

LEYLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

(Founded 1968)

Registered Charity No. 1024919

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AIMS

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

MEETINGS

Held on the first Monday of each month (September to July inclusive)

at 7.30 pm

(Meeting date may be amended by statutory holidays)

in

PROSPECT HOUSE, SANDY LANE, LEYLAND

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Vice Presidents	£10.00 per annum
Members	£8.00 per annum
School Members	£0.50 per annum
Casual Visitors	£2.00 per meeting

A MEMBER OF THE LANCASHIRE LOCAL HISTORY FEDERATION

THE HISTORIC SOCIETY OF LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE

and

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR LOCAL HISTORY

Visit the Leyland Historical Society's Website at
<http://www.houghton59.fsnet.co.uk/Home%20Page.htm>

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Editorial

Welcome to this is the fifty-second edition of the Lailand Chronicle. Another year has passed and it was a year marked by an exceptional summer with record breaking high temperatures giving Leyland something of a Continental air. I write at the end of October after a visit to north Lancashire where I took photographs of trees in their splendid autumn colours with fallen leaves on blossoming rhododendrons and forsythia.

It was a year in which the established stores of *Tesco* and *Lidl* were joined by *Aldi* and *Netto* and then in June by a *Morrison's* store, making a total of five supermarkets, all within a radius of about three miles. And so Leyland evolves. Leyland is thriving, judging from the traffic generated, especially in the morning and evening rush hours. The smaller firms in the business parks on the outskirts, rapidly being joined by the development of business units on Buckshaw Village, are providing jobs and the supermarkets too provide full time situations for local people and also part-time work for the many students attending the ever-expanding Runshaw College. It used to be that our planners allowed nothing to detract from the centre of Leyland, and now Hough Lane, with its smaller shops and tired-looking facade seems unable to keep up with the big money conglomerates we all patronise.

The M6 motorway connections of Junctions 28 and 29, and the M62, have put commuters from Leyland within easy reach of Blackburn, Manchester and Liverpool. This has no doubt encouraged the housing development on the multi-acre brown field sites of Royal Ordnance and Leyland & Birmingham Rubber Company.

We start the contributions to the Chronicle on a sad note with the report on the loss of a distinguished President, George Bolton. David Hunt puts together the tributes from George's friends and colleagues in his obituary.

Thanks, I am sure, to Mary's Fowler's entreaties in previous journals, many articles and newspaper cuttings have been sent in by members who have memories they want to share. These join regular contributors with more researched articles. We follow the route of the Leyland Festival through the story of the life of a Festival Queen and a little troupe trying to keep the tradition alive; we hear of little Leslie's exploits on his daily rounds, selling tripe, and we go into the lanes of Farington to find orchards where apple and pear trees once blossomed. There is the history of a Church which closed its doors leaving its congregation to find a welcome elsewhere, and a glance at the contents page shows a well-researched article produced by our Chairman on his family tree.

I have taken up the left-handed pen laid down by Mary in my own left hand and I thank her for her valuable assistance. I have given your Chronicle a slightly new format which I hope will meet with your approval. As printing costs are an ever-rising burden on the Society's budget I have sadly had to carry a few articles over until next year.

Thank you for the early arrival of this year's articles, keep them coming.

Mary Longton
Editor

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NOTE: Any opinions expressed in the contents of this journal are those of the individual contributor and do not necessarily represent the views of the Society.

Permission has been granted by the Ordnance Survey for the map scroll used on the cover.

Society Affairs 2005 - 2006

To start the 38th season on **5th September**, we were entertained by our member Derek Forrest who came to the meeting in the guise of a Roman Legionary. He described the uniform, living conditions and numerous other things that the Roman would have encountered in Lancashire from the first century AD. He encouraged some of the members to try some of the uniform, weapons and equipment themselves. As a member of the Ermine Street Guard he travels around the country giving demonstrations and re-enacting various events around Roman Britain.

The return of Mikron Theatre Company on **3rd October** with their latest play entitled "Wheel of Fortune" told the story of the Forth & Clyde Canal and the Union Canal, which transverses the Scottish lowlands from the Clyde in the west to the Forth in the east. The Union Canal joins at Falkirk to provide a link to Edinburgh. The four actors told the story of the canals from their instigation through the construction, working, decline, closure and rebirth with the building of the Falkirk Wheel which replaced a flight of eleven locks that connected the two canals.

On Monday, **7th November**, the members were entertained with a display of their own photographs as your chairman used the digital photographs we have acquired over the last few years. Using a power point display set up by our computer genius, we were able to show what the computer and digital projector can achieve.

For the last meeting of the year on **5th December** we welcomed Abby Hunt from the English Heritage Archaeological Investigation Team in York. Her talk entitled, "Reading the Landscape", showed the work that she and her team, which includes Stewart Ainsworth from Time Team, does in the north of England to identify and understand the landscape around us.

In a change from our published programme and due to Mr Howard being infirm, we were treated on **2nd January** to a late replacement as Joan Langford told the members "The History of Farington Mill". The two men, Messrs Bashall and Boardman, who built the mill and the adjoining village, not forgetting their two large houses at Farington Lodge and Farington House, were the centre of the tale. Joan carried on the story ending with the mill's demolition in the 1970s.

For the meeting on **6th February**, Dr David Hunt returned to the subject of many of his books with "New Light on Old Preston", where David showed that the historical field boundaries and streams that surround Preston are still there just beneath the surface. In the case of the Syke Brook, this can still be followed by street names, dips in the ground and the occasional well-sited grid, until it discharges into the River Ribble by the Penwortham Bridge at the bottom of Fishergate Hill. On Monday, **6th March**, our old friend, David Brazendale, told us about "Living in Rufford Old Hall". This he proceeded to do by reading from the inventory of the house that was drawn up on the death of a Hesketh in the 17th century. The contents of the house from the stables to the kitchen utensils were listed each with its nominal value.

When Bill Johnstone turned up on **3rd April** with a few pairs of handcuffs we knew we were in for an interesting night. With his talk entitled "A Whistle, A Truncheon and a Pair of Boots" we learnt about his time in the police from his early days when the only way the station kept in touch with its officers on the beat was to ring a certain phone box at a certain time and the patrolling officer had to be nearby to take the call.

The following Sunday, **9th April**, saw the adventurous members of the society on their yearly outing to Alston Hall, where, after a lovely three course meal, we were treated to a talk by Malcolm Tranter entitled, "The Ports of Lancashire". He started with Barrow and Ulverston on the old detached part of Lancashire and then slowly moved down the coast of Morecambe Bay taking in Arncliffe, Lancaster, Morecambe and Heysham.

In time, he reached the Fylde with Glasson Dock, Fleetwood, Blackpool, and Lytham, before getting close to home at Preston. He gave a good description of the birth, running and demise of the dock complex. To finish, he took us to the old Lancashire cities of Liverpool then down the

Manchester Ship Canal to the most inland of ports, Manchester itself. A long journey but well worth it.

On Monday, **1st May**, forty plus members, family and friends set out from the Tesco car park on the First Annual Historical May Day Outing. The coach from Cosgroves in Preston was on time and took the easiest route along the M61, M60, M62, A1 (M) to the outskirts of York, this being as quick as the more direct, but slower, A59.

As the May bank holiday crowds made an organised group historical walk around the streets a difficult proposition, everyone was given a coloured map of York together with a detailed walk to follow at their own pace. We all went our separate ways with a few of us taking the double-decker guided bus trip around the town. After lunch, we took the York boat from the jetty near the railway station along the River Ouse to view the city from the water angle. We managed to bring everyone home happy, so, we are currently planning next year's excursion. I'll be in touch nearer the date with all relevant details.

Saturday, **3rd June**, saw the committee again manning the stall at the Leyland Crafts & Local Societies' Fair. This year we had a display of the history of the churches of Leyland starting with the Cross and going on to the building of St Mary's Roman Catholic Church on Broadfield Walk in the 1960s and already a scheduled monument. Bill Waring also single-handedly put together a display to commemorate the 90th Anniversary of the Battle of the Somme.

The following Monday, **5th June**, the society welcomed back one of our favourite speakers, Stephen Sartin, whose talk entitled, "Historic Photographs of Lancashire Country Houses", enabled him to divert off the subject at any and all available points. So we all left the meeting having learnt something we didn't know before, though not necessarily about the aforesaid country houses.

As I was away on **3rd July**, I believe that Peter Watson gave his usual high standard talk on "Stranger than fiction", which followed the Annual General Meeting. This was conducted successfully by Vice-chairman Elizabeth who gave the Chairman's report followed by the usual reports from the Secretary and Treasurer. The Historian of the Year trophy was won by Derek Wilkins with his article on 'Why Wymott?'

We were very sorry to hear of the death on 9 July 2006 of our President, George Bolton. An obituary by David Hunt appears in this Chronicle.

As detailed in the financial report, while the accounts still show a credit balance, increased bills, including the large rise in the rent of the building, mean that the society needed to increase the membership fee by £2.00 to £8.00 from the next season. The last increase was in 1992, fourteen years ago, under the previous administration.

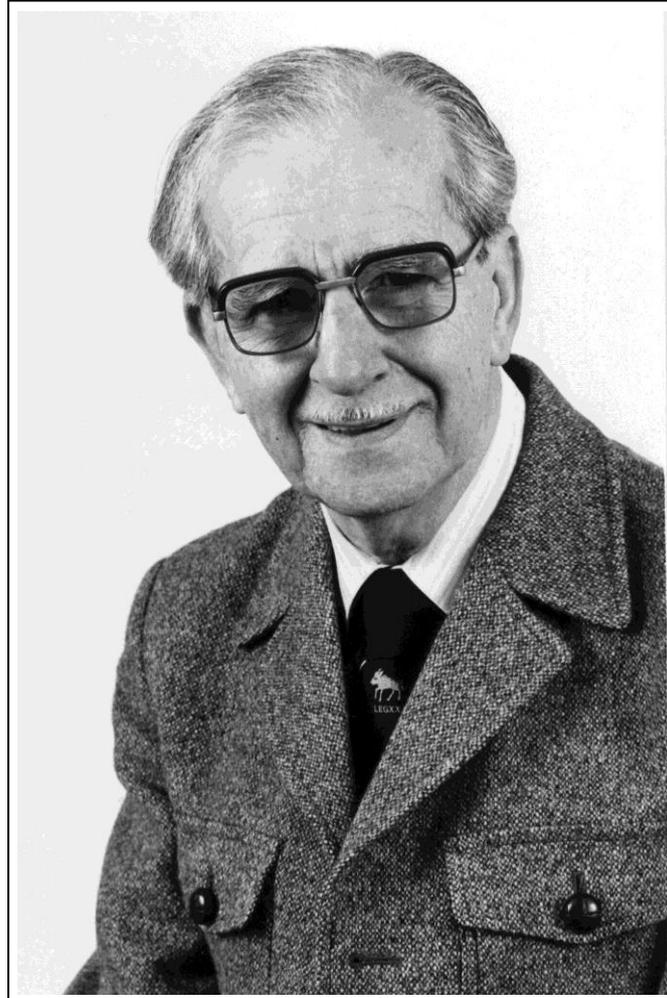
The website has continued to grow since its inception in December 1999 to a point that up to the middle of September the number of visitors to the site was over **25,717**, over 6,365 hits in the last year. The enquiries have continued to flood in with over forty requiring the committee's attention in the last twelve months.

I would just like to thank all the committee members for their assistance in the last thirteen years and I hope they will continue to carry on in the future, especially Elizabeth with the planning applications and Mary, who is editing the Chronicle for the first time.

Peter Houghton

Chairman

OBITUARY



George Leslie Bolton

(1917-2006)

Fifth President of the Leyland Historical Society 1989-2006

It is with much sadness that I report the death on 9th July, 2006, of our President, George Leslie Bolton.

In his time as a member, George filled a number of positions as a long serving committee member. He was made a life member in 1985 and became President in 1989, making him the longest serving incumbent in the office. George's funeral at Blackburn was well-attended by friends and Society members, a number of whom spoke affectionately of him at the service and they have kindly agreed to allow the following paragraphs to be based on their remarks.

George Leslie Bolton, the youngest of three children, was born in Chorley. Educated at the town's Grammar School, he began work in the laboratories of Leyland Motors Limited where, rising to senior management, he remained all his working life. He married fellow employee Marjorie Hunton in 1947 and the pair set up home in Yewlands Avenue before living for many years in Lancaster Lane. The devoted couple's plans for retirement and travel sadly came to naught with Marjorie's untimely death in 1978. George retired in 1981 and immersed himself in his many interests for the next quarter of a century.

The Scientist

George spent all his working life in the laboratory of Leyland Motors. This was initially located in the South Works just to the north of what is, today, King Street. During the war he moved to the Farington foundry and was actively involved in the metallurgical control of the electric arc steel furnaces which were used in the production of bomb and shell casings. He was at the plant during the bombing raid of 1940, and having only narrowly escaped with his life from the bomb blast was appalled when the plane came back to machine gun the survivors. In 1948 the laboratory relocated to new buildings in Farington as part of the post-war expansion of the company.

Trained as an industrial chemist and ably assisted by his wife, George played a key role in the development of the company's Chemical laboratory into a state of the art facility. Although well-known as a historian George was also very much a man of the future. In 1964 he was the driving force behind the acquisition of an ultra-modern metals' analyser which incorporated the latest computer technology. The work of the laboratory demanded high levels of precision and accuracy and George was the acknowledged master of the technical report. He was accordingly greatly respected throughout the automotive industry as the representative of British Leyland on various committees of the British Standards Institute and the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders. One of his main responsibilities in the 1970s was the development of lubricants for commercial vehicles. He worked closely with the major oil companies and in recognition of the esteem in which he was held he was the proud recipient of a sample of the first oil to come ashore from the North Sea.

George enjoyed wide-ranging interests: he was a very keen Amateur Radio enthusiast (his call sign *G3UDZ* was worked throughout the world) and he enjoyed motor-rallying, having joined the motoring fraternity as far back as the mid-1930s.

A Careful Gatherer and Lover of Antiquities

Though George Bolton's love of local history was the chief beneficiary of his retirement years, his interest blossomed during the war years. This was the period when Reginald Sharpe-France established the Lancashire Records Office in Preston, and, significantly, the Farington of Worden muniments was one of his first acquisitions. George – later, assisted by a full, if motley, complement of assistants – would spend his life in their analysis. During these years, George copied and studied the key elements which would eventually comprise the building blocks of research hereafter. His acquisition of a photographic copy of sections of Richard Jackson's writings (alias Dr Kuerden 1623-1704?) was to be, perhaps, his major achievement. Like The Great Doctor, George carefully dug out his sources, set them in chronological order and wrote them up. About this time he became a member of the Preston Scientific Society (then closely involved with E. E. Pickering and the exploration of the Roman site at Walton) and the Preston Historical Society.

The founding of the Leyland Historical Society in 1968 gave George a much closer focus for his historical interests which became centred on Clayton and Leyland. The Society's journal – *The Lailand Chronicle* – came into being in 1970.

From the first volume to the 2003-4 edition he contributed thirty-four articles, nine of which earned him the 'Historian of the Year' award for best entry; and, initially, with the late Peter Barrow: *Vernacular Buildings*, but then with William Waring: *Everything Leyland*; Elizabeth Shorrocks: *The Later Faringtons of Worden*; and others, he began to assemble the building blocks for a new *History of Leyland* (1990).

