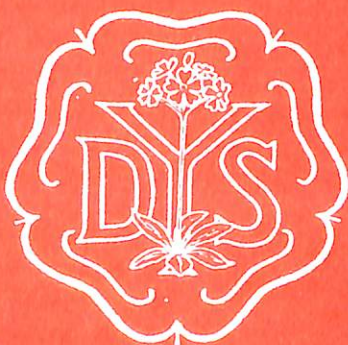


Y The Yorkshire Dales Review

No. 35
Summer 1991



**Raistrick: Man of the Century
Anniversary Edition includes:
Mike Harding, Geoffrey Smith,
Richard Muir, David Joy,
Bill Mitchell, Marie Hartley,
Joan Ingilby**

50p

THE YORKSHIRE DALES REVIEW is the quarterly journal of the Yorkshire Dales Society and is published by the Society. Views expressed in The Review are purely those of individual contributors and do not necessarily reflect those of the Society.

Something To Celebrate

The Yorkshire Dales Society has enjoyed a splendid Tenth Anniversary. Our week of celebrations opened with an Old Dales Night in Kettlewell Village Hall with music and dancing from Tim Boothman and his band, continuing with several days of well supported guided walks in Malhamdale, Langstrothdale, Washburndale, Wensleydale and Crummackdale and culminated in an outstanding illustrated lecture by John and Eliza Forder of Dent, illustrating their book Hill Shepherd.

The Tenth Anniversary Conference at Ilkley College, supported by over 70 members and distinguished guests, was addressed by Theo Burrell, holder of the Alfred Toepfler Award for service to European National Parks, and by Eva Pongratz, the Secretary of the Federation of National and Nature Parks of Europe who had come over from Grafenau in the Bavarian Forest National Park to be with us.

Theo, in an illustrated talk which ranged over National Parks in the United States and Europe, emphasised to us the importance of the voluntary movement to the National Parks of Europe as a whole. Eva, in a keynote speech, (in superbly fluent English) brought out the point that European National Parks can be used to teach children and young people in particular wider environmental awareness, vital if mankind, on an increasingly polluted and endangered planet, is to have a future. Such education was urgently necessary because of the plight facing future generations: "The disastrous situation of our environment, the destruction of the ozone layer, the melting of the polar ice cap, burning oilfields in Kuwait, all make environmental action a vital part of European and international co-operation."

Sombre as these points are, nothing could better illustrate Eva's view that not only are the Yorkshire Dales and other National Parks in Britain part of a greater family of National and Nature Parks within Europe, but in the new Europe, post-1992 and following the collapse of the Iron Curtain, increasing co-operation is going to be essential to ensure both national Governments and the EEC work together to conserve our finest landscapes and their communities. Eva's talk was followed by a wide ranging discussion among members about directions the Society ought to take over the coming decade.

Our celebration ended with a delightful dinner at the College, at which our guests included Eva, Theo and Mrs Burrell, Mr and Mrs Richard Harvey (National Park Officer, Yorkshire Dales National Park), Ms Ann Taylor, (Member of Parliament for Dewsbury and Opposition Spokesperson on the Environment), and Pat and Mike Harding, Mike providing a brilliant and entertaining after dinner speech which reflected not a little characteristic Dales humour.

For this special Tenth Anniversary edition of the Review we have invited seven well known Dales authors, all members of the Yorkshire Dales Society, to write a short piece for us on some aspect of the Yorkshire Dales. You'll find their contributions between pages 4 to 13, together with a selection of the work of some of the top Dales photographers, also Society members, who over the last decade have given us so much pleasure with their work.

Our cover photograph, taken on the morning of the Tenth Anniversary Conference shows (from left to right) Ken Willson (Chairman), Colin Speakman (Secretary), Fleur Speakman (Administrator), Eva Pongratz and Theo Burrell. (Photograph Courtesy Ilkley Gazette)

Arthur Raistrick - Man Of Our Century

The death, in April, of Dr Arthur Raistrick, of Linton-in-Craven, at the age of 94, has robbed the Yorkshire Dales of perhaps the greatest scholar in its history.

Arthur Raistrick was born in 1897 in Saltaire, of an old Dales family, and remained a lifelong Quaker, Socialist and Pacifist, often suffering for his convictions. One of his very earliest memories was being taken as a tiny child for a day trip by train to Coniston where he was held up to see a white haired old man at a garden gate who he later realised was John Ruskin, the great Victorian art historian, critic and moralist.

He was a pupil of Bradford Grammar School and Leeds University where he studied Mining Engineering, and after an MSc and PhD, lectured in Newcastle. His mining background led naturally to geology, and as early as the 1920s he was publishing important work on both geology and what later came to be known as Industrial Archaeology, a discipline which his work almost single-handedly helped to create in Britain, both in his research and through his work at both Beamish and Ironbridge.

