

The Preston Magazine



Issue 12
July/August 2013

Articles from Past Preston
Goosnargh Wakes
The Harris Orphanage

FREE

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“Talks in the Park”

A Quintet of illustrated talks by.....

STEVE HALLIWELL

Themed on the old and ancient **INNS, TAVERNS** and **BEER-HOUSES** of **PRESTON**

All talks begin at **7.30pm** in the **Avenham Park Pavilion**, on **alternate** Wednesday evenings:



The Pavilion, Avenham Park

Wed. 10th July

“Invincibles to INN-vincibles”

The fascinating story of former P.N.E. footballers’ second careers.

Wed. 24th July

“The Iconic Hostelries of Preston”

Reminiscing about Preston’s better known Inns and Taverns.

Wed. 7th Aug.

“Licensed to Stroll the Market Place”

You may not believe the number of hostelries within a stone’s throw of the old Town Hall.

Wed. 21st Aug.

“Where did that name come from?”

An attempt to explain the derivation of the names of some of Preston’s inns and taverns.

Wed. 4th Sept.

“The Growth of Preston and its Associated Watering Holes”

A look at how the inns and taverns developed alongside 19th century Preston’s growing industry.

All talks £2 each; pay on the door

The café will be open before the talks begin

Enquiries: 01772 768637 email: prestonbirder@aol.com

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Welcome

Welcome to the 12th issue of The Preston Magazine our free monthly magazine containing snippets of lesser-known history articles relating to Preston. The Preston Magazine has been produced for a year now, Happy Anniversary.

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 Peter Vickers, Steve Halliwell, David Huggonson and also the 2nd part of Mr John Davies memories of working at Marsden's in Preston during the 1940's. Our ongoing serial 'A Preston Lad' by Arthur Eric Crook (1917-1997). Part 5 of The Harris Orphanage by Miss Andy Anderton.
Should you require a copy each month, please contact us. We can also email you a pdf version of the magazine.

If you would like to submit any memories or information please get in touch.
The Preston flag seen on the front of the magazine was designed by Philip Tibbets, copyright has been waived to allow it to be used by anyone.
Take a look at the Preston groups on Flickr, there are thousands of images, old and new. Preston Digital Archive is looking for old photos of Preston and surrounding area, please get in touch at the number below if you would like to contribute.
A copy of each magazine is kept at Lancashire Records Office.

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

Front Cover Image – Miller Arcade – by Heather Crook

During the summer evenings our writer Steve Halliwell, of the Preston Pubs blog will be presenting a series of talks in the Pavilion on Avenham Park, please give him your support, they will be an interesting collection. Please see the advert on the opposite page of the magazine.

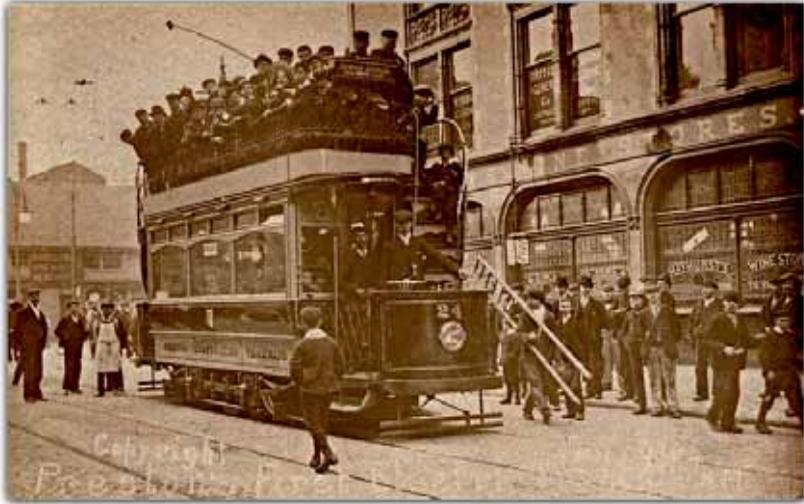
Regards, Heather Crook

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Photographs from Preston Past



**Preston's First Electric Tram, Lancaster Road, June 7th, 1904
Courtesy of Derek Carwin**



**The Lancashire Militia, New Depot at Preston built in 1854
Courtesy of Preston Digital Archive**

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The Town Hall lamps – Sir, the new lamps fixed around the Town Hall give the most miserable light; larger burners should be fixed. Perhaps, the lamps are too small for larger burners, if so, a blunder has been made. Let us have more light if possible. Yours &c.,. D.W.

Preston Chronicle October 15, 1867

Back way to the railway station

Sir – The footpath to the East Lancashire booking office at the railway station by way of Garden-street is often so dark that you run against the posts which are fixed along it. A few pennyworths of white paint on these posts would make them visible, and prevent any injury by collision with them. Again, on the cindered piece of ground just outside the booking-office door, three or four large square stones are left standing above the ground, to the great danger of persons coming the way I have indicated. I have been tripped up several time by these stones, which appear to serve no purpose, and are simply a nuisance. Yours An injured party

Preston Chronicle October 15 1867

A pudding eating feat – At present we have a most celebrated character in the Orchard, in no less a person than an auctioneer, named **Wrigley**, who in order to dispose of his goods has invented several novel methods. Last week he held a baby show, which was 'most successful'. On Thursday evening he had a pudding eating match, for which he offered a silver cup valued at £2 15s, each competitor to eat a plum pudding, which was 7 lbs in weight, without either knife, fork or spoon. There were four competitors the cup ultimately falling into the hands of one **Thomas Smith**, who in 10 minutes and 48 seconds, ate six pounds and three quarters of one of the puddings. There were several thousand persons present to witness the exhibition, and the happy recipient of the cup was received with loud applause upon receiving it from the hands of the giver.

