

Denitine

magazine

PUBLIC FOOTPATHS - A SCANDAL? • TATTOOED LADIES & BARE-KNUCKLE BOXERS • BRADFORD • SKIPTON • MANCHESTER • SUMMER SEASIDE • FELL RUNNING • PRIVATE HEALTH SCREENING



August/September

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BIRSTALL	Thurs.	HOLMFIRTH	Thurs.
CLECKHEATON		HOLMFIRTH	
Bric a Brac	Thurs.	Bric a Brac	Fri.
CLECKHEATON	Tues. & Sat.	HUDDERSFIELD	Mon, Thurs. & Sat.
*CLECKHEATON	3rd Friday every month		
Craft			
DEWSBURY	Wed. & Sat.	HUDDERSFIELD	
		Secondhand	Tues. & Sat.
DEWSBURY		HUDDERSFIELD	Good Friday
Secondhand	Friday	Craft	13 April 1990

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

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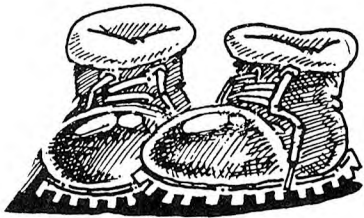
Funny how fashions change. Will this summer, full of baleful warnings on the dangers of sunbathing, see the tide come in once again for the Great British seaside resort? A renaissance for the traditional delights of deckchairs by the bandstand and naughty peepshows?

In anticipation, this issue recalls the good old days in those classic Pennine-by-the-sea resorts, Scarborough and Blackpool.

It will be interesting to see if the recent scare - that bracken may cause cancer - proves as influential in changing our outdoor habits. Ilka Moor bah't 'at but with a face mask is a grim prospect.

Not deadly but still daunting is another of the obstacles which will prevent many people from getting out and about in the countryside this summer - the two in three chance of finding the footpath blocked, overgrown or simply vanished. Pennine says "Don't let them get away with it".

Who are "they"? See COMMENT!



Ending on a happier note, last word to exiled Smithy Bridge reader Mrs F M Hayes who writes from Surrey to let us know how much she enjoys keeping in touch through Pennine.

"I have sent for a copy of Rochdale Revisited and a video of Hebden Bridge, both mentioned recently in the magazine ... and I enclose a cheque to help towards Clegg Hall. Sorry you're having such an uphill struggle to save it."

So are we Mrs Hayes but with readers like you we'll get there!

Hilary Darby

Front cover picture:
Austin Mitchell M.P.

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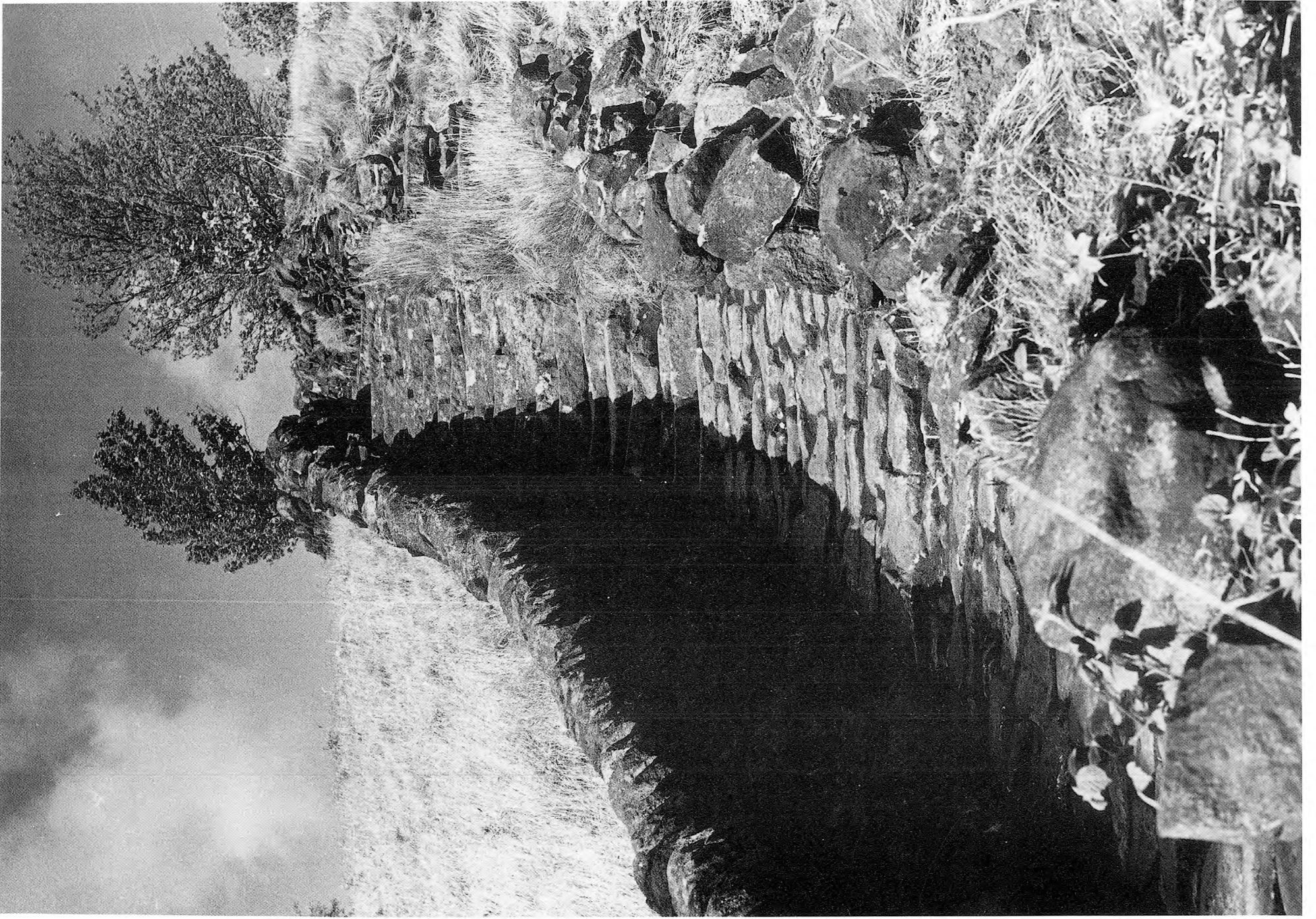
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COMMENT



Photo above: *The Pennine Way at Gorphe.*

Head or feet first?

September 30th is **Forbidden Britain Day**, a date for the diary of anyone who ever laced up a pair of hiking boots.

Led by the Ramblers' Association, scores of events will take place throughout Britain - from local walks to national rallies - with the aim of highlighting the case for better access to the countryside.

Forbidden Britain Day is the peak of the RA's 1990 campaign, "*Head For The Hills*", which aims to revolutionise the rights of walkers in the countryside.

Today if you set off on a country stroll, your freedom to walk is restricted to public rights of way. Forget any notion of simply heading off as you please, even over open moorland. It's illegal ... as anyone who has run into an irate Pennine gamekeeper will confirm.

In law, the presumption is that *land is closed unless there is a special case for allowing access* eg. a right-of-way.

Head For The Hills aims to turn this on its head, arguing that "that access to open uncultivated country should be allowed as of right" *except where a special case is proved.*

This "right to roam" has been a ramblers' rallying cry for more than a hundred years. "People in

Switzerland, France, Germany and Italy are free to go where they like in the wild places of their country" said Charles Trevelyan MP as long ago as 1908 when he introduced an unsuccessful bill to create a right of access to open country.

The campaign to change the law gathered momentum during the famous mass trespasses of the Thirties, coming to a head during the 1940s campaign which created our National Parks. It was defeated by pressure from landowners, hostile to the idea of the public wandering at will over their land.

Now, as water privatisation transfers half a million acres of land into private hands and as many of our ancient

commons come under threat of enclosure, the clarion call of "right to roam" again rings from the hills.

What could be more emotive than the argument "that one of the fundamental liberties of every citizen should be the ability to walk across open uncultivated country and to enjoy the natural heritage of our beautiful islands."

Certainly there are many upland pastures where roaming can do no harm. But it must be said that there are others where it may. Take heather moor for instance. Well-cropped heather moor is beautiful. Neglected impenetrable six feet high heather is not.

Heather moor, just like all farm land, must be managed but it costs - and shooting rights are one of the few activities which these days earn enough to cover the cost. Like it or not, the right to roam conflicts with nesting birds and gamekeepers. Where should the balance lie?

It's just one example but let's not get sidetracked.

What really concerns **Pennine** is that, however appealing, *Head For The Hills* will surely cause even non-hostile landowners and rambler-friendly farmers to close ranks.

Britain's countryside affairs are already a minefield. At one extreme, farmers block stiles. At the other ramblers trespass.

Yet there have been signs that a middle way might emerge ... given half a chance.

For example, **Pennine** recently reported the Country Landowners Association's support for the enforcement of the Ploughing Code *against its own members*. And last year, a behind-the-scenes consensus between disparate countryside interests *nearly* brought about legislation to protect and improve access to ancient commons.

Why did it fail to make the statute books? Because open hostility to landowners by one of the countryside lobbies made the issue a hot potato ... and therefore likely to mop up critical parliamentary time. The legislation was quietly dropped.

In the end, does aggression have any real part to play in the peaceful enjoyment of the countryside?

Paths For People, a Ramblers Association campaign which preceded *Head For The Hills* was perhaps less controversial in its aims of protecting and

if necessary unblocking public right-of-way. but *it was surely closer to the hearts of ordinary people* and even more important ... it was achievable.

Most people looking for a country walk don't WANT to head off into the trackless wild. A good clear path would do them very well.

Yet, on the 140,000 miles of public footpaths in England and Wales, they have only a 40% chance of walking more than two miles before reaching an obstacle!

The Highways Department's legal responsibility is just the same for paths and bridleways as for roads ...

Apart from the reflection on landowners, is this not a terrible indictment on the highway authorities responsible? Just imagine if you had only 40% chance of driving two miles up the road before it was blocked!

The Highway Department's legal responsibility is just the same for paths and bridleways as for roads ... to keep them fit for passage by the mode of transport for which they were designed. Tarmac for roads ... and a reasonable surface - not a quagmire or impenetrable vegetation - for paths.

And no excuses please about poll taxes and funding shortages - this is a long running problem. And it needs a solution now.

Should responsibility for rights of way be handed over to council recreation and countryside departments? It only works of course if the appropriate cash is moved across as well but whenever a budget cut threatens, the "highwaymen" soon get out their big guns.

Yet footpath maintenance costs only a fraction of the amount spent on roads.

Just think of the expenditure recently poured into **Pennine's** own Hebden Bridge to lay imitation stone slabs replacing tarmac that a few years ago replaced the real stone slabs. Think how many footpaths *that* might have maintained.

Walls, fences, gates, stiles are another matter. They are the property and responsibility of the landowner. But taking up blockage problems is often no easy matter. Ultimately, the Highway Authority should sort it out on our behalf, sending the landowner the bill if necessary. How many do so?

Don't let them get away with it. Tell local councillors, the County Council, the Ramblers Association. Tell them again and again if need be.

If all else fails tell **Pennine**, (giving map references, details of action to date etc). We haven't the resources to chase specific cases but we can at least publicise the "baddies".

Let's include in that the well-informed and well-heeled trendies who, buying up South Pennine country cottages and farms, increasingly seem to be putting their privileges before the rights of local people and walkers. They should - and do know better.

Trendies specialise in "psychological blockages".

One favourite is erecting a "Private Road" sign on a track that is also a public footpath. It may indeed be private for vehicles *but not for people*. Such signs are illegal but is this ever enforced? Report them!

Then there is the public footpath which is paved over and gates erected so it looks like a private path. Check on the map, know your rights and take 50 huge friends tramping through every Sunday afternoon!

The big dog, the strategic pile of horse manure, the washing line, the mown grass and garden furniture ... all designed to intimidate. Psychological warfare ... to discourage usage of the path and then apply to have the right of way removed. Fear not and exercise your rights.

Talking about rights, a final word from the other side.

Rights also carry responsibilities. farmers also suffer - from damage, dogs and litter - and by no means all are the gun-toting, stile-blocking kind. We need them on our side. Why?

Let's be realistic. The Countryside Commission's recently stated intent to get the entire 140,000 miles of rights of way in England and Wales open by the year 2000 won't happen if farmers won't play!

For years, the Ramblers' Association has carried the torch of re-opening our footpath network. Now, with the added might of the Countryside Commission, such work could come to fruition.

Let's hope that the feet-first passion of the Head For The Hills campaign will not sidetrack or shoot down this initiative. A less glamorous "cause" perhaps but, for 99% of countryside go-ers, "paths for people" lie closer to home.



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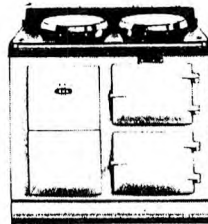
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DIARY ... DIARY ... DIARY ...



FASHIONABLE WASTE?

“**W**hat is a recycler” asks **SWAP** (Save Waste And Prosper) in its new booklet *Fashionable Waste*.

After interviewing 1200 people in Leeds, Sheffield and Manchester, SWAP's profile reveals an over-45/middle class/car-home-child owner but not an under 24/council house dweller!

45% of interviewees actively recycle, and of the rest, 91% “would if it was more convenient” eg door-to-door collection ... a message being passed to the Government, local authorities, industry and supermarkets. Booklet £4.95 from SWAP PO Box 19 Leeds LS1 6FT.

Asked “Why do you recycle?”, the 69% who gave “en-

vironmental reasons” may want to support the **Altham Hardwood Centre**, a new co-operative native timber merchants in an old corn mill near Accrington. With concern growing over tropical hardwoods, native hardwoods - ash, elm, beech and oak - are enjoying a revival and the Centre (0282 71618) sponsors the planting of ten trees for every one felled.

As a rainforest the size of a football pitch goes up in smoke every second, a vivid exhibition **The Twilight Zone** highlights the creatures who live in the shrinking jungle. Live giant spiders, piranha fish and venomous scorpions will be lurking darkly in Huddersfield's Tolson Museum till September 2nd.

What do you make of **Inscape**, a range of “real trees that have been preserved for use in interior design” and needing, say Black Arrow Interiors of Leeds, no water, light and only an “occasional dusting”? Is it “green” because live trees won't be wilting and dying and needing replacing? Whether or not, the result shown here at the restored Corn Exchange in Leeds is pretty stunning.

Finally, the Scout Association write to remind **Pennine** that theirs was probably the first ever “green” youth movement. 1990 is **World Scout Environment Year** and help is needed from northern businesses to fund local projects based on scouting's new *Green Charter For Youth*. Phone Dave Calverley on 0484 653997.

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



Payment processing, Thirties style at Midland Bank's Head Office. From "Out Of The Doll's House" at Preston's Harris Museum (to August 31st) and Lancaster City

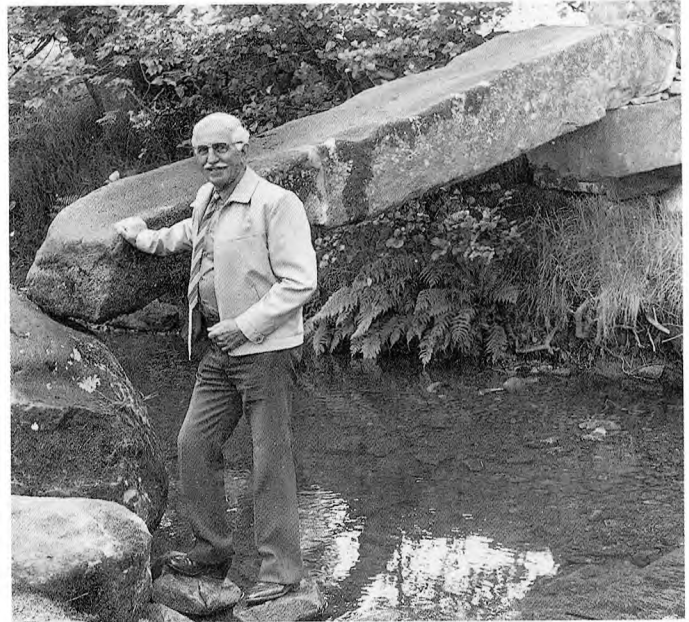
TOWN AND OUT?

September will see the opening of Sheffield's **Meadowhall**, the largest shopping mall in Europe.

The mammoth development, off the M1's Tinsley roundabout, boasts a mega Marks & Spencer, the largest in Britain, and even its own TV studio. Planners nationwide will be watching for the impact on (and demise of?) Sheffield's existing city shopping amid prophecies that 21st century cities will be strictly for business and leisure.

Ironically, **ZERI**, the proposed giant leisure resort between Accrington and Burnley has run into trouble with strict planning policies to prevent out-of-town shopping developments on the 322 acre site threatening nearby retail centres.

Museum (21st September-19th November). This telling exhibition on women's struggles in society is sponsored by Midland Bank.



CONGRATULATIONS

In 1989, when flash floods broke and swept away the famous **Wycoller Clam Bridge**, many wondered if this was the end of the road for this centuries-old Pennine crossing point, one of the oldest in the country. So well done Lancashire County Council and English Heritage for the bridge's reinstatement, invisibly mended with stainless steel.

Just down the road, more summer celebrations (from August 25th) as Nelson launches a ten day **100th Birthday Celebra-**

tion of concerts, cricket, a dialect night and period events.

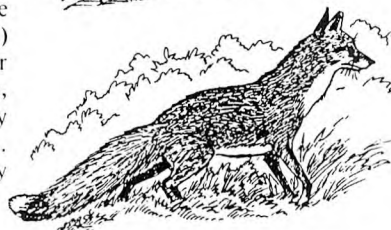
Period events and skills have won the **Colne Valley Museum** a £200 award from the Trusthouse Forte Community Chest. The Museum, based in three weavers' cottages at Golcar, Huddersfield, specialises in demonstrating the textile crafts of the 1800's.

Further accolades for the region's heritage museums as judges in the prestigious Museum of The Year Award give first place to the **Manchester Museum of Science & Industry.**

FREE SHOW

"The best free show in Yorkshire" says the RSPB of its project **Showing People Peregrines** on Rishworth Moor near Halifax. One of just 1000 pairs left in the UK fed two young, discreetly watched by more than 12,000 people. The project is one of a number in the north urgently needing sponsors. Any Pennine businessmen cum birdwatchers please contact the RSPB on 0767 680551.

Not long now till the hips mass and grow red in October hedgerows. During August, the YOC (RSPB's junior section) will be completing a major survey of British hedgerows, whose destruction hopefully peaked in the early 1980s. Watch this space for Survey results.



DOWN SOUTH

Don't forget the battle for the "southern" canals say **Barnsley Canal Group**, campaigning to see the restoration of the Barnsley, Dearne and Dove canals and ultimately the re-opening of the "Yorkshire Ring" of northern waterways.

Work now in progress on the canal basin at Elsecar aims to have the top pound ready for heritage weekend boat trips on September 1st and 2nd.

More Elsecar initiative ... this time from the **National Bottle Museum** which is currently

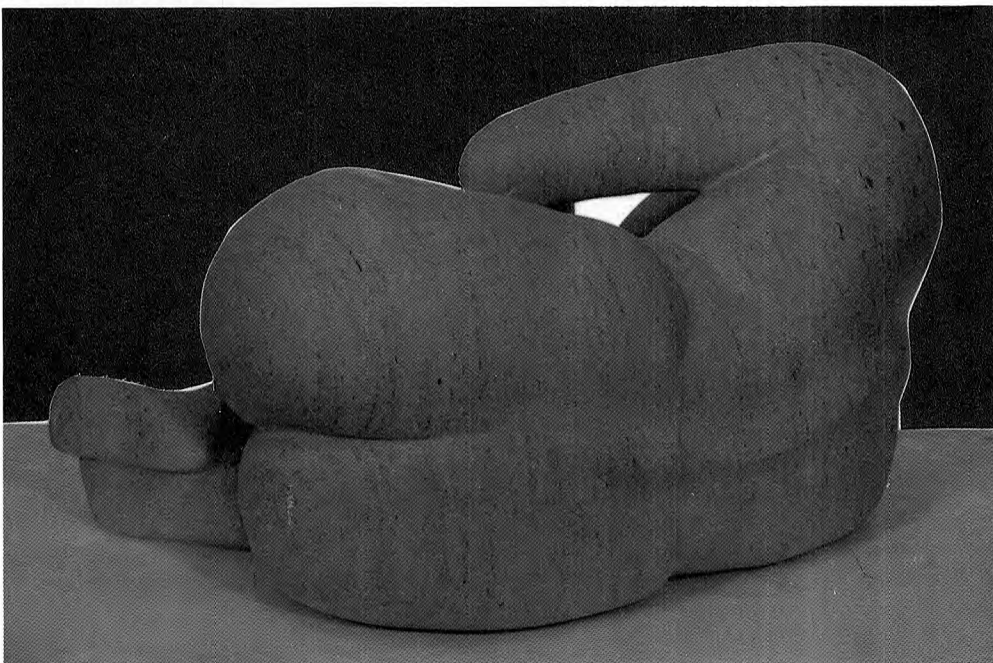
building its collection of "packaging material from 1700 to the present". Bright glass and pottery containers and seductive slogans show, says the Museum, that the hard sell is nothing new!

