

LEYLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

(Founded 1968)

Registered Charity No. 1024919

PRESIDENT

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CHAIR

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(Joint)

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HONORARY TREASURER

Mr. E. Almond

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

in

**The Shield Room, Banqueting Suite, Civic Centre,
West Paddock, Leyland**

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Vice Presidents: £15.00 per annum

Members: £15.00 per annum

School Members: £ 1.00 per annum

Casual Visitors: £5.00 per meeting

A MEMBER OF THE LANCASHIRE LOCAL HISTORY FEDERATION

THE HISTORIC SOCIETY OF LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE

and

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR LOCAL HISTORY

Editorial

Welcome to the sixty-second edition of the *Lailand Chronicle*.

It is always sad to include an obituary in the *Chronicle* but the words written in remembrance of our late President, Bill Waring, are especially moving and show us what a wonderful person Bill was.

Our condolences go to his family through this publication and Bill will be long remembered as a kind and generous man who was never self-seeking and always willing to help others and for his work in setting up and ensuring the continuation of the Leyland Historical Society.

I sit down each year to put together the *Chronicle* as there seems to be very little to put in it. However, as the actual printing deadline draws closer and I look at the contents page as it starts to fill I realise that members do put a lot of effort into the articles they send for publication and thank them for their work. All are busy people, 'give the work to a busy person and it will get done' is the old adage and this is very true with regard to our contributors.

Looking round the audience at the October meeting and seeing so many who are members of, not only the Historical but many other Societies and charitable organisations in Leyland, I think our older generation should certainly be applauded.

We are taken around the Seven Stars area of Leyland Lane in two of our articles this season. One goes way back in time to before some houses became shops and the other is an amalgamation of the memories of two brothers. Their lives took different paths and we can associate with them in looking back on how our parents strove to do the best for us in the years just after World War II.

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

Once again, our Chairman has prepared a varied programme for the new season with excellent speakers for our entertainment. We thank Peter for all the hard work and the time he devotes to the Leyland Historical Society.

Mary Longton
Editor

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Society Affairs

2015 - 2016

To begin the 48th season, the ninth in the Civic Centre, we returned to the subject of Leyland from a different angle, this time with 'A Moment in Time': which was a trip along the old festival route from the starting point on Centurion Way along Stanifield Lane, Preston Road and down into Leyland with many newly discovered photographs.

October: This year's Mikron Theatre production was called 'Raising Agents' and told the history of the Women's Institute as they were celebrating their 100th anniversary. It told the story of Bunnington



The four cast members of *Raising Agents*

WI, which was a bit down-at-heel, dwindling membership means they can barely afford the hall, let alone a decent speaker, so, when a PR guru becomes a member, the women are glad of new blood.

The milk of WI kindness begins to sour when she re-brands them the Bunnington Bunnies. They're hopping. With stakes higher than a five tiered cake stand, a battle ensues for the very soul of Bunnington, perhaps the WI itself! On the threshold of

one century into the next, this tale of hobbyists and lobbyists asked how much we should know of our past or how much we should let go of it. Above all else, like the WI itself, Raising Agents is a story of friendship.

The four cast members managed to pull off being the ladies very well especially when the two males had to pretend to be males dressed up as females, very confusing but fun to watch. The attendance that night of 207 with 84 visitors from the various local women's institutes made a very successful evening.

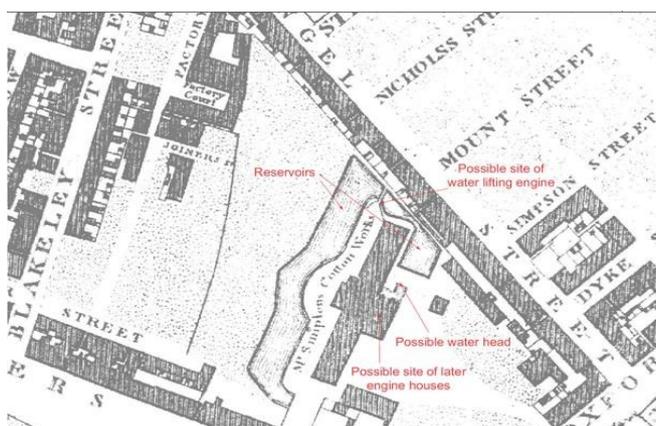
In November we welcomed back our old friend Doctor Alan Crosby with his talk on the music to be heard and the instruments played in Rufford Hall in the 1730s, the information being obtained from the list of belongings following the death of one of the Hesketh family. From his researches he has

located examples of the sounds of the instruments which he could play on the computer and discovered that for the age, the late Hesketh was up to date with the sheet music he had obtained from Italy and other parts of Europe, not long after they had been published.

For the December meeting Lizzie Jones returned again to her acting as she entertained us with a new drama presentation on the life of Lady Margaret Beaufort, the first Countess of Derby. Better known as the mother of the future Henry VII, her story being told in two distinct ways, without the mask,

Lizzie told her story as Margaret saw it, with the mask it was how the other members of the royal family and observers at the time saw her story.

For the first talk of the New Year, we welcomed back Chris Wild from Oxford Archaeology who talked about the recent excavations at Arkwright's Manchester Mill. This was the first example of a large purpose-built mechanized cotton spinning mill in Manchester It was built in 1782 by



Site of excavations of Arkwright's Mill in Manchester

partners of Richard Arkwright, and destroyed by fire in 1854, rebuilt, and finally destroyed during the Manchester blitz in 1940. Following on from the famous Time Team dig, Chris and his team discovered many more features of the mill and its water power that still lay beneath the car park (no kings here).

February we again saw Sid Calderbank at his best with songs, poems and recitations that made up a 'Lancashire Garland', entertaining us and, as usual, getting the membership to join in. The tale of how he sung to Dame Shirley Bassey on the BBC1 *One Show* was priceless.

In March we were entertained by Andrew Gill, returning after twelve years, with his magic lantern. Andrew Gill is a professional magic lantern showman, based in Lancashire, who works with museums and festivals. He presented an authentic magic lantern show entitled 'The First World War through the Magic Lantern' which showed the full story of the war, from the battles, troops, and even the lighter side of the campaign.

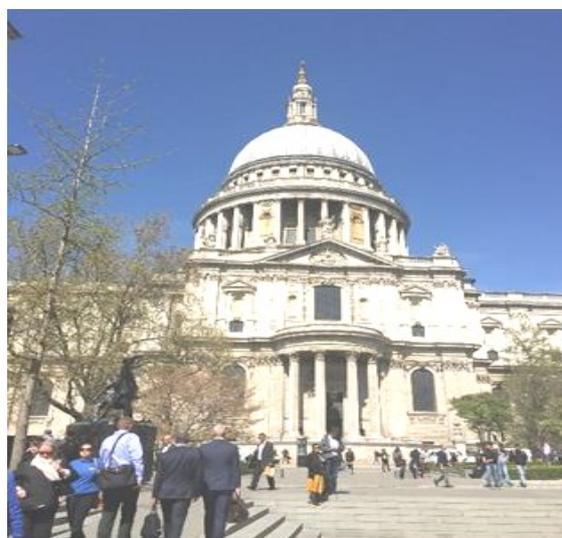
The April meeting featured the story of Steve Halliwell and his work investigating both local and family history, with funny stories on the way.

The events of the special second meeting on 11 April about the Leyland & Birmingham Rubber Company will be covered in a separate article within the

Chronicle though it did lead us to have an article published about the Society in the Lancashire Evening Post, the day after the event.

On 20th April, a group of fourteen members headed south for the day by train to London to meet our most famous member, Thomas Woodcock, who had agreed to show us around the College of Arms during the offices opening hours. Having arrived in time at Euston we took the Underground to St Pauls, then circumnavigated the outside of the cathedral to Peter's Hill.

Here as we headed down to Queen Victoria Street and the College of Arms I could not help thinking of a famous 1960's episode of



St Paul's Cathedral



On the Millennium Bridge



The College of Arms entrance

Doctor Who were the Cybermen walked these same streets with St Paul's in the background, being recreated for the recent 2014 series finale.

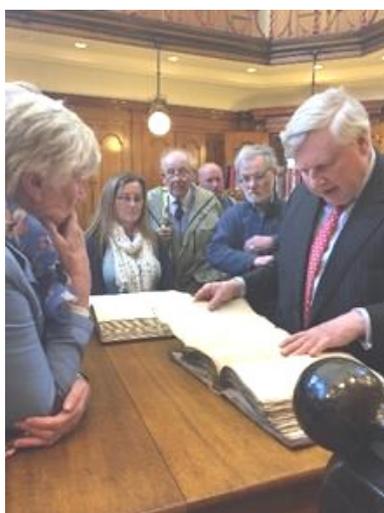
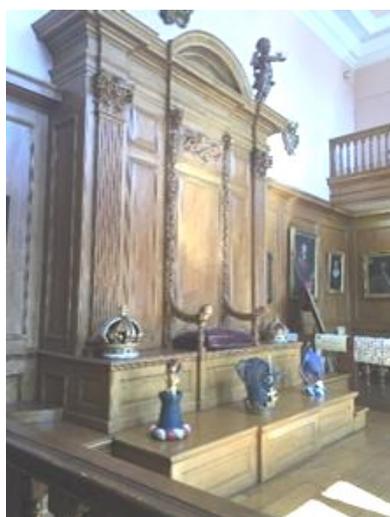
As we were half an hour early we continued down Peter's Hill eventually arriving on the Millennium Bridge and crossing over it to the Tate Gallery in the old Bankside power station next to Shakespeare's Globe theatre.

We arrived at the College of Arms at the appointed time entering through the imposing gates and up the steps to the entrance lobby which used to be the court for the College to hear cases. We met Thomas who came in through the same entrance we had just come through as his offices have a different entrance as we

discovered later. After he had described the lobby/court with all its paintings and historical artifices, we went through to one of the interview/meeting rooms where he explained the running of the College before we entered the research room.

Here we were astounded as he opened a cupboard locating the Leyland area almost immediately with all the details of the coats of arms of all the nearby landed gentry, going back to before the Great Fire of London, (their records being saved as a matter of urgency). He then opened another cupboard in which was stored all the relevant correspondence relating to the coats of arms and family history which in Leyland's case meant letters from our first historian, Dr Richard Kuerden (I just wished that Presidents George Bolton and Bill Waring could have been there to see it).

We then tramped out of the main entrance and into Thomas's private entrance for his rooms as the Garter King of Arms. Here in his large office with books all around the room (as seen recently when Penelope Keith spoke to him on her Channel 4 documentary) the main feature was his desk with a large imposing chair on the visitors' side. This is where he sits the future peers to make them feel more important. He then showed us one of the latest grants of arms with its official seal ready to be picked up



Thomas's rooms as the Garter King of Arms



Thomas answering our questions



Museum piece

later that day. He then answered any questions that could be thrown at him by us and Doreen and I promised to return with the scouts as previously agreed.

Museum of London

Our group then caught the 100 bus which was supposed to take us to Little Britain but instead, due to a diversion, we found ourselves near Liverpool Street Station. Using my innate mapping skills and the London Underground map we found that by walking down London Wall (that's a street name, as is Little Britain) we soon got to the Museum of London which you enter on the first floor by escalator.



A welcome meal at the Lord Raglan pub

Here we spent a couple of hours looking around the various exhibits from the Roman, Medieval and all the years following. The Fire of London exhibits were particularly interesting. A short walk down St Martins Le Grand led us to the Lord Raglan pub which look packed from outside but when we got in there were two large tables set aside for us as previously arranged. Following a good meal we carried on down St Martins Le Grand until we reached St Paul's underground station and returned to Euston for the train home.



At the Laurel and Hardy Museum in Ulverston

On 2nd May we went north leaving the wet weather behind as we headed towards the Lake District. Our first stop was at the town of Ulverston to visit the Laurel and Hardy Museum. We were welcomed by Mark, the grandson of Bill Cubin the original curator and collector. He took us into the museum and gave a brilliant talk on the museum's history and the story of Laurel and Hardy before proceeding to show two short films of the boys in action. Our members were then able to wander around the museum for the next hour to see all the

various displays about the original comedy double act. One fact I loved was that at one time they were almost making one film per month.

We then all got back on the coach for the trip north up the coastal road (A595) from Dalton in Furness following the ins and outs of the coastal estuaries and closely following the Cumbrian coast rail line.

We passed the small villages of Foxfield, Bootle, Ravenglass and Drigg before we approached the outskirts of Seascale and Sellafield, the road becoming wider from then on. Reaching the coast after St Bees Head, we saw the port of Whitehaven. Passing through Parton and the suburbs of Workington we finally reached our destination of Cockermouth.

