

The Lostock Hall Magazine

Issue 12
Dec/Jan 2014

William Whittle
Crompton Crompton
William Dandy

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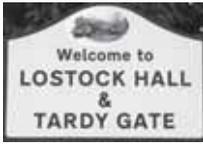
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Welcome to the Dec/Jan 2014 (13th) issue of The Lostock Hall Magazine, which also covers Tardy Gate and nearby parts of Farington. It is a collection of local history articles relating to the area. Many thanks to all our contributors and readers. Our thanks to Penwortham Priory Academy who support us by

printing and formatting the magazine.

A copy of each issue will be kept in the Lancashire Records Office.

Jackie Stuart has kindly allowed us to serialise her book entitled 'A Tardy Gate Girl'.

We have been sent a photo from Australia of Tucker's shop by Roy Winfield. Dennis Crompton living in New Zealand has let us reproduce a photo and information on his great grandfather Crompton Crompton.

This year being the centenary of the first world war we are looking for any photos and memories of family members you may like to share in the magazine.

Appeal for information – Local Historian, Joan Langford, who has written seven books on Farington, is currently searching for information regarding Farington Tannery, which was on Croston Road and the Lonsdale family who sold it in 1942. It was purchased by Alf Newsham, who then used it to make animal foods. The only information Joan has been able to glean so far is of the awful smell. Do you know what the official name of Alf's business was and how long it continued? Any information our readers would be willing to share, however trivial, would be gratefully received. You can contact Joan on 01772 436505 or email joanlangford@talktalk.net

If you have any memories you would like to submit to the magazine for publication, please do contact me, especially memories from our old residents, as these are always enjoyed and because once the memories are gone they are lost forever. I would like to do a feature on one of the mills, if there is anyone willing to share their memories.

We are able to produce this magazine by the support of the advertisers, who you will find amongst our pages – please do support them and tell them you saw them in The Lostock Hall Magazine. We appreciate their support because without them we would be unable to produce it.

Have a look on Flickr at the Lostock Hall group of photographs, please upload any you would like to share. Copies of the magazine will always be available at Lostock Hall Library on Watkin Lane. Contact me to have your own copy delivered each month or to receive it by email.

Front Cover image – Our Lady of Lourdes and St Gerard Majella Church, Brownedge Road, Lostock Hall, - by Heather Crook

Regards Heather Crook

Our Contact Details

Heather 07733 321 911

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Photographs from Lostock Hall's past



Scottish Dance Troupe, St Pauls Endowed School, Farington c. 1950's
Photo courtesy of Alan Whittaker

Doris Sizeland and Mr Wilbraham teachers – Headmaster – Sid Farrer
Back row – Keith Rimmer, Marian Parker, Barbara Parker, Joan Wood, Mildred Parker, Pauline Sherlicker, ?, Alan Whittaker, Dennis Bottomley. Middle – Maureen Halsall, Trevor Bamber Bottom row – Jean Rimmer, Joan Stout, Bob Parker, Frank Cartwright, Sheila Craghill

Tucker's Shop,
Cote Lane sent in
from Australia by
Ron Winfield who
emigrated in 1963.
His family were the
first occupants of
the new housing
area off Cote Lane
– in Rushy Hey.
Tucker's shop was
in Cote Lane and
was right next to
the railway line and
bridge on the right
hand side as you
head out towards
Whitestake – same
side as the old mill.



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Articles from Lostock Hall's Past

DOG UNMUZZLED - At Bamber Bridge Police Court yesterday, **Thomas Moss**, fireman, 29, of **Moss Grove**, Lostock Hall, was fined 1s. and costs for not having his dog muzzled.

The Weekly Standard and Express May 14th 1898

COOK - WANTED – thoroughly-good cook wanted for country situation; age about 30: kitchen maid kept: lady's recommendation valued. Apply – **Mrs Dewhurst**, Lostock Hall, near Preston.

The Morning Post May 8 1895

SALES OF THE PAST WEEK – On Wednesday Messrs. **Thomas Dewhurst** and Son offered for sale two houses in **Sefton Street**, Lostock Hall. They were sold for £312. The solicitors at the sale were Messrs. Forshaw and Parker, Cannon Street.

