

Issue 19

The Lostock Hall Magazine

Christmas Memories
Christmas Past
Christmas Photos



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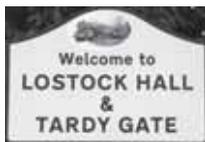
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Welcome to the 19th issue of The Lostock Hall Magazine and all the very best for Christmas and New Year. Our magazine is a collection of local history articles relating to the area. Many thanks to all our contributors and readers. Our thanks to Penwortham 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'. Contributions from Tony Billington, Alma Crook, Dave Mosley, Denis Watson and Harold Fazackerley. A big thankyou to everyone who has sent in photos we will include them in the magazines as soon as we can.

David Hunt, of the South Ribble Museum has found evidence about the war memorial on Hope Terrace - Lancashire Archives: LRO/UDwd/12/7 page 125 General Purposes Committee. 5 Jan 1925. 'Resolved that the council take charge of the war memorial at Tardy Gate recently erected in memory of the men killed in the Great War 1914-19. The erection of which has been authorised by them and **maintained in perpetuity.**' 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.**

We have dedicated a page to one of our pioneer contributors, Mr Ray Cartwright, who has sadly died since our last issue, including the last photo he submitted to us.

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. 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 – by Roger Sutcliffe taken on Jan 3rd 1979, its shows Class 40 No. 40171 approaching Lostock Hall Junction passing the old trackbed to Todd Lane Junction and The Crescent on the left. Behind the train is Irongate Estate and on the skyline Browndedge Church steeple. On the right of the wintry scene is the Daisy Field (now the site of the Townsway Estate).

Editor Heather Crook 07733 321911

Roving Reporter Tony Billington 07794 016224

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Christmas Past Photos from Lostock Hall



Thomas Moss's Christmas Party 1952 for the workers and their guests. Photo taken in the Works Canteen (now Calvary Christian Fellowship) in Ward Street. Courtesy of Iris Fisher (nee Blackburn) who is 3rd left on the front row.



Courtesy and copyright of Lancashire Evening Post. Notice that the war memorial is in its original position nearer the main road, the phone box, petrol pumps and the bank. Sent to the LEP by Mr R Bryant and to us by Tony Billington.

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Christmas Photos from Lostock Hall



St Gerards Christmas Party. Courtesy of Mary Neville.



Lonsdale Chase Christmas Party 2002. Elsie Moran, Bessie Billington and Marion McArdle

FRY INN

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Lancashire Daily Post

By salvaging old Christmas cards and calendars remounting them and selling to friends the children of Lostock Hall Infant School assisted by the staff have raised £55 for Mrs Churchill's Aid to Russia Fund.

Lancashire Daily Post 24th December 1941

Seasonal festivities began at Lostock Hall Convalescent Hospital on Christmas Eve with carol singing by St James Church Choir, Lostock Hall. On Christmas morning following carols by the nurses at 7 am Father Christmas (Mr R Moss, of Fulwood) gave presents to all the patients. Christmas dinner consisted of turkey and plum pudding and an enjoyable day was rounded off by a concert by the nursing staff. On Tuesday evening a concert was given by the ex patients of the hospital.

Lancashire Daily Post 27th December 1944



Lancashire Daily Post 1st January 1938

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Christmas Photos from Lostock Hall Past



Allan Heyes 'Leyland Legend' entertaining residents at Christmas Party 2002 at Lonsdale Chase. Courtesy of Lonsdale Chase.



**Lostock Hall Youth Club c. 1977. Back Row - Dave Nicholson, Pete Downword, David Fisher, Ian Hodges Front Row - John Gornall, Graham Jackson and Stuart Bell.
Courtesy of Iris Fisher**

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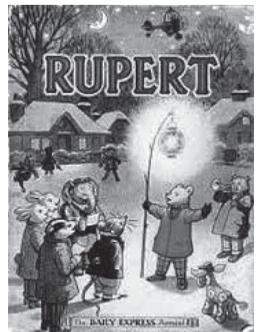
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Lostock Hall Memories of Christmas Past 1930/40's

At school we spent hours making paper chains, and I mean hours. We also made lanterns out of paper. We would get a sheet of paper and cut out each individual piece out to make the chains, then stick them with glue, the one they called 'Gloy'. I had more sticky on my fingers than on the paper. I used to like collecting the holly. There was a good bush near Sammy Bamber's that always had vivid red berries on it. We put the holly in vases around the school and other types of greenery. We would collect bunches of berries to go with the ivy on the window sills. We had a kind of 'buffet' at the School Christmas Party.

