

MONTHLY

PRICE THREEPENCE



THE



YORKSHIRE DALESMAN



No. 1

APRIL 1939

Vol. 1

Some Contributors to this Number:

J. B. Priestley

W. Riley

Lettice Cooper

M'Duke Miller

Ella Pontefract

Donald Boyd

C. J. Cutcliffe-Hyne

Leonard Cooper

Godfrey Wilson

Four-page Art Supplement

Edited, published and printed in the Yorkshire Dales

THE
YORKSHIRE DALESMAN,
FELLSIDE, CLAPHAM,
via Lancaster.

Dear Sir or Madam,

Your name has been given to me as one who is interested in the life and activities of the Yorkshire Dales.

As a discriminating reader I would like to bring to your notice "The Yorkshire Dalesman," a copy of which I am taking the liberty of forwarding to you.

This new magazine is the only journal of Yorkshire's friendly dales and hazy dalefolk. I hope you will be so interested as to become a regular subscriber.

The subscription rate is only 8/6 per annum, post free. If you would kindly complete the order form below and forward it with a remittance, a copy will be posted to you each month.

Alternatively, you may prefer to place a regular order with your newsagent.

Looking forward to your co-operation in this way of keeping you in touch with our Yorkshire Dales.

Yours sincerely,

H. J. SWEET, Editor.

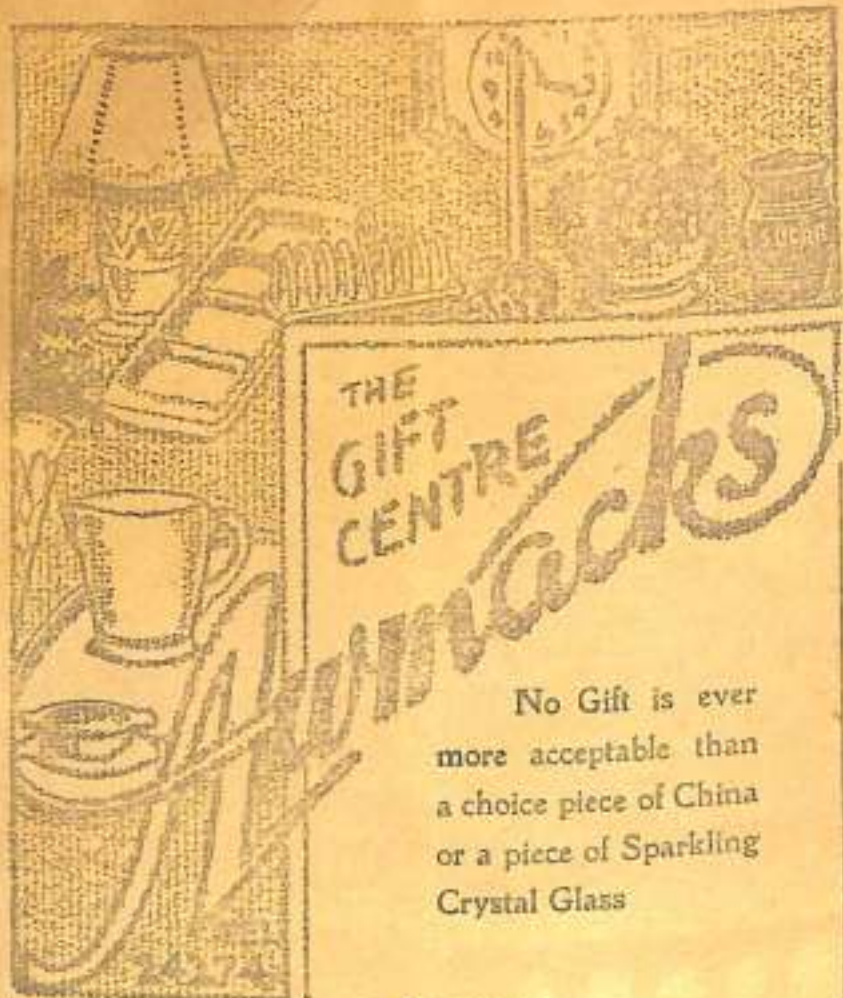
Should you, unfortunately, have no interest in this magazine, you will doubtless have some friends who have. In such case they will be pleased to become subscribers. Will you please pass this copy on?

TO THE YORKSHIRE DALESMAN,
FELLSIDE, CLAPHAM, LANCASTER

I herewith enclose remittance value 8/6 for twelve monthly copies (Numbers 1 to 12) of The Yorkshire Dalesman.

Office Use

Signed



No Gift is ever
more acceptable than
a choice piece of China
or a piece of Sparkling
Crystal Glass

For your
POTTERY CHINA
and **GLASSWARE**

Visit

Awmacks

10-12, The Headrow

Between Briggate and Vicar Lane
Telephone 24274

LEEDS

Deliveries with our own cars 25 miles radius of Leeds
Postage or carriage Paid on orders of 20/- or over in the
British Isles Safe arrival Guaranteed

THE YORKSHIRE DALESMAN

A Monthly Magazine of Dales' Life and Industry

Edited by Harry J. Scott.

No. 1

Vol. 1

CONTENTS

	Page
MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY WISHES US SUCCESS	2
A YORKSHIRE DALESMAN'S DIARY	3
DALES FOLK BY ELLA PONTEFRACT	4
HISTORIAN WANTED FOR KETTLEWELLDALE BY C. J. CUTCLIFFE-HYNE	6
A YORKSHIRE CLIMBING NURSERY BY GODFREY WILSON	6
THE MAN OF THE DALES BY W. RILEY	8
PAST AND PRESENT IN THE DALES BY M'DUKE MILLER	8
DO YOU KNOW THE HILL BRUNILLO? BY LETTICE COOPER	11
ADULT EDUCATION IN CRAVEN	11
WHAT TOWN PLANNING MEANS BY F. R. BIRKHEAD	12
IT WAS STILL RAINING BY LEONARD COOPER	17
THE VACANT WINE-RED MOOR BY DONALD BOYD	18
THE "THREE PEAKS"	21
STORIES OF CRAVEN'S "GRAND OLD MAN" BY NORMAN THORNER	22
PUBLIC ACCESS TO MOUNTAINS BY A. CREECH JONES, M.P.	28

FOUR PAGE ART SUPPLEMENT

"THE YORKSHIRE DALESMAN" can be delivered to you by post each month for an annual subscription of 3/6.

Inquiries regarding advertisement rates should be addressed to the **Advertisement Manager, "The Yorkshire Dalesman," Fellside, Clapham, via Lancaster.**

Our Readers' Club

To the Reader,

We would like you to feel that this is your Magazine, whether you live in the Dales, or visit them occasionally, or are exiled away from them in all but thought.

We would like to receive your contributions on anything that concerns Dales life and industry— anecdotes, impressions, experiences, queries and comments. The briefer they are the better so that more may share—it is possible to say a great deal in 250 words, the ideal length.

For the six best contributions each month we offer an acknowledgment in the shape of a book prize.

Contributions should be addressed to the Editor, *The Yorkshire Dalesman*, Fellside, Clapham, via Lancaster, and marked *Readers' Club*.

Mr. J. B. Priestley

Wishes Success to

"The Yorkshire Dalesman"



28th February, 1939

I AM glad to learn that our beloved Dales are to have their own magazine and I wish the venture the success it deserves.

The Dales are associated with some of the very happiest memories of my life. Oddly enough, after I was demobilised from the army in the spring of 1919, the very first writing job I was given was to do some articles on a little walking tour in the Dales, and I went, tredding on air, a civilian again, a free-lance journalist at last, through Upper Wharfedale and then roaming about in Wensleydale. I shall never forget beginning that little walking tour. I have never found again—no, not even in the romantic islands of the West Indies or the South Seas, not in the deserts of Egypt or Arizona—the sunlight that set all the dewdrops glittering about

my path that morning. And though many places have disappointed me when I have returned to them, the Dales have never disappointed me. I still consider them the finest countryside in Britain, with their magnificent, clean and austere outlines of hill and moor, their charming villages and remote whitewashed farms, their astonishing variety of aspect and appeal, from the high gaunt rocks down to the twinkling rivers. As far as my present life is concerned, the Dales have only two faults: they are not easy to get at from London, to which I am anchored for a good part of my year; and they have never offered me yet a country house suitable in size and type and cost to a family like mine. But I believe that one day I shall return to their high hills and grey-green valleys and lovely peace. So please see that your new magazine fights to keep them all unspoilt.

Among contributors to the next issue of "The Yorkshire Dalesman" will be Ella Pontefract, Marie Hartley, Leslie Barringer, A. J. Brown and H. S. E. Snelson.

