

The Lostock Hall Magazine

Issue 5
April 2013

Lostock Hall Memorial Band

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Welcome

Welcome to the April (5th) issue of The Lostock Hall Magazine, which will also cover Tardy Gate and nearby parts of Farington. It is a collection of local history articles relating to the area. Thankyou to everyone who has let us know they are enjoying reading the magazine.

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 a well known resident of Tardy Gate, Ray Cartwright, has written for us about his memories of St Gerard's School in the 1940's, and he has kindly submitted articles for future editions.

I would like any one who would like to contribute their memories of childhood, mill, railway, or about their business, club or group, 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. If anyone would like to write down the memories of their older relations I would really appreciate it. Or contact me and I will be happy to meet with anyone who has memories to share.

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 without them we would be unable to produce it.

If you would like to support the magazine by placing an advert in our next issue please see the contact details below.

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 us to have your own copy delivered each month.

Front Cover image by The Lostock Hall Magazine

Regards, Heather

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LOSTOCK HALL COUNCIL SCHOOL 1911-1915

1911

3rd April A few children are absent owing to Scarlet Fever

18th June School closed until June 26th owing to the Coronation.

16th October Attendance very poor owing to several cases of Diphtheria

1912a

18th March Owing to the inconvenient train service caused by the Coal Strike Miss Edwards is unable to get to school until about 9.40

12 Sept During the week the children have been taken for walks, and lessons have been conducted in the open air frequently.

1913

24th July Closed school this afternoon until September 1st for Midsummer Vacation, three extra days have been added owing to the Royal Visit to Lancashire.

1914

26th Feb Class 1 children went for a nature walk to see crocuses growing.

11th May Nurse Guthrie visited the school and inspected several children.

21st May Rev. J Wilson of New Zealand and Australia visited the school.

1915

21st July Some of the wounded soldiers and the nurses from the Cuerden Hospital visited the school during the afternoon session. Mrs Sharples was also present.

Taken from the School Log Book

FARINGTON ENDOWED SCHOOL

Summary of H.M.I.'s report

MIXED SCHOOL – 'The school has passed an excellent examination, both in point of accuracy and intelligence of knowledge, and is in equally good order.

The passes are 97 per cent, the average of errors in Spelling being less than one per child, and the average of correct sums three per child. The Reading,

Composition and Arithmetic of the fifth, sixth and seventh standards which contain 35 children, and the whole condition of the second and third standards

deserve special praise. The papers are neatly executed as well as accurate. The class subjects are carefully and intelligently prepared throughout. Singing,

sewing, and drill are also very satisfactory points.'

INFANTS SCHOOL – 'Reading, Writing and Arithmetic are excellent, and all the rest of the subjects very good. The children are quick and eager, and answer with great intelligence. Discipline leaves nothing to be desired.'

Grant £240. 19s. 7d.

Taken from The Penwortham, Longton, Farington, Balderstone, Bretherton and Hoole Parish Magazine, April, 1885.

FRY INN

18 WATKIN LANE LOSTOCK HALL

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Friday	11.30am – 1.45pm	4.30pm – 9.30pm
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William Whittle, of Farington, murdered his wife and two daughters on Thursday, 6th March, **1766**, about ten o'clock at night, in a most cruel manner, by cutting her head from her body and cutting her body open in so cruel a manner, as to cut eleven cuts through her body into the flags with an axe, so that her body lay flat both ways, and her pluck and bowels all cut and mangled; his eldest daughter, about two years and a half old, he cut her head from her body and laid her body open; and his youngest daughter, nine days old, he cut her head from her body and laid her body open in so cruel a manner as his wife was, he pulled her her heart out, which lay a distance from her body, which shocking sight I saw the morning after, all upon the floor, as he had left them.

As witness my hand
(Signed) Robert Welsh

Postscript; For which cruel murder he was committed to Lancaster Castle, and the next general assizes, which was the 29th March, 1766, had three bills against him, one for his wife, and two for his children, and on Wednesday the 2nd April, 1766, he was arraigned at the bar, and pleaded not guilty to all three bills. So he was tried for the murder of his wife and found guilty, and received sentence of death. Accordingly he was executed on Saturday the 5th of April, 1766, and on Monday the 7th April, was gibbeted at Cliffeanens (Cliff-lane-ends) near his own home.

