

Issue 17

# The Lostock Hall Magazine

Coot Lane 1940's

What's in a Name

1st Casualty of War from Lostock Hall



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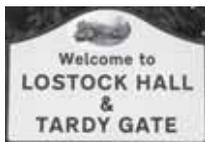


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Welcome to the 17th issue of The Lostock Hall Magazine, which also covers Tardy Gate and nearby parts of Farington. It is a collection of local history articles relating to the area. Many thanks to all our contributors and readers. Our thanks to Penwortham Priory Academy who support us by printing and formatting the magazine. Please support our local advertisers without them we could not produce our

magazine. **A copy of each issue will be kept in the Lancashire Records Office.**

Jackie Stuart has kindly allowed us to serialise her book entitled 'A Tardy Gate Girl'. Mill Stories by Ken Berry. Articles by Bill Brierley, Betty Mansfield and Joyce Parker, Charlie O'Donnell, Tony Billington.

**We recently discovered that Lostock Hall (now St Catherine's Hospice) was given as a war memorial in 1919 to Preston Royal Infirmary by G & R Dewhurst to be used as a convalescent home. See article.**

**Has anybody any information on when the war memorial was erected on Hope Terrace ?**

This year being the centenary of the First World War we are looking for any photos and memories of any soldiers who served in the Great War that you may like to share in the magazine. **We are also collecting material for Preston Remembers and the South Ribble Remembrance Archive 1914-1918, which will include anything relating to World War One in our area. A photo, document, a memory, etc.**

**Joan Langford's new book is now out entitled 'Lest We Forget' which is the eighth book in the series 'Farington – a Lancashire Cotton Mill Village' – a series of books now much sought after. Joan was asked especially to produce this book to record the lives of the men of Farington who died during World War 1. You can contact Joan on 01772 436505**

**LOSTOCK HALL LIBRARY, WATKIN LANE HAVE AN EXHIBITION ON CONTAINING LOTS OF RESEARCH BY MR BILL BRIERLEY ABOUT MEN FROM LOSTOCK HALL WHO SERVED IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR – DO PAY A VISIT IT IS VERY INTERESTING !**

If you have any memories you would like to submit to the magazine for publication, please do contact me, or our roving reporter – Tony Billington, especially memories from our older residents, because once the memories are gone they are lost forever. We can call at your home or speak to you on the telephone if you wish us to write down your memories. Have a look on Flickr at the Lostock Hall group of photographs, please upload any you would like to share. Copies of the magazine will always be available at Lostock Hall Library on Watkin Lane. Contact me to have your own copy delivered each month or to receive it by email.

Front Cover image – The 'Fellsman' K4 Class No 61994 'The Great Marquess' passing Lostock Hall Junction 2014 by Dave Cross

Editor Heather Crook 07733 321911

Roving Reporter Tony Billington 07794 016224

**Email [thelostockhallmagazine@gmail.com](mailto:thelostockhallmagazine@gmail.com)  
121 Broad Oak Lane, Penwortham, PR1 0XA**

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## Photos from Lostock Hall Past



### **VICTORIA HOTEL, LOSTOCK HALL, LATE 1950'S**

Left to right – Claude Bottomley, Tommy Billington, Jimmy Denton and Colin Schofield. The two chaps in the background are unknown, but if you know who they are please get in touch. **Photo courtesy of Tony Billington.**



Lostock Hall St Gerard's footballers won the local cup competition on Deepdale around 1956-57, as this photo testifies. Among the players were Tom

and Ged Watson as well as a number of lads from the Green and Swarbrick families, including tonight's contributor, Bamber Bridge reader Peter Swarbrick.

### **Lostock Hall St Gerard's Footballers 1956/57**

Back Row - Ray McGarry, Frank Gornall, Billy Swarbrick, Tommy Watson, Bobby Anyon, Gerard Watson, ? ?, Eric Green, Tony Jackson. Front Row – Gerry Halpin ?, Gormley, ? Peter Swarbrick, .?. **Sent in by Tony Billington. Courtesy of Peter Swarbrick's original LEP contribution**

# AGE concern

Central Lancashire

The Lostock Hall friendship club is open Monday to Friday and offers a diverse range of recreational activities for the over 55's including keep fit classes, luncheon groups and dancing.

A weekly drop in computer class provides support in gaining basic computer skills, and the friendship club is a great way of meeting new people.

If you would like to know more information call Laura or Mary on 01772 321868, or pop in and see us on Lourdes Avenue, Lostock Hall, PR5 5TA.



## **ARTICLES FROM LOSTOCK HALL PAST**

### **BREACH OF PEACE - COURT EXPLANATION OF LOSTOCK HALL FIGHT -**

'We are all the best of pals again' said Edwin Preston (44) St Gerard's-road, Lostock Hall, who together with Andrew McFarlane (40) of Croston-road, Farington; James Trafford (33) of Wateringpool-lane, Lostock Hall, and Thomas Hothersall (22) Wateringpool-lane, was summoned for causing a breach of the peace by fighting on Saturday, May 28<sup>th</sup>. PC Ball said he saw the men fighting in Wateringpool-lane. Hothersall had sent a girl to the police-station to inform him. Preston and McFarlane told the Bench that the fight was their fault. They were riding bicycles and could not get past the two other men two abreast. McFarlane shouted to the other two, and the fight started. The other two defendants said they thought there was room to get past. The chairman (Mr W de Rome) said it seemed to be a small thing to cause such trouble. The cases would be dismissed on payment of the costs. McFarlane then declared 'We wouldn't like our friends here to be put to any cost whatsoever, it didn't need to have happened'. 'You had better pay their costs' said the assistant clerk (Mr W Rigby) amid laughter.

