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OCTOBER/NOVEMBER 1987

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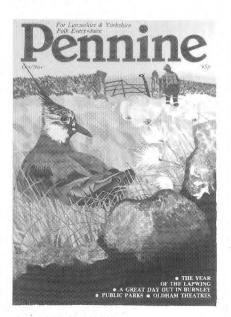
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FRONT COVER Lapwing Illustration by Roy Hubbard

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COMMENT

SCOSPA/PENNINE PARTNERSHIPS

SCOSPA has been mentioned frequently in previous issues of Pennine, but does everyone know what it is and what it is doing?

If you live in the Pennines and have ever felt that your council is too centred on say Rochdale, Bury or Huddersfield and that the outlying area in which you live is neglected, then you should know more about SCOSPA.

SCOSPA is the first official body to represent the South Pennines, it is an association of local authorities and its potential role in representing an area which has traditionally been administratively fractured is largely untried.

We are not just outlying districts of the metropolitan areas, we are a distinct upland area which happens to be crossed by many boundaries. SCOSPA is an important first step in achieving the transition from an area which is seen as fringe to an area which is perceived as a cohesive region. SCOSPA (Standing Conference of South Pennine Authorities) exists to promote the South Pennines.

So what does SCOSPA actually do?

One of SCOSPA's more noticeable achievements has been to start a programme of installing gateway signs on the main routes into the area, but underlying this is something much more fundamental.

SCOSPA's first job was to produce a management framework for the South Pennines. This was a lengthy report which described the unique mix of characteristics which make the area worth recognising as a region in its own right. The report went on to describe the problems facing the region and suggested what could be done about them, just as a similar body might for a national park.

The main idea put forward in the framework is for an area management approach to be adopted. This would concentrate on areas where the problems or opportunities seem greatest. Issues concerning recreation and tourism emerged as those most pressing and where opportunities for progress seemed greatest. As a result several research projects specific to the South Pennines were funded and projects relating to the Bronte Corridor and Worsthorne & Widdop were carried out. Local authorities, water authorities, and private landowners acted in partnership to provide footpaths, car parking and other visitor facilities.

SCOSPA is continuing to establish the South Pennine Region in the minds of both local people and visitors. Since the loss of the Metropolitan County Councils the role of SCOSPA is potentially much greater. Individual local authorities may be more inclined to look to SCOSPA to achieve a coordinated approach to such matters as countryside management and tourist promotion. Within this context of change and opportunity SCOSPA has restated its intentions and has produced an important new booklet entitled 'Pennine Partnerships'.

PENNINE PARTNERSHIPS

SCOSPA can only recommend that others put the policies they suggest into action. The emphasis is therefore on coordinated action by all the different bodies concerned, or in other words, partnership and cooperation. There are many national organisations, such as the Countryside Commission, which are willing to help a body such as SCOSPA if it is preented with carefully considered and well planned proposals. If SCOSPA can draw together the efforts of its constituent local authorities and other organizations it can potentially achieve a great deal.

Now, perhaps more than at any other time, the moment is right for SCOSPA to seize the opportunity to set up a strategy for action on topics such as tourism development and wildlife conservation. The English Tourist Board and bodies such as The Nature Conservancy Council are ready and able to fund projects, particularly in an area such as the South Pennines which may well have suffered neglect due to administrative fragmentation in the past. A little bit of cooperation in this setting can go a long way.

'Pennine Partnerships' tells us just how this can be done; how to promote the image of the South Pennines, how to decide upon priority areas, and how to formulate management plans. SCOSPA's role in all this is that of the coordinator, balancing competing needs and acting as a forum for discussion. Achieving progress in these matters is difficult; SCOSPA cannot set a work programme for agencies it does not control. There is much that SCOSPA can achieve to strengthen the economy and manage the countryside and moorland of the South Pennine area, so why do we rarely hear of it; and why, with all this potential has SCOSPA actually achieved very little?

SCOSPA seems to be finding it difficult to get schemes off the ground yet it's own research projects have shown that there are many valuable projects that need to be done; projects which will conserve the natural and built features which make up the very distinct South Pennine character.

(why not contact your local council and find out more?) This renewed regional initiative deserves greater support.

HOW TO CONTACT SCOSPA

If you would like to know more about SCOSPA as an individual or as a representative of a group, then SCOSPA's project officer is the main point of contact. Contact Liz Pridmore on Hebden Bridge 845022 (office hours) or write to:

The Technical Coordinator, SCOSPA, c/o Director of Technical Services City of Bradford Metropolitan Council, Jacobs Well, BRADFORD BD1 5RW

Alternatively contact with SCOSPA can also be made through the Chief Planning Officer of your local Council.



NEWS AND VIEWS

Diary

Diary

Diary

Pendle History

A permanent exhibition tracing Sabden's industrial heritage is being planned by a local businessman.

Mr Walter Aspinall who runs the Pendle Antique Centre in the village has spent £60,000 restoring and transforming the former Union Mill in Watt Street into a wholesale antique storage and distribution centre.

And to involve the local community he is in the process of collecting items, records and photographs for the exhibition which will have as its focal point the original Union Mill chimney. It will be housed in the Sabden Room which has been built around the base of the chimney and he is hoping local residents will help by loaning photographs or records which he could copy, or items of memorabilia to go on display.

Mr Aspinall and his wife Beryl, who previously ran the Cross Keys pub in Clitheroe, have spent 15 months completely restoring the building. They have provided a large car park and a refreshment area, tastefully restored the offices and display areas, pointed the original stone frontage and added attractive stained glass windows.





Beer Bonanza Special Summertime Visit

Pennine drinkers scooped a summertime beer bonanza with a trip to a brewery and it's unique museum.

Readers who took us up on the offer of a free pint at any one of six pubs in Huddersfield and Oldham, went into the draw for 15 double tickets for the brewery bash - and they had one 'ale' of a time.

The 30 lucky winners were guests of northern brewers, Samuel Webster and Wilsons at their Fountain Head Brewery in Halifax who also laid on a tour of their newly opened Long Can brewing museum, housed in one of Calderdale's finest buildings which dates back to the English Civil Wars.

Diary

Diary

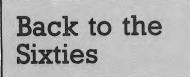
Diary

THE PROBLEM OF BILBERRIES

Does the modern economy Need the moorland bilberry And what, I wonder, is my time worth On surely the slowest harvest on earth? Past experience tells me to look Where they flourish beside the Brook But though the leaves are midsummer green Not a blackened bead is to be seen. Their season has only just begun And only on banks that slope to the sun Where the berries are the puniest of all, Dried tantalisingly small; I find the biggest by bending sprays over Where fruit has fattened under cover. I pick left-handed: the stubborn dye That purples my fingers as they dry Would ruin my coat or anything light -And feel in my pockets with the right. I realise what the time is worth I spend on the slowest harvest on earth: Every bilberry I pick

Improves my mental arithmetic.

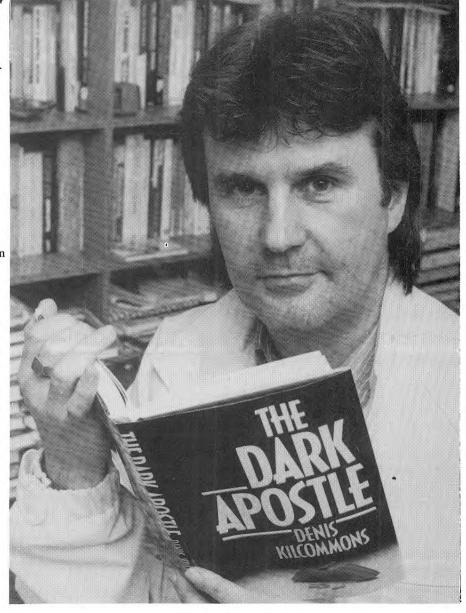
STANLEY COOK



The Keighley and Worth Valley Railway Preservation Society celebrated its Silver Jubilee by recreating, for an evening, the atmosphere of the 1960's.

It was in 1962 that the Society was formed and, after reopening the Worth Valley branch line in 1968, gained a firm foothold as one of the country's finest private railways with the filming of "The Railway Children" in 1970.

On the evening of Saturday, September 5th, the typical 1960's train, complete with the 'Jubilee Bar' car, left Haworth Station for two journeys over the line, pausing at Keighley Station for a couple of hours.



Denis in Print

YORKSHIRE journalist Denis Kilcommons has had his first novel published at the age of 46.

Kilcommons, the Deputy News Editor of the Huddersfield Daily Examiner, has found success with "The Dark Apostle" (Bantam, £10.95) after six years of serious effort.

"When I was 30 I gave up journalism for a year to try writing full time. I sold some stories and completed a novel that was dreadful and rightfully rejected.

"When I reached 40 I thought it was time I had a proper go at fulfilling what is every journalist's ambition. My first book - which is still unpublished got me an agent and I at last made the breakthrough with The Dark Apostle."

The book is an international thriller that presents a new theory about the assassination of Martin Luther King. It is also to be published in America.

Kilcommons, who lives with his wife and two daughters in the Pennine village of Honley, near Hudersfield, has had even more success.

A second thriller, this time set in Blackpool, is to be published in March. He is currently working on sequels to both books.

Diary Diary

Film Festival

Huddersfield Cine Club's Annual Film Show featuring club films and members' films, including travel, documentary, cartoon, and a magazine film of local events, is being held at the Arts Centre, Venn Street, Huddersfield, from Monday, 30th November to Saturday, 5th December, 1987.

There are shows each evening at 7.30pm with a matinee on Saturday, 5th December at 2.30pm.

Tickets are on sale at The Information Centre, Albion Street, Huddersfield, Tel.22133 ext 685.

SORRY SACHAS

Apologies to Sachas restaurant at Todmorden for the heading on our review of this top class eating establishment.

The heading 'Pizza, Pennine Style' should have appeared with a different article. Pizza is not, as the article made clear, a speciality at Sachas.

SCOSPA Awards

Award Scheme

An exciting idea concerning a South Pennine Award Scheme is being launched with Pennine. Efforts which reflect the objective of the Standing Conference will be given recognition through a series of Annual Awards, given as follows :-1. To local authorities: a winner's

plaque and runner's up plaque.

2. To the private sector: a winner's plaque and runner's up plaque.

3. To voluntary organisations:
a 1st prize of £100
a 2nd prize of £ 50
a 3rd prize of £ 30 and certificates.

4. To schools:

First - a 1st prize of £100 Middle - a 2nd prize of £ 50 Upper - a 3rd prize of £ 30 and certificates

Appropriate schemes would include such things as improvements to the built or natural environments, or outstanding examples/achievements in promoting the area or increasing awareness of it. All schemes are considered on their merit

Diary

by joint panel of Pennine Heritage and SCOSPA. Suggested Chairman, Vice Chairman and Technical Co-ordinator are co-opted for this task. Pennine Heritage will promote and advertise the scheme seeking entries from projects completed within a calendar year. Entries for the 1987 awards should be received by 1st December, judging of the submission and a site inspection to be undertaken during January/February and the awards presented at the beginning of March.

Calling all Pennine readers

Pennine Magazine is written and illustrated entirely by volunteers. We always welcome contributions, and we'd be delighted if anyone wanting to meet or join us came to one of our monthly meetings.

We get together on the second Thursday of every month at the Birchcliffe Centre, Hebden Bridge, at 7.30pm. Our next meetings are October 8th and November 12th.



Charles Micallef, Proprietor.



The interior of Sachas

Diary

Diary

Diary

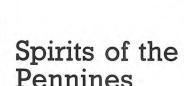
Marvellous Merlin

In four hectic weeks during July and August hundreds of local children spent their summer holidays at school. They were not there to study the "3 R's" however, but the "2 E's" for Environmental Education. For Calder High School was the venue for this years' Merlin, the environmental playscheme, and for the first time it was run by Pennine Heritage's brand new Environmental Education Team who ensured that the learning was fun.

The range of activities was too numerous to list. The children had the opportunity to discover things as diverse as: Water scorpions, distant stars, worker bees and their honey.They explored places, from local woods, (where trees were met and ponds were dipped), to Heptonstall where graves, a well and the jail were hunted out.

They experienced throwing a pot, walking fully clothed up-river Harrison Ford style, riding and sometimes falling off a unicycle and being a wild animal. Despite initial difficulties in arranging events and people, the team combined to make Merlin'87 yet another success. A large part of this success was due to all those who assisted, to whom thanks are due.

Children enjoying the Merlin Playscheme



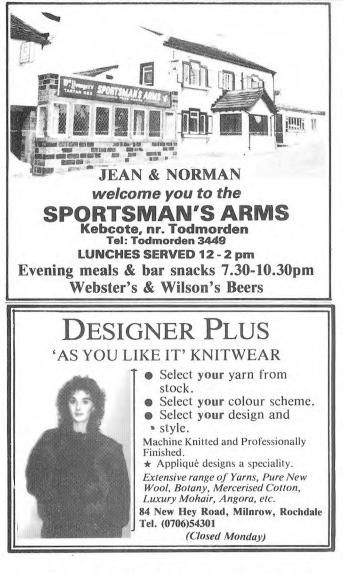
November the First was the start of the Celtic New Year, a major festival which the Christian Church could not ignore so, as was usually the case, it absorbed it and Samhain became All Saints' Day. But so powerful was the influence of the festival that the eve of the New Year is still celebrated under the wellknown name of Hallow'een. The souls of the dead were thought to be drawn to any new beginning as at such times the division between new and old, life and death, was very thin and it was, therefore, easier for them to return to their old 'haunts'. (Ugh!) It was a major fire festival with sacrificial bonfires, but the latter have now moved to November the Fifth and Guy Fawkes has become the sacrificial victim. It was

also held to be a good time to try to look into the future and there were many games and methods of divination. But if you just want to get into the spirit (sorry!) of the event, why not go along to the Pendle Heritage Centre and give yourself a fright or two as you listen to a selection of ghost stories, set in a ghostly atmosphere. Don't be too disappointed though if the ghosts themselves don't put in an appearance as the event is actually the night before Hallow'een, on Friday October 30th at 7.30pm, which is not quite the same thing.

Further details from Pendle Heritage Centre, Tel. Nelson 695366

Julia Smith





A new innovation in the manufacture and marketing of quality knitwear has been developed by Designer Plus of Milnrow. The partners, Christine Brooks and Kath Sharp, do not offer 'off the peg' garments but encourage customers to select their own choice of yarn from stock and agree a suitable style and colour. After careful measuring the garment will be machine knitted especially for you by experts and finished by professionals, the customer is normally able to collect the finished article within 14 days. Only quality yarns are used, pure new wool, mohair, alpaca, mercerised cotton, silk etc.