Preston Chronicle August 13, 1870

A statue for the new orphanage – The work at the beautiful building which has to serve as an orphanage for Preston, is progressing favourably. Yesterday a statue representing St. Joseph, was placed in the niche prepared for it on the south-west side of the building. The construction of this statue has been entrusted to **Mr Miles**, sculptor and stonecarver, Fishergate. It is a fine life-sized figure, being 5 ft * inches in height. It is formed of one large block of stone, which weighed two tons in its unhewn state. St Joseph is represented in a standing position, with his garments thrown gracefully around him. In his right hand he holds that emblematic flower, the lily. The countenance is remarkable for the mild expression which pervades it. The delicacy with which each detail, the embroidery of the garment and the form of the lily in particular – is executed, is very striking. As a work of art, it reflects great credit on the accomplished sculptor, and is full worthy of the building it is intended for.

Preston Chronicle Aug 3 1872

The North Union Railway is to be carried across the River Ribble by a fac-simile of Waterloo bridge, of five noble elliptical arches, each of 120 feet span and 70 feet high.

The Hull Packet Feb 6, 1835

The Black Horse

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By Permission of the Worshipful the Mayor,
KHIA KHAN KHRUSE,
From the King's Opera House, Theatre-Royal, Drury Lane, and several of the principal Theatres in the Kingdom, Respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of Preston, and its Vicinity, that he intends to perform
ON MONDAY EVENING NEXT,
IN THE LARGE ROOM
At the King's Arms, Church-street,
 And will go through his much-admired, wonderful, and most interesting
JUGGLING,
 AND FEATS OF AGILITY.
CHINESE PERFORMANCES.
He will swallow a small Bell,
 Which will be heard to ring in various parts of his body.
With ten solid Brass Rings,
 In none of which any break can be discovered,—he will perform very curious tricks, viz.—Separating and exhibiting those, handling them about separately for inspection among the Visitors, and then at one Touch linking them together in various Forms, sometimes like a Chain, a pair of Spectacles, a Globe, &c. then with talismanic influence, shaking them asunder on the Floor!
 The most extraordinary of all other Deceptions is the
Swallowing of Fifty Sewing Needles,
 Which after remaining some time in the throat, will be pulled out completely threaded.
LEGERDEMAIN EXPLODED,
 In a variety of Juggling with Cards, Handkerchiefs, Rings, Cups, Money, &c.
He will prove his superiority by
BLINDFOLD PERFORMANCE,
 AND WILL LIFT A
Quart Bottle full of Water by a Stroke,
 And carry it round among the Company to show there is no Preparation or Trick in doing it.
 HE WILL ALSO GO THROUGH HIS
PROTEAN TRANSFORMATIONS
 Exhibiting some of the most surprising Evolutions, Serpentine Postures, &c. ever beheld, with seven Glasses of Wine on his Forehead, & Tumbler of Water upon his Chin.
He will go through a small Hoop,
 Many different ways without disconcerting the position of the Glasses.
 Doors to be opened at seven, and the performance to commence at half-past seven precisely.
 Tickets to be had at CLARKE'S, Bookbinder, Church-street.

Taken from the Preston Pilot
20th January 1827

In 1818 it had been rumoured that K.K.K. had been shot to death in Dublin, whilst performing one of his tricks, but whether it was a publicity stunt or a mistaken report, it was false. In fact, there seem to have been two reports, one that he had been shot by a pistol, and another saying that he'd swallowed a sword (badly).

Some of his tricks are still performed by similar practitioners to this day, like the solid brass rings being joined and separated at will, despite their solid and complete appearance, but others are less frequently seen, such as his swallowing of fifty sewing needles, and having held them in his throat for a short time, drawing them all out, but this time threaded on cotton! There was a similar trick using small beads, but the effect was the same. Unless you swallowed them, of course!

It is a rather unknown fact that Charles Dickens was an amateur practitioner of this type of illusionary entertainment. In fact, in 1838 he appeared on the same bill as the above mentioned Ramo Samee at the Theatre Royal, Hull. It is intriguing to know that on that occasion he used the Indian-sounding name "Rhia Rhama Roos," which, of course, is a play on the words of our subject today. Now, not a lot of people know that!

PUB ENTERTAINMENT

But, not as you know it!

*

A story by pub historian

Steve Halliwell

In order that we don't get lost before we even start, I will explain that the "King's Arms" in Church Street, was one of a number of hotels that occupied the plot of land that later became the Miller Arcade. They all faced south.

On the face of it, the attraction on offer in the accompanying advert would seem to be a coup for the 'King's Arms'. Khia Khan Khruse was a nationally known figure in the world of entertainment, as references to The Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, would indicate.

K.K.K. was a successor to Ramo Samee, another Indian national, in whose Juggling Troupe he had been a member from 1810 to around 1820.



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The Fall of Sebastopol – Continued Rejoicings

