

Palatine People

The newsletter of The Lancashire Society

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CHAIRMAN'S JOTTINGS

By Sid Calderbank

Well, a rather successful time has been had by all since I last wrote in here!

“The Noise We Mek!”, our Heritage Lottery Funded project has been officially launched, in a blaze of publicity, in Parbold, Wigan, Chorley and Blackburn with half a dozen Society members entertaining and informing the public just what we are up to and how they can get involved. My thanks go to everyone who helped in any way, performers, organisers, the staff at Parbold Library, Wigan Museum, Astley Hall Chorley and Blackburn Library for making it such a success. A recent meeting of the project steering committee has established the framework for implementation of the second stage throughout 2011 and anyone who would like to be involved should contact me via the Society website or on 07778 933879. We especially need native dialect speakers from Burscough through to Blackburn who are prepared to be recorded reading old dialect texts or telling the history of their area. Help, training and direction will be given – we don't expect you to get it right first time!!

And then there was “National Dialect Day” held in Euxton on 16th October. Some of you may recall that last year at Fylde Festival we used the old Lancashire Dialect Society's afternoon slot to launch the idea of an annual National gathering of dialect writers and speakers with a view to setting up a new event, lifting the profile of our new Society at Fylde, and then returning to our own spot in Fleetwood, sending the “National” on its travels around England. Well, it worked! We moved the “National” away from Fylde, staged our own 5 hour concert to a full house in the Mount Hotel on the Festival Sunday, and, in Euxton, had participants from as far afield as Durham to Devon, Lincolnshire to the Lake District competing for writing and performing trophies, entertaining each other and the public, and having a thoroughly enjoyable day out.

The “National Dialect Day” is now safely on its journey with Lincolnshire organising 2011 and Northumberland organising 2012 and the Lancashire event at Fylde is no longer a poorly supported relic of past glories but an entertaining and vibrant afternoon of local songs, stories and poetry from our County. The longest non-stop concert of the weekend and a great opportunity for our members to perform. See you there next year.

I would like to see more Society Concerts like this, public events providing the opportunity for our young, new or less experienced members to practice their organising and performing skills safe in the knowledge that the 'old hands' will support them and keep the event going. More on this as it develops - but if our Society exists for anything it is to promote and support the performance of the old Lancashire traditions of song, music, dance and dialect. Anyone with ideas for dates, venues or performers let me know.

SID

“THE NOISE WE MEK!”

...is the title of our Heritage Lottery Fund Project.



Supported by

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This three-year project, supported by the Heritage Lottery Fund, has several distinct elements.

Overall, we are following the canal from Burscough to Blackburn, studying and recording the variety of dialects and accents found along the route as it passes from agriculture in Burcough, through coal production in Wigan, to markets in Chorley and cotton manufacture in Blackburn. This gives us a snapshot of the industries that made Lancashire the centre of world manufacturing during the late 19th and early 20th centuries.

Introductory launch events in Parbold, Wigan, Chorley and Blackburn were held during September and October 2010. These took the form of an introduction to the project by several of our members including Sid Calderbank, Barbara and Andy Hindley, Chris Pollington, Alex Fisher, Mark Dowding and Julian Taylor. This was followed by an open discussion with the audience at each event on how they could help and get involved. It was very encouraging to see a good number of people at each event who were interested in what we were doing and we got a number of people from each event who wanted to help with the project and signed up for us to contact during 2011.

In a parallel part of the project, we are producing an audiovisual archive of the local accents and dialects of today in the area. To do this, we need to find volunteers from all sections of the community who are willing to be recorded

telling the story of their lives. Young and old, male and female who are native to the areas being studied.

We have started recording people's memories – Barbara and Mark are going to be busy over the next 12 months recording at least 250 people for the project and then processing the recordings to provide timings and file markers before passing the files to Chris to do his archiving duties on them.

Old Wigan Town by Sally James

Oh, there's nothing to do now in old Wigan Town
For the pits have all closed and the mills have shut down
Gone are the slag heaps, the pit head gears too
And gone are the grey clouds that mingled with blue
Gone are the grey clouds that mingled with blue.

There's no smoke from pit chimneys no fog in the air
Leaves grow on trees once haggard and bare
But way underground in the depths of the streets
Ghosts of old miners still crawl in the deeps
Yes ghosts of old miners still crawl in the deeps.

