

Palatine People

The newsletter of The Lancashire Society

Issue 6
Spring 2012





CHAIRMAN'S JOTTINGS

By Sid Calderbank

A belated (depending on when you read this) Happy New Year to all our readers.

Our final Society event of 2011 was held at Samlesbury Hall on Lancashire Day, Sunday 27th November, and showed just how far we have come in the three years since we started. We filled the Hall and grounds all afternoon with singers, musicians and dancers and the Hall's hospitality in providing hotpot and a drink for 50 or more entertainers was very welcome on a chilly but thankfully dry and bright day. Lots of members turned up to enjoy the day and there was a very high level of interest in what we're doing from members of the public. They've asked us to come back next year and we probably will!

On to new things and we are going to have another go at building the social side of our events to include a series of evening meetings with speakers, entertainment and informal gatherings. Everyone welcome, open to the public and we'll inform the members when dates and venues are finalised. We have another joint venture with Queen St Mill at Burnley coming up on Thursday 12th April, 6.30 – 9.00. An evening of songs and shuttles with a guided tour of the mill, hotpot supper and entertainment from me, Mark Dowding and Alex Fisher to round everything off. Contact the mill for tickets – should be a good do with the proceeds split between the Society and the Mill.

And finally, a date for your diary, after last years' stunning victory at Cleckheaton, the War of the Roses moves this year to a home tie for us at Fylde Folk Festival. This will be about teatime on Saturday 1st September with our now annual Society concert on Sunday afternoon.

Thanks to everyone for your support at whatever level during 2011 and I look forward to seeing you all during the year

All the Best

SID

SID CALDERBANK

Chairman – The Lancashire Society

LANCASHIRE RAMBLINGS

by Bob Dobson



On another site I belong to, there has arisen a discussion on (c1910-30) very young lads wearing dresses. Someone has introduced a phrase her grandparents used to tell that a young lad that been put into trousers -"He's been pelched". Has anyone else come across this word for britches?

In Preston recently I was in a shop when the assistant asked the lady in front of me, who was the best part of 80yrs, if she was "in good order" (health) She replied, "Aye, Ahm thad weel Ah can't abide" Delightful. Ah were that ta'en up wi' it as it med mi day.

This was written c 1977 by Ralph Gill, a retired Lancashire policeman.

**The Queen, the Duke of Lancaster; This is the toast
Beloved by Lancastrians twixt Pennines and coast.**

**Since Bolingbroke captured the sceptre and crown,
Our Dukes have been Monarchs and brought us renown.**

**May our county continue to bear loyal fruit.
Prolific its branches, perennial its root.**

**And with all the Queen's realms in unity share
The pride and the promise of Jubilee Year**

**May our own special ties remain evergreen
As we warmly salute our Duke and our Queen.**

BOB DOBSON GETS AGATE DISCUSSING CHARABANCS.

The word 'charabanc' has appeared frequently in the national press recently after a dictionary publisher decided to leave it out of the latest edition as it has 'become extinct'.

I have been using the word in my talk on Lancashire dialect for the past forty

years when telling the audience that 'language is a living thing' - words live and die, and that a true regional dialect word is one which differs from standard English, but USED TO BE in standard English. I tell that my grandma didn't even call them 'charas', which was the 1950s word used to describe what we now call 'coaches'. She used the full word. I don't recall her using the word 'portmanteau' rather than 'cases', but I do think she used the word 'valise'. She wheeled her children out in a 'pram', but her mother probably wheeled her out in either a 'bassinette' or a 'perambulator'. These were not regarded as 'funny' words at the time of their use, though I did laugh at my grandma's vocabulary. Another funny aspect, to my boyish mind, was that she pronounced the final 'c' as a 'g'.

The publisher was correct in that it is extinct, but I would remind him that such words often live on as dialect words in different parts of the country. I think that whilst 'charabanc' may be extinct, the word 'chara' isn't. There are very few words which are in the dialect of one county only. This was a fact established by Joseph Wright a whole century ago when he compiled 'The English Dialect Dictionary'

Consider the word 'wireless'. Until its re-appearance in conversations about the internet, the word had probably become a dialect word, having been superseded by 'radio', 'hi-fi', or 'transistor' by a new generation of listeners.

