

# The Preston Magazine



Issue 11

June 2013



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# *“Talks in the Park”*

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# Welcome

Welcome to the 11th issue of The Preston Magazine our free monthly magazine containing 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](http://www.priory.lancs.sch.uk) you can also access The Preston Magazine via [www.blogpreston.co.uk](http://www.blogpreston.co.uk)

This month's guest writers are Peter Vickers, Steve Halliwell, David Huggonson and also memories of Mr John Davies of working at Marsden's in Preston during the 1940's. Our ongoing serial 'A Preston Lad' by Arthur Eric Crook (1917-1997). Part 4 of The Harris Orphanage by Miss Andy Anderton.

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

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

The Preston flag seen on the front of the magazine was designed by Philip Tibbets, copyright has been waived to allow it to be used by anyone.

Take a look at the Preston groups on Flickr, there are thousands of images, old and new. Preston Digital Archive is looking for old photos of Preston and surrounding area, please get in touch at the number below if you would like to contribute.

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

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

Front Cover Image by Heather Crook of Joseph Delaney at the top of Glovers Court, Joseph is the writer of the 'Spooks' books, in which Preston takes the name of Priest town, the 12<sup>th</sup> book in the series 'Spook's – Alice' recently, is out now, a film based on the Wardstone Chronicles is out later in the year, entitled 'The Seventh Son' and starring Jeff Bridges. [www.spooksworld.com](http://www.spooksworld.com)

During the summer 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. See the advert in the magazine. The first one is on Wednesday evening on the 10<sup>th</sup> July.

**Contact Details - Heather 07733 321 911**  
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# Talks in the Park

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**LONGEVITY** – There is employed at Stonyhurst College, an old man, named **William Brown**, who, for the last 28 years, has had, as a companion in his labours, a faithful mule, and the united ages of the two amount to 122 years.

**Preston Chronicle October 26, 1836**

**An Aged Pedestrian** – A man by the name of **James Abbott**, residing in Queen Street of this town, has for the last twenty-four years been a messenger for the fishmongers from this town to Stonyhurst College – a distance of fourteen miles. He is sixty-five years of age. He sometimes goes twice a week. On average he has gone eighty times a year, for the last twenty-four years. He has frequently taken on his back seventy or eighty pounds, and on one occasion eighty-four, of fish, and returned the same day – a distance of twenty-eight miles ! Sometimes he takes a truck, with as much as two hundred pounds of fish upon it, and returns with his vehicle the same day. He travels these journeys frequently during the most inclement weather, upon one of the worst roads in this district. He performs the labour cheerfully for a small sum from the fishmongers, and a hearty welcome and hospitable treatment at the college. During the foxhunting season, he frequently turns out with the hounds, and sometimes gets, 'in at the death', after a run of many miles. He is a light man, of about five feet seven inches in height and about nine stones in weight.

**Preston Chronicle March 1, 1856**

**The bridge** which has been three years building over the River Ribble, between Preston and Walton-le Dale, is now complete. It has been built at the expense of the County of Lancaster contains only three arches, the middle one from pier to pier is 28 yards in diameter, the other two decline in proportion. This bridge is universally allowed by travellers to be the neatest and strongest in the kingdom.

**The British Evening Post September 20, 1781**

**Last Sunday morning** two large sea monsters were seen in the River Ribble near the Custom House at Preston Lancashire at which some men went out in boats, with pitchforks, and killed one of them, which weighed betwixt 6 and 700 weight, and had teats, which they squeezed milk out of, and they said it was the sweetest milk they ever tasted.

**Universal Chronicle April 14, 1759**

**A letter received here from Preston in Lancashire says**

'On the 31<sup>st</sup> ult. At about five miles distance from this place, the river Ribble stood still, and for the length of three miles there was no water except in deep places. People crossed the river dry-shed, where just before neither man nor horse could pass without a boat. In about five hours it came down with a strong current, and continues to run as usual, it seems the like phenomenon happened in the year 1715. The people here are extremely alarmed at this extraordinary event.'

**The British Evening News Jan 17 1775**

**Our Preston correspondent says** 'It is a very singular fact, that in this country at least, and I believe all over the kingdom, the beans, as they lay in the pod, are placed in the contrary way to what they usually are. This has never been the case since the year in which the King of France was beheaded.' If this fact is well established, it is worth the notice of the curious.

**The Lancashire Gazette September 7, 1805**

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## Life in the Harris Orphanage in the early 20<sup>th</sup> century.

David and I had not been very long 'inside' when the matron Mrs Jolly died. She was the very first matron and when she died her open coffin was put into the chancel of our church and we were all required to walk single file into the church, round the coffin and out again. All dressed in our best clothes. Mrs Jolly was buried in Broughton Churchyard. We all attended the funeral and what a cold day it was.

Our Governor Lt. Col. Jolly was also our Reader in church. He was in charge in the same capacity as a vicar. He wore a black cassock and a spotless white surplice. This was washed by one of the girls in our own laundry and starched so that it would 'stand up' on its own. The Governor came straight out of his house through the school and into the church where we were all assembled.

We had a proper church service – to us very sacred. One of the girls in the choir read the First Lesson and a boy in the choir the Second Lesson. The Governor read the prayers and delivered the sermon. The service always ended with the Vesper Hymn:-

Holiest now behold us kneeling,  
Ere we leave thy house of prayer,  
Shed on each thy Heavenly Blessing,  
Take us all in Thy great care.  
May Thy Holy Angels Bright,  
Guard us through the coming night.

Out through the school and home to bed.

There were stained glass windows all around the church and a beautiful altar and pulpit, with a lovely brass lectern donated by a gentleman called Sowerbutts. The chairs and floor were scrubbed white (by the boys) and the aisles were tessellated marble. Very beautiful.

Behind the organ was a little room where a girl 'blew' the organ for Miss Catterall, and in this room the Anthem sheets were kept.

