

The Lostock Hall Magazine

Issue 4
Feb/March 2013

Farington Station
Old Photos of the Past
Tardy Gate Girl!

THE TARDY GATE

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Welcome

Welcome to the Feb/March (4th) 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 of 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

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LOSTOCK HALL COUNCIL SCHOOL



The old school on Avondale Drive courtesy of Marty Hopkirk

A collection of remarks from the School's Log Book of 1908 – 10

Aug 31 Number in attendance – 115. Reading, writing, number, drawing, games, singing, drill, needlework and nature.

Nov 13 Owing to the measles epidemic the attendance is still much worse this week.

Nov 30 Owing to the epidemic school will be closed till after Xmas.

Jan 22 Many of the children still absent owing to Whooping Cough and colds.

Feb 1 Dismissed children at 3.45 in order to make ready for the Children's Concert to be given in the schoolroom in aid of pictures and toys and the Teacher's Benevolent & Orphan Funds.

May 20th School closed this afternoon in commemoration of Empire Day

Sept 14 The babies taken to see a donkey, being the subject for a lesson.

Oct 11 Several children absent owing to Whooping Cough.

Nov 1 Two of the sisters from the R.C. School, Tardy Gate visited the school this morning.

Dec 7 Owing to the slippery state of the roads the attendance is again very poor indeed. Number present 83.

Dec 20 Owing to heavy fall of snow the attendance has suffered severely only 67 present this morning.

Dec 28 Owing to heavy fall of snow only 6 children attended this morning. These were sent home as they were wet.

June 1st Sergeant Major Wright visited school this morning to inspect the drill

July 11th Babies went for a walk into the hayfield.

Oct 26th Doctors Schofield and Butterworth visited school in order to test the atmosphere temperature.

In the Preston Trade Directory of 1940 I came across this entry referring to the school 'The school contains an oil-painted plan of the village, covering two miles from east to west, and two and a half miles from north to south. The plan which is situated in the assembly hall, is the work of two school boys.'

Does anyone know where it is now, or remember seeing it on the wall, or know the names of the two school boys ?

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Farington Station

I started school, Lostock Hall Council School, in 1943 and although it is difficult to recall what was happening when you were just turned five years old I can remember several incidents that must have been just post-war. We ate school dinners in the "Vic Tea Rooms", now the headquarters of the Lostock Hall Memorial Brass Band, and on one memorable occasion the tapioca pudding was served with an extra meat ingredient, maggots! Small they might have been but they were clearly visible and for many months any milk pudding was referred to as "maggot pudding" and given a wide berth. On days when it was served we had an incentive to visit Farington Railway Station where Italian prisoners of war were deployed working on the railway. If you skipped part of your dinner you just had time to run the three quarters of a mile to the station to go and say "hello". My friend, Colin James, and his family remained good friends with one fellow called Romeo long after the P.O.W.'s had been repatriated. The prisoners used one of the waiting rooms on the station (now demolished) as a retiring room at lunchtime. When we youngsters arrived they shared their "army biscuits" with us and often gave us a packet or two to take home. Missing their own young children who were many miles away the Italians fussed over us youngsters as if we were their own. I remember one of them standing me up on a table and chatting to me followed by an affectionate slap on the back of my legs. The slap on the back of the legs my Mother gave me was much less affectionate when she found out where we had been. It didn't stop us from making return visits though.

The telling of this tale provoked the question "where was Farington Station?"

Farington Station was accessed from the top of the bridge on the Preston side. As far as I can recall there was a ticket office at bridge level and then steps down to a central



platform with internal steps/bridges to the platforms either side of the central one. I recall there were buildings on the St Paul's side of the station on the left hand platform as this is where the Italians had their lunch. It was as the same style as Kirkham and Poulton stations are today. We used to go train spotting on this platform with access to it across a field, now known as Kellett Acre, and then through the railings to a grassy bank where the hot sunny days passed happily. You could see all

the main line trains and also see the "top line" which was the Southport line that crossed the main line on a bridge on the Preston side. The lady at the first house of the terrace shown in the photograph used to refill our empty "Fruitaid" bottles with water to aid the consumption of the ten slices of bread and jam. Happy Days!

Pete Vickers



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FROM THE 1898 TRADE DIRECTORY

As you can see from the Preston Trade Directory from the year 1898, many of the residents of Lostock Hall and Tardy Gate were employed by the railway, 18 of which were Engine Drivers.

