

The Preston Magazine



Issue 15
November 2013

Raised in Ribbleson
Miss Andy Anderton
Pablo Fanque's Circus

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Welcome

Welcome to the 15th 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 magazines, The Penwortham Magazine and 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 and Mr John Davies's new series 'Raised in Ribbleson'. Joshua's War by Sgt. J. Kelsall, a Preston soldier's diary of action in the trenches in WW1. Our ongoing serial 'A Preston Lad' by Arthur Eric Crook (1917-1997).

Should you require a copy each month, please contact us. We can also email you a pdf version of the magazine.

Ian Rigby, historian for Preston North End is appealing for any information from relatives of PNE former players relating to research of the club's history. Please contact Ian at Ianrigby351@btinternet.com or 01772 700966.

If you would like to submit any memories, information or photographs 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** – recently featured in the Lancashire Evening Post - is looking for old photos of Preston and surrounding area, please get in touch at the number below if you would like to contribute. We can scan any images for you.

A copy of each issue of all the magazines is kept at Lancashire Records Office.

Front Cover Image – Preston Cenotaph by Marty Hopkirk

The Preston Magazine will be on Preston FM's Chat City programme Tuesday 17th December at around 10 30.

Regards, Heather Crook

Contact Details - Heather 07733 321 911
121 Broad Oak Lane, Penwortham, Preston, PR1 0XA
Email theprestonmagazine@gmail.com

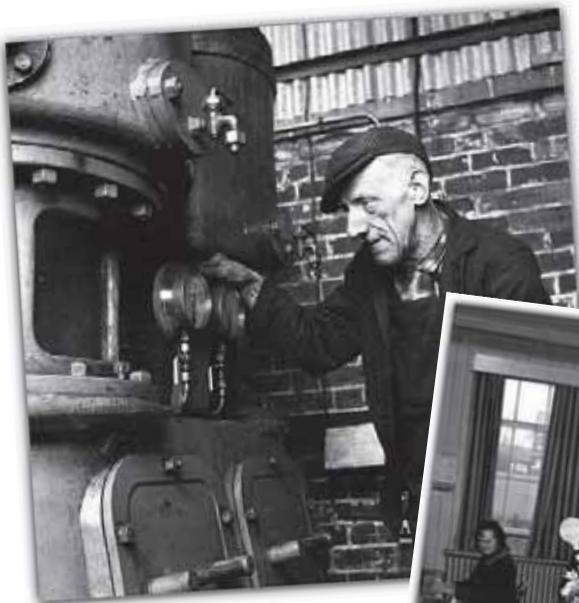
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Photographs from Preston's Past

A collection of three 'mystery' photographs on

Preston Digital Archive. The photograph of the gentleman was taken in 1966, the corner shop in 1955 and the Christmas Party in 1968. If you can help identify them please contact us on 07733 321911. **All the images are courtesy and copyright of the Lancashire Evening Post.**



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Picture of the Market Place

Readers may have observed being exhibited in the window of **Mr Kay**, Fishergate, a picture of the Covered Market, Orchard. The picture is of the brush of **Mr C E Shaw**, a local artist of marked ability, some of whose work we have previously had the pleasure of inspecting and commenting upon. In the work we are now noticing, some of his most prominent talents are amply evidenced. The picture is taken from the centre of the Covered Market looking south, and embraces a view of the surrounding buildings, with Lord-street, New-street and the Town Hall tower in the distance. While the background of the picture is carefully and truthfully painted, giving a most realistic conception of the scene depicted, it is in the foreground that we must look for the real merit and point of the work. The scene represents the market on one of the busy days, and there is worked into it a variety of figures, all of which will be more or less familiar to those who are in the habit of visiting the market and observing those who frequent it. The figures are strikingly characteristic, and show on the part of the artist, a skilful power of treatment, and a not less important insight and grasp of the peculiarities of feature, dress and deportment which are seen in our locality. On the back of the old bill-board carrier, whose features we think, will be easily recognised, there is a key to the work in the inscription 'Oddities and varieties' for of such indeed is the picture composed. For the skill displayed in the work, simply regarded from the standpoint of execution, Mr Shaw merits every praise, but a picture of such a nature must be viewed from an even higher standpoint before all its merits can be appreciated. We wish Mr Shaw success in a class of work for which he undoubtedly possesses a very great talent.

Preston Chronicle July 7th 1883



PRESTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PROGRAMME 2013-2014

- Monday 7 October 2013 *Fishergate, Step by Step*
Speaker: Stephen Sartin
- Monday 4 November 2013 *The River Ribble as a Frontier*
Speaker: Dr Malcolm Greenhalgh
- Monday 2 December 2013 *Echos through Time – A Preston
Postcard Collection*
Speaker: Linda Barton
- Monday 6 January 2014 *Swillbrook, Syke and Swansey Gutter
Discovering Preston's Hidden Watercourses*
Speaker: Dr Alan Crosby
- Monday 3 February 2014 *Horrockses of Preston: the Greatest Name
in Cotton*
Speaker: Dr David Hunt
- Monday 3 March 2014 *'Titanic Talks'*
Speaker: Nigel Hampson
- Monday 7 April 2014 *The Lancaster Canal: Wigan to Kendal
and its Historical Impact on Preston*
Speaker: David Slater
- Monday 12 May 2014 Annual General Meeting followed by
The Films of Will Onda
Speaker: Emma Heslewood

The meetings are held in St John (The Minster),
Church Street, Preston PR1 3BU, starting at 7.15 pm

Visitors and new members are very welcome

Members £10 annual subscription.

