

Issue 1

The Lostock Hall Magazine

Tardy Gate Inn

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Department (1882)**

Memories of Tardy Gate Girl

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Welcome

Welcome to the first issue of The Lostock Hall Magazine, which will also cover Tardy Gate and nearby parts of Farington.

Our thanks to Penwortham Priory Academy who support us by printing and formatting the magazine.

It is a local history magazine in which I hope to introduce you to snippets of lesser known facts.

Jackie Stewart has kindly allowed us to serialise her book entitled 'A Tardy Gate Girl' which you will enjoy reading in the months to come.

I would like any one who would like to contribute their memories, childhood, mill, railway or any other subjects, or any information and photographs, to please get in touch with me. You can write, email or contact me by phone. Especially older memories which might get lost in time.

We are able to produce this magazine by the support of the advertisers who you will find among our pages – please do support them and tell them you saw them in The Lostock Hall magazine. We appreciate their support because with them we would be unable to produce it.

If you would like to advertise in our next issue please see the numbers below.

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Please let us know what you think of our first issue.

Front Cover image by The Lostock Hall Magazine

Regards, Heather

Our Contact Details

Heather 07733 321 911

Email thelostockhallmagazine@gmail.com

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Lostock Hall Hospital, near Preston Ward 3. 1925



Lostock Hall Home Guard
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Tardy Gate Inn

SELLING CALVES, AN OLD JOKE

The other day a farmer was journeying from Farington with two carts, each containing calves, which it was his intention to sell at Preston. He was accompanied by a youth in his teens. The day being hot, and the road dusty, a feeling of thirst seized the travellers and a halt was made when the Tardy Gate Inn was reached. As it happened, the landlord left the house by the back door, as the farmer and the assistant entered through the front door. Drinks were ordered, and whilst the cooling liquid was washing the dust down their parched throats, the landlord of the hostelry slipped round to the front of the house and quietly took from one of the carts a calf, which he tethered in his stable. Returning into the house he addressed his farmer customer with 'Hello, what art ta doing here?' 'Oh awm going to Preston wi' some calves to sell' was the answer. The landlord then said that he had a calf which he would be glad to sell, adding that if he (the farmer) was willing he could make a cheap bargain. Upon this an adjournment was made to the stable, and after a lengthy discussion £1 was agreed upon for the price of the calf. The farmer, not having the amount upon him, offered to pay 10s. on account, and to pay the rest on the return journey. This was agreed to and the landlord carried his newly-sold calf to where the conveyances were standing. Whilst hesitating which vehicle to put it in, the farmer called out 'Put it in here, t'other cart (the one from which the calf was originally taken) is full up' This was done and the journey was continued to Preston in happy ignorance of the deception which had been practiced. Upon reaching a certain butcher's shop the farmer said 'Aw've gotten five lambs to sell are you a buyer?' 'Well, lets have a look at 'em' said the butcher, advancing to the carts. 'Why, there's only four' he exclaimed, looking in. In breathless agitation and with wonderment depicted on every feature, the seller uttered, 'Well that licks aw. I had four when I seet off, and I bowt one since, which makes five' The butcher eventually purchased the four calves, but just before leaving the farmer said to his companion, 'Doesn't that calf that I bowt of – favour the one I had' 'Yes I never seed two ses mich aloike I' my life' replied the lad, and with this brief conversation the return journey was commenced. On getting back to the Tardy Gate Inn, the farmer, in doleful accents, acquainted the landlord of what had befallen him, and generally bemoaned his loss. After allowing a sufficient length of time to elapse for the farmer's loss to be communicated to a fairly large company, the landlord explained the problem of the missing calf, and the farmer – but we had better drop the curtain on what followed - Preston Guardian.

The York Herald, Saturday June 28th, 1884.