A number of finished garments are on display in the shop to assist in the choice of styles and many are finished in beautiful silk applique which can feature animals, birds, dragons, fish or any form the customer may wish. Prices will be found to be extremely competitive

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NEWS AND VIEWS

2 Binn Green Cottages Greenfield Saddleworth Oldham 11/8/87 Dear Pennine, In response to the article by Philip

Adkinson: "Black Hill - A Walker's Nightmare" may I make some observations.

Mr Adkinson skitted that the Chew track has now been surfaced with tarmac to pander to the grand notions of present day waterworkers. In fact, the track was laid with tarmac to provide a strong, safe surface for the numerous heavy-plant and machinery now working at Chew Reservoir on essential work required by law. Other methods of surfacing were tried and failed due to a combination of gradient, severe water/snow erosion and vehicular wheel slippage - despite having many cross drains and side culverts.

I abhor any man-made intrusions into our wild country, but in fairness to the water authority some form of effective compromise had to be reached. It should be noted however that the original 'rough' track was far more visually obtrusive against the backcloth of the steep, sombre moors,

Mr Adkinson claims that the route is not now as well used as in the past. How he judges this after one brief visit I fail to understand. From experience I can assure him that the route is very well used indeed.

What really puzzled me was his apparent relief upon reaching moorland grass. Why didn't he walk on the moorland from the beginning? On each side of the track is unfenced, open access (thanks to the water authority) moorland. There is an excellent rough and natural walk up the valley following the stream bed or the superb bracing walk along the rock-strewn peat edges above the track.

Finally, as the article was headed "Black Hill' it would have been more pertinent to have shown Black Hill on the large centre-fold photograph and not Alderman's Hill which is four miles from that area.

Yours sincerely **Geoff Frost** National Park Ranger

84 Elland Road Brighouse West Yorks. HD6 2QR Tel: 721993 29/7/87

Dear Sir,

Would it be possible for you to give our project some publicity via the pages of your magazine?

We are operating Project Pennine which is a long-term anomaly research project with the objective of obtaining reports of unusual light phenomena within the Pennine regions. We already have documentary evidence that strange lights have been seen in various locations in the Pennine chain for as long as records have existed.

Notable areas for these phenomena have been (and are): the Longdendale Valley area of Derbyshire, Bleaklow, Kinder Scout, the Black Hill/Holmfirth Moors, the moors above Hebden Bridge, and the Skipton/Carleton/Malham area, to name but a few.

Usually these lights appear to be just simple 'balls of light' floating above the moors, but on occasion people have reported seeing shapes behind them. Project Pennine is trying to gather hitherto unreported sightings of these lights and we feel that many of your readers will have spent time in these areas and may be able to assist us in our research, which it is hoped will eventually be taken over by a university department.

We have received enormous assistance from organisations such as the police and mountain and fell rescue groups and so contacting your magazine was a logical step. All information we receive will, of course, be dealt with in confidence. Please use the address and 'phone number above.

Yours sincerely

Andy Roberts

FISHING QUERY

Readers Writes

9 Victoria Road Salford 6 Lancs

THE POS

22.8.87

Dear Sir

I am trying to find information on a noted Yorkshire fisherman called Henry Bradshaw. My daughter, Kate, who is a librarian in London suggested that you might be able to help me.

The information I have is meagre. Bradshaw was already a fisherman of repute when Pritt quoted him in his Book of the Grayling in 1888, and Carter Platt, writing about the same fish in 1939 says he knew Bradshaw well and fished with him as a young man. So presumably his death was around the early years of this century.

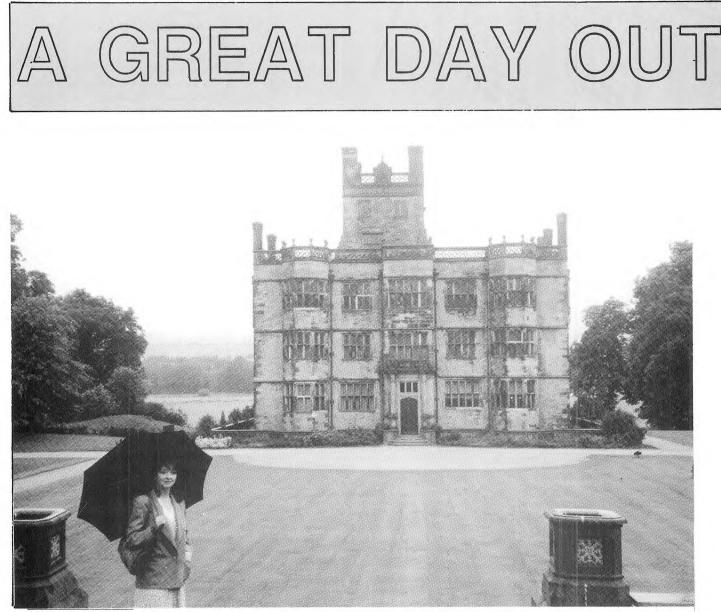
He lived in Leeds, and there is some suggestion that he had connection with the wool trade in Bradford. He left at least 3 fishing flies to his name, flies that are used to this present day.

I would be grateful if readers would give me any information on him - or point me in the right direction for discovering more about him.

Yours faithfully,

Dr. R B Broughton

PENNINE IDENTITY



Gawthorpe Hall

First, an aside. There follows a 'Grow Your Own' Great Day Out. Whoever masterminds these things in Burnley "hadn't decided on a particular itinerary". Bending the rules a little, they sent a sheaf of leaflets and loosed the PENNINE punters 'sans direction'. (Burnley Tourism.. will we ever now know what YOU think is the pick of the bunch!)

But all forgiven by the time the route from home-town Bradford to Burnley snaked its way out into the hazy morning sweep of Widdop Moor. Ahead, the unmistakable profile of Pendle Hill. How it dominates the landscape. Hardly surprising that Bronze Age man holed up there 7000 years ago and that down the ages, beacons have flamed out warnings of destruction and death.

But today it's not the Scots who are coming but PENNINE, armed with £25 and oh yes, those leaflets! Burnley bound, to the former world capital of cotton. What would it offer? As the road dropped off the moor, no problem in choosing the first place to stop. Pennine Heritage's own former 'baby', Queen Street Mill. Painstakingly restored since 1984 and now run by Burnley Council, Queen Street is Britain's only working steam-powered mill. 'Lancashire Loom Weavers Wanted' cried a poster, and it actually means it!

A mere £1 apiece bought us a 'Step Back Into The 19th Century' and what a wonderful racket! Wheels turning, looms clattering, spindles flying. If that's only a handful of looms actually at work, the weaving shed's full 'cast of thousands' must have been unimaginable. A deft lady tended the machines with a lifetime's nonchalance. Today they were weaving bandages but on occasion, production rolls for Queen Street's original stripey 'grandad' Union Shirts.

'Peace', the 500hp tandem-compound engine powers Queen Street and dwarfed by his gleaming charge we met Mr Newton Pickles, Lancashire millwright extraordinaire. "I don't mind showing folk as are interested. No stray hands mind. That's six tons of metal flying round. Won't mind the odd finger as a bit of lubrication!" Once Mr Pickles cosseted 250 such engines across the textile North. Now just a handful remain. With coal at 50p per 1½ minutes steaming, it seemed fitting to appropriate a little Great Day Out cash for the fuel appeals box.

Who says good deeds bring rewards? Ours was to run straight into the first setback! Towneley Hall Museum & Art Gallery...'Closed Saturdays All Year.' Odd. Yes, it did say it on the leaflet, which only goes to show that even people such as me who write these things don't read small print until they arrive.

The lure would have been the exhibition 'Old Burnley' which, in paintings, photographs and maps, recalled those areas of town swept away by '60's development. Instead we went in search of what was left.



Not much at first glance. As could be the blueprint for so many Northern towns, there are remnants of fine Victorian buildings and a gutted heart. But to be fair, whatever the wide concrete piazza lacked in charm, it made up for in bustle. Lots of shops, lots of shoppers and that friendly, lively 'Saturday' feel. Pity about the cans in the fountain.

'Where To Eat In Burnley' was both the looming question and the title of the to-be-much-thumbed official eaters' guide. It promised "an endlesss choice" but we settled for the Top Table Cafe, near the Market, on Brown Street.

"A small crowded cafe with home-made food a speciality." Airy in pinks and greens, it offered some touches worth copying. Choice of teas, decaffeinated coffee (which my driver lives on), vegetarian dishes and NO SMOKING! Blackboard daily specials ranged from Coq au Vin (£2.10) to a bowl of four salads (£1.30).

In my experience, vegetarian food tastes as if it's been stewed in creosote. Not so the Savoury Bean Pie. Excellent. Two pies and salad,two wicked, wicked gateaux, tea and coffee with change from £8.00. And not an empty table in sight.

Next that essential Great Day Out mission, the Public Toilets check. Bristlingly clean. One felt disinfected merely by a 2p sojourn, though I found the 'How to Catch Gonorrhoea' poster somewhat startling.

After a poker-player shuffle, the leaflets turned up the National Trust's Gawthorpe Hall. One of those sickeningly gorgeous Elizabethan mansions that forever make me pine for a green velvet gown and a gallant on my arm. The internationally-noted Kay-Shuttleworth lace collection is now on snowy show in the Hall, but more in my line was communing with darkly brooding 'residents' who gaze down from the walls of the Long Gallery.

Pouring rain sabotaged a stroll on the terrace. I'm told Charlotte Bronte, a frequent visitor, is said to have caught her death of cold walking on these dewcovered lawns. (Worried well-wishers take heart. To date I only have a sniffle.)

Cue to re-fuel, and another sift through the eats leaflet. 'Butterfingers'. A tiny pine-panelled cafe groaning under a battery of Egon Ronay 'Just A Bite' awards. The house speciality, Sticky Toffee Pudding, oozed expensively on the counter. Under £3.00 for drinks, a pizza slice, and, I confess, a certain pudding. Calling The Weavers' Triangle. As I suspect is the case in most of our newly-tourism-conscious Pennine towns, everyone has heard of the attractions...except the locals! Half an hour of kindly misdirection. (At least en route and by mistake, I tracked down Burnley Mechanics, the lively new regional arts centre). Eventually, the long, dusty, car-blasted climb (surely there's a better way?) to the Canal Toll House Heritage Centre. SHUT! (What do you reckon are the penalities for chucking a brick through a window maddeningly announcing 'Holder of Carnegie's Interpret Britain Award'??)

Pause for a small gripe. Great Days Out are normally done on Saturdays because that's most people's Great Day Off. At best, this Saturday closing seems curious. There's some interesting stuff in Burnley and we did have a good time. But as total strangers, we could have used a little more help. Say, a town-centre attractions map & guide, 'You Are Here'/'Go This Way' signposting, and why do two major attractions shut on Saturdays?

Luckily The Weavers' Triangle canal wharf is open-access, so time for a waterside wander through "one of the best-preserved Victorian industrial townscapes in Britain." For a generation, the town's wealth lay in what could be carried from here on flatbottomed boats. Along the Leeds & Liverpool Canal, mills, warehouses and a row of workers' cottages are gradually being restored to reflect the working heart of early 19th century Burnley.

Late afternoon now and just time for a dampish dash into the nearby countryside.

Moorland runs out from Burnley's back streets and just three miles away is the conservation village of Hurstwood. Snug in its hollow beside the River Brun, Hurstwood deservedly (or undeservedly, if you're a local), is the haunt of artists, endlessly recapturing 16th century Spenser's Cottage, reputedly home of the Elizabethan poet Edmund Spenser.

Courtesy of a North West Water leaflet 'Exploring Worsthorne Moor', we sauntered for a mile through the cool green beauty of the Rock Water Valley. An alternative offered for "more experienced and well-equipped ramblers" was a $7\frac{1}{2}$ mile ascent of Black Hameldon. I'm sure the views are indeed 'rewarding' but the feet were starting to give out.

Cocktail hour in Burnley. It was to have been the Swan Inn, ancient hostelry. Donk...donk...donk thudded the beat. "Be true, be true" warbled the singer. Although I have a penchant for thunderingly loud Golden Oldies, not so the Great Day Out driver. Oh well.

Back to "Where To Eat In Burnley" and the first (and only) food setback. Where was the romantic illustration on the cover actually meant to be set? Not town-centre Burnley, which seems to have a gap just waiting for bijou little bistros.

So, cheating a little we ventured into the leaflet's 'Outskirts' section, along Colne Road to the Oaks Hotel. It wildly promised "Perfect Surroundings in Every Sense." Obviously a place for posh do's, the hotel proper was awash with wedding guests sporting that glassy-eyed 'only six hours to go' stare. We took flight to the cellars and...

The Archives Wine Bar. Brick arched vaults, green checked cloths and red candles. Nice. But oh that loud music. (It's different when it's not rock classics!) Some swift and secret fiddling with the volume-slide at least made hearing possible. "Don't have anything to eat" hissed a jocular bar-propper, "it'll poison you." Actually the informal wine-bar food went down very well. Moussaka, lasagne, a couple of housewhites and lagers for under £9.00.

With a little slack in the Great Day Out housekeeping, a final fling. Archives Cocktails for "connoisseurs, alcoholics and idiots of both sexes." Seemed appropriate. 'ZOMBIE' was the one to go out on as, great day or not, rigor mortis had almost set in. As for its promised "Yo-ho-ho and so to bed with a rum smile"...afraid that was outside the scope of my leaflets.

| SIGNS | | | | 6 |
|-------------------------|-----------|---------|---|----|
| CAR PARK | S | | | 8 |
| ATTRACTI | ONS | | | |
| Queen Stree | et | | 9 | |
| Gawthorpe | Hall | | 8 | |
| Weavers' T | riangle | | 7 | |
| EATING | | Average | | 8 |
| Lunch | | | 9 | |
| Afternoon | | | 8 | |
| Dinner | | | 7 | |
| | | Average | | 8 |
| SHOPS & CIVIC CHARACTER | | | | 7 |
| FRIENDLIN | IESS | | | 8 |
| TOILETS | | | | 9 |
| CHILDREN'S FACILITIES | | | | 6 |
| TOTAL | | | | 60 |
| Table so far | | | | |
| Keighley | 67 | | | |
| Halifax | 62 | | | |
| Burnley | 60 | | | |
| Blackburn | 59 | | | |
| To come: Le | eds and B | Bury | | |
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THE YEAR OF THE LAPWING

KEN SPENCER tells how the Pennines is fast becoming a last stronghold for this jaunty and much-loved bird.

I was born in 1928. The earliest written words of mine that survive are "I like birds". I wrote them when I was six. My interest continued right through my teens, and if there had been the jobs then that there are now, I think I would have gone into bird-study professionally.

It didn't turn out that way; my life took a different course; I still have my interest in birds, but most people round Burnley these days might know me better as a local historian than as an ornithologist.