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PLEASE COME AND JOIN US

For further information contact our Secretary, Karen Doyle
Telephone 01772 862673 or Email kd@pdprojects.co.uk

www.prestonhistoricalsociety.org.uk

Preston Mills

Ebenezer Elliott (1781–1849)

The day was fair, the cannon roar'd,
Cold blew the bracing north,
And Preston's Mills by thousands poured
Their little captives forth.

All in their best they paced the street,
All glad that they were free;
And sung a song with voices sweet—
They sung! of Liberty!

But from their lips the rose had fled,
Like "death-in-life" they smiled;
And still, as each passed by, I said,
Alas! is that a child ?

Flags waved, and men—a ghastly crew—
Marched with them, side by side:
While, hand in hand, and two by two,
They moved—a living tide;

Thousands and thousands—all so white!—
With eyes so glazed and dull!
Oh, God! it was indeed a sight
Too sadly beautiful!

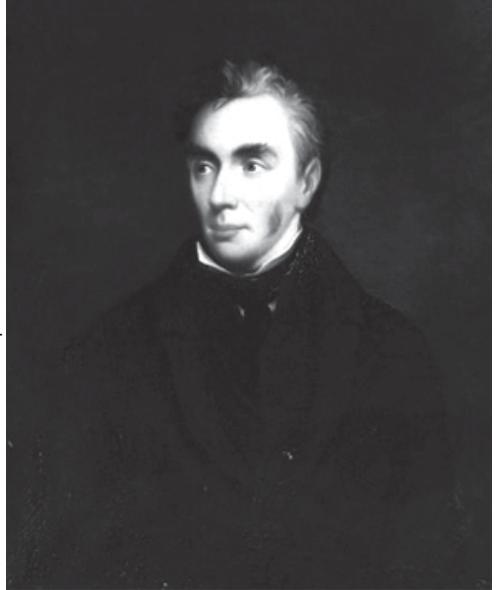
And, oh, the pang—their voices gave
Refuses to depart!
"This is a wailing for the grave!"
I whisper'd to my heart.

It was as if, where roses blushed,
A sudden, blasting gale,
O'er fields of bloom had rudely rushed,
And turned the roses pale.

It was as if, in glen and grove,
The wild birds sadly sung,
And every linnnet mourn'd its love,
And every thrush its young.

It was as if, in dungeon gloom,
Where chain'd despair reclined,
A sound came from the living tomb,
And hymned the passing wind.

And while they sang, and though they smiled,
My soul groaned heavily—
Oh, who would be or have a child!
A mother who would be!



"Who is the Poet of the Poor if not me?" asked Ebenezer Elliot. His poems of poverty in the early industrial revolution and his passionate verse calling for reform of the Corn Laws certainly make his work interesting socio-politically. Critics have been less kind about the poetic qualities of his verse. Judge for yourself...

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Miss Andy Anderton

Many of us have been engrossed reading the memories of Miss Andy Anderton about her years at The Harris Orphanage from 1912 to 1922. When 14 years of age, on leaving school, the children were given special duties for the next year, at the end of which, they were 'released' to relatives and friends.

At the age of 15 in 1922 Andy – after being fitted out with a new set of clothes from Gooby's in Preston – left the disciplined but kindly care of the Harris.

After staying with an aunt in Preston for a while, Andy went to Canada to stay with another aunt. She remained there for about a year then returned to live with her aunt in Primrose Grove, Holme Slack, Preston, where they were joined by her grandmother. Andy's grandfather had died in 1916. Then, in about 1925, Andy began her long career with Woolworth's, a career that was to span almost 50 years, taking her from Preston to Penrith, Liverpool, Kensington, Castleon, and finally Rochdale from where she retired as personnel officer.

Miss Anderton never lost her affection for Broughton Parish Church even though she had left Preston more than 50 years previously and lived in Rochdale, in 1981 she gave a party and slap-up feed to the church's choir. A second party the year after and another in 1983. Mike Dryland who had two sons in the choir – met Miss Anderton at one of these parties. As a

result of that meeting she wrote her remarkable account of what she called 'My First 15 Years', which we having been reading over the last few months.

Is there anyone who remembers attending one these parties or indeed knew Miss Anderton, we would love to hear from you. If there is anyone who has memories of spending time at The Harris Orphanage and have written or may write their memoirs about that time we would love to include them in this publication.

Please do get in touch. Does anyone know what happened to her brother David Anderton, who was four years older than Andy and would have been born around 1903.



Miss Andy Anderton



The "South-West house" at the Harris Orphanage, Preston, where Andy Anderton lived from 1912 to 1922.

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NED DAVIS, Agent.

Preston Chronicle 12th August 1871

Small Men, but Huge stars!

*

A story by Steve Halliwell

In the autumn of 1871, Preston's Corn Exchange was the recipient of one of the world's biggest, and at the same time, smallest, stars of the entertainment world.

General Tom Thumb and his wife, in real life, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stratton, and his colleagues in the world of entertainment, Commander Nutt and Miss Minnie Warren, appeared for a total of six nights before their return to America at the end of a world tour. It had taken them to Japan, China, Siam (Thailand), Ceylon, Australia, India, Egypt, and the European Continent, a not inconsiderable feat, before touring 'almost every town and city in Great Britain.'