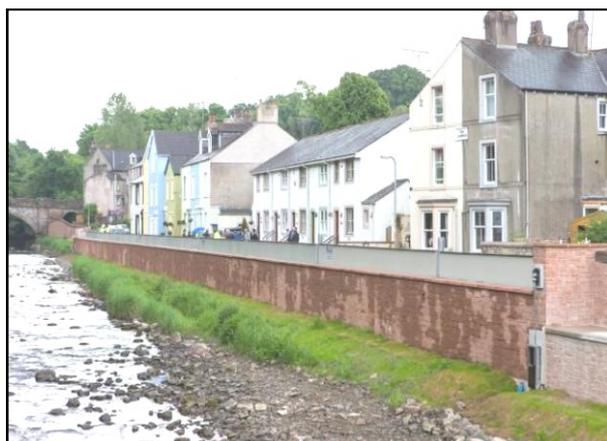


View from the coach looking towards Bees Head

There at the information centre we met our guides for the afternoon from the Cockermouth Civic Trust who took us around the town in three groups. From where Mary Queen of Scots stayed on her way south, now demolished, past many signs of the recent floods and the ways that they are trying to ensure it does not happen



At the time of our visit



Views of Cockermouth with a flooded street, the flood defence on the river, and a derelict street awaiting flood damage repair

we could view the walls from Jennings Brewery. Walking through the various courtyards with houses on one side and the places of employment on the other made for a very enclosed community, though the family home of William Wordsworth looked much grander though it was too late for us to visit. We all again then crossed the River Derwent back to the coach for our return journey southwards via Bassenthwaite Lake, the outskirts of Keswick and the M6 home.

In June, for our final meeting of the season, we again welcomed Peter Cunliffe who gave a full description of the Battle of Agincourt. Starting with the development of the bow and arrow which was the main weapon of the battle, he went back to prehistoric times to show how it developed. Peter then went through the early stages of the Hundred Years' War and how Henry V came to be at Agincourt, detailing who were fighting on his side and who were the opposition. Discussing tactics he showed that whereas Henry could inspire his troops, the French seemed to have an every man for himself approach as the landed gentry got themselves on the front row of attack to hopefully grab a good hostage for ransom later.

Going through the various actions of the battle, it was very clear that Henry V and his tactics would have won the day though the antics of the French duly helped his cause.

again including a water powered rising wall which worked last winter but unfortunately just moved the problem further downstream.

The floods stem from Cockermouth being at the confluence of the slow moving River Derwent and the faster flowing River Cocker. Cockermouth Castle is still a home and therefore unable to be visited however

But as a postscript of course, the English would eventually lose the war.

Leyland Historical Society Website

The new website has been rebuilt since 23rd May 2015 with all the original pages plus new features on the history of the pubs in Leyland, the history of Banking, the history of the Leyland & Farington Co-operative and the history of the original Leyland Festival.

Recently with the loading of the Leyland & Birmingham Rubber Company story, the site has managed to get over 40,000 hits in the first twelve months, not bad considering the previous website only achieved 69,000 in fifteen years. We continue to monitor where the hits are coming from, the majority being Facebook with Leyland Memories, Google (Com and UK), though Bing, Leyland Society, Leyland town and Wikipedia have also featured. Enquires have continued to flood in with over thirty requiring the committee's attention in the last twelve months especially from the Facebook group *Leyland Memories*.

Community Archive & Heritage Award

As I write this I am able to report that we have been awarded the 'Website of the Year' at the Community Archive & Heritage Awards by the Community Archives and Heritage Group as part of the Archives & Records Association. So Doreen and I headed down to University College, London to pick up the award on 12th July.

As I said at the first meeting of the new 49th season on 5th September, the theme of the meeting was 'Connections'. The main speaker at the London event was Dr. Roger Bowdler from Historic England (originally English Heritage). Dr Bowdler is an experienced heritage-professional, in the 1980s. Dr. Bowdler discussed the concept of heritage as people's property. He examined how such heritage is often subject to attrition, and asserted the need to maintain connections between people and place –

describing listed sites as 'human objects'. His concept to 'Enrich the List' would be covered with the help of Peter Barrow's work in that night's lecture.

Sadly, shortly after our return from London, we learnt of the death of our President Bill Waring. Whilst Bill has had a lot of illness in the last ten years and not been able to attend meetings, his presence at the other end of the telephone if you ever had an historic query was very reassuring.

He will be greatly missed by all the committee and an appreciation of Bill will follow in the *Chronicle*.

Instead of welcoming a guest speaker in September I welcomed Karen, Paul and Kevin, the children of Peter Barrow, who had travelled from far and near to hear how Peter saved some buildings, attempted to save many more, though recording them all with photos, maps and his well-drawn plans of the properties.

With his archive and the Historic England concept mentioned above, the Society aims in the next year to obtain photographs and details of all 54 buildings and structures within the Leyland and Farington area which are currently on the Listed Building schedule.

Connections happened again as on the day of Bill's funeral, the press release from the London event was published in the Leyland Guardian complete with the judge's comments. This was picked up by Father Jonathan during his sermon in the service and he wondered if Bill had contributed to the website enabling the Society to win the award.

I later confirmed to Father Jonathan that the feature the judges liked was the walks which originated in my first two books (now out of print). The research for these was done with the assistance of Bill as we walked around Leyland taking photographs and me writing down what Bill told me about most of the buildings.

To promote the Society and especially leading up to the L & B Rubber talk, your chairman has been out and about, appearing on Radio Lancashire and Leyland Festival Radio, as well as that Evening Post article previously mentioned. I also gave a short presentation to Leyland and South Ribble Rotary about Leyland and the Society.

I would just like to thank all the committee members for their assistance in the last twenty three years and I hope they will continue to carry on in the future, especially Michael who looks after being Secretary and planning applications, Edward our organised treasurer and Mary who continues to edit the Chronicle.

Held at the University College London, the Society's chairman, Peter Houghton, is presented with the award for the Best Website of the Year by the Group Chairman, Sue Hampson and Dr. Nick Barratt of the University of London.

The Judges commented 'Leyland stood out for the depth of their work and the (inter-operability) of their Facebook links with the (society's) website. Overall, this site (offers reams of ideas for) other groups to learn from and follow, such as its (evocative) 'Through the Lanes' series, enabling site visitors to 'walk' a local route along with pictures of how places looked in times past'

For those who don't know, Nick Barratt was one of the original people behind the TV series *Who Do You Think You Are*, so what do you think the chances are that I asked if he would come and give the Leyland Historical Society a talk. I did, and he said 'Yes', so watch this space.



Peter receiving the award for Best Website of the Year



William E Waring (Bill)

(1929 - 2016)

Sixth President of the Leyland Historical Society 2006 - 2016

In Society Affairs, I mentioned that Bill managed to get a good review at the Website Award ceremony without even knowing it, but as Father Jonathan also said in the funeral sermon, 'Bill was Leyland history'. Many was the occasion when I was stuck on either a Leyland building or a Leyland family all I had to do was to ring Bill and he would know all the details without recourse to notes or books, it was all in his memory.

I had come across Bill before I joined the Society without really knowing him. For five years on a Thursday afternoon when my Dad, George, was in the hospital and then in a nursing home, Bill and Jack Swift would visit him to give my mum a day off.

In 1990, I was requested by my employer, to write further histories of its local branches for the Bank's own newspaper, I started with Chorley and then researched Bamber Bridge and then they wanted a history of the Leyland branch.

I thought this should be easy I can just contact the library. This I did and they put me onto

Mrs Elizabeth Shorrock, who gave me Bill's telephone number and said he was the man to help. I duly made the first call of many and, as I would come to find out, he could provide any information I required. When he realised I was George's boy, 'get away', I believe was the comment and he suggested that I come to one of the Historical Society meetings which I did. Though his influence did not end there as after a few months in 1991, I asked why didn't the society put on a display at the Leyland Festival in the craft tent, his response was 'why don't you come to a committee meeting and explain your idea'.

This I duly did and I'm still there. It was all Bill's fault so now you know who to blame. The committee at the time was controlled by the chairman, Betty Chaloner in my first year, Alf Seguss in my second though they were both under the watchful eye of President George Bolton who had his constitution handy if there was ever a query. Bill just sat quietly in the corner answering any queries and requesting articles for the Chronicle, as he had just taken over as editor from George. Bill would go on to write over forty-six articles for the Chronicle, a record which I don't think will ever be broken.

From recently reading Peter Barrow's notes, it would seem I had this committee all wrong as Peter, George Bolton, Bill and Dr David Hunt were the shock troops of the Society, with a little bit of trespassing here, a bit of investigation in an old property there, they built up their knowledge of the many and various properties of Leyland.

This I discovered for myself when I suggested to Bill that all the information in the chronicles would make a good book about the buildings along the Festival Route. I duly produced the book with Bill providing me with a full set of Chronicles which used to belong to Bert Morris. Of course there were gaps and some information was misleading but Bill helped me sort it all out. I then told him that I was going to walk the Festival Route and take photographs for the book and the exhibition that was going to be in the craft tent to promote the book. He immediately volunteered to accompany me on the walk on an overcast day in late March 1994 as I remember. As we walked he made sure I pointed the camera in the right direction and filled in the missing information as we walked to the park.

As we were walking around town, Bill was telling me the story of the Leyland & Farington Co-Operative Society as we passed many of the former shops. This gave me an idea so with Bill working on the local angle and me contacting the Co-Operative headquarters in Manchester, between us we produced the Co-Op article for the *Chronicle*.

For the second book, *Through the Lanes*, we covered the rest of Leyland in two walks which would feature in the craft tent over the two years 1996 and 1997; we were learning to pace ourselves, this time I took the photographs and then referred back to Bill at his home.

This led to one of our wilder ideas, I can't remember if it was Bill or mine; we thought it would be good to do the history of every building in a street. As the Society met in Sandy Lane at the time, it was thought that this should be fairly easy as the terraced houses would help. Little did we know that the terraces were built at different times to almost the same design. The highlight of this project was me going with Bill to visit some of the houses, the one I remember most vividly was Townfield House, where Bill told the owners the history of their property. We were then invited down into the cellar to look at the remains of the looms which Edmund Berry installed when he set up business in Leyland.

Following Bill and George's book with Peter Barrow's assistance on Charnock Old Hall, I thought that Bill and Elizabeth's work on the architect David Grant which featured in one of the chronicles could be extended into a small book. This I sneakily did without telling either of them and presented them with a book 'wot they wrote'. Bill was very pleasantly surprised.

In his later years Bill concentrated on his work on the War Memorials of Leyland, cross

checking the civic one on Church Road with the ones both inside and outside the local churches. He then began the task of telling the story of each person on the list which he originally intended to publish but which eventually ended up on the South Ribble website, though a link to it exists on the Society's website home page.

With all my conversations both on the phone and in person with Bill, he was always the same way, always willing to assist, usually expecting you to know as much as him, but just occasionally I would get the response 'Well I Never' which meant I had told Bill something he didn't know. That was a rare moment.

To end I will just repeat what my mum always said about Bill, 'he's a perfect gentleman' and I'm sure no one would argue with that.

I follow this tribute with one of Bill's articles from Chronicle No. 33 with the title 'Hough Lane in Leyland'. I think this shows us the depth of Bill's writing and the amount of research he put into this and all the articles he wrote for the *Chronicle*.

Peter Houghton

HOUGH LANE IN LEYLAND

- The Origin of the Name and its Later History -

Street names and their origin is a fascinating study for the local historian. Names such as Church Road and School Lane are self explanatory in derivation, but the meanings of others are less obvious and, indeed, can be quite obscure. Hough Lane in Leyland can be said to fit into the latter category as its origin goes back some four hundred years.

Houghs tenement stood where 'The Gables' now stands. The Hough family were tenants of the Earl of Derby in the early 16th century paying, in 1542, 22^½d chief rent to the Lord of the Manor (REF.1). William Farington of Worden (1537-1610) bought the tenement from the Earl of Derby in 1563 (2,DDF 1614, DDF 985) and the rentals of the Farington family enable one to trace the property through from that time (DDF 52-81).

John Hough is noted in a lease of 1535 (DDF 2118), and, presumably, he had a son Thomas, as the 'widow of Thomas Hough' appears from 1563 to 1586. John Hough is the tenant in 1593 and the last member of the family noted is Richard Hough in 1609. By 1623 John Jackson is the occupant and in 1637 Thomas Leyland.

Rentals of Leyland in this period are far from complete but are sufficient to show that the Hough family were the occupiers of the tenement through the greater part of the 16th century and into the 17th and that it is their name that is perpetuated to this day.

Later History of Houghs Tenement

The Leyland family of Clayton held the tenancy for some hundred years and have also given a name to the locality.

Thomas Leyland has already been noted in 1637; Ralph Leyland was responsible for road maintenance in 1656 (DDF 2075) for, it seems, what is now School Lane and Towngate - and a lease to probably another Ralph is dated 1678/9): this lease describes the holding exactly naming the fields held and their strip in the town field, the whole containing 8^½ customary acres. The last member of the family to hold the lease was Thurstan Leyland and his occupancy ended with his death in January 1721. It was this member of the family that gave his name, in later years, to both the house and a street. In the 19th century Census Returns (i) Hough House is referred to as Thurston's Farm, and Thurston Road, off Hough Lane, is believed to come from the same source (note the modern spelling THURSTON compared to the original - THURSTAN).

In 1731 Roger Mawdesley took over the tenancy (DDF 81) and in Quarter Sessions Records of 1753 (3) we find him described as 'Innkeeper'. In his will of 1765 (4) he left the bulk of his estate to his daughter Ann, wife of Richard Nickson : Richard appears to have taken over the tenancy shortly afterwards and a Leyland Court book of 1776 (5) confirms this and describes him as 'Mr Richard Nickson, Surgeon.