Our new matron was Mrs Bassett Jones (Lt. Col. And Mrs Jolly's daughter Jenny) who must have been 27 or 28 at this time. She was matron for 33 years and she too was buried in Broughton Churchyard. So now the Governor was Lt. Col. Jolly and the Matron his daughter Mrs Bassett Jones.

Whilst on this subject of the church, our relatives and friends could come to our evening service about every six to eight weeks, and an announcement to this effect would be posted on the gates. No meeting each other after Church.

Our Governor was also the secretary to the Home for the Blind, and at intervals the blind children would come to our church. They would be lead in by one of their teachers and they would come in a long line, each child holding the hand of the next. Two children would read the lesson from their Braille Bible. We were always sad to see those helpless little children.

### SCHOOL

When the school bell rang each morning, we lined up behind the school – boys at one end, girls at the other, in order of height. Miss Catterall carried out inspection to make sure that our clogs were polished, socks were pulled up, wearing apparel clean and tidy and then we marched into school. Big girls first down to little ones, then the big boys down to the small ones. Clogs made a clatter on the wooden floors, so it was the rule 'to walk quietly in the classroom'.

The Infants schoolroom was immediately facing a door from the Governor's house, and

there began the first taste of discipline. We had to learn our lessons well and truly and behave ourselves. Any child not able to assimilate lessons in the time available was stood in the corner with a conical hat on, marked DUNCE. For bad behaviour we were told to stand in a corner, face to the wall, hands on our heads.

I was very fortunate to have Miss Catterall for my teacher throughout my school life (with the exception of one lesson a week, which we took with Miss Rankin in the library), first in the infant class and then when Mr Jones the Headmaster was called up into the First World War, Miss Catterall was appointed Headmistress, so we went into the 'big' school together.

Monday morning when those who had been reported – more later – had been dealt with, either severely reprimanded or caned, we learned the Collect for the week by heart, and for the rest of the week, said it in unison daily, then a prayer and then file out to the boy's playground for DRILL (after my spell in hospital at the age of nine there was no more drill for me – I had to water all the plants around the window sills instead).

Then back to school for lessons – always arithmetic first. We had a very busy curriculum – no homework from school – only one weeks holiday at Easter and two weeks in August, for the Preston holiday period.

I remember school as a very happy period. Miss Catterall was quite strict, very clever, extremely musical, and made learning a pleasure. The school piano was placed at the front of the class and from the singing in the school, she would decide who would join the church choir.

We had a good school library and we were encouraged to borrow books. After choosing a book it had to be taken to Miss Catterall to be booked out. Later on she arranged for us to have a 'Box' library, which was brought in and returned at regular intervals.

Now and again an Inspector from the Education Office would come and check out our knowledge. I do not recollect him making any complaints.

Once a week we would be taken out into the country for a botany lesson, in addition to what we could learn in our own grounds, for we were surrounded by trees, bushes and lawns. We would sometimes go by Lightfoot Lane, Sharoe Green lane, Durton Lane etc. Now and again to Squire Anderton's Woods, as far as the 'shrine' and then home again. We used to cover quite a lot of miles, always we were looking for something, one time it was Cuckoo Pint, another time it was Deadly Nightshade or Woody Nightshade, Hips and Haws, Foxgloves, Wildwood Violets, Meadowsweet, Dragonflies etc. The woodland lanes were a wonderland. No plucking flowers or berries, this was strictly forbidden. When the wild roses were out the hedgerows were beautiful. There was that lovely lacy plant everywhere. Sometimes we were taken to pick blackberries.

Out of the lanes over the stiles (keep to the path) and into the next field. Our own trees were a delight as we watched them change from season to season.

During the winter, we were taken to the Empire Theatre whenever there was a new show, and saw some excellent shows. Chu Chin Chow was one, Wild Violets, No No Nanette, The Arcadians and many others. The theatre manager would come along and give each child a bar of chocolate.

I did not care for sewing and knitting classes – it once took me a whole term to make a pillowcase. Each lesson Miss Catterall would 'straighten it up' until eventually it was about six inches long. I received First prize for sewing that year !!! I started knitting a sock for a soldier (khaki) early in the First World War and I had not turned the heel when the war was finished. Further I had knitted it inside out.

# THE NEW CLOCK AT CHRIST CHURCH

A large public clock has been placed in the tower by our townsman, Mr Brown, watch and clock maker of Fishergate, at the expense of the members of the congregation. It is replete with all the recent improvements, and is an exact model of the noted iron clock in St Ann's Church, Manchester, which was designed and manufactured by Mr Richard Roberts, the



eminent engineer. A clock of this principle was ordered by the Earl of Rosse, FRS in 1853, and another a fellow to this one, now tells the time of day in front of the Custom House, in Peru, South America. The dial is a skeleton one, of cast-iron, 5ft. 8in. in diameter, and looks remarkably well; the hands are of the fleur-de-lis pattern, large and bold, that they may well be seen at a distance, the pendulum is about 13 and a half feet long, - it is compensated on a new principle, and regulated by at the top; it beats once in two seconds, and the bob weighs 140 lbs., the main-wheels are each 15 in. in diameter, and all the works are so arranged that a single wheel can be instantly removed without disturbing any other portion of the mechanism; in fact, every wheel may be quickly taken out without disturbing the frame-work. The barrels have been diminished in size, because sufficient fall could not be obtained for the weights, which is rather a disadvantage. The ropes are the patent ones, of wire, and are light, strong and durable; the breaking point being about twenty times the weight they are required to sustain. The clock works from what is called the pin-wheel escapement, which is now adopted by all the best makers. The 'scape and dial wheels are of brass, or rather gunmetal, which is harder, the rest are of cast-iron, and all work in brass bushes. It keeps time remarkably well, and may be depended on to a nicety. It is regulated by the astronomical clock in Mr Holden's observatory, the true time being obtained by him independently of Greenwich, from observations of the sun, at every favourable opportunity. Mr Brown intends to have a photograph taken of the clock; it will make a pretty and interesting picture. A great prejudice exists in the public mind against iron clocks, which can only be accounted for on the supposition that interested parties are determined to cry them down. For our own part we are convinced of the superiority of iron over brass.

