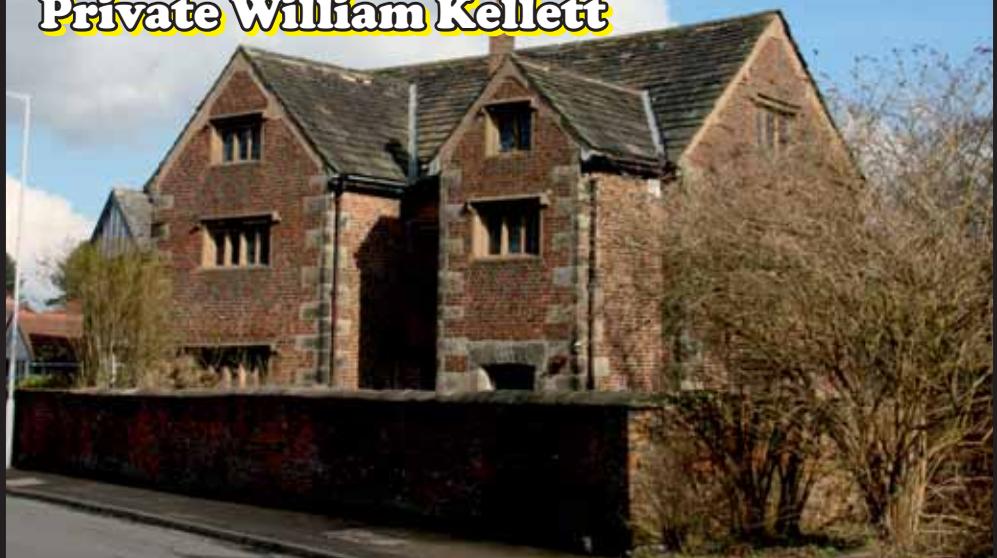


The Lostock Hall Magazine

Issue 13
Feb/Mar 2014

**Memories of a 99 Year Old
Summer Outing 1905
Private William Kellett**



FREE

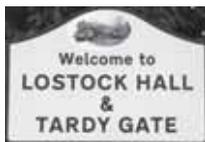
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Welcome to the Feb/March 2014 (13th) issue of The Lostock Hall Magazine, which also covers Tardy Gate and nearby parts of Farington. It is a collection of local history articles relating to the area. Many thanks to all our contributors and readers.

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'.

This month we have memories of a 99 year old. A summer outing of St James' Church in 1905 courtesy of Jack Wilcock, taken from The Lostock Hall Companion.

Information about Private William Kellett, kindly sent in by his great niece Kath Hayes.

Memories from Mr Harry Wilson relating to Sir Tom Finney.

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. We are also collecting material for South Ribble Remembrance Archive 1914-1918, which will include anything relating to World War One in our area. A photo, document, a memory, etc.

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 our 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 – Todd Hall, Todd Lane North, Lostock Hall, - by Heather Crook

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Photographs from Lostock Hall Past



St Paul's Walking Day – the gentleman on the right hand side on the path is Harold Whittaker, vergers and sexton for 17 years and also bandmaster of St Paul's Church Lads Brigade. Photo courtesy of Allan Whittaker.



Taken from Wilkinson Street across the railway fields towards the railway station at Lostock Hall. circa. 1961/62 Photo courtesy of Frank Melling.

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Articles from Lostock Hall Past

Fatal Accident From Burning – On Thursday, as an unfortunate woman of the name of **Margaret Holding**, was lighting a piece of paper at the fire in one of the rooms in the house in which she lives, at **Cuerden Green**, her clothes caught fire, and the poor creature was found some time after almost burnt to a cinder, although the vital spark was not quite extinct. She expired about six o'clock yesterday morning. She was about 75 years of age. **Mr Spencer**, who attended her, informed us that he never witnessed any case of a similar nature in which such great injury had been received. The wooden soles of the poor woman's clogs upon her feet were quite destroyed.