A Yorkshire Dalesman's Diary

ALTHOUGH it may require a word of explanation, the appearance of the first number of a magazine devoted to the Yorkshire Dales needs no apology. The surprising thing is that Dales lovers should have lacked such a magazine for so long. At a time when there are journals covering almost every sphere of human interest, it is odd that there should be none for those tens of thousands, to whom the Dales of Yorkshire are a precious place.

Within that arbitrary line I have drawn round what is generally accepted as "the Dales," there is a population of some 350,000 people. Into the Dales there come each year, for pleasure and recreation, probably as many again, perhaps more. And all over the world are Yorkshire folk for whom this part of the country fills a big place in their picture of "home."

It is to serve the interests of this great community that "The Yorkshire Dalesman" has been founded. Disliking high-flown ambitions, the magazine has the very practical aims of interesting all who love the Dales; of providing a link between the Dales, its places, people and activities and those who, like Mr. J. B. Priestley, cannot enjoy its deep satisfactions at first hand; and, by no means of least importance, of furthering the well-being of the Dales country and its people.

On this programme I offer this first number of "The Yorkshire Dalesman" for your consideration, pleading only for its many shortcomings that no magazine reaches maturity in its first number.

It would be base ingratitude not to thank here the many who, by their contributions, good wishes, and practical help in other ways, have assisted to set this magazine on its feet.

Of our contributors, Mr. Priestley needs no introduction to any Yorkshireman. I am, indeed grateful for his inspiring introduction of "The Yorkshire Dalesman" to others. May it live up to his inspiration. Miss Ella Pontefract has established, in the three volumes she has already published, a firm reputation as an authority on our Dales. It is almost impossible to journey through Swaledale, Wensleydale or Wharfedale, without being reminded by someone that "Miss Pontefract came here and put this in her book."

And who can think of the Yorkshire Dales without also bringing to mind Mr. Riley's delightful stories of its people and places? Although their author has now found a pleasant home in a corner of the Red Rose county, from the hill behind his house, he still has a wonderful view of Ingleborough and the fells beyond. Almost he would persuade me that the Silver Dale is a Yorkshire Dale!

Mr. Cutcliffe-Hyne has more than a writer's interest in this part of the country. Those who know him as a speaker at Dales events know, too, of his concern with the practical affairs of the Dales farmer and of his incentive to the development of new industries.

Winner of the Selfridge Prize for the best piece of descriptive journalism in 1932, Mr. Donald Boyd has written much of his travels in Russia and in Ireland, during "the trouble." But none of these things commend him so much to me as that delightful book "On Foot in Yorkshire," which lately has been bound up with a companion volume by P. J. Monkhouse, under the title "Walking in the Pennines."

Lastly, I can do no other than refer Mr. Leonard Cooper's pungent

Continued on page 7

DALES FOLK

by ELLA PONTEFRACT

"He were nobbut a peest high," a dalesman said of a small boy.

"If there's another Noah's flood, there won't be manny folk left alive i' England when t'watter comes blashin' down oor chimney pots," said another of his high farm.

"Tha's niver gaen to lig under yon' lump o' clout," a daleswoman said to a camper.

THIS vividness of expression, owing much to dialect, is an attractive dale characteristic. That there was a hill fair here, that this small town had a market, and this village kept up wedding customs are dead facts until the dalesfolk, by such phrases in their recollections, give them life, making one see the sheep and cattle on the hill, hear the bargaining in the market, and feel the hot pennies thrown at weddings.

We had watched men cutting and setting peat on the fells, but an old lady of eighty made us realise the activity when everybody burnt peat. We saw her as a child setting the blocks, and being taken as a reward to Askrigg Hill Fair. A farmer's wife completed the picture by telling of making stacks on the moor herself because her husband was "near peest man."

As our first friend talked on, the room faded, and became a village shop with scholars sitting in one corner watching the door for a customer to bring a break in lessons.

Two men in different dales showed us the wide importance of Middleham Moor Fair by telling, one how he joined with a neighbour to buy a cow there to salt for the winter's meat, and the other of his early morning journey to the fair over two fell passes and another valley. They spoke naturally of what had been a phase in their lives, their interest in it as a thing of the past intensified by their interest in the life of the dale to-day.



Colts, Anglians, Danes, Norsemen have gone to make up the Pennine Dale character, which varies in the upper dales according to which predominated, but the country itself has done much of the moulding of it. The narrow cultivated valleys with grazing on the fells support the people chiefly as small sheep farmers who are independent and self-reliant because, whether they are yeomen or tenant farmers, they are their own masters. The farm man is generally a neighbour's son who will presently take a farm of his own. The fells also gave lead to mine, and the becks provided power for corn mills and later small woollen mills, bringing industries which developed alertness and enterprise.

We think of four lead miners, three of them dead within the last three years, who between them drew for us a picture of lead mining in the dales. One described long journeys over the moors in snow, rain, and sunshine, and how as they neared home they could smell the bacon cooking; another told of the network of levels and the molten lead in the smelt mills; another of accident when roofs of levels fell in; another of the thrill of finding and following a vein; and all of them spoke with love for the 'grooves' and joy in the work.

Joy in work reminds us of the dale mason, proud of his skill, his eyes lighting up as he discusses plans, testing his achievements by those of his predecessors, who built the stone walls thick to keep out the weather, and in their simplicity produced buildings which harmonised with their surroundings.

This gallery of dalesfolk are most of them old. Not that individuality is lacking amongst the young. Up and down the dale young and energetic men are raising the level of dale farming, liming and draining neglected land, concentrating on pedigree stock, encouraging the Young Farmers' Clubs. But the old have a lifetime's memory behind them; they have known people whose names are worn now on the churchyard stones, and who lived in

an era which has sunk into history. They belong to a time when the fells shut the dales in from the outside world and in a great measure from each other. They are reflections of their dale.

Of necessity the people intermarried, and each valley became, what to a smaller extent it is still, like a large family. As families are given to quarrels, so there have been bitter feuds in the dales. They are interested in each other as members of a family. We are sitting now in a farmhouse kitchen whose window looks on to the road. Conversation stops as we hear footsteps or a car approaching, and we gaze out to see who it is, and if there is any doubt we settle between ourselves who it is likely to be.

The influence of the old grammar schools is apparent in the men whose parents scraped the few shillings to send them for a year or two to be taught by the vicar. Here is one, a farmer, offering with simple courtesy the hospitality which comes naturally to dales folk; or returning from shepherding on the fells, eager to tell of the curlews' and plovers' nests he has seen.

Industries have left their mark, but the true dalesmen are connected with farms. Even when they retire the old life holds them, and they keep a few hens, and are not content for long between walls. Pictures of them crowd up—two old men standing in a pasture discussing the points of a cow; a farmer prodding the tupe at a show; a young man fishing for trout after a storm; a farmer's son mending a dry stone wall; a shepherd with his dog turning sheep and lambs on to the high fells; a group of farmers milking cows on a common pasture; an old man and woman round a farmhouse fire pronouncing a neighbour "a good sheep body."

It is such people, the men and women of the dales, who bring the towns and villages, the hamlets and farms to life.

Historian Wanted by C. J. for Kettlewelldale CUTCLIFFE- HYNE

It has always been a source of wonder to me why some man—or even woman—with an itch for writing does not dig into the ancient history of Kettlewelldale and clamp it down on paper.

Long back before the first beginnings of dim history shambling bipeds dodged cave tigers and other beasts amongst the limestone rocks and the gullies of millstone grit, and sucked the rare grouse eggs, and tickled trout in the becks, and occasionally, when the Sun god was good, pulled down a little two-toed horse and ate him on the spot. They were the earliest men: the ones that came later had more education and set up house in the caves; and after them, small handfulls of families collected themselves into tribes and built bee-hive houses along a shelf of the Langeliffes, each with a stone-walled croft attached, and started business as the earliest Kettlewell farmers.

The Brigantes sprang from folk like these, and held off the Roman pirates and partly absorbed them. Galena outcropped generously amongst our limestone hills in those days, and open workings were easy for the primitive miner once lead-smelting had been discovered by an accident to a cooking fire in a draughty cave. Lead was an article of commerce, and headed the list of exports from Kettlewelldale. A pig of our lead, authentically marked, was dug up in Mr. Mussolini's reclaimed Pontine Marshes only a year ago.

About Saxon times the village flitted down from its perch on the Langeliffes to its present site on the floor of the valley, built a church, fought invaders, set up a corn-mill and a smithy, and began to be noted scrappily in written history which all who are interested may read. It was raided by the Scots, it was roped into the Pilgrimage of Grace, it dodged the Great Plague, and so on. The whole story of the place is terrifically interesting, but so far nobody has collected all these glorious items and set them together in a stout fair book which anyone interested in this most pleasant of Dales may browse upon and wonder over the toughness of our ancestors.

