

N° 27

MAY, 1981

The journal of
THE LEYLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY



LEYLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

(Founded 1968)

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Tel. No: 24229

AIMS

To promote an interest in History generally
and of the Leyland area in particular.

MEETINGS

Held on the first Monday of each month
(September to June inclusive) at 7.30 p.m.
excluding statutory holidays.

AT PROSPECT HOUSE, SANDY LANE, LEYLAND.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Vice Presidents	£3.25 per annum
Adult Members	£2.75 per annum
School Members	£0.20 per annum
Casual Visitors	£0.50 per meeting

A MEMBER OF THE FEDERATION OF HISTORICAL SOCIETIES
IN THE COUNTY PALATINE OF LANCASTER
AND
THE HISTORIC SOCIETY OF LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE

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CONSTITUTION

1. The name of the Society shall be the Leyland Historical Society.
2. The object of the Society shall be to promote an interest in History generally, and of the Leyland area in particular.
3. The Officers of the Society shall be a President, Chairman, Vice-Chairman, Secretary and Treasurer. All except the President to be elected annually.
4. The Committee shall consist of the above officers and twelve elected members who will serve for two years - six of whom will retire each year, but may offer themselves for re-election. Any Committee member who is absent from three consecutive Committee meetings without reasonable cause shall be deemed to have resigned.
5. The Committee shall have the power to fill casual vacancies which may arise during the year, but any members so appointed must offer themselves for re-election at the next Annual General Meeting.
6. The Committee shall meet at least three times a year.
7. Sub-Committees may be formed for particular purposes. The President, Chairman and Secretary shall be 'ex-officio' members of such Sub-Committees.
8. The Annual General Meeting and elections of officers and Committee Members shall be held no later than the 15th day of July in each year.
9. An Extraordinary General Meeting shall be held on the written request of five members of the Society, subject to at least three weeks' notice.
10. Any change in the Constitution must be approved at an Annual or Extraordinary General Meeting. At least two weeks' notice, in writing, must be given or proposed changes.

11. The rate of annual subscriptions will be determined at the Annual General Meeting for the ensuing year. Proposals for changes in subscriptions must be circulated to members at least two weeks before the Annual General Meeting. Subscriptions become due at the date of the Annual General Meeting. Any member who has not paid by the 31st December will be deemed to have lapsed membership.
12. The Committee may from time to time propose the election of Honorary Life Members of the Society for approval at a General Meeting. Such members will be entitled to participate fully in the activities of the Society but will not be liable to payment of Annual Subscriptions.

NEWS & COMMENTARY

Mr. Geo. Bolton recently presented to the society the book he has written on 'The Crook's of Crook'. The name is associated with the charities of Leyland in the eighteenth century and with Moss Side (St. James) in particular.

Conservation

Rumours of the proposed resiting of the Cross are being enquired into and we are also concerned about the future of the Civic Hall in addition to Eccleshaw and Wellfield houses and certain farm properties.

Two of our committee are attending lectures at the Lanc. Record Office on the reading of old legal documents and records.

To anyone who has tried reading say a will made 200 years ago, the difficulties encountered in the spelling, grammar and legal jargon are daunting.

The low temperature of the Hall during lectures has caused some concern but we are assured the matter is on the way to a satisfactory improvement.

We have decided that an occasional contribution to The Chronicle by a non member is acceptable and in this issue we are including a narrative style account of a sale at Leyland Vicarage long, long ago.

Mr. William Rigby (a well known member) has been given all Mr. Peter Sumners literary work by his widow to use as he thinks fit.

Peter Sumner, who died two years ago, was a printer with Messrs. Threlfall's and lived at the old ~~fall~~ grammar school house (now the museum) when a boy.

The hand-bill which we reproduce later in the Chronicle was given to Mrs. Deacon recently and awakens thoughts of English social history from 18th to the 20th Century. Leyland Workhouse was situated on the corner of Golden Hill Lane and Wheelton Lane with a garden fronting Golden Hill Lane. The land was purchased in 1780, the mortgage being raised by people of means in the vicinity including the ffaringtons. We don't know when it was built exactly or when it was extended but it was quite a substantial block of buildings covering 130 feet square with a quadrangle or yard. There were two weaving depts., bedrooms, sick rooms, schoolroom, offices for the warden and a separate building called on the plan 'The

nessecaries' and 'bog'.

When the workhouse was closed after the New Poor Law Act of 1834 we are not sure but it was let in 1851 to a Mr. Smith and later taken by Mr. Quinn for the manufacture of rubberised cloth and hose pipe in 1873.