Preston Chronicle November 18 1893

SAD DEATH OF AN OLD MAN – On Monday, an inquest was held at the **Railway Hotel**, Lostock Hall, touching the death of **Thomas Woods**, age 78. It appeared that the deceased was a loomer by occupation, but had not followed that occupation for some time past. He resided with his daughter. He had suffered from paralysis on his right side. On Saturday, just before dark, he was left in bed for a few minutes, but his daughter hearing him ran upstairs and found that he had walked across the room and fallen near the door. Deceased was laying in a helpless condition, and the assistance of some neighbours had to be summoned before he could be got back to bed. **Dr Bowen** was called in, who found that the deceased had broken his right hip, and death ensued the same evening. A verdict of 'Death from the effects of an accidental fall' was returned'.

Preston Chronicle February 18 1893

UNJUST WEIGHTS AND SCALES – Before Messrs **Calvert** (chairman) and **J Eccles** at the Bamber Bridge petty sessions yesterday, **John Parker**, was summoned for using unjust weights and scales for trading purposes – **Inspector Bruce** said that in that case the defendant was hawker of vegetables, and resided in Lostock Hall. On the 4th inst. he met him in Station Road, Bamber Bridge, with a pony and cart selling greengroceries. On his cart he had six weights of which three were light. There was a two pound weight which was one and a half drams light; another two pound weight one dram light; and a seven pound weight three drams light. Defendant had a pair of scales also on his cart, which were unstamped. Parker said he did not know that he had to have his weights stamped. Fined 20s and costs.

Preston Chronicle February 25 1893

SINGULAR COLLISION – This afternoon an extraordinary railway accident happened at Farington Station, Lancashire Union Railway, causing great damage to the line and property. A coal train was passing the station at a time a luggage train was leaving the siding. They ran almost neck and neck for a short distance, but as the luggage was passing on to the main line, the engine and the coal train cannoned and dashed into the waggons. Every waggon of the luggage train was thrown off the line. The engine of the other train was thrown on its side onto the platform, and several waggons were smashed. The wreck was very great. It is a singular fact that a furniture van was thrown uninjured from the top of an embankment. The engineman and driver had a narrow escape. Both lanes were blocked completely for a short time, and the main line to Manchester was completely blocked for six hours. The passenger traffic to Manchester had in consequence had to be conducted through Blackburn, thus causing great delay. It is stated that the signals were at fault.

The Leeds Mercury November 8 1873

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World War One in Lostock Hall

During the centenary year of World War One we would like to feature photographs and memories from our readers which can help tell how the First World War affected life and times in Lostock Hall, Tardy Gate and Farington. Please contact us if you would like to contribute to this page on 07733 321911.

Ray Cartwright has kindly sent us this photo of his father, Joe Cartwright when on leave. Joe was in one of the Liverpool Regiments.

During the First World War many ladies had to take over jobs previously held by men. The Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway found it necessary to experiment with



Joe Cartwright

female labour at their carriage cleaning sheds. (Photo supplied by Mrs M McNulty)



Where one of the ladies who worked for the railway one of your relations ? Does anyone know what other jobs ladies took over when the men were called up to serve their country ? Does anyone know if any buildings in the area were taken over for war work ?

Can anyone tell us about the background of any of the men on our cenotaph or remembered on memorial boards in our churches ?

Did anyone's Grandma knit for the war effort ?

Has anyone a photo of a family member who served during 1914-1918 ?

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Crompton Crompton

Here is a photograph of my great grandfather, born in 1834, his name was Crompton Crompton. It shows him standing outside his grocery business in Farington, a few miles from Preston. The family connection is thus: he was the father of Lazarus Crompton, who was my grandfather, and Lazarus was the father of my father, Fred Crompton. In 1856 on the 5th July he married Mary Morris. They had 8 children, two named Crompton, (the first child named Crompton died age 7). Crompton lived till he was 86, he died in 1920. My Uncle Frank once showed me Crompton's grave, it was in the corner of a churchyard under a tree. Crompton is photographed arms folded, flat cap on his head, under which his white hair flows down and around his face. My father called him 'Foggy Whiskers'. He seems a nice chap. I spent some time in 1988 looking for where his grocery business would have been.

By Dennis Crompton, living in New Zealand since 1954.