He was dismissed from his University post during the Second World War because of his pacifist views, returning in the 1940s with his wife Elizabeth to the barn they converted to a cottage in Linton and where he was to spend the rest of his long life. He sustained himself by writing and by teaching, mainly WEA and Extra-Mural studies. Much of this teaching was peripatetic, travelling around to Village Halls to inspire generations of Dales students with a love of Dales geology and history. He recalled how he would take the afternoon Settle-Carlisle train to Dent Station, walk the 4 1/2 miles to Dent, give his class, stay overnight in the village and walk the 4 1/2 miles back to the station to return home the next day.

Many of these classes took the form of field work which laid the foundations of some classic work in Dales archaeology and industrial archaeology published both in a seemingly endless stream of scholarly papers and such superb books as Old Yorkshire Dales, The Pennine Dales and Lead Mining In the Yorkshire Dales whose exactitudes helped to sweep away much of the bogus sentimentality that had passed for Dales history hitherto. Many his students not only became lifelong friends but distinguished teachers and scholars in their own right. Raistrick's influence on Dales scholarship and landscape interpretation is incalculable.

But this achievement did not end there. With his good friends John Dower (the two would often meet at Dower's home in Kirkby Malham to discuss the contents of Dower's seminal Report on National Parks) and Tom Stephenson, fellow Pacifist and



Dr. Arthur Raistrick in his 80s (Photo: Yorkshire Dales National Park)

Secretary of the Ramblers' Association, Arthur Raistrick was one of the founding fathers of the National Parks movement in Britain. He was, for many years, a member of the Old West Riding Committee of the Yorkshire Dales National Park, and often fought angry, rearguard actions sometimes against his own colleagues to prevent such things as new roads and ugly commercial afforestation schemes, bitterly opposing a golf course proposal at Kilnsey (as he would have the current one at Catholes).

Arthur Raistrick's scholarship was encyclopaedic, his intellect sharp to the end of his life. He lived simply, even stoically, being fiercely teetotal, resigning from the YDS after our inclusion in The Review of an advert for the Fleece Inn (though he continued to send a subscription and subsequently rejoined when we moved to Otley). He suffered neither fools nor bureaucrats gladly. Among his closest friends, however, were a group of working men, engineers, former students at his night school classes, his beloved "Earby Gang" with whom right until his mid 80s he would go onto Grassington or Malham Moor in freezing cold conditions in that famous old grey flannel suit and black boots, with a bag of cement and pickaxes to restore crumbling lead mine chimneys and flues because if the Gang didn't do so, nobody else would.

They called him "Doc" or "T'owd Man" out of deepest respect; neither we nor they shall not see his like again. But his spirit lives on, a vital inspiration to us all.

DAVID JOY Why The Dales Are So Special

I have a favourite place, high above Hebden Scar in Wharfedale, where I often go to sit and think or, sometimes, just to sit. With luck, within the space of twenty minutes I can experience most of the delights that make the Dales uniquely special.

The view extends northwards in a vast sweep across rolling moor and outcrops of millstone grit to the majestic bulk of Great Whernside. Westwards the grey rock gives way to glistening white limestone and the River Wharfe snaking serpent-like down its glacier-scarred valley. To the south are the extraordinary reef-knolls around Thorpe, bosom-shaped and faintly reminiscent of sleeping elephants. Here then are two delights: the wonderful contrast of grey and white rock, and the amazing variety of scenery to be found in such a small area. No two dales are alike and the only way to know the Yorkshire Dales as a whole is by a lifetime of exploration.

Often it is evening when I go to my favourite place. Threatening clouds will be scudding across the sky, occasional bursts of rain coming almost horizontally on the wind. The dale below has an eggshell finish in the flat light, but then suddenly a window opens in the grey mass overhead and sunshine bursts through. Momentarily, the colours switch from dull green to brilliant emerald, from gloomy brown to gold and copper, but then a few seconds later the dazzling display is over as quickly as it began. And here is another delight: the capricious way - equalled in few other places in the world - in which colour and light constantly change.

It may be a peak summer weekend and, less than a couple of miles away as the curlew flies, crowds will be thronging Burnsall's riverside and Grassington's cobbled square. Yet face the opposite direction, and it is quite possible to walk over empty acres for more than half a day without meeting a living soul. This then is a different kind of delight: the fact that in the Dales - unlike the Lake District - one can still experience Wordsworth's "silence that is in the starry sky; the sleep that is among the lonely hills".