A Preston paper in 1768, during election times, gives us some further light on this diabolical outrage. Its says –

'William Whittle, near Preston, had murdered his wife and two children in a very dreadful manner. He had been tried for the crime, convicted, hung, and his body suspended by chains from a tree at the place of the murder. Whittle was a Roman Catholic and his wife a Protestant, and they were popularly believed to have been estranged by religious differences. Indeed it was rumoured that Whittle had confessed in his cell before the execution, that he had been incited to kill his wife because she was a Protestant. The tragedy was one calculated to stir up hatred between Protestants and Roman Catholics amongst the unreflecting crowd.'

'Cliff-lane-ends the place mentioned by Robert Welsh as the place where Whittle was gibbeted, is, in the opinion of many, the corner of Mr William Parker's field just opposite to the finger post. The stones and gibbeting post were removed to the ground where the vicarage garden now is, and this has given rise to the mistake that Whittle was gibbeted there. The house where the murder took place was pulled down, and the house where Mr Andrew Threlfall now lives built in its place. The place where the victims lay buried is Leyland churchyard, 20 yards east of the church. A rough slab marks the place, which had engraved upon it, a cross, an axe, a knife &c. Whittle himself would have no need of burial, he would hang until he dropped to pieces, though it is said that his broken-hearted mother used to go and pick up his bones as they fell and afterwards had them decently buried. This is a terrible, and deplorable bit of Farington history, happily, unique.

When I gave a lecture recently on Farington, Messrs. Whitehead, ironmongers, Fishergate, Preston, very kindly lent us the very irons in which Whittle was gibbeted. It seems when the irons were removed from Farington they were taken to the House of Correction in Preston, there they remained until along with more material, they were sold to Whiteheads as scrap iron.

This terrible tragedy committed in 1766, was in an old newspaper shown to me by Mr John Harrison, many years Station Master at Farington.'

Taken from the book printed in 1893 '**The History of Farington**' by C. Townsend, Vicar of Farington

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OLD SCHOOL MEMORIES AND REMINISCENCES

I was at the old **St Gerard's school** from 1940 till 1947, leaving then to go onto Brownedge. It was in 1947 that the school leaving age was put up from 14 to 15 years. St Gerard's hadn't the capacity to take on another class so my final year was spent in bewilderment, due to the fact that Brownedge was so far ahead of us academically that we were generally ignored.

My earliest memories of St Gerard's were being taught by a Miss Baldwin, she took the infants class but was also an expert in field craft and wild life, her identification of birds from their bird song was second to none. She used to take the older children from Class 3 onwards for nature lessons in the church and school grounds. It was during one of these lessons that 'Francis Baldwin', a fellow pupil, who I recall was always trying it on, sneaked round the back of the grotto and tried to confuse the teacher by trying to imitate the voice of a cuckoo, this didn't work and Francis got three of the best for his trouble. I mention Francis Baldwin because we were in the same class right through to 1948 and during this period he was always trying some stunt or other and always getting caught. I don't think he missed getting the cane on a weekly basis during all that time and on each occasion he always tried to pull his hand away, and always just too slow, ending up getting caught on the tips of his fingers rather than on the palm ! You will probably come across Francis if you happen to be in Blackpool Victoria Hospital, as he is one of the lay Eucharist Ministers that serve this hospital.

During my time at the school all the teachers were women and were always single. I never did get to know the reasoning behind this. 'NO MEN ALLOWED'.

Miss Omerod took Class 2, unfortunately for me I did not get the benefit of her teaching being seven years old when I moved from St Walburgh's in Preston to Tardy Gate, my first teacher being Miss Thistlethwaite in Class 3. We all thought she was a good steady teacher and she was very well liked. During this period a Miss Hoyle, a new teacher came to the school 'and all the lads thought she was a Bobby Dazzler', she took over from Thisy, our nickname for Thistlethwaite. Again a very well liked teacher. As the years went on we progressed up the classes, upwards and onwards, you have to remember that during this period teachers had to be masters of all subjects, so every year a new teacher had to progress us through every subject except nature studies, this was always left to Miss Baldwin.

My next class I think was Class 4 with Miss Sharp, she was an absolutely brilliant teacher and brought a breath of fresh air to all the mundane teaching we had been getting up till this time, but as with all the other teachers the cane was never far away.

We even ventured onto the tips of Algebra and Trigonometry ! Neither of which I can understand to this day !

How many of you remember during playtime sneaking out across to Nixon's shop on the corner of Wateringpool Lane for a malt loaf, it was the nearest thing we could get to sweets in those days without a ration card, I can remember ripping pieces off and sharing it out.

