

# Lone Pine Pendle

Ron Catterall

A New Lone Pine  Adventure

# Lone Pine Pendle

by Ron Catterall

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*This book is dedicated to Macbeth (Mackie) who has suffered bravely and grievously throughout so many Lone Pine adventures. This time he has a rest. Well, almost.*



And also my belated thanks to Malcolm Saville for all the reading pleasure he gave me in the 1950s and up to the present time.



# Guide for Readers

Readers new to the Lone Pine books might benefit from reading the introductory section on The Lone Pine Club

Those familiar with the Lone Pine Series could omit Lone Pine Club section, but might be interested in the section on The Forest of Pendle.

For the impatient the book itself starts at page 37.

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# Foreword

*I look with pleasure on my book, however defective, and deliver it to the world with the spirit of a man that has endeavoured well. That it will immediately become popular I have not promised to myself*

--Dr. Johnson's Preface to his "Dictionary of the English Language" (1755)

This book is an attempt to create a new Lone Pine adventure. This might well be seen as an attempt to turn the clock back to a period just after the end on World War II. Thomas Hardy said about his first published novel, *Under the Greenwood Tree*, 1872, that he was 'attempting to preserve for my own satisfaction a fairly true record of a vanishing life.' Angela Thirlwell in an introduction to a 1989 edition of *Under the Greenwood Tree* said he was "persuading his reader of a sense of accurate historical hindsight and at the same time a form of escapism in a nostalgic yearning for an Arcadian past."

Another problem is the audience for this Lone Pine Adventure. It is extremely unlikely that any publisher would even consider this as a book for the children of 2019, but there are, perhaps, sufficient past members of past Lone Pine Clubs, and of the present Malcolm Saville Society, who might be seen as a possible audience. Which brings us back to nostalgia.<sup>i</sup>

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*Of Time long past:  
And, was it sadness or delight,  
Each day a shadow onward cast  
Which made us wish it yet might last  
That time long past.*

—Percy Bysshe Shelley "Time Long Past"

The books of the Lone Pine series were created by Malcolm Saville between 1943 and 1978, a total of 20 books in 35 years. The first book *Mystery at Witchend*<sup>ii</sup> was published by Newnes in 1943, towards the end of World War II, and the story concerns the activities of German spies, and also mentions ‘rayshuns’. In that book the Lone Piners were introduced: we met David Morton and the Morton twins, Richard (Dickie) and Mary with their dog Mackie (Macbeth), all evacuees from London, and Petronella (Peter) Sterling of Hatchholt in Shropshire and her pony, Sally. Together they founded the Lone Pine club. They quickly added another member, Tom Ingles, another evacuee, and the story evolved around the Long Mynd in Shropshire. Peter, David, and Tom are all about fifteen, and the twins about ten.

The second book, *Seven White Gates*<sup>iii</sup> followed a year later (1944), still in wartime, and Peter sees a tank on the road before she meets Jenny Harman who is also initiated into the Club. Jenny, also about fifteen, lives at Barton Beach in the shadow of the Stiperstones mountain in Shropshire. The Stiperstones were moved by Saville comfortably closer to the Long Mynd.

In the third volume, *The Gay Dolphin Adventure*<sup>iv</sup> the adventure takes place in Rye on the coast of east Sussex, where David and the twins join with Jon Warrender and his cousin Penelope (Penny or sometimes Newpenny because of her red hair) and make sure that they join the club. Peter does not appear in the Rye story, but we meet the “baddies” of the present book, Mr. Grandon, Miss Ballinger, and her ‘niece’ Valerie (Val). Jon and Penny are also about fifteen, but they play no part in the

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ii ‘*Mystery at Witchend*’ 1943

iii ‘*Seven White Gates*’ 1944

iv ‘*The Gay Dolphin Adventure*’ 1945

present story. You have now met the most important of the characters in Lone Pine Pendle.

Five more Lone Pine adventures were published at two-yearly intervals up to *Saucers Over the Moor* in 1955, with twenty three other Saville books interspersed between them. *Wings Over Witchend*,<sup>v</sup> a Christmas story, was first published in 1956, so that must have been about Christmas 1955. *Lone Pine London*<sup>vi</sup>, the next book, was first published in October 1957, so we can perhaps place the action in London in the summer of 1957. This leaves a gap in the activities of the Lone Pine Club during the summer of 1956. Obviously they must have had an adventure somewhere that summer, but where did they go?. The mystery of summer 1956 has long puzzled members of the Malcolm Saville Society.

Now we know. The story of the Lone Piners in Pendle Forest fills that gap. The action takes place in the summer of 1956, towards the end of July and during the long summer holiday. Jon and Penny take no part in this story. (We might suppose that Penny and Jon were visiting Arlette again<sup>vii</sup> in Paris.)

We now find that in the summer of 1956 the Lone Piners stayed with a newly discovered distant relative of Peter who lived in Barley, a small village in the Pendle Forest. This is an Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty, also renowned for the Pendle Witches condemned in 1612. There they are quickly embroiled in a search for treasure missing from Whalley Abbey following the Dissolution of the Monasteries in 1534. The Lone Piners are competing again with the Ballinger gang for the Abbey treasure, with the added excitement of some lost illegal Pudsey shillings which Queen Elizabeth I never managed to collect.

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<sup>v</sup> *Wings Over Witchend* 1956

<sup>vi</sup> *Lone Pine London* 1957

<sup>vii</sup> as they did in *The Elusive Grasshopper*,

They also find themselves involved in the modern witchcraft, Wiccanism, of the Pendle Forest.

I have kept the ages of the Lone Piners as they were in most of Saville's books as they varied very little throughout the series. In 1943 Peter is fifteen,<sup>viii</sup> and thirty five years later she celebrated her eighteenth birthday,<sup>ix</sup> when the twins finally reach the age of twelve. We must suppose that in 1956 the older ones were all about fifteen or sixteen, and the twins about ten. Above all I have tried, I hope successfully, to retain the characters of the Lone Piners exactly as Saville presented them. Judith (Judy) Sterling of Barley who was aged twenty three and Bob forty one in 1956 are totally new characters, and Thomas Sterling, the common ancestor of Peter, Judy, and Bob, could very reasonably have lived from 1781 to 1853 as Judy discovered (Chapter 1). Judy's father, George, died in the second world war which his younger brother, Robert (Bob), survived. I leave it to the reader's imagination to decide how Judy's mother disappeared, possibly just as Peter's mother did, but Judy was left alone to run the farm. This early genealogy of the Sterling family is completely new and has been created for this book: Bob Sterling does not occur anywhere in the work of Malcolm Saville who only presented us with Micah, Caroline, Charles, Jasper, and Peter Sterling. Judith Sterling does appear later in other Lone Pine books, finally as Judith Wilson, and it is only here that we discover that she was a member of the Sterling family and a very distant relation of Peter.

I have not attempted to reproduce anything of Saville's style, but I have followed his interests in the geography and history of the locations of his stories. I can only apologise where I have failed and my own interests have intruded (and I know they have

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<sup>viii</sup> *'Mystery at Witchend'* 1943

<sup>ix</sup> *'Home to Witchend'* 1978



done.) I do hope to have continued the intense sense of place which is so vital in Saville's work, but this time it is the Forest of Pendle in north east Lancashire on the Yorkshire border, a place never mentioned before in the Lone Pine books, or indeed in any of Saville's eighty eight books. This is an area of the country very different to the North Yorkshire Moors visited a few years later by the Lone Piners in *Mystery Mine*<sup>x</sup> where we first meet Harriet Sparrow, a later member of the Lone Pine Club.

In another (not a Lone Pine) book, *Dark Danger*,<sup>xi</sup> 1965, Saville wrote in the forward 'Satanism actually exists. It is practised ... [in] Britain ... Satanism is hateful and evil - the reverse image of religion and Christianity in particular.' Throughout *Dark Danger* Saville repeatedly stresses the evil of Satanism and identifies its practicers with witchcraft. This was certainly a view endorsed by the judges in the trial of the Pendle Witches in 1612, but there were other contemporary views, such as that expressed by the Rev. Richard James of Corpus Christie, Oxford in 1636 during his visit to Pendle and recorded in his poem *Iter Lancastrense*.

*I do confesse,  
Needs must strainge phansies poore ould wives posses;  
Who in those deserte mystic moores doe live  
Hungrie and colde, and scarce see prieste to give  
Them ghostlie counsell.*

In this Lone Pine adventure we see the Lone Piners facing up to the more recent witchcraft of Pendle Forest (in 1956 and even into the twenty first century). Perhaps there is now a more

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<sup>x</sup>*Mystery Mine*, 1959

<sup>xi</sup>'*Dark Danger*' 1965

charitable and acceptable view in these times, although it is completely unacceptable to the local vicar (chapter 15).<sup>xii</sup> Perhaps we might regard the Lancashire Witches met by the Lone Piners in Pendle Forest as an antidote to the Satanists met by Simon and Patrick in *Dark Danger*.

Now I must forestall any literary critics who might get their teeth into this book, for regrettably there are such creatures. In 1978 in *Home to Witchend* Peter says she has never seen Miss Ballinger before. I can only assume that the passage of twenty two years between 1956, her sixteenth birthday, and her eighteenth in 1978 is responsible for this lapse of her memory. Certainly she meets all the Ballinger gang in 1956 here in *Lone Pine Pendle*. In *Lone Pine London*, the next book in 1957, David and the twins meet the Ballinger and Judith again, but make no mention of meeting them in the Pendle adventure of summer 1956. Could it be that Malcolm Saville forgot (or could not foresee) Lone Pine Pendle.

I have played a few tricks with time, there are some references to real events or discoveries that occurred later than 1956, for example the discovery in 2011 of a buried seventeenth century cottage at Black Moss (Chapter 10) or the discovery of the Mitton treasure in 2009 (Chapter 7.) I have tried to indicate some of these anachronisms in footnotes. I have also moved the Appleby Horse Fair from early June to early August to accommodate the movements of the gypsies Reuben, Miranda, and Fenella.

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<sup>xii</sup>The vicar's antipathy to witchcraft is by no means far-fetched: as recently as 1987, in a BBC documentary, the Reverend Kevin Logan, vicar of St. John's Church, Great Harwood, near Pendle, told us that "Pendle Hill speaks for itself, casting a dark shadow over the land," and it is a "magnet which draws witchcraft to it," that it is a "traditional haunt of witches," and it is "the witchcraft capital of England."

The Lone Piners frequently make references to their prior adventures, but are obviously completely unaware of any of the future adventures starting with *Lone Pine London*.

Finally, technology which was not available to Saville in 1956 has allowed me to be more liberal with illustrations, but regrettably I lack the expertise of Bertram Prance who illustrated the 1945 first edition of *Mystery at Witchend*, or indeed any of Saville's later illustrators whose work I have occasionally borrowed. The few of the illustrations that are my own work, do date from around 1956. I do regret that while the illustrations do relate to the places mentioned in the book, they do not tie the Lone Piners to the action.

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# Introduction

Most (indeed almost all) of the places mentioned in this book are real places you can visit and enjoy. Pendle Hill itself dominates the area, a huge, whale-backed hill only a few feet short of the 2000 required to qualify for the title of mountain. The village of Barley at the foot of Pendle was at the end of the bus service from Nelson in 1956. Nelson is a new town, incorporated in 1890, which grew rapidly, thriving on the cotton weaving trade. At the time of this story (1956), cotton was still an important economic factor in the life of the town, but the cotton trade had only a very few more years to live.

The old mill at Roughlee had ceased operation long ago, but the mill pond was used as a boating lake for family outings from Nelson. The villages of Barley, Roughlee, Newchurch, Admergill, Sabden, Downham, Worston, Fence, and Read, all exist and the narrow lanes in Pendle Forest which inter-link them make wonderful walking or cycling country.

Whalley Abbey suffered badly under Henry VIII and later lay owners of the property, but returned to church ownership in the 20th. century. The remains can still be explored. Clitheroe Castle on its steep rock outcrop was treated badly by Cromwell, but is now surrounded by a big local park and still dominates the town of Clitheroe.

Several outbursts of water (brasts) from Pendle are recorded and the scars are still visible (remember the ‘brast’ on the Long Mynd that the twins saw in Harkaway Hollow.<sup>i</sup>) More dramatic, but less dangerous are the bog fires sometimes seen on Pendle. When a fire is seen on the top of Pendle, many local people will

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<sup>i</sup>‘Home to Witchend’ 1978

assure you that it is a witch-fire, and, if you dare, you may see the witches feasting, casting spells, and dancing round the fire at midnight. The peat on top of the hill, even when wet, can sometimes catch fire if the methane it releases is sparked by lightning.

The Old Mill at Barley still exists, and has been converted to a private residence, and there is a farmhouse near Barley called Ing Ends, but the Old Mill and the Ing Ends farmhouse in the story are completely fictional and bear no relation to the real houses. I simply stole the names. The Youth Hostel at Whitehough existed in 1956, but has since taken on a different lease of life as the Whitehough Outdoor Education Centre. The Black Moss and Ogden Clough reservoirs were built between 1894 and 1914 and are still there. You can follow the Lone Piners trek up Ogden Clough to the top of Pendle. Whalley and its Abbey, and Clitheroe and its castle are there and waiting for you to explore. The mines at Skeleron near Rimington can still be seen and explored, but please take care for there are dangerous air shafts. If you do find a Pudsey shilling near the mines, don't lose it, they are now quite valuable.

The Bungerley Hypping Stones where Henry VI was caught in 1464<sup>ii</sup> have been replaced by a bridge, but Waddington Hall,

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<sup>ii</sup> This was in the final throes of the Wars of the Roses. Henry VI, a Lancastrian, held the throne from 1422 to 1461 when he was replaced by the Yorkist Edward IV who reigned until October 6, 1470. Henry, trying to regain the throne, was defeated at the Battle of Hexham in 1463 and went into hiding for a year at the Yorkshire-Lancashire boundary in Ribblesdale, living mainly in Bolton Hall (Bolton-by-Bowland). He was warned at dinner in Waddington Hall near Clitheroe and tried to escape capture by crossing the Ribble at Clitheroe on the stepping stones at Bungerley (the Hypping Stones), where he was caught by Thomas Talbot of Bashall Hall near Clitheroe. Henry finally regained the throne for the House of Lancaster on October 6, 1470, holding it for less than a year before Edward regained it again on April 4, 1471. Edward and the House of York then held the throne until the advent of the Tudors with Henry VII in 1485.

where Henry was dining that day, still exists. While you are leaning over the parapet of Bungerley Bridge, watching the trout in the Ribble, spare a thought for a Lancastrian King of England desperately trying to escape his Yorkist enemies by crossing the river on a dark wet night on slippery stepping stones. Was he perhaps looking for safety in the wilds of Pendle Forest?

An ancient trackway follows the high ridge that separates Nelson, Burnley and the Calder valley from Pendle Forest. This has long been known as the Ridgeway (compare the Portway on the Long Mynd) and extends from the pre-Roman camp of Portfield past a farm intriguingly named Rigg of England, to Noggarth top and then along the ridge until it drops down to an old Saxon fort and a ford at the Watermeetings where Pendle Water is joined by Blacko Water. The more recent road (often known as the Forest Road) from Read Old Bridge (site of a battle preceding Oliver Cromwell's final defeat of the Royalists at Preston in 1648) lies a hundred yards to the south of the Ridgeway which it joins at Noggarth top.

All the characters you meet in this tale are of course entirely fictional and bear no relation to any past or present residents of the Forest of Pendle (or anywhere else). There is a modern coven of witches (Wiccans) in Pendle Forest, but I'm afraid there is no Anis among them (as far as I know). The treatment of witchcraft in this story might be considered as an antidote to the slightly hysterical approach to Satanism and witchcraft in Saville's later *Dark Danger*.<sup>iii</sup>

With regard to the possibility of hidden Whalley Abbey treasure, the historian John A Clayton records *a shortfall in the*

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<sup>iii</sup>'*Dark Danger*' 1965

*amount of gold and silver plate belonging to the Abbey came to light.*<sup>iv</sup>

The Pudseys of Bolton Hall mined silver at the Skeleron mine in Pendle Forest, and produced illegal shillings, but I know of no reference to missing or hidden Pudsey shillings. Otherwise all the historical people and events mentioned are at least approximately correct, and are recorded elsewhere. However, I must admit that I have arbitrarily selected events to support the theme of this book, and ignored anything unsupportive.

No-one has ever proved that the treasures do not exist, or that the Lone Piners found it all, so you may be able to find more yourself.

The clues to the abbey treasure buried on Pendle Hill, that the Lone Piners found in the old book, do really exist just as they found them in James McKay, *Pendle Hill in History and Literature*, 1888. Pendle Hill is also noted for brasts, the sudden outbursts of flood water. one of which helped the Lone Piners in their search for treasure.

The Lone Pine Club and its members who take part in this adventure, Peter, Tom, Jenny, David, Richard and Mary (not forgetting the dog Mackie) and their respective families are all creations of Malcolm Saville, and are very real to myself and to members of the Malcolm Saville Society. I hope I have not changed any of them too much. In Judith's case (Judy) she does appear in later Lone Pine adventures, first as the fiancée of James

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<sup>iv</sup> John A Clayton, *The Lancashire Witch Conspiracy: A History of Pendle Forest and the Pendle Witch Trials*, 2007, 2nd.Ed. Clayton speculates that this might have been Abbot Paslew selling plate to cover the costs of his assuming the status of a Mitred Abbott, but there is no evidence to support this behaviour of such a holy man.



Wilson in *Lone Pine London*,<sup>v</sup> then as Mrs. Judith Wilson in *Rye Royal*,<sup>vi</sup> and finally in the great round-up at the end of *Home to Witchend*.<sup>vii</sup> I can only apologise for hi-jacking one of Saville's minor characters. The adults, Bob, and Anis, who appear for the first and only time in this story, are of course, too old to be eligible for membership of the Lone Pine Club; but perhaps they may find friendship with the Morton, Ingles, Sterling, Harman, and Wilson adults.

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<sup>v</sup> *'Lone Pine London'* 1957

<sup>vi</sup> *'Rye Royal'* 1969

<sup>vii</sup> *'Home to Witchend'* 1978

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# The Lone Pine Club

Newcomers to the club start here!

There is a desperate problem facing the author of a book in the middle of a series. There are the old lags who have been following since volume one who know everyone and every adventure, but there are also new readers starting in the middle of the series for whom the characters come out of the blue. For example, if I were to jump straight in with

*“Peter,” said David, “when we tracked Mrs Thurston down to Appledore looking for Dickie and Mary ...”*

this would leave the new reader at a complete loss, “Who is Peter?,” he demands. I explain, and he goes on, “Who is David?,” and so on, finally ending with “What or where is Appledore?” If we were to start with all the introductions, the old lag would just yawn and mutter “*old hat*”, and wonder whether she should do the washing up until all this is all over, and the story really starts.

The solution of course is simple, we put all the characters and incidents into a Preface and tell the old lags to skip this bit, and this is exactly what Malcolm Saville did in his fourth Lone Pine adventure *The Secret of Grey Walls*,<sup>i</sup> in a preface entitled The Lone Pine Club. So here we go again: new readers start here to learn about the Lone Pine Club and its members.<sup>ii</sup>

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<sup>i</sup>*The Secret of Grey Walls* 1947

<sup>ii</sup>These introductions to the Lone Piners and the Lone Pine Club draw heavily on Malcom Saville’s own introductions in *The Secret of Grey Walls* and *Lone Pine Five*, with further support from Mark O’Hanlon’s *The Complete Lone Pine*, 1996, and the journals of the Malcolm Saville Society. I am responsible for nothing but the errors and mistakes.

## David Morton.

He is sixteen and the captain of the Club<sup>iii</sup>. Steady, fearless, and always to be relied upon. While his father was in the R.A.F. he and his brother and sister came with their mother to stay at Witchend, a remote house in a valley on the east side of the Long Mynd in Shropshire. There they were safe from almost all of the dangers of the war-time air-raids in London, although they quickly became involved with enemy spies.



## Petronella (*Peter*) Sterling.

Peter is also sixteen. She lives alone with her father, Jasper Stirling, in a small house at the head of another eastern valley on the Long Mynd, close to Witchend. At Hatchholt Mr. Sterling looks after a reservoir supplying water to the midland cities. Peter goes to a boarding school in Shrewsbury, Castle School, but is happiest roaming the Long Mynd on her Welsh pony, Sally. Malcom Saville invites us to *“Imagine Peter with two fair plaits, blue eyes and a clear brown skin. She looks her best jodhpurs and a blue shirt. She knows the stars and loves everything in the open air. Her life was changed when the Mortons came to Witchend ... David is her special friend.”*



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<sup>iii</sup>The ages of the Lone Piners are somewhat variable throughout the series, as Saville himself admitted. I have chosen to use those given in *Lone Pine Five*. Perhaps we should regard these as minima, the older ones may have aged a little by now, but the twins stay resolutely ten years old.

## **Richard (*Dickie*) and Mary Morton.**

The twins are ten years old, but have recently been sent to separate boarding schools. Out of school they are inseparable. Although obviously not identical twins, they look remarkably alike and often dress almost identically. Perhaps Mary's hair is a bit longer. Like many twins they often seem to know each others thoughts. Dickie is often a little cheeky, but has a great love of discovering new words. Mary is the quieter and more sensitive of the two, and often the more sensible.



## **Tom Ingles.**

Tom is also an evacuee from the bombs of London. He is fifteen and a half and perhaps a little small for his age. He has adapted well to life in the country with his uncle Alf and aunt Betty. He is sometimes rather impatient with the twins, but is really very proud of his membership of the Lone Pine Club. He is already showing signs of a special preference for Jenny, and accepts her romantic nature as a complement to his own strictly practical approach to life.



## **Jenny Harman.**

Jenny first met Peter one rainy night as Peter was wheeling her punctured bike to her uncle Micah's farm, *Seven White Gates*<sup>iv</sup>, in the book of that name. She is two months younger than Tom and lives with her father and step-mother at the general store and post-office in a village



called Barton Beach on the western slopes of the Stiperstones and close to *Seven White Gates*, and perhaps about ten miles from Witchend. She is small and red-headed, presumably attends a local school but had no close friends until she met the Lone Piners in *Seven White Gates*. Jenny is incurably romantic, given to reading romantic fiction and regards Tom as her special friend.

## **Macbeth (Mackie).**

Mackie is a small black Scottie dog, another member of the Morton family, but especially attached to Mary who often resorts to carrying him when the going gets rough. He has participated in all the Lone Pine adventures, and was often sorely wounded in support of the Lone Pine Club. He was named by Mr. Morton after he murdered sleep when he was a new puppy presented to Mary on her sixth birthday. He detests crowds and especially railway stations but is generally extremely well-behaved. When the Lone Piners are cycling he travels, often unwillingly, in a basket on the back of Mary's bike



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<sup>iv</sup> 'Seven White Gates' 1944

## Sally.

A Welsh bred pony belonging to Peter, she is stabled at Hatcholt. She is faithful, intelligent, and tireless in hill country. She took part in many of the adventures and Dickie once named her, rather unfairly, the “*Beast of Burden*” of the club. She has a very short appearance in this adventure.



## The Lone Pine Club.

The Lone Pine Club was started by Peter and the Mortons in the first book, *Mystery at Witchend*<sup>v</sup>. The club is named after the head quarters site, HQ1, discovered by Mary on the slopes above Witchend. The site comprises a single tall pine tree in the middle of a small clearing surrounded by thick gorse bushes. The club has a few rules which includes kindness to animals, watching birds, and an objective of exploring and trailing strangers. The club records are kept in a sardine tin buried close



to the lone pine tree. The most important rule is “*To be true to each other, whatever happens.*” A second headquarters, HQ2, was established in a big old barn at *Seven White Gates*, and the third at the castle at Clun in *The Secret of Grey Walls*. A fourth headquarters, HQ4, was the entrance to an old lead mine on the

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<sup>v</sup> ‘*Mystery at Witchend*’ 1943

slopes of Black Dingle in the Stiperstones which we first meet in *Seven White Gates*. This was where Tom and Peter in *Seven White Gates* rode the cable car across the Dingle, and Dickie and Mary found uncle Micah's lost son, Charles, who was there on exercises with a division of American soldiers.

### **Other members of the Lone Pine Club.**

Jonathan and Penelope (Penny) Warrender live at the Gay Dolphin hotel at Rye on the shores of Sussex, and appeared first in *The Gay Dolphin Adventure*<sup>vi</sup> and are initiated into the Lone Pine Club in the *The Secret of Grey Walls*. Although they do not appear in this adventure, they do re-appear later in the series. The last member to join the club, shortly after this adventure, is Harriet Sparrow in *Lone Pine London*<sup>vii</sup>.

### **The Grown-ups.**

Grown-ups play a generally supportive but non-interfering role in the adventures of the Lone Piners. The question often arises about when the Lone Piners need to hand over to the grown-ups. This decision is usually delayed until the last possible moment.

### **The Sterlings.**

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<sup>vi</sup> 'The Gay Dolphin Adventure' 1945

<sup>vii</sup> 'Lone Pine London' 1957





Peter's father, Jasper Sterling looks after a small reservoir in one of the eastern valleys of the Long Mynd in Shropshire. His wife, Peter's mother, died young and he and Peter have lived in the cottage at Hatcholt near the reservoir for most of Peter's life.

Jasper's brother, Micah owns the farm, *Seven White Gates*, on the western slope of the Stiperstones which are topped with a huge pile of big rocks known as the Devil's Chair. Micah's first wife, Martha had a son Charles who left for America after a disagreement with his father and only returned during *Seven White Gates*. At some stage we must presume that Martha died, and Micah was married again to Caroline, now Peter's aunt Carol. It was Uncle Micah who paid Peter's school fees at the Castle School in Shrewsbury.

When Micah retired, his son Charles took over the farm in *The Neglected Mountain*<sup>viii</sup> and married Trudie Whittington, the daughter of the veterinarian at Bishop's Castle. Peter was bridesmaid at the wedding.

In this Pendle Forest adventure we meet some new distant relations of the Sterlings, Judith (*Judy*) Sterling who is a very distant aunt (about four times removed) to Peter, and Bob who is Judith's uncle. We also meet Judy's friend, Anis, a member of the local witch coven in Pendle Forest, but unrelated to the Sterlings. Peter's father later retired and moved from Hatcholt into an annexe at Witchend.

## **The Mortons.**

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<sup>viii</sup> *The Neglected Mountain* 1953

Mrs Morton accompanied David and the twins on their first trip to Witchend. Mr. Morton, the father of the twins and David, had enlisted in the Royal Air Force at the start of the war, and is reported by Mark O'Hanlon to have been a Spitfire pilot in the great Battle of Britain (where did he get this information?). At the start of the war the Morton family were living at number seven Brownlow Square in North London, somewhere



between Islington and Finsbury Park. We are told the house had a bright red door. With the start of the bombing raids on London, Mr Morton acquired the Witchend house in Shropshire as a safe refuge for the family whilst he was in the R.A.F., and at the start of *Mystery at Witchend*, the first book in the Lone Pine saga, we meet them changing trains at Shrewsbury on their way to their new wartime home. After the war Mr. Morton appears regularly in the background of the Lone Pine Adventures, frequently providing a taxi service for the children. The fictional house at Witchend appears to be based on the existing house of Priors Holt at the end of the metalled road up the Nut Batch valley.

### **Agnes Braid.**

Mr. Morton had arranged with Mrs Agnes Braid who lived in the fictional village of Onnybrook to act as housekeeper for his family whilst they were at Witchend. She was tall, thin and rather forbidding looking at first sight, but the family soon found that she was a faithful friend as well as a housekeeper. Later in the series she looked after her sister's boarding house in Clun where she entertained the Lone Piners during *The Secret of Grey*

*Walls*, adventure. Finally she retired to live with her sister but retained contact with the Morton family right to the end in *Home to Witchend*, 1978.

### **The Ingles.**



Alf and Betty Ingles ran the farm at the bottom of the Witchend valley. They had no children of their own and had taken in their young nephew, Tom, as an evacuee before the Mortons arrived at Witchend. Tom's own family were victims of the war and the bombing raids, and Tom continued living with the Ingles, learning the business of farming and very slowly forgetting the life he had in London. Tom's parents and his baby sister were evacuated early in the series, but we hear no more about

them. Uncle Alf was a big hearty man, notable for his loud welcoming voice. Aunt Betty seemed to spend all her life in the kitchen, endlessly cooking for her husband and Tom, and also for the twins who were frequent visitors at the Ingles farm. The Ingles farm seems to be clearly identified with Hamperley Farm, bought from the Minton Estate in the mid 1950s by Tom and Sally Foulkes. The present owner Chris Foulkes and his wife Kirsty are currently restoring the farm house to its original glory and are well aware of its importance to the Lone Pine Club. Hamperley Farm (Ingles Farm) is at the start of the road up Nut Batch to Priors Holt (Witchend) half a mile away.

## The Gypsies.

In *Seven White Gates*, Peter leaves Castle School in Shrewsbury to cycle to her uncle Micah's farm, *Seven White Gates*. On the way, climbing a big hill she is passed by a big, noisy tank. A little further on she meets a runaway gypsy caravan careering down the hill towards her after the horse had been frightened by the tank. A young gypsy girl, Fenella is desperately and unsuccessfully trying to hold back the runaway horse. Peter bravely jumps to hold the horse and calms it down in time to meet Fenella's father Reuben who was running down the hill trying to catch the caravan. He introduces Peter to his wife Miranda and Peter joins them in a meal of baked hedgehog (hotchi wichi). This incident is the start of a long close friendship between the gypsies and Peter and later with the rest of the Lone Pine Club, and the gypsies re-appear in several of the adventures.



# The Forest of Pendle

*As we travelled, we came near a very great hill, called Pendle Hill, and I was moved of the Lord to go up to the top of it; which I did with difficulty, it was so very steep and high. When I was come to the top, I saw the sea bordering upon Lancashire.*

--George Fox, 1652

In this adventure members of the Lone Pine Club spend a part of their summer holiday in the Forest of Pendle, an area dominated by Pendle Hill and with a long history and a very strong tradition of witchcraft. It is located in north east Lancashire, and is surrounded on three sides by Yorkshire and is essentially Yorkshire West Riding in character. This is an area of magnificent high hills and open moorland (fells) and you can visit this area for yourself, climb the hill like George Fox<sup>1</sup> did in 1652, and experience the local history of witchcraft; in an area which still attracts modern witches.

Despite the strong witchcraft tradition, the Forest produced two of the earliest writers who were far from believing in witches and witchcraft. John Webster, physician and vicar of Mitton near Whalley at the foot of Pendle produced a book, *Displaying of Supposed Witchcraft*, denying all the means of detecting witchcraft, which was published by the nascent Royal Society of London in 1677.

The Rev. Richard James of Corpus Christi, Oxford in 1636 visited at Heywood Hall and wrote a poem *Iter Lancastrense*. He climbed Pendle, observed and commented on the Malkin Tower, but showed much sympathy for the Pendle

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<sup>1</sup>It was on top of Pendle where Fox saw his need to create the Society of Friends, the Quakers.

witches and regarded the judges who sentenced them as superstitious.

*I long to climb up Pendle: Pendle stands,  
Rownd cop, survajng all ye wilde moor lands.*

...

*Malkin's Tower, a little cottage, where  
Reporte makes caitive witches meete to sweare  
Their homage to ye divell*

—Richard James (1636)*Iter Lancastrense*

At school you have probably learned about Boyle's Law relating pressure and volume of gases. Boyle derived his law from observations made by Richard Towneley of Burnley in 1661, who carried his experiments up and down Pendle Hill to vary the pressure.

Pendle Hill itself runs from the north east 10 miles to the south west (just like the Long Mynd in Shropshire so well known to the Lone Piners). The northwestern boundary is defined by the River Ribble (the Bellisama of the Romans, and perhaps the Bassus of one of the twelve battles of King Arthur recorded by Nennius) with the market town of Clitheroe and the ruins of Sawley Abbey. The south east boundary is the valley of the River Calder with its tributaries Pendle and Colne Waters, and the river Brun. Here we find the old cotton weaving towns of Colne (Roman Colonia), Nelson (a nineteenth century cotton weaving town), and Burnley (the town (burgh) on the river Brun, a probable site of the Battle of Brandenburgh in 937 when king Æthelston united the whole of this island for the first time into one kingdom).

XXX

To the north east is the country town of Gisburn, still famous for its cattle market, a town oscillating between Lancashire and West Yorkshire according to the whims of our lords and masters in Westminster. At the south west end of Pendle Forest is the ancient town of Whalley with its three old Celtic crosses in the churchyard and the 'modern' (1298) Abbey. The River Hodder from Mitton in Bowland and the Calder from Burnley join the Ribble at Mitton near Whalley and help it on its way to the sea past the Roman town of Ribchester and the site of the Cuerdale Viking treasure. At nearby Hoghton Tower King James I is said to have knighted a particularly tasty loin of beef in 1617: hence sirloin. The Whalley area has also long been noted for the rains generated by the wet winds from the Irish sea and the Atlantic Ocean rising when they meet the slopes of Pendle.

*Hodder and Calder, Ribble and rain,  
All meet together in Mitton demesne.*

Around the slopes of Pendle are small villages which the Lone Piners explore: Newchurch, Barley (where they stay), Roughlee, Twiston, Downham, Worston, Pendleton, Wiswell, Sabden, and Read. From Pendleton to Sabden is a high, wild, and narrow road which crosses Pendle at a slightly lower gap in the high country. Tom and Jenny take this hard Nick of Pendle road on bicycles. At Barley is the farmhouse of Ing Ends which I have appropriated for Judy, and the tiny cotton mill, converted to the private residence of an old friend of mine, which I appropriated for Bob. Needless to say the characters of Judy and Bob at these houses are entirely fictional. Apart from these private houses you can visit all the above locations whenever you want. The mill at Roughlee has now been demolished and rebuilt as a private residence, but the mill pond where Dickie goes rowing still exists.

## The Old Mill at Roughlee in 1956



Despite the highly populated Calder Valley to the south, the valleys of the many small streams around Pendle are oases of peace and quiet, celebrated by the local nineteenth century poet Henry Houlding.

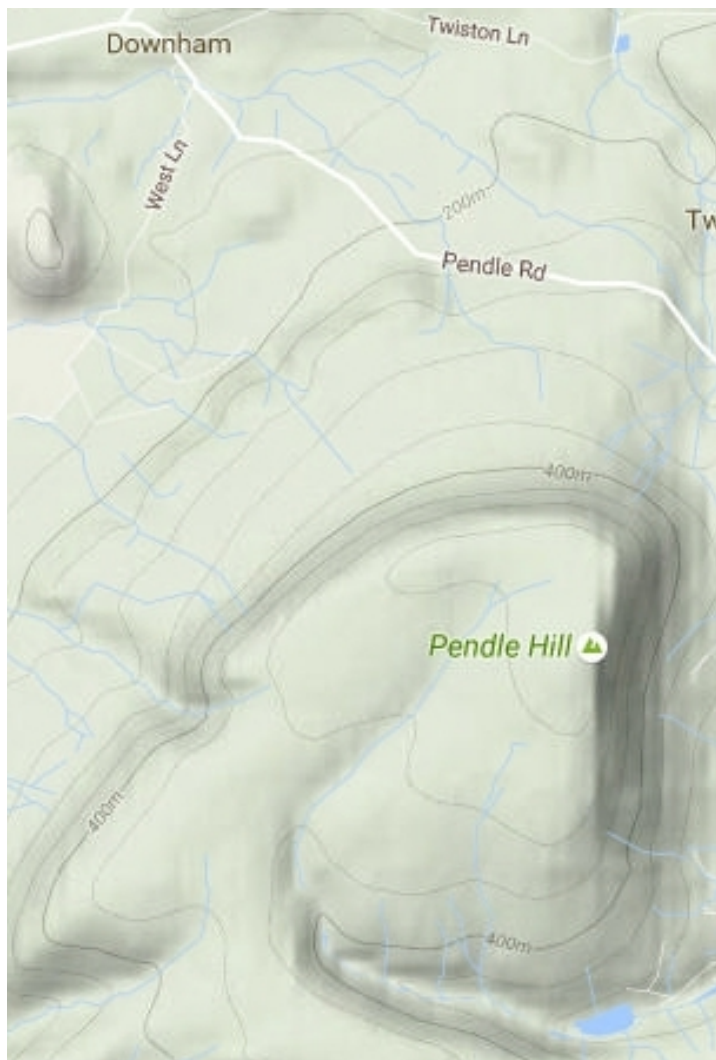
*I wait by a lonely river,  
I walk in a lonely land,  
Where the skies are fair for ever  
And all the hills are grand.*

—Henry Houlding *A Lonely River*,



# Aerial View of Pendle Hill

David Morton usually drew a sketch map of the area of each of the Lone Pine adventures for inclusion in the books. Unfortunately he never produced one of the Pendle Forest area. Instead a satellite view of Pendle Hill, Barley and the surrounding countryside might help in following the adventure of the Lone Pine Club in Pendle Forest.





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# Chapter 1. Hatchholt

*The sun was just sinking, and to her left the western sky was a blaze of gold, streaked with silver cloud. Before her, the great hill, green no longer, was a soft smoking blue, deeper where the gullies were; at its foot the trees were black. And as she watched, while the sun slipped lower and the silver clouds turned to red, a deep purple crept out of the gullies and spread itself over all. It crept up to meet the sky. It crept down to engulf the trees. It spread and it deepened, till all the hill was one vast brooding thing.*

Robert Neill, *Mist Over Pendle*, 1951, describes a first view of Pendle Hill from the Forest Road above Read.

## I

Friday the 20th. of July 1956, it was the last day of term at Castle School in the Shropshire city of Shrewsbury, and Petronella Sterling finished her breakfast with a feeling of excitement. This was the day when she would see her home once more. She packed her bag and checked her bicycle and said good-bye to her friend Margaret. She left the gate pushing her bike with one hand and carrying her bag with the other until she reached the railway station. There she bought a ticket to Onnybrook. Her last essay on Henry VIII and the dissolution of the Abbeys was forgotten; she was on the way home.

It was a small local train and puffed slowly out of Shrewsbury on the way to Hereford. The well known stations passed by in the well known order until finally she passed Dorrington and Conover and then Leebotwood. It was here that she got her first sight of the familiar hills, first the Lawley, then Caer Caradoc on the left, like a lion guarding Stretton Vale, and finally

the start of the rolling Long Mynd and Nover's Hill with it its ancient enclosure on the right. After a short stop at Church Stretton with views of Helmeth and Hazler hills the train puffed on again past Ragleth until finally it reached the small station at Onnybrook. Here she got out and George the porter helped her to retrieve her bike from the guard's van.

She crossed the main road to old John's garage where she loaded her bike into the back of the car before he drove her to the bottom of the Hatchholt valley. When the car could go no further she struggled up the stony trail until she saw her father waving to her from the cottage. Home again! She dropped her bag on the kitchen floor and hugged her father.

The evening passed quickly in talk with her father and unpacking her school things. The next day, Saturday, she would have a quick swim in the reservoir and then groom her pony, Sally. Now she was all set for the long summer holiday ahead and wondered how it would unfold.

After a long exciting day she went early to sleep and started a long complicated dream in which Henry VIII and the Dissolution of the Abbeys were all mixed up with past adventures of the Lone Pine Club.

## II

## Hatchholt

When she woke it was a beautiful summer morning with a light ground mist heralding a hot day to come, Peter's first act was to throw open the window of her bedroom under the eaves of her home and look out at the Long Mynd in the county of Shropshire, close to the borders of Wales. She was a tall, slim blue-eyed girl with long fair hair which she always wore in plaits. Today it was the 21st, the third Saturday in July, and she was home again for the long summer holiday. Peter's mother had died shortly after she was born and she had lived all her life with her father in this small cottage at the head of the Hatchholt valley on the Long Mynd.



It was the only home she had ever known, and she had had no friends of her own age until the Morton family had taken the house at Witchend in a neighbouring valley to escape from the bombs of wartime London. Peter had never really felt the loneliness of living in such an isolated place, and had always been fascinated with the world she found herself living in. She loved the open air of the mountain and all the wild life, birds and animals, that lived around the little cottage at Hatchholt, and despite frequent cloudy nights she knew the stars and was always aware of the moon and especially the bright planets Venus and Jupiter. At school she had tried to explain to the English literature mistress that Coleridge's impossible crescent moon 'with one bright star within its nether tip' must have been inspired by a pre-dawn sight of Venus just touching the thin crescent of an old moon. On her bedside table was her treasured copy of *Bevis*

with which she had once been awarded in an essay competition at school.

It was only with the arrival of the Mortons, David, her own age, and the ten year old twins, Richard and Mary, that she learned the value of close friendships. Together they had formed the Lone Pine Club, with its headquarters on the slopes of the Witchend valley, at the foot of a lone pine tree in a small clearing surrounded by prickly gorse bushes. There they had invited Tom Ingles, another refugee from the war in the south, to join them and had a glorious adventure involving spies and culminating in the blowing up of the reservoir at Hatchholt.<sup>i</sup> A year later, when Peter was visiting her uncle's farm, *Seven White Gates*,<sup>ii</sup> on the slopes of the nearby Stiperstone hills, she had made friends with another girl of her own age, Jenny Harman, who had also been inducted into the club.<sup>iii</sup> Together the Lone Pine Club experienced many adventures, both around Shropshire, and at the fascinating old town of Rye in east Sussex, where they been joined by Jon and Penny Warrender.<sup>iv</sup>

“Home again” she thought, glad to be able to abandon the formal school uniform, “home again to ride my mountain pony Sally high up on the Mynd, and down again to meet up with Tom over at the Ingles farm in the Witchend valley, and I hope with Jenny at Barton Beach under the Stipersones to the west of the Mynd.”

But the thought uppermost in her mind was when the Mortons and especially David would be coming to Witchhend.

