

Granddad Stories.

# **Creating a Wake**

**A Granddad's Stories.**

**For my Grandchildren,**

**Jamie, Noah, Isaac et al.**

David Whitworth

## Introduction

I have tried not to write a traditional autobiography but to tell you of my life's journey more as a series of short but chronologically related stories. For the happenings that do not fit with the main thread of my life, but I felt should have a hearing, I have consigned to a 'Memory Litter Bin' at the end of each chapter. As part of the process of writing up my past, I have also included in the text the date on which I was writing it as a means of connecting to the present. Since 2005, I have kept a blog, [www.davidvso.blogspot.com](http://www.davidvso.blogspot.com), tracking my comings and goings around our planet. In 2010 I set up a photographic website, [www.davidwhitworth.me](http://www.davidwhitworth.me), for my own and our family's photographs, yours included, together with links to all our web created resources. I realised early on in my writing that these 'paper based' jottings would have to morph into the two-internet based 'histories' by the time writing about my past caught up with my present. Also, in the written text to facilitate this transition, are some short clips of what I was about on the day of the writing.

I must thank Gek, not only for her encouragement to complete my 'Stories', but also for the error-checking, proof-reading and editing she did along the way, a period of almost five years.

Enjoy.

Granddad Whitworth

27<sup>th</sup> April 2017

(Copy 2)

## Timeline

Year	Month	Doings	Source
1946	Oct	Born in Bolton, Lancashire	Chapter 1 (Page 1)
1947	Oct	Moved to Darwen, Lancashire	
1951	Sept	Start at St. John's Primary School, Darwen	
1958	Jun	Sit and pass the '11 Plus'	
	Sept	Start at Darwen Grammar School	Chapter 2 (Page 23)
1963	Jun	Sit 'O' Levels	
	Sep	Enter Sixth Form	
	Nov	First date with Jenny	
1964	Apr	Dad buys me a Morgan Sports Car; 1937, 4/4 Series 1.	Chapter 3 (Page 47)
1965	Oct	Enter University of Birmingham	
1966	Jun	UN international camp in Northern France	
1967	Jul	Hitch Hiking with Jenny in Europe	
1968	Jun	Graduate from U o B with BSc (Hons, 2.2) Mechanical Engineering	Chapter 4 (Page 75)
	Aug	Move to Bournemouth to start work for the British Aircraft Corporation (BAC)	
	Nov	Move to Weybridge and BAC's Brooklands factory	
1969	Apr	Marry Jenny in Edgerton, near Bolton	
	Sep	Move to Cape Coast, Ghana	
1970	Jun	Move to Lancashire	Chapter 5 (Page 99)
	Aug	Move to Birmingham	
	Oct	Start MSc Engineering Production at University of Birmingham	
1971	Oct	Start research at the Centre for Russian and East European Studies (CREES)	
	Nov	Graduate from U o B with MSc, Engineering Production	
1972	Jul	Trip to Moscow, USSR	Chapter 6 (Page 119)
	Nov	Diagnosed, wrongly, as suffering from multiply scoliosis (MS)	
1973	Jun	Move to Gwaun-cae-Gurwen, South Wales	
	Aug	Become fulltime nanny	

1974	Apr	Start work as Production Planning Manager at INA Bearings, Llanelli	
1976	May	Move to Cwm Gors, South Wales	
	Dec	Quit INA Bearings to start classic car restoration business	
1977	Feb	Anna born	
1978	Jun	Start tool making TOPS course in Port Talbot	
	Oct	Move to Pen cae Di cottage	
1979	Apr	Start work as draughtsman at tool making company, Valentite-Modco (UK)	
	Nov	Polly born	
1982	Nov	Jenny leaves for Singapore	
1983	Feb	Me and the girls leave for Singapore	
	Jun	Visit Penang	
1984	Dec	Visit Thailand	
1984	Jan	Singapore Dairy	Chapter 8 (Page 175)
1985	No	Return to the UK where Jenny takes a lecturing post at North Staffordshire Polytechnic	Chapter 9 (Page 219)
1986	Apr	Start work as a Senior Lecture at North Staffordshire Polytechnic	
1992	Oct	North Staffordshire Polytechnic becomes Staffordshire University	
1996	Nov	Jenny diagnosed with breast cancer	Chapter 10 (Page 243)
1999	May	Awarded University Fellowship for Learning and Teaching	
	Nov	Jenny diagnosed with Alzheimer's Disease and retires from Staffordshire University	
2001	Oct	Retire from Staffordshire University	
2002	Jun	Jamie born	
2003	Aug	Buy an American style recreational vehicle (RV) and set off for Italy	Chapter 11 (Page 271)
	Dec	Buy No. 1 Fontenado, Tuscany	
2004	Jan	Move to Italy	Chapter 12 (Page 299)
	Aug	Move to Porthcawl, South Wales	
2005	Mar	Move to Litchard, Bridgend, South Wales	
	Nov	Noah born	

	Dec	Jenny dies of Alzheimer's, funeral conducted in Bridgend.	
2006	Jan	Meet Ms. Lim Gek Kheng in London	Chapter 13 (Page 307)
	Feb	Recruited by VSO (Voluntary Service Overseas) for a two-year project in Mongolia	
	Mar	Set up Blog at <a href="http://www.davidvso.blogspot.com">www.davidvso.blogspot.com</a>	
	May	Jenny's memorial service in St. Ann's Church, Turton, Lancashire	
	May	Go to stay with Gek in Emerson College, fall in love	
	Aug	Leave with Gek for Mongolia	
2007	Feb	Visit China and Singapore	Chapter 14 (Page 331)
	Apr	Gek's First Solo Exhibition – 'Fusion', Ulaanbaatar	
2008	Feb	Isaac born	Chapter 15 (Page 363)
	Apr	Travel through China	
	May	Move to Singapore	
2008	Jun	Visit Sabah, East Malaysia	Chapter 16 (Page 395)
	Jul	Marry Gek	
	Aug	Visit UK	
2009	Oct	Visit Vietnam	
	Dec	Visit Bali, Indonesia	
2010	Jul	Set up website at <a href="http://www.davidwhitworth.me">www.davidwhitworth.me</a>	
	Oct	Visit South West Australia	
	Nov	Move to Penang	
2011	Mar	Visit Thailand	Chapter 17 (Page 415)
	May	Visit Southern and Eastern Australia	
2012	Feb	Visit New Zealand, North and South Island	Chapter 18 (Page 439)
2013	Apr	Visit UK for 5 months	
2014	Mar	Visit Taiwan	Chapter 19 (Page 467)
	Jun	Visit Northern Territories, Australia	
	Oct	Gek's second solo exhibition – 'Faces', Penang	
2015	Jul	Visit Japan	
	Oct	Move to Wales	

Granddad Stories.

		Blog Entries from October 2015 on	
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# Chapter 1 - The Early Years

(1946 to 1958)

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(20<sup>th</sup> June 2012 – Penang)

## Why Write?

Granddad's and Grandma's stories are not often known by their own grandchildren. Of their Mum's and Dad's stories, kids know a lot more because they, the kids, were most likely there with their parents for more than half their lives but of grandparents, not much gets remembered. I know next to nothing about my own grandparents, let alone my great grandparents. To head off this lack of knowledge of your roots, at least on my side of your family, these are my stories for what they are worth, for you to read perhaps after I am long gone: how did a lad, brought up in a terraced house in a grimy Lancashire mill town, retire to a condominium in Penang? Perhaps this exercise in remembering will help me understand how that happened too!!

