

Formby Civic News



The Formby Civic Society Newsletter

Registered charity No 516789



CIVIC SOCIETY DISPLAY DRAWS VISITORS IN CHAPEL LANE

Sept. 2017

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Members of FCS were able to view a range of fascinating images of Formby past and Formby very past indeed at our Display Stall on Chapel Lane on Friday 22nd of September. We enjoy using the Friday Market to take the Society out to the people of our community!

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TIGER BEETLES ON THE BBC

Dr. Phil Smith, FCS member and regular contributor to this newsletter, was recently interviewed by a team from BBC's "The One Show" with presenter and entomologist George McGavin. They met up at Ainsdale to film Northern Dune Tiger Beetles and, for once in a disappointing summer, the bright and sunny conditions were just right to see these rare little chaps out in force, scurrying quickly over the sand.

Phil pointed out that they move so quickly that they have to stop and pause occasionally for their brains and vision to recalibrate and catch up with their speeding bodies!



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A visit to the National Oceanography Centre In Liverpool to see the 'Time and Tide Exhibition'

Recently, FCS member David Willis came across a notice for an opportunity to visit the **Tide and Time Exhibition** at Liverpool University and it seems too good not to share with all members.

The Tide and Time Exhibition at the National Oceanography Centre (Liverpool, L3 5DA). shows visitors how tidal predictions are made, you might like to visit the Tide and Time exhibition. It is open to visitors only once per month, and as access times are limited you would need to book via <http://www.tide-and-time.uk/>.

Happily, entry is free!

The exhibition takes you through the role tidal science had in turning Liverpool into a major port and, indeed, the city it is today.

Tide Predicting Machines are analogue computers designed to simulate the rise and fall of the ocean tide.

The two Tide Predicting Machines in this exhibition – the Doodson-Légé machine and the Roberts-Légé machine – spent their working lives at the Liverpool Tidal Institute and at Bidston Observatory.

The Roberts-Légé was one of two Tide Predicting Machines used during planning of the Normandy invasion in WWII.

<http://www.tide-and-time.uk/>

***Tide & Time exhibition
National Oceanography Centre
Joseph Proudman Building
6 Brownlow Street
Liverpool L3 5DA, UK
Tel +44 (0)151 795 4800***



'Local heroes' Jeremiah Horrocks and William Hutchinson were both involved in this area of learning, and tidal predictions were key factors in 1944 when the Allies were planning the Normandy Landings.



The Civic Society Summer Programme 2017

We had a busy time across the summer with a number of meetings, mainly short walks, as our 2017 Summer Programme.



We started off with a midday visit to Ormskirk Church and a guided tour by a member of the Ormskirk and District Local History Society. This is something we could repeat as the church is usually opened mid-morning each Thursday.

Another walk was when we met up outside the Grapes Hotel and walked around Green Lane Conservation Area. We took in some lovely cottages and discussed their various histories and moved from the Green Lane front of St. Peter's Church up to Paradise Lane and the old Girls' and Boys' Schools.



15a
Green Lane

We also made a very successful group visit to the Offices of the National Trust on Blundell Avenue for a talk by Kate Martin (Ranger) on the day-to-day work undertaken there and the targets they have for the future. Kate was unstinting with her time and we had a detailed and fascinating glimpse of what goes on within the National Trust.

There were also two opportunities for walks led jointly by the Civic Society and the National Trust to 'walk' the Victoria Road estate. Each one lasted at least 3 hours and covered a wide range of topics.



We completed our Summer Programme with our traditional get-together on the early evening of Thursday 14th September at the Cross House Hotel.

As usual, we chose to have a small meal and a drink together and it was a lovely opportunity for members to meet informally and chat together.



OUR SUMMER PROGRAMME HISTORY WALK IN LIVERPOOL

We enjoyed a splendid day in Liverpool centre towards the end of August, despite the changeable weather. The group met up at Exchange Flags and looked at how Liverpool developed and grew from the 13th century onwards and the Charter granted by King John.



We looked at where the original 'H' formation of streets lay, the site of the old Liverpool Fairs and Markets and the road down to the site of the old castle (now Victoria Square).



We looked at the various memorials in Exchange Flags and found the name of George McCoonah on one of them. He was a Formby resident who had worked in the Liverpool Exchange before joining the forces in WWI and being killed on the Somme. His name can be found on the Formby Civic War Memorial.

Above is a photograph of the area just outside the main gates of St. Nick's Church and we compared it to the same spot in the present day.