Henry Alston	Goods Guard	17 Black Lane
John Atkinson	Engine Driver	58 Watkin Lane
John Barnes	Engine Driver	10 Wilkinson Street
Richard Baxter	Engine Driver	12 Sephton Street
William Beardsworth	Guard	Lindley Street
Simeon Blackwell	Fireman	4 Sephton Street
John Bradley	Engine Driver	48 Watkin Lane
Robert Carter	Station Master	10 Watkin Lane
Richard Craven	Engine Driver	7 Fairfield Street
George R. Dawson	Engine Driver	18 Watkin Lane
John Dawson	Pointsman	Berry Street
John Fenney	Engine Driver	Lindley Street
Joseph Finch	Goods Guard	115 Watkin Lane
Richard Fish	Engine Driver	9 Fairfield Street
John W. Garside	Engine Driver	4 Wilkinson Street
John Gibson	Fireman	87 Watkin Lane
Reuben Hale	Engine Driver	19 Black Lane
William Hall	Goods Guard	Moss Street
William Holden	Goods Guard	15 Fairfield Street
Joseph Hunt	Engine Driver	Tardy Gate
Thomas Kirkby	Fireman	8 Sephton Street
Joseph Kirkby	Engine Driver	3 Victoria Street
Charles Lee	Engine Driver	8 South View
Reuben Pemberton	Engine Driver	Lindley Street
George Thomas Smith	Engine Driver	Lindley Street
William Southworth	Engine Driver	109 Watkin Lane
James Thompson	Engine Driver	46 Watkin Lane
Sidney Thorpe	Railway Guard	Dilworth Street
Thomas Tomlinson	Railway Guard	5 Sephton Street
George Watts	Railway Guard	Tardy Gate
Robert Wiseman	Fireman	Lindley Street
George Woods	Engine Driver	Lindley Street
Henry Worthington	Pointsman	2 Victoria Street

* Black Lane is now Brownedge Road.

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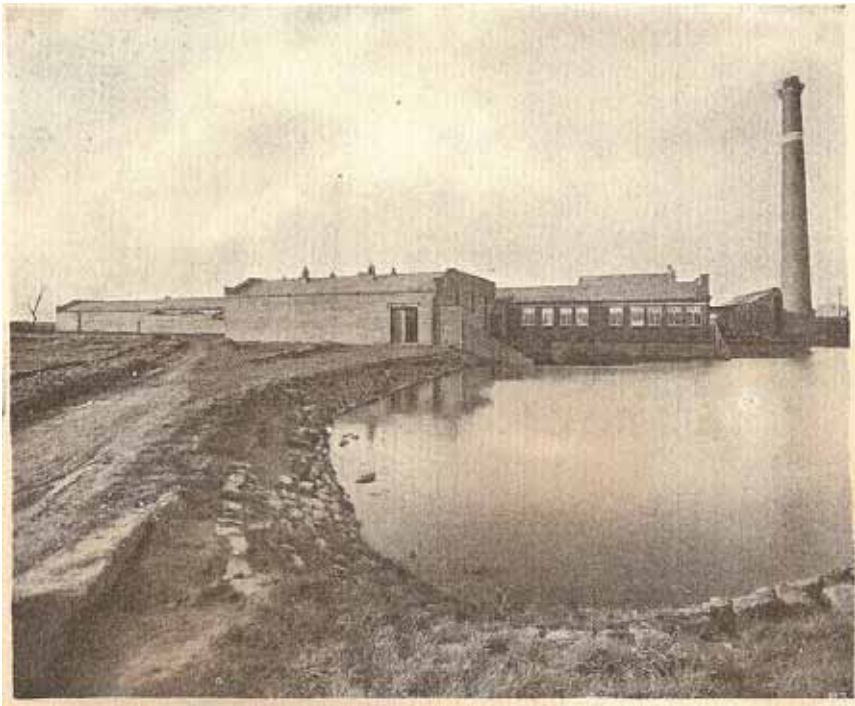
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Old Photos from the Past



Lostock Hall Station courtesy of Preston Digital Archive



Tardy Gate Mill c. 1912

The lodge is where the present car park now is with the entrance from Cote Lane.

