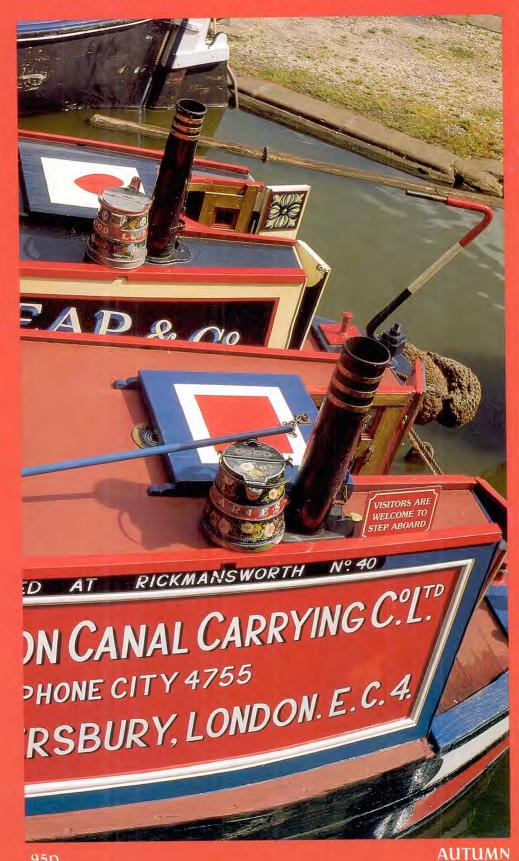


COUNTRYSIDE CRISIS - DUKE OF WESTMINSTER SPEAKS OUT • SETTLE-CARLISLE RAIL TRIP • WARTIME PENNINES • BRADFORD • OLDHAM MANCHESTER MASSACRE 
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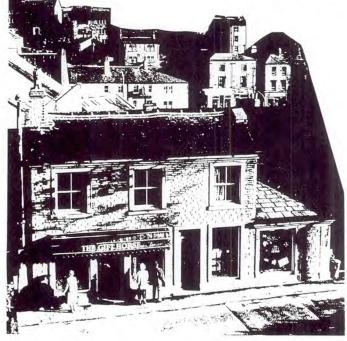
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# First Column

# Pennine

Be honest. Isn't everyone's first reaction to a problem to think "someone", (someone else that is), should "do something" about it?

We therefore dedicate this issue of **Pennine** to the "do-ers" out there, slogging away to rescue or enhance the Pennine environment... from restoring canals and old buildings, to planting trees, patrolling threatened nests and even grubbing away up on Saddleworth Moor in search of the Romans!

But the Pennines need more do-ers. Despite a welcome turn-round in opinion, which once thought the best thing to do with our industrial heritage was to flatten it, superb buildings are still vanishing. And just as our gauntly beautiful moorland landscape becomes a tourist attraction, countryside issues may change it out of all recognition.

Lead articles in this issue look at the future for the Pennine landscape, including a controversial interview with the Duke of Westminster and news of the giant Countryside Commission initiative to plant forests for people. What do YOU think? Come and tell us at October's major conference. (See DIARY, Countryside In Crisis).

Don't think that as an individual you have no say. You have now! Pennine Heritage, **Pennine's** parent environmental trust have launched a membership scheme (page 26) to give YOU a voice in the debate and a role in future action. If you're a "Friend Of The Pennines", join us. In fact, make it a New Year resolution... our next issue, due mid-November, is the bumper Christmas Pennine!



Front Cover Photo: Colourful boats at Ellesmere Port. Photo by A. C. Quicke.

Editorial Office The Birchcliffe Centre, Hebden Bridge, W.Yorkshire, HX7 8DG. Tel: (0422)844450 Pennine Magazine ISSN 0261-2836 Autumn

## News & Views

- 2. Comment: Swings & Turnabouts. The perils of public opinion.
- 6. Diary.
- 26. Be A Pennine Person. Join our new membership scheme!



## Pennine People

- 15. A Two-Headed Master. Can blood-sports save our countryside? The Duke of Westminster talks to the Editor.
- 20. Wartime Memories. A Rochdale tribute to 50 years ago.
- 29. Something Borrowed, Something Blue. When even Cupid queued, by Sonia Ratcliff.
- **35. "Think Of Flushing Loos"**. Professional dowser C R Beecham shares watery secrets.
- 36. The Way I See It. Personal views in our "have your say" column.

Vol. 10 No. 5

## **Pennine Identity**

- 18. Piecing Together The Past. Alison Armstrong, cruck-building fancier.
- 31. All Things Bright & Bold. Julia Smith shares a twirl with a narrow boat painter.
- 32. Wholesale Poisoning -Bradford 1858. Dr Gary Firth with a cautionary tale.
- 38. Days That Shook The Pennines. Manchester's Peterloo Massacre!
- 47. Book Reviews.

## Out & About

- 10. Pennine Takes A Trip. The "train now departing" is the Settle-Carlisle.
- 42. Forests For People. Countryside Commissioner David Fletcher with a sylvan solution to urban sleaze.
- 44. Call yourself "green"? Win a prize in our "Man Who Planted Trees" competition!"

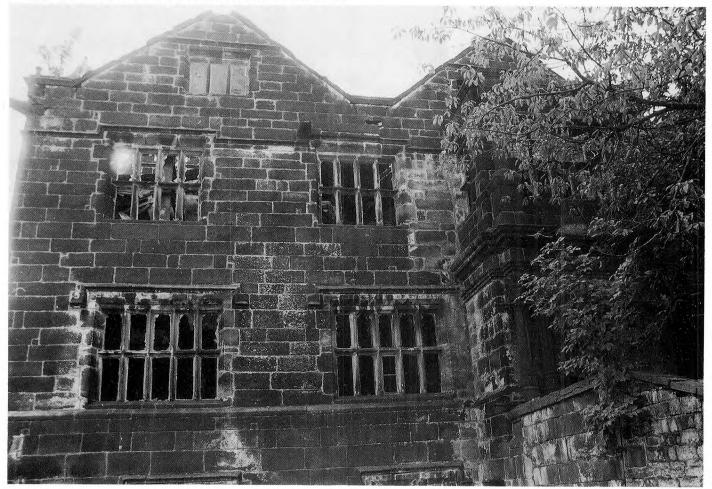
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Clegg Hall in its former glory... and below, as it is today



# **COMMENT** Swings & Turnabouts

Oh how fickle public opinion! Ten years on this summer, we've seen it all - the "honeymoon" stage, the "taken for granted" stage. Currently we occupy "villains of the piece" status!

Pennine Heritage, charitable trust and parent of **Pennine** Magazine has initiated many projects since its launch in 1979.

Throughout the postwar decades, our Pennine patch took a hammering. Factories closed, jobs were lost and people left. Town and countryside both suffered neglect and decay. With National Parks north and south, many "nasties" took the line of least resistance between conurbations east and west. Our area got the lot - M62, CEGB supergrid and the Transpennine gas pipeline. But we also have a superb and dramatic landscape with a fascinating built heritage of great character, quality and historic interest.

Pennine Heritage was launched to fight back; to promote social, economic and environmental recovery; to take the wide view. We founded **Pennine** Magazine to capture interest, raise consciousness and reinforce the Pennine identity, while Pennine Heritage took direct action in caring for the countryside and the rescue of its redundant historic buildings.

Pennine Heritage is the longstop.We only tackle what no-one else can be persuaded to touch. This is our role ... and our burden. With ten years' hindsight, we can ruefully forecast how our efforts will be judged.

The honeymoon stage is easy. Some festering conservation problem appears. Perhaps a historic building at risk - too daunting for local voluntary groups, not viable commercially ... and the local authority is usually committed elsewhere.

"Somebody should do something" goes up the cry. As soon as somebody (often it's been Pennine Heritage) says "We'll do it", the honeymoon is on (apart perhaps from the grudging "what's in it for them" brigade).

Now follows a stage of backslapping,

plotting and planning. Everyone wants to have their say. *Everyone* knows what should happen ... a museum ... a heritage centre ... an educational facility ...!

But *somebody* has to do the realistic planning, weigh the costs, seek a financially viable after-use, commence fundraising and persuade potential backers that this project is more deserving than the multitudes of others seeking hard cash in a hard world.

Commence stage two. Disillusionment. "Why is it taking so long?" "What are they doing?" "They should be ..." and so on. The grumblers have a field day, especially just before local elections. "£10,000 of Ratepayers' Money down the Drain thunders local councillor", says the headline despite, the inside knowledge that amounts of this size, however welcome, can in themselves make little impact on a difficult £500,000 project.

Stage three and the project nears completion. Once again, everyone will want to identify with it. Ah well, as they say ... when everyone is claiming to have thought of it first, you know you've got there and can relax ... that is until something else that *"somebody"* should "do something about it" looms again!

Pennine Heritage don't do their work for pats on the back (though feel free!). But even for us there is a final straw. It has come in a letter to the Editor from "Disappointed of Littleborough" entitled REQUIEM FOR PENNINE. "It is" says the writer "with great sadness that I wish to inform readers that Pennine Heritage is dead. That well-known charity we have all grown to know and love ... helped to save our heritage and environment for our children. Now it's dead and gone"

At Hollingworth Lake, Littleborough, Pennine Heritage were given Clegg Hall ... They wanted to save it. Well, they have come up with a blockbuster of a scheme to save it by hiding it amongst a multi-million pound tourist development... To save Clegg Hall, Pennine with the help of the Council are seeking to: throw people living there out of their homes; throw people living there out of their mill; destroy acres of farmland; build on acres of our very narrow green belt".

"Well, Pennine, if this is how you are saving my heritage and environment, then with friends like you I can do without enemies".

Makes good reading doesn't it? It is also wrong. Rather, destructively wrong. Why destructively? Mud sticks. Can you imagine, "Disappointed of Littleborough", the effect of such a libel filtering through to the government bodies and conservation organisations to whom Pennine Heritage goes cap-in-hand to raise funds for the South Pennines?

Our first instinct was to head for our lawyers. Over-reacting? Hardly. You see the work we do depends on our good name. Our second instinct was to shrug and carry on. After all, anyone can make a mistake. That was until the next batch of letters came. These allegations, whether directly made against Pennine Heritage or by omission or distortion of the true facts on Clegg Hall, must be coming from somewhere. We'd prefer that they stopped.

Our third instinct was to say that we understand why local feeling in Littleborough is running high. All we would ask, before anyone else sends threats through the post or damns us in the press, is that they read the two following "cautionary tales" first and judge us on those, perhaps more kindly.

## Clegg Hall -The Facts

legg Hall is a magnificent 1635 Jacobean Manor House, listed grade II\*, unoccupied for 50 years and in a perilous condition. It was transferred to Pennine Heritage by Deed of Gift, with a plea to try and save it. We've been working to raise the funds ever since. Now the Hall has become the centre of a fierce local controversy.

The Hall has an interesting situation as the centrepiece of a small hamlet containing a farm, farmworkers cottages with second floor weaving workshops added, and a small factory adjacent to the canal - in fact the whole history of the move from an agrarian to an industrial way of life in one small settlement.

PENNINE's first move was to ask the local authority, Rochdale Metropolitan Borough, to declare the whole hamlet a Conservation Area, to protect the setting of the Hall and to make it eligible for additional grant aid.

Local planning officers were sympathetic and gave support - but it did not stop there. Conservation Area designation coincided with Rochdale's new found interest in Tourism. Consultants were commissioned to report on the tourism potential of Clegg Hamlet.

Predictably, the report proposed the development of a large historic theme park, but at such high public cost that the Council could not even consider it. However Rochdale Council saw potential in the idea and subsequently a private developer came up with a commercially viable version.

Everything has its price. Although warned that the use of compulsory purchase power might be needed to amass the necessary land and property, the Council chose to proceed. Outline proposals were produced in consultation between developer and council - heritage themes, interpretation, catering and car parking for half a million visitors per year. At no time, beyond being extended the courtesy, as owners, of being kept in touch with outline developments, did Pennine Heritage have any say in the matter.

It is perhaps surprising that councillors did not anticipate the furore which has broken out as soon as the plans became known.

Now every property in the vicinity of Clegg Hall carries a "Not for Sale" notice! Councillors are disassociating themselves with the Projects. There is much fingerpointing going on ... even towards Pennine Heritage.

Half page advertisements in the local press seeking to set out the council's position are inviting public comment on the future of "Clegg Hall". Strange. Nobody asked us. We are "only" the owners!

All we want at Pennine Heritage is £900,000 to restore the Hall ... and a quiet life. Discussions are in hand between ourselves, specialist ar-chitects Derek Latham & Associates, and English Heritage about the final detail of restoration. Hopefully soon, a lightweight temporary roof will be erected to protect the building and permit ar-chaelogical sifting of internal debris. These are *our* immediate concerns.

Then we can plan for an appropriate after-use and look for an appropriate partner. Is there anyone out there with good (practical) ideas ... and some cash to spare?

## Nutclough Mill -Success In Sight

I t's true about swings and roundabouts. Clegg Hall may be in crisis but ... after years of struggle, historic Nutclough Mill in Hebden Bridge, is coming back to life!

A splendid Listed Building has been saved. Better still, new firms, including the dynamic high-tech CALREC, are moving in and new jobs are being created. A wonderful 10th anniversary celebration for Pennine Heritage. A reward for years of dogged determination - sometimes in the face of fierce criticism.

Three cheers for those local people who laboured long and hard with such care and commitment. Funded by the MSC, they worked in all weathers and conditions for very modest pay, to rescue this fine building and bring it back to good use.

Thanks too to all those other individuals and organisations whose time, energy, enthusiasm - and cash, helped to make it possible.

Derelict and abandoned for many years, Nutclough Mill was purchased in 1972 by the County Council for "environmental improvement" - i.e. demolition. Pennine Heritage had other ideas and negotiations commenced in 1980.

Demolition cost was estimated at  $\pounds 67,000$ , so the County Council got a bargain in 1982 when they "gave" the building, liability and all, to Pennine Heritage for  $\pounds 1$ . Restoration was to cost a good deal more! Dry rot, wet rot, bulging walls, sagging foundations, spreading roof - but fear not, all is well, all has been cured.

This takes time and costs money. Pennine Heritage raised over £300,000 towards the scheme and the MSC contributed about the same again for labour costs. Even so, we eventually ran out of other people's pockets to put our hands in.

It became necessary to explore other approaches. Having lifted the building from "no-hope" dereliction to the point of commercial viability, private capital was sought. In 1987, property developers HSP Ltd. of Leeds leased the building for completion and future management, at their expense, with a proportion of rental income payable to Pennine Heritage for recycling to future rescue projects.