**Lancashire Daily Post Friday 7<sup>th</sup> June 1935**

### **CONVALESCENT HOME – THE GIFT OF LOSTOCK HALL TO PRESTON**

**INFIRMARY** – Yesterday at a meeting of the Board of Management of the Preston Royal Infirmary, and illuminated letter of thanks to Messrs G and R Dewhurst, Ltd, was present to Mr Alec Foster, a director of the firm and vice chairman of the Infirmary Board for the gift to the Infirmary of Lostock Hall and grounds for the purpose of a convalescent home. The chairman Alderman Hamilton in making the presentation said that Messrs Dewhurst's magnificent gift would be a splendid acquisition to the Infirmary, and that after an inspection of the property he was much struck with its beauty and suitability for the purpose for which it had been given. Mr Foster speaking on behalf of the firm said that it had given them great pleasure to hand over the estate for such an excellent purpose. A gold brooch, bearing the crest of the Infirmary was presented to Miss Hilda Foster as a mark of appreciation by the Board of Voluntary Services rendered by her during the war. Lostock Hall, a beautiful mansion standing in about eight acres of lovely rural grounds through which the Lostock Brook runs is situated in Cuerden and was presented to the Infirmary in May last as a **war memorial**.

**Lancashire Daily Post July 1<sup>st</sup> 1919**

### **WITHOUT COAL FOR DAYS – Plight of 460 families from Lostock Hall – Fuel Committee's steps to remedy the situation**

– At a meeting of the Walton Le Dale Fuel and Lighting Committee last evening complaints were made of a serious shortage of coal in several parishes particularly Lostock Hall. Mr Ward said the matter had reached an acute stage at Lostock Hall where no fewer than 460 families had been without coal for days. There were two merchants at Lostock Hall, and it was the inability of one of them to get sufficient supplies that was the principal cause of the present situation. Repeated applications to the local fuel overseer had not supplied a remedy. Describing conditions at Lostock Hall Mr Ward said one day he saw a woman of 54 dragging 1 cwt of coal along the street, woman were rushing about with buckets seeking to borrow a little coal wherever they could, and some 50 men were out with sacks. The threat had been made that some 200 women intended to march in procession and interview the Fuel Committee. Last week several wagons of coal went through Lostock Hall to the residential district of Hutton and Howick, and these things were not escaping the notice of the railway men.

**Lancashire Daily Post 4<sup>th</sup> March 1919**

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## BEYOND AVONDALE DRIVE

Carrying on from 'Avondale Drive and all that' in Issue 16 we didn't spend all our time being the bane of everyone's lives in the surrounding area. Unlike the present day and the sad state of society in which we live without stating the obvious, us 8 or 9 year olds would disappear all day and return home for about 4 00pm for our tea. Parents hadn't got the worries that they have today and I can't remember any of us going missing or causing our mums and dads any concerns. No doubt there were 'bad men' about but we never came across any I'm glad to say. Anyway we'd a huge variety of places to wander off to as we were surrounded by fields and open spaces in those days and not the sprawling concrete jungles of today. We were separated from Penwortham, Farington, Brownedge etc., by fields and countryside whereas you cannot distinguish where one starts and one stops now. We could wander down Wateringpool Lane and Doodstone past Sammy Bamber's and into the fields near Todd Lane Junction via Junctions Hollows. If we weren't trainspotting at Farington, Flag Lane or Bee Lane we'd be down Dandy Brook down Todd Lane South. I can't believe the transformation that has taken place there nowadays. You could stand on Stone Bridge and look towards the wall which marks the boundary of St Catherine's Hospice. Then there was a sloping field to the left (most of which is now the site of Cuerden Rise) and a grassy patch of ground with the odd bush or tree to the right up to Lostock Lane. The brook was quite a bit deeper then and had a small sandy bank down its centre near the bridge. Now it is a vast overgrown jungle surrounding a babbling shallow brook. The lock/weir at the Spinning Company was one of the causes of the river being deeper in this area. On the other side of the bridge looking towards the stepping stones (front cover issue 15) and the Resolution Bridge the river was quite deep and there was easy access onto the bank on either side, unlike the equally overgrown jungle that is in situ here as well. Once we'd got fed up of getting wet through in the brook (which we always managed to do) we would cross a much quieter Lostock Lane in those days into School Lane, past the old school house and into Stoney Lane which continued right through the woods to Wigan Road (pre M6 days). Unlike nowadays we could walk past Stoney Lane House (a magnificent building complete with equally impressive wall) and down the track into the woods beyond. To the right ran a brook (very sandy) to the left a hedge. If we turned just past the house we would eventually come across the new plantation and a pit (marl pit?). The pit in question is now next to the lay by at the rear of B & Q. Continuing down the track (still Stoney Lane) we would reach a stile and algae covered pit. Following the track to the right, complete with a high banking and badger sett to the left we would eventually reach Wigan Lodge Wood. We called it Bluebell Wood in those days and this led in to Black Wood. The remains of a coach-house stood here (a big drop if you weren't looking). We would eventually reach Wigan Road and a ruddy long walk back home via Nook Lane. Long walk back in the late 50's or 2014 modernisation, no contest. What do you think ? I rest my case.

**Tony Billington.**

# FRY INN

18 WATKIN LANE LOSTOCK HALL

## HOURS OF OPENING

	<u>LUNCH</u>	<u>TEA/SUPPER</u>
Monday	CLOSED	CLOSED
Tuesday	11.30am – 1.45pm	4.30pm – 9.30pm
Wednesday	11.30am – 1.45pm	4.30pm – 9.30pm
Thursday	11.30am – 1.45pm	4.30pm – 9.30pm
Friday	11.30am – 1.45pm	4.30pm – 9.30pm
Saturday	11.30am – 1.30pm	CLOSED

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## Henry Marsden - Royal Field Artillery, Lostock Hall.

The Marsden family ran a blacksmiths shop in Lostock Hall which they may have taken over from one Richard Hardman sometime between 1851 and 1861. My great great-grandfather, William Marsden\* may have been apprenticed to him. William's older brothers became wheelwrights as was their father, Henry.

The blacksmiths shop on Watkin Lane almost directly opposite the Pleasant Retreat pub eventually became a garage and was run by my grandfather's uncle Thomas Marsden (for younger readers, a modern block of flats now stands here). My father remembered helping his own grandfather, another William in the smithy in the 1930s. The family lived at 19 and 21 Watkin Lane.