# Patriotic Preston

Welcome to this fourth and rather special edition of Patriotic Preston! It is also part one of two: the other is out in July 2013 in time for the release of a history of the Preston Pals. I thought I would begin by sharing some information on individuals. The profiles that are below have been formed in co-operation with living relatives. I would also like to acknowledge Ancestry.com, the Commonwealth War Graves Commission and The National Archives for allowing permission to quote and to take information from their websites. Also all addresses taken from 1914, or just prior to enlistment, have been transcribed are on the blog. They were printed in The Preston Herald on the 7th September 1914. I often refer to it as the 'Herald List'.

I have tried to be accurate where possible so all errors are my own. I am happy to correct, or add any information, as this will also be online as well as in print.

Also please notice that in the profiles I have tried to give a broad selection and that some of those chosen did not in fact die in the Battle of the Somme. We cannot forget that it has been widely, and incorrectly, thought that the 'Preston Pals' were all killed. As you can see below some did in fact survive! More on this next month. Enjoy!

David Huggonson

**Twitter:** @DavidHuggonson

**Website:** [preston1914.wordpress.com](http://preston1914.wordpress.com)

**Check out the new Facebook page:**

**<https://www.facebook.com/PrestonsGreatWar?fref=ts>**

**Or just search: Preston's Great War**

## **Profile One:**

Private Edwin Howarth, 13163, was born 1898 and was approximately 16 on enlistment. Prior to enlistment he was recorded in the 1911 census to be a Florists Errand Boy. He was also residing at 57 Meadow Street, Preston in September 1914. He was the son of Elizabeth Howarth and brother to David and Joseph. Edwin survived the war to marry in 1923 to Elsie Barton in Preston. He died 1971 and is buried in Cottam Church Yard. As part of his military career he was promoted to 2nd Lieutenant and commanded in the 52nd King's Liverpool Regiment. He was also Military Cross winner and was gazetted on 2nd December 1918:

**"For conspicuous gallantry and resource. He led a patrol in rear of the enemy's position and, in conjunction with a frontal assault by another party, killed several of the enemy and captured twelve prisoners and two machine guns. It was owing to his initiative that the operation was a success."**



Source: London Gazette #31043, 2nd December 1918, Page 14246

Courtesy to Jon Barton for allowing reproduction of these images. (Above left Edwin in uniform, above right, Edwin's gravestone in Cottam Church Yard).

## **Profile 2**

Private **Hugh Carnegie Rain**, 13019, resided at 1 Moor Park Avenue, Blackpool but was born in Preston in July 1896 and was approximately nineteen on enlistment. He was an engineer prior to enlistment according to his service record. However, he was from a family of performers and was the son of Hugh 'Will Onda' Rain, a well known local Cinematographer and Gymnast. His mother was Margaret Rain and Hugh Carnegie was brother to Minnie and Frank. He was also Church of England and was single. Hugh died of wounds on 27th September 1915 in Stationary Hospital Abbeville, France. It was widely

reported in the local newspapers that a telegram was sent to Hugh's father about his wounding, however he died of his wounds before his father could get there. He was aged nineteen.



Hugh Carnegie Rain also attended Preston Grammar School, one of many serving in the Preston Pals, and is included on the Roll of Honour in the Harris Museum and Art Gallery – although it is incorrectly inscribed C.H Pain. He is also remembered on the Preston Grammar School Plaque.

Obituary: The Preston Guardian, 2nd October 1915

(Hugh Carnegie Rain as a boy. Courtesy to Stuart Dawson.)

### Profile 3:

Private Edgar Gaunt, 13056, resided at Nooklands Farm, Fulwood in 1914 and was born in Preston in 1896. He was nineteen on enlistment and was employed as a butcher. He was also Church of England and single according to his service record. He was wounded and remained in the field on the 1st July 1916. He was also appointed Lance Corporal (unpaid) on 17th July 1916 but was killed in action on the 22nd July 1916. He is buried in France and was the son of William and Martha Gaunt. Note that he also served in the Preston Pals with his brother William Gaunt. He also had a sister, Florence.



Obituary: The Preston Guardian 19th August 1916.

(Courtesy to Joanne Ville for allowing reproduction of the above images. The one on the left is the use of the above photos Gaunt's Commonwealth War Gravestone. The photo from the right is from Edgar Gaunt's obituary.)

### Profile 4:

Private John Butler, 13151, resided at 32 Manchester Road, Blackpool but was born in Poulton in 1890. He was twenty-four on enlistment and was employed as an accountants' clerk. According to his service file he was also Church of England and single. He was wounded on the 11th July 1916 and was treated in a Glasgow hospital. He received a gunshot wound to his shoulder. He was later killed in action whilst attached to 6th battalion Loyals on the 9th March 1917 in Mesopotamia. John was the son of Tom and Adelaide Butler; brother to Richard, John, Ellen, and Francis Allen. In his service file a letter was written asking about details of his death:

"To the officer Commanding  
Records Office,

19th April 1917

Dear Sir,

I beg to ask if you [by] chance [happen] to have any record or could inform me as to where to obtain information in regards to the manner in which Pte J Butler No 13151 (originally 14th Platoon, D Compy 7th Batt, L N L &...of the 6th Batt) met his death in Mesopotamia...

He was the brother of my wife and since the notification of his death. She has become depressed. & I worries greatly as to how he died & if he is decently buried.

It would be undoubtedly be a great relief to her if we obtained some definitive news!