Your Facebook timeline starts with a bold **BORN**, as if this was a new beginning for you, a blank page to be totally written upon from this time forward by your good self alone. The reality is that the time line should begin with **CONCEPTION**, the point at which you receive not only the gene bundle that will be with you throughout your days on this planet but also the family which will, at the very least, determine where you begin your life's adventure. Your family set the mix of experiences that will influence you for the whole of your life to come; rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief's son or daughter. Well, perhaps none of these but your track position at the start of the great adventure will have been determined without any input from you, a bit unfair, I know, but that is just the way it is. The genes I inherited haven't served me too badly over the past 66 years, not that I could have done anything about them as genes are a given anyway, a gift from our parents. The working-class family I was born into could not have been more supportive and nurturing, setting me up for an eventful life so far. But, before I kick off with my stories, let me start with a little on what I remember about our immediate family, my own grandparents, your great, great grandparents.



Frank, Ruth and Wilson, 1920

## Before my Being

My Granddad Wilson Whitworth was a toolmaker by trade and spent almost all his working life in Bolton, Lancashire. He married Ruth Clay from Harrogate in Yorkshire before the First World War and I know they spent their early married years in London during that war, where Wilson was employed in the war effort making munitions in a London factory. Wilson



and Ruth had by that time already become parents, my dad, your Great Granddad Frank, having been born in 1913. As things were to turn out, Frank was to be their only child. On my visits to her house when I was small, Grandma Ruth used to tell me stories of her past, one of which was of watching in the nights the German's zeppelins caught in the searchlights as they passed over London on bombing runs. All sounded pretty scary to me, as a youngster hearing how my Dad used to sit with her in the bedroom window bottom watching the nightly battles in the sky as anti-aircraft guns cracked away, trying to shoot down the airships.

After the war, Wilson, Ruth and little Frank moved back to Bolton, where Wilson got a job in a local engineering company manufacturing machines for the cotton industry, the major employer in that part of Lancashire at the time. Wilson was a keen photographer, all black and white images captured on film in those early days, although Wilson did experiment with colouring the images post developing. In 1922 he became the secretary of the Bolton Camera Club (BCC), a position he held for the next six years. I know this because when I set up the Whitworth Gallery website on the internet,

#### [Whitworth Gallery](#)

I did a little bit of research into his association with the BCC. The Whitworth Gallery, by the way, is a growing collection of our family's photographs with the first photograph in the collection being taken by Wilson around 1906, of an old derelict cotton mill in Bolton. The BCC is still going strong and their current secretary was very helpful in sending me copies of the minutes written in Wilson's own hand from his time as the club's secretary. We still have quite a few of Wilson's photographs in negative and positive forms, most of these are on two-inch glass slides and not 'film' which is how they have survived for over 100 years. Wilson was clearly a very keen photographer and would go on cycling tours with his camera, recording what he saw for posterity. We still have the collection of the photographs he took on an extended cycling trip in the late 1930s, passing through five counties on the way between Leamington Spa in Warwickshire and Bridgenorth in Shropshire. There still may be the Gallery exhibition I did of those photographs on the internet. ([Wilson's 1930s Cycle Trip.](#)) The Ye Olde Black Bear pub in Tewksbury looks just the same today as it did when Wilson photographed it all those years ago. I took you, Noah and Isaac, to see the pub in 2013 when Gek and I returned to the UK for a summer visit. Wilson was also a keen rambler, being a member of the Bolton Ramblers Association and several his photographs were taken with Association members during the walks around the Bolton area in the 1920s.

Wilson was probably the first Whitworth to own a camera, not a cheap hobby back in the 1920s, since when each generation of the Whitworth's has been a keen snapper. My Dad Frank, brother Mark, me and Polly all have the shutter bug, a family tradition, if you like. Polly even thought of it as a career, completing a diploma in photography at Nottingham Trent University in 2003. For one of Polly's projects on that photography course, the two of

us travelled to Salford near Manchester in search of a canal junction featured in another of Wilson's photographs. And surprisingly we found it and again, as with the Black Bear pub in Tewksbury, not much had changed over the intervening 80 years.

I know very little about what Wilson and Ruth were up to in the 1930s, except for a couple of snippets told to me by Grandma Ruth after Wilson's death in the early 1970s. One telling story was about Wilson's search for work during the Great Depression of the 1930s when a lot of working-class people in Bolton, including Wilson, were jobless. He heard that there was employment to be had in the newly expanding car industry based in Coventry. Not having any money for the train fare, he set off to walk the 100 miles or so from Bolton to Coventry. He did find a job, but it did not last long. The foreman in charge of his section criticised Wilson's way of doing things, so he walked off the job and the 100 miles back to Bolton. Those were rough, tough times but Wilson never talked to us about the bad things he must have endured in the weeks he was away from home and on the road. He must have been sleeping rough and in the open, for instance. Clearly, he was a very proud, principled man. Perhaps because of this experience, on his return to Bolton, Wilson got involved in the Trade Union movement, although I will need to do more research to be certain, but Frank, my Dad, told me Wilson became the secretary of a Bolton engineering union branch. Which union, I don't know. Industrial unrest was common in the 1930s and there were many disputes and demonstrations, with the government of the day struggling to contain the anger people felt at their situation. Mounted troops were moved into Bolton's Queens Park to support the police in dealing with any riots that might develop in the town and the surrounding villages. The story goes that on one such demonstration/riot, Wilson was pursued by the police into a public toilet from which he escaped by climbing out of a back

24<sup>th</sup> June 2016



Clearing the old family house in Darwen this week, I came across this certificate given to Wilson by the Amalgamated Engineering Union for his 40 years of service to the Bolton Branch, including that of President. Top man.

window.

And that is about the sum total of my knowledge of Granddad Wilson and Grandma Ruth Whitworth.

*(21<sup>st</sup> June 2012 – Penang)*

Granddad Frank and Grandma Elizabeth Ribchester, my Mum's parents, who also lived most of their lives in Bolton are even less known to me. I think Frank must be a Ribchester family name, there seems to be so many of them. Annie, my Mum, was the eldest of Frank and Elizabeth's four children. Annie's three brothers, were Kenneth, Frank and Granville the youngest who is only 9 years older than I. I guess he must have been a bit of a surprise to the family when it was known he was on his way. Granddad Frank worked in a timber yard as a labourer and when I was very young, I remember him once arriving at our house in Darwen in a huge lorry which seemed to take up the whole street when he parked it at our door. What Frank and Elizabeth were doing before I arrived on the scene I have no idea but I do know that the first year of my life was spent living with them at Yew Tree Farm in Hal'ith'Wood, a house they were renting at the time. Hal'ith'Wood is short form for the 'Hall in the Wood'. SMS short form is not new, has been around for years. LOL. Again, only two stories have come down to me about Frank and Elizabeth's lives.

The first concerns ducks. Apparently, Granddad Frank kept ducks for their eggs and perhaps the odd roast-duck dinner. During the Second World War, the government encouraged people to keep smallholdings for growing their own veggies and rear ducks and chickens to supplement their wartime food rations. Rationing persisted for quite some time after the end of the war. Sugar, for instance, wasn't de-rationed until 1953/4. That Christmas of 1953 was very memorable, as practically every present Mark and I got that year was some form of sweet. Anyway, one day Granddad Frank noticed that one of the ducks had gone lame and he decided that perhaps it would be the kindest thing to have the duck for dinner that day, ending the poor bird's discomfort. But as soon as he picked the limping duck up and got ready to wring its neck, the rest of the ducks set up a hell of a racket, quacking and flapping their wings. Granddad Frank, a bit taken aback by this show of concern for their mate, decided to release the duck giving it a chance to live. From that day on the limping duck was always at the head of the duck column as they waddled from pond to meadow.

