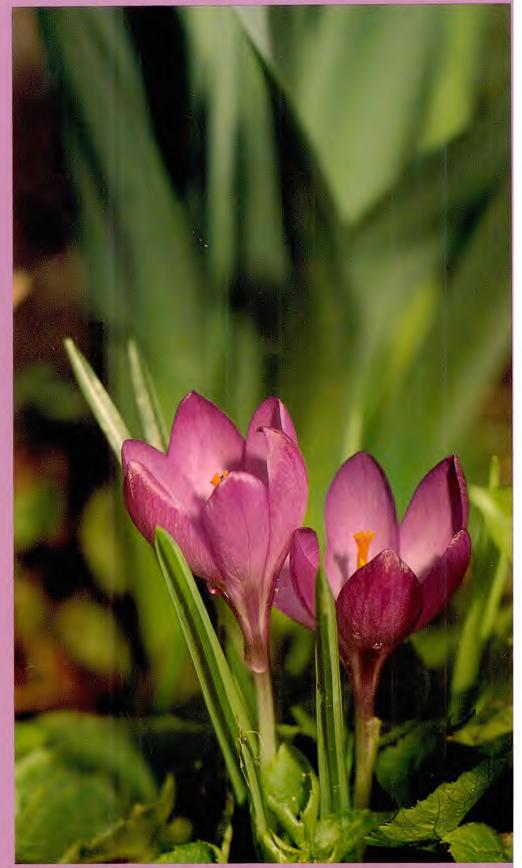
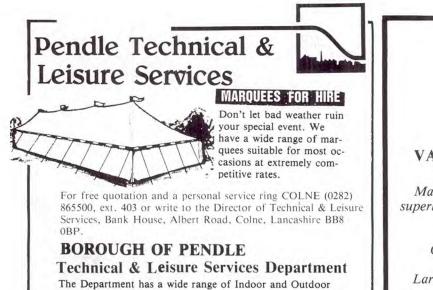


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Special rates for party bookings, children free if accompanied

Further details from





First Column

Everyone, except readers who have opted for unregistered limbo, will now have received their prim Poll Tax "Notice of Entry".

Unless there is a re-run of the Peasant's Revolt which, 600 years ago, was the response to similar Exchequer endeavours, April Fool's Day will be the end of a golden age for the humble Pennine home.

Low-valued in an era when "modern" was the thing, our Victorian mill housing has been the great rates bargain of post-war years.

Enter the era of Laura Ashley and wooden lavatory seats as armies of "young fogies" snapped up the Pennine houses. Purists wrung their hands squawking "gentrification" but trendy or no, the rates stayed low.

So goodbye to all that and hello perhaps to a vogue for the somewhat scorned, suddenly better value semi?

If the Thirties are on the rise, let me get in first to brag of the leaded light "Dutch Girl" in my semi's front door. Cucumber sandwiches anyone?

Front Cover Photo: Spring flowers by A C Quicke

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

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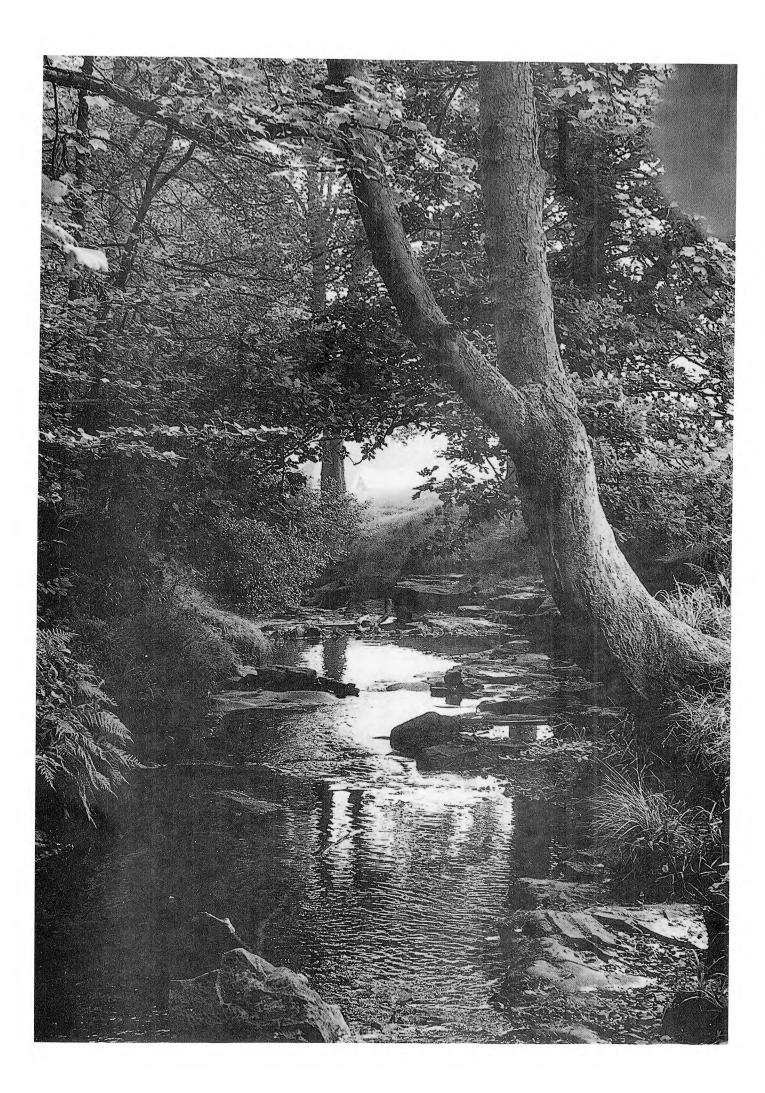


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Editor Hilary Darby Production Manager Carol South Typesetting Meg Phipps

Editorial Team David Fletcher, Roy Hubbard, Chris Helliwell, Julia Smith, Kate Mulholland, Sonia Ratcliff, Oonagh Sweeney

Advertising. Nigel Aynsley. Tel: (0422) 844450.



CONNENT Global Concern - Local Action Will the 1990's really be the Green

Decade? And what might this mean for the South Pennines?

T^e are right to be concerned about major global issues the fate of the ozone layer; the greenhouse effect and threat of rising world temperatures; pollution of the atmosphere and the oceans; ecological change; forest loss and increasing desertification - and to add our voice to the rising clamour for effective international action. These are major international issues. They can only be tackled by international political agreement - and this will only be brought about as a result of continued political pressure by the growing "green lobby" in the major nations of the world.

Yes, it is vital that we add our voice, that we support those national and international organisations which marshall the facts, present the case and influence world leaders - but it is also important not to leave it at that!

Real concern needs to be demonstrated - and adding a voice at the national or international level is never sufficient in itself. The world is made up of a patchwork of local areas, and what happens in the world is the sum of these more local happenings.

The South Pennines have seen it all. Our uplands were deforested and made unproductive thousands of years ago. Raw industrialisation and massive population growth reached its peak a century ago and left a legacy of illhealth, polluted air, filthy rivers, and a blackened landscape. Only very recently have things begun to improve, as we learned the error of our ways and began, actively, to seek both environmental and economic recovery.

We in the Pennines were amongst the first to degrade our environment on a massive scale in the interest of profit; amongst the first to realise that this was not sustainable as capital moved away to pleasanter pastures and labour sought more attractive employment elsewhere. And in the aftermath of chronic economic decline, deindustrialisation and depopulation we became the pioneers of what today has become known as the "Heritage Approach to Economic Regeneration".

Clearly, adverse global change will affect the South Pennines as elsewhere, but in recent years these have been obscured by much more positive local changes. The quality of our atmosphere has improved dramatically, rivers are cleaner, wildlife is recovering, countryside and the built heritage is treated with much greater respect and in consequence gains in attractiveness. And in parallel, the local economy has become more buoyant and better able to sustain these improvements.

The trends are encouraging, locally and perhaps nationally, as lessons are learnt. And local lessons have global implications. Global concern is best demonstrated locally - where we are able to make an impact.

Ten years ago, writing in **Pennine** Magazine we said much the same thing and noted the then very fragile recovery taking place as we moved from the sagging seventies into the more exciting eighties. Investment in environmental quality *has* paid good dividends, creating a new image, attracting new residents, new investment and new commercial activity.

But we must not become complacent. These improvements did not happen by accident. They had to be fought for and were hard won.

They are equally fragile. Although there is growing awareness that in the long term environmental quality and economic health go hand in hand, there are still those who class environmental protection as a luxury, to be put at the bottom of a long list of spending priorities when times are tough. And at the opposite extreme, there is always the danger that our improved "Heritage Image" may attract unsuitable developments, both public and private, which could undermine the very environmental quality which they seek to exploit.

The message for the 1990's therefore must be one of consolidation to achieve *self-sustainability;* of *balance* obtained through careful consideration and planning - environmental enhancement *and* economic viability, related and mutually supportive.

What then might be included in the agenda for action in the 1990's?

- Continued countryside care to repair the ravages of the industrial revolution, especially woodland management and planting to provide shelter and greater diversity of wildlife.
 - "Green Tourism" which respects the environmental resource upon which it depends, rather than indiscriminate large projects merely looking for a countryside context.
- Affordable housing for *local* first-time buyers. New ideas such as preferential access to share equity developments need to be explored.
- Appropriate new uses for large vernacular buildings still under threat - to create new small workspace for new small businesses wherever possible, so maintaining a balanced community living and working together. Sadly, too many fine old mills have been demolished in the eighties, quarried for their materials, cleared for their land - a loss to conservation and a loss of opportunity.

Achievement of sustainability and balance are no easy matter. Concerted, co-ordinated action is called for. The global need is mirrored in the local need - and like charity, "Green" begins at home.

Think globally - act locally is the message for those with a 1990's green commitment. And our message must be to act locally through Pennine Heritage. We have the means We have the standing. We need the members. Join now!

See page 36 for application form.

News & Views

DIARY ... DIARY ... DIARY ...

Pagan Fires

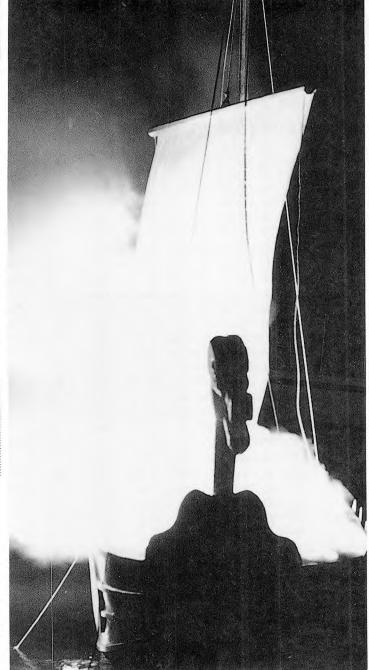
In the ferocity of a Scandinavian winter, Jolablot, the pagan Norse fire festival, lightened the long months of darkness and fear. Its ancestor is at this moment bringing warmth, colour and music to the former Viking outpost of York in the city's annual Jorvik Viking Festival.

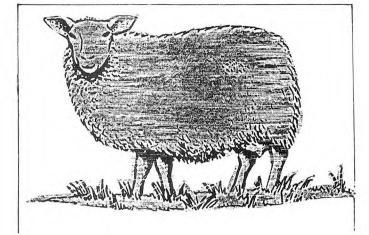
The last days of the February festival include Viking village life re-enacted, concerts, craft exhibitions and the dramatic finale (24th) of the Jorvik Viking Combat, the Longship Burning Ceremony and the Feast of the Jarl. Information from the Festival Office, 0904 611944

Councillor Giles

Right on cue for lambing time, Metro Rochdale's new Chamberhouse Urban Farm is now in business.

Opposite Heywood Cemetery, the 66 acre farm, with its pedigree British livestock, welcomes visitors every afternoon. A farm trail, cafe and produce and wildflower shop open at Easter.







62 Nelson Street

n October 10th 1903, Mrs Emmeline Pankhurst called to her Georgian semi-detached house, at 62 Nelson Street Manchester, a few of the women members of the Independent Labour Party. They formed the WSPU, the Women's Social and Political Union and from that small meeting a remarkable movement began: the Suffragette Movement for Votes For Women.

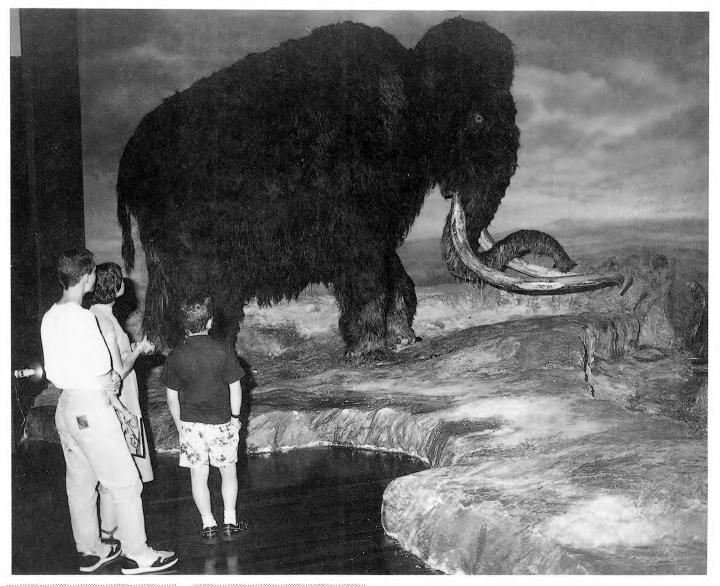
t was a fight which involved thousands of ordinary as well as influential women and for many it was to mean great sacrifice, violence, danger, prison and even death.

In 1980 after a public outcry at its proposed demolition, 62 Nelson Street was saved by the Pankhurst Trust Appeal and restored as the Pankhurst Centre, "a living memorial to the women's suffrage movement".

A "**400 Group**" to raise money to safeguard the future of the house is now being formed by the Pankhurst Trust.

£100 from 400 supporters is needed to repay a £40,000 loan from the Architectural Heritage Fund. Names are to be on permanent display inside the Centre. Contact Rachelle Warburton, Administrator, The Pankhurst Trust, 62 Nelson Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester 13; 061 273 5673.

DIARY ... DIARY ... DIARY ...



Mammoth Might

ow mammoth was a mammoth? Why did these great prehistoric giants become extinct? Answers in the Mighty Mammoth Show which features the unique and poignant reconstruction of the recently discovered bones of an adult and three baby mammoths. The adult apparently died vainly trying to save its calf from drowning in the prehistoric Shropshire mud.

The larger than life exhibition is on show in Preston's County & Regimental Museum (0772 264075) till July 2nd.



hy not stay 66 inside on a cold winter's

day" suggest the RSPB "and watch the wildlife outside the window. A garden bird table or nut feeder can be the scene of many fascinating battles between tiny birds competing for food".

Apparently, the blue tits, acrobats of the bird table, may be chased off by the larger great tits which fan their wings and tail as a warning threat. Greenfinches, on the other hand, flash the bright yellow strips of their wings to see off the



A free leaflet Feeding Garden Birds is available from the RSPB, The Lodge, Sandy, Bedfordshire.

DIARY ... DIARY ... DIARY ...

Arts Update

On March 8th "the most important theatrical event of the year" sees the opening of the £13m West Yorkshire Playhouse. The giant Leeds complex with two theaters

complex with two theatres seating a total of 1100 people is the largest outside London.

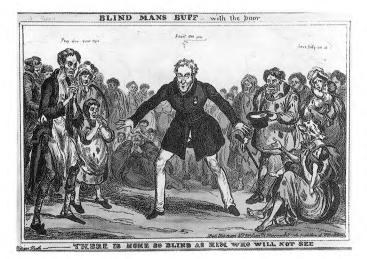
Pick of the art exhibitions now showing in the North are: Folly And Vice: The Art Of Satire And Social Criticism, a waspish look at human vanities and foibles (York City Art Gallery, 10 February-18 March); and A Northern School, Lancashire Artists Of The Twentieth Century, showing that L S Lowry doesn't have the monopoly. (Grundy Art Gallery, Blackpool to February 24th).

