

Issue 16

The Lostock Hall Magazine

More Elephant Stories

Thomas Moss Hockey Team

A Tardy Gate Girl

C. C. STONE BRIDGE

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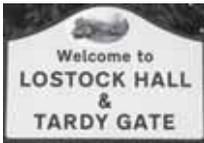
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Welcome to the 16th issue of The Lostock Hall Magazine, which also covers Tardy Gate and nearby parts of Farington. It is a collection of local history articles relating to the area. Many thanks to all our contributors and readers. Our thanks to Penwortham Priory Academy who support us by printing and

formatting the magazine. Please support our local advertisers without them we could not produce our 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'. Mill Stories by Ken Berry. Articles by Brian Whittle and Tony Billington.

This year being the centenary of the First World War we are looking for any photos and memories of any soldiers who served in the Great War that you may like to share in the magazine. **We are also collecting material for Preston Remembers and the South Ribble Remembrance Archive 1914-1918, which will include anything relating to World War One in our area. A photo, document, a memory, etc.**

Joan Langford's new book is now out entitled 'Lest We Forget' which is the eighth book in the series 'Farington – a Lancashire Cotton Mill Village' – a series of books now much sought after. Joan was asked especially to produce this book to record the lives of the men of Farington who died during World War 1.

You can contact Joan on 01772 436505

LOSTOCK HALL LIBRARY, WATKIN LANE HAVE AN EXHIBITION ON CONTAINING LOTS OF RESEARCH BY MR BILL BRIERLEY ABOUT MEN FROM LOSTOCK HALL WHO SERVED IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR – DO PAY A VISIT IT IS VERY INTERESTING !

If you have any memories you would like to submit to the magazine for publication, please do contact me, or our roving reporter – Tony Billington, especially memories from our older residents, because once the memories are gone they are lost forever. We can call at your home or speak to you on the telephone if you wish us to write down your memories.

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 – The Stone Bridge, Todd Lane South by Heather Crook

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Photographs from Lostock Hall Past



First Holy Communion at St Gerard's RC Primary School in front of the Grotto in June 1956. Back Row – Andrew Little – Tony Billington (shivering) – Bernard Turner – Peter Brophy – Tommy Miller – Billy Bullock – Joey Wilding – Eric Gardner – Augustus Coupe. Front Row – Anthony Moxham – Gordon Love – Micky Love – Gerard Melling. Girls made their first holy communion on the same day and had their own photograph taken. Courtesy of Tommy Miller.



Lostock Hall Council School c.1959. Courtesy of Graham Winfield. Graham is extreme left on the back row. Can anyone name any of the other pupils.

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Kate Dugdale DipCFHP, MPSPract



Articles from Lostock Hall Past

Sarah Wolstenholme, aged 50, wife of Thomas Wolstenholme, of Back Lane, Walton-le-Dale, labourer, died suddenly on Saturday. It appears that during the day she drank two squibs of whiskey at the Victoria Inn, near Tardy Gate, and complained of cold. She went home in the evening and seemed overcome either with sickness or drinking, or both, fell in the fire and otherwise injured herself, and was ultimately put to bed, where she soon afterwards expired. She had been in ill health for the past year and a half. An inquest resulted in a verdict of 'Died from natural causes'.

Preston Chronicle 19 December 1866

16 HOUR TASK FOR N.F.S. AT LOSTOCK HALL - Men from the Lostock hall sub area of the NFS spent a wet and strenuous night toiling with an outbreak of fire in a 1000 ton coke dump at Preston Gas Company's Lostock Hall depot. Answering the call at 4.20 last evening, they found that the upper part of the coke dump was on fire. Apparently a load of ashes had been dumped while still hot. None of the works buildings was in danger, but relays of firemen from Preston, Penwortham, Bamber Bridge, Leyland and Chorley had a 16 hour battle with the smouldering dump. It was not practical to pour water on, because of the danger of creating poisonous fumes. Working with spades and shovels the firemen had to dig 18 feet into the dump and cut out the smouldering coke. Work went on throughout the night, and it was 8.30 am today before the last firemen could be withdrawn.

Lancashire Evening Post 22 November 1946

Tardy Gate Damage – Seven boys from Lostock Hall, Penwortham and Farington, whose ages ranged from 10 to 13 years, were each ordered to pay £1 13s. costs at Leyland Juvenile court today, for damaging a public toilet and air raid shelter at Tardy Gate. It was stated that doors had been pierced and drains blocked with soil. In the air raid shelter wooden boards had been taken from the entrance, which had been filled with soil.

Lancashire Evening Post 31 July 1940

Bamber Bridge FC Football Programme June 6th 1996.
Bamber Bridge FC v Czech Republic. Cartoon by Tony Billington

CARTOON CAPERS



"GOOD EVENING AND IT'S JOHN MOTSON REPORTING FROM IRONGATE FOR TONIGHT'S CLASH BETWEEN BAMBER BRIDGE AND THE CZECH REPUBLIC. JUST A REMINDER TO STAY TUNED IN AFTER THE GAME WHEN WE WILL BE SCREENING EXCLUSIVE HIGHLIGHTS IN THE CLUBHOUSE OF BRIS CRUCIAL POL AND WELSH DON MATCHES!" JRS.

FRY INN

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Thursday	11.30am – 1.45pm	4.30pm – 9.30pm
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Photograph of Thomas Moss Ladies Hockey Team circa. 1951

Whilst I was gathering cricket photos and stories at Stan Rudman's recently regarding the above cotton mill's cricket team, his wife Jean produced this photograph of the Ladies Hockey team in front of the old cricket pavilion on Coote Lane. Jean (then Homewood) informed me that she was about 16 years old, which without revealing her age would make it about 1951 when the photograph was taken.

Considering it wasn't long after the second world war and rationing was still on to the fore, these girls look quite well fed and ready for action ! (Excellent canteen, I suppose !) Even though it was over 60 years ago, I may have to watch my back in case a stray zimmer frame or walking stick heads in my direction with my name on it!

