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Dalesman

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The changing Dales

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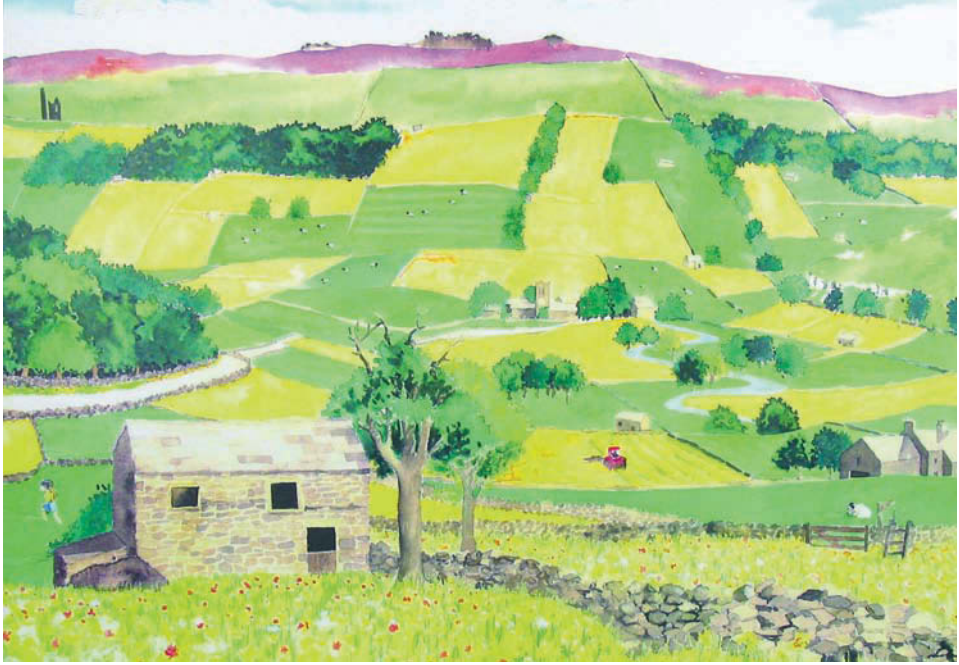

WELCOME TO DALESMAN

Adrian Braddy, Editor

When I was designing this month's front cover, with the hope of showing how the Yorkshire Dales National Park has changed in the sixty years since its formation, a colleague suggested I would struggle, as they look now just as they did six decades ago.

Of course, the Dales have changed quite a lot, but he had a point. Unlike many other parts of England, the Dales remain as beautiful and unfettered by modern over-development as they did back in November 1954. And that is perhaps the greatest advert for the national park movement. Without national parks, both the Yorkshire Dales and the North York Moors may have looked very different.

In this month's magazine, Colin Speakman marks sixty years of the Yorkshire Dales National Park, and reflects on this magazine's involvement in its creation.

Colin is arguably best known as the creator of the Dales Way, one of the country's most popular long distance walks, and elsewhere in this month's issue we catch up with Clare Balding, who has just completed the walk for BBC Radio Four's Ramblings programme.

Also this month we go behind the scenes at the York Walls, meet the artist whose work features on millions of boxes of tea, and chomp through the history of the Yorkshire pie.

Happy reading!

One of a series of paintings by Hannah Chesterman showing how the Yorkshire Dales National Park could look in the future – see page 20

November 2014
Volume 76 No 8

Cover: Composite features Arncliffe, in Littondale, by John Potter and 1950s/60s walkers from the David Joy collection

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OLD AMOS

Ah've come to t' conclusion that some folk 'av minds like quicksand – takes time for stuff to sink in!

WIN A FIRST CLASS FAMILY RAIL TICKET TO LONDON **WORTH £690**

See page 72

A DALESMAN'S DIARY

November 2014

The woodland of the Yorkshire Dales could look very different in a few years, following the much-dreaded arrival of a potentially fatal tree disease. Following a recent spate of the disease in Lancashire, ash dieback has now been identified at several sites on the western fringes of Yorkshire, including four in the Dales. There have also been confirmed outbreaks in the East Riding.

A spokesman for the Forestry Commission said, "It is too early to say how widespread it is. We will continue to monitor and survey the trees in the area and give advice to woodland owners." The disease, which is caused by the fungus *Chalara fraxinea*, results in leaf loss and kills off the tree's crown. It has been spreading rapidly across Europe, where it has decimated the ash tree population in countries such as Denmark. Ash is one of the dominant trees in the Dales, and it is estimated there are hundreds of thousands growing there. It is therefore feared that ash dieback disease could irreversibly alter the character of the Dales' woodlands, which, in turn, may have a serious, lasting impact on the landscape. Yorkshire Dales National Park Authority senior trees and woodland officer Geoff Garrett said, "It is obviously very disappointing news that Chalara has started to affect ash trees in the national park. We will

An autumnal woodland scene in Swaledale, by Dorcas Eatch

be working with the Forestry Commission and woodland owners to monitor the impact very closely. We will also be looking at options for minimising the impact on the landscape and biodiversity of the national park, including identifying suitable replacement species for trees which are lost."

It is unlikely that the affected trees will be felled, as they will continue to provide a habitat for wildlife. The Dales' characteristic ash woodlands contain rare and endangered plants and insects. "They have an important role in keeping a diverse landscape," added the Forestry Commission spokesman.

For further information, call the Chalara helpline on 08459 335577 or visit the Forestry Commission website forestry.gov.uk/chalara

PIER PRESSURE

One of the historic piers that protect Whitby could "collapse at any time", councillors in the town have claimed. A delegation of local politicians has called for urgent government funding before it is too late. More than £4 million needs to be found to make up a serious cash shortfall if the piers are to be restored. Coun Joe Plant, deputy mayor at Scarborough Borough Council, said that twelve years ago, in 2002, the east and west piers were given a life expectancy of ten years. "The situation is now critical," he said. "All the evidence has been collated and surveys done. The work must be done – we cannot put the future of Whitby at risk, which is what would happen if the piers are not renovated." There have been piers at Whitby at least as far back as 1545, when they were built of timber. The wooden structures were replaced with stone piers in 1632, and were rebuilt in 1702. A new west pier was built in 1814, while the east pier was rebuilt in 1854. Both are now English Heritage Grade II-listed structures. Despite facing a relentless pounding from the North Sea, the current piers have not been renovated since 1910. "Two years ago it was found that the East Pier would collapse at any time," said Coun Plant. "Without the piers, there is no Whitby."

HAY MEADOWS

A project to restore the hay meadows of Nidderdale has proved a real success. Over the past three years, eighty hectares of hay meadow habitat have been restored and enhanced across the Nidderdale Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty (AONB). Together with a pilot project undertaken in 2011, the total amount of restored hay meadows now stands at 122 hectares, which means that

This dramatic photograph showing low cloud cover over the River Humber was taken by an officer on the Humberside Police helicopter as it flew over Hessle, in the East Riding. The iconic Humber Bridge, which measures 2,220-metres (7,280 ft) in length, can be seen through the clouds Image courtesy Humberside Police

more than a full grid square on an OS map has been filled with wildflowers and pollinators. The seed used to create the meadows was sourced from local farms, with landowners receiving payment for harvested "donor" meadow seed. A local contractor was also employed to help with the work. Kelly Harmar, AONB development officer, said, "We look forward to more success over the next three years in Upper Nidderdale. Between 2015 and 2018, as part of our Heritage Lottery funded Upper Nidderdale Landscape Partnership Scheme, we aim to introduce wildflower species to sixty hectares of hay meadows, pastures, road verges and buffer strips at the edge of silage fields."

DIGITAL DALESMAN

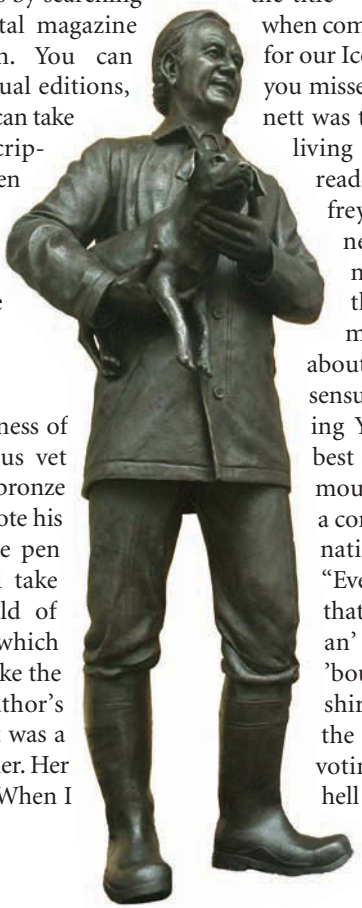
In this, the seventy-fifth anniversary year of the *Dalesman*, we have published the very first digital edition of the magazine. From now on you will be able to download complete copies of every issue onto your computer, smartphone or tablet. We envisage this screen version will prove most popular with overseas readers, but anybody wanting to add a breath of fresh Yorkshire air to their tablet or phone will also appreciate this new way of enjoying the magazine each month.

There are several ways you can access the digital *Dalesman*. We have developed a free app, which can be downloaded from the Apple App Store or Google Play Store. To find the app, simply enter "*Dalesman*" into the relevant store's search box. Alternatively, you can access the digital editions by searching for "*Dalesman*" at the digital magazine newsstand pocketmags.com. You can choose to download individual editions, including back issues, or you can take out a money-saving subscription – you will be alerted when the new edition is available for download, around the 25th of each month.

For further details, see www.dalesman.co.uk/digital

NAH THEN, VITNERY

A "spookily" accurate likeness of the world's most famous vet has been unveiled, *right*. The bronze statue of Alf Wight – who wrote his best-selling books under the pen name James Herriot – will take pride of place at the World of James Herriot in Thirsk, which raised the cash needed to make the sculpture a reality. The author's daughter, Rosie Paige, said it was a "fantastic likeness" of her father. Her brother, Jim Wight, added, "When I saw the statue, I nearly jumped out of my skin. I expected his head to move like the bronze in Jason and the Argonauts and for him to say 'Jim, there are forty bulls that need castrating'." Christopher Timothy, who played James Herriot for many years in the BBC series All Creatures Great and Small, was also at the official unveiling.

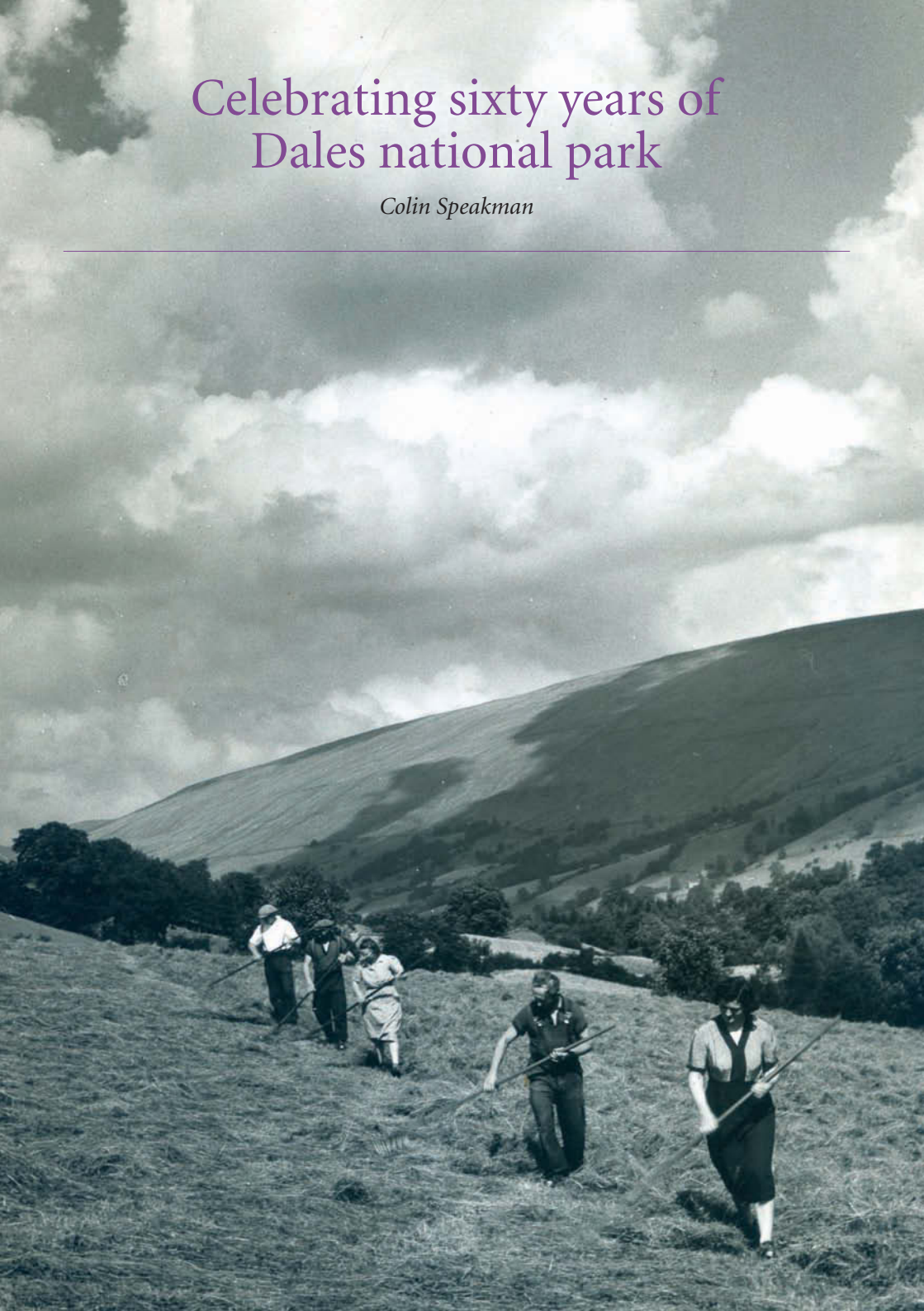


WHO'S THE GREATEST?

The Prime Minister's assertion that William Hague is the "greatest living Yorkshireman" resulted in a lively debate up and down the country. Had his comment related to any other British county, would the reaction have been so strong? It seems unlikely. The reason for the controversy, politics aside, is that there are so many contenders for the title – a problem we encountered when compiling the very long long-list for our Icons of Yorkshire poll. In case you missed April's edition, Alan Bennett was the highest-placed "greatest living Yorkshireman" in our reader's vote, followed by Geoffrey Boycott and David Hockney. William Hague did not make the top seventy-five. As the national debate raged, many names were bandied about but there was no real consensus. So who is the greatest living Yorkshireman? Perhaps the best answer came not from a famous name or pundit, but from a comment below a story on one national newspaper website: "Every real Yorkshireman knows that 'there's nobdy reyt but thee an' me – and ahm not so sure 'bout thee!'. So, as a true Yorkshireman, my vote goes along the only line it really can – I'm voting for yours truly... and to hell with the rest of them!" ■

Celebrating sixty years of Dales national park

Colin Speakman



This year sees both the seventy-fifth anniversary of the *Dalesman* magazine and the sixtieth of the Yorkshire Dales National Park.

The two anniversaries have an important connection. The *Dalesman*, under its founding editor Harry Scott, was for many years a strong advocate of the concept of a national park for the Dales. Among its regular contributors was Ilkley architect and planner John Dower, whose inspiring 1945 report to the Government became the blueprint for all Britain's future national parks. Equally influential was his good friend the historian Dr Arthur Raistrick of Linton, a regular *Dalesman* author, who was to become a leading member of the old West Riding Committee and an outspoken voice of the conservation movement in the new national park.

The passing of the 1949 National Parks and Access to the Countryside Act, which created our national parks at a time when Britain was only slowly emerging from the economic hardships of the Second World War, was a major triumph for visionaries such as Dower and Raistrick. They saw access to the countryside as part of a new deal for the citizens of a war-weary country, matching the reforms of education, the health service, housing and planning, a post-war settlement to create the civilised and compassionate Britain we have come to take for granted.

But the Yorkshire Dales National Park didn't have an easy beginning. There was strong opposition from both the old North Riding and West Riding County Councils, who saw the new body as an encroachment on their territory, and from local farmers and landowners who believed the creation of a national park would result in "hordes" of ignorant visitors swarming all over the countryside, leaving litter and causing damage.

When the Yorkshire Dales National Park finally came into being on 16 November 1954, in the teeth of such opposition, it eventually came to be realised that the opposite was true. The National Park Committee was in fact a supporter of farmers and landowners, helping to educate the public to respect private property and take their litter home, and also provided warden services to repair stiles and walls, waymark paths and help increase understanding. Above all these same visitors now supported many hundreds of jobs and businesses in the local rural economy, a fact all too evident in the foot and mouth calamity of 2000/01 when the economy of the Dales almost collapsed through the lack of income visitors brought to the area.

In the early years, during the 1950s and '60s, the national park was little more than a line on the map. There were in fact two national parks – a West Riding and a North Riding park, each with their own committees, one representing a largely urban population of over three million with far greater resources available, the other a deeply rural county of less than 400,000. It took until 1963 before the West Riding Committee employed its first full-time member of staff, Wilf Procter. That was only because it was a legal requirement that the new Barden Moor and Fell Access Area at Bolton Abbey had a warden service. Wilf soon realised that simple leaflets encouraging people to walk along the newly created rights of way network (another major achievement of the 1949 Act) would in fact reduce inadvertent trespass and damage

Previous page, farm life in the Dales in the 1950s. Herbert Bentham and his family turning hay by hand at Dockle Sike Farm, Deepdale, near Dent. It only needed to rain and they would have to start all over again (Geoffrey N Wright)

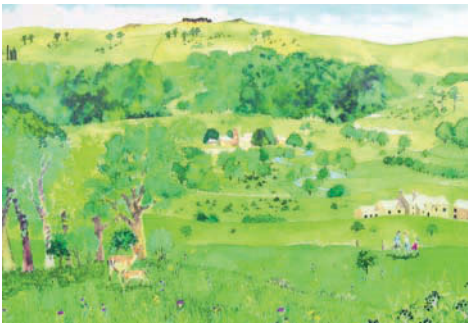
> So what have been the outstanding achievements of the park authority?

