

Issue 18

The Lostock Hall Magazine

Are We Guin Ont North End
Tardy Gate Girl
The Deserts

FREE

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WAR TAKES MAN WAR TAKES MEN

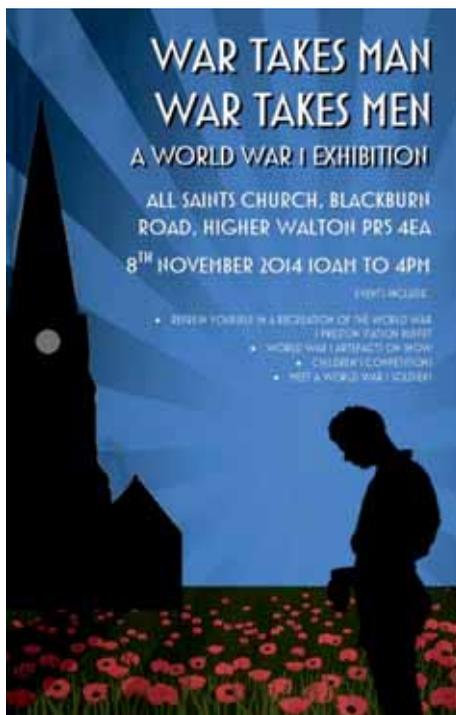
A free World War 1 exhibition is taking place at All Saints Church, Higher Walton on Saturday 8th November from 10 am to 4pm.

- Step back in time to 1914 and experience how a community lived through World War 1.
- Meet an expert on the war who will be dressed as a Tommy. Ask him about his uniform and his weapons and anything about the war you would like to know.
- Experience what the war was like for a family through their letters to one another.
- Enjoy refreshments in the recreated Preston Station Buffet.
- "Spot the artefact" competition for children.
- See real artefacts and memorabilia from the war.

The exhibition is all about the 430 men on the All Saints Roll of Honour – 376 who served and the 54 who died and gave their all for our future.

This is not about glorifying war or killing. This is about the men, our men, their families, our families, their community, our community. It is about commemoration and thanksgiving.

LEST WE FORGET.



WAR TAKES MAN WAR TAKES MEN

A WORLD WAR I EXHIBITION

ALL SAINTS CHURCH, BLACKBURN
ROAD, HIGHER WALTON PR5 4EA

8TH NOVEMBER 2014 10AM TO 4PM

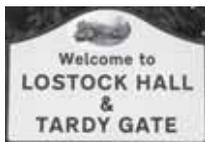
EVENT INCLUDES:

- BEER TASTING IN A RECREATION OF THE WORLD WAR I PRESTON STATION BUFFET
- WORLD WAR I ARTIFACTS ON SHOW
- CHILDREN'S COMPETITIONS
- MEET A WORLD WAR I SOLDIER!



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Welcome to the 18th 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. Contributions from Tony Billington, Maureen Ryan and Denis Watson. Thank you to all who have let us have photos we will include them in the magazine as soon as we can.

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.

Does anyone know when the war memorial on Hope Terrace was erected or what is your earliest memory of it being there ? Please contact us to let us know

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.**

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 Fish Sculpture at nearby Farington Lodges by Heather Crook

Editor Heather Crook 07733 321911

Roving Reporter Tony Billington 07794 016224

**Email thelostockhallmagazine@gmail.com
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PHOTOGRAPHS FROM LOSTOCK HALL PAST



CUP WINNERS 1962 back row – Eric Green – Bill Swarbrick, Gerald Halpin, Frank Gornall, Tony Goodier. Front row – Gerard Watson – Frank Harrison – Tom Watson – Bob Anyon, Peter Swarbrick. Photo and info courtesy of Gerard Watson.



P.D.O. SOUTH CRICKET TEAM 1984 This was the cricket team based at Collins Road taking part in the inter departmental cricket competition at Leyland Cricket Club, Fox Lane, Leyland in 1984. Back row – Neil Worden, Brian Abbott, Dave Kline, Eddie Noblett, Mick McCallion, Dave McCallion and Jimmy Eccleston. Front Row – Tony Billington, Bernard Walmsley, Mick Rawcliffe, Ian Harrison and Mick McFadyen. The mascots were the players sons. Sadly, Brian Abbot, Eddie Noblett and Ian Harrison are no longer with us. Great days at Royal Mail, Pre Whizz-kids and Fat Cats. Sadly a distant memory ... Tony Billington. Photo courtesy of Mick McFad. Three Lostock lads on the front row and all the grown ups had over the years delivered mail in Lostock Hall.

