

The Preston Magazine



Issue 5
November 2012

Third Lancashire Militia
The Sun Inn
A Preston Lad



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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
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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.

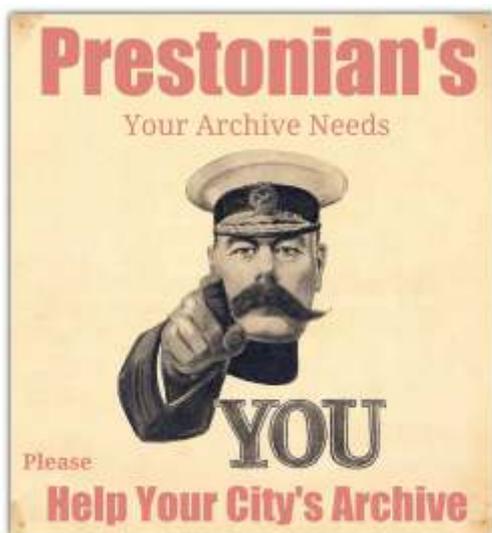
At present the upper date range is 1990. We also try and confine the general geographical area to Preston, Penwortham, Fulwood, Grimsargh, Walton le Dale, Bamber Bridge and Lostock Hall.

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 our 5th issue of The Preston Magazine, which we hope is being enjoyed, please do let us know. It is a free magazine monthly, relating to our town's history, which will contain lesser-known history articles relating to Preston.

A big thankyou for our advertisers, without them we could not produce this magazine. Please support them whenever you can. Please advertise with us, contact details below.

Our thanks to Penwortham Priory Academy for their help and support in the production of our magazine. A link on their website's community pages allows you to read all issues online, as well as our sister magazine, The Penwortham Magazine. www.priory.lancs.sch.uk you can also access The Preston Magazine via www.blogpreston.co.uk

Many thanks to our guest writers, Steve Halliwell, Peter Vickers, Paul D. Swarbrick and Robert Gregson. Also the continuing serial 'A Preston Lad' about life in 1920's Preston written by Arthur Eric Crook (1917-1997)

Should you require a copy each month please contact us. We are looking for images and memories relating to Preston, please send them to us.

The Preston flag seen on the front of the magazine was designed by Philip Tibbets, copyright has been waived to allow it to be used by anyone. Take a look at the Preston groups on Flickr, there are thousands of images, old and new.

Front Cover Image courtesy of The Preston Magazine

Regards,
Heather

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A Bobby's Job

When the Preston Borough Police was originally formed in 1815, and Thomas Walton, a reed maker by trade, was appointed the first Head Constable, the force consisted of the Chief, one Inspector and five ordinary constables. The town, as it was then was small by comparison to today, with a population of around 20,000, and rising at around 500 a year. In those early days, the members of the town's tiny police force worked twelve-hour days, seven days a week.....A real Bobby's job?



The town's first police station was in Turk's Head Yard, off Church Street, an alleyway that still exists adjacent to the Grey Horse public house and opposite to the Miller Arcade. Addisons, the wine merchants who once ran the Grey Horse, also had their warehouse premises in the same yard.

Anthony Hewitson, in his history of Preston, said that the police station "was on the west side of, and about 40 or 50 yards down, that dim, narrow yard; and it was approached by a lobby, its door being of a barn-like character, and its interior of a very Cimmerian hue".⁽¹⁾

The head constable received a salary, from all sources, of around £250 a year, but he certainly had to earn his money, for the jobs he had to do were many and varied. In addition to being head of the police force, he was also the town's sergeant. He had to take debtors into custody; had 1s for every summons which was issued; 3s 6d for every warrant executed; and claimed 20s for every deserter arrested within the borough. In one of the footnotes in Hewitson's history of Preston, he gave a revealing insight into what service was like in the early days of the force.

Hewitson had traced and interviewed a local police pensioner, Samuel Norris, who, although having reached the grand age of 80 years, still had clear recollections from his younger days. Old Sam, as he had become known, came to be a policeman in unusual circumstances in 1830. One Sunday morning, when the Hon. E. G. Stanley was contesting a 'hot-blooded, strife-rousing' by election against Henry 'The Orator' Hunt, the famous Preston Radical, Sam, while walking along Church Street, heard a commotion taking place among some roughs in Water Street.⁽²⁾

He hurried to the scene of the disturbance, where the chief constable and some of his men were being "awkwardly-handled" Sam, without any invitation, plunged into the affray. He knocked down four of the roughs (making energetic use of a pair of new clogs which he had bought only the night before), and helped to take the disturbers of the peace to the police station. The next day he had to appear as a witness at the Police Court held in the town hall. For his courage in going to the help of the police he was awarded the sum of 7s. The next day, particulars about his general character having been obtained, he was appointed a policeman.