By 1819 (6) the property had passed out of the Farington family hands and was owned by Mr Edward Boardman, believed to be a member of the local mill-owning family, who still owned the property at the time of the Tithe Award of 1838 (7) when the occupier was John Swann. The Census Returns of 1851 and 1861 show William Swann as occupier; 1871 Jane Swann, widow; and 1881 John B Singleton.

Just as the 18th century had seen Hough House an Inn and then the home of a doctor, so in the 20th century we find 'The Gables' as the house had become, first the home of a Dr. Johnson, and then, as it is now, a public house.

Dr Walter Johnson, a Ulnes Walton man, became a doctor in Leyland in the early years of this century and apparently bought the property c.1912 pulling down the old farm and building an imposing red-brick house on the site which he called 'The Gables' : his brother Sydney Johnson was the architect.

Dr Johnson practised in Leyland for some fifty years and on his death the house was bought by the brewery Greenall Whitley and converted into a public house retaining its name - 'The Gables'.

History of the Lane itself

Early road maintenance records of the 17th century in the Farington papers make no reference to Hough Lane though many references occur to Hough House itself. The first mention of what was to become Hough Lane occurs in Leyland Court Orders of 1685 (DDF 162) : 'Wheras Ralph Leyland of Clayton hath for many years had a sufficient cartway to his tenement in Leyland called Hough House by Roger Hollinhursts cottage, Roger, having encroached on the way is ordered to make the way sufficient.....' The first mention of the lane by name is in a deed (DDF 2061) headed 'an account of what acres belongs to ye repaireing of ffox Lane, Whittaker Iaine, Hugh Laine (Hough is often spelt this way in early deeds), and Park Iaine (Note 1). This deed is undated but can be shown to be between 1723 and 1727. The list contains twenty-one names with Mr Sudell, Vicar of Leyland, having the largest holding - 27 acres - and Thurston Leyland at Hough House at this time, having eight. Presumably the people concerned paid

in proportion to the acreage of land that they held adjacent to the lanes in question.

Going back to a slightly earlier period - that of the Hearth Tax, 1663-1688 - the itinerary that the compiler of these lists (ii) took seems to show that there were no dwellings on Hough Lane itself, indeed, by the time of the Tithe Award of 1838 the only houses were Hough House at the western end of the lane, and nine cottages at the eastern end which were still standing at the time of World War Two but were demolished shortly afterwards. These cottages seemed to date from the very early 19th century and evidence from the Census Returns of 1841 suggests that they were hand-loom weavers cottages.

The Census Return of 1871 shows that no domestic building had yet occurred but a commercial development had taken place that had a great impact on Leyland; this was the building of the Leyland Gas Works on the Chapel Brow/Hough Lane corner some time after 1863 (the exact date has not yet been established). The Leyland and Farington Gas Company registered in 1856 under the 'Joint Stock Companies Act, 1856' and was empowered by an Act of Parliament dated the 4th May 1863 (Bib.1). Even though the Gas Works only just intruded on Hough Lane in a physical sense, its presence through to the end of gas production in September 1956 was hard to ignore. A Fishwicks bus conductor during World War two always referred to the Gas Works bus stop as 'Leyland Perfumery'! The retort house was demolished in May/June 1964 (iii) to make way for a new road and roundabout which now forms the eastern end of Hough Lane.

By the Census of 1881 the developers had moved in and both Newsome Street and Herbert Street had been built and some thirty-three houses now stood on Hough Lane itself. The houses on the north side of the lane started - from the western end - with Spring Bank and Lily Bank; by an odd coincidence they are now Barclays Bank and the Midland Bank respectively! These houses were built by David Grant, who lived at Lily Bank and was the architect for the Congregational Church which stands on the opposite corner of Quinn Street (Bib.2). The ten houses that stood between Quinn Street and Herbert Street were of a good quality and were occupied by professional people. The occupants of these houses included John B Smith, Manager of India Rubber Works; Francis W Hurst, Estate Agent and Surveyor; and Edward Quinn, India Rubber Substitute Manufacturer. Obviously by 1881 Hough Lane was developing as a desirable residential area of Leyland but the picture was soon to change; in 1888 Mr James Iddon, a pioneer of the rubber industry, after two years in the U.S.A. and three years as Chief Engineer to the Leyland Rubber Company, founded the firm of Iddon Brothers in Leyland. The firm, still on its original site in Quinn Street, is known world-wide as manufacturers of specialist machinery to the rubber and plastics industry.

In 1896 the Lancashire Steam Motor Company moved from its old site on Water Street to its new works on Herbert Street; this, of course, was the beginnings of Leyland Motors. In November 1902 the company bought 3 acres of land on Hough Lane from the Vicar of Leyland - this was just the start of what eventually became the North and South Works of Leyland Motors which was to dominate Hough Lane for the next seventy to eighty years (Bib.3).

It is hard to over emphasise the influence of Leyland Motors on Leyland in general and Hough Lane in particular. The daily influx of an increasing number of workers, many coming into Leyland by train, was soon exploited commercially by dwelling houses being converted into shops a process that started well before World War One and has continued ever since. In fact, there are now only two private dwellings on the whole of Hough Lane but the streets off (Note 2) still retain their residential origins.

Others landmarks in the commercial development of the area were the building of the New General Post Office on its present site in 1929, and Moulds Printers moving from their Towngate premises to a site next to the G.P.O. in the early 1930's. The last site to be built on - between what had been Moulds Printers and Bolans shop - had for many years been hidden by advertising hoardings; in the early 1960's these were replaced by five modern shop units and Leylands first supermarket - Victor Value ; the development of Hough Lane was complete.

Postscript

Within twenty years, however, the picture had changed yet again. In the changing economic climate of the late 1970's and early 80's British Leyland, as the 'Motors' had become, closed the North and South Works retaining only the canteen on Thurston Road as the offices of Leyland Bus. With BTR Industries (Note 3) also vacating their old site between Golden Hill Lane and Hough Lane this released a large amount of land for redevelopment the first of which was a block of luxury flats for the elderly - Greenwood Court - built between Newsome Street and Herbert Street. The Court, named after Councillor Norman Greenwood, was officially opened by him on Monday the 18th May 1981.

The development of the rest of the sites north and south of Hough Lane is still, largely, in the planning stage. A new road running parallel to Hough Lane on its south side from Turpin Green to Towngate is already built in part and, when completed, a section of Hough Lane may be pedestrianised ; the rest of the old South Works site will be largely residential.

In November 1986 the Commission for New Towns announced plans for the former North Works site : a residential development of eighty eight houses, an office block (the old 'Motors' offices on Northcote Street, to be refurbished), a doctors surgery on Balfour Street, a pharmacy, and a restaurant or bistro. The residential development, however, will have no

access from Hough Lane but will be by a new road off School Lane by the old Motors Garage.

When these plans come to fruition the future of Hough Lane as a thriving shopping and business area seems assured. It now boasts a mixture of Shops, Building Societies, Estate Agents, Banks, Solicitors, Post office, Dentists, Betting Shop, Public house, and Church - all a far cry from some three hundred years ago when it was just Ralph Leylands 'Sufficient Cartway to his tenement in Leyland'!

W E WARING

- Note 1 - Fox Lane and Hough Lane are still so called. 'Whittaker Laine' on this deed includes what is now School Lane, Towngate and Worden Lane. 'Park Laine' has not, as yet, been identified but there is a possibility that it is what is now called Yewlands Drive.
- Note 2 - The streets off Hough Lane are, first, on the north side from the junction with School Lane and Towngate - Balfour Street, Northcote Street (the entrance to the old Leyland Motors H/Q), Quin Street, Newsome Street, Herbert Street and Ruskin Avenue. The street that joined Newsome Street and Herbert Street, John Street, had no houses on it and the name seems to be no longer used. Secondly, on the south side from the same junction - Sumner Street, Thurston Road, Meadow Street, Alice Avenue and Dorothy Avenue.
- Note 3 - The name BTR Industries, came about in 1957 when the old B.T.R (British Tyre and Rubber Company) ceased production of tyres and felt that the old name was inappropriate : they moved to their new factory on Centurion Way, Farington, in the same year.

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2. DDF Various. All DDF references are from the Farington of Worden muniments in I.R.O.
3. QSB/3/50 Quarter Sessions Alehouse Recognizances, I.R.O.
4. WCA Wills at Chester, I.R.O.
5. DDH 508 Houghton, Craden & Co, Solicitors, Preston, Collection at I.R.O.

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W.E.Waring 1928-2016: An Interesting Life

Dr David Hunt

I began to write a sombre account of Bill's various historical writings; the ancient land holdings now under Tesco, the curious affair of the Leyland Chalice, the comings and goings of the ffaringtons, the rather sordid Charnock Hall Affair and so on. The foibles of the Leylanders (for want of a better word) over 800 years were naturally a constant source of delight to him. I soon realised that this corpus of work is readily accessible in the back issues of The Chronicle, and in virtually every study of the place of any worth that has appeared in the last 30 years. They may not appear under his name of course, but his influence is there none the less, and an impersonal approach was not really Bill anyway.

W.E.Waring had a first-rate grounding in what used to be called 'British History', obtained during the Second World War at Preston Catholic College; a quality of education he wore lightly but which is perhaps available to few today. Fast Forward into his 'Radio Ham Years' and we find him sitting up with his elderly mother. The volume of our old friend W.S.White's Leyland 'Births, Marriages and Deaths 1653-1710' was to hand. He began to read it, reducing its contents to at first a wood, then a forest of family trees which was still producing new growth at the time of his death. On this simple foundation he proceeded to develop probably the clearest understanding of the intricacies of Leyland's history which any mortal is yet to achieve. Well, maybe apart from Richard Kuerden and Miss S.M. ffarington – and all agree they are divine beings in the Leyland pantheon of historians.

But no man is an island, and our student slowly at first and then more rapidly, blended into the remarkable group of enthusiasts which by the 1980s increasingly centred around George Bolton. The two formed a very formidable partnership and worked together for many years, becoming a familiar sight poring over ancient documents in the Lancashire Record Office, 2 to 4pm promptly on Wednesdays afternoons. Peter Barrow made an interesting third member of this group. Elizabeth Shorrock (a fellow pupil with Susan Farrington of Newton and Effie Iddon) duly graduated in time, whilst a young bicycling museum custodian was unceremoniously press-ganged by Mr Bolton. By 1986 these studies had generated a critical mass and the time for a new *History of Leyland* could not be far away. Having given me three years to warm to the job, Newton Iddon brought Bill across to the museum and engineered a meeting one Friday afternoon in 1985. We got on famously from the start. But becoming animated on the subject of the ffaringtons we were interrupted by a loud crash. The 1874 photograph of the ffarington sisters had just left the wall of its own accord; clearly there were boundaries to how far even Mr Waring could go in scrutinising the private business at the hall.

But the auspices were good, and so it was to prove throughout a decade in which the Leyland Historical Society had few peers as a practical working history group. This received an interesting testimonial at the 1986 Leyland History exhibition. For reasons known only to himself George Bolton organised a soiree at the museum. All the Committee (Gwen Buckley, Dorothy Deacon, Margaret Wilson et al) and fellow travellers had their defined and much rehearsed role; this was to impress the great and good of the Lancashire history establishment as to the health of Leyland history. Bill was in his element and even GB himself was lost for words at the fulsome praise duly elicited, 'Up with the Manchester and Liverpool societies - don't you think Ben?'

Bill's life had more than his fair share of twists and turns. A tour of Horrockses Yard Works convinced him that a life in the factory was not for him, but plans for a spell in the

RAF and a banking career came to an abrupt end when TB was diagnosed. His father always thought he had contracted the disease through exposure to the many old bank notes then in circulation. His first encounter was before the advent of antibiotics and was gruesome and traumatic. A second bout a few years later could be more effectively treated but left him permanently incapacitated. He was twice told he had only a few years to live, and certainly would not make old bones. On one occasion he died, and experienced the white tunnel effect and feelings of peace. Only to be rudely interrupted by a loud siren and a nurse screaming for the doctor. Reluctantly he came back, and to his own amazement and the joy of his family and friends would live on for another sixty years. The experience left him with a deep respect for the gift of life and he took responsibility for it. Similarly he was always very keen to help young people, and followed the adventures of successive generations of his nieces and nephews as they rolled out across the world with great interest.

No-one who knew Bill as a youth, middle aged or older man could fail to recognize his love of enquiry. A bachelor living quietly in Leyland is a glib description of a complex, thoughtful uncle, brother and very good friend. His reading like himself spanned many decades: *Just William*, *Biggles*, *Kipling* and the *Daily Mail*. His foundation was in tales of daring-do, but Brittany Spears and the Kardashians in time would made their way onto his radar. He was adept with Morse and was in contact with similar ‘hands’ all over the world, in the days when snail-mail, telegram or telephone were the only ways to communicate. Listening to a talk by Eric Isaac, a former trawler radio officer (so a Cold War spy really) at the museum our man produced a morse handset and started ‘sending’. The speaker was stopped dead in his tracks and began absentmindedly reading the signal. It was 4pm: ‘For G*d’s sake get a bl**dy move on!’ Uproar.