Jam butties, egg butties, jelly, plenty of, just jelly, biscuits. I loved it when we had Tunnocks marsh mallows, wrapped in silver paper, they seemed much bigger than they are today. The biscuit at the bottom was brown and tasted like chocolate. Angel cake, the yellow and pink sponge with jam and cream to put it together. If we were very lucky we might get some salted crisps (Smith's). A lot of the mum's would make jam or mince tarts, mostly jam. Glasses of Robinson's orange cordial or Lemon Barley, which I thought was bitter then, also the small bottles of milk. Big tables were set out in the hall and trimmed up. At home we had goose for Christmas dinner because there was a lot of us. Mother made stuffing, she was a good cook, though found it hard work when food was rationed. We didn't have a lot of material things but my mother kept a very good table. We always had a big Christmas pudding in a basin with a cloth round them. She did about four and put them in the washing boiler to cook, which was in the back yard. It would take quite a few hours to cook them, they had suet, loads of different kinds of fruit and some sixpences in it. If you bit on one you hurt your teeth. You were lucky if you found one. She liked to make white sauce with a bit of brandy in. For Christmas I always got a Rupert Bear Annual and a smoker's outfit made of licorice. I always got a new doll. My mum was good at knitting and she would make it lots of sets of clothes. I had a doll's pram made to represent a big pram. I had a gorgeous doll's house, hand made by my Dad and my Mum put finishing touches to it. Mr and Mrs Bamber made me some furniture for it. It had an electric light that run off a battery. My best present I remember getting was when I was about seven and I got a new bike and learned to ride it down Gas Works Road with my dad holding the seat then he would let go and I would wobble a bit, but didn't fall off. I spent many happy hours, days, in later years riding my bike. I can't remember getting an apple or orange but maybe that was because the war was on. We put a stocking at the end of the bed which we got little presents in. We once went carol singing and took a doll with us that we had made to raffle. We got into trouble for keeping the money. People said to us you are not allowed to do that you need permission to have a raffle. We had made a good doll out of a stocking, wool for the curly hair and it wore a bonny dress. There was me, Pat Goodhand and Ursula Kay as I remember, and others from our road, St Gerrards. In the end we sent the money to Shepherd Street Mission as some of our friends were in there. We hoped they used the money to buy the children some sweets. There was a house on Lourdes Avenue and the man asked us in to sing to his family, small children. We all got a hot drink, a handful of sweets and we were holding lanterns, home made on a stick, but it made us look the part. He took a photo of us. There were quite a few snowy Christmases when I was young, 1947 was a particularly harsh one. We couldn't see through the front room window or open the front door. The snow had all blown off the front field (St Gerards) and blown against the houses making drifts. My dad had to use a long brush from the upstairs window to move some of it. I remember it going over the tops of my wellingtons. I hated getting snowballed, nothing nice about getting hit with a hard lump of snow. Pat's Dad made right good sledges. We used to go over to Junction Hollows, up and down the slopes. The sledges had metal runners and cut through the snow. I still have a book I received off Pat's brother Colin Goodhand for Christmas 194 It was called by **Alma Crook**



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Lostock Hall F.C. Under 11's NEWSLETTER

A Merry Christmas

AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO PLAYERS
AND FAMILIES OF THIS SEASON'S
UNDER ELEVENS.

WE'VE HAD A VERY GOOD 1988

SO FAR, 3RD IN THE LEAGUE
WITH GAMES IN HAND AND A
HOME DRAW IN THE CUP

QUARTER-FINALS TO COME.

LET'S HOPE WE HAVE THE
SAME SUCCESS AND
ENJOYMENT IN 1989.

MANY THANKS TO THE
MUMS WHO LAID ON
THE EXCELLENT BUFFET
AT LAST WEEK'S FAMILY DISCO.
OVER £60 WAS RAISED AND
IT PROVED TO BE A VERY
ENJOYABLE EVENING FOR THOSE
WHO ATTENDED. UNFORTUNATELY
THE UNDER 11'S WERE THE WORST
REPRESENTED TEAM, ONLY 8 BOYS
AND THEIR FAMILIES ATTENDED OUT OF
15. WE AREN'T VERY HAPPY ABOUT THIS
AND THERE MUST BE A BETTER TURN-OUT
AT THE SPONSORED WALK ON DEC 27TH.

THE WALK IS AN ANNUAL EVENT AND ALL
THE TEAMS OF LOSTOCK HALL F.C. TAKE
PART, BOTH JUNIOR AND SENIOR.