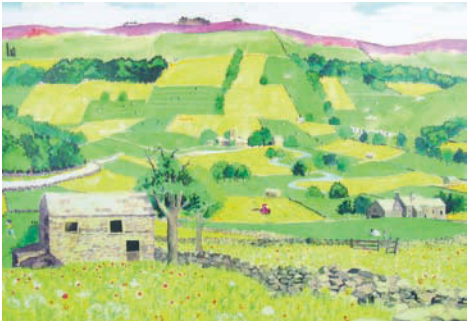
and take pressure from more sensitive areas, and also encourage responsible behaviour. And so the park's information service was born. Wilf was also able to recruit volunteer wardens to help him in his work, and so the park's remarkable volunteer service was first established. Meanwhile the North Riding, not to be outdone, employed its own first warden, Norman Crossley, and his volunteers to look after Wensleydale and Swaledale, and within a few years information centres were opened at Clapham in the old West Riding, and at Aysgarth Falls in the North.

But the big breakthrough only came in 1974 when, as a result of the Local Government Act 1972, national park funding was massively increased by central Government, and a unified National Park Committee established for the whole of the Dales. This body employed its own full-time national park officer, Richard Harvey, who was soon able to recruit his own specialist team of planning officers, field staff, interpreters, wardens – soon to be renamed rangers – and administrative staff. In reality, therefore, the national park only came into being as an effective body in 1974, but the committee was still only a sub-committee of North Yorkshire County Council. Full independence was only realised in 1997 with the setting up of the present National Park Authority, with its headquarters in Bainbridge, and a balance of locally elected and ministerially appointed members, served by their current chief executive, David Butterworth.

So what have been the outstanding achievements of the park authority over these last sixty years? Undoubtedly, the greatest success is one that is not immediately obvious – effective and sensitive development control, which has allowed the national park to remain as beautiful and unspoiled as it is today, with few examples of ugly new development. Planning, as always, remains highly controversial with decisions that some landowners and developers will always argue against, but in most cases, if by no means all, the planners usually get it right. Development that does occur usually fits in remarkably well with the historic character of stone villages and small Dales towns. But among many other major achievements are a superbly maintained

Three walkers stride away from Horton in Ribblesdale with Penyghent in the background in the early days of the national park (David Joy collection)





Paintings by Hannah Chesterman captured the kind of future foreseen for the national park in the Landscapes for Tomorrow project. From top "Abandoned Landscape"; "Wilderness Landscape"; "Sporting Landscape" and "Conserved Landscape"

footpath and bridleway network, including several national and regional long-distance walking and riding trails and cycle routes, almost two-thirds of the national park's open countryside now open to public access, and the protection of much of the green lane heritage from damage and overuse. The park has also worked with a range of other organisations and agencies such as Natural England, English Heritage and the Yorkshire Dales Millennium Trust (which was initiated by the national park in 1997) in remarkable work to conserve some of the most iconic traditional barns and drystone walls, archaeological sites, stunningly beautiful flower-rich hay meadows and by planting literally well over a million trees.

What does the future hold for the Yorkshire Dales National Park at a time of financial austerity and cutbacks? Already the park's annual budgets have been slashed by about a third, staff made redundant and valuable services such as interpretative, education and information services curtailed. Public transport provision has also ceased – though the hugely successful DalesBus network is now managed in partnership with the national park by the volunteers of the Yorkshire Dales Society and Friends of DalesBus through the Dales & Bowland Community Interest Company.

Over the last two decades, the park has changed from being a somewhat aloof bureaucracy controlling what happens to much more of an enabling organisation which works with a variety of partners – public, private and voluntary, and above all with local

Wilf Proctor, above, was given a Land Rover – and then left to work out what his job entailed (David Joy). Below, Many barns in Swaledale and Arkengarthdale, including this one near Healaugh, have been restored under a Conservation Area scheme, which has since been extended to other parts of the Dales (Robert White – YDNPA)

landowners, farmers and local tourist businesses – to achieve common goals, the protection and enjoyment of one of the most beautiful of all English landscapes.

Let's hope that this success can continue over the decades ahead, even if there is less money to do all the things that we would like to see achieved, with difficult choices having to be made. But let's also never forget the role that the *Dalesman* has also had, both in creating the national park we now enjoy and in sharing that deep love and appreciation of the Yorkshire Dales which is the national park's ultimate driving force. ■

A friendship built on solid foundations

Andrew Gallon meets a group working to preserve the Bar Walls of York

Fishergate Postern Tower, which the Friends hope to reopen, above, and, right, the logo of the Friends of York Walls

There is no finer way to see York than from its Bar Walls, an elevated promenade offering unique views of a beautiful city. The walls, a two-mile (3.4 km) circuit dotted with impressive gateways and towers, act as a magnet for visitors and boast numerous admirers. They can count on a few supporters, too.

The Friends of York Walls (FoYW) was set up in 2011 to promote and preserve the city's ancient defences, which include the Bar Walls, the surviving precinct walls of St Mary's Abbey, Clifford's Tower and York Castle's bailey wall. The not-for-profit group has more than 500 members, about sixty active volunteers and is run by a committee of twelve.

It is about to take a giant step forward. FoYW expects shortly to secure registered charity status and sign a thirty-year lease with City of York Council, owners and custodians of the Bar Walls, for Fishergate Postern Tower,

a four-floor structure on the southern edge of the ring between Walmgate and Micklegate Bars.

Over the last three years, FoYW has provided periodic public access to the tower, erected between 1504 and 1507 where the walls ended at the River Foss, whose waters once lapped its foundations. The group would like to reopen the tower and improve its condition and facilities. A "sponsor a stone" initiative, based on its west wall, has raised more than £5,000 since a 2012 launch and a comprehensive new walking guide to the Bar Walls, written by FoYW member Simon Mattam and published in May, should help swell the coffers.

As a registered charity, FoYW will be in a much stronger position to tap into pots of money such as the Heritage Lottery Fund. "Until we get something in the form of grants, we can't move very much further forwards," says committee member Alan Fleming, a York resident. "The biggest things we're struggling with are the need for more active members and money. We don't charge for membership or for entry to the tower. The only money we have is from donations, sponsor a stone and book sales. Running any organisation, you have to spend money to earn money."

Latterly, City of York Council used Fishergate Postern Tower as a store. Cleared of debris, this quirky structure is of great interest, but would benefit from a facelift. "It's relatively dark, there's no electricity or water and the link between the four floors is a spiral staircase wide enough only for one," explains Alan, who spent most of his life in Lancashire, Staffordshire and Cheshire before retiring to York, where his sons work. "The tower walls are thick, so the rooms are not large. They get larger as you get higher. The top floor used not to have a tiled roof, which was added later. It's the nicest room for any display, but the worst to access.

"As with any building of that age, there is erosion on some of the stonework, but the biggest worry is the roof. The clay pantiles are held in place by wooden pegs and a number of these need re-laying to make the roof watertight. We're hoping repairs are still of a manageable size, but one day you could imagine the whole roof would need to be stripped or rebuilt, which would be a colossal expense – far too much for the Friends to bear. It would be nice if we could get some funding to provide displays on the history of the tower and more literature that can either be handed out or sold."

FoYW is also keen to involve schools. In July, Bootham School visited to survey the tower's stonework. "One of the longer-term aims is to invite school groups," says Alan. "We can explain the tower's history to them and they can do projects."

A further possibility is reopening the Red Tower, north of Walmgate Bar and next to Foss Islands Road. Here, the King's Fishpool – a swamp created for defence by damming the Foss – once ended. "It's another tower that has been empty for years and until recently the council was using it for storage," says Alan.

"The council would like to see someone take it over and we are certainly interested."

When FoYW opened the Red Tower in January for the city's annual Residents' Weekend, hundreds flocked to explore its two-storey interior. In June and July, Fishergate Postern Tower hosted music and dance as part of the York Curiouser arts festival, and the public reaction was similarly enthusiastic.

Alan Fleming, Friends of York Walls committee member, and the Red Tower, a structure the Friends are keen to revitalise

Another of FoYW's key activities is monitoring the Bar Walls and reporting maintenance issues to City of York Council. The masonry element of the structure, a real mish-mash of Roman, medieval and Victorian contributions, was built mainly using magnesian limestone sourced in nearby Tadcaster.

Porous limestone isn't noted for its resistance to Yorkshire weather, and Alan describes as "variable" the condition of Fishergate Postern Tower. "A lot of the blocks look as perfect as they did when put there, but others are badly eroded. The erosion has been caused by the use of modern cement mortar, repairs that need to be removed. Walking round the walls, the main structures look pretty solid, but anywhere you get arrow slits and embrasures it is badly eroded."

Normally, the Bar Walls close at dusk, but FoYW has been given permission by City of York Council to open the section between Bootham and Monk Bars for the cutting-edge Illuminating York festival. It can be accessed on 29-30 October from 6 to 10pm. In autumn, with the leaves off the trees, this stretch will offer superb views of the floodlit Minster.

Next spring, FoYW plans to revive the Lord Mayor's Inspection of the Walls, last staged in 2013. The Lord Mayor of York, Coun Ian Gillies, takes an active interest in the group's activities. When, come late March or early April, a fabulous profusion of daffodils emerges on the Bar Walls' grass banks, Coun Gillies will walk between Bootham and Monk Bars before school pupils accompany him on his return via Lord Mayor's Walk.

This is Alan's favourite stretch. "It's the most heavily walked section, but is nicest for the views, not only into the Minster gardens and the back of Grays Court, but also onto

Lord Mayor's Walk. You can appreciate the original ditch and it's part of the Roman line, but what you walk on is all Victorian; complete with reused tramlines inside Robin Hood Tower as reinforcements!"

Alan, formerly a computer hardware designer, plans to place, section by section, Simon Mattam's guide text on the FoYW website. Smartphone users out on the Bar Walls will be able to access it easily by scanning a QR matrix barcode.

Another possible source of EU grants is through European Walled Towns (EWT), an international association that asks a sizeable membership fee. Alan believes City of York Council, rather than FoYW, should join. Ten UK towns and cities are members. Chester, whose city walls rival York's in length and scale, is one and recently received a £3m EU grant through EWT towards major refurbishments.

With registered charity status on the way, Alan is positive about FoYW's future. "I'm hoping things will really start to happen," he says. "I would like us to offer more to our members. Apart from helping out at the tower, participating in occasional litter picks and inspecting the walls for damage, there aren't a lot of other activities for members to get involved with. We do have ambitions to offer regular guided walks, and Simon Mattam has done a few.

"Our main problem is low visibility. People don't know about us or about what we can do. We need to formulate something that draws in more awareness and more volunteers. We'd love to have a dynamic, extrovert volunteer fundraiser, which we haven't found yet. It's been hard work over the last three years, but we're slowly getting there." ■

For more, visit yorkwalls.org.uk

ASHLEY JACKSON'S SKETCHBOOK

Burnsall: *Nestled amongst the trees alongside the River Wharfe in Wharfedale is the village of Burnsall with its five-arched bridge and St Wilfrid's Church in the background. It is probably one of the most popular villages to visit in the summer, with families picnicking on the banks of the river. It is not far from Hebden and Appletreewick, which are also very much worth a visit.*

Ashley Jackson's Gallery, 13/15 Huddersfield Road, Holmfirth HD9 2JR. Tel 01484 686460. ashley-jackson.co.uk

MRS SIMKINS' COUNTRY KITCHEN

Leek & oatmeal soup

This tasty soup soothes and comforts, and it's useful to know that nutritious oatmeal is a great soup thickener.

The small amount of cream is essential to the flavour so don't leave it out: best of all is clotted cream but single and double also work well.

Serve with thickly cut toasted granary bread: just the thing to set you up for a tramp around the Dales or to revive you on your return.

Serves 2
30g butter
3 medium-large leeks, prepared and thinly sliced
1¼ litres hot water
Selection of stock vegetables such as:
1 onion, 2 sticks celery, 2 carrots
75g stoneground medium oatmeal
Freshly ground black pepper, ground white pepper and salt to taste
2 tablespoons cream (see above)
Chives to garnish

Method

Melt the butter and add the leeks. Cover with a lid and cook, stirring occasionally, over a medium heat for 15-20 minutes until soft and melting.

Meanwhile, peel and quarter the stock vegetables and cook in the hot water, together with any clean leek trimmings, for around 20 minutes to make a light vegetable stock.

Once the leeks are soft, drain the stock vegetables from the stock and discard. Add the stock to the leeks and bring to the boil. Stir in the oatmeal and reduce the heat to moderate. Season with salt and pepper and stir or whisk the soup until smooth and thickened. Add the cream and continue to cook on a low heat for approximately 30 minutes in all.

Garnish with snipped chives.

Next month with Mrs Simkins: frumenty

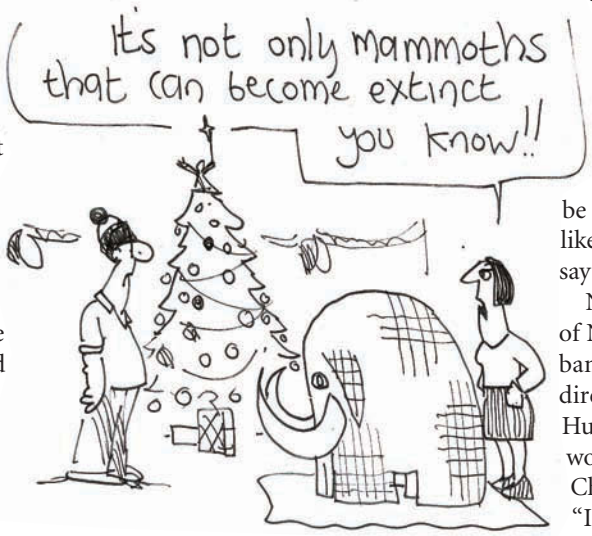
YORKSHIRE CURIOSITIES

1720: Mr Robertson, in the presence of the magistrates of Leeds, and about 5,000 spectators, swam upon the River Aire in his leathern boat, which, before he inflated it with a pair of bellows, was so small and pliable, as to be folded up in a handkerchief, if not put into the pocket. ***The Annals and History of Leeds, and Other Places in the County of York,* 1860**

IAN MCMILLAN

Present panic

Right, gentlemen of Yorkshire, do you know what month it is? Yes, that's right: November, the month of accelerating Christmas present panic. Now, I know that a number of you will be saying that you don't even think of getting your loved ones a Yuletide gift until the shops have almost shut on Christmas Eve, and that may be true for those of you who know exactly what you're going to buy, but what about the vast majority of Yorkshire men who have no idea what to buy their wives and who spend the whole of this month trying to wheedle out of their spouses some hint or tip or nod or wink as to what they might want so that they can spend the whole of December trying to find it? The whole humiliating ritual goes something like this:



First three days of November: Husband approaches wife, nonchalantly whistling as though he hasn't a care in the world. Husband speaks: "Would you like a cuppa?" Wife: "Yes, please." Husband: "Er… have you had a think what you might like for Christmas yet?" Wife: "It's only the start of November. I've got far too many things to think about before then!" Husband retreats, wounded.

Next three days of November: Husband tries to discern, through his wife's reaction to adverts and TV programmes, what she might like for Christmas. Husband: "Do you like that coat? It looks nice on her." Wife: "I don't think it would suit me at all. I'd never wear anything like that. How long have we been married? Surely you'd know I'd never wear anything like that!" Husband, abashed: "Yes, I know. I was only joking." Wife: "I like those shoes." Husband, desperate and grateful: "Would you like some for Christmas?" Wife: "Don't be daft. I just said I liked them. I didn't say I wanted any."

Next three days of November: Husband attempts the direct approach. Husband: "What would you like for Christmas?" Wife: "I don't know." Husband: "Oh, surely you must have some idea what you'd like." Wife, striking terror into her husband's heart: "I'll tell you what: Surprise me." Husband goes into kitchen and gazes into the garden. The S word was the last word he wanted to hear. He remembers the year he got her the ceramic triceratops. Well, it was certainly a surprise.

Next three days of November: Husband in a whirl of possible surprises and definitions of the word "surprise". Did she really mean

"surprise"? Did she mean "mild surprise"? Did she mean "severe surprise"? Did she mean "shock"? Who knew there were so many gradations of that word? And what counts as a surprise, given his experience with the ceramic triceratops? A cardigan? A kettle? A wheelbarrow? A jigsaw? A pet fish? Flute lessons? A balloon ride? A weekend in Scarborough? A jam-making kit? A map book? A visit to a spa for special Bingley-method ankle massage? A wood-carving of Dickie Bird? A bottle of wine with her name on the label? A tricycle? The husband is anxious and sweaty. His wife remarks upon this.

Next three days of November: The husband tells the wife what he'd like for Christmas in the hope it might get her to reciprocate. Husband: "I know what I'd like for Christmas, a nice woolly hat to wear when I go for my walks." Wife: "Thanks for that. I'll get you one." Husband: "What would you like, then?" Wife: "I've told you. A surprise." Husband: "Maybe I could get you a matching woolly hat like the one you're going to get me." Wife: "Ah, then it wouldn't be a surprise, would it?" Husband: "No, it would be a woolly hat." Wife: "Ha. Ha."

Next three days of November: Husband rings round wife's friends to try and ascertain what she might consider a surprise present. The only consensus is that it doesn't matter what it is, as long as it's not another Ceramic Triceratops.

Next three days of November: Husband begins to formulate a plan that the rest of us can see is seriously flawed. Maybe it was just the fact it was a triceratops that his wife didn't like. Maybe another ceramic dinosaur would be the perfect surprise.

