

## ***'Festina Lente' (Be Quick Without Impetuosity)***

### **Foreword**

This chronicle commenced Sunday, February 15th, 1998. The time is 7 PM in the evening. I, Norman John Bury, of 8 Saunders Street Westall, Clayton South, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, have decided that it is now time to make a serious commitment to begin this challenging task, so that future generations can have access to records in some traceable form of the past movements and whereabouts of our ancestors, for the sake of our immediate families, and for all generations to come. This chronicle will be continually updated as often as practicable and the latest is Wednesday, June 18th, 2003, with information gathered since the above starting point.

My wife Beverley (nee Douch), and our two sons Peter John Bury, and Mark David Bury, need first to be recorded, and their families also. Peter John Bury, wife Lynnette Anne Bury (nee Bannon), son Aron John, and daughter Naomi Anne. Mark David Bury, wife Danita Anne Bury (nee Ozinger), daughters Carly Anne, and Amber Lucy. Their timelines and genealogical information are enclosed as an appendix to this work.

Since the passing of my own father (John (Jack) Bury, and his father before him, (my grandfather, John William Bury), the subsequent discovery and sorting of private documents has provided information previously unavailable to us, as most of the knowledge that is needed to weave together those threads from the past has gone to rest with their passing. By contacting the Lancashire Family History and Heraldry Society, and the Lancashire Evening Telegraph, we have discovered my grandfather's brother, Esau Bury, who was at first thought to be the older brother of five children..

For this we are indebted to Mr Frederick Devine, of Darwen, Lancashire, who answered my plea in that local newspaper. Through this we discovered that Esau was related to Mr Fred Devine! We shall learn more of him later. Information received since then indicates that Esau and his brother, (my grandfather John William Bury), were but two of a family of ten children, five of whom died from unknown causes throughout year 1869. Their father, (my great grandfather), was William Bury, and their mother ( my great grandmother), was Margaret Bury (nee Haworth). We shall visit them a little later. Again, we are indebted to others, Mrs Margaret Hill (nee Blackwell), of Blackburn Lancashire, and her friends, Dacia Cook and David Crossley.

It is rather curious that on closer examination, we find that Esau Bury's family and Margaret Hill's family are related from an earlier union, and also to Frederick Devine. In fact, we are all distantly related through marriage.

Opportunity for family discussion was all too brief when my parents and grandparents were alive, and of course at the time, would have seemed unimportant and of little consequence to them. Suffice to say, now that we have in our possession some tangible and traceable information, we are obliged to commit this to some form of permanent record, to keep it for our children and their children's children. We have already availed ourselves of the new technology on the World Wide Web, by contacting a number of people who have been able to help us, and they are listed in the appendix of this work. Baron is a surname found among our own records as well as those of Margaret Hill. Mr Edmund Baron is her grandfather. Mr Ted and Mrs Gail Darling's maiden name was Baron also, although not proved to be directly related as yet, they are living in Vermont, North America and have been an encouragement to us. Mr Christopher Leather, a young man of Darwen Lancashire, just beginning his family search, has also been very helpful too.

Much of this material is gathered from a very wide area, including my own personal memories of people as I knew them, and by information passed on from word of mouth, either directly to myself, or from conversations overheard as a young by-stander when visiting with my parents as a child, or when relatives came to visit us. This was usually by public transport, as motor cars were a luxury then, and no television at all, much greater use of precious time was taken

up with earnest discussion about family, and other totally unrelated matters within the rather short time available, governed by rather erratic public transport time tables.

Documents of a private and personal nature should never be discarded until scrutinised and recorded for future reference, as they are invaluable for supplying missing facts about dates and events. Old letters, family Bibles, photographs, note books, diaries, even newspapers have all played their role in establishing connections along that long tortuous path to the present day, supplying valuable links to connect elusive loose ends from the past. Special thanks are due to our overseas friends who have been tireless in their efforts to find census and parish records, even searching for graves and inscriptions, and taking photographs of them for us. We still have a long way to go yet, but this is an attempt to trace the Bury Family patriarchal and matriarchal lines, using past information gathered from the present. Records extend back eight generations to 1803, with a newspaper report (unconfirmed) of a Great Great Grandparent, William Bury of Lower Darwen who died December 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1839, 54 yrs, (Born, 1785?). Beyond this point we may need specialist help.

## **Background**

In searching for my father's early family background, it should be noted that I do not consider it to be of any greater importance than my mother's, only more difficult to obtain because all of the information is outside Australia, in England, and almost out of reach, requiring speedy action to find people who may be able to help us before they can no longer assist.

This background information is supplied to provide a general idea of what the countryside and its people were like, and to use as a point of reference should it become necessary to go further back into any archival system to trace family records, etc. We now have a means of communicating across great distances without leaving our armchairs. This was unheard of, and would possibly be just a little fanciful to those people whom we are about to re-discover in their workaday world. With the help of the Internet, it should not be too difficult to gain access to information through the World Wide Web, and hopefully achieve our goal. People and places are the aims. Remembering, that along the way we have had World War 1 (W.W.1 - 1914 -1918), a world wide depression, (1920s) World War 2 (W.W.2 - 1939-1945), in which the country that we are seeking information from (England), sustained major damage, and that great changes to archival systems have also occurred through re-development.

Changes in government also may have accounted for a change in record keeping, and with the advent of computerisation, the risk of documents being lost or (perish the thought,) destroyed along the way, making this task just that much more difficult. In England, on April 1st 1974, the government of the day implemented changes in the County boundaries, completely altering some Counties, with others disappearing altogether, through amalgamation. This has created a challenge when tracing early records of names, and locating older towns and villages. However, I am certain that our family will not be discouraged, but strengthened when meeting unforeseen difficulties while searching for their heritage.

An example of 'hidden treasure' was the discovery of an old newspaper, a copy of "The Northern Daily Telegraph". This represents a major break through in the information gap. Up to that point, I had no idea that a river existed in Darwen, or that the town of Darwen was near Blackburn or Bolton. Furthermore, that Darwen itself had gradually been formed over a period of time by the expansion of a number of smaller hamlets, or tiny villages merging into one larger township.

That newspaper was printed in July 1932, almost 12 months before I was born, and 12 years after my grandparents and my father had left England! Some of the events in the newspaper would have had their beginnings before they departed from England for Australia. This paper was the forerunner of today's "Lancashire Evening Telegraph". We are indebted to Mr Eric Leaver for his time and effort in making our search widely known through this later publication.

Among my father's effects were some sad reminders of his younger brother Richmond, my uncle, who passed way at 5 years and 8 months as a result of meningitis. A small silken bookmark, issued as a keepsake no doubt, bears a memorial inscription and the family's previous address in Darwen!! So I am very pleased (and grateful) that no one decided to throw anything away. Further information supplied from a grave headstone at St. Stephen's, Tockholes, reveals that young Richmond is laid to rest in the same grave as his grandparents (my great grandparents), William and Margaret Bury (nee Haworth). The practice of placing more than one person in a grave appears quite common as our search continues.