Sad and Fatal Accident to a Little Boy –

On Thursday evening last, an accident befell a boy, six years of age, named **Crompton Crompton**, son of Crompton Crompton, overlooker, at **Mr Ward's** mill, Cuerden, Walton-le-dale, whilst playing amongst some waggons, on a siding near Lostock Hall Junction, on the East Lancashire Railway. The siding runs close up to **Mr Ward's** mill, and here are almost constantly kept a number of empty waggons. Across the siding runs a footpath, which is totally unprotected. In consequence of the wagons being left on the siding, people, travelling by the footpath, are compelled to creep under the wagons, which is not at all times a very safe proceeding, as accidents on other occasions have tended to prove. On the night in question the deceased and a number of other children were amusing themselves by pushing the wagons about on the line, and whilst so engaged he missed his footing, and fell with his head on the line. Before he could recover himself the wheels of the advancing wagon passed over his head, crushing it to pieces, and forcing the poor little fellow's brain onto the metals. He was at once picked up and **Mr Parker**, surgeon, of Farington, was sent for, who promptly attended, but his services were of no avail, as death was instantaneous. It would be as well if the railway company took the precaution in future of locking the wagons and so prevent the children from playing with them, and perhaps another accident similar to the above unfortunate one. Today **Mr J Walker**, deputy coroner to **Sir H de Hoghton**, Bart., will hold an inquest on the body of the deceased.

Preston Chronicle, July 13th, 1867

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William Whittle



The Whittle graves in Leyland Parish Churchyard

One afternoon last summer myself and good friend Margaret Richardson set off to see if we could discover where the bodies of William Whittle's wife and two children lay in Leyland Parish Church Yard. We followed the directions that were written in Rev. Townson's book 'The History of Farington' printed in 1893. 'The place where the victims lay buried is Leyland Churchyard, twenty yards east of the church. A rough slab marks the place, which had engraved upon it, a cross, an axe, a knife, etc.'

Armed with our compass we worked out which side of the church was east, and roughly walked out 20 yards. A lot of the graves were covered with mossy grass. Then suddenly we came across a grave with engravings on it, no writing, we pulled away the grass growing around the edge of the grave and revealed the above. Plainly there were to be seen a large cross, a knife, an axe and a square, which may represent a bible, we don't know. We were amazed to actually find it, as the grave must be the one where William Whittle's wife, murdered by him, as described in the April 2013 issue of the magazine, was buried. One each side of the grave there are two smaller graves, with crosses on, which we believe to be the graves of the two children. All the grave stones were of rough stone. It was fascinating to find these three long forgotten graves of which had been there since 1766.

By Heather Crook

On the next page are articles found relating to the terrible tragedy which took place on Thursday, 6th March, 1766, in the Whittle's home in Farington.

St James Chronicle or The British Evening Post April 5th 1766

William Whittle, late of Farrington, for the murder of his wife, and two daughters, on the 6th ult. By cleaving his wife's head with an axe, and ripping her belly open, and afterwards cutting off the heads of the two children, one of whom he also ripped open and took out its heart, he was found guilty and ordered to hang on Friday.

The same article appeared in The London Chronicle April 5th 1766

Public Advertiser April 6th 1766

We hear from Lancaster, that on Wednesday at the Assizes there, William Whittle, being found guilty of the murder of his wife and two children, was condemned to be hanged on this day, and his body given to the SurgeonsThe motives of his barbarity were owing to some wrong impressions of religion, by his own confession and during his trial he seemed very little concerned for his unhappy circumstances.

These two articles appeared in the St James Chronicle or The British Evening Post April 12th 1766

The following letter was lately put under the house door of the Rev. Mr Oliver of Preston,

Sir, I make bold to acquaint you that your house and every clergyman's that is in this town, or any black son of a bitch like you, for you are nothing but heretics and damned souls. If William Whittle, that worthy man, hangs up to ten days, you may fully expect to be blown to damnation. I have nothing more material, but I desire that you will make interest for him to be cut down, or else you may fully expect it at ten days end. My name is S M and W G.

William Whittle, who was executed for the murder of his wife and two children, at Farrington, near Preston, was a Roman Catholic; he confessed to the fact; the judge asked him how he could commit such a crime; he said the priest told him he should be damned for marrying a heretic; the judge then enquired why he had murdered two innocent children, he said their mother had carried them to church, so they would have been damned had he not killed them, but that now they were in purgatory, and would go to heaven. He was hanged one day last week.

Gazetteer and New Daily Advertiser April 16th 1766

On Saturday last, William Whittle, weaver, condemned at Lancaster Assizes, was executed at Lancaster Moor, and on Monday his body was hung on a gibbet in irons at the Four Lane Ends. Whittle appeared to be a stupid, bigoted, ignorant fellow. Just before the cart drove away from under him, he called out, wishing that his priest would come, for then he had something more to say, if the pardon would go his way.

