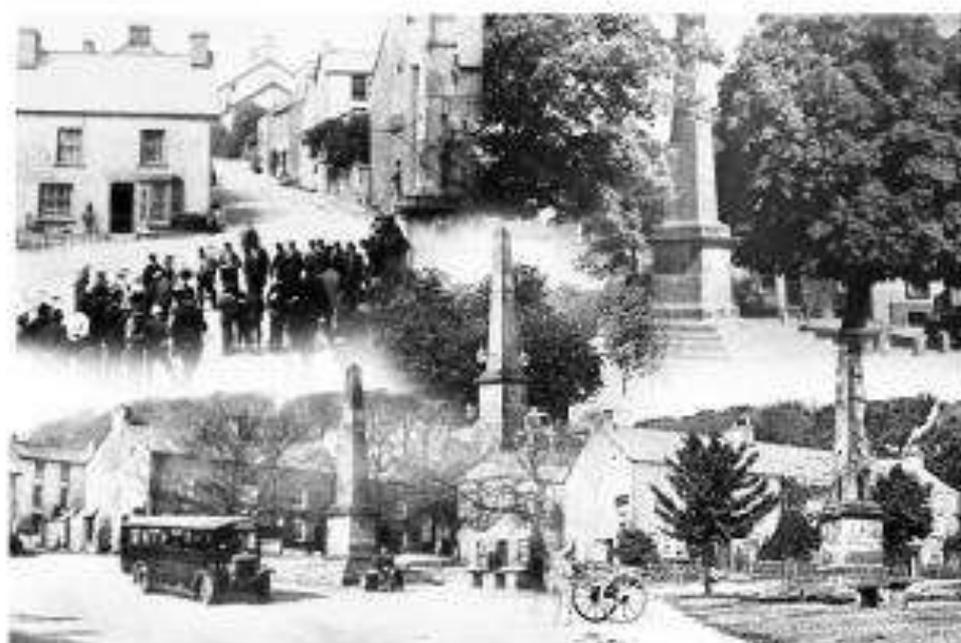


Lockdown Glimpses into the History of Broughton-in-Furness



Stan Aspinall

Foreword

Broughton-in-Furness sits in the south-west corner of the Lake District National Park. It is a small market town with over thirty listed buildings, its centre piece being the Georgian Square. Many guide books depict walks starting from this central location

At a Duddon Valley Local History Group meeting early in 2019, a member put forward the suggestion of creating a publication depicting a walk in Broughton, picking out some of the interesting properties. Stan Aspinall immediately offered to take up the challenge. With a small team and using History Group archive photographs, within six months, a leaflet was printed, sales of which exceeded expectations.

Later that year at a History Group Open Day, when the leaflet was launched, Stan gave a presentation of some of the many photographs in the Group's records. This drew an enthusiastic response with townsfolk adding their own memories to the scenes depicted and generously offering more photographs to the collection.

During the Covid-19 virus lockdown of 2020, Stan posted a daily selection of these photographs on the Broughton-in Furness webpage. These were warmly received and drew many hundreds of comments. It is from these posts that Stan has compiled the following pages, the profits of which are to be donated to a charity of Stan's choosing.

Stan is to be congratulated in bringing history to life for the people of Broughton and stimulating a growing interest in their historic town.

Ken Day,

Chairman

Duddon Valley Local History Group

www.duddonhistory.org.uk

July 2020

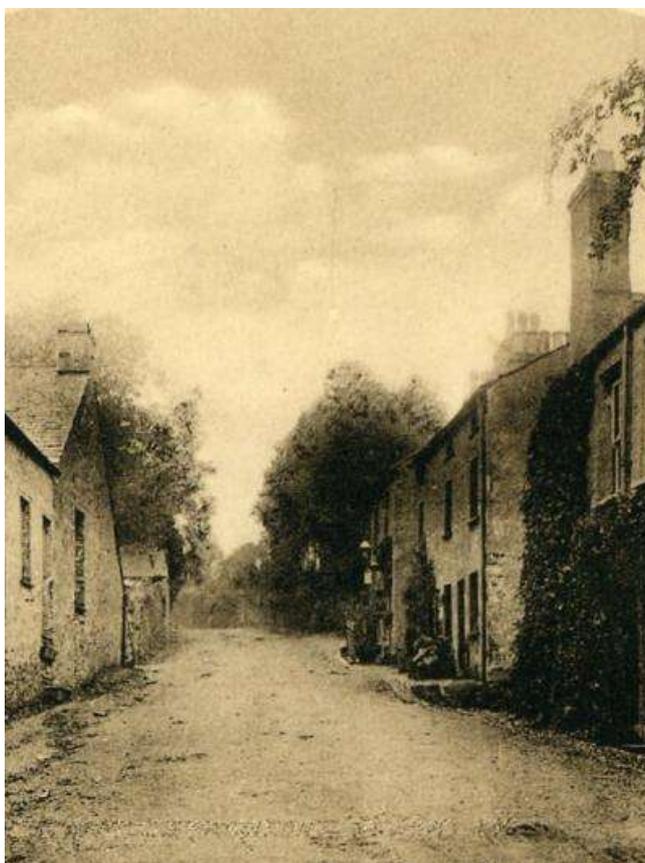
Introduction

Whatever happens in the future, the spring and early summer of 2020 will be remembered as the time of lockdown. On 23rd March residents of the United Kingdom were told to stay at home, stay safe and protect the NHS and for over three months those who were not key workers did just that.

In the town of Broughton-in-Furness this strange new world of self-isolation brought to the fore a community spirit which had always been present but hidden by the pressures of busy lives. The local shops began a free delivery service, staffed by volunteers, to the homes of those self-shielding. A help yourself bookstall appeared outside the post office and volunteers began a free, weekly delivery of hot meals to over forty vulnerable townsfolk. When a local resident died from the virus, townsfolk gathered in The Square in silent tribute as a bands-woman played The Last Post.

The posts in this book were part of that community response to an unknown threat. They started as a simple posting of old photographs of the town on the local website but evolved into more detailed stories about times long ago. People responded by adding their own memories and experiences so that collectively we learned from each other. The photographs seemed to bring people together and make the lockdown isolation just a little less threatening.

This book is a collection of the fifty seven posts and some of the comments received from those who read them.



New Street in 1895

April 2020

9th and 10th April

It took some time to find where these two photographs of Broughton were taken and of course both views are now lost forever, the first obscured by rampant tree growth and the second by new building. However one of the two stone gate posts which frames the first photograph is still there, its top now damaged.



Long lost views of Broughton in Furness



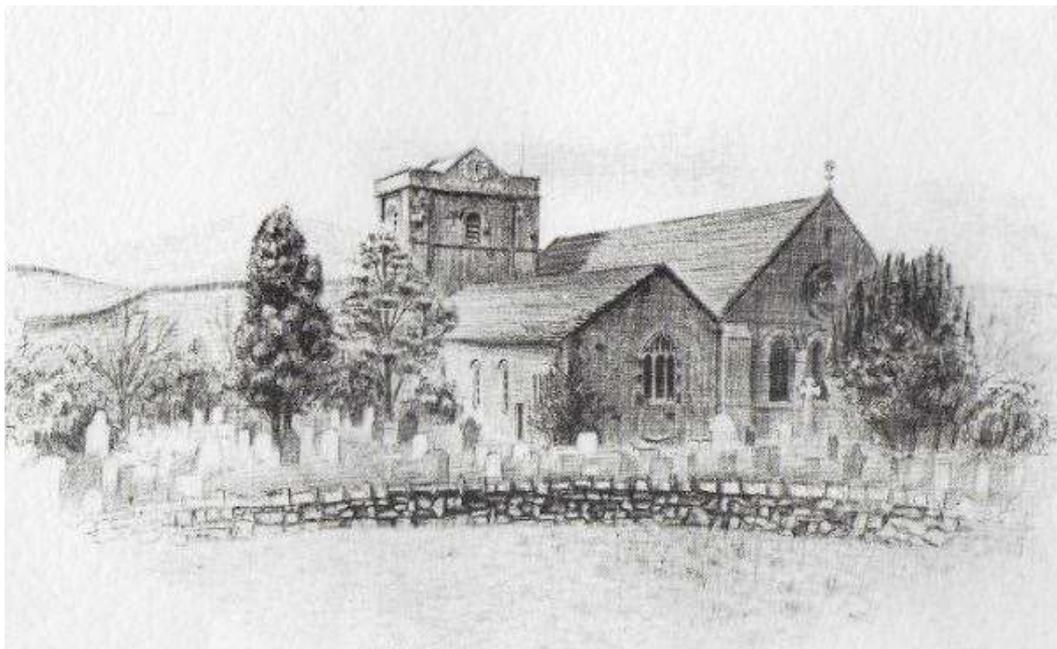
(For those who are puzzled, the first is down Knott Lane looking back to The Square, the second is of Broughton's derelict station and railway line in 1964.)

12th April 2020

In 1900 Broughton Church was extended and more than doubled in size. The old tower was demolished and rebuilt.

The photograph was taken around 1890 and shows how it looked back then and the sketch shows it as it is today.

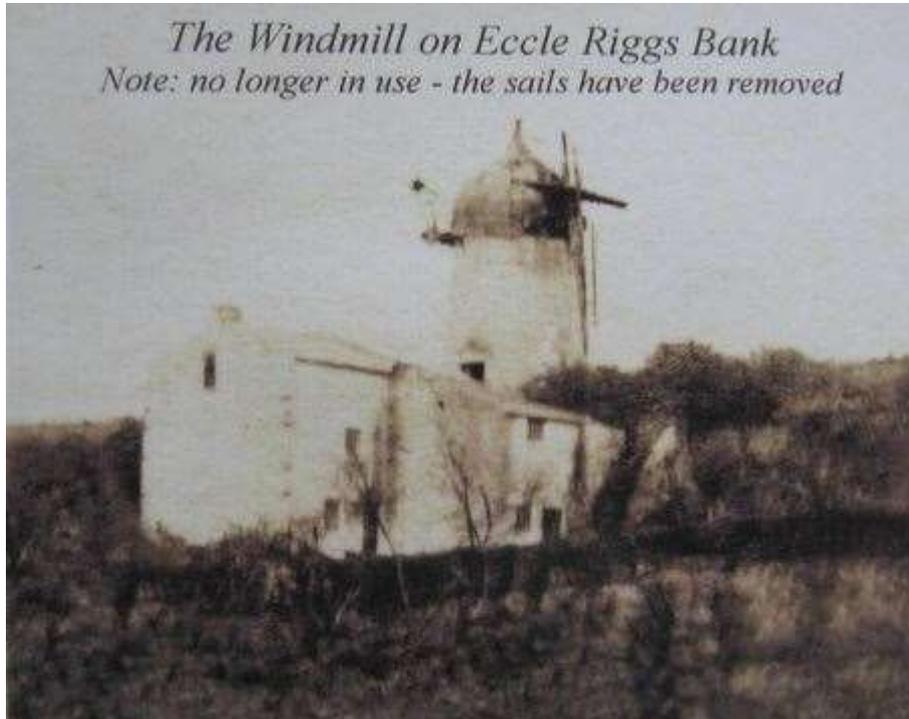
Look at the old tower and you will see four pinnacles at the top, each is over a metre high and made out of red sandstone. They found their way onto gateposts and other places in the town and are still there today, all within a two minute walk from The Square. But do you know where they are? (Two on the gateposts at Glebelands, one on The Garner and the fourth on a plinth at the back of Lodge Terrace.)



St Mary Magdalene Church pre1900 and as it is today.

13th April 2020

Despite living in Broughton for half my life it seems bizarre I only recently discovered we once had two windmills close by. I found this old photograph of one of them and went to take a look at what still remains today.



The windmill as it appears today

Comments

Several people wanted to know where the remains of the windmill are to be found and those details were provided by the present owners.

“It is up Eccle Riggs Lane in the garden of Dower House. We have had some trees cut down so you can really see it from the Lane but it’s in a pretty perilous state of repair. It’s an interesting building but we don’t want to encourage anyone to wander in the garden for a look, as it is dangerous.”

The cluster of houses and barns at the bottom of Eccle Riggs Lane is an interesting one. Miller’s Cottage is an obvious clue to the ruined windmill and Gardener’s Cottage may well be linked to Eccle Riggs Manor in the time of Lord Cross.

Mike Hathaway, who lives there, provided this interesting photograph, taken in 1901, outside the old barn and stables opposite Gardener’s Cottage.



On the reverse of the photograph is the caption, “Tom Edwin Weaver, taken on his 21st Birthday, November 1901.

The 1901 census reveals the coachman at Eccle Rggs was Daniel Clear, aged sixty-one. That is probably him on the left with Tom, the second coachman, on the right.

Another observation is about the second windmill on Windmill Hill near Meanfield.

“Sadly there is very little trace of the second one, just a section of curved wall that now forms part of a drystone wall.”

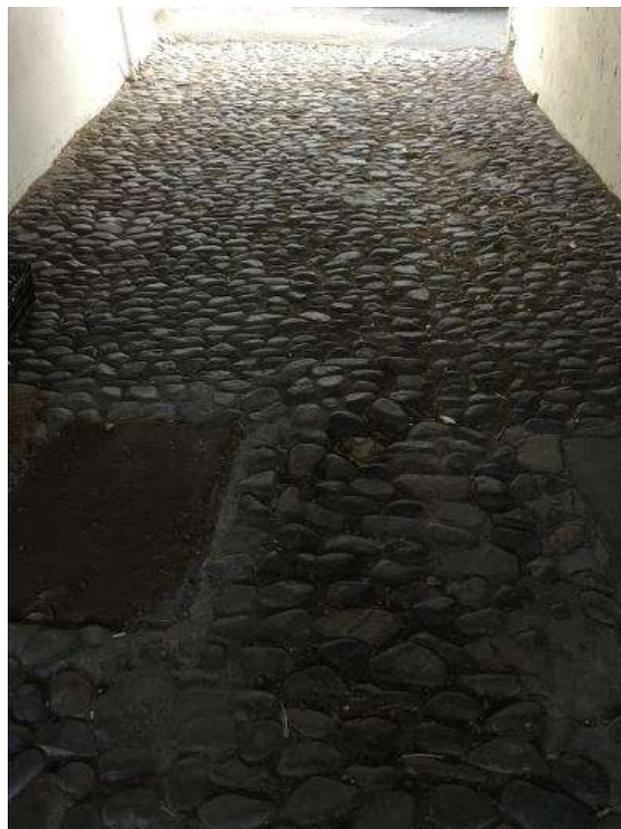
14th April, 2020

If you look at old photographs of Broughton from the beginning of the twentieth century, you see the pavements and courtyards had river cobble stones as the surface material. I'm told Broughton residents had a legal right in their house deeds to gather these from the River Duddon and cartload them up to Broughton, but I've no documented evidence for this.