The silken bookmark has also been a guide, directing us where to look for more clues about family information, namely the Tockholes area of Darwen, Lancashire. We eventually discovered that Richmond's grandmother on his mother's side, Mary Amber (nee Morrell), her mother was actually born in Tockholes. This information has helped us discover a great deal about our past with help from a number of willing hands, for which we are again very grateful. We realise also, how fortunate we are to be able to read and write, compared to some of our early ancestors. All too often, this is something that we take so much for granted now.



The good folk of Tockholes are to be commended for their part in helping us. Mrs Judith C. Jacklin of Gorse Barn is at present engaged in reviewing the records for St Stephen's Churchyard, a rather daunting task as it is the second largest in England. Mr Kenneth Kershaw, late of of Silk Hall, the retired Postmaster at Tockholes, has written a very comprehensive book entitled 'Tockholes, a Lancashire Village'. He has also produced another lengthy work for publication

entitled "The Tockholes Book of Lists", containing many entries from local parish and census records, marriage lists, baptisms, and burials, with grave locations and memorial inscriptions. Battles which helped to shape the nation were fought here. Relics remain where they fell, scattered far and wide. Like so many parts of Britain, Tockholes is steeped in history. We are a part of that history. It is our heritage, and safe in this place where the casual visitor may get the impression that time stands still. We owe a debt of gratitude to these people for their most valuable and generous contribution to our research.

**The story continues . . . . .**

**LANCASHIRE (An earlier account.....)**

**GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY (From Barclay's Complete and Universal Dictionary of 1842)**

A county of England, lying on the Irish Sea, and bounded by Cumberland, Westmoreland, Yorkshire, and Cheshire. It is 75 miles in length, and 35 miles in breadth. It is divided into six hundreds, which contain 27 market towns, 62 parishes, 894 villages.

This county comprises a variety of soil and face of country; there being mountains of more than 2000 feet high, in the north and eastern parts, with wide moorlands or heaths amongst them; extensive bogs or mosses, which yield only turf for fuel, and are very dangerous; and some most fertile land for agricultural purposes.

It yields iron, coal, slate, and other building-stones; salt, &c, &c. Grazing is more attended to than agriculture. The fisheries, both in the rivers and in the sea, are valuable. As a commercial and manufacturing county, Lancashire is distinguished beyond most others in the kingdom.

Its principle manufactures are linen, silk, and cotton goods; fustians, counterpanes, shalloons, baize, serges, tapes, small wares, hats, sail-cloth, sacking, pins, iron goods, cast plate-glass, &c. Of the commerce of this county, it may suffice to observe, that Liverpool is now the second port in the United Kingdom.

The principal rivers are the Mersey, Irwell, Ribble, Lune, Leven, Wyre, Hodder, Roche, Duddon, Winster, Kent, and Calder, and it has two considerable lakes, Windermere and Coniston Water. Lancaster is the county town. Population, 1,667,054. It returns 26 members to parliament. The surrounding region contains coal mines which have been worked out, and limestone quarries.

## **LANCASHIRE (A more recent appraisal )**

### **GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY – Prior to April 1st 1974. (see post script).**

Lancashire, England, a maritime county on the north-west coast of England, bordering the Irish Sea. The county is divided into two parts by Morecambe Bay in the north, and the low hills of the northern section of Furness extending into The Lake District. The southern area generally is lowland and contains the greater land mass when compared to the north. Overall, an area of some 1,878 square miles. Along Lancashire's northern border, Westmoreland and Cumberland counties separate it from the border of Scotland.

The county of Yorkshire has more than twice the land area of Lancashire, extending down the whole length of Lancashire's eastern border and then clear across England to the North Sea. The southern border of Lancashire is separated from Cheshire county by the River Mersey, along its 68 mile length, and enters the Irish Sea through a fine estuary at Liverpool.

Flowing almost across the centre of Lancashire is another principle river, The Ribble, which is 75 miles long in total and flows out of Yorkshire near Clitheroe, on the east of Lancashire, and into the Irish Sea at Preston on the west. Between these two rivers are large deposits of coal and rich iron ore, as well as sandstone, limestone and slate quarries.

Preston is the administrative centre, with other important cities being Liverpool and Manchester in the south, and the county borough of Barrow-in-Furness in the north.

Manchester is the centre of the cotton manufacturing section of South Lancashire, together with shipbuilding, chemical, glass, and rubber goods being produced.

Barrow-in-Furness in the north contains rich iron mines and has large steel producing mills. Near central Lancashire and of no lesser importance are the county boroughs of Blackburn and Bolton. Bolton, or Bolton Le-Moors as it is sometimes called, is one of the principle textile centres of Great Britain. Situated some 11 miles NW of Manchester, it was at the centre of woollen manufacturing during medieval times. The modern industry of Bolton dates from the 18th century, when spinning factories were built. Textile products are muslins and fine calicoes. In the surrounding region are deposits of coal, iron ore, sandstone and slate. Other industries include foundries, ironworks, and plants producing chemicals, electrical equipment, and paper.

Blackburn, situated approximately 20 miles NW of Manchester is also one of the principle textile centres of Great Britain, with a history somewhat similar to that of Bolton, due to the fact that it has been involved in handicraft and clothing since Elizabethan times, which places it firmly into the 16th century period (1558 - 1603) and was known especially for a blue and white linen fabric called "Blackburn checks".

The late 18th century (1760 onward) saw it develop as an important textile producer and later it became identified with a linen and cotton textile called "Blackburn greys". Blackburn also manufactures textile machinery, television equipment, chemicals, paint, and leather goods. The British mechanic James Hargreaves, who is generally credited with having invented the spinning jenny, was born near Blackburn.

### **The story continues . . . . .**

POST SCRIPT : Lancashire was reduced in area as a result of the Local Government Act 1972. From 1st April 1974, the Furness area (the area of Lancashire north of Morecambe Bay) became part of Cumbria, the south east became part of Greater Manchester county, and

the south west became part of Merseyside county. Bear this in mind when deciding which current record office holds the information you require.

This information was gained from the Internet, and also a large amount of our more recent information.

Internet address is as follows : <http://www.genuki.org.uk>

Not too far distant down the road, a short way from Blackburn, a similar kind of industry was taking shape that would make its presence felt throughout the River Darwen Valley.

**THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE IS EDITED AND RE-ARRANGED FROM THE ORIGINAL, WITH ANNOTATIONS.**

**WITH ACKNOWLEDGEMENT TO 'THE NORTHERN DAILY TELEGRAPH' SATURDAY JULY 23 1932, P.5**

**So This Is Darwen  
A Place With a Personality**

**BY OUR ROVING COMMISSIONER**

Darwen, Lancashire. What sort of place is this that its name had become a household word in the land? Like so many celebrities when you meet them face to face, Darwen has quite an ordinary appearance; it looks just like the workaday manufacturing town that you would find in the rest of Lancashire, and really that is what it is; it is just that it has a streak of the uncommon in its composition that every now and then comes to the surface and makes the place assert itself.

There was nothing in its ancestry or origin to account for this unusual strain. Its early history was very hum drum. In fact, at the beginning of the last century (the year 1800), what is now Darwen consisted of a collection of small hamlets - Chapels, Sough, and a few others - which lay in the valley of the River Darwen as it ran from its source toward Blackburn.

