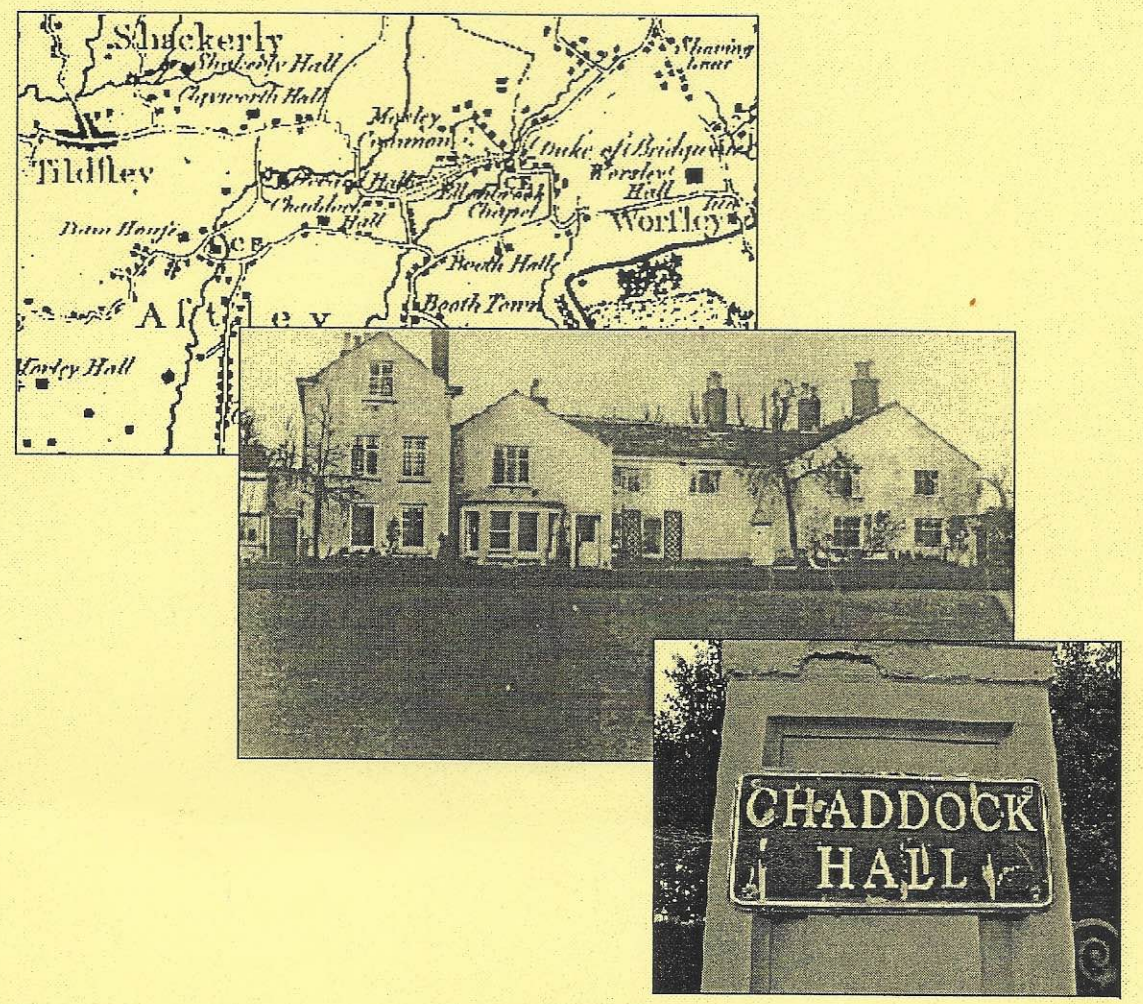
Tales of Chaddock



Compiled and edited by
Derrick Cunliffe, Tony Smith, C. Elsie Mullineux, Craig Chaddock & Rob Chaddock

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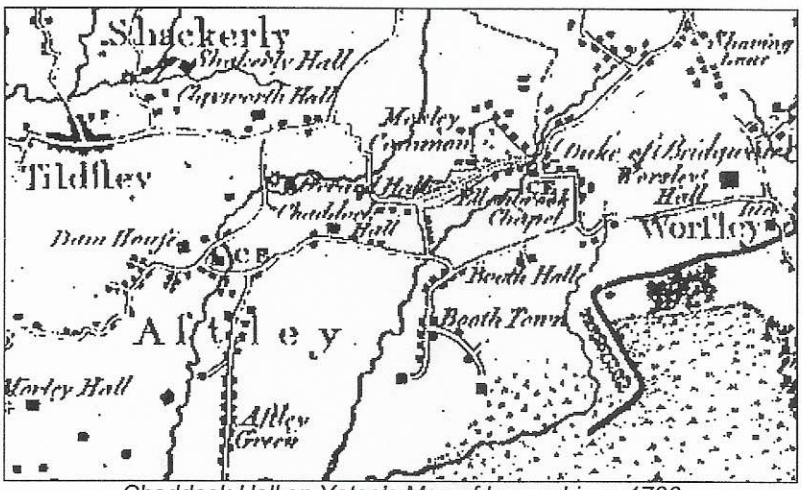


Chaddock Hall on Yates's Map of Lancashire c.1786

Contents

Preface and Acknowledgements

Chaddock Hall is situated to the east of Astley, in the former urban district of Tyldesley, in the southern part of the historic county of Lancashire. A short distance further east is the village of Boothstown, historically divided between Tyldesley and Worsley.

The former hamlet of Chaddock, around Chaddock Hall, is typical of countless historic places, whose identity has disappeared as neighbouring villages have grown. Chaddock lost its local significance to Boothstown and to Astley (themselves subservient within the wider region), but the continuing presence of Chaddock Hall in a rapidly developing locality has ensured that the history of Chaddock has not been forgotten.

This booklet brings together a series of Tales of Chaddock which lend the modern Chaddock a real sense of *place,* for the history of Chaddock, whilst connected to Tyldesley and to Booths Hall in Boothstown, is genuinely distinct. This booklet is a collaborative piece of work produced by a number of people with an interest in Chaddock Hall:

- **Derrick Cunliffe**, who has lived at Chaddock Hall for over 50 years.
- **Craig Chaddock** of San Diego, California and **Rob Chaddock** of Cheshire, both of whom 'discovered' Chaddock through their interest in Chaddock genealogy (Craig is the owner of the Chaddock Genealogy web site).
- **Mrs C. Elsie Mullineux**, Worsley's most eminent local historian.
- **Tony Smith**, owner of the Boothstown web site, who edited this booklet.

Specific contributions of each of the above were as follows:

A History of Chaddock and Chaddock Hall
Much of this material was originally researched by the late Dr John Lunn, and published in his *History of Tyldesley*, 1953. Additional material and initial drafting was by Derrick Cunliffe. This chapter was edited by Tony Smith with Mrs C.E. Mullineux. Photographs are from the collection of Derrick Cunliffe, except the photograph of the modern Chaddock Hall which is by Tony Smith.

Mrs Whistler's Diary: Chaddock Hall, 1847
This extract from Mrs. Whistler's diary was supplied to Elizabeth Cook by Evelyn J. Harden, the editor of the diary. The introductory note to this chapter is by Tony Smith.

The Story of the Chaddock Seal and the Arms of Chaddock
This chapter was written by Craig Chaddock, as told by Peter Hillyar-Russ. Photographs are by Stephen Boddice.

The Arms of Chaddock
Information from the College of Arms was obtained and supplied by Rob Chaddock. The photograph of the impression of the Chaddock Seal is by Craig Chaddock from an impression by Rob Chaddock

Memories of 50 Years at Chaddock Hall by Derrick Cunliffe
Personal recollections written by Derrick Cunliffe, and edited by Tony Smith with Mrs C.E. Mullineux. All photographs are by Craig Chaddock except the Chaddock Hall Loft and the House Next Door (from the collection of Derrick Cunliffe), and Lloyd's Newsagent's in Boothstown (from the Walkden Library collection).

1. A History of Chaddock and Chaddock Hall

Introduction

The former hamlet of Chaddock, based around Chaddock Hall, lies a few hundred yards north of the East Lancashire Road on Chaddock Lane. Chaddock Lane (which links Boothstown and Astley) and Chaddock Hall now represent the only tangible evidence that a separate place called Chaddock once existed. Today the place is usually referred to as a part of Boothstown, or a part of Astley, depending on your point of view.

In the middle ages, Chaddock was an independent hamlet, based on a small number of cottages and farms clustered round the Hall. It was entirely possible that the name of Chaddock could have grown to represent a modern locality, but over time Chaddock yielded prominence to its neighbouring estates, particularly Booths, a neighbouring hall. In the end Boothstown became the general name for the area. Thus Chaddock declined, the name living on through the Hall and the road.

Where Chaddock Lane enters Boothstown, the road on to Worsley is now known as Leigh Road. Until the late 19th century, however, the whole road from Worsley was known as Chaddock Road, indicating the greater prominence of the hamlet of Chaddock in those days. The Chaddock Colliery was situated to the south of the present East Lancashire Road, and the underground canal which linked the colliery to the Bridgewater Canal was called the Chaddock Level.

Today, Chaddock Hall is secluded behind its walls and its greenery. The Holy Family church and school are to the east and rear of the Hall; there remain open fields behind the Hall to the west. On Chaddock Lane there are some private houses on both sides, though large parcels of land, especially opposite the Hall, have been developed for industrial use. Despite this mixed land-use, it is possible to gain an appreciation of the former situation of the Hall, with what would have been a commanding view across Chat Moss to the south from its position on a rise in the land.

The photograph below shows Chaddock Hall some time between 1860 and 1878; the central part of the building is the oldest. The east wing, on the right of the picture, was demolished in 1878.

Origins

The origins of Chaddock, and its name, are unclear. The name was spelt in a number of ways in historical documents. In the first known document, Lancashire Assizes Rolls from 1246, the name is spelt Chaydok; Lancashire inquests from 1323 refer to Chaidoke; and the Lancashire Lay Subsidy Roll (for taxation) in 1332 mentions Chaidok. Although the etymology of the name is unknown, it is likely to be a description of the place, subsequently adopted by the Chaddock family.

For centuries, Chaddock, which fell under the jurisdiction of the Manor of Tyldesley, was the estate of a family of yeomen, who bore its name. Yeomen were a free-holding, land-tilling class that formed the backbone of English society. Over the centuries, the owners of Chaddock acquired manorial rights by purchase, and Chaddock, like neighbouring Booths, became a manor by repute. Previously, rights over Chaddock, and other Tyldesley lands were held from Wardley Hall, which had been obtained by the marriage in 1331 of Thurstan Tyldesley and Margaret Worsley of Wardley Hall; this marriage occurred as a result of the Tyldesley family kidnapping the 3 year old heiress Margaret from Wardley, and marrying her to Thurstan Tyldesley of Tyldesleyhurst.

The first recorded tenant of Chaddock was called Reginald. The early Chaddock deeds were copied out by the historian Cuerden, and these are now in the British Museum. Reginald had a son, William, who in the time of Henry III (1216-1272) gave one half of the Chaddock hamlet to Elias, son of Robert Chaddock. This grant was confirmed by Hugh (the Pious) of Tyldesley. William gave the other half of the estate to Robert Chaddock, which meant that Robert and Elias held Chaddock between them. In a confirmation grant by Henry Tyldesley, successor of Hugh the Pious as lord of the Tyldesley manor, two brothers of the Chaddock family, John and Thomas, were witnesses. The father of John and Thomas was also named John. The same Henry Tyldesley granted assart (an area of land cleared of trees for cultivation) near Chaddock to Robert, son of Elias, and granted other Tyldesley land to Thomas, son of John Chaddock. This Thomas was living in 1352 and 1362.