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
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Closed for Lunch: 13.00 - 14.00



Old Articles from Lostock Hall Past

WAY OF THE NORTH WEST - Roast Horse Flesh For Dinner – War changes tastes in more ways than one. I am assured that the deep rooted British prejudice against eating horse flesh is waning. The rationed roast beef of Old England is being more and more supplemented by unrationed roast hack. I have this on the evidence of **Mr Jack Newsham**, of the **Lostock Hall Tannery**, who before the war, supplied France and Belgium with horses for human consumption. According to him, horse meat shops are opening in most parts of England, Huddersfield, Goole, Sheffield, Birmingham, Rotherham, to mention only a few places. So assured is he of demand for it in Preston that he has taken out a licence to retail horse meat as human food. He is prompted to this step by demands from belguim and French refugees. The meat, like butchers meat, will be subject to examination by Government inspectors. At present, Mr Newsham is slaughtering by humane methods between 40 and 50 horses a week for human food. Much horse meat is being canned. One factory at Rishton is alone turning out nine tons of tinned horse weekly. The containers of such meat – I have been unable to find any displayed for sale yet in Preston – must bear a label indicating its nature, just as a horse meat purveyor must have a special notice outside his shop. Fallacy exploded – It is not true that only aged, worn-out horses are shot to supply human needs. The horses are generally younger animals – horses or ponies which cannot or will not work, or others which through accident or disability cannot be of further use to their owners. Racehorses, hacks, Hunters, cobs, go into the horse meat market, and these are types which Mr Newsham in his long career has passed on for human food. In support of his contention that horse meat is much healthier that cow meat he states that of the many thousand of horses he has slaughtered not more than twenty have had any symptoms of disease or ailment that would cause them to be rejected for human consumption.

Lancashire Daily Post, September 25th 1941

The 1914 – 18 war seems to have had little effect on school life, certainly very little is recorded. There is one entry dated Sept 16th 1916.

'The Rev. Manager (Fr. Mercer) visited school and read a letter from one of the members of the congregation (now at the front) to the children. Who was that soldier? In January 1918 some children where let out of school early to 'visit the tank on view in Preston' and in October of that year 'some of the boys were requisitioned by the farmers for potato picking'.

Tardy Gate School 1890-1990
Our Lady and St Gerard's
Primary School.

Lostock Hall Grievances – Sir, it would appear judging from Monday night's Post that the Walton-Le-Dale Urban District

Council are at last awakening from their lethargy. The state of the roads in the Lostock Hall portion of the urban district is absolutely scandalous, not only in that part where the new houses are being built (this part is too part to speak about) but in lots of other places. There is Moss-street, in the district known as The Deserts, and a better name could not have been found for it. This street has been built in the teens of years, and yet the conditions prevailing are almost (if not quite) as bad as that part in which the new property has been built. The road from the Post Office to the station is worse than the goalmouth of a football field in wet weather. I also notice that in Rosebury-terrace the parapet has been flagged in front of every house but one, and this one spoils the lot, as any pedestrian is in danger of spraining an ankle by getting one part of the foot on the flagged portion and the other part on the unflagged portion, which is covered with water. The entrance from Watkin-lane to Ward-street is very dangerous to vehicular traffic, and on Monday night last some persons in a cab, where all upset, the cab running on the two side wheels for some yards. Is it not time that we had some contested elections of our councillors? I think so. We could then elect men who would study the needs of the populous districts, and would then perhaps, have not quite so many cases of infectious diseases. I could also mention the unbearable stench, which arises from some of the sewer grates, but I fear I am trespassing on your space. Thanking you in anticipation. Yours and &c., 'ONE OF THE MUDLARKS'.

The Lancashire Daily Post December 7th 1906



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Readers Comments and Replies

I am pleased to tell you that I too worked at Tardy Gate and Lostock Hall Mills. My job was on maintenance staff, working on the weaving looms, but not as an overlooker. There were not many people who did not know me. Joe Berry worked on my shift, and was good to work under. I also knew all the overlookers like G Jones, A Cross, D Hobin, just to mention a few. Apart from my older brother most of our family worked in the cotton trade. My late mother was in it the longest (50 years). She worked at Thos. Moss and Sons for 41 years from being 19 years old. But she first worked at a firm called Rylands at Wigan, where she came from. She started on looms and finished on 24 looms. I myself worked there from 1959 to 1969. I left because I could not see any future as it was declining. Happy Days though. So that is my story of being in the cotton trade. Yours sincerely, Mr Harold Fazackerley.

.....

Sandra Brookfield



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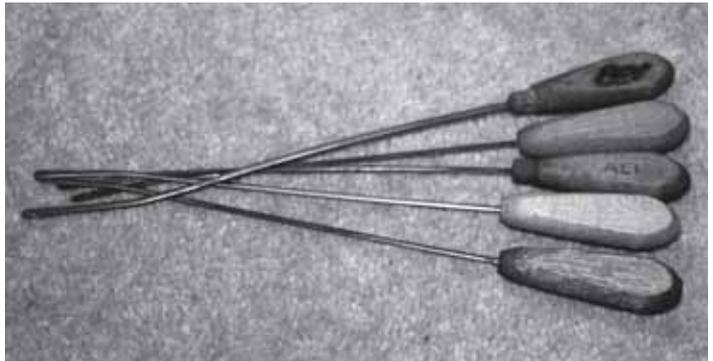