In the Battle of Lune Street in 1842, when the military were turned out, and fired into the rioting crowd, Sam played an active part. Single-handedly, in succession, he apprehended no less than 26 of the rioters.

The early years of the Preston Borough Police were marked by fierce political agitation and industrial unrest. Police action frequently meant the breaking up of ugly situations, in which the more aggressive members of the angry mobs were liable to cause damage to property, including the breaking of the police station windows. On one occasion where there was trouble at the station, the whole place was smashed up, furniture was destroyed, books burned, and constables clothing thrown onto the fire they had caused.

Enthused by their destructive success, the mob marched to the prison, expecting to have the same level of success there. The governor of the gaol, Captain Anthony, was, however, a resolute man, who had mounted a cannon, loaded with grape-shot, and stood beside it with a lighted fuse in his hands "Let anyone advance beyond where the 'Big Lamp' stands (at the junction of Church Street, Stanley Street and Park Road), and I will blow the lot of you to kingdom come." The crowd melted away, and the following day a detachment of the 80th Foot marched into the town, and peace was finally restored.

The new, 1832 police station was built on the east side of Avenham Street, not far from the current position of Angelo's restaurant, and it was in that same year, presumably to commemorate the new building, that the mayor, John Addison, presented each member of the borough force with their first official suits. It was important to refer to them as 'suits' because a mention of 'uniform' may have implied a military connotation, which they were keen to avoid. Indeed, the police force is still regarded as a civilian organisation. These suits were deemed so precious, that they were only worn on Sundays.

The weekday clothes were plain, but had discreet but distinctive marks about them. They had a little red cord embroidered on the edges of their coat collars, with a small red, heart-shaped figure on one side of the collar.

It may be recalled that the famous Bow Street Runners wore a red waistcoat, and also had a red stripe down their blue trousers, to help give them a distinctive appearance, and it was only after long deliberations, during which there was a suggestion that the police should wear scarlet tunics with gold facings, that a standard police uniform was agreed upon. It was decided that the suit should be of blue cloth, the upper garment being a frock coat, on which would be displayed the officer's 'collar' number, and the middle being made trim by the use of a wide leather belt. In summer the trousers were to be of a whitish-grey colour, and made of lighter material.

To emphasise the civilian character of the force, the first helmet was a chimney-pot hat, reinforced with leather, and having a letter 'P' on the front. The frock coat was standard dress until the outbreak of the First World War, with the old traditional helmet coming into use in 1870. It was, apparently, a copy of the helmet worn by the German troops in the Franco-Prussian war. The same design continued until the 1969 amalgamation of forces, and was unique to the Preston Borough Police Force.

In those distant days, when the police wished to raise an alarm, they struck the flags, stones, or the nearest thing from which a sound could be raised, with sticks. Each policeman had a stick of stout wood, with steel ends. They were called "sounding sticks", and no doubt came in handy as weapons of defence in the kind of affray in which the constables were likely to become embroiled.

⁽¹⁾ Cimmerian hue – means dull and drab.

⁽²⁾ Water Street – was the bottom part of what is now Manchester Road, running as far as Shepherd Street. From there it was Leeming Street, as far as Avenham Lane, where it changed to King Street for the rest of its length. It is all now Manchester Road

Fifth of November

The anniversary of 'The Gunpowder Plot' will be observed this morning at the Parish Church, by the thanksgiving service for the day being performed, and the act of Parliament rehearsed. This will be the first time that the order has been complied with in this town, at all events for very many years.

Preston Chronicle November 5th 1842

We take the liberty of cautioning those who amuse themselves by firing guns and letting off fireworks in honour of Guy Faux, in the neighbourhood of houses, to be careful of their proceedings, as several instances have come to our knowledge of panes of glass having been broken by pellets from such instruments, in the neighbourhood of Ribblesdale-place. It should be known that it is penal to indulge in these amusements at all, and certainly so when they are carried out so close to houses and public streets as to damage the property.

Preston Chronicle November 12th 1842

The anniversary of the Memorable Gunpowder Plot was celebrated in this town on Tuesday last, by the ringing of the Parish Church Bells, and in the evening a considerable number of youths amused themselves by the firing of cannons and sundry small displays of fireworks.

Preston Chronicle November 9th 1844

FIRE – Last night week, about ten o'clock, Mr Charles Jackson of Avenham, was knocked up with an alarm that his house was on fire. On examination, it proved that the thatch of his cottage was blazing. By prompt exertion the fire was subdued. The cause was, some ignited matter dropped from a rocket, let off by some enthusiast to celebrate the 'glorious' Fifth of November. Will folks never learn sense ?