They spit and they gurgle, they swear and they yell
That many a story they still have to tell
How many young men good looking and fit
Had to crawl on their bellies like snakes in a pit
Had to crawl on their bellies like snakes in a pit.

They gave up their lives for the wealth of the land
Their life line was coal in the palm of their hand
They scarcely saw daylight, they worked till they sighed
Then staggered home slowly and drank till they cried
And staggered home slowly and drank till they cried.

They worked hard, they played hard, they gambled and drank
They had few possessions, no cash in the bank
Their lives were so hard and they knew it was fate
So they dug in their heels and then worked until late
They dug in their heels and then worked until late.

Now it's all over, the pits have all gone
We hear song birds sing, feel the sun shine upon
But way underground in the depths of the earth
You hear the wheels turn and the women give birth
You can hear the wheels turn and the women give birth.

They echo and wail in old tunnels below
For the seeds that they planted must sprout and must grow
And from ancient miners will spring a new life
Free from all trouble, from pain and from strife
Yes free from all trouble from pain and from strife.

Oh there's plenty to do now in old Wigan town
Now the pits have all closed and the mills have shut down
Gone are the slag heaps and pit head gears too
And gone are the grey clouds that mingled with blue
Gone are the grey clouds that mingled with blue.

Lancashire Quiz

- 1 When was Lancashire officially established (including historic boundaries, etc)?**
- 2 What name is used to describe the groups of Celtic tribes living in Lancashire in the Iron Age, including the Setantii?**
- 3 Where were the first Roman forts in the north-west?**
- 4 What was the Roman name for Wigan?**
- 5 What do 'Windscale' and 'Affetside' have in common?**
- 6 What position does Cedric Robinson hold?**
- 7 The construction of which waterway began in November 1887?**

- 8 When was the Lancashire County Cricket Club first organised?
- 9 Which hall was owned by the Kay-Shuttleworth family?
- 10 Which four main rivers drain into Morecambe Bay?
- 11 Which stronghold in Lancashire has been a prison since 1196?
- 12 The East Lancashire Railway only ran for a short time between 1844 and 1859. What was its original route?
- 13 On 30th January 1877, a heavy storm blew the roof of which Lancashire Railway station?
- 14 The Blackburn weaver, James Hargreaves, invented what?
- 15 What have William Lever, Hylda Baker and Nat Lofthouse got in common?
- 16 Who knighted what at Hoghton Tower?
- 17 What is the official name of the largest Mormon temple in Europe?
- 18 "What a life," said the weaver o' Well-brook'. Who wrote this?

Answers at the end of the newsletter.

Focus on the Members – Sid Calderbank



Ah've bin inthrestid in th'owd Dialect sin Ah were nobbut a lad. My Feyther hed t'words fer "Sam's Medal", "Bowton's Yard" an sich an Ah lornt 'em when Ah were still ad skoo. Later on, werkin' ad Leylant Mooters Ah bowt a record player an' t' fost LP Ah bowt were Th'Owdum Tinkers' "Best O'T'Bunch" an' then Harry Boardmon's "A Lancashire Mon". These two set me agate thinkin' as there were 'appen moor o' this soart o' stuff berrit i' Leyland Libry so Ah sterted rootin' an' fun John Harland's "Ballads & Songs Of Lancashire" an' George Hull's "Poets & Poetry of Blackburn" an' set to pickin' eawt good stuff as ud mek a song. Ah

rooted in t' Libry in t'day an' med up tunes an' lornt 'em at neet in t' neisy facthry, then, one Friday neet, Ah leet on t'Roebuck Fooak Club I' Leylant - id wor a "singaround" club an' Ah'd niver bin t'one o' those afoor. Onyrooad, a bit uv eggin' on bi Ronnie Strickland ended wi me getting' up an' doin' a turn, givin' 'em mi owd stuff an' i' aw t'room full o' fooak, they'd niver heered 'em afoor!! Well, thad were it then - Ah become a reglar Owd Lancashire spot an' very poplar it wor too Ah con tell thi.

Ah then geet a reglar pleck us a Donce Caller wi' th'Old Pequiar Band as lasted nigh on twenty yer, geet disthracted wi' a bit o' business as lasted ten yer, bowt mi heawse an' set me up an' then, wi' moor time o' mi honds, Ah sterted puddin' together aw this stuff as Ah'd fun into talks an'shows. Ah geet a reglar pleck at T'Four Fool's Festival - different show evry yer - an' wor pleasantly surprised ad just heaw mich inthrest ther wer i' this owd Lanky tawk.