Mill Stories By Ken Berry

At one stage my father often had to deal with complaints about the state of the gents toilets. It seemed that often, when they had been used by Asian employees the cubicles would be wet through with water everywhere. My father consulted the race relations officials who explained that what was required was just a suitable hole in the floor, a tap and a short length of hosepipe. In those days we were not so enlightened and it seemed very strange to my father but he was assured that if he made that provision the problem would cease. He arranged for the removal of a toilet pan, leaving just the hole in the floor and provided a tap and hose as instructed and there was no further problem. The mill lodge was a popular spot for fishermen with huge fish due to the constant warm water from the steam engines. Much of the cloth woven went to Marks and Spencers and although they were very good customers they were also very strict. When a wagon load of cloth was delivered to them they would ask to see a couple of lengths of cloth chosen from within the load. It meant moving things around to get at the chosen pieces. They were then examined closely and if they did not meet the exact specification which included the correct number of threads per inch and the correct mix of fibres the entire consignment was rejected. The time came when it was decided to put a new roof on the mill. The original roof consisted of a series of pitched roofs with slate on one side and wired glass on the other. The new roof was a flat metal construction which completely covered the old roof. With the price of reclaimed slates at today's prices the old slates would have gone a long way towards paying for the new roof but no attempt was made to remove them. Probably the disruption which would have resulted on the inside was the deciding factor. I think it was around this time when a new floor was installed. It was a mixture of sawdust and resin and was poured out and allowed to set. It was required to stand up to some very rough treatment but seemed to do its job very well and looked most impressive when compared with the old stone floor. The looms needed to be well secured to the floor to prevent them moving around with the constant banging of the mechanism but the best method of fixing proved to be adhesive in the form of pads of thick felt dipped in pitch. When most people had a back yard flagged with stone flags the window cleaners would often ask for any old shuttles. They removed the steel tips and fixed them onto the bottom of their wooden ladders so that they would be able to wedge them between the cracks in the flags to stop them slipping. When the mill eventually closed down it was explained to all the staff by one of the directors from head office that the Lancashire looms had been shipped abroad to help third world countries to create employment for themselves. They had been very successful at this and were now weaving cloth and exporting the finished goods into this country. The shirts were being sold at a price which was lower than we could even buy the raw materials. Even if our workers had worked for nothing it would still have been impossible to continue.

More next month

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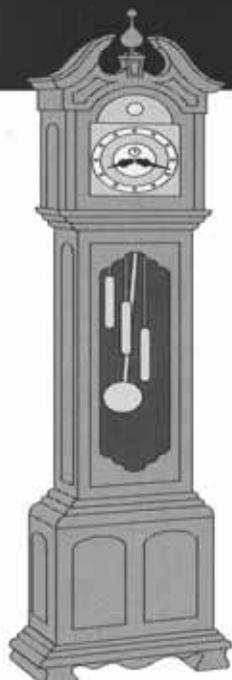
AGE concern

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.



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'ARE WE GUIN ONT NORTH END'

In the late 50's and very early 60's, every other Saturday morning after running errands down Tardy I'd meet up with one or two of the lads and the first question was 'Are we guin ont North End?' to which the synchronised reply was 'Who they playing?' Usually it was a big team as North End were still playing in the old First Division. These included Wolves, Spurs, Burnley, Bolton, Arsenal and Man U. Pre-Shankly Liverpool were still scratting around in Division Two. If it was a big team we'd set off early as possible to avoid the crowds as everybody else wanted to see the big names every big club had in those days. We knew we had the best in Tommy Finney, but the likes of Wright, Mannion, Blanchflower, Milburn, Lofthouse, McIlroy and Edwards were certain to provide tough opposition. We sometimes caught the Fishwick 'Preston Fox St' at the Vic or Pleasant. If it was raining 5 or 6 of us would cram into the telephone box next to the old bus stop at the Pleasant opposite the bank. Mostly we'd make the 'long trek' to the P20 terminus in Jubilee Road next to the Pleasant. The stop was in front of the two semi's next to Berry St. In those days there was just a hedge and an overgrown field. We'd get off the P20 at the old Ribble Bus Station on Tithebarn St and our first stop was the little shop across the road facing Lord St. We'd get a pie or parched peas and make our way down Tithebarn St past the Fire Station and onto Meadow Street. We'd come out onto Deepdale Road near the Preston Royal Infirmary. In the hospital grounds in Meadow St were two large cabins. We once saw a bloke in an iron lung and ran like mad because a new Frankenstein film had just come out and the monster or some other guy was in an iron lung! Apparently when the hospital was first built some big wig suggested called it The Royal Infirmary, Preston. Nothing wrong with that till you realise that P.R.I. sounded better than R.I.P.! If we got to the ground early (very early if Christopher Lee was having a lie-down in Meadow St!) we would go to the player's entrance at the back of the ground on Lowthorpe Road. Rather than walk right round behind the Spion Kop and Willie Cunningham's Gaff, we would try and negotiate (unsuccessfully as a rule!) the huge puddles that used to form in the alleyway between the Town End and the Army Barracks. It cost 7 old pence to get on the ground through the juveniles and as we were fairly small we'd be pushed through the railings onto the cinder track round the pitch. We were so close to the players we nearly passed out with the smell of sweat and liniment. If a corner was awarded, a gap had to made in order for it to be taken. A huge plod with size 14 feet was assigned to shift us. If Sir Tom came over to take a corner we would bow, doff our caps and move without any prompting from the fuzz. After the game you were usually carried down Deepdale Road back to town by the crowd. My record was two streets without touching the ground! We used to dash back down Meadow St to the bus station to try and catch the 109 Chorley bus. Sometimes if it was backing out, we would rush down Lord St, Lancaster Rd, through the market, onto Orchard St then Lune St and catch it outside the Fishwick Bus Station near the Public Hall. If it was full or we missed it we