The building of the new Records Office on Bow Lane, Preston, and his later retirement had given the impetus for the most creative period of his research and writing. His contribution to our journal reached a peak during the period of his editorship (1982-87). He was succeeded in this onerous office by his friend Bill Waring and their combined tenure saw a real flowering of the society as the sort of hands-on cutting-edge research group that George had always envisaged. Members' publications and history classes of all kinds abounded. In particular the series of day schools (organised by the University of Liverpool) at Worden in 1986 and 1987 — in which George and the rest of the 'Gang of Four' played a full part – gave the society a clear lead in the field of local research groups in the County.

Apart from his Lailand Chronicle articles, George Bolton wrote three books: *The History of the Later Crooks of Crook Hall, Whittle-le-Woods*; *The History of Clayton-le-Woods*, and *A History of Charnock Hall*, (in collaboration with William Waring). He also undertook extensive work on the history of the Worden Family of Massachusetts who went over to America at the time of the Pilgrim Fathers: Peter Worden had left Clayton-le-Woods c.1623 for the New World. George became a member of the Worden family Association of America, writing articles for their newsletter *Wordens' Past*, and a book, *Worden Origins*. The Worden family group, led by Col W. Worden, visited Leyland in May 1994 in the company of Peter Worden of Blackburn and George, with much success.

Clearly these will not be the last words written on this most distinguished of gentlemen in this and other journals, but perhaps George's fellow traveller, Richard Kuerden, found the phrase which best describes his life's work. For, in George, Leyland never had a more:

"Knoweing and welle trusted Pilot" to navigate a course through its complicated and often seemingt intractable history.'

David Hunt

The Ship Inn, Leyland, 1851 - 1893

by *Derek Wilkins*

In 1865 my great-great-grandfather Thomas Wilkins, a farmer on Longmeanygate, bought the *Ship Inn* on Towngate. Although he never lived there himself, it continued to be owned by his family until 1884 when it was sold by his son George, one of his executors. Whilst this may be of no great significance in itself, the documents and plan associated with the two transactions provide us with some interesting snippets of information and, by comparing the plan with the 1893 25" O.S. map, show some of the changes taking place in the village at this time.

The 1865 purchase was from a consortium of five local businessmen who had acquired it in 1857: William Wrennall, a Leyland builder; James Holt, a bleacher at Lower Headly bleachworks near Chorley; Edward Barlow, a former Leyland postmaster; William Bowling, a bleacher of Leyland and Lawrence Rose, a shoemaker, also of Leyland. The involvement of the two bleachers may have been a prelude to the later Stanning interest since James Holt appears to have been an associate of John Stanning of Shruggs.

The sale agreement refers to an earlier transaction of 1855 involving a Thomas Mayor, who owned the *Ship* in 1851. The electoral register of that year shows him to be living in Liverpool and gives the address of the *Ship* as "*Ainbrew Meadow*". The origin of this somewhat unusual name is obscure and is not dissimilar to Ambrey meadows in the south west of Leyland.

In the sale deed the property is described as "*All that messuage or public house formerly called the Cordwainer's Arms but now called the Ship Inn....*" It is not known when the name changed but it must have been prior to 1840, as the 6" O.S. map of that year clearly names it as *The Ship Inn*.

The acting solicitor was Thomas Dodd of Lune Street, Preston, and his bill for the conveyancing is shown in *Figs 1 & 2*. It is interesting to note that his costs were £2.6s.8d. (£2.33) with "*Stamp and parchment*" a further £1.17s.6d (£1.87), (this latter element included some work in connection with another property in Longton). As the purchase price was £990 the total conveyancing costs were somewhat less than 0.5%!

The transaction was not without a degree of acrimony, as can be seen from the item of June 24th referring to Thomas Wilkins objecting to the deposit amount of £200, and that of August 10th threatening an action in Chancery against the owners. Despite these problems, conveyancing was completed on 8th September 1865. (It is worth noting that the bill was not settled until March 1867).

The landlord at the time of this purchase was a James Bennett. A condition of the sale was that his tenancy agreement was to be honoured. Records show that this was done and that he continued as landlord until 1875 when William Wilkins, Thomas's son, who had previously been landlord of the *Eagle and Child*, took over.

The census records of the time show that the family had a servant, a Margaret Simpson, initially at the *Eagle and Child* and later at the *Ship*. A touching example of how a servant could become an integral part of a family is seen on the family gravestone, just by the South Ribble museum. William Wilkins died in 1879 aged 45 and his wife, Margaret, four years later. After a grandchild and a son were buried there is the following inscription:

"Also Margaret Simpson faithful servant of the above who died Jan. 8th 1893 aged 46 years"

Thomas Wilkins died in December 1883 and the sale in 1884 by his trustees was to William Gillibrand, an innkeeper from Chorley; a plan included in the deed of sale is shown in *Fig 3*. The premises are described as: "... *Inn or public house called the Ship Inn... in Towngate...with the brew house, malt room, stables, outbuildings, weighing machine, garden and bowling green....*"

The purchase price was £2,500 but this appears to include some land purchased by Thomas Wilkins subsequent to 1865.

The brew house and malt room were presumably the outbuildings behind the *Ship*, apparently connected by ducts or pipes, and suggest that “backyard” brewing was still being practised at this comparatively late date, unlike at the neighbouring *Seven Stars* which would have had its beer delivered from its owner, *Whittle Springs Brewery*.

Another notable feature is the location of the gas works which had operated since 1849. The footpath and right of way to the south of the *Ship* is the line of Westgate and was known to generations of Leylanders as the path to the Ship Fields.

The land to the south of the path is shown as belonging to John Stanning Esq. of the bleach works at Shruggs and the deed of sale refers to the recent purchase by Stanning of other land to the west of Lot 3. This seems to be a continuation of the bleaching interest already noted in the 1865 transaction.

One of the “Particulars and Conditions of Sale” describes Lot 2 as:- “A plot of Freehold building land...” foretelling the development of later years.

A comparison of the 1884 plan with the 1893 25” O.S. map (*Fig 4*) shows that several changes had taken place in the intervening nine years:

The *Ship* itself has undergone a major rebuild, now having the double bay frontage familiar to us today; the brew house and malt room have gone, along with the weighing machine; the gas works have also gone, now located at the corner of Hough Lane and Chapel Brow and what was presumably the stable block on Lot 3 has been demolished and new building has started on Lots 2 and 3. (By 1909 St. Andrew’s Terrace occupied more or less the whole of Lot 3, whilst a semi-detached house had been built on Lot 2).

Mr Thomas Wilkins Laird		To Thomas Dodd Esq	
1865			
June 23 rd	Attending Mr Plant's Office and perusing Title Deeds to Sheep Inn Leyland which you had purchased	5	11
24 th	Attending with you at Mr Plant's Office objecting to pay £200 deposit on purchase money for Sheep Inn on the ground that two of the Owners had not executed the Contract when the Vendor agreed to accept £100 Perusing Draft Conveyance	5	11
July 25 th	Attending Mr Plant with Draft approved subject to the examination of the Deeds with the Abstract and making appointment for Monday to compare same Perusing Abstract 15 sheets	6	8
July 31 st	Attending Mr Plant and comparing Abstract with the Deeds Mr Plant having stated that he should be unable to complete to morrow writing you not to come On receipt of engrossing ^{ment} and draft for Mr Plant examining same and attending Mr Plant returning Engrossing ^{ment} in order for him to obtain signature of his Client	3	4
Aug ^r 10 th	Attending you when you instructed me to file a Bill in Chancery against Mr Plant's Client in case of their refusal to complete the purchase of Sheep Inn Leyland Writing Mr Plant informing thereof	1	0
Sept 18 th	Writing you Mr Plant had got deed signed by all owners and was ready to complete at any time	3	4
		2	6
		1	0
	Carried Over	2	5
		11	11

Fig 1: Solicitor's bill for 1865 sale

Brought Forward £ 2 3 4
3 4

1867
Jan^y Attending completion of purchase
Your Brother in Law Mr Henry Taylor
having agreed to give unto you and your wife
some property in Longton. Having till Deeds
Attending you thereon as to description of
property and measurement - Instructions
for and Drawing Deed, Fair Copy, and
Engrossing same and attending and
attesting execution
Paid for Stamp and parchment

2 10 0

1 17 6
£ 6. 14. 2

1867
Mar. 30th Received £ 6. 14. 2



Fig 2: Solicitor's bill for 1865 sale (contd.)

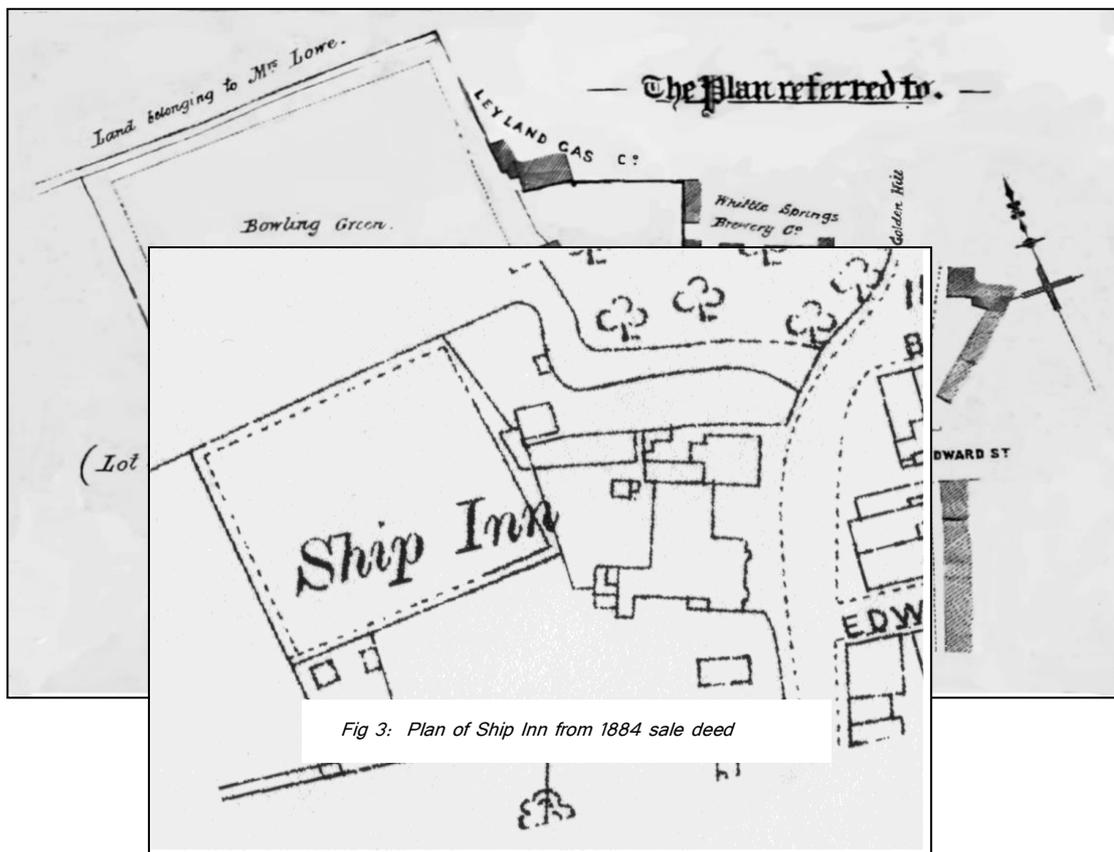


Fig 3: Plan of Ship Inn from 1884 sale deed

Fig 4: Detail from 1893 25" O.S. map



Did you know my Great-great-great-grandfather?

by *Peter Houghton*

When the subject of family history came up on our website queries, I used to wonder what made people spend their time trying to find distant and long dead members of their family. I could not, however, fail to be impressed by the number of people so interested. After a short period of time I finally added a link on the website home page to Rita Platt and the Chorley & Leyland branch of the Lancashire Family History Society so she could answer all the queries we were receiving.

So, after the Leyland Crafts & Local Societies Fair in June 2005, when the Family History Society were again very busy with numerous queries, and the first series of the BBC Two programme, *Who Do You Think You Are?* was broadcast, I wondered how to proceed to research my own family history. After reading the book of the TV series, which told of the many pitfalls but also gave many helpful hints and websites, I decided to start my quest.

The first stage, or so everything I read said one should do, is to interrogate your oldest relations and discover what they can tell you. In my case it was fairly easy to get back to the first important date for researchers



The Websites

There are five main websites to get information on your relatives, some are not complete and some you have to pay for.

<http://www.1901census.nationalarchives.gov.uk/>

This was the first site I encountered as this is the famous website that crashed on its first day of being available. It is the government site that includes the complete 1901 census and the latest one available at present. The information is only released after one hundred years, the 1911 being due in five years time.

Most users use their credit/debit card to pay for viewing images or transcripts. 500 credits cost £5.00 and your credits will last 7 days. If you do not own a credit or debit card you can buy 1901 census vouchers.

<http://www.familysearch.org/>

The site is, as it says, 'the largest collection of free family history, family tree and genealogy records in the world'. It is run by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints (the Mormons), their belief is that if you become a member of their faith so do all your ancestors. This makes their interest in family history seem more logical.

This free site contains the collection of information from parish records around the world, together with copies of the 1881 censuses from the UK, United States and Canada.

<http://www.1837online.com/Trace2web/HomeServlet>

This is the government site for the births, marriages and deaths from the start of registration in September 1837 up to the present day. It also includes the complete 1861 and 1891 censuses, though at a price.

Units can be brought at £5.00 for 50 units, usable for 90 days, £15.00 for 176 units usable for 120 days and £25.00 for 313 units usable for 365 days; however, the website <http://freebmd.rootsweb.com/> while not as complete as the one above, is a free site for the births, marriages and deaths from the start of registration in September 1837 up to around the 1920s.

<http://www.ancestry.co.uk/>

If you are serious about this hobby, you can pay £9.95 per month for the full list of censuses from the first in 1841 up to and including the 1901 census: seven in total. The site also includes the free births, marriages and deaths site.

Starting out

So that's enough of the adverts, 'How do I proceed,' I can hear you asking. As I said in the third paragraph above, first approach your elderly relatives and get their parents' and grandparents' details if possible. This can be easier if you have a set of questions ready, especially when dealing with events way back in the mists of time. For instance, if they don't know when their grandparents were born, or where, start at the other end, with, 'When did they die and how old were they?' and work back.

You may discover an interest in graveyards. If you have a family plot at a particular cemetery you can get loads of information of family connections there and, if it is a small graveyard it could be worth having a wander round. Sometimes you can get a shock, like when I looked over the wall at St Bede's churchyard in Clayton Green and the first grave I saw was for a 'Peter Houghton'. However, just by wandering around the graves at Euxton St Mary's, near my grandparent's grave, I came across my great-great-grandparent's grave (Henry Houghton), though there is no sign of the great-grandparents as yet.

The date to aim for is 1901, so that you can use the 1901 census to find your family member, as I was lucky to find, living with their parents and related siblings. However, it might not be too simple as I discovered: whilst our family were, I thought, all based in Euxton or Chorley, one branch was not to be found in a search for Chorley so I widened the enquiry to include the whole of Lancashire and found the right names and dates in Hindley near Wigan.

What's in a Name

When I was writing the above for this article, it gave me an idea, as most family history research does; it's a great subject for lateral thinking. If you remember the talk by Peter Watson a few years ago on the subject of surnames, you may recall him mentioning that the majority of the population could not read or write and that their names were carried down in generations by word of mouth, only being recorded on paper by the registrar of births, marriages and deaths, the local vicar and the man who came round every ten years to take the census.