The rejoicings noticed by us last week in honour of the victory at Sebastopol, were continued with as much spirit as before on Saturday evening last, and at the beginning of the present week. Messrs. Seward and Co., ironmongers, at the corner of Winckley-street, and Mr Joseph Woods, tobacconist, Market Place, had some beautiful gas illuminations over their respective places of business, and a few effigies of the Emperor Nicholas were exhibited in this town. On Monday, the flags, banners and union-jacks hung out last week were still to be seen, and in consequence of announcement that 'The Emperor of All The Bears' would be paraded round the town, and afterwards publicly burned in the Market-place, the principle streets were thronged during the greater part of the day, several mills and other works having been stopped by reason of an accident that had occurred to the water main in Church-street, which we notice in another paragraph. 'The Emperor', soon after three o'clock, was placed in a donkey cart, and exhibited round the town, surrounded by guns and fixed bayonets, the latter thrust into his Majesty's body. At about half past eight o'clock the effigy was again brought forward, firmly fixed on the centre of the Market-place and a light applied to it. As it continued to burn, it was evident, that his Majesty's body had been stuffed with more explosive material than straw, and the surrounding crowd were occasionally startled, by the sudden darting forth of a cracker, or some other pyrotechnical invention. The figure burned about twenty minutes, during which time, and for an hour previously, there was a surging multitude in the Market-place, many of whom, in a very dangerous manner, amused themselves with the discharge of fire-arms, whilst from the roofs and windows of the houses were exhibited 'red, white and blue' lights, Roman candles, rockets &c. Some tar barrels were also lighted at the Friargate entrance to the Market-place, but had it not been for the interference of the police, some injurious consequences might have resulted from this freak, as the shutters of a shop were nearly set fire to, and the barrels having been set rolling down Friargate, a horse had its tail scorched. The police, in their endeavours to put a stop to this dangerous prank incurred the ire of the mob, and were assailed with brickbats, but the disturbance was quelled without further mischief being done. On the same evening **Mr Seward's** and **Mr Woods** establishments were again illuminated as also was the Crown Inn, in Church-street. On Tuesday, the flags and banners continued to be exhibited, and in the evening there was a large procession of persons, bearing flambeaux, blazing tar barrels &c, &c, and an effigy of Prince Gorstchakoff, which was burnt in Chadwick's Orchard. The excitement

that prevailed on this occasion and the danger to property from carrying about burning tar induced the magistrates on Wednesday, to interfere and put a stop to the exhibitions. They requested the inhabitants to withdraw all flags and banners, and request that was promptly complied with. The following is a document issued by the authorities. –

CAUTION – The Mayor and magistrates having had complaints made to them of the great danger to life and property arising from the discharge of fire arms and fireworks and the burning of tar barrels and combustible articles in the public streets of this borough have given directions to the police to apprehend all persons so offending after this caution. And I am desired by the Mayor and magistrates respectfully to urge upon all inhabitants the propriety of now withdrawing all colours and banners, the same having a tendency to encourage large crowds of persons to assemble in the night-time, in the streets, to the disturbance of public peace and quietude of the town. BY ORDER OF THE MAYOR AND MAGISTRATES, **Joseph Gibbons**, Superintendent of Police. Preston, 19th September, 1855.

On Thursday evening however, there was a beautiful illumination at Syke-hill, on the premises of **Mr Tate**, pawnbroker, **Mr Marsden**, plumber and glazier, **Mr Barker**, tailor and draper, **Mr Barton**, grocer and **Mr Booth**, fruiterer. Three large flags floated from the upper story of Mr Tate's house, the front of which was decked with evergreens, and a large white streamer festooned with evergreens and small banners stretched from that gentleman's residence to that of Mr Marsden, on which were very tastefully painted 'Alma', 'Inkerman', 'Balaclava', 'God Save The Queen and the Emperor Napoleon' &c. Flags also floated from the houses of the gentlemen named, and in front of Mr Barker's was a most repulsive effigy of the Emperor of Russia, in chains and handcuffed, which afforded much amusement to the thousands who assembled to witness the novelty of an illumination. The affair passed off with the utmost good feeling and rectitude on the part of the spectators. The display of flags and the beauty of the illumination was far superior to anything of the kind that has yet taken place here. Since then the whole town has presented its wonted tranquil aspect. We hope that on the arrival of any further news that shall be deemed worthy of celebration, that it will be commemorated with something more of system, and that one day will be set apart for the displays, instead of having continued the desultory exhibitions attending over above ten days.

Preston Chronicle September 22, 1855.

Work Experience in Preston 1940's at Marsden's in Church Street

The only transport was a bike with a large flat carrier on the front. It was my job to maintain the bike and it was used for almost all deliveries and collections. The only exception were console radiograms and deliveries well out of town. The furthest journey I made was to Ribchester to deliver a radio set. Once I was given a 12 long measuring stick attached to a very thin lath to take to Leyland & Birmingham Rubber Company about six miles away. No way was I risking it on the bike and the boss took pity on me and gave me the bus fare. However, Ribble Motors refused to allow it on the bus but helpfully suggested that I try Fishwick's in Fox Street. So I carried this delicate and potentially dangerous article through town but Fishwick's were obliging and let me lay the rule along the floor in the aisle so the mission was accomplished successfully.

Dryden's foundry at the top of Grimshaw Street often 'phoned for urgently required tools. Their works were only a short walk but it was a hazardous one as I had to pass Bateson's bottling plant and whatever time of day I passed there were several of their women employees standing at the gate cat-calling and I daren't write what they threatened to do to me; something to do with a bottle. Dryden's apprentices were also scared of the place. One day one of the apprentices spoke to me whilst I was cleaning the windows. He said 'Look what our secretary has sent me for'. I knew the woman he referred to, a real fancy, fussy piece. Then the lad opened a paper bag and pulled out a white bra. When he put it back his greasy fingerprints showed all over it ! Tools had also to be taken at short notice to many other small engineering workshops about the town.

Batteries were very scarce so when a delivery arrived at Bradshaw's Motor House on Marsh Lane I collected our allocation on the bike. Sometimes the load was of high tension batteries and so heavy that when they were loaded the back wheel of the bike came off the floor and the front tyre looked flat. There was an advantage in looking after the batteries. All the cinemas had standing orders for usherette's torch batteries and I saw that those which gave complimentary tickets were kept well supplied. With the number of clothes shops in the vicinity there were plenty of girls around and I took several to the pictures; using the complimentary tickets, of course. I particularly admired one girl who walked to and from work higher up Grimshaw Street.

There was a break in my employment with the shop from 1943 to 1946 when I was in the services. In 1947 I was becoming bored with the job and one Friday afternoon I decided I would return to the Royal Navy and at five o'clock nipped out of work to the recruiting office but the Chief Petty Officer who ran it was off up the road on his bike. Too late. Never mind there's always Monday I thought. The following evening I went to the Public Hall dance as usual and there was the girl from Grimshaw Street. She is now my wife of fifty nine years !