Henry Marsden learnt the blacksmithing trade but by the time he left school it was probably becoming apparent that the trade was going to be needed less and less, so he then trained as a watchmaker, his mother, Margaret (nee Wilson), paying 6d a week for him to be taught.

Henry joined the Royal Field Artillery and was posted to the 9<sup>th</sup> Lancashire Battery, where he acted as a blacksmith. He survived by the skin of his teeth. He broke his leg just before his group went into a battle where there was a great loss of life. I haven't been able to find out exactly where he served. My father Henry (Harry) said he served at Passchendaele and saw the angel at Mons, but I don't know how accurate that might be. I have his Bible which is stamped 9<sup>th</sup> Lancs Battery RFA and some RFA badges as well as the standard issue medals. After the war Henry worked at the Leyland Rubber works and following the depression started a cycle shop at 358 Station Road, Bamber Bridge. Locals might remember it as a wool shop. My father later took the shop over and ran it until we came to New Zealand.

### **Karen Lyons, Palmerston North, New Zealand.**

\*Henry Marsden (1795-1873) had four sons including William (1841- 1913) who in turn had sons William (1870 – 1940), Harry (1879 – 1956), and Thomas (1886 – 1954). This younger William also had three sons, Thomas, Henry (my grandfather 1896 – 1957) and Robert. If you can identify any of the other soldiers in the photograph or you have any more information you would like to share about Henry Marsden please contact Charlie O'Donnell at [southribble.gw@gmail.com](mailto:southribble.gw@gmail.com) and visit South Ribble in the Great War [www.southribble-greatwar.com](http://www.southribble-greatwar.com) Thank you.



# PRESTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

## PROGRAMME 2014-2015

- Monday 1 September 2014 *Preston as it was – or was it?*  
Speaker: Stephen Sartin
- Monday 6 October 2014 *Moses Holden 1777-1864: Lecturing Astronomer, Freeman of Preston, and much, much more*  
Speaker: Stephen Halliwell
- Monday 3 November 2014 *The Great War You Don't Hear Much About – a Lancashire perspective on operations beyond France and Flanders*  
Speaker: Lt Colonel John Downham MBE
- Monday 1 December 2014 *The Making of Preston's Parks*  
Speaker: Colin Stansfield
- Monday 2 February 2015 *Place Names and Landscape in Medieval North Lancashire*  
Speaker: Dr Alan Crosby
- Monday 2 March 2015 *Pathways to Preston's Past. A. J. Berry, H. W. Clemesha and the History of Preston*  
Speaker: Dr Keith Vernon
- Monday 6 April 2015 *Aspects of Freckleton*  
Speaker: Peter Shakeshaft
- Monday 11 May 2015 Annual General Meeting followed by  
*Preston in World War I*  
Speaker: Jane Abramson

The meetings are held in St John (The Minster),  
Church Street, Preston PR1 3BU, starting at 7.15 pm.

**Visitors and new members are very welcome**

£2.50 admission for visitors.

**PLEASE COME AND JOIN US**

For further information contact our Secretary, Karen Doyle  
Telephone 01772 862673 or Email [info@prestonhistoricalsociety.org.uk](mailto:info@prestonhistoricalsociety.org.uk)  
[www.prestonhistoricalsociety.org.uk](http://www.prestonhistoricalsociety.org.uk)

## Coote Lane, Tardy Gate, 1940's by Betty Mansfield (nee Keefe) and Joyce Parker

Nos1 and 3 - Mrs Shorrock,  
No2 Mr&Mrs Chester - Nash?

No4 Earnshaw,  
No6. 2 daughters?  
No8 ?  
No10 ?

No12 Mr & Mrs Jenkins - Patricia, she died of TB, son Vincent.

No14 Mrs Tattersall, She had been a District Nurse/Midwife and when I was born she gave my mum a white enamel baby bath. Daughter Millie.

No16 "Old" Mr Taylor (Jean Taylor's Grandfather) 1 son.

No18 ?

No20 Mr?Mrs Maggie Ashcroft and daughter?

No22 Ashcroft- son and Wife ?

No24 Mr&Mrs Standing and 1 son?

No26 Mr&Mrs Boyd, Ada, daughter May ? Son?

No28 Mr&Mrs Shaw. Alan & Eunice.

No30 Mr&Mrs John (Jack) Parker plus 11 children (Photo).

No32 Mr&Mrs Ritchie .

No34 Mr&Mrs Bibby, son Alfred

No36 Mr&Mrs Comerford .

Other side as far as I can remember!

No11 Mrs Hoole and daughter Winnie. Dr Cohen held a surgery there, the only house with a phone!

No13 Mr&Mrs Sanderson 2 sons, Billy&Ken, daughter Lillian

No15Mr&Mrs John(Jack) Astley, Wife Lizzie,son Jack and Alice Mary Keefe (my Grandmother).

No17 Mr&Mrs Keefe, Tom and Edith, daughter Betty & son Michael.

No19 Mr&Mrs George&Hettie Cookson.

Not complete but all Joyce and I can remember.



### **Rationing.**

Late 1940's Mr Comerford was my grandma's butcher, he delivered meat from his van and sometimes brought a rabbit. There was always an argument as to whether it was shot or trapped, grandma preferring the latter, he did try and pick out all the shot but he couldn't fool grandma as the conversation went back and forth, "shot" - "trapped"! It was all quite friendly as was the argument upon whether the meat was Lamb or Mutton. In the end he would give in and agree!

One weekend there was mysterious whispered conversations between my auntie and my mum, then my brother and I were ushered into the house and told to stay in the front. What an invitation ---- we just knew we had to find out what was "going on". We shot upstairs to the back bedroom which gave us the perfect view of the farm behind, only to see a butchers block, Joe Higham and Mr Comerford, plus other men holding a squealing pig which soon went silent. They had a bucket at the head end and cut the pig's throat so all the blood drained away, we were fascinated. We were unable to see the next stage as my mother, unable to find us shot upstairs, into the back room and that was our lot. She was a real "towny". The experience certainly did us no harm and the meat was delicious, we all got a treat!! Rationing? Who cared?