Cuerden Green School



The eastern edge of Cuerden Green is bounded by Old School Lane, so named because of the very old school there. Cuerden Green School was founded in 1673 with money left by Mr Andrew Dandy of Lostock Hall. The school was further endowed by his wife Margaret and their three sons – William, Andrew and Daniel – and this is commemorated by the date stone on the outside of the building, which includes their names and Anno Domini 1690.

In 1701 a Mr Samuel Crook, made a bequest which enabled five children to be 'gratuitously' educated. At this time a Mr Ashton, was headmaster, his wife was the mistress, and there were some 65 boy and 70 girl pupils attending the school. Mr Robert Townley-Parker of Cuerden Hall also contributed generously to the school in his time, as did his mother Lady Houghton. According to the Mannex Directory of 1854 'The school master receives £5 from the Lostock Hall estate, £5 from Crooke's Charity and a donation of £5 from Lady Houghton, making his whole income £40.8s.0d per annum'. The school master also had a house provided for himself and his family attached to the school building.

The school continued to provide education for the local children until 1904, when it was closed and the children transferred to the big new County Primary School in Lostock Hall. The old building then remained empty until 1910, when it was converted into dwelling places and rented out. It is not clear when the school and master's house became part of the Cuerden Estate, but they remained so until the Estate was broken up and sold off in the 1950's.

Taken from 'Farington, A Lancashire Cotton Mill Village, Book 5 by Joan M. Langford.



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The Claytons

After reading through books, pamphlets, notes and Barrett's Directory and picking up snippets here and there, the name of Clayton cropped up several times. It didn't register with me at all that they were related or even knew each other, that is until I met the present day Mr Clayton. The even in itself was quite remarkable and all due to a small article that I had placed in the Lancashire Evening Post, stating that I had compiled a Local History book. It was at this meeting that Mr Clayton and his wife disclosed to me that the Claytons of 1764 were their ancestors. This really fascinated me as I realised that it was also a history of the Clayton family over the past 200 years. Whow ! not many families can do that in this area.

1764 William Clayton Esq (Banker of Preston) who rebuilt Lostock Hall.

1764 Messrs Clayton of Bamber Bridge establish a Printing and Bleaching trade.
George Clayton's claim to fame was to ride on the first cargo of coal to come to the Avenham Bridge in 1830. Ralph Clayton who lived at Lostock Hall until he died in 1836.

1891 James Clayton a relative was the local coal merchant in the village.

1908-11 Another member of the Clayton family was part of the Tardy Gate Co. Ltd. He blew his brains out when the firm collapsed.

1908 Edward Clayton had the contract for transporting children from Bamber Bridge area to Lostock Hall Council School for their cookery lessons.
Mr James Clayton (the present Mr Clayton's father) was born in a cottage near St Gerards Church, then moved to Belvue Farm. In 1908 he moved to the original Victoria Hotel (where he was landlord) and then into Coote Lane. Some of the houses in Coote Lane were built by James Clayton.

Another member of the Clayton family emigrated to America and helped Mr Smith set up the Mormon Community in Salt Lake City. This Mr Clayton had several wives and children – and thus started a Clayton clan in America. The Mormon Church in Chorley was built there because the original mormons came from the Preston area.

Incidentally no females have been born into the Clayton family from the 18th century to the 20th century. Most of the Claytons seem to have been very successful in their business ventures. The present day Mr Clayton is a business man too. It is quite remarkable to be able to trace your family back so far.

By marriage other names connected to the Claytons. Two of them are Lindley (hence Lindley Street) and Tuson. The Tusons established Tuson College in Preston. There was also a Miss Tuson, who taught at Lostock Hall School. Later on in life she married a Mr Griffiths who was the Head Teacher there.

Reproduced by kind permission from 'A history of Lostock Hall and Tardy Gate' by Jackie Stuart

Preston Digital Archive

Annual Appeal

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

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

Read on !

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

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

At present the upper date range is 1990.

We also try and confine the general geographical area to Preston, Penwortham, Fulwood, Grimsargh, Walton le Dale, Bamber Bridge and Lostock Hall.

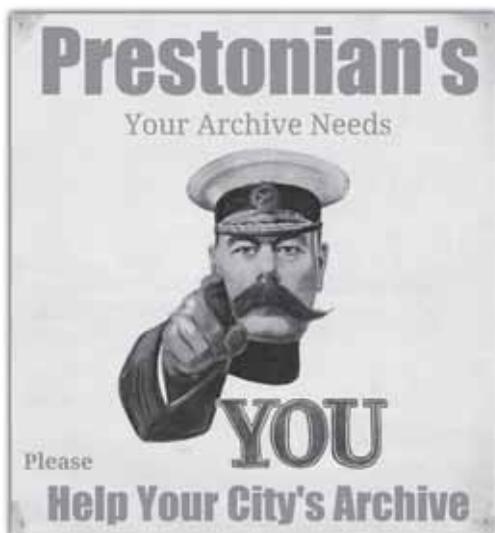
Finally we welcome any suggestions you might have for improving our archive.