A Yorkshire Climbing Nursery by GODFREY WILSON

WHEN we hear of climbers and their doings, our minds almost instinctively call up visions of the snowy peaks of the Swiss Alps, the crags and fells of our own English Lake District, or the rocky bastions of Skye.

It is a fact, however, that many of our leading rock climbers have been

trained on smaller and less pretentious climbs, such as the outcrop of gritstone in the Rocky Valley at Ilkley, Almescliffe near Harrogate, and on the moors above Skipton.

People with marked suicidal tendencies have been known to attempt difficult climbs on limestone crags. This of course is sheer folly as lime-

stone simply cannot be trusted not to break off or come away in large clumps upon the slightest provocation. The only occasions where limestone can more or less be depended on is in a pot hole, where for some reason the rocks seem to undergo a toughening process, possibly due to their being constantly wet, and of course in the Austrian Dolomites, where the rocks are of the "magnesian" limestone variety. This latter variety is not common in England, however.

At Ilkley we have a splendid group of rocks and boulders, known as the Rocky Valley, on which we can find chimneys, cracks, gullies and face climbs and boulder problems galore; quite enough to satisfy the veriest glutton. The climbs vary in height from 10 feet to 60 or 70 feet, and a casual inspection shows a regular blazed trail of nail marks on most of the more popular courses.

Gritstone is rather dark in colour and of a good rough "sandpaper" texture, giving under dry conditions excellent grip for either nailed boots or rubber shoes. It differs from the Lake District rock (which is granite) in as much as although rather rougher, the holds are much fewer, and not nearly so much in evidence. In short, they have to

be looked for and when found give, as a rule, good firm holding. These Gritstone climbs can vary from "easy scramble" to "very severe," and the climber can be assured that when a "grit" climb is classified as difficult it really is difficult. One big advantage in all these nursery climbs is that it is nearly always possible for the beginner to have the safeguard of a rope from above—and this is particularly comforting when faced with some holdless crack or slab with little further prospect in life than a sudden downward drop.

Almescliffe Crag, near Harrogate, and within about a mile of Huby-cum-Wooton, gives climbing second to none in sustained variety and interest. Unlike Ilkley it crops up out of the side of the Moor like some bulky medieval fortress or altar. Truly it is "an altar of unsculptured stone, a thing of ages gone."

For descriptions of the climbs and problems, various climbing journals have from time to time published short articles, and to these the would be rock climber must refer. Two or three days practice on these rocks make a splendid introduction to a climbing holiday; and an excellent training before tackling the "higher game."

A Yorkshire Dalesman's Diary (cont.)

contribution in dispraise of our Dales to his sister, Miss Lettice Cooper, and ask her to deal adequately with him. If they would like to make "The Yorkshire Dalesman" their battleground, here is an invitation. It would be an attractive encounter between the author of "National Provincial" and the author of "Nippers Bar."

OF our artists, Mr. Godfrey Wilson, who is responsible for the cover design and the delightful map on the back, is well-known as Art Master at Giggleswick School, an ardent pot-holer, and an expert climber, while Mr. Marmaduke Miller claims to

have driven the first car in Littondale, and—in a spell, as a professional rabbit catcher—to have caught 7,000 rabbits in one season. Last year saw a picture by him in the Academy.

I showed Godfrey Wilson's drawing on our front cover to an old Dalesman of my acquaintance. He gazed hard at the figures of the sheep and the shepherd for a few moments; then he declared: "Aye it's a grand piece o' drawing is that, but ah reckon if ah'd bin yon chap," and he indicated the man with the stick, "ah'd a sent a dog after them few sheep and not bothered to drive them nissen."

THE YORKSHIRE DALESMAN.

The Man of the Dales by W. RILEY

THE YORKSHIRE DALESMAN! My heart warms at the thought of him; sturdy; independent; as far as may be his own law-maker; somewhat suspicious of strangers, yet "given to hospitality"; content with his own world which he is disposed to think better than any other; shrewd but not shrewish; a phrase-maker and a master of pungent wit in spite of his slowness of speech; often uncouth and occasionally uncivil, but without ill-intent; a good friend and not often a relentless enemy—I say my heart warms at the thought of him and of his homeland.

"The North has her mountains, and dearest are they,
And the North has my heart to the end of the way."

Past and Present in the Dales by M'DUKE MILLER



IN the past thirty odd years (which, by the way, does not signify thirty peculiar years, but in Dale's language "thirty or more") one has seen many changes in the Dales. If, as in a few cases, villages have altered very little structurally, still the life of the village has altered gradually. Some villages certainly have altered and suburban villas have

sprung up next door to mellow 17th century buildings, but against these one can point out villages that are unspoilt, where houses that still look like farmsteads cluster round the unspoilt village green, where petrol pumps are "taboo" and building is entirely forbidden. In such a village as this, one can still find a village cobbler who carries on an extensive

business, for apart from local trade he cycles to adjoining villages for orders and repairs. More and more people are buying ready-mades now-a-days so that repairs have to make up for the fall in sales.

There is no doubt, however, about the quality of the cobbler's work for proof comes readily from the oft quoted grumble by farmer lads, "They're aw reet, but they last ta long." Of course one might have heard an occasional grumble such as "They'll turn owt till they're soled, n'then t'water sometimes gits in." The village cobbler turns out excellent boots that are unbeatable for standing up to dale's weather and usage.

The village blacksmith is more at the mercy of changing times and one misses the early morning calls on frosty mornings to have horse shoes "sharpened" and even the sweat and toil of shoe making almost any day of the week. Even the hooping of cart wheels, which was an entertaining business (for the spectator at any rate) is slowly dying out to give place to rubber-shod wheels.

In spite of this he generally has a busy week or two preceding hay-time when visions of the past arise, for once again a string of horses will stand with switching tails and impatient hooves outside the smithy whilst owners loll about conversing on grass prospects, the latest double-mower, the new "sweep," or the price of "Irishmen."

The smith, meanwhile, works feverishly trying to put two days work into one and roundly cursing the lot of them for coming together at the last minute. When all the hay-time shoeing is completed both at home and away (for he, like the cobbler has a semi-itinerant trade) there are still calls with broken machinery at almost any hour of the day.

The joiner, too, finds changes creeping on him. This change isn't quite so obvious, but fewer carts are being bought from the Dales craftsmen and those that are built are minus axle and wheels which were

the main source of income and a delight to the eye. The old type of solid and beautifully constructed wheels are being ousted by the combings of auto-wreck scrap heaps. Even the picturesque horse dealer feels the pinch and during the off season has resorted to the now familiar car and trailer, the latter loaded up with second hand car axles ready for sale to the country joiner.

Yet there are still gates, doors, windows, balks, roof timbers, etc., that need replacing, and funerals keep cropping up even in the Dales, which latter remark recalls the visitor who somewhat exuberantly exclaimed "Beautiful air, people won't often die here?" To receive the somewhat caustic reply "No, nobbut once."

The joiner, like the smith, often has a rush of work in hay-time, for the farmer invariably comes for repairs and renewals at the last minute, having put off this duty till necessity demanded it.

There has been much written of the disappearance of the Dales' waller, that much admired craftsman who walled up hill and down dale, to the edge of precipices and all but down its face, who with scant aid from cement could hold the raging flood by the skill of his craft.

They are still among us, these craftsmen, men, and youngsters in their teens who disdain the string and in many cases the hammer, who seldom pick a stone up twice and know from instinct where a stone fits and where a "through" is required.

Their finished work is a perpetual joy to Dalespeople and townfolk alike, the latter (especially from the South) often regarding walls in the more inaccessible places with wondering unbelief and as some form of natural outcrop. Yes, there are still dry wallers as quick, as tidy, and as tough skinned as of old, but for the most part they are to-day restricted to gap-walling.

The old fashioned type of beek weiring which has defied flood and its

attendant demonical forces for centuries is striking evidence of the dry waller's craft, but is disappearing in some districts (especially in Lilltondale) in favour of a type which was introduced by a landowner who had tried it with success in Malay. In place of the old cement and perhaps wood foundation with slanted wall from river bed to turf edge one sees a large sausage with a wire netting skin and a stone filling. This is placed at the desired angle from the river banks to deflect the flow of water from the erosion.

In the Malay rivers the silt mud of which forms behind, the sausage reinforces the protection, but in our fast running becks, this does not take place to the same extent, although in spite of this they are claimed to be a success. Anyone desirous of seeing a first rate example of this type of break-water should take a trip up the Skiffare in Lilltondale to a point half a mile above Hawskwick.