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<sup>i</sup> *'Mystery at Witchend'* 1943

<sup>ii</sup> *'Seven White Gates'* 1944

<sup>iii</sup> *'Seven White Gates'* 1944

<sup>iv</sup> *'The Gay Dolphin Adventure'* 1945



## Hatchholt

Peter always enjoyed coming home for the holidays to the small cottage where she lived with her father high up the Hatchholt valley where Daddy was in charge of the lonely reservoir which supplied water to the big industrial cities on the Midlands. She was up early, “this was no time to lie in bed,” she thought, even though there was no school rising bell calling her. This was her own time and shouldn’t be wasted. Downstairs she heard her father, Jasper Sterling, filling the kettle and then the rattle of plates and a smell of porridge cooking. Dressing very hurriedly in jodhpurs and an old blue sweater she ran down to see if she was in time to help with the breakfast. The early morning sun was streaming in through the small window and reflecting off the shiny brass ornaments. The whole room was an example of the neatness, order, and cleanliness required by Mr. Sterling. Her father, smiled at her sudden appearance and her riding clothes.

“It looks like you might be planning a ride on the Mynd this morning”

“Well that has to be first, but then I’ll go over and see if Tom is about, though I suppose he’ll be busy on the farm. Why can’t farmers give holidays just like school?”

“There’s always work to do on a farm, the animals don’t have holidays. Are the Mortons coming to Witchend this summer?”

Peter looked a little wistful, thinking of past adventures shared with them,

“I hope they do come, but David hasn’t written.”

“David is a good lad and knows how to behave, but he will have been busy at school.” Mr Sterling replied, “And what about those twins, I would like to see them again. You must

invite them to come to tea one day, but give me plenty of notice so I can arrange things properly. It would be better if we could eat outside.” he added thoughtfully.

“Would two or three days notice be enough, perhaps a week would be better” she said teasingly.

“You know I like things done in an orderly fashion, and there’s no need to be sarcastic.”

A simple breakfast of porridge with the cream off the top of the milk, followed by brown bread toast with butter from Ingles farm, and honey smelling of the heather on the Mynd was soon over, and Peter sat back with a satisfied grin. “You know” she said, “That’s far nicer than all the so-called healthy meals we get at school, with the cod-liver oil pills we never eat. I’ll get going now.”

Her father had a small request before she left. “Do you think you could find time before going out on the Mynd to see if any letters came for us yesterday. There shouldn’t be anything heavy, I picked up the groceries and milk yesterday before you got home.” The postman always left any letters for the Sterlings in a box at a cottage at the bottom of the valley, and they had to collect them.

“Of course I will, it won’t take long on Sally, she’s very strong and wouldn’t notice any weight at all.”

When Peter had arrived home the, one of her first excitements had been to see her Welsh mountain pony, Sally, who had had little exercise while she was away at school. And Sally had been just as delighted to see Peter home again. The weeks when she was away at school were always rather boring and although she had her paddock, she really wanted more exercise and loved to roam around the valleys and the hills with her mistress. She had

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a little stable for when the weather was bad, but she had spent the warm summer nights loose in the paddock at the back of the Hatchholt cottage. She had been excited and happy to see Peter back from school, and now she was now looking forward to more time on the mountain. She came running at Peter's whistle and happily accepted a sugar lump followed by the saddle and bridle.

After a quick look at the reservoir above the cottage, and a longing glance at the trail rising above it to the top of the Mynd, Peter turned down the hill and let Sally find her footing and her own time down the rough Hatchholt lane which was only loose stones. Down below the road, deep in the valley on her right, she saw the four big pipes carrying the water from the reservoir, they had become almost overgrown with the new growth of the spring. The valley was now almost dry, but earlier in the year there had been a lot of rain and the overflow had rushed down what was left of the old stream bed. Shading her eyes from the rising sun almost straight ahead in the east she wondered what the valley must have looked like before the reservoir was built. Just like the next valley to the north, Dark Hollow, she supposed. But this was the only way she had ever known Hatchholt, and she didn't want it any other way. With no reservoir there would have been no cottage for her home.

When she got to cottage at the bottom of the lane she tied Sally to the fence so she wouldn't wander or perhaps trample the beautiful little garden. She had been seen, and the door opened with a welcome and a "glad to see you home again, how long for this time? And how's your father." She found there were three letters for her father and one for her that had a little drawing of a pine tree on the back with a short untidy message under it, "we're coming, both of us." That one she would save for later, when she was out on the Mynd with Sally. The other three letters were addressed to Mr. Sterling, one she recognised

as the usual cheque for her father, another was also from the water company in Birmingham; that usually meant an upset for Mr. Sterling who disliked any change in life's routine. The third letter was curious, a big fat one, and the postmark showed it was from Nelson. What could that be, and where was Nelson?

Back at the cottage her father examined the letters at some length before carefully opening the ones from the water company neatly with a paper knife. When Peter received a letter she always tore it open as quickly as possible, anxious to see what was inside, and although she had planned to read her letter high on the Mynd, she couldn't resist opening it straight away.

"It's from David, and the twins of course," she said excitedly, "they are coming, but won't be here for another two or three days because Mr Morton has some business to see to before they can leave."

"I'm glad they are coming, they will be company for you, and I am always happy to see Mr. and Mrs. Morton. I'm sure they will opening the Witchend house again." Mr. Sterling finally removed the contents of the first letter and examined the cheque carefully. "That looks correct" he said after verifying the figures before placing it neatly in his wallet. Then with a worried frown he opened the other letter from the water company and read with growing irritation.

"Oh dear, the company requires me to visit the Wolverhampton office tomorrow to discuss rates of water release in times of drought. Why they cannot decide this themselves I do not know."

"Will you be away long?" asked Peter

"It seems to be a big meeting, they call it a Symposium on Water Usage and Supplies, lasting the whole week, including

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Saturday. Why they need me I cannot imagine. I will have to leave first thing in the morning. I think you will have to go and stay with your Uncle Micah at *Seven White Gates* while I am away, I can't leave you here on your own"

"The Mortons will be here in a few days, couldn't I stay with them at Witchend? I'm sure the Ingles would let me sleep there until they arrive."

"No" her father decided, "I think that would be too much for Mrs Morton as soon as she arrives. It is better that you stay with relatives, Uncle Micah and Aunt Carol will be pleased to see you. And at Seven Gates you will see your cousin Charles and I'm sure you could also see your friend Jenny at Barton Beach"

"I suppose I'll have to do that then" said Peter disappointed, "I could ride over there this afternoon and warn them, there isn't time for a letter. But what is in that big fat letter from Nelson. And where is Nelson?"

"There are two Nelsons that I know of, one is in Wales, not too far away, and the other is up north in Lancashire, a cotton weaving town" Mr. Sterling told her as he applied the paper knife carefully to the envelope and took out a small pile of paper and started to read the top sheet.

"Hmm, it appears to be from a place called Barley, I imagine that must be only a small village, and Nelson the nearest Post Office. It must be the Nelson in Lancashire"

"What a strange way to start a letter, no Dear Mr. Sterling, it just says 'Hello Mr Jasper and Petronella Sterling.' Very unusual; I'm sure, that's no way to address people you don't know."

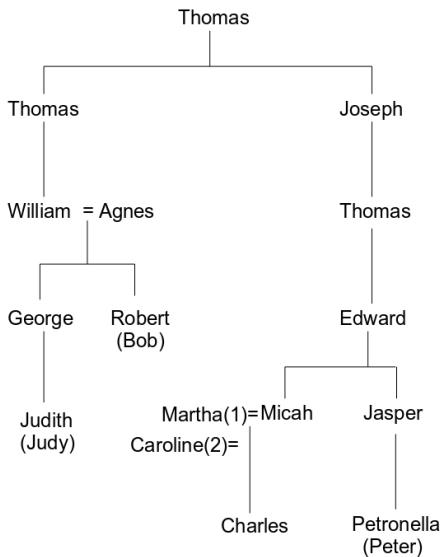
“Read the letter out loud, it’s for me as well, it must be something exciting”

Her father sat down at the table and adjusted his reading glasses while Peter tried to get a quick glimpse of the letter. After a quick look at the first few lines her father started to read.

*Hello Mr Jasper and Petronella Sterling*

*I’m sure you don’t know me, but my name is Judith Sterling and I have been tracing my family history and discovered that we are relatives. Petronella’s great-great-great-great-grandfather, Thomas Sterling of Onnybrook, was also my great-great-great-great-grandfather. I suppose that makes me a sort of distant aunt to Petronella, although I am only a few years older than her. And I must be a sort of distant cousin to both Mr. Jasper and Mr. Micah Sterling. I have included with this letter a short summary of our family history, showing the Sterling line and leaving out most of the wives.*

# Hatchholt



*I would love to meet up with you both someday, soon I hope. Or if Petronella has time during the school holiday perhaps she might like to come and stay with me for a short time. I live in a farm close to a small village called Barley under the shadow of the great Pendle Hill. This area, the Pendle Forest, is a detached part of the Forest of Bowland under the Duchy of Lancaster,*

*and has been designated an Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty. It is also famous (notorious?) for its history of the Lancashire witches of 1612 who were all from the Barley area. There is also a local legend of buried treasure on Pendle, supposed to be some of the valuables of Whalley Abbey which disappeared when Henry VIII closed the Abbey in 1536. My father believed it was true and searched all over, but never found anything. He died in the war and left this farm to me, and I am trying to keep it going on my own with occasional local help. We often get treasure hunters here, but they never find anything. I live in an old farmhouse, said to be the original home of the Lords of Pendle, and there is plenty of room. Petronella could bring some friends if she wanted to come. I do have a telephone, Nelson 2706 if you want to call, but I couldn't find a telephone number for you. By the way, Nelson is the nearest big town with lots of cotton weaving mills and a railway station, but it is a few miles away, and Barley is very quiet and peaceful.*

*Hoping to hear from you.*

Mr. Sterling said "it's signed Judy, I imagine her name must be Judith" and put the letter down on the table and sat looking rather bewildered. "Let me see" said Peter. He handed it to her and sat quietly while she read it. "Please can I have that other piece as well, that must be family history. Isn't it exciting to discover we have relatives we didn't know about"

Her father appeared to be disturbed rather than excited. "This is all very sudden and rather difficult to accept, but it does appear that we have some relatives we knew nothing about. I wonder what we should do. I must reply of course, that's only polite." He took the letter back and started to read it again.

But Peter grabbed the letter again and read it yet again to herself quickly and then looked at the family history tree.



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“Look Daddy, there’s your father and grandfather here. You must remember them?”

“Yes, my father died in the first world war, and I do just have a faint memory of grandfather, he was a farmer and had long whiskers and smelt of tobacco.”

“I must write before I leave for Wolverhampton, at least to thank her for the letter. But I will need to consider what to say. It’s all very sudden and disturbing, but I do realise she couldn’t have known that I have just been recalled to a company meeting.”

Peter watched her father as he thought about the letter and the news in it. She had already jumped quickly to an exciting idea, but she was a bit hesitant about saying anything. She knew her father disliked sudden decisions, and his recall to Wolverhampton was upsetting enough. How would he react to another strange idea? She decided to try.

“You know you want me stay with relatives while you are away, why don’t I go and stay with my cousin Judy? She has invited me in this letter. I wonder if Tom could go too, and the Mortons, she did say bring friends.”

Mr. Sterling considered this idea doubtfully, in silence, for a few moments.

“It really is very difficult, we don’t know this lady, and it’s a long way to travel, and you would be there all week, and anyway, she isn’t a cousin, more like an aunt three or four times removed. I really don’t see how you could go there. And you certainly couldn’t have all your friends arriving at such short notice. It takes time to prepare for visitors. It would mean going tomorrow, and how would you get there?”

Peter recognised that his hesitation, and decided that any delay would make it too late to arrange anything. Carefully she started to strengthen her case.

“We were doing Jane Austen at school last term and I learnt that all distant relatives were called cousins. So she is my cousin. And anyway perhaps it is only a week, and she says there is a railway station there. I’m sure the Ingles could look after Sally.”

Making it appear as an afterthought she added

“David and the twins will be coming north this week, perhaps they could come to Barley too, then I would be with friends you know. I could call them, and Judy, from the post office in Onnybrook and arrange everything, you wouldn’t have any trouble. Oh, and Jenny as well if she can get away, I’m sure she will. And if Jenny goes Tom will have to come as well. I think Jon and Penny are away in France, so we can’t ask them.”

“Stop Petronella, it’s just not possible, you are going far too fast, and you can’t include all these children on a first visit. It’s all very sudden, and I’m not at all sure that this Aunt Judith would appreciate you all descending upon her. Or even where you would all sleep. Also, we don’t have time to arrange anything, I would need to write and see if it would be alright for you and your friends to visit, and thank her. Her reply letter could not come until long after I had left for Wolverhampton. I don’t think it is possible, you will have to stay with Uncle Micah. Perhaps something could be arranged after I get back.”

“We don’t need to send letters, I could do it all by telephone.”

“I wonder if Jenny and Tom could come too, I’ll have to ask Judy how many she has room for. Perhaps they could all stay at a Youth Hostel nearby if she doesn’t have room.”

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“No Peter, there isn’t time, and I dislike these telephone machines. And you must remember she is Aunt Judith, not Judy.”

“I’ll call her by telephone, and I’ll be very polite and explain that you are just going away on business and you are worried that I’m on my own for the week. I’m going down to Ingles now to see Tom anyway, so I can do it all this morning.”

“Well I suppose you could call your Aunt Judith and thank her for the letter, and make some enquiries, but I really think it is much too short notice to arrange anything. After I get back perhaps.”

Peter sensed victory and jumped up and kissed her father. “Thanks Daddy, that’s great, I’ll get moving right away. You write a short letter to Judy - I mean Aunt Judith - and a quick note to the Water Company confirming your travel arrangements, and I’ll post them at the same time.”

“This all very untidy and disorganised. Everything is being done in a hurry, without enough careful thought. I can’t imagine why they want me at Wolverhampton for a full week. I suppose I must write immediately to Barley and explain things.”

Twenty minutes later Peter was trotting down the valley again on Sally, thinking about all the phone calls she had to make: first to Judy to see if the whole idea was possible, then to the Mortons in London, then a call to the Harman’s shop in Barton Beach to warn Jenny. Then back to the Ingles farm to arrange about Sally and see if Tom could have a break from the farm work now the harvest was in.

At the post office she explained about all the long distance calls she needed to make and was asked to come into the back room and sit down while she used the phone there. It always took some time to set up long distance calls.

“We’d never be able to find enough pennies for all those calls, but you can pay me later.”

Almost three hours later Peter was on her way to the Ingles farm jubilant with success. It had all worked out. Judy had agreed enthusiastically, saying she had lots of room, and there was a Youth Hostel at Whitehough only a mile away if more space was needed. The Morton parents had agreed happily and postponed their trip to Witchend for two weeks, before which they would try to get to Barley. David and the twins were organising their train travel to Nelson, and bringing bikes. David thought they might be able to meet up with Tom and Jenny in Manchester for the last train-ride to Nelson. Mr and Mrs Harman had agreed to let Jenny go, provided Tom was going with her until they met up with the Mortons in Manchester. And Peter hadn’t forgotten to post her father’s letters.

Mr Ingles, “Call me Uncle Alf,” was no trouble at all, especially when Peter explained that her cousin Judy lived in a farmhouse. Yes, Tom could have some time off. Indeed it would be good experience for him to learn something about sheep farming the Lancashire way.

“We’ve been wondering about running some sheep here.” He said, “Tom can ask about breeds and learn something about handling them.”

When Peter got back to Hatchholt in time for a very late lunch she told her father how it all been arranged.

“You have a train to Wolverhampton this afternoon at 4:17, I can stay with the Ingles tonight, and Mr. Ingles is sending some calves to a farm near Manchester tomorrow and I can ride in the truck with them.”

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“On your own with the driver, or with the calves in the back?” Mr. Sterling was horrified. “Can’t you go by train?”

“Mr Ingles says he knows the driver well, I’ll be OK, I can ride in the cab with him.”

“I do wish you wouldn’t use this American slang, I suppose you get that from Charles at Seven Gates, he was in America some years.”

“Sorry daddy, I’ll try. But we do say OK at school, we were told it was a native American word, from the Choctaw Indians.”

“Anyway, David and the twins are going by train to Manchester on Monday and they will be able to meet up with Tom and Jenny and go on to Nelson together. They are taking bikes, and the twins will have Mackie with them.”

“Another one? who is this Mackie? I seem to remember the name.”

“You remember dad, Mackie is their little black Scottie dog.”

Mr Sterling remembered Mackie, but he also saw a problem.

“If they are all taking bikes, what are you going to do, you can’t take Sally with a load of calves, and there will be no room for a bicycle with the calves. You will have to go on the train.”

“No Daddy, it’s all arranged. Judy said she can find me a pony while I’m there. And I’ll send my bike by train and pick it up at Nelson for the last few miles.”

“Please remember it’s Aunt Judith, it would be most impolite to call her Judy. You must have respect for your elders, especially when you are meeting her for the first time.”

“Oh dad, she asked me call her Judy, and she called me Peter. Anyway, she’s still young, only seven or eight years older than I am. We got on fine together on the phone, I’m going to like her.”

“*got on fine*, more Americanisms, I thought they taught you English at school!”

Very wisely Peter decided that there was no reply needed to this. And so it was all settled, and Mr Sterling did realise just how hard Peter had worked, and how efficiently she had organised all these people and train rides, and he was really very proud of her.

“You’re a clever girl Peter. I really can’t imagine how you managed to get it all done in such a short time. I doubt if I could have done it so quickly. I really am proud of you. Just be careful and look after yourself, and help your aunt as much as possible, it’s not easy having a lot of visitors in the house. Especially those twins.”

Peter grinned at her father, “Only one more thing to do. I must write to David and send him a copy of Judy’s letter so the Mortons know we have a real invitation. And I can confirm all the arrangements. Then you can post it first class before you catch your train. I hope it will get there before they leave on Monday morning.”<sup>v</sup>

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<sup>v</sup>In 1956 you could rely on overnight delivery for first class mail. It would arrive by the first post on Monday morning.

# Chapter 2. Barley

*A haunted region, wild and terrible,  
Where spirits nor of earth nor heaven abide,  
And, ruling o'er the dim, unhallowed air,  
Enslave to fierce desires the dwellers there.  
    'Friar Doreen', lines 37-40, Henry Houlding*

Early the next morning Peter woke up at Ingles farm aware that she had an early start. Downstairs she heard uncle Alf shouting to Tom to finish his breakfast and help with loading the calves into the truck which had just arrived.

“Come on Tom, get a move on. Betty, get Peter up quick, they’ll be leaving in ten minutes.”

Peter dressed in a hurry and ran down the stairs. What she was to wear had been a little difficult. Her father had insisted she must be suitably dressed to meet her new aunt, but first she had a long ride in what was really a cattle truck. Finally she had compromised on her old dark blue dress which should be able to withstand any of her meetings with the calves, and topped it off with a sturdy wind cheater. She knew her father would have wanted her to appear in her best dress, but in her talk with Judy (“Sorry, she amended, ‘Aunt Judith’”) she had thought that Judy, as a farmer, would realise the need for sensible attire. Her best dress she would save for evening wear, “That’s for David,” her conscience whispered. She had packed her bag the night before and just had time to pick up a bacon sandwich in the kitchen for a quick breakfast before dashing out to find that the calves still being persuaded to climb the ramp into the truck. Tom was chasing one that was heading back to the field, and laughed when he saw Peter eating in the yard.

“Go back and get some breakfast, plenty of time and you’ve a long ride ahead. Uncle Alf just likes to get things moving quickly, but we’ll be at least another quarter of an hour.”

Peter turned back into the kitchen where aunt Betty put a big plate of bacon and eggs before her.

“Take your time and eat that, they can always wait a bit for you, and you’ll need it before you get to Manchester. And I’ve made some sandwiches to take with you, although you’ll probably have a stop at some transport café on the way.”

Finally Peter went out into the farmyard in time to see the last of the calves being loaded and the door was ready to be closed. Tom came over to her.

“All set,” he said, “No jodhpurs today I see, remember you are going to a farm, lots of mud everywhere I bet.”

“Daddy said I had to look dressed up to meet a new relation, but with a truck ride first I thought this was best. I have packed other things of course.”

Tom administered a sharp slap to the last of the calves, “I wish I was going too, uncle wanted me here for another day or two, but I managed to persuade him to let me go tomorrow. Jenny’s coming over from Barton Beach tonight and sleeping here. We leave very early tomorrow from Onnybrook station and change at Shrewsbury for Manchester. We’re meeting up with David and the twins in Manchester, they get there about an hour after us. Then we all catch the local train to Nelson. You’ll be there before us, but don’t start any adventures at Pendle until we get there.”



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Peter climbed up into the truck alongside the driver. He was a huge red-faced man with arms as thick as her thighs she thought. He smiled at her.

“Come on lass, let’s get moving, we’ve a long way to go. I reckon we know each other fairly well, I’ve seen you around Onnybrook many times, and I know you’re from Hatchholt. My name’s Ted, and I know you like to be called Peter. So we’ll get moving, it’s a fair drive today.”

Peter settled herself comfortably. “Right then Ted, away we go.”

She leaned out of the window and shouted to Tom. “See you in Barley, look after Jenny.”

The calves soon settled down and were quiet, and once they had passed Shrewsbury they were making good time.

“Do you know the way, or should I look at the map for you?” asked Peter.

“No, it’s an easy drive, straight up the A49 to just before Northwich, then off to Knutsford. I’m dropping these calves off at a farm at Mobberley nearby, then I’ll drop you at Wilmslow where you can get a bus into Manchester. We’ll have a stop for a break at a caff I know near Tarporley - if you can last that long without getting too hungry.”

“Aunt Betty gave me lots of sandwiches, bacon and sausage I think. Would you like some?”

“Oh aye, I’m always hungry, we’ll eat those on the way, it’s hungry work travelling. But I’ll still need a break at Tarporley.”

After an hour they ate the sandwiches. Peter wasn't really hungry after the big breakfast Aunt Betty had given her, but Ted managed most of them. With the rocking of the truck Peter felt drowsy, and the next thing she knew was they were stopping at Tarporley.

“Quick stop, but I need a cup of tea and a break.” Ted yawned.

There were other drivers inside the transport café who obviously knew Ted. “Got a new mate with you,” one of them called, “wish I was so lucky.” Ted ordered a second breakfast of bacon, egg and chips, with a huge pint pot of tea. Peter had an orange soda and said to Ted, “How can you manage all that food, you've only just eaten all the sandwiches aunt Betty gave me.”

“Driving is hungry work,” Ted said as he polished the plate with a piece of bread. “Come on, we'd better be going.”

After that they soon dropped off the calves at the Mobberley farm, and then Peter got down at Wilmslow bus station and thanked Ted for the ride.

Ted grinned, “You're welcome, it's always good to have company on a long drive - even if she does sleep most of the way. Take care and have a good time.”

The bus ride into Manchester was almost all through the city. She found Victoria station and the train to Nelson without any difficulty, but then slept again, all the way, waking up only just in time. With a little help from the station porter she soon found the bus for Barley, and was on the last stage of her journey. Her bike had not managed to catch the little train to Nelson. “‘Appen it'll be here tomorrow, we'll put it on the bus for Barley.” she was told. After a short, hilly ride she got her first view of what

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looked like a huge mountain that reminded her of her own Long Mend, but it looked much higher and wilder.<sup>1</sup>

“That’s Pendle Hill.” the conductor told her, “It looks all friendly now in the late afternoon, but believe me it can be very wild in bad weather. If you can’t see it for the cloud, then either it’s raining, or it very soon will be.”

The bus dropped down into a quiet, wooded valley with a gentle stream running through it. “Happy Valley it’s called, and that’s Pendle Water” The conductor said. After a short climb the bus dropped down to a small village and she got off in Barley. Peter stood and watched as the bus turned round, ready for the return trip. The village was very quiet, with a line of small cottages on one side of the road and a stream running alongside the other. There was one shop in the row, with a sign saying Post Office, but it was obviously a general store selling everything you could think of. The bell jangled as she went in to ask the way, “just like Jenny’s shop in Barton Beach,” she thought, but a stout, jolly, red-face women smiled at her. “Ap-pen you’ll be Peter coming to stay with Judy, does tha want to know the way?”

“Yes please, is it far to Ing Ends?”

“Nobbut a quarter mile up the lane there, on the left, you can’t miss it,” she was told.

“I should have a bike coming on the bus tomorrow or the next day, where will I find it?”

“They’ll leave it here love, I’ll let Judy know when it arrives.”

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<sup>1</sup>In *The Buckingham at Ravensbruck*, 1952, Saville describes the moors of north east Yorkshire (around Whitby) as much bigger and wilder than the Long Mynd. Pendle and the moors of the Forest are even bigger and wilder.

Now the time had come to meet this strange new four times removed aunt for the first time. She had sounded very friendly on the telephone, but Peter was still feeling nervous. She walked up the rough road beside the stream until the house came into view. It was an old rambling grey stone building which had obviously grown steadily through the years as bits had been added on. There was a painted name sign by the gate which read 'Ing Ends'.

Ing Ends ("what a strange name" she thought) was an old farm house built out of the local gritstone, with a slate roof and a porch over the front door. A dry stone wall of the same gritstone surrounded the front of the house and behind the gate two black, white, and tan border collie dogs regarded her suspiciously. "They must be the working dogs here, just like Lady at Clun."<sup>ii</sup> she thought. Around them brown hens were pecking away at whatever found they could find in the grass. Away over the back she saw sheep in a big field, some with half grown lambs still feeding from their mothers, their tails wagging fast with excitement. Beyond the sheep there was a pig sty and she could hear the pigs squealing. Beyond the pigs and sheep a belt of trees shielded the house from the prevailing westerly winds which always brought the bad weather. Off to the right was the looming mass of a great hill. "That must be Pendle," she thought, and dotted amongst the purple heather and patches of green grass and grey rocks were lots of small white dots, "They must be sheep. Just like on the Mynd," she thought, it was becoming almost like home already, or at least like the Ingles farm.

As she looked at the house, working up courage to meet her new aunt for the first time, a small woman, not much older than herself came round the side of the house with a large dish of scraps which she scattered over the grass for the chickens. She

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<sup>ii</sup> *The Secret of Grey Walls* 1947

## Barley

was small, barely Peter's height, with ash blond hair and very blue eyes. Looking up she saw Peter at the gate and waved and came running over. "You must be Petronella, I'm Judith, but call me Judy, and I'll call you Peter. Petronella is much too long to use normally, but I bet they called you that at school. Come on in, don't just stand there."

Peter, a little bewildered, said "But shouldn't I call you Aunt, you are a sort of distant aunt you said in your letter to my father."

"Oh, what's a few 'greats' between friends, and I am not going to be called four times removed great aunt Judith. Let's just say we are cousins: that's the old traditional way with distant relatives, and anyway we're not very different in age, what's seven years after all. Come on in cousin Peter."

In the little porch before the door Judy stopped to take her boots off and went in on bare feet. "I've some slippers somewhere, but they are always wandering off and hiding from me." Peter wondered was she supposed to remove her shoes, just like her father always insisted at Hatchholt. Judy saw her hesitance and laughed "You haven't been out in the mud or feeding the chickens like I have, a little bit of dust does no harm." After a little thought Peter took off her shoes and followed Judy who said, "I'll find some slippers or shoes for us both, but it really is only the farm mud I try to keep out of the house."

The hallway seemed to run right through to what was obviously a large kitchen at the back. There were pictures hung on the walls and doors off to both left and right and some steep wooden stairs. Judy led the way through to the kitchen. Here, in which was obviously the centre of the house, the floor was stone flags, but the walls were a bright yellow with bits picked out in red. A big Aga stove would keep the place warm in winter, but made it a little too warm in this summer weather, and the

kitchen door was wide open and the dogs were now lying outside as if forbidden the house. Judy moved a big black cat off a comfortable chair so Peter could sit down. The cat stalked out of the door with his tail erect and passed very close in front of one of the dogs who shifted his nose to one side but otherwise ignored the cat.

“That’s Tommy, and he can control the dogs. I call them Pippa and Patti, they’ll be very friendly once they realise who you are. But they are really working dogs; I do ask them in some evenings for company, but Tommy thinks they should not be in his house.”

“You seem to have lots of animals here, I have a Welsh mountain pony, Sally, and there are lots of sheep out on our mountain, the Long Mynd, and I think our friend Tom at Ingles Farm has some pigs, but I’m not really sure I like them. How did you choose what animals to have? I always had a secret fancy for peacocks, but I don’t think they belong on a farm.”

“No, peacocks need a terrace around a big house. Actually I rather like pigs; They are comfortable and can be quite friendly; and when you feel dreamy and indolent you can go and scratch their backs like Mr Baldwin. And ducks I love, they live in the stream and a pond mainly, and make such a pleasant noise. But I don’t much care for hens: hens have peevish faces.”

“Do you know the poem about ducks? I can remember bits of it.”

From troubles of the world  
I turn to ducks  
...  
for ducks are soothy things.

## Barley

—F W Harvey, *Ducks*

“I didn’t really have to choose animals at all, I just inherited them when Dad died in the war.”

“I was wondering, Judy, how you came to find out about our family history. Did you have search through a lot of old records?”

“It was Dad who started it, he found an old Bible with some family records on a blank page at the start. Nothing to do with the Sterlings of course, but it fascinated me and gave me the idea of trying to trace my family history. I was always interested in history at school, especially in old documents, and it just grew from there. There was a man in Nelson who had a lot of old books and knew how to get access to old records in parish churches. He helped me a lot.”

“How far back did you go, can we find our ancestors in Queen Elizabeth’s time?”

“It gets harder as you go back in time, but the earliest records I have found seem to say that the family were long residents of the Onny valley in Shropshire, mostly around Little Stretton, not too far from where you live now, and long before the reservoir at Hatchholt was built. We can talk about it later if you want, but it’s nearly time to eat now.”

Peter sniffed appreciatively, “what a wonderful smell” she said. “The truck driver ate almost all my sandwiches and I didn’t have time in Manchester to find anything to eat.”

“Oh it’s just something for dinner tonight, I did the bread this morning. You must be hungry then, so we’ll hurry it up a bit. By the way, Bob will be joining us for dinner, that’s another relation of yours, but I’ll tell you about that later.”

“I know you must be tired after that long journey, let’s sit down first and have a drink of tea and get to know each other a bit before I show you your room.”

“A cup of tea would be nice, I haven’t had a drink since Tarpoley if you know where that is, it’s in Cheshire.”

The kettle was just coming to the boil and Judy asked her to find the tea in the big cupboard in the corner, and get some mugs off the hooks under the shelf while she brewed the tea.

“You’ll have to find your way around the kitchen, I expect all your friends will be arriving in a day or two, and then you will all have to help yourselves.”

“You know,” Peter said, “I did feel a bit embarrassed about asking to bring all these friends before we had even met. So I thought it best if they were to stay at the Youth Hostel at Whitehough just down the valley, but I’d like you to meet them, especially the twins, they are fun. I hope it doesn’t all seem too much to you.”

“Oh we can do better than that, They can all stay here. Don’t feel like that Peter, we’re family, and why can’t we have a few friends to stay. However, I must warn you that I am trying to run this farm, so don’t expect too much of me waiting on you all. I do have a women from the village to help with the dairy, and one or two men to help with the animals when I need help, but I’m still kept pretty busy a lot of the time, so you will all have to cook for yourselves a lot.”

“That’s no problem, we’re all used to camping and seeing to ourselves. And Tom is actually a farmer; well actually he’s still learning, but maybe he can help out a bit.”



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Judy hesitated a little. “Actually Peter, I’ll be honest with you, running a hill farm on my own with a big house like this is really too much for me, and I’m looking to sell the place and go to art school; London probably. You’ll see some of my attempts at painting around the house. And I would like to learn more history, and about old documents especially.”

“We can all help with the house, and I’m sure Tom will want to learn about sheep. Maybe he can help with the farm work.”

“This Tom of yours is supposed to be on holiday Peter, not working on a farm. But let me show you around the house first. There are three spare bedrooms and I’ll leave you to sort out where you all sleep. Only the one bathroom I’m afraid, so there might be a little pressure there. Come on, and let’s see your room first.”

At the top of the stairs the bathroom was straight ahead and two passages lead off to left and right.

“My room is down this short passage to the left, but all the other rooms are down to the right, there are two small rooms on the left facing the back, and a bigger room on right facing the front and the sunrise. I thought of that for you, but rearrange things however you want.”

Judy opened the door into the room on the right. “It’s a big room, but I hope you’ll find it comfortable. I’ll leave you here to unpack and recover as much as you want. Find your way down when you are ready and we’ll have dinner as soon as Bob gets here.”

It really was a big room, with bright wallpaper and bright flowery curtains at the two windows. The big bed was at one end of the room and a desk at the other. Peter had always slept in her small room at Hatchholt or the cubicle at school, and at

first she felt a little nervous in such a big room. Then she realised just how good this would be for club meetings in the evenings while they made plans for the next day.

“I’d better get back to the kitchen and get on with the dinner.” Judy added.

“Oh, do you want me to help with cooking?” asked Peter anxiously, “and is Bob this other relation I’m to meet? I can cope with the cooking if you are busy on the farm?”

“No, of course not, I’ve got a nice leg of lamb in the oven, and potatoes and vegetables all ready for whenever you are. Take your time. I’ve invited my uncle Bob to join us for dinner, I’d like you to meet him, and of course he is another Sterling relation of yours, but he is older, so I think we had better make him your uncle Bob at first. He’ll soon shorten it to Bob. He lives all alone at the old mill in Barley and knows so much about the history of Pendle Forest.”

Quickly Peter unpacked and changed into the only ‘good’ dress she had brought. “Just in case,” she thought. Judy had said uncle Bob always looked well-dressed. “But then Judy might still be in work clothes.”

After a quick look at the other two bedrooms, obviously one for the girls and one for the boys, she went downstairs to find Judy setting the table, “Can I help?”

“Please if you would. Dinner’s almost ready, but I must go and change. Just explore and find whatever you think we need on the table.”

Peter had just finished the table when there was a quick knock on the door. Before she could worry about opening the door, it

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was opened by a short tubby, ginger-headed man who came in throwing his coat on a chair.

“Hello,” he said, “you must be Peter. I’m Bob, another Sterling. Judy tells me we are some sort of cousins. How was your journey? Did you come by rail?”

“Only the last bit from Manchester, up to there I was with a load of calves in a cattle lorry.”

“Well now that *is* original,” Bob laughed, “I would never have guessed the companionship of cattle could be such an aid to beauty. You do look very nice in that dress, but you should undo the plaits and let your hair down.”

Peter was beginning to blush as Judy came downstairs. “Hello Bob, I take you have introduced yourself. I imagine you are as hungry as usual, and have invited yourself to dinner. With the table set for three it looks like Peter was expecting you.”

Peter decided she liked the easy-going ways of this house, and thought she would soon get to like Bob.

“Come on, let’s eat, I know Peter is hungry, the driver of the cattle lorry ate all her sandwiches. Bob, will you open a bottle of wine for us. You don’t have to drink wine if you don’t want to Peter, we have water or juice if you prefer it.”

After a wonderful dinner, “Dickie would have loved it” Peter thought, they all moved with their coffee to the sitting room where there was a roaring log fire. Judy explained that she always liked to have a fire, even when it was hot weather.

“In the evening I like to relax and stop being a farmer for a while, so I like to get out of my farming clothes and dress up a bit, and have a coffee or a drink of wine in front of the fire, and

pretend I'm really a bit more respectable than I look most of the time. Especially if I have company like you and Bob, he always looks well dressed, even in his old clothes."

Peter found coffee a little strange, it was always tea at Hatcholt. She was also a little worried, "I don't think we will all have best clothes for the evenings, but we will try and look presentable."

"Don't worry, it's just that I like to get out of muddy, smelly farming clothes occasionally."

Peter told Bob and her aunt about her interesting journey up to Manchester. "Some of the Ingles calves were being driven in a big lorry together with lots of calves from other farms. They were being taken to another farm near Mobberley, and the driver had offered me a free lift as far as Manchester. After that it was the small train up the Irwell valley and over to Nelson. Acksh-erley as Dickie would say, I slept most of the way. Dickie is one of the twins you will meet. They should get here tomorrow, but they think they are staying at the Whitehough Youth Hostel. I'll have to pick them up from there."

Judy explained. "The young stock reared in hilly areas are usually passed to low-lying farms that have good grass meadow land. The grass in Cheshire is some of the best in the country, and the Cheshire farmers make a good living fattening the mountain stock. Your Tom should know all about that, but he might be surprised at how hardy the sheep are here in Pendle."

They were all quiet for a few minutes, and Peter was beginning to find it difficult to keep her eyes open, it had been a long and exciting day. Judy threw another log on the fire and asked Bob.

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“Bob, Why don’t you tell Peter a little of the history of Pendle, and perhaps a few of the stories and legends of Pendle Forest?”

“Yes, of course, but I’ll keep it short, I’m feeling a bit drowsy and I can see Peter is just about ready for bed. By the way, Judy, I’m off to Manchester tomorrow, but if you want to show Peter the mill and the library, please do. I’ll be back in the evening. Who knows, Peter, I might even meet up with your friends on the train.”

“You would recognise them easily by the twins Dickie and Mary.” said Peter sleepily, “But a little about Pendle would be interesting, and I’ll try to stay awake.”

“There’s a lot to tell,” Bob started, “but we’ll save most of it until your friends get here, just something to get you started tonight.”

‘Pendle Forest - a raw, rough place it is. Hill and clough, rock and stream, grass and bracken, scrub and woodland. Few trees, for it’s not that sort of forest - not a place where trees have grown since time immemorial, perhaps even since time began. It was a reserved area, reserved for the hunting pleasures of the King and his nobles. The Lacy’s who came with the Norman William in 1066 hunted here for four centuries until it was disafforested early in the sixteenth century and became a home for sheep and cattle. When Stanlaw Abbey moved to Whalley at the start of the fourteenth century they acquired the Forest and even built a ‘chapel of ease’ at a place they called Newchurch, less than a mile from here.”

“What is a *chapel of ease*?”

“It was a long hard road from much of the Forest to the parish church at Whalley, especially for the older people, and the chapel of ease made it possible for all people in the Forest to attend

church every Sunday. There were fines for non-attendance, so this was a real benefit. The Forest people had to travel to Whalley for marriages and burials at that time as the sacraments were reserved for the Parish church, but Newchurch soon became a full church in its own rights.”

‘The monks are now long gone, and the vaccaries for the foresters and verderes have grown into hamlets and small villages like Barley here.’

“How did this village of Barley get it’s name, did they grow barley here instead of corn?.” Peter asked.

“They certainly do grow barley here, but it’s poor ground for agriculture. It could well have arisen from the Old English (Anglo-Saxon) *bær*, a pasture, followed by *lee*, a more recent word for pasture as in Roughlee just down the road.<sup>iii</sup>”

“Were the people of the Forest all poor then?.”

“No, there was at least one rich land owning family, the Nowells of Read, and they let land to yeomen farmers who employed labourers to work the land; and servants of course. There was also a mill at Wheathead just across Pendle Water here, and the mill owner was also of yeoman status and employed workers.”

“But what about the witches? Where did they fit in?”

‘Yes, I suppose we could look on them as a fourth class of society, the unemployed living mainly by begging. Certainly almost all of the Lancashire witches who were convicted in 1612

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<sup>iii</sup>in *Gawain and the Green Knight*, the word *barlay* appears to mean something like agreement. The Old English verb *barlan*, related to *bær*, means to lay bare or depopulate. Perhaps Barley is the bare pasture.

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came from this group. But, surprisingly, there was one major exception, Alice Nutter, wife of the yeoman Richard Nutter of Roughlee, just downstream from here, was convicted of witchcraft alongside all the indigent poor. Here's an historical problem for you to think about. Even the house servants of the Nutters would hardly descend to talk to the Demdike and Chattox broods of witches. How likely was it that Alice Nutter would join with these people in the practice of witchcraft?

“That doesn't sound very likely, could there be other reasons for linking them together?”

“Remember this was a time of persecution of Roman Catholics. Two members of the Nutter family had recently been executed as catholic heretics, guilty of being massing priests. The prosecution of the Pendle witches followed the be-witching to death of a pedlar John Law, and one of the Law family was a noted recusant priest at that time. The Nutter family were also in dispute with Roger Nowell of Read (the local squire and a magistrate) over a boundary of land. Perhaps this might suggest a solution to the historical problem.”

“The ground and the weather allow little scope here for growing wheat, but they will support crops of barley. For a long time the poor here lived on barley and worked with the grazing of sheep and the shearing, carding, spinning and weaving and dyeing of wool. Rabbit, chickens, and ducks provided a little meat: probably supplemented occasionally by mutton from a stolen sheep.”

Peter remembered their adventure last Christmas at Clun. “So the Pendle Forest is just like Clun Forest, wild, bare high-

lands and some trees by the river.<sup>iv</sup> So was it always a hunting forest?”

“Shortly after the Norman Conquest, the area around here, was designated as a ‘Hunting Forest’ belonging to the King and it was also known as the ‘Chase of Pendle. William allocated it to Roger de Poitou.’<sup>v</sup> In 1399 Henry IV, son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, became the owner of the Chase of Pendle which then assumed the title of ‘The Forest of Pendle’ again, and it still retains the name although it is no longer a hunting forest.”

“However, in a 1258 survey of Blackburnshire, we find *Respecting the Foreste of Pennal, it can sustain five vaccaries and the herbage is worth forty shillings*, so the distinction between Chase and Forest is a little murky. Finally, in 1507 the deforestation of Pendle passed the lands to existing tenants with fixed rents and right of succession.”

“Nowadays Pendle is perhaps most famous for its history of witchcraft. In 1612 ...”

“Not last thing at night please Bob,” Judy interrupted him, “We don’t want Peter dreaming of witches and what happened to them.”

“Perhaps you’re right, we’ll leave that till daylight someday. The best known historical site is Whalley Abbey, but we’ll leave that as well until your friends get here and you have explored the Abbey ruins and Clitheroe Castle as well. There are lots of local legends of course.”

