

THE CLOCH BOOK 2018 50TH SOUVENIR EDITION





It gives me great pleasure to introduce the Cloch Souvenir Book celebrating 50 years of Cloch. This is our story of growth and development in the Inverclyde area since 1968. This book has been entirely funded from the Heritage Lottery Fund and the end result is a humorous, informative and interactive journey through the decades, providing readers with clips from our history so far. Among our contributors are our tenants, our staff and board members and all made possible with the artistic flair of the Magic Torch from Greenock.

I hope that readers will enjoy the book even half as much as we enjoyed making it. Inverclyde has a really proud history and Cloch is a key part of that and will be for many years to come.

Paul McVey, Director

Magic Torch Comics would like to thank everyone who took the time to help out and share their stories with us. Every story you will read is based on true events - though we did change a few of the names here and there. Special thanks from us to all of the Cloch Housing team, but especially Mick McKendrick and Liz Bowden whose imagination, enthusiasm and patience has helped make the project work.

Artwork by Andy Lee (p5,6,8,9,11,12,21,24,27-29)
Curt (p15,22)
Mhairi Robertson (p13)
Clochie's Race Through Time by William Rice & Black Cassidy

If you spot a QR code in the book, scan it on your phone with a QR reader for bonus content...





Cloch Housing Association 19 Bogle Street PA15 1ER, Greenock Phone: 01475 783637

Inverciyde Care & Repair 19 Bogle Street PA15 1ER, Greenock Phone: 01475 78827

CSE Scottish Federation Housing Association

Member

Monday 9:00AM - 5:00PM Tuesday 9:00AM - 5:00PM Wednesday 9:00AM - 5:00PM Thursday 9:00AM - 6:00PM Friday 9:00AM - 4:00PM

OPENING TIMES



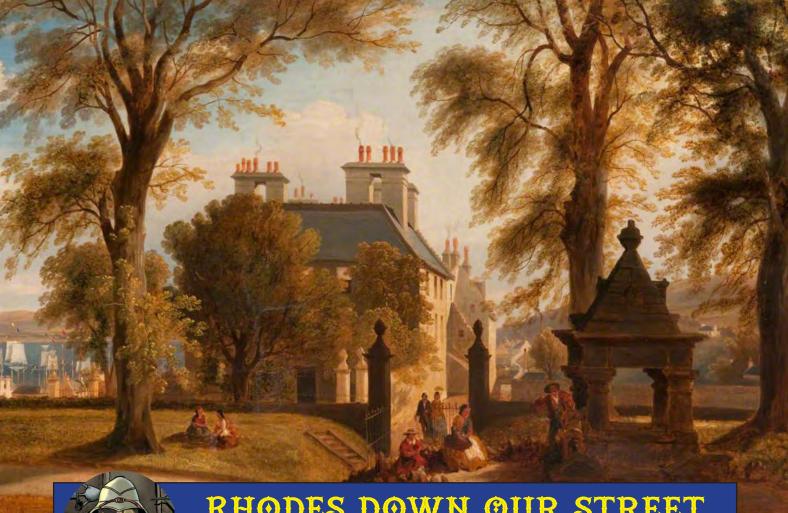


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Tenements, terraces and tenants

50 years of Cloch and a stroll down yesterdays streets....

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RHODES DOWN OUR STREET

WE DELVE INTO THE HISTORIC PAPERS OF LOCAL ANTIQUARIAN SIR GLEN DOUGLAS RHODES WRITTEN IN THE 19th century to find out a little more about the history and heritage of our neighbourhoods

The Well Park

Many a reader has undoubtedly enjoyed a wander through the daffodils and oaks of the Well Park, strolling along the terraces and enjoying the panoramic views across the river.

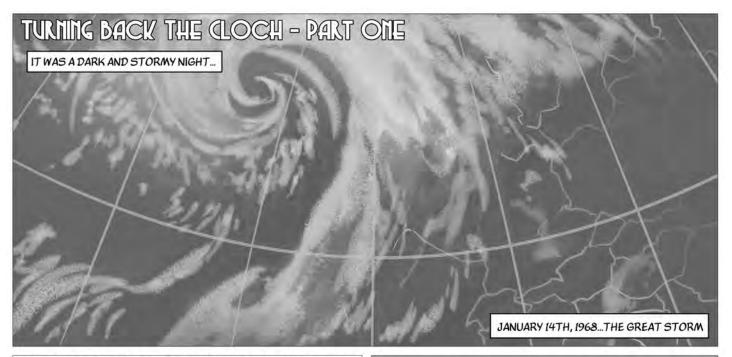
Here is to be found the centre of our little town, the ancient heart of the place; a place where the woods and fields come rolling down hill to meet the river. It is little surprise that the ancient lords of Greenock chose this as the site of their residence; notable as much for its beauty, as its fortification and security.

Today we know the park as the great gardens of the mansion house. But before this building stood there, the ancient castle of Wester Greenock occupied this site. Sitting on a hill above the town, with clear site across much of the river, this spot was easily defendable from attacks from both land and boat. The first Lord, Hugh De Grenok is known to have occupied this area from as early as the 13th century, and though the stories are now lost to the mists of time, we can't help but imagine the role that once mighty fortress would have played in the battles and wars of Bruce and Wallace. But as peace descended across our nation, castles gave way to stately homes, and in 1674 the castle was replaced by the a new, more domestic structure.

Turrets and battlements gave way to kitchen gardens and ornate gate posts. This edifice formed the residence of the Shaws, our wealthy superiors, and thence received the name of "the Mansion house" - a name it still retains, although it has not been occupied by the proprietors since 1754.

In addition to the lands of the house, marked out by their walls, the estate covered much of the area to the south of the house, as far back as the VVhinhill. To the east of the house stood the woods of Ingleston (or English-toun), where the lords had their own hunting grounds, the Deer Park. As I walked through these places today, changed by the engines of industry, I can't help but marvel at how far our little town has come. The old mansion house has stood witness to the great changes which have shaped our home; the thousands of ships which have been built and sailed from our harbours, the men and women who have toiled in our industries, and the great sons and daughters they have raised. Chief among them is surely Mr James Watt, born in the shadow of the mansion house.

What sad irony then that the great mansion house is soon to be demolished to make way for that greatest wonder of the age - the railway.



HURRICANE LOW Q HAD BEEN EXPECTED TO HEAD NORTH, INSTEAD, THE WEST COAST OF SCOTLAND WAS BATTERED BY 100 MPH WINDS.



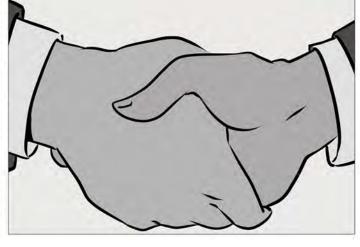
HOUSES WERE DESTROYED, CRANES COLLAPSED, CHURCHES, CLUBHOUSES AND SHEDS HAD THEIR ROOFS TORN OFF.