Mr. Quinn died in 1883 and the works became the well known Leyland and Birmingham rubber Co. in 1886. The main buildings were three stories high.

When the districts were amalgamated and the 'Union' system established (after 1834) Leyland was absorbed into the 'Union' of Chorley.

Many working people who through no fault of their own and were unable to support themselves due to bad trade and unemployment, entered the workhouse and were known as 'paupers'.

To have to enter the workhouse was a great fear in people and continued until well into our present Century. Families were divided into men, women and children - a cruel, inhuman and degrading arrangement.

Any further information on the Poor Law Acts, Lancashire can be obtained from the local library. One such book is 'Social Administration in Lancashire 1830-1860 by E.C. Midwinter.

We have had one contribution on 'I Remember' from Mrs. Hutchinson. Can't we do better than this?

Notes on Inspector Kershaw's Article

In 1982 Leyland Police Station will have been in use for 100 years and Mr. Kershaw is a serving police officer there and is currently engaged in research into policing in Leyland, and the article is a summary of his early findings.

It is possible that a centenary exhibition will be mounted at the museum in 1982 and any information about policing in Leyland would be welcomed from our members and friends.

If so please contact Mrs. Knowles (museum - Leyland 22041) or Mr. Kershaw, tel. Longton 616119.

Edgar Mason

The Ffarington Family

The Ffaringtons of Worden have been closely associated with the history of Leyland for more than 700 years. There are nearly 4,000 documents relating to them in the Lancashire County Record Office at Preston. The earliest character definitely known is John, son of a certain William de Meles who had acquired lands in Farington early in the thirteenth century. This William was "rector of a moiety of the church of Leyland". His son, John de Farington, married the lady Avicia Bussel, daughter of Robert Bussel (later called Bushe'll), the Baron of Penwortham, about the year 1230. John was soon established with his "lands and woods" at the old Farington Hall. This house was built at the junction of Hall Lane and Mill Lane, now almost completely disappeared, but I remember Farington Hall as a pleasant old farmhouse. It was still coated, and retained old oak beams in roof and walls of the outbuildings.

Many documents were signed and sealed there; one in 1314 between the Abbot of Evesham and his Priory of Penwortham with William de Farington concerning their "rights of common of pasture in woods and waste land", and the erection of a corn mill. This was the earliest reference to the water mill which I can just remember in Mill Lane.

A later Sir William accompanied John of Gaunt to Spain in 1360, and fought in France in 1372 during the Hundred Years War. He obtained further grants of land.

Several members of the family served as vicars of Leyland old parish church of St. Andrew before the Reformation. Robert de Farington, who died in 1404, was rector of Croston, canon of Laughton, York, and treasurer of Ireland.

In 1482 William Farington was knighted during the war in Scotland, and he requested in his will of 1500 that his body should be buried before the altar of St. Nicholas' chapel in Leyland church. About this date, at the end of the fifteenth century, the tower of Leyland church was built at the expense of Sir William and his son, Sir Henry Farington. Henry was knighted at the coronation of Anne Boleyn, and he enjoyed the favour of both Henry VII and Henry VIII.

Sir Henry held office as sheriff of Leyland Hundred, and received a letter from the King Henry VII in 1504, "to our trustie and well biloved Squier for oure bodie, Henry Ffarryngton, stewarde of our manors of Penwortham, Osewalton, Eccleston, and Leyland, greeting". This letter ordered him to take the oaths, at his next court, of all the tenants that they would use no livery "but only our bagien the red

rose". Sir Henry founded a chantry in 1524 in Leyland church, where a priest was to pray for the souls of his father Sir William, and his mother Dame Alice, together with those of certain members of the Wodecock family. The priest was also to keep "a free school in the church." This was the origin of the old Grammar School, later held in the building in the churchyard, which is now the museum. In 1534 he bought a new home for his youngest son and heir, William. This was Worden Hall, originally owned by the Arderton family, which older residents of Leyland remember as Old Worden, but the R.O.F. is now built on this estate. Farington Hall passed into the possession of his grand-daughter, Joan.

The chief residence was now, in Tudor times, at Worden. William Farington became a typical Tudor gentleman, and he was steward to three successive Earls of Derby at Lathom House. His account books, beautifully written with a quill pen, can be seen among the family papers. He rebuilt old Worden Hall, kept twenty liveried servants there, and changed the family motto from "Toil conquers all" to "Virtue conquers all". His famous will, two folios long, includes the Worden glass collection, his gold chain, mourning rings, and oak furniture, such as the four-poster bed he had specially made for Edward third, Earl of Derby, whom he had entertained at Worden. William died in 1610, aged 73, and his portrait is in the County Record Office.