A COMPLIMENT TO LANDLORDS – At the Walton-le-Dale petty sessions yesterday, three men, named James Dimmock, Richard Sherrington and Richard Silcock, were summoned for being drunk on licensed premises on Saturday last. The constable stated that he was called to the Victoria Hotel, and there found the defendants drunk, the landlord having refused to serve them with beer. He got them outside and they then went to the Tardy Gate Inn, and also to the Pleasant Retreat Inn, being refused drink at both places. Superintendent Myers complimented the three landlords on their conduct, and said the defendants had not got the drink in the district. A fine of 5s and costs was imposed in each case.

Preston Guardian Saturday April 18th 1891

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KILLED ON THE RAILWAY

An enjoyable pyrotechnic display – The overlookers and tacklers employed at Mr. H. Dewhurst's Mill, Cuerden, went to the residence of their master at Lostock Hall on Wednesday evening. A grand display of fireworks was witnessed and as the evening was favourable the affair proved very enjoyable.

Preston Chronicle November 8th 1890

KILLED ON THE RAILWAY – On Monday, Mr Gilbertson, coroner, held an inquest at the Preston Infirmary on the body of John Henry Almond, aged 59, labourer, of White Stakes, near Preston. On Thursday night last, after having three or four pints of ale he left The Tardy Gate Inn in the company with John Nielson, platelayer, who stated that he at once left Almond to go home by himself. On Friday morning Almond was found insensible on the North Union railway his head towards the embankment and his feet on the rails. James Iddon, of The Tardy Gate Inn said Neilson was drunk when he went into his house, and he would not serve him with any beer, but when Almond left he 'was not what you might call drunk'. It is supposed that the deceased was knocked down by a train when going home on the line. Verdict – 'Accidentally Killed'.

Preston Chronicle Wednesday February 25th 1885

Small Farm, in Tardy Gate-lane, Penwortham, to let, with suitable house and out-buildings. Apply E. Strickland, Penwortham.

Preston Guardian, Saturday, October 10th 1891

Serious accident to a farmer at Lostock Hall – A rather serious accident occurred On Saturday, to a farmer named Wilson at Lostock Hall. The unfortunate man was stepping out of his cart, when the horse a young and spirited animal, started. He was thrown to the ground, and one of the wheels passed over his chest. Medical assistance was procured, and he is progressing as favourably as can be expected.

Preston Guardian, Saturday, December 16th 1893

A PLEASANT SUNDAY AFTERNOON- The Farington Mill Subscription Brass Band gave a sacred concert on Sunday afternoon, on a field behind the Anchor Inn, Lostock Hall, which had kindly been lent for the occasion by Mr Hindle. A large number of people assembled, who expressed great satisfaction with the programme, which included selections from Mendelssohn, Haydn, Mozart and Handel. A collection was taken towards the fund being raised for new instruments.

Preston Guardian, Saturday, August 5th 1893

Fry Inn

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A Tardy Gate Girl

My earliest memory of my childhood was January, 1947. I was two and a half years old. The occasion was a funeral, my granddad's (my dad's dad). I never seen him before that day, but I will never forget him. The memory it has left me with is one of fear. It is something I have never been able to overcome. I suppose I really should not have remembered this event being so young, but because of the terror I felt, it has stayed with me. I remember being stood on a wooden slatted bench and my hat and coat being taken off. My mother must have asked the undertaker if it was alright for me to see my granddad. His words which stay in my memory so clearly were 'She Won't Remember'. I do remember though. I was placed on a chair beside the coffin looking at this body. My grandmother told me to kiss him. That was something I just could not do. The next thing I remember was running across the room to my dad and flinging my arms around his neck. Nobody realised why I had done this, they didn't know the terrible fear that was inside me.

It is rather sad really, because when my six year old nephew and my mother and dad died, I could not go to see them. I know that this had upset some members of the family, but it all stems from a two and half year old being scared out of her wits.