Hoping that you can supply some or put me on the right tracks

I beg to Remain

Yours' Truly, J.B. Entwistle"

(Quoted from Ancestry.com. British Army WWI Service Records, 1914-1920. Original data: The National Archives of the UK (TNA). Kew (WO363). Pages 37237-37238. Information reproduced in accordance with the Government Open License:

<http://www.nationalarchives.gov.uk/doc/open-government-licence/>

### **Profile 5:**

Corporal Harry Eugene Sandwell, 13087, resided at St Thomas' Road, Preston in 1914. He was born in Preston in April 1891 and survived the war to die in March 1955 in Blackpool. He married Kate Sandwell, and again to Dorothy Adela Wyatt on 3<sup>rd</sup> September 1918 in Burnage, St Margaret, Lancashire. Harry was the son of Samuel Lowthan Sandwell (Insurance Agent) and Isabel (Housekeeper). Brother to Jane (weaver), Ellen (Weaver), Margaret, Ethel and Sarah. As part of his military career he was promoted to 2<sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant and transferred on 16<sup>th</sup> November 1916 to command in the Border Regiment.



(Corporal Sandwell in uniform. Courtesy to Elizabeth Pike.)

### **Profile 6:**

Private Philip Walter Park, 13022, resided at The Planes, Cop Lane, Penwortham in 1914. He was born in Preston in 1890 and was twenty-four and four months on enlistment. According to his service record he was employed as Clerk prior to enlistment. He was employed as a Hall Porter in 1911. Philip, however, it seems was no stranger to military life as he served in 9<sup>th</sup> Lancs Battery, 2<sup>nd</sup> Lancs Brigade, T.R.F.A. He was also married to Mildred Walmsley Park, of 52, Lovat Rd., Preston. Philip was the son of Edmund John (Commercial Clerk) and Margaret Park. Brother to Francis Park, Mary Josephine, Ann Teresa and Wilfred Cornelius. Unfortunately he was killed on the 25<sup>th</sup> November 1916, aged 26. The following telegram was also sent to inform his spouse of his death:

"To: Mrs Mildred Park,  
52 Lovat Rd Preston...

26.11.16 Regret report 13022  
Pte Park P.W. 7<sup>th</sup> North Lancs  
died 25 November at 9 General  
Hospital Rouen  
From: Attest"

(Quoted from: Ancestry.com. British Army WWI Service Records, 1914-1920. Original data: The National Archives of the UK (TNA). Kew (WO363). Page 129901. Information reproduced in accordance with the Government Open License)

He is memorialised on the County Memorial Lancashire County Council and the Harris Roll of Honour.

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Much more was included in the newspapers than the deaths of individuals. Letters were printed by the Pals from the front, as well as regular reports of the Preston Pals during their training and subsequent actions. Below is one such example, more will be put on the blog copyright permitting. The following was printed in The Preston Guardian on 13<sup>th</sup>

November 1915. Courtesy to the Farmers Guardian, Briefing Media Ltd and the Harris Library Preston (part of Lancashire County Council).

## **"WITH THE PALS**

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### **Five Days In The Firing Line**

Scout C. W. Airey, one of the Preston "Pals," who prior to enlistment was chief telephone clerk at the "Preston Guardian" [newspaper] office, writing from France to a colleague, says:-

'It is a war of bombs and shells. Our rifles are practically useless except in a bayonet charge. We have yet to make our initial, and, I hope, famous charge. But everything seems so quiet all day long. We hear the distant rumble of a bombardment, but with us it is almost monotonous. Yet we are supposed to be holding a dangerous part of the line!

'During our last five days in the firing line we were about 200 yards from the Germans, and D Company consequently felt braver. We went souvenir mad and soon after "stand-to" one morning the boys climbed over the parapet searching for novelties for the dear ones at home. Not to appear too brave I should say that a fog fairly covered our movements. German helmets, buttons, badges, German ammunition, &c, comprised the awards for which the boys hazarded their lives. It was dangerous enough, and one poor fellow was wounded rather seriously in the head. There was something in the very daring of it that was decidedly thrilling.

'It is very hard to see a pal wounded, let alone killed. But you are so proud to be a Briton when you see how bravely the lads bear their wounds. No one but an English Tommy could bear pain so bravely. It fairly makes you bite your lips to see the lads carried down the trenches – in one case with 35 wounds and in another 16 – and yet they can laugh and talk about "blighties" and "being sure of getting home now." Though in awful pain they hardly murmur when the doctor – and our M[edical].O[fficer]. is one of the best – with his gentle touch applies iodine to the wounds. That is the sad side of the game.

'Headquarters must be obsessed with the idea "a change is as good as the rest," for our "rest" consists of either marching or digging trenches. Since we came out of the trenches the elements have been doing their worst. Consequently this monotonously flat country is practically all water and mud. The other day we set out of the trenches, and having gained the communication trench we had to literally wade down it being waist deep in water at times. But this does not dampen our spirits, and after the shock of the first cold immersion had passed out came our usual sarcastic remarks "Stretcher-bearers at the breast stroke" went down the line when one little fellow refused to budge because the chap in front of him happened to be a foot taller, and had gone in well up to the waist, which I suppose, set the diminutive one wondering where the tide-mark would be left on him. A sudden push removed all his doubts. "Fix lifebelts," and "It's deeper further on," are other examples of the boys' wit.

'We reached the reserve trench, where picks, shovels and sandbags were distributed, and we did six solid hours filling sandbags in heavy rain. By the time for downing tools we were nicely starved through, but before swimming the trenches again we preferred to risk a run across open country in full view of the Huns, who assisted our agility with a few nicely placed but wasted, shells.

'The petty squabbles at home rather make us feel that we are not being supported as we ought to be. "Tommys" follow events at home as never before, and it is surprising the knowledge they have. The conflict over conscription was surely inopportune. I trust compulsion will never be applied. Certainly one feels incensed with the "slacker," but a far greater accomplishment than having our ideals sustained by men made to fight."

More on Cyril Airey and other Preston Pals members next month!

EMPEROR OF ALL THE CONJURORS !!!



FOR FOUR NIGHTS ONLY!!

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**INGLEBY, SENIOR,**

*The Emperor of all Professors in the Cabalistic Art,*

**M**OST respectfully informs the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public at large, of Preston and its Vicinity, that he intends to open his unequalled Performances on MONDAY the 20th, TUESDAY the 21st, WEDNESDAY the 23d, and FRIDAY the 24th JUNE.