The second story is again of Granddad Frank trying to do the right thing but with unintended consequences. All farms have cats which tend to go wild or feral after a while and become very shy and wary of humans. Cats help the farmer by hunting the rats and mice that undermine the farmer's efforts by eating their way through his harvested crops and so they are tolerated around the farm. One day Granddad Frank noticed one cat had very bad mange, a condition of the skin that cats and dogs can develop. It isn't a nice thing to have and Granddad Frank decided to get his shot gun and put the poor cat out of its misery, which he duly did. Unfortunately, when Granddad Frank took his shot at the cat, it was



walking across a water pipe over the farm's stream. Needless to say, an instant outdoor shower was born when the spreading shot punctured the water pipe. I can imagine the earful he must have been given by Grandma Elizabeth and the laughter from my Dad and Mum. And that is it, your great, great grandparents covered. Not much to tell, was there, of lives that spanned 70 years and more?

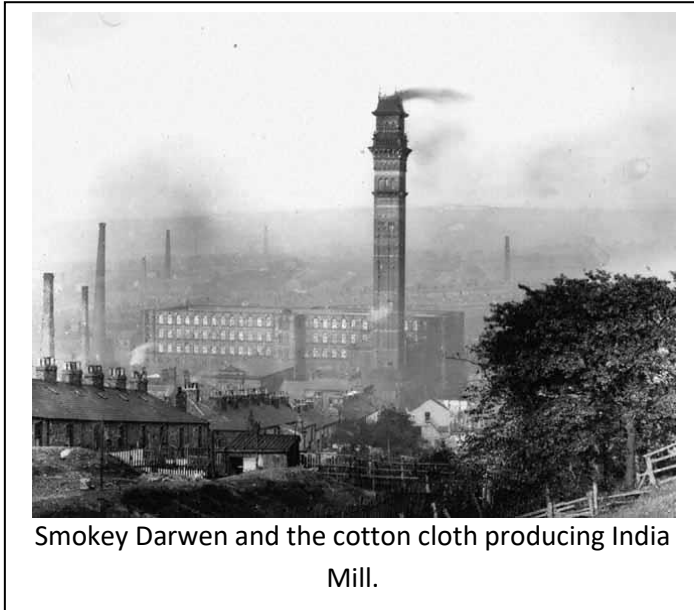
*(22<sup>nd</sup> June 2012 – Penang)*

### Frank and Annie, my Mum and Dad

At the start of the Second World War, Frank, my Dad (I know, all these Franks is very confusing) was 28 years old. He left school when he was 14

and was 'set on', as they used to say, as a toolmakers apprentice at a large engineering company in Bolton. I think it must have been at Dobson and Barlow, a textile machinery manufacturer. It was most likely the same place that his father Wilson worked, as it was the practice back then for sons to follow their fathers into the same skilled trade and employment. In those days, once your apprenticeship term was successfully completed, usually after five years, you were expected to leave the company and find yourself another employer.

After the end of his five-year apprenticeship, Dad joined a sheet metal working company called Ritherdons Ltd. located in Bolton town centre. That would have been in the early 1930s. This was a fateful move for Dad because this was where he met his wife to be, my Mum, Annie Ribchester. Leaving school also aged 14, Annie joined Ritherdons sometime around 1935/6 to work in the company's office as a trainee secretary. The story goes that Dad fell for Annie big time and, wanting to do the right thing, went to ask Annie's parents if it was OK to date her. Annie was only 16 at the time. Granddad Frank said, "No way" and told dad to come back in 5 years' time when Annie had turned 21, which he duly did. Dad would have been 25 years old when he first asked Granddad Frank for permission to date Annie and I guess Granddad thought the age gap between the two of them was a bit too wide. Mind you, working in the same company and seeing each other every day, must have helped to create a bond between the two of them. Dad told me he used to accompany Annie on her homeward bound bus after work and if her dad was waiting for her at the home bus stop, he would hide from sight by ducking down behind the bus seats. But despite all, love found a way and on Annie's 21st birthday Dad was back at Granddad Frank's house again asking for permission to take Annie out. Of course, Granddad Frank

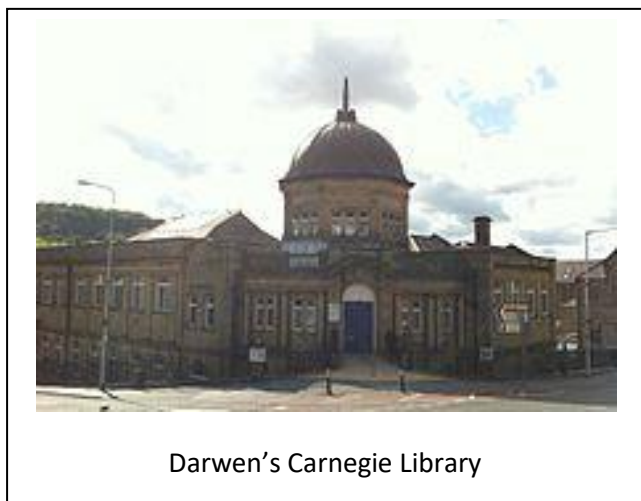


could hardly refuse, although I don't think he thought too highly of Dad, even though they shared the same Christian name.

Frank and Annie were married in 1942, three years after the outbreak of the Second World War. Skilled engineering craftsmen such as my Dad were exempted from military service as they were needed to manufacture the weapons of war: the guns, tanks, battleships, etc. This did not sit well with Dad as he was keen to join the Royal Navy as

an engineering artificer, but it was not to be. He was 'ordered' to take a post at the Royal Ordnance Factory in Radclif. Some people couldn't understand how a young man of Dad's age wasn't out there giving battle to the enemy and Dad had to cope with hostile stares and sometimes harsh comments from people in the community. Dad rose to a supervisory level at the R.O.F where most of the workforce 'manning' the machines in the factory were women. Some sections of the munitions plant were 100% manned by women, young men having been enlisted to fight at the war front.

After the war ended in 1945, Dad left the R.O.F. and went back to work at Ritherdons again. By this time, the company's original founder, Percy Ritherdon, had passed the day to day running of the company to his son Roland, who happened to be a friend of Dad's. Whether they were friends before Dad originally joined the company back in the 1930s or not, I don't know. In 1947 Roland took the decision to move the company lock, stock and barrel from Bolton the Darwen, a town 7 miles to the north, the Bolton town centre premises having become too small to accommodate the company's expansion plans. However, Roland was no engineer, being mainly involved in the marketing and financial side of his father's company. He invited Dad to move with him to the new Darwen site where Dad became, and remained, the works manager at the company until he died of a heart attack in 1975, aged only 62. When I visited Darwen in 2008, I found that Ritherdons is still in the same building in Lorne St. where it moved in 1947. I couldn't believe that some of the machines I remember seeing as a young



boy in the 1950s were still there, in the exact same spots as back then.

From the end of the Second World War right through until the mid-1960s, Darwen was very much the archetypal northern industrial town, with numerous mills built down the valley producing cotton cloth, paper and paint. There were as many as 30 tall mill chimneys continuously belching out sulphurous smoke from coal fired steam boilers which together with the smoke from the open coal fires that residents in the town used to heat their homes created a very unhealthy environment. During some foggy winter days, the smoke mixed

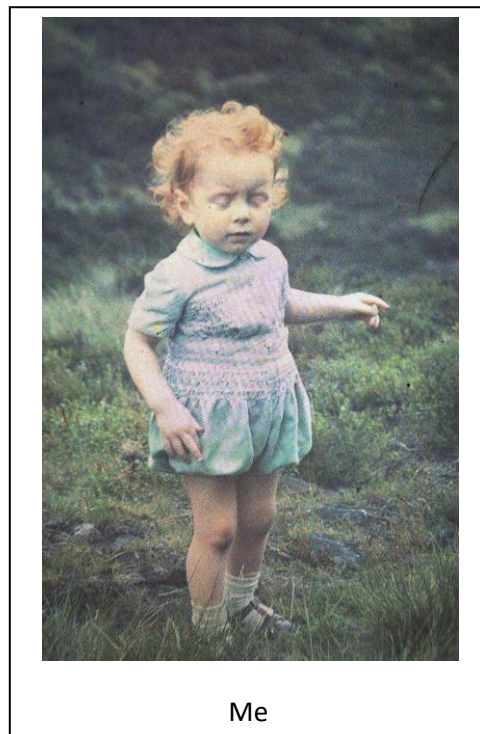


Gandhi with the Darwen Mill Women.

with mist to make a pea-souper of a smog. I can remember walking home from school in the late afternoon when it wasn't even possible to see my hand outstretched in front of me. The visibility was so bad. The heavy smog gave a very eerie feel to the place, deadening the sounds around you and especially so if you could hear, but not see, the women mill workers coming off shift, their wooden clogs making a chop-chop sound on the stone flagged pavements.