consoled ourselves with waiting 5 or 10 minutes to catch the 'Leyland Earnshaw Bridge' from the terminus in Fox St. How the Fishwick bus drivers managed to turn the old Leyland Tigers into Fox St bus station I'll never know. There were two shops facing the Public Hall and a narrow gap at the side of them to get into the terminus. My Dad used to drive for Fishwicks and I once asked him what the secret was. He told me 'Shut thi eyes n ope fer best!' He was a character and if you imagine Reg Varney and Bob Grant as 'Stan' and 'Jack' in 'On the Buses' then my Dad and Eric Crook, his conductor were just the same. It was always an eventful ride when these two characters were in harness. Sadly modernisation and cost cutting has removed this facility but these two characters are still talked about and sorely missed. We'd get off near the bus stop near the Library or opposite the Vic in those days. Then it was home, bit of tea, quick read of the 'Last Football' and into the street re-enacting that day's match under the Avondale 'floodlights' ! Bus fare to town and back , ont North End, match programme, pie or parched peas, bottle of pop and still change out of 'two bob' ! Happy Days.
Tony Billington.

Fishwick Bus Station, Fox Street, Preston c.1968. Image courtesy and copyright of the Lancashire Evening Post.



COOTE LANE 1940'S PART 2 BY MAUREEN RYAN (NEE REDSHAW)

COOTE LANE AND THE PEOPLE I REMEMBER WHO LIVED THERE IN THE 1940'S. I WAS BORN AT NO. 4 WHICH WAS MY GRANDDAD AND GRANDMA'S HOUSE. I GREW UP AT NO. 6 WITH MY MUM, DAD AND SISTER.

NO. 2 MR AND MRS CHESTER AND EDNA.

NO. 4 BILLY AND AMY HINDLE – MY GRANDMA AND GRANDDAD

NO. 6 ARNOLD AND NELLIE REDSHAW. MYSELF AND SISTER AVRIL.

NO.8 ALICE AND DICK PENNINGTON. SYVIA AND SHIRLEY.

NO. 10 ROSE WHITTLE

NO. 12 MRS JENKINSON AND PATTY, VINCENT AND WILF.

NO. 14 MILLY TATTERSALL

NO. 16 MR AND MRS BUTLER

NO. 18 MR AND MRS TOPPING, JULIE, NORMAN, LESLIE AND BARBARA.

NO. 20 MAGGIE ASHCROFT AND NORAH.

NO.22 MR AND MRS ASHCROFT AND TWO SONS.

NO. 24 MRS STANDING

NO. 26 MR AND MRS BOYD AND SON JIM.

NO. 28 MR AND MRS SHAW AND FAMILY, EUNICE AND ALAN.

NO. 30 MR AND MRS PARKER AND FAMILY.

NO. 32 EDWIN RITCHIE (HE HAD A LOVELY BEDLINGTON TERRIER AND KEPT CHICKENS AND HENS AGAINST THE FACTORY WALL)

NO. 34 MRS AND MRS BIBBY AND SON HARRY

NO.36 MR AND MRS COMERFORD (BUTCHER)

NO. 1 MRS SHORROCK

NO. 3 MR AND MRS PURDY

NO. 5 MR AND MRS EASTHAM

NO. 7 MRS EASTHAM

NO. 9 MRS WILSON, DAUGHTER MABEL AND HER HUSBAND TOMMY HELM AND DAUGHTER BARBARA

NO. 11 MR JOE HOOLE DAUGHTER WINNIE AND DR COHEN'S SURGERY

NO. 13 MR AND MRS SANDERSON AND FAMILY

NO. 15 MRS ASTLEY AND FAMILY

NO. 17 MR AND MRS KEEFE, BETTY AND MICHAEL

NO. 19 MR AND MRS COOKSON.