Nutclough Mill once again stands proud in the Conservation Area of Hebden Bridge. Built by co-operative action - to house one of the foremost worker-producer co-operatives of 19th century England, the Hebden Bridge Fustian Manufacturing Co-operative Society Ltd. - it has been saved by cooperative action!

So much for the first ten years. Clegg Hall and Nutclough Mill are but two of many projects and only a fraction of the trials and tribulations, the fun and the satisfaction that go to make up PENNINE HERITAGE.

What of the next ten years. There is still much to be done. "Somebody" must do it!

Do YOU care! Will you support us? Are you more than just an armchair "green"?

Details of our new membership scheme are to be found on page 26. Do your bit now to help influence the shape of the South Pennines into the 1990's.



Kirklees Metropolitan Council, Directorate of Health & Housing, Market Department. Telephone. Huddersfield 422133 ext. 2146/2147

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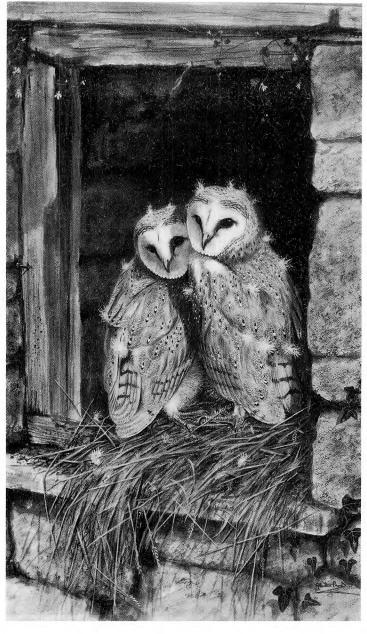
## MORE FROM MOLLIE

In May/June **Pennine**, we met Mollie Porter, the Pennine Way Project Officer, based with the Peak National Park.

Mollie's challenge is to balance popular demand on Britain's most famous long-distance walk against the environmental havoc unwittingly created over the last 20 years. Her Pennine Way Management Project Second Annual Report has just been published. It includes progress reports on the technical trials to find an acceptable method of maintaining (in fact re-building) the notorious southern stretches of the route, through the bogs and gullies of deep peat whose ecology was "never made to stand feet"!

The feedback from Mollie's **Pennine Way User Question**naire, makes interesting reading. If 89% of walkers *really* don't sneak off the official Pennine Way route, and damage to footpaths by overuse concerns 96% of users, it will make Mollie's tough job easier!

Questioned on their attitude to the impact of footpath maintenance on "appreciation of the surroundings" 66% of walkers took a positive view of its purpose; 30% deemed it "undesirable but necessary" while 3% (the do-or-die brigade?) thought it "undesirable and unnecessary". Perhaps until they sink to the bottom of Saddleworth's White Moss?



## OWL APPEAL

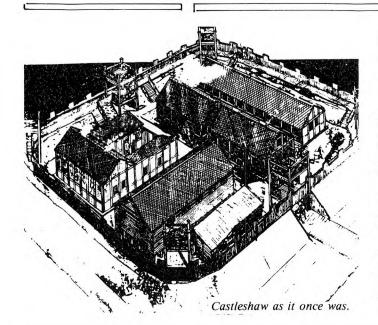
The Hawk Trust has written asking **Pennine's** support for its national **Barn Owl Appeal.** 

The Trust's statistics show an owl population decline in our own area of 75% in the last 50 years, with as few as 30 breeding pairs left. Nationally, the 12,000 pairs recorded in 1932 are down to just 3,700. Urgent research is in progress to pinpoint and, if possible, to remedy the reasons, which include loss of hedgerows, severe winters and the traffic hazards of low flying!

To raise funds, the Hawk Trust has commissioned a signed, limited edition colour print of orphaned owls, by wildlife artist Alastair Proud; (£78.00, 22"x 17"). Details from: Barn Owl Appeal Print, FREEPOST, London SW5 9YY; 01 244 9721. Independently, the Pendle village of Barley is also doing its

bit for birds. Barley's wildlife artist, Neil Davies, has organised the touring exhibition, **The Art Of Conservation**, on the theme of endangered and rare British birds, animals and habitats 20% of

animals and habitats. 20% of exhibition proceeds will go to wildlife charities such as the Hawk and Otter Trusts. Daily (ex Sat) at Townley Hall, Burnley, October 1st-15th.



## DIGGING THINGS UP

In 1987, Pennine reported on the excavations, by Greater Manchester Archaeological Unit, of Castleshaw, the Roman fortlet high on the moors between Huddersfield and Oldham.

The site (off A62, NE of Delph), now open to the public after five years slog, is on the line of the main east-west road between Roman York and Chester and, if theories are correct, the fortlet "must have been very importat indeed - a sort of motorway service on a Roman M62"!

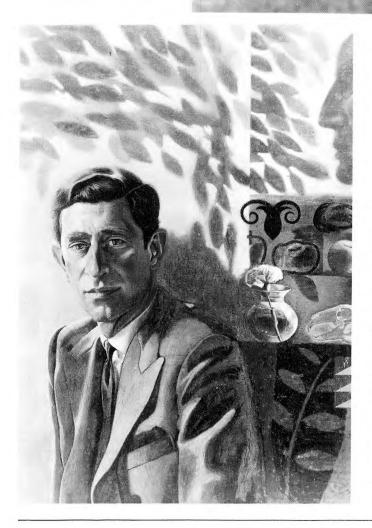
Congratulations are also in order for other stalwarts who spend years digging up, this time in archives, the bones of our northern past. The **Yorkshire Society's 1989 History Prize** has been won by Burnley born, Halifax resident, Mr J A Hargreaves, for his essay "The Cross and Croppers' Shears: Methodism and Luddism in Yorkshire 1812-13" and **Halifax Antiquarian Society** reminds us that 1990 is its 90th birthday!



here will you find water buffalo in the Pennines? At the Yorkshire Sculpture Park near Wakefield, where two splendid life-size bronzes by the acclaimed Dame Elizabeth Frink are now on loan from Hong Kong. The John McCombs Gallery at Delph, Saddleworth is staging its annual Autumn Exhibition till October 31st with work by Manchester Academicians ... and the new Holmfirth Gallery with "tough and to the point" contemporary art is now staging its September Show.

Theatre news ... the **Royal Exchange Manchester** broke the £1,000,000 Box Office barrier through "record attendances" in 1988/89. Book now for October 8th's champagne Benefit Night hosted by two of theatres most celebrated names, Dulcie Grey and Michael Denison.





## A RIGHT ROYAL OCCASION

#### Ctober 25th will be a very special day for the **Dean Clough Con**temporary Art Gallery, Halifax, when a new portrait of H.R.H. Prince Charles by resident artist Tom Wood, will first go on public view.

The commission to paint the portrait followed a visit by the Prince of Wales to an exhibition of Tom Wood's work at the gallery during one of his frequent visits to Halifax.

"The Prince was very interested in my portraits" recalls Wood, "As he was leaving he said 'You must do one for me'. I thought he was just being polite, but he insisted 'I really mean that'.

"It is an enormous responsibility" Wood admitted. "Because the picture is for his own collection I wanted it to be about him as a person - to reflect his ideas - rather than be an image of a Prince or a King. I hope it is also a real work of art".

After its showing in Halifax for three weeks the portrait will be exhibited for a similar period at Agnew's, Old Bond Street, London.

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales 1989 Oil on Panel. 121.9 x 91.3 cm. Tom Wood (B.1955)



## BRADFORD DUO

we in Bradford ... an international creative arts centre and a unique textile arts festival.

The **Treadwell Art Mill** opens on 26th Sept in the heart of Victorian Little Germany. With working studies, contemporary exhibitions and performing arts, the Mill "will be the first genuine centre aimed at making fine arts accessible to the man in the street". It is "the rationalisation of 25 years in the art business" says gallery owner Nicholas Treadwell, a wellknown and controversial figure in the London arts world.

The **Textile Arts Festival** (April 1990) aims to create "a multilayered celebration of all aspects of constructed textiles". Twelve days of workshops, symposia and exhibitions will bring together the textile world "within 125 miles of Bradford".

Festival organisers want to hear from "participants and sponsors of *all* sections of the textile industry". Contact: Textile Arts Festival, 56a Ayres Street, London SE1 1EU.

## CRAFT DEL CALDERDALE

I food and sun scares have dented the public's passion for Spanish hot spots... what's the alternative to an autumn break on the Med? Inkle weaving in Halifax!

Calderdale's resourceful Tourism Unit has launched a new holiday idea: two and three day workshops to learn the art of spinning, "inkle weaving" (?) and ceramics.

The package, with meals, transport, materials and tuition, uses B&B or luxury hotels, depending on price (from £59). Its setting, the superb Halifax Piece Hall, is apparently "reminiscent of St Marks Square in Venice". Fancy that!

Craft break dates: Oct 16-18th; 23rd-25th; 30th-Nov 1st; 6th-8th. Also day courses. Contact Calderdale Tourism Unit, Bankfield Museum, HX3 6HG; 0422 340524.



Maggie Blake working in Treadwell Gallery.

## GOODBYE MR TOAD?

ore than half the ponds that existed 100 years ago have been filled in. In places, 99% of frog habitat has been destroyed. As the list of vanishing wildlife lengthens, will even the frog and his wetland neighbours become extinct? Hence **Pondwatch**, the Wildfowl & Wetland Trust's new national campaign. Details of summer's Stage One, a survey by volunteers of the country's wetlands (including canals), reached **Pennine** too late for us to help. But schools/conservation groups could well play a part in Stage Two, the "adopting of a pond or a stretch of canal."

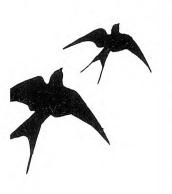
Contact Doug Hulyer, Head of Education, Wildfowl & Wetland Trust, Slimbridge, Glos GL2 7BT. Free POND-WATCH information/wall chart packs may still be available. Send A4 size SAE (50p stamp).

## SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

The hanging baskets of Halifax have had special care this summer from Shire Horse, Duke. The city's experimental partnership with the Horses At Work Museum is now due to be "reviewed". Favourably, we trust.

Meanwhile in a brazen profusion of crimson dahlias and tawny chrysanths, The Northern Horticultural Society's **Great Autumn Flower Show** will once again be shaming our amateur efforts. From cacti to giant marrows ... if it grows, it's there. Harrogate, 15th-16th September.





**F**irst good news, then bad news from the **RSPB** in this, its centenary year.

1989 has been "one of the best breeding seasons for rare birds this century" with golden eagles, ospreys and kites "doing well" in secret breeding locations.

Less so some of the birds which hunt over our own northern hills. According to the RSPB, "widespread persecution of birds of prey" continues, particularly on grouse moors. Of only 12 known pairs of hen harriers in England, six nests have been deliberately destroyed this year in the north-west.



## COUNTRYSIDE CRISIS? WHO CARES?

What does the future hold for the South Pennine landscape in these days of increasing pressures and fierce debate? What future in terms of farming, forestry and water privatisation? What price recreation and conservation? Will sheep vanish from the moors? Will ramblers be barred?

Hear what the experts think at October's major conference, Landscape Change In The South Pennines. Sir Derek Barber, Chairman of the Countryside Commission, will lead a distinguished panel of speakers in a hard-hitting debate. If YOU care what happens to the South Pennines, be there. The Conference, staged by Pennine Heritage, SCOSPA and the South Pennines Association, takes place on **Saturday October 28th** at Burnley Mechanics. Open to organisations and individuals; £9.50 including buffet lunch. Bookings/cheques payable to: Pennine Heritage, Birchcliffe Centre, Hebden Bridge HX7 8DG; 0422 844450.

# Pennine Takes A Trip

Editor Hilary Darby rides a legend: the Settle-Carlisle Railway.



A Leeds-Carlisle service train on Smardale viaduct, 135 ft., the tallest viaduct on the line it crosses Scandal Beck. Photo: P. M. Shaw.

The known world, or at least Pennine's world, is divided between those who have ridden and those who intend to ride on the Settle-Carlisle. It's a foolproof conversation-filler.

Never before has a railway enjoyed such revered status which is normally reserved for things "gone", the treasures of the past that we have carelessly blown up, built on, left to rot or otherwise destroyed, to then wistfully accord them the nostalgic status of "heritage".

But not so the Settle-Carlisle. The six year outcry and battle for the line was to keep it open and working and (dare we print it), seems to have succeeded.

The vigorous anti-closure campaign mounted by the Settle-Carlisle Joint Action Committee resulted in the lodging of an unprecedented 22,500 objections. Almost £2 million was pledged by public, private and voluntary organisations to support the line. Yet even as recently as May 1988, the Transport Minister announced closure with the immortal words the "British Rail's priority was to invest in a modern system for the 21st century, not to provide pleasure rides for railway archaeologists."

The line's most welcome reprieve will inevitably be a cue for complacent slumping in the ranks but DON'T WAIT this time till lack of usage puts again the line at risk. Forego those four wheels and take a trip!

#### **Down The Tracks**

Every Monday to Saturday morning, at 8.25 and 10.45, "the train now departing" pulls out of Leeds. Carlislebound, its 72 mile journey over 19 major viaducts, through 14 tunnels and over the highest railway summit in England makes a Cheap Day Return value indeed.

Three hours to journey's end, either departure leaves time for a sally round Carlisle. (Return trips' times 16.15pm and 17.57pm). There *are* other services but these two are favoured by the dignified progress of a corridor refreshment trolley. It does a questionable line in British Rail tea but a fine one in patter such as "better shove up luv, the rucksack brigade pile on at Settle".

I "piled on" at Shipley, which is where the connection from Bradford picks up the train out of Leeds.

We were a mixed bunch of pilgrims. Couples with children and walkers with flasks. Early retired couples bristl-



A Preston-Carlisle "Dales Rail" charter, in Garsdale. Photo: P. M. Shaw.

ing with guide books. A pair of lovers who embraced tenaciously all the way, not surfacing even for the tea trolley, still less the Ribblehead Viaduct.

From Shipley, the route curved up across the wide green flood plain of the Aire to Skipton and on through the unmanned country halts of Gargrave, Hellifield and Long Preston. Incongruously, the guard peered out for would-be passengers flagging us down. One almost expected to see the cast of "The Railway Children" waving at the train.

At Settle, the train did indeed fill up but not, in our compartment, with ramblers. In piled a boisterous party of Beckenham holidaymakers who "could 'ardly leave the Dales wivart a bit of the Settle-Carlisle". Rolling past the window now, the precious familiar gold-green and grey landscape of the Yorkshire Dales. The powerful lion's head of Pen-y-Ghent. Those stone barns and drystone walls that it's easy to take for granted until one sees them with "oohs and ahs" of a visitor's eye.