From March, Gawthorpe Hall, Burnley, famous for its Kay-Shuttleworth lace and embroidery collection, is staging a comprehensive series of **craft textile weekend courses** (£18 to £80). Beginners or experts welcome, local B & B available. Programme from Theresa Savage, Gawthorpe Hall, Padiham, Nr Burnley; 0282 78511. Enthusiasts may also like to note the **Textile Arts Festival**, 1st-12th April, Bradford.

Enthusiasts may also like to note the **Textile Arts Festival**, 1st-12th April, Bradford and **Craft Holiday Weekends** at 17th Century Countersett Hall Guest House in the



Dales; 0969 50373. Embroidery, lace, knitting, art, calligraphy & nature walks.



Winning Streak

Gets Fit Competition.

Diane, of Aberford near Leeds and her guest will enjoy a luxury Saturday night out with dinner B&B at the Forte Hotel Brighouse plus a fitness session at the hotel's stylish new Health Club.

The Get Fit answers were as follows:

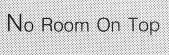
1b Twenty minutes moderate exer-

cise three times weekly is the way to improve your fitness. 2b Olive oil is mono-unsaturated.

3c The Deltoid Raise exercises the upper arm and shoulder.

Also congratulations to winners of **Pennine's** giant green quiz, **The Man Who Planted Trees.** Copies of the Oscar-winning cartoon video are on the way to: John Ewan of Blackpool, Marion Berry of Bradford, Stephen McDonnell of Ramsbottom and Caroline Martin of Upper Batley.

DIARY ... DIARY ... DIARY ...



www.eighing in at four tonnes and some fifteen feet high, comparisons of French sculptor Bourdelle's Monumental Horse with the Horse of Troy are irresistible.

The magnificent bronze sculpture currently on show at the **Yorkshire Sculpture Park** made a memorable journey from the Musee Bordelle in Paris. Too large to travel on the motorways, it followed a carefully planned route to West Bretton near Wakefield avoiding all bridges!

A campaign has now been launched to purchase the horse for the Sculpture Park collection. "It is to be hoped" says Peter Palumbo, Chairman of the Arts Council, "that everyone with a genuine interest in visual arts in the north will contribute to this unique opportunity of purchasing a work which is in its own way every bit as impressive as the great equestrian statues in Venice and Padua."

Rhone-Poulenc, exhibition sponsors, have now made the first donation and "we are keen" say the Sculpture Park "to hear from more business sponsors", Contact Griselda Bear on 0924 830579.

The Sculpture Park has also recently opened its **Access Sculpture Trail**, "to bring art and nature together". A sensory trail with particular emphasis on people in wheelchairs and the blind, three years of work have gone into its design and creation.

Pennine's handicapped readers may also find other outdoor opportunities in RADAR's new publication **The Countryside & Wildlife for Disabled People**.

The book lists 1000 sites in the UK including nature reserves, forests and adventure centres which makes special provision, from audio visual and tactile aids to wheelchair boardwalks. By post (£4.50) from RADAR (Royal Association for Disability and Rehabilitation), 25 Mortimer Street, London W1.



In Brief

s your winter garden a wilderness? Get some tips from the Northern Horticultural Society on February 22nd's special winter tour of their Harlow Car Gardens, Harrogate. Meet Garden Supervisor Robyn Carter 11am at the entrance. No extra charge. A new leaflet, **The Pennine Bridleway**, explaining proposals for the first national trail designed principally for riders is available free from the Countryside Commission, 19/23 Albert Road, Manchester M19 2EQ. Well done "**Pennine Yorkshire**", the Calderdale and Kirklees tourism initiative, voted, for the second year running, the Best of British stand at Utrecht's Vakantie, one of the largest holiday exhibitions in Europe.

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The members of Saddleworth Tourist Association look forward to welcoming you.

If you are looking for somewhere nice to eat or stay or have any questions about the area please telephone 0457 874359 for further details.

EVENTS 1990

Saddleworth Main Events

d	3 Jun
	0 Jun
	15 Jul
	25 & 26 Aug
	Exhibitions
	Saddleworth Mus
	7 Nov-14 Feb
1	
	1 Mar-22 Apr
	8 Apr-20 May
	6 Jun-15 Jul
	1 Jul-12 Aug
	8 Aug-9 Sep
1	5 Sep-7 Oct
	3 Oct-4 Nov
	Millyard Gallery
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ery	0 Nov-30 Dec
ir h et ll	5 Sep-7 Oct 3 Oct-4 Nov Millyard Gallery Jan-26 Feb 8 Feb-16 Mar 1 Mar-20 Apr May-25 May 6 May-30 Sep 0 Oct-9 Nov 0 Nov-30 Dec



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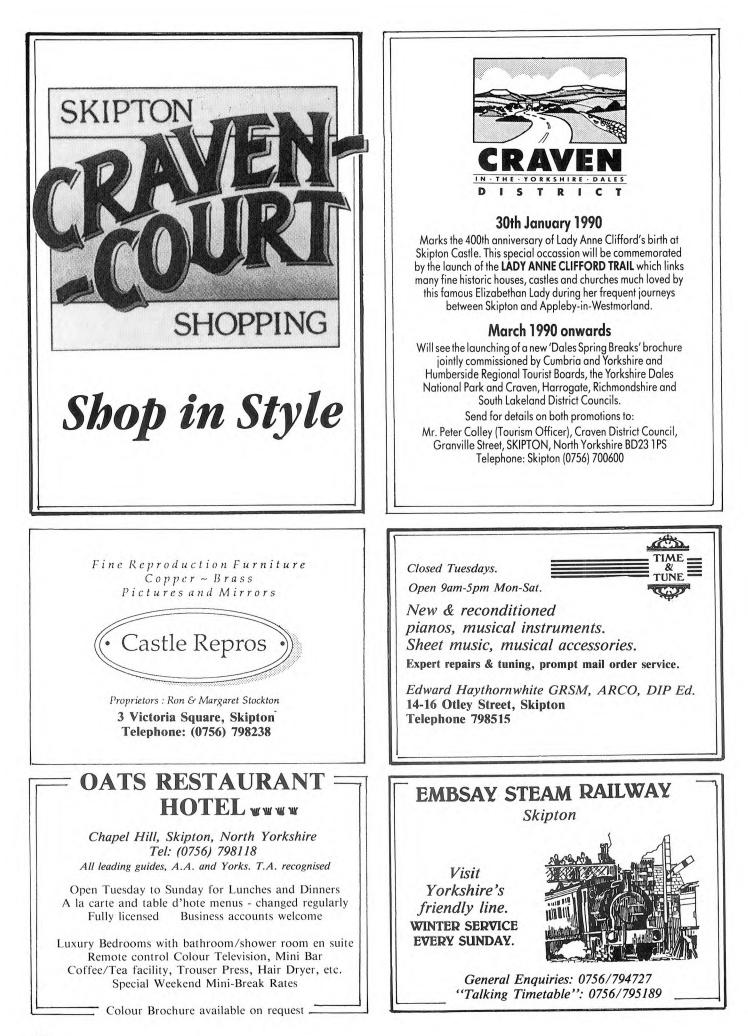
THE GREEN ASH HOTEL

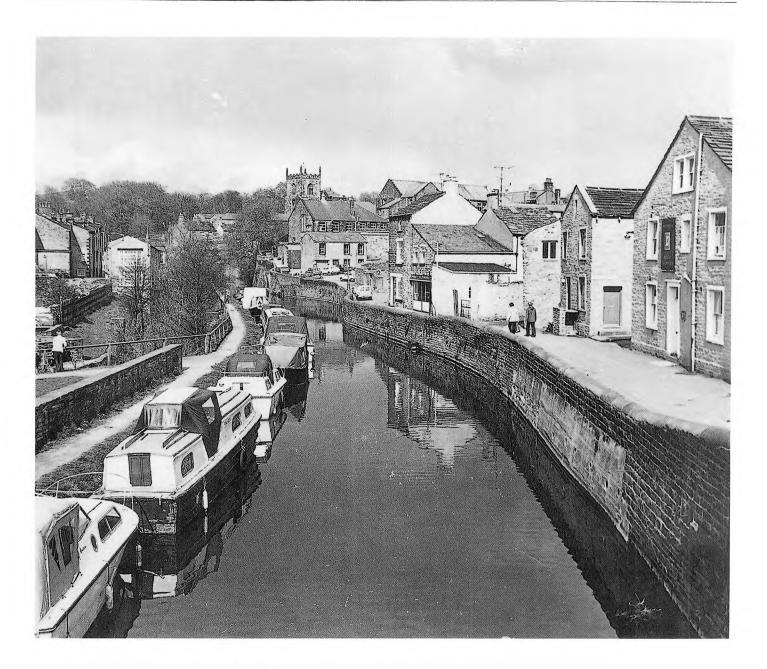
Set in the breathtaking Saddleworth countryside, the Green Ash Hotel and Restaurant offers luxury en-suite accommodation. suberb cuisine and excellent conference facilities.

New Tame, Denshaw Road, Delph. OL3 5TS Tel: 0457-871035

Alexandra Uppermill. **Telephone:**







Faraway Places?

Editor Hilary Darby looks no further than Skipton.

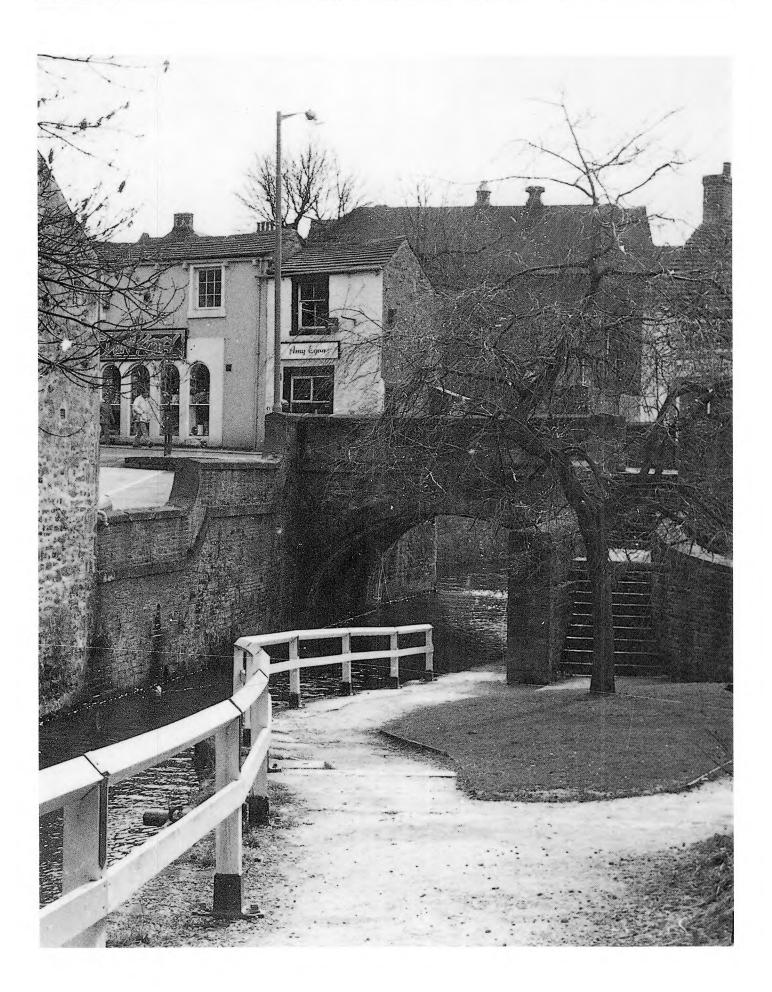
G F Strange Sounding Names'' crooned the old Bing Crosby number. Ask today's child, sophisticate of a packageholiday age, to name their dream travelling destination and Florida's Disney World or at least the lures of Southern Spain would be the answer. But for one child of more innocent days, the name to conjure with was ... Skipton.

In these car-owning days when a "run to the Dales" is no more than an afternoon's jaunt, how hard it is to explain the frontier quality of Skipton Bus Station. But its lean-to, formica-tabled caff has a small Fifties ghost proudly bearing a "rucksack" cut down from a World War II knapsack and walking boots that seemed as big as itself. Me.

"Skipton, Gateway to the Dales"; what a ring of promise that had. Here was where the familiar red doubledeckers of the industrial West Riding turned into those distinctive orange and grey Pennine single-deckers, bound for such distant places as Malham, Settle, even Ingleton where the foreign territory of the Lakes began to beckon. Time between buses, often hours of waiting, was spent exploring Skipton. It seemed dark and tough then and, a working mill town, probably was. The alleys were lonely, rubbish-filled and delightfully seedy. The canal was smelly, its towpaths empty and Skipton Castle seemed mine alone. I would not have thought to change a thing.

But change it the world has and on a rainy recent weekend I went back to see how much.

Starting point, naturally, was the Bus Station. Is it rose-coloured sentiment or has it not altered in quarter of a century?



Over the Bus Station footbridge and MICAI

down the steps I turned towards town along the canal towpath. The vogue for waterside living has brought new mews development and patios with potted plants now look out on the ducks. In gay greens and reds, narrow boats are moored along the way and round the corner Pennine Marine will even hire you one for the day, to drift up the Leeds & Liverpool towards Gargrave. (Leave the towpath up the first set of steps onto Belmont Bridge.)

On the left, a small parade of shops includes the working bookbinder Chilton Books. In an enterprising leaflet published by second hand bookshops from Knaresborough to Sedbergh, it is No.17 on "The Yorkshire Dales Book Trail". (Bear right on the main road to cross the canal and turn left along Coach Street.)

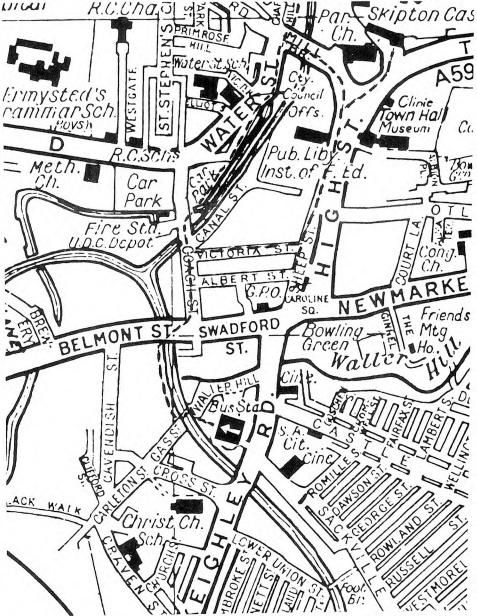
From the bridge came the sight of salvation of splendid old Victoria Mills. Rotting and empty for so long, the mills are currently being converted to, you guessed it ... canalside flats with toytown red and yellow windows. How dashing for the grey no-nonsense Skipton I remembered.

Along Coach Street a series of alleys and courts run down to meet the beck. One of the oldest areas of Skipton, the alleys mark the boundaries of the medieval plots of land which once gave off the High Street. For lovers of specialist shops and interesting restaurants this is good hunting ground.

Within a five minute foray it can sell you antique lace, a Balinese puppet or a £300 irridescent green designer ski suit that would not disgrace you in Klosters. A lunch stop in that most unusual find, an English restaurant, (the Tom Jones Carvery), might even see a Beggarly Rascal or a Poacher's Reward washed down with silver birch wine!

Up the alley of Victoria Street is the glass pavilion housing Tourist Information. Beyond it through the arch is mainstream Skipton: cobbled Sheep Street and the High Street sweeping up to the Parish Church and the Castle.

