

The Preston Magazine



Issue 10
May 2013

Harris Orphanage
Whitsuntide
A Preston Lad



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Welcome to the 10th issue of The Preston Magazine our free monthly magazine containing snippets of lesser-known history articles relating to Preston.

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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 and also our new venture, The Lostock Hall Magazine.

www.priory.lancs.sch.uk you can also access The Preston Magazine via www.blogpreston.co.uk

This month's guest writers are Peter Vickers, Steve Halliwell, David Huggonson and Denis Watson. Also the ongoing serial 'A Preston Lad' by Arthur Eric Crook (1917-1997). Part 3 of The Harris Orphanage by Miss Andy Anderton. Should you require a copy each month, please contact us. We can also email you a pdf version of the magazine.

If you would like to submit any memories or information please get in touch.

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. Preston Digital Archive is looking for old photos of Preston and surrounding area, please get in touch at the number below if you would like to contribute.

A copy of each magazine is kept at Lancashire Records Office.

We are desperately looking for advertisers to help produce our magazine each month, please get in touch if you can help.

The House of Generals featured in last months magazine is on Tulketh Brow. (64 and 66) The names of the houses still remain on the stone gateposts.

Front Cover Image by Heather Crook – Michael Portillo on Preston Flag Market, clutching his copy of Bradshaw's Guide.

Regards, Heather Crook

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OLD PRESTON PHOTOGRAPHS



**Preston Corporation Bus No. 36 Jacson Street/Flag Market
Photo courtesy of Preston Digital Archive**



**Reservists from Bamber's Yard H.Q. Preston in Eygpt, 1917
Standing in the centre is Sergeant Robinson from Plungington, Preston
Photo courtesy of Mrs P. Robinson (Preston Digital Archive)**

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A SOLDIERS LETTER

The following interesting letter from Mr Davis, a corporal in the 1st Royal Dragoons, now near Sebastopol, has been received by Mr Jones, plasterer of this town.
Balaklava, November 6th, 1854, Camp near Sebastopol.

Dear Friend, I cannot address you in any other way after the kindness you have shown me. I hope my note will find you enjoying the best of health. I am thankful to say that I am still in the land of the living, after all the blood that I have seen shed. Only yesterday there was a general engagement, with very heavy loss on both sides. I am sorry to say that I saw many thousands laid low, and amongst them above half of two regiments that were in Preston at the same time as myself – the 88th and 77th – and many of the 25th. Our regiment has been very fortunate – between killed and wounded they do not amount to 50; but out of 250 horses we lost 190, and at present are mounted on Russian and Light Dragoon horses. I shall try and give you an idea of the great Russian campaign. In the first place winter is set in, and we have no warm clothing. We have to keep our wet clothes on until they are dry; often turned out of camp in the night, and not returning for twenty-four or forty-eight hours; mounted all day, and standing to our horses all night, with not so much as a cloak on, and a heavy dew falling. Perhaps when we get into camp there is a scarcity of wood or water, so we have to wait for hours for something to warm us. Rest is the principal thing we want. I have actually seen the horses drop down with fatigue, and go to sleep. That is not all :- we have an enemy treble our number continually tormenting us, but they will never fight two days together. Unless there is some alteration soon, there will not be a horse left in the brigade. You must excuse this scrawl, as I am obliged to write on my knee; it is nearly dark and very cold. I must confess that I have many times wished myself again in Preston. Those that live to return will be very fortunate. There are a great many ill in the hospital; the country does not agree at all with us. As for any news of the war I cannot send any for you; we know nothing more than we see, and that would be old by the time I could send it. You will see an account of the battle of Balaklava; that was a cavalry concern altogether, and very hot work we had too. I was surprised to see them retire before a mere handful, for we were nothing more in comparison to them. If they only had courage enough they could have cut us up to a man. They are much better than the Turks; I have seen no good of them yet. The French and English do all the work. The Algerines are the finest men I ever saw, and they fight like lions. It's a grand sight is the field of battle at night, for we can see the shells as they come along, and sometimes get out of their way. I have had four horses since I commenced, but only one shot; the others all died of some disease like the glanders. There is a continual roar of cannon ever since the 17th of last month – that was the day they commenced on Sebastopol. It is not yet taken, but in an awful state. The whole country around for miles is nothing but encampments. We often strike our tents, and fight on the ground that we were sleeping on an hour before. I have seen the tents like riddles, from the Russian shot. If ever I come to Preston I shall give you a call, and tell you all. I am almost ashamed to say that I am writing with hands that were never washed since they were stained with my own countrymen's blood. It is awful work, but it must be done. I shall write again and send you more news, which I hope will be better than this, should I be spared.

Yours truly E.DAVIS

Preston Guardian November 25th, 1854.

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Life in the Harris Orphanage in the early 20th century (3)

In each boys home there was a married couple who had no children of their own, known as 'mother' and 'father', the lady looked after the boys and the man did a job on the estate. There was a massive field at the back of the houses with a belt of trees round it (we did not need curtains there were trees everywhere). The back of the field was allowed to grow for hay and fodder for the animals. The front of the field was kept short for the children to play in fine weather, and we had a lovely duck pond. Away behind the duck pond was the swimming bath and behind that again the laundry and Mr Steele's boiler room, all sheltered by trees.

Opposite the laundry was the store and beyond that again the Governor's Office – there was a big green house beside the store.

In the centre of the estate was the 'lawn' a very beautiful lawn mowed and rolled by the boys under the supervision of the gardener – Mr Dixon. The lawn was immaculate, tall trees grew around it. No one was allowed to play on it, but it was used for special days such as Commemoration Day and gymnastic displays.

Mr Dixon (NW Home) was the gardener, under his supervision boys were taught all the garden work and since we were practically self-supporting they learned all about vegetable gardening, greenhouse work and flower growing. All the boys went out of the school to gardening one afternoon per week, while the girls were being instructed in other matters.