Preston Chronicle November 13 1847

Gunpowder Plot – The commemoration of Guy Fawkes Day, which in some parts of Ireland has been celebrated by noisy and riotous demonstrations, is in this and numerous other towns gradually declining, and will some day will be remembered but slightly. The celebration has for some time past lost its religious character, for though it is calculated to awaken and foster animosity and bad feeling between Protestant and Catholic, the progress of education and enlightened sentiment has shown the folly of these bitter fends. Now the fifth of November is only regarded as a schoolboys holiday and the occasion for a pyrotechnic display. With the exception of the firing off of cannon, a few rockets, 'flip-flaps' &c., there was nothing to indicate the common notion of the attempt to destroy the British Parliament.

Preston Chronicle November 12th 1870

CAUTION TO CHILDREN – Emmanuel Williams and John Higgins were each cautioned and ordered to pay costs for setting off fireworks in the street.

Preston Guardian November 25th 1876

GUY FAWKES DAY - The fifth of November passed over in Preston without any great pyrotechnic display, and the celebration of the event was confined to youths, who amused themselves with fireworks of the small order. No accidents are reported.

Preston Guardian November 9th 1878

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Up Up and Away, Again

Balloon accents were a big attraction at Preston, particularly in Guild Years. In 1862, the planned flights from Avenham Valley failed to occur due to some misunderstanding about the delivery of the balloon which, it appears, was not collected from railway office. The vast crowds gathered on Avenham Walks, the tram road, East Cliff and the slopes of Avenham valley were disappointed. Mr Coxwell was able to make amends later in September when, after the inauguration of the Crompton statue at Bolton favourable winds dispatched the balloon and its occupants in the direction of Preston. Passing Hoghton Tower it proceeded to fly over Walton Bridge, London Road, Lancaster Road, and The Adelphi. During its passage over the town thousands of persons came into the street to witness it. Passing over Fylde Road, Tulketh and Fulwood it headed for the Fylde landing near to The Saddle Inn at Lea. The balloon was transported to Mr Crook's Pleasure Boat Inn, Ribbleside for storage. Mr Crook had been one of the seven passengers making the trip. During the Guild Year of 1882 there was a number of events planned, some being more rewarding than others. At Easter the balloon "Excelsior", owned by Mr Whelan of Huddersfield and with Mr Adams as the aeronaut, was to make an accent from The Pleasure Gardens. "Shortly after six o'clock Mr Adams entered the balloon, but to the chagrin of everybody, it was found that there was not sufficient lifting power, even when all surplus ballast had been removed." Further attempts to further inflate the balloon proved unsuccessful and the flight was abandoned, the spectators having to contend themselves with dancing to the music of The North Lancashire Regiment Band and a firework display. Whitsuntide brought with it an opportunity for The Pleasure Gardens to make up for the earlier disappointment, this time with services of

PRESTON PLEASURE GARDENS,
BLACKBURN NEW ROAD.
WHIT-SATURDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, AND
WEDNESDAY, May 27th, 29th, 30th, and 31st.
MONSIEUR PETE AND GALA AND ATHLETIC SPORTS.
Mr. HARRY HEMFREY begs to inform the inhabitants
of Preston and surrounding district that he intends on the
above days holding his Great WHITSUNTIDE CARNI-
VAL, on a scale of magnificence never before attempted
by any one person in the North of England.
MAMMOTH BALLOON. Engagement, at an enormous
expense, of Mr. J. SIMMONS, the celebrated Aeronaut,
who will ascend in his Mammoth Balloon, "The Colonel,"
containing 37,000 cubic feet of gas, on Saturday, Monday,
and Wednesday, at Six o'clock. The Balloon will also
make Captive Ascents each of the four days, from Two
o'clock, taking six passengers each ascent, at a small
charge. Notice.—This is the same gentleman who, ac-
companied by Col. Brine, R.E., started from Canterbury,
on the 4th March last, in the same Balloon, in their
attempt to cross the Channel, descended into the Sea,
seven miles from Dover, and were picked up by the Mail
Boat.

Mr J. Simmons and his balloon "The Colonel" which was to make both flights and also allow the public to make captive accents. The free flights and the tethered accents proved successful, but were not without incident. Mr Simmons gave the following interesting sketch of his journey " I left The Pleasure Gardens at 6.30pm. At 6.33 I was alongside an immense bank of black cloud. The sea was like a great silver mirror while I was looking at it under