You can see the gates of the church on the right of the old photograph.





We ended our walk with a visit to Albion House, once the HQ of the White Star Line and now a beautifully-renovated hotel. We were made extremely welcome, given a short tour and then directed to the 7th Floor where we enjoyed some splendid views of the city and enjoyed some coffee and pastries.

Top left you can gain an impression of how lovely the view was and can see on the faces of the members in the photograph next to it how they were enjoying their day out.

Our next Summer Programme will aim to build upon what we have enjoyed together in 2017. If you have any suggestions for walks and visits, please contact us.

We also enjoyed a visit to St. Nicholas' Church and found a lovely exhibition of archive photos and paintings set up for the Liverpool Scottish Battalion of the King's (Liverpool) Regiment. One of the exhibits, snapped on a mobile phone and shown below, shows the Hollywood actor Basil Rathbone with his troops in 1918. He was a member of the wider Rathbone family from Liverpool and is generally thought to be related to the Rathbones who used to live in 'Red Gables' near to Freshfield Station.



THE STORY OF THE POET SIEGFRIED SASOON AND FORMBY POINT

Links to Formby, Freshfield, Litherland and Formby

After the AGM at the Ravenmeols Centre last May, members present were fortunate to have a presentation on the famous poet and author Siegfried Sassoon.

Our presenter was **Alban O'Brien** and he really opened our eyes about the man himself and his links with Formby. Alban is now retired and leads literary and Discovery tours for H F Holidays, but his ongoing association with the Siegfried Sassoon Society gives him a depth of knowledge most of us simply do not have. The story of the medal in the Mersey is well-known and it was reported in national newspapers in 2007 that the Military Cross itself had been discovered in a chest in a family home in Scotland. This meant that what had been thrown into the Mersey at Formby had probably been the ribbon. Sassoon himself was clear about this in his writings but the water had been muddied by his friend and fellow soldier Robert Graves who said in "Goodbye To All That" that his comrade threw into the sea the actual medal itself.

What was the cause of his frustration and anger? Early in the war he had fought so recklessly and with such determination that the men called him 'Mad Jack'. However, the more he saw of the destruction of men and the conduct of the war, he became embittered. His attitude changed. He now understood that his commitment was to the war's living victims and the ordinary soldiers now became his motivation. He wrote and had published in June 1917 a letter clarifying his thoughts on the war that he called 'A Soldier's Declaration': this appeared to be deliberately provoking the Army into court-martialling him.

Sassoon was stationed at Litherland, as this was the regimental depot of the Royal Welch Fusiliers. He knew this area well, being a very keen golfer who made good use of the links at Formby offered to Army Officers. He was also an able cricketer who played at grounds here, and spent much of his spare time at the Adelphi Hotel in Liverpool. Sassoon was a very wealthy man and well-known in 'society'

The Army bent over backwards to save face for him and give him an opportunity to get around being charged, but Sassoon refused each offer to meet and sort out the problem. Alban O'Brien has written his own account of Sassoon's life, and he describes what happened next.

"The next stage of story is vividly described in both the autobiographical *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer* and Pat



Barker's novel *Regeneration*. According to



Litherland Camp in 1915

Church Road was originally just a country lane. The site of the camp has since been completely re-developed and the roads realigned – the narrow lane that ran through the camp is now a dual carriageway, Church Road.



his *Memoirs* this happened on Saturday July 21 but this date conflicts with certain known dates. It is, therefore, more likely that this happened on the same day as Colonel Jones-Williams visit, Tuesday 17 July 1917. Sassoon decided that he had to escape his self imposed prison. Frustrated and angry at the dilemma he now faced, he boarded the Southport train in Liverpool, passed through the station at Litherland and got off several stops later at Formby. It is more than likely that the station at which he alighted was in fact Freshfield, the next stop, as he mentions crossing the golf course. Rather than taking his frustrations out on a golf ball, as he had done so many times in the past, he carried on walking through the dunes and pinewoods to the

sea. Here on the banks of the Mersey he ripped the Military Cross ribbon from his coat and hurled it into the waves.

In Pat Barker's novel, *Regeneration*, and the film that was made subsequently, it was the Military Cross itself which was hurled into the sea, but this is contradicted both by Sassoon's semi-autobiographical memoir and the appearance of the medal itself later when it was auctioned. He did not believe in wearing medals but he had proudly worn the medal ribbon which the battalion doctor, Lieutenant Kelsey Fry had in a magnanimous gesture taken from his tunic and sewed to Sassoon's own on the day that the award of the M.C. had been confirmed. The purple and white ribbon, however, became for him an appropriate physical image of the futility he felt ..."

