

The Preston Magazine



Issue 9

April 2013

Eastertide 1882

Easter Lifting

Preston Letter Carrier

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Annual Appeal

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

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

Read on !

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

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

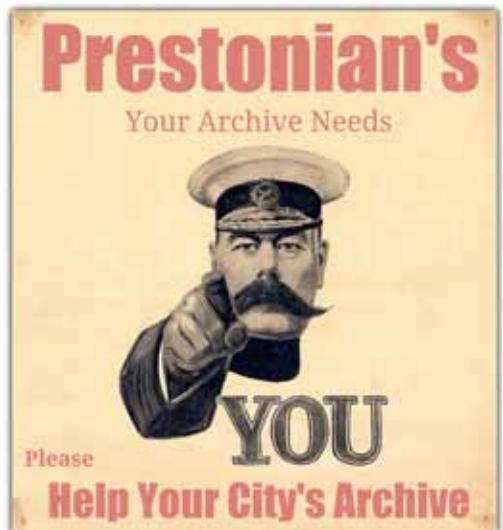
At present the upper date range is 1990. We also try and confine the general geographical area to Preston, Penwortham, Fulwood, Grimsargh, Walton le Dale, Bamber Bridge and Lostock Hall.

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

Thankyou for your interest and hopefully support.

Also a big thankyou to all Preston Digital Archive viewers.

Regards from Barney
Preston Digital Archive



Welcome

Welcome to the 9th issue of The Preston Magazine which Our free monthly magazine contains snippets of lesser known history articles relating to Preston. A big thankyou to our advertisers, without them we could not produce this magazine. Please support them whenever you can.

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 Steve Halliwell, David Huggonson and Denis Watson. Also the ongoing serial of Arthur Eric Crook relating to his childhood years in the cottage home, Ivy Bank in Brockholes View in the 1920's. Also one about growing up in 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 have any memories and would like to send them in please do so. 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.

A copy of each magazine has been requested to be 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.

Front Cover Image by Heather Crook – Japanese Garden, Avenham Park.

Regards, Heather

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Earl Kitchener

THE HOUSE OF THE GENERALS

Or more strictly, 'houses'

Steve Halliwell asks readers "How well do you know Preston?"

For those of our readers who enjoy a quiz, see what you can make of this little conundrum. To give you a bit of help I'll give you some clues. The question is: *"Name the road where the houses stand, bearing these three heads?"* The answer will appear in next month's issue of the "Preston Magazine."

1. The characters involved are the 1st Earl Roberts, born Frederick Sleigh Roberts, and whose nickname was 'Bobs,' Field Marshall Herbert Kitchener, and Lord Baden-Powell.
2. One war is common to them all.
- 3 The houses on which they are sited, were originally called 'Mafeking House' and 'Ladysmith House', although they may, or may not, not bear the name today.



The 1st Earl Roberts



1st Baron, Robert Baden-Powell

The Black Horse

**Friargate
Orchard St,
Preston**



8 Cask Ales – Unicorn, Dizzy Blonde, XB, Golden Dragon, Old Tom, Cumbria, IPA, Double Hop IPA, Robinson Crusoe, Old Rosie Scrumpie, Amstel, Budvar, Grolsh Blonde, Veltins Lagers, Stowford Press Cider, Wines, Spirits, Bottles

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Lifting in Easter Week

To the Editor of the Preston Chronicle

Sir – In Easter Week there is a practice too common in most parts of Lancashire – I allude to lifting women or men from the ground, in most cases against their wish, by a number of the opposite sex. The practice is very pernicious, and leads to a great deal of immorality, as well as danger to life and limb. One woman fell victim to it last year, I believe in the town of Preston through some of the men who had 'lifted' her allowing her head to fall on the ground, while the others stuck to her feet. I submit that the police should issue notices against lifting before Easter Sunday, and that employers of workpeople should lend a helping hand to put down one of the 'bad customs' of the 'good old times'. The police should also have strict injunctions to summon or apprehend persons offending in this respect. – Yours Truly

Preston, March 20th, 1860.

PREVENTION.

In Lancashire, gangs of women on the Easter Monday surrounded and lifted those men known to be flush and foolish with money. On the following day the men lifted the women, but 'stood treat' all the same.

Primrose Day is the anniversary of the death of British statesman and prime minister Benjamin Disraeli, 1st Earl of Beaconsfield on 19th April, 1881. The primrose was his favourite flower and Queen Victoria would often send him bunches from Windsor and Osbourne House. She sent a wreath of primroses to his funeral. (Wikipedia)

In Preston the day was, as usual, commemorated in no half hearted manner. Thousands of people representing all classes might have been seen in the streets, on Tuesday, wearing the favourite flower of the late earl and the enthusiastic meeting held in the evening proves that the great statesman continues to exert power over the hearts of the Conservatives generally. The front of the Conservative Working Men's Club, in Church Street, was tastefully decorated with primroses and the platform at the meeting in the Assembly Room was adorned in a similar manner.

Preston Chronicle April 23rd 1892

All Fools Day

On the first of April in every year it is customary for boys to practice deceptions of various kinds, and should they succeed, they laugh at the person whom they imagine they have rendered ridiculous and taunt him with 'Ah, you April Fool' The practice of making of making fools on this day, is of very old standing particularly in the Northern Counties of Great Britain. The custom of making fools is not confined solely to the youngsters, but very often persons of maturer years indulge in the practice, yet in a more agreeable way.