They still survive today in several courtyards and alleyways. Here's an old photograph showing the pavement on Prince's Street looking down to the Wesleyan Chapel and a cobbled alleyway off Griffin Street which still has those river cobbles.



Prince's Street cobbles.



River cobbles in an alleyway off Griffin Street

15th April, 2020

In 1968 Fred Barlow and his wife took over a small grocer's shop at the top end of Brade Street and converted it into an outdoor clothing and equipment shop, The Mountain Centre. Over the next fifty years it became a Broughton success story and a curiosity. It was a retail experience that may never be repeated, as you were led down a spiral stairway into an Aladdin's cave in the basement below.

The photographs show the original grocers shop in Brade Street, the Mountain Centre before it took over the entire terrace and the Aladdin's Cave below.



The small shop at the top of Brade Street pre-1968.

The Mountain Centre in the 1970s.





The Mountain Centre was a different kind of shop. “I did my work experience there and never did find my way around!” (Tina Read)

Comments

Fred Barlow was teaching woodwork at Millom School in 1968 when he seized on a retail opportunity in Broughton. An application to turn the little shop at the top of Brade Street into a tea room had been turned down and Fred submitted an alternative plan. He opened the Mountain Centre and it would eventually expand to take over the entire terrace fronting onto Cinder Hill.

It was a quirky place to shop and people remember it vividly. You had to walk through the kitchen to get to parts of the shop and Fred “always knew he had it somewhere, it just took a while to find it.” Anecdotal accounts of his customer relations in his later years abound. Fred wouldn’t let customers over the threshold unless they knew exactly what they wanted. “There was a bike in the window and I asked could I have a closer look? The answer?” “No, you can see it perfectly well through the window.” Another customer reflects, “Mind you he sold me a pair of outdoor sandals. I said, they look a bit like ladies.” “No,” he said, “definitely men’s.” “I got home and what did it say on the box? Ladies! Thinking back the heel should have given it away.”

In 2003 Fred Barlow was awarded a Certificate of Achievement by the Parish Council for “Thirty Five years of Continued Growth and Customer Satisfaction.”

A fascinating part of examining these old photographs is discovering something unexpected and if you look carefully at the first photograph, taken in the 1950s, you’ll spot, on the left, the Manor stables across the road. Today it’s the Pit Stop garage but we have a description of how it once was from a sales catalogue dated August 1913, when the Manor and its outbuildings were auctioned.

“At the rear of the hotel are the commodious stone and slated outbuildings with entrance to Market Street, comprising Coach House, large tea room over, stabling for 14 horses, lofts over, four loose boxes, store room, cow house for eight, trap house, two earth closets and two pigsties.”



A glimpse of the Manor Stables there on the left.

16th April 2020

If you go into the Bakery on Prince's Street you'll see a dark wooden plaque above the doorway to the upstairs café. It promises a free slice of bread to anyone passing so long as you eat it on the premises. The plaque is from another bakery and another time.

This next photograph was taken around 1895 looking out of The Square into Market Street. Interestingly it shows a barn like structure on the site of what became the Mountain Centre and comments on my last posting suggest this building held a kiln. But focus on Number 4, The Square and you will see a gentleman in a top hat chatting to another man. Above the shop is that wooden plaque. It was then a bakery and the Squire in The Tower, Mr Sawrey-Cookson, had decided it was a good gesture to subsidise help for travellers passing through Broughton.

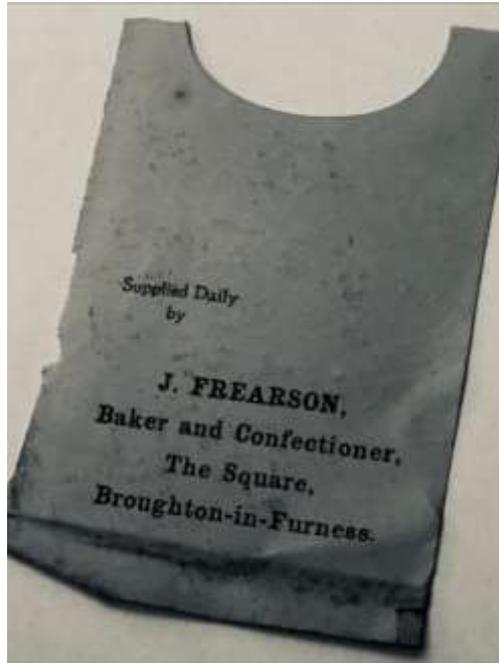
However in 1904 the offer was withdrawn and the board taken down because of "so many taking advantage of it" and of course the Seathwaite Riot caused a loss of goodwill to travellers. * see comments



Number 4 The Square, a high class bakers with some history.

I was recently given a collection of old books about Broughton and in one of them was an improvised bookmark. It was the calling card of that old bakery on The Square, J. Frearson, Baker and Confectioners.

A bookmark which sends a whisper from the past.



Comments

During recent renovations in Ullswater House on Foxfield Road, a piece of wood was found behind an old fireplace. On it was the following inscription.

"J.R. Frearson-13th Dec. 1901."

*** The Seathwaite Riot caused a loss of goodwill to travellers passing through the village.**

The context was a growing demand for water for the booming town of Barrow-in-Furness and the decision to authorise the extraction of water from the River Duddon, using Seathwaite Tarn as a reservoir to top up the flow of the Duddon when required. A dam would be built to raise the level of the tarn by ten feet and double its area. By 1904 the building of the dam was well under way and large numbers of workmen were living in temporary accommodation in Seathwaite.

On Monday, 24th July 1904, some of these casual workers were at the Newfield Hotel and had spent the morning drinking. At 2.00pm they were ordered to leave by the landlord, Thomas Dawson. An argument developed and the bar was smashed up. The mob then went on to smash the windows of the school, the vicarage and the church. When the rioters returned to the pub, the landlord and his bar staff had their shotguns ready and fired into the rioters, injuring three (one fatally). Some twenty policemen responded to the incident but by then the rioters had dispersed, leaving the injured behind. The damage was estimated at £100, equivalent to £15,000 today.

After all of this it seemed inappropriate to offer free bread to those passing through!

17th April 2002

Lockdown stories of Broughton from long ago and I hope you won't be shocked by the story which follows.

In the early summer of 1914 and despite looming war clouds, Broughton's traditional carnival went ahead as planned. The walkers, carnival floats and pipe bands gathered in the grounds of The Tower to organise themselves into marching order and then with great excitement and to the sound of cheering crowds, they marched down The Tower drive and out into The Square.

After the procession people drifted away to their homes or to the pubs but we have a record of one group who went home to Sutney Square, off New Street. They posed for photographs on that memorable Mayday in 1914 and these will be posted tomorrow. But all is not as it seems and there is an intriguing story behind the photograph of the Satterthwaite family gathered there in Sutney Square.



The 1914 Whit Monday procession emerges from The Tower Drive.

Comments

Seems that promise of scandal gives extra interest!

“Looking forward to Sutney Square gossip, so glad it predates my time there.”

“My grandmother knew this story!”

“Really intrigued by the promise of gossip!”

“Ooh! The anticipation has just gone up a notch.”



The Mayday procession of 1914. Nobody there could have predicted what was about to happen when the world went to war.

18th April 2002

Half way up New Street a small alleyway at the side of Croft House leads to a picturesque and river-pebbled courtyard. The 1891 census refers to it as Druggist Yard but on maps from the early twentieth century it's there as Sutney Square. The postal address today is New Street Yard.

In 1914, after the Whit Monday procession in The Square, the Satterthwaite family and their friends posed for a series of photographs. Normally these would have become just another group of anonymous people looking into the camera but the little girl holding the cat had the foresight to write on a postcard who they all were.

However, as you might expect, she never anticipated this kind of interest in a photograph over one hundred years later, so her annotation is as follows:

End left...Father, me holding Beauty. End right...Mother, Grannie Satterthwaite (holding the posy). She names the other four in the photograph but these are not part of our story.

I was intrigued to find out more and went to the archives. I'll tell you what I found out about Henry Satterthwaite (father), Mary Ann Satterthwaite (mother), and Sarah Jane Satterthwaite, that little girl holding the cat, tomorrow evening.



The Satterthwaite family and their friends gather for a photograph in Sutney Square.

Comments

“Brilliant! We are all on tenterhooks, whatever those are?”

“Oh the suspense of it all! You have really started something here!

“You rotter! So intrigued!”

“Fascinated by this!”

Brock Cottage and Low Nook next door are very special to many. For Gillian Wren it was the place where they extended the back of their cottage and filled it with three children. Very happy days, according to Gill.

It was also a place of discoveries. The old well will be described in a later post but there was another fascinating artefact discovered when an old privy was demolished. Embedded in the wall of a Victorian privy in Sutney Square, was an even older red sandstone plaque dating back to the eighteenth century.



An intriguing find when an old Victorian Privy was demolished in Sutney Square.

19th April 2020

In the early summer of 1914 the Satterthwaite family and their friends posed for photographs in Sutney Square off New Street. A group photograph was followed by one of father, mother and daughter. Henry has taken his cap off and is clutching it in his left hand as he stares nervously at the camera. Mary Ann has borrowed the posy from Granny Satterthwaite but looks sadly away from the camera and Sarah Jane, then aged ten, seems content to have her parents back together again.



Henry and Mary Ann Satterthwaite with their daughter, Sarah Jane.

Henry was born in Broughton, the son of William and Mary Satterthwaite. He married Mary Ann Richards in 1890 and their wedding took place in St George's Church,

Millom. The 1891 census shows them living in what was then called Druggist Yard off New Street. Henry is twenty and records his occupation as a labourer. Mary Ann is twenty one and gives her place of birth as Wednesfield, Staffordshire (a town not far from Wolverhampton in the West Midlands.).

The young couple soon started a family but their first son, John, died aged one in 1893. A second child, May, died in 1895 aged two and their third child, Margaret Eleanor, died in 1898 just two months after she was born. So by the time of the 1901 census the couple are living alone and it's hard to imagine how they felt at the loss of their three children. But then in 1904 Mary Ann gave birth for a fourth time. Sarah Jane, the little girl in our photograph, had arrived and this time lived beyond infancy.

As I moved on to the 1911 census my expectation was to find all three of them living together in the Sutney Square cottage but that was not the case. The census shows Henry living with his widowed mother, Mary, aged eighty four and his unmarried brother, William, aged forty five. Henry is listed as married but there is no record of his wife and daughter. I searched without success across Cumberland, Westmorland and Lancashire for a Mary Ann Satterthwaite and it was only when I changed my search to Sarah Jane that I found them in Whitehaven. The census revealed Sarah Jane Satterthwaite living with her mother Mary Ann and her new husband, Garrett Kinsella, previously of Millom. Once again Mary Ann sticks out as she is not local but born in Wednesfield, Staffordshire.

Garrett is eleven years younger than Mary Ann and although they claim to be newly married there are no marriages for either of their names in the St Catherine's index of Marriages registered between 1901 and 1911. So they were pretending to be married at a time when divorce was so expensive only the rich went that far. A stigma was attached to anyone who was divorced for whatever reason. Bigamy was a very serious crime which would warrant a prison sentence, so it wasn't unusual to live 'over the brush' as it was called.

Then in the summer of 1914 we get these photographs! Henry and Mary Ann had got back together again. Would it last? Henry died in 1933 and is buried in Broughton church yard. Neither Mary Ann nor Sarah Jane are buried there.

Comments

In 1904 Garrett Kinsella of Millom was tried and convicted of housebreaking. How did Mary Ann become involved with Garrett? It's something we'll never know.

Cambridge Quarter Sessions
October 1904

PROSECUTOR'S BILL.

To G. H. Major

TAXED OFF											
£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
			<i>The King vs the Provenance of</i>			Attending the Prosecutor and taking			0	6	8
			<i>William Whitaker</i>			Instructions for Indictment ...					
			against			Attending at the Clerk of the Peace's			0	3	4
			<i>Garrett Kinsella</i>			Office to leave the Instructions					
			<i>for Housebreaking</i>			and afterwards for the Indictment ...					
			Attending Grand Jury with Indictment and Witnesses ...			Fees of Indictment ...			2	1	0
			Attending Court to see if the Indictment was found			0	2	4
			Examining all the Witnesses and taking Instructions for Bond			0	6	8
			Drawing the Bond			0	0	5
			Copy for Counsel			0	18	4
			Attending Counsel			0	6	0
			Attending Court on Trial, and Motion for (if any)			0	2	4
								0	18	4
								2	1	1

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Prosecutor's Bill for expenses during the trial of Garrett Kinsella.

20th April 2020

Another lockdown day and another story from the past to take us away from the present.

Broughton has thirty nine Grade II listed buildings and monuments, two of those Grade II*, which means they are of national significance and a whisper away from Grade I status. Many of the listed buildings are in and around The Square and so for the next few postings that's where we'll be.

The Obelisk is one of the two Grade II* listed buildings in Broughton, the other is The Tower. The plaque on the Obelisk says it commemorates the diamond jubilee of King George III in 1809, marking fifty years of his rule, but there is an alternative theory here in the town. Speculation is that it was commissioned by the wife of the squire who had The Square built but who died before its completion.



The Obelisk is a Grade II* listed monument.

21st April 2002

The Duddon Valley History Group studied this next photograph in great detail and agreed it was very old, but couldn't agree when it was taken. It's Charter Day and someone is reading the declaration but exactly what year is it? A gaggle of geese are sitting contentedly in the Square as the proceedings begin and people are there in their doorways watching the gathered crowd of mainly men. Two policemen are on hand just in case and you can spot them in the crowd with their helmets and the four distinctive polished buttons on the back of their tunics. We enlarged that image of them and sent a copy to the Manchester Police Museum hoping they could date the uniform. But all they would commit to was that it was Victorian.

Then another copy of the same photograph turned up with a date on it, 1880! It means we've gone back in time one hundred and forty years and may be looking at one of the oldest photographs of The Square. If you want to read that ancient charter being read out in the photograph, go to The Old King's Head. There on the wall close to the fireplace is a framed copy.



This may well be one of the oldest photographs of Broughton, taking us back to 1880, August 1st and the reading of the Charter.