\*.\* Mr. I. wishes them to understand, that he is not one of those *would-be* Conjurors, or artificial Inglebys, but the **REAL MAN HIMSELF!**

The evening's Amusement will be assisted with a favourite

**SONG,**

By MRS. INGLEBY;

When she will do herself the honour of introducing her

**INVISIBLE HEN,**

For which she receives unbounded applause from those that witness it.

Doors to be open at Seven, and the Performance to commence precisely at Eight.—Front Seats, 2s. 6d.—Back Seats, 1s. 6d.—Children admitted to the Front Seats for 1s. 6d.—Tickets to be had of ADDISON, or CLARKE, Booksellers; at the Bar of the Bull Inn; and of Mr. LAMARBY, at Mr. Robinson's, No. 119, Fishergate.

\*.\* LADIES AND GENTLEMEN MAY HAVE A PRIVATE PERFORMANCE AT THEIR OWN HOUSES, BY GIVING A DAY'S NOTICE, AT THE LOW SUM OF FIVE GUINEAS.

Preston Pilot 18<sup>th</sup> June 1825

# "THE KING'S CONJUROR"

A story by pub historian

**Steve Halliwell**

By the time that Ingleby Senior appeared at the "Bull Inn", Preston (better known to us as the "Bull and Royal Hotel"), he had been practising the art of conjuring for in excess of twenty years. His billing, wherever he appeared ranged from that in the title to "The Emperor's Conjuror".

From the detail below his name on the advertisement (left) it would seem that he may have had impersonators, for he describes himself as "The Emperor of all Professors in the Cabalistic Art."

He emphasises that a little lower down, by asking those who

he would like to attract to his performance, that 'he is *not* one of those *would-be* conjurors, or artificial Inglebys, but the **REAL MAN HIMSELF!**'

The performance at the Bull Inn would presumably be constrained by the surrounding, for in many of his performances he offered acts, including those of his son, Ingleby, junior, and a lady who went by the name Miss Young, the *Flying Female*, that were akin to those of a circus, with tight and slack-rope walkers. At this event he would offer his mathematical and maybe his scientific experiments 'by dexterity of hand.'

You will notice that his performances were offered in the homes of those who desired them, providing he was given a day's notice, for what seems a very reasonable five guineas.

One can only imagine the nature of Mrs. Ingleby's hen!

For more stories about Preston's old Inns and taverns, visit <http://pubsinpreston.blogspot.co.uk>

## THE PANORAMA

As regular readers of my pages must have realised, the topics that interest me are drawn from the realms of popular entertainment often with references to whom the entertainment was provided for and how they received it. A form of entertainment with an educational value that preceded the coming of the cinema was the diorama or panorama; I remember my father who was born in 1902 telling me of visits the Public Hall to witness Hamilton's Excursions; "O'er Land and Sea". Panoramas originally were giant, stationary 360-degree paintings but early in the 19<sup>th</sup> Century the term was applied to moving panoramas that consisted of paintings of "contiguous views of passing scenery, as if seen from a boat or a train window. Installed on immense spools, they were scrolled past the audience behind a cut-out drop-scene or proscenium with the mechanism hidden from public view. The moving panorama almost always had a narrator, styled as its "Delineator" or "Professor", who described the scenes as they passed and added to the drama of the events depicted"

In May 1848 and again in October 1850 an Astronomical Exhibition, "A Panorama of the Heavens" was presented by Mr Henry F.S.A. to the people of Preston at The Theatre Royal. The programme also included "Views of the Most Remarkable Places in the World" and concluded with Chinese Fireworks. Further searching for other occasions when a panorama was on show to the people of the town brought to my attention the panoramas depicting the life of the American Slaves to be presented by the escaped American slave Henry "Box" Brown. This was in 1851 and although slavery was officially abolished throughout the British

Empire in 1834 it was not until the end of the American Civil War in 1863 that it was abolished in the U.S.A. Henry Brown was born into slavery in Virginia in 1821 and became famous for the manner in which he escaped captivity and fled to the Northern "Free" States. Following his master's death, his goods and chattels were divided amongst his children and Henry was separated from his wife and children. He escaped to Philadelphia in a box 3ft x 2ft 6inches x 2ft wide packed up as luggage and dispatched by railroad and steamboat, a journey of some 27 hours, two hours when the box was upside-



down. After his escape he attended the ant-slavery convention in Boston and was befriended by the advocates of emancipation. He wrote and published a narrative of his life and with the proceeds of the sale procured the execution of a panorama illustrative of African and American slavery. He exhibited this in the "Free" States until the passing of the Fugitive Slave Bill deemed it prudent for him to come to England. He set sail in 1850 accompanied by James "Boxer" Brown, the free coloured man who had helped him escape. With the help of benevolent friends of the coloured race they managed to get the panorama on board the boat and a report in the *Liverpool Mercury* notes that they landed there early in November that year. The report goes on to tell how the exhibition of the panorama in that city was a great success with Brown giving "a kind of lecture, in which he enlarged on the horrors of slavery, and the cruelty to which the slaves were subjected. Some pictures represented the flogging of female as well as male slaves and also the burning of slaves alive." He toured the northern towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire and then went on to Wolverhampton where he was patronised by the clergy and the schools but not by the editor of *The Wolverhampton Herald* who was severely critical of Brown, causing him to leave the town due to falling attendances. Brown successfully sued the editor and as the jury found in his favour was awarded

