

BANCROFT MILL ENGINE MUSEUM

GILLIANS LANE,
BARNOLDSWICK
NR. COLNE,
LANCS.
BB18 5QR
www.bancoftmill.org.uk

JULY 29th 2013



Yesterday's steaming

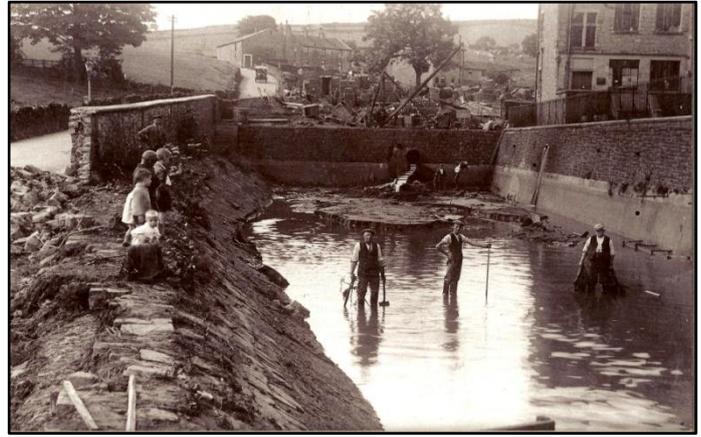
was one that I had looked forward to for some time. Amongst our visitors were two museum professionals from the National Museums of Northern Ireland, Doctor Mike Simms and his wife, also Doctor Simms (!) accompanied by their son Marcus. Marcus has long held a passion for steam engines, he allegedly instructs his parents in the subject despite his tender years. Fred F was able to organise an engine start and stop for Marcus to undertake. He eventually left after a complete afternoon in the museum with a miniature engine given to him by Jon. B.

It was very satisfying to see him so completely absorbed as here with Ian Mc.

Another visitor was the newly appointed Press Officer from Ellen Road Engine Museum, home of the largest mill engine in captivity. There

has been a good degree of fraternal cooperation between the two museums for some time that is to continue with Mrs Zoe Renshaw in post.

A new departure for Bancroft and the Barnoldswick Historical Society was the exhibition that the latter provided at Bancroft on Sunday. There were many artefacts from the cotton weaving days that visitors were invited to identify. One of the photographic topics was the Great Flood of 1932 with some super pictures taken around the Bancroft gates. The mill was unable to weave for several days.



L: After the cloudburst and R: Cleaning up

Hilda Elsworth, a weaver at Bancroft for 44 years, a Bancroft Life Member and member of the History Society has very kindly written of her memories of the day of the flood, She was nine years of age in 1932 and can remember the events vividly. Her narrative is reproduced on page 3.

Tony N. Had a fine tale to tell after he was given a model of the German Battle Cruiser Sharnhorst and 3, build-yourself locomotive models kits, to sell. Donald S. (our Member for Merseyside!) had donated the unassembled items and proceeds to Bancroft General Funds. Tony is pleased to report that after all expenses the sale realised well over £60 with two of the models already en route to Valparaiso, Chile! This is the power of EbaY!

Mail to volunteers. At the last steaming we had David Page and his family visit us from Victoria State in Australia and who have sent a message to all our volunteers.

Dear Harry.

Firstly, let me say a big thank you for sharing your passion for steam with me and my boys and for spending so much of your valuable time with us in a truly fascinating tour of the engine and its ancillaries. I learned more about steam engines in 2 hours with you, than I'd learned in the previous 40 years! Brilliant.

We are now back at home in Australia after an excellent holiday in the UK (Yorkshire and London)

You can rest assured Harry that when I return to England I'll be on your doorstep before you know it.

My heartiest best wishes to you and all the team, who are caring for & preserving a magnificent and significant piece of Britain's industrial heritage.

Well done and keep up the good work.

Cheers

David, Monika, William and Johnathon

PS. Please do not hesitate to let me know if there is anything I might be able to do from Australia that would be of assistance to you in any way.

Thank you, all the Pages, you're very kind! Harry.

THE FLOOD IN BARNOLDSWICK - 1932

Memories from 81 years ago by Hilda Elsworth.

In July 1932 a cloudburst occurred over the moors above Occupation Road, Barnoldswick. The sky became very dark then water came flooding down by the Gillians, overflowing the beck and carrying on down to the Bancroft Mill. There was a mill dam, at the top there were railings and at the side, up the Colne Road there was a wall with two grates in it, almost like the grills at a prison. The water rushed down through the railings but the force of the water knocked the wall down, it carried on down into town, down Forty Steps and down to Ouzledale. There were weft boxes and skips (which were weft baskets) all floating about in the water along with many other things.

Down by Lamb Hill was a greengrocers shop and opposite it was a furniture shop that were both flooded, there were cabbages with other assorted fruit and vegetables floating around amidst chairs and settees!

In between Manchester Road and Cavendish Street was Clough Mill, all that area was flooded, people were being taken to safety through the mill yard water on the backs of lorries. The workers at the Bancroft Mill were also brought out of the mill yard in the same manner.

For my story:

I can remember being in school when the sky went very dark but at 4 o'clock we were all let out to go home, the teachers should have seen that we were able to get home but did not and it was 7.30pm when I finally arrived home. First of all I had set off (as I did every day) to walk along Beech street, through the tunnel and down into Manchester Road and then I carried on to Crow Foot Row. I then realised that I wouldn't be able to get any further with all that water and weft boxes etc. so I returned into Manchester Road thinking that I would go round by Lamb Hill and then up what we called Rocky Road. Well! That was another disappointment so I went back up Manchester Road and decided that I would go round by Bancroft Farm, down Colne Road and would get home to 12 Cavendish Street. No such luck!

On my way up by the main gates of Letcliffe Park I met two ladies who asked me where I was going, and, having told them, they said that I couldn't get down there. By this time I must have been getting quite upset because I could see the roof of my home. The ladies were very kind and said that they would take me down to the Clough Mill and they would see that I got through to the bottom of Wapping (now called Westgate). When we got to the Greyhound Inn I remembered that I had an Aunt who lived at 49 Cobden Street and so I said that I would go there. There were no telephones in those days so they were not able to let my parents know where I was. Well, I went there and had my tea, at 7.00pm who should come walking up the back yard but my Dad! What a relief for him and myself, my mother would also be relieved later when she saw us. The Aunt who lived in Cobden Street was only a friend of my mother's who we called Auntie but straight across from the school gates was a real Aunt, my brother and sister just went there. I had never even thought about her.

It was lucky that no-one lost their life that day, as it was July and had been such a nice day, no-one would have expected it to happen. I was nine years old at the time but still remember it.

Further details from:-

our website: www.bancroftmill.org.uk.

Telephone 01943 602118

or on our Facebook entry:-

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