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<sup>iv</sup> ‘*The Secret of Grey Walls*’ 1947

<sup>v</sup> A Forest was a hunting ground of the king; a Chase was a hunting ground the King had allocated to one of his lords. Roger de Poictu was soon dispossessed in favour of the Lacy’s.



## Barley

“The Nick of Pendle road between Clitheroe and Sabden was once the packhorse route from Ribblesdale into the Forest of Pendle. It climbs through a narrow gap between Jeppe Knapes Grave (another story) and the bulk of Pendle. Nearby is Apronfull Hill, an area with many outcroppings and rocks. Local legend has it that the Devil (Owd Nick) stood there with his apron full of rocks which he hurled at Clitheroe Castle, trying to demolish it. With one big throw he did manage to make the big hole in the wall of the keep (and you can still see it), but with the effort his apron strings broke, and all his rocks were scattered about on the hillside. Another legend insists it is Apronfull Hall, a very old homestead, possibly a neolithic site. Take your pick, no-one knows for sure.”

Peter interrupted, “We have exactly the same legend in Shropshire about the origin of the big rocks on the Stiperstones, it was the devil carrying rocks in his apron, and the string broke when he threw one.”

“Yes, many of these stories are nation-wide, and have been adapted in several locations: there’s another one just up the road at Kingsdale near Ingleton - The Apronfull of stones left by the Devil after he had destroyed the church at Kirkby Lonsdale. But this next story is real history. After his defeat at the battle of Hexham, in 1463, King Henry VI escaped to Lancashire where he evaded capture for a year. He was sheltered at Bolton Hall, in the Bowland Forest, just across the river Ribble from Pendle, by Sir Ralph Pudsey (another Pudsey story to come later) where Henry left a pair of gloves, a pair of boots and a spoon. Why a spoon you ask; he just did. The King was surprised, whilst dining at Waddington Hall, and while trying to escape he ran down to the river Ribble and crossed by the Bungerley Hypping Stones before he was captured. He was taken to London on horseback, tied to his stirrups. You can still read the official record, Judy has a copy somewhere.”

Judy soon found it. “Here it is *Kynge Henry was taken byside a howse of religion in Lancashire, ..... in a wode called Cletherwode, besid Bungerley hyppynstones, by Thomas Talbot of Bashalle ... which discryvide beyebge at his dynere at Waddington Hall, and carryed to London on horsebacke, and his legges bound to the styropes..*”

“Another later Pudsey, William this time, the owner of Bolton-by-Bowland Hall in the time of Elizabeth the first met with some fairies in a wood who told him of a seam of silver at his mine in Skilhorn field (now called Skeleron) about a mile from Rimington. People believed that this was haunted by a ‘Grey Man’. Pudsey mined this silver and made it into counterfeit shillings marked with an escallop, which the people called Pudsey shillings. Unfortunately, under the laws of the time, the Rimington silver mine was a ‘myne royall’, and therefore all the silver in the mine belonged to the crown. In fact the Skilhorn mine yielded twenty-six pounds of silver per ton, but Pudsey had not declared it to the crown. Queen Elizabeth was not happy with the fact that Pudsey was minting his own coinage with her silver and had him arrested but later released him as her cousin. However, the mine remained in the crown’s possession and mining continued until the 18th century, but primarily for lead. The silver had all been taken. The legend remains in Pendle that it was Pudsey who had taken all the silver, and he had managed to hide a big store of Pudsey shillings by burying them near the mine. There have been several searches, but the hidden Pudsey shillings have never been found.”

“There have been several discoveries of buried treasure around here, another one is the Mitton Hoard of silver coins. You can see these in Clitheroe Museum.”

“You get a few Pudsey shillings auctioned occasionally, they generally fetch in the region of a thousand pounds as there are

## Barley

very few around. Perhaps they were all buried before Pudsey was arrested. Skeleron is only just over the hill, three miles maybe, just follow the road here over the Big End of Pendle, past Annal Cross, then right at Lower Gate down the hill past the ruins of an old chapel until the bridge over Ings Beck. The mine is in the field off to the left. It's hard cycling though."

"There are other treasure stories that might interest you all. A little way down the Ribble is the site of a Viking treasure find. In 1840 the largest hoard of Viking Age silver and gold ever found in western Europe was discovered on the south bank of the River Ribble a few miles west of



Whalley. The treasure contained bullion bars marked with an Irish origin. In all there were 1300 items of silver and about 7000 coins, some of them of Arabic, Frankish and Anglo-Saxon origin, but most were minted in York. A few gold coins did try to escape treasure trove, but were discovered hiding in a workman's boot as he left the site on his way home. The treasure is now on view in the British Museum."

"Then there is Whalley Abbey of course, The Abbey was very rich at the time of the Dissolution, when all the valuables at the Abbey were declared the property of the crown. A local

legend arose very quickly in the sixteenth century, that some, or even most, of the Abbey's treasure had disappeared and never reached the crown, and it was, and still is, popularly believed that the lost treasure was buried somewhere on Pendle. This is certainly believable because much of the Abbey's contents found its way into local homes, especially with the Nowells at Read, the Towneleys at Burnley and the Southworths at Salmsebury.<sup>vi</sup>

Judy saw Peter yawning with closed eyes and insisted, "that's enough for one night Bob. Off to bed Peter, we'll decide tomorrow what we are going to do."

In her big bedroom Peter opened the window wide and looked out towards the east over towards Black Moss and Wheathead Height. The moon, perhaps two or three days past full was well up in the sky and very close by was bright Jupiter, almost touching the side of the moon. How lucky there were no clouds. "I'm sure Jenny would understand and love this moon rise, but it will be later tomorrow. I wonder if she saw it from Barton Beach tonight, rising over the Stiperstones tonight, but no, she will be at the Ingles farm tonight." She was talking aloud in the stillness and thought how fantastic it would have looked from her bedroom in Hatchholt. The same moon and the same planet, from Barton Beach, Hatchholt and Barley; different places and rising over different mountains.

An owl floated by with its mournful cry. Just like Witchend she thought as she put out the light and climbed into bed and fell asleep almost immediately after a long day.

A few hours later when she she woke she was still immersed in a complicated dream and she sat up trying to remember the dream. There was a heap of gold and silver, with a big chalice

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<sup>vi</sup>A complete window from the abbey re-appeared in Salmsebury Hall, and the monk's stalls are still in Whalley Parish church.

## Barley

and a golden plate underneath. It was raining hard and the drops were silver shillings. And there was Queen Elizabeth trying to catch them. Then the scene changed and the gold chalice was on an altar and a monk in beautiful robes was chanting. This was in a huge church with bright coloured windows, but outside there came the sound of horses and horns blowing.

“It’s all bits of the tales Bob was telling us last night, all jumbled together” she thought. “I wonder what Jenny and Mary would make of it, it would obviously mean much more to them.”

After another quick but unsuccessful look for the moon, she decided it must now be too high in the sky to be seen from her window. she wondered what tomorrow would bring, about exploring Pendle, and Tom and Jenny, and the twins, and especially whether David was excited about coming, and was he looking forward to seeing her again, before she tumbled back into bed and into sleep again, with no more dreams.

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# Chapter 3. On the Way

*so mony meruayl bi mount þer þe mon fyndez  
Hit were for tore for to telle of þe tenþe dole<sup>1</sup>*

*Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, folio 100v, lines 718-719

On a bright July morning five children with back packs came out of the main entrance of Manchester Central railway station wheeling loaded bicycles and looked ahead at the busy St. Peter's Square. A small black Scottie dog at the side of a smaller girl was anxiously looking at this new busy world and wondering where the next meal was coming from.

Tom and Jenny (the redhead) had arrived at Manchester Central station over an hour earlier from Shrewsbury and had waited for the arrival of the Mortons from London. This was the first time either of them had been in the north west of England. and while they were waiting Tom, looking round, had only seen a big smoky station, but Jenny's mind had been far away. At school she had been learning about the earliest English literature and she remembered Sir Gawain on his way north to the Castle Hautdesert in search for the Green Knight.

“Tom, Sir Gawain struggled north on his horse, in full armour. It really was romantic, he had promised to meet the Green Knight at the Green Chapel on New Years day and after he had

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<sup>1</sup>The man finds so many marvels there among the hills, it would be too difficult to tell the tenth part of them. (translation by Malcolm Arnold and Ronald Waldron, 2007)

left King Arthur's court he had to fight with bears and giants, and sleep out in the ice in his armour<sup>ii</sup> and .....

Tom was not impressed, he had left school early in London with no exposure to literature except some tales of King Arthur. This station in Manchester was just another station like the ones he knew in London.

“This place looks just like the big stations in London, dirty, crowded and filled with smoke. And it wasn't much of a struggle north for us, we just sat in the train eating our sandwiches.”

Jenny's eyes started to mist over, Tom just couldn't see the romantic side.

“Oh Tom, it really is romantic, here we are on our way to a new adventure in the Pendle Forest. It's not dirty, it's new, we've never been here before, anything could happen. And any way, before Gawain sets out there is the word 'Barlay'<sup>iii</sup> in the story which nobody seems to have understood. Perhaps he was going to look for Barley, just like us.”

Tom saw that Jenny was disappointed and upset by his response, and tried to see her point. He really was very fond of Jenny although he sometimes had difficulty understanding her romanticism.

“I'm sorry, you're right of course, it is an adventure for us, we were just lucky having a train to bring us north; and I bet he really was looking for Barley. The Mortons should be here very soon. Listen, there's a train arriving now.”

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<sup>ii</sup>11.~720-730

<sup>iii</sup>1.296



## On the Way

*The train now arriving at platform three is the express service from London Euston*

“Come on Jenny, quickly, don’t forget your bike. We need to find platform three.”

They hurried over to the barrier at platform three and watched the big engine moving slowly down the platform pulling a long line of carriages. As soon as it came to a stop doors started opening all along the train and they strained to see if their friends were there.

“Suppose they are not there Tom, what shall we do?”

“There they are” said Tom as he saw David, Dickie and Mary jump down from a carriage and head back to the guard’s van where luggage was being piled on the platform. Leaning against a pile of big trunks were three bicycles.

“These yours?” said the guard, “away you go.”

Mary tried to put Mackie in his basket on the back of her bike, but he was unhappy and kept struggling out, so she had to pick him up and hold him while Dickie tried to wheel two bikes along the platform. David relented as the bikes became entangled and tried to drag Dickie down.

“Let me take Mary’s bike. I’m putting you in charge of the tickets, the man at the barrier will want to collect them, so don’t lose them.”

“I can manage two bikes easily, and the tickets,” Dickie protested. “But if you really want to, you can take Mary’s bike.”

David was now having trouble with two bikes and the bags. “Mary, can’t you put Mackie down and let him walk, he does have legs you know.”

“David you beast, he’s much small to walk in this crowd. And anyway he is very unhappy and bewildered, he doesn’t like stations and all these crowds, all rushing up the platform. I shall have to carry him all the way. Richard, will you take my rucksack please?”

“I’m just a beast of burden that’s me” complained Dickie

David had relented and stopped to wait for the twins while he tried to get two bicycles under control as best he could. Looking ahead to the barrier he saw a red-headed girl waving frantically.

“Look, there’s Tom and Jenny waiting for us, they’ve seen us”

Mary rushed ahead carrying Mackie, leaving the boys to struggle with the bikes and luggage. At the barrier she had to wait for Dickie to arrive with the tickets, but she managed to shout to Tom and Jenny

“We made it Jenny, but Dickie got very hungry. How long have you been waiting? The boys are coming but they’re very slow”

Dickie was still having trouble with two packs and a bike, he made a sudden swerve and collided with a tall dark man with a moustache who looked at him angrily.

“Look where you’re going boy”

## On the Way

“Sorry sir, it’s this bike, it wants to go the wrong way.” Then suddenly, to himself, “Oh, it’s Slinky!”

The man looked sharply at him but made no reply and hurried ahead.

David called, “come on Dickie, we need those tickets now.”

Once through the barrier they all moved to one side of the rush. Mary and Jenny met with a big hug and lots of talk, but Tom greeted Dickie, to his disgust, with a quick “Hello youngster, I hope you behaved yourself on the train.”

Dickie snorted but accepted a handshake. “We twins always know how to behave correctly.”

“It’s just that sometimes we don’t want to.” added Mary.

“Anyway,” said Dickie, “I, no, I mean we’ve, got a new secret here, and maybe we’ll share it with you sometime.”

“That is if you treat us with respect.” added Mary. She was looking a question at Dickie, “what is the secret twin?” she whispered.

Tom and David shook hands reservedly, wondering what to say to each other beyond a quick “hello, how’s things?”

Once outside the station they looked at the busy city square with the monument in the middle. David remembered his history. “This is the site of Peterloo, in 1819 the spinning of cotton was changing from a cottage industry to a factory business, and the workers organised a big protest here. Unfortunately the magistrates panicked and called the cavalry who charged into the crowd with sabres drawn. It was given the name Peterloo

in a comparison to the Battle of Waterloo, which had taken place four years earlier when Napoleon was finally defeated.”

Tom teased Jenny, “It was all Jenny’s fault really, it was the spinning Jenny that caused all the trouble.”

Dickie wondered, “Do you think we could get a taxi across Manchester to Victoria Station.”

David laughed, “I don’t think anyone would take five of us, five bikes and a pile of luggage. We’ll have to walk. I have a street map and it looks easy.”

“Well why not five taxis,” said Dickie, “that would be easier.”

“How much money do you have Dickie, because you’re paying.” Tom asked.

“OK, we’ll walk, lead on David, you’re our native guide in this foreign city.”

“Right,” said David, “This is St. Peter’s Square. We go down here to ... ..”

“Now this is St. Anne’s Square, that big marble building was the Exchange where all the cotton trading was done.”

They had walked across central Manchester, and now they passed along a small street at the back of the Cathedral where they saw a shop devoted to climbing ware and David and Tom were gazing fascinated at the vast array of climbing gear in the window. The owner was standing at the door, and seeing the interest he said

## On the Way

“Are you interested in climbing lads, come in and have a look round.”

“No I’m afraid we haven’t time.” regretted David, “we have a train to catch, but what are those light pumps for, I thought climbers wore boots.”

“Well you see, the climbers did generally like to wear big heavy boots with lots of steel nails, clegs they called them. But I’m trying to persuade them that very light shoes are better, you can feel the rock and where you put your feet. And they are not pumps, I call them EB’s”

“We always use boots when we walk on the mountain, keeps the feet dry.” Tom pointed out.

“These are for rock climbers, not walkers.”

Dickie broke in with a question, “Why do you call them EBs?”

“Because that’s from my name; Ellis Brigham. See the name on the shop.”

“David, my big brother, always uses a compass when we have an expedition on the mountain. Do you use a compass when you are climbing?”

“No, compasses are only useful on the ground to show you directions, but on a rock face there are only two ways to go, and that’s up or down. A compass won’t show you the next foothold.”

“Come on” interrupted Jenny, “Come on, we’re going to miss the train if you all stand here talking.”

At the end of Cathedral Street they found Victoria station with only five minutes before the train left.

“Come on Tom,” said David, “help me get the bikes in the guard’s van.”

“You girls find an empty compartment while we get the bikes organised.” was Dickie’s contribution.

“Look Mary,” whispered Dickie, “there’s that man again, the one I bumped into, on the platform at the other station, I’m sure it’s Slinky Gordon, he has dark hair and a revolting moustache, just like Slinky. Don’t tell David yet, it’s our secret.”

“Oh Dickie, are you sure? There are lots of dark-haired men with moustaches, you must be mistaken, what would he be doing here in Manchester?”

“It is him, I’m sure.” said Dickie confidently.

“Here” said the guard, “I can’t guard the train with all these bikes in the way. stack them over there against the far wall, and leave the door clear.”

Tom hurried them up, “Come on, let’s get these bikes and packs stashed away, the guard’s got his green flag out, the train’s almost ready to go.”

Jenny took Mary’s hand, “Come on Mary, let’s find a compartment to ourselves while they sort out the bikes.” and they hurried off down the train peering in every compartment.

Most of the compartments were nearly full, but finally they found one.

“there’s only one man in it, this will do.”

## On the Way

An elderly blue-eyed and ginger-haired gentleman pushed open the door.

“Come on in girls, lots of room. Are you sisters?”

“No” said Mary, “I’m a twin.”

“You don’t look like twins to me.”

“No silly, my twin Richard will be here soon, he’s seeing to the bikes in the guard’s van.”

“With a little help from two bigger boys to see he gets it right.” added Jenny, “And that wasn’t very polite Mary, you should apologise.”

Mary turned to apologise, but the man just winked at her.

The boys piled in just in time as with a whistle and a plume of white steam the small local train moved slowly out of the station and out across the city.

David and Tom finished arranging the rucksacks on the luggage racks while Dickie and Mary were whispering together, “What about our secret twin?” asked Mary, “Do you really think it was Slinky Grandon who got off the train from London, and now he’s on this one. I don’t think David would believe us if we told him.”

“Well, if he doesn’t believe us, then it’s our adventure alone. Perhaps we could follow him when he gets out. I think we might try to tell David when we get going.”

Jenny was sitting across from the ginger-haired man and smiled at him. “I’m sorry if we are disturbing you, we will get settled down soon.”

“That’s alright Jenny,” he answered, “I know you have a lot of bags to sort out.”

Jenny gasped, “How do you know my name?”

“Well now, let’s see, There’s Richard and Mary there, you’re Jenny, and the other two must be Tom and David. But I must confess I don’t know which is which.”

David stared at the man, “How do you know us all, I’m sure we’ve never met you before. However, I’m David and that’s Tom.”

Jenny nudged Tom, “I told you we would see some magic. This has to be the start of a new adventure.”

The man laughed, “No magic Jenny, my name is Bob Sterling, and I live in Barley. Last night I had dinner with my niece Judy Sterling and your friend Peter. They told me all about you and that you would be coming from Manchester today. Just luck that we are on the same train and chose the same compartment.”

Mary considered this, “It’s not just luck, it’s fate, isn’t it Jenny, we were destined to meet this way.”

“David,” said Dickie, “I saw Slinky Grandon get off the train from London, and I saw him get on this one. Do you think he’s going to Barley just like us. If he is, I bet there’s some treasure to be found.”

“I’m sure you’re mistaken Dickie, but if you like we’ll watch out if he gets off at Nelson.”

Soon they were out of the city and into a green valley. As the little train slowly puffed its way up the Irwell Valley David carefully ticked off the names of the stations as they



## On the Way

passed, Tottington, Ramsbottom, Helmshore, Haslingden and now they were approaching the summit of the climb.

“I think I can see the top.” Dickie was leaning dangerously far out of the window of the little train and surrounded by swirling black smoke, while David held tight to his anorak and tried fruitlessly to pull him back into the carriage. Dickie wriggled in David’s grasp and shouted “Let me go you beast, I want to see the engine as it goes round this corner.” Mary looked very seriously at Jenny and whispered, “You know, little boys really can be very silly. Why stick your head out in all that black smoke, it’s only another train even if it is working hard up this hill.”

A loud shout from Dickie and with a sudden cloud of white steam he announced “We made it, we’re over the top.” before he was pulled back into the carriage. “Gosh I’m hungry, that was a hard climb, are there any sandwiches left.”

“No,” said David, “You’ve eaten them all, you’ll have to wait until the Youth Hostel, and I think the warden will give you some duties before you get dinner. Perhaps you could peel the potatoes. Here, there’s just one sandwich left.”

“Beast, I’m starving.”

“I think you are in for a surprise at Whitehough hostel,” Bob added with a wink at Tom, “I don’t think you’ll get any food there.”

Dickie stopped eating and stared with his mouth half open, “You mean they don’t have any food at this Youth Hostel, I thought they always provided meals.”

Bob looked at him very seriously, “They do let you cook the food you have brought with you.”

Dickie looked round, they were all laughing at him. He looked down at the half eaten sandwich in his hand. “This is all the food we have left, what are we going to cook?.”

“Don’t worry Dickie, I’m sure we’ll find something for you, perhaps yesterday’s visitors left some scraps behind.,”

Dickie looked round and saw them all laughing at him. “You beats, all of you. Even you Mary.”

As the train dropped carefully down the hill to Accrington, David started to read Peter’s letter again. Jenny said “come on David, read it out loud so we can all hear it again, Barley and Pendle sound exciting, I hope we can find another adventure. It would be a waste of a summer holiday without an adventure.” Tom grunted agreement, Mary nodded and Dickie choked on the last mouthful of sandwich.

*Dear David and all Lone Piners*

*I’m off to Barley tomorrow, riding in a cattle lorry. I have been finding out a lot about Pendle Forest from talking to my new aunt Judy on the phone. She is really not a lot older than us, and is a lot of fun and very understanding. She is trying to run a small farm all on her own. She has a few cows and some sheep, and keeps hens and ducks. She loves Pendle Forest and is full of stories about it. Acksherly, as Dickie would say, it’s not what we know as a forest, just high bare moors and hills, or fells as they call them there. There are plenty of trees in the valleys of course, and it’s really rather like our own Long Mynd, but a bit wilder, with the bare Pendle Hill dominating the small tree-lined valleys. Lots of good walks. On the other side of the hill there is a real castle at Clitheroe to explore.*

*But the really exciting thing is that the Pendle Forest was the home of lots of witches, and the tradition is kept very much alive*

## On the Way

*with active witch groups practising all sorts of magic. We really must find the Malkin Tower where the Demdike and her family lived.*

*Aunt Judith said she will arrange for me to borrow a pony occasionally, and first of all I am planning to explore up one of the nearest valleys (Black Moss) which used to have a corn mill driven by water power. But the valley was flooded to provide water for the cotton mills over the next hill in the valley of the river Calder. Black Moss is rather like Hatchholt, perhaps we should try swimming one day so Mary can show us how to do the sprawl.*

*There are two Abbeys nearby, both in ruins. The biggest is at Whalley at the western end of Pendle Hill and we must explore it. Auntie Judith says the Abbey church was designed and built as a larger copy of Westminster Abbey in London, but it is now largely a ruin after the Dissolution of the Monasteries. There's a story about gold and silver ware from the Abbey that went missing at the Dissolution; we could look for that.*

*There is another exciting story about the counterfeiting of money a long time ago on the other side of Pendle (Aunt Judith says that is Ribblesdale) with local legends of buried hoards of counterfeit Pudsey shillings made from silver mined on Pendle. They say they're worth a lot of money now. I bet Dickie and Mary could find some.*

*Anyway, I'll be glad when you all get here, it's a long train ride. I'm learning a lot more about Pendle Forest, so there will be lots more to tell when you get here.*

*Judy's uncle Bob lives in the village. He bought the old mill and lives on the ground floor. Upstairs is his huge library spe-*

*cialising in local lore. What a pity Jon can't be here, but he would be upstairs all day..*

*All the best to you, David, and to all the Lone Piners. See you soon..*

*Love, Peter*

*P.S. I hope this letter reaches you before you leave, Daddy thinks it should just make it in time. Also Aunt Judith wants me, and all of you, to call her Judy. She says we are really cousins.*

“I don’t want to see any witches,” said Mary, but Dickie bounced up and down with excitement at the idea of another treasure hunt. “We’ll soon sort these witches out and find the treasure. It’s a pity Ballinger isn’t around, she could be one of the bad witches.”

Jenny burst out with “There are good and bad witches, and I bet one of the young good witches is really a princess who was kidnapped and exchanged at birth, and we will have to prove who she is and restore her to the royal family.”

Tom said he would prefer a good dinner, but grinned happily at Jenny who stuck her tongue out at him.

Bob had been smiling as he listened to Peter’s letter. Now he caught their attention as he spoke.

“So now you know who I am. You know this Pendle area has always been noted for its witches, and the great trial of 1612 at Lancaster, in the time of king James the first, convicted nine witches, all from the Barley area in Pendle Forest. There are also many old stories and legends about the way treasure from Whalley Abbey disappeared at the time of the Dissolution of the Monasteries in 1534. Many believe it was buried somewhere

## On the Way

on Pendle, but it has never been found. On the northern slope of Pendle Hill, only a few miles from Barley there used to be a silver mine, and in the time of queen Elizabeth, the owner, Sir Ralph Pudsey of Bolton-by-Bowland used the silver to mint his own Pudsey Shillings. Elizabeth had him arrested and claimed all the silver for the crown. There are old stories that Pudsey hid a large hoard of his shillings near the mine at Skeleron, but they were never found. You could search for those. If you found one they are worth a lot money nowadays.”

David pointed to the excited twins and said, “These two are sure to find any treasure, they’ve already found smugglers’ treasure at the Gay Dolphin in Rye. How about it Richard?”

“Mary and I will find lots of treasure once we start searching, we are jolly good at finding treasure, aren’t we twin?”

Shortly after the train left Accrington heading east into the Pennines, and the valley on the north side became darker and sad with all the smoke from the cotton mills, but above the smoke the view to the north cleared and expanded, and Bob told them all about the area. Across the valley was a high ridge and behind it what seemed to be a high mountain showed bright in the late afternoon sun.

“If you look across the valley there, you see Noggarth Ridge. Running along the top there is the Forest Road, but just behind it is an ancient trackway created long before the Romans came. That passes through an old neolithic fort at Portfield. Lots of treasure has been found there, all pre-Roman. This was the main east-west way across the Pennines to the plain of York, and probably dates back at least three thousand Years.”

“That’s just like the Portway along the top of the Long Mynd at home in Shropshire.” David interrupted. “Peter told us all about that, and we’ve been along it many times.”

“That’s right David. A long time ago, when most of this island was heavily forested, the high ridges were the easiest routes to travel. Down in the valleys the forest was very thick.”

“Well, what I want to know is who cleared all that forest away?” said Mary, “the valleys all seem clear now.”

“It was your ancient ancestors who did all that Mary. They needed more farming land. Now if you look above that ridge what can you see?”

“There’s a huge mountain towering over everything,” said Dickie, “I bet we would need ropes and ice-axes and things to climb that. Perhaps we will have to go back to that shop of Ellis Brigham in Manchester to get what we will need. We ought to have thought of that before.”

“Well that is Pendle Hill, and you will be staying at Barley which is right at the foot of the steep end over there on the right. I don’t think you’ll need ice-axes though, you might find it pretty hot up there. When it’s not raining, that is. People say there is buried treasure on Pendle.”

“Right. We’ll soon find that as well, we’re jolly good at finding treasure, us twins are.”

While they were listening to Bob’s stories the train was stopping at little stations, and Dickie insisted on leaning out and watching the passengers leaving the train. “I’m watching to see if Slinky gets out.” he said. Finally, at Burnley he saw the man leaving and said, “Come on Mary, we’ve got to follow him.”

## On the Way

David grabbed Dickie's collar before he could open the door. "No you don't" he said and pushed Dickie firmly down in the seat as the train started again.

"It was him, I know." Dickie muttered to Mary, "and now we've lost him."

After one more stop they finally they reached Nelson and retrieved their bikes and bags.

Bob said goodbye as he had business in Nelson and wouldn't be back at Barley until late. "But we'll meet again soon, I promise."

In the huge, cobbled station yard they assembled the bikes and asked the way to Barley. An old porter said it wasn't far, "nobbut three nor four miles, but tha'll 'ave a gurt big 'ill to clum fust."

It was easy going at first as they free-wheeled down Carr Hall Road, first over the Leeds and Liverpool canal and then over Pendle Water, now grown up into a river and on its way to join the Calder and then the Ribble before the docks at Preston and then the sea.

After crossing the river they found the *gurt big 'ill* and had to walk pushing the loaded bikes. At the top they stopped at a small wayside shop where Dickie demanded at least three ginger pops. "One's quite enough," said David, "and be quick about it, we want to get there before dark."

"Another hill," groaned Dickie as they pushed the bikes up a sandy lane until they joined another narrow road. Here again they found Noggarth Cottage, right on top of the Noggarth Ridge Bob had told them about. The cottage was selling drinks and the twins demanded more ginger beer. "No more, it's all down hill

now” said David studying the map carefully, “but be careful, this lane is steep and narrow. Wait at the bottom at the cross roads.”

At the cross roads David pointed, “That’s called Happy Valley off to the right, but we go straight on towards Barley, through the trees over there”

“Look,” Jenny pointed at a road sign, “off to the left there, that’s Jinny Lane. Can’t we go that way, I’m sure that’s my very own road.”

Tom laughed “ I suppose we’ll all have to call you *Jinny* now, if that’s your new name. We’ll go up there one day, I see it goes to a place called Newchurch.”

David led them up to the top of a small hill where they turned down a narrow rough lane which crossed over the now tiny Pendle Water on a narrow bridge. Jenny and Mary dashed ahead and rode up to the Youth Hostel at Whitehough. And there, waiting for them, sitting on a bench was Peter with a sturdy little pony nibbling the grass close by her at the side of the wall. With her was a tall man in rough country clothing.

“Welcome to Whitehough, and Pendle Forest,” he shouted.



# Chapter 4. All Together Again

*Opon a somer soneday se I þe sonne  
Erly risinde in þe est ende,  
Day dawep ouer doune, derknes is donne,  
I warp on my wedes, to wode wolde I wende<sup>i</sup>*

On her first morning in Pendle Forest Peter woke early and opened the window wide to see this new countryside. Away to the east the fields rose to the moors beyond Wheathead Height. The sun had not yet risen, but was already showing golden on the hill top. Around and above the gold the sky was a misty pearl changing to a delicate pale blue around a few darker clouds. Leaning out she saw to the north, towering over the house, the vast bulk of Pendle Hill. As the sun rose the blue deepened and the fields beneath Pendle changed from grey to green, brightened by shafts of sunshine as clouds drifted across the low sun. The colours changed bewilderingly, Pendle was first a deep purple mottled with dark inky patches before suddenly shining a bright green or purple under sunlight. The colours changed and changed, again and again. The air outside was the strong sweet,

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<sup>i</sup>Somer Soneday, Bodley MS. Laud Misc. 108, fol. 237. My translation.

On a summer Sunday I saw the sun  
Rising early in the eastern sky,  
Day dawns over the hill, darkness is ended,  
I put on my clothes, to the forest I would go

1947.

cold mountain air, so reminiscent of air on the Mynd, and so different from the city air around her school in Shrewsbury. Pendle Forest was a mountain world she recognised and loved.

“It must be a strong wind,” she thought “but really it isn’t too different from the view of the Long Mynd from my bedroom window at Hatchholt, just larger and wilder.”

She remembered her pony Sally, and that her first thought when back from school had been to ride up onto the lonely Mynd. Now Sally would have to be stabled at Ingles for at least a week, but she knew that Uncle Alf would let her loose in one of the fields.

“I hope Judy can find a pony for me to ride here,” she thought as she dressed and went down to the kitchen just as Judy came in from the farm with a basket of eggs.

“Morning Peter, love, come and help me get some breakfast.”

After breakfast Peter and Judy walked down the lane from Ing Ends to Barley and into the village. Judy took the basket of eggs and said she had a little shopping to do and they went into the Post Office and general store where Peter was introduced to the old lady behind the counter and three other women standing talking together. Judy delivered the eggs and stayed and chatted for a while, bringing Peter into the conversation and letting them all know she was a relative. They soon left, and outside Judy explained.

“I just wanted them to recognise you as more or less one of us. They have a tendency to ignore the day visitors we get here, they see them as noisy and untidy, leaving picnic rubbish behind them. We get quite a few families on a day out from the weaving town of Nelson; they come on the bus and picnic by the stream

## All Together Again

there. And you must remember it's called a 'Water' here. Other streams are called 'Gills' or 'Cloughs.'"

They walked down the village street, alongside Black Moss Water, to where it joined Pendle Water which they crossed.

"That comes down from the reservoirs in Ogden Clough, You'll find that's one of the nicest ways to climb Pendle. Now down to the left, by the side of the water is Bob's place, and the lane goes on past there and up through the trees to Whitehough where the Youth Hostel is. You'll need to meet your friends there this evening."

"I'll have to walk up to meet them, my bike hasn't got here yet. The station said they would put it on the bus when it arrived."

"I've a better idea, it's all organised," Judy suggested, "Just round the corner is a small-holding where they have a few ponies. I called yesterday and arranged a pony for you while you are here. We have an empty stable at the farm now that I have no horses."

"That would be wonderful, I was looking forward to riding Sally, my own Welsh pony, up on the Long Mynd before Daddy was called to Birmingham and we got your letter. What a coincidence the letters arriving together."

When they reached the stables, they were met by a man and taken to look at the ponies. There were five of them in the paddock.

"Which one would you like?" Peter was asked. She went out into the paddock and called to the ponies and they all came nuzzling up to her as she stroked their noses.

“She obviously knows horses, and they know it too. They are usually a bit nervous about strangers at first.”

Peter came back to the gate leading one of the ponies. “This one’s a beauty, she looks very strong and healthy. What’s her name?”

“That’s Sal, she very friendly, and a good ride. She can handle all the tracks around here, and knows Pendle well.”

Peter gasped. “My pony’s called Sally, but I’ll call this one Sal, I’m sure she must know the name.”

“Aye well, her name’s registered as Sally, but we usually shorten it to Sal. Right then, she’s yours for while you’re here. Look after her. I know Judy’s got stabling if it gets wet. If you’re taking her now, she’ll carry a sack of oats back with you. If she finishes those, come back for more.”

“Why don’t you have a short ride up to Whitehough to get used to each other. I know my wife would like a quick chat with Judy, we don’t see too much of her these days. Off you go, you’ll find saddles and harness in the shed there; I’m sure you’ll manage.”

Peter did manage, she was very used to handling ponies. There was a boy in the stable who tried to help her, but Peter insisted she wanted to saddle the pony herself.

“We need to get to know each other, and she has to learn to trust me.”

Peter enjoyed the ride up to Whitehough, and Sal seemed perfectly comfortable with her. When she got back she joined Judy and her friend for the inevitable cup of tea before loading Sal with a sack of oats and walking back with Judy to Ing Ends.

## All Together Again

After lunch Peter went out on Sal, down through the village and turned left, up round the corner and then right where she found a lane off the road following the little stream.

“No, I must remember, it’s a Water, not a stream, Black Moss Water.”

After about half a mile she came to a small group of cottages. There was a smart blue car outside, and a very smartly dressed young woman in very high heeled shoes who seemed to be arguing with a lady in a cottage. She was pointing up the lane which was blocked by a closed gate, and she seemed to want to drive further up the valley. Suddenly Peter was quite sure she didn’t like the young women, especially the way she talked.

“Will you please open this gate for me, I want drive up to where the reservoir starts.”

“What do you want to go up there for anyway?. ‘Tis not for cars, ‘tis Water Board and farming land.”

“That’s my business. Open that gate now.”

“Can’t, ‘tis locked.”

The car was blocking the narrow lane and Peter had to hold Sal back and wait a little while they argued. But it was soon evident that no cars were to be allowed up the valley. The smart lady could go no further and she had some trouble turning the car. Finally she glared at Peter, “Get out of my way, and keep that horse under control.” and started driving back towards Barley. Once the car was gone Peter rode on to go through a gap by the side of the locked gate but the lady at the cottage door waved to her. “Just a moment love.”

Peter stopped and asked if it was alright to ride further up the valley.

“That’s alright love, but cars aren’t allowed, and the Water Board doesn’t like picnickers by the water. Are you staying around here? I haven’t seen you before.”

Peter explained that she was a cousin of Judy Sterling, and was staying with her for a week or so, and was just out for a short ride. The the lady’s attitude changed immediately.

“We all know Judy, come on in love and I’ll just put the kettle on, we’ll have a cup of tea and you can tell me where you are from.”

Not another cup of tea thought Peter. She excused herself saying again that she was only out for a short ride and had to get back soon to help Judy.

“Next time you’re up here then.”

Peter rode quietly alongside the north shore of the Lower Black Moss reservoir until she came to a farm called Foot House Gate at the end of the lake. Here the lane divided, a small sign told her the lane off to the left went up the hill to Salt Pie. “What a strange name,” she thought. Off to the right the lane passed under the foot of the dam wall of the Upper Black Moss reservoir, and she took that way. She crossed the stream where it entered the Lower lake and found another lane off to the right which followed the south bank of the lake. “This must bring me back to Barley somehow” she decided.

After following the lake she ended up back in Barley, close to the Post Office, and she knew the way back to Ing Ends from there.

## All Together Again

She told Judy about the lady in the blue car at Black Moss who was arguing about the locked gate. “she didn’t get very far, the lady at the cottage just said the gate was locked.” “That’s Hannah,” replied Judy, “she is paid a little by the Water Board to make sure the gate is kept closed and to try and control visitors. They all like to have a picnic by the water, and some would like to swim, which is very dangerous there, the water gets very deep suddenly. At least she can warn them.”

“That lady in the car was very rude and angry.”

“She wouldn’t get much change out of Hannah, she takes her responsibilities very seriously. We all laugh about it a little, but she’s a good sort. What time are your friends arriving?”

“They were supposed to get into Nelson about half past four, but they have to cycle from there. I’d better ride up to Whitehough and wait there, they shouldn’t be too long.”

Peter had left Sal saddled up, and she was ready to go again. When they reached the stables Sal was wanting to go in as usual, and Peter had to explain to her that they were going up to Whitehough.

Sal found this difficult to understand. “Can’t these humans just make up their minds where they want to go. We went to Whitehough earlier.”

When they got there Peter sat on a low wall outside the Youth Hostel and let Sal nibble at the grass growing all around. The warden came out of the Hostel and said, “We don’t open until five o’clock, but you can take your pony round to the stable now if you want. And the back door’s open. How many nights?”

“No, I’m not staying, I’m from Barley, and I’m here to meet five friends who should be here soon.”

“Well, we’ve plenty of room for five.”

“I’ve come to take them away, they’re staying with us in Barley.”

“Good,” said the warden, “that sounds like we might have a quiet night after all.”

Time passed slowly, Peter wandered down to the little bridge over the stream, “That must be Pendle Water still.” she thought as she gazed into the clear water looking for any fish. Sal had stayed happily cropping the fresh green grass in front of the hostel and greeted Peter with a short whinny when she returned.

At five o’clock the warden opened the door and came out and sat on the wall next to Peter.

“On a cold wet night we get them all lining up out here waiting till we open. But on a warm sunny evening like this they’ll be turning up at eight, demanding dinner. I usually pick the noisiest one and give him the job of peeling potatoes.”

“I’ve never stayed in a Youth Hostel,” Peter said, “I live in Shropshire, high up one of the valleys on the Long Mynd, so I don’t have to travel to see the countryside.”

“Thought you said you were from Barley, I wondered because I think I know everyone there.”

“I’m staying with my cousin, Judy Sterling, do you know her?”

“Yes, Judy comes up occasionally and gives a little talk about the history of Pendle Forest. She does some very nice paintings of local scenes too, but the walkers we get here are not the buying sort.”



## All Together Again

They were quiet, watching Sal at work trimming the grass. Then the warden got up and looked down the valley. “Reckon your friends are nearly here, there’s a young lad I hear complaining about the hill.”

“That will be Dickie, and I bet he’s hungry.”

“I’ll get in then, and out of your way. Tell him he’s on potato peeling tonight.”

Peter decided to stay sitting on the wall. She was excited to see them all, especially David, but she knew that he would have been struggling to keep the twins in order and might need a minute or two to calm down. Then she heard them turn off the road and start down the rough lane to the bridge. She heard David saying to be careful on the loose stones, then the next moment Jenny appeared coming up from the bridge, “I’m first,” she cried. Jenny was followed by Mary who just threw her bike down and said, “I don’t like cycling here, the hills are too high and too many.”

The warden looked out of the door. “That’s no way to treat a bike that brought you here all that way. Pick it up and lean it against the wall.” But he was laughing as he said it.

Mary put out her tongue at him, but picked up the bike. “I’m a twin.” she said.

“Oh, are you, where’s the other half then?”

“He’s just coming now, but he’s very tired. And very hungry.” she added, “and there’s our big brother, he’s got all out YHA cards.”

Peter gave Mary and Jenny a quick hug each, then shook hands solemnly with Tom before she pulled David to one side.

She wanted to give him a hug too, but realised he might be embarrassed so shook hands instead. “I’m so glad you’ve come, and I’m sure we’ll all have a great time exploring this area. I was hearing last night about all sorts of lost treasure hidden around here.”

To her great surprise David just turned away a little and leant his loaded bike against the wall. Peter’s face fell, but then David came back and gave a her big hug. “Great to see you again. I’m looking forward to exploring this Pendle Forest. I’ve been reading a bit and it seems the place is most famous for its witches. We must meet some.”

Peter felt her eyes moisten. “and I thought he ignored me. And I didn’t hug him.”

The warden quietened them with a quick word, then with a very serious and strict face said,

“Come on now get moving. You can’t stay here. We’re full, or closed, or something. You’ll have to go on another ten miles or so over that big hill. Perhaps you’ll find somewhere to stay at Downham.”

Dickie and Mary stood looking at each in horror. “Did you hear that twin”

But Peter just winked at Jenny and pointed to the door. The warden’s wife was standing watching them and laughing away. “You’re all staying with me at Judy’s place, but don’t tell the twins just yet.” She whispered.

But Dickie had heard something. “You’re all making plans without us, we want to know just what you are planning. We were supposed to stay here weren’t we?”

## All Together Again

The warden patted Dickie on the back, “It’s all a joke, you really aren’t staying here though, much as we would like you to, but you’re all booked in with Judy Sterling in Barley, and Peter here has come to show you the way. And don’t worry, it’s all downhill to Barley from here. Well, that is, apart from the uphill bits.”

Tom realised they had a problem, “You’ve no bike Peter, we’ll all walk with you.”

Mary knew better, “Can’t you all see, she’ll be riding, on her pony there.”

“That’s not Sally.” said Dickie.

Peter laughed, “Of course it’s not Sally, this is Sal, come to greet you all and welcome you to Pendle Forest. I’ve borrowed her for while I’m here. My bike is coming by train, I don’t suppose you saw it at Nelson station did you?”

“No,” said David, “I’m afraid we never thought to look for it, but we couldn’t have brought it anyway.”