Preston Pilot March 1845

Explosions At A Chapel – On Sunday morning last, shortly after **Miss Hoyle**, of Cuerden Green, Preston, had made a fire under the boiler of the heating apparatus at **Cuerden Green Free Methodist Chapel**, an explosion took place. She was severely scalded but is now recovering. The water in the pipes of the heating apparatus had become frozen, and there being consequently, no vent for the steam generated, the explosion resulted.

Liverpool Mercury 22 December 1859

Two Railway Fatalities – On Thursday evening, **Mr Gilbertson** held an inquest at the Withy Trees Inn, Bamber Bridge, near Preston, on the body of **Mary Isherwood**, 63 years of age, who had been housekeeper for **Mr Warwick**, of the **Tardy Gate Inn**, Penwortham. At half past six o'clock on Wednesday evening, the deceased, who had had three glasses of ale, was attempting to cross the railway at Brownedge level crossing, when the express train from Blackburn to Preston came up, and she was struck by the engine and killed on the spot. A companion, **Mary Sumner**, a factory operative, who had warned her not to cross the line at that moment, then called out, and the women who attends to the gate came out. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death and made a presentment that 'considering the large number of persons who use the level crossing, we are of opinion that it is not at the present time sufficiently attended to, and that the railway company ought to provide a man whose duty it should be to watch the crossing'. On Thursday morning, **Thomas Carter**, a foreman platelayer, was killed on the North Union Railway, near to Farington Station, by the 9 0 express from Preston to Manchester.

Liverpool Mercury 6 April, 1876

FOOTBALL - Tardy Gate Rovers v. Preston Heroes – Played on Saturday, on the ground of the former, and after a good game resulted in a victory for the Rovers by three goals to one.

Preston Chronicle 13 October 1883

LOSTOCK HALL SPORTS – the annual sports and festivities in connection with the **Lostock Hall Football Club** took place last Saturday. In spite of the bitter coldness of the weather about 500 spectators were present. The first event was a 100 yards handicap for members only; 3 prizes, the first in each heat to run in the final. In the first heat **W.H. Durham**, of Lostock Hall had a walkover, the three other competitors not running. **J Sumner**, of Bamber Bridge, was first in the second; and **C Whitman**, Farington, scored in the third heat. The final was won by W.H. Durham. In the final of the 120 yards handicap **L. Flanagan** (Tardy Gate) was first, W.H. Durham came second and **T. Flanagan** (Tardy Gate) was third. There were numerous donkey and sack races on the ground afterwards.

The Blackburn Standard 17 September 1887

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I played football with Tommy Finney !

By Mr Harry Wilson of Lostock Hall



There were not many footballers in the world like him, he was a gentleman, even as a young lad – one of the best.

I lived in Deepdale, St Pauls Road and Tom lived somewhere round the Canary Islands. We were never the best of mates but our paths crossed many times over the years. I got to know him playing football as kids on Moor Park. He was a small lad in them days. I went to St Ignatius's School and Tommy went to

Deepdale Modern, we often played against each other in our school teams. I think he played for Preston School Lads. Two boys kept him out of the team quite often, Standing and Hough, because he was so small.

The man who coached North

End Juniors teams A and B was called Mr Fazackerley. He was sports master. One day the right winger didn't turn up so he put Tommy on the right wing and the rest is history. The man who looked after Tom Finney was a Mr Taylor. He was only 15 when he went on Preston North End's books.

He had a brother called Joe who was an auto electrician. People said he could play even better than Tom. He played for Fulwood Amateurs. When he served his time as a plumber, I served mine as a bricklayer. I worked for 40 years for John Turners. Over those years our paths crossed many times as our firms often worked on the same jobs. We both served in the forces during the war. I remember he always had time for everybody.



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Lancashire Schools Cup 1st Round 1954

On a recent trip to France to visit some friends, Norman & Mo Crossley I came across the attached photograph dating back to 1954. Both Norman & Mo spent most of their lives in Lostock Hall, until moving to France about 10 years ago.