Battles at Chaddock

The area around Chaddock Hall was thickly wooded, and the name Chaddock Hurst was used to distinguish the Chaddock estate from the fields and forests of the Tyldesleys to the north; the latter was then known as Tyldesleyhurst, and is now called Mosley Common.

Lancashire was disturbed by factions in the reign of Edward II, when armed groups rode the countryside. It was at Chaddock Hurst on 8th December 1321 that battle was joined between two rival forces of the Earl of Lancaster. These forces were those of the Hindleys, numbering 80, and the Tyldesleys, numbering 50. In the conflict, four of the Tyldesley men were killed: Adam Tyldesley (son of Hugh), Jordan Carrington, Richard Strongbow and Adam Barton.

Chaddock in the 14th Century

In the early 14th century, Henry Chaddock and his wife Katherine are mentioned in a grant. The subsidy roll of 1322 (a tax to enable pursuit of war against the Scots) shows Henry and Adam in possession, both tenants paying twelve pence tax on their moveable property. Evidently the Hall was still divided, as it had been at the time of Robert and Elias. The subsidy roll also refers to a Robert Chaddock at Westhoughton and a William Chaddock at Worsley. In 1332, Henry of Chaddock had to pay twelve pence in tax to support wars with France.

Adam Chaddock, a taxpayer of 1332, the next year took a lease of Cleworth Hall from William Waverton. Adam was an opponent of Blewbury, rector of Leigh, and paid fines to him. In 1350 the

Chaddock lands were assessed for taxation at 40 pence, and Thomas, son of John was the tenant. This Thomas had taken part in the Liverpool riots of 1346. Thomas Chaddock, a free tenant, was living in 1350. A deed of the later 14th century shows Henry, son of Thomas Chaddock, confirming a grant to his mother, Alice, of certain lands at Chaddock: these were the fields and tenements occupied by Matilda, widow of William Tumcookson; the grant included common of pasture, estover rights (access to necessities such as wood for fuel) and other easements.

In 1375 Thomas Tyldesley, Sergeant-at-Law, son of Thurstan, acquired lands in Chaddock hamlet from Agnes Sutherland. Thomas had met Agnes in London, and it was by his influence that an entry of Agnes's warranty to him of her estate was engrossed upon the Close Rolls of the King. In 1410 Thomas charged his executors to reach agreement with the heir of Agnes over these lands in Chaddock. Agnes had died before Thomas, who paid for masses to be said for her soul.

The Archers of Chaddock Hall

The tenants of the Tyldesley, Shakerley and Chaddock lands were often summoned to do military service. Archers from Chaddock fought at Crecy in 1346 and at Agincourt in 1415. In 1360 the retinue roll of the Edward III shows William Chaddock as an archer on foot. He was noted in the roll as *potens de corpore et bonis*, or fit for active service in both body and accoutrements. A later muster roll of John Stanley shows Hugh Tyldesley to be an archer on horseback. Hugh Chaddock and Richard Tyldesley were both foot-archers, serving under Herford, captain. They all drew daily pay for service from 22nd July to 21st October in 1391.

15th and 16th Centuries

In 1427-28, lands at Chaddock were settled upon Thomas, son of Thomas Chaddock, and his issue. In 1443 Thomas Chaddock attested an important charter with other gentry of the parishes of Leigh and Eccles. Lands in Tyldesley were settled in 1521-22 upon Hugh, son and heir of John Chaddock, and Ellen, daughter of Peter Heywood and widow of Thomas Holt. From this Hugh, the descent has been established by the historian Cuerden.

The Chaddocks could be as turbulent and lawless as their more powerful neighbours, the Tyldesleys. Sir Robert Worsley kept deer at his Booths estate. One hour before sunrise on 21st June 1547, Thomas Chaddock, Piers Chaddock and James Chaddock, described as gentlemen, along with others armed with bows and bucklers, stole a tame deer, killed it, and carried it back to Lostock Hall, home of Sir John Atherton, where they consumed it. The three gentlemen were summoned to the Duchy chamber to answer Sir Robert Worsley.

Sir Thomas Boteler founded a boys' school at Warrington, and through his interests in Tyldesley sought to purchase a small estate south-east of Chaddock. He died before the project was completed and in 1526 his executors bought two messuages from John and Hugh Chaddock. The land was in the possession of Warrington School into the present century.

Adam Chaddock was a churchwarden at Leigh in 1601, and Thomas was buried there in 1607.

The Will of John Chaddock, 1627

John Chaddock was buried on 17th January 1627. He made provision for his widow, Ellen, who was to keep Gervase Chaddock, kinsman, in meat and drink, as long as he was obedient to her. If she did not keep him, he was to have 40 shillings at his parting from her. The part of Chaddock Hall assigned to her was to be sufficiently repaired. John Chaddock left his eldest son, Thomas, 20 shillings per year until he reached the age of 21, and he bequeathed the same to Thomas

Johnson, minister of Ellenbrook, towards the maintenance of the ministry of Ellenbrook chapel until his eldest son reached 21 years. The executors were also enjoined to share with Thomas Mort of Astley the deficit in the minister's salary for the past six months. The executors were Ellen, the widow, and John Kemp of Worsley, to whom John Chaddock left 20 shillings. Chaddock settled Oliver Fold, except five fields (Highfield, Briery Acre, Pingot, Black Acre and the Croft), then all in Chaddock hands, for the benefit of persons named in his will. He had bought from Robert Sutton certain other lands, and one of these, Bymore Meadow, was to go to Ellen, then to John, the younger son, who was to have the rest of the Sutton estate, but who was to pay his brother, Thomas, £130 in satisfaction. All Chaddock's servants received six shillings and eight pence at his death. By a codicil he gave his son, John, a greater twenty piece of gold and three lesser pieces of gold, which were found to be in a round box in his ark. If the widowed mother parted with her tuitional rights over her elder son, then John, the younger, was to have the Long Riding, the Lower Riding and the Little Marled Earth, estimated at seven and a half acres until Thomas reached 21. There exists an inventory of all the goods of John Chaddock, made on 25th January 1627.

In 1629, Hyndforth (Hindsford) bridge, made of wood, was being replaced with a stone structure. A petition was gathered, requesting that the old planks from Hindsford bridge be used to repair a bridge, possibly Parr Bridge, at Mosley Common. Among the signatures was that of Ellen Chaddock of Chaddock Hall.

On 20th February 1641, John Atherton convened all men aged over 18 in Shakerley-cum-Tyldesley to Leigh church, to administer the Oath of Protestation. This was not concerned with religion, but was a protest against the government by the gentry. Among those present were Thomas and John Chaddock. In 1680, a Thomas Chaddock Jnr. witnessed the will of James Parr, a chapman who specialised in soap manufacture.

The Will of John Chaddock, the Younger, 1654

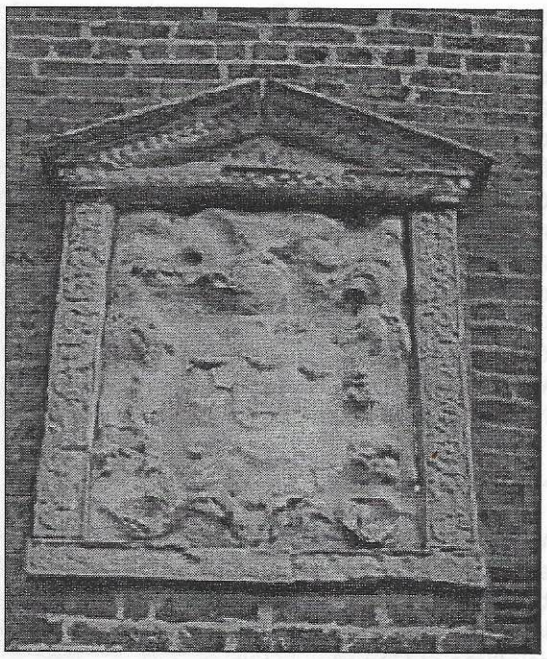
The younger John Chaddock, whose father died in 1627, himself died in 1654. He read his will to witnesses standing round his deathbed. He gave the lease of Oliver Fold to his nephew, John, then turning to Thomas Coupe, who stood beside him, he said that the debt he owed was some four or five shillings short of £10. To John Mann he left a suit and ten shillings. He forgave the debts of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Jane Holcroft, and left everything else equally to his brother's children, Thomas, John, Anne, Elizabeth and Emma. He asked Geoffrey Shakerley and Adam Mort to be executors. As it was during the Commonwealth period (the period of a republic in Britain from 1649 to 1660), these two had to burden themselves with the probate of the will in person at Westminster; this was on 29th March 1654. In token of his gratitude for the expense and trouble they would incur, he gave to Geoffrey, the royalist, his belt and rapier, and to Adam, his watch.

Other families sometimes lived at the Hall; they may have been servants or tenants. Geoffrey Holcroft was buried at Leigh from there in 1665, and in 1683 Thomas Haughton was living there. Roger Lowe, the diarist, mentions John Chaddock who was lying ill at Mr. Whitehead's in Astley on 12th April 1663.

Thomas Chaddock and the Arms of Chaddock

A pedigree given by Thomas Chaddock to Dugdale (the heraldic officer) on his visitation of 1664 records five generations. Thomas Chaddock was aged 24 at the time of this visitation. He was the son of Thomas Chaddock (died about 1644) and Jane Tonge, and he was the great-grandson of an elder Thomas Chaddock. Thomas entered his arms at the time of this visitation: eight martlets (heraldic birds, derived from the French word for a swift - *martinet*); gules (red background); an escutcheon argent (a white shield), charged with a cross of the field (a cross in the field colour,

red); within an orle (border) of martlets of the second (birds of the second colour, white). Thomas Chaddock was asked to provide evidence of his family's right to use these arms, but no further entry was made to the official records, suggesting that no such proof was presented. Thus there is no authorised Chaddock coat of arms on official record (see Chapter 4 of this booklet for more detail).



Nevertheless, the arms of Thomas Chaddock continued to be used at Chaddock Hall, and they are to be found on a stone plaque on the wall of the barn at Chaddock Hall. The plaque, now severely weathered, is pictured to the right. The coat of arms is now barely visible in the centre, though the outline of the shield with three martlets above may be recognised.

A variation on the coat of arms is found in stained glass on a window in the west wing of the Hall; the glass dates from around 1931 and has the initials of the then-owner of Chaddock Hall, Harry Crow. The coat of arms in Mr Crow's window has black crows instead of martlets (see Chapter 5 of this booklet for a picture).

Thomas Chaddock took his sons, William, Joseph and Benjamin to be baptised at Leigh in 1674, 1677 and 1680. The spelling in these entries marks the end of the old pronunciation of Chaydock, and Chaddock henceforth becomes general. Thomas had a servant, Daniel Askew, who was involved in affiliation proceedings (a paternity case) with Margery Aldred in 1677. He was unable to obtain any sureties for his appearance at Wigan sessions, and was sent to gaol at Lancaster. While there he asked for his clothes to be forwarded on, and also for twenty shillings wages which his master owed him. It was said that he was likely to perish for want of food.

In 1696 the men of Tyldesley-cum-Shakerley were convened to swear an oath of loyalty to King William III. Sixty-five took the Association Oath, administered by the constables of the township. The list shows only one inhabitant from the former prominent families, Thomas Chaddock. Other families, including the Tyldesleys, were no longer eminent in the locality.