Next three days of November: Husband buys and takes delivery of a ceramic mammoth. Now that will be a surprise! ■

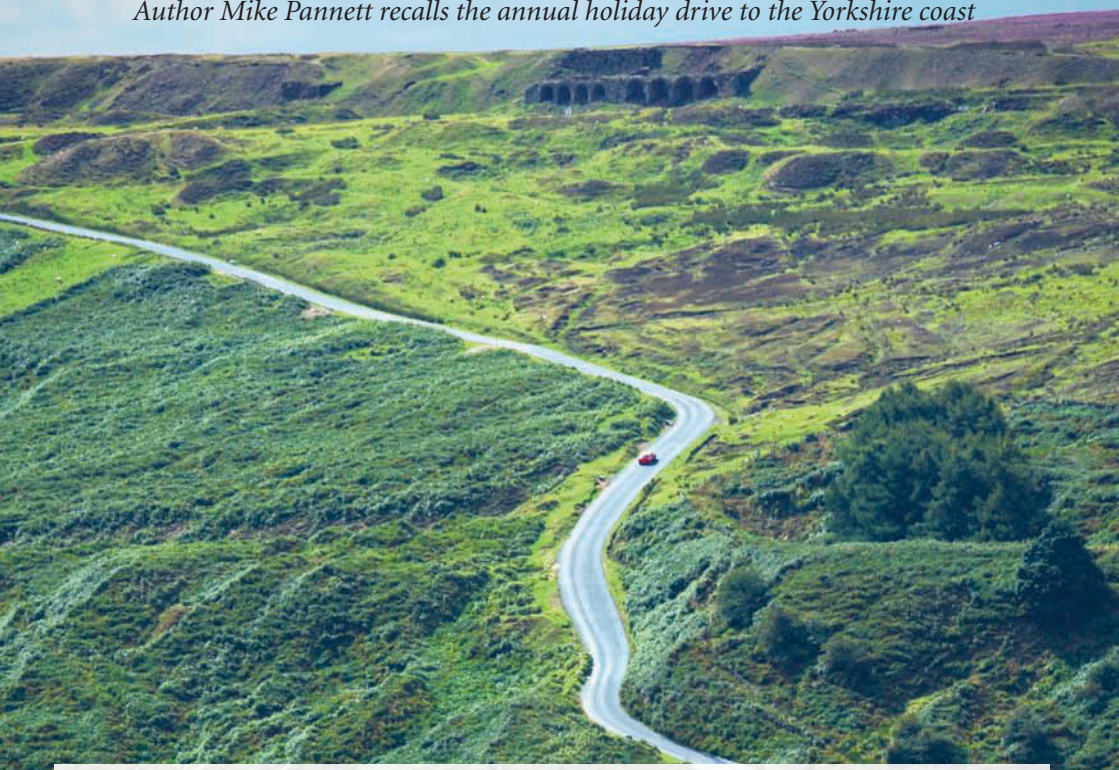
SIGNS AND WONDERS

David Havenhand of Rawdon, Leeds, spotted this in his local supermarket. He says, "Yorkshire folk like to get value for money but this really is a bargain too far."

Have you seen an unusual Yorkshire sign? Send a photo to Signs & Wonders, Dalesman, The Water Mill, Broughton Hall, Skipton BD23 3AG or email editorial@dalesman.co.uk We'll pay £10 for each one we use.

There's a long, long trail a-winding

Author Mike Pannett recalls the annual holiday drive to the Yorkshire coast



Throughout my childhood, holidays meant one thing and one thing only: the long drive over the North York Moors to the coast at Staintondale. When I say it was a long drive you have to understand that Dad rarely did things the easy way. You only had to mention the A64, the main route which connects the east coast with Malton, York and the West Riding, and he'd shake his head.

"Dreadful road," he'd say. "Absolute death-trap. And traffic? D'you know, I once set off from York on a Sunday morning and there was a queue two miles long. They were backed up all the way from Malton to Huttons Ambo. No, I think we'll go the scenic way."

And so we did. Instead of nipping up the A64 main road, then over to Pickering and across the moors, we took the back-roads. What would be a brisk fifty-mile run to the coast for any normal family became an epic, a feat of endurance, the stuff of Pannett legends. A journey that would take me one hour today took us anything up to five.

It was meticulously planned, of course. The night before our departure, Dad would

"Perhaps we were grateful that we hadn't come by way of Rosedale, as we did some years, and had to walk up the Chimney Bank with its one-in-three gradient." Picture by Mike Kipling

Clockwise, from top left, holiday travellers: a young Mike Pannett, Dad getting his feet wet on the beach, and Petra set for a paddle

sit at the living room table, a freshly sharpened pencil in one hand, a notebook in the other, studying his dog-eared Ordnance Survey maps – the old ones, I mean, the kind that were printed on canvas. Mile by mile he'd go over the route we'd used last year, and the year before that, even taking out his ruler and protractor to measure round the bends to see whether he could find a quieter way to the coast, and maybe shave a few hundred yards or so off the distance to be covered, thereby reducing his outlay on petrol.

The results of his research meant that we always ended up bouncing down some dusty farm track or winding our way along near-deserted lanes that snaked between fields of wheat and barley. From time to time we'd have the excitement of a cattle-grid, and if we were behaving ourselves Dad would rattle across at speed and make us all giggle – even though he said it was bad for the suspension. Good for morale, but bad for the springs.

Every so often, we'd meet an oncoming vehicle and Dad, being a courteous knight of the road, would put the brakes on, sling the old Morris into reverse and back up two, three, four hundred yards to let some flat-hatted farmer go past in a mud-spattered Land Rover, showering us with dust and chippings, acknowledging our good manners with a barely perceptible nod of the head or a stubby index finger raised languidly from the steering-wheel.

We made our way across country to Sheriff Hutton, and there we faced our first challenge. Terrington Bank. Could we get up it in one run without having to bail out? "You need a good run, a bit of momentum," Dad said as he put his foot down, gripped the wheel and gritted his teeth.

By now, barely a quarter of the way to our destination, somebody would be pleading for a toilet break, and everybody else would agree that that was a good idea because they were bursting too. But it would have to wait until we'd tackled a much stiffer climb on the approach to Nunnington – and listened for the umpteenth time to Mum and Dad's running commentary about the war and the munitions dump that used to be hidden in the woods just a couple of miles from where we were, on the outskirts of Hovingham.

"Right, time to lighten the load, everybody. Chance to stretch those legs, get some fresh air in your lungs."

And as he brought the car to a halt, out we got, all of us – even Mum – and walked up the incline, while he drove to the top. There he lifted the bonnet to help the engine cool, lit a cigarette, and strolled out to admire the scenery until we rejoined him, puffing and panting.

As soon as we'd caught up with him it was back inside for the short run down to Nunnington, our first designated stop. Here we'd all pile out and hurry across the pasture to where the trees lined the riverbank. Boys to one side, girls to the other, after which we all realised we were hungry, and thirsty, and started badgering Mum for a snack – those of us who weren't down at the water's edge, that is.

Following a drink of Tizer and a banana sandwich, after we'd persuaded Petra to come out of the river and all had a good shriek as she shook herself dry and soaked our legs in the process, we piled back in the old Traveller, opened the windows to get rid of the smell of wet dog, and made our way across towards the A170, past the remains of Wombleton Airfield, where Mum would tell us, yet again, about the old airbase.

> "Right, time to lighten the load everybody. Chance to stretch those legs"

We didn't complain. Perhaps we were grateful that we hadn't come by way of Rosedale, as we did some years, and had to walk up the Chimney Bank with its one-in-three gradient. For that one we marched single file with as much luggage as we could carry and held our breath as the car lurched on in second gear, then first, before giving a thankful gasp as it finally made it to the top with us barely fifty yards behind it. But what a view when we got there – out towards the coast in one direction, the Pennines the other way, and the outline of Birdsall Brow with its top-knot of trees, fifteen or twenty miles to the south.

We drove on, towards the next major landmark. The A170 runs to the coast from Thirsk. It always loomed large in my mind as a vital staging-post, long before I knew anything about road numbers, well before I had any sense of the geography of North Yorkshire. That road always had a sort of mythic status for me, thanks to the way Dad spoke of it.

"Once we make it to the A170," he would say, as if we were traversing the Sahara en route to the equator, "once we've got that

behind us we can all relax. Cross the A170 and we can all get in a proper holiday mood."

He was thinking of our picnic lunch on the moors, when we'd pull off the road onto a stretch of close-cropped grass and devour a great pile of meat-paste sandwiches while he took out his Primus stove and brewed up the tea. After that he and Mum would doze on a blanket for half an hour while we kids – and the dog, of course – explored the patch of country around us and paddled in one of the moorland streams. Sometimes we'd play cowboys and Indians, sometimes cops and robbers.

Back in the driver's seat, Dad checked the fuel gauge and made a note in his little book. He kept meticulous records of distances covered and fuel consumed. And we knew that as soon as he came to a decent downhill stretch he'd cut the engine, slip the clutch and let it roll, grinning as he did so. "Of course, strictly speaking it's against the law," he'd say, "but this'll pay us back for all that climbing." He was very Yorkshire, our Dad. Waste not, want not.

"Look at that, thirty-five miles an hour – forty! – and it's not costing us a penny." Dad was all but crowing. Mum gripped the edge of her seat, closed her eyes and said nothing.

Once we were properly out in the country it seemed that half the roads we drove along were bordered with wide verges. Some even had a lush green strip growing down the middle where the surface had cracked. So when we came across the inevitable flock of sheep there was nothing for it but to wait patiently while they nibbled the grass and the ubiquitous black-and-white border collie tried to round them up, snapping at our tyres if we dared get within fifty yards of his charges.

I had visions of the flock parting like the Red Sea, the sheepdog scuttling home with its tail between its legs, and Petra leading us triumphantly onwards, to the coast, with her reward between her jaws – a big juicy marrow-bone.

"Ple-ease, Dad. You always said a dog should earn its keep…"

Dad laughed and shoved the manic Petra over his shoulder and into the back seat. "I did, didn't I? And I'm sure she'll fetch us a rabbit or two once we get to the farm. Hello – looks like they're going into that field there." And with that he fired the car up once more and on we went, at a nice steady twenty-five miles an hour as Dad calculated how many more miles it was to the farm and when we might arrive.

"There they are." Dad would be pointing towards the horizon and the three enormous white "golf balls", the early-warning system at RAF Fylingdales. "They do a fine job, those things. Keep this country safe, let me tell you."

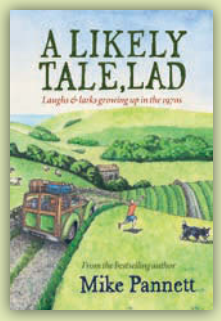
"How does it work, Dad?"

"It's all very secret, Michael. I'll maybe tell you when you're a bit older." And he'd put a finger to his mouth. "Loose lips sink ships, and all that." It all sounded very James Bond.

It was mid-afternoon when we made the final approach to Staintondale, along a single-track road which crossed a moss-covered stone bridge before rising sharply towards the farmhouse.

"Oh no!" Christian and Gillian led a chorus of complaints as we were turfed out for one more march uphill. ■

Mike Pannett's A Likely Tale, Lad *is published by* Dalesman, *price £14.99. It is available from dalesman.co.uk and all good bookshops*



An eye for detail

Andrew Gallon meets the artist whose work can be found in many a kitchen cupboard

Growing up in Guisborough, gateway to some of Yorkshire's most beautiful countryside, spawned artist Andrew Hutchinson's passion for nature. He recalls with fondness long childhood days roaming with his pet dog, Lassie.

"We'd go up into the hills and onto the moors, and lose ourselves," he says. "Our walks would take from morning until it was time to head home for tea. I was fascinated by all things creepy crawly from an early age. It was always going to be nature because it was on my doorstep. Then I wanted to get closer and record what I saw. I painted from when I was very young and was keen on it at school."

Andrew did a three-year graphics-based course at Middlesbrough's Cleveland College of Art & Design and after two years as an archaeological illustrator for Cleveland County Council, took the plunge and became a freelance artist. He immediately landed a plum commission illustrating a *Reader's Digest* series featuring wildlife, birds and flowers. Winning the *Reader's Digest* Young Illustrator of the Year award in 1986 saw him snapped up by a London agency, for whose clients he has produced commercial work over three decades.

But wildlife remains his first love and forms eighty per cent of his yearly output. The range of his subjects is astonishing. Andrew's mother, Pat, was raised on farms in Commondale and Westworth, and with family members farming near Kirkbymoorside and at Old Byland his enthusiasm for farm animals, notably old breeds, is understandable. "There's something about old breeds," he says. "We've lost a lot but some are hanging on. The variety is fascinating."

Andrew does volunteer work on behalf of the Forestry Commission, surveying adders, mainly in the Dalby and Cropton forests. His pinpointing of adder sites, many hitherto unknown, ensures they are either protected when clear felling is undertaken or enhanced by removal of excess tree growth.

"I'd paint more adders but unfortunately not many people buy paintings of snakes," he smiles. "Adders are extremely difficult to paint and take an age because of the uniform pattern of the scales. The adder is our only venomous species of snake yet very much under-studied. Every year, I'll see them do something that throws a theory right out of the window."

Exotic species, such as Amur tigers, figure amongst his work. Although Andrew has never seen these big cats in the wild, he did have an opportunity to observe them during the ten years he lived at Grantown-on-Spey, on the northern edge of the Cairngorms National Park. "I got to know the staff at the Highland Wildlife Park in Kingussie very well and they allowed access to some close encounters."

Nearer home, which since 2000 has been Marton, a Vale of Pickering village, Andrew watches out for stoats. "They're a real favourite because whenever I see one, chances are it's doing something odd. It's a weird little creature. I do some self-publishing and by far the best selling of my limited edition prints have been wolves and sheep – two ends of the scale. Certain people adore certain animals. Pigs, owls, frogs and even guinea fowl all have a following."

Having painted in watercolour then gouache, Andrew switched to acrylic in 1997 at the suggestion of Alan M Hunt, a Redcar-born wildlife artist he admires greatly. "I should have done it years ago because they're ideal. If you looked at any of the three – watercolour, gouache or acrylic – you probably wouldn't be able to tell. The result is very similar. It's just the approach. Acrylic really speeds up your technique because it's pretty

Wildlife remains a first love for Andrew Hutchinson, above. Stoats, left, are a favourite

unforgiving stuff. It dries very quickly and, once it's set, that's it. It doesn't come off – most of my clothes will testify to that."

Andrew uses fieldcraft to good effect when seeking inspiration for his work. Not for him the camouflage and enormous lenses sported by wildlife photographers. As a result of knowing the right places to go, and keeping still once on the spot, he captures impressive still and video images with a relatively simple camera.

Explaining the genesis of his wildlife paintings, he says: "Ideally, it's something I've seen; something that sparks an idea. I'll either have the reference because I took some shots when I was there or it's then a case of trying to get that reference because my work is quite detailed. I like a realistic edge to it, so I find I need a fairly good reference to start with."

About forty or so of Andrew's paintings will be on display at Guisborough on 15 November (10am-4pm). Sunnyfield House Community Centre, Westgate, hosts the twenty-eighth edition of an annual solo exhibition in his hometown. Each piece, to a greater or lesser degree, contains wildlife. "There'll be a landscape but there'll be something else in the landscape, whether it's old cattle, sheep on the moorland or maybe a buzzard lofting about over the countryside."

Of particular interest will be Andrew's miniatures, a specialist style to which he has returned in 2014. "The tiniest go right down to 20mm (0.8in) square. Those, owing to diminishing eyesight and patience, I can only just do now. When I look at some of the miniatures I used to do, and I did a lot years ago, you needed to view them through a magnifying glass to get the detail. I don't quite achieve that these days but with a slightly different approach I can get the same effect."

Despite painting numerous species over many years, Andrew still hankers after capturing certain scenes; high-speed action, for example. From his studio window, he has a grandstand view of garden bird feeders and a mature hedge. Sparrowhawks are regular visitors. "They're not daft; they know where the birds are," he explains. "They come into the garden, make a go at something and more times than not they'll miss. One time, a sparrowhawk came in after a small bird and did a series of loop-the-loops through the hedge. The agility of the sparrowhawk is incredible; fortunately, the agility of the small birds is better. How do you paint that? At some point, the sparrowhawk must have been on its back. How do you get the reference? Something like that would be nice to do."

Dalesman readers will be familiar with Andrew's work without even knowing it. For the last two years, he has produced artwork for

Andrew is happy to paint until the cows come home

Taylors of Harrogate's Yorkshire Tea packaging. "Taylors wanted a Yorkshire artist to do the work," says Andrew. "Jo Andrade, the designer, wanted a more realistic interpretation than the previous designs, which were more like a traditional watercolour."

Andrew describes Taylors' brief as "fairly loose". It was simply to include as many iconic aspects of the Yorkshire countryside as possible. Ribblehead Viaduct, abandoned ironstone mine workings in Rosedale, the medieval Wensleydale fortress of Bolton Castle and Swaledale's tumbledown field barns numbered amongst the subjects to receive his attention.

Into one painting, with a drystone wall dominating the foreground, Andrew inserted a stoat. "A drystone wall is a classic habitat for stoats; they're little motorways for them," he says. "I didn't even mention it then someone at Taylors discovered it. At the time, I was wondering whether I should have put it in but they were absolutely delighted. So, every packaging design I've done since has had a stoat in it. It's something Taylors seem to have run with."

Andrew tells me this story as we chat in his living room, seated side by side in comfortable armchairs. Sharing a pot of tea. Taylors' Yorkshire Tea, of course! ■

For more, visit Andrew's website at www.andrewhutchinson.co.uk or phone 01751 430637.

Feast days

Peter Brears discovers that Yorkshire folk have always celebrated in style

As in most parts of England, great national and local events were celebrated across Yorkshire by a large communal feast provided either by public subscription or, more usually, by the generosity of a benevolent patron.

A coronation, jubilee, wedding, coming-of-age, declaration of peace or the passing of a popular piece of legislation would often provide a suitable opportunity for roasting whole oxen or sheep. For this purpose a large fireplace, perhaps three yards long, was built in a wide, open space and specially-made giant spits, ladles and carving sets were used to turn, baste and serve the meat for the assembled crowds. Great pride was taken in every aspect of the operation, even to the extent of using a traction engine to turn the spit, commissioning elaborate commemorative knives and forks from the leading Sheffield cutlers, and recording the event for posterity by means of photographs and postcards.