All four of them were small people that at the time were referred to as dwarfs. Charles Stratton (General Tom Thumb) had been born in 1838 as a rather large nine pounds eight ounces baby, and grew normally for six months. But having reached 25 inches in height, he stopped growing, and grew not an inch in the next five years. He was one of several children, with the others being of ordinary proportions.

P.T. Barnum, the circus entrepreneur, was a distant half cousin, of the General, and it was he who contacted Charles' parents, before teaching the boy to sing, dance, mime, and impersonate famous people. The General made his first tour of America at the age of five, with routines that included impersonations of *Cupid* and *Napoleon Bonaparte*, as well as singing and dancing and comical banter with a performer who acted as a straight man. It was a huge success, and the tour eventually expanded to the extent described in the second paragraph.

Charles Sherwood Stratton died at the age of 45 years in 1883. By the end of his life he had grown to 3' 4" and weighed five stones. Over 10,000 people attended his funeral, and P.T. Barnum purchased a life-size statue of Tom Thumb, and placed it as a gravestone



Charles Stratton and Lavinia Warren

Raised in Ribbleton

In 2005/6 our daughter told me of reading in the paper that Strawberry Cottage, Lambert Road, Ribbleton was to be demolished and rebuilt. I decided to have a look at the place where I spent most of my first nine years. I was surprised to see the new development into a close beyond the neighbouring bungalow. Whilst in the close a young woman arrived and was obviously suspicious of Dorothy's and my curiosity. I thought it wise to explain what we were doing there. She was very interested and told me that it was her mother who lived in the close and having come from a farm she had wanted to buy the cottage but she was too late. When I spoke of my interest in the place she said, 'You should write it down'. She worked with the wife of the owner of the house and said, 'I am sure they would let you look round it'. This they very kindly did and what memories it evoked and so here goes.

I went to the cottage when I was two or three months old to live with my Davies grandparents and my Auntie Emily. I was born in Hale Barns, Cheshire but my father was seriously ill with Rheumatic Fever contracted when he was a child from swimming in an infected pond. He died when I was four months old. Strange in view of later events ! I understand my Dad was brought back to Preston because Grandad had for some time paid to support a bed in Preston Royal Infirmary and so it was available and treatment free. My mother lived with us for a short time working at Sergeants tobacconists in Friargate next to where the old Hippodrome stood but she soon went back to Hale Barns. My granddad had probably brought the place in 1923/4 prior to retirement as an Inspector from Preston Borough Police. Before joining the police he had been a parks gardener and he wanted somewhere with land that he could run along the lines of a small-holding. The cottage was a fantastic place for a young boy; plenty of space and outbuildings to explore. My first recollection is of walking on a garden frame and naturally falling through the glass. I was unhurt but received a severe telling off. I was told that my reply had been 'Well, Pussy does it'. I think I must have been about three at the time. A vivid memory of my very early childhood was having my tonsils out at Preston Royal Infirmary. I was terrified to death as the red rubber mask was put across my face threatening suffocation. Another story of my very early childhood of which I have extremely vague memories is the time I wandered off on my own from Strawberry Cottage. At that time there was a Police Station at Gamull Lane junction. Whether someone picked me up and took me there or whether a policeman spotted me I don't know but that is where I ended up. It must be over a mile from Lambert Road ! My vague memory is of being at the Police Station where, fortunately a policeman who knew my granddad recognised me and took me home.

When the Greenlands housing estate was built in the early 1930's some of the first tenants had to be moved out after a few weeks whilst the houses were fumigated. I believe some were accommodated in tents on a nearby field !

The cottage had a very large garden and several outbuildings. There was a huge corrugated iron cart shed and attached to the house was a stable. Above the stable and reached via a vertical ladder on the wall was a joiner's shop. It was not let out to a joiner but used by my Grandad, who was a quite capable woodworker. I still have and use some of his tools. There were two greenhouses, one heated and one cold, and a 'provin' shed containing three large round vats for animal feed. During my time at the house these were used to store food for the hens – Indie corn – as Grandad called it. On the land to the side and rear of the cottage were two big hen pens. We kept hens, and, at Christmas turkeys, and also fantail pigeons but these were for ornament only, we never ate them but I learned

very early on how to dress a fowl.

There was no electricity in the house but there was gas lighting both upstairs and down. In the dining or living room to the right of the front door we supplemented the gas lighting when necessary with oil lamps. This living room was fitted with a black iron range in which my Granny baked our bread and cakes etc. Our hot water also came from a boiler within the range. The range needed to be black-leaded and the bright steel handles burnished with steel wool. There was, however, a gas stove in the kitchen behind the living room where there was also a clothes rack suspended from the ceiling. I don't remember the parlour to the left of the front door ever being used. Upstairs was the bath. In Aunt Emily's bedroom ! It was a dual purpose being fitted with a hinged lid to serve as a seat. As far as I can remember I was never bathed in it but always in the galvanised steel bath tub in front of the fire. I suppose that the water would have had to be carried upstairs to the bath from the living room boiler.

Again the closet was outside but was actually a flushing water closet; what a luxury ! One of Grandad's jobs was to make 'wipes' out of the Lancashire Daily Post as it was called then. These were hung on a nail close to the pan. I was told that my father Jim once kept an owl in the walled yard outside the back door. He was also very friendly with the man who stuffed animals and birds for the Harris Museum.