In curious unison, the entire compartment rose for Ribblehead Viaduct, competing for the windows and hanging out in wind-buffeted salutation. This was it, the heart of the matter, the legendary quarter mile, 24 span giant, on whose forecast collapse British Rail pinned its closure decision.

Heresy to say it but it looks even more dramatic from the ground, in the dwarfing shadow of the massive pillars and the wuthering of the wind off Blea Moor. Once this was sprawling, brawling shanty town where the navvies lived and died building the railway. Ribblehead itself took 5 years to build and its piers, sunk 25' below the moor from which their stone was quarried, look reassuringly solid from the ground albeit less so, when 165' up, one depends upon it!

Too quickly for the railway buffs, jostling for a photo, the train swept into the second wonder of the line, the notorious Blea Moor Tunnel. Piercing through solid rock for a mile and a half, of the five major tunnels hewn through the Pennines to carry the railway, this is the longest and stole the most lives.

Next stop, Dent Station, perched on the moor side and hardly needing to announce that it is the Highest Mainline Station in England. The snow fence said it all.

As the fertile wooded finger of Dentdale slipped away in the left-hand window, the broad swell of Wensleydale opened up on the right. But not for long. North-bound now, we were heading across the Cumbrian border and on down into the favoured valley of the Eden. "Thy bold rocks" waxed William Wordsworth "are worthy of thy fame, measuring thy course, fair stream".

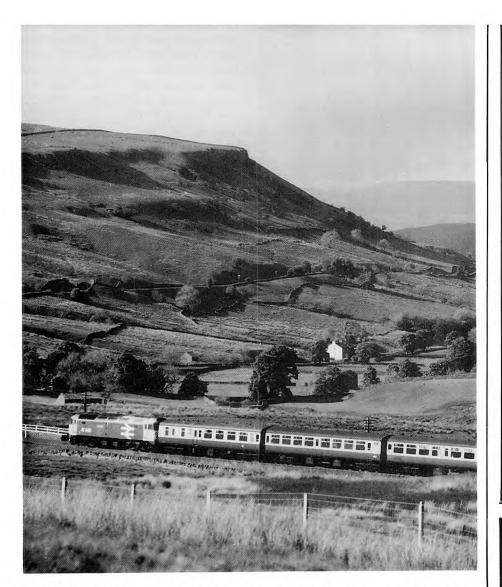
Sheltering beneath the fells, a green and yellow patchwork of neat walled fields contrasts with the browns and greys of the bare upper slopes. The first white-washed farm and the distinctive red sandstone villages showed unmistakably we had left the Dales behind and were running for Carlisle.

A pause and a sizable loss of passengers, at the pleasing little grey town of Appleby, scene of the famous horse fair and the county town of the now-vanished Westmorland. Its Norman castle was restored by the indefatigable Lady Anne Clifford and now houses a rare breeds centre. Alight here for pigs that Stone Age man would have recognised or goat breeds the Crusaders brought home.

Journeys end, Carlisle. Four hours to kill in the characterful old cathedral town founded by the Romans to guard the passage of the Eden.

Romans and border reivers have come and gone, including Kinmont Willy, raider of ballad fame, who legged it from custody in Carlisle Castle. Now it is the turn of the tourist.

As the "Great Border City", Carlisle is pushing to join the Yorks and Chesters of the tourist trail, ambitiously adding attractions such as the fine new Tullie House Museum to the



A Leeds-Carlisle Service train looking northwards to Mallestang on the Eden Valley. Photo: P. M. Shaw.

simpler charms of its wall top and riverside walks. (A special leaflet usefully condenses Carlisle into dayvisitor proportions. Ask for it at Tourist Information, housed in the main square's splendid 15th century Guildhall.)

"PSST" said the guard as we rolled serenely south. "When you write the piece tell your readers not to leave coming too long. There's talk of putting Sprinter trains on the line". Shame. Not those dinky "buses on rails" with sealed-up windows. Fine for commuters perhaps, but hardly the stuff of the Settle-Carlisle. The whole majestic journey had owed much to the substantial setting of "proper" coaches and engine.

"Won't be the same thing at all" mourned the guard. "Get your head out the window of this train and you're out in the elements, part of the line. Ribblehead through a sealed-up window? Hope it's after *my* time."

#### Settle-Carlisle Travel Guide

The Friends of Settle Carlisle Association/BR's free Discover The Leeds-Settle Carlisle & Leeds-Morecambe Lines leaflet gives Monday-Saturday and Sunday scheduled services, bus links, guided walks and parking information. From stations or FoSCLA, 9x6 SAE to: 33 Temple Rhydding, Baildon, West Yorkshire BD17 5PX.

Sample direct fares: Cheap Day Carlisle adult return: £11.50 from Leeds £9.00 from Skipton. Round Robin tickets from principal stations in Lancashire and West Yorkshire: £12.50.

To support the line, join the Friends of the Settle-Carlisle Railway Association. Annual membership: £3.00. Cheques and SAE to FoSCLA: Membership Secretary, 4 Lingwell Crescent, Leeds LS10 3SZ.



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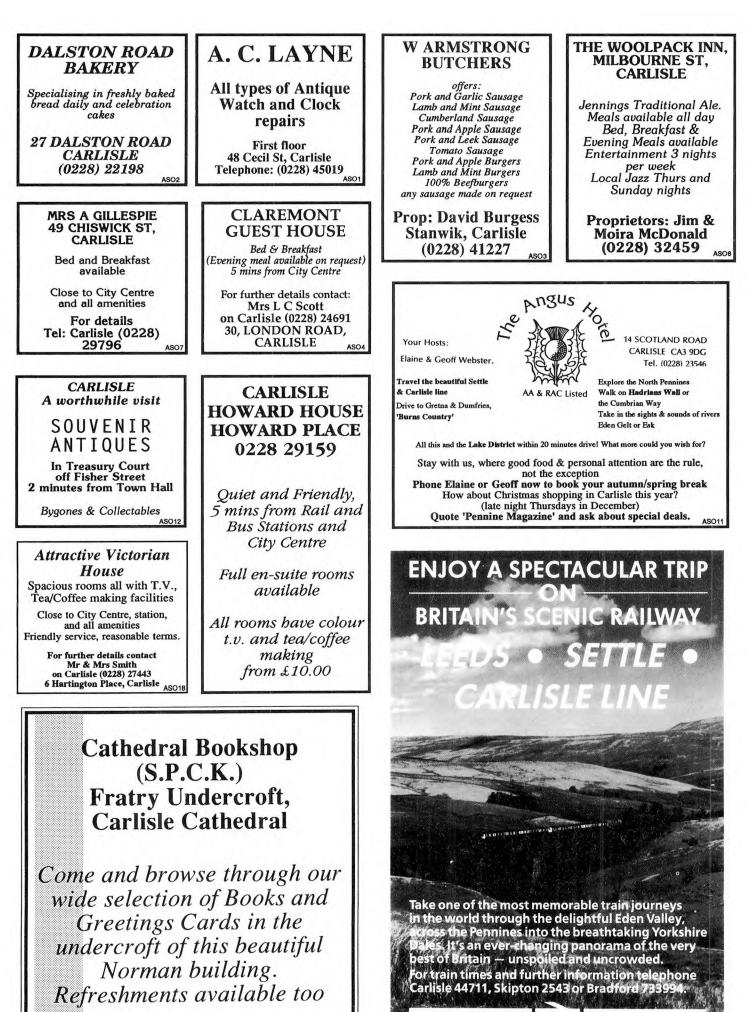
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## A Two-Headed Master



Mr. Keith Collinge & Mr. Maurice McMillan.

## As the future for our countryside looms as an issue, Editor Hilary Darby talks to one Pennine farmer with a bigger stake than most, His Grace the Duke of Westminster.

Rarmers "laughing all the way to the bank for doing nothing but watch the weeds grow" screamed a recent headline. Even the tabloids have picked up the story of *set-aside*, the Government's scheme to take out of production land previously used for producing currently surplus food.

It is too soon to assess the results of what conservationists hope for from set-aside: that the land will revert to its pre-pesticide, pre-fertiliser, preintensification rural glories. They may be disappointed. As set-aside's mediabeleagured pioneers defensively comment, the English countryside we enshrine in memory, and the odd surviving fragment, was traditionally the result, not of land abandonment but of land management ... by farmers.

When the hay meadow harvest ceased so did the wild meadow flowers. When commoners stopped grazing the heaths, the night jar flew away. Left to herself, Nature would gleefully cover not only the South Pennines but the whole country with scrub and bracken.

We still' need that formerly so popular, currently so mistrusted, guardian of the landscape, the farmer. But, "there is a new general will" says Peter Pooley, EEC Deputy Director General of Agriculture "and a new social contract implied on country policy. It is crude and unsophisticated but very powerful ...(and reads) ... OK, we voters will carry on subsidising you ... above all provided you keep our countryside (yes ours, not yours) in decent condition, sweet smelling, clean tasting and pretty to the eye."

But should we fund, from the public purse, schemes such as set-aside; or Environmentally Sensitive Areas in which farmers receive grants to retain, or return, to traditional, conservationfriendly methods; or similarly the "comprehensive menu" of grants and annual payments outlined in the Countryside Commission's recent-published **Incentives for a new direction for farming**? It sticks in the public's throat before they have hardly begun to swallow.

Who *should* pay up for the public's newly-heightened countryside conscience?

"It's a two-headed master" says the Duke of Westminster, the man who owns the 22,000 acre Abbeystead Estate in the Trough of Bowland. "People increasingly want to conserve and enjoy the countryside. But if that landscape is to remain in the care of farmers, they have to make a living. Where does the money come from?"

In the Pennines one solution for the uplands threatens civil war in the conservation lobby: grouse-shooting.

Nothing to date has so divided the camp as to whether the management of moorland for grouse, with its unarguable benefits for wildlife and for the preservation of the traditional landscape, can be reconciled with the issue of blood sports.

The skilled management of grouse moor, with its traditional burning of



Rookwood Firecracker.

the heather to bring on tender new growth for the birds, gives us autumn's glorious purple sweeps of colour; protects the open hillside from bracken and scrub invasion and, in its limiting of access, provides an ecological haven for natural life. For many it also provides a moral dilemma, an issue on which His Grace, one of the country's leading shots, takes, in his words, "a countryman's attitude".

For Abbeystead, the revenue grouseshooting brings in is "critical to an upland estate." "The morality of bloodsports should be left up to the individual. But for the 5% of people who are born in the countryside, they understand that the instinct to hunt is in everyone".

"The actual killing is a means to an end. The joy is in the skill, the hunting. Deer stalking, for example, of an animal that has all the instincts on its side. Being out on the hill with nature in its wider sense. The point of kill is the saddest moment. There's a duty to do it as well and professonally as possible. I've shot hundreds of stags and every time I've felt sad". "Perhaps it sounds strange to hear people talking like that. It's hard to put into words. I feel very deeply about it - I'm a countryman. People who live in urban areas don't really *want* to understand".

A countryman would argue that the deer and grouse, raised for the shoot, are no less a "crop" than the sheep and cattle consumed by the townies. Dangerous waters and ones which all too emotively divert attention from the fact that, as hill sheep farming contracts and moves to the fatter lowlands, and as 1992 may see the loss of the uplands subsidised favoured status, an increase in commercial shooting in our moorland backyard is the option most likely to preserve the open landscape as we know it and to support the vulnerable rural economy of the Pennines.

At Abbeystead, grouse and roughshooting creates full time jobs for keepers, seasonal work for the heather burning teams and beaters and precious extra income. It's a business and potentially a highly profitable one, no longer restricted to the aristocratic few. New money has always aped old, and how are the new rich, the executives and professional classes of 1980's Britain, marking their arrival? With a shotgun.

His Grace takes a cheerfully relaxed attitude to an apparently mixed bag of punters who, even now, will be blasting optimistically skywards.

"People write in and ask to arrange a shoot at Abbeystead. We write back and say, 'Who are you bringing' and we take it from there. We provide the landrovers, the beaters, the keepers and lay on the whole day, from 9.15 to 4.30".

"We have a group of farmers come up from Cheshire. A businessmens' team from London. All kinds of people. As long as they're nice, and safe with a gun I'll have 'em!" He adds the aside that for rough-shooting teams, the keeper diplomatically goes along to make sure "they don't shoot the wrong things!"



Lord Savile, Sir John Ruggles-Brice, Mr. Preston Jones, Lord Mexbrough, & Mr. Keith Collinge of Kebcote, Hebden Bridge.

The shooting "business" at Abbeystead has only been re-established as recently as 1980 by the present Duke of Westminster. "Before I came to Abbeystead, no grouse had been shot there in the last 2 years".

Last year, "an extremely good one inrevenue terms", commercial shooting brought in more cash than sheep or tenancies. "When I acquired the Estate in 1980, there were only 4 grouse on the moor". The equation, in other words that troubles conservationists without skilled moorland management there would be no grouse to shoot and the grouse pay for that management and the fine wildlife habitat it produces.

"Shooting is critical to an upland estate and community such as Abbeystead, whose revenue in the current agricultural climate is dropping in real terms". It can mean the survival of the village shop and school not to mention the important knock-on effect of bringing money into an area's hotels, pubs, restaurants and shops"."In fact we are talking about a 6 figure sum and 10 jobs from letting out the days shooting rights and selling the grouse."

"I'm not in the business of fossilising the countryside but shooting is one way of achieving the balancing act of commercial considerations and conservation." "In fact I take a very tough conservation line and recently fired a keeper for killing a merlin. We *do* lose a lot of grouse chicks to the hawks. But my attitude is that we can produce enough chicks for shooting *and* for the hawks. We support the moorland food chain. Burning off provides food ... a habitat for the merlins and the owls and the hen harriers and the linnets ... as well as for the grouse. And of course there's the peregrine to be protected. Stolen peregrine chicks go for £1000 each abroad for falconry. They're immensely efficient killers."

In 1988, in a 45 day season, 8,400 grouse were shot on Abbeystead's moors. "Ten shots to bring down one grouse is the average. My own team are a bit better than that, although sometimes they miss the flipping lot!"

According to His Grace the popular image that the shoot is all about "blasting birds out of the sky" is a misconception. "A true sportsman doesn't go to kill lots of grouse". Which may be just as well this season, which nationally has reported disastrously lower grouse numbers due to parasitic infections.

Whether Abbeystead will be hit remains to be seen. But any long term decline in shooting revenue could have serious implications for our moorland landscapes, from Bowland to the Dales.