In its bustle little has changed. Some new names naturally; a rustle of Laura Ashley here, a blast of Benetton there. But Whitakers, the 100 year old Skipton chocolatiers, are still selling violet, rose and apricot creams in stripey drawstring bags and, this being market day, the stalls were cheerfully clogging the pavement just as they used to. But who would ever have thought to see



Pennine trail ... follow the dotted line beginning at the Bus Station.

such sophisticated offerings as Wensleydale Cheese, smoked?

Skipton has indeed taken to marching on an up-market stomach.

In the excellent Healthy Life wholefoods shop and cafe, tofu burgers and lentil pate were packing 'em in. Round the corner at Tastes delicatessen, shoppers made off with salmon and tuna crescents and as for nearby Oats restaurant, its antiques as opulent as its food, one can only imagine the dales-of-old reaction to its ''warm salad of scallops and mangetout''.

Off the lower High Street, the red and gold portico of Craven Court has recently expanded this new, glossy face of Skipton shopping. Under a glass pavilion roof its "period street" of specialist shops would not be out of place in the Bath and Harrogate



Out & About

league. Something of a surprise but it certainly kept off the chill of a raw Dales wind.

But all tradition is not lost. Near the top of the High Street is the Town Hall, home of the Craven Museum. Those fatigued by the fervour for "interpretation" and "hands on" experience of today's brightly thrusting museum world should pause here for pilgrimage.

Objects in glass cases, tiny typed labels, not an audio visual in sight. Not just a museum but a shrine to all that the word museum used to mean. Where else could the unlikely bedfellows of a Viking tombstone from Burnsall and the curly brass horn of the Grassington Mail Coach lie so snugly together?

Guide books are fond of saying that Skipton castle dominates the High Street. Not so. That place belongs to the medieval Parish Church of Holy Trinity and its sign urges a visit to this "Place of Pilgrimage Prayer and Peace". A sad sign of the times to find the porch gates were locked.

Skipton Castle itself has at first glance an unspectacular site, tucked away on the right of Holy Trinity. But beyond its gateway, green lawns sweep up to one of the best preserved strongholds in England.

No blasted ruin this, but a "proper" castle with walk through rooms and none of those forbidden stairways maddenly blocked with NO ENTRY signs. For that thank the famous Lady Anne Clifford who restored the Castle in the seventeenth century after its punitive partial demolition by the Roundheads.

Marking her regular progresses through the Dales, the Lady Anne Clifford Trail had just been launched, linking Skipton and six other Clifford castles, including Appleby and Penrith, in a new tourist trail.

It is said that Robert, the first Lord of Clifford, picked Skipton to build his castle in order never to miss an opportunity to hammer the Scots. Spending his life fighting them, he died fighting them, at Bannockburn. But why choose this particular site?

(Skirt back past the front of Holy Trinity and down round the corner to the High Corn Mill to pick up the white railed stream side path which leads away to the right).

This overlooked byway of Skipton hides the answer to the question. Its waterfalls and woods frame a mossy chasm and to those who walk into its



green gloom, the castle shows all the menace of its private face. The Roundheads fired on the castle from the slopes rising on the left but only after a three year siege did the garrison surrender the lost Royalist cause.

The High Corn Mill itself is one of the oldest buildings in Skipton. It stands at the ford of the ancient high road from York to Lancaster. The Mill's recent conversion by furnishers Ledgard & Wynn to a high class shopping complex also includes welcome plans to renovate the surviving water wheel. In the meantime, muffins and shortbread can be found beneath the beams in the mill's Rafters cafe.

(Across the main road, take the steps back down and along the beckside path, continue across the footbridge to the next set of steps and up onto Coach Street.)

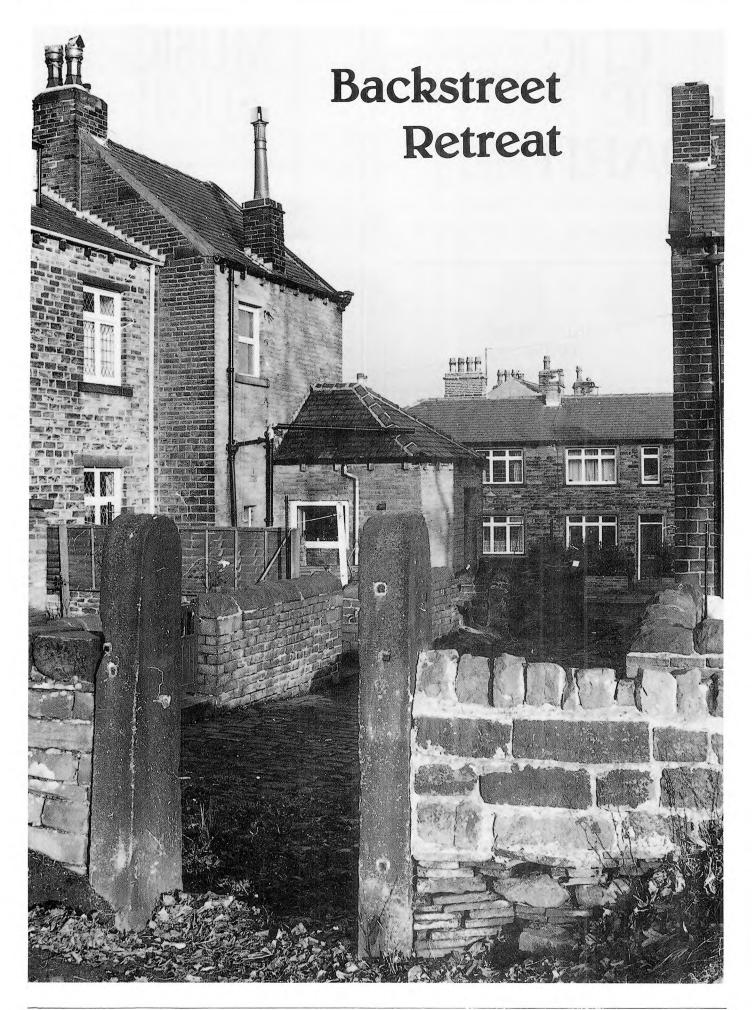
As the street lights were coming on and the drizzle coming down, the day faded into that unique British bleakness known as "teatime" when, just as you need them and for reasons quite beyond reason, the nation's cafes shut up shop.

Round the corner on Victoria Street, the new Wine Barn, with its teatime "Happy Hour" (Monday and Friday) of "two for the price of one" proved a timely find and the ducks, like plump miniature duvets, were dug in for the night before I retraced that morning's canalside route.

Was there just an echo of my long ago Skipton in the watery winter gloom? Shouldn't have paused to ponder. Just like old times, as I got to the stop, my bus pulled away.







Guess where Helen Collingborn, selfdeclared southern yuppie, seeks solace from the stress of the City?

There are no roses round the door of my weekend cottage. No chocolate box views, manicured village greens or bewellied, Barbour-jacketed neighbours.

"Out front", as they say on our street, is a scrubby hillside of ailing allotments and chicken runs. "Out back" is the yard, with its privy and coal shed standing in line with the row which marches down the alley. My shabby paradise.

66

How ironic that 'improvements' should wipe away the very features that would make a London estate agent drool. How ironic that the "improvements" still prized in this tucked away corner of north-east Lancashire should wipe away the very features which would make a London estate agent drool.

To find the Victorian fireplaces intact was perhaps too much to hope for. But, unbelievable to a Laura Ashleywearing yuppie, original fireplaces and kitchen ranges are still being pulled out of neighbouring houses.

The ripping out of our house's honest old bones has been thorough, (though snobbishly, I confess to relief at at least being spared a "through lounge" with a "Spanish arch"). Not a picture rail nor a moulded door survive. The sash windows are gone. Blind-eyed "picture windows" stare glassily in their place. They don't open of course. Fresh air is "draughts" in these parts.

6 6 'Hovisland' sneer sardonic friends but whats so wrong with that.

But enough of carping and harping. Humble, small, square, this little stone house is more than second home and I picture it wistfully as I write.

Down in the valley bottom is the looming bulk of a working mill, at night its rows of windows radiant as a cathedral. Beyond an admittedly unpromising foreground rise green fields, squared by a giant hand in a lattice of dry stone walls and satisfyingly dotted with toytown cows and sheep.

From where the farmer gives up on the struggle with the land, the moorland starts, stretching away to the rim of this most unlikely kingdom. How the locals would laugh but here is at least one "resident" who is smug to read that in one direction the moors are the very ones "the ill fated Bronte sisters roamed" and in the other lies Pendle Hill, "dark with the spells of the infamous Lancashire witches". Equally uncool to hug oneself over cobbles down the alleys and chalk marks where the children still play hopscotch. "Hovisland", sneer sardonic friends but what's so wrong with that? There is something to be said for the fish and chip shop on one street corner and the off-licence (does it ever close?) on the other.

So what if the shops are thin on wholemeal bread, fresh pasta, Alpen without sugar and other edible pretensions. There is always the local Chinese. Passing swiftly over an informal approach to hygiene, its Banquet for Two is more than worth the unwavering scrutiny of the bikers who rendezvous day and night round the pinball machine.

66 We twitch our net curtains and they twitch theirs.

Scrutiny of a more discreet kind has come from our neighbours. Deceived by the cliches of northern "nosiness", a barrage of curiosity and "popping in" was expected; even anticipated. The reality has been other.

We twitch our net curtains. They twitch theirs. We nod and say "pleasant day". "Now then" they reply.

Amiable but taciturn help is on offer for the humping in of fridges, sofas and the like and there was a flicker of silent amusement last summer, when we set up a barbecue on the two flagstones and a rose bush that masquerade as a front garden.'

But NO questions, no names and no contact. I offer only theories on this silence.

Did we unwittingly break some New Arrivals taboo? Failing perhaps to "make ourselves known"? Or reversely, speaking before we were spoken to? Is it simply that we are so glaringly "offcomers" (or is it "offcumdens"?) OR is it that we arrive in different cars, at different times and that, ergo, must be up to no good!

Here's a hopeful vote for the latter. The gossip-worthy Bad Woman of my weekend retreat! After all, no backstreet worth the name is without one. I know. I watch Coronation Street.

"A mill terrace near Burnley?" said London friends and colleagues with theatrical horror and many hysterical "by gums" as in disbelief they watched the sale proceed.

But in my eyes, the neat sweet house three hours up the motorway that cost less than a London garage needed no defence. As it happens, its trebling in value in the last two years has afforded the last laugh. But at what price? If it means, as it does, that times are changing, I would rather keep the ordinary, cheap little street that seemed almost of a forgotten era when I first fell in love with it.

"A two bedroomed through terrace, kitchen, bathroom, and front room, sorry, lounge". The estate agent had ticked off its modest attractions. "Modernised" he added with the tone of one adding an immeasurable extra. "Unfortunately", was the ungracious response. When side help you climb it; and the last time we went up Buckden Pike we found a lightweight article of women's underwear. It was, we decided, time for a change.

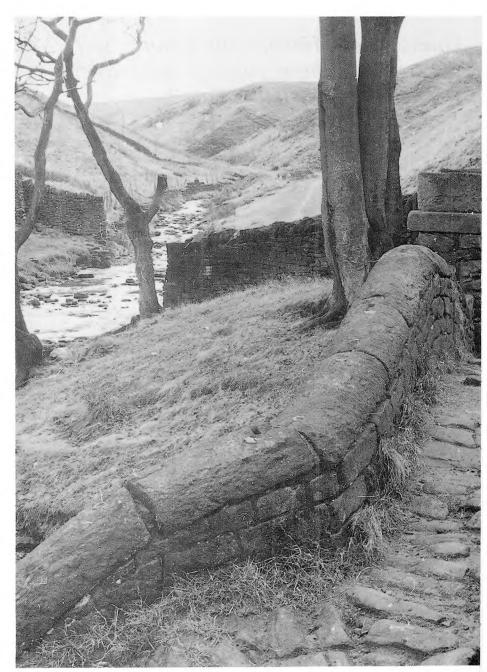
Pennine, as ever, came to our rescue. Why not, they said, have a look at the **Kirklees Way**.

When it is finished, the route will be a circular, long distance, (72 miles) walk around the outer edge of the boundary of Kirklees Metropolitan District, taking in some of the best scenery on the Yorkshire side of the Pennines.

Three new route cards have just become available. These cover Thornhill Edge to Emley; and from Marsden to Pole Moor, and from Pole Moor to Birchencliffe. The last two link together and provide a twelve mile hike. There are now six route cards in all, covering half the Way, the earlier cards including stretches around Emley and Scholes. The others will become available over the next few months. Calderdale has produced a similar walk, the Calderdale Way, and the parts of that that we'd done had been enjoyable and fun, so we happily asked Pennine to let us test the Kirklees walks.

Each of the route cards is the size of a large postcard, and laminated, so that it should survive being read in the rain, dropped in the mud and stuffed in the pockets of kagools or the inside of mitts. They cover about six miles each, which depending on how fit you are, how rough the route, and how bad the weather provides about three or four hours walking. However, the walks are linear, so if you have to get back to the starting place - to collect the car, say - allow extra time for the return walk, or make sure you can get a lift or a bus.

On one side of the card is a route map with the **Kirklees Way** outlined in a heavy line. Other footpaths are marked in less bold lines, and fields, roads, streams and other essential data are also shown as are viewpoints and points of interest. On the reverse of the card, places of particular merit are described, as well as bus routes and where pubs and shops can be found.



Other Pennine Ways

Dales afficianado DAVID JAMES turns his boots towards Kirklees.

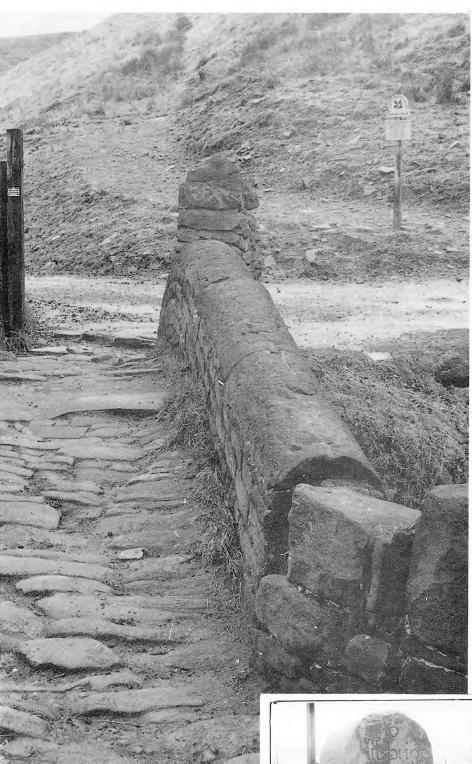
There are also notes on what is called 'Kirklees Lore' and 'Nature Law'.

Kirklees Lore tells you a little bit about the local history of the area and nature lore tells you about natural phenomena. On one card, for example, there is John Wesley' advice on what to do if your feet ache. You rub them with ivy, of course; though personally I'd rather sit in a hot bath with a gin and tonic. Another card tells you how to work out when to abandon the walk by reading the sky, and remembering the ancient country saw. Thus,

Pale moon does rain Red moon does blow White moon does neither rain nor snow.

This compares well with the well known Dales doggerel,

When there's cloud on Pen-Y-Ghent 'Tis time walker's homeward went.



The walk we decided to do was the **Marsden to Pole Moor** section, and then leave the **Kirklees Way** and cut down to Slaithwaite and come back to our starting point along the canal. This would take us over Slaithwaite Moor and down to Deanhead, or is it Scammonden Reservoir, and would, we hoped provide us with fine views. Under ordinary circumstances it would have done, but the day we went it poured down. Undeterred we parked in Marsden, and set off from the Canal Lock, near the station.



In addition to the route cards, the Way is marked by a blue **K** and yellow arrows, and even though the weather was not good, we never lost our way.