As I was only two at the time, plenty of research has returned in finding the names of all these lovely ladies (bar one). Now I have finished creeping, here goes –

Back Row Kathleen Cottingham –
Jean Wilson – Clara Kirkham,
Beryl Longworth – Margaret Parr
– Florence Hardwick (great name)
Front Row - ?? – Jean Homewood
– Irene Westwood – June Helm –
Olive Green.

Tony Billington and useful contributions from Jean Rudman, Tommy Kirkham and Clara Kirkham. Thank you !



What a superb informative magazine full of long forgotten facts and history regarding Lostock Hall and Tardy Gate.

The latest edition No 15 shows the Thomas Moss cricket team of 1965, on the back row in between Lenny Eaves and Brian Tyrer is Louis Walker, Louis was a quick bowler who played for one of the West Indian teams, I think it was Jalgos, Louis only played for Moss when Jalgos had no game, a superb cricketer and a very nice man. I think the scorer is John Tippet although not altogether sure, if it is John he also became a fine cricketer. The two gentlemen in suits were both directors of the company, Len Holt played for Moss in the 1950s, I played one game with him in a friendly and he had obviously been a good player. I am still in touch with David Barnish, an exceptional cricketer who played with me in the Northern league for the now defunct Leyland Motors and then we both played for many years at Vernon Carus in the Palace Shield, Stan Rudman I see occasionally, Alf Heyes a fine all rounder still going strong as is Brian Tyrer, a superb footballer, Eddie Pye is in his late 80s and still in good form, David Wilson I have not seen for a number of years and have had no contact with the other team members for many years. The Lostock Dynamoes includes my brother Brian (brick) a very good footballer who occasionally played cricket for Moss CC. As a young school-leaver of 15 I started my long association with playing cricket with Moss CC, I made many good friends and progressed to more senior cricket after great tuition from people like, Stan Rudman, Eddie Pye, Jack Bland and many more, great memories and extremely happy days. An excellent publication, long may it be published. **George Jones**

South Ribble Museum & Exhibition Centre,
The Old Grammar School, Church Road, Leyland, Lancashire.
Tel Preston 422041. www.southribblemuseum.org.uk

Events Summer 2014

June 10th-July 6th Brownies Centenary Exhibition

- Thurs 12 7-30pm. St.Leonard's (Walton-le-Dale) Arts Festival. Talk and graveyard walk exploring the ancient church and its site with David Hunt (DH). Meet at the church. Refreshments.
- Sat 14 11am Official Opening of the exhibition.
9th Brownies (Moss Side: Paradise Lane) in Attendance.
- Sat 21 12th Brownies (Seven Stars) in Attendance. 2014 Leyland Festival Day.
Performance by Leyland Morris Men en route to the park.
- Sat 28 8th Brownies (Moss Side: St.James) in Attendance.
10-30 to 12-30pm. Punch & Judy Show and Workshop ...with Prof. Ivan Walters.
- Sat 5 July 7th Brownies (Hough Lane: URC) in Attendance.
11am. Short local history walk. DH. 'Who's Who in Leyland Churchyard'.

July 8th -26th National Archaeology Festival: Exploring Farington Moss.

A celebration of our local archaeology in recognition of 40 years of South Ribble Borough Council. Will also feature the Borough's treasures on loan from the Harris Museum: the Cuerdale Hoard, the Penwortham Castle finds, the Worden Hoard and the finds from Roman Walton-Le-Dale.

- Sat 12 11am. Illustrated talk. DH. 'The Vanished World of the Faringtons'.
- Thurs 17 2pm. Local History walk. 3 miles. DH. 'Worden Hall and Park'.
- Sat 19 11am. Illustrated talk. Dr W.Shannon.
'Hell Holes and Mere Stones: The Leyland Mosses in the time of the Tudors'.
- Sun 20 2pm. Archaeology Walk. 3 miles. DH. St.Leonard's church, Cuerdale Lane, Walton-Le-Dale. Strong shoes essential. Remember our firm's motto -*There Shall Be Rain!*
'England's Greatest Treasure: The discovery of the Cuerdale Hoard'. (Provisional at 1-6-14)
- Thurs 24 2pm. Illustrated Lecture. Elizabeth Huckerby. Now retired, but one of our leading authorities.
'Reconstructing the Past: How Pollen Analysis works'.
- Sat 26 11am. 'Focus On Leyland'. The Damp Brothers film of life in the town in 1964, followed by David Ashmore's study of the building of the Tesco superstore in Leyland.

August 1st- Oct 18th Our August 1914 Commemorative Exhibition: 'Antarctic Witness'.

A second chance to see Frank Hurley's wonderful photographs of Shackleton's 1914-16 Imperial Antarctic Expedition. The exhibition thus also commemorates the centenary of the greatest Arctic adventure.

Hostilities broke out as *Endurance* was making her way out into the English Channel. On hearing the news Shackleton immediately volunteered the ship and her crew for military service, only for Winston Churchill to telegram the single word 'Proceed'. This sheds light on the contemporary view that the European crisis was not particularly serious and need not stand in the way of scientific exploration. When they finally escaped from the ice and shipwreck two years later the party was shocked to learn that the war had spread around the world and would rage on for another two years!

- Sat 2 Aug 10-30am. Official Opening. 11am. Short Local walk. DH. 'Leyland's Belgian Refugees'.
- Tues 5 Aug. **The first day of the Great War.** 2pm. Local History walk. DH.
'An introduction to Leyland in the Great War'.
- Sat 9 Aug 11am. Illustrated talk. Malcolm Tranter.
'August 1914, Winston Churchill and the Imperial Antarctic Expedition of 1914-16'.
- Sun 31Aug 2pm. Local History Walk. 2 miles; DH with local specialists.
'McNamara VC: An introduction to Bamber Bridge in the Great War'.
Meet at St Mary's church, Brownedge Lane, Bamber Bridge.