“I’m in Nelson tomorrow morning,” the warden butted in, “I’ll have a look in at the station and see what’s happening. When it arrives I’m sure they’ll put it on the bus for Barley.”

Peter thanked him and said goodbye, “I’m sure we’ll see you again.”

“Come on,” shouted Dickie, “wagons roll, we got to hit the Oregon trail.” and off they went down the lane through the trees to the bridge over Pendle Water at Barley village.

David rode alongside Peter and told her how glad he was they would all be together. “And I hate to imagine the chaos the twins would have created in the hostel.”

“Look,” said Peter, “This is the stable where Sal lives, and see, she wants to turn in.” When they got to the bridge she pointed out the tiny old mill with its short squat chimney. “That’s where uncle Bob lives, he’s Judy’s uncle, so that make him a sort of uncle to me. You’ll meet him, he’s full of stories about the Forest. Judy says the whole top floor of the mill is his library.”

“We already met, on the train from Manchester, he seems a good sort. He was teasing Dickie, saying he wouldn’t get any food at the hostel. He said he met you last night, and knew we were all staying with your aunt.”

And so the whole circus arrived at Ing Ends to be welcomed by Judy.

Judy stood at the front door and watched them all come in through the gate. There seemed to be hundreds of them, all with big packs and bicycles. “Help Peter,” she called. But Peter had her own problems, Sal was getting very nervous surrounded by all these bikes and noisy people, all talking at once.

“Sorry Judy, but I must get Sal out of this, or she might try to bolt. I’ll take her round to the stable, unsaddle her, and give her some oats. I’ll let her out in the paddock later. This is David, he’s good at getting the twins under control. That is, as well as anyone can. David, please take over, introduce yourself and the others.”

David was looking a bit harassed, but the twins took control.

## All Together Again

“Here David, look after our bikes and packs,” and Mary added, “we have to get to know Judy and help her sort all this out.”

David with three back packs, and surrounded by three bikes looked at Tom. Tom saw what was needed.

“Right David, packs on the ground, they’ll come to no harm. Give me one of the bikes. Now at least you can move.”

“Judy, where do we leave the bikes.”

“Follow Peter round to the stables, she’ll show you.”

Side by side the twins, with Mackie firmly held by Mary, advanced on Judy and went into their routine; they were followed rather hesitantly by Jenny. David turned away. “This is it Tom, Judy hasn’t a chance against those two.”

“And what about Jenny,” said Tom, “By now she will probably be in the middle of the last magazine story she read.”

“Come on in.” Judy managed to say as the twins closed in.

“Thank you very much, That is most kind and welcoming of you” commenced Dickie, “you see we are very tired travellers in a foreign land. And hungry of course.”

Mary carried on, “It’s all those hills coming from where we got off the train,” she started to say. But Dickie went on.

“At Nelson” explained Dickie. “Those beasts made us carry all the packs, and after we had a ginger pop they made us go up another hill, that wasn’t even a real road, it had gates, and was just sand.”

“That must have been Sandy Hall Lane.” Judy managed to say.

“Anyway,” went on Dickie, “we really are most grateful that you are offering food and accommodation to us weary travellers.”

“We travellers, not us; I think.” corrected Mary, “but yes, after fighting and climbing over those dry mountains in incredible heat, we are sorely in need of shelter.”

"And food," added Dickie.

The twins pushed forward and Judy backed away a little, looking helplessly at Jenny. “Help!” was all she could say.

“This is Dickie and this is Mary.” was all Jenny could say before the twins took over again.

“That’s right,” said Dickie, “and we are twins.” added Mary, “We always dress alike and think alike. Some people have difficulty telling us apart, but it’s easy really, I’m Mary and he’s Richard.”

“Now you know our names, but we were wondering what we should call you,” said Dickie, “We’ve been told you’re a sort of aunt to Peter,” added Mary, “with a lot of greats in front of it,” added Dickie, “Acksherley you look far too young to be an aunt, so it’s a bit confusing for us, if you see what we mean.”

“I think you had better just call me Judy, like Peter does.” said Judy, and then looked at Jenny, “I know you haven’t been able to get a word in, but do you think you could get Peter in here to help me with these twins please.”

## All Together Again

“Don’t take any notice of them, this is just their normal ‘getting to know you’ routine. I’ll see where Peter is if you think you can stand a few more minutes of these two.”

Right on time Peter came out of the kitchen, “Here I am at last, Sal is all settled down to a good feed, and David and Tom are going round to the front to pick up the packs. I hope you have been able to get an occasional word in Judy, the twins do tend to dominate the conversation.”

“Peter, that’s not fair, we have been extremely polite and have just introduced ourselves.”

“To Judy of course,” said Dickie, “and we had to stop Jenny who wanted to tell about some story she had read.”

“Dickie, That’s not true, I didn’t get a chance to say a word.”

“That’s certainly true.” added Judy.

“Now Tom and David, just drop those bags by the door and all of you come into the kitchen and sit down. I’ll see if I can find a dry crust for you to eat Dickie.”

They had just got sat down and Dickie’s nose had just lifted as he took in the wonderful rich smell from the oven, when there was a quick knock on the kitchen door which then opened to let in another lady.

“Hello Judy, your family seems to have increased a little over the last few days. I know one of you must be cousin Peter, but did she bring all these with her?”

Anis was a tall dark lady, very smartly dressed and even wearing a hat. She had long straight black hair and brown eyes.

The first thing she did was to throw the hat down on a chair with a sigh of relief.

Judy took charge and made the introductions. “this is Anis, my best friend here in Pendle, and this is my cousin Peter from Shropshire. As for all the others, I’ve discovered, with great difficulty, that these twins are called Richard and Mary, and this is Jenny although we’ve hardly had time for word as yet. The other two are David and Tom, but I haven’t found out which is which so far.”

David saw the twins were about to start their routine again and stopped them just in time. “Not now twins, just say ‘pleased to meet you’ or something.”

“We are very pleased to meet you and welcome you to this house of our friend Judy. We are twins, I am Richard, but please call me Dickie” started Dickie,

"and I’m Mary, and we were wondering if you might be joining us for dinner, we would be delighted if you would." continued Mary.

“Well, hello to both of you,” responded Anis quickly and then looked at Judy, “Are they real?”

“I’m beginning to think they are real, but will you have some dinner with us? I know Dickie is ravenous, and can’t wait any longer. And why are you all dressed up like this, have you been to town?”

“Thank you very much Mary for the kind invitation, I’d love to join you for dinner if it’s not too much trouble.” She turned back to Judy.



## All Together Again

“I just came back on the bus from Nelson, I had to see my bank manager again, he does fret so about money. But I came to tell you that there was a bike on the bus for Petronella Sterling. It’s been left at the Post Office and she can pick it up any time.”

“I’m so glad it’s got here Anis, thank you for coming to tell me.” said Peter, “Now Judy, shall I take them all upstairs and try to fit them into rooms. Tom, can you bring the back packs, and David please manage the twins. Come on Jenny we’ll go first.”

Anis looked at Judy when they had all disappeared, “How are you going to cope with all that lot?”

“Easy, I’ll just keep out of the way as much as I can. If it gets too bad I’ll come and sleep at your place.”

“Peter and I get on well together, it’s fun to have a new cousin. Give Peter a hand with setting the table when she comes down, she still doesn’t know where things are. I’ll have to get some more chairs out of the other room.”

Peter came down, “They are all arguing about where to sleep, but Jenny and Mary seem to have claimed the pink room. They are all fighting over the bathroom at the moment. I’ll get some plates and things on the table if I can find them.”

“After a great dinner, to which Dickie did full justice, they talked for a few minutes and then Anis said she had better be going. It will soon be getting dark, and it’s a fair walk.”

“Aren’t you afraid of witches in the dark?” Jenny asked, “do you ever hear of anyone being bewitched?”

Anis laughed, “I’ve never heard any harm done by witches around here, you know they have a code, they call it a rede, ‘*An it harm no-one, do what you will*’. They won’t harm anyone.”

Judy smiled and got up, “Off you go Anis, no more witch talk tonight or they’ll never sleep.” She saw Anis to the door and they both laughed at something Anis said.

“Goodnight all, enjoy Pendle, and maybe you will meet a witch one day.” Anis was gone, and Judy came back to the fireside. “Anis really is one of the best, she’s a good friend and will help anyone in trouble.”

Jenny was enthusiastic, “I like her, but what an unusual name, how do you spell Anis?”

“This will surprise you Jenny, it’s spelt A, g, n, e, s: Agnes” replied Judy, “the old medieval English pronunciation of Agnes is something like Anis, she is very proud of the old name, and you must never shorten it to Ann or call it Agnes.”

“Do you think we will meet a real witch,” Dickie asked, “are there really witches still in Pendle?”

“And are they all dressed in black with a big curved nose and a pointed hat, with black cats and a broomstick.” Mary added.

“No,” said Judy, “the only place you will see that sort of witch is the dolls on sale to visitors. But there really is a witches coven in Pendle, there are thirteen witches in a coven.”

“Can we meet one?” asked Jenny and Dickie together.

Judy giggled, “You just did, Anis is the leader of the coven.”

# Chapter 5. Adventures Ahead

*Yonder is Pendle Hill, a vast thing and running to the nor'east. Once round this sou'west corner we shall be at Read. And if you follow beyond Read, going to the nor'east beside the Hill, that's Pendle Forest, ... and a raw rough place it is. Hill and clough, rock and stream, grass and bracken, scrub and woodland. There's a church and a mill and some hamlets of grey stone. There's all of that in the Forest ... aye, and the Devil knows what besides.*

Robert Neill, *Mist Over Pendle*, 1951

## I

Before going to sleep they all met in Peter's bedroom for a big discussion. David, as Captain of the Lone Pine Club, said "This has to be an informal meeting of the club. I don't see how it can be included in the club records, but I think that first of all Peter should tell us all she has learnt so far about Pendle Forest, then after that we could each make a suggestion as to what we do in the next few days."

"Right," said Peter, "everyone keep quiet and listen. Comments, ideas, and suggestions come later as David has said."

Dickie interrupted straight away, "I think we should talk about the treasure and how to find it. That's our first privilege."

"We mean priority of course." added Mary.

David banged the floor, "Let Peter tell us her story first."

Peter gathered her thoughts together. “First of all you must all realise that I’ve only been here one day and you all know as much as I do about this local witches coven. The only question is whether we should take it seriously as something that needs investigating, or not. Then there’s Pendle Hill, I know I want to climb to the top and see if I can see the sea from there. Next there’s Whalley Abbey, we must explore that, and maybe we could find out more about the Abbey treasure buried on Pendle, although that doesn’t seem like a few days work, and other people have already looked. Judy tells me father was very keen on it but never found anything. Whalley church also looks interesting, especially the three Paulinus crosses in the church yard. We ought to see them and learn a bit about the history of the church, Judy says it goes back fifteen hundred years. Then there’s the Pudsey shillings supposed to be buried at Skeleron near Rimington, that’s very close to here, and we might find one, or even several. Finally there is Clitheroe castle which we must see and explore.”

“Also, I would like to spend one afternoon up the fells with Sal. David or anyone who wants to walk can come with me.”

“Also again, please will you all remember that I have to spend some time with Judy, she is my new cousin and has invited us all here.”

When Peter had finished they all started talking at once.

Jenny was excited, “Do you think Anis really is a witch? Isn’t it exciting, do you think she can cast spells, and I wonder if she has a black cat, and a big glass ball that she stares into to see things. Perhaps she knows how to mix herbs to make potions for doing magic. Actually Anis reminds me more of Miranda, although she is a gipsy not a witch. Could she be both? Miranda

## Adventures Ahead

does tell fortunes and see the future in our hands. And she did make a potion out of herbs to mend your knee that time Peter.”

But Dickie had treasure on his mind. “What we need for this holiday is to find some treasure, and when we have found it I will have to send a report to James of the Clarion.”

James Wilson is a young reporter and had been helped to a ‘story’ by the Lone Piners in *The Gay Dolphin Adventure*. Dickie is determined to be a reporter like James when he grows up.

Tom had a suggestion. “I think we should climb Pendle tomorrow, and the castle at Clitheroe sounds interesting for the next day. I hope there is something left standing unlike Bishop’s Castle. Funny how we keep bumping into castles in our adventures, there’s Clun,<sup>i</sup> and Camber<sup>ii</sup> and there’s , Ludlow and Bishop’s Castle (not much left of that), and now Clitheroe. And there’s a big castle at Skipton, about ten miles away. Maybe we could get a bus or train there one day.”

Mary wondered, “I think Anis must be a white witch, like Primrose was, remember, last Christmas, I thought she must be a white witch. I don’t think Anis knows how to cast spells, but Jenny is right, she does remind me a little of Miranda. I like her, I think she will be a lot of fun.”

“But what I want to know is where is Mackie going to sleep. He’d be frightened and lost on his own downstairs, and I sure he wouldn’t like to sleep with the sheep dogs. So he will have to sleep on our bed, with us Jenny.”

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<sup>i</sup>‘*The Secret of Grey Walls*’ 1947

<sup>ii</sup>‘*The Gay Dolphin Adventure*’ 1945

David was quite sure that Mackie wasn't going to disturb him. "There's three of us in two beds in the boys room, so we haven't space for Mackie."

Finally Peter pointed out Judy would have to be consulted. "I think first of all Mary that you should go downstairs and ask Judy if it is alright for Mackie to sleep in the bedroom. After all, Judy's dogs have to sleep outside. Perhaps I could go with you and see if I can help Judy clear up in the kitchen."

Mary was very concerned about Mackie, "He can't possibly sleep outside, he's too small." and then, "Unless of course Dickie and I slept outside with him. We might like that, wouldn't we Dickie?"

Jenny saw that Mary was really worried about where Mackie would sleep. "Don't worry Mary, I'm sure Judy will say there's no problem to have him in the bedroom. He'll be company for us as well. He can sleep on your side."

Dickie was still concerned about treasure. "You all keep forgetting the treasure, That's what this adventure is about. Which do we look for first, the Abbey treasure or the Pudsey shillings?"

"Please, all of you," Peter insisted, "just listen to David for a minute."

"Please will you all keep quiet a minute." David said, "there is only one decision that has to be made tonight, and that is where Mackie sleeps. Peter has suggested how it should be done. Every thing else can be decided at breakfast. Mary please go and ask Judy now."

## Adventures Ahead

Mary looked gratefully at her big brother. “Thank you David, I am very glad that someone sees that where Mackie sleeps is important. Come with me Peter, please.”

Mary and Peter soon returned with permission for Mackie. Judy had said “of course he should stay with Mary, he is not a working dog like the border collies. But you must come and see them working the sheep sometime.”

“Right,” said David, “add working sheep dogs to Peter’s list. Let’s get to bed now and everyone think about what we do tomorrow. It will depend on the weather of course, but we’ll know that at breakfast.”

## II

Peter woke to the rustling of the curtains against the open window. The sun was already quite high and a bright sun threw a streak of light across the floor as it seeped through the small gap between the curtains. Lying back with her hands behind her head she wondered if the others were up yet. Probably not she decided, the twins would have been in by now if they were up. It seemed to be a good summer day she thought and got up to look through the curtains. Right below were Tom and Judy scattering a bit of corn for the chickens. She noticed that Tom was holding a basket full of eggs. Obviously Tom and Judy, and the chickens, had been up for some time. She was late and rushed to get ready. The bathroom was unoccupied, so either the others were sleeping even later, or else they were already downstairs at breakfast. On her way down she realised that all was quiet, so the others will still sleeping. Except Tom of course.

She filled the kettle and put it on the Aga, which was already hot, so she wasn’t the first this morning. She was putting tea in the big teapot when the door opened and Judy came in followed

by Tom. “Look Judy, someone has finally woken up. Eggs for breakfast, look how well they have been laying, over two dozen here.”

Judy washed her hands quickly. “Bacon is in the cool scullery Peter, you’ll need to slice it yourself, take the big knife, but be careful, it’s very sharp.”

“Thick cut please.” added Tom. “I’ll go and wake the others.”

“How did you get out without waking David and Dickie.” Peter wondered.

“They were both snoring their heads off all night, I could hardly sleep for them. No noise from the girls room as I came past though.”

Peter found the bacon under a cover on top of a washing machine. “This is the first time I’ve had to slice my own bacon,” she thought, “it’s always been sliced at the shop for us.” She remembered the very thin crisp bacon at the castle school in Shrewsbury. “Tom wants it thick, and that’s how he’ll get it.”

David was the next down and Judy had a job for him. “Please have a look in the field where the sheep are,” she said, “you should find some good mushrooms have grown over night.” David went out at a run, followed by Tom who forgot all about waking the others. There weren’t many mushrooms growing in Brownlow Square in London, or even at Witchend.

The smell of frying bacon was drifting through the house and Dickie appeared in a dressing gown. “Why have you all been eating without waking us you beasts?” He demanded sleepily.



## Adventures Ahead

“It’s alright Dickie, you’re in good time, five minutes or so. Go and tell the girls they’ll miss breakfast if they don’t hurry.”

“What about David and Tom.” said Dickie, “where are they?”

“Out gathering some hay for your breakfast, they’ll bring some water from the stream for you to drink with it.” laughed Peter.

Dickie treated this with the contempt it deserved, he knew he could smell bacon frying. “I’ll wake the girls.” he said as Tom and David came in with a dish full of huge field mushrooms.

When Jenny appeared she looked at the feast set out on the table. “Where did all this food come from, I know rationing is just about over, but we don’t get this in Barton Beach.”

Judy smiled, “Rationing didn’t hit too hard here in Pendle, we have bacon from our pigs, eggs from our chickens, milk and butter from our cattle, bake our own bread from the wheat grown over the hill by Padiham, and of course, mushrooms from the field. We all share if anyone is short. Not all the food went to the towns and cities.”

David and Tom who remembered rationing in London were astonished, “it wasn’t like that in London, life could be hard.” was Tom’s comment.

“We had shortages here too,” Judy pointed out, “clothes and shoes were just not available, even if we had coupons. After the war you should have seen the farmer’s wives fighting over army surplus silk parachutes, and the men over army greatcoats and boots.”

Breakfast was soon over, and even Tom and Dickie agreed they couldn't eat any more. Peter had to walk down to the village to collect her bike from the Post Office and David decided to go with her. At the Post Office cum General Store Peter was greeted as an old friend.

“Hello Peter love, we've got your bike ready for you, all you have to do is sign here to say you have received it. That's for the railway of course, we know you.”

“And who's this young feller you've got there. Boy-friend is he?”

David blushed a bright scarlet and coughed in an embarrassed way, but seemed incapable of speech.. Peter, only slightly pink, explained.

“This is David, he's from London, and he's one of five of my friends staying with Judy now. I'll have to bring them all to meet you soon, especially the twins Richard and Mary who are only ten.”

David finally struggled into speech, “perhaps I could get the bike and see the tyres are pumped up and everything working properly.”

“It's out the back there, you can go out this way, it's quicker.”

“Don't tease him like that,” Peter said, “he's just a very good friend.”

“Oh aye, I've heard that afore. But he looks a decent lad, 'appen he'll do. Tha'd better hang on to 'im.”

## Adventures Ahead

Peter tried the bike up and down the street, it all seemed to be working, so they walked back to Ing Ends pushing it between them.

“What do you think we should do today David? Whalley Abbey sounds interesting, but maybe it’s a bit too far for the twins. What do you think?”

“I’ve been looking at the map, and it’s about ten miles to Whalley. Going seems pretty easy, a climb out of Barley and then it’s mostly level along the ridge, that’s the original Forest Road above Read, and then mostly downhill to Whalley. I’m sure they can manage that, but coming back might be a bit hard for them. We could come back through Sabden, that might be a bit easier.”

When they got back to Ing Ends, they found Tom was getting all the bikes ready, with Mackie’s basket strapped on Mary’s as usual.

“We’ve all decided we’re going to explore Whalley Abbey, are you two coming with us?”

Peter and David looked at each other, “That’s what we were thinking of suggesting, but can the twins manage that distance?”

Dickie was horrified at any suggestion that they might find it hard. “Of course we can manage it, easy, no trouble at all, don’t you worry about us, we’ll be explorers fighting our way through difficult country until we finally reach our destination at the Abbey”

“The Chapel Perilous.” added Mary.

But Jenny went on with the romance, “Dickie will have to be Sir Gawain on his way to the Hautdesert Castle, and he will

have to struggle through a terrible storm, until he comes to the ancient Whalley Abbey in the middle of a deep forest. On the altar there is a great golden candlestick with a tall candle burning. But a hand, black and hideous, reaches thorough the window and extinguishes the candle.”

Tom’s comment is more realistic, “The only struggling you’ll have to do, both of you twins, is pedalling up these big hills around here.”

“Well, I prefer Jenny’s story,” said Peter, “but be careful Dickie, it might turn out to be true. Anyway, let’s get going. Come on Mary, put Mackie in his basket and then we’ll be away.”

Dickie jumped on his bike, “Come on Mary, we’ll get there first. Whalley here we come.”

# Chapter 6. Whalley Abbey

*Friar Dorien, a holy man was he;  
Of all the monks of Whalley there were few  
Whom the old Abbot loved so brotherly;  
For ever walked he in obedience due  
To saintly discipline, and still would be  
Foremost in all good offices, a true  
Servant of Christ, in word, and thought, and deed,  
And never missed an ave or a creed.*

*“Friar Dorien,” Henry Houlding*

## I

Jenny and Mary, supervised by Dickie, had prepared a big pile of sandwiches and added lots of apples, while Tom was checking the bikes and pumping the tyres up.

“Tom, you are carrying the food for everybody, so you can’t get lost. We should be able to buy some drinks in Whalley.” At last the expedition left Ing Ends with an unhappy Macbeth sitting forlornly in his basket on the back of Mary’s bike. At the village they stopped for a minute while Peter went into the General Store and bought two chocolate bars for the twins. “You are going to need them on these steep hills.”

Jenny and Tom seemed to be having a short discussion, “I want to see this Eye of God and the Nutter witch grave in Newchurch, can we go that way?” Tom was obviously willing, but David was a little dubious, “I’ve studied the map, and there’s

two steep hills going that way through Newchurch, There's only one going our way past the Roughlee turnoff, I think that would be better for the twins."

Tom wanted to please Jenny, "Well, why don't Jenny and I go by Newchurch, and we'll all meet up again when we get back to the Forest Road on the ridge. Whoever gets there first has to wait for the others."

David and Peter looked the map and found where the road from Newchurch came up and met the Forest Road. "That's the meeting place."

Down past the Pendle Inn they came to where the road divided. David, Peter, and the twins took the left fork towards Roughlee, but Tom and Jenny went right, over Pendle Water and up the hill towards Newchurch. "Don't forget, first at the junction wait for the others." Tom called as they waved goodbye.

The hill on the road to Newchurch became very steep, and Tom and Jenny soon had to get off and walk, pushing the bikes. "It's hard," said Jenny, Tom was not sympathetic, "You wanted to come this way." But it wasn't a long hill, and they were soon at the top and free-wheeling down into Newchurch and stopped just above the old church down on their left.

## Whalley Abbey

At the church they looked for the supposed grave of the witch Alice Nutter and the Eye of God. “We must walk clockwise round the church.” Jenny insisted.

“That’s the way the sun goes, going the other way is called ‘widdershins’.” They passed the north door, “That’s the devil’s door or the witch’s door. It used to be left open during a baptism so that the devil could escape after being driven out of the infant born with Original Sin.” Then, they found

they found the Nutter Grave, embellished with a skull and crossbones in the graveyard to the south,



and finally set into the west side of the tower they found the Eye of God.

Jenny stared fascinated at the Eye, “It’s watching me.” but Tom just laughed, “No escaping that, God will see you and want to know why you weren’t at church last Sunday. And I don’t really believe a convicted and executed witch would be brought back to Pendle to be buried in the churchyard.”

“Well I think it’s very romantic, and you shouldn’t spoil it for me.”

Tom was suitably apologetic, “Sorry Jenny, perhaps Alice Nutter was brought back to a final resting place in Pendle.”

“Come on Tom, let’s get going, or they will be waiting for us, and Dickie would be very sarcastic about how long they’ve had to wait.”

They followed the road down the hill, Tom pointed out the end of Jinny Lane and then past a signpost saying Sabden Fold off to the right.

“Judy said that Anis lives at Sabden Fold.” Tom told Jenny.

At the bottom of the hill they crossed Sabden Brook and started a big climb. “Another walk,” said Jenny, “Not far,” Tom reassured her, “at the top we meet the Forest road the others have taken and we should meet them there.”

“I hope we get there first.” Jenny said pushing her bike up the middle of the narrow road.

“Careful Jenny, there’s a car coming up behind us, sounds like it’s going fast, get in to the side. A blue mini came up fast with it’s horn blaring. A young women shouted at them from the window, ” Get out of the way, do you want the whole road?”

Tom was shaking fist at the car as it went round a corner out of sight. “What a disgusting scene, there’s no need to drive at that speed on these narrow lanes, she could cause an accident.”

“And no need to behave that way, shouting at us like that, we have as much right to the road as she has.” added Jenny.

## II

David, Peter, and the twins who took the road to the left, crossed Pendle Water and followed a gentle climb with the bank of Pendle Water down below them on the left, in the trees. Once past the lane down to Whitehough they dropped down to the



## Whalley Abbey

crossroads for Roughlee. There they left the river and started a hard climb. Mary with Mackie in his basket soon lagged behind and Dickie, staying with her, shouted “Wait you beasts, can’t you see we are loaded down with Mackie, we can’t ride as fast as you can up here.”

David and Peter stopped and got off their bikes and waited for the twins, “We’ll walk this one, is that better? Mary, can’t you let Mackie walk up here, he needs some exercise.”

“He’s only got very short legs, he can’t keep up with you two. But he will try. Just walk slowly so he can keep up with you.”

Mackie got down gratefully and immediately ran up the hill way ahead of them all before stopping to investigate some exciting smell at the side of the road.

Peter laughed and teased Mary a little. “See Mary, he can walk up here a lot faster than you. Now you try and keep up with him.”

“That’s because he’s got four legs, and anyway, he doesn’t have to push a bike.”

When they reached the top and Noggarth Cottage and turned right along the top of the ridge. “Now we are up on the Forest Road, and the old Ridgeway drops down a little on the right through Rigg of England. We keep on this road which will take us all the way to Whalley. It’s only about two miles to where we meet Tom and Jenny. Behind us the old Ridgeway follows

the line of the hill until it drops down to a very old settlement at the Watermeetings where Blacko Water joins Pendle Water.<sup>1</sup>

Easier going now,” said David, and Peter added “just look at the view of Pendle across the valley, it looks like some huge monster rising out of the deep.” The road dropped a little and ran between high banks covered with masses of bright yellow gorse. Mackie was still enjoying the walk as they cycled slowly along. Suddenly he started running ahead as fast as he could, nose close to the ground, before trying to climb the bank at the side. “He must be following the scent of a rabbit,” said Peter. She got off her bike and climbed the bank, “Yes, there it goes, can you catch it Mackie?” Mackie turned and looked at her, then had one last sniff and then trotted back to the road. He knew when it was time to ignore rabbits.

Dickie and Mary pedalled on ahead of David and Peter. Mackie was still investigating the side of the road, but followed them when Mary called.

“Come on Mackie, run, see if you can keep up with us. Slow down a bit Dickie so he has a chance. He’s only got short legs.”

The road wandered along, gently rising and falling. “The Ridgeway is a very old trackway,” David told Peter, “It goes back to long before the Romans landed in England.”

“Just like the Portway on the Long Mynd,” Peter added, “In those days the whole island was heavily forested, and it made a lot of sense to travel on high mountains or ridges to avoid the dense forest cover in the valleys by the streams.”

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<sup>1</sup>John A Clayton claims to have established the existence of an ancient settlement, probably Neolithic, at the Water Meetings, but archaeological investigation is still required.

## Whalley Abbey

Peter and David pedalled slowly along the narrow road, and Dickie and Mary rode far ahead with Mackie still trotting with them.

“See, aren’t they good.” said Peter, “They are at the moment,” replied David, “I wonder how long it will last.” They were now riding very slowly indeed, side by side, with not a car in sight, enjoying the quiet and the gentle breeze. Peter was happy, she and David were together, “It’s almost like on top of the Mynd,” she murmured, “sun, breeze and above all the quiet of the mountains.”

David knew when to keep quiet, and the twins disappeared into the distance.

They came over the top of a slight rise and stopped and sat down to look at Pendle, bright in the sunshine, with the heather beginning to turn purple, and the sheep browsing all over the hill. After a few minutes Peter began to worry a little, “You know David, much as I am enjoying this, I think we are perhaps dawdling too much here, I hope the twins are alright, they will wait at the junction won’t they?”

David realised that Peter was right. “I suppose we should be moving, but I’m sure they will be alright, they are probably waiting for Tom and Jenny, if they are not already there.” David was just saying when they heard a loud squeal of brakes ahead down the road, followed by a loud bumping noise. “Quick Peter, come on, sounds like the twins might be in trouble.”

As they got moving there came the faint peewit’s call of the Lone Pine club. As they came up to the junction they saw a bright blue car with its nose in the ditch and a smart young lady staring at the car while she was surrounded by Dickie, Mary and

Mackie, the twins obviously moving into their talking to strangers routine.

Peter recognised both the lady and the car, “That’s the one I told you about, the lady who was trying to drive up the Black Moss valley, and that’s the car, I’d know them anywhere.”

“You never met her before this Peter, but I’m almost sure that is Valerie, the niece of old Miss Ballinger. You know, the ones we met with Jon and Penny in the *Gay Dolphin Adventure*. Remember Dickie kept saying he had seen the man Grandon when we were on the way here. Perhaps he was right.”

### III

Together the twins and Mackie had raced down the slight slope and had come at last to the junction. “We’ve won Mary, we got here first. Look, the signpost says Newchurch that way, Tom and Jenny must be coming up the hill out of that valley. It looks jolly steep, I bet they are having to walk and push the bikes.”

“Listen Dickie, it sounds like a car coming fast up the hill, I hope it doesn’t hit Tom and Jenny.” The twins circled round and round on their bikes in the middle of the junction. A blue car appeared going very fast and had to brake suddenly. skidded and dived nose first into the ditch. A very smart and very angry lady got out and came up to the twins.

“You stupid children ... ” she started to say, but Dickie got going. “Did you see that Mary, she was driving so fast she just drove into that ditch.”

“Yes, she nearly hit Mackie, look, he’s still shaking.”

## Whalley Abbey

“Will you kids be quiet, don’t you realise you have just caused a serious accident?”

“I think she is trying to blame us Mary, would you believe it, she’s just telling lies about us.”

“Do you know who she is Dickie? I recognised her at once, it’s Valerie from the *Gay Dolphin Adventure*. You know, when we were locked in that bungalow of the Ballinger’s, and the sea had broken the bank and was coming in.”

“So she is, I remember just how disgusting they all were, but we beat them in the end to the treasure. Do you remember us Valerie? We beat you that time.”

Valerie stopped shouting, and had a close look at the twins. “Yes, I remember you, you’re always in the way and interfering. I suppose all the rest of you are about. What are you doing here anyway?”

“Dickie, I think its time to call for help, try the peewit call.” Dickie did his best.

“Stop making that ridiculous noise,” Valerie started to say, but then there came answering calls, two of them, as Tom and Jenny came running up the hill from Newchurch, and David and Peter came riding fast down the road.

### IV

They were all together again, surrounding Valerie who was beginning to look rather nervous, she was certainly outnumbered, and Mackie was growling around her heels. She tried to be more polite. “Please could you help me get this car out of the ditch, I’m sure you two strong lads could do it.”

David and Tom looked at each other with a silent question and answer. Tom was the first to reply, shaking his head a little. “You seem to be driving around far too fast for these lanes, trying to hit everybody, first you had a go at us coming up the hill, and now it seems you just had another go at these twins.”

Valerie turned to David, “Won’t you help please. It’s just that I was in a hurry, I have to get to Clitheroe quickly.”

David relented, “Come on Tom, let’s see if we can move it.”

Jenny said, “no Tom, why should we help her after the way she shouted at us back there.”

“Be quiet girl.” snapped Valerie, and to Tom, “please try.”

Tom didn’t like this. “If you want help you don’t talk to Jenny like that. Right David let’s give it a try.” They started to get down in the ditch but stopped when Peter called,

“Wait a minute there’s a car coming, I don’t think he will be able to get round this car here.”

An old Land Rover pulled up and the driver got out to see what the trouble was. Dickie and Mary dashed at him, “Uncle Bob, she almost ran into us and Mackie, and now her car’s stuck in the ditch. David and Tom were just going to try and lift it out.”

Tom added, “She was driving very fast up the hill from Newchurch and just shouted at us to get out of her way.”

“No call to drive fast in these lanes, no wonder you got ditched. And being polite is the best way to get help. Come on lads, let’s give it a try.”

## Whalley Abbey

They managed to lift the front end a little, but the car just slid deeper into the ditch.

“Sorry lady, but at least other traffic can get around it now.” said Bob, “You’ll have to get help. You’ll find a telephone down in Wheatley Lane, it’s only about a mile, turn left down the hill just before the Hoarstones, there’s a public House, the Harpers, just before the village. They’ll help you..”

“Can’t you drive me there?” asked Valerie rather forlornly, “I can’t walk far in these shoes.”

Bob looked at the very high and narrow heels. “Looks like the walk might shorten those heels a bit. Sorry, I can’t take you I have an urgent meeting in Whalley and I can’t be late.” He turned to David, “You can leave your bikes in the yard at the back of the Dog Inn, I’ll tell them you’re coming. I’ll find you at the Abbey this afternoon. I must go now, I’m late already” Bob got back into his Land Rover and drove away. The Lone Piners picked up their bikes and loaded Mackie into his basket and set off down the road leaving Valerie to manage as best she could.

“Come back, I need help.” Valerie called as they turned the corner.

“Now what is she doing here,” wondered David, “I don’t think she will be on her own; perhaps the Ballinger and Grandon are around.”

“She said she was going to Clitheroe,” Peter replied, “Perhaps they are all staying there.”

“I would like to say something if you would all please listen.” shouted Dickie, “Didn’t I tell you, twice, that I’d seen Slinky

Grandon, but no, you wouldn't believe me. Now perhaps you will believe me"

"You see, you always ignore us twins, but now you see we were right all the time."

"They are all here." added Mary.

"And I think they are after the Abbey treasure, so we have to find it first and beat them again. Quick, let's get to the Abbey before Valerie gets moving again." said Dickie excitedly.

The Lone Piners had started in a tight bunch, and David suggested they should keep close together, "Just in case." he said. Now he pointed the Hoarstones as they passed. "The devil is supposed to sit among those stones on certain nights."

"When he's not too busy in the clouds on the Stiperstones I suppose." Peter said with a grin at Jenny.

As they rode David pointed to the right and told them about how old the Ridgeway was, "and just across that field there is that farm with the strange name of *Rigg of England*." The road started to drop down a steep hill. At the bottom was a narrow bridge over Sabden Brook. "It was here that the Battle of Read Old Bridge was fought in 1643 between the Royalist and Parliamentary forces."

The Royalist force of about 4,000 men, commanded by the Earl of Derby, had taken the village of Whalley. A detachment moving east along the old Forest Road met with a Parliamentary force who were heading for Whalley. As the Royalist forces approached the bridge they were defeated by rounds of musket fire. The battle is now often regarded as one winning Lancashire for Parliament.



## Whalley Abbey

After a short climb from Read Old Bridge on the old Roman road they reached the site of Portfield, originally an old Neolithic settlement, but it was also used in Roman times as a fire beacon site. “More treasure was found here.” said David.<sup>ii</sup>

“Seems to me there is buried treasure everywhere in the Pendle Forest.” Dickie exclaimed, “We have to find some, and that might be another adventure for us if the Ballinger gang are here too. We need to plan where to search.”

After that it was an easy run down into Whalley. There they had no trouble finding the Dog Inn and parked their bicycles in the back yard saying “Bob from Barley said it would be alright to leave them here.” The inn keeper laughed, “If Bob said so, then it must be so. I heard you had a little trouble with a car, the garage here was sent to get it out of a ditch. If you are going to look at the Abbey, it’s best to go through the churchyard and have a look at the old Paulinus crosses. There’s also two old stone coffins by the south door, you could put those twins in them. Out the other side of the yard and you can’t miss the Abbey. I’ll tell Bob you are here” The Dog Inn, originally the Spotted Dog, is run by the Rev. Canon Norman Atty and his wife Christine. At the front door Mary spotted a sign saying ‘No Dogs Allowed. “Isn’t that just silly, no dogs allowed in the Dog Inn.”

“I’m sure it’s a sort of joke,” said Tom, “we get that sort of thing in London.”

Just down the road they turned into the churchyard and saw one of the Celtic crosses immediately. The three ancient crosses in the churchyard at Whalley became known as the Augustine

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<sup>ii</sup>in 1966 treasure from the seventh century BC was found here, including a gold tress-ring and bracelet and many bronze items and tools though to have belonged to a bronze smith.

crosses or the Paulinus crosses, but they have been dated somewhat later to the tenth century. The carving shows they are clearly of both Celtic and Saxon origin and that tells us that there was still a major Celtic presence in the area at the time of the Norman Conquest.



“Not very exciting.” was Dickie’s only comment, but Peter and Jenny tried to trace out the elaborate scroll work. By the door into the church they found the stone coffins. David and Tom watched while Jenny was horrified, “Come away, they’re coffins for dead people.” Peter laughed at her but Dickie boasted, “Just watch me, I’m not afraid of any old coffins.” and he lay down on his back in one of them. “Come on twin, you get in the other, and take Mackie with you.” he called.

“No thank you,” said Mary, “I’m staying with Peter and Jenny, I think they are horrid coffins, and Mackie does not like them at all. Please be sensible and act your age. Get out and come away”

“Let’s have a quick look inside the church,” suggested Jenny, “I like old churches.”

Inside the church they were greeted by a lady who showed them round.



## Whalley Abbey

“The north and south aisles end in chancels. Before the Reformation these were chantries where priests would say daily masses for the souls of the dead. The chantry on the south aisle was appropriated to the Abbey and known as *St. Mary’s Kage*. On the north aisle the chancel was reserved for the Catteralls of The Manor of Little Mytton. It was known as the *St. Nicholas Kage*.”

“You can see the Catterall brass on the north wall just before the Mitton chancel.”<sup>iii</sup>



“It’s most likely that the brass was removed from the church when chantries were suppressed in the time of Edward VI or Elizabeth I or possibly Oliver Cromwell. Wherever it was hidden it re-appeared in Little Mitton Hall around 1659 at the end of

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<sup>iii</sup>The Catterall brass was originally in this chantry, but was moved out onto the north wall just outside the chancel in 1968 when the chancel was re-dedicated to the dead of the two World Wars.

the Commonwealth. It then disappeared again until it was finally found by Dr Whitaker in 1830 at Catterall Hall a few miles away, and restored to its place in the Mitton Chapel.”

“You see the date on the brass. Can you count how many sons and daughters they had?”

Of yo<sup>r</sup> Charyte pray for the Sowllys of Raffe Catterall',  
Esquyer, and Elizabeth hys wyfe, whyche bodies lyeth  
Before this Pellor, and for all' ther Chyldēr sowlys, whych  
Rafe descesyd the xxvj day of decēber y<sup>e</sup> yere of o<sup>r</sup> Lord god  
M<sup>o</sup> ccccc<sup>o</sup> xv. On whose sowlys Jhū haue mercy amen.

David worked out the date, “1515.”

“He died on the day after Christmas.” Peter added. Jenny was counting, “I think it’s nine sons and ten daughters. But they can’t all have died at the same time.”

“If you look carefully it is said there are actually eleven daughters. No, I’m sure most of them were still alive. The brass commemorates the death of Ralph and records his wife and all his children.”

They moved to the main chancel, dating from 1220 and little changed since then. “see there are three *sedilia* for the officiating priest, the deacon, and the sub-deacon.”

“Now you must come and see the Misericords in the choir stall.”

## Whalley Abbey

“These came from the choir stalls of the Abbey, they are called Misericords. The seats are hinged, and when the seat is upright and the monks who were standing during long periods of the service could rest on a ledge on the underside of the seat. The back of the seats are elaborately carved, and the fronts have texts in Latin, French, and Mediaeval English. Some of the carvings have moral messages, but others are more humorous: see this one, a fox stealing a goose, and next a warrior being beaten with a ladle by his wife, and here is one of a man trying to nail shoes on a goose.”



“Can you read the text, it means something like ‘meddling in other peoples business is as pointless as trying to nail shoes on a goose.’”

*Who so melles hym of y al men dos let hym cum heir and shoe ye ghos*

Expanding this we get

*“Whoso melles him of what another does, let him come here and shoe the goose.”*

On the way out they were shown the Nowell pew, a huge, ornate little room it seemed. “That came from the Manor of Read, and although it is dated 1534, it was stored for seventy years in a barn at Nethertown near Whalley. It was made for a Roger Nowell of Read, the brother of Alexander Nowell, the Dean of St. Paul’s. There’s an amusing record of how the seating

in church was decided by Sir John Towneley, the biggest land holder in the parish, who delivered his verdict.”

*My man Shuttleworth, of Hacking, made this form, and here will I sit when I come, and my cousin Nowell may take one behind me if he please, and my sonne Sherburne shall make one on the other side, and Mr Catterall another behind him; and for the residue the use shall be, first come first speed, and that will make the proud wives of Whalley rise betimes to come to church.*

“The Nowell pew was placed where Sir John had directed, 120 years earlier. Seating in church was determined by social ranking in those days. All four families were related by marriage, Sir John’s wife was Anne Catterall, Shuttleworth’s wife was also a Catterall, Sherburne was a son-in-law, and Nowell’s wife was a Towneley.”

