern homes was started. This threw-up new games to add to our repertoire of "Playing out" games.

The houses were built from prefabricated timber partitions complete with door openings. They were unloaded and stacked up in large piles and many an hour was spent trying to worm ourselves down amongst the piles of partitions, crawling through door openings to see who could get the farthest down. The piles of building materials and half-built houses gave us new opportunities for Hide and Seek.

During the construction period of the new houses a night watchman was employed, a large man, he was known by the nickname of "Big Jim seven bellies". He would spend the night sat in a small hut kept warm by a brazier before going on his hourly inspection around the estate. A source of enjoyment to us young lads was to creep up behind his hut and throw stones at it, then run away.

During the building period a lifting device with pneumatic tyres was parked in our front garden. Believe it or not my parents had bought me a "Scout knife", a real knife, with a bone handle, about 7" long. One evening I was casually playing on the device along with my knife when suddenly there was a hissing sound. I had punctured one of the tyres. A policeman made a visit to my house the following morning and I suffered a thrashing with "the belt" (kept in the sideboard drawer, the one on the left). It must have been a Sunday for I can remember getting out of the bath and standing naked watching my precious knife slowly melt away on the fire where my mum had thrown it.

### **STREET GAMES**

Only the one car (that worked) on the estate so the streets were ours to do with as we pleased.

Hop Scotch on the pavement with numbers chalked on the paving stones; a variation with Kicking Hop Scotch.

Roller-skates. A family joke that we were so poor we could only afford one pair, so my brother and I just had one apiece.

We were allowed to stay out quite late and would play hide and seek in the dark and play relieve-o using a lit lamppost as the base. Kick-the-can with can placed in the middle of the road.

Most of the lads had a trolley which their dad had cobbled together from scrap bits of wood and old pram wheels. The braver of us would run our trolleys down the hill from The Ranch and usually ended up in the hedge surrounding Shuttleworth's field at North Holme farm.

A favourite of mine, marbles! Every lad had a marble collection - alleys, bloods, twoers, fourers. We would make a hole in the piece of ground between the pavement and the house fencing and play for hours usually with many shouts of "cheat", "you slurred" etc.

A length of string and two empty Lyles' syrup tins gave us many hours of fun, either as a telephone or as stilts. Conkers, when in season, with lasting memories of very sore knuckles.

Most kids would have a bike of some description but never ever a new one. Who had the bikes from new we never knew.

### AWAY FROM THE RANCH

**The Dell** was a small disused quarry in the first field next to the railway track, full of wild life, and a pond. It was absolute heaven for kids with a wild imagination. I even had my first kiss there (names retained to protect the innocent)

**The Cloughs.** This was a full day trek complete with sandwiches and a bottle of Dandelion & Burdock. The cloughs were Harden Clough just above Kelbrook, a narrow gully with a beck running through it. It ran through a few fields and the further up the clough you went over field fences, they were called Clough number one, two etc. A lasting memory I have of the Cloughs is climbing a tree to take eggs from a nest (sorry). I put my hand in the nest and it was full of young birds who bit me causing me to fall down the tree and I gashed my side on a branch and have the scar to this day. We would set off in a morning and many-a-time not get back home until it was dark.

“Had a good day?” “Yes thanks mum”.

**Sough park.** We would get to the park by going down to the Dell and then running across the railway line to save the walk through the fields to Sough or going down the hill from The Ranch and then along the main road to Sough. Many hours were spent playing on the slide, rocking horse, witches hat and paddling in the pool in summer.

**Waterfalls.** A long walk from The Ranch but well worth it. A magical place for kids, climbing up the waterfalls themselves was an adventure and now I think about it quite dangerous. In my younger days mum would take me and my brother in his pram, and we would have a picnic.

### GROWING UP NOW

#### YOUTH CLUB

I think we can class going to the youth club as “Playing Out” for it did get us away from home and our parents.

When the original Ranch was built there was a large community centre built for use of people living on The Ranch. In time it fell into disrepair. With the guidance of a man called Wally Thornton a group of us set to and repaired a section of it for use as a youth club. Mums and dads took it in turns to supervise the nightly gatherings. Music and “bopping”, table tennis, pop and crisps and early teenage courting.

“Is Kenny playing out?”

“I’m sorry Kenny went out this morning and I haven’t seen him since”.

#### APPEAL FOR INFORMATION FROM EDITOR

We all look back with nostalgia and often reminisce on our childhood.

Childhood happiest stage of life  
Free from care and free from strife...  
How thy long lost hours I mourn  
Never, never to return!

If you have any memories of growing up, or of life in Earby, Thornton, Kelbrook or Salterforth in days gone by, I would love to hear from you.



BITS AND PIECES

AUGUST 1897

A motor car passed through Skipton on Wednesday, but as it was only going at the rate of about five miles an hour, it did not impress the bystanders very favourably. But a case tried at Fleetwood shows that the motor as regards speed is a terror. Evidence was given by several persons to the effect that it was going at the rate of 15 or 16 miles an hour. One smart policeman declared that he timed it for half a mile, which was run in one minute and 55 seconds. For the defence it was argued that the lever was never put beyond the twelve mile notch. But the magistrates thought the evidence indicated the higher speed, and fined accordingly.