In 1713, the same Thomas Chaddock encroached onto Mosley Common. He was given permission to enclose eight acres at the west of the common. The application had been opposed by Mr. Radcliffe and Mr. Parr, but Chaddock was also given permission to have the benefit of coal turfs in his intake upon the payment of one shilling per year rent to Radcliffe and Parr. In 1711, Thomas Chaddock had been an overseer of the will of Oliver Thomasson of Oliver Fold, and was bequeathed ten shillings for his pains.

Thomas Chaddock sent his namesake son to Brasenose College, Oxford, where he became B.A.. This younger Thomas Chaddock became Vicar of Eccles in 1692; he died in 1723, leaving an only daughter, Grace.

Grace Chaddock and the Sale of the Estate to Samuel Clowes

Grace Chaddock was the only daughter of Thomas Chaddock, Vicar of Eccles, who died in 1723. Grace married Miles Barrett, curate of Astley chapel, who died before 1728. On 1st October 1728 she mortgaged Chaddock, its lands, and two messuages to Joseph Byrom of Manchester. For her second husband, Grace married Jacob Marland, and on 25th September 1731 they sold Chaddock Hall, its windmill, and the two farms of Oliverson's and Thomason's to Samuel Clowes of Manchester for £700; also included were eight cottages and land belonging to them. Oliver's and Thomason's had been mortgaged to for £100, with interest, and in 1731 £108 was due. They could not pay, so it was agreed that Clowes should pay them £580, and take possession of the folds and the windmill, which was in the Tyldesley portion of Boothstown village, and all the mines of coal in Tyldesley within the Warrington school lands, with rights over the coal from these mines. The only exceptions to the transfer of rights to Samuel Clowes were a lease of 99 years made in 1690 by Thomas Chaddock and John Chaddock (his son) to Richard Battersbie for a cottage; a similar lease of 1691 to Richard Hey; and a lease of 1725 by Miles Barrett, husband of Grace, to James Hope for one ancient fee farm, for which £50 per year was to be paid to Samuel Clowes. The cottages at the time of the sale were occupied by George Higson, Margaret Bate, William Hey, James Hope (the farmer), Edmund Cheetham, Mary Hilton, William Boyd, Ellen Mort, Peter Hope, Henry Mather and James Grundy.

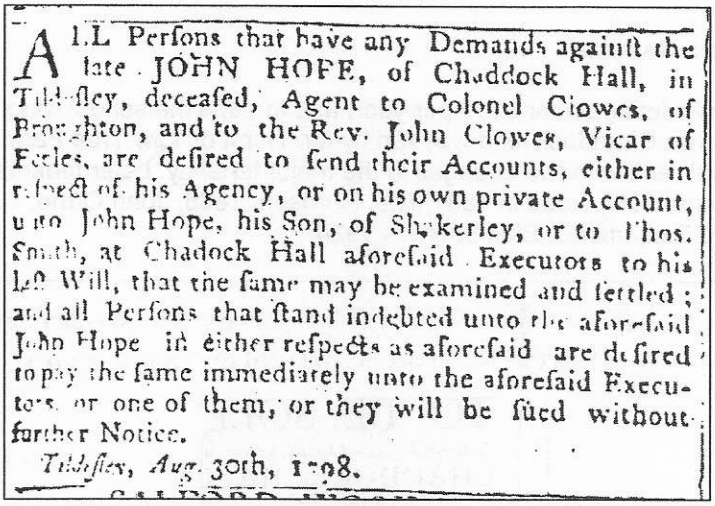
Jacobite Rebellion

William Bretark, relative on his mother's side of the family owning Chaddock Hall, at 18 years of age joined the Young Pretender's rebellion (1745) with two deacons of Astley church. They were taken to London and tried. One of the deacons was hanged. There exists a letter from 40 years later, when Bretark was evidently on a sugar plantation, in which he asks for information about his relatives at Chaddock Hall.

Smiths of Chaddock and Sale to Ellesmere Estate

Clowes let Chaddock Hall on 25th September 1731. In 1742 John Hope paid six shillings poor rate. When Clowes died in 1773 he left Chaddock and other local estates to his grandson, who was also called Samuel. The inscription "S.C. 1780", presumably referring to Samuel Clowes, is on the south downspout of the east wing, and suggests alterations to the building. The Chaddock estate was valued in 1795, and a breakdown of the valuation exists.

John Hope died at Chaddock in 1798; he had an interest in Shakerley Colliery, which he left to his son, also John, and to his son-in-law, Thomas Smith. The following announcement in respect of the estate of the lately deceased John Hope appeared in Harrop's Manchester Mercury on 4 September 1798:



ALL Perſons that have any Demands againſt the late JOHN HOPE, of Chaddock Hall, in Tyldeſley, deceaſed, Agent to Colonel Clowes, of Broughton, and to the Rev. John Clowes, Vicar of Eccles, are deſired to ſend their Accounts, either in reſpect of his Agency, or on his own private Account, unto John Hope, his Son, of Shakerley, or to Thos. Smith, at Chadock Hall aforeſaid Executors to his laſt Will, that the ſame may be examined and ſettled; and all Perſons that ſtand indebted unto the aforeſaid John Hope in either reſpects as aforeſaid are deſired to pay the ſame immediately unto the aforeſaid Executors, or one of them, or they will be ſued without further Notice.

Tyldeſley, Aug. 30th, 1798.

In 1810 Chaddock was bought by Robert Haldane Bradshaw, Superintendent of the Bridgewater Trust, which led to Chaddock becoming part of the Ellesmere estates, with its sale to Lord Francis Egerton in 1835. Bradshaw also purchase Booths and numerous other local estates. He paid Clowes £47,000 in total. At this time Chaddock extended to 50 Cheshire acres; it included Oliverson's and Coupe's farms, Hampson's at Mosley Common, a smithy at Stirrup Brook, two pews in Astley chapel, and one in Leigh church, and a chief rent of one pound thirteen shillings and three pence. At some time after 1722, certain chief quit rents, part of the Tyldesley Manor assigned to Wardley, had been acquired by the Clowes of Chaddock. This gave a manorial dignity to Chaddock, and the conveyance of 1810 describes the capital messuage of Chaddock as 'the manor, lordship and reputed lordship of Tyldesley'.

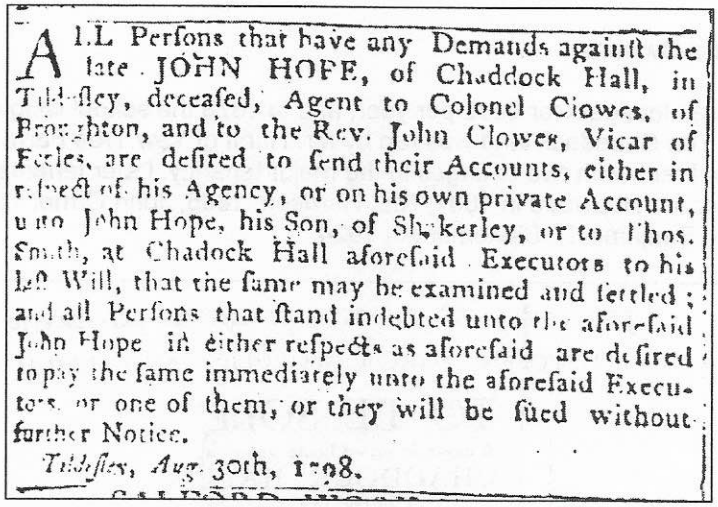
Ann Smith of Chaddock Hall was left a mourning ring in the will of Samuel Arrowsmith. In 1825 a cotton manufacturer, J. Smith, was living at Chaddock Hall. In 1838, Robert Smith of the Delph Mill in Boothstown was the tenant of Lord Francis Egerton (later 1st Earl of Ellesmere). He was still there in August 1847, when Mrs. Whistler visited the Smiths for the second time; she had previously visited in 1830. An extract from the diary of Mrs. Anna McNeill Whistler, mother of the American artist James Abbott McNeill Whistler forms Chapter 2 of this booklet.

School for Young Ladies

In the early 1850s, four Gretton sisters established at Chaddock a school for young ladies. Mrs. Gretton paid £100 rent in 1869. In addition to 22 pupils, aged from 8 to 19, with an average age of 13, mainly from Lancashire, plus one from Cheshire and one from Leeds. The 1861 census records the names of various schoolmistresses, governesses and domestic staff. These included the schoolmistresses Eliza Gretton, aged 44 and Margaret Gretton, aged 36. Also present were Dorothy Tomkies, a widow and governess, aged 41, and Dora Tomkies, aged 11.

Part of the records of Mrs. Ada Ryan, nee Tomkies, dated 3rd May 1927 state:

> *The Gretton grandparents lived on the estate of Dower House "Grove Cottage" [no record of this place, but see the section headed The Old House Next Door in Chapter 5 of this booklet], which had 8 or 9 rooms. They had 6 daughters and 2 sons. When one of Dorothy Tomkies's sons was a boy he used to stay at Grove Cottage and at the Hall during school holidays. The aunts taught until they felt the call of years. Then they closed the school and lived on at the Hall. This school closing was also influenced by Aunt Eliza getting married again to Dr. Hewlett, DD [later vicar of Astley], and lived [sic] near Aunt Mary at Hounslow.*



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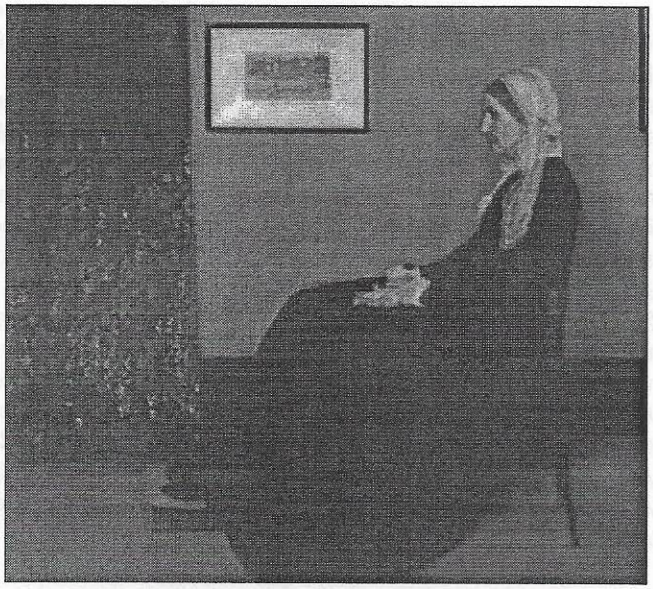
> *The Gretton grandparents lived on the estate of Dower House "Grove Cottage" [no record of this place, but see the section headed The Old House Next Door in Chapter 5 of this booklet], which had 8 or 9 rooms. They had 6 daughters and 2 sons. When one of Dorothy Tomkies's sons was a boy he used to stay at Grove Cottage and at the Hall during school holidays. The aunts taught until they felt the call of years. Then they closed the school and lived on at the Hall. This school closing was also influenced by Aunt Eliza getting married again to Dr. Hewlett, DD [later vicar of Astley], and lived [sic] near Aunt Mary at Hounslow.*

2. Mrs. Whistler's Diary: Chaddock Hall, 1847

James Abbott McNeill Whistler (1834-1903) was an American painter who moved to Paris in 1855, then to England in 1859. He was influenced by oriental art, and specialised in portraits and landscapes dominated by just one or two colours. One of his most famous works (shown below) is his Arrangement in Grey and Black: Portrait of the Painter's Mother *(1871), which now hangs in Paris. The subject of the painting, Mrs. Anna McNeill Whistler, kept a diary while living in St. Petersburg (1843-1849), where her husband, Major George Washington Whistler, was supervising the construction of the St. Petersburg to Moscow railway. In the summer of 1847, Mrs. Whistler visited England, using Preston as her home, and travelling around Lancashire. The following is an extract from that diary, and describes the visit of Mrs. Whistler and her sons to Chaddock Hall, Boothstown.*



I should have sought a seaside retreat immediately, but an invitation to visit my friends at Chaddock Hall first induced me on Wednesday 14th inst to set out from Preston with my sister Alicia and boys by the 4 O'clock train. We reached Astley in an hour and found a cart awaiting our luggage and old Peter coming forward from the pony phaeton to meet us. But my adventurous boys must have surprised Miss Smith's steady old coach man for he was scarcely off his seat ere they occupied it and had reins and whip in hand. Even I, accustomed as I am to their sudden movements, was astounded, and as the pony's head was turned towards Chaddock I almost expected he would take them there without us. Old Peter laughed good humouredly, and restored order. He is a great contrast to George at Preston certainly, for he allowed the young mad caps to drive by turns, notwithstanding their having attempted it before asking permission.