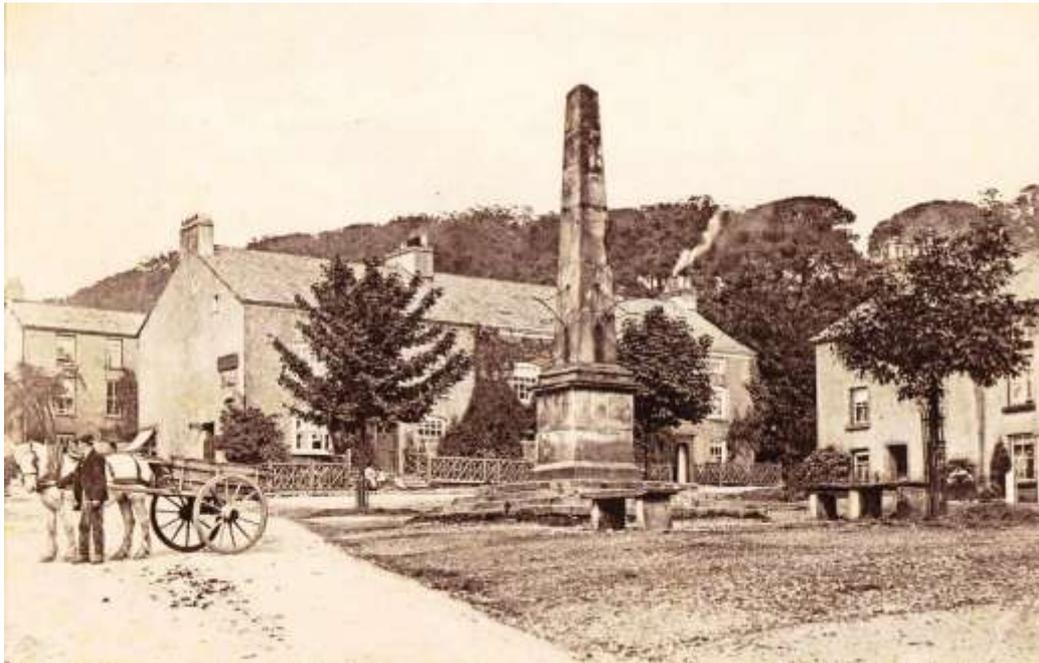


A newly discovered photograph showing the same scene, but this one has a date attached. 1880.

22nd April 2020

Yet another day of lockdown and it's time to escape into the past.

These three photographs of The Square remind me why I'm so proud to live in Broughton. It is a special place for sure though you mustn't get too nostalgic about those times long ago. There was a down side to living here in the nineteenth and early twentieth century and we'll explore more about that in future posts. But for now go with the flow and walk around The Square as it was so long ago.



A relaxed time in The Square at the very beginning of the twentieth century.



Some things here in The Square are familiar but the Town Hall is boarded up and where the Mountain Centre will be is a kiln house. Good to see the clock tower there on top of the Town Hall.

23rd April 2020

I'd intended leaving The Square and moving on to a different part of Broughton but this 1970s photograph caught my eye. It puzzled me at first and I wondered where it had been taken and which buildings in Broughton it shows. Then my brain focused and I recognised where we are looking. Can you do the same?



In fact it's the Manor on the right with the Wm. Youngers sign, The Square almost invisible and The Square Café in the centre of the photograph.

Friday, 24th April 2020

A month into this lockdown and the past seems a better place to be.

Over one hundred years ago our local post office looked little different from today, although those of you who have followed my previous posts will spot the river pebbled footpath in these photographs. The eight postmen and postmaster gather for a group photograph in front of the post office. Wilson Clark is sitting on the wicker basket and is in the third photograph with his bike.



The Post Office in Prince's Street

There was obviously a hierarchy and the man next to the postmaster has five stripes on his tunic and is carrying on working despite the need of a walking stick. Another man sports three stripes and two have just one, the rest none. So much to learn about the past.



Broughton's postmen pose for photographs and Wilson Clark is there in both.

25th April 2020

Today without lockdown it would have been the start of the Ulverston WalkFest and I would have led a local history walk around Broughton. But it was not to be and instead here's an interesting photograph from long ago.

On the right is our original vicarage now known as Glebelands and it once had extensive grounds going back as far as Knott Lane. We have a description of it from 1887 when Frederic Amadeus Malleson (vicar 1870-1897) writes:

“The vicarage is now a tolerably commodious building, but with some shortcomings, low and ill-placed, close to the road, though at the edge of a glebe and garden of four acres of much natural beauty.”

In 1898 the old vicarage and about an acre of land were sold to Mr Wilson Butler. A new vicarage was built in the remaining glebe land. Then in 1984 the “new” vicarage was sold and a third one built but this too is now redundant.

In the photograph you'll notice no footpaths, no traffic and people walk safely where today traffic dominates. Look carefully and you'll spot the railway crossing gates.



Glebelands (the old vicarage) is on the right of this photograph and there is a tantalising glimpse of the railway gates, if you look carefully.

26th April 2020

Lockdown stories about times long ago.

This evening's photographs take us on a walk through the oldest part of the village, along Church Street, through the cluster of houses around the Syke and up the hill to the High Cross Inn which looks very different to its appearance today, but there are enough similarities to recognise it, even if the name wasn't there.

Look carefully and you'll see M.A. Coward is the licensed retailer of ale, beer and porter and also a dealer in tobacco. A youngster perches above the horse mounting block and many of you will know another of these stepped mounting blocks still remains opposite the Old King's Head. They certainly made getting onto your horse easier after a night in the pub.

In the second photograph of the High Cross a coat of paint has transformed it but the old mounting block remains a popular place to go to be photographed. More of the road down to Duddon Bridge can be seen and it looks to be walled and narrow.



The oldest part of the village built around the Syke.



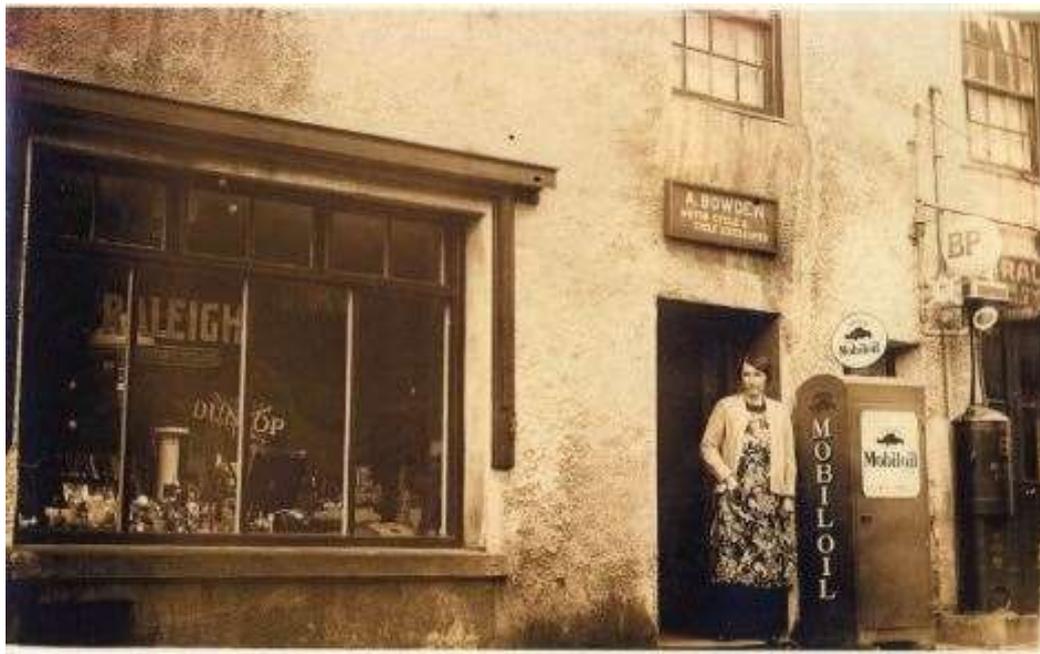
The High Cross Inn when it was prospering in the twentieth century.

27th April 2002

Another day of lockdown and the tribute to local resident Graham George reminds us why we are doing this. Here are some photographs to take you back to different times.

If I asked you the least likely place to build a petrol filling station in Broughton there would be a number of places top of the list and one of those would be Griffin Street. It is narrow and at the time we are talking it had two way traffic. There is no footpath on one side of the road and the junction with Prince's Street is dangerously close. There is no obvious place in that narrow street of terraced houses to put petrol and diesel storage tanks and I'm assuming the only place was under the road.

But all of that didn't deter Annie Bowden. She'd happily fill a can with paraffin or swing those long armed petrol pumps into the middle of the road and fill your tank. Cars waited patiently and I'm wondering what the Sellafeld traffic and the boy racers would make of it today?



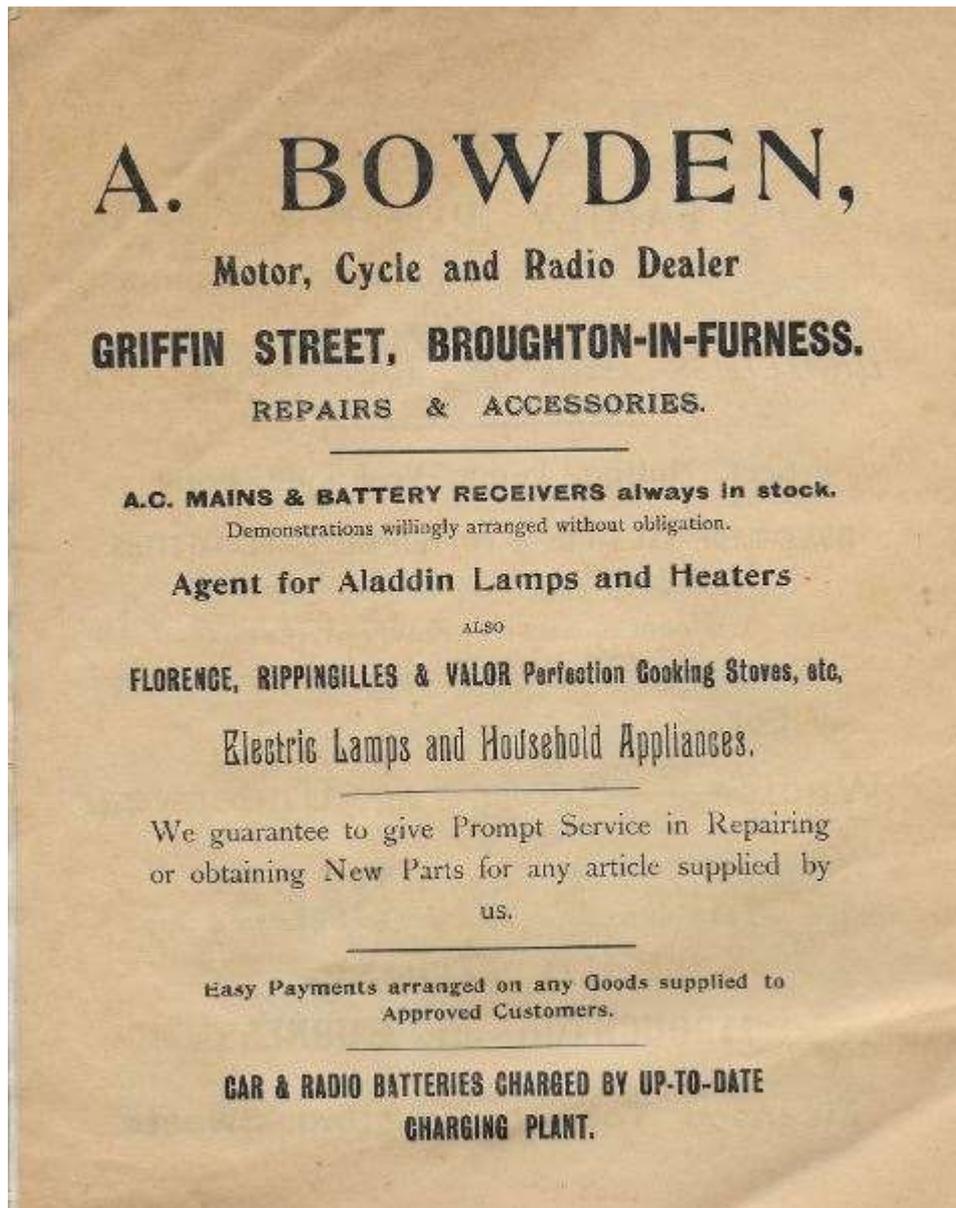
Annie Bowden outside her shop and filling station in Griffin Street in the 1950s



An unlikely petrol station. The storage tanks for petrol were in the cellar.



Annie Bowden's garage in Griffin Street, taken circa 1960.



Annie Bowden's advert in the June, 1939, Parish Magazine. An identical advert appears in the Parish Magazine in 1949. Technology changed very slowly in those days long ago.

Comments

Janet Procter was born in the Griffin Street petrol station house in 1962. Her parents had moved there in 1960 when they bought the business from Auntie Annie Bowden. Janet is able to confirm the petrol storage tanks were in the cellar under the house (still there but now filled with concrete). They left in 1964 when it became illegal to have petrol storage tanks in your cellar, buying the old stables from the Manor Arms and building a garage there. Today it is known as the Pit Stop Garage. One other memory of that unlikely garage on Griffin Street comes from Peter Warwick. He remembers going there to get his glass accumulators recharged for his wireless.

28th April 2002

Lockdown days go on and here are memories from days long ago.

The Auction has always been a central part of life in Broughton. If you've not sat in on those livestock auctions then you need to do that just for the experience. It's hard to follow what the auctioneer is saying but you'll get caught up in the excitement. So here is a photograph of the pens outside the auction house before there was an overhead cover. It was a man's world and I think it still is.



The Auction Mart on Station Road

There was another auction place opposite the Old King's Head shown on the next photograph. Farmers gather with their carts loaded with fleeces ready for the auction.



Farmers gather to sell their fleeces

Comments

This notice, dated 1877, sets out strict conditions of sale and how any dispute between buyers would be resolved. A story from these times has two farmers claiming they had bought the same cow. One had hold of its ears and the other was pulling on its tail. A lawyer was sat down in the middle, milking the cow.

BROUGHTON AUCTION CO.,
(LIMITED.)

NOTICE.

Persons are strictly prohibited from bringing to the Mart, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, or Horses, affected with Murrain, Pleuro Pneumonia, Foot Rot, Scab, Measels, Glanders, or any Disease of an Infectious nature. In case of Pleuro Pneumonia, this prohibition shall extend to Store Cattle and Dairy Cows, for 60 days after the Farm or Stock has been declared clean by the Local Authority. Those who disregard this notice will be held responsible for the consequences, and shall repay the purchaser his purchase money, and be responsible to him for any damage, costs, or expenses, he may sustain or be put to either directly or indirectly.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.