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CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

In today's modern society where little Johnny wants the latest thing in technology for Christmas (and birthdays) it's time to reflect on over 60 years ago what the equivalent presents were in those days. Parents today think nothing of spending hundreds of pounds on computer games and whatever their offspring's demand. Do they really want these things or is it because Tristan at school got one for his birthday? Either way the object in question will be out of date in a couple of weeks and thrown under the bed to gather dust. The first things I can remember receiving for Christmas in Moss Street were a tricycle (second hand), a pair of roller skates (second feet), nuts, an orange and a sponge ball. You didn't expect anything else. You were happy with what your mum and dad could afford and it's the thought that counts, isn't it? I test drove my new roller skates on the pavement on the other side of the road in Moss Street, as our side had uneven flags and other hidden dangers (lamp posts etc.) The pavement where the flats had been built was quite smooth concrete and didn't seem to hurt as much when you came crashing to a halt on more than one occasion. The Christmas tree (which outlived Methuselah) was tiny. A red wooden block was the base and the wire branches folded outwards. The same baubles and angel came out every year but no one seemed to mind. We moved to Avondale Drive, same tree, same baubles etc. Our living room floor in Avondale was an adventure playground for my budding fertile mind. The carpet (was already down when we moved in, I don't know) stopped about 2 or 3 feet short of the skirting board. The sideboard was situated here on the lino. For me this was perfect for the games which followed. My first Christmas present in Avondale Drive was a clockwork train set. The engine (not to scale) was the 'Royal Scot' in green livery. With it came a detachable tender, 2 wagons and a guards van. One boy down the road (rich kid) had an electric train set all laid out on a giant piece of hardboard. I loved my 'Royal Scot' better. When I got my collection of Cowboys and Indians, covered wagon, stagecoach and a Mohican war canoe it was down on the floor in the living room. The edge of the carpet was the river bank, the lino was the river and under the sideboard was the Mohican tribal village. They were hard nuts these Redskins they slept in the open as my mum wouldn't buy me a tepee or a wigwam! The 'Royal Scot' became the Iron Horse in the cowboy scenario and many battles were fought in and around the sideboard. My Aunt Maggie had a scale model of Hopalong Cassidy and his famous white horse 'Topper' which she used as an ornament. She gave it to me one day and he was the main man, cavalry colonel and he never got killed! I got a red and white bike off Barry Doolan and kept falling off it. My Dad told me to get on it and he ran behind me holding the saddle. Once he let go, I panicked. I was heading fast towards Browndedge Road (and a lurking P20). The only option was to swerve onto the kerb and over the low wall into Jack Johnstone's garden at the bottom of Avondale. Garden 1, Me Nil! I did learn to ride it pretty quick and had that bike a long time. Thanks Barry! Following Christmas presents over the next couple of years were Blow-

Football, magnetic soccer, football strips and boots, before I got 'Newfooty'. 22 players, pitch, ball and goal posts and nets. Newfooty was a cheaper version of Subbuteo. It was good but I got the real thing when I was 10. The pitch, green baize and scaled to size covered the old wild west battleground on the carpet near the sideboard. I had my own league and my favourite team at the time, Tottenham Hotspur won the League and Cup 'Double'. A year before they did the real thing in the real world outside our living room. A lazy flick of the opposing player gave my team the advantage and Spurs went marching on ! I used to wonder what the word 'SUBBUTEO' meant as it had no connection to the football world I had begun to love.

It transpired that a chap named Peter Adolph (no relation to the Austrian painter and decorator) from Tunbridge Wells, Kent, was a mad keen football fan. Just after the war he invented a football game using an old blanket, marked in chalk and some buttons weighted by washers for balance. He sent off his invention to the Patents Office and whichever new name he came up with on numerous occasions was rejected due to it already being in use. Mr Adolph was also a mad-keen ornithologist so he decided to use the latin name for his favourite bird, the hobby hawk (falcon). The latin name was 'FALCO SUBBUTEO'. Surely there was no chance of the name being rejected this time and in 1948 'SUBBUTEO' was patented and is now a world-wide product. It certainly gave me many pleasurable hours and the equipment and teams my sons and myself accumulated over the years have now been passed down to my grandson. If he has half the pleasure we had with Subbuteo he'll be a happy lad. Would I change the Christmas presents I had as a child for todays technology ? Not a chance. Happy memories. When money wasn't the be-a" and end-all. (We didn't have any !)