On the site of the historic Elsecar Workshops, the museum (NB not open yet) will pay tribute to the importance of glass and pottery in the story of Yorkshire industry. **Pennine** readers are asked to donate old bottles, coloured glass, advertising signs, ginger beers, pot lids, advertising signs, company almanacs and anything with an original pre 1950 label. Contact the Museum Co-ordinator, 2 Trafford Avenue, Elsecar Barnsley S74 8AA.

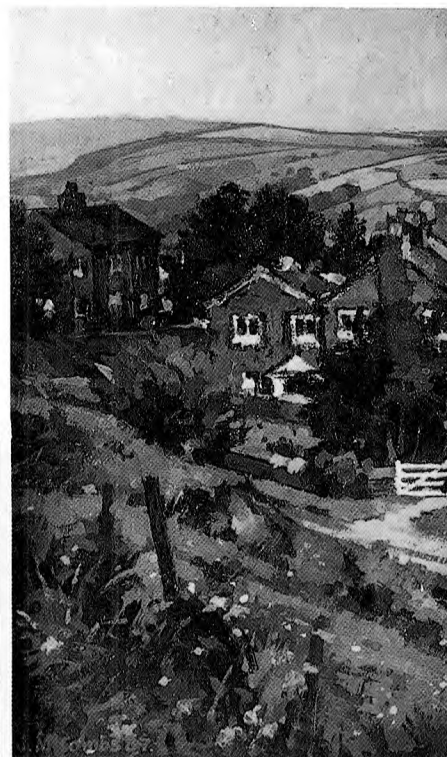
DIARY ... DIARY ... DIARY ...

CURLED

Bolton sculptor Glenys Latham was recently elected President of the **Manchester Academy of Fine Arts**, the first woman to hold the office since its foundation in 1823. Her work, *Curled*, in Ancaster stone, is showing at the John McCombs Gallery, Delph until September 23rd.



"Haymaking, Saddleworth"
from the Summer Exhibition
at John McCombs Gallery,
Delph until September 23rd.



700 YEARS FOR A £1

Murders, mysteries, even Robin Hood ... are just some of the secrets of the Pennine past hidden in the ancient court records of the Manor of Wakefield. Covering much of what is now West Yorkshire, the court rolls document the doings of ordinary people ... from watered-down beer to wife swapping. The 700 rolls, spanning the years from the 13th century to 1925, are probably the finest series in the country.

Without them, the public's growing interest in delving into their own past would meet a blank wall. That's why the survival of these unique **Wakefield Manor Court Rolls** matters. If their fragile parchment and paper continue to crumble away, our past goes with them. A £81,000 repair appeal now has been launched by the **West Yorkshire Archaeological Society** and local firms, organisations and societies are asked to sponsor one roll at an average cost of £375. Contact the Society at 23 Clarendon Road, Leeds LS2 9NZ.

COUNTRYSIDE CELEBRATION

"Here's all you need to know" says a new SCOSPA publication "about what's happening in the South Pennine countryside in the height of the summer season." **Countryside Celebration**, free from Tourist Information Centres, lists guided walks, exhibitions and traditional events with a countryside theme from Skipton to Saddleworth and Rawtenstall to Holmfirth.

A summer one-off at present, the guide on a regular basis could do a great job in pulling together the smashing but separate programmes run by the region's various countryside services. In the meantime, here's a September selection from their free programmes available at local TICs:



Spenn Valley Heritage Trail with Kirkstiles Rangers, September 2nd; **Another Stone In The Wall** - learn dry stone walling with the Medlock Valley Wardens, 9th; **Our Forester Explains** - exploring Calderdale's woodlands, 16th; **Night Walk** - owls, bats and moths with the Tame Valley Wardens, 20th; **Mushrooms and Toadstools** - Rochdale Wardens/LTNC, September 23rd.

Remember to support the special **summer bus routes** including the **455 Hebden Bridge Rambler** (Sundays to September 16th) between Hebden Bridge and Burnley via Worsthorpe and Widdop; and the new **556** from Halifax to Oldham via Scammonden and Denshaw; Sundays to 23rd September; Details from TICs.

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

IN TRANSIT

The Brontes' ride on the back of a cart from Thornton near Bradford to their new home in Haworth is a favourite bit of Pennine lore. **Bringing Home The Brontes** aims to restage it ... but in reverse! Brass bands, jugglers and stilt walkers will accompany the procession on August 18th from Haworth Parsonage six miles across the moors to Thornton. Details from South

Square Artworks, 0274 834747.

More ancient journeyers at the **Yorkshire Historic Motor Day** on September 9th from 11am. Vintage car run and spectacular display at the **West Yorkshire Transport Museum** in its old bus garage on Ludlam Street, Bradford. No doubt stars of Hornsea Pottery's **Yorkshire Car Collection** will be taking part though would the hills prove too much for the collection's pet penny farthing?

"Use it or lose it" is the message from enthusiasts **Ribble Valley Rail** as an experimental line re-opening comes to the end of its summer trial by British Rail. Running from Blackburn via Clitheroe to Hellifield (Settle-Carlisle Railway link) the success of the weekend services could see *regular* trains crossing the awesome Whalley Viaduct by 1991 ... after a line closure of almost thirty years. Sceptics say it won't work. Prove them wrong before September!



Pennine and our member organisation, the **Friends of Pennine Heritage**, hope to sponsor or part-sponsor a roll. If YOU would like to contribute, send a donation c/o the Editor (cheques etc. payable to "Pennine Heritage Court Roll"). Just £1 from 375 readers would save an irreplaceable part of our northern heritage.

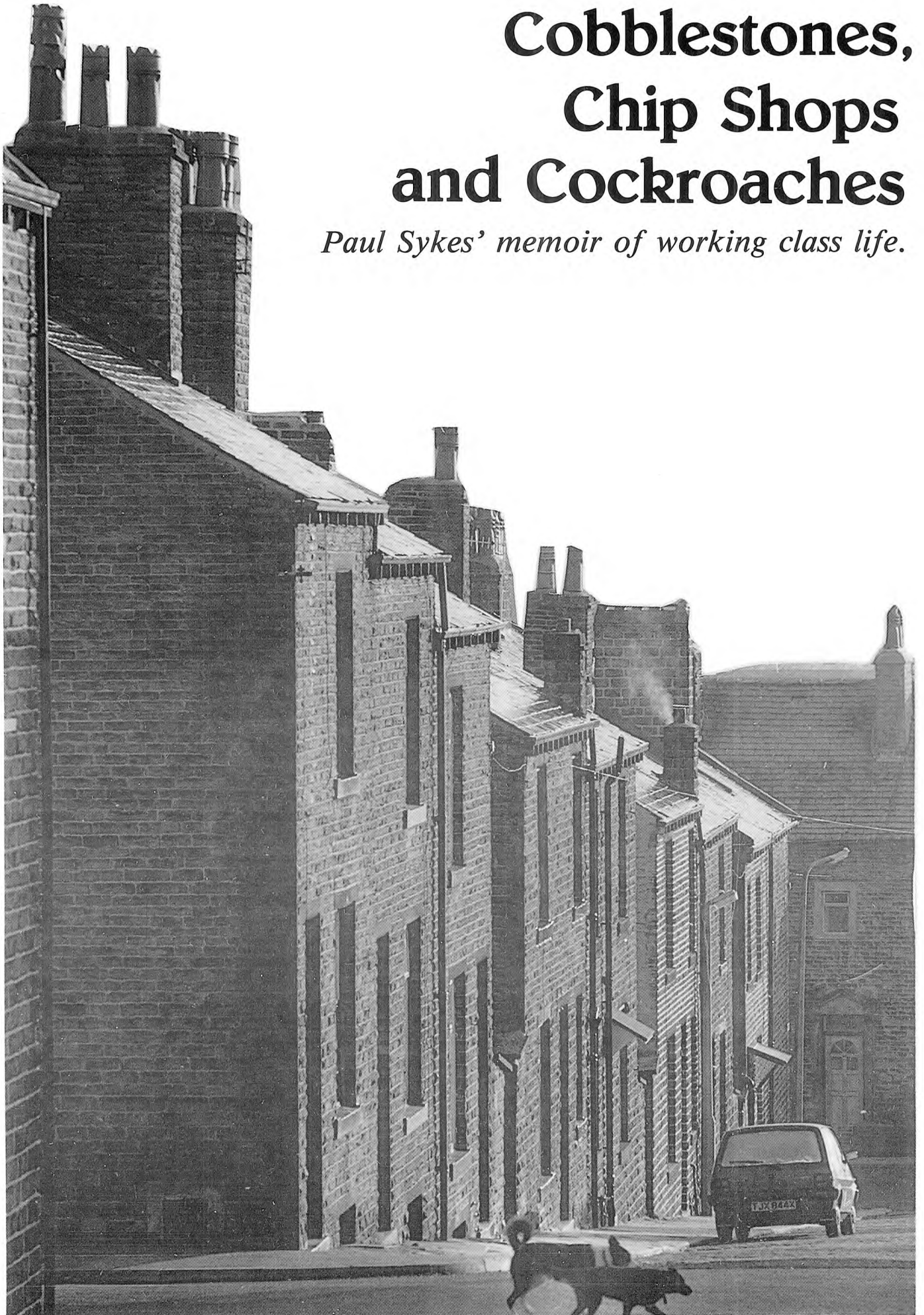
On the subject of records, don't forget September 8th's mammoth **Local History Fair** at Lytham. "Life as it was in Lancashire towns and villages", in celebration of the **Golden Jubilee of the Lancashire Record Office**.

One local group, the **Lancashire Dialect Society**, mourns that "we didn't make much progress this year". Yet **Pennine** regularly gets passionate post urging for more dialect articles. So join up NOW (£3 to Society Treasurer Mr Joe Thorpe 28 Gairlock Close, Cinnamon Brow, Fernhead, Warrington) and don't miss September 2nd's **Dialect Verse Competition** at Fylde Folk Festival; 2pm Crescent Ballroom, Fleetwood. Entry forms from Bob Dobson, 3 Staining Rise, Staining, Blackpool.



Cobblestones, Chip Shops and Cockroaches

Paul Sykes' memoir of working class life.



Cheetham Hill, Manchester 8.

Why these atavistic stirrings whenever I see or hear a reference to this northern suburb of my native city? Recently I went in search of an answer, after almost forty years.

Could this have been the place, the cockpit of my boyhood?

How small, how unremarkable it now appeared. Where were the labyrinthine cobbled streets and huddled rows of terraced houses? In their place, open spaces adjoining a new development of squat new houses.

Had it all been a stage setting I wondered; an incremental moment in urban progression that had served its purpose? And the question insisted: what had brought me to live in the already crumbling world which had now vanished? What, (before the fantasy world of soap opera completely sanitises reality), were the realities of working class life in the inner-city fifty years ago?

My parents left the semi-rural charms of Burnage on the southern outskirts of South Manchester and moved to Cheetham Hill in 1932.

Only many years later did I learn of my mother's bitter disappointment at exchanging a new Corporation-owned house, "fit for a Great War hero to live in" for a near slum in a down-at-heel neighbourhood.

Desperation was the motive for the move.

After years trudging the streets seeking work of any kind and disillusioned by a country which had no use for ex-servicemen, my father was engaged as a labourer by the Manchester Corporation Parks Department. One snag: the two tram journey to the extreme north of the city. Reluctantly the family had to move.

For eleven shillings (55p) a week, we moved to 106 Halliwell Lane. I was seven years old but already conscious of the dramatic change in our life.

Halliwell Lane was then a bustling place, a maze of two-up two-down dwellings in a warren of cobbled streets. Within walking distance, there were three chip shops and a motley collection of other services, from the sweet shop with its liquorice sticks and lucky bags to the tripe seller and pawn broker.

At the end of our terrace stood the ironmonger's shop, dispenser of two grades of paraffin, for heating and

lighting. Here also wet cell batteries were re-charged for those without a modern mains wireless set.

The largest shop was the double-fronted Co-op where, under duress, I waited each Saturday morning for the bread delivery, with strict instructions to collect two box loaves (not the tin version) for Mother.

Here I grew up in this decaying monument to 19th century Manchester's wave of speculative housing.

A world of street cries as rag and bone men exchanged old clothes for balloons and donkey stones. Of the whiff of the fish and chip shop and stew simmering on Monday - "tater ash day"; of smoke from the fires and gas from the street lamps; and, when the wind blew from Blackley, the odour of the dye works.

"To unwrap a portion of fish and chips and find one squirming was particularly unnerving".

No 106 Halliwell Lane was typical.

Four rooms and a back yard with a water closet. From the pavement to front room was a single stride and that modern essential, the bathroom, had never been considered in any schedule of accommodation in these dwellings for artisans.

The dominant feature was a combined fireplace and oven, back-to-back with a similar fitting next door. Burnished with steel wool and glossy with the application of black lead polish, the grate (along with the "donkey-stoned step") spoke for the degree of a family's "housepride".

For all that the serried rows of housing implanted an oppressive presence, it was not however the bricks and mortar which made the deepest impression; it was the vermin: mice, bugs, and above all cockroaches.

Vermin respected no subtleties of social rank, running or crawling easily along the packed rows of houses. To this day they remain the most vivid memory of life in Cheetham Hill.

It was no disgrace to harbour the ubiquitous cockroach. Indeed it was morning routine to tap footwear on the floor to dislodge lurking specimens.

Some families, including my own, perservered with beetle traps, repellant

powder and even fumigation but many were careless or unconcerned. Empty houses drew them in battalions and at night, by the light of the street gas lamps, teeming cockroach clusters could be seen on the walls.

For the fastidious, it was a full time job to keep them at bay. Even then they could spring an unpleasant surprise. To unwrap a portion of fish and chips and find one squirming was particularly unnerving.

Cockroaches were detestable, mice cheeky but bugs were in a class of their own.

To admit their presence was tantamount to admitting a household was unclean. In common with that other scourge, headlice, this small flat brown insect with its characteristic pungent odour proclaimed the ultimate stigma of poverty.

In twenty years at No 106, only one bug was known to breach my mother's defensive screen. Now as I stood amidst the landscaping and maturing trees, it seemed salutary to remember how confinement and substandard housing had bred a stoicism, to say nothing of a perverse pride in one's class and surroundings.

There was little graffiti to disfigure the brick monotony. Here perhaps a chalked line starting with "Follow me"; there a chalked goal post or two initials in a heart. A message denouncing somebody as "daft" was the nearest thing to abuse.

People dreamed of new spacious houses and parklands and cleaner air. If such wishes had been granted, we would not have transformed our brave new world into a midden. Perhaps that is why those who grew up in the Thirties are dismayed and disgusted by those who now do so.

The Victorian planners who manipulated tee square and ruler to accommodate the maximum number of dwellings into a confined space would today not recognise the area over which they once laboured.

So many memories of this place yet it was difficult to locate the spot where my family home had stood. Everywhere the scale and perspective had changed. Even the "Shakey", the Shakespeare Cinema, where the manager, resplendent in evening dress, had bade his patrons "Goodnight" is now a supermarket.

As I left, I wondered whether the cockroaches were still out there somewhere, waiting for the night.

GIANT STEPS

The South Pennine answer to those school holiday blues.

To soak up the last of the summer, why not strike out with a **Trailpass**?

The “biggest ever nature trail”, Trailpass links nine South Pennine countryside centres in a giant nature and wildlife safari which circles, in landscape and subject, from woodland in Burnley to moorland in Bradford and from ecology in Calderdale to milking time in Heywood.

With families in mind, the Trailpass concentrates on centres with a high “lots to see and do” factor and many are starting points for smashing family walks including guided walks programmes.

“People often know about their local countryside centre” said Len Howard, Project Officer for the local authority organisation SCOSPA and mastermind behind Trailpass. “What they don’t realise is how many other centres there are in easy reach.”

Newest of the South Pennine countryside centres is **Chamber House Urban Farm** at Heywood, west of Rochdale. Cows and goats being milked, geese and hens on the prowl and a farm trail takes a peek into how it all works ... a revelation to children who think that milk comes in cartons from Sainsbury’s.

Fittingly at **Hollingworth Lake Visitor Centre** near Littleborough, fishtanks hold lake and river creatures, trails explore the lakeside and the centre also celebrates the special story of this, the “Weighvers Seaport”.

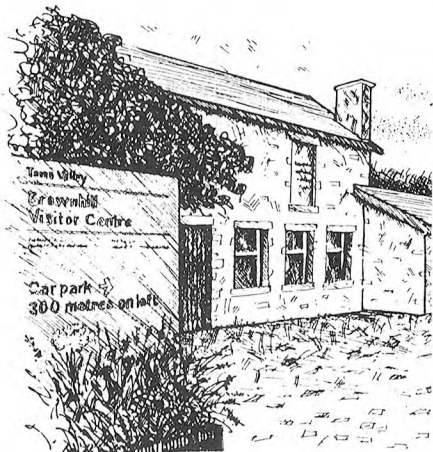
Brownhill Visitor Centre unfolds the varied landscape and history of Saddleworth and is a good starting point for canal towpath walks along the Huddersfield Narrow Canal.

Follow the canal from Lancashire to Yorkshire and at the mouth of the mighty Standedge Tunnel is the **Tunnel End Countryside Centre** at Marsden. Focusing on the story of trans-Pennine transport, the Centre is also a fine introduction to the natural world along the canal.



BRACKEN HALL COUNTRYSIDE CENTRE,

Don’t be fooled by **North Dean Nature Centre** at West Vale near Halifax. The 17th century mansion is noted for its high tech, hands-on exhibitions explaining the cycles of nature. Then see them at work on the trail through lovely North Dean woods.

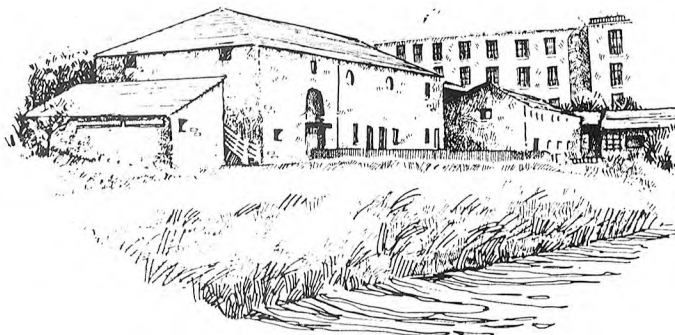


BROWNHILL VISITOR CENTRE - UPPERMILL

Keen young naturalists can even have their pass stamped as they go and a Trailpass badge to reward their fourth centre visit.



NORTH DEAN NATURE CENTRE, WEST VALE



GROUNDWORK COUNTRYSIDE CENTRE - RAWTENSTALL



HOLLINGWORTH LAKE VISITOR CENTRE, LITTLEBOROUGH



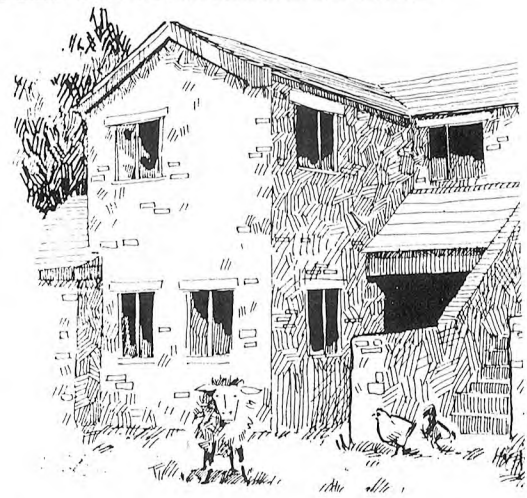
Photo above: Park Hill Barn, recently leased to Pendle Heritage Centre, who have embarked on a major restoration programme.