My deliveries had to be signed for and quite frequently I had to deliver a bike load of X-ray developer and fixer solutions to a large house in Winckley Square where the recipient, a consultant at the infirmary, never paid his bill in full so it was particularly important that a receipt was obtained. With the servants there wasn't a problem but on one occasion the owner's daughter accepted the goods but on being asked for a signature replied haughtily 'I never sign for anything. Am I not to be trusted ?' At this I started to reload the tins onto the bike at which she very ungraciously offered to sign for them.

Many wireless sets were battery operated and another job was to charge the glass accumulators. They were usually brought into the shop by a scruffy lad with the words 'I've browt Mrs so and so's bockle'. One morning there was an enormous explosion from the cellar. One of the accumulators on charge had blown up. Glass was everywhere, including long, jagged shards embedded into the wooden roof; what a good job no one was down there.

We also kept maggots for fishing in the cellar. Normally I got these from a Hide, Skin and Fat works in Kent Street. They placed a garden riddle containing rotting meat over an open barrel. The blue bottles laid their eggs and the hatching maggots fell into the barrel to be sold. The price for a lamb liver tin full was 2/6d, (12.5p). Back at the shop the maggots were 'blended', one table spoonful of maggots to three of sawdust. A lamb liver tin contained about 300 spoonfuls- I once counted them – from which we got 1,200 spoonfuls of blended maggots. These were sold at one old penny per spoonful making an enormous profit if we sold them all. Of course, maggots have a finite life so, although many weekends we did sell them all, on Monday morning I had to put the unsold maggots out with the rubbish. One week I forgot and the boss was most annoyed to find the cellar buzzing with hundreds of blue bottles. As he used to say 'Forgetting's a fault not a virtue'. One Saturday afternoon a well-dressed couple came into the shop. The man asked for six spoonfuls of maggots. 'Have you a tin ?' I enquired. 'No, have you got one ?' Maggots tins were made of aluminum and very difficult to get hold of, though we did have them occasionally. When I told him we were out of stock he immediately rummaged through his wife's shopping bag and produced a brand new pair of socks. 'Put them in there' 'You will do not such thing' his wife declared but he insisted. This went on for some time with me looking from one to the other until in the end his wife walked out of the shop and he followed her with his sock full of maggots. We also sold fishing licences of many types for different rivers, canals and types of fish which may be caught. It was surprising how many people when I produced a book of licences to fill in said that they could not read or write.

The first training I received was in replacing spirit level bubbles (its true). The brass plate had to be removed from the top, the old glass tube dug out and the replacement embedded in white lead – again no Health and Safety – which I got from a glaziers. Before the top plate was refitted the level had to be set on an accurately level steel bar fastened to the tool counter – vertical levels were checked against one of the pillars of a window which was known to be accurate. The levels which were generally of wood were revarnished, the top plate polished with Brasso and refitted ensuring that the kerfs in the screw heads were in line. I was also taught to sharpen scissors but saws were taken to a local saw doctor, Lakelands, in Arno Street.

Other activities which I learnt were replacing the brass ferrules on fishing rods and whipping on new rod rings. On the next block lower down Church Street was a ladies hairdresser who brought her tools of trade in for repair. Sharpening scissors was ok but repairing electric clippers bunged up with a stranger's greasy hair wasn't very nice. One Saturday afternoon when the street was full of shoppers there was an enormous crash. A heavy coping stone had fallen from the roof of Johnson's clothes and household linen, across the road onto the pavement ! Miraculously, it touched no one. Lower down the street was Middlesbrook's outfitters. I once had to take a letter to Mr Middlebrook. Once in the shop I asked a girl for Mr Middlebrook. 'Ooh. He is in the gents' she replied. 'That's alright. I'll wait till he comes out'. 'No, no. He's in the Gent's Department'.

More next month **John Davies**

Life in the Harris Orphanage in the early 20th century

I remember one morning we were taken to the school gates to see the 'Elephant' – he had just arrived when we got there, so he had to rest while we looked at him. He had walked all the way from Lancaster with the man who looked after him, and was going to a circus in Preston.

Occasionally we would have a 'sale of work' and all the items for sale would be made by the children, mostly in school. Happy days !

Home - This was a quite a different story, it was work all the way. There were about 15 or 16 children in the home. Tiny children were looked after by an older girl, who had to attend to all her sewing and mending until she was able to do it herself. This was alright as long as clothes and stockings were new, but just start getting holes in your stockings !!! We wore black woollen socks (or stockings when we were bigger) and holes were not to be darned over – no darns on top of darns – but they were sent back to the knitting room for re-footing.

Every child had work to do, and duties were allocated each week – even the tiniest child could dust and polish forms. The first girls (2) were up in the morning at 5.30.am to clean the long black grate in the kitchen and get the fire going, ready for putting on the porridge pan and the kettle. No one could get even a drink until the fire was drawing. On a wet day it was difficult to get it going, so we used to hold a newspaper to it until it roared. Firewood and copal were brought in the previous night and newspaper made into spills to make it burn longer. Having got the fire going and the porridge pan and kettle on, the rest of the grate could be cleaned, and the fire irons and fender polished until it shone like silver.

While this was going on the next oldest girls were getting out of bed at 6.00am :-

One to clean the kitchen and wash the floor, which was red tiles.

One to wash and clean the back kitchen.

One to start preparing the bread and black treacle, or golden syrup, for breakfast – and lay the tables.

One to clean the small parlour – clean the firegrate – wash the hall floor and dust the skirting boards.

One or two to clean the bedrooms, polish the floors, and then help to polish the bathroom – landing – and stairs.