“I can’t show you the bells, but we have a full ring of eight bells in the key of E-flat which were recast in 1924. The change-ringers here are very enthusiastic and practice the old English art of change ringing, and twenty four peals were rung between 1924 and now (1956). A peal can contain many thousands of changes, where each bell strikes once in each change, and the peal contains no repetition. Fifteen thousand, eight hundred and forty Kent Treble Bob Majors would take about nine hours to complete.”<sup>iv</sup>

After they had thanked the lady they left the churchyard and turned down a small lane at the back. There ahead of them was the north east or Abbot’s gateway to the Abbey, a big high tower with massive wooden gates and heavy iron fittings. At a small office they paid a small entry fee and were given copies of a

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<sup>iv</sup>England alone in the world, has perfected the art of change-ringing and the true ringing of bells by rope and wheel, and will not lightly surrender her unique heritage: *The Nine Taylors* Dorothy L Sayers, 1924.

## Whalley Abbey

plan of the Abbey and told to enjoy themselves, but also to remember that this is still sacred ground, “it’s known as the *Locus Benedictus*. If you like I can tell you some of the history, and what you might like to see?”

“I want to know all about the treasure that was buried on Pendle.” insisted Dickie, “cos we are going to look for it.”

“Well, you see, at the time of the dissolution of the Abbeys, all the content of Whalley Abbey was deemed to be the property of the crown. However, we do know that many items were removed and reappeared elsewhere in due course.”

“Not just small pieces either, but even something as big as the choir stalls and the fifteenth century Misericords which were installed in the parish church, the Nowell box pew which was hidden at Read for over 50 years, and one of the stained glass windows which went to Salmesbury Hall. The ceremonial robes, the dalmatics, of the Abbey reappeared at Towneley Hall near Burnley in the possession of Sir John Towneley and his wife Anne, later declared to be prominent recusants. ”

“We saw the misericords in the church, and the Nowell pew. That really was huge.” Jenny said.

“The High Mass sets preserved in the Towneley and Burrell (Scotland) collections are not among those described by Robert de Radcliffe for the parliamentary record. Canon Geoffrey Ainsworth Williams concludes they must either have been delivered to John Towneley or collected from the Abbey by him, with the Abbot’s knowledge and connivance, after the Visitation by Cromwell’s Commissioners in 1535.”<sup>v</sup>

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<sup>v</sup>Locus Benedictus (The Blessed Place): The story of Whalley Abbey, Geoffrey Ainsworth Williams, 1995, Whalley Abbey Fellowship.

“You see, the king made it very clear that he was aware of the possibility of loss of valuable objects, In a letter to Robert de Radcliffe who was in charge of the Abbey he warned him twice about *embeselement*.”

*Right trusty and well-biloved cousins and trusty and well-biloved,  
we grete you well.*

...

*And whereas upon th'execution of th'Abbot of Whalley, ye have  
taken ordre for the good  
direction of the house and the sauf keeping of the goodes, without  
embeselement, til further  
knowledge of our pleasure,*

...

*As touching th'ordre of the house, in the meane tyme, we desire  
and pray you have special  
regarde that no thing be embeseled,*

“The king was clearly very aware that valuables were being *embeseled*. The Abbey had much valuable plate, gold and silver items encrusted with jewels at the time of the Dissolution. For the general use of the monks, each one of whom was required to say mass every day, there were *fifteen chalices and their pattens all gold*. Again, some of the ceremonial plate had already been removed and preserved in the parish church where it continued to be used in very Romish (and illegal) ceremonies. The vicar for the next 40 years (Dobson) was well known for adhering to the old faith. We also know, from reports in the London Gazette of 4th February, 1674 that much plate belonging to Whalley church was stolen. So I don't think anyone would find it surprising that some of the Abbey's treasure went missing. It was not just Whalley Abbey that was concerned, prior to the Royal Visitation in August 1535, many Abbots and Heads of Houses started to let monastic lands on long leases to lay people,



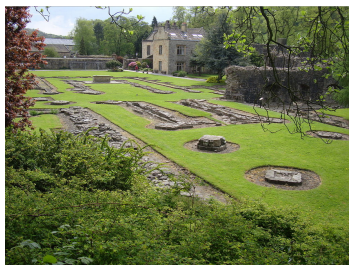
## Whalley Abbey

and there are records of the disappearance of valuable church plate and other removable treasure. Why not Whalley? People do say that much treasure from the Abbey was buried on Pendle.”

“We’ll find it, won’t we Mary. We’re good at finding treasure; if it’s buried on Pendle we’ll soon find it.” said Dickie.

The man smiled, “When you do find it, bring it here, we don’t want the crown trying to steal it again, do we?”

They thanked the man who seemed to have been glad to have someone to talk to, and they walked out of the gate tower into the Abbey grounds and stopped to look around and take in the sights. Straight ahead was the Conference House, the old Abbot’s lodging. It was built originally by John Paslew, the last Abbot, as lodgings befitting a mitred abbot, on some earlier foundations, and was converted to an Elizabethan manor house by Richard Assheton after he purchased the Abbey buildings from the crown.



It was renovated yet again when the Diocese of Manchester purchased the whole site in 1923 for the newly established Diocese of Blackburn, and now serves as a Conference Centre and Retreat. To the right of that were the magnificent surviving remains of the Abbey, including the Sacristy and the Chapter House, and beyond them the Cloister, Kitchen, Cellarium, and Refectory. There were children playing on the grass and running in and out of the great arched doorways. Further to their right were the foundations of

the Abbey church with no remaining superstructure, but with a new altar erected in it's original place in the Presbytery.

David was trying to organise the visit, "Let's look at the manor house first, then we'll try and work out how the church was laid out. But he was too late, the twins and Mackie were already running towards the ruins and through a big arched doorway." Let them go," said Tom, "we'll catch up with them later." Tom and Jenny wandered off slowly towards the Abbey, but David and Peter remained to listen to some of the history of the Abbey.

"Where are you from," the guide asked and Peter answered, "I'm from Shropshire."

"Now that's a coincidence," he said, "This Abbey traces its origin back to Combermere Abbey on the Shropshire border. Stanlaw Abbey in Cheshire, on the banks of the Mersey, was a daughter Abbey of Combermere, founded around 1170 by John, Constable of Chester. His son, Roger, then Constable, inherited the de Lacy estates in 1193, and changed his name to de Lacy. Along with a new surname he inherited the Vicarage of Blackburn, which included Whalley. Now, in 1179 Stanlaw was badly flooded and the monks asked the Pope for permission to move to a drier site. In the period 1183-1189 they obtained permissions from the King, from the Pope, and from the Bishop of Lichfield, and received the Vicarage of Whalley from the de Lacys. But it was not until 1296 that Abbot Gregory and twenty monks moved into Whalley and started planning this Abbey."

As they were walking over towards the manor house they saw Bob coming down the steps and told the guide he was a friend of theirs.

## Whalley Abbey

“He’ll have been at the meeting of the Whalley Abbey Fellowship. He’ll have more to tell you about the Abbey, I’ll leave you to him. Enjoy your visit.”

Bob was pleased to see them, but “where are all the others.” he asked Peter. “They all dashed off to explore.” she replied. “But I’m wondering why all that is left of the Abbey church is little more than the foundations, whilst over there are all the remains of the rest of the Abbey, still standing. I’d like to know what the church looked like.”

“I can show you that, come on back into the Centre with me.”

### V



Dickie led the way through the biggest of the arches into a long room carpeted with grass, but no roof. This was where the monks spent a lot of their time, the sacristy, the Chapter House, the Parlour, and the Monks’ Day Room. “Look Mary,” said Dickie, “the monks’ bedroom was above this, you see where the wood beams were fixed into the walls.”

“Dormitory, not bedroom, like at school.” Mary corrected him.

“This is where the stairs went up, they had to go outside to get upstairs. I’m going to climb them, come on Mary, we’ll do it together.”

“No, I don’t think we should go climbing, but I’ll wait for you. Then I want to go right to the end and see what there is down there.”

Dickie soon gave up the attempt to climb and together they went down to the end, crossing the room dividers as they went. Through the window at the end they could see the river Calder, but just below the window there was a sort of trench.

“It’s dry, but it looks like a canal, and see, it goes under that other building. Let’s follow it and see how far it goes.”

“It’s very low, we’ll have to crawl, but it looks clean, let’s go.” agreed Mary



## Whalley Abbey



When they crawled under the next building Mary said, “It’s better than trying to move in the dark in that cave up Black Dingle, at least we can see where we are going.”

“Quiet,” hissed Dickie, “There’s someone talking above us, let’s listen, perhaps this is going to be a new adventure.”

A woman’s deep, gruff voice sounded annoyed. “I don’t know why you have brought me here, I can’t see anywhere to hide anything.”

Mary gripped Dickie’s arm, “Do you know who it is?”

“I think I’ve heard her before, but I’m not sure where.”

“Think Dickie, remember The Gay Dolphin.”

Dickie gasped, “Of course, now I know that voice, it’s the Ballinger.”

A man’s voice answered, “Isn’t it obvious, if you wanted to hide something quickly, what better place than the Abbey’s drain. At that time it would have been wet and muddy, and any treasure would have sunk into the mud and be hidden.”

“And I bet that’s Slinky Grandon,” Mary whispered, “You’ve been seeing him all the way here.”

“Yes, that’s possible,” the gruff voice replied, “but whoever hid anything here would have come back and recovered it at night.”

“Unless it was a monk who was arrested that day.”

Dickie wriggled with excitement, “They’re after the Abbey treasure.” he turned to Mary, but he dislodged a stone which fell with a sharp noise.

“What’s that.” said the Ballinger, “Is someone listening to us?”

“No, we’re quite safe here, it’s probably a rat or some animal down in the ditch.”

“I can’t stand rats, let’s go. In any case, we can’t start digging here, and anyway this ditch has already been explored and re-stored by archaeologists already. I’m sure there can be nothing left here.”

“You may well be right,” said Grandon, “but I still think this would be obvious for a first hiding place, and I’m sure we need to follow up any clues involving water.”

“Maybe, but not in the river, any floods would have washed anything away long ago.”

Footsteps receded as the pair moved away. The twins crawled out from under the building and climbed up again. Dickie was dancing around, sure that they were on the trail for a new adventure. “Come on, let’s follow them and see where they are going.” Cautiously they trailed the two, dodging round the Abbey remains until they came to the car park. There they saw them get into a car and drive away.

## Whalley Abbey

“Quick,” said Dickie, “get the number.”

“Too late, it’s gone, and what would we do with it anyway.” Mary answered. “And it looks to me like this adventure has come to an end already, we don’t know where they are going and we can’t follow them.”

“At least we can tell the others, and we can watch out for them wherever we go. Now we know they are after the treasure, and we must beat them to it.”

“There’s Tom and Jenny sitting on that low wall by the big house, and talking to Bob, Peter, and David, but let’s not tell them anything yet about the Ballinger, maybe we can find them again and have an adventure on our own.”

### VI

Tom and Jenny moved slowly through the Abbey, checking with the plan and the guide they had been given. “Look,” said Tom, “those holes in the wall were the Abbey library, that’s where the books were kept. And this big open space was the cloister where the monks got their exercise, walking round and round. Down there is the kitchen and the refectory.”

Jenny was more interested in the books, “they can’t have had very many books, I wonder what they did when they had read them all.” Tom explained that books were all hand-written in those days and very valuable. “I expect they were read out loud a lot, and the monks would be learning about the scriptures.”

Jenny pondered for a minute, “Do you think they had the tales of King Arthur, that would be exciting, reading them in an old monastery. And I want to get that *Mist Over Pendle* book we were told about, do you think we could go on to Clitheroe

on our own, leaving the others here. Judy said there was a good bookshop in Clitheroe, with lots of second hand books as well.”

Tom liked the idea of them going together, “Yes, and I’d like to look at the castle in Clitheroe. There’s also that book Bob told us about, McKay’s ‘Pendle in History’ I think it was called. Perhaps we could find that as well.”

Jenny was a little worried, “The twins will be angry with us, they’ll say we are going off without them and planning things.” but Tom simply said, “what are they doing now except going off on their own without us. Anyway they will have David and Peter to ride home with. Why don’t we tell David now and go and get the bikes. It’s only two or three miles to Clitheroe. We could come back over Pendle on that mountain road, the Nick of Pendle.”

Jenny was dubious, “That sounds like a big hill to climb on the bikes.”

Tom was enthusiastic, “We can always walk up the hill.”



# Chapter 7. Cromwell's Bridge

*On the 16th August 1648, Oliver Cromwell and his 8,000-strong army crossed the River Hodder on their way to the Battle of Preston on the following day, when the Royalists were routed. In a letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons, Cromwell states that they held a council of war at the bridge, though he misidentifies it as "Hodder Bridge over Ribble."*

## I

Bob led Peter and David back into the manor house, "It's now a conference Centre for the Blackburn diocese, and a retreat for people who want to escape from the worries of the world for a few days." He explained. "Look, here on the wall is a reconstruction of what the Abbey and its church must have been like.

It was modelled to some extent on Westminster Abbey in London.”



Peter was fascinated, “It must have completely dominated the village. But the church puzzles me, why is there nothing left but the foundations, while all the other buildings are still standing, even though they are ruins?”

“Yes, and remember that the village was a lot smaller in those days. The Abbey church remains are rather surprising, almost as though it was the church rather than the Abbey which represented the link with the Catholic church of Rome. But perhaps a simpler explanation is that dressed stone was needed to turn the old Abbot’s Lodging into this typical Elizabethan manor house; and the church was the nearest supply of dressed stone. Or perhaps the new owner just didn’t want a big church on his doorstep”

“I suppose there is no way the church could be restored, or at least a new church built on these foundations?”

## Cromwell's Bridge

Bob laughed at this, "I'm afraid that really is out of the question Peter, just think how much it would cost."

Peter wondered, "It must have been a major upset for the local people when the Abbey suddenly disappeared, people would have been dependent on the Abbey for work and alms as well as their religious life. And then the conversion to the new Protestantism of Henry VIII must have divided local families against each other."

"That's right," said Bob, "In fact there was a report of 1590, over fifty years later, which informed the Privy Council that there were definitely seven hundred indicted recusants in Lancashire and probably many more (recusants were those who would not declare allegiance to the Protestant church.) It was acknowledged that areas such as Pendle supported Romish priests who baptised children, and celebrated marriages, whilst Catholic schoolmasters 'corrupted' the children. Romish services were undoubtedly held in places such as Wilkinson's barn in Barley, which continued to be used by Catholic Irish farm labourers into the 1950s."

"Indeed, it wasn't just the Dissolution that created problems in this area. In the time of Edward II (1307-27) Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, in revolt against the king, was defeated in the Battle of Boroughbridge and was executed in March 1322. This left the Forest of Pendle in a lawless state, and later that year a gang from Marsden (now Nelson) raided Whalley Abbey and stole five thousand pound's worth of goods. Later, in 1347, Queen Isabella's treasure at the Abbey was robbed again of two thousand pounds in cash and three thousand pound's worth of plate. And this was before the dissolution. A year later Henry Catlow and Adam the Turner of Marsden were prosecuted for *Impersonating the representative of the Duchy of Lancaster and obtaining 'puture' (taxes) from the inhabitants of Marsden and Colne.*

There is still no trace of this treasure that disappeared during this earlier lawless time.”

David was getting a bit anxious about the twins, he knew he was responsible for them, and he didn't know if they could be in any danger among the old ruins. “I think we had better find the others, who knows what mischief they might be up to.”

“Yes, you're right David, and we shouldn't keep Bob talking here, I'm sure he has lots of things to see to.”

“Thank you Peter for worrying about me,” said Bob, “But I've finished all my work, and I'm now free for the afternoon. Perhaps I could help you see round Whalley or something.”

Outside they found Tom and Jenny waiting for them. Tom explained that he and Jenny would like to ride on to Clitheroe to have a look at the castle and find the bookshop Judy had mentioned.

“Jenny wants to get a copy of *Mist Over Pendle*, and I can always explore old castles.”

Peter and David were happy about this arrangement and agreed that Clitheroe would be too much for the twins, and that they would get the twins back to Barley safely. “We'll go back through Sabden, that would be a bit easier.” So Tom and Jenny went off to get their bikes, just as the twins joined them. Dickie asked suspiciously, “what are you lot planning without us? and where are Tom and Jenny going?” to which David replied “never mind about Tom and Jenny, but what have you two been up to, without us?”

“Nothing,” said Mary carelessly, “We have just been looking round. We like to see how people lived a long time ago, we just walked down to the river”

## Cromwell's Bridge

Dickie continued, "We found an old canal which ran under some of the buildings and we crawled along it and we heard ...ouch!" "Nothing." said Mary as she kicked Dickie's leg, "Nothing at all, or maybe it was a rat or something. So we came back to look for you all."

Peter looked suspiciously at Mary, "What did Dickie nearly tell us?" "Nothing, and it's our secret." returned the twins together.

"Never mind them." David said, "let them have their little secrets. Why don't we find somewhere to eat our sandwiches and have a drink?"

Bob had been listening quietly, but now had a suggestion. "Why don't you all come with me in the Land Rover to look at Cromwell's Bridge where we can have a little picnic. We can get some drinks on the way."

"Why is it called Cromwell's Bridge?" Dickie wanted to know. "We learned about Cromwell and the defeat of the king and the Royalists at school last term."

"Then you should know that Cromwell marched his army round the back of Pendle on his way to the Battle of Preston when the Royalists were finally defeated."

"They never mentioned Pendle, or the bridge, at school." Dickie complained.

"Then you'll be able to tell them all about it next term."



They all piled into Bob's car and drove out of Whalley along a very narrow road and through the north west entrance gate to the Abbey. "Gosh," said Dickie, "We could ex-

plore that, look there's a little side door, and there's a room above."

"The little door is for people who arrive on foot, coaches come through on the road. Upstairs there is a small room for visitors, and a small chapel. Most lay visitors were not allowed into the Abbey's grounds."

After another half a mile Bob pointed out, "That's an old mediaeval hall there on the left, Little Mitton Hall, the original house was probably built in the 1300s. It's been added on to since then of course, but the main hall with its minstrels' gallery, and the kitchen with a huge range are still original fifteenth century. We could stop there on the way back for a look around if you like. And perhaps another drink for Dickie of course."

They crossed the river Ribble, up a little hill and then turned left down to another river. "That's the river Hodder, it joins the Ribble just round the corner. Look, there's Cromwell's bridge."



They crossed the river on a modern bridge and stopped close to the old bridge a little way downstream.

Dickie jumped out first and dashed towards the old bridge. "I'm going to cross the river on Cromwell's Bridge." he shouted. Bob and David together ran after him, "stop Dickie." they cried, "That's too dangerous, there are no side walls."

## Cromwell's Bridge

Dickie ignored them and started on the first arch until Mary and Peter both called, "Dickie, come back." At that he turned and came reluctantly back. "If Cromwell could cross here, I'm sure I could too."

Bob solved the problem. "Come on Dickie, time for a picnic on the bank of the river. Let's see what sandwiches you've got. Do you think there's enough for me? Of course, if you did go across the bridge, I could eat your sandwiches."

Peter and David unpacked the food and they all sat down to a feast by the side of the river.

Bob told them how the bridge came by its name. This is where Cromwell and his troops crossed the Hodder on their way to the decisive battle of Preston in 1648, when he finally defeated the Royalists. He held a Council of War here at the bridge. After crossing Cromwell demanded to stay the night at Stonyhurst, the home of the Sherburnes, a mile two on the other side of the Hodder. It is recorded that Cromwell had to sleep on a table, and that Lady Sherburne (whose husband was away fighting on the Royalist side) kept loaded pistols at her side all night.

Mary was looking a little puzzled, and asked "is this river the Hodder, there seem to be so many rivers today, it was the Calder at the Abbey, then we crossed the Ribble, and now this seems to be another one." Bob explained, "There are three big rivers which all meet together close to Mitton, near Whalley. This is the Hodder which comes down from the fells of Bowland Forest to the north west. The Ribble comes down from the Yorkshire Dales to the north east of here, and the Calder comes in from the south east, that's the river you see at Whalley. The Hodder and the Calder join the Ribble near Mitton. Pendle Forest

lies between the Ribble and the Calder. So with all the rain they get around here we have the old rhyme”

*Hodder and Calder, Ribble and rain,  
All meet together in Mitton demesne.*

While they were all enjoying the picnic lunch Bob told them how the Mitton Hoard of buried treasure had been found just round the bend in the river.<sup>i</sup>; Many of the coins are on display in Cltheroe Museum.

Dickie immediately jumped up and followed by Mary went searching down the bank of the river. They returned empty handed in a few minutes saying their exploration had been blocked by a field fence and a farmer who said they could go no further.

“I bet he was searching for more treasure and didn’t want us to find it first.” Dickie growled.

“Never mind Dickie, this lot has already been found and you can see them in Clitheroe Castle Museum; but there will be more to find in Pendle.” Bob tried to console him. “At least I can tell you some of what was found here.”

- Three pennies from Edward I or Edward II of England
- Two half-groats from Edward III of England
- A halfpenny from Richard II of England
- Three groats from Henry VI of England
- There are also two small fragments made for Gaucher V de Châtillon between 1313 and 1322. Gaucher V de Châtillon

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<sup>i</sup>To be honest, it only found in 2009, so it was still there when Dickie and Mary were looking for it. Unfortunately the twins didn’t find anything in 1956 despite there renowned treasure finding skills.



## Cromwell's Bridge

held one of five highest officers of state as he was the Constable of France from 1302 to 1329.

After they had finished all the food, they paddled a little near the bank of the river and watched for trout without much success. They tried skimming flat stones across the river while Bob told them about how some children in a small village called the game *Yacky Duckies*. "They supposed that the name came from throwing stones at ducks on the water, but they insisted that the best flat stone was a *ducky*."

"The children had kept alive some very old Latin, *jace duces* which meant throw the leaders, a game played by children more than sixteen hundred years ago when Britain was a Roman colony."

Peter looked at David, "Do you think that could be true, they really were playing the same games the Roman children played so long ago?"

"Yes, and in the name of the game they remembered a little of the language the Roman children spoke."

After a few quiet minutes Bob jumped up, "Come on, let's go and see the Puddle Ducks."

Dickie grimaced, "That's kid's stuff, they're in one of those books for little children."

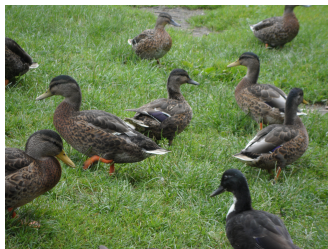
But Mary was shocked, "Dickie, that's not fair, I always remember Jemima and Rebecca."

Dickie relented, "Yes, and Mr Drake Puddle-duck dressing up in Tom Kitten's clothes."

They drove on a little way and came to a small cottage by a bridge over a stream. “See, it’s called *The Puddle-Ducks*, we can get ice-creams here. And look, where this River Dunsop joins the Hodder: and there are the puddle ducks.”

Mackie looked apprehensively at the ducks. He would have happily chased one or two, but there were so many, and they seemed to be coming towards him. He backed off slowly.

“There must be hundreds of them,” Mary gasped, “But they not white like Jemima.” She picked Mackie up and reassured him.



“No, these are wild Mallard ducks, see the males with the green heads, the females are brown.”

They sat on the ground, eating ice-cream, surrounded by ducks begging for scraps of the bread rolls they had bought at the Puddle Duck shop. “”

“Come on,” said Bob, “Let’s go and have a ginger pop in an old mediaeval hall.”

They left the Hodder and crossed the Ribble again and stopped at Little Mitton Hall. Inside Bob was welcomed as an old friend, and they passed into the main hall, all oak panelling, dark, almost black with age, with steps up to the minstrels’ gallery which Bob told them had only been added in



## Cromwell's Bridge

Elizabethan times. The hall was arranged as a dining room. “Sumpchus” said Dickie, “I’ll have two ginger pops please.”

Bob settled them down by the huge old fireplace and ordered their drinks before he took David and Peter to talk to the owner of the Hall,<sup>ii</sup> leaving the twins on their own.



David and Peter listened to stories of the sometimes difficult relations between the manor of Little Mitton and Whalley Abbey.

“In 1338 Lora de Caterale of Little Mitton, *que fuit uxor Alami de Caterale* together with her sons Ralph and John refused to pay tythes to the Abbey and with their dogs drove away the Abbott of Whalley and his servants when they came to collect the *garbas decimales de quodam campo vocato Kirkefurlong* in Little Mitton, and that the said Lora refused to pay the tythes of hay from certain meadows called *Kolmes et Oxenlache infra finis et limites ecclesie de Whalley per non modicum tempus.*”

“The Catteralls also possessed the manor of Heton just across the river Lune from the castle at Lancaster. Isold de Heton apparently married John de Catterall and after his death she was appointed a recluse at the Hermitage attached to Whalley Abbey in 1437. As a recluse Isold had an excellent income of 24 loaves of bread, eight gallons of beer, and a cash allowance each week,

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<sup>ii</sup>With the increasing penalties Elizabeth inflicted upon the Catholic recusants, the ownership of the manor passed from the Catteralls to the Sherburnes of Stonyhurst. After a succession of owners the manor house later returned to a descendant of the Catteralls in 2005.

in addition to her own house, a priest, and two servants. In 1441 the Abbot, John Eccles, petitioned Henry VI to close the Hermitage (and pass its income to the Abbey) naming Isold as ‘having broken her vows and had been living outside this two yere and more’. An alternative story records that Isold broke a leg on Whalley Nab trying to escape the attentions of the monks of the Abbey.”

Once the twins had finished their drinks by the fire Dickie said “Lets go up those stairs to the gallery, and see how it looks from up there.” When they got there they found another very small flight of steps leading up to just under the roof.

“I think there must be a secret room up there, just like at the Gay Dolphin,<sup>iii</sup> come on, let’s explore.”

The little stair twisted round and came to a heavy wood door with a massive iron handle. They both tried it, but it seemed to be locked. Disappointed they had to go back down but Dickie had an idea.

“If the big local families wanted to preserve some of the Abbey’s treasures, where do you think they would hide them?” He answered himself, “In a small hidden room in their own manor house of course. Just that sort of room.”

Mary pondered, “I don’t see what we can do about it, the door’s locked. We can’t ask to have it opened for us to search.”

“Well, we’ll be able to tell the others tonight and show them that it’s us twins who do things and have ideas. We’ll have a lot to report tonight.”

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<sup>iii</sup> ‘*The Gay Dolphin Adventure*’ 1945

## Cromwell's Bridge

Bob reappeared, "come on, let's get back to Whalley and set you off on the way back to Barley."

Back at the Dog in Whalley the twins were looking tired, it had been a long day. Bob looked at them sympathetically, "How would you two like to come back to Barley with me in the car, we could put the bikes in the back."

Dickie looked at Mary and they both nodded. "Yes, we think that would be an excellent idea. Mackie is very tired, and if we went back with you in the car, then David and Peter wouldn't have to push our bikes up that long hill out of Whalley."

David laughed at this excuse. "You don't have to worry about us Dickie, if you come back with us you will have had to keep up, and push your own bikes."

"In that case," said Dickie, "if you two beasts won't help us little ones up the hill, we would be delighted to accept Bob's kind offer of a ride back to Barley."

Mary looked knowingly at Peter, "I'm sure you will enjoy the ride home together without us. Don't stay out too long."

## II

David and Peter put their back packs in the car with the twins' bikes and got ready to leave. Off went the Land Rover with the twins hanging out of the window waving good-bye as they left with Bob. David and Peter grinned at each. "All on our own," said Peter, "We seem to be broken up into three separate groups today. Tom and Jenny are having an adventure of their own in Clitheroe, and the twins have some secrets which they are keeping to themselves."

“At least we don’t have to worry about them.” said David, “They’ll be safe back at Barley long before us. Tom said he hoped to come back over the Nick of Pendle. We could go back by Sabden, that way we might just meet them before the climb up to the Forest Road.”

At the top of the climb out of Whalley they took the long gentle drop down to Sabden. At Sabden Peter looked at the long, steep hill up to the Nick of Pendle. “Is that the way Tom and Jenny will be coming? It must be a hard ride coming back over that ridge, I wonder how Jenny has managed. Shall we wait a few minutes in case they come?”

They stopped at the cross-roads in Sabden, but were soon thinking how unlikely it would be that they would see Tom and Jenny. “I think we might as well move on,” David was saying when Peter pointed up at the top of the hill, “Look David, there’s two cyclists just coming over the top, now they have stopped and are looking down here. Could it be them do you think?”

“I think it could be them, but I can’t really be sure.” said David straining his eyes, “Look, they are on the way down now, they’d better be careful, it’s very steep, but it won’t be long before they are here.”

The two cyclists came down to them, still moving very fast, Peter recognised them and waved and called. Jenny was in front, going very fast and looking straight ahead as she went past them. Tom saw them and stopped in time. “Hello you two, fancy meeting you here.”

They rode on and caught up with Jenny who had finally stopped on the bridge over Sabden Brook.

“Hello Jenny, didn’t you see us, we were hoping we might meet you, but you were going so fast, and you didn’t look at us.”

## Cromwell's Bridge

“Yes, didn't I go fast, I left Tom far behind. It was a bit scary, but I loved it, And we've got so much to tell you, and I got a copy of that book Judy told us about, *Mist Over Pendle*, and the bookstore man *gave* it to me, and we went to the castle, and I'm going to work in a bookshop when I leave school, and I actually sold a book in the shop, and a lady who gave us a drink said Tom had to get a car for me, and then we followed ... ..”

“Stop,” shouted Peter, “you're going far too fast and we can't take it all in. Let's save the talking for tonight, after we get back, David and I think we need to have a Lone Pine meeting. We have a lot to tell you.”

“And we have a lot to tell you, we've found the Ballinger gang.” added Tom.

Jenny was worried, “Where are the twins, where have you left them?” David laughed, “Mary said Mackie was tired so they all went back with Bob in the car. We had been with Bob to see Cromwell's Bridge and then we stopped to visit an old Elizabethan hall.”

“Were there suits of armour, and battle-axes and canons and things, did you go in?” gasped Jenny, “and we do have something really exciting to tell you, but Tom says we must wait till we get back. And I got my book, *Mist Over Pendle*, and I'm going to start it tonight, it's all about this orphan girl who comes to Pendle to stay with a distant uncle relative, just like Peter and Judy, and then ... ..”

David looked at Tom, who just shrugged his shoulders and said, “Jenny, please save it till later, we need get up this big hill and back to Barley, I'm feeling very hungry, we didn't get much to eat in Clitheroe.”

They walked the short steep hill out of Sabden and then followed the Forest Road that they had taken that morning. Jenny looked out over the valley and saw Pendle again. She stopped and called to the others, “Stop, all of you, I can’t believe it, but Tom and I came right over the top of that great mountain. Did we really do that Tom?”

“That’s right,” Tom laughed, “through that little gap on the left, and when we were at the top, Jenny wanted to know where Pendle was, she said she couldn’t see it.”

Jenny giggled, “He just pointed at the ground under my feet and said there it is. But anyway, Tom is going to teach me how to read and use a map, then I will know where I am all the time.”

They all laughed, but Peter looked seriously at David, “You must teach me as well David, I have to keep up with Jenny.”

They rode slowly along the Forest Road. At the Newchurch junction saw that the blue car was gone, and they carried on to Noggarth Top before the drop down to the Roughlee road and then finally on to Barley.

As they approached Ing Ends they saw Dickie and Mary with Mackie and the two sheep dogs coming towards them. The two young border collies welcomed them in a swirl of black and white bodies and lashing tails.

Mary dashed up to them, “Look, Mackie has made two new friends, and they’ve been showing him the way to Pendle Hill. They know us now, their names are Pippa and Patti, and Judy says she’ll teach Tom the whistles that they know when they are working the sheep. Judy showed us a little, she told the dogs to run behind the sheep, collect them together, and then bring them to us. And they did it perfectly. Mackie was very impressed and barked at the sheep.”



## Cromwell's Bridge

Tom went to talk to the dogs, but Peter said, "That must have been interesting, are you going to train Mackie to round up sheep?"

"No," Mary said seriously, "Judy says he's too old to learn now, they have to start as puppies, and they have to learn from an older dog who knows how to do it."

Judy greeted them, "You'll never believe the stories they have been telling me, all about how tired you all were and they had to leave you all and ride on home to get help before you all died of exhaustion by the roadside."

David put his bike down and advanced on the twins who fled away round the back of the house. "Just let them wait till I catch up with them!"

Judy grinned, "I got the truth out of them pretty quickly, Bob had dropped them in the village with their bikes and they rode on up here with the story about you all being exhausted. Now I suppose you are all hungry, come on in. Just time for a quick wash, then dinner will be ready."

It was just starting to rain as they went in. Showers of rain were blowing in from the sea beyond Preston, with ever shorter spells of the sun between them.

The twins had come by the back door and were already sitting at the table. Judy took one arm of each twin and pulled them off the chairs. "Upstairs and wash if you want any dinner."

As they were finishing the meal there came a scratching at the door which was glass almost down to the ground, but it was too dark to see anything. "Probably a rabbit or something," said Tom, "let Mackie out, he likes rabbits." But Mackie was already out and investigating, and a sudden sharp squeal told

them he had met something he thought unpleasant. But Judy jumped up, “It’s Bill and Ben, they want their milk,” and she poured some milk into a saucer.

Mary had already gone outside to see Mackie. He was sitting down and rubbing his nose with a front paw. Mary picked him up, but he wasn’t hurt, but obviously a little upset, he had only been sniffing at the two strange animals scratching at the door. Peter joined her and stroked Mackie,

Judy followed her out and put the saucer down on the floor where it was immediately attacked and splashed about. “There,” she said, “they usually come about dusk for a drink. I call them Bill and Ben, they’re hedgehogs, and they live among those flower pots over in the corner. They’re really very friendly. But Mackie, you must learn that you don’t poke your nose into a hedgehog.”

Peter was a little thoughtful as she watched them drinking the milk. She remembered her first meeting with the gypsies Miranda, Reuben and Fenella on her way to her uncle Micah at *Seven White Gates*<sup>iv</sup> She had stopped their runaway horse frightened by a noisy tank on a hill and the gypsies believed she had saved ten year old Fenella’s life. “The were very kind, Miranda put some ointment on my knee and asked me to join their meal. It was baked hedgehog; hotchi wichi they called it. I’ll never eat it again.”

Judy saw she was becoming upset and confused, “But you eat pork and beef and lamb without worrying. And what about chicken, you’ve eaten that and seen the chickens here. Isn’t that the same?”

“No, these two came out of the wild to be friendly.”

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<sup>iv</sup> ‘*Seven White Gates*’ 1944

## Cromwell's Bridge

“Never mind Peter, they’re safe here, they are very good for the garden, they eat all sorts of creepy crawlies. Why don’t you go and get them a bit more milk, they’ve spilt most of it.”

Mary put Mackie down saying, “now don’t go near them.” “You don’t have to tell him Mary,” Judy said, “he’s learnt that all by himself. Why don’t you help Peter get them some more milk.”

They all went back in to finish dinner after Peter and Mary had given them more milk.

The rain was becoming heavier then it had been, and was no longer spatters and short showers. It was becoming a steady downpour now, and the westerly wind from the sea was stronger, colder and coming in gusts. A storm was arising.

David called their attention. “I think it’s time for a meeting about what we’ve all learned today, and what we are going to do tomorrow.”

“First of all let’s hear from Tom and Jenny”

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# Chapter 8. Clitheroe Castle

*A Roman road runs along the valley of the River Ribble and passes just west of Clitheroe castle built on a steep limestone outcrop rising 128 feet above the river. The 14th century Historia Laceyorum attributes the construction of the castle to Robert de Lacy who died in 1193.*

The road north out of Whalley soon left the town and passed through trees. After that it was an easy run down to Clitheroe, barely four miles in all. On reaching Clitheroe the road climbed steeply up to the centre of town on top of a ridge. On the way up Jenny suddenly called

“Stop Tom, there’s a bookshop on the right, that must be the one we were told about.”

“No trouble finding that.” said Tom. They propped their bikes against the front of the bookshop and went in. A bell jangled loudly as the door opened and Jenny was reminded of her own home and her father’s general store in Barton Beach. A man sitting at a desk in the corner looked up from the book he was reading. “Hello you two, looking for something to read? Can I help you; novels back there, history over here, local stuff by the door there.”

Tom stood looking around, but Jenny knew just what she wanted. “I want to read *Mist Over Pendle*, do you have a copy, it’s by Robert Neill.”

“Well now,” the man replied, “Believe it or not, you are not the first person to have asked for that, you’ll find several copies

over there on the right, just about your height. I reckon I could sell two or three a week, a great story and all about Pendle and district.”

The man came over and showed Jenny three copies, one was very old and battered, “you can have that for threepence,” he said, but Jenny was looking at a copy with a bright coloured wrapper. “Now that’s a nice copy, you won’t a better one than that. More expensive of course.” Jenny opened it and saw 3/9d. pencilled in the top right corner.

“Oh. that’s a lot, but I would like it. Tom, you’ll have to lend me a shilling.”

“Let me see” said the shop keeper. “Hmm. You didn’t see this he said pointing to the completely blank left hand page.” “There’s nothing there.” Jenny said. “Yes there is, see, it’s quite plain, it says one shilling off for a very pretty red-headed girl. 2/9d. to you.”

Tom scowled a bit but Jenny grabbed the book and produced two shillings, a sixpence and a threepenny bit. “Thank you, it’s just perfect.”

That’s alright," he said, “prices are always a bit flexible in the second-hand trade. But that is a nice copy: dust jacket intact, binding hard, nothing written in it, and very clean. It will be a collector’s item in a few years. Anything else of interest?”

Tom remembered the other book they had been told about. “There’s a book about Pendle in History, by McKay I think. Do you have that?”

“I know the one: James McKay, *Pendle Hill in History and Literature*, 1888. McKay was from Burnley, but he was living in Preston when he wrote the book. I don’t have a copy at

## Clitheroe Castle

present, but only this morning a very unpleasant gentleman with a smear of a black moustache was asking for it. Very unpleasant he was, just demanded the book, nothing else to say. I didn't like him so perhaps I was a bit short with him and said he might be able to find a copy in Nelson. They are pretty rare these days and you are not likely to find one for under a pound, possibly two."

Tom winced at the price, "that sort of price is well outside our range."

But Jenny was enthralled. "it must be wonderful to work in a bookshop like this, especially the old second-hand books, learning all about the books and the authors, the history of the books, and just talking to people about books. And plenty to read when there are no customers. I spend a lot of my time reading, but I don't get many books of my own."

"It's a good life, but there's not a lot of money in it. The important thing is to love books and love to work with them."

Jenny decided. "I'm going to work in a bookshop Tom, there's one in Ludlow I've been to. They have a lot of old books. I wonder if they would want a helper next year when I leave school."

"Ludlow, I know that area, Shropshire isn't it, I was stationed there for a time during the war. Do you know the Long Mynd and the Stiperstones? Beautiful country. Did you know there were spies in that area who blew up a reservoir on the Mynd, Hatcholt it was, I remember. When the military were warned I was assigned to keep an eye on things and to help the Home Guard round up the spies at a house called Appledore. They were only caught with the help of some children living nearby. Maybe you know them."

Tom blushed scarlet and mumbled something, but Jenny rushed in, “That was the year before we met, wasn’t it Tom, and it was you who found the map that showed the dam they blew up. You wouldn’t tell me about it, but Peter told me the whole adventure, and how you and David rescued the twins after they were locked in Appledore by that horrible Mrs Thurston.”

“Well I’m fair blowed,” said the shopkeeper, “You’re the only wartime hero I’ve ever had in this shop. What about the others, is that the David and Peter you mentioned, and twins wasn’t it?”

Jenny was delighted. “Yes that’s right, and the others are all here with us on holiday in Barley, but today they stayed looking at Whalley Abbey. We came on to here because I wanted this book. David and the twins are the Mortons whose parents took the house at Witchend on the Long Mynd to get out of the bombing in London, and Peter, that’s Petronella really, but we always call her Peter, lived at Hatchholt, her father, Mr Sterling, is still in charge of the dam there, but this week he had to go to Birmingham or somewhere to see the water company, so Peter came to stay with a relative in Barley and we were all invited to come too.” Jenny paused, out of breath, and got a big smile for the effort.

“Sterling in Barley, that wouldn’t be Judy would it, She’s trying to keep the farm going after her father died in the war? I knew her father well, he had a copy of McKay I remember, he bought it from me before the war. He was crazy about finding some treasure from Whalley Abbey that he believed was buried on Pendle.”

“That’s right,” said Tom, “We are staying with Judy at Barley, and I was evacuated from London to stay with my uncle at Ingles farm near Witchend.”



## Clitheroe Castle

“They say it’s a small world, but this beats everything. While you are here you must see the castle. I’ve got a guide book and a plan somewhere, come on Jenny, see if you can find it. Where would you look?”

Jenny thought carefully, “It would have to be among the local interest books, over here.” She looked along the shelves and found it down below. “There it is,” she said, “right where it ought to be.”

“Well done, now you can sell it to Tom for threepence. You’ll have to learn the trade.”

A bewildered Tom took the book and gave Jenny a threepenny bit, and muttered “thank you.”

“Come on now, you should ask him if he wants it wrapped.”

Jenny burst out giggling, “Come on Tom let’s have a look at the castle before we go. And thank you very much sir for the *Mist* book, and here’s the 3d. for the castle guide.”

He took the 3d. and said, “Here’s your 2/9d. change for the *Mist Over Pendle*. Enjoy it. You’ve certainly made my day. Give my regards to Judy.”

At the top of the hill they found the entrance to the castle up a long drive. They parked the bikes and started the climb. The castle was built on a natural carboniferous limestone outcrop dominating the town.

Jenny was puzzled, “Tom, I don’t understand that 2/9d. change he gave me. I paid him the right amount, 2/9d.”

“He gave you your money back, that means he gave you the book.”

“I must go back and thank him.” But Tom wanted to see the castle, “Not now Jenny, later if we have time, Let’s look at the castle now.” It was a long climb, but finally they arrived at a small café below the Keep and



decided to have a quick lunch. They got a drink and sat down at some tables out in the open looking down over the town of Clitheroe, and ate their sandwiches. Tom was thinking about the castle, “The town looks a long way down, this really must have been a great position for a castle; imagine anyone trying to attack it on top of this rock.”