S. J. CATTERALL

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Dreadful and revolting outrages with loss of life (2)

The English men retired across the fields to collect their neighbours and fellow labourers, in anticipation of a general assault from the Irish labourers on the railway. The beaten and enraged Irishmen returned to the public house, threatening vengeance as soon as they could collect their friends and swearing that they would kill every English man who that should fall in their way. On leaving the house they took the rum that they had extorted from the landlady on their previous visit. On their road to Tardy Gate, and the railway, they so inhumanly beat two men named William Miller, of Walton, and Richard Livesey, of Farington, that they are now laying, as we have been informed, in a very precarious state. The remaining part of Monday night appears to have been devoted by both the English and the Irish to active preparation of the intended conflict on Tuesday evening; and nothing of moment seems to have occurred until the hands turned out from Bashall's factory at half-past seven on Tuesday evening, when some hundreds of spinners and labourers went in a body towards the railway, cheering as they approached near to the Sumpter Horse in Penwortham, the headquarters of their opponents, and occasionally discharging, as it is said, in bravado, fire-arms with which several had provided themselves. The gangman of the railway is a respectable elderly man of the name of Peter Smith, and lives on the line of the road taken by the riotous mob. Our information does not allow us to state whether he was at home at the time or not, although it is unquestionable that his son Patrick was in the house and is said to have fired from an upper window. This young man is about 28 years of age and it is about the time he is said to have fired that a man named John Trafford, a labourer, received a ball in his chest, when he staggered three or four yards then fell dead, further particulars of which will be learned from the inquest reported below. A bloody rencontre succeeded the death of this unfortunate young man; and it is computed that of English and Irish, from thirty to forty were more or less wounded; some being shot, and others seriously injured, by blows from pikes, forks, clubs &c. Peter Baxendale lies dangerously ill at the Sumpter Horse public-house, having three balls in his body; he is a married man with two children. Lawrence Robinson, a young man of eighteen years of age, is also at the same place; he has his arm shot through and his skull is fractured, and is not expected to recover. James Almond, a man about 60 years of age, is also seriously injured, by blows on the head and body. To these, with Livesey and Miller, before mentioned, may be added a considerable number that are slightly wounded. Two Irishmen are also seriously wounded, and are now in the House of Recovery. The magistrates of this town and neighbourhood assembled on Wednesday for the purpose of adopting some measure for the detection of the leading delinquents, and in prevention of a renewal of the disgusting and disgraceful proceedings it has unfortunately been our painful duty to record. The precise result of their deliberations has not yet transpired; but on Wednesday and Thursday a detachment of military from, we believe, Burnley Barracks, paraded about in the districts of Penwortham and Farington: but for their timely appearance it is more than probable that other breaches of the peace would have taken place. It is next to impossible to ascertain how many of the Irish are wounded, or to what extent, as great pains have been taken to conceal those who received injury. In addition to the names above mentioned, we have received the names of six more individuals all we are informed in the employ of Messrs. Bashall and Co. who were wounded by fire-arms.

William Wareing, shot through the hand: rather seriously injured,
Richard Wareing, shot through the thigh: rather seriously injured,
William Wilding, shot through the foot: rather seriously injured,
Richard Ashton, John Barrow and Richard Richardson – slight.

The Inquest

On Thursday an inquest was taken at Mr Wilding's, the **Sumpter Horse** public-house, before Mr R. Palmer Esq., on the body of the unfortunate deceased, John Trafford, then and there lying dead. The inquest seemed to ignite great interest in the neighbourhood, and a great number of persons were waiting anxiously in the vicinity of the public-house. Colonel Rawstone and Mr McMahon were in attendance. The following were sworn on the jury; Mr Brown, foreman, Thomas Alty, William Breakell, Thomas Smalley, Robert Mayor, Nicholas Knowles, John Walmsley, James Crook, R. Beardsworth, James Taylor, Thomas Livesey, John Miller, Thomas Moon, Robert Smalley. The following was the evidence taken;

Thomas Sims, blacksmith, of Walton-le-Dale, said I knew the deceased, who was a labourer and might be about thirty years of age. On Tuesday last, about eight o'clock in the evening the deceased came up to me and said 'What dost thou think about this stir' I said I doubted if would be a rough stir. He said 'I will go and watch them' and he then left me. The number of persons assembled in the lane near to Tardy Gate, might amount from three to four hundred; some of them were armed with guns, others with sticks of various sizes, some with hedge-stakes, and some with other weapons. The people assembled in the lanes were shouting and huzzaing. Among the crowd of persons I saw Lawrence and Thomas Robinson, of Farington, but when I saw the two Robinsons, neither of them had any weapons. The deceased was not armed with any weapon.

