

~~~~~ Readers' Club ~~~~~

Austwick Church

A LETTER in *The Dalesman* (October) states that "Austwick was not part of the Parish of Clapham until 1879." This is incorrect, for the fact is that in that year Austwick was taken out of the Parish of Clapham, of which it had always been part, and the boundaries of the new parish were fixed by an Order in Council signed by Queen Victoria. From 1595-6 to 1879 the Clapham Parish Registers contain the records of baptisms, marriages and burials of Austwick folk.

However, there was a Church building in Austwick previous to 1650. I have seen in the Library of Lambeth Palace a document of that date reporting that in Clapham, besides the Parish Church, there are "two chappells for the said parish, viz. Austwicke and Eldrith . . . Austwicke Chappell hath neither Mynister nor Mayntenance belongs it, and but a Myle from the parish church, and good waye. We think fit that it be dissolved."

The same document says also that whereas from "Eldrith Chappell" to Clapham parish church "the waye . . . is very badd and waters troublesome," and "butt seventeen shillings per ann. belonging to it towards Mayntenance of a Mynister," we "thinke fitt Eldrith Chappell be made a parish Church," and the maintenance augmented. As Eldroth Chapel (which then had no Minister) never became a parish church, it is probable that the other scheme to "dissolve" Austwick Chapel was also not carried through.

Was this chapel on the site of the present church, or does any tradition of another site in the village exist?

—Rev. B. W. Simpson,
Harrogate.

Canoeing in the Dales

V. G. WIGGINS' mention of some parts of the Wharfe having to be treated with care when canoeing (December *Dalesman*) reminds me of a story which my grandfather used to tell, which illustrates the treachery of that river.

Years ago my grandfather was walking along the bank of the Wharfe near Bolton Abbey. Some laughing youths on a Sunday School outing were playing on the riverside, kicking a ball to one another. As my grandfather passed, the ball rolled into the river, and, the water being apparently shallow, one of the boys

took off his shoes and stockings to paddle in for it.

A short time later, my grandfather returned along the bank. Now there was no sound of laughter. The body of the boy who had tried to recover the ball was just being taken away in a cart. He had been drowned.

—Ian Dewhurst,
Keighley.

Dock Pudding

SPRING is in the air once more and "in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." This may be true of some men—but my husband has another love for which he yearns ere the first notes of the thrush are heard: dock pudding. At the first sign of spring, as the first new blades of grass make their appearance, he will say "It's time we were going docking, I'm sure they'll be ready by now." Is he eager to get out his cricket things like most men? Not a bit of it. What he longs for is a pair of hiking shoes, a paper carrier bag and a-hunting we must go.

At first in our ignorance we would wander for miles and miles, peeping over hedges, scrambling over walls, squelching through bog, in our inexhaustible search for those elusive docks. Pity we didn't possess a pair of binoculars in those days or I'm sure they would have been used to great advantage. Or if the docks only had a scent (or should I say "odour") like garlic, we could at least have traced them more easily, for no bloodhounds ever followed the trail more diligently than we did up hill and down dale. In the end, just as we were beginning to think we should have to go home with our bags empty, we would see a lovely green patch of docks in the next field corner. No eagle ever swooped down on its prey more quickly than we did and in a few minutes we had filled our bags. Now, after years of experience, believe me, we know all the best dock fields for miles around.

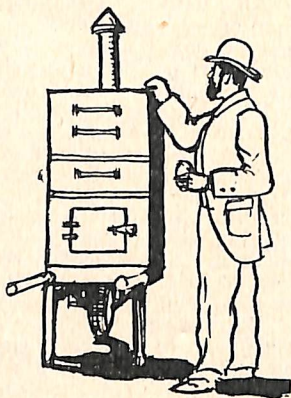
Having got our docks, however, another essential ingredient to a really good dock pudding is a few nettles, so it is as well, in searching for docks, to keep a close look-out for these too. Any novices who happen to be with us and are chary of gathering these vicious plants are always told "They don't sting this month," or "squeeze them hard as you pluck them and they won't sting." Needless to say

our advice is not gratefully received.

I suppose most of you have at some time or other made dock pudding, but in case some of you haven't, the next thing to do having gathered our docks and nettles, is to get home as quickly as possible to start the long business of picking, washing, and chopping them—that is, if you want to be in bed by midnight. However, after I have washed and picked them, I have found that a good way is to put them through a mincer—thus ensuring that they are all pulped evenly—and also so that they do not take as long to boil.

Put the minced docks and nettles in a pan with a little water, salt and pepper, and a few chopped spring onions. Boil for about twenty minutes then add a little oatmeal and boil again for a few minutes. Turn out into a basin and by this time it will probably look like something else found in the fields! Don't be put off by appearances however; put some in a frying pan with a nice piece of streaky bacon, and in a few minutes you will be enjoying (I hope) a delicious meal.

—Mrs. Phyllis Stainton,
Halifax.



“Tatie Tommy” and his “Engine.”

Tatie Tommy

RECENT references in *The Dalesman* to Tatie Tommy, the old Shipley character, are referred to in the current issue of *News and Views*, the house magazine of W. P. Butterfield, Ltd., of Shipley.

C. Butterfield writes: “Over 50 years ago, when we were living in Kirklands Avenue, Baildon, my brother, who would be about seven or eight years old, was rather too interested in making and play-

ing with fires, and had one or two exciting experiences.

“One afternoon he did not return home from school as usual, and after a few hours my parents became anxious. A search was arranged. Late that evening he was found in a very dirty condition, but as happy as a sand boy, along with Tatie Tommy in Shipley Market Place, acting as his “stoker-up.” He was none the worse for his experience, and his services had been amply rewarded with *roast potatoes!*”

“I should be four years old at the time and, if my memory serves me right, *Tommy's Engine*—as it was termed—resembled something like the rough sketch here. I have recollections of a polished brass boiler with a tall chimney. It would be interesting to hear of other stories relating to this noted Shipley character.”

In the Post Office

LIFE in a small northern market town fifty years ago would by the standards of today be considered rather uneventful. Weekly cattle fairs in the main streets. No aeroplanes or wireless, few cars, mostly horse transport for Post Office mails to rural districts. The slower methods of transport tended to make our pleasures more parochial but there were times when we really enjoyed ourselves.

One such occasion was the visit to the town of “Buffalo Bill's Wild West” travelling show about 1904. The great man Col. Cody was there in person and it was a sight to see the teams of horses and the show they put on is talked about to this day. I remember that they besieged the Post Office counter—Mexicans, Red Indians, Cowboys, and many foreign people in their regalia all joined in the babble of languages.

One of the classes we had to be careful not to offend were parsons. One such used to have a copy of the *Financial Times* posted to his address in the dales each day at noon, and woe betide if it did not reach him by the evening post. Failure meant that a complaint was sent by the Reverend gentleman, he never failed. The same gentleman used to get a weekly bass of fish from Grimsby, and one morning in hot weather it arrived rather high and someone hung it on the knob outside the Sorting Office door. A cat got busy. On another occasion some disinfectant came in contact with the bass and we got a letter from the Reverend gent. saying his fish “had escaped the attention of the Post Office cat but not the Post Office disinfector.”