They ran the Lostock Hall 'chippy' in Victoria Street for a while and Norman spent many years as a local councillor on South Ribble Borough council. The names of the players in the photo are as follows: Back Row-Keith Smith, Derek Malone, Edward Forrest. Middle Row:-Mr Forrest, Mick Kay, Bill Sutton, Arthur Alty, Norman Crossley. Front Row:- Reggie Alty, Peter Worsley, Alan Stevens, Colin Durac, Reggie Wilkinson. The photograph was taken on the Saturday morning they played Blackpool Palatine School in the Lancashire Schools Cup 1st Round , losing the game 2-5, following which they had lunch at the Lostock Hall Hotel after the match. **Photo and information courtesy of Tony Harrison.**



South Ribble Remembrance Archive 1914-1918

We are looking for information of any soldier that appears on our war memorials.

If you have any photos or documents or memories relating to the Great War please contact us then we can add them to the Archive. It is available on-line and all information collected will be placed with the Records Office, Bow Lane.

We are looking for anything at all that relates to the First World War.

We come come and scan any images in your own home if required.
Contact Heather on 07733 321911 or email thelostockhallmagazine@gmail.com



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Memories of a Ninety Nine Year Old

I was born in 1914 and when I was a young girl my mother was often ill. I was sent to church but never confirmed. We lived near Four Lane Ends on Browndge Road.

After my mother died my Mum's two sisters decided I needed to be confirmed so I started going for instruction at St Pauls in Farington, as that was where I was christened and my mum had also wanted me to be confirmed there. It was in February 1929 that the day for my confirmation took place. I set off alone to go through what we had to say to the Bishop and how the service would take place. I walked from Browndge Road, through Tardy Gate and up Croston Road past the Anchor. It was going dark and I carried my veil in a brown paper bag and was thinking that I hoped somebody would help me to get it on straight. As I was going up the slope near to Farington station a person appeared in front of me. He was a man, a chubby man, wearing long robes with dangling sleeves, with a fringe round his bald head, with his hands inside his sleeves.. I smiled and he smiled back at me, then he disappeared. I ran to where there was a lamp, I was shaking. I knew that I had seen something that shouldn't be. I felt all was I don't remember anything at all about my confirmation or had no idea what the Bishop said to me. I was still shaking after the service – I had not told anyone what I had seen. My two aunties had come to watch the service and took me home and on the way back we called in at my Grandma's house, who had had a stroke. I told her what I had seen and she said, 'Oh, it will have been Roger the mad monk from Pennerdam (Penwortham) every now and then he walks across them fields. He was sent to Pennerdam as a punishment from Evesham Abbey so don't worry it will only be Old Roger having a walk.'

When I got home I told my Dad, he just said I was imagining it. It would have been about ten months later, when my Dad brought home a man with him, who was still in his work clothes. He was an engine driver and worked at Lostock Hall Shed. My Dad asked me to tell him my story about seeing the monk. As I started telling them the man kept saying to my Dad, 'I told you Bill that what I saw'. The man lived in one of the houses facing the Anchor. He used to walk towards Farington Station, then go along the cinder path to Lostock Hall shed. He saw that figure about the same place that I had seen him and my description was exactly the same as his. My Dad said he was in such a state when he arrived at work, the engine cleaners and fire men who were waiting to go on duty laughed at him when he told them what he had seen, then they said 'You must have had too much to drink.' The shed foreman wouldn't let him take a train out that night as he wasn't in a fit state, too shaken. My Dad had told him that he was sure it was the same tale his lass told him. I never really talked about it to anyone. My husband was a Bamber Bridge man and they called a spade a spade. 'You had better not talk to anyone about it they will think your are barmy he used to say. I wasn't brought up to believe in ghosts, but I did see him, it really did happen. I was always glad my Dad brought the man to our house, it proved to me that I wasn't barmy.