He was succeeded by his grandson, William, "the Royalist" as he was known. He was high sheriff of Lancashire during the Civil War, and received a letter from King Charles I at York ordering him and his son to "attend us personally forthwith". He was at the siege of Lathom House, but returned safely to Worden to build in 1649 the Farington almshouses, originally sited at Seven Stars, but rebuilt in Fox Lane by Miss Susan Maria Farington in 1849. He was succeeded by his son William and grandson Henry, but the next squire, another William died childless in 1715, and the estate passed to his cousin, also named William.

This gentleman, then aged 40 years, was living at Shaw Hill in Leyland. He had married Elizabeth Rufine, a Huguenot refugee from France, and they had three sons and three daughters. The eldest son, George, was the ancestor of the main line of the later Farington family, whilst his brothers William, a clergyman, and Henry of Wigan were ancestors of "the young squire" from the Isle of Wight and the two last squires of Leyland, respectively.

George ffarington died in 1742, and his widow Margaret Bradshaw retired to Eccleshaw House, now the doctors' surgery near Leyland Cross. Shaw Hall became the chief residence in the Hanoverian period, and was later re-named Worden Hall. Old Worden was dismantled, the oak panelling and leaded windows being removed to the more modern house, where George's heir, William, now lived. He was deputy-lieutenant and high sheriff of the county, and was knighted in 1761. He wrote two very interesting journals, the record of his continental "grand tour". He never married, but devoted himself to Worden, and made the Hall and its grounds a famous show-place, where rich visitors came to see the panelling and pictures, the gardens, woods, and cascades. This was the Sir William who gave "the small parcel of land" to Samuel Croke for the erection of the old Moss Side school in 1770.

His brother James, the black sheep of the family, succeeded him for some years. He was married to Mary Nowell of Altham, and their son William became lord of the manor in 1800 when he came of age. He, too, was sheriff of the county, and was married twice; first to Sybilla Georgiana Wilbraham-Bootle of Lathom Hall, then to Hannah Matthews. William and Hannah were the parents of James Nowell, two other sons who died, and two daughters, Susan Maria and Mary Hannah.

James Nowell came to the estate in 1837. He rebuilt the older part of the Hall, marrying Sarah Esther Touchet of Broom House, Eccles on 28th October 1847. He died suddenly the next year on 6th June 1848 from heart disease. His widow founded the church of St. James, Leyland, as a memorial to him. She lived on with her sisters-in-law at Worden until her death nine years later, aged 45 years. There is a beautiful effigy to her memory in St. James's church, but she and her husband are buried in the ancient parish church.

The misses Susan Maria and Mary Hannah lived in Worden Hall, being great workers for the churches and the whole village. I have known old Leylanders who could remember them as two elderly ladies, usually dressed in purple or black silk with be-ribboned bonnets, who used to drive out visiting neighbouring gentry in their carriage with coachman and footman with powdered hair. On special occasions there was also a postilion mounted on horse-back. Mary Hannah, the younger sister, died in 1888 aged 75 and Susan Maria died in January 1894, aged 85.

Susan Maria Ffarington rebuilt the almshouses; studied heraldry and glass staining, and then painted the coats of arms for two windows in St. Andrews church. She edited the Ffarington Papers from the original manuscripts. With the vicar of Leyland, the Rev. T.R. Baldwin, she restored the village cross in Towngate in 1886 to mark Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee, and also built the marble fountain there.

Susan Maria was the last of the main line of the Ffaringtons, and the estate was held in trust until 1907 when a distant cousin from the Isle of Wight came of age. Amongst much local rejoicing William Edmund Ffarington, known as "The Young Squire", came to Leyland and the next year he married Marguerite Phyllis, also from the Isle of Wight. He died tragically a year later, aged only 22 years, and his widow remained at Worden until her baby was born. As this was a daughter and not an heir, she returned home to her grandparents.

According to the arrangements decreed by Susan Maria in her will, the estate then passed to Richard Atherton Ffarington of Mariebonne, Wigan, and on his death in 1910 it passed to his son, Henry Nowell Ffarington who continued to live at Worden Hall with his mother, Mrs. Everilda Mary Ffarington. In 1941 there was a disastrous fire at Worden, but fortunately several historic documents were rescued from an oak press in the wainscote room, where they had evidently been placed by Miss Susan Maria for greater security. Amongst them was the oldest record, dating back to about the year 1153. This was the grant to Evesham Abbey of Leyland church by Richard Bussel of Penwortham, and monks came north at this time to found Penwortham Priory.