Robert Norris, of Penwortham, labourer, being sworn said, on Tuesday night last, between nine and ten o'clock I was going towards Farington from Penwortham, when I got near to the place where the railway crosses the road, in Farington, I met a great number of persons, to the number of about one hundred; I saw that two of the persons had guns, I turned back with them, and when we got to the **Tardy Gate**, the party were joined by a great number of persons, who might amount to two or three hundred at least. The party then came on to Penwortham, and got as far as the house occupied by Peter Smith, after they had passed the house about thirty yards, the crowd turned back to go to their homes. When they were passing Smith's house, I heard the breaking of some glass, and then the report of a gun; I saw Patrick Smith standing at the window, in a room upstairs, with a double-barrelled shotgun in his hands. I then saw him fire the gun, and I heard its report; I turned my head and saw two men laying on the ground, at a distance of about ten yards from the house. I did not know either of the men. I was frightened and ran away. Before I heard the two reports of guns, I heard some reports of guns that were fired from the mob in front of Smith's house. I have said it was Pat Smith who fired, and I only thought it was him because it was his house. The Coroner enquired if Patrick Smith was present? Mr McMahon said he was in Preston, but should be sent for.

Dr. Norris entering the room at this time, was requested by the coroner to examine the body of the deceased, but a difficulty occurred in consequence of the violent interposition of the father-in-law of the unfortunate deceased, who opposed the examination of the body by any medical man. Doctor Norris having left the room.

Robert Norris was then cross-examined; he said that his only reason for saying that Pat Smith fired the guns from the window was, that he knew he lived there. Dr Norris again entered the room stated that he had been unable to ascertain the direction of the wound, in consequence of the continued determined opposition of the father-in-law.

THE FARINGTON TRAGEDY CONT.

WHO'S DONE IT?

Asked by the Coroner what was the girl's condition Mrs Maddocks (evidently recalling the sight) said that blood streamed down her face and breast and her mouth was open. Oh, I cannot tell you exactly, she was in such a state but she came down at once and unlocked the door. The Coroner said Did you say to her "what's the matter"? and Mrs Maddocks said Yes, I said "who's done it"? She opened her nightdress and showed me the wound in her throat. I then said "Where's your mother"? And she pointed upstairs. I said "Is your father at work"? And she shook her head and indicated he was upstairs. I went into the house to her but I did not know what to do. I tried to get her on the chair but she seemed frightened and ran out at the door. Then she set off at a run and a walk towards our house, which is about a minute's walk away. My husband carried her into the house. They wrapped her in a blanket and put her in a chair and my daughter and others looked after her. I said "Who's has done this lovey"? and she said "Dada, dada" That was all. It seemed that she could not speak for a while When asked, Mrs Maddocks said Mrs Catterall was a very decent pleasant woman who seemed to look after her husband and her house. She was always looking after him and we had remarked about it.

ALWAYS CHEERFUL

Mrs Maddocks next went on to say that Dr Sharples was early on the scene followed by Dr Turnbull-Smith, both of whom did all they could. Death ensued about a quarter to 10. She had lived near the Catteralls about 15 months and had occasionally spoken to them. She had been in the house once or twice when she went in to buy garden produce. Catterall was a very pleasant and apparently a family man. He was always cheerful and bright. He had not been well since Christmas.

John Maddock, husband of the last witness, spoke of seeing the child in the road. When asked if he could see she was bleeding when she got near and he replied (with emphasis) I did. I could not see her for blood. She was bleeding from the top of her head to the toe ends. He said everything possible was done for the girl and he immediately summoned the police and the doctor. During the 16 months he had known the deceased he had observed him many a time and as recently as Wednesday. He told him he was pleased to see him back at work and he then seemed as well as witness. Replying to the Coroner, witness said he had taken deceased to be an honourable, upright and straightforward sort of man, cheerful and one whom he thought would never have committed such an act. Mrs Catterall was a very pleasant woman and they seemed to live happily together. He had never heard a cross word between them and never heard it said there had been one.