At the end of the 19<sup>th</sup> century Darwen was so poor that the town elders applied for and were granted funds from the Carnegie Foundation to build the town a library which is still very much in use today. Andrew Carnegie was a Scottish migrant to the USA who made his fortune as a producer of iron and steel. He donated £8,000 in response to a speculative appeal for funds by the Library Committee. The opening took place on 27 May 1908 and was attended by Carnegie himself. This is the library I used to visit to borrow books on the Royal Navy and later, autobiographies of famous scientists.

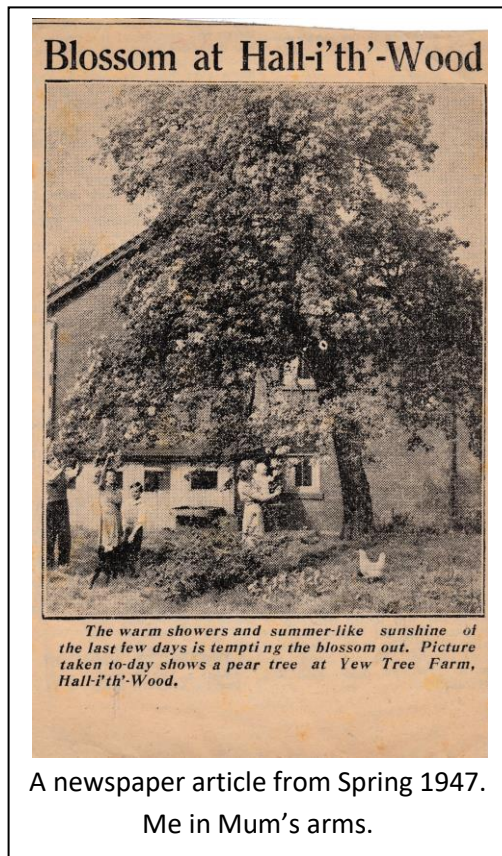
One of Darwen's biggest claims to fame, however, is that it hosted a visit from Mohandas Gandhi in 1931. He had accepted an invitation from Corder Catchpool, manager of the Spring Vale Garden Village Ltd, to see the effects of India's boycott of British made cotton goods. The idea had been to shame Gandhi by showing him the deprivation his boycott was causing amongst the Lancashire mill workers. Unfortunately for the owners, the unemployed mill workers greeted Gandhi with



Me

great affection, almost as a friend even when they were out of work, as they understood it was not India but greedy and irresponsible mill owners who were responsible for their situation. An own goal by the mill owners, me thinks. Independently minded are Lancastrians.

## Me and My Brother



I was born on the 11<sup>th</sup> October 1946, the year before Frank and Annie moved to Darwen. Mum, Dad and I lived at Yew Tree Farm for only twelve months or so after I was born before we moved to our own terraced house in Darwen at 105, Redearth Rd, a big commitment for Mum and Dad. Both of their parents had always rented accommodation, not having had enough income to take on even a low interest building society mortgage to buy a house. The distance from the rest of the family must have taken some adjustment too, this being a time when people didn't travel much beyond the boundaries of their hometowns, even with the good rail and bus links available back then. Very few working-class families could afford a car or even a motorcycle, not until the 1960s did the folks in Redearth Road start buying motors. The local roads were mostly traffic free and we lads in the 1950s played football in the road, only moving over to let the local bus

pass by every now and then.

All my earliest memories are associated with 105, Redearth Rd. which is still in the family. Mum's brother, my uncle Granville lives there now. He moved in with Annie in the late 1970s after his second marriage failed. In the 65 years since 1947 the house hasn't changed much. Still no central heating, making it very cold and damp in winter. When we moved in, we had no carpets or even wallpaper on the walls. I remember mum painting a crazy pattern on the bare plaster with a stencilling brush to make the place look less Spartan. The night we finally did get a carpet for the living room, Mark and I rolled over and over on it, feeling the soft wool against our skin, laughing out loud. Much nicer than cold linoleum. There was no bathroom either. We used to wash once a week in the kitchen sink with Mum and Dad having a bath in a tub in front of the living room coal-fired, open-range cooker or going off to the local 'baths' for an all over wash. Our toilet was outside in the backyard, even colder and damper. You should try wiping your bottom with a soggy piece of

newspaper some time. Not great, I can tell you. But all this was the norm when Mark and I were young and as young kids we were very happy.

My first true memory associated with 105 is of Mark being born when I was two and half years old. Why Mum opted to have a home birth I cannot imagine, home births being rare at that time. A nurse was assigned to look after me when the traumatic day arrived but the birthing sounds coming from the living room did not sit well with me. I cried and cried. I remember being stood on the kitchen table with this homely woman trying to comfort me but even going in to see Mum to assure me that everything was OK really, couldn't shut me up. In desperation, the nurse took me out for walk down the back street to the railway bridge. I hadn't been down the back street before. A big adventure.

Memory can be a fickle thing, I know, but I have an abiding image of Mark under Mum's legs clearly just after he was born. True memory or not, I don't know, but if true a weird thing to see for a lad of two and a half. So, now I had a brother, Mark.

I have not many memories of preschool days which I guess is a good thing, I must have been happy; the only trauma being that day Mark was born!!! My inherited gene bungle included the red hair gene, bright, curly red hair. This is the source of your ginger top, Isaac, the ginger gene coming from my Mum's side of the family. Mum had red curly hair and very distinctive it was too. There is an early photograph of me as a toddler, in a dress, with curls everywhere. Little boys in dresses weren't unusual then. Well, I hope they weren't, otherwise what was my Mum thinking about?

A personality gene was also making itself evident at this time - The Last Word Gene. An anecdote of Mum's tells of a visit to the local clinic to have my regulation jabs against the usual suspects. The needle nurse commented to Mum that this lad always had something to say and seemed to like to always have the last word. I have become convinced over the years that people are born with genes which directly define the sort of personality they will have as an adult, "Give me a child till he is seven and I will show you the man". Extreme genes result in so called personality disorders, milder genes make you a risk taker and even milder genes make you clove to home. I still like to have the last word. Risk taking is not for me, though. Mountain climbing, paragliding, white water rafting is no-no's for me also, and games involving balls, you can forget. Sports with engines and wheels are great, as long as I don't have to get into the driving seat. When I was first shown a flower, I cried and turned away in fear.

That is not to say that I was a home bird. I left Darwen to go to University in 1965 and I have never been back to the 'hometown' to stay for more than a couple of weeks at a time, tops, always a fleeting visit. Since I left the UK in 2006 for a VSO project in Mongolia, to date I have only spent a total of eight weeks on three separate visits back in England. As for jobs, until becoming a lecturer at Staffordshire Polytechnic in 1986, I averaged two and half years in any one job before I got the urge to move on and a couple of those job flits involved



moving continent, some more. This 'restless gene' definitely comes from Mum too, along with the ginger one.