On to the class of 1947, Miss Kelsall, the Headmistress, ('Kelly' we used to call her with fondness) she loved her music lessons and her rendering of 'Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring' and 'Voices of Spring' with all the class gathered around the piano singing. I can swear to this day on a quiet summers evening can still be heard. She was a strict disciplinarian and was quick to cane all the class, including the girls, if the culprit of some misdemeanour did not own up. We still loved her though.

So on to Brownedge and Mr Macmillan enough said for now !

By Ray Cartwright

continues next month.

**A reunion of Lancashire railwaymen
will take place at the Leyland & Farington
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to commemorate the 45th anniversary of the end
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Men from Lostock Hall, Rose Grove, Carnforth, Accrington, Lower Darwen, Bolton and Preston engine sheds, will all be welcome.

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Bob Gregson, 01539 532645.

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A TARDY GATE GIRL (5)

One April day we had a shower of rain, then the sun came out and the steam was rising from the ground. I put my coat on and went outside. Bobby must have been waiting for me. The next thing he ran through a gap between the hedge into our garden and pushed me into a puddle. As quick as a flash I jumped up caught him by the seat of his pants as he was just about to go through the gap in the hedge and pushed him into the same puddle. We were both absolutely covered in mud. Bobby went home crying to his mum. What Bobby didn't know was that my mother had seen the whole thing through the window and it had made her laugh. Bobby was two years older than me and very much bigger. Well my mother waited for the shout from next door. 'Mrs Hill, just look what your Jacqueline has done'. My mother shouted back 'Just look what your Bobby has done'. They both burst out laughing. The families never fell out about us, it just wasn't worth it. We would be back playing together within 5 minutes. Neither Bobby or John could get the better of me on a one to one basis. One day they decided to get the help of their sister Wendy. The plan was for Wendy to hold me down while Bobby and John hit me. While this was going on my brother came home from work and went mad when he saw what was happening. He pulled them all off me and yanked me up from the floor. He had never intervened before, but did not like the three on to one and would not stand by and let it happen.

Brenda who lived at the posh end of the road, I say posh end as the road seemed to be divided into two halves, the posh end and our end, so the two halves didn't mix much. Anyway, Brenda along with her friend Joyce, was visiting her nanna who lived down our end. I was stood in the field waiting for my friends to come out. Brenda and Joyce decided to throw stones at me. As I said before I was told never to hit first, so I didn't move. I just waited until they got a bit nearer, then I flew at them. I could run quite fast and caught them both at the gate of Brenda's nanna's. I banged their heads together and ran home. They came crying to the door and my mother made me apologise to them. I was so angry at having to do this and told my mother that they had struck me first with stones. We were friends shortly after that, and still are, but they never tried to do it again. At Easter time we would all go down to Junction Hollows. When I say all, I mean the St Cuthbert's Road gang, Mercer Road gang and St Gerrard's gang. We would all be in the same area, but would have our own space. The word 'gang' really means a criminal group, but this was not the case at all. We were just groups of children who lived down the same road. We would all take our hard boiled eggs, (we didn't have chocolate eggs then) jam butties, a bottle of water and a Train Spotter's Book. We would stay there most of the day rolling the eggs, then rolling ourselves down the hollows. After eating our picnic we would sit on the banks of the railway and train spot. On the way back home we would collect daffodils from Sammy Bamber's field to take home to our mums. We were supposed to pay 6d for a bunch. Well one would pay, but we would all collect them. Fred Dowling lived on The Green at the bottom of St Cuthbert's, he was allegedly shot in the leg by Sammy Bamber while he was in the daffodil field. Probably Fred had not paid his 6d. None of us really know, but no one went to the field after that. Fred was a few years older than us and was brought up by his Aunt Maggie. My mum would always stop and talk to Maggie. Fred was usually with her and would always remark about my hair and eyes. He used to call me Blondy or Blue Eyes. I liked Fred very much, he was always kind towards me. Many years later our paths would cross again, but the circumstances were not very nice.