Mr Tyson (N Home) was the tailor and barber. In the tailor's shop he sat cross-legged on a very large platform with his work all around him, he was responsible for the boys clothes. The barber's shop was next door, here we were all sent about once a month to get our hair cut. (Our hair was cut off immediately on entry to the Harris orphanage.) Boys and girls all alike except the girls had a fringe. If we asked Mr Tyson not to take too much off – he would really chop it off.

Mr Steele (NE Home) looked after the boiler room next to the laundry, providing hot water and steam power for the laundry. He took care of the swimming bath and mended our clogs and shoes. It was quite an event to go for our new 'cokers' as the clog irons were called. He also put on buttons with a special tool. Mr Steele also chopped the wood to make the fires for all the homes and banded them up with wire. Two children went down with an open skip to collect wood whenever it was needed, for coal fires were the order of the day.

Mr Dixon had the boys to help him but I don't remember Mr Tyson or Mr Steele having any of the boys help.

Mr Bateman from the lodge seemed to be the General Factotum – window cleaner – bell ringer – minder of the clock in the steeple and everything that no one else was doing. Mrs Bateman, also of the lodge, was in charge of the laundry. They both looked after the gates which were always closed, and watched out for unwelcome visitors. There was a ground weighing machine outside the lodge for weighing coal coming etc.,. Mr and Mrs Bateman did not attend church services so we all thought they were a different religion, we were all Church of England.

We were not allowed to visit each others homes although we could be friends with the other girls because we all went to the same school. There was no conversation as such between boys and girls, apart from the odd word in passing. I do not remember ever having a chat with my brother David.

We went to church morning and evening on Sunday. Sunday morning to Emmanuel or Broughton. We liked Broughton best; it was a good walk and country all the way.

Sunday morning we all lined up outside the school on the front of the estate for the

'inspection'. We all had to be spick and span – shoes polished, socks pulled up, hair tidy (what little could be seen under our woolly hats) and hats or caps on straight, then we numbered off, and the Governor or Miss Catterall would say 'Even numbers – one step forward' or 'odd numbers' ditto – if we were not precise the first time then we were put back in line and started again.

Then it was left turn – forward march, Mr Bateman would have the gates open and off we would march. Miss Catterall making sure the road was clear before we crossed towards 'Little Sisters' and on to Broughton. (The letterbox was in the wall at Little Sisters and the road just as wide as it is now).

So we reckoned it was about two miles to Broughton church, very few houses on the way and these would only be of mansion class. I do not recollect any on the right side, going to Broughton. On the left hand side there was the Black Bull Hotel at the corner of Black Bull Lane and further on 'Foster's Folly' – a man called Foster was reputed to have built this big mansion and then couldn't afford to live in it.

We were all still walking along in a 'caterpillar' formation and eventually espied the church tower. The bells would be ringing and at the entrance to the church would be the Rev. Collinson who always met us and holding out his hands would say 'Welcome children'. (The Rev. Collinson was on our committee too).

We sat in pews at the back of the church and always I had to sit as near to the verges as possible for almost always I would feel poorly and have to be taken out, and I would be taken through the churchyard to the little thatched cottage where a lady in a black dress and a long white pinny would be waiting. She used to sit me by the fire and bring me a cup of tea. When the service was over she had me ready to join the 'caterpillar' to walk back home. I nearly always had to go to bed immediately.

I should mention that Litany Sundays were an anathema to me – I didn't stand a chance with all the kneeling to be done.

Opposite Church Lane at Broughton there was a big rookery in the trees and this was always a source of delight and speculation. Sunday afternoon after the dishes were cleared we were taken for walks in the country by the housemother. (in wet weather we talked to each other or read our books – no other activities). We would most frequently walk to the Withy Trees end of Garstang Road – up Watlingstreet Road – Sharoe Green Lane and back to St Vincents Boys Home. There are lots of boys there, and they would be playing football at the back of their school as we passed by, and so home to tea.

Sometimes we went round by Withy Trees past the Homes for the Blind and back by Duck Lane. Once we were in the country and the 'caterpillar' disbanded and we romped around.

There was no outlet by road of any kind between the Orphanage and Withy Trees except Duck Lane; and on the other side of the road none other than St Vincents Lane. Neither were there any roads all the way to Broughton other than those lanes I have already mentioned. Indeed I don't remember any 'modern' roads or buildings having been started before I left Preston at the age of sixteen.

After tea every Sunday we went to church in our own church. It was a beautiful little church but not consecrated, and the Governor explained to us in one sermon that wedding and funerals could not be held there. Our choir was made up with girls and boys of the orphanage. Miss Catterall, our headmistress was also choirmistress and organist. Choir practice was on Wednesday evenings and if we didn't have the music on hand Miss Catterall would write it on the blackboard (in school) and we would copy it in our psalters.

By Miss Andy Anderton

To be continued



James Dougal

1815 – 1892

Fireman and Innkeeper at

the **“Prince Arthur Inn”**

Avenham Lane.

There is little doubt that throughout the history of most towns and cities, there will be examples of individuals who are connected by their name or their occupation, or even their notoriety, whether that be good or bad.

Such an example is seen in two of the James Dougal's that we have been privileged to have had as our residents, despite the fact that they were separated by the better part of a century. Both of them wore uniforms, the first James Dougal's being that of a fireman, in which role he helped to develop the service from its rudimentary beginnings as part of the police service. James rose to the rank of Sergeant whilst still running his public house business at the **“Prince Arthur Inn”** Avenham Lane. James was the licensee there from the time it opened in 1842, and he remained for twenty five years.

He had a similar length of service in the Fire Brigade, his twenty three years service running broadly parallel with his time at the inn. He signed up in 1838, and enjoyed his retirement festivities in 1861 at the Shelley Arms Hotel on Fishergate in 1861. The presentation made to him on that occasion took the form of a splendid time-piece that had been supplied by Mr. Brown, the watchmaker of Fishergate, mounted on a beautiful mahogany stand to which was affixed a photograph and a brass plate explaining the nature of the gift. Among the many subscribers to the present were insurance companies and their respective agents who were grateful for his endeavours in reducing their liability to the varying crises he had dealt with.