Tony Billington

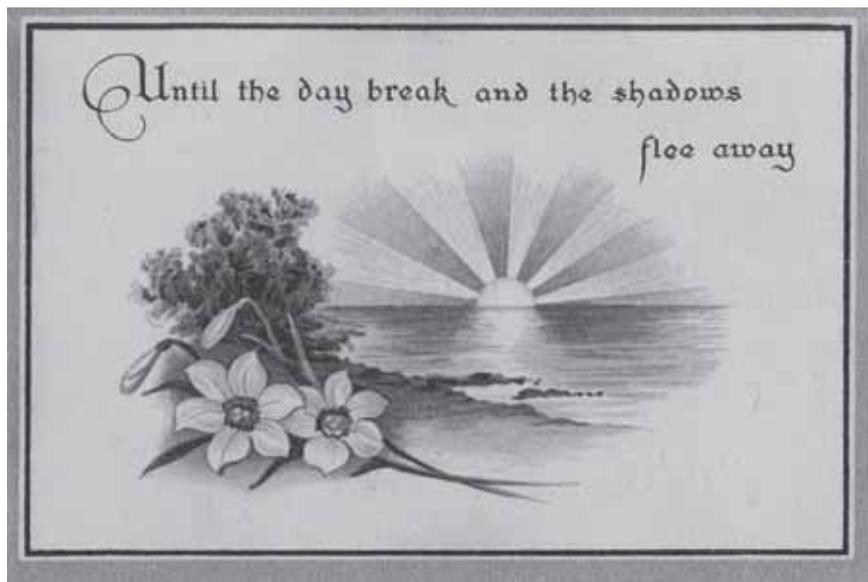


More from Coote Lane

John and Margaret Jane Fazackerley

In reference to the people who lived in Coote Lane, I would like to point out that my grandparents lived in the end house. Their names were Mr and Mrs Fazackerley, John and Margaret Jane (nee Wilson). My grandfather worked for Clayton's Coal Merchants right up to dying. He was so well liked, that the whole of Tardy Gate and Lostock Hall turned out to see him on his last journey on the very same horse and lorry that he used during his working life. He was buried at St Paul's Church, with my dad's first wife, and in later years my grandmother. Mrs Wilson who lived at No. 9 was better known as Auntie Renee and Uncle Jack who was a tackler at Moss's Mill. The Clayton sisters who lived at No. 21 were known as Annie and Cissie, neither were married. I also knew the Parker family at No. 30. Julie Topping, I also knew, she was a weaver at Moss's Mill and lived at No. 18.

**From Harold
Fazackerley,
Croston Road.**



Garfield Terrace and Coote Lane

Garfield Terrace is opposite the Anchor Inn on Croston Road. My Uncle Alfred was born there on the 14th September 1895, he served in the Royal Field Artillery in the First World War. The first of his sisters, Elizabeth was born 12th September 1897. My grandmother who was widowed at the age of 23, six months before her second child was born married my grandfather, George Whittle on 11th August 1894. They went on to have four more children, the last one being my mother. Les Dagger who played for Preston North End and was a pupil at St Pauls School at Farington also lived in Garfield Terrace during his school days.



Coote Lane Auntie Alice is standing outside No 6 Coote Lane in 1932 with Albert who is in the pram.
Sent in by Denis Watson from America.



School Photos from Lostock Hall



Lostock Hall Council School 1948

Left to Right - Front Row – 1 Stephen Catterall, 2 Rodney Bone, 3?, 4 David Norris, 5?, 6 David Black, 7 Alan Eachus, 8 Stephen Eachus, 9 Lindsay Whewell, 10 Philip Mears, 11 Larry Tugwell, 12?. 2nd Row - 1?, 2?, 3?, 4?, 5?, 6 Joan Nelson, 7?, 8?, 9?, 10?, 11?, 12?, 13 Susan Lythgoe, 14?, 15?, 16 Muriel Dobson. 3rd Row - 1?, 2?, 3?, 4 Billy Neville, 5?, 6?, 7?, 8 Frank Beardsworth, 9 Stephen Eccles, 10?, 11 Frank Parker, 12?, 13 David Chapman, 14?, 15 Owen Forest. 4th Row - 1?, 2?, 3?, 4?, 5?, 6?, 7?, 8 Kathleen Isles, 9?, 10?, 11?, 12?, 13 Marion Walters. 5th Row - 1?, 2 Barry Challinor, 3?, 4?, 5?, 6?, 7 Derek Morris, 8 Ian Stothert, 9 David Roberts.

Back Row- 1 Brian Ross, 2?, 3 James Byrne, 4 Ronnie Forshaw, 5?, 6 Frank Melling, 7 Alfie Emery, 8?, 9?, 10 Christopher Lee.

That's about the best I can do.....it will be interesting if the picture can be completed.....Cheers Frank Melling