*(29<sup>th</sup> June 2012 – Penang)*

## Primary School Days

St John's Primary School in Darwen had a purpose-built building but it looked more like a workhouse with soot blackened stone walls outside, high ceiled rooms inside, awful outside toilets which were often frozen up in winter and cold, cold classrooms. This experience must have coloured my view of school forever after as I never liked going to school nor was I too enamoured of University either and couldn't wait to leave the place. Ringing bells and structured timetables did not fit with the way I would have liked to have done things. Mind you, this aversion to being told what to do and when, had a long-term benefit which I couldn't have appreciated at the time. When I was given the opportunity as a university lecturer to structure my students learning environment, I found it quite easy to think 'outside the box' as they say and come up with a different approach to learning to help the students gain the knowledge they needed without boring them to death!!!! I also attended the St John's Sunday School, joining it just before the summer break in 1952. I am afraid I was a bit of a drama queen on my first day, as I was the only kid not to be given a book for attendance over the previous twelve months. Not surprising, really, as this was my first day there. But, still, I was not at all a happy little bunny about that and I let them know it. Well, they took pity on me and gave me a tiny book titled Woodland Babies which I still have.

Not long after I started school in 1953, or was it 1954, the recently crowned Queen Elizabeth II visited Darwen as part of her all Britain post Coronation tour. We primary school kids were taken to the procession route and stood for a couple of hours waiting for the new Queen's limo to pass by, all with our little Jacks to wave. Two hours standing around for a 5 second drive past event and then most of us only saw the limo and not the occupants!!! All a bit of a farce really. Eight years after a devastating six-year global conflict in which Britain had had a pivotal part to play, there wasn't much money left in the town coffers or the country as whole come to that. As a result, the town's efforts to 'put on a show' were a bit curtailed. The Queen and her party arrived by special train at Darwen station that day and to save money, only the platform where the Queen would alight was repainted. To cover up the messy, grubby, forlorn platform on the other side of the tracks, a whole train of carriages was strategically parked there, so our new Queen wouldn't see the mess. If this tour of the UK was to acquaint the new monarch with her realm, then she must have gained a completely wrong impression of the state of her nation. The nation was on its knees, hiding behind a lush film set, created for the benefit of one person. Something not quite right there.

I had my first girl friend at primary school. Sandra Turner. We sat next to each other in class, in those old-style twin desks. Adults were always teasing me about Sandra, but the

truth is, I found her more interesting than the lads, me not having any common interest in football or other macho games, I was a bit side-lined with the boys in that respect. Sandra and I were just friends, honest. We only ever met in school classroom hours because girls and boys were divided into separate yards at playtime and we never met after school. Years later, Sandra worked for Mum as her assistant in a local company's general office and I must have been in my mid-twenties when we met again there.

St John's Primary was associated with the local Anglican church of the same name, most primary schools being church schools. I must have been around 8/9 years old when I joined the Church Lads Brigade. As a boy you either joined the Scouts or the Church Lads but we didn't have much choice in the matter, since St. Johns' didn't have a Scouting unit, so it was the Church Lads for me. The Brigade meetings were held in the primary school every Friday night and apart from drilling, marching and stuff, we had what are now known as team building games, British Bulldog being one of them. Go Google it!!! All good fun. Once a month there was church parade when we dressed in our dark blue uniforms and marched behind our bugle band from the school to the church. I did at one stage play the cymbals in the band, marching alongside the big drum, crashing away to the beat. I had to polish the cymbals before the parades, as well as the brass buttons on the dark blue tunic. De-merit points for tarnished buttons or polish stains on your blues.

I guess my greatest achievement whilst in the Brigade was the year my platoon won the town drill competition. Towards the end of my time in the Brigade, I was promoted to corporal and was given charge of my own platoon of five, all very militaristic, marching,

#### [Durian Party](#)

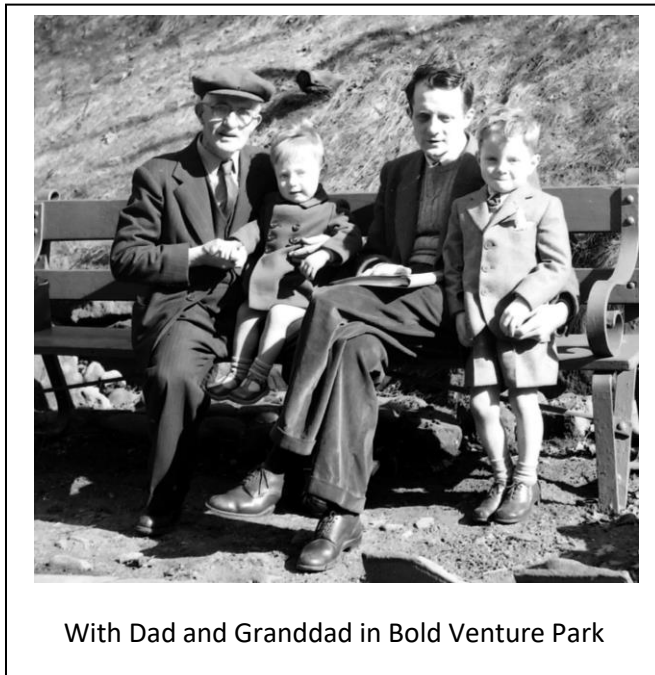
Three weekends ago, eleven of Gek's mates from her university days in Singapore arrived on Penang for a 'gathering'. In fact, they had also come to visit Ah Tu's durian farm and taste the delights of the 'King of Fruits'. I say delights with tongue in cheek. I cannot stand the smell of durian, never mind put the evil stuff in my mouth. Imagine the scene. Eleven Singaporeans, a number of Malaysians and one Englishman standing in a durian plantation in the Penang hills at 10 in the morning, getting down and dirty with durian. This Englishman was well up wind, enjoying jack fruit and coconuts!!! This feast was just the beginning of a two-day eatathon. Nasi lemak, kway teow, laksa...all sorts of local dishes.... always trying to find the allusive 'best one". Since the Singaporean crowd left, it has been relatively quiet. The 9<sup>th</sup> July was Gek and mine's 4<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary. We celebrated with a couple of friends, Chris and Ranu, at The View restaurant in the Equatorial Hotel. This is a place where you pay 100 Ringgit (20 pounds) for a steak. I am used to paying 4 Ringgit (80 pence) for a noodle dish at the local hawker market. But it was delicious, and much enjoyed. It being a lunch time and a Tuesday, we were the only lunchers. Super service and everything in the buffet was in fours, clearly the restaurant wasn't expecting anyone else that day.

about turning as a man or should it be boy etc. Each year the Brigade units from all over Darwen came together for a drill competition and that year my platoon won it, much to my surprise and obvious delight. First time I remember winning anything. We were awarded a cup and medals to keep for the year. There was no repeat performance, however, since I wasn't in the brigade for much longer after that.

*(28<sup>th</sup> July 2012 - Penang)*

## Times with Mum and Dad

Once Mark had started primary school, Mum got herself a weekend job as a bar maid at the Darwen Golf Club (DGC), not that she knew anything about golf, the family needed the money and Mum needed to get out of the house!!! Dad would take us visiting either Grandma Ribchester in Farnworth or Grandma Whitworth in Hawton and sometimes both, on Saturday afternoons after mum had left to start her shift at DGC. We used to make the trip on the train, and we might do a little shopping in Bolton before we took the bus out to Grandma's place. Not having a television at home, to watch Grandma Ribchester's TV was a real treat. Mum and Dad didn't get a TV at 105 until I had left home at 18 years old, they said it would interfere with Mark and my studies. Don't know what they would have made of computers. Couldn't have banned those.... could they? Result was, Mark and I could only talk about Dr. Who and the all-in wrestling that aired on Saturday afternoons, a bit limiting when your schoolmates were talking about what they watched on the box the night before.



