

# Pennine

# magazine

NATIONAL PARKS - PLEBS KEEP OUT? • WORKING HORSES • OLDHAM • HALIFAX • IN THE TRENCHES • WINTER WALKING • BURNLEY AT THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE • LIVERPOOL AFTER THE BEATLES



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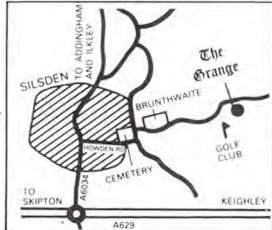
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**So come and shop the traditional Lancashire market way.....and bag yourself a bargain!**

# First Column

# Pennine

"Call yourself a heritage magazine?" snarled the letter. Certainly one way to rouse me from my editor's doze.

WHY is our conservation credibility challenged? Dig out your previous **Pennine** and turn to a "A Stud-mark Swansong". Yes - I concede that those ARE fell runners "jumping" as the letter accuses "over farmers' walls".

"How", it continues "can we show such a sight without adding a reproof? I don't suppose the runners go back to build up the walls they've knocked down!"

First reaction? That the writer had missed the point - that northern fell-running is essentially rooted in local life. It is farmers who run, not - noting the writer's suburban address - city joggers.

But the letter raises a fundamental issue which, as we move into a new year, is not going to run away: WHAT IS "CORRECT" CONSERVATION?

Is it windfarms for "green" power (see DIARY) or unblemished skylines? Is it open moorland - but only kept that way by grouse shooting? Is it (see COMMENT) a KEEP OUT or come in attitude to enjoying beautiful countryside?

And what is "HERITAGE"? Undamaged dry stone walls? Or local traditions equally as ancient - such as fell running. The fabric of a place - or its people?

WHO decides? The various conservation organisations often at war with each other? Politicians, chasing the green vote? Or YOU.

As not only a new year but a new era in politics opens up, any chance of seeing it marked in the Pennine hill country by clarity and consensus? Before it's too late.

Hilary Darby

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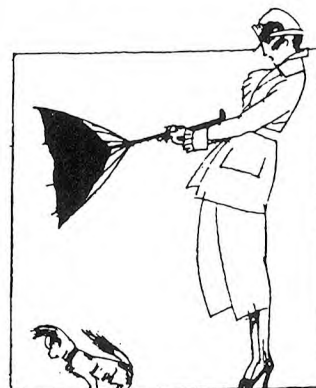


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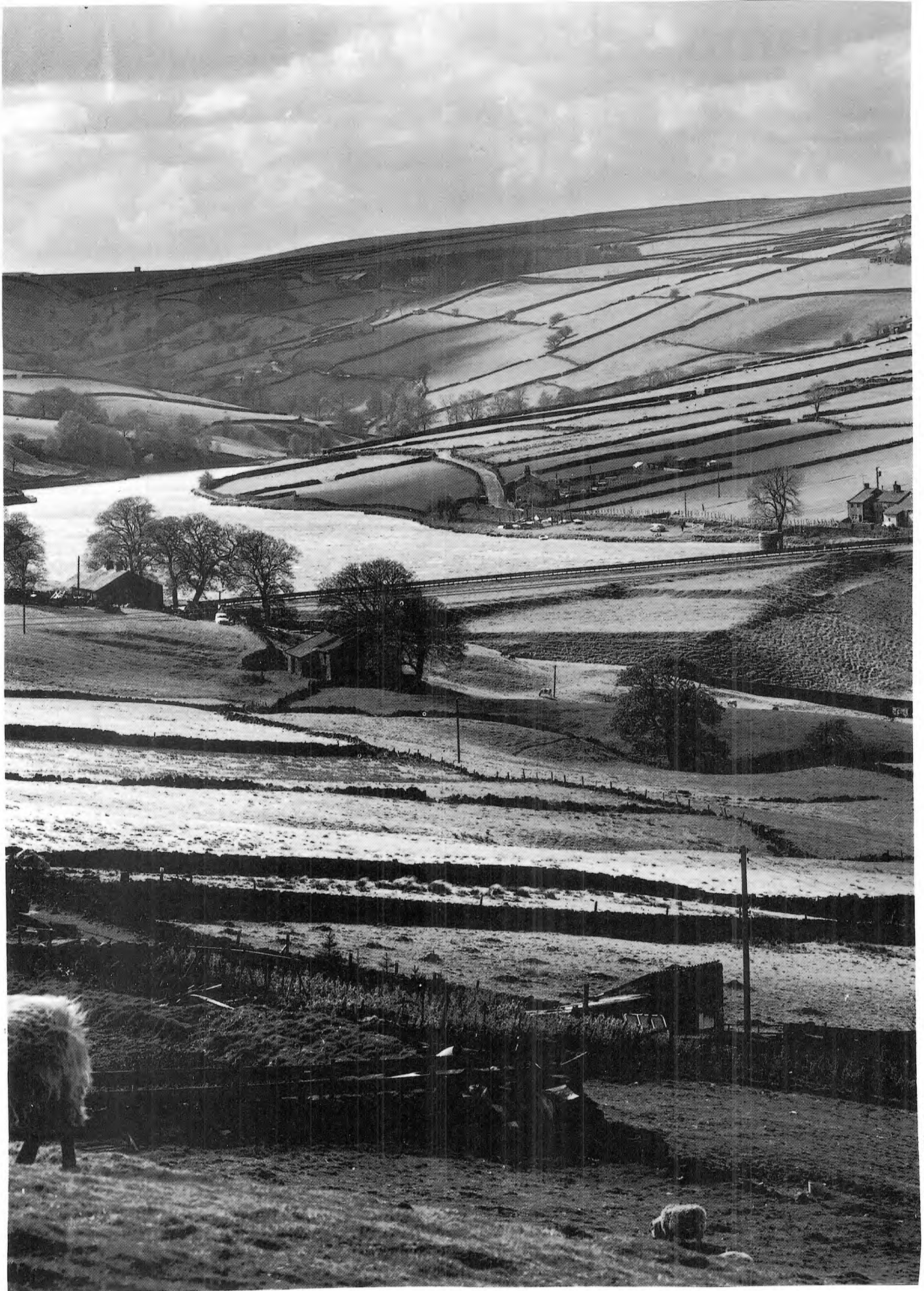


Photo: Simon Warner

# COMMENT

## Poacher Turned Gamekeeper?

National Parks, supposedly the jewels in our countryside crown were hard won, - fought for for nigh on 40 years by the largely urban populations of the North. Direct action and mass trespass was interwoven with long committee hours and publication of campaigning reports.

Access was the rallying cry, access to the wild places, the open hillsides far from the crowded urban areas, access for the people.

All the more disturbing then that now that the Parks exist, there appears to be a dangerous and growing tendency to seek ways to keep people OUT. **Is this a case of the poacher turned gamekeeper?**

Postwar reforming zeal created the National Parks with the *1949 National Parks and Access to the Countryside Act*. Ten Parks were designated in the ten years that followed, somewhat tentatively at first, with far fewer powers than their campaigners had hoped for. All was not won and the campaign continues to this day, spearheaded by the "Council for National Parks".

Forty years on after the 1949 Act of Parliament which began it all, the Countryside Commission has established an independent National Parks Review Body, now taking evidence and due to report any day now.

This seems a timely development for there are many expressed concerns about the state of our National Parks, their management and their future. And there is more than one side to the story.

National Parks were created with the twin objectives of protecting areas of beautiful countryside *and* promoting public access and enjoyment, whilst respecting the economic and social needs of the local population.

Forty years on, this may seem a tall order at times, when faced by today's affluent and mobile hordes - but **Pennine** was very disturbed recently to be

bluntly told by a National Park Information Service that their information was not for *us* and our readers; that their walks leaflets were only for local distribution (a statement supported by the fact that the supply promised by post never arrived!); that they had no brief to promote the facilities, merely to inform those who happened to be there or find their way there; that there were other more "popular" locations for the masses.

We at **Pennine** are sensitive souls and we understand the problem, but nevertheless we found this to be more than a little harsh!

Not all National Parks take this stance. We therefore regret such seemingly deliberate attempts by some to foster confusion about National Park objectives; to fence themselves in; to blur what the Parks were supposed to stand for.

We are aware of the 1974 Sandford Committee, which last reviewed the National Parks and deliberated at length upon this very problem. Sandford came to the view that in specific cases of a direct conflict between public access and conservation, conservation should receive top priority, to protect the resource for the future rather than allow public pressure to destroy it for all time.

This we applaud, both inside and outside National Parks ..... but it was never intended to be an invitation to put up the barricades. It is an invitation to wise management of the park; to keep car parks well away from sensitive areas; to positively provide information about areas which can stand it, rather than those which can't .... in other words, **to discriminate between places, not people.**

Each National Park has some parts more suited to promotion than others. If any Park feels that it has no part suitable for promotion, one could ask why it needs an Information Service at all - certainly there is no case for the public purse providing a Disinformation (dis)service.

Any move to restrict information about individual Parks sits very uncomfortably with funding for the "Council for National Parks" and the various Countryside Commission sponsored "awareness campaigns."

There is, currently, much confusion and conflict about the purpose and the future of our National Parks. They are a national asset and rightly must be protected. They are also a national resource for public enjoyment and tourism ... and should expect to be exploited as such, but exploited in a sensitive and sustainable manner. This might require new approaches to management and new forms of funding - but surely not the toll house on every approach road seriously proposed by the Lake District!

The recent heads of agreement between the Countryside Commission and the English Tourist Board on GREEN TOURISM may point the way ... the way to a future where not just the National Parks but **the whole countryside** is treated as a resource rather than a context ... something to be enjoyed in its own right rather than just the back-cloth to an activity which could equally well take place anywhere else.

In this way everyone has a vested interest in the maintenance of the resource, both the tourist industry and the visitor alike.

If National Parks are reaching the point where they can no longer stand the strain, perhaps the time has come to spread the load, to move away from the growing elitism of special status for special areas given special treatment backed by special funding.

If the Parks now wish to seek a quieter life, perhaps the time has come to seek alternative approaches in other areas better able to provide for public access and enjoyment.

**Certainly the South Pennines would be happy to contemplate some appropriate form of special recognition ... with the special funding to support it!**

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Now you hear it, now you don't.

This is the first Christmas since the dethroning of Radio Two, itself but a vestige of the mighty "Light Programme", and now banished in favour of Radio 5, a sports station, to the lonely lefthand reaches of the VHF waveband.

Pennine devotees of this last bastion of Old England are reduced to chasing *Friday Night Is Music Night*, *The Organist Entertains* and *100 Best Tunes* from spot to fuzzy spot on the dial.

**What use to Radio Two the trumpeted benefits of VHF's stereo if no-one round here can get decent reception?**

That's the question that Pennine recently put to the controller of Radio Two and in an exclusive article we print the response from John Flewitt of the BBC Engineering Information Department.

"VHF or FM radio broadcasting is not new. However, it has recently become topical following the decision to make Radio Two an FM-only service.

As part of its Broadcasting Bill the Government has said that all broadcasters should cease to duplicate their programmes on more than one waveband. As a result BBC Radio 1 and Radio 3 are also destined to become FM only: Radio 1 in autumn 1991 and Radio 2 in autumn 1992.

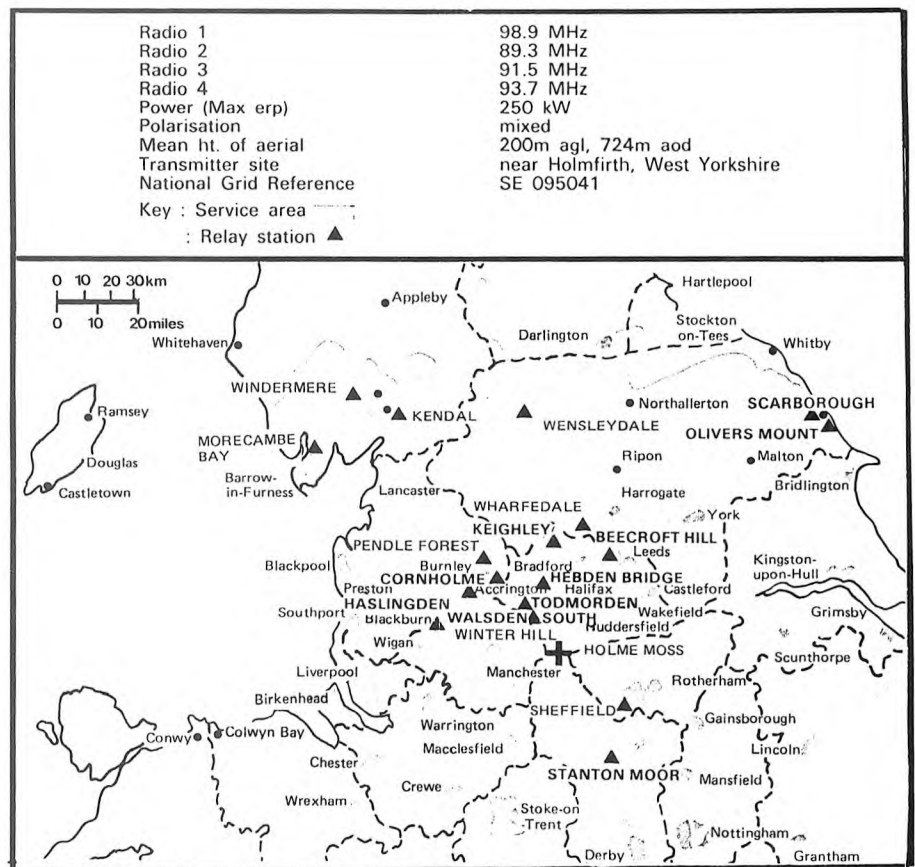
The BBC made the primary choice of the FM band for its services because of the considerably better sound quality, the extra dimension of stereo and because it is remarkably free of foreign station interference.

However FM is not entirely plain sailing.

Because the higher radio frequencies necessary for FM cause the signals to travel in straight lines like rays of light reception difficulties can occur in hilly areas. To fill in these poor reception "shadow areas", low power transmitters are being built and currently in the South Pennines area six new stations have recently been added and three more are planned for 1991.

To prevent interference each FM station has to use a different set of frequencies and in hilly areas frequent knob twiddling may be necessary while listening to Radio Two on the move.

A system known as the Radio Data System (RDS) has now come to the



## On The Twiddle

### *The BBC comes clean on Radio Two*

rescue. Using inaudible signals transmitted alongside FM, it enables RDS car radios to automatically tune and re-tune to the strongest FM signal.

One very important point about FM is that a good aerial is essential for hiss-free reception.

For fixed radios such as a music centre or high-fi tuner the safest recommendation is to mount the aerial outside and as high as possible with the aerial pointing towards the transmitter. This means the aerial rods should be broadside on to the direction of the transmitter with the shortest element at the front.

In Pennine's area the main FM transmitter is Holme Moss, midway between Huddersfield and Manchester, with a less powerful main station at Winter Hill providing FM signals for most of central and west Lancashire.

Relay station "fillers" are situated at Pendle Forest, Haslingden, Cornholme, Todmorden, Walsden South, Hebden Bridge, Keighley, Wharfedale, Sheffield and Stanton Moor.

The rods of the receiving transmitter should normally be horizontal but note that a vertical setting is necessary for the relays at Haslingden, Cornholme, Todmorden, Walsden South, Hebden Bridge and Keighley.

For FM reception on a portable radio the telescopic aerial should be fully drawn out and angled for best reception, trying different positions in the room if necessary.

For a car aerial 32 inches is the correct length and the aerial should be mounted vertically preferably on the roof. The extra height improves signal pick-up and prevents the bodywork of the car shielding the aerial from the transmitter.

**Don't forget that if you need further help, a BBC engineer will always be pleased to advise or send you one of our information leaflets on how to get the best from FM including Radio Two.**

**Dial the BBC Engineering Information's radio helpline on 0345 010313 (at local call rate) Monday to Friday during office hours."**

# DIARY ... DIARY ... DIARY ...

## SUMMIT 150!

The 1840s - age of the train. The 1840 public opening of the North Midlands Railway from Leeds to London meant that it was possible to whisk to the capital in the undreamed of time of just one day. But to rail buffs, this pales by comparison with 1841 ... the first Leeds to Manchester trans-Pennine crossing through the mighty **Summit Tunnel**.

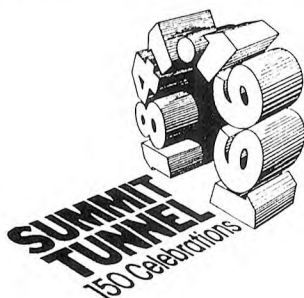
Pinnacle of achievement for the legendary George Stephenson, one mile Summit Tunnel, between Todmorden and Littleborough, was the longest railway tunnel in the world. It took three years to build and cost £251,000 ... and nine lives.

The new railway played a vital part in the development of the towns along its route network - first Rochdale, Todmorden, Hebden Bridge, Brighouse and Wakefield; then Halifax, Heywood, Bury, Bradford, Oldham and Burnley.

A cock-a-whoop Manchester & Leeds Railway Company could boast of a reduced travelling time from Leeds to Manchester from 6 to 2 hours ... perhaps more than any other, the development which brought the east and western Pennine north together.

That's why this winter is seeing the longest celebration in railway history - **Summit 150** - marking the stages of the opening of the railway.

The Manchester-Littleborough section opened in July 1839; Normanton-Hebden Bridge on October 5th 1840; Hebden Bridge-Summit East on December 31st 1840 and the eagerly awaited Littleborough to Summit Tunnel stretch on March 1st 1841. Look out along the route for **Summit 150** events - from railway walks to Victorian fairs - steaming ahead to the climax of March 1st 1991.



*The Fowler 0-8-0 passing through Mytholmroyd Station.  
Photo: T.T.Sutcliffe.*



*Bridge over the River Tame by John McCombs showing from January 4th to March 19th at the Winter Exhibition, John McCombs Gallery, Delph.*



## BUSY LINE

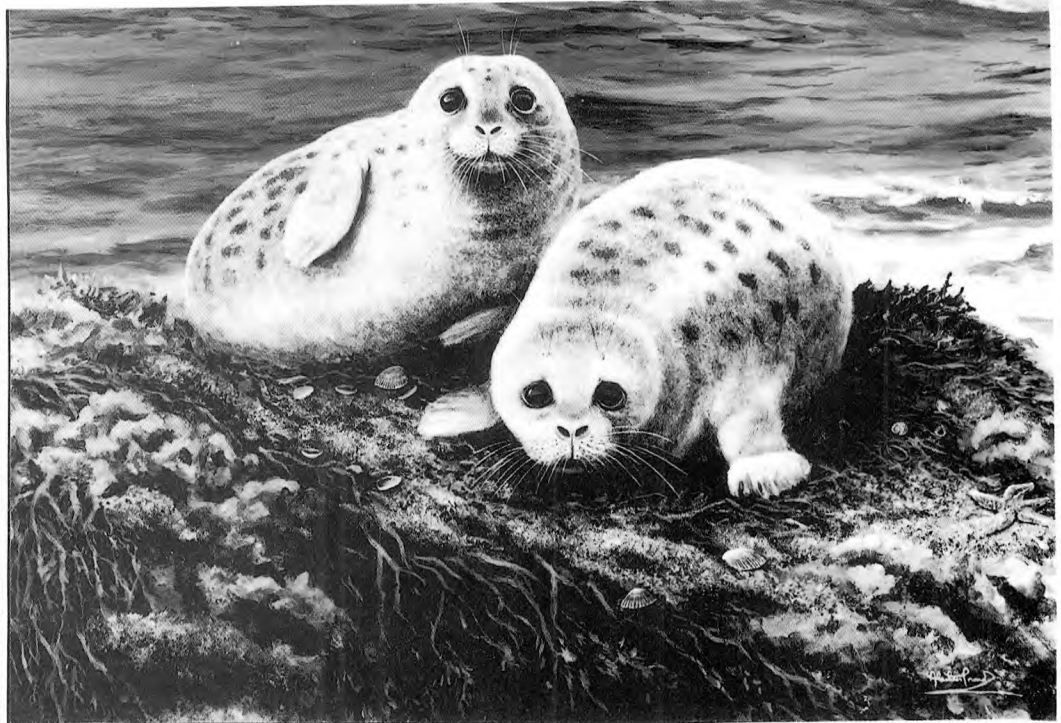
The Christmas present panic season is upon those of us who didn't cheat and polish it off in the Autumn Sales.