Back I' Leylant twenty five yer ago, Ah'd bin involved in LAFS, the Leyland and Area Folk Society, a large group o' performers an' artists, doncers an' singers an' hed allus wanted t'do summat like id agen. Chance cum when th'owd Lancashire Dialect Society were fadin' away. Ah didn't want t' see it goo beawt a feight so wi' Mark, Chris, Andy an' Barbara wey sterted "The Lancashire Society" an' saved id! We brightent up their reglar spot at Fylde Festival, gathered some other fooak an' then decided to see if T'lottery fund ud 'elp us t' stert recordin' an' savin' t'dialect fer t' future generations. After a few fawse starts they sed "Yes" un we hed a project "The Noise We Mek" to gi' us summat t'focuss on un set t'new Society gooin'.

Ivrythin's bin gooin' grand sin then - wey cud do wi' moor 'elpers an' we need t'organise moor events bud thad'll cum when we've getten ivryone in t'reet pleck. The Lancashire Society is geddin' bether known, local an' national, even than th'owd Dialect Society wor, so it's "Forrud Mi Brave Boys!" into t'future.

Fer misel' Ah'm bein' callt on t'speyk t'awsooarts o' fooak up an' deawn t' Ceawnty i' Librys, Museums an' 'istorical clubs - an id's aw abeawt LANCASHIRE!

Corn't be bad!

Aw t' Best!

SID

THE WANDERING WORD

“Lancashire Bagpipes”

by Johnny Matthews

**“.... got little rest, the music and Lancashire bagpipes
having continued the whole night.”
*from the antiquary Ralph Thoresby on his visit to Preston
at the time of the Guild of 1702.***

“I have heard my aunt say twentie times, that no witchcraft can take hold of the Lancashire bagpipe, for it selfe is able to charme the devil, ile fetch him.”

Within the extensive historical collections of our own music, by which I mean the great traditional dance music of Lancashire, there are a good number of tunes that carry names such as “a Bagpipe Hornpipe” or “Lancashire Pipes”. Indeed, in the Manchester manuscript of c1650, there are pieces that have been “re-jigged” for string instruments, but which must originally have been played by Lancashire pipers. Looking at these early tunes, and talking generally, I would guess that the bagpipe chanter they were played on was of a fairly basic form (the chanter being the part of the pipes from which the music is derived in contrast to the steady background notes of the drones). I suggest a simple chanter because the tunes themselves require relatively few notes within (more or less) a single octave. However, if we fast-forward to the more famous music compilations in which Lancashire music was central (such as that of Thomas Marsden, dated 1705), it is clear that the music has moved on by a quantum step. Now a fairly sophisticated chanter, with a range of two octaves, must have been required to play the bagpipe-related tunes included in these later collections.

So what kind of bagpipe was able to cover the greater range of notes required for these more advanced tunes? What is the “Lancashire Bagpipe” referred to at the top of this article? Today we know of only three types of bagpipe in the British Isles that seem possible candidates – the Uilleann pipes, the Northumbrian pipes and the Pastoral pipes. All three instruments are played with a set of bellows to supply the air and hence they are not mouth-blown as is the case with the Scottish Highland pipes. The first of these, the Uilleann pipes, are played from a sitting position. They remain a popular folk instrument in Ireland, but I personally know of no evidence to link them with Lancashire music, at least in a coherent historical sense. The Northumbrian pipes, in their modern form, likewise seem not to have had a substantive connection with Lancashire. This then leaves the Pastoral pipes, which likely

died out sometime in the 19th century (although many examples of the instrument are preserved in museums). This type is also called the “Old Northumbrian Pipes”, either due to its ancestral relation with the modern Northumbrian pipes or perhaps due to its historic dominance in Old Northumbria – the lands to the north of the Humber of which Lancashire forms the southwestern part. These pipes can be played standing up, in the fashion generally typical of the English bagpipe, and have an open-ended chanter that I think might be distantly related to the oboe. Could the Lancashire piper who kept Ralph Thoresby awake in Preston in 1702 have been playing a set of Pastoral pipes? This is my best guess.

