

The Lostock Hall Magazine

Issue 6
May 2013

Mr Harry Wilson

Memories from Brian Whittle

Women Carriage Cleaners



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Welcome to the May (6th) 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. 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 Ray Cartwright, has again written for us about his memories of Tardy Gate in the 1940's, and has also written the article relating to Mr Harry Wilson, who took part in the Artic Convoys, and he has kindly submitted articles for future editions. Many thanks to Mr Brian Whittle, of Lostock Hall, who has contributed his memories and photographs. Our thanks also to Mrs Marina McNulty for many photographs kindly lent and memories.

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. Thankyou everyone for reading the magazine.

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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Old Photographs of Lostock Hall



Lostock Hall Council School F.C. 1948

Do you know any of these players ? Photo courtesy of Brian Whittle



May Day at Lostock Hall Council School, 1903

Photo courtesy of Marina McNulty

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Mr Harry Wilson and the Artic Convoys

I wonder if many of you know we have in our midst a modest war hero, one of my neighbours in Cypress Grove, Lostock Hall. He possibly will not enjoy me saying this, he went right through the 1939-1945 war along with his five brothers, all volunteers, all surviving, all seeing action, one in the Chindits others in the army, with our man serving in the Navy.



Harry walking along Fishergate with his future wife, in the 1940's'

One of his first postings was to America with a full ships complement to man a new ship that was being built, launched and fitted out in one of the American shipyards. It was part of the lease lend scheme that was being operated under an agreement with the Americans, The ships were of a type called liberty ships and they consisted of being fully welded instead of riveting. The ship that our man had gone out to crew unfortunately broke in half when launched. As luck would have it he spent quite a period in the "States" waiting for a new Aircraft carrier being built to be named H.M.S. Chaser, eventually the time came that he had to leave his life of luxury to join this new ship, carrying out his gunner training while in the ship as she completed her sea trials eventually sailing back to "Blighty" to join the Russian convoys. This is where he saw all the action his Navy job was a forward gunner and in that position is where he saw the battle action in mainly freezing conditions. He did about three of these trips, "what a survivor". He is at present waiting to be **presented with his Russian convoy medal**. Which is a new belated award Well deserved I say.

Who am I talking about well its **Harry Wilson**? I am sure a lot of you will know him as he gets about on his electric mobility scooter travelling around Tardy Gate & over to Leyland to do is weekly shop, A regular spectator around the bowling greens following St Gerard's home and away and I am fairly sure he will accept a drink off anyone.

By Ray Cartwright



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CHARTERED STANDARD CLUB

Special Moments

As a young couple we moved to Brownedge Road, Lostock Hall in October, 1971. We found a retired couple, an elderly sister and brother, as our immediate neighbours. Mrs Silcock, the sister, was a very friendly lady and was always coming round to chat to Maureen, my wife. Another feature of Mrs Silcock was her abundance of wigs, which looked a little bit like mop heads. Her washing line always had one or two wigs on display, as well as a couple of pairs of 'bloomers', which were quite large, to say the least. The brother was a very quiet man and not in very good health. It came about that after we had been here six months, that he died, which left us not really having got to know him, but to show our respect Maureen went round on the day of the funeral to see Mrs Silcock. The room was full of mourners, all sat round having tea and biscuits. Maureen remembers Mrs Silcock having this lovely wide brimmed hat, with a large feather, looking very smart. She went forward to bend and give her an embrace, unfortunately her bracelet got hooked up in Mrs Silcock's hat and as Maureen stood up she found that the hat and wig were coming loose and falling down the front of her face and onto her lap. Quickly Maureen picked them both up and tried to fix them in place, but fate was not kind that day, as when they were put back on Mrs Silcock's head they were back to front and the wig and feather were totally covering her face, some more adjusting was needed before things were back to normal and the lady was none the wiser. Imagine a room full of mourners when that happens.

As Mrs Silcock is no longer with us and we are approaching our Golden years, we talk about that day to our grandchildren, who now laugh at our silly moments.

We still have very fond memories of Mrs Silcock's wig and 'bloomers'.