So here I have the Houghton family back as far as 1861 on the census: two brothers, Henry (yes that's Henry again) and James, both born in Clayton, and their father Richard, a cotton weaver; therefore the family in Clayton should have been leaping off the pages on the 1841 and 1851 Clayton-le-Woods censuses. However, there was no sign of them, so a trawl through the full Clayton census found Richard, father; Henry, James and William, sons, but their surname was 'Halton' on both censuses. As both the 1841 and 1851 censuses were in the same hand, it would seem that the census recorder had a problem with the Houghton name, though as I discovered that Richard had come from Wrightington, it could be a Wigan dialect problem as there were other Houghtons in the village (no relation, as yet) whose surname was spelt correctly.

The Whole Story: Part One - The Houghton Dynasty

I don't propose to go through the whole of the family tree as someone else's story is probably not that interesting, especially as in also researching Doreen's family, we have reached a list of over 500 names dotted all over the world. As you can tell already, the Houghton strand have kept close to home and my local history interest has led me to research not just who they were but also where they lived and what they did for a living. So the story so far (well as far as I've got) is that Richard was born in Wrightington and grew up to be a cotton weaver, he may have had brothers in Wrightington though this is not yet confirmed. We first meet him on the 1841 census (as Halton) aged 35 living in a cottage on Clayton Brow, with his three sons: William (14), James (10) and Henry (7), all listed as

cotton weavers, a true family firm, though it would seem that his wife Catherine Woodcock died in 1834 aged 32.

Ten years later in 1851, we meet Richard again, though he now seems to be aged 53 (age was a relative thing in those days with ages usually taken to be to the nearest 5 or 10 years). There are three sons at home: John (24), James (20) and Henry (18). At first I thought this was just a change of name for William to John, though the incidences of twins in our family made me look further. So tracking a John Houghton born in Clayton on the 1841 census, then working in Bispham as a farm labourer, followed by a William Houghton born in Clayton on the 1851 census then working in Heskin, again, as a farm labourer, made the family complete. Whilst this was almost confirmation, the 1861 census sees William Houghton, now born in Leyland (Clayton-le-Woods not registering in his new abode as a place of residence) living with his new family in Faggy Lane (now King Street), Wigan, with his brother John as a lodger, as cow keeper and farm labourer respectively. Richard, their father, had died in November 1857 as I found in the St Bede's burial records.

You may wonder what happened to James and Henry: they met two sisters from Club Street, Euxton called Isabella and Ann Banks. Their parents were John Banks and Margaret Hart who had been married, maybe at Leyland Parish Church on 12th October 1833. I say 'maybe' because, of course, being Roman Catholic, they had to be registered at the official church though the service may have been carried out elsewhere. John was also a cotton weaver who had nine children, became an agricultural labourer, and died in 1884 while living with his son William, who was the landlord of the Anderton Arms (now Papa Luigis) see the table below.

James and Henry were married to their spouses in July and October 1857 by the Reverend John Worthy in the Parish Chapel at Euxton Hall before he went on to build St Mary's Church in Euxton. On checking the full Euxton 1881 census free on the Mormons' site, I discovered that Reverend Worthy hailed from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, and I have since found his grave at St Mary's Euxton.

Henry settled down to a life in sunny Euxton in Club Street, which would be the family home for another three generations, (my dad was actually born in that house in 1922), and James returned to Clayton-le-Woods with his wife and started a family who, again, were known as 'Halton'. As I have since discovered that St Bede's church also called them 'Halton', I think it was to distinguish the Wrightington Houghtons, the 'incomers', from the catholic Houghton family already well established for a few generations at Clayton Brook further down the Preston - Chorley road. However, by the 1871 census they had reverted to being called 'Houghton' by the census taker.

James had trained as a handloom cotton weaver but the decline in that industry saw him becoming a highway labourer by the 1881 census at the age of 48. Ten years later he was a farm labourer moving from Clayton to Walton-le-Dale where he died in 1896. Henry, on the other hand, stayed in Euxton as a farm labourer until according to the 1891 census he became a platelayer on the railway. This was a person who lays or maintains railway track. The term originates from the early days of railways when most railway tracks consisted of longitudinal timber balks on which iron plates were laid. He kept this job, moving to Garden Street, Lostock Hall, next to the railway, until his death in 1905.

His eldest son, John, continued to live in Club Street, Euxton marrying Ann Baldwin who was one of the girls who lived in the same street (see table below). Her parents were John Baldwin and Isabella Coupe who came from Gregson Lane, Brindle and Bank Head, Back Lane, Walton-le-Dale respectively. Both families came from the handloom cotton weaver trade. On a quiet day, while on the Mormons' website (which has the facility to follow the address rather than the occupant), I looked up the whole of Club Street, which was a cul-de-sac of cottages from Wigan Road (A49) to the railway line on the Leyland side of the Anderton Arms. The number of occupants of the sixteen cottages was surprising and I have tabulated them below with * for mentions in the text.

Property	Head of family	Age	Birthplace	Occupation	No. at address
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Anderton Arms	William Banks *	41	Euxton	Innkeeper / Farmer	4
Wigan Rd north	John Fairclough	48	Euxton	Flagger & Slater	7
Wigan Rd north	William Wilcock	28	Kirkham	Farm Labourer	4
1 Club Street	George Parkinson	79	Euxton	Joiner	1
2 Club Street	Alice Mather	76	Samlesbury	Cotton Weaver	2
3 Club Street	Thomas Holding	47	Euxton	Soldier Pensioner	1
4 Club Street	Margaret McCann	59	Coppull	Cotton Weaver	1
5 Club Street	Ralph Cocker	42	Leyland	Labourer Highway	5
6 Club Street	Henry Houghton *	47	Clayton le Woods	Farm Labourer	10
7 Club Street	James Parkinson	82	Euxton	Barber	1
8 Club Street	Catherine Dilworth	55	Leyland	Cotton Weaver	3
9 Club Street	Robert Baxendale	61	Euxton	Highway Labourer	1
10 Club Street	James Moss	40	Garstang	Farm Labourer	10
11 Club Street	Isabella Baldwin *	57	Walton le Dale	Weaver	4
12 Club Street	Thomas Heyes	64	Eccleston	Plasterer	2
13 Club Street	Robert Ainsworth	52	Wrea Green	Railway Platelayer	2
14 Club Street	Thomas Bretherton	72	Euxton	General Labourer	1
15 Club Street	Margaret Halliwell	75	Euxton	Farmer of 1 Acre	1
16 Club Street	John Baldwin Platt	49	Euxton	Pointsman Railway	2



John Houghton got a job on the railway as a labourer his marriage certificate says; however, by the 1901 census his job was listed as 'railway pumping engine tenter', 'tenter' being another name for driver I have found out. This census lists his six children, his third son, also being called John, was seven by the 1901 census and was destined to live in Euxton all his life and work at the Leyland & Birmingham Rubber Company on Golden Hill Lane. He was my grandfather. So that's my grandfather on my father's side of the family and the story will continue, if you want it to.



Bobby Bridge - One-armed Postman Dentist and Race Walker

by *Edward Almond*

In this modern era when legislation rules our lives and prohibits discrimination in all areas of society, it is interesting to note that nearly one hundred years ago a local man was breaking new ground in employment and sporting excellence.

The man in question was Bobby (Robert) Bridge who was still heavily involved in sporting circles until his death in July, 1953. Sixteen months earlier, he was officiating at the Lancashire County 10 Mile Walking Championship in Leyland. On that occasion, few would have recognised the one-armed, one-legged official, as the current British record holder for the two hour walk. It would stand for a further twelve years!

Robert Bridge was born with a deformed arm on 16 April, 1883, at Chester-le-Street, County Durham, and was the eldest of fifteen children. The family moved to Lancashire and lived at first in Lathom, near Ormskirk, before moving to Chorley in 1898. In spite of his disability, Bobby had competed in sports and is quoted in 1913: 'What started me off walking was the fact that when I was a boy I could beat my schoolmates at swimming and running and a leading walker at that time said I should become one of England's champion walkers and since then I have had a great desire to be a walker.'

It appears, though, that Bridge did not participate in competitive athletics until 1910 when he was running for Anderton Millstone Harriers. At the age of 27 he was the first novice in the club's annual cross country championship. He was awarded a gold and silver medal. A further championship medal came his way two weeks later when he competed in the first East Lancs. CC Championship at Leigh. Millstone Harriers finished 2nd team to the usual named club, Hugh Oldham.

His occupation at this time was as a postman. Anyone who has delivered newspapers or letters for any organisation will realise the difficulty of coping with letter-boxes, even with both hands, even more so for Bridge with just the use of one hand. His job was ideal for one who had pretensions to be a race walker.

He started in earnest in walking events in 1911. He was first at Bamber Bridge then Hellifield, Kendal and Glusburn. This was in the days of handicap events and, as a novice walker, he probably had a 'good mark' which would gradually be reduced with each successive win. At this time he had moved clubs and was competing for the Lancashire Walking Club.



Bobby Bridge in action on Cabbage Hall Fields

Bobby was being trained by his father and had a work ethic of hard training. Facilities in Chorley were poor for athletics. There was no permanent track so Bridge was forced to adapt his training methods. He trained on Halliwell Lane (now part of the M61) and used to strip in the barn of Cabbage Hall Farm, courtesy of the tenant, Mr Dickinson. He also used Chorley Football Club's ground where, in order to perfect his progression around bends, he walked round the central circle of the football pitch. Later he was offered the use of a trotting track belonging to a local fish and poultry dealer. Bobby was only 5ft 6½in tall and weighed 8st 2lb, but did not diet; he ate good, plain food, did not smoke and was teetotal.

In 1912, he startled everyone and came to national prominence by winning the AAA walking titles at both 7 miles (April) and 2 miles (July). As a result of these performances he was chosen to represent Great Britain at the forthcoming Olympic Games in Stockholm.

He was not happy in the Swedish capital for he was disqualified during the course of his heat of the 10Km walk. Judging in walking events is a difficult task since the walker must maintain contact with the ground at all times. However, on this occasion, there was a fair number of disqualifications for infringement of the rules. One competitor, Yates, of Great Britain, who made the final, stated that he was pulled because he had protested against one of the judges assisting the third placer by giving him water, which was contrary to all rules.

In 1913, he retained both AAA tiles at Stamford Bridge as well as winning Northern and County championships. In August, he was invited to compete in Amsterdam to take on 'Continental cracks' over 2 miles and 5 miles. He won both races and was awarded a silver cup.

When the news reached Chorley on Monday, there was an instant reaction by the townsfolk. They decided that Bridge should have a triumphant entry into Chorley. Local shopkeepers started a subscription list and as a result purchased a beautiful leather dressing case and an attaché case. The streets were decorated with flags and bunting in readiness for his return by train on Tuesday evening. Thousands of people assembled at the railway station where he was lifted off his feet and carried to a waiting landau. The local brass band led the convoy to the Theatre Royal Hotel where the presentation was made. Bridge was familiar with the venue for he had frequented the billiard tables and was rated skilful in spite of his disability.

A local walking race was arranged in his honour, in which Bridge took part and inevitably won, though not without mishap. A following cyclist rode too close and ran into him at Whittle-le-Woods. There was a loss of fluency but, fortunately, no injury. His prize for winning the 10 mile walk was an American roll-top desk valued at £5.

As a consequence of the success of this venture, a branch of the Lancashire Walking Club was established in the town but named, 'Chorley Walking Club'. The date was November 20th and Bridge was appointed secretary with the headquarters based at the White Bull Hotel, whose proprietor was



Northern Champions of 1913, Lancashire Walking Club, who had their headquarters at the White Bull in Chorley, pictured with local dignitaries including Sir Henry Hibbert (third from left). Bob Bridge is behind the shield with the Union Jack on his shirt.

elected as treasurer.

The following year, 1914, was to be Bridge's crowning glory. He successfully defended his AAA 7 miles title on April 18th but, instead of returning to Chorley immediately, he remained in the South training for an attempt on 'records' during the forthcoming 12 hours track race at Stamford Bridge on 2nd May.

Bridge did not intend to walk the full 12 hours but wanted to attack the times for distances above 10 miles. He failed to beat the 10 mile mark but was successful in establishing world best performances for distances between 11 and 16 miles, as well as the 2 hour mark. According to the rules then in practice, these performances were not recognised as world records because he had not completed the full advertised hours. In spite of this, his 2 hour mark was recognised as AAA National, UK (Natural) and UK (All comers) records. His performance was not bettered by a British athlete until 1964 when Ken Matthews, later to be Olympic Champion in Tokyo (1964), recorded 1055 yards further. Bridge had held the record for fifty years!

In July, 1914, he won the AAA 2 mile walk to complete the 'double' for the third successive year.

During this period he had other matters on his mind. He was courting Annie Woods and they eventually married on November 1st, 1914. The honeymoon was short-lived for, on the 3rd, he was giving his report at the AGM of Chorley Walking Club. He indicated that a race was arranged to take place before Christmas and that collections would be made during the route with proceeds being handed over to the local distress fund. This was for the wives and children of those who had volunteered for war service.

During the war, sporting activities ceased, or were very much curtailed. Although Bobby would not have been accepted in the armed forces due to his physical disability, he did not escape the tragic consequences of war. His brother, Tom, was killed in France on March 28th, 1915, aged thirty, then, on August 8th, 1916, another brother, Harold, aged twenty-one, was reported missing in action, also in France.

Worse was to come for Bobby. On August 12th, 1917, his wife, Annie, died in the local hospital, aged twenty-five. They had been married for less than three years. Her death announcement had the following verse:

*Worthy of everlasting love
from those she left behind
a better wife never breathed
nor one more true and kind*

In the National Football Museum in Preston, there is a memorial plaque commemorating all the footballers who died in the First World War. It is worth noting that all sports suffered losses: Whittle-le-Woods Harriers lost seven of their runners, including their two leading runners. The club ceased their activities at the start of the war and resumed in 1919 but did not survive for very long before being disbanded. Bridge's former club, Millstone Harriers, made an abortive attempt to amalgamate with the Whittle Club but the overture was rejected. Millstone also disbanded during the 1920s.

After the war, sporting events resumed but the competitive inactivity had a serious effect on many clubs and the Lancashire Walking Club was practically non-existent. Bobby, at the age of thirty-six, must have wondered if he still had the enthusiasm to continue and thoughts of retiring were clearly on his mind. His life was changing in other directions. In July, 1918, he had married for the second time, less than a year after the death of his first wife. He had also changed his job as a postman; he began to work for Welcome's Dentists in the town. He had the job of calling on patients in Chorley and the outlying areas extracting teeth at sixpence (2½p) a time. Apparently he was popular and several locals were proud to claim he had pulled their teeth.

Bridge did not retire from competition but decided to defend his AAA 2 miles title in 1919. Competing against the Dane, Gunnar Rasmussen, who the previous year had established two world records and four European records, Bridge won by over ten seconds in what he considered to be, 'the easiest race I have walked.'

On his return to Chorley, the following day, he was met by large crowds and conveyed from the railway station in a landau, led by a brass band, through the main streets to the Cattle Market. There, local dignitaries paid tribute to his recent success. It was 1913 all over again.

He had high hopes of competing in the Antwerp Olympic Games in 1920, after this performance; having missed 1916 due to the war, this would be his last opportunity for Olympic glory. It did not happen. He was out of form and one report stated: 'Bridge will have to improve on his recent showing.'