School Lane Co
operative Society
Ltd. c.1870's. The
premises is on the
corner of Watkin
Lane and Jubilee
Road where Holden's
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Courtesy of Marty
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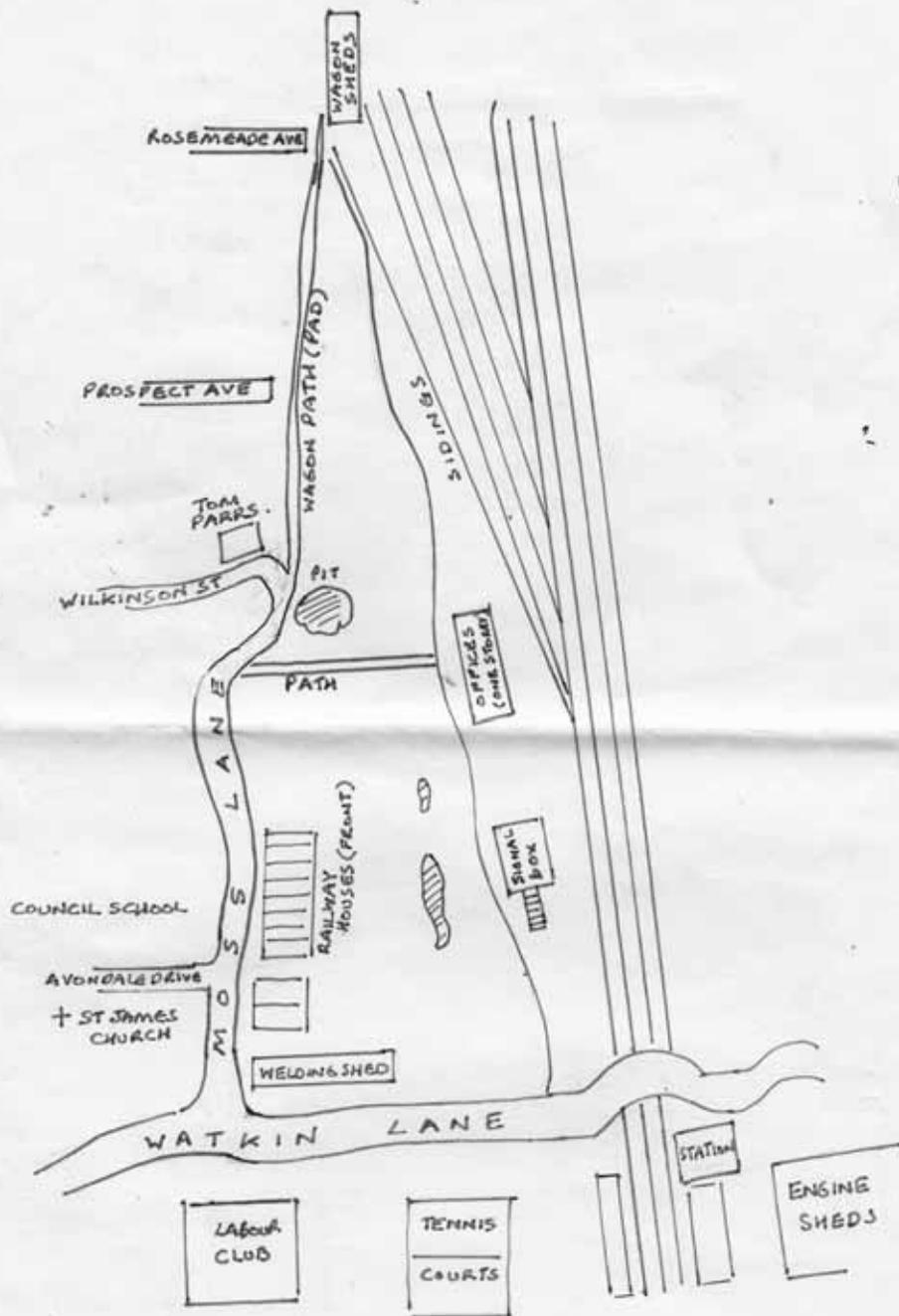
Christmas Special
Bring the cut-off slip for
£5.00 haircut'

Theatre of Dreams ... aka Railway Field, Moss Lane, late 50's early 60's.

Frank Melling's nostalgic photographs in Issues 13 and 18 brought back many happy memories in and around the railway field on Moss Lane. Pre high metal railings and threats of capital punishment (or worse). We could spend all day there without being bothered by the railway plods so long as we didn't risk life and limb on the nearby tracks. Living in nearby Avondale Drive meant I was never far from home when the railway field was transformed into the scene for war games, cowies and injuns and the odd scrap with Wilkinson Street ! The field had every thing to enact all our fantasies (pre puberty alas !) It had long grass, short grass, no grass, pits, ditches, trees, bushes and plenty of action on the nearby tracks and shunting yards and sidings. Walking down Moss Lane from the main road (Watkin Lane) you would pass Seed's Welding Shed and two large semi's before reaching the terrace of railway houses which faced (and still do) the council school yard. This was actually the rears of the houses, as the fronts faced the railway. Back yards were on Moss Lane. These houses had quite big gardens. The end one had a 'wall' of turf and sods stacked neatly on top of each other to keep folk out. It kept us out but came in useful when we indulged in 'Trench Warfare'! At the side of this house (now the site of the Scout Hut and Fern Close) was a steep incline which led to a large patch of flat ground. Beyond this was a ditch, complete with reeds etc., and at the rear of the signal box was a section of chains, pulleys and wheels for operating the signals on the railway. On Frank's 1962 photo in Issue 13 are the signal box and also the railway bridge on Watkin Lane. What is just out of shot is the single storey brick office block which was accessed by a footpath on Moss Lane from where the picture was taken. Moving adjacent to Moss Lane towards the iron steps at Moss Bridge on Todd Lane South you would come to a large pit which always seemed to carry a horrible metallic smell. Did anyone ever catch any fish out of that pit, I never saw anything swimming about in it ? The field would taper to nothing between the wagon sidings, platelayers huts and the wagon pad (path) close to Rosemeade Avenue. We had quite a few skirmishes with the gangs from Wilkinson Street, Moss Street and Prospect Avenue over the years. These took place in the railway field or around Tom Parr's scrapyard which is shown in all its glory in Frank's picture in Issue 18. We outnumbered the Wilkinson Street lads by two to one but they were like the Vietcong on their own patch. Instead of tunnels these boys used all the old cars, vans and trucks in Tom's garage to hide in. We used all sorts of tactics to weed them out but to no avail. Bricks, stones, sticks, spears (railings from St James Church!) were hurled. The result was still the same. Stalemate ! The lads I can remember were Cliff Fazackerley, Dave