I don't remember much more during my early years apart from falling in the dolly tub head first one washing day and being yanked out by the scruff of my neck and my knickers, and the time when my mum came home with a hand of bananas. I hadn't started school at the time so was probably about three or four. The bananas must have been black market ones, because the first banana boat after the war didn't come into Preston Dock until 1952. I was sitting on the floor in front of the fire when mum handed me my first banana. I had never seen one before. It was very funny looking and a strange colour. I must have sat there for quite a while eating the banana, because my mum thought that I did not like them. She had not realised that I had eaten all six and that I liked them very much. I also remember arguing with my brother as to who was going to scrape the Fussell's condensed milk tin out. Food was still rationed until 1954 and we were only allowed so much sugar, so we used to put the milk into cups of tea. This sweetened and milked the tea at the same time. The only problem was we would argue like mad to scrape out the tin. It was also brilliant on butties. I wonder why that is why I have a sweet tooth! I think before I get carried away that I had better start at the beginning with my parents Frank and Hilda Hill. Without these two people I would not now be writing a story about 'A Tardy Gate Girl'.

My dad Frank Hill (known as Yorkie) was born on the 28th September, 1910 in Nottingham. I could never understand why people referred to him as Yorkie with him being born in a different county. I used to say he was one of Robin Hood's men, although he didn't steal from the rich and give to the poor, he just kept his money to himself. In other words he was a right tight arse. He believed in 'whats thine is mine and what's mine is me own'. He also believed that things were meant to last. What he really meant was we would be the last in the road to get anything new. We were the last to get a washing machine, and the last to have the black leaded fireplace replaced and the last to get a television set. My dad's family later moved to Brinsworth, a village in Rotherham. He had four brothers, Walter, Albert, Rowland and Arthur, and three sisters, Prudence, who died in infancy, Peggy and Majorie.

My mother Hilda Darlow Bygrave was born on the 5th of January, 1910 in Catcliffe, the next village to Brinsworth. She was brought up by her mother Alice and uncles Jack, Harry and Joe.

My parents married in 1934 and my brother Rowland (known as Spiv) was born on the 2nd January, 1935. Apparently my mother had an abundance of wavy auburn hair. She had to have special steel combs made for her. Then the most terrible thing happened to her the year before she married. All her hair fell out. She had total alopecia, no eyebrows, eyelashes or body hair. This must have been devastating at the time because there were no proper wigs then. For very many years she wore a grey beret with curls attached to the bottom. This did arouse curiosity among some people, because there were occasions when someone would decide to snatch the beret off her head. My mother would sympathise with them because of the terrible shock they had received on seeing a bald headed woman.

The family moved from Rotherham during the second world war. They originally moved to Waterloo Terrace in Ashton Preston then on to Number 70, St Cuthbert's Road, Tardy Gate. The house in St Cuthbert's Road was built in 1937 and was a rented semi-detached property. Not many people bought their own homes then. It had three bedrooms and an inside toilet and bath, with gardens front and rear, and electric lights. Some of the houses still had gas mantles for lighting. Most of the houses in the village were terraced properties, mill and railway houses, with an outside toilet, no bathroom and a small front garden and rear yard.

Tardy Gate dates back to 1542 and was named after a man called John Tardie. He had a toll gate across Tardy Gate Lane (Leyland Road). The village lies adjacent to the villages of Lostock Hall and Farington. All villages had cotton mills and were surrounded by farmland. With the railway situated at Lostock Hall Junction, this made ideal transport for their goods and with the villages lying between Preston and Leyland and their subsequent industries ie. Dick Kerr's in Preston and Leyland Motors in Leyland, they were very prosperous places to live in during the war and post war years.

There was a variety of shops, and with no one owning a car, most of the shopping had to be done locally. There were no supermarkets or hypermarkets at that time.