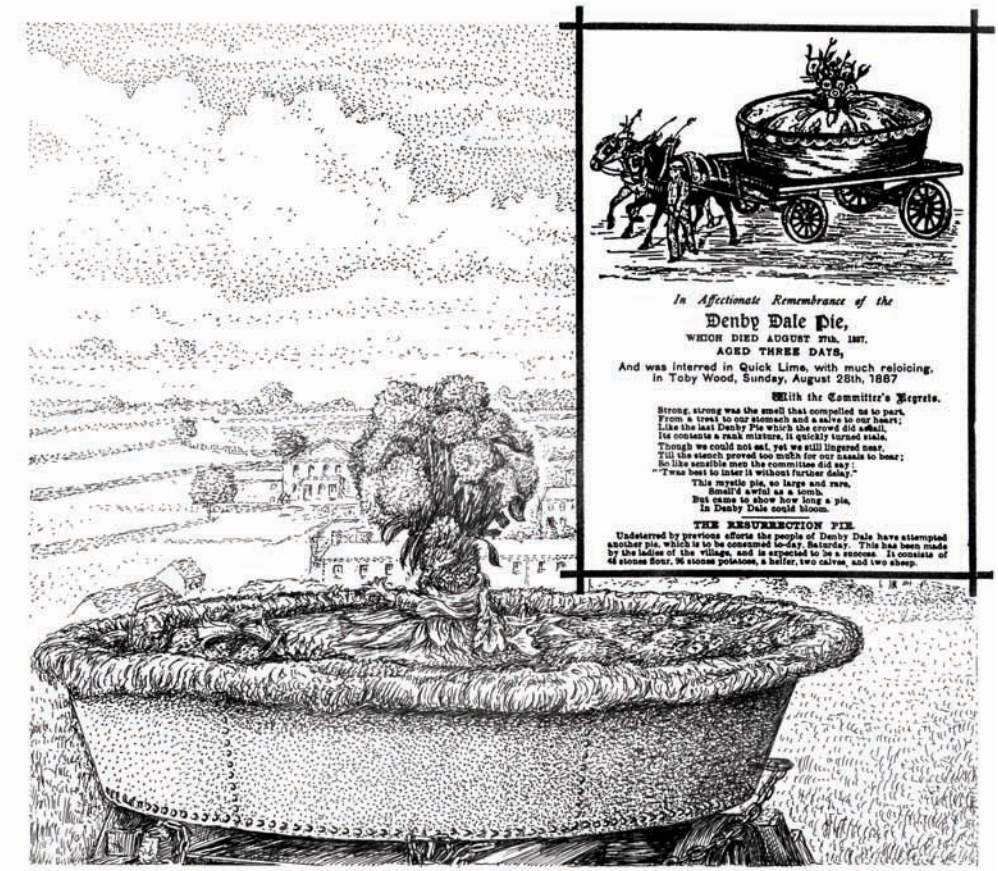
In the first half of the nineteenth century ,celebratory feasts were often of roast beef and plum pudding, as described in John Yewdall's account of the coronation festival held by James Hargreaves, the Leeds clothier, in 1827:

The table was made, upon which were laid,
Twenty four plum puddings compact;
Roast beef and good beer, that old English cheer,
Were plac'd in their order exact.

Even more sumptuous fare was provided for the two thousand people who gathered in a field near Bagdale in Whitby, in 1832, to celebrate the enfranchisement of the town. Here "the plum-puddings were brought to the field in a waggon drawn by three horses richly decorated with pink ribbons and rosettes [pink then being the Conservatives' colour]. These puddings, 176 in number, weighing 10lb each, with forty gallons of sauce, in which were five gallons of best French brandy, were all prepared by the Misses Yeoman of the Angel Inn, and they reflected great credit on those ladies. There were, in all, 5,000lb of meat, 4,050 three-half-penny loaves, 5 cwt of biscuits and 1,700 gallons of ale provided."

The boiling of such a great number of puddings would have to be undertaken by an almost equal number of households, no-one being able to boil more than one or at most two puddings on their domestic fireplaces. There were no such problems in the textile towns of West Yorkshire, however, for here the enormous dye-house boilers could be employed to cook single puddings of truly gigantic proportions. To celebrate the repeal of the Corn Laws of 1846, villages such as Clayton West, Holmfirth and Pudsey all made huge puddings, the "tremendous big Plum Pudding boiled in a large Dye Pan at one of the mills" at Pudsey being hoisted on a strong

> "The puddings were brought to the field in a waggon drawn by three horses"



The huge Denby Dale Pie of 27 August, 1887 measured 8 ft/2.4 m in diameter by 20 in/50 cm deep. When cut open, the surrounding crowds were stampeded by a foul stench, for within its ton and a half of meat, game and potatoes had gone rotten. The next day it was buried in quicklime, as described in the accompanying black-bordered funeral card

flat cart and drawn through the streets by four horses, followed by large crowds of people and bands of music before being cut up and served.

There were similar celebrations for the opening of the Haworth Railway, now better known as the Worth Valley line, in 1876.

Unfortunately the Clayton West pudding was somewhat eclipsed by the product of the neighbouring village of Denby Dale, for:

At Clayton West they did their best;
A pudding they had made.
But Denby Dale made them turn pale
When rejoicing at Free Trade.

Ever since it had baked a great pie to celebrate George III's recovery from mental illness in 1788, the village had taken enormous pride in its pie-making. A "Victory Pie" of 1815 contained two whole sheep and twenty fowl, but the "Corn Laws Pie" was on an unprecedented scale. Baked in a circular dish almost two feet deep and seven feet in diameter, it held seven hares, fourteen rabbits, four pheasant, four partridge, four grouse,

two ducks, two geese, two turkeys, two guinea fowl, four hens, six pigeons, sixty-three small birds, five whole sheep, a calf and a hundred pounds of beef. Although this pie was quite eatable, it came to a sudden end when its supporting platform collapsed and a crowd of 15,000 scrambled for pieces, demolishing it utterly and throwing it to the winds.

The next Denby Dale pie was made to commemorate Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee of 1887. Eight feet three inches in diameter and twenty inches deep, it was made by a firm of professional bakers from Halifax. Day after day they cooked almost a ton and a half of meat, game and potatoes in batches, poured them into the great wrought-iron dish, and then proceeded to bake it in a specially built oven. As Mr Brierley cut the first slice, a powerful stench of decomposing food filled the air. Its method of cooking had caused it to go bad, impossible to eat, and dangerous to the crowd as they hurriedly backed away from the open pie. Only the prompt action of the mounted police prevented a major disaster. The next day the pie was buried in quicklime in Toby Wood with all due ceremony, specially-printed funeral cards being sold to try and recoup some of the considerable expenses. The village's pride in its pies had been severely dented, and so a group of local ladies produced their own "Resurrection Pie" within the same week, this time with complete success.

In 1896, to celebrate the Jubilee of the repeal of the Corn Laws, the people of Denby Dale decided to make an even bigger pie, ten feet long, six feet six inches wide, and a foot deep. Having no faith in professional bakers, two local men and three women supervised the baking of the one and three-quarter ton beef, veal, mutton and lamb pie in an oven near the corn mill. Fourteen horses then drew it in procession to the local park, where it was served to the public to the accompaniment of brass bands, variety acts and a firework display. Since that time progressively larger pies have been made in Denby Dale, the 1928 "Infirmary Pie" weighing about four tons and the 1964 pie some six tons as this small south Yorkshire village proudly fought to retain its unique status as the home of the world's biggest pies. ■

Extracted from Traditional Food in Yorkshire *by Peter Brears, published in hardback by Prospect Books, priced £25.*

MANGLED ENGLISH

Anne and Malcolm Renshaw of Askrigg sent us this article from the property section of a local paper. It describes a property for sale in Alwoodley, Leeds. The couple wonder whether the house ever did sell with such an unusual view.

Send any amusing bloopers and bloomers you spot to Mangled English, *Dalesman*, The Water Mill, Broughton Hall, Skipton, BD23 3AG or email editorial@dalesman.co.uk. If we publish your cutting you'll receive a copy of *Gervase Phinn's Mangled English.*


PLEASANT

SITUATED in an attractive cul-de-sac and overlooking a corpse is this modern family property.

The quality accommodation includes gas central heating and double glazing throughout, featuring a 21ft lounge, guest cloakroom, din... roo... den

CHRONICLES OF KELDERDALE

Aspects of local history

Story by Nicholas Rhea. Illustrations by Christine Jopling

Awd Willie Wallchat, sitting on the bench outside the village hall with his pal, Benjamin Burnshaw, nudged him. "Hey up! Here comes a bus trip. Now why would a bus trip come to Kelderdale?"

"To see t' sights," suggested Benjamin.

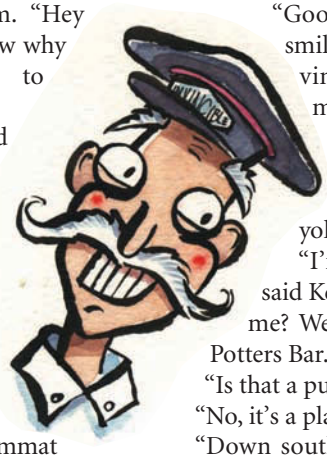
"We haven't any sights," Willie reminded him. "There's nowt worth seeing."

"These folks must think we've summat interesting."

"Well, there's t' pub and yon old oak on t' village green. Nowt else."

"Mebbe these folks know summat we don't? York University historians haven't dug up a Roman signalling station, have they? Or t' remains of a dinosaur? Or mebbe somebody famous has come to live here?"

Stumped by the appearance of the bus, Willie and Ben never spoke another word as the driver manoeuvred it into the car park. As he descended from his cab, some passengers, clearly pensioners, left the coach to stretch their legs and get some fresh air. They ambled around the green and peered down the well while the driver, resplendent in his dark uniform, made his way towards Willie and Ben.



"Good morning, gentlemen," he smiled. "Ken the Coachman, Invincible Tours. I'm pleased to meet you."

"Aye, likewise," nodded Benjamin. "I'm Ben and my pal is Willie. We're local yokels. Allus keen to help."

"I'm looking for Tawd River," said Ken. "Perhaps you could direct me? We're on a mystery tour from Potters Bar."

"Is that a pub?" asked Willie.

"No, it's a place on the M25 and…"

"Down south? You've come all this way with a bus load o' folks to see t' awd beck? There's nowt in it, not even a stickleback. No salmon leaps or waterfalls. It trickles from yon well into Kelderdale Ings, a local lake. Yon's as far as our awd beck goes."

"My passengers have no idea where they are, it's a mystery tour. According to my route sheet, Tawd River is our destination. But you said Kelderdale? I thought we were in Skelmersdale?"

"This is definitely Kelderdale, Mr Ken."

"So are we far from Skelmersdale?"

"I don't know because it's in Lancashire over those hills behind us and I've never been to foreign parts. Even in t' Army I never went to Lancashire."

"So you're saying we're lost? Time's short, so maybe we could salvage something from this? These passengers spend most of the time asleep or going to the loo. Surely you've something that would interest them?"

"Only our pub, the Black Swan, a good starting point. If you talk nicely to George he'll knock up some bar snacks and while he's doing that, me and Benjamin could show your trippers our old oak tree and such like."

"Is it a famous oak?"

"I'll say it is! It's where King Charles hid from Robin Hood and Little John. And then we could go up to our Beacon where a battalion of Kelderdonians, armed only with brush handles, fought off invading Vikings wearing horned helmets."

"It sounds just the sort of thing they want, a spot of history mixed with famous names, all helped with a nice meal."

"Well, Guy Fawkes made his first bombs in the cellar of our pub, and some of his mates are from these parts. You can take your folks back home happy that they've seen the site of the gallows where Dick Turpin was hanged, then there's Old Mother Shipton's Well on the green. You can't miss it – that's where you drop things in to petrify them."

"I didn't know we had all those places of interest here?" remarked Willie.

"We have from now on, Willie. But you wouldn't know all this, you didn't go to our village school. Our headmaster taught us to respect the history of this village. I've never forgotten it. We could do well, you and me," continued Benjamin. "Showing bus trippers and tourists around and fixing 'em up with bar snacks."

"A pub meal is a good idea," agreed Ken the Coachman. "So has the pub got a long and interesting history?"

"You bet it has. It's got two swords on the lounge wall, they came from the Battle of Marston Moor, and in the snug there's the actual fireside where King Arthur burnt those scones. Then one of the bedrooms is where the famous highwayman Swift Nick Nevison was caught. And there's a house along the road where the famous American film star, Eugene Whittington, has a cottage but we're not supposed to tell anyone where it is. But he can sometimes be seen in the pub."

And so the deal was done. George and Julie Juggins at the Black Swan had food left over from a wedding party the previous night and so, before their guided tour, the bus trippers enjoyed their meal where Guy Fawkes lit his first bonfire. ■

FROM AN OFF-COMED-UN

Tony Rossiter

"You'd better move that car." The old Skoda was parked in front of the double doors alongside our cottage. It wasn't doing anyone any harm.

Then the penny dropped. Bonfire Night. The cottage overlooks the village green. And on the village green, not far from our sitting-room window, was the bonfire. My neighbour was worried that smoke from the fire would dirty the car.

He needn't have worried. Scratched and dented before we moved up to the Dales, the car now has a bottom half that's caked, more or less permanently, with mud. Each time it goes out of the village it effortlessly soaks up what the tractors and the quad bikes have left behind. To be honest, I really don't mind the mud (it covers up most of the scratches) and we would scarcely have noticed a little more dirt. But I didn't want to spurn my neighbour's well-meant advice. So I moved the car to the top end of the green, well away from the bonfire.

Bonfire Night is a big event for the village. Along with the May Fair, the Harvest Supper and our pièce de résistance, the Big Breakfast, it's one of the highlights of the year.

Bonfire Night 2013 was wet and windy. For a while we watched from the comfort of our sitting room. But it was like watching some sporting event on television: an excellent view, but no atmosphere. We had to get out there, whatever the weather. So we put on our wellies and anoraks and joined the circle of people around the fire. We stamped our feet and rubbed our hands together, trying to keep warm. We chatted to our neighbours and munched burgers and hot dogs as we waited for the fireworks to begin.

Then the wind got up and came roaring down the Dale, the rain became horizontal, and people began to drift – and then to run – towards the pub. With its blazing fire and its front window looking out on to the green, it

> "The rain became horizontal and people began to drift – and then to run – towards the pub"

was soon heaving with bodies. Now we faced a difficult decision. Was it to be the pub? Or our own cosy sitting-room?

We soon had the perfect answer. First, we made a quick foray to the pub. Then, clutching our glasses and protecting them as best we could against howling wind and lashing rain, we scurried back across the green to the cottage. With no Skoda parked in front, we had a grandstand view of the fireworks. ■

TYKE TALK

BUCKSTICK. A well-dressed, sprightly child, or youth. "Come hither me buckstick!"
***The Dialect of Leeds and Its Neighbourhood,* 1862**

Clare Balding's crowded hours

Phil Penfold catches up with the ever-busy writer and broadcaster

Clare completed the Dales Way for her Rambling series on Radio 4

The phrase today is "multi-tasking". Doing an awful lot of things at once. Most of us can manage a few simultaneous activities, perhaps, and do them reasonably well. But does anyone do as much – and with such success and style – as Clare Balding?

She is never far away from all the big sporting events on TV, she presents her own Radio 2 Sunday morning show, she's a noted speaker (and has just appeared at the Ilkley Literature Festival), she's an accomplished horsewoman – as you'd expect from a lady whose father Ian trains the Royal horses – a writer and journalist, and a tireless worker for charities. And if that wasn't enough, she's also a keen rambler and walker. Her view, she admits, "is that working is a lot easier than not working". She has, much to her evident delight, just completed the Dales Way, striding out from Harrogate and ending up in Bowness, in the Lakes.

"It was my number one ambition," she says, "and we did it during the summer – the weather wasn't always that brilliant, but that didn't matter at all. I think that we were managing about fourteen miles a day, and we did three and a half days in all – so I have to be honest and say that I didn't obviously do all of it, just certain selected sections, but time was simply against us… and I promise that I shall be back, and that all the 'missing bits' will be filled in. I have to flag up a guy called

Colin Speakman here, who has written a brilliant guide to the Way which includes everything that you need to know – from pubs and B&B places to shops and good cafés. For the walker along that route, it's the ultimate, the Bible. So thank you, Colin.

"Highlights? Oh crumbs, the whole thing was a highlight for me. I loved Grassington, and Kettlewell, and Wharfedale is wonderful. The Fountaine Inn at Linton gets my vote every time, but the best, the very best place for me, and one which I'd love to get back to, was Dent, which may be just on the 'other side' of the Pennines but which, as a consolation, is still in the Yorkshire Dales National Park. If you haven't been then please go and you'll fall in love with the cobbled streets just as much as I did."

Even with her guide in her hand (and her BBC Radio 4 producer for her Ramblings series as a companion), Clare admits that "we did, sometimes, get a little bit lost – but for me, that's half the fun of going out on a good long walk."

So how does Clare, forty-three, manage to pack everything into her crowded lifestyle? She admits, "You know, I honestly couldn't tell you – but it seems to happen. I have a packed diary, that's for sure, but I seem to juggle everything in it so that everything appears (so far and touch wood) to fall into place. I'll give you an example. When the new book (*Walking Home*) first came out, I had a lot of dates to fulfil where I'd turn up to sign copies for anyone who wanted to buy it. It so happened that one of them was in Doncaster, and around that, I planned other work at the races which were on the same weekend. That just seems sensible, making the pieces fit."

Walking, she says, "simply relieves any stress in my life, so I do it as and when I can – being paid to make a series like Ramblings is, for me, the cherry on the top of the cake. Getting a fee for doing what you adore. Actually, I could apply that to most of my career,

> "I am blessed (and I mean blessed!) with an incredible amount of energy"

because I'm lucky enough to be working on things which, were I not doing them professionally, I'd be doing as a pastime. I am blessed (and I mean blessed!) with an incredible amount of energy, and, added to that, I don't have children – and many women do, which means that if they have a job, they are also trying to organise the home and the school run, and the shopping and everything else. And a lot of that, sadly, gets taken for granted."