I once went to an exhibition at the Public Hall where we listened to a man speaking on the platform. I was wearing a pink hat, and he said 'You with the pink hat on I would like to speak to you after'. He came over to me and said 'I could use you, will you wait and have a talk at the back'. He said I was psychic. But I did not wait.

Todd Hall – When I was about 8 or 9 years of age, Todd Hall on Todd Lane North was derelict. All the local children used to go in and play inside, especially when it was raining and during the summer holidays. We used to get in round the back. We would go for the day and take a basket of jam and bread and a bottle of Kali powder and water, which made a fizzy drink. There was a big fireplace and we would stand inside it and shout up the chimney. In the corner of the room was a staircase which led to an upstairs room which had a clay floor. The boys would dare each other to creep across it on their hands and knees, it was not safe enough to walk on. One day we were throwing our ball against the wall and the whitewash started to flake off. We carried on playing then a face appeared it was a pinky brown colour, so we started to pick it off with our fingers, we scraped quite a bit off. When we went back to school after the summer holidays were over we always had to write about what we did during the holidays for our composition. This year we wrote about the picture and going in Todd Hall. The teachers must have told the police or the Evening Post about it, because the next thing we knew it was being boarded up by Kevill's, who had the lease on it. So in a way we did ourselves a thick one as we were never allowed to play there again. It was discovered that the picture we found under the whitewash was a painting of 'The Last Supper'. The painting was on the right hand side of the fire place.

Ward Street – During the last war my husband and I rented a house in Ward Street. One evening my husband had gone out fire watching. I was stood in front of the mirror putting my rollers in. Through the mirror I could see the shadow of a helmet on the opposite side of the room on a painted glossy door on the other side of the room. It frightened me – I thought the Germans had arrived. Quickly I picked up the poker out of the companion set on the hearth. I was holding it up in front of me and it was shaking as I was really scared. Then I heard someone coming into the house. It was a policeman. I said to him 'Do you know I am alone in the house'. He had let himself in as the door was on the catch. He said to me 'Do you know you still have a line full of nappies out, you could be signalling to enemy aircraft for all I know, so I came in to see if I could catch anyone making plans.' And I thought he was a German.

Pickerings Farm. One of my mum's relatives had Pickerings Farm, he grew rhubarb in the fields. When I was a young girl I used to get a silver threepenny bit for weeding between the cobbles in the yard.

Early 1920's. Somebody I knew used to walk from Longton to the Harris at Preston to go to night school in the evenings after a day's work. He walked in his bare feet with his boots tied round his neck, then when he got there he would put his boots on to go in, then remove them again when he came out. He did it to save shoe leather. His son asked him what did he go for. He said 'To improve me self. How times have changed.

St. James Church, Summer Outing : 1905

Every year since its inception a custom was building that the Saint James' Church choir and Sunday School teachers should join together in taking a trip to somewhere different, always in the hope that the weather would set fair on the appointed day. In 1904 they journeyed by train to Rhyl, but what could have been a thoroughly enjoyable day was marred by continuous rain. Nothing daunted, arrangements were made for the following year, the dates, as always, being determined by the incidence



of the local factory wake weeks. In 1905 the planned annual outing had to be split in two, because building work at Moss's factory meant that the mill closed a fortnight later than the others round about. However, since the two trips were organised around the same itinerary, they have been brought together in this narrative to avoid tiresome duplication, whilst detailing the small differences which were bound to occur. The participants are listed so that, amongst their presence, present day parishioners might identify the names of grandparents or other past relatives.

The first group, travelling on Monday, 14th August, consisted of twenty people, as follows – Messrs, T. Bleasdale, Yates, S. Derbyshire, S. Parker, T. Harrison, T. Ashcroft, J. Ward, Wm. Parker, Wm. Butcher, Wm. Pollard, Mesdames Derbyshire, Bleasdale, Smith, Masters J.C. Bleasdale, Harold Morgan. Misses Marsden, M.A. Bretherton, Parker, E. Bretherton, Lowe.