Cordial was the welcome awaiting our arrival at the old hall from Mr. Robert Smith, my dear friend Anne, and her two sweet nieces and protegies, Mary and Bessie, whom I had not seen since they were little girls, for 17 years had elapsed since my last visit to Chaddock. In that time they had lost their parents, and they reward Aunt Anne for every sacrifice she has made to devote herself to them by contributing as they do every hour now to her comfort. Bessie, the youngest, looks too frail to endure the storms of an earthly pilgrimage, those she has known have depressed her young buoyancy of spirit, and she is habitually pensive. I saw many proofs of her deep piety during the week I was at Chaddock, and believe Mary to be equally pious, though her firmer health yields her a stock of cheerfulness. She would be in her sphere as a clergyman's wife in

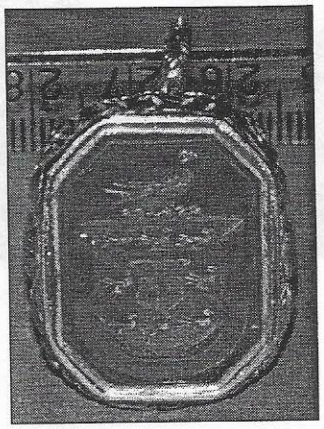
some village, for these dear girls shrink from the bustle of a town life. They go hand in hand as Aunt Anne's housekeepers alternately, or in works of charity. Their recreations are reading aloud to her, or to each other, over embroidery, or Bessie's wax flower making. But I observed they began every day directly after breakfast by the study of God's word, they regularly retired to their own room together to read from the same bible, and it was the last subject with the trio before retiring at night. If I had lost my full appreciation of the value of time in a four years' absence from a land of gospel light, I have been brought to reflection by the example of these conscientious young disciples.

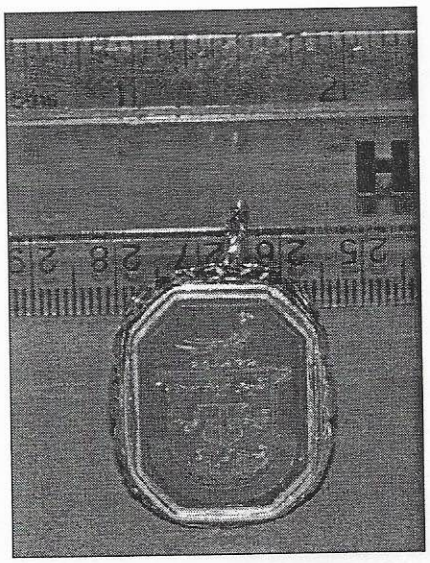
How very often I wished dear Debo had been with us that week at Chaddock. The country around it tho so entirely unlike Kirby Lonsdale was as charming to me. We were favoured in a continuance of fine, bright weather for daily walks or drives. It is a fine farming district, and a plain so very extensive would perhaps have wanted for variety but for the shades of green in the newly mown fields, contrasting with waving wheat, barley and oats, with their rich hawthorn hedges separating them, and the quantity of woodland interspersed. The trees are many of them very large, and with the help of fancy I could imagine the ocean in the distance, for the tallest looked like a fleet in the distance. Often in our rambles we would see partridges or rabbits or pheasants, for the Earl of Ellesmere has much game on his estate, and all the neighbourhood around Chaddock Hall is his property. Himself and his Countess are deservedly beloved for they are promoters of improvement in the condition of the poor all around here. He has built a new castle at Worsley since I first knew the neighbourhood, and the prettiest new church [St. Mark's] within walking distance of it I ever examined. It was at evening service there my boys discovered the preacher, by his earnestness and idiom, to be Irish, but Mary Smith had interested me so much in the rightful and youthful incumbent [not Vincent Beechey, who was the first vicar to have the living (in 1850), but one of the four temporary clerics between 1846 and 1850] that I cannot help wishing his health may be restored, and that the temporary pastor may preach the word in some other parish. It is a nephew of Mrs. Sherwood who was first appointed to the Earl of Ellesmere's chapel, but premonitory symptoms of consumption have driven him to the south of Europe, for this year she engaged the heart of an orphan who was in her voyage from India bereft of all her natural protectors by shipwreck. Her father's wealth was in the English funds. May she have the open hand of charity to secure her a heavenly interest, from all I learn of the ladies of Ellesmere she will have good examples.

We had been within the pretty chapel during one of our strolls in the week, and I had observed a printed notice in each pew, requesting all the congregation to unite in the devotions, their responses and if possible singing the praises of God. And as we entered on Sunday evening, just after the service commenced, it seemed one burst of praise. The seats were all free, and all were filled. We had some of us driven in the pony phaeton, so Anne, my sister and I walked home with Mr. Robert, and Bessie took my boys in the carriage. I was not fatigued, tho' my boys had gone to their nest when we reached Chaddock, for Jemie had walked both morning and afternoon to the Ellesmere Chapel, one and a quarter miles distant, and I had desired they should wait to bid me goodnight after my experiment. The air is certainly better for me at Chaddock than here at the Ocean, but my boys enjoy the bathing, and I hope it may be for their good we came hither.

3. The Story of the Chaddock Seal

In 1946, Captain Geoffrey Hillyar-Russ purchased an intriguing ornamental seal from a London junk shop. He had just recently returned to finish his doctoral course at university after a six year interruption caused by war service with the British Army (during the course of which he had met and married a New Zealand Army Nurse). Desperately short of cash, and with his young son Peter to feed, it is likely that his wife was not entirely happy with this purchase, which set the family finances back 10 shillings – a significant sum in those times.

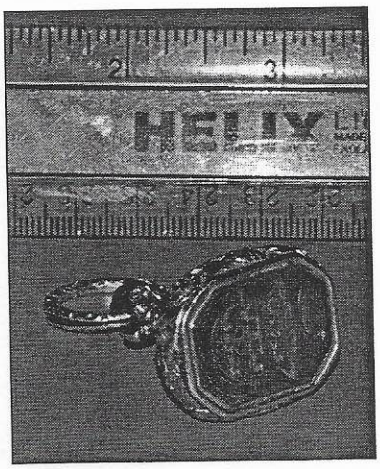


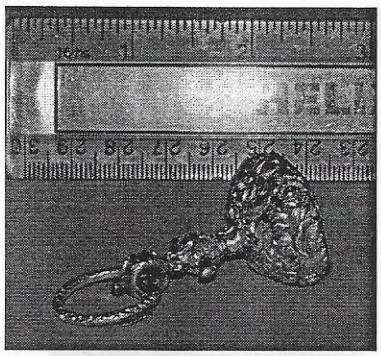


In 1993, some time after Geoffrey had passed away, his son Peter investigated the coat of arms represented on the seal at the College of Arms in London. Informally he learned that the arms appeared to be those of the family Chaddock, of Chaddock in Lancashire. By this time the former hamlet of Chaddock had ceased to be regarded as a place in its own right, and Peter was unable to find Chaddock on a map of the county. It was not until April of 1998 that he discovered there was a Chaddock Lane in Astley, near Tyldesley, and in May of 1998 found the history of Chaddock Hall (recounted in Chapter 1 of this booklet) on the Boothstown Internet web site. It was by this connection that Peter contacted Tony Smith of Boothstown, and later Craig Chaddock of San Diego and Rob Chaddock of Cheshire.

Peter learned of the Chaddock Genealogy web site, managed by Craig, and although the seal was a valuable memento to his father, Peter, along with his sister Antonia, felt the it should once again be a part of Chaddock family history.

In November of 1998, the seal was presented to the family of Rob Chaddock in the UK. In return, a donation was made to Episcopal Community Services in San Diego in memory of Captain Geoffrey Hillyar-Russ.





The seal, believed to be 18th century in origin, is gold plated, with the coat of arms engraved in reverse on a stone of agate. One could speculate from the requirements of the day, that it was likely the possession of a clergyman. This might suggest that it once belonged to Grace Chaddock, the last Chaddock occupant of Chaddock Hall, whose father Thomas Chaddock (died 1723) was the Vicar of Eccles.

4. The Arms of Chaddock

The following is an extract from a letter from the College of Arms in London in February 1999 to Mr Rob Chaddock, received in reply to a query about the origins and validity of the Chaddock Coat of Arms, as found on the Chaddock Seal (impression pictured left) and in various places at Chaddock Hall.

The official records of the College of Arms contain only one reference to any family of Chaddock (in any likely spelling). This is an entry in the office copy of the Heralds' Visitation of Lancashire 1664-65, consisting of a five-generation pedigree dated 23 September 1664 and headed by Thomas Chaddock of Chaddock, in the Hundred of Derby in that county. His grandson Thomas Chaddock of Chaddock (died about 1644) married Jane Tonge, and had two sons and three daughters. At the time of the Visitation, the elder son Thomas was aged 24; the younger son John Chaddock of Leigh was then aged 22, married with a nine-month old son named Thomas.

They were using the Arms **Gules within an Orle of Martlets an Escutcheon Argent charged with a Cross Gules** together with the Crest **A Martlet Argent**. However, a note written below the drawing reads "Respite given for proofe of these Armes" (in the original draft of the pedigree, a similar note reads "The proofe of these Armes are respited till next Terme".) This is of some significance, because it means that the family was unable to establish a right to the Arms and Crest, and time was therefore given for the production of evidence of such entitlement. No subsequent addition was made to this entry, which suggests that no evidence was ever submitted.

It is therefore apparent that the Arms and Crest on the seal were being used in the 17th century by the family of Chaddock of Chaddock, but without authority; also that no other Chaddock family can be found registered here at any time, This means that there is no authorised Chaddock coat on official record, and it would not be possible for any Chaddock to prove a right to Arms by descent.

As well as the rough draft and the office copy of the 1664-65 Visitation, our library contains a volume of papers relating to the Visitation - warrants, lists of names of local gentry, correspondence and so on - but it has neither an index nor a table of

contents and would take some time to examine thoroughly. A brief search of the papers has revealed no further information about the Chaddock family.

The 1664-65 Lancashire Visitation was transcribed and printed by the Chetham Society in 1872. [The relevant page showing the Chaddock pedigree] matches the pedigree on official record, apart from one or two minor differences. However, as no indication is given that the family was unable to establish its right to the Arms and Crest, it wrongly implies that they did.