When the last shopper has staggered away, Harrods will have sold 155 tons of Christmas puddings ... and Kendalls of Manchester £9,000 a day in confectionery, mostly hand-made chocolates to satisfy the North's sweet tooth.

If inspiration has vanished, try Mid Pennine Arts' Christmas Crafts Exhibition at the **Gallery Downstairs** in Burnley; the jewellery showcases in the foyer of Manchester's **Royal Exchange**; or the Christmas Exhibition of Contemporary Sculpture and Craft (works from £40 to £3000) at the **West Yorkshire Sculpture Park** near Wakefield. Fine wool scarves and stoles traditionally made in the Pennines by the **Yorkshire Woollen Company** are on sale at Walkleys Clog Factory, Hebden Bridge and for a seasonal tippie, Britain's most northerly vineyard, **Leventhorpe Vineyard** at Woodlesford near Leeds has just produced its first commercial vintage.



Anyone forseeing problems with a new Christmas pet? January sees the launch of the nationwide **Friskies Petcare Helpline**. Volunteers to run a local branch phone 071-352 7220. And for all kinds of seasonal parties - from "Spooky Parties" to "Springtime Parties", find some great family ideas in **The Party Handbook** (£9.99 Pavilion) by Todmorden's Malcolm Bird and Alan Dart.



## SEAL APPEAL

**P**ennine readers are urgently asked to report any seals sighted in 1991 along the British coast.

Following the recent flu epidemic, the common seal is now rare, with a population

decline of 65% since 1988. "You don't have to live by the coast to help" say the **National Seal Survey**. "People see them on holiday or indeed may have noticed they are no longer at a former site. Sightings information is vital to help to save the survivors."

To help to raise conservation funds, a specially-commissioned

Seal Appeal Print by wildlife artist Alastair Proud is being issued. The signed 14x10 inch colour print costs £29.00. For details, sightings or free Seal Facts Pack contact National Seal Appeal, FREEPOST, London SW5 9YY; 071 373 3731.

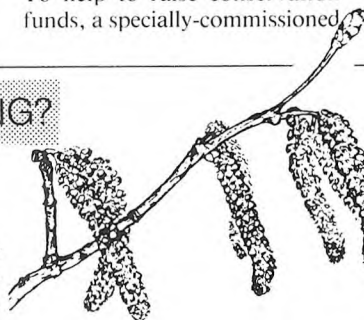
## SPRING UNSPRUNG?

**N**ot long now till lambing time lures spring back to the hills?

Don't count on it say the **Country Landowners Association**, warning that a recent failure to find a tenant for a desirable Dales farm "could be the first sign of a major flight from the uplands. The hills also happen to be among our most cherished landscapes (and) owe much of their present charm to the sheep farmers who have earned a tough livelihood from them over generations".

None tougher than Britain's favourite farmer, Hannah Hauxwell, whose solitary struggle was captured by YTV's now classic documentary *Too Long A Winter*. Now retired from her hilltop farm, Hannah's continuing autobiography is told in **Daughter of the Dales** (£14.99 Century).

What remains one of the most affectionate yet unsentimental portraits of the day-to-day



countryside? *Country Diary*, popping up for forty years amid the urban agonisings of the Guardian. In his new book **A Lakeland Mountain Diary** (£14.95 Crowood), A. Harry Griffin has assembled his diaries in monthly form to give a unique rain-or-shine impression of the year on the fells.

In contrast, **The British Landscape - through the eyes of the great artists** (£14.95 Hamlyn) waves rose-coloured brushes, from Turner in the Dales to Nash in East Anglia. A sumptuous if idealised view of "cherished landscapes" which farmers indeed created but have also done much to destroy.

The open moor is currently one of the most vulnerable parts of

our countryside inheritance. Congratulations therefore to **Saddleworth Parish Council** for successfully preventing North West Water's plans to fence off Castleshaw Moor as part of a "Farm Renovation Programme".

On a lighter note about nature's riches, have you ever vowed and failed to create your own herb garden? Stiffen that resolve with **The World of Herbs**, the three volume video collection based on the popular Channel 4 series with Lesley Bremness, currently being repeated. Seeds and Leaves; Flowers and Underground Treasures and Essential Oils and Aromatherapy - an inspiration to start digging the minute the ground softens. £9.99 or £11.99 direct from Televideo PO Box 51 Burnley BB11 1BR.

## FATAL AND OMINOUS

Perhaps like **Pennine**, you enjoyed the dramatic recent production of Richard II at **Oldham Coliseum**.

It was at "Pomfret", the "bloody prison, fatal and ominous to noble peers" where

the deposed monarch was starved to death. Now **Pontefract Castle**, a new and deliberately "non-academic" book from West Yorkshire Archaeology Service, (£3.00 + 85p&p) explores what was one of the greatest strongholds of medieval England, hub of the vast Honour of Pontefract which covered much of what is now the South Pennines.

A second book tells children **The Story of Roman Castleford**, through the amusing eyes of balding cartoon character Cassius; (£1.50 + 40p&p). Both books available from West Yorkshire Archaeology Service 14 St John's North, Wakefield WF1 3QA).



## THE GOOD LIFE

Slapped wrists in this silly season from **Abbey Life** whose recent life insurance survey reveals that people in the North spend "three times more on alcohol, tobacco and running their cars than they do on security for their families".

But at least a substantial amount of the weekly £13.29 spent on booze and cigs goes to support **Joshua**, the Tetley's Bitter shire and his "rival", the vintage Asquith Cob.

## ONE MAN'S MEAT?

Vigorous opposition to CEGB plans has recently led to the postponement of new pylon building across the dramatic vista of **Blackstone Edge**. Interesting to note therefore that some conservation groups have given a "cautious welcome" to Yorkshire Electricity's alternative energy proposals to build a **wind farm** on the skyline above Oxenhope between Keighley and Bradford. As the windmills will intrude (and need pylons?) a lively debate is surely about to break.

Debate between friends has of late even shattered the hushed sanctum of the **Bronte Parsonage**. Expansion plans to house the growing Bronte collection range from digging an underground "bunker" to a building extension, (termed a "monstrous carbuncle" by its opponents). An appeal has been rushed to Prince Charles.

An ever-fertile subject, **The Bronte Story** may have been told many times but in a readable new account of their lives, author Margaret Lane reconsiders the definitive Bronte biography by Mrs Gaskell. An original idea and a charming book from Otley publishers Smith Settle; £3.95.



## MAKING HISTORY

Picture a 17th century setting and a candlelit dinner for two as guest of the National Trust. It could be your prize if you sponsor a tile on the battered roof of an old Pennine barn!

The great Barn of **East Riddlesden Hall**, Keighley is doing its best to fall down. One of the country's finest, £132,000

# DIARY ... DIARY ... DIARY ...

## BOOK BRIEFING

Fuller review at a later date, but here's a rapid round-up of book ideas from the current **Pennine** shelf.

**In The Time of my Life**, the witty gritty memoirs by Dennis Healey, (£6.99 Penguin) read how a lad brought up in Keighley came to be "the most gifted politician never to become leader of his party".

Healey's Keighley contemporary is now one of this century's most eminent historians. Asa Briggs "a man who knows more about the Victorians than the Victorians themselves" completes his classic studies Victorian People and Victorian Cities with **Victorian Things** (£6.99 Penguin).

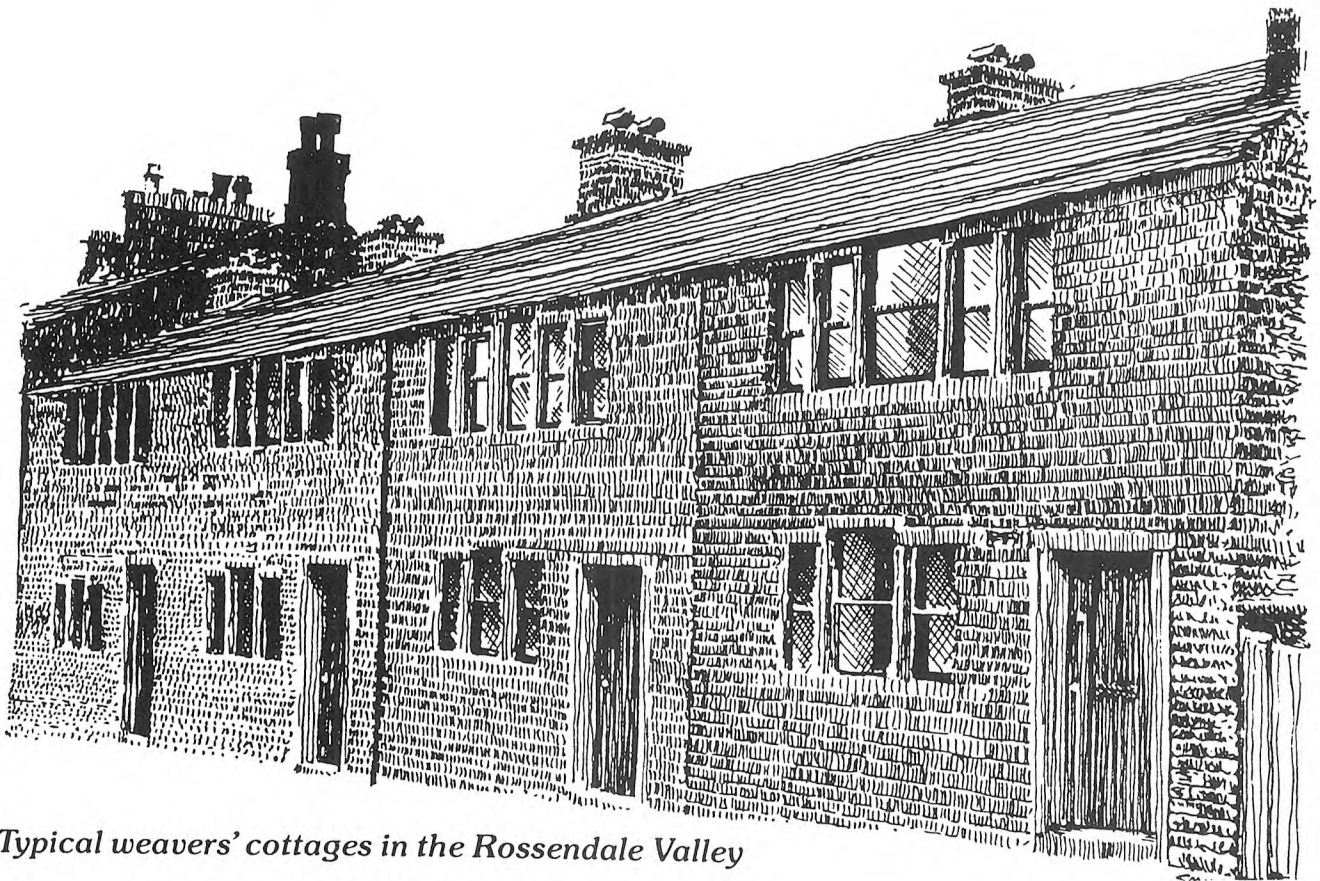
"The only rule known in Garnett Street was beg borrow

steal but survive" and actor Leslie Sands set about doing just that. Read his vivid recreation of boyhood and life on the Means Test in a vanished Bradford in **Tuppence For The Rainbow** (£10.95 or £12.05 from Bradford Council, Bradford Central Library).

Readers of our series Days That Shook The Pennines will recall York's tragic Massacre of the Jews in 1190. In **Princes Among Their People**, an

unusual novel of the medieval north, Janet Ball now takes foward the story; (£13.95 Simon & Schuster).

"Lancashire is a very special county, rich in people and places". So writes the Duke of Westminster, sponsor of **The Treasures of Lancashire**. Published by the North West Civic Trust (£14.95) the book is a rich and fascinating journey through Lancashire's history, buildings and way of life.



From The Treasures of Lancashire

Typical weavers' cottages in the Rossendale Valley

is needed to restore its roof. Sponsor a tile (on 0535 607075) - for a birthday, in remembrance or why not for Christmas - and the name will be written on the tile before relaying. A place in history (and the prize draw!) for just £5.00. East Riddlesden Hall's special seasonal events include: **Father Christmas Weekends**, (8 & 9; 15 & 16 Dec.); a 17th century concert, **Old Noll's Noel** (14th); and **Open Air Carols** (16th at 7.30).

## OPEN FOR BUSINESS

"Closed until Easter" used to be tourism's New Year message. Now **Places to Visit In Winter** has been launched by the England's North Country Campaign.

Listing 400 museums, historic houses and attractions, the

booklet (from Tourist Information Centres) leaps from high-tech Manchester to Roman temples and from Wigan Pier to the new Railway Carriage Museum on the Keighley & Worth Valley Railway.

Brighten some more grey days with a visit to the exuberant new **South Asian Gallery** in Blackburn Museum, the first of its kind in Britain. Dazzling arts

and crafts, reconstructed village scenes and evocative "phone in" interviews with those who came to live in Blackburn in the 1960's.

Also news of no less than the third reprint of Bradford's award winning **Flavours of Asia** guide to "A Feast Of Food, Fabrics, Festivals and Faiths". New-style leaflet from Tourist Information.

Wags used to say that the best view of Liverpool was waving goodbye. Millions did just that, giving a century of folk singers a ready-made living from “leaving of Liverpool” songs.

But the tide has turned on the Mersey. Liverpool, in the words of its bouncy new publicity is “more than you ever imagined”.

Where are the blackened buildings, the greasy fog and the infamous bronchial Liverpool cough which prompted a famous travel writer twenty years ago to comment “that it is as if one has been pushed ten degrees of latitude into the northern murk; and pushed likewise fifty years back into the past.”

Not so the Liverpool of 1990, pushing, with the solid steady stubbornness of its chubby river boat tugs, very much in the other direction.

A city with 1000 listed buildings, 30 conservation areas, two of the world’s greatest modern cathedrals, the Tate Gallery, the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic, the National Galleries on Merseyside and that favourite child of industrial renaissance, the Albert Dock, is beginning to realise that it can get by without the Beatles.

When the Beatles sang of Liverpool it was with humorous defiant energy, the “up yours” of a down-and-out-city. Still a city with its problems - its political in-fighting, its Toxteths - Liverpool today has a new kind of energy.

It shops beneath the airy glass and chrome of the new Clayton Square precinct. Eats out in the largest Chinatown in Europe. Supports its city orchestra at the Philharmonic Hall. Applauds at the innovative Everyman Theatre and the famous Liverpool Empire. Stages bold bright festivals - June’s Mersey River Festival and August’s Merseyside Caribbean Carnival.

Even as first impressions go, Liverpool is favoured by the hilltop siting of its Lime Street Station. From the entrance, the vista rolls majestically down towards the distant brightness that hints of the Mersey waterfront.

The city scale is big or, as the Victorians and Edwardians who made it would have said, “imposing”.

Vast shipping offices, warehouses, civic buildings; banking halls and arcades all stand in civic canyons with a distinct mini-Manhattan feel; monuments to the wealth of a trading empire which once spanned the world.



## The Arriving Of Liverpool

*Banish midwinter blues with big city bustle  
as Pennine goes trans-Pennine.*



Reaching the Pier Head, one feels almost cheated to find that the great cruise liners no longer call and that today's commercial sea-going giants have been banished downriver from the waterfront to the spanking new port, incidentally one of the busiest in Europe.

But the ferries are still here, bustling chirpily back and forth across the swirling greyness of the Mersey.

They have an extra role these days, not only carrying the white collar classes home to the suburban haven of the Wirral but giving half-embarrassed visitors a chance to croon "Ferry Cross the Mersey" into their beer.

And indeed the round trip ferry ticket suddenly becomes the tourism "must" it claims to be as the view of the city opens wide its arms along the water's edge.

A classic panorama of the Pier Head: the great trio of buildings gazing impassively down on the dark sweep of the river. The Mersey Dock and Harbour Office with its green dome and dolphins. The mighty Cunard Building, carved with ships prows. And symbol of Liverpool, the Royal Liver Building, its twin towers each topped by a Liver Bird.

For many, this view was goodbye to old England. And indeed goodbye to

Europe for the Polish, German, Dutch and Jewish refugees who had trudged across the North from Hull to Liverpool in an endless shuffling hopeful stream.

War and revolution, famine and persecution were powerful persuaders and during the last century nine million emigrants sailed away from the Pier Head bound for a new life in America or Australia.

Just along the waterfront, their story is evocatively told in the Merseyside Maritime Museum, housed in the huge Albert Warehouse, centrepiece of the city's Albert Dock.

The museum's five floors celebrate Liverpool's role as port since medieval times and it is an eerie experience to walk into its "1850's street" and "board" the emigrant ship.

Imagine half a year at sea in the candle-lit confines of the steerage section. Lift the 'phone to hear emigrant William Greenhalgh's diary of voyage to Australia in 1853 when complaints about dishwater soup were met with threats of leg irons! Play the game in which so many gambled their lives in earnest, assessing the hazards of which route to take to distant Australia. Many ships foundered with no survivors in the treacherous shark-infested southern seas.

For any whose ancestors took this road, the displays even include a computerised introduction to the Emigration Bureau with tips on how to trace them.

The Albert Dock itself, hub of the Victorian port, is a masterpiece of 1840's architecture. Magnificently restored, its waterborne traffic is confined these days to "round the harbour" trips but its quayside is busy with chic little shops and restaurants and discreetly expensive apartments.

One of the Albert Dock's most prestigious new residents is the Tate Gallery "of the North".

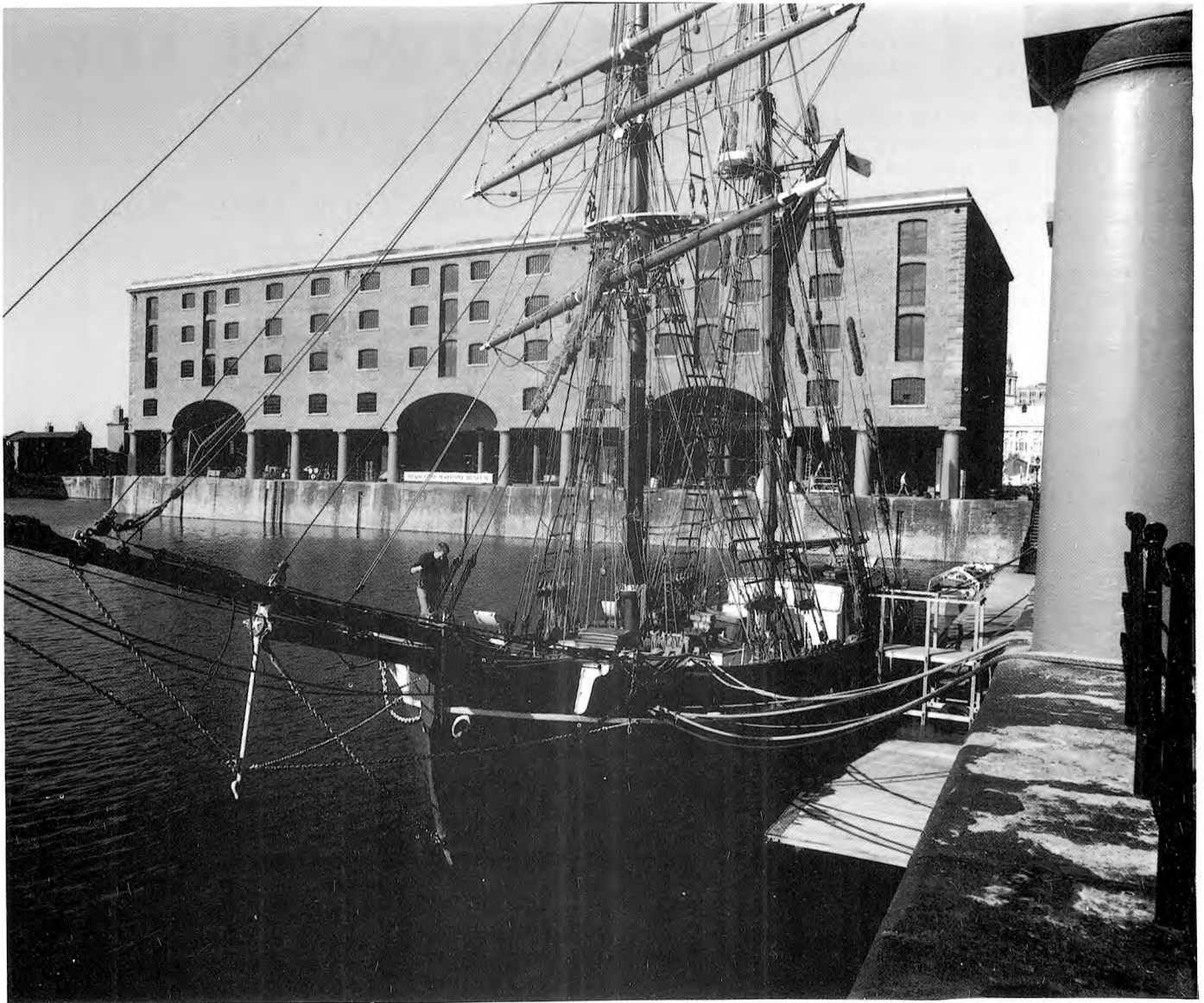
The Tate's role is to display the "best of 20th century and contemporary art". "Safe" it ain't and many find it a "love it or loathe it" collection. A pause here to gripe that one of the Tate's two permanent collections, the Modern British Sculpture, was "closed due to staff illness". The notice was printed, not written. Are they struck down so regularly?