The name Darwen, it is said, means 'clear water' - a term that to-day (1932), is scarcely applicable to the polluted stream that is a tributary of the River Ribble, which it enters opposite Preston.

Somewhere about 1801, the new road from Blackburn to Bolton was opened, and the district at once began to develop. At first it was calico printing and bleaching which attracted the people of the valley from their old occupations of farming, hand-loom weaving, and quarrying, into industry, and it was not until 1820 that the first cotton factory was built. Other mills sprang up quickly and eventually the several hamlets grew and grew until they became merged into one town, which took on the name of Darwen.

So Darwen was a child of the industrial revolution, and like so many children of that day its early years were hard. The building of a mill was the first consideration, and no thought was given to the housing of the people who had to work in it, nor the lay-out of the town in which they had to live.

Darwen, in its youth, was so busy making money that it had no time to think of other things; well might the town when it came to choose a motto select the words, "Absque Labore Nihil," which in plain Lancashire, means "Nothing Without Work."

At length, when it had time to take stock of itself, Darwen began to see that, although work came first, there was something else that mattered. So it began to improve itself - a task in which it is still busily engaged.

First of all, it tackled the question of its appearance - to buy new clothes, as it were. For the town in the olden days, although it had a tidy balance at the bank, was shabby. Therefore

Darwen, with characteristic energy and perseverance, set about the job, some 50 years ago, (1882), of clearing away its old, dilapidated property in the centre of the old town, and it is still occupied with the work of reconstruction.

Much has been done, the provision of a market hall and (HERE THE NEWS PRINT IS DAMAGED BY FOLDING) a square, the erection of a library and secondary school on the site of an old mill and some waste land, and the building of a new post office and modern shops and business premises have improved the Circus greatly. ( It is another example of Darwen's "difference" that it should call its centre "The Circus.")

#### **'THE NORTHERN DAILY TELEGRAPH' report continues .....**

Near the Circus, another unhealthy area has recently been cleared, a fine new street built, and new public baths are being provided. Even now, although they are not complete, it is possible to see that the baths will be Darwen's most imposing public building; this correspondent was told that they will be the finest public baths in the North of England, apart from those at the seaside resorts. They will serve a double purpose, too, for it will be possible to place a floor over one of the pools so as to allow the building to be used for concerts, meetings, and the like in the winter months.

At the same time as it began to have a regard for its appearance, Darwen started to look after its health as well, and the town now possesses three of the prettiest parks in the county, one of them, Sunnyhurst Wood, having become one of the "show places" of East Lancashire. A walk through the parks, by the way, is an object lesson in generous public spirit; every few yards you come across a band-stand, a kiosk, a gate, or some other memorial which has been given to the town by one of its citizens.



The Huntington Bridge - Sunnyhurst Wood – Darwen.

From the John (Jack) Bury Collection of Photographs.

It was this same determination to take advantage of the naturally beautiful surroundings of Darwen that led to the "Battle for the Moors." It is a long story, but to cut it short, the result of a long period of agitation led to a large portion of Darwen Moor being freed to the public some 36 years ago (around 1896).

At the time of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, (1897) as a constant reminder to the people of Darwen, as well as to the rest of Lancashire, a high tower was built on the top of Darwen Moor, which can be seen all over Lancashire, and to-day, Victoria Tower - 86ft high and built at a height of 1,225ft above sea level - stands as a notable victory over the forces of privileges by the independence and grit of the townsmen.

Obviously, a people who can show the sturdiness of character which they displayed in the fight for the Moors must have exceptional characteristics. And, although, like their town, they seem on first acquaintance to be typically Lancashire, there is a difference about them that is difficult to define. I think the explanation lies in the fact that they take life seriously. I don't mean to suggest that they go about with long faces; they are about the most cheerful people I have met.

What I really mean is that they possess an exceptional capacity for being interested in everything that touches them; they are unable to enter into anything half-heartedly, whether it be sport, politics, or religion. That is why Darwen elections are so keenly fought; why the people are deeply stirred when anyone offends their religious beliefs; and why the town is agog with excitement when its football team does something out of the ordinary.

In the same way, Darwen has been enterprising in the business of making its living. Although it is essentially a cotton town, it has always had the foresight to invest its money in other directions. To-day it is famous for its wallpapers, and sanitary ware, terra cotta, and bricks which are also made there. Now, when the East is not buying as much cotton as it used to do, Darwen is experimenting in the manufacturing of silks, and has brought over a party of Swiss girls to teach the job.

There is still another characteristic of Darwen people that is unusual. They are clannish without being exclusive. The stranger is soon at home in Darwen, and he is never made to feel that he is an alien who has no right to be in the place. Yet they are clannish, all the same. They all seem to be members of one big family; in fact, it used to be said that "if you punch one, the whole town limps." Then, they have the family habit of calling one another by their Christian names. You seldom hear anyone referred to as Mr So-and-So in Darwen. It is John this or Tom that, whether the person referred to be a Member of Parliament, a town councillor, or a member of one of the professions. And if they do not know a man sufficiently well to call him by his Christian name - and they soon will - they use his surname.

**'THE NORTHERN DAILY TELEGRAPH' report concludes . . . . .**

It is impossible not to like Darwen. It is so friendly, so sturdily independent, and has such a flair for doing things out of the common. Darwen reminds me of the Edward Henry Machin, whom the late Arnold Bennett has immortalised as "The Card." Like him, it began in a small way and has prospered, and in the manner of Mr Machin, it has a habit of getting into the news. For Darwen is always startling its neighbours by making a stir in the world-- whether it be by entertaining Mr Gandhi, returning a Cabinet Minister to Parliament, receiving a visit from Lord Beaverbrook, or sending a team of working men footballers to London to challenge the might of the Arsenal.



Victoria Tower.  
Otherwise known as 'The Tower' Established 1896.  
John (Jack) Bury Collection.

And long before it began to attract the attention of the rest of the country, Darwen felt that it ought to impress its own county with the importance that was due to it. Previous to building Victoria Tower, some thirty years earlier in 1837 it created a sensation by building a mill chimney which was a replica of the Campanile at St. Mark's, in Venice. This was seventeen years after the first cotton mill was built in Darwen, in 1820.

So, one bids adieu regretfully to its Tower, its Campanile, and its Circus, wondering how next it is going to make the world sit up and take notice. This county borough with its beginnings in cotton weaving and blast furnaces, I should not be at all surprised to hear that it had created a sensation by prevailing upon the Emperor of Japan, or some other equally august personage to open its new public baths.



Darwen Town Centre: 'The Circus'.  
Courtesy: The Northern Daily Telegraph, Saturday July 23, 1932.