Farmers in the Dales still make their living in much the same way as they did 100 years ago, for they still rely on their sheep with their crops of lamb and wool for chief source of income. Very few farmers have gone in for "milk". Rabbit catching has not been so profitable in recent years but not so many years back most farms could make their rent out of rabbits. Here again is another dales craftsman who in the thick of the season will catch his 500 rabbits a week.

"One in four" which signifies one rabbit from four snares, is reckoned good catching for a first night set and one in five or up to 10 can reasonably be expected for the following days according to weather conditions.

In the 1920's rabbits were making spectacular prices and were sold for coursing (before it was made illegal) for as much as 11/6 a couple. Skins were worth 1/- each at that time.

The bigger farms in the Dales were catching anything from 3,000 to 5,000 rabbits in a season and I can

recall one catcher netting a cool £400 from rabbits in one season.

Another person who has practically gone out of harness is the old Dales musician. With the advent of modern jazz bands and dance halls in most of the villages the old type of dance which would often be held in a hay-loft has quite disappeared, and with it the old fashioned music that was peculiar to that type of dance.

The last of the Dales' musicians was one "Bolland," who would be seen in a room (approached by a flight of rickety stairs) that had been tidied of last year's wool clip, the cow cake, crushers, bagged potatoes and sundries having been piled very carefully in one corner. Bolland would be seen jauntily perched on a milking stool, with a stout oaken "provvin" kist for hand stand, playing the old fashioned tunes like "Yankee Doodle," "Pop goes the Weasel," and "Grandfather's Clock," on his beloved melodeon. One can imagine him still with priceless old clay in mouth, sometimes right side up, more often wrong, neckerchief neatly tied, eyes mischievously atwinkle and one foot relentlessly beating time to the music, whether it be stately waltz or tumultuous polka. Yes, such was Bolland, the last of the Dales musicians, and his enjoinder "Cummi lads," to those who were slow in taking partners for a dance ne'er met with refusal.

Those who knew him and heard him play will never hear the old tunes without a deep and affectionate remembrance of Tom Bolland.

The Yorkshire Dalesman Service Bureau

What do you want to know of the Dales?
What do you want to find in the Dales?

We shall be pleased to answer any queries or put readers in touch with suppliers of commodities, guide books, or information.

This service applies to all readers of the magazine whether residing in the Dales or otherwise.

Letters should be addressed to the Editor:
Yorkshire Dalesman, Fellside, Clapham,
Lancaster, marked "Service"

Do you know the hill Brunillo? ^{by} LETTICE COOPER

YOU asked me for a Dale memory. What shall I remember out of long days spent walking in the Dales? A day in September when I walked with Phyllis Bentley from Askrigg to the top of the Stake Pass. It was a sunny, clear morning, warm in the valleys, but on the hill tops cold as January. I remember that we disagreed amicably at the top of the pass as to whether we should eat our sandwiches in the shelter of a stone wall with our backs to the superb panorama of hills running down to Wharfedale, or whether we should brave the icy wind for the sake of the view. Phyllis was for splendour and austerity, I for comfort and the lesser hills. In the end we ate our sandwiches back to back with the wall between us, and talked over our shoulders.

On our way down, we stopped to rest opposite to a hill which seemed a perfect example of the Wensleydale hills. It was square topped, gently rounded. In the afternoon sunlight, it was warmly brown, the colour of sea wood in a strong light. We did not know if it had a name. Perhaps it was too small to have been christened. We wanted to give it a name of our own. We were tired and unwilling to move. It seemed to us important to sit there until we had found the right name. It should be something that suggested that brown colour, like sapia, like sea weed. One of us said that it was like the browns of a Murillo, and we called the hill Brunillo.

ADULT EDUCATION IN CRAVEN

A great part of the Yorkshire Dales is now linked up with adult educational work, either through the Rural Community Council, the Workers' Educational Association, or in some other way. From time to time we shall record these activities. Here is a note on the work of the W.E.A. in the Craven area.

Craven literally offers mountains of difficulties to those who would organise activities in the villages, particularly in the winter time. The population is scattered, and it is not easy for lecturers to ensure regular transport, though the work is made much lighter by the response of the Dales folk.

Expansion work in adult education began in the area eighteen months ago. Pioneer lectures were held in the villages, a course of five lectures acting as an introduction to people who were anxious to do some study. The high standard maintained in these pioneer lectures ensured that the serious student was attracted. Groups were formed prepared to take further study courses of 12 weeks, 24 weeks, or longer courses of the University Tutorial Class type lasting three years.

The response in this part of the Dales has been excellent. Classes were formed in the first winter at Bentham, Clapham, Settle and Langeliffe. The second winter saw an expansion of work through classes formed

at Hellifield, Long Preston, Bradley, Lothersdale, Cononley, Carleton-in-Craven and Ingleton, while two classes were formed both at Settle and Gargrave. The number of classes in the old-established centre of Barnoldswick was doubled, and a new centre opened at Earsby. Work at Ilkley resulted in two classes being formed. Older centres like Skipton, Silsden and Crosshills have maintained their work—there are four classes in Skipton, two of which are of University Tutorial class standard.

There are now some 18 centres in the area, with 26 classes and covering nearly 500 students. Of these classes, 16 are one-year classes with 24 meetings, 5 are University Tutorial classes lasting three sessions, and five are twelve week courses preparatory to developing more intensive work next winter.

The range of subjects is interesting. Of the 26 classes nine are studying international affairs; one, human geography; two, biology; four, economics; three, social philosophy; two, modern history; three, literature; one, psychology; and one, social problems.

The next step is the development of classes in Ribblesdale and Wharfedale, with particular reference to Grassington and Horton-in-Ribblesdale and the villages along Malhamdale—J.I.

What Town Planning Means

by F. R. BIRKHEAD,
M.Inst. M. & Cy. E.

A great number of property owners and occupiers in the Skipton, Settle and Sedburgh areas have recently been notified by the Skipton and District Joint Town Planning Committee that an interim development order is now in force in the area. This is the preliminary to a comprehensive draft town-planning scheme which will have far-reaching effect on future building developments in Craven.

What town-planning means and how it may affect those in the area is explained in this article specially written for us by an expert.

THE Town and Country Planning Act needs a considerable amount of elucidation for its thorough understanding. The scope of planning, subject to certain limitations, may be made with respect to any land, whether there are or not buildings on it, with the general object of controlling development and securing proper sanitary conditions, amenity and convenience; the preservation of existing buildings and other objects of architectural, historic or artistic interest and beauty, and the protection of existing amenities whether in urban or rural areas.

Provisions may be made in a scheme prescribing the space about buildings and also limiting the density of buildings by what is termed zoning. The Town Planning Authority may also regulate the size, height, design and external appearance of the buildings, and for example, the type of materials used. The Town Planning Authority may also restrict the use to which a building is put, including in the case of dwelling houses the letting into separate tenements, in order to keep control over the densities.

In the case of a Town Planning Authority regulating the design or external appearance of buildings, any person aggrieved as to any decision, may appeal to a Court of Summary Jurisdiction or to a Tribunal, if the Authority should form one for such purposes, the grounds upon which the complaint is made being that

compliance with the decision would involve extra cost. Such provisions may differ in different areas in the one scheme, and may be applied to existing buildings. No such provisions are to apply, however, to buildings occupied together with land of a purely agricultural nature, unless the site of the building is reserved by the scheme for any purpose, the carrying out of which would mean the alteration of the building. These provisions do not apply to farm buildings.

Much has been written in recent times and to a certain extent progress has been made in connection with the preservation of amenities. The Council for the Preservation of Rural England, although having only limited powers, have drawn considerable attention in this direction, and have offered assistance to some authorities in controlling rural amenities and architectural design by the setting up of Consultation Panels of Architects throughout the country.

The country-side has undergone a serious change during the recent years, being despoiled by the indiscriminate spread of building development and the continuous lines of properties being erected to the main roads.

