

The Lostock Hall Magazine

Issue 3
January 2013

Royal British Legion

A Tardy Gate Girl!

The Farington Tragedy



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Annual Appeal

Our initial goal of collecting 8000 images before the commencement of Preston Guild 2012 has been met, but we need your help to expand the collection even more. So, cap in hand, like Oliver Twist, we humbly ask for more.

We know you must have musty old albums, biscuits tins and the odd sock drawer full of interesting items of Preston and the surrounding areas past. So how can you submit them to us

Read on !

1. If you have the ability to scan them to your computer, you can send them to our email address as attachments (300 dpi. Photo quality please) to prestondigitalarchive@hotmail.com
2. For the technically among us you can mail material to our local address. We will make copies and return them to you (at our cost) Our mailing address is as follows
Preston Digital Archive, PO Box 1316, Preston PR1 0RT.
Please remember to include a return address.
3. For heavier/bulky items such as postcard collection etc. one of our local volunteers may be able to pick up and collect or scan on site. Please let us know your preference. (Call us on 07733 321911)

So what are we looking for, obviously photographs form the core of our collection, images of commercial or industrial activity, lost streets and buildings, social activity and gatherings etc. We love to receive post cards, especially RP-PPC (Real Photo Picture Post Cards) Ephemera covers a broad spectrum of items and would include such items as theatre programmes, invitations, magazine articles, old advertisements and newspaper cuttings, also old church magazines.

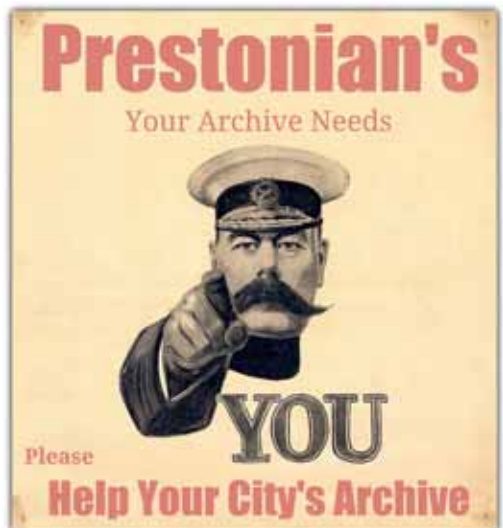
At present the upper date range is 1990. We also try and confine the general geographical area to Preston, Penwortham, Fulwood, Grimsargh, Walton le Dale, Bamber Bridge and Lostock Hall.

Finally we welcome any suggestions you might have for improving our archive. You can see our archive on Flickr, to date we have received over 3,000,000 views, with an average daily count of +8000.

Thankyou for your interest and hopefully support.

Also a big thankyou to all Preston Digital Archive viewers.

Regards from Barney
Preston Digital Archive



Welcome

Welcome to the February (3rd) issue of The Lostock Hall Magazine, which will also cover Tardy Gate and nearby parts of Farington. It is a collection of local history articles relating to the area.

Our thanks to Penwortham Priory Academy who support us by printing and formatting the 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'. Mrs Barbara Cooke has sent us the article about the Farington Tragedy. I would like any one who would like to contribute their memories, childhood, mill, railway, or about their business, club or group, or any other subjects, or any information and photographs, to please get in touch with me. You can write, email or contact me by phone. Especially older memories which might get lost in time. If anyone would like to write down the memories of their older relations I would really appreciate it. Or contact me and I will be happy to meet with anyone who has memories to share.

We are able to produce this magazine by the support of the advertisers who you will find among our pages – please do support them and tell them you saw them in The Lostock Hall magazine. We appreciate their support because without them we would be unable to produce it.

If you would like to support the magazine by placing an advert in our next issue please see the contact details below.

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 us to have your own copy delivered each month.

Front Cover image by The Lostock Hall Magazine

Regards, Heather

Our Contact Details

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Email thelostockhallmagazine@gmail.com

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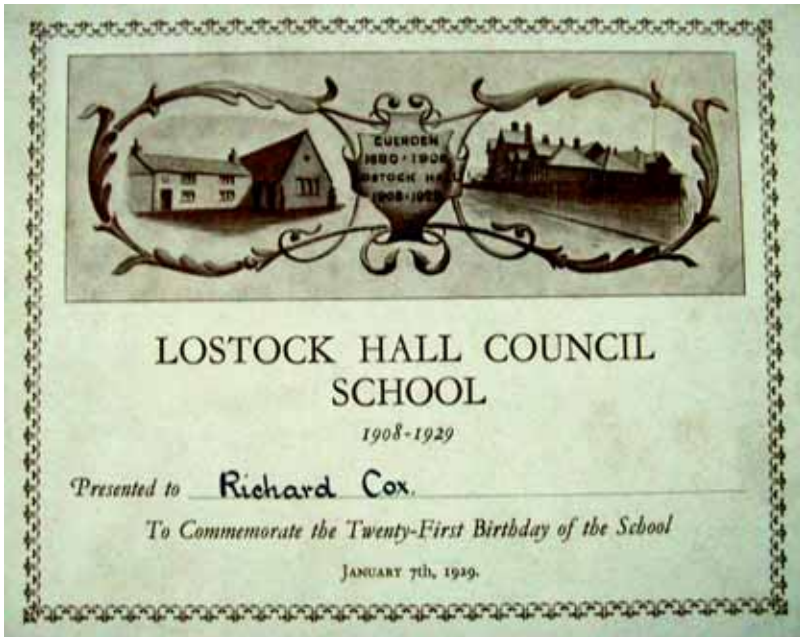


Image courtesy of Tony Worrall Foto

A Collection of Remarks from the School's Log Book of 1908

Jan 7th – Alice A. Maddock Trained Certified Teacher commenced duties as Head Teacher of this department.