Thousands of acres of reservoir catchment (30% of the South Pennine moors) could well be sold or leased following the new Water Act. For what usage? The Hill Sheep Subsidy is becoming less generous. What are the alternatives, apart from commercial forestry, which to date at least, bears little resemblance to the user-friendly forests **Pennine** supports elswhere in this issue?

"The Government has to decide" says the Duke of Westminster "what they want the uplands to *be*. The free market argument, which would remove support subsidies, isn't sustainable in the uplands. And there is surely something to be said for the argument that if the public wants the land kept as it is, someone has to pay".

"If my tenants go and if the land is left unmanaged, in 20 years the heather will be so overgrown no-one will be able to walk through it. There will be a crisis for the flora and fauna. It won't *be* the moorland as we know it".

"Should I just put pubs, boating and fishing trips in at Abbeystead and turn Bowland into a giant theme park?" A high on the edge of Oxenhope's Black Moor whose heathery height was enclosed in 1771, lies the small ruin of Crock House. Set amidst green pastures at the limit of cultivatable land, the low stone walls are all that remains of a 17th century *laithe* house (a house with barn attached).

Crock House is however of some considerable significance in the Worth Valley and mid Airedale area of West Yorkshire. The very name "Crock" gives evidence of the survival into modern times of an earlier, simple structure built of *crucks*.

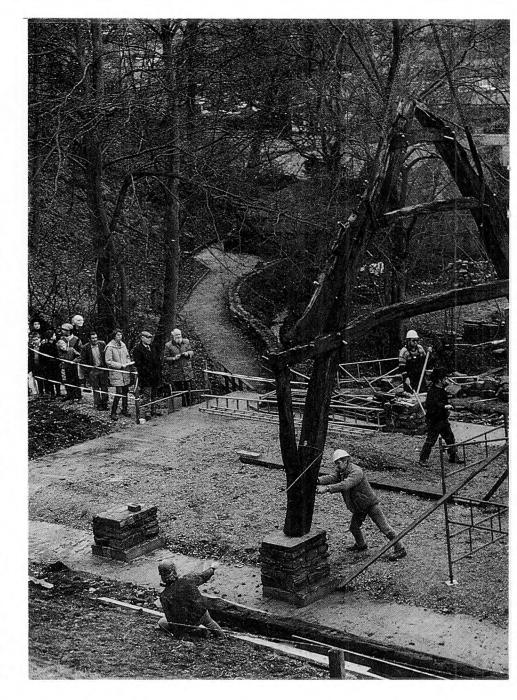
Few cruck buildings now survive in the Pennines though they were once common. Crucks are timber trusses made up of two long lengths of wood called *blades*. These reached from the ground to the roof ridge with a *tie beam* spanning between them to form an Ashaped truss. Several pairs of crucks were used in a row to make the length of the building and the space between each provided a bay of about 12 feet.

Unlike modern timber or stone structures, the crucks alone supported the weight of the roof, while the walls were built independently around them. At Crock House there were once two pairs of crucks forming three bays. The large gritstone *padstones* on which the crucks stood to prevent them rotting are still to be seen as evidence.

In 1948, the surviving pair of crucks at Crock House, still standing on their padstones which projected from the flaggy stone walls, were removed and given to the Keighley Borough Museum (now Bradford Museums Service).

Many will remember this pair of crucks standing outside the museum exhibiting the roughly hewn, knotted wood; probably all that was available in the Worth Valley by about 1600. The gently curved blades crossed over at the apex with a simple lap joint and were held apart by the large oak tie beam notched into them with halved joints. Under the beam there was over seven feet of headroom and mortices cut into the beam indicate that there was once a floor, perhaps for hay storage. A large hole at the base of each blade allowed the truss to be lifted into position on the padstones.

This cruck is still the only complete standing truss known from the Bradford Metropolitan District although others are to be seen in the Pennines.



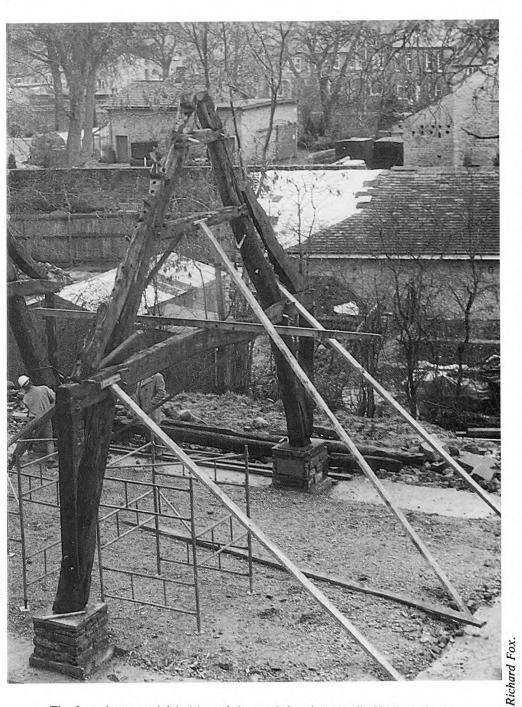
## **Piecing Together The Past** Alison Armstrong looking out for cruck

buildings in the Pennines.

At present the Crock House crucks are not on display in the Bradford Museums as they have recently received conservation treatment. Most surviving examples are privately owned but an excellent example of a cruck built barn can be viewed at **Pendle Heritage Centre**, Barrowford, in Pendle. A lane passes close by the roofless

remains of another barn at Upper Oldfield near Honley, Holmfirth and at Drebley, near Bolton Abbey the steep roof pitches of formerly thatched barns near the footpath are indications of the cruck structures within.

The fascination of cruck buildings in the Pennines lies in the simplicity and



large cart entrance leading to the threshing floor, smaller door to the cattle mistals and stone slate roof supported on strong roof trusses, are familiar landscape features.

Many barns are now being converted but look carefully at the roof purlins, tie beams or door lintels and you may well spot the diagonal notch or halved joint characteristic of a reused cruck. (Not far from Crock House for example is a house dated 1742 where four cruck blades are reused as purlins.

Crock House like most old buildings has seen many changes. It may originally have been erected as a three bay barn but the upper end was converted to a house in the 17th century. Certainly the adjoining field names of Little House field and Laithe End field indicate a barn and house on the site since the field walls were built. In the late 18th century the property was "modernised"; the floor was lowered to give more headroom, an extra room was added and the barn at the low end was rebuilt and enlarged to accommodate threshing floor, crop storage and cattle stalls.

Crock House may be about to undergo another stage in its history for Historic Building Services of Horbury, whose craftsmen manufacture a range of fittings suitable fr building constructed before 1700, are hoping to rebuild the structure, on behalf of the private owner, complete with reconstructed crooks!

Unravelling the history and development of such buildings by recording architectural features is a fascinating hobby for members of the **Yorkshire Vernacular Buildings Study Group** who rely on the good will of householders for their surveys.

The interest is not just in looking at old structures or the thrill of rediscovering some fine 17th century oak in a roof space. It's about piecing together in formation which tells us how the average folk of the Pennines, unrecorded in history books, lived and worked in this hilly landscape in bygone times. Many of the buildings are not grand though there are always some surprises. A lot has gone forever but these buildings are part of a Pennine heritage of which there is still much to be learned.

Alison Armstrong is Senior Assistant Keeper, Naural Sciences, Bradford Museums Service and a member of the Yorkshire Vernacular Buildings Study Group.

The formal ceremonial 'raising of the cruck barn' at Pendle Heritage Centre, 16th December 1985.

sometimes massiveness of the structure, illustrated by the well known barn at Thorpe, Almondbury. Cruck building has its origins in pre Norman times and is found both in Europe and Britain. There is little information and some debate as to how or why the ancient construction style continued to be used in the Pennines.

Around Huddersfield, where wood was plentiful cruck buildings had timber framed walls. Around Bradford and the Worth Valley cruck buildings like Crock House had stone walls. Cruck buildings were replaced in late medieval times in the wealthier areas of the Pennines, such as Upper Calderdale, by the more advanced box framed construction. (Shibden Hall Museum, Halifax, dating from the 15th century, is one such example, characterised by its vertical posts and horizontal beams.)

Photo: ]

Recent studies of cruck timbers reused in later buildings in the mid Aire valley area indicate that cruck built barns, if not houses, were common well into the 18th century when they were replaced by large, stone, multi purpose barns. Such barns with their



# Wartime Memories

Extracts marking the fateful Pennine September of 50 years ago, chosen from Write First Time, an anthology of new local writing.

## Wartime Memories by Jean Hornby

I was five years old when the war started and I was eleven when it ended. Six years of fun and laughter and games. the happiest years of my life. We children would love it when the air raid siren went off. Several families would crowd into one Anderson Shelter and I would fight for a place on one of the bunkbeds. It was great fun because the only light was from a candle...

Sometimes however if it was very late we would stay in our own Anderson Shelter. There were four of us. My Mam, sister Alma and brother and myself. My dad was always in the pub. If he was on his way home when the all clear sounded he would think it was the siren going off for an air raid. He would come home singing and scramble into the shelter. He was always drunk. He would lie down on a bunk and fall fast asleep. Snoring with his toothless mouth wide open.

My mam would say "Come on everybody, back to bed, leave him there, he'll come in when he's cold." I used to think how cruel that was, but I expect she knew best. After all, she was married to him.

#### Wartime Memories by M Smith

was thirteen and almost ready for leaving school when the war broke out. There had been rumours for months and leaflets advising what to do in case of air raids. These were stuck on a hook on the cupboard door and as far as I know, never read ...

I will never forget the Manchester Blitz, the Christmas of 1940. Living near Oldham Road, a direct route into Manchester, we could hear the German planes passing over and what with the thud of the bombs and flares which lit up the sky, we never even bothered to go to bed.

#### **Pennine** People

It was a hazard to go out in the blackout but we got used ot it. No street lights were allowed. One very sad incident happened. I used to walk home with a teacher after night school. Minutes after she left me, she was rushing to get home and bumped into an ARP warden who was wearing his tin hat. She had injuries and died a couple of weeks later.

#### Wartime Memories by Ken Reddy

A rationing became necessary regarding food and clothing etc...

I had four sisters so you can imagine the chance I had of getting clothes coupons. But we managed, through my mother's sense of humour and determination.

Each week, her enjoyment was to go to a "sale of work" (actually a jumble sale) and we would wait in sweet anticipation. She returned after one of her missions and said, with delight in her eyes, "Wait till you see what I've got you". It turned out to be a good looking white raincoat with an exotic red silk lining.

"Try it on!" mother said, but my excitement turned to misery when I realised that the coat was from a much smaller man. The sleeves came halfway up my arms and it was so tight the buttons would nowhere near fasten. It was so tight on my shoulders that my arms stuck out like an aeroplane...

#### Virgin Soldier by K W Hayes

t was early 1942, the War was in its third year.

It was a year of contrasts; soap rationing began; the Japs took Manila and Java and landed in New Guinea and the Solomon Islands. The French fleet was scuttled at Toulon. The RAF made its first daylight raid on the Ruhr. Rommel's army was in full retreat and the Red Army was holding firm at Stalingrad. And last, but certainly not least, I joined the Local Defence Volunteers, later to be known as the Home Guard.

I was fifteen years old and I'd given my age as seventeen. I was tall for my age and easily passed as seventeen.



"Dad's Army" as depicted in the TV series was a well equipped fighting unit compared to us. After about a month I was supplied with a khaki tunic and forage cap so I suppose I looked like a soldier when I stood looking over a fence. At first we had no rifles but we equipped ourselves with pick shafts or piggy sticks.

About the fifth night I reported for duty ... three of us with an ex-sergeant from the First World War in charge were sent to guard a colliery in Pendlebury. Apparently the authorities were afraid the fifth columnists would lob bombs down the mine shaft and the loss of coal production could have cost us the war.

Sergeant Grundy who was deaf and looked as old enough to have served in the *Boer War* had us guarding the main gate in two hours stints...

Shortly after midnight, two women came along the road. They were singing and had obviously had a lot to drink. Imagine my surprise when on seeing me they tried to drag me away from my post. I held on to the gate yelling for help while the two of them pulled me this way and that. But Sergeant Grundy was too deaf to hear my cries.

The women gave up in the end but one pinched my piggy stick and the other pinched my cap. As they left they were singing "They're either too young or too old"...

Two months later we were guarding the same colliery. Two constables came to the guardroom asking who was in charge. German parachutists had been seen landing down the track and they thought we should do something about it When Sergeant Grundy finally grasped what they were saying, he told them he'd send a patrol down the line to investigate. The patrol was Fred and me...

Sergeant Grundy positioned himself at the top of the track with a loaded Browning pointing in our direction, to give us cover if it was required. I was scared stiff but too proud to show it. Fred, who was well into his fifties, was terrified and kept one hand on my arm.

We went about half a mile down the track, half-heartedly looking to left and right. "There are no Jerries down here" Fred said. "Let's go back."

We were about a hundred yards from the top of the track when we heard Sergeant Grundy should "HALT, who goes theer?" "Friends!" we yelled together. "HALT, who goes theer?" he shouted again. "FRIEND!" I shouted at the top of my voice. "Friend, you silly old bugger ", Fred yelled and then he grabbed me and pulled me off the track. "I've no intention of going up there with that deaf bugger pointing a Browning at us" he said between gasps of breath. "I'd rather meet the bloody Jerries".

Following a circuitous route round Pendlebury it took nearly a hour to "win" back to the colliery front gate.

Write First Time, a 52 page anthology of original northern writing, is available by post from Rochdale College of Adult Education, St. Mary's Gate, Rochdale, OL12 6RY. Price £1.00 incl. p & p; postal order or cheque payable to RMBC.





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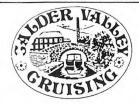
### **COLOUR ANALYSIS**

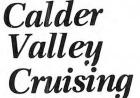
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#### Sept/Oct

Free Jazz. Eric Ainsworth Quartet. First Monday of each month. 8-11pm. Blakey's Bar, King Georges Hall, Northgate, Blackburn BB1 1AA (0254)582579.

#### 16 Sept

Recital by The Duke String Quartet. Schubert, Mozart, Tippett. At Heptonstall Parish Church. 8pm.

#### 17 Sept

Benny Green presents A Tribute to the Music of George & Ira Gershwin. The Crucible Theatre, Sheffield. 8pm. Tel.(0742)769922

#### 18 Sept

Steeleye Span 20th Anniversary Tour. Municipal Hall, Colne. 8pm. Tel.Gary Hood (0282) 865500 ext.404

#### 19 Sept

Chopin Concert by Peter Katin. 7.30pm. Burnley Mechanics, Manchester Rd., Burnley. Tel: (0282)30055.