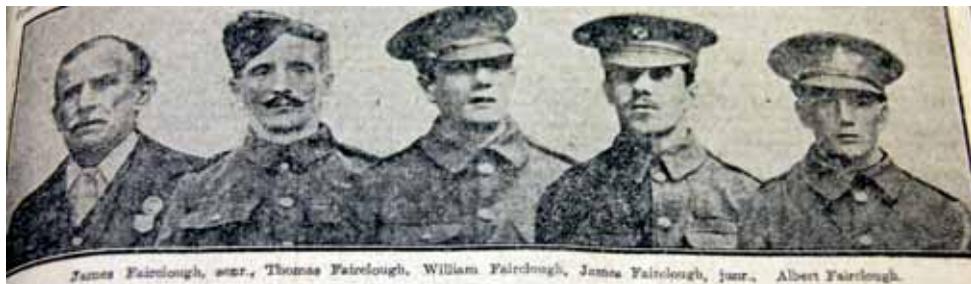
T. N.

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LOSTOCK HALL FAMILY'S LOYALTY

A Lostock Hall family with a proud record of loyalty is that of Mr James Fairclough, 1 Lostock View. Mr Fairclough who is a native of Preston, has resided at Lostock Hall for many years. Together with his sons he worked for the Lostock Hall Spinning Company, and is now with the National Reserves. His eldest son, Leu. Corpl. Thomas Fairclough (32) is in the Scottish Rifles; William (30) enlisted in the Kings Liverpool Regt., but was discharged through sickness; James (24) a private in the 1st Scots Guards, has been missing since the fighting at La Bassee on January 25th; and Albert (22) is a driver in the R.F.A.

Preston Guardian 1915.



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Village Memories and Reminiscences

As I have said in my recent memories our family moved to Tardy Gate in 1940. My father at the time was in the Merchant Navy. I can't remember very much about the early days but one thing always sticks in my mind was the friendliness and politeness that we met right from the beginning and generally speaking until the present day. Father Rylance was the parish priest at the time. The village centre was pretty well the same size as it is now, not as many shops, but very different in nature. At the bottom left hand side of Brownedge Road was Ramsbottom's chemist shop. Across the road from this adjacent to the Tardy Gate pub was Livesey's fish and chip shop, both have been demolished. On the opposite side of the road at the side of the Tardy boundary stone was a wooden shack which was the local cobblers or in present day terms the clog and shoe makers. The proprietor of this was our local Methodist minister, we knew him as 'Daddy Durham'. His chapel was situated in School Lane, Farington; the chapel building is still there and has had a lot of structural alterations done to it. I remember well the time he caught me raiding his pear orchard. I was up the tree out of his reach so he left his dog on guard and went for his stick. 'I risked the dog', one of my better moves in life. There were two newsagents, Sid Reynolds and Eccles, Roberts the butchers, Jacksons the greengrocers, Austins the Barbers, Balls, who sold everything from petrol to anything in the hardware department, plus electrical goods, plus cycles, plus pipe tobacco. I could go on forever about what Tom Ball's shop sold. If he hadn't got it he would get it. It was such an asset to the village, and such a loss when it went; in front of his shop were the petrol pumps. Across the road from this was Roe's second hand shop, next to this was Spencer's confectioner's shop, both properties are now the local betting shop. Next door to Ball's was a General store, J.W. Yates (fondly known as John Willies). On the other side of Coote Lane was another Fish and Chip shop, Sandersons. Next to this was a needlework shop. The last two shops along Leyland Road were Shaw's pie shop and Eccles's furniture shop, which was situated were the doctor's surgery is now.