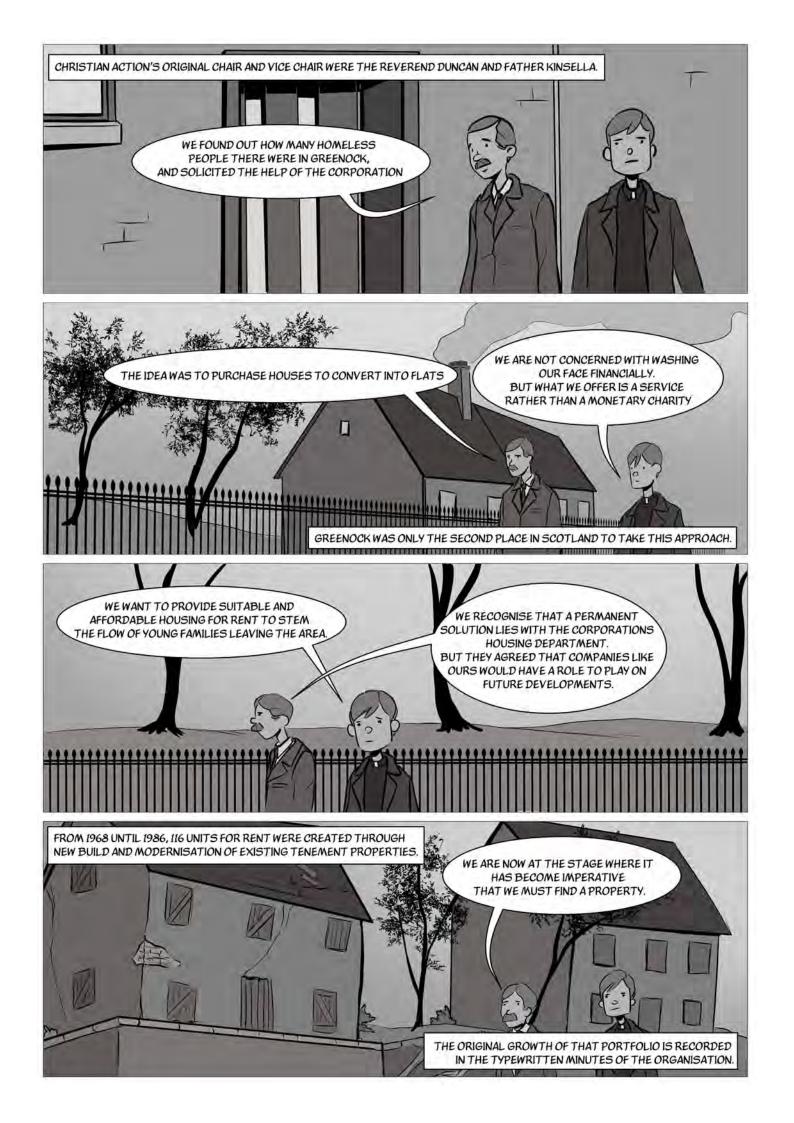


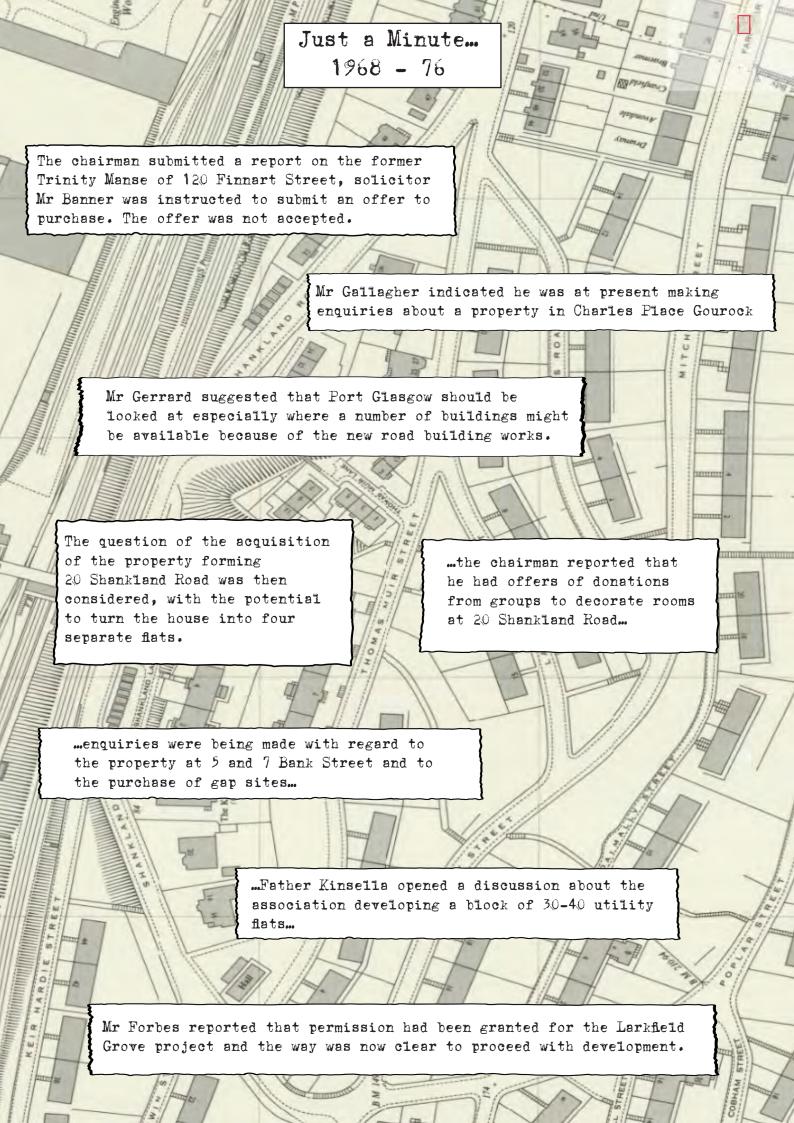
THE DAMAGE OF THAT ONE EVENING WOULD COST AROUND 50 MILLION TO REPAIR IN TODAY'S MONEY.



IT SEEMS APPROPRIATE THAT THIS WAS ALSO THE WEEK THAT THE CHRISTIAN ACTION HOUSING ASSOCIATION WAS FORMED, ON 16TH JANUARY 1968, REFLECTING THAT SAME SOCIAL PURPOSE AND DESIRE TO RENEW AND REBUILD.