This little bit of autobiography is leading up to the fact that in the early 1950's I wrote a book "The Lapwing in Britain", which was well received at the time, and which to my surprise I saw mentioned recently as "still the standard work".

I'm a fine-weather birdman these days, but I've kept up with the bird books and journals, and on learning that 1987 was to be the year of the British Trust for Ornithology's national survey of Lapwings I thought I would make something of a comeback and compare the present local Lapwing population with what it was nearly 40 years ago, when I was compiling the book.

I didn't actually say much in the book about precise localities, but in point of fact most of the summer observations in it were made round Crown Point near Burnley, on Worsthorne Moor and at Black Lane End between Colne and Cowling. I thought I would look again this year at the Crown Point fields. This I did, and against all my expectations I found that the Lapwing numbers were only slightly down on what they were in the 1950's. I say "against all my expectations", because from other journeys into the Pennine countryside I can see that there has been a serious decline, and I have heard that in the south of England the bird is becoming almost a rarity.

I expect most Pennine readers will know what a typical Lapwing field looks like - big and open, with short grass and a few rushes scattered about. Traditionally, such fields were used for casual grazing; they were never much disturbed by agricultural work. They might be limed from time to time, or someone might come round and cut a few thistletops in August, but these things did not bother the Lapwings.

I understand that such fields are now very scarce in the south of England, and this being the case it is pretty obvious why Lapwings have almost gone from large parts of that region, but I don't think it can entirely explain the decline in the Pennines, where we still have quite a few of the old-style fields, and where indeed they are not occupied to full capacity.

I should perhaps explain at this point the fact that avian population-changes are never easy to understand. We don't even know why human populations rise and fall, let alone those of an individual bird species. We can only list factors that would appear to be adverse, and in the case of our local Lapwings these include:

• Loss of some habitat through agricultural improvement and the spread of towns.

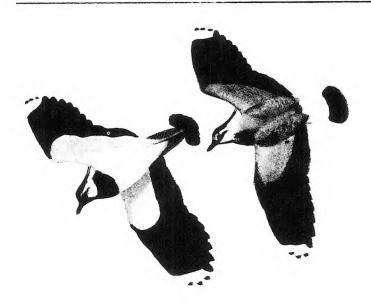
• Increased disturbance on the remaining habitat by an intensification of agricultural practices. I am thinking particularly here of slurry-spreading, which has only caught on in my district in the last three or four years. It is liable to take place right in the middle of the birds' breeding season, and must have a disastrous effect.

• Possibly an increase of predators, especially Carrion Crows.

• Possibly an over-stocking with too many animals for the Lapwings to cope with. A certain amount of sheep and cattle-grazing is a good thing: it keeps the grass short and the manure in time provides insect food, but too many animals can destroy nests or chicks by accidental trampling.

To keep the Lapwing population at a steady level, each pair needs to rear about 1.5 chicks per year. Each female lays a clutch of only four eggs, and if you can imagine the hazards of hatching these from a nest in the middle of an open field, then bringing the fluffy chicks to maturity, you will see that the species is precariously placed.

Whatever the reason, or combination of reasons, it does seem that we are losing our Lapwings. Because we in the north retain some of the old-type fields we shall probably hold onto our birds longer than most places.



It is common for Lapwings to join forces if their territory is threatened by larger birds.

The white underside of the Lapwing is most easily seen whilst the bird is in flight.

The Lapwing used to be known to many as the pee-wit because of its distinctive call.

Built by Co-operation - Saved by Co-operation

A perfect example of partnership between public, private and voluntary sectors.

The original 18th century small square watermill on the Nutclough estate was acquired in 1873 by the embryo Hebden Bridge Fustian Manufacturing Cooperative Society Ltd., a recently formed worker-producer co-operative destined to grow into one of the foremost of its kind. From these small beginnings, the co-operative expanded rapidly and the premises had to grow too. The waterwheel was replaced by a steam engine in a new wing to the south. An extension to the north, a fifth floor above the lot, new dyehouses by the river - Nutclough Mill took shape in stages between 1873 and 1906, to become a pride of the co-operative movement, visited by people from all over the world.

Trade was good and profits ploughed back into the town. The Society pioneered worker education, with one of its members, Robert Halstead, eventually becoming co-founder of the Workers Education Association.

For these reasons, Nutclough Mill was listed as a historic building, but no statutory designation can forever protect against commercial redundancy. The first world war hit trade. The aftermath of the second just about killed it. The mill closed in 1966 and soon fell derelict. Faced with demolition after several failed attempts to find a new use, it was only saved when Pennine Heritage made a last ditch approach to the owners, West Yorkshire Metropolitan County Council.

Many readers -vill know that Pennine Heritage, parent organisation of Pennine Magazine, is a voluntary Trust dedicated to safeguarding the character of the area whilst at the same time assisting its economic recovery. Here was a marvellous opportunity. Old mills make attractive modern workspace if properly renovated and converted.

Pennine Heritage sought to acquire the building and the County Council eventually agreed to its transfer for a nominal £1. Other assistance followed, with Derelict Land Grant and Urban Aid from the Department of the



David Fletcher Chairman of Pennine Heritage, seen right signing the lease for Nutclough Mill with Malcom Smith of HSP Services Ltd.

Environment plus furtner top-up from the County Council, and additional support by Calderdale Metropolitan Borough, English Heritage, Development Commission, Pilgrim Trust and, not least, Manpower Services Commission who funded most of the labour - a public sector package deal, put together by the voluntary Trust, to bring this "no-hope" abandoned building back to commercial viability.

Designed and supervised by local Architect Philip Bintcliffe in conjunction with structural engineers Bailey Jonhson and Hayes, this imaginative project slowly began to take shape. A mammoth undertaking for a small voluntary organisation and its hard working building restoration team.

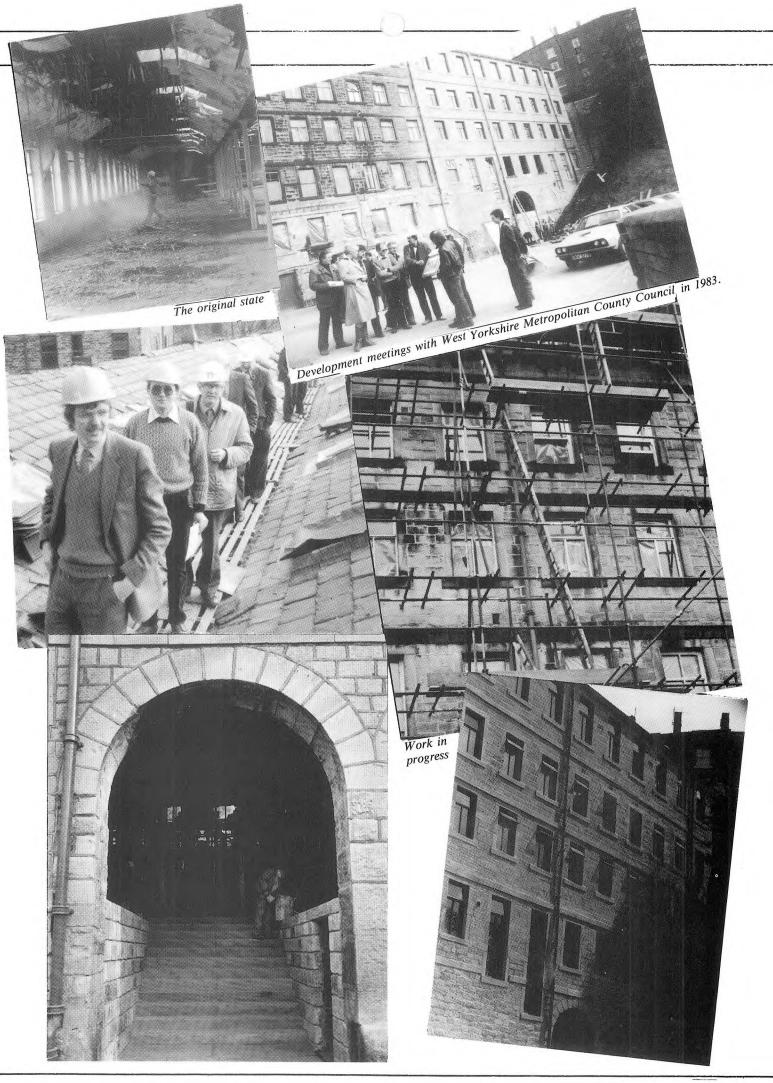
A new form of assistance has now been obtained to complete the job.HSPservices Ltd., a private development company, has agreed to lease the whole mill in its present form, complete it to the original Pennine plan, letting small workshops and taking care of all future day to day management - releasing Pennine energies for other similar projects in need.

So, through the intervention of a voluntary group, public and private funds have been brought together in an imaginative way and the Pennine Heritage original objectives have been more than met - a historic building has been saved; additional workspace has been created to boost employment in the town; and, most important, the Trust has secured a continuing income to assist its future activities.

Could this be a model for other projects in the future?

D E Fletcher Chairman

Pennine Heritage would like to thank all those organisations, public and private, which made this project possible, and especially all those individuals who laboured long and hard, employed through the M.S.C Community Programme to put their time and energy into making it happen.





Bookings phone (0422) 45552

A 'Taste of Yorkshire'*

11.30 a.m. - 5.30 p.m.

Menu

To Start Mrs Crossleys Yorkshire Pie - individually cooked with tender chunks of beef and vegetables

To Follow Traditional Bread and Butter pudding with custard

Wensleydale Cheese and Yorkshire Pickles

PLUS

Non stop traditional Yorkshire music and entertainment in Mrs. Crossleys Parlour Bar, with its authentic Victorian furnishings of stuffed armchairs, chenille and lace, old prints and books, all helping to create a unique atmosphere.

£4.95

Join us at Mrs Crossleys Yorkshire Kitchen for a 'Taste of Yorkshire' or a 'Reet Gud Neet' and experience traditional Yorkshire food and entertainment. phon



(An ideal way to end your day trip to Yorkshire) 5 p.m. - 7.15 p.m.

To Start Traditional Yorkshire Pudding with onion gravy

To Follow Roast Beef with roast potatoes and fresh vegetables

To Finish Traditional Bread and Butter pudding with custard

£6.75

Plus non-stop entertainment (Drinks not included)

Groups and parties - advance booking essential *plus* generous discounts. Families - avoid disappointment, book in advance *plus* reductions for children.



A 'Reet Gud Neet'*

Menu

To Start Traditional Yorkshire Pudding with onion gravy

To Follow Roast Beef with roast potatoes and fresh vegetables

To Finish Traditional Bread and Butter pudding with custard

PLUS A jug of Websters Beer (orange juice or wine if you'd prefer it) and non-stop traditional Yorkshire entertainment including clog dancing, music and monologue.

£11.50

Situated in Dean Clough, one of the largest and most impressive Victorian Mill complexes in Europe — if not the World — Mrs Crossleys Yorkshire Kitchen gives you the opportunity to experience friendly Yorkshire hospitality, authentic Yorkshire food, traditional locally brewed Yorkshire beer and live Yorkshire entertainment, including clog dancers, folk singers, melodian players and monologues, all set in a genuine textile mill, hundreds of years old. *Subject to seasonal openings. **BOOK NOW FOR CHRISTMAS** Your 'Reet Gud Neet' begins at 7.30 when you and your guests are welcomed into Mrs Crossleys Parlour Bar by our mill lads and lasses where, in the authentic Victorian surroundings you have the opportunity to soak up the atmosphere with pre-dinner drinks.

Then to the sounds and smells of a true Victorian mill, climb the stone steps to the Yorkshire Kitchen, the huge original wooden beams supporting the Yorkshire stone building above you, to sit at tables made from old cloth mending work benches for your meal. At approx. 10.45, after your meal, Mrs Crossleys Parlour Bar will re-open should some of your guests wish to adjourn to quieter, more relaxed surroundings until your evening comes to a close.

I personally guarantee you a memorable occasion at Mrs Crossleys Yorkshire Kitchen

Thomas McCann Managing Director.

Mrs Crossleys Yorkshire Kitchen-Dean Clough, Halifax, W. Yorkshire HX3 6UP

If you got fed up with the weather this summer (and who didn't remembering that it was the third bad one in a row,) spare a thought for the bees - to them it's a matter of life and death and at the moment, more death than life. This applies to the wild bumble bees and the honey bees which we keep in hives.

The cool weather and rain which often accompanies it has prevented bees from foraging for nectar from which they make honey, and pollen which is the only source of protein in the diet of young bees needed to replace the older bees which die after some three weeks of active life.

They die mainly through their wing surface being reduced by bits breaking off the edges caused by the beating at an enormous rate against the air during flight. When this takes place, they can no longer get back to the hive and so die.

Crop spraying at the wrong time can also decimate the numbers in hives and added to all this, we have had two winters which have been very cold and have also taken their toll of overwintering hibernating bees. With a shortage of bees, fruit crops are not properly pollinated resulting in small, scarce and misshapen fruit so there is a knock-on effect.

As a beekeeper for 52 years, the writer has never experienced a summer as bad as any one of the last three. Beekeepers have had to feed them constantly throughout the British Isles and despite this, many have died out - indeed, in some parts of the country, there have been as many as 80% losses.

Commercial beekeepers being particularly badly hit as without honey to sell for 2 years, many could not afford to buy large amounts of sugar (from which a syrup is made by boiling it in water then feeding it to the bees) which could cost as much as $\pounds 2,000$ in one year alone. Unfortunately, beekeepers here have been unable to buy sugar at a reduced cost as they can in the rest of the common market.

There is another side to the art of beekeeping - one or two of us are on the Police List as giving a public service when someone rings them whenever bees or wasps invade their lives. One such was a farmer the other week who rang me saying there were some bumble bees in a bale of hay in front of a whole pile in a barn and that he needed to get at all of the hay. He was reluctant to destroy them and asked could I suggest a solution.

As they say 'big do's and little do's', over the phone, I suggested he could slip a large plastic bag (which he had) over the bale during darkness and take it to an isolated place some mile or so away so they could live out their lives till the end of the season.



BEES IN HIS BONNET

ALBERT MORRIS on the trials, tribulations and the fun of beekeeping.

Further than that, I added that he could cut a hole in the front so the bees could use it whilst being protected from the rain. They would then be able to rear several 'queens' which could hibernate through winter to emerge in the spring to start the cycle of nest-building over again.

Another farmer rang me later. He had a water-meter in a small brick-built box in which was some straw for insulation against frost in winter. The meterreader lifted the lid to read it and beat a hasty retreat as it was the summer residence of a colony of bumble bees. He told the farmer that the water-board would send an estimated reading!

I was able to inform the farmer (who again didn't wish to see them destroyed) that they would be extinct by the autumn when the meter-man would once again, be able to read the meter. We beekeepers often get asked, "How do you know which one is the queen bee?" I often reply, "The one that's wearing the crown", or "How do you know how many bees are in that hive?" I tell them we do it the easy way, count their legs and divide by six.