Going the other way through the village, at this time we have to start at Roberts butchers, which was then the start of Croston Road, and Roberts was No. 2 Croston Road, No.4 was Sid Reynolds carrying on through to Iddon's grocers and on to what we now know as Hope Terrace precinct, there were three shops starting with Wrennal's pie shop, later known as Johnnie Gardeners, this was on the corner of what was then known as the 'Big Backs' (a super dirt playground) which has now been swallowed up by the car park. The two other shops were Charlie Taylor's men's hairdressers and the Radio Relay shop. I possibly need to explain what a relay shop was. It was the equivalent of cable television now, only it was overhead wires that carried the various radio stations to a wireless set in your homes. This shop was at the top of Hope Terrace and is now the residence of Dick Wearden. Carrying on up Watkin Lane after the Pleasant Retreat we come to the Co-op, the only shop on this row. It wasn't only a shop to my family, it was a life saver and I wouldn't be doing this article justice if I didn't mention this. As I said earlier my father was in the Merchant Navy, all through the 1939 to 1945 war and we relied totally on his monthly allotment (pay) of £16. The Co-op, God Bless it, allowed mother a slate, and many a time an extended slate. Especially the time he was lost at sea having had his ship torpedoed under him, lucky for him after being in a lifeboat for a few days he was rescued. The point being that the minute his boat went down he was classed as unemployed and consequently, no pay! Until returning home and signing onto a new ship. I don't think an employer would get away with that now in so-called peacetime, would they. But the Co-op and the British Legion looked after us. Again God Bless them both. After digressing a little back to the village shops. On the corner of Houghton Street, Wilson's Greengrocer, after a couple of houses with walled front gardens we come to Clayton's chemist. The Post Office was situated within the Chemist shop, next on the corner of Sephton Street, Bleasdale's the Provision Merchant. We go through a row of terraced houses on to the far corner of Lindley Street and come to Edmondson's bakery with Ramsden's Men's Hairdressers next door. The last two shops on this side were Wilde's the Undertaker, with Fanny and Polly Hebblethwaite's being the last one, I remember it as a toffee shop. With just four other shops to mention on the other side of the road going back down through the village, opposite Hebblethwaite's was, I suppose you would call it now a DIY shop, Sowerbutt's, in more recent times it will be remembered as a murder scene, some time in the late sixties, I think. On down to the last three I can remember, a confectioners this was at the side of Wesley House, and on to the penultimate shop, a cycle repair shop this was opposite the Natwest Bank and a petrol station, the last village shop at the beginning of the next terraced row being Crossley's, a cobblers. I think it might have been the grandfather of Norman Crossley, who used to be one of our local councillors. It is now the local Chinese takeaway.

At least this article might stimulate some discussion. It has at our house. Don't forget this period between the 39-45 war with Croston Road, going between the Pleasant Retreat and Hope Terrace. I have concentrated on what 'I remember' to be the main street premises, as there were a few other interesting shops up adjoining streets.

More next month – Ray Cartwright



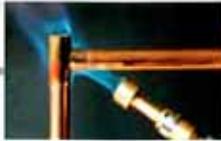
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A Tardy Gate Girl (6)

Occasionally, Linda, the Rimmer's cousin would come to stay. Her dad had a car. I remember it was black with running boards and brown coloured windows. All the cars were black then, but not very many people had one. Linda's dad took us all out in it one day. It was the first time we had been in a car. It was a real treat. It was while Linda was visiting that we decided to collect frog spawn. Bobby put some down Linda's back and squashed it. She was hysterical and ran back to her Auntie Florrie extremely upset. That year there seemed to be a glut of frog spawn, then a glut of frogs. There were thousands of them in all the ponds. Our house was built over a pond and we even had some there. At night the din they made croaking was unbelievable. The worst part was when they started coming up the toilet and through a crack in the path. I can't stand frogs at all now.

During Wakes Weeks occasionally we would go to Blackpool or Rhyll for our holidays. When I look back at old photographs my dad and all the men wore suits. It looks quite odd, but they didn't have many casual clothes at the time. On other occasions we would go to Yorkshire. I used to like staying with my Uncle Rowland and Auntie Joan. Uncle Rowland would take me out on his motor bike and Auntie Joan taught me how to bake cakes. Every so often my grandmother Eliza would come to stay with us. This was always a nightmare for me. Sometimes she would come on her own, or when we had a car we would go and pick her up. My dad could not navigate to save his life, he was useless. If he saw a wagon with Leyland written on the back he would follow it. He was convinced it would be going to Leyland. I had to navigate for him. This meant that I always had to go with him to pick my grandmother up. The journey back was always painful for me. It would take several hours on the old roads as there was no motorway then. On one such occasion right from the onset of the journey my grandmother was singing the praises of two of my cousins, John and Jennifer. John was a proper little gentleman and Jennifer was a proper young lady. What they could or could not do was nobodies business. They were good at everything. They were competition ballroom dancers and the most perfect grandchildren. I did have about 18 other cousins but they were rarely mentioned. By the time we got to Bolton I had just about had enough. We had to make a stop to let my grandmother go to the toilet. When she got out of the car I breathed a huge sigh of relief. My dad grabbed hold of my hand and squeezed it tight. He had had enough as well, yet this was only the first day of a fortnight's hell. I tried to keep out of her way as much as possible, but we had to meet sometime part of each day. One day I was baking a cake. I was beating the margarine and sugar together when she started on as to how good Jennifer was at baking. Of course she did not bake the way I did, she did things in a much better way and her baking was superb. The more she gabbed on the harder I beat the mixture. I had just blended in the flour, when I suddenly stopped. I picked up the bowl and was just about to topple the whole thing over her head and say 'Does Jennifer do this then?' when I saw my mother and sister-in-law standing in the kitchen doorway. There were shaking their heads and mouthing 'No' to me. I put the bowl down and went outside. I cannot remember who put the mixture in the tins, but I do remember my grandmother shouting at me and asking if I was going to leave this mess. I know I shouted back and said 'Yes!'.