Roberts, Maynard Hammond and indeed Frank himself. Fortunately no one ever got hurt which seems miraculous in the cold light of day. Venture down Moss Lane today and there is very little evidence at all of the railway field ever existing. The scout hut has been up for many years now along with Fern Close and the houses on the lane itself. Time marches on but the memories remain. Happy ones ! **Tony Billington. Photo by courtesy of Bill Wright**





RAILWAY FIELD IS CENTRE OF DRAWING SURROUNDED BY
 ROSEMEADE AVENUE, MOSS LANE, WATKIN LANE AND OF COURSE
 THE RAILWAY © LATE 1950'S EARLY 1960'S

Photos from the Past in Lostock Hall



Avondale Drive Coronation Party 1953 Photo taken outside Lees house which is the last one on the left next to school field. Note corner of one of the several air-raid shelters top right. Children from Moss Street, Moss Lane and other nearby streets attended. I cannot remember everyone's name but going from left to right – Linda and Ian Cooper, Barbara Woods, Barry Doolan, Albert Ball, Mick Lee, Barry Roberts, Jacqueline and John Fletcher, Sandra Smith, Irene Woods, Frances and Mick Perry, while towards the rear among the older fraternity are Brian, Maureen, Joan and Dorothy Smith, Margaret Billington, Mary Neville, David Baldwin, Cicely Pitcher, Tony Billington, Betty Billington and Colin Pollard. Courtesy of Tony Billington.

Farington Junction Signal Box 1920 which had 99 levers. Photo courtesy of F. Naylor



A Soldier named on Lostock Hall War Memorial Private William George Bird

Photo Back from left: William George Bird, Albert James "Percy" Bird, Harold Rishton Bird, Mary Ellen Bird, Alfred Augustus Bird, Ethel Maude Bird (my great gg) and Sarah Bird (my 2nd gg) The Bird family lived in Lostock Hall during WW1 at Ward Street. Corporal William George Bird was killed during the First World War in France on 5th November 1918. He served as Corporal in the Royal Horse Artillery and Royal Field Artillery. His Service number was 4408 D Battery, 75th Brigade, and buried at Awoingt British Cemetery. His name is on the Lostock Hall war memorial at Hope Terrace and he is named on the St Pauls Church stained glass Roll of Honour window. His brother Albert James "Percy" Bird also died during World War 1 in 1916 but no records can be found of his military service. Sarah Bird and children moved to Lostock Hall after her husband, their father, had been killed (possible accidental shooting), they had lived at Bourn Hall, Cambridge in Keepers Lodge as Sarah's husband Augustus was a gamekeeper at the Hall. Sarah Bird was with child, (Harold Rishton) when she came to Lancashire to settle near by her siblings, all her children apart from Harold Rishton were born in Cambridge.

Sent in by Dave Moseley.



More Lostock Hall Photos from the Past



Farington Endowed School (St Pauls) 1949 Courtesy of Billy Haworth
In the background is Ridings Wood now the site of Kellet Acre



Lostock Hall Scouts Gang Show c. 1978
Do you recognise anyone ? Courtesy of Peter Tomlinson

VE Day Celebrations Mercer Road 1945

Due to it only being a small photo in the last magazine and numerous requests for a larger image we are reprinting it in this months magazine.