With Dad and Granddad in Bold Venture Park

Saturdays were a great break from the routine of school. Occasionally we would meet our cousins at Grandma Ribchester's place and of course Granville, being only 9 years older than me, he was still living at home until he was due to go off for his 2-years National Service. Thankfully, they abolished National Service before I was old enough to be called up. The train journeys home on Saturday nights were interesting. Mark and I didn't usually stay up beyond 7 o'clock in the evening during the week, school in the morning you see. One Saturday night on the way home, I almost fell

between the platform edge and the train's carriage. 'Please Mind the Platform Gap' has resonated with me ever since. Traumatized for days I was. Only Dad's quick grab of my arm

stopped me falling on the train tracks. I hid my face in his lap all the way back to Darwen. The other passengers in the compartment seemed to think my brush with almost certain injury was very amusing, but I couldn't see the funny side, I have to say. Christmas was an especially good time to be in Bolton on a Saturday night. At this time, we would take the bus home so that we could visit the travelling fair that was set up every New Year on Bolton's bus station bus park. All the fun of the fair, sometimes we even won a coconut. Very exotic. Nowadays I am surrounded by coconut trees but in Lancashire in the 1950s, these were very rare nuts indeed.

Sundays were always very quiet days. Some Sundays Granddad Whitworth would visit our house on his own and we would take off for a walk up to Darwen Tower and then back over the moors. The octagonal Jubilee Tower (generally called Darwen Tower) on Darwen Hill overlooking the town was completed in 1898 to commemorate Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee and to celebrate the victory of the local people for the right to access the moor. The Tower was opened to the public on 24 September 1898. We would climb to the top via the internal staircase where at 85 feet above the moor we could see to the west as far as the other Tower in Blackpool on the Lancashire coast and the Isle of Man beyond. Turning clockwise through 360 degrees, we could see over to Cumbria and the Lake District to the north, Yorkshire to the east and Derbyshire to the south, on a clear day that is.

I have gleaned a little local history associated with Darwen Tower from Wikipedia:

"Packmen, peddlers, farmers and labourers used tracks and moorland to go about their business. In the 1870s the Lord of the Manor, the Reverend William Arthur Duckworth, blocked ancient rights of way preventing access to the moor even though he was an absentee landlord. Game rights were a valuable commodity and Duckworth did not wish to have his land devalued by 'trespassers' on the moors. William Thomas Ashton, manager of



Darwen Tower

Eccles Shorrock's mines at Dogshaw Clough and Entwistle Moss used the moorland footpaths as well to deliver coal to farmers and other customers. Whenever Duckworth's gamekeepers blocked his way Ashton cleared the paths. The struggle led to the courts where Duckworth lost and in September 1896 people resumed walking the moorland footpaths and, as Ashton had died in 1884, his sons led a procession onto the moors in celebration." (Wikipedia – Jubilee Tower)

"Darreners" were clearly not going to

let the not-so-Reverend push them around it would seem.

On Sundays Mum only left for her DGC evening bar work shift late in the afternoon. Most Sundays at 4:30, Mark and I would nip over the back wall to watch The Lone Ranger on Walter, Ernest and Cecil's TV, the three bachelors who lived there. Mark and I would sit on the floor in front of the TV, goggled eyed, watching the Lone Ranger and his best buddy, Tonto have all sorts of unlikely adventures. Good always triumphed over evil, life was very ordered and predictable.

Holiday times were a little less rigid. Apart from the weekend trips to Bolton, we only left Darwen for two weeks in the year, the Wakes weeks. No way was mum going to go to the usual Lancashire holiday hot spots; Blackpool, Morecambe, Southport, Fleetwood. No, we would head off to the exotic south, to Cornwall or Devon. With no motorways and no direct train services to take advantage of back then, the journey was always by bus leaving from Manchester's coach station late on a Friday night and would take anything from 8 to 10 hours to complete, always stopping at Cheltenham for a break in the middle of the night. I was usually sick, travel sick that is and I never slept. Must have been a pain in the neck for Mum and Dad but I couldn't help it. As soon as I got on the bus, I used to feel nauseous, the smell of the damp coach upholstery and the diesel fumes didn't help. I only remember sleeping the whole journey once. Perhaps mum slipped a sleeping draft into my drink that year.

Great holidays we had, two weeks in a completely different environment, Torquay and Darwen were as different as chalk and cheese. Clean for grimy, sea for moors, dry for wet. We stayed in caravans, Mark and I enjoying the freedom, running along sea cliffs, collecting shells, and swimming in the sea. Dad used to stay with us for the first week on the beach and then he had had enough and would leave us to it and go explore on his own. It became a sort of unwritten rule that we all hit the beach for the first week and then Dad would do his own thing. Of course, as we got older, the beach lost its appeal for us too after a week and we would then all explore together.

There was the year we took a day trip from Plymouth to the Scilly Islands on a tramp steamer. It must have been one of the last coal fired steamships still on active service. Looking down through the stoke-hole door, you could see the stokers shovelling coal into the boilers, all dirt and noise with the blackened faces of the stokers grinning up at me, white teeth gleaming. On the voyage out to the islands the sea wasn't too rough, but on the return, it certainly was, with the ship pitching and awing wildly the whole way back to Plymouth. I was scared the ship was going to sink and held on to the mast with both my arms wrapped around it. The captain on the bridge was looking down, laughing at me, but I didn't care, I just clamped myself to that mast.

Another year Mark and I were chased by a gang of sheep and I use the word gang deliberately here, they were thugs. We made the mistake of mockingly 'baaing' at them as

we crossed their field, the next thing we knew, the whole field of sheep was racing towards us. Mark and I ran for it, making it over the stile in the fence just before they got to us, collapsing in fits of laughter at what had just happened, scared though we had been.

*(21<sup>st</sup> August 2012 – Penang)*

When I was old enough, Mum would take me to the movies with her. Dad wasn't interested in cinema and Mark was too young. Come Friday night, not a school night, we would trip down the street to the local flea pit. There were three picture houses in Darwen at that time, but we would usually go to the one opposite the market on Station Road. I loved the movies, for much the same reason I suspect Mum loved them too, they took you out of Darwen for at least two hours to a more interesting place.

There must have been other movies we went to see but I only remember the war films. In the late 1950s and early 1960s there were many WWII episodes put down on film with titles such as, "Cockle Shell Heroes", "The Cruel Sea", "Dam Busters", "Reach for the Sky" and many, many more. "Reach for the Sky" was very memorable. The story is that of Douglas Bader, a fighter pilot who lost both his legs after he came off worst in an aerial duel with a Nazi aviator. The film charts his subsequent recovery and his miraculous return to the skies with the help of prosthetic legs. As we entered the cinema, I noticed that there were St. John Ambulance Brigade volunteers in the foyer. I didn't think too much of it at the time, but as it turned out, I would soon be needing their services. In the scene where Douglas is semi-conscious, listening to the doctors talking about his imminent death, I almost passed out!!! Then I knew why the SJAB guys were needed. Mum took me out to have a dose of smelling salts and once over the embarrassment, we went back in to see the rest of the film.

Compared to today's filmic effects, "Reach for the Sky" now seems pretty tame but in those days, in black and white, such "realism" was quite new as the acting was usually over the top and you never truly believed you were an involved witness to the events on the screen. A recent film Gek and I watched, "Black Swan", had the same effect on me but this time I didn't need to see the nurse! A very powerful use of images and the mood music of Tchaikovsky's Swan Lake drew you in to the action on the screen. Mind you, with the advent of 3D cinema, "Black Swan" will soon, no doubt, be nothing to write home about either. As film production technology progressed in the 1960s, films such as "Lawrence of Arabia" had to be watched on special screens which meant a trip to Manchester's Odeon Cinema. Working Saturdays as Mum did, these trips had to wait until the school holidays when we could go to watch a weekday afternoon matinee.