What would Shakespeare have made of this? What were the dialect words he used? He used words such as 'brat (apron) and 'agate' (to start doing, or be engaged in doing' something. How was he to know that they would become dialect words?

What words are likely to become Lancashire dialect words?

The Game of Squamish by Dave Barlass

As a life long supporter of Bolton Wanderers I naturally know very little about football, or indeed any sport in general, but the other day I came across the rules of a game which until recently was widely played in Lancashire. It's called 23 Man Squamish and, if I may, I'll describe it in the hope that once again it will ascend to its rightful place of eminence.

It's played on a circular pitch between two teams of eleven and one half men per side. This field is divided into two areas by a circular line painted half way between the centre (the Poke Off spot) and the boundary. The area inside this line being known as the "In" and the rest as the "Out". Which of course means that dependent upon your position on the field you either in "It" our without "It".

Each team has six components. The Ins who play in "It" and the Outs who don't. These are the In Out, the Out Out, the Way Out and the Far Out. The Ins consist of the Right In It, the Left In It and the Dropped In It. The two backs are the Right Back Where We Started From, who guards the Poke Off Spot, and the Left Back In The Changing Hut, who guards the team's trousers. Then there are the Silly Mid On, who wears the revolving bow tie, has kipper feet and carries the ladder and the Silly Mid Off who sports the funny hat and drives the exploding car around the boundary. It should be pointed out that the qualification for both these positions is that they must be filled by a Local Councillor thus ensuring the ability to both peel a banana with the feet and pick fleas of other Councillors.

It used to be that the Half Man was recruited from the crowd at every match, the only requirement being that his wife, using that time honoured phrase, had recently compared him unfavourably with the chap next door saying, "Your only half the man he is" but this led to some very questionable results so that recently it has become the thing to employ a professional Half Man. To qualify for this it is required that two limbs are surgically removed, an expensive operation often costing an arm and a leg.

The ball is moved by pushing it with a stick not unlike a croquet mallet, known for obvious reasons as a croquet pokey and a game starts when the In Out shakes the ball about, takes his croquet pokey and gives it good clout. That's how it all starts out; See!

Points are scored as follows. A Flonk is worth six points, a Semi Flonk four points and a Demi Semi Flonk two points. Obviously the side with greatest number of points at Sod Off (the end) are the winner, and as a game lasts for 3 hours, 16 minutes and 14 seconds it is usually referred to as a Pi. Which explains why since sponsorship was introduced there is now the Butter Pi (sponsored by the old Milk Marketing Board), the Stake Pi (sponsored by Betfred), the Potato Pi (sponsored by the old Potato Marketing Board) and the Chicken Pi (the play off between the leagues two most cowardly teams).

It was since this introduction of sponsorship that most teams have found their grounds to be inadequate in size especially as hospitality has become the order of the day and the rich and famous have flocked to be seen. In fact it was recorded recently in Hansard that the entire membership of the House of Commons (including the Prime Minister, that very successful arms salesman, the nice, but two faced, David Cameron and his deputy (and glove puppet) Nick "Sooty" Clegg) attended a sitting while wearing their favourite teams replica strip. In older grounds hospitality boxes were found not only to be too small but also far too close to those rabid fans who actually understood the game. This often caused embarrassment which was only solved by the construction of new stadia. A prime example of this being the replacement of an old ground, Burntdown Park with a brand new, made to measure palace,

the Revoke Stadium. Holding as it did 62,000 common folk Burntdown Park was obviously totally unsuitable for the modern game and the Revoke Stadium with its 2000 hospitality boxes is just the thing. It was however thought important to the games atmosphere not to lose too much so provision for up to 40 fans was provided (well away of course from the hospitality boxes) and to make them feel at home, coal can be kept in the team's bath.

The financing of Clubs has also changed. No longer do they have to rely on gate money. Today the watchword is merchandising. The sale of replica kit has assumed great importance. So that this market can be maximised teams wear many changes of strip. A home strip, an away strip, a walking down the road strip. And of course these are changed at regular intervals. Recently the Bakewell Tarts suffered 42 changes of strip in a single match. Each time they had to leave the field to comply with the new outfit, their opponents scored each time and they lost by 252 points to nothing. But it showed a profit. It is not unusual for the Club shop to take up more room than the pitch.