ROOM A POOL OF BLOOD

PC Cain spoke of rendering first aid to the girl and afterwards he went to the Catterall's house. He saw no-one in the lower rooms and ascended the stairs. In a room at the top of which was a pool of blood. In the adjoining room he found Mrs Catterall lying behind the door lifeless and in a pool of blood. Her throat was cut and there were 2 cuts below the large wound resembling stabs. In the bed was Catterall covered with bed clothes up to his neck. He was breathing. Witness spoke to him and said "Harry, what's up?" Deceased looked towards him but did not speak. Turning down the bedclothes PC Cain saw he had a wound in the throat. This he bandaged and tried to staunch the blood until Dr Sharples arrived. Searching the room he found a small double bladed knife besmeared with blood. He recognised this knife as the property of Catterall.

The Coroner asked Was there any appearance of a struggle in the room? PC Cain said no.

For years he had seen Catterall almost daily. He was a very quiet respectable man and always appeared to be in good spirits. Since his illness, however, he had been depressed and got the idea into his head that someone wanted his place. The Coroner asked if he seemed afraid of losing it And PC Cain said from rumours I have heard he was told that there was no danger of losing it. He has worked three weeks since Christmas and he would suppose he would only get paid when he worked. He would earn about 19s. per week so far as he knew. His wife did nothing but look after the house. She kept a few poultry and sold the eggs. In their chats he never said a word about his wife.

CORONER SUMS UP

The Coroner sums up and put before the jury the probability that Catterall sent his daughter out while he attacked and inflicted the fatal injuries upon his wife. When the girl returned he attacked her and finally took his own life. Of course, this was all theory for there was no-one to see how the tragedy occurred. The two most important pieces of evidence were the girl's statement that he Dada did it and also that the knife that did the deed was also Catterall's.

VERDICT

The jury returned a verdict of "Wilful murder" in the case of Susannah and Jane Ann Catterall, and one of "Suicide while temporarily insane" in the case of Henry Catterall.

**Article kindly supplied by Mrs Barbara Cooke.
From the Lancashire Daily Post, 1906.**

Consecration of Farington Church

On Saturday the new church at Farington, in the parish of Penwortham, was consecrated by the Lord Bishop of Chester. It is a very handsome building, with a lofty tower, built of brick and stone, most tastefully arranged, from a design of E. Sharpe, Esq., of Lancaster. The contractors in every department, have executed the work in a very superior manner. As yet no permanent minister has been appointed; but on Sunday evening last, the service was performed by Rev. William Wignall, Incumbent of St. Saviours Bamber Bridge. The church was crowded to excess. After the consecration of Farington Church, the Lord Bishop proceeded to the house of Mrs Carus Wilson, of Winckley Square, where he remained over the Sabbath.

Preston Chronicle July 4th 1840

Methodist Free Church, Cuerden Green

On Saturday, the opening tea party in connection with this newly erected church was held in the School-room, Cuerden Green, and a meeting afterwards took place in the Church which there was a good attendance. The Chairman congratulated the congregation on their success in securing such a beautiful place of worship as that they were now met in. He was sure he had not seen a country chapel that pleased him better than that one. The Rev. W.R. Sunman said, 'For a great number of years in the past, the friends who had belonged to that church had worshipped in the school room adjoining. When looking for place to build their new church they spoke to Mr Ward, the owner of the mill down there, and after some little consideration, he said 'You may have those cottages next to the Chapel'. There were six of them built back to back, and of those cottages now only the external walls remained. Not having to put up strong outside walls such as those were had saved them he imagined, some £400 or £500 towards the new chapel.'

Preston Chronicle May 20th 1876

The New Church at Lostock Hall

On Saturday evening an entertainment of a miscellaneous character was held at Lostock House, in aid of funds for the proposed mission church at Lostock Hall. The vicar of Bamber Bridge, the Rev. J. Taylor, occupied the chair, and there was a very large attendance. Songs and recitations were admirably rendered. At the close a hearty vote of thanks on the proposition of the Chairman, (secondly Dr. Sharples) was accorded Mrs Flitcroft for the use of the room. The proceeds amounted to about £10. On Sunday evening a service was held at the house, when the Rev. J. Taylor delivered an excellent sermon. There was a large congregation and the collection realised over £3.