Recipe for Goosnargh Cakes submitted by Barbara Hindley

Makes about 20 biscuits

225g unsalted butter

125g golden caster sugar (plus more for putting over biscuits)

350g plain flour

1/2 tsp ground coriander seeds

1 1/2 tsp caraway seeds

- 1. Preheat oven to 180C/350F/Gas 4. Grease two baking sheets.**
- 2. Cream together butter and sugar until light and fluffy.**
- 3. Sift flour over the creamed mix, add the coriander and caraway seeds, mix with wooden spoon until mixture resembles breadcrumbs.**
- 4. Using your hands, work mixture together to form smooth paste. Turn onto floured surface and knead gently so that dough is smooth and ready to roll out.**
- 5. Roll out to about 1/4" thickness, and using a 2" circular cutter, cut out discs of dough.**
- 6. Place the discs onto the baking sheets, and sprinkle with caster sugar.**
- 7. Put the baking sheets into your fridge and leave for 30 minutes/1 hour until well chilled.**
- 8. Pop into oven and bake for 15-20 minutes until just turned golden brown.**
- 9. Remove from oven and sprinkle with more caster sugar. Leave to cool slightly then transfer to a wire rack.**



GETTIN' OUT – by Sid Calderbank

Hed a bit of a jaunt yusterday, got misel' invited t' Lincolnshire bi' t' Far Welterers, hafe a dozen of 'em had come to Fylde an' they were grand lads an' they said I should come to their do at Great Carleton, and so I did.

Anyway, they said I should go to Louth, which is a proper town wi' leets on, but then I were taken up a lot o' dark roads an' I weren't sure where I were an' I were beginnin' to wonder what were goin' on. When we geet to t'meeitin', there were loads of 'em, lot o' farmin' lads, big fellas, tha knows, t'weel fed sort not them as is fat 'cos they do nowt. They're summat t'do wi' sheep, not sure what, but they had a picture of a big yow on t' wall as they'd gotten upside down! I didn't like t'ask, seein' as how my own mates were so far away an' I didn't want anybody to get me upside down! Me just a little factory lad.

Anyway, I bowt a pint fer t' biggest chap as were sat at front, (thowt it'd be safest bet) an' waited for t' proceedins to start. As luck would hev it, an owd mate o' mine, Brian Dawson, turned up – he belongs round theer, knows their ways – an' he sat next to me, probably to stop me getting mysel' in any bother. Felt a bit better then.

Anyway, t'big fella at t' front gets up out of his chair an' he taps his glass wi' his pen an' everybody in t'room shuts up an' looks at him, an' when they see how much he's been drinkin' they all sit quiet. He tells 'em that they should all read newspapers – which is good advice – and in case they're not sure, he shows 'em one.

Anyway, then all t' fun starts an lots o' folk get up at t'front an' start givin out poetry an' stories an' t' like an they were very good but they got some o' their words wrong 'cos I'd never heard 'em afore. I reckon that t'big fella at front knew this 'cos he made some of 'em stand up an' say wrongest word they could think of an' then everybody else had to guess what it should ha' been! My mate Brian were t'best at this 'cos he knows moor wrong words than anybody else.

Anyway, then a chap gets up wi' a little melodeon, well it looked like a little melodeon, but he were a big bloke too so perhaps it were a big 'un as just looked little next to him! Anyway, he starts to tell everybody as he can't sing, but then he does, an' I gets to thinking that I wished I couldn't sing like he can't, if you know what I mean! An' then, quarest thing happened, there were a farmer chap sat near me as they all called "Handy"(an' he looked like he could be an' all, in a tight corner), an' he got up, but he didn't, if you know what I mean, 'cos he told us all about baler twine an' never said a word, an' he had t'band playin' an all, an' he never moved!! Rum do!

Anyway, then t'women folk, an' there were a lot o' them too, tidy lasses, they brought us all our baggin' an' very nice too an' next time I go I'm going t'sit a bit farther from they sausages 'cos they're t' just sort o' thing where a chap can make a foo' of hisself wi' havin' too many - we call it BallyWarch!

Anyway, I got chattin' to "Handy" an' I said as I'd come many miles and an' didn't know where I were 'cos everythin' were dark and straight and flat and he said it weren't an' if I went near his farm there were big hills and so I thowt I'd go lookin' for 'em in t'mornin. But, before they let me go, they wanted me to give a turn, which I thowt were very kind!