The route cards also have holes punched in the sides, so you can keep them together as a set, when they have all been published. A special ring binder to hold them should be available soon.

However, walkers might find the relevant OS sheet helpful, if only as a back up to pass on to those who haven't got a route card and want to know where they are.

The other thing which people ought to have is adequate clothing. The day we were out the moor was bleak and wet and there were boggy patches, so boots, overtrousers and kagools were necessary. Even in the summer, boots and extra clothes would seem a sensible precaution, as the open country can turn bleak even on the best of days. We also took plenty of food and drink as we intended to be out all day.

We found our way across the moor without difficulty, although we saw few other walkers, and arrived at the connecting point for the continuation to Birchencliffe, just after lunch, which we ate behind a wall, while discussing the merits of *First and Last*, the television play which looks set to become the walker's icon. We then cut away from the prescribed route and made our way back to Marsden, arriving just as the light was going.

It was a fine day out despite the weather, and, thanks to the card and the waymarking, there was no difficulty finding our way. Thank you **Pennine** for introducing us to something different, and thanks to Kirklees Council for organising the whole thing so well.

We look forward to seeing the rest of the route, which when complete should provide an excellent two or three day hike around some of the best scenery West Yorkshire has to offer.

Kirklees Way route cards (50p each) can be bought from Huddersfield and Holmfirth Tourist Information Centre, the office of the Huddersfield Examiner and local libraries.

Closegate, Eastergate Bridge, on the 17th Century packhorse route near Higher Green, Owlers.

4

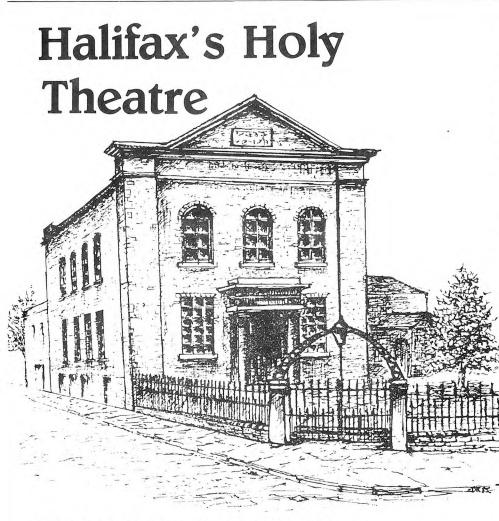
C QUICKE

A

PHOTO:

Milnsbridge 2m Halifax 4 - a 1755 guide stoop; corner of Crossland Road and Lindley Moor Road.





Catherine Harrison celebrates a milestone in 'treading the boards'.

The Halifax Playhouse, a converted Methodist chapel, may not be up in the realms of the South Bank's National Theatre, Manchester's Royal Exchange, Chichester's Festival Theatre or even the Leeds Grand, but as far as "verging on the professional" amateur theatre goes, Halifax probably reigns supreme.

1989-90 has seen the ruby jubilee year of the Halifax Thespians being housed in the Halifax Playhouse, a fine 300-seat theatre strategically placed on the main Yorkshire/Lancashire road to pull in the audiences: which is exactly what it has been doing for the last 40 years.

But the Thespians go back further than that - as a Company they are of diamond vintage rather than ruby. On 27th September 1927, a meeting in the White Swan Hotel by several potential "Thespians" resolved to take the first steps to form a dramatic society which would "take an active interest in the more permanent and intelligent forms of dramatic art". Within a month of that first meeting, a committee, including a certain gentleman called Wilfred Pickles, later to become a famous broadcasting personality, had drawn up a constitution - the Halifax Thespians were born.

The Company were veritable nomads in those early years. Money was short and they couldn't afford to decorate their first headquarters at Crossley Street, Halifax. Instead, they moved into premises in Queens Hall, then Clare Road, and finally to the Alexandra Hall in 1930. The "Alex" was a new 750-seater theatre next to the Halifax Building Society's Commercial Street Head Office. It was through this theatre that the Thespians made their name in advanced dramatic circles for their use of lighting and modernist production techniques.

But the Thespians were keen to have a place where sets could be built, furniture stored, and rehearsals take place. A home of their own where they could develop without the shadow of a landlord hanging over them, demanding rent. The Second World War curtailed the fruition of this dream and put it even further out of reach when the Alexandra Hall was requisitioned for the war effort.

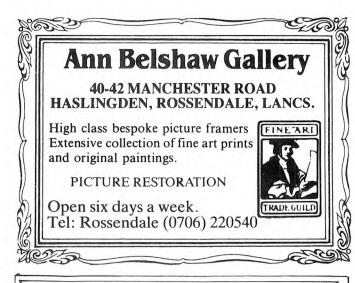
After the war was over, the Thespians went all out to get their own theatre. When the Methodists at Hanover Chapel, near King Cross, ceased to worship there, the church was bought by the Thespians for £2,500 and an appeal fund was launched to raise money for the transfiguration of the building. This took place under the direction of Arthur Pickles, brother of Wilfred, enthusiastic Thespian actor and professional architect.

The purchase of the chapel marked the beginning of four years' hard work, where volunteers and theatre lovers went along to the old chapel and completely gutted and restored the building. Many of the 1989 Thespians still have memories of the human chain which moved literally thousands of bricks from the road and into the building. Writer and one of the Thespian founder members Phyllis Bentley wrote: "Anyone who doubts the stamina of modern youth should visit the Playhouse some evening and watch our young men and maidens hacking timber and handling stone".

The Playhouse was officially unveiled in September 1949 with a production of Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor". Since those early days, the Thespians have presented full seasons of plays - ten a year and more recently eight with two or three Green Room plays as well. Since that time, the Playhouse audience has remained large and loyal, with full houses unexceptional, week-long sell-outs not unknown.

The theatre has seen many other changes since that time. The new Carlton Rooms - a place for the Thespians to rehearse when the Theatre is in the process of preparing for the next show - were bought in 1987. The former engineering works, just five minutes walk from the theatre, has created further space to meet, rehearse, talk and debate. Another ambitious task tackled with that familiar Thespian zeal. The Carlton conversion has cost the Company £40,000 - sixteen times the amount the Playhouse cost all those years ago!

Suffice to say that the show must go on. It's not every theatre group who has a "Holy Theatre" - and a reputation quite so unusual to live up to.



Hebden Bridge Artist

JOHN HAWKWOOD

with help from his wife Angela, has opened a small, private gallery adjoining his studio on Hope Street, (Nr. library). Visitors are welcome to view permanent exhibition of original drawings and prints.

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MUSIC

13 Feb

Alan Price in Concert. 8pm at Burnley Mechanics, Burnley. Tel: (0282) 30055

14 Feb

Stan Barker Trio with Roy Williams (jazz trombonist) 8pm at Burnley Mechanics, Burnley

14 Feb

Lunchtime Recital by Howard Croft (baritone) & Eileen Bass (piano). Mayors Reception Room, Dewsbury Town Hall. 12.30pm.

14,15,18 Feb

Concert by Halle Orchestra, 7.30pm. Free Trade Hall, Manchester Details: 061 834 8363

17 Feb

Courtney Pine in Concert. 8.00pm at University of York Central Hall. Tel: 0904 643211

17 Feb

Rossendale Male Voice Choir & Festival Choir. 7.30pm at Burnley Mechanics.

18 February

Jorvik Folk Festival Night. Host of performers incl. Kathryn Tickell, 8pm. Tempest Anderson Hall, York. Tel: (0904) 643211.

18 Feb

Burnley Municipal Symph. Orchestra. 7.30pm Burnley Mechanics.

21 Feb

Lunchtime Recital by Martyn Hill (Tenor) & Clifford Benson (piano) at St Paul's Hall, Huddersfield Polytechnic 1.00pm

22 Feb

Concert by Halle Orchestra conducted by Jan Pascal Tortellier. Prog. includes Saint-Saens Organ Symphony. 7.30 Free Trade Hall, Manchester

23 Feb

German Night (Beethoven & Schubert) concert by Liverpool Philarmonic Orch. 7.30pm at King Georges Hall, Blackburn. Tel: (0254) 582582

23 Feb

Oyster Band (Folk & roots band) 8pm Burnley Mechanics, Burnley

25 Feb

Concert by Halle Orchestra. 2 Brahms works also Saint-Saens Symphony. 7.30pm at Free Trade Hall, Manchester. Details: 061 834 8363

24 Feb

Concert by Halle Or-chestra, 7,30pm at St Georges Hall, Bradford, Tel: 0274 752000

25 Feb

'Andrew Lloyd Webber & 9 March The Great British Musical' Best songs from West End & Broadway shows. Mechanics Institute, Manchester Rd, Burnley. Tel: 0282 30055

25 Feb

Yorks. Regional Qualifying Contest for the Nat. Brass Band Championship of Gt.Britain 1990. From 9.am at St. Georges Hall, Bradford. Tel: (0274) 754091

25 Feb

Roy Bailey Folk Star In Concert. 8pm at Mechanics Institute, Burnley Tel: 0282 30055

26 Feb

Organ Recital by David Hill at 1.00pm at Huddersfield Town Hall.

26 Feb

Piano Recital by Dmitri Alexeev (Mozart, Schumann, Chopin) 8pm at Bach. 1.00pm Royal Baths, Harrogate.

27 February

Concert by celebrated clarinetist, Jack Brymer 7.30pm. Accrington & Rossendale College, Main Hall, Sandy Lane, Accrington.Tel: Accrington 394786

28 Feb,7 & 28 March Tippet/Beethoven Celebration by Peter Donohoe (piano) 1.00pm at



2 March

Polytechnic

Concert by BBC Philarmonic Orchestra (Bohemian programme). University of York, Central Hall, York. Details: (0904) 432439

3 March

"Haydn & The Classical Orchestra'' Day of music making 10.30am-9.15pm at Dewsbury Town Hall, Tel: Dewsbury 465151

6 March

Fabulous 50's Concert. Ruby Murray, Clinton Ford etc. 7.30pm at Bingley Arts Centre. Details: Bradford 754091.

7 March

Concert by The Manchester Camerata. 7.30pm Municipal Hall, Albert Road, Colne.

Royal Liverpool Philarmonic Orch. 150th Anniversary Concert, 7.30pm at King Georges Hall, Blackburn. Tel: (0254)

9 March

Concert by BBC Philarmonic Orch. 7.30pm at St Georges Hall, Bradford. Tel: 0274 752000

10 March

Concert by City of Birmingham Orch. 7.30pm at Huddersfield Town Hall. Tel: Hudds. 430808

11 March

The Band of HM Royal Marines in Concert. 7.30pm at King George Hall, Blackburn. Tel: (0254)

12 March

Lunchtime Organ Recital, Gordon Stewart plays Huddersfield Town Hall.

14 & 21 March

The Alberni String Quartet at St Pauls Hall, Huddersfield Polytechnic. 1.00pm.

14 March

Recital by Guitar Duo, Tom Hand & Richard Dupre. Mayors Reception Room Dewsbury Town Hall, 12.30pm.

14 March

St Pauls Hall, Huddersfield University of York Orch. conducted by David Blake perform "Turangalila" by Messiaen. Details: (0904) 432439

16 March

The Doonan Family in Concert. 8.00pm at Holmfirth Civic Hall.

17 March

Concert by Bradford Festival Choral Soc. with Manchester Camarata. 7.30pm at St Georges Hall, Bradford. Tel: 0274 752000

19 March

Song Recital by Sarah Walker, mezzo soprano. Songs by Schubert, Mendelssohn, Debussy, Dvorak. 8pm. Royal Baths, Harrogate.

21 March

Nana Mouskouri & Her Musicians in concert at St. Georges Hall, Bradford. 7.30pm.

23 March

1990 British Jazz Extravaganza at St Georges Hall, Bradford at 8pm. Kenny Ball, Acker Bilk, etc. etc. Tel: Bradford 754091 for details.

24 March

Organ Recital by Darrius Battiwalla, (Organ Scholar of Manchester Cathedral) 3pm at Rochdale Town Hall.

29 March

Humphrey Littleton & His Band. 7.30pm at Accrington & Rossendale College, Main Hall, Sandy Lane, Accrington. Tel: Accrington 394786

31 March

Concert by Leningrad Symphony Orch. 7.30pm at St Georges Hall, Bradford. Tel: 0274 752000

31 March

Concert by Northern Sinfonia at Dewsbury Town Hall, 7.30pm, Tel: Dewsbury 465151

English Northern Philhar-

monia Concerts 10 March: Preston Guild 16 March: The Spa, Scarborough 17 March: Royal Hall, Harrogate 24 March: Leeds Town Hall (Dream of Gerontius) l April: Halifax Civic Theatre (Verdi's Requiem) (All Concerts begin at 7.30pm.)

THEATRE



9 Feb-17 March

'The Winters Tale', Royal Exchange Theatre, St. Anns Square, Manchester M2 7DH. Tel: 061 833 9833

14 Feb

One Off Theatre Co. in 'Zoo Storey' by Edward Albee. Theatre In The Mill Bradford University. Tel: (0274) 733466(ext 8416)

13-17 Feb

'Oliver' presented by Gt. Horton Amateur Operatic Soc. 7.15pm. Sat.mat.2.30pm. Alhambra Theatre, Bradford. Tel: (0274) 752000

14-24 Feb

Half term treat! 'Snow White & The Seven Dwarfs' at Grand Theatre, Leeds. Tel: (0532)456014

'Til 17 Feb

'Sea Monkeys' by David Pumford. Crucible Theatre, Sheffield. Tel: (0742) 760621

'Til 17 Feb

'The Price' by Arthur Miller. 7.30pm. The Dukes Playhouse, Moor Lane, Lancaster LA1 1QE. Tel: (0524) 66645

19-24 Feb

'Woman In Mind' by Alan Aykbourn. Bradford Playhouse & Film Theatre, Chapel St. Leeds Rd. Bradford. Tel: (0274) 720329

20-24 Feb

Natural Theatre Co. presents 'The British Are Coming' by Alan Gilbey. 7.30pm at Venn St. Arts Centre, Huddersfield

21 & 22 Feb

Medieval Players perform 'Courage - A Woman of War' (not recommended for young children). Burnley Mechanics Institute, Burnley, 7.30pm.

22 Feb

Magic Carpet Theatre presents 'Moon Magic' 10.30am & 2.00pm. Music, magic & comedy for all the family. Batley Town Hall.

22 & 23 Feb

Playboard Puppets present 'Button Moon & The Moon Monsters'. 11am & 2.0pm.King Georges Hall, Blackburn. Tel: (0254) 582582

22 Feb-10 March

Salt of the Earth' by John Godber. Coliseum Theatre, Oldham, Tel: 061 624 1731

23 Feb

'Moon Magic' 10.30am & 2pm. Cleckheaton Town Hall.

23 & 24 Feb

Trestle Theatre Co. in 'Top Storey'. Theatre In The Mill, Bradford University. Tel: 0274) 733466 (ext David Glass New Mime 8416)

26 Feb-3 March

Summer & Smoke' by Tennessee Williams. Bingley Theatre, Bingley. Tel: Bradford 564049

27 Feb-10 March

Leeds Amateur Dramatic Operatic Soc. present Pickwick', Grand Theatre, Leeds.

28 Feb-3 March

She Stoops To Conquer' Burnley Garrick Club, Mechanics Institute, Manchester Rd. Burnley BB11 1OA. Tel: (0282) 30055

28 Feb-24 March

'Bring Down The Sun' by Chris Hawes. 7.30pm. The Dukes Playhouse, Moor Lane, Lancaster LA1 10E Tel: (0524) 66645

1 March

Trestle Theatre Co. presents 'Top Storey' Venn St. Arts Centre, Huddersfield. 7.30pm

1-3 March

Bradford University Theatre Group in 'Here's One I Prepared Earlier... Theatre In The Mill, Bradford University. Tel: (0274) 733466 (ext 8416)

2 March

Betty Spital & The Dickiebards. Alternative humour. 8.00pm at Silverman Hall, Nelson.