“How has man and nature lived side by side on the moors for thousands of years?” That’s the question asked at **Bracken Hall Countryside Centre** at Shipley Glen near Bradford. Build food chains; go on a Wellie Walk; even grind flour, “Bronze Age style!”

Farming in the South Pennines follows an age-old pattern. Find it re-traced,

with vintage tractors thrown in, in the 18th century barn at **Pendle Heritage Centre**, Barrowford, also a starting point for a number of interesting trails.

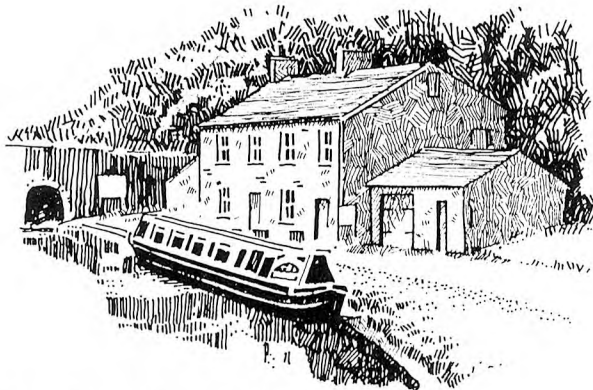
The lovely wooded parkland of Burnley’s ancient **Towneley Hall** is a perfect setting for its Natural History Centre. Nature trails, water wildlife on show and a fascinating series of wildlife gardens.



CHAMBER HOUSE URBAN FARM - HEYWOOD

Regular readers will remember last issue’s visit to Rossendale, including the lively **Groundwork Countryside Centre** at Rawtenstall. Countryside exhibitions changing with the seasons and don’t miss that remarkable giant living willow sculpture.

The Trailpass leaflet, with opening times, public transport information and helpful individual mini maps is available at Tourist Information Centres.



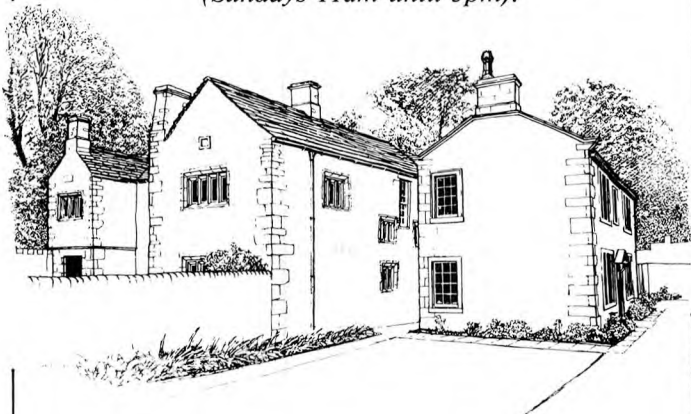
TUNNEL END COUNTRYSIDE CENTRE - MARSDEN

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at the entrance to Barrowford Park

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souvenirs.

The tea Room specialises in afternoon teas with
home made cakes.

Pendle Heritage Centre, Park Hill, Barrowford,
Nelson, Lancashire. Tel 0282 695366

Thinking of visiting *YOUR* Countryside Centre ?

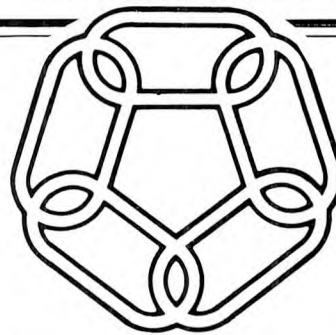
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‘Weer’s Ta Barn?’

Alec Baron, lost and found on the Pennine Way.

I’d wanted to do it ever since I can remember, and here I was, actually doing it, making my way up the backbone of England with just a small haversack on my back and a stick in my hand - walking the Pennine Way!

I breathed in deeply ... mm ...! I released the unfamiliarly clean air ...ah ...ah! Yorkshire to the right of me, Lancashire to the left of me, and as Hazlitt said, “the clear blue sky above my head, the green turf beneath my feet and a three hours march to dinner.”

And then, for the umpteenth time I was confronted with the same frustrating dilemma - which *was* the Pennine Way?

Usually, the problem was an unmarked fork, but here, for the second time, were three paths to choose from and no signpost. Instinct said “Take the middle path.” Caution said “You took the middle path last time and it was wrong.” Prudence said “To hell with three hours march to dinner - time for lunch.”

I sat down.

A large pork pie wrapped in cellophane and crumbling, a can of light ale to wash it down with and an apple and a bar of nut milk chocolate for dessert.

This is the life!

A gusty breeze, a magnificent view, the exhilarating tang of fresh air, and not a living soul in sight apart from a solitary sheep.

For some time the solitary sheep and I munched away contentedly. I could have sat there forever, but - time to press on - if I could just decide upon which path to take.

And then it happened. He came round a bend towards me like a guardian angel, as opportune and prompt as the Deus-ex-Machina in a Greek play. An oldish man with slightly bowed knees and a leathery weather-beaten face.

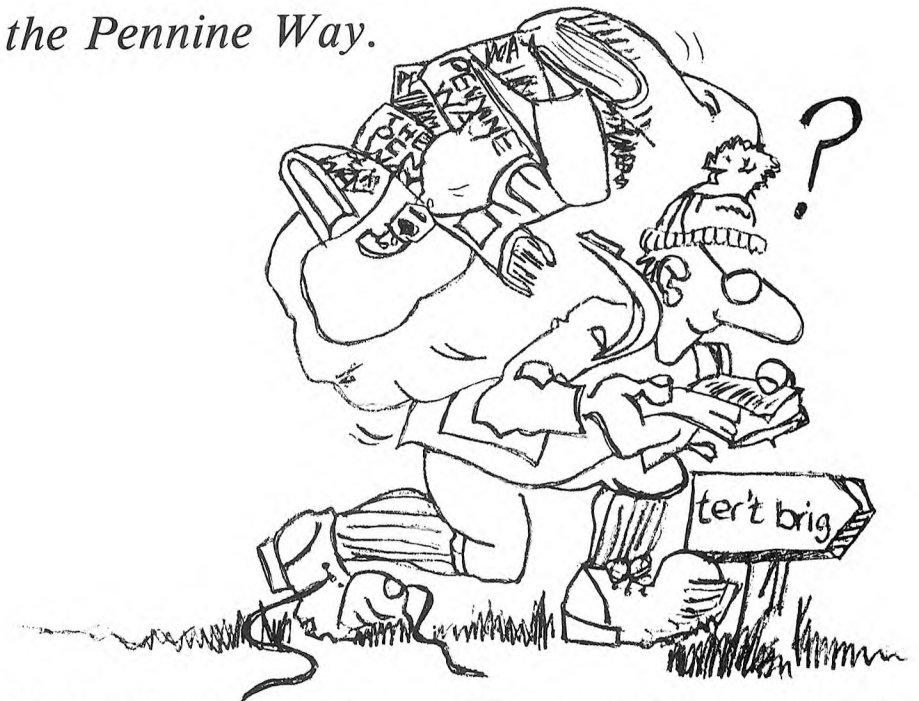
“Hallo there!” I called, giving him the big welcome as if we had known each other since childhood and been out of touch ever since.

“Hallo there!”

His walking stick made mine look like the slender cane of a dandy.

“I... er... I wonder if you could help me... I’m walking the Pennine Way and I’m... silly of me... I’m not sure which path to take.”

He pointed with his stick. “No, I’ve just come from there.”



“Weer’s ta barn?” he said. I must point out that any attempt to reproduce what he said can only be approximate. “Weer’s ta barn?”

“Er... I don’t want a barn... I want to know which path to take.”

“Yons ter’t brig, yons ter’t bec ’n’ yons ower’t watter” he said, waving his stick generally in the other direction.

I don’t think I could distinguish a bec from a brig if I saw them together, but I must tell you that I have a great admiration for dialects.

One time they were languages, did you know that? Spoken by everyone in a particular district, rich and poor alike, peasant and lord, as they still are in some places abroad.

In this country they’ve become debased and considered, wrongly, to be mispronounced English and left snobbishly to the lower classes. But I love their quaintness and respect their antiquity. There’s only one trouble - I don’t understand them.

“I... er... I beg your pardon?”

“T’brig, yonderly, bi’t flay-craw.”

I was lost, but I wasn’t going to show it. It is so humiliating to keep saying “I beg your pardon” as if it was his fault that I couldn’t understand. After all, I’m very fond of Lewis Carroll and I read his stuff as if I understand it, don’t I?

“Oh... yes...” I ventured. “Wind’s brim, don’t y’think?” he asked. I hadn’t noticed that it was particularly brim, but I wasn’t going to be outdone.

“I... er... I thought it was quite brillig myself. In fact I thought I might outgrabe the mome-rath this afternoon at the Borogrove when I get to the wabe.”

“Wetch thisen then” he replied, as if he’d understood me, too, and made to move off.

“Thanks” I said. I waited a moment and then set off.

I felt him stop and look back at me. “Maister” he called. I stopped. “Tha bu-its loise.”

“Ah” I said, not understanding, “that’s probably because of the slithy toves. They’re... mimsy up here, aren’t they?” Well, it sounded clever at the time.

“Ay” he called back, and waved his stick.

We went off in opposite directions. I chose the right hand path. It was the wrong one, of course.

A hundred yards further on I trod on one of my bootlaces which had become undone, fell over, scraped some skin off the palm of my hand and hurt my knee. It dawned on me that that was what he had tried to tell me. My bu-it was loise. Of course!

A Studmark Swansong

Dave Behrens catches up with the father of fell racing.



As the long hot summer drags on, the Pennine hills echo to the sound of a thousand fell runners, leaping up steep hills like mountain goats.

But this year, one set of stud marks is missing from the Lancashire summits.

A hip replacement operation has robbed the region of one of its sporting legends - Padiham's Stan Bradshaw - still a champ at 78 and held, in the tough, taciturn private world of the fell runner to be "one of the greatest sportsmen ever".

For six decades, Stan pounded the punishing Pennines while men half his age often trailed in his wake.

In the Thirties, his formative years as a runner, Stan worked a 6am-11pm day in the family tripe business before getting in his daily 6-8 mile run. Some say the Pennines were twice as high before Stan wore them down.

Even in his last season Stan ran in 12 events and trained every day on Pendle Hill. "It's a grand hill for running" says Stan. "In fact they call me Mr Pendle round here!"

In these days when Wimbledon whizzkids are past it at 16, it's incredible to think that Stan was still winning at one of the toughest sports of all in his seventies.

"Must have been because I still enjoyed it" says the ever-modest Stan, in fact made an honorary life member of Clayton-le-Moors Harriers for his services to fell running.

"Fell racers aren't in it for medals or money. They're in it for the pleasure of competing against people they know and respect."

"It has to be like that. With anything up to 500 runners in one race, no-one's going to get rich."

Little chance of anyone getting famous either. The sport's organisers shun national publicity and you'll rarely see the race results in the morning papers.

"Many people race to get away from it all" says John Blair-Fish, editor of the *Fell Runner* magazine. "There's a strong lobby within the sport to keep the profile low. And Stan's one of the lobbyists."

All the same, with 300 events now in the northern calendar alone, fell racing is gathering popularity as a sport. Since the 1970s the growing fashion for running has seen huge increases in the race fields of entry. For some, who mutter of "follow my leader" style racing, it has destroyed the essence of the traditional northern atmosphere when the races were run by those who actually knew the fells.



One day might we even see it covered as a television sport? "The well known races like the Three Peaks already bring out the big crowds" says John. "And the professional racers have a fair following, too."

It wasn't always that way. In the Thirties there were just two amateur fell races held regularly in the whole of the north - at Burnsall in the Yorkshire Dales and Rivington Pike near Bolton.

But these two plus the dozens of revived and newly created races which now make up the fell running year - from Holmfirth to the Hodder Valley and Rossendale to Haworth - were built on a tradition far older than the Thirties. As long as there have been mountains, men have wanted to run up them.

No-one can say when the first hill race took place.

There are those, students of the Old Religion of pre-Christian Britain, who

maintain that fell running was a power ritual, central to pagan religious rites. Focusing their massed energies by running on a set course, ancient man thus "tapped into" the forces of the earth.

Why, they ask, did fell runners traditionally run naked (apart from their hobnailed boots)? And indeed, late in the last century, men were still racing naked on Rooley Moor above Whitworth despite the clean-up efforts of the local bobbies.

Certainly many northern races with traditions too old to date (including the classic Burnsall Fell Race) are held as part of the high summer feasts which, disguised under saints names, usually mark pagan festivals.

One particular such example is the fell race up Penhill which precedes August's curious, frankly pagan *Burning of the Bartle* at East Witton in Wensleydale.

Pagan goings-on however would clearly get no more than a passing snort in the no-nonsense world of today's fell runners.

There the nearest thing to sentiment is to acknowledge that the earliest recorded hill running event was in 1040 at Braemar when King Malcolm Canmore hit on the idea of choosing his new running footman ... by sending the likely candidates racing up to the top of the nearby 1,764 foot Creag Choinnich.

The Lake District is generally credited as being the birthplace of fell running as a sport and the first of legendary Grasmere Guides Races took place in 1868.

Famous races such as Grasmere and Kilnsey were run by professional fell runners. The amateur tradition of runners such as Stan Bradshaw grew later and remains to this day largely a separate affair.

Runners like Stan fiercely guard their amateur status. Others have traditionally run for pin money prizes and earned extra cash by betting on themselves.

At one time, amateurs and professionals never raced each other. Now there's a grudging coming together. Says John Blair-Fish: "We'll race with the pros but they still don't want us in their races."

"Yes there's been a certain relaxing of the rule" says Stan, a man you would have thought had never heard of relaxation. For even though his running days are over, he still walks the fells every day.

"He's the father of fell running" says John Blair Fish. "The grandfather."

Pennine Fell Racing

Late summer and autumn is prime time in the northern fell running calendar.

Events include:

August: Barrowford; Darwen Round The Tower; Downham (Pendle Hill); Hades Hill (Whitworth); Rossendale; West Witton (Burning of the Bartle).

September: Burnsall; Embsay (Skipton); Foulridge; Hawkswick (Arncliffe); Lothersdale; Withens Moor (Haworth).

October: Gale (Littleborough).

Check dates in the local press or (dare we say?) ask at Tourist Information Centres.

Dark Green Armies

Blankets of conifers? Pennine speaks its piece.

Two years ago, the Department of the Environment responded to much protest and pressure by banning grants for “predominantly conifer” plantations above 800 ft. in the English uplands - except in the “*Industrial Pennines*”!

“What do you mean by the Industrial Pennines?” was the immediate clamour. “What is “predominantly conifer”?”

Two years on, Pennine Heritage, parent organisation of **Pennine** magazine, has now received a copy of the answer.

Industrial Pennines run from Barnoldswick to Buxton, from Bradford to Bury. And “predominantly conifer” means anything more than two conifers to every broad leaved tree.

Is this regarded as satisfactory? Pennine Heritage thinks not! And has written as an officially invited consultee to say so.



“The Hardcastle Crag treatment, for future generations to enjoy.”

To be fair, all “designated areas” have been excluded from this ruling - the Peak District National Park; Bowland and Pendle Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty; all Sites of Scientific Interest including most of Widdop and Haworth moor; and all local authority Special Landscape Areas.

This doesn't leave much but it leaves enough: small but sensitive areas near Heptonstall, Midgley, Sowerby, Cragg, Ripponden, Thornton, Queensbury, Scammonden, Meltham & Holmfirth - a list which includes some of our finest traditional villages - plus most of Rossendale, Environment Minister David Trippier's constituency!

Pennine supports increased deciduous and mixed woodland planting, carefully targeted to enhance the valley sides and small cloughs where traditionally it once existed.

We also recognise that on many of our bare and windswept hillsides, some conifers are needed as a “nurse” to give shelter to the more tender broad leaved trees. But our experience gained in the successful **South Pennine Woodland Project** shows a ratio of

“Conifers perhaps ... but only to shelter more tender trees.”

1:1 is sufficient - equal number of conifer and broad-leaved trees giving a “Hardcastle Crag” woodland beauty treatment to many another South Pennine valley.

This has been **Pennine's** response to the Department of the Environment. Keep plantations off the open moorland plateau. Concentrate on the valley sides with a mixture of open

farmland and woodland, viewpoints and shady woodland walks. A cautious OK to limited conifer planting if it is *for shelter*.

The trees went from the hills hundreds of years ago. If we're going to bring

them back, let it be for the *enjoyment* of future generations.

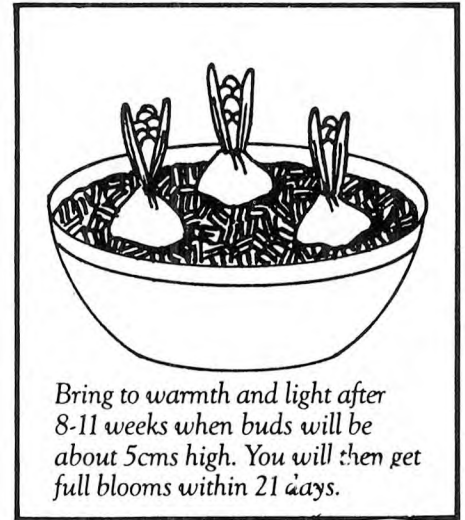
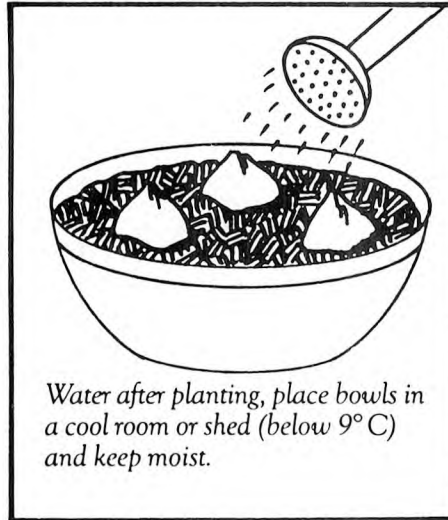
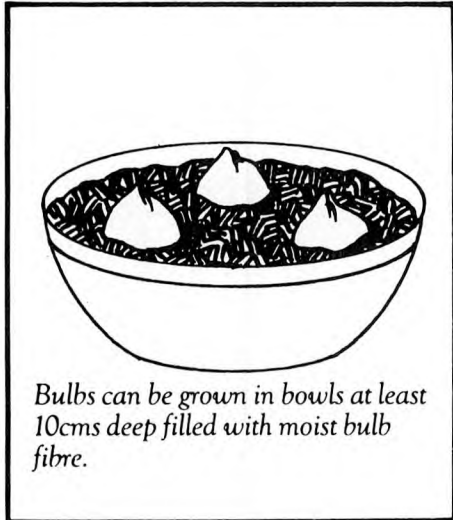
Pennine Heritage is pleased to be asked for its views alongside a select number of national conservation bodies. Here's hoping our answers help to protect and conserve our valuable landscape. Equally we're always pleased to get your views and to take the debate forward. What do *you* think?





Nature's Convenience Plants

Hazel Evans, Gardening Editor of 'Good Housekeeping' reminds us that it's bulb planting time.



Few things you can buy for the garden give you a better return for your money than bulbs, and nothing could be easier to grow.

Bulbs are Nature's convenience plants: just put them in the ground, forget about them, and they'll come up year after year. They will also grow in tricky places - under the shade of trees, for instance, or in dark corners. And many of them, especially daffodils and snowdrops, increase over the years to form large clumps.

Apart from the most popular five - snowdrops, crocuses, daffodils, hyacinths and tulips - there are lots of delightful small bulbs to try like the grape hyacinth (muscaria) with its cobalt blue flowers, or the sky-blue 'glory of the snow' (chionodoxa). But that's not all: by choosing the right varieties, you can enjoy a flower show from bulbs not just in spring, but all year round.

Choosing bulbs

Decide first whether you want a rainbow mix of bright colours; or all pastels, which can look very pretty against a backdrop of evergreens; or even a single-colour scheme, which can look stunning in a window box. (If you want a mix of bulbs, don't forget to

take their eventual height into account, putting the taller ones in the centre of a tub or at the back of a window box, for example.)