compensation for loss of earnings. The claim that Brown had the support of the schools and Sunday Schools is confirmed in a letter Mr Brown received on his arrival in Preston. It was from the teachers of nearby Blackburn who “called upon all our Christian brethren, who may have the opportunity to go and witness this mirror of slavery for themselves; feeling assured ourselves that it is calculated to leave a lasting impression upon the mind, and particularly that of the young.” The teachers of Preston followed this lead and a short report in the *Preston Chronicle* following the exhibition in Preston tells us that “The Panorama of American Slavery has continued during the week to attract numerous visitors, amongst them were the scholars of several Sunday and day schools. The exhibition gave the utmost satisfaction.” The exhibition continued to tour and returned to Preston in February 1853. The Act that abolished slavery in most of the British Empire in 1834 re-designated the slaves as apprentices who remained the property of their owners for a number of years and the government set aside funds to compensate owners for the loss of their “property”. In 1840 some £20,000,000 was paid out to owners of freed slaves who came from many hundreds of British families, many of high social standing. Henry Box Brown appeared in a dramatic production in Liverpool when he portrayed himself in a piece specially written to illustrate the more dramatic episodes in his life. After the American civil war he remained in England and became established as a mainstream entertainer. Mr J.D.C.A. Smith presented his panorama of “Uncle Tom's Cabin” at the Corn Exchange in April 1853; again with scenes of slavery and also more general views of America. In November 1854 the citizens of Preston had the opportunity to experience what was to become annual visits by Hamilton's Excursions. On this first occasion the subject of the panorama was the Crimean War with additional exhibits representing a visit to the Alpine regions. Initially at the exhibition of a panorama there was a commentary with musical accompaniment but the entertainment became more of a variety show as time went on and by the time my father, as a very young boy, was able to visit Mr Hamilton's exhibition newsreel films were included in the programme. Hamilton's Excursions merged with rivals Pooles in 1907.

**NEXT WEEK ONLY,**  
**AT THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS, CORN EXCHANGE,**  
**PRESTON.**  
 EXHIBITING EVERY EVENING,  
**THE GREAT AMERICAN MOVING TABLEAU,**  
 OR  
**PANORAMA**  
**OF AMERICAN SLAVERY,** lately arrived in Eng-  
 land, painted on 50,000 feet of canvas, by WOL-  
 COTT, ROUSE, and JOHNSON, artists of Boston,  
 United States.  
 Messrs. H. BOX BROWN and JAMES SMITH, the  
 former a fugitive slave, who escaped from Richmond, Va.,  
 packed in a box, and the latter a free man of colour, will  
 introduce several MELODIES. Appropriate Music.  
 Doors open each Evening at Half-past Seven; Panora-  
 ma to commence moving at Eight.  
 There will be DAY EXHIBITIONS on TUESDAY,  
 THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, at Three o'clock.  
 Admission: Front Seats, 1s.; Second Seats, 6d.; Back  
 Seats, 4d. Schools at reduced prices.  
 For further particulars see other announcements.  
 All arrangements for admission at reduced prices to be  
 made with Mr. JOSEPH DEARDES, Butler's-court.

**CORN EXCHANGE, PRESTON.**  
**WILL OPEN, ON WEDNESDAY, Nov. 8th, for a limited**  
**period, HAMILTON'S GRAND MOVING**  
**PANORAMA of the SEAT OF WAR, illustrating the**  
**most important places on the Danube, the Black Sea, and**  
**the Baltic, preceded by the magnificent Moving Alpine**  
**Diorama of the Ascent of Mont Blanc, exhibited at the**  
**Royal Exchange, Manchester, for five months, and visited**  
**by nearly 60,000 persons.**  
 Pianist, Mr. Inglesten; Cornet-à-Piston, Mr. W.  
 Adams.  
 Afternoon exhibitions on Tuesday and Thursday, at  
 Three o'clock, and every evening at Eight.  
 Front reserved seats, 1s. 6d.; second seats, 1s.; back,  
 6d.—Children half-price.

## Work Experience in Preston 1940's

I have just walked the length of Church Street reminiscing. (2008) It is generally a sorry sight with many premises that I remember as thriving businesses now derelict eye sores. There are a couple of refreshing sights though. The shop at the corner of Pole Street which was Sander's confectioners with the Belgian horse meat shop next door is now completely renewed as a very attractive art gallery. What used to be Swalbe's dress shop at the corner of Manchester Road and owned by the Misses Swalbe has also been given an up-to-the-minute face lift. Perhaps Church Street is on the up again. I hope so. Gawping about in Grimshaw Street and elderly gentleman approached me. 'Are you looking for somewhere ?' I told him I was just reliving old times and that in the 1940's I had worked at Marsden's. He said 'Oh, You would know so and so then' and reamed of many of the people I had worked with. He then told me that he had started a fireplace business off Grimshaw Street in the 1950's and that it was still there. He also knew people my wife worked with at Sharp's Gold Thread Works at the top of Grimshaw Street. We talked for many a while which brought to mind details of several of the local businesses and incidents in which I was involved. He told me that Marsden's is now being refurbished as a restaurant and again looks to be a big improvement on the last time I saw it. Marsden's was a very long established business and in my time was owned by a Mr Ainsworth who lived at Bolton who also owned a cherry orchard in Kent. We seldom saw him but he also owned a number of local properties.

### Shop Work

In June 1940 at the age of fourteen I started work at Richard Marsden & Sons Ltd. At the corner of Church Street and Grimshaw Street, Preston. Then Church Street was a busy shopping centre and Grimshaw Street contained plenty of industry. There were Thos. Dryden's foundry, Sharp's Gold Thread and Wire Works, Bateson's bottling plant and Oldham's brush makers. On one side of the street were theatrical lodging houses – the King's Palace theatre in Tithebarn Street was then operational and the artistes often came into the shop as customers. In Back Grimshaw Street – an alley between Grimshaw Street and Manchester Road – was Cumpstey's soap works, a foul-smelling place where everything including the floor was impregnated with fat.

Marsden's shop sold tools, wireless sets, photographic equipment, fishing tackle and a limited number of high quality toys, Meccano and Hornby trains.