The second group, travelling on Monday, 28th August, consisted of 24 people, as follows – The curate and his family, Rev. G.J. Ash, Mrs Ash, Master Ash, Messrs. T. Bretherton, R. Bretherton, J. Beardsworth, Herbert Morgan, H. Hilton, Hatch, Lloyd, J. Taylor, T. Taylor, J. Todd, J. Wakefield, H. Yates, Mrs A. Topping, Misses Martha Bretherton, May Bretherton, Hilton, Machell, Taylor, Topping, Wakefield, Watkinson.

Mr Frame, of Preston, had made outstanding arrangements for their departure early in the morning. The first group boarded their own special train at Farington at 5.30 am, which consisted of their one designated carriage drawn by a light steam engine, by which means they were taken to a siding in Preston, there to be tacked on to the northbound train leaving Preston at 6.11 am. The second group on the other hand waited at Farington Station for the northbound express train, which made an unscheduled stop to pick them up at 5.45 am. The station staff were quite perplexed at this and marvelled that anybody could have made such an arrangement. In both of these cases Mr Frame had proved himself to be a master of his craft. Both parties arrived in Penrith at 8.30 am, strolled around the town, caught a connecting train leaving Penrith at 9.30 am, and reached Keswick at 10.10 am, to be greeted with the promise of fine weather for the rest of the day. Following a hearty breakfast at the Belle View Boarding House, both parties visited the nearby pencil works, where after a guided tour, individuals waited to have pencils stamped with names in gold letters, either for themselves or to take back as presents for their friends and family. Much amusement was caused by a request to stamp out the name 'John Eccles Smith Tickle'. The curate, recognising that marking pencils was time consuming, spied his chance to lead a small party to view Great Hall, where the poet Robert Southey lived, followed by a stroll along Southey's favourite walk along the riverside to Crosthwaite church. Everyone reassembled at the boarding house to enjoy a dinner so satisfying that one group could afterwards describe it only in superlatives, and it was not until group two returned a fortnight later that its constitution became apparent:

lamb, beef, three vegetables, bread, greengage and plum pies, rice and sago puddings, Adam's Ale and trimmings. In the afternoon, apart from a few dissenters wishing to fish or go for a row on the lake, the majority opted to board the charabanc reserved for their use which was to take them to Derwentwater. The Jehu was an enthusiastic local who pointed out the many items of interest on the way and enlivened his commentary with relevant titbits of information. (The charabanc (from the French *char a banc*: carriage with benches) was not the motor driven enclosed coach of more recent vintage; it was a long, open topped carriage on four wheels fitted with forward facing transverse seating, hauled by a team of horses. Jehu was the name applied (in a jocular sense) to drivers of horse drawn carriages, after an ancient king of Israel, famed for driving his chariot at a furious pace (*2 Kings 9*) Shortly after beginning the journey south along the eastern edge of the lake, the driver drew attention to the 'floating island', which, coincided with their visit, had decided to reappear after an absence of seven years. It consisted of accumulated peaty matter, about 80 yards long and 15 yards wide, which in hot summers, due to its composition, rose to the surface for six or seven weeks before sinking back out of sight into hibernation. Someone had planted a flag in its middle. A little later they arrived outside the Lodore Hotel, where they alighted to pay a footing of two (old) pence so they could clamber up a path to view the waterfalls from a better vantage point. Resuming their journey a mile further south they turned west to cross the River Derwent and pass through the tiny village of Grange before turning northwards to drive back to Keswick along the other side of the lake. Their tour guide directed their attention to the house where Miss Heathcote, a great benefactor to Grange, used to reside. She had her coffin made when she was still alive; four years before she needed it. Next he pointed out a house which lost its entire roof during an awful gale in 1894, leaving the terrified occupants ensconced in bed with the belligerent sky as their canopy. There were many other things to see, including an abandoned lead mine, and traces of a Roman road. Their ten mile drive had taken three and a half hours, bringing them back to the hotel just in time for tea, which turned out to be another excellent meal, over which they could reminisce about the days events and listen to the anglers' tales. It seemed that the group one fisherman spent a satisfying day catching a number of perch, which were carefully wrapped and packaged for the passage home. (what a shame then that later that day they were inadvertently left on the train). The group two anglers however had not fared so well, catching only four small perch in the entire afternoon, which encouraged some banter, rising to a crescendo when they admitted that the only reason they caught this many was because the young lady and youth in the party had volunteered to hold up their boat to stop it from sinking ! At 6 30 pm they caught the train from Keswick arriving in Preston in time for the first group to catch the 9.05pm train to Lostock Hall, and for the second group to catch the 9 45 train to Farington. There could only be one verdict about this excursion taken unanimously, it had been their best trip ever !.