The Tate aside, Liverpool is strikingly rich in galleries and museums.

A trio of the finest look out on the splendour of St George's Plateau, a



*Entering a New World: Jewish Refugees from Russia passing the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbour, 1892.*



civic piazza built to mark the high tide of the city's Victorian achievement.

With a proper sense of irony, the former County Court Building now houses the Museum of Labour History. Its re-creation of a dockland slum is a grim backdrop to the wealth which built the square.

Next door, the Walker Gallery houses a magnificent collection of paintings and sculpture unrivalled outside London, from ample ladies by Rubens to bare bottoms by Hockney.

On to the Liverpool Museum, one of the finest in Europe with so many facets to its collection that it might be easier to list what it doesn't contain. Dinosaurs, Egyptian mummies, a dash of this and sprinkle of that. In fact, the best of everything the word museum used to mean.

Its august founders would surely not have been amused to learn that the "biggest phenomenon in pop music" is now taking its place as Liverpool's

newest museum - sorry - "multi media experience".

Fittingly the Beatles Story lurks in a cellar - not the famous original but the Britannia Vaults of the Albert Dock. "Feel the Cavern beat" it urges and "tune into flowerpower". For anyone unable to make this quarter of a century leap into nostalgia, a "fully trained" Tourist Board Beatle Guide makes it easy ... with Magical History Tours to Strawberry Fields and Penny Lane.

"Nothing has changed ... it's still the same" lamented the Beatles on *Sergeant Pepper*, the album which sent an entire generation into contemplation of its navel. In an each-way bet that Liverpool would approve of, the Beatles also slipped in an alternative note of optimism. "I've got to admit it's getting better, a little better every day." And actually, it is.

#### Travel Brief

*As the M62 runs out here, Liverpool could hardly be easier to get to from the Pennines.*

*Follow city centre signs and park in the Lord Nelson Street Car Park behind Lime Street Station. Or head for Albert Dock where the car park ticket includes free entrance to the Maritime Museum. For rail travellers, the TransPennine route, Leeds-Bradford-Rochdale-Manchester goes through to Liverpool. Also frequent services from Manchester.*

*Useful starting point for a day visit: the newly opened Merseyside Welcome Centre in the Clayton Square Shopping Centre. Phone 051-709 3631.*

The English love a good loser. Captain Scott who *didn't* make it is far more celebrated than the chap who did. General Custer undoubtedly got the publicity edge on the Indians. Bonnie Prince Charlie? Not a dry eye in the house. And who doesn't know what befell King Harold at Hastings!

Same goes for the most famous charge in military history. Advance against the wrong guns? Lose all but a fragment of one's forces? The result? Undying glory!

*Their's not to make reply,  
Their's but to do and die:  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the Six Hundred.*

The Charge of the Light Brigade. Not that most people could say where it was made or indeed why it was made. But Tennyson's ringing stanzas make damn sure they know it *was* made!

**The fame of an episode in which 600 cavalryman trotted down a narrow valley in a full frontal attack on enemy guns ... at the same time running a gauntlet of fire from guns on each hillside ... has eclipsed an earlier moment of the fateful Battle of Balaclava: the Charge of the Heavy Brigade, led by one Sir James Yorke Scarlett ... of Burnley!**

This unsung charge has been called "*one of the most desperate and decisive cavalry actions in history*". A remarkable feat of arms, a small body of 300 horsemen led by an elderly man who had never been into battle in his life put to flight 3,000 sabre rattling Russians.

In fact had Lord Cardigan, commander of the Light Brigade, thrown in his men to support the Heavy Brigade, the bloody futile Crimean War might have been "won" and ended there and then.

Instead Lord Cardigan refused to budge from his hilltop, the moment passed and within hours there would be no swaggering dashing Light Brigade left to speak of except as ghosts in a poem.

Even so, as ghosts they at least continue to enjoy the status of legend while the Heavy Brigade and its commander are forgotten and Sir James and his wife lie undisturbed in the old churchyard of Holme-in-Cliviger.

Looking back from that quiet spot to the autumn of 1854, it is hard to imagine the events that sent a near-

# The Charge Of The Heavy Brigade

*In the unique series 'Days That Shook The Pennines', Hilary Darby rides into the Valley of Death.*

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retired, kindly old gent from Burnley half a world away to the Crimea on the bitter barren shores of the Black Sea.

As a young Captain of the Dragoon Guards, James York Scarlett wooed and won Charlotte Ann, the younger daughter of Colonel John Hargreaves of Ormerod House, Hurstwood near Burnley. They made their home at nearby Bank Hall.

Dividing his time between Bank House and his post in Ireland, Scarlett went on to enjoy a successful uneventful military career in the forty years of European peace which had followed the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo in 1815.

**Parades, drill, hunting, gaming and balls were the chief occupations of the officer class - officers who bought their commissions and subsequent promotions regardless of ability. Experience in or knowledge of military affairs? Phooey!**

The officers of the Indian Army, holding down the uneasy peace of Empire, were the only exception. Unbelievable as it seems, they were despised and even shunned in British army circles for soiling their hands with the nasty business of practical soldiering.

More to the taste of the military aristocracy was spending their fortunes competing to kit out the most gorgeously uniformed troops. So celebrated were the skin-tight crimson trousers of the crack society regiment, the 11th Hussars, they earned them the nickname of the Cherubims or more rudely the Cherrybums.

*The Times* was unable to resist the dig that: "The brevity of their jackets, the irrationality of their headgear, the incredible tightness of their cherry coloured pants altogether defy description: they must be seen to be appreciated."

Diverting but uneventful times and in 1853, James Scarlett, now a colonel, was on the point of retiring home to Burnley when mutterings came of imminent war with Russia.

**Britain and France had long gazed balefully at the expansionist ambitions of the "Russian bear". Propping up the Turks' ailing Ottoman Empire against Russian attack was a whizzo excuse for war - in the event one of Europe's most inglorious - remembered only for the Charge of the Light Brigade ... and Florence Nightingale!**

Sebastopol, the Russian Empire's great naval port on the Black Sea peninsula

of the Crimea, was selected by the allies as the Chief military objective and in 1854 the ships set out.

With them sailed the Heavy Brigade, under its proud new commander, Sir James York Scarlett.

Stout, red-faced, white-whiskered Scarlett, who had never heard a shot fired in anger was something of a contrast to the military ideal that "cavalry should be composed of young men (with) dash and fire?"

But more critical was to be the contrast between Scarlett's attitude to his role and that of his fellow Crimean commanders, Lord Lucan and Lord Cardigan of whom, on their appointment, a fellow officer remarked "Cardigan has as much brains as my boot. He is only to be equalled in want of intellect by his relation the Earl of Lucan ... two such fools could hardly be picked out of the British Army."

Scarlett on the other hand had "two qualities which his colleagues conspicuously lacked: he possessed modesty and good sense."

**Conscious of his military ignorance, and in the face of outraged opposition by Cardigan and Lucan, Scarlett took to the Crimea the only men who knew what fighting was - brilliant officers from the despised Indian Army.**

Brave, good natured and unassuming, General Scarlett's men thought themselves fortunate in their commander. "Good kind old fellow that he is" wrote an aide-de-camp "they are all very fond of him and will follow him anywhere".

It was loyalty spectacularly put to the test on the afternoon of October 25th 1854 when the Russian army marched against Balaclava, the allies' Crimean base.

Ordered to support the "thin red line of the Highlanders", the Heavy Brigade was moving into position when a huge mass of Russian cavalry 3,000 to 4,000 strong loomed on the ridge above.

Assisted by his advisers, General Scarlett was now to perform "one of the greatest feats of cavalry against cavalry in the history of Europe".

Commanding the squadrons to wheel left into line, he prepared to charge uphill. The little force of some 300 men trotted smoothly forward.

After the war Russian officers said that the unbelievably cool deliberation of their manoeuvre had done much to shake Russian morale. The vast Russian force came to a halt, giving an advantage that Scarlett seized.

The charge was sounded and the Heavy Brigade thundered towards the enemy, with General Scarlett fifty yards ahead.

As the forces crashed together "the row was tremendous" wrote an onlooker "and for about five minutes neither would give way". So heavily outnumbered were the British that they were as "red specks against the Russian grey" and General Scarlett could only just be seen, laying about in a frenzy, his helmet stove in.

A cavalry charge by the remaining squadrons decided the hour. The enemy formation wavered and broke and "the Russians turned and ran back up the hill our men after them ..."

The routed Russian horsemen passed right across the front of the Light Brigade.

Had their commander Lord Cardigan seized the chance, their force could have been utterly destroyed. But Lord Cardigan, a stickler for rules and etiquette, had orders to "hold his position at all costs". He took them literally and refused to move!

Instead, and fatefully, the Russians were allowed to regroup behind their guns at the end of the valley.



The recriminations and ill will which then followed do much to explain the next tragic phase of the events.

**From the heights of the battle, the commander-in-chief Lord Raglan sent down an ambiguous order that the Light Brigade should advance to "prevent the enemy carrying away the guns". Bad blood between the commanders ruled out a questioning of the order and the rest is history.**

The stiff, pompous, stupid but unarguably brave Lord Cardigan prepared to lead the Light Brigade (including his pride and joy, the Cherybums) into legend *against the wrong guns*. Stung by criticism of its inaction in rallying to the Heavy Brigade, the Light Brigade was even eager to go!

*"C'est magnifique, mais c'est n'est pas la guerre"* said the French General Bosquet.

He was watching from the hillside as the finest light cavalry in the world advanced and died as they rode, in precise formation. The guns thundered. Men and horses fell and the survivors neatly closed ranks to fill up the gaps. Out of 673 horsemen who started out, only 195 would struggle back.

The Heavy Brigade, held in reserve, watched as the Light Brigade vanished into the pall of smoke and flame. General Scarlett had just begun to lead his dragoons into the teeth of the guns when his aide-de-camp rushed up and advised him that he was "charging the Russians alone". Lord Lucan,

watching the destruction of the Light Brigade, had halted the second attack.

**"They have sacrificed the Light Brigade" he said. "They shall not have the Heavy Brigade if I can help it".**

Lord Cardigan, who had trotted at the head of his men down to the Russians guns, through them and back again, returned without a scratch. "Men", he said at roll call to the battered handful of survivors "it is a mad brained trick but it is no fault of mine" and retired to his yacht with a bottle of champagne.

The Victorians loved a tragedy even more than a good loser and the heroism of the gallant ill-fated Light Brigade received a hysterical response in England.

*When can their glory fade  
O the wild charge they made  
All the world wondered  
Honour the charge they made  
Honour the Light Brigade  
Noble six hundred.*

Heady stuff, it overshadowed then as it does now the remarkable Charge of the Heavy Brigade.

Nevertheless a grateful nation made General Scarlett a Major General and created him a KCB. To Lancashire, he remained until his death the hero of the hour. Burnley presented him with a presentation sword now on view in Towneley Hall Museum; he was persuaded to stand in the borough's first parliamentary election and in 1868, ten thousand admirers came in procession to Bank Hall to present two silver vases, bought by local subscription.

In the winter of 1871, General Scarlett fell ill with a chest infection and died just before Christmas.

His funeral was marked by "amazing scenes of respect and sympathy". Special trains brought thousands of people from other Lancashire towns and at 10am, an hour before the cortege was due to leave Bank Hall, no less than 60,000 people had assembled on the route.

**It was a final honour that the mourners numbered half as much again as the entire population of Burnley, tribute to an old soldier who had retired with the typically down-to-earth remark that he "had best leave the task to younger men".**

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# DISCOVER THE GOLDEN AGE OF ART DECO ORIGINALS

CLARICE CLIFF POTTERY FROM AN EXTENSIVE SELECTION OF 1920s/30s CERAMICS • FURNITURE • LIGHTING

Photography by Keith Paisley



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Take the Burnley/Rochdale Road A 58 (A6464) from Halifax Centre. Turn right at the Trafalgar Inn traffic lights (signposted Kings Cross/Pellon) into Queens Road. We're housed in an old mill opposite Queens Road branch of Lloyds Bank by the traffic lights. Entrance is in Gibbet Street. PLEASE CHECK CHRISTMAS OPENING HOURS

Where would you pick up a top hat and cane that wouldn't disgrace Noel Coward? A Georgian chaise longue, a working mill time-clock or a 60's record holder? A humble tin jug at a couple of quid or a dazzling Art Deco bowl weighing in at a cool £2,000?

The Halifax Antique Centre is, like the best of surprises, not what it seems.

Who would expect this backstreet Victorian mill to be crammed, hung and exuberantly draped with the treasures of thirty dealers spread over three floors and two warehouses?

Among them, Maurice the Yorkshire pottery fancier. Irrepressible Claire who needs a good home for her carved wooden eagle. The mechanical music men and the lace lady. Jewellery and harmoniums. Not to mention the leading name in Art Deco outside London. "A £1 to £1,000" say the dealers "you'll find it here".

Remember those 60's Dansette record players? The ones with the spindle which (theoretically) dropped the records down one by one? Don't tell me you've just thrown one out - so had everyone else.

Halifax Antiques Centre was my long search's final hope.

I fell in out of the rain for a no nonsense ten minutes and emerged half a day later with an Art Deco jug, the sheet music for These Foolish Things and a squeezey plastic tomato. It's that sort of place.

Cheekier folk than I might have hesitated to forage for 60's junk among the antique riches of the Centre. No problem. Brains were racked as to where such a jewel might be found and a search was even made in the warehouse.

Emboldened, I confessed to my second purpose - how to restore the period detail of my new home, a late Twenties semi?

Enter Claire, the top floor's Thirties enthusiast who zoomed me, a complete stranger, round the mill in a lightening Art Deco appreciation course.

We cooed over chrome lamps with white globe tops. Angular mirrors which had reflected a generation of Greta Garbo look alikes. The outrageously bold lines of Thirties dressing tables and cabinets. The screaming primaries of Art Deco pottery.

It's the sort of stuff our mothers sent to the jumble sale and after the decade-

## "My Mother Threw One Out"



### *Hilary Darby on the rummage.*

long affair with Victoriana's frills and flounces it is certainly an acquired taste. Acquire it soon - it's the coming thing.

"It's already arrived" Muir Hewitt corrected me as we stood, elbows in, amidst the fragile dazzling clutter of his Art Deco Originals shop.

Acknowledged star of the Centre, the shop is the finest of its kind outside London. Angular bowls of brilliantly glazed cherries pose on chrome tables. Busby Berkeley dancing girls raise languid hands to heaven. Yellow orange black blue and purple jostle

and clash in the vivid vibrant and very expensive art of Clarice Cliff, goddess of Art Deco pottery.

"When I first started up here" says Muir "Art Deco was very much out in the cold". Ten years later visitors from as far away as Australia and California head for Halifax to bear off their prized new piece of Clarice Cliff from this most unlikely of Aladdin's caves. "Collectors apart" I had asked Claire "who are the Centre's main customers?"

"We get everybody really. People searching for something specific ... like

your record player for example! People looking for presents ... not everything in here is expensive and the open top floor in particular has that lovely "rummagability" that people like".

Any unpopular clients?

Only when pressed will the dealers admit to gritting their teeth at customers who aggressively air their rudimentary "Antiques Roadshow" acquired knowledge or quibble with prices on the grounds that "my auntie threw dozens of those away".

"What we *don't* mind if people just browse but don't buy". In fact many visitors make a trip of it, musing over a possible purchase in the Centre's cosy tearoom where Phil rustles up a truly handsome poached egg on toast.

Of those that *do* buy, currently top of the list are middle class ladies with newly disposable incomes from paid up mortgages or blossoming careers. "If it's what they fancy, they'll find the money for it even if the household bills have to wait!"

Ironically, at the other end of the spectrum the sellers are often little old ladies convinced that their worn out possessions will raise a welcome nest egg.

"What can I get for this" ventures a hopeful voice proffering a battered old Pyrex casserole. "It's not really my sort of stock" says Claire kindly "but thanks for bringing it in" she calls after a disconsolately retreating back.

If the punters are a mixed bunch even more so the dealers.

Most are moonlighting from other jobs ... civil servants, teachers, nurses ... for contrary to repute few make their fortune in antiques.

"The dealer in the BMW is a myth" says Maurice, sometime engineer and full time blue and white Yorkshire pottery enthusiast. "For every one of them you've got dozens in a clapped out van!"

Peter, ex civil servant and specialist in "Goss and crested porcelain" of the "souvenir from Southport" variety agrees. "The public mainly buy on a whim. So we might have a piece six days or six years! Financially that makes it a very precarious life".

Making a profit isn't helped by the fact that most dealers are passionate collectors and grieve to part with the gems from their stock.

June, for example, who has waited for years to part with £700 for a perfect

Queen Victoria coronation mug. Julie, plugging away at her rare specialisation in late 19th century Art Pottery. Mechanical music men Graham and Ken with their lovingly restored phonographs, scientific instruments and "things that go whirr and ting". £795 for a 1915 working Pathe Gramophone, glorious in purple and gold? A snip. (Ken and Graham's restoration service can also coax life from readers' long-silenced wind up gramophones, right down to selling you soft, medium or loud needles!)


"I've been here five years" says Barbara "leader" of the top floor and also organiser of Bradford's popular Wool Exchange flea markets. "I love the place. It's somewhere both specialists and people who just love interesting old things can feel at home".

As I left, a huge overmantel mirror - the one thing I had coveted but dallied over too long - was triumphantly born away. "Just look at that" tut-tutted two ladies on the corner. "My mum threw two of them out. Don't folk buy some rubbish!"

**Find Halifax Antiques Centre at the corner of Queens Road and Gibbet Street. Open Tuesday-Saturday.**

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*"To everything there is a season and a time to every purpose under heaven"*.

These are the dark days in the eternal cycle of the earth. The days when the sun has a struggle to make it above the rooftops; when the trees are bare, the fields brown and the winter sales unload their tat.

Looking towards Spring, we lose ourselves, before the Christmas tree has even time to decently drop its needles, in bulb buying and holiday brochures.

Whatever happened to the Twelve Days of Christmas, to Old Year's Night, to Plough Monday and Candlemas? Where did the northern wassailers go, the Pennine sweepers and mummers; the vessel cup singers and the Lord of Misrule?

Today over-efficient people bustle the Christmas tree from the house on the dot of Twelfth Night ... and increasingly even on Boxing Day.

How surprised they would be to learn that the glorious silly season of midwinter madness which we palely recall in Christmas and New Year once lasted for weeks ending only when the lambing season heralded the coming of Spring.

But then Christmas has always been a time of confusion.

Who hasn't heard the familiar cry that "Christmas is too commercialised"? It reflects a sense of unease that gluttony, drunkenness and naughty office antics sit uneasily alongside the deep religious significance of our best-loved public festival.

Nothing new about that.