a cloud, but when I rose sufficiently to view it over the cloud its aspect was gloomy in the extreme. At 6.38 I was shut from the sight of land or sea. There were different currents at varying altitudes, and as, at 6.48, I heard a rumbling very much like the breakers on the coast, I came low enough to satisfy myself that the noise was not the sea. I was now in a rainstorm only about 1.000ft above the summit of a lofty range of hills. Had I landed here I should have been knocked about a good deal, so I discharged some ballast, in a few seconds I was again in cloudland. There was not the slightest chance of ascertaining at the moment the course I was taking. I had another suspicion I was nearing the sea, therefore at 6.55 I opened my valve. The earth quickly reappeared to me. I was not quick enough in my movements to escape diving into the top of a lofty elm tree, but a sharp brush with the tree, and my car full of leaves and branches, were all I got away with 'as extras'.I asked where I was and was surprised on being told 'A mile from Preston'.... I thought I had been borne back by an upper current, contrary to the one which I had started; however I was utterly out of my reckoning, for I had descended at Preston in Yorkshire, 33 miles from Preston whence I had ascended, so that I had travelled 33 miles in 25 minutes." When a party was about to set off on a captive flight a gust of wind caused the basket to bump violently along the ground, at which point several passengers opted to leave, including Major Hall and his wife. A further free flight reached Broughton where Mr Dixon who was a passenger was able to "drop in" on his friend Mr Sandham in time for tea. Mr Simmons and "The Colonel" were again engaged for the guild celebration and, again with Mr Crook reached the Corporation Farm at Chorley. Mr Crook celebrated his 71st birthday by again taking flight at the 1902 Guild Celebration when the balloon left Moor Park, landing in the Glasson Dock area. The illustration is a "still" from the DVD, Preston and Its Guild produced by The North West Film Archive and shows the launch of the balloon at Moor Park in 1902, available at The Harris Museum and other outlets. Mr Joseph Simmons went on to cross the English



Channel but eventually perished in 1888 when his balloon crashed during an attempted journey from London to Vienna. Around 1913 Mr Crook's Pleasure Boat Inn was converted into two houses, adjacent to the Mini-Centre.

Pete Vickers

Preston Past: The Castle Hotel On Cheapside, Market Square.

by [Paul D. Swarbrick](#)

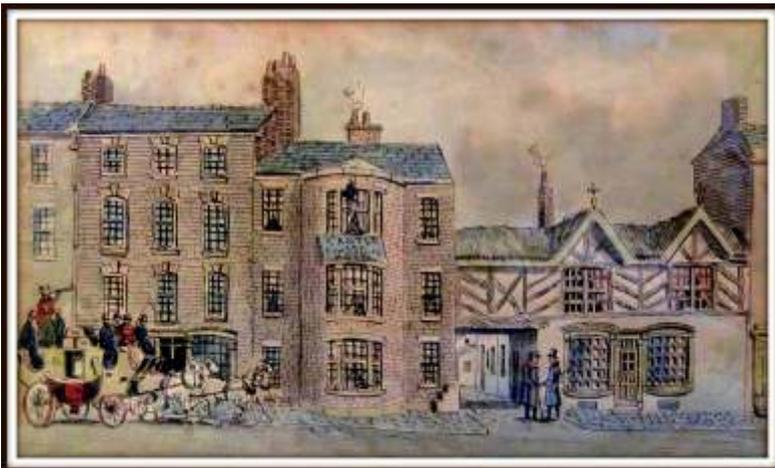


Originally known as the Castle Inn and was built in 1623, the Castle Hotel was situated in Cheapside opposite the Market Square and is shown in Image 1. It was very much a favourite hostelry in the centre of the town for many Prestonians. This was also the chosen establishment for the meeting place of many building societies and

insurance companies of Preston and the surrounding areas.

The whole building, especially the interior had a style of grandeur about it and Peter Whittle in his 'History Of Preston' (1837) wrote... *“The Castle Inn, in the Market Place was erected in 1623 and was at that time deemed to be an elegant building. A fine chimney piece was placed in a room over the gateway, consisting of a frontispiece (over the fireplace) carved with a mass of miniature columns, arches, niches and caryatids, piled up to the ceiling. The columns were after the Grecian style of architecture. This piece of work was executed by Lawrence Winstanley, carver in Preston.”*

To have an idea of How the hotel appeared in earlier times, image 2 shows



the Castle and Commercial Hotel Watercolour by Edwin Beattie

One of the notable events held at the Castle Hotel in 1865 was on

the completion of Preston's, new Town Hall, when one hundred and fifty of the workmen involved with the Town Hall construction were entertained to a considerable lunch paid for by the Corporation and the contractors. I hesitate to think that this could happen in this day and age.

Around 1910 the Castle Hotel was purchased by the Refuge Assurance Company, was transformed into commercial premises and was then known as 'Castle Chambers'. During the years following the change of use companies and shops were to occupy the various units the building was divided into. In the early part of the twentieth century the Football League were to take up tenancy in part of the premises and remained there for some years. In the main photograph above of the Castle Hotel, it can be seen that the premises on the lower right of the image is the Argenta Meat Company based in Oldham who, interestingly, eventually became Dewhurst's The Master Butchers. Also in this image the underpass to the left of the butchers that would originally lead to the courtyard behind the hotel and eventually became a narrow thoroughfare leading to the premises of the Lancashire Evening Post for use of their vans to collect newspapers from the presses for delivery.