**On the Streets Where They Lived**

The following is an attempt to put information down on paper that only recently have I realised, is relevant to this family search, and to place people's names and addresses in some kind of order to obtain a better idea of their

relationship to each other. The most remarkable thing is that most of the information, such as old letters, photographs, newspapers, Christmas cards, birthday cards, etc., having been tucked away in drawers and cupboards, were brought out at various times to be read individually, but not collectively. The discovery of this simple fact alone makes me realise now that there are connections that I must have passed over many times before, without realising that they were there. For example, if I am correct in my assumption, my father, John (Jack) Bury and Ellen (Nellie) Baron must be cousins, but never having discussed these things, perhaps it was just taken for granted that we would know this.

I have no information other than what is written in these old letters, etc. Some letters do not have salutations to the receiver, dates, addresses, or even the names of the writer. Just a simple "from Uncle and Auntie". These were recognisable only by familiar postmarks on the envelope, or by reference to people, places, or incidents that may have been familiar to, or common knowledge, to both sender and receiver alike. Further extending the above example, I believe that we are related to Aunt Hetty Baron (nee Bury), who was my father's aunt, second wife of Edmund Baron. Ellen (Nellie Baron) is Edmund's daughter by his previous marriage to Mary Haslam. Ellen married Arnold Nuttall, brother of Hubert Nuttall, another friend of my father whose family were living at 22 Brighton Terrace, then after Hubert married Alice Robinson, they moved to 5 Melrose Street. In trying to find connections throughout this narrative, the writer has endeavoured to find a starting point as far back as possible, then "marry" together events and people as they appear in sequence. Most people will realise that writing history is never completed, because it is always ongoing, and more so with family research as its very nature demands retrospective inquiry. So we can only offer a window to view facts that have accumulated to our present position in time.

From the earliest times people have been located in houses, suitable or otherwise, as close to their place of employment as possible and our early family proved to be no different. Convenience was not so much a pre-requisite, as the distance to be travelled on the homeward journey when the body was almost on its last legs, tired from a long day in the cotton mill. These houses are known as mill houses, because they were built by the mill owners for their workers. "Two up and two down" is their common description because of the way they are made. Two rooms upstairs, and two rooms downstairs, all joined together in a long terrace, with dividing walls common to each house. Built by the hundreds.

Almost every census paper, reads in the occupation column as "weaver", "carder", "dye hand", "loom tuner", "tackler" etc., carefully recording information that we now so heavily rely on when searching for the roots of our past. Occasionally, there would be recorded the odd baker, beer seller, butcher, stonemason, or farmer, but for the most part, the cotton trade was well represented in Blackburn and Darwen, and throughout the surrounding villages and towns of northern Lancashire. Every street within a given area could lay claim to providing almost 100% of the cotton trade's workforce, indicated by the many references found in Census, Parish, and Civil records of that period when cotton was king.

As early as 1785, we find the unconfirmed birth date of one of our Bury family members, when calculated back from the burial notice of December 22<sup>nd</sup>, which was placed in the Blackburn Standard, Wednesday December 25<sup>th</sup> 1839. "William Bury, aged 54 years, of Lower Darwen".

No. 10 Clifton Street is the birth place of my grandfather John William Bury on 9<sup>th</sup> December 1871. He was child number 8 to my great grandparents, William Bury and his wife Margaret Bury (nee Haworth) Later, as information has revealed, we find that this would have been a family of ten, had four of their number survived illness. All four eventually passed away during the course of the year 1869, possibly due to a sickness epidemic of some kind.

### **Marriage of William Bury and Margaret Haworth**

William Bury, son of Giles, and Ellen a spinster, was born Lower Darwen, 1837, baptised February 1837 at St Mary's Blackburn. Margaret Haworth, daughter of John and Ann Haworth was born Lower Darwen, 1832, baptised on July 17 1831, at St Mary's, Blackburn. They were married on the 15<sup>th</sup> of November 1856, at St. Mary's Blackburn.



Their children were born in the following order: \* Asterisk indicates deaths in year 1869

- 1) James. 1857, died 12 yrs, intrrd 27 Oct.1869.
- 2) Mary Ellen 1860, died 9yrs, 9 March 1869.\*
- 3) John Yates 1862, died 7yrs, intrrd 27 May 1869.\*
- 4) Esau 20 Apr 1864, died 61yrs, 9 Sep 1925.
- 5) William 6 Aug 1866,died 3yrs, intrrd 14<sup>th</sup> Nov 1869.\*
- 6) Margaret A. 23 May 1868, died 7yrs, intrrd Oct. 1874.
- 7) James E. 26 March, died 20yrs, intrrd 8 Jan 1891.
- 8) John William 9 Dec. 1971, died 92yrs, 16 July 1964. Aust.
- 9) Alice A. 19 April 1876, (died Australia?)
- 10) Etty 26 Jan. 1878, died 68yrs, 3 June 1946

Margaret Bury (nee Haworth) 74 yrs, passed away on 16th June 1906. William Bury, 79 yrs, passed away on 29<sup>th</sup> May 1916. They are laid to rest at St. Stephen's Churchyard, Tockholes.

### **On the Streets Where They Lived**

No. 17 Dean Street appears to be the later family home of William and Margaret Bury (nee Haworth). It is also home to my grandfather, John William Bury 24 yrs, on his wedding day to Mary Emily Amber on June 6<sup>th</sup>, 1896.

We have just read the family line on the side of my grandfather.

The family line of my grandmother goes back quite a long way further than we had at first thought. Even all the way back to that sleepy village of Tockholes. John Morrell married Peggy Greaves, December 4<sup>th</sup>, 1803. It is from this union that Joseph Morrell was born at Tockholes. We have on record the marriage on September 16<sup>th</sup> 1850, of Joseph Morrell, 31 yrs, and Mary Walsh, 34 yrs, born Over Darwen. John Morrell is his father, on the marriage certificate. Much earlier, Mary Walsh is on record as mother of two daughters, the first she had at 20 yrs, Sarah Jane on April 4<sup>th</sup> 1837. And Agnes, born on January 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1841, born when Mary Walsh was 24 yrs of age. The record is unclear if Walsh is her married or maiden name.

Recorded in the census of 29th March, 1851 as living at No. 40 Weazle Lane, a farm on which Joseph is employed as labourer by James Brindle. The family of Joseph and Mary Morrell (nee Walsh) records a total of six children, with five under the name of Walsh. The above, Sarah Jane, is now 14 yrs, also the above Agnes is now 10 yrs, as well as Margaret, 6yrs, Elisabeth 3yrs, and Nancy, 1yr. The only child with the surname Morrell is a boy, named John, just ten days old. It appears that Joseph Morrell must have been of strong character to take on the responsibility of providing for so many young ladies. They are all living at the same address as Joseph's employer, at Weazle Farm.

To find the remainder of the family, we must consult the records once again as we move on to the census of 1871, where we find them at 94 Wood Street, Over Darwen which is referred to again on two more occasions, with significant information. At this address, we find that Joseph is now 50 yrs of age and blind, and Mary is 54 yrs. Their young son John, only 10 days old when we last met him, now 20years old, unmarried and employed as a cotton weaver.