<p style="text-align: center;">CATTLE.</p> <p><small>1.—Any animal showing the least signs of any disease such as Cough, Hoarse, Fever, or any other serious form of complaint not infectious, will not be admitted into the Mart without the consent of the Mart Committee of the Company, and should any person bring to market for sale the Mart (including ordinary accidents, theft, or mutilation, and not aware of it at the time of sale) he will be held to be retained by the Vendor, provided the Secretary of the Company has been notified in writing, from the purchaser, of such accident, loss or theft, within 24 hours after the date of sale.</small></p>	<p style="text-align: center;">CATTLE AND HORSES.</p> <p><small>Stocks, where any dispute or difference shall arise between any Vendor and Purchaser under any of these conditions, such dispute or difference shall be settled by the Mart Committee.</small></p>
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29th April 2020

This lockdown goes on and so let's once more escape into the past. We've been in this part of Broughton before but it was the vicarage on the right we explored. This time look at the house on the left and imagine how the courtyard beyond was once the centre of Broughton's oak swill basket making industry. It seems there was some kind of production line and it would be good to know more about how those swill baskets were made. Bobby Barker lived there and may well have been one of the last of his trade when he died in 1988. His relatives proudly had "oak swill basket maker" inscribed on his gravestone in Broughton church yard.



Swill making in Broughton.

Comments

It seems Boothwaite Nook, on the road out of Broughton to Wreak's End, was another important centre for swill making. The next photograph shows a somewhat younger workforce engaged in that task. Alan Satterthwaite has some interesting comments about the well, on which that little cluster of houses at Boothwaite Nook, were reliant.

“The well at Boothwaite Nook is at the back of the property facing towards the Knot. It was uncovered by accident whilst carrying out landscaping in 1985. A ladder was put down and I went down to remove any stones that may have fallen in. There was only two feet of water, no more than knee deep. The well itself though was some 30 feet in depth. It was inspected and found to be structurally sound. A three foot wall was then built around it at the top and finished off with a sturdy metal grill placed across it. As far as I know, it's still like that today. The photograph with the young basket makers was taken right in the middle of the lane which ran between the buildings there.”



Swill makers at Boothwaite Nook

30th April 2020

Another lockdown day and time for a flight of fancy.

If you've walked in The Tower Park recently you'll know CGP workmen are busy landscaping the first of the two ponds near the old railway line. Once finished it will be visible from The Tower and surrounding hills and give a view not very far from this enjoyed by the Rankin family at the beginning of the twentieth century.



Helen Rankin and her two daughters with an idealised view of The Tower behind.

Comments

The portrait was painted by Sir Alfred James Munnings (1878-1959) and shows Robert Rankin's wife, Helen Margaret and his two daughters. The background is an idealised view of The Tower and as Jane Rousseau points out, "this is an interesting painting with all the right notes, just not necessarily in the right order."

May 2020

1st May 2020

Lockdown days continue and it's time to take a nostalgic look at the closure of Broughton's railway.

For over one hundred years the Furness Railway branch line to Coniston gave Broughton an economic link to the rest of the country. But nothing lasts forever and the last passenger train to Coniston came through Broughton in October 1958. Freight services continued until 1962 but then the line was closed. These photographs capture those last years.

The first photograph was taken in 1963 and services have stopped allowing weeds to grow and the lines to rust. Just months later the wrecking train arrived to take up the lines and remove the wooden sleepers. The second photograph is from 1961 and shows one of the last freight trains on its way to Coniston. The third photograph is a classic view of the line towards Coniston. I didn't think there was another photograph of the crossing gates but there they are! I'm hoping with your help we can name those two railway employees stood on the station platform.



Broughton Station in 1963



1. A freight train on its way to Coniston 2. Station Master Norman Fugler



Comments

In the last of these three photographs, Norman Fugler, the station master, is on the left and Bill Kirkby, a ganger, is on the right. Note the crossing gates and the now demolished signal box.

2nd May 2002

We enter the second month of lockdown and more than ever it is time to travel back into the past. Though be warned! This is a three part story over the coming days.

Until the very end of the nineteenth century the residents of Broughton relied on an ancient system of wells and privies for their daily needs, but the Parochial Council were determined to improve this antiquated provision. They resolved to replace the town's privies with flushing water closets, a new sewerage system to take away the waste and a mains water supply to replace the age old reliance on wells. The records of their monthly meetings in the Griffin Inn, Griffin Street from 1895-98 show both their good intentions and some of the disasters which followed the digging of the new sewers.

The Council began by inviting bids for the work to be done and in March 1895 accepted the following tenders;

From Duckett and sons, Burnley, the supply of earthenware pipes and junctions, £174.4s.4d.

From Clay Cross Company, Chesterfield, the supply of iron pipes, £129.19s.2d

From Daniel Clark, Carlisle, the supply of manhole covers, tidal valve and sluice valve, £44.5s.0d.

From T and J Dirkin (local), the excavating, laying pipes, constructing manholes, piling etc, £739.14s.0d.

A grand total of £1,088.2s.6d and at their meeting on 19th March 1895, they resolved to accept these tenders of work and materials and for the scheme to go ahead.

What could possibly go wrong?

The photo shows the laying of the main outfall sewer from Broughton to Foxfield. Black Combe is in the background and you can see they followed the line of the railway. The discharge was into the Duddon estuary and it would not be until the beginning of the twenty first century that a sewage treatment plant was built at Foxfield.

Tomorrow...the residents of Broughton complain about noxious smells from the new sewers and Hannah Douglas of the Old King's Head sues the Council for damages and loss of income.



The main outfall sewer being dug to the Duddon estuary at Foxfield.

3rd May 2020

In these lockdown stories of Broughton's past it's part two of the saga of the new sewerage system being built in 1895. This evening we touch history.

By 1896 the new sewerage system was largely complete, a main outfall sewer to Foxfield and several branch sewers extending into the town. But there was growing concern about the quality of the work being done. Hannah Douglas, a widow aged fifty nine and the sole licensee of the Old King's Head was the first to take on the council. Hannah had had a tough life. Her only child died soon after birth and then her husband died in 1891 leaving her to run the pub single handed. Anyone looking at the photograph of the Old King's Head, taken in 1894, can't but notice it had fallen on hard times. Then the council began digging up the road in front of her pub and one of her cows was poisoned by drinking from the stream where a faulty pipe had overflowed. She sued the council for £10 for loss of earnings and a further £10 for her cow. The minutes of the council show they offered only half the amount of compensation she was claiming but Hannah was having none of it. At the next meeting and without explanation the council met her claim in full.

The council also received many letters of complaint and two are attached. Essentially it seems the new sewers gave off noxious smells.

Tomorrow we look at the surviving privies of Broughton.



The Old King's Head in 1895 when it was managed by Hannah Douglas.

Princess Street
Broughton in Furness
May 13th 1896

Dear Sir

I have no complaint of the —
Stench arising from the new sewer
in Princess Street (near my house) which
is really very bad particularly during
the evening.

I am informed that the Stench is caused
by a Defective Shaft near the Auction Mart
I mentioned this matter to you the other
day and now wish to impress upon —
you the necessity of your earliest —
attention thereto particularly as I am
told to day there is a case of typhoid
fever at the Post Office in the —
same Street.

Yours truly
Thos. Bond

Greenwood East
Broughton, Furness, P. S. D.
Rothwaite
Bark in Cartmel

A letter of complaint to the Parochial Council written by Thomas Bond.

Thomas Bond from Prince's Street felt very strongly about this, especially as there had been a recent case of typhoid fever at the Post Office. But he wasn't sure of his own address! Was it Princess Street or Prince's Street? Another letter complains about the fearful stench coming from the new sewers.

Greenwich
Broughton in Furness
April 6/90

Dear Sir

Since the dry weather came
the stench from the manhole in
our road is fearful I see you have
been stopping some further down
I must therefore request your
immediate attention to this and
also the next man hole which
will blow right to the Dutch
door when the wind is in that
direction.

I am
Yours truly
W. Groudson

Mr. Jos Greenwood

Another letter of complaint received by the parochial Council.

Comments

Questions were asked if the new sewerage system was a response to any specific epidemics in the town, for example, Cholera?

“Yes the Parochial Council knew there was a problem both with the privies and the wells. Chairing the council was Lord Cross who I’ll tell you about in a later post. The minutes of the council in 1895 record an outbreak of scarlet fever and the closure of the school for several weeks. Another meeting noted the discharge of an overfull privy from Griffin Street discharging near the Methodist Chapel. Back then the town had a nuisance inspector who seemed to have his hands full with call outs.”

4th May 2020

Lockdown stories of Broughton and this evening is part 3 of the story of our privies.

It is one hundred and twenty five years since a new sewerage system and mains water supply transformed the lives of people living in Broughton. Privies had served the town well for hundreds of years but there were obvious limitations. Many were communal, shared between several households, they had to be spaded out manually on a regular basis and most importantly, they were a source of disease.

But if you know where to look and have permission, you can still touch the past and imagine how life used to be.

Photograph one and we are at the rear of the terrace on Cinder Hill. The original seat has been left but underneath is a modern toilet.

Photograph two and we are in a courtyard off Griffin Street. This is a double privy with seats for an adult and a child.

Photograph three and we are at Woodland Hall. Here there are two triple privies side by side and the question is....Was one side for women and children, the other for men? Or was it servants on one side and the family on the other? I'd be interested in your opinion.

If you have a surviving privy I'd love to take a photo of it and help preserve the memory for future generations.

Tomorrow we'll move on to other things!



Single and double Privies in Broughton and one of two triple privies at Woodland Hall.

Comments

Lots of reminders from residents in the outlying villages of Broughton Mills, Woodland and Seathwaite, they are still reliant on wells and fell streams for their water supply. It also seems there are many more surviving privies, a two seater privy behind Sadler's Cottage on Griffin Street, another down at Duddon Bridge Cottage and one at Broughton Mills. More research still to do.

5th May 2020

Lockdown goes on as do these stories from Broughton's past.

If you were a fan of The Two Ronnies on TV you will probably have watched their Four Candles sketch. I won't even try to explain that to those who don't understand.

I'm looking at an old photograph of J. Shaw's Ironmongers shop on Prince's Street, just a few doors up from the post office and thinking it could easily have been the setting for that TV sketch. Mr Shaw offers a wide range of household goods as you can see, from dolly tubs and tin baths to garden rakes and of course FORK HANDLES.



J. Shaw's Ironmonger's shop on Prince's Street in the 1930s

Comments

Today this is Lyndawn, a private house on Prince's Street. Several people were able to fill in background details. Peter Warwick, who lived there for twenty four years, bought it from Ike Steele in 1970 when they moved up the road to take over Mrs Shaw's grocers shop. Lyndawn was a private residence then. Lots more discussion about the date of this photograph but it seems likely it was the 1930s.

Oh! The link to The Two Ronnies' sketch was recognised!

"We all got it! We just didn't want to admit our age. "

6th May 2002

After my post last night Janice Winch told us her mother, Ella Atkinson, died on 29th April and it's sad to know one of Broughton's oldest residents is no more. Ella lived next door to the Old King's Head on Church Street with her husband Bill. I think we can all agree she was a lovely lady, always smiling and keen to ask how you were. She moved to Cheshire some years ago to live with Janice and David.

So today's posting is to acknowledge Ella and her long life spent here in Broughton.

Photograph 1, of Church Street, is taken around the beginning of the 1930s. Ella's house is bottom left and at that time was a shop. Even further back in time, it was the original town post office.

Photograph 2 is taken just a little further up Church Street and I'm thinking the early 1900s. Lots to say about both photographs but for now I'll just leave you to enjoy.



Two views of Church Street, the first is in the 1930s, the second is the early 1900s.

Comments

“Thank you for a fitting tribute to mum. She loved Broughton. I always thought it very odd that her parents and Dad’s parents lived next door to each other, the Atkinsons at Eden Vale and the Robleys at Lyndene. They did their courting on the seat around the triangle because her dad didn’t approve! But they persevered.”

“They were once caretakers at Broughton House. Mum said John Betjeman once came for tea. They bought Hillcrest and after carrying coal up to the attic in Broughton House it was a dream come true.”

Janice shared some more very special memories about her dad.

“My dad, Bill Atkinson, was on a minesweeper in the Mediterranean and as the radio operator he got the message that Nazi Germany had surrendered. I have it still, written in pencil on a very scrappy piece of paper.”



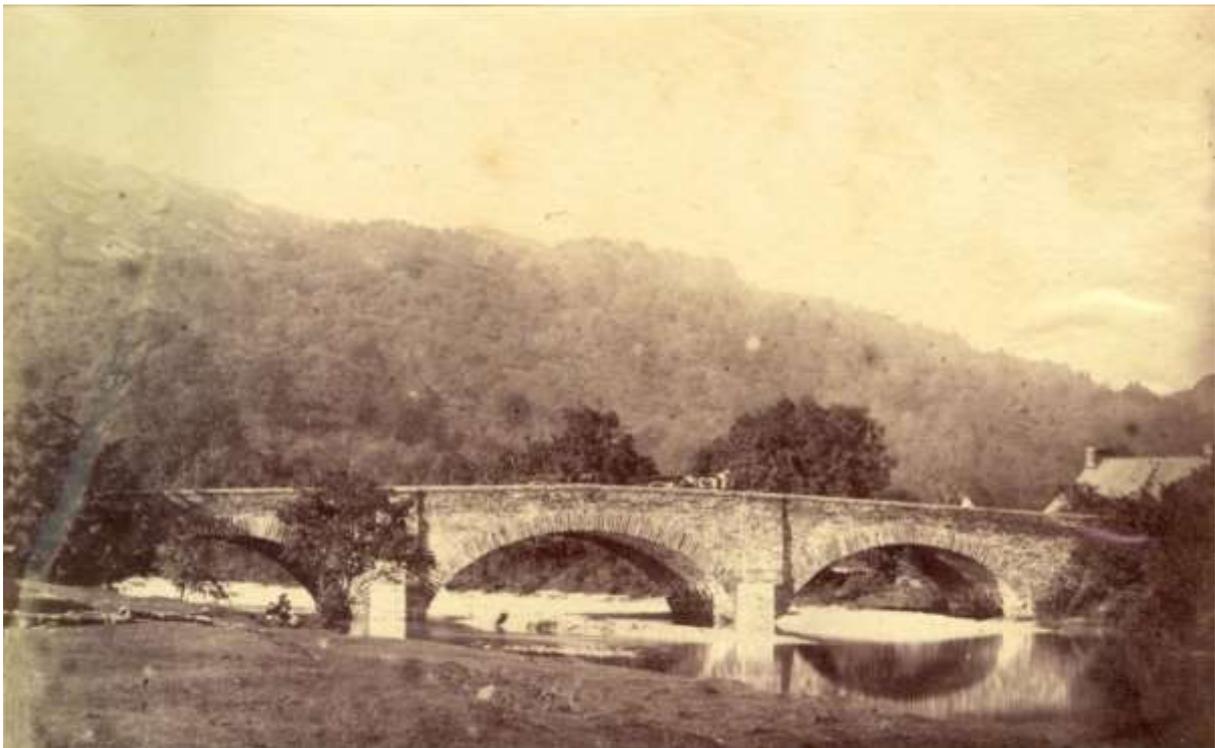
Ella’s husband, Bill Atkinson.