Strange things have been done in the name of Christmas for close on 1700 years since the 3rd century Christian Church chose December 25th as the date of the birth of Christ.

The true date was and remains unknown but ever-practical, the missionaries chose pagan festivals as the bastions of the new Christian calendar, aiming to harness their popularity to the new faith.

Hence the creation of the Feast of the Nativity on December 25th to coincide with the winter solstice and Europe's great midwinter festivals, Saturnalia and Yule.

*Saturnalia* from December 17th-24th was the midwinter festival of Roman Britain, celebrated with food, wine and frolics, gifts and unabashed licence.

# The Dark Days

*Pennine stands under the mistletoe.*

*Yule* was the festival of the Germanic peoples including the Anglo-Saxon invaders settled in these Pennine hills. To Yule is owed the evergreen decorations of Christmas, ritualised singing and even party games such as blind man's buff.

Pagan, Christian, together the strands intertwined (though have never fused), gradually creating the strange season known as "Christmas" (first recorded as a word in 1043 in the *Anglo Saxon Chronicles*).

Much of this melting pot is still part of the Christmas we know.

Mistletoe alone has not cleaned up its act.

Unrepentantly pagan, it remains a key to the midwinter madness that lurks in us all. Here was the Golden Bough of Classical legend. Sacred alike to the Celtic Druids and the Norsemen. Protection against fire and thunder and a plant of peace under which truce was exchanged. And kisses.



Mistletoe's sexual associations still see it banned from churches except, significantly, York Minster, where a bough is laid to this day on the Christmas altar. Even the Victorians were unable to damp its ardour. "Girls should remember" advised the *Home Companion Magazine* "that because a man wishes to kiss her under the mistletoe HE DOES NOT NECESSARILY WISH TO PROPOSE TO HER".

The sacred season itself spanned the Twelve Days of Christmas from the Nativity to the Coming of the Wise Men at Epiphany or Twelfth Night. But with the typical vigour of a hybrid, Christmas in fact colonised the entire winter.



The Christmas Story itself. Presents, carol singers. Special seasonal food (though our mince pies are puny affairs compared to the goose, turkey, fowl, partridge, hare and woodcock of the traditional northern Christmas Pie, one of which was served in Chester in 1811 weighing 200lbs).

What matter that the Christmas tree has ousted the pagan Yule Log, though the latter *did* survive in the Pennines until the turn of the century. Ceremonially dragged to the hearth, the log's steady burning for 24 hours was essential to the luck of the household in the following year.

Of the evergreens our ancestors revered as symbols of life in a season of death, these days only holly decks the halls. Once bay, laurel, box, yew and ivy also wreathed the season, only removed with due ceremony on Candlemas Eve.





house. For these were uncanny times. Across Europe, folk tradition held that during the Twelve Days of Christmas spirits were abroad. The Wild Hunt roared across northern skies; werewolves prowled the woods and the dead returned.

In our own hills, house-to-house wassailing (from the Anglo-Saxon *wes hal* - "be of good health"), blackened faces, animal disguise, sword dancing, cross-dressing in the clothes of the opposite sex ... all were practised and clearly echo how a once-pagan Britain warded off the hostile midwinter.

Until Victorian times in many parts of the north, the *vessel cup singers* made their rounds three weeks before Christmas Day. Generally poor old women, they went from house to house with a decorated wax or wooden doll, blessing houses that gave them welcome with the lovely northern version of the carol *Here We Come A Wassailing*.

*Here we come a wassailing  
Among the leaves so green  
Here we come a wandering  
So fair to be seen  
Love and joy come to you  
And to your wassail too  
And God bless you, and send you  
A happy new year.*

In places the season of making merry lasted from Halloween (the "reformed" pagan fire festival of *Samhain*) to Candlemas on February 2nd, when candles were blessed and distributed as bringers of good luck. (Early February, with its first signs of Spring had been an important date in the pre-Christian year, celebrated by a festival of light and the lambing festival of *Imbolc*).

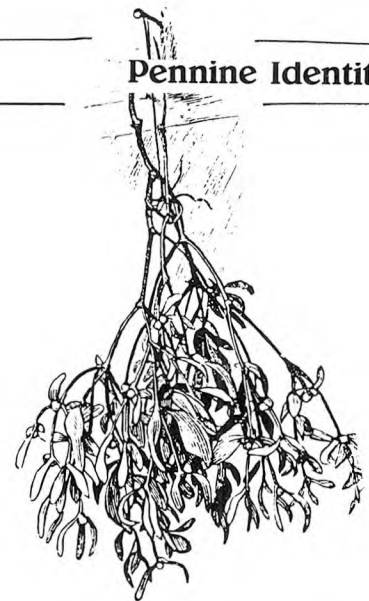
Presided over by a "Lord of Misrule", Christmas became an "open season" of special licence when pranks and goings-on were winked at by the law. To this day, office parties offer a notorious curious immunity. Even certain games were only allowed to be played during Christmas.

Bowls for example! The 1592 records of the Lancaster Quarter Sessions note three men on a charge of playing bowls "it being outside the season called Christmas".

Many Christmas customs did not focus specifically on the nativity but occurred throughout the season, not making today's artificial separation of Christmas from New Year's Day.

Indeed some northern towns made little of Christmas Day itself, reserving festivities for New Year's Day as is still the custom in Scotland. They included Victorian Bolton where even the shops remained open on December 25th.

Among a huge variety of northern traditions, one common thread is the need to fend off the forces of winter by drawing down blessings on the



unannounced on Old Year's Night to ritually sweep the room, silent save for their sinister humming monotone.

Eccentric doings were one thing, deviancy another.

The most serious affront to the Christian view of the season's celebrations was *topsy-turvy* or cross-dressing - men in women's clothing and vice versa. Featuring in many of Britain's traditional customs, its heyday was ribald raucous Twelfth Night.

"There is another custom" wrote a Victorian observer "which is called among us Mummery; which is a changing of Clothes between Men and Women ... It were to be wished this



In Derbyshire, the more frankly pagan *guisers* called and the *kissing bunch*, an evergreen garland was ritually hung from the ceiling.

In Doncaster, Christmas singers were once accompanied by the *Hodeners* who beat open the door for the *Hodening Horse*, a mummer disguised by a sinister horse skull.

Even more alarming "guests" prowled the Yorkshire-Lancashire Pennines within recent memory: the black-faced *mummers* or *sweepers* who burst in

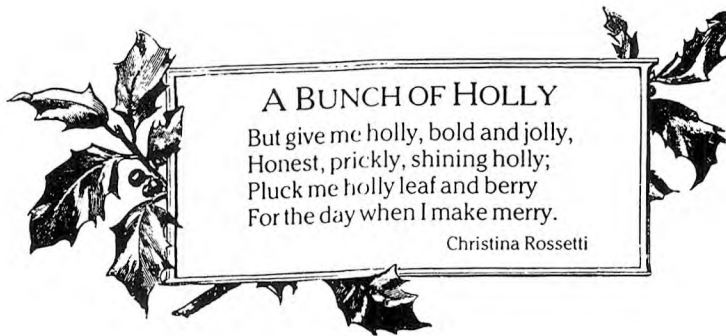
Custom was laid aside; as it is the occasion of much Uncleanliness and-Debauchery and directly opposed to the word of GOD".

Topsy turvy was also central to *Plough Monday*, the first day after January 6th and traditionally the day on which work was resumed on the farm. Young bloods drew a decorated Fool Plough from house to house; sword dances and the Plough Play were performed and "Bessy", a man in women's clothing, carried the collecting box.

Today as a practice, Christmas cross-dressing has not only survived in the curious male Dame and female Principal Boy traditions of seasonal pantomime but is *still* enjoyed with gusto each Old Year's Night in the fancy dress gatherings of **Pennine's** own Hebden Bridge.

What is perhaps the greatest contrast between Christmas present and Christmas past? Its cleaning-up from a public, frankly adult occasion to an inward-looking family affair.

For this, praise or blame the Victorians. They made the modern Christmas.



Wassailing apple trees, dressing in women's clothes? Carousing, licentiousness, public disorder? NOT what the Victorian establishment had in mind for the masses.

The *waits*, amateur street bands who noisily prowled the northern towns were run off the streets. The Lancashire cotton town *fuddles* with "drinking and wholesale kissing between the sexes" were doomed and who now indulges on Twelfth Night?

Stressing the values of charity and goodwill, the Victorians remoulded Christmas into a private event, creating a Christmas where the child, not the Lord of Misrule, is king.

Thank the Victorians for the Christmas tree, the Christmas card and fairy lights. The Christmas cracker with its token "naughty" bang. And, via the immigrant ship to America, Central Europe's kindly clean-living Sant Klaus.

England's holly-garlanded, booze-swaggering Old Father Christmas was a much more disreputable gent. Find him for the final time in Dicken's *A Christmas Carol*. (Incidentally, the book, which shaped the Victorian ideal of Christmas, was written after the author's visit to Manchester and aimed to draw attention to neglect of the poor in the north's new industrialized towns.)

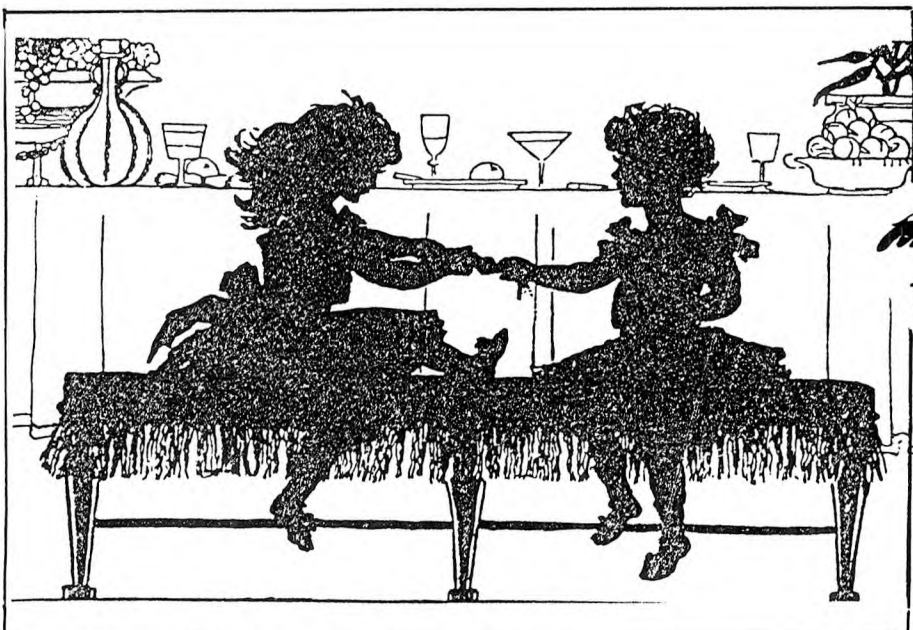
We may have a Victorian Christmas now, but for how long?

Because of its many roots, Christmas has been changing since the festival began. Only the season rolls on unchanged ... from the fires of dying autumn to dour midwinter to potent irrepressible spring.

Perhaps, as a surge of recent interest in the ancient ways and festivals revives morris dancing, well dressing, rushbearing; May Day and Halloween, we may see a revival of Twelfth Night, of Plough Monday, of mummers and guisers, wassailers and hodeners.

Shall we nip down to B&Q for our Yule Log and one day, will the neighbours tut tut unless the tree *stays up* till Candlemas to be replaced, according to tradition, by a lighted candle and the year's first February snowdrops?

Hilary Darby.





## Pick of the Christmas Pennines

Time to get out and about during the Christmas holiday period. Until December 21st Manchester's Whitworth Art Gallery displays **The Prints of Albrecht Durer** along with **Artists in Wartime** (Bawden, Bomberg, Ravilious). Also on display is **The British Landscape** reflected by twentieth century artists; plus **Sculptors' Drawings**, notably those of Moore and Frink.

Meet **Father Christmas Underground** at the Yorkshire Mining museum on 9th, 16th, 23rd December at Overton Wakefield, 0924 848806 for details; perhaps finishing a family day out with a visit to **Jack & The Beanstalk** at the Bradford Alhambra (between 20th December and February 10th: one of the many pantomimes throughout the season).

"To Drive the Winter's Cold Away": listen to the medieval music played on authentic instruments by **Tapestry of Music** at the Pendle Heritage Centre, Barrowford on December 14th. (Mince pies and mulled wine served during the evening!) Perhaps an evening of jazz on the 16th December with **Courtney Pine and the Ellis Marsalis Trio** at the Royal Northern College of Music, Manchester 2734504. Attend a **Candlelit Carol Service** at Haworth parish church on December 23rd and witness the torchlight procession in costume up Main Street.

Finally, "Walk off the Christmas Pud" with a ten miles hike around the **Colne Valley Waterways**. Meet Sheila France at 10am, Fall Lane roundabout, Marsden on Boxing Day ... don't forget to pack those turkey sandwiches...

Roy Hubbard.

### STAGE & SCREEN

#### DEC/JAN

**8 Dec-5 Jan**

'Dick Whittington' at The Albert Halls, Bolton. Tel. 0204 364333

**8 Dec-5 Jan**

'Music Hall'. Octagon Theatre, Bolton. Tel. 0204 20661

**11-15 Dec**

TAODS present 'Stepping Out'. Play by Richard Harris. Hippodrome Theatre, Todmorden.

#### Blackburn Film Society

**13 Dec:** 'Hard Times'

**10 Jan:** 'A Fish Called Wanda'

**24 Jan:** 'New York Stories'

**7 Feb:** 'Life & Nothing But'

**14 Feb:** 'Dead Poets Society'

**21 Feb:** 'On The Black Hill'

Central Library Theatre. Tel. 0254 668471

**13 Dec-12 Jan**

'The Wizard of Oz'. Crucible Theatre, Sheffield. Tel. 0742 769922

**13/15 Dec**

Lewis London Ballet present Alice in Wonderland at Burnley Mechanics. Tel. 0282 30055

**From 14 Dec**

'Robin Hood & The Babes In The Wood'. Theatre Royal & Opera House, Wakefield. Tel. 0924 366556

**14 Dec-12 Jan**

'Puss In Boots' at Harrogate Theatre

**14 Dec-24 Feb**

'Dick Whittington' at Palace Theatre, Manchester. Tel. 061 2369922

**Until 15 Dec**

'The Railway Children'. Grange Arts Centre, Oldham. Tel. 061 624 8013

**Until 15 Dec**

'Death & The Kings Horseman'. Royal Exchange, Manchester. Tel. 061 833 9833

**Until 15 Dec**

Halifax Thespians present 'Snow Queen' at King Cross Street, Halifax. Tel. Hx. 365998.

**15 Dec-26 Jan**

'Sugar'. A musical comedy based on the Screenplay 'Some Like It Hot'. Also

**Until 5 Jan** - 'The 3 Secrets of Serendip' A play for children & **2 Feb-2 March**

'The Playboy of the Western World'. All at West Yorks. Playhouse. Tel. 0532 442111

**17-22 Dec**

The Minstrel Stars Christmas Show. Grange Art Centre, Oldham. Tel. 061 6248013

**18 Dec-26 Jan**

'The Pirates of Penzance' by Gilbert & Sullivan, with Paul Nicholas. Lyceum Theatre, Sheffield. Tel. 0742 769922

**20 Dec-10 Feb**

'Jack & The Beanstalk' with Max Boyce & Ian Botham. Alhambra Theatre, Bradford. Tel. 0274 752000

**20 Dec-2 Feb**

'The Beggar's Opera', Royal Exchange, Manchester. Tel. 061 833 9833

**21 Dec-19 Jan**

'Cinderella', Tameside Theatre, Ashton-U-Lyne. Tel. 061 3083223

**26 Dec-19 Jan**

'Cinderella'. Halifax Civic Theatre. Tel. Hx.351158

**27 Dec-13 Jan**

'Little Red Riding Hood'. King Georges Hall, Blackburn. Tel. 0254 582582

**10-12 & 21-26 Jan**

'Back Street Mammy' by Trish Cooke. Start of a season of 6 weekly contemporary plays. The Courtyard Theatre, W.Yorks. Playhouse, Leeds

**Until 19 Jan**

'Beauty & The Beast'. Library Theatre, Manchester. Tel. 061 236 7110

**Until 19 Jan**

'Sinbad The Sailor'. Forum Theatre, Wythenshawe, Manchester. Tel. 061 236 7110.

**21-26 Jan**

'The Royal Baccarat Scandal' (Ryton). Bradford Playhouse. Tel. 0274 720329

**21-26 Jan**

'Murder At The Vicarage' by Agatha Christie presented by Hud-

dersfield Thespians. Venn St. Arts Centre, Huddersfield. Tel. 0484 422133

**23-26 Jan**

Burnley Garrick Club in 'Amadeus' at Burnley Mechanics Theatre.

**24 Jan**

Compass Theatre, Co. in 'The Merchant of Venice' at Civic Theatre, Oswaldtwistle. Tel. 0282 21986

**Until 26 Jan**

'Mother Goose & The Raiders of the Lost Egg'. Oldham Coliseum. Tel. 061 6242829

**29 Jan-2 Feb**

Popular Childrens Show 'Mr Spoon & Button Moon' The Library Theatre, Manchester



### FEB/MARCH

**2 Feb-2 March**

'The Playboy of the Western World'. Quarry Theatre, West Yorks. Playhouse, Leeds

**2-9 Feb**

'Desire Under The Elms'. Forge Theatre, Bolton Little Theatre, Bolton. Tel. Bolton 42252

**12-17 Feb**

Little & Large in 'Goldilocks & The Three Bears'. The Grand Theatre, Leeds. Tel. 0532 459351

**18-23 Feb**

'Teechers'/'Shakers'. Double bill from John Godber. Bradford Playhouse. Tel. 0274 720329

**19-23 Feb**

Northern Ballet Theatre in 'Romeo & Juliet'. Alhambra Theatre, Bradford. Tel. 0274 752000

**25 Feb-2 March**

'Dangerous Corner' by J B Priestley. Bingley Little Theatre. Tel. 0274 567983

## EXHIBITIONS

### DEC/JAN

#### 8 Dec-5 Jan

Harrogate International Poster Show. Harrogate Art Gallery.

#### 18 Dec-27 Jan

After Dark exhibition "peeping into the bedroom" and the night. Manor House, Ilkley. Tel. 0943 600066

#### Until 23 Dec

'Treasures of Lancashire'. Towneley Hall, Burnley. Tel. 0282 24213

#### Until 5 Jan

Icons Exhibition. Blackburn Museum & Art Gallery.

#### Dec to 6 Jan

For the Love of Birds. The RSPB's centenary exhibition. Cliffe Castle, Keighley. Tel. 0274 758230

#### Until 6 Jan

Witton Country Park & Visitor Centre's Christmas Exhibition. Witton Country Park, Blackburn. Tel. 0254 55423

#### Until 6 Jan

'The Forces of Nature' Landscapes as Metaphor. Manchester City Art Gallery. Tel. 061 236 5244

#### Until 5 Jan

Christmas Open Exhibition 1990. Local artists at Finegold Contemporary Art, Walkleys Clogs, Hebden Bridge. Tel. 0422 845659

#### Until 6 Jan

Marsden Moor. The local work of the National Trust. Saddleworth Museum. Tel. 0457 474093

#### 10 Jan-12 Feb

Sculpted Portraits by Sam Tonkiss. MPAA, Gallery Downstairs, Burnley Mechanics.

#### 10 Jan-12 Feb

'Woven Responses'. An exhibition of tapestry weaving. Mid Pennine Arts, The Gallery Downstairs, Burnley Mechanics.

#### 11 Jan-16 Feb

Rietveld Furniture & The Schroder House. Organised by the South Bank Centre, London. Whitworth Art Gallery, Manchester.

#### Until 19 Jan

My Way - Art To The People. Yorkshire Artist Ashley Jackson. Hudersfield Art Gallery.