Jan 16th – Several children absent – influenza

Jan 31st – 103 on books at the end of month.

March 3rd – Holiday all day for Shrove Tuesday.

April 6th – School closed today owing to an election – school used for Polling Booth.

April 30th – Attendance not so good today owing to heavy rain.

May 22nd – Lessons for an hour bearing on 'Empire Day'. Holiday in afternoon.

July 1st – Left school this afternoon in order to attend a demonstration of Old English Folk songs and dances by permission of the managers.

July 22nd – Allowed Miss Pritt to take her class to see a farm yard during part of the morning.

July 31st – Timetable interfered with this morning owing to children being photographed.

More next month

DREADFUL AND REVOLTING OUTRAGES WITH LOSS OF LIFE

The inhabitants of Penwortham and Farington during the night of Monday last, were placed in a state of alarm, owing to a severe conflict having taken place between some of the villagers and a number of the Irish labourers, who are employed at the north end of the North Union railway, from Preston to Wigan, especially that portion of it in the neighbourhood of Farington School, about two miles and a half from this town. The conflict was of a very serious character, and as the sequel will show, was attended by the most disastrous consequences. The following day, Tuesday, was employed by both parties in preparing for battle, and as the night approached, the most serious results were apprehended. There are several hundred Irish labourers employed on the line. These labourers are paid fortnightly, and it has often occurred that the alternate Saturday nights have been productive of scenes of intoxication and disturbance by these deluded men. It would be gratifying to us, however, were we enabled to speak in terms of uniform praise, as regards the conduct of the villagers. In this instance, nevertheless, as far as we have been able to ascertain, in the neighbourhood, the Irishmen were the first to begin the disturbance, and that too in the most wanton manner imaginable. Saturday last was the pay day; but the disposition of tumult and violence was not limited to a mere Saturday night's row. On Monday evening between six and seven o'clock, two Irishmen, brothers, named Owen and Peter Deans, visited the house of an English cottager, a highly respectable and peaceable man, of the name of John Mayor, who resides at Farrington, in search of one of their countrymen, to whom they gave the familiar name of Barny Kelley, and not finding him there, they proceeded immediately to destroy all the furniture they could lay their hands on. The windows were dashed out, the floor was strewn with the fragments of broken tables, the clock, crockeryware, &c. The Irish labourers had very generally dealt with a shopkeeper in Farington, and had been frequently suffered to get into his debt, but they were informed, on Saturday night last, when they paid off their old score, that no further credit would be given, and the whole, except the two brothers, Owen and Peter Deans, paid their respective debts. It is conjectured, that the two Deans suspected Mayor of having advised the unexpected determination of the shopkeeper, and that they made the pretended search after their countryman a mere excuse for taking vengeance. Be this as it may, after destroying all within their reach, they retired to the Blue Anchor public house, about half a mile distant, in the immediate neighbourhood of Messrs. Bashall and Boardman's factory. At the Blue Anchor they found five of their countrymen in a lower apartment of the house, in an upper apartment there were about a dozen spinners from the factory, some accident from the machinery having liberated them from their work. After some conversation with each other, the Irishmen went into an adjoining yard, and breaking the gate, some pailings, forks &c., armed themselves and returned to the house. They then ascended the stairs in a body, and ordered the spinners to quit immediately. They did so, and retreated through the fields adjoining the house. Meanwhile, the Irishmen, demanded of the landlady, Mrs Fisher, a gill of rum; threatening, if she refused compliance, that they would tear the place down. The gill of rum was given them, but instead of drinking it, they placed it on the table and went in pursuit of the spinners, who, in the interim, had armed themselves with sticks and staves from the hedges; and who in their turn repulsed their assailants. Several broken heads were the consequence of this affray

Continued next month

Preston Chronicle May 26th 1838

PRESTON JUNCTION

Taken 1903 this photo was hanging on the wall of the booking office at Todd Lane Station for many years. Although there is some ambiguity these are the names we have,

Back row left to right – J. Hale, J. Grisedale, Waddington (Station Master) S. Hulton, Ainsworth, Harrison, Morgan, W. Dickenson. If any reader can identify their ancestor please get in touch. Photo courtesy of Bob Gregson.



LOSTOCK HALL (10D) MPD 04/08/68

The last day of regular scheduled standard gauge steam on British Railways. Rows and rows of redundant, withdrawn and stored locomotives with ex-LMS Stanier Class 5 4-6-0 45055 nearest camera. Photo courtesy of Peter Brumby.





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The Fatal accident near Lostock Hall Station

On Saturday Mr J. Walker, coroner to Sir H. de Hoghton, for the manor of Walton-le Dale, held an inquest at the Victoria Inn, Lostock, on the body of Crompton Crompton, between six and seven years of age, son of Crompton Crompton, factory operative, who was killed near Lostock Hall Junction, under circumstances detailed in last week's Chronicle. The jury returned a verdict of 'Accidental Death'.