She is "bowled over", she says, "that Ramblings has lasted for fifteen years now. When we first started, I thought to myself 'Ah, maybe we'll get a couple of series out of it?' but it just seems to have caught the imagination of the listeners and, better yet, it seems to have inspired a lot of them to actually get out of the house and to go walking themselves. And I cannot be more pleased at that.

"I've heard any number of stories about older folk who have retired, and who – for whatever reason – have decided to move to somewhere that they have always fantasised about living. And when they get there, they discover that they haven't got any friends. Well, I can assure you that the best way to make friends afresh is to find out where your local walking group is, and to turn up and join them! The thing that truly horrifies me is that old idea of someone who retires, and who is given the traditional clock as a parting gift. How dreadful. To sit indoors, and to hear the thing ticking away, for the rest of your life, with the telly on in the corner. What a waste!"

Clare points out that the average walking distance per person, per year, has fallen in just

twenty years from nearly 250 miles per year to 189, "and that isn't even four miles a week. Incredible. Our reliance on the car means that we are becoming ever more sedentary. My aim is to do at least double that every day, and I've found that it has made a huge difference to my life. My stress levels have plummeted, my fitness is up again, and my weight is down, and my mind is so much clearer.

"I get out there and I have adventures with my partner, my brother, my mother and my little nephews, who think that it's amazing fun. Good grief, I might, one day, even persuade my father that it could be good to join in".

Clare admits that, perhaps at some time in the not-too-distant future, she'd like to have "a lot more time to myself, and to do what I love above all things – which will be to concentrate on my writing". Her best-selling volume of reminiscences, *My Animals and Other Family*, proved hugely popular, and *Walking Home* quickly emulated its success.

Home (for the moment) is Chiswick, near the Thames in London. "But every time I go off on a ramble, I come back and declare that there's somewhere new I've found that would be an ideal place to live. Yes, there were definitely one or two Yorkshire places that appealed. So you never know."

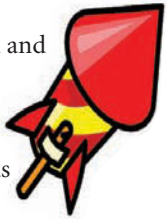
Would she pass on any piece of advice to anyone who wants to get out, and get walking? "It's not advice," Clare says, "I never offer advice. But one lady, out on the hills somewhere someday, leaned over to me and said 'You know, it's always good to turn around occasionally, to see where you have been. The views always seem so much better,' which is a bit like life, really, isn't it? Look back sometimes, see what you've been through, and count your blessings. I know that I do." ■

Walking Home *is published by Penguin, hardback at £20.*

BANG ON

It was early November. Grandma had been on a few days' coach trip with the local Women's Institute. While she was away, Grandad hadn't bothered to do any housework. The kitchen was stacked with dirty dishes, food wrappers littered the worktops, a pile of unwashed laundry overflowed from a basket, and the living room furniture was covered in dust.

Half an hour before Grandma was due back home, grandson Nathan bounded up Grandma and Grandad's front path. His parents followed a few paces behind.



"How nice to see thee all," said Grandad, giving everybody a hug. "Come on in and I'll put kettle on."

As they sat around having some tea there was an awkward silence. It was broken by Nathan blurting out, "Can't wait for tonight, Grandad! Are we having bangers?"

Grandad was slightly taken aback at this. "If you like," he replied. "We've allus got a goodly supply of sausages int' freezer."

Nathan looked disappointed. "Whassup, lad?" asked his Grandad.

Instead of answering, Nathan asked another question. "What time are you lighting the bonfire Grandad?"

"Bonfire? Eee lad,whatever would I be wantin' to light a bonfire for?"

"Well," answered Nathan. "My mam and dad said that when Grandma gets home there'll be fireworks."

John Walker

Should we go it alone?

In the wake of the Scottish referendum, reader Daphne Clark argues that Yorkshire has an equally strong case for independence

The time is surely ripe for due consideration to be given to Yorkshire's overwhelming case for independence, particularly following the referendum on the Scottish situation.

The recent catalyst for this thinking was the Olympic Games of 2012. Statistically speaking, had we been an independent nation at that time, we would have ranked tenth in the world's medals total.

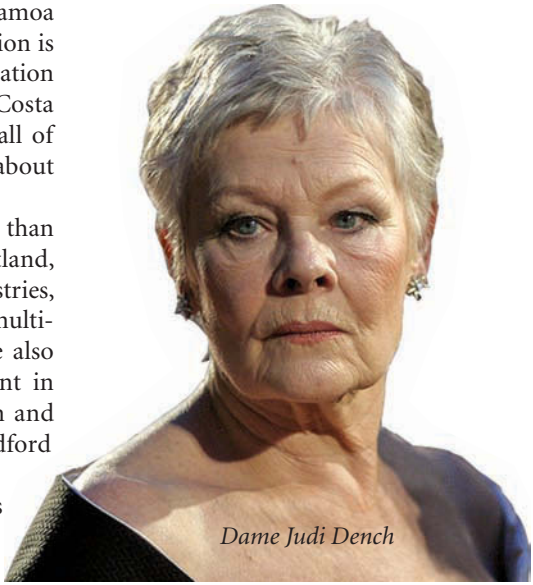
We have long realised that the politicians from south of the Trent have little understanding of our distinctive way of life. From coast to mountain range, from the Tees to the Don, Yorkshire is unique. But there are many other aspects to be taken into consideration too.

With an area of over three million acres, Yorkshire is larger than many independent nations such as Cyprus, Luxemburg, Samoa or Barbados. Its population of 5.2 million is not only ten per cent of the total population of the UK but is greater than that of Costa Rica, Honduras, Albania or Norway, all of which are self-governing. Scotland has about five million.

Yorkshire has nine universities, more than Denmark or New Zealand. Like Scotland, Yorkshire has its own gas and oil industries, off the coast of Holderness. We are a multilingual, multicultural community. We also have the largest military establishment in Western Europe at Catterick Garrison and two international airports; Leeds Bradford and Doncaster.

Yorkshire could, and perhaps after this winter's debacle, should provide, from within its own borders, a Test team capable of winning the Ashes.

Yorkshire has a vast wealth of industry from engineering to textiles, from steel to caravans, from tourism to fishing, from breweries to paint, from coal to potash mining, and the third largest container port in Europe. It has its own bank, its own chocolate bar, its own miniature terrier. Leeds alone, with a population greater than Luxemburg, has more than 1,800 manufacturing companies and is one of the UK's largest financial centres. Our contribution to the nation's economy is second to none. Few independent nations of similar size can boast so many significant manufacturing centres as Yorkshire. From Hull to Halifax, from Huddersfield to Heckmondwike, from Barnsley to Bradford, from Sheffield to Skipton, from Doncaster to



Dame Judi Dench

Picture by Caroline Bonarde Ucci CC BY 3.0

Dewsbury, we can count at least fifteen major commercial centres, to say nothing of our many wonderful seaside resorts catering for millions of holidaymakers, Scarborough being the oldest seaside resort in the land. We also have three national parks within our borders.

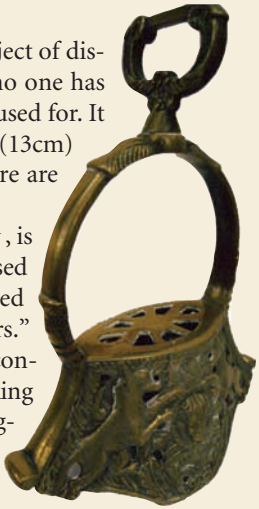
At York, we have our own archbishop and minster. We possess more cathedrals and minsters than any other county. And as for ruined castles and abbeys... I stopped counting at 100!

Our national dish of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding has a world-renowned reputation (far in excess of that of haggis) to say nothing about fish 'n' chips... 'Harry Ramsden's' or Whitby variety. And our national anthem is already well-known... "On Ilkla Moor bah't 'at"... though "Land of Hope and Glory" would be equally fitting. We already have our own flag and national day: Yorkshire Day is celebrated on 1 August.

When all these considerations are borne in mind, I believe that Yorkshire can lay a greater claim to being an independent nation than can Scotland. And we'd be prepared to keep the pound, though an "Eebygum" has been suggested as an alternative. The capital city would, of course, be York, though we could, perhaps, follow some other nations and, in Leeds, have a commercial capital too.

The question of head of state could be interesting. The Duke of York would, perhaps, be a candidate, and Alan Bennett, Alan Titchmarsh, Maureen Lipman and Michael Parkinson are possibilities, but one name stands out above all others: Dame Judi Dench for Queen. ■

WHAT ON EARTH?



Mr D Barlow of Dewsbury says that this item, *right,* has been the subject of discussion many times over the years among family and friends. So far, no one has come up with a satisfactory explanation as to what it might have been used for. It is made of brass and is just over seven inches (18cm) high and five inches (13cm) at its widest point, with no moving parts (the top does not turn). There are figures of two foxes on each side with some kind of face in the centre.

Retired coach driver Les Plews reckons last month's object, *below left* , is a coach key. He says, "I still have mine. I wore it on my belt and it was used to unlock the lockers on coaches, it can also be used on the railways to lock or unlock the carriage doors." Peter Butler, an ex-railway man from Doncaster, concurs: "This one looks to have been modified by making the crossbar into a screwdriver bit. Perhaps the original owner was a carriage and wagon fitter?"

Ashley Crossland of Mirfield believes it is a burner tap – a tool used to cut a screw thread. They were very much in use 100 years ago when we had gas lights in homes, gas street lights and gas boilers in schools and churches. He adds, "These burner taps were used to recondition the tapered threads in burner fittings."

If you know anything about this month's item please write to:
What on Earth? *Dalesman*, The Water Mill, Broughton Hall, Skipton, BD23 3AG,
or you can email us at editorial@dalesman.co.uk

We are printing the best of your photographs on this page throughout the year as part of our Yorkshire Countryside Photography Competition. To enter, email your picture to editorial@dalesman.co.uk or post to the usual address, marking the envelope "*Dalesman* Photography Competition". Rules can be found at www.dalesman.co.uk/your-yorkshire

Robin Hood's Bay by David Warner, Carlton Miniott, Thirsk

At the end of 2014 a winner will be chosen who receives £300 to spend at Dale Photographic, Leeds. 0113 2454256. www.dalephotographic.co.uk

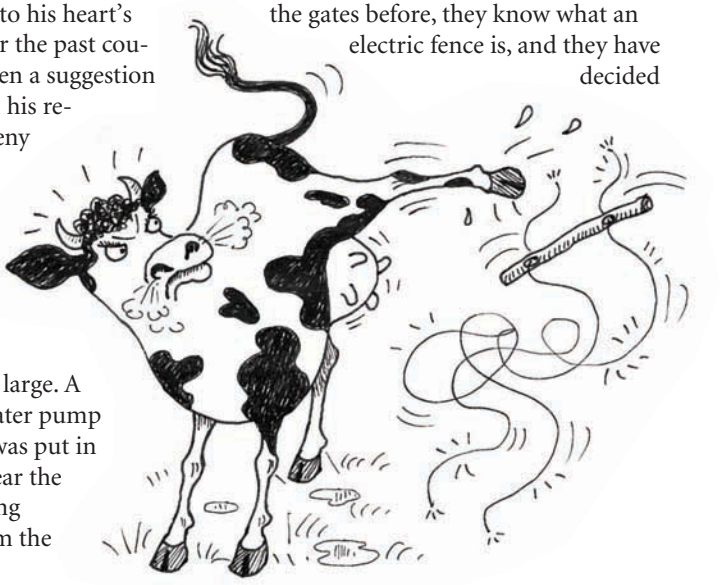
DIARY OF A YORKSHIRE FARMER'S WIFE

Roberta Mothersdale

Tuesday: There is a turf war going on in the farmyard. Young cocks on the block. Moving swiftly on, I shall explain that over spring and summer we had an explosion in poultry numbers. Sneaky hens took advantage of lax security methods in operation at roosting time and did not all go into the hen house at night. Many perched in the orchard or found nest sites in the haystacks. As a result, at regular intervals, proud mums would appear with bobbing clutches of chicks in tow. Subsequently these chicks have all matured into either productive egg layers or hulking young cockerels. Prior to this influx of testosterone, and after a similar early winter cull last year, we were left with just one Alpha Big Daddy. With no other roosters to challenge his superiority, or try to pinch his females, he preened and paraded, cock a doodle dooed his conquests and puffed up his feathers to his heart's content. But gradually, over the past couple of months there has been a suggestion of tension. A furtiveness in his regard as his own male progeny threaten his authority. Young cockerels are on the look out for a dalliance or two, and they pose problems. But not to my roasting tin.

Saturday: Repairs loom large. A new motor for the dirty water pump is a priority. The old one was put in twenty-five years ago to clear the dirty water from the milking parlour. The wash-out from the milking parlour was collected in an underground tank and pumped out into the fields well away from any drainage systems. Now the tank only collects rainwater, but the pump had failed. When the water reaches an unacceptable height, a siren is set off. A screech that keeps the whole village awake and necessitates emergency measures to stop the fold yard flooding.

Friday: Time to bring the cows inside. Not only are they paddling and poaching the fields, but there is no goodness left in the grass. So with the prospect of cover, silage on demand and the chance of a date with Mr Bull anytime soon, you would have thought the cows would have belted home. Not so. The funnel of gates and an electric fence up to the field gate appeared foolproof. But not to the cows. They have seen the gates before, they know what an electric fence is, and they have decided



they don't fancy the sight of either of them. Better wait a few more days till they sicken of the cold weather and sparse bite of grass.

Thursday: Success. Placards are being held in hooves and loudspeakers mooing out a parody of George Orwell's *Animal Farm* – "Four legs wet, dry legs good". To speed the job up, mini Heston bales are now creating a barrier across the farm entrance so that the cows run straight into the collecting area of the foldyard where a hospitality tent has been erected. Not really but you get the idea. But once more, at the last minute, they are jibbing. One look at the electric fence and chicane of gates and they turn tail, knock down the electric fence and take off into the nether regions of the roadside field. My job was to stand in the field gate until the cows were ready to cross the lane and if possible warn any oncoming cars that they might be in danger of being squashed flat by a stampede. But there was no danger of that. The cows clearly had no intention of giving up and coming home without a fight. Or at the very least a dozen runs round the field with an increasingly exasperated farmer. In the end, the last batch was run into the corral and trailered home. Their fields are empty, the foldyard is full. Winter has begun.

Tuesday: Not only is love in the air in the foldyard with Mr Bull, but in slightly draughtier, al fresco conditions, the tups are steadily attending to the demands of procreation out in the fields with the ewes. You just don't know where to look some days to avoid all these indecent proposals.

Sunday: A glossy brown cockerel has escaped my culinary cull. Some of the hens are very tempted by his display of sheer machismo and virility. Their sense of loyalty to the old cockerel weakening. The possibility and excitement of adultery, an extramarital affair, illicit liaison, free love or a fresh intimate relationship are proving more than just inviting for some of them. They are deserting the old boy in increasing numbers and amorous encounters between the young upstart and members of the old cockerel's harem are now a regular farmyard occurrence. The old boy is starting to look jaded and bedraggled whilst the young cock's feathers are gaining that indelible sheen of superiority and triumph. Anyone got a recipe for ancien coq au vin? Think I might need it soon. ■

Illustration by Jacqueline Sinclair

YORKSHIRE CURIOSITIES

1722: At Ripponden, near Halifax, there happened on May the 18th, 1722, a most remarkable flood, which, with great violence did break into the chapel, and by its weight and pressure bear down and carry away the greatest part of the north side, with the stones and timber thereof, and pews therein, and tore up the graves and carried away many dead bodies, and left their parts scatter'd in the river and on the banks, a great many miles distance; and so undermined the remainder of the chapel, and shook and damaged the walls, that it was absolutely necessary to re-build it on higher ground, to prevent the like danger for the future.

***The Annals and History of Leeds and other places in the County of York*, 1860**

DALESFOLK I REMEMBER

W R Mitchell – Harry Secombe

Harry, a Welsh comedian and singer, was a dalesman for part of the day when I had the pleasure of chatting with him. We met on the "up" platform at Settle railway station. He was under the eyes of a television crew who were working on a film in an ITV series of interviews with local folk and some joyful hymns from Harry.

Part of the day would be spent clattering and chattering on a steam-hauled passenger train heading over embankments and viaducts in North Ribblesdale and the Eden Valley. The film was produced by Border Television and most of the shots of the train were from the air. It temporarily vanished, leaving a cloud of smoke, as it ran into Blea Moor Tunnel. It roused dale-country echoes with its haunting steam whistle.

Harry was a joyful man who asked a range of questions from me and others. I had recorded – and occasionally played – his visit to my favourite island, Lindisfarne, off the Northumbrian coast. Now I was subsequently able to see the streamlined locomotive and its carriages from on high.

Our conversation took place twixt Settle and Appleby. He was keen to know about Ribblehead Viaduct. I mentioned that when the line became operative the Midland company permitted a harmonium to be played in the Ribblehead waiting room, where services might be held. Harry had an astonishingly loud, clear and melodic voice.

Interludes were cut into the film of the train journey to permit musical items to be included. Harry's songs must have roused the echoes in the dale-country. In Mallerstang, a lady minister – Methodist – spoke in the company of a young lady who intended to take up preaching.