Sponsorship has also resulted in both the Americanisation of Club names and the introduction of advertising onto players clothing. Original names such as "The Halliwell Road Methodist Twenty Three Man Squamish and Pigeon Racing Club" have been dropped in favour of more punchy titles such as the "Arbroath Smokey's" and the above mentioned "Bakewell Tarts". With regard to clothing adverts the "Norfolk Turkeys" lost a very important match recently when they had to play the entire second half wearing sandwich boards proclaiming "Bernard Matthews Turkey Is Bootyful".

Incidentally the "Arbroath Smokey's" have slumped badly since their sponsorship by Allied British Tobacco resulted in the substitution of a rough shag for their half time orange, a deal the "Tarts" were very interested in.

It should also be noted that 23 Man Squamish is not only a male sport. The name 23 Man does not indicate this is purely a masculine pastime. The "Man" is generic not gender oriented. The Women's game also flourishes though recently the game has been brought into disrepute by several outbreaks of hair pulling in the Tight Fumbles.

Speaking of Tight Fumbles the Bakewell Tarts have added a whole new dimension to the sport with their popular cutting out of the entire match and their going straight from Poke Off to communal bath. As a television spectacle on the Adult Channel it is proving nonpareil.

Dave Barlass

Lancashire/Scouse Dialect

Jus befor a start me tale dere's sum'n I shud say
Dem wicked politicians tuk me eritige away.
T make der votes the grater so dey could count on more
Dee changed the county boundrees round in nineteen seventy four
Dee calld me ome town "Merseyside" a change from gud t bad
Burrin spiter dis deep in me art am still a "Lanky" lad
Am a born an bred Lancastrian a Scouser trew dat's me
From the western edge of Lancasheh beside the Irish Sea.

An doe a cum from Liverpool am Lanky threw an threw
An scouse asirris is spoken is a lanky dialect tew
Now avin set sum background tew a mid point in me life
al start an tell me story of ow I met me wife.
I wuz in the merchint navy an I'd cum home from a trip
I wuz on leave an waitin for a berth upona ship
I ad sum time to spaire before I went ome to me mum
So I checked me local alehouse owt t sink a scewp o rum

I ad a bevvey with sum mates ew met me in de bar
tellin tales of island bewtees an sea monsters from afar
When suddnly me life was changed, a bolt cum from the blew
The dor was battered open an this bird cum stridin threw
A Judy like an angel cum glidin threw the dor.
Er legs were long an shapely as she swept along the flor
Errips an undewlation seemed t waltz along an dance
Like a rabbit in a snakes eyes I wuz lost an in a trance

Errair was long and lusterus, er smile wuz big an brite
er lips wuz warm and luscious an er eyes wuz dark as nite
Me legs all felt like jelly, I wuz shakin at the nees
An me mouth wuz dry as sandpaper an I couldn' hardly breeth.
Me eyes wuz poppin from me ed an I couldn' hardly talk.
An I wuz fairly paralyzed as I watched her walk dat walk
Me mind went blank when a tried t tink of sum'n smart t say
So I cud pull dis stunnin tart an luver evry day

An den she terned an lucked at me at me an asked in voice so cleeyer.
"Is this chair tuk an d y mind if me mate an me sit ere".
Me eyes went wide, me gob dropped down, me ead wuz in a spin
I thought, don't screw it up y fool, yer bloody luck is in.
I shot up t me feet dead fast an nock dover me chair.
I stuttered an a stammered as she stud wait'n dere.
I sed "sit down an park y rarse an ave a decent night"
An mumbled "d y wanna a drink?" She sed "Make mine a pint"

**“An dont be tight will it be alright if you get one for me mate?”.
Her little mate lucked like a dog an I thought “Oh bloody grate.”
I thought “Oh sod the munny as I forked out arfabar.
An sorer givin me de eye, it’s luckn gud so far.
We sat an talked f rages an we sank a scewp or two,
Den we went back to er place for a butty an a brew
D time flew by like litenin so we sed we’d make a date
An meet nex satdy evnin in dgraveyard by dgate**