Preston Chronicle July 20th 1867.

Accident to a porter at Lostock Hall

A man named Robert Hoborin, about thirty years of age, residing in Aberdeen-street, Preston met with a serious accident at Lostock Hall Station on Tuesday afternoon. He was employed as a porter by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company, and it appears that shortly after noon on Tuesday he was engaged shunting some carriages, when by some means his right arm was caught between the buffers, and crushed flat. The unfortunate man was extricated as quickly as possible and sent on by a special train to Preston Infirmary, when it was found necessary by the medical attendants at the establishment to amputate the arm, and since this operation was successfully performed the sufferer has made good progress.

Preston Chronicle June 2nd 1877.

Killed by an Express

An inquest was held before Mr Myres, Esq., Coroner, at the Anchor Inn, Farington yesterday on the body of a woman named Jane Hodge, a farmers wife who was killed at Farington Station, by the express train from Preston to London, as she was crossing the line. William Hodge, farmer, Farington said, 'The deceased, my wife, was about 56 years of age. I was at work when the deceased was killed. I had left her at home about two hours before it happened. John Harrison, station-master at Farington said 'I am stationed at Farington, and was on duty yesterday when the deceased was killed. She was crossing the line at the time: it was about ten minutes past four o'clock. She was struck by the engine of the express train from Preston to London. She was thrown with great force against the gate. I went to her immediately after it had taken place, and found she was dead. She had a cut upon her forehead, but I did not see any other injury. A coal train had just passed through the station on the down line. The deceased waited till it had passed, and then went on to the line. I was about 80 yards from her at the time: not near enough to stop her from going on. There was a fence between the deceased and me. I saw the danger she was in and shouted and waved my arms to attract her attention, but she took no notice. The gates were closed, but she passed through the footpath gate. The man who attends to the gates is up in a cabin about fifteen yards off. I think she would not see the express so very well, as the coal train would hide it from view. She was frequently in the habit of crossing the line at that place, and I have often cautioned her against crossing the lines when the trains were about. The express could be seen for nearly a mile before it reached the station. It was impossible for the engine driver to have pulled up even if he had seen her. She was very nearly over the line when she was struck. She was crossing from the west side to the east. – The engine driver deposed that he did not see her, and, even if he had seen her, it would have been impossible for him to stop the engine. – A verdict of accidental death was returned.

Preston Chronicle March 13th 1869

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Lostock Hall Royal British Legion



The Lostock Hall branch of the Royal British Legion was formed in January 1936, the first president being Doctor Sharples, whose surgery was at Dardsley House. Until the 1950's the branch met in The Tardy Gate pub. One of the members who lived in the bungalow behind the Carpet Shop, had been hit by a shell in his back and was paralysed. Dr Sharples used to pick him up and carry him upstairs to the meeting. When Doctor Sharples died he left the branch of legacy of £300.

The land from Dr. Sharples house down to the footpath was his orchard.

The club also borrowed £100 at 3% from Harry Ainsworth who was one of the founder members, and were able to buy the piece of land.

The branch sold a bit of land where the bungalows now are and bought a Nissan Hut. Members bought a brick each. The present games room is the site of the original building. The members all mucked in and built it themselves.

One of the original trustees was a man called Fred Dearden, who was awarded an Military Cross and a Military Medal.

In its beginnings it wasn't a club, it was a Legion branch with an amenity bar.

In 1964, due to the new licencing act the Lostock Hall branch was able to become a fully licensed club.

Everything remained the same until 1979 when the concert room and flat was built.

In the year 2000 a further extension to the club was made to extend the games room and build a new toilet block.

Michael Turner has been branch chairman since 1979.

In the year 1995 The Lostock Hall Royal British Legion Club, Lostock Hall Conservative Club and Our Lady and St Gerards Parochial Centre jointly decided to raise money for the 50th celebrations for VE and VJ. Events were held all year, the Legion held a Band Concert, the Con Club a 40's Dance and at St Gerards a childrens party.

Due to the success of the fund raising events they ended up with money left over so it was decided to have a permanent memorial built. The council gave a bit of land and a replica of the cairn at the top of Helvellyn was built. Sealed inside the cairn is a time capsule containing photographs and local children's reflections on peace and war. It is known as The Peace Cairn.

In 2012 the war memorial from Lostock Hall Methodist Church was installed behind the cairn.

When the war memorial was moved to the Peace Garden, with help from Renewables at Leyland Co-op Funerals and Liveseys Funerals, on one day in October, with the help of the community and volunteers the area was landscaped and flagged.

The cairn has been used as an integral part of Remembrance Sunday. This is where the young people of the district mark their respect and lay wreaths and poppies for every year of peace. All children on parade, scouts, sea and airforce cadets, their part in the ceremony grows every year. The Legion is at the heart of the community and has been for well over half a century.

Meetings are held here from all over Lancashire.

It is a friendly place, they encourage ex- service men, younger people and anyone to join. The branch holds regular Charity and Social nights.

Branch president –Mr. Frank Williams Ex Sergeant of the Queens Royal Marines

Club president – Mr. W. Howert – who looks after the club.