#### 20 Sept

Richard Stillgoe & Peter Skellern. St. Georges Hall, Bradford. 7.30pm. Tel.(0274) 753634.

#### 20 & 21 Sept

Songs From The War Years. Burnley Mechanics, Burnley. 7.30pm. Details: (0282) 30055

#### 21 Sept

"Wishbone Ash" Municipal Hall, Colne. Tel: (0282) 865500 ext. 404.

#### Starting 22 Sept

Series of concerts by Royal Liverpool Phil. Orchestra. Kings Hall, Blackburn. Details: (0254) 582579

#### 29 & 30 Sept

A new ballet 'The Magic Flute' Burnley Mechanics, Burnley. 7.30pm (Sat matinee 2.30pm) Tel: (0282) 30055



1 Oct Ralph McTell In Concert (Folk music) Crucible Theatre, Sheffield. 7.30pm. Tel: (0742) 769922

#### 1 Oct

Calderdale Brass Band Marching Contest. 16 band entry. Open to all Yorks. & Lancs. bands. Entry forms from: Calderdale Leisure Services, Wellesley Park, Halifax. Tel. (0422) 59454

#### 3 Oct

'The Good Old Days' Music Hall. King Georges Hall, Blackburn. 1.30-6.30pm. Details: (0254) 582579

#### 6 Oct

Concert by Royal Phil. Or- 'Til end Oct. chestra & Liverpool Phil. Choir. Town Hall, Huddersfield. Details: (0274) 307417

#### 7 Oct

Concert by Halle Orchestra & Sheffield Phil. Chorus. 7 pm. City Hall, Sheffield.

#### 8 Oct

The Music of Gilbert & Sullivan. Crucible Theatre, Sheffield. Details: (0742) 769922

#### 13 Oct Concert by Halle Or-

chestra. City Hall, Sheffield. 7pm. 17 October

at King Georges Hall, Blackburn. 8pm. Details: (0254) 582582

#### 17 Oct Fine Arts Brass Ensemble 15 Sept-12 Nov

at Burnley Mechanics, Burnley. 7.30pm. Tel: (0282) 30055 18 Oct

#### Lunchtime Piano Recital. by Benjamin Frith. Schumann, Bartok, Chopin. Hall Art Gallery, Halifax. Mayors Reception Room, Dewsbury Town Hall.

21 Oct Concert by Halle Orchestra. 7pm. City Hall, Sheffield.

#### 20 & 24 Oct

Jazz at Padiham Town Hall. Leeds 456789. Details: (0282) 30055.



**EXHIBITIONS** 

#### 'Til 21 Oct

Monkey Business. Tolson Museum, Ravensknowle Park, Huddersfield.

#### 'Til 29 Oct

Treasures of Dewsbury, Dewsbury Museum, Crow Nest Park

#### 'Til end Oct.

Russian Holograms exhibition, St. Saviours Archaeological Resource Centre, St Saviourgate, York. Tel: 0904 643211

Major exhibition at The Yorkshire Sculpture Park of Emile Antoine Bourdelle 'Pioneer of the Future'. Details: (0924) 830302

#### All Year

Glass, ceramics, textiles, jewellery, toys. The Royal Exchange Theatre, Manchester. Tel: 061 81 33

#### 2-27 Sept, 30 Sept-25 Oct. 28 Oct-22 Nov Holmfirth Art Gallery. Paintings, photography,

pottery, masks, prints. 9 Sept-3 Dec Exhibition of Manuscript

Paintings "The Ramayana". Cartwright The Fureys & Dave Arthur Hall, Bradford.

#### 2 Sept-13 Oct Rossendale Artists Exhibition. Rossendale Museum, Haslingden.

Michael Rothenstein's Paintings. Cartwright Hall, Bradford.

#### 16 Sept-29 Oct

"Fabulous Beasts" Art inspired by animals. Piece

#### 22 Sept

The Samaritans Exhibition in their mobile Centre outside Leeds Civic Hall in honour of 200,000 hours of listening.

Contact Samaritans on:

#### 1 Oct

Paintings by Tony Haigh. Colne Valley Museum, Golcar, Huddersfield.

#### **3 October**

"The Experience of Landscape" Paintings, drawings & photographs. From The Arts Council Collection. The Gallery Downstairs, Yorke St. Burnley.

#### 7 Oct-6 Nov

Paintings, drawings & prints of Burnley. Pennine Arts Centre, Burnley. Tel: Burnley 21986.

#### 14-29 Oct

Bradford & Dist. Guild of Handweavers, Spinners & Dyers. Annual exhibition. The Industrial Museum, Eccleshill. Tel: (0532) 574171.

#### 14 Oct

"Holmfirth From The Turn of The Century" Photographic exhibition by Mr E G Burley. Colne Valley Museum, Golcar, Huddersfield.

#### 28 Oct-17 Nov

Paintings by David Kelly. Rossendale Museum, Haslingden.



#### THEATRE



#### Sept & Oct

Autumn Season, Grange Arts Centre, Oldham. Contact Angela Gorman on 061 624 8012/3 for details

#### 'Til 30 Sept

"Don Juan" by Moliere. Harrogate Theatre, Harrogate. Details: (0423) 502116.

#### 12-16 Sept

"A Tale of Two Cities" Library Theatre, St. Peters Square, Manchester. Tel: 061 236 7110.

#### 14 Sept-14 Oct.

"Mrs Klein" by Nicholas Wright. Leeds Playhouse. Tel: (0532) 442111.

#### 15 Sept

Double Bill - "The Mission" by Heiner Muller & 'Iphigenia In Taurus'' by J Tragedy'' Octagonal W Von Goethe. Index Theatre Co. King Georges 20661 Hall, Blackburn. Tel: 0254 12 Oct-4 Nov 582582

#### 16 Sept

Rossendale Players, The Leisure Hall, Bacup at 7.30pm

#### 18-23 Sept

"The Liver Birds" Bradford Playhouse, Chapel St. 16-21 Oct Leeds Rd., Bradford. 7.30pm. Tel: (0274) 720329

#### 19-23 September

"Who Killed Agatha Christie?" by Tudor Gates.(0274) 720329 Theatre Royal & Opera House, Drury Lane, Wakefield. 7.30pm. Tel: (0924) 366556

#### 19-23 Sept

"' 'Allo, 'Allo'' presented by Leeds Insurance Dramatic & Operatic Soc. Civic Theatre, Cookridge St. Leeds. Tel: (0532) 462453.

#### 19-23 Sept

"Bedside Manners" Comedy with John Inman. Alhambra Theatre, Bradford. Tel: (0274) 752000.

#### 19-22 Sept

"Leaves of Steel" Crucible Theatre, Sheffield. 7.45pm. Tel: (0742) 760621.

25-30 Sept

"The Railway Children" Alhambra Theatre, Bradford. (0274) 752000

#### 20,21,22 Sept

"On Golden Pond" Todmorden Amateur Op. & Dramatic Soc. Hippodrome Theatre, Todmorden. Tel: (0706) 813655

#### 23 Sept

"Lenny The Lion" Municipal Hall, Colne. llam & lpm. Tel: Gary Hood on (0282) 865500 ext. Sept/Oct 404.

#### 29 Sept-21 Oct

"A Tale of Two Cities" Crucible Theatre, Sheffield. Tel: (0742) 769922.



#### 2-7 Oct

Writers First Festival at Crucible Theatre, Sheffield. (0742) 769922.

#### 3-7 Oct

"The Revenger's Theatre, Bolton. Tel: (0204) brochure write to:

Susannah York in "A Streetcar Named Desire" "Time & Time Again" The Octagonal Theatre, Bolton. Tel: (0204) 20661

> 13-28 October ''7 Lears'' Crucible Theatre, Sheffield. 7.45pm Tel: (0742) 760621

"An Enemy of the People" Bradford Playhouse, Chapel St., Leeds Rd., Bradford. 7.30pm. Tel:



#### 21 Oct

"The Parasol" by Chekhov. Royal Exchange Theatre, St. Anns Square, Manchester. Tel: 061 833 9938

#### OTHER EVENTS



Half Day Courses & Evening Group Flying at York Gliding Centre. Also 5 day courses (until 31 Oct) Ring Rufforth Airfield, York. (0904) 83694.

#### Sept/Oct

The RSPB organises days out, sometimes in West Yorks. Write to: The RSPB, The Lodge, Sandy, Beds. SG19 2DL

#### September

Medlock Valley Country Events. Drystone walling, abseiling, pond building, corn dolly making, hibernation watching. For





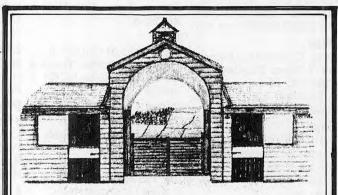
Service, The Stables, Park Bridge, Ashton-under-Lyne OL6 8AQ. Tel: 061 330 9613

#### Sept/Oct

English Heritage Castles. Collect a brochure from any Information Centre or become a member by writing to: English Heritage, Membership Dept., Freepost, Bromley, Kent BR1 1BR

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24



#### All year

Visit the National Museum of Photography, Film & TV, Bradford. Tel. (0274) 727488

#### 15 & 16 Sept

Autumn Flower Show, North of England Horticultural Soc. Exhibition Halls, Harrogate. Tel. (0423) 561049

#### 16 & 17 Sept

Annual Model Railway & Transport Show, Great & Small Halls, Richmond Building, University of Bradford, Gt. Horton St., Bradford. Tel. (0274) 575971

17 Sept & 1 & 15 Oct Open days at the miniature steam railway, Royds Park, Cleckheaton. 2pm-5pm. Details: (0274) 876366

#### 17 Sept

Bradford-Morecambe Historic Vehicle Run 17 Sept

World Speedway Championship, Odsal, Bradford 16 Sept

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Lancs. Wildlife Festival, 12 noon. Moses Gate Country Park, Nr. Bolton. Details: (0772) 324129

#### 24 Sept

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#### 24 Sept

18 Sept

25 Sept

23 Sept

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MG Car Club. Calder Holmes Park & Automobilia, Hebden Bridge

Sept/Oct

National Trust. Yorks. Region. Craft farms, operas, brass bands, Autumn flower festival, embroidery festival, pottery, painting. Events programme from Information Centres

#### From 5 Sept

Every Tuesday, antiques market at St Georges Hall Bradford

#### 1 Oct

Guided Walk (50p) organised by National Trust. Meet at Lodge Car Park, Hardcastle Crags, nr. Hebden Bridge. 2.30pm. (2 hrs.)

#### 8 Oct

The Poultry Show, The Public Hall, Regent St., Haslingden. 12-4pm.

#### 14 Oct

Talk by Tony Soper, "Discovering Birds" RSPB, The Great Hall, Leeds University. 7.30pm.

#### 4 & 11 Oct

"A Harvest Time Craft" corn dollies. Also workshops on calligraphy, silk flower pictures, special needs. lpm. Burnley Mechanics Centre, Burnley.

#### 14 & 15 Oct

Live steam train rides, Halifax Model Railway Demonstration or An Even-Club, North Bridge ing of Spiritualism. Burnley Leisure Centre, North Bridge, Halifax.

#### Sept/Oct

Guided Walks throughout South Pennines. Get details from your local Children. 7-13 yrs. Burnley Tourist Information Office.

23-30 Sept 'Opening The Book' Festival of reading & writing. Crucible Theatre, Sheffield. 9.30am Nidderdale Show, Pateley Bridge, Harrogate. Battle of Britain At Home Day, RAF Finningley. Tel.

(0302) 770771 28 Sept-4 Oct Northern Antiques Fair, Royal Baths Assembly Rooms, Harrogate

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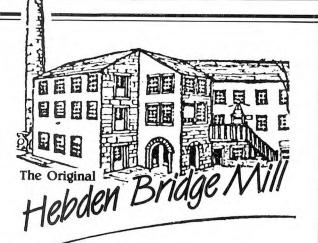
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## Something Borrowed, Something Blue

Sonia Ratcliff hears how wartime wooing meant war-time queuing.

s Vera Lynn wooed the troops with "We'll Meet Again" the wartime brides prayed back home for their men.

But, of course, many did not meet again. Many young soldiers had kissed their brides goodbye for ever before meeting a wasted death on foreign soil. The war widows were left with their few memories and a pristine wedding photo.

The now-faded print taken in 1945 depicts a couple who *did* meet agin. Tom Plant returned safely from Italy in 1946 to set up home in an Oldham pre-fab with his bonny new wife Joyce. He had swopped his army cigarette allowance for air mail envelopes and written to his bride everyone of their 365 day separation.

Joyce and Tom's precious memento of those bittersweet days is one of the photos featured in **Something Borrow**ed, **Something Blue - A Hundred Years** of Weddings In Oldham. Part of an exhibition embracing courtship and wedlock from Adam and Eve to modern "gay marriage", it is the poignancy of the wartime weddings which has entranced the visitors who ask "What *was* it like getting married during the War?"

These were the times that saw the birth of The Queue. Word would go round: "They've got Yardleys at Co-op" and suddenly a disciplined army of women formed a resilient and immovable row 200 yards along the pavement. Consider: the annual ration of clothes coupons was 48. Shoes - and you still had to queue - took care of 9 of them. A frock mopped up another 12; a suit 24 and a shirt, 7. A couple getting married *could* apply for a pair of cotton sheets for 39/11d and 4 coupons."

Obviously the job of gathering together a trousseau took all the ingenuity of a bride who "sent for parachute material for my wedding gown. It turned cream when you washed it!"

"There were no silk stockings unless you had an American boy-friend so we



Photo above: Joyce Bottomley's marriage to Thomas Plant on 3rd November 1945.

used leg tan. Some girls drew a seam up the back".

Father bought me some silver paint. I painted my black shoes and then the bridesmaids slippers".

"My going away coat was made from an old army blanket. It was lovely and warm and afterwards I cut it into a skirt and bolero".