The **“Prince Arthur Inn”** would seem to have been a bustling centre of the community, for in addition to being on call for his fire-fighting duties, he managed to provide the catering for dinners for groups as far ranging as the **“National School flute and drum band”** when, in 1858 upwards of fifty sat down to their annual supper. Other groups included the Order of Druids, and the Racing Club, an annual event that attracted the presence on at least one of the occasions of the licensee of the **“Horse and Jockey”** in Liverpool. Confirmation of the interest in horse racing can be seen in the Preston Chronicle of the 20th December 1862, where it referred to James Dougal *‘giving his annual supper at the close of another racing season.’*

There is also a lot of evidence that he had an interest in canary and linnet singing contests. They were reasonably common in some public houses in the 1800's. Whether he was a fancier himself is not known, but the competitions always seemed to be dominated by entrants from East Lancashire.

James (Jimmy) Dougal

1913 – 1999

Footballer with Preston N.E.

and innkeeper at the

“Moor Park Inn”

Garstang Road.



It is reasonably safe to say that the two James Dougals were not closely, if at all, related. The footballer, like so many Preston North End footballers over the years, was born in Scotland, in a place called Denny. Fireman Dougal's mother-in-law was born in Glasgow, but the closest his wife came to Scotland was Kendal, where she had been born.

Jimmy Dougal played for Falkirk from 1932 before signing for Preston in the 1933 – 34 season. He was apparently a tricky right winger who was known as the “Gallop Ghost”, and in his first season here, helped the team to gain promotion to the First Division – the top one in those days. A few seasons of average team performances followed, before a good run in the F.A. Cup saw them lift the trophy against Huddersfield Town at Wembley in 1938. The following season he was the club's leading scorer with nineteen goals, and he also won his first international cap, playing for Scotland against England. He scored one of the goals in a 1 – 1 draw.

His international career was brought to a close by the Second World War, when a fifty mile travel limit was imposed, and the football league clubs were divided into seven regions to enable that limit to be implemented, whilst still having competitive football to enjoy.

Preston North End took part in the 1941 Football League War Cup, finally playing at Wembley against the Arsenal. The match ended in a draw, but the resulting replay at Ewood Park, Blackburn, ended in victory for Preston. He continued to play for Preston throughout the war, but by 1945 he was 33 years old, and past his best. He went on to play for both Carlisle United and Halifax Town before finally hanging up his boots in 1949, when he settled in Fulwood.

Like many other footballers both before him and since, in 1953 he began a new career as the landlord of the “Moor Park Inn” on Garstang Road, the place that had the distinction of being the last public house in Preston to brew its own beer. He remained there for approximately ten years. Retired footballers seem to have used their local popularity as a means of attracting custom.

Steve Halliwell – Pub Historian

For many more details of Preston's old inns and taverns visit: <http://pubsinpreston.blogspot.com>

WHITSUNTIDE - 1845

'Whitsuntide Festivities

Hark ! the merry bells are ringing,
Clubs are walking up and down,
Banners waving, broom-girls singing,
What a clatter through the town.

Country folks, both lads and lasses
Flock in crowds, to see the fun;
Lo ! the long procession passes,
Now the sports have just begun.

Drums are beating, fiddles playing,
Laughter, mirth and joy abound,
Pablo's prancing steeds are neighing
Whirligigs turn round and round.

Lovers arm in arm are walking
Sweet their smiles and sly their glance;
Men are laughing, wives are talking,
Whats up there, - The Polka Dance.

Fine the day and bright the weather,
Young and old look smart and gay;
Friends are taking tea together
Thus Whit Monday wears away. Our P.D.'

Whit Monday is welcomed by the poor and industrious labourer as one of the few holidays, which, in this age of money-getting, and selfish speculation, are left him for merriment and enjoyment. This day he gives to pleasure, and looks forward to it as the great annual festival whereon 'toil remitting lends itself to play'. He devotes it to unrestrained festivity, to a total cessation of business, and determines, on Whit Monday at least, to be his own master and king of his own little world. He is light hearted and gay, cares and troubles are thrown to the winds, and he pursues happiness with all the eagerness of a child chasing a summer butterfly. Long may this holiday be left to us, long may Whitsuntide be a merry time to all.

'Happy the days and harmless were the days
(For then true love and amnity were found)
Where every village did a May-pole raise
And Whitsun Ales and May games did abound.
And all the lusty youngkers in a rout,
With merry lasses, danced the rod about
Then friendship to their banquets bid the guests
And poor men fared the better for the feasts'

Whit Monday was celebrated, this year, in Preston and the neighbourhood, with the usual festivities, amusements, and processions. The day was fresh and fine, rather windy however, and not without clouds of dust blowing in the eyes of those who, in the town

promenaded the streets, and took part in the stir and bustle of the proceedings. The Parish Church bells rang merry peals in honour of the festive occasion (this important particular being obtained at the sole expense of the Ancient Order of Foresters) the windows of the various public-houses where the clubs assembled were gay with fluttering banners, inscribed with every variety of motto and device. The area of Chadwick's Orchard was filled with shows, theatres, pavilions, whirley-gigs, and fly-boats; and, in the Market Place and street corners, were stalls stocked with an endless supply of nuts, cakes, oranges, and gingerbread. Then from the country came 'blithe lads and bonnie lasses' with faces full of good humour and kindness and arrayed in their trimmest and gayest attire. Nor were the youth of our own town behind the rural population in splendour of dress and neatness of appearance. Such a variety of new clothes, - new bonnets, new dresses, new caps, new handkerchiefs, it has seldom been our lot to behold. This is a feature which may justly be regarded as a 'sign of the times', a sign of better times and better fortunes, an evidence of the improved and improving condition of the labouring classes.