Sassoon himself described the moment as follows: 'Wandering along the sand dunes I felt outlawed, bitter and, baited. I wanted something to smash and trample on, and to a paroxysm of exasperation I performed the time-honoured gesture of shaking my clenched fists at the sky. Feeling no better for that, I ripped the M. C. ribbon off my tunic and threw it into the mouth of the Mersey. Weighted with significance though this action was, it would have felt more conclusive had the ribbon been heavier. As it was, the poor little thing fell weakly on to the water and floated away as though aware of its own futility. One of my point-to-point cups would have served my purpose more satisfyingly, and they'd meant much the same to me as my Military Cross.'

Watching a big boat which was steaming along the horizon, I realised that protesting against the prolongation of the War was about as much use as shouting at the people on board that ship."

WILDLIFE NOTES July 2017

Dr Phil Smith

At last a return to “normal” British weather saw measurable rainfall on about 12 days, including the first really wet day for over a year on 21st. This freshened up the natural vegetation and was a boon to local growers and gardeners but had little impact on the sand-dune water-table due to high rates of evaporation at this time of year.

July is usually a great month for wildlife along the coast and this one was no exception, though the early season meant things were already looking rather autumnal by the month’s end. The Devil’s Hole blowout at Ravenmeols is a must in high summer, treats on 1st including the first flowering **Grass-of-Parnassus** and thousands of **Marsh Helleborines**. Shocking pink **Pyramidal Orchids** lined the dune ridges to the west. As usual, **Northern Dune Tiger Beetles** scurried about on the bare sand slopes, while two spectacular **Dark Green Fritillaries** and a **Spiked Shield-bug** added further interest. Walking back to the car at the end of Range Lane, I checked the site of the **Ringlet** colony found in June. Sure enough, there were still 15 in the long grass, though a few weeks later none was to be seen. The two ponds in a nearby field were also lined by **Marsh Helleborines** but the main surprise here was an enormous colony of **Yellow Bartsia**, a mainly southern plant that is scarce in the northwest.



Later in the month, a Landscape Partnership guided walk to the iconic Devil’s Hole attracted 32 participants to this spectacular landscape feature with its remarkable wildlife. Their reaction was suitably positive.

On 4th, as many as 25 volunteers turned out for the *Biodiverse Society’s* Bioblitz on Birkdale Green Beach. Results circulated later showed that over 550 species of plants and animals were recorded, including 113 moths caught at night in light-traps and then released after being identified.



Despite less than ideal weather conditions, an expert reported 69 different flies, including coastal specialists, rarities and some new to the Sefton Coast. These findings add to the already sky-high reputation of the Green Beach for its flora and fauna.

An early July trip to the Pinfold area of Ainsdale National Nature Reserve targeted the rare **Forester** moth at one of its key breeding sites in the region. I counted 17 shimmering green adults mostly on Ragwort flowers, an important nectar source for many insects in mid to late summer. All three of the Sefton Coast’s grasshoppers, eight different butterflies and seven dragonflies added to my enjoyment of this outstanding habitat.

Another July highlight came on 9th when Patricia Lockwood and I led a guided walk to Crosby Coastal Park for the Botanical Society of Britain & Ireland and Lancashire Botany Group. Twenty enthusiasts came from as far away as London to appreciate a wealth of plantlife, over 360 species having been recorded for the park. The main targets included five different **Evening-primroses**, the largest colony of **Isle of Man Cabbage** in the country and the very rare **Dune Wormwood**. We were also blown away by sheets of **Sea Holly** on which were growing over 300 spikes of the parasitic **Common Broomrape**, normally only seen in ones and twos.



A couple of days later, Pat showed me a superb population of about 160 **Dune Helleborines** flowering on the National Trust estate near Blundell Avenue. A little later, the same area produced a smaller number of the rather similar **Green-flowered Helleborine**.

A regional rarity, the latter also turned up at Mere Sands Wood Nature Reserve, where I was shown five flower-spikes after a guided dragonfly walk on 15th. It was cloudy all afternoon and yet we still found six species of dragonflies. Some were netted and examined in the hand with the aid of an illuminating magnifier that demonstrated the wonderful colours and intricate structure of these

ancient insects, much older than the Dinosaurs.