NO. 21 THE CLAYTON SISTERS

P.S. THE CROSTON ROAD BUS STOP WAS IN FRONT OF OUR HOUSE WHICH WAS HANDY.

.....
Denis Watson who has recently emigrated to America emailed to say he read with interest Betty Keefe's article on Coote Lane and would like to add some more information about the residents. 'I remember the fire at Richie's house. I am sure it was after the war ended. The very bad winter of 1946 brings back memories. For those school children who wore clogs with iron cokers it was extremely difficult to walk in the deep snow because the snow would build up on the soles and it was like trying to walk on stilts. A clear memory that comes to mind. I was making my way to school and had just reached the house

where Margaret Ward lived on the bend before the cottages. It was there that I saw Betty's brother Michael with a girl from the 'Dolly Houses' on Leyland Road. Her name was Maureen Bird. They were both struggling to walk because of the deep snow. I managed to carry on to school. When I was returning home for lunch I saw Maureen and Michael again and they had only reached the railway bridge in School Lane. I have often wondered if either of them ever told their parents about that day. In Coote Lane at No. 12, lived Mrs Jenkinson, a widow, she had two sons in the forces Harry and Gerry. At home there was Theresa, Beatrice, Pat and a youngest son I only knew by his nickname 'Slogger'.

Next door at No. 10 was George Whittle and his wife Ann, together with their daughter Rose, and married sister Marie, her husband Richard, and their son Denis. George was born in 1865 and had retired from the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway in 1930. During the war No. 10 was the AIR RAID WARDEN POST. On the wall by the front door was a large wooden sign indicating the fact. One of the privileges of being an Air Raid Warden was that this was the only house issued with a bucket of sand and a stirrup pump. When in 1942 the German Luftwaffe dropped incendiary bombs on the hen cabins thinking it was Leyland Motors the bucket and stirrup pump were of little use. Some of the people I remember from St Pauls school are Brian Forrey, Brian Hobin, Bill Parr and his sister Maureen, Billy Clayton, Les Dagger, Colin Pizer, Margaret Ward, Ivy Singleton, Derek Nicholls and May Taylor. I hope that the above can stir other memories of the 1940's. Denis Watson.



ELIJAH HOLDEN AGED 18 (MARKED WITH A CROSS) DIED AT YPRES

Courtesy of Maureen Ryan. Elijah was her Grandma's brother. Private Elijah Holden 201181 is remembered on our War Memorial in Hope Terrace. He was in The Loyal North Lancashire Regiment and died on the 26th October, 1917, aged 21. He was the son of William and Ellen Holden. Elijah is remembered with honour at the Tyne Cot Memorial, Belgium.

LOSTOCK HALL TERRACES, VIEWS AND VILLAS (Past and Present)



In the past many of the blocks of houses were known by their terrace name and not always the name of the road they were on. Here are some of the remaining plaques in the area that still survive.

CATON TERRACE (412 – 426 Leyland Road)

VICTORIA TERRACE (Spar to Coote Lane) Plaque above KFC

HAROLD TERRACE (Road sign only)

BEACONSFIELD TERRACE (16 – 26 Watkin Lane) above Fry Inn

ALEXANDRIA TERRACE AD 1882 (37 – 57 Watkin Lane)

STEPHENSON TERRACE 1890 (28 – 38 Watkin Lane)

ALMOND TERRACE (100 – 110 Watkin Lane)

GREEN BANK TERRACE (112 – 116 Watkin Lane)

FERN VILLAS 1890 (78 – 90 Browndge Road)

MYRTLE VILLAS 1890 (92 – 94 Browndge Road)

PLEASANT VIEW (37 – 39 Croston Road)

WEST VIEW 1878 (18 – 26 School Lane)

Terraces with plaques removed that still exist are
LUPTON TERRACE (465 – 479 Leyland Road)

BEECH TERRACE (5 – 9 Croston Road)

HOPE TERRACE (Jubilee Road – Val Hughes)

SOUTHPORT TERRACE was on the site of the car park entrance and grass triangle on Croston



Road.