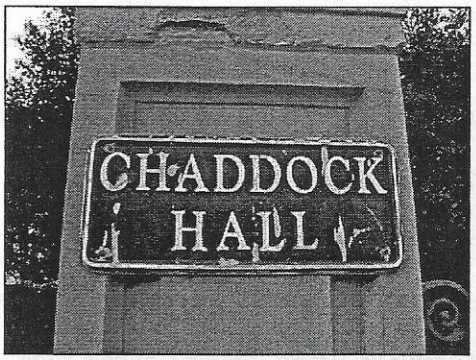
As you know, Burke's The General Armory (1884) lists the Arms and Crest from the Lancashire Visitation for "Chadock". It attributes the same Arms with a very similar Crest to "Chadwick or Chadock (Cornwall)", but there is no entry for "Chaddock". I should perhaps explain that *The General Armory* is concerned with heraldic usage rather than with strict entitlement.

I also made a search in our official records to see whether the Arms on the seal were registered here for any other family, but I could find nothing other than the unauthorised usage recorded in the Lancashire Visitation. With the inescuthceon plain the Arms are on record here in a variety of colours for families of Brownlow, Chadwick of Lancashire (an extensive pedigree registered in 1778 shows their descent from Nicholaus de Chadwyk who held land in Rochdale in the late 14th century), Chidcock Enfield, Erpingham, Genney, Maydwell, Rashedale and Smalpage. With a different object or objects on the inescutcheon, the Arms are on record for families of Bagnoll, Bolling, Bowater, Maidenwell, Vaux and Wayer.

It is possible that the Visitation family of Chaddock had adopted the Arms of Chadwick since the names are so similar; but altered the design by adding a cross to the inescutcheon.

5. Memories of 50 Years at Chaddock Hall
By Derrick Cunliffe

Introduction

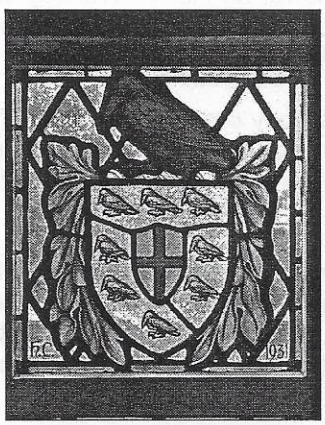


In helping to compile the history of Chaddock Hall and the Chaddock estate from the 13th century to the mid-20th century, told in the first chapter of this booklet, I realised that my experiences in over half a century at Chaddock should be added to this chronicle. Of all the residents of Chaddock Hall over several hundred years, my family has probably witnessed the greatest change in the surrounding area. But the sense of history associated with the Hall remains undiminished, and its unique character has become more marked with the industrialisation and suburbanisation of the surrounding villages in recent decades.

Before We Arrived

In 1923 the Chaddock estate, along with the other lands around Worsley belonging to the 4th Earl of Ellesmere, was taken into the ownership of the new Bridgewater Estates Ltd. At this time the area around Chaddock Hall was largely undeveloped. The construction of the East Lancashire Road was a decade away; there was little housing in the immediate vicinity, and certainly no industry (though there had been coal pits locally in the 19th century). The Holy Family R.C. school and chapel, a short distance along Chaddock Lane, had yet to be superseded by the new church (built in 1930) and the modern school (built in the 1950s, and subsequently extended greatly).

In 1930 Chaddock Hall was purchased by Mr Harry Crow, who ran a chain of jewellery shops in local towns. He undertook a number of improvements to the house. When he learned that the internal balcony of Eccles Parish Church was being demolished, Mr Crow, an Eccles man, brought the main oak beam to Chaddock Hall. He used it in the drawing room to support the first floor, and was thus able to remove rubble fill-in which had been left there when the old east wing of the Hall was demolished in 1878.



Mr Crow also replaced many of the window frames, and installed a new oak door at the front of the house. He left behind a small stained-glass window on the west wall which contained his own version of the Chaddock coat of arms: instead of a shield containing eight martlets (the heraldic birds), his crest incorporated eight crows, surmounted by a larger crow. At the bottom of the window is the inscription *HC 1931*.

It was during Mr Crow's time at Chaddock Hall that the new East Lancashire Road, connecting Liverpool and Manchester, was constructed. Opened by King George V on 18 July 1934, the new road bisected Chaddock Lane, a short distance to the east of Chaddock Hall. A roundabout was constructed at the junction of Chaddock Lane and the East Lancashire Road opposite the Queen's Arms inn; it has long been replaced by a major traffic light junction.

Before the end of the decade, Mr Crow sold the house to a Major Hutchinson. The clouds of war were by now gathering, and the following is taken from an unknown newspaper, dated 17 May 1938:

> *"In these days of air raid precautions the older homes of England have a grim advantage over the modern chromium-plate equipped villas which builders advertise. The one where occupants used to defend themselves with bows and arrows, swords, and later guns, still has its large strong cellars, easily convertible today to gas-proof rooms as defence against attack. In the other you must use the dining-room or lounge.*
>
> *"But some old homes have advantages less grim. In fact they are very exciting. There is Chaddock Hall, Tyldesley, one of the oldest halls in Lancashire, where Mrs Hutchinson, whose husband is the electrical engineer for the Farnworth Urban District Council, lives with her family.*
>
> *"Chaddock Hall today has all the newest electrical equipment which the wife of an electrical engineer and which she, as chairman of the Farnworth Electrical Association for Women, should have. Yet the modern is cleverly concealed to make comfortable the old and picturesque.*
>
> *"Chaddock Hall of course has its ghost, though stories of it vary so much Mrs Hutchinson discredits all. One says the ghost appears in a cupboard which used to be a passage between what are now the dining-room and music room. It is the ghost of a woman who lived several hundred years ago. Chaddock Hall foundations go back to 1332, the present building bears the dates 1698 and 1721, so the ghost would have a shock if she appeared today and saw the xylophone and other modern musical instruments in the music room!*
>
> *"Outside the building are large brick acorns which signify that at the time of Charles I, Chaddock Hall was in the hands of Jacobites, who thus showed allegiance to the king who hid in an oak tree.*
>
> *"Early history includes the story of the three Chaddock sons, Thomas, Piers and James, who in 1547 'were summoned to the Duchy chamber to answer Sir Robert Worsley of the Booths, knt., for breaking into his haybarn, taking a tame deer and conveying it to the house of Sir John Atherton, knt., at Lostock, where they killed and ate it.'*
>
> *"Crime becomes romantic with age. I do not know whether they like deer flesh still at Chaddock, but if they do it will be cooked by electric heating power, just as their bread is toasted by electric power, just as their waffler, their coffee percolator, their soldering iron, their lighting, are all electric."*

It seems strange today that within living memory electricity was once thought so remarkable, but that is one sign of how rapidly and how profoundly times have changed. I am not sure whether the acorns were really a Jacobite symbol, or merely a piece of ornamentation added years later, but I can say that like Mrs Hutchinson I have never seen a ghost in over 50 years at Chaddock Hall.

Major Hutchinson did make part of the cellar, where a coal shute came down from the yard, into an air-raid shelter. He built a brick partition with a small iron door that could be closed or opened by two long levers. He invited his neighbours to share it in the event of danger from the skies above. It has been said that from the cellar of Chaddock Hall there was a secret tunnel to the relative safety of the bleak Chat Moss, and that this could have been used in the event of an invasion. Shortly after the war, however, my father investigated the rumours of a tunnel, but nothing hollow was found underground beyond the cellar.

There have always been rumours of a secret tunnel joining Chaddock Hall and Morleys Hall, despite Morleys being situated some two miles to the west. Morleys Hall was indeed used for secret Roman Catholic services in the 17th century, when the celebrants included the martyr Ambrose Barlow. Barlow himself would flee Morleys Hall to Chat Moss in the event of danger. It is believed that Chaddock Hall may have been one of the many local halls used by Ambrose Barlow for his meetings.

My Family Acquires Chaddock Hall

Early in 1945 a *For Sale* notice went up near the gate-posts of Chaddock Hall, as Major and Mrs Hutchinson wished to retire to Anglesey. Thus I was just 9 years old when I visited the house for the first time with my parents, and Major Hutchinson charmed us with music at the grand piano in the lounge. My only other memory of that visit is of the music room, which was so cluttered that we could hardly peep through the open door.

My family consisted of my parents, Jack and Dorothy Cunliffe, my younger brother, Bernard, and myself. Before we moved to Chaddock Hall, we lived at Ellesmere Park, Eccles. My mother, whose maiden name was Lyle, was a member of the Bradburn Eccles Cake family, and she had lived in Eccles all her life. Father's parents, when he was a boy, moved from Irlams o'th'Height to a house facing the Lyle family home.

My father bought Chaddock Hall for £2,500, but this was on the condition that he should also take over the Major's unenviable role as District Commissioner for the Boy Scouts of Farnworth. Fortunately my father was a keen scouter, with a well-trained troop that had manned a first-aid post for part of Eccles throughout the war.

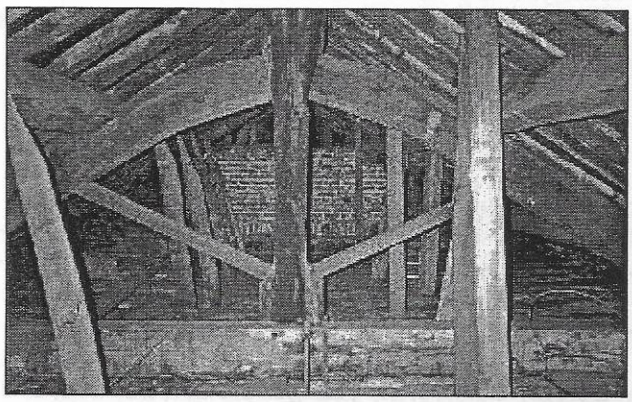
My family had a connection with the Chaddock area before we moved to Chaddock Hall. Father had been a partner in a medium-sized factory, Astley Process Co., since 1939. The works was on the Astley/Tyldesley boundary, a short distance from Chaddock Hall, along Chaddock Lane. The business was engraving for calico printers, and survived the war by engraving accurate markings on circular pieces of brass to make dials, mainly for submarines. Astley itself was mainly by-passed on our Friday market-day trips to Tyldesley, where we would collect the wages from Barclay's Bank. Father knew the inside of the Star and Garter Hotel, and he would exchange paperback novels at the market in front of the hotel for my grandfather, who lived in the North Wales countryside.

After moving to Chaddock we tended to go back to Worsley and Eccles, back to our roots so to speak. Although mother used her bicycle to go shopping in Boothstown, it was not long before she borrowed the Morris 10 car to return to her more familiar haunts in Eccles and Monton, and on Thursday and Saturday evenings she would go to play golf or bridge at Worsley Golf Club.

At the first opportunity of obtaining a larger ration of petrol, Father had his sporty Sunbeam back on the road. He had to visit Manchester at least every Tuesday and Thursday to meet customers at their offices, and occasionally he would visit their works in various parts of Lancashire and Cheshire.

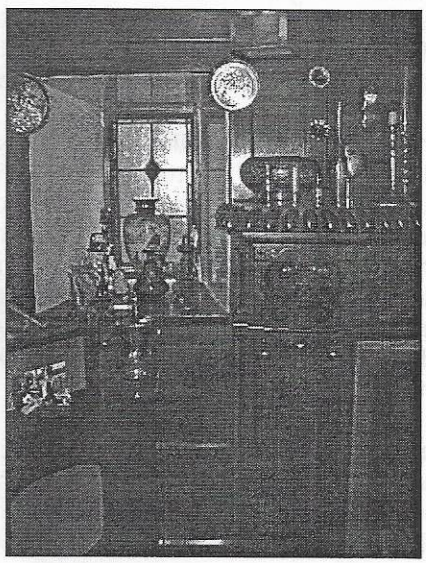
Renovations

We were unable to move into Chaddock Hall immediately upon the departure of the Hutchinsons in September 1946 because a good deal of work was necessary in the house. A decade of dry-rot and woodworm had taken its toll, and was still wreaking havoc. However, my father was able to call on the services of three skilled men, who had returned from war service, and a labourer . All the floor-boards were taken up, and the unsound ones replaced; the whole of the second floor - the attic - was completely relaid with new floor-boards. The floor of the centre bedroom sloped precariously towards the window at the front; this was because of rot in a pine beam that had been installed when the bay window beneath was built in the Victorian period.