8-12 September: South Ribble Walks week. Theme 'Endurance'.

- Mon 8 Sept 11am. Official start of Walks Week. Meet at Museum. Short walk, 3 miles.

Opening Times: Tuesday & Friday 10-4pm, Thursday 1-4pm, Saturday 1-4pm, Other times and group visits by appointment. Children must be accompanied by an adult. 1-6-14

Waddecar Camp 1960 Tony Billington

When I was old enough I joined St Gerards cubs. We had no telly, got sick of 'The Archers' and there was only so much football and cricket you could play in the street. I really don't remember a thing about cubs and who I went with. I had a cubs uniform which I used on a regular basis to dress up the dog ! Honestly. We had a black and white collie/labrador cross called 'Bob' after the comic strip canine in one of the daily newspapers. When he was a pup he had the biggest paws you'd ever seen which is probably why he was picked out of the litter. I'd tie my green cap on his head with string, jostle the dark green jersey over his front paws and then put the blue/white neckerchief and woggle round his neck. He was a very amiable, patient dog but I think this would have been tested if I'd have tried to put my shorts on him? I vaguely remember Michael Pearson being 'Akela' the cub leader and we were based in a room which would probably be where part of the games room is in the parochial centre, on the Lourdes Avenue side of the club. Then a chap called Keith Foster was starting up the Scouts again. We used the same room as where I'd attended the Cubs a couple of years earlier. I remember there being 3 patrols and I was chosen to be leader of one of them. We had to pick a name for the patrol, I chose 'Fox' and did quite an impressive drawing of a fox on a piece of wood and put it in our corner of the HQ on the wall. I am not sure who was the troop leader, maybe Mick Perry, while Ged Maloney and John Preston were the other patrol leaders. In the summer of 1960 Keith Foster, 'Skip' to the boys, Mick, Ged, John and myself went to Waddecar Scout Camp at Brock, alongside the River Brock. In those days the camp was very basic, very few if any huts or facilities and if you wanted a wash, it was the river. The only problem was that the river itself was out of bounds following a polio epidemic. It was very hot on that weekend and there was this river right next to our tents almost, and we couldn't dive onto the cool, clear waters due to the outbreak. Not long afterwards I made a decision to quit the scouts. Something happened which made it easier for me to leave. A fund-raising jumble sale had been organised and we had to collect stuff for it. One boy in our patrol, John Fishwick, collected more than me, so in front of the whole troop Keith Foster demoted me. Whether he had other reasons I guess I'll never know, but I went home and told my mum what had happened. She was furious and was going to go down School Lane, where 'Skip' lived to confront him. I told her not to bother as I'd realised a few weeks earlier that it wasn't for me. None of my mates were in the Scouts and I'd got fed up of walking past them playing football etc. in the street and going to 'boring' scouts. So my brief career in uniform ended and it was back to seven nights a week playing in the street. Happy Days !

Photos show us at Waddecar Camp 1960. Uniformed photo - Back row Mick Perry and Ged Maloney Front row Tony Billington, 'Skip' John Preston.

Swimwear Photo – John Preston, Ged Maloney, 'Skip' seated, Mick Perry and Tony Billington (mid sneeze!)



PRESTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PROGRAMME 2014-2015

- Monday 1 September 2014 *Preston as it was – or was it?*
Speaker: Stephen Sartin
- Monday 6 October 2014 *Moses Holden 1777-1864: Lecturing Astronomer, Freeman of Preston, and much, much more*
Speaker: Stephen Halliwell
- Monday 3 November 2014 *The Great War You Don't Hear Much About – a Lancashire perspective on operations beyond France and Flanders*
Speaker: Lt Colonel John Downham MBE
- Monday 1 December 2014 *The Making of Preston's Parks*
Speaker: Colin Stansfield
- Monday 2 February 2015 *Place Names and Landscape in Medieval North Lancashire*
Speaker: Dr Alan Crosby
- Monday 2 March 2015 *Pathways to Preston's Past. A. J. Berry, H. W. Clemesha and the History of Preston*
Speaker: Dr Keith Vernon
- Monday 6 April 2015 *Aspects of Freckleton*
Speaker: Peter Shakeshaft
- Monday 11 May 2015 Annual General Meeting followed by
Preston in World War I
Speaker: Jane Abramson

The meetings are held in St John (The Minster),
Church Street, Preston PR1 3BU, starting at 7.15 pm.

Visitors and new members are very welcome

£2.50 admission for visitors.

PLEASE COME AND JOIN US

For further information contact our Secretary, Karen Doyle
Telephone 01772 862673 or Email info@prestonhistoricalsociety.org.uk
www.prestonhistoricalsociety.org.uk

More Elephant Stories

An Elephant Story – In response to 'An Elephant Story' in issue 15, Mr Patrick Hull, of Leyland Road, Penwortham rang me and arranged for me to go and interview him about his memory of the event. Here is his story. 'I was 16 at the time and living in Leyland. As my Dad worked on the railway we nearly always travelled by train. I had a contract which cost me 5 shillings (25p) a week. It was a Saturday morning, summer I think, in 1949. I caught the 8 40 am train at Leyland Station for work. I was employed by John Manners, Men and Boys Tailors and Outfitters on Fishergate, next to the Baptist Church. I started work at 9 00am so I always got there on time. Until the elephant incident ! The train began to slow down at Skew Bridge, stopped and then just nudged along to the Union Bridge on the River Ribble. We stopped for a while and then heard what sounded like timber smashing and shortly afterwards gunshots. We eventually arrived in Preston Station at approx 9.55 am. On alighting the train I asked the porter why the train had been delayed. He said an elephant named Tarka had gone berserk and had to be shot by soldiers from Fulwood Barracks. I arrived at work over an hour late and was asked by the shop manager, Mr Leonard Ball why I wasn't on time. He didn't believe my explanation about the elephant and to punish me sent me upstairs to brush his prize blue napp coat. At dinnertime Mr Ball went across the road to Tokyo's for lunch where on reading the Blackburn Telegraph found my story to be true. He apologised for not believing me, being the nice chap that he was. I believe that the dead elephant was removed by Chris Millers who must have taken it to the tannery at Lostock Hall. As told by Tony Billington. An interesting footnote. Mr Hill's grandfather, Allen Hill was a Yorkshire and England cricketer who played in the Ashes series in Australia. Born in Yorkshire in 1845 he died in Leyland at the age of 65 having lived in Union Street, Fox Lane. He is buried in the Parish Church grave yard in Leyland.