Officially I was an apprentice radio service engineer but in reality a dogsbody. My starting wage was ten shillings (50p) a week with an annual rise of 2/6d. I was told that I was the first boy who had started at that wage and previously the wage had been 7/6d, so a third more work was expected out of me. Working hours were 8.50am to 7pm on three days per week and until 8pm on Friday and Saturday but only until 1 pm on Thursday, early closing day. I attended night school from 7 30pm until 9 30pm three nights each week plus homework at weekends. Night School was a valuable form of training for many people. The annual holiday was Preston Holiday Week in August but we didn't get the full week as we re-opened on the last Saturday.

The day started by removing the wooden gates padlocked into the doorways to prevent break-ins and human relief in its various forms in the doorways. There were no break-ins but I cleaned up many a mess. The gates were of heavy oak and had to be carried upstairs in the morning and down again at closing time. Woe betide me if I brought them down before the shop manager said 'Fasten up'.

The second job was to sweep the floor before 9 am. An impossible task to complete in the time. During this process I found a ten shilling note behind the front door which, fortunately, I handed in. I was later told that all new employees were subjected to this test of honesty. The second job of every day was the cleaning of the six large and seven

small windows. The only excuse was rain. Once when the weather was actually freezing I ignored the windows. It was soon noticed. 'Why have you not done the windows ?' 'It is freezing. They will crack' 'Not if you use cold water. Get on with it'

I hated cleaning windows around Christmas time when young lads pressed their dripping noses against the glass as they looked longingly at the toys. The windows were the bane of my life. In windy weather I often jumped from my rickety stepladder. Now and again the boss would let me finish the windows then tell me to wash the name board above them which, of course, meant doing the windows again. Washing the name board was frightening as it entailed standing on the very top of the old ladder with no handle hold. Health and Safety would have been a laughing matter. Several times the steps broke to be mended by the manager. Replacement was out of the question. The one bright spot of cleaning the windows was looking at the attractive girl who worked at Dexter's baby linen shop across Grimshaw Street up her ladder cleaning theirs.

When there had been snow or ice overnight I had to clear the pavement and spread sand on it before nine o'clock. This was a legal requirement and I believe it may still be. The sand was obtained from a common lodging house in Manchester Road where the walls were gas-tarred up to waist height and spread with sand to deter bugs and lice. If the lodging house had no sand it had to be brought form a sand pit at the far end of Manchester Road and the boss always said 'If you are going that far don't bring one bucket, bring two !' How heavy are two buckets of wet sand ?

The only heating in the shop and showroom above was an oil-filled gas-fired radiator in the shop which was lit from the end of September to the end of March. Regardless of the weather this was an accepted period for heating and, being wartime, may even have been a government decree as were the evening closing times.

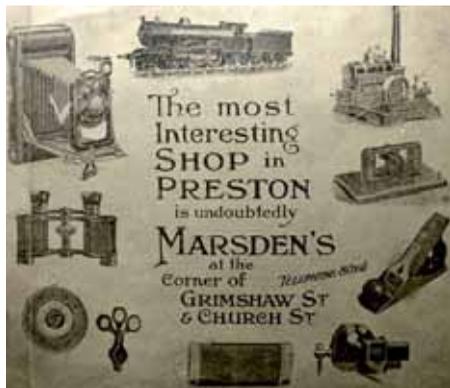
Including the manager there were four men and two boys employed in the shop. No one was allowed a moment of idleness. We were issued with dusters which we had to wash at home; it was the same with the brown shop coats but we had to provide these ourselves. Whenever we had no customer to serve we dusted the stock and shelves but in my case I oiled the tool stock with a mixture of paraffin and neat's foot oil. Surprisingly this did not feel greasy and the tools did not appear oily but it was a first class rust preventative. The neat's foot oil came from Morton's tripe shop further up Church Street but when they were out of stock I had to go to a noxious tripe works off Lancaster Road.

I opened all the arriving parcels and had to save all the paper and string for re-use. Nothing must be left on the shop floor. If a parcel was left the manager kicked it shouting for me to move it. One day only a few minutes after the railway man (Oh! How he loved his horse) had delivered it the manager kicked a six inch square packet and let out a howl of pain. He was a strict Methodist and I never did hear him swear. The packet contained a six inch steel lathe chuck !

I was taught to pack parcels re-using the paper and string and if they did not look neat, rattled or the string did not twang when the manager checked them as he frequently did he would rip off the paper and demand 'Do it again !' The Post Office closed at seven o'clock and to miss the post was a serious offence despite being given packing to do at the last minute. I have thrown many a parcel through a closing P.O. door too scared to take them back to the shop.

By John Davies

More next month .....



## **A Preston Lad (Arthur Eric Crook 1917-1997)**

The yearly trip during the summer holidays, was always to the same places, Silverdale, Arnside and Milnthorpe. One always seemed to have better weather when they are young and I can only remember it raining once. We always went on Thursdays, if I remember correctly at nine am. We had to be ready having done all our household chores, partaken of our morning meal, washed and clad in our Sunday suits, we waited impatiently for the charabanc to arrive. It was always one of Stoke's, whose garage was situate at the top end of New Hall Lane, near to the Hesketh Arms, so it had not far to come. Eventually it arrived, actually there were two, one for the members of the Board of Guardians, important people like Mr Holderness, Mr Toulmin, owner or something of the Daily Post and Preston Guardian, Mr & Mrs Stephenson, Master and Matron respectively, Mr Woods to mention a few, all business people in the main. One or two sat at the back of our chara, because there was a tub of ice cream, bags of toffees and oranges, which they doled out enroute.

We trooped on board, struggling for the seats nearest the side of the bus, there were no windows on that type of conveyance. If it rained the driver unfurled a long canvas bonnet, from back to front, and mica windows dropped into place and was secured by fasteners to the body of the vehicle. The older boys tried surreptiously to get as close as possible to the girls, but the elders kept a firm lookout on any antics played.

As we got going, streamers were strewn, songs were sung, toffees and fruit were sucked and ice cream wafers were consumed, licked and enjoyed.