For our main botanical survey this summer, Patricia and I chose the **Common Wintergreen** a regionally rare plant found mainly in Scotland. It was last studied here a decade ago when ten colonies were recorded; this time we located 17, two being on the National Trust estate with the rest at Ainsdale Sand Dunes National Nature Reserve. Here it is mostly associated with firebreaks or small clearings in the pinewoods where the soil has been acidified by conifer needles producing extremely low soil pHs, often between 3 and 4.



In total, we counted about 10,600 plants, a significant increase on the previous estimate. Nevertheless, some of the 2007 populations were not refound, apparently lost to overshadowing by dense **birch** regeneration.

Another fascinating month on the Sefton Coast ended with a massive hatch of red and black **Six-spot Burnet** moths in the dunes. I counted 13 on one **Ragwort** plant at Ravenmeols, while in the Devil's Hole there were dozens nectaring on **Water Mint**.

AUGUST 2017

The unsettled weather of July continued into the first half of August with measurable rainfall on 11 days up to 18th but then hardly any for the rest of the month. This meant that the dune flora recovered somewhat from the severe early summer drought, this being reflected in a fantastic display of **Grass-of-Parnassus**, especially on the New Green Beach north of Ainsdale-on-Sea. Even I baulked at trying to count them but there were certainly tens of thousands in what is probably the largest British population of this nationally declining plant. Thousands more were at the Devil's Hole, though this colony was down on the numbers present a few years ago.



This month was better for insects than last August; just as well because a team from BBC *One Show* came up from Bristol on 9th to film our charismatic **Northern Dune Tiger Beetle** at Ainsdale. It was perfect weather – sunny and relatively calm but not too hot. There were lots of beetles and they posed well for the cameras. I recorded an interview with the presenter George McGavin but, at the time of writing, have not heard if or when it will be broadcast. Many insects are moving north in response to climate change. One such is the attractive **Lesser Hornet Hoverfly** (*Volucella inanis*), a photo of which was taken at Ainsdale National Nature Reserve

by Pete Kinsella on 3rd, seemingly the first for the Sefton Coast of this southern species.

Coincidentally, a few days later I spotted one in Trevor Davenport's Freshfield garden. Its big brother, the **Hornet Hoverfly** (*V. zonaria*) turned up at Hightown and Birkdale a few days later, also photographed by Pete.



Remarkably, this **Hornet** mimic and our largest hoverfly, landed on my bag at Ainsdale NNR on 15th but zoomed off before I could photograph it.

I was luckier with a **Red-legged Shieldbug** that dropped onto my hand with a loud buzz. I managed to get pictures of what was only the third individual of this supposedly common species that I have seen.



Dragonflies also did reasonably well, though I thought we would struggle to see any on 12th when I led a walk with 20 participants to look for these insects at Ainsdale. It was cloudy and cool early on but brightened up sufficiently for us to catch up with seven species, including our largest the **Emperor**, a male and female performing well at the slack 47 pools. Nearby, the Green Beach **Alders** provided shelter for a splendid male **Ruddy Darter** which allowed close views. Later in the month, a visit to a friend's enormous garden pond at Hillside was rewarded with five dragonflies, including another **Ruddy Darter** and also three **Migrant Hawkers**, which we hadn't recorded there before. This brings the number of species for this pond since 2014 to a pretty impressive total of 13.

On 19th, I joined the Liverpool Botanical Society for a trip round Crosby Coastal Park. The special plants here include four individuals of **Dune Wormwood** which had just been missed by a recent grass fire, emphasising the vulnerability of this tiny population at its sole British locality. It has become extinct at its other site in South Wales, though material has been cultivated and it is hoped to reintroduce it to the wild. A sharp-eyed member of the group spotted a **Bay** (*Laurus nobilis*) tree in a row of shrubs, which was a new plant for the Sefton Coast.

Venturing a little further afield, I was tempted to join a guided walk round Scutcher's Acres Nature Reserve, near Burscough, where John Watt led us to many of his 107 different trees. Lots of dragonflies and butterflies were also on show and I took the opportunity to visit the only colony of **Common Wintergreen** in South Lancashire away from the Sefton Coast.