Army called in to deal with rampaging elephant 4:10pm Wednesday 26th June 2013 By Gill Johnson THE story of a circus elephant which had to be shot by troops when it went on the rampage has been sent to Bygones by a former resident of Blackburn. Keith Brazendale said: "Older readers will well remember when the circus came to town and the whole troupe arrived at the goods yard in Duckworth Street at Bank Top and paraded to the park." He has taken us back to a week before Christmas, back in 1949, when Tarka, a three-ton performing elephant, went wild in a circus train half a mile out of Preston station. Before Bren gun bursts killed her, she seized a bear trainer in a her trunk, threw him through the window of her van, smashed the sides to firewood and held up trains for five hours. Afterwards a crane was used to unload the animal's body which was then removed by a firm of slaughterers. People along the line had been wakened by her mad trumpeting as the train travelled along in the early morning darkness. While five keepers in the swaying van tried frantically to calm Tarka, signalman Eric Sumner, heard the splintering of wood and stopped the train. It was the beginning of a night which took the shape of a full scale military operation, with army officers, railway officials police, two vets and an RSPCA inspector, planning strategy. An SOS was sent out to Fulwood Barracks and a firing squad arrived to shoot the 50-year-old elephant, worth £3,000, which had entertained thousands at Blackpool Tower Circus. Also on the train were four other elephants, a troop of horses and 11 bears.

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John (Jack) Forrest recalls that as a schoolboy whilst standing in Tardy Gate, a lorry going into the slaughter house. It was a high sided lorry with no roof on with four elephants feet sticking up over the top. The elephant must have been winched in and was laying on its back with its feet in the air. Later Jack sneaked into the slaughter house to get a better look, but it was still in the wagon.

Another memory this time from Gerry Cooke who related 'My Dad was a railway traffic controller on the night shift in Preston in 1949 and I remember when I was 8 years old he came home one night and told us about the rampaging elephant. He said that soldiers came from Fulwood Barracks and used a Bren gun to kill the elephant. Its name was Tarka. I was very interested in reading about where the elephant ended up. The story going round at the time was 'Make sure you don't buy any pies!'

Dorothy Pemberton also remembers the occasion well. She writes I was about 6 years old and as a child we lived in Mona Street, Preston, straight across from our house was the main Preston to Blackpool railway line. In the middle of the night on this particular night I was woken by a very loud groaning noise. My mother told me a Circus Elephant was trying to escape from its cage and if it did it might destroy our house. I was very frightened. Next lots of police cars and the Army arrived and bright lights were switched on to give a better view of the railway line. Eventually the police came and told us the elephant was under control and the danger was over. The elephant was making such a noise we all thought it was going to charge down the road. Now at nearly 70 years of age I can still picture the scene. I wonder if any other of your readers have recalled this night.

ELEPHANT GOES WILD IN TRAIN London, Sat: Three-ton circus elephant Tarka went wild on a train near Preston just before dawn, smashing the sides of its truck and injuring a Swiss bear trainer. Soldiers from a nearby barracks ended Tarka's life with a Bren gun fusillade after it had trumpeted and stamped in the truck for 4 hours, holding up rail traffic. Swiss, flung about and thrown through the truck's side, was taken to hospital. Tarka then turned on her own trainer, who managed to escape. The Tuscaloosa News December 19th 1949

Elephants cause railway trouble

London – The British Railway System was hard hit yesterday by tons of elephants. A three ton circus beast named Tarka tried to break out of a railroad car at Preston, trumpeting madly. They finally had to call out the army to shoot her down. All this blocked main line rail traffic for five hours.

When Tarka went berserk at Preston, she seized one of her keepers and tossed him through the splintered box. The injured trainer, 22 year old Auguste Natsch was taken to hospital. A company of soldiers from Fulwood Barracks shot Tarka with a hail of rifle and machine gun fire. Circus hands used a crane to lift out Tarka's carcass. The crane also hauled out a boyfriend of Tarka, and elephant named Punshei. Punshei got upset in the freight yards.

From an article of 19th December in the Lancashire Evening Post. Puzzle what to do with an elephant hide. This question had been raised by the shooting of Tarka, the performing elephant belonging to the Knie Circus which delighted thousands during her season at Blackpool Tower Circus, and which had to be shot after she had gone berserk on a circus train near Preston Station on Saturday. A student even rang the station authorities from Bristol University yesterday, but they were unable to provide the answer, which is just this 'It will be turned into dog meat'. Mr J Newsham, horse slaughterer of Lostock Hall, who bought the dead Tarka, is not sure how much meat there is, but on a three ton elephant he knows there's plenty. 'Some of the meat – beautiful red meat, too' says Mr Newsham – 'will be sold in local shops, some will find its way to the local kennels for greyhounds, or go to the Lake District to feed hunting dogs. A portion will be sent to London. The bones of the elephant are disposed of in the same way as those of other animals, but the hide is useless. Was the carcass tough to cut up? Not a bit of it, 'There's nothing about an elephant carcass that a sharp knife won't deal with', says Mr Newsham who had handled all types of dead animals.

Avondale Drive and all that !