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

Moss contacted us to say she is the little girl wearing the white dress

'Mrs Ruth Jackson has been in touch to say she is the little girl in the white dress 4th on the right'



Tardy Gate Girl

The next day it had snowed heavily. I couldn't see where the pavement ended and the road began, it was a nightmare. My nightmare had only just begun. I had never driven at night before, and I had never driven with passengers. I had no option. I just had to do it. On the Saturday the snow was really thick. Derek went out in his three wheeler van to see how bad it was. He ended up skidding over a roundabout. I had to drive the car even though the conditions were terrible. I remember going down Cinnamon Hill in Walton le Dale and there being a post office van in front of me which I was approaching too fast. I tried to apply my brakes very gently, but nothing worked. I had to overtake it or run into the back of it. Everything seemed to be in slow motion. Not long after Cinnamon Hill was closed because it was too dangerous. It was not an easy time at all, but it was something I just had to do. If I hadn't it would have meant getting two buses to the hospital every day. On Friday the 2nd February some young men outside our house were continually revving up their motor bikes. Derek went out to ask them to stop, which they did. They were not very happy about it though. Later on that evening we were both going to visit my dad. On the way we dropped Helen off at the guide hut in Lostock Hall. On our return home we found a 6 ft wall of snow right across the road. The only way around it was to mount the pavement and drive across the garden. We often wonder who did it. We don't really know, we can only speculate, but we have often laughed about it since. On Sunday 4th February, I took my mother to the hospital. I didn't like the look of my dad at all, so I went to sit and wait in the car. At 7 00 am on Monday 5th February, Sharoe Green rang us to ask us to get there as soon as possible. I cant quite remember what I did next, or what arrangements I made for the children. Derek came home from work and took me and my mum to the hospital. We arrived at 7.45 am but my dad had died. I remember thinking about him looking at the clock and the time being between 7.00 and 7.30. I wonder if he knew. My brother and his wife were already there when we arrived, they were waiting for us to go in and see him. Sadly that was something I was unable to do. Everything was happening too fast for me. I didn't know what I was supposed to do next. My Dad had just died and I was getting married in 5 days time. I was going to cancel everything. Then my mother found his diary. The only entry in it was Derek George Stuart, on the 10th February. It was decided by everyone else that the wedding should go ahead. Apparently my Dad had been looking forward to it. The date of the funeral was the 8th February, two days before my wedding. I cant remember much about either of the events, other than I started to be ill the day after my wedding. My mum and Derek gave me some brandy, a hot water bottle and turned the fire up. I was shivering and unable to get warm. Eventually they both persuaded me to go to bed. As I was going upstairs I asked Derek who was stood at the bottom of them. He said there was no one there. He thought I was hallucinating. There was someone there. It was a misty shape and it brought comfort to me. I wasn't scared by it at all. It was my Dad and he was looking out for me. I don't care what anyone says I just know it was him. The doctor was called in the following day. He said that I had the flu. To be fair to the doctor he didn't know me and he didn't know the circumstances leading up to me being ill. If this was flu, it was a very funny one. It was more like shock. I hadn't had the time to grieve. The next few days were really weird. Music was playing all the time. It was the same tune over and over again. On the Thursday morning Derek rang from work to see if I was alright. I told him if they didn't stop playing the music next door I would start banging on the wall. This rang alarm bells in his head so he came home. He told me that there wasn't any music and that it was all in my head. This made me break down and cry. This was what I needed to do. To grieve, to mourn the loss of my Dad. Derek had taken the next day off work because he was worried about the state