During the long summer holidays, Bobby, John, Jean, Sidy, Ronnie and myself would play in the fields from morning to dusk. None of us had many toys, but if anyone had a cricket set or football, then we would all play. That is where my love of playing these games stems from. It wasn't considered quite correct for girls to play these games, unlike today. Marbles was also a favourite pastime along with whips and tops and skipping ropes. Bobby and John had a wooden cart in which two people could sit while one person pushed. The others stood and watched until it was their turn. When the fuel shortage was on we would use the cart to collect coke that had fallen off the lorries down Wateringpool Lane. This was called cokeing. Most of the children did this down our end of the road and Mercer Road, probably others did as well. Once we had a huge tractor tyre which we rolled along the road with a stick. It was rather difficult to pick up if it fell over. It was much better if we could get hold of a bicycle wheel, it made a better sound and was easier to control. If we could get hold of a piece of string, a bent pin and a cane, we would go fishing in Lawson's pond. We only ever caught sticklebacks and minnows, but it was something different to do. Linden Drive School is built over the pond now. One summers day my mum complained to my dad that the mangle had broken and she was unable to do the washing. John and I were sat on the back door step and overheard the conversation. John said that my mum could do with a new washing machine. We decided we would steal one of the cog wheels from the mangle and throw it in the back field. When this was done we sat and waited. The result was a new gas washer, but we had to keep secret what we had done.

On Saturday nights most of the children from the villages would go to the pictures in the Turner Memorial Hall. Mr Iddon, the local grocer, had his own film projector. He used to show all the up to date films. If the projector broke down everyone would stamp their feet and boo. This would also happen if anyone went to the toilet. The toilet door was close to the screen, so that when the door was opened the light would shine on the screen and you couldn't see the picture. Mr Iddon also showed films in Bamber Bridge. If the programme was different to the one we had seen we would go and see that as too. Sometimes Mr Iddon would take us in his car and bring us back as well.

Sunday nights was the official bath night, I say official bath night because we were such dirty urchins that we had to have a bath every night, but this was usually in the kitchen sink. It depended on which house had lit the fire that day as to where we had a bath. Sometimes it was my house, or the Rimmer's or Jean's. We never had a bath at Ronnie's or Sidy's. Ronnie was always so clean, he never got as dirty as the rest of us. We remedied that by shoving him in cow pats. The rest of us would all be in the bath at the same time. We had to keep our knickers and underpants on for the sake of decency. I remember one night in particular when John was in the bath on his own. I needed to go to the toilet and walked into the bathroom. John stood up and shouted 'Jacqueen Iww, don't know if it's rude to come into the bathroom when genklefewwers are having a bath?' He was stark naked. He had forgotten he didn't have his underpants on.

At the back of our house my dad used to keep his bantams. There was a chicken shed and a run. Each summer the inside of the shed had to be whitewashed and the outside tarred. I used to do the inside while Bobby did the outside. My dad always made sure that Bobby was bathed and all the tar literally scrubbed off. The easiest way was to smother the tar with margarine first, then my dad would scrub with a scrubbing brush. He used to scrub so hard that you would hear Bobby shout 'Bwoody eww Frank, leave some bwoody skin on !'.

By Jackie Stuart continued next month

Lostock Hall Memorial Band

It was over 60 years ago that the Lostock Hall Memorial Band was formed, although things were a little different back in those days. In 1948, the drive and dedication of local businessman **Bert Dearden** brought about the forming of the "**Four Lane Ends Band**". Since then, the band has developed into a respected local band whose image has been synonymous with the development of young players.



The Band was started in 1948, with **Harold Beck** as the first Musical Director, or "wagger" as they are affectionately known. The band changed to its present name as a result of financial help from the War Memorial Fund of the village.

The band has used various rehearsal facilities over the years, but two sites have been most prominent. Firstly, the **Lostock Hall Methodist School** (Now Lostock Hall Youth Club), which were used for many years in the early stages until 1979, when the band were evicted by Lancashire County Council in favour of the Youth Club.

Later that year, we moved to the present facilities known as "**The Old Tea Rooms**" adjacent to the **Victoria Hotel**. In the early days, we shared these premises with the Lostock Hall Flying Club, which resulted in rehearsals having to be halted for a short while in order for the clocks to be "struck" for the pigeon races. Now the band have sole use of the rooms, as the premises are leased from the brewery.

The Band first contested at the Preston and District NWABBA contest in 1967, held at the Co-operative Hall, Longridge. The test piece was "**Garland of Classics**". The first contest success came two years later, again at Longridge, when the Band won first prize with Eric Ball's "**Indian Summer**". During the 1970s and 1980s, the band developed a strong link with the Lostock Hall High School, and during this period a large number of top class young players were encouraged and developed. This co-operation with the local school paid dividends for the band and contest results showed a dramatic improvement, and success became the norm. This improvement reached a peak in 1984 with our qualification for the **National Finals**, at the **Royal Albert Hall** in London! This success was maintained for a number of years

with a considerable input from Frank Hughes, whose experience proved to be invaluable to the band.