One time when she was visiting I needed a pair of brown shoes heeling. The heel nearest to the sole of the shoe was made up of brown compressed cardboard with a black heel on the top. I wanted all the compressed cardboard taken off and a brown rubber heel put in its place, then the black heel over the top. My dad didn't quite

understand what I wanted to do and said it could not be done as both heels had a sloping wedge. I said it could be done and I would do it myself. I took all the compressed cardboard off and glued the brown pair of heels in its place. The black pair of heels had to have the sloping wedge cut off then tacked on to the first pair. When the job was done I placed the shoes in front of the fire to allow the glue to harden. My grandmother saw the shoes and said in a very loud voice 'HAS SHE DONE THAT ?' My dad's face was a picture. He just sat in his chair and burst out laughing. Amidst his laughter he pointed his finger at me and said 'Yes, she has, and what a brilliant job !' He was so overjoyed by what I had done. I didn't fully understand why. I had mended shoes before. Then suddenly I realised. The look in his eyes was one of triumph. At long last I had actually done something that neither John nor Jennifer could do. It didn't shut my grandmother up though. Even Mrs Rimmer next door used to get John and Jennifer rammed down her throat. What my grandmother didn't realise was that she was turning people against my cousins. They were not aware of what she was doing, so it wasn't really fair. When she went back home it was a relief to everyone. In the summer of 1953 on the day of the Queens Coronation, we had a huge party on The Green at the end of the road in Wateringpool Lane. The Green is where they original watering pool was located. A committee was formed and my mother was one of them. They organised a football sweep to raise the money to pay for the party. It was 6d a week for those who wanted to take part. I am not sure but I think everyone down St Cuthberts Road, Mercer Road, The Green and Doodstone took part. Three girls had to be chosen to present Miss Ward, a councillor, with a bouquet. I was one of the girls along with Glenys Bond and Christine Hall. Christine's mum was a dressmaker and made our dresses. They were beautiful white organdie with frills on the bottom. Glenys and Christine were a little older than me, so I was chosen as the smallest to lead the other two onto the stage. I had to make a small speech, which was, 'On behalf of the committee, I present Miss Ward with this bouquet'. There were quite a few officials with her and one of them kept trying to turn me the wrong way round. I had been told to speak into the microphone, turn around, curtsey, then present the bouquet. The official did not count on the stubbornness of this small Shirley Temple type person did he, because I kept turning round towards the microphone the way I had been told. All went well in the end.

After the presentation I had to rush home to change my clothes, as John Rimmer and I were in the fancy dress as the 'Bisto kids'. We didn't have proper costumes. They were home-made ones, mainly made from old clothes, but we won a prize. Afterwards we all had a tea party in a huge marquee. Mr and Mrs Rowe who lived on The Green had a television, which they allowed us to watch. It was the first one we had ever seen. It had a big magnifying screen thing in front of it so you could see the picture better. We all thought that it was wonderful. Later on in the week we all went to the Picture House in Bamber Bridge to see the Coronation in colour. Each child was given a small tin with a Cadbury's chocolate bar inside.

From the 1950's we also had a carnival day each year. There would be a parade through the streets with bands and floats, and a carnival queen. At that time it would end up on St Gerard's School field. It was a real community thing that everybody would enjoy. For some reason it stopped for several years. Hamar's Fair would come to the 'Rec' every year as well. It was usually two weeks before Whitsuntide. We would all go, but we were never allowed to go on our own, in case the fairground people took us away. Well, people who travelled and lived in caravans did that didn't they ??? More next month By Jackie Stuart

Mr Richard Tuson – Engine Driver

Mr Richard (Dick) Tuson was born on 30th April 1897. He married Amy (nee Hill). During the 1930's they lived at 123 Watkin Lane. Dick worked as an engine driver at Lostock Hall. He loved his work.