His learning did not stop there. He went on-line in his seventies. He had knowledgeable friends from whom he sought advice regarding best make, model, and price. He loved gadgets, especially those he could communicate with. When his sister Anne and her family were in the Far East they exchanged reel recordings so that familiar voices could counter feelings of loss and absence from home.

Now whether it was because of his own encounters with death, or seeing the results of war at first hand, Bill resolved to honour and remember the sacrifice of the men who gave their lives in the Great War. Executed with infinite patience before internet days he produced a detailed corpus of local casualties, and then made his work freely available to all, on the sole condition that users acknowledged use of it. Make no mistake, Mr Waring was a subtle detector of plagiarism!

Succeeding George Bolton as President of the Leyland Historical Society he was the go-to person for help. Google personified before Google existed. He will be sadly missed by the society, and even though latterly he was unable to attend meetings and influence affairs as he might have wished, obscure, esoteric, weird and wonderful enquiries could be forwarded to him. In most cases he would give a straight answer, if not it might open a new line of investigation.

I must now turn to heavier matters and concerns of Mr Waring’s long life. To my utter amazement in 1985 he and I discovered that we shared an interest in a local sporting institution. When working on a history of this body I often had two enquiries each day on the progress I was making, more at weekends in winter. His long time neighbour and friend, Robert Harrison, encouraged him in this. Well they had seen the great Finney. How he and his nephews raced his car off the club car park after matches has become the stuff of legend. One tale must suffice. I was drawing a very large poster for an art exhibition. I had spent all day printing it, had got ink all over my clean shirt, and would be in trouble. But at last I proudly

finished it; my very best work. But alas, one word was spelled wrong. Bill had rushed in, told me a key player had been sold. The ensuing argument (in which the Leylanders present freely contributed), had fatally distracted me. Ted was thrown out of the pram and words eventually failed me.

As I write, it is ten-to-four on a cold November afternoon on Grammar School Hillock, the sun has dropped over Leyland Moss. For a quarter of a century Bill would have been making his way up Church Road from his teatime shopping expedition to see me safely to my car. A lovely but complex man he enriched the lives of all who knew him. But the local sports club is going quite strongly at present, and though he felt that he was leaving much work undone, he had a great joy and optimism in the future of young people, and other hands will surely continue it.

The Leyland & Birmingham Rubber Company - The Story so far

Peter Houghton



In the last academic year, the British Commercial Vehicles Museum, together with the assistance of a group of students from the University of Central Lancashire, prepared a display for the back of a Leyland Paints lorry which the Museum had in its care. It told the history of the Leyland Paints firm until it was taken over and the work transferred to Yorkshire. The Historical Society having helped in a small capacity.

In April 2015 the Society was approached by Roger at the Commercial Vehicles Museum to assist with the history of the Leyland & Birmingham Rubber Company Limited, the first of the three rubber companies which preceded the Leyland Motors industry by fifty years. As at this time there was no vehicle on which to place an exhibit, the story would be told by giving talks, erecting displays in museums and libraries and posting information on the websites of the Historical Society and Nufox Limited (who had taken over the name and former workforce of the L & B and moved them to their factory in Manchester). The rubber industry, despite being huge, was always overshadowed by the Leyland

Motors so it was a project that had been long overdue.

Peter Ostenfeld from Nufox, together with Alix Green from UCLAN and myself agreed to start this project in September last year with the start of the next student year. This was duly achieved and the students have prepared a website which concentrates on the workforce with the history of the firm and its products included, having interviewed many ex-employees located through social media such as the Facebook site *Leyland Memories*.

As the project was reaching completion, we discovered that the South Ribble Museum are looking to arrange an exhibition in the not too distant future organised by an ex-employee Ron Christopher. Ron was therefore contacted and on 11th April 2016 we showed the people of Leyland, especially the former employees, what we have found out about the Leyland & Birmingham Rubber Co Limited.

I welcomed everyone to the extra meeting of the Leyland Historical Society

which was devoted to one subject, the Leyland and Birmingham Rubber Company Limited. When I say one subject, in fact it took myself, to tell the background history, Ron Christopher, to talk about the factory its layout, departments and its products, and the three students from UCLAN to talk about the workforce, its activities both within the working environment and outside, together with the global aspect of the business. It made for a busy evening.

All the visitors who had either worked for or are related to former employees agreed that this was a family firm with sons following fathers into the same jobs in the same departments, as I know myself with both my father and grandfather working there dating back to 1907.

To research the 'Owd Rubber', we checked archives at Preston, Manchester, and Burton upon Trent and, of course, the Leyland Museum, where we discovered many interesting facts and dispelled a few myths. The telling of the story of the Leyland Rubber Industry is well overdue because that other company with Leyland in its title came to overshadow its once larger predecessor. In

fact if you add up the workforce of the L. & B. with the other rubber factories in the town namely B.T.R and Baxter's they were probably on a par for much of the twentieth century after their start in the 1850s/1860s.

It was quite amusing to note that the few books and websites about the rubber industry carefully repeated what the Historical Society had previously stated about the firm's history, some of which we now have had cause to change. My favourite, however, shows that you need to know more than one subject as one book stated that Leyland was near Birmingham, good on history but poor on geography.

I thanked Alix Green and her students from UCLAN for getting us to start this project and Peter Ostefeld from Nufox Limited for making the event possible, Nufox still carrying on the name of the Leyland & Birmingham Rubber Company Limited but in Middleton, Manchester.

The historical story of the Leyland & Birmingham Rubber Company can now be read on the Leyland Historical Society website, just follow the link below:

<https://w.leylandhistoricalsociety.co.uk/l---b-index.html>

The Crosses of Leyland

Edward Almond

If you asked the people of Leyland to name a feature of the town to appear on a calendar or postcard, then I have no doubt that the first choice of many would be that of Leyland Cross. It has become an iconic symbol of Leyland. There are many photographs of 'the Cross', as it is affectionately known, from the nineteenth, twentieth and twenty-first centuries, depicting its various reincarnations after deliberate vandalism and accidental damage. Yet its origins are obscure though the base is believed to be Saxon.

However, it has not always been regarded with respect. Dr David Hunt, in his *History of Leyland and District*, notes that in 1901 there was a proposed scheme:

... that as Leyland was a coming place, an improvement of which it stood in need, was the removal of the village cross, and the erection of an incandescent lamp in its stead, flanked on either side by a public urinal.

Imagine the storm of protest today that would arise should a similar proposal be made to remove Leyland Cross. Several years' ago, when the stone setts surrounding the cross on Towngate and Church Road were replaced, there was discontent that Leyland's past was being tampered with yet these setts were of a modern 'improvement' with the development of the cross area due to the building of the Tesco store.

Whilst some have fond memories of the Cross, it was not always thus. In the 1800s the shaft, which had remained 'headless', was used as a gaslight standard. It surprises me that the cross, a familiar Christian symbol, should be considered with such disregard.

The cross was notable for the increase in Christian practices and worship helped by the general relaxation of laws prohibiting various religious groups. Leyland saw the growth of new churches/chapels during this period with Anglican, Methodist, Congregational and Catholic joining the long established St Andrew's church which is in close proximity to the Cross. Surely some of the parishioners and clergy would have raised objections to the gaslight fittings, especially as those sitting on the local urban council would no doubt have been upstanding members of a local church/chapel.

Perhaps, for many, the cross area had for a number of years been steps with a shaft surrounded by a pump, watering trough and the local stocks for punishment. It was no longer a Christian symbol. The closeness of three public houses suggests that the area surrounding the cross was a meeting place and possibly even a market.

Close examination of the c1840 Ordnance Survey map reveals no mention of this cross but has an unidentifiable symbol where the cross is situated. Yet the same map is marked with 'pedestal of a stone cross' in four other places in Leyland:

1. Leyland Lane near to the Seven Stars Inn.
2. Sandy Lane, near to Old Hall (Charnock Hall) before being renamed Balcarres Road.
3. Bow Lane, near to the intersection with Moss Lane - near to the present site of St Ambrose's.
4. Golden Hill Lane, near the junction with Hall Lane.

A fifth cross is on Dawson Lane near to the dog-leg leading to Lisieux Hall.

I am sure that the cartographers did not mean to downgrade or ignore Leyland Cross but it exemplifies the difficulty of modern map making in how to fit everything into a 'busy' crowded location. Decisions have to be made to include what they regard as important or necessary. The map makers of 1840 simply had no space to identify Leyland Cross.

This means that maps are not entirely reliable evidence and much depends upon the scale used. Absence from a map is not evidence that a building or place-name does not exist at the time of the survey. Before the Ordnance Survey, private map makers relied heavily on local subscribers to finance their work. If a local landowner was not prepared to pay, they were quite often omitted from the map.

Unfortunately, the four pedestals of stone crosses no longer exist so we have no idea what size they were or even their age or for what purpose they were used, or of their exact position.

The Ordnance Survey map 1:2500 shows the Golden Hill cross on the pavement in front of the boundary between Nos. 180 and 178 and not far from the former Workhouse Farm, now demolished.

The Ordnance Survey map, 6 inch, shows the Leyland Lane cross situated in the middle of the road opposite the Seven Stars public house near to the junction with Fox Lane and Slater Lane. The cross in Balcarres Road (formerly Sandy Lane) is shown to be on the field opposite Charnock Hall. The cross at the corner of Moss Lane and Bow Lane is shown to be on the site of St Ambrose's Church. This latter positioning confirms an article by Noel Banister in the Leyland Guardian of 12 December 1962 in which he quotes a former curate of St Andrew's parish church, the Reverend W. S. White: 'When the railing around St Ambrose's Church was being prepared for, the cross or lane was dug up in order to put the ground level. It proved to be a stone of great weight and at least four times as large as was expected.' Where is this base now?

When it comes to the Dawson Lane cross, the same O.S. map indicates that it lies just outside the Leyland boundary. It is marked in the middle of the road on the bend that skirts Lisieux Hall land.

In attempting to explain why a stone or wooden cross has been positioned, we have to examine other clues in the absence of written documentation. The 1840 map indicates two wells in close proximity to the stone cross on Sandy Lane. We know that the Leyland Cross had a pump, a watering trough and, later, a Queen Victoria Golden Jubilee drinking fountain; the Leyland Lane cross is not far from the River Lostock, while the Moss Lane cross is situated close to Bow Brook (Bryning Brook-Bannister Brook). Is there some connection with water sprites or holy wells or even drinking sources for weary travellers?

The purpose of wayside crosses is an open book with many suggestions and explanations that cannot be substantiated with the passage of time and the loss of oral memories or traditions. While some can be specifically related to ancient religious/holy sites, we cannot apply that to all crosses located near a water source. It is known that some wayside crosses mark the position of ancient pre-Christian religious sites but not all conform to this view.

Crosses may be road markers, similar to milestones, or even boundary markers. There are some who believe they are resting places for funeral parties where prayers for the dead were said or hymns sung. Other secular uses are to proclaim market places or for making public announcements.

It is undoubtedly true that some stone crosses have had multiple uses over time so that the original function has been forgotten. Even the size of the lost crosses is unknown. We know from existing crosses in the county that they can be of varying heights and also different in design. Do we really know the shape of the original Leyland Cross? The present one is surely a modern interpretation.

Another point to consider is the orientation of the cross: the front, the rear, or the side view. This is important when the cross is situated in the middle of the road rather than one

with its back against the side of the road: is the position east/west or north/south? Or does the 'face' indicate which is the primary or major route? The Towngate cross's face is along the Towngate - Worden Lane route, possibly because this was the main road whereas Church Road was just a track for many years. It should be pointed out that Leyland Cross is not at a 'true' crossroad position but is at a T-junction.

What do we mean by a 'cross'? *The Cassell Dictionary of Christianity* shows a wide range of types of crosses. It identifies twenty. We are mostly familiar with the *Latin* and *Celtic* and examples are to be found in many parts of the country. What we regard as a Christian symbol is in fact much older and can be found in many ancient cultures. The *Dictionary of Christianity* says:

In Carthage it was used for ornamental purposes: runic crosses were set up by the Scandinavians as boundary marks... the Egyptians employed it as a sacred symbol... among the Aztecs it was an object of worship... it symbolised the God of Rain.

The Romans used a form of punishment: crucifixion for criminals, enemies of the state, defeated soldiers. This form of execution consisted of the guilty party being fastened by nails or rope to a cross-piece which was then hoisted up and placed on top of a permanent upright wooden shaft. When we read the Bible account of the crucifixion of Jesus, the impression or interpretation given is that a cross (*Latin* type) was carried whereas it was only the cross-piece which was a simple plank of wood.

Over the centuries, since the birth and rise of Christianity, the representation of the cross has been the *Latin* type which has then been developed and elaborated by different Christian communities. The true cross should be the *Tau* type - like a capital 'T'.

The cross has also been used for jewellery and its wearing does not necessarily mean the wearer is a Christian. There have been several instances recently of people being discriminated against for wearing a cross and chain in the workplace. Objections have come from other faith groups or secular organisations. The real Christian cross symbol would be one with a figure (Jesus) i.e. a crucifix.