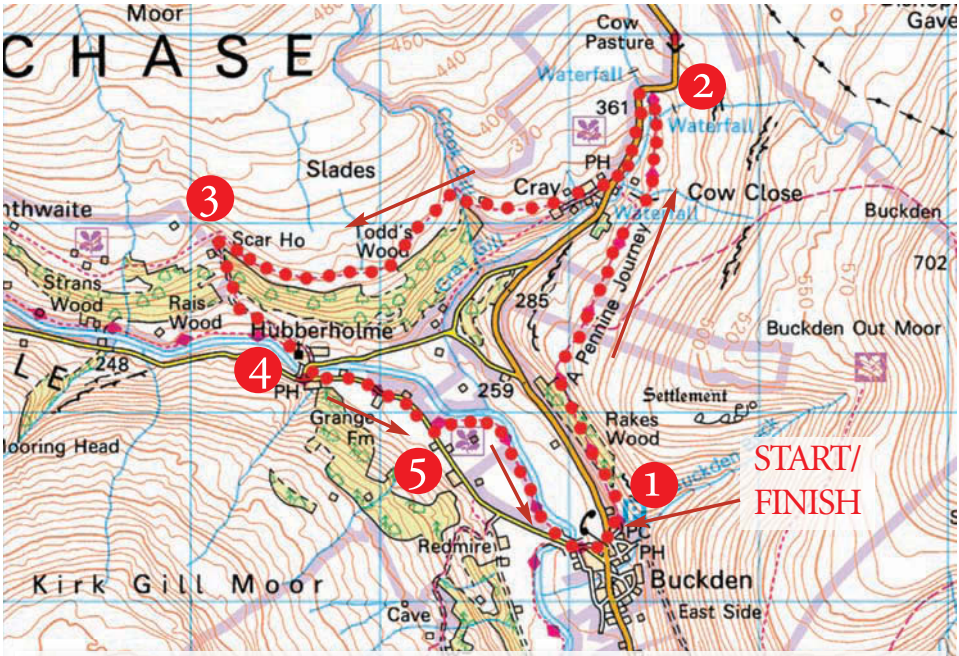
I have called him Harry. He was actually Sir Harry Secombe and was born in 1921. When he had been knighted in 1981 he jokingly referred to his rotund figure as Sir Cumference. Harry's voice lives on in the DVD that is a vivid record of the rail trip from Settle to Carlisle. He caught the spirit of the celebrated railway line, through chats and songs. Harry, who had a busy television career, died in the year 2001. ■

TYKE TALK

Nimming, walking at a sprightly or nimble pace. "The old lady goes nimming along", moves with agility.
***A Glossary of Yorkshire Words and Phrases,* 1855**

WALKING WITH DALESMAN

Hubberholme and Upper Wharfedale wth Steve Goodier



Start/Parking: Use the Upper Wharfedale car park just north of the village of Buckden and the junction of Buckden Wood Lane and Dubb's Lane. SD 943774. There is plenty of space to park here as well as toilets. The car park is pay and display with rates for short stays of up to two hours and longer stays.

Distance: 5.75 miles (9.25km).

Time: 3 hours.

Terrain: The route mostly follows good paths and tracks and includes some lane walking. Route finding is fairly straightforward but do wear boots and expect some rough going in several places. The paths are a mixture of grass and stone/rock and are well signposted. The route has a number of steep ups and downs, making it quite a strenuous outing overall.

Facilities: There are toilets at the start and a café and post office/shop in Buckden. The Buck Inn is to be found in the village and the White Lion Inn is on the route of the walk at the hamlet of Cray. At Hubberholme (also on the walk) you will find The George Inn. There is a bus stop next to the car park.

Map: Ordnance Survey Outdoor Leisure Explorer 30 – The Yorkshire Dales Northern and Central Areas.

Hill walking can be strenuous, and it is up to you to approach it with caution and if you are inexperienced to do so under appropriate supervision. You should also carry appropriate clothing, equipment and maps, and wear suitable footwear. The details given here were believed to be correct at the time of going to press but neither the author nor Country Publications Ltd can accept responsibility for inaccuracies. Please stick to rights of way at all times.

Splendid views of Upper Wharfedale, above, and St Michael and All Angels church in Hubberholme

Upper Wharfedale is quite simply stunning. For tourists and sightseers it gives an intimate insight into the real heart of Dales country, with sleepy hamlets, towering hillsides and charming pubs to keep them amused. However, it is walkers who benefit the most in this area of outstanding natural beauty. To don boots and shoulder a rucksack on a bright morning of blue skies and light winds and head off to explore the path network that criss-crosses the area is possibly as close to heaven as you can get in this life.

Walkers are doubly blessed in Upper Wharfedale as they can also climb on to the towering fells that rise all around the region's valleys. Yockenthwaite Moor is remote and little visited but well worth a climb to the summit, and the pick of the area's high spots has to go to Buckden Pike, rising 2,303ft/702m above the village of Buckden. The views from the summit are extensive and probably some of the finest in this district as a whole.

For the walker who prefers his days out in the countryside along more gentle terrain, the list of possibilities is endless and the route described below is one of the finest of the lower level walks available.

Using Buckden as a base, the walk makes an anti-clockwise circuit of the Upper Wharfedale Valley and some of Langstrothdale.

Much of Upper Wharfedale is owned and managed by the National Trust, working in partnership with local farmers, and several parts of the area have been designated Sites of Special Scientific Interest (SSSI) and Special Areas of Conservation (SAC).

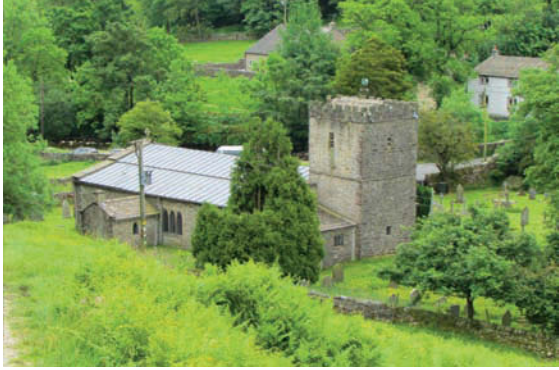
A unique blend of landscape gives a mixture of bubbling rivers, limestone outcrops, semi-natural woodlands, high moorland environments and flower-bedecked hay meadows.

1 Exit the car park at the north end past benches to pass through a gate. Take the good track beyond (bridleway) which is

signposted "Buckden Pike" and "Cray High Bridge". Follow the track, passing through a gate/opening. As the track gets rough it passes under scree slopes and into trees. Continue climbing to exit the trees and walk near a wall to the left, heading through another gate. Continue beyond at an easier angle (wall left) and when the track forks, stay ahead to pass through a gate to a path junction. Stay ahead again (signposted "Cray High Bridge") and descend the grassier path through a gate by a large boulder. Continue descending the path, passing through two wall gaps and one gate to cross a stream and go through another gate/opening. Continue downhill (wall left/fence right at this point) to cross another stream. Pass through a gate in a wall and continue with a wall left. Go through a gate/opening and walk along a walled track to continue across a meadow. Shortly heading uphill, curve left, cross a stream and rise again to go through a gate to a road right of Cray High Bridge.

2 Go left downhill over Cray High Bridge, descending carefully to reach the White Lion Inn at Cray. Leave the road before the inn, taking a footpath/track signposted for "Yockenthwaite" and "Stubbing". Go behind the inn and, when the track splits, take the right fork to rise through a gate/opening. Pass behind barns, continuing on the wide track to cross a stream. Further on, at a stone barn and path junction, stay ahead to walk through a gate/opening (signposted "Yockenthwaite"). Go through another gate/opening and cross the next field to head through a wall gap. Follow the path, soon passing through a gate near a stone barn. Beyond this, descend to reach a footbridge (in trees) over Crook Gill.

3 Cross the bridge via two gates and cut left to continue by a fence (left) on the grassy path. Soon, pass over a narrow gated stile following the path/track beyond (with a fence



and trees left) to a point just before it bends left ahead. Here, descend to the left through small outcrops to reach a path junction and marker post above Scar House. Go left (signposted "Hubberholme") to descend a rough track and pass by Scar House. Follow the steep surfaced access track to pass through two gate/openings. Beyond these follow the descending winding track and continue to join the Dales Way at a track junction near St Michael and All Angels church. Go ahead to curve right around the church, passing through a gate. Follow the path past the church to a lane. Go ahead over a bridge to a lane junction in front of the George Inn.

4 Here, go left to pass in front of the George Inn. Continue on the lane to reach a footpath junction (with a gate and track) on the left.

5 Here leave the road to take the track half left (the Dales Way signposted "Buckden Bridge") and go through a gate. Continue with the River Wharfe left and a fence right. Pass through another gate to open fields and continue with the River Wharfe left. Walk through three gates – all the time keeping the river left. Follow the path through a gate to reach a lane. Go left over a bridge and follow the lane into Buckden. At "Manor House" (right) and near a high wall, right, leave the lane to go left up a track to rise to a road left of the café/post office. Go left on this road to return to the car park. ■

WILD YORKSHIRE

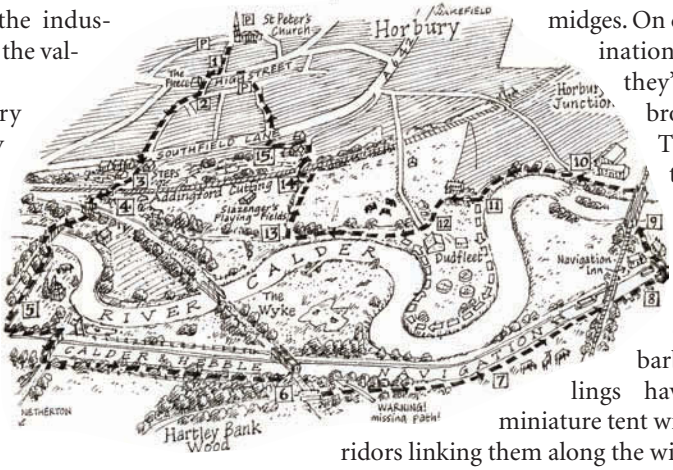
Mapmaking

Words and illustrations by Richard Bell

As a child I always loved to pore over the picture maps in children's books such as those on the endpapers of *The Hobbit* and *The Wind in the Willows*.

In a walks booklet centred on my home town of Horbury, I'm celebrating the pleasures of getting out of town. Thirty minutes' walk from the high street you're there between the river and canal, down amongst the valley's pastures, marshes, subsidence flashes, canal-side willows and ridge-top oakwood.

In addition to the wildlife interest, which once famously included an attempt by white storks to nest on a power-line pole by the canal, there are clues in the landscape to the industrial history of the valley.



This is very much my home patch, where as a boy I first set out to explore the countryside for myself. My friends and I would leave our small town behind us, descending Addingford Steps which are cut into the sandstone at the edge of a railway cutting.

These steps always fascinated local novelist Stan Barstow. They're at the end of Shepstye Road, the street where he was born. He describes them in a couple of his novels, *Joby* and *Just You Wait and See*, using them as a way of showing his characters moving from the safe but stifling small town to a wider but sometimes scary world beyond.

THE SPIDERLINGS' TENT

As the cloud passes, the returning sun illuminates details like the tightly furled green buds of catkins on a hazel by the track. It's been gloomy for days so suddenly switching to high definition colour, along with the promise of spring in these incipient catkins, is a welcome revelation.

On the fence I notice a web which at first I think is dotted with trapped midges. On closer examination I see that they're small brown spiders. The web extends along the top strand of the barbed wire. On each spiky barb the spiderlings have spun a miniature tent with silky corridors linking them along the wire.

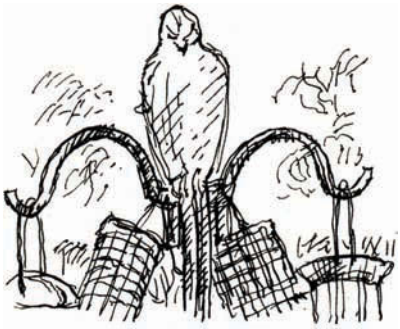
The silken shroud takes in the tops of the supporting posts and the seed-heads of an umbellifer.

The web is sheet-like rather than lacy. It extends along the fence for about sixty yards. I don't think that I've ever seen a web as a long as this one.

CRICKET PITCH COVEY

The birds crossing the cricket square at the top of the slope have an unfamiliar appearance; they're grey partridge but we don't often see them behaving like this. Usually they're wary, only glimpsed bursting from cover and hurtling off across the fields. These are surreptitiously crossing the playing field. Perhaps because it's been so wet they are finding it easier to feed on the close-cropped turf rather than out in the long grass.

We're surprised to see so many mallards, about fifty of them, in the woods this afternoon, feeding under beech trees on a slope above the lake in the country park. It has evidently been a good year for beechmast.



SPARROWHAWK & SQUIRREL

It often swoops by on its rounds, but this morning the sparrowhawk lands on our shepherd's crook feeding station. The goldfinches, tits and sparrows have made themselves scarce.

For the sparrowhawk our feeders must serve as a drive-through fast-food takeaway, the double shepherd's crook an equivalent of the McDonald's golden arches sign.

It looks at home, like a bird of prey at a falconry centre sitting comfortably on its perch surveying the passing scene.

Not so majestic, a squirrel sits stiffly at the apex of the shed like a furry grey gargoyle.

Another scampers across the lawn. The movement reminds me of the needle in a sewing machine, bobbing up and down along a seam. There's a pause and an exchange of beady-eyed looks, like the stand-off before the gunfight in a spaghetti western, but the second squirrel continues on its way, climbing the trellis and hopping into the hedge to raid next-door's bird table for about the hundredth time this morning (and it's still only breakfast-time).

The squirrel sentinel decides it's time to leave its post.

WHEN PIGLETS DREAM

At the farm park, I'm settling down to draw a sleeping sow and her litter but a few grunts from her and the piglets are roused to action and gather to feed.

Playtime in the pig pen might seem like chaos but, like sleep and suckling, it's a time-limited activity, a quick burst of madness. They chase around the sow and push at each other in a piglet version of "I'm the king of the castle". There's a knockabout game of tag in progress too.

Sleep-time comes around again and I'm amazed how soon the piglets drift off into REM sleep. I can see their eyes moving beneath closed lids while their legs run in dream mini-adventures. Even their little tails wag about expressively. ■

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Christmas and fun themed hampers for your family and friends, all delivered with a personal message from you.

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Yorkshire's reputation for producing fine foods is well known & we have selected the top producers who have won GOLD at the Guild of Fine Food National Awards.

Contains:

- 125g Shepherds Purse Cheese
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- 425g Wensleydale Cheese
- 150g Smoked Trout Pate
- 500g Provender Fresh Soup
- 200g Lewis & Cooper Plum Pudding
- 200g Dry Cured Bacon
- 700g Savoury Biscuit Selection
- 200g Mackenzie's Roast Ham
- 227g Rosebud Sweet Onion Chutney
- 100g Luxury Butter Fudge
- 50 Taylor's Yorkshire Gold Tea
- 400g Havenhands Handmade Fruitcake
- 227g Grumpy Mule Ground Coffee

BEST of Yorkshire £39

Beautifully presented with a colourful Yorkshire scene this hamper is bulging with famous Yorkshire goodies.

Contains:

- 325g Hawes Wensleydale Cheese
- 200g Mackenzie's Roast Ham
- 310g Botham's Plum Bread
- 100g Tin of Farrah's Toffees
- 320g Yorkshire Ale Fruit Chutney
- 410g Botham's Fruitcake
- 100g Whittaker's Chocolates
- 50 Taylor's Tea
- 175g Grandma Wild's Shortbread Biscuits
- 340g Yorkshire Honey

Luxury Best of Yorkshire £89

An indulgent selection of Yorkshire's most luxurious foods in a bespoke hamper.

Contains:

- 100g Roast Smoked Venison
- 200g Bleiker's Smoked Salmon
- 250g Mackenzie's Kipper Fillets
- 500g Voakes Large Pork Pie
- 125g Shepherds Purse Cheese
- 425g Wensleydale Cheese
- 150g Smoked Trout Pate
- 200g Dry Cured Bacon
- 227g Rosebud Sweet Onion Chutney
- 200g Mackenzie's Roast Ham
- 200g Lewis & Cooper Plum Pudding
- 500g Provender Fresh Soup
- 700g Savoury Biscuit Selection
- 100g Luxury Butter Fudge
- 150g Luxury Mixed Nuts
- 50 Taylor's Yorkshire Gold Tea
- 227g Grumpy Mule Ground Coffee
- 6 Mince pies
- 200g Humphrey's Handmade Chocolates

Yorkshire Afternoon Tea Treats £32

Fruitcake without cheese is like a kiss without a squeeze! It's a Yorkshire tradition to enjoy a little Wensleydale cheese with your fruitcake, we've put a few other treats together to make your family teas a bit more special.

Contains:

- 325g Hawes Wensleydale Cheese
- 410g Bothams Whitby Fruitcake
- 175g Yorkshire Curd Tart (serves four)
- 50 Taylors Christmas Tea
- 100g Havenhands Cheese Straws
- 300g Havenhands Yorkshire Parkin
- 175g Grandma Wilds Butter

Tour de Yorkshire Hamper £35

A great way to remember this year's great event. This comemorative hamper features the Yorkshire Post's unique Tour de Yorkshire souvenir tea towel. Hand drawn, it brilliantly captures the wonderful images of the county's key landmarks.

Contains:

• Tour de Yorkshire Tea Towel • Richard III Creamy Wensleydale Cheese
• Haven Hands Yorkshire Parkin • Black Sheep Ale
• Taylors of Harrogate "ALLEZ ALLEZ" Ground Coffee • Yorkshire Tea Christmas Blend
• Bothams Whitby Fruitcake • Farrah's of Harrogate Toffee Tin
• Voakes Handmade Pork Pie

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Wonderful, handmade cheeses, fine savoury biscuits and a chutney to die for, it's a real treat and lots of eating, long dated cheeses.

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• Shepherds Purse Monks Folly • Richard 111 Creamy Wensleydale
• Plum Chutney • Savoury Biscuit Selection

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Robert Walker of Skipton trained in Belgium and Switzerland and is passionate chocolatier. His chocolates are handmade using couvertures of the finest Belgian chocolate, with genuine liqueurs and natural oils centres and are complemented by our selection of more chocolate luxuries.