There was a young man who often used to jump on the front or back of the engine to cadge a lift home to Bamber Bridge, Dick used to warn him not to do it or he would report him. Sadly, on one occasion the young man slipped and both his legs were taken off. The accident really affected Dick even though he knew he had warned him, and it had an effect on him for years.

Many years later in 1976 there was a man was in the same ward as Dick in hospital. Dick's granddaughter Marina, asked the gentleman why he was in hospital, thinking it was because he had had his legs removed. He told her he had spent most of his life without his legs as he had lost them in an accident involving a train. They soon both realised that although they could not believe it, that this was the young man who had been injured at Bamber Bridge. He told them that he in no way blamed Mr Tuson and that it had been his own fault for doing it.



Photos courtesy of Mrs Marina McNulty

WOMEN CARRIAGE CLEANERS AT LOSTOCK HALL



Owing to many enlistments among men employed in the L. and Y. Railway carriage cleaning sheds at Lostock Hall it has been found necessary to experiment with female labour. At the sheds are now employed about a dozen women the majority of whom belong to Preston. Their work consists of cleaning of the inside and outside of the carriages and it is stated they perform

their tasks very efficiently. They are supplied with a uniform of overall and hood. Photo: Lane, Lostock Hall.

Preston Guardian, 1915.



Photos courtesy
of Mrs M.
McNulty

Memories of Brian Whittle

Coming back from Lostock Hall Council School over the bridges I remember seeing the prisoners of war coming out. They had old army uniforms on with a square or an oblong sewn on their backs.

The American soldiers were in Bamber Bridge they would come to the schools and any children whose parents were away in the war, they would take them to their camp for the day and feed them up, they came back to school with pockets full of chewing gum. I didn't go – my dad worked at the Rubber Works.

Down Ward Street over the Iron Steps there is a pad that goes over to Croston Road. There was a great long wooden shed where they kept the Royal Coaches during the war. All the kids played in them.

Thomas Moss's Mill in Ward St. The buses came at 5.30 and would turn down Fairfield Street then down Birtwistle Street to pick up the workers. How the bus got round I will never know.

Calvery House used to be Moss's canteen.

The Best Chip Shop in the World. Three old pence would get you chips with peas on top, 3d mixture, that was Nellie Charnley's.

Across the road where the kitchen shop is was the Co-op.

Half way down Ward Street was Jack Nicksons shop. He sold lamp oil, donkey stones, dolly-blue. It always smelt of the lamp oil.

Stopfords Bakery. At dinnertime I would get a butter pie, then when my mum came home she would give me 6d and send me to pay for it.

Down Fairfield Street was Mrs Hough's general grocers – she had the first television in Lostock Hall.

Across the road was Monica Norris who had a toffee shop.

Mashiter's newsagents was on the corner of Fairfield Street/Watkin Lane – a toffee shop, they sold fireworks, recharged radio batteries and it was a Post Office.

Johnny Bidwell, fishmonger, he went to the mill on a Friday with his horse and cart to sell wet fish. He lived at Crow Tree Cottages on Lostock Lane.

The best ice cream in the world was Johnny Flannagan's, he played for Manchester United, he would come round on a three wheeler.

Local school football finals were played on L.H.F.C. field which was behind the Anchor pub. Usually Lostock Hall Council played Brownedge.

Farington Endowed School, St Paul's, a rooting farm school, produced four professional footballers. Albert Cross and Steve Parr who played for Liverpool.

Keith Mitton – PNE Goal Keeper and Les Dagger who lived across from the Anchor. At Lostock Hall Council School, Miss Smith was the infant's headmistress. Mr Hall was the Headmaster, then Mr Griffiths who lived at the first house down

Wateringpool Lane. Miss Haycraft took cookery. Mr Cairns (Sammy Plank) took woodwork. Everyone was terrified of him. Schools in the district, Bamber Bridge, Farington, Middleforth, Brownedge came to our school for woodwork and cookery.