You can see our archive on Flickr, to date we have received over 3,000,000 views, with an average daily count of +8000.

Thankyou for your interest and hopefully support.

Also a big thankyou to all Preston Digital Archive viewers.

Regards from Barney
Preston Digital Archive

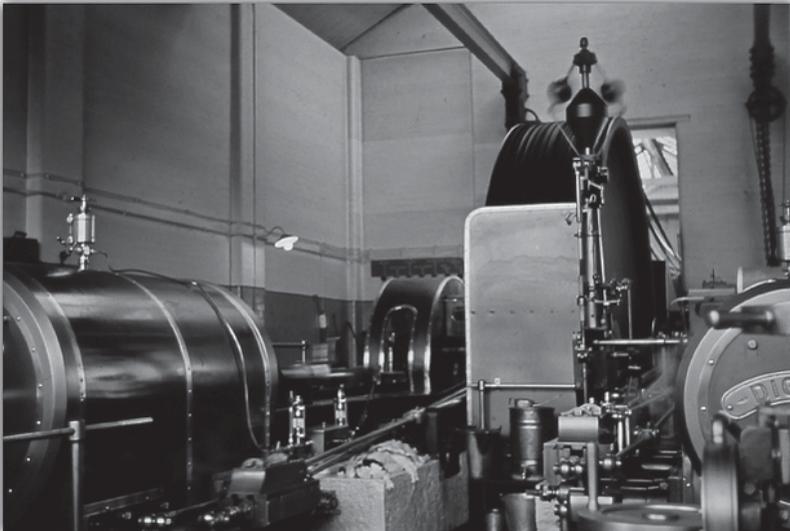


Tardy Gate Mill

These two pictures photographs were taken by Joe Berry who was the mill manager in 1962 and are courtesy of his son Kenneth Berry.



Winding Room, Tardy Gate Mill c.1962.
It shows the girls that went in the shuttles.



Engine Room, Tardy Gate Mill c. 1962
The low pressure cylinder (left) carried the name 'Faith'. The high pressure cylinder (right) carried the name 'Dignity'.



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A Tardy Gate Girl by Jackie Stuart

That summer I went on a Coach Tour holiday with Jack's mum to Edinburgh. We did all the sight seeing things. The Forth Bridge, The Trossachs, Holyrood House and the Castle. It was a really nice holiday. In the hotel we shared a table with another couple who did nothing but stare at me. It made me feel uncomfortable. Then one day they explained I was the double of their daughter. On their return home they wrote and invited us down to their house in Liverpool. What an uncanny experience it is to come face to face with someone who looks the same as you. There can't possibly be two of me. I am sorry to say folks that there is. There really is another person out there just like me. The following summer we had to visit my grandmother. She had moved into a one bedroomed flat, and I was a little concerned as to where I would sleep. I asked my dad about this, but he said that he did not know. I told him quite firmly that there was no way that I would sleep with my grandmother. I didn't think it was healthy and would go straight back home if that was the case. When we arrived I saw the single bed in the front room. It was as I thought, I was expected to sleep with her. I was just about to get up and walk out when my Auntie Marjorie (Madge) arrived. She had the same thoughts as me and took me straight to her house to stay. I shared a twin bedded room with my cousin Jennifer. In the morning my cousin John brought me my breakfast in bed. I thanked him very much and told him that it was very thoughtful and kind. He said that I was welcome and made his way to the door. When he reached the door he did something that changed my opinion of him completely. He FARTED. He actually FARTED, then he and his sister laughed. WELL REALLY ! I know that I was not considered to be a proper young lady, but I had been brought up with better manners than that. While we were there I was asked to go to a dance with John and Jennifer and my aunts Madge and Peggy. Luckily for me I had taken a dress with a full skirt and a couple of nylon net underskirts. You had to wear two net underskirts to make your dress stick out. The only problem was, the underskirts would sometimes lose their stiffness and you would have to dip them in a sugar solution to make them stiff again. This worked fine until you started to dance. Then you would leave a trail of white particles that looked like dandruff coming from a place where you shouldn't have dandruff at all. Fortunately my underskirts were new. I had never told any of my relatives that I could dance, it didn't seem necessary. I wasn't a competition dancer, I used to dance for fun with Anne. We had mastered all the modern ballroom dances, except the foxtrot. Anyway we went along to the dance. John asked me to dance with him. It was a total disaster and I made a fool of myself. I had to apologise to him and sit down. I didn't know who had two left feet, me or him. I did manage a couple of dances with Jennifer later on. It was she who explained that John was difficult to dance with. Just as we were about to leave a young man came and asked me for the last waltz. We were the only couple on the floor, so everyone was watching. I danced the waltz of my life. My head was in the right place, my arms at the right angle and my feet didn't appear to be mine. It was the most perfect of dances. My aunts were so pleased and surprised, they could not wait to tell their mother. BIG MISTAKE. She didn't like it one bit. Later on that day I had to walk with her up to my Uncle Walter's house. It was up a small incline and I asked her to stop for a breather several times, but she refused. The inevitable happened and she fell. When we arrived at the house she blamed me for letting her fall. She said to my Uncle Walter, 'That bitch has let me fall'. I was furious with her and told them that she would not stop when I asked her to. She had a go at me in the evening while at my Auntie Peggy's, referring to me as the bitch again. She always had done, but it sounded more nasty than usual. She was insisting that I stay at home with her, while mum and dad went out with my aunts and uncles. I wasn't prepared to stay with her and told her so.