Their family has also grown since that time, and now we find another son, Joseph Morrell 15 yrs, unmarried, employed as a cotton weaver. Elisabeth Walsh whom we met before at 3yrs old, now turned 24yrs, unmarried and employed as cotton weaver. Mary Morrell, a daughter who is now 18yrs old, unmarried, employed as cotton weaver, and the mother of Agnes, 7 months, one of three granddaughters shown on the census list. The next two granddaughters have no record of who their parents are. Mary Jane, 1yr. and Mary Jane Burrows, 3mths.

By comparison of birth certificates, and census records it has become apparent that Agnes Morrell, 7mths, is the daughter of Mary Morrell, 18 yrs, and was born at 94 Wood Street. Here then is my elusive great Aunt "AGGIE" for whom we had been searching for quite some time. Her mother is 18 year old Mary Morrell, who married John Amber on the 5<sup>th</sup> August, 1871. Mary Morrell is my great grandmother. Her mother, Mary Morrell (nee Walsh) is my great great grandmother. Joseph Morrell is my great great grandfather. John Amber is my great grandfather.

Marriage of John Amber and Mary Morrell on August 5<sup>th</sup> 1871 at Holy Trinity

John Amber 26yrs, father, George Amber, a general labourer, born Westminster, Middlesex, in 1846.

Mary Morrell 19yrs, father Joseph Morrell, blind. Mother, Mary Morrell (nee Walsh) born Tockholes.

The records from the 1881 census, and also from birth certificates, show us that there was only one more child born to Mary Amber (nee Morrell), a daughter whose name was Mary Emily Amber, born on the 7<sup>th</sup> October, 1876. Mary Emily was the younger sister of Agnes Morrell, now six years old.

The census record of 1881 tells us that Agnes, whose surname is Morrell, is now 10 yrs old, and Mary Emily Amber, my grandmother, is now 4 yrs old, and that they are living at 31 Lower Eccleshill Farm, Eccleshill. This area has since been altered and developed into a sewage treatment farm. (Year 2002)

We have not yet discovered the resting places of Joseph Morrell, or Mary Morrell (nee Walsh), or the resting places of John Amber or Mary Amber (nee Morrell). The home of John and Mary Amber (nee Morrell) is recorded as 74 Wood Street, Over Darwen, and this address is found inside the cover of the Bible which their daughter, my grandmother, Mary Emily carried on the day of her wedding to John William Bury, my grandfather. This is now a family Bible where John and Mary Bury recorded their family's names and details. It has helped us in our search.

Marriage of John William Bury and Mary Emily Bury, June 6, 1896, in the Duckworth St. Chapel, Darwen. John William Bury, 24yrs, son of William and Margaret Bury (nee Haworth) born December 9, 1871, 19 Clifton St, Lower Darwen. Mary Emily Amber, 19yrs, dau. of John and Mary Amber (nee Morrell) born 7<sup>th</sup> October, 1876, 31 Lower Eccleshill Farm, Lower Eccleshill.

### **Joy and Sadness Come Calling**

72 Wood Street later became the home of my Great Aunt Agnes Morrell (known affectionately as Aggie), after she married Richmond Bennett. This was the place where there was a mill at the rear of their house known as "Fish's Mill". Its demolition was described in one of her letters to my father, Jack Bury. She was a kindly soul who never forgot my birthdays or Christmas, when I was a child. She had no children of her own, so now I can understand this. Her last letter, forwarded on to my father by a Lizzie Walsh, placed her at 13 Scholes Street Darwen, at 80 years of age on June 6<sup>th</sup> 1950.

52 Barley Bank Street. From our documentation it is difficult to tell when John William Bury or his family moved from 10 Clifton Street, not having any thing to indicate this to us. What we do know is that the time period is just about twelve months before the Diamond Jubilee of Britain's longest serving monarch, Queen Victoria, when their first child was born. Their children were born in the following order:

- 1) Agnes Bury, born 12/01/1896.
- 2) William (Will) Bury, born 03/07/1899.
- 3) John (Jack) Bury, born 04/04/1903.
- 4) Richmond Bury, born 01/12/1912.

While living at Barley Bank Street, it is clear that many friendships were made, and in particular, the name of the Eccles family, who lived at 47 Barley Bank St. appears quite often. Later, they were to be found at "Sunnycroft", Tockholes Road. This is born out by letters from them and other families as well, which follow the Bury family after their journey to Australia in March of 1920. George Parker was another identity, of No. 37 Barley Bank Street.

9 Pitville Street. It must be remembered that while the above family is living in and around Barley Bank Street, the older brother of John William Bury, is living with his family at a place just up the road, at 9 Pitville Street. Esau and Ann Bury, together with their daughter Betsy Annette Bury have been working in the cotton trade for as long as they have lived in the area. They too have had their sadness. An infant, George Bury, herebefore unknown, is discovered buried in their common grave. The younger sister of John William Bury, is Hetty, or Etty as written on her birth certificate.

Hetty Bury's first marriage was not a very successful one, as tragedy seems to follow her every step. Her marriage to a Fred Bury (no relation) seemed doomed from the start. Their first child, a boy named Anyon was born on 18th of May 1903, and died 20<sup>th</sup> May, 1903, aged 2 days! He was interred at Hindley Cemetery. Hetty's husband Fred was born in 1876, and died June 19, 1905, aged 29 years, while she was pregnant with their second child whose name was also Fred Bury. Fred Jnr. died after only eleven days and was interred at Darwen Old Cemetery on October 8<sup>th</sup> 1905.

Hetty later become the second wife of Edmund Baron on 24<sup>th</sup> April, 1920. Her address on the marriage certificate at that time was 17 Dean St. and Edmund lived at 8 Alfred Street. It is recorded in Barrett's Directory that 12 Davenham Road was their home during 1925, when Edmund Baron was Clerk of Works.

Meanwhile, romance is in the air at 9 Pitville St., when there appears on the scene a young man by the name of Frederick Arthur Sutton, to sweep a young lady by the name of Betsy Annette Bury, right off her feet. Keep in mind that Betsy is also the niece of Hetty Bury, and you will see why this is important later on.

While this period of our past is probably referred to as the "good old days", the reality is that there was a great deal more harshness associated with every day life than people care to remember. One such event may have had far reaching implications for the John William Bury family. The Great War in Europe had just about run its course, and the people of this hard working cotton community were trying to get back to normal when a personal disaster struck their family. It is probably one of those daily occurrences that happened all the time, as it did among our earlier ancestors, but still a shock.

Barley Bank Street. While there is no record to tell us about the degree of suffering that was endured by Richmond Bury, it is most certainly something which can only be imagined, and outside the control of the family circle, and for all we know, may well have been beyond their means to have him attended to. I will say, that this is only conjecture on my part, there being no written account. Richmond Bury died at the tender age of 5 years and 8 months from the effects of meningitis on July 10<sup>th</sup>, 1918. He was interred on July 13<sup>th</sup> in the same grave as his grand parents, William and Margaret Bury, (nee Haworth), at St. Stephen's Churchyard, Tockholes.

A silken bookmark issued as a keepsake to his memory has survived the passage of time, to remind us of the the events of that sad day. "In loving memory of Richmond, the beloved son of John William and Mary Emily Bury, who died July 10<sup>th</sup>, 1918. Aged 5 Years and 8 Months, and was interred at St. Stephen's Church, Tockholes, July 13<sup>th</sup>, 1918." 'His lips are now silent, the heart is now cold; Whose smile and whose welcome oft met me of old; I miss him and mourn him in silence unseen; And dwell on the memory of joys that have been'.