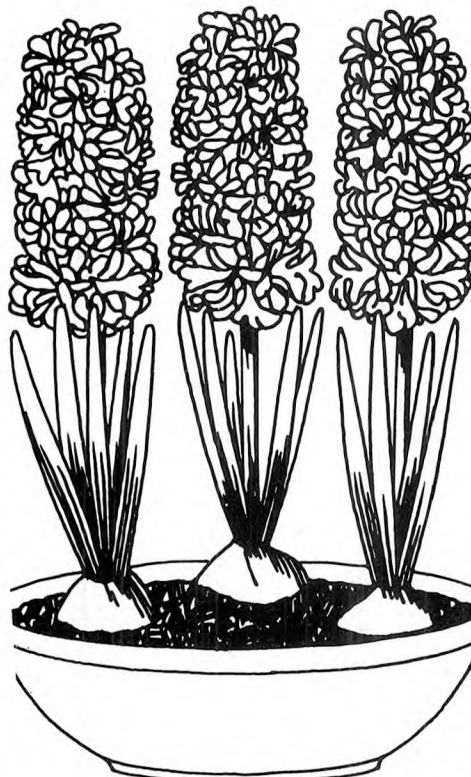
Since bulbs are an investment in the future, buy the best you can afford.

Buying bulbs is rather like buying onions: you're looking for the same qualities in both. They should feel plump and firm, and be smooth-skinned and free from blemishes. It is safer to buy bulbs you can actually see, either loose or pre-packed in clear plastic; and always buy from a reputable garden retailer.

Siting bulbs

Bulbs look good everywhere in the garden. As a general rule, they look prettier and more natural planted in clumps rather than strung out in single lines. To save money, stick to one variety and mass them together. Or to make a few go a long way, try them for a change in a tub or hanging basket.

They also grow well in stone sinks, provided there is enough depth for them; and spring-flowering bulbs are very useful in mixed borders, where they give spot colour and their dying foliage is later hidden by herbaceous plants.



Illustrations: Reproduced courtesy of the International Flowerbulb Centre of Holland

Bulbs in lawns

Some bulbs - especially crocus, snowdrops and early flowering daffodils - look particularly attractive growing in grass. So if you have an area of lawn that is difficult to mow - around a tree or in a corner, perhaps - this is the place to put them.

The best way to arrange them for 'natural' planting is to toss them down on the grass, then dig them in where they land. If you have a fair number of bulbs to plant this way, it's worth buying a special bulb planter (a short cylinder with a sharpened edge and a wooden handle). Then you can simply dig out plugs of grass, pop in the bulbs and replace the 'hats' of grass.

Planting bulbs

Always handle bulbs with care. If they are wrapped in a plastic packet, open it immediately to allow air to circulate around them; and if you're not going to plant them for a while, spread them out in a single layer in a box or tray in a cool, dry, airy place.

Bulbs are not particularly fussy, but they prefer a well-drained soil and may rot in water-logged soil. Different bulbs need to be planted at different depths - generally speaking, the larger the bulb, the deeper it needs to go.

However, there is one rule that applies to all bulbs: they must be covered by a reasonable layer of soil, otherwise they won't thrive. Most packets carry planting instructions, but a good rule of thumb is to plant each bulb so that its top is two and a half times its length below the surface of the soil.

Planting is simplicity itself: make a hole and sprinkle a little sand or dry soil into it for the bulb to sit on; make sure that the bulb is set firmly in the hole, with no air pockets beneath it; then replace the soil.

How you space your bulbs is up to you, although you'll usually find spacing recommendations included in the planting instructions. However, if you plant bulbs close together, there must be a gap of at least the width of a pencil between them.

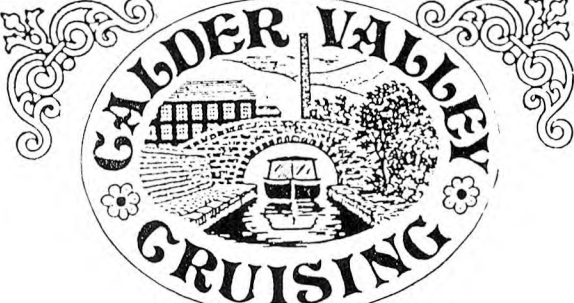
Ideally, daffodils should go in before the end of October at a depth of at least 4-6" (10-15cm); very small varieties like the tiny Hoop Petticoat daffodil should be planted only 3" (7cm) deep. Plant crocuses 2" (5cm) deep and snowdrops 3-4" (7-10cm) deep before the end of September. Wait a while before putting in tulips: they should be planted between October and the end of November at

a depth of 4" (10cm). However, Nature is forgiving, so even if you don't stick religiously to these planting times, your bulbs will still grow.

Colour all year round

Having organised your spring display, plant some more bulbs later on to give you flowers all year round. Strictly speaking, some of the plants commonly referred to as 'bulbs' have root systems and should more correctly be called corms or tubers, but they all develop in the same way and go on from year to year.


In early summer you can enjoy bluebells (*Endymion nonscriptus*), lily of the valley (*convallaria*) and anemones. In summer, gladioli, montbretia, dahlias, begonias and members of the lily family will give you long-lasting colour. And for autumn colour, plant the autumn-flowering crocus and the autumn crocus (*colchicum*), with its large flowers on bare stems. (These are all available from garden centres at various times of the year.) Finally, finish the year with a flourish with the beautiful pink blooms of the South African lily (*Nerine bowdenii*) in late October/November from bulbs planted at the end of August.



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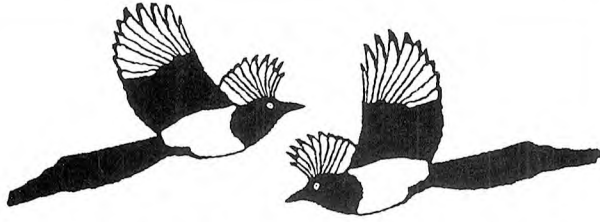
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SAT & SUNDAY 10am-4pm.

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(A6036 Halifax to Bradford Road)



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Cafe - home-made
food, real coffee, tea
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wines.*

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Pennine Proudly Presents

Rushbearing Festivals are here again! Accompany the rushcart, along with traditional music plus morris and clog dancing in Saddleworth 25/26th August or Sowerby Bridge 1st/2nd September. From rushes to rails, with the Embsay Steam Railway's 'Roaring 20's Day nr. Skipton on September 23rd.

Bolton provides two exhibitions: the nationally important Sycamore Collection, virtually an anthology of British print making from 1900 at the Art Gallery until September 1st; whilst nearby Turton Tower, Bromley Cross, reviews contemporary 'Pennine Glass' until 31st October.

For the energetic, climb Wainhouse Tower Halifax for the finest views of Calderdale, on 26th/27th August and September 9th (Hx. 359454 for details). Witness the 152nd World Black Pudding Throwing Championships, attempts to dislodge sturdy Yorkshire puddings off the roof of the Corner Pin pub, Stubbins, Rossendale on the 2nd September. Take part in Art In The Park, family sculpture workshop using natural materials, at Oakwell Hall, Birstall, Kirklees on August 23rd.

With September evenings drawing in, why not relax to music from the Middle Ages performed by Estampie in traditional costume, at Heptonstall Parish Church 8pm on September 15th. Perhaps "a comedy of seduction, intrigue and revenge" by the R.S.C. in *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* at the Quarry Theatre, Leeds 25th September-27th October. Alternatively sample a shocking new thriller at the Oldham Coliseum (13th September-6th October); 'Stop the Children's Laughter' a vivid account of turn of the century life out on the lonely Pennine moorland farms.

Lastly, don't forget to join us at the Birchcliffe Centre, home of **Pennine** on October 12th for Mikron Theatre on the trail of the Luddites!

Roy Hubbard.

MUSIC & DANCE

AUGUST

19 August
Brass Band Concert, Cliffe Castle, Keighley

19 August
Organ Concert. Support one of the last independent cinemas, the Rex at Elland near Halifax.

To 25 August
17th Annual Yorkshire Ballet Seminars, Ilkley, including lectures & demonstrations.

26 August
Jazz In The Park. 2pm.
Greenhead Park, Huddersfield.

Every Monday
Five Easy Pieces. Jazz at Bennett's Wine Bar, Dean Clough. 8.30pm.

18 August
Marsden Silver Band 2pm.
Greenhead Park, Huddersfield

19 August
Emley Brass Band. 2pm.
Crow Nest Park, Dewsbury.

19 August
Jukalo The Juggler. "The most scary juggling in the country" plus Sunday brass band concert. From 2pm Ballgrove Park, Trawden near Colne.

19 August
Hade Edge Band. 2pm
Red House, Gomersal
24-26 August
7th Annual York Early Dance Weekend, College of Ripon & York St. John. 0904 637623

25 August
Fleetwood Mac in Concert. Manchester City Football Ground, Maine Road. 061 226 2224

26 August
York Railway Institute Band 2.30pm. York Museum Gardens

26 August
Brass Band at Oakwell Hall, Birstall, Kirklees

30 August
Trial By Jury - from scratch! Join in at this unorthodox production of the Gilbert & Sullivan favourite. 7.30pm
Municipal Hall, Colne. Mid Pennine Arts (0282) 21986

SEPTEMBER

1,8,15,22,29 Sept
Evening Organ Recital.
Halifax Parish Church 7.15.

4 Sept
Lunchtime Organ Music, Leeds Town Hall by Simon Lindley. Also 11 Sept Graham Jackson & 25 Sept Simon Lindley. Concerts start at 1.05pm. Admission free.

8 Sept
The Fountain Machine. Art on wheels at Haslingden Street Fair. 11-4pm.

8 Sept
Moon De Lune. Roving rock & roll minstrels in the streets of Haslingden. 11-4pm

12 Sept
Lunchtime Chamber Music at Leeds City Art Gallery by Piers Lane, piano. Also 26 Sept: Markus Nyikos, cello. & 3 Oct: Sharon Gould, harpsichord. Admission free. 1.05pm

16 Sept
Jason Donovan at Manchester & 19 Sept at Sheffield City Hall.

21-23 Sept
From Renaissance to Baroque. Music weekend with Red Water Arts, Todmorden. Singers & instrumentalists welcome. (0706) 315328.

26 September
Vladimir Ovchinnikov (piano). Ilkley Concert Club season. Opening concert. 8pm (0943) 609744

30 Sept
Peter Skellern. Queens Hotel, Leeds

OCTOBER

6 Oct
USSR Bolshoi Symphony Orchestra. *Rimsky-Korsakov, Shostakovich,*

Tchaikovsky. Leeds Town Hall. (0532) 462453

6 Oct
Band of the Green Howards, Morley Town Hall. 7.30pm.

9 Oct
Renaissance Church Music. 8pm. Heptonstall Parish Church.

9 Oct
Budapest Wind Ensemble. Temple Newsam, Leeds.

STAGE

National Museum of Photography Film & TV, Bradford. (0274) 732277
"Cool Cults": under-reviewed films, easily overlooked but tipped for enduring cult status. "Sean Connery": sixty this year. A celebration of his recent films. "A Passionate Summer": fourteen of the most potent love stories ever committed to celluloid.

August/Sept
Bradford Playhouse & Film Theatre. (0274) 720329
A season of films new to Bradford plus the 'big screen experience' from "Always" to "Batman". Akira Kurosawa, Japan's last emperor of film is celebrated. (Check for details)

AUGUST

14-18 August
"Go Back for Murder". The Grand Theatre, Leeds. (0532) 459351

23 August
100 Theatre show of live music, machines, quite a large pair of shoes & war & peace. Dean Clough, Halifax. 7pm.

To 24 August
Children's Fun Days in the Foyer, Crucible Theatre, Sheffield (0742) 760621

Until 25 August
"Brighton Beach Memoirs" Quarry Theatre, West Yorkshire Playhouse, Leeds (0532) 442111

25 August
Mimeka 'Sideshow'. Amazing outdoor show of magic, puppets & fire-eating. Walsden Carnival, St. Peters School, Todmorden

Pennine What's On

27 August
Mimeka 'Sideshow'. Outdoor theatre on a motor-bike & sidecar. St. Monday's Festival, Weaver's Triangle, Burnley.

28 August-1 Sept
"Murder at the Vicarage". The Grand Theatre, Leeds (0532) 459351

28 August-15 Sept
The Tim Rice & Abba Musical "Chess". Bradford Alhambra. (0274) 757575

30 August
Gilbert & Sullivan "Trial by Jury From Scratch". Municipal Hall, Colne.

30 August-22 Sept
'Callas' Premiere of the story of the legendary singer. Oldham Coliseum. 061 224 2829

SEPTEMBER

During September
Mikron Theatre Co. present "A Place To Stand" A story of the Yorkshire Luddites.

25th: Civic Hall, New Street, Slaithwaite. (7.30pm) & 27th at Tap & Spile, Horsefair, Pontefract (8.00pm).

Mikron Theatre also present "Free For All" an environmentally friendly musical.

26th: Commercial Hotel, Church Street, Paddock, Huddersfield (8.00pm)

29th: Tolson Museum, Ravensknowle Park, Huddersfield (7.30pm)

30th: Piece Hall, Halifax (2.00pm)

30th: Black Bull Inn, Birstall, Nr. Batley (8.00pm)

2-9 Sept
'Noises Off' by Michael Frayn. Halifax Playhouse. (0422) 365993

5-8 Sept
'The Importance of Being Ernest'. The Rossendale Players, Leisure Hall, Bacup. (0706) 216185

6 Sept
Dillie Keane "Single Again" & 7 & 8 Sept
"Sarrasine" The horrifying story of a woman's obsession with an opera singer. Harrogate Theatre. (0423) 502116

6-8 Sept
"Ragamuffin". Reggae Musical.

10-15 Sept "Bouncers".

Funny look at nightclubbing. 20-22 Sept "Peaches" 25-29 Sept Pinter's "The Birthday Party". Courtyard Theatre, West Yorkshire Playhouse, Leeds. (0532) 442111

10-22 Sept
"Soldiers" Quarry Theatre, West Yorkshire Playhouse, Leeds. (0532) 442111

13 Sept until 27 Oct
Shakespeare's "The Tempest". Royal Exchange, Manchester. 061 833 9833

18 & 19 Sept
"Peaches". A co-production between Raw Cotton, the Lyric Hammersmith, & Dukes Playhouse, Lancaster. King Georges Hall, Blackburn. (0254) 582582

20 Sept to Oct
"The Importance of Being Earnest" by Oscar Wilde. Harrogate Theatre. (0423)502710

25 Sept-20 Oct
"The Norman Conquest". Alan Ayckbourn at his funniest. Crucible Theatre, Sheffield.

25 Sept-27 Oct
Royal Shakespeare Co. in "Les Liaisons Dangereuses". Quarry Theatre, W.Yorks Playhouse. Tel. (0532) 442111

26 Sept-6 Oct
"Teechers". Oldham Coliseum Theatre. 061 624 2829

OCTOBER

1-3 Oct
Vienna Festival Ballet, Civic Theatre, Leeds. (0532) 462453

4-6 Oct
Volcano Theatre Co. Civic Theatre, Leeds. (0532) 462453

6-13 Oct
"Saturday, Sunday, Monday" by Eduardo de Filippo. Halifax Playhouse (0422) 365993

11-20 Oct
"Richard II" at Oldham Coliseum. 061 224 2829

11-20 Oct
"Teechers" by John Godber. Harrogate Theatre. (0423) 502710

12 Oct
Mikron Theatre. On the trail of the Luddites. "A Place To Stand", newest play by the inimitable touring company. 8pm at the Birchcliffe Centre, Hebden Bridge. Bar. Supper available. Tickets £2.50 from Hebden Bridge Tourist Information or on the door.

Summer exhibition at the Holmfirth Gallery of Erotic Art.

Until 2 Sept
A Silver Saga. Viking treasure from the north west. Liverpool Museum. 051 207 0001

Until 2 Sept
Now For The Future. Art Council Purchases 1984-1989. Mappin Art



*Rochdale Rushbearing Folk Festival 1990
Saturday 11 August and Sunday 12 August
1990.*

Gallery, Sheffield (0742) 726281

Until 2 Sept
'Threatened Buildings' Exhibition. Towneley Hall, Burnley

Until 2 Sept
'Muppets Monsters & Magic' National Museum of Photography, Film & Television, Bradford.

Until 2 Sept
'Trailblazers' Graham Ibbeson, Sculpture In The Open Air, Yorks. Sculpture Park nr Wakefield (0924) 830302

Until 2 Sept
Rainforests: The Twilight Zone. Tolson Museum, Ravensknowle Park, Huddersfield. Hudds. 530591

Until 3 Sept
Shining Lights in the North West. Work by some of the best young crafts people in the North. Mid Pennine Arts, Gallery Downstairs, Burnley. (0282) 21986

Until 5 Sept
Artists from Tameside College. Astley Cheetham, Art Gallery, Stalybridge 3382708

Until 9 Sept
Wakefield In The Middle Ages. Celebrating the 800th anniversary of the medieval borough. Elizabethan Exhibition Gallery. (0924) 295797

15 Sept-7 Oct
'Trying to be Respectable'. Oils by Brian Phillips, Saddleworth Museum, Uppermill.

Until 16 Sept
Charles Hickson: Contemporary paintings of the Lancs. urban landscape. Towneley Hall, Burnley.

Until 21 Sept
Tolson Museum, Ravensknowle Park, Huddersfield. 'Words On War'

Until 23 Sept
'The Making of Dewsbury'. Dewsbury Museum, Crows Nest Park.

Until 23 Sept
'All Muck & Mottledware: How the archaeologists found the evidence' Towneley Hall, Burnley.

Until 30 Sept
'The Jowett Jupiter Does It Again' Bradford Industrial Museum.

Until 30 Sept
York through the Eyes of the Artist, 1700 to present day. York City Art Gallery (0904) 623839

Until 3 Oct
'Jewellery Showcase'. The Gallery Downstairs, Burnley Mechanics.

Until 25 Nov
Contemporary stone carvings from Zimbabwe. Yorks. Sculpture Park, West Bretton, nr Wakefield. (0924) 830302

Until 30 Sept
'The English Regional Chair' Towneley Hall, Burnley

18 Aug-9 Sept
Exhibition of bird & animal paintings by David A Finney. Saddleworth Museum.

23-29 August
Asian Crafts Exhibition. Civic Hall, Nelson

1 Sept-21 Oct
Ilkley Literature Festival Exhibition: Martin Cullen & Robert Lee. Manor House, Ilkley 600066

6 Sept-3 Oct
Lettering. Unusual exhibition on the neglected, beautiful art of calligraphy. Mid Pennine Arts, Gallery Downstairs. Burnley (0282) 21986

6 Sept-3 Oct
'Contemporary Poets' Portraits by Peter Edwards. A touring exhibition from the National Portrait Gallery. Burnley Mechanics Mainspace.

8 Sept onwards
11th British International Print Biennale. Cartwright Hall, Bradford.

8 Sept-10 Oct
George Rodger: The World Over Second World War Photojournalism. Astley Cheetham Art Gallery, Stalybridge.

8-29 Sept
Exhibition of Photography by David Bailey. Blackburn Museum & Art Gallery.

8 Sept-21 Oct
Contemporary Quilts. Cliffe Castle, Keighley. 0274 758230. Also 8 Sept Textile Voices

9 Sept
Gawthorpe Hall, Burnley.

Free demonstrations & exhibitions, including lacemaking, knitting & embroidery.

9-11 Sept
G Mex Manchester (Trade only). Fashion fabrics & sewing fair. Also 11-13 Sept Northern Interior Design. 061 834 2700

15 Sept-7 Oct
Pennine Scenes exhibition by Brian Phillips. Saddleworth Museum.

15 Sept-21 Oct
'A Voyage of Discovery' exhibition of work by Patrick Hayman (1915-1988) Elizabethan Art Gallery, Wakefield.