In 1937 – 40 J. Clayton –Local Coal Merchant

In 1940 – 48 Dr. Sharples.

Mr Jack Mulliniff

Was branch secretary for 10 – 12 years, he was in No. 3 Commandoes one of the first troops to land on D. Day. His C.O. was Lovett. He was a true gent and a pleasure to work with. He became Chief Fire Officer at Preston Borough council and on the day of his funeral his coffin went through the Fire Station.

ROYAL BRITISH LEGION LOSTOCK HALL

3RD SEPTEMBER 1989



Back – Ken Pickard – Lancashire County Standard Bearer, L.A.Samuels, Don Cross, ?, John Holderness, Keith Brierly, Bill Barlow (Piper) Dick Roocroft (Steward), Mr Simmonds, Ken Scholes.

Front – Brian Carland, Michael Turner, Harry Ainsworth, Harold Topping (Branch President at the time), Miss Scholes (Poppy Queen),

Lostock Hall Branch meets at 8.00pm on the first Monday every month at the Lostock Hall Royal British Legion Club.

Membership is open to everyone. If you have an interest in the objectives of the Legion and want to help and support those whose have served and their families, come and join us. We welcome men and women of all ages, whether they have served in the Armed Forces or not.

Legion membership ensures that Remembrance in kept alive and the sacrifices our brave Service men and women have made are never forgotten.

The ex-Service community have a voice and that their concerns are brought to the public eye.

Becoming a member also provides the opportunity to get involved in a wide range of activities and events held locally, regionally and nationally throughout the year.

If you wish to contact us, please email lostocklegion@gmail.com



As reported in the Lancashire Daily Post in 1906

**FARINGTON TRAGEDY
INQUEST ON THE VICTIMS
GHASTLY STORY OF A FACE AT THE WINDOW
VERDICT OF WILFUL MURDER AND SUICIDE**



The recent tragedy which has caused such a profound effect was the subject of an inquiry by Mr J Parker, County Coroner and a jury at the Anchor Inn Farington this afternoon.

The bodies of Henry Catterall, his wife Susannah and daughter Jane Ann were found in the room in which the tragedy occurred and the jury had an unenviable task.

The first witness was George Hulme, 46 Dunkirk Lane, Leyland labourer who said the deceased Susannah Catterall was his wife's sister and the wife of Henry Catterall an outdoor labourer living in Preston Rd, Farington. They had been married six years on April 19th but had no children. The girl Jane Ann was Catterall's daughter by his late wife and she was 12 years old. Catterall was between 55 and 58 years old, and his wife 51 last January. He last saw Catterall alive about Christmas.

The Coroner questioned him about the family. Mr Hulme said that as far as he knew there were no problems but Catterall had been badly and had to stay off work for a few weeks. He said he had always seemed cheerful to him and didn't appear to be depressed.

He said there was a sister who was in Whittingham Asylum for the last 2 years.

The Coroner asked him if any other of the family had gone wrong and he replied “Not that I know of”.

Mrs Alice Craven, who lives at Moss View, Preston Rd, Farington and is the wife of an engine driver. She stated that about 6.15 on Thursday morning, the deceased girl came to her house and knocked her up saying “My mother wants you to come as she is poorly” Mrs Craven said to her “Will you come in and stop with my little girl as she will be alone”. She replied that she had to be quick back, though she did not say who had told her. She had on a nightdress, her stockings and clogs and she was wrapped in a shawl.

Continuing, Mrs Craven said she tried to get into Catterall's house but found the door fast. She knocked and shouted but could get no answer, though she could hear someone in the house moaning. She went back to the house for her keys. On the way she called on Mrs Maddock, her next door neighbour and told her about the matter. She tried to unfasten the door with the key but failed and knocked at the door again and looked up at the bedroom window. She saw the deceased girl with her face at the window and shouted for her to come down and let them in. Shortly afterwards the girl opened the door.

IN HER NIGHT DRESS

Coroner: was she still in her nightdress? Mrs Craven said she was dressed as she had previously seen her with the exception of a shawl. The Coroner asked if there was a great deal of blood about the front of her clothing. Mrs Craven said yes about her hair and face and the front of her clothing

Mrs Craven said she ran back for Mr Maddock and he assisted the girl into the house and then she left to go back to her daughter who was alone. When questioned she said she had only known the Catteralls about 16 months and had never been in the house before but sometimes had a chat with Mrs Catterall. She did not know of any differences between them and for all she knew Mr Catterall was a steady man and so far as she knew he was a cheerful man.

NOTHING ABOUT HER FATHER

The Coroner asked if she knew about his being poorly. Mrs Craven said yes but she could not say how long has he been out of work. He was a scavenger. The Coroner asked if the girl said anything about her father when she came to fetch Mrs Craven and she replied No, she did not say a word about him.

Elizabeth Maddocks, wife of John Maddocks, engine driver of Moss View, Farington said that about 6.30 on Thursday morning, Mrs Craven came and told her that Catterall's girl had been to ask her to go and see her mother, but that she had been to the house and found the door locked. She went with Mrs Craven and both knocked at the door and tried to get in. She did not hear any sound in the house. They then brought their door keys and found that though they could turn the small spring lock the large lock below was turned.