In 1930 Grandad gave a large piece of land to Auntie Madge and her husband Uncle Harry Hull to build a house although he retained the hen pens to the rear of it. One night when staying at Aunt Madge's a fire broke out in Alderman Herbert's ginger beer, vinegar (Aliker) and firelight factory. What a mixture in one building ! I had a great view from the back bedroom window of a most spectacular blaze. There was a well down about three steps at the bottom of the garden where I used to gather frog spawn. Down the centre of the garden to the side of the hen pens was a path and across it we grew fruit and vegetables. We also grew hops but never brewed beer. The yard between the sheds and Aunt Madge's house was cobbled and it was my job to keep it weed free, which I did with an old worn out table knife. I still use it for the same purpose.

In the field to the west of Aunt Madge's house was a field owned by the said John Herbert filled with beer crates and dilapidated old wagons. My pal, Harry 'Bud' Attwater and myself were playing in them when one day old Herbert came out shouting and waving a stick. In my haste to get out of the lorry the edge of the door dug in my knee. I had a scar for many years afterwards. In later years whilst radio servicing I had to visit Herbert's house. It was lunchtime and the family were seated round the table eating something like a soupy hotpot. All dipping their spoons into one large cast iron pot in the centre of the table ! There were trails of liquid hotpot across the table – no cloth – to each of the family's positions.

To the other side of the house was a large bungalow. In the 1920's and 30's this was owned and occupied by a Mr David and Mrs Ainsworth. They were obviously well off by the standards of the day but nevertheless they were our good friends. David Ainsworth was quite a character himself. He was a hay and straw merchant operating from the Old Vicarage yard, off Lancaster Road, in Preston. It later became a garage still owned by Ainsworths. It is now part of St Johns Shopping Centre. David also owned the Guild Cinema in Geoffrey Street where Aunt Madge played the piano for silent films. During the 1930's the family visited America; very unusual in those days. I wonder if it was anything to do with the cinema. When they returned the whole road turned out to welcome them. This was not his only venture. He rode a horse from John O'Groats to Land's End. Another excuse for a splendid celebration in the road on his splendid return.

John Davies more next month

Pablo Fanque and the Circus in Preston

Mention Pablo Fanque to people of a certain age and they will immediately refer you to the 1967 Beatles song "Being for the benefit of Mr Kite" on the "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" album. The song was inspired by a poster found by John Lennon that advertised that Pablo Fanque's Circus was to perform in Rochdale on the 14th February 1843 and the song included references to the various performances that could be anticipated. Pablo Fanque could be described as a typical circus owner who toured the towns and cities of Britain offering entertainment and amusement; but he wasn't. Pablo Fanque was the first black circus proprietor in Britain. John M. Turner, Fanque's biographer, speculates that *"his father was African-born and had been brought to the port of Norwich and trained as a house servant."* Around 1821, under his own name, William Darby, he joined Batty's Circus and became



proficient in rope-dancing, posturing, tumbling &c.; and was also considered a very good equestrian. In all probability he visited Preston in April 1833 when Batty's Circus visited the town. The reference in the advert to for five nights only was *"To inform the Nobility and Public generally that in consequence of the raptures of applause bestowed on the Performances at the Circus, at the particular request of several families of distinction, he has made arrangements to prolong his stay for the above five nights"*. The circus was a semi-permanent building at this time and only *"inferior itinerant companies used temporary erections"* Typical of the more permanent

structures was "The Temple of Artists" erected by Mr Ryan in Lord's Field at the top of Grimshaw Street in October 1834: - *"The house which was well lighted with gas, and warmed by stoves, presented a more than anticipated degree of elegance. The first boxes are covered with scarlet cloth, the second with green: the fronts of the galleries forming the pit, are decorated with flying horses or 'Pegassi', raised in gilt relieve, and empannelled in octagonal gilt work also in alto. Between these are fixed neat oil paintings, representing several of the scenes successfully enacted by the equestrians of the company. The pillars are covered with pink cloth, and over them are other devices, flags etc. The ceiling is painted on canvas, in a circular form, the size of the ring below - and enriched by figures etc. and at each corner attached to the extreme pillars of the galleries are heraldic ensignia of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, from which flags are projected - having a truly rich and beautiful appearance."* The dress tier of private boxes was fitted up with great consideration to comfort, convenience and elegance; the seats being stuffed and covered in scarlet cloth. Fanque left Batty's Circus for a time rejoining them in 1841 before setting up his own establishment in Warrington in January 1842. For Fanque it was a fortunate decision as in April that year Batty's circus building in Manchester was completely destroyed by fire.



Writing in 1857 Charles Hardwick described "The Orchard" or "Chadwick's Orchard" as a large plot of valuable building land known as an arena for public meetings that, at Whitsuntide, and other holidays, has for some years furnished accommodation for the numerous shows, travelling theatre, fly boats, swing boxes, whirligigs etc.; these shows having been previously located at "Lord's Field" at the top of Grimshaw Street. It is now the site of the covered market. Following the example of Mr Batty, in May 1842 Pablo Fanque

2

PABLO FANQUE'S CIRCUS,
IN THE ORCHARD.
NIGHTLY OVERFLOWS!
SECOND GRAND CHANGE OF PERFORMANCE,
ON MONDAY, TUESDAY, AND WEDNESDAY,
MAY, 30th and 31st, and JUNE 1st, 1842.

MR. PABLO FANQUE
RESPECTFULLY informs the Inhabitants of Preston and Vicinity, that the Circus has been fitted up with every attention to comfort, having been thoroughly lined,—particularly the Boxes, every crevice being stopped, to prevent draughts, and fitted up with taste; in short, every care has been taken to render the place as comfortable as possible, the Proprietor having spared neither pains nor expense to ensure him patronage and support.