Yet this is perhaps a selfish vision, and to pursue it could well result in missing the greatest delight of all. It is here that the element of luck comes in, for only chance will cause a true Dalesman in search of ewes or cloudberrries to plod across the scar edge and pause for a brief exchange that always leaves me humbler, wiser and greatly refreshed. For the greatest strength of the Dales, and the attribute that singles the area out from all others, is your native Dalesman - blunt, forthright, honest, possessing a quiet wit and the absolute salt-of-the-earth.

Weeks afterwards, I still chuckle at many of the tales they tell me, such as the time when a Ministry of Agriculture inspector called unannounced to test sheep. Only a few tups were in the front croft and the farmer was very reluctant to be bothered. Suddenly the inspector mentioned that there was a headage payment of fifty pence a sheep. Quick as a flash came the reply: "Come in and sit thissen down, and 'ave some lunch, while I go up on t'fell and round t'other three hundred up!"

It is such ripostes that, above all, make the Dales so special.

DAVID JOY lives in Hebden, Upper Wharfedale and come from a long established family of Upper Wharfedale farmers and shepherds. As well as being the present Editor of The Dalesman, David is a notable historian of Northern railways and, through CPRE and CLA, an active campaigner for the Dales countryside.

SIMON WARNER lives and works in Stanbury, in the South Pennines, and is equally well known for his superb, evocative photography of both the Yorkshire Dales and South Pennines, as well as his work for such bodies as West Yorkshire Playhouse and Bradford Metropolitan Council.



Cray Gill - Simon Warner



Bolton Castle, Wensleydale - John Edenbrow

JOHN EDENBROW was, until relatively recently, Leeds City Council's official photographer, and many of the City's official and tourist publications bear witness to the creative quality of his work. He now works freelance, and demonstrates a lyrical feeling for the Dales landscape that indicates he as much at home in the rural and the urban scene.

GEOFFREY SMITH A Personal View Of The Dales

My Brief! 'To write of what it is about the Yorkshire Dales which is important to me, or even any one aspect of the Dales which is of interest.'

A latter day Turner might capture on canvas one brief interlude in an ever-changing pattern, and that would be all. Possibly Wordsworth could immortalise in verse primroses which flower so abundantly on Greta Banks, or express in rhyme the loveliness of Upper Wharfedale on a May evening. Again it would be a panegyric to only one flower or a single feature. The bloom would have no perfume, the eye as it followed the verse would conjure up no vision of the beauty an unspoiled dale contains. Even the bard himself would fail in describing Wharfedale, Swaledale, or any other dale in the most inspired verse.

There is over much of a largeness and a freedom to find expression in mere words; broad as the moors and unconstrained like the wind which even on the stillest day keeps a presence on the upland. For even the most carefully penned prose or perfectly executed painting fixes a boundary to thought and limit to the imagination. Both demand that those who enjoy the portrayal in either sense must step aside from the familiar path of personal experience. To truly know and then appreciate, the encounter has to be first hand: the scene needs to be set.

First, the walk following a path close to the riverbank on a day when cloud shadow emerges from sunshine and the birdsong almost, though not quite, drowns out the noise of the water as it tumbles over the boulder-strewn river bed. High above the green pasture is the song of the skylarks and that quality in the upland air which enriches the blood and puts a spring in the step. The primroses grow on the same hazel shadowed moss green bank where I first found them as a rabbit poaching schoolboy, printing the green with a quality of yellow which in the pattern of light and shade is luminescent. An experience which though repeated year by year never loses that element possessed by beautiful things to enrich the inner senses! Even then the description is of one day in spring and takes no account of the other three hundred plus; the grandeur of winter,

the fragrance of summer when the bouquet garni of hay curing under a hot sun adds a medieval flavour to the encounter. Then my most favourite season of all, autumn, that time of ripening berry, dropping nut, and such a glory of colour that the whole valley is flooded with light. All part of a familiar pattern: the woods, fells, and the inviting mystery of becks winding through steep-sided ghylls.

There is certainly the immediate experience, what Richard Jeffries describes so vividly as 'the same, the very same, only brighter and more lovely now than it was twenty years ago.' The power of recollection contributes to the present perception. Growing up in a village tucked close under the moor edge. Crossing a village green to attend school or play games. Tickling trout in one of several becks, or stalking rabbits with ever increasing skill. All memories which colour each new Dales adventure of a time when in twilight the call of the peewit and the curlew from rush covered bottom land gave reassurance that all was secure in the best of all worlds.

There is little point in my trying to describe what it is that is important to me about the Yorkshire Dales. Again Richard Jeffries captures it for me. 'It is home, and the men and women born there will never lose the tone it has given them. An influence, a pervading feeling, like some warm colour softening the whole.' Fortunately, it serves only to increase an awareness that though each scene repeats itself a thousand times, the past will still become an even lovelier reality in the present for those who belong to the Dales.