#### Until 19 Jan

'Recording Ancient Egypt'. The Manchester Museum. Tel. 061 275 2634

#### Until 27 Jan

Out of the Wood. Expressionist woodcuts & wood-carvings by the German Die Brudee group. Tate Gallery, Liverpool. Tel. 051 709 3223

#### From 27 Jan

People in the Blitz. Photographs by George Rodger. National Museum of Photography, Bradford. Tel. 0274 727488

### FEB/MARCH

#### 2 Feb-10 March

Wildlife Photographer of the Year (1989) & Woodland Matters. From the Winter of Wildlife season at Cliffe Castle, Keighley. Tel. 0274 758230

#### 20 Feb-7 April

Strongholds. New art from Ireland in conjunction with Liverpool's Irish community. Tate Gallery, Liverpool. Tel. 051 709 3223

## OTHER EVENTS

### DEC/JAN

#### 8/9,15/16,22/23 Dec

'Santa Specials'. Keighley & Worth Valley Railway. Tel. 0535 43629

#### 9,16,23 Dec

Father Christmas Underground. Yorks. Mining Museum, Overton, Wakefield. Tel. 0924 848806

#### 9 Dec

Christmas Fantasia at the Astoria Ballroom, Rawtenstall

#### Manchester Guided Walks

9,16 Dec: Grand Victorian Christmas Tour

23 Dec: Manchester's War

26 Dec: A Boxing Day Stroll

Details: 061 234 3157/8

#### 9/16 Dec

Santa Trains. Embsay Station, Skipton.

#### 15 Dec

Cross Stone Parish Christmas Fair. 3.00-6.00 Priestwell, Todmorden.

#### 15 & 16 Dec

Victorian Christmas Weavers Triangle Visitors Centre, Burnley.

#### 22 Dec

Childrens Christmas Party, Astoria Ballroom, Rawtenstall

#### Until 22 Dec

Christmas Crafts. Mid Pennine Arts, The Gallery Downstairs, Burnley Mechanics.

#### 26 Dec

Festive Fell Race. Rossendale Harriers & Athletic Club. Whinberry Naze. Dash 4-5 miles - Fancy Dress. Contact Graham Wright, 16 Park Road, Waterfoot.

#### Until 27 Dec

'Christmas Selection'. From £1 to £500. Crafts for sale at the Craft Centre, Manchester Royal Exchange.

#### 30 Dec

Ribble Valley IOK Road Race, Edisford Bridge, Clitheroe.

#### 31 Dec

'Around Pule' Guided Walk. Meet David Finnis 10am. Fall Lane Roundabout, Marsden. 9-10 miles hard. (Packed lunch required)

### JAN/FEB

#### 1 Jan

Family Day with the Fat Controller & Happy Tank Engines. 11.00-3.30pm. Embsay Steam Railway, Skipton.

#### 5 & 6 Jan

Glasswork. Weekend afternoon craft event at Colne Valley Museum (also 12 & 13; 19 & 20; 26 & 27); 0484 659762

#### 11 Jan

Oakwell by Candlelight at 17th century Oakwell Hall, Birstall. Tel. 0924-474926

#### 24 Jan-3 Feb

Fibres In Action. Exhibition, demonstrations & "have a go" opportunities with the Bradford & District Guild of Handweavers, Spinners & Dyers. Workshops on 26 & 27 January. 2 & 3 February.



#### 8 Feb

Oakwell by Candlelight at 17th century Oakwell Hall, Birstall. Tel. 0924 474926

#### 9 Feb

Tiffany Glass Workshop (continues 23 Feb and 9 March) £30 including lunch for series. Oakwell Hall, Birstall. Tel. 0924 474926

#### 12 March

Decorating & Furnishing a Historic House. A look at early 19th century Red House, Gomersal. £1.50 bookings essential. Tel. 0274 872165



## DEC/JAN

### Dec

Opera North

14,19,21: 'Cosi Fan Tutte'  
by *Mozart*

20,22,29: 'Attila' by *Verdi*

### 12 Dec

The Houghton Weavers  
Christmas Cracker Show.  
Oldham Coliseum. Tel. 061  
6242829

### 12 Dec

Lord Mayor's Carols. 7pm.  
IMI Yorkshire Imperial  
Band. Yeadon Town Hall.  
Tel. 0532 462453

### 13 Dec

Halle Orchestra at Free  
Trade Hall, Manchester.  
*Mozart, Berg, Enescu,  
Janacek*. Tel. 061 834 1712

### 14 Dec

'To Drive The Winter's  
Cold Away'. Tapestry of  
Music. Pendle Heritage  
Centre, Barrowford. Tel.  
0282 21986

### 14 Dec

Christmas Concert with  
Fairfax: "Old Noll's  
Nowell" programme of  
17th century Christmas  
music. East Riddlesden  
Hall. Tel. 0535 607075

### 14 Dec

Halle Orchestra at St  
Georges Concert Hall,  
Bradford. *Glinka,  
Rachmaninov, Janacek*. Tel.  
0274 752000

### 15 Dec

Handel's Messiah with the  
Northern Symphony  
Orchestra at King Georges  
Hall, Blackburn. Tel.0254  
582582



### 15 Dec

City of Birmingham  
Symphony Orchestra.  
Leeds Town Hall. Tel.  
0532 462453

### 15 Dec

Carol Concert by Northern  
Chamber Orchestra &  
Sheffield Philharmonic  
Chorus. Sheffield City  
Hall.

### 15 Dec

'Christmas Concert For  
All'. Manchester  
Cathedral. 7.30-9.30pm.

### 15 Dec

Blackburn Music Society  
perform Handel's Messiah  
accompanied by the Nor-  
thern Symphony  
Orchestra. King Georges  
Hall.

### 16 Dec

Open Air Carol Service.  
7.30pm at East Riddlesden  
Hall, Keighley. Tel. 0535  
607075

### 16 Dec

Courtney Pine with the  
Ellis Marsalis Trio. Royal  
Northern College of  
Music. Tel. 061 273 4504

### 21 Dec

Royal Liverpool Philhar-  
monic Orchestra. King  
Georges Hall, Blackburn.  
Tel. 0254 582582

### 22 Dec

Grand Christmas Ceilidh.  
Derby Hall, Bury. Book-  
ings 061 761 1544

### 23 Dec

Candlelit Carol Service.  
Haworth Parish Church &  
torchlight procession (in  
costume up Main St.)



### 23 Dec

Todmorden Old Brass  
Band & Choral Society.  
Christmas Concert.  
7.30pm. Town Hall.

### 29 Dec

Camerata 'Mainly Mozart'.  
Free Trade Hall,  
Manchester. Tel. 061  
2573522

### 5 Jan

New Year's Viennese Con-  
cert with the Halle  
Orchestra. St Georges  
Hall, Bradford. Tel. 0274  
752000

### 6 Jan

'Miller Magic'. The Herb  
Miller Orchestra. West  
Yorks. Playhouse. Tel.  
0532 462453

### 8,10,12 Jan

Opera North perform *Cosi  
Fan Tutti* at Leeds Grand  
Theatre. Tel. 0532 459351



**10 Jan**  
Halle Orchestra at Free Trade Hall, Manchester. *Casken, Liszt, Berlioz*. Tel. 061 834 1712

**9 Jan**  
Hammonds Sauce Works Band. Yeadon Town Hall. Tel. 0532 462 453

**12 Jan**  
The Hurley Moate Dobcross Band. 'A New Year Viennese Concert'. Tel. 061 624 8013

**16 Jan**  
Ilkley Concert Club present Nash Ensemble at Kings Hall, Ilkley. Tel. 609744

**18 Jan**  
English Northern Philharmonia perform Elgar's Cello Concerto. At St Georges Hall, Bradford. Tel. 0274 752000

**19 Jan**  
BBC Philharmonic Orchestra. Leeds Town Hall. Tel. 0532 462453

**21 Jan**  
Huddersfield Music Society. 'Sorrel String Quartet' perform 'On Wenlock Edge'. St Paul's Hall, Polytechnic. Tel. 0484 422612

**24 Jan**  
John Foster Black Dyke Mills Band. Garforth Comprehensive. Tel. 0532 462453

**24 Jan**  
Halle Orchestra at Free Trade Hall, Manchester. *Takemitsu, Rachmaninov, Sibelius*. 061 834 1712

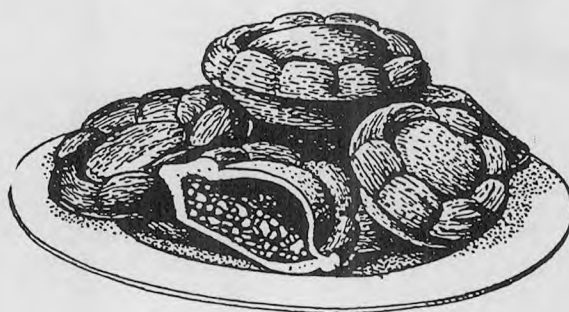
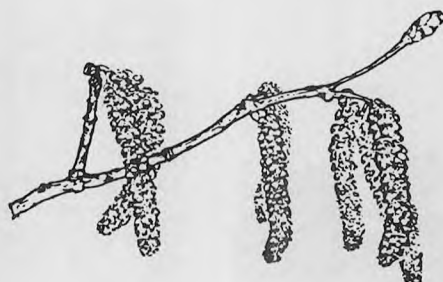
**25 Jan**  
Viennese Evening. English Northern Philharmonia. Guild Hall, Preston. (Also

**26 Jan** at Barnsley Civic Theatre)

**26 Jan**  
City of Leeds Youth Orchestra. Leeds Town Hall. Tel. 0532 462453

**26 Jan**  
Celebrity Organ Recital: Johannes Geffert (Bonn). Manchester Cathedral.

**27 Jan**  
Mozart Bicentennial Concert by English Camerata. Civic Theatre, Leeds. Tel. 0532 455505



**7 Feb**  
Halle Orchestra at Free Trade Hall, Manchester *Haydn, Takemitsu, Prokofiev*. Tel. 061 834 1712

**7 Feb**  
Concert by The Manchester Camerata. *Vivaldi, Handel, Rossini, Tchaikovsky*. Colne Municipal Hall. Tel. 0282 21986

**9 Feb**  
BBC Welsh Symphony Orchestra at Leeds Town Hall. Tel. 0532 462453

**9 Feb**  
Halle Orchestra Concert including Bolero by *Ravel* & 1st Piano Concerto by *Tchaikovsky*. Tel. 0274 752000

**12 Feb**  
Stamic Quartet of Prague at Temple Newsam, Leeds. Tel. 0532 462453

**13 Feb**  
The Dubliners at St Georges Concert Hall, Bradford. Tel. 0274 752000

**13 Feb**  
Ilkley Concert Club present Israel Piano Trio at Kings Hall, Ilkley. Tel. Ilkley 609744

**16 Feb**  
England Be Glad. Estampie with songs & dances from the time of Henry VIII. Oakwell Hall, Birstall. Tel. 0924 474926

**16 Feb**  
Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Leeds Town Hall. Tel. 0532 462453

## FEB/MARCH

**2 Feb**  
English Northern Philharmonia. Leeds Town Hall. Tel. 0532 462453

**2 Feb**  
English Northern Philharmonia Concert including Dvorak's Symphony 'From The New World'. Leeds Town Hall.

**3 Feb**  
Sound Sense. A specially devised family Coffee Concert by deaf musician Paul Whittaker, Founder of 'Music and the Deaf'. 11am. Cartwright Hall, Bradford. Tel. 0274 493313. Tickets from Cartwright Hall, Woods Music Shop 0274 307636; Yorks. Youth & Music 0422 345631



**17 Feb**  
City of Leeds College of Music 'Jazz Showcase'. Queens Hotel, Leeds.

**20 Feb**  
Fairfax Early Music Group. Leeds City Arts Gallery. 1.05pm. Tel. 0532 462453

**21 Feb**  
Halle Orchestra Concert at Free Trade Hall, Manchester. *Brahms, Schoenberg, Debussy, Ravel*. Tel. 061 834 1712

**21 Feb**  
Williams Fairey Engineering Works Band. Garforth Comprehensive School. Tel. 0532 462453

**23 Feb**  
City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra. Leeds Town Hall. Tel. 0532 462453

**March**  
St Georges Hall, Bradford. Tel. 0274 752000.

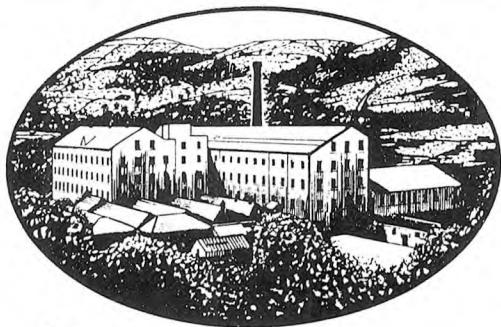
**2:** Stuttgart Philharmonia Orchestra. *Beethoven's* Emperor Concerto

**9:** Bradford Festival Choral Society. *Mozart's* Requiem Mass

**17:** Mazepa Cossacks

**6 March**  
Opera North perform The Jewel Box. Also **7 & 9:** *Così fan Tutti*. Manchester Palace Theatre. Tel. 061 236 9922.

**10 March**  
An English Serenade by English Camerata. *Elgar, Delius & Vaughan Williams*. Leeds Civic Theatre. Tel. 0532 455505



Pennine

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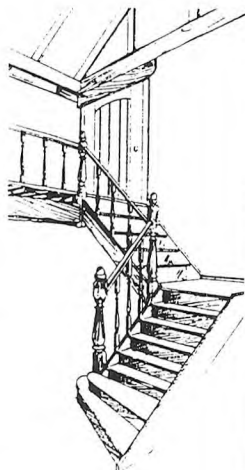
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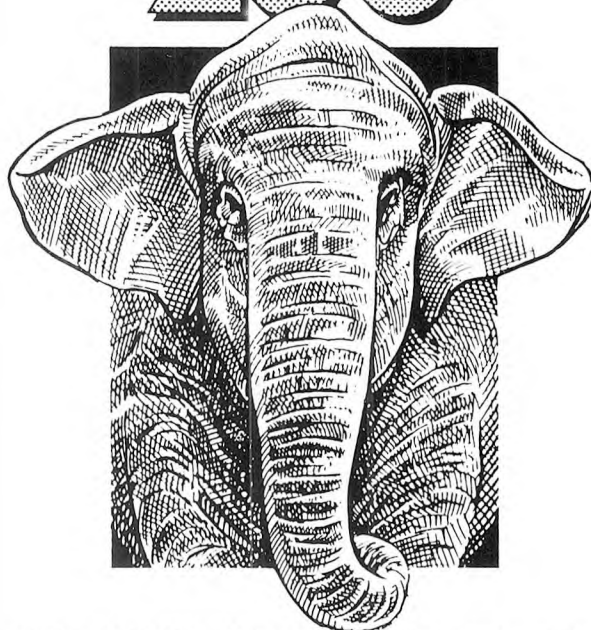
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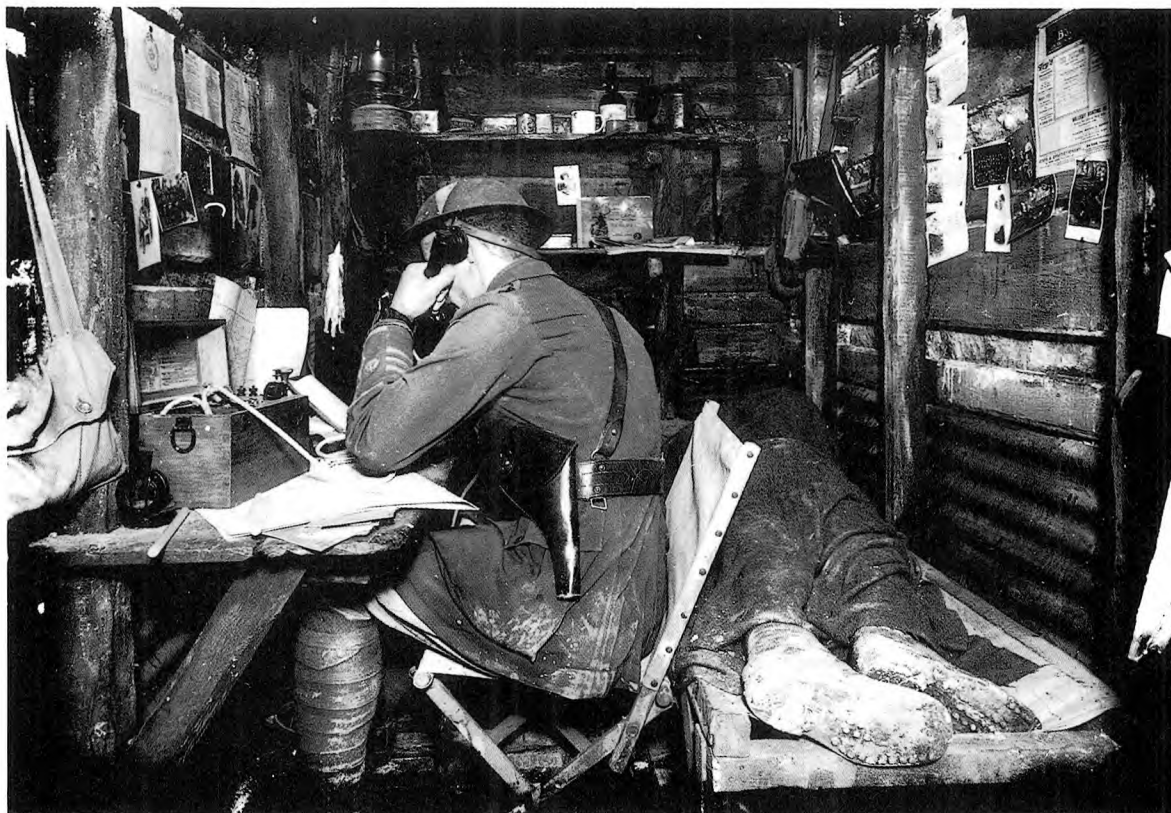
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# BETWEEN TRAINS: The Imperial War Museum

*Bound south for the London sales? Take time for a detour with Dave Behrens ... but keep your head down.*



*Trench experience: the men are models; the suffering authentic.*

The old Blitz spirit is not the first thing that strikes you about London these days. (“You can’t park ’ere. Shove orf - can’t you see we’re closed?”)

Ah, but the water of half a century has flowed under the bridge since then, and the comradeship brought on by the terror of the air raids was washed away long ago. Today, in the event of war, the shelters will be privatised and the comradeship laid on by a PR firm.

At the Imperial War Museum, just south of the Thames down Lambeth way, they’ve revived the Blitz, but the spirit is harder to find.

The marketing ethic has taken over and created a museum of the nineties: rebuilt and relaunched for £20 million, with corporate hospitality suites and a corporate logo.

It is an incontrovertible fact that comradeship and corporate identity do not belong together.

“The Blitz is full. You’ll have to book later,” said a trendy young thing on the ticket desk. A good thing they didn’t stand on such ceremony in 1940. Don’t let it put you off, though. The Imperial War Museum is one of the treasure houses of Britain and even on a snatched visit there is much to enjoy. ‘The Blitz Experience’ is its latest attraction. Having booked your ticket (“This way for the Blitz, please”) you are led into a mock-up of a darkened London air raid shelter where sound effects recreate the atmosphere and a lever jolts your seat to simulate the effect of the bombs dropping.

As the all clear sounds, you walk out to the devastation of your street after the Luftwaffe’s done its worst. A gas works goes up behind you and St Paul’s is silhouetted against the red sky, while down the street at the bombed out corner shop, a sign says Business As Usual. It’s a clever piece of theatre.