Some few years ago, an irate mother was complaining about a swarm of bees which had settled in a bush in her garden on a Nelson council house estate. "We had some last year" she complained ... "and we know the beekeeper who owns them ... we're going to get up a petition." I told her not to bother as the bees would fly over it! Yes, beekeeping can be a worry, a laugh and a mixture of both, but all in all, it's a rewarding and fascinating hobby.

PUBLIC PARKS

- AN ALMOST FORGOTTEN HERITAGE?

Interest in the preservation of our heritage, including our industrial heritage has never been greater than it is today. The quality and worth of the buildings, canals, and railways constructed by our predecessors is at last recognised, public parks, however, are usually taken for granted and often do not receive the attention they deserve from their municipal owners. The once great civic pride seems to have disappeared.

ORIGINS

The public park was very much a Victorian idea which grew out of the need for green open spaces within the expanding industrial towns. Here the working classes could take the air amidst attractive surroundings and, in some parks, could indulge in various sporting pursuits. These were all welcome distractions from an otherwise difficult and mundane existence.

Men of ability were employed on these new projects. The famous landscape designer, Sir Joseph Paxton, had recently finished the Birkenhead park when he was commissioned by Sir Francis Crossley, the industrialist, to design his 12 acre People's Park. This was presented to the town of Halifax in 1857. Likewise Sir Titus Salt opened his 14 acre People's Park (later to be known as Roberts Park) for the benefit of his mill workers in 1871. This, like Bradford's Peel Park, which Salt was also instrumental in establishing, was later transferred into the care of Bradford Corporation.

In other cases existing parks were given or sold to the towns. Lister Park, Bradford was previously a wooded private estate which was sold cheaply to the corporation by Mr S C Lister, another rich industrialist. Roundhay Park was acquired by Leeds Corporation amidst controversy in 1872 at a cost of £139,000 an astronomical sum for those days.

The municipal authorities were also active in creating parks themselves. In 1883 Beaumont Park, Huddersfield, was opened. The layout of the grounds was largely the work of the parks committee chairman, and the borough surveyor supervised the construction. The land had been presented to the corporation by Mr H F Beaumont, a wealthy landowner.

The problems of the urban parks can be partly solved by a greater investment of time and money by the local authorities but there needs to be a firm commitment on their part. A 5-point plan should be put into effect :- (1) Re-erect the gates and railings, probably utilising MSC Community Programme skills, this action should not be delayed.

(2) Introduce closing times.

(3) Instigate periodic security patrols; the Bradford (Undercliffe) Cemetery Company found this to be an effective deterrent against undesirables on its property.

(4) Persuade the Police to take a more positive role.

(5) Publicise the various measures to encourage greater use of the parks and to warn potential troublemakers.

The cost of these measures would be minimal as a proportion of a Council expenditure budget but in any event, cost should not be used as an excuse for not doing what is very much needed. Bradford has recently taken a step in the right direction by introducing an innovative motor bike patrol scheme which has already been credited with some success. If it can be shown that local authorities care about their parks and are prepared to take positive action to preserve them, as they should be preserved, the benefits will follow.

ROBERT GILPIN



We hear much these days about 'Pub Preservation' particularly in the pages of "What's Brewing". Rightly so. The breweries' passion for ripping the guts out of a place and poncing it up beyond recognition 'to attract new (younger) customers' is well known to us all.

Any homely, traditional lounge and tap 'oil may fall victim to the brewery's whim at the slightest (if any) notice and of course the people completely excluded from any consultation or discussion are the folk who keep the place going: the regulars.

Occasionally, if feelings are strong enough and made known effectively, customers may be able to exert a limited degree of control over changes to their regular drinking environment and can amend or dilute Big Brother's intentions. These are the lucky minority. Far more often it's a case of tearing out the much-loved classic features of a place, knocking it all into one big anonymous expanse and sticking up cheap imported novelties and spotlights in an attempt to punctuate the monotony.

This is bad news and, if in the unlikely event of us getting to know of plans to treat a place of our liking in this way, we should do everything in our power that we can possibly think of to amend/control/postpone etc. the plans. Write to your MP? Why not - for the sake of 18 pence the worst that can happen is he/she doesn't reply (mind you, the time it takes 'em to reply the job will be done and finished before you hear owt).

Right. That's the situation with the insides of our pubs, a bum lot eh?...

But what about the outsides?

Do you realise that the tonal range and darkness of the stone surface of our pubs in this area have probably been pretty much the same for the past 100 years or so? At least since the Industrial Revolution.

The selective and gradual shading of buildings' exteriors by atmospheric agents of our manufacturing past were accumulated rapidly at first, during the formative years of the 'Industrial North'. This initiated the peculiar 'relief' darkening of the local stone, which behaved almost as a threedimensional silver halide surface to the regional factory emissions, and gave us our characteristic negatively highlighted architecture. The pollutants (I know that's a dirty word!) that caused the stone darkening have been eliminated from our air for a while now - as has their source, i.e. intensive coal fuelled manufacturing. Nobody would argue that a cleaner atmosphere isn't desirable - even me, and I'm glad we can all breathe more healthily now if we wish. But should we try to wipe out all traces

STONE

of this smoky industrial past from our part of England?

The stone, when quarried, would have been beige/yellowish in colour, and would have perhaps remained so for a few years after being assembled into buildings. After the initial exposure period however it would have quickly mellowed to the darkness of the era that bore it - and would remain so for decades. The result is an area of the country where what remains of the 'old' is uniquely shaded by it's past, though now without the penalty of continual

immersion in the fumes.

The conditions that give us our shaded grey-black stone buildings, as I said, will never recur, so look at them with appreciation and thought eh?

Now to the pub bit.

Why is it that the breweries in this area are able to finance the wages of infinite gangs of sandblasters to bleach the colour off our beloved boozer's outsides. yet consistently have to put up the price of ale because "other prices have increased"? They're in the beer selling trade - and thankfully several different



To clean or not to clean.

goes down great guns Phil Greaves says let's leave some of our pub past as black as it was 'painted'

companies in the game mean that we have a reasonable choice of whose products to buy. But answering honestly, would you be tempted to a different pub simply because it had changed from an age-graded, fawn-brown-black coloured structure to a characterless dull uniform lump overnight?

The novelty only lasts for a few weeks anyway, until folk get used to it, or owners of surrounding stone buildings are poked by false pride/guilt into having their properties subjected to the same character-erasing operation. Lager drinkers probably would't even notice. Yet this unnecessary, often damaging operation (look at the pointing!) means that the regional history's imprint has been flushed off our pubs and other old stone assemblies forever.

Sandblasting, or stone cleaning, or whatever else you like to call it is a current 'fad' in the Pennines. The craze will hopefully die down eventually, but while it's fashionable hundreds of years of the region's past are being washed away permanently. At the present rate, our familiar 'dark edifices' will vanish virtually overnight, and 150 years or so



of local history and its effects will have been extracted from the vision forever.

It seems to be the breweries who initiate the pocket trends by 'Snopaking' their houses at random. Have they ever bothered to analyse the effects on beer sales after they've 'doctored' a building I wonder - and how long does the effect, if any, last? Long enough to cover the cost of the sandblasting?

Of course once the breweries started this dull trend, stone cleaning quickly became fashionable and we now see local councils (notably Bradford's) directing wasp-like swarms of sandblasters to eradicate all traces of the past 90 years from the city's civic buildings. Please Sir, I don't want my rates wasted in this way.

Perhaps, worse still, the bleaching trend is now spreading to the traditional dwellings of our industrial Pennine hills. I ask you - places 100-150 years old, half way between Huddersfield and Oldham, surrounded by dark aged rocks and they want them to look like new houses. What next?

The frustrating things about sandblasting are (a) that it's permanent and (b) it doesn't require planning permission. This means that anybody in the "Pennine/Industry/Stone" areas of Yorkshire and Lancashire, and wherever else, can freely scrub off as much surface characterising coloured stone as they like - when they like and how they like, yet if you want to put a notice or sign on your wall......

When it takes a concentrated jet of compressed air, sand and water to remove it, it's part of the building's structure isn't it?

Sometime in the Seventies (though too late, as usual) folk suddenly began to express concern about the rapidly vanishing historic face of our city centres. Fine ornate Victorian buildings were being smashed down and replaced by 'modern' purely functional shells, at a rate that was only realised when it suddenly seemed there were no 'old' bits left. Thankfully, public opinion was able to mellow the 'developers' (though 'degraders' seems a more apt term) obsessions to some extent, and the flood was held at bay - (but continues as a steady trickle in one form or another....)

Maybe in the 'nineties' we will look back at what used to be our homely, dark stone surrounded past and be (with apologies to Chuck Berry) -'ready, willing and able' to preserve the appearances of the few darkened stone structures that remain in our Pennine area.

I hope so. Cheers!





CTOBER

3 Oct

Ronald Frost - Organ Recital St James Parish Church, Hasl- Soprano-Caroline Leeks, ingden. 7.30pm Details: Burnley (0282) 21986,29513

4 Oct

Folk, Music Hall & Community 12 Oct Songs with the "Yetties", Calder College, Todmorden. 7.30pm. (Part of Todmorden Town Festival)

7 Oct

Gene Pitney in concert. Start 14 Oct 7.30pm. St Georges Hall, Brad- Lunchtime Concert ford. Details:(0274)752000

7 Oct **Inner Sense Percussion** (Batacuda) Central Methodist Hall, Todmorden. 7.30pm (Part of Todmorden Town Festival) Details:Burnley 21986,29513

12 Oct - 31 Oct Palace Theatre, Manchester "A Chorus Line" The longest Huddersfield Town Hall, running musical in the history 7.30pm of Broadway. Details:061-236-7671

17 Oct Heptonstall Season of Music '87. Symphonia of Leeds. 8pm. Heptonstall Parish Church. **Details:George Smart** (0422)843 782

18 Oct

"Night & Day with Cole Porter" A tribute in song & dance to the genius of Cole Porter. Leeds Arts Centre. Starts 7.30pm. Details:(0532)572198

18 Oct

Crucible Theatre,Sheffield "Courtney Pine" most promis- Details:0484 513808(ext 228) ing jazz musician this side of Atlantic. Details: Press Office (0742)760621

19 Oct - to 24 Oct Colne Operatic Society present "Sweeney Todd" Pendle Hippodrome Theatre, Colne. Details: Tel.Colne 862980

24 Oct

Grimethorpe Colliery Band. Traditional & popular brass band music. Start 7.30pm. Morley Town Hall. Details: (0532)462453

7 Oct Lunch Time Concert Piano-Paul Turner Dewsbury Town Hall, Reception Room, 12.30pm Details:0484 513808(ext 228)

Lunchtime Organ Recital James Lancelot Huddersfield Town Hall 1.00pm Details: 0484 513808 (ext 228)

Piano - Bernard Roberts Programme - Debussy, Beethoven. St Paul's Hall, Huddersfield, 1.05 pm Details: 0484 22133(ext 685)

16 Oct Halle Orchestra Conductor-Stanislaw Skrowaczewski, Piano-Stephen Hough. Programme-Brahms, Prokofiev, Janacek. Details: 0484 22133(ext 685)

21 Oct Lunchtime Concert Harpsichord-Alan Cuckston Dewsbury Town Hall, Reception Room, 12.30pm Details:0484 513808(ext 228)

24 Oct Celebrity Organ Recital **Jonathan Bielby** Huddersfield Town Hall, 7.30pm Details:0484 22133(ext 685)

26 Oct Lunchtime Organ Recital Gareth Green Huddersfield Town Hall, 1.00pm

28 Oct Lunchtime Concert Piano - Peter Hill Programme-Beethoven, Messiaen St Paul's Hall, Huddersfield, 1.05pm Details:0484 22133(ext 685)

27 Oct

Northern Chamber Orchestra Concert, Municipal Hall, Colne. 7.30pm Soloist.Richard Muncey. Details: Burnley (0282)21986,29513

DVEMBER

1 Nov Todmorden Orchestra -Rossini, Haydn, Beethoven. Town Hall, Todmorden. 7.30pm. Details: Tod.7333

7 Nov

Halle Orchestra conducted by Marc Soustrot. Start 7.30. Dewsbury Town Hall. Details: Dews.465151 Ext.314

7 Nov "Waso"Belgian Gypsy Jazz Quartet.Start 8pm.Entrance £2. White Hart Hotel. Todmorden.

8 Nov Crucible Theatre, Sheffield Slim Whitman. Welcome return of this popular Country & Western singer. **Details: Press Office** (0742)760621

Orchestra. Starts 7.30. Huddersfield Town Hall. Details:Hudds.22133 Ext.685

16 Nov Barbara Dickson in concert at 8pm. Queen Elizabeth Hall, Oldham. Details: 061-678-4072

17 Nov Northern Chamber Orchestra Concert, Municipal Hall, Colne. 7.30pm. Soloist.Clair Danies. Details: Burnley

(0282)21986,29513.

29 Nov B.B.C.Symphony Orchestra. Conductor Richard Buckley. Start 3pm. This is a free concert as part of Huddersfield Contemporary Music Festival. Huddersfield Town Hall. Details: Hudds.22133 Ext.685

29 Nov Todmorden Orchestra -Handel's "Messiah" Town Hall, Todmorden. 7.30pm.Details: Tod.7333

3 Dec

An evening with Mozart. A Concert with David Ward. St Pauls Church, Stone Cross, Todmorden. 7.30pm Details: Burnley(0282)21986,29513

4 Nov

Lunchtime Concert Piano-Keith Swallow Dewsbury Town Hall, Reception Room, 12.30pm Details:0484 513808(ext 228)

7 Nov Halle Orchestra Conductor-Marc Soustrot, Trumpet-Bernard Soustrot Programme-Berlioz, Bizet, Hummel, Dvorak Dewsbury Town Hall, 7.30pm Details:0484 22133(ext 685)

11 Nov Lunchtime Concert Violin-Martin Milner, Horn-Elizabeth Davis, Piano-David Lloyd. Programme-Mozart, Brahms St Paul's Hall, Huddersfield, 1.05pm Details:0484 22133(ext685)

11 Nov City of Birmingham Symphony City of Birmingham Symphony Conductor-John Lubbock, **Piano-Bernard Roberts** Programme-Strauss, Mozart, Elgar Huddersfield Town Hall, 7.30pm Details:0484 22133(ext 685)

> 25 Nov Lunchtime Concert Soprano-Elise Ross, Violin-Jacqueline Ross, Piano-Malcolm Wilson Programme- Barber, Ives Songs. St Paul's Hall, Huddersfield, 1.05pm Details:0484 22133(ext 685)

29 Nov

BBC Symphony Orchestra Conductor-Richard Buckley, Clarinet-Michael Collins. Programme-Stephen Albert, John Corigliano, John Adams.Huddersfield Town Hall, 3.00pm Details: 0484 22133(ext 685)

30 Nov Lunchtime Organ Recital Jonathan Bielby Huddersfield Town Hall, 1.00pm Details:0484 513808(ext 228)





2 - 7 Nov

(0274)752000

7 - 28 Nov

World'

18 Nov

OCTOBER

2 & 3 Oct Impossible Theatre Company present:

"Arthur - A Modern Myth" Castle Hill (grounds), Almondbury, Huddersfield, 8,00pm Details:0484 541455

24 Oct Mikron Theatre Company present: "Speed Your Shuttle (and change your tune)" Oakwell Hall Country Park (Barn), Birstall, 8.00pm Details: 0924 474926

27 - 31 Oct **Alan Clements Productions** present:"Sweeney Todd", Venn Street Arts Centre, Huddersfield, 7.30pm Details: 0484 22133(ext 685) 8 Oct Glossop School - "Circus of Poets' (3 poets from Barnsley with 'Performance Poetry" as featured on BBC Kaleidoscope Programme in July. Talbot Rd. Glossop.Tel:Glossop 62336. Admission £1.50.