Over the years rubbish had accumulated under the floors, and lorry loads were taken away. A great deal of plaster was coming away from the walls, though much was held together by many layers of wallpaper. When the plaster was removed the oldest part of the house was revealed: this was in the centre of the building, where an oak timber-frame wall rose to form a sturdy arched crux, ending in the loft. Centuries ago there would have been no ceilings to the upper floors, and therefore no loft. This timber frame contains the original wattle and daub to form the wall.

While renovation work was being undertaken at Chaddock Hall, the New Hall at Worsley was in the process of being demolished. Built for the 1st Earl of Ellesmere, Lord Francis Egerton, in the 1840s, it had been allowed to fall into disrepair between the wars, when most of the furniture had been removed. Its last role had been as a base for American service personnel in the 1940s, and America was the destination for many of the hall's fixtures, such as carved stone, stairways, doors and marble fire-places. My father visited the demolition work and noticed the one and only oak wood fire-place. The demolition firm was running out of time to dismantle and ship the fire-place, and was planning to bury it among the rubble. So my father paid £5 for it, and had it removed to Chaddock Hall, where it remains today making a fine centre-piece in the lounge.



Moving In

The work on the house took the best part of a year to complete, and at night there was a rota of Rover Scouts to sleep in and ward off vandals and intruders. When we moved into Chaddock on a sunny day in June 1947 the aroma of creosote and fresh paint was all-pervading. The rooms

seemed large and spartan, with rugs or carpets in the middle, and the furniture from our Eccles home looked rather lost. The kitchen, particularly, appeared vast. We ate our meals there, but when winter approached we had our breakfasts in the warmer scullery near the gas cooker - unlike Mrs Hutchinson, my mother preferred gas for cooking. Gas fittings were installed in all the ground-floor rooms, so that apart from gas fires there were gas pokers for lighting solid fuel. The Hutchinsons left behind a washing machine, which we used for years, and a rotary ironing machine, which was often tried, though hand-irons heated on the fire were more practical.

Because we had left a house with smaller rooms, we used the music room, which we now called the snug, as our sitting-room. The larger lounge was used when my grandparents came to stay. We eventually mastered the knack of keeping the fire lit in the large fire-place from the New Hall, and we began to use the lounge more frequently, particularly after 1950 when our first television set was installed there.

The joiner stayed behind for some months finishing off various jobs. The labourer, Mr Jack Lee from Leigh, spent the rest of his working life with us at Chaddock, well into the 1970s when age began to get the better of him. He had been a coal miner, working in dangerous conditions, and was glad to be able to work away from the pits. He had hands like hams, and was a marvellous character. He arrived early six days a week and, as was the norm in those days, worked half a day on Saturdays. His first task was always to rake out the fire-grates and prepare fresh fires. Coal was used to start the fires, then coke from the gas works was added, or sometimes blocks of peat.

The early years bring back memories of clanking shoes and boots on the floor-boards, and of running around with buckets of coal or coke to keep the fires burning in the winter. If someone was ill in bed, or if grandparents came to visit, then a bedroom fire was lit. Winters were cold, and Jack Frost made wonderful patterns on most of the windows.

Every spring for the first ten years, my mother insisted on a thorough spring-clean of the whole house. With an odd day off now and then, she had us turn out one room at a time. The carpets and rugs were taken onto the front lawn and given a good beating by Jack Lee, and before they were re-laid a moth repellent powder was sprinkled underneath. Every nook and cranny was cleaned and polished with the help of cleaning-ladies.

School Days

After the family moved to Chaddock Hall, I continued to go to school in Eccles. I caught a 28 bus to Worsley, then a number 9 or 15 from the Court House: these were the green double-deckers of Salford Corporation. The number 28 was often in the purple livery of Leigh, or the red of Lancashire United Transport. In those days the destination for the 28 bus was under the railway arches at Greengate, opposite Victoria Bus Station, where Salford meets Manchester. At this time there were still electric trolley buses running.

When I reached the age of 13 in 1949, having become tired of waiting for buses, I began cycling to school in Eccles. I rode via the East Lancashire Road, where the cycle paths in each direction started on the bridge over the mineral railway line opposite Mosley Common Colliery. The cycle paths were not well maintained, however, and it became safer to use the road. We left the East Lancashire Road at the Swinton junction, and travelled down Campbell Road, picking up a couple of school pals, then continuing over what used to be Swinton Fields into Eccles. Later I changed school in Eccles, and also changed my route, leaving the East Lancashire Road at Roe Green, and travelling over Worsley Golf Club to Monton and Eccles. In 1952 the school moved to Drywood Hall in Worsley, and became known as Bridgewater School. My cycling was therefore restricted to Leigh Road, through Boothstown, and on to the dangerous junction on Worsley Brow, opposite St Mark's church.

Boy Scouts

In August 1945, the 28th Eccles scout troop had to leave the spacious cellar HQ next door to our house at Ellesmere Park, and rented the old oil stores building alongside the canal at Worsley. The main meetings were held on Friday evenings, with a less formal meeting on Tuesdays. On top of this, Father had been persuaded to take on the task of Chief Warden of the newly established Middlewood Scout Camp at Worsley. This camp was run for scouts from Salford, Swinton, Stretford, Urmston, Farnworth and Eccles district associations, and was used mainly at weekends and in holiday periods. Added to these activities was Father's commitment as District Commissioner for Farnworth. He did not enjoy his experiences at Farnworth, where there were a number of local difficulties, and he was eventually able to pass on this responsibility.

As if Father did not see enough of scouting away from Chaddock, the house was open to scouts on Thursday and Saturday evenings, with senior scouts only on Sunday evenings. There were some hectic times, and between the ages of 13 and 18 I was happy to join in. It is a credit to the structure of the building and furniture that for 35 years lads of all sizes ran from room to room, playing table tennis in the kitchen, and games in the lounge and snug. In the light evenings there were games on the lawns, front and back, doors opening and slamming, and Chief (Father) barking orders here, there and everywhere. At least once a year in winter the kitchen was laid out with a long table covered in sheets, and the whole troop sat down to a hot-pot supper. This was prepared in four or five enamel bowls by Mr Prescott at his small bakery in Boothstown, on the corner of Victoria Street.

Mother took refuge playing bridge with friends and relations at the golf club, or at their homes. She even managed to play host at Chaddock a few times a year. I would not say there was talk of divorce at times, but it was agreed that Monday evenings should be boy scout free.

Harold Barlow and his brother at Scott House, Higher Green, Astley were our coal and peat merchants. A family of strict Methodists, they allowed no alcoholic drinks, no smoking, and certainly no swearing, though they heard plenty. Every year in August Harold drove the scouts to the annual troop camp at Sandiway, Preston Brook, or Tawd Vale near Parbold, in his open lorry. If it was raining a tarpaulin was rigged over the lads. He took them on the Saturday morning, and went back for them a week on Sunday in time to join them in their last cooked meal of the camp. The lads were well fed and looked after, with plenty of milk, eggs and potatoes from the nearby farm, and the local butchers were always generous when they saw scout uniforms. Father was the main organiser, with help from older Rover Scouts; each boy was charged ten shillings, and this always met the budget.

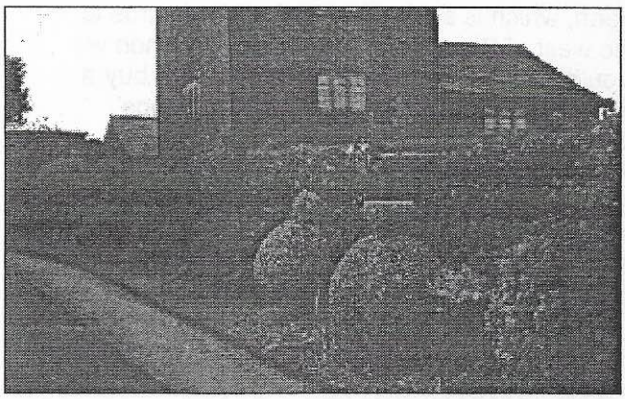
Mr Hurst of Chaddock Lane Farm

During the war years my father became friendly with Jack Hurst at Chaddock Lane Farm, which lay almost opposite Father's works. Jack had once been struck in the jaw by a cow in the milk shed. He never sought help for his broken or dislocated jaw, and it never healed, making speech difficult for him.

Despite rationing during the war and in the years that followed, it was legal to rear animals, in our case pigs, for slaughter and home consumption. Jack Hurst's younger brother, Dick, was a butcher in Tyldesley, so it was agreed that Jack would rear pigs for Dick to slaughter and butcher. The time for butchering did not occur until 1949, by which time we had come to live at Chaddock. I can well remember the large joints of ham which we had to lay out on enamel slabs and well-scrubbed boards, and set to curing with brine, salt and saltpetre. We had to make sure that every nook and cranny was thoroughly treated, then the hams were wrapped in brine-soaked muslin. The smaller ones could be hung up straight away, but all the joints had to be inspected regularly;

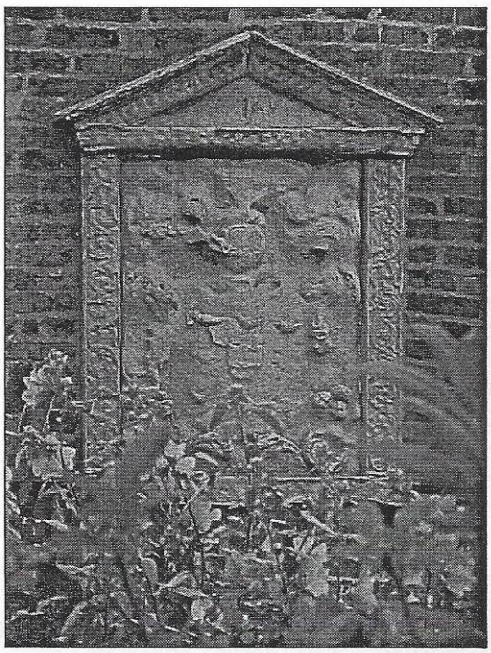
any suspect parts were cut out and salted again. It was a lovely job for soft hands, and provided many wonderful feasts in the days of rationing. The sight of hams hanging from the beams of the wash-house and kitchen lasted for several years.

The Old House Next Door

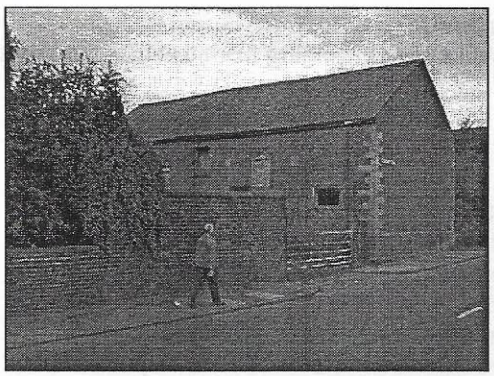


Next door to Chaddock Hall, just over the garden wall to the east, stood an old brick building called Chaddock Hall Farm. This is possibly the house referred to as the Dower House in the 1860s, when the Gretton family lived at Chaddock. This house reached to a second storey, though it consisted of little more than one room above the other. The ground floor extended to kitchens and outbuildings, making it appear lob-sided and out of proportion.