The last squire to live at Worden died in 1947, and he is buried with his parents in Leyland churchyard. The present representative of the family, Sir Henry Ffarington, is only distantly related to the former lords of the manor, and he lives in Somerset. His son, William Henry, and his daughter, Susan Maria, have visited Leyland, and she has shown some interest in the remains of Worden Hall and in the almshouses.

In 1948 the contents of the Hall were sold, and many surviving treasures were dispersed. Happily, in 1950, the old Leyland Urban District Council purchased Worden Park, and it was formally opened to the public during the Festival

of Britain celebrations in 1951, and the Park is a great delight to many.

Nessie Markland

N.B. The family name Farington was originally "De Farington". The form "ffarington" probably was taken from the florid style of writing the capital letter "F" in old manuscripts.

References

1. The Victoria History of Lancashire. Vol. VI
2. Documents in the Lancashire County Record Office.
3. Farington Family Papers - Calendar - Record Office.

I Remember

I have always been interested in the wonders of nature. I remember, in the year 1926, the canal near my home at Droitwich. On one stretch of water was a wall of phosphorescent mist, about 20 feet high. This was due to thousands of fish killed by a factory putting Vitriol in the water.

In June 1927, I stood on Birkdale Sands with thousands of people at 5.30 a.m., watching the total eclipse of the sun. Trains were even running from London to Southport as it was thought to be the best place for observing this wonder. As I watched I thought how frightening it must have been for people in the olden days.

At Morecambe in 1937, we experienced a tidal wave. The wind was blowing at 90 miles an hour and waves were so high that the sea was pouring over the top of the boarding houses which were 4 stories high. The power of it all was seen in the destruction of the promenade, and half the Wesleyan Cemetery was washed away, including the burial remains.

In 1944 our firewarden called us outside to show us the moon! It was a lovely green colour and reminded me of when I was a child; we had a saying, "When the moon is full of green cheese".

When I was at Morecambe, we were preparing for the celebrations for the ending of the Second World War in 1945. As we set up the chairs and tables and brought out the food, I looked up in the sky and saw a whirlwind waterspout. It was travelling quite quickly. All the mothers and children were sent inside their homes but fortunately it continued up the Bay and erupted in and around Lake Windermere. Afterwards we enjoyed our celebrations.

I remember when I was on a walk and saw a small pool. Around the edge for about a yard wide there were hundreds of spiders webs flat on the grass, and as the wintry sun's rays came down, the dewdrops shone like diamonds. Alas, I had no camera to record the sight. I can only remember....

Mildred Hutchinson

Policing In Leyland

The start of the Lancashire Constabulary can be traced precisely to the 14th October 1839, when the Magistrates of North and South Lonsdale met at Lancaster at the General Quarter Session to debate a motion to determine whether it was necessary to establish a new Constabulary Force in Lancashire. The Magistrates voted in favour, and two days later Magistrates from the Hundreds of Amounderness, Blackburn and Leyland, meeting at Preston, came to a similar decision.

On the 6th November 1839, the Magistrates from the whole of the County met at Preston for their Annual Sessions and voted for the formal adoption and establishment of a new County Force, entitled the Lancashire Constabulary, to consist of one Chief Constable, two Assistant Chief Constables, twelve Superintendents and four hundred and ninety-five Police Constables. (500 was the maximum number of men allowed under the County and District Constable Act of 1839.) The Chief Constable's salary was £500 per annum, that of Constable £47. 12s. 0d. (18s. 0d. per week).

On the 30th November 1839, an advertisement was carried in the 'Preston Pilot and County Advertiser', seeking applicants for all the new ranks. All applicants for the post of Superintendent and Constable had to be under 40 years of age, at least 5' 7", able to read and write, free from bodily complaint and of strong consumption. Seven candidates applied for the post of Chief Constable, and, eventually, Captain John Woodford was appointed. Little is known about Lancashire's first Chief Constable, other than the fact that he was a Captain and Adjutant in the Duke of Lancaster's Own Militia. He remained Chief Constable until 1856, when he took up a new appointment as an Inspector of Constabulary.

At the outset of the formation of the Lancashire Constabulary, Leyland Police Division was formed with one Superintendent and thirty-two Constables. This area was based on the boundaries of the Leyland Petty Sessional Division and extended from parts of Wigan to Ormskirk, across through the Hooles and Penwortham to the boundaries of the Rivers Ribble and Darwen and as far South as Chorley. It is not, therefore, surprising that with such an area to cover, the new Chief Constable made strong representation for a horse to be

available for the Superintendent, to enable him to have "the requisite supervision of the men under his command".