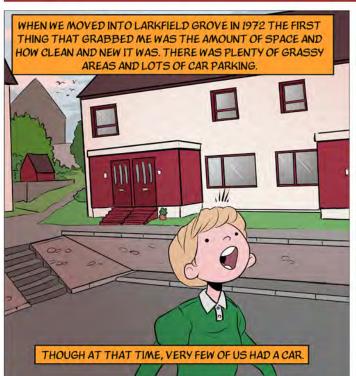


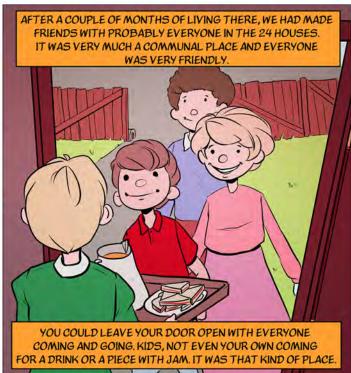




JANE'S TALE

MEMORIES FROM CLOCH'S LONGEST TENANT (NOT OLDEST TENANT MIND...)



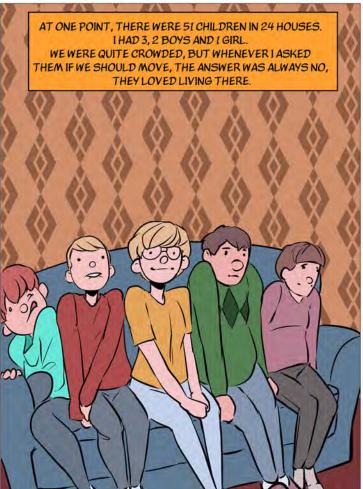






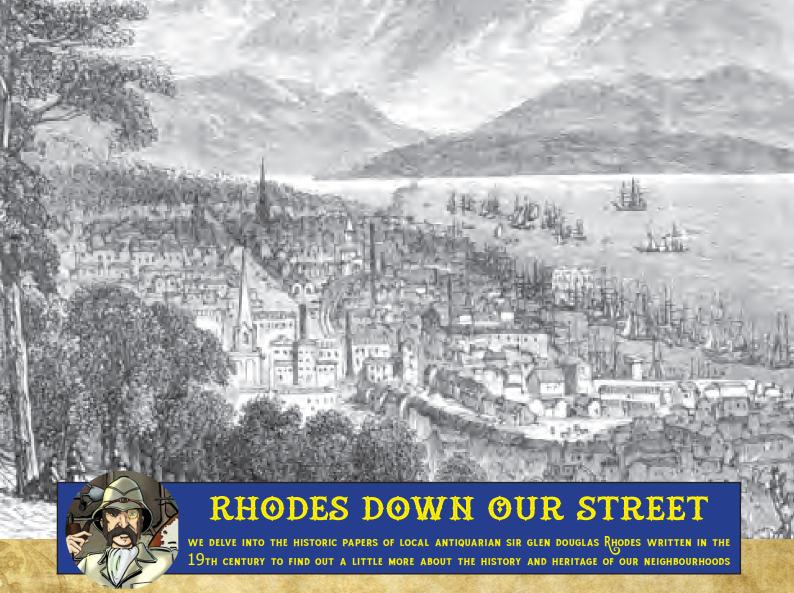
I LOOK AROUND NOW, AND I SEE LOTS OF CARS IN THE CAR PARK, BUT THEN, EVERY SUMMER, WIMBLEDON WOULD BE ON THE TELLY, AND ALL THE KIDS IN THE GROVE WOULD MARK OUT THE CAR PARK AS A TENNIS COURT, PRETENDING TO BE BORN BORG OR JOHN MCENROE.











The Castle of Easter Greenock - Cartsdyke & Bridgend

I had occasion of late to enter into conversation with a fellow patron at the VVhite Hart Inn. He revealed that he was a borders man, hailing from the Reivers country around Kelso. I enquired how he found our little community. Fine enough he replied, but remarked with some surprise that "you have a fair few mare steeples than you have turrets". An accurate observation; Greenock has found itself home to many different churches over the last century or so, certainly far more than my companions home lands, where the reformation saw many raised to the ground. But as for the turrets (of which the borders has an inordinate number), Greenock can boast few Castles. I pointed to the old engraving on the wall - "The ruin of the Castle of Easter Greenock".

The castle was to be found in the lands around Bridgend, about half-a-mile south of Cartsdyke, and was for centuries the ancient seat of power for the lands of Easter Greenock. Not surprisingly, the earliest history of the lands of Easter Greenock remain lost to the mists of time. But what is know is that a knight by the name of Hugh of Greenock swore fealty to Edward I of England in 1296. His surname isn't recorded but he is assumed to be an ancestor of the Galbraith family who held the lands of

Greenock by the 14th century. When Malcolm Galbraith died without a male heir the lands were divided between his two daughters, with Easter and Wester Greenock being split by the Strone Burn. The old castle, with estates of Eastern Greenock were finally reunited with the lands of Wester Greenock in 1669, passing into the hands of the Shaw-Stewarts from the Crawfurd family.

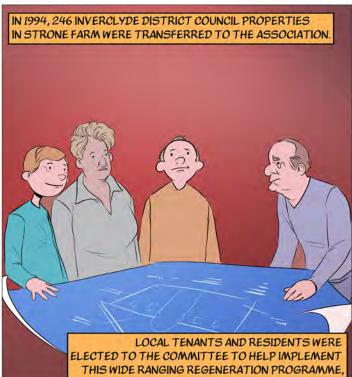
With this reunification, the old castle fell out of use, and its stones were gradually pillaged to build new houses in the area. Today, there is little left. I am told that the walls were standing as late as 1826. The mound which they form is over grown over with grass and planted with forest trees. A lost ruin of a once mighty fortress. Yes, plenty of steeples; not so many turrets.









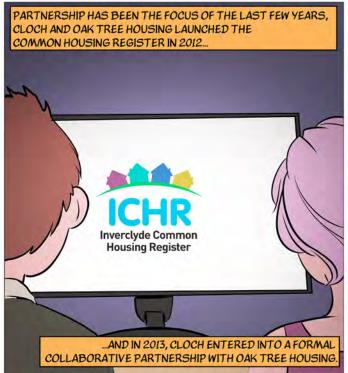


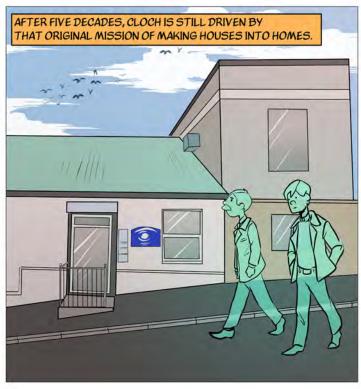


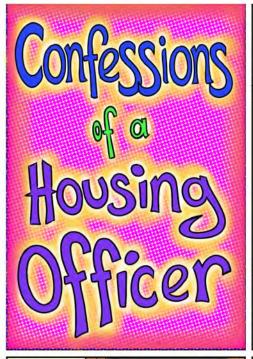












I WAS THINKING ABOUT MY BEST AND WORST TIME AS A HOUSING OFFICER. THEY BOTH CONCERN THE SAME TENANT...