April 8 1865

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34 LUNE STREET**

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“Old Tommy Prescott”

1799 – 1871

Story adapted by **Steve Halliwell**

Despite having been born in Kirby, Liverpool, Thomas Prescott always regarded himself as a Prestonian; and a well-loved and respected one he was, too. Usually referred to as “Old Tommy Prescott, he was one of those self-made men who believed in doing what was right, whether it pleased people or not, and was, at the age of 14 years, apprenticed as a saddler to a Mr. Wilson, who had a shop in Church Street, Liverpool.



After serving his time, Mr. Prescott was made foreman of the place he was employed, such was Mr. Wilson's high regard for Thomas's character and ability. It was during his time in Liverpool that Thomas met a man called Richard Watson, a fellow apprentice saddler who was to feature again in Thomas's life. Watson later became a master saddler in Cheapside, Preston, almost at its junction with Fishergate.

In 1822, Thomas engaged himself with Mr. Watson as a journeyman, later taking over the management of the business, and ultimately become the proprietor of it after Watson retired. He remained there for a quarter of a century, and was actively working at his bench there up to nine days before his death.

The shop itself was described as a little old-fashioned place, with tiny semi-circular windows in it. He liked the place like that, and although he had seen nearly every establishment in the market square 'enlarged,' 'improved,' and made attractive with new windows, etc., he could never be induced to change anything.

Thomas was a Conservative and a Churchman. In the days when Henry “Orator” Hunt was enthusing some of the town's people with his advanced Radicalism, he took a reasonably active part on the “Constitutional” side. Later on his interest in politics waned, saying “I just kook on and smile while the fools about me shout and go wild about things.” He was a near fifty year attendee at St. George's Church, and had his own pew in the gallery, near the organ.

He was never a tee-totaller, but he was in effect one. He was once heard to say, “Bless you,” a phrase that he commonly used, “I'd always be drunk if it wasn't for the

consequences – it's grand getting drunk, but I can't stand th' consequences, and the thought of them keeps me sober."

His form of expression was always rough and ready, as on the occasion an officer at Fulwood Barracks once owed him some money. Having tried a number of times to get payment without success, he decided on one particular day to send a message with the officer's servant as follows – ***"Tell your master that if he doesn't send that money, I'll come up and cut his throat."*** What's more, it worked!

A short time later he was heard to say to someone, ***"Bless you, I never meant to do the poor thing any harm; but the money came the next day, and he liked me better than ever afterwards."***



On another occasion, a commanding officer at the Barracks, came indignantly into the shop and began to shout his complaint. Tommy, instead of bowing and scraping for the 'sake of business,' gave him cent for cent, and the officer, ever since, respected his courage and independence.

He was a man who was full of quaint, old-fashioned humour, and a man who was well read. He was well-known for his compassionate view towards dumb-animals and children in particular. When he was taken ill, just before his death, he said, ***"One of my chief jobs has been giving,"*** taking the view that the consciousness of a good deed was the best reward he could have. He was interested in all genuine schemes for improving the moral, mental, and physical well-being of the poor, and he was always a paid-up subscriber to their efforts.

He was most eccentric in his ways, and for a long time got up early to go for exceedingly cold baths in the waters at Spa Brow (close to what is now Strand Road). He wore a pretty long beard, but always tied it under his chin with his neckerchief.

He was variously described as shrewd, determined, generous, and what might be called 'angular' in temper – soon getting agitated, but just as quickly calming himself with a "God Bless you." He was industrious, thoughtful, whimsical, and had no sympathy with 'artificial' people. He was never married, commenting on a regular basis that he had had ***"enough to do without getting wed!"***

As his cortege left Cheapside, many of the neighbouring businesses partially closed in respect, and a large number of people gathered outside the Town Hall to witness the proceedings. On the arrival of the body at the Cemetery, it was found that the grave had been made too narrow, so the coffin was placed on the boards at the side for the service, and wasn't buried until four o'clock. Old Tommy, I think, would have smiled at that!

Retirement of an old Preston Letter Carrier : the past and the present. Probably no public department has undergone greater change than the Post Office of this country; and the personal career and associations of a man whom we are about to mention will afford a striking illustration of this, so far as Preston is concerned. Recently there retired from active service in this town one who had been connected with this town for nearly half a century, and who had held a direct appointment in this department, as letter carrier, for about forty years. We refer to Mr **Josiah Johnson**, whose family name has become proverbial in respect to letter carrying. The late Mr **John Johnson**, father of Josiah, was a letter carrier in Preston for six and thirty years, but, unlike the son, he did not on leaving the Post Office receive anything in the shape of a pension for his long services. He had not only served the time as letter carrier, but had previously been a soldier for eleven years. Strange to say, his appointment as letter carrier for Preston, seems to have been originally vested in one Mrs Cross, the postmistress of Blackburn. A letter before us, written by Mr Johnson, and published in one of the local papers, says that in July 1817, he was appointed foot post from Blackburn to Preston, which duty he performed for over a year with so much satisfaction to Mrs Hardman postmistress of Preston that she requested to the Blackburn postmistress 'to allow him to become the letter carrier for Preston, the situation being then vacant'. Old Mr Johnson, when he began his postal duties in Preston, was the only letter carrier in the town. Afterwards he was assisted by his son, Josiah, who subsequently became the duly appointed carrier himself, and who remained in the department till a recent period, when he retired on a small superannuation allowance. When Josiah and his father began working together, the Post Office was in Church Street, next door to the house occupied by the late W. Shaw Esq. Previously it had been in the Old Shambles – at the place occupied by Mr Wynn, butcher, and, if not now, certainly up to a recent period, the old post-office letter box might be seen therein. At that time Josiah and his father were in their primitive harness, Preston contained a population of about 30,000. Now it contains about 100,000; and at that time any letter to be delivered beyond what was termed the boundary was charged 1d. extra. The boundary extended to the Horse Shoe Inn, Church-street, the Theatre Tavern, Fishergate, the Duke of York, Friargate, and Hope Street and the Three Tuns, North Road. The wages of the letter carrier in those days 10s. per week, and what he could make by the extra pennies, valentine money &c. Cheap postage was then an unknown thing. Letters from London to Preston cost on delivery 11d. each; from Lancaster 6d.; Chorley 4d.; Liverpool 7d. All letters from the distant north cost a half-penny extra – thus, Carlisle letters on delivery 9 and a half pence, whilst one from Edinburgh made a very large hole in a shilling – its cost being 11 and a half pence. Upon every letter posted and delivered in the town an initial levy of 1d. was made, and that went to the postmistress, who had also for herself the private box money at the post-office which amounted to a guinea per box. All distant letters were brought into town by coach, and sometimes, in winter, the London mails would be snowed up on the roads for three consecutive days; the result of course being, when they arrived, a great and most busy time for the letter deliverers. There was then no extra charge for weight, and no registered letters; but if a letter was suspected to contain coin, it was, on delivery charged double and sometimes more. Newspapers were then, as now, cleared by stamp, but the stamp was impressed upon the paper itself, and not upon the direction label, a change not so long since affected, and frequently, owing to the high post rate of letters, senders of papers wrote upon them in invisible ink, which being held to the fire, developed itself. The letter carriers were up to this trick, and whenever they found it out the party to whom the paper was addressed had either to pay double or treble the amount of postage or do without the paper. The letter deliverers used to pay for all the