In the early 1990's, following the closure of Castle Chambers in 1989, the whole of the building was remodelled and was replaced by shops as it is today. One small feature still remains though and that is a small 'spur stone' at the junction of two of the shops and this is illustrated in the image below. I wonder how many people pass this every day on Cheapside in Preston and never really notice it. Image 3 illustrates the remaining

existence of one of the spur stones of the former underpass

These articles showcase photos from the brilliant [Preston Digital Archive](#) which is an online archive of images of Preston's past.

A Preston Lad

By Arthur Eric Crook

On going to school the golden rule was, if the girls from next door were en route to their place of learning, we had to walk on the opposite side of the road. No talking to the female species, brothers and sisters had to ignore each other. There were four in the Huxley family, Douglas, Johnny, Shelia and Gladys, then Ada, Emily and Wilfred Sanger, but they were not allowed to communicate, it was not considered the proper thing to do.

When any of the home children reached their fourteenth year, they had to leave. The boys were sent to work on farms, the girls as domestics. All had to have a 'live in' job. Maybe the brothers and sisters never met again, they may not have missed each other, as the bond was broken over the years they had spent in the orphanage. When I first became an inmate, I was more or less one of the youngest. Although over the years, children as young as three to five were intakes. Sometimes they did not stay long, just a matter of weeks and then went home again, presumably the mother was ill and the father dare not take time off work to look after them in case he lost his job. In the main they were lice-infested and dirt was ingrained into their skin, especially at the back of the heel, between the ankles and the back of necks. They did not know what having a bath was like. Everyone at the home had a bath twice a week. Mondays and Thursdays, two at a time, with 'fluid' added to the water. The fluid was disinfectant, carbolic, I think, it was pink.

Being at the youngest end and a new boy it was a case of look and listen to the older boys, Joe Aspden, the De pledge brothers and Denis and Cyril Waters.

Cyril once squared up to the headmaster at school, St. Mary's C of E, and offered to fight him behind the blackboard. Mr Sykes, a tough old bird, in pince nez, who sniffed a lot, gave him one smack across the chops, it not only knocked him to the floor, it also knocked the fight out of him, it was the talking point for weeks. As these lads reached fourteen years and school leaving age, some were shipped off to Canada and never heard of again, and in such fashion families were often split up forever.

Myself and the two Waddington boys were the first lads in the orphanage to be found local work on farms.

Miss Hall, 'the mother' ruled the roost with an iron fist, the slightest misdemeanor or stray from the rules called for retribution.

She had four alternatives, a smack across the ear hole, the strap, which hung beside the fireplace, quarter of an inch thick and tails at the striking end, administered freely with severity, or one was made to sit in a bath full of cold water, for half an hour, whatever the weather, or stripped bare naked in the bathroom and lashed with a wet towel for a good ten minutes.

You had no choice, of course, it was purely random, depending on her mood and the severity of the crime, God, she was a monster. Milder punishment was meted out for simpler wrongdoing, sent to bed without tea, and no extras, which meant no cakes and biscuits, after our tea of jam and bread, or denied an apple after dinner when we went back to school. The worst by far was being denied your Saturday penny.

In the beginning I really did think that one day Mum Brown would miraculously appear and take me home. I dreamt constantly of Dewhurst Row, being happy, playing in the fields, having my hair tousled by Mr Thornley on his return from work, and being fussed over by the Dixon girls, but to no avail.

The chores became part of my day. I came to realise that I had to work hard and perform them to the best of my ability. Depending on her mood Miss Hall could kick the bucket of water over and demand you scrub the floor all over again. I often couldn't see the flags for tears in my early days. It seemed a neverending ritual of cleaning and polishing, with no praise whatsoever for a job well done. To a little boy it made no sense at all to be constantly cleaning something which was already clean., knowing that later the same day you would be cleaning it again. The only thing that kept me sane I think at that tender age was knowing the other kids did not consider me as some strange character with satanic roots, we were all chastised by her and I could see when she went off on one, that they did not understand why she had it in for me. I was one of them, on equal terms, not a lower entity, as she tried to imply. For the first two years I was there, we must have been the only boys in the whole of Preston who still wore those horrible stiff collars one sees on the Victorian postcards or photographs. Black ribbed stockings, like the ones girls wore. And capes !!!! They made us look like infantile Sherlock Holmes', we stood out like sore thumbs and all and sundry called us 'The Home Boys'. Then some enlightened member of the Board of Guardians brought us into the twentieth century. We were dressed in grey shirts and striped ties, with grey stockings with two blue bands on the turn down, bicycle stockings, we called them, but we still had to wear clogs, like everyone else. Every three weeks were had our hair cropped at Crooks on New Hall Lane, and boy, do I mean cropped. We had a job to part our hair, and what we did have was plastered down by rubbing it with soap.