26 Sept-4 Nov
'Landscape of Stone' review of Rossendale's drystone walls. Towneley Hall, Burnley.

29 Sept-28 Oct
Recent paintings, Sheila Dewsbury at the John McCombs Gallery, Delph.

30 Sept-4 Nov
Burnley Caving Club. 40 years of speleology. Towneley Hall, Burnley.

OTHER EVENTS

Riddlesden Fun Day, East Riddlesden Hall, Keighley

18 August
Elland Charity Gala, Hullen Edge Recreation Ground.

18 August
Darwen Gala

18 August
Edenfield & District Horticultural Show. Stubbins United Reformed Church, Rossendale.

18-31 August
Summer Arts & Craft Market, Royal Baths Assembly Rooms, Harrogate

Until 19 August
Keighley Festival

19 August
Northern Arab Horse Show, Great Yorks. Showground, Harrogate

19 August
Barnsley 6 Road Race, South Yorks.

19 August
'1990 Spectacular' 50th Anniversary of Airborne Forces. Nostell Priory, Wakefield 863892

19 August
Oakwell Hall Horse Show, Birstall, Kirklees

19 August
Veteran & Classic Car Rally, Centre Vale Park, Todmorden

19 August
Yorkshire Mining Museum Fun Days. Wakefield 0924 848806

22 August
Childrens Natural Sculpture Workshop, Oakwell Hall Country Park, Birstall, Kirklees

23 August
Art In The Park Sculpture Workshop, Oakwell Hall Country Park, Birstall

25 August
Day of Dance - Oakworth Village Morris Dance. Starts Keighley 10am to Haworth, Skipton, Ilkley & Grassington.

25 August
Mytholmroyd Gala, Nr. Halifax, W. Yorks.

25 & 26 August
Craft weekend Shibden Hall, Halifax

25 August
Whalley Abbey Open Day.

25 August
Barrowford Show & Fell Race

25 & 26 August
Blackburn Lions Charity Gala. Witton Country Park, Blackburn.

25 & 26 August
Rossendale Horticultural Show, Astoria, Rawtenstall.

25-27 August
Rochdale Arts Festival

26 August
'Deerplay Detour' including Cliviger Gorge. Guided walk from Bacup. Details 0706 217777

26 August
Northern National Pony Show, Great Yorkshire Showground, Harrogate.

26 August
Oakwell Hall Country Fair, Birstall near Batley. 0924 474926

26 & 27 August & 23 Sept.
Steaming Days plus Cottor Weaving displays at the Bancroft Mill Engine. Barnoldswick 0282 842214

26 August-1 Sept.
Holmfirth Shopping Week

27 August
Antiques & Collectors Fair,
Haslingden Sports Centre,
Rossendale

27 August
Huddersfield Festival of
Giants

27 August
St Monday's Festivities,
Weavers Triangle,
Burnley. Featuring Mimika
"Sideshow"

27 August
The Halifax Happening,
Piece Hall, Halifax.

28 August
'Lions Heritage Fair'
Clayton-le-Moors,
Dunkenhalgh Hotel.

30 August
The Borough of Nelson's
100th Birthday Festivities

SEPTEMBER

Through Sept.
Rossendale Artists Exhibi-
tion, Whittaker Park
Museum, Rawtenstall

1 September
Keighley Show.

1 & 2 September
Sowerby Bridge
Rushbearing

1 & 2 September
Borough Flower Show,
Rochdale

1-2 Sept
Huddersfield Canal
Festival

1 September
National Mines Rescue
First Aid Competition,
Yorks. Mining Museum,
Overton, near Wakefield.

1 & 2 September
Steaming weekend.
Ellenroad Mill, nr.
Rochdale (M62, Junction
21)

1 & 2 September
Elsecar Heritage
Weekend.

1-9 September
Ilkley Literature Festival

2 September
Rossendale "Round the
Hills Walk". Annual walk
around parts of the
Rossendale Way starting
Rawtenstall 9am.

2 September
International Black Pud-
ding Throwing Contest,
Stubbins

2 September
Memorial Brass Band Con-
cert, Cliffe Castle,
Keighley

2 September
Gala Day. Cornholme
Recreation Area,
Portsmouth.

2 September
East Riddlesden Hall,
Keighley. "Riddlesden
Revels Day". 0535 607075

6-23 September
Bradford Festival.
Parades, markets, street
fairs, circus & arts.

7-9 September
Flower Festival Celebra-
tion of Edenfield Parish
Church 450th anniversary,
Rossendale.

8 September
Lancs. Record Office
celebrates its 50th anniver-
sary with a local history
fair at the Lowther
Pavilion, Lytham. Dozens
of local historical societies
on show.

8 September
Penistone Agricultural
Show, S. Yorks.

8 September
Haslingden Street Fair.
11.00-4.00pm. Streets of
Haslingden. Sensational
rock & roll from the roving
minstrels "Moon de Lune"

9 September
"March Haigh". Meet
Richard Kimberley 10am
Marsden Railway Station.
10 mile (H). Adequate
dress please!

9 September
Book Fair, Saddleworth
Museum

9 September
Morris/Clog Dancing,
Yorks. Mining Museum,
Wakefield. 0924 848806

10 September
Historic Vehicle
Cavalcade from
Helmshore Textile
Museums to Towneley
Park, Burnley

14-16 September
Embsay Flower Festival.

14-16 September
Pennine Yorkshire Ale
Break. A Hebden Bridge
based weekend of real ale
& good company. Contact
Progress Travel 0422
844028

15 & 16 September
Worsbrough County Fair

16 September
Brass Bands at Yorkshire
Mining Museum,
Wakefield 0924 848806

16 September

Irwell Valley Medieval
Day. Water Foot.

22 & 23 September
Flagcrackers of Craven
morris dancing in Skipton

23 September
Towpath Walk. Friends of
the Weavers Triangle,
Burnley.

24-30 September
Rossendale Craft Week.
Groundwork Countryside
Centre.

OCTOBER

4-7 October
Northern Ski Show,
G.Mex, Manchester. 061
8342700

6 October
Secondhand Book Fair,
King Georges Hall,
Blackburn. 10am start.
Details 0253 886103

7 October
Haslingden Poultry Show,
Public Hall.

7 October
Ribble Valley Triathlon.
Edisford Recreation Area.

7 October
Annual Rally at The West
Yorkshire Transport
Museum, Bradford.
11am-5pm. 0274 736006

7 October
"Harvest Festival &
Walk". Join the Harvest
Festival Service at Lud-
denden Parish Church at
10am followed by a 7 mile
guided walk.

7 October
Riddlesden Revels at East
Riddlesden Hall, Keighley
Brass Band Concert, Cliffe
Castle, Keighley

19 August
Organ Concert. Support
one of the last independ-
ent cinemas, the Rex at
Elland near Halifax.

To 25 August
17th Annual Yorkshire
Ballet Seminars, Ilkley, in-
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Jazz In The Park. 2pm.
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Emley Brass Band. 2pm.
Crow Nest Park,
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Jukalo The Juggler. "The
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Red House, Gomersal

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0904 637623

25 August
Fleetwood Mac in Con-
cert. Manchester City
Football ground, Maine
Road. 061 226 2224

26 August
York Railway Institute
Band 2.30pm. York
museum Gardens

26 August
Brass Band at Oakwell
Hall, Birstall, Kirklees

30 August
Trial By Jury - from
scratch! Join in at this
unorthodox production of
the Gilbert & Sullivan
favourite. 7.30pm
Municipal Hall, Colne. Mid
Pennine Arts (0282) 21986

SEPTEMBER

1,8,15,22,29 Sept
Evening Organ Recital.
Halifax Parish Church
7.15.

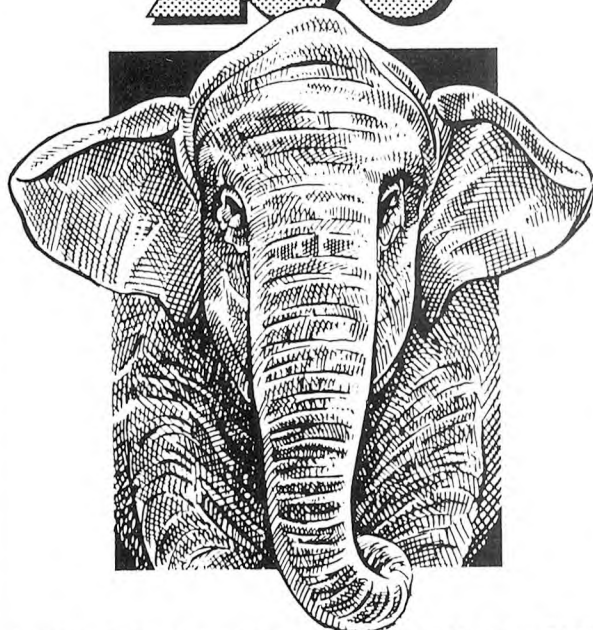
4 Sept
Lunchtime Organ Music,
Leeds Town Hall by Simon
Lindley. Also 11 Sept
Graham Jackson & 25 Sept
Simon Lindley.
Concerts start at 1.05pm.
Admission free.

8 Sept
The Fountain Machine. Art
on wheels at Haslingden
Street Fair. 11-4pm.

8 Sept
Moon De Lune. Roving
rock & roll minstrels in the
streets of Haslingden.
11-4pm

12 Sept
Lunchtime Chamber Music
at Leeds City Art Gallery
by Piers Lane, piano. Also
26 Sept: Markus Nyikos,
cello. & 3 Oct: Sharon
Gould, harpsichord. Ad-
mission free. 1.05pm

CHESTER ZOO



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**YORKSHIRE
MINING
MUSEUM**

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down a real coal mine with an experienced
local miner as your guide. Explore the
fascinating and mysterious world of coalmining

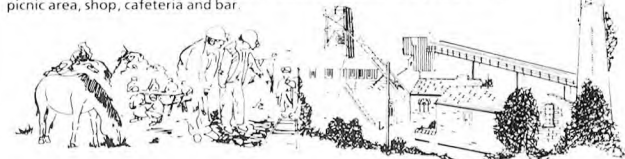
*A Day You'll
Remember!*



**Going Down A Real Mine is
only the start . . .**

At this historic colliery nestling in the beautiful Yorkshire countryside there's much more to see and do:

indoor exhibitions and videos, outdoor machine displays, colliery buildings, pit ponies, shire horse, paddy train, steam winder, nature trail, adventure playground, picnic area, shop, cafeteria and bar.



On the A642 halfway between Wakefield and Huddersfield
with easy access from both the M1 and M62
Open 7 Days a week 10 a.m. - 5 p.m.

For further information contact:
Yorkshire Mining Museum
Caphouse Colliery, New Road, Overton,
Wakefield WF4 4RH.
0924 848806.



Battling Brassey Of Bradford

Les Fletcher weighs in for Yorkshire's leading 19th century prize fighter.

In spite of all the reforms that have helped to make boxing one of our most popular sports, there are still many people who would like to see it banned, because of what they regard as an unacceptable risk of serious injury.

Whatever the rights and wrongs of that viewpoint, there can be no doubt that the present situation is infinitely better than the one which existed before the Queensberry Rules were introduced in the 1860's.

The turning point came in July 1889, when a fight between John L Sullivan and Jake Kilrain ended the long and brutal era of bare-knuckle prizefighting.

Until that time, when the wearing of boxing gloves became compulsory, pugilism had become much more a trial of strength than a demonstration of the fistic art. One man who was well suited to that type of combat, was a brassfounder from the industrial West Riding of Yorkshire, by name of John Leechman.

"Brassey of Bradford" - as he is invariably referred to in the annals of the Prize Ring - began his career in 1831 at the age of 16, and fought his way into the top half dozen contenders for the title of Champion of England; the top honour in the world of boxing at that time.

From the outset he had no problem in attracting several wealthy backers, including his uncle Mr Smurthwaite, who kept the Druids Arms in Bradford.

That gentleman had no cause to regret the investment when his young nephew ran up a sequence of northern victories, and, after 10 years of fighting, Brassey had suffered only one narrow defeat, at the hands of one of the greatest prizefighters of all time.

That man was Bendigo, who was so highly regarded that settlers in the State of Victoria, Australia, actually named a small township after him; and so it remains to this day. At that stage of his career, it seemed to be merely a matter of time before the Bradford lad won the coveted title, but, alas, it was not to be.

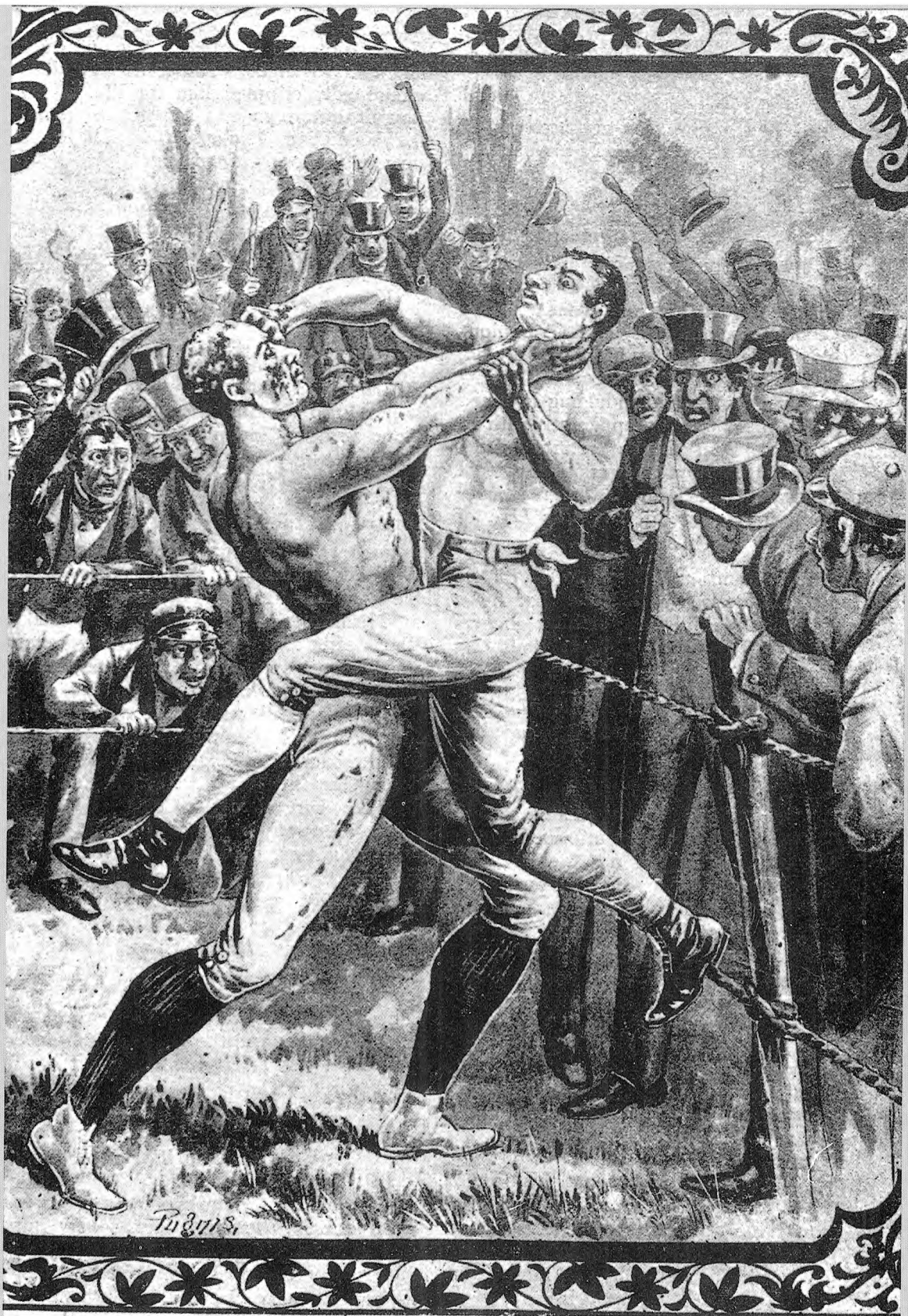


Brassey adopted a policy of all out aggression, much in the style of Martiano or Tyson, but he tended to lose self control when faced with a determined and elusive opponent. This was never more evident than in his epic battle with the giant Ben Caunt in 1840, when the two of them met to decide who should challenge Bendigo for the title.

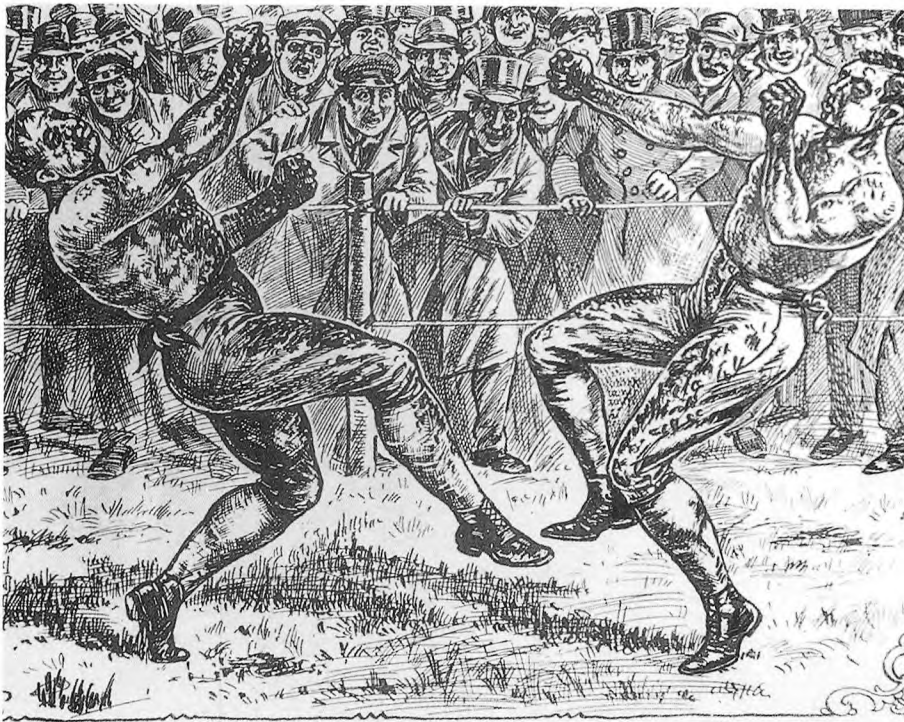
The fight had been eagerly awaited ever since Brassey had decisively beaten Young Langan of Liverpool three years earlier, and when the day

arrived, a huge crowd had gathered at Six-Mile Bottom, between Cambridge and Newmarket.

They could not fail to have been impressed by the magnificent physique of Ben Caunt, who stood 6ft 3ins tall, and weighed close on 15 stone - all solid bone, brawn and muscle. The Bradford man was nothing like as big, but he was a fine, straight, muscular man, standing 6ft tall and weighing 12st 7lbs.



THE FINAL BATTLE BETWEEN BENDIGO AND BEN CAUNT.



BOTH MEN FELL BACK AS IF THEY WERE SHOT

The confrontation, which can only be described as an undignified brawl, typified the brutality that was tolerated - and even encouraged - by those who organized the contests.

This in no way implies that the two men were lacking in basic skills - far from it.

The problem was that they were expected to continue fighting way beyond the point where it was obvious that they were in danger of being seriously injured. Small wonder that so many prizefighters were scarred for life, both physically and mentally, by the time their careers ended.

The rules of the game were very different in those days, of course. For one thing, rounds were not of fixed duration as they are today, but usually ended when a man was either knocked or thrown to the ground. Unless he got up to continue fighting, he then had half a minute to come up to the 'scratch' line when the referee called 'Time'.

The turning point on this occasion came in round 55, when something special was needed to end the stalemate. In one of the most sensational incidents ever seen in the Prize Ring, the two men simultaneously landed heavy blows which caused them both to fall back as if they were shot.

Brassey soon recovered, but Caunt lay senseless and twitching, with his seconds working frantically to revive

him. When 'Time' was called, they hauled the tottering giant to the centre of the ring, where his opponent was waiting to finish him off.

Brassey rushed forward, but, in his eagerness, he not only fell over the helpless Caunt, but caught his chin on the lower rope as he went down.

The golden opportunity was gone, and it never came again.

Although Ben was still groggy, those few vital moments had cleared his head a little, and he gradually gained the upper hand.

The end came after 90 bruising minutes, when it seemed that neither man was capable of landing a telling blow. Caunt's fists were now in a terrible state, through coming into contact with Brassey's bony frame, and the Bradford man could hardly stand, let alone fight. Eventually, Ben summoned up all his remaining strength to produce a heavy punch which mercifully ended this brutal affair.

The defeat was a severe setback to the ambitions of the Brassey camp; but in spite of his extensive injuries, he was back in action, within the year, against another leading contender called Tass Parker.

When they met at Brunt Lays, near Workshop, on August 13th 1841, over 10,000 spectators turned up expecting to witness yet another bloody encounter.

They reckoned without the crafty Tass, who hadn't the slightest intention of mixing it with the formidable Bradfordian.

In fact, his tactics of falling down whenever Brassey tried to close with him, brought him into conflict with the referee, who saw this as a breach of the rules.

A disqualification seemed to be the logical conclusion, but the impatient Brassey was not prepared to wait for that. Once again he went storming in, playing right into Parker's hands.