On Lostock Hall side over the double bridges there was the Post Office, King's butchers, the Co-op and a baby food clinic from where you could get National Dried Milk, orange juice and glucose. Apparently I could not take powdered milk so my mother used to get glucose for me. On this side of the bridges there were several grocers shops. Bleasdale's, Schultz's previously Wilson's and Iddon's. Clayton's chemist, Sowerbutt's (can't quite describe this shop as it sold all sorts of things). Another Co-op, Reynold's Newagents, Nightingale's bakers, and a Butchers on the Watkin Lane side. Opposite the butchers on the corner of Browndge Road was Ramsbottom's chemist. On the opposite corner on the Tardy Gate pub side was Livesey's Fish and Chip shop. Further down on Leyland Road there was Jackson's greengrocers, Yate's grocers, Tommy Ball's hardware and Petrol Station and Hetty Higham's Wool Shop. At the end of Mercer Road was Smith's Farm shop and Nixon's grocers at the end of Wateringpool Lane. You could get twelve Uncle Joe's Mint Ball from Nixon's for 3d, that was a farthing each. Wilson's horse drawn cart would come round the street selling farm fresh vegetables. Fresh milk was delivered by horse drawn cart too. The milk came from Allanson's farm, (where the Welcome Inn is situated now) and was delivered by Nancy and Charlie Bamber. You would take a jug to the cart and the milk would be ladled out into thirds, gills, pints or quarts.

There were other shops dotted up and down but I can't remember them all, other street traders, such as the 'Pear man', 'Onion seller', and Oswald the Firelighter man.

By Jackie Stewart

continued next month.....

NEW LOCOMOTIVE DEPARTMENT AT LOSTOCK HALL

On Saturday last an extensive range of locomotive premises was formerly opened at Lostock Hall. The buildings have been erected by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company to be used as a locomotive department for Preston. There has been felt for a considerable time, the need for such an extension of the premises for this important branch of the railway service. Though the old premises, at the south end of the station, were very convenient for their nearness to the headquarters, they were entirely too small to meet the requirements of the department, and, we understand, that, though the new premises are in some respects at a disadvantage from being placed some considerable distance from Preston, the site at Lostock Hall was fixed upon as that most suited for the requirements of the company that could be fixed upon in the vicinity. The erection of the new buildings was commenced in June, 1881 since which time they have been pushed on with the most utmost rapidity, and would have been completed some time ago had the progress of work not been retarded on several occasions by unfavourable weather.

The main building comprises locomotive shed, offices, and workshop, is situate on a piece of ground to the south-west of Lostock Hall Station. It lies east and west, and is 221 feet long, by 136 feet wide, and is built of best brick, with slated roof. In order to light up the interior of the large building the roof is divided into 13 pointed divisions, the sides facing west being entirely glazed, thus admitting an abundance of light. The locomotive shed which runs the full length of the building 221 feet, and which has a breadth of 116 feet, contains eight sets of rails, running parallel to each other. It will easily accommodate 40 locomotives. Entrance to the shed is gained by what may termed the west end, and which is provided with massive swing doors. The roof is supported by iron pillars placed in three rows up the interior of the shed. Most complete provision has been made to prevent the interior of the shed becoming dirty, or rendering it uncomfortable by the smoke from the engines. Running above each of the sets of rails is a closed space, supported from the roof, into which the funnel of the engine passes, and the smoke issuing from it, instead of spreading through the building, is conducted to the outside by a series of ventilators placed on the roof of the building. The space between the rails is trenched to the depth of about 3 feet, enabling the workmen to get underneath the engines for the purpose of repairing and cleaning them. These trenches are very perfectly drained, and will carry off all surface water. Another important feature of the building is that it is fitted with 24 hydrants, placed at considerable distances, which will be invaluable aids, in cleaning the engines and also in cleaning out the shed.

The workshops, which range along the north-west side, are very spacious and splendidly lighted. They include among others, mechanic's, blacksmith's and coppersmith's workshops. On this side are also the splendidly fitted-up offices connected with the department, and also a large room which will be used as a waiting and dining room, by the men in connection with the department. At the south side of the building there is a large boiler-house, and at the north side a sand drying stove ; both of these fitted up in the most approved style. Connected with the premises, but placed at a convenient distance from the main building, there is a large covered coal loading platform, fitted up in the most perfect style, and above it a water tank 106ft. by 20ft., and 3ft 6in. deep, which will hold 80,000 gallons of water; there are also at other parts of the siding two powerful water columns. A large turning table 30ft. long has also been fitted up. It is of the improved pattern supplied by Cowan, Sheldon, and Co., Carlisle. In short there seems to be combined in the building and its surroundings all the appliances that ingenuity has devised to facilitate rapid work, and at the same time, to make it easy and pleasant to the employees, and there can be certainly little doubt that it is one of the most complete locomotive premises hitherto erected.