As yet it has not been possible to trace the identity of the first police officers charged with the responsibility of policing Leyland and its surrounding districts. Similarly, the location of the first buildings used have not been traced. One of the earliest references at the Lancashire Public Record Office to a police station is the architect drawings for the 'old' police station in Towngate, Leyland, dated 20th May 1837. This building was designed to accommodate a married sergeant and a married constable. Two cells were provided but there were no court facilities and this omission may account for its premature closure in 1832, when the current police station on Chapel Brow, with a court room, was taken into use. The Towngate building, however, maintained its links with the Lancashire Constabulary. It continued to be used to provide accommodation for married policemen working at Chapel Brow until 1931, when it was converted into a library (Miss Horsefield, a member of the Society, lived in Towngate during the 1920's until her father, Police Sergeant Horsefield, retired in 1926). The building is still in existence, the upper floors being used by the Royal Naval Association Club.

The evidence gained so far indicates that Leyland was not troubled by a serious 'law and order' problem in the mid-nineteenth century. In October 1839, the time the decision was made to form the Lancashire Constabulary, the most serious crime at the Quarter Sessions originating from Leyland, involved a 37 year old male stealing clothes - Punishment: six months hard labour at Lancaster Castle.

Policing in Leyland was not, therefore, perhaps harsh, but judging by the editorials of at least one paper, the 'new police' were not welcome. The 'Preston Pilot', in several editorials, carried criticisms about the possible loss of control by the Magistrates over the police, the number of persons arrested but released by the Magistrates after being 'admonished', indicating over-zealousness on the part of the police and, of course, the increases in rates to meet the cost of policing. This final criticism almost led to the disbandment of the new Force within two years of its formation. In September 1841, Magistrates for the County discussed a motion to disband the Force on the grounds of 'uselessness' and expense. No vote was taken and a final decision to adjourn until April 1842. At that meeting

seventy-one Magistrates voted in favour of disbandment and fifty-five for the continuation of the Force. However, such a motion could only be carried if three-quarters of the magistracy voted in favour. The motion was, therefore, defeated and the Force continued and became recognised as an asset to the well-being of the community.

Bernard A. Kershaw

LEYLAND, 6th JULY, 1801.

WANTED,
A GOVERNOR and GOVERNESS,
TO INHABIT IN THE
Workhouse at Leyland.

SUCH Persons as are desirous of offering themselves as Candidates to serve in the above Offices, are desired to deliver in to *William Leyland*, Overseer of the Poor, Credentials of their Abilities, and appear at the Free Grammar School in *Leyland*, on MONDAY the 3d Day of AUGUST next, at four o'Clock in the Afternoon.

N. B. A Person without a Family, and not belonging to the Township of *Leyland*, will be preferred.

PRESTON, PRINTED AT SERGENT'S OFFICE.

Climbing Your Family Tree

Mrs. G. Groves

Our speaker at the April meeting was Mrs. G. Groves who gave us a talk on tracing family history entitled "Climbing your family tree". She illustrated the somewhat difficult subject of genealogy by references to her own family history and outlined the right and wrong ways to set about the task.

After quoting the types of information available to the genealogist such as census returns, wills, directories, parish registers, Boyds Marriage Index, churchyard epitaphs and the unusual but useful Mormon Index, she told us where these records are located. We are fortunate in having available locally the vast resources of the Lancashire Record Office at Preston.

Mrs. Groves recommended joining a local family history society and also consulting the archives of the Society of Genealogists in London. She showed us an interesting concentric circle method of presentation of results.

The interest of the members showed that the talk had been very well received and it seems likely that it will have encouraged some to participate in the hobby and spurred on those already engaged in it.

Mrs. D. Mather proposed a vote of thanks.

G. Bolton

Leyland Vicarage in 1734

Whilst searching the Leyland parish registers for certain information, I noticed the following entry (1.) made in 1734 by the Rev. Christopher Sudell M.A. who was succeeded by the Rev. Edward Shakespear M.A. as Vicar of Leyland in that year.

As I am not aware that it has been reproduced previously it may be of interest to quote the inventory exactly as it was written.

The 30th May 1734

An inventory or schedule of some matters and goods left by ye Revd. Mr. Sudell for ye use and ornament of the vicarage house of Leyland and to ye Vicar and Vicars thereof from time to time so long as they shall last and will be serviceable.