Just then my Dad walked in. He had heard the conversation and told my grandmother that I was going out with him. If looks could kill, I would have dropped dead on the spot. I never went to visit her again, but she came to visit us instead. While she was on her last visit to us, I was about to get engaged. It was the day before my 20th birthday and my dad was late home from work. I wanted to tell him before I went out. My mother suggested I write a note to let him know before my grandmother was told. All hell broke loose because I had not told her first. She believed she had a right to know before my dad did. She certainly let me know about it when I returned home. I just looked at her in sheer amazement, then told her exactly what I thought. She had no rights at all – none whatsoever. None of her grandchildren spoke to her like that though did they? Oops, this one did. Anyway the deed was done and my wedding day was set for the following year on August 7th 1965. I changed my job before my birthday and was now working for The Provincial Insurance Company in Winckley Square as an audio typist. I was still playing hockey and had been for the past four years.

The plans were going nicely for my forthcoming wedding. The honeymoon had been booked in Newquay, Cornwall. The reception, bridesmaids, and page boys were sorted and booked. Jack was now a policeman and was based in Manchester, so Provincial Insurance had agreed to transfer me to their Manchester office. Everything was going well. My 21st birthday came and I received a massive bouquet of red roses from Jack. They were absolutely beautiful and I felt so happy. My wedding dress had been bought and the bridesmaid dresses and page boy outfits were being made. My mother was having a coat and dress made, while my dad and brother had ordered their suits. The invitations had all gone out. The colours of the flowers had been chosen and Margaret Coxhead, the florist, was making the bouquets and buttonholes. I had made my own wedding cake and it was being decorated by Jean Wilde. Jean was the daughter of the local undertakers and we had worked together at Thomas Moss's and been at school together. Everything was in order and the first of the Banns were due to be read out in St James Church the following week. On the evening of the 9th July, 1965, one month after my birthday my whole world fell apart. Jack jilted me. He had met someone else, a nurse, and had been seeing her for the past month. How could he do that after being together for six years? SIX YEARS!

That is a big chunk out of anyones life. I remember crying when he told me and nearly falling into the path of an oncoming car on Leyland Road. Jack walked home with me to tell my Mum and Dad. I just left him at the back door. He told my Mum and I heard her shouting at him. He then made a hasty retreat down the path. I just couldn't go into the house, so I made my way down to the back garden. I just stood there hanging onto the washing line for support. Apparently my mum was unable to tell my dad what had happened, she was too upset. So she asked him to come and see me before he went out. I didn't hear him coming. He just appeared at the side of me, but at a distance. I know he asked me what was wrong, but I was unable to speak. The tears were just pouring down my face and I was sobbing so much. I was like a gibbering idiot unable to string two words together. I will never forget the look on his face, when I actually managed to tell him. He went scarlet with anger and disbelief. Then tears came into his eyes. Then he just rushed away. He couldn't handle it. He didn't know what to say or what to do. I felt so sorry for him, but I couldn't help him, I couldn't help myself just then. Eventually Mum persuaded me to go inside the house. I just sat in a chair rocking myself backwards and forwards. I was totally numb and unable to think or do anything.

To be continued next month

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