10 Oct Dialect Songs & Poetry by Lol Lynch, Market Hotel, Bacup. 8pm.

31 Oct Birdsedge Folk Club present "The Wilson Family" with Phil Pipe. Birdsedge Village Hall.



7 - 24 Oct "An Enemy of the People". A Play by Arthur Miller. Octagon Theatre, Bolton. Details: (0204)29407

7 - 10 Oct "California Suite" by Neil Simon. Leeds Art Theatre. Start 7.30pm. Details:(0532)610244

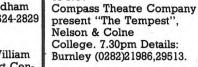
10 - 31 Oct "Hanky Park", Walter Greenwoods affectionate portrayal of Nor-thern life 1910-1930. Oldham Coliseum. Details:061-624-2829

13 - 17 Oct "As You Like It" by William Shakespeare. Leeds Art Centre. Start 7.30pm. Details: (0532)572198

20 - 24 Oct London Festival Ballet, "The Nutcracker".Performances vary. Alhambra Theatre, Bradford. Details: (0274)752677.

22 - 24 Oct "Guys & Dolls" presented by Calder Valley Juniors. St Michaels Church Hall. Mytholmroyd. Details: Miss H Sanderson. Hx.884357.

28 Oct - 28 Nov "All In Good Time" by Bill Naughton. Octagon Theatre, Bolton. Details: (0424)20661.



25 Nov Avon Touring Theatre Co present "The Taming of the Shrew" Calder College, Todmorden. 7.30pm.Details:Burnley(0282) 21986, 29513.

adaptation by David Pownall.

Performances vary. Alhambra

Theatre, Bradford. Details:

"Playboy of the Western

- J M Synge's heart breaking

comedy of 5 women in love

with one man. Oldham Col-

iseum. Details: 061-624-2829.

NOVEMBER

"Pride & Prejudice" A new

6 Nov Good Company Theatre present: 'Crowned With Fame'' by **Jimi Rand** Venn Street Arts Centre, Huddersfield, 7.30pm Details: 0484 22133(ext 685)

14 Nov Delia Paton in "My Dear Friend Charlotte Bronte' Oakwell Hall Country Park(Barn), Birstall 8.00pm Details: 0924 474926

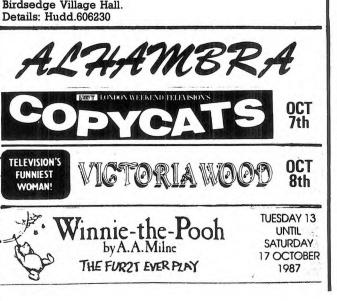
28 Nov Peter Cleall in "The World Turned Upside Down' Oakwell Hall Country Park(Barn), Birstall, 8.00pm Details:0924 474926

26 Nov - 5 Dec "South Pacific" with Gemma Craven, Emile Belcourt, Bertrice Reading. Immediately prior to London opening. Alhambra Theatre, Bradford. Details: (0274)752000

Halifax Choral Society Presents on Sat 21st Nov '87 at 7.30 pm Elijah by Mendlssohn Conductor: Dr Donald Hunt Orchestra: Da Camera of Birmingham **Organ: Simon Lindley** Soloists to be announced

Thursday 10th Dec '87 Handel's Messiah (Mozart Edition) Tickets £2.50 - £6.00 Children & Senior Citizens Half Price (Stalls/Balcony) Box Office (0422)51158

> **Round Table Bonfire** 31st Oct Calder Holme Park, Hebden Bridge





EXHIBITIONS

3 Oct-7 Nov

Group

The Yorkshire Sculptors

Huddersfield Art Gallery

Details: 0484 513808

Permanent Collection

Details:0484 513808

Keep Britain Tidy

Dewsbury Museum

Details: 0484 513808

Welcome to the Motherland?

Bagshaw Museum, Wilton

Albert T Pile: Paintings &

tion Gallery. Details:0484

Batley & Dist. Arts & Crafts

Christmas Crafts Exhibition

prints, hand painted silks &

far more. Coach House Art

featuring glass, ceramics,

Drawings. Dewsbury Exhibi-

Huddersfield Art Gallery

17 Oct-end Dec

19 Oct-2 Nov

28 Oct-12 Jan

Park, Batley

7 Nov-2 Jan

7 Nov-2 Jan

Batley Art Gallery

14 Nov - 24 Dec

Gallery, Burnley. Details: Simon

Lake.(0282)78511

Details: 0484 513808

513808

OCTOBER

11 Sept-10 Oct Conceptual Clothing Huddersfield Art Gallery Details:0484 513808

26 Sept-31 Oct Acquisitions 1985-1987 Dewsbury Exhibition Gallery Details: 0484 513808

12 Sept-24 Oct Costumes of the Golden Triangle Bagshaw Museum, Wilton Park, Batley. Details:0484 513808

26 Sept-31 Oct Alan Gummerson - Paintings. Batley Art Gallery. Details:0484 513808

10 Oct - to 15 Nov Sculpture Exhibition by Mr David Haigh, Colne Valley Museum, Golcar, Huddersfield. Details: Huddersfield (0484)659762

17 Oct - to 6 Dec Farmword Photography. A look into the modern technology of farming in contrast to the traditional rustic image.Cliffe Castle, Keighley. Details:(0535)664184

24 Oct - to 1 Nov Guild of Handweavers, spinners & dyers. Annual display. Industrial Museum, Bradford. NOVEMBER

28 Nov Rochdale Art & Craft Society 11th Annual Craft Fair. Rochdale Town Hall. 10.30 to 4.30 pm. Admission 25p.Con's.15p.

12 Dec Birdsedge Folk Club -Christmas Party Night with Tony Wilson & Residents Artisan. Birdsedge Village Hall. Details: Hudds 606230

21/22 Nov Shibden Folk Museum Craft Weekend Details: Hx.52246

21 Nov-29 Nov Christmas Fayre - craft stalls, games, tombola etc. Colne Valley Museum, Golcar, Huddersfield Details: Hudds.(0484)659762

18 Nov Calder Navigation Society: Annual General Meeting. Black Bull Hotel, Briggate, Brighouse, 8pm.

2 Nov-19 Dec Christmas Crafts - a wide range of gifts, toys. The Gallery Downstairs, Burnley. Details: (0282)21986.

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3 Oct-7 Nov The Yorkshire Sculptors Group. Huddersfield Art Gallery.Details:0484 513808

17 Oct-end Dec. Permanent Collection Huddersfield Art Gallery Details:0484 513808

19 Oct-2 Nov Keep Britain Tidy Dewsbury Museum Details:0484 513808

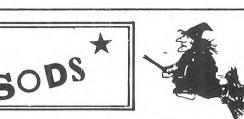
24 Oct-1 Nov Starlab Dakwell Hall Country Park Barn), Birstall Details:0924 474926

8 Oct-12 Jan Nelcome to the Motherland? Bagshaw Museum, Wilton Park, Batley Details:0484 513808 3 Oct & 4 Oct Craft & Working Weekends up to 15 crafts being demonstrated in the museum. Colne Valley Museum, Golcar, Huddersfield. Details: Huddersfield (0484) 659762

3 Oct Glossop School Second Hand Book Fair. 10am-4.30pm. Entrance free. Talbot Rd. Glossop. Tel.Glossop 62336

27 Oct - to 23rd Nov Touring Exhibition Lock Pound & Summit Leeds/Liver pool Canal. Past & Present. Pendle Heritage Centre.

31 Oct & 1 Nov "Parkin Bake" Demonstration by Mrs.A Haigh, Colne Valley Museum, Golcar, Huddersfield. Details: Huddersfield (0484)659762



CTOBER

15 Oct

Evening Talk by Ian Preston "Update on the Huddersfield Narrow Canal Restoration" Tunnel End Canal & Countryside Centre, 7.30pm Details:0484 846062

30 Oct Pendle Heritage Centre 'Ghost Stories for Hallo-

22 Oct Calder Navigation Society -Canals in the Past. A talk by Ralph Kirkham. Black Bull Hotel, Kirkgate, Birstall, Nr Batley. 8pm.

ODDS

10 Oct **Body Building Contest:** N.A.B.B.A. Mr. & Miss United Kingdom. Start 12 noon. St ween". Details: Nelson 695366 Georges Hall, Bradford. Details: (0274)752000

> St GEORGES HALL BRADFORD

Saturday 24th October 7.30pm

ZODIAC MINDWARP AND THE LOVE REACTION IN CONCERT

Watch local press for booking details

NOVEMBER

- 19 Nov
- At 7.30pm.An evening of
- music with The Junior Band of
- HM Royal Marines Band &
- Hebden Bridge Junior Band at
- Halifax Civic Theatre. Tickets
- available from: Before 24
- Oct-(0422)246253 Day
- (0422)884718 Eve. After 24 Oct
- Box Office, Civic Theatre,
- Halifax.

28 Nov

Rochdale Art & Craft Society 11th Annual Craft Fair. Rochdale Town Hall. 10.30 to 4.30 pm. Admission 25p.Con's.15p.

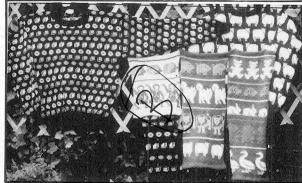
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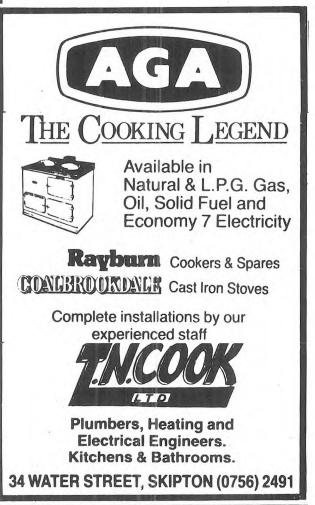
18 Nov Calder Navigation Society: Annual General Meeting. Black Bull Hotel, Briggate, Brighouse, 8pm.

Designer Knitwear



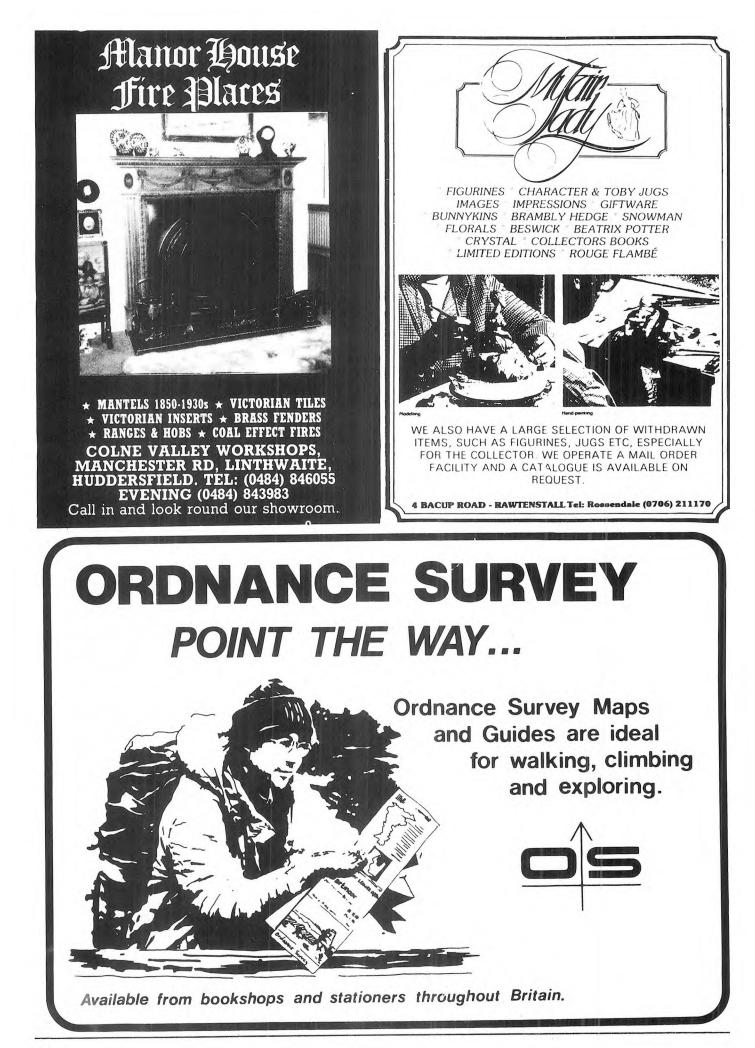
100% Pure New Wool jumpers, direct from the Knitter. Liquorice Allsorts, Sheep, Hedgehogs, etc. Machine knitted and professionally finished.

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NEWS & VIEWS



STEVE BERRY, a man who's sold adverts for Pennine, stood in the pouring rain promoting the magazine at washed-out country fairs as well as contributing countless articles, is still in exile in London. His mission: To seek out new life forms and new civilizations. Here is his report. Stardate 1987.11

Browsing through Glyn Hughes "Millstone Grit" again, I discovered I'd completely forgotten his description of Hebden Bridge as a "Yorkshire Islington." Of course, in the ten years or so since he wrote that, hippies have by and large given way to Yuppies certainly as far as the London Islington's concerned. But how very queer, dear reader, that I should have exchanged the one for the other.

I'm not exactly sure what it is that gives Islington its particular flavour - most people put it down to the muesli - but it's quite unmistakeable.

First of all, a Golf GTI convertible will nip into the last parking space just ahead of you. There will be uproarious laughter in the cinema over the woman in the Martini advert. The shop where you have your hair cut will have a punning name - such as 'Curl Up And Dye' - and round the corner you'll find a taxidermist's called 'Get Stuffed'.