Preston Guardian November 8th 1890

Catholic Bazaar at Brownedge

A bazaar, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the new school chapel at Lostock Hall was opened in the Brownedge Catholic Club on Thursday afternoon. There was a very large assembly at the opening ceremony which was performed by Mr J. Turner, of Lytham. There were three stalls, viz., the Children of St Mary stall, the clergy stall, the the school stall, all of which were laden with choice and miscellaneous articles. Miss Walker had charge of the first, Miss Baines the second, and Miss Pedley the third. Mr Turner in opening the bazaar, said the object of the sale was to wipe off the debt incurred in erecting the school chapel of St Paulinus, and it was the duty of all present to assist Father Fishwick in his laudable object. Father Fishwick thanked all who had assisted to gather the articles together – both Catholics and Protestants – for he would never forget the kindness he had received from them. The sale then commenced, and articles were quickly disposed of. Yesterday the bazaar was opened by Councillor Myerscough.

Preston Chronicle October 15th 1892

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Growing up in St Gerrards Road during the 1930/40's.

I lived at No. 20 with my dad, Ted Preston who was a builder, and my mum, Teresa. I had two sisters Elsie and Violet, and our cousin, Nellie lived with us.

At No. 4 lived Mr and Mrs Kay. She was very good with children, her own were named Billy, Michael, Ursula, Duncan and Adreen. I remember Mrs Kay used to take all the children in the road for interesting walks. One day we went to Brownedge Church where we all lit a candle and blessed ourselves with holy water. Miss Rylance, was at No. 30, she dressed like Queen Victoria, in black lace and a mop cap. At the time she was the only person I knew that had been on a sea voyage to America. She brought me back a little box with tea bags in it. My mother said, 'These will never catch on !'

At No. 72 lived a young man called Tommy Collier, whenever he saw me he used to call me 'his little jam tart'. Mr and Mrs Lammas lived at No. 14, he worked at the US army Camp in Bamber Bridge and would bring me big American comics.

Farmer Mawdsley – lived in St Gerrards, once when he was digging the pit out on Mercer Road he found some old helmets and breastplates. They looked Cromwellian and were made out of black iron. He used to have them on display in his window at No. 30. I wonder what became of them.

There was a pit opposite No. 30 in St Gerrards field close to the road, in springtime it was always full of frogspawn. There used to be thousands of little frogs all over the place. Next to the pit were piles of earth covered in grass where we used to play 'I'm the King of the Castle'.

Then came the time when they put railings round the field to stop children playing on it. Not that it did, we just nicked in through a gap. One of the priests used to chase us off, he would swish his stick at us, and if he had caught us he would have used it. Once he chased about 8 of us all the way to my friend Pat Goodhand's house. We all lay down in the back room and could hear him outside, huffing and puffing and trying the door. We all lay there for ages hardly daring to breath till eventually he went away.

The Dickinsons lived a few doors down at No. 26, with daughters Ethel and Dorothy. Mr Dickinson was a drawer-in at the factory in Tardy Gate. In winter, Ethel would let me go with her to take her dad a hot dinner. We went in through a big door and there was a huge wheel with a belt on it, which I think amongst other things he used to take charge of, I think it ran the whole machinery of the factory and made a loud whoo whoo sound as it went round. He used to oil it with a big can with a long spout. I also remember seeing the large piles of coke that had to be shovelled into the boiler.

Mr Dickinson had only one leg, the other had been amputated above the knee. I think he lost it during the first World War. He had two crutches but somehow he was able to delve the whole of his back garden. He kept it for vegetables.

Mr Dickinson had made a little seat at the bottom of his garden, and many a day he would let me sit with him and have some 'bagging'. A cup of tea (he had a pint pot) with a slice of cake or biscuit. He taught me lots of nursery rhymes and I would chatter to him for



Alma in the meadows near
Junction Hallows 1936

ages. He must have been very patient.

Mrs Dickinson used to let me help in the house. She had a gas iron, the first one I had ever seen, we only had a flat iron. She would let me iron a pile of handkerchiefs for her. I thought it was wonderful. On Friday nights she used to buy a Jamieson's loaf from the bakery in Bamber Bridge and would make me a butty. She could cut the bread really thin, spread it with butter, then picked all the strawberries out of her jam for me. No one else could make a jam butty like her. When I wasn't well with pneumonia Ethel would come every Friday and bring me a little plate with a trifle, sausage roll, four cream whirls and some black cherries and a sixpence. Even when I got better she did this every Friday for a couple of years.