A further report in May, 1921, said: 'Bobby Bridge, of Chorley, the winner of many English championships, has worthily upheld the name of the North; but Bridge is getting on in years, in the athletic sense, and cannot be expected to go on for ever and a day.'

He did not go on. He made one more foray into the AAA Championships. Competing against the Olympic champion, Ugo Frigerio, of Italy, he finished third in 1922 competing in the colours of Salford Harriers.

Nearing forty, Bridge decided to expend his energies in helping local youngsters to follow in his footsteps. Then tragedy once more intruded into his life. In 1926, whilst riding his motorcycle, he was involved in an accident in Adlington. He was seriously injured and lost one of his legs. It was a cruel blow. Eventually he moved from Chorley to Liverpool to go into business and it was there he died in July, 1953.



Bob Bridge, international walker, with some of the youngsters he trained.

He had entered competitive athletics relatively late in life but he had scaled the heights and achieved local fame by his exploits and likeable personality. More importantly, he had shown that one could still be a champion competing with able-bodied athletes despite a physical handicap. Today he would have been a role model for sport and for the Paralympics, much like Dame Tanni Grey-Thompson.



- Sources:
Chorley Guardian and Leyland Hundred 1910-1922
Athletic News 1912-1914
All Sports Weekly 1920-1921
The AAA Championships 1880-1939 (Ian Buchanan)
The Sport of Race Walking (Race Walking Association)
IAAF Progressive World Records Lists

Progressive List of British Walking Best Performances (Ian Tempest)

The Leyland May Festival Queen who 'died' and married the Undertaker

*This story was told to Sylvia Thompson by Jean Bidwell,
(nee Tomlinson), the daughter of Annie Forshaw*

The story begins in the year 1911 when a little girl was being taken by her Aunt for her first day at school in Union Street, (now Fox Lane). Her name was Annie Forshaw and she was crying because she did not want to leave the familiar environment of her home to go to a strange place. Across the road, a small boy who saw her distress, went over to her and said, "If I go home and bring you back a penny, will you come with me to school?" He immediately dashed off to his home at the bottom of Church Road, brought back a penny piece for Annie, and off she went happily to school. The small boy's name was James Tomlinson and the incident was forgotten by them both for many years.

Annie lived with her parents, twin brothers, and four sisters, at Nixon's Farm in Euxton, where all the family were expected to help out with the farm work; even Annie, who was an accomplished needlewoman and a promising artist. She was not allowed to follow her talents though, as her father said she was needed on the farm.

In 1922, at the age of sixteen, Annie was chosen to be May Queen in the Leyland May Festival, which, in those days, was quite an honour. The Festival was a big event and took place on two days; rather oddly, on Thursday and Saturday. The procession paraded from the schools in Union Street,

via Towngate, Hough Lane, and Chapel Brow to Mill Street in Farington, where they turned round and returned by the same route to the Festival Ground in Church Road where the crowning of the May Queen took place.



The big day arrived, with the lovely young Annie wearing a beautiful white dress with flower garlands from shoulder to hip, and a flowing ermine-lined cloak over her shoulders to the floor. Her sister Molly was her crown-bearer and her twin brothers, William and Henry, were in the Beefeater escort which marched along beside her carriage. The carriage was drawn by two lovely Shire horses. These would have been loaned by Annie's father who provided many of the Shire horses in the procession. He would have had them brought in from the fields two weeks before the Festival, to get them groomed to perfection for their big day.

As can be seen from the Order of Procession, Annie's carriage was preceded by the Marshall and Leyland Prize Band followed by Morris dancers; a whole host of villagers and children in fancy dress, depicting characters taken from story books; boy scouts, girl guides, more brass bands; lorries carrying tableaux; marching platoons, the Maids of Honour and then the May Queen herself.

Programme of Events on the Festival Ground.

The Committee have great pleasure in announcing that the Performances on the May Festival Grounds will include the following items:-

- 1.—QUEEN TAKES HER PLACE ON THE THRONE, attended by her MAIDS OF HONOUR.
- 2.—MAYPOLE DANCE (SINGLE PLAIT, BARBER'S POLE).
- 3.—CORONATION OF THE MAY QUEEN:
(On Thursday, by Miss J. C. Joyce, S.M. G. Belford (A.P.T. Staff), Q.S. E. Durkin (L.N. Lads). On Saturday, by Mrs. W. Scott, "Merlyn," Leyland.)
- 4.—PRESENTATION OF SCREIFRE.
- 5.—PRESENTATION OF HER MAJESTY'S LOYAL SUBJECTS.
- 6.—EXHIBITION AND JAVELIN THROWING COMPETITION:
By Messrs. Dick Kerr's Lads.
- 7.—HIGHLAND FLING.
- 8.—MAYPOLE DANCES, PUZZLE AND SPIDER'S WEB.
- 9.—IRISH REBEL.
- 10.—JUVENILE MORRIS DANCE.
- 11.—GRAND ASSAULT AT ARMS:
Fencing, Epee v. Epee - (and English Quarter Staff. Concluding with a Novel and Humorous Performance by Q.M.S. J. C. Joyce, S.M. G. Belford (A.P.T. Staff), Q.S. E. Durkin (L.N. Lads).)
- 12.—COUNTRY DANCE.
- 13.—HORNPIPE DANCE.
- 14.—MORRIS DANCE.
- 15.—GRAND FINALE

Admission to Ground (Each Evening) 9d. - Children 6d.
 Seats in the Enclosure 9d. Children 6d.

TWO BANDS WILL PLAY FOR DANCING EACH EVENING.

Thursday Night at 8: Dancing and Daylight Fireworks. Admission 9d. Children 6d.	Saturday Night at 8: Dancing and Fireworks. Admission 1/- Children 6d.
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No Pass-out Checks granted at the Afternoon Representations.
 CARRIAGES 3/4. Each Occupant, including Driver, 2/4 including Tax.
 ALL PRICES INCLUDE ENTERTAINMENT TAX.

LEYLAND
May Festival
1922.

Thursday, May 25th,
 — AND —
 Saturday, May 27th.

Route of Procession.

The Procession will be formed at the Schools in Union Street, leaving the Schools at 2-30 punctually each day, weather permitting, and proceed by way of Towngate, Water St., Hough Lane, Chapel Brow to Mill Street, Farington, returning by the same route to the Festival Ground, Church Road, where the ceremony of Crowning the May Queen will take place.

Official Programme - One Penny.

Order of Procession.

- | | |
|--|----------|
| MARSHAL. | MARSHAL. |
| LEYLAND PRIZE BAND. | |
| THE LEYLAND MORRIS DANCERS. | |
| FLOWER GIRLS. | |
| TEN LITTLE NIGGER BOYS (in single file.) | |
| POLICEMAN. | |
| BO-PEEP-BOY BLUE. | |
| SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES. | |
| BARRISTER. | |
| BUFFALO BILL. | |
| GRANNYDEAR BAND. | |
| ROBIN HOOD ON PONY. | |
| ROBIN HOOD'S MERRY MEN. | |
| CHARLIE CHAPLIN. | |
| LONE STAR RANGER. | |
| CLOWNS. | |
| CHURCH LAD'S BRIGADE. | |
| BOY SCOUTS. | |
| THE BOYS' BRIGADE (1st Leyland Company). | |
| 1st WESLEYAN GIRL GUIDES. | |
| 1st FARINGTON GIRL GUIDES. | |
| ST. JOHN AMBULANCE BRIGADE. | |
| TOM THUMB AND HIS WIFE (in carriage). | |
| CHORLEY MILITARY BAND. | |

TABLEAUX ON LURRY.

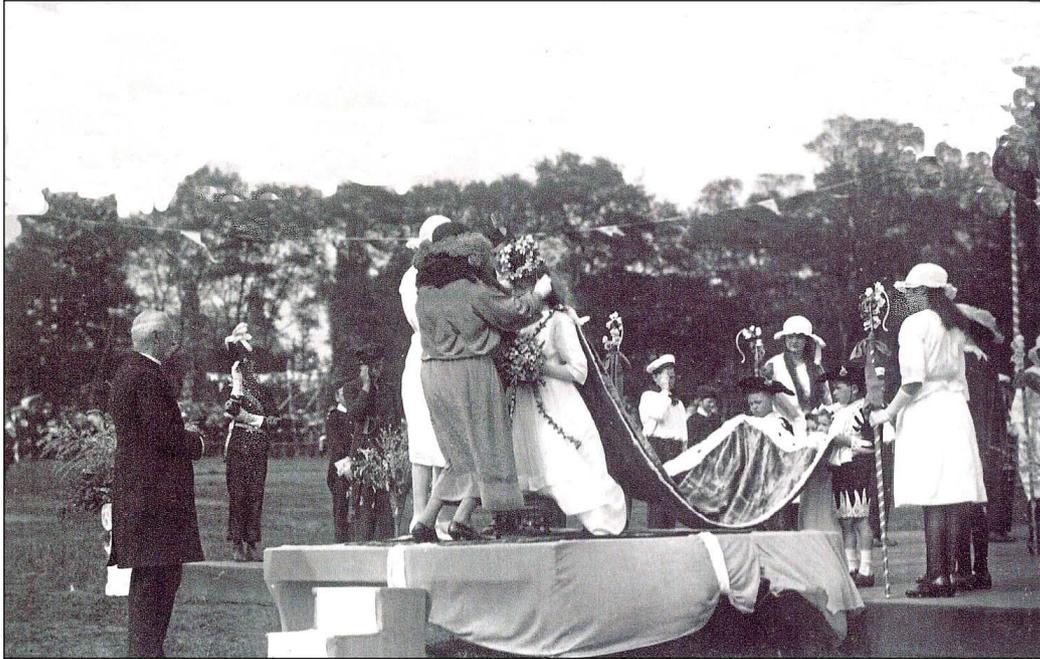
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|---------------------------|------------------------|
| 1.—SPRING | 11.—CARNIVAL. |
| 2.—SUMMER | 12.—VILLAGE WEDDING |
| 3.—AUTUMN | 13.—OLD WOMAN IN SHOE. |
| 4.—WINTER | 14.—IRELAND |
| 5.—NURSERY RHYMES | 15.—WALES |
| 6.—VILLAGE FAIR | 16.—SCOTLAND |
| 7.—VENICE | ENGLAND—BRITANNIA |
| 8.—YE GOODE OLD TIMES. | BRITANNIA—JOHN BULL |
| 9.—FAITH, HOPE & CHARITY. | SAILOR GIRLS |
| 10.—DUTCH | SAILOR BOYS |
- MAYPOLE DANCERS (in Motor Lurries).
 JUVENILE MORRIS DANCERS (in Carriages)
- PRESTON ST. VINCENT'S BOYS' BAND.**
- | | | |
|---------|---------------------------------|---------|
| GUARDS. | ADMIRAL. | GUARDS. |
| | NAVAL BRIGADE. | |
| | SAILORS. | |
| | GENERAL. | |
| | SOLDIERS. | |
| | BEEFEATERS. | |
| | HERALD. | |
| | SCEPTRE BEARER. | |
| | MAIDS OF HONOUR (in Carriages). | |

MAY QUEEN.
Miss Annie Forshaw.

GUARDS. GUARDS.

Notice.

The Ceremony of Crowning the May Queen commences immediately the procession returns to the May Festival Ground. The Grounds will be cleared after the ceremony each afternoon, previous to the Dancing each evening.



On their arrival at the Festival field Annie was crowned by Mrs Wilmott, the wife of the very well respected Doctor Wilmott. The photograph shows Mrs Wilmott with Doctor Wilmott, wearing his frock-coat, standing behind her.



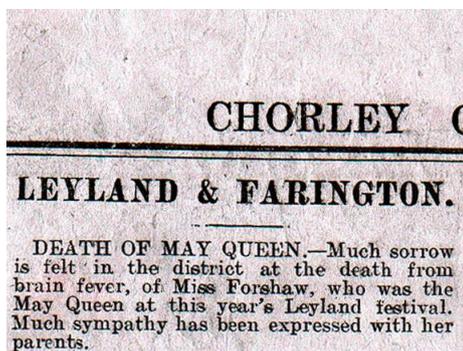


Less than twelve months later, when Annie was seventeen, and still the reigning Queen, she became very ill and was diagnosed with brain fever (now known as meningitis), a serious illness still, but, in the early 1900s before the days of antibiotics as we know them, it often led to fatality, or left the sufferer with damaging side effects such as deafness or even mental illness.

When the local press, the *Chorley Guardian*, heard of the present May Queen's illness, they sent a young reporter to the house to get the story; however, his visit was rather badly timed. The doctor had just left the house, having told Annie's parents that she was extremely poorly and that, if she survived the night, she may live, but her chances were not good. Her father was devastated and when the reporter knocked, Mr Forshaw opened the door with tears in his eyes. The young man started to ask about Annie and Mr Forshaw, still taking in the enormity of what the doctor had told him, shut the door in his face.

The reporter hot-footed it back to the newspaper offices and in the next edition of the *Chorley Guardian* was printed the story that Leyland's May Festival Queen had succumbed to her serious illness and had, indeed, died. Imagine the upset this must have caused

the family as, although still seriously ill and fighting for her life, Annie was still alive. Her mother had been the first to read the article and was uncontrollable in her distress.

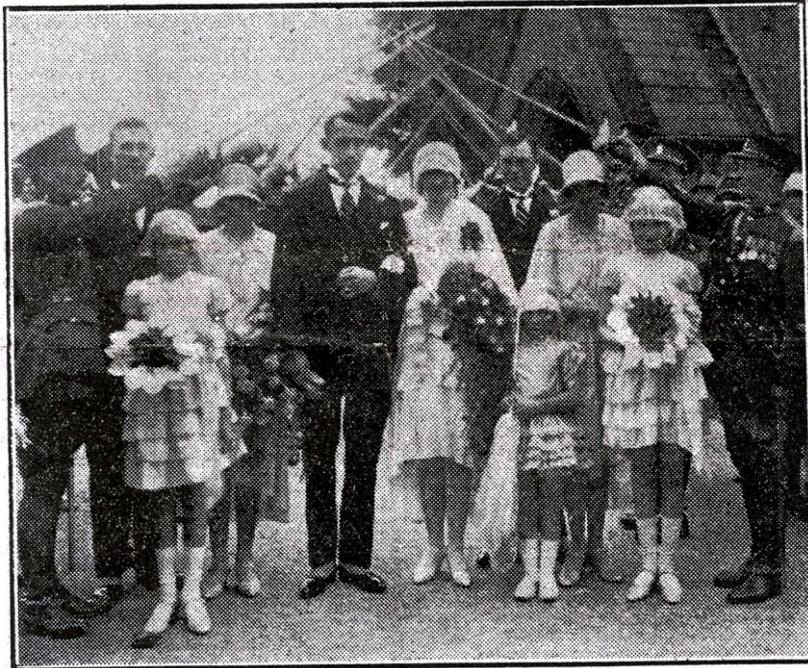


MAY QUEEN'S ILLNESS.—We are pleased to report that Miss Annie Forshaw, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Forshaw, of Ranshaw Moor, Euxton, who has been seriously ill for the last two or three weeks, is making progress towards recovery, although it is slow. She was May Queen at this year's Leyland Festival. We regret that last week we reported that she had succumbed to the illness, but we received the report from a correspondent—not our regular Leyland correspondent—whose reports we had hitherto found trustworthy, and had no reason to doubt the accuracy of this one. He was, however, giving credit to a rumour which had become widespread.