It's an irritating habit that's spreading rapidly to the rest of the country. Punning shop names, that is, although I imagine taxidermy's pretty irritating if you're on the receiving end of it. I don't think I've ever come across another taxidermist's shop; the fact that there's one in Islington however is, I'm sure, highly significant.

In the same way that Pennine towns and villages were depopulated by the closure of the mills, there was once an exodus from central London because of the smog - and also because it became, well, unfashionable to stay. The commuter was born, and Islington degenerated into London's red light district - a mantle now taken on by Mayfair, home of non-fragrant women. I suppose it was the chronic constipation of London's road system that brought people back, although the commuter isn't totally extinct. In fact half the working population of London appears to be stuck in a traffic jam on the other side of my garden wall as I write. They're there because they now can't afford to live in London, not because they prefer to live in Hemel Hempstead. With luck, they'll be home in time for Dynasty.

The genteel architecture of Islington attracted the same sort of people who were captivated by the "quaintness" of Hebden Bridge. The trouble with history is that it seems to evoke an odd nostalgia; the people who manifest the syndrome most are those, almost by definition, who'd have been least capable of surviving the era for which they yearn. Darling! A monkey puzzle tree! How very period! I hope it doesn't grow too big! Or: Where did you find that marvellous Victorian bath tub? And the matching shower attachment too?!

Once you've got some history, I'm afraid you're in for more of it. The Kings Head pub in Islington, for instance, persists in charging its customers in pounds, shillings and pence. Which wouldn't be so bad if the beer was served at pre-decimal prices; needless to say it comes at standardly-absurd London rates. The classier pubs these days have sawdust on the floor.

The world's gone topsy-turvey. But I should worry! That's the second packhorse bridge I've sold this week.



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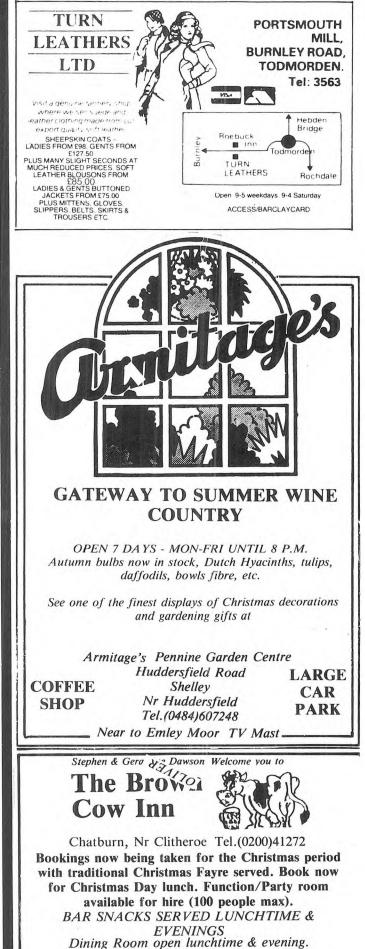
THE SANDERSON SUITE

The Sanderson Suite provides seating for up to 40 people. It is ideally suited for weddings, birthdays, christenings, and business meetings. The room has its own bar facilities and is particularly useful for the smaller conference or private function.

THE BENSON SUITE

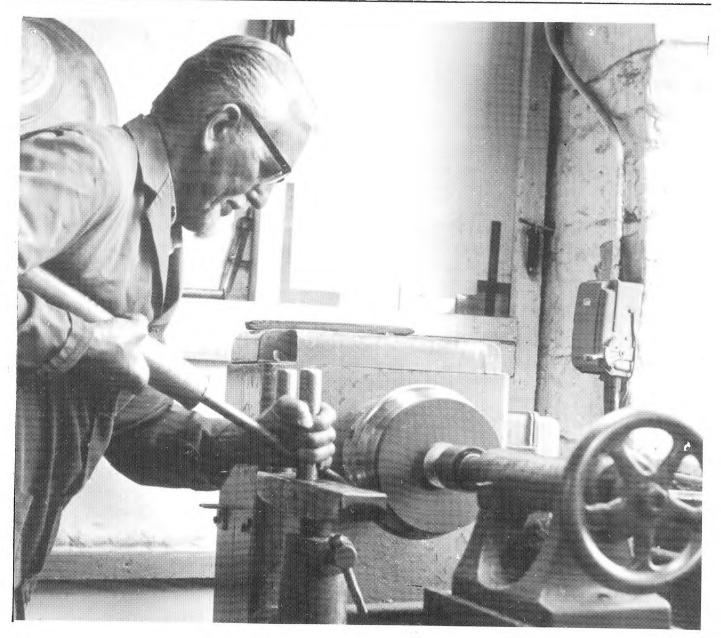
Our lounge and main function room which seats up to 300 offers a sophisticated conference and private party venue. Suitable for weddings, business meetings. birthdays and similar occasions. Incorporated in the Benson Suite is a stage and full bar facilities. A distinctive touch is a split level buffet area. We also provide disco or live entertainment if requested.





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PENNINE IDENTITY



METAL SPINNER

MARGARET GOODWIN'S feature on a fascinating skill

I was asked to visit a metal spinner in Sowerby Bridge near Halifax.

I had never heard of a metal spinner, nor did I have a clue what one made. But I went to the Winton Works, which is in an old mill down by the River Calder and found Roland Witham and his wife busy working with various sized pieces of metal.

Mr Witham was made redundant about 18 years ago and decided, with the help of his wife, to start his own business, and continue the craft and skills he first learnt when he was 14. Mr Witham makes the metal into various objects including ships bulkhead clocks, tea urns, flower vases, bases for police sirens, gramophone horns and many one-off items for people, including parts for vintage steam engines and tricks for a Magician. The various objects start life as 6 x 3 ft flat sheets of various metals which are cut into smaller squares and then circles, then placed on to special machines and spun into various shapes, using special tools Mr Witham made when he was an apprentice.

The brass clocks go through a total of 41 different processes before they leave Mr Witham's works to go to another Craftsman who polishes them before they are assembled and sent for sale.

The art of metal spinning by hand is a dying skill as most spinning is now done automatically in factories using a different process.



AUNTIE ANNIE Kate Mulholland catches the spirit of days gone by

There was a clatter of clogs when the weavers hurried to the mill - it was Lancashire - factory workers in other parts of the country made their entrance and exit more quietly so it was said. If you were five minutes late for work you were sent home and a whole morning's pay was lost.

Old Gerald used to stand at the door, with his heavy, gold watch in his hand and a frown on his face. (He wasn't really old, "about 45, I expect" Auntie Annie said, "but one of those folks who are born old").

My Auntie Annie had a spirit that could not be quenched by even old Gerald's frosty glare, she had once drawn a picture of him, in chalk, in the alley between her looms, but Mary Mercer had rubbed it off quickly, saying Annie would have them all sacked.

Auntie Annie lived with her Aunt Hannah and her cousin Amy. Aunt Annie's parents had died when she was only four, her mother had died giving birth to her brother Matthew and her father had been killed only a few months afterwards when he fell from his barn roof onto an upturned scythe.

Auntie Annie could only barely remember her mother and father and the farm in Cumberland. She remembered the farm animals and how once she had climbed up a ladder which had been left lying against the wall, onto the roof, and how the farm hands had pleaded with her not to move when she wished they would go away because she could see so much, even a lake in the distance, where she had been taken for a picnic on her birthday.

Her brother Matthew and her other brother Jim had gone to live with other relations when their parents died, and now Aunt Annie only saw them at holiday times, when she went by train to Carlisle and her Uncle met her with a pony and trap.

Auntie Annie told me about her cousin Amy being so ill that she had slipped out of the mill to go home to see her, Mary Mercer had said "ee doan't go lass, thee'll be sacked", but Annie had gone, hurrying past the yellow stoned doorsteps and bleached pavements done by zealous housewives who noticed anyone who didn't "do" their step every week.

Auntie Annie was only just in time because Amy passed away that day, and Auntie Annie never stopped missing her and the walks they had taken up Pendle Hill, past the Hall at Roughlee where Alice Nutter, one of the Pendle Witches had lived.

Auntie Annie took me with her when I was older, when she went to stay with Uncle Matthew and his wife Aunt Ruth, the second world war was on then and everything was rationed, but in the farming community butter could be bought from the farm and eggs and it seemed like a different world, except for the Italian prisoners of war in their blue uniforms helping with the haymaking. Uncle Matthew had a stall on Keswick market where he sold his farm produce. and Auntie Ruth made jam and pies for sale. They sold honey from their bee hives and the world seemed to pass them by. Every Sunday, Uncle Matthew



in the tiny Methodist Churches, sacred to the memory of the Wesleys, they had signed the pledge, they told me, and urgently pressed that I must do the same - "what was the Pledge" I wondered.

Auntie Ruth accompanied her husband every Sunday, banging away to the glory of God on organs subscribed and placed in these remote places by zealous workers in the Methodist faith. These small chapels dotted about the countryside are nearly all closed as places of worship, you may find the odd one where a service is held perhaps once a month, but on the whole they have been sold and turned into desirable houses of character, the stained glass windows incorporated into the decor of modern living. The generations of methodists who worshipped there are slumbering in tiny graveyards covered in rose bay willow herb, and convolvulus creeper, may they rest in peace.

I wasn't allowed to have sugar in my tea at Aunt Ruth's (it was needed for the jam making) and when I grumbled to Auntie Annie she said "Shush" and pointed to a mirror situated just inside the doorway on the wall, where Auntie Ruth could see all that was going on and watch all that was said!

The boy next door to Aunt Ruth used to take me on the cross bar of his bike and we would ride down country lanes, flanked by hedgerows of blossom, to a small village where there was a shop where you could "get sweets off the ration".

I hated breakfasts at Auntie Ruth's because she used "dried egg" because it was wartime, I dare not make a grimace "because of the mirror"!

I clearly remember one visit to the farm when a tramp who opened a gate for us actually had his belongings wrapped up in a red-spotted handkerchief on the end of a stick! Even tramps were the genuine thing in those days.

Auntie Annie and my mother and father once went to the farm in the winter when Auntie Ruth was ill. I was delighted to be going in the winter and it was strange to see the trees so skeletal. My Uncle Matt had lit the paraffin lamps, they had no electricity then, and sinking into the feather bed at night was pure luxury.

We brought a goose back for Christmas, it was wartime and fowl was scarce, we were lucky to have relations with a farm. One thing I'll never forget about that goose, everytime I coughed that winter my mother rubbed my chest with goose grease ...ugh... I wouldn't recommend it, but... I've never had bronchitis! it was strong stuff.

We didn't go again by car until the war was over, because there was no petrol for private motoring because of the war. I remember going with my mother in a train, all the compartments were full of soldiers and I remember them sharing sandwiches with me. Trains were always late in those days and we spent hours on draughty platforms.

There seemed to be a whole generation of spinster aunts, I suppose their young men had been killed in the first war, but they were indomitable ladies and great survivors.

TOWN & COUNTRY

Teacher, Pete Sutton's account of how Plant Hill High School in deeply urban Blackley in Manchester, became involved in the scheme to return the Piethorn Valley Water Catchment Area at Newhey to its pre industrial revolution-state.

While taking groups of pupils out on the hills walking, it became obvious that there was a great interest in the countryside by these estate dwellers; but because of their environment, their knowledge was extremely limited. There was a gap in their education that for some children needed filling.

With this in mind I went to see Neville Herron, the water board warden in Newhey. I had the idea that if he was prepared to accept a group of pupils on a regular weekly basis, to help him with his job of the day, then the children's thirst for knowledge would be satisfied and the school could provide a certificate detailing the skills and knowledge that the group had acquired.

Although sceptical, Neville agreed to try the scheme. During our conversation I realised that there was a natural link between the Piethorn Valley and the school - it provided the school and housing estate with their water supply. This was to be a selling point when introducing the course to the pupils.

Neville came into school to show films of his work and some of the wildlife natural to Piethorn, and sufficient interest was generated to start a pilot scheme in June, 1986.

A group of 12 boys and girls were taken each Monday to the valley where over a six-week period they created a footpath across a hillside by laying log edgings and backfilling with shale found naturally in the valley at the entrances to all the old coal mine shafts. They built a stile at the end of the footpath to provide access to a path through a wood. They built a stockfence to keep animals from a newly-planted tree plantation. Finally on a site where part of a dry stone wall had fallen down, work was started on rebuilding.

The children had shown that they could carry out the very physical tasks, showing much interest, effort, and humour, Neville had been won over, and it was agreed that Plant Hill pupils should visit the valley each week until further notice from September, 1986.

The Northern Examining Association were approached with a view to setting up an assessable scheme of work. When officers visited the area and saw at first hand the effort put in and the standard of work completed a work scheme was soon set up. The course had achieved credibility and the workers would take away a nationally-accepted accreditation certificate, a certificate acceptable to future employers and educational course directors while the course provides much personal satisfaction and mental stimulation to the participants.

During the past 10 months much has been achieved. Fences have been erected, walls rebuilt, trees planted, a reservoir re-stocked with fish, habitat piles of brushwood created, and a centuries-old cobbled footpath, long since overgrown and forgotten, has been rediscovered and the red sandstone - a stone not natural to the area has been exposed, cleaned by the rain, and now provides a very pleasant public footpath.

Preparatory work has started on converting an old lime house into a field centre.

A significant development occurred in January. An injured bird was found and Neville immediately decided that it should be taken to Three Owls Bird Sanctuary at Norden, near Rochdale. Here the group were fascinated by the hospital, the aviaries, and the many different birds flying freely, or if injured roaming the grounds.

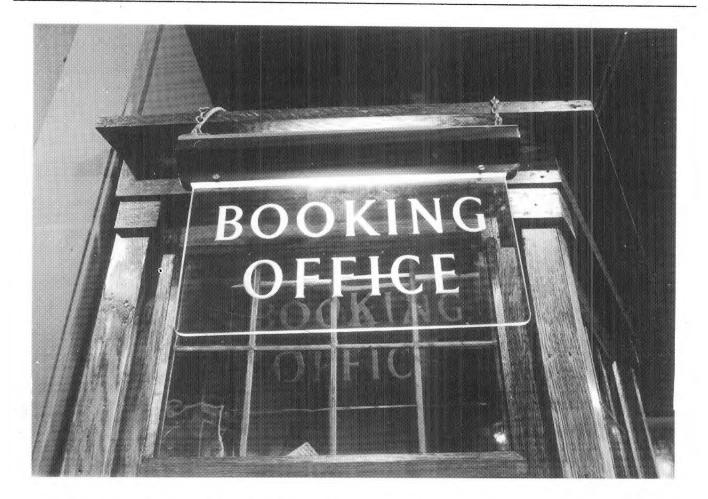
A community project had provided money and labour to create a series of cascading ponds, sheltered by trees and shrubs, a great attraction to birds. A nature trail around the grounds was also being constructed.