Inevitably, he suffered the same fate as he had in the Caunt fight, except that his injuries were far worse on this occasion. This was the mighty Brassey's last fight, and, with his indomitable spirit finally broken, he died not very long afterwards.

The outcome of this series of battles was that Caunt and Bendigo eventually met to decide the Championship in 1845; and in yet another controversial contest, Bendigo was declared the winner on a disqualification.

This state of affairs could not be allowed to continue, so it was no surprise when a group of influential sporting gentlemen got together to formulate the rules which are attributed to the Marquis of Queensberry, although he did not compile them.

We can only speculate on how successful Brassey might have been had he fought at the present time, when lesser men are earning vast sums of money for just a few minutes in the ring. The biggest purse he ever received was £50, for two and a half hours hard battling with Langan.

No other Yorkshireman ever achieved the success that Brassey enjoyed for much of his career in the Prize Ring, but even he found the task of actually winning the British heavyweight title beyond him.

That honour finally arrived in the 1970's, when Richard Dunn succeeded where his fellow Bradfordian had so narrowly failed, over a hundred years earlier.

We should be thankful that the rules of boxing are now so strict that Dunn was never allowed to suffer the sort of brutal treatment, which left the courageous Brassey a battered and broken man. The city has every reason to be proud of both men, who fought under very different sets of rules, but never failed to give the sporting public value for money.

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The Melody Lingers On

*Hilary Darby finds Scarborough
making music*

*Oh I do like to be beside the seaside
Oh I do like to be beside the sea
Oh I do like to stroll along the prom prom prom
Where the brass band plays
Tiddly Om Pom Pom.*

What could be more the sound of the summer than strains of music floating from the bandstand out over the waves?

Seaside and music go together. Like all familiar favourite things we tend to take that for granted.

But what special magic draws us to a deckchair for a bracing session of Strauss? Lures us to linger over medleys that mix Grieg with Gershwin and Offenbach with Iolanthe? And makes legends of names such as Max Jaffa?

It's a magic now being celebrated in a summer-long birthday tribute to music's unique "resort tradition": **150 Years of Music at Scarborough Spa**, marked by a gala season of concerts and a special souvenir history. Almost as long, it reminds us, as visitors have holidayed in Scarborough, music has been playing at the Spa.

The resort itself came to fashion in the 18th century as a place to "take the waters".

Word spread that the medicinal springs at the foot of the South Cliff "did both loose the belly and amend the stomach" and wooden huts and later an elegant saloon and promenade were built to house the famous "Scarborough Spaw".

On the site today stands the massively magnificent Victorian Spa, temple of privilege and fashion whose tone, even as late as the 1950's, was protected from the hoi poloi by a toll bridge.

Bring it back! Oh for a beaded frock, a parasol, fairy lit tree walks and throbbing violins ... not to mention a dalliance with a dark dashing sort of chap, sporting a twirly moustache.



Just as the society spas of Bath and Cheltenham had their roving musicians, so did Scarborough. It is 150 years ago this summer that records first reveal the existence of the nameless shadowy figures who founded music at the Spa.

A handful of local musicians, they serenaded the strollers with ballads, dance tunes and Italian songs "on the promenade during the evenings".

A bald Spa accounts sum of "£41.7s.6d. expenditure on music" suggests their role was modest.

Contrast it with the glittering evening in July 1858 when the opening night of a dazzling new Spa saloon "presented a brilliant scene of gaiety and fashion."

Just as the Spa was socially on the up, so was its music.

The handful of musicians had become the Spa Band. Their overture to Rossini's William Tell was pronounced "a gem" and soloist Signora Fumigalli captivated her audience with "an impassioned delivery" and a "great chasteness of style."

The band's music model was the flamboyant Monsieur Julien, first-ever conductor in England to be a box office draw. Creator of the style which conductors copy to this day, he was that time wowing London audiences with his flowing locks, white gloves and jewelled baton.

The Julien tradition established the unique pot pourri of styles and sounds which created the "popular concert". Light music? Music for FUN? It was a revelation brought to its peak in the popular seaside concert - English music's "resort tradition" for which Scarborough Spa remains famous.

The next two decades were to see the Spa at its height.

Strolling gossiping glittering peacocks, the beau monde of London and Europe descended on Scarborough for the Season, which, lasting from late August to November, coincided with the shoot on the nearby game moors.

Ultimate social seal of approval came in 1869 when the playboy Prince of Wales attended a concert and pronounced "his perfect satisfaction".

In the year after the royal visit, a staggering 93,000 day tickets to the Spa were sold.

Even the Illustrated London Gazette, reported regularly from Scarborough where "the band of music plays daily for an hour before and an hour after noon and sometimes again at three o'clock at its appointed station ... and hundreds of fashionably dressed people are accustomed to enjoy their morning stroll along the terrace."

The Spa Grand Buffet & Grill Room advertised coffee at 4p a cup in "the most handsomely furnished rooms in England or the continent" and "oysters from 8.30 to 10 o'clock Every Evening."

Who could have said as the century drew to a close that the golden days were over? The band played on and as of old "carriages were to be ordered at half past ten".

But little by little, fickle fashionable high society was drifting away to bestow its favours on Monaco, Cannes and Biarritz.

Peevish Spa shareholders at the AGM in 1909 unfairly blamed a slump in audiences on the band, "a party of undertakers" whose playing was "slack and uninspired".

Hopes were pinned on appointing a new Spa Musical Director: composer conductor and Old Etonian Alick Maclean, a man with a mission.

"When I first came" said Maclean "there was a military band. I frightened everybody ... by suggesting we should have an orchestra".

The conservative Spa management pronounced the more highbrow musical emphasis "bound to fail" but Maclean's first season in 1912 was a triumph.

"Alick Maclean at the Spa" became a legend in his own time.

He created the Spa Orchestra style as thousands know it today ... building Scarborough's reputation, through the 20's and 30's, as England's premier resort for music.

Mozart and Wagner, Rossini and Strauss, jazz and a dash of Irving Berlin ... the famous "mixed" music programmes flowed out over an audience which, far from listening raptly, cocked half an ear in the time-honoured fashion of the seaside!

The irony fascinating the press who hailed Maclean as "the hero who plays a symphony a day".

"Surely there is something degrading" commented the Daily Express in August 1932 to see "sensitive musicians striving to interpret the works of a man of genius to an audience of chattering, knitting, novel-reading, umbrella dropping men and

women who have dropped in only to escape the rain?"

"What can I do?" laughed Maclean though on occasions he was not above stopping the music midflow till the noise died down!

For the Spa these were Indian summer days.



Bright young things danced in the ballroom and fairy lights and fireworks lit the night. The Spa's "subtle fascination and charm" wrote the Yorkshire Evening News in the balmy summer of '33 "would shock those of extreme socialist principles".

Tragically, on the eve of his Silver Jubilee season, Alick Maclean died in 1936.

An era died with him. Maclean concert goers were sure he could not be replaced, not even by Kneale Kelly, billed as "The Popular English Conductor of BBC fame" whom older readers may well remember.

As war clouds gathered, the dancers foxtrotted on but concert audiences fell. Regulars blamed Kneale Kelly, probably unfairly, but when the Spa re-opened after five years of war his days as Director were numbered.

The "off-with-the-old, on-with-the-new" post war years saw music reach rock-bottom at the Spa.

In May 1954, its faithful few were outraged to learn that the bandstand forecourt was to be enclosed to stage ice shows. Worse followed. After more than a century, season tickets would no longer be issued.

Yet, as the Scarborough Mercury provocatively pointed out, the Spa was "an anachronism" that had not changed in "half a century".

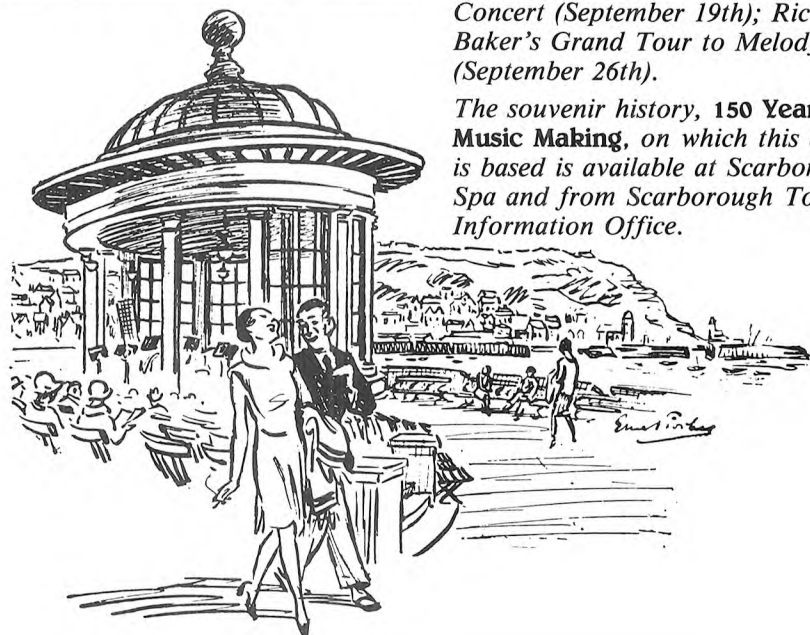
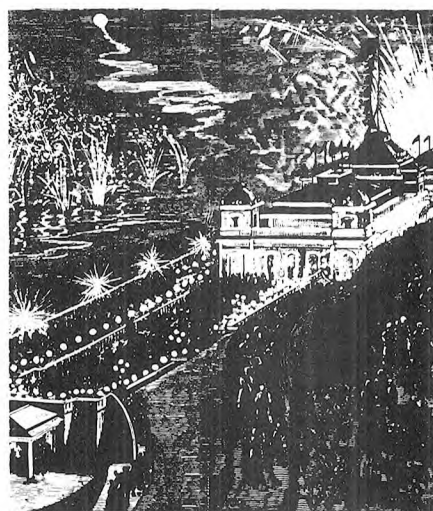
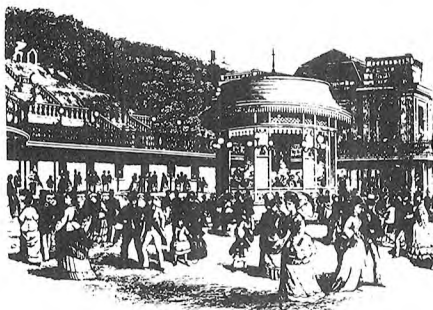
"A patron of 1903 returning in 1953 would no doubt have thought the place had "gone off" but he would have found it by no means unrecognisable". As for the deprived season ticket holders, many were "a perpetual headache ... monopolising the best seats and infuriating conductors with their knitting."

Through the '50s, the Spa struggled to maintain the fragile musical thread. But it was to be for the new musical director, appointed in 1960, a long haul back. His name was Max Jaffa.

Over 25 years, Max Jaffa rebuilt the name of music at the Spa.

Back came the famous easy listening concert programmes together with his own virtuoso violin performances. "Max Jaffa" wrote a music critic in 1966 "has the priceless gift of being able to make the best of both worlds."

In 1981, a £3 million restoration brought back the Spa's original pastel blues, greens and golds, authentically echoing the superb late Victorian interior right down to the tip-up terracotta seats.



It was to be at the Jaffa Jubilee Concert in September 1984 that the 2000 seats were filled for the first time. Demand was so great that the civic party gave up their places and watched in deckchairs from the roof garden.

When, at the end of the 1987 season, Max Jaffa conducted his final performance, he reckoned some 3 million people had enjoyed Scarborough Spa's music.

Today the talented young Spa Orchestra under the direction of violinist Mark Ostin, is fast building up a reputation as one of Britain's liveliest small orchestras.

For them, 1990 is more than a concert season.

Playing almost daily "at their appointed station", just as the musicians did at the very start of it all, the orchestra is proud to be part of both a century and a half of music-making and a tradition with a very special place in the story of our northern seaside.

150 Years of Music

The gala season: 150 Years of Music is currently in progress at the Scarborough Spa. (Box Office: (0723) 372907). In addition to the Spa Orchestra's celebration season, highlights from a special series of guest concerts include:

Richard Baker hosting "150 Years of Music in Scarborough" (August 22nd); the Band of the Royal Marines (August 29th); "Golden Operetta with Robin Boyle of Friday Night Is Music Night (September 5th); Battle of Britain Concert (September 19th); Richard Baker's Grand Tour to Melody (September 26th).

The souvenir history, 150 Years of Music Making, on which this article is based is available at Scarborough Spa and from Scarborough Tourist Information Office.

A Question Of Identity

Brendan Hamer says Ramsbottom wants out!

The town of Ramsbottom lies at the southern end of the Rossendale Valley in South East Lancashire.

It has a current population of approximately 16,000 people and, until local government reorganisation in 1974, the Ramsbottom Urban District Council boasted one of the largest districts in Lancashire, covering an area of 9,559 acres.

Like many Victorian textile towns in Lancashire, Ramsbottom is characterised by narrow terraced streets and cottages built from local stone interspersed across the valley with numerous wooded areas and rising sharply towards the rolling West Pennine moors and Blackburn to the west, Whitworth Valley and Rochdale to the east.

The district comprised the town itself together with the villages of Summerseat, Holcombe Brook, Holcombe, Shuttleworth, Stubbins, Edenfield, Turn, Lumb and Irwell Vale.

“An unhealthy eagerness for residential development by Bury Council...”

That is until the imposition of new boundary arrangements in 1974 effectively split the community!

Under the new arrangements, Stubbins, Edenfield, Turn, Lumb and Irwell Vale held on to their identity when they were transferred to the control of the newly formed Rossendale Borough Council.

The rest of the town including the villages of Summerseat, Holcombe Brook, Holcombe and Shuttleworth was isolated by being placed under the control of the Bury Metropolitan

Borough council and the new ‘so called’ county of Greater Manchester, now effectively non-existent.

The civic identity of the area was destroyed, almost overnight. Just the beginning of a long process of erosion of Ramsbottom’s identity as a major Rossendale town.

“Stalwarts still cling to the Lancashire connection”

Although countless stalwart locals still cling to the Rossendale/Lancashire connection in a sea of bureaucratic boundary bungling, the area has unfortunately changed quite unmistakably.

An unhealthy eagerness for residential development by the new ruling Bury council has seen the construction of almost 1,000 new houses over the past ten years and this has led to an influx of people predominantly from the Manchester area and further south still, which has in turn priced local people out of the housing market.

“Our civic identity was destroyed, almost overnight”

Many newcomers seem to regard the town as little more than the fringes of the Greater Manchester area, something which of course it is not, geographically, historically or socially.

Despite this sad state of events, the area has developed a strong presence on the Pennine tourist map and the town’s many features including the Peel Monument on Holcome Hill and the East Lancashire railway Bury to Rawtenstall line are proving attractive prospects for the new tourist trade.

The boundaries covering the area are currently under review by the Local Government Boundary Commission for England and one hopes that this time sense will prevail and that the Commission will be responsible enough to address past mistakes and attempt to repair some of the damage by re-uniting the town with the rest of its district under Rossendale Borough Council and Lancashire County Council.

“Can we afford decisions ... by faceless people in London?”

When the original decision was reached in 1974 (and fully implemented in 1980), the reasons for the arrangements were put forward as being an attempt to form viable working units of both the Rossendale and Bury councils.

Rossendale, with a current population of approximately 65,000 people is the second smallest district in Lancashire and Bury’s position as third smallest of the Metropolitan Borough councils with a population of approximately 175,000 people would remain unchanged whether Ramsbottom was present as part of it or not!

At the end of the day, the question we must ask ourselves is whether or not we can afford to have decisions as important as these made by faceless people in London.

Inside Story

Private health screening and Editor Hilary Darby investigate each other.

Tempt me with trifle, bathe me in butter and caress me with cream.

How *dare* I, you venture, flirt with such forbidden, high-fat fancies? Because I clutch in my hand "The story of my life" as it looks on the inside. Like receiving a postcard from a dear but forgotten friend, I have news of what's happening to my heart, my lungs and my liver ... and it's looking good!

No exam candidate, finding in the post a fluke A Grade result, could feel more smug as I read in my medical report that I happen to have a "favourable cholesterol balance".

Eskimos have one - that's how they get away with all that fatty blubber. The Japanese have one - think of all that fish. And I have one!

It's genetic they tell me. (Well it *certainly* isn't through living a healthy life!)

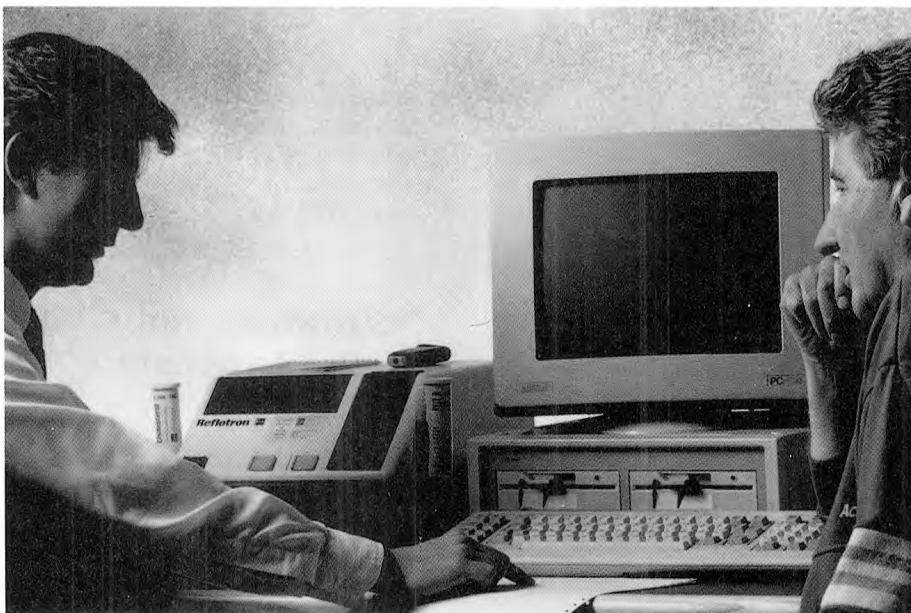
Forget the Flora? Ah but YOU may not be so lucky. With too much of the "baddie" sort of cholesterol gleefully lurking in your arteries, YOU may be furring up like an old pipe by the minute!

How to find out the Truth? Forego that week in the sun or new CD player and invest the cash in a private preventative medical assessment.

Opponents of private medicine may be bristling already. Fair enough. But it's also fair to point out that, even if you wanted one, in-depth health checks for the healthy (or apparently healthy) are not on offer by the NHS, reeling as it is to cure what exists never mind prevent what lurks in the future.

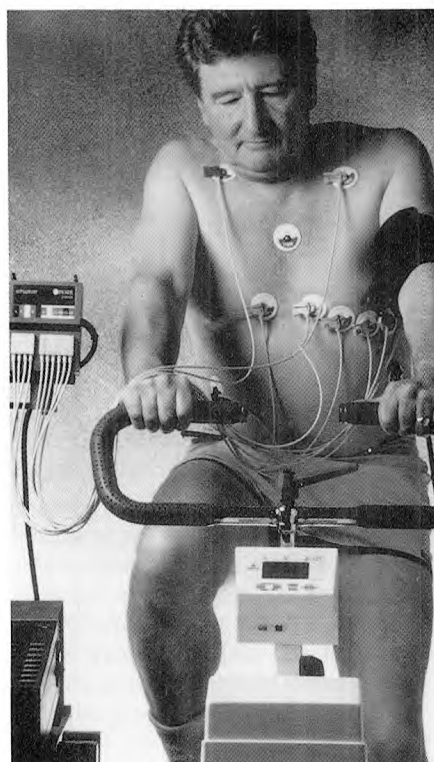
"Preventative medical assessments" reads the blurb in the **Intermed** promotional brochure "are not designed to deal with a crisis, but rather to give you a positive means to avoid that crisis by reducing the extent of the "silent disease" or "slow injury" so inherent in modern living."

"By identifying and quantifying your current risk factors, by looking for trouble signs before they become symptoms, you can protect and maintain the one machine you can never replace."



Therefore, at Intermed's invitation, I took my creaking "machine" to their assessment centre, a wing of Fulford Grange Private Hospital near Leeds.

My booking was for the highest level of screening on offer: an "Executive Female Health Maintenance Assessment" with its 21 sections ranging from heart, lung and blood tests to stress levels.



The Intermed approach is based on reducing the risk of the two things that kill most people: cancer and "cardiovascular disorders".