Well, I towd 'em about Gilbert Scott sellin' his mare at Warrington an' about Tummus havin his calf kilt bi t' tit outside t'pub an' about Jone o' Grinfilt gooin' to feight t'French. Then I towd 'em about Edwin Waugh writin' "Come Whoam to Thi Childer an' Me" an' how everybody liked it and John Trafford Clegg goin' weavin' an' then, when I towd 'em as "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" were one of ours as well they all joined in an', you know, they were a reet friendly bunch. When I finished wi' Ammon Wrigley's "Owd Frieslonder" they all clapped an' I think I've gotten a lot o' new mates i'Lincolnshire now!

Anyway, T'big fella at t'front must a' liked it 'cos he took me down all them dark lanes again an' back to Louth where t'lights were still on but there were nobody in. He took me to mi digs an' they were very posh 'cos I had a room to myself an' it were right next to t' lavvy!

Anyway, i't' morning, after mi breakfast I had a look round Louth an' there were a lot more folk about. Happen they're all on days an' it's a shame really, 'cos they're nice folk an' it's a pity if they've not enough work for a nightshift, but they seem to be managin'. Then, I set off to find "Handy's Hills", now I'm a dab hand at map readin' so it didn't take me long to get where he said I should go, an' I were in't' right place 'cos there were a sign sayin' "Wolds" (see - wrong word again!) an' it looked a bit like mining subsidence but I couldn't see t'pit head so perhaps that were it. It's a lot cleaner though, an' they deserve credit for keepin' it so well.

Anyway, I kept goin' an' as I were on a bit of an adventure, I thought I'd go over Th'umber Bridge, as I've seen on t'telly but never been. Well, when I geet theer - THEY MEK YO PAY!!!, Nobody towd me that, but I reckon they still have to finish it off 'cos it's still held up wi' a lot o' wire ropes an' scaffoldin' an' they're happen short o' brass. So I paid, else they might not have let me off. It must be like when mi Grandad bought a brick when they put up our church hall. Seein' as how I'd bowt it, I went lookin' for my brick, but I couldn't find it, 'cos it's a very big thing, but it's not as big as Tulketh Mill, an' there's not as much work 'cos there were only two fellas workin' an' they were just sat there wi' their hand out takin' t'brass!

Anyway, there's little café where I had mi dinner, an' they know how to charge too – THIRTY BOB FOR A CUP O' TEA!!! An' then I realised. There should be a big sign sayin' "CAUTION – THOU ART PERILOUS CLOSE TO YORKSHIRE" an' then it wouldn't come as such a shock!

Anyway, that were it then. I were at t' wrong end o' t' M62 so I got gooin' wi' mi yed down an' were home for tea. What a good do – I've just been out to buy some "Lincolnshire Pork Sausages" an' I'll eat 'em an' think of all mi new mates.

All the Best
SID



This piece was the winner of the Samuel Laycock Trophy at the National Dialect Competition held in October. To see Sid's performance of this and his performance of Warrikin Fair which won the Topping Trophy, and Dave Reader's winning performance for the Bill o' Bowes trophy visit the events page on www.thelancshiresociety.org.uk

Carols from Lancashire

"One Accord" (John Green, Linda Green, Peter Bearon, Alison Whitaker)

Everyone is familiar with the Christmas Carols of the standard hymnbooks, but there are many areas of the country where older tunes and words are still sung every year. For several years now, One Accord have based their Christmas concert programme on these local carols. Initially, the repertoire was mainly carols from the long-established pub singing tradition of South Yorkshire. However, the discovery of the Westhoughton Carol led to further research on this side of the Pennines. This unearthed material from Leigh, Bickershaw, Chorley and Roby Mill (a New Year Carol).

John was given the words to the Westhoughton Carol by a lady who remembered singing it at school and the tune was found in Westhoughton library. When One Accord have performed the carol in Westhoughton, people remember being taught it by Lois Basnett, a former teacher at Westhoughton Girls Secondary Modern and a well-known local historian. The first five verses come from a much older and longer carol known as "The Black Decree", which relates the story of the whole of Jesus's life. A final verse was added by the Rev Rogers, vicar of Wingates up to 1875. The tune was composed in 1820 by James Winward, a handloom weaver from Wingates.

The Leigh Carol, also known as "T'oud 'Ark" is a version of "Hark, Hark What News" which is still widely sung to a number of different tunes in South Yorkshire and North Derbyshire. The tradition in Leigh is that the tune for the Leigh version was written by Handel, who is known to have stayed at Bedford

House when he was in the area for an eye operation. The version of the tune we were given has harmonies that don't seem quite right for Handel's style, so it may have been rearranged in Victorian times. The tune also appears in a manuscript of Joseph Stevenson, clerk of the Unitarian Church in Poole, Dorset (1775). This version has nearly the same top and bottom lines but with a different middle harmony line and has elements of fugueing. This is probably closer to the original.