Taken from Saint James Church, Lostock Hall, 'A Parish Companion' by Jack Wilcock and Tom S. Hicks. Printed in 2007.

'A Parish Companion'

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Serjeant Francis Shultz MM.

680991 A Bty. 286th Bde., Royal Field Artillery,

who died on 13 April 1918, Age 21. He was the son of John Joseph and Sara Walburga Shultz, of 9 Carrington Terrace, Lostock Hall, born at Brownedge, Walton-Le-Dale, Preston. Remembered with honour at Longuenesse (St Omer) Souvenir Cemetery. He was shot by a sniper as he volunteered to swim across a canal taking a line across two days before the armistice. Kindly sent in by Ray Cartwright.



ONLY FIVE WEEKS ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

Private Joseph Wiseman, L.N.L. Regiment,

has been officially reported killed in action on August 26th. Sergt. Cornall, of the same regiment, writing to deceased's father at 1, Victoria-street, Tardy Gate, Lostock Hall, states:—



“On that date we were taking a line of trenches, and just before we went over the top he was hit by a big piece of shrapnel in the head, and died instantly. He died like

a man, and did not shirk his work.” Enlisting in February last, he had been on active service five weeks, during the first of which he was wounded.

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3438 Private William Kellett

William Kellett was born on the 9th June, 1895. He was the youngest of five children of parents Thomas and Martha Kellett. William was baptised at St Paul's Church, Farington on 7th July 1895. He started school at Farington Endowed School on 10th June 1902. At that time the family were living at East View, off School Lane.

According to the 1911 census he was working as a cotton weaver and living with his family at 64 Ward Street, Lostock Hall. His family remember him as a quiet serious young man, church going and with a musical talent. He played the piano/organ at services at Lostock Hall Methodist Church.

Army Service Record

Private 1st/4th Battalion

The Loyal North Lancashire Regiment

William Kellet was recruited and had a medical on 14th December, 1914.

Oath that was taken by recruit on attestation 'I, William Kellett do solemnly declare that the above answers made by me to the above questions are true, and that I am willing to fulfil the engagements made'. It was signed by William and witnessed by John Ward. Norman Whittaker was the name of the attesting officer. His Medical Inspection Report on enlistment states that his apparent age is 19 years and 6 months. His height is 5 feet 8½ inches. Chest measurement

when fully expanded 35 inches, range of expansion 3 inches. His vision is normal and his physical development good. His training ended on 3rd May, 1915. He arrived in France on 4th May 1915. He died of wounds, sustained on 15th June at the Battle of Festubert, on 23rd June due to a gunshot wound to the knee.

He was just 20 years old having served just over six months. (191 days)

William is commemorated at the Lostock Hall Cenotaph and the memorial in St James' Church. He was buried in at Etretat Churchyard, Seine-Maritime, France in plot I.C.2. where he is remembered with honour. His name is spelt Kellet (with one T) on his grave marker. It also states he was the son of Thomas and Martha Elizabeth Kellett, of Lostock Cottage, Lostock Hall.