Are there any other crosses in Leyland? 'Yes'. There are many in our cemeteries though most graves now tend to be marked with a single headstone usually based on a rectangular shape. However, local undertakers have adopted a policy of marking new graves with a wooden cross (*Latin*) which, when the ground has settled, can be replaced with a more substantial headstone if so desired by relatives.

A simple survey of the three cemeteries in Leyland: St Andrew's, St James's and St Mary's, reveal a variety of cross forms.

For easier tallying I identified three forms of cross: the *Latin*, which includes the *Calvary*; the *Celtic* and a third group classified as '*decorated*'. In addition, I have grouped all wooden crosses, no matter what the design, as '*wooden*'. A further group comprises *fallen or broken* crosses of any type. I have not included the many gravestones with inscribed crosses of which there are very many including the old Saxon gravestones.

Type	St Andrew	St Mary	St James
<i>Latin/Calvary</i>	110	4	11
<i>Celtic</i>	27	3	2
<i>Decorated</i>	16	0	6
<i>Wooden</i>	43	41	17
<i>Fallen/broken</i>	36	2	0
Total:	232	50	36

The grand total of crosses is 318 as of 4 June, 2016.

While some gravestones have inscribed crosses depicting the crucifixion of Jesus, there is only one *Calvary* cross with the figure of Jesus and that is on the War Memorial in St Mary's cemetery.

With a rich history of Christian places of worship, one would expect our cathedrals, minsters, churches, abbeys, chapels or meeting places to be places adorned with crosses. I am disregarding any crosses that can be found *inside* such buildings.

Our oldest church in Leyland is St Andrew's but, surprisingly, it has no crosses on the exterior. The only crosses I could locate on the church's premises, other than in the cemetery, were two *St Andrew's* on the gates of the entrance to the porch of the old vicarage, now the parish's offices.

In Worden Lane, not far from St Andrew's church, stands the last remnant of St Mary's Roman Catholic church (disused since 1964). On the gates leading on to the forecourt, in front of the entrance porch of 1920, there are two *Latin* crosses. The new St Mary's church on Broadfield Walk has only one cross which is atop the bell tower.

St Ambrose's church in Moss Lane, however, has the most crosses of all the Leyland churches. There is an adapted *Botonne* cross above the entrance porch and on the roof, acting as finials, are four *Latin* crosses and one *Celtic* cross. The War Memorial in front of the church has a *Celtic* cross also. An inlaid cross can be found above a rear entrance door near to the parish centre.

St James's Church, on Slater Lane, has two crosses as finials - one above the entrance porch and one on the roof of the chancel.

St John's Church, on Leyland Lane, has a cross on the frontage but the United Reformed Church, on Hough Lane, has none.

Turpin Green Methodist Church has a most impressive cross on the roof facing the main road. It also has a cross of inlaid brickwork on the frontage.

Another Methodist Church, with inlaid brick crosses, is on Longmeanygate at Midge Hall: one is on the rear of the new extension and a further one on the right-hand side entrance porch. There is a large *wooden* cross on the main frontage. In addition, two *Latin* crosses can be found on the gates to the car park.

The former Methodist Church on Leyland Lane, which is now the Orthodox Church of the Holy Apostles, has an unusual symbol on the main frontage. It is an adapted *Botonne* cross with a Russian cross inside.

Several of our church schools have crosses which I have not included in this survey; however, I have decided to include an old school cross which can be found on Towngate. This might go unnoticed by many passing the corner of Westgate and Towngate in front of the Aldi carpark. There is a floral feature with a bench and behind is a wall which is inlaid with a stone cross which once adorned the former St Mary's all age school that once occupied the site of Aldi.

If this cross is in situ in two hundred years' time, I wonder how many stories/theories will arise as to its origin and purpose? Will it raise the same questions that we are wondering about the origins of the other lost Leyland crosses?

Fishwick and Ditchfield, in Volume 2 of *Memorials of Old Lancashire* says, regarding their disappearance:

We usually attribute the destruction of crosses to the Puritans of the Commonwealth period but it is safe to say that more have been destroyed in later times than during that iconoclastic era.

...many other crosses have disappeared for utilitarian reasons their positions in the market-place being deemed to interfere with the busy traffic of our great towns... They are holy relics of primitive Christianity; on the lonely mountainsides the tired traveller found in them a guide and friend, a director of the ways and an uplifter of his soul. In the busy market-places they reminded the trader of the sacredness of bargains, of the necessity of honest dealings.

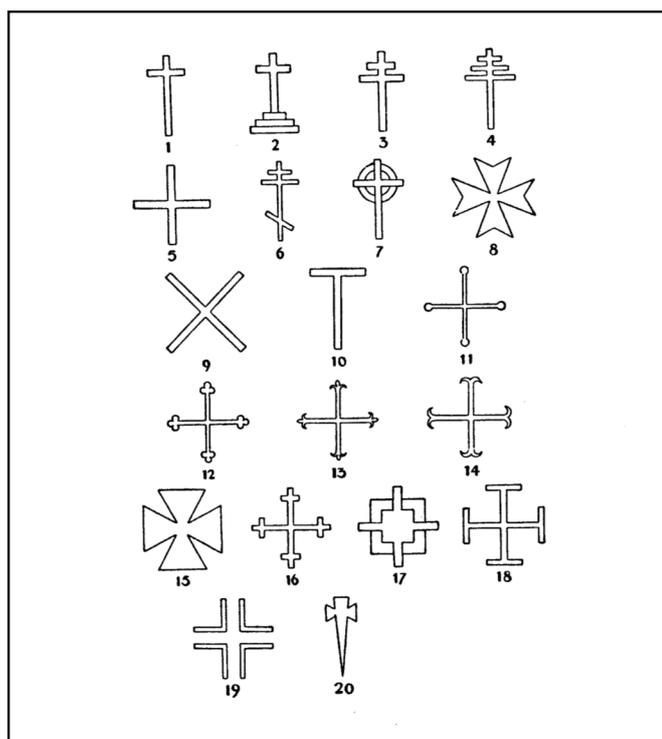
Fishwick and Ditchfield state:

In this part of the county Mr Taylor discovered no less than 150 crosses but the majority have unfortunately in the course of time perished through vandalism and neglect.

Mr Taylor was H. Taylor, the author of *The Ancient Crosses and Holy Wells of Lancashire* (1900).

A further point of consideration is the relationship of the crosses to each other. Can any be lined up to form, with a stretch of the imagination, lay lines?

The Towngate, Sandy Lane and Moss Lane crosses are on an approximate straight line. The same applies to the Leyland Lane, Towngate and Dawson Lane crosses and this can be extended to include the site of a stone cross on Whittle hills. A straight line can be drawn to connect Sandy Lane to Golden Hill and continued to an ancient stone marker on Croston Road. A further cross on Runshaw Hall Lane lines up with the Towngate and Golden Hill crosses.



Examples of Crosses:

1. Latin. 2. Calvary. 3. Patriarchal, Archiepiscopal, Loraine. 4. Papal.
5. Greek. 6 Russian. 7. Celtic. 8. Maltese.
9. St. Andrew's 10. Tau. 11. Pommé.
12. Botonné. 13. Fleury. 14. Moline.
15. Patté. 16. Crosslet. 17. Quadrate. 18. Potent.
19. Voided and coupé. 20. Patté fiché.



No. 342 Leyland Lane

**Childhood memories of my great-grandparent's home
in Leyland Lane**

Shirley Marsden

On Friday afternoons, I often walked with my mother and grandmother, through Worden Park, to the little cottage at 342 Leyland Lane, to take groceries to my great grandparents. On the way, I liked to pick a bunch of wild flowers from the hedgerows for my great granny, who loved them.

When we arrived at the house, we went through the little gate, up the path, past a large asparagus fern in the tiny front garden, to the cottage door. I pressed the latch, and stepped down into the shady flagged-floored living room. It was cool and a quite dark inside, and smelt of Lavender polish.

A black-leaded range dominated this room. On the fire was a blackened copper kettle, gently simmering. A cup of 'coca' would soon be made for me in a large mug, which I sipped slowly, half listening to the conversation, whilst gazing at the room with fascination. The sugar basin had a crochet cover with various coloured beads around the edge to keep it in place, and to keep the flies out. A similar one went onto the top of the milk jug. Flies were caught on sticky fly paper suspended from the ceiling, which I didn't like at all. Wasps met their death in a jam jar on an outside window-ledge, partly filled with a sugary jam solution, from which they couldn't escape. I hated watching them crawl about slowly in this, until they eventually gave up any idea of escape, and died.

By the front door stood two upright chairs with padded green seats. Hanging on the wall above was a copy of a large oil painting entitled 'The Stag at Bay', (*Monarch of the Glen*) by James Ford. Nearby was a 'Dicky and Dolly' on the wall, which showed the weather. If wet out came Dicky with a brolly; if fine Dolly appeared!

The only light to enter the room was through a small sash window, draped with a sparkling clean net curtain, which when washed, was always dipped in 'Dolly Cream'. At the top of the window was a green roller blind. Below this window was a horse-hair sofa with curled end. Its brown leather seat was partly losing its stuffing, and it scratched the back of my little legs when I sat upon it!

In the centre of the room was a wooden table with a well scrubbed top. When not set for meals, this was covered in a green chenille cloth with frilled edging. In the middle of this table was a brown earthenware jug, which held the wild flowers that I had picked that day.

In winter, I loved to watch Great-granny light the gas mantle above this table in the living room. It seemed to hum, and then come to life, glow, and cascade its light into the room, casting strange shadows. No other room had gas lighting, so candles were used elsewhere.

Great-granddad sat to the right of the fire burning in the range, in a large green armchair. Great-granny sat opposite to him in her wooden rocking chair. In front of the fire was a 'proddy' rug, usually occupied by Peggy, their old black and white cat. The cat loved the fresh tripe that we took for her, but it had to be warmed first in my Great-granny's hands, before the cat would eat it!

On the high mantle-piece in the centre, was a well used old tea caddy, a pot of spills and one of tapers, and to either side sat two pot dogs. One had a deeper shade of green spots than his companion. Granny always said that they would be mine one day, and so they are. In the upper oven was a supply of dry wood ready for lighting the fire each morning. The lower oven contained Great-granddad's socks and underwear, warm and ready to wear!

The only other furniture in the room was a large sideboard with mirror, a corner cupboard, and below this a radio on a table, that ran on batteries. Lastly an oak grandfather clock stood next to the door that led upstairs. This was of such an age that the face had almost worn away. Its steady tick was a comforting sound, and the chimes delighted me so much that I used to wait in anticipation for the minute hand to reach twelve.

When seated in this living room, one was surrounded by four doors: the front door, the broom cupboard under the stairs, the door to the spiral staircase going upstairs, and the one leading to the 'back kitchen'. Great-granny used to hide in the broom cupboard during thunder storms. I was told that she was terrified, having once seen in her childhood a thunderbolt come down the chimney, roll out through the front door, and kill a horse in the field outside.

The back kitchen was large and airy, with a window above the shallow slop stone, and the door always open into the garden in warm weather. What seemed enormous to me as a small child, was a huge mangle, that stood stoically at one side of the room, next to the galvanised Dolly tubs and copper posser. I loved to turn the handle on the mangle and swing on it! There was a towel on a nail behind the back door, and a row of red geraniums on the window-ledge.

This room also housed an old gas stove, a table, a meat safe, some weigh scales, a cupboard, a copper boiler, and numerous brooms and buckets. One bucket always contained left-over food for the hens, known as hen bits. Great-granddad never failed to ask us if we had brought any hen bits, and liked to say, 'Never waste anything that'll mek a hegg!' The query re hen bits was always asked soon after we arrived, and the main reason for our visit was seen to first. That was to unpack the groceries we had taken for them. Great-granddad always inspected the meat very carefully, turning it over and over in his hands, and asking 'Where's thi market?' That meant where did you buy this, and how much did you pay? Out would come Great-granny's worn old purse, and bills were totted up and settled.

It was wonderful for me to be taken to see the hens, and look for eggs with Great-granny.

All along the garden path grew Rob Roy daisies. I liked to feel their fluffy red heads in my fingertips. We passed fruit bushes covered in old net curtains to keep the birds off, on the way to the hen cabin. The hens came to greet us, anticipating food, especially some hen bits! They clucked around us, and pecked at the food I threw down for them. They had metal drinking troughs for the water, shaped I thought like pointed towers with a moat around the bottom!

Then maybe we'd go off into the little orchard, at the side of the house, to look for apple windfalls and to pick some rhubarb. The orchard was a fairyland for me. It had crooked old trees for climbing and for dodging underneath in the long green grass. Outside, along the side of the cottage was kept a long wooden ladder. This was used at apple picking time. There was also a coal bunker.

I can still recall the bleachy smell of the outside toilet next to the back door. It had a scrubbed floor and a brick yellow toilet bowl. The wooden seat was shiny and smooth, and didn't have a lid. Behind the door, at a convenient height, was a large nail. From this hung sheets of newspaper threaded together on a string. There were no toilet rolls then, and the newspaper was very hard and scratchy to use! The only other thing in there was a toilet cleaning brush in a dish. On the outside wall was kept the bath-tub, hanging from a large nail.