7th May 2020

Six weeks and more into this lockdown and another opportunity to escape into Broughton's past as we look at the bridges over the Duddon and the mystery of the bridge to nowhere.

Duddon Bridge has long been a vital link to the west coast of Cumbria, especially in the eighteenth century, when Whitehaven was one of Britain's premier ports, second only to Bristol. Further up the valley, Ulpha Bridge connects Seathwaite and the upper reaches of the Duddon Valley to Broughton. But there is another bridge halfway between, as strongly built as both and certainly more than a packhorse bridge. It spans the Duddon close to Duddon Hall and is named Rawfold Bridge. I discovered it several years ago on a walk and it leads to nowhere. Once you've crossed it from the west side there is a wood, fields and a very steep footpath up to the Ulpha Road. Is it a folly built for Duddon Hall folk to stroll across or is it something else?

The photographs are all from the beginning of the twentieth century and show Duddon Bridge, Ulpha Bridge and then that mysterious bridge to nowhere, Rawfold Bridge.



Duddon Bridge



Ulpha Bridge



Rawfold Bridge

Comments

New information provided by Peter Speakman has solved the mystery of Rawfold Bridge. The Hall, its grounds and the surrounding twenty five farms were auctioned in July 1902. The sales catalogue contains the following information. “There are three carriage approaches from the main roads, **one on the Lancashire side of the river from the Dunnerdale Road by Rawfold Bridge**, the other two from the Bootle Road on the Cumberland side, the Northern entrances have an ornamental stone built lodge.”

8th May 2002

Lockdown stories of Broughton's past. I've just looked back at my posts and counted twenty eight of these photograph/short story postings and if you can stick with me I think there are an equal number still in my mind. So we are half way in this time travelling experience. This evening you may not recognise the place I'm taking you to.

As you drive down from the High Cross and over Duddon Bridge the road narrows and you go through a cluster of houses. The road then rises steeply and almost at the top of that hill there is an impressive building on the left. When we first came here in the 1980s it offered a restaurant service but of course before that it was a school with probably one of the most panoramic and scenic views in England. I have lots of group photos of those youngsters from long ago in their class groups but they are beyond living memory and forgotten. So instead here is the most scenic school in the Lake District.



Buckman House School

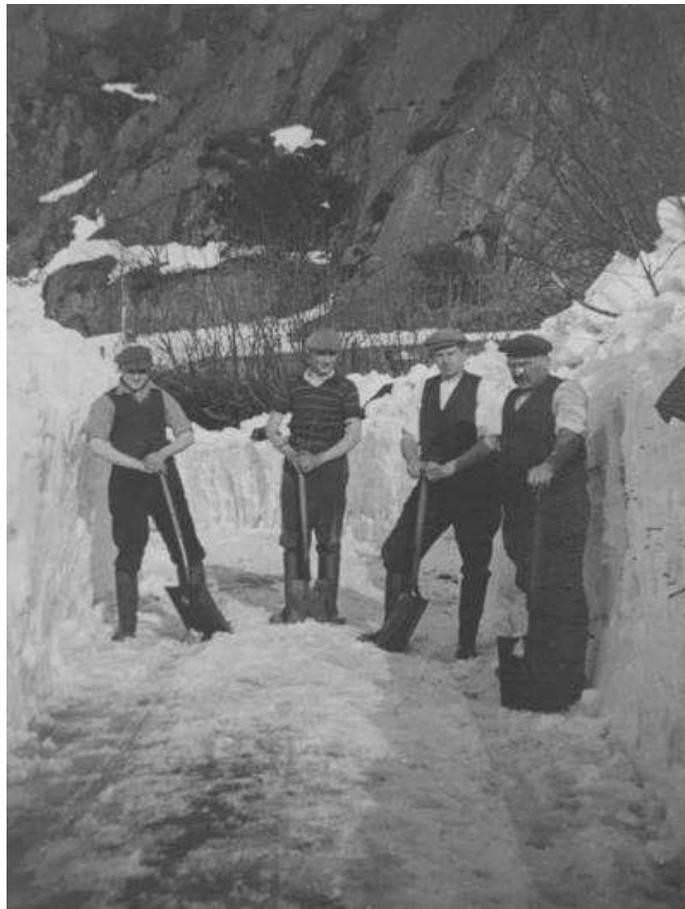
Comments

It was a boarding school for girls and closed in 1924.

9th May

These old photographs allow us to relive the past. A recent post of men clearing snow brought an informed response from Walter Butterfield and here is what he says,

“John Butterfield is the one on the extreme right. He lived in the little cottage at the bottom of Griffin Street next to Broughton House. Mary or Maimy, his sister, was as miserable as sin but John was quite amicable. He was the local carter and had his horses and carts in two stables under the arch in the Square. He also cut wood in Duddon Woods. When he wasn't working he used to wear an Edwardian tweed coat bought in 1910, so when teddy boys started the fashion his suit was already 40 years old.”



John Butterfield and workmates clearing snow



The little house at the bottom of Griffin Street where John Butterfield lived.

10th May 2020

This lockdown continues for now and so does our exploration of Broughton's past. Today we go back beyond living memory to the grand opening of Broughton's railway.

Building a railway in the nineteenth century was a complex business. A special Act of Parliament had to be passed and finance raised through the issue of shares. Investors needed to be convinced it was a viable project and would give a good return. What became a national network was built by a host of different railway companies. The Furness Railway Company built their line as far as Broughton in the late 1840s and the Whitehaven Railway Company was busy building a line south to Millom. The final connection came in 1850 when Broughton became the terminus for two railway companies.

To celebrate the new link up, a banquet was held in the Old King's Head. Special trains from Barrow and Whitehaven brought the guests (all men) to Broughton and they walked the short distance up Station Road which had been garlanded with flower arches.

If you go into the dining room of the Old King's Head you'll find a plaque commemorating the occasion.

On the second photograph, note that wonderful river cobbled pavement. I walked past today and the tarmac has perished, revealing the pebbles beneath. Also note the water pump and water trough. With no mains water everyone relied on wells. Can you spot someone in the window?

I have digital copies of the two Acts of Parliament establishing the Furness Railway extension to Broughton and for the branch line to Coniston if anyone is really into this, but beware they are heavy going!



The plaque in the Old King's Head commemorating the special banquet.



The Old King's Head where the banquet was held



A cartoon depicting the banquet

11th May 2020

It seems lockdown continues but it is stay alert rather than stay at home. Time to escape into the past for sure.

If you walk out of the Square towards Wilson Park you will come to the aptly named Timber Hill on your right. Here at the beginning of the twentieth century and well beyond, was a busy timber yard, wheelwright's shop and busy woodworking industry.



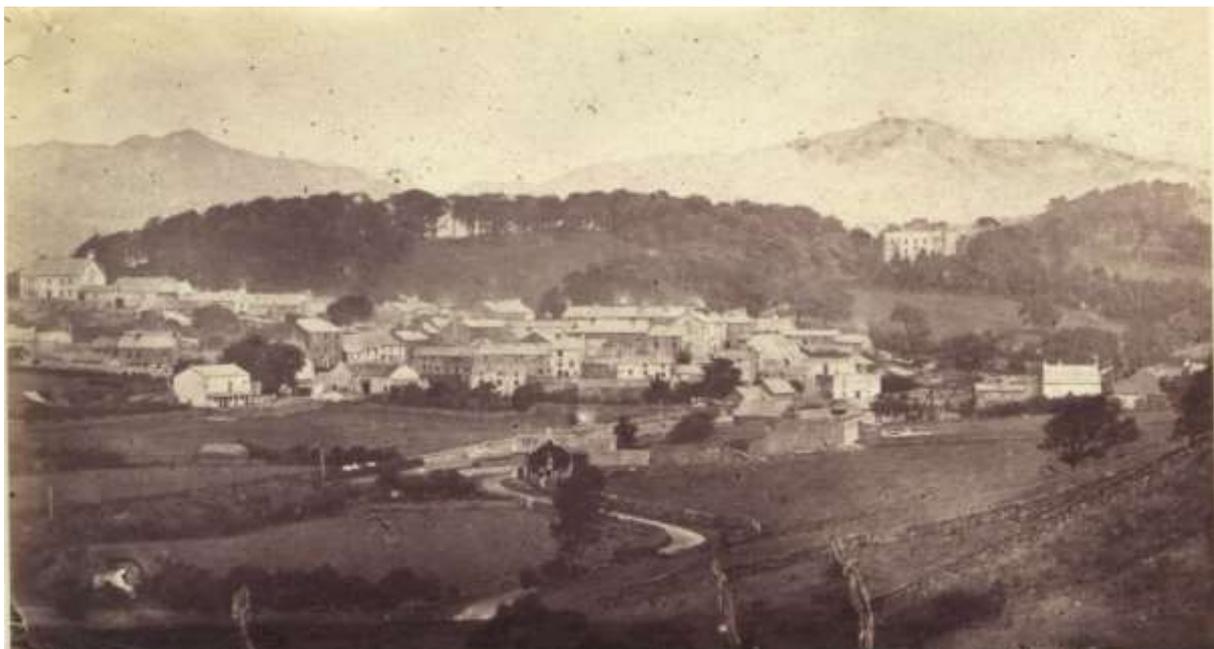
Busy scenes at the top of Timber Hill where there was a thriving wood yard.



12th May 2020

I'm here still wondering about the new lockdown rules but it is easier to go back to Broughton's past.

Here are two panoramic views of Broughton at the end of the nineteenth century. Taken at the same time, they were intended to be displayed side by side to give a wide angled photograph of the townscape. The old church tower, demolished in 1900, confirms this is Broughton in the nineteenth century.



Panoramic views of Broughton taken at the end of the nineteenth century.

13th May 2020

Change at Foxfield for Broughton, Woodland, Torver and Coniston says the sign and for so many people in the past, that short branch line, which took just thirty minutes to get to the Coniston terminus, was the beginning of a Lakeland adventure. It was built to carry slate and copper but its tourist potential was soon realised. I'm not a railways expert and all I want to do is show you the stations on the line and the once famous Five Arches Viaduct.

Here is Foxfield, the start of the branch line and tomorrow I'll post the remaining photographs of Broughton, Woodland, Torver and Coniston.



The sign says change at Foxfield. Inglewood Terrace is behind.



Employees of the Furness Railway pose proudly for a photograph at Foxfield station.



A quiet day at Foxfield Station.



The station became a bustle of activity when a train arrived and staff were kept busy.

14th May 2020

Lockdown goes on and this posting takes us to Broughton Station in its heyday. I'd intended going all the way to Coniston but that will have to wait until tomorrow.

Just four minutes travel time up the track from Foxfield and Broughton station was the first stop on the branch line to Coniston. I'm told by Ian Davidson that each spring in the early 1950s, people from Barrow and further afield would come to look at the daffodils in the Lickle Valley, walking from Broughton to Broughton Mills. The verges and lower fields to there were a carpet of daffodils, extending up the hillsides. Farming practices changed and now you can only see the occasional daffodil in the hedgerows and of course the railway has gone too.



Broughton's picturesque railway station



Gathering daffodils in the Lickle Valley



The station box at the crossing gates in Broughton

Comments

Those old enough to remember Broughton's railway regard it with affection and some excitement.

"Good to see the old station, I remember standing on the platform waiting for the train to Barrow."

"Imagine getting on a late afternoon train to Coniston. Sitting back and enjoying that twenty minute journey. Then a stroll down to the lake and a meal in the Blue Bird café before catching the train back home."

15th May 2020

Lockdown goes on and in these posts we have reached Broughton station. We now continue the journey to one of the most picturesque stations on the Coniston branch line at Woodland.

From Broughton to Woodland station is a journey of two and a half miles and it took just eight minutes according to the timetable, despite the steep gradient. Passengers were treated to spectacular views as they crossed the Five Arches Viaduct, which took the railway over a minor road and ravine before arriving at Woodland station. The station was built in an idyllic setting, perched on the side of a hill and overlooking the scattered farms and rocky outcrops of Woodland. I'm doubting there was any commercial justification for building a station here but at least it allowed a passing place on this single track railway and the station building also served as a community post office.

The Five Arches Viaduct survived until the mid-1980s when it was considered too expensive to maintain but its demolition seems such a sad thing.

The photograph of Woodland station was taken in 1956 and the locomotive is pushing the train down to Foxfield.



The Five Arches Railway viaduct



Woodland Station

Comments

It was the photograph of the Five Arches Viaduct which drew most attention and some nostalgia.

“Wow! First time I’ve actually seen the ‘Five Arches’ but great the name-sake lives on. Thanks for sharing.”

“I vaguely remember the demolition of the viaduct. This is the first time I’ve seen it in full. Such a shame.”

“I’ve never seen the viaduct from that angle! Only ever went under it either on foot or horseback. I was living in Barrow when it was demolished and the first time I drove up there to find it gone was quite emotional.”

16th May 2020

Here are some lockdown reflections on these postings of mine. I've now posted over thirty stories and collections of photographs on here and I think I can continue for about another three weeks with a daily posting. Will the lockdown go on beyond that? The two most liked postings have been about the Mountain Centre and Foxfield station but other individual photographs have been well liked, the photograph of the Five Arches Viaduct for example. I don't want to outstay my welcome but I am enjoying your informed comments which add to our common knowledge of the town we share together. I'll keep posting for now, though this evening I'm just asking you to comment.

This view of Broughton takes us back fifty years to 1970. I am interested if you can spot familiar features, recognise things from that time and point out what has changed.



Comments

This aerial view of the town taken in 1970 seemed to capture the imagination of many people.

“I can see where my house is meant to be” and “Our house isn't in this one and still ten years away.”

“There is no Broughton Park, no bungalow next to Evenwood, no Copper Rigg and no bungalows on Keppleway Hill.”

Others point out specifics, “No roof on the auction mart livestock pens”, “The new police station there in this photograph but I have fond memories of the old one on Church Street when Stan Boardman was the village policeman.”

There is appreciation too about finding and moving into a small town like Broughton.

“Since I’ve moved here, I’ve fallen in love with the town. In this photograph I can see both the house we rented and the house we now own.”

Indeed the comments from those reading seem to be of equal worth to the posts,

“Not only loving the photographs but loving the comments too, and such knowledge.”