Being 'Home Lads' we had to bear the butt of snide and cruel remarks at times, so you had to be a decent fighter or you got some stick. When I was twelve or thirteen I fell out with the 'cock of the school' and challenged him to a fight. Albert Ryan was his name, he lived in Pleasant or Brunswick Street, a rather rough area in those days. I got pasted, busted nose, split lip. I never even touched him. I got egged on by a crowd of lads watching 'Come on, Croppy ! (My nickname) I couldn't , it was like chasing a shadow. I only found out later that his went to a boxing gymnasium. He rubbed salt into the room, by patting me on the shoulder and saying 'Nice try'. Still I got a bit of reflected glory for even having a go at him.



The “Sun Inn” Main Sprit Weind

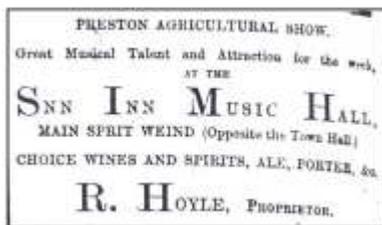
Currently known as “Revolution Bar”

A glance with pub historian, **Steve Halliwell**, at a town centre public house with a long and interesting past.

Today, it seems utterly incredible that this narrow thoroughfare, known by the unlikely name of Main Sprit Weind, should have at one time been a popular residential quarter in the old borough. In the Court Leet Records there is mention of the Coffee Gardens, the predecessor of a later Coffee Gardens, probably on the same site as the original, which are believed to be an inn of some kind, complete with bowling green, and mentioned in the diaries of both Bellingham and Rawsthorne.

The most interesting part of its history lies almost entirely in the 19th century, for around the turn of the 20th century the property was taken over by Yates and Company, and stories about the people who ran the place become less obvious. The earliest date I have found for the ‘Sun Inn’ was 1818, but it’s possible that it pre-dates that. During the course of the century there were several interesting individuals who were landlords there, including a Joseph Edwards, who had two spells at the premises. Including the year 1875, when the place was promoting itself as a music hall

The advertisement shown here was taken from the *Preston Chronicle* of 30th July 1870, and like several other public houses in Preston, offered entertainment in the form that later became traditional ‘Music Hall’. These were the places where it had its roots.



Taken from an 1870 newspaper

Although Joseph Edwards was the landlord of two houses that offered this type of entertainment, it doesn’t seem that that was his sole interest, for he had a mixed career in the licensing business, as the following brief resumé would seem to indicate.

The earliest date I can find for him as a landlord is 1875 at the ‘Sun Inn’, and over the next dozen or so years he went to the following places:

- 1875 ‘Sun Inn’, Main Sprit Weind, moving to the ‘King’s Head’, Friargate, in the same year.
- 1877 Moved to the ‘Cattle Market Hotel’, Chorley.
- 1879 Moved back to Preston, this time to the ‘Port Admiral’ in Lancaster Road.

1881 Moved from the 'Port Admiral' back to the 'Sun Inn' where he stayed until 1885.

1885 Went to the 'Springfield Inn' Bow Lane, and then to the 'North Lancashire Hotel' Friargate

It would appear that Joseph Edwards was the possessor of other talents outside of the licensed trade. By the time that he was at the 'Cattle Market' in Chorley, he had patented, through a patent agent in Preston, an invention that facilitated the ventilation of coal mines, and was later adapted to have the same effects on the borough's sewer system.



Photograph by Paul Swarbrick

Coal mine disasters were still a far too common occurrence and the most common cause were explosions caused by the slow accumulation of, or the sudden outburst of gas. The inability to withdraw these poisonous particles which contributed to such accidents, only served to aggravate the consequences of them.

Such was the reluctance of mines to adopt Edward's system, that he was driven to write to the Editor of the *Preston Guardian*, who published a letter from him on the 21st April 1877, whilst he was at the 'Cattle Market' in Chorley. In it he observed this reluctance, and quoted a recent accident at the D'arcy Lever Mine. Despite having conducted several large scale experiments of his system, he had never been given the opportunity to test it in that mine. He had applied to the authorities of D'arcy Lever, but had been refused the opportunity. He went on, in the letter, to make the observation that '*if it was put in the mine, it would soon be the means of enabling the bodies now buried therein, to be recovered to their mourning relatives and friends*'.

Although attempts were made to introduce various local authorities to his system for the purification of sewerage systems, isn't known. In fact, there must be a lot more to learn about this interesting character from Preston's past.