Before we left, there would be more drinks and some home-made cake - perhaps a currant bun, a piece of sponge cake, or currants in pastry known as 'fly pie'. Finally, we climbed the steep spiral stairs to a tiny back bedroom. It contained only an old iron bedstead. But, underneath was a treasure trove! There were rows of jam jars containing various jams that Great-granny had made, and trays of apples from her orchard. She enjoyed giving us some of these tasty jams.

The front bedroom, where my grandparents slept was almost as sparse as the back one. Just a bed, dressing table, peggy rugs and a bedding box. This last item was all that my Great-granny had when she left home and married. It contained her 'bottom drawer'. In other words a few items she had made, and a very small amount of savings. She had been in service to a Roman Catholic priest before marriage.



342 Leyland Lane is now a ladies' hairdresser's next to Greg's bakery

MEMORIES FROM THE NINETEEN-FORTIES

And of growing up in Leyland

Brian and Alan Forshaw



Aerial picture showing Mill Street linking Dunkirk and Slater lanes behind the Mount Pleasant Mill (circa 1929)

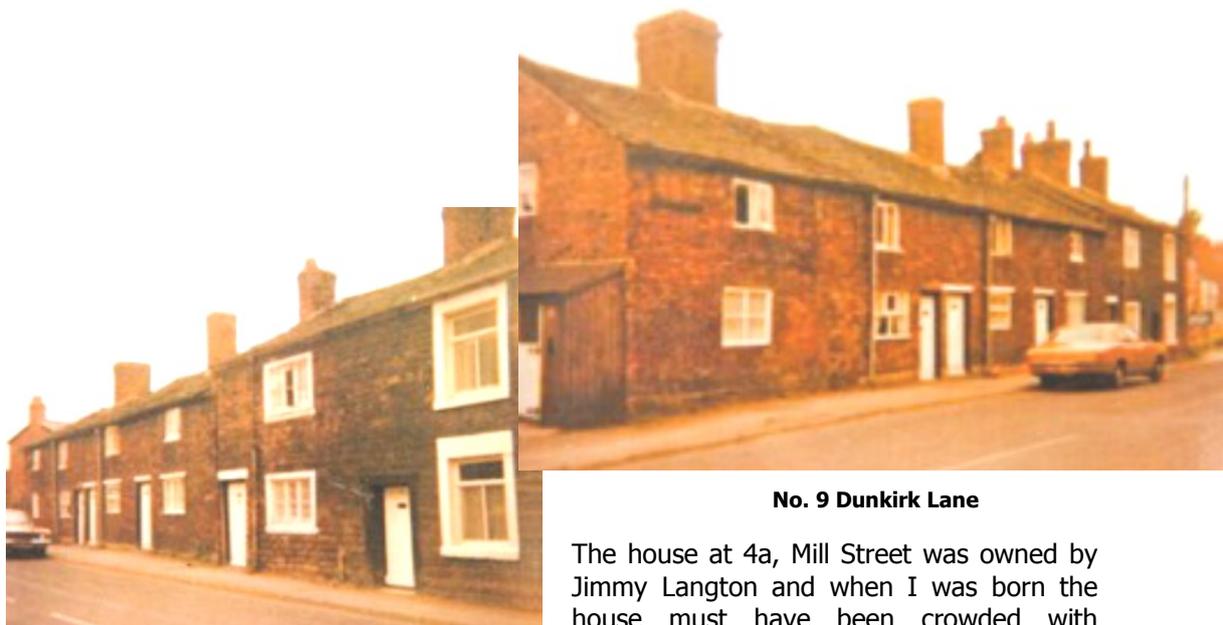
Mill Street, Leyland, is a small street linking Dunkirk Lane and Slater Lane and, as it implies, it is behind what was the Mount Pleasant Mill where Brian Forshaw and his brother Alan were born and brought up with their parents Harry and Anne, (nee Newsham). Brian and Alan have written their memoirs of what life was like from their school days and teenage years in Leyland and how their working lives have taken Brian, to Knaresborough and Alan, to Leeds.

Their parents started married life with their grandma, Alice Forshaw, (formerly Cowburn), at 4a Mill Street and Brian was born there. Brian recalls:



4A Mill Street today

The houses in the background were built on the old Langton's wood yard where we used to play. My birth certificate gives the address as 40A, Mill Street but there were only 8 houses in the street so 40A was a clerical error.



No. 9 Dunkirk Lane

The house at 4a, Mill Street was owned by Jimmy Langton and when I was born the house must have been crowded with Maggie Forshaw, Gladys, Marjorie, Harry, Anne and me so we soon moved to number 9, Dunkirk Lane which was a small cottage in a terrace of 6 cottages with 2 rooms upstairs and 2 downstairs, known as a two up and two down house. I am not sure how old the cottages were but I am pretty sure that they were made from hand made bricks which makes them quite old. It was also owned by Jimmy Langton. In the photographs, No. 9 is the third door from the left behind where the red car is parked.

As you entered the house through the front door there was a small vestibule which opened directly into the lounge which was just large enough for a settee, two chairs and a sideboard. The three piece suite was made from an imitation leather and it was well worn. The sideboard was a dark mahogany colour with a glossy surface. There was also a matching dining table with four chairs. All our belongings seemed to be purchased second-hand and I recall the time when a radiogram appeared which had both a radio and a record deck which could play 78 rpm records. Then there was the Ekco television which stood on top of the radiogram, only a black and white picture at the time. This must have arrived after 1953 because before that we all assembled at Bob Bannister's house in Mill Street to watch the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II on a television which had a huge glass lens across the screen to enlarge the picture. We also gathered at this house on Sunday afternoons to watch children's programmes like 'Muffin the Mule.' During daylight hours the curtains had to be closed so that a clear picture could be seen on the screen.

For the Queen's Coronation, 2nd June 1953, a street party was organised and one of the workshops of the wood yard behind our house was used for a neighbourhood tea party. A huge table was prepared with party food, lots of bunting and each child was presented with a commemorative glass beaker printed with the royal coat of arms. The wood yard provided a wonderful play area for our childhood years.

Brian recalls the fireplace in the cottage which would be black-leaded every Friday and the fireguard with its shiny brass rail. There was a shallow stone sink in the kitchen a substantial washing machine and a mangle for squeezing out the clothes and the tin bath which would be brought out and filled with hot water from pans and kettles on a gas stove in the kitchen.

Eventually, there were four children in the family and we shared or took turns to enjoy the bath water which gradually became greyer and colder. At some



Brian holding his brother Ian, sister Barbara and brother Alan with his mother and father

stage in our early life there was a Friday night treat of sweets of some kind after the bath. I guess my parents must have had their bath after we had gone to bed.

My father worked for Leyland Motors and he used a bicycle to travel to work each day. The bicycle also lived in the shed. He fitted a child's saddle on the crossbar of the bike and at 5.00 p.m. or thereabouts my brother and sister and I would wait in the street for dad to arrive home from work on his bike so that we could sit on the crossbar saddle as he rode his bike round the back of the house and into the shed. I think this gave him great pleasure.

Living next door to Brian and Alan was Brian's best friend David O'Brien who was an only child. Brian was invited to spend a holiday with David and his parents in a caravan in Silverdale and remembers swimming in the channel on the marsh and carrying water to the caravan from a natural spring. The photo on the right shows David (right with his parents). Sadly David died at the age of 71 in October 2015 and Brian attended his funeral in Morecambe.



Across the road from our house in Dunkirk Lane was a terrace of red brick houses which were considered superior to ours. A boy who lived in one of these houses was rumoured to have elocution lessons or 'alecution' lessons as we called them. Much of our play time was spent in Mill Street where the wall of the cotton mill was used as a practice wall for tennis, a goal for football, a wicket for cricket, a base for hide



The side door of the mill

and seek, a base for 'kick the can' or a place to practice catching a ball. In the early 1950s there was very little traffic and games were rarely interrupted by a passing car. The side door to the mill was often wide open to provide some much needed fresh air for the workers and it was from here that you could experience the deafening noise from the looms and watch the weavers spreading their conversations.

Brian recollects attending Sunday School and still has a memory of the bible stories the teacher taught him and of the processions.

The processions and the May Festivals were a time for parades through the streets with banners and various kinds of dressing up. These were primarily celebrations of religious festivals as the banners had a religious theme. On one occasion I was dressed as Davy Crocket who was a popular television character at the time. The photograph below was taken from outside our cottage in Dunkirk Lane and shows the red brick properties across the road. When the procession had made a circuit of Dunkirk Lane, Leyland Lane and Slater Lane it returned to St. James's for various activities on the school field.



Brian's Grandma Forshaw was a stalwart of St. James's Church and all its activities influenced his upbringing, even to the unhappy experience of joining the church choir.

I must have been about 10 years old when I was 'press ganged' into joining the church choir, but wearing a cassock and surplice with a white frilly collar was a sissy thing to do and I survived one choir practice and one service before refusing to continue.

School days feature strongly in both Brian and Alan's memoirs, both attending Fox Lane Infants' and then the Junior school across the road.

Fox Lane Infants School, Leyland - I attended from the age of 5 from 1951 to 1953. In the reception class my first teacher was Mrs. Prendergast. As you entered the school you passed through the cloakroom then into a large room which was the first of three classrooms. I remember a huge rocking horse and a slide in this room but I don't remember ever being allowed to play on them. I think there was an open fire to heat the room.



Miss Holden was the head teacher and teacher of the older pupils. My clearest memory of being in Class Three was learning multiplication tables. These were clearly displayed on the walls of the classroom and we were tested on our knowledge of them every week.

Fox Lane Junior School - The Fox Lane Junior School was across the road from the Infants school and the head teacher in the 1950s was Mr. Fenton. I was taught there until 1957.

Brian recalls his teachers in the junior school as Miss Jephtha, his teacher in the first year, Miss Rawlinson who taught him how to write with a pen and do 'joined-up' writing. In the fourth year Mr Young and Mr Hewitson who organised the school football team. The team reached the final in that year but Brian was unfit to play as he was taken ill.



Third year class: Brian is fourth from left in the second row down

In our third or fourth year the Wade Hall housing estate was being built in Leyland and families from the Wigan area were moving into the houses. Their children attended Fox Lane School. I remember a lad called John Barnes because he had the same birthday as me and he introduced us to rugby league which we played during break times. He had a real rugby ball. This was my first introduction to the game which became my primary interest for the rest of my life.

Miss Wane (Wayne?) was our teacher in the fourth year. This was the time of the 11 plus examination and most of the teaching was geared towards it. Lots of mental arithmetic, spelling, intelligence tests and verbal reasoning. The photograph below is from the last year at Primary School – 1957.



Brian passed his eleven plus examination and was given a place at Balshaw's Grammar School. About that time his family moved from No. 9 Dunkirk Lane to No.17 Balshaw Road.



The class photo above was taken in 1961 back row left to right: Brian Forshaw, Baker, Peter Baldwin, Godfrey Moore, Les Briers, Stan Turbitt, Bill Elliott, Mick Gray, Rodney Blackhurst, Ken Dagger. Front row left: Rosemary Pickup, 5th from the left: Susan Nixon, extreme right: Lucilla Wilford.

Brian's progress through grammar school is recorded in great detail. Religious education when the head teacher, Vic Oldfield, walked up and down the hall as they read passages from the bible in silence; the woodwork teacher...

had a brown shrivelled stump at the end of one finger, which we learned was the result of an accident with a chisel a few years previously. It was impossible not to think of that every time we watched him skilfully sharpening a pencil to a fine point using a chisel. His lessons were a pleasure, and I still have and use two items that I made with his enthusiastic encouragement. I think he was called Hewitson.

Other teachers I recall are 'Little Bill' Rigby - physics , Mr Wilkinson - Maths (Chess Club), Joe Leathley - Latin, Mr.Bennison - Chemistry, Jonny Downer - Latin, Miss Whewell - Art, Mr. A.J. Bull - English, Miss Milroy - French, Mr Hilditch - History, Pat Leach - Science, Mr. Barnes - Biology, Mr. Wilcox - French. I remember particularly Wilcox, the French Teacher. He once supervised a lesson I was in because Miss Milroy was absent. He grabbed hold of my right ear with one hand and whacked the other side of my face with the other. Fortunately this was my only encounter with him.

I have fond memories of Mr Wilson when he produced the school plays. He was never my subject teacher so when I helped him with his Cecil B. de Mille productions, mainly backstage, it was easier to have some fun with him. I remember once dropping a ball of string on his head when I was up a ladder fixing some scenery on the stage.

In the production of, *The Importance of being Earnest* (7,8,9, April 1960), I had a small part as the photographer's assistant. One of the Shorrocks had the part of the photographer. He was a smoker and spent many break times in the boys' toilets smoking his cigarettes. I remember Derek Forest and Elsie Milroy taking the lead parts in *Pygmalion* and I had a small part in the crowd scene at the beginning where my one and only line was; 'He ain't a 'tec' he's a blooming busybody, that's what he is,' referring to Professor Higgins taking notes about Elisa's accent. *The Mikado* was the other production during my time at the school.