WE ORGANISED HER FIRST HOUSE WHEN SHE CAME OUT OF CARE AGED 16. SHE GOT AN ATTIC FLAT BUT SOON AFTER, SHE HAD A COUPLE OF KIDS AND AT ONE POINT SHE WAS LIVING ON HER OWN WITH 2 WEE BOYS.



IT WENT ON FIRE ONE NIGHT AND HER AND THE BOYS ENDED UP IN THE HOMELESS CENTRE.



I MET HER AT THE FLAT THE FOLLOWING DAY AND IT WAS HEART BREAKING TO SEE THE STATE OF THE PLACE. WE REHOUSED HER IN DEMPSTER STREET THEN WHEN SHE HAD ANOTHER BABY WE REHOUSED HER IN A LOVELY 3 BEDROOM FLAT AT BELVILLE STREET.



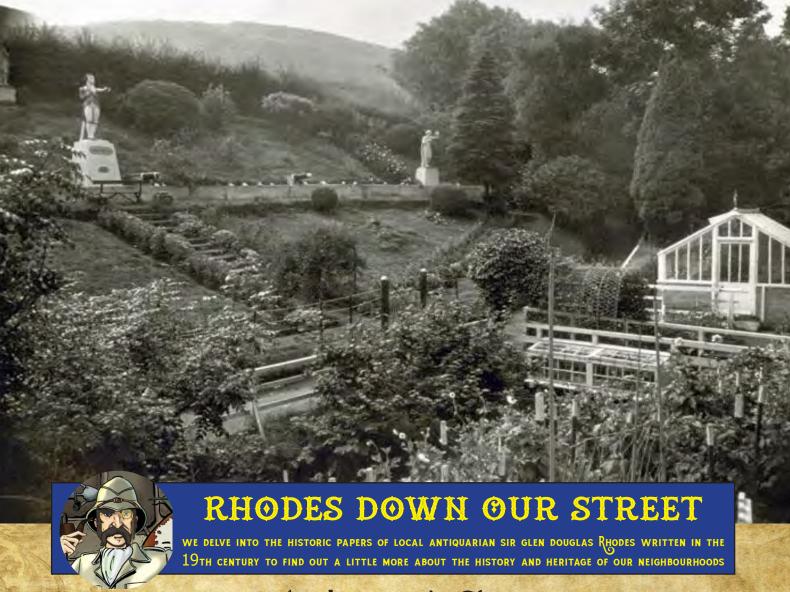
SHE WAS SO DELIGHTED TO GET ANOTHER CHANCE.

I LOVED IT WHEN TENANTS
WANTED TO SHOW OFF THEIR
HOUSE OR GARDEN --I REMEMBER MRS P. WHO MOVED
FROM A FLAT IN STRONE TO A
HOUSE IN CLYDEVIEW ROAD...



I ALSO LOVED TO SEE CHRISTMAS TREES IN THE WINDOWS WHEN IT WAS THEIR FIRST CHRISTMAS IN THEIR NEW HOUSE.





Auchmountain Glen

I have remarked on many occasion the fascination I hold for some of the most ancient communities in our neighbourhood; the farms of easter and wester Greenock. These small steadings became the roots from which many branches of our town grew.

It is a natural inquiry - What was the style of character of the farm-houses or steadings occupied by the tenants? We may safely assume that the style quite common in this immediate vicinity sixty years ago was that which prevailed in the time of the late Sir John Schaw - low, one-storey buildings of stone, with very small glass windows, the roofs of heather or thatch, large boat loads of heather being regularly carried across from Sir John Schaw's farms at Millings - the fireplace in the centre of the kitchen, with a stone seat round the ingle, the smoke from the peat fire being carried up through the centre of the roof, displaying the blackened rafters which were utilised for various domestic purposes. Slated houses were comparatively rare in the country, and many were thatched in the old style.

The lands which these farms worked was not the most forgiving; and many of them were named for the landscape itself. Take for example the case of Auchmountain; recorded in its earliest form as Auchmuggin or Auchmugton, this

place likely derives from the scots for "field of nettles", a common reflection of this area as anyone who has walked there will attest.

More recently, the work of Sir Michael Shaw Stewart has lead to the creation of a fascinating and well conceived "fairy grove" in this area. Worked by labourers these last few years, the area directly around the glen has been transformed. A steep hillside garden with paths and steps lead down to a small greenhouse. Statues, on plinths, with cannons between them line the uphill side of the hillside path. White railed footbridges cross the stream. A statue of Lord Nelson stands at the top of the steps. Sir Michaels "Auchmountain Boys" have of late began to create a path through the glen to Whin Hill and I for one cannot wait to hike it.















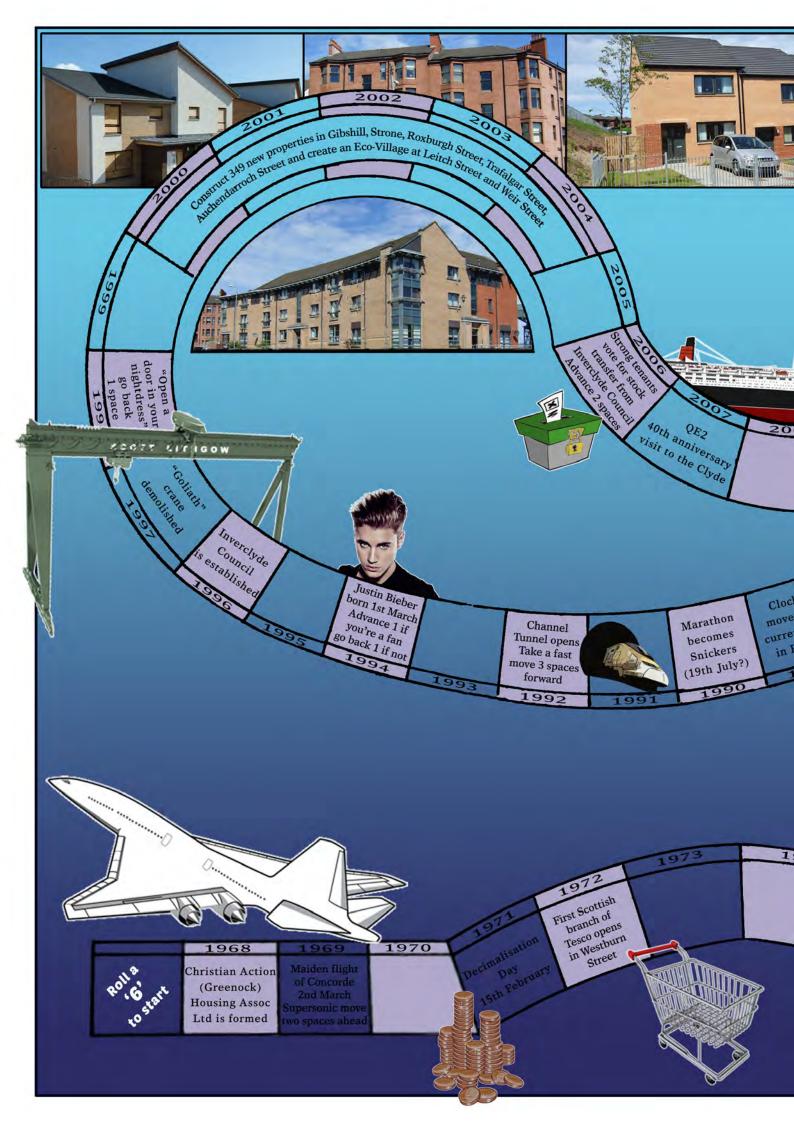














EVERY BUILDING HAS A STORY



Former Royal Bank Building 96 Cathcart St - Cross Shore Street A Category B Listed Building

First appears in Post Office directory 1853/1854 as Royal Bank of Scotland Building 38 Cathcart Street. There is a number on front of building identifying as number 36. Numbers changed to 98 /100 in late 50s.