of my mind. He suggested we stuck a pin in a map and wherever it landed we would go for the day. The pin stuck in Bristol so that is where we went. It was a really good day out with quite a few funny moments. It certainly did the trick and I was back on the road to recovery. Derek suggested that I play some music that I liked to help me. There were two songs that I did play quite often but I did have earphones on. One was 'Bridge over Troubled Waters' by Simon and Garfunkel, and the other was 'You'll Never Walk Alone' by Gerry Marsden. The words of both these songs have a great deal of meaning which brought comfort and peace to me. Grief is a very funny thing. Some may laugh and some may cry. Whichever way it is, no one had the right to condemn. The way in which an individual reacts is the right way for them. It was a hard lesson to learn but one which I was coming to terms with. I was summoned to appear at the Magistrates Court again. The time the maintenance payments were reduced £15.00 a week. This was to be expected on account of getting married. The timing of it could have been better. The last thing I needed at the time was that. There again it was something that I had to get used to, because I had to appear at court several times over the next few years. Most of the time it was for trivial and petty things. Things which could have quite easily have been settled between us. I hated going to court and being judged by people who did not know me. I always came away feeling guilty. I never once summoned Bernard to court I just didn't see the point in it. The money from the sale of the house in St Cuthberts Road had come through at the end of March. Bernard used his half for a tenancy of a public house in Chorley, while Derek and I decided to use my half as a deposit for a house. We found a terraced house in Gaskell Road in Penwortham and had moved in by August. Stuart and Alison moved schools to Middleforth County Primary School, while Helen still attended Lostock Hall High School. We had only been in the house six weeks when I had a blackout. I had gone to be made a member of the British Legion one Friday evening with Avis our next door neighbour. I had drunk half a lager and lime when suddenly everything started to whirl round me. Avis ran home to get Derek. I was taken to hospital for tests but they couldn't find anything wrong with me but I had to stay off work for a few days. On the Monday morning Derek rang at 10 o'clock to see if I was alright. I had just put the phone down when I heard this terrible rumbling noise. It sounded like the front room floor had caved in and all the furniture had fallen into it. I ran to the dining room door to check it out. The front room window had blown in and the front door had been blown open. I went outside and saw two men coming out of Attwater's Factory directly opposite. One man had a hole in his side and the other had all the skin hanging from his hands. There had been an explosion in the factory and smoke was billowing out. I ran back inside to dial 999, but was unable to get through. I went back outside to tell the men that I was unable to get through to the emergency people and that probably other people were trying to get through to them. I saw that all the cars parked outside had been badly damaged and the road was strewn with broken glass. I was the only person in the street then and didn't know what to do or where to go. An off duty fireman and the priest from St Mary Magdalen's Church arrived and told me to get away as quickly as possible. I went as fast as I could to the main road. I noticed the baker's shop and went in to ask if I could use their phone. I managed to get a message through to Derek's work just to let him know that I was alright. I was just wandering about when I heard Avis calling for me. She had come looking for me and took me to a ladies house for a while. Derek came home from work and was frantically searching for me. He was even chased down the back alleyway by a policeman. Finally he found me and took me to his mother's house. Luckily for us he had taken the car to work that day, otherwise it would have been a write off like the others parked outside the factory.

More next month Jackie Stuart

Ray Cartwright

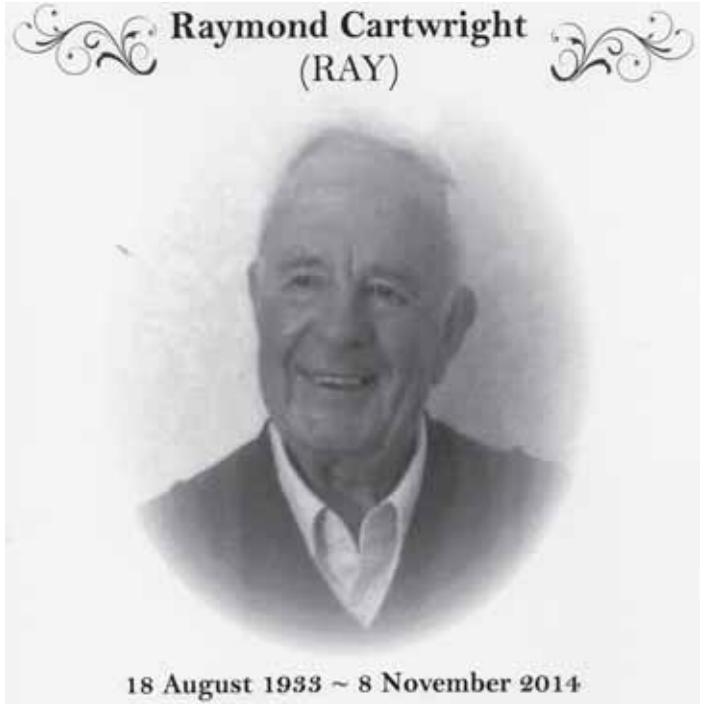
We were so sorry to hear of the loss of one of our pioneer contributors Mr Ray Cartwright. Ray was amongst the first of our writers for the magazine, alongside Brian Whittle and Jackie Stuart. Ray first sent in his 'walks' series where he took us around Lostock Hall telling us how things were during his childhood in the late 30's and 40's. The shops and schools and places he played as a child. It was Ray who suggested to me that Hope Terrace Car Park should have been called the Big Backs Car Park. He kindly shared with

us many memories of his life, which included his National Service and later his many years in the Territorial Army. He introduced me to Mr Harry Wilson, who featured in the magazine telling us of his exploits when on the Artic Convoys. Ray was so proud of him.

He let us use many photos and one of his Dad, Joe Cartwright, in uniform during the First World War. Ray's last contribution to the magazine was a few weeks before his death and he sent me the photo below and this information to go with it.

'Heather, Mike Green from Cypress Grove happened to be in Tenerife on holiday earlier this year when he came across Barack Obama so he sat at the side of him and had this photo taken. I know not its history but its quite an occasion. Cheers Ray.'

Ray always supported us and would email to say what a good job we were doing and to keep it up. We feel privileged to have been able to share his memories with every one and knowing they will be saved for years to come. Thank you Ray. Sincere regards to Mrs Cartwright and her family and many thanks for allowing us to print this page.



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