'Til 3 March

'Watching' by Jim Hitchmough. Stage play that launched TV series. Octagon Theatre, Bolton. Tel: Bolton 20661

6 March

Pocket Theatre Cumbria present 'Mandy Redmayne Steps Into A Story'. Magical-musical adventure for all the family. Public Hall, Haslingden. 7.00pm.

8 March-7 April

'Wilds Oats' by John O'Keefe. Marks the Opening Season for the new West Yorks. Playhouse, Quarry Theatre, Calverley St. Leeds LS2 3AJ. Tel:(0532) 442141

12-17 March 'The Comedy of Errors' Grand Theatre, Leeds. Tel: (0532) 456014

14-15 March Ensemble in 'Popeye in Exile' Mime, Dance & Theatre, 7,30pm, Burnley Mechanics, Burnley

15-31 March

Regional Premiere of 'A Madhouse in Goa' by Martin Sherman (Adults only). Coliseum Theatre, Oldham, Tel: 061 624 1731

16 March-7 April

'The Dispute' by Pierre Marivaux.7.45pm at Crucible Theatre, Sheffield Tel: (0742) 760621

16 & 17 March

Compass Theatre Co. in 'Hamlet'. Theatre In The Mill, Bradford University.

17 March-22 April Robert Lindsay in 'The Count of Monte Cristo' Palace Theatre, Manchester. Tel: 061 236 9922

19-24 March 'Taming of the Shrew'. Bradford Playhouse & Film Theatre, Chapel St., Leeds Rd. Bradford. Tel: (0274) 720329

22-24 March

Bradford University Theatre Group in 'Velvet & Brass', Theatre In The Mill, Bradford University.

22 March-5 May

'The Crucible' by Arthur Miller. Royal Exchange Theatre, Manchester.

26 March

'A Gradely Neet' Dialect night of readings, 7.30pm. Central Library Rawtenstall, 7.30pm. Tickets: Burnley 21986.

27 March

7.30pm at Rhyddings High gouache, watercolour & School, Oswaldtwistle. Tickets: Burnley 21986.

28-30 March

The Marriage of Figaro. Beaumarchais' revolutionary comedy. 7.30pm at Burnley Mechanics, Burnley. Tel: (0282) 30005

2nd-7th April The Miser' by Moliere.

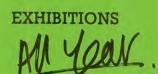
Bingley Little Theatre, Main St. Bingley. Tel: Bradford 564049

3-7 April

Charlie & The Chocolate Factory by Roald Dahl. Crucible Theatre, Sheffield Tel: (0742) 760621

5-28 April

NW premiere of Alan Ayckbourn's 'A Small Family Busines'. Coliseum Theatre, Oldham. Tel: 061 624 1731



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All year

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All year

Throstle Nest, pottery & gallery. Old Lindley, Holywell Green, Nr. Halifax. Tel: Elland 374388

All year

Glendale Studio. High quality reproductions of watercolour paintings by Geoffrey Cowton. Parish Counci Offices, Ripponden (village centre).

All year

Millstone Studio, Corner Cottage, Lower Mill Bank Road, Mill Bank. Tel: Hx. 823424. Original paintings Shakespeare's Richard III, of local landscapes in mixed media.



3 Feb-3 March Nudrat Afza: Photographs of local people & places. Huddersfield Art Gallery.

10 Feb-11 March Paper People by Philip Cox. The Gallery Downstairs, Yorke St. Burnley. Tel: (0282) 21986

10 Feb-1 July

Philately Will Get You Anywhere. Tolson Museum, Ravensknowle Park, Huddersfield.

10 Feb-18 March

Folly & Vice: The Art of Satire & Social Criticism. York City Art Gallery. Tel: (0904) 623839

'Til 12 Feb

'A Green Pleasant Land' The Post-Industrial Landscape by John Davies. Pendle Photographic Gallery, 20 Scotland Road, Nelson. Tel: (0282) 67732 ext.323

13 Feb-4 March

New Works '90. by Dominic Egan. At The Green Room, 54/56 Whitworth St. West, Manchester, Tel: 061 236 1676.

17 Feb-31 March

Ukiyo-E: Japanese Woodblock prints. Batley Art Gallery

17 Feb-20 May

Making Space: Pictures from the Kirklees Collections. Dewsbury Museum, Crow Nest Park.

'Til 18 Feb

'At Home In Derry' Paintings & Drawings by Jaqueline McCloskey. Finegold Contemporary Art, Walkleys Clogs, Hebden Bridge. Tel: 0422 845659

'Til 24 Feb

Arts Club Annual Exhibition. Cartwright Hall, Bradford

24 Feb-l April

'Ineke Van Der Wall -Paintings' Recent work by female Duch artist. Finegold Contemporary Art, Walkleys Clogs, Hebden Bridge. Tel: (0422) 845659

'Til 24 February

'Disparate Actions'. Recent paintings by Alan Garland. Huddersfield Art Gallery.

'Til 24 Feb

Bradford & Shipley Art Clubs & The Art Lovers Assoc. Annual Exhibition. Cartwright Hall, Bradford.

'Til 25 Feb 'The Hill Shepherd' Photographs by John & Elizabeth Forder. Haworth Art Gallery, Accrington

'Til 25 Feb Art Deco Underground Touring Exhibit. of London Transport Museum. Bradford Industrial Museum. Tel: (0274) 631756

"Til 25 Feb "The Call of The Wild" New Work by David Allsopp. Cartwright Hall, Bradford. Tel: (0274) 493313

'Til 25 Feb

Art Deco Underground. London Transport Museum Posters. Bradford Industrial Museum. Tel: (0274) 631756

'Til 25 Feb

The Call of the Wild: New work by David Allsopp. Cartwright Hall, Bradford

'Til 4 March Keighley & Bingley Art Clubs Annual Exhibition. Cliffe Castle, Keighley. Details: (0274) 758230



4 March-l April

Ilkley Art Clubs Annual Exhibition, Manor House, Ilkley, Tel: (0943) 600066

From 10 March

The Embroiderers Guild Exhibition at Bradford Industrial Museum. Tel: (0274) 631756

10-24 March

Annual Exhibition of Huddersfield Photographic Soc. Huddersfield Art Gallery

12 March-12 June

Nudrat Afza: Photographs of local people & places. Bagshaw Museum, Wilton Park, Batley

15 March-11 April

'Strands & Echoes'. Carvings, paintings & prints by

All year

Anthony Lysycia. The

17 March-21 April

17 March-29 April

'Til 18 March

874705

All year

Inspiration Artists in

St. Burnley

Gallery

Gallery Downstairs, Yorke

Roger Bradley: Source of

Kirklees. Huddersfield Art

Philip Cox's Paper People,

Lifelike Sculptures made

from paper. Cliffe Castle,

"Winter Exhibition" Pain-

tings, drawings, prints,

artists. 10am-5pm Sun.

2-5pm. John McCombs

Nr.Oldham. Tel.0457

24 March-29 April

Gallery, 12 King St.Delph,

Ivon Hitchens (1893-1979)

exhibition. York City Art

Gallery, Tel:(0904)623839

OTHER EVENTS

Visit Skipton Castle,

days 2pm-6pm

Tel. (0756) 2442

Medieval & still complete.

Party Visits welcomed.

Open 10am-6pm & Sun-

sculpture by 7 Northern

Keighley, Tel: (0274)758230

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

All year

Just visit or group mini course or evening group flying or 5 day course. York Gliding Centre, Rufforth Airfield, York. Tel. 0904 83694

All year

Enjoy a day out at Chester Zoo. Trek around the largest zoo in Britain outside London. Unrivalled collection of animals & glorious gardens. Tel: (0244) 380280.

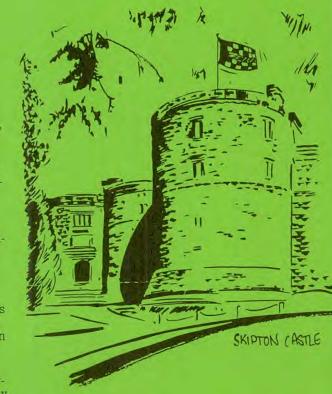
All Year

Bradford's Unique Victorian Cemetery. 26 acre site on a hillside. Bradford Undercliffe Cemetery Co. Undercliffe Lane, Bradford. Tel:(0274) 642276



3-24 Feb

Jorvik Viking Festival at York. Exciting month of festivities. Processions, Feasts, Crafts, Music & Longship races & dramas. Details: (0904) 611944



Feb/March

Medlock Valley Events. Tel: Medlock Valley Warden Service. 061 330 9613 or Daisy Nook Country Park. 061 308 3909

Feb/March

Coal Irwell Valley Events Programme. Ring Countryside Warden Service. Farmworth 71561

Feb/March

Wildly Aware' Kirklees Countryside Service walks, Details: Hudds, 422133 ext 3704 or Hudds 846062

Feb/March

Guided Walks on Marsden Moor. Contact: The Nat. Trust Warden, Unit 24, Colne Valley Workshops, Linthwaite, Huddersfield HD7 5OG

Feb/March

Guided Walks & Activity Days, Bradford Metropolitan District. Details: Countryside Service Bradford 757009.

3 Feb-11 March

African Patterns, African pottery & drawing workshops, arts & crafts & dance. For further information phone Graham Riding on (0422) 359031

10 Feb

Hoe Down with Springhee Jack. Tickets £4 (inc supper). Brighouse Civic Hall Tel: Hx. 884553

15 Feb

Past Industries of the Luddenden Valley. Illustrated 2 March talk by Tony Heginbottom Mayoress' Old Time Ball. 7.30pm at Jerusalem Farm 7.30pm Town Hall, Booth.

17 Feb

Viking Longships Challenge. 10am-3.30pm. On the river Ouse, York. Wooden boats from Scandinavia visit to make this the biggest gathering of Viking style boats in Britain.

20 Feb

'Once A Year' Audio Visual presentation by Peter Brooks ARPS, Hebden Bridge Camera Club. Top floor, Council Offices, St. Georges St. Hebden Bridge.

25 Feb, 25 March, 8 April Calderdale Leisure Services easy Cycle Rides. Also Country & Town Walks during Feb/March.



Details from: The Countryside Service. Calderdale MBC, Wellesley Park, Halifax HX2 OAY Tel: Hx. 359454 ext.248 or 233.

25 Feb

"Trekking in Nepal, India, Pakistan." Audio-Visual Presentation, 7.30pm Burnley Mechanics Institute, Tel: (0282) 30055



Todmorden.

4 March

Entertainers Day at The Boat Museum, (The National Waterways Museum) Dockyard Road, Ellesmere Port, South Wirral L65 4EF. Tel: 051 355 5017

9 March

An Evening with J B Priestley' led by Sheila Pattinson. 7.30 Roomfield Baptist Church, Todmorden.

11 March

Ribble Valley 10 mile road race. Application forms from: TIC, Council Offices, Clitheroe. Tel: 0200 25566

11 March, 15 & 22 April Traditional & contemporary craft fayres at Ground Floor Centre.

Hebden Bridge.

10am-5pm. (Some space still available). Full details of 1990 fayres (0422)844738

17 March

Craft Fair at Shibden Hall, Halifax, Details: Hx, 359454

16,17,18 March

Music Workshop Weekend, Concert, Dance, Sessions. Ripponden, West.Yorks. Details: Backshift Music, 103 Oldham Rd, Ripponden, W Yorks HX6 4EB. Tel: 0422 822569

24/25 March

Division 3 Slalom, Riverside, Sowerby Bridge. Stalls, barbecue, fun all day, Sat & Sun. In town centre. Details: Halifax Canoe Club, Hx.844440 or Hx. 835539

l April

All Fools Walk. 10am-3pm. Meet at Portland Basin, Portland St. South. Ashtonu-Lyne. Details: Tame Valley Countryside Warden Service. 061 330 8355 ext 3306

1 April

Shire Cruisers Open Day. Canal Basin, Sowerby Bridge. Inspect the boats, free trips, light refreshments. Tel: Hx 832712

6 April

Olde Tyme Dance in aid of Cancer Research Campaign. 7.30pm, Town Hall, Todmorden.

7/8 April

Todmorden Old Brass Band in Concert with Geoff Love, 7.30pm at Town Hall, Todmorden.





Also, Special Interest Weekend Courses in Spring and Autumn: Embroidery, Lacemaking, Handknitting, Painting, Natural History, Calligraphy, Yoga.

> Brochure: SAE to Pat or Robin West, or phone (0969) 50373

Hideaway

CHINA GLASS OBJETS D'ART

A Medieval Mouthful

Peter Bates meets Chaucer on the streets of Nelson.

• • T hat mon's bin ommerin inside that gret bern sin all th'childer went in and all th'sters came out."

"It'll brek his hert, but I'll be fain when his wife's fun him."

"Oo'll have trouble gettin here in th'derk. That path's nobut slutch."

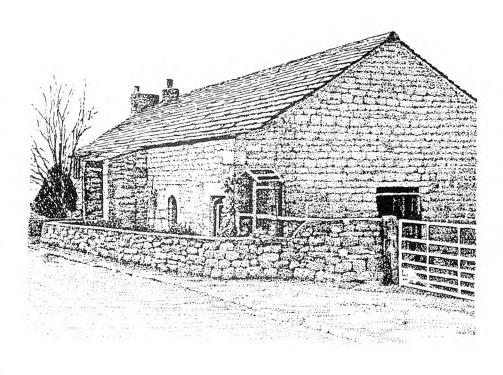
Conversations such as this, incomprehensible to Southerner and Martian alike, can often be heard in the east Lancashire Pennines, each speaker realizing perfectly well what the other is saying. However, what neither of our speakers may realize is that their language is peppered with linguistic history going back to the Middle Ages and beyond.

Their use of "sin" for "since", for example, finds counterparts in Fourteenth Century literature including that of Chaucer (c. 1340-1400). In his **Parliament of Fowls** (c. 1382) he writes: "syn erthe was so lyte" ("since earth was so little"). Similarly, in **The Towneley Play of Noah** (so-called because the manuscript belonged in recent times to the library of Towneley Hall, Burnley) God says: "Syn I have maide all thyng that is liffand".

Why is it that the man or woman in the street of Brierfield or Nelson should share an affinity of language with, of all people, Geoffrey Chaucer?

The reason's really quite simple. Our language has always been in a state of change, the cultural and political centre of London and the south-east setting the pace for this change. The further an area is from the south-east, the slower has been the linguistic development. The result is that regional dialects have tended to preserve (or pickle) so-called linguistic "fossils"; in the case of our own Pennines, remnants from the Saxon, Angle and Norse raiders who battled up into these hills and never sailed home.

Now, this "pickling" of bits of language in the speech of northern taxi-drivers, publicans, estate agents etc. has been remarked upon before. Correspondences between Lancashire dialect & shakespeare's language are often held up to the public gaze: "een" for "eyes", "it" for "its" and so on.



What is not so well known is that a similar correspondence exists between the language of Burnley and Colne and the Middle English (as it's called) of Fourteenth Century poets, Geoffrey Chaucer included. I'm only surprised that **The Colneandburnley Tales** have yet to be written!

But to return to the man himself and his relevance to northern dialect and place-names. Although Chaucer's language was that of London - basically the East Midland dialect which formed the basis of Modern English he did sometimes use the language of the provinces. The idea of "standard" English simply didn't exist during the "Age of Chivalry" and Black Death. For instance, Chaucer makes liberal use of the Northern dialect in The Reeve's Tale, one of the characters asking: "Why nadstow pit the capul in the lathe?" ("Why haven't you put the horse in the barn?")