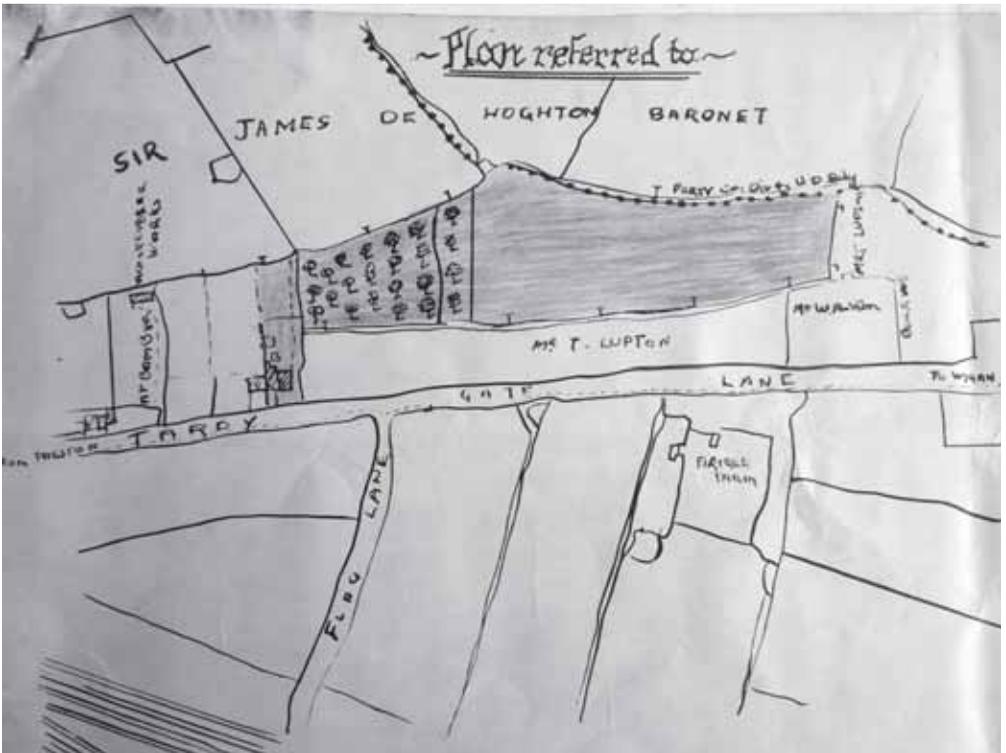
Other Terraces that existed at one time or other in the past were –

ALBERT TERRACE (now William Street, rear of Spar)

CARRINGTON, DOVER, GARFIELD, HESKIN, LONSDALE (no link to Lonsdale Chase or Mews) **PARK, PROSPECT AND SOUTH.**

PLEASE CONTACT US ON EITHER NUMBER AT THE FRONT OF THE

MAGAZINE IF YOU HAVE ANY INFORMATION ON THE 'LOST TERRACES' OR KNOW OF ANY OTHERS THAT USED TO EXIST. THANKYOU, THE MAGAZINE TEAM.



The plan above comes courtesy of Greg Billington and is from 1921.

It shows the site for what would become Marina Grove. The total space was 4 acres, 2 roods, 3 poles and 20 yards.

On it we can see Leyland Road, then called Tardy Gate Lane and Browndedge Road, then Black Lane. It shows land belonging to Mr Bamber, Mr T Lupton and Mr W Alston. No doubt Lupton Terrace took its name from Mr Lupton. In the top left hand corner it says either Anchor Rubber Works or ACH which could be Automated Cleaning House. Fir Trees Farm is shown whose land would later become Fir Trees estate. Do anyone know anymore about anything on the plan ?

A TARDY GATE GIRL

I had to find another job very quickly. Luckily Lostock Hall Gas Works needed a cleaner, so I started working there. This was a job that I did not like at all. Cleaning the offices wasn't too bad, but cleaning the toilets was awful. I had to do the job whether I liked it or not, or lose the Family Credit. Thankfully, I was only there for a few months. I hoped that I would never have to do a cleaning job again. Over the next few months Derek and I saw each other as much as we could. The situation between us was becoming quite serious. We realised that we loved one another and that we wanted to be together all the time. Love was the other part that had been missing for so long. He wanted to get to know the children better. He had taken Helen out to the swimming baths, but he needed to get to know Stuart and Alison a bit more. We decided that it would be a good idea if he came to tea. Alison broke the ice by talking about 'Willy Wonker and the Chocolate Factory'. Why the hell she had to talk about that I don't know, but it worked. It turned out to be a brilliant tea, and we all got on very well. My children had to come first, and it was so important for them to accept Derek. It was equally important for him to accept them. After all he was a bachelor and he would be taking on a readymade family. Not very many people would do that. By this time Helen had moved up from Brownies to Guides, and she needed a new uniform. I still didn't have enough money to throw about, so I decided to sell my wedding ring and engagement ring. I didn't need them anymore, so it was no hardship to sell them and use the money to buy the uniform. My mother sold them for me at a jewellers in Preston. I had sold my electric sewing machine previously so that she could have a doll's pram. I had never had a pram so I was determined that she would have one, despite what her dad thought. By November 1978 Derek and I had decided that we wanted to be a family unit. Derek lived in a council flat so applied for a transfer to a three bedroomed house. The condition of the transfer was that we had to set a date to be married. I had a house to sell, so I put it on the market. It sold within twenty four hours. Derek didn't want to move into my house, which was understandable. He wanted us to have a complete new start in a new home. Also I didn't see the point of paying the mortgage until Alison was seventeen, then having to sell up and Bernard claiming half of it. It was only bricks and mortar when all was said and done. Helen was now at Lostock Hall High School and didn't want to change schools. It would mean travelling by bus each day for both of us, but that didn't matter. I had to make arrangements for Stuart to change schools to Bannister Drive in Leyland and also for Alison to start there in the January. The wedding date was arranged for the 10th February the following year. On the 8th December, Alison's 5th birthday, we moved into Leadale Green in Leyland. My mum and dad were worried about what the neighbours might say. I remember saying to them, that it didn't matter what they said. They didn't pay their rent did they ? They had no right to say anything at all. It did worry me a little too, but as it says in the bible 'Let him who is without sin, cast the first stone'. It certainly wasn't a decision I took lightly. I had three children to consider. Their welfare and happiness came first, even before my own. I was their only means of defence, and defend them I would, but everything just seemed right. Just before Christmas my mother was not very well. I called in home before I went to work. My dad was eating his breakfast, but my mother was not there. I asked him where she was ? He said that she had gone to the doctors. I was very angry with him for letting her go on her own, and shouted at him. I told him that if he was ever ill, not to send for me. Within weeks those words came back to haunt me, and I regretted very much saying them. As it turned out Christmas was much better than the year