Provision may be made in a scheme for the preservation of single or groups of trees for the purpose of securing amenity, and also may specify areas of woodland to be protected. Where such an area is specified, there may

Continued on page 17



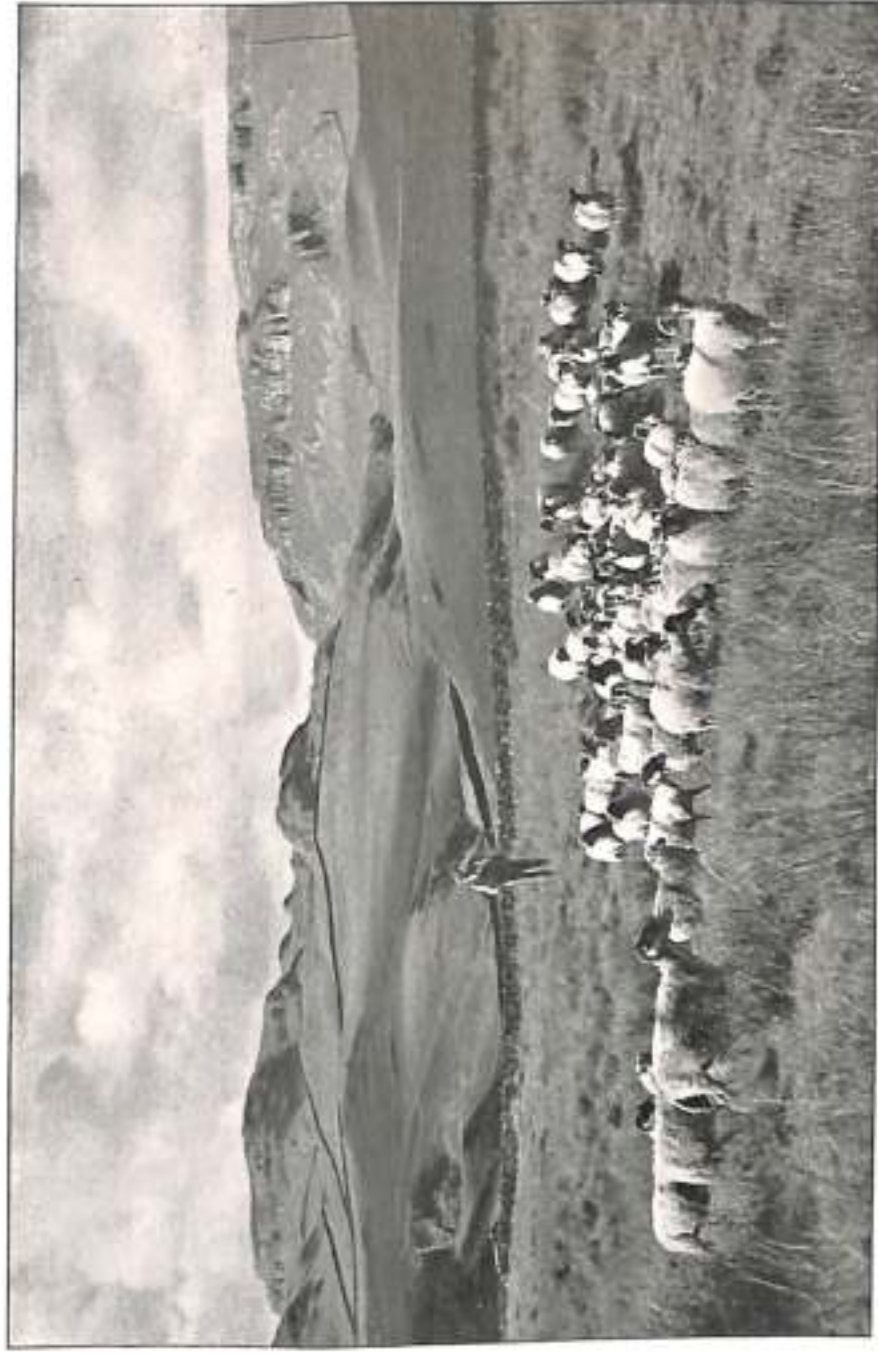
Guardians of Beckermonds

An Etching by M. Duke Miller

Still Life—Farmer's Lumber



Hornes, Settle



Still Life—On the hills above Settle

Hornes, Settle

It was still Raining! by LEONARD COOPER

IN the evening—it is always in the evening on these occasions—we came to the little village nestling, or cowering, in the heart of the Dales. I won't tell you its name, because I am still trying to forget it and because it was and is no different from hundreds of other Dales villages. They are all grey. The fields are grey, the walls are grey, the sheep are grey, the sky is grey and the minds of such few inhabitants as possess them are grey, grey, grey.

It was raining of course. It always is in the Dales. You might have heard the chuckling of the little river, the babble of the hill-side streams, the soft hiss of the kindly rain descending on the thirsty earth. Only the earth wasn't thirsty and almost certainly hadn't been for months, the river was a miserable ditch and the hill-side streams were mercifully too far off to be audible. All we knew was that the road was flooded, our windscreen, (we were on a walking tour), was besmeared and that hills, walls, sheep and people all looked alike. We found later that our first impressions were right.

So with feelings of relief we turned into the little village. It was typical of the Dales at their best. There was a village green, a river running past it, a Church, an Inn. The green was waterlogged and above the pools appeared the old village stocks, obviously repaired if not erected hastily and imperfectly by the village joiner. We never found out what the Church was like because it was locked, but there was a new and apparently prosperous Methodist Chapel, built of grey stone, yellow brick and purple slate. That may have been locked too. We didn't try.

So we went into the Inn and there we found the warm welcome which we had expected. After a lapse of about half an hour someone came to ask us, rather indignantly, what we wanted, and to light half a gas fire for us. Then, hungry and thirsty we sat down to a typical Dales supper. Danish bacon we had, and Chinese eggs and American cheese with New Zealand butter and a white loaf from a bakery in the nearest town. We had ale too—bottled beer from one of the less distinguished Lancashire breweries. (The draught bitter was off and the mild was undrinkable). After spending an uncomfortable hour in the bar, watching two farmers looking silently and suspiciously at us and at each other, we went to bed. The beds were slightly damp and very lumpy.

It was still raining.

What Town Planning Means (cont.)

be an obligation on the owner to replant where trees have been felled, otherwise there is no control over forestry operations. Any question of dispute may be referred by either party, to the Forestry Commissioners, whose decision is final. The responsible authority previously had a control over trees, but were not able to compel replanting of trees.

Under the Model Clauses for determining the type of trees which may be preserved, a height limit is suggested of 30 feet as a minimum,

and a girth limit as an alternative of 2 feet, 6 inches, measured 5 feet up.

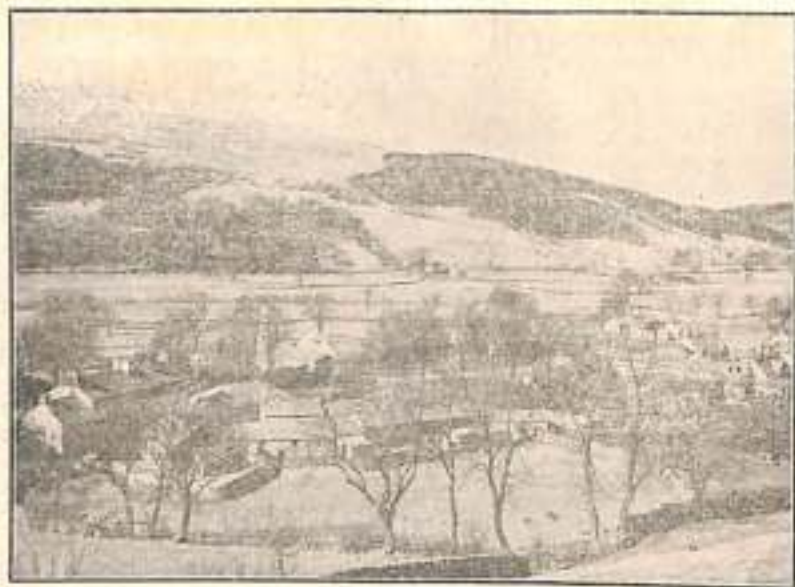
The Council have also on registration to notify the owner upon whose land the tree or groups of trees is growing and the Register of Trees must be open to persons interested, at all reasonable times.

The Town Planning Authority, can, with the consent of the owners, allocate certain lands as open spaces which form beauty spots within the area, and thus preserve for all times, the area as an asset to the country.



Conversation Piece

An Etching by M. Duke Miller



Buckden from the old track up the fell to the mine
at the head of Buckden Beck

The Vacant Wine-red Moor

by DONALD
BOYD

ALL that can be said about the North Country was said by a Scot about some other place. I mean Stevenson, and this:

"Blows the wind to-day, and the sun
and the rain are flying,
Blows the wind on the moors to-day,
and now,

Where about the graves of the martyrs
the whaups are crying,
My heart remembers how!"

It's the heart that remembers, not the mind. And I dare say there can be no justification—in reason—for loving a place excessively.