“That’s right son,” said a man at the next table, “Would you like to know any of the history of this place?”

“Oh yes please,” said Jenny, “I’d love hear more about it. We got a guide book earlier today, but we haven’t had time to read anything yet.”

“Roger de Poitou gained the Lordship of the land that the Domesday Survey describes as *inter Mersam et Ripam*, the land between the Mersey and the Ribble. In 1090, he assumed the title 1st Lord of Bowland, and in 1092 he also acquired all the lands north of the River Ribble up to the River Lune. Roger built the castle at Lancaster, and Ilbert de Lacy as his *Overlooker in the North* probably built the stone castle at Clitheroe in 1186 as a replacement for an earlier wooden structure because there

## Clitheroe Castle

is a *castellatu Rogerii pictaviensis* in the Domesday Book, and that was 1086. The castle was surrounded by a wall, and you can see some of its remains down below. This type of castle is known as an enclosure castle, and the wall surrounding the site was its main defense. There was no moat, that would hardly have been possible on top of this rock.”

“Have there been any great battles here, or was the castle ever besieged?” Jenny asked.

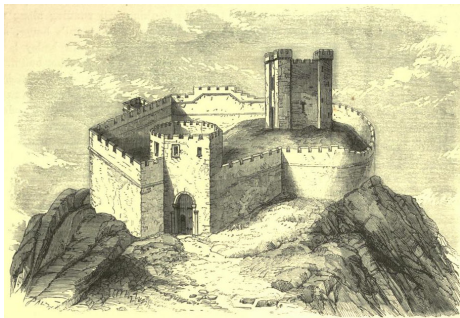
“No, but this whole area was often under attack from Scottish raiders, and this castle must have been a safe refuge for people, although the Scottish would burn all the houses and steal their cattle.”

Tom had a different idea, “Did the castle have any link to the Pendle Witches?” asked Tom, “We know Pendle is famous for all its history of witchcraft.”

“No, I haven’t heard any stories of Clitheroe witches, but there is a legend that the Devil threw a boulder from Apronfull Hill on Pendle which made the big hole in the wall. Some say Apronfull Hill was actually a house, Apronfull Hall, but it would have been a very wild place to live, just above Ashendean Clough where they say you can still hear the ghost bells of Whalley Abbey. It has also been said that Cromwell fired a canon at the castle which made the hole, and it is known that during the Civil War the castle was defended by Royalists against Cromwell’s forces. We know that Cromwell did pass near Clitheroe on his way to the Battle of Preston in 1648.”

They finished their lunch and started up higher to the Keep. After looking at how thick the walls were, and how small the space was inside, Tom said, “It must be just about the smallest castle Keep in all England.”

Jenny saw it differently, “Imagine how romantic it would have been, safe up here with the enemy raging down below, unable to get near or break through these thick walls. I think the ladies would have been upstairs; you can see where the beams fit that supported the floor, and the men were downstairs shooting at the enemy.”



They studied the guide, and found that there was a drawing of how the castle must have looked. Jenny wondered if it would really have looked like that. “Would it really be like this drawing in the

guide.? The rock looks far too steep, we couldn’t have climbed up there.”

## Clitheroe Castle



They decided it must be time to be going and started down the steps from the Keep, past the café. But before they left they walked through the park below the castle until they came to a small garden with a big rock in the middle. Jenny ran round the rock and squealed.

“Tom, look, it’s a dolphin, just like the Gay Dolphin in Rye<sup>i</sup> where David and the twins met Jon and Penny.”

“It doesn’t look too happy or gay to me, More like it wants to get back in the sea.”

“Don’t be so miserable Tom, it really is the Gay Dolphin, and it means we really are going to have a new Lone Pine adventure here, and we found it.”

They went down the driveway, wheeling the bikes down the hill, and when they reached the main shopping street they came to a baker’s shop. Jenny looked longingly at the fancy cakes in the window.

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<sup>i</sup>‘The Gay Dolphin Adventure’ 1945

“Those look good Tom, let’s get two of those meringue things with fruit and cream on top.”

Tom looked at them, “Not really my choice, but I’ll get you one and get myself a piece of that parkin; that’s uncle Alf’s favourite and aunt Betty makes it for him.”

In the shop Jenny pointed at the one she wanted, “The apricot meringue, love, they’re a real Clitheroe speciality. Do want it in a bag, or is to eat now?”

“It’s for now, just a tissue please.”

“There you are dear, enjoy it while you can. There’s a café just down the next street called ‘The Apricot Meringue’, not too expensive if you’re hungry.”

Jenny got her teeth into the meringue straight away, “It’s so good Tom, you should have got one, look, try a bite.” She waved the creamy end towards him and it just scraped the coat of a lady coming in who said crossly, “Look what you’ve done,” she angrily started to say, and then, “Not you again, can’t I get away from you anywhere.” It was the woman in the blue car!

Jenny was apologetic, “Oh, I’m so sorry,” but Tom was not friendly, “Fancy meeting you here, our friends said your name was Valerie. Did you get your car out of the ditch safely?”

“With no thanks to you. It’s in the garage being mended, something was bent. You ought to be paying for the repairs.” She wiped some of the cream off her sleeve and licked her fingers.

“Good is it?” said Tom.

## Clitheroe Castle

Valerie started swearing at them, and Tom held his hands over Jenny's ears. "Just get out of my way and clear off." shouted Valerie and turned to the lady at the counter who was grinning at Tom as she asked Valerie. "Can I get you an apricot meringue of your own? I don't think the young lady there can spare any more."

Valerie looked furious and turned and marched out of the shop. "I'm not buying anything here, ever again." She shouted.

Jenny tried to apologise for causing trouble, but the shopkeeper said, "Never mind, love. I've had words with her before. She's no good, tries to talk all posh, and make out she a bit above us here."

Tom tugged at Jenny's sleeve and whispered, "Come on, we've got to follow her, and see where she goes."

After a quick "good-bye and thank you" they dashed out into the street just in time to see Valerie turn down a narrow side lane. They ran down to the corner and saw her turn right along a narrow road called Lowergate. When they reached there Val was just disappearing into the door of an old house without a glance back to see if they were following her.

"At least we can get the number of the house for David, he might want to follow up this clue."

Jenny was standing by the door and held her finger to her lips. "Quiet Tom, I can hear them. They're upstairs, and the window's open."

The woman Valerie was speaking, almost shouting. "It's those kids again, friends of the ones we had trouble with at Rye. They ditched my car this morning, I nearly hit those twins."

An elderly gruff voice spoke quietly, “Calm down Val, and keep your voice down, the window is open. Did you find anything worth following up by the reservoirs?”

“Nothing. What did you see at the Abbey?” The gruff voice replied “Nothing, Grandon here thought we should look at the old Abbey drain, but it was all dry and hard. We wasted the day. As I understand it Grandon, the letter you found in the Bible made it quite clear that the treasure was high up on Pendle, well away from the Abbey, and where the water came down or something.”

A man’s voice replied, “It was worth a try, we know that is where the treasure came from, and hiding it in the drain was an obvious move. It does tie in with the water coming down, and perhaps the fatal day was the Dissolution. Also, eliminating one place makes one less to search. But what about these nosy kids, is it just accident they are here, or are they onto the Abbey treasure as well, and following us. Or perhaps they have a clue that we don’t know about, just like they did at Rye. What do you think Ballinger?”

“We know they are around here, we know they are aware of us, or at least of Val. And you think the boy twin spotted you Grandon. So I think we have to assume they are in the same game. If they are not, we’ve not lost anything. If they do have a clue, it’s probably a document of some kind and we ought to find out what’s in it.”

“That’s not as easy as it was at the Dolphin, then I could search their hide-out room. We don’t even know where they are staying.” Grandon pointed out.

Val had a suggestion, “How about the Youth Hostel near Barley, we could ask for them there.”



## Clitheroe Castle

“Good idea Val, you’ve got the job, see what you can find out.”

Jenny’s mouth was wide open as she listened. “Tom,” she whispered, “you must try and remember every word, They are searching for the lost Abbey treasure. We have a new adventure, we’ve found all three of them, Ballinger, Valerie, and Grandon. Just wait till we tell the others, especially the twins. Won’t they be excited, and it’s just the two of us who discovered everything.”

“Now listen Grandon, we have no proof at all that they know anything, about either the Abbey plate or the Pudsey shillings. It could be just coincidence, but we must find out. That means we keep out of their way as much as possible, don’t get them too interested in us or they might start guessing what we are after. But we must try and see what they are doing and where they are going. That way we might learn something.”

“Val, I think you should close that window, are you sure those two didn’t follow you here?”

“Run Tom, quick into that next doorway.” They just got hidden in time before they heard Valerie lean out and say, “The street’s empty, no problem, I’m not even sure they followed me, the girl was busy eating.” Then they heard the window being closed.

“We should continue down the street, just in case, then work our way round back to the bikes.” said Tom, and Jenny, pink with excitement, agreed, “We’ve done it Tom, we’re sure we’ve got a new adventure for the Lone Piners. And we’ve got a real clue, the treasure is high up on Pendle.”

They got back to their bikes, and set off for Pendle. “Now for a big climb,” said Tom, “it’s about four miles to the top, but the first bit is easy.”

“I can do it,” boasted Jenny, “but I promise I’ll wait for you at the top.”

They left Clitheroe and climbed gently for a couple of miles with Pendle Hill rearing up high in front of them until they reached Pendleton Hall, then the road got steeper and they were out on open moorland, no trees in sight ahead, and no walls to the road. The afternoon sun was almost directly behind them on their backs, and they were getting very hot. Sheep were wandering about on the road and even sleeping on the road. Tom knew that there was no way that they could ride up this hill, and that a walk was called for. “Come on Jenny, we can’t ride this, we’ll have to walk.”

Jenny was now getting too hot and going red in the face, “Why did we have to come this way, we could have gone back to Whalley.”

Tom was feeling a little ashamed of himself. After all, it had been his idea to go back over the Nick of Pendle, and he hadn’t told Jenny just how hard the road would be. “It’s about two miles to the top, but there is an Inn called the Well Springs about half way up, we’ll have a break and a drink there before tackle the last bit.”

After a hard few minutes, Jenny stopped, “I need a rest Tom.” They stopped for a minute or two while Jenny got her breath back. “This bike is getting heavier all the time, it just doesn’t want to go up this hill.” Tom took Jenny’s bike. “I’ll push them both, you walk ahead if you want, you can see the

## Clitheroe Castle

Well Springs not far ahead. If you get there first, get me a bottle of pop, any sort, or even water.”

Tom was going slower with two bikes to manage, and Jenny did get a few yards in front, but they came to the Well Springs almost together. It all looked very quiet. “Is it closed Tom?” asked Jenny. “It looks a bit like it,” said Tom, “but I’m going to bang on the door until someone comes.”

He had to knock loudly for almost a minute before the door opened and a man looked out, “We don’t open till six, can’t serve you now, I’m sorry, but that’s the law.” He was starting to shut the door when a woman’s face appeared, and pushed him aside. “Is it just a drink you want, we can manage that, but we’ve no food available.” “We do need a drink,” said Jenny, pushing Tom to one side, “Anything, even water please.”

“Come into the kitchen and sit down a minute in the cool. I can make some tea, but perhaps you’d prefer a cold drink. Ted go and get a couple of bottles of something from the bar.”

They sat down at the kitchen table. “That’s better,” said Jenny after a long drink, “it was so hot and I was getting so tired. But I feel much better now.”

“You look like you’ve been doing too much coming up that hill in the sun,” she turned to Tom, “You men might like getting all hot and sticky, but we don’t,” and to Jenny, “You tell him he’ll have to get a car for you. How far are you going?”

“We’re staying at Barley,” Jenny answered, “I don’t think it can be very far.”

“No, once you’re over the top here, there’s a short climb out of Sabden, but after that it’s easy going all the way, and it’ll be cooling down a bit by then as well.”

They left the Well Springs feeling refreshed, “Not far now to the top now,” said Tom.

Jenny insisted on pushing her own bike and they reached the top without any trouble. “Let’s just stop a few minutes Tom. Look at that tiny village down at the bottom, that must be Sabden I suppose. Just look at those tiny cars down there. Can we see Whalley from here?”



“No, we can’t see it, but it’s over there, behind that ridge.”

“How do you know Tom? you’ve never been here before.”

“Here, just look at the map.” Jenny took a quick look, “That doesn’t tell where to look for Whalley, and where’s Barley?”

After looking around, Jenny had another question, “When we left Clitheroe we could see Pendle Hill all the way in front of us, but I can’t see it now. Where is Pendle?”

Tom just laughed and pointed at Jenny’s feet. “There it is, you are standing on it.”

“Well it looks different from here, that’s why I didn’t recognise it.” Jenny was silent for a minute or so, looking down the valley in front of them. “Tom, I want you to teach me how to use a map, it tells you all about where you are, and where other places are, and where you should go. I never see maps at Barton Beach, or at school.”

## Clitheroe Castle

“Right,” said Tom, “I’ll show you, and we’ll borrow David’s compass and see how that helps as well.”

“Before we go, you see that little trail off tho the left, going up the hill, that’s the way to Apronfull. Remember the way the giant made the Devil’s Chair on the Stiperstones when his apron string broke, well it’s the same story here, the giant’s apron string broke when he threw that stone at Clitheroe Castle, and all the stones spilled and made Apronfull Hall. Remember the hole in the wall?”

“Come on let’s get going. Be careful down this hill, it looks very steep to me.”

Down they went, holding the brakes on all the time until the last bit when the road was straight and they could see the bottom was near. Now Jenny let go of the brakes and rushed ahead of Tom, her hair flying wildly in the wind, right to the bottom by a road junction and only slowed down on the climb up to the bridge over Sabden Brook. She stopped and looked back for Tom, and saw he had stopped at the junction and was talking to two other cyclists. She looked harder and recognised them. “Peter, David,” she shouted, and they waved back to her and started riding towards her.

“Hello Jenny, didn’t you see us, we were hoping we might meet you, but you were going so fast, and you didn’t look at us.”

“Yes, didn’t I go fast, I left Tom far behind.”

“We will have to walk the steep hill out of Sabden, but after that we just follow the Forest Road that we took this morning.”

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# Chapter 9. The Ballinger Gang

In a small rented house on a street in Clitheroe a heated discussion was taking place. Grandon, a small dark man with a black moustache was trying to dominate the meeting. “Let us be quite clear on this,” he was saying and holding up a small scrap of charred paper, “I found this in an old bible. It appears to refer to the location of some treasure from Whalley Abbey which was withheld from Henry VIII. Unfortunately the document has been exposed to fire at some stage and all we have left is this, but I believe it is sufficient to justify firstly the existence of a considerable amount of very valuable church plate, and secondly to make it worth our while to institute a search for this treasure.”

Ballinger, A very large and aggressive woman with very thick spectacles took the paper from him and peered closely at it. “It’s very hard to read I can’t make much of it. What does it say?”

## Old Treasure Document

When you receive this letter my son you will be old enough to be able to appreciate that our church, and indeed our family have suffered mightily under the oppression of a heretic king who demanded the execution of the most noble John Paslew, the Abbot of our monastery of Whalley, and the confiscation to his own devices of the treasures of that institution.

Together with our neighbours Towneley, Shuttleworth and Catterall we devised means of removing many of the treasures of the abbey and keeping them safe until such time, God willing, that the true faith of Rome should be restored in this country.

As I now lie in extremis, and in the hope of an eventual return to the true faith of Rome, I charge you to pursue with your best endeavours the restoration of that true faith, and to restore the holy plate to the renewed church. This duty now lies with you alone, Catterall has passed to his rest and Towneley who was imprisoned in London is now forbidden return to this shire.

When the time is right you will find the treasure hidden high upon that hill that lies beyond the abbey, near unto where the water gushed out on that fatal day some years ago. It is carefully wrapped and preserved in a strong chest.

Should the true faith not be restored during your time on this earth, I charge you to pass this responsibility on to your son, and further even to successive generations.

Below are the directions for locating the hidden chest.

From the start of the waters take twelve wide steps towards the

From there you must turn to face

And under



## The Ballinger Gang

Grandon passed her another piece of paper. “Here, I’ve copied out the bits I can read. If you can’t read it yourself, you will just have to take my word for it. It appears to be a letter from someone called Southworth to his son. It states quite clearly that Abbey treasure has been hidden, and once gave directions for finding it. Unfortunately most of the directions have been destroyed by fire at some time, but that leaves us with the hope that the treasure was never recovered. This is what I made of it.”

*When you receive this letter my son you will be old enough to be able to appreciate that our church, and indeed our family have suffered mightily under the oppression of a heretic king who demanded the execution of the most noble John Paslew, the Abbot of our monastery of Whalley, and the confiscation to his own devices of the treasures of that institution.*

*Together with our neighbours Towneley, Shuttleworth and Catterall we devised means of removing many of the treasures of the Abbey and keeping them safe until such time, God willing, that the true faith of Rome should be restored in this country.*

*As I now lie in extremis, and in the hope of an eventual return to the true faith of Rome, I charge you to pursue with your best endeavours the restoration of that true faith, and to restore the holy plate to the renewed church. This duty now lies with you alone, Catterall has passed to his rest and Towneley who was imprisoned in London is now forbidden return to this shire.*

*When the time is right you will find the treasure hidden high upon that hill that lies beyond the Abbey, near unto where the water gushed out on that fatal day some years ago. It is carefully wrapped and preserved in a strong chest.*

*Should the true faith not be restored during your time on this earth I charge you to pass this responsibility on to your son, and further even to successive generations.*

All that was easy to read, but now we come to the fire damaged part, the directions to the treasure.

*Below are the directions for locating the hidden chest.*

*From the start of the waters take twelve wide steps towards the*

*From there you must turn to face*

*And under*

“Here we have confirmation that treasure was indeed hidden. It was hidden high on Pendle Hill in a great chest, and close to ‘where the water gushed out on that fatal day some years ago’. These are real clues, the treasure is there waiting for us.”

“Tell us again just how this came into your possession, and how sure we are that it is genuine.”

Grandon sighed, “Here it is again then, just as I told you before. I have often made a bit of money buying and selling old books. All you have to do is find someone with an old book who doesn’t know the market. That was how I got this bible. I was at a sale in Preston where the contents of an old house at Gisburn were being sold up. When I looked through a box of very old books, mainly collections of sermons of little value, I spotted an old bible underneath the sermons. It was a genuine old King James family bible, with the name Southworth and the date 1627 on the first page. Next came a page of the birth dates

## The Ballinger Gang

of his children listed inside, that was a common practice in those days.”

“I bid for the box of books and got them at a very low price. When I got them home I looked more closely at the bible, and it was clearly genuine, I know the trade. I knew people often used to put important papers inside the family bible at that time, and looked carefully through it. There I found the document you are holding. A trip to the library quickly linked the name Southworth and the date with Whalley Abbey and the Dissolution of the monasteries, and also indicated that the hill mentioned in the document must have been Pendle. I know the bible is a genuine old copy, and in fact it is quite valuable because it is what is known as a *She Bible*.”

Ballinger was listening closely, but Valerie was getting very impatient. “We’ve heard all this before, can’t we just believe him?”

“No Val, I’m funding this operation, and I need to be sure I’m not wasting money. I must be sure this is a genuine old book. Is it important that it is a *She Bible*? whatever that is.”

Grandon continued, “There are only a handful of *She Bibles* still existing, mostly at major universities and a few Cathedrals. It is called a ‘She Bible’ because in Ruth, chapter 3, verse 15 it says ‘She went into the city’. Other editions said ‘He went ...’. It was probably a typographical error which was corrected in later reprints.”

“How can you be sure that this book isn’t a fake attempt to produce a valuable book?”

“It is possible to check the binding, the paper, the ink.”

“and did you?”

“No, because that would advertise the fact that this book exists, and that I have it. I don’t want the news to get out until I am ready to sell.”

“Right then, we have to work on the assumption that we have a valuable clue. Is there any chance these interfering kids could have this clue?”

“Well, they can’t have this one. I suppose there might be other copies around, but that seems very doubtful; if there are, we don’t know anything about them.”

Valerie was getting impatient, “Do we have to do all this, let’s have a look at what we can get from the letter, I suppose it is a letter. And we must decide what we do about these kids.”

“Right then Val,” said Ballinger, “There are several good points we know.”

“first: The letter tells us that some treasure from the Abbey was removed and did not go to the royal coffers.”

“second: The treasure was buried in a strong chest.”

“third: We have some rather incomplete directions about where to find it. It is ‘high upon that hill that lies beyond the Abbey’. I think we can take that as high on Pendle, but that is a rather large area to search.”

“next: We must begin our search at ‘the start of the waters’. That also suggests that it is high on Pendle. Fortunately that is well above all the reservoirs that have been built in more recent times.”

“next: from the start of the waters we must take ‘twelve wide steps towards’. Towards what?”

## The Ballinger Gang

“finally we must turn to face ‘something’ and look ‘under’, and there is the treasure!”

Grandon had a large scale Ordnance Survey map on the table. “Good summary Ballinger, now let’s start looking at all the streams that start on Pendle. There are a lot, but let’s take the biggest first. There’s Ogden Clough, Boar Clough, and Deep Clough which all start near the top of Pendle and come down to join Pendle Water near Barley. Then there is Black Moss Water which comes down into Barley as well, but that starts on Wheathead, not Pendle, but I don’t think we should eliminate it.”

Valerie interrupted, “That valley was the first place I looked at when I got here, I wasn’t able to drive up the valley, but there was a girl on a horse who did go further up. And I think that was one of the kids I saw today after I left Newchurch today, but she wasn’t one of the Rye lot.”

Grandon laughed, “Was that just after you had ditched the car?”

“It wasn’t my fault, I told you, it was those twins riding round in the middle of the road.”

“If they are interested in it, then we certainly can’t eliminate it. I’ll have a walk up there tomorrow.” said Grandon. “Now, what else have we got, There’s Sabden Brook, which is on the Barley side, and Howcroft Brook in Ashendean Clough which starts near the top of Pendle but comes down here to Clitheroe And perhaps Ings Beck which starts up near Pendle and comes down near the Skeleron mines where we might look for Pudsey shillings. And that really covers the big streams. There is this point about ‘where the water gushed out’, if that a clue, then it

might point us to a big spring? There's Robin Hood's Well marked, high on Pendle, above Barley."

Grandon took another look at the map. "There's something else that might be interesting, Above Ashendean Clough there is Apronfull Hill. This is certainly high on Pendle and has the remains of Apronfull Hall. This could well have been an attractive hiding place, well out of the way of the action at the Abbey."

"There's no water starting near there, but it could be turn to face Clitheroe, and 'under' could mean down the hill at Howcroft Brook. Val, you could drive up to the Nick of Pendle, and it's a short easy walk from there out to Apronfull."

Ballinger came back with some important questions, "What are we going to do about these children? Are they after the treasure or not? If they are, then do they know as much as us, or do they perhaps know more? Do we take time to watch them? Or do we ignore them?"

"If we just keep an eye on them," Grandon suggested, "they might even lead us to the treasure, and we could then take everything ourselves."

"Right," Ballinger agreed, "They seem to be staying around Barley, I'll go there and see what they are doing, while Grandon goes up the Black Moss valley to the top. Val, you can drive us to Barley before going up to Apronfull."

"You know," said Grandon, "I think it might be a better idea for us to move nearer Pendle, the other side. Barley maybe, there's the Pendle Inn there, that looks comfortable."

Miss Ballinger agreed, "It would be more comfortable, and easier to watch those kids. They seem to be staying somewhere over there. I hope they are not at the Pendle Inn."

## The Ballinger Gang

Valerie laughed, “Not likely, it looks a lot too expensive for them.”

There is one other possibility said Grandon. There is an old book about the history of Pendle by McKay, that might help with the ‘fatal day’ bit. I tried to get a copy at the second hand bookshop yesterday, but it appears to be very rare. The man did say that a woman at Barley, Judith Sterling, had a copy. I think I could try and either buy or borrow it if we are staying in Barley.

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# Chapter 10. Jenny's Tale

The rain went away during the night but the morning was gray and quiet, with heavy cloud, and beads of water on the grass. It was a grey, dull day, with only the briefest glimpse of a very pale sun in the east. Judy told them at the breakfast table that the weather looked like getting worse rather than better as the day wore on.

“Better not go too far today, and the morning will be better than the afternoon.”

After breakfast they decided to try a short walk up the Black Moss valley from where the Black Moss water joined Pendle Water in Barley itself. Why do they call streams waters, Dickie asked Judy.

“Streams have always been a very important feature of the landscape, they provided water. There are many different names which are often restricted to quite small regions. This south side of Pendle they are often known as ‘Waters’ (this is Pendle Water) or ‘Cloughs’ (Ogden Clough joins Pendle Water just down the road), on the other northern side they are usually ‘Becks’ (Ings Beck flows past the Skeleron mines). To make it even more confusing, we have Sabden ‘Brook’ just to the west of here, and in the Lake District they are ‘ghylls”

“The weather looks very threatening, so please don't go up past the reservoirs onto Wheathead Height.” Judy warned them, “It's very easy, and very dangerous, to get lost in low cloud up there on the high fells.”

David promised they would be careful and would get back before lunch.

Jenny said excitedly “Is that the valley with Wheathead Mill, that comes in *Mist Over Pendle*?” “That’s right,” said Judy, “that’s the valley in the book, but there’s no mill there now. I think there used to be before they built the dams.” She added. “In fact, if you look carefully you will see a big grassy mound by the Lower Black Moss reservoir. It has been suggested that this mound is covering an old cottage.”<sup>i</sup>

Well wrapped up in water-proofs they walked down to Barley where Peter called in at the store to leave an order from Judy.

When she re-joined the others, she told David, “There’s a big woman in there with glasses, she was looking carefully at me and asked where I was going today. She had very thick glasses and I wondered if that was this Miss Ballinger you knew at Rye. Do you want to go back and have a look?”

“Better not Peter, we know they are around, but I don’t think she has ever seen you, if I went back she would then know you are one of us, if you see what I mean.”

“Too late,” Peter whispered, “She’s just coming out of the store now and is looking across at us. Is it Miss Ballinger?”

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<sup>i</sup>During work on the lower Black Moss dam in December 2011, the mound was broken into, and an old cottage revealed. Work on the dam was stopped while archaeologists excavated what turned out to be a Jacobean cottage from the early seventeenth century, complete with a skeleton of a cat built into the wall. Of course speculation claimed that this was one of the witches cottages, but it seems the last residents were later eighteenth century cotton weavers. The ‘putters-out’ gave out cotton yarn to cottage weavers who wove it at home on hand looms. They were paid for each ‘piece’ when they returned it to the putter-out.

## Jenny's Tale

“Yes, that’s her, and now she knows you. Come on, I don’t think she will follow us. I wonder what she is doing here, Jenny found their house in Clitheroe.”

They crossed Pendle Water at what obviously was once a ford. “Margery was always crossing this ford on her way to Wheathead Mill.” said Jenny. Tom looked at her wonderingly, “There’s no mill, Judy told you.” But Jenny knew best. “There is in the book silly, that’s what I’m talking about.”

Peter tried keep the peace. “You know Jenny, it’s only you who have read the book. Perhaps this afternoon if we have to stay in you could tell us all the story.”

“Oh, do you think I could?” Jenny was worried.

“Of course you could, you’re very good at telling us the stories you read.”

It was already beginning to rain as they passed Hannah’s cottage and through the gate and walked along the side of the Lower reservoir. As they came past the end of the water they came to a farm with a man leaning on the gate. He had two black, brown and white Border Collies lying obediently by his feet. “I wouldn’t go much further if I was you” he said, “the clouds will be down thick in half an hour or so.” Peter asked him if he looked after the water like her father at Hatchholt. “No,” he replied, “there’s a man comes up from Burnley when there’s any need.. I just farm sheep up there on Wheathead Height.”

Tom, a knowledgeable farmer, asked him what crops he grew and if he had any cattle. “Nay lad, tha cann’a grow much up here, bit of barley or oats ’appen, but even that’s not really worthwhile. Sounds a bit like you’re in farming, wheer’s ta frae.”

Tom told him about the Ingles farm on the Long Mynd, and they seemed to be getting on well together, as Tom told him how Judy was going to teach him about the dogs. David and Dickie tried to take an interest in the conversation, but the girls wandered off to the lake side. Finally David looked at the way the clouds were drawing down and said "I think we ought to be getting back."

"Aye, that'd be best." the farmer said, "I'm a bit worried because there was a city type came up here an hour or so ago, all smart suit and pointed shoes, and a nasty little moustache he had. Got very nasty when I asked him what he was doing, said he just wanted to have a look around where the beck runs into the water up there, and told me to mind my own business. I've been watching to see if he comes back, his sort won't get out over the top today. If he's not back soon I'll have to give the Mountain Rescue a call."

They all thanked him and turned back towards Barley, but Tom lingered behind a little. Finally they heard the farmer say "Come up on your own sometime and we'll have a walk over the top and I'll show thee how these dogs can handle the sheep." Tom thanked him and said his uncle had been thinking about trying some sheep on the Long Mynd and they had been looking at different sorts and wondering what would be best roaming wild on the Long Mynd.

"There's a nice hardy animal from the Clun Forest area, Dark brown face. It's adaptable, a good forager, lambs easy, but the wool is a bit on the short side for the weather around here. Good for hand-spinning though. Everyone here runs the Dalesbred, really tough animals, look out for them, white spot on each side of the black face and a bit of grey round the nose end, and horns on both ewes and tups. The wool's a bit on the rough side,-

## Jenny's Tale

carpet quality they calls it. But they can survive very harsh conditions.”

“I think we might need some with a bit of higher quality wool for a start. Perhaps later we might try some hardier, free-roaming sheep.”

“For a really hard climate and area you would want the Herdwick from the Lake District; great health, they can live solely on forage, and they're pretty territorial so you're not chasing all over the moors to find them. But I reckon you can't do better than Dalesbred for high wild moorland. Come and have a look at them one day. If you start running sheep you'll need a couple of good dogs as well, I could find those for you. And train you to use them.”

Tom was taking all this in to report back to his uncle Alf. “Thanks a lot, I'd love to see them and talk more.” He said goodbye to the farmer ran after the others. “You know, us farmers all get on well together, and I've learnt a lot, but he does talk a bit strange sometimes. I'll have to learn some Yorkshire talk.”

David corrected him, “Any way this is Lancashire, not Yorkshire” Tom got his own back showing he had picked up some Yorkshire. “Nay lad tha mun larn the way we talk here. And it may be called Lancashire here, but it's just a bit that got stuck inside Yorkshire”

Dickie and Mary were whispering together, and then Mary said “We have made an important discovery and Dickie has something very important to say, so you'd all better listen carefully.” “That's right,” said Dickie, “I bet that man going to look at the water was Slinky Grandon, we know he's after the

Whalley Abbey treasure and the only clue he's got is about high on Pendle where the water comes down."

David thought a moment, "You might be right Dickie. But why up here by the reservoirs? This area must have been pretty well explored and dug up when the dams were built. And it's a long way from the Abbey, and not high on the hill."

Mary supported her twin. "The farmer said that Grandon wanted to see above the reservoirs, where the water came in. Also, we don't know what other clues or information they might have."

"You are right Mary, they may have some clue pointing this way. I wish we had some idea where to look. All we have at this time is an idea that some treasure may have been hidden, possibly on Pendle."

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It was already raining hard when they got back, so after lunch, 'dinner' Judy called it, they decided to sit by the fire for the afternoon. Great gusts were rattling at the windows, and wailing and thundering among the tall trees and around the chimneys. Peter sat down close to fire and called to the others, "Come on, all of you and sit down here. Tom please make up the fire with lots of logs and drive this beastly weather out. We'd better draw the curtains as well, so we can't even see it. Come and sit here with me Jenny, and perhaps nearer tea-time we could make some toast."

Tom complained about all the rain and muttered something about "or even better muffins. With lots of butter."

Mary looked around the group and agreed, "we don't want to go out again in the rain do we, let's do like Peter says."

## Jenny's Tale

A very cheerful fire was soon blazing, a mixture of good round coal and spluttering dry wood, in a genuine old fireplace in a cheerful old room. Outside the storm sounded like a dirge on a great organ.<sup>ii</sup>

Peter went to ask Judy for some bread to toast, and some butter, and told her that Jenny would be telling them the story of *Mist Over Pendle*. Judy said she was a bit busy just then, but she would like to come in as soon as she could and listen to Jenny. When Peter got back she drew the curtains to shut the weather out. The fire was soon drawing well, and they pulled up all the chairs and piled cushions on the floor in front of the fire. Judy had given her some wax candles which they lit around the fire.

“Now Jenny,” said Peter, “This is your chance, tell us all about the story in *Mist Over Pendle*.” Jenny looked round nervously, “I can’t,” she whispered “I can’t talk to all of you at once, I’ve never done that.” Jenny was much better at reading stories than telling them. “Oh come on,” Tom said, “You never stop talking or telling all the stories you read.” “This is different.” Jenny objected, “This is more like a lecture, you will all be expecting me to tell you something interesting. When

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<sup>ii</sup> The poet Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844-1889) spent some years teaching classics at Stonyhurst College in Ribblesdale, near Whalley. Shortly after his arrival at Stonyhurst he wrote in April 1871 to a friend (Alexander William Mowbray): “I will tell you something about this place. Perpetual water rules. In the first place we have the highest rain in England, I believe, and a local rhyme expresses as much.”

Hodder and Calder, Ribble and rain,  
All meet together in Mytton demesne.

“But nevertheless it is fine scenery, great hills and valleys, fells with outlines often subject to charming effects of light, and three beautiful rivers. The clouds in particular are more interesting than in any other place I have seen.”

I tell you bits of my stories, that's just like me talking normally. This is different"

"Come on Jenny, we're all wanting to know about what happened in *Mist Over Pendle*. Was it a big adventure?"

"Well, it is a good story and it will help you keep all this rain out."

Finally and very hesitantly Jenny agreed. "I'll do my best, but you mustn't laugh at me, I've never done this before, all formal like this. So this is the story of *Mist Over Pendle* which I finished last night."

"I really enjoyed it."

They all settled down quietly, Peter on a cushion on the floor leaned back against David's knees, and they all looked expectant. "We'd all love that Jenny, I know Judy said it was a great book. And all about what happened here three hundred years ago."

"You see," Jenny started her tale, "there's this girl Margery, she's only about sixteen, and she was left an orphan and had to go and live with her brother's family. And they, and all the other brothers and their wives, were very strict Puritans, so they always wore very dark and sober clothes, and made Margery dress like them."

"Actually she was the youngest daughter of a Cambridge professor, William Whitaker from near here, but he was a Puritan as well. So when her mother died ... ..."

"I thought she was already an orphan," interjected Tom.



## Jenny's Tale

“No interjexshuns” added Dickie. “That’s his new word.” Mary whispered to Peter.

“No, that was after her mother died. And don’t interrupt. Her father died a lot earlier. Anyway, the brothers wrote to a distant relative at Read Hall. You know, just up the road from here.”

“Was that the one we passed on the way to Whalley” queried David.

“Yes that’s it. So he sent her some money for her travel, ‘cos the brothers wanted her to go away, and then he sent some more for her specially to buy herself whatever she chose.”

Peter wondered, “She must have been poor, and only had some old clothes.”

“No, you don’t understand, they had money, but they were Puritans and believed you should only wear very dull plain clothes, and they didn’t like spending money on her. But Margery wasn’t like them. She had been brought up as a Puritan, but that wasn’t her way”

“I know,” said Mary, “she wanted something bright and fashionable, in case she met her prince”

“I’m not sure about the prince at that time Mary, but you are right about the clothes, and she did eventually after long adventures find her prince. One of the things she got was a bright orange-tawney riding set, with a big tall hat with feathers called a copintank. Her aunts were horrified, but Sir Roger had said the money had to used for her choice.”

“Who’s Sir Roger?”

“Why don’t you listen David, he’s the relative at Read Hall”

“Sorry Jenny, I must have missed that”

“if it was ever there.” said Tom

“Anyway,” continued Jenny, “she had to travel in old clothes in a big cart, with only a bit of straw for comfort, for several days until they reached Preston on the River Ribble. That’s the river Tom and I saw between Whalley and Clitheroe. At Preston she had to stay at the Angel Inn in Friargate and tell them Sir Roger was coming for her. So the inn-keeper sent word to Read that she had arrived, and the next morning she waited for Sir Roger, who had said in reply that he was coming himself to fetch her to Read. She prepared herself carefully, trying to make sure the hint of red in her hair showed up well in the sun. Like mine.”

“Well, when Sir Roger came he was astonished, his hair was exactly the same as hers. He was a tall elderly man, but his hair was still chestnut with a hint of red, just like Margery’s, but he was still very strong, erect and manly, even though he was dressed in rough everyday clothes.”

“Oh I know this story,” interrupted Dickie, “they fell in love and she married him.”

“No, Dickie, it wasn’t like that at all. I’m telling the story, you just listen. He was old enough to be her father or an uncle. And do you know when Nick saw her he really thought she was Roger’s daughter, but he said he believed Roger, although he thought there would be many in Pendle that wouldn’t. Just shows how alike they were”

“I’m getting lost,” said Dickie plaintively, “I don’t know who’s doing what. Who is this Nick, we haven’t met him yet have we?”

## Jenny's Tale

“No Dickie, we don't meet him till much later. He's another magistrate from a place called Altham, and he dispenses justice with Roger, but that all comes later.”

“I know all about genetics and recurring features.” said Peter, “We did that in science last term”

“Well, Peter, he was a distant relative, just like you and Judy, and anyway Margery's brother had said ‘any kinsman may be called cousin among gentlefolk’. So you and Judy are really cousins.”

“Can we get on with the story.” said David.

“Yes,” continued Jenny, “you all keep interrupting and I forget where I was”

Tom came to her defense quickly. “You're doing great Jenny, we had just got to where Sir Roger met Jenny for the first time and was very impressed by the family likeness. Now you carry on from there, and don't listen to any more interruptions.”

“Well, on the ride back to Whalley Roger told her that there were many Catholics still in the area, but they were just accepted even though it was against the law because when Henry VIII dissolved all the Abbeys and monasteries everyone was supposed to be strictly Protestant, and later under Elizabeth they almost became Puritans.”

David interrupted again. “What about Edward, and Jane the nine day Queen, and Mary who was a devout catholic.”

“I don't know; why don't you tell us. No, don't, I'm telling the story and I have to leave some bits out. After the Dissolution of the Abbey, the only religious direction the people had was from a vicar called Dobson, who remained resolutely catholic,

and so many people held to the old faith. There were also many Puritans, such as Richard Baldwin (he comes later, just wait), but Roger and Nick accepted that there were many people adhering to the old faith, and did not persecute them as the law required.”

David and Tom then started a separate discussion: “Remember at Whalley we were told how the people were left without any spiritual guidance after the Dissolution.”

“Yes, and they lost the alms and support from the Abbey, and many lost their jobs in the Abbey grounds.”

“And they were told that they could not enjoy Sunday afternoons any more, but should stay at home and listen to Bible readings.”

“And how ... ..”

Peter clapped her hands loudly, she was annoyed. “Please stop it, the pair of you, you should be ashamed of yourselves, breaking Jenny’s tale”

“Please can I carry on with my story”

“Sorry Jenny.” said a repentant Tom, “I got carried away with all the excitement. Please carry on and I’ll keep quiet.”

“And you too David.” Peter stuck up for Jenny

“Sorry.” muttered David.

“Well, there was this Catholic priest, a member of the English Mission who brought the Romish sacrament to the believers in Pendle ... ..”

## Jenny's Tale

“Recusants they were called. If caught they would be executed.”

“Thank you David.” said Tom sarcastically. “We promised to be quiet, remember.”

“And thank you Tom,” went on Jenny, “Well Margery and Roger caught him baptising a baby who had been left to die by witches at the Hoarstones (near Fence, you know), and they took him back to Read Hall and talked about witchcraft, but the baby died. Finally they agreed to let the priest go. He promised to send Roger a book on witchcraft and he gave Margery a silver cross which she always wore after that. Although Roger was a magistrate and should uphold the law, he was sympathetic to the divisions of the faiths in the parish of Whalley. He told Margery to keep the cross hidden when she went out. He was a good man.”

“Who was?”

“The priest of course, he gave Margery the cross, and will you please stop interrupting.”

“Yes,” said Dickie, “Me and Mary are trying to follow the story. It's a bit complicated, but you all interrupting makes it a lot harder.”

“Don't worry Dickie, it gets exciting later. I'll shorten it a bit. You see, Richard of the mill at Wheathead ... ..”

“Sorry Jenny, but that's someone new. Who is Richard?”

“Yes, you see he was a Puritan and believed in witches, but he was a good man in spite of his beliefs. His real grief was that he believed his youngest daughter, Ann, had been bewitched to death a year ago by Demdike. Wheathead is in the valley from

Black Moss, just across the river in Barley, where we went this morning.”

David interrupted again. “I see. Wheathead must have been a water powered corn mill, with the Black Moss reservoirs driving the mill.”

“No David this is all long before the reservoirs were made, Richard had a smaller mill pond, where they were going to swim the witch Alizon after she bewitched John Lawe at Roughlee. Demdike was Alizon’s grandmother, and she bewitched a servant of Alice Nutter at Roughlee.”

Peter was getting very confused with all these names, but recognised the name Alice Nutter. “But Alice Nutter was a witch who was hanged with the others. Were the witches bewitching each other?”

Dickie was getting very frustrated. “PLEASE GET ON WITH THE STORY AND FORGET ABOUT ALL THESE WITCHES”

“That’s right,” said Tom, “and the fires burning down a bit.” He got up and piled more logs on the fire. “Go on Jenny, you’re doing great; and no more interruptions from anybody.”