Mrs Comerford seemed "quite posh" to us and Joyce or other Parker children were often sent on errands and given a sixpence, well worth the effort. We were never really sure how her name was spelled but she always emphasized the COM not Cum!!

Unfortunately during the 50s she became quite confused as my mother soon found out. We came home from work and opened the front door to get the milk (we left home at 6 am) only to find dirty milk bottles on the step. This was like a red rag to a bull to my house proud mum, "wow" wait for it-----this happened the following night and the next before mum realized who the culprit was. So off she went with the dirty milk bottles and put them on the Comerford's door step, this went on for a couple of days until a quiet word with Mr Comerford solved my mother's problem.

We thought all was well for some time and then one evening when mum opened the front door there was a great clatter and a gas oven door fell onto my mum's precious red tiles just missing her feet. I need not say how she reacted in language, her opponents life was in danger! She picked up the door and staggered across the road and put it on her adversary's front step. This "tit for tat" went on for a week or more with my mothers language becoming more descriptive of that \*\*\*\*\* woman, etc.etc.etc. We could not understand how Mrs Comerford, a slight woman in poor health, could manage to stagger over the road - not straight across but diagonally, with a gas oven door, the effort tested my mum and she was fit as a fiddle.

In the late 40s (I can't be sure) on our way home from school, Joyce (Parker) and I were chatting as usual and suddenly realized No 32 the Ritchie's front room was full of smoke. Mr Ritchie was bed- bound, so we ran to my Grandma's house to raise the alarm, my uncle Jack was at home and he went to see if there was anything he could do, unable to get into the house he made the mistake of breaking the window, when the whole room exploded into flames. Auntie Lizzie rang for the Fire Brigade from No11 Mrs Hoole, using Dr. Cohen's 'phone, which was nearer than the Public Telephone in "Tardy". Strange today, but then, very few people had house 'phones and no mobiles!! Mr Ritchie often smoked in bed and had fallen asleep, setting his bed on fire. Our minds worked overtime as we imagined all sorts of events but we were assured he would have died from the smoke long before the fire.  
Betty Mansfield/nee Keefe



# Lostock Hall's First Casualty of the Great War

## By Bill Brierley

I have recently mounted a display at the Lostock Hall Library about the men from the village who died in the First World War. That display concentrates on the soldiers who are named on St Gerard's War Memorial – my research started here as two of my great-uncles (Francis Schultz and Henry Watson) are commemorated there. Over the coming months I hope to extend the display to include more names from the Memorial on Hope Terrace as I research them and I will also be publishing some stories here in the Lostock Hall Magazine. I have also been working with some colleagues on a display in Leyland Library which will open in September. This first story concerns the first man from Lostock Hall to be killed in the War.

### **6185 L/Cpl John Bennett, 1/Loyal North Lancashire Regiment**

John Bennett was born in 1882 and before the War he worked as a cotton weaver, probably at Thomas Moss' Cuerden Green Mill. He was married to Sarah Slater, and they had two children – Emily Ellen and Annie – and they lived at Moss View, Leyland Road, Farington. As Bennett was a Lance Corporal, he would have had previous military experience and was probably a reservist, but there are no records of his enlistment or service before 1914.

1/Loyal North Lancs arrived in France on 12 Aug 1914. In the first days of the War, the British Expeditionary Force was in full retreat in face of the massive German attack, retreating over 136 miles in 13 days. Once they had crossed the River Marne, however, the BEF turned to face the enemy, although at this point, during the Battle of the Marne, 1/LNLR was in reserve. L/Cpl Bennett arrived in France on 9 September 1914 as part of a draft of 80 men, led by Lt. J H Miller. The men were immediately in action.

The Battalion's first general action of the War was at the Battle of the Aisne, on 13 September 1914. That day, 1/Loyal North Lancs and 2/King's Royal Rifles, in pursuit of the Germans, had crossed the Aisne at Bourg then billeted for the night at Moulins (near Reims). The next day they moved to Vendresse to support an attack on a factory, which was successful, but then the enemy counterattacked heavily and the Battalions' ammunition supply began to run out. The Battalions were finally ordered to fall back to a ridge previously occupied and 'dig-in'. In this, its first general action of the war, 1/LNLR lost 14 officers and over 500 Other Ranks, killed, wounded or missing, and in 'B' Company alone 3 officers out of 5 and 175 out of 220 other ranks were casualties.

The Battalion was not used to digging trenches: this was a new kind of warfare and they had to work out the 'rules' as they went, but they soon encountered conditions which would become typical – on the 19<sup>th</sup> it began to rain and the trenches began to fill with water, which turned to mud. In early October, British troops withdrew from the Aisne, to be replaced by the French, and 1/LNLR moved north to Boesinghe, near Ypres, where it was to prepare to play its role in the First Battle of Ypres. On 22 October they were ordered to march to Pilkem, which they reached just after dawn on the 23<sup>rd</sup>, and they were then ordered to attack the German trenches. They came under very heavy shell fire but (as one officer recorded in his diary) “The order to fix bayonets was given; a bugle sounded the charge, and with loud cheers the Battalion dashed forward and in less than ten minutes had carried the trenches and cleared them of the enemy. Six hundred prisoners were taken, a number that might have been increased but that further pursuit was hampered by our own artillery.” That evening the Battalion was relieved in the line and withdrew via Pilkem to Ypres. In this action they had two officers killed and four wounded, while 178 other ranks were killed, wounded or missing, including John Bennett. He was 33 years old. His War had lasted just 45 days.

Sarah remarried in 1918. Her new husband was William Yates, and they moved to “West View” on Croston Road. Lt Jack Humphrey Miller, who led Bennett's platoon, was later promoted to Captain and was transferred to 3/LNLR which was attached to the Egyptian Army. He died of fever in Alexandria on 25 August 1917.