The different Benefic Societies which walked in procession, having marshalled themselves in order, proceeded from Chadwick's Orchard to their respective places of worship for the purpose of attending divine service. Soon after twelve o'clock, the societies left church and chapel, and met at their place of rendezvous - the bottom of Pole Street. Thence came in procession up Church-street, down Cheapside, Friargate, into Fylde-road, over Maudland-bridge, down Maudland-bank, into Marsh-lane, up Bow-lane and Fishergate to the Market-place. The 'Grand and Noble Order of the Female Druids', led the procession, attired in blue dresses and carrying the various symbols of their order. The motto on their banner was 'Peace and good will'. There were between thirty and forty in number and afterwards dined at the Swan Inn, in New-street. Following these were the members of the first Roman Catholic Female Society, of whom about thirty five walked, neatly dressed in white gowns and blue handkerchiefs, and wearing crosses attached by black ribbons. The emblem on their flag was the Industrious Lady and her husband, mentioned in Proverbs, and the motto, 'Her children rose up and called her blessed, also her husband and he praised her'. For the members of this society which one instituted in 1805, dinner was provided at Mr Occleshaw's, the Black Bull Inn, Friargate. The brothers of the Holy Gilds of St Wilfrid's and St Augustine's were next in order. They numbered about 240, and wore their Gild collars and shields. They were accompanied by the Revds. T. Weston, B. Jarret, and R. Havers, and their wardens and bursars. A costly new banner designed by Mr Pugin, and wrought by Mr Hardman, of Birmingham, was borne before them. It is richly gilt and painted, and bears on one side the figure of St Wilfrid, in his pontificals, with the inscription, Sancte Wilfrida ora pro nobis, and on the other side, the representative of the Holy Lamb, with the motto, Angus Dei. The banner is also ornamented with elegant tassels, and the staff is surmounted with a floriated cross. The Ancient Order of Foresters, arrayed in their woodland suits, and bearing bows and arrows, horns and axes, next followed. The officers were mounted on horseback, and their numbers were 350. On arriving opposite the Mayor's house in Fishergate, (his worship being a member of that order) they halted, and the band played a lively air. The Independent United Order of Mechanics were about 180, and handsome banner and different emblems and insignia. The members dined at Mr Brown's, Anglers Inn, Pole Street. The Grand and Legal United Order of Oddfellows succeeded in their train, and were 180 in number. They also had their banner, on which was inscribed, 'Friendship, Love and Truth', and bore various quaint and mystical devices. They were followed by the Catholic Beneficent Society, numbering between 80 and 90 in procession, and wearing red scarfs, with the inscription Catholic

Beneficent Society upon them. Flag emblem, a beneficent young man relieving an object of charity, an angel descending from a cloud, holding a crown over the beneficent young man's head, over which is written 'Your reward will be great in Heaven', supported by St Peter and St Paul. Motto – 'Give, and it shall be given unto You'. The members of this society subsequently dined together at Mr Pemberton's, the Lamb and Packet, Friargate. The 'Grand United Order of Catholic Brethren of the Blackburn Unity' were preceded by a cross and banner, and about 100 walked. The members wore rosettes and green scarfs. On their banner was a representation of the navy on one side and on the obverse the figures of Faith, Hope and Charity. A number of them partook dinner at Mr Anthony Westhead's, the Duke of York, Friargate. The procession was closed by about 50 members from the 'Adam's Glory Tent, No. 90 and the 'Teetotal Security Tent, No. 121 of the Independent Order of Rechabites'. The officers wore blue and white, and the others white collars and rosettes. Each tent was likewise distinguished by a banner. Each society was accompanied by a band of music, and, as they passed on their route, the streets, windows of houses, shop doors and balconies, were filled with spectators, consisting of gaily-dressed females, spruce young men, and smiling children – all anxious to catch a glance of the procession' as it came 'sounding through the town'. There were manifestations of mirth and rejoicings on all sides; - bells ringing, drums beating, trumpets sounding, and merry voices uplifted in shouts of triumph and exultation. All appeared happy, gleesome, cheerful and delighted; and welcomed Whit Monday with a demonstration befitting so great, ancient and jovial a holiday.

After the procession of the clubs, the scholars of the Church of England Sunday Schools mustered very nearly 4,000 strong at the following stations.
Blue School and Parish Church Scholars and Band, west side of Chapel-street, Fishergate,
Trinity, east side of Chapel-street
St Mary's and band, Winckley-street
St Peters, Chapel-walks
St Pauls and Workhouse, and band, east side of Lune-street
Christ Church, west side of Lune-street
St Thomas's, Fox-street

From these places they moved in one long superb procession, extending nearly a mile and a half, amid a forest of faces and banners, and headed by the ministers of their respective churches, down the north side of Fishergate, as far as Stanley-terrace, returned up the south side, down Cheapside, round the Market-place, through the Old Shambles, down Church-street, round the lamp-post near the House of Correction, up North-road, Dover-street, High-street, Back-lane into Friargate.

The scholars were all well-attired, and their array and numbers, presented a most striking and animated appearance. Having paraded the streets, they repaired to their several schools, and received a treat of buns and oranges. The arrangements of the procession were under the direction of a sub-committee, composed of the following gentlemen, Messrs. J. Carr, T. Baxter, J.J. Myers, J. Ogle, J. Isherwood and J. Edmondson.

The early part of the day was thus spent in all the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance, of a glorious procession, . In the afternoon there was many a very,

Merry, Dancing, Drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking' –

We would have left out the word unthinking, but for marring the line of the couplet. There were dinner parties, tea parties, dancing parties and courting parties.

Preston Chronicle, May 17th 1845

FAMILY FOLKLORE (2)

Whilst I was still searching for the Irish Connection the above information raised a number of questions. By what means did the Clark family travel north? How did they learn about work in the cotton mills Towards the end of the 1850's Preston had begun to expand northwards and Emmanuel Street was newly constructed when the Clark family arrived. This would suggest that George's wife, Eliza would have been in the late stages of pregnancy when the family made their journey north of Lancashire?