Mr Cairns rode a sit up and beg bike and lived up Church Brow, Walton le Dale. He really did put the Fear of God in everyone. Best time of the lot in woodwork was when Horsley Smith's came with the wood and we put it in the rafters.

Spinning Co. field. The river used to bend, it is now straight, nearly every child in

Lostock Hall learnt to swim there in summer – now it is Lunar Caravans. Boys played 15 a side football. Kids made boats out of petrol containers from the American camp. The containers were shaped like a bomb. They used to flatten the bottom then cut a hole in so they could get in, put ballast (bricks) in and a bit of wood for a seat. Away they went with a homemade paddle. Some painted them, there was one like a shark. They would go under the bridge to the bend. (Rat Bend). On Saturday and Sundays we would sit on the stones on the left side of Resolution bridge to watch the coaches go by. There would be Claribell's, Whittle's, Lanc. United, Don Everall's. They would stop over the bridges at the Vic or sometimes went on to The Sumpter Horse.

The P20 bus turned round at Hope Terrace at the back of the Pleasant Retreat. Bert Ramsbottom was the chemist. Clayton's chemist was across from the library. News of the World Bowling Tournament took place on the Railway Hotel Bowling Green, it started in 1948-54. The landlord was Harry Ward. £250 first prize and it was 2/6 (half a crown) to enter. Two measurers were Harry Charnley and Gunner Greenwood. There was a least 300 people there on finals day. The winner got a replica of the News of the World Trophy and the jack which was on a plinth. Dardsley House, was where Dr Sharples lived. He had a chauffeur driven car. He gave land to the British Legion. Where the bungalows are there was a field, behind there was a storage area where they used to store grain etc. It was behind where the library is now.

Lostock Hall Con Club was in a house called Rose Cottage. My granddad was the steward/stewardess just after the war.

Dr Colin-Thome was at the big house on Croston Road.

Billy Blackwell lived in Parker Street – now the car park. He used to sit on the swings and swing and swing and swing.

Conway Café was on the corner of Leyland Road/Flag Lane.

Sam Hammersley – concert party, used to perform at corner of Ward St in the Methodist School. Billy Walker – Dance Band. He also played at the Methodist School and when I was a young lad I used to sit and watch the drummer for hours. After the war, the pianist was Frank Jackson. In 1950 I started playing the drums there.

A Youth Club was run by Mr Hartley at Lostock Hall Council School, on Mondays and Thursdays. Admission 1d. There was never any trouble.

Kitty Baxter came round on a horse and cart and milk float. You would take your jug out and she would measure it out.

On the corner of Lostock Lane, in the field where Leyland Motors clock was, it used to flood in winter and freeze. We used to skate on it with our clogs on. Jimmy Swindlehurst (Swiggy) was a brilliant skater. If you could catch him he would give you a free pull round the ice.

The roadsweeper, after the war was Walt Ditchfield, he lived in Dewhurst Row.

Where the shops are now on Albrighton used to be Tennis Courts, I think they belonged to the Methodist Church. Also on Albrighton used to be the air raid shelters, they were also on Lords Ave and backs of South View.

After the war when I was a teenager there was a bloke from Lostock Hall who had been badly affected by the war. It made him into a loner. People said he often slept under some arches on Wigan Road, though he did live somewhere near St Catherines.

As lads we would sit on the fence near Lostock Lane and he would come and chat to us – sadly he never got back into society – does anyone remember his name ?

In 1948 lads from Walton le Dale, Bamber Bridge, Lostock Hall, Middleforth, Farington, New Longton, Longton and Preston Cadley Schools were invited to go to Horsley's Green, in Stokenchurch, Buckinghamshire. We went for three months, our parents came to visit us once. It cost 7/6 a week, I think our parents were glad to get rid of us. We set off from Preston Station the Tuesday after the Cup Final (Man Utd 4 – Blackpool 2) Horsley's Green was bought by L.C.C. after the war to send children from all over to it. We had a great time, though it was a proper school, just like an ordinary school and the discipline was discipline, we all did as we were told. It used to be an RAF training camp during the war. All the buildings, including our dormitories were long wooden huts. We played lots of sports, cricket, cross country, swimming, etc. We put on shows, one was The Pirates of Penzance. I was one of the Young Farmers, we looked after the pigs and hens. We were taken on a visit to Walls Factory, where they produced bacon and ice cream. We saw live pigs walking in, and saw the whole production till they came out the other end wrapped in muslin ready to be sent to the out to the butchers. We were taken in the Directors room and met the Director. We sat down and he said 'Good afternoon Boys' then he put a white five pound note on the table and said to us 'There is one thing we cannot use of the pig, can anyone tell me what it is ?' We went for lunch and had lots of ice cream. Then we came back and tried to guess the answer, we said eyes, etc. He wrapped up the five pound note and putting it back into his pocket, said 'there is nothing we can't use, only its grunt !'