The tenants left the house around 1948, and it was immediately subject to the attention of local vandals. The day after it was vacated all the windows were broken, and by the second day many of the doors and floor-boards had been ripped out; within three days it was little more than a shell.



My father wanted to buy the house from Bridgewater Estates Ltd, and proposed to remove the top storey, but the company procrastinated for so long that it had to be demolished totally. It looked so decrepit that they decided to use a large lorry to pull it down with a rope. But the building was sounder than it appeared, and stood firm as the lorry broke down. In the end the house had to be taken down brick by brick. The brick barn which stood in front of this house with its south gable abutting Chaddock Lane survives to this day. On the west wall of the barn there is a sandstone plaque on which is sculpted the Chaddock coat of arms; unfortunately the plaque is severely weathered, and the detail of the crest is difficult to discern.



After the demolition of the house next door my father bought the plot in which it stood, and he also acquired the pond which lies behind Chaddock Hall. Bridgewater Estates retained ownership of the barn because it was used by our neighbour Jack Hurst of Chaddock Lane Farm, which is situated a few hundred yards to the west of Chaddock Hall. Time was when we would take a wheelbarrow to this farm to buy a bale of straw to use for bedding in the dogs' kennel. In 1960 Mr Hurst retired, and David Patrick took over.

In the early hours of 17 August 1966 we were woken by the noise of bells and voices, to find firemen tackling a huge blaze in the barn, which destroyed most of the roof and timbers. We did not know that at the same time 30 tons of hay were on fire at Chaddock Lane Farm.

Boothstown in the 1950s

On Chaddock Lane south of the East Lancashire Road, there is a row of terraced houses facing south. At one time these had a clear, unbroken view across Chat Moss. The few houses that stood on the south side of Chaddock Lane are still discernable from their Victorian architecture; one of these was converted into a grocery and sweet shop, and it is still in business on the corner of Linden Road. Linden Road, which extends south from Chaddock Lane, used to be called Engine Row, and was a narrow cul-de-sac, about 200-300 yards long, at the end of which was a small terrace of houses facing east across open fields to Boothstown village. A little further on had been the Chaddock Colliery in former times. In one of the houses on Engine Row lived our milkman, Fred Millard, who was quite a character.

Further along the south side of Chaddock Lane, towards Boothstown, there stood the Co-op shop, which poked out of the field and stood on stilts. The modern houses that replaced it can be seen well below the level of the road. On the field to the east of the Co-op, young people used to practice riding and jumping on horses and ponies. Some of them gave good displays, and on pleasant summer evenings I used to walk down the road to join the spectators on the wide pavement. I think we all thought that this would develop into a regular equestrian show with a Boothstown fair, but the landowners had other ideas.

Facing the field on the north side of the road was a row of terraced houses (still present today), one of which had been converted into a shop. It was run by Mr Smith, the cobbler. Apart from mending shoes, boots and clogs, he could turn his hand to repairing all sorts of leather goods, including belts and ladies' handbags; he could even mend mechanical things, such as clocks that the jeweller had declined to repair.

Further down, at the junction of Mosley Common Road was the CWS shop, dated 1920. I do not remember any activity at this shop, but across the road opposite the Methodist chapel was our greengrocer, Mr Markland. We never needed to visit this shop because the son, Rodney, used to drive round in a lorry with the fruit and vegetables nicely displayed alongside the weighing scales. He had a leather bag strapped over his shoulder for money and change. Rodney used to reverse up the drive to the back of our house, so that mother only needed to step outside with a shopping basket.

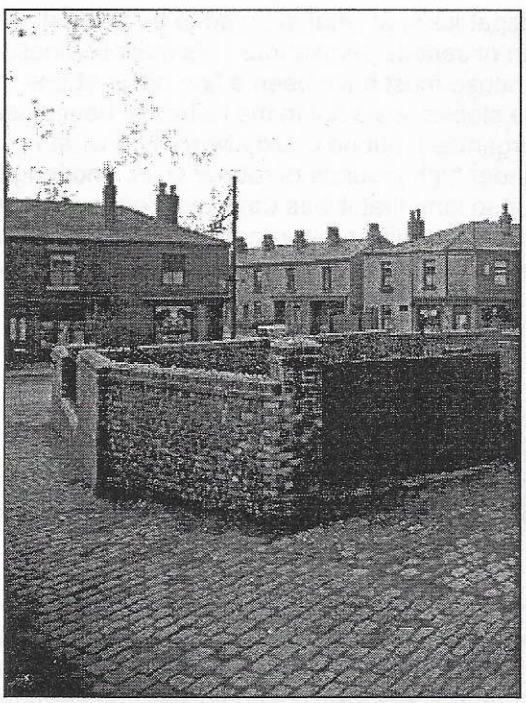
The next shop after Markland's was some sort of food retailer; I recall it being popular with people calling in for a tasty lunch to take back to their workplaces. Then there was Barclay's Bank,

subordinate to the branch in Tyldesley; it was not used very much, and its opening hours were cut back to make it almost useless before it was closed down.

Across the road was the ironmonger at Star House. The shop had everything from bags of "Boltonite" manure to oil lamps. It was crammed from ceiling to floor, and behind the counter there was a trap door through which more goods could be fished out of the cellar. There was only room to serve one customer at a time, and you had to be careful not to knock anything over.

I cannot remember the scene before Ridgemont Drive was created, but I do remember Stirrup Brook bridge with the boundary mark. Between here and Barclay's Bank was a row of three terraced houses, and the end one overlooking the brook was an off-licence run by Jack Ratcliffe, his wife and their young daughter. The door was at the corner of the shop, up two or three large steps. Jack also sold cigarettes, cakes and bread; he had a display of sweets on his counter, and shelves of bottles, jars and packaged goods behind.

Unger's canning factory was in a converted cotton mill. It was easy to drive a lorry into the loading bay, and I sometimes went with the driver to pick up large wood boxes that had come in full of fruit. We used the thin timber for making trays for seedlings and bedding plants at the nurseries. At the rear of the factory was the workers' garden in the Delph that extended up to the East Lancashire Road - it was here that a hoard of Roman coins was found in 1947.



Next door to the canning factory was Yates's cotton mill, with a post-war annex that came right up to Leigh Road, forcing pedestrians to cross over onto a narrow pavement. Here I used to sit just inside the open door of the spartan barber's shop where Jack Hankinson cut hair at a snail's pace, while talking and debating with his older clients. I spent hours watching out of that door: Yates's loading bay was directly opposite, and could take one lorry at a time. The bigger or longer the lorry, the more awkward it was to reverse into the narrow entrance, and of course all traffic came to a standstill.

There was another shop next door to the barber's, though I no longer remember what it sold – the pavement was too narrow to stop and look in comfort anyhow. On the corner (pictured, left) was Lloyds, our newsagent, where we bought our fireworks leading up to 5 November. This row of shops has long since gone; the site is now grassed over with a gas substation in the background. On the opposite corner of Victoria Street was Prescott's grocery and bakery.

Across Leigh Road from here were two narrow lanes, side by side. One went round Yates's mill, and the other (to the right) went up to Aspull Engineering. The lane to the engineering works passed the builder's yard and workshop of James Mather & Son, run by Bill Mather, and the premises of Frank Andrews, the village blacksmith. As you may expect, Frank was of broad build; he wore a dirty cap on his large, round balding head, and he wore spectacles. The skin on his head and arms was ingrained with dirt, that seemed impossible to wash out completely. I was

too young to have seen Frank shoe horses, as he became more of an engineer after the war; he attended night school well into middle age to learn about new types of metals and about ways of working them. He liked to learn unusual words, especially long ones, then baffle everyone with his vocabulary.

The demarcation line between Frank's and Bill's land altered from time to time according to the state of their friendship. One day, after the workers had gone, Bill went into his workshop to complete some timber pieces on his circular saw. While he was working Bill became distracted, and within a second the saw had cut off four of his fingers, and the top of the thumb on his right hand. Fortunately he lived in a bungalow adjoining his workplace, so his wife soon fetched help.

In many ways Bill was ahead of his time. He built a long hut on his boundary which stretched Frank's vocabulary to its limits, and he stocked it with all kinds of hardware, laid out on counters and on shelves. We were able to obtain, by the pound, certain types and sizes of nails, screws or washers; there were all sorts of hammers, screwdrivers and saws; it was all quite novel in the 1950s.

Apart from the Post Office, which was run by another branch of the Lloyd family, that was really the end of Boothstown to me. We always used Simpson Road to go through the village; the old Leigh Road had been left without tarmac, so that cyclists like me were tempted to avoid it.

One place I was often sent on errands was to Mr Fitzpatrick's, at what seemed to be the last place in Boothstown, down Vicar's Hall Lane. A man of serious demeanour , his main business was rubber. I rarely saw his wife and children. His house must have been a fine place at one time, but it was neglected and in need of repair. The stables were full to the rafters of hosepipes and reinforced belting of all sizes; it seemed so disorganised, but he could always find what I wanted. The large garden at the back was buried under high mounds of rubber coils, and lengths of all description. Loads of it had lain undisturbed for so long that it was obviously rotten. To get between these mountains of rubber one walked carefully on thick rubber-matted paths. When it came to parting company with him, no matter how much or how little was bought, he always gave a gift of something. Over the years I ended up with many neat cuts of reinforced rubber for cleaning windows, and many odd decorated plates and cups.

Around Astley

When we came to live at Chaddock we were all keen to watch good films at cinemas. My brother, Bernard, and I used to walk down to the Kinema at Cross Hillocks, Astley. This was a corrugated iron building, with a surprisingly good sound system, but if heavy rain or hail fell on the iron roof the audience was unable to hear the film.

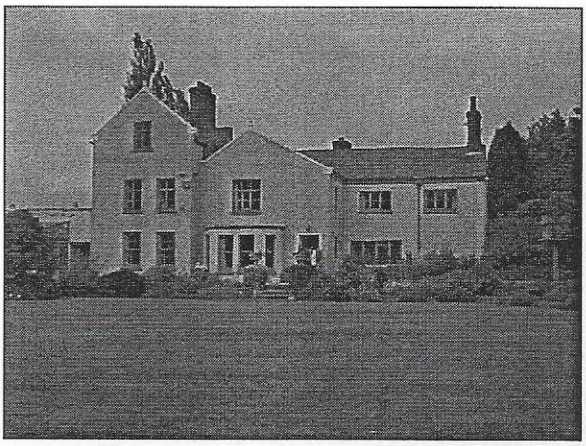
We attended services at St Marks church in Worsley, and I was confirmed there in 1950. The Rev W. (Billy) King from Astley often called in for a chat, but we never got round to looking in his old St Stephen's church. One fine evening in June 1961 I escaped from the noise of boy scouts at Chaddock, and went for a walk to the old Astley church. I entered, but could see that the choir was practising, so I just stood in the vestibule for a short time and vowed to return another day. Alas a few days later the ancient church was gutted by fire.

Billy Lee was our first electrician, and he was also the local postman. He lived on Manchester Road, just past the Kinema and Coach Road. He was a mad-cap fellow, well into middle age. He went about on a heavy old bike that held his tools in a saddle-bag, and on his handlebars was a large horn which he sounded with a rubber bulb. Billy's great delight was to approach us quietly from behind and give us a full blast to make us jump.

The most graceful cyclist in Astley was Dr John Lunn, who was the local historian, and who often visited Chaddock as a most welcome guest. Dr Lunn's histories of Tyldesley and Astley contain many references to the history of Chaddock Hall. I think the last time he came was to show some members of the Shakerley family from the USA around the area. Dr Lunn was usually seen in an old Burberry Mackintosh and trilby, and he had a semblance of John Betjeman, the late poet.