In 1987, the band qualified for the Pontin's Finals. In 1988, we toured Germany, performing three concerts along the Rhine. Then, in 1995, we won through again to the National Finals, at the Wembley Conference Centre in London. In spite of an excellent performance, the band was placed in last position. Those present considered this the greatest miscarriage of justice the band have experienced in its contesting history - it sent shock waves through the local press (Lancashire Evening Post).

The band has been fortunate enough to have played at the 1952, 1972 and 1992 **Preston Guild** Celebrations, an event that only occurs every 20 years. Our previous "wagger", Mr **Ron Heyes**, had his doubts about being able to do a further Guild in 2012, because, in his own words, he'll "be an old by then!" However, this is now only a year away... In the main, the band has survived without any sponsorship, but has had tremendous support from many parts of the village, for which we are extremely grateful. The band is very **PROUD** to represent Lostock Hall and bear the town's name. We have, however, been fortunate enough to receive substantial donations from the **Harris Trust Fund**. In 1998, the band celebrated their **Golden Jubilee**, and celebrated by putting on a concert at the **St Gerards Parochial Centre**.

2008 was a highly successful year for the band. As well as celebrating their **Diamond Jubilee** with a fine concert at local Conservative Club (located across the road from the venue of the Golden Jubilee



celebrations), the band enjoyed a major success at the **National Finals** in Harrogate. The band were crowned **National Champions** in the 4th Section! The band joined the 21st century revolution with their first website in 2003. As the webmaster left, the website was re-jigged and spruced up in 2006. As the band reaches their 8th year of being online, the website has become as you see now, and also is now linked up with the modern social media phenomenon; The band has a presence on both **Twitter** and **Facebook**. Here is a list of all the musical directors to have taken up the baton and stood before the band over the years. It'll be a long time before anyone clocks up as many years as Ronnie Heyes!

1948-1950	Harold Beck
1950-1952	Reginald Gledhill
1952-1956	Harold Broomhead
1956-1962	William Price
1962-1989	Ronald Heyes
1989-1990	Frank Hughes
1990-1991	Graham Smith
1991-1991	Nick Day
1991-1992	Geoff Seed
1992-1994	Graham Kitchen
1994-1995	Tim Pritchard
1996-1997	Ronald Heyes
1997-1998	Graham Martin
1998-2004	Ronald Heyes
2004-2006	Ken Rollins
2006-2007	Phil Edwards
2007-2008	Iain McKnight
2008-2011	John Wood

Can anyone put names to the band members in any of the photographs please contact us if you can.

The band is looking to recruit players for both senior and training bands.

Please contact
Martin Walker - Secretary
07768 856790
email: martwalker@hotmail.co.uk

Farington Railway Station

by Dennis Watson

I read with interest the article on Farington Railway Station and would like to add a little more to the story.

From 1942 until 1947 I was a pupil at Farington Endowed School. The school colours were black and yellow and were shown in quarters on the school cap with the initials of the school F E S in a shield at the front. Two of my best pals from those early days had connections with the article in the last issue. Their names were Brian Forrey and Brian Hobin. One of the Ticket Collectors / Porters was Brian Forrey's mother. She was a school friend of my mother but I only knew as Bessie Moulding which was her maiden name. After school in summer Brian and I would visit his mother when she was on duty at the station and sit watching the main line train pass through. The best time was when the local trains would stop and some of the passengers alighted at Farington. Brian and I would go along with his mother and stand at the bottom of the steps and help her collect their tickets. Brian's mother was always smartly dressed in her black coat, well pressed trousers and highly polished shoes that all matched up with the jet black curls of her hair.

Brian Hobin lived at East View in one of the terraced house shown in the photograph. These were an unusual group of dwellings because they were three storeys high and the one that Brian lived in was painted red. It would have been Brian's mother, who was generous to a fault that provided the writer with the refreshment he described. Brian Hobin was a very good footballer and was playing in the school team by the time I left Tardy Gate and moved to Walton Avenue in Penwortham.