I'm like everyone else, I suppose. I have built for myself ideal homes (imaginary ones, I mean) in most of the places that have seemed to satisfy me in my travels. In Arles, and in the French Alps, and at the foot of a cherry orchard in Germany, and in Cornwall, and on Two Rock

Mountain, overlooking Dublin Bay, in Elizondo and Patterdale and the Eden Valley and a score of other places; besides one I never saw in this earth, but hope to in the next.

Sometimes, thinking of the shadowy outlines of my mansions (but some are not shadowy at all—I have actually tried to draw some of them out) I have understood the multiplicity of the rich, and also their confusion. If you have so many houses your loyalties must be divided and confused; and so perhaps it is better to be poor enough to have little choice.

"Do you like living here?" a friend said to a countrywoman, as we listened to the rain drumming on the fell.

"When you've lived thirty years in one spot you don't like it or dislike it," she replied.

Yes, that's true. You may be

fastened in one place by the poorest accident and yet distil love for it out of usage. And then if anyone asks you why, you will probably manufacture a host of false and specious reasons to back up your devotion.

I'm in a difficulty much of this kind when I think of the Pennines north of the Aire. I have to make that division because south of the Aire they're just Pennines—they haven't any mystery for me. But the northern part have. And I have often found it hard to say where and in what the mystery is; especially when one of the illuminati reminds me of the glories of the Lake District; which indeed I often think about myself. Or when I think about the grandeur, savagery and general toughness of the Glyders and Carneddls. I'm tempted to reply then, that there's more integrity about the Dales country. I think that's true, though its hard to define. What I mean to say is that there seems to be a sort of natural harmony between the country and the people and villages that you don't find elsewhere. The Lake District hills are a touch pretentious and melodramatic. Sometimes you might be tempted to think that each one of them ought to have an illuminated sign on it: "This way to the View." And the villages don't seem to have so large a share in the life of the hills as the villages of the Pennines have in theirs. The Lake District is a very proper place for a National Park. There could scarcely be a better. I think it is rather natural, though, that the Herdwick sheep breeders should be fighting a battle against this plan to make it a park. They fear that the economy of the countryside will be further upset, and that the descendants of peasants and statesmen will only be tolerated under control in a country which was once their own.

Without this harmony between the country and its people we miss something valuable. And I suppose the reason for the ugliness of our cities and the beauty of our villages fundamentally depends on this. But the

Developing and Printing for the Amateur Photographer who knows what **quality** really means. . .The discriminating Amateur. . .

For the worker who wants to see the best his negatives can produce, negatives that have been carefully handled and are free from irritating spots and scratches, let him send his next spool to

A. HORNER & SONS

Photographers, Settle

and judge for himself. . .

Phone—Settle 3185

Pumphrey's Pharmacy
Kirkgate, Settle

The Home of many specialities
including

Pumphrey's Travel Capsules

12 for 1/6

Pumphrey's Kreamsalve Skin

Ointment, 1/3, 3/-

Pumphrey's Astringent Mouth

Wash, 1/-

Theo. Pumphrey, Kirkgate, Settle

townsman hates his town and will not trouble to make it beautiful; whereas the countryman if he does not love his village, will not neglect the place in which he expects to live the next thirty years of his life.

I've often thought it one of the wonders of the world that the Dales villages can assimilate their visitors without losing caste or character, and sometimes I've been inclined to put this down to the age of civilised life in these parts. They've been accustomed to visitors of one sort or another for so long that they're not put out by them. I mean so many hundreds of years. It's very striking to notice how inhospitable the inns are in other parts. You may lord it in most parts if you are rich, but let you be a man of modest means and appetite and see what favour you get! There's the test of an inn. Whether they will be surprised, uncertain, incapable, stupid, resentful, grasping. In no part of the world, unless it is the Pyrenees, have I found inns so adequate as in Yorkshire, and I do not believe there is any countryside in England, Scotland or Wales where good inns are so plentiful.

I have given this sort of reason, then, sometimes when I have been talking about the Dales country; but it doesn't really touch the essence of the country, for that's in the shape, colouring and the scale of the country itself. When Wordsworth was expressing his preference for the Lake District over the Alps he remarked that "the sense of sublimity depends more upon form and relation of objects to each other than upon their actual magnitude." Here there is something grand in the scale of the land—the immense east to west roll of it, powerful, slow and massive; something magnificent in the way it dominates the plains on both sides, and dominates the wind on its roof. The Lake hills are a splendid collection of peaks, but they do not express supremacy and constancy as the great length of the Pennines expresses supremacy and perpetuity. Where there is movement in the outline of the

Lake District there is stillness over Yorkshire and the northern counties. Stillness and sobriety and mass.

"Grey recumbent tombs of the dead
in desert places,
Standing stones on the vacant wine-
red moor,
Hills of sheep, and the homes of the
vanished races,
And winds austere and pure : "

"The vacant wine-red moor" How often, travelling over these immense uplifted prairies I have seen the infinite red variegation of colour as rushes and grasses and bracken conflict and yield in place and season! This is one of the inescapable attributes of the Northern Pennines, this richness of colour, from the deep reds to the whiteness of the eastern morning sun, when it shines coldly on the grey limestone walls; from the ivory of the cotton grass to the luscious green of bilberry and crowberry, the pale yellow and red-brown of the upturned rushes to the heliotrope of the flowering heather, from the sodden peat, dark brown where it drips copiously into the beck, to the yellow-streaked foam of the pool below. The colour changes slowly as the fell declines and yields its "multitude of dark waters" to the becks below. As the land falls you find a farmstead sheltering under winter trees which are like besoms, and the scale of the valley, as you follow it with the eye to the village, is consonant with the main mass upon which you walk.

In flat lands the eye has a conscious attraction to the sky, and this chiefly gives character to Lincolnshire, the Fens, and to Essex, and to parts of France. There, the tall and melancholy trees, the red-roofed farmhouse across the distant dyke seem to emphasise the immensity of the sky. Over Ogwen the hills are like pinnacles standing over a subdued world. Your summit in Cumberland will reward you with the spectacle of tormented turbulent hill shapes near at hand; but eastward, across the Eden Valley, you see the steady mass of the Pennine ridge. From those mountains your eyes indeed will be attracted

chiefly by land or sea below, and not by the sky above.

But if you are to walk on the Pennines you must be content to be on the immense fell and to have the immense sky in your eyes. And thus it is, I think, that this land conveys to me the sort of loneliness which is not only the absence of distraction but the presence of a peculiar harmony which occupies the mind to the exclusion of other things. We cannot share directly in the life of the earth except in so far as we may be buried in it. But if, waking, we can be aware of this large serenity, we can claim there is something in it for us. The fell is open to the sky with scarcely any cloistral imprisoning fold in it. It is silent, still, unchanging.

"Be it granted to me to behold you
again in dying,
Hills of home! and to hear again the
call;
Hear about the graves of the martyrs
the popwees crying,
And hear no more at all."

THE "THREE PEAKS"

Several inquiries have already reached us regarding the "Three Peaks" walk. We give below the time-table (not intended to set up records) of Mr. A. J. Brown, the Yorkshire writer and tramp, who starts his route from Dent, north-west of Wharfedale:

Left Dent 7 a.m.
Wharfedale Pikes 8-10 a.m.
Wharfedale Summit 9-0 a.m. to 9-30 a.m.
Weathercote Cave 10-15 a.m.
Hill Inn, Chapel-to-Pole 10-30 to 10-45 a.m.
Ingleborough Summit 12 noon to 1-15
South Ho. Farm 1-25 p.m.
Crown Inn, Horton-in-Ribblesdale 2 p.m.
(Lunch) 3 p.m.
Hull Pot 3-45 p.m.
Pennyghant Summit 4-50 p.m.
Heslodec Beck Bridge 5-15 p.m.
Linton 6-15 p.m. to 6-45 p.m.
Kilnsey (Wharfedale) 9-15 p.m.

A wireless programme of much interest to lovers of the Yorkshire dales will be broadcast for the North on April 13th. It is on Swaledale, and has for its sub-title, "A Sketch of Changing Times." The script has been arranged by Richard Sharp, and those taking part will be drawn from Swaledale villages—Muker, Gunnerside and Keld.

SETTLE

The best centre for a
holiday among the hills

MOTOR RUNS

WALKS

SCENERY

CAVES

POTHOLES

Buses and trains to anywhere,
from anywhere

For Latest Guide Books, Hotel
and Apartment List or Camp-
ing Sites write to

Settle & District
Publicity Association

Dept. T.D.

Town Hall

Settle

DALES PERSONALITIES

Stories of Craven's "Grand Old Man" by NORMAN THORNBUR



MR. WALTER MORRISON

(from a photograph taken in 1900)

A STIFFLY built man walked through Settle, head bent, his grey beard sweeping his chest. Behind him he clasped his hands as he climbed the narrow hill street which led to the fields beyond the town. The square shaped grey felt hat was of the style of a previous generation. People who met him touched their hats, and the old gentleman invariably replied, for he, Walter Morrison was home again.