**An dere we pledged each uther an also crossed are rart
Tharar luv wud be forever an we wud never part.
Now at dis point I’ll end me tale cos sum tings can’t be sed
A Scouser duzzn kiss n tell of tings dats dun in bed
De end birrof me story is dat dazzled by er smile.
She ad me by me goolies an she led me up de isle
Won grate October mornin I wed dat girl so dear
An life cud’ner been better in fact it wuz dgear.**

Frank Fitzgerald September 2010.

Translation

**Just before I start my tale there’s something I should say
Those wicked politicians took my heritage away
To make their votes the greater, so they could count on more
They changed the county boundaries round in nineteen seventy four
They called my home town “Merseyside” a change from good to bad
In spite of this, deep in my heart I’m still a Lanky Lad
I’m a born and bred Lancastrian, a “Scouser true” that’s me
From the western edge of Lancashire beside the Irish Sea.**

**And though I come from Liverpool I’m “Lanky” through and through
And “Scouse” as it is spoken is a Lanky dialect too.
Now having set some background to a mid point of my life
I’ll tell you all the story of how I met my wife
I was in the Merchant Navy and I’d come home from a trip
I was on leave and waiting for a berth upon a ship
I had some time to spare before I went home to my mum
So I called into a public house to have a tot of rum**

**I had a drink with some good friends who met me in the bar
And we swapped tales of sea monsters and beauties from afar
When suddenly, my life was changed, a bolt came from the blue
The door was quickly opened and a girl came striding through
A vision like an angel came walking through the door
Her legs were long and shapely and she swept along the floor**

Her hips an undulation seemed to waltz along and dance
Like a rabbit in a snakes eyes I was lost and in a trance

Her hair was long and lustrous; her smile was big and bright
Her lips were warm and luscious and her eyes were dark as night
My legs had turned to jelly I was shaking at the knees
My mouth as dry as sandpaper, it was difficult to breath
My eyes were popping from my head and I couldn't seem to talk
I was momentary paralyzed as I watched he walk "That Walk"
My mind went blank as I tried to think of something I could say
To let me meet this stunning girl, to see her every day

And then she turned and looked at me and asked in a voice so clear
"Is this chair taken, do you mind if my friend and I sit here"?
My eyes grew round, my mouth grew wide, and my head was in a spin
I thought "Don't spoil it now you fool now that your luck is in"
I sprang up to my feet so fast, I tripped over my chair
I stuttered and I stammered as she stood waiting there
I gasped "Sit down here beside me, your company is fine"
Then I mumbled "Would you like a drink"? She said "I'd love a wine"

And smiled and said "My little friend, I'm sure would like one too"
And I thought "She's nice, your little friend, but not as nice as you"
I thought "She is so beautiful" as I walked up to the bar
And then I caught her watching me, (it's looking good so far)
We sat and talked for ages as we sipped and drank our wine
And we laughed late into the night and I wished that she was mine
The time flew by like lightening so we said we'd make a date
To meet again on Saturday beneath the churchyard gate

And there we pledged each other and also crossed our heart
We would never love another and we would never part
Now at this point I'll end my tale I swear by him above
A gentleman should never tell of things done when in love
The end part of my story is that dazzled by her smile
She took my mind and heart and soul and led me up the aisle
One grand October morning, I wed that girl so dear
She made my life so wonderful and I wish she was still here

“THE NOISE WE MEK!”

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



Supported by

The National Lottery®

through the Heritage Lottery Fund



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.

One of our remits is to record for preservation people reading dialect poetry and prose in order that students and interested parties in the future can listen to how these texts were meant to sound when read. We believe that we are a generation away from the dialects and true accents of Lancashire disappearing and it wouldn't surprise us to learn that accents in some areas have been diluted and changed due to movement of population.



Members of the Edwin Waugh Dialect Society L-R Jim Parker, Ron Williams, Sally James, Alyson Brailsford, Denis Clarke and Olwen Clarke who recently recorded dialect works at Chris Pollington's studio for inclusio in the archive.