Information provided by William's great niece K. Hayes

This information will be added to the on-line South Ribble Remembrance Archive 1914 – 1918.



William Kellett



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A TARDY GATE GIRL

The following day most of my family, friends and neighbours knew that the wedding was off. I was stood at the gate at the front of the house with my mum and dad, when I saw this woman coming towards me. It was Cath, Jack's sister-in-law. She was pushing a pram with two of her daughters in it. She was crying and apologising to me. I thought it was a brave thing to do, knowing that feelings and emotions were running high in our family. We all ended up consoling each other. I can't remember how this came about but I was persuaded to ask Jack to meet me the following week. The place was to be neutral in the centre of Preston. I had to make sure that he didn't want to get married. The meeting was a disaster. I totally went to pieces again and ended up being taken home from work. All my workmates had to be told and my bosses so the transfer to Manchester was cancelled. All the presents had to be returned and the vicar informed. Well I had to face facts, there wasn't going to be a wedding. My mum managed to do most of the cancelling for me, because I found it very difficult to face people. Everyone was kind, but it was the actual kindness and the sympathy that I found hard to deal with. The worst thing was taking my wedding dress back. It was such a beautiful dress, made of lace, with a train and a satin band around the waist which ended in a bow at the top of the train. I tried it on just once more before it went back. To ease the pain of the 7th August, my mum and dad asked me if I would like to go on holiday that particular week. They had obviously been talking to my godparents, Mr and Mrs Walker about this because they agreed that their daughter Lynne should go with me. On the day that I should have been married we flew from Lytham St Annes to the Isle of Man. Neither of us had flown before, so this was a very exciting and new experience. When we first saw the plane, we thought that it had broken down, because it was being towed by the tail end. It was a very small plane with the tail end on the ground and the front end pointing upwards to the sky. We had to walk uphill towards our seats which were situated over the wing. When the engines started the plane shook and we shook with it. We didn't think that it would take off, but of course it did. When we arrived on the Isle of Man we met up with a group of people of similar age and had a wonderful week. Lynne met her future husband and spent most of the time with him going to night clubs until the early hours of the morning. The rest of us didn't want to do that. We wanted to be out in the sunshine, swimming, boating, cycling, sunbathing, then going for a drink in the evening. By the end of the week we all had a brilliant tan, except for Lynne. We had spent all our money and had just about enough left for a telephone call home if needed. We flew back in a proper plane and my mum and dad were waiting for us when we landed. They couldn't get over my tan and the fact that Lynne had not got one. All I wanted to know was if I had enjoyed myself, which I certainly did. I had one final task to do before I could put the past behind me and go forward. I had to go to Ashton-Under-Lyne to retrieve my belongings from the house where we were going to live in. It was not a pleasant task, but I had to do it. John Parker, my sister-in-law Pat's cousin, along with Pat, drove us there in his van. Keith Hopkinson was there in the house. He was a policeman too and had gone to the same school as me, so we had known each other a very long time. He kept apologising for what had happened. Keith knew what had been going on with Jack and the nurse but could not bring himself to tell me. He did try to talk Jack out of it, but to no avail. He and his future wife had invited me to their wedding, but sadly I just could not go. I remember feeling sorry for Keith. It wasn't easy for him, but it wasn't easy for me either. Once that was done I had to start living again. Starting to live again was not an easy thing to do. After going out with someone for such a long time you lose contact with your former friends.