Because for the former "the scope for early detection and prevention is very limited", the Intermed medical examination focuses on the heart and circulatory disorders.

It's also possible to add specific extras from the "Well Women" health assessment range. Hence my second stage after chest X rays was the optional extra of the mammogram test for that worst of women's fears, breast cancer. One in twelve women will develop some form in their lifetime.

It goes without saying that people who are prepared to invest hundreds of pounds in a private health assessment take an active interest in their body. It was frankly therefore a pleasant change from the in-out pressure of the NHS to find radiographer Mrs Raw was more than happy to fill in the background.

Mrs Raw has been operating the highly sophisticated "soft radiation" mammograms for nine months.

"Screening twenty women a month, I've found many cysts and non-malignant problems and already three cases of cancer." Surely that suggests official figures which claim that on one case in 10,000 screened are at best optimistic.

We gazed together at my X rays, scanning for the pretty but deadly star pattern in the tissue that says cancer. None there. At that moment I defy anyone not to feel weak at the knees with relief.

Perhaps we lingered overlong, for the tall authoritative figure pacing down the hall was already looking at his watch.

He was, it emerged, the assessment doctor. Also in attendance was cardiovascular physiologist Sean Carroll, expert on the battery of monitoring equipment to which during the next hour I was progressively attached.

Blood pressure, lung capacity, body fat percentage, heart activity and much, much more. Smear test; urine test; lifestyle questionnaire. Blood test for diabetes, kidney and liver malfunction and - moment of future glory - cholesterol balance.

There are actually two kinds of cholesterol occurring naturally in the blood and both are essential. But too much of the low density brand clogs the arteries.

The balance, one inherits genetically. The rest is up to you. If yours is weighted the wrong way, take to the

low fat life right now. Even if like me, yours is "favourably balanced", medical advice still strongly suggests easing off the fats.

Most satisfying of all to any lover of gadgetry and electronic would be the ECG tests, using highly technical electrocardiography techniques.

Like leeches, a mass of electrodes are stuck to the chest and back and monitors investigate the dynamics of the resting and working heart. The latter stage involves the dreaded "Stress Test", a treadmill session wired up on a smart royal blue and white exercise bike.

As weights made pedalling progressively harder, I was relieved that in a pre-visit orgy of guilty conscience, I had already started a modest brisk walking exercise routine. Only thanks to that was I pleasantly flushed not painfully puce at the end of ten minutes cycling.

Even so, I only clocked in at fitness level "Fair" and wistfully learnt that Sebastian Coe is THREE times fitter than me.

How comforting then to find that fitness isn't the same as being healthy. Confused? Me too.

The ever-patient Sean, (the doctor by then having rushed away) attempted to explain that, just as a car may be basically sound but badly tuned, so can a body.

Like mine for example. My heart (or "engine") needs to learn to work harder i.e. to be tuned by exercise to a higher level of "fitness".

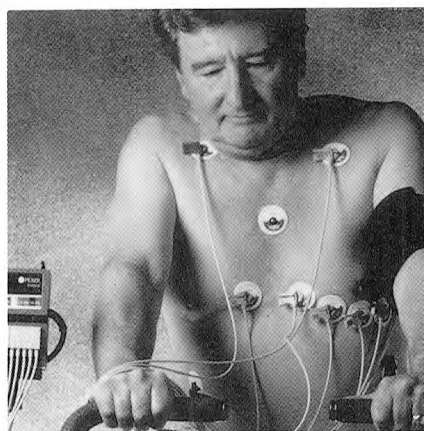
But it is basically sound i.e. "healthy". Those lines bleeping up and down on the cardioscript had showed no signs of any "furring up" of the arteries, first stage on the road to a coronary later in life.

Yet a test on somebody far more fit could well show the reverse. Hence from time-to-time those dedicated joggers who just up and die in action. (Is it naughty to find that just the teensiest bit comforting as a life of brisker and brisker walking stretched relentlessly before me?)

After a shower came a pot of tea, a suitably virtuous slice of dry toast and a chat with Sean over how, based on the tests so far, even I could take up a healthy diet and lifestyle.

"Yes but how many *real* people are prepared to invest in this" I challenged him "as opposed to businessmen

WHAT MACHINE CAN YOU NEVER REPLACE?

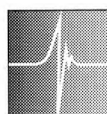


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They give you the positive means of avoiding many future illnesses and insidious diseases by being able to identify and pinpoint those factors in your lifestyle which, if unchecked and unchanged, can so easily lead to major problems in the future.



By identifying and quantifying your current risk factors, and by looking for trouble signs **before** they become symptoms, you can protect and maintain the one machine you can never replace – **your body**.

Telephone now, or write for our full colour brochure giving details of medical assessments and counselling, pre-employment health screening and the implementation of corporate health programmes.

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checking out their paunch on the firm?"

"Until recent years comparatively few. Now fifty-fifty" was the answer. "But we still get more men than women. They see themselves as more at risk."

It's significant though that the number of women seeking to assess their medical health is increasing.

Is it lack of faith in a system which continues, outrageously, to maintain that a cervical smear test once every five years is enough? Or is the pressures of an age when a growing number of three-headed career women - Superwoman in the home, Supersweetie in bed and Superexec at the office - are taking to the bottle?

Before me as I write is the tangible result of the assessment: my glossy white Intermed Medical Report.

There in bar charts, graphs, boxes and suitably imposing words such as cardiovascular risk profile, vitalography and peak flow and triglycerine analysis is the story of my inner life: the pattern of my heartbeat; how much puff my lungs can manage; the dark red secrets of my blood; and even how much of me is fat ... and how much shouldn't be!

It is hard to describe the secret sense of satisfaction at knowing that the bits inside are silently doing OK.

Comparable only to that inner glow of knowing that the boot cupboard has been cleaned out or the inside of the oven or the sweaty innards of a sports bag ... no-one else knows but *you* do.

Amusing that only one "score" in the cardiovascular Risk Profile was high: my Stress-Anxiety levels.

Irreverently it crossed my mind that I didn't need a £400 test to tell me *that!* So where was the recommendation

that **Pennine** immediately pack me off to Bali? Or at least cosset me in Cleethorpes. Forget that cream cake and pass me the gin. I now know my liver can stand it ... it's my *brain* that bothers me!

Pennine Editor Hilary Darby was tested courtesy of Intermed at Fulford Grange Hospital, Rawdon near Leeds (0532) 502909.

Substantial discounts on Intermed health assessments are offered to Pennine readers until autumn (£210 male/£250 female executive screening including mammography). Intermed has now joined forces with Goldsborough health care and new lab equipment now offers all test results "while you wait", a service previously only available in London.



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Tenpence A Sparrow

Sheila Armstrong has a new use for your small change.

Imagine a job where at seventy two you still work 120 hours a week and haven't been able to take a day off in twenty seven years!

This is reality for Mrs Eileen Watkinson, the founder of the **Three Owls Bird Sanctuary and Reserve** at Norden near Rochdale.

Home of Stick-out the Goose, Gilly the Guillemot and Whistle the Crow, Three Owls is also currently residence of no less than 700 injured or convalescing birds.

When Mrs Watkinson first nursed a sick sparrow back to health in 1963 she had no idea that this was the beginnings of a lifetime's work. News spread, "patients" poured in and soon her Oldham home was overflowing.

A new home was found in the four acre Norden premises, loaned by friends and transformed by tree planting and pond construction into a valuable wildlife habitat. A fund raising campaign to actually buy the land by December 1990 has just received the splendid news that an anonymous donor has made good the amount needed.

Does that mean Three Owls is now here to stay? Only as long as the sanctuary, a registered charity, can raise funds to go on.

Money is a constant problem: food for the birds, staff to pay and the costly bird hospital to run.

"I was raised in a GP's household" says Mrs Watkinson "so I'm used to the sight of blood. I do all the hospital work myself apart from the prescribing of drugs ... and amputations!"

The commonest injury to birds brought to the hospital is concussion from collision with cars and windows. Discarded fish hooks also cause horrific injuries.

"Strangely, birds which are brought in as a result of attacks by cats invariably die twelve to forty-eight hours later, even though their injuries are not serious".

On average up to 200 birds each month are brought to the sanctuary, many of them by local police. "We take any injured bird that anybody finds, treat it



and if possible release it back to the wild. Birds too injured to fly again make a home here."

Hence some of the birds have been here almost as long as the Sanctuary itself, including 23 years in residence Glyn the Raven, whose relatives patrol the Tower of London.

Other birds healed of their injuries refuse to fly the coop, having made romantic attachments with permanent residents.

Then there are of course the sanctuary namesakes, Nothing and Stanley, a breeding pair of tawny owls. Their daughter Homegrown will spend her life on the reserve for experience has shown that an owl raised in captivity is incapable of being taught to hunt, even by an experienced falconer.



With anything up to 200 birds a month being brought to Three Owls, its staff and supporters are constantly in search of new fund raising ideas.

On October 7th for example, **Pennine** readers may like to sponsor a £1 balloon with a £50 prize for the one that travels farthest. Last year the record was Portugal!



For £5 a year it is possible to become a "Friend of Three Owls", with a bi-monthly newspaper keeping you in touch with what's going on.

Or why not support the novel "Adopt a Bird" scheme, with regular bulletins of "your" bird? Be a postal parent to anything from lame sparrow for 10p per week to an owl at 50p.

In the meantime, Mrs Watkinson and her colleagues will be getting ready for another day in the 365 day and night Three Owl year.

"I'm up at four every morning to prepare the birds' feed. People feel sorry for me when I say that but actually it's the only peaceful time I ever get. We never know what the day will bring. Today it was a kestrel from Ashton-under-Lyne, run over by a train, and an owl from Oswaldtwistle. Tomorrow, who knows?"

Three Owls Bird Sanctuary and Reserve, Wolstenholme Fold, Norden near Rochdale (off the A680 Rochdale-Edenfield road) is open to the public 2-5 on Sunday afternoons. Tel: 0706 42162.

On The Road With The Lady Anne

Pennine celebrates a unique 400th birthday.

The north has ever been a man's world and in its story famous women are few. All power then to one whose fight with the system made her a northern legend both in her own time and across the centuries ... the Lady Anne Clifford.

In the land of her inheritance, the Yorkshire Dales and the Eden Valley, the force of Lady Anne Clifford is still felt today, four centuries after her birth.

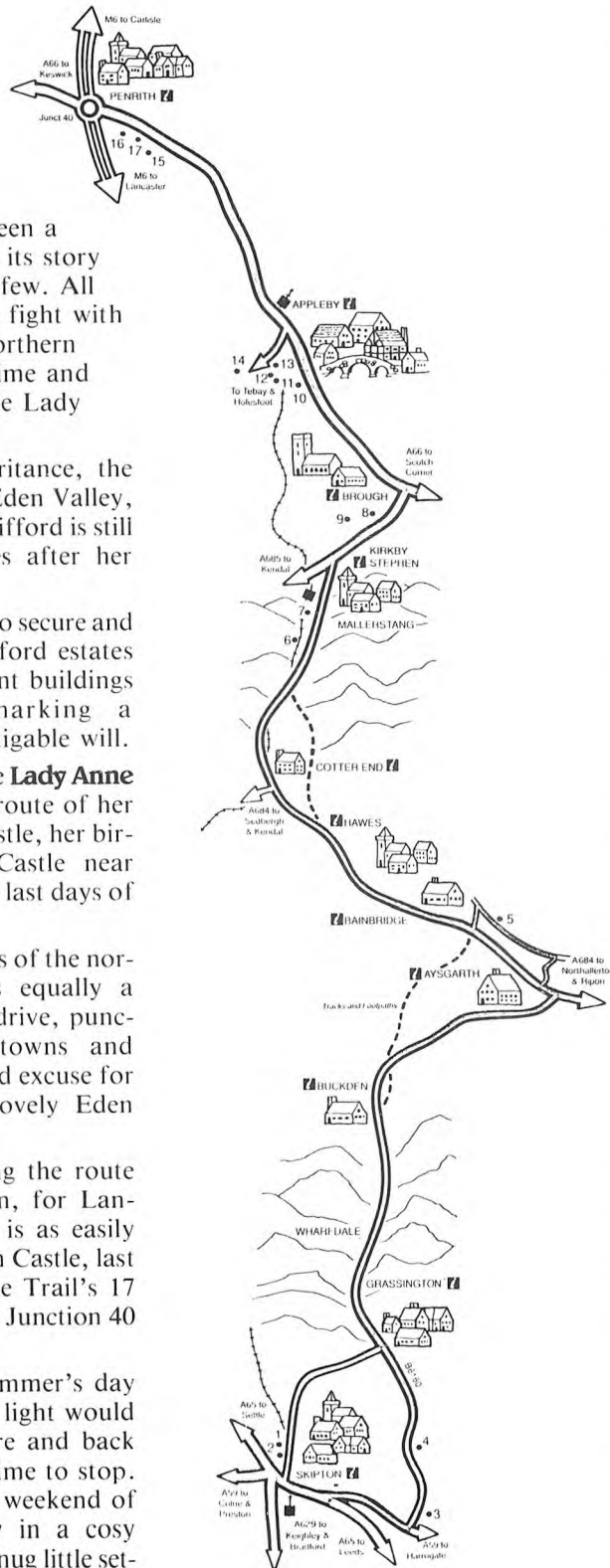
Her driving ambition was to secure and restore the neglected Clifford estates and today a line of ancient buildings still march north, marking a remarkable lady's indefatigable will.

A new tourist itinerary, the **Lady Anne Clifford Trail**, traces the route of her labours, from Skipton Castle, her birthplace, to Brougham Castle near Penrith where she spent the last days of her life.

A fine foray into the riches of the northern past, the Trail is equally a glorious 104 mile scenic drive, punctuated by fascinating towns and villages and also a splendid excuse for straying as far as the lovely Eden Valley.

Although strictly speaking the route leads north from Skipton, for Lancashire readers the Trail is as easily followed south. Brougham Castle, last or in this case first of the Trail's 17 sites, is only minutes from Junction 40 of the M6.

If time's short, a late summer's day with its lingering evening light would just about dash you there and back again though with little time to stop. Why not at least make a weekend of it, breaking the journey in a cosy country inn or one of the snug little settlements en-route?



Naturally that's what the Trail's "backers" have in mind, an alliance which includes local authorities, tourist boards and national agencies and whose enterprising attitude in crossing official borders is to be praised.

"We want to encourage visitors to take a wider view of the region and not just crowd into the traditional tourist spots" says Peter Colley, Craven's Tourism Development Officer. "We're also aiming for the "right" kind of tourism ... for visitors not only to enjoy but respect the unique heritage of the north. What better ambassador than Lady Anne!"

Lady Anne was born at Skipton Castle in January 1590 in the last years of Queen Elizabeth's reign.

Great lords of the north, the Cliffords were high in political circles and Lady Anne spent her childhood at court and travelling the estates of her father, George Clifford 3rd Earl of Cumberland.

Upon his death, the fifteen year old Anne was his direct and rightful heir. To her astonishment, the will revealed that the vast Clifford estates had been passed to her uncle and his son.

Regaining her inheritance was to be Anne Clifford's lifelong cause. Old Queen Bess might have proved sympathetic to a woman's claim to power but the new monarch James I and indeed Anne's two future husbands actively opposed her campaign.

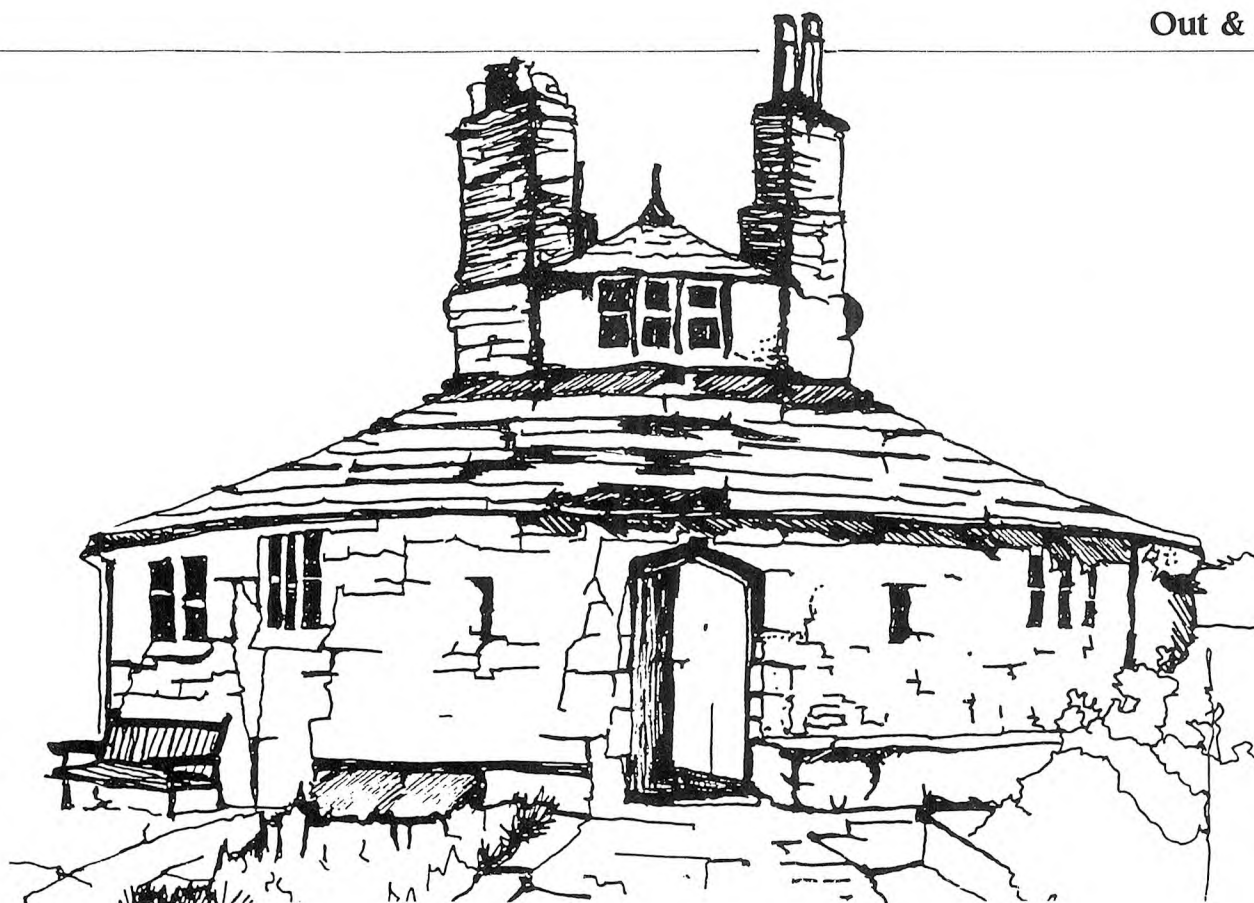
In the event, natural justice redressed what legal justice never acknowledged. Anne's cousin Henry died without heirs in 1643 and she was the only legitimate successor.

In 1649, after waiting 44 years, the sixty year old Lady Anne came north.

Her aim: fulfil her second lifetime's ambition: the restoration of the faded fortunes of the Yorkshire and Cumbrian Clifford estates.

To years of neglect had been added the ravages of recent Civil War. Skipton Castle for example had been the last stronghold in Yorkshire to fall to

Beamsley Hospital.



Illustrations by Sharon Jackson.

Parliament after a bitter three year siege and its gun-bearing towers had been systematically weakened or "slighted". Nearby, the gracious old church had been despoiled by Puritan fanatics.

At a time when thirty was middle-aged, sixty was ancient! Yet the diminutive but doughty Lady Anne set out on a twenty year building programme which saw Skipton, mighty Appleby and Broughton Castles restored to their former medieval splendour.

Pendragon Castle in the wilds of the Upper Eden saw life for the first time in a century and numerous churches, chapels and almshouses were raised from the rubble.

Even today the old roads from the Dales to Cumbria are high and wild.

Yet Lady Anne travelled them by coach and horse litter, personally supervising her builders!

Climbing over the crest from Wharfedale towards Wensleydale, Lady Anne commented that "this was the first time ... I went over Buckden Rakes ... or any of these dangerous ways wherein yet God was pleased to preserve me" and turning for the Eden at Cotter End (near where the famous Moorcock Inn now stands) she noted "I went over Cotter in my coach where I think never coach went before."

Perhaps her most fitting epitaph is carved at Barden Tower, hunting lodge of the Cliffords in the rich green setting of Wharfedale.