To be continued next month

Article by Mrs Barbara Cooke

The Lostock Hall Mill

The Lostock Hall Mill near Preston recently purchased by Messrs. Walker, Moss and Company is now receiving extensive alteration and extension, the old looms, of which there are 452, are being replaced by 506 of new construction, but these improvements necessitate the closing of the mill for a few weeks.

Liverpool Mercury August 6 1888

WEAVERS DISPUTE AT LOSTOCK HALL – The strike at Messrs. Walker, Moss and Co. mill, Lostock Hall was brought to a termination on Monday afternoon last. The hands came out on Friday morning because the employers had signified their intention of stopping about fifty looms. On Monday Mr Birtwistle and Mr Rawlinson had an interview with Mr Moss, and a very satisfactory agreement was arrived at. The hands, numbering about 300 persons, resumed work on Tuesday morning, the employers foregoing their intention of stopping the looms.
Preston Chronicle Nov 22 1890

Workpeoples trip The overlookers at Messrs. Walker Moss and Co. mill, had their annual trip to Southport. Dinner was provided at one of the principle restaurants and supper was partaken of at The Cock and Bottle, Tarleton.
Preston Chronicle June 20th 1891

Strike at Lostock Hall

The workpeople employed at Messrs. Walker, Moss and Co's Mill, Lostock Hall came out on strike on Wednesday, through what they allege to be tyranny and other injustices. No notice was given, and the hands came out entirely on their own responsibility and not by the advice of their association. No settlement has yet been arrived at.

Preston Chronicle August 29 1891

WEAVERS GREIVANCES AT LOSTOCK HALL – On Monday evening at meeting of the weavers employed at Messrs. Walker, Moss and Co.'s Mill, Lostock Hall, was held at the Anchor Inn, Farington, to protect against the alleged heavy baiting. The president at the local branch of weavers, Mr Walmsley, presided, there were also present Messrs. Luke Park, Preston and Mr J Burrows, of Padiham. Mr Luke Park intimated that he was endeavouring to arrange an interview with Mr Moss, and at the earliest opportunity he would let them know the result. He strongly advised those who were not in the society to join, as in the event of a strike they could be left out in the cold. A resolution, which complained of the heavy baiting was entrusted to the hands of Mr Barrows.

Preston Chronicle April 29th 1893

Serious accident – A married woman named Hall, residing at Carrington Buildings, Farington and employed by Messrs Walker, Moss and Co.'s mill, met with a shocking accident on Thursday morning, sustaining serious injuries to the head. She was conveyed to Preston Infirmary where she still remains.

Preston Guardian May 13 1893

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FEBRUARY HALF-TERM

Monday 18th - Friday 22nd February 2013

AT: New Longton Village Hall, Boundary Close,
New Longton, Preston, PR4 4YD

SUMMER HOLIDAYS #1

Monday 29th July - Friday 2nd August 2013

AT: New Longton Village Hall, Boundary Close,
New Longton, Preston, PR4 4YD

SUMMER HOLIDAYS #2

Monday 12th - Friday 16th August 2013

AT: Hutton Village Hall,
Hutton, Preston, PR4 5SE

SUMMER HOLIDAYS #3

Monday 19th - Friday 23rd August 2013

AT: New Longton Village Hall, Boundary Close,
New Longton, Preston, PR4 4YD

Memories of Sammy Bamber (early 1940's)

Samuel Bamber worked as a signal man at Lostock Junction. He lived with his wife, Nellie, at a little farmhouse, in Doodstone Nook, to me he was a wonderful man. He was often seen wearing his overcoat, tied round the waist with string, with a trilby on his head. He walked with a stick and nearly always had one of his dogs with him. Although he was very eccentric – he knew a lot about gardening – he had very green fingers –and also was very good with animals. He was well-known in the area for making up potions to help people and animals. I remember he kept hens, ducks, goats and pigs. Nellie used to feed the pigs and would talk to them they sounded like they answered her back.

Mum often took them an apple pie she had baked, and while the women talked, I would go up the fields with Sammy and he would tell me all about the different plants.

He made Nettle Beer, though not hygienically – I know Dr Sharples used to enjoy it.

Sammy was very good at topiary, in his big hedge, he fashioned an armchair, cockerel, dog and a tree, everyone used to marvel at them as they walked past.

Nellie worked at Tulketh Brow Mill, she used to walk it all the way along the railway, there and back. She worked from 6 till 6, Monday to Friday and 6 till 12 on Saturdays. She worked on the looms.

They had a caravan on their land, in it there was a big range, water was boiled at one side, and on the grating over the fire Sammy would prepare the hen mash. He used to let me help, I remember stirring it, it was lovely and warm. My mum would have gone mad if she had known.

He used to whittle with wood. He made me a dolls house with all the furniture. A three piece suite that he made, was covered by Nellie, who was good with a needle.

She knit her own cushions, that looked amazing, round, with each section a different colour, divided like the spokes of a bike wheel.

Sometimes he would neck his hens, I cried the first time I saw him do it, I liked to eat chicken, but in my little head, I had never thought about the fact they had to be killed for us to do it. They would flap about for ages, then he would hang them up with string on the back of the door.