You suddenly find that you are totally alone and that all your friends are in relationships. It was a tremendous effort to go out. Finally I made myself go into Preston to the Top Rank Ballroom. While standing outside wondering whether to go in or not, I met an old school friend Brenda Makepeace. She had just split with her boyfriend too. We went into the Ballroom together. I tried to enjoy myself, but it was very difficult. I didn't realise what I was doing at the time, but I was looking for someone to love. Or to be more correct, someone to love me. I know that my mum and dad loved me, but that wasn't the same. I started going out with the wrong people. Some of them turned out to be married. I dropped them as soon as I found out though. They only wanted one thing and I wasn't prepared to give it. When you have been deeply hurt yourself, you don't want to hurt others by going out with their husbands. On Christmas Eve of that year, my friend Anne got married. I had been working until lunch time and then we all ended up in a pub to have a Christmas drink or two, or three. By the time I set off home to go to the wedding I was quite tipsy. One of our neighbours was on the bus laden down with several bags of Christmas shopping. I had to stand up holding one of the hand straps because the bus was full. The neighbour saw me and started coming out with all sorts of verbal abuse. She didn't like the fact that I was going to Anne's wedding because none of her family had been invited. For some reason she didn't like the Walker family and failed to recognise that both my family and the Walkers were quite close. I didn't dare open my mouth to answer her back because I would smell of booze. Eventually a young man seated further down the bus stood up and offered me his seat. Thankfully, I sat down for the rest of the journey, but I was seething with anger. When I got off the bus I stormed off down the road towards home. My mother was waiting for me at the gate. She knew by the way I was walking that I was mad. Then she asked me why I hadn't carried our neighbours bags for her, which she knew I always did. My reply was not very ladylike at all saying 'She can carry her own bloody bags from now on'.

Well we went to the wedding and as usual my mum was crying. She always cried at weddings. She got a new handkerchief out of her bag to wipe her tears, but she had left a straight pin in it and it stuck in the end of her nose. This made me start to bubble with laughter in the pit of my stomach. I had to stuff a handkerchief in my mouth to stop me laughing out loud. Then tears were streaming down my face. Everyone thought I was upset and began to sympathise. This made matters worse they didn't realise that I was trying not to laugh in the middle of the wedding ceremony. Well you just couldn't do that, could you? I was so glad when it was over and I could go outside. The wedding reception was held at Lostock House, and went on until after midnight. I was going to my brothers for Christmas. He now lived on the Larches Estate in Ashton, but I had to get a taxi there. I arrived at two o'clock in the morning, stoned out of my mind and wished them a merry Christmas. My brother's reply was 'I'll give you Merry Chisma, get up to bed' I stayed with them all Christmas and saw 1966 in with them. I went to my brothers most weekends after that and went out with them to the Larches Labour Club. They had now added another son called Peter to their family. It was during the summer months of 1966 that I met my future husband Bernard at the club. We were both single and needed company and we shared the same birthday, so we sort of drifted together.

By Jackie Stuart Continued next month.

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Youngest Person In The World To Create Fusion



Jamie Edwards, year 9, C7 is the youngest person in the world to build a nuclear fusion reactor.

Penwortham Priory Academy pupil Jamie Edwards, 13, has built the reactor from scratch, with help from his Preston school, and has now taken the world record off American Taylor Wilson, who was 14 when he became the youngest 'fusioneer' in 2008.

Jamie began building the reactor in October in an under-used science laboratory at Priory and finally completed the task on Wednesday (March 5), making two atoms of hydrogen smash together to make helium – a nuclear fusion.

"It is quite an achievement," said Jamie, who was in a race against time to make the reactor before he turned 14 on March 9.

Find us on



"It's magnificent really. I can't quite believe it – even though all my friends think I am mad!"

Jamie has always had a taste for science and used to try and do his older brother Danny's science homework.

"When I was in primary school, I was always reading Danny's science homework – he was at Priory at the time – and I just really enjoyed it," said Jamie.

"One day, I was looking on the internet for radiation or other aspects of nuclear energy and I came across Taylor Wilson and his reactor.

"I looked at it, thought 'that looks cool' and decided to have a go. Basically I made a star in a jar. It's amazing really, quite a feat, to be from Penwortham and be the youngest person in the world to do this." www.priory.lancs.sch.uk

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