letters before they left the office – none being prepaid by the senders – and receive back the amount from the persons they were addressed to. Some letters (foreign ones) would have a postal charge upon them, very considerable from 3s. to 5s. each ! In the case of letters being refused, the postmistress had to give them back the money paid to her, and the letters were sent to the 'dead' office. Letters and &c., for country places in the neighbourhood of Preston were left, until called for, at public houses and shops in the town; and understanding this plan, country folk would either go and see if there were any when they visited the town, or get someone to call at the places referred to. At valentine time there were curious doings, All valentines were charged on delivery three half pence, the penny going to the postmistress, and the halfpenny to the letter carriers. Many of the letters were at this time refused – people not particularly caring, of course, to pay for nonsense, personal caricatures &c., the evil of this was that there was no way of knowing the valentines from the *bone fida* letters, so the consequence, not unfrequently was that real letters suspected to be valentines were refused. A letter once refused in this way was found to contain some £5 notes. The letters refused a valentine time were afterwards sold at the post-office for so much per dozen; persons of a the odd or inquisitive type going to the office looking over the amatory and satirical missives, and then on selecting a batch paying a certain sum for them fixed by the postmistress, who got the money herself. It was fine fun to get into letters on this plan; and the amusement was cheap, the letters we believe being only 4d. or 6d. a dozen. In those times four persons – Mrs Hardman, the postmistress; Miss Wilson, her assistant; and Mr Johnson with his son – did all the post office work for Preston. Now we dare say it takes between forty or fifty to attend to it. Strangely directed letters sometimes landed for delivery then as now. Our friend Josiah got a letter for delivery bearing this direction – 'No. 5, Preston, England'. That would have been a staggerer for the bulk of people; but Josiah divined the secret – managed the job properly, and got the letter to its rightful destination. The North Union railway to Preston was being cut at this time, and Josiah observing the post-mark was an Irish one, that there was a number of strange, Irish navvies on the job, and that the letter was probably intended for some of them, went to the railway works at Penwortham, shouted out amongst the men – 'Is there anyone here called Number 5 ?' when forthwith up sprang an Irish man and said 'Och, sure an' that's me'. The men went by numbers in the gang, and his was number 5. Josiah asked the navvy if he was expecting a letter, and where from, and, on receiving a pretty safe answer, the letter was opened when it was found that 'No.5' was the very man for who it was intended.

Each of the present letter carriers, and there are something like twelve, deliver about three times as many letters daily as were delivered altogether in a day at the time we are referring to. Then many parts only partly inhabited, or not inhabited at all, are now covered with streets. There were then only about half-a-dozen policemen at that time, dressed in plain clothes, with their head-quarters – the police station, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Turk's Head-yard. The change in every respect has been great since then; and with the retirement of an old and creditable official like Josiah Johnson one more official link connecting the curious past with the remarkable present is severed.