A separate Private Entrance has been erected to the Boxes, Side Boxes, and Pit.

It is Mr. F.'s intention to give the proceeds of one night to some Charitable Institution in Preston; due notice of which will be given.

PROGRAMME OF PERFORMANCES.

- 1st. Mr. Pablo Fanque's intricate Leaping over a number of difficult objects.
- 2nd. First of May; or, Frolics of Cupid in the Soot Bag. Master Pablo Fanque.
- 3rd. Two Nondescripts—Messrs. Griffiths and Heath.
- 4th. Principal Act of Horsemanship—Mr. Moffatt.
- 5th. Statues of the Acrobats—Messrs. Smith and Taylor.
- 6th. Horsemen of all work—Mr. Pablo Fanque.
- 7th. Corda Flexa—Mr. H. Walker.
- 8th. Serious Pastimes—Three Fingered Jack—Mr. Moffatt, and whole Company.
- 9th. Tight Ropes—Master Pablo Fanque.
- 10th. Merry Millers; or, Old Grub's Wedding Day. Boxes, 2s.; Side do., 1s.; Pit, 6d.; Gallery, 3d.

Sole Proprietor, Mr. PABLO FANQUE; Riding Master and Acting Manager, Mr. MORTYATT; Clowns, Messrs. KEMP and GRITTITH.

For the accommodation of Families and Country Visitors, a GRAND PERFORMANCE will take place on SATURDAY, JUNE 4th, commencing at two o'clock.

erected his circus on Chadwick's Orchard and the description suggests that it was the equal of Mr Ryan's building in every way. In particular in the manner in which the prominent citizens of the district were encouraged to attend with private entrances to the boxes where the occupants would find "every crevice being stopped, to prevent draughts, and fitted up with taste; in short, every care has been taken to render the place as comfortable as possible, the Proprietor having spared neither pains nor expense to ensure him patronage and support." These efforts to attract the upper-class patrons were to add an air of respectability to the establishment at a time of great distress and conflict between employers and workers. Following a season through May and into July the circus closed to reopen on the 13th of August. On this very day there was a gathering of hundreds of workers on "The Orchard" followed by the serious disturbances that resulted in several workers being killed and wounded in Lune Street. In spite of this it would seem that the guild continued and contemporary reports that "Mr

Pablo Fanque's Circus opened each evening with a double company, and every performance was to crowded houses". Pablo Fanque became a frequent visitor to the town, returning a number of times, becoming a familiar figure, walking with The Oddfellows at the guild and in subsequent Whitsuntide processions accompanied by his band and horses. In May 1845 he published a long letter "To the Gentry, Inhabitants and Public of Preston" where he explained that the reason for the increase in admission prices was the expansion of the circus from seven horses, three ponies and seven performers when he first visited the town to thirty beautiful horses and upward of thirty performers. His patrons on this visit included Masters, Wardens and Brethren of the Free and Accepted Masons on the Wednesday and Samuel Horrocks on the Friday. Children from the Charity Schools were to be admitted for half price and children employed at the various factories were to have special show at 4pm on the Saturday at 3d each.



From 1842 scrapbook in Harris Museum Collection

Opening of an Industrial Home for Fallen Women in Ashton

On Thursday afternoon, an industrial home for fallen women, for Preston and district, was opened by the Ven. Archdeacon Hornby, in Ashton. The movement for such an institution was started in May last, and the matter was taken up with much warmth and sympathy by gentlemen and ladies in Preston and Ashton. Mr T H Myres, was appointed secretary, and through his exertions a house known as Tulketh Cottage, at Ashton, was secured for a term of years. Various alterations were made on the premises, and now there is accommodation for a considerable number of inmates. The subscriptions to the undertaking have been very liberal, and the committee may congratulate themselves on having such an auspicious commencement of the Home. The principles on which the establishment will be conducted are similar to those of other towns, being unsectarian in character, and managed by a lady who has great experience in such work. The rules with regard to the conducting of the institution are very stringent, the committee desiring that the inhabitants in the locality in which it is situate should not be inconvenienced by it. The women who enter it will do so voluntarily, but they will not be able to leave just when they please, certain restrictions being absolutely necessary. The committee compel every women leaving the Home to give twenty four hours notice to the matron, and say that, except in particular and rare circumstances, no woman leaving of her own choice, or who has been expelled for bad conduct will ever again be allowed to enter the institution. The inmates will be required to do such work as washing and sewing, and in this way learn how to gain an honest livelihood as well as do something towards supporting themselves whilst in the Home. Other regulations of a commendable description have also been made, and there is every reason to believe that the undertaking will a great boon to that class of society for which it is intended. The furniture and other requisites have been contributed generally, or collected by the ladies and gentlemens committees and everything is ready for the admission of those women who may avail themselves of the benefits of this institution. The Archdeacon said they were met this day for a laudable object – to open an establishment for the admission of fallen women. Those that were acquainted with that class of women in the town of Preston agreed there was not only cause, but a very great cause for an Industrial Home for Fallen Women. There seemed from what he had heard, that in this important town there were houses – and not a few of them – which were let and taken for the express purpose of accommodating fallen women, and he believed also that there were many women who were ready to avail themselves of this accommodation. Surely then they saw a cause for the object they were met that day to promote. There were people in connection with this movement who had influence in the town and he asked them to use that influence as far as possible to prevent houses being used for the purpose of carrying on trade of fornication. The life these women led might be pleasure for a time but the time did come sooner or later when all the pleasure had past and gone, and when nothing but sorrow remained. She dare not go home, if a home she had, for the door would be shut in her face, and the finger of scorn would be pointed at her in the neighbourhood, whilst a home like that they were opening, held itself out to her, where she might find shelter, happiness and comfort. It might be said there was no hope of reforming such women, but experience declared the contrary. It might be that a women would find her way to that home where she would give up her old ways, and by kind tuition turn and walk henceforward in purity of life.