Contains:

• 250g Walkers Tin of Hot Drinking Chocolate (Hand Chopped Flakes)
• 500g Walkers Boxed Assortment of handmade Chocolate
• 250g Walkers Boxed Assortment of handmade Truffles
• 50g Walkers Milk Chocolate Xmas Pudding
• 140g Fudges Belgian Dark Chocolate Florentines
• 310g Havenhands Handmade Chocolate Fudge Cake

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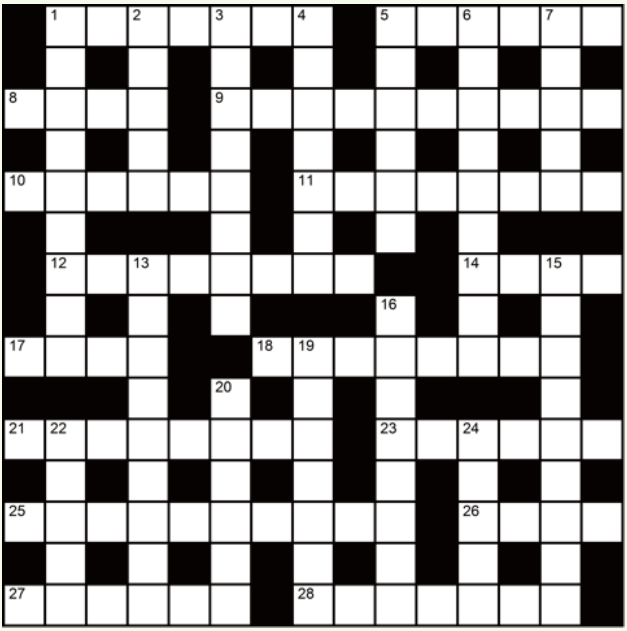

CROSSWORD MICHAEL CURL

We give a £15 voucher to spend on Dalesman products for the first correct entry opened after the closing date; £10 and £5 vouchers are given for second and third. Send this page, a photocopy, or a list of answers to Dalesman Crossword (November), Dalesman Publishing, The Water Mill, Broughton Hall, Skipton, North Yorks BD23 3AG. Entries to reach us by 24 November. Do not include any other correspondence with your entry. You can also email a list of answers, or a scan of your completed entry, to linda@dalesman.co.uk

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We will use the contact information you provide to keep you informed of *Dalesman* (and other Country Publications) special offers. Please tick here [ ] if you do not wish this to happen. We do occasionally share information with other carefully selected organisations who may send you information about their product and services by post. If you do not wish this to happen then please tick here [ ].

Across

1 Village between Selby and York (7)
5 Colsterdale village (6)
8 Song sung in church (4)
9 Strong lion (anag) – village east of Beverley (4,6)
10 Sheep's coat of wool (6)
11 Diminished (8)
12 Only rest (anag) – Craven village (8)
14 Very small amount (4)
17 Village in Upper Swaledale (4)
18 Deluding (anag) – pampered (8)
21 Breed of dairy cattle (8)
23 Subdued complaint (6)
25 Nuts to hand (anag) – village near Stamford Bridge (4,6)
26 "On Ilkla Moor – 'at" (4)
27 Modification (6)
28 – Bentley, Yorkshire-born novelist (7)

Down

1 Creator of Last of the Summer Wine (3,6)
2 Small boat (5)
3 Maladies (8)
4 Wool fat (7)
5 Wooded area – Dalby, for example (6)
6 Replying (9)
7 Hard up (5)
13 Calderdale village (9)
15 Yorkshire-born poet laureate who died in 1998 (3,6)
16 Popular village on the edge of the Yorkshire Wolds (8)
19 Around-the-clock (7)
20 Water down (6)
22 Arrive at (5)
24 Insurgent (5)

SEPTEMBER SOLUTION

The three entries selected came from: Gillian Bennett of Sheffield; Karen Hill of Slaithwaite; Mrs E Morley of Thirsk; Audrey Goodyear of March, Cambs. Thank you to all who entered.

ANAGRAMS

Unravel the following anagrams to reveal the names of fifteen birds that may be seen in Yorkshire.

HORMONE	NEEDS PREPARING
ADORE SONG	I'M TO WIPE PAD
A GREY NAG	A LITTLE TIN GOD
NO TEST RUN	CLEAR FOREIGN PEN
UNDER BIG NET	FETCH PTERODACTYLS
I AM SOUTHERN	GATE TO A WILD BIRD
ONE WHO WRAPS	WORK OR STOPPAGE
DO REVEAL COLD	DETECTED

Answers to the October anagrams: Crathorne, Appersett, Goathland, Great Ayton, Egton Bridge, Studley Roger, Osmotherley, Nether Silton, Grewelthorpe, Askham Bryan, Barton-le-Street, Blubberhouses, Appleton Roebuck, Burton in Lonsdale, Horton in Ribblesdale.

WORD SEARCH

Find these castles, abbeys and priories in the grid below: Bolton, Conisbrough, Fountains, Gisborough, Helmsley, Jervaulx, Marrick, Middleham, Mount Grace, Nostell, Richmond, Rievaulx, Ripley, Roche, Scarborough, Skipton, Whitby

F	M	Z	H	H	J	M	Z	Y	R	Q	H	G	H	X
H	A	C	G	R	G	C	I	I	B	E	U	G	N	L
Z	R	X	U	T	D	U	P	D	L	T	U	D	S	U
F	R	E	O	M	X	L	O	M	D	O	I	K	A	A
O	I	H	R	E	E	L	S	R	R	L	C	H	R	V
U	C	C	B	Y	Z	L	U	O	O	D	E	Y	W	R
N	K	O	S	M	E	S	B	A	R	B	J	H	J	E
T	Y	R	I	Y	Q	S	S	T	V	R	R	B	A	J
A	S	E	N	P	I	C	U	N	U	E	O	A	Y	M
I	Z	Z	O	G	D	N	O	M	H	C	I	R	C	T
N	J	Z	C	N	O	T	L	O	B	J	P	R	D	S
S	H	A	E	W	P	N	O	S	T	E	L	L	T	X
B	E	K	M	I	X	Y	K	W	V	X	I	X	T	N
R	N	Y	K	Y	M	O	U	N	T	G	R	A	C	E
S	S	S	Y	N	I	E	W	E	L	T	N	K	N	S

QUICK QUIZ

Test your knowledge of the county with this quiz. There's no prize, it's just for fun.

1 The mother of which Yorkshire-born Hollywood film star ran a small hotel in Bridlington?

2 For what reason was William Byg of Wombwell charged with heresy in 1465?

3 What was the home town of England footballer Michael Dawson?

4 Which Yorkshire brewer makes Golden Pippin ale?

5 Where were the ashes of James Herriot (Jim Wight) scattered?

6 Who is the Chancellor of the University of Huddersfield?

7 Which two famous chocolate bars were invented by Rowntree in 1935?

ANSWERS

1 Malcolm McDowell, 2 For recovering stolen property using a crystal ball, 3 Leyburn, 4 Copper Dragon, 5 Sutton Bank, 6 Sir Patrick Stewart, 7 Aero & KitKat

Catterick Garrison: one hundred years on duty

Helen Johnson celebrates the centenary of Europe's largest military base

Peronne Lines at Catterick Garrison

This year marks the centenary of Catterick Garrison, the largest military base in Europe. It's a grand climax to what began as a temporary extension to the garrison at Richmond Castle.

County archivist Linda Turnbull is collecting oral histories of Catterick, and says, "It's a popular misconception that the First World War started and therefore we needed a camp: it was planned before the war, and was called Richmond Camp – it was actually closer to Richmond than Catterick."

In 1914, she says, "Troops massed at Richmond. It had been a garrison for hundreds of years, and thousands of men were billeted in Richmond. I imagine it must have been fairly chaotic."

Therefore, building at Catterick was hastened. Labour was drafted in from all over the country, housed in tents while they built huts of concrete – precious wood went to the trenches. The huts, records historian John Harwood, "were 60ft x 20ft, designed to house fifteen men, but at times they held thirty to forty. Beds were boards on trestles, with straw palliasses." It's a far cry from Catterick's modern barracks, which have single bedrooms with en-suite bathrooms.

Robin Cook was called to Catterick for National Service in the 1950s and recalls, "Some of the early huts were still standing when I joined. We called them spiders, because they were two sets of four huts, like spider legs, linked by a common ablutions block. We were lucky if there was warm water – shaving wasn't nice in cold water."

Much more popular were the "Sandhurst blocks", built in a wave of development triggered by the creation of the Irish Free State in 1922, when the British Army relinquished its garrisons outside of the Six Counties. As a replacement, Catterick gained permanent status. New barracks, married quarters, shops, banks, schools, churches and libraries were all built in warm red brick, with stone ornaments. Many of those buildings are still in use – and much loved – today.

Consequently, the garrison – today under the command of Colonel Stephen Padgett OBE – is now home to 13,000 personnel, military, civilian and their dependants. Linda is particularly interested in how civilian, as well as military, lives have been touched by the garrison, and says, "I've lived in the area for thirty years, and I thought I knew it well. But, following this project, I look at it with new eyes.

"For instance, the railway, built early to bring in construction supplies, was very important right up to the late 1960s. But I arrived in the 1970s, and I had no idea that there'd been a railway at the camp."

She observes, "When things change, they tend to do so quickly. The Ministry of Defence (MoD) has no room for sentiment; they're not in the museum business. For instance, St Oswald's church, built to house over a thousand people, was demolished a few years ago."

Unlike the MoD, Linda is in the museum business, and has compiled a chronology through the recording of personal memories. She's heard from military personnel like

Linda Turnbull, who is collecting oral histories of Catterick, with Robin Cook, who served there in the 1950s

Robin, who served with the Royal Signals, and from civilians, who often worked at the garrison. Workers' children growing up in the 1920s recall prisoners of war building roads; others remember their mothers working in the officers' mess.

Military service had good and bad moments: plenty remember tramping over cold, wet, muddy moors. Others remember the fun of home-grown entertainments, whether the piano in the recreation room or full-blown amateur theatricals.

There are memories of idyllic summer evenings in village pubs; freezing trains on Christmas leave; driving on the A1 when it had level crossing gates; buses to the trains at Richmond station; and new recruits discovering Newcastle Brown Ale.

Throughout it all, the garrison adapted to changing times. Linda says, "I keep reminding myself that they were using horses when they founded the camp – they put in housing for horses." Today, ranks of military vehicles sit corralled behind the barbed wire.

Surprisingly, wildlife also thrives behind the barbed wire, and parts of the extensive moorland training ranges are also SSSIs (Sites of Special Scientific Interest.)

Today, one of Catterick's many jobs is infantry training. Although better housed than

An aerial view of modern accommodation for Catterick's single personnel

the Great War's conscripts, modern volunteers still endure the discomforts of training.

Robin recalls his training, "We were up early, in winter it was cold. However hard you tried, they always found faults; you hadn't used enough Blanco, or whatever. If your blankets weren't folded into a beautiful square block, they threw them on the floor. If you went sick, you had to fill your kitbag with ALL your kit – it was easier to carry on than pack all your kit. We were hardly allowed out: it was a privilege to go to the NAAFI to buy a bar of chocolate. But you get used to it, and after a few months, it comes naturally."

In hindsight, Robin feels that he gained from National Service: "It was a whole new experience, that wouldn't have happened if I'd stayed at home. I met interesting people, learned new skills – I was trained as a radio technician – and the lucky ones went abroad." Robin was disappointed not to be sent abroad: he became a training officer at Catterick.

Meanwhile, in efforts to reach people and collect more memories, Linda has mounted travelling exhibitions and worked with libraries and schools. She says, "The project is not going to stop, more people keep getting in touch. No two people have the same story. Even if they were there at the same time, they remember different things."

As in the 1930s, in recent years, there has been a new wave of investment at Catterick. There have been new barracks and a leisure centre. Building has begun on a big new commercial shopping and leisure complex for the thousands of families, both military and civilian, living at the garrison.

Will the Army stay at Catterick for centuries, as it did at Richmond? Time will tell, but Col Padgett reckons that, for the foreseeable future, they are here to stay. ■

Oral history projects Garrison Voices and Garrison Origins are partnership funded by the Ministry of Defence Community Covenant, the Green Howards Museum, Catterick Garrison History Group, RCVS and North Yorkshire County Council. Linda Turnbull will welcome inquiries about oral histories and can be contacted on 01609 777585.

An accompanying book, 100 Years of Catterick Camp, 1914-2014*, is published by NYCC Archives.*

READERS' CLUB

Write to: The Editor, Dalesman, The Water Mill, Broughton Hall, Skipton, N Yorkshire BD23 3AG. Email: editorial@dalesman.co.uk

MILK IT FOR ALL IT'S WORTH

Further to the articles in the September edition of *Dalesman* regarding tea.

The practice of putting the milk in first originated when users of fine china decided it was hazardous to pour in the hot tea first, in case the cups broke.

When tea is brewed using leaves as opposed to teabags, there is a tendency for the odd one or two to float on the surface when poured. By putting the milk in first they tend to sink to the bottom.

Milk in first does stop your fine bone china turning brown and a proper teapot should be suitably seasoned (brown). Also, try this little survey: Anyone who adds milk before the tea is properly brewed is a smoker and can't taste the difference anyway.

Milk in first. Use leaves or teabags in a pre-warmed pot, pour "just boiling" water onto the tea – you don't want the pot to steal the heat from the water, you need the water to scald the tea. Add a tea cosy. After three minutes stir milk in the cup and pour tea into milk. If combined the other way around the milk takes on a nasty flavour. A small amount of cold milk being poured into a large amount of very hot tea scalds the milk, leaving it tasting foul! This is the proper reason for putting the milk in first – try it.

I don't ever remember the brand "Yorkshire Tea" when I lived in Yorkshire. Where is it actually grown, can you enlighten me?

Gillian, via email

TASTE THE DIFFERENCE

With reference to the item "Bag debate brewing" (Diary, September *Dalesman*), there is, or used to be, a fundamental difference between leaf tea and teabag tea. Leaves taken from the bush were first dried then broken up to make leaf tea. For teabag tea the leaves from the bush were first torn up and then dried. This brought the essential oils onto the surface of the leaf, hence teabags required a much shorter time to brew. Looking at some leaf teas nowadays I suspect the fast brew procedure is now used for both.

Dr Valerie Flook, Aberdeen

DO YOU REMEMBER CHRIS?

I've been given some old copies of *Dalesman* and see folks are trying to find their relations. Any chance of a note in your magazine? I'd be pleased, reet chuffed if someone knew of the person I'm looking for.

I'm Paul Simons, originally from Nottingham, and I used to visit my cousin Chris Coxon, then near the Westwood at Beverley. This is sixty years ago, mind.

I remember the American Super Sabre planes screeching low over the town, the lovely minster and the funny shaped double decker buses that went through the bar in the old walls. Chris used to be quality controller at John Smiths in Tadcaster and left when the brewery was taken over. Not heard from him since. Anyone have any info?

I am now living at Bungalow, Montford Bridge, Shrewsbury, SY4 1ED. Shropshire is great, but not a patch on the Dales. You can email me at Severnhouse@tiscali.co.uk

Tarralot! That's Nottingum!

Paul Simons, via email

BUNKER HILL MYSTERY SOLVED?

I would like to reply to a letter ("Secret war sites") submitted in August's edition of *Dalesman*. My eighty-eight-year-old father, Sam Whitworth, who lives in Thornton-le-Dale, advised me of its content during a recent phone call from my home in Australia.

It would seem the bunker on the hill near the railway bridge in Goathland is proving to be somewhat of a mystery. Hopefully this letter will solve that mystery.

In 1957 the United Kingdom Warning and Monitoring Organisation (UKWMO) was established to provide the authorities in the UK with essential information during a nuclear attack. It was the role of the Royal Observer Corps (ROC) to provide primary data on the position and magnitude of atomic weapons detonated during any such attack.

Between 1958 and 1968 a building programme resulted in a network of 1,563 underground monitoring posts being constructed throughout the UK, at an estimated cost of almost £5,000 each. The posts would be manned by members of the ROC.

The posts were excavated to a depth of twenty-five feet (7.6m), with reinforced concrete that was waterproofed and then covered with a compacted soil mound. Entry was via a steel ladder in a vertical shaft leading to a single room, providing accommodation for three observers to live and work. There was a separate toilet compartment with a chemical closet. Air was circulated from grilled ventilators at both ends of the post and electricity was provided by a twelve-volt battery, charged occasionally by a petrol generator. Each post had a number of instruments to measure the pressure, location, and size of a nuclear burst and its levels of radiation.

My father was a member of the ROC and encouraged me to join at sixteen years of age for my Silver Duke of Edinburgh award, which I did. I attended many cold and bleak nights, assisting with exercises designed to replicate our role, and met some real characters from the Goathland post during the process. One such character was Keith "Sparky" Lowe, my math's teacher from Lady Lumley's school, Pickering. It's another well-kept secret that Keith would give me some extra tuition in the pub after our ROC meetings. I found that a few pints of bitter in front of a log fire was more motivating than a classroom, hence I passed my GCSE with flying colours.

Unfortunately, my father and I are the only surviving members of the Goathland post, and to be in a position to solve this mystery is a real honour.

Finally the ROC was stood down in 1992.

Chris Whitworth, Australia, via email

SEARCH FOR 'PRIMITIVE' CURE

When I was a boy in Bradford over seventy years ago and had an inflamed cut (probably the result of falling while running around wearing shorts), my mother would cure it in what now seems a rather primitive way.

She would produce some ointment, simply referred to as "salve" which to my eyes resembled a golden-coloured lipstick, and apply a burning taper to the end, as one would use sealing wax to seal a document. She would then drip the molten substance on to a dressing and slap it, still hot, on to the inflammation which in due course would disappear.

According to the *Oxford English Dictionary*, "salve" is an Old English word, now rare, meaning "a healing ointment, specially a mixture, usually of tar and grease, used as an ointment for sheep". I know that farmers still apply it to their animals after shearing, and there are various commercial homeopathic salves available in tins or tubes. These are usually called "drawing salves" and contain a wider list of ingredients than grease and tar, but I don't know if anyone still uses this old-fashioned method.