52 Barley Bank Street, Darwin. That this piece of sad memorabilia has survived somehow over the receding years, is perhaps an indication of how precious those loving thoughts were, that bridged the gap over time and distance when our ancestors journeyed to an unknown land.

**The story continues . . . . .**

### **LEAVING ENGLAND - The Year, 1920.**

The reasons why John and Mary Bury decided to leave England are not immediately clear, but it is believed that it could have been the aftermath of World War 1 (1914-1918) when jobs may have been difficult to find, or the death of young Richmond may have had some lasting influence on the family, and they needed to make a new beginning, or the first stages of The Great Depression were making themselves felt, but we may never know for certain, not having discussed the matter.

What we do know for certain is that their passports to Australia (British Passport No 376122 for John William and Mary Emily Bury, and British Passport No 376123 for John Bury), were granted and signed at the Foreign Office, London on the 4th September, 1919, and the new beginning theory appears to be more than likely, as John William (my grandfather) was already employed as an 'overlooker', or tackler in one of the many cotton producing mills in Darwin at the time, and John (my father) was employed as a weaver. Perhaps work was becoming more difficult to find, as stated in subsequent letters to my father and his family, from friends who were still "at home" in England, (1920s onward). Work was definitely becoming scarce, and sickness seemed to be on the increase.



In one of my father's many notebooks, (he always liked to keep notes, as he was very observant and liked to know how things worked), an entry tells us that he and his parents left London, England on the 24th of March 1920, by ship, on the T.S.S. 'BERRIMA'. The port of departure is not named,

although Liverpool seems more than likely. They arrived at Port Adelaide, Australia, on 6th of May 1920, and nine days later, they all dis-embarked at Port Melbourne on Friday 15th of May 1920, where John Bury commenced work five days later, at Swallow & Ariell's Steam Biscuit Manufacturing factory in Port Melbourne on the 21st May. He was to remain employed there continuously until his retirement, a period of some forty years. My father was aged 16 years when the family left England. He had his 17th birthday on board ship, on April 4th, 1920.

We have seen so far, how much determination it must have taken for my grandparents to make a decision to leave the native land of their birth, especially when the known surroundings must have been preferable and more of a comfort than the great unknown which was ahead of them. To take Jack, their teenage son with them and place their trust in the elements, to travel over a vast ocean, not knowing what the outcome would be, seems to me at the very least to have been either an act of faith, or outright desperation. Then again, perhaps the unknown may have been more preferable at that time.

Knowing now as we do, about the great wealth of history that they were leaving behind, perhaps it comes as no surprise that when all is said and done, you can't eat history! As we go further into their background, through our present day window in time, it does not take much imagination to grasp the fact that people were having a hard time getting enough to feed themselves, let alone to make ends meet, and is to be borne out later by contents of

letters from England, as that country's economy slides into depression. Perhaps my grandfather was a visionary who could see it coming. Who knows?

### **From Weaver to Baker - Hunter to Husband.**

John (Jack) Bury spent the best part of his life in the employ of Swallow and Ariell's Steam Biscuit Manufacturing plant in Port Melbourne. Every day from as far back as I can remember, he always rode a bicycle to work and back home again. This was his main form of transport until he was able to afford a motor car, very much later on. But I'm getting ahead of myself, aren't I? A stranger in another country, he was to come in for some ribbing from his workmates, who chided him good naturedly about his English accent, and the careful way that he wrote everything down so that he would remember it.

Like most young men, on a week end or when time permitted, they would go out, to get away from work to relax. Going for walks was something that he was used to as he had a lot of practice back home around his native Darwen and Tockholes. There was winter sport, football matches to watch, soccer played with a round ball and you had to kick a goal by booting it into a net. Or that "other football", called Australian Rules and played with an elliptical shaped ball that would not roll along the ground, and bounced everywhere but where you wanted it to go, just to add to the degree of difficulty.

Scoring a goal was achieved by kicking the ball between two high posts, called goal posts. This was worth 6 points to the team whose man scored the goal. There were two more shorter posts either side of the two tall posts. These were called behind posts, and if the football missed the centre posts, and went between the short post and the high post, this was worth only one point to the team whose man kicked it. At the opposing side's end of the football ground, which, by the way is called an oval, not a pitch as in soccer, was another set of goal posts. The ground was probably called an oval because cricket was also played on the same ground during summer.

Jack soon became well adjusted to his job, as he learned from his work mates how to do the things that would make him as good a baker as he was a weaver. Just as he started to learn more about his job, he also showed a keen interest in the country that was his new home, and was determined to find out as much as he could about it. He ventured up to Mount Buffalo during one holiday, and visited places like Omeo, in the snow country. It must be remembered that in the 1920's, there were not the well made roads that we have today. Riding in a motor vehicle was a luxury that few could afford, but some of his friends were hunters, and he was invited to join them on trips to the wilds of Westernport Bay, which was really an undeveloped wilderness at that time.

He was introduced to strange wild life that he had never seen before. He saw creatures that looked like small bear, but were called Koalas. There were snakes of several varieties that were all poisonous, including tiger snakes, copper heads, black snakes, brown snakes, All were to be respected. He learned to carry a stout piece of wire and a long stick at all times, for his own protection. A large lizard called a goanna was also plentiful, but not dangerous.

Bird life was also plentiful in this natural habitat, far away from the city of Melbourne and his working environment. Overhead would fly screaming flocks of sulphur crested cockatoos, screeching and squawking to each other, followed by many other birds with brightly coloured plumage, Rosellas, and pink and white feathered Galahs. Down on the calmer waters along the inlets of Westernport Bay, sheltering from the wind were large flocks of black swans. There were also foxes and rabbits, the main reason that they had journeyed so far from the city. Laughing jackass or kookaburra birds frightened the life out of him until he became accustomed to their loud raucus laughter. They liked to catch snakes too.

Not too far from civilisation, because there were a few farms scattered across this part of the world, not many, but enough to make a living from running a few sheep, and growing chickory which was dried in kilns, called oast houses. At Corinella, the people lived in a small community where they relied upon the mail, bread and supplies being delivered once a week

by the "service bus" which doubled as passenger bus as well when the need arose. Down on the shore line was a small store at the head of the jetty, where people could buy the bare essentials, and catch up on any news at all. The jetty was also the tying up point for the supply boat from the Government Prison Settlement, across the bay on French Island.

Another large island in Westernport Bay not very far away, was to become quite famous as the years rolled by, its popularity as a tourist destination increasing immensely. A temporary bridge structure was developed between the mainland town of San Remo and Phillip Island, into a more permanent structure to cope with this increasing demand. The imagination of the public has been captured more recently from Motor Cycle Racing events, than its natural wild life treasures, such a fur seals and fairy penguins, or the popular holiday destination at the township of Cowes. But none of these were there in those early days, when it was just a wilderness to be explored by adventurous young men.