Why would they want to leave tranquil agricultural Suffolk for the land of the "Dark Satanic Mills?" and in particular "Coketown" the name given to Preston by Charles Dickens and whose living conditions are so graphically described in his novel "Hard Times".

On the 1851 census the Clark family resided in Earl Soham and the surname was spelled with an E. This was a very small and sparsely populated part of Suffolk away from the mainstream of life. The nearest town, Framlingham two miles to the east wasn't connected to the Main railway line to Ipswich until 1st June 1859 by which time the Clark's were established in Preston. Whether they travelled by train, which would be by far the best method, or other means the journey would have been long and arduous. Even in the Golden Age of Rail Travel travelling from east to west in England was not as simple as travelling from south to north. There would have been many connections and variations to be made in order to get to the LMS route to Preston confusing enough for those who were literate but none of the Clarke family could read. It gives me a sense of pride to think that my Great Grandfather and his family completed a journey that was no less heroic than those of the Voortrekkers in South Africa. The journey my ancestors made would have taken at the minimum two days. During this time they would have arrived on cold, draughty and forbidding railway stations with the bare minimum of facilities. The family, however the circumstances they found themselves in had to be fed and watered and the necessary ablutions performed. Every time they arrived at a connecting station in another county or a large town such as Birmingham, Nottingham or Crewe they would have encountered each time a different language barrier. It was at this point that I began to understand why the information about the birthplace of the Clarke's that appeared on the Census returns had been misinterpreted. An enumerator whose ear is accustomed to English spoken with a northern accent with the added colloquialisms of Preston would find it difficult understanding someone with an equally Suffolk accent.

So what was Preston like when the Clarke's arrived at Preston Railway Station in 1857?

Since 1854, the year of the Great Lockout, the cotton industry experienced a boom resulting in the opening of no fewer than fifteen new cotton mills by 1862. There was an urgent need for new workers and by 1861 the population had risen to 83,000 most living in appalling conditions. In spite of both the working and domestic conditions the members of the Clarke family lived beyond age of mortality that was expected in the 19th century. However between 1880 and 1900 Preston was fifteen times top and three times runner-up in the national table of infant mortality. All this was due to the fact that adequate sewers did not exist and the use of earth closet privies was still in existence well into the 20th century. My Grandmother Catherine Agnes Clark lost four children at the ages of 12 months, 9 months, 7 months and three weeks between 1903 and 1915.

To get back to 1861 on the 12 April Confederate troops began firing on Fort Sumter in Charleston harbour, North Carolina. This was the start of the American Civil War and the cause of the Lancashire Cotton Famine. By October nearly twenty cotton mills in Preston had reduced their working week. In December soup kitchens had been opened and in a period of only five days 3,260 quarts of soup were sold at one penny per portion. At the beginning of 1861 there were approximately 23,500 operatives employed in the mills. A year after the American Civil War began, 10,371 cotton workers were unemployed. My Grandfather and his father were paid an average of 10 shillings a week. In spite of all the depravation George Clarke and his family survived. Just before the impact of the war began to affect the cotton industry George Clarke's eldest daughter Mary married James Scowcroft at the Preston Parish Church of St John.

Continued next month Denis Watson

Patriotic Preston: A Series

By David Huggonson, BA MA

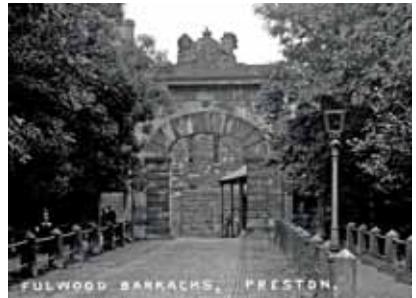
Choosing the sources for this third edition was quite difficult, as I set myself the task of choosing from my rather large collection of contemporary news articles which I have collected over the years. Ironically I have found some ideas for future editions! This month's theme is recruitment news in newspapers. I have chosen two articles, in two separate newspapers, that were printed during the time of the 'Rush to the Colours' - which was during August and September 1914 – as it saw thousands of men voluntarily enlist at their local recruitment offices. There were wide spread reports of the effects of this, some of which is mentioned below. The reasons why so many enlisted has been discussed by historians. Suggested reasons are that they were being patriotic, they were excited as they believed they would return by Christmas and also perhaps for a better wage or a change in career.

Our first extract was printed in The Preston Guardian, which was published by Geo Toulmin and Sons, on Saturday September 5th 1914. I would like to acknowledge The Farmers Guardian and Briefing Media Ltd as they have granted permission to quote from their articles. I would also like to thank the Harris Library, Preston (part of Lancashire County Council) for allowing me to quote from a newspaper which is part of their wider collections.

"CALL TO ARMS

Recruits For Kitchener's
Army.

Busy Scenes At Preston



Recruiting for Kitchener's Army 'for the period of the war' has been the greatest event of the week at Preston. Ever since the 'Call To Arms' was first published the business of recruiting has been abnormally active, but it was not until last weekend that the prevailing boom set in. On Saturday last so many recruits arrived that the staff was not equal to the task of enrolling them all, and many had to go away till Monday. The recruiting staff was specially augmented during the weekend, and the numbers increased rapidly, each day setting up a new record. So great was the press of recruits that the accommodation at the Barracks was taxed to the utmost. Tents and marquees were erected on the recreation grounds adjoining the barracks, and large detachments of soldiers were sent off daily to the training stations. In order to keep pace, if possible, with the increasing influx of recruits, it was decided earlier in the week to send detachments to the training stations without waiting for uniform and accoutrements, but although these drafts have averaged over 2,000 per day for the past three days, the accommodation at Fulwood is still congested.

Both the Loyal North Lancashire and East Lancashire Regiments have practically completed the enrolment of two new Kitchener battalions, and are recruiting steadily for a third. The second Kitchener battalions were filled up in less than four days. The R[oyal].F[ield].A[rtillery]. have been still more fortunate, recruits of a splendid type having come up in such numbers that over 6,000 have been enrolled, many of them being sent to the training camps.