In the Kitchen a large oak Dresser and shelves for ye pewter with a lesser dale (deal) dresser and all other shelves and boards therein - as fixed.

In ye servants dining place ye table and benches round it - as fixed.

In ye buttery and milkhouse all shelves as there fixed and a large flagg in ye cellar.

In the study ye old grate as fixed - if worth acceptance. Over ye study the iron bars and a large oak presse for cloths (clothes).

Over ye hall and chimney piece and tiles (?).
In ye maids room a old cupboard for laying cloths in.
In ye room over ye parlour ye iron bars as standing.
The room over ye kitching - boards round ye salve for hangings as in other of ye rooms and shelves throughout ye ~~said~~ house or chambers and closets.

Over ye brew house iron bars for ye grate and an old chest or coffer for laying in ye mens cloths with ye window table there fixed.

In the garner (store) a very large oak malt chest.

In the court a pump with its appurtenances.
The stone watering troughs and a lesser one for ye ducks.
An exceeding large stone trough for rain water with ye
spout etc., and ye benches in both ye porches.
In ye garden all ye fine greens stone rollers and benches.

Memorandum that ye said Christopher
Sudell do give and leave all their severall
necessaries above mentioned as witness my
hand ye day and date aforesaid.

Chr. Sudell

In presence of Richard Clayton, Jno Armetriding, Thos. Moone
Alexr. Nowell.

The 31 of May 1734

Then received from ye Revd. Mr. Sudell the Kings Broad Seal
with other papers of proceedings relating to ye church and
parish affairs of Leyland and thereof I acquit and discharge
ye said Mr. Sudell my predecessor as witness my hand ye day
and date above mentioned.

Edw. Shakespear Vicar

(Witnesses - as before)

1. Leyland Parish Register 1711 - 1741. Deposited in
Lancashire Record Office. Ref. PR2908 - 1/2

I am indebted to the Revd. W.J. Sawle B.D. for permission
to reproduce this entry in the register.

G.L. Bolton

Rambling About Stoneyhurst

The area around Hurst Green is steeped in history, as I discovered on a wet Sunday earlier this year.

After parking in Ribchester, by the playing fields behind the church which most probably hides the remains of the Roman Fort, Bremetennacum the site of which covered most of the village, the River Ribble has eroded some of the Eastern side. The tiny museum houses the excavation of the granary plus the pottery and stonework found in the area.

The walk started by passing behind the old mill to the west of the village, then crossing a series of fields to a tiny wooded valley. Crossing a narrow bridge I was able to climb up to pass through the yard of Buckley Hall Farm. The old building was hidden amongst the modern farm buildings with mullioned windows.

I crossed the main road to visit Written Stone Farm. Just before entering the yard the famous Written Stone could be seen nestling in the hedge bank. It stands on the line of the Roman Road from Ribchester to Lancaster. It is supposed to have been placed there by one of the Radcliffes following four deaths in the family, within a short space of time. At a later date one of the farm tenants moved it to use as a buttery-stone, but was constantly plagued by the antics of objects placed on it which tilted over and clattered about during the night. Another story tells of the stone being erected in a nearby field as a rubbing stone for the cattle and was followed by a succession of misfortunes to the farmer concerned. In both cases when the stone was replaced peace was restored. It now lies half buried in the bank with the inscription, "Rayffe Radcliffe laid this stone to lye for ever AD 1655".

At Knowle Green, a ruined mill stood by the side of a stream. Among the ruins could be seen the well that once housed the huge water wheel that drove the machinery of the mill. Seeing it now, it was hard to imagine it was once a thriving industry.

Later on in the day I passed the very old Greengore. The farmer owner came out to talk and invited me to observe the front portion of the building. The windows were

heavily mullioned with a delightful garden and creeping rose. Back at the rear of the building I examined the thick buttressed walls. One window had been altered at one time.

He brought out a paper that had been drawn up by a priest from the nearby Stonyhurst College. It depicted the history of the building giving the earliest date of 1314.

As a farmer he had rented the farm from the Stonyhurst Estates for 37 years and had recently bought it for his son. I was told of the bad winter of 1947 where the only track down to the village was over the fields.

Just outside Hurst Green I came upon Bailey Hall farm, parts of the building being 16th century. Bailey Chapel, founded by Sir Richard de Cliderhoe and destroyed in 1830. Most of the windows had been blanked off. One had been salvaged and was built into the front of Stonyhurst College. Where the ground fell rapidly away to the woods behind, the remains of a moat could be seen, a shallow depression in the grassy bank. A portion of the North wall still remained. As I chatted with the farmer I noticed how brown and weather beaten his skin was, and I thought him very interesting to listen to. His way of life had nothing in common with modern life.