One would be sent out to scrub and donkey-stone the verandas twice a week – other days to sweep and keep all the offices clean outside. Winter and summer this chore must be done.

More girls to clean and polish the Dining Room – clear the fire grate and lay the fire for evening.

Another to clean the washbasins and the washroom floor. By the time the porridge was ready the whole place was clean and spick and span. Porridge was served in big blue and white bowls with milk, and then a slice of bread with treacle or syrup. Woe betide anyone who let the porridge get lumpy or who burned it.

One girl would be kept at home – one over 14 – to help make the lunch.

When we had all gone to school the Housemother would go all round to see that all duties had been properly carried out. Dust anywhere or minor faults would be 'neglect of duty' and not only would we be in deep trouble at lunch time but we would also be reported on Saturday to the Governor. A report sheet was provided for this purpose. Usual reports were – Neglect of duty, Disobedience, Insubordination (a terrible crime).

The report sheet for all the Homes was sent to the Governor's office and he would list the

misdeameanors and put these outside the store in a frame. So Saturday evening saw someone from each Home running to the store to see who had been reported. Then you had to live with your problem until Monday morning, when the first thing to be done was the Governor or Miss Catterall to read the 'Reports' one name at a time and call out the culprit for punishment. The first offence was 'severe reprimand' with the threat of what would come next if you transgressed again. Next time it was the cane. The Governor or Miss Catterall administering the punishment. They did not spare the rod (all caning on our hands).

As time went on we progressed from one duty to another until leaving school. It may be hard to believe it but it is a fact that ALL duties in the Homes were carried out by the children – girls and boys alike. There was no outside help whatsoever. The boys also cared for the gardens under the supervision of Mr Dixon. The boys were also responsible for cleaning out the schoolrooms and church.

At the age of 14 we left school and were assigned to a special duty for the next 12 months, until we were released to our relatives and friends at the age of 15. I was assigned to the laundry under the supervision of Mrs Bateson – who wouldn't allow me to helping in the washroom at all – she into the peace and quiet of the pressing room – she was a very thoughtful person and looked after us to the best of her ability. In the evenings we had to busy ourselves with darning, mending and knitting lace collars for our dresses. These things done we could have a little read.

At Christmas time a massive tree was brought into the Clayton Hall from the grounds, beautifully decorated by Matron and her helpers and we had a real good Christmas with all the trimmings and presents for each child off the tree. Then there would be a dance. The Foundation Stone for the Clayton Hall was laid in 1914 and when complete this was our dance hall and concert room, a lovely place, with organ, pianola, a white pine floor polished like glass, a concert stage – dressing room etc. Two rows of chairs were arranged against the walls. In the basement of the Clayton Hall we would receive our visitors – aunts, uncles, friends at regular times during the year. Our relations could send parcels in to us for Easter, Whitsuntide and Christmas, and they provided lots of little treats for us.

We had our own Doctor – first it was Sir Charles Brown, and later Dr. McCallam. Mr Sykes was our optician. We had to go to Winckley Square to see Dr. Sykes, but the other doctors came to us. I do not remember anyone needing a dentist. Dr. McCallam came to inoculate us against diptheria and this he did on a sunny day outside the Clayton Hall. A table was spread with a white cloth and all his paraphernalia was laid out on it. He had a lady to help him. I once had a little accident and was taken to Dr. McCallam on Garstang Road in the Governess's car.

When we were due to leave the girls were taken to GOOBYS in Church Street to have costume made and fitted, with a straw hat to match. We were all given new clothes on leaving.

No one was allowed to 'hit us' in the Homes, all sins were paid for on Monday mornings. On one of our Sunday afternoon walks we saw our first motorised charabanc, it had no cover and was full of men. It was going towards Broughton and the men were leaning out and talking to us. (Before the charabanc there were horse drawn wagonettes). From that day motor traffic came along occasionally, sometimes a red bus on its way to Garstang. There was a small by firm in Preston about this time but it was later taken over by the Ribble Bus Company.

By Miss Andy Anderton – more next month.

Goosnargh Wakes and Cakes in the Mid-19th Century

Lying between the village of Broughton, on the trunk road just to the north of Preston, and Longridge, a small semi-industrial town to the west of there, Goosnargh, even in the early 21st Century, consists of houses, two inns, a church, chapel, school and a hand-full of small shops. Yet in the mid-nineteenth century it was a great gathering place, on one day of the year that is. Whilst researching the origins of local bands I concentrated my reading of the local papers around the Whitsuntide Walks in the Preston area which is where many of these musical aggregations first come to light. I don't exaggerate when I say that I was astounded to read of the events in Goosnargh in the mid-nineteenth century.

In spite of the general assumption made by the correspondent of the Preston Chronicle that "Whit Monday is the only public day of recreation for the working classes", perhaps it was because they comprised a more rural community, Goosnargh folk and their guests extended the holiday by a day. The Goosnargh Sick Society was formed about 1784 but it was in 1835 that the Sick Society began a tradition of parading before retiring to the local inns for their annual dinner. Meanwhile the local population and their many visitors got on with the general holiday making

In June 1838 the Preston Chronicle informed readers Whitsuntide celebrations at Goosnargh had changed somewhat for "On this occasion there was an increased attraction, a report for some time having been in circulation that a number of members of the Independent Order of Oddfellows intended making a procession, the truth of which was fully verified by the appearance of a considerable assemblage of persons to the very numerous and respectable body 'in full Uniform' headed by the Preston Promenade Band." The Goosnargh Sick Society was a constant part of the celebration and was accompanied on parade with a number of other Friendly Societies from time to time such as the United Order of Mechanics and of the Independent Order of Oddfellows.