### **Assimilation, Commerce, and Letters from Home**

Jack and his friends would camp in the bush, or ask permission of the local farmers to use their out buildings when the weather was bad. On one of these occasions it was inevitable that he should meet Doris May Dixon, one of the five daughters of Thomas Dixon, who ran sheep, dairy cows, and also planted chickory for commercial use. During 1929 on March 28<sup>th</sup>, my father John (Jack) Bury married my mother, Doris May Dixon, at St. Columb's Anglican Church in Hawthorn and went to live in Victoria Avenue, Albert Park to be close to my father's place of employment. After moving around a few times, they settled first at 26 Mountain Street, South Melbourne, and later at No. 50 Mountain Street.

While living at 26 Mountain Street, my mother walked the entire distance from Mountain Street to "Dalkieth" Private Hospital in Queen's Road Albert Park, to give birth to Norman John Bury, on the 10<sup>th</sup> June, 1933.

Thus began the start of a new era for the Bury family. I was probably no different to any other child, in that I caused my parents many headaches and heartaches along the way to adulthood, but they must have been doing something right for me to turn out reasonably well, having been influenced by their examples.

My grandparents, John William and Mary Emily Bury (nee Amber) progressed in their assimilation among the local inhabitants of their new found country. Business acumen being a hidden talent, because I can remember being told by my father that they went to live at Patrick Street, Clayton, near Melbourne, where my grandparents set up a grocery business, and my father helped when he could. One occasion stood out among his recollections when asked to deliver groceries using the horse and cart which my grandfather had hired for the purpose.

Half way along Clayton Road, the horse took charge, and bolted down hill toward the Melbourne to Dandenong railway line, with my father tugging at the reigns, but to no avail, and trying to hang on for dear life, terrified on two counts. One was the vision of imminent destruction of horse and cart, including himself and the goods entrusted to him. The other was a picture in his mind's eye of my grandfather's face, if my father was spared to return, with the news of the loss of both horse and cart which my grandfather did not own! Fortunately, the horse suddenly decided that it had done enough damage for one day, and slowed right down to a canter just as they reached the railway line, goods scattered along the length of Clayton Road. This was one of the highlights of my father's early days in Australia.

My grandparents bought and sold a few more small businesses, the details of which escape me now, but suffice to say that they were successful at it, until their retirement at Noble Park. Jack Bury easily made friends every where he went, and friends at home had not forgotten him, nor his aunts and uncles. There must have been earlier letters than those which have survived to this day but so far they have eluded our attempts to discover them. Hubert Nuttall of 22 Brighton Terrace is an earlier letter from the 15<sup>th</sup> September, 1930. It admonishes my father for his tardiness in replying to his other letters from England, and brings news that his

other friend, Ralph Eccles, is not well and is required to exercise, taking long walks to fill his lungs with as much fresh air as possible.

In fact, they had been walking around Darwen, over Winter Hill, and around 'Old Haggys', then gone to see the Rovers play down at Ewood. He also said that things were not rosy at all, anywhere in the world. Hubert had been studying Spanish, and passed his exams and wanted to go to South America, but had been told that things were just as bad over there. Hubert also thanks my father for sending the book about construction of Sydney Harbour Bridge, and makes reference to the engineering work. This letter has no year or date references, but has been posted from 5 Melrose Street, Darwen, where he is now living with his wife, Alice Robinson.

Hubert tells Jack that his own mother is not well at all, and that his brother Arnold is preparing to get married in about seven weeks time to Nellie Baron, and leaving the mill and going up to Cherry Tree to help with the business, which we now know as 'The Bread Basket' at 349 Preston Old Road, from a photo sent to me from Frederick Devine. This business has since closed its doors in year 2000. Hubert went on to say that work was plentiful, but it looked like there was going to be a strike, and it was only six weeks to go to Darwen Fair.



Jack's Aunt Hetty Baron writes from 1 Valeway Avenue, Little Bispham, Cleveleys, somewhere around year 1942-43 approximately, as there is no date or year on the letter. She refers to "Jack and their little boy" and tells Jack that she is sick of the war, the blackout, the endless rain, and the decline in her health. A further letter dated 18<sup>th</sup> January 1945 tells Jack that food is still difficult to obtain, with a reference to "Aunt Alice minding all 8 looms, while she went and stood in a queue to

get 2 oz meat, or 2 oz. of margarine and swapping with Hetty her niece, (Betsy Annette (Hetty) Sutton (nee Bury)).

Aunt Hetty mentions the garden of her late husband, Edmund Baron, which he was very fond of, and loved to work in. It is back and front of their house, and makes a lot of work for her now that he has gone. She says thanks for the Christmas cards, and mentions Agnes Carter (nee Bury), dad's sister. The reality of World War 2 came close to home in the general community with the V1 flying "BUZZ" bombs landing close by, and the flames and flashes being sighted in the distance by her niece Hetty Sutton, from their front door in Monton Avenue, facing the Anchor, behind the iron works.

### **More Letters from Home**

Aunt Hetty again writes on the 30<sup>th</sup> of February, 1946, to my father, Jack Bury, mentioning the fact that there had been a very cold winter, and frozen water pipes bursting. She also said that she had been in the Blackburn Infirmary and staying with her older daughter, (niece) Hetty Sutton, (nee Bury), to recover. Remember we said earlier in the story that there was romance at 9 Pittville Street? Well, this young lady had married Frederick Arthur Sutton, an uncle of Frederick and Joan Devine. This is the link to Esau and Ann Bury, as Hetty Sutton is their daughter. Aunt Hetty is his sister. As aunt Hetty did not eat meat or bacon herself, she was able to swap for other food. She mentions Nellie her youngest daughter (stepdaughter, actually), having a shop at Blackburn, (Cherry Tree or Feniscowles), and being able to help her out.

In this part of the letter, Hetty makes the point that Nellie's husband is Arnold Nuttall, and that his brother is Hubert Nuttall "who knows you Jack, and wishes to be remembered to you"! Also references to Alice and Will Bury, (my father's brother, and my Aunt and Uncle), and once again thanks for the Christmas Cards. This was Great Aunt Hetty's last letter. She died on June 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1946, aged 68 years.

Great Aunt Ann Bury, Esau's wife, wrote to Jack on the 7<sup>th</sup> July, 1931. The letter had no signature, and was addressed to her "nephew and niece", (my mum and dad.) from 9 Pitville Street, Darwen. Once again the message is all about a lot of sickness, and bad trade, and hoping that it would not be long before things got better. This letter had no signature, just "Sincere wishes of your Aunt.". It seems to have been a common trait of family letter writers that they took for granted that the receiver would know who the sender was. It certainly makes for hard detective work to find out the sender's name, after 70 years down the track. Lucky that we have books like Barrett's Directories for our helpers to consult, or we would still be wondering how to go about it!