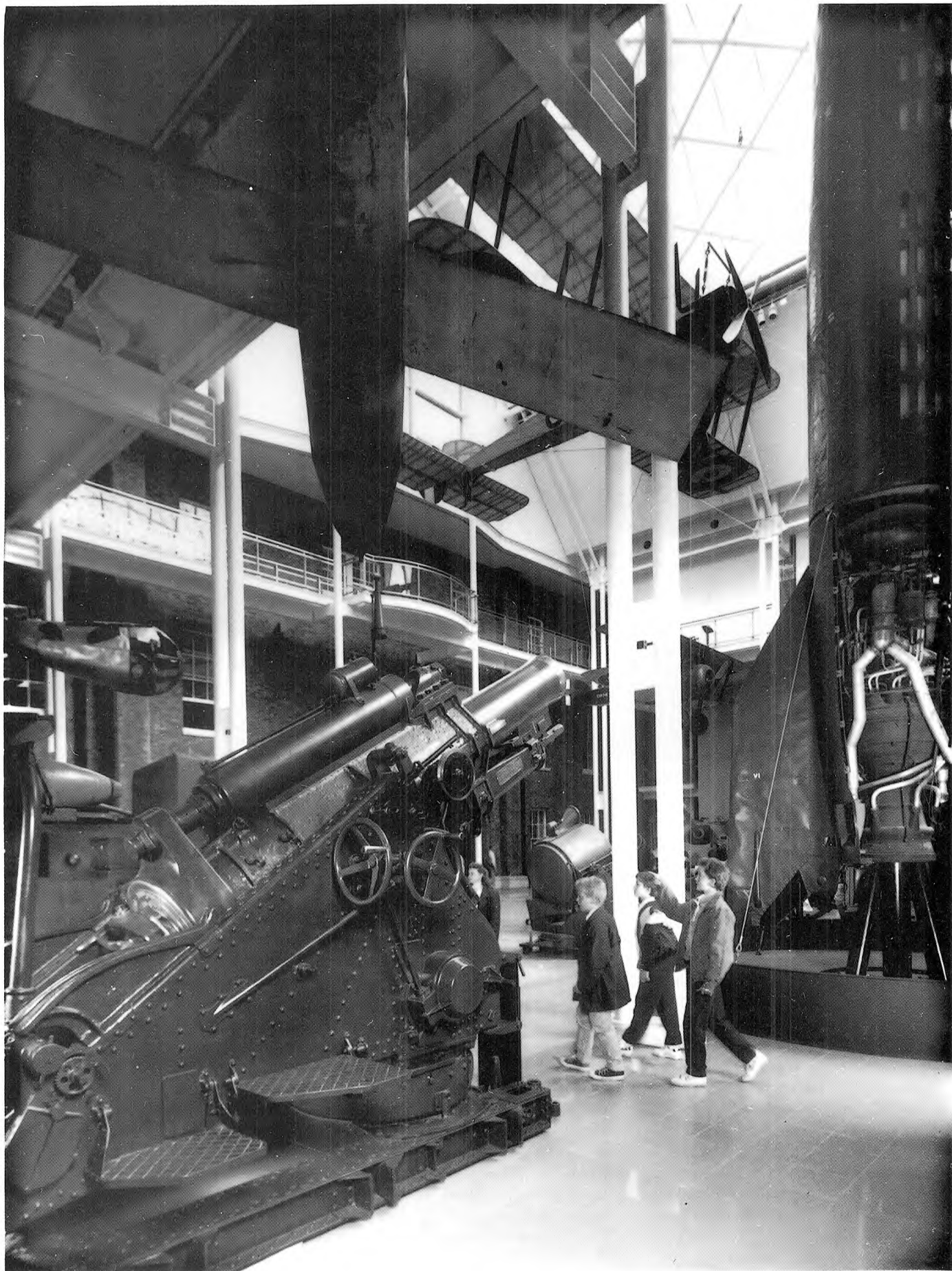
(The only thing *more* realistic is Lambeth North tube station round the corner, which seems in exactly the same state now as when the bombs were falling.)

The Blitz Experience forms part of a permanent exhibition at the IWM which also invites you to undergo the Trench Experience. This is a reconstructed front line trench from World War One, into which swirling mists and smells are pumped.

You don’t have to queue for that one. Who would want to?

The Imperial War Museum is contained in the surviving part of a former lunatic asylum, a fitting place for a monument to history’s insanity.

It’s very much a “hands off” museum, and many exhibits are poorly documented. My information pack seemed more interested in the designers of the corporate logo than in the exhibits. A shame, because the collection



*Instruments of War: this 77-ft high Exhibition Hall forms the entrance to the new Imperial War Museum.*





*London under Hitler: business as usual 50 years on.*

here is priceless, and the refit has yielded space - four floors of it - to exhibit more than ever before.

It's the big guns that hit you as you enter. In a vast atrium hang six war-time aircraft, a German V2 rocket and a Polaris missile. Other "spoils" include an Argentine anti-aircraft gun from the Falklands, a timely reminder that this particular form of insanity isn't the exclusive province of generations past.

Downstairs, make time to see the permanent exhibitions of war in this century. As well as the Blitz and the trenches, this is where you find the minutiae of war - the powdered egg packets, the gas masks and the personal diaries that tell you far more

about the time than any official record.

There are surprises, too. A WWI poster reads: "To dress extravagantly in war time is worse than bad form - it is unpatriotic." Montague Burton probably read that before he made a fortune.

There are also TV monitors pumping out archive footage, including some rare colour stuff. And different aisles which lead you to more exhibits grouped by theme: the Home Front, the Middle East, the War at Sea, the Inter-War Years. The latter includes the Munich Agreement signed by Chamberlain and Hitler, back on public display after a long absence.

Look out too for the three Montgomery caravans, from where he planned his campaigns in the Western Desert and north east Europe. The Operational Command Centre still has the campaign maps on the walls.

If you've got the stomach for it, you can climb into a flight simulator and imagine yourself on the RAF's sortie to release captive resistance fighters in France, Operation Jericho. (I was game but I regretted it. Then again, I throw up at the sight of airport food, let alone an aeroplane.)

For all its pleasures, the IWM is an institution just slightly ill at ease in the 1990s. Despite the sound effects, the TV monitors and the flight simulators, it is still largely a place of exhibits in glass cases. Resigned to this and obviously conscious of the need to "sell", the curators have sought security in their corporate logo and their hospitality suites.

But the museum's real and unique role is as storyteller. And the marketing men have realised it by billing the place, "Part of Your Family's History". Tragically, it's true.

**Location:** Lambeth Road, London SE1. A short walk from Elephant & Castle tube (Northern line, direct to Euston, King's Cross and St Pancras) or Lambeth North (Bakerloo line).

**Opening times:** 10.00am to 6.00pm every day except Christmas and New Year's Day. Admission £3.00. Half price for children, students, elderly and unemployed. Additional £1 each for Blitz Experience and Operation Jericho.

**Further information:** Metered car parking in Lambeth Road, outside the museum. Coat and briefcase check-in facility at entrance. recorded information on 071-820 1283.



# Out Of The Shadows



*Is it time, asks Dave Welbourne, to give due honour to Blind Jack Metcalf, northern road builder extraordinaire?*

There are thousands of people in British history who have achieved remarkable feats but those who do it against all odds deserve to be especially remembered.

Jack Metcalf of Knaresborough was renowned for road building in the eighteenth century, a legend in his own time and a larger than life character whose achievements were accomplished despite his blindness. Yet Metcalf has not received the historical acclaim he deserves, overshadowed by the more lasting if arguably no more deserved fame of Macadam (1756-1836) and Telford (1757-1834). Jack Metcalf was born in August 1717 in a thatched cottage near Knaresborough Castle.

At the age of six he became one of the many hapless victims of the smallpox epidemic then raging through the West Riding. Expected to die he recovered, but never regained his sight.

For many people this disability would have acted as a restriction but not for Jack. He developed the skill to fish, wrestle and climb trees. An accomplished horseman, he enjoyed hunting and riding and often rode for wagers.

From the age of twelve he even worked as a guide around Knaresborough, taking travellers over tracks, marshes and the mud churned roads.

Understandably Jack's mother was worried about his future and encouraged him to learn a skill which would give him a stable living. Fiddle playing was the answer and Jack became very proficient. (Later in life when business was slack he always returned to fiddle playing.)

In 1732 Jack was invited to play at the Assembly in Harrogate and his fame spread. One venue where he was popular was the Royal Oak in Harrogate (now the Granby Hotel) where he fell in love with Dolly, the landlord's daughter.

Despite her parents' objection to the suit of a blind fiddle player, Dolly finally eloped with Jack who established himself in Knaresborough as a guide, merchant and hirer of a four horse chaise. His experiences on the atrocious roads were to make a deep impression on Jack and influence his future career.

In 1745 the Jacobite Rebellion broke out. Bonnie Prince Charlie posed such a threat to King George II that the call

went out through the land for volunteer soldiers.

As a well known figure, Jack was asked to recruit local men for the Yorkshire Blues and when the regiment was ready to leave for Scotland he insisted on going with them, playing his fiddle at the head of the column.

Almost captured at the Battle of Falkirk, Jack was also present at the infamous Battle of Culloden where the Duke of Cumberland (the "Butcher") routed the heavily outnumbered Jacobites. During the Rebellion, Jack first came into contact with General Wade. It was he who had been responsible for Britain's first large scale road improvements following the Jacobite uprising of 1715.

The highways of eighteenth century England were both dangerous and uncomfortable. In winter they were frozen, potholed and churned up with mud. Carts and carriages often had to be pushed by the passengers and some were known to have frozen to death in stranded coaches.

"I know not in the whole range of language" wrote Arthur Young in his *Tour Through the North of England* "words sufficiently accurate to describe this damned road."

“Let me warn all travellers who may decide to travel through this terrible northern country (Lancashire or Yorkshire) to avoid it as they would the devil. For a thousand to one they will break their necks or limbs by over-throwing or breaking down. The only mending the road gets is the tumbling in of some loose stones which serve no other purpose than to jolt the carriage around in the most intolerable manner.”

Under the Statute of Labour Act 1555, the repair of parish roads still relied on “forced labour”. In theory, local inhabitants were to work for six days a year unpaid to maintain the roads in their area.

Often the work was badly done or neglected and one road surveyor commented in 1788 that “five hired labourers will do as much work as ten or twelve who come out on the Statute. They make a holiday of it, lounge about and trifle away the time”. Labourers in Yeadon near Leeds for example had to be bribed with jugs of ale but it did not make much difference.



On completion of Metcalf’s first road, cynical critics were surprised at its excellent quality and other contracts followed.

In fact, Blind Jack was to become the first in a line of great civil engineers who adopted a more scientific approach to road building.

His most difficult job, for which he earned £4500, was part of the Huddersfield to Manchester turnpike which he started in 1759. It would prove to be the first “proper” road across the Pennines.

A section of the road had to pass over the moors at Standedge, boggy ground 1250 feet above sea level.

To meet the challenge, Jack adopted an idea from a paper to the Royal Society on roadmaking. His method was to build an arched surface so that rainwater could run off into a channel at each side. When the road passed over bogs, the road bed was formed by pressing down, in a criss-cross fashion, bundles of heather on which was laid the road’s stones and gravel. The jagged stones of the surface would in time be bound together under the pressure of wheels.

Criticised for his methods, Jack was undaunted. Later he noted in his autobiography that everyone was impressed by the fact that they could travel between Huddersfield and Manchester without getting wet.

Observers wrote that Metcalf arrived on site each morning at six and walked each section of the road tapping it with a hollow stick until he knew everything about the type of ground, the bends, the rises and the dips.

“The plans which he makes, and the estimate he prepares, are done in a manner peculiar to himself” wrote Samuel Smiles in his *Lives of Engineers* “and ... he cannot well convey the meaning to others. His abilities

in this respect are, nevertheless so great that he finds constant employment.”

In 1765 Blind Jack started the Harrogate to Boroughbridge road. In 1778 he completed the road between Huddersfield and Halifax via Elland and in all built 180 miles of turnpikes across the north not only in Yorkshire but Lancashire, Cheshire and Derbyshire.

Jack built the roads from Wakefield to Doncaster, Wakefield to Dewsbury, Skipton to Colne, Bury to Haslingden, Haslingden to Accrington and on to Blackburn, retiring only when he reached seventy.

Even at 78, when a friend persuaded him to have his biography written, Jack walked all the way from Knaresborough to York to tell his story to the publisher!

This “most extraordinary character” as he was described in his biography died in 1810 on his farm at Spofforth near Knaresborough, aged 92. He left ninety great grandchildren and his gravestone can still be found in Spofforth Churchyard.

A giant of a man, he had earned the respect of all with whom he came into contact. He was renowned for his sense of humour, his concern for the underdog and his ability to handle people. One contemporary paid him the highest compliment when he said: “Though he had not read books, he had read men.”

Blind Jack Metcalf made an important contribution to Britain’s economic development.

His scientific road building techniques had improved communications in the north of England during a critical century of agrarian and economic change. He was a pioneer who helped establish a tradition of engineering and who acted as an inspiration to others.

Indeed, when George Stephenson himself was having problems constructing the Manchester Liverpool Railway of Chat Moss Bog, he adopted Metcalf’s ideas.

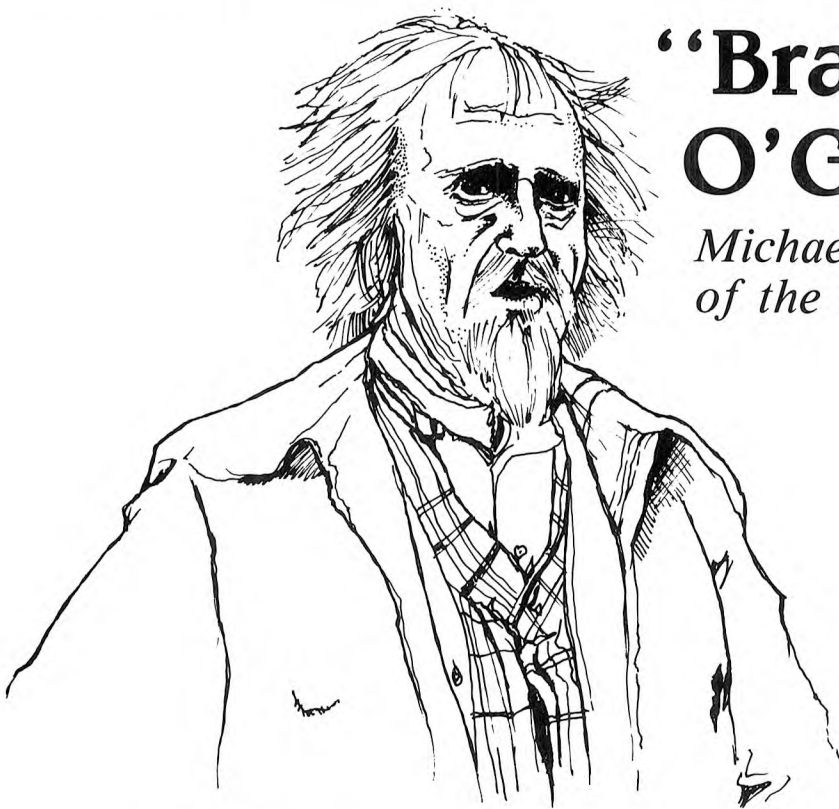
“It is an odd quirk of fate” comments Colin Speakman in his *Transport in Yorkshire* “that someone like Stephenson could have become a national hero, while Metcalf who overcame a devastating handicap to achieve parallel feats of engineering skill, should have remained in relative obscurity.”

Perhaps it is time Blind Jack came out of the shadows to take his rightful place in history. Just a thought this winter, as we brave the roads we owe to his cheerful genius.



The effect on travel was inevitable. Around 1700 it took 4 days to travel by coach from London to Manchester - when the weather was good. A 1706 poster boasted that passengers could travel from London to York in four days “if God permits”. London to Edinburgh was a three week journey. The answer seemed to be the expansion of turnpike roads built, under act of parliament, by trusts and with tolls charged for their repair and upkeep. The first had been the Great North Road (now the A1) in 1663.

Blind Jack Metcalf’s road building ventures began in 1754 when he won the contract for the Ferrensby to Minskop stretch of the Harrogate to Boroughbridge turnpike. Already in business as a carrier, he had become convinced of the need to improve the state of English roads.



# “Brass And A Bit O’ Ground”

*Michael Wayte at the fireside of the Wharfedale Hermit.*

*Illustration by Steve Tetlow.*

“Now, owd lass” he said, “just settle back an’ open t’mouth and I’ll spoon it in. It’s rare good.”

Mary looked at the steaming spoon with some trepidation and protested feebly. But Job lovingly insisted. “Just a mouthful, Mary lass - it’ll do ye a power o’ good.”

But Mary could not take another spoonful, either then or ever again and Job stood sadly by his wife’s side. He shook his head “It must ha’ bin too hot for t’old lass. Still, though” he went on, “I munna waste it. If t’owd lass canna tek it, I mun eat it mysel.” Job hated waste.

His wife safely buried, Job settled down to enjoy a well-earned widowerhood. “It’s an easy gotten penny by the light o’ the moon” he observed, surveying his inheritance.

He was less pleased, though, when shortly afterwards the family of Mary’s first husband reclaimed the paddock, nor shortly afterwards when he returned home to find that the cottage had been pulled to pieces.

From then on Job led a miserable life of idleness in a wretched hovel which he built by the Coldston Beck. ‘Built’ is perhaps too grand a word, but hovel is just right.

He set up some large rough-hewn stones and capped them with another large boulder. He covered this with irregular and undressed slates and topped it all with sods of peat. It was so low that he was compelled to crawl inside on hands and knees and so small there was no room to do anything other than lie down and turn around. There he would lie on a bed of dry bracken and hold high court to visitors from Leeds and Bradford who assembled on a Sunday morning to be regaled by his home-spun philosophy. For by now he had become a well-known local ‘character’.

In his delightful book *Yorkshire Oddities* the author Sabine Baring Gould recounts one of Job’s pieces of advice. In brief it went like this.

“Are you wed?” he asked one young man.

**O**n the little winding road between Menston and Ilkley stands *The Hermit* pub.

Above its narrow entrance hangs a sign. It shows an old stooping man dressed in an ancient black frock-coat and a pair of faded green trousers. The waistcoat is an uncertain colour and his wide-brimmed, floppy hat has seen better days. A weather-beaten face is half-hidden by an untidy grey beard and he walks with the aid of a stick.

Whether the pub sign is a good likeness of old Job Senior we shall never know. But there is no doubt that Job was a hermit - and a genuine character.

Job was born at Beckfoot, near Ilkley, round about 1770. The exact date is hard to come by. From all accounts he grew up to be a hard-working young man when he worked as a labourer on the farms around Ilkley and Burley and as far away as Keighley. Besides sowing and reaping and ploughing, Job was an expert stonewaller and being a man of tremendous strength he could lay stones which no one else could lift.

Even when he began to hit the bottle and his appearance began to decline he could still turn his hand to any job which was offered to him. He was ‘a good worker’.

But with advancing years rheumatism began to set in and cunning came to replace brute strength. Casting his rheumy eyes around, they settled on an old widow-woman, Mary Barrett.

Mary lived in a little cottage near to the Coldstone Beck as it tumbles down over the edge of Rumbold Moor. The cottage, along with a garden and a paddock had been left to Mary by her late husband and Job shrewdly reckoned that if he could get his hands on the property he would be set up for life.

He proposed to Mary with a spot of judicious flattery. Job may have been a rough diamond but he had a smooth tongue. He didn’t have a lot of competition. Mary was eighty and Job himself was about sixty - and in no time Mary had accepted him and they were wed.

Sadly, the marriage did not last long.

You might say that Mary was killed by kindness. She had been ailing for some time and she felt the cold sorely. Her loving spouse had a solution. He dug a shallow pit in the hearth in front of the fire and made the old lady’s bed in it. There she could lie toasting herself by the glowing embers. The pit and the bed were, literally, the shape of things to come.

Some time later Mary was fair sick. “Oh, Job” she said, “Ah’m not long for this life. Gi’ me summat good tae eat afore I die.”

“Leave it tae me, owd lass,” replied her husband. Neither cooking nor medicine were strong points with Job but he went out and bought a pound of fat bacon. Back in the cottage he roasted it and caught the hot fat in an iron ladle.

"No" replied the visitor.

"That's right, young un - keep it so. A wife will tek all your brass. Ye'll need a house an' furniture; there'll be rent an' taxes; and the wife will allus be wantin' summat for hersel or the bairns. You'll want flour - an' sugar an' soap an' candles. And look how many more potatoes you'll want to feed 'em."

Potatoes were Job's main food. The garden around his cottage had had a number of fruit trees when he had inherited it, but he had dug them all up and planted the whole plot with potatoes.

"Nay" the advice went on, "its folk as eat brass. Maggots eat cheese an' weevils eat clothes an' mice eats corn. But folks eat brass and its t'brass as gets cheese an' clothes an' corn. Groun' is better nor wife an' bairns. If ye want to save your brass an' snap up a bit o' groun', dunna get wed."