While researching the Roby Mill New Year's Eve carolling tradition, Peter came across a version of "Angels from the Realms of Glory " which has been sung until recently at Shevington Methodist Church. The tune, "Cunliffe Street" is possibly named after the former Methodist Church in Cunliffe Street, Chorley. It has not been possible to verify this, so we are keen to hear from anyone who knows this tune or may have any information to support this theory. You can hear Cunliffe Street on One Accord's website at www.oneaccord.eu/Hail.html. Please have a listen and if it sounds familiar, let us know (contact details are shown at the end of this article).

When Bickershaw Primitive Methodist Church closed, Peter went to look at the organ as a possible replacement for the one at Rivington Chapel. Amongst the music there he discovered two carols; a set of words for "Sweet Chiming Bells" which is widely used for "While Shepherds Watched" in South Yorkshire and "Ring Out Ye Bells"

A more recent search has revealed references to the Mere Brow Anthem, "Behold, A Virgin Shall Conceive", so we are currently on the trail of anyone who could shed more light on this. Again, if you can help, please get in touch.

If you would like to hear some of these carols, One Accord will be performing two Christmas concerts in the area during December, and also hosting a "Big Sing" at Rivington Village Club. Full details of these events are on the website, www.oneaccord.eu

If you have any information about local songs or carols, you can contact One Accord on 01772 603220; 07840 913785 or 01942 816569 or email them at contact@oneaccord.eu

A Tyke Learning Lanky - by Jim Saville

Why should a confirmed Yorkshire Tyke want to read and learn about the writers and dialects of Lancashire?

Well the simple answer would be "Why not?" It's good stuff and is often more hilarious and more moving than much that is written in the Queen's English. True, bits of it are harder to fathom but then I still need a dictionary for some of the conventional writers!

If I were to leave it there I would be short changing a friend who suggested this article and, despite my reputation for Yorkshire parsimony, that would never do.

So here is the more complete answer.

As a youngster I thought that dialect was a local aberration of speech adopted by lazy talkers and shunned by anyone with a desire to improve themselves. After all that's in effect what I was told when my school and my parents insisted I learned "proper" English. It was treated as slang with an accent.

I never expected people to write with it and I certainly never expected to find a rich social history and literature captured in dialect. However that changed when I spotted a book in a second hand bookshop with a name I recognized. J. J. Waddington Feather is not a common name and this had to be one of my teachers of English (he would be appalled if I used the lazy term English Teachers). I bought the book, which was on the subject of dialect. I read it and was captivated and wanted to learn more.

At this stage I still thought Yorkshire Dialect was a single entity, especially since most of the books I found at that time were from the West Riding and were fairly comprehensible with the help of the glossary in JJWF's little book. Then I discovered a couple of the Yorkshire Dialect Society's magazines and the articles and annotations clearly showed that there were various Yorkshire Dialects. Not just one per riding either, there were many geographical and industrial sub-divisions too.

I became painfully aware of my ignorance of what was in fact my native tongue and tried to learn more. I soon realised the near impossibility of learning even a fraction of what there was to know about what I now knew to call the Yorkshire Dialects (plural). That didn't matter since I'd discovered writer's like John Hartley, Fred Brown and John Nicholson and become hooked on the joys of Yorkshire dialect poetry. I learned of poets such as Ammon Wrigley and Sam Laycock who were revered on both sides of the notorious Yorkshire/Lancashire border. Very soon I came across Edwin Waugh, Ben Brierly Critchley Prince and many more who were most definitely Lancastrians but whose work was readily understood (or most of it) by me with my basic Yorkshire vocabulary. Indeed there seemed to be more high quality Lancashire born poets than Yorkshire born.

It was then I had the blinding revelation that most of the readers of this article will have probably experienced early in life. Dialects are hopelessly interlinked. Not surprising given their common Anglo Saxon roots but a surprise to me at the time.

As one moves from place to place dialects change but only by small amounts. One has to move many miles before the changes outnumber the similarities and even then there is still a common vocabulary especially in work related terms. There are so many border regions where the local dialect could, with equal exactitude, be called Lanky or Tyke!