The team wanted to help. We worked for weeks, knee deep in mud and clay in the often wet or freezing conditions, to build a pond with refuge island, it had a wooden ramp leading up to it, to help injured birds - and the whole area was planted with trees and shrubs.

Other people at school who had heard of our work also wanted to help the Sanctuary and have organised a Summer Fair to raise money to buy materials for a new series of aviaries. The YTS group attached to our school is going to construct the wood and netting modules which will be used to build the aviaries.

Since the course started 20 pupils have passed through and two boys have chosen to develop their skills and improve their knowledge still further. Martin Doyle is at Preston College of Agriculture. Darren Abbott is to attend a YTS course on Gamekeeping in Hampshire. Our course has been justified.





OLD STAGERS IN OLDHAM

FREDA MILLETT, who has mounted an exhibition on the subject, describes a colourful century of theatre's in the town.

Oh! list to the rhyme of a record stock And the tale of the mummers' toil, In the sylvan glades of Horsedge Street, On the boards of the Theatre Royal. And bring me a beaker of pre-war beer Or a tankard of Mountain Dew, And I will drink to the "Owdham" gods In spite o' the Spanish flu.

"The feeling you got when the orchestra first struck up and the lights were dimmed; there was nothing quite like it, before or since - a sort of magic actually. You've got to experience it to know".

The period that Fred Carter is remembering is 1910, when as a boy of nine years old, he was first taken to the theatre. One hundred years previously, on the 13th January, 1810, a very important event happened in Oldham.

MAYSIE WRIGHT

Crowds were expected because Mrs Jordan was not only a famous actress, but was also the mistress of the Duke of Clarence.

In the late 18th century, troupes of strolling players brought dramas to market places and inn yards, especially during Wakes and Fairs. References to performances in Oldham date from this period and would probably take place in a room behind a public house. We may assume that lighting effects would depend on candles and that the audience behaved without inhibition (catcalls, whistling, and even throwing food at the performers, were all accepted practice).

The earliest identifiable play performed in Oldham was "Jane Shore", the sad story of Edward IV's mistress. It was held at the Red Lion and the price of admission was 2s. 0d. (10p) for the pit and 1s. 0d. (5p) for the gallery.

The second half of the 19th century was the golden age of theatre, at least in Oldham. Life was a little easier than in the first fifty years of the century. There was street lighting, more public transport and shorter working hours, since the Ten Hour Act had been passed in 1847. Lancashire cottons were being carried all over the world along with coal, railway rolling stock and engineering products, all manufactured in the industrial north.

With a trifle more money and more leisure, people welcomed the opportunity to be entertained. Between 1845 and 1900 five theatres opened in Oldham: The Theatre Royal 1845; the Adelphi 1868; the People's Music Hall c.1870; the Colosseum 1887, and the Empire 1897.

One of Oldham's longest-running theatres was the Theatre Royal (originally the Working Man's Hall and built by the Chartist Movement). The hall was intended to serve the working classes as an exhibition centre, music hall and theatre. It is still remembered with great affection by everyone associated with it.

Music hall was one of the favourite forms of entertainment in Oldham, providing a respite from the demands of working long hours in the cotton mills. The Adelphi, (which eventually became The Gaiety), provided this escapism. Many well-known artists appeared at the Gaiety, among them the Lupino family, Lillie Langtry, Fred Karno's Circus, Dan Leno and Harry Lauder.

The People's Music Hall was affectionately known to Oldhamers as the "Peeps". It was said to have a stove in the centre of the room where the men could knock out their pipes. Although no visual record of the People's Music Hall survives, and reports of its history are wrapped in obscurity and doubt, it must, nevertheless, with its noisy and warm atmosphere, have been very welcoming.

The Colosseum, the only surviving theatre, has the most chequered history of any theatre in the town and, because it opened on Queen Victoria's Jubilee day - 20th June, 1887 - celebrates its centenary this year. Many familiar actors and actresses first started their careers at the Oldham Coliseum, as it is now called. In the past it also saw extremely exciting political meetings attended by many well-known politicians, including Lloyd George, Ramsay Macdonald and Duff Cooper.

The theatre faced many crises before emerging as the successful theatre it is today. These are aptly described in James Carter's book **Oldham Coliseum**, **the First Hundred Years''**,available from Oldham Libraries.

The Empire theatre was lit by electricity and had a large sunburner of 96 lights in the centre of the auditorium. It was the only theatre in the town which had a circle without pillars, so it did not obstruct anyone's view of the stage. It was the home of music hall, pantomime, orchestral concerts, plays and variety shows. It could boast that it showed the first silent film in Oldham in 1911, and the first talkie in 1929.

When the Palace Theatre of Varieties was built in 1908, Oldham had, for the first time, a music hall which was designed and furnished in a style typical of the Edwardian theatre. In a brassrailed, velvet-curtained pit below the footlights, was an orchestra of 12-14 musicians. It was luxurious, decorated in red and gold, and many famous music hall stars appeared at the Palace, among them Vesta Tilley (who later became Lady De-Frece). After almost thirty years of prosperity, it closed in 1935.

People who loved it were left with their memories of the thrills and laughter; the mingled smells of oranges from the gallery and cigars from the stalls.

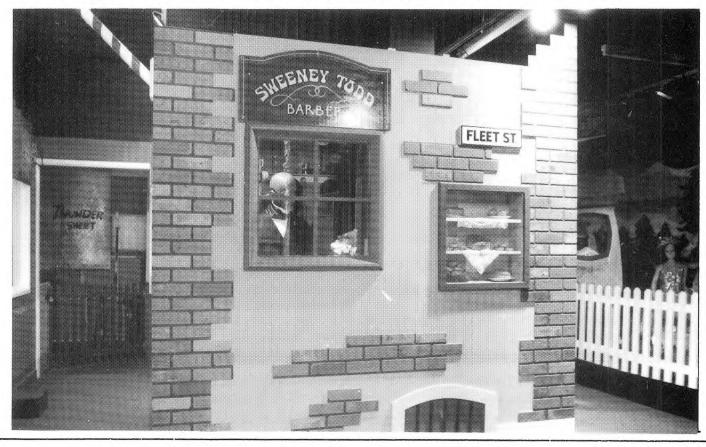
The Grand was the last theatre to be built in Oldham, opening just a month after the Palace, but, as its purpose was to bring culture to the town, the two were never in opposition. It had an impressive white marble staircase going up to the dress circle and a magnificent red carpet reaching down to the stalls.

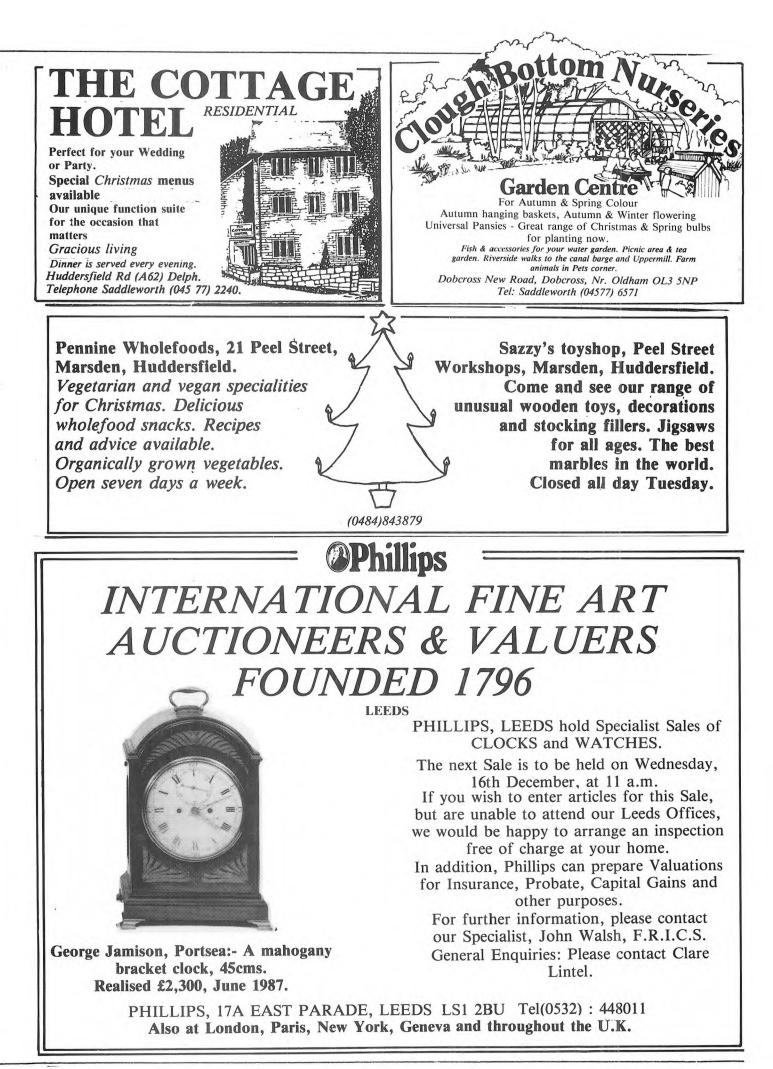
Many of the theatres advertised "early doors". Seats could be booked for the Orchestra Stalls and the Dress Circle only. In order to ensure a seat in other areas, one could go for "early doors", but this cost more. In 1917 the cost of going to the Grand was:

Orchestra Stalls3s.0d. tax3d.Dress Circle2s.6d. tax2d.Pit Stalls1s.6d.tax2d.-early doorsUpper Circle1s.0d.tax2d.-early doorsPit6d.tax1d.-early doors

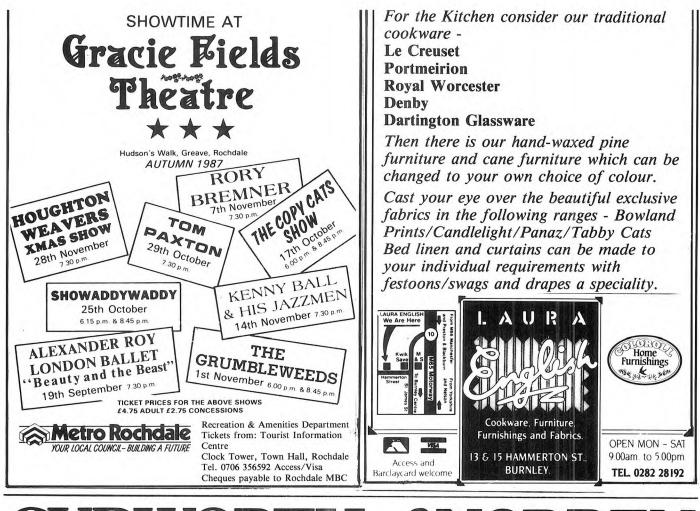
Gallery (Gods) 4d.tax 1d.-early doors 7d. By 1936, most of the Oldham theatres had closed. An era was over - live theatre could not compete with the cinema. Audiences flocked to see spectacular Hollywood extravaganzas; the things which excited, moved, caused laughter and tears had changed. The wurlitzer rising from the floor had replaced the ending of the overture, the dimming of the lights and the swish of the splendid crimson and gold curtain...

• An exhibition 'Oldham Theatres' runs at the Local Interest Centre in Greave Street until February 7th. Opening hours are: Mon, Wed, Thur and Fri. 10 am to 5 pm. Tues, 10 am to 1 pm. Sat: 10 am to 4 pm.









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Welcome to the Valley

How Rossendale is launching itself as a major tourist area.

It seemed like a bad idea at the time. But the re-birth of Wigan Pier as a tourist centre has astounded the cynics and silenced the echoes of music hall titters.

The same critics scoffed at the prospect of Liverpool's dockland being revived as a centre of cultural excellence. Wrong again.

Now Rossendale is focussing public attention on the glories of its past and its prospects for the future as a tourist centre.

And if you think that's funny, spare a thought for what has already been achieved; 100,000 visitors a year now visit the artificial slope at Ski Rossendale, and in the last three years Rossendale Borough has spent £1 million on derelict land reclamation and tree planting. Rossendale Groundwork a charitable trust - has well-advanced plans for an environmental display centre with bunk barn accommodation at New Hall Hey in Rawtenstall, and this will link up with the steam trains which should be running between Bury and Rawtenstall by 1989.

John Elliman, one of Rossendale Borough Council's planners, says: "Noone ridicules Wigan Pier any more, and tourism in Rossendale is no joke either"

Sometimes the planners are their own worst enemy in getting their message across. What they call 'environmental interpretation' means, simply, the most fascinating history and nature lessons you've ever had.

At the core of their campaign are six small books called ""The Changing Faces of Rossendale". Crammed with local colour and fascinating anecdotes, the books are backed up by sets of slides, lectures and guided walks. They are designed to help tourists, day trippers and locals to understand the history of the area and, more importantly, to care about its future.

The Changing Faces series serves the growing tourist market well, and is even going to be offered to schools for GCSE studies. But these books are remarkable not so much for themselves as for the co-operation which produced them. The council's idea to set up a Countryside and Tourism Interpretive team was taken up enthusiastically by its partners in the project, the Countryside Commission, Manpower Services Commission and the Rossendale Groundwork Trust.

The four partners support a team of three artists and two researchers headed by Arthur Baldwin, a highly-qualified geologist with a passion for the local history of his native Rossendale. Their brief is to encourage awareness of the history, traditions, environment and attractiveness of Rossendale as a place to live, work and visit.

The Changing Faces booklets illustrate man's effect on the region. "Production Lines" deals with industrial heritage apparent in the Valley's Victorian streets, mills and the Lancashire Textile Museum at Helmshore. It describes the days when millworkers could become *continued on page 43*



Changing Faces of Rossendale - from the left Arthur Baldwin (Project Leader), Richard Branson at launch.

The Staff of Life's Horn of Plenty

The Staff of Life Inn may well be known to many of our readers as an Inn which prides itself on serving some of the finest ales available. Although the regular bitter (Timothy Taylors) is a fine drop of ale, for me anyway, their Theakstons Old Peculiar is purest nectar! The Staff of life, however, doesn't just offer high quality beers. The Inn, under the watchful eye of th Landlord, has now branched into the world of top class food. A Seafood restaurant which has been opened above the pub has an intimate atmosphere of dark, wood-panelled walls, low beams and comfortably subdued lighting. The menu for a non-gourmet like myself is somewhat daunting. Do you know what a Moroccan Monkfish looks like? If you enjoy the unusual then this place is a must. Fish such as John Dorey, Red Mullet, Moroccan Monkfish, other

delicacies such as Langustine, Lobster Americaine. The menu is full of the unusual to whet the appetite. The food is of the highest quality and comes fresh from such exotic locations as the Isle of Skye and Brixham. The Chef is a master of his art and the pride he obviously puts into his work is most noticeable in the eye-catching way each dish is set out. The John Dorey was brought to my table looking for all the world as if it were an art work being lovingly unveiled at a Sothebys auction.