When the newspaper realised their mistake, a letter of apology was sent to the family. A note of apology appeared in the *Chorley Guardian*, and Annie received bouquets of flowers for many weeks afterwards. Meanwhile, Mr Forshaw erected a sign outside the house to ask passing lorry drivers to make as little noise as possible as there was a sick girl in the house. After a while, drivers would stop and enquire after her health.

Annie, thankfully, after many weeks, during which she had to learn to speak and walk, made a full recovery. Her girl friends from Leyland would often come to visit her and sometimes they would be brought to Euxton on the back of a motor-bike ridden by a young man from Leyland. After a while, Annie became curious and asked to meet this obliging young man. He was seventeen years old and his name was James Tomlinson, the son of the owner of A M Tomlinson & Sons, Joiners and Undertakers. The two eventually started seeing a lot of each other. In 1924, when Annie was nineteen, the Forshaw family moved to Clifton, near Blackpool.

Marriage of Former Leyland May Queen.



THE BRIDAL PARTY.

Photo: Arthur Winter.

The wedding of Mr. James Tomlinson, of the firm of Messrs. A. M. Tomlinson and Sons, contractors, Leyland, and Miss Annie Forshaw, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Forshaw, Clifton Lodge, Clifton, took place at St. John's Church, Lund, on Saturday afternoon. The bridegroom is a well-known footballer, having played five seasons for Accrington Stanley. He is also in the Duke of Lancaster's Yeomanry, whilst the bride was the Leyland May Queen at the 1921 Festival.

The Rev. C. Strange, headmaster Kirkham Grammar School, and the Rev. E. F. Storey, vicar of St. John's, Lund, officiated at the service.

The bride wore a dress of ivory beaute, picture style, and she carried a bouquet of roses and

white heather. There were five bridesmaids, Misses Molly, Elsie, Hilda, and Irene Forshaw, sisters of the bride, and Miss Betty Cooke, a friend of the bride, and they wore dresses of hyacinth blue taffeta and georgette, and each carried bouquets of lemon carnations and victorian nosegays. The best man was Mr. Alfred Tomlinson, brother of the bridegroom. The service was fully choral, music being rendered by the choir.

As the bridal party left the church they passed under an archway of drawn swords formed by a number of non-commissioned officers from the D Squadron of the Duke of Lancaster's Yeomanry.

A reception was held at Clifton Lodge, at which about 200 were present. Later in the day the happy pair left for North Wales.

Inevitably, Annie and James fell in love and in 1926 were married, surrounded by family and friends, at St Johns Church in Lund. This was when they were told, by Annie's Aunt, of the time they had met in Fox Lane, way back in 1911, when they were both five years old. James is said to have commented, jokingly, that she had cost him many a penny since.

From the day of their wedding James insisted that Annie was to be known as 'Anne' and later they moved to "The Warren" on Broadfield Drive, Leyland, where Anne helped her husband with his undertaker's business.

The life of the late James Tomlinson is well documented in Leyland history: he was a keen athlete playing football, for Accrington Stanley, and cricket. He became a well respected JP, a School Governor, and Chairman of the Hospitals' Committee; he was also in the Duke of Lancaster's Yeomanry, and much more. He died tragically in 1972 during a sailing trip with friends on the River Conway. A companion, who was a stranger to sailing, had missed his footing and fell in the river while changing boats. He could not swim, so James, who was a strong swimmer, shouted for the crew to save his companion first. When he was safe, they threw James a lifebelt which was carried away in the swift flowing currents. James shouted that he would try to swim to shore, a matter of seventy yards or so, but he also was caught up in the currents and, though eventually picked up, had died of a heart attack. The loss of this greatly respected local man came as a great shock to the family and to the people of Leyland.

Annie lived on to the age of 88 and died in 1994, having lived long enough to ride in the 100th Anniversary of Leyland Festival in 1989 when all the surviving ex-Festival Queens were invited to take part. She was an amazing lady and is survived by two daughters, Dorothy and Jean.



*The photo shows Annie on the left,
the other lady is Lily Kite.*

The wonderful photographs are from Mrs Bidwell's own collection, as is the copy of the Festival programme - all kindly copied by Mr John Holt who, (wearing top hat and tails and riding on horseback), as many people will remember, headed the more recent Leyland Festivals for eighteen years.



Leyland Lane Methodist Church Closure

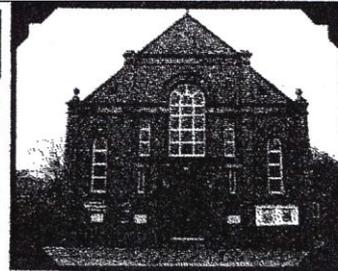
Kindly donated by *Mattie Richardson*

Leyland Lane Methodist Church on Leyland Lane stands empty. Due to a falling congregation and a financial upkeep which was unviable, it was decided to close the building and put it on the market. The closure and final service were reported to parishioners as shown (right and below):

Farewell to Leyland Lane

After the morning service on Sunday 27th August 2006, Leyland Lane Methodist Church will officially close its doors for the last time.

(Many thanks to Rev Kathleen Wood & Mr Frank Harrison for providing the basis of the article below - the Editor)



The past. Leyland Lane Methodist Church is a product of early Primitive Methodism, which by 1820 had established a recognisable tradition in central Lancashire. There are anecdotal accounts of 'Services' taking place in a chapel on the west side of Leyland Lane, not far from the existing building, as early as 1829. The first chapel as built in 1869 and in the spring of 1889 the Leyland Lane Society carried out a successful mission led by Mr. W. Roberts (later to become the Rev. W. Roberts of London). It was also a time of industrial and social change in the area, when that part of Leyland was becoming more populated. Conditions were then right for further expansion, and talk of rebuilding was already being discussed. A Building Fund was initiated, following a Tea-meeting, on Good Friday, April 10, 1889, and in May that year a Chapel Committee was formed. In April 1890. The Stone-laying ceremony took place on 10th September 1892. The Memorial Stone was laid by the local Member of Parliament, Lt. General Fielden. Inscribed bricks donated by members of the church were also placed at the foundation stage, including some from several young contributors.

The building was dedicated and officially 'opened' for worship on June 4th, 1893 by the Minister of the Church, The Rev. J. Gill. The total building cost came to £1,028. £500 of which still had to be paid when the church was opened. The debt was cleared in June 1908. The premises were extended in 1935 to accommodate the Sunday School. It was in 1955, when circuit boundaries were re-aligned, that adjacent Methodist Churches in the town were incorporated into the newly created Lune St. and Orchard Circuit. Until that time, Leyland Lane had been administered as part of the Preston, Fylde Road and Moor Lane Circuit. 'Leyland Lane' later became part of the South Ribble Circuit which came into existence in 1989 following further adjustments to circuit boundaries.

As for the future (in Rev Wood's word) "the building itself will be sold - but the life and witness of the remaining members will continue as long as God grants us breath. Many will worship with our friends at Midge Hall (Transport being provided for those who will find it difficult to get there) and some will worship at Turpin Green. Each will pray and consider where their gifts and graces may best be used and respond accordingly. Of course, there is a great sense of sadness - some of the members there have attended Leyland Lane all their lives and those who haven't, have developed a real fondness for the place - but it is the people who make the church and a warm welcome has always been offered and this has encouraged others to make it their regular place of worship. We are very much aware that God can be worshipped anywhere, and are assured of a warm welcome by our fellow Methodists wherever folk settle - and look forward to serving in new communities of faith. The folk of Leyland Lane have much to offer and are confident that God will continue to need and use their gifts in new settings. There will be a Circuit Service of Thanksgiving is 6.30p.m on Sunday 13th August -to which all are, of course, invited. It will be a time of thanksgiving for all that God has done through the lives of those associated with the Chapel over its long history."

Call to worship - Psalm 145

Hymn 66 Great is thy faithfulness

Word of welcome

Prayers of praise confession and absolution

Bible reading Phil 3:12 - 4:1
read by Vera Rayton
(Senior Steward)

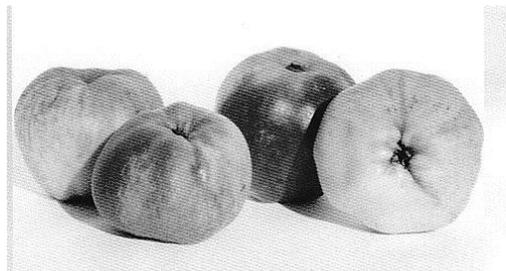


The Lost Orchards of Farington

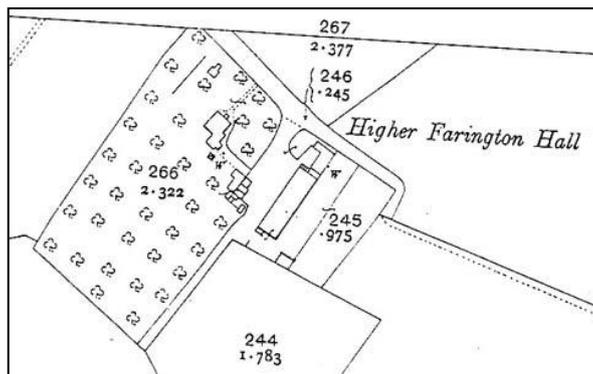
by Joan Langford

When I visited Eccleston Apple Day in October 2005 I learned that in the late 1990s someone from that village, when looking at an 1890 Ordnance Survey map of the area, noticed there had been many orchards in Eccleston at that time. As a result, a millennium project began – looking for those old orchards to see if any were still there and, if so, what sort of fruit trees had been grown. The result of the research is a delightful little book recording the orchards, and the many trees still in them.

This made me wonder about the Farington area. Were there any ancient orchards in this village?



The 1839 Tithe Map Schedule and the 1893 Ordnance Survey map show that there were indeed many orchards in the area at these times.



The diagram, left, shows how orchards are identified on the Ordnance Survey maps, with the trees in rows. Non-orchard trees, such as woodland are shown placed randomly.

Almost all of the orchards in Farington were attached to farms and were not very big, so they presumably provided fruit mainly for household use and were not grown as a commercial crop. This is perhaps not very surprising as, for many, many years, the fertile fields in Farington have been used for agriculture, grazing cattle and growing crops for animal feed.

In addition to the farms, the 'big' houses in Farington all appear to have had their own orchards where, by having a variety of fruit types (*mainly apples, pears, plums and damsons*) ripening at different times, they were able to keep their households supplied with fresh fruit for many months of the year.

On Chain House Lane, at Whitestake, there were also a number of farms with small orchards; but, interestingly, among the farms' fertile fields providing excellent vegetable and salad crops, there were also several large orchards, totalling some 17.5 acres. In the 19th century, vegetables from that area were taken by horse and cart to markets in Preston and Blackburn, and it seems likely that the same happened to fruit crops from these orchards.

A former Whitestake resident told me that in the early 20th century, in addition to taking produce to markets, local farmers and farm hands often hawked both vegetables and fruit from the orchards around the area on Saturdays with a horse and cart. (*Farm labourers could earn themselves a bit of extra money in this way – if they could borrow a horse and cart for the day!*)

For several generations the Blundell family were well known Farington Moss farmers but, when young George Blundell left school, he decided to make his living hawking rather than farming.

George and his wife, Alice, made their home above a greengrocer's shop in Stanifield Lane. George is remembered as a 'real character' and was a well-known sight in his trilby hat, brown smock and leather leggings when, with his horse and cart, he daily sold fruit and vegetables around the streets of Farington and Leyland; meanwhile, Alice ran the shop. His Whitestake apples and pears were always eagerly looked forward to.

Right: George Blundell at a family wedding in 1948. Not in his usual brown smock and leather leggings, but still with his 'trade mark' trilby hat.



Do any of Farington's old orchards still exist and, if so, what trees do they contain?

Farington Lodge

The Grade II listed Georgian house is now a very popular restaurant and hotel, set among really attractive grounds, and I was delighted to find that the small orchard at the back of the lawn area still exists, and in blossom time makes a beautiful sight. When I spoke to a 95 year old lady who had lived at Farington Lodge as a child, she had vivid memories of the apple, pear and damson trees in the orchard 'beyond the kitchen garden'.

A close look at the trees still there show four Hesse pear, three cooking apple, three eating apple and two damson. These trees are all very old and, in all probability, are ones originally planted by William Bashall in about 1840. (*William Bashall was one of the co-owners of Farington Cotton Mill and Farington Lodge was the magnificent home he built for himself and his family in 1834.*)

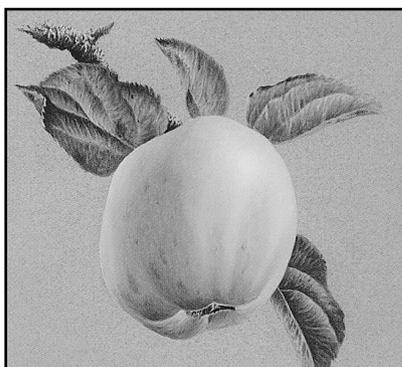
Woodcock & Blackhurst Farm (now Brookhouse Farm) on Stanifield Lane

Parts of the old orchard still remain with several old plum trees and a couple of Bramley cooking apple trees. The area is neglected and very overgrown and is no longer part of the original farm. It was not possible to identify the variety of the now unproductive plum trees.

Workhouse Farm (now Rawstorne House) at Whitestake

This orchard was very productive until the 1970s, but now just five rather 'tired' old apple trees remain.

In the first half of the 20th century it contained such eating apple trees as:-



Golden Spire (picture left: *This was a very well known old Lancashire apple variety described as having 'a fine, solid fleshed apple; excellent for cooking and is in use up to December. The tree was frequently used a decorative shrub in Victorian times, since the fruit would often remain hanging*

on the tree after ripening. The large fruit is conical in shape, with smooth and shining skin, greenish-yellow turning to straw coloured and tinged with pale orange where exposed to the sun when ripe. Found in Lancashire since 1850.'

Scotch Bridget – (kept well until Christmas time) and apples for cooking, the well known Bramley.

Pear tree varieties included:-

Hessle – a very old English variety developed in Yorkshire in the early 1800s, with a heavy crop of small sweet fruit suitable for both culinary and desert use;

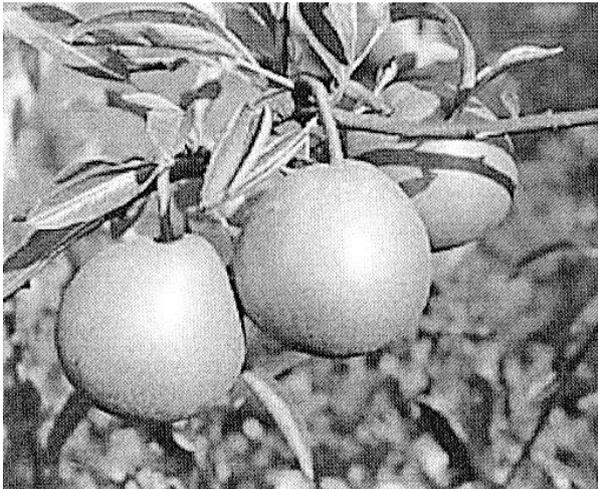
Conference – English 'winter' pear, long and slender in shape. The variety was named for the award it received at the 1885 International Pear Conference; and

Williams – originally known as a Bartlet pear and which originated in Berkshire in the 17th century, bred by schoolmaster John Stair. Stair sold some of his pear tree cuttings to a horticulturist named William who further developed the variety and renamed it after himself.