The recent discovery of the face (see picture above) apparently formed in the plaster work of the gable end at the 'Sun Inn' has caused many conversations. It has the appearance that it's been there, looking down at us, for a long, long time; but why has it only just come to light? How long has it been there? Who was responsible for it? What does it denote or signify? I wonder if Joseph Edwards or any of the other incumbents of the 'Sun' knew of its existence? Any comments can be sent to the website, below.

The face can be seen whilst walking up Main Sprit Weind from Syke Street, although the possession of a small pair of binoculars would be a distinct advantage.

Lots more stories about this and another 780 of Preston's Old Inns, Taverns and Beer Houses, can be found at <http://pubsinpreston.blogspot.co.uk>

Preston Lamplighters

PRESTON NEW COVERED MARKET - We understand that the new covered market was lighted with gas for the first time last night. It took one man half an hour to perform the operation, he having to mount a ladder at each pillar and light the gas above the glass shade. The difficult task of the lamplighter was witnessed by a large number of spectators, who appeared much amused at the spectacle.

Preston Guardian Saturday November 20 1875



Death of an old lamplighter - On Wednesday there was interred in the Roman Catholic portion of the cemetery, and old man named Thomas Bradley, 78 years of age, who for over 60 years has been a lamplighter in this town. The deceased was born in one of the thoroughfares off Friargate, on the 21st June, 1800. When 12 years of age he was engaged to assist in the lighting of the oil lamps, which at that time illuminated the town. The old obelisk in the Market Place was in his charge, and was lighted by him for some years. In

1815, the Preston Gas Co's Works were opened in Avenham-lane and Bradley was appointed on of the small staff of lighters who were appointed to take charge of the public lamps. A few years ago he transferred his services to Fulwood, and was the first who lit the lamps in that suburb. Four years ago he retired, and has since lived with his grandson, Mr Robert Emmett, at 72 Miles Street. He expired on Sunday from bronchitis and senile decay.

Preston Guardian June 22 1878

In 1880 The Lamplighters Office was situated at 4 St. John Street.

Preston Lamplighters - dates relate to evidence found

| | |
|-----------------|------|
| William Wilson | 1848 |
| Patrick Burns | 1858 |
| William Wilcock | 1862 |
| James Troughton | 1865 |
| John Berry | 1866 |
| William Miller | 1866 |
| John Simons | 1868 |
| William Butler | 1870 |
| ? Yates | 1876 |
| James Parkinson | 1877 |



INTO THE VALLEY OF DESPAIR

Ghosts from the past
Walk along Church St.
Jacobian rebels
wail from their wounds
at the White Bull.

Orator Hunt pleads for reform
at the Grey Horse
and Temperate Livesey
fails his attempt
as they drink his health
under his blue plaque.

Once the heart of the town
the church is lost in the midst of time
as shoppers rush to the sales
Martha the Methodist also failed
as alcohol flows from the streets cellars.

The disorderly house
of the Blue Bell remembers Ann Ratcliffe
with her throat cut
in a pool of blood.

Along this street
the horses reposed
from their police work
and at the brewery stables
they laid down their loads

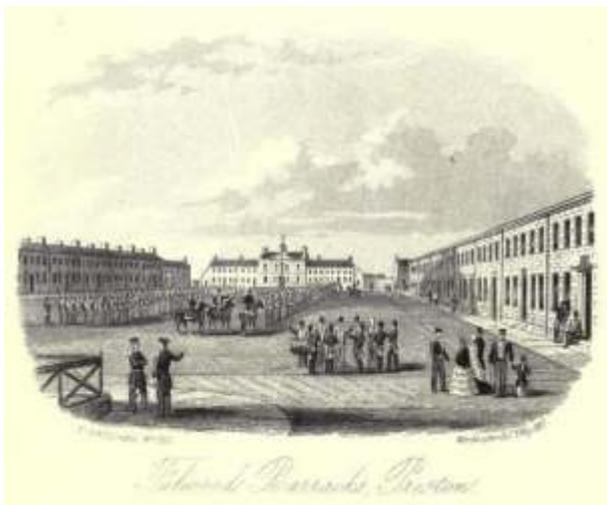
Church Street life is over
as jazz bars sing no more.
Office blocks and flats
line the ancient streets
burying its ghosts.