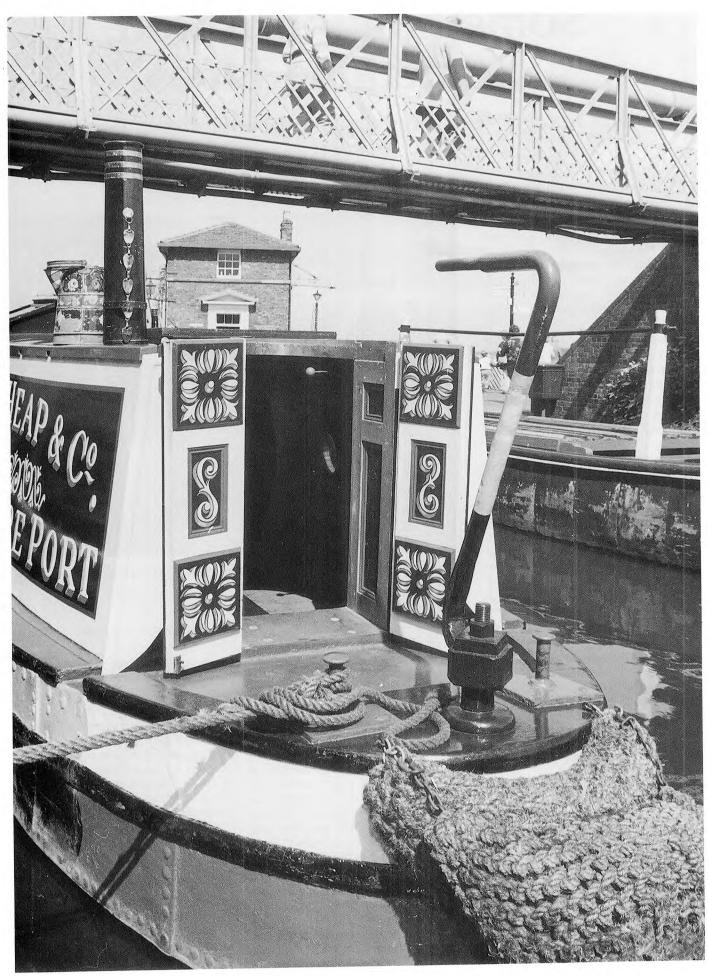
Joyce Plant, now a grandmother of three, attended the exhibition preview with her Tom to see on display the satin wedding gown she had "given to the jumble" but which somehow had survived. Said Tom proudly "She's tried it on and it still fits".

Joyce reminisced. "I met Tom when I was 16 when he was on leave. Mother had warned us that much about soldiers but he was different. He sent me money for an engagement ring but they were very hard to get at the time. Tom's sister queued with me for six hours but I didn't get one. The next day she queued on her own... and got me one"!

Look again at her picture. Isn't it amazing that it was during the time of greatest hardship that weddings were at their best-dressed?

Call it the perverseness of human nature. Or a case of overcompensation? A grim determination to keep an appearance of normality during a time of madness and adversity. The philosophy caught in that catch-phrase penned many years later: "Don't let the bastards grind you down".

Something Borrowed, Something Blue is on show at Oldham Art Gallery till September 30th. The collection of costumes, memorabilia, pictures, props and quotes is part of the Library's travelling exhibition The Wedding.



# All Things Bright & Bold

Julia Smith meets Phil Speight, Skipton narrow boat painter.

**C** I t's bright and it's bold". That's how Phil Speight describes his work as a painter of narrow boats. "It's a style of decoration and presentation that appeals to me. The ornate Victorian lettering, the bold strong colours and childlike art forms".

As an ex-signwriter, Phil had done some lettering on boats and found he liked the work, the environment and the canal people. Finding it was possible, by producing work of a very high standard, to earn his living doing nothing else, he set up **Philip Speight Narrow Boat Painting Services.** 

That was two years ago. By the time I met Phil on the Leeds and Liverpool Canal near Skipton, he had expanded sufficiently to employ an apprentice Nick Logan and is now boat painter for the National Boat Museum at Ellesmere Port.

Nick met Phil along the canal at Riddlesden as he held an umbrella over the work as Phil painted his father's boat. "I was so impressed by his diligence with that umbrella, I offered him a job"!

Nick's enthusiasm for the canal and the boats is obvious. "This interest in the boats is important" Phil explained. "It isn't enough just to be able to do the job. It's necessary to care for it. Having that "feel" certainly helps, working outside in the winter at the National Boat Museum. But it beats a 9 to 5 job in a cosy office!"

Work at the National Boat Museum occupies a large amount of Phil and Nicky's time. The largest collection of inland waterway boats in Europe, the Museum also includes indoor exhibits of painted canal ware, the everyday items decorated by the boat families, which Phil now paints during the worst of the winter months. That part of the job has already earned Phil a break in London, courtesy of Harrods, to demonstrate the art as part of a Rural Britain promotion.

(Editor's note. The award winning **National Boat Museum** on the old Shropshire Union Docks at Ellesmere Port, north of Chester, makes a fine familyday out and is easy to reach from our area via the M62/M6/M56/M53 Junction 9. Tel: 051 355 5017).



When I met them, Phil and Nick were working on a boat owned by a Birmingham chartered accountant. The 62 foot, two bedroomed and centrally heated boat cost something in excess of £40,000, an average price for a good, well fitted boat. If you really want to splash out (if you'll pardon the expression) make your cheque ready for £100,000 for the latest luxury model complete with radio telephone.

The background colours of the traditional-style boat were crimson and blue, the bright reds and yellows yet to be added. I watched Phil applying the name of the Birmingham company Charlton Bros. whose boats once carried coal on the canals. Though the owner was not a member of the family, the boat was to be based at their mooring.

Following in traditional style, in the stern of the boat were doors which opened out and fastened back so that the steersman could sit just inside and keep warm by the stove. These doors and the living quarters were where the boat people could give free rein to their imagination, painting those flowers and castles, horses and cockerels in the bright bold colours so beloved of Phil.

This is a very simple art form as it was developed by people who were not artists as such. It also had to be quick as a boat sitting in dock was not earning money! The outside of the boats would be uniformly painted and lettered in the appropriate company livery. Decorating the living quarters and daily utensils therefore helped to express the identities of the individual families working the boats.

Phil favours the theory that the rise of canal boat art stems from the period when the canal trade increased and it became necessary for a boat to stay away for weeks at a time rather than returning to home dock each night. This in turn meant that the boatman lived on board, often with his whole family going with him to help to work the boat. To bring some colour to what was often a dull, dark industrial environment, this lively colourful art form began. Perhaps, as Phil suggests, the painted flowers adorning the boats were an attempt to imitate the gardens the boat people had left behind.

Owners who now request their boats to be painted in the "traditional way" generally mean they would like roses and castles, a few scrolls and diamonds on the roof. But in the old days there would have been more variety, though roses and castles always predominated, especially in the Midlands. Birmingham for example had its own canal system and plainer boats while the Leeds and Liverpool Canal boats favoured Victorian scroll work with not a rose or a castle in sight.

Though Phil himself prefers and paints in the traditional styles, he also welcomes people painting their boats in new ways. "If you stick too closely to a tradition" he says "it can stop it developing and merely results in perpetuating something that has gone."

Canals are now mainly used for leisure and indeed the few working boats to be found are worked primarily for pleasure. But for the 200 companies still building narrow boats, business is booming.

Though one aspect of canal life, with its own traditions, is over, with the great upsurge in restoring the canals (often reported in **Pennine**), the new boats being built and painters such as Phil and Nick there to paint them, there is life on the old canals yet.

If you have a narrowboat you would like painting, contact Phil Speight c/o Pennine Marine, Coach Street, Skipton.

# WHOLESALE POISONING BRADFORD 1858

Dr Gary Firth reveals that dirty deeds in the food industry are nothing new.

For several years, Joseph Neal had manufactured cheap sweets and confectionery in his small works in Stone Street, Bradford.

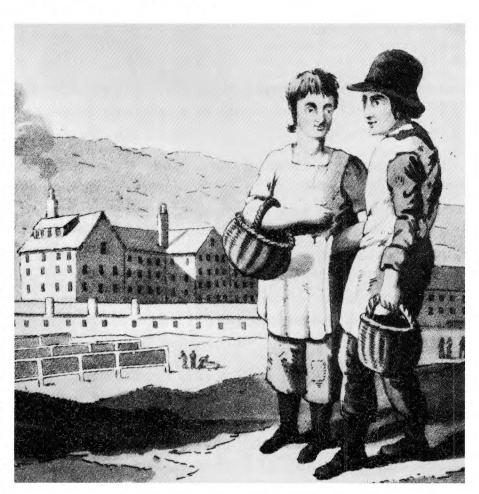
Towards the end of October, 1858, Neal supplied many of Bradford's small 'spice' dealers, including 'Humbug Willie', who had a stall in the Bradford Croon Market.

As the nights grew longer and colder, a popular product was the peppermint lozenge. Unfortunately genuine peppermint lozenges cost 1/2d. a pound to make and the retail price was way beyond the means of Bradford's working populace. However, like most other wholesale confectioners, Joseph Neal was able to offer cheaper lozenges by adding substitutes, e.g. plaster of paris or gypsum for sugar. In the previous year a bill had been introduced in parliament to prohibit adulteration of food but had been rejected, owing to the influence of chemists and druggists.

On Monday, 18th October, John Archer, one of Neal's assistants, was going to Baildon and he was asked by his employer to call at Shipley on his way back, for a supply of gypsum, more commonly known as 'daft'. James Appleton would be preparing the lozengemixture later in the week and their supplies of 'daft' were low.

In the past, Neal had obtained this substitute from Charles Hodgson, a Shipley druggist and it was there that Archer called that Monday afternoon.

Owing to a speech impediment he had some difficulty explaining his needs to Hodgson's new assistant, William Goddard. Hodgson was ill in bed and the young man went upstairs to consult him. He returned and told Archer that he would have to wait until another time. Archer pleaded for at least twelve pounds of 'daft', and Goddard scuttled upstairs once again.



After several minutes the young lad returned with the required amount of 'daft'. Archer thanked him and went on his way.

At six o'clock the following Wednesday morning, James Appleton had begun to prepare the lozenge mixture and was instructed to mix the whole of the daft with the other ingredients. By noon, the job was almost finished and Appleton went home for his dinner. In the afternoon, he did not feel well and remained at home until Saturday. Having spent all Wednesday morning working in his shirt sleeves, he thought he had caught a cold. During the next week, Neal was away on business in Dublin and work continued as normal at the Stone Street works.

A new Scotch mixture was tried and the recent batch of lozenges was undergoing the drying process. Neal, when he returned, put down their slight discolouration to the gum which had been used; it was a new stock.

On Saturday, 31st October, Bradford was bursting at the seams, for it was market day. Neal delivered the supply of lozenges (40 lbs. in all) to the stall of William Hardacre, near the Market Tavern. Hardacre immediately queried their colour. Neal, sooner than take them back, offered them to Hardacre for  $7\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb. instead of 8d. Hardacre accepted and within minutes of Neal's departure, the lozenges were on sale at  $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. for 2 oz. At 5.30pm Hardacre, feeling unwell, left the stall with John Edmondson, a yeast dealer from North Wing near the Parish Church. Having sent Hardacre home in a cab, Edmondson remained at the stall until the market closed at eleven-thirty that night.

On Sunday evening, P.C. John Campbell was on duty at the police station when he was summoned to a house in Jowett Street, off Brick Lane.

The tenant was a Mr Mark Burrans who had given his two boys, Orlando (4) and John  $(1\frac{1}{2})$  a sweet each at nine o'clock that morning. In the afternoon, John Bell, surgeon, was summoned to the Burrans' household where both boys were seriously ill. By early evening they were both dead and P.C. Campbell had been called by Dr. Bell who suspected instant poisoning. Campbell and his superior, Detective Officer William Burniston, were now thoroughly convinced that some great tragedy had occurred.

Throughout Sunday numerous reports were received of persons being seriously ill in all parts of Bradford. Several deaths, particularly of young children, had been reported by Bradford medical men. In fact, Dr. Bronner and surgeons Bell and Taylor, had already relayed their suspicions to Felix Rimmington, the town's leading chemist (whose pharmacy still operates in Bridge Street). Chief Constable Leverett and his men, by late Sunday night, were also convinced of the cause of these wholesale poisonings - Hardacre's peppermint lozenges.

On Monday, Police Constable Campbell traced Hardacre to his home in North Wing where he found him seriously ill and paralysed down one side of his body.

On the premises Campbell discovered the remainder of the lozenges (35 lb.) not opened for sale on the Saturday. The rest of the lozenges were recovered from the market stall and a sample sent to Mr. Rimmington.

Meanwhile the detective, Burniston, located Joseph Neal who suggested that the 'daft' was possibly the suspect ingredient. Both men took a carriage to the premises of Hodgson at Shipley where the master was not at home. Late on Monday night Burniston interviewed William Goddard, who recalled the sale of the 12 lb of daft a fortnight before. Goddard took his two visitors up into the garret and showed them the cask from which the daft had been taken. He told Burniston that Hodgson had directed him to a cask in the corner of the attic containing a white powder. Burniston examined the cask closely. It was not labelled.

At that point Hodgson returned and when confronted with the tragic situation, the colour drained from his face. He slowly informed Burniston that the cask he was examining contained *arsenic*.

Hodgson then moved across the attic, in some alarm, and pointed out a similar cask which contained the real 'daft'. Goddard had drawn from the wrong cask, placed upside down and not displaying the clearly marked 'Poison' label. About one third of the component parts of each peppermint lozenge was arsenic, a more than sufficient quantity to destroy life. Burniston immediately arrested young Goddard and took him into custody. Goddard was escorted to Bradford with the greatest possible speed, for the whole town now had to be warned about the deadly lozenges.

During the night of Monday, 1st November, and throughout the next day, the borough constabulary informed all those with whom they came into contact, of the imminent danger to life. The town's bell-ringers worked throughout the night and the beershops and bawdy houses were visited also.

By the time that Bradfordians were waking up on Tuesday morning, the whole town was covered by warning posters, prepared by a local printer. By that time, twelve people were known to have died from the lozenges and almost a hundred were seriously ill. Over the next few days, Bradford's medical men did little else but attend those who had consumed the deadly sweets. Some of the victims, many were children, suffered terribly in their death throes. The evidence of Henry Taylor, surgeon:

> 'On Wednesday, the child Elizabeth Midgeley sank and expired about six o'clock. For two days there was great retching, vomiting, pain and burning in the throat, intense thirst, pain in the abdomen and diarrhoea.'

Arthur Holmes, another surgeon, attended twenty cases in one morning at the height of the tragedy. By the end of Wednesday, 3rd November, the death toll had reached seventeen and two hundred Bradfordians were seriously ill.