## Mill Stories

The original Lancashire looms had to be stopped to change the pirns which contained the weft in the shuttles. This meant that the loom was losing production for the couple of minutes which was needed to take out the shuttle, remove the empty pirn, insert a full one, thread the weft through the eye of the shuttle (done by sucking it through a tiny porcelain eyelet, called kissing the shuttle) knot the new weft onto the old end and trim off the ends with a small pair of scissors, put the shuttle back into the box and set the loom off. It was soon seen that there were ways of automating the process and so gradually the old looms were replaced with Picanol looms from Belgium. These could be fitted with a Unifill machine which would change the empty pirn automatically. It was almost unbelievable to watch the mechanism do its job. The loom would be weaving away at a rate of knots when suddenly there would be an unexpected bang as the empty pirn was knocked out, followed by a full one, the threading, knotting and cutting happened faster than the eye could see and the whole process of changing the pirn was complete without the loom even stopping. As the loom was running the Unifill mechanism was busy winding weft onto an empty pirn ready for the next change. The 'Tape frame' was a huge machine which coated the warp with sago flour size to prevent the fibres unwinding in the weaving process. When the warp emerged from the bath of size it passed over some steam heated drums to dry it. At this stage it was one sheet of warp threads all glued together. Before the machine could be run the ends had to be separated and rods passed between to keep the ends apart. The rods were fixed to the machine so that when the machine ran, the warp threads were gradually separated into single strands again before being wound on beams ready to go to the drawing room where the ends were threaded through the healds and reed ready to go into the looms. Part of the finishing process included washing the cloth to remove all the glue. That is why cotton cloth straight from the loom has a very distinctive feel. I can remember the steam engine in the engine room which drove the shafting which ran along the length of the weaving shed. At intervals along the shaft were cast iron pulleys positioned above each loom. A leather belt about two inches wide took the drive from the shaft down to each loom. On the loom were two pulleys, one fixed to the loom drive shaft and the other loose and running free. A metal fort on a handle served to move the leather belt across from one pulley to the other to engage the drive. When a belt became slack or broke it was necessary to repair it with the overhead shaft still turning. There was no way of stopping the shaft other than switching off the steam engine and that was never done. I can remember my father showing me a small door at the base of the mill chimney which he opened. He took a sheet of newspaper and let go of it in the door way. It immediately vanished up the chimney and eventually came flying out of the top, taken up by the draught of air created by the huge boilers. The boilers burned a heavy industrial oil which was so thick that it had to be heated to allow it to flow from the delivery tankers into the storage tanks. My father told me of a time when something went wrong with one of the boilers and it became much hotter than it was designed to do. The intense heat was so great that it caused the cast iron door of the boiler to soften and sag out of shape. The incredible thing was that they were able to send the door away and have it straightened.

By Ken Berry .....more next month

## WHAT'S IN A NAME ? BY TONY BILLINGTON

I've lived in Lostock Hall all my life but only since I retired a couple of years ago have I suddenly developed an interest into how a lot of thoroughfares in the area acquired their names. Before I am bombarded with 'constructive' corrections I'll apologise in advance if I am way off mark. My observations are based on a mixture of speculation, information, rumour, commonsense and hearsay. There, I'm covered !

I grew up in **MOSS STREET** then **AVONDALE DRIVE**. Cuerden Moss and Farington Moss are quite local so Moss Lane and Moss Street would seem self explanatory. Moss Street was nicknamed 'The Deserts' many years ago.

I have absolutely no idea how Avondale Drive got its name.

**ROSEMEADE AVENUE** and **MAYFIELD AVENUE** would appear to be named after a rose meadow and a may field or is there a more suitable reason ? I'm led to believe Todd Lane South was called Moss Lane many years ago.

**EMILY STREET** which connects Lourdes Avenue and Leyland Road is subject to differing opinions. I seem to remember an old lady being killed by a local motor-cyclist and her name was reputed to be Emily, was it named in her memory ? 'Busy Bees' was used for several businesses over the years including a joiners I seem to remember.

All the byways around St Gerard's Church have been mentioned in previous issues and books written by local people in the past. **LOURDES AVENUE** after Our Lady of Lourdes and St Gerard Majella, **ST GERRARDS ROAD** likewise.

**ST CUTHBERTS ROAD** and **MERCER ROAD** taking their name from the longest serving priest in St Gerards history Fr Peter Cuthbert Mercer who spent about 23 years in Lostock Hall. **AMPLEFORTH DRIVE** derives its name from the monastery in Yorkshire which serves as 'head office' to the Benedictine parish of Lostock Hall.

**LINDEN DRIVE**, **LABURNAM AVENUE**, **CYPRESS GROVE** and **CEDAR AVENUE**. Was there an abundance of 'tropical' trees on these sites ?

**FIR TREES AVENUE**, **CRESCENT** and **ROAD** more likely took their names from Fir Tree Farm which stood roughly around the junction of Leyland Road and Fir Trees Road. **HALF ACRE** and **BROADMEADOW** may have been so named after a couple of farmers fields between the allotments (later cricket ground) **WERNETH CLOSE** and **CONWAY DRIVE**, adjacent to the West Coast Main Line.

**WELLFIELD ROAD** came about after Wellfield House was demolished. This stood on Croston Road virtually opposite Squirrels Chase. Squirrels ??

**MAUREEN** and **MARILYN AVENUES** on Wilkinson Street were rumoured to have been named after the builder's daughters! Is this true ??

**BEE LANE** was this the site of beehives, beekeepers ?

**FLAG LANE** definitely not named after concrete flags or Union Jack style flags. More likely after the abundance of Flag Iris's which grew on either side of the track.

**WESTFIELD** was the west field, **BARNFIELD** housed a huge dutch barn.

Finally **MARINA GROVE**. Someone suggested the same reason as Maureen and Marilyn Avenue i.e., builders connections. Definitely not so. No 1 and No 2 Marina Grove, two detached houses close to the post box near Leyland Road were there many many years before the dawn of the estate, late 50's and early 60's. Please get in touch if you have differing views or know why other thoroughfares were so named.