The photograph below was taken when we were about 13 or 14. Back row left to right: Brian Forshaw, Stan Turbitt who became a policeman, Godfrey Moore, Peter Baldwin, Les Briers, Mick Gray and Bill Elliott. Bill was my best mate at school and he went on to become a journalist reporting on golf. On the ground Baker, Rodney Blackhurst, nicknamed Fred, who was sent home for wearing his hair too long, this was at a time when he was the best player in the school cricket team and he lost his place, and Ken Dagger who became a vicar and served in Colne for a time. Other pupils in my year included: Susan Nixon, Noel Eckton, Paul Dickinson, Susan Baxendale, Barry Chilton, David Blundell, Lucilla Wilford, Robin Bourne, Stuart Parker.



There was one occasion when a girl called Carter was absent from school and when the teacher was calling the register there was some confusion and the teacher had to summarise, saying, 'Carter away and Parker here?'

Brian's transport vehicles were well recorded:

At the age of sixteen I was old enough to purchase a 'Cyclomaster' moped similar to the one shown on the right.



Throughout my teenage years I regularly stopped outside the window of the motorcycle shop dreaming about the BSA Star which was on display. I was about 45 years old when my dream came true and I bought a BMW R75 followed by a BMW K100.



When my brother Alan reached the age of sixteen he purchased the green coloured Francis Barnett Excelsior shown in the photograph above. The photograph below shows the BMW K100 I bought about 1990.



The social scene in the 1960s when Brian was in his sixth form introduced him to the Trades Hall with beer at one shilling and three pence a pint then on to the Gables, a trendy pub at the time. Dancing at the Public Hall was designed for the younger generation then.

Frank Hunt was a butcher's son and his father was happy to lend him his butcher's van on Saturday nights which meant that we could travel outside Leyland providing we were willing to sit on the floor in the back of the van. The venues of choice were the Mecca Ballroom in Preston, the Tower Ballroom and the Winter Gardens in Blackpool. The photograph on the right was taken at the Winter Gardens. What looks like a trophy was just part of the interior decor at the time.



Left to right: Kevin ?, Brian Forshaw, unknown, Bill Elliott, unknown, Roger Iddon.

In about 1960 the family had a day out in Knaresborough which included rowing on the river. The only reminder of this is the photograph which was taken on the river with my younger brother Ian. Strange, that Margaret and I should choose to spend the rest of our lives in this beautiful town.



Alan's Story

Alan was the third child in the Forshaw family following his brother Brian and sister Barbara Anne. Alan, followed his brother in attending the infants' and then the Junior school in Fox Lane.

While attending the infants' school his schooling was interrupted by an incident with his uncle's dog:

My attendance at school was interrupted for about two weeks at the age of six when I was bitten by a dog. I was playing alone in a nissen hut at the rear of our house when a neighbour's black labrador dog (owned by our uncle Rex Cowburn) took a chunk out of my face. It was a hot day and the dog must have been short tempered due to being dehydrated. I staggered the short distance home crying profusely and sent my mother into shock when she saw my face covered in blood. I recall her sitting on the stairs being distraught for some time as neighbours came to assist and console her while my father telephoned for the ambulance. I was treated by Nurse Rose throughout my stay at Preston Royal Infirmary and recall the painful daily injections she gave me in my backside. I was looked on as a model patient for not crying at all. The Labrador was 'put to sleep' by the time I returned home.



I would often visit my Aunt Harriet who was actually my Great-aunt as she was my Grandma's youngest sister. Harriet lived in a house which was also the local barber's with her husband Edgar Marston. They were very fond of us as they had no children and would always make us welcome and feed us quite regularly with her expertly made hot pots and currant cakes amongst other foods. Edgar worked at the Royal Ordnance Factory in Euxton and Harriet once worked in one of the Leyland Motors works canteens.

Not far from Aunt Harriet's was the local cobbler, Billy Ashton who had a big wooden shed. I would spend many a happy hour watching him working on his 'last' and listening to him talk to my Dad about how well Preston North End



The three Of us In the back yard of 9 Dunkirk Lane – about 1951

football team were doing. There were many caricatures of the PNE best players including the famous Tom Finney pinned up on the walls. We were regular customers of Billy who was also a clog maker. Whilst I had to wear clogs with rubbers on the soles, my older brother had to wear them with irons on. Good for sparking as in the Lowry hit song *Matchstalk Men and Matchstalk Cats and Dogs* (Burke/Coleman) Brian & Michael (1978) - we both felt very old fashioned and at times embarrassed as we were the only boys in the neighbourhood who were forced to wear them. We were continually told by our Dad that they were much better for our feet than shoes and as he had worn them all his life (and still wore clogs for working in) they were best for us. Harry eventually gave way on us wearing clogs by the time I moved to Fox Lane Infants school.

Alan attended Sunday School at St James's Church but was uninspired by the teacher and was always ready to return home for his Sunday dinner. His mother attended the Women's Institute drama group where she is shown playing the part of the maid in the photograph below:



I can recall some reluctance from Dad whilst Mum was at the drama group as he had to baby-sit. Mothers were expected to stay at home all the time in those days and her visits to the drama group did not go down well as it meant one night less going to the pub for Dad where he would do some waiting on for his beer money. Being quite close to the landlord he arranged for us to have a day out with other customer's children - see picture below.



The original Seven Stars pub customers' children's day out – the 3 arrows point to Barbara, me and Brian – about 1956

My younger brother, Ian, was born in May 1955 and soon after we were the owners of (EN 8057), a pre war built Big Austin Seven motor car. We named it 'Atlas' and it took us all over the place at weekends and for holiday week day outings.



An Austin Big 7 just like ours

Alan developed his love of football at the Fox Lane Junior School though this was soon to be dashed by injury when he moved to the high school.

I captained the school football team for several matches and gained my special football badge from Mr Hewartson. He awarded this to me for scoring the winning goal from being one nil down at Farington School. It was a fluke as I was playing inside right and meant to cross the ball into the penalty area but the ball swerved and went into the net.



Fox Lane Junior School Class 4A 1960. Left to right:

Back Row: Susan Kinsey, Margaret Fairhurst, Carolyn Hayhurst, Susan Pincock, Pamel ?,

Next Row: Graham Baker, Andrew Bolton, Alan Forshaw, Stephen Wilkinson, Graham Eastwood, Ian Thornton, Brian Kazer, Stephen Moffat, Bill Badley.

Next Row: Noel Smalley, Eric Lawson, Frank Riding, Brian Holmes, Richard Gates, Jonathan Iddon, Martin Sawle, Geoffrey Lee, Stuart Gott, Stephen Mosscrop.

Front Row: Allwyn Morris, Susan Hilton, ??, Christine Houlton, Shirley Barnes, Janet Hewitson, Carol Mee, Janet Wildman, Linda Dryden, Wilma Corns, Malcolm Green (kneeling)

Secondary School was a bit of a disappointment for me as I was not used to the higher pupil numbers and apparent lack of discipline associated with a school of this size. There were four classes in each year and a 5th and 6th year where both GCE 'O' and 'A' levels were taken. My footballing aspirations were dashed when I broke my ankle whilst playing in a PE lesson with Mr Hunt. I got a slight apology a few years later from the boy who tackled me so severely by stamping on my ankle just as I was about to take a shot at goal. I did score but had to hobble back into school when the teacher saw how screwed up in pain my face was. An ambulance was sent for along with my mother who had to leave messages for Brian who was still at Balshaw's School. With my leg in plaster I was sent home with crutches and was told by Dad that I would have to return to school within a few days. My ankle became limited in it's ability to rotate and my ability and interest in P.E. and sports did not hold the same for me as it did at junior school. I soon realised that there were others who could run faster, perform P.E. and play football better than me. I did continue with my interest in the more practical subjects such as Geometrical Drawing, Woodwork, Metalwork, Science, Drama and music.

During my final year at school a few teachers asked me if I was staying on at school to take my G.C.E.s, and when I discussed this with my parents I was aware of stirring up a similar argument which they must have had when Brian reached 16 years of age after taking his GCE 'O' levels.

I settled the impending argument by volunteering to leave and start work as soon as possible. On reaching the age of fifteen in October, I would normally have left school at Christmas but the government had recently extended the minimum leaving time to two full terms after reaching the age of 15 so I had to wait till Easter 1964.

Here Alan mentions that his brother, Brian, was on a teaching training course in Derby and recalled that he had a temporary job as a fitter's mate at Atkinson's heavy goods manufacturers in Walton-le-Dale during his summer break. This obviously prompted Alan to apply for engineering apprenticeships at both R.O.F at Euxton and at Leyland Motors and secure a place at Leyland Motors. At the interview...

we were asked to take a piece of work we had completed for the interviewers to examine so I took some calipers and a toasting fork I had made in the school metalwork classes. Mr Glassbrook along with the Leyland Motors' School maths teacher were the interviewers who asked me to describe what a Toolmaker does, as I had listed this as a job I was interested in. Dad knew that Toolmakers were earning the highest skilled rates of pay. I had a guess at describing what I thought Toolmakers did and was told that I had got it wrong and had applied for something which I don't know anything about. They seemed quite impressed when I said that my father had advised me what job to apply for and how could I know all about it when I was still at school?

All the new apprentices were placed initially in the South Works not far from the current Transport Museum in what was commonly known as 'The Pen'. We were given a series of items to make using hacksaws, chisels and files and each item had to be measured in thousandths of an inch with gradually decreasing levels of tolerance. We had regular classroom sessions and tests such as Health and Safety along with fire training. We were also required to spend one day a week at the Leyland Motors' School on Balcarres Road which had some indoor sports and the usual maths, science and other technical subjects were taught. I had taken up Crown Green Bowling and the school was next door to one of the Leyland Motors' greens which we used during lunchtimes.

During the first few months of being an apprentice, some vacancies for particular trades became vacant leading to some being transferred from the standard scheme to the particular vacancy. The majority were trained as either a Fitter or a Turner but occasionally other trades such as Electricians or Toolmakers were required. One day I was told to carry a parcel to the Pattern Shop and a short time after was offered a place as an apprentice Patternmaker. It seems that the Patternshop manager and foreman had requested an apprentice but wanted to see who had been recommended by the Instructors. I must have passed the test and started my new post a few days later.

This position required me to attend one day and evening a week at Bolton Institute of Technology. We studied Patternmaking, Metallurgy, Geometrical Drawing, Current Affairs, Maths and Foundry Technology. This suited me fine as there was not too much academic and homework to deal with and I passed all my exams with good marks. I made friends with Roger Tweedy who worked in Manchester as a Patternmaker and lived in Swinton. I asked my school woodwork teacher if he would allow me to take my GCE 'O' level Woodwork and Geometrical Drawing. He agreed and I attended his evening classes an hour early for extra tuition which were for local adults who wanted to learn the basics of woodwork. With the skills I gained from working in the Pattern Shop I

ended up helping both the students and Mr Davies and passed my 'O' levels with good grades.

I enjoyed working in the Pattern Shop as there were only about 33 men and one other apprentice, John Higgins from Gidlow Lane in Wigan,. The two apprentices were tasked with all sorts of jobs for the men and errands for the Manager, Les Sutton and Ivan the Foreman. So when Christmas arrived we followed the tradition of going round with a collection cap for tips to be shared between us. There was one proviso, that we each had to get up on the bench and sing a song! I sang the 1963 Billy J. Kramer hit *Bad to Me* which gained a good round of applause and a generous collection.

The South Works Training department was visited by Harold Wilson one day and I recall him waiving to us all as he was driven in.

The wages were not very high for apprentices and I remember my first full week's take home pay being only £2 and 10 shillings for the whole week. I was only allowed to keep 10 shillings as my spending money and managed to sub my motor bike on this. This prompted me to work during weekends at the recently built M6 Services at Charnock Richard as a Kitchen Porter. This job involved working a lot of hours for 4 shillings and sixpence an hour and I could earn more on a weekend than for a whole week at Leyland Motors. I then had a go at working part time at the Top Rank Ballroom in Preston as a ballroom Attendant (Bouncer). This paid £1.00 per night with an added pound for working after midnight. I recall some famous groups playing at this venue and I got to meet The Equals, The Crazy World of Arthur Brown, The Love Affair, and several other famous artists at that time.

With his successful City and Guilds Pattermaking exam at Bolton College Alan took a place on a H.N.D. three year sandwich course in Foundry Technology at Chesterfield College of Technology which attracted an educational grant from the Lancashire Education Authority.

My father's earnings meant that my grant was reduced, so he was supposed to make up the difference. I had to make up the difference by working part time behind a bar whilst studying. During that time the whole of Leyland Motors' blue collar workers went on strike for several months.

I was in 'digs' with a miner's widow Mrs Varley near to Chesterfield Town Hall and it was while I was working at the 'Golden Fleece' Tetley pub in the centre of Chesterfield that I met my wife to be and I managed to buy my first car which was a Ford Anglia for £50.00 from a small garage. It was very useful for traveling to and from home and I used it occasionally to take visitors around the various factories when I was back at Leyland Motors.

My next tour of duty in a factory was to be spent at the West Yorkshire Foundries in Leeds which was a subsidiary of Leyland Motors which had by then changed it's name to 'British Leyland'. This kept me out of the strike problems at Leyland for a while and it was when I decided to get married on 20th July 1970 – exactly 25 years to the day when my parents were married.