There was another pupil of St. Paul's school who found fame on the football field. His mother was another friend of my mother and on many occasions he would bring me home from school on the crossbar of his bike. His name was Les Dagger and he lived in Garfield Terrace opposite the Anchor on Croston Road. After National Service Les eventually signed full time professional forms with Preston North End and began playing along a lad from Middleforth called Dennis Hatsell in the reserves. He made seventy two appearances in the first team alongside Tom Finney, Tommy Docherty, Willie Cunningham et al. After his playing days he had a spell as manager of Penwortham Hill Rovers mentioned in the sister Penwortham Magazine. Sadly Les died in March 2011. The grave of Brian Forrey can be found in St Paul's Churchyard. As for Brian Hobin I know that he married Dorothy Baybutt at Lostock Hall, Methodist Church in 1958. I wonder if he or any of his relations will read this magazine.

Continuing with St. Paul's pupils before I close I would like to ask our readers if any of the following names are familiar to them. Firstly the teachers, Mrs Sizeland who I think was married to a policeman and lived on Leyland Road opposite the "Dolly Houses." Then there was my last teacher Miss Bullock who had a penchant for chastising her pupils with the wooden back of the blackboard duster. The headmaster was Mr Farrar and both his daughters and his son David attended the school. Other pupils I remember were Margaret Ward, who lived in Coote Lane in the detached cottage at the end of the row of cottages following on from Mrs Tucker's shop, Ivy Singleton, Billy Clayton, Alf Bibby, Colin Pizer, Billy Parr and his sister Maureen who lived in Harold Terrace, Eric Rudman who lived in the property on Coote Lane that was eventually in more recent terms converted into a Care Home, Derek Nicholls who live over the bridges in Coote Lane and in recent times played Crown Green Bowls for Lostock Hall Conservative Club, finally there was Maureen Bird who lived in one of the "Dolly Houses" and Michael Keefe who lived in the opposite terrace to me in Cop Lane.

Growing up in St Gerrards Road in the 1930/40s

In my childhood people brought their wares to you. The amount of people who came round the streets or knocking on the doors was amazing. A greengrocer, Ted Bennett came round with his lorry full of produce every week, Mum bought her vegetables off him they always looked so fresh. I remember the first ice cream man to come round was called Eldorado's, he was on a bicycle with a sign 'Stop me and buy one !' I always wanted one of his three cornered ice lollies, but Mum didn't like me having them as she said there was too much dye in them. He was Italian. We had to wait for Mr Flanagan, who sold home- made ice cream, he came on a motor bike and side car. It tasted lovely and he kept his motor bike very clean too. Sometimes I took a cup out to get my scoops of ice cream in, one day rushing back into the house, I walked into the lamp post, smashed the cup, lost the ice cream and bumped my head.

There was a man with a flat-topped cart with a rail across the top. He sold rabbits and pheasants, all strung up and all kinds of fish. Mum bought all sorts of him. All the cats in the vicinity used to come with their tails in the air. He often gave them a few tit bits. The lady next door used to buy a couple of cod heads off him every week. For a couple of pence she made some amazing fish cakes.

We also had a rag and bone man on a flat-topped cart. He would give you a gold fish for old clothes. I remember he had a plaster in the shape of an X where his nose should have been. Mum used to tell me it was through picking his nose that it came off.

Best of all was Tom Shaw, who came on a bike. He had a big basket on the front laden with meat and potato pies, butter pies (because it was Friday) and meat pies. They were the best around. At night he went round the pubs selling them. He also had cream cakes, cream horns and crisps they were delicious. They also had a shop in the village and made home baked bread, teas cakes, barm cakes and sugar buns. You are lucky if you know of a really good bakers these days.

Gypsies would call at the door selling pegs. One lady asked to go to the toilet and my mum let her in. She saw all my dolls and toys on a chair. She asked why I was keeping a donkey because it had lost a leg. I said it was not well and I was looking after it. She said my little girl would love one of those, so I gave her one I did not play with very much. She thanked me and put it in her pocket.

A black man used to come round selling men's clothes, he had a very big black attaché case. He sold shirts and collars, ties and socks. My dad always

used to buy a tie off him. He always gave my dad a lucky bean, every time. The kids were all a bit frightened of him, because to be honest in those days we hardly ever saw coloured people. Parents would tell their children to behave or else the black man would get them, its awful, but true.

A man came round with firelighters and chopped wood in bundles. His name was Oswald and I think that Mr Whittle who made the firelighters set him up with a new push cart and gave him things to sell. He was a bit slow and could not have held down a proper job – but was confident and conscientious at this. He was a character. When you gave him money he was very short sighted and held his hand right up to his eyes to see what you had given him – amazingly he always gave the right change. He was out in all weathers and very polite. He did it for years. He was sweet on our Violet she used to say 'tell him I am not in'. Poor Oswald. He called everyone 'Aunty', even though we liked him we didn't want him calling our mum aunty.