Another enjoyable surprise in these days of nouvelle cuisine mini portions was the amount of food. After enjoying crab baked with parmesan and John Dorey with Mussel and Courgette sauce plus potatoes, green beans etc. I found I had no room left for the quite superb range of desserts (all mouth watering) or the large selection of real farmhouse cheeses which were available.

To top it all the Staff of Life offers a wide range of brandies and liquers to aid the digestion of the abovementioned cuisine.

I'll finish this with a quote from a French visitor to the restaurant. On leaving the building he was heard to mutter that he was disgusted. When asked what it was that had annoyed him so, his reply was: "I come from a land where food isn't just eaten. It's lived! I arrive in a land noted for its odd cuisine and not only am I treated like a King, I eat better than one!" If a Frenchman can be converted by the Staff of Life, then anyone can. All I'll add is

Mmmmmmmmmmmmm.....!

Jon Blackmore





Rossendale Groundwork's Bunk Barn, Conference Room & Visitor Centre - for courses & group holidays.

cotton barons - you can almost hear clogs ringing on the cobbles...

"Making Tracks" deals with the history of transport, "Building Blocks" covers the effects of quarrying, and "Nature's Ways" traces natural history from the "wildwood" of 6,000 years ago, through medieval attempts at conservation, to the present day. "Grass Routes" - on farming - and "Water's Mark" - on water - are still in the pipeline.

Other publications include a walk into the past of the famous 18th century Whitworth Doctors, leaflets detailing the 45-mile Rossendale Way and the 30-mile Irwell Valley Way. An origami nature quiz called "Qwackers" is the latest bid to interest children in their environment. John Elliman hopes efforts like this will revive a spirit lost in the modern world. "There's no feeling of continuity between generations, no responsibility to the next generation. We have lost touch with the land and with nature. Food comes in cans and packets - people make no connection between the land they pollute and the food they eat.

"Children are the parents of the future - we want to teach them values they will pass on to future generations".

Project leader Arthur Baldwin said "We've come a long way from producing the odd information leaflet. There's a real theme behind what we're doing, and a real purpose."

Pop entrepreneur Richard Branson, who was chairman of UK 2000, asked for a

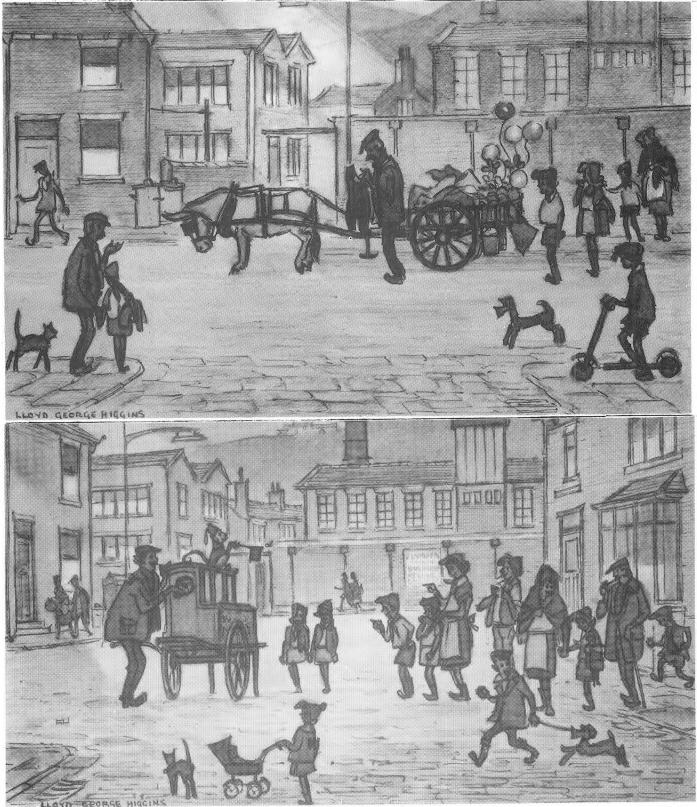
set of the Changing Faces books when he visited Rossendale earlier this year and told the team "You can be really proud of what you are doing".

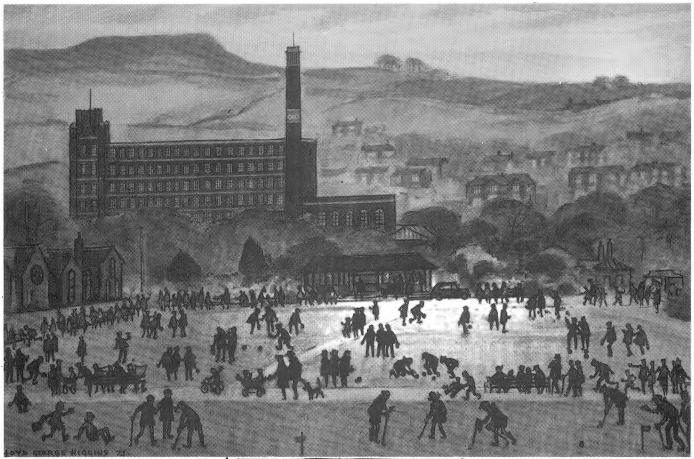
The director of the Countryside Commission, Mr Adrian Phillips, said "Changing Faces is a most exciting series of booklets. It reveals the real Rossendale to the visitor and the resident and contains a wealth of fascinating information about this attractive area.

Now Rossendale Council is planning to share its expertise with other councils who would like to set up similar projects. When the environmental display centre opens at New Hall Hey, Rossendale Groundwork will organise courses and working holidays for interested parties. Linda Whitaker

LLOYD GEORGE HIGGINS. ANOTHER LOWRY?

JACK MORTON LOOKS AT THE LIFE OF AN ARTIST WHO'S WORK GOES ON SHOW AT BARROWFORD'S GALLERY BY THE PARK FROM SEPT 23rd to OCT 18th.





This became the predictable reaction of the majority of people when confronted for the first time with paintings by the late Lloyd George Higgins particularly during the last ten years of his life during which period it was my privilege to hold some four exhibitions of his work at the Stables Gallery in Trawden.

It will be recalled that during the period I refer to, i.e. roughly some five to fifteen years ago, Lowry was perhaps England's best known artist whose work enjoyed an almost universal appeal stretching across all classes of artistic appreciation, many of whose paintings had been reproduced in limited, not to mention the many unlimited editions, whose work had even appeared on place-mats. Did not Lloyd George Higgins draw for his inspiration on the self same common people of the Lancashire Cotton belt? Did he not also use as a backdrop the mills and hills of Todmorden where he had spent the best part of his working life in one of these very textile mills? A superficial resemblance of the two artists' work is thus almost inevitable; it is here however that similarities cease and we can, by an examination of the essential differences in the respective characters of the two artists discern the reflected differences in the subject and subject matter of their paintings - The Style is the man!

Thus we readily become aware for instance of the essential cheerfulness and gregarious good humour of the typical

Higgins character compared with the lonely introspection of so many of Lowry's figures. Take the children how many of Lowry's skip and trip laughingly across a pavement as do Higgins' Kids. Even the dogs conform -Lowrys (even the celebrated firm legged one) - are positively sinister whereas the typical Higgin's dog displays all the jauntiness of, dare I utter the word, - a tyke. Thus from his paintings does Lowry emerge as the aloof observer - a man of middle class pretentions who stands apart from his fellows whereas Higgins, we know instinctively, has worked alongside his characters, is on nodding terms with them, has indeed shared their lives, hard lives for the most part, yes but lives not without happiness, humour and warmth.

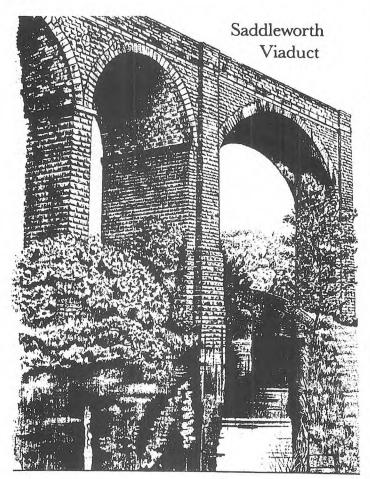
Thus do their paintings point up the gulf with on the one hand, the lonely bachelordom of Lowry and, on the other, the fulfilled family life of Higgins for Lloyd George Higgins was very much a family man. A further laudable characteristic was his regard and generous attitude towards the work of his fellow artists. He never failed to accord a close examination of any exhibition which happened to be being held whenever he visited the Gallery not a common trait among artists in general!

Though I have dwelt on the popular work of Lloyd George Higgins - and rightly so - mention must be made of other aspects of his art; for like all true artists he was constantly reaching out and experimenting. It is not widely known for instance that he was no mean illustrator of childrens stories. A hint of yet another aspect of L.G.H. appeared in a painting which was exhibited at Trawden towards the end of his life - this painting concerned the demolition of the old Patmos Chapel in which we see the spirits of the chapel in full flight before the encroaching demolition machinery and ensuing chaos.

I am very much looking forward to the retrospective exhibition of his work due to open at The Gallery by the Park in Barrowford in September where I understand that a number of these other aspects of his work will be on show. I know that he considered many of these to be his finest work.

L. S. Lowry lived to a great age and thus was able to enjoy being recognised as an artist with an international reputation. Lloyd George Higgins was not so fortunate for when he died he had just begun to achieve the national recognition which is the ambition of so many but the reward of so few artists. There was a great demand for his originals and he had just been taken up by one of the major producers of signed limited edition reproductions of his work. There was every indication that he was standing on the brink of a much wider fame. Who can say what he might have achieved had he lived just a short time longer or is there still a further chapter to follow?

Published by Oldham Planning Department, the Visitor Guide gives lively commentary on the villages that together make Saddleworth. Read about the Delph Donkey, the progress of the Huddersfield Narrow Canal, the double murder at Bill's O'Jacks, the American connection, the Roman forts, the Rush cart festival and much more.



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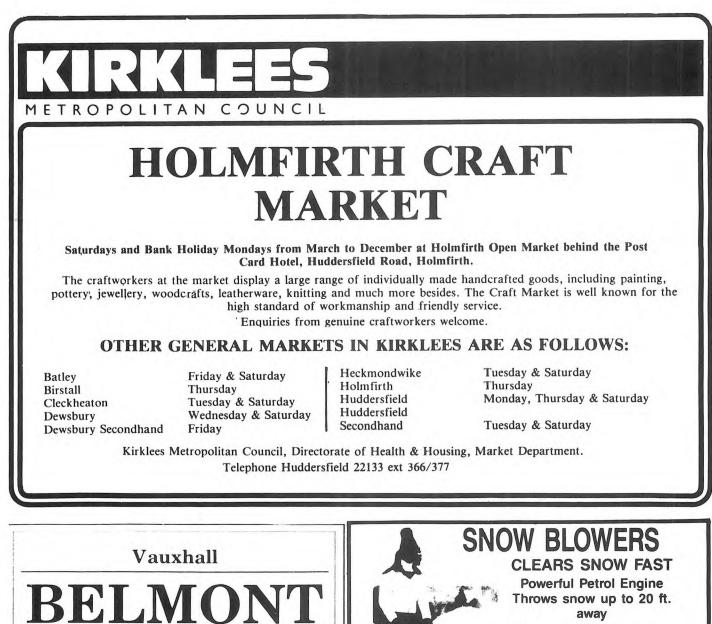
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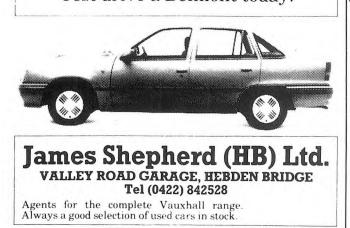
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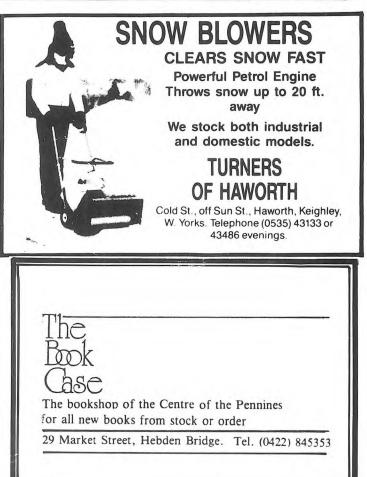
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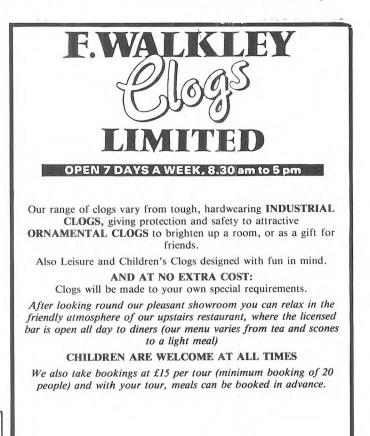
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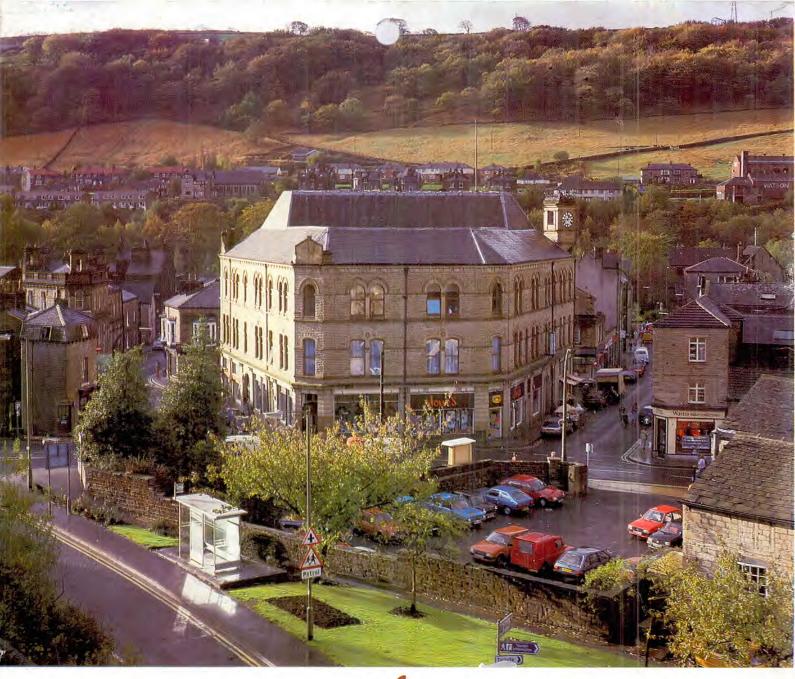
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