Besides his homilies, Job would entertain his listeners with his 'Blast'. This was a song recital of his own devising which he would sing in four voices - alto, treble, tenor and bass. One listener described his voice in rather unkind terms.

"...His lowest notes were most powerful. They sounded like the muffled tones of a mad bull; and then he would modulate them until they became a loud groan and he would end with a shriek as he gave the listeners the different versions of his own song, which he called 'T'wedding anthem i' twu voices."

But, in fact, Job had a genuinely good voice. When he had no audience, as he walked across the moors, he would sing to himself in a clear tenor voice. Hymns were his favourites, especially the 100th Psalm. As his reputation grew he went around the neighbouring villages and even to Leeds and Bradford singing for money. Inns and even old theatres and public gardens in Bradford and Leeds echoed to his renderings of the psalms and hymns like 'Christians awake' and 'When shepherds watched their flocks by night.'

On these visits to the city Job would sleep in any old corner which was offered to him. No one was keen to offer him a bed for the night in their own home. He may have warned the young man about the soap that would be wanted by a prospective wife, but soap and water did not feature largely

in Job's life and his approach was heralded as much by a strong and penetrating smell as by his strange appearance.

According to one contemporary, in later life he wore a multi-coloured and much-patched pair of trousers and a coat to match. His heavy, matted hair was capped by a brimless hat which he also used to support his trousers. He wore a pair of old wooden clogs, stuffed with hay.

It's not quite the same as the picture in the pub sign at 'The Hermit'. Perhaps the brewers thought that the original was too disreputable and might put customers off. Which picture is right, we will never know.

What we do know is that old Job died in 1857, probably from cholera, aged 87 or thereabouts.

He was buried in the churchyard at Burley-in-Wharfedale before crowds of onlookers. Sadly, there is no trace of his grave today. It would have been interesting to read the inscription. Probably the most appropriate would have been

**Job Senior  
Yorkshire Eccentric**

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DIXIELAND JAZZ BAND \* BRASS BANDS

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CHILDRENS CHOIR \* SLADBURN SILVER BAND \* JAZZ BANDS  
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# You Can't Call A Tractor Good Company



Engraving by George Soper.

## *Pennine slips a carrot in its pocket.*

**M**otorists fuming in traffic jams along the narrow Calder Valley between Todmorden and Mytholmroyd blame roadworks, tourists and drivers lacking “bottle” for their lack of progress.

But there *is* another reason. A four-legged reason - drivers slowing down to gaze in disbelief at the timeless sight of a horse-drawn boat making its state-ly way along the Rochdale Canal.

“I park up regular” said the chap whose lorry was flouting both yellow lines and red-faces. “Should be over on the M62 - Hull to Barrow run, see? Come off to see if the horse is about today. Nothing like it is there? One of these” he gestures dismissively at several tons of artic, “well it’s just not the same.”

The working horse. Plough horse, dray horse, cart, cab, barge and even cannon. Gentle giant whose mighty shoulders carried the weight of old England.

Or not so old England? As a new book points out “even as late as the 1940’s, there were few farms that didn’t have a horse at work”.

**George Soper’s Horses - a Celebration of the English Working Horse** is a tribute to the work of one of this century’s greatest rural artists.

Working horses were George Soper’s passion and in their pursuit he recorded the ageless cycle of the farming year - autumn ploughing, spring sowing, mowing and harvest, “from the dust of the threshing machine to the bitterness of winter”. “When I look at George Soper’s work” says the book’s author, TV’s Paul Heiney, “I recognise in it a truth that is not there in the many chocolate box depictions of farming scenes”.

Fittingly *George Soper’s Horses* has been published as the start of the farming year - the frantic season of winter ploughing - patterns the expectant fields with a million furrows.

“It was an operation on which a farm’s fortunes depended and on which rode the reputations of the men who steered the plough across the landscapes of England”. Even in the ’20’s and 30’s when George Soper was painting and drawing, “a man was as good as the straightness of his furrow”.

It is a tribute to Heiney’s enthusiasm for his subject (he farms his own smallholding with Suffolk Punches) that reading the book, one actually has the curious sensation of seeing the past from behind a plough. Even the familiar, metric-defying measurement of the acre is the area that a ploughman and a team of oxen could work in a day.

Note the oxen. It was not in fact until late last century that the horse triumphed over the slower but steadier ox. As the 16th century treatise *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry* bluntly pointed out “The horse costs more than the ox ... and when the horse is old and worn out then there is nothing but the skin; and when the ox is old,



Painting by George Soper.

with ten pennyworth of grass he shall be fit for the larder.”

Just as 18th and 19th century inventions revolutionised textiles, so Victorian engineering improvements to the plough finally harnessed the superior agility, manoeuvrability and speed of the horse. Enter a golden age of “steaming glistening horses, willingly hauling plough or harrow across the rolling English countryside an image of power and obedience; a perfect mixture of man, horse and landscape.”

Favourite scene of birthday cards and table mats, how surprised its admirers would be to learn that theirs is almost a modern idyll. At its peak around 1910, a million horses were working the land. Half would die within four years, serving on the battlefields of Europe and the end of a second world war would see the final years of an “agricultural art form”.

*I ain't agin tractors  
They do git over some ground  
No doubt we want more on' em  
But I do miss my hosses  
You can't call a tractor good  
company  
Will that hear ye come inter the  
yard?*

Britain was worked by its three native breeds of heavy horse, the *Clydesdale*, the *Suffolk Punch* and the *Shire* ...

plus many crosses and mongrels, all bred for varied and fiercely argued virtues.

The Scottish Clydesdale is said to be a refinement of Britain's thick heavy short-legged wild horses. Fans say it combines the best of all three breeds, even turning to poetry in its praise -

*Blue blood for him who races,  
Clean limbs for him who rides,  
But for me the giant graces  
And the white and honest faces  
The power upon the traces  
Of the Clydes!*

The chestnut Suffolk Punch, on the other hand is “an acquired taste”. Low in the shoulders, short-backed and short-legged, in some respects wrote a critic “an uglier horse could not well be viewed”.

Defenders claim him to be the best of all “agricultural horses”, smart, fast, staunch and unfairly compared to the mighty Shire, “the large edition of the English Cart Horse”.

Best known, best loved, the Shire was less in evidence down on the farm than those chocolate box scenes would suggest. Its place in fact was elsewhere.

Descendent of the giant steeds which thundered into medieval battle, the Shire is the aristocrat and also the heavyweight of working horses.

Shires worked the northern docks and railway yards, hauled the great wool wagons of the Pennines and the huge brewery drays. Favourites by virtue of their “benign, doleful looks and fluffy feathered feet”, the plaited and be-ribboned appearance of the Shire at modern day fetes and carnivals belies a huge contribution to the development of the industrial north.

It is a role given due honour in one of the Pennines most unusual museums: the **Museum of the Working Horse** in Halifax.

Adding their velvet-nosed presence to the exhibitions and demonstrations are “Captain” and “Ben”, Shire Cross Clydesdales “typical of the railway horses of years gone by”; the cob Max (who hauls the canal boat) and the latest edition - a black Shire gelding who is as yet un-named. Ideas please.

“Our working horses” says the Museum “are chosen to represent the types of horse once working the streets” - the butcher's pony, the cab horse, the railway horse.

Interestingly, the horses are increasingly in demand for use on the land. A recent project has seen “Captain” at work hauling logs for the Bolton Abbey Estate, on terrain too uneven for machinery.

As green gets greener and oil supplies blacker, is it a sign of better things to come?

A vindication for the heavy horses of England who, captured by the artistry of George Soper, “loyally ploughed and sowed, reaped and mowed till the internal combustion engine finally claimed its greasy noisy victory”.

\*\*\*\*\*

**George Soper's Horses: A Celebration of the English Working Horse** by Paul Heiney, published by H F & G Witherby, £14.95.

**Horses At Work: the National Museum of the Working Horse**, Dobbins Yard, South Parade, Halifax (near Railway Station). January/February open Sunday afternoons. Daily from March.

Farm horses at work at: **Northern Shire Horse Centre**, North Newbold near Beverley (0430 827270) and **Hasholme Heavy Horses** near Market Weighton, Humberside (0430 860393) - home of the talking horses in the Websters Yorkshire Bitter Advert! *Both re-opening from Easter.*

Even today when so many mills with their tall chimneys have been replaced by office blocks, building society offices and banks, Manningham Mills dominates the Bradford skyline.

In the same way Samuel Cunliffe Lister, the man who built it, towers over the nineteenth century history of Bradford. Born in 1815, he did not die until 1906, outliving many of his contemporaries, and leaving behind an industrial empire which unlike many was a thriving and dynamic enterprise.

An entrepreneurial genius with a talent for invention he was respected rather than loved for no one played by the ruthless rules of capitalism harder than Lister. The basis of his fortune lay in his producing the first successful woolcombing machine which revolutionised the worsted trade and made him a very rich man.

Lister also developed machinery to re-use silk and by 1891 Manningham Mills was the largest mill in Bradford and the biggest silk mill in the world, employing over 5,000 people, most of them women. Between December 1890 and April 1891 it was the scene of the bitterest strike in Pennine history, with consequences which changed history.

The immediate reason for the strike were wage reductions of between 15 and 33 per cent. This was particularly provocative to the workforce because the firm had recently paid an eight per cent dividend to its shareholders!

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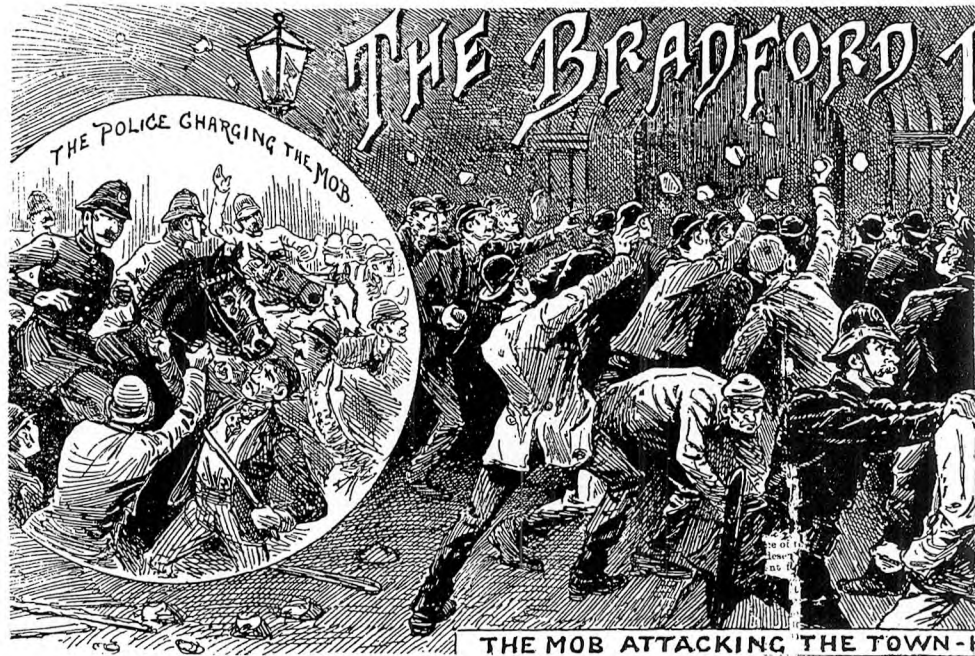
**“The women spend their money on dress and the men in drink.”**

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The reason for the cuts, according to management, was the imminent imposition of the McKinley tariff by the United States of America which would increase the price of Lister’s goods in his most important export market. In order to remain competitive costs had to be reduced and the only way to do this was through wages cuts.

Outraged by the management’s action the largely un-unionised workforce came out on strike. The great mill gates clanged shut as Lister made his notorious vow to lock out his workers until they accepted the wage cut.

In the normal way the dispute would have been a temporary affair with the operatives forced back to work within a few weeks. In the event, it lasted five months, for this became no ordinary strike.



## “Lister’s Lockout”

*Bradford Archivist David James looks back 100 years to the grim winter of the Manningham Mills Strike.*

Initially it was remarkable because all grades of workpeople were involved. The structure of the Bradford trade was such that the workers were often divided against each other, and strikes rarely affected the entire workforce in a mill. Ben Turner the trade union leader who was later an MP and Mayor of Batley described how “the weaver was looked down upon by the overlooker (and) a woollen spinner and woollorter despised the average man in ordinary grades of labour”.

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**“Up to midnight, the military were making charges with fixed bayonets”**

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In addition, there was often considerable hostility towards women workers, particularly married women, among some male trade unionists. In the Lister’s Mill strike, however, all classes of the workforce worked together with remarkable unanimity. This was partly due to the intransigent attitude of the management led by Lister who himself caused widespread

anger among the strikers by accusing them of being wanting in thrift and sobriety.

In a letter to the *Bradford Observer* Lister jibed that his workers in the past had earned:

“not only good wages, but very good wages, ... or the Manningham ladies, the ‘pushers’ as they are called, could not dress in the way they do. Silks and flounces, hats and feathers, no lady in the town could be finer. No one likes better to see them comfortably dressed than I do; but there is reason in all things.

But what is the moral of all this? What I never cease to preach and teach - utter want of thrift. The women spend their money on dress and the men in drink; so the begging box goes round.”

Although the strikers were unorganised they attracted widespread support. The strike committee led by W.H.Drew, a prominent textile trade unionist, issued 25,000 copies of the *Manifesto* in which it appealed for financial assistance, an appeal which





evoked a remarkable display of working-class solidarity.

Messages of support were received from Germany and America. Contributions were received from as far away as Forfar, Dundee and Arbroath. The Lancashire cotton towns were to give generously and promised to send no workers to Manningham to act as blacklegs.

### “The Lancashire cotton towns promised to send no blacklegs”

The Yorkshire miners were particularly sympathetic with one Barnsley miner taking such a fancy to a Manningham girl who came to the pit with her collecting box that he followed her back to Bradford! Women were generally chosen as collectors, partly because most of the strikers were women, and partly because it was felt that as the weaker sex they would gain most sympathy from the public.

Every Thursday the strikers paraded through Bradford to demonstrate their solidarity; and to raise money through donations to the strike fund. At the same time, social evenings and bazaars were organized; football matches were held, and concerts put on at the Star Music Hall. Trade union leaders from all over the country came to Bradford to encourage and inspire the strikers.

Inexorably the strike assumed the pattern of a struggle between workers and the establishment. It became clear that, with a few notable exceptions, the

other employers sided with Lister. The *Bradford Observer* reported that:

“the struggle took on the character of a general dispute between capital and labour since it was well known that a large number of prominent Bradford employers agreed with the action Mr Lister had taken.”

and looking back Fred Jowett, later M.P. for Bradford and a cabinet minister said:

“in the Lister strike, the people of Bradford saw plainly, as they had never seen before, that whether their rulers are Liberal or Tory they are capitalists first and politicians afterwards.”

Alleged cases of intimidation were increasingly harshly treated by the magistrates who were frequently also local employers. The meetings at the Star Music Hall were stopped by the police, and in the last month public meetings in the Town Hall Square, one of the traditional meeting places in Bradford were forbidden and then dispersed.

The climax came on the 13 April 1891 when the military were called in to break up a meeting.

The ensuing battle raged throughout the centre of the town and became a legend in the folklore of Bradford. One participant recollecting the troops pursuing the workers up the narrow streets of Ivegate with their fixed bayonets said it reminded him of scenes ‘from the French Revolution’.

The Times reported:

“*The beginning was an attack on a constable, at about seven o’clock after which the mob assailed half a dozen officers.*

*Stone throwing followed this, and the large plate glass windows of an adjacent clothiers shop were broken. Repeated attempts were made to clear the space around the Town Hall, but the people came up again as fast as the police retired.*

*At five minutes past five o’clock 106 of the rank and file of the Durham Light Infantry, under the command of Major Woodland, with Captain Robb and Lieutenant Pratt, arrived at the Town Hall from Bradford Moor Barracks, each having 40 rounds of ball cartridge. They were at once quartered in the spacious area, and the authorities set about preparing for finally clearing the square and the adjacent streets.*

*The Mayor, attended by the Chief Constable and several members of the Council crossed the surging crowds to the New Inn, at Thornton Road corner, and there he read the Riot Act. Soon after this the military paraded the streets and charged the people in various directions.*

*Eventually a baton charge by the police was found necessary ... The Chief Constable and other police officers sustained injuries about the face and body. Detective Martindale was knocked off his horse with a brick and Superintendent Scott’s horse was stabbed in the breast and had to be taken to a veterinary surgeon. Open knives were thrown at the police at times. Up to midnight the streets were crowded, and the military were making charges with fixed bayonets.”*

This ugly incident brought about a mass meeting attended by a “vast audience”, estimated at between sixty and ninety thousand people. Speaker after speaker identified the lessons of the strike: that working men could no longer trust either the Liberals or the Tories to look after their interests. Working men and women would not get what they wanted until they had their own representatives in public life who would speak for them.

Charlie Glyde, whose political activity started with the Manningham Mills strike and ended in the 1930’s, summed up their frustrations, saying:

“We have had two parties in the past - the can’ts and the won’ts and it’s time we had a party that will.”

Nevertheless, the Manningham workers were finally driven back to work by the winter, starvation and hardship; by the threat of the bailiffs and eviction; and by the obduracy of Lister and the hostility of the Bradford establishment.

Six weeks later, however, a ‘party that will’ was formed at a meeting in Firth’s Temperance Hotel in East Parade. It was called the Bradford Labour Union, and later became the Bradford Independent Labour Party.

**Two years later in 1893, Bradford was to host the inaugural conference of the national Independent Labour Party, direct forerunner of the Labour Party itself which was founded in 1906 and transformed British politics. Those who endured through the bitter Bradford winter of exactly a century ago would have thought their struggle well worth it.**

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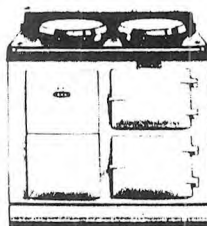


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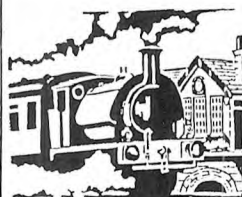
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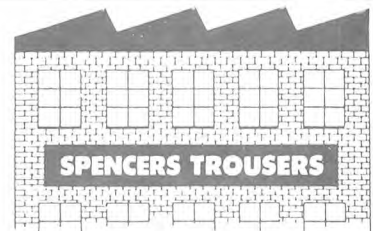
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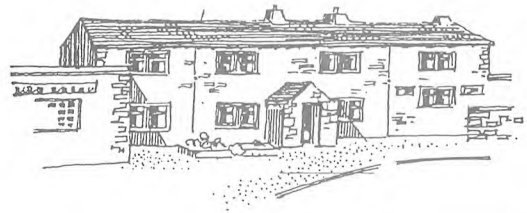
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# My Awakening Years

*Days as a doffer*  
by Georgina Hall.



Illustration: Steve Tetlow.

I awoke one January morning with an unusual sense of foreboding.

My mother's voice from the kitchen downstairs aroused me to instant wakefulness and the realisation that this morning was the one I had been dreading since I left school just one week earlier aged fourteen.

I knew mother felt as badly as myself. She never wanted me to work in a cotton mill but Oldham, Lancashire, in the late 1920's offered little alternative for a school-leaver without the benefit of higher education.

Since father along with so many others in the late twenties and thirties had been unemployed for the past few years, some contribution however small would be a welcome addition to the family income. The wage I was to receive for a long days work beginning at 7.45 in the morning until 5.30 in the evening and including Saturday mornings until 12.30 would be just fifteen shillings per week (75p).

So on this first cold morning I started out with my friend, Jane, the daughter of one of our neighbours who had been working at the Castle Mill for some weeks.

Jane had been instrumental in getting the job for me. In those days you had to know someone who could 'speak' for you since, much the same as today, there could be a dozen or more people chasing the same occupation.

As we walked along that morning she tried to reassure me. "It's not so bad, you'll soon get used to things".

I remained unconvinced and as our footsteps brought us nearer to the grim looking building with the tall chimney, my spirits, already at their lowest ebb sank even further. To me it appeared as a prison in which I would be doomed to spend the rest of my life.