Preston Chronicle March 1st 1879

Recipes from the Preston Chronicle – 'Hints to Housewives' section (1880's)

Spring Fruit and Custard Pudding - Two cupsful of stewed rhubarb, two cupsful of new milk, two eggs, a cupful and a half of breadcrumbs, two tablespoons of sugar and a little grated nutmeg. Mix crumbs and rhubarb in a bowl, beat eggs and sugar, add the milk to them. Mix well with the rhubarb, crumbs and nutmeg. Pour all into a well-buttered pie dish and bake till set and nicely browned.

Apple Cake - Knead together half a pound of flour well dried before the fire, two eggs, a little salt, half a cup of milk or water, and a quarter of a pound of butter. Roll this mixture out about half a finger in thickness, place in a turn the sides of which must be turned up all round. Peel some apples, core and cut them into quarters, then place them in the dough, each quarter straight up. Sprinkle a little lemon juice and powdered sugar and spice over the apples. Bake in a hot oven. This recipe can be varied using plums cut in quarters, instead of apples. Jan 31 1891

Potato Scones – Boil and peel six sound potatoes, mash them till they are perfectly smooth and free from lumps – a fork does this the best. Add a little salt, then knead it out (adding a little flour) until it is an inch thick. A griddle is best to bake on – and the scone should be pricked lightly with a fork – this prevents them from blistering. Butter them while quite hot, they are delicious.

Vegetable Fritters – Almost any kind of cooked vegetable left over from dinner may be employed in the preparation of vegetable fritters, but celery, cucumbers, carrots and potatoes are especially good. Chop the vegetable into a very tiny dice, season and mix with the requisite quantity of rich frying batter, a large breakfast cupful of batter and a large teacupful of vegetables will make a good size dish of fritters. When thoroughly mixed, drop the preparation, a tablespoon full at a time, into boiling fat, when it will swell up rapidly to twice the original size. When nicely coloured, remove the fritters, drain on blotting paper, pile up high on a folded napkin, sprinkle finely chopped hot parsley over them and serve.

Scotch broth – this can be made either of neck of mutton or 'runner' of beef ie. The top of the leg of mutton piece. Put three pounds of meat into a large pot with three quarts of water and a teaspoonful of pearl barley, bring it all to the boil, then skim it carefully, add salt to taste, and let it boil steadily for an hour. Meanwhile, grate a carrot, cut a small turnip into dice, shred two leeks small, and mince as fine as possible a cabbage, or an equal amount of greens, or kale, whence the Scotch name of this broth, and leave them in cold water till wanted. For delicate digestions, the minced vegetables should be put in a bowl and covered with boiling water, and left for ten minutes. The broth should be boiled another hour after the vegetables are added, then the meat lifted out, a little finely minced parsley and season added to taste, and the broth is served in a tureen, the meat being set up on a separate dish, garnished with some of the broth's vegetables, or with whole ones cooked in the broth, and a little of the broth as gravy. After the vegetables are added, Scotch cooks stir the broth constantly with a wooden spoon, or a long round stick they call a 'spurtle'. As this stays in the pan till it is served, the lid of the pan is always tilted, not tightly closed, as in other soup making.

Send a photo to us if you make any of the recipes !

JOSHUA'S WAR (Part 2)

A Preston soldier's diary of action in the trenches of WW1

There are some real 'Ancient Inhabitants' knocking about, many doing a hard day's work in the fields. Most have passed life's allotted span by a few years to spare. The look the real old fashioned sort. Reminds me of 'The Angelus' that beautiful painting by Millet. Thousands of troops have arrived this last few days. Most of them have gone up to the front or to Nantes as, with the exception of the officers, few have arrived at the base.

Oct 2nd. Ordered to 'stand by' for the front.

Oct 3rd. Left St Nazaire for the front. Arrived at Braisne on the 5th. Saw an aeroplane being shelled by the Germans also 7 graves by the railway line, Lieu. Toothill and six men who had been poisoned by the drinking water hereabouts. One of the men was Jake McCutcheon, Loyal North Lancs, think I know him.

After a good wash and brush up and a hearty breakfast, we marched to Dhuyiel, distance four miles from the trenches. Here we spent the day feeding mostly and watching the bursting of German shells that must have missed their billet by miles. They fired at least on hundred shells at a British bi-plane. It was rather exciting watching the shells burst all round the machine and the airman coming scatheless through it all, also dangerous as he flew over our billet most of the time. He must have crossed the German lines at least a dozen times that day.

Oct. 6th. Marched part of the way back to Braisne to join our Third Battalion who were returning from the trenches. Orders were countermanded after we had covered the best part of the distance.

Oct. 7th. Marched to Maast (a night march as all our trekking is at present). Here we billeted in an enormous cave that had been dug out of solid rock. We rested here till 7 pm the following evening when off we started again for Corey. The country through which we passed alternating between forest and plain. This was a terribly gruelling march. We arrived somewhere in the Corey district where we bivouacked in the forest beat to the world. Find the present blankets as much use as cigarette paper for keeping out the cold, mine being a piece of suiting of poor quality. If the commissariat had not provided an issue of rum we would have been in poor plight.