These were all consumed by the tenant farmer, his family and their friends. (The orchard field is now used for the grazing of horses and, as an excess of fallen apples is not good for these animals, it is likely that the remaining fruit trees will not last much longer!)

Old Farington Hall and Lower Farington Hall Farm

The orchard on this site is the oldest in Farington, dating back many centuries to the time when the Hall was the home of the de ffarington family. When I visited the site in the autumn of 2005, with a 'fruit tree historian', it was very exciting to discover that there are still thirteen pear trees in the Hall's orchard, of which three are the enormous towering Hessle variety and which were then absolutely laden with small fruits. I was assured that these trees were about 200 years old.



In all there were five different kinds of pear trees still in the orchard, including several Winter Nelis (*picture left*) – all bearing fruit despite the buildings having been demolished in the 1970s and the site remaining derelict since.

In addition there were three apple and several plum and damson trees.

These old trees and varieties caused much excitement and samples of all the different fruits were collected and sent to Yorkshire for official identification. The orchard site has now been properly mapped, and cuttings taken from some

of the trees to be grafted onto appropriate rootstock to ensure the continuance of the old varieties.

The Old Post Office at Whitestake

The Old Post Office and adjoining house were built in 1870 but the fields to the side and rear of the building were planted with fruit trees before then. The present owners of the house and orchard appreciate the historic importance of, and interest in, the trees they have, and the whole orchard is well maintained and tended. Of the thirty-plus very old trees, there are: pear – Hessle, Williams and a 'hard winter one' (some of them 200 years old); apple – Golden Spires and Scotch Bridgets (about 150 years old) and four damson trees, all planted in regular rows through the orchard. *There are also approximately thirty new fruit trees, planted to replace old dead ones.* This old, lovingly cared for, orchard was another exciting find: the fruits are very much appreciated by the family and their friends and neighbours as well as the abundant wildlife in the orchard.

Some of the orchards which no longer exist include:

The High Ash Farms which disappeared in the mid 20th century as a result of Leyland Motors' expansion and the building of Centurion Way.

Woodcock Hall Farm: the old Hall was demolished to make way for the building of Farington Road. The fields are still farmed but of the orchard there is no sign.

Higher Farington Hall and its land (including the 2.3 acres of orchard) have all disappeared to make way for Leyland Motors development.

Spindle Hall Farm (now Rigby's Farm): all sign of the orchard has now completely disappeared although it is still a working dairy farm.

Throstle Nest Farm on Fowler Lane: two new properties, Orchard House and Orchard Cottage, have now been built on this once well known local orchard. Three old, neglected apple trees are still on the remaining area which appears to be being cleared probably with further development planned.

Shaw Fold Farm (Croston Road): there is no sign of any fruit trees, the area now being used for grazing.

New House Farm (Croston Road): the actual orchard no longer exists – most of it is now a housing estate (Thornton Drive and Bispham Avenue); however, in the back garden of a bungalow at the top of Thornton Drive there are still a number of old apple trees – the last remaining ones from the 19th century farm orchard.

Many people to whom I have spoken during this research have told me that they remember the old orchards but cannot remember particular varieties of apples and pears, just that they were 'good eaters', 'good keepers' or 'good cooks'.

Lancashire Apples

It may surprise some people to know that Lancashire used to be a major apple growing area. Varieties were adapted to the local climate and conditions and a whole range of varieties that were 'reliable producers' were providing for local consumption and the supplying of numerous regional markets.

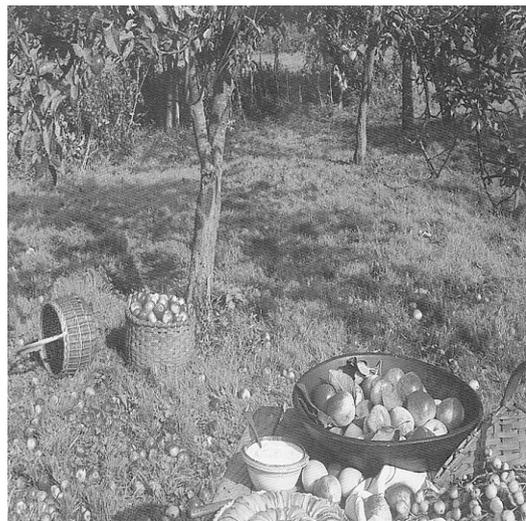
Many of the varieties developed in Lancashire were given local names which could be confusing to people not from that district: apples with names like, 'Keepers' and 'Painted Lady'; and pears with names such as 'Walton Weeper', 'Green Slipper' and 'Winter Hacking'.

The once very popular locally adapted varieties are now fast disappearing and if these heritage strains are not safeguarded they could soon be lost forever. Since the 1960s, when big supermarkets were expanding, their demand for all-year-round supplies of 'regular' shape and 'perfect' appearance fruits resulted in foreign imports flooding our markets. The advent of large supermarkets soon led to the demise of small local greengrocers, and also, in the 1970s and '80s, many old English fruit trees were blown down in gales. Consequently, people have stopped asking for local fruits and there is a real danger of losing these local varieties.

"Living in a village is very pleasant in summer-time, particularly if it is beautifully situated with smiling orchards, with trees laden with luscious fruit and myriads of wild flowers of every hue and shade, filling the air with rich perfume".

(19th century Cracks from a Cobblers Seat by Robert Rowe).

To help ensure the continued survival of old Lancashire varieties of apples and pears, the Lancaster Seedsavers' Group has teamed up with the Northern Fruit Group, Middlewood Trust and



Lancashire County Council. Members are endeavouring to map old orchards still in existence and identify any old trees still remaining. Taking cuttings, (where appropriate), and grafting the material onto recognised rootstock will ensure the survival of some of Lancashire's heritage fruit trees, albeit in small numbers initially. Once established, the trees are made available to the community to plant in gardens and green spaces, and to start new orchards. I am delighted to say that we have two of these trees now growing on our allotment:

***Scotch Bridget** – first described in 1851, a dual purpose variety, remembered with fondness by many older people. 'Mum always kept some, wrapped in newspaper, for a Christmas treat.' The conical shaped fruit has rich, crisp, cream coloured flesh, and*

***Charles Ross** – first exhibited in 1890, has lightly aromatic, juicy, firm flesh, and is still prized both as an exhibition variety and as a garden apple.*

For more information about the Northern Fruit Group contact:

Lucia Marquart, L.C.C.
Projects & Programmes Team,
Cross Street, Preston PR1 8RD.

Apples in England

Some historians believe that the Romans brought cultivated apples to England when they conquered this country in the first century AD, and by the time of the Norman Conquest in 1066 many English people were growing and enjoying their own apples:

The expression: "an apple a day keeps the doctor away," actually comes from an Old English saying: "Ate an apfel avore gwain to bed, makes the doctor beg his bread."

Now the Brogdale Horticulture Trust, in Kent, holds our National Fruit Collection – more than 4,000 different varieties. It has the largest collection of apples in the world – 2,300 varieties!

Pears

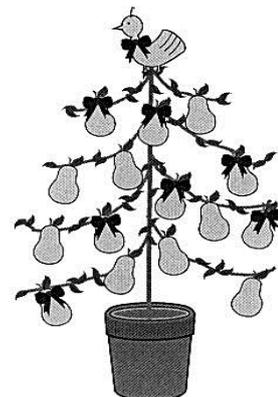
Pears are one of the world's oldest cultivated and beloved fruits and, like apples, have their origins in north-central Asia. A taste for them dates back to ancient times and they are thought to have been preferred to apples by the early Chinese, Greeks and Romans.

The alluring fruit even captured the praise of the Greek poet Homer in the 8th century BC when he referred in his 'Odyssey' to pears as a 'Gift of the Gods', and

*'..... 12 pear trees bowing with their pendant load
And 10 that with blushing apples glow'd.'*

Evidently, the Romans agreed, as early Roman farmers documented extensive pear growing and grafting techniques, developing more than fifty varieties; and, thanks to the pear's versatility and long storage life, the fruit became a valuable and much desired commodity along trading routes of the ancient world. The ancient Romans considered pear wine one of their favourite beverages, and it was also the Romans who introduced the cultivated pear to other parts of Europe including England.

In the 17th century a great flourishing of modern pear variety cultivation took place throughout Europe and they became very popular in France when Louis XIV declared the pear to be his favourite fruit. Indeed, some of the popular varieties of pears in England today originated from French and Belgian stock in the early 18th century.



In popular British culture the pear tree has been immortalised alongside a partridge in the 18th century Christmas carol, 'The 12 Days of Christmas'.

Conclusion

As pear trees are known to live much longer than apples, it is not very surprising that, of the very old trees I have managed to find in my Farington and district search, the oldest are, indeed, pears – but it is sad that virtually all of the old orchards have now disappeared – the 'victims' of progress – and that locally grown, flavoursome, fruits are no longer available for us to enjoy.



End Note

What is known about early apples?



Archaeologists have found carbonised remains of apples in prehistoric lake dwellings in Switzerland, dating back to the Iron Age.



There is also evidence to show that apples were preserved during the Stone Age in Europe by slicing and then drying them in the sun.



Remains of apples which date back to 6,500 BC were found among excavations at Jericho in the Jordan Valley.



It is known that the Greeks were growing and harvesting several varieties of apples as early as the 7th century BC, and that the ancient Egyptians kept excellent records about almost everything, including their apple crops.



The first trees to produce sweet, flavourful apples similar to those we enjoy today were located 4,000 years ago in the Middle East, near the modern city of Alma-Ata in Kazakstan.

Extract from Leyland St Andrew's Parish Magazine – March 1906

(Kindly contributed by Shirley Robson)

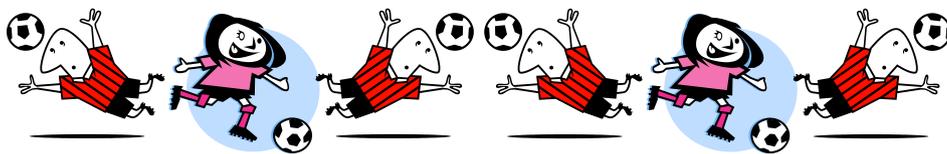
NOTICE

To Children and all whom it may concern

Until such time as the land shall be wanted for Building or other purposes, that Church property called **The Blackburn Field**, from Banister Brook on the North, to the Hen-runs on the South; from the Locomotor Co's property on the East, to Mr. Crompton's on the West, **may be used as a Recreation Ground** by Tom, Dick and Harry, by Susan Jane and Mary. Come one, come all. Here is ample space and abundant greensward, trees, hedgerows, and a pleasant brook, safe from the perils of the streets, may all enjoy it!

N.B. to Boys! Please don't trespass any longer on the Vicarage Fields, or the May Festival Ground; You need not now. I am not joking when I say I shall certainly summon footballers, and other trespassers.

LEYLAND BALDWIN
Vicar



Crowned in a Yard

Newspaper extract kindly passed to me by Margaret Nicholas

LEYLAND JOTTINGS

By Leylander.

CROWNED IN A YARD.

Leyland May Festival seems to have been unlucky again! For years it had been needing a fine day to restore finances, and it came last Saturday (the day the Festival is usually held), but alas, it was too late! As everybody knows (and we mean it this time!), the Festival was abandoned in January, when anything might be expected of the weather.

Needless to say, "The 29th of May" did not pass unnoticed. Many were the Old Leylanders who had a something missing sensation similar to that experienced by a centenarian who has forgotten the exact day of his birth. The May Festival day was more than a birthday, though. It was a re-birthday of old friendships and acquaintances. More thirty-third cousins visited the town on that day than all the rest of the year put together.

How hard the habit dies was shown by the arrival of a few of the visitors on Saturday. Unfortunately, one had to feel sorry for some of them. They rather looked as if

they were trying to think of something to say as easy as "We came over for the Festival and thought we'd drop in on you!" We hope they managed it.

As a matter of fact, they would not have been far wrong if they had used the usual password. There was a May Festival—not as big as that we have been used to, but better than nothing, because the spirit was there. If you doubt our word, look at the photograph with these notes. It was taken in Hough-lane on Saturday afternoon, and if it does not show a May Queen with Crown-bearer and motley retinue, then the camera has lied!

But perhaps some of our readers saw the procession themselves. Apparently some of the local children who normally take part in the Festival had decided to have one of their own. They got quite a good assortment of costumes together, and after a triumphal parade adjourned to a backyard, where the Queen was crowned with pomp and ceremony and the National Anthem. Judging by subsequent noises, the revels followed as of yore (ahem!)



This newspaper cutting has been lovingly kept by the little 'May Festival Queen' herself in her identity card case from before WW2. Margaret Nicholas says she lived near to 'Leylander' who took the photo that Saturday afternoon. Many of her retinue will recall that day. But what year was it?

WHAT ABOUT IT!

It only remains for this touching story to touch the heart of someone with the right pocket for a May Festival on the grand scale to materialise next year. Since the decision of the May Festival Company to go into liquidation, the Urban District Council have taken over the lease of the Mayfield, and are negotiating for the grandstand. If someone with the "brass" were to acquire the costumes from the company, and say, like the kiddies in the picture "Let's have a Festival"—there will be one.

There will be no lack of helpers. If any of the really keen ones hung back earlier in the year the favourable trend of events must have overcome their misgivings. As regards support, the aching void last Saturday must have roused a good deal of sentiment, which during the winter was probably dormant. Anyway, we hope so.

INTELLIGENT PARTICIPATION.

proof of this who would have thought fifteen years ago that the pleasant little footpath leading from Sandy-lane to Forty Steps would have been replaced by a network of streets between several hundred houses?

OVERCROWDING ABATEMENT.

The inquiry, by the way, was held in the Annexe of the Public Hall. Those who also attended the Council meeting in the evening wondered why the same room could not be substituted for the Council Chamber. Since the inauguration of the evening meetings members of the public have chosen to be present, and there has been little accommodation for them.

On Thursday night, with an unusually full complement of officials, conditions were unbearably cramped. Chairs had to be brought in from the adjoining office, and even then it was necessary to sit on the edge of them so that people between

The Olde Tripe Shop at 38 Towngate, Leyland

An edited transcription by *Shirley Robson* of an interview in March, 1995 with her uncle, *Leslie Bowling*

Born in Leyland on 1st June 1922, I left Senior School when I was fourteen years old and was thinking of going to work at Leyland Motors; instead, I started work with my parents, Olive and Joe Bowling, at our tripe shop at 38 Towngate, Leyland, directly opposite the Public Hall. Below is a copy of a reference from the headmaster:

LEYLAND SENIOR SCHOOL, LEYLAND, LANCS.

Head Master.

July 28th 1936.

Leslie Bowling, who is now entitled to leave school, is a keen, willing lad who is absolutely reliable.

He has done very satisfactory work here, and his best subjects are Handicrafts and Maths.

He is intelligent, alive, happy in his disposition, and will give of his best. I recommend him.

Albert B. Church.

My grandparents, Thomas and Lucy Preston, first ran the shop: originally a house with a lobby, they turned it into a shop. My parents took it over when my grandparents retired.



The old shop front at 38 Towngate

I had a pony and cart and I used to do the rounds, my dad left me to it; in fact, he got a job at Leyland Motors, and I worked in the shop with my mother. When my grandfather had the shop, before my parents, he had an old pony called Nellie. My dad took her over and kept her and then after a while we sold Nellie and bought Billie. This is how it came about. I used to buy Nellie's pony food from a place right opposite the *Broadfield Arms* on Leyland Lane, from Johnny Ley, at 'Ley's Corn Mill'. There was an old fellow called Harry Ainscough who stabled about three horses there. I can see him now: he had a stick and a funny eye. This old chap looked after the place for Johnny Ley, and he dabbled with horses.