No longer used in speech, the word "laithe" or "laith" (derived from the old Norse "hlatha") nevertheless survives in place-names in that part of England roughly corresponding with the Middle English Northern dialect. North-east Lancashire falls just within this area as shown by a scattering of such place-names in the region. A cluster occurs around the village of Trawden: New Laithe, Little Laith, Slack Laith etc.

Alternatively Chaucer used the more familiar "bern" of our conversationalists. In **The Monk's Tale** he writes: "With-inne his tente, large as is a bern". Here's a linguistic "fossil" dating back well over a thousand years, "bern" being the original pre-Norman conquest Old English form of the word.

This old "er" sound crops up in other words used by our speakers: "derk" ("dark"), "ster" ("star") and "hert" ("heart"). It is also found extensively in the works of Chaucer. In his **Romance of the Rose** (c. 1372) he writes: "Ne she was derk ne brown". In **The House of Fame** (c. 1383) we find: "To make of thee as yet a sterre". **The Parliament of Fowls** refers to: "the hert and hinde" ("the hart and hind" - different word but same pronunciation!)

Moving away from Chaucer and a little closer to home, this "er" pronunciation is found in poetry known to have been written in north-west England. (The use of northern West Midland dialect indicates this.) One

MIDDLE ENGLISH DIALECTS



such poem, **The Pearl** (c. 1375), an elaborate religious elegy, mentions "My herte was al wyth mysse remorde" ("My heart was totally af-flicted with misery").

_bat in the froster contreation m the gresser that as pation of that pl 'he bellona, pallas ful of ~ rt and my fong ~

- גנטאי

One of the oldest linguistic "fossils" in the dialogue is the use of "oo" for "she". This derives from the Old English "heo" which developed into "ho" during the Middle Ages, **The** **Pearl** using this form as in: "For ho is quen of cortaysye". (An interesting point about this is that by the Fourteenth Century "ho" was already a linguistic "fossil". In London and that area where the East Midland dialect was spoken the word was "she" derived from Old English "seo", this latter word having replaced "heo" by the Twelfth Century.)

The Pearl has further parallels with Lancashire dialect. The conversaionalists "gret" for "great" and "fain" for "glad" is echoed in the poem: "For the grace of God is gret inoghe" and "For I am ful fayn". Furthermore, these correspondences are found in other pieces of Fourteenth Century poetry. **Adrian and Bardus**, written by the Londoner John Gower, contains the line: "A gret serpent it hath bewounde". "Fayn", as well as being found extensively in Chaucer, also occurs in **Piers Plowman** (three texts 1362-1400) by William Langland. This poem, originating in the Midlands, has: "Thanne was folke fayne".

Another north-west poem, possible sharing authorship with **The Pearl**, which shows parallels with Lancashire dialect is **Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight** (c. 1350-70), an Arthurian romance. Our conversationalists say "mon" for "man", "ommerin" for "hammering" and "nobut" for "nothing but". In **Sir Gawayne** we find: "For he is a mon methles" ("For he is a violent man"), "Thogh he homered heterly" ("Though he hammered bitterly") and "nobut an old cave".

. 4 DJ+

As for the seeming oddities in the dialogue, "childer" for "children", "fun", for "found" and "slutch" for "mud", these have correspondences in other pieces of northern Fourteenth Century literature. The Towneley Play of Noah, part of the Wakefield Mystery Cycle, contains the lines: "My childer dere" and "As peraventure may be fon". Like "bern" and "oo", "childer" has roots going back well over a thousand years, being derived from the Old English "cildru". Similarly, "slutch" comes from the Old English "slic", forerunner of modern "sludge", and has a counterpart in The Historical Tale of the Destruction of Troy (c. 1375). This poem, a translation from an Italian original, is written in the same dialect as The Pearl and Sir Gawayne. Of interest to us is the line: "In the slober and the slicche slongyn to londe" ("Slung to land in the slime and the sludge").

All of which, like the "slober and the slicche", may leave some people feeling slightly uncomfortable. Could the thought of having such ancient language on the tongue give rise to a suspicion of linguistic staleness and a consequent nasty taste in the mouth? Fortunately however, no such problem arises. When was the last time you saw a word with a "speak-by-date?"

Don't Fence Me In

November 28th 1944 - how I remember that day!

I had joined the Womens' Land Army. To me it was the most exciting thing I had ever done in my life.

I had always had a yen to work with animals (despite my fear of cows) and to work out of doors. Little did I realise what hard work it would entail. So there I was all set to go. I boarded a train at Newcastle upon Tyne Central Station which was to take me to Carlisle from where I was next to board a bus to an unknown village called Ireby, in the hills to the southwest.

I remember the bus conductor asking where I was bound for. "Ireby? Not right to send landgirls to such off-thebeaten-track farms" he grunted. Imagine how that made me worry and wonder.

Eventually I did arrive at my destination and found I would be working alongside another landgirl, Dora from Bolton, and Barbara who worked in the house. We all became good friends.

On my very first afternoon I was sent out to help Dora to bring in some cows. I donned overalls and gumboots - these were absolutely essential as the fields were like a quagmire. There I was shooing the cows and trying not to look too frightened of them. I just kept getting stuck in the mud and losing my boots!

My job the following morning and in fact for the rest of that first week was mucking out the large cow byre. To lift just the empty barrow seemed an effort, let alone piled up with manure. Back and forth, back and forth to the muck heap. I was completely exhausted by the time the task was completed and there were still the stalls to be swilled out.

Well, at the end of that first week I was ready to give up.

My hands were in a bad way, covered with broken blisters and I ached all over. I hardly seemed to get off to sleep before it was time to get up - all I heard was cows mooing and hens clucking at some unearthly hour. WHY hadn't I just stuck to office work?



Norah and Mollie

Mollie Rogers looks back to wartime days in the Land Army.



Barbara at Gilsland show.

Eventually I was given another job and one that I enjoyed very much, looking after some "dry" cows and heifers at another farm high up on fells. I remember being out there early one morning busy at work in the byres and singing away for all I was worth when a man appeared from another fell farm in search of stray sheep. "I like to get all that sort of work done first thing" he remarked as he watched my efforts. "By 4.30 at the latest." I think the oldstyle Cumbrian farmers invented the motto "Early to bed early to rise."

And so the weeks went by.

In between looking after animals there were always plenty of jobs to be done on the fields. Muck spreading for example which was actually a favourite job of mine. I always experienced a great feeling of satisfaction when I looked back over a field of scattered manure!

We worked long hard hours but the good times compensated for the weariness. Most evenings were spent doing mending, knitting, writing letters home and listening to the wireless. Everyone always had plenty to talk about - no television in those days.

After six months, Dora, Barbara and I decided it was time to move on. We worked long hours with no time off except on Sundays (and not always then) for £3.00 per week, thirty shillings of which went to the farmer for our keep.

So we went our separate ways, me to a dairy farm just outside Carlisle, a very modern farm with the first machine milking parlour I'd ever seen. I had to be up and out in the yard at 6.05 am on the dot. I didn't mind that so much but oh! the snobbish people I worked for. I was allowed to take my meals with them but after the evening meal was expected to stay in my room. By the end of the week I'd had enough of such treatment and asked for a transfer.

Needless to say, the WLA authorities were none too pleased. But I was granted a transfer, to a dairy farm at Gilsland on the borders of Cumbria and Northumberland. I took to the new people from the moment we met and to this day keep in touch with the widow of the farmer I worked for.

Work started at 6.30 and ended at 6pm: twenty pedigree Ayrshire cows to be milked and cared for. The milk yields to record, the equipment to clean, the sheds to swill, even the cows' tails to wash and brush and the yard to weed (and did those weeds grow fast!) Winters were really hard going in that part of the country. The cold was so intense it was hard to turn out of a warm bed each morning and rinsing the milking equipment my fingers used to stick to the churns. But Spring especially was lovely and after work we'd go walking or cycling to spend those precious sweet coupons.

Work in the fields depended on the seasons. Stones had to be gathered, thistles cut, mole hills knocked down, muck spread, lime spread, turnips and mangolds to chop for fodder and of course, summer's harvest.

Haytime and harvest were extremely busy times and when the weather was good it was all go, through double British summer time, till dark. Such hot dusty work, we were glad of the breaks at 10am and 3pm when the farmer's wife brought tea and goodies. How good it was to rest with our backs against the haystacks and to ride back home perched on top of a load of hay.

I also enjoyed working among the animals especially the calves. Unfortunately the bull calves were only kept for a short time after they were born and then taken away for slaughter which made me sad. Same again, when a cow was too sick to recover or got too old. I remember old Hazel (all our cows had names) who had bad feet and could hardly walk. Sure enough the wagon came for her one morning.

And I remember pig-killing day.

Even now I can hear the awful squealing of the pig as it was led away. For a long time afterwards I couldn't face bacon, let alone the black puddings and sausages which I'd had to help the farmer's wife to make!

But there are happier memories too, of the wonder of seeing the calves born and of teaching them to drink from a bucket. And of Show Day, the great annual event, when the farmers, their families and livestock came down from "out by" as we called the farms on the fells.

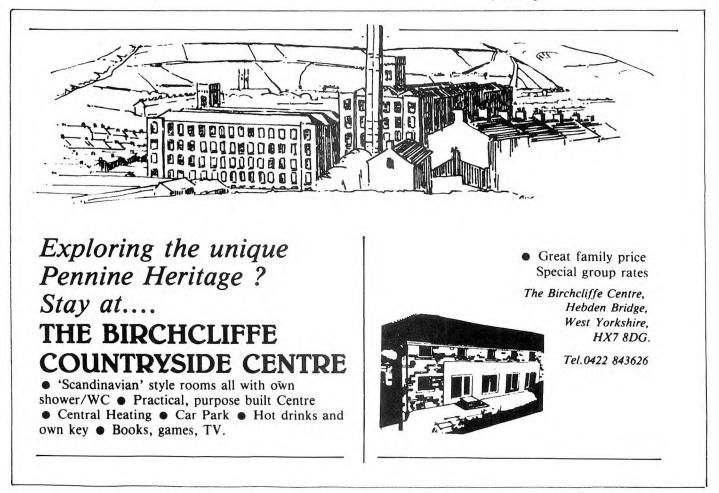
On the morning of the show we were out in the yard at 5.30 to dress up the animals. Blossom, our Clydesdale horse, looked resplendent with her "feathers" brushed and talcumed and her mane and tail be-ribboned. And Barbara, the heifer I had been "training" to walk properly for weeks, up and down the lanes, was shampooed and brushed, with butter rubbed on her hooves to make them shine. She seemed to know something was afoot and didn't want to behave. So imagine our delight when Blossom and Barbara won 1sts in their class.

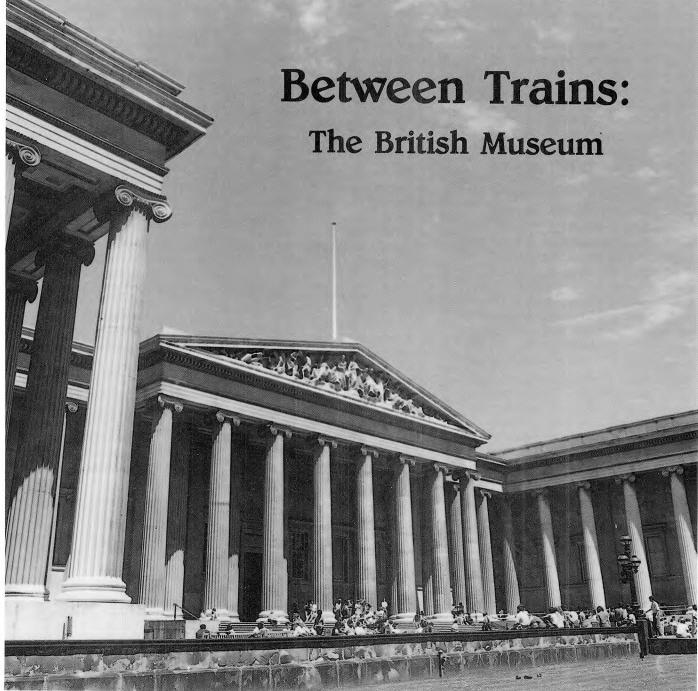
It was a long day but no-one was too tired to attend the Show Dance in the evening. Some of those farmers could dance as lightly as feathers even in their working boots!

Dances were also held from time to time in the tiny village halls. They were filled to capacity with everyone having a right good evening out. I remember having to hide my arms in long-sleeved dresses as Dora and I had caught ringworm from treating infected cattle at my first farm. Those unsightly ring scars seemed to take forever to fade.

There was modern dancing of course but also the Cumberland Reel, Gay Gordons and "Three Drops Of Brandy", all done with great gusto. What did it matter if we didn't cycle home over the hills till one or two in the morning? No-one minded the long rides. There was always a crowd and we had plenty to laugh and sing about.

We used to sing all the songs going at the time but a favourite, as we bowled along through the sleeping countryside, was "Don't Fence Me In". Every time I hear it these days, I think of those happy carefree times so many years ago.

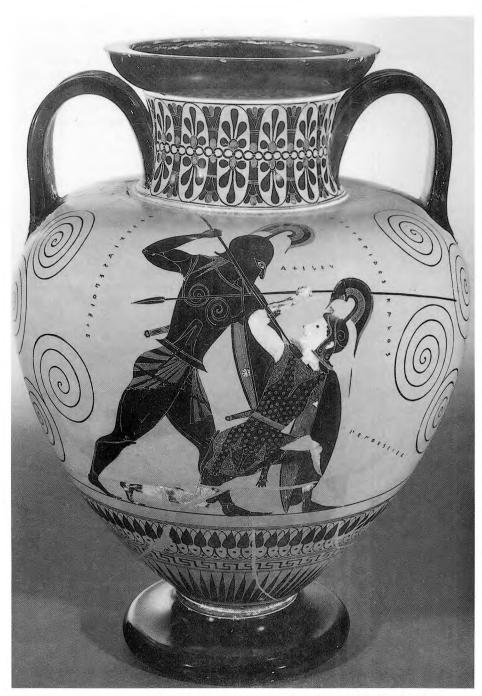




The South facade of the British Museum.

Many of us know that "stranger in town" feeling: summoned south for a meeting in London, only to head back to King's Cross or Euston with a vague sense of missing out, at having failed to see anything beyond the Underground.

In this new occasional series, **Pennine** whiles away a couple of between-train hours with an easy trip to some of the famous, and less well-known, London sights. Our Between Trains Fact Box gives directions and back-up information so there's no excuse to loiter without intent on Platform Five.



Black figuered wine jar showing the Greek hero Achilles slaying the Amazon Queen Penthesileia. Athens 540 BC.

The Gods are mocked these days. All the gilded might of a quiverful of carved Greek deities gazes down from the pediment of the British Museum on the oddly pathetic sight of twin plastic collecting boxes.

"Please donate £1.00. The Museum needs your help", reads the sign. No-one does.

Ironically, this, the first and most famous museum in the world is so vast, so ponderously splendid, that it almost seems an impertinence to imagine one's offering making any difference. £1.00. Will it re-gild the toenail of a sloe-eyed Egyptian temptress? Restore the sightless eyes of a snarling Assyrian lion? Mend the cracks in a drinking jar that was old when the armies sailed for Troy?

Perhaps not, but multiply it by the 4 million visitors who jostle up the steps each year and there must at least be the price of a small pyramid or two at stake.

"Welcome to the British Museum" reads the Souvenir Guide. "It is as you can see, an enormous building, and many people visiting for the first time find it daunting."

Hardly surprising. If it's ancient, if it's famous, chances are that it's here in the British Museum. Magna Carta.

The Rosetta Stone. The Elgin Marbles. Even Lindow Man, the garotted sacrificial victim recently found perfectly preserved in a cheshire bog. He lives upstairs in Room 37, ghoulishly billed as "the only known face from pre-historic Britain".

