

Albert, foreman tackler, were stondin' next t' 'is warkbench in t' mill one mornin', when Fred, t' youngest o' 'is team walked in.

"Mornin' Fred, tha'rt i' good time today. Has tha suddenly begun fer t' like Mondays or couldn't tha sleep?"

"Mornin' Albert. Nay, Ah've jist popped in a bit early like so Ah can see Lizzie afoor start-up."

"Is that so, well, tha con start bi dashin' off and fettlin' 'er Auntie Elsie's loom. T' gaffer wants a brokken string mendin afoor start-up. Then tha con goo an' see Lizzie. It's bin noticed Ah con tell thee, as tha spends as mich time wi' her in t' mill as tha does eawtside. Coortin' gooin' weel Ah reckon."

"Tha could sey that. We'm bin sparkin' twelve months neaw, ever sin' Ah come eawt o' mi time."

"Tha likes her a little mooar ner somewhat then, Ah dar' say."

"Like her? Ee Albert, Ah tell thee, Ah loves her to bits. Hoo's gotten everythin' a chap wants an' some on it's gettin' better ivvery wick!"

Fred smiled and cupped his honds ovvert' front o' his chest.

"Neaw then, yon's enough, no need t' bi vulgar. Ee, youngsters today!"

"Mind you," went on Fred, "Hoo's bin droppin' hints abeawt us gettin wed durin' t' last few wicks and Ah mun sey as Ah'm thinkin' it meight not be a bad idea in itsen. Ah've gotten a few bob put away too. But hoo seems t' be thinkin abeawt t' fost Sat'd'y o' Wakes an' yon's 'appen a bit soon."

"Weel why not lad? Hoo's a gradely enough wench an' as pretty as her Mam were at her age."

"Ah weel, tha's got it theer. Her Mam! Hoo does'no like me, thinks as heaw Ah'm noan good enough fer her dowter. What sooart o' mother-in-law would hoo mak?" an' he wrinkled up his nose. "It 'ud be different if her Dad were still alive, Ah giet on weel wi' 'im."

"Ee lad, all mothers think like that. Ah reckon hoo'l welcome thee weel enough when t' pair o' thee come back fro' honeymoon. Blackpool will it be or are t' thinkin' o' 'foreign parts' like, sey Scarborough?"

Smilin', Albert picked up his tool bag. "Off tha goo's, nip up quick to Lizzie and propose sharpish, there's still ten minutes to start-up. Ah'll pop up to Eawr Elsie an' get her brokken string sorted. Shoo! Pike off! Dunno' stond theer like a lemon! Elsie'll be on thy side, that Ah knaw fer sure 'cos hoo's towed me so and hoo's gotten a new hat as she's savin' for t' weddin'."

Fred grinned too and wi' a small bow to'ards Albert, dashed eawt o' t' door an' Albert heeard his clogs clatterin' off up t' fost flight o' stone steps as he walked moor sedately to t' door.