If JJWF's book had made me want to learn more so did the discovery of this equally rich seam of accessible dialect.

An additional area of interest has been my love of folk music and the awareness of the same song appearing from different regions with the obvious implication of words having moved from area to area with travellers and being totally absorbed into the new area. This is the way dialects mingle and, sadly, is the way dialects are being homogenized.

All this has led to my desire to learn a little more about the individual dialects before they are merged and we do indeed end up with a single version of Lanky and of Tyke and, horror of horrors, ultimately a single dialect.

I still search for Yorkshire writings first and foremost but am forced to admit two things. There appears to be more from West of the Pennines and I enjoy it just as much. In my searches I have naturally come across dialect work from other regions such as William Barnes (Dorset) and Robert Burns (Ayrshire) amongst many others. These dialects are still very distinctly different due to their different roots but they are being eroded by the Queen's English and even faster by BBC English.

By learning more about our different Northern English dialects hopefully we can maintain them and defer the day of a single national or even international tongue. Vive la difference!

SOCIETY EVENTS and MEMBERSHIP

Palatine People is published by The Lancashire Society at least twice a year and is dependant on members sending in articles for publication.

Any articles for consideration should be sent to the secretary via email to lancashire.society@gmail.com

We would also welcome any photographs taken by members at any events they attend for possible inclusion in future newsletters or on the website. Please send any photos in jpeg format to Barbara at the above email address.

The photo on the cover of this edition is the aptly named "Winter Hill" taken by our archivist Chris Pollington. Other Lancashire scenes suitable for the cover of "Palatine People" are welcomed.

To save paper and postage this newsletter is available for download on the website -www.thelancshiresociety.org.uk

Paper copies are available from the society upon request for a charge of £2 to cover printing and postage. Please email mark@thelancshiresociety.org.uk for further details

The Society has a presence on both Facebook and Youtube.

For Facebook go to www.facebook.com and search for The Lancashire Society in the search box at the top of the page

For Youtube go to www.youtube.com and search for stuffydowding - all the videos uploaded by our publicist are under this heading including Society videos.

Dates for your diary

Last Sunday of each month- Cuerden Valley Park Farmers' Market.

We have been kindly offered a stall at each of these events to promote our Society's purpose. Volunteers to run the stall would be very welcome - if you are free then please let us know.

Membership

If you are interested in becoming a member of the Society then please complete the form on the following page and send it to the secretary who will add your details to the database. You will then receive regular updates by email with news of meetings and events.

Answers to the quiz:

- 1 1182
- 2 Brigantas
- 3 Ribchester and Carlisle
- 4 Coccium
- 5 'scale' and 'side' both come from Norse words meaning 'grazing land'
- 6 Queen's Guide to the Sands
- 7 Manchester Ship Canal
- 8 12th January 1864
- 9 Gawthorpe Hall
- 10 Leven, Kent, Lune and Wyre
- 11 Lancaster Castle
- 12 Clifton via Bury to Rawtenstall
- 13 Preston Station
- 14 Spinning Jenny
- 15 Bolton - they were all born in or near Bolton
- 16 James I and the 'Sir Loin' of beef
- 17 Preston England Temple
- 18 Ben Brierley

Thanks to all the contributors for this issue - Sid Calderbank, Johnny Matthews, Jim Saville, Sally James, Barbara Hindley, the members of "One Accord" and also to Barbara Hindley and Mark Dowding for co-ordinating and editing the articles and the newsletter.

For more information about the Society and its aims then please visit the website:

www.thelancshiresociety.org.uk



MEMBERSHIP FORM

I wish to become a member of the Lancashire Society

My details are as follows:

Name.....

Address.....

.....

email address.....

Contact number.....

*I wish to be contacted by Blind Carbon Copy (BCC) email (no one will see my email address).....

*I am happy for my email address to be seen by other members.....
(* Tick as appropriate)

(Note: Members will generally be contacted by email to avoid postage costs)

I understand that my details will be held on the computer of the secretary of the society and no other computer. This is for administrative purposes only and will not be revealed to a third party.

If I wish to leave the society then I shall inform the secretary who will remove my details from the computer.

Currently membership is free.

Signed.....

Date.....

Please return this form to the secretary who will acknowledge your membership
Electronically – email the details to: Lancashire.society@gmail.com
Or post this form to 11 Church Street, Churchtown, Preston, Lancashire, PR3 0HT

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