GEOFFREY SMITH is known to millions of television viewers as the television gardener whose detailed knowledge and infectious love and enthusiasm for plants has won him friends all over the world. But Geoffrey is also a true Dalesman, with roots in the Dales and a deep concern for their unique landscape.



The Majesty of Ingleborough - R.W.Chaney

BOB CHANEY lives in Cheadle, Cheshire and was one of the prizewinners in the Yorkshire Dales Society photographic competition in 1988. Bob is a keen walker and his collection of black and white photographs and slides reflect the changing Dales over a long period.



Reeth Show, Christine Whitehead

CHRISTINE WHITEHEAD lives in Reeth, Swaledale, and her fine, sensitive studies of Dales landscapes, especially of the northern Dales, have won wide praise and appeared in a number of books and magazines.

MIKE HARDING

Two Poems

A MONTH OF ANGRY SKIES

New lambs lig on hail, yarl for dams
That sniff the wind sensing ice. Clouds
Spill and rear up pawing at the light
The sun hangs low, a pewter blister on worlds rim.
Storm coming, the sheep paw the earth, nervous, tired,
Long winter curdling into sour spring
Dead lambs and yowes sad humps on sodden earth,
By walls rot where they fall.

Against the black clouds picked out by the sexton sun
On the dark hill, sheep are foam flecks on moss,
Maggots on Helm Knott's giant corpse. Only
The crows are gorged and rattle in their sticks,
Cackle, sated chevrons roosting. Beyond, the Howgills lurk,
Merging thumbbrubbed into the carrious sky.
And lambs lig on hail.

FIRE

You could just make out the hearth and marks of fire
Two thousand years ago she would have baked
Her oatcakes on this flag, roast strips
Of deer on sticks here, here on this floor
They would have huddled round, their shadows on the wall
Outside the crazed and ranting air, the hard
Fist of winter hammering the hill. Now
The line of wall just stands, each hut circle
A thin rim on the hills crown

Edge of light, walking down the gill
Bunched rooks, rowed, roosting in the winter trees
A knifing wind stooging them and tossing them
About the sky. In the west the watery sun
Burnished the rim of the world,
Whispered "bronze" to the edge where sky
Beached on the ridges back. A slice of moon
Crescent above the cairns

I saw the dale spread below, ice hardening the land
The frost began to press down on the dale crisping leaves
Shaking the moon. But fires were calling children in from play
And workers in from the cold, men from the boosin
Walked quickly across an ice skinned yard
Hitching up their sleeves
To wash their hands and sit before the fire.

MIKE HARDING

MIKE HARDING lives in Dentdale. Entertainer, writer, composer, playwright, photographer, it is difficult to do justice to Mike's many talents. He is also a dedicated conservationist and campaigner for the wild and unspoiled places of the world including his beloved Yorkshire Dales.



Ewe and Lamb, Arkengarthdale - John R. Fawcett

JOHN R FAWCETT lives in Harrogate and works in television, but also demonstrates his feeling for Dales countryside and skill as a cameraman in both black and white and colour still photography.



Hay and Horse - Geoffrey N. Wright

GEOFFREY WRIGHT is a founder member of the Yorkshire Dales Society, equally well known as a writer and a photographer. He has written and illustrated numerous books on the Yorkshire Dales and on the landscape and villages of England, and his photographs have a timeless quality much sought after by magazine editor, book illustrators and calendars

RICHARD MUIR The Most Endangered Species

The Yorkshire Dales Society stands at the forefront of the organisations which work to conserve this magical region. Were its supporters asked to name the most important of our endangered species then what, I wonder, would be the most popular choice? The peregrine falcon? Or perhaps the lady's slipper orchid? I would take a different view: by far and away the most valuable of the threatened species are the Dalesfolk themselves. Buildings can be listed; expanses of countryside can be protected against unsightly and unseemly developments, and habitats can be conserved. But how does one conserve a society, a culture, a way of life, an outlook and a dialect?

The landscape of the Yorkshire Dales is a landscape forged in the distinctive images of its former makers. Almost all of these makers have gone forever. The monastic masters and lay brother shepherds went long ago. The Scots drovers and the Dales markets where their black cattle were sold are less than a memory. As roads improved so we lost the jagers who led their strings of pack ponies across valley and fell. Up rose the factories and gone were the hand knitters of Wensleydale and the cottage linen workers of Nidderdale. As cheap foreign imports cornered the lead market around a century ago, then we lost 't'owd man', the lead miner.

The last surviving maker and maintainer of the landscape is the small farmer. Lose him and her and there will be nobody to keep the pastures cropped and green, to patch the walls, nurture the meadows, watch over the flocks and breathe continual life into these old and handsome countrysides.