I was born in Mount Street, Preston on 7th February, 1949, the fifth and last child of Tommy and Bessie Billington. (Thomas Jnr died just a few weeks old). We lived at 3 Moss Street. Not a very remarkable place, terraced houses all down one side, quite new council flats on the other. When I was about 5 years old came the news that we were 'flitting'. We were moving across T'Council field to Avondale Drive. My Dad borrowed the milk float (electric) off local milkman Tom Yates and spent most of the morning and into the afternoon moving furniture via Wilkinson Street and Moss Lane. I was herded off to school so all this information was relayed to me when I got home. I left to school from Moss Street and returned home to Avondale Drive ! We lived at No. 36, end house next to St James Institute and straight across from the Council school. My Dad was in his element. He'd had a small patch on the allotments at the end of Moss Street, now he had 4 lawns and enough land for 3 hen-pens and a greenhouse. I say he was in his element because he went and won 'Garden of the Year' twice in the old Walton-Le-Dale Urban District Council days before it was swallowed up by the present regime. He'd turn in his grave if he saw the property today as a huge 'barn-like' structure now covers his beloved side lawn. There again he'd probably wished he'd had thought of it !

I soon got friendly with the younger residents of my new habitat and it wasn't long before football, cricket, cowies 'n' injuns, war, etc., became part of my everyday life after school and weekends, and of course school holidays. If you lived in Avondale Drive, Moss Lane, Wilkinson Street or Moss Street you had to play anywhere but the huge council field which all these roads surrounded. Why ? Two reasons. Firstly, 'Trepassers will be Prosecuted' were actually taken seriously in those days. A fine and a kick up the jacksy by your old fella made you think twice. Secondly, there was a local plod called Stan Jackson who knew your face, your name and where you lived. I suppose he was only doing his job but believe me, he was a much maligned character by young and old alike. Playing around the institute at almost anything, hide and seek, cowies 'n' injuns, war, you name it we played it. Long grass, trees, coal cellars, all became part of what we were playing. They built a small extension at the back of the institute, brewing up, washing up etc. This proved to be very useful and possibly life-saving at times. One game we played was where we went to the apex of the institute roof and slid downwards at high speed, scraping the slates with our snake belts before coming to a halt on the new extension roof, otherwise we'd have gone straight off the edge and landed with a bang! Sliding down the coal-cellar covered in dust. No wonder my mum went mad when I went home like a chimney sweep ! Old Scott, the caretaker wasn't too impressed but he could never catch us. The Council school roof was a great spot for playing, easy to get up, one drainpipe near the 'Girls' entrance must have been specially designed for easy access. The views from the very top of the school were incredible, Blackpool Tower, I swear, Denham Hills, Winter Hill etc. My Dad looked as big as a subuteo player from up there, digging in the back garden ! Even Stan Jackson couldn't see or catch us up there. Before they built the Scout Hut and new houses in Moss Lane, the railway field was a great place to play as well. Pits, ditches, ideal places for getting wet through and mucked up. We used to go to Tom Parr's Garage/Scrapyard for ball-bearings for playing marbles. This was situated just off the junction of Wilkinson Street and Moss Lane. They were wonderful days, pre television and computers etc. We made our own fun (despite Stan Jackson !)

Tony Billington

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Football in Lostock Hall, late 60's.

I thought I would send something for you to consider for the magazine. This has been prompted by reading Tony Billington's excellent review called Lostock Hall Dynamos, 1966 in Issue 15. There was a 6 a side mini league organised by a gentleman called Danny Doherty who used to live on Harold Terrace in Lostock Hall.

This league started around 1968 and ran for a couple of years and was supported by about 8 teams from around the Lostock Hall and Bamber Bridge areas. I have no photographs but I do remember some of the team names, where they played their homes games, and some of the names who played for these teams.

Lostock Hall United, home ground – Fir Trees Avenue – Neil Fleming, Mario Nisbet, Anthony Shultz, Gary Eastham (RIP), Alf Livesey, Mark Darwen, and Derek Sutton.

Lostock Rangers, home ground – Lostock Rec – Geoff Sharp, Frank Kilshaw, Steve Parker.

Lostock ????, home ground – St Gerards Field – Paul Doolan, Andy Byrne, Mark Byrne, Colin Marginson, Andy Beck, ??? Quinn, Alan Preston.

Gregson Lane, home ground – Gregson Lane – Nicky Roach, John Myerscough. If anyone can add to this and fill in the gaps please do so as these were all good lads and good players. Kind regards Neil Fleming

MOSS XI v A SELECT XI at Coote Lane c. late 50's

Back Row Albert Slater –
Albert Wilson – Tommy
Atkinson – W. Smethurst
?(White Coppice) –
Frank Parker – Eddie
Pye

Front Row – Stan
Rudman – Eric Holt
(Capt) – Conrad Hunte –
Les Dagger – Albert
Riding? (White Coppice)

This photograph was taken before a Charity Match in the late 50's to raise funds for the widow and family of Jimmy Benson, whom I'm led to believe died from a brain tumour. Jimmy was a driver at the mill,



sometimes taking the Moss CC team to away games.

A Moss CC combined XI with guests played a very strong Select XI led by Bill Alley, Australia and Somerset all-rounder, who later became a highly respected Test Match Umpire. 2 very good players guested from White Coppice, the names above where given me by Stan Rudman and Dave Wilson, hopefully correct.

Also in the side was local boy Les Dagger who was born on Croston Road opposite the Anchor Inn. Les went on to play for Preston North End playing alongside Tom Finney. He also played for Fulwood and Broughton in the Palace Shield and was a very talented table tennis player. The big name in the Moss CC team on the day was West Indian Test Star Conrad Hunte. A more detailed article on this outstanding cricketer will follow in a future issue. He played in the highly successful Windies side of the 60's, which included such great names as Sir Frank Worrell, Sir Garfield Sobers, Rohan Kanhai and Wes Hall to mention just a few.

My own memory of the game as a scruffy young whippersnapper was a gang of us mobbing a giant of a man, West Indian fast bowler Tom Dewdney. After signing autographs he let us try on his 'Test' batting gloves, which looked like oven gloves on our very small mitts! Then, to cap off a memorable day, Tom went and bought us all a '99' cornet at Johnny Flanagan's ice cream van. (2 weeks spending money!)