Preston Chronicle September 27th 1873

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The Easter Holidays 1883

Despite the fates that this year cast Eastertide in our coldest month, the great spring holiday festival, has been taken advantage of with, if not unwonted, at least the usual zeal. And, in this respect, our good old town of Preston has not been behind its neighbours, or behind other towns in any part of the country. The Easter holiday comes to thousands as a glad break in the dreary period of winter through which all have passed; and give a sweet foretaste of the mundane joys in store during the rapidly approaching months of smiling summer. To none can the season offer greater cause for relief and rejoicing than to the dwellers amidst the smoke and din of a busy manufacturing town such as Preston. To, even for a day leave behind the sight of the tall grim walls, the rushing, roaring machinery of the factory, or leave the smoky precincts of some ruder mart of labour and court communion with the invigorating breezes that blow around the freshening fields, and budding hedgerows of the rural districts, is surely in itself a pleasure that the weary townsman may be pardoned for longing to enjoy. And so as we have said, despite the fates having put Easter this year so early in the season, its approach was hailed with the old enthusiasm, and for weeks before the one theme of interest to many was the arrangements as to where the holiday should be spent, and how. The weather of Sunday, it is true, gave but the most gloomy forebodings of the day to follow, there were not many signs of discouragement manifest, and when on Monday morning the sun was found shining brightly, the biting frosty breezes were forgotten, and almost approved since they lent to the earth a crystal setting made glitteringly brilliant in the bright sun's rays. So even though the morning did in part belie the day, since it was yet the breezy month of March, there was not much to complain of with the weather. It is true that fitful showers of snow alternated with bright flashes of sunshine, almost summerlike in their warmth and brightness was the rule of the day: and it even appeared that the gloomy storm king could not forebear to grant those lucid intervals of sunshine to gladden the hearts of those whom bitter Boreas' blasts, if too persistent, would have driven to seek on such a day the unhappy seclusion of sheltering roof. How marked was the warmth that for an hour or two prevailed while the thousands of juveniles who annually congregate on the pleasant and picturesque slopes of Avenham, repaired thither to toss or roll the 'pace-eggs' and enjoy a sport which by them is perhaps the most looked forward to of any in the year. For a time the cold penetrating snow flakes were forgotten in warm sunshine and a seeming lull in the cold breeze that had been blowing so persistently throughout the day. And the pleasant interval was taken advantage of by thousands. From the dinner hour onwards the approaches to the park were thronged with juveniles all tending in one direction, while hundreds of happy and contented looking paterfamilias could be seen surrounded by their merry brood of bright eyed children, who looked none the worse that the clear frost had tinged their cheeks with a glow of seeming health. These thoroughfares leading to the park were alive with active stallkeepers, who shouted the prices and attractions of their wares – oranges, nuts &c., with which their stalls were laden. Towards three o'clock the concourse of juveniles and others who crowded the grassy slopes or perambulated the terraced walks of the park numbered not less than 25,000, and then the sport of the afternoon was at its height. The scene was truly a pretty one. Seldom, indeed, can it be the privilege of any one to look on a scene of such animation fraught with so much innocent joy to the participants, and seldom has

the scene, fronted by the silvery stream meandering gently along its course, and dotted over with dozens of pleasure boats, their merry occupants sending across the water a merry laugh to join the hum of pleasant voices rising from the thronged valley of the park, looked more truly full of gladness than it did on Monday last. The custom of presenting eggs at Easter, and of colouring them with all the tints of the rainbow is honoured by antiquity, and when we begin to search out its origin we find it merged first into the early religious observances of our Christian forefathers, and again into the mists of a still earlier antiquity when it was associated with the mythological worship of the first offsprings of the human race. Yet as it is now a pretty custom – one which we should all regret to see die out and one which while as now it affords unlimited and innocent recreation to thousands of happy youth, it should be our care and our pleasure, to favour and to foster. The holiday was spent by those who left the town chiefly at Blackpool, Southport and adjoining county towns and villages. Many were the parties who left the town by wagonettes and smaller conveyances, to breathe for a few hours an atmosphere not impregnated with as must necessarily be that of a large manufacturing town, by the black cloudy poison by hundreds of tall sullen factory stalks, but rich, pure and bracing; capable of sending through the nerves a thrill of conscious health and strength that might with advantage be stored against the weary hours of toil to which after a brief but pleasant break, it is their lot to return. In the early hours of the day, a party of members of the Preston Bicycle Club left town for Southport and they had a pleasant run. By rail there does not appear to have been a markedly large number of passengers to local places of interest, and complaints come from Blackpool and its neighbouring localities that the turn out of visitors was not proportionate to the arrangements that had been made, and was less than in former years. In town the various parks, the pleasure gardens, which were opened under new management, the Theatre Royal, the Gaiety, &c., even more than their usual quota of Eastertide success, and as throughout the day the principal streets were thronged with pedestrians, it seems evident that the greater majority of pleasure seekers sought their entertainment within easy distance of their homes, a course which the changeable character of the weather rendered at once wise and excusable. We should mention that the Easter special services on Sunday were on the whole very largely attended. Most of the churches in town were beautifully and tastefully decorated with flowers, bannerettes, &c., interwoven with seasonable emblems, texts, &c.

Preston Chronicle March 31st 1883

Easter Monday 1864

The juvenile portion of humanity was doomed to great disappointment on Easter Monday. The weather was 'shocking' – rain fell during the whole of the day, and the usual preparations which had been made for field sports, egg rolling, and all that sort outdoor exuberant business, were fairly knocked on the head. The consequence was that of the jocund, belligerent work ordinarily transacted on greensward, and along the slopes of pleasant fields – the egg smashing, orange throwing, &c., indulged in by our young Britishers, had this year to be carried on calmly and quietly at home. The day was equally unfavourable to excursionists, and no outdoor enjoyment of any description could be participated in by anybody.

Preston Chronicle April 2 1864

FAMILY FOLK LORE

Today the headlines in the media are all about the need to curb immigration. In the middle of the 19th century the majority of residents in Preston were immigrants or at the very least first generation Prestonians. Successive waves of Irish immigrants made their homes in Preston up to the middle of the 20th century. At the beginning of the 1950's I began work in the Ticket Audit department of Ribble Motor Services and was responsible for distributing for analysis the work of the conductors and conductress'. At that time the largest percentage of the workforce were females and had recently arrived from the length and breadth of Ireland. On that roster there were eight with the name ***Bridget McNulty***. This particular conductress came from Donegal. Others like ***Bridget Donovan*** came from Mallow in County Cork but they all added to the eclectic mix of the community.