During my period at West Yorkshire Foundries I discovered that I had failed my second year course exams so decided to start working for them as a Foundry Technician but being paid as a Pattermaker and based in the Pattern shop. There was little recognition of the HND qualification in Foundry Technology. It wasn't long before the three day week was brought in and several strikes hit this factory just as it did in many others throughout the country. Living in a city like Leeds was quite an experience, but that is another story and I was never to live in Leyland again.

Mikron Theatre Company - How they came to Leyland

Peter Houghton



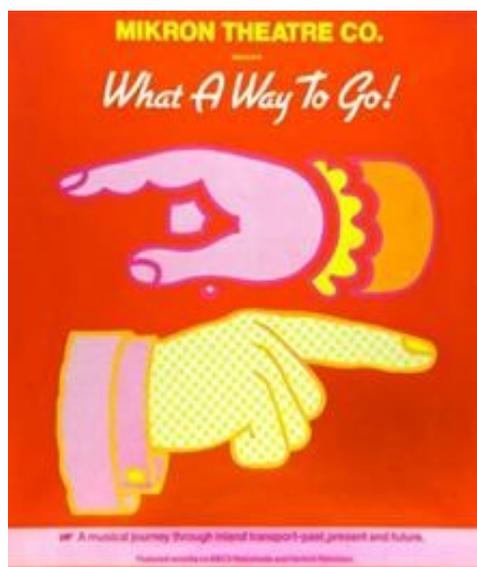
This year was the 22nd appearance of the *Mikron* Theatre Company at the Leyland Historical Society. Many people have asked how I discovered them and got them to perform in Leyland for the first time in 1994.

As is usual with your Chairman it is not a short story but goes back to my days in Chorley Rotaract when on the evening of Monday 16th July 1979 after just agreeing at a meeting with the British Legion officer to undertake the Chorley Poppy Appeal that year we found our way (that is Peter Ericson and myself) to the Railway pub at Botany Bay in Chorley.

Here the *Mikron* Theatre Company had just started their performance of *What A Way To Go*. We watched the action from the back as Mike Lucas, Chris Whittingham, Sandra Moore and Carol Prior played their various parts.

At the interval Mike, as usual (we were to discover) asked and got more programme sales, and on hearing him say there were more seats at the front, Peter and I went forward to discover that the seats were almost on top of the performers, with the result that for the second half of the show we both joined in much more with the sing-a-longs (they did that then with large lyric sheets held up) and the applause at the end (deserved anyway).

On 8th August 1979, Peter and I took the Rotaract Club to the Railway at Appley Bridge



where *Mikron* were performing their other show that year *Where's our Cut*. Mike and rest of the cast were dressed as 'Diggles', small 'warm' animals who lived in the then closed Standedge Tunnel of the Huddersfield Narrow Canal.

With the performance being in the pub car park the crowd got depleted by the cold evening, so by the end of the show, most of the Rotaract club members had disappeared into the pub to watch through the window. The picture below shows the costumes with the following year's cast wearing them as in those days, there was always a new show each year with the one from the previous year hitting the venues that were missed the previous year.

The following year we went to see the show entitled *Mud In your Eye*. This was the story



of the canal restorers with Graham Palmer from WRG (The Waterways Recovery Group) portrayed affectionately as Garden Gnome, David Hutchings of Stratford fame was Super Hutch while *Mikron* with future *Doctor Who* companion, Mark Strickson, sung the only punk-favoured song they ever did called *Be A Failure* and, yes, we sang along to it:

*Life on the boats had little romance
There was more than enough pain and sorrow
But if I was given just half a chance
I'd go back tomorrow*.*

On 29th April 1981 at the Railway, Appley Bridge I saw the *Mikron* Theatre show that is still my favourite today. It was called *I'd Go Back Tomorrow*. (Not to be confused with the book of the same name written by Mike Lucas when he retired from running *Mikron*.)

It was the story of a boatie's** wife who lived on the canal all her life. At some points it was very sad, as noted by Lynsey one of the Rotaract members sobbing away in the back row when the baby died. This was the first occasion when an actor, Sarah Wilson, kept to one part with the rest of the cast playing all the other parts round her performance from being a little girl to being an old women. Of course the play ended with the usual sing-a-long and everyone departed happily even Lynsey (who had said before the play that it would not work in a pub). *The words above are the chorus of the title song which I still remember

** To quote another song

*'They call me a water gipsy, they call me a bargee,
but they've got it wrong cause I'm a boatie, I'm a boatie'*

The following year on 14th August 1982, we headed to the Bridge at Adlington to watch *Mikron* perform *Keep your 'ands off* though this is the last occasion the Club went as a group

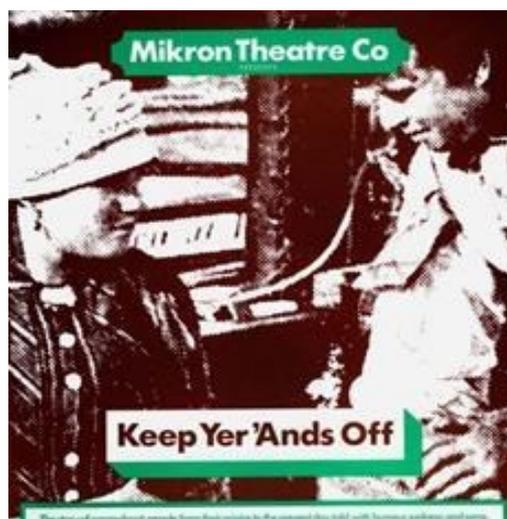
to watch *Mikron*. This was a venue above Wigan and therefore only able to take boats up to 62 feet long, not long enough for *Mikron's* narrow boat *Tyseley* which is the standard Midlands length of 70 feet. So for this part of the waterways tour *Mikron* used to borrow a Leeds & Liverpool friendly boat for around two to three weeks.

Over the next ten years, my friends and I still watched *Mikron* usually at one of the Douglas valley pubs along the Leeds & Liverpool from Wigan to Burscough,

1983 - *Over the Top* – The story of the people who lived and worked on the boats at the Navigation at Gathurst (now closed)

1984 - *Still Carrying* - The story of the narrow boat *Tyseley* and all the people who had owned it over the years. This was a particular favourite being at the Crooke Hall Inn in Crooke village where I first saw Mark Williams. It was also the subject of a television documentary as the cast interviewed the previous owners before writing the play.

One memorable performance was seen on 21st July 1986 as being on a canal holiday



to Nottingham from Wolverhampton, I managed to tie in the route with an appearance by *Mikron* at the Stenson Bubble, a pub attached to a boatyard not far from Nottingham.

As we passed *Tyseley* heading for a place to moor, Mark Williams, stuck his head out of the boat and shouted in his best West Midlands accent ‘I come from Wolverhampton, like this boat’. He then enquired if we knew there was a show on that night, to which the rest of our crew said ‘Yes, *he does*’, (pointing at me). The show that night was *Just the Job* the story of a family taking a canal holiday, most apt for me and my happy crew.

In the following years I did my bit to advertise *Mikron* shows by turning up at the local branch meetings of the Inland Waterways Association (North Lincs & Cumbria) held at the Howard Arms in Whittle-le-Woods and saw *Flights of Fancy*, the story of a lock keeper and their family and, *Rise & Fall*, the story of boat lifts both at home and abroad.

That was until February 1994 when the Historical Society was looking for new speakers or entertainment and I said the word ‘*Mikron*’.

**Society Members' Visit to Ulverston and Cockermouth
2nd May 2016**

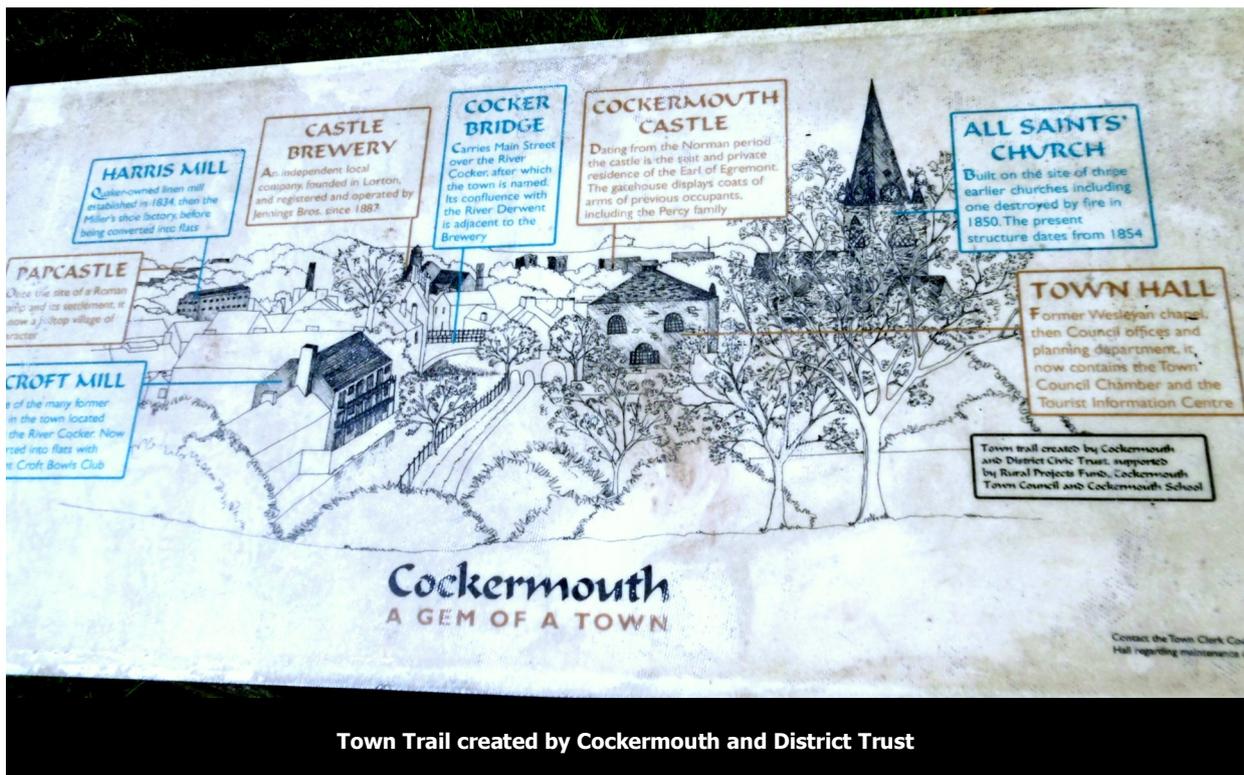


At the Laurel and Hardy Museum





View from Kirkbank - as shown by the plan below



Town Trail created by Cockermouth and District Trust



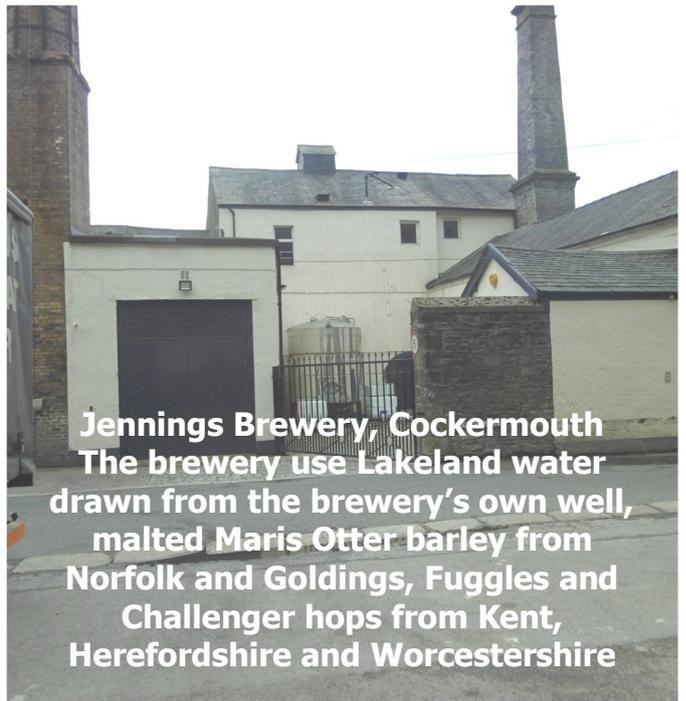
Clockwise from top: Meeting our guide; walking the rope walk where ropemakers used to pace out their work twisting ropes; the flood barrier, as mentioned in Society Affairs; Kirkgate; crossing the footbridge over the river Cocker.



Top: Cobbled yard of Kirkgate, very much as it has been since the 1700s - outline of the stag in the picture on the left.

Centre: The ancient market bell set in the wall and the plaque set in the footpath with its warning to the scavenger.

Bottom: Left - Society members in the second group. Right - Entering Cockton's Yard. Typical of the narrow housing and weaving workshops that ran back from the Main Street in reflections of the older mediaeval burgage plots.



Jennings Brewery, Cockermouth
The brewery use Lakeland water drawn from the brewery's own well, malted Maris Otter barley from Norfolk and Goldings, Fuggles and Challenger hops from Kent, Herefordshire and Worcestershire