Amongst the many names involved with the Thomas Moss Mill Cricket Team over the years appear below in alphabetical order.

**D BARNISH – E BARNISH- F BARNISH – J BENSON – T BILLINGTON –
N BOOTH – F BLAND – J BLAND – J CAUNCE – L DAGGER – C DAWBER - E
DURHAM – L EAVES – T FISHWICK – A HAYES – E HOLT –
H HUDSON – J JOHNSON – G JONES – J LOWE – R MOLYNEUX –
L NEWELL – D PARKER – F PARKER – E PYE – K RACE – E RICHEY –
P RIMMER – S RUDMAN – A SLATER – E WADDINGTON –
J WADDINGTON – A WILSON – D WILSON – J WILSON**

If your name does not appear on the above list please don't hesitate to contact the magazine. I am only going off information at my disposal. If you can fill us in on any more memories and stories about the Cricket Team please get in touch.

Tony Billington, with contributions from Stan Rudman, Dave Wilson and Tommy Miller.

Ralph and Joyce Chapman recently celebrated their 66th Wedding Anniversary.

Ralph lived in or around Farington for much of his early life, Joyce moved to Lostock Hall before her teens. Ralph and Joyce both attended Farington Endowed School leaving at 14 years old in 1941/42. Ralph, at 14, initially worked at Leyland Motors but couldn't handle the heat of the factory and his uncle got him a job Barton Motors where he worked either side of his National Service. Eventually rising to the position of Workshop Supervisor. Joyce went on to work at both Tardy Gate Mill and Thomas Moss Ltds Mill on Coote Lane. She later worked at Whitfire (part-time) on Church Lane, Farington when their children came along. They were married at St. Pauls, Church Lane, Farington on 17th May 1948. Ken Sanderson, who still lives in Lostock Hall was Ralph's best man. They lived in East View off School Lane in the mid 1950's before moving to Windsor Road, Walton-le-Dale and then back to Church Lane in Farington in the early 1960's. Ralph played for and managed Lostock Hall FC in the 1950's and 1960's. He even refurbished their Changing Rooms behind The Anchor on Croston Road. In 1971 they moved to Chichester on the South Coast after he was "head hunted" by his old boss from Barton Motors (Fred Savage). Initially Ralph managed the Service and Car Hire departments at Mason's Garage in Chichester until they ceased to trade in the late 70's. Ralph and Joyce then moved to an ex-vicarage (in need of major rework) near Worthing.

The old house even had butler bells in each of the rooms which when a cord was pulled in any particular room the bell rang in the scullery indicating which room required service!!! Once they had moved to Worthing Ralph managed the Caravan Service and Repair Dept at Tate's Garage in Portslade, near Brighton and Joyce worked in the catering department at Excess Insurance opposite their house on Warren Road. Caravanning had been a big part of their lives since they took their 18 month old son and a 10 foot caravan (with a bucket for a loo) to Scotland in 1956. Later they owned a caravan near Conway in North Wales which was chained down to avoid it blowing away in the winter storms. This caravan was frequented regularly by a crafty Jackdaw each summer. They even saved up the empty pop bottles throughout the holiday to pay for the petrol to get home (in those days there was a deposit on each bottle which was refunded when you handed the bottles back to the shop!!). Once retired (in 1991) they towed their beloved 1993 Swift Corniche 14/2 caravan (which they eventually owned for 20 years) to Altea in Spain every Autumn for 6 weeks as well as covering much of the UK over the rest of the year. Indeed for their Golden (50th) Wedding Anniversary (aged 70) they towed their caravan to Croatia (via Belgium, Luxembourg, Germany and Austria). Ralph took a wrong turn when leaving the ferryport so they went south using the route they'd planned to return by and came back north a month later along the route they'd intended for their outbound journey!! Adaptability being the first word in caravanning!! On arrival in Croatia they text home to say it was 42C and full of naked Germans... so they were setting off back! Joyce broke an ankle descending the Jungfrau mountain in Switzerland when in her early 70's and a year to the day later she broke the other ankle on Dorset. She now sports a Swiss made titanium plate in her ankle! For their Diamond (60th) Wedding Anniversary, now 80 years of age, they flew to Switzerland and once again visited their favourite Swiss resort of Interlaken (although there was no trekking up Jungfrau on this occasion!!). For their Blue Sapphire (65th) Wedding Anniversary they received a second telegram from the Queen. They are now in possession of two telegrams from the Queen and looking forward to collecting a third for their Platinum (70th) Anniversary in 2018! In May 2014 they celebrated their 66th Wedding Anniversary (see the photo).



Mill Stories by Ken Berry Part 2

One day one of the weavers came running for my father because there was something under a loom and it was clear to my father that whatever it was it was causing her a great deal of distress. On inspection it turned out to be a frog, which had got amongst the fluff, which always gathers under the looms. From time to time this huge fluffy ball would suddenly leap into the air. The problem was soon resolved when the frog was placed outside on the cricket field.

It is necessary to keep the humidity as high as possible in the weaving shed to ensure the smooth running of the looms. To keep the moisture level up there were water pipes running across the entire area of the weaving shed which sprayed a very fine mist of water at intervals during the shift. On one occasion a disgruntled ex-employee managed to put a quantity of green dye into the large water tank, which supplied the water pipes. Nothing was noticed until the lengths of cloth were finished, removed from the looms and taken into the warehouse. Every piece of cloth was inspected before it left the mill to look for any imperfections in the weave, many of which could be repaired. As the day progressed first one piece of cloth and then another was found to have an unexplained sudden slight change of colour across the whole width of the cloth. It was soon realised that every single piece of cloth woven that day had the same fault. It was soon tracked down to the dye in the tank but what to do with all the cloth. It was sent to the finishers with a request to do whatever was needed to remove the colour change. The cloth was washed, bleached and even dyed but nothing would remove or disguise the damage which had been done. In the end it all had to be treated as waste simply because no customer would accept a batch of cloth which had a colour change in the middle of it.