The Chronicle tells us on the 21st May 1842, a time of industrial unrest in nearby Preston, that at Goosnargh on Tuesday, after the usual procession "The village was a scene of bustle and delight; numbers of young individuals tripping the light fantastic toe, 'till the morn dawned, when they returned homewards apparently gratified with their day's proceedings." A similar report was made the following year when "After dinner, "at the different inns, the merry strains of the fiddle were called into action and the votaries (enthusiast) of the dance kept up their amusements until nearly midnight."

The Chronicle reporter clearly fancied them self as dialect poet, or were they just poking fun at country folk? Each year the report was supplemented by an offering in broad Lancashire dialect, typically: -

That morn as prim as pewter quarts
When au th'wenches browt th'sweethearts,
On foot, in shandrays, cars and carts
And thrung as Goosnargh Wakes, mon;
They'd donned their bits of ribbon too,
Some red, some green, and some were blue.
So hey lads hey! Away they flew
Loike a race for th' Ledger Stakes mon.
Reet merrily thet drove full bat,
An eh! heaw Duke and Dobbin swat;
Owd Grizzle so loam on fat,
From side to side hew jow'dum.

The members of the Order of Mechanics sat down, at Mr. Bailey's, the Bushell's Arms, to an excellent repast, comprising all the good things of the season, and the after dinner proceedings were characterised by hilarity and good feeling. Mr. John Braudwood occupied the chair, Mr. R. Lilley being vice.

For those unconnected with either society, there were the usual attractions of a well conducted village fair; and with these the company heartily enjoyed themselves. In the evening the fiddles were called into requisition for the votaries of dancing. Polka, Mazurka, and Lancers found no favourites; country dances, jigs, and reels were preferred, and the merry swains and pretty damsels of Goosnargh tript it gaily,
"By the quick sense of music taught alone."

We cannot omit to notice one exquisite article of confectionery, of which there is generally a very large demand on this day by all the lads and lasses visiting the place. This is the well-known "Goosnargh Cakes," of which upwards of twelve thousand were sold during the day, and the demand was far from being supplied.

Preston Chronicle 17th May 1845

The Chipping Band led the Goosnargh Sick Society from Mr Barton's Grapes Inn in 1847, "they walked two by two to the church. The band played selections during the dinner that followed." It is here we learn a little more of the preferences of the merrymakers as after dinner "Dancing was the order of the afternoon and evening, and though the mystic mazes of the polka, the voluptuous whirling of the waltz and the more simple movements of the quadrille were not in great repute, the hearty reel, the merry jig and the romping country dance were all joined in with a zest that is never equalled at the balls of royalty or the reunions of the Almack's. (The Almack's Assembly Rooms was a social club in London from 1765 to 1871 and one of the first to admit both men and women)

The Chronicle for 17th June 1848 has a report on the prospects for the Whitsuntide celebrations in Preston that predicts that "Whit Monday would have a 'flat-shine', lustre so diminished and especially when we see it so decisive a sign of the bad times." Only the Catholic Societies were expected to walk there. Goosnargh seemed to be able to shrug it off though and an indication of just how busy Goosnargh must have been on such occasions is indicated by the amazing number of 1,350 dozen Goosnargh Cakes were sold at the inns, that is 16,200 pieces of confectionery. Again "The day passed off well and as usual the proceedings were closed with a merry dance."

In June 1849 it would seem that the Chronicle had a new correspondent as the reports take on a more learned appearance thus "at Goosnargh on Whit Tuesday; The Amicable Friendly Society met at Miss Barton's Grapes Inn and at 11am the society formed a procession and marched to church headed by a talented Band from Longridge. Hour by hour as the day proceeded to night fresh arrivals poured in from hill and dale, from hamlet and village and town and city, as friend met friend - the bashful lover his fair one - the philosopher his brother in study - the ancient gent some ancient friend of his early youth - the pleasure increased with the day." Perhaps 1848 had been a lean year for 2,100 dozen cakes, 25,200, were sold in 1849 and even more if they were 'bakers' dozens'.

In 1850 we witness the first appearance of the Longridge Brass Band leading the Amicable Society. Later, after refreshments, the correspondent tells how young folk "from Fell and Fylde" enjoyed a mazy dance "till daylight in the morning". In 1851 the procession was cancelled due to the rain but during the afternoon the company at Miss Barton's were entertained by the Longridge Brass Band who played several airs etc. whilst at the Bushel Arms young folk enjoyed the merry dance. Just when these activities ceased is the subject of further research, they were continued up until 1879 when the Alston Lane Brass Band played and "The amusements in the village were kept up until a late hour with bands playing in the two hostelries for dancing."

With a clear lack of licensing hours, for drinking or dancing, it might be reasonably presumed that everyone enjoyed Whit Tuesday in Goosnargh. But if you only had one, or two, day's holiday in a year wouldn't you? I'll leave the last word to Dean Hole who, when he was Dean of Rochester, was asked to write his reminiscences about the Mid-Nineteenth Century. He wrote about the Club Day in the village of Cauntun "after they had attended a service in church, paraded the village with a flag and band, dined, smoked and imbibed, two thirds of the members were tipsy, and the rest were drunk."

Goosnargh cakes are still produced locally and can be obtained at the Goosnargh Post Office and in Longridge. Pete Vickers



Patriotic Preston: 5

By David Huggonson

Welcome to this fifth, and rather special edition, of my series Patriotic Preston. This series if you recall is designed to give a flavour of Preston's First World War history by quoting from sources that tell the story. We have so far included the Soldiers' and Sailors' Free Buffet and some recruitment news. More recently I did a piece on the Preston Pals. It was designed to be the first of a two part special celebrating the launch of a book I have contributed towards. However, recently the launch date has been postponed till September which has provided the opportunity for either a delayed second part or a four part special. If you have glanced below you would have seen that I have gone for a second option. But I have decided to perhaps coincide it with other sources. I haven't decided, keep tuned to Twitter. Until next month enjoy the read,
David.