Those of us who can remember the days when barns housed bullocks rather than yuppies will be able to recall scores of mixed farms in the Dales. In the fields around the homestead there were Ayshire dairy cattle, with red and white patches, curving horns and big brown eyes, just like the cows in the nursery books. There were stocky shorthorns for beef, some white and some mottled blue or roan. Up on the fell the farm had its flock of Swaledales and perhaps a Wensleydale or a Leicester tup, all producing Masham or mule lambs

for the farmers of the lower valleys. And there would always be a pigsty and some chickens or bantams scratching round the yard, perhaps a goose or two and some guinea fowl as well. But one by one the pillars of the Dales farming economy have been knocked away. For many small farmers the flock is the only economic option which remains and even here the future may be bleak and threatening.

At certain times in the past when industries like textiles and mining declined, then population bled away from the Dales and parishes might lose half their population within a generation. There are no obvious signs of bleeding and dereliction today, with southern money sending the prices of dwellings and barns spiralling into the firmament. But death can come in many different guises. In the early '50s I was a member of a class of about 30 at a small village school in the Dales, and of that class I think that just about three of us still remain in the parish. Everybody spoke the Dales dialect then, but today it is scarcely heard in the village.

The old culture is under threat. In some pubs the locals are nudged into the backwaters and on Sunday the main bar resounds with the same hearty boasts which will fill the city wine bars on the Monday. The paddocks which were used at lambing now hold expensive but seldom-ridden ponies. Where the grey Fergie tractor once stood there is a fashionable off-the-road vehicle, which never leaves the road. There are prominent burglar alarms and floodlights too, which rob the old neighbours of the pleasure of night-time blackness. But so far as the old Dales lifestyle is concerned, the place in the country might as well be deserted and derelict.

In all but the most remote areas of the Dales we now find two cultures in an uneasy and uncomprehending co-existence. Confident, successful-if success be measured in wealth and expansiveness, the off-comers have arrived just as the Europeans once arrived from Africa. Ideas about native life are fixed and gained from magazines and the heritage industry; first-hand experience will not be allowed to change them very much. For the new colonialists the countryside is peopled by 'characters'. Characters should be colourful - but there is seldom much time to ponder on the realities of their life and problems.

So how do we conserve the true Dalesfolk as the cyclone of economic and social changes threatens to sweep them from their homelands? I simply do not know. But one can be quite certain that the sorts of conservationist dogma which could be justifiably directed against the barley barons of the south are totally misplaced when levelled against the small farmers of the Dales. And certainly it will do no harm to learn as much as we can about the life and needs and problems of the hill farmers lest they too go the way of the corncrake and the otter.

DR RICHARD MUIR is a distinguished landscape historian whose research and writings about the evolution of the English countryside and its complex patterns have made a major contribution to our understanding of the Yorkshire Dales landscape. Richard and his wife Nina (also an author) live in Nidderdale where Richard grew up.



Jim and Ivy Mason from Barras House, Gawthrop - John and Eliza Forder

ELIZA and JOHN FORDER have a small studio in the Centre of Dent, and their books of Northern landscapes and people Hidden Fell, Hidden Dale, Faces of Lakeland, and Hill Shepherd (Frank Peters) have been widely praised and won awards. They are currently working on a new book which among other things will include the work of Dales vets.

MARIE HARTLEY & JOAN INGILBY Gardening In The Dales

On the whole, especially in the higher reaches, the Dales are not gardening country. The season is too short and the climate too harsh. Yet to attend one of the many agricultural or produce shows is to see a splendid array of flowers, fruit and vegetables - proof of the skill of many people in the Dales. For instance take Askrigg, a street village with not a garden in sight. Yet the annual produce show is a feast of colour. Here and there there are walled gardens, orchards, and many farmhouses have a fenced-off plot for growing potatoes.

We ourselves are gardeners by inclination, although our cottage is 800 feet above sea level. It was once a smallholding with a calgarth (calgarth) separated from a long sloping area of ground by a hedge. For a cottage this rates as a large garden. When we came here the calgarth was rough tussocky grass and nettles. It is now a lawn surrounded by herbaceous borders and shrubs, and it also has a feature of a well which once supplied water to houses at this end of the village. The extensive plot beyond, formerly waste ground, is now a vegetable garden and a grassy plot adjoining the moor road. We first planted apple and pear trees in the grassy plot, but the fruit never ripened and sadly over the years the trees had to go. We are just too high for hard fruit. On the other hand, the gooseberry, blackcurrant bushes and raspberry canes which we planted flourish in the wet climate. In the droughts of the last two years, they have had to be mulched with grass cuttings.