before. I had managed to buy Helen a new bike, and Joan and Michael had given me a bike that Simon had outgrown for Stuart. Me and my dad repainted it for him. Alison had a bike rescued from a skip that Derek repainted. They all had other presents as well, but more important was the family feeling. We all saw the new year in and hoped for a good year to come. We were now in the new year. We didn't know what the future held for us but we hoped it would be good. The plans for the wedding were well underway. We were getting married at the Registry Office, then having a buffet reception at home for fifty people. Helen and Alison were having burgundy velvet dresses and white furry coats made. Stuart was having a burgundy velvet jacket and grey trousers made, and I was having a cream suit made too. Derek had bought a jacket and trousers. He didn't want to wear a suit, because he just doesn't like them. The buffet, flowers, drinks etc., had all been ordered. Everything was going fine. On Monday 23rd January my dad had a stroke. My mum had telephoned to ask me to go home immediately. I phoned Derek at work to let him know, then went as quickly as possible with all three children in tow. My dad was sat on the settee still in his pyjamas. I sat down beside him and said 'What's up dad ?' He couldn't speak. He just looked at me with tears in his eyes. I put his head on my shoulder and we both cried. I realised that the children were sat there watching. This wasn't the right place for them to be. I asked a neighbour if they would look after them for me, while I tried to sort something out. The doctor had been called, but hadn't turned up. My brother came and said to me 'Do something!' He didn't know what to do anymore than I did. I rang Dr Cohen, but he was on leave. It was a locum doctor on call. He eventually arrived at 2 o'clock and left us with the impression that my dad would be alright, and that the twitching of his face and hand was a sign that the paralysis would go. Derek and I went home for a while to sort things out there, then we both went back later. My dad kept looking at the clock. I remember looking at it myself and the time being between 7.00 and 7.30. I asked him what he was looking at it for, and saying to him, you can't go out. I then asked him if he would like a drink of beer. He looked me straight in the eyes, with what I would call a puppy dog look of please. I went to the Off-Licence and brought him some cans back. I poured him a drink and held it to his lips. He gulped the drink down and sighed, then closed his eyes and laid his head back. He had a faint smile on his face, he had really enjoyed it. The impression that everything would be alright was wrong. The paralysis did not go away, and his speech did not come back. He was left sitting on the settee until Wednesday afternoon. During the early hours of that morning he had fallen of the settee and wet himself. My mum had tried to help the best she could, but she could not stop him from falling. The local milkman Harry Parker, helped to pick him up. A district nurse called in and she was angry that my dad had been left in this way. She called an ambulance and he was taken to Sharoe Green Hospital. It was a very cold January and my dad's car had been left in the garage. If I didn't start it and run it, it would freeze up. The day after he went into hospital I managed to get the car out of the garage, but I could not get it started. Keith Holding a friend of mine got it started for me. I then asked my long time friend Anne, if she would sit in the car with me, while I drove it round and round the field in front of the house. It was fifteen months since I had passed my driving test, but I had never driven since. The neighbours must have thought we were mad. We must have looked like the 'Magic Roundabout' going round and round. Eventually I felt comfortable driving the car and took it back to Leyland. I had already made arrangements with the insurance company the day before, so I was covered to drive.

More next month Jackie Stuart

Photos courtesy of Frank Melling c. 1961/62



This scene from the early 1960's has so much of Lostock Hall in it. Directly in front of Frank's bedroom window is a large overgrown privet hedge. Behind it are the allotments. To the right of Tom Parr's garage, which forms the subject of the photo ran the wagon pad (path). This started from the extreme right of the scene and ran adjacent to the railway fence all the way down to the iron steps at Moss Bridge on Todd Lane South. The wagon pad ran past the shunting yards and wagon repair sheds on the right whilst on the left were Prospect and Rosemeade Avenues, both cul-de-sacs. Beyond the shunting yards are the Lostock Hall to Bamber Bridge line and Lostock Junction both of which are still there today. How times have changed from this wonderful scene from the not too distant past.