Once a week a wagon came round selling drinks in stone earthen ware bottles. Some of the flavours I can remember were Sarsaparilla, Ginger Beer, American Cream Soda and Dandelion and Burdock. My mum used to put them outside in the wash house to keep them cool. We did not have a fridge in those days.

Dick Commerford had a little van and went round delivering meat orders.

Mrs Bonney delivered our milk she had a van. Polly Yates had an electric milk float and delivered in the area. She wore trousers (unusual for ladies in those days) and a beret. She used to let a lot of young lads learn to drive in her float.

Most of the shops delivered in those days. The Co op had a delivery van with canvas sides on. A lady called Olga used to take a meat wagon round for the Co op.

The coalman, Jimmy Clayton, delivered our coal. He had a really well mannered pleasant young man who used to help him. They used to fill up their sacks at the sidings at Lostock Hall.

Although Old Mr Peacock on Wateringpool Lane did not go round selling I have to mention that he grew and sold the most delicious tomatoes. I think he grew the tastiest tomatoes in the whole of Lancashire, just thinking about them, I can taste them now. He was an elderly gentleman and suffered from a curvature of the spine. Many folk in the area looked forward to his tomatoes being ready and would go and buy them from him.

By A.C.

Dreadful and revolting outrages with loss of life (3)

The learned Coroner immediately directed the police to remove the body by force. Colonel Rawstone accompanied for the purpose of superintending the removal of the difficulty, which was eventually effected despite the opposition of several men collected in the front of the house, who abetted the irrational resistance of the old man.

Joseph Thornber, of Preston, railway constable desposed; - On Tuesday last, a little after eight o'clock at night, **Thomas Hilton**, another railway constable, and **John Patten** the constable of Farington, and myself, were together and in consequence of certain information which I had received went to the **Blue Anchor**, Farington, near to which house we found twenty to thirty people assembled together; we went up to them, and desired them to go home, and told them that persons were not allowed to stand together in such numbers; the persons did not use any violent language, nor had any of them any weapons with them. In a few minutes afterwards they were joined by other persons coming in different directions. Some of them were armed with guns, others with pitchforks from six to eight feet long, one had an old scythe, another a bill hook, a quantity had deal timbers with pikes at the end, about six inches long. I advised them to go home. There were about seven to eight hundred persons together; a great part of whom were boys, from eight to eighteen years old. Some of them appeared to have something concealed under their jackets, and one of them allowed me to take a carving knife from him to examine it, it was about eighteen inches long, and did not appear to have been used, it was newly ground and sharpened at the back. I stepped up to a person whom I believed to be the ringleader, and whose name I believed to be **George Robinson**; I desired him to go back, and he said, 'No, we are not willing, we have received so much injury from the Irish, that we are determined to have revenge'. Some of the crowd cried out 'Do not stop for two constables'. Robinson had a gun, and carried it perpendicularly. I believe there was upwards of fifteen guns among them, I was fully of opinion that they were to come forward, and Hilton and I retreated, I then saw the mob go towards Penwortham. In about ten minutes after the mob had passed me, I heard the reports of the firing of seven or eight guns from the direction the mob had taken. From information which I received, myself and Hilton came forward to Penwortham, betwixt the **Bee Lane** and the lane that leads to the engine used for the railway, I found the deceased, **John Trafford** lying in a ditch, with his face downwards. I turned him over, but he did not speak; there was a gurgling in his throat, he appeared to be dying. I left the deceased dying there, there was no other body lying nearer to that of the deceased than fifty-four yards, at which distance I found a person named **Baxendale**, who told me he was shot in the back. I then returned to Trafford and found that he was dead. The distance between Smith's house and the place where I found the body of Trafford, is ninety two yards. I returned to Baxendale and there was a number of Irishmen round him, one of the persons called out 'Damn him, his eyes are bright yet'. I desired them to be quiet, and so did **Patrick Smith**. Patrick Smith said he would shoot the first man that harmed Baxendale. Smith had a gun in his hand at the time. About ten yards from Baxendale I saw **William Robinson** lying on the ground, his face was bloody, and a number of people were round him with a lantern. Among the number who I believed to be Irishmen, many of them had black thorn sticks, others had cudgels, and one of them had a piece of iron two feet long. The people soon after dispersed. The place where Baxendale was found was thirty-eight yards from Smith's house, and where Robinson lay was twenty-eight yards.