Twitter: @DavidHuggonson

Facebook: Preston's Great War

Website: preston1914.wordpress.com

*"What the "Pals" Went Through

How Clive Whittle and Ronald Targett died.

-

Graphic Story From A Chum.

-

"A Sport and a Britisher."

-

The following graphic story was sent to Mr. John Whittle, by one of the "Preston Pals," describing the actions in which Pte Clive Whittle and Lance-Corporal Ronald Targett lost their lives:-

I wish to tell you all that I know and what exactly happened in the attack on the morning of the 23rd July. After being out behind Albert for a rest for a few days after the first attack, orders came through suddenly on the night of the 19th, and we moved up to the trenches, marching straight into the support trenches the same night. We had been heavily shelled and it had been a hard long march up the valley, but we had a few casualties, and pushed forward through the remains of Bazentin-le-Petit and dug in about 400 yards in front of the village between two roads, with a ridge between us and the Huns rising to the right, and High Wood to the right flank.

AN AIR FIGHT

We had some men sniped whilst digging in, then we held the shallow trench for three days in a very hot sun, with little water and little chance of making any tea, and no communication only over the top. On the first day we saw one of our 'planes bring an Allemayne 'plane down, after a hard fight nearly over our heads, and very near the floor. Our 'plane drew slightly away, and our rifle and machine gun fire finished the Boche - one of the greatest sights we have seen. On the night of the 22nd the artillery on both sides were very active, and the Huns sent a lot of high shrapnel over our trench, and the machine guns played incessantly. There were the lights and noise of a big strafe going on in High Wood, and about one o'clock we were reinforced by our other two companies coming over the top from support just in support of the village. In about ten minutes the word came down: "B and C Companies prepare to mount the parapet," and we saw our captain (Thompson) and the sergeant-major getting over on the right. The boys were over,

and troops (regular and otherwise) never went over in better spirit in the face of heavy shrapnel and machine gun fire. Things were not so bad till we got to the ridge, and we had kept in line and direction as well as possible in the dark.

MOWN DOWN LIKE CORN

When we got over the ridge we were met by a strong enfilade fire from the right, we mowed us down in rows like corn, and in a few minutes, before we could get a footing in the trench, all our officers were gone, and very few men left, and after two rushes to try to get in the trench on the right we had to withdraw and try to get back to our own trench. Clive [Whittle], Cyril [Cartmell?] and I used to "grub" together, and we had just divided our rations between us when I was sent for by the captain along with another of the scouts, and we had pushed down the trench to where near the captain was when the word came down "Stand fast!" and the supports started coming into the trench; then the word to advance, so that when we sent over I was separate from Clive and Cyril and did not see them again. It was impossible to tell who was next to you only by shouting. The bullets tore up the ground and tinkled as they hit the steel helmets, and a lot of the chaps who got back had bullets through their canteens, or their clothes were ripped. When we got back as dawn was breaking, there were very few men remaining in the trench, and the sergeants who were left were afraid the Huns would counter-attack, and so we who were left had to "stand to" and be ready to repel the attack if it came.

HOW CLIVE WHITTLE DIED.

There were very few of our platoon left, and they told me that Cyril had gone down to the dressing station, but I could hear nothing of Clive or anyone who had seen him. We were relieved earlier that evening by another regiment, and went back into a reserve trench in the wood behind the village. During the day we were only able to get the chaps in who were wounded near our line, but plenty crawled in from further out. Sergt. Rawcliffe, one of our boys, crawled in during the evening badly wounded in the groin, and he told us that he had passed both Targett and Clive near the top of the ridge, and that Clive had been hit through the body and must have died instantly. Rawcliffe [whose letters are one of the main features of my website], I'm sorry to say, died in hospital a few days later.

TRIBUTE TO A CHUM.

We remained in the reserve trench a week, and I never spent a more miserable week, for most of the old faves were gone, and the Bosches continued to shell us day and night with "coal-boxes". The first day in the reserve trench we lost 20 by the shelling. I made inquiries and a sergeant in A company said Clive was behind him when he saw him fall, and went to him, but that he was dead when he got there. I am in an unfortunate position, because I never saw Clive, and have only these fellows' word for it, and it is idle for me to try and sympathise, because sympathy is not shown by mere words or writing; but he was my pal since joining the Army, and always kept the section in roars of laughter, and was one of the most popular chaps in the battalion as well as the company. But a lot of us will be with him before long, and you really get that you don't mind dying if they would get it over quickly. We made it up that if anything happened, whoever was left would send all private things of any importance home that we had in our valises, but when we came out the wounded and missing man's kits had been gone through and savaged, which gives you an idea of the Army system. I really must close and offer you my deepest sympathy and...only say that Clive always behaved like a sport and a Britisher."

This article was printed in *The Preston Herald* on the 26th September 1916. The newspaper is now out of print but I would like to give thanks to the Harris Library, Preston (part of Lancashire County Council) for allowing me to quote. This newspaper is also available – in full – at Colindale, British Library, London, courtesy to them for also allowing for quotation.

A Preston Lad

Later on in the year, about August, the Sunday School Field Day was held, always of course on a Saturday afternoon. All participants had to present themselves at school about one o'clock. Everyone was mustered into ranks, four abreast, complete with cups attached to our braces. We were marched down London Road as far as the Ribble bridge, turned left at Shawes Arms and followed the country lane past Entwistle's farm and the Grammar School playing fields. If it was an ordinary walk it would be called 'gooin' down T'Lawny'. Eventually we arrived at the field that some kind farmer had loaned us for the day. It was after haytime and the grass was nice and short, no cattle had been in, so it was also clean. No parents attended just the Sunday School scholars and their teachers and other church dignitaries.