He won many prizes and rosettes for his cocker spaniels at Dog shows, which he kept in one of his sheds. I remember one dog called Randolph, who barked a lot and looked a bit mad, people were frightened of it, but it used to follow me round. There was another one called Lucy who was blind.

When his chicks hatched, if he needed to keep them warm, he had a hook on the big shelf over the huge fireplace and would hang them there in a basket. Sometimes he would put them on the table covered with newspaper and I had to watch they didn't fall off.

In the front window of the house, was a pottery swan, almost as big as a real swan, and it was always full of fresh flowers.

There was an old settee, that the dogs sat on, Sammy used to flop on it and knock his pipe



out on the arm. Also a big sideboard with big orange glass knobs on the three drawers, with a mirror at the back.

At the front door was a porch, and I was allowed to brush up and mop it with an old dirty mop. They always said what a good job I had made – I was only six.

The toilet was outside, it was a little building covered all over in a creeper. There were always loads of flies in it, and more often than not a hen sat at the side, I had to be absolutely dying to use it.

In the orchard were apple trees, with the biggest apples I had ever seen, like footballs, they were the sweetest I had ever tasted.

On part of the land in spring, he grew rows of daffodils, people could come and pick their own, sixpence a bunch, if I remember. During the year, he sold cut flowers which he also grew.

There were two ditches on his land, one was a big ditch, and people used to say a horse and cart had disappeared in it. It was full of jenny green teeth, I used to keep away from it.

Once a old gate, in my friend Pat Goodhand's wash-house fell onto to my leg and a rusty hinge got stuck in my leg. Sammy made a potion for me to put on it. It was in a maroon container.

Their next door neighbours were quite posh, the lady was very prim and proper, and her husband had retired, he wore gaiters. They used to let me pick their big blackberries, she said to me 'Bring your basket, but ask your mother first'. Mum had told me 'Don't be a nuisance, think on'. Nellie said to me 'you're lucky, they don't even talk to me'.

One day a man called Arthur appeared Sammy had found him in the barn. It turned out he had spent six weeks on the road from Wales, he was looking for work. Sammy let he stay and sleep in the barn. After a while he moved into the house, Arthur used to clean the house, which was all higgledy piggledy, and he did their washing – by hand in return. He sometimes took Nellie to the Con Club for a milk stout.

During the war Arthur went to Euxton to work making bombs. His skin turned yellow working with TNT. After Nellie died, Arthur ended his days in Peterfield House, Penwortham.

My cousin, Tom, used to come with me to Sammy's occasionally, and some of the tricks he used to get up to resulted in me not being able to go any more, as my dad fell out with him about Tom.

One time he went near the goats and chopped off the beard of the billy-goat. Three weeks later it died, and Tom got the blame.

Another time he came up the field with us, and was playing on Sammy's tractor. Although Sammy had his own tractor, he hired someone to cut the hay, he kept the key for the tractor under the seat. The day someone came to cut it, the key could not be found.

Sammy came round to our house, shaking his stick as he came up the path, he asked my dad where Tom had put the key. He had buried it !!! We were not allowed round after that and my dad had to pay the man for a day's lost wages.

My memories of time spent at the Bammers, were very happy ones, it was like being a part of a fairy tale and I could be part of it for a short while. I learnt a lot about all kinds of things, and it began a life-long love of flowers, plants and gardening. Now at the age of 79 I am happy to say my fingers are also rather green and I put it down to the time I spent at the house at Doodstone Nook.

By A.C.

S. Bamber, Doodstone Nook, pointsman. Trade Directory 1948

The Young Lady from Todd Lane

Doris lived down Todd Lane. We met at the Farmers Ball that was held annually at the Public Hall. I was with the farmer and his family where I was employed and she had come along with some friends. The dance did not finish till two o'clock in the morning along with the usual last Waltz. After the last dance was over which I had with Doris, the adults took their young progeny home in their cars, there were no buses of course. It was Friday night, so I made arrangements to meet Doris the following night, Saturday. 'Meet me at Todd Lane Station' she said, 'We'll go to town by train, and don't forget to bring your pumps !' Great, I thought, chuffed that I had managed to make a date with this little smasher. She was small, about five foot two, dark curly hair, a real bonny girl. She had a cast or fleck in one eye that somehow seemed to enhance her looks. She was quite fascinating, and she was certainly a chatterbox, not pushy or anything, but knew what she wanted and used her charm and womanly wiles to get it.

Anyway, I was there on the dot, and left my bike at the rear of one of the railway cottages adjacent to the station. There she was near the ticket office and waved as I came down the steps. We sat on a seat waiting for the train. 'I've got the tickets you can pay me later' said my companion 'Well, when we board the train, OK !'. Within a few minutes the train steamed in, there were quite a lot of people waiting to get on and it was pretty crowded so she sat on my knee. Hell, what a start, her hair kept tickling my nose and forehead. I felt quite proud with this lovely little creature perched on my knee. Unfortunately it was a very short ride to town. On alighting, she grabbed me my hand saying 'Quick, we have not got much time'. I was bewildered, down the subway and across the far side platform, thirteen, I think it was. 'Where are we going ?' I asked. 'Southport' she gasped. 'Southport !' I ejaculated. 'Yes, we are going to the Floral Hall'. Bloody hell, I thought, it costs half a dollar to get in there, so far for the two of us that will be five bob. We made it with seconds to spare, the guard was just about to wave his green flag.