The opening ceremony took place as stated on Saturday afternoon, and the officials of the locomotive department took possession on Monday. About half past two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, three special engines left the old locomotive premises at Preston Station, taking with them the head officials of the department and some other gentlemen who had agreed to take part in the opening ceremony. The three engines were selected to represent the three classes of locomotives possessed by the company, and were arranged in regular order. The first engine, one of

the first employed by the company was named 'Juno' No. 713, and it was driven by one of the oldest engine drivers in the service, John Bullfield, who has served upwards of 40 years. The engine was handsomely decked with flags. The second engine was 'Cromwell' No. 693, bearing the date 1868, and the third was one of the very powerful goods train engines, recently added to the company's stock of locomotives. Immediately on leaving the station, what may be termed a *few de joie* was fired off by the engines, 21 fog signals having been placed on the rails, and on reaching the bridge over the Ribble, a similar series was discovered to have been placed. When passing Preston Junction they were also greeted with a similar salute. On arriving at Lostock the engines were run from the main line onto the locomotive siding, and the front engine having been detached from the others, was run onto the large turntable, of which mention has been made, and was easily turned by two of the men, proving to those who were observing it that it was a perfectly satisfactory contrivance. The engine then made its way into the new shed, and its formal entry to declare the building open was greeted by a fresh discharge of fog signals and a hearty cheer from the assembled workmen. The company was then shown round the building by Mr Dawson, the foreman of the locomotive department at Preston, and all expressed themselves highly pleased with the wonderfully complete arrangements of the building and its adjoining offices and workshops. After having inspected the premises the company adjourned to the chief office, where refreshments of cake and wine were served.

Among those present were Mr McKay, assistant locomotive engineer, from the head offices, Manchester; Mr Smith, chief clerk, locomotive department, Manchester; Mr England, treasurer's offices; Mr Dawson, foreman, locomotive department, Preston; Mr Bridge, contractor, Burscough Junction; Mr Billington, Victoria Hotel, Preston; Mr Crompton, company's goods agent at Preston; Mr Edington, waterworks engineer, Lostock; Mr Lusk, company's clerk of works, Mr Wm. Thomas, general foreman &c., Mr McKay was asked to preside. In proposing the toast of success to the building which had just been opened, he said it was a work at once creditable to the contractor, Mr Bridges, and the company's clerk of works, Mr Lusk. He hoped that Mr Dawson, who was head of the department, would be long spared to enjoy, as he had done in the past, the entire confidence of the company and the respect of those that were under him in his own department. Mr Dawson had been a long time connected with the Company, and he had many difficulties to contend with in his work, but he was glad now to see him placed in such an excellent set of premises. The oldest engine driver in the service, John Bullfield, who had driven the first engine out from Preston that day, he also referred to in flattering terms, and in wishing prosperity to the Lostock Hall Locomotive Department he hoped the two names he had mentioned would long be associated with it. (Applause).

Mr Dawson replied thanking Mr McKay for the kind wishes he had expressed. He had been many years in Preston, 26 years last Christmas. During that time he had seen many changes and he had seen the station changed considerably; he had also seen Preston increase to a great extent. Speaking of the shed they were opening that not seen a better plan of shed anywhere. It was so situated that there was plenty of land round about it, and it was also fairly well situated as it was adjacent to two railway stations. He was quite sure he would at all times do his duty, and he would say that no man could feel prouder than he did that day to have such a splendid set of offices. He was convinced that there was no finer in connection with the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. Of course, they must improve, no doubt would improve, on the next building of a similar nature, but he was certain that in the past none had been built to equal it. (Applause) The new premises had been a long felt want in connection with the Preston connection of the line. But now he desired to refer to another matter. He remembered perfectly the last Preston Guild, and he remembered also that the traffic at the time was something extraordinary and from what he could already see of the arrangements that were being made for the Guild in September it would be a great deal heavier than on the former occasion. He was of opinion that the Guild of 1882 would wholly transcend all the previous Guilds of Preston and that it would tax the best energies of the railway company to meet the demand that would be made upon them, and he would say also that the company could not too soon begin to make their arrangements for that occasion, for the traffic would be enormous, and he was sure it would require all the efforts of the railway company to meet the demands that would be made upon them. (Applause)