**Tony Billington**

Editor's note – Can anyone tell us why or when Jubilee Road was named at the Tardy Gate end of Croston Road.



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— PRESTON —



## Readers Replies and Comments

In 1944, we lived at 1, Beech Terrace, Croston Road. (now 5 Croston Rd,) then it was almost at the side of the Tardy Gate Tan Yard and all the smells that went with it. My father was away most of the time serving in the Merchant Navy. On one of his voyages his ship was torpedoed, Mother Mary Agnes and the family there were all together 6 of us we relied very much on Dads monthly allotment of £16. The minute his boat went down he was classed as unemployed and the money stopped immediately. Hard times, we relied mainly on the Lostock Hall branch of the British Legion and 'the slate' at the local Co-op. Times were hard but life had to go on. I was 11 years old then and was attending St Gerard's school. Somehow mother always had some kind of cooked meal for us for tea time and we were well served by school dinners, which to this day seemed so good. One particular night on getting home as usual Mother had cooked a lovely rabbit casserole. I can still taste it was so good. I think it was the only time that month that we had meat. As usual later that night I went to feed my two Dutch rabbits only to find I had eaten them for tea. I have never had rabbit since. Mum had used the Tan Yard to kill and prepare them. Dad did survive the sinking of his ship and turned up only to sail out again with the Merchant Navy. By Joe Cartwright.

Here are the names of most of the class from the photo sent in by Graham Winfield in Issue 16. Top Row – Graham Winfield, Philip Russell, Peter Hepplestone, ?, David Edwards, Dale Gibson, John Bennett, John Pearson, David Chester, Graham Mantern, David Croucher. 2nd Row – Susan Marsden, ?, Barbara Dixon, Susan Smith, Ann Winrow, Jean Turner, Lynne Cheal, Elizabeth Riding, Julie Emery, Linda Howitt, Linda Thompson. Bottom Row - ?, ?, Graham Butler, Raymond Thompson, Barbara Thompson, Danny Balikzi, Joan Proctor, John Sharples. Kindly sent in by Linda Rutter (nee Howitt)

I have lived in Preston and Bamber Bridge but it is surprising how your magazine brings back happy memories. In Issue No 16 there was a photo of Thomas Moss cricket eleven. I played a couple of games for them in the early 60's. Like Louis Walker I played in the Preston League and we never played in the Preston Holidays so if a team in another league were short of players I got a game or two. I worked near Eddie Pye and he asked me to play for them. Also on the photo was Conrad Hunte who was signed for Leyland Motors as their pro about 1956 and given a job as a labourer. When I was in my last year as an apprentice Conrad worked in the next shop to me and funnily enough we always seemed to brew up at the same time. It also mentions Alf Hayes who was an apprentice about the same time as me and I remember when we were both called up for National Service Alf in the Guards and me in the Royal Engineers and when I went back from one of my leaves to Germany who should be polishing his gear on the train but Alf. Happy memories keep up the good work! Cheers. Frank Smith

Margaret Parr has let us know that name of the unknown girl in the hockey photo in Issue 16 was Mary Marland. Thanks Margaret

Tarka the Elephant – In reply to the huge response to the Elephant story in Issues 15 and 16, Bob Mingay of Lonsdale Chase, Croston Road, assures me that there were no Bren or machine guns used when 'Tarka the Elephant' was despatched. He says that using either of these weapons would have upset and spooked the other animals on the train. He was one of the small detachment sent from Fulwood Barracks and insists that the only weapons used were 303 Enfield Rifles.

Tony Billington

**South Ribble Museum & Exhibition Centre,  
The Old Grammar School, Church Road, Leyland, Lancashire.  
Tel Preston 422041. [www.southribblemuseum.org.uk](http://www.southribblemuseum.org.uk)**

***Events Summer 2014***

**June 10<sup>th</sup>-July 6<sup>th</sup> Brownies Centenary Exhibition**

- Thurs 12 7-30pm. St.Leonard's (Walton-le-Dale) Arts Festival. Talk and graveyard walk exploring the ancient church and its site with David Hunt (DH). Meet at the church. Refreshments.
- Sat 14 11am Official Opening of the exhibition.  
9<sup>th</sup> Brownies (Moss Side: Paradise Lane) in Attendance.
- Sat 21 12<sup>th</sup> Brownies (Seven Stars) in Attendance. 2014 Leyland Festival Day.  
Performance by Leyland Morris Men en route to the park.
- Sat 28 8<sup>th</sup> Brownies (Moss Side: St.James) in Attendance.  
10-30 to 12-30pm. Punch & Judy Show and Workshop ...with Prof. Ivan Walters.
- Sat 5 July 7<sup>th</sup> Brownies (Hough Lane: URC) in Attendance.  
11am. Short local history walk. DH. 'Who's Who in Leyland Churchyard'.

**July 8<sup>th</sup> -26<sup>th</sup> National Archaeology Festival: Exploring Farington Moss.**

A celebration of our local archaeology in recognition of 40 years of South Ribble Borough Council. Will also feature the Borough's treasures on loan from the Harris Museum: the Cuerdale Hoard, the Penwortham Castle finds, the Worden Hoard and the finds from Roman Walton-Le-Dale.

- Sat 12 11am. Illustrated talk. DH. 'The Vanished World of the Faringtons'.
- Thurs 17 2pm. Local History walk. 3 miles. DH. 'Worden Hall and Park'.
- Sat 19 11am. Illustrated talk. Dr W.Shannon.  
'Hell Holes and Mere Stones: The Leyland Mosses in the time of the Tudors'.
- Sun 20 2pm. Archaeology Walk. 3 miles. DH. St.Leonard's church, Cuerdale Lane, Walton-Le-Dale. Strong shoes essential. Remember our firm's motto -*There Shall Be Rain!*  
'England's Greatest Treasure: The discovery of the Cuerdale Hoard'. (Provisional at 1-6-14)
- Thurs 24 2pm. Illustrated Lecture. Elizabeth Huckerby. Now retired, but one of our leading authorities.  
'Reconstructing the Past: How Pollen Analysis works'.
- Sat 26 11am. 'Focus On Leyland'. The Damp Brothers film of life in the town in 1964, followed by David Ashmore's study of the building of the Tesco superstore in Leyland.