Dad would take me to concerts of classical music, again just me and him, the Liverpool Philharmonic, The Halle (Manchester's premier symphony orchestra) and other orchestras that came to play at the King George's Hall in Blackburn listening to all sorts of composers, Brahms through to Shostakovich. At the time, I didn't really fully appreciate the music, but it did lead to me learning to play the cello and clarinet in my early years at the Grammar

School. But it was an evening out, me and Dad. Dad spent far too much time “in work”, too damned conscientious was he. It wasn’t often that he got home before Mark and I were on our way to bed. As the factory manager, he felt totally responsible for what was happening in the place, both for the people who worked there and for the physical place itself. There were a couple of times when a cut in orders for the factory’s products due to a recession, forced Dad to make people redundant and since most of the workers were also his friends it was very hard on him. It caused him a lot of anguish and resulted in stressing him out. As a kid experiencing my Dad’s unhappiness because of his work, influenced my own attitude to “work”, i.e. an employer doesn’t own you; he only buys your time and not your loyalty. Loyalty to a company or any organisation is totally a misplacing of your trust.

They do say that the parenting of your own children is heavily influenced by the parenting you received as a child. Well, I hope so, although Anna and Polly might have another view, but I always tried to get involved with the two of them in all sorts of ways from the time they were born. When Jen and I knew Anna was on her way, we had a confab about how to manage the change that was about to happen in our lives. We decided that Jen would take on part-time homeworking with her then employer, ICL, and I would hand in my notice as the Production Manager at a local factory and, in effect, go on the dole, i.e., become unemployed. No way was I going to miss out on bottle feeding and nappy changing!!!! Of course, this meant a drastic reduction in our income. I guess it must have dropped by at least 70%. I did suggest to Jen to keep her full-time job and I would become a house husband, look after the children, keeping house, etc. But she wouldn’t have any of it!! Told me she was NOT going to support me AND a child. That was the first time I tried to be a house husband. It was a number of years before I had a second go. Nearly pulled it off the second time too!!!

*(6<sup>th</sup> September 2012 – Pulau Banding)*

#### [East Coast Trip](#)

Today I find myself at Pulau Banding, in the Malaysian rain forest. Not that it is exactly the hardship that the rainforest location would perhaps have you believe as we are staying in a resort and very nice it is too. Banding Island is in the middle of a man-made lake, almost halfway between the west and east coasts of Malaysia. The climate up here in the high hills is very pleasant, cool compared to the Penang Island, so it is a welcome relief from the heat and sweat of the lowlands. I am with Gek and two friends, Linden and Mei Li and we are all having a jolly time!! I am writing this sitting on the resort’s balcony enjoying the fresh air and sound of running water, surrounded by green, green forest, overlooking the lake.

## The Eleven Plus

But enough of the scene setting in the here and now. In 1957/8 I was in the final year at St. John's Primary School, preparing for the dreaded 11 Plus. Primary school education in the days before the comprehensive school system was totally geared to the 11 Plus exam. This was a watershed set of tests in English and Mathematics with your results being used to decide if you were bright enough to go to the local Grammar School or if you were not, you were destined for a 'Secondary Education' in a Secondary School. You took the test at the end of the school year in which you turned 11. For the last two years running up to the dreaded 11 Plus, our teachers were Miss Inchly and Miss Waton, both of whom I remember with great affection. They were both inspiring teachers and contributed much to our class's success in the 11 Plus tests. I don't think I was a swat, but I always came second in the end of year exams to Eileen Pollard. She always bested me. I now realize that it was English that was letting me down. There was no recognition of learning difficulties caused by dyslexia and its friends back then, you were either bright or dim depending on how your exam scores came out and particularly how good you were at English.

Mum was pushing harder now and turned into a Tiger Mum, she was on a mission to get me into Grammar School, no matter what. This is the year the correspondence courses started, a cramming by post. Lessons and exercises would arrive weekly by post which had to be completed and returned to the course tutor before the next exercises arrived the following week. Mathematics are the exercises I remember but there must have been English lessons and follow up work too. I was not amused by all this extra homework; the school gave us homework as it was, and this was extra on top of that. Guess Mum thought the school wasn't giving me enough work to do or perhaps it was an insurance to make sure I cracked the 11 Plus barrier. No one else in the class had to do these darned things. No internet then of course, so you had to wait for a week to get the marked work back, marked in red ink, loads of it sometimes. Not good, that, Mum would not be best pleased, extolling me to do better. Ahhhhhhh.

At the end of the school year, the dreaded 11 Plus tests themselves. The tests were held in the Grammar School at the other end of the town, all quite intimidating, loads of 11-year olds and their parents ushering their worried looking kids into the building, all a bit more intense than the usual end of year exams. The long and short of it was I passed the 11 Plus, mission accomplished, and I got to go to the Grammar School. Four or five others also passed to the Grammar School from St. John's, the first year our primary school had any students go there at all, so we felt doubly proud. What a change the Grammar school was. We had to wear a uniform including peaked cap and short trousers with long, knee length socks, great in summer, not so great in winter. Cold knees, you know. You weren't allowed to wear long trousers to school until you were 13 years old. Going to buy the uniform was quite a novel experience too. Previously all my clothes had arrived as if by magic, Mum doing the buying without any reference to me. Now we went to the special uniform shop in



the town to get fitted out. Wearing a shirt with tie was quite new too. Mum bought everything two sizes too big to allow for growth, very embarrassing but, as it turned out, most parents had done the same thing, making us freshers on the first day of the new school year look like a collection of clothes horses.

Before the start of the first year at the Grammar School we were all given a further test in English, the results of which would be used to stream us into four classes, 'A' the top class, 'D' the bottom class. I scraped into 'C' class. It has henceforth always really pissed me off that 'the system' classifies your abilities on your understanding of a language that inherently has no rules – English –reducing 'ability' to equal 'good memory'. Many, many years later, I read a book by Bill Bryson about the origins of the English language. All very revealing. It turns out that English is such a cobbled together language, taking words and grammar structures from so many other languages that it is impossible for it to have anything that looks like a coherent set of 'rules'. Well, no shit Sherlock. I could have told them that, but who would have listened to an 11-year-old!!!

But I was in good company as others in classes 'C' and 'D' also had logic-based mentalities and we all climbed the hill together, battling against the "Latin GOOD, Mathematics BAD" orthodox view of the GRAMMAR school teachers.

## Memory Litter Bin

1. **Toolbox** - One Christmas, Dad made for me a wooden toolbox and filled it with wood working tools, a saw, a drill, chisels etc. Granddad Wilson had been teaching me how to turn wooden bowls in his garden shed on our weekend visits to his house where he had a small lathe, he had made himself. I still have that lathe. Also, in the box a very special set of wood turning chisels which I really cherished.
2. **Pin Hole Camera** – One of the first things I made with my new tool kit, with Dad's help, was a pin hole camera. Dad set up the walk-in cupboard under the stairs at 105 as a dark room to develop the prints taken with the camera, the beginning of my love for photography and wood working, as in Doll House design and make.
3. **Building a Mechano Crane** – Before the advent of Lego, there was Mechano. Mechano had metal plate components, as opposed to plastic bricks, that were screwed together with very small nuts and bolts. As with Lego, there were books of designs to build such as cars and other machine type models. I impressed Granddad Whitworth on one of his Sunday afternoons visits by having built a jib crane of my own design from scratch. A Mechanical Engineer I was destined to be!!!
4. **Dad's allotment** - For a time Dad had an allotment at the top of Redearth Road's back street, running alongside the railway line. We would grow mainly vegetables such as potatoes and carrots to provide for our own table.