Over the next ensuing miles, pencils and papers were produced, notes made, and place names of the towns we passed through jotted down, taking care to try and record how the colour of trams and buses changed in different districts. The best way to find out the names of towns and villages that we went through was to look for the Co-ops, as they always had the name of the locality emblazoned in large letters over the front of their imposing edifices. We made these notations, because when school restarted, the first day back we always had composition on Mondays and it always was 'the best day of the holidays'. Every year mine was the same, just a matter of repetition and duplication. One year we had two outings, our mothers as we called them, jailers wouldn't have been amiss, took us to Lytham for half a day on a Ribble bus. Two adults and twenty four halves to Lytham return. The conductor had to get his paper and pencil to arrive at the sum total fare wise. We had our tea, egg butties and cake, on the grass near the windmill. However back to the main issue. We stopped at a posh place, I don't know where, just before Silverdale for dinner, one of the guardians called it lunch ! A tip top meal it was. Soup and rolls, main course, meat with no fat on it, and then sherry trifle, someone called it, and coffee and biscuits. (Slurp, slurp.)

On to Silverdale and disembarked there, near to the shore, what a bleak place, nothing, but sea, sand and grass. We looked for crabs in the pools and games of skipping, tennis, cricket, the guardians versus the boys, in later years, I was in my element, the school fast bowler and opening bat it was a treat to see their faces being bowled for ducks. There was a line of fishermen's cottages above the water line, where we sheltered in an empty one, one year when we were caught in a deluge. After the games, skipping and ten minutes of 'sheep sheep come over' and tiggy. Then it was off to Arnside for an hour or two on a better beach, then on to Milnthorpe and stopped for tea at the Bela Café for a really slap up tea. At the rear was a big garden and we were allowed to play on it. About eight o'clock a load of tired but happy girls and boys were ushered back to our charas, and whisked off home, gave three cheers to the Guardians and off to bed. We were usually in bed for eight, a real red letter day !

During the summer we would walk down to Halfpenny Bridge and skim stones across the River Ribble, or catch some 'snig fray' as we called the young elvers. Once we saw a dead salmon about a yard long, but it stank, and was full of flies. We would carry on round the Horse Shoe Bend at Red Scar, roam in Red Scar Wood playing cowboys and Indians or pay a visit to Bezza Brook. We sometimes paid dearly for these escapades, as feet got wet, needless to say our shoes as well, sometimes a coat got ripped climbing through some barbed wire. We got a good hiding and had to stop in for a week, 'Gated' we called it, but it was worth it and did not stop us.

Sometimes on Saturday afternoons one of us would buy a packet of CRAYOL out of a slot machine, it contained three fags and three matches. We all got a 'Saturday penny' if our behaviour warranted it, and we all had to save Miss Hall a toffee, so to cover the penny spent on fags one boy would buy two ha'porths so we had a spare toffee bag and sweet for old greedy guts, she sometimes finished up with more toffees than us. Once I was feeling peevish and diabolical towards her. I peed on the toffee I had to give her, patted it dry and put it back in the bag, we never saw her eating them so the ultimate pleasure was denied us. We also got pretty adept at pinching, mainly fruit displayed outside greengrocers. The trick was for the 'pincher' to walk nearest to the shop, point at something high up, flog an apple or whatever with the other hand, place the prize under the armpit of the upraised arm so when the extended arm was dropped it held the object safely under the armpit. This operation would be repeated at the next stop, if the intended object was at ground level then it was a case of stooping to fasten ones clog clasp, while the rest stopped round him till he had relieved the shopkeeper of a bit of his stock. Toffee shops, the ruse was to ask for some empty boxes then lift something off the counter. We didn't realise that the little window with a curtain over it served as a look out for the owner, so if he didn't come straight away, we would help ourselves, the irate owner would then give chase, but it wasn't often we got caught, we expected and got a clout or a punch up the backside, if he was a better runner than us. Our biggest crime was one Saturday we decided to look round the warder's houses in St Marys St they were empty as the prison had been closed. We went round the back looking in all the windows etc. One house had a bin full of rubbish, mostly paper and boxes, we had some matches so we thought we would have a fire and set fire to it. What we didn't realise was it was against the back door and it caught alight. There was soon a conflagration so we fled, and the house set on fire. The fire brigade was called, we had all split up into ones and dispersed down different streets. The flying squad were out on their bikes but never suspected a boy on his own, so we got away without being detected, but Tommy Lee messed his pants, he soon got agitated when faced with a crisis. Miss Hall always knew when he had done anything wrong. When challenged about anything the blood drained from his face and he went as white as a sheet. He was a slightly built lad, and prone to being chesty, a bit of a weakling really, but he could throw a stone higher and farther than anyone I knew. Everybody has something they exceed at ! A boy in our class, who was always at the bottom in tests at school, finished up driving an earth removing machine and he could turn it on a sixpence, he had a big fancy car when I was still in the bike class, he had found his bent, scholastically a failure, mechanically a wizard. Eddie Hazlehurst played soccer for Lancashire and Ronnie Cahill for Blackburn Rovers, neither of them Einsteins, but great in their own fields. John Maddocks was clever and proved it, retired as Deputy Commander in the fire brigade. Myself, top of the class, a nobody, besides brains, I think being one of a family helps. A dad and a mum behind you, to guide, help, encourage and assist financially at times must be beneficial to all children that was something I and my ilk lacked and it showed.

**A reunion of Lancashire railwaymen  
will take place at the Leyland & Farington  
Social Club, Leyland,  
on the evening of Friday, August 2<sup>nd</sup> 2013,  
to commemorate the 45<sup>th</sup> 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.**

Wives, friends etc. all welcome.

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*Further details will be announced in August*



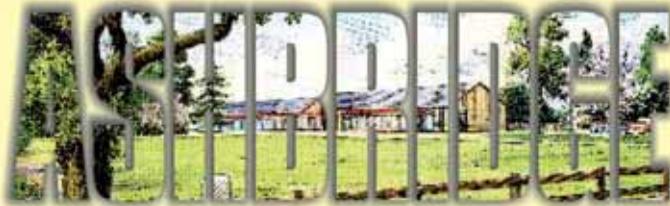
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