I mention the above because all through my childhood and early adulthood my father told me that his mother was descended from Irish Gypsies. When I began to grow a beard and strands of copper hair became quite prominent father concluded that this was physical proof that indeed his mother, ***Catherine Agnes Clarke*** was descended from that minority group. On the Watson side of the family he told me that his ancestors came down from Ayrshire prior to the Industrial Revolution to work in the Handloom Cotton Industry. The Preston dialect contains many colloquialisms found in that part of south west Scotland. Many years ago I had occasion to visit Ayr and explore the country of Robert Burns. Whilst I was reading a book of Robert Burns' poems I found no difficulty in understanding the words Scotland's national poet had written in spite of the fact they were in the Ayrshire dialect. My father had been speaking to me in a language not far removed from that spoken in Ayrshire in the 18th century. On the other hand my mother's family, the Whittle's were of pure English stock even though, if I used my father's criteria for determining ethnicity, my blond hair and blue eyes indicated that there was also Viking blood in my veins. I should also point out that during the 19th century large numbers of Irish immigrants settled in Preston and continued to do so in successive waves well into the middle of the 20th century. Long before it became financially advantageous to belong to an ethnic minority particularly with regards to receiving recompense from the government I was quite proud to be different from my contemporaries.

Some fifteen years ago when I first became interested in genealogy I based my search for my ancestors on the information above. I began to look for the Irish connection. In those early days the internet wasn't awash with Family History sites as it is today. Nor were the sites available offering "*soundex*." As far as I was concerned my grandmother's maiden name was CLARKE and as I was to discover later it was spelled that way on the 1841 & 1851 Census' The latest available census at the Lancashire Records Office was 1891 as it was for the internet. Not having any information about her birth or marriage I could only estimate her marriage from the age of my father's older sister, my aunt Elizabeth who was born in 1904. My investigations drew a blank. What I didn't know until many years later was that my grandmother had a child in 1901 that had died in infancy. Frustrated with the lack of progress I had one of those "*Damascus moments*." I dispensed with the 'E'. I know that it should have been an obvious ploy

to begin with but I was new at this game and all the members of my previous generation who could have given me advice had moved onto a higher plain.

It should be plain sailing from now on I thought. No such luck. The 1891 census shows Catherine A Clark age 12 residing at 31 Elgin Street, Preston. Her father is shown as John Clark age 48, occupation Cotton Spinner, born KENT, SUSSEX.

My first thoughts at this point were, what are Irish Gypsies doing along the border of Kent & Sussex and how do I find the correct village? It also became obvious that the family name Clark was not that far behind Smith in terms of popularity. Having said that there is only one other member of the Suffolk Family History Society belonging to my Clark family.

I knew from working on my wife's family tree that the spellings of surnames have changed from the original because of how the sound is received by the recipient. In my wife's case the family name originally was WALNE but over the decades of the census it appears as, WOAN, WONE, and WOONE. As far as I know, however, Kent and Sussex have remained the same since the time of the Anglo Saxons. Whilst I was in this state of shock it occurred to me that our ancestors had no imagination when it came to naming their children. The first born boy was named after his father's father who was named after his father. When your forebears had large families that survived into adulthood the task to find the correct line becomes exponentially difficult the further back one goes. In my case the surname of CLARK(E) increases that difficulty. The bottom line of course is that the chase is challenging as well as exhilarating and success at the end result gives one a sense of well being. Although there have been times when I wished for a less common name to pursue.

Another lesson learned – official documents are not always correct.

I moved on to the 1881 census. There I found my Great, great Grandfather residing at 6 Turner Street, Preston along with his wife, Elizabeth, a son of Elizabeth's born out of wedlock, a son Richard born of the union of Elizabeth and John Clark and three daughters, one of whom was my Grandmother. John Clark was a Cotton Spinner aged 38 and born in Halsholme, Sussex. Adopting the mathematic system used by the racing fraternity I guessed that Sussex was 2 to 1 odds to be the county of John Clark's origin. My problem was that I had to search for John Clark only At least that is what I thought at the time. Previously I had been able to use the more uncommon combination of my Grandmother's names, Catherine Agnes. It was at this point when I began to search the 1871 census on line when Ancestry.com was in its infancy. Filling in all the boxes I could with the information to hand I began to look for John Clark in Sussex. I now had more John Clark's than I could handle. A change of tack was required.

When I moved onto the 1861 census I found living at 8 Emmanuel Street, Preston the Clark family from Suffolk, all of them bar one born in Suffolk and the birthplace of head of the household, George is shown Ashfield. The family consisted of seven children with ages ranging from 22 to 4. The most significant information in this census is that the youngest child, Robert was born in Preston in 1857.
..... continued next month

By Denis Watson

Patriotic Preston: A Series

By David Huggonson

Last issue I began my series on Preston and the First World War, and the first source that was chosen was a speech by Mayor Harry Cartmell (1913-1919). In order to keep things fresh each edition will see a new source, and topic, chosen, where possible. This month will focus on the work of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Refreshment Buffet which was set up to provide refreshments to Soldiers and Sailors who were passing through Preston Railway Station during the First World War. Those that were involved numbered in their hundreds, as many volunteers were required to carry out the generous work. One of the key figures in setting up the Buffet was Mayoress Annie Cartmell, wife to Harry Cartmell, the Preston Mayor. Below are a series of thank you letters which contain a little more information on the workings of the Buffet:

"From a Private, Royal Scots Fusiliers :-

Please find enclosed the equivalent of 6d., which ought to have been put in your collection box, which I did not see to-day.

Allow me to thank you for your overflowing generosity to the boys, of whom I was one, in the hurried raid upon your stores.