5. **Sailing our yachts** - On the odd occasion when we escaped from Darwen, we would go to Fleetwood where Mark and I would sail our model yachts. Must look out a photo of the two of us there.
6. **An Exotic Visitor** – One Sunday afternoon, Granddad Wilson brought a visitor to our house in Darwen, a cousin of my Dads who was on leave from his job in the Far East. I sat at his knee listening raptly to his stories of daring do from the times he had spent in the tropical jungles of Malaysia. The story that I can still remember involved a snake bite. On climbing into his hammock for an afternoon siesta without first checking if anything had crawled in there before him, he was bitten on the leg by an angry snake. Realising that the snake was venomous, he immediately got into his car and drove post haste to the nearest hospital to have an anti-venom injection. By the time he was turning into the hospital grounds, his leg had swollen so much that he could not move his foot from the accelerator pedal on to the brake. In desperation he crashed the car into a tree in order to stop it, which also had the effect of getting him the immediate attention he needed to stop the effects of the snake venom. Such stories fired my young lad's imagination, I can tell you. Now I am living in Malaysia but have never seen a snake, living in an urban area as we do, not that I want to see a snake you understand.

## Wilson Whitworth and the Bolton Camera club

### SOME NOTES

The following notes are based on the Minutes of the Bolton Camera Club during the 1920's. An undated list of members appended to the minute's shows W Whitworth, Mrs Whitworth and F Whitworth (all of 55 Park Road) as members of the Bolton Camera Club.

13 September 1922	Wilson Whitworth was elected Honorary Secretary of the Bolton Camera Club (BCC) (see image: 'Wilson Whitworth 1'). All subsequent minutes until September 1928 are very likely to be in Wilson Whitworth's handwriting (see his first minutes shown at: 'Wilson Whitworth 2')
5 October 1922	F Whitworth (Wilson's son?) was elected a Junior Member of the Club. His address is given as 55 Park Road (opposite Queens park)
7 May 1923	Wilson Whitworth was asked by BCC to interview the Bolton Wireless Society about not complying with their agreement with the BCC.
9 June 1923	Wilson Whitworth led a ramble through the Harwood and district. They met at the Tonge Moor Car Terminus, Royal Oak, at 2.30 pm. Mr Hartley, the Headmaster of Bolton School of Art attended to illustrate a selection of subjects. Rambles occurred in the summer months and were specifically arranged for photography.
4 July 1923	Wilson Whitworth led a full day ramble to Whalley and Stoneyhurst, leaving Trinity Street on the 8.58 am train.
18 July 1923	Wilson Whitworth led an evening ramble to Harwood Lodge (meeting at the Moorfield Stage, Tonge Moor Car route at 7 pm.)
27 September 1923	Wilson Whitworth was elected as Honorary Secretary again, and the

Granddad Stories.

	Club's representative to the Lancashire and Cheshire Photographic Union (still going strong in 2011)
17 May 1924	Messrs Kirkman and Whitworth led a ramble to Arley Woods (leaving Trinity Street at 2.15 pm)
31 May 1924	Messrs Whitworth and Horsley led a ramble to Entwistle (leaving Trinity Street at 2.15 pm)
14 June 1924	Wilson Whitworth led a ramble to Prestbury, Cheshire leaving on the 1.52 train from Trinity Street.
18 December 1924	Wilson Whitworth gave a lecture demonstration to the Club on "Treatment of Negatives".
8 January 1925	Wilson Whitworth gave a demonstration to the Club on "Plate Developing, Panero and High Speed".
5 February 1925	Demonstration given by Wilson Whitworth on "Bromide Toning and Dry Mounting". (see image: 'Wilson Whitworth 4')
23 September 1926	At the Annual General Meeting, the best thanks were given to the officers for the manner in which they carried out their duties (see image 'Wilson Whitworth 3')
22 September 1927	Wilson Whitworth was re-elected as Honorary Secretary of BCC and delegate to the L&CPU (the latter for the next two years).
20 February 1928	The Hon Secretary was asked to 'superintend' the Club's annual exhibition, including the hanging of prints.
19 March 1928	Messrs Dobson, Whitworth, Howe and Vickers should act as stewards to the judges at the annual exhibition.
26 April 1928	The half yearly General Meeting endorsed the action of the Hon Secretary in not accepting late entries for the exhibition.
20 August 1928	The Hon Secretary called for a sub-committee to be appointed to investigate the cause of the decline in membership of the BCC.
10 September 1928	The BCC Council nominated Wilson Whitworth for the Council of the L&CPU.
20 September 1928	The AGM elected Mr J H Reddy as Honorary Secretary. The meeting gave its best thanks for the past services of Wilson Whitworth.

Ray Jefferson  
President, Bolton Camera Club

25<sup>th</sup> November 2011

Committee minutes in Wilson's handwriting.

Council meeting held Thurs. Oct 5<sup>th</sup> 1922.  
 Mr. Walker in the chair, Mr. Galloway also present.  
 Mr. C. E. Hillis, Mr. Traywell, Mr. Kirkman,  
 Mr. Poley, Mr. B. Smith, Mr. E. Ford, Mr. C. Balshaw  
 Mr. J. Timney, Mr. G. Dorely, Mr. Peadar Treas & Miss M. Sney.  
 Minutes of previous meeting were passed as a correct  
 record.  
 New members. Moved by Mr. Dorely seconded by  
 Mr. Galloway that the following be admitted  
 members ex. hoc. :-  
 Mr. Ford from Assoc. to full member.  
 Mr. J. Timney St. Georges Rd & Mrs. J. Timney Assoc.  
 Mr. J. Pughston 313 Blackburne Rd.  
 Mr. J. G. Marsden Park Hill Town Hall.  
 Mr. J. Galt 2 Park's Terrace  
 Mr. A. Dillon 20 Newball Lane & Mrs. Dillon Assoc.  
 Mr. Bennett Greenland Rd Assoc.  
 Mr. J. Whitworth 25 Park Rd  
 Mr. A. Halliwell 12 Supton St.  
 Mr. J. Dobson 53 Sharples Park A. B.  
 Mr. S. Dove Sutcliffe St.  
 Mr. P. Barker 120 Chorley D. Rd.  
 Mr. J. Morrison 101 Beverly Rd  
 Mr. N. Barker 412 Halliwell Rd.  
 Mr. J. L. Dawson 3 Queensboro Walsley.  
 Mr. J. Dobson 3 Moore Rd. A. B.

Mr. J. Dorely 14 Bolton Rd Walsley  
 Mr. J. Stretton 29 Ashford Rd.  
 Miss C. Y. Stone 109 Thornton St. Leigh Assoc.  
 Paignations. These cases were approved (pending  
 Gen meeting) to next meeting.  
 Insurance. Moved by Mr. Hillis seconded by Mr. Bennett  
 that the account be paid i. l. 12/6.  
 L.C.P.U. Annual meeting to be held in Manchester  
 on Sat Oct 7<sup>th</sup>. It was agreed that the  
 Pres. & Secy attend.  
 Accounts. Moved by Mr. Galloway seconded by Mr.  
 Bennett that the following accounts be paid  
 Subs. etc to L.C.P.U. for 1921 & 2 £1-0-3

Gift of framed photograph of group at L.C.P.U.  
 excursions to Smith's Dale was presented  
 to the Club by Mr. C. E. Hillis, moved by  
 Mr. Walker, seconded by Mr. Bennett & supported  
 by Mr. Galloway & carried unanimously that we  
 place on record our appreciation of the action  
 of Mr. C. E. Hillis in presenting the photograph  
 to the club & tender our best thanks  
 for same.  
 Mr. Dorely volunteered to see Mr. Clarke re re-colouring  
 the wall for projections from the lantern.  
 W. Walker