The Burning of Westhoughton Mill 1812

By Pete Bearon

2012 marks the bi-centenary of the Luddite Burning of the Mill in Westhoughton when 4 men were hanged for the burning of the mill and eleven others transported to Australia for seven years for the act of taking or administering an illegal oath. The Westhoughton Local History Group are planning a series of events to mark the bi-centenary, one of them being on the site of the mill when they plan to have a short ceremony followed by traditional activities. This will be held on Saturday 21 April. Around this time there will also be a display in Westhoughton Library of the findings of the research being undertaken by the group.

On Tuesday 24 April, One Accord will be performing a piece in Westhoughton Library, exactly 200 years to the day since the mill was burned down. In 1882, the Bolton Weekly Journal published a long poem by John Clough that told the story of the burning of the mill. In the previous year the same paper had published court reports from the time of the trials.

The piece put together by One Accord uses this poem and splits it up into readings and songs using local folk and hymn tunes, and also uses excerpts from the trial reports as published in the Bolton Weekly Journal.

For more details of the burning of the mill, and of the events planned by the Local History Group, see: www.westhoughtonhistorygroup.org.uk and www.theluddites.org.uk

Having put together this piece for the anniversary, One Accord would like to perform it at other venues during the year. The performance will last approximately one hour and would be suitable for other local history groups, WIs or folk clubs. If anyone is interested in booking One Accord to perform this project, they can be contacted by their website www.oneaccord.eu or by phoning 01942 816569.

It would be nice to see some of the Lancashire Society members at the events being organised by the local history group.

Peter Bearon, One Accord

The Mere Brow Anthem – how One Accord brought it back to life

Those of you who know the group One Accord will also know of our interest in local carols and customs performed at Christmas. Some time ago, whilst trawling the internet, John came across a reference to 'The Mere Brow Anthem'. As Mere Brow is only about 8 miles from Croston, where John and Linda live, it seemed only right that we should investigate further.

After writing to the ministers of all the Methodist churches in the area, we were eventually contacted by the minister at Mere Brow, and a meeting was arranged for us to visit the church and meet the organist and one of the members of the congregation. The previous organist, Henry Bond Senior, (the father of the current organist, also called Henry) had tried to follow up the anthem, and had written an article about it in a publication produced by a local history group. It was this article, available on the Mere Brow web page, that John first came across.

The anthem was learned by ear, originally by members of the church choir, and later by the general church members. It was sung during the carol singing around the village, and at the church's carol service. Unfortunately, the anthem has not been sung for some time due to the increasing age of the congregation and the younger members not knowing it. It is not clear for how long the custom of singing the anthem has lapsed - we were told periods of between 10 and 25 years!

We decided to learn the anthem and include it in our Christmas concerts for 2011 and, in return for being given the information, we agreed to perform a concert for the Mere Brow Methodist Church. Henry Bond Senior had always believed that the anthem had been written by Thomas Jarman, who is better known for the tune Lyngham, widely used around the country for 'While Shepherds Watched'. Sometime after Mr Bond's death, Sally Drage, who has a particular interest in 18th and 19th century church music, confirmed that the anthem had indeed been written by Thomas Jarman. It was published in 'Peck's Miscellaneous Collection of Sacred Music' (volume 3 we think), in approximately 1809.

Prior to this, the only written version of the anthem known to the Mere Brow singers had been a hand written manuscript from 1859. This version was copied in the local history group publication mentioned above.

At some point, and we are not sure when, a recording of the Mere Brow Anthem was made, and we were lucky enough to be given a copy. Unfortunately, there is a lot of low rumble on the tape, and when we tried to remove this, we also removed the bass line!

It was from this recording that we transcribed the anthem, using the 1859 manuscript and the 1809 published version to fill in any missing notes. Despite being learned by ear, the anthem had not changed a great deal in the last 150 years or so. The main differences are in the timing in a few places. The anthem uses the text 'Behold, a Virgin shall conceive and bear a son', and there are definite Handel overtones in some sections. Beeston Methodist Church in Nottinghamshire also sing a version of this Thomas Jarman anthem, but theirs is much further removed from the original.