New recruiting stations...in Preston [include] the Public Hall was utilised on Monday as a town recruiting office. At the Barracks the receiving offices became so congested that tables were put up in the Square, at which much of the work of enrolment has been carried out daily in the open-air.

In the rural districts public meetings were organised by civic and urban authorities at which large numbers of men joined afterwards marching to Fulwood in compact bodies. Another special feature has been the organisation of 'pals' companies and detachments in various towns and villages.

Mr. Cyril Cartmell, son of the Mayor of Preston, appealed on Monday for the formation of a special company of young men and clerks from Preston, Lytham, St Annes, and Blackpool, and by Thursday evening

the list was full, 254 young men having been enrolled. The company will be attested and enrolled during the week-end, and will probably leave Preston about noon on Monday. They will ultimately be attached to one of the Kitchener battalions of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment.

At the Public Hall up to yesterday between 600 and 700 recruits had been enrolled from Preston and district since the opening of the centre at noon on Monday. The number of recruits from the borough of Preston itself is still much behind the record of other cotton towns, in proportion to the population...."

Our second extract is again from The Preston Guardian on Saturday, 26th September 1914:

"...Good progress has been made during the week in the formation of the new 4th (Reserve) Battalion [Loyal].N[orth].L[ancashire]. (Territorials), recruits joining at the rate of 70 to 80 per day. The headquarters of the battalion in Avenham-lane is a centre of attraction to townfolk just now, and the daily route marches of the recruits, smartly uniformed and keen on their work, evidence the rapid progress of the men towards efficiency. Captain N. Whittaker and the depot staff are kept very busy with the many duties which go to the making up of a battalion for service, and all are keen on setting up a new record for enrolling and equipping a new battalion. This is the first time in the history of Preston that a second battalion has been embodied in a voluntary force.

For the 9th (Preston) Battery and Ammunition Column of the 2nd West Lancashire R[oyal].F[ield].A[rtilery]. recruiting has been suspended for a short time, the units being at full strength.

On Tuesday evening information was received at Preston that a number of wounded soldiers would arrive by train from Liverpool in the evening, and that conveyances would be required to take them to the military hospital at Fulwood.

The Voluntary Aid Association at once made arrangements for their comfort, calling up a detachment of nurses, and requisitioned five motor cars and an ambulance van. Mr. G. D. Hale, hon. secretary, and Dr. Hadfield, of the V[oluntary].A[id].D[etachment]., were also in attendance at the station and met the trains indicated, but no wounded men were seen.

From later information we learn that a number of wounded men belonging to Preston arrived by this train, but they were convalescent, and quite able to make their own way to the depot. With characteristic modesty they eluded the arrangements made for their reception. The original purpose of the military authorities at Liverpool to send to Preston some of the more serious cases was changed at the last moment, and the men were sent to the Fazackerley Hospital, along with a number of others who arrived at the port in a hospital ship that day."

Further information on Preston's Voluntary Aid Detachment, which was located on Moor Park, and the experiences of the soldiers that were treated there, will appear in my forthcoming book. For those that would like to read the memoirs of Nurse de Trafford, who worked on Moor Park VAD, then please contact me directly.

*

The next extract is designed to give you a taster of my two part special on the Preston Pals, which will form the next two instalment of this series. On July 23rd 2013 a book will be published celebrating the Preston Pals efforts. The date is significant and further information will follow as to why, stay tuned to the blog and twitter! The following was printed in The Preston Herald, 13th November 1914. The newspaper is now out of print but I would like to give thanks to the Harris Library, Preston (part of Lancashire County Council) for allowing me to quote. This newspaper is also available – in full – at Colindale, British Library, London, courtesy of them for also allowing for quotation.

"Preston 'Pals' and Their Parents.

The Preston 'Pals' were not very lucky when they were sent to Salisbury Plain – Salisbury Plain is 'off the map.' They have been there for over eight weeks, and many of them have not yet got their uniforms, or at least they had not a few days ago. They have to sleep in tents, and the weather has recently been anything but dry, with the consequence that the boys are wet and cold, and most of them sleep in their clothes. Good luck to the boys; they have not complained, but their parents have got anxious, and quite right, about them sleeping in tents at this time of the year. The parents do not expect that the boys should not rough it; but they do want the boys, if they have to be killed, to be killed by the enemy, and not by sleeping during training in a moist atmosphere. On Monday a deputation of parents waited on the Mayor (Alderman Cartmell) protesting against the condition under which the Preston 'Pals' had to sleep. The Mayor, after hearing the deputation, promised to write to Lord Kitchener upon the matter."

For those that are following the blog, I am hoping with permission, to put some extra sources on this month. I will announce this soon on twitter.