You have no idea what a treat it was, and how comfortable it made us for the rest of the journey.

More power to all your elbows, and good luck to your efforts.

From a Private in a Scotch Regiment :-

Will you permit a soldier to thank the Ladies who carried tea and things along the Scotch train on its arrival at Preston in the weird early hours of the morning? The provision of gratuitous refreshment at 2-30 a.m. is undoubtedly service, and the act has a quality that struck the imagination of all the men in my compartment – two from the Fleet, one from the trenches, and one from hospital.

From a Private in the R.A.M.C :-

On behalf of the numbers of the above Corps, who passed through Preston Station on the 21st inst. on their journey from Bodford, Wilts., to Blackpool, I take this opportunity of thanking all concerned in the splendid reception given to us on arrival at Preston Station. To troops who had been on the train from 6-30 a.m. until 5-0 p.m. without a hot drink of any description, your reception was indeed one warranting the fullest appreciation. I have therefore the greatest pleasure in conveying herein the thanks of my comrades and our heartiest good wishes for the future support and success of your establishment.

From a Soldier's Father :-

I enclose P[ostal].O[rder]. for 5/- towards the funds for supplying refreshments to soldiers and sailors at Preston Station as a small thank-offering for kindness shown to my son when he was recently passing

through Preston on his way to France.

Wishing your Committee every success in their good work.

From a Private in the Border Regiment :-

Will you please put a few words in your paper with reference to the kind way a soldier has been treated and how he thanks all connected with the Buffet on the station ? I came home from the front a few days ago, and arrived in Preston, where, to my surprise, for the first time I saw one of the Buffets in the station awaiting me just the same as in London. After having a good meal, which I can tell you I wanted, I went on my way rejoicing. I was told when in the trenches about these places, but could not credit the fact. I must thank all people concerned with the Buffets, and I will not forget to tell our boys in the trenches of the hearty welcome which awaits them at the Preston Buffet.

From a Lady residing in the Midlands :-

Quite recently, whilst nursing in our little Red Cross hospital here, I was much interested in a conversation the men were having in respect to canteens at home and abroad. The conversation then turned on the huts, &c., at the railway stations, and one nice Scotch boy exclaimed. ' Eh lads, have any of you been to Preston Station ? That's the place where they look after you.' I was greatly interested on hearing this, and afterwards questioned the man. He explained how worn out they were, and how the tea, &c., you took them seemed to warm them up and put new life into them. He also said how grateful were the men who were asleep through sheer exhaustion to be aroused for it. I wish I could tell you as he told me, but I cannot. Needless to say, he will always cherish a warm place in his heart for Preston people. I thought you would like to know this, for I am sure if you had heard the tale as I did you would feel much repaid for your hard work. And it is nice to know it is appreciated."

Quoted from Sailors and Soldiers' Free Buffet: Preston Station, a pamphlet held in the Lancashire Record Office, reference DDX 2061/1, pages 10-12. Courtesy to Lancashire Record Office for allowing me to publish the above extract. For further information on the Buffet see the above source, as well as Cartmell's For Remembrance, 1919 (a copy is held in the Reference Library, Harris Museum) and the display on the first floor of the Harris Museum of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Buffet.

This source will appear on my blog, as well as that of the previous one: <http://Preston1914.wordpress.com>. An announcement will also appear on twitter shortly with regards to an important piece of news, and for perhaps the only time throughout this series I will announce the topic that will appear next in this series. @DavidHuggonson

Life in the Harris Orphanage in the early 20th century

The awful evening came when David and I were taken to my mother's bedroom, which was lit by the gas flare, she was sitting up in bed as white as a sheet, she died later that night. My father died in October the same year, so at the age of 4 (me) and 8 (David) we were orphans.

The horse drawing the funeral hearse wore black plumes – after the funeral the undertaker and his men came in for sandwiches and a drink – and to get paid. Black kid gloves and handkerchiefs with black borders were laid on the hallstand for mourners who come without.

The grave was sixteen and a half feet deep, an awesome depth for two small children who were supposed to drop flowers on the coffin. David had to drop mine as well as his own.

We were taken to live with my grandparents and an aunt at 66 Aqueduct Street, it was generally known as AKADOC Street. My father had been a foreman baker with the Co-operative Society, David and I used to take his dinner to him in a basket. If it was a wet day David let me paddle along in the gutter. Moor Park was our playground, away to the left from the entrance to Moor Park Avenue there was a stone arch. What is now Blackpool Road which runs through Moor Park was fenced in on the park side.

The electric trams ran around the town in a circular route, from Church Street, Lancaster Road, Withy Trees, Deepdale and the prison and round and round they went. If one wanted to go beyond the tram route – say Withy Trees – one had to walk.

There was nothing at Withy Trees as far as I can remember except the red church and Withy Trees Hotel – otherwise all country. The homes for the Blind were on the right beyond Withy Trees.

The 'knocker-up' came each weekday morning Monday to Saturday – he had a long pole with a leather round the end and he knocked on the bedroom window of all those going to work. Saturday morning someone got out of bed and dropped the pence he had earned into the street. There was a lamplighter who went around the streets lighting the gas lamps hanging on the pillars.

Meanwhile discussions were going on about what to do with the children. There were now three of us. I discovered I had an 18 month old brother called James when I went to live at Grandmothers. There was no problem with the baby, the Aunt who lived with Grandmother was going to bring him up. However, what to do with us two - the family could not afford to keep us, so arrangements were afoot to put us into the Harris Orphanage.