My father arrived at work for the 6am shift and went into the office block to his office to take off his coat. He was met by a smartly dressed man who asked him if he was Joe Berry. He said that he was and asked the man what he was doing. The man explained that he had been sent to carry out some work study and wanted permission to go around the mill observing the employees. My father explained that he would need to get the shift going and deal with the hand over from the night shift before he could give any time to the needs of the work study man. As my father was dealing with some of the outstanding problems from the previous shift one of the weavers said to him "You're not going to employ him are you – he's already been in trouble with the police". At this my father turned to look for the man only to find that he had vanished. My father dashed after him into the office block to find that the finance office had been vandalised and ink had been thrown around to make it look like the work of children. It turned out that it was pay day and he was expecting the week's wages to be in the safe. He was searching for the safe keys, without success as it happened. The police were called and a statement was taken from the weaver who had warned my father. She knew his name and address and so the police were able to go straight round to his house and arrest him.

I don't know whether the next story has any connexion with the last one but it was decided to employ a night watchman over the weekends. My father always said that the mill seemed to finish up with all the misfits which the Employment Exchange couldn't do anything else with. I don't know whether he was blaming me but it turned out that the night watchman needed a siesta during the night, was slightly deaf and didn't seem to be doing his job at all. There were a number of incidents which seemed to go unnoticed by the night watchman. It was decided therefore to install a series of check points around the premises at which he was required to clock on at set intervals during the night. This was to ensure that he did his patrols as he was employed to do. Sometime later the burglars broke in and stole the safe. They carried it down a flight of steps into the cellar and tried to drill out the lock. They drilled thirty six holes in the safe door until the drill was so blunt that it must have screamed as they attempted to get the safe open. They were unsuccessful and abandoned the safe in the cellar and fled. This all went unnoticed by the night watchman and an enquiry was launched to discover why he had seen nothing. It turned out that he had loosed the screws on all the clocks and so his first duty each night was to collect all the clocks and take them to his night watchman's cabin. He then set an alarm clock to go off at the appointed times so that he could put his clocking on card into the correct clock and then go back to sleep. He was soon relieved of his post!

The tackler's job included dealing with any breakdowns of the looms. When a fault occurred the weaver would put the loom number on a backboard at the end of the alley. When the tackler had repaired the fault he would cross out the number and the weaver would know that the loom was ready to use again. It was decided that in the interests of efficiency they would employ a fitter who would do routine planned maintenance on a block of looms at a time thereby reducing the number of breakdowns. A suitably qualified fitter was engaged and he began his duties. Unexpected breakdowns still occurred from time to time and a weaver came to my father with a query. She asked what she should do as she had put a loom number on the blackboard, the fitter had been to it and done some work and had crossed out the number but the work required on the loom had not been finished. When the fitter was asked to explain this he pointed out that the outstanding jobs required a leather strap and some wood screws. "I'm a fitter and I work with spanners, bolts and metal, not leather and wood. If you want that doing you will need to employ a joiner". Even after it was explained that his duties included all parts of the loom he still refused and another good idea bit the dust.

The ceiling in the offices was a suspended ceiling but was quite high. A firm of decorators were busy painting the walls of the offices and corridor and one of them was busy working one day on a plank across two trestles, high above the floor. He was quietly painting away when with a crash and a cloud of dust an electrician who had been working in the roof space above fell through the ceiling and landed feet first on the painters plank. I don't know who was most surprised.

More next month ...

A TARDY GATE GIRL BY JACKIE STUART

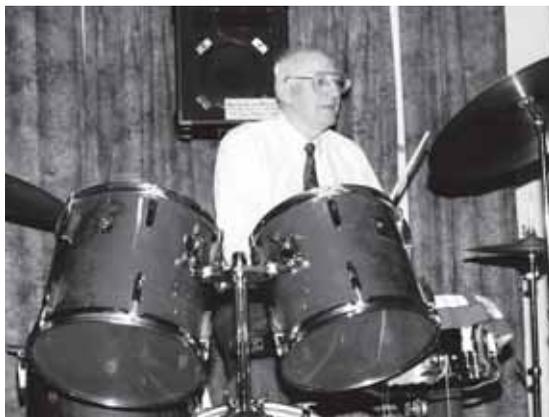
It was the Christmas party at Bernard's work that afternoon, so he took Helen to it. So that Stuart did not feel left out we had bought him a wooden train set and told him that the new baby had brought it for him. I was left on my own the Sunday because Bernard went to work. A home birth creates a lot of washing, so guess who was doing it that morning. My mum did come to do the Sunday dinner for me and neighbours kept popping in. Over the next few years I did some part-time work in a fruit and vegetable shop and then the Off Licence on Linden Drive. Then in 1975 I managed to get a job as a lollipop lady. With Helen and Stuart both at school this job worked out quite well for me. I could see them both across the road and then they would walk to school with a neighbour. My mum and dad had retired then so they looked after Alison for me. She would follow my dad around like a bad smell. If he was cycling down the road she would be behind him on her bike. You would hear him shout 'Jacqueline, come and take it back'. I had also started driving lessons again. I did start to learn to drive when I was 21 but I was a nervous wreck. The instructor was awful with me and would shout all the time. The new instructor was very good with me. He had done a course in psychology and knew exactly how to put me at ease. I had also started working behind the bar at the Labour Club on Friday and Saturday nights, this time my mother looked after the children for me. Bernard also worked at the club as a waiter. Working behind a bar has its compensations. You have a social life and entertainment while getting paid for it. Life was looking up and I was beginning to enjoy it at last. When Alison was about three years old I took the children to Sunday School at St James Institute. While they were there I went to church. I decided that I would like to be confirmed. Joan and Michael from next door were my sponsors. Helen became a Brownie, and in 1976 was chosen to be an attendant to the Rose Queen. With the Queen's Silver Jubilee coming up the following year, a group of us in the street formed a committee to organise a street party, just as my mother had done before me. We set up a bank account for the weekly subscriptions of 10p per child. The older people in the street who did not have any children, were involved in making sandwiches and cakes and being judges for the fancy dress competition. Everyone really got stuck in. I made costumes for the children. Helen was a waterfall, Stuart was the Milky Bar Kid and Alison was Miss Jubilee. Helen's costume was mostly made out of tin foil streamers over a long pale blue underskirt. She had a pointed silver hat, and silver armbands with tin foil streamers hanging from them. The only problem was, she had to walk with her arms outstretched. Stuart wore glasses at the time, so with his blonde hair, a check shirt with a milky bar in the pocket, a borrowed Stetson and gun belt, he looked the part. Alison had a parasol and dress covered in union jack paper, with red, white and blue paper flowers sewn onto them. To top it off she had a silver paper tiara on her head. We hired a marquee from the local scout group. Borrowed tables and chairs from St Gerards church, and had a P.A. system. From January until the day of the Silver Jubilee everybody worked very hard. The day of the street party arrived and it was pouring with rain, but we carried on regardless. A visitor to the street though had told some of the neighbours that the fancy dress was cancelled. Somebody, I can't remember who, ran to my house to tell me what this visitor was doing. I couldn't let this happen. Everyone had put so much effort into making costumes for their children. So off I went down the street to let people know that the fancy dress would go ahead inside the marquee. I had that walk on me again. The one that said 'Who the hell do you think are coming in here and telling me what to do?' I wasn't going to let anyone spoil the event. My dad saw me walking along and knew that