It was going dark now so the latter part of the walk passed Dutton Hall that overlooked the Detabley Arms and old bridge. On this walk, every walk, I am able to get right away from the main roads, with its hustle and bustle, to potter along the much older highways. Meetings with country people and farmers are a tonic.

Graham Thomas

Sale At The Old Vicarage

It had been cloudy at first, befitting the sad occasion, but as I crossed the churchyard the widening stretches of blue sky betokened a fine afternoon. I heard a cuckoo call and thrushes whistled blithely from the budding limes. I, however, was in a far less buoyant mood. The sale of the old Vicar's belongings reminded me that he was the last of his line. For years he had ruled his parish, a microcosm wherein he was the undisputed potentate, the bearded arbiter of our destinies, of whom even my grandfather went in awe. But now the period of his dominion was over; I need no longer fear his frown; and from his elevation in the pulpit his Jovian aspect would intimidate me no more.

Leaving the churchyard, I passed through a shrubbery of holly and rhododendron trees. Emerging thence I found myself on the lawn at the back of the house.

The old vicarage, wherein the sale had just begun, was a low whitewashed building of square, unpretending design. It had sheltered the incumbents of the parish for hundreds of years. The entrance was dark even at noon on account of a giant beech tree which flourished only a few yards from the front door. Many years ago, I had heard my grandfather say, the fellow of this tree had so darkened and enclosed the house that it had had to be cut down. There was a rookery high in the branches of the surviving beech; circling overhead and cawing loudly, the sable denizens thereof were disturbed and uneasy spectators of the scene below.

On the lawn near the house stood a row of long narrow tables stacked with books. I was minded to linger by these, but first there was the house to explore.

Now the old vicarage, because of its last occupant, had a peculiar fascination for me. I hadn't been inside, but I was aware that it was a house of many associations, teeming with memories of the recent past. For the old Vicar's father had begotten stalwart sons who had sailed the seas and crossed continents on quests of high emprise. The parish had hummed with tidings of their exploits. But now they all were gone; and soon the survivor would likewise be seen among men no more.

I entered the house, whereupon my eager curiosity changed to a feeling of disappointment. There was a long narrow passage which led to a gloomy kitchen and a series of rotting rooms wherein twilight seemed already to have fallen. And how dismal I found the interior after the freshness and greenery and warm spring sunshine outside! The chill musty atmosphere smelled of death and decay. Yet here, long ago, the old Vicar had lived as a boy, full of zest and purpose; hither he had returned as a man to wield power and influence and enjoy the good things of life. And now his day was over; the sands had run out and for him loomed only the darkness and oblivion of the grave.

Such were my melancholy thoughts as I explored that crumbling old house, tenantless, yet the home of tradition, and resounding with innumerable strange voices and footfalls. Already the furniture in the bedrooms had been sold. The auctioneer was now busy downstairs; he was extolling the craftsmanship of a Jacobean chair in the dining-room as I looked in. But feeling disinclined to linger there, I passed pensively from room to room touching bric-a-brac that the old Vicar had prized but which he must now lose to strangers who might value them less than he had done. It must be hard to part with treasures one has loved and lived amongst for years, I thought; to surrender the keys of chests and cabinets, to have one's private rooms invaded by the curious and the profane; but harder, surely, to take leave of this world, with its manifold interests and delights, as the old Vicar soon must do.

With these thoughts a desire to quit the gloomy, musty-smelling house came over me; I chafed at the slowness of the sale and longed for the moment when the auctioneer should lead us out on to the lawn.

It came at last; and it was with a feeling of relief that I once again found myself in the open air.

By this time there was a goodly muster of people present. I caught a glimpse of the sexton in his black coat, of a sidesman's wife in her new spring frock. There were many fresh faces besides. From all points of the compass people had journeyed hither, some in quest of bargains, many out of idle curiosity, merely to inspect the house and the shady grounds hard by. But when the auctioneer and his clerk took their stand by the first table of books, most of the

missioners, as well as the visitors, dispersed. The fate of the old Vicar's library meant nothing to them at all.

For me, however, it was the climax of the afternoon. I looked at the wielder of the hammer with an interest tinged with awe. He was not the familiar local auctioneer; he was a stranger, a tall man with a brick-red face and a lugubrious expression. Around him had gathered a number of brokers, amongst whom I recognised a bookseller from a neighbouring town.