(Sidetracked into donning a northern patriot's hat, it is tempting to ask why Lindow Man has been hijacked south from Wilmslow in the first place. Was there no room in the Manchester Museum? Dangerous ground perhaps. Would requesting him a transfer add weight to the current demand by Greece for the return to the Parthenon of the Elgin Marbles?)

For those at ease with guide books, two Short Tours circle through "the real stars" of The Ancient World and The Western World in "say two and a half to three hours".

But for those in haste, the Museum's own Guided Tours will whisk you, with cheerful gossipy expertise, through eight milleniums, from Old Testament Assyria, 7000 BC, to seventh century East Anglia's Anglo-Saxon warrior kingdoms.

Nine of us had paid our £5.00 fee for the 1.30 tour and lurked, labelled with jolly yellow badges, under the statue of the British Museum's founder, Sir Hans Sloane. The State's purchase, in 1753, of Sloane's collections formed the nucleus of the Museum and the present classical building was built over 30 years in the mid-nineteenth century especially to house them.

"Hello, I'm Caroline, your Tour Guide". An elegant and stoutly-shod lady in green rounded us up.

"To spend just 30 seconds on every object in the British Museum would take a two year visit. We've got an hour and a half so I run the tour like Hitler or people don't keep up".

"We're off to the Assyrians" her voice floated back "so if you get lost, ask a man in a peaked hat...

Nineveh, Nimrud, the River Tigris ... names floating straight from the Bible. In the 7th century BC, the vast Assyrian Empire stretched from Egypt to Iran and from Asia Minor to the deserts of Arabia. Once, the huge human-headed, winged stone bulls and the snarling fanged lion gazed down on the warrior kings of Assyria's Golden Age. Now half a world away, they dwarf, with an endearing clumsiness, the entrance to the galleries of the Ancient World.



Terracotta figurine of a three bodied warrior, Ancient Cyprus.

Beyond is perhaps the most famous exhibit in the Museum, the Rosetta Stone. It is simply a black basalt chunk, a fragment of an Egyptian pharoah's decree. Yet its discovery and deciphering in the late 19th century first unlocked the world of hieroglyphics. Without it, the carvings on the pyramids would still be no more than impotent scratchings in the stone.

"We have to thank the 18th and 19th century Grand Tour for many of the Museum's treasures' explained Caroline "when every gentleman of note aimed to take a tour of Europe and the classical world". Like any tourist, they brought back souvenirs. "Lord Burlington filled thirty coaches!"

Blank-eyed, the massive stone head of the pharoahs gaze impassively down on the fragments of their civilization, hugely out of proportion to their setting. "Even the English couldn't hump the pyramids back home!"

The collecting habits of the English milord take on political slant as we troop out of Egypt and into Ancient Greece to pay homage to the Elgin Marbles. These are the statues and carvings from the frieze and pediment of the Parthenon, bought from the occupying Turks in 1800 by the British ambassador to Constantinople. "I don't want to get involved in the rights or wrongs of it" says Caroline. "Lord Elgin was appalled at how few of the statues were left and ruined himself to save them and ship them to England. Even his wife left him, poor man."

Limbless, headless the gods and goddesses preside in pale splendour. "Gee you'd think they'd repair them" hiss the American contingent of the group.

Upstairs to the mummies and a grizzly briefing on the practicalities of the process. "They picked your brain out through your nose" says Caroline unruffled. Non-members of the party inch forward to eavesdrop in horrified fascination. "Sorry, this is a paid tour. Do book for one, we need the money" and we sweep away.

In bewildering succession the ages pass by. Somewhere en route we waft from BC to AD and into Roman Britain. A pause to admire the mosaic pavement of some long ago Dorset farmer and wonder if by hedging his bets with its Christian and pagan design, he really did find his way to heaven.

Final tour stop at the Sutton Hoo longship treasure, the burial wealth of a seventh century Anglo-Saxon king. He was dug from his centuries of sleep in the East Anglian mud with everything laid around him for the afterlife, from gaming dice and hunting horn to a truly baleful bronze helmet. It strikes a frisson of terror even now. Imagine it in action invading *your* peaceful corner of the Broads.

Strange to think that separated by thousands of years and thousands of miles, pharoahs and Anglo-Saxons, gathering their favourite things around them, faced death in so similar a way. When was it, we wondered that modern man started going to his grave empty-handed and lonely?

The tour fee includes a discount for the British Museum shop where, in startlingly authentic replica, Egyptian sacred cats jostle for space with busts of Aphrodite and Hermes. Even wrap your swag in Egyptian papyrus paper.

Lured by the swaggering scarlet and gold of a "Sutton Hoo inspired" brooch, I forewent my first choice, an ugly hump-backed horn Minoan bull drinking jar. "Here's to the Minataur". Just the thing for a smart party toast?

But all that glitters as they say. My lurid brooch proved the wrong choice. No beefy brawling warrior king would have fiddled with such a flimsy catch. Nay, heads would have rolled if, like mine, the original had fallen off at the first good swing of a sword.

But should I ask for a refund. Or perhaps set it on one side and start my pile for the afterlife?

Hilary Darby.

Between Trains Factbox: The British Museum

How To Get There

The Museum is on Great Russell Street in Bloomsbury. Nearest Undergrounds: Russell Square, one stop from King's Cross on the Piccadilly line; Tottenham Court Road, three short stops on the Northern Line from Euston. Currently, Underground street maps show the Museum but if not, ask ... it's fairly unmissable.

Opening Times

Monday-Saturday 10am-5pm, Sunday 2.30-6pm. Admission free. Guided Tours (£5.00) leave on weekdays at 10.30am and at 1.30pm. No booking needed but check times on 01-636-1555.

Extra Information

Useful free cloakroom service for leaving coats and briefcases. Museum coffee shop/restaurant open 10.30-4.15pm.



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Tucked away in a corner of the West Yorkshire town of Elland, close to the Parish Church, is a cluster of dark, rather nondescript buildings huddled around a tiny cobbled courtyard. It is a sweet factory, the home of Joseph Dobson and Sons, where boiled sweets and toffees have been made to traditional recipes since 1850.

The factory is certainly a nostalgic place for little seems to have changed since the first Mr Dobson left a secure position with Craven's of York to set up his own business.

The tiny company office is panelled Victorian, reminiscent of a description from Dickens with its high clerk's chairs, huge desk and rows of heavy ledgers - thankfully the recently acquired computer is as unobtrusive as any computer should be. Across the courtyard where the mixing and boiling takes place the fine old traditions of sweet-making continue with no sign of high-tech gadgetry.

The present owner is Mr Tony Chadwick, a great grandson of the founder. He told me of a stranger who was recently seen wandering around the yard, gazing at nothing in particular. The visitor was a Yorkshireman, a native of Elland back in his home town after 20 years in Canada.

"A wonderful nostril quivering dark smell of boiling sugar"

"Oh I just wanted to come up here and smell that smell", he explained. "And aye... it's just how I remember it, from when I was a nipper!"

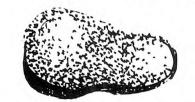
Indeed yes, a wonderful, nostrilquivering dark smell of boiling sugar and butter and syrup with hints of liquorish and creamy toffee...

I went to Mr Chadwick's little factory to watch them make, and hopefully to sample, one of Yorkshire's greatest delicacies... I mean that delicious concoction of humbugs, pear-drops, fishshapes and the many allsorts that we call Yorkshire Mixture.

Ah! Yorkshire Mixture!

Yorkshire Mixture

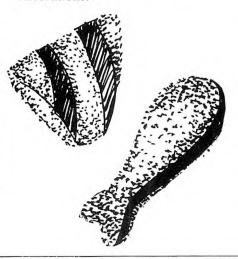
Kevin Berry fulfils a sweet ambition.



According to the legend, Thomas John Dobson, son of the founder, was busy in the factory on what he must have thought was a very ordinary day. He was carrying some boxes of boiled sweets when he stumbled all the way down a 13 step staircase to the flagstone floor at the bottom. After he had pulled himself together he noticed that many of the sweets had fallen in a heap. They were beautifully mixed and delightfully coloured and must have made a mouth-watering sight.

Being a perceptive and astute gentleman, the young Mr Dobson made more of the mixtures, bottled them, began selling to a grateful public ... and Yorkshire Mixture's entered local folklore!

My rows of fillings and the generally fragile nature of my teeth are a proof of my life-long addiction. Pocket money was always earmarked for a daily quarter pound bag but in my adult life a semblance of self-control came with my decision to buy only when I had something to celebrate needless to say there have been many celebrations and many excuses for celebrations.

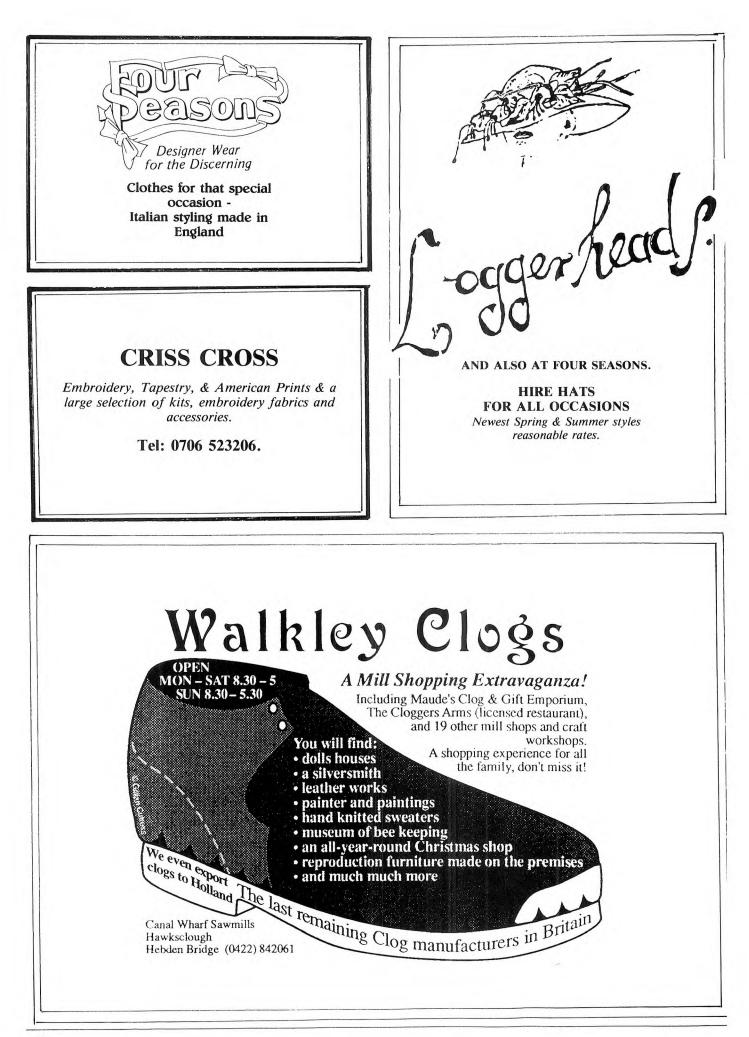


I watched Roger Whiteley spend half an hour mixing the afternoon batch of Yorkshire mixture. He used a long conveyor belt as a table and walked up and down, carefully emptying the contents of drums of sweets, one variety at a time and eighteen in all. He put the last drum down and nodded approvingly at the wonderful sugary pile... then he plunged his arms in, up to the elbows, and began mixing the sweets with practised ferocity. I have seen skilled potters and sculptors at work, some of the world's best, but I would much rather watch Roger.

"Pocket money was always ear marked for a 4lb"

The sweet factory is scrupulously clean and bright and has the look of a busy mill with its huge sacks of sugar, drums of ingredients and a fascinating mass of joists, hooks, belts and pulleys.

Small parties of visitors are entertained in the evenings by Mr Chadwick who explains the many mysteries of his calling. Do *you* know how they put the stripes into humbugs?



Textile Voices



Wool warehouses, Canal road, Bradford.



James Drummond and son, Spinning room. **Textile Voices**

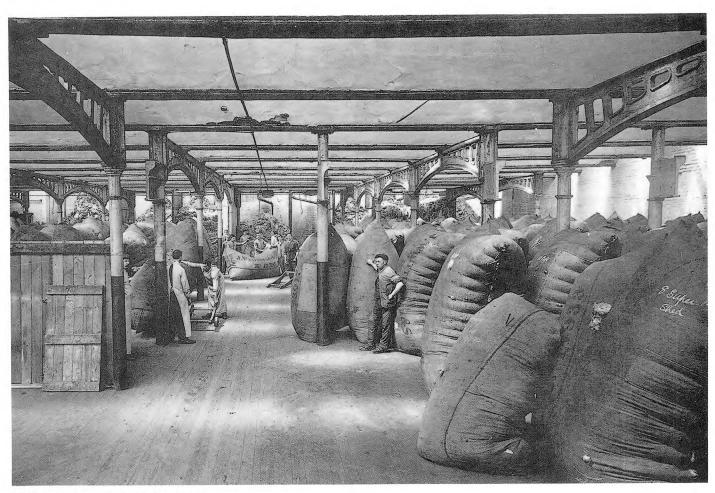
"I dashed in and one of the maintenance men Arthur, he'd caught his fingers in one of the wheels and they'd torn three of his fingers off and they were on the floor and there was blood on the floor and the girls were fainting. And somebody said "You'd better get in there Mr Pogson and pick those fingers up, otherwise it will stop the production..."

Textile Voices - Mill Life This Century is a new book which sets out to present the realities of the textile way of life, as the workers saw them.

It was an era when the mill not only owned your time but also your house and in some cases, your vote and your religion and when the order at the chippie was "a fish and a penn'rth three hundred times"!

The book focuses on Bradford but in its authentic "grit", down-to-earth humour and fine contemporary photographs, it speaks far beyond boundaries for the whole of a vanished Pennine age. Textile Voices edited by Olive Howarth is the result of the largest ever oral history project on one single industry, and a credit to the work of the **Brad**ford Heritage Recording Unit.

Textile Voices - Mill Life This Century £3.95 paperback; published by Bradford Libraries; available by post (65p p&p) from Central Library, Princes Way BD1.



J Whittingham, Wool Merchant.



On the trading floor of the wool exchange.

Pennine Identity

Do you come of a bastard line?

Was great great granny a bigamist or did grandad, five times removed, swing as a sheep stealer? Music to the ears of the 40,000 local enthusiasts who each year go on a hunt across the centuries in search of their family tree ... and the skeletons in the closet which hang from it.

"Forget skateboarding, CB radio and jogging. *Genealogy* has been the most unlikely leisure boom of the late twentieth century" says David James of the West Yorkshire Archives Service. "Considering that archives, with its "dry as dust" associations used to be the preserve of academics, these days, with its huge and growing popular appeal, one could almost say we've entered the entertainment business!"

The Service, with its headquarters at Wakefield and five district offices, is jointly funded by West Yorkshire's five metropolitan authorities. It holds the precious written heritage of the former county of the West Riding of Yorkshire.

In Wakefield Archives alone the records, from scraps of medieval parchment to rank upon rank of official documents, stretch for no less than four miles, documenting the doings of that huge county territory which once reached down towards Worksop, up to Sedbergh, east to the coast and north and west to Barnoldswick and Saddleworth.

From personal diaries to the proper diet for inmates of the Victorian workhouse, raw, real life is captured here: birth, marriage, death; success and failure; a tapestry of the great but also of the small, captured and reduced to a sentence on a page, waiting, like a powdered soup, for someone to stir in their interest and recreate the story.

Daunting in scope, Wakefield HQ is at first sight only marginally less daunting in reality.

On venturing into the sanctum of its Reading Room, would-be sleuths sign in and yield up their bags. "SILENCE IS TO BE MAINTAINED AS FAR AS POSSIBLE". "PENCILS ONLY MUST BE USED". Austere perhaps but appropriate. An absent-minded doodle in red biro might well end up on a sheepskin receipt which was written when the Peasants' Revolt was a current social problem.