“Dickie’s right, This priest, whose real name was Southworth, after his escape at Read had been caught again in Yorkshire and was being brought for examination in Lancashire. He was under the charge of a young nobleman of the House of Lathom. Margery was out riding on a hill above the road and saw them coming down to Roughlee. She recognised the priest and tried save him by falling off her horse right in front of them. The nobleman, who was dressed all in green and gold, and his two servants were distracted by Margery and the noble man went help Margery up

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while his servants watched, and the priest escaped, chased by the nobleman and his servants, but they couldn't catch him."

"Well later that evening, just after Margery got home, back at Read Hall, all muddy and disordered, and before she had time to change, the nobleman came looking for the magistrate, Roger remember, to help him find the priest, and recognised Margery. Roger saw that Margery and Frank, that was the nobleman's name, were very attracted to each other, and he suggested that the best plan would be for Frank to be his guest for a few days whilst he looked for the priest, and perhaps Margery could take Frank riding around Pendle for the next day or two asking if anyone had any news. So they did, and Margery knew well enough to avoid any of the homes of known catholic sympathisers, so of course they found no trace of him."

"Frank was recalled to Lathom to explain how the priest escaped, but promised to return to Read as soon as he could. Really of course he wanted to see Margery again."

"Meanwhile, the witchcraft story at Roughlee was developing, I'm not sure I remember the order in which things happened, but a pedlar, John Lawe died believing that Alizon had bewitched him,"

This time Judy interrupted, "I don't think that even now anyone realises that the vicar of Whalley in 1575 reported a John Lawe as a seminary priest in the Whalley area."

This appeareth by the  
pfitm<sup>t</sup> of the Vicar of  
Whalley } John Lawe a seminarie priest receipted in diuise ptes of Lancashire  
as specialle in the pishes of Orneskirke Preston Blackborne &  
Whalley

"Oh, do you think the pedlar could have been a Catholic priest?" Jenny went on, "anyway there was a big meeting of the witches at the Malkin Tower, and Alice Nutter came and

reported it to Roger. Oh, I've missed out an important bit about how Margery saved Tony Nutter who had been poisoned by Alice Nutter. Well, anyway, Roger, Margery, Richard, and Frank (who had returned in disgrace to Read) were trying to get evidence to convict Alice Nutter of murder, but she had been too clever for them. So finally Roger got two of the witches to say that Alice was a witch as well, and he finally committed them all to trial at Lancaster."

"Frank came into some property and had enough to marry Margery, and it all ended well."

"So that is how Alice Nutter came to be tried as one of the Pendle witches."

Dickie was looking puzzled. "If Roger really was a knight, why didn't he go out on his horse, all in armour, with a lance and his sword, and just kill this Alice Nutter. That would have been a lot simpler and quicker."

"You know Dickie," said David, "not all knights were from King Arthur's Round Table ... .."

"Like Sir Gawain" added Jenny.

"Also of course," said David, "knights do grow older, and become magistrates and lords of manors, and don't go to tournaments any more"

Mary was trying to make sense of all these new ideas about knights. "I suppose that after he has killed the dragon and rescued the princess, the knight has to become a lord of the manor or something."

Judy had come during Jenny's story and enjoyed hearing most of it. "I missed the start of your story, but for me you



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missed out one of the best bits, the Christmas festivities at Marton Hall.”

“Oh yes,” Jenny agreed, “I loved that too, I wish we could have Christmases like that now. And that’s when Margery and Frank realised they loved each other”

“You must realise,” Judy told them all, “Jenny couldn’t tell the whole story, it would have taken all night. I think she did a great job of telling a long complicated story, even with all the interruptions. But it is a good book, and I think you would all enjoy reading it some cold, wet winter’s night.”

Peter agreed. “I think Jenny made a marvellous tale of it, and I am going to read *Mist Over Pendle* just as soon as I can get the book off her”

“And we are all very sorry about all the *interjexshuns*.” said Dickie, “That’s a new word I learnt at school last term. Acksh-erly I’m not too sure of the spelling”

“You know it could happen to anybody discovering new relations like Margery did, perhaps like Peter and Judy.” Jenny said thoughtfully.

Peter laughed, “You’re not really a princess are you Judy?”

“You never know, I might be Jenny. I can see Mary thinks so. Just wait and see.”

Before getting into bed, Peter opened the curtains and the window and looked, the rain had stopped at last, and the sky had magically cleared. “Looks like a nice fine day tomorrow,” she thought, “how fast the weather can change in the mountains, just like home on the Long Mynd.” Away to the left an owl floated out of the dark wood, it’s cry reminding her of Witchend.

The lonely owl from the shadows seemed to emphasise the sharp contrast between the bright sky and the stars and the dark shadows under the wood. “I wonder what the wood is called, it must have a name, everything does in the countryside.”

Before she closed the curtains she heard a loud screaming which stopped suddenly. Peter had been brought up in the countryside and recognised that a rabbit had just been caught by a stoat. She remembered a time when a stoat with two tiny babies had crossed the road just in front of her bike. One of the babies had stopped in the road and she had picked it up and put in the grass after its mother. It probably grew up to hunt rabbits just like the one she had just heard.

Getting into bed she thought, “Tomorrow I must learn more about this Pendle Forest. And we must climb Pendle.”

# Chapter 11. Modern Witches

*On the top of Pendle old,  
Pendle Hill, so dark and cold,  
Round about the bale-fire sing,  
In the seething cauldron fling,  
Mixt in magical proportions,  
Reptile poisons, imp abortions;  
All the bitter weeds of death  
Gathered on the blasted heath,  
When the moon is in her cave,  
“The White Witch,” Henry Houlding*

The next morning Peter drew back the curtain and looked out at Pendle, all was quiet and calm and clear. The rain and the heavy cloud had passed, and under a blue sky and fleecy white cloud the sun shone on green fields and the purple heather of Pendle. The stream by the path was seething and splashing after the rain, and the grass was wetter and softer than it had been. She thought, “today we must climb Pendle, we can say we are looking for treasure, but I just want to feel the wind in my hair and watch the shadows of the clouds blowing over the countryside. I wonder if I could take Sal, and ride while the others walked. But just imagine Dickie’s face and the comments he’d make.”

She looked down into the farmyard and there was Tom collecting eggs again from the chicken’s house. She waved and shouted, “Good morning Tom, you’re up early.”

Tom waved back, “It’s you who are late. Get the others up and come on down for breakfast. We’ll have to do it ourselves, Judy was away up the hill a long time ago, after some sheep.”

Peter banged on the doors of the other bedrooms, “bring out your dead!” She called, “Breakfast.” She got to the bathroom first and was soon down to see Tom come in with a basket of eggs. “Eggs again!” she said.

Tom had more generous ideas, “Not just eggs, we’re having bacon and sausages and Judy says there’s some black pudding we have to try. She won’t be back for an hour or so, there’s a sick sheep up in the top field. We must have a good breakfast because I think we should climb Pendle today, the weather’s perfect.”

“Just what I was thinking Tom. Find me this black pudding stuff and the bacon and sausages, and I’ll get going on breakfast. Go and bang on Jenny’s door and tell her I need help here in the kitchen.”

“Right.” said Tom, “I don’t think Dickie will be long when the cooking smell reaches the bedrooms, and why don’t you bang one or two pans together, that should bring them all down.”

“You know Tom, in the past, well, before the war anyway, the big houses use to have a ‘dressing gong’ to warn people it was time to dress for dinner. So this is our dressing gong, for breakfast.” She banged to big pans together until Tom put his hands over his ears. “That’s enough Peter, you’ll have all the sheep coming for breakfast.”

Dickie’s face appeared at the top of the stairs, “What’s all this noise, and is breakfast ready yet?”

## Modern Witches

“You’re too late Dickie, we finished it all, and now Peter is clearing it up.”

“You beasts, I want my breakfast.”

“Come on then, get a move on. We’re going to climb Pendle today.”

Jenny came rushing downstairs, “Sorry Peter, what can I do to help?”

“You’re just in time, get the eggs off Tom, he collected them earlier while you were sleeping. We’ll need lots of them, and I think we’ll have them scrambled today, with bacon and sausages, and some black pudding, whatever that is. I’ll see to those, but you can get some toast on too, Judy’s got this new toast maker, you just have to plug it in. But watch it; don’t burn the toast. Tom, we need something to drink, get the kettle on for tea.”

Tom grinned, “Now we know who’s boss around here, everyone’s got their orders. Here’s the eggs Jenny, use as many as you want. Where’s the kettle Peter?”

“Right in front of you Tom, and the water tap is there over the sink. You have to turn it anti-clockwise to get water out.”

“Thank you Peter, how do I hold the kettle and turn the tap at the same time?”

“You’ve got two hands haven’t you? Oh Jenny, aren’t men hopeless in the kitchen!”

Dickie and Mary appeared together, followed by David, and all three sat down at the table.

“Where’s breakfast,” Dickie demanded.

David wondered, “What shall we do today, how about ...”

“It’s all decided,” Peter said, “Tom and I agreed we are going up Pendle, long before you woke up.”

David blinked. As Captain of the Lone Pine Club he was used to making decisions, but he grinned at Peter, “Right then I’ll get the map and see which way to go.”

“Don’t bother, David,” Tom said, “Judy told me she would show us the best way, and she will be coming a little way with us. She wants to see Anis this morning.”

Peter saw David was a little surprised. She put a big plate in front of him, “Breakfast for the club Captain comes first.”

“Where’s mine.” from a plaintive Dickie.

“Mary will be bringing your breakfast shortly sir. If you are very good.”

“This is a great breakfast Dickie,” David said, “I don’t suppose yours will be as good as mine, but never mind, you are smaller than me.”

“It’s always us twins get left out, it’s not fair, is it Mary.”

“Here you are Dickie,” Mary brought him his plate.

Jenny added, “It’s not twins that have to wait Dickie, it’s us girls, look, three of us still in the kitchen. And Tom is still waiting.”

Tom helped himself to a huge plateful and sat down between Dickie and David. “See, the longer you wait, the more you get.”

They were all finishing breakfast when Judy got back

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“What’s this black pudding we’ve been eating?”

Black pudding is made from pork blood and oatmeal. It’s already cooked when you buy it, but for breakfast slices are usually fried again. It is considered a delicacy in the North West, and especially in Lancashire where it is traditionally boiled and served with malt vinegar.

Mary’s face wrinkled, “Sounds disgusting, I’m not eating that again.”

“OK the, I’ll have yours tomorrow,” Dickie saw the opportunity.

Tom approved, “I like black pudding, is there any more?”

Breakfast over, they all walked down the Lane from Ing Ends to Barley, down the village street alongside Black Moss Beck, crossed Pendle Water which came down from the reservoirs at Ogden clough and then turned right up the steep hill to Newchurch. They stopped for a few minutes at the top before the corner into the village and looked back over the valley and towards Pendle Hill.

“Where does the name Pendle come from,” David asked Judy, “our Long Mynd is obviously the Long Mountain.”

“There is one idea, and it’s possibly true: *Pen* is old Celtic for hill, *hul* is Old Norse for hill, and perhaps Pendle Hill is really *Pen hul Hill* or *Hill Hill Hill*. I’m not sure I believe it, but Pendle Hill certainly dominates the region, and there are still strong Celtic and Norse memories around here, especially in place names.”

As they walked down through Newchurch village Judy explained that the village used to be called Goldshaw Booth, but many of the locals just call it Newkirk.

“You can’t see St Mary’s Church easily from the road, it’s down below that row of houses. It has a long history, there was a chapel of ease on this site in 1250 for those who found the distance to the mother church at Whalley too long. A new chapel was dedicated in 1544 under the new Church of England, that’s how it got the name of Newchurch, and the tower is the remaining part of that building, but the rest of the present church was built in the 17th century and only completed in 1740.”

Tom nudged Jenny, “Tell them Jenny.”

“There is an ‘eye of God’ built into the west side of the tower. And to the east of the porch, up against the south wall, is the grave of a member of the Nutter family (it’s carved with a skull and crossbones Dickie). Local legend has it that it’s the last resting place of the witch Alice Nutter who was executed at Lancaster in 1612. But Tom thinks it is extremely unlikely that the body of an executed witch should be carried all the way back to her home place. Come and have a look, I’ll show you where they are. Tom and I found them.”

Judy added, “There is another interesting local custom that has been revived: every August, since 1949. the ancient ceremony of rush-bearing has been performed. There is a procession around the village and the new Rush-bearing Queen is crowned, followed by a service of thanksgiving in the church.”

After a quick look at the small church where Dickie danced on the Nutter grave with its skull and crossbones, Judy suggested they all walk on with her to Sabden Fold and see her friend Anis who lived at what was still called Goldshaw Booth.



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“She is a very interesting character, she doesn’t often come to church because she believes in a much older, pagan religion called Wicca. The Wiccans claim they are the real witches, and that the Pendle witches were not witches at all, but just poor old women. From her house you can pick up the trail to Pendle.”

Peter was trying to reconcile this Wicca idea with the rather vague idea of witches she had grown up with.

“I’ve sort of heard about white witches, are they Wiccans?”

“I don’t really know much about it,” replied Judy, “We must ask Anis to explain it all. I don’t think there are many secrets about it.”

“Anis is a strange name, I’ve never heard of that before.”

“Her name really is spelt *Agnes*, but local pronunciation is Anis as in *niece*, she claims that was the medieval pronunciation. So she insists on spelling it *A n i s*.”

“Like a sort of nick-name I suppose,” said Mary, “Our housekeeper at Witchend is called Agnes, but I’ve never heard her called Anis. We must tell her about it.”

“Do you remember, last Christmas,<sup>i</sup> I wondered if Primrose Wentworth was a white witch, ‘a sort of good witch, if you know what I mean’”

Just they came to a large old farmhouse, painted a dazzling white and now obviously a cottage, surrounded by trees. Judy banged on the door before opening it and shouting, “Hello Anis, we’ve all come to see you.” A voice in the distance shouted, “Come on in, I’ll be with you in a moment.” They waited in a

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<sup>i</sup> ‘*Wings Over Witchend*’ 1956

long hallway, the walls covered by old darkened oak paneling, with a big grandfather clock ticking noisily in a corner. A young girl, barely fifteen appeared, “You’d better come in’t parlour,” she said, “she won’t be long, it’s cat, he’s got all tangled up wi’t briars, chasing birds.”

The parlour was cool but bright, on a table was a bowl of beautiful white roses, the paneling had been cleaned and waxed, and hanging over the an window facing south was a huge glass globe, many faceted and shining in the morning sun. Swaying gently in the light breeze, it sent rainbow beams darting around the room. Jenny stared fascinated at the glass, “It must be magic, perhaps you can see the future in it.” she said as Anis entered the room holding a big black cat with bright blue eyes.

“No, there’s no magic about it Jenny, but some of the older folk say it will always stop an evil eye entering the room. I just find it restful and interesting.”

Jenny looked admiringly at Anis who was dressed in pale green set off by some golden yellow. “I love your dress, it’s unusual, but you look terrific.”

Dickie broke in, “And that’s not the way witches dress, I’ve seen pictures of them at school, they’re all in black and have pointed hats, and big hooked noses. So you can’t be a witch.”

Anis laughed, “And I’m sure they all have a black cat with them, like this one. See, he’s got blue eyes. I bet you have never seen a black cat with blue eyes before. He’s called Arcanus, that means something hidden, secret, private, or mysterious. You see he really must be a witches cat. You believe me Jenny, don’t you?”

Jenny nodded strongly, “Of course I do, and I think your sort of witches are very romantic, aren’t they Mary?.”

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But Mary was holding Mackie who was looking suspiciously at Arcanus in Anis's arms. "I'm not sure Mackie and Arcanus are going to be friends."

Mackie was growling and struggling furiously in Mary's arms. He was watching Arcanus who was also growling and thrashing his tail. Anis tapped Arcanus gently on the nose, "now be good, you're the host and Mackie is your guest." Arcanus turned and looked up at Anis. He stopped growling and started to purr. "That's better," said Anis and put him down on the floor. She then went to Mackie and stroked him gently, "You see, he wants to be friends. Put him down Mary, he'll be good now."

Mackie and Arcanus sniffed quietly at each other for a moment and then the cat lay down on the rug and Mackie wandered around the room testing the smells.

Anis smiled at Jenny, "You see, that's what Wicca is all about, there's good everywhere. It just needs a little encouragement."

Tom broke in, "The old folk down at Onnybrook all believe in witches, they say that when the milk is soured or the butter won't come that it's the work of witches. But I don't believe a word of it."

"Well said Tom," said Judy, "that's not witchcraft, it's better called 'old wives tales', just a need to explain why things are going wrong."

David and Peter whispered together, then David said, "That's all very well, but you can't really expect us to believe in witchcraft these days."

Anis Looked steadily at Peter and David. Then she started to explain about how witchcraft had been reviled ever since the Dissolution of the Abbeys and the following rise of Protestantism and ultimately Puritanism.

“That can’t be true,” Peter objected, “There are references to witches in the Bible, and that is long before the Dissolution”

Anis smiled at her, “of course there are, I suppose you are thinking of ‘thou shalt not suffer a witch to live’<sup>ii</sup>, or the witch of Endor.<sup>iii</sup> But you have to realise that you are only reading translations made from a variety of scripts in very old languages. You will find the wording changes with different versions of the Bible. In the Holman and the American Standard Bible it is ‘sorceress’, in the Catholic Douay Bible it is ‘wizard’. Similarly, the ‘witch’ of Endor is often called the ‘medium’ of Endor.”

“What is important is that all these translations were made after the rise of Protestantism, and in all the Bibles the words are used to describe something like ‘a wicked person’.”

David wanted a return to what the law thought. “But witchcraft was a crime, and witches faced the death penalty”

“They were not witches in the sense Wiccans understand it, they were generally poor old women trying to make some sort of living in hard times. They were often recognised locally as ‘wise-women’ who had some knowledge of traditional cures, and could use that to get enough money to live. The problem was that if the local people recognised their ability to cure, they would have thought they also had the ability to harm. So people were frightened of them, although they needed their help.”

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<sup>ii</sup>in the Old Testament Exodus 22:18, King James version

<sup>iii</sup>in Samuel I, 28:3-25

## Modern Witches

“What about the pact with the Devil, that appears in all the witch trials?”

“The Devil is a Christian concept, Wiccans don’t accept that, the Devil does not exist.”

“Catholics and Puritans were agreed that people could make a pact with the Devil, and that these people were referred to as witches, but Catholics and Puritans regarded each other as heretics. The result was death for both witches and heretics. Convicted witches were hung, but heretics were either burned or hung, drawn and quartered. Obviously the theological differences were far more serious than a pact with the Devil.”

“Wiccans believe that there is power and good in the natural world in which we live, and that with training this good can exploited to the benefit of people.”

“We believe that there is only one God, no matter what you call him, or how you find him. A hundred years ago there was a poet in Burnley who expressed it this way.”

*You go to morning service,  
I wander by the way ;  
You love to hear the preacher,  
I what the wild birds say.*

*You in the solemn singing  
A sweet assurance find,  
I hear an ancient prophecy  
Whose voice is in the wind.*

—Henry Houlding, *Viaticum*

Houlding was convinced of the importance of the countryside generally, the fields, the hills, the rivers and the weather. And the need to go out to experience them.

Peter saw many of them losing interest in witches and witchcraft. “I certainly appreciate Houlding’s view that’s how I feel on the Long Mynd, but we need to be going if we are to climb Pendle today.”

“Sorry,” apologised Anis, “I do tend to go on about it. I’ll tell you the way to get to Pendle from here. The best climb is up Ogden Clough, but it can get a bit hard in places.”

“First you need to follow the valley northwards from here, up beside the trees, then on towards the top of the ridge. Just before the top you reach a ‘T’ junction. There you take right for about 500 yards to a cross paths. Down on the left you see the Upper Ogden reservoir. Drop down to the dam wall, cross the valley below it and turn left alongside the reservoir. Ignore the trail to the right up Boar Clough and continue to follow the stream up Ogden Clough. Now off you go.”

Dickie shouldered his back-pack, “Come on Mary, we’ll lead the way in this trackless waste up this great mountain. I think we really ought to be tied together, I don’t suppose you have any rope we could use Anis?”

“Roping you two together would be a very good idea, and perhaps tied to a post somewhere.” replied Tom, “you had better get moving before I do find some rope.”

Dickie and Mary looked horrified at this, “I’m not sure we really want to go with Tom, do we twin, but I expect we will just leave you behind when the climb gets hard.”

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“Come on, let’s get moving,” said David, “You twins can lead the way, but don’t go too fast for Tom.”

“Wagons roll!” shouted Dickie, and Jenny added

*I wait by a lonely river,  
I walk in a lonely land,  
Where the skies are fair for ever  
And all the hills are grand.*

—Henry Houlding, *A Lonely River*

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# Chapter 12. Pendle Hill

*I long to climb up Pendle: Pendle stands,  
Rownd cop, survayng all ye wilde moor lands.  
“Iter Lancastrense,” Richard James (1636)*

*The song of the winds that sing of the sea,  
Of the sea that sings of time;  
“Aspodels,” Henry Houlding (~1860)*

They walked, enjoying the sun and the cool morning air. The sun was raising a mist from the wet grass each side of the track. The day promised to be hot. They followed directions without any trouble and found Ogden Brook after the reservoir. The stream at the side of the trail was splashing boisterously bringing all the rain down from high on Pendle, and the grass at the side was still wet and soft. They went on unhurriedly, always climbing, Mary and Jenny were singing softly and Dickie was looking longingly at the stream. “We could make another dam just here,” he said excitedly, “where it widens out a bit. Let’s stop a bit and try it.”

“No,” David insisted shortly, and Peter added, “We should get the climb over before it gets too hot.”

With a little push from Tom, Dickie gave in, grumbling a little. “Well I’m hungry, and if we ate the sandwiches now it would be less to carry up this steep hill.”

“True,” Tom admitted, “But it’s not you carrying them, David has them. If you eat yours now you will be carrying them up the hill. And if you don’t keep up, he will probably eat yours anyway.”

“You just don’t realise how hungry twins can get, remember there’s two of us.”



The trail was getting rougher now, with lots of loose stone under foot and rock outcropping through the heather while the water tumbled white against the stones. They were taking shorter strides, and twice they all stopped for a breather and turned to see the view behind them. The sides of the valley were closing in, and bigger rocky outcrops were appearing. David marched on in front with Tom while the twins dropped further back. Jenny slipped and nearly fell as the loose stones slid away under her feet.

“David, we need another rest,” Mary shouted, “We can’t go on any longer.”

“We’re absolutely ’zausted.” Added Dickie.

Peter relented, “Come on David, the twins do need a break.”

They stopped and sat down and saw spreading out far below them with a few scattered farms, each claiming a few fields enclosed by grey stone walls. A small ridge blocked the view straight ahead, but behind that they could see how the valley twisted round to the left on its way to the Ogden Clough reservoirs. After a short break David insisted, “Come on, the hardest bit is nearly over, just up there the valley widens and it’s not so

## Pendle Hill

steep. We'll have a longer break there and perhaps we could let Dickie have an apple or something as he's so tired and weak."

"David, you utter beast," Mary defended her twin who was spluttering with rage, "We are not tired at all, we just think we ought to enjoying the view of the country side more instead of hurrying away up this great big mountain."

When the steep part was left behind they found some bigger rocks, now warming in the sun, where the valley widened and they sat down. David brought out the sandwiches, Peter produced apples and pears, and Tom brought out several bottles of pop.

Dickie looked much happier and reached for a bottle, "We are weary explorers dieing of thirst after crossing that harsh dry desert until finally we had to eat our camels, And now in these high mountains we are desperately in need of food and drink."

Tom slapped his hand and took the bottle off him. "Ladies first," He said passing the bottle to Jenny. "Here you are Mary, and one for you, Peter. But I think Dickie is too tired to eat or drink."

"Beast" Dickie exploded and grabbed the food from Tom. "Come on twin, we'll sit away from them." But Mary was giggling with Jenny and didn't seem to hear him.

When they had finished the food they looked across the moors to the west and David pointed out Apronfull Hill, and Tom told them the stories he and Jenny had heard about it; the giant whose apron strings had broken, or the great shot by Cromwell which made the hole in the wall of the keep at Clitheroe Castle.

Jenny pointed more to the right, "That must be Ashendean Clough, Bob told me a story about ghostly bells there. Three of

the original bells from Whalley Abbey were re-hung in the parish church at Downham after the Dissolution and on a calm night in Ashendean Clough you can hear the old Abbey bells summoning the monks to prayer.”

Mary was fascinated, “I would like to camp out there one night to hear the bells, I wonder if we could see the monks as well.”

Then on they climbed, easy at first, then into a narrower and steeper gully for a short time before coming out on the top of Pendle. There they turned right across the open moor to the Big End of Pendle with its Ordnance Survey marker and the site of the beacons which had been lit in older times to warn of invasions by the Scots or Napoleon.

At the top they lay down on the springy turf and David told them of the old legends about Beiltan or Baal-tan fires on the summit of Pendle, supposed to be an old Celtic ritual. More recently, the beacon on Pendle had served as a warning of war or invaders and looters from Scotland. Peter added a tale of Bog Fires on Pendle, when the peaty turf catches fire and witches may be seen dancing round it at midnight. “Just like our Shropshire, there were beacons lit on the Shropshire hills when Caractacus was captured by Roman legions in AD50.”

Tom added the story of Queen Victoria’s Jubilee in June 1887, which was celebrated with fires on the top of Pendle and many surrounding hills. All more or less within sight of each other. The fire on Pendle was particularly big, built on a platform of railway lines resting on concrete pillars. They say twenty horses were needed to carry the material up to the summit: tons

## Pendle Hill

of coal, naphtha, barrels of petroleum and hundreds of barrels of other inflammable material. And lots of wood of course.<sup>i</sup>

David stood up and looked around. He had been studying the map. The view was certainly astounding. “Look, over there to the west you can just make out the bright silver line of the Irish sea, and back there, to the north and east you can see the three peaks of the Yorkshire Dales, there’s Ingleborough with its ancient camp on top, imagine trying to attack that. And down to the south east you can see Walton Spire on top of Knave hill. That was a huge neolithic standing stone, eight metres tall, but it was reshaped around 1800 by a local vicar and a cross mounted on top. There is an Iron Age hill fort with triple ditch and bank defenses just below the spire at Castercliff. Round to the north west you can just make out the peaks of the Lake District in Cumberland,<sup>ii</sup> and to the south east you can sometimes see the mountains of north Wales.”

Tom whispered to Jenny, “Ingleborough means the fortified hill fort (burh) of the Ingles family.”

Jennie gasped, “Does it really belong to your family? It can’t really, you are from London and that’s hundreds of miles away.”

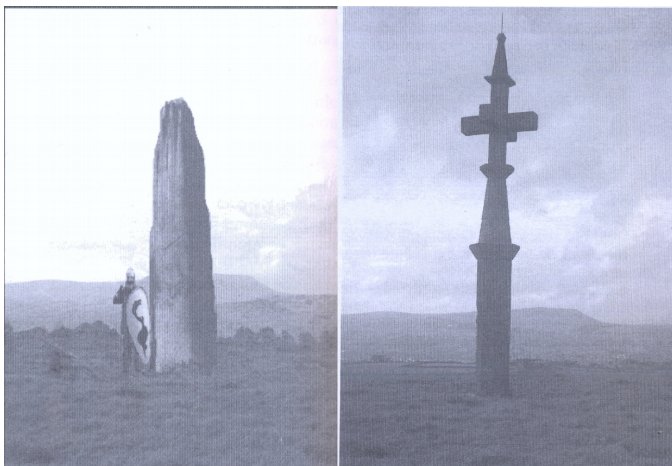
“Of course not Jenny, I just made it up. But I thought it was a very romantic idea for you.”

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<sup>i</sup>The last beacon lit on Pendle was in 2012 on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee. Unfortunately there was no beacon on Pendle for the Queen’s 90th birthday in 2016.

<sup>ii</sup>The counties of Cumberland and Westmorland merged into Cumbria in 1974.

## Walton Spire: Left in Saxon Times, Right Today. Pendle Hill in the Background



As the sun became warmer they slowly relaxed and soon the older ones drifted to sleep. The twins played quietly with Mackie until Dickie also fell asleep. Mary watched as Mackie got up and wandered away, “He’s looking for some shade,” she thought, “it is getting quite hot now.” She watched him for a few minutes as he snuffled around then she saw his tail go up and he started a low growling. Mary sat up and saw three heads appearing in the distance. Mackie growls grew louder, and Dickie stirred. “What is it twin,” he said sleepily.

“There’s someone coming, and Mackie seems to know them, he doesn’t like them. Look, there’s three of them. They seem to be searching for something.”

Dickie sat up, alert again, and looked where Mary was pointing and watched as they drew into full sight. It certainly

## Pendle Hill

seemed as if they were looking carefully in every little pool of water between the heather tufts. Mackie was getting more excited and was walking slowly towards the newcomers.

“That’s his threatening walk,” said Mary, “I know that, he’s getting ready to attack. Come on, let’s go after him and see who it is. Shall we wake the others?”

“No, this is an adventure for just us twins, let them sleep and miss the fun. Come on, quietly.”

Cautiously the twins stood up and crept away. The newcomers saw them immediately. “Look,” said Dickie, “they’re pointing at us, and I think I know who they are, look at that big fat woman there. We know who that is don’t we?”

“Of course we know them, that’s the Ballinger, her niece Valerie, and the other one must be Slinky Grandon, Valerie is the one we met in the blue car when we went to Whalley. Do you think they will remember us?”

“Remember us,” Dickie snorted, “they certainly will, they’ll remember who beat them to the treasure at the Gay Dolphin,<sup>iii</sup> and how we defeated them at the antique shop in Dore Street.<sup>iv</sup> Come on, let’s go and annoy them again, quick, David’s stirring, we don’t want the big ones taking part in this.”

As they got nearer Mackie changed tactics and went charging towards the old enemies, barking furiously.

Mary grinned at Dickie, “isn’t he a clever dog, fancy him remembering them after all this time.”

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<sup>iii</sup> ‘*The Gay Dolphin Adventure*’ 1945

<sup>iv</sup> ‘*The Elusive Grasshopper*’ 1951

The twins marched steadily on, following Mackie. “Do you think I should put him on the lead, they might attack and hurt him.” Mary asked.

“No, it’s Mackie who is doing all the attacking.”

As they approached they saw Grandon backing away and Valerie dancing around with Mackie snapping at her ankles. Only Mrs. Ballinger stood firm, making rather ineffective swipes at Mackie with a stick she was carrying.

The twins marched straight up to the big woman and went into their routine, not giving the enemy any time to interrupt.

Dickie started. “Good morning, isn’t it such a pleasant day, you must be out for a walk, enjoying the open moors and the sun.”

“I wonder if you remember us,” Mary joined in, “We are twins, this is Richard, and I’m Mary. I think we met you at Rye, when this gentleman was trying to manage the Gay Dolphin, I think your name was Mrs Bullfinger or something like that, and you were looking for something in the hotel. Are you still looking?”

“Will you brats stop talking and go away. I’ve no idea who you are.”

“No,” said Dickie, “it was at Dore Street when we met, at that pretend antique shop, the Grasshopper wasn’t it, and her name wasn’t Bullfinger, it was Ballington I think, and that gentleman was there as well, but I don’t remember his name.”

“Will you just be quiet, and my name is Mrs Hargreaves, and I don’t remember seeing you two before.”



## Pendle Hill

“Oh yes, you’re right Dickie,” Mary agreed, “we did meet at Dore Street, but that was after we found the treasure at the Dolphin. Weren’t you looking for that as well, and why did you change your name? I wonder who you are today, Ballington or Bullfinger. Did you pick up all those valuable watches that got spilt on the floor of your shop?”

“Oh, you’ve changed you name, don’t worry Mrs Ballinger, we’ll try and remember your new name.” Dickie turned to the man, “What is your name, sir, isn’t it Mr. Grandon any longer?”

Grandon spluttered, “Mind your own business, and go away.”

“No, we’d like to stay, and we enjoy talking to you. And wasn’t that young lady with you as well, the one standing in the middle of that little pond over there, I seem to remember her name was Valerie and she was Mrs. Ballinger’s niece at Rye. Has she changed her name as well. But perhaps she isn’t your niece any longer?”

Valerie had backed away from Mackie and was standing in a pool of water with the little dog standing at the edge barking at her. Grandon was sidling back to Mrs Ballinger, keeping a close watch on Mackie.

“Look,” said Mary, “Isn’t he a clever dog, he doesn’t want to get his paws wet, so he’s not going into the pool. I wonder why the lady’s standing in that pool.”

“I bet her feet have got too hot with all the walking, and she’s just trying to cool them down.” answered Dickie. “But I think this lady, whatever her name is today, is trying to say something. Perhaps we have been monopolising the conversation.”

The twins watched as Grandon whispered something to Mrs Ballinger. She didn't seem to like what he said, but finally nodded and turned to the twins.

Mrs Ballinger gulped and tried to appear pleasant. "Now listen children." she said, "Why don't we all forget about what happened before, and just be friends who happen to have met on this lonely mountain. Won't you tell us what you are doing up here, all alone?"

Dickie winked at Mary, "go on twin, tell them about the treasure we're searching for."

"Well it's all very complicated, it's all something to do with a Pilgrimage of Grace, and Henry the eighth, and the Abbey at Whalley, except it wasn't an Abbey any longer, because Henry had stolen all the valuables and closed the Abbey ..."

"You've missed out the important bit on that dokermment that says Henry didn't get it all, and where some was hidden away from him in water at a place like ..."

"Dickie," Mary interrupted, "remember we promised not to tell anyone about what it is, or where it was hidden."

"You're right Mary, we did promise. Please all of you, you must forget all we just said about hidden treasure, there isn't any, and we don't really know where it is, we just got it mixed up with this book *Treasure Island* which we've been reading."

Valerie interrupted, "Will you call this dangerous dog off, and put him on a lead. He's not safe to be let loose."

Dickie looked at Mary, "Perhaps you had better put him on the lead Mary, I think the lady wants to come out of the pond."

## Pendle Hill

“All right then, but he’s not dangerous at all, just a little excitable. Nothing like as dangerous as driving blue cars at twins on bicycles the other day.”

Valerie climbed out of the pool, her once bright red shoes and her ankles now covered in black peat mud.

“Look Dickie,” whispered Mary loudly, “she’s got her shoes dirty.”

Valerie lunged forward, trying to slap Mary’s face, but Mackie got there first with a quick nip on her ankle. Valerie gave a little scream, but Mary was worried, “I do hope Mackie will be all right, he might have caught anything from all that dirty mud. I’d better wipe his mouth, lend me you handkerchief twin.”

Dickie produced a very grubby rag and Mary tried to wipe Mackie’s mouth while he was still snarling at Valerie.

Mrs Ballinger was getting very red in the face and started to say something, but Grandon told them both to keep quiet and turned again to the twins. “Now let us all be friends and try and understand this treasure business. I’m sure we can all share it out equally when you tell us where it is hidden.”

Dickie looked at Mary in cleverly simulated wonder. “What’s all this about treasure Mary, have you heard anything about it?”

“I think the parrot knows where the treasure was hidden, you know, the one that sits on captain Cook’s shoulder.”

“It wasn’t Captain Cook, that was in history, it was Long John Silver in another book, I bet Mr Grandon knows all about it.” Dickie turned to Grandon, “Didn’t he go sailing in the Pacific ocean, and didn’t he discover islands? I don’t think he had

anything to do with treasure at all. Did you read Treasure Island?” Grandon was beginning to splutter, but tried to control his anger.

“Stop all this nonsense and tell me where the Whalley Abbey treasure is hidden. There will be big reward to share out when we find it.”

“There isn’t any treasure, that was in the book, and anyway we promised not to tell about it, and we asked you to forget we said it.”

Grandon swallowed three times before he could speak. “Look kids, I’ll be honest with you. We have an old document which mentions the treasure, but doesn’t tell us where it is hidden, although it does say something about water. If you have any information that might help, why don’t we combine our knowledge and share any rewards?”

“But there isn’t any treasure,” said Dickie, but Mary added, “Yes there is, I think it was Ben Gunn who found it, or was it Jim?”

Grandon was now becoming too angry to pretend friendship. He grabbed Mrs. Ballinger’s stick and tried was trying to hit Dickie who was dodging around just out of range. Mary released Mackie who went straight into battle, jumping up and grabbing the stick. When Grandon tried to get it back Mackie ran to the pool and dropped the stick in it.

Just then David and Tom came running up. Dickie retreated out of range saying, “You’d better ask my big brother and his friend about any treasure. I’m afraid we have go to now, it has been very pleasant meeting you like this, but we have to go and look after the girls now cos’ David and Tom have left them all alone on this big mountain. Good-bye David and Tom, I hope

## Pendle Hill

you will have a few pleasant words with this gentleman and the ladies.”

Grandon turned on David, “What’s all this about hidden treasure from the Abbey? What do you all know about it?”

David answered politely, “I know nothing about any treasure, but I hope the twins have not been annoying you too much. They can be rather a lot when they get going. I know perfectly well who you all are, and I have no wish to speak further with you.”

Tom was less polite. “Yes, I know them, they are the ones Jenny and I heard planning in Clitheroe, They are searching for treasure from the Dissolution of the Abbeys, and they also know about Pudsey shillings. They have found an old parchment about the treasure, but it doesn’t tell them where it is.”

“Rubbish boy, you’re making it all up ...”

Valerie broke in, “He’s one of the two I saw in the bread shop that day in Clitheroe. I thought I had lost them, they must have followed me and found the house.”

“Well you obviously didn’t lose them. And we were all talking with the window wide open.” added Mrs. Ballinger.

David decided it time to go. “Come on Tom, leave them to continue with their searching. I’m sure there’s nothing to find up here.” he added.

Grandon saw this as a taunt. “So how do you know there’s nothing up here, what else do you know?”

“Nothing at all sir, of any interest to you.”

“Well just keep out of our way or there will trouble.”

David and Tom turned and walked back to where the twins were telling an excited and confused story to Peter and Jenny.

Peter looked hopefully at David, “do you think you could get a sensible story out of these two. They are very excited and pleased with themselves, but their story seems to be all mixed up with the Dolphin and Dore Street combined with *Treasure Island* and Captain Cook’s exploration of the Pacific islands. The only sense I can make of it is that they have infuriated those people and that one of them got very wet and dirty feet in a pond, and that Mackie is a hero.”

David was thoughtful, “I think this has confirmed Tom and Jenny’s tale from Clitheroe, and that we have bumped into a real search for treasure from the Abbey, and that they see us as very real rivals. The twins seem to have convinced them that we know far more than they, or we, do. We need to be getting back soon for tea, perhaps we should go down the steep path direct to the farm. Tonight we need to have a club meeting to decide what to do about this treasure.”

Tea turned out to be what Dickie called a sumpchus feast. Judy had bought a big piece of beef loin and served it with roast potatoes, cauliflower and carrots, with brown gravy and a strong horseradish sauce. When they had finished and even Tom was full, they all crowded round the fire while Judy told them stories of the Pendle Forest. First she told them, “I had to do this special meal so I could tell you a little story. It was when King James I was dining at Hoghton Tower, near Preston in 1617. He enjoyed a particularly tasty loin of beef so much that he is knighted it. James I drew his short sword and told the Hoghton Tower pages to bring the beef to him. The king laid his sword

## Pendle Hill

across the beef and king said ‘Arise, Sir Loin’. That’d how we now come to call it sirloin.”

“Is that really true,” asked Jenny.

“Well that’s what we believe around here. There are lots of other stories too, why don’t you all settle comfortably around the fire and I’ll see what I can remember.”

“Did you know that Shakespeare stayed some time at Hoghton Tower as William Shakeshafte, a player kept by the Hoghton family? And maybe you might have you seen the Cuerdale Treasure in the British Museum? That was found on the banks of the Ribble near here.”

“I’ve seen it,” said David, “We had a school visit there last year, and that was one of the exhibits.”

“I wish I had been there,” Jenny lamented, “My school never did anything like that.”

Judy continued and told them how in 1840 the largest hoard of Viking Age silver and gold ever found in western Europe came to light on the south bank of the River Ribble to the east of Preston (a few miles west of Whalley). The treasure was found at a point roughly the highest upstream a sea-going vessel could reach, and the treasure contained bullion bars marked with an Irish origin. In all, there were 1300 items of silver and about 7000 coins, mostly newly minted in York, but some of Arabic, Frankish and Anglo-Saxon origin. The coins date the find to a few years later than 905, which is might be a little too early for the remnants of the Irish fleeing from their defeat at the battle of Brunanburh (937) near Burnley.

Dickie interrupted with, “Why don’t we go there tomorrow, we could dig around, and I bet we twins could find some more. And what was this big battle?”

Judy went on, “In the summer of 937 king Æthelstan met the armies of the Scots, the Celts and the Irish at Brunanburh, and the battle is recorded in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicles.”

*‘Here king Æthelstan and Edmund, his brother, led an army to Brunanburh, and the fought against Olaf, and, Christ helping, had the victory and there killed five kings and eight jarls.’*

“A strong contender for the site of Brunanburh must be Burnley, the town (burgh) on the River Brun. You know, the Chronicle, is usually restricted to one or two line entries such as ‘918. *Here Æthelflæd, Lady of the Mercians, passed away.*’ But it suddenly expands into the 74 lines of the poem recording the great battle of Brunanburh. Let me read the first few lines to you in the original. She got up and got a book from the shelf.”

*Her æþelstan cyning, eorla dryhten,  
beorna beahgifa, and his broþor eac,  
Eadmund æþeling, ealdorlangne tir  
geslogon æt sæcce sweorda ecgum  
ymbe Brunanburh*

—Anglo Saxon Chronicle (937) *Brunanburh*

I don’t suppose many of you know this Old English, so roughly it translates as

*Here King Æthelstan, leader of warriors,  
ring-giver of men, and also his brother,  
the ætheling Edmund, won undieing glory*



## Pendle Hill

*in strife,*                      *with the swords edge,*  
*round Brunamburgh*

—Anglo Saxon Chronicle (937) *Brunanburh*

This was the first time the whole island was united under one king. Æthelstan bought the whole of the country around here and out to the coast, and gave most of it to the Abbey at York except for one piece between Preston and Whalley which he gave to the Æthelstan family to whom he was *Bel-syre*.