So, on 11th December 2011, we performed the anthem as part of the concert we gave in Mere Brow Methodist Church to finish the first half. Just as we were about to launch into it, someone from the audience piped up that the congregation always used to stand for the singing of the anthem - so that's what everyone did. As we were singing, we could hear members of the audience joining in. From talking to some of the members of the audience during the interval, it was clear that they would like to join us in singing it. So, we started the second half off by singing it again, joined by 5 gentlemen and 2 ladies from the church. We have a recording of us singing the anthem with the church members, and hopefully we will put this on our website, together with some of the history of the anthem.

The anthem is really something that should be performed by a larger group of people than the four of us in One Accord, so we are not sure whether it will remain in our repertoire. It would be nice to think that now it has been sung once more in Mere Brow, they will start singing it again. What is remarkable is that the anthem continued to be sung for so many years in just the one church in the area. It appears to be unknown in the other nearby churches - unless you know differently!

We would be pleased to hear from anyone who knows of unusual carols that aren't part of the regular church repertoire or different tunes being sung to common carols, whether still extant or in living memory. We're not exclusively interested in Christmas and also like unusual hymn tunes, especially if they have fugueing in them.

If anyone knows of anything that may be of interest to us, we can be contacted by our website www.oneaccord.eu or by phoning 01942 816569.

John, Linda, Alison, Peter (One Accord)

MARKING THE FOUR EXTREME POINTS OF LANCASHIRE

The Friends of Real Lancashire have embarked on a project to mark the extreme points of the traditional county of Lancashire, north, south, east and west with information plaques.



On Friday 19th August three plaques were placed on Walney Island the most westerly point of Lancashire by members of the Friends of Real Lancashire. Cllr John Murphy, the Mayor of Barrow in Furness, had identified three suitable places on the island for the plaques and had obtained permission for them to be installed. One was at Earnse Point, the second was at the

Round House Restaurant and the third was at The Queens Arms at Biggar Village. Cllr Murphy lives on Walney Island and is very interested in the history and culture of the island.



At 1.00 pm The Mayor unveiled the plaque outside The Queens Arms at Biggar Village at a ceremony attended by members of the Friends of Real Lancashire.

These plaque are designed to remind people of the true extent of the traditional county of Lancashire, whose boundaries remain unchanged by the various Acts of Parliament introduced to create new administrative areas.

Plans are well advanced for the installation of plaques at Hale Head, on the banks of the River Mersey, to mark the most southerly point of the traditional county of Lancashire. Hale Village is the most southerly village in Lancashire. The

plaques were unveiled by Freeman Peter Kelly, the Lord Mayor of Hale, at 2.00pm on Saturday 1st October.

The traditional county of Lancashire which is synonymous with the County Palatine of Lancaster still stretches from the River Mersey in the south to the River Duddon in the north. Lancashire shares its boundaries with the traditional counties of Cheshire, Cumberland, Yorkshire and Westmorland.

The most northerly and easterly points of Lancashire will be marked with plaques once permission has been obtained from the land owners.

Visit the Friends fo Real Lancashire website www.forl.co.uk

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 large jpeg format to the secretary at the above email address.

The photo on the cover of this edition is Eanam Wharf at Blackburn taken by the editor, Mark Dowding. Once a busy canal unloading dock, the decline of the cotton industry and use of the canal as an industrial thoroughfare, these buildings fell into disuse and decay. Today the wharf building has been restored and is used for commercial premises. If you have any photos that you think would make a good cover for future copies of the newsletter, please email them to lancashire.society@gmail.com

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

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. You need to be a member of Facebook to access the group 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.

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.

Thanks to all the contributors for this issue - Sid Calderbank, Dave Barlass, Bob Dobson, Frank Fitzgerald, Pete Bearon and also to Barbara Hindley and Mark Dowding for co-ordinating and editing the articles and the newsletter.

By the time you read this issue of the magazine, the AGM of the Society will have taken place. There will be details of the outcome of this in the next issue

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

The Lancashire Society is registered and operates under the Data Protection Act
(Reg No Z1713107)