First there was the interview between Grandfather and the committee, the children had to be suitable entrants. Tradesmen's children who lived within a radius of 8 miles of Preston Town Hall – and who had a sponsor. The committee were very serious, well-dressed gentlemen – we looked on them in awe.

Grandfather got us in, so on 8th January 1912 in thick snow he took us in. It was quite dark when we got there and we had to wait outside the Governors Office till one of the maids from the 'House', (Governors House) came to let us in to the Store – opposite to the office. I don't remember how we got from the tram to the Harris Orphanage. There was no transport and I think Granddad must have carried me. Then we went to say goodbye to Granddad, David was taken to the Boys Home and me to a Girls Home. So now we had lost not only both parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins and little brother, finally each other.

Miss Johnson who was in charge of our home later told me that I fretted for three weeks, so she had me in her own bed for this period. Anyhow I was gradually worked into the routine.

At this stage I should mention that David was deeply unhappy from the word go – he told me why about two years before he died. I suppose our age difference had a lot to do with it and that fact that he was our parents very dearly loved son, and to be stripped of all affection at the age of eight must have been horrific for him. He was the nicest lad I have ever known. I suppose parting from him made me fret so much.

PART TWO 8/1/1912

Anyhow we are in – I passed through the washroom where all the big girls were washing their hair, and into the kindly hands of Miss Johnson and so to bed.

Our luggage, indeed all the children had the same kind of luggage – was a straw basket in two parts, shaped like a box, with a leather strap round, all pale yellow – and could be extended almost indefinitely. This was all stored neatly in a little locker at the top of the stairs.

I would like to stress that we were in very beautiful surroundings with every amenity for the age, electric light - wooden floors – bathrooms – washrooms etc. We were all well and warmly clad and received a good education from the hands of Miss Bertha Catterall.

We all wore uniforms, boys and girls in navy blue – rather a good thing in my opinion.

No child was dressed better or more poorly than his or her associates.

There were six houses, three for the girls, SW – S – SE and three for the boys, NW – N – NE. In addition there was an additional house on the girls side which was the sewing and knitting rooms, and there we were sent when new clothes were needed. All clothes for the girls were made in this house and jerseys and stockings for the boys, - stockings were made on a circular knitting machine (black wool).

Much further away but on the same side was another large house, which was the hospital.

I do not recall anyone staying there except myself and another little girl with something contagious, who followed me in. I was there for three months 'resting' in bed all day doing nothing. I wasn't even allowed to read. I was on the ground floor with a large window, not very far away from the hen coop - the hens wandered past my window now and again, as did the white turkey. I couldn't sit up to watch them but I could see them from my bed.

One of the boys used to come in each morning to clean the fire grate and light the fire.

David came one day but we were not allowed to speak to each other, but that lovely smile of his made my day.

I was allowed a visitor each Saturday and Auntie Sally used to come and bring one of her lady friends. One day, I was sick after my visitor so thereafter I was not allowed my visitor.

I'm digressing – on the boys side of the estate there was a tailors shop then a barbers shop and next to that the potting shed. Somewhere around here there were the stables and pig styes, then the boys playground – a large cinder area surrounded by trees - and then the boys play shed.

To be continued



A Preston Lad

Easter Monday, when in the afternoon we joined 30,000 other kids and their parents for the egg rolling festivities on Avenham Park. I remember lots of children skipping, even the adults took part and watched. Younger people dancing round the bandstand to music played by St. Vincents Brass Band, all the boys were dressed in sailor suits. St Vincent's was another orphanage, capable of housing well over a hundred children, as did Moorfields and the Harris Orphanages and also the Shepherd Street Mission. Ivy and Sunny Bank were the small fry.

Our eggs were hard boiled, cooked in water containing onion skins or coffee, which made them yellow and brown respectively.

Hundreds of small girls escorted by their proud parents, beautifully dressed and curled hair, vied with each other as to who had the biggest and best baskets, all shapes and sizes, bedecked with ribbons, ensconced were chocolate in silver paper eggs, beautifully decorated with designs in icing and small chocolate eggs with little fluffy chickens nestling in them. They made my mouth water.

The girls wore long white stockings, patent shoes, long white gloves, had pink cheeks and heads of glorious blonde, brunette and ginger curls, they certainly caught my eye.

The eggs were rolled, broken and devoured. Two hard boiled eggs need some getting rid of especially when you have nothing to drink to wash them down. Oranges took their place, at least they were juicy.

The day after we went scavenging, looking for the odd penny dropped, pieces of chocolate still in silver paper, empty bottles to take back to the purveyors, for the penny on return.

And, if there hadn't been a heavy dew, the odd fag or big stump discarded. Of course, the park cleaners were there before us and gleaned more than us. A few more weeks to go and then it would be Whitsun, double do's, the Procession and the Fair.

Due to my infamous entry into the world, Eric, got the worst jobs and what the other lads got away with I paid the full penalty. I even had to sleep in the 'little room' as it was called, it only held two beds, I slept alone. I might be a bad influence to the other boys. I used to sneak books upstairs, a 'Boy's Mag', sometimes The Wizard, or The Startler, The Hotspur or The Rover. I hid them in the ventilator above my bed, a vent complete with lid, it made a perfect hiding place, they were never found. I liked the Boy's Magazine best, all about the Greyfriars

School Boys, Bob Cherry, Frank Wharton, Nugent, Skinner, Ram Singh and the lovable character the Owl of Remove Fat Bunter, poor old Billie with his 'Ouchs', 'Yarrouhs' and 'Gerroff's', great stuff !

The Startler had the Black Sapper and Wild Bill Barr with his native servant whose weapon was his 'Clicky Ba' (cricket bat).