THE EARLY BRASS BANDS OF THE PRESTON DISTRICT

The earliest dates for which marching bands are reported locally begin around the coronation of George the Fourth in June 1821. "The various banners, flags etc. were exposed to the public gaze upon the steps leading to the obelisk, the *THIRD LANCASHIRE MILITIA BAND* playing martial airs, and the sound of various trumpets (sic) added greatly to the scene." A few years later, in 1828, it was reported "When Mr. Green will make his 54th Balloon Accent on Whit Monday, a *BAND OF MUSIC* will be in attendance." These early bands did not have the valved instruments that were the object of experiment at this time. Keyed brass instruments, some reed instruments, serpents, drums and percussion instruments were the only musical instruments available at this time that were suitable for a parading band. Following the Whitsuntide parades in 1830, there is no report of any marching bands playing, however, The Constitutional Society dined at the "Three Jolly Tars" and following the toasts the *OLD PRESTON BAND*, together with part of the choral society, were in attendance and contributed to the conviviality of the meeting with their professional endeavours. At Whitsuntide 1833 unnamed *MILITARY BANDS* accompanied both the Church of England and the Catholic Societies. This remained the pattern until 1836 when the Temperance Society parade included *THE TEE-TOTAL BAND*. In the Summer of 1836 *THE PROMENADE BAND* played a series of concerts on Avenham Walks, Winckley Square and at Mr Tomlinson's Pleasure Grounds which was at the bottom of Frenchwood Street, in order to give pleasure and amusement to the ladies and gentlemen of the town. This was made possible by subscriptions from many young gentlemen of the town. Notice was given in The Chronicle on the 27th August 1836 that *THE HARMONIC BRASS BAND* was engaged to play at the Regatta at The Bridge Inn, as the rowing matches were to start at Penwortham Bridge and sailing matches from Chain Caul Road. Trevor Herbert writing in "*Bands, The Making of the Movement*" refers to the *PRESTON UNITED INDEPENDENT HARMONIC BRASS BAND* who petitioned Mr Thomas Clifton on Lytham Hall to use the band "one of the finest in the country. Our band consists of 10 in number it is a brass band." Details of charges are included. Mr Herbert suggests that as the fees asked were substantial they might well have been working as professionals, amongst the earliest brass band musicians to play for fees.



The leader was Edward Kirby of 31 Alfred Street, Preston. The illustration shows a band in the 1842 Guild Trades' procession. At this time the good people of Preston celebrated

Whit Tuesday at nearby Goosnargh. In 1838 The Preston Pilot tells how "On this occasion there was an increased attraction, a report for some time having been in circulation that a number of members of the Independent Order of Oddfellows intended making a procession." On the day there was a considerable assemblage of persons in full uniform headed by the *PRESTON PROMENADE BAND*". At the "Goosnor Woke" in 1841 The Friendly Society had the *OLD MILITIA BAND* from

this (Preston) town. The Pilot reported that "At about 11 o'clock was heard the enlivening notes of the *OLD MILITIA BAND*. The clever performances of which added much to the pleasure of the day." In the years immediately following there were bands at Goosnargh but they were not named in the papers. Whitsuntide Celebrations in 1844 witnessed a further blossoming of local bands with the first mention of the "newly formed" *CHURCH OF ENGLAND BRASS BAND* playing in Preston on Whit Monday for the Church of England School Sick Society procession and on the following Tuesday at Goosnargh where "The Amicable Sick Society was preceded by the excellent *CHURCH OF ENGLAND SCHOOL BAND* from Preston." *THE CHIPPING BRASS BAND* played at Goosnargh, at Longridge there was a *BRASS BAND FROM HURST GREEN*, at Leyland *THE LEYLAND BAND* and at the school treats at St Wilfred's and at St Augustine's the *ST WILFRED'S GUILD BAND* played. In May 1845, on the Whit Monday, the Church of England School Sick Society were lead by the *CHURCH OF ENGLAND BAND* in their beautiful uniforms. *THE BLUECOAT JUVENILE BAND OF FIFES AND DRUMS* and also the *ST MARY'S CHURCH BAND* took part in the processions. In a further report of this event the Rev



Mr Miles Myres

J. Cousins, the incumbent at St James's, expressed his pride at being preceded by the *SUNDAY SCHOOL BAND* which was formed entirely of adult youths who received instruction in the school and "whose formation was solely owing to the generosity of one individual (Mr. Miles Myres). He concluded by hoping that they would not disgrace the true blue uniforms that they wore." Miles Myres was a teacher and for most of the time superintendent of the Parish Church Sunday School from 1826 until 1873. He held many civic offices in addition to

his roll of Sunday school teacher and superintendent and when he was the mayor organised "Entertainments for the People" at the public hall. In the early 1840's there were great innovations in the design and manufacture of brass instruments and they became mass-produced. A complete family (soprano to bass) of homogeneous valved bugles or saxhorns was created. Saxhorns were named after their creator, Adolphe Sax, the well-known Franco-Belgian instrument maker and inventor (who developed saxophones, a family of woodwind instruments). John Distin was a trumpet virtuoso whose four sons were also brass players. When the youngest was but 12, the family began touring the British Isles. Equipped with new saxhorns by Adolphe Sax, Distin's

flair for publicity, allied to Adolphe Sax's advance technology saw the beginnings of a new era for valved brass instruments. They performed at The Theatre Royal in Preston at Easter 1845 and returned on at least two further occasions. This combination of publicity and the economy of purchasing instruments appealed to a section of the middle-class factory owners in addition to influential members of the various churches in



Preston and, as occurred in many towns and villages, it was thought expedient to provide a set of instruments to a group of workers or a school class as joining a brass band was thought to provide an alternative to becoming involved with the political agitation that was rife at this time.

A Preston Lad

At Whitsuntide all the inmates at the homes, boys and girls, were kitted out with a new suit, due to a matter of course, we had simply grown out of them, and we wore our new outfits on Whit Monday. Procession and Walking Day it was commonly called. The Catholic faith had their procession in the morning and the Church of England and other faiths in the afternoon. At the age of nine or ten, I had been chosen to sing in the church choir, so in spite of being in the forefront of our walk, as the choir led the procession, my new suit was hidden by my surplus and cassock.

In a sense I felt a little frustrated that I could not preen my new feathers.

Miss Bergh-Rees, the vicar's daughter, did a bit of underhand work at this time in the church year. You see, the choir boys numbered about twelve, but by the time she had finished filching from the Sunday School, the choir boasted about twenty five to thirty boy choristers. Many of the cassocks were mens robes and had to be hoisted up and tied with string because they were too long.

I think we had one of the largest choirs in the whole of Preston, metaphorically speaking. It was a long walk, very tiring to some of us big lads, how some of the little tots of four or five, some even younger lasted out, I just don't know. I was, of course, in St Mary's walk and we had two bands, I know one was the Brindle Prize band and the other looked military but that could have been down to the uniform, looking more like soldiers than bandsmen.