Do any of your readers remember it? And where did people get it from: a chemist, a herbalist, a vet, an old neighbour, a farmer?
Bill Tordoff, Bedford

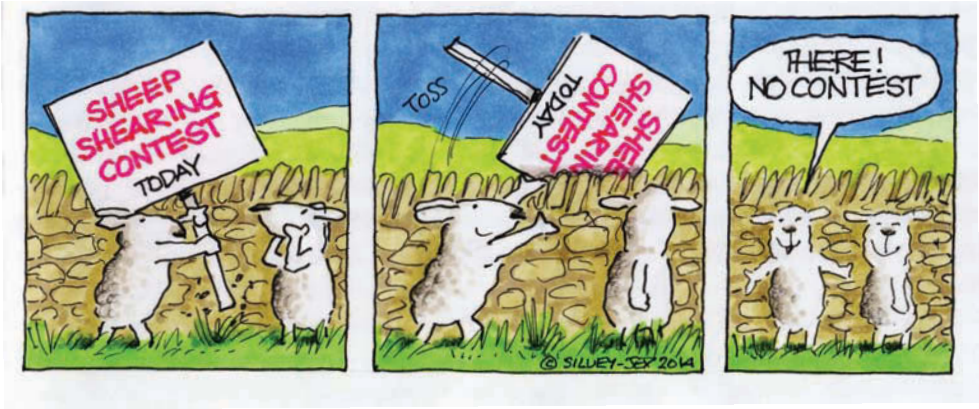
TWEETING WITH AMANDA

I am surprised that in your article about Amanda Owen (*Dalesman*, August), you did not mention that she is a prolific "tweeter" with nearly 10,000 Twitter followers. She regularly posts beautiful photos of the day-to-day farm work, her family enjoying a life of freedom that most would envy and the marvellous scenery around the farm. For anybody who uses Twitter, I can recommend that they follow @amandaowen8 if they love Upper Swaledale.
Chris Walker

MEMORIES OF THE MAST

The article about the Emley Moor mast (*Dalesman,* September) brought back a wealth of memories. Following problems with an earlier mast during construction, the Independent Television Authority decided that an inspection of cable stay points on a number of its masts should be carried out and I and a colleague made these inspections on behalf of the organisation we worked for. The Emley Moor mast was one of those we inspected. Emley Moor was different to all the others in that the first 900 feet was a tube and the remainder was a three legged lattice structure similar to the lattice masts built elsewhere.

The inspection of the stay points on the mast was different on the tower section to



the inspections we carried out on a lattice structure. The difficulty was that the stay points were positioned below a walkway accessed from a platform inside the tube and could not be inspected directly from the walkway platform. To overcome this, we took a short ten-foot wooden ladder up the tower with us, lashed it to the outside of the platform railing and then climbed down to perform the inspection. We belayed the climbing down with a rope in case of an accident.

It is a strange feeling being on the bottom rung of a ladder at 900 feet and, I guess, not something many will ever have done. It was a sad day to learn of the mast's collapse but, thankfully, it was not caused by a failure of any of the stay points. Unequal icing on the guy ropes was the cause.

What is perhaps not so widely known is that the sister mast at Belmont also encountered icing on the cables but nowhere to the same extent as that experienced on the Emley Moor mast. The mast at Belmont did experience some minor bending and at the request of ITA I and another colleague made that inspection. I am glad to say no defects were found. The one thing that was different at Belmont was that the access lift was working there so we did not have the task of climbing the ladders all the way to the top at 1,265 feet. This time the small lift took us up the first 900 feet which reduced the emphasis on fitness.

As the article states, the new tower at Emley Moor is a very elegant structure and a marvellous symbol for Yorkshire. My one regret now is that, having moved back to Yorkshire, the loss of the nearly 200 feet in height means that in my part of Yorkshire I am unable to receive the television signals from Emley Moor and so cannot watch Yorkshire TV.

David Shackleton, Ingleby Cross

COCKER'S VIEW

www.stephencockercards.co.uk

TAPESTRY TESTIMONY

I wondered if any of your readers might be interested in this. It is a finely woven silk tapestry, made by my maternal grandmother, of Burnsall School. She was Rita Johnson and was headmistress of the school between 1941 and 1943.

My late mother had very fond memories of that time – the family lived in the schoolhouse and they were very happy.

On a fairly recent visit to Yorkshire my husband and I were delighted to see how little the front of the building had changed.

Helen Jones, Ludlow, Shropshire

OUT & ABOUT IN YORKSHIRE

A selection of events compiled by Linda McFadzean

OCTOBER

23-27 Whitby. Bram Stoker International Film Festival. A celebration of all things dark and macabre. Details www.bramstokerfilmfestival.com

25-26 Driffield. Burton Agnes Hall. Michaelmas Fair. Crafts, food stalls, music, fairground. 11am-5pm. Details 01262 490324. www.burtonagnes.com

25-31 Kilnsey, Nr Grassington. Kilnsey Park. Halloween – Meet the Kilnsey Witch. Details 01756 752150. www.kilnseyestate.co.uk

27-31. York. Castle Museum. One Man's War. Meet Great War veteran Lieutenant Frank Wood (actor Chris Cade) and play a part in his story. Performances from 11am-4pm. Details 01904 687634. www.yorkmuseumtrust.org.uk

28 Harrogate. Royal Hall. The Sleeping Beauty. Tchaikovsky's sumptuous music fills the air and wondrous characters come to life. Details 01423 502116. www.harrogatetheatre.co.uk

29-31 York. Castle Howard. Illuminating York. The house interiors will be lit by hundreds of candles and roaring log fires and the house facade will be illuminated with atmospheric coloured light projections creating a unique and beautiful visual spectacular. Details www.castlehoward.co.uk 01653 648333.

31 to 2nd November. Harrogate. Pavilions. Antiques and Fine Art Fair. Details 01278 784912. www.pavilionsofharrogate.co.uk

NOVEMBER

To 1st. Sheffield. Off the Shelf Festival of Words. Author events, workshops, debate, exhibitions, talks, poetry, competitions and more. Details www.welcometosheffield.co.uk

1-2 Skipton. Town Hall. Art and Craft Fair. 10am-4pm. Details www.welcometoskipton.com

To 2nd. Whitby. Gothic Weekend. Music and dancing for all goths, punks, and bikers. Details www.whitbygothweekend.co.uk

To 2nd. Pickering. Station. Witches and Wizards Weekend. 01751 472508, www.nymr.co.uk

1 to January 10. Leeds. The Craft Centre & Design Gallery. Christmas Showcase of tableware, ornamental wood, glass, and jewellery. Details 0113 247 8241 www.craftcentreleeds.co.uk

1 Scarborough. Stephen Joseph Theatre. The Pasadena Roof Orchestra. Fun-packed show featuring classics from the great American song book. Details 01723 370541. www.sjt.uk.com

2 Wetherby. Stockeld Park. Fireworks Display. Details 01937 586333. www.stockeldpark.co.uk

4-7 York. Theatre Royal. 'The Pirates of Penzance' 7.30pm. Matinee 4.30pm. Details www.yorkopera.org

4-9 Scarborough. The Spa. Dance Festival. Featuring workshops and teach-inns of modern, Latin and sequence dancing plus special appearances and demonstrations. 01723 821888. www.scarboroughspa.co.uk/events

5 Sheffield. Yorkshire's Biggest Firework Spectacular. Event plays host to a whopping 20,000 spectators. Details 0114 249 3075.

5 Wakefield. Theatre Royal. 'The Nutcracker' The Russian State Ballet and Opera House will burst onto the stage again with a new and exciting performance. Details 01924 211311. ww.theatreroyalwakefield.co.uk

5-20 Leeds. Various venues. International Film Festival. Largest film event in the North, celebrating new and classic cinema from around the world with over 250 screenings – something for all the family. Details 0113 224 3801, www.leedsfilm.com

6-9 Harrogate. Yorkshire Event Centre. Crafts for Christmas. Exciting range of crafts and unusual gifts plus live entertainment, fashion shows and craft demonstrations. Details 01423 544544. www.eventcentre.co.uk

8 Farsley. St John's Church. West Yorkshire Brass Band Concert. 2.30pm. Tickets £5 including refreshments and wine. Details 01132 290704.

8 Malton. Food Market. Live chef demonstrations and music from Malton's White Star Band. 9am-3pm. Details www.maltonyorkshire.co.uk

8 Skipton. Christ Church. Skipton Camerata: Remembrance Concert. Details www.welcometoskipton.com

9 Keighley. East Riddlesden Hall. Wedding Festival. 12pm-3pm. Details 01535 607075. www.nationaltrust.org.uk/east-riddlesden-hall

9-16 Leeds. Various Venues. Thought Bubble Comic & Art Festival. Workshops, talks, master classes and film screenings. Details www.thoughtbubblefestival.com

11 Driffield. Showground. The Southburn Christmas Fayre. 10am-4pm. Great mix of stalls. £5 entry. Details 01482 653050.

12 Harrogate. Yorkshire Event Centre. Collectors' Motor Cars, Motorcycles and Automobilia Auction. Details 01423 544544. www.eventcentre.co.uk

14-16 York. Racecourse. Christmas Fair. Details 01912 618944. www.yorkracecourse.co.uk

15 Ripon. Cathedral. Ripon Choral Society Concert. 7.30pm. Details 01765 601856. Details www.riponchoralsociety.org.uk

15 Otley. Courthouse. Science Fair. Stalls, demonstrations and great experiments to try out. Have a look at a heart, investigate radio waves, grab some geology and play with some physics. 10am-4pm. Details 01943 467466. www.otleycourthouse.org.uk

15 Horsforth. Grove Church. Christmas Bazaar. 10am-1pm

15 Heptonstall. Parish Church. Halifax Chamber Choir and Leeds Guild of Singers Concert. 8pm. Continues on 29th Holy Trinity Church, Leeds. £8. Details 07801 072132.

15-16 Menston. Kirklands Community Centre. Menston Arts Club Exhibition of Paintings and Crafts. 10.30am-5pm. Details www.menstonartsclub.org.uk

15-16 Harrogate. Yorkshire Event Centre. Yorkshire Antiques & Art Fair. Details 01423 544544. www.eventcentre.co.uk

16 Sheffield. Theatre. Ken Dodd. Celebrating his 60 years in show business. Enjoy his famous Happiness Show for all the family. Details 0114 2496000. www.sheffieldtheatres.co.uk

16 Wakefield. Theatre Royal. A Yuletide with Gervase Phinn. Spend a heart-warming evening with one of Britain's best-loved comic writers, best-selling and award-winning author, radio and television personality. Details 01924 211311. www.theatreroyalwakefield.co.uk Gervase Phinn's new paperback book 'Mangled English' is now on sale.

20 York. Minster. Library Tour. Expert guide into the depths of the old archbishop's palace; uncover some of the world's rarest books. £30, includes lunch. 11am-2pm. Details 01904 624247. www.yorkminster.org

21-23 Harrogate. Great Yorkshire Showground. North of England Woodworking & Power Tool Show. More than 30 demonstrators, mini theatres, woodworking clinic and over 70 exhibitors. Details 01474 536535. www.skpromotions.co.uk

21 to December 14. York. York Fine Arts. 'A Celebration of British Landscapes' Exhibition by Gordon Lees and Edward Hersey. Details 01904 634221. www.yorkfineartsonline.co.uk

22 to January 4. York. Designer Outlet. Winter Wonderland. Skate, play, shop and dine. Details. 01653 619169. www.yorkshireswinterwonderland.com

23 Skipton. Town Hall. CD & Record Fair. 10am-4pm. Details www.welcometoskipton.com

24 to January 17. Leeds. West Yorkshire Playhouse. 'White Christmas'. Original staging of Irvin Berlin's iconic musical featuring a freshly orchestrated score, performed by a live seven-piece onstage band. Details 0113 2137700. www.wyp.org.uk

27-30 Harrogate. Christmas Market. Over 140 chalets, mini-marquees, traditional market stalls and outdoor gazebos. Details 01423 879208.

27-30 Harrogate. International Centre. Christmas Fair. Demonstrations and hands-on workshops, cookery theatre, craft and create room. Details 0844 848 0152 www.hicyorkshire.co.uk

29 Settle. Folly. Christmas Fun at the Folly. Family activity to tie in with the Christmas Lights switch on. 1.30am-4pm. Details 01729 822854. www.ncbpt.org.uk/folly/

29 Grassington. Dickensian Festival. Village will be adorned in Christmas lights, the square and streets will come alive with a traditional market. Festival continues 6 and 13 December. Details www.grassington.uk.com

29-30 Doncaster. Nostell Priory & Parkland. Christmas Craft and Second Hand Book Fair. 11am-4pm. Details 01924 863892. www.nationaltrust.org.uk/nostell-priory

RACING

For all November fixtures telephone 01937 58001 or visit www.goracing.co.uk

NOVEMBER WALKS

1 Cononley Circular. Strenuous 14 miles. Details www.friendsofdalesrail.org

1 Wennington to Bentham. Moderate 10 miles. Details www.friendsofdalesrail.org

8 Horton Circular. Easy 7 miles. Details www.friendsofdalesrail.org

8 Garsdale to Kirkby Stephen. Moderately strenuous 13 miles. Details www.friendsofdalesrail.org

8 Litton & Penyghent Gill. 8 miles. Meet 10am Litton Village Centre. Details 01756 700248.

15 Ribblehead to Horton. Moderate 11 miles. Details www.friendsofdalesrail.org

15 Hebden Bridge Circular. Easy 7 miles. Details www.friendsofdalesrail.org

22 Dent to Ribblehead. Easy 8 miles. Details www.friendsofdalesrail.org

22 Horton to Settle. Moderate 12 miles. Details www.friendsofdalesrail.org

23 By Glen and Canal. 7 miles. Meet 10am lay by opposite former Bracken Hall Countryside Centre. Details 01943 876713.

29 Thornton in Craven to Barnoldswick. Moderately strenuous 13.5 miles. www.friendsofdalesrail.org

29 Pannal to Knaresborough. Moderate 10 miles. www.friendsofdalesrail.org

29 Ripon. Fountains Abbey & Studley Royal. Winter Bird Walk. 11am-1pm. 2 miles. Details 01765 608888.

The above information was believed to be correct at the time of going to print. We cannot accept responsibility for errors or changes. Contacts are given where known so details can be checked before embarking on any journey

AUTUMN

ATTRACTIONS & EVENTS

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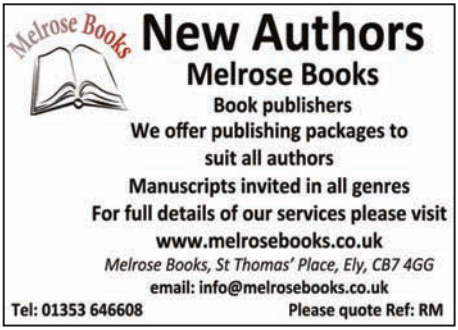

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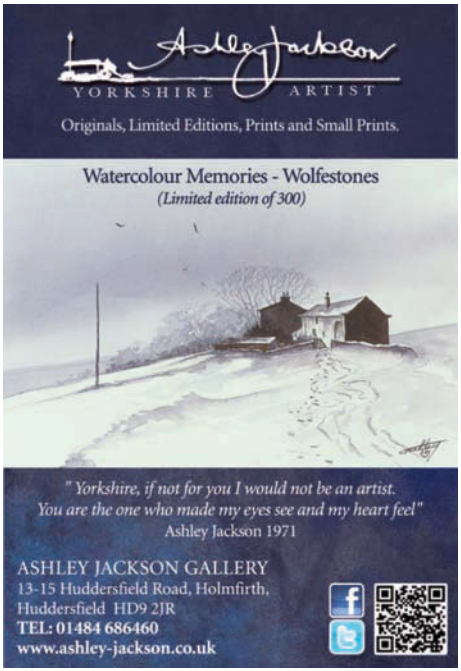

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MY BEST DAY OUT

Eve North

It would have been 1950. I was nine years old, and the eldest of three girls – later to become six but not for a few years yet – and, because it was August Bank Holiday, my parents decided that we would have a day out.

The day dawned bright and sunny; blue sky with just a few cotton wool clouds – perfect for a day in Knaresborough.

We lived in York and within walking distance of the railway station so, with much excitement, we packed a bag with flasks and sandwiches and set off to catch the train to Knaresborough.

On the way to the station we couldn't help but notice a nasty looking cloud in the distance, but Dad, ever the optimist, said it would pass over.

We arrived at the station and soon settled ourselves on the train, but then there were a few moments of panic amongst us girls as Dad decided that he needed to get off and buy a newspaper and went off running down the platform.

We thought the train would set off without him, as the guard was already closing the doors, but luckily he climbed back on board with his paper just as the whistle blew – and we were off!

Before too long we arrived at our destination, only to be greeted by dark clouds and what seemed to us to be steady rain. "It's only a shower," said Dad. We made for the Dropping Well, always a fascination for us, but as the "shower" seemed rather prolonged we soon headed for shelter in Mother Shipton's Cave, just as the heavens opened and the shower turned into a heavy downpour. The cave soon filled up with other day-trippers, many of whom had had the sense to come with raincoats, unlike us, who were just in our summer dresses. Poor Mum looked rather fed up but Dad looked out of the cave and told us, "It's brightening up over there", but over there wasn't here and so, after twenty minutes or so, we made a dash through the wet to the nearest café. Now this for us was a rare treat, as we hardly ever went to a café, and sitting there in the warm with steaming mugs of tea and fresh-baked scones was bliss.

Later, more joy; it was still raining, but as we had brought no raincoats, Mum and Dad took us to a nearby outfitters, and we were all fitted out with new macs and wellingtons – and so it turned out to be a rather expensive day out for our poor parents.

But, for us girls, it was a day we would always remember with a smile! ■

THE LAST LAUGH

Dickie Bird, the world's most famous umpire and a best-selling author, will turn eighty-two in April next year, and was waiting to meet up with some chums outside the newly opened Barnsley Experience, the museum based at the imposing Town Hall. They were all off for a cup of tea in the nearby café. He may be getting on, but when a passing fan asked him if he was also planning to have a look around the museum, he showed that his sense of fun has not diminished. "Nay lad," he said with a twinkle in those beady eyes. "I'm getting so old and slow on my feet now that if I go into a place like that I'm afraid that they might take me for a dummy, have me dressed up as an exhibit, and I'll never ever get out again!"

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