We sat down near the window and she opened her handbag and pulled out a packet of Craven A. 'Smoke' she enquired. No thanks, I don't use them. She held out her hand and told me I owed her two shillings and eightpence for the train tickets. God, I thought half a weeks wage accounted for and we have only just set off. She talked quite animated all

the way to Southport, it seems her Dad was a railway man, and I had parked my bike next door. Then about her job and where she worked, her birthday, aunts and uncles, where she had her hair done, an only child, her repertoire was inexhaustible. She kept her hand on my arm all the way to the destination. Silly me, I loved every minute of it, I lapped it up a treat. Seduction at its best. Well, I thought so. We arrived. Just a short walk to the Floral Hall and she vanished into the Ladies cloaks. Ten minutes later she reappeared looking radiant. They had a good resident band and a guest one played at the interval. Doris was a reasonably good dancer, light on her feet and held her back well. She wasn't up to my standard and pleaded with me not to do too many fancy steps and she looked up at me all the time looking coy and appealing as she chattered away. I could have eaten her, a real enjoyable night. She fell asleep with her head on my shoulder on the way home, well against my arm, she didn't reach up to my shoulder. We alighted and climbed the steps and a few yards to her gate, kissed her goodnight, rather avidly. 'See you tomorrow night about seven o'clock' she whispered, 'Night'.

I collected my bike and pedalled home to Leyland. I reckoned up the train fares, entrance to the dance hall, refreshments at the interval, it had cost me almost a pound, still at the time I thought it was worth it.

Thank God Sunday night was nice and warm, so we went for a walk, didn't cost anything and we got a bit of snogging in, as they term it nowadays. Wednesday came, New Victoria, a Spencer Tracy film, poshest cinema in town. The following Saturday train to Blackpool, and dancing at the Tower Ballroom. I was drawing money out of the bank and spending my wages as well. Eventually I proposed we went to venues not so expensive and staying nearer home.. A bit of sulking took place on both sides and on the next date with me, she didn't turn up. She had chucked me. I missed her, her gaiety, her dress sense, her company and inane chatter and her passion, she certainly kissed ardently, and those slender arms, that would wind themselves so senseously round ones neck, but at heart she was just a flirt, out for a good time and who could blame her. If you have got it, flaunt it. I'll never forget Doris.

Arthur Eric Crook (1917 – 1997)

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A Tardy Gate Girl

I hadn't seen very much of my brother over the past few years. He had started work as an apprentice electrician at a firm in Leyland when he was 15. The only time we met was at the tea table. When he was 18 he was called up to do his National Service. I remember that we went to see him off at Preston Railway Station and it being very emotional. Early in the year of 1954 when he was home on leave I was told that he was going to get married. I was so excited because I thought that I would be a bridesmaid. That was something that I had always wanted to be. I would have a nice new dress and look like a princess for the day. Sadly, this was not to be. I wasn't the right religion. I was a Proddy Dog and they were getting married in a Red Neck church. This might sound terrible to some people, but that is exactly as it was. The Red Necks and Proddy Dogs did not mix. Each stayed with their own. It wasn't so much the adults who did this but the children. Tardy Gate was predominantly a catholic village and was virtually run by the local priest. The catholic children feared him and didn't do anything wrong in case they were punished. The protestant children also feared him, because he would come flying at them brandishing a stick with his black robes billowing out as he ran. I am glad to say that is not like that now, but it certainly was then. The ironic thing about it is that if anyone attacked anyone of us now, verbally or physically, Red Neck or Proddy Dog, each knows the other would be there for them. Anyway I had to hide my disappointment, I could not let anyone see how upset I was, it just wasn't the done thing. The same thing happened when my nephews and nieces were christened, I was not allowed to be a god parent. My brother's wife was called Pat and she lived in Cottage Lane in Bamber Bridge with her dad Martin. After the wedding my brother moved in with them.

The following year on the 11th January 1955 my nephew Martin Francis was born. He was supposed to have been named after both his grandads, but my Dad was not called Francis, he was called Frank. Baby Martin was only 5lb in weight and looked like a wrinkled old man, still does come to think of it. He was smaller than the doll I used to have. I had only ever had one doll. It was a baby doll, made of pot with elastic bands running through its body to keep its head, arms and legs on. One day it was mysteriously broken. I didn't break it, I wouldn't have done anything like that, besides which I loved my doll and was very upset. I kept asking my mother how it had happened? She said she had an idea who had done it but would never tell me. Anyway, Martin took the place of my doll, and he was real. It didn't bother me if he was sick all over me, or had a smelly nappy, I just loved him, and he had a pram too!

During this same year my dad's younger brother, Arthur, died at the age of 30. He had dropped a spanner at work, bent down to pick it up, cracked his head on a machine and fractured his skull. We went to Yorkshire to attend the funeral. The coffin was sealed when we arrived, which upset my dad. He would have liked to have seen his brother for the last time, but was unable to. We had to stay the night and my grandmother said I had to sleep in Uncle Arthur's bed. Oh no! the terrible fear was on me again. How could anyone do that to me? Deep down inside I knew that Uncle Arthur would never have hurt me. Sleeping in his bed though was sheer torture. Then again nobody knew about my fear did they?