Even so, no-one needs to be nervous of coming in to Archives according to Principle archivist Michael Bottomley. "There are staff specially on



All Human Life Is Here

Pennine plumbs the depths of West Yorkshire Archives.



duty to point people in the right direction. Forget the aura of officialdom, that only "experts" are welcome. Of course there will always be a place for scholarship; there is obviously far more to the Archives Service than searching for family trees! But we really are looking to be user-friendly".

As a policy it is certainly succeeding. At a recent Archives Service Family History Day, a staggering 5000 people turned up to hear how to go about digging up their roots.

First stop, the Parish Registers. 70% of all enquiries now concern them and the Service is currently engaged in the mammoth job of putting the records on microfiche.

David James who heads Bradford District Archives is working on a Guide For Family Historians to help users along. "You've a fighting chance if your family was Anglican as chances are Wakefield or one of the branch offices will hold the relevant Parish Registers. Gets tricky if they were Catholic or Non-conformist ... and if they were Welsh like me, forget it. Noone had surnames in Wales till recently!"

For those interested in the history of their home, Wakefield Archives has an almost unique treasure: the Registry of Deeds which documents the buying and selling of property in the old West Riding between 1704 and 1970. "It's a tremendous and unappreciated resource. Nowhere else except Middlesex has one". For those tracing how their neighbourhood has developed, the Archives holds the full first edition 1850 set of Ordnance Survey Maps and for students of the seamier side of life, the Archives also contains the court records from the 1630s to modern times of the county's Quarter Sessions. Is it comforting or depressing to read that mugging, fraud, wife battering and watered-down beer are by no means unique to our own times?

Behind the scenes, with a cheerfully optimistic air somewhat reminiscent of a dolls' hospital, the Conservation Department makes good the ravages of time and ignorance.

Headed by ex-bookbinder Ken Thornton, the team painstakingly flatten patch and stitch away, restoring tatty, sodden, ripped and illegible scraps of documents which to a layman look quite beyond hope. "People dump things in the attic and think they will be OK. The worst case I ever saw was in fact the Wakefield Grammar School charter. 400 years old and it was just stuffed in the bottom of a tin box!" "Our work" says Ken "is to keep the information and make it usable again. We don't disguise a repair, this isn't a cosmetic job. Our keywords are never obscure, never erase, never conceal".

An instructing office, the conservation department receives students from all over the world to learn such mysteries as the grain of hand made paper, the different qualities of calves skin and the prima donna tendencies of parchment ("too damp it curls and too dry it cockles")

But what chance, in an era when rationalisation and profit making are twin wolves at the door of local government, of the survival of a traditional, specialist and comparatively fringe department such as the Archives Service? Indeed as **Pennine** goes to press, its budget is under threat of being cut.

"Yet I feel" says David James "that the immense public interest over the last decade more than justifies our existence. 140,000 enquirers in that time is already a pretty solid vote of confidence from the ratepayers. It's ironic to be facing cuts when as a leisure time hobby, genealogy enquiries are increasing all the time."

Delighted as he also is with Archives' new leisure role, Michael Bottomley is quick to point out another more serious side of its service to the public, namely that property and other records can help to protect the interests and rights of ordinary people in "this new abrasive Britain of the 90's".

"We have processions of desperate people. Little old ladies with a speech prepared tap on the door. Someone has moved the fence and pinched half her garden, or is parking a lorry on it! How does she establish a legal position? We can't guarantee it of course but with luck there may well be information in the Registry of Deeds that will protect her".

"I've been so concerned over such enquiries I've even thought of circularising the Citizens' Advice Bureaux. After all, the whole point of keeping records is to keep the record *straight*. I'm so proud that the Archives Service is helping to do just that."

Contact West Yorkshire Archives Service Headquarters at Newstead Road, Wakefield; 0924 367111. Phone to check opening times and area location of specific records.

District Archives: 15 Canal Road Bradford, 0274 731931; Calderdale Central Library Halifax, 0422 357257; Kirklees Central Library Huddersfield 0484 513808; former Sheepscar Library, Chapeltown Road Leeds, 0532 628339; Yorkshire Archaeological Society 23 Clarendon Road Leeds 0532 456362. The vast, flat and seemingly featureless mudflats of an estuary seem an unlikely place for a wildlife spectacle. Yet in winter the air can grow thick with clouds of birds escaping their frozen Arctic breeding grounds to find food and shelter in these great, windswept wildernesses.

Huge numbers of birds visit Britain's estuaries every winter, making them among the most important and most populated in the world. Around 1.3 million wading birds visit our shores each year, about 35 per cent of the total European population.

The reason for our estuaries' popularity can be found in the mud itself. There may be 40,000 snails in a single square yard of mud, 60,000 shrimplike Corophium, or in some places, up to 50,000 tiny shellfish. The warm seas around our shores provide an essential bonus, keeping this well-stocked mud larder ice-free. It is not hard to see why such an abundance of food should attract so many birds.

These large food reserves allow Britain's estuaries to act as refuelling points on a great pattern of migration. Many birds travel enormous distances, flying here from breeding grounds in Canada, Greenland or Siberia, before carrying on to the Mediterranean or West Africa. They need to find large amounts of food quickly, before they can continue their journey. Birds such as the knot and sanderling may double their weight on Britain's productive feeding grounds before embarking on long migratory flights.

The north of England is blessed with estuaries in abundance. crammed into the relatively short distance between the Welsh border and north Lancashire, are no fewer than five internationally important estuaries for wading birds. Morecambe Bay, the Ribble, Dee, Alt and Mersey are among the 20 most populated estuaries for birds in Britain.

Numbers on these sites can be enormous; on an average winter's day Morecambe Bay can attract more than 150,000 wading birds, including 50,000 oystercatchers, 14,000 lapwing and 20,000 knot. Although much smaller, the Ribble is nevertheless the third most populated estuary in Britain, holding an average of 97,000 waders, including the largest numbers of sanderling, bar-tailed godwit and black-tailed godwit seen anywhere in the country.



Mud, Glorious Mud

Protecting Britain's estuaries is the RSPB's major 1990 campaign. Derek Niemann explains why mud matters.

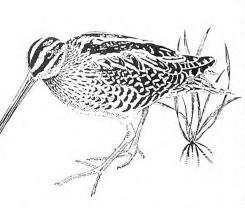


Redshank



never before. Eleven years after an apparently historic decision to turn down a proposal to reclaim the Ribble estuary for agriculture, the twin pressures of recreation and development have increased and diversified. The expanding leisure industry has led to far greater disturbance of once

to far greater disturbance of once remote wildlife areas. The Dee estuary is an alarming example of human activity driving birds away. Numbers of wading birds fell by 57 per cent between 1976 and 1986. Three species were more affected than others; only 25 bar-tailed godwits were recorded in 1985, where ten years previously there had been more than 11,000. Knot and dunlin experienced a similar catastrophic drop in numbers over the same period.



These five estuaries are also internationally important sites for wildfowl. Winter duck numbers are especially high, with the Mersey holding the largest concentration of teal and pintail in Britain. The Lancashire coast alone may be host to more than 35 per cent of the world's pink-footed goose population.

On the east coast, north of the Wash, the Humber stands supreme. On average around 85,000 wading birds are found there each winter and it is the only site in Britain with sufficiently large numbers of golden plover to be of international importance.

The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds has reserves on three of these estuaries, but it is a measure of the importance the RSPB attaches to these areas that it has made the acquisition of further estuarine sites a major priority. Whether it purchases, leases or simply manages by agreement, the Society is keen to safeguard as many of these valuable habitats as possible.

Today, the need for protection of these vital areas is paramount, for the survival of many of our estuaries as wildlife sanctuaries is under threat as Birds on estuaries such as the Dee regularly experience disturbance from dog walkers and horse riders, but new technology in windsurfing and water skiing has allowed participation in these sports through the autumn and winter, when bird numbers are normally at their peak.

An increasingly diverse range of development proposals add to the familiar pressures of industry, transport and housing. Industrial applications continue to appear on the already heavily-industrialised Humber and current plans for a by-pass for the town of Flint threaten the southern shore of the much-abused Dee estuary. But new demands for recreational development and power generation pose very different problems.

The Ribble is one of several estuaries subject to proposals for marine development. The promise of jobs, housing and public recreational amenities by construction companies provides difficult opposition for conservationists seeking to protect estuaries from adverse development. A similar proposal for Cardiff Bay, currently under parliamentary debate, may prove to be an important test case.

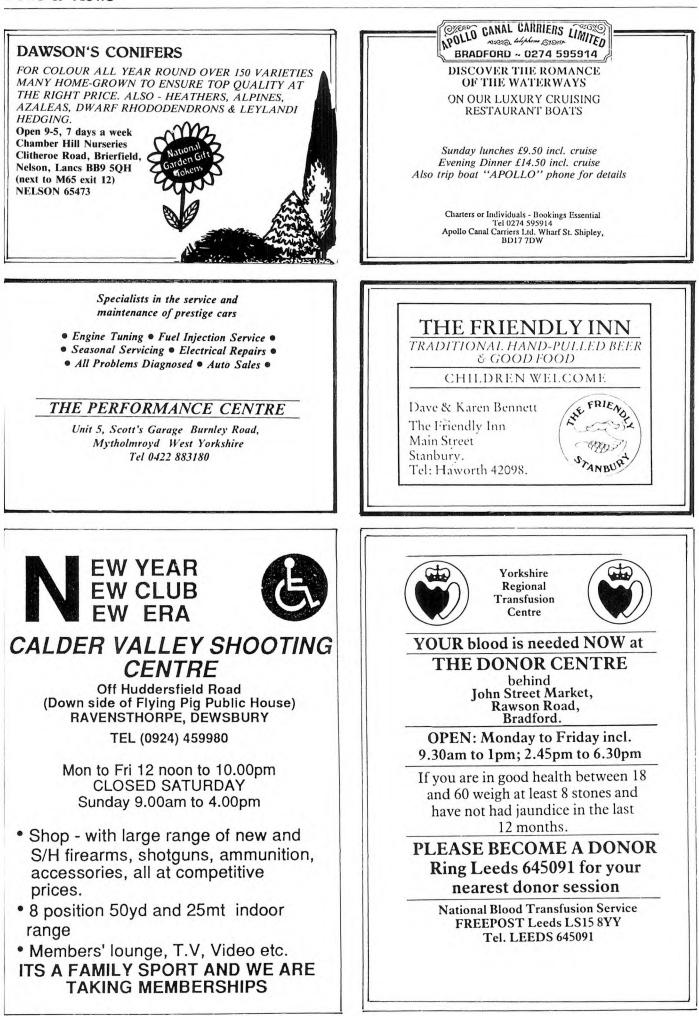
Ironically, perhaps the greatest threat to estuaries today comes from proposals which ostensibly promote green initiatives. In seeking alternative clean sources of energy power, the government has financed research into huge tidal barrage construction projects. The Humber, Mersey, Lune, Wyre and Morecambe Bay are all under serious consideration.

Claims that tidal barrages will provide a viable environmentally-friendly replacement for 'dirty' energy seem misplaced. A tidal barrage across the Mersey, at a cost of £880 million, for example would generate just 0.075 per cent of the country's energy requirements. Government statistics show a potential reduction in national energy consumption of up to 65 per cent through energy conservation measures. Interference with a part of our natural heritage seems a high price to pay for very little energy.

On any estuary a tidal barrage would result in a greatly reduced tidal range. Much smaller areas of mud flats would be exposed at low tide, severely restricting feeding opportunities for wading birds. More noticeable would be the bottleneck effect of pollution in rivers prone to industrial pollution, such as the Humber, which could turn into a gigantic stagnant creek.

Faced with the multiple pressures of development and recreation, the RSPB is treating each estuary as an individual case within an overall strategy. Although a proposed activity must be judged according to the unique conditions on a single site, research has shown that estuaries are an interdependent network. Man's activities on one site will have implications for other areas and it is important to be able to assess potential damage in a wider context. The losses of mudflats which have already been incurred have left the remaining areas at almost full capacity. Further losses will leave birds with nowhere else to go and displacement will mean death.

In January this year, the RSPB launched an appeal to its 680,000 members to support a major nationwide campaign starting this summer, to give full protection to Britain's estuaries. A strong strategy for action is now vital. We cannot afford to lose.







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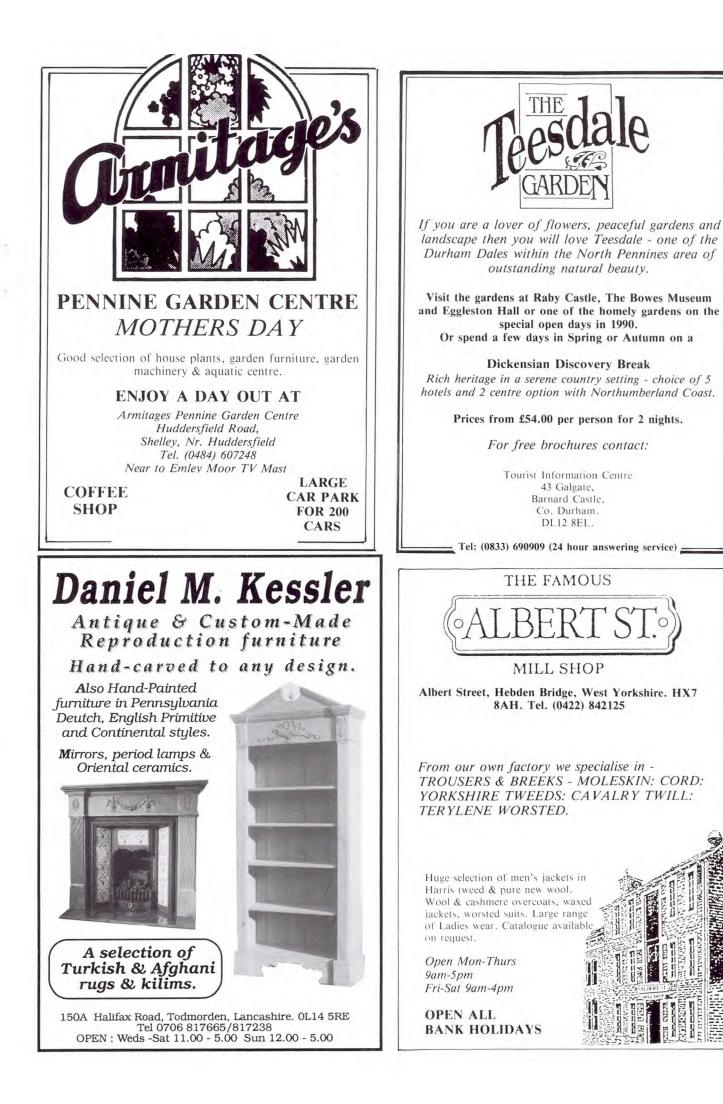
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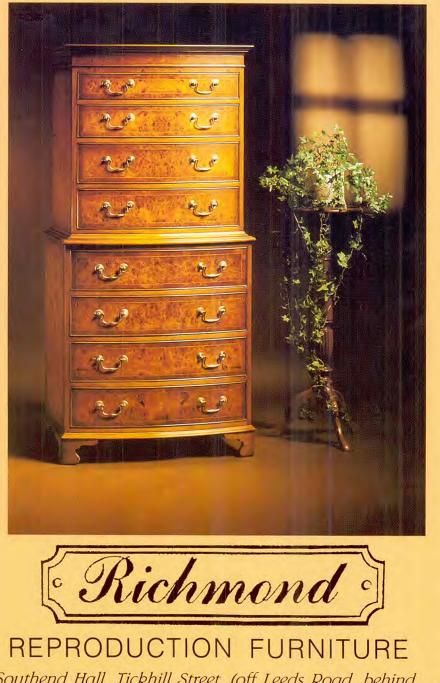
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