Mrs Dickinson would also pull out the wobbly teeth of any of the local children. She did this with her fingers and a hanky – but only when they were very wobbly. She also cleaned for the schoolmaster, who sent me brandy in a little bottle when he heard I was ill. People were kind then and would often help each other out when they could. Along with my Mum, Dad and sister, Violet, we used to go to the Empire Picture House in Bamber Bridge, it was in Clayton Street. Before we went in there was a little grocers shop across the road from the pictures where we would buy a newspaper cone of parched peas. I can remember watching 'Old Mother Riley'. Our Violet laughed so much that they came and warned her if she didn't be quiet she would have to leave the premises. The projectionist was Albert Chidwick from our road.

We also used to visit The Palace of Varieties in Preston. My Dad loved going, they showed all the top acts like Joseph Locke, the tenor and George Formby. I remember on one visit seeing Tessie O'Shea. She was a well built lady, who on stage stood behind the microphone and shouted 'Can you see me?' the audience roared with laughter. When the older kids took me with them sometimes we would go via Junction Hallows and call at McCann's on Todd Lane North after the bridge and buy an ice-cream. When we went past Todd Hall, which at the time was looking quite derelict, the older children would say they could see the shadow of a crinoline lady in the window. I used to feel quite scared but could only see trees reflected on the window. One week there was a budgie flying inside one of the rooms and it kept coming to the window. On Sunday afternoons the teenagers, my sister Violet and cousin Nellie included, used to make their way to John Dreary's on Station Road, Bamber Bridge. They would often take me with them. We would turn down Meanygate and go under the railway bridge, across the fields and come out on Station Road.

John Dreary's was a Milk Bar, or maybe a Temperance Bar, where they sold milkshakes, Sarsaparilla, Dandelion and Burdock as well as other drinks. I seem to remember it being a cabin with lots of little tables and chairs. Many youngsters congregated there at weekends. I was only about 4 or 5, and it was around the time Shirley Temple was very popular, they would stand me on one of the tables and encourage me to sing 'On The Good Ship Lollipop'. I used to get the odd threepenny bit for doing it and lots of claps. When I was about 6 years old, there was a man who worked for my dad, his name was Eric MacFarland. He was always tinkering about with motor bikes and sidecars. Once he decided to put us one up as a swing, a side car that is, it was a damn big one. He made the frame out of sleepers and a metal bar was put across with chains on. The local kids thought it was great, four could fit in and someone would stand up to get it going. It was like a swingboat at the fair. One day I was watching them, the next thing I knew I was hit in the stomach and thrown up in the air. I can't remember much about it but my mum always said I was lucky to be alive as it was like being hit with a car.

By A.C.

A TARDY GATE GIRL (4)

.... The counter assistant was a MAN! Well I couldn't ask him could I ? I picked up the nearest thing to hand and put it on the counter. It happened to be a packet of babies nappies. The man disappeared and came back with a lady assistant. Luckily for me he had realised my predicament and very tactfully withdrew into the back of the shop. The lady assistant helped me, then I fled from the shop as fast as I could faced reddened with embarrassment.

When my brother came out of the army he and his family moved to Oakwood Avenue in Walton-le-Dale. Young Rowland had been left behind, he was in hospital again. One day they received a message to say that he was very ill and had been given the 'Last Rites'. It was decided that if he was going to die, that he should be brought home. He was never able to walk or talk properly, but he was able to love and be loved back. We used to carry him about with his head and shoulders tucked under one arm with his legs dangling down. It probably didn't look very comfortable, but it was the easiest way. My Mum and Dad couldn't do this because they were afraid of hurting him. He used to enjoy watching and listening to the football scores on television which made him laugh. His greatest joy was watching the fire engines come out of the fire station in Bamber Bridge. Luckily they had moved to Queensway in Bamber Bridge, so it was quite easy to take him. People were cruel though and said he shouldn't be allowed out on the streets. I know now, that their cruelty was based on ignorance and fear. Rowland lived a further four years. He is buried in St Mary's graveyard in Bamber Bridge. He wasn't allowed a proper funeral service because he had not made his first communion. I remember feeling at the time that this was very cruel. He was a little boy of 6. He had never hurt anybody or committed a sin, yet he could not have a proper service. Not even the words Suffer Little Children Unto Me were said. It was all over and done within 5 minutes. None of us said anything, it wasn't our church, we all felt totally let down.