One day Mr Ainscough said to me, 'I've gotten a reet good pony for thee.'

'Eeh! It's a bonny one,' I said. It was white, going grey. He said, 'You'll have to watch it, because it's a hackney pony. Go and tell yer dad.'

I was only about sixteen years old and, being young, I wanted something that would go fast, little Nellie was then going slower of course. I told dad that I'd seen a good pony, and he sent me to try it out.

'I think I'll run it for you first, because it's never been out. It's a goer. It'll teck off nearly. I'll run it to Earnshaw Bridge and back for you,' said Harry Ainscough.

When he came back, I hooked it up to my cart and set off to go home, via the *Seven Stars* and Fox Lane. Well, I just don't know how I got round the corner into Fox Lane, it went so fast. So I thought, 'Right monkey, I'll run you.' I got my whip and I kept touching its shanks, it was going really fast! Fortunately, there wasn't much traffic in those days and by the time the old chap had run it to Earnshaw Bridge and back, and I'd run it most of the way up Fox Lane, it was tiring. I'd nearly got as far as Fox Lane Cricket ground when it started walking.

When I got home, dad said, 'How have you got on?' And I said, 'Oh boy! It's a goer.' It was a grand little pony: it had run so fast, because it was fresh, and it had been bored in the stables.

I remember I had to harness it up where Bill Harrison lived. Bill Harrison and Bob Harrison and Miss Harrison lived behind where the Midland Bank used to be, near the Cross. I rented a stable there for my horse and cart. The track was cobbled. There used to be Baron's showroom. Old Willy Baron was on the end of Cow Lane, and next door there was Baron's saleroom, and right next door to it there was an old fashioned tall building – stables, and those stables were where Bill Harrison and Bob Harrison kept their Handsome Cabs in years gone by. I put my pony in there, next to Bill Shorrocks's horse, because he had a horse and cart then. He had a butcher's shop in Towngate, next to the *Co-op*. My two-wheeled cart fitted down where Bill Harrison used to come with his big wagon. He was a delivery pick-up man, a carrier. He used to deliver goods from Preston to Leyland and vice versa. It cost me half-a-crown a week to stable my pony and cart. On a Friday night I used to shout, 'Right Oh, Mr Harrison!' and I'd put my half-crown on the table at the back, and walk home.

One Tuesday, I came home from my rounds wet through; it had rained from morning until I came home at about half past four in the afternoon. I had Wellingtons on and there was water in them. I unloaded the cart, then, before I could say anything, the pony had gone. Our little Nellie knew every step, and she went across the road to her stable. I ran after her as she went between *Crozier's* and *Moss's*, it wasn't the old Masonic Hall then, she was just going into the stable; she'd known not to take the corner too sharply. She knew every road, and every customer.

Sometimes the horses got out. Once, dad said, 'Lad, th' horses are out!' Well it was one o'clock in the morning, and you could hear them on the road in Towngate. Oh, heck! It was Billy Holmes's. It was a beggar, Billy Holmes's horse. There was a field near where we lived, there were no houses then, and there was a cornfield. It was a moonlight night, and it was raining. Dad and I found them, (we could hear them), and we knew where they were; where one went the others would follow. Jim Lord had a field, where Worden Close is now: he rented it for two shillings and sixpence a week. Sometimes Billie Holmes used to put his horse in there with our horse - the little white one, Billie - so when we caught them we put them back in there.

On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, I went out with the cart. I didn't go out on a Monday as that was cleaning day. I had to brush and clean the pony, clean the cart and harness, which took most of the day; and I also had to do jobs in the shop, such as weighing out sugar if that was needed. But, on Tuesdays, I'd set off with Billie the pony pulling the cart. The pony was trained to stop and wait, it got used to me and it never set off without me.

On the cart I had tripe, biscuits, jam, marmalade, groceries: everything that we had in the shop. I would bring the horse and cart to the shop to load up. Underneath the old shop counter was a shelf where I stored all the boxes, all filled up the night before, ready to go on the cart. We had currants,

raisins, sultanas, prunes and rice, and we had to weigh them all up ourselves as there weren't many packets then. Instead, they were in boxes of different colours: sultanas were in a creamy coloured box and currants were in a blue one. After we'd weighed something out, we used to put it in the centre of the paper, wrap it over and tuck it in, and tuck it in again. Sugar arrived in hundred-weight sacks. I had a sugar scoop and used it to weigh out the sugar into two pound or six pound bags. We had a rack, like a canopy, over the cart making a roof. There was a shelf across and I used to put all our biscuits up there: *Tower Assorted*, *Beechtime Assorted* and *City Assorted*. I sold big mugs of *Kilver's* lard. They were nice mugs and you could buy them for a shilling, one and three pence, or one and sixpence, depending on the size. I also sold home-cured bacon, cut up into pieces of various sizes. I had just a pair of scales on the cart.

I used to ring a brass bell to let customers know that I was coming with the pony and cart. I didn't shout: 'Fresh tripe and trotters and cowheel!' There was another chap called Whittle, who lived in the step-houses, in Fox Lane, he sold tripe and he used to shout out. He didn't sell our sort of tripe, we wouldn't let him. We were the sole agents for *UCP* tripe, because we were good customers, and they looked after us. My dad had told them that if they let Whittle sell their tripe, they could forget us. I think that Whittle sold *Bootles'* tripe, which wasn't as nice as ours, so he didn't trade for long.

I used to go to Johnny Brown's and my Aunt Polly's every month. I used to complain to dad that it was a waste of time going to Aunt Polly's as they never bought anything. She lived just round the corner from the Roe Moor Garage, on Southport Road, and that was a long ride. Johnny Brown's farm was just past where Paul's Farm shop is now, near Cocker Bar. I had to cross over the railway lines to reach his land, but first I had to get permission from the lady gatekeeper: she would open the gates if it was safe to cross. Johnny Brown was a good customer, so the journey was worthwhile. I've stopped many times near to where the Leyland Tiger used to be, selling tripe. I waited for the workers coming out of the mill nearby. They expected me to be there at half past five.

On Thursdays, I used to take the cart up the back of The Crescent and then up Sandy Lane, and ring my bell there, and they'd say, 'Oh! It's Leslie's tripe!' I also went up Windsor Avenue, Crawford Avenue and Wellington Avenue; and then all over the Bent Bridge area into Bent Lane. Once, when my dad was with me, we came along Bent Lane towards where there used to be a newsagent. An old woman lived there. She came out and asked what we had in another closed box, 'More tripe!' we said.

'It's better in that box than in this, I'll have some out of that one,' she said.

'Aye, you can have which you like,' dad said. From then on he used to switch the boxes of tripe round when we were near to her place, she didn't know what she was getting.

She was an elderly lady, and one day, she said, 'I've made you an apple pie.' My dad said to me when we were well down the road, 'I'm not eating that, it looks dirty!' I said, 'Well, I'm not eating it Dad,' I'll tell you what, 'We'll give it to the pony.' We got to Strawberry Valley, on Bent Lane, and we stopped before we went down there to serve customers. I said, 'Here you are, Nellie,' She lapped it up. She thought it were good this apple pie.

As I said at the beginning, our shop at 38 Towngate, like so many others at that time, was at first a shop in the front room of the house, entered through a vestibule and a lobby. One evening, when my dad had the shop, George Marland, the builder, came round. He'd had a drink or two, and he said to my dad, 'Joe, let's knock this wall out.' He was referring to the porch and vestibule wall. When it was knocked down, it made a grand square shop. They had the door moved too, so that entry from the back room to the shop was easier. We left it like that for quite a while. There was just a window bottom to display the tripe in. We used a nice big plate, the size of a meat plate, with a shallow hole in it to catch the water. We could mop it up then, because people didn't want to buy water with the tripe. We 'dolled' the tripe up with tomatoes and parsley.



Les with his mother,
Olive Bowling, in the
shop in 1947...

...and a bill, dated 1937, for the
purchase of the (red) bacon slicer, seen
in the photo above

Telephone: BLAckley 6985.

7, Liverpool Road,
Deansgate,
MANCHESTER, 3. 29th. June, 1937

Mr. Joseph Bowling, 56 Towngate, Leyland, Lancs.

DR. TO J. C. WORRALL,
Grocers' and Butchers' Machinery. Weighing Machines, etc.

All accounts payable at this office. **29/6 3606**

Terms: Strictly Cash unless otherwise stated.

One "Standard" Model 14 Slicing Machine No. 1180 as per agreement No. 1540	225 -
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Terms:- £5-0-0 deposit, and seventeen monthly payments
of £1-0-0. All payments to be made
the 29th. day of each month and must be sent
forwarded to this address.

The Goods involved herein are
guaranteed for a period of
twelve months from date of
purchase.

J. C. Worrall



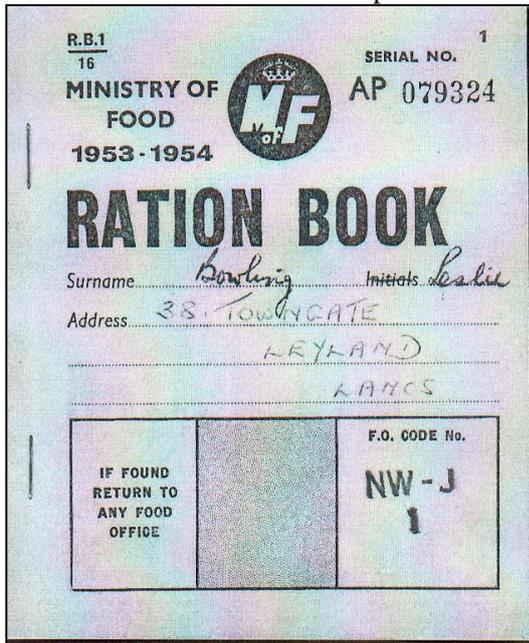
Les in his RAF uniform:

World War II started when I was eighteen and I went into the RAF for almost six years and was demobbed in 1946. I sold the horse and cart before I went away into the Forces; McCabes at Earnshaw Bridge bought the pony. While I was away in the RAF, mother wrote to me and asked if I wanted her to keep the shop going or to pack it up. I told her that I wanted to come back to it. I'd

be twenty-six when I came out of the Forces.

It was still hard after the war to get what we needed to sell in the shop. I could only get so much each week. Goods were rationed and everyone had Ration Books.

There were bread units and points for soap powder and jam. You could only have so much sugar one week, and so much the next. Butter was rationed too, and I hadn't enough customers to get as much butter as I needed. Mr Hartley had a grocery shop over the road, and he used to worry about 'little butter weeks'. We worked together to get as much butter as we could.



The front cover of Les's Ration Book

You weren't allowed to overspend either. One week I overspent, and they sent for me at the Food Office, which was next to the *George IV* public house, on Towngate. The boss was a grumpy old fellow. He said to me, 'You've overspent. You know this is a serious offence.'

'Is this what we get now, since we fought for our country?' I said, 'They said that they were going to look after the soldiers and airmen when they came home.'

'Well, this is the Law, I can't do anything about it, don't overspend again,' he said. I came out of there with my tail between my legs, and I thought, I'd have to watch this in the future. If I overspend again, I can

see myself in prison.

Eventually, things became a bit easier; bread came off rationing and then jam and sugar varied from perhaps 4lbs one week, to 1lb or 2lbs another week. But I had to creep before I could walk. I couldn't afford to buy a lot of stuff, so I used to try and get, say, six custard powders and put them on the edge of the shelf. Customers were eager to get corned beef and tinned salmon. I would slip my favourite customers a tin, and then, of course, they would spend more in the shop. I had very little money, and was only living 'hand to mouth'. What I got, I sold.

As times became easier I could afford to buy in more stock. I got it direct and had a lot of travellers calling from different firms. In those days there was no business called *United Biscuits*, so travellers came from all over. There were *Crawfords*, *MacVities*, *Peak Freanes*, *Foxes*; and *Symbol* from Blackpool. The reps came from *Nestlé's Milk* and *H.P. Sauce*. One of them had a gammy leg and lived in Lancaster Lane, and he was really good at his job. I also used a firm called *Halls of Preston*. They were just the other side of Ford Motors in Preston, on the left, down Corporation Street. I went there a time or two for orders, but not very often. Their rep, called Bob, used to come every Monday, and he used to say, 'You owe me something!'

'What do you mean? I paid you last week,' I'd reply. I got so mad that eventually I said to him, 'look Bob, if you say this again, I'm going to charge you half a crown. You're taking up my time, finding the paper work, and I've always paid up to date!' He didn't do it again.

Men also delivered the tripe, trotters, cowheel etc. from *UCP*. It was Jack Bromilow in my grandmother's day. But, I remember well "Little Ernie", wearing clogs and a sack apron. I could hear his clogs clattering down our lobby. He used to warm himself by our fire in winter, and his apron smelt when it got warm, it was the tripe water. When he retired, we got another Ernie, and we called him "Big Ernie". He was a grand bloke from Blackpool. I used to say, 'Look Ernie! there's the kettle and the teapot, brew up.' I could trust them all. They used to deliver the tripe every morning, Monday to Friday, but not Saturday. There were no fridges in those days. I used to wash the tripe, because it was a bit smelly sometimes. After a wash in water, it smelt sweet again: that was one of the tricks of the trade.

Whenever a customer wanted something off a high shelf, I used to pile Crawford's biscuit tins on top of each other for me to stand on, so that I could reach up. Sometimes I'd wobble and fall off amongst all the stuff at the bottom. I once fell into a sack of marrow-fat peas.

When I got married to Sheila, on the 21st of July 1951, Mum and Dad moved out, and went to live with my sister, Elsie, and her husband, Frank, in Moss Lane, Leyland. Sheila worked at Leyland Motors for a while, until the shop got busy, and then she stayed at home and we ran the business together. One day I said to my brother-in-law, Frank, 'I'm thinking of having the shop altered.' He thought that it was a good idea, and he offered to have a word with the firm of *Marland Bros.* So George Marland came to see me about this, and I can still remember both him and Frank saying, 'Why not knock the back wall of the shop down, and go right through into the kitchen area?' 'Eeh heck, I don't know,' I said. 'Well, go on then.'



The modernised shop front

We extended the shop in 1955. My nephew, John Marsden, took this photograph of the original shop front, which shows the "UCP" logo on the door, and also the "Ye olde original tripe shop" sign. He later took another photograph of the shop after we had extended it, and had the new frontage built. The old shop doorstep was worn out, so we replaced it with two tiled steps.

Marlands came one Saturday morning in the holiday week, and knocked the front wall out. The roof was propped up. You could see our furniture upstairs, which I'd moved to



Advert for Ambrose and Beaver

the back of the room. I pushed all the stock from out of the shop into our little back bedroom upstairs. All the floorboards and the old flags were taken up. They put proper floor tiles down from front to back – blue and cream laid alternately. The kitchen was modernised too. We had a new work surface put in it, and we had a coke convector stove installed. Meanwhile, I served customers in the old veranda, but I didn't do much trade, because they wouldn't come up the lobby. It was really exciting at the time. I remember when they were doing the alterations, Sheila said to me one night, 'How do we go to bed?' They'd moved the stairs and turned them round, and, because the bottom two steps were rotten, there was, for a while, a gap. I had to get two boxes for Sheila and me to stand on to reach the remaining stairs to go up to bed.