While my brother was still in the army and stationed at Berkshire, his wife Pat and Martin moved in with us. Pat was pregnant again and she had rowed with her dad Martin. My

niece Martha Karen was born in January 1956. I could not understand why anyone would want to call a baby Martha, but it was after her grandmother on her mother's side. She isn't known as Martha, everyone calls her Karen. On the day Karen was bought home, I felt this sudden urge of protection for Martin. He was only twelve months old, yet he was the eldest and had to take second place to the new baby. I am sure that my mum and dad felt the same way too. I do know that he had a special bond with them. Probably because he was their first grandchild. Not long after Karen's birth, my brother's family moved to married quarters in Crowthorne, Berkshire.

It was while living in Crowthorne that my nephew Rowland was born in December 1957. He had Spina Bifida and Hydrocephalus (water on the brain). Rowland was the spitting image of Martin, he was a beautiful baby. I remember someone saying that he was too beautiful to live. Little did they know that he would die at the age of 6. The Spina Bifida had not been diagnosed when he was born. It was several months later before it was discovered. At that particular time very little could be done for this condition. There was a valve put in the base of the skull in its experimental stage in America, but it had not been perfected. The only thing that could be done was to drain the fluid from the brain. This way extremely dangerous and could cause brain damage and was only done when deemed absolutely necessary.

When Rowland was about 18 months old this procedure had to be carried out. His head had expanded so much and he was in tremendous pain. He couldn't speak properly so was unable to tell anyone about the pain, or that he could not see either. All he could do was scream all day and all night. He was taken into the Royal Berkshire Hospital. The fluid was drained off, the pain eased and he regained his sight, then he was sent home until the next time.

I remember going down to visit them while they were there. John who lived next door went with me. We were both about 13 years old at the time. We were put on a train at Preston and travelled down to London. My brother met us and took us on the tube train. This is where I experienced another kind of fear. The tube station was so crowded, we were just pushed along with everyone else. I hadn't realised we were in a lift until it started to move downwards. I didn't like this underground business at all. I was so relieved when we reached our destination, then realised we had to do the same on the return journey. I did not understand this fear at all until I got much older.

It was while we were in Crowthorne that 'Jack the Hat McVitie' escaped from Broadmoor Prison. The prison was at the end of the road where my brother lived and 'Jack the Hat McVitie' had actually run past the bungalow. With it being summer time we had slept with all the windows open. We didn't do it after that.

I am not too sure but I think it was on this visit that I started my periods. Anyway I had to go to the chemist to buy some sanitary towels. I had no idea of the brand names, so didn't really know what to ask for.

More next month By Jackie Stuart

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£1,500 WAGES STOLEN IN HOLD-UP SEARCH FOR ARMED MAN

Police in the North of England are searching for a man, stated to speak in an American accent, who held up a cotton mill cashier and manager with a revolver at Preston today and robbed them of £1,500 intended for wages, which they were taking to the mill.

The two men Mr Ernest T. Barnish, manager, Leyland Road, Lostock Hall, near Preston, and Mr James Fowler, cashier, Wembley Avenue, Penwortham, had drawn the money which belonged to Thomas Moss and Sons, cotton manufacturers, Lostock Hall from the Westminster Bank branch in Fishergate, Preston. As they entered their parked car in Winckley Street, a side street opposite the bank, a stranger got in the back, pointed a revolver at them, and ordered them to drive to Penwortham, a suburb of Preston. The car was driven by Mr Barnish under orders to Factory Lane, Penwortham, a country lane. After ordering the car to be turned round the stranger made the men get out and walk away. Then he drove off with the money, and when the car was found later abandoned in Strand Road, Preston, the money bags had been ripped open and £1,500 in Treasury notes was missing, although £250 in silver and copper was left behind. The two men gave the following description of the stranger:- Aged about 35; height 5ft 7 in or 8 in; slim built; thin faced; wearing light mackintosh and cap; spoke with strong American accent.

Immediately they were informed the police broadcast a message to all Lancashire police forces and later the car was examined for fingerprints. Mr Fowler said 'We thought at first it was a joke, but the man said, You'll find its no joke; drive where I tell you'

The Times Saturday April 09 1938

PRESTON TO HAVE NEW £1M. GAS PLANT

Humphreys and Glasgow have obtained an order worth over £1m. from the North Western Gas Board for I.C.I. naptha reforming plant at **Lostock Hall Works** in Preston. The plant will produce 30m. cubic feet of town gas a day in two units from naptha feedstock. The feedstock will be desulphurized and final gas enrichment carried out by two Gas Council recycle hydrogenators, with LPG as standby. Ancillary plant comprises carbon monoxide conversion and carbon monoxide removal.

The Times Monday May 04 1964

Penwortham

Priory
ACADEMY



Dorothy Croston nee Ellis,
cuts the cake to start the
60th Celebration year
at Priory in Preston.



Priory's 60th Anniversary Celebration

Calling all ex-pupils of Priory

On Friday 12th July we will be holding a Gala Dinner of reminiscences at the school. Tables can be booked for the hot supper with a guest speaker. You can link up with old friends and share memories.

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Contact the school for further information
Telephone: 01772 320250



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