**August 1<sup>st</sup>- Oct 18<sup>th</sup> Our August 1914 Commemorative Exhibition: 'Antarctic Witness'.**

*A second chance to see Frank Hurley's wonderful photographs of Shackleton's 1914-16 Imperial Antarctic Expedition. The exhibition thus also commemorates the centenary of the greatest Arctic adventure.*

Hostilities broke out as *Endurance* was making her way out into the English Channel. On hearing the news Shackleton immediately volunteered the ship and her crew for military service, only for Winston Churchill to telegram the single word 'Proceed'. This sheds light on the contemporary view that the European crisis was not particularly serious and need not stand in the way of scientific exploration. When they finally escaped from the ice and shipwreck two years later the party was shocked to learn that the war had spread around the world and would rage on for another two years!

- Sat 2 Aug 10-30am. Official Opening. 11am. Short Local walk. DH. 'Leyland's Belgian Refugees'.
- Tues 5 Aug. **The first day of the Great War.** 2pm. Local History walk. DH.  
'An introduction to Leyland in the Great War'.
- Sat 9 Aug 11am. Illustrated talk. Malcolm Tranter.  
'August 1914, Winston Churchill and the Imperial Antarctic Expedition of 1914-16'.
- Sun 31Aug 2pm. Local History Walk. 2 miles; DH with local specialists.  
'McNamara VC: An introduction to Bamber Bridge in the Great War'.  
Meet at St Mary's church, Brownedge Lane, Bamber Bridge.

**8-12 September: South Ribble Walks week. Theme 'Endurance'.**

- Mon 8 Sept 11am. Official start of Walks Week. Meet at Museum. Short walk, 3 miles.

**Opening Times: Tuesday & Friday 10-4pm, Thursday 1-4pm, Saturday 1-4pm, Other times and group visits by appointment. Children must be accompanied by an adult. 1-6-14**

## **A TARDY GATE GIRL**

The next two weeks were dreadful. I could not eat. Nothing would pass the constant lump in my throat. My mum made meals for the children and tried to make me eat too. I lost a stone and a half in weight in that short period of time. I had no money and Stuart needed a pair of shoes. ...I remember asking myself how I would cope? How would I manage to keep a roof over our heads? How would I manage financially? How would I feed and clothe us all? My self-esteem had taken a severe battering. I felt that I had been kicked into the gutter. I couldn't get any lower if I tried. The only thing to do was to get back up. Then self-preservation kicked in, and I thought what a stupid idiot I was. I had been coping all the time over the past ten years without realising it. Ok, there would be no man about the house, there never had been anyway and no main wage earner. I would have to be mother and father to my children and sort out finances. Most important of all was I would NEVER, EVER, let any man or woman put me down again. I was a human being with a brain, and with feelings, and I will survive. I had three children to support and that is exactly what I meant to do. I managed to buy a pair of sandals for Stuart from a neighbour for £1.50. Then I set about organising a new bank account so my wages could be paid in from school. .... Bernard needed to collect some things for his new home. I agreed to him having some items, I couldn't do anything else really, as I had the house and virtually everything in it. Christmas was getting nearer and I did not have enough money to buy the children any decent presents. As it turned out, Christmas was much better than expected. The children had 27 presents each. Friends from the club and neighbours had bought them. A £5.00 note was pushed through the letter box, by Mr Sammon, the vicar of St James' Church. On Christmas Day another £5.00 was given me as a present to myself. The generosity was quite overwhelming.... With my wages from school and the club I was just able to make ends meet. I didn't have any spare money, so I went to the Social Security Office to ask them for help. I felt like the scum of the earth. They offered me 10p a week. I looked at them in disbelief and told them what to do with it. I walked into another room inside the same building and asked for extra family allowance for my eldest child. This was 50p a week. By doing this I was then able to ask the Labour Club if they would increase my hours from 10 to 15. By working 30 hours a week I could apply for Family Credit. I took several weeks to come through, but with it came free school meals, clothing grants, free prescriptions and dental and eye treatment.... I had three children to care for and their needs came first. Things were looking up, I was in control. I felt very strong, but on the defensive. If anybody dare attack me or mine verbally, or physically, they had better beware. This was a new strength. One which I did not know I had. I was surviving. I became quite adept at unpicking men's suits. My Dad bought several of them from a friend of his. The material was really good, and once unpicked, they made trousers and shorts for Stuart. Helen, Alison and I had dresses made up by Mrs Hall, from scraps of material I had bought for 50p on Preston Market. Some of the neighbours commented on how well dressed we looked. If only they knew the struggle I had, had. Having had to struggle to find the right path for me and my children, made me realise that nobody had come forward with any information to help me make the right decisions for us. No one at the Social Security Office had directed me into the best way to get the right financial support for them. I had accidentally stumbled the across the correct path for us. I made myself to help anyone who found themselves in similar circumstances. I have helped a lot of people since then and will continue to do so. My way of thinking was to learn and grow from my own misfortunes, otherwise you become bitter and twisted. It took a while to get to that stage, because you have to go through a period of grieving. One big chunk of your life has died, but there is no funeral. I told a

friend once that it was worse than an actual death, because you could bump into your ex partner anywhere or anytime. Some of my friends started to treat me differently. They saw me as a danger to them. I was a woman alone and a threat. I was likely to take their husbands away even though I had helped them in the past when they had been ill. I had looked after their children, made them meals, bathed them and washed and ironed their clothes. Those friends were not true friends and I told them so to their faces. The divorce proceedings were set for April 1978 at the Crown Court in Preston. It was quite bizarre really. I and several other people were asked to sit at the back of the courtroom. Then the judge asked us to stand up when our names were read out. We were then told that we had been granted a Decree Nisi and had to apply for the Decree Absolute in six weeks time. I was then asked to go into a private room where the judge awarded me custody of the children. Bernard did not attend these proceedings. Apparently he did not need to. I thought that both parties concerned had to attend, but that is not the case. Six weeks later my Decree Absolute was granted. This ended this chapter of my life. It was time to move on and start again.