The builders did a wonderful job, they were Tommy Ambrose and Mr Beaver. Tommy said, 'I'll tell thee what, it's going to cost thee sommat is this.' He meant because both bosses were working in the holiday week. I said, 'Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, you can have a drink on me: there's the tea and the teapot, and there's a box of cider. Help yourselves if you want it.'

After the shop's alterations, we thought that we'd have a bathroom, as we just had an old toilet at the bottom of the garden. When the bathroom was fitted, we needed it decorating and Jack Hodgson, a friend of mine, who was in the Fire Brigade, did a bit of decorating on the side. We chose some black paper with fishes on it, and Jack came to hang it. 'Eeh, that's grand!' I said when it was finished,

He asked, 'Do you like it?' I said, 'I do very much, Jack. But there's only one thing wrong, shouldn't the air bubbles, coming out of the fishes mouths go up instead of down?'

'Nay,' he said, 'I've put it on upside down. I'm sorry, I'll strip it off.' He got it right the second time.

Next, I had the little garden taken up at the back, so that we could build a storeroom. I got the plans passed, because it was for trade:

Lean to' bathroom for Mr L Bowling. Plan number 49/68 approved July 1949. Alterations at number 38 Towngate for L Bowling. Plan number 55/99 approved 1955.

Storeroom at 38 Towngate for Mr L Bowling. Plan number 58/146 approved August 1958.

Transcribed from a book of deposited plans, approved by Leyland Urban District Council, held at the Museum in Church Road



Our neighbours - Pickup's, the furnislers

The shop next door was 'Pickup's', and Lynn Trafford worked there. I was very friendly with him. I said to him, 'Lynn, I'm having an alteration at the back of my shop. I'm having it all built in for a warehouse. I wonder if I could have some bricks delivered in Pickup's yard?' He agreed to that, but afterwards said to me, 'By Goodness, Les, I didn't think there'd be all those bricks coming.' There were about 4,000.

Oh crikey, Mrs. Pickup nearly had a fit. They were away on holiday at the time. When she came back, she said, 'Hello! What a transformation!'

One customer who knew me well asked if our shop was under new management. 'You know me don't you?' I said, and she looked at me and said, 'Is it Leslie?' and I said, 'Of course it is.'

We had to set the new shop up. I thought, well ladies are better at setting a shop out, so, when Sheila asked: 'Where shall we start?' I said, 'You just put goods on the shelves where you want them.' There was all this stuff to come out of the back. Eventually, we got it nicely set up, and it was a thrill when we opened up.



The shop, opposite the Public Hall, in Towngate

One day, Frank Marsden, my sister's husband, who was the Treasurer to Leyland U.D.C, called to see me and said, 'Don't say anything to anyone, but there might be someone coming to see you about buying your property.' 'Never!' I said; but two fellows did come, and they wanted to know if I'd like to sell.

It still took me by surprise. A fortnight later, I closed the shop.



Leslie and Sheila Bowling

My Auntie Sheila, died on 8 June 1980, and my uncle, Leslie Bowling, died on 31 October, 2005, having spent most of his life in Leyland

Author's Note

The shop finally closed for business on 2 September, 1963, when a Compulsory Purchase Order was served, so that the redevelopment of Towngate could begin. Shopping in Towngate was changed for ever. All the old shops were demolished, and soon a large Supermarket was built with a car park to the rear. A small row of new shops, including the new chemist's store, appeared, and Leyland market was held on the adjacent site three days each week.

Now, after more demolition, part of the ancient thoroughfare called Towngate has sadly disappeared, and a massive 'Tesco' store and car park, dominate the conservation area around Leyland's ancient cross. Some older residents will certainly remember with affection Towngate as it was in the days of small family-run shops. I for one certainly do. 'The Tripe Shop' was run by my family for three generations, and as a child I used to enjoy helping with the annual stock-take. On May Festival Day, Les put the shop bench outside for older customers to sit on, to watch the procession go by.



Pot-Pourri - Three

by *Derek Wilkins*

Hopefully Bill Waring will not mind me following the example he set in Chronicle No. 42, and continued in No. 47, by recording those items noted during research which, while not warranting a separate article, are of sufficient interest to be presented as a "pot-pourri".

A Wealthy 18th Century Butcher

Thomas Woods was a butcher in Howick and also had property in Leyland. He died in 1732 and an inventory of his "*Goods, Cattles and Chattles*"⁽¹⁾ shows him to have been extremely wealthy and that, in addition to his main occupation, he was also engaged in farming and, to a very considerable extent, money lending.

The total value of his personal estate (excluding property or real estate) was £569/17/11 (£569.89p). It is difficult to convert the wealth of earlier centuries into modern values, so great have been the social and economic changes, but calculations from a variety of sources suggest values in the range £180,000 and £250,000 – by any calculation he was wealthy for an 18th century tradesman.

The values in his inventory show, not surprisingly, that "*Beasts and Horses*" and "*Sheep*" together accounted for just over £102. The value of a "*Pigg*", shown separately as 8/- (40p) gives some indication of the number of animals involved.

His money lending activities accounted for the lion's share with "*Desparate Debts*" of £85.11s7d (£85.58p) and "*Bills and Bonds*" to the value of a massive £333.6s10d (£333.34p) - almost 60% of his wealth.

His Leyland interests are given as "*a chest and press at Leyland*" value 5/- (25p), although there is no clue as to where they were located.

An 18th Century Boundary Agreement

Walkers starting out on the Ribble Way at its Longton end will, after about one kilometre, cross a gully running east to west from Pilot's cottage onto the salt marsh. This gully forms the boundary between Hutton and Longton and it is interesting to note how it came into being.

The Ribble salt marshes have long been used for grazing and in the 18th century were particularly valuable resources following the enclosure and conversion to arable of other common grazing land. It was especially important not to allow stray animals from a neighbouring township to encroach on to a

township's marsh land and this was no doubt behind a suggestion made by the jury at the Longton Manor Court in 1781⁽²⁾:-

“ We the Jury aforesaid being of opinion that it will be for the advantage of the Lords, landowners, tenants and owners of cattle gates on Longton Marsh within this Manor if a ditch or gutter was made between the Manors of Longton and Hutton, from a meer stone standing on Longton Marsh near the Cabin in a direct line as far as the River Ribble, towards a meer stone standing in a close of land within Freckleton called Nab Hey, to divide the said Manors of Longton and Hutton and to be a fence to and divide the waste or marsh of each manor. We therefore order and direct that such ditch or cut shall be made as soon as conveniently may be. And that the expense thereof shall be born and defrayed by the owners of cattle gates upon Longton Marsh rateably and in proportion to the number of cattle gates they hold thereupon. And we do nominate and appoint Mr Henry Blackhurst as a proper person to direct and inspect the works and to order and compleat the same. And do hereby authorize him to demand and collect the expense of the said works from the respective owners of cattle gates aforesaid and to apply to Mr. Rawstorne [Lord of the Manor of Hutton] to make any agreement with him about the expense of cutting the said ditch”.

The 1844 6" O.S. map confirms that the proposal was implemented, clearly showing the ditch, although it is not known whether Mr Rawstorne paid his share.

William Boardman's Ulnes Walton Connection

In the fourth of her books on Farington, Joan Langford⁽³⁾ refers to the fact that in 1844 William Boardman, one of the co-founders of Farington Mill, was appointed a trustee of the National School in Ulnes Walton. What was his connection with Ulnes Walton?

In 1823, Humphrey Miller, a wealthy yeoman of Ulnes Walton, made his will.⁽⁴⁾ Amongst his bequests was the following: -

“...all the residue of my household goods, furniture, plate, linen, china, books, money, bonds, securities for money and personal estate whatsoever...to my nephew William Boardman”

He also made a “solemn request” that William Boardman should take up residence in Ulnes Walton and “...make the house in which I now reside his...mansion and usual place of abode”. He also made him one of his executors along with William Bretherton of Leyland, William Boardman's brother-in-law.

Humphrey Miller died in 1829 and the probate note on his will gives the value of his personal estate as £9,000, thus adding very substantially to the Boardman wealth.

William Boardman's mother was the sister of Humphrey Miller and was married to John Boardman, William's father on 7th September 1789 at St Michaels, Croston.

By 1830 William, in accordance with his uncle's request, had taken up residence in what is still known as Miller's Farm on the east of Ulnes Walton Lane. The Tithe schedule of 1838⁽⁵⁾ shows him as proprietor of eight properties including several cottages and fields as well as Miller's and Porter's Farms. Sometime during 1838 he moved to Farington.

Humphrey Miller had played a leading role in charity administration and a letter of 1862 from William Boardman's solicitors to the Charity Commissioners⁽⁶⁾ shows that the latter followed in his uncle's footsteps and it was presumably through this charitable work that he became involved with the Ulnes Walton School.

Humphrey Miller clearly had a significant influence, not only on the Boardmans, but also on their relatives and partners, the Bashalls, to the extent that one member, referred to in Joan's book, was named Humphrey Miller Bashall (1830 - 1874).

Smoking Cattle?

Detailed accounts survive relating to the management of the Hutton salt marshes for summer grazing in the 18th century.⁽⁷⁾ The cattle, usually referred to as “goods”, were driven, or “put down”, onto the marsh from early May and seem to have been identified using pitch and tar and a marking iron:-

1719:-“...tarr and pitch for marking the goods with. 11d”

“...George Birchall for a marking iron 4d”

1723:-“...pitch and tarr etc at the first putting on of the cattle. 4s.7d”

Frequently included with the tar and pitch is a quantity of tobacco:-

1721:- “...pitch, tarr and tobacco used at the putting downe o’th’ goods 2s.7½d”

1727:- “...halfe a pound of tobacco at the putting downe of the cattle 51s.2 d”

1732:-“...tarr, pitch, tobacco... at the putting downe to the Marsh 5s.0d”.

The purpose of this tobacco is something of a mystery. It was clearly used at the same time as the pitch and tar for marking the cattle, but how and why? If any reader has any ideas, I would be glad to hear them.

Tax on Religion

The discrimination against Roman Catholics, particularly after the flight of James II in 1688, is well known and well documented.

One particular area of discrimination was that of taxation. The Land Tax, originally introduced in 1697, continued until 1831 and, in addition to being a revenue-earning tax, was also used as a qualification to vote. From 1780, duplicate returns were deposited with the justices of the peace for the administration of the latter and those for the Leyland Hundred have survived more or less intact. The records for Ulnes Walton for 1782⁽⁸⁾ contain the following entry:-

“Persons Double taxed called Papists

“Proprietor – Wm Johnson Occupier – Wm Highfield Sum assessed - £1.4s.4d”

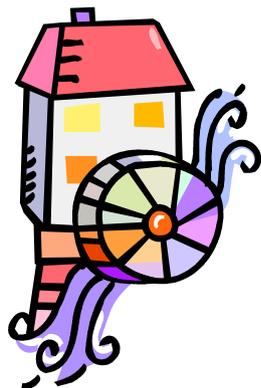
The same assessment was made each year until 1786 when it reverted to a single assessment of 12s 2d. Since the tax was payable by the landowner it would appear that William Johnson was the Catholic.

No examination has been made of returns for other townships but such an exercise would be useful to anyone with an interest in local Roman Catholicism.

References:

- (1) L.R.O. WCW
- (2) L.R.O. DD La 6/29
- (3) Langford, Joan M. The History of Farington Cotton Mill Book 4 2003
- (4) L.R.O. WCW
- (5) L.R.O. DRB 1/192
- (6) Charity Commissioners Endowed Charities. Lancashire Returns Vol. II. 1908
- (7) L.R.O. DDX 103. Box UNCA 61.
- (8) L.R.O QDL/L/34

CORRECTION



This is probably an appropriate place to correct a mistake. At the end of my article in last year's Chronicle on the origins of the name Wymott, I suggested that streams draining our local moorlands, in particular Mill Brook on the border of Hutton and Howick, would today be unable to power a water mill as they had in the past. I now think I was wrong. In March 2006, I had occasion to visit Howick C of E School, behind which runs Mill Brook. The visit was just after a period of rain and I was surprised to see just how much water was flowing and also the fall of the brook in this area, and it seemed quite apparent that a water mill could easily be powered under such conditions. This serves to illustrate a point made by W. G. Hoskins in one of his books to the effect that it is dangerous to write about local history without a thorough knowledge of the topography of the area in question.

Derek Wilkins

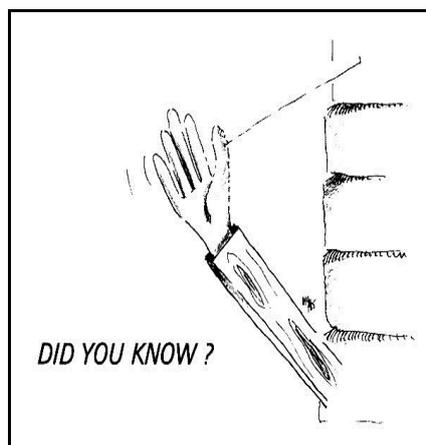


Well Fancy That

A snippet from Joan Langford's notebook

When my sister and I were children, to help pass time on car journeys, we were encouraged to play games of 'Pub Cricket'. I am sure many other children have similarly been 'occupied' over the years happy when passing the 'Coach and Horses' (*scoring a maximum six runs*) and not so happy passing a Royal name, such as the 'George IV', which meant the person 'batting' was out.

What, I began to wonder, was the origin of these pub names and signs?



I have now discovered that in 1560, the Court Leet ordered that no one should brew ale to sell unless they had certain standards for the accommodation of travellers. The sign of a hand was to be shown where ale was to be had and, if the tap was dry, the hand was to be withdrawn.

Those who could provide four beds must still have a sign, but the type was left to their own choice so presumably this was the start of public houses using their individual signs.

In 1561 the Court Leet then imposed an additional condition, that the inn keeper '*shall deny no person ale for money if the hand be out, under pain of fine 6s 8d.*'

In 1573 the Court further decreed that ‘any person found drunk shall spend a night in the dungeon and pay 6d to the poor’. If he could not pay, the publican had to pay it for him, and ‘any ale-house keeper so found, in his own house or elsewhere, shall be imprisoned for one night and discharged from ale-house keeping.’



Editor's Note:

Michael Park's article on 'Pub Signs' contained in Chronicle 36 gives stories of how many of our local pub signs came into being.

Chronicle 36 and all previous Chronicles are available on two CDs which can be bought from the Committee.



Leyland Historical Society

Programme 2006 – 2007

Meetings held at Prospect House, Sandy Lane, Leyland,
at 7.30 pm

2006

Monday, 4 September
“The Story of Leyland Motors”
Malcolm Tranter

Monday, 2 October
“Mrs Brunel”
Mikron Theatre Company

Monday, 6 November
**“My Animals and Other Family -
13th Earl of Derby”**
Dr Alan Crosby

Monday, 4 December
“Meet the Ancestors”
Julian Richards

2007

Monday, 1 January

No meeting

2007

Monday, 5 February
“Cotton Mills of Preston”
Colin Dickinson

Monday, 5 March
**“The Enigma Machine and
Bletchley Park”**
Dr Mark Baldwin

Monday, 2 April
**“William Yates and the
County Maps of Lancashire”**
Dr Paul Hindle

Monday, 7 May
**2nd Annual Historical
Society Outing to Ironbridge**

Monday, 4 June
“Roman Walton-le-Dale”
Rachel Newman

Monday, 2 July
“Another Side of Leyland”
The Society