By now after over forty years of cultivation, the herbaceous border has gone through several phases. Some shrub roses are interspersed, amongst which a Fantin Latour planted in 1959 is still outstanding. We once had a grey foliage phase, and we still have lupins, delphiniums and aquilegias, but admittedly our border is not what it was. On the other hand, on a small sloping patch adjoining, many plants of Gentiana Acaulis, originating from one plant, now produce more than 500 flowers, and on a sunny day in the spring are a wonderful sight.

In the vegetable garden the first sign of sprouting lettuce seeds under a cloche starts our season. We sow peas, broad beans, beetroot, sometimes carrots and courgettes and plant onion sets. It is an enormous pleasure to fetch vegetables straight in from the garden for a meal. We make onion, lettuce and beetroot soup in quantity, and put it down in the deep freeze - a useful standby if friends call in need of sustenance. Similarly we freeze the soft fruit we cannot eat at once. To make gooseberry jelly annually is an enjoyable chore. Similarly, year by year, we pick and dry herbs from the herb garden situated between the vegetable and the grassy plots.

We truly enjoy working in the garden on a fine day at any time of year. But as any gardener knows, to neglect beds even for a week or two is fatal. Weeds grow, plants need staking, bushes pruning. We have always had help, but it is not easy to come by. So the garden is now having to be re-shaped, and the vegetable plot is to be a large rosebed with intersecting paths. After some forty years, we shall regretfully miss our home-grown vegetables, and the home-made soup will not be the same again. But the old-fashioned shrubroses we are planting will perhaps compensate and surely be less work. How many more books we might have written or pictures painted had we not been dedicated gardeners spending hours tending our well-loved plot!

MARIE HARTLEY and JOAN INGILBY are the two most distinguished historians and writers about the Yorkshire Dales. Their classic books about the Yorkshire Dales and Yorkshire life give remarkable insight into the culture of Dales communities. They live in Wensleydale and are the first Honorary Members of the Yorkshire Dales Society.

BILL MITCHELL Dales Chapels

I conducted a special service at a Methodist Chapel in the Dales. The augmented choir was in good voice when leading the singing of "Sweet is the Work" to Deep Harmony, a tune composed in the Aire valley. When the service was over, we all trooped to the Schoolroom for a reight Dales meal, a knife and fork affair, the likes of which you may read about in the works of J.B. Priestley. It was Methodism at its most homely.

All too often today, the congregation at a Dales chapel consists of half a dozen faithful, elderly members, whose thin voices are drowned by the organ. My father, who was a Methodist local preacher, took a service at the old Barden Chapel, which had a house underneath. There were but two members of the congregation. He was told by the Chapel-keeper to "cut t' sermon short when you smell t' Yorkshire pudding."

A rich aspect of the Dales heritage is passing with the decline of rural Methodism, the lustiest of several Nonconformist denominations in the region. Methodism made a strong appeal to a plain, unpretentious people. As someone wrote: "It stoked up your fears, it embellished your hopes, and it had a sort of no-holds barred attitude towards religion."

The local preacher who occupied the pulpit on Sunday was "yan of us", his speech full of dialect and his sermon containing homely references, especially about shepherds and sheep. You will have heard the story of the Lost Sheep and the insistence of a Dales farm lad that if there was so much fuss about looking for it, that sheep must have been t'tup.

The old Chapel had a harmonium, which stood in fretworked grandeur and was described by one minister as "an ill wind that nobody blows any good." A bemused parson said to a struggling organist: "Can't you find a more up-to-date tune?" She replied: "It can't be more up-to-date than this: I'm making it up as I go on!"

The Dales have their chapels on the grand scale. One of them is Gunnerside, in Swaledale, where farming and leadmining went side by side. The place was always packed for the Anniversary, when local worshippers were joined by descendants of those who had emigrated from the Dale to the Durham coalfield or the Lancashire textile towns. They joyfully returned to Swaledale at least once a year.

I have a special regard for the tiny, isolated Chapels which stand in places handy for scattered farming communities. Examples can be seen at Widdale Foot and Garsdale Head. For well over a century, when Dalesfolk were truly isolated, such little chapels were the focal point for social as well as religious activities over a wide area.

Dales Methodism does not exist in a vacuum. I recall taking a service at Marsett, near Semerwater, when all around was a chorus of moor birds. A Harvest festival service at Bouthwaite, near Gouthwaite Reservoir, had a bonus when I heard the resonant flight notes of the Canada geese.

One of the most unusual meeting places for Methodist worship is Mill Dam, near Benthams, at the edge of the Dales country. Worshippers gather in the front room of the farmhouse. A rostrum is slipped over the back of a chair. The preacher has a view through the single window of majestic Ingleborough!