Mr Bridge, contractor, rose to propose the health of Mr Lusk who had acted during the erection of the buildings of clerk of works on behalf of the railway company. He remarked that this had been the first engine shed that he had had the opportunity of erecting and he would be very glad to build another (laughter) The work had gone on very pleasantly and he thought the result was to them very satisfactory. He might mention that the building had not been completed at the time arranged for that was owing to the delays of the bad weather, and indeed there had been a period of six months during which little or nothing had been done. He had to say in proposing the health of Mr Lusk that he had always received the greatest courtesy and kindness from him, while at the same time he had been most attentive to the interests of the company it was his duty to represent. (Applause)

Mr Lusk acknowledged the compliment in appropriate terms. He was proud that day to have to hand over such an excellent building to the locomotive department, and he thought all would agree with him that it was highly creditable to the contractor. (Hear, hear). Mr Dawson subsequently proposed the healths of Mr Redfern, photographer, Burnley (who had come to Lostock that day to take a photograph of the building, but had been prevented, owing to the dullness of the weather), and Mr John Bullfield who had driven the first engine into the new premises that day. Both, he said, were old and faithful servants of the company, and the company had acknowledged their services. Mr Redfern had been kindly treated by the company after he had suffered by an accident, and had been enabled to place himself in a comfortable position. Mr Bullfield had also had some experience of accidents, and, indeed, he did not think that there were many men in the service of the company who had passed through the same experiences. (Applause) He only hoped that Mr Bullfield might be long spared to come out and in as one of the officials to the shed he had that day taken so prominent a part in opening. (Hear, hear and applause)

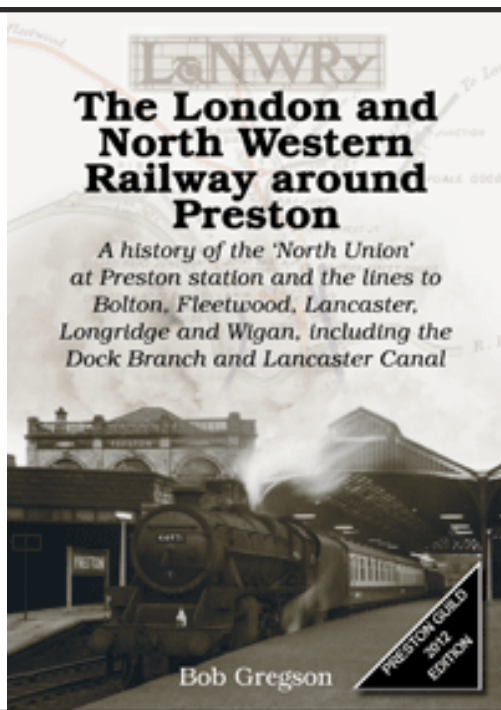
Mr Redfern and Mr Bullfield made brief replies, expressive of their thanks for the way in which their healths had been drunk. After some other toasts and songs, the company returned to Preston by special train.

Preston Guardian Saturday June 10th 1882.

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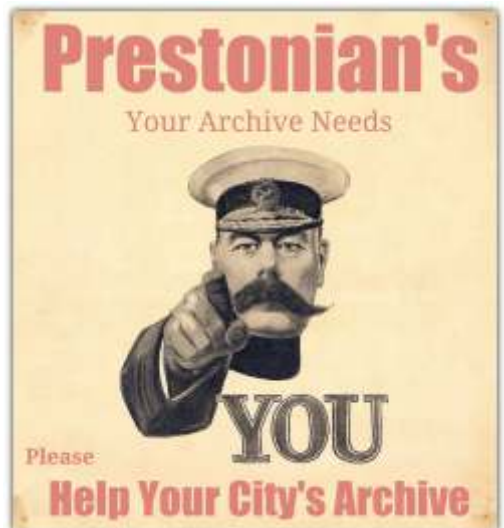
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Regards from Barney
Preston Digital Archive



