

WAKES WEEK

Town by town Lancashire is closing down for the annual holiday.

Wakes ~~mmmm~~ The whole population knocks off together and when the wonderful moment arrives the ~~mmmmmmmm~~ mills sound the hooter for the last time, liberate their thousands and the chimneys belch no more smoke. Under the furnaces the fires are drawn and there's no more thought of cotton till the holidays are over. The towns are almost deserted. Everybody goes away at the same time.

It's the signal to let holiday commence.

You can guess the destination - Blackpool. The playground of Lancashire for generations opens its beaches, boarding houses, apartments, and above all it's unrivalled amusements. And what amusements there are! If you can be dull in Blackpool, in any weather, at any minute of the day, you're a case for a specialist. The one thing about Lancashire folks, is that when they get the opportunity they ^{do} know how to let themselves go. These Wakes weeks bring out the saying that what Lancashire thinks today the rest of the country thinks tomorrow; because ~~the~~ ^{rest are} only just starting to talk of staggering holidays; the cotton county's done it for generations. ~~How about~~ London closing down for a week.

~~There's champagne air at the top -~~

At the top of the Tower there's champagne air, champagne to drink down below. You live as if you'd been born in the purple till your bank account 's in the red. [One way and another you get a giddy time. Giddy? Ah'll say tha does. ~~Es, you do~~]

(see)

J. I

Handwritten scribbles and notes on the right side of the page.

With lungs full of Blackpool air you go back fit to face anything. Tell us what to do, give us a clear cut lead,

When it's all over ^u we go back ~~happy~~ full of optimism. Give us a clear lead, tell us what to do, and fortified by Blackpool air we'll get down to real business.

To see

Forbes

Mr A. G. Gardner is on the outside of market.

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