Upstairs in Bank was known as Bank House. First recorded resident was Mr Love who was the accountant for the Bank.

Next found in 1940 when a Mr Ritchie Bank Accountant lived within the Bank House.

Number 36 changed hands many times and was a sweet shop, a carpenters and auctioneers.

In the early 1900s it became the Commercial Bank of Scotland

It seems that 14 Cross Shore Street was also owned by the bank as many of the families living here were employees.

In 1860 Cathcart Street was a very important area. This started when the trains arrived 1841. The station was built to join the journey from Glasgow to the steamers leaving from Customhouse Quay. It also led to Greenock becoming the centre of the sugar trade with prices being set here for the sugar trade throughout the country. The name Sugaropolis was given to Greenock at this time. Businessmen came to Greenock meeting in Exchange Building and Assembly Rooms at 27 Cathcart Street. The White Hart Hotel at Renfrewshire Business Agency. number 50. The Tontine Hotel at number 34. The Prince of Wales Hotel number 28 (this later changed to Temperance Hotel). The Railway Hotel number 29. Many people would stay overnight and continue travel next day.

Other Banks also had offices on Cathcart Street including Bank of Scotland at number 47, The National Bank of Scotland at number 29, Glasgow City bank at number 32, making this the business centre of Greenock.

In the 1960s the houses in Cross shore Street became offices of several businesses including National Commercial Bank, Lloyds Registrar Shipping, Twaddell & Reid Accountants.

The Bank moved in 1975 to 122 Cathcart Street and is still there The original Bank building today. became The Steak House and Bar with Business offices above including Denholm J&J Agency, Denholm Line, Greenock Sack Company, West

In May 1941 Cathcart Street was badly hit during two nights of bombing. Many buildings on the Street had to be demolished but number 38 survived and carried on business while the Street was reconstructed. This was the cause of the differences in architecture in the street.

Although Cathcart Street was an important Street the area behind and toward the town centre were mainly slums with many families living without Eleanor Robertson - Cloch Board

running water within the closes. Longwell Close which ran from the docks to Cathcart Street (about the length of William Street) had over 40 households. Each with as many as 8 people living in one house or even one room. Number 3 East Quay Lane had over 40 people living in one close. This was while the west end of Greenock was being developed with many villas housing only one family usually with several live in servants. Also in the 1880s many of the slum housing was being demolished to build the magnificent Town Buildings. I always wonder how they must have felt with their children running around with bare feet and sleeping four to a bed to see this building rising up around them.

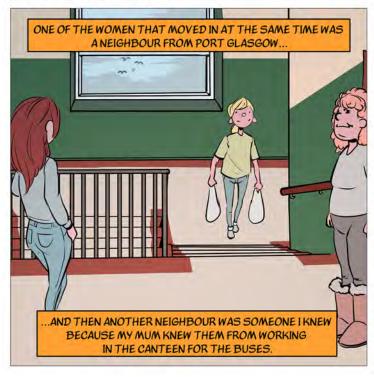
This gives meaning to the real purpose of Housing Associations. Reconditioning the old to make new and more suitable housing from the tenements which were well built but unsuitable for modern day families.



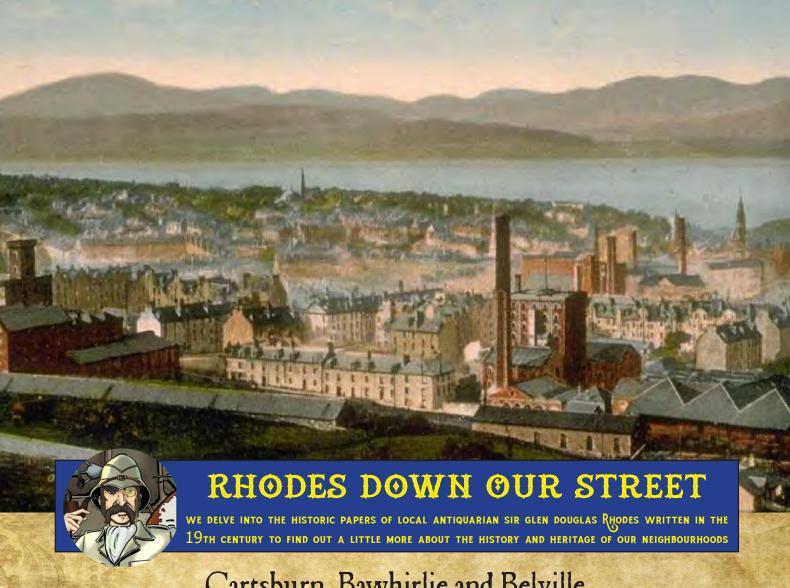












Cartsburn, Bawhirlie and Belville

Cartsburn has a very old history, the earlier stages of which it is somewhat difficult to trace. The Cartsburn itself marked a natural boundary line, which flowed down through the lands of Ingleston. We first encounter a record of Ingleston on some of the earlier maps of the area from around 1650. Ingleston or Englishtoun was most likely settled by a colony of English farmers. There are numerous records in the old town minute books of "English Town Timber" being sold from here, and it is not surprising that this area was always heavily wooded. The lands between Easter and Wester Greenock were divided at this place; from the point where Cartsburn stream (the Strone burn) enters the Clyde, (crossing the road leading from Greenock to Port Glasgow) up the East side of the burn as far as south of Bawhirlie farm, then down Border street. Here too was the old Cartsburn House, and beyond this towards what is now Belville Street, the farms of Strone, Augmugton (Auchmountain) and Maukinhill (all of which are recorded on some of the oldest maps. It is not surprising that these small farms, often made up of two or three tenants, became the custodians of some of our most ancient traditions.