My dad loved children and most weekends there would be someone knocking on the door to see if he was playing out. He was always kicking a ball about with them or playing cricket. He used to cut people's hair, mend bikes, repair footballs, cobble shoes, all sorts of things. Robert Walker (or Bibbet as my nephew Martin would call him) used to come for his hair cutting. He couldn't go to the barbers because he would faint. Sometimes he would faint when my dad did it, but I always had to be on hand in case he did. Gordon Love and his brother Mick Mick (Michael) lived down the road and would bring their bikes to be mended. My dad told them he was moving house one day, but Gordon didn't like the idea. He said 'Who will mend our bikes if you move ?' This greatly amused my dad so he said, 'Well I can't move then can I ?' He used to run Lostock Hall Rangers football team along with Jim Kirkby from Wateringpool Lane. I very often went with him to watch. After the match the footballs had to be checked. The bladders would be taken out and repaired if needed, and the outer casing would have dubbing rubbed into it to keep the leather soft. I wonder what my dad would think now that his grandson Martin runs a local football team. He would probably go along with him and tell him where he was going wrong. He would never tell you outright if you were doing things properly. He would just utter the word 'Correct' and that said it all. I feel sure that he would be very proud of him. Our house was next to the end house in St Cuthbert's Road. There were fields all around us stretching down to the Gas Works at the back and a field at the front with air raid shelters on it. There was a network of pathways and stiles through the front field which

led to Mercer Road, St Gerrard's Road and Lourdes Avenue.

Most of the fields had ponds in them and were bordered by ditches. Shrubs and trees, buttercups, may flowers, clover, coltsfoot, all kinds of wild flowers grew in them as well as mushrooms and blackberries. There were also small animals such as rabbits, rats, weasels, mice and all kinds of birds. My dad very often would go ratting with Harry Sellars who lived in St Gerrard's Road. They would both set off with their guns slung over their arms and would be out for hours. When they came back they would have a cabbage or some carrots. My mother used to say 'That's a funny kind of ratting, where did you get those from?' My dad would reply 'That's for me to know and for you to find out'. Farmer Baxter used the fields at the back for grazing his cattle. In the summer months the grass was mown down for hay. In the early days a horse pulled the mowing machine until the tractor took over. I remember one year when a calf was born. I ran home to tell my mum that I had just seen a baby cart, (that is what I thought it was called). When I was older I used to cycle to the farm down Croston Road to help out. I quite enjoyed doing this and did think of working on a farm at one time.

The Rimmer family lived next door to us at number 68. They had two sons and two daughters. Sylvia (known as Wendy) was the eldest, Bobby was next, then John and Kathleen. Both Bobby and John used to swear. Nothing very bad, just bloody this or that. In their case though it was bwoody, as neither of them could sound their R's and L's, and dropped their aitches. So to understand their way of speaking you had to replace the 'Ls' and 'Rs' with 'Ws'. At number 66 lived Jean Finch. Jean lived with her mother at her mam's house (grandmother's house). Further along the road lived Ronnie Gothard, Siddy (slop) real name Sidney Alsop, Wilfred (or Filfred) as my dad used to call him. Don't ask me why though because I really don't know. Between Filfred's and Siddy's lived the Pepys. They had a daughter called Linda. I was told in no uncertain terms that I was not considered suitable to play with Linda. I didn't understand what the problem was. I wasn't a bad girl, but I was a tomboy. Maybe that was the reason, plus I was never clean for long. My friend Anne was considered suitable so she stayed to play. Several years later at Anne's wedding, Mrs Pepys said that I had made a nice young lady and that I should call round for a cup of tea. I just smiled, thanked her politely and walked away. If I wasn't good enough in the past, I wasn't good enough now. The Walker family lived on the corner at number 47. They had four children, June, Anne (previously mentioned) Lynne and Robert (Bibbet).

Mr and Mrs Walker came from Yorkshire too. Mr Walker was my dad's apprentice, so the families were fairly close. My mum and dad were Lynne's godparents and Mr and Mrs Walker were mine. There were other children further down the road, some of them would play with us while others wouldn't. Mainly it was Bobby, Jean, Ronnie, Siddy and myself who played together. We did fight as well though, especially me, Bobby and John. The funny thing was Bobby would never let anyone else hit me, but it was alright for him and John. Well I used to knock seven bells out of them didn't I ?. There again they would do the same to me. I had always been told never to hit anybody first though, so I never did. Continued next month

By Jackie Stuart

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