A horrible practice took place every other Saturday

morning at breakfast. It was called 'having your bowels moved'. Instead of tea or coffee



being imbibed after we had eaten, we had to down a cup full of liquorice powder, mixed up with water. It smelt and tasted horrible. Then it was changed to senna pods, diffused in hot water and milk added sometimes. New boys at first refused it, so their nostrils were nipped, closed and two big spoonfuls of castor oil shoved down their gullet. We were let out to play outside the Home's precincts at two o'clock. About three everyone had tummy ache as the purgative took effect. Needless to say all our afternoon was spent in the vicinity of the toilets on Waverley Park. This state of affairs continued until in later years a boy's irate parent made an unwanted intrusion on the orphanage premises and faced Miss Hall with a medicine bottle full of senna pod mixture and invited her to drink some, or he would 'shove it down her gob'. His little lad had been in for about six weeks and complained to his parents when they took him out. Miss Hall rang the authorities at Fulwood Institution, the outcome being they went to the man's domicile, listened to his story, and I suppose it resulted that at their next Board of Guardian's meeting, the topic was aired. Anyway after a few weeks had passed, the Saturday dose became two spoonfuls of Milk of Magnesia, which didn't have any undue effect, so the fracas was beneficial to us. Three cheers for Mr Taylor !

I don't know why, but seeing I was practically a Brigger and they, like all localities had their own style of speech, their own idiom of Lancashire dialect, when I first was admitted to Ivy Bank Home all the other boys laughed and teased me about my style of speech. Doesn't he talk posh, swanky pants, etc. Mother Brown had evidently guided and taught me to speak properly. Within six months however I could compete with my brethren at saying in the vernacular 'Sitha this'aft, Arta aw reet, Wheer t'gooin', Wurst ta bin, Give o'er screetin', Wheers mi gansy'. When I left the Home at fourteen and was put to work on a farm (living in) the lingo changed completely and I had to ask what they were saying – 'Speak gradely english'. I would say Preston, Blackburn, Leyland, Bretherton, Croston, Longridge and Bamber Bridge, all places that I worked at on different farms, all had its own twang. Now the world is smaller and villages and towns are cosmopolitan, Lancashire twang is more or less universal and has practically disappeared. 'Gred big latherin yath, wenches are inta buttery, thads pizen, bit a gud meyt, Ein for eye, Tormut for turnip, Shune for shoe, Gansy for jersey, Brid neeze for bird nest, all but gone, Aw townies hev tekken countyside oer. Anyway I am rambling and getting too far ahead. So, an average day at Ivy Bank was, up at six am, work till 8.00, breakfast, clear away and wash up etc, 8.55 with five minutes left run to school. Out of school at 12 o'clock, set table, eat dinner, work till 1.40, wash oneself, clean clogs again, back to school, lessons finished at 4.30, straight home, had tea, wash up, clean clogs etc. till about six pm., wash younger children and see them to bed. Back downstairs read the Children's Newspaper, edited by Arthur Mee, ask permission to play with our toys, some Miss Hall would bring out the gramophone and we would take turns winding it up, or changing the needle, 7.40 pm a drink of hot milk and a slice of currant bread, quarter of an hour reading a passage from the Bible, each of us to read two or three verses in turn, the off to bed for eight o'clock. No talking in bed.

Miss Hall had alternate Tues or Wed and Sat or Sun half day off 2 o'clock till ten, so there was a fairish amount of chattering in bed two nights of the week. She went home to see her mum and sister, Lily, who lived on Frenchwood Avenue. Us boys got a good hiding if we stole anything, like biscuits, sugar lumps etc., yet when she baked we had to deliver a pie or cake to her mother, to us that was stealing and God never struck her down dead !

By Arthur Eric Crook 1917 – 1997

Continued next month

**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:

Paul Tuson, 01257 793764.

Bob Gregson, 01539 532645.

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I think Therefore iPad?

Priory pupils and staff present at a National Conference in Manchester

On Friday 8th March Mrs Cowell, Mr Hourigan, Isaac Lambat (Yr 9), Tilak Limbachia (Yr 9) and Millie Howarth (Yr 7) were invited to present to an audience of teachers and educational professionals from all over the north of England. The theme was 'the impact of mobile technology on learning', and it was clear from the enthusiastic and very complimentary responses, that what we are doing at Priory is at the forefront of education.



The pupils spoke individually about their experiences and their thoughts on how their learning is changing and judging by the number of delegates who sought them out in the breaks, it was extremely well received. They showed a variety of Apps that are used in subjects like Science ,English, Maths and Art, as well as other ones that help them organise their learning. Delegates were also shown a video of the impact of iPads over the last 3 months, as well as other examples of how learning is also changing for the teachers. As the only school invited to present with pupils, it was a fantastic opportunity to once again show how children at Priory are being pushed and challenged to expand their learning in an exciting and engaging way.

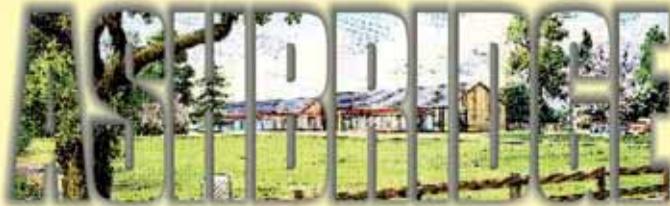


On 20th March Priory hosted our own conference, just for Primary schools, called '**Inspiring minds, changing futures**'. Once more the pupils were demonstrating how their learning is changing and the impact mobile technology is having on their

work not just in school but also at home.

The future starts at Priory,





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