Attending a meeting at the National Trust offices at Formby Point, I spotted the distinctive **Small Nightshade** in the gravel car park. A native of Western North America, this extreme British rarity, with only seven post-2000 records, was first found here in 2009. Returning the following day with Patricia Lockwood and Joshua Styles, we counted 62 **Small Nightshade** plants, many with well-developed fruits, on the edges of sandy tracks and an asparagus field, showing that it has become well-established here. Several other notable plants were also seen, including sizeable populations of the Red-listed **Smooth Cat's-ear** and **Common Cudweed**.

Birds took a back seat for most of the month but I was delighted to see a **Spotted Flycatcher** at Range Lane, Formby. This once common species is heading for extinction as a breeding bird in our region. As usual, internationally important flocks of **Sandwich Terns** roosted on the shore between Ainsdale and Birkdale. I saw up to 1200.

A volunteer group organised by John Dempsey monitored their numbers and also reported numerous incidents of deliberate disturbance. One observer described two horses repeatedly being ridden into the roost, while another saw a day-tripper encouraging two children to run into the flock while he took photographs. Unfortunately, these were not isolated events but almost daily occurrences and a sad reflection of the attitude of some people to our natural heritage.

LYNETTE'S EARLY MEMORIES OF FORMBY

Lynette Siler was brought up by her parents in Bootle but, during the early years of WWII, she moved to her grandparents' house in Formby. She continued to attend Bootle Secondary School for Girls in Bootle but returned to Formby each day. Her grandparents, Mr. & Mrs. Morrison, lived in at 3 Cambridge Road; in a house called "Pentrick". She later emigrated and was last known living in Canada.

I remember 'Pentrick' well. All my earliest memories revolve around what we knew there...what we grew up with. I remember the outside walls, the brick peaking through the grey overcoat of a sandstone of types. The coating was, in parts, gently touched with moss. The air outside had a salt spray scent, brisk and sharp from the sea. The grass all around was green, the field behind us a yellowish grey spiky grass. I remember so much, I don't know where to begin. My very earliest memories were of a time before the lot next door to 'Pentrick' was still a part of our garden.

Still later, the lot right next door was sold and another bungalow was built. The bungalow at the end was owned by Mrs. Fowler (who had a dog, Beauty). I am sure she had a husband, but I don't remember him. I remember very little about the people next door, other than the daughter had a drawer full of hair ribbons. I thought they must be very rich to have that. When I was little, there was a tree in the garden of what was to become the bungalow next door. The bungalow, however, was not yet there. My cousin William built a tree house up in the top of this very lovely tree. It was so high, I was sure it must be a beanstalk and the house at the top, the giant's castle. I remember riding on someone's shoulders all the way to the top. Part of me was terrified, part filled with the exhilaration of being higher than anyone must have ever been before. Then the lot was sold, and we never went in the tree house again. But Grandad (we called him GanGan) made up for that. We always had a 'den'.

He made the best dens out of old stuff, bits of wood, old pipes, earth. He knew how to build a den that would make a child weep with joy. They were the very best places for us to hide away and exercise our imagination. We had clubs, houses, castles.

GanGan was a wonderful old man. When we were little, he was always first up, building a fire out of coal from the coal hole. When we were very young, he worked for the corporation. At sometime during our early childhood he was crushed between two trucks and was home for some time recovering. He also had his feet run over when he was a St. John's ambulance driver. He was small in stature, quiet of nature, but big of heart.

Nanny was also very special. She had white hair as long as I can remember, touched with a nicotine colored streak in front where the smoke from her cigarette would curl lazily into the air. She was taller than grandad and spoiled us something awful. I don't recall her ever actually smoking a cigarette. Most of the time, the cigarette just stayed in her mouth and burn. Our

little eyes would watch, growing rounder and rounder to see how long the ash would get before it actually fell. She cooked the best hotpot and blackberry pie ever. She let me in the kitchen to help, although I'm sure I wasn't. She caught rainwater in a tin bathtub outside so she could wash my long hair. She was special.

Nan called Grandad 'Billy'. His name was William Elias Morrison. Her name was Edith, but Grandad called her 'Eed'. They didn't shout at us very often unless we were climbing on the trees in the orchard. Well, you can't blame us. The orchard was just, well, just a place for kids to climb. There was a branch that made the very best horse ever, and horses were meant to be ridden. The branches of the trees grew

DO YOU HAVE ANY MEMORIES, MEMOIRS, PHOTOS OR FAMILY HISTORY YOU CAN SHARE WITH US TO HELP BUILD A BROADER AND MORE PERSONAL UNDERSTANDING OF LIFE IN FORMBY IN THE PAST?