Our doctor was Dr McClelland, who lived in a modern detached house on Mosley Common Road, just opposite the boys' home, south of the East Lancashire Road. He was a dapper little man, always dressed in a smart suit. He worked long hours, rarely taking holidays, and was respected for being a good doctor. He would not suffer fools, and anyone seeking a sick note under false pretences received a lashing of his Scottish dialect.

The Garden at Chaddock Hall

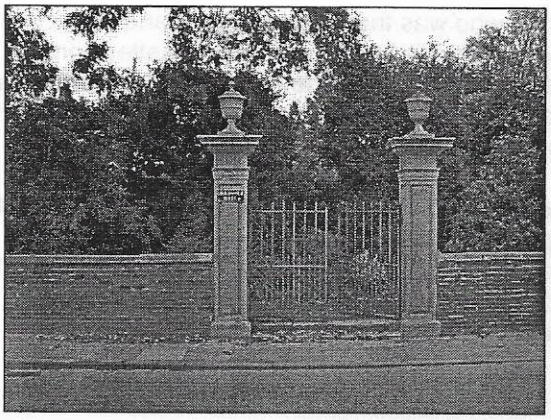


In the early years, the front walled garden at Chaddock Hall was pleasant, but rather sparsely populated with what turned out to be good feature trees and golden yews surrounding a large mossy lawn. The best trees are still with us: the ash near the gate, the copper beech in the south-west corner, and some holly trees along the bottom of the lawn. There was a row of half-dead poplars between the ash and beech trees, and quite a number of overgrown rhododendrons and privets had to be dealt with in due course.

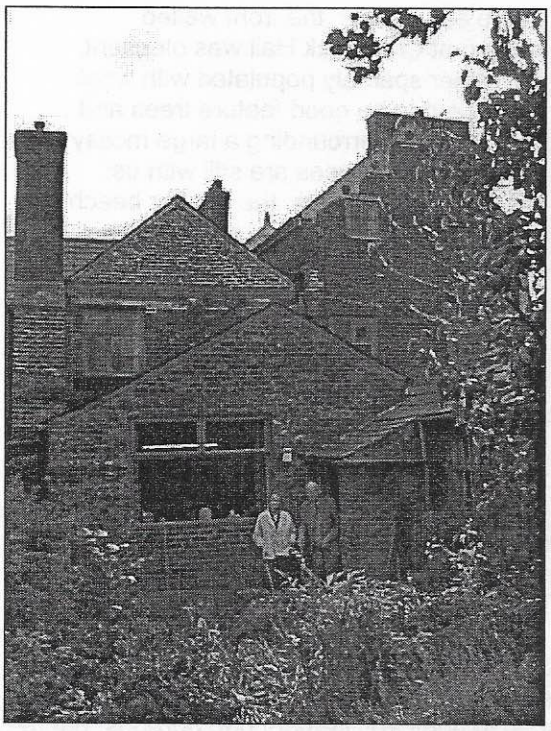
Major Hutchinson's hobby in the garden had been to build miniature windmills, with tin cans to shape the cement. He also constructed miniature castles using small white bricks. Children used to come into the garden to admire these models, but others crept in to ruin them. Although we used to rebuild them as best we could, the number of bricks was eventually depleted, and no more could be done with the remains.

There was an old timber-framed lean-to greenhouse that lasted a few more years, and the brick summer-house with a parquet floor against the west wall. Near the house was a very old pear tree, against a quaint wooden hut – these can be seen in early 20th century photographs, but they were removed soon after our arrival.

The soil in the garden was impoverished; manure could be obtained, but we preferred bales of compressed peat from the Moss. The bales were at least 4 x 2 x 2 feet in size, with 4 alder stakes and tightly wired to give support. When broken up the bales produced many barrows of peat which put life back into the soil. The lawn had more moss than grass, so Jack Lee gave it a good raking, and sieved plenty of peat onto it. The bus stop was near the gate, where it remains, and alongside was one of the gas lamps that lined the road. In those days there was little privacy, and poor Jack was greatly embarrassed one day when a group of miners waiting for a bus were heard to guffaw, "Look at 'im, puttin't bog on't lawn!"



The iron gates and railings that fronted the road, Chaddock Lane, had been taken away at the beginning of the war to 'feed the guns'. In place of the railings were boards, and access to the front garden was through a small door between the stone gate-pillars. Around 1948 someone rescued the gates from a scrap yard, but the old railings had gone forever.



The back garden had an orchard to the east, a lawn with lines to dry the washing, and a kitchen garden. All this was surrounded by an old and rotting wooden fence, which allowed local children to raid the apple and pear trees with ease. The pond, which was full of water lilies, lay just over the north side of the fence; cattle drank here and anglers squatted all around. There were many frogs and toads in the pond, and there were times when toads would visit our lounge via the air grid under the fire-grate. Often we had to pick up many young toads from the back yard in order to get the car out of the garage. The toads disappeared when the school playing field was built on the field behind the house.

Worsley Hall Garden Centre

As I mentioned above, Father was appointed Chief Warden of the Middlewood Scout Camp in 1946. At about the same time he also rented a piece of woodland to the west for use by his own troop, the 28th Eccles, which later became the 2nd Worsley. This land was to the north of New Hall Nurseries, run by the Barber family.

In April 1954 the New Hall Nurseries were put up for auction, and Father attended. The buyer was expected to be a wealthy local man, but he soon dropped out of the bidding, leaving Father to pick up the place for £4,000, plus the stock.

A foreman was appointed to run the nursery, and he lived in the bothy (the gardener's house) with his family. In the Garden Cottage Ted Willett and family were already tenants , but they left after a couple of years, and the place remained empty until 1969.

My brother, Bernard, had an aptitude for art, and learned technical drawing at Father's works, but he found the job too tedious for such an energetic body. After he finished school, Bernard went to work at the nursery, growing pot plants, cut flowers, tomatoes, root vegetables and bedding plants.

The business did not really pay its way, as most of the produce had to be sent to Smithfield Market where it often did not sell. Lettuces often went for one penny each, and were later seen in a greengrocer's shop for one shilling. The idea of creating a garden centre came from a few visitors, who paid better prices than could be obtained from wholesaling.

In 1969 the Garden Cottage was divided into two flats, and the newly-married Bernard and Diana moved into the downstairs apartment. The upstairs flat became occupied by a local man named Glynn and his wife. Glynn had studied for two years at the Pershore College of Horticulture, with a view to taking over the management of the new garden centre.

Then a prefabricated building came onto the market that was suitable for a garden shop. It had been a social club for British Rail staff on Wellington Road, Eccles, but had to be moved to make way for the new M602 motorway. By August 1970 the new shop building was in position, the car park had been set out, and an area within the high garden walls was laid out with potted hardy plants. Without much advertising people ventured down the existing stony road, and we did a little trade. In the winter of 1970-71 the road and car park were covered with tarmac, and some general finishing and stocking were done to the shop and plant area. The trumpet was blown for decimal currency day, 15 February 1971, so that we could use our two converted tills with ease.

In 1972 Glynn left the garden centre, and Father left the Astley works to take over the day to day management. A new manager arrived at the garden centre in January 1973 under the firm hand of Father, and that's the way things remained until old age loosened his tight grip. My father continued to spend time at the garden centre almost every day until his death in May 1999 at the age of 91.

Nearby Development

In the post-war years the general aspect of Chaddock Hall was still rural. This was despite the neighbouring houses along Chaddock Lane to the west, the Holy Family church to the east, and the estate of local authority housing over the fields to the north-east. In the summer the fields to the west of the house, beyond Chaddock Lane Farm to the stile and public footpath, were tall with oats, higher than I could see over on tip-toe for the first few years. The last crop was in 1960.

There were views across the East Lancashire Road and across the Moss, where we could see and hear steam trains on the Liverpool-Manchester railway, some 2 miles to the south. Nearer to home we watched the smaller steam locomotives shunting wagons to and from Astley Green Colliery, a mile or so to the south-west. There was at least one shed into which these engines would vanish.

Unfortunately this aspect was soon to be altered by encroaching development.

In 1953 Mr Joseph Massey began building semi-detached houses on the opposite side of Chaddock Lane, beginning a few hundred yards to the east, opposite Oliver Fold Farm. The seventh pair of houses came within sight of Chaddock Hall, and my father sought to prevent an eighth set being constructed directly opposite the house. Mr Massey agreed to lease this plot to my father for a period of 50 years, until October 2003, which is why there is a vacant plot opposite the Hall today.

In 1954, the local council, Tyldeley UDC, planned the industrial development of the area between Chaddock and Astley. Around the same time, Mr Ken Stockton erected a long and low factory for his Kenkast business on the fields opposite Chaddock Hall, and beyond the vacant plot. This new factory ran parallel with the East Lancashire Road, causing the traffic to disappear from our view. This factory was the beginning of the industrial estate that has spread towards Astley. My father managed to buy a plot of land on Chaddock Lane, as well as leasing the plot opposite the house from Mr Massey, and we planted the trees which now screen off the factories beyond.

Despite the suburbanisation of Boothstown and Astley in recent times, Chaddock Hall still retains an air of tranquility. The mature garden affords great privacy, and the fields of Chaddock Lane Farm which lie to the rear and west of the house are a link to the landscape that was more prevalent in the recent past.

Thoughts on the future

The future of Chaddock Hall cannot be predicted; it is for the most part out of our hands. All we can do is endeavour to leave our place in good condition, and hope that someone will come along who will find the place desirable.

Chaddock Hall is not as large as it can seem – after all one can stand in the middle of the house and see from end to end, and from front to back, with ease. But it is large enough to demand a dedicated upkeep. With domestic servants out of fashion, a large family would seem to be the answer – many hands make light work – but, along with smaller families, modern tastes seem to lean towards smaller, easier to maintain homes. Of course there is no guarantee that any family moving into Chaddock Hall would have any feeling for the place of Chaddock in the history of Lancashire, nor a sense of responsibility in undertaking the stewardship of such an historic place.

Many listed buildings in the area have fallen victim to neglect, decay and vandalism. Deliberate neglect could hasten the demolition of a local landmark such as Chaddock, and its replacement by a small estate of new houses. Let us hope that this does not come to pass.

Writing these brief recollections of 50 years at Chaddock Hall in the context of a documented history covering several hundred years, one cannot fail to wonder how future historians will regard our time.

My plea to them is this: use your imagination and try to empathise; take yourself out of your day-to-day world; forget the Chaddock and Boothstown that you know, and imagine how it was for us. Try to write or speak about people in the limited context of their time, and judge their words and actions according to the standards of their own period in history.

Can we imagine Grace Chaddock around 1723 when her father died, and in 1731 when Chaddock Hall was sold to Samuel Clowes. Can we form a picture of the landscape of this part of Lancashire, and the life of Grace within it? Perhaps we could conjure up a vision of Manchester and Salford at this time, but out in the country we become vague about the kind of world Grace lived in. A century later we are on a sounder footing, but we still need to apply our imagination. A century or two from now, will my account of being a passenger on a trolley bus still ring true?

Further Reading

- *A History of Tyldesley* by John Lunn (abridged and edited by Peter Riley from the 1953 edition), published by P & D Riley, 1995. Available from Tyldesley Library.
- *A History of Astley* by John Lunn, originally published in 1968, republished by P & D Riley, 1995. Available from Tyldesley Library.
- Boothstown web site at: www.Boothstown.com
- Chaddock Genealogy web site at: www.Chaddock.net