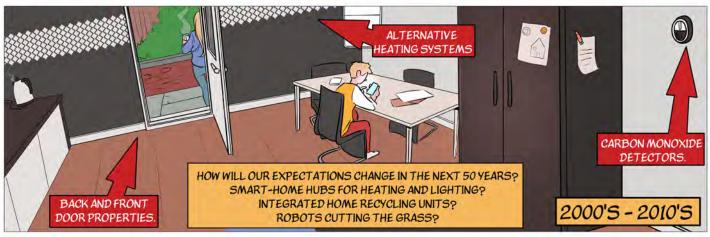
There used to be a curious superstition which may still

prevail connected with the mountain ash or rowan tree as being a necessary adjunct of farm steadings. We know of a farm steading in the immediate vicinity of Greenock, which was rebuilt upwards of forty years ago to replace the old house which was removed to construct their reservoir now used by the Model Yacht Club. When the new steading was ready for occupancy, the tenant- a respectable manpositively refused to enter it till rowan trees were planted round it and the unfailing horse shoe nailed to the byre or stable door to keep away witchcraft! The trees are to this day. Another farm immediately behind Duncan Street Burying-ground had surrounding it a group of rowan trees whose lovely inviting berries were the envy of every child! Doubtless they were planted there for the same superstitious reason.













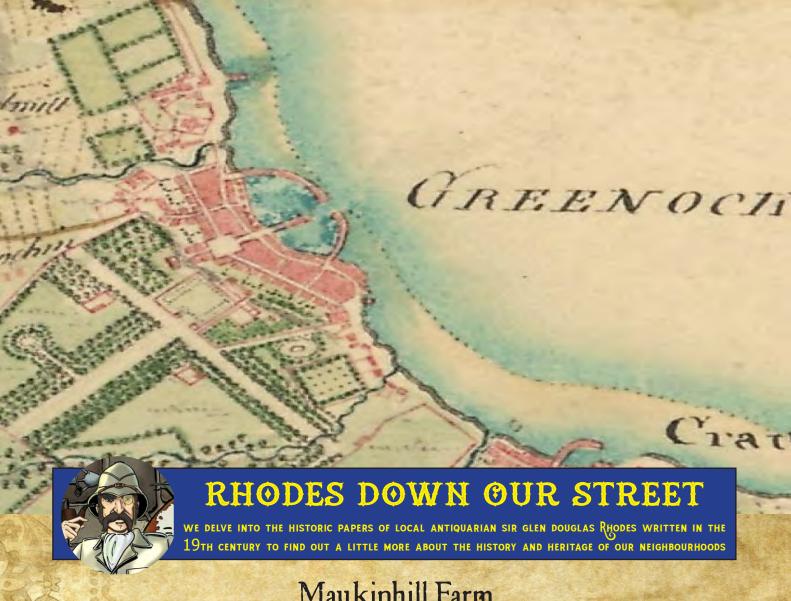












Maukinhill Farm

As I have noted on many occassions, in ancient times, the lands of Easter Greenock were given over largely to farms. The families who tenanted many of these farms became chief names in the history of our town, and these farms became the seeds of crops that were to bloom into whole neighbourhoods. Chappeltoun, Boagstoun, or Boston, Wood, Knocknairhill or Knocknearshill and Carolina, Lurg, Sheillhill, Cuddieston, Fifestoun, Maukinhill, Glenbrae, Darnduff, Auchmugton, tenanted by William Neill, James Hendry, John Lang, Archibald Duff, John Dennison, Matthew Scott, John Lindsay, Joseph Hyndman, and Robert Warden or Wardon.

Over the years the records show little change in the personnel, or names of the tenants, probably from the circumstances that the farms were held under long leases, and were still occupied by the original tenants or members of their families. The names of these farms tell us much about our ancestors, and their language. Let us take Maukin Hill as an example. 'Maukin', a hare, is an old scots word, most often encountered in the works or Burns:

Grim vegeanance lang has taen a nap But we may see him wauken:

Gude hel the day when royal heads Are hunted like a maukin.

Little surprise that we find the moors and brush here home to many hares and rabbits still to this day; Many a Maukinhill Hare has found its way into a pot of stew or a plateful of rarebit served up to the patrons of the Tontine. And while the ancient Scots and Gaelic words may have lost some of their meaning, giving way to our more modern tongue, their memory echoes in the hills and glens above the river.

Nearly a century later, the lands of Maukinhill were to play an important part in the protecting of our town during the German raids of World War II. Around this area were sighted a number of decoy balloon anchoring sites, intended to throw bombers off their targets and direct bombs to less populated areas. Here too, on the sight of All Saints Primary School was to found an anti aircraft gun battery emplacement. The battery was one of at least five constructed to protect Greenock. Similar arrangements of light anti-aircraft batteries were established around a number of vulnerable points, either military or industrial, along the banks of the Clyde.

















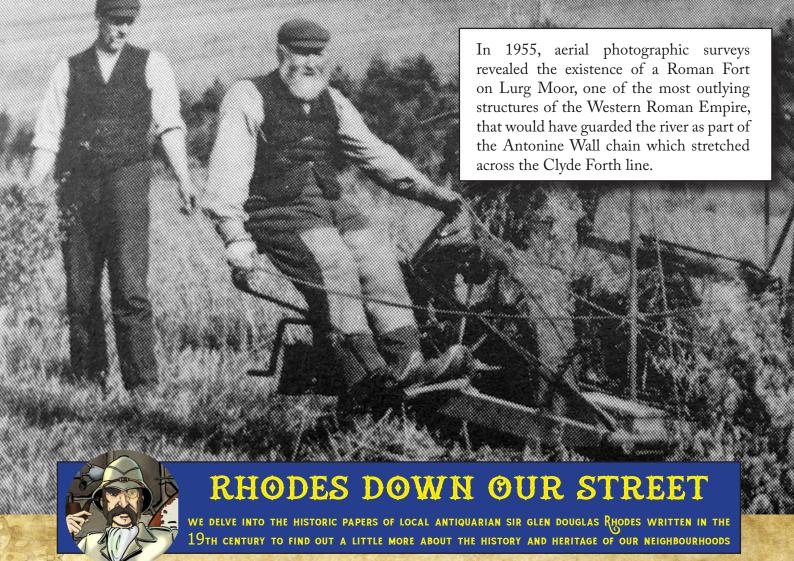


THE WORD ON THE STREET

CAN YOU FIND ALL OF THE STREET NAMES BELOW? THE NAMES ARE HIDDEN UP, DOWN, BACKWARDS AND DIAGONALLY...

M H G R U B X O R Y Z J A T S
O H I G H H O L M T Z C J R O
V W O X B A W H I R L E Y A S
I N V V W H I N H I L L I F Y
R T A H M F P G R L J A R A W
E X V L L A C B I E D N W L R
I P G T L Y C O S R B S I G I
R V R R M A T G O J G B N A V
R Q O T E C E Y R G M U B R E
A O C H O V Q I L E A R Y G R
U N M U E B T V H L G Y W Y S
Q S R E U O I K W T E O K M I
D T P S K Z M Y N P A K R T D
G R O S V E N O R A B C D K E
V H T E L Y O F R E B A T Q H

Aberfoyle Bank Bawhirley Cathie Allan Elliot Court Grosvenor Highholm Irwin Kellv Lansbury MacGregor Quarrier Riverside Roxburgh Trafalgar Whinhill



Gibshill

I had occasion of late to pay a visit to a good friend in Port Glasgow. Finding myself with plenty of time and in need to some spring air, I ambitiously decided to hike along the old turnpike road, which links the many farms of Port Glasgow and Kilmalcolm with the eastern reaches of Greenock.