Swings and a roundabout had been hired and stalls catered for our needs serving pop, brandy snaps and various sweetmeats, which had to be purchased of course. We only had our Saturday penny so we had to rely on retrieving and returning empty bottles that folk having drunk the contents had temporarily discarded. About eight of us did it in turns, so the stall holder did not get too suspicious, which he would have done if the same boy kept coming time after time. They were those bottles with the alley in the neck, and some stone ginger beers. I suppose he was glad to get them back.

Races were run according to age plus the three legged race and the wheelbarrow, and the egg and spoon. Small prizes were presented to the winners. We Home lads practised the three legged race weeks before the event in the grounds of the Home and got quite adept at it, so some of us won something. Coffee and bath buns were given to all and sundry, hence the cups on our braces. The whole shebang dispersed about four thirty and everyone went their separate ways. Better still the following week the Labour Gala was held in a bigger field just across from the one we had attended the week before down Fishwick Bottoms. It was a massive affair for all the poor kids initially, and in Preston there was a lot of poor children. I think you had to have a ticket, so we boys of the orphanage (not the girls, they knew nothing about it) crept through the hedge just in case. Everything at this event was free. We got away with this escapade for years, once or twice we lost track of the time and got bawled out for being late home for tea. Half past four was the deadline, give or take a few minutes. As it was only an annual event, we always had a reasonable excuse.

Later on in the year we went sapping (pinching apples or pears) from the farmer's orchards at the end of the lane where our field days took place. One farmer, Big Buck Wignall caught us redhanded one Saturday afternoon and issued a challenge. If I, being the eldest at this particular time – could fight his son, and win, we could keep the apples and pears we had pinched. Naturally with the farmer with his stick and dog looking on, I was completely demoralised, and got a bloody good hiding. I met the same lad in later years in the Ribble Bus canteen. He worked for Preston Corporation Buses and I was employed by Fishwicks, namely we were both bus operatives, and had a good laugh about our juvenile bout of fisticuffs. He did not know me but I had recognised him quick enough.

I seemed to be a boy that always managed to be first at things. I was the only one to get into the Boy Scouts. I'm not sure how really ! lets see – The scoutmaster Jimmy Dixon had a girlfriend that sang in the choir, and her nephew had packed it in, being a scout I mean, so he had a uniform and if it fit me I might be able to join at no cost to the authorities. So it worked out and I was in the Otter patrol. Bob Maddox was the patrol

leader and his brother John sat next to me in school, so the fabric was wove and it formed a pattern. It only lasted a year, as Miss Hall, complained that there was too much going on, what with scout meetings and different events at weekends, plus going camping at Brock Bottoms for a week. I was getting too many privileges, which was enabling me to miss a lot of housework, which was not fair to the rest of the boys. Her complaint was held up and I had to resign my place in the pack. I had earned badges, learned semaphore (flags) and morse code (lamps), got a scout knife on my belt, a whistle, compass, tabs on my stockings and a staff. A staff is now a relic and doesn't seem to take part in the scheme of things. It was about six foot long, one end marked off in inches and then feet for the rest of the length. Its main job however was a means of getting across brooks or streams without getting ones feet wet. You approached the stream at a run your staff held at an angle and the aim was to embed it in the brook about halfway or as far as possible and heave yourself to the other side and you could soon get quite adept at this manoeuvre. Sometimes if it was muddy your staff stayed upright in the mud and you lost your momentum and also got a ducking much to our discomfiture, as well as listening to the hoots of laughter from the rest of the patrol. I had just got used to playing the bugle when I had to leave and I was quite proud at Parade Day , which was the first Sunday of the month. We had to report to the Scoutmaster, Jimmy Dixon at ten o'clock I think, at the Sunday School (day school really) and off we marched round the parish. Mr Blackledge, the assistant Scout Master, would blow his whistle, the big drum would give a double beat and kettle drums and side drums plus bugles would bash out. 'You won't go to heaven when you die Mary Ann' etc., well those were the words we put to the tune. Up St. Mary's Street, down Ribbleton Lane, right at Skeffington Road and down New Hall Lane back to church. Just before Skevvy Road we had a breather then about 50 yards from St Joseph's church came the sound of Mr Blackledge's whistle. 'Boo boom' went the big drum and the rest of the band did their best to blow the congregation of St Josephs off their seats or at least deafen them. The drums were thumped as hard as possible, extra wind procured from somewhere, to swell the tune played on the bugles and the big drummer had a birthday trying to bust his instrument, all this, just because we were passing a Roman Catholic church. No love was lost between the two factions. On reaching New Hall Lane the band toned down to its usual tempo and stopped in front of our church door. Then we were marshalled into a double line and walked sedately down the aisles and present the flag to the vicar, Mr Rees, to be placed in its accustomed place in the apse under the banners. Prior to this, Stanley Bleasdale, who played a drum, and myself left the ranks and dashed round to the vestry to don our robes in time for the choirs entry into the choir stalls. That period in my life was a very happy one.

When you are placed in a position like mine, and you have no one to turn to for advice, comfort, or just to have someone near you, you have to have a fixation, that is – something to fill the void, if possible in the core of your being and unfortunately it has to be an inanimate object because you have not got anyone human to beseech. Although I liked school, you cannot become part of it, because you are in motion, if not bodily you are in mind, so I chose the church. At least there were times you could ponder and or reflect, especially at Evensong, so much quieter and peaceful than Matins. The hymns were more peaceful and after the first hymn came Nunc Dimittus. As we gently chanted, Lord, now lettest thou servant depart in peace according to thy word for mine eyes have seen thy salvation to be a light to lighten the Gentiles etc. I was a Gentile, so it was apt ! During the sermon the lights were doused in the choir stalls and the spotlight was on the vicar. The men dozed, women fiddled and I felt warm and comforted by the drone of the unctuous voice of our own holy man. More next month Arthur Eric Crook 1917-1997

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

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