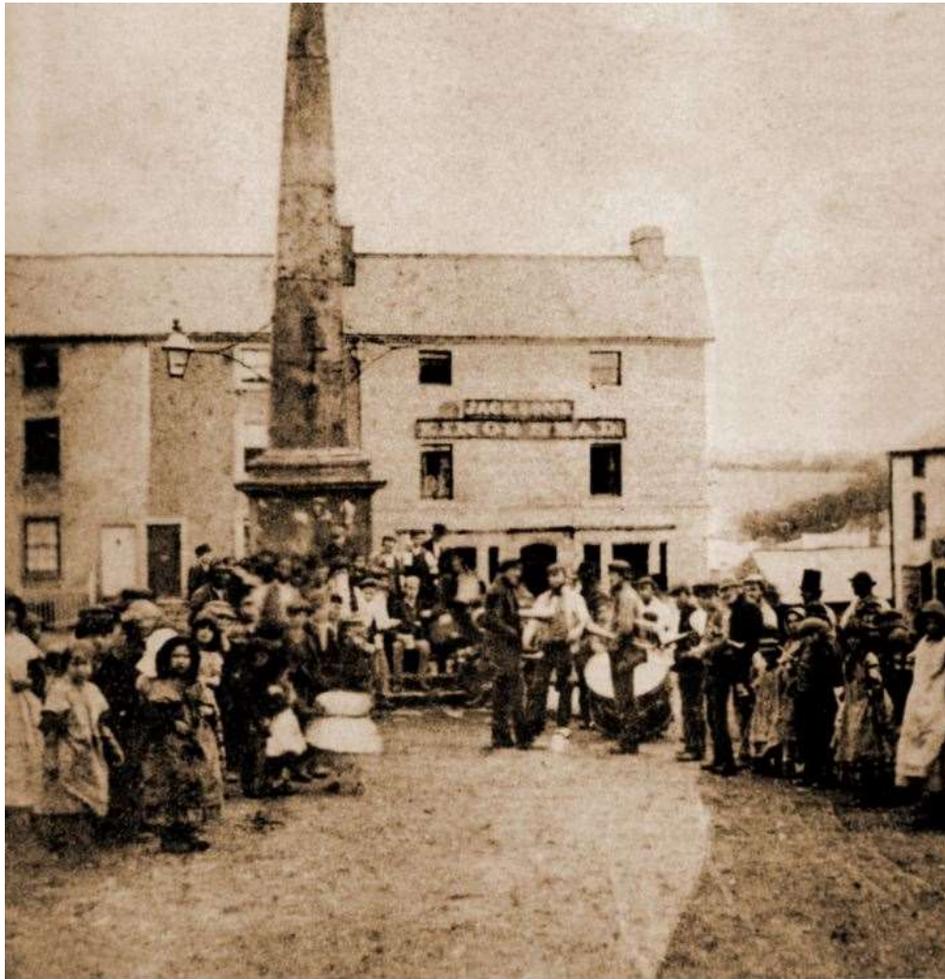


Sheep graze in fields bordering New Street and the entrance to Broom House’s extensive kitchen garden is to the left. Today the houses of Sawrey Court and Broom Close have replaced the open field.

17th May 2020

This lockdown still goes on for many and certainly for us over seventy year olds. This evening I'm wondering why Broughton had two pubs with almost the same name.

These two photographs of the Manor and the Old King's Head take us back to the 1880s, perhaps even earlier. The Manor at that time was called the King's Head and across town was The Old King's Head, although I'm told this was once called the Church Inn.



The Manor when it was known as the King's Head



The Old King's Head

Comments

In both the 1861 and 1881 census they are enumerated as the Old King's Head and the King's Head. At that time Church Street was called Old Street and a map dated as late as 1919 still refers to it as Old Street.

On that road today you have to agree with another comment,

“Chickens? On this bit of road now?”

18th May 2020

Lockdown thoughts about a time long ago.

The photographs take us back to the beginning of the twentieth century and suggest an idyllic time when children could safely pose in traffic free streets. However there was a dark side to growing up in Broughton. I've studied the burial records for St Mary Magdalene Church and they paint a grim picture. The number of deaths of children eleven and under in the five decades leading up to the twentieth century were as follows:

1850-59... 88

1860-69... 72

1870-79... 59

1880-89... 36

1890-99... 44

Often the deaths were concentrated into certain years making the impact even greater and it was not uncommon for individual families to lose several children. The most vulnerable age seems to have been the first year of life. There was no penicillin or antibiotics and many ailments we now have vaccinations for were deadly. Scarlet fever, even measles and whooping cough could be fatal and tuberculosis was an equally dangerous killer.

And despite all our advances in medicine, Covid-19 in 2020 has caused a world pandemic.



The town children pose for a photograph in The Square on Whit Monday, 1913



Children gather for a group photograph outside the old school on Church Street

Comments

There was general agreement in the comments on this post that parent's expectations were almost reconciled to the annual cull of young children to diseases they had no way of preventing. Not that it made it any easier to mourn the loss of a child, just a certain inevitability about it. Colin Robertshaw looked into census records and points out that the 1911 census for the first time asked the questions.

1. How many children born alive?
2. How many children still alive?
3. How many children died?

When he was researching his own Gran, he found her one of four sisters in 1911. However she had another six siblings who had died!

“She never mentioned it and his mother had no idea.”

So it was in Broughton, children died in great numbers but parents carried on.

19th May 2020

To a man who had been twice Home Secretary, gifted the title of Lord Privy Seal, elected onto the Board of the Great Central Railway and even had a steam locomotive named after him, chairing the meetings of the Broughton West Parochial council and the Board of Governors of Broughton School must have seemed a bit unreal. But there is no doubting the commitment of Richard Assheton Cross to Broughton in his later years. Born in 1823 in Clitheroe, Lancashire, he went to Cambridge and then to a career in law. He stood for election to Parliament in 1868, defeating Gladstone to win his south west Lancashire seat. When he was raised to the peerage in 1886 he elected to be called 1st Viscount Cross of Broughton in Furness. His manor house at Eccleriggs was built for him in 1865 and a dining wing added in 1880.

Most famously he was responsible for the rebuilding of Broughton Church in 1900, when the old tower was demolished. His letter to the vicar, the Rev. James Cropper, dated 7th December, 1899 makes clear his intentions.

“Dear Mr Cropper,

I have always been anxious that we should have a Church Tower more worthy of our church than the present one and a little time ago I consulted Messrs. Austin and Paley on this subject. They have now sent me first rough plans which I have sent to you, and which I highly approve. Will you be good enough to show them to the church wardens, and tell them that I propose, if I can get the assent of the parish, to build the tower at my own cost....Always sincerely yours,

CROSS”

Not surprisingly the reconstruction went ahead.

Lord Cross died at Eccleriggs in 1914.

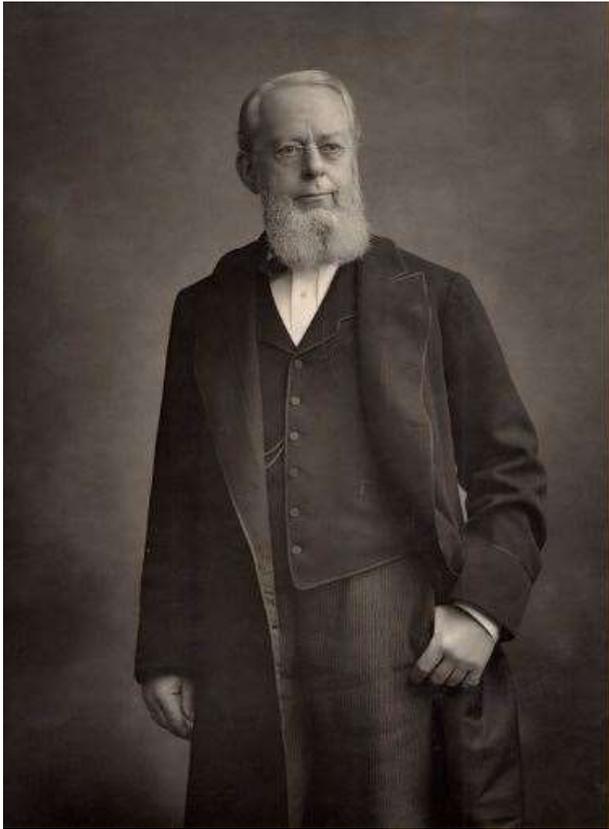
The photographs show Eccleriggs Manor being built in 1865, a much later photograph of the Eccleriggs and 1st Viscount Cross of Broughton in Furness.



The Eccleriggs under construction in 1865



A view of Eccleriggs from the west side



Lord Cross

Comments

There was some debate about the motives of Lord Cross but there can be no doubting his commitment to Broughton. He chaired the parochial council when the new sewerage system was built and mains water made available for the first time. In Parliament he'd steered bills to law on slum clearance and improved conditions for women and children in textile mills. So a philanthropist of sorts.

20th May 2020

These lockdown days seem to go on and on. It's time for another escape into the past.

At the beginning of the twentieth century it was the norm to walk from surrounding farms and hamlets into Broughton to shop and socialise. An ancient network of paths and greenways linked most places and today are still used by walkers. My favourite circular walk leaves Broughton through the Tower Park, across the Coniston Road and down into the Lickle Valley. A remote bridge takes you across the river and a path then parallels the Lickle to Broughton Mills. Along the way you'll find a deep ravine, waterfall and plunge pool. Ancient slate field boundaries, pre-historic markings and circular plantings of yew trees add interest and a sense of mystery.

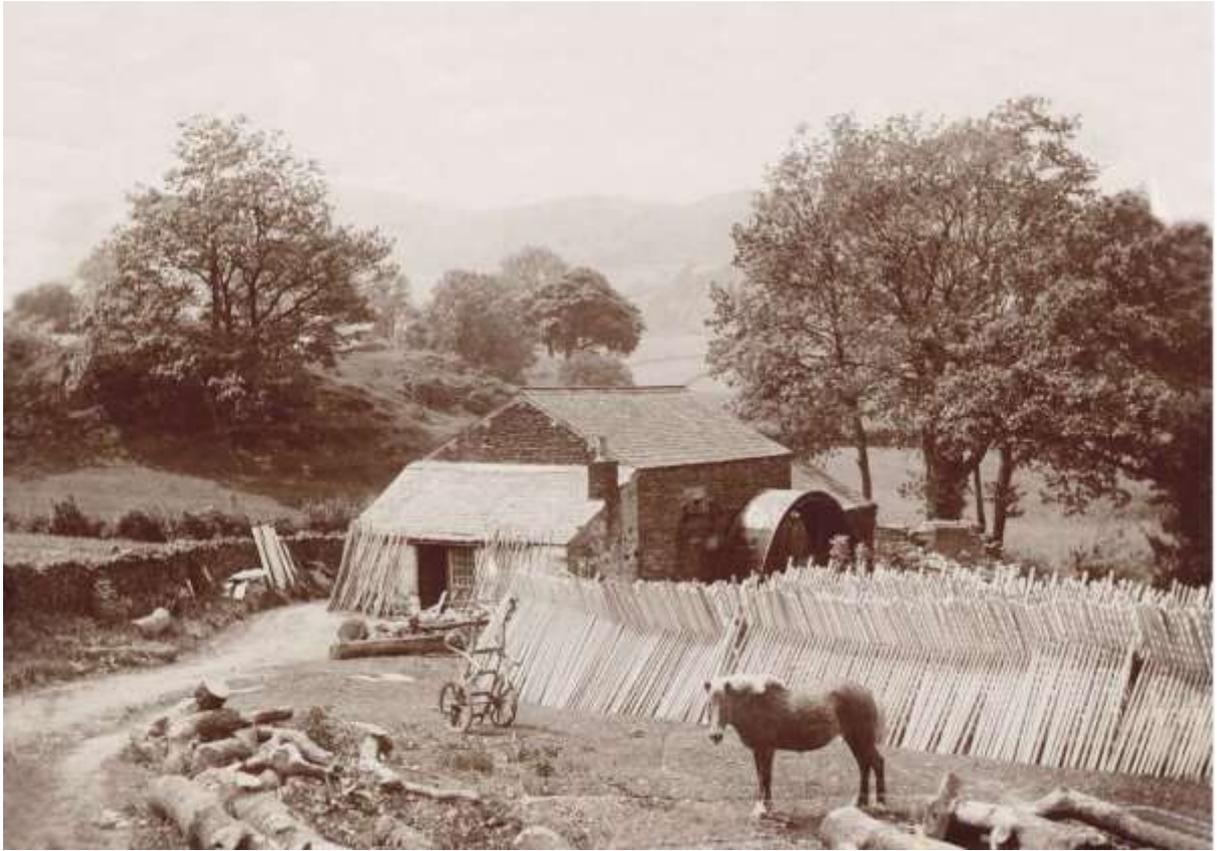
Broughton Mills is half-way on this walk and the path emerges just near this bridge with its famous boundary stone and washing women's steps. It was once a bustling hamlet with several mills, including the sawmill shown here.



The Bridge over the River Lickle at Broughton Mills



Two photographs of the wood mill, one of at least five mills in Broughton Mills



Comments

It seems there were at least five mills and possibly more when Broughton Mills was in its prime. Howard Proctor explains how the force of the water from the River Lickle was used to power two mills.

“The water came out of the Lickle at the Mill Dam and entered the millrace across to the corn mill, over its wheel and then entered another millrace which took it to the next mill, the bobbin mill, through their wheel and then back into the river.”

For local children the mill race was an exciting playground and Janet Glessal recounts her mother’s memory of playing there....

“My mum (Lynda Hartley) can remember playing in the little river which was the mill race. It went through Holme Field and then ran under the road. It was lined with wooden planks, ankle deep and wonderful to paddle in.”

There was also a Walk Mill and Jane Rousseau explains what that was.

“They used to walk the wool to make felt, hence the walk mill.”

21st May 2020

Lockdown goes on and so far we've ventured out of the town to Foxfield, Eccle Riggs, Woodland and Broughton Mills. It is time to come back to the Broughton of one hundred or more years ago.

Let's explore the town in four photographs which take us along Church Street, Station Road, Prince's Street and Griffin Street. There is no real story here and I'm hoping you will provide the narrative as you see and recognise things from long ago.

The first photograph is looking down Church Street. On the right is The Garner, home of John Garner and an interesting character in Broughton's history. Opposite is the doctor's house and if you look carefully you'll see him chatting to someone at the door. In the second photograph we divert briefly into Station Road and I think it says 'stables' over what is now Ken Todd's garage. A classic photograph of Prince's Street next, though the caption writer doesn't know how to spell it! Lots to look at down there: the river pebbled pavements, the shops and those steps on the Brown Cow Institute which seem to lead nowhere. Finally we walk up Griffin Street and I have a colour version of this photograph but it seems in keeping to go for black and white. This was a black and white world back then.



Church Street with The Garner, home of John Garner, on the right and Park Stile, the doctor's house on the left.



Before it became a garage, these buildings on the right were the stables for the Old King's Head.



Prince's Street with its impressive cobbled pavements and familiar buildings.



Griffin Street at the beginning of the twentieth century.

Comments

Looking at the last photograph, Angela Butcher observed,

“That stone in the middle of the road would do some damage now.”