We arrived here at 2 am, reveille being 5 hours later when they took our blankets and oil sheets from us. This prevented us from obtaining any real rest to prepare us for the next march. Some of us could do with a full days holiday but we must move quickly.

If the Germans march as quickly as we, they must be marvels. They are, according to rumour, on very short commons whereas we have plenty of food of good quality.

We got on the march at 3 pm passing through the village of Dampleux on the edge of the forest. Our Infantry Brigade (the 17th, 6th Division) is composed of the Royal Fusiliers, The Liensters, North Staffords, and ourselves (Rifle Brigade, 3rd Battalion).

By the time we arrived at Villers a lot of men had fallen out, some through exhaustion, others on the off chance of getting a wet by the roadside as the French soon buck you up if fatigued. They are kindness itself. This has been our hardest march so far. Found on arriving at Gilecourt that about 300 men had fallen out, the bulk of them through sheer exhaustion or bad feet.

Next morning every mothers son of them paraded before their Company Officers who kindly fined them for so many days pay in addition to a Regimental Entry, a particularly

cruel punishment as it spoils a man's character on return to civil life. If it 'cured' the exhaustion or bad feet it would be a different matter altogether. We had but ten more miles to march so had a good days rest.

Started at Compiègne through the forest of that name the road being as straight as an arrow all the way. Rather enjoyed this march as there was a ride at the end of it. Entrained at Compiègne 3 am. Arrived at Blandecques about 30 miles from the Belgian frontier at 7 am.

Sunday October 11th. Had breakfast in an old mill and prepared to move off at 1.30. Must say the train journey from Compiègne was the rottenest imaginable as we were cooped up worse than homing pigeons with no sanitary arrangements whatever. We then marched to an old mill on the bank of a river about a mile away where rations were issued and we rested about three hours after which we marched another 13 miles to Arques where we billeted for the night in a glassworks alongside the canal.

Oct 12th. We got news that the first patrol of the German Army was in the vicinity of Hazelbrouck about 15 miles away. We were packed up on motor lorries at once and away we sped to our first brush with the enemy. Although but 15 miles travelling, it took us 2 hours to do the journey owing to the enormous traffic of war material and refugees from Hazelbrouck on the roads. There is not the slightest doubt that the Uhlans (German Lancers) have struck terror into these people's hearts. We billeted here in the house of a music and dancing teacher, Mssr. Maarten. We were roused next morning at 7 am.

Oct 13th. The General having ordered a Brigade advance, (A) (my own) and 'D' Companies were detached to lead the attack. We had to take a strong German position well entrenched, and a couple of Krupps guns to contend with. They were holding a ridge outside the village of Outtersleeve.

We advanced to the attack in columns of route by section across half a mile of ground without a vestige of cover for a mouse under very strong shrapnel fire from the two guns in front and rifle fire from the trenches. I don't know what the German gunners thought of our Battalion that day ! It must have been an eye-opener for some of them.

As regards discipline, we went at a steady walk all the way across as on parade – no halting, all fours covering off and keeping in step our officers leading the way, not driving us like they are used to. I believe the General complimented our Colonel on our 'splendid display' (the General's words). This was my first experience of being under fire.

My Company lost one killed and about 10 wounded. The Battalion all told lost 15 killed and over 200 wounded. Very lucky I thought. I'm sure with the same position to hold, our artillery would have wiped out the whole Battalion. It took 1 ½ hours to land the village. The Staffordshires lost 40 killed on our right. They captured 2 machine guns.

Oct. 14th. Standing to arms at 3 am in the trenches we had dug out during the night. It rained all one night so we were soaked to the skin.

8 am. Officers go to breakfast in the village – myself on a tour of the trenches we had taken a hundred yards away found all manner of things in them, full of rum and wine bottles and parts of equipment the Germans had discarded in the flight. We buried their dead and our own and marched off at 4 pm.

The natives here are very good. Gave us a liberal supply of tobacco. One brave fellow tried to chase a cow when the shrapnel was bursting pretty close so that the boys would have milk with the hot coffee he had brought to our trench. I forgot to mention that I got a clinking (shrapnel ?) dinner during my tour on the lonesome.

October 15th. We were support to the Staffs this day. We are continuing pursuit of the retiring Germans. Keep hearing of prisoners being captured.

A Preston Lad

I remember one exciting episode in Preston's history. The year, 1926, and Admiral Jellicoe who was at the Battle of Jutland was coming to our town, to unveil the War Memorial, or should I say cenotaph to honour the dead of the First World War. It was a boiling hot day, in fact, it was a scorching summer and soldiers lined the streets. I was in Birley Street and every so often a soldier would suddenly drop flat on his face in the roadway, one fell with his face hitting his fallen rifle and cut his face. They were in their khaki uniforms, peaked caps and putties, almost to their knees. Their comrades could not help them they stood motionless staring straight ahead. All their faces were pouring with sweat but they stood rigid to attention waiting for the big man to appear.

Another flag waving turn of events was when the Sultan of Zanzibar was visiting Horrockes Mill in Stanley Street. All the schools got a day off for the occasion. Couldn't see much of his face it was all turban, beard and whiskers. But the dress of the royal person and his entourage was something to see. I was nine years old at the time.