W.R. MITCHELL

BILL MITCHELL, until recently the Editor of The Dalesman magazine, continues to be one of the most prolific and popular journalists and writers about the Dales, its wildlife and its people. He is also a well known Dales lay preacher who often travels to the smaller Methodist communities of the higher Dales.



Janet Rawlins Exhibition

The well known Dales artist and illustrator Janet Rawlins will be exhibiting a selection of fabric collages and paintings at Fountains Hall, near Ripon (National Trust) this summer. The Exhibition will take place from Saturday September 7th to Sunday September 22nd inclusive, 10am-6pm.

Janet Rawlins is widely known as an illustrator, watercolourist and pioneer in the art of fabric collage. Her commissions have included large embroidered panels for British Coal, the International Wool Secretariat and 40 branches of Leeds Permanent Building Society extending from Deal to Dundee. From 1970-74 she had a gallery in Bainbridge, Wensleydale where she exhibited watercolours and Dales landscapes.



Our range of Sweatshirts and Jogging suits are now only available without the slogan "I love the Dales" - again with a slight VAT price increase. Please send SAE for up-to-date price list.

A limited number of the popular YDS embossed leather badges (safety pin fastening) are still available from the YDS office, price £1.20 including postage

Membership Subscriptions 1992

Following the recommendations at the AGM, it has now been agreed that for 1992 YDS subscriptions will have to rise to meet increased costs mainly caused by inflation. As subscription rates have been held for almost six years, the increases will only restore them to their mid 1980s values.

Proposed new membership rates from January 1st 1992 will therefore be as follows: Adult £8, Families £12; Single Retired £6; Retired Couple £9.

Because of the need to reprint the YDS membership form with the new rates, these fees will be applied to new members from autumn (to cover 1992), but existing members renewing before January 1st can do so at the old rates.

HELP in producing posters is urgently required. If you live within or close to the Dales and can help please contact Fleur Speakman at the YDS Office or phone 0943 607868.

The Guest Card

A number of members have asked what has happened to the Yorkshire Dales Society Guest Card in 1991.

Sadly, it has had to be discontinued as so many of the concessions, including free parking and discounts on publications at National Park Centres, had ceased to exist. Moreover, other operators in the scheme reported low usage, whilst the Card was not, as originally intended, taken up by local hoteliers in the Dales.

However members still get very generous discounts on the YDS's own events, including the programme of Dales Lectures, which over a season, can just about cover the cost of membership.

Embroidered Badges & Ties

Please note that there are now revised price lists available from our suppliers M & B Embroidery of Keighley to take account of the new VAT rates, representing a slight increase in the cost of some items. One new item for warm summer days is a baseball-style cap with a useful shady brim. M & B Embroidery have invited members to call to their shop in High Street, Keighley (near the Parish church) to see YDS items available which can be ordered directly from them at the shop.

Daleswatch Update

It is planned to make this a regular column to report to members on environmental issues and the work of the Society in the Yorkshire Dales in recent weeks.

New road from Helwith Bridge The YDS has joined forces with Settle Town Council in opposing proposals for a new multi-million pound highway for quarry traffic between Helwith Bridge and Austwick to "bypass" Settle, and has supported proposals by Craven District Council Planning Office to investigate the possibility of reopening rail sidings to the Settle-Carlisle railway to reduce lorry movements.

Catholes Golf Course The YDS responding to requests from its Dentedale members, formally objected to proposals to put a 9 hole golf course, new access roads and car parking at Elysian Shade, Catholes, Sedbergh - a superb area of intimately beautiful countryside with poor road access by the River Dee. The National Park Committee, after a site visit, supported the proposal - even though Nature Conservation interests had not been consulted, and despite it being against its own stated policies and rumours of interest by London-based property developers in the scheme. The Society supported a request by the Ramblers' Association to the Secretary of State Environment to "call in" the application. This has been turned down because it has been indicated that there will be "no new building" with the proposal. There have been excellent articles about the scheme in the press by Mike Harding and the Observer newspaper has carried an article highlighting the threat to sensitive areas from a huge expansion golf courses and linked leisure developments in the countryside. The Society will be do its utmost ensure that planning requirements are implemented and the letter of the law observed so that the application is not used as a screen for other even more intrusive leisure developments in Dentedale.

Chelker Reservoir Windturbines As objectors to the proposal to erect tall wind turbines by the National Park boundary near Chelker Reservoir, (which will save less than 10% of the Reservoir's requirements for fossil fuels), the Society has written to members of Craven District Council urging them to oppose the development which has been referred back to them by the Secretary of State, on the grounds that there needs to be an overall policy for windfarms, not ad hoc decisions on sitings in often unsuitable areas.