9<sup>th</sup> JULY 1942

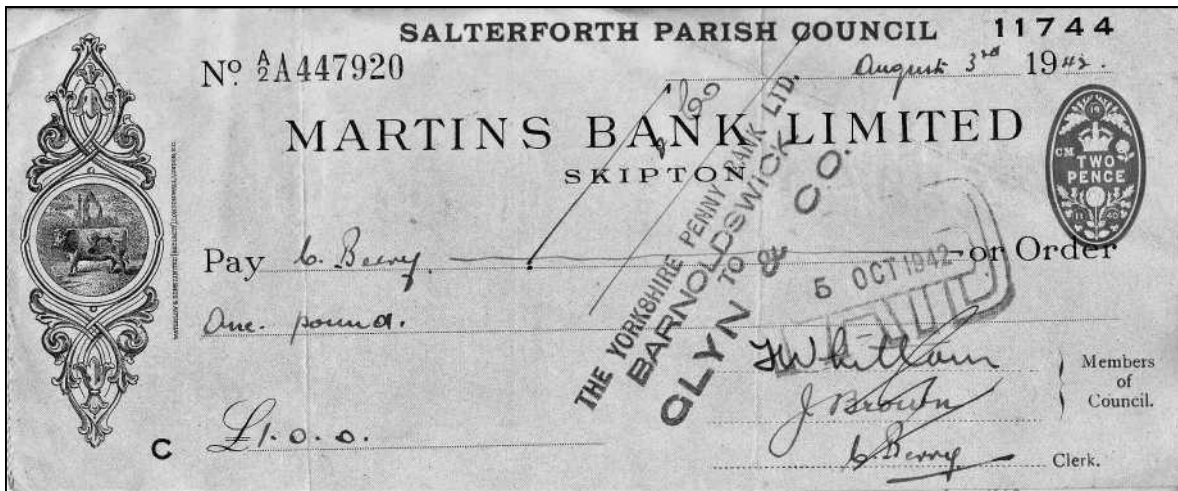
The world is in turmoil. In Europe thousands of people are killed every day; millions of people are displaced and have no roof over their head. Food is rationed and many people are literally starving. Meanwhile in Salterforth...

The Clerk, writing to Mr A Rodwell, Surveyor Skipton RDC about the street lights:

"The Council are contemplating having the street lamps painted. A tender had already been obtained and the Council propose to accept the tender which is for £7.10.0 provided you agree".

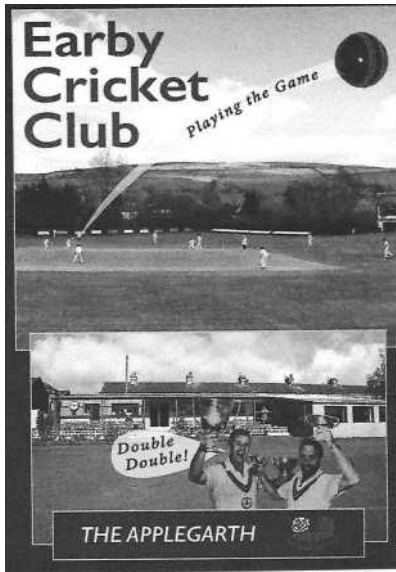
WHERE HAVE ALL THE BANKS GONE?

There used to be a branch in Earby—a long, long time ago!!



## NEW BOOK NOW AVAILABLE

Stephanie's new book was launched at the Cricket Club on Saturday 7th September and is now available for purchase at a price of £10. We have managed to keep the cost down due to generous donations to the printing by Bruce Meldrum of Pennine Tools Aerospace Ltd, Earby Clarets, Earby Town Council, Eccles Greenwood Financial Planning LLP, Euravia Engineering & Supply Co. Ltd. and an anonymous donation from an EDLHS member. Any profits from the sale of the book will be divided between EDLHS and Earby Cricket Club.



The Society is grateful to the following sponsors of the book:

**Pennine Tools Aerospace  
Eccles- Greenwood—Financial advisors  
Earby Clarets  
Earby Town Council  
Euravia Engineering  
Anonymous donation**

The book costs £10 plus £3.50 P&P and is available on launch day, at Society Meetings or from the archive room at New Road Community centre on Fridays 10-00 to noon or via [fo@earbyhistory.co.uk](mailto:fo@earbyhistory.co.uk)

**THE SOCIETY  
Meets at the  
Community  
Centre, New Road,  
EARBY on the 3rd  
Tuesday of the  
month at  
7.30 p.m.**

**ANNUAL  
SUBSCRIPTION  
£10.00  
UK £12.00  
Overseas £15.00  
If you receive  
Chronicles by e-  
mail £10 fee appli-  
cable worldwide**

### 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

### PROGRAMME

September 17th Pirate of the Caribbean – George Clifford – Ian Lockwood

October 15th A History of Earby Fire Brigade – Bob Abel

November 19th Funny you should say that – origin of everyday sayings – Peter Watson

December 18th TBA

**PRODUCED  
& printed  
by  
Earby & District  
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.