Malham Tarn and Walter Morrison were synonymous, but Morrison had just as great an interest in Craven itself. He was Craven's own gentleman, delighting in its wild life, revelling in its history, steeped in its traditions. Although not of Yorkshire birth he was often taken for a Yorkshireman and it is doubtful if anything pleased him more.

Morrison stories are legendary. Around Malham they were stories of the squire, "the grand old man." Further afield they are stories of a figure of bygone days, now almost forgotten.

Walter Morrison delighted to escape from London to the clean air of Malham Tarn, his mountain home. It was as though the water of the Tarn, and the streams of the moors washed the air, making it purer than anywhere else. In fact he often used to walk the six miles to Tarn House from Settle. His landau, in the charge of Robert Battersby, would meet the train and then this millionaire would leave all mundane affairs and walk over his beloved moors arriving home in time for dinner.

His way took him up the long Henside (locally known as "Hensit") Lane, past Capon Hall. It was at this point Morrison delighted to point out to any guests that they were standing on the watershed of England. Water on the Settle side flowed into the Ribbles which poured into the Irish Sea at Preston. Malham Tarn, that mountain gem, and the waters flowing out of it, formed the source of the dirty and mighty Aire. One guest walking from the Dalehead moors one wet day, drily added to the great man, he could quite believe it, "far more water was shed there" than anywhere else he knew.

At Malham Tarn, Walter Morrison had his estate and household affairs managed by the various officials and he never interfered between them and their subordinates unless he was called upon. Mr. John Winkill was his agent, Mr. William Skirrow, his butler, Mr. Robert Battersby, his coachman and horseman and Miss Lodge.

YORKSHIRE BOOKS FROM DENTS



**THE FAMOUS THREE "DALE" BOOKS
BY ELLA PONTEFRACT**
WITH WOOD ENGRAVINGS BY MARIE HARTLEY
& FURTHER ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

**WHARFEDALE
WENSLEYDALE
SWALEDALE**

"The Authors seem to have explored every acre. They have an eye for character and an ear for anecdote and at times we might be reading the immortal Hudson"

Times Literary Supplement

6s. net each
Prospectus on request

Two volumes in the "Cathedrals, Abbeys and Famous Churches" series
Fcap 8vo (prospectus on request) Leather 4s. 6d. Cloth 2s. 6d. net each
Edited by **Gordon Home** Each with a photogravure frontispiece and
many illustrations in half-tone and line

YORK MINSTER by Gordon Home
DURHAM CATHEDRAL by the Rev. James Wall

A volume in the Through Guides—written and illustrated
by Gordon Home with map end-papers 2s. 6d. net.

THROUGH YORKSHIRE

"Nicely compounded of history, topography and landscape"
Manchester Guardian

Obtainable from all Yorkshire Booksellers
Published by J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd. London

his housekeeper. All the estate and household accounts went through his hands, however. It is said he argued that when a sheep died his accounts must be debited with a sheep and credited with the fleece of the dead sheep.

JO He was a kindly employer and expected those in charge of his work-people to look after their interests. Some of the maids used to come from Cromwell Road his London house. Once on their way north, Mr. Skirrow promised the girls an hour or so in Settle, where they could have tea with him. They arrived at three o'clock and Robert Battersby was there with the landau to take them home. He demurred at the delay, pointing out the work he had to do on his return to Malham Tarn. "You go home then, Robert," Mr. Skirrow said, "And how will you get home?" Robert asked, "Oh, we will hire a conveyance." Who will pay for it? Robert enquired, "Mr. Morrison will pay when we explain," Mr. Skirrow added. The old coachman waited, not daring to explain to his employer this extra charge.

Next to Mr. Morrison, William Skirrow and John Winskill were the two best known figures at the Tarn. It was the latter who brought most of the farm buildings up to date and who installed the fish hatchery at Tennant Gill.

Of William Skirrow one can only say he was kindness personified. He would shield anyone, as is exemplified in the story of the postman. In those days the mail to Malham Tarn was delivered by a postman from Kirkby Malham. One Christmas he arrived at the Tarn much the worse for drink. Mr. Skirrow tried to sober him up and kept the postman out of Mr. Morrison's way while "postie" had the dinner always given him at the Tarn. In the afternoon Mr. Morrison decided to take a short ride in his horse and carriage. Sat on the driving seat with Battersby, Mr. Skirrow saw the postman laid asleep just off the road. He urged the driver to whip up the horse and tried to draw Mr.

Morrison's attention to the other side. It was of no avail, and the carriage had to stop while the butler went to see what was the matter with the postman. Skirrow told him to sober up, sit with the driver and say as little as possible to Mr. Morrison, to whom Skirrow said the postman had been taken ill. The "grand old man" averred he had too arduous a round and wrote to Whitehall of the incident.

Another typical Morrison touch took place before the War when some postal supervisors paid a visit to Malham. While the postman delivered the letters on foot they rode round his journey and timed him. On arrival at Malham Tarn they were given lunch and asked by Morrison if they would take a letter from him to Mr. Illingworth, the then Postmaster General. Illingworth was a friend of Morrison and with visions of currying favour the two supervisors assented. Imagine their surprise when they were "told off" by letter by Morrison for accepting a letter not stamped and further suggesting that future supervisors should carry the same weight as the postman and walk round with him.

Although the Malham Tarn moors were among the best known in Yorkshire, Walter Morrison did not love grouse shooting as much as his nearer neighbours. At first he would only permit each member of his shoot to carry one gun and load himself. Later he allowed a loader in each butt, but was bitterly opposed to two guns and a loader. Such he averred was slaughter and did not make for good shooting. He himself preferred to walk, and later ride along the road, with a gun. Any stray birds which came over often fell to him when he would delightedly tell his guests about the birds he had met. Anyone who joined his grouse shooting parties was expected to shoot. Their host had been known to lock up the billiard halls when some of the guests preferred the dry comfort of the house to a wet day on the moors. Himself an old volunteer, and a keen marksman it was only natural that he expected his shooters to shoot and give the

SOME YORKSHIRE BOOKS

RECOLLECTIONS FROM A YORKSHIRE DALE

C. J. F. ATKINSON, LL.B. Foreword by HIS HONOUR JUDGE WOODCOCK. 2nd edition. 3/6 net

YORKSHIRE FOLK, Memories of a Journalist

W. L. ANDREWS. Foreword by the late LORD MOYNIHAN 3/6 net

HUMOURS OF VILLAGE LIFE—Tales from Yorkshire

J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH. Foreword by SIR ALFRED PEASE. 2nd edition. 3/6 net

COLNE VALLEY FOLK, the romance and enterprise of a Textile Stronghold

ERNEST LOCKWOOD. Foreword by the late VISCOUNT SNOWDEN. 3/6 net

YORKSHIRE DAYS AND YORKSHIRE WAYS

J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH. Foreword by DOROTHY UNA RATCLIFFE. 3/6 net

3 books by WILLIAM MOFFATT, F.Z.S., a Leeds Author: SHETLAND; ISLES OF NIGHTLESS SUMMER

31 photographs and 2 maps. 2nd edition 7/6 net

ROUGH ISLAND STORY

16 illustrations by PETER FRASER 7/6 net

TWILIGHT OVER SHETLAND. a novel 7/6 net

A wonderful "Bird" book by PERCY G. FRUDD, a Bradford Author: INCOMPARABLE BUDGERIGARS

Profusely illustrated 7/6 net

5 Books by SIMON EVANS, a Shropshire Postman: ROUND ABOUT THE CROOKED STEEPLE

4th edition 3/6 net

MORE TALES FROM ROUND ABOUT THE CROOKED STEEPLE 3/6 net

AT ABDON BURF 3/6 net

SHROPSHIRE DAYS AND SHROPSHIRE WAYS 3/6 net

APPLEGARTH, a long novel 7/6 net

The Publishers are always prepared to consider MSS for publication
They are particularly interested in "Country" books

HEATH CRANTON, LIMITED,
6, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

driven birds every chance.

Walter Morrison was the first Volunteer officer to pass through the Hythe School of Musketry. It was he who paid for the book on Craven's part in the war, a copy of which was given to every returning soldier and the relatives of those who did not return. He also urged the late Thomas Brayshaw to write the history of the Settle district from the scrap book and old papers in his possession. He once even suggested he would make a grant towards the cost of such a book. He built Giggleswick School Chapel and gave away huge sums to his alma mater, Oxford. And yet on the other side, once turned the dining room of a hotel at Settle upside down because he had lost a half-sovereign.

