Every area as its own particular dialect. A century ago as shown in the publications of Alexander Ellis, a famous dialect analyst, England had thirty two main dialect areas.

Lancashire dialect is a mixture of his areas 21 to 23, and surprisingly, it is not as you might expect a northern dialect, but technically a northwest mid-land dialect.

Experts now agree that the only true historical dialects are Yorkshire's North and East Ridings and Cumbria and the Northeast.

In response to this The Dialect Society was first formed at Manchester University on Wednesday 17th. January 1951 and this letter was published just a couple of months later.

It is a copy of a letter published in ‘John O' London's Weekly’ about how to silence a talkative barber being I think an excellent example of old dialect speech.

Derek Stanton.

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A LANCASHIRE LETTER

We are indebted to the Editor of John O’London’s Weekly for permission to reprint the following letter from the issue of 13th April, 1951:

Ah’ve left Lankeyshir an’ gone fer t’live i’ Gloster in t’Cotswalds, an’ by gow Ah’m likin’ t’place. I cawd in t’barber’s t’other day an’ axed fer a pow an’ t’barber semmed t’be a bit gawmless. ’E weren’t talkative like an’ kept on noddin’ is yed and sayin’ ‘Aye’ an’ ‘Nar.’ Ah were tellin’ im we’n bowt a cottage an’ getten beautifiers in. This mornin’ they were bug-splashin’ t’pantry an’ Ah slipped eaut for a pint an’ a pow. Ah were lukin’ for a pub wheer Ah could swig a pint of whoam-brewed an’ ger a lung poo. Ah towd im Ah’d appen find one afore lung. Ah’ve brunt aw th’owd papper an’ it sweett chimbley so Ah climbs on t’roof an’ tried purrin’ it eaut wi’ t’deggin’ can. Appetite! Ah con eight a ‘orse’s yed awf. Six shieves o’ bread wi’ cheese fer mi jack-bit. Ah could eight me cap neb. If Ah dun’t slacken awf Ah’st be brasin’ mi galasies. Ah said to this barber, ’Thee’urry up mon wi’ this pow or Ah’ll be clemt, an’ if Ah dun’t be gerrin a pint o’ whoam-brewed Ah’st be avin’ t’bally warhch. Ah could sup a lodge full.’ ’E nodded ’is yed an’ that’s aw ’e said except to axe me if Ah coomed from Lankeyshir. ’P’raps one o’ t’neighbours ad towd ’im wheer Ah coom fro’. Ah geet mi billy-cock awf th’anger and knocked t’dinge eaut an’ ses ’Good mornin’.’ Ah allus thowt barbers were talkative.