I was mad. He was talking to this woman, 'The visitor'. She was making disparaging remarks about me, then asked my dad who I was. He said to her 'That's my daughter'. She hurried away very quickly. Despite this, the day was very successful. Alison won the prize in her age group. It was a doll which she called Elizabeth. She wasn't very keen on dolls, she preferred to play football with Simon from next door. The following day there was a parade through the villages. People had been decorating floats all the previous week. I had helped with the Labour Club float. It looked brilliant. It was a silver and gold float depicting a Silver Jubilee Queen and a Golden Jubilee Queen, with boy and girls attendants on it. Stuart was one of the boy attendants. Helen was walking with the church group, while Alison and I walked with the Club float. Everyone was cheering the float and thought we should have won first prize. We did win second prize, but what people didn't know was that one of the judges was 'The Visitor'. A few months before the Silver Jubilee celebrations started in April to be exact, I changed my job again and started work at Lostock Hall Council School, as a school clerk in the Infants Department, for 15 hours a week. Helen was then in the Junior side while Stuart was still in the Infants. Linden Drive School had been built, but not all the classes had moved there yet. In the July of that year we went to Balybunion in Ireland for our holidays. This time it was a cottage belonging to Bernard's work. We were supposed to have been there for two weeks, but Bernard wanted to come back home after only one week. Alison sadly lost Elizabeth on the P & O Ferry on the way back. On the 4th October I took my driving test for the second time and passed it. I was quite surprised because I had started with tonsillitis that day and thought I wouldn't make it. I had doped myself up with Anadin and was so relaxed I just sailed through the test. I didn't think I had passed at all. There again I wasn't bothered either. I rang Bernard to tell him, but he didn't appear all that interested. Never mind, I was on a high even though I was ill. October 20th, 1977 proved to be a very bad day in more ways than one. Stuart had been bullied again. It had been going on since he was 18 months old, and I had had just about enough. I ended up having a row with one of the neighbours, then eventually her husband. I know that I was very angry and was ready to lash out with my fists if necessary. I was still angry when Bernard came home from work. I handed him his tea then went upstairs for a bit of peace and quiet. Bernard came and asked me what the matter was. Looking back that was most unusual. He had never asked me about anything before. He was never in the house long enough to notice if anything was wrong. Anyway I told him what had happened and that I was very angry and felt that I could not cope. Also I did not want to have an argument with him. He said he was going out and left me alone to calm down. He came back home after midnight. Then he dropped a bombshell. He asked me if I was asleep. When I said no, he said 'If you could not cope before, you will not be able to cope in three weeks time, because I am leaving you'. I could not believe what I was hearing. My mind had gone numb. But I do remember saying that if he was leaving he had to leave the following morning. I was not prepared to have him in my bed, cook his meals, and do his washing and ironing knowing that he was leaving. What on earth did he take me for? 6 o'clock the following morning I was crying in my coffee at Joan and Michael's house next door. Bernard was packing and I couldn't stand being in the house while he was doing it. My world had fallen apart yet again. No wonder he had asked me what was wrong the previous night. He must have thought that I knew what was going to happen. What the hell was wrong with me. Have I got 'MUG' tattooed on my forehead or 'KICK HERE' stamped across my rear end.

More next month

50 years plus 'Drumming' By Brian Whittle

In 1950, aged 15, I became the resident drummer at Lostock Hall Con Club. Where 'Frank Jackson' was the pianist. I stayed for approximately 7 years. Residencies at Lostock Hall British Legion and Acregate Labour Club followed. Stand ins at various clubs also followed at Leyland and Farington, Farington Con Club, Fox Lane, Leyland Masonic, also various places whilst playing for Bill Culshaw, including Pines, Hindley Labour Club, Ribbleton Working Mens Club and others including 'Old Trafford Cricket Ground'.



Leyland Motors S.A.C. came next with Carl Preston, Graham Simpson (organist) and myself, known as the 'Carl Preston Trio' from 1975-1993. During this time a tape was made of the favourite music from the members. The sale of this tape along with a Friday Night Cabaret raised £1600 for St Catherine's Hospice. Eventually my last residency was at Leyland R.B.L. from where at the age of 68 I retired. I must say that I fully enjoyed every minute from 1950 – 2003. although it was very time consuming ie. every weekend, Christmas Eve and New Year etc., but that was part of the routine.

Carl Preston Trio BAC 1992

Left to right – Graham Simpson (organ) Carl Preston (vocalist) Brian Whittle (drums)



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