I was a 33 year old woman with three young children, not good marriage material at all. Who would take me on anyway ? There again I wasn't looking was I ? I had been there, done that, worn the T shirt and was not prepared to go looking anymore. Its surprising how many worms crawl out of the woodwork and think that you are easy pickings, all married men too. A thank you but no thanks does not do a lot for their ego's. Their ego's were their business, mine was to protect my children and my reputation. I certainly was not going to sully it for them. The week after my 34<sup>th</sup> birthday I went for a night out. The first night out I had had in a very long time. I was meeting one of the barmaids from the club for a game of bingo. I don't like bingo, never have, but it was a night out. I sat and waited for her in the games room. Two of the regular customers, one named Derek and one named Ken came to sit and talk to me. I had known them both for quite a while. They were always very pleasant to me and always had a bit of a natter when I served them their drinks. They both knew Bernard but neither had realised that I had been married to him. The bingo was about to start but my friend hadn't turned up. Ken went in to play, but Derek decided to stop and talk to me. We talked about all sorts of things including my children. We were still talking at closing time. Up until that night we had been acquaintances. After that night I felt we were friends, but friends who seemed to know one another very well. He was so easy to talk to. I hadn't had a male friend to talk to like that in all the years I had been married. This was part of what had been missing, a friend, a soul mate, someone to confide in. The following night Derek came into the club and asked me if I would like an evening out with him. I said that I would, and made arrangements for the following Thursday. He tried to impress me with a meal, but the restaurant part of the pub had closed, so we ended up with a bar meal. Derek was an angler and had sprayed his three-wheeler van with air freshener to get rid of the smell of fish. He didn't succeed very well. With the van reeking of fish and the unsuccessful attempt at trying to impress me with a meal, we both ended up laughing our heads off. For the first time in years I felt alive. I felt like a woman again. Derek thanked me when I told him this, but I thanked for making me feel worthwhile and special. We went out a few times after that night, I had told my mum and dad I had met someone, but it was early days.

**More next month .....**

**By Jackie Stuart**

# CONRAD CLEOPHAS HUNT

## (9<sup>TH</sup> MAY 1932 – 3<sup>RD</sup> DEC 1999)



Conrad Cleophas Hunt was born in Barbados, son of a plantation worker. His family were poor and he was one of nine children growing up in a one bedroom house. Determined that his son should have a good education Conrad's father sent him to Belleplaine Boys school which entailed a six mile round trip barefoot !

He showed his first glimpses of his talent, playing in the school 1<sup>st</sup> XI against much bigger and older boys. The young Hunt then won a scholarship to Alleyne Secondary School, his ever growing prowess being noted by the school gamesmaster who as an incentive gave him a shilling each time he scored 25 runs. He played in the northern section of the Barbados Cricket Team (BCL) a league purely for the poor and the rural. He was chosen to play against the elite Barbados Cricket Association (BCA) and in scoring 137, became the first BCL player to score a century in this fixture. After playing for the Empire Cricket Club, an elite side in the Barbados league he then made his first class debut for Barbados against Trinidad and Tobago scoring 63 and 15. Following a few highs and lows, Conrad moved to England to study Economics. He found employment at a bus plant and then a cotton mill before joining Leyland Motors CC in the Northern League. The following year he was contracted to Enfield in the powerful Lancashire League, in the six years he was in East Lancs he set a club run record (1959). The West Indies were due to tour England in 1957 and sent a letter to Conrad asking if he was available for selection. Unfortunately he never received the communication and the two batsmen selected ahead of him (Asgarali and Ganteaume) both failed to make their mark.

Not to be denied the young Barbadian made his Test debut on his home ground, Kensington Oval, Bridgetown, Barbados against Pakistan striking the first two balls he faced for four before going on to score 142. In the third test he scored 260, including a partnership of 446 with Garfield Sobers who went on to score the then world record 365 not out in the same innings. In his debut series, Conrad scored 622 runs at an average of 77.75, the series being won 3-1. He became a regular opening batsman for his country for nine years, 8 of them as Vice-Captain. In the 10 Test Series he played in, 7 were victorious. In 1963, when touring England he averaged 58.87 against England. He hit a match-winning 182 in the first test and then a match-saving knock of 108 not out in the final test. When Sir Frank Worrell retired as captain, he was expected to take over as skipper but was overlooked in favour of Gary Sobers. Overcoming bitter disappointment he went on to average 61.11 against Australia, scoring 6 fifties in 10 innings, top scoring with 89. In total, Conrad Hunt played in 44 test matches, opening his countries innings with no less than 13 different partners. He scored 3,245 test runs at an average of 45.06, scoring 8 centuries, including at least one against every nation he faced. He was a committed Christian, being a staunch member of the Moral Re-armament Organisation (MRA)

Its quite possible that his beliefs and expressions of faith in the West Indies dressing room led to him being overlooked as captain. Conrad Hunt retired from cricket in 1967 to become a full time minister of the MRA, promoting harmonious race relations. He moved to Atlanta, Georgia, USA to try and help solve racial tensions and met his wife, Patricia, a local newscaster, with whom he had 3 daughters. In 1998 he was conferred the highest honour in Barbados when made Knight of St Andrew (KA) The Order of Barbados. He returned to the island of his birth and was elected to the presidency of the Barbados Cricket Association. He died two months later playing table tennis when attending an MRA conference in Australia, I believe. Without doubt, Conrad Hunt was the most decorated and talented player ever to grace the Thomas Moss C.C. ground on Coote Lane. **By Tony Billington**

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