Reply,

“That stone in the road is a portly woman in an apron. We thought the same when we first looked at this photograph, an early roundabout perhaps? But definitely a woman stood there.”

Angela Butcher,

“Oooooops”

26th May 2020

This lockdown seems to have separate rules for some, but it's best to ignore and go back in time once more.

In 1899, a local lad from Coniston had established himself as a mining engineer and owner of the two most valuable assets in the area: the copper mines at Coniston and the iron ore mines at Hodbarrow.

William Isaac Barratt decided to build himself a house worthy of his position and found the ideal location midway between his two enterprises, in Broughton. There was even a railway to provide easy access to both. He purchased an extensive plot of land at Keppleway and had a house built to his exact specifications.

The 1901 census shows him living there with his wife, Ethel and daughters, Amy (15) and Ethel (4). To help with the running of the house there were five live in women servants. Gardeners were also employed but they simply walked up the hill each day from their homes in Broughton.

William died on the 29th March, 1924, leaving Ethel an inheritance of £53,219.6s.8d. He is buried in Broughton churchyard along with Ethel. I went to look at the grave today out of interest and took a photograph of that.

I wondered about also including a photograph of Keppleway House as it is today with the primary school built in the grounds, but future generations will not thank those 1970s planners who designed that flat roof, prefabricated school in front of the former mansion, totally out of sympathy with the building behind.



Keppleway House, home of William Isaac Barratt.

Comments

Today William Barratt's house at Keppleway is a residential field study centre attracting youngsters from all over the country but there are memories of other times there.

"My late mum lived at Keppleway during the war, from age 7. She was an evacuee from Barrow when the bombing started. She arrived in Broughton with her aunt, who had been given a job as housekeeper by Colonel Dykes, who owned Keppleway. They lived on the top floor and mum had fond memories of the Colonel who let her use his extensive library, as ill health meant she couldn't attend the local school. She remembered lots of fresh vegetables and fruit grown in the grounds, so welcome in a time of rationing." (Helen Colwill)

"I worked at Keppleway in the 1960s when it was a Lancashire special school for disabled girls." (Wendy Inman)



Keppleway Trust, a thriving residential outdoor pursuits' centre, as it is today.

27th May 2020

When I moved here in January 1984, I only half appreciated the changes which had taken place. Lancashire across the Water, which included Broughton and extended as far north as Coniston, had been absorbed into the new county of Cumbria.

Lancashire had used The Tower as a residential school for delicate children and in the summer of 1984, the retiring head teacher invited colleague heads and their partners to an evening soiree, with drinks and canapes, to mark the closure of the school. The pupils had gone home and we were treated to a guided tour around The Tower. Thirty six years later it's hard to remember the details but I do recollect the faded glory of what was once a great mansion.

The school closed and townsfolk were next invited to an English Civil war re-enactment in The Tower grounds. Members of the Sealed Knott Society organised the event and converged here from all parts of the country. The battle took place and the Parliamentary forces triumphed.

Cumbria decided to cash in on its newly acquired asset and put The Tower and its grounds up for sale. It was bought by a developer and converted into a complex of at least seventeen luxury apartments which quickly sold. From 2008 onwards the current owner and resident subsequently restored the property to its original Manor House status and it became a single unit once again. The grounds are strictly private.

Tomorrow we will visit The Tower in old photographs and trace some of its history but for now here are the two entrances to The Tower grounds, the first from The Square and the second from the Coniston Road.



The main entrance to The Tower from The Square and the Folly Gates entrance.



Comments

Many of the photographs used throughout these posts have been provided by Lex Ward. The last of these two photographs shows his grandfather, Tom Barr, and his dog at the Tower back gate (or Folly gate). Lex explains,

“He was probably on his way to, or coming back from, visiting his mother’s family, the Simpsons, who made hay rakes, etc. at the Saw Mill in Broughton Mills, which is just down Shuttle Street. Photos showing the rakes and family members have been in earlier photos posted by Stan. I have attached a photograph of Joe Simpson and one of his sons with my grandfather between them at the mill doorway. It was obviously a corn mill at some time judging from the millstone leaning on the wall.”



28th May 2020

Lockdown seems not quite so bad when the sun is shining but of course that hidden menace is still there. Yesterday we looked at the entrances to the Tower and this evening we are going even closer.

Broughton has thirty nine Grade II listed buildings and two of those have a star to show they are close to Grade I status and of national significance. The Tower is one, the Obelisk the other. It seems too much in a few paragraphs to describe how Broughton's oldest building came to be and there are books to read about that. Suffice it to say those early owners didn't always make the right choices.

After a succession of owners Robert Rankin, created Baronet in 1937, was the owner from 1920 until 1947 when he gifted the estate to Lancashire County Council. Cumbria took over ownership in 1985 and promptly sold it. Today it is back in private hands.



A view of The Tower from the north side dating back to the nineteenth century.



Another view of the north side of The Tower.

Comments

John Tomlinson was a pupil at the Tower school in the 1950s and remembers his time there with obvious fondness;

“I spent time at Broughton Tower as an eight year old because I had asthma. It must have done me good as I am still here. I can remember ‘escaping’ and running along the moat and through the fields to the village shop where we bought sweet cigarettes. We thought the staff did not know but I am sure the owner would have told them and had a laugh. We also did a nativity for the village and took part in the procession around the village to celebrate the Coronation. I also loved the walks with Nurse Davies over to the lily pond. We were allowed into the village with our parents on the once a month visiting day.

Our teacher was Miss Hill and she used to ride her bike, with a basket on the front, up to the Tower. We used to run down to meet her and help push her bike.”

June 2020

1st June 2020

Lockdown continues but the rules are no longer quite so strict. It means a walk to Green Moor farm and the Conscientious Objectors' Stone will soon be possible. Over one hundred years ago this remote farm in Woodland sheltered "men actively engaged in sedition against the war."

In the first months of the Great War, Kitchener's call for volunteers brought over one million men into the army but that would never be enough to satisfy the slaughter. In January 1916 conscription was introduced, making military service compulsory for single men aged 18-40 and within months this was extended to married men. Those with conscientious objections to war could appeal to tribunals and twenty thousand did so in 1916-1918, but fewer than one hundred were granted exemption. Many were allowed to join non-combat units but more than six thousand refused to cooperate in any way. They were arrested, court-martialled and given a first sentence of 112 days hard labour and then offered non-fighting alternatives. Those who refused, some one thousand five hundred known as absolutists, spent the war in prison with hard labour. Many opted to go on the run and just a few hundred managed to evade capture to the end of the war. Those at Green Moor Farm were among these.

The rock on the fells above the farm may have been used as a vantage point to warn against police raids and it certainly commands an excellent view of the surrounding countryside. There are many very clear inscriptions on the rock and such is its historic significance it has been given listed status, a protected ancient monument. The inscriptions can be read in the photographs, most around "1916 CONS OBJECTORS". I've researched the names and initials, who they were and what became of them but there is insufficient space here to tell you that.



Inscriptions are clearly visible on the Conscientious Objectors' Stone.



The rock outcrop was a natural vantage point.

Comments

So close to Broughton and it seems even those living in Woodland knew little about the history of the Conscientious Objectors' stone.

"This is really interesting and I had no idea. Will go round and look as soon as we are able."

"I did not know that. I was born and raised in Woodland and went past Greenmoor many times as a child, but never saw the stone. Interesting!"

Even Radio Cumbria showed interest:

"This is so interesting, I wonder if you might be willing to chat to us on Radio Cumbria about it?"

And people posted their visits to that iconic place.

2nd June 2020

The lockdown is still in place for many and so these stories of Broughton can continue for a little while yet.

In the summer of 1989 building work was taking place in Sutney Square off New Street. Out of curiosity, the old well in the courtyard was uncapped and the well examined. It was ten feet down to the water level which was another six feet deep. The builder bravely sampled the water himself and described it as drinkable. A sample was sent for testing, with the half hope this could be a free private water supply, but the results were not good. The water contained Coliform and EColi (faecal organisms). So the well was again capped but still remains visible with its circular base and the wooden housing above, which once contained the pump. A lead pipe is also still in place.

On the other side of the courtyard wall an outbuilding was being demolished to make room for a house extension when an alarming discovery was made. There in a crevice in the wall was an object; "It resembled a stick of dynamite. It looked like a piece of rolled up paper with a fuse coming out of the top. Then we saw the name Alfred Nobel, the explosives manufacturer, and knew it was!"

An army bomb disposal unit from Catterick arrived in the town and police evacuated houses and closed roads. What turned out to be a stick of gelignite, at least one hundred years old, was taken to a nearby field and destroyed in a controlled explosion.

A lot of excitement for a small town like Broughton but it begs the question: who put a stick of gelignite in a crevice in the wall and why?



The remains of the old well in Sutney Square

Comments

Tracey Binks lived in the house in New Street and remembers the discovery on that fateful day.

“We found the gelignite, along with a ceramic pot which looked like an ink well. A phone request for information about likely stability led to a full police presence and the bomb squad being mobilised! The label design was the same as one from 1907 illustrated in a book that I just happen to have about explosives.”

Tracey was a scientist at Sellafield but at first the police were suspicious and questioned how she knew what it was.



The stick of Gelignite believed to be over one hundred years old.



Police decide to close roads and evacuate local residents until the Bomb Disposal squad arrives.

3rd June 2020

The lockdown goes on but allows me to visit my new grandson tomorrow. I've never met Jacob Stanley, despite him being almost five weeks old. These are strange times and it is easier to transport ourselves back into Broughton's past and look at those social gatherings which were once taken for granted.

There are many old photographs of groups of Broughton townfolk, church groups, sports groups and friendship groups, but unlike the wonderful photograph posted by Tracy Lees earlier today, most have no names attached. Here are some and if we can't identify them, at least we can look back at the things people once enjoyed.



Hand bell ringers based at Broughton Church.



Broughton Town Band



The church bell ringers.



Broughton's local football team.

Comments

An Evening Mail newspaper cutting from May 1951 explains what is happening in the third photograph and the names of those shown. It was the fiftieth anniversary of the installation of the eight bells in the new church tower and a special quarter peal had been rung in the afternoon. The vicar, Rev. H.V. Koop (far left) took part in the ringing of the forty seven minute peal with 1,264 changes. Bishop Dr. J. Strickland-Taylor came to lead an evening service (fifth from the left) and the bell ringers are W. Clark, Norma Roberts, Mrs E. Lancaster, J. Buries, W. Wall, J. Bagnall, N. Newby and T. Metcalfe.

In the first photograph (hand bell ringers), second from the left is Franklin Moorhouse. He was vicar at Whicham and lived in the Silecroft vicarage before moving to Kirkby after his wife died. He married Peter and Enid Warwick in 1969.

4th June 2020

My lockdown posts this week started with the Conscientious Objectors' Stone in Woodland and end with another historic stone close to the centre of Broughton.

I've already written about many of the curiosities and historical features of our town. The four red sandstone pinnacles once on the church tower, those wells and privies which townsfolk once relied on, the river cobbled courtyards and the three benchmarks still visible on walls. They all add character and interest to the town.

I've only recently discovered we also have a mile marker, but failing to notice it is excusable because it's partially obscured by vegetation. During World War II the inscription on it was chiselled off, so today there is only a very faint clue to the information it once contained. Most likely it gave weary travellers information on how far it was to Whitehaven and Ulverston.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if that original inscription could be reinstated?



The mile marker in Church Street.

Comments

Allan Jolley explains:

“This is the first milemarker stone of a set running from Broughton to Dalton at mile intervals and at least nine are still in place. The stones have the parish name on top, distances to Dalton and Barrow on one side and distance to Broughton on the other. The likely inscription on one side of the defaced stone is “DALTON 12MLS
BARROW 15 MLS. The series doesn’t continue beyond Broughton, so this appears to be the first (or last) marker of the route. It’s puzzling why it was defaced when all the others appear to remain intact.”

Shaun Warburton also adds:

“It is common knowledge that some communities took it upon themselves to make it harder for impending German invasion forces to navigate around areas.”



One of the many mile markers which still survive on the Broughton Road to Dalton and Barrow in Furness.

8th June 2020

As this lockdown enters yet another week we are going to time travel again, not in Broughton, but into the Duddon Valley.

Every time I take the twisting road to Ulpha and Seathwaite I'm still amazed by the beauty and grandeur of the Duddon Valley. The thought of an iron furnace sending out smoke and noise in that place seems incompatible with the valley today, but for over one hundred and twenty years (1740s-1867) that is just what happened.

Duddon Iron Furnace was built in the 1740s to take advantage of an ideal site in terms of the technology of the day. The woodlands of the valley provided the charcoal to fire the furnace, water power for the giant bellows came from a head race from the River Duddon and iron ore and limestone could be brought at high tide to a wharf on the river just downstream from Duddon Bridge. But then technology moved on, coal replaced charcoal and the Duddon Woods fell silent.

The photographs show the Iron Furnace sometime after its closure in 1867 and a mysterious road uncovered in the 1970s....the caption on the back of the photograph says "Paving to the old Roman Road at Duddon Bridge now covered with gravel."



Duddon Iron Furnace which closed in 1867.



An ancient road close to Duddon Bridge.

Comments

The ancient road seemed of more interest than the Iron Furnace because so many had walked along those paving stones on their way to a favourite swimming place known as the sheep dip. Geoff Dowker is convinced of its Roman origins.

“When we were kids in the fifties it was always described as a Roman Road and there was an old Roman Bridge over the River Lickle, but that collapsed in the late fifties. A painting by Leslie Hawkes shows how it once looked. It’s possible if you followed the old road through the woods by the Duddon you might end up at Hardnott Roman Fort.

Lex Ward explains about the Iron Furnace,

“The most interesting and best preserved remains of the old iron furnaces are those at Duddon Bridge. This furnace was established in 1736 by the Cunsey Company. Letters describe its early success, “It’s reckoned to be one of the most beneficial works in England.”

“The sheep dip referred to would have been the wharf where iron ore and limestone were unloaded at high tide.”

9th June 2020

Lockdown today takes us back to Edwardian times to meet the Cheetham family of Duddon Hall...or at least Master Christopher Heath Cheetham and Jones, The Hall's gardener.

At the beginning of the twentieth century the largest single group of the employed were not factory workers but domestic servants. Every middle-class household had a maid and upper-class households many more. Class distinction was not an abstract thing, but present in most houses, as a servant standing quietly in the room.

Duddon Hall is a mile and a half upstream from Duddon Bridge and in 1911 was the grand home of George Cheetham and his wife Isabel. They had been married for nine years and had two children, Elizabeth (6) and Christopher (4). Hired to look after them were eight live in servants, all women and ranging in age from 16 to 47. The cook was assisted by a kitchen maid while two house maids and an in-between maid kept the house up to standard. A sewing maid mended and darned clothing and there were two nurses to look after the children. Outside the grounds were tended by at least one gardener, Joseph Lloyd Jones, who lived at Bank End with his wife Mary. They had no children.