Morrison, too, found and made the late Lord Kitchener. He selected Kitchener, then a young lieutenant to accompany the Palestine Exploration Committee. Morrison had always been interested in the East and his greatest experiment was his present to Giggleswick to mark the Queen's Jubilee. He successfully combined an Eastern dome and Gothic building. He had business interests in the Argentine. He was chairman of the Argentine railway, said to be gained by buying shares when everyone else was selling. In fact it has been said that his butler was given a cheque book, all the cheques signed, to buy shares from people who alarmed at the slump in the shares, came to Cromwell Road to ask Morrison's advice. This chairmanship also caused legal trouble with the editor of a local paper. A correspondent who signed himself "Ribblehead" and stated he was a tenant of Morrison's pointed out that the chairman of the Argentine railway was going against the interests of his tenants. Morrison brought an action to justify his name, as also he did when a paper commented on the fact that being defeated in a Skipton parliamentary election he withdrew the ten per cent allowance off the rent he had previously made to his farming tenants.

Walter Morrison never aspired to national fame, although it was within

his reach if he had accepted any of the glittering prizes offered him. He lived and died plain Walter Morrison. It was in local affairs he took the greatest interest, in such things as the local Agricultural Society at Settle, the restoration of Kirkby Malham Church, where he is buried, and above all his beloved Malhamdale. In 1898 he was president of the Yorkshire Geological Association and took part in the survey of Malham underground waters. In 1910 he entertained Yorkshire Journalists and on the lawn in front of his house, lectured them on the history and geology of his beloved hills, farms, and village. The Haworth Ramblers paid a visit to Malham Tarn in 1919 but there was no Walter Morrison to greet them. He had written from Ventnor in the Isle of Wight regretting his absence. Morrison had come to the last stages of his long life, sixty years of which had been spent as owner of Malham Tarn. That fine brain had now turned back to his boyhood days. At one of his public appearances he asked conundrums. With a flash of his former self he added, "As a boy I was fond of conundrums. I am now returning to my childhood days." Similarly on one of his visits to his bank at Settle he enquired the state of his account. Across the counter was pushed a piece of paper with some figures written on it. "Is this debit or credit?" the great man asked.

One last story must be told of how Morrison almost met his death. Rushing to catch a train at Settle he hurried into a tobacconist's shop and took from a shelf a jar of tobacco. He asked someone waiting in the shop to tell the tobacconist he had taken his customary brand from its usual place. It was not until sometime later that the tobacconist realised his wealthy customer had not taken ordinary brand, but a drug latakia, used in minute portion in blending. The railway company were asked to get in touch with their passenger and get the jar from him. This they did, according to legend only just in time, for he was filling his pipe for a quiet smoke.

Where to Find Dales' Hospitality

Phone: Horton 209

R.A.C.

CROWN HOTEL

HORTON-IN-RIBBLESDALE

—0—

Proprietor: L. GREY

—0—

FREE HOUSE

GOOD ACCOMMODATION

HIGH-CLASS CATERING

TERMS ON APPLICATION

CLAPHAM

Excellent catering for meals, for large or small parties.

Mrs. WEST, Gildersbank, Clapham.

WENSLEYDALE

Board Residence or Apartments. Ideal Situation and Central. Comfortable Accommodation and Garage.

Mrs. Cradock, Preston Mill, Leyburn.

THORALBY

One mile Aysgarth, Guest-house for energetic or restful holidays in Wensleydale. Good centre walks or motoring.

SMITH, Warnford, Thoraby, Aysgarth nr. Leyburn, Yorks.

HAWES

BLACK BULL HOTEL

(J. W. Hesleden)

Central car park, board residence and catering, clean, airy rooms, good cooking. Inside sanitation, H. & C. water, electric light, garage.

ASKRIGG

Board residence, nr. moors, indoor sanitation, hot and cold, good table, highly recommended, garden, games.

Miss SADLER, The Willow Garth

LEYBURN

Mrs. BINKS, "Mayville," Leyburn

Central for Dale's buses to all parts. Board residence or apartments. Good cooking. Indoor sanitation. Hot & cold. Electric light.

ARNcliffe

An Ideal Dale's Holiday centre in a house which recalls Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies". Fishing, shooting, riding, pot-holing, caves and innumerable walks.

MARMADUKE MILLER,

Bridge End, Arncliffe

Skipton-in-Craven, Yorks.

RICHMOND

Three bedrooms, two sitting, situated above Swale, five minutes lovely scenery, good cooking, fishing, bus route, train services, photographs, board or apartments, every comfort, terms moderate, well recommended.

Mrs. CARTER, Applegarth Farm

Telephone: Settle 2161

ROYAL OAK HOTEL

Proprietor—J. Robinson

MARKET PLACE, SETTLE

Fully Licensed
Dining Room and Lounge
Garage Accommodation

H. & C. water
in each room
Central Heating

SETTLE

Permanent or temporary apartments, centre of Town, all conveniences.

Mrs. M. HEATH, Bank Villa, Settle

First Class Catering, residential, good parking.

Mrs. ROBINSON, Craven Arms,
Giggleswick Station

Golden Lion Hotel

Horton-in-Ribblesdale

PROPRIETORS:

MR. & MRS. SIDNEY HAMPSHIRE

FULLY LICENSED

10 BEDROOMS

GARAGE

HIGH-CLASS CATERING

Tel. Horton-in-Ribblesdale 206

Public Access to Mountains

by A. CREECH
JONES, M.P.

AN Access to Mountains Bill is near to realisation. I do not disguise that in certain respects it is less than many lovers of the open air have worked for and most active workers in the rambling associations have wished for. But I claim that it marks a distinct social advance.

The history of the demand is well known. Parliament has rejected every plea until now. But times are more propitious and the social importance of open spaces, playing fields, downland preservation, and physical fitness are now generally recognised. My effort was directed to bringing the fifty years' agitation to definite achievement by obtaining for the public the maximum gain which present circumstances would allow.

There were difficulties about the old Bill. It was little more than a declaration of the public right of access to mountains and moorlands. It did not define the lands concerned and it offered no workable scheme by which it could be achieved, or certain important interests, both public and private, properly safeguarded when access was permitted. The House of Commons gave its second reading because it was persuaded that the time was ripe for a forward movement, and that an effort should be made to reconcile the opposing interests and that an attempt to make a workable scheme should be made.

But a private Bill is limited by a number of important restrictions in respect to finance and content and a Member without the resources of Government experience and knowledge is heavily handicapped when he attempts to carry through new legislation.

Most of the important interests have approached the problem in a

real spirit of accommodation and many distinguished persons have given a hand in the long and difficult negotiations. Steadily the difficulties, which I need not set out here, have been surmounted and a Bill shaped which represents all that can be achieved within the limitations in which a private member can work. I pay tribute to the assistance of Sir Lawrence Chubb and his colleagues.

The Bill makes access possible by order of the Minister after enquiry, on the application of owners, local authorities or interested bodies. Access may be denied or limited to the private property concerned if it is shown that material loss will result from access. I hope the common law in respect to trespass will not be prejudiced—anyway, the effort will be made.

The Bill will make demands on the rambling bodies if the fullest public advantages are to be obtained from it. The associations which care about opening out to public enjoyment areas of private moorland, mountains, downs, heaths, cliffs and foreshores should survey their respective areas and within the provisions of the Bill take the preliminary steps of action with the local authorities or of direct negotiation with the owners concerned.

My plea is that the opportunity now offered should be explored in the social interest to the full.

Printed by J. W. Lambert & Sons, Settle, for the Proprietors and Publishers, The Dalesman Publishing Company, Fellside, Clapham, Lancaster.

INGLETON

LAND OF WATERFALLS
AND CAVERNS

WHERE IS INGLETON?

Ingleton lies on the western slopes of the Pennines north-east of Lancaster. This unspoiled village has excellent accommodation and a good train service.

The surroundings are of unsurpassed beauty with Waterfalls, Caverns, and Mountain Scenery unique in Britain.

Good Trout Fishing, and Swimming.

Free Guide Book from the SECRETARY
ADVERTISING DEPT.
INGLETON

INGLETON

INGLEBORO' HOTEL

(A.A., R.A.C., A.C.U.)

RESIDENTIAL and COMMERCIAL
Fully Licensed

High-Class Catering for Large and Small Parties
Seating Accommodation for 300

CONVENIENTLY SITUATED for LOCAL
WATERFALLS and CAVERNS

Tariff on Application

Proprietor: WALTER FROGGATT

Telephone 207

THE YORKSHIRE



DALES