On Friday, 5th November, Hodgson, Goddard and Neal were brought before the magistrates of an overcrowded Borough Court. After hearing the evidence the magistrates determined to send all three for trial for manslaughter. They were all given bail. A subscription fund was opened for the relatives of the dead. The local press appealed for a renewal of the bill preventing the free sale of additives and opiates. Many other provincial newspapers took up the narrative of the tragedy as well as its moral. The Liverpool Mercury was perhaps the most vehement of these -

> "We commend to the gravest attention of all social reformers the various questions which this hideous Bradford catastrophe so painfully forces on the public notice. The systematic adulteraton of food with ingredients (mostly unwholesome and semipoisonous) dishonestly sold under false names, and the vending of active poisons by persons who know nothing of chemistry, are social wrongs of the first magnitude, and it is a scandal to our civilisation that law and government should wink at them."

Shortly before Christmas the indictments against Joseph Neal and William Goddard were dropped and the judge himself stopped the case for the prosecution against the druggist Hodgson. The 'Bradford Observer' rightly noted that the legal motions had been gone through but no other result was to be anticipated.

> "The only really criminal thing in the whole affair was what the law could not touch the practice of adulteration. Even here greater blame attaches to the public, clamorous for cheapness than to those who do but supply its demands .... If the calamity teaches this lesson it will not have been useless."

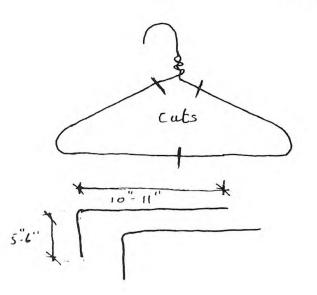


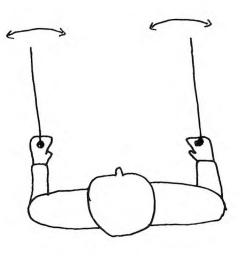
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# "Think Of Flushing Loos"

Mr C R Beecham, professional Pennine dowser shares his secrets.





D owsing is the alternative name for water divining, that ancient and demonstrably efficient means of finding water, or almost anything that one wishes to find.

The traditional view of the Dowser is that of an elderly country gentleman wandering about with a forked or 'Y' shaped hazel twig waiting for it to tell him by its twitching that there is water present under his feet. It is said, indeed, that the use of the forked hazel twig is the only means by which dowsing can be achieved and this is true if you believe it to be so! Times change, and today the dowser is more likely to be armed with a pendulum or two 'L' shaped pieces of metal wire or more likely two 'L' rods cut from a wire coat-hanger! - or even plastic strip will suffice. In fact many competent dowsers will use nothing other than their hands and will only resort to the use of 'tools' when it becomes necessary to demonstrate to a second (sceptical) party the presence of whatever is the object of their search.

It is a surprising fact to many people that water is not the only object of interest to the dowser. While water is the most well-known object of their search other items such as minerals, drains, buried cables, oil, precious metals and gems to name but a few, have also been sought successfully by this method. Water is probably the easiest substance to find and especially so if it is in a pipe either as a water supply, or in the form of drainage. Pipe locating is one of the most common forms of the practical use of dowsing, closely followed by the locating of power cables, and many Water Boards, Building Contractors, Electricity and Gas Boards discreetly employ dowsers on their staff!

This does not always give dowsing the credibility this would suggest. It is by no means unknown for the dowser employed by public bodies to be told of his gift that "such stuff is nonsense". However, by some mysterious process it is always such surveyors who are picked to go to the problem sites where a drain, water pipe or cable needed to be located!

Indeed, many clerks of works in the construction industry are dowsers of note and will often trace the drains and cables prior to work commencing on a site. Similarly, farmers who need a lot of water but do not have vast sums to spend on geological surveys will often call in the local dowser. If a Pennine farmer trusts his brass to the twitchings of a rod, there must be *something* in it!

Nearly everybody can dowse if they will let themselves.

Take a wire coat-hanger, cut off the twisted section and the hook at the top using tin-snips or similar wire cutting tools. Divide the remaining length into 2 equal pieces and bend these each into an 'L' shape with a short side of 5''-6'' (125-150 mm) and you now have a pair of dowsing rods. The actual size is not at all critical provided they can be comfortably held.

Hold the short lengths very loosely and vertically in the hands so that the long sides are horizontal and pointing straight in front of you, approximately a body width apart. With your elbows touching your sides concentrate not on the dowsing rod but on the subject you wish to find.

Walk slowly around the exterior of your house thinking clearly of water, fresh mountain springs, tumbling waterfalls, or flushing loos, and as you walk the rods will move either to cross or to open outwards (it does not matter which) as you cross the path of underground drain pipes.

If it appears not to work for you then first check that the rods are very free to swing, that your grip is not too tight, that the horizontal component is not catching on your hand or a finger thus restricting its capacity to swing. Also try to relax, as the more relaxed you are the more likely it is that you will succeed. Many potential dowsers have failed through trying too hard. Others have failed by trying to complicate what is basically a very simple process. Also think clearly and unambiguously about what it is you wish to find. Many a novice dowser (and experienced ones come to that) have confused the dowse by having imprecisely defined the object of their search.

A dowser of many years standing was once giving a demonstration lecture. Standing in front of an invited audience, he instructed the rod to point to the nearest standing water, fully expecting the rod to point to the nearest loos in an adjoining room - usually good for a giggle or two. To his amazement the rod pointed totally the wrong way. He had failed to notice that the chairman had provided, on a table nearby, a carafe of water!

Practice makes perfect as in all things and with experience other manifestations will be possible with the use of the rods. The practised and experienced dowser can, with considerable accuracy, estimate the depth of a water flow, the quantity of that flow, the depth of a drain pipe or cable and many other imponderables.

Andrew Lang, the Honorary Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, in one of his essays on *The Origins of Religion* published in 1908 states that "our conservative peasants" called the rod by the alternative name of 'the twig', "and perhaps from this comes our slang expression to 'twig', or to divine, the hidden meaning of another".

As Mr Lang went on to state "the rod has been much used for water-finding by corporations, companies, colleges, landowners, and other persons who say that, whatever the system of the process, the water-finder 'gets there all the same' and, as long as he does so, they do not care how he managed it."

For further information contact the British Society of Dowsers, Sycamore Cottage, Tamley Lane, Hastingleigh, Ashford, Kent TN25 5HW.

## The Way I See It

New SCOSPA Project Officer, Len Howard, on regional planning, South Pennines-style.

Miss Jean Brodie, and others who like myself were "in their prime" in the late Sixties and early Seventies, may recall that period piece of government activity known as *regional planning* when local authorities joined forces to grab a share of resources from Whitehall. A worthwhile exercise it may or may not have been but today it is far away from current government thinking.

In fact, regional planning, with its Yorkshire/Humberside and North West basis, *re-inforced* the Pennine divide as a traditional administrative boundary. However, one of its deals, the joint approach, is now being carried forward South Pennines-style by the local authority organisation SCOSPA, the Standing Conference of South Pennine Authorities.

SCOSPA believes that the South Pennines has more going for it than the sum of its parts, ie. the individual local authorities and its aims of economic development, particularly through tourism, and increased countryside recreation find a large measure of political agreement. As in the early 70's heyday of regionalism, the "buzz" words are choice and opportunity with the welfare of local people firmly in mind. The recent "greening" movement (watch out for me in my lead-fre. 2CV!) and increased environmental awareness are particularly welcome in our local uplands which have suffered from being a stone's throw from industrial and urban pollution.

The Countryside Commission, the Government's agency, is now exhorting local authorities to adopt a community-orientated approach, to "get more people out into the countryside". Meanwhile, the full implications for the countryside of water privatisation and the changing agricultural climate have yet to work their way through the South Pennines. Everything seems to be happening at once, and everyone with more than a passing interest is entering the debate.

To encourage and structure such debate, a major conference, Landscape Change In The South Pennines, is to be staged in October by SCOSPA, Pennine Heritage and the South Pennines Association.

A platform of distinguished national speakers will be led by Sir Derek Barber, Chairman of the Countryside Commission. (See Diary).

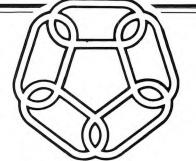
One point which will doubtless emerge at the Conference is that the issues of landscape change and the countryside's future, from farming to tourism, have *patterns* which are repeated throughout the South Pennines and *answers* which can be found by co-ordinating the activities of all the agencies involved in managing the South Pennine countryside.

**Pennine** readers will know of the good work already being done by the **South Pennine Woodland Project**, a partnership between Pennine Heritage, SCOSPA and the Countryside Commission. Soon, hopefully, the Project will be joined by the **South Pennine Packhorse Trail** project. These are two initiatives which recognise the need for a broader view and co-ordinated action across local authority boundaries.

My guess is that, as the countryside picture unfolds, the arguments for a concerted approach to countryside *recreation* will grow. Yet we should beware, to pinch the jargon of the entertainments industry, of developing a "bums on seats" philosophy. Just as in the past the South Pennines was famous for the quality of its textiles, similarly it is important that the *quality* of our tourism and "countryside experience" becom s a South Pennine trademark.

This will mean adopting a visionary view! Together, both public, private and voluntary sector interests in "green" and "heritage" tourism can learn lessons from longer-established areas in avoiding the excesses of overenthusiastic tourism development. Together we must collaborate and assess how landscape improvements, heritage conservation and interpretation, and facilities for countryside users can best be integrated in the South Pennines, for visitors ... and for the people who live here.

### Out & About



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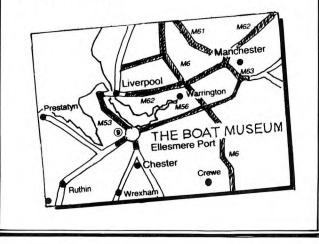
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# Days That Shook The Pennines: The Peterloo Massacre

The series that re-lives the Pennine past looks back on a seditious summer.

No-one who has seen the film Doctor Zhivago will forget the chilling scene as the Imperial Dragoons advancing with silent menace, drew their sabres and rode down the dissidents and their banners into the bloodied snow. The events of Peterloo differ essentially only in two respects: their setting is summer 170 years ago.... and they are true.

#### The Road to Peterloo

The closing years and the aftermath of the Napoleonic Wars were a bitter time for the Yorkshire-Lancashire textile communities.

The traditional craft textile industry was dying fast. Mid 18th century mechanisation of spinning and the resultant increase in the supply of yarn had ushered in a brief golden era for the Pennine handloom weaver. Then mechanisation reached weaving. The price of cloth plummeted and the choice for the stubbornly independent weavers was entering the mill or remaining at the loom, for starvation returns.

At York, the Luddites hanged for their attempts to turn back the advance of machines. The end of the War in 1815 brought in the notorious protectionist Corn Law. Artificially keeping high the price of grain and bread, the Corn Law was marked by a year of social unrest. "It is a matter of history" wrote Middleton radical Sam Bamford "that while the laurels were yet cool on the brows of our victorious soldiers ... the elements of convulsions were at work amongst the masses of our labouring population".



For those charged with keeping public order, these were indeed uneasy years.

The French Revolution, to us no more than a neat historical phrase or this summer's street party in Paris, had brought about the unthinkable, just across the Channel: the overthrow and execution of a reigning monarch.

In post-war England, revolt was more than in the air. It was on the streets and in the secret clubs which met to share 'he words of radical William Cobbett: .hat the true cause of the people's suffering was misgovernment and its proper corrective, parliamentary reform, a rallying cry with a sinster similarity to that which had toppled the Ancien Regime.

Times of spies and informers. As author Glyn Hughes commented in the

last issue of **Pennine**, "people forget that the establishment had real fear of the Luddites inspiring a Northern uprising. Thousands of troops were drafted into the Pennines. The weaving towns and villages were full of them. And perhaps the greatest fear of all was that they army itself would revolt ... After all, many of the troops, working class themselves, were in sympathy".

In the summer of 1819, the Radical Reform movement was at its height with demands for Universal Suffrage and parliamentary reform to bring about redress for the working people. Its northern stronghold was Manchester and its most embitteredly passionate supporters, the Pennine weavers.

Between 1810 and 1819, their wages in real terms had fallen by more than half. The wretchedness of the weavers, wrote The Times correspondent in summer 1819, "seems to madden them against the rich, who they dangerously imagine engross the fruits of their labour".

The government had already tried to suppress the radical movement by force. In 1817, for example, a march of unemployed Derbyshire workers had been dispersed by the army. Nevertheless, a series of major radical meetings around the country were planned to culminate at St Peters Fields, Manchester, on August 16th, 1819, for an address by their champion, Henry "Orator" Hunt.

Among the thousands who walked behind the band from the Pennines to Manchester was Sam Bamforth, leading a procession of weavers from the small Lancashire textile town of Middleton. His account of 1819 and its fateful summer, **Passages In The Life Of A Radical**, was to become one of the most important documents of English political radicalism.



"By eight o'clock on the morning of Monday the 16th August 1819, the whole town of Middleton might be said to be on the alert; some to go to the meeting and others to see the procession; the like of which for such purpose had never before taken place in that neighbourhood".

"At the sound of the bugle, not less than three thousand men formed a hollow square ... and I reminded them that they were going to attend the most important meeting that had ever been held for parliamentary reform ... I requested that they would not leave their ranks. Not to offer provocation by word or deed ... for ... the least disturbance might serve as a pretext for dispersing the meeting...'.

"Our whole column with the Rochdale people would probably consist of six thousand men ... A hundred or two of our handsomest girls danced to the music ... and thus, accompanied by our friends and our dearest connections, we went slowly towards Manchester".

The first members of the audience had arrived by noon at St Peters Field bearing the banners No Corn Laws, Annual Parliaments, Universal Suffrage and Vote by Ballot. Group after group marched in, representing the towns of industrial Lancashire. By the time Orator Hunt made his appearance, to rapturous applause, the crowd numbered 80,000. Stepping to the front of the stage he took off his white hat and began to address the people.

In order to miss the speeches and resolutions, Sam Bamforth, in true northern fashion had been about to slope off "for refreshments" when "a noise and a strange murmur arose towards the church. Some persons said it was the Blackburn people coming; and I stood on tiptoe and looked in the direction whence the noise proceeded and saw a party of cavalry in blue and white uniform, come trotting, sword in hand, round the corner ... where they reined up in a line".

Manchester's magistrates, on grounds of public order, had ordered the Manchester and Salford Yeoman Cavalry to arrest Henry Hunt and to disperse his audience.

Making for the cart which was serving as the speakers' platform, the cavalry charged into the crowd where, brandishing his sword, the commanding officer placed Orator Hunt under arrest. According to accounts written less than a week after the event, the cry then went up from the military "Have at their flag" and the soldiers charged into the crowd. "The people began running in all directions, and from this moment the yeomanry lost all control of temper: numbers were trampled under the feet of men and horses; many, both men and women were cut down by sabres..."