Dr. Norris, of Preston, being examined said;- On Wednesday morning last, about half past one o'clock, I saw the deceased lying at Penwortham, and he was then dead. I observed a wound in the upper part of the chest; it was a ragged wound, of a circular form. I have this day made a post mortem examination of the body, and the wound appears to have been occasioned by a gun-shot; the wound was too small and irregular to have been produced by a ball, but might have been produced by a slug; and I subsequently found it in another part of the body, it had perforated one of the large blood vessels, proceeding from the right lung to the heart; the immediate result of the injury would be a great effusion of blood into the chest, and death in a few minutes. It is possible that the deceased might have walked a few yards after receiving the injury. On the left side of the chest, there was a wound similar in external appearance, to that I have described. I found that it has been occasioned by a slug, which I now produce. There was also a superficial gunshot wound in the right arm. It is my opinion that all these wounds might have been produced by a single discharge from one gun. The immediate cause of the deceased's death was the wound I first described.

Thomas Hilton, of Farington, railway constable deposed; I have heard Joseph Thornber's examination read over, and it is generally correct. I was with Thornber on that night during the time the affray happened. I saw Patrick Smith with Baxendale, but I did not see that he had a gun in his hand, as stated by Thornber. Smith was using his best endeavours to protect Baxendale, who was then laying on the ground.

John Potter, constable of the township of Farington said, ' I was in Farington on Tuesday night, and saw a great number of persons assembled together armed with guns and other weapons, and going towards Penwortham, and in about twenty minutes after I heard the report of about twenty guns, to the best of my belief.

George Gray, engineer of Penwortham, examined – On Tuesday night last about nine o'clock, I was in the dwelling-house of **Peter Smith**, of Penwortham. Peter Smith, Pat Smith, his son, and William Birley, the constable of Penwortham, were also there. I was in a room upstairs, fronting to the road, and I saw a great number of persons pass the house, and immediately after they had passed, I heard the report of a gun. In a short time afterwards, I heard the report of two or three guns, and heard people passing the house; while they were passing, several stones were thrown, and part of the windows of Smith's house were broken, the stones came into the room. As near as could be, after the windows were broken, I saw Pat Smith, who was in the same room, fire with a double barrelled gun through the window, but I was so agitated that I cannot say whether he fired the gun more than once, or whether he fired both barrels at once, or in what direction the gun was pointed. At the time the mob were passing the front of Smith's house the first time, they were shouting and huzzaing, and some cried out 'shut the window, or we'll fire'. I remained in the house of Smith, till all was quiet, being apprehensive of personal danger.

George Man, 'waggon-breaker' examined – I was standing on Tuesday night last, about nine o'clock, and as the mob were passing, I heard several of them cry out 'shut the windows, or we'll fire'. In about four or five minutes afterwards I saw a gun fired towards Smith's house, the gun was fired by some person in the lane; the shot passed just above my head, and I then retired behind the house. There was silence for a few minutes, and I then heard someone call out 'fire' immediately afterwards I heard the report of three or four guns, but being behind the house I could not see in what direction they were fired.

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Continued next month

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Priory pupils and staff present at a National Conference in Manchester

On Friday 8th March Mrs Cowell, Mr Hourigan, Isaac Lambat (Yr 9), Tilak Limbachia (Yr 9) and Millie Howarth (Yr 7) were invited to present to an audience of teachers and educational professionals from all over the north of England. The theme was 'the impact of mobile technology on learning', and it was clear from the enthusiastic and very complimentary responses, that what we are doing at Priory is at the forefront of education.



The pupils spoke individually about their experiences and their thoughts on how their learning is changing and judging by the number of delegates who sought them out in the breaks, it was extremely well received. They showed a variety of Apps that are used in subjects like Science ,English, Maths and Art, as well as other ones that help them organise their learning. Delegates were also shown a video of the impact of iPads over the last 3 months, as well as other examples of how learning is also changing for the teachers. As the only school invited to present with pupils, it was a fantastic opportunity to once again show how children at Priory are being pushed and challenged to expand their learning in an exciting and engaging way.



On 20th March Priory hosted our own conference, just for Primary schools, called '**Inspiring minds, changing futures**'. Once more the pupils were demonstrating how their learning is changing and the impact mobile technology is having on their work not just in school but also at home.



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