One was afraid of playing truant, I only did it once and got caught. If any children



of my ilk were too ill to attend school a note was sent to the Headmaster giving the reason for our absence. For ordinary kids there was a danger, the school board. His job was to stalk the streets of town looking for errant children on the street during school hours. If the miscreants spotted a man in dark clothes and a bowler hat with a sort of brief case they were off. Quite a few were accosted by him, and a report was made out if the kid's explanation was not satisfactory. Regular absentees, he went straight to the house and harangued the parents. I think sometimes his parentage was cast in doubt by more lenient parents, who although they didn't actually condone their children's actions they put it down to high spirits and a desire to be free on a hot summers day, or maybe they were remembering what they did at the same age. Some dads however got summoned if their progeny did it too often. I and my pal Norman were caught playing hookey so simply – a neighbour who knew Miss Hall spotted us in town and reported the facts to her. Our idea was and we did, was to go and see his auntie who lived somewhere near the canal. We walked down Garstang Road and then traversed Frank Street or somewhere in that vicinity. Then I was on foreign territory and had no idea where I was. Norman, of course, was on home ground and led us to some dingy back to back houses. His aunt and a grown up niece really made a fuss of him and asked us in. Although it was a sunny day it seemed dark inside the

house but a cup of tea was provided and a piece of seed cake, which was not so fresh. A newspaper served as a tablecloth and a soldier was sat at the table, wielding a fly swat, he was quite dextrous with it as the amount of squashed flies he had accounted for proved. He was a cockney, and was talking about having had a good 'nosh up' somewhere or other, I learned after that nosh was his way of saying grub or food. He was singing a song which ended with the words, 'and I don't believe he'll do it again for munts and munts and munts'. Evidently his way of saying months. Also the word 'fink' kept coming out and 'fevver'. Then later when I asked the time he replied 'Free o'clock, mite'. He was courting the girl in the house and was at Fulwood Barracks. Those days if a girl went out with a squaddie she earned the disapproval of all and sundry. In fact, it was worse than a Catholic, or Red Neck, keeping company with a Proddy Dog. We managed to get back to the home around the usual time 4.40 pm, as if we were returning from school. She was waiting for us, with arms akimbo, she gushed 'And where have you two been !' 'Coming home, Ma' we said. 'From where !' she answered. Alarm bells rang, but I answered 'From school, Ma'. Wham ! a hand like a number twelve shovel connected with my left ear. I picked myself up off the floor as she said 'So your school's moved to North Road has it'. That is where we had been seen by her informant. 'Now Norman, come on, out with it, the truth, don't be led by Crook with his usual lies'. So Norman (her pet) admitted to what we had been up to. 'Norman' she replied, 'You're so easily talked into doing wrong things by him', meaning me, 'aren't you'. 'Yes, Ma' he aquired. Mind you, it was all Norman's idea from the start, actually I had been against it, I liked school. It was left at that, I was made to look the culprit and we were sent to bed without tea, and they were having bananas instead of the usual jam. Still, we got out of doing any work after, so it wasn't too bad.

.....Then there was a bit of a wait before anything happened to give our hearts a lift. Guy Fawkes night came and went, but held no significance to us, because we had no fireworks supplied. During the time, I was locked in my bedroom. I used to watch the bonfires flaming and the rockets zooming in the sky. I don't know how, but once we were watching the Bonk lads lighting their bonfire, all was ready when two of the Healey boys turned up carrying an old armchair with the guy sat in it. The bonfire, well saturated with paraffin was about ten or twelve foot high, and two of the gang torched it, flames spread quickly and as the fire reached its zenith, the guy came to life and gave an almighty leap clear of the flames. It had been one of the Bonk lads that had been sat in the chair, dressed like a guy. All the girls screamed and their mates were given a big shock. What a brave lad, he must have been somewhat foolhardy but that was typical of the 'Bonk Lads'. It was their territory and they held sway and everybody trod lightly when they were around. Their territory was a piece of land at the Brockholes View end of what became known as Melling's Tip.

By Arthur Eric Crook (1917-1997)





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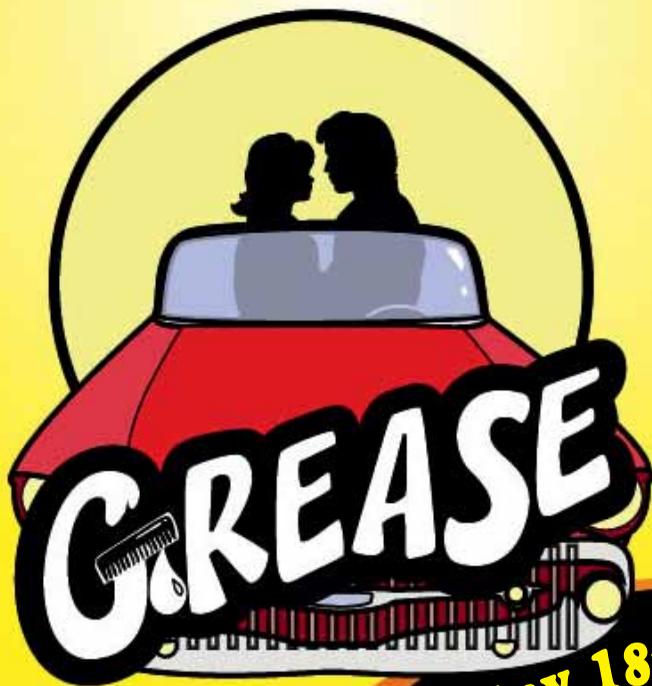
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