In his own more dramatic style, Sam Bamforth wrote of the aftermath of the charge. "Within ten minutes of the commencement of the havoc, the field was an open and almost deserted space ... The yeomanry had dismounted - some were easing their horses' girths, other adjusting their accountrements; and some were wiping their sabres. Several mounds of human beings still remained where they had fallen, crushed down and smothered. Some of these still groaning - others with staring eyes, were gasping for breath and others would never breathe more. All was silent save those low sounds and the occasional snorting and pawing of steeds".

Within a week, the Home Secretary wrote to the Lord Lieutenant of Lancashire:

"My lord - Having laid before the Prince Regent the accounts transmitted to me from Manchester of the proceedings at that place on Monday last, I have been commanded by his Royal Highness ... to express to the magistrates ... who attended that day, the great satisfaction derived by his Royal Highness from their prompt, decisive and efficient measures for the preservation of public tranquillity ..."

Eleven people died and hundreds were injured on St Peter's Fields. The authorities were confident that this show of force would diminish the fervour of the radicals. On the contrary, the massacre became a rallying cry for the great political reform movements of the 19th century. In parody of the recent victory at Waterloo of the Duke of Wellington, now a leading and repressive government figure, the massacre passed mockingly into radical legend ... as "Peterloo".

The major touring anniversary exhibition **Peterloo - 170 years** (reconstruction, audio-visual, contemporary cartoons) is currently on show at Rochdale City Art gallery from 1st-23rd September.





# **Forests For People**

David Fletcher, Countryside Commissioner and Chairman of Pennine Heritage looks forward to the greening of our cities.



The tree is a wonderful multipurpose object. It offers both beauty and shelter, purifies the air and protects the soil, attracts wildlife - and, when all else is done, provides a marvellous textured natural renewable resource ..... timber.

Forests are even better. Millions of leafy atmospheric sweeteners to mop up pollutants and liberate free oxygen; nature's natural sound baffles to smother excess noise. Forests can absorb so many more people than open countryside and yet provide for each a far greater sense of privacy and seclusion.

Now, a bold new initiative by the Countryside Commission and the Forestry Commission proposes new style forests on the fringe of major cities and towns... and the initial list of 12 "target cities" in Britain includes Leeds, Manchester and Sheffield!

The accent will be firmly on leisure and amenity. No place here for the dark regimented ranks which have earned forestry a bad name. These will be open, mixed forests, enclosing a variety of other landscapes. Farms, meadows, heaths and lakes, all within an attractive wooded setting will offer a rich habitat for wildlife as well as magnificent opportunities for relaxation and recreation. These will be Community Forests : Forests for People.

Just think of the possibilities. Over the past couple of decades we have slowly begun to learn the value and the art of landscaping - but this will be landscape creation on a grand scale; New Community Forests, 40, 50, even 60 square miles or more in extent!

Once our island was forested almost from tip to toe. Grazing livestock and the demand for charcoal to fuel the early industrial revolution cleared most of that. What is happening in Brazil today, took place here centuries ago. Now is the time to make amends.

Bringing forests to the urban edge is a great challenge and a great opportunity.

Inner cities and the deeper countryside have received increased attention in recent years. The frontier zone between the two has all too often remained neglected, a no-man's land of bleak sixties overspill housing and degraded countryside bearing the scars of former industrial use. Tree planting on a massive scale can bring such wasteland back to life, create wildlife habitats and a setting for outdoor sport and recreation. Here is an initiative which can really make the Green Belt green, enhance the quality and secure its protection in years to come.

Viable farms can be protected, sheltered and improved. Remaining industries or new developments will receive a more attractive landscape setting. Opportunities will be taken to create further formal sporting provision - golf, football, boating and windsurfing. Community Forests will have an emphasis on public enjoyment ... outdoor exhibitions, theatre and festivals - and of course there will be a need for cafés, restaurants and perhaps hotels.

No more than half the land will be planted in order to create a wooded setting for all manner of activities, linked by a network of paths, cycle tracks, and bridleways with picnic sites and quiet woodland glades.

Visitor centres, nature trails and interpretation will encourage the public to learn more about the forest and to gain more enjoyment from it. Zoning may be necessary to site popular sporting



A drab, unkempt scene, such as this, could be transformed ...



... into something like this: a multi-purpose forest for the benefit of the whole community.

activity nearer to the urban edge and protect special nature conservation sites for more serious study. The emphasis will be on *variety*; a wide variety of tree species including both conifers and broad-leaved woodland; variety of habitats; and a variety of things to do, catering for the fierce fitness fanatic as well as the casual stroller, the elderly and the disabled.

Farmers and landowners in the area of the forest will be encouraged to join and support the concept.

Advice and grant aid will be available from a number of sources. For exam-

ple, the Forestry Commission will fund planting through its woodland grant scheme whilst the Countryside Commission will help finance woodland management, public access or educational projects such as farm or forest trails.

After the much-debated cutbacks in the agricultural programme, farmers will also be eligible both for set-aside payments (to take land out of production) and Farm Woodland Grants from the Ministry of Agriculture. The mixed woodland will include all types of trees and may involve some planting with an eventual timber crop in mind. Britain currently imports 90% of its timber needs at an annual cost of £6 billion. There is no reason why attractive mixed forest cannot serve a multiple purpose - amenity, conservation, recreation - and timber production.

The Community Forest also offers the farmer many other opportunities for diversification, such as farm shops, craft centres, riding stables, camp sites and perhaps even holiday accommodation. Other local property interests may wish to become involved and local industry might be encouraged to sponsor particular developments.

The land ownership pattern need not change dramatically, but there will be a need for long term planning and coordination. For this reason, the Countryside Commission and Forestry Commission will be working with Local Authorities in setting up project teams to spearhead such action.

It can be done!

Many continental cities already have their Community Forests, such as Bos Park, Amsterdam and the German Stadtwälder (Town Forests) many of which have been established for over 200 years. Amsterdam's Bos was planted in the 1930's as a job creation scheme and is now a favourite with locals and tourists alike.

Sadly, our own South Pennines Forest (see **Pennine** Magazine March/April 1989) is not included in the list.

It is thought to be a larger and grander scheme, extending through the Pennine valleys *between* several Pennine towns and cities, rather than being confined to the fringe of any one of them.

No matter. The principle is the same - *a Forest for the People*, attractive, accessible and multi-purpose where town and forest will co-exist for mutual gain, prosperity and pleasure. Forests for the Community are an investment for everyone's future.

#### Literature

#### Forests for the Community Your Community Forest

Free from C	ountryside	Commission
Publicatio	ns	
19/23	Albert	Road
Manchester	MIS	) 2EO

### The Community Forest: Planning, Design & Implementation.

Free from	Countryside	Commission
John	Dower	House
Crescent		Place
Chelteni	ham	
Glos. GL5	0 3RA	

# The Man Who Planted Trees

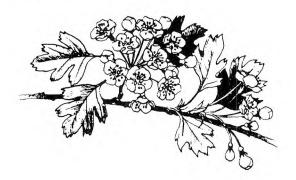
Have fun with our "green" competition and help to bring trees back to the Pennines!

Celebrating the giant national "Community Forests" initiative (see Page 42), **Pennine** has designed this light-hearted "woody" quiz. A chosen tree, planted in the Pennines in your honour, and a video of the Oscar-winning fairytale cartoon, **The Man Who Planted Trees**, go as prizes to the first four highest-scoring entries out of the Editor's hat. One prize is for "greenies" of 13 and under, so make it a family affair!

1 In an early chapter of the Book of Genesis, God commanded Noah "make thee an Ark". Which wood was Noah told to use?

2 A forest the size of which country is felled every year to supply woodpulp/paper for Britain's press and publishing industry? a Brazil b Wales c Luxemburg

**3 1000 years ago, the Pennine moors were covered with forests of: a** spruce and fir **b** willow and alder **c** pine and birch?

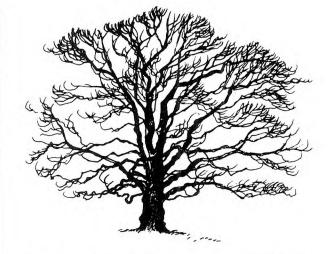


4 Left to Nature over the years, open ground normally becomes covered with trees. Why has this not happened on our Pennine moors? a The land is too high/soil too poor b Sheep-grazing destroys selfseeded trees c Industrial pollution

5 In his poem, Cargoes, John Masefield wrote of the:

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine, With a cargo of ivory And apes and peacocks Sandalwood, cedarwood and sweet white wine

Which quality, shared by the two woods mentioned, was so prized as to place them in the precious cargo of the ancient Assyrian galley? a Mystical powers b Fragrance c Exotic markings



6 Which pair of trees are not originally native to the British Isles? a Sycamore and horse chestnut b Hazel and lime c Juniper and box

7 One of the following trees provides a home for a greater variety of wildlife than any other tree in Britain. Is it: a Elm b Oak c Sycamore?

8 In the Middle Ages, the 14th century development of the English longbow changed the course of history. With their great six-foot bows, which could penetrate armour at 400 yards, the humble English archers at Crecy and Agincourt brought down in ruin the glittering mounted chivalry of France. Which wood was commonly used for the longbow? a Willow b Holly c Yew



**9** If trees are planted two metres apart, how many trees will you fit in one hectare? a 500 b 1200 c 2400 d 2600 e 3000 f 5000

10 Name three northern towns on the edge of the Countryside Commission's proposed new "Community Forests".

11 In J.R.R.Tolkien's modern classic, The Lord of the Rings, what was the name of the giant tree shepherds "clad in stuff like green and grey bark" who cared for the uncanny and perilous Old Forest? a Trolls b Cyclops c Ents

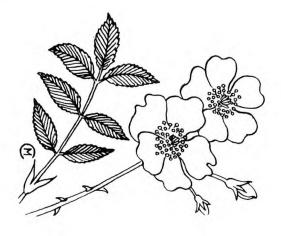
What blossoming tree did they plant in vain to try to please their wives? d Rowan e Flowering cherry f Laburnum



12 What do the Forests of Bowland, Rossendale and Pendle have in common? a They were created by local government re-organisation in 1974 b They have almost no trees c They are all designated Areas of Outstanding Natural Beauty.

13 Traditional English woodland is one of the richest of natural habitats. The following birds are all found in the North but which pair are NOT woodland species? a wren and jay b willow warbler and nuthatch c golden plover and peewit





14 What place does the famous Boscobel Oak have in history? a Marks site where King Harold fell at the Battle of Hastings. b King Charles II hid up it on the run from the Roundheads c Robin Hood's headquarters in Sherwood Forest

15 Between the 7th and 10th centuries, waves of Angle, Saxon and Norse invader-settlers left their mark on the Pennines, not least by hacking down what remained of its forests, for farming. Their long ago tussle with the land is recalled today in familiar but ancient northern place-name endings. All but ONE of the following endings means "clearing in the wood". Which is the odd one out? a royd (eg Mytholmroyd) b ham (eg Oldham) c ley (eg Burnley) d thwaite (eg Slaithwaite) e stubbing (eg Stubbings Wharf, Hebden Bridge)

16 Finally, the competition's riddle, set by Bradford Archives. What tree has a head but no roots, and branches but no leaves?



#### How To Enter

Send these pages (or a separate sheet) with answers marked and your name/address (plus age if 13 or under) to: the Editor, **Pennine** Magazine, Birchcliffe Centre, Hebden Bridge HX7 8DG by November 15th. Please mark envelope, "TREES". Answers in next issue and videos in time for Christmas!

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## **BOOK REVIEWS**

## **Rapid Reviews**

A round up of what's in print

Pennine would need a separate edition to review all the books whose publishing details come through the post. Here is a brief selection of titles that caught our eye.

**Give Us This Day** by Stan Barstow. The northern playwright was eleven when World War II broke out. Heightened by poignantly sharp memories such as the Sheffield Blitz, Barstow's novel shows how one family and a small Yorkshre town come to realise that life will never be the same again.

£11.95; Michael Joseph.

**Pens, Profiles And Places** by Marion Troughton.

Yorkshire has a long literary tradition, from the 7th century poet, Caedmon of Whitby, to the present Poet Laureate Ted Hughes. In a literary tour round Yorkshire, the book follows, among others, Daniel Defoe to York, Tennyson to Whitby, Ruskin to Sheffield and Alan Ayckbourn to Scarborough. Interesting idea and a well-produced local book.

£12.95; Smith Settle, Otley.

West Yorkshire Waterway Guide by Keith Noble & Calder Navigation Society.

A neat, spiral bound guide to "everything that a first time hirer or experienced navigator needs to know" about the Calder & Hebble Navigation, Huddersfield Broad Canal, Aire & Calder Navigation and the Selby Canal. Plus info for towpath walkers, cyclists and drinkers.

£2.50 or £2.95 direct from The Dene, Triangle, Sowerby Bridge HX7 3EA Toad Lane To "The Heights" by Mar-

cia Bartlett.

A charming and rather unusual book taking a look at life along the route of the old Rochdale and Burnley Turnpike. In blank verse with photos and line drawings, the book is dedicated to Rochdale Petrus Community and its work with homeless people. £6.95; Bartlett.

# Seasons Of My Life - The Story of a Solitary Daleswoman by Hannah Hauxwell.

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The recent re-screening of the evocative 1973 documentary, Too Long A Winter, reminded the world of Hannah's meagre but optimistic existence in her northern dale. The programme made her a celebrity and the book is her final story before a recent sad decision to leave Birk Hatt Farm. *£12.95; Century.* 

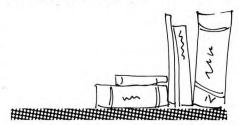
Walks In Calderdale by Paul Hannon. Second in the hand-written "Wainwright-style" South Pennine Walks series, the pocket-sized book is an amiable guide to 16 circular routes on the moors of the Upper Calder Valley. Comments, notes and drawings on walks ranging from four to seven miles.

*£2.45; Hillside Publications, Keighley.* **The Cocker Connection** by Mark Dalby.

"I was brought up with the Cockers" writes the author. "Not that I ever lived with them"! The book traces the family connections of an 18th century Huddersfield weaver whose pioneering kin made it as far as Michigan, Tasmania and the South Seas. Through vivid family letters, greatgreat grandson Mark tells their tale. £4.95 paperback; Regency Press.

**England's Last Wilderness** by David Bellamy & Brendan Quayle.

Journeying through the North Pennines, the book weaves together a landscape and a history of dramatic contrasts, from the Tees to the Eden. Powerful colour photography, character detail and irreverent asides set it well above "coffee table" status. £15.95 Michael Joseph.







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