St Catherine's Summer House



The summerhouse now on the front lawn at St Catherine's Hospice was commissioned by the Dewhurst family, as a gift to Lostock Hall Convelescent Hospital. It was made by Preston apprentices and known as a 'no nails house' as it was held together entirely by skilfully executed joints and wooden dowels. The summer house took part in the Preston Guild Trades procession in 1922, representing the Carpenter's and Joiner's trade.



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SALE OF STORES, PLANT AND GAS MAKING
APPARATUS, LARGE BOILERS, SHAFTING
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MR H C WALTON announces that he is instructed
By the executors of the late **Richard Bashall Esq,**
To **SELL BY AUCTION**, at the **Cuerden Green Mill**
(close to **Lostock Hall Station**, **East Lancashire line**, and
Farington Station (North Union line) near **Preston** on
Thursday and Friday 15th and 16th August commencing
At **eleven o'clock** in the forenoon.

A large quantity of **MILL STORES**; three excellent
large mill boilers, each **50 horse**, by **Stevenson**, a **20-**
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of excellent wrought-iron shafting, with drums and &c., a
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2 large gas holders, one nearly new, by **Stevenson**, a large
quantity of steam piping, the tools and contents of the
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excellent steel spindles, a great quantity of wrought iron bolts, and
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ber of excellent reels, several tons of new and old cards,
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tity of spindle banding, a large lot of timber and old
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The lots may be viewed on **Wednesday 14th August**,
And each day lots on the mornings of the sale.

The goods sold on the first day will be delivered
on **Monday the 18th**, and those sold on the second day on
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**Further particulars on application to Mr H. C.
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Childhood Memories of a War Time Tardy Gate

I was six when war broke out in 1939, we lived in St Gerard's Road. My dad was in the ARP, we had a sign on our gate 'SP' which signified a stirrup pump that was used for spraying water. When the German planes came over they would drop incendiary bombs, that exploded and lit everywhere up. These bombs would be dropped on St Gerard's school field, one night the house at No.1 got hit by one on their roof, my dad and neighbours all went to help to put the fire out. They also used to dig soil over the fires they left on the field.

When the sirens used to go my mum woke everyone up. We would sit downstairs in candlelight. We had blackout curtains up and not a speck of light had to show. A warden on his rounds would shout 'Get that ruddy light out' Mum would have all her policies and any bits of valuables in a little case, and always held it close to her when an air raid took place. My sister, Violet, would not get up out of bed and used to say if they drop a bomb on me, that's it. There was a shelter in the road, but my dad said you might as well stay in the house. People had Anderson shelters in their gardens, but they used to get terribly flooded and could not be used. Dad said they were a waste of time.

At Lostock Hall Council School, in Avondale Drive, we used to have air raid practices. The siren would go, and you had to grab your gas mask and get to the air raid shelters. All the other kids had ordinary masks, still not very nice, but because I had had pneumonia I had to have a special one. Mine was not in a square box, it was in an oblong box. I had to put it over my head, tie tapes at the back, then there was a tube from the nose, which I had to pump. I hated it and it made me feel sick. I did not like going to sit in the air raid shelters, they were damp and smelt awful. The walls inside had a 12 inch shelf on them and we had to take a small rubber mat to sit on. We were all glad when they all clear went. One day at home, I was cleaning my back bedroom and looked out of the window to see a big plane, I could see the pilot grinning at me, he had a leather helmet and goggles on, and on the wings of the plane were swastikas. The man next door shouted 'Lie down'. My mother grabbed me and we both dived under my bed. The plane flew round the front field very low, and sprayed a few bullets, then rose and flew off towards Leyland. Later we were told he had killed a few people and dropped a bomb at the Motors. One Sunday night I was playing in front of the fire and there was an almighty whistle, it sounded like a train was coming up the backs of the houses, then a bang like I have never heard before or since in my life. My dad jumped up and got his jacket on and set off to help. Sadly, a bomb had landed in Lostock Hall. It was 10 minutes from where we lived. A family were all playing cards after their evening meal. It was terrible as all of them were killed.