Jones is our link with the past. As he gardened, young Master Kit came to watch and play. A bond seems to have formed and when war came and Jones volunteered to fight, young Master Kit seems to have been upset. But Jones kept in touch and each Christmas sent him a card. I found and bought the one he sent in 1916 at an antique fair in the Victory Hall. Inside the embroidered pouch was a note to Master Kit from Jones.

He made it through the war and returned to garden at Duddon Hall and in 1939 we find him living in Garden Cottage in The Hall grounds, still with his wife Mary.

The photographs show the 1916 Christmas card sent from the Western Front by Jones to Master Kit, Duddon Hall and Bank End where he lived.



Duddon Hall at the beginning of the twentieth century and...



Bank End where Jones and his wife lived for a time.

Comments

Joe Jones lived on in Gardener's Cottage until his death in 1963, aged 85. He is still remembered by several residents of Broughton and described as a small Welshman. He and his wife Mary, who died in 1948, are buried in Broughton church yard.

By the time of Joe's death Duddon Hall had begun to fall into a state of disrepair and by the 1980s seemed to be beyond saving. Missing slates, collapsed ceilings, encroaching vegetation and extensive dry rot made redevelopment seem almost impossible. It makes its renaissance all the more remarkable.

On the back of an envelope the man charged with its restoration wrote these guiding principles:

Restoration

Local good

Involve Lake District Special Planning Board

Finance-concentrate on best

Bits=quality

Permanent Homes

Duddon Iron Furnace

When you look at that Duddon Hall complex today it seems those principles were realised



Duddon Hall as it looked in the 1980s and as it looks today.



10th June 2020

A rainy lockdown day and a fruitless first search for a grave means it is better to move further into the Duddon Valley. There are several potential places to visit through these old photographs: Frith Hall perched high above the valley, the old Quaker burial ground near Ulpha Church and of course those beautiful alms houses. But we are going to Undercrag in Seathwaite.

Robert Walker was born at Undercrag in 1709, the twelfth and thankfully last child of Nicholas and Elizabeth Walker. He was thought to be frail and encouraged to become a scholar rather than a farmer. He became first a school teacher and then the curate of his native Seathwaite. Neither position gave much remuneration. The stipend was worth £5 per annum and he made no charge for his teaching: "such as could afford to pay gave him what they pleased."

So he broadened his activities to support his own growing family (he would eventually father ten children). He provided a local service as a scrivener to those who could not read or write and he spent many hours every day spinning wool and flax for sale. He worked on the local farms, hay making and shearing. He was appointed steward of the manor of Dunnerdale and held the post from 1754-1799. No wonder he was called wonderful. He died 25th June 1802, aged 93 and is buried in Seathwaite church yard.

Today I walked through Broughton church yard and looked at the tombs and gravestones of once important men and women from Broughton's past. Their tombs are overgrown and many toppled, but Wonderful Walker's tombstone up there in Seathwaite has recently been turned over and a new inscription cut, while a brass plaque has been erected to his memory in Seathwaite Chapel. His character may have been idealised by Wordsworth but his life seems to have been worthy of his nickname.....Wonderful Walker.



Undercrag, Seathwaite, birthplace of Wonderful Walker

11th June 2020

We end our lockdown visit to the Duddon Valley in Seathwaite, with Gail Batten providing the background information about a visit there by the Wordsworths.

Dorothy and William Wordsworth stayed at the Newfield Inn in 1804 and we have Dorothy's letter to Lady Beaumont about the experience.

"We were hospitably entertained at the house of a statesman at Wasdale Head, for there is no Inn here and the next day we went to his cousins who keep an ale-house at Seathwaite in the Vale of Duddon, one of the most romantic of all our Vales and one of the wildest but in perfect contrast to Wasdale. We were received by the good people of the publick house with the same hospitality as by their kinsfolk in Wasdale.

We said to each other that here we saw what the natives used to be in this country before it was so much visited. In the morning we asked for our bill which I will copy for you as it is a curiosity. Observe that we had bread and butter-broiled char fresh from out of the Tarn to supper-Tea-1s.-Supper-1s.-Breakfast-1s-Horse-1s-Ales-6d-total-4s.6d!"

The couple running the inn at that time were John and Mary Casson. Mary was the granddaughter of Rev. Robert Walker (Wonderful Walker) who William Wordsworth wrote about in his "Duddon Sonnets" and "The Excursion".

The photographs are of Seathwaite around 1910, with the Newfield Inn just visible and a footbridge near Kiln Bank.



Seathwaite, with the Newfield Inn just visible to the right.



A footbridge over the River Duddon near Kiln Bank.

Comments

There was a debate about the “butter-broiled char fresh from out of the tarn” enjoyed by the Wordsworth’s for supper. The Seathwaite dam had not yet been built so how could that be? In fact until 1901, Seathwaite Tarn was a typical Lakeland high tarn, occupying the floor of a valley in a glacial hollow and spilling its waters down waterfalls into the main valley below. Lakeland char remain a rare delicacy to this day.

15th June 2020

Eighty one days of lockdown and fifty-six of these stories posted. Which will end first I wonder? Time to go back in time and look again at The Square.

It is probably Broughton's best townscape feature and has changed remarkably little since it was set out as a new development back in the 1760s. With its clock tower and town hall, the Manor pub and Square Café, those impressive lines of terraced houses and of course the Obelisk; it is the heart of the town.

Of course there have been changes over the centuries. The river cobbled pavements have been covered, the shops have gone and it has become a convenient car park, but it is still and always has been, a natural gathering place for events. Charter Day, carnivals, fairs and New Year's Eve celebrations all make The Square a special place to the people of Broughton.



The Square around 1910



Charter Day and the throwing of pennies is an ancient tradition in the town.



The Square is a natural gathering space for fairs and celebrations.



The annual Mayday carnivals continued until World War II

16th June 2020

In my lockdown posts this week we are in The Square and it's time to go back there.

In 1981 proposals to establish a Conservation Area in Broughton were published. This status is usually given to "areas of special architectural or historic interest, the character of which it is desirable to preserve or enhance." A map in the published booklet shows the area of the town where this protected status would apply and it was subsequently extended to include The Tower and its parklands as far as the furthest lake.

It is somehow reassuring to know we live in such an area but I'm wondering how many of us living within that boundary are aware of the fact and if you think it has influenced any decisions over the decades since its designation?



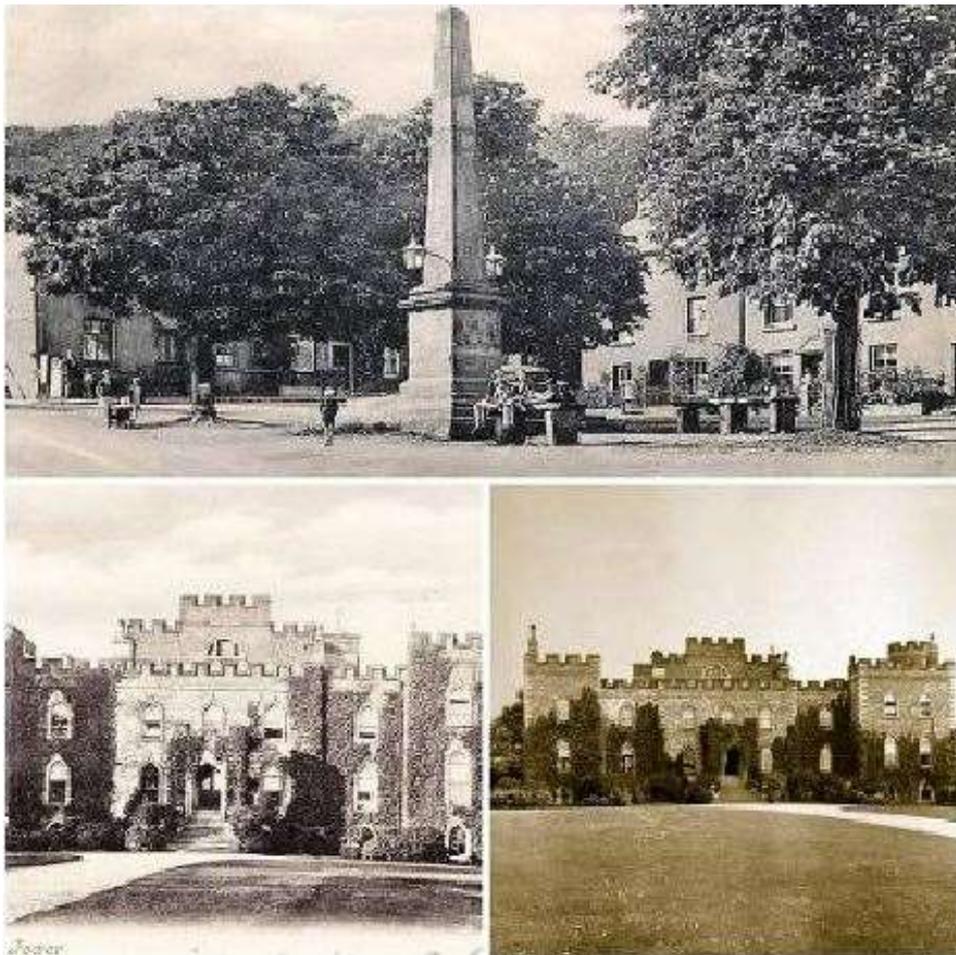
The Square in 1928. Beside the Obelisk, awaiting its next turn of duty, is a bus belonging to Creighton Motors, one of the many small local bus operators competing for business in the late 1920s.

17th June 2020

A thunderstorm during lockdown has sent me running for cover and made me think it's time to time travel again. You'll remember we are in The Square but I am tempted to take you up that private drive to look at the front entrance of The Tower, something I promised a few weeks ago.

Sometimes old photographs need no explanation and you just need to look and enjoy. That is certainly true of these three photographs. We start in The Square looking at the Obelisk and notice that the brackets, seen on previous photographs, were for lighting. It's seemingly a tranquil time and youngsters sit or stroll around without any traffic dangers. Next up The Tower drive and it's too tempting not to go because it takes us to that Grade II* listed building. Its survival and renaissance is a bonus for Broughton, offering access to pristine parklands and awesome views.

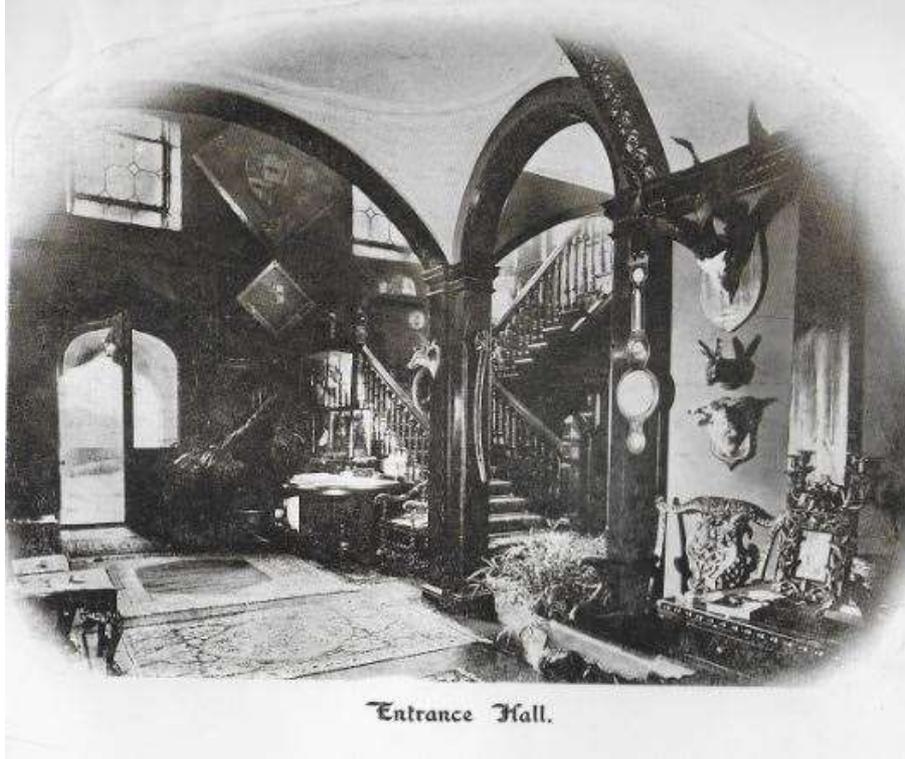
Tomorrow I'll finish my posts with a mystery photograph from the nineteenth century. It was taken close to the town centre but at first you'll find it difficult to pinpoint.



Broughton Tower

Comments

Peter Speakman provided the sales catalogue of The Tower from 1913 and it contains these photographs taken inside The Tower. They give us a glimpse into the past.



18th June 2020

It seems a long time since this lockdown began and it may be ending soon. It is time to stop writing. I'll still do the occasional post but not a regular one anymore. My very first post was a mystery view of Broughton and it seems fitting to end in the same way.

Where in Broughton is this photograph from the nineteenth century?



Comments

There were over one hundred comments made on this final posting, all positive. You can read a selection on the back cover.

Acknowledgements

This is an unlikely book, generated in bizarre circumstances when the United Kingdom went into lockdown. These daily posts were made possible by the donation of photographs for a previous local history leaflet and my own research into several local history trails. So I need to acknowledge:

The Duddon Valley Local History Group for funding my access to Census information and the publication of this book. All monies raised will go to charity.

Ken Day, Chairman of the DVLHG, for his unfailing support and suggestions.

Lex Ward, for his collection of old photographs, support and explanation of many of those long forgotten scenes.

Richard Weeks, who provided the beginnings of the history trail for the Satterthwaites of Sutney Square. The photographs of Henry and Mary Ann led on to an intriguing story.

Susan Ilett for the collection of old books and documents she gave me after the closure of Thomas Butlers. The Parochial Council minutes from Broughton West were the source of the stories about a new sewerage system for Broughton and the letters of complaint from one hundred and twenty years ago, priceless.

Janet Procter, for both photographs and informed comments about Timber Hill and Broughton Mills.

Peter Speakman for the information and photographs of Duddon Hall and The Tower.

Gail Batten for photographs and information about the Duddon Valley.

Colin Robertshaw for his research into census information.

Ian Tyson for several old photographs and documents.

Barbara Rigg for sensible comments and help finding those Broughton Privies.

Mike Hathaway for photographs and sensible suggestions about many of the stories.

Many others, too numerous to mention, also provided photographs.

I should also like to thank everyone for their likes and comments over the past three months on the Broughton Locals website. I've learned so much from all your contributions.

Stan Aspinall