People used to line the route of the procession, three or four deep, and, if they wanted a place at the front, they would take their chairs, stools or benches and place them in position around ten o'clock on the Sunday evening and someone stayed on guard. All the shops and offices had the firms personnel lining the upstairs windows.

All the young participants parents dashed out when their kids passed and gave them pennies etc., needless to say I was empty handed. Everyone got a cup of coffee, a bath bun and an orange on completion of the walk.

The men who carried the banners looked all in, especially if it had been a windy day or very hot. The women steerers and puller downers looked ready for a sit down too. At the end all the Sunday School teachers and Mothers Union had to sort out their little charges, dry a few eyes, and see them safely into their parent's care. And, of course, a whole army was involved in the handing out of the coffee and buns, thus ended Whit Monday.

However, better was to follow, in the morrow it was Whit Tuesday, and guess what, we went to the fair !

By nine a.m. dressed again in our new clothes, all the boys and girls of the orphanage duley escorted by Miss Hall and Miss Taylor, the 'mothers', all caught the tram to town and disembarked at the Town Hall. Where we were met, by guess who, no other than the Guardians, they never missed a trick, 'owt free' and they were there. All of us were given a blue and white paper flower to pin on our lapels, the Guardians as well. This emblem guaranteed the bearer, free rides, on anything on the fair. We could not suit ourselves, we had to go on whatever the Guardians chose.

Anyway, we did very well. The adults didn't go on the Flying Mary-Anns, but we did. Then, on the Dragons, the Swings, and a variety of other rides. Then we all trooped into this tent –like affair and were treated to a helping of parched peas, they were delicious and I saved all the juice till last.

For the first few years there was a small circus, but it was replaced later by the Wall of Death. We got into the circus but were not allowed to see the motorbike display. The excitement was over by twelve thirty and we returned via the tram to the orphanage. Our

clothes were changed, and once the new suits had been put away we sat down to dinner which had been simmering away in the oven. Washed the pots, cleared away and played in the grounds till teatime. We were all very careful not to misbehave for a while or would have to listen on a lecture on ungratefulness etc.

Talking or should I say writing about dinnertimes, when the school let loose its hordes of children at twelve o'clock, another custom was upheld. Any boy or girl whose father stayed at work during his dinner hour, was allowed to go home five minutes early, so they could get home and take or run with their dad's dinner. It was in a basin wrapped up with a red spotted handkerchief in such a way that it stayed warm and the four corners were knotted together to make a handy carrying handle. Dozens of kiddies could be seen scurrying to different factories as fast as they could so their pa's could get meal on time. The schools completely emptied, both of teachers and scholars, no such thing as school dinners or school milk in those days.

A family who came to live up North were heard to say that they never would get used to the clatter of clogs, especially at 5.30 in the morning, then the six o'clockers, carried on by the seven thirty starters, followed by a tidal wave of school children all in clogs, which repeated itself at dinner-time, and finally when the school shut at four thirty, and carried on till all the workers came at five thirty and six. They left after about 10 months, they had never seen clogs before, let alone wear them.

One boy at our school said his father and brother walked to Longridge to be at work for six o'clock, then walked it home again, rain or shine.

I used to feel lost and a bit forlorn when my mates who went my way home would say 'I'll just pop in and get a butty off mi' Mam'. John Maddox would take me in his house in Cranbourne Street and say 'Mam, can me and Eric have a piece of bunnock (parkin)'.

'Course you can, Luv' she would say and pat his head or bum. 'Ta, Mam' he would shriek and then accompany me a bit further both of us munching on big hunks of sticky bunnock. Or maybe, call at Francis Brindle's in Walpole Street, and get a pleasant smile and a sweet of Mrs Brindle, while Lucy glowered at her noisy brother. All these lads, or most of them, whose mothers showed them such affection. 'I'll ask mi Mam' or 'I'll see what me dad sez' all phraseology that I could never use and never had. They had mums who tucked them up in bed and gave them hot water bottles. They waved them off to school, and sometimes met them outside. They had aunts and uncles and cousins they could visit.

They could stop up at weekends till ten o'clock or go to the chip shop for a tu'penny mixture. One lad I knew was even allowed to read the newspaper. A lot went with their dads or big brothers to North End, and in the summer would go down to Church Deepes and dive off the Big and Little Rock. All taboo to us Home Lads, and none of us knew where we would be when our school days were over. One thing was certain we would still lead a life of loneliness and hard work. If only myself and contemporaries could only have confided in someone, I suppose some of us, did not conform to the strict rules that governed us, it could have been a cry for help or a shoulder to cry on, but there was no one, so our worries and passions had to be kept bottled up and the face we showed the world was in reality not the true one. When our orphanage days were over we faced the world with no one to counsel or care or help us. Like a driver who had passed his driving test and takes his first drive alone, all decisions had to be our own, at the tender age of fourteen, we had not lived in the real world very much and invariably decisions we had to make were the wrong ones.

More next month Arthur Eric Crook (1917-1997)

**A reunion of Lancashire railwaymen
will take place at the Leyland & Farington
Social Club, Leyland,
on the evening of Friday, August 2nd 2013,
to commemorate the 45th anniversary of the end
of steam traction on British Railways.**

Men from Lostock Hall, Rose Grove, Carnforth, Accrington, Lower Darwen, Bolton and Preston engine sheds, will all be welcome.

Admission fee will cover cost of room and buffet, and will be around £3.50 per head, according to the number attending, which has to be ascertained before August.

If you wish to attend, please contact:

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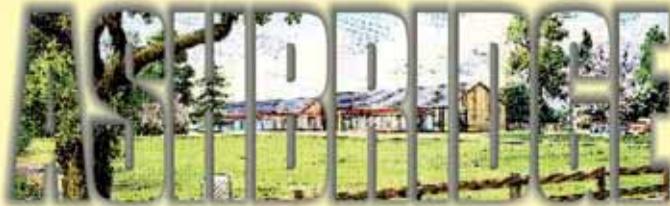
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