I entered the cobbled yard literally shaking with fright. A heavy wooden door led directly into the carding

room, this being one of the first of the many processes involved in the spinning of cotton.

I was fascinated to see long snake-like spirals of cotton being drawn upwards from metal containers. This operation was regarded as one of the dirtiest jobs and cotton fluff seemed to fly around like snow, covering the operatives' hair and clothing. I was very relieved that I was not to work in this part of the factory.

We climbed endless stone steps until the noise of more machinery assailed my ears and we entered the room where the beamers were working.

I looked in amazement at the complicated method employed in this process. Each machine seemed to have hundreds of threads spreading out like an enormous spiders webs and I wondered how ever the women working these monsters ever mastered the intricacies involved. I was again very relieved that I was not to work here either.

I eventually began my working life as a 'Doffer' on the doubling machines or 'frames', so called I think because

of their length and height and squared ends. The doffers job was to be a general dogsbody to the really experienced person in charge of each individual machine.

On that first day I was placed in the charge of Hester, a fat jolly looking woman who was to initiate me into the mysteries of all that my job would entail.

Being small for my age I could only barely reach the top of the frame to pull the threads from the 'cheeses' of cotton which had to be drawn down two sets of rollers to feed the wooden bobbins on the endless rows of spindles.

When the machine was switched on the bobbins rotated at high speed until the empty reels were filled and ready to be removed from their spindles to be replaced by a further supply of empty bobbins. This process was repeated so many times during the long day that the machines never seemed to stop running.

I'll never forget that first day.

I was so tired it seemed that every bone in my body ached, I could have wept. I went to bed at half past seven that night and slept soundly until reluctantly awakened at seven o'clock the following morning.

I experienced the same feelings of dread on the second day but gradually, as I became familiar with my fellow workers and to make friends, I resigned myself to the fact that this job was

the only one I was likely to find in the foreseeable future.

They were quite a decent bunch in the doubling room although rough and ready. Some of their language would make me blush and Hester would curse quite forcibly whenever one of the threads on the machine broke, something which happened quite a lot. She was quite a character, small and round, definitely overweight with arms like tree trunks. Her hair was tied in a bun on top and the fawn coloured overall draped around her ample form gave the impression of a walking haystack. Another character was 'old Maggie'. Everyone called her by this name because with her sparse grey hair and the steel rimmed glasses perched on the end of her nose she looked as if she should have been retired years ago.

Most of the older women wore the traditional clogs and shawls. Younger ones like myself, although we had to wear our oldest clothes, never dressed this way although I suppose the clogs were probably the best things to wear for thumping up and down the endless flights of stone stairs and the oily wooden floors of the workrooms. Even so, my young colleagues and myself wouldn't be seen dead wearing them.

Gradually I became more familiar with the many aspects of my doffer's job.

I learned to tie the unbreakable 'weaver's knot' that had to be used

whenever one of the threads broke. I knew how to stop the machine when the bobbins were ready to be taken off the spindles. I was never very expert but eventually won Hester's approval for my efforts.

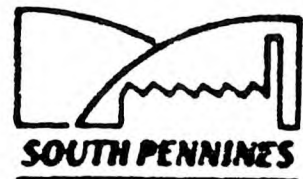
The feelings I had that cotton mills were terrifying places never left me but there were the lighter moments in the dinner hour when we sat down to eat on upturned skips and formed circles between the centre aisles of the machines.

These periods were to be my awakening to the real facts of life.

The conversations and the topics discussed, especially matters of a sexual nature, were something I had never encountered before. Blue jokes were bandied around and I must confess that some of these although sometimes only half understood made me squirm. One girl in particular, a buxom peroxide blonde, seemed to have a new smutty joke for every day of the week.

Well! I must say that my innocence did not last too long. I look back now over sixty years and marvel at my naivety and complete ignorance of the ways of the world. The average ten year old of today must be more aware than I was at fourteen. The young of today have the knowledge and sophistication to deal with every aspect of life. I must say I envy them and the opportunities I and my generation never knew existed.

## Win a South Pennines Award - and give yourselves a lift !



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*Photographs by John Morrison in Pennine Rails & Trails; see Winter Walking on page 46.*

Since I came to Hebden Bridge three years ago I have spent many hours walking the hills and valleys. To walk the paths and trackways of the Pennines is truly walking on *and* through history.

A proliferation of old roads and paths cross these hills in all directions. The early tracks, for walkers or packhorses, and the millworkers' "causeys" strike straight up the hillsides by the shortest route, however steep. Not so the later tracks for horse and cart, which zig-zag in a leisurely way up the hillside and can be walked with ease.

There is a special magic in walking the old trackways, whether from a sense of history - in the many hundreds of years the tracks have been used - or perhaps as some believe the tracks themselves were routed in harmony with the earth and walking along them stimulates an affinity with its energies. Whatever the reason, the old sunken ways have a strangely magical feel to them.

Some of the most exhilarating walks follow the packhorse causeys on the old worn stones stretching far away across the empty moor.

They evoke in me a link with those unseen travellers who once passed this way. What were their thoughts? Did they look to the comfort and warmth ahead or were they content to be walking under the sky - in summer to the song of the lark, in autumn to the scent of heather or in winter to silver grey days with a beauty of their own?

How many have perished here in the mist and snow? Do their ghosts still roam? And indeed, who laid the stones and how many centuries have worn them down into deep hollows?

Once, when the main routes crossed the moors even fairs were held on the hilltops. It is difficult to imagine that these now deserted tracks were once thronged with people wending their way to the noise and bustle of the fair.

The moors are more deserted now than throughout the whole of their history. Standing stones, stone crosses and the sad nostalgia of ruined farms remind us that Pennine people first settled on the hillsides - above the swampy darkly forested valleys. Today the moor-tops are bare. Like water the people have drained off the hills to fill the valleys below with ugly buildings and pollution.

Now there is a great silence on the moors. A land of clean air, fresh wind and wet sucking bog.



## Pathways To History

*Jo Pacsoo finds magic underfoot.*

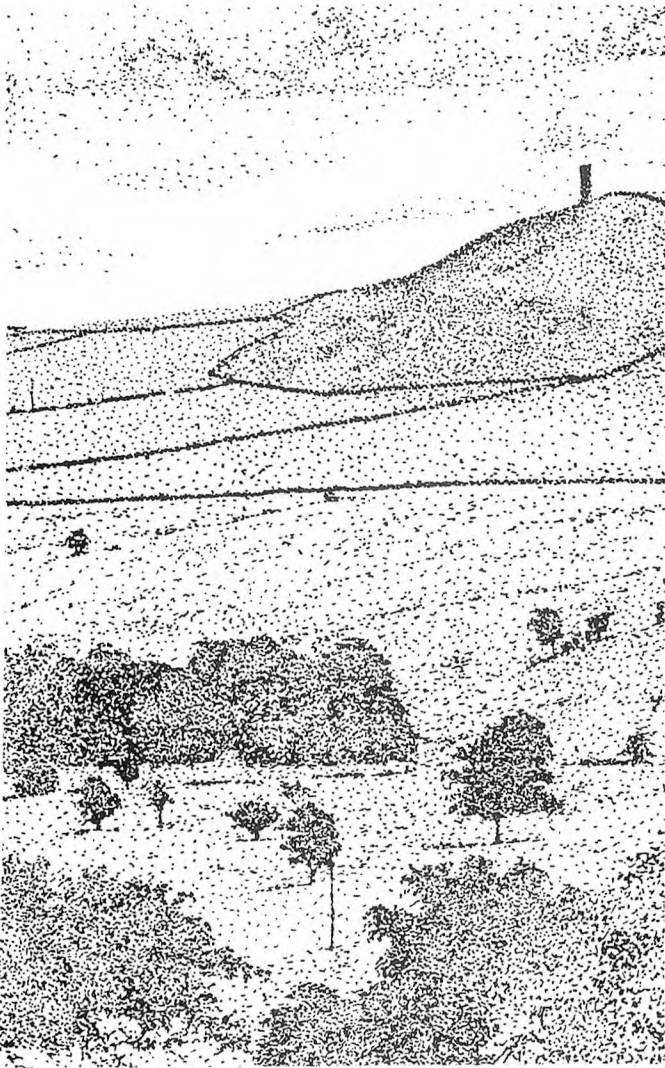
The 20th century cushioning against the environment does not reach this far and it would be easy to lose the way in mist or snow or relentless Pennine rain.

There is a sense of the lurking strength of nature. That a human is a small and impotent force. Even so they have left their mark and changed the entire landscape - in the stubbornly surviving line of an old track, the silent vigil of a ruined farm or the trace of an early

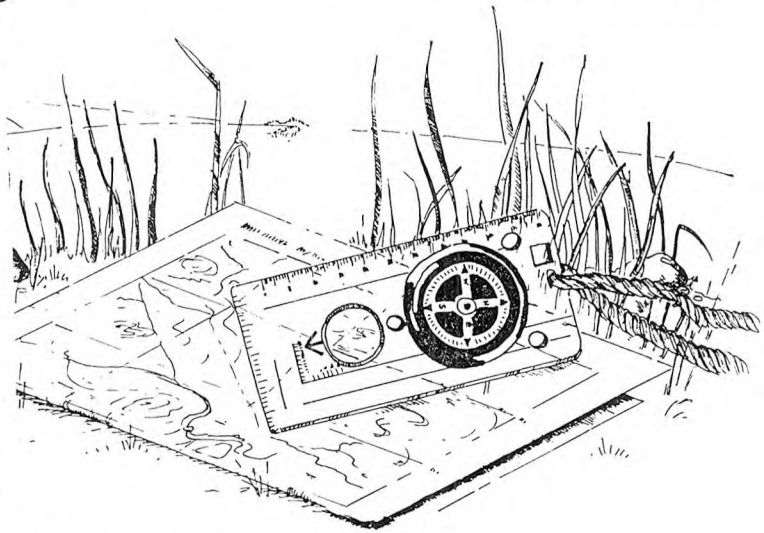
mill where often only a chimney remains, rising like a finger from the trees.

All around, in the stones and the tracks, the voices of the past speak to us. From prehistory to recent history, our ancestors are here. Walking the hills can show us not only something of our history but a sense of the mystery of ages so very different from our own.

# Winter Walking ... Winter Walkin



Pendle Way.



## EN MASSE

**S**kylarks and wide horizons, there's nothing finer than a solo summer walk.

Chillier days call for company and the various South Pennine countryside services have once again come up with some splendid ideas in their guided winter walks programmes.

How about Bradford's 5 mile **Christmas Day Appetizer** (11am December 25th from Stanbury); **Scammonden and**

**Back** on New Year's Day or **150 Years of Railway** from Walsden on March 1st (both in the Calderdale programme). The Medlock Valley Wardens invite riders to a **Treasure Hunt by Horseback** on January 6th; to solve the **Park Bridge Mystery** on February 3rd and to join the **Wheel of Fortune** bicycle treasure hunt on March 24th.

Other South Pennine winter walks programmes include Kirklees, Rochdale and the Tame Valley countryside services. Pick up the free programmes from your local Tourist Information Centre.

## NEW DIRECTIONS

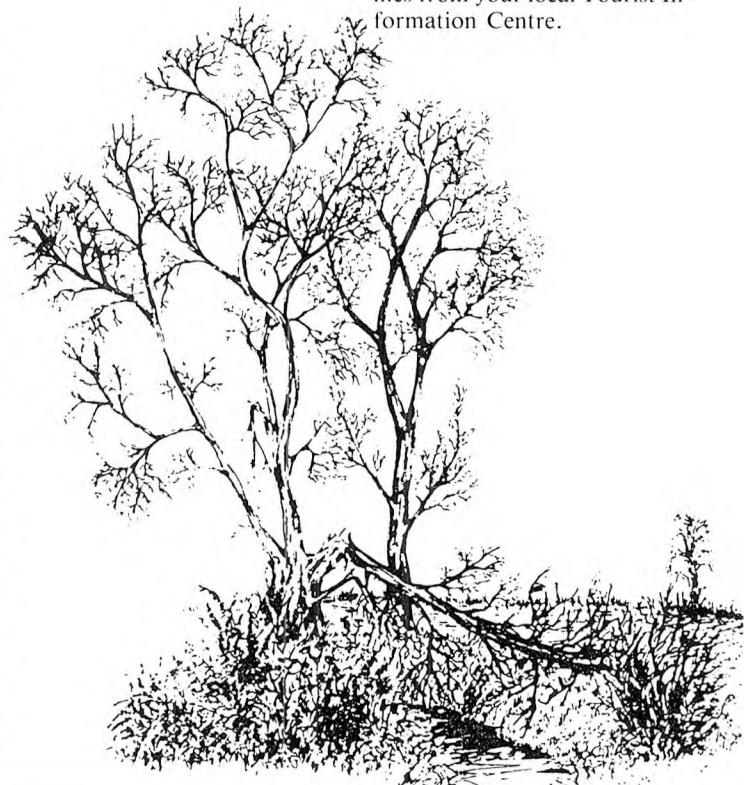
**T**he problem with long-distance linear footpaths is getting back to the car (though being green, shouldn't we be on public transport?). Now an attractive new set of waymarked circular walks (5-9 miles) have opened up the best of the popular **Pendle Way**. The six route leaflets in a neat plastic pack cost £2.50, from Tourist Information centres and Pendle Heritage Centre, Barrowford.

Want to learn orienteering without getting lost? A new **Leisure Orienteering Course** has been opened at Oakwell Hall Country Park in Kirklees. Map packs for the course, 45p. A £5,000 grant from the Civic Trust and UK 2000 means the successful completion of Phase

1 of the **Hebble Trail**. The finished footpath, due to be opened in 1991 will provide a rural footpath from central Halifax to Salterhebble, highlighting the natural and industrial heritage of the area.

Finally, welcome to **Moorwatch**, the new Oldham-Rochdale-Kirklees campaign to stop illegal joyriding on the Standedge to Windy Hill section of the Pennine Way. Four wheel drive and cross country motorcyclists "think there's nothing wrong in what they are doing" said Neville Ashworth, Oldham's Director of Technical Services, "but what they are doing is not only illegal, it's also doing irreparable damage to the Pennine Way."

Walkers are asked to support the Greater Manchester Police special off roads patrols by reporting culprits to Moorwatch on 061 678 4311.



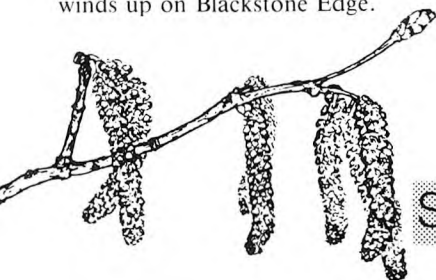


# ing ... Winter Walking ... Winter

## FIFTY GOOD REASONS

For "fifty good reasons why you should go walking in the South Pennines", pick up the free SCOSPA leaflet **Walks For All** from Tourist Information Centres.

Aimed at making the most of our public transport, **Walks For All** matches up bus/train services with route suggestions and walks leaflets - great for treacherous winter days when you'd rather leave the car at home. Try Suggestion No 44: Bus 592 Burnley-Halifax for walks in the Cliviger Gorge; Nos 129 or 40 for South Pennine nature walks or No 16: Bus 527 Rochdale/Halifax for bracing winds up on Blackstone Edge.



## SUMMIT STYLE

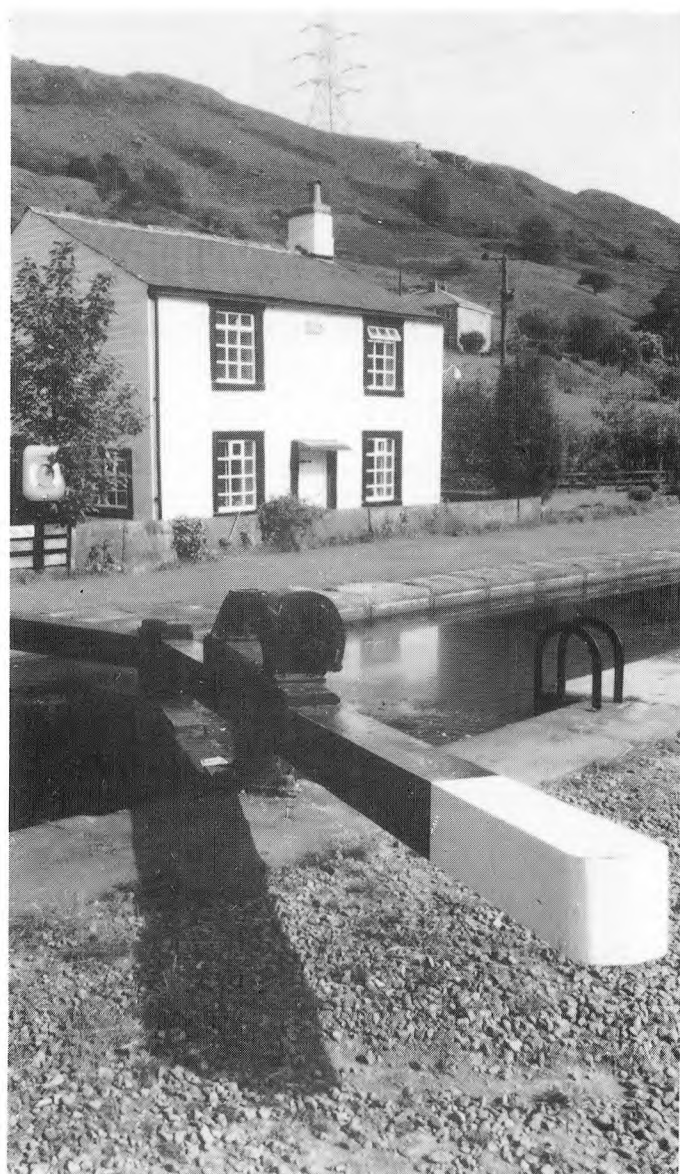
For winter walkers who prefer to stay on the beaten track, Ripponden is the latest in Calderdale's attractive series: **Walks Around The Villages**. With its detailed sketch map and historical background, the leaflet "has all the information to give people confidence to try out footpath walking for the first time". Price 25p at TICs.

The familiar notebook format of Bartholemew's Map & Guides appears once again in their neat, practical **Walk In The South Pennines**. (Easy to moderate walking; 40 routes; £4.95). Enjoy Lothersdale's lead mining country; Marsden and the Luddites or bird life along the shores of Hollingworth Lake. "The Pennines" cries the text stirringly "have become highly emotive symbols for the rambling community in England. These hills ... have helped millions of people ... to endure the dark days of Industrial Revolution". Get those boots on!

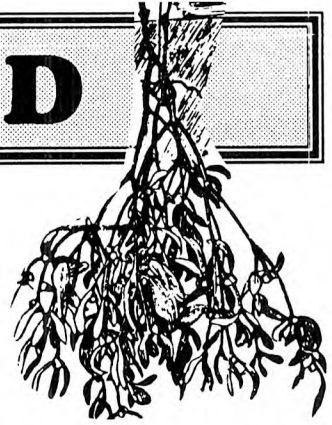
No point celebrating a railway if you don't use it! As part of this winter's trans-Pennine railway birthday party, **Summit 150**, a chunky new South Pennine walks book has just been published "to encourage people to make use of public transport to get out and about".

The eighteen varied walks in **Pennine Rails and Trails** include the high packhorse route from Walsden to Smithy Bridge; Cragg Vale and the Coiners and Hebden Bridge and Halifax Town Trails. Walks start and end at stations along the Leeds-Bradford-Rochdale-Manchester line and the book, with some fine photography, includes a vivid introduction to the history of trans-Pennine transport.

**Pennine Rails and Trails** by John Morrison and Lydia Speakman. £5.75 + 75pp from Leading Edge Press and Publishing, Old Chapel, Burtersett, Hawes DL8 3PB.



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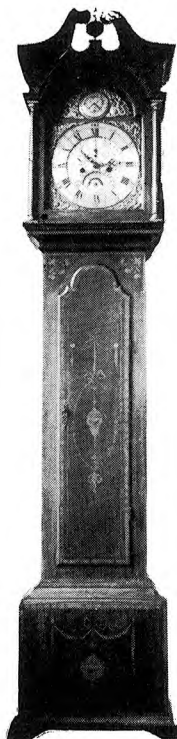
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