Christine Billington

Arrival of the Third Lancashire Militia

Monday evening last was a day a real rejoicing in Preston, for The Third Lancashire Militia, after an absence of twelve months within about a fortnight – which had been spent upon the Rock of Gibraltar, - returned to their homes and kindred. About half past six in the evening, the train conveying the eight companies which left Preston on the 29th June, 1855, arrived at the railway station, their advent being notified to the eager and anxious crowds who literally besieged the station, by the gladsome cheers of the men, and the explosion of some fog signals that had been placed upon the rails. But it was anything but a fog in which the militia arrived; it was a beautifully clear summer evening, and when they emerged from the station, where they were met by the depot battalion under the command of Capt. Edwards, they were surrounded by 'hearts of love and loving eyes'. As they marched up Fishergate, and through Church-street to their Barracks, preceded by the excellent band of the regiment, many and loud were the cheers that gladdened the hearts of the men; and more than a score of times the ranks were broken by a brother, a sister, or a friend, who rushed in to grab the hand of some loved one, oftener still were evidences of a more tender regard displayed by ladies for some of the men, whom it was difficult for them to recognise under nature's badge of manhood, which, in the air of Gibraltar had been allowed to grow in full luxuriance on lip and chin. The streets were lined with spectators, and the windows looking upon the road were occupied by admiring witnesses of the order and discipline of the regiment, which by one who was not aware of its character, could not have been distinguished from one of the line. The men looked remarkably well, and, with their bronzed countenances and their hirsute appendages, at which we have hinted, gave one a good idea of the return of the Crimean heroes, whose places they have so creditably filled while the army was performing more dreadful duties. Col. Wilson Patten, MP., joined the regiment at Liverpool on Sunday, and the other officers who accompanied it into town were : Lieut. Col.

Mathias; Major Fielden, M.P; Cpts. German, Sylvester, Oriele Crosse, Ayrton, and Parker. Lieutenants Whittaker, Minnet, Shiels, Knox, Furey and Ormsby. Ensigns Pavoy, Turner, Blackmore and Hicks. – The streets perhaps never presented so strong an appearance as they did on Monday evening, even on a peace celebration.
Sat June 21st 1856



The Bamber Bridge and Preston Extension - The Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway around Preston

Trains from Liverpool had to reverse from Lostock Hall to get to Preston and it was this factor, together with the high tolls exacted for use of the Farington – Preston section that prompted the ELR to apply again for an independent route into Preston. Notwithstanding strong opposition from the NU and Preston Corporation, the bill was passed on July 22, 1847; the Corporation managing to secure a clause in the act which obliged the ELR to create an ornamental park at the north end of the Ribble viaduct, with walkways, flowerbeds, shrubberies and water features. This was well planned out and merged beautifully with the existing park at Avenham.

Work on the Bamber bridge to Preston Extension as it became known, began in November 1848, with the main contractors, McCormick and Daghish, sub-contracting the work to Bridgewater & Crowther. The biggest obstacle involved the crossing of the flood plain between Whitehouse and the Ribble, where the ground was deemed to be too soft to take an earth and gravel embankment.

A viaduct was therefore constructed, comprising 52 brick arches, each with a span of 30ft., and deep pile-driving was required for each pier before solid ground could be reached. On Thursday October 25 1849, the work was set back by several months following the collapse of 13 arches during a period of particularly bad weather. Fifteen of the arches had already been completed before the disaster occurred and six others were in progress. Most of the piers had been completed and were ready to receive their arches. The arches complete or in the course of completion were those from the 17th to the 37th (numbered from the Ribble bridge). The timber centering of arches 37 to 26 had been slackened off for some time, but that of arch No.27 had only been slackened on the previous Tuesday. The centering of arch No.16 and those between Nos. 27 to 37 remained in situ. The piers were built upon timber pile foundations, with timber sheeting some 8 or 9 inches thick were fixed to the sides. The soil in this part of the valley was of a mossy, spongy nature, (bog soil), and the piles would needed to have been driven down into firmer ground which, apparently, was not the case with some of them. The combined weight of each arch and one pier is around 120 tons, there being some 81 yards of brickwork in each. Arches No. 17 to 21 were given a membrane of asphalt, this being a composition of pitch, sand and gravel; the purpose being to prevent the ingress of rain and to enable the mortar to set; in the long term it also protected the brickwork. At the time of the accident, the other arches had not been asphalted. It had been raining for some days, causing flooding in the adjoining fields and washing away the mortar in places. The masonry collapsed shortly after one o'clock on Thursday afternoon. Such was the condition of the weather at the time that only a few workmen were in the vicinity of the construction site and there were no injuries. The remarkable thing about it was that only the day before, over 100 workmen were employed upon and around the arches. Arch No.27 is alleged to have been the first one to give way, and this appears to be probable, as an inspection of the remaining piers on each side of the arch, found them to have vertical cracks in the brickwork and leaning slightly over towards each other, indicating great pressure from the adjoining masonry. The two arches from which the centering had not been slackened, Nos. 28 and 29, and the ten arches on the other side of No. 27, fell almost immediately together, No.17 was the last to give way. Arch 16 would in all probability have given way as well, but for the fact that the pier between it and No.17 was almost three times the thickness of the others, and consequently able to stand the pressure. To be continued..... Bob Gregson

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