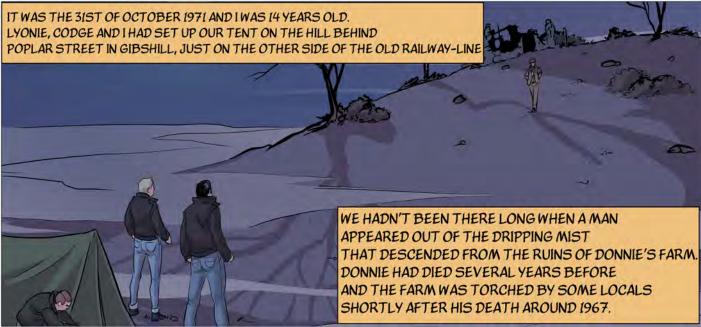
As I walked, I was reminded of the many ways in which the geography of our town has influenced how it has developed. Since ancient times the lands of Easter Greenock comprised everything east of the Dellingburn. From the late 1600's, the records being to put names to these lands, and the people who dwelt on them. In the papers on the Schaw family we find, among others, the names of the following farms in Easter Greenock:- Braehead, by Thomas Reid; Bridge End, by James Alexander; Woodhead, by James Finneyson; Craigend-knowes or Craigieknowes, by John Speir; Mains, by William Campbell; Cabilows (Cappilows), by John Warden; Partanlaw, by Robert Alexander. And Gibshill, occupied by Robert Kerr.

Gibshill is perhaps unique among these farms; sitting as it did in a thin strip of land on the borders between the lands of Greenock and Port Glasgow, it was difficult ground to

work. I recalled to mind a story one of the labourers there had told me many years ago. He had remarked on how thin the soil was, so much so that ploughing was a great challenge. One day as he drew the horses across the field, he caught a glimpse of something silver shining in the mud. He stopped down and picked it up, brushing the soil from his hands to find a silver coin. But it was no scottish merk. This one featured the head of some bearded figure, and the words "antonius" clearly visible. Sadly the labourer had no idea that he had held in his hands a coin of the Roman Empire, most likely brought here by some Legionnaire nearly two thousand years before. He swapped it for a cask of ale from the VVhite Hart Inn. I for my part, wonder if these hills hide more of our Roman visitors than just coins.*

Today, Gibshill farm consists of a small farm house and offices the property of Sir Michael Shaw Stewart. To the south of it is a large Sandstone Quarry the stones of which are nearly exhausted; these stones have been used to build many great buildings throughout the town, as well as the quays and docks of our mighty harbours. As I made my way across the farm, I was struck by the bountiful view across the river, and while there might be little left to farm or quarry here, there are still harvests and gems to be found.









YEARS AGO NOW, A YOUNG MAN, JUNIOR, FROM ONE OF THE LOCAL FARMS, WENT MISSING UP ON THE GREENOCK HILLS. FOLKS SEARCHED DAY AND NIGHT, BUT THERE WAS NO SIGN OF HIM ANYWHERE.



THEN ONE DAY, YEARS LATER, JUNIOR RETURNED TO THE FAMILY HOME.



BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING DIFFERENT ABOUT HIM. HE WAS LIKE A SHADOW OF HIMSELF.

A FEW FOLK KNEW JUNIOR HAD CHANGED, HAD HEARD THE STRANGE HOWLING AT NIGHTS...



...AND WHEN JUNIORS PARENTS DISAPPEARED AND HE TOOK OVER THE FARM, THEY SUSPECTED FOUL PLAY. BUT THERE WAS NO PROOF. NONE YOU WOULD BELIEVE AT ANY RATE... EVERY SO OFTEN SHEEP WOULD GO MISSING, OR TURN UP IN PIECES. BUT WHO WOULD BELIEVE JUNIOR HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT?

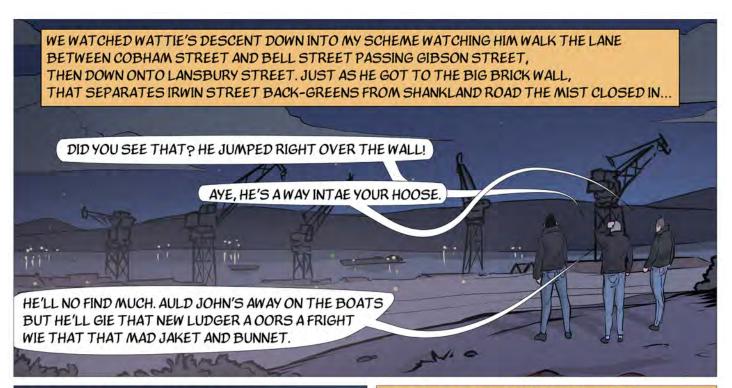


YOU BOYS BE CAREFUL. I'LL NEED TO GET ON MY WAY. FULL MOON TONIGHT.



SOME HANGING ABOOT THE AFF LICENCE.





LATER THAT NIGHT AROUND MIDNIGHT, WE HEARD THE HOWLING COMING FROM THE SCHEME.



WE ALL SAT UP, STARED AT EACH OTHER AS THE MOONLIT TENT GLOWED IN AN EERIE LIGHT, PAUSED AND THEN LAUGHED FOR THE NEXT 15 MINUTES.

WE WERE USED TO STRANGE NOISES COMING FROM THE STREETS OF GIBSHILL ON A FRIDAY NIGHT



SO THIS WAS NO DIFFERENT. BUT AFTER THAT NIGHT WE NEVER SEEMED TO TALK ABOUT IT AGAIN.

FOR YEARS EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT WITHOUT FAIL I WOULD HEAR THE HOWLING WOLF PASS BY MY BACK BEDROOM WINDOW, STALKING THE BACK-GREENS OF IRWIN STREET AND LANSBURY STREET HOWLING HIS WEREWOLF SONG.



WE ALWAYS LAUGHED AND SAID IT
WAS SOMEONE COMING BACK
FROM BROON'S AFTER A NIGHT
OF CELEBRATION BUT
SOMETIMES I WOULD
REMEMBER WATTIE'S STORY.

IT'S BEEN MORE THAN 40 YEARS
SINCE THAT STRANGE
HALLOWE'EN EVENING IN 1971 BUT
WATTIE'S STORY HAS STAYED WITH
ME. I'VE EVEN WRITTEN A SONG
ABOUT IT CALLED JUNIORS FARM.