Lynnette Siler's wonderful memoirs came to FCS purely by chance and the quick thinking of member Des Brennan who met by chance a relative still working in this area. He traced her through e mail and carried out the original research into her tale with Reg Yorke.

just so. God never created more perfect trees for climbing. Never failed though, we'd be out in the orchard and one of them would be at the kitchen window and see and they'd come out after us. It would hurt the bark on the tree, Grandad used to say. I thought that quite silly, no one ever ate the bark anyway. The trees were apple and pear trees and grew the best fruit. One tree was a pear tree and had a branch of apples growing on it. It had grafted on from growing too close. The apple tree eventually died, or was cut down, but the branch that grafted grew. I always thought it odd, but the apples grew tantalisingly out of reach, and I often wondered if it was a dream. Dad said it was so, though. The pears were little and tough, but sweet as a summer day. We had many tummy aches from eating too many, but it never stopped us.

Blackberries also grew in abundance close by. There were some just over the cop at the bottom of the garden and many in the fields if you just knew where to look. We often went picking blackberries so Nan could make blackberry pie. The blackberries that were best, though, we always ate.

We'd come back with enough blackberries for a pie, and enough purple stain on our hands and mouths that you'd wonder if we weren't on loan from another planet. That wasn't all we did, either. We weren't allowed to go to the shore. It was quite a walk for us young ones, but we'd go anyway. There was something wild and wonderful about the shore. We felt as though we were part of something primeval and wonderful. It made us feel a part of nature, we loved the windswept sand dunes and the miles of untouched shoreline. Sometimes you could barely see the sea, sometimes it was right there. The sand was different than it is here. It was hard in spots and rippled. You could pick up great seaweed and sharks eggs, and there were wrecks.

There was also what was left of the old promenade and the lighthouse that was bombed during the war. We bombed it ourselves to stop the Jerries from lining it up to bomb Liverpool. Sad, really, although it for the best. Our family were lifeboat Aindows from way back. With no lighthouse, we had no lifeboats and a tradition of centuries was ended.

WHEN ST. PETER'S FOLK REMEMBERED FORMBY FOLK

FORMBY FOLK

The history of our community means a great deal to the people of Formby and particularly to those who have joined the Formby Civic Society over the years. We have a proud past in protecting our environment, both natural and built, and we see ourselves as being one of the key groups in this community who work actively to protect, preserve and promote the town.

Whenever we see others also playing their part in recalling and describing the people who lived in Formby in previous times, we are pleased to 'spread the word' to others.

FCS enjoys a good working relationship with St. Peter's Church and we were delighted when some of their parishioners who also happen to be members of FCS told us about a set of performances to be held at the end of September to coincide with Harvest Weekend under the title of "Formby Folk".

By the time you read this newsletter it is likely it will have finished, but it is certainly worth reporting what it entailed.

A "live" history of Formby & Peter's Church, meeting some Formby characters of yesteryear!

Forni the Viking, The Formby's of Formby Hall, Churchwarden of the "new" church, Peter Jump, the war-time Vicar's children. Hear about Jimmy Lowe of asparagus fame, Lifeboat rescues, and the escapades of two of Formby's bobbies.

Formby has a long history going back to Viking times, and St. Peter's Church, both old and new (i.e. pre and post 1747!) has a special place in Formby's story. 'Formby Folk' recalled some of Formby's history and St. Peter's place within. It was presented *'in person'*, by some of the characters from the past! So, we all met :

the Lady of the Manor,

Peter Jump who was a churchwarden in 1747 when the new church was opened,

the Rev. Lonsdale Formby who was vicar for part of the 19th century,

Mary Formby who founded the old schools.

Also, we heard how Formby's bobbies dealt with the 'Case of the Missing Apples', and of St. Peter's during the last war as the vicar's children remember it. There was also a Viking from the dim and distant past, as well as songs and poems about Formby's famous Lifeboat and Jimmy Lowe of asparagus fame who was a parishioner of St. Peter's.

All this was introduced by two of the church's "maids"!



FCS Programme: Winter 2017

Meetings are held at **Ravenmeols Community Centre** in Park Road.
They are open to guests on payment of the small admission charge of £2.

Thursday 12th October 8pm *The Bluebird K7 Story* Keith Hick

Thursday 9th November 8pm *Formby and Ypres 3* John Phillips

Friday 8th December 2pm *Muriel Sibley: A Retrospective*

GET IN TOUCH

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