SOOTY AND SWEEP

In the 'Collins' dictionary an allotment is described as 'a portion of a field divided amongst many holders for vegetable gardens etc'. for an allotment to have existed in an area nicknamed locally as 'The Deserts' seems to have been nothing short of a miracle! Moss Street, Moss Lane (where it stands now) and the other Moss Lane, which was the old name for Todd Lane South were all part of an area called Walton Moss. Maybe the two Moss Lanes were one and the same in times past. 'Collins' also refers to 'a moss' as being a bog or peat moor. If any of our older readers knows why Moss Street area was called 'The Deserts' please let us know. Moss Street ran in a straight line from Black Lane (now Browndge Road) to the right angled bend into Wilkinson Street. One long terrace of houses ran down the left hand side of the street as far as the allotments) now the site of Maureen and Marilyn Avenues). We lived at No. 3, second one down. Not long after the second world war the council built up and down flats down the right hand side of the street. Wilkinson Street ran from the junction with Moss Street right up to where it met the Moss Lane close to Tom Parr's garage. On the right hand side of Wilkinson Street were two large detached garages just inside the Council school field, which housed two large vans which delivered dinners to schools in the neighbouring area. These meals were prepared and cooked in the larger building further down which is now the site of the Dance Centre. Further up towards Moss Lane was a short terrace of houses, No.2 being Melling's shop at one time. Opposite the houses and all the way back to Moss Street was a large unkempt privet hedge, interspersed with lilac and other foliage, which divided the street from the allotments. Entrance to the allotments at the Moss Lane end was a wide gate or remains of one while access at the Moss Street end was through a wooden gate adjacent to Mr Foy's in the last house. Between the allotments and the rear gardens of Prospect Avenue stood two cottages, Tom Parr lived in one, while I believe the Holland's lived in the other. If my memory serves me right there were a couple of hen-pens nearby. My Dad had one whilst Mr Moore from Mayfield Avenue used the other. There were several people using the allotments, I cannot remember who but my Dad had one next to the hedge on Wilkinson Street between the Dance Centre and the garages. A funny thing happened to him one day but I'm not sure if he thought so. He'd heard that soot was good for his onions, the soil and possibly a pest deterrent. He collared the local chimney-sweep one day and asked him if he could have some of the black stuff next time he was passing. On the 'fateful' day in question, my owd fella was enjoying a 'well-earned' coffin-nail (Woodbine) sat against the hedge on his allotment. Suddenly a huge black cloud of soot came cascading over the hedge as the sweep emptied the soot my dad had requested. Engulfing him from head to toe ! 'Oh Dear' and 'Blinking Eck' were two of the more milder utterances I'd imagined would have been said. About 1954 or 55 we moved across the field to Avondale Drive where from having a small back-yard we suddenly had along back garden and four lawns ! Its fair to say that the allotments became surplus to my Dad's requirements (as did the chimney-sweep!) **Tony Billington**

MORE PHOTOS FROM LOSTOCK HALL PAST



THOMAS MOSS'S LADIES HOCKEY TEAM 1962

BACK ROW – JACKIE, EDNA, JOAN, MARLENE, CATH AND JEAN.

FRONT ROW – JULIE, MARITA, VAL AND HILDA.

I started playing hockey for Thomas Moss and Sons Hockey Team at the age of 16. My boyfriend's mother told me that they were holding trials for players for their Ladies Hockey Team, so I went to the trials. Apparently they thought that I was a natural player and was chosen for the reserves. Within weeks I was a permanent player in the first team. It was 1960 when I started playing and I continued until April 1967. The last match was an Easter one and we had to play several matches and we actually won them all. Eventually I did go to work at Thomas Moss and Sons Mill, I worked in the office though not in the mill itself. I have enclosed a photograph of the Ladies 1962 Hockey Team. I am the first one on the back row my surname then was Hill. I can't remember the surnames of the other players though apart from Cath Strickland. **Photo courtesy of Jackie Stuart (Tardy Gate Girl)**

VE Day Celebrations Mercer Road 1945

Front left Olive Green – Front Row Ronnie Slater
May Slater Also on photo Jimmy Roe – Pat and
Colin Goodhand – Audrey and Terry Anyon – Pat
Duckworth – Mr Fox – Mr Johnstone – Mrs Yates.
Neighbours from nearby St Gerards and Cuthbert
Road were invited. Are you or your family on this
photo.

Courtesy of Margaret Cross



Penwortham

Priory
ACADEMY



presents

Bugsy
MALONE

On Wednesday 10th &
Thursday 11th December
7pm-9pm



Christmas in Lostock Hall
Thursday 4th December

Hope Terrace

2pm -7pm - Christmas Market.

5pm Meet Father Christmas.

6pm Christmas tree light switch on.

6pm Carols round the tree.

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All Welcome!