The auctioneer began. Flourishing his hammer, he eulogised the library he was reluctantly offering for sale. But even as he spoke there arose a clamour in the rookery overhead; his words were lost in a raucous tumult and a flock of black-coated protestants flew in circles above the beech-top.

He paused, frustrated, aggrieved. Then he frowned and glared angrily aloft as if to say: "Desist, you turbulent fellows. Hold your din while I am speaking."

Whether it was a purely domestic quarrel or whether the rooks were noisily protesting against the sale and the invasion of the sacrosanct vicarage domain, I could not tell. But as the clamour continued, the auctioneer had no option but to go on with his discourse, which he did with a gesture of resignation. Then he offered a number of travel books in one lot.

The brokers were not slow to respond. They bid briskly against each other. At last one of them outbid the rest, whereupon the entire lot of books was knocked down to him. To my dismay this procedure was repeated several times. It looked as though the whole library would be bought by the acquisitive brokers and that I should have to go home empty-handed after all.

Now there was a fine edition of Spenser in six calf-bound volumes on the table by which I stood. This treasure, together with the works of several other English poets, I hungered and thirsted to possess. But my luck was out; I coveted volumes knocked down to another dealer in the same manner as before. The sight of all those books falling into the hands of strangers who would never turn their pages distressed me profoundly.

Three o'clock sounded from the church tower. The sale was over. I was in despair, for I hadn't been able to acquire a single book to remember the old Vicar by.

And now the lawn was almost deserted. The rooks too were quieter, although a few were still cawing and wheeling overhead.

Loth to leave, I lingered by the tables, frustrated and nigh to tears. Then, chancing to look up, I beheld the bookseller at my elbow. He seemed pleased. I guessed that the sale had been eminently satisfactory from his point of view. He asked me how I did and what I thought of the sale. I then told him of my disappointment, of the books I had hoped to buy; that in spite of my eagerness to bid there had seemed to be a conspiracy amongst the dealers to prevent me from doing so and that in consequence I hadn't made a purchase.

The bookseller was sympathetic. He went and conferred with his fellows, collected the volumes I wanted and these, together with a few other books, he generously put into my hands, saying they were now mine and that he hoped I should gain much profit and inspiration from reading them.

I thanked him from a brimming heart. As I left the old vicarage lawn my regret at the finality of the sale was leavened by the thought of the windfall that had come my way.

How shall I chronicle that experience but as one of the happiest that has ever befallen me? The friendly bookseller did me a kindness that afternoon which I am sure the recording angel must have been both touched and gratified to set down. Such deeds shine like fragments of gold in the silica that bestrews the hard pathway of life.

P.N. Sumner

Film Archives

The evening of March 2nd had to be an instant success or a total flop. So many things went wrong there could be no inbetween.

I was never able to contact M/s Gomes who is in charge of the film archive's at Manchester Polytechnic. Everyone was very helpful; but somehow we never seemed to finalise anything. A week before the meeting I had a phone call; M/s Gomes had to go to London - could we possibly alter the evening! For once your secretary was less than co-operative. Firmly they were told, the room was booked, the posters out, and publicity had been arranged on radio Blackburn.

After an agonising afternoon a Mrs. Robertson said that we had a volunteer speaker, if we could project the films.

Our volunteer was about half an hour late, but several grey hairs later, your secretary and projectionist were very happy to welcome Miss Audrey Linkman.

Audrey was a delightful young lady, full of apologies for being late, and for being a substitute. She need not have worried, her films were fascinating nostalgia, her voice loud and clear, and the way the hall did not empty in the interval was proof of the interest aroused.

We saw Blackpool on a royal visit, and from the top of a tram - movies indeed.

We saw the Whitsun walks in Manchester, and learned that many local cinemas arranged an outing for their patrons, filmed it, and showed it on the screen the following week, - what enterprise - who can resist seeing themselves on the screen?

I think that the film snippet that I found most amusing was an airplane race from London to Manchester, some of which was actually filmed from a car following the plane! Hangliding looks safer than those early flights.

Miss Linkman told us that many companies made films to advertise their products, and we saw a pre-T.V. commercial advertising the co-op and the "Divi".

The 'Poly' have rescued many of these old films and preserved them, and Miss Linkman said if anyone owns or knows of any old film footage which is beginning to show signs of deterioration, and which shows interesting events, or just the way we were, the archive department will be glad to preserve them; they cannot restore a fading image, but can halt deterioration.

Miss Linkman was thanked by Mr. Woodward for an interesting and entertaining evening, and Mr. Damp received applause and gratitude for his work on the projector.

Mrs. D. Mather