Boys from the cricket team were taken to Lourdes to watch a match.

We also went on a trip to London, which was exciting as I had never been before. We were shown round all the sights.

In 1998 reunion of the 'Boys from 1948' was held at the R.B.L. Club in Leyland.

By Brian Whittle

Photo Caption –
Back row Roy
Randall and
Brian Whittle

Front row Brian
Carr and Derek
Marle



LOSTOCK HALL COUNCIL SCHOOL

1915 - 1917

1915

27th Sept. The children were taken for a ramble to gather blackberries etc.

21st Oct. Being 'Trafalgar Day' all lessons throughout the day are in accordance.

1916

25th Feb. The attendance is rather poor again, chiefly owing to the treacherous weather and colds.

24th May School closed for Empire Day.

7th Sept. School closed for the afternoon owing to a Fete being held in Avenham Park for charitable purposes.

28th Sept. During the afternoon some of the wounded soldiers from Cuerdale Hall visited the school.

13th Oct. Captain Chaplain Jas. Wilson (Australia) visited the school.

24th Nov. Sister Shepherd from Cuerden Hospital visited the school during the afternoon session.

22nd Dec. Timetable not followed this afternoon owing to the usual Xmas festivities.

1917

19th Feb. Owing to a request by the military authorities to visit a relative who is seriously ill, Mistress will be absent from school today.

Taken from the School Log Book.

CONCERT AT FARINGTON ENDOWED SCHOOL

On Saturday evening a concert was given in Farington School, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the purchase of a new harmonium. The Rev. H. Power, B.A., the vicar, presided, and there was a large attendance. Songs were given by Messrs. Garrett, Stacey, M.E. Threlfall, J. Threlfall, Baldwin, E. Threlfall, and Miss Paine and Miss Stacey; recitations by Miss Madge Parker, Miss Martha Parker and Miss E. Ryding. Two readings were given by Miss C.G. Stacey and Mr R. Cook, and a dialogue 'The wife hunters' was gone through by Messrs. J. Threlfall, W. Lonsdale, and W. Bretherton. The proceedings were brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem. A clear sum of £5 10s was the substantial result of the entertainment.

Preston Chronicle November 27th 1880

COALS – Perhaps many of our readers are not aware, that a coal-shaft has been in progress at Farington, only four miles from Preston, ever since April last. The workmen have already sunk this shaft one hundred feet, and there is every probability that in a very short time they will open a vein of coal. Mr Wensington of Manchester, a considerable landed proprietor in Farington is carrying out the works.

Preston Pilot December 15th 1827

Does anyone know anything else about the coal shaft ? 07733 321911

PLEASE SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS

Dreadful and revolting outrages with loss of life (4)

John Fitzpatrick, overseer of Penwortham examined, On Tuesday night last, **Peter Smith's** between nine and ten o'clock, I was standing in the company of twenty or thirty or forty of our people, near the road at Penwortham, a short distance from house. I saw a great crowd of persons coming towards Smith's house, shouting and huzzaing. **Robert Robinson** was one of these persons, and when he came right opposite Smith's house, he shouted 'Put out your lights, now you soft devils stand, and we'll drive the whole of them (meaning the Irish) out of the place or country'. After Robinson and the party along with him had passed Smith's house, about twenty yards, Robinson called out to them 'Fire'. I saw the flash and heard the report of three guns, which were fired in the direction of Smith's house. In about a minute afterwards two other guns were fired, one of them wounded **Wm. Cassidy** in the arm. Wm. Cassidy was standing with me and other persons near Smith's house. I heard several other shots fired, but I cannot say how many. In about ten minutes after the firing ended, I found two men lying upon the ground, a little above Smith's house. **Pat Smith** was then protecting them, and said that no men should meddle with them. Smith at that time had not any gun with him. None of the Irishmen had any guns with them, but about forty of them had sticks.