Once my Mum had sent me round to Jack Smith's Farm on Wateringpool Lane for some vegetables. I was on my way home when the sirens sounded. I could see the plane. I tried so hard to run and carry the heavy bag, my mum came looking for me and took the bag and helped me home.

The Yanks, used to fly around in jeeps. They had a khaki uniform and helmets in white with MP (Military Police) on them. They were very arrogant, some of our girls used to go out with them, they used to get nylons and Camel cigarettes. One of our neighbours worked at a camp in Bamber Bridge (somewhere down School Lane) he would bring home American comics and newspapers with film stars in them. I can tell you a lot of children

had a lot of American uncles. I was only 10 at the time, and wondered where all these American relatives came from. I was once in the chippy and a jeep screeched up outside, they came in looking for someone, brandishing a white baton. Prostitutes used to go to the camp.

People dreaded the Telegraph Boy coming, it was always bad news, relatives killed or missing.

We had to queue up to get things, you were allowed 4oz of meat per week for each person. We had five people in our family so received one and a quarter pounds a week. Bread, fats, tea, sugar were all rationed. Even clothes were on coupons and sweets as well. We would get sweets like Everton toffee, cinder toffee, Spanish, licorice sticks and Five Boys Chocolate, I used to want Smarties, but my mum hated me getting 'coloured stuff'. I had to queue up on Preston Market to get frozen rabbits from Belgium. My mother always said 'Make sure its got a head, we don't want a cat'. The Royal Ordnance Factory used to supply their workers with shoes, but they hole punched an arrow on them, so they would only be worn for work.

It was good if the vegetable shop got oranges in, (which was virtually unheard of) the word would go round they were in, and we would queue for ages to get two ! All the lights on the cars were dimmed and shone on the floor. All the street lights were off. You had to carry a small torch. I can't remember anyone being attacked. Everyone helped and looked out for each other, everyone rallied round. The teenagers were well behaved, mind you the police had greater control. No underage drinking, kids had no money. No swearing or there would be trouble. Boys of 16 would go birdnesting, or fishing or play relievo. Occassionally there was a wrong 'un. The deterrent was that the police were local and knew who was who.

The Black Market was very expensive, but if you had a lot of money (we hadn't) You could buy all sorts of things. Food mostly – eggs, meat. People would sell their pig meat. We never went hungry though, although we ate some 'rum' stuff. The flour was a horrible grey colour, I don't know why, but it looked awful. My mum did a lot of baking, once she used saccharin to sweeten some rhubarb. When I ate some, I was sick and vomited till the skin came off the back of my throat. Mum took me to Bert Ramsbottom's, the chemist, who told her never to use saccharin with rhubarb as they were both acids. She never used it again, in anything.

When I was 10, my dad's brother and his family came to live with us. They were from Liverpool and were first evacuated to Wales, but the farmer they were billeted with was terrible with them. So, in our house, there was mum, dad and me, in one bedroom, my sister and cousin, in the small room, and my auntie, uncle, and four children, in the other room. The household became very noisy and busy. The neighbours did not like the kids who were ruffians, they had no respect for other people's property and got up to all sorts, they carved their initials with their penknives on the inside doors in our house. They often called me a 'clack-tale' because I grassed them up. Although it was good to have a big family at times, I was so glad after two years when they could safely return home. My older sister went to work at Dick Kerr's, on Strand Road, she was a riveter's mate. My cousin worked at the Rubber Works in Leyland making gas masks, hot water bottles, and French letters (durex) amongst other things.

My mother always said 'I won't let the Germans get you, I'll make sure of that, I will do us all in'. I don't know who I was more scared of, the Germans coming or my mum. !!!!
More memories next month

by A.C.

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