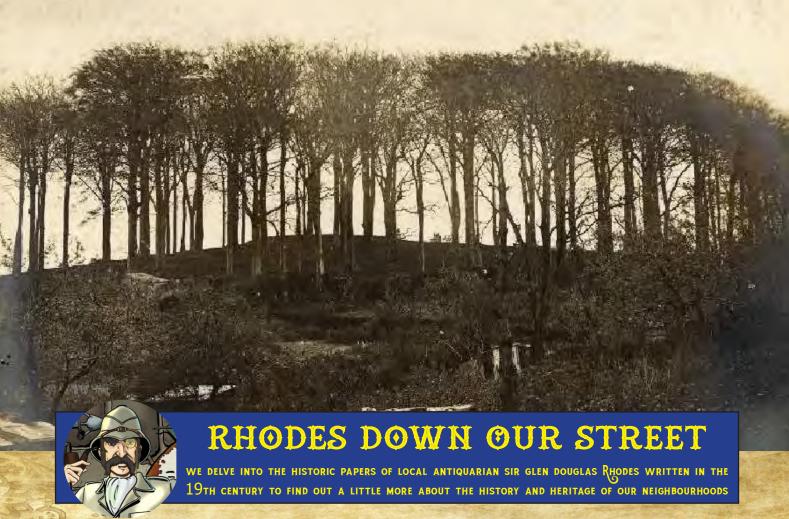
HERE HE IS IN THIS OLD PHOTO OF BOGSTON FARM, WHERE GIBSHILL IS NOW. SPITTING IMAGE OF THE GUY WE MET THAT NIGHT.

THING IS, WALTER ALEXANDER
WAS THE OWNER OF THE FARM
AWAY BACK IN THE 1920S.
SO IT CAN'T HAVE BEEN HIM
THAT NIGHT. BUT IT MIGHT
HAVE BEEN HIS SON..



WALTER ALEXANDER JUNIOR.
HE WAS LOOKING WELL FOR A MAN
IN HIS SEVENTIES.
HE MUST HAVE HAD A REALLY
HEALTHY DIET. PLENTY OF

FRESH AIR AND EXERCISE...



Crow Mount

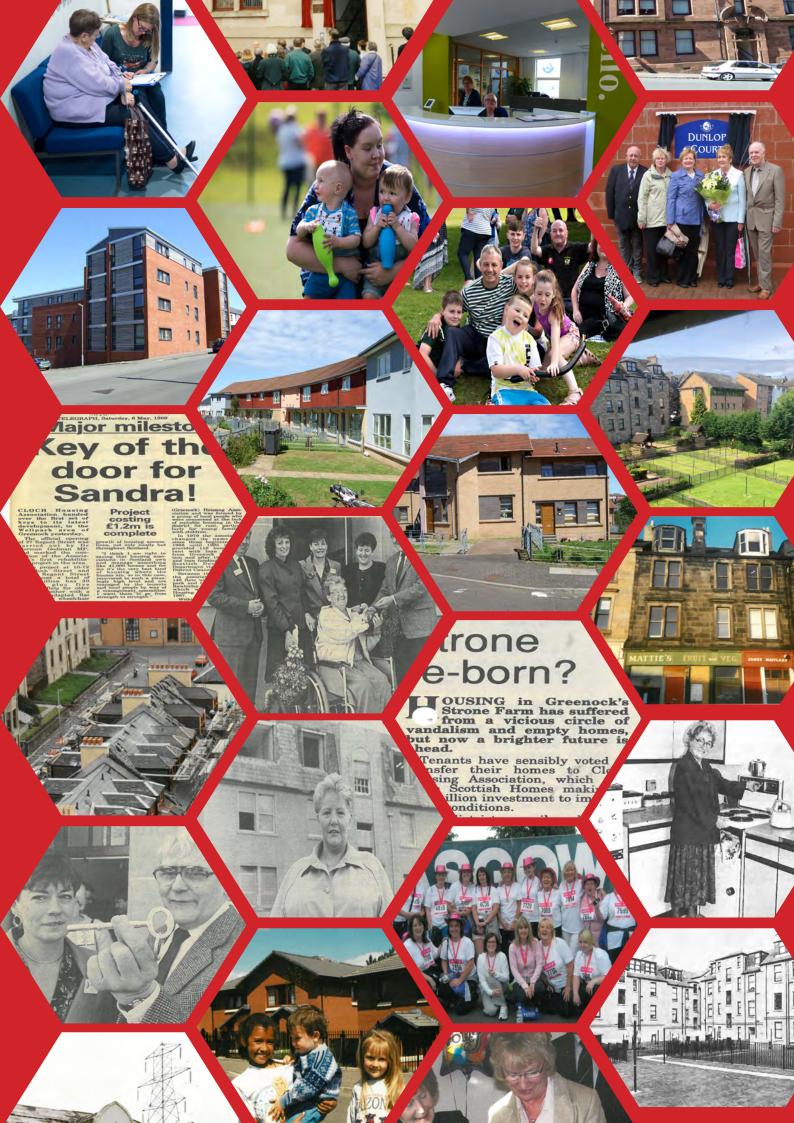
Crow Mount, or as it was commonly called, the Mount, formed that portion of the town stretching westwards from Bank Street to Ann Street, and running south from Roxburgh street to Dempster Street. To the east lay Lynedoch Street; the place of the linn or waterfall - doubtlessly a reference to the Dellingburn, whose course ran on the edges of the street. South of this stood Drumfrochar, the hill of the heather. By the 1850's, the Mount or Mount Pleasant as others referred to it largely consisted of a wild plantation with a few gardens and cottages. An examination of the ancient maps and papers suggests that the Mount has been organised and laid out since at least the 1700's, and possibly before.

Historians remember it for its lush greenery, a stark contrast to the smoke and industry already taking hold at the rivers edge. But natures beauty hides a darker tale. Rumour has it, that this was once the haunt of witches, who held covens there, far from the watchful eye of the townsfolk. By the 1800s our town ancestors had long since abandoned the mount to the Crows. The Mount was almost a miniature forest, with an abundance of trees which naturally attracted Crows, and made it a breeding



place for them; their chorus of cawing became a peculiar feature of the neighbourhood.

My observations and studies have lead me to the conclusion that while it was once part of the Well Park estate, with gardens and avenues leading down to the gates on Regent street, it may have formed around an even older structure or space. Could the mount once have been home to an ancient stone circle or standing stone? Perhaps. It is certainly worth considering that the "Sunny Hill" from which Greenock is said to have taken its name, could actually have been the Mount itself.







CELEBRATE 50 YEARS OF TENANTS AND TENEMENTS WITH CLOCH HOUSING ASSOCIATION! TAKE A STROLL BACK IN TIME TO THE ORIGINS OF THE TOWN, READ TRUE TALES OF HOUSES BECOMING HOMES AND LOOK BACK AT ALL THAT HAS BEEN BUILT AND ACHIEVED...