Patrick Quin, was examined, but his testimony was nearly a reiteration of that given by the last witness.

William Birley, constable of Penwortham, examined, On Tuesday night last, about nine o'clock, I was standing near Tardy Gate and I saw five or six hundred persons assembled together, and coming towards Penwortham. I think about a dozen of them were armed with guns; one of them had a pitchfork, another a scythe, and many others had bludgeons. **Lawrence Robinson** and Robert Robinson were amongst the crowd; Lawrence had a short club, and I told him he was well tackled; and he said 'What has thou to do with it?' some called out 'Damn you, you soft devils, go on'. The crowd then passed on, and I went towards Penwortham, and told the railway people to get out of the way. I then went to Peter Smith's house, and heard the crowd huzzaing; at Smith's request, I went to his house to protect it, and the door was fastened after me; I went upstairs into the front room, but the crowd having then come up with a great noise, I was alarmed, and went into the back room, to be out of the way of danger, and immediately afterwards I heard the report of a gun, I also heard the smash of windows, and soon after Patrick Smith ask if there was any powder. The crowd passed Smith's house, and I then got out of the house and saw the crowd coming back. I got near to the ditch side, and some one in the crowd cried out to me 'Tell your name, or we'll shoot you' I said it is Birley the constable, and I was then told to pass on. I waited nearly opposite to the Sumpter Horse, while the crowd was returning, and counted the reports of seven guns very near one after another, but it

was dark, and I could not see which way they were shooting, after the crowd had gone, I saw two men lying upon the ground, who were wounded, but not dead; they were about eight or ten yards asunder. The name of one is Robinson, and the other Baxendale, they lay at a distance of about thirty or forty yards from Smith's house. I got a lantern, and found the deceased lying partly upon his back near to the road side, he was at a distance of about ninety to a hundred yards from Smith's house, he appeared to be dead, and was soon afterwards removed to the Sumpter Horse.

The Coroner then made enquiries, in order to ascertain whether there were any other witnesses who wished to give evidence. No one however appeared, and the jury were also asked if whether they could suggest any further evidence; an answer being returned in the negative, the learned coroner read over and lucidly summed up the evidence. He carefully pointed out to the jury the different points requiring notice, and stated the law on respective questions which presented themselves during examination. The jury having consulted together for about ten minutes, returned a verdict of 'Manslaughter against some person or persons unknown'. They also acquitted Smith of being at all implicated in the death of the deceased.

The inquisition occupied nearly eight hours.

A man named Lawrence Wilkinson, who was wounded in the affray at Penwortham, died yesterday.

Preston Chronicle May 26th, 1838.

Appointment of Special Constables at Farington

We understand that as a matter of precaution it has been thought prudent to appoint a number of special constables, to be ready in case of emergency to assist in keeping the peace in this neighbourhood. It is however, no less proper to make known, that at the present time the best possible feelings prevails between the Irish railway labourers and the English families in the district, and there does not appear any probable grounds for apprehension that this good understanding will not be uninterruptedly preserved. Now this is a really satisfactory state of things, and we hope and trust that no discordant circumstance may be allowed to take place, which may have the least tendency to disturb the harmony now happily existing in the neighbourhood – Preston Pilot.

The Blackburn Standard, June 13th, 1838.

**A reunion of Lancashire railwaymen
will take place at the Leyland & Farington
Social Club, Leyland,
on the evening of Friday, August 2nd 2013,
to commemorate the 45th anniversary of the end
of steam traction on British Railways.**

Men from Lostock Hall, Rose Grove, Carnforth, Accrington, Lower Darwen, Bolton and Preston engine sheds, will all be welcome.

Admission fee will cover cost of room and buffet, and will be around £3.50 per head, according to the number attending, which has to be ascertained before August.

If you wish to attend, please contact:

Paul Tuson, 01257 793764.

Bob Gregson, 01539 532645.

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Celebration Dinner

To be held at the school on

Friday 12th July 2013
at 7pm

**Guest
Speaker**

There will be a choice of
Main Course and Dessert

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£12.50



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Tel: 01772 320250

or email enquiries@priory.lancs.sch.uk

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