Ilkley By Pass The Society has expressed its concern to the Department of Transport about the suggested routes of the Ilkley by pass of the A65 on the grounds that each of the suggested routes will inflict "grievous harm" to the environment and amenities of a beautiful part of Wharfedale, and suggested that no decision should be taken on the need or choice of a route until a full, impartial study is taken on the actual transport needs of the area, including the implementation of rail improvement policies for both commuter and rail freight traffic along the Wharfedale corridors. A number of conservationist organisations point to the development of a "Motorway by Stealth" through the Wharfe valley linking with the M65 and M6, and as a road freight land bridge between Channel ports and Ireland

Daleswatch Local groups The Society has resolved that eight Daleswatch groups should be encouraged in the following areas - Upper Wharfedale, Mid Wharfedale, Otley and Washburndale, Upper Airedale and Malhamdale, Ribblesdale and the Three Peaks, Dentedale and the Northwest, Swaledale and Wensleydale, Nidderdale. Members living in these areas will be contacted over the summer, but if you think you can help with the formation of a Daleswatch group please contact the Secretary at the Otley office.

THE LADY ANNE TRAIL: A NEW SUNDAY BUS SERVICE BETWEEN SKIPTON AND BOLTON ABBEY

Alan Sutcliffe reports: As well as operating a service to Lothersdale, which has not been served by bus for 15 years, Craven Coaches of Skipton are running a bus service on Sundays and Bank Holidays known as The Lady Anne Trail linking Skipton Railway Station, Skipton Bus Station, Embsay Steam Railway and Bolton Abbey, extended to the Cavendish Pavilion. There are departures from Skipton at 10am, 12 noon, 2.05pm and 4pm. For full details ring 0756 700528.



Summer Events

Saturday July 20th Faith in the Countryside Meet at National Park Centre, Grassington Car park - (Dalesbus 72 1025 from Skipton Station) at 11am for walk with Angela Fernyhough and at 2pm for discussion with Jonathon Lumby at the Congregational Church, Garrs Lane, Grassington.

Saturday August 10th Summer Swaledale Walk (10 miles) with Chris Hartley to Harkerside area of Swaledale. Meet 10.30am with packed lunch at Reeth Green (park Reeth Green) Tel: (0943) 872511.

Sunday September 8th Aisgill and The High Way Travel the Settle-Carlisle line for a walk through Grisedale and Upper Wensleydale with Colin Speakman tel: (0943) 607868, bring packed lunch. Meet Garsdale station from Settle-Carlisle line. Trains leave Leeds 0905, Keighley 0919, Skipton 0949, Settle 1006. Book Garsdale Day Return. Light refreshments available at Aisgill Crafts.

Saturday September 21st Thorp Perrow Arboretum Visit this fine lower Dales arboretum with its rare trees for a guided tour by Mr Watson. Meet 2pm at the Arboretum Car Park three miles south of Bedale on the Well road (off B6268). Admission charge £1 per head.

Saturday October 12th Landscape in the Dales The first of this season's Yorkshire Dales lectures with landscape historian Dr. Richard Muir, at Grassington Town Hall at 2pm. Admission £1.00 for YDS member, (non-members £2.00).

Pre-lecture walk with Eric Jackson tel: (0943) 466394 to Lea Green and Grass Wood, Grassington. Meet Yorkshire Dales National Park carpark at 11am., (Dalesbus 72 leave Skipton bus station at 1025).

Saturday 19th October Stainburn Moor and Almscliffe Walk with Chris Hartley, tel: (0943) 87511 to Almscliffe Crag, meet Knaresborough Forest car park 10.30 am (on minor road between Beckwithshaw and Fewston) for eight mile walk. Grid Ref SE 235 524. Bring packed lunch.

PLEASE NOTE THAT THE ADMISSION CHARGE OF THE YORKSHIRE DALES LECTURE SERIES STAYS AT £1.00. AS A SERVICE TO MEMBERS; THE COST TO NON-MEMBERS HAS HAD TO BE INCREASED FOR THE NEW SERIES.

Where a telephone number is given, the leader can usually supply further details of the walk.

Transport Wherever possible events are arranged to fit in with available public transport. Where this is not practicable, it may be possible to arrange car-sharing. If any member without transport would like to attend a particular event, please let the office know at least two weeks in advance by letter or postcard, with a phone number, and we will try and arrange a lift - based on sharing petrol costs.

You'll find a complete guide to all your transport needs - rail and bus - in the Yorkshire Dales in the excellent DALES CONNECTIONS booklet free of charge from National Park Centres or local TICs or by post (50p to cover cost) from Elmtree Publications (YDS), The Elms, Exelby, Bedale, North Yorkshire DL8 2HD.

Reminder The YDS office address is The Yorkshire Dales Society, Otley Civic Centre, Cross Green, Otley, West Yorkshire, LS21 1HD. Phone enquiries (general) 0943 607868.