Perhaps the most consistent record of evidence from the past is contained in letters from Ralph Eccles, who appears, by supposition, to be known not only to Jack Bury, but many of Jack's friends as well, because of their being neighbours at 47 Barley Bank Street, Darwen. No doubt there were many earlier letters exchanged, but only the ones which have survived can help us, I'm afraid. June 24, 1936 sees Ralph Eccles married to Elsie Groves Hunt, and living at "Sunnycroft". An invitation to the wedding was sent by earlier letter to my father Jack, and my mother, which of course was not able to be taken up because of the distance between them but a newspaper cutting of the happy couple which appeared in the local paper was forwarded on to my father by a later letter in October of 1939, thanking my parents for their wedding gift, with a further invitation from Ralph and Elsie extended to my mother and father to visit them. The letter also carries ominous news of impending war with Germany, the Blackout, and food rationing, etc. Ralph mentions that he has a brother, Jack Eccles, who was buried in a cemetery at Etaples, in Belgium from the last war, WW1.



September 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1941 sees the hardships that England has suffered because of the war, being discussed, and Elsie and Ralph announce the birth of their son, John Charles, named after both granddads. Ralph is building a steel air raid shelter in the back garden and covering it with sand bags. February 10<sup>th</sup>, 1946 speaks of even greater hardships than before, as food becomes more scarce than ever. Also announcing the arrival of daughter Jane Vivien, just 14 weeks old at the time. Fond memories of Jack's parents, (my grandparents), and Barley Bank Street. January 13<sup>th</sup> 1947, a letter expresses thanks for kindness and the food parcel of "goodies". References to the 'old days' and mutual acquaintance, George Parker and his early capers. Cricket, foreign affairs, and the suffering domestic economy of Britain generally were discussed. Scarcity of food was still the main concern.

July 11<sup>th</sup>, 1948, another letter acknowledges the arrival of a food parcel and the appreciation of same by both Ralph and Elsie. The cricket was once again prominent in discussion, with Barnes, Washbrook, and Pollard being discussed. A mutual friend, George Parker was mentioned in conversations on the bus. He had left the mill and Barley Bank Street to become wallpaper union organiser for the South of England. John and Vivien loved the barley sugar.

This was the last of any contact with the Eccles family.

On our recent visit to England in Aug - Oct of 2002, we were taken on a whirlwind visit to all of the places mentioned in the foregoing passages, by very generous and helpful people. Mr Frederick Devine, who is a relation to Esau Bury, through their daughter, Betsy Anette, (Hetty) Sutton (nee Bury), and the very well planned itinerary of Christopher Leather in conspiracy with Frederick Devine, led us to visit many of the places associated with my father and his family.

During the period of my childhood, and living in the inner suburban area of the city as I did, naturally all of the foregoing was completely unknown to me. Therefore, living in a protected world of my own, as you do when you are very young, there was never any need to question what the past lives of your parents were like. You simply accepted them for what they were, Your Parents. How could a six year old boy possibly understand the connections between himself, his parents, and their parents? When emerging from the insulating cocoon of infancy, sometimes there are quite a lot things going on that are not readily explained, and never would be explained, even if you had the courage to ask, because little boys should be seen



and not heard. I would like to finalise this present account of our family history by trying to illustrate how the mind of a small boy works, when confronted by a situation that threatens to engulf him with many unanswered questions.



Photo of Ann, Betsy Annette, Esau Bury family (Photo courtesy of Frederick Devine)

### **A Small Boy's Recollections of his Grandparents.**

As a young boy, I used to journey by train with my parents to visit my grand parents on my father's side, John William and Mary Emily Bury. We used to live in South Melbourne at the time, and taking a ride on the train was a real adventure, as most people did not have their own transport because they never had enough money. Public transport was the only way to get around, and it meant that you had to be properly dressed, with strict instructions to wear clean underwear in case you had an accident and were taken to hospital! What would people think if you never wore clean underwear? And always a clean handkerchief in your pocket!

So what's different about that? Most children are taken to visit their grandparents and are very happy about it, and their grandparents are very happy to see them too! Well, it's hard to explain really, but it wasn't that you didn't like them, because they definitely liked you, because you could 'feel' it, and they said so, and used to give me lollies, and there were games to play as well. It wasn't the length of the journey, because you had to travel by train from South Melbourne into Flinders Street Station, Melbourne, and then catch another train that went to Spotswood, near Williamstown. To break the boredom there were huge colourful advertising signs along the length of the railway journey extolling the virtues of "Old Dutch Cleanser", "Solvol", "Velvet Soap", "Bushell's Tea", "Rosella Tomato Sauce", "15 Miles to Griffiths Tea," "Don't Argue, Hutton's Hams are Best", and many, many more.

Tiny bright steel particles covered the ground between the rails, slowly turning to a rusty brown. The smell of hot steel when the brakes were applied, and the noise of the train coming to a shuddering halt is something that any seasoned rail traveller will never forget in a hurry. To a small six year old boy it was pretty terrifying. The carriages were a dull red colour and earned the nickname of "red rattlers", not without good reason. It wasn't the long walk from the station to get to their house, although it was cold in winter, especially when it was time to go home, and if you had forgotten to take your coat. The large autumn moon shed a pale light as dark clouds scurried across the night sky, ahead of a bitterly cold wind that seemed determined to prevent you from reaching your destination.

No, it had nothing to do with any of those things. It was how they talked. I mean, they could talk alright, but differently. At least, it sounded different to how mum and dad talked. When my grandparents spoke to my mum and dad, they knew what they said, but I didn't, because I couldn't understand them. All the words were strange to me. Nothing like I was used to, even at school. Nobody told me at the time that they had come from a place called England, far away across the sea, and that my father had come with them when they had made the journey by ship when he was a young single man. All I knew was that my mother had told me that my father was English, whatever that was, but to mum, it was obviously very special.

As I grew older and was able to take more notice of what was going on around me, I suddenly discovered that I could understand this strange language to the point where I could actually take part in a conversation, and then only when invited. Little boys were meant to be seen and not heard, and this was strictly enforced. If I was asked how I liked going to school, I was expected to say very little in reply, except, "Yes, school's good, thank you, grandpa", and leave it at that, under threat of death. One day I plucked up the courage to ask my grandfather why he didn't talk English. He just sat in his big leather chair, took his pipe out of his mouth and laughed and laughed. At the time, I didn't see anything funny about it at all. How was I to know that they spoke a north of England dialect, very common around Darwen and Blackburn, in Lancashire.

On another occasion I remember playing in long grass in their back yard, and wanting to climb up on the wooden fence rails, to see what was on the other side. As luck would have it, my foot slipped and I fell down on to the edge of a sheet of corrugated iron that was hidden in the long grass, cutting my leg open and blood was everywhere. To say I caused a stir is putting it mildly. The panic from my mum was bordering on hysterical, my father's admonishments were profuse, and my grand parents were a study of controlled silence. On the same day, my grandfather's console radio announced that Germany had invaded Poland. It was September 1939.

Visiting them now became something that I looked forward to, for this 'different' language was fascinating to me and I grew to love it every time they spoke. I remember the detail very well. It is no effort to recall my grandparent's voices like it were yesterday, after more than 40 years. That unique sound is locked away in my memory for the rest of my life.



The Author.

Norman J. Bury, 12 months.

John (Jack) Bury) Collection of Photographs.