It is an inscription which quotes Isiah Chapter 58 verse 12: "They that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places".

Along The Way

The 104 mile Trail takes in 17 of the major sites associated with the Lady Anne. Many are open to the public or can be viewed from the road.

The route passes from Skipton via Beamsley and Barden; up Wharfedale via Grassington and Buckden to Aysgarth and Hawes; down Mallerstang to Kirby Stephen and on via ancient Appleby Castle to the Trail's end near Penrith at Brougham Castle where Lady Anne died in 1676, aged 86.

Route leaflet/accommodation advice from Tourist Information Offices (Skipton, Kirkby Stephen, Appleby, Penrith) and Dales National Park Centres (Grassington, Aysgarth, Hawes, Sedbergh).



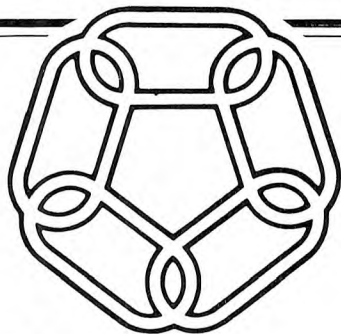
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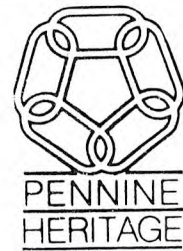
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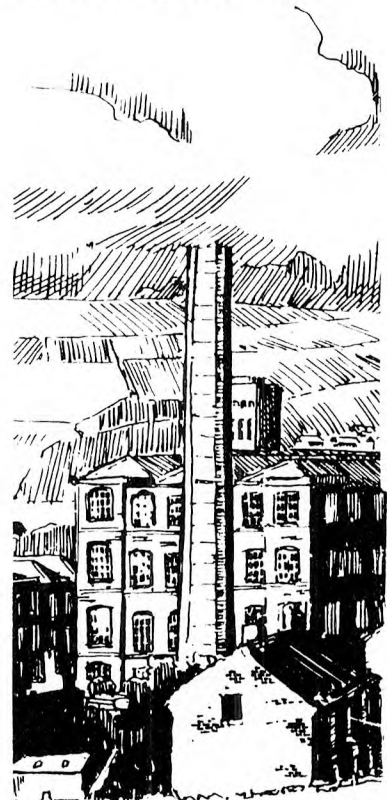
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Review Round-Up ... Review R

Life and Tradition in West Yorkshire

Marie Hartley and Joan Ingilby

A new edition of the classic work by that celebrated northern partnership. Although better known for definitive work in documenting the traditional life of the Dales, "we were both born in the West Riding". Marie and Joan point out "and are pleased that the book is to be reprinted by Smith Settle as it serves to remind us of a life in the not too distant past now gone".

Authoritative but chatty with lots of fascinating photos, the book's immediacy and personality come from being based on tape-recorded interviews, the writers' hallmark. Also reprinted, the companion **Life and Traditions of North-East Yorkshire**. £7.95, £12.95 hardback. Publisher: Smith Settle of Otley.



Joan Ingilby and Marie Hartley in their workroom at Coleshouse, Askrigg, June 1990

Taking The Car For A Walk



Titus Thornber

First in the above series by Burnley historian Titus Thornber **Walking in the South Pennines** celebrates "an area equal in splendour, variety and beauty to any of the more well-known walking areas in Britain".

Twelve rambles (with local anecdote and history) range from Wycoller to Studley Pike and are circular to allow for the demands of "the villain of the piece" the private car. £3.95. Publisher: Rieve Edge Press, Briercliffe.

Bradford and the Industrial Revolution

Gary Firth

Many years ago in Bradford's Cartwright Hall, the author and well known northern historian saw a large landscape painting: Bradford in 1853. How, he wondered, had a rural market town nestling beneath the moors become the black and noisy place of his youth?

The enormous changes which brought about the transformation are the substance of Dr Firth's detailed and expert book on Bradford's economic history 1760-1840, one for all those interested in what actually made the Pennine cities the place we live in today. £17.50 hardback. Publisher: Ryburn Press.

Walsden Words

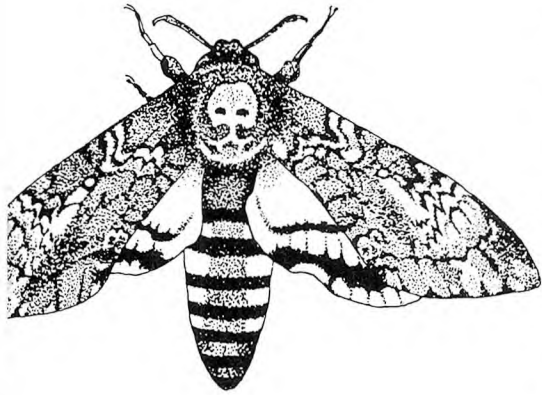
Jim Crowther

"Whereas" says Jim Crowther "you would politely ask "Please may I pass?" your father might well have said "Ger eawt o t'road" but your grandfather "Eawt o mi geat!". Why?

Read this smashing little booklet on "How We Use To Live and Speak" in the remote Walsden Valley beyond Todmorden. Not obscure (as too often such things are) and with flashes of the humour readers may remember from Jim's **Pennine** article "Uncle John Willy" back in 1988. £1.95 at local bookshops, Tourist Information; £2.35 from Jim Crowther.

Round-Up ... Review Round-Up ...

Death's Head Hawk moth



Moths In The Memory

James Birdsall

As Battle of Britain nostalgia focuses on the '40s, take a peep at wartime England (and the north/south divide) through a pair of irreverent eyes.

Evacuated to school in Yorkshire, James Birdsall chases moths, and life, across the book's rich canvas of mischief and fun. Charming and gentle without at all being sentimental, his was a world of scrumping, trout tickling and snail racing where the bombs seemed far away. £12.99 hardback. Publisher: Pavilion.

David & Charles Touring Companions

Editor: Alan Kind

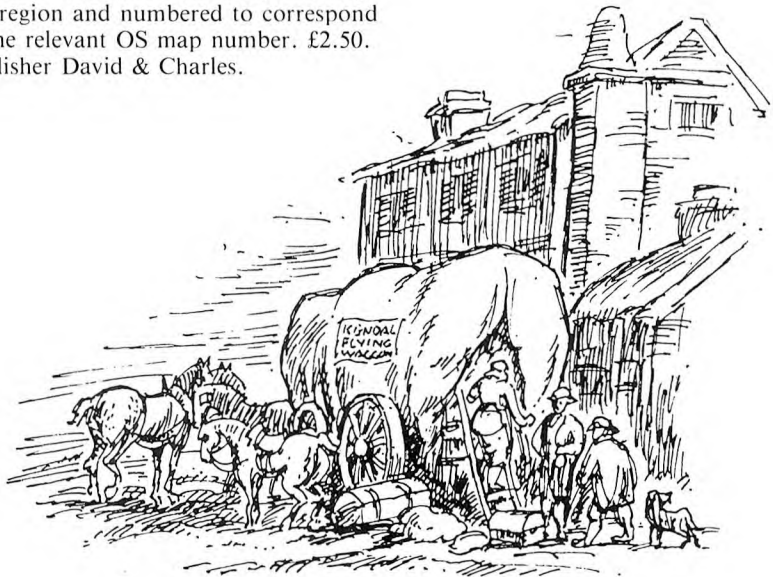
Enterprising idea: a series of uniform companion guides to each of Ordnance Survey's large-scale Landranger maps (1 inch to the mile, 1:50,000).

In a neat booklet format, the TC guides explain the landscape as you read it on the map, from ancient highways and wildlife sites to battlefields. Look out for TC103, 104, 109 and 110, covering our region and numbered to correspond to the relevant OS map number. £2.50. Publisher David & Charles.

In Brief

Firstwood Fold, a guide by the Bolton Environmental Education Project (BEEP) to Bolton's first conservation area: a rare 16th and 17th century fragment to have survived Industrial revolution. £3.00 from BEEP Castle Hill Centre, Bolton BL2 2JW.

An Outline History of Habergham Eaves and Walks in Habergham Eaves. The "little places" are so often neglected till it's too late, so well done K Spencer and Burnley & District Historical Society for these twin booklets. The History, £3.44p and the Walks, £1.34p from the Society c/o Central Library Burnley.



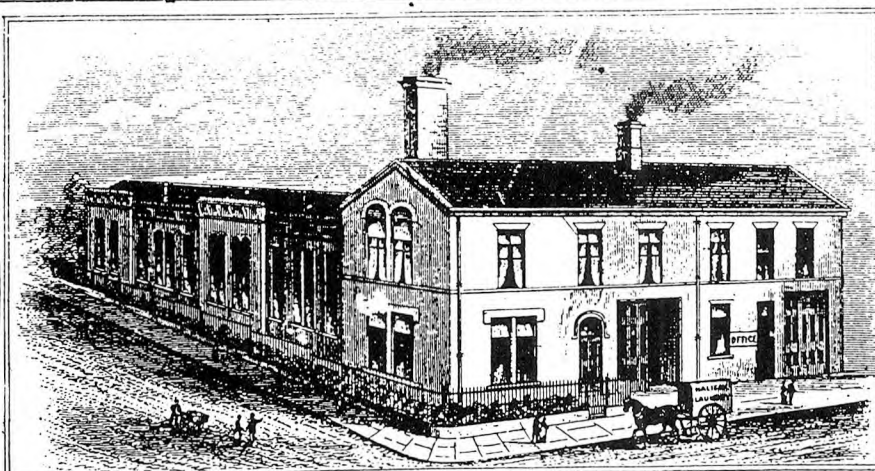
Textiles and Tools

Eric Webster

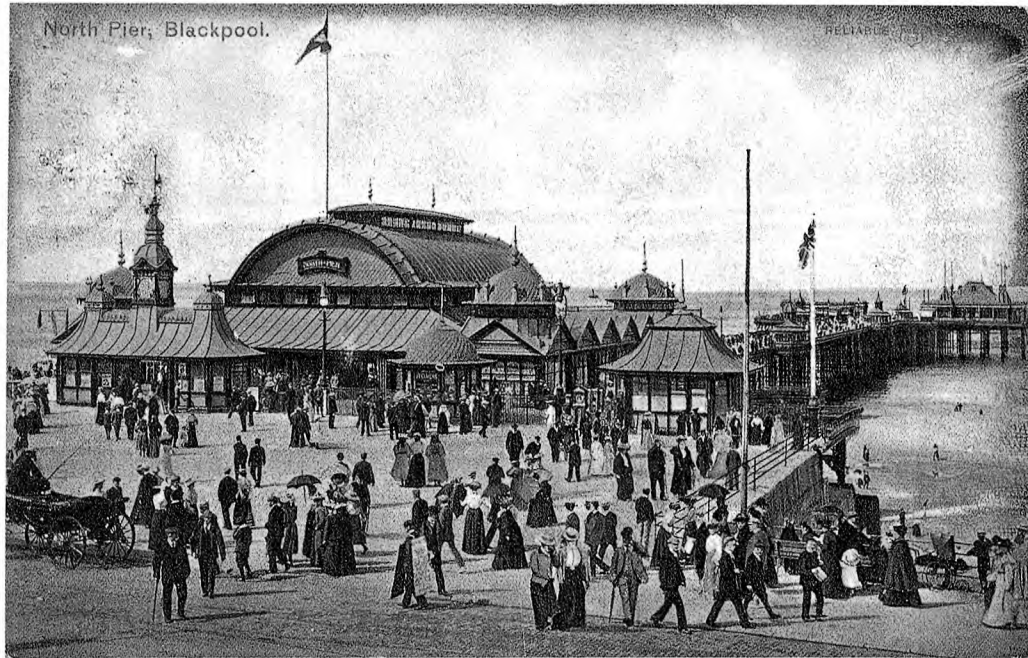
For the second half of the last century, Britain was the workshop of the world and nowhere more so than Halifax, "town of a hundred trades", and the towns of the Calder Valley.

Eric Webster, President of Halifax Antiquarian Society gives Victorian textiles its due but also looks beyond to quarrying, mining, engineering (the book is sponsored by CROSROL LTD), farming and even banking. "Written to interest the general reader", with interesting contemporary illustrations. £4.50 at local bookshops and Tourist information. Publisher: Eric Webster.

THE HALIFAX STEAM LAUNDRY



Parsons and Tattooed Ladies



Rochdale's Roy Kershaw rallies to Blackpool's defence.

I am particularly sensitive to criticism of Blackpool. Especially when it is accompanied by an attitude of superiority, a condescending smile at its vulgarity, a readiness to mock the working class at play and expressions of distaste at saucy postcards, Kiss Me Quick hats, knotted handkerchiefs and fish and chips.

Perhaps my objections arise from the halcyon days spent there in my boyhood with my parents and thereafter with my friends enjoying the delights of youth which it catered for in full measure.

The critics who have never visited Blackpool have missed a phenomenon, a part of English social history, an extravaganza, the biggest seaside resort in the whole of Europe, brash, sometimes vulgar, always friendly and quite, quite unique.

For one week every August in the late twenties and early thirties my parents took me to the seaside. This of course meant Blackpool, only the well-to-do and the pretentious venturing further afield or to other resorts on the Lancashire coast.

Like everybody else we did not possess a car, travelling by rail, and I can recapture the Saturday morning departure scene on Rochdale Station thronged with boisterous holiday makers packing the succession of trains leaving every platform.

The morning was alive with the hissing of escaping steam background to the high spirits of the crowds eager to be away to the sea with the prospect of seven days escape from the rattle of the shuttles. For this they had saved a portion of their meagre wages for 51 weeks and were intent on spending every last penny.

The excitement surged within me as I searched the horizon for that unmistakable Tower, symbol of Utopia, at that time barely 40 years old and there was always the reward of a threepenny bit for the first sighting.

We always stayed at the same boarding house in Coronation Street (before that street name had today's significance) ruled by the old fashioned type of seaside landlady. The facilities were meagre, the food plentiful and essentially familiar but unbelievably low priced commensurate

with the equally low wages. The attitudes and quality of accommodation may have changed enormously but the cost remains the lowest in the country.

Demanding a prodigious feat of organisation, precise timing and a huge network of sidings, more than 350 trains arrived in Blackpool on an August Saturday. As many departed carrying the previous weeks penniless revellers back to the reality of loom and spindle.

As children we were content to spend our entire waking hours on the sands though I can remember the callers on the Golden Mile and accompanying my father - with some reluctance - into one of the booths to see the "Rector of Stiffkey" crouching in a barrel offering an occasional handshake.

Only many years later I learned that he was the Reverend Harold Davidson who had been dismissed from the Church for his alleged consortings with London prostitutes. He had been signed up by a Blackpool showman for their mutual profit and many thousand people paid twopence a time for the privilege of gazing at the notorious



gentleman exhibited adjacent to the customary freaks. The handshake was an extra.

The freak shows were a common feature on the Golden Mile at a time when there existed less sensitivity towards the afflicted. The Reverend gentleman moved on to Skegness in 1937 and was there persuaded to deliver a sermon in a cage holding two lions. He was attacked by one of the beasts and though he fought bravely was fatally mauled.

Such a dramatic ending would have been more appropriate to Blackpool.

It was some years later that I entered such a side show, tempted by the promise of the barker to see the nudity within. The attraction was a series of so called artistic tableaux and we expectantly took our shilling seats. These displays of nudity were permitted only if the girls made no movement and we sat through the somewhat unexciting

performance which ended with a voluptuous Britannia surrounded by her generously endowed courtiers. Behind the scenery somebody walked heavily over the flimsy stage producing wobbles all round and hoots of laughter from the audience at this blatant breach of the rules.

I was one of a group of boys and girls in this early year of the war spending a last holiday together before we were all engulfed in our various ways in the conflict already raging. We were full of youthful exuberance, untroubled by the savagery of war and still not quite old enough to take up arms. For some it was to be the last farewell to youth. Summer 1939 saw Blackpool at its height of popularity; countless visitors spending weeks of endless sunny days on golden sands and their nights in glittering perfumed ballrooms. The Tower ballroom accommodated 2500 dancers and more than double that number of

spectators filling the gilt encrusted balconies. A stately pleasure dome, enrapturing all who entered.

There were 10 live theatres playing to packed houses at every performance and every cinema seat was taken. On the Central Pier there were afternoon tea dances in the open air and nearby on the wide crowded promenade the familiar trams ran in rapid procession, their trolleys sparking and singing on the overhead wires.

A young Joe Loss played his strict tempo in the effulgent Winter Gardens and the lovable Charlie Cairoli clown-ed his way into the hearts of a thousand children in the Tower Circus, sadly to be interned as an alien before the season was over. On the North Pier Toni conducted his Palm Court Orchestra and the much beloved David Morris, doyen of northern audiences, had the theatre in uproar twice nightly whilst Mr. Blackpool himself entertained capacity crowds with his Wurlitzer organ in the same Tower Ballroom, all his listeners declaring their liking to be beside the seaside, beside the sea.

Sadly now, many of these institutions have become casualties of progress or victims of the weather and new palaces of pleasure have arisen.

The Sandcastle with temperatures of the Costa Brava, 30 ft. water chutes, waving palms and wave making machines stands where the old outdoor swimming pool annually lost money. The new Palace Night Club with its laser light displays caters for modern dancing, bearing no resemblance to the ornate plush and gilt of its predecessor.

The showmen no longer shout their temptations outside the booths of the Golden Mile. Now it has become a dull line of bingo halls and amusement arcades.

The tattooed ladies, Siamese twins and disgraced parsons have long gone, never to return. The Illuminations become more elaborate every year yet seem to have lost the excitement of novelty and the Pleasure Beach on the South Shore has become increasingly more terrifying to satisfy the demands of a more violent age.

Some things remain unchanged. The patient donkeys on the beach, now protected from the abuses of the past, and the mighty Tower, soon to celebrate its first 100 years of dominance over the town ... visible at every upward glance and built on bales of cotton.

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Tourism Spin-Off For Russell Dean Ltd

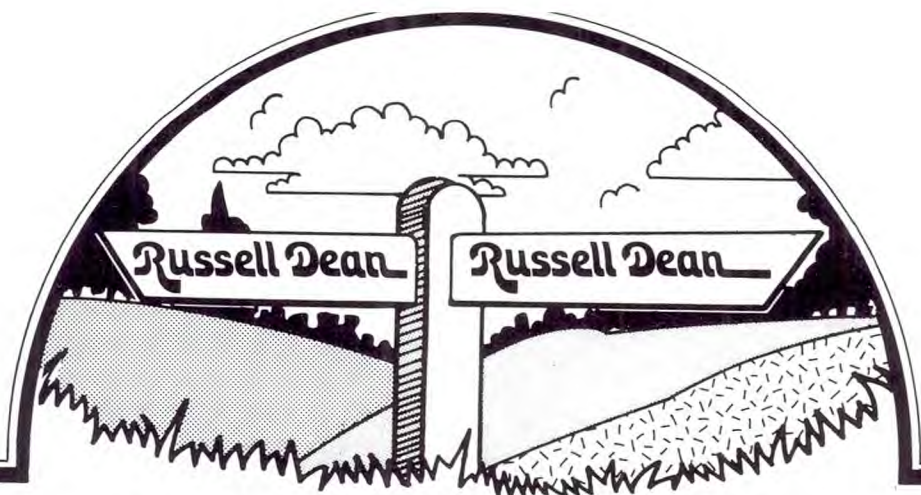
Motorists who fume in the summer traffic along the Halifax-Hebden Bridge road certainly don't need telling that tourism in Calderdale is booming!

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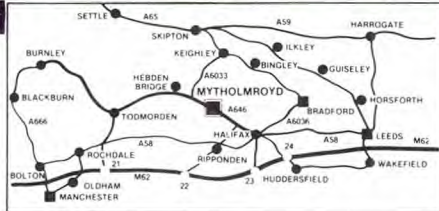


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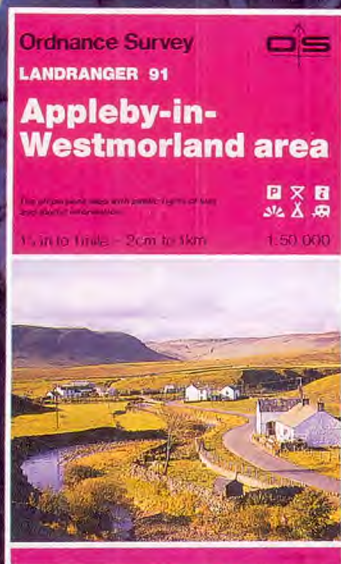
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