Dickie interrupted again, “Let’s go to the battlefield and see if we can find any swords and spears.”

“Nobody really knows where the battlefield was Dickie, and it was over a thousand years ago. But here’s another story that you might be able to follow up.”

“There was a field called Skilhorn in the township of Rimington belonging to Mr. William Pudsey the owner of Bolton-by-Bowland Hall in the time of Elizabeth I. Tradition has it that he met with some fairies in a wood who gave him a magic bit for his horse, this gave the beast extra strength. They also told him of the site of a seam of silver at his mine in Skilhorn. People also believed that the area was haunted by the ‘[;The Grey Man’. Pudsey mined this silver and made it into shillings marked with an escallop, which the people called Pudsey shillings. Unfortunately all the silver in the mine belonged to the crown, and Queen Elizabeth I was not happy with the fact that Pudsey was minting his own coinage and had him arrested at his home in Bolton-by-Bowland. Pudsey was supposed to have escaped by leaping his magic horse over the Ribble at a place now called “Pudsey’s Leap.” Eventually Pudsey was forgiven, but the mine remained in the crown’s possession and mining continued until the 18th century.”

“Tom,” said Jenny, “How far is this Skeleron, could we cycle there and search for Pudsey shillings?”

“It’s only a few miles away, over the other side of Pendle,” Judy agreed, “but it’s not an easy ride, and there are some dangerous mine shafts. You could try.”

“We’ve done the Nick of Pendle,” Jenny remembered, surely it can’t be harder than that.

“There’s just one more bit of history I remember, the Anglo Saxon Chronicle records that ... *on 2 April, 798 there was a big battle at Whalley, and there they killed Alric, Heardbeht’s son, and many others with him.* But now I think it’s about time for bed.”

“Come on all you Lone Piners, we have a club meeting before bed. Peter’s room please.”

After this magnificent tea-dinner and all the stories they all crowded into Peter’s room. The twins lay on Peter’s bed and the others sat round in a circle. Dickie was trying to tell them again the story of the encounter with the Ballinger gang, but his voice slowly subsided into a murmur and his eyes closed as he joined Mary who was already fast asleep.

Peter looked at the sleeping twins, “I think David we had better postpone the club meeting to tomorrow morning. The twins are asleep and I think we are all ready for bed, it’s been a long day.”

David looked at Tom who said, “I think Jenny is almost asleep already, her eyes keep closing.”

## **Pendle Hill**

“Right,” said David, “as Captain of this club I propose that we adjourn this meeting that was never actually opened until tomorrow morning after breakfast.”

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# Chapter 13. Roughlee

‘Look ahead, Rat!’ cried the Mole suddenly.  
It was too late. The boat struck the bank full tilt. The dreamer, the joyous oarsman, lay on his back at the bottom of the boat, his heels in the air.’

-- *“The Wind in the Willows”* [Kenneth Grahame, 1908]

## I

The morning was fine again with hardly a cloud in the sky. After breakfast they all adjourned to Peter’s room. David opened the discussion. “This is a formal meeting of the Lone Pine Club, Peter will be taking notes. These will include a list of members present and apologies for absence from Jon and Penny, presented by myself in their absence. You will all sign the list after the meeting.”

“In blood.” Dickie insisted.

“No Dickie, not in blood. Pencil is the accepted medium.”

“Well, indelible pencil then.”

“That’s enough Dickie, let’s get on with the meeting. As I see it there are several items on the agenda, and I have made this list out as an agenda for this meeting. I will read it out, but perhaps you could all pass it round afterwards.”

## **Lone Pine Club Meeting at Barley, Saturday 28 July**

### **1. Whalley Abbey Treasure.**

We know the Ballinger gang are after the treasure, so we must now accept that there is some treasure. I think we will all agree that we ought to find it first, and that the search for this has to be our primary objective.

### **2. Pudsey Shillings.**

This I think is a secondary objective. It will mean a hard cycle ride to this Skeleron place. Perhaps Tom and Jenny could undertake this mission since they are so used to cycling over Pendle.

### **3. The Ballinger Gang.**

They have an important document and know something. We don't have anything.

### **4. Witchcraft.**

We know from Anis that a witch coven exists here in Pendle. The question is, do we need to do anything about it. For example, could we secretly watch one of their ceremonies.

### **5. What Do We Do Today.**

Why don't we all go to Roughlee.

“Now, let's take item one, what do we do about the Whalley Abbey Treasure? Suggestions please.”

## Roughlee

Jenny burst out, “This is all getting very formal, can’t we just discuss it generally, among ourselves as we always do?”

“Isn’t that what David has just suggested,” Peter pointed out, “He has asked for suggestions.”

“I suppose it is a good idea to have a written agenda for the club records.” Tom suggested.

Peter was thinking. “First of all, let’s list all we actually know about this Whalley Abbey treasure. We know there is a story or legend that some of the treasure went missing and never got to the royal treasury. Next, this legend may have some support from the existence of the document that Tom and Jenny discovered is held by the Ballinger gang. We know the Ballinger gang is convinced that there is something to find. We suspect from what Tom and Jenny overheard and the behaviour of the Ballingers that water and probably Pendle come into it somehow. But, let’s face it, we have nothing for sure.”

“That’s pretty discouraging Peter,” said Tom, “but look at it this way, suppose we accept as a fact that there is some buried treasure, and that water and Pendle do come into it. Now, where do we look? Perhaps we should start by eliminating some possibilities.”

Dickie jumped up, “Us twins eliminated the Abbey drain, we crawled all the way along it.”

Jenny spoke up, “I wonder who hid the treasure, that could be important. Was it the monks, or the King’s agents who wanted some for themselves, or perhaps it might have been locals who simply took whatever they could in the confusion, or prominent Catholic families trying to preserve something of their faith.”

“Good point Jenny,” David agreed. “and we do have some real evidence here. We do know that one of the windows of the Abbey church went to the Chapel at Salmsbury, the Nowell pew was hidden at Read Hall, some of the dalmatics, the priests’ robes, did get to Towneley Hall near Burnley, and the Catterall brass did re-appear in Whalley parish church. The major local families, the Southworths, the Nowells, the Catteralls and the Towneleys, were all trying to preserve whatever they could of elements of the Abbey and Old Faith.”

“Of course,” Jenny responded, “Perhaps the Nowells hid the treasure, and Alice Nutter found it at Read, which angered Roger Nowell who then added her name to the list of the Pendle Witches.”

“Steady Jenny,” Tom said, “You’re wandering off into *Mist Over Perndle* again.”

The twins burst in with an excited suggestion. When we were at Mitton Hall with Bob we went exploring and found a hidden room high under the roof. That would be just the place to hide the loot from the Abbey. And Mitton hall was the ancestral home of the Catteralls.

“Well done twins, what did you find in that secret little room?”

“Nothing. It was locked and we couldn’t get in. We think we ought to go and ask the owners to open up and let us search.”

“Right, we’ll let you ask them.” David summarised, “If the local families took it, they would probably bury it on their own estates, or in their houses as Dickie thinks. If the King’s agents took it, it would have traveled south with them, and in either case it couldn’t be associated with Pendle. But I can imagine one or more of the monks taking whatever they could and fleeing



## Roughlee

into the waste land in the Forest of Pendle, perhaps to their Chapel of Ease at Newchurch, or somewhere near there.”

Dickie was getting excited. “Perhaps its under the floor in Judy’s cellar, do you think she would let us dig there?”

Tom ignored Dickie’s suggestion, and came up with a workable plan. “There’s no point searching aimlessly, all we can do is watch the Ballingers and see if they are getting anywhere. Perhaps that might help us to have ideas.”

“Agreed Tom,” said David, “That’s as far as we can go at present. We hope they lead us to the treasure.”

“Us twins will follow them everywhere, we’ll not let them out of our sight for an instance. Instant we mean of course.”

David called the meeting to order. “Right, that’s enough on the Abbey treasure, let’s move on to item two, the Pudsey Shillings.”

Tom jumped up, “That’s easy, as you suggested, Jenny and I will cycle over to this Skeleron place and have a look around. If it looks promising, we could all go over the next day and search.”

“Good, are we all agreed on Tom’s plan? Can we move on to the next item?” David suggested, “What do we do about the Ballinger Gang?”

“That’s easy too,” Peter pointed out, “we’ve already agreed we need to watch them closely, and Dickie has very kindly offered to follow them around for the rest of his holiday.”

“No I didn’t, I want to search for treasure too.” Dickie shouted. “And anyway, I think we ought to be deciding how we

are going to get hold of their dokkerment. Then we would know everything they know.”

“Excellent idea Dickie, you twins can get the ‘dokkerment’. That’s your job. Now, next item, witchcraft. Are we sure there is anything we can do?”

“Perhaps we could watch a witches ritual, you know, a feast with dancing, and perhaps a cauldron on a fire.” was Mary’s contribution, “Like in that Macbeth story. Perhaps the witches have already found the treasure and we could find it through them.”

“Well suggested Mary,” agreed David, “Perhaps you could ask Judy if Anis is planning anything, perhaps for Lammas which is coming up soon. Lammas is an ancient festival giving thanks for the harvest.”

“Perhaps it wouldn’t be secret watching them. I think Anis would invite us to join in.”

Peter sat up, “I’m not sure I want to take part in a witches ceremony. But now let’s get on to the important item, *What are we going to do today?*”

“I want to see Roughlee Hall.” said Jenny.

“I’d like to explore the old mill at Roughlee.” said Tom.

“I want to go boating on the lake, wouldn’t we twin.” said Dickie.

“I’d like to ride over the top of the moor on Sal, and drop down to meet you all at Roughlee.” said Peter.

## Roughlee

“That seems to be settled, I suppose I can take the twins rowing, they are certainly not going on their own. So I now close this meeting of the Lone Pine Club and ask you all to get ready to go. After you have all signed the record of the meeting. Jenny, can you arrange some food and drink to take, while Tom and I see to the bikes. I think Peter will have to organise Sal for this expedition. What are you twins going to do?”

“Don’t worry about us David, we will study the map to see how to get there.”

Tom laughed, “That’s easy, it’s just down the road and first left.”

“Very funny Tom, but first left would take you to Whitehough again. You see how important it is for us to read the map. You would soon be lost without us.”

“All right Dickie, you win, Jenny and I will ride with you all as far as Roughlee, then we can go up over Offa Hill to get to Skeleron.”

The meeting broke up and they all went to get ready. A few minutes later they all met outside the front door.

Jenny and Judy had been busy in the kitchen, and came out with bags of sandwiches and fruit.

Judy came to see the start of the expedition. “You’d be better buying drinks at Roughlee, they’re very heavy to carry.” she said, “You could get some bags of crisps there too. I only have one packet here, and that I’m going to try that on Dickie now.”

“Dickie I want you to try potato crisp sandwiches. See, two slices of buttered bread, put the crisps on one slice, add a little

salt from that twist of blue paper, top it off with the second slice of bread, and bite.”

“Hey, that’s great, I like crisp sandwiches.”

“Acksherley Dickie we call them crisp butties here.”

Peter appeared leading Sal and added some of the food to her saddlebag. I’m off now, I’ll find you all at Roughlee.

Mackie was introduced to his basket again and the twins set off.

“Yes David,” they replied when David called to them to wait for him in Barley.

“They won’t wait, I know, but surely they can’t get lost between here and Roughlee.”

David, Tom, and Jenny said good-bye to Judy and followed the twins down the lane.

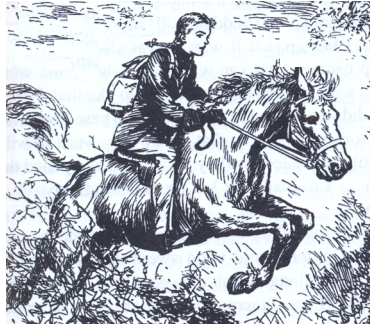
## II

Peter on Sal turned into the Black Moss track and rode slowly up past the Lower and Upper Black Moss reservoirs, across a narrow road and followed the beck to its end and then turned for the final climb to the top of Wheathead Height. She had to thread her way through flowering rushes and fescue grass past bright patches of sphagnum moss which masked small springs of water at the start of small runnels which soon faded out in the heather, As she climbed higher between clumps of heather and red and yellow whinberry plants, she noticed that they had mostly been cropped close by the sturdy half grown lambs of this year’s spring who stamped their feet at Sal. At the top she stopped and sat still on Sal. To the north there were long distant views of

## Roughlee

Penyghent and Ingleborough and the Yorkshire Dales. Turning to the south and west she gazed at the long view over Barley and the valley of Pendle Water, past Pendle and over Newchurch, down to Sabden Fold and the house of Anis, further still past Sabden village to a last dim view of Portfield with its Roman and Neolithic remains, and finally on to Longridge Fell.

Turning down the other side of the hill she let Sal jump a low hedge, and came upon a smooth grassy patch overlooking the valley of Pendle Water and Roughlee. Here she stopped and let Sal graze for any good grass she could find amongst the rough moorland vegetation.



It was soon obvious that there was little in this rough vegetation to Sal's taste, and looking down towards the valley holding Roughlee she saw a patch of bright green just ahead that would be better. She walked slowly down, letting Sal follow her. The air and the sun were warm, the wind fresh and she decided to rest for a while and let Sal enjoy the good grass.

After a quick lunch she lay back. Sal didn't seem to be inclined to wander off away from the good grass, and Peter lay back on the soft turf and watched the fluffy white clouds drift slowly by across the blue sky. The two or three pewits which had circled around warning her away with their cries settled down again. They must have decided she was no threat. Tewits, or curlews they called them here Judy had told her. Above her head the bees were busy in the heather, "What a gentle soothing

sound,” she thought, “How can people be afraid of bees, they’re much too busy to bother about us humans.”

Looking around she saw the moors stretching for miles all around, and off to the side the great bulk of Pendle. Far down in the valleys she saw trees and streams and small villages and farms lying quietly in the sleepy silence of a summer’s day. Then she remembered the adventure last Christmas,<sup>i</sup> the snow, the cold, and especially the fear when she had arrived at Hatcholt to find that Agnes was missing. She remembered the tale of the preacher lost in the snow on the Long Mynd, and how bleak and dangerous the hills (fells here) could be.

She lay back and recalled the story Bob had told to her, Mary, and Jenny one evening. About Sir Gawain climbing up over the fells to reach the Green chapel and his probable fate at the hands of the Green Knight. Jenny had loved the bit of the poem which he had recited in Middle English.

*Þay boʒen bi bonkkez þer clengez þe colde.  
Þe heuen watz vphalt, bot vgly þervnder.  
Mist mused on þe mor, malt on þe mountez;  
Vch hille had a hatte, a myst-hakel huge.  
Brokez byled and breke bi bonkez aboute,  
Schyre schaterande on schorez, þer þay doun schowued.*<sup>ii</sup>

Bob had refused to translate it into modern English for them. “Just listen to the words, the rhythm and the alliteration, you lose that if you try to rephrase it in modern English. The Gawain-poet knew how hard winter could be on the high fells.” Then he had said that the fourteenth century English was very remin-

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<sup>i</sup> ‘Wings Over Witchend’ 1956

<sup>ii</sup> Sir Gawain and the Green Knight, British Library MS Cotton Nero A.x, lines 2077-2083

## Roughlee

iscent of the local dialect in Prendle Forest. “My grandmother always called icicles ‘iisseikkles,<sup>iii</sup>’ and it has been suggested that the poet was describing the climb to Fiendsdale Head, just over there, a few miles past Whalley.”

How different the hills were in winter, she remembered again Agnes’s tale of Parson Carr, lost in a snow blizzard on the Long Mynd between Woolstanton and Ratlinghope.<sup>iv</sup> But on a beautiful summer’s day there was no hardship, no danger, and her eyes started to feel heavy and they slowly closed as she dropped gently off to sleep.

She was sitting in a big church with the sunlight streaming in through the stained glass windows and listening to a long slow chanting. Then there was a sound like it was a heavy rain starting to fall, but when she turned she saw it was a shower of silver coins falling, and the Queen Elizabeth was trying to catch them in a big golden bowl saying “they are all mine.” The scene changed again and there came the loud clatter of horses’ hooves and the clash of weapons. The bright glass of the windows shattered and fell all around her and slowly the whole church crumbled to the ground and she saw she was standing on top of a high hill watching a procession of monks climbing towards her with a big load. They passed her without speaking and continued over the top as she watched them. She felt a push from behind her and a voice said “you must never speak of what you have seen,” and then with another push she realised that Sal was getting restless and was trying to wake her.

Peter sat up and thought “it was almost the same dream I had on my first night here. Why again? Perhaps we really will find some treasure. But it was only a dream with bits of all Bob’s

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<sup>iii</sup>line 732

<sup>iv</sup>‘*Wings Over Witchend*’ 1956

stories mixed up together. But I was told, I mustn't tell anyone about the treasure that was hidden on Pendle."

Sal seemed to be well rested and ready to go on and Peter decided it was time to get down to Roughlee and meet the others. There was a disused old farm track just ahead and she followed this down until it came to a road and followed that for a short way to a junction. Here was a signpost that told her it was straight ahead for Roughlee. The road climbed over a gentle hill then started to drop abruptly.

"I suppose Tom and Jenny must have come up this way. It's very steep, I don't think they could have ridden up this bit. I wonder if Jenny complained about it, Tom seems to be taking her up all the steep hills around here."

### III

David, Tom, and Jenny started on their way to Roughlee following the twins. By the time they got into Barley the twins were out of sight, and the three of them rode on slowly under a blue sky. When they got to Roughlee they saw the twins' bikes propped up outside a general shop. David rushed inside and found the twins collecting drinks, potato crisps and all sorts of goodies. The lady behind the counter looked at David.

"Are you their elder brother? They say you will pay for all this."

David took control. "Right Dickie, you can just start putting all this back where you found it, and you make it tidy. You can have one bottle of pop and one bag of crisps each, nothing else. And if the lady says it's not tidy enough you can start all over again."



## Roughlee

Dickie objected. “It’s a hot day, we need more food and drink.” But David was adamant. “Put them back.”

Finally they got it all sorted out and went outside again. Tom and Jenny were now ready to leave on their expedition to the silver mines at Skeleron. They would meet up again back at Ing Ends in the evening.

“Good-bye David, look after the little ones and see they don’t fall in the lake.” Tom said with a wink to David.

Dickie was offended, “We are quite capable of looking after ourselves hank you Tom.”

Tom and Jenny turned up the lane out of Roughlee and David took the twins up to the lake behind the mill. It was then he remembered that Tom had wanted to explore the old mill and wondered if he should call them back. But it was too late, Dickie had run on ahead to the man who looked after the boats and was trying to negotiate the loan of a rowing boat.

“Can’t let you have one,” the man was saying, “you’re too young.”

David joined them and explained that he was in charge and hired a boat. Dickie was looking furious, first David in the shop, then Tom and now this insult, they all thought he was only a little boy. “We’ll show them!”

“Come on, in you get, both of you. Sit down, keep still, and keep quiet. And don’t rock the boat. I’ll row you once or twice round the lake and then I’m going to lie down in the sun and wait for Peter to get here.”

Dickie was getting very red in the face and looking ready to explode, “Treating us just like children! Why is he so bad tempered?”

Mary grinned at him, “Can’t you see. it’s because Peter wanted to go off on her own, and even Tom and Jenny are having their own adventure without him.”

Dickie relaxed and started to laugh, “Is that all it is, poor David, we do feel sorry for you. She’ll be back soon.”

David’s face was getting very red as well, but he suddenly laughed and scooped up water with his hand and threw it at the twins, hitting Dickie in the face. Dickie responded by throwing some back at David, and they both burst out laughing.

Mary decided it was time to take control, “will you two boys stop being so silly, we are here for a boat ride. David will you please row us around the lake. I’ll hold tight to Mackie, so he doesn’t fall in.”

They got as far as the up-stream, shallow end when the boat suddenly stopped, it had struck the bottom. David, who was rowing was sitting looking back and hadn’t seen the end of the lake. He toppled over backwards when the boat grounded and lay on his back with his feet in the air.

Both twins laughed at him, but Mary said, “it’s not really his fault, when you row a boat you can’t look where you are going, only where you have been.”

Dickie jumped out in water almost up to his knees. A struggling Mackie escaped from Mary’s arms and joined Dickie in the water.

## Roughlee

Mary shrieked, “Dickie, save Mackie, he’ll drown in this deep lake.”

David laughed, “I don’t think he’s in any danger of drowning Mary, just look at the way he’s swimming after those ducks.”

“Come on Mary, it’s great in the water.” Dickie called.

“I am not getting out in all this water, David, you take the boat back, we don’t like it any more. You can take me to the side over there so I can get out. And I want Mackie to come out as well.”

David thrashed around with the oars a bit trying to get the boat unstuck, but finally he had to call to Dickie for help. “Dickie, give me a push so I can get this boat back in enough water to row.”

“Right big brother, don’t worry, I’ll get you going again. One big push from me will do it.”

Mary got out at the bank and was joined a very wet Mackie who shook himself vigorously and sprayed water all over Mary. “Dickie, now we’re both wet, perhaps we ought to go home.”

“You’ll soon dry in this sun, and it’s only my feet, they’ll soon dry as well. Come on quick while David is taking the boat back, Let’s go exploring further up the stream, there used to be an older mill higher up the stream. We’ll soon find it. That would have been a good place to hide treasure.”

“What about David?” Mary asked.

“He’ll be alright, we don’t need to worry about him. He’ll probably have a sleep in the sun.”

Off they went following the stream until they came across some obvious foundations of an old building. “There it is, we can get in over on the other side.” They crossed the water and looked further up the stream.

“There’s someone there, poking around with a big pole in that deep bit.” Mary exclaimed. Look, Mackie is growling at her.

Dickie looked, “It’s the Ballinger, now we can have some fun, If we get her mad enough she might fall in the water.”

Hand in hand the twins moved in to attack. “Good morning Miss Ballinger, are you looking for something in these old ruins. May we help you? What is it you are looking for?”

“Go away children, I’m busy.” Was the only response they got.

“But we only want to help, we’re very good at finding lost things. Don’t you remember us, we’re twins, I’m Mary and this is my twin Richard. You must remember us, we met up on Pendle Hill recently.”

“Will you go away, I don’t need any help from you two.”

Dickie was enjoying this. “It’s our duty to help other people, and acksherley you know we are much better at finding things than you are. Remember the treasure at the Dolphin, and all those watches at Dore Street. That shows how good we are.”

“What is it that you are looking for,” Mary asked, “Is it something you’ve just lost, or I suppose it might be something that someone else lost a long time ago. Is it valuable?”

## Roughlee

Miss Ballinger stood up and raised the pole she had been probing the depths with. She was getting very angry and tried push Dickie over with the pole but he was too quick for her and she nearly overbalanced.

“Did you see that Mary, she tried to hit me with that pole, but I was too quick for her.”

Another voice spoke just behind them, “Now what is going on here?” It was David.

“I’m sorry madam if the twins have been annoying you. They are just leaving. You can carry on with whatever you are searching for.”

“Just go away, all of you, and get that savage dog away from me.” Mackie had got hold of the end of the pole and was shaking it as hard as he could.

“Back to the lake twins. Peter has arrived and wondered where you were.”

When they got back to the lake they found Peter watching for fish in the lake.

“Hello Peter, we are glad to see you, David was getting very difficult without you.”

“Dickie, you are wet, have you been paddling with your shoes and socks on?”

“No, David crashed the boat and I had to jump out and rescue it for him.”

“And Mackie went swimming, trying to chase ducks, and got all wet. He just seemed to know how to swim, nobody had to teach him.”

“Let’s get you both home and dry, do you think you can ride a bike with wet feet Dickie? Come on, hurry, Sal is tied up in the shade by the road and wants to get home.”

The twins rode on ahead while David cycled carefully by the side of Peter on Sal. When he asked her if she had enjoyed her ride alone she realised he had missed her.

“I’m sorry David, I know this left you on your own looking after the twins, but I do need to get away on my own sometimes, especially high up in the hill country. I went to sleep in the sun and had a strange dream, all about the Abbey church, and the Dissolution of the monasteries, and the monks hiding the treasure, all mixed up with the Pudsey shillings and Queen Elizabeth. But in the dream I was made to promise not to reveal where the treasure was hidden. I think it was Sal who made me promise as she woke me.”

“I’m glad you enjoyed your ride.”

“Were the twins difficult?”

“Dickie was upset because everyone seemed to be treating him as a little boy, and I was very short with him. But we threw water at each other which helped, and then Dickie felt all superior when I beached the boat and he had to help me get it afloat again. Then the twins met up with Miss Ballinger and started baiting her and I had to rescue them and apologise for them. I’m sure they will tell you all about it tonight.”

“Are you sure it wasn’t the Ballinger you had to rescue?”

## Roughlee

### IV

After the Lone Piners had gone, Judy sat back with a cup of tea before starting on the daily farm work. It was a relief to have the house to herself again for a short time. She had just finished skimming the milk to separate some cream for butter when there was a knock at the door. A rather small man with dark hair and a moustache (“rather a revolting one,” she thought) was standing outside and seemed about to try to push his way in.

“Good morning madam,” he said, “My name is Professor Grandon and I’m staying at the Pendle Inn in Barley. I am engaged in writing a book about the history of Pendle Forest, and in my search for material I was told, by the bookshop in Clitheroe, that you had a copy of McKay’s book on Pendle Hill in History and Literature.”

“Oh Yes,” said Judy non-committally.

“I wonder if I could buy it from you, it is a very important source that I need badly. I can offer you an extremely good price.”

“I’m afraid it is not for sale, it belonged to my father and was his favourite book and he added many notes in it. I could not possibly part with it.”

“Well then, could I possibly borrow it for a day or two, I would take great care of it.”

“No, I cannot let it go out of this house.”

“Could you let me look at it in the house then?”

“No, it is not available in any way.”

“It is very important to the work I am doing.”

“No, No, NO, Please go away.”

“You are being very unreasonable about this. I promise you that you will regret this refusal to help me.”

“That sounds like a threat, now please go.” Judy slammed the door and watched through the window as he left the farm.

“I wonder what all that was about, perhaps there is something important in Dad’s notes about the Abbey treasure in the book. I must show the book to Peter and the others.”

## V

Tom and Jenny got back just in time for dinner, where they were all joined by the hedgehogs, Bill and Ben, at the window, demanding milk. They were watched, at a safe distance, by Mackie.

After dinner they all sat by the fire and Judy told them about how a Professor Grandon had come trying to buy a book that had been her father’s favourite, all about Pendle in history. The Lone Piners then told her how they had met this Grandon before.

“And he is not a Professor at all, he was the manager of the Gay Dolphin at Rye.<sup>v</sup>” David added, and went to tell Judy the whole story of how they found the smugglers treasure at Rye, and how Grandon and Ballinger had left them trapped in a bungalow with the sea coming in after the sea-wall had collapsed. Then they had met up with them again smuggling expensive watches at Dore Street near Rye.

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<sup>v</sup> ‘*The Gay Dolphin Adventure*’ 1945



## Roughlee

Then Dickie told her how they had helped a newspaper reporter called James Wilson who had been knocked unconscious in a ruined school by Dungeness, and how he had later rescued them when they had been imprisoned by Ballinger at Dore Street.

I'm going to be a reporter like my friend James, and when we do find this treasure I will have a good story for him. He's always looking for stories.

"You do lead exciting lives. I hope you do find the some treasure. I wonder if there are any clues in the book Mr. Grandon was so anxious to get his hands on. I'll get the book out some rainy afternoon and you can search for clues."

Then Peter told the story about her ride and her dream, and Jenny excitedly said it was just like Margery's ride in *Mist Over Pendle*, and did Peter see any of the purple flowers and poisonous berries that Margery found.





“Those might be Foxgloves,” Judy told them, “You will see plenty of the pink or almost purple bell-like flowers in all the hedgerows around here. The leaves contain digitalis which has some medicinal value, but it is a strong poison in larger doses. But the purple bell-like flowers and black berries that Margery found in *Mist Over Pendle* were probably Deadly Nightshade. The berries, and the leaves, contain atropine which again has some medicinal use, but is a poison in larger doses.

Strangely enough, atropine has some antidote uses in digitalis poisoning. We do get a little of the Deadly Nightshade around here, especially in the limestone areas.”

Finally they decided that it was getting late, and David proposed that they should postpone Tom and Jenny’s story until tomorrow morning. “No, they all protested, we want to hear it now, and anyway we will be off early tomorrow to church, and there won’t be time for a long story..”

“Come on then Tom, and you Jenny, let’s hear all about it.”

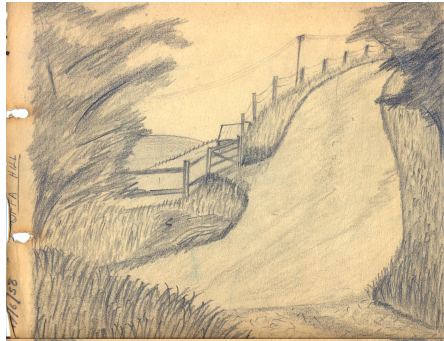
# Chapter 14. Pudsey Shillings

Tom started the tale with Jenny adding additional comments. “After we left you at the shop in Roughlee, we rode up the valley a short way and then we started the climb out of Roughlee.”

At first the narrow lane rose gently and they made good progress. Tom and Jenny were beginning to live again their story of yesterday.

“We’re going to pass the head of the Black Moss valley, and the Wheathead of *Mist Over Pendle*.” He had told Jenny, “but it was quite a hard climb ahead.”

They were soon having to walk with the bikes as the tree-lined lane got steeper until they came to a really hard corner.



Jenny stopped. “Tom,” she wailed, “I can’t even walk up this, pushing the bike. Let’s go back to Roughlee.”

Tom was insistent, “We promised at the meeting we would explore the mines at Skeleron. We can’t back out now. Come

on, you can do it, it's nothing like the climb over the Nick of Pendle the other day."

So Jenny gritted her teeth and pushed her bike past Tom. "Right, I'll show you," she said as she passed him.

"Hey, wait for me," said Tom with a laugh as he hurried after her.

At the top of the climb they joined another road, Black Moss Road, leading to Annal Cross and the junction with the road from Barley. Immediately before them was the massive bulk of the Big End of Pendle Hill with white dots of grazing sheep.

From here they dropped steeply down to the tiny hamlet of Twiston with its old manor house and stopped for a look round.

Bob had told Jenny all about Twiston and its role in the Pudsey Shilling story, and she was eager to tell Tom all about it.

"It used to be called Twistleton. Twistle means a boundary between either two steep valleys or two boundary streams (Ings Beck and Pendle Water). In Saxon times it was also on the boundary between Northumbria and Mercia. In the reign of Edward II (1322-77) John de Twistleton held Twiston Mill on Twiston Beck. It must have been a water powered corn mill. Thomas Starkey of The Manor House married at the age of ninety-one and then had three children and died at the age of one hundred and five! Another Thomas Starkey became a senior wrangler at Cambridge University."

"There is a story that the Pudsey Shillings were actually minted in the Manor House. The mines at Skeloron had yielded lead in the Bronze Age and mining was continued there by the Romans, just like on the Stiperstones. Skelhorn, the old name

## Pudsey Shillings

for Skeleron, belonged to William Pudsey, squire and owner of Bolton Hall (at Bolton-by-Bowland) and during the reign of Elizabeth I, silver was extracted and secretly minted into silver shillings here at Twiston Hall, and used as currency, illegally, in Pendle Forest. But all mined silver belonged to the Crown.”

“People believed that the mines were haunted, and a ghost known as the Grey Man was to be seen. The mines were said to be occupied by small goblin-type characters and boggarts.”

“There were also fairies living in the woods at Skelhorn, and they gave William a magic silver bit for his horse, and when the excise officers arrived to arrest him at Bolton Hall, William escaped on his magic horse, jumping over Pudsey’s Leap, at Rainsber Scar on the River Ribble. He later pleaded forgiveness from his Godmother, Queen Elizabeth, who granted him a pardon from execution. However, the mines were confiscated.”

Tom listened carefully, he was surprised just how much Jenny had learned in readiness for this trip to the mines at Skeleron.

“You could get a job as a guide to Pendle Forest.” He congratulated her. “Come on, let’s find these mines and some Pudsey Shillings.”

A little further on they came to Lower Gate where Bob had told them to take a small road off to the right.

On the way down the hill they passed the site and few remains of the Old Chapel.



“That was one of the very first chapels of ease serving the local community who could not travel to church in Whalley every Sunday.”

At the bottom of the hill they came to the bridge over Ings Beck and found the path through the fields which led to the mines at Skeleron. They left the bikes behind the hedge and followed the path above Ings beck through the fields until they came to a track leading up to the old mines.

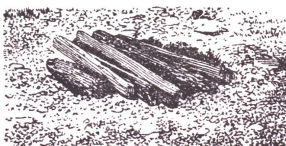
“Here we are,” said Tom, “Where do we start looking?”

It was getting warm in the sun, and Jenny decided.

“I think we should have our sandwiches first, and then decide where to start.”

## Pudsey Shillings

After they had finished the food Tom lay back and closed his eyes. Jenny sat watching a rabbit hopping through the grass below them until it disappeared.<sup>1</sup> “There must be a burrow there Tom, the rabbit just disappeared. I’m going to see.” She found the burrow easily, there was a pile of soil outside which the rabbit had excavated at some time. Amongst the loose earth she saw something shining.



“Tom,” she shouted loudly in excitement, “I’ve found a shilling, I’ve found one, I’ve found one!”

Tom sat up at Jenny’s shout. He saw Jenny waving, and below her there was Ballinger’s niece, Val, running up towards Jenny. Obviously she had heard Jenny’s shout of triumph. “I’m coming Jenny, watch out for Val below you.”

Tom got there just as Val was demanding, “Give me that shilling, I dropped it a few minutes ago.”

“No, I found it, and you haven’t been near here while we were having lunch. Here Tom, look after it, don’t let her have it.”

Tom took the shilling and looked at it very carefully, then with a smile he said “That really is a find Jenny.” He turned to Val, “I don’t believe this is yours at all. Why do you want it?”

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<sup>1</sup>The illustrations by A Wainwright are of the Pikedow mine near Nappa Gate, Malham, a few miles from Skeleron.

Val was getting excited, “Never mind why, I just am interested in coins. Look, I’ll buy it off you.”

“Right,” said Tom, “Ten pounds and it’s yours.”

“Tom, you can’t sell it, it’s mine, I found it,” said Jenny tearfully.

“That’s ridiculous” Val replied, “It’s not worth anything like that, and anyway, I don’t have that much money with me.”

“Well, how much do you have? I could drop the price a little to suit your purse.”

Val pulled out a little purse and looked inside. “I’ve got ten shillings and threepence hapn’y. I’ll give you half a crown for that shilling.”

Tom laughed. “Ten shillings and threepence hapn’y and it’s yours”

“Tom, you can’t sell my shilling” Jenny wailed.

Tom turned and winked at Jenny. “Don’t worry Jenny, I know what I’m doing.”

Val pulled out four half crowns and handed them to Tom. “Here, now give me the shilling”

Tom started to hold out the shilling between his finger and thumb to cover the face of the coin. “What about the threepence hapn’y?”

Val threw the threepence hapn’y at him, grabbed the coin, and turned and walked away rubbing it to get the dirt off.



## Pudsey Shillings

Tom turned to Jenny laughing, “Don’t worry about it Jenny, it wasn’t a Pudsey Shilling at all, it was just a normal one. Now you’ve got ten bob and you can go back to that bookshop in Clitheroe and buy four or five books.”

“Tom, are you quite sure it wasn’t a Pudsey?”

“Quite sure, the date on it was 1948.”

“Oh Tom, that was quick of you, I never thought to look carefully at it. I wonder when Val will realise that it’s not a Pudsey Shilling, and that she’s paid ten shillings for a single shilling.”

Tom handed the four half crowns to Jenny, “Here you are, that’s all yours, you found it.”

“Tom, I really thought I’d found a Pudsey Shilling. I’d love to be there when Val reads the 1948 date on that shilling. What a pity the twins weren’t here to see that”

They both started laughing as they saw Val had turned back and was running back to them. “This is not a Pudsey shilling at all,” she said angrily. “I want my money back.”

“I never said it was Pudsey shilling,” argued Tom, “You wanted to buy it and I sold it to you at an agreed price.”

Val, very red and angry, shouted, “I’ll have the law on you for this, you sold it under false pretences.” She stamped her foot, glared at Tom but then turned and walked away.

“We watched her go and stood looking over a barbed wire fence at the remains of the mine buildings and Tom said we’re not going to find any Pudsey Shillings amongst all that rubble, so let’s get back to Barley and tell the others the story.”

“Just imagine Val telling the Ballinger how she bought a shilling!”

“Then just while we were laughing about it, a man came down to us from the old mine buildings. He had seen and heard the shilling story, and he said Tom would make a great businessman if he could keep making money like that. Then he told us about how the Romans had mined for lead in all the area around Pendle and the Yorkshire Dales. And after the Romans had defeated Venutius at the Battle of Stanwick in A,D,74 they had taken the defeated British to work as slaves in the lead mines, and lead ‘pigs’ with Roman markings had been found around here.”

When they had finished the tale about the shilling that Jenny had found. Dickie was dancing around laughing.

“You should have asked a hundred pounds, not ten shillings”

Judy came in, “Come on, get ready, we must be off to church in a few minutes, we’ll walk over to Newchurch. I wonder what the vicar will have to say about Lammas.”

# Chapter 15. Vicar's Warning

*pon schalte pronownce with-owtyn lette  
Whan parich is to-gydur mette  
pon schalte pronownce this hydowse thinge  
wit cros and candul, and belle knyllynge*

*“Instructions for Parish Priests,” John Mirk, a Canon of Lilleshall, in Shropshire, around 1450*

Sunday morning, the 29th July, 1956. The day had dawned bright and clear, and the Lone Piners and Judy climbed the hill out of Barley on their way to morning service at St. Mary's in Newchurch. As they climbed Judy explained that they were approaching the ancient festival day of Lammas, occasionally celebrated by the Church and now by the Wiccans.

“I expect that the vicar will preach strongly against participation in any Wiccan activities. I think he sees the Wiccans as a threat, competing for his congregation. Many of the villagers are rather superstitious and almost resent the vicar telling them that crossing their fingers or touching wood is idolatrous. Their parents and grand-parents have always followed the old customs, and they see no conflict with the teachings of the church. Actually the vicar is quite new here, he came about two years ago, and always seemed very worried about the history of witchcraft in the Forest, always asking questions about it.”

Peter and David whispered together before David said, “I think we find it very hard to take all this seriously. It may well

have been a problem in the past, but that was hundreds of years ago.”

THE  
WONDERFULL  
DISCOVERIE OF  
WITCHES IN THE COV-  
NTIE OF LAN-  
CASTER.

With the Arraignement and Triall of  
Nineteene notorious WITCHES, at the Assizes and  
generall Gaole deliuerie, holden at the Castle of  
LANCASTER, upon *Monday, the se-  
uenteenth of August last,*  
1612.

Before Sir JAMES ALTHAM, and  
Sir EDWARD BROMLEY, KNIGHTS; BARONS of his  
Majesties Court of EXCHEQUER: And Iustices  
of *Assize, Oyer and Terminor, and generall  
Gaole deliuerie* in the circuit of the  
*North Parts.*

Together with the Arraignement and Triall of IENNET  
PRESTON, at the *Assizes holden at the Castle of Yorke,*  
*the tenth and twentieth day of Iulie last past,*  
with her Execution for the murder  
of *Matter LISTER*  
by *Witchcraft.*

Published and set forth by commandement of his Maiesties  
Iustices of Assize in the North Parts.  
By THOMAS POTTS Esquier.

---

LONDON,  
Printed by W. Stansby for Iohn Barnes, dwelling neare  
Holborne Conduitt. 1613.

Tom responded, “I know many of the older people in Onnybrook accept these customs as part of normal life. They may be completely meaningless, but I can’t see they do any harm, or why the vicar should take this witchcraft or Wiccannism seriously.”

“I think you will hear today that he does take it very seriously. You must remember that in August 1612, eleven Pendle people were charged with murder by witchcraft, and nine were found guilty and hanged, while one died while awaiting trial. This is not quite

a living memory, but everyone is conscious of it, it’s part of Pendle. Our vicar treats it very seriously indeed, and others support him.”<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>In 1987, in a BBC documentary, the Reverend Kevin Logan, vicar of St. John’s Church, Great Harwood, near Pendle, told everyone that ‘Pendle Hill speaks for itself, casting a dark shadow over the land’, and it is a ‘magnet which draws witchcraft to it’, that it is a ‘traditional haunt of witches’, and it is ‘the witchcraft capital of England.’

In 1986 The Reverend Logan’s Christian community proposed to erect a 20 foot cross on Pendle Hill as a “symbol of Christ rather than of Satan” in “the Devil’s domain.” The local planning committee refused permission on the grounds that the cross constituted ‘a new development in an Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty.’

## Vicar's Warning

Judy explained that an interesting aspect of the witch trials at that time was the inclusion of Alice Nutter of Roughlee. She was the wife of Richard Nutter, and the Nutters were an extended family in Pendle with much property. They were also closely involved in the Protestant-Catholic disputes of the day. John Nutter was executed as a massing priest in 1584, and his brother Robert in 1600. Ellis Nutter, a nephew of John and Richard was ordained in 1601 and served in the English mission. Catholicism was still strongly held in Pendle Forest, and we might suspect that when Alice refused to defend herself at the witchcraft trial in Lancaster, she was defending an established Catholic network in the area. The magistrate Roger Nowell who committed the witches was a strong Protestant.

“That’s not true,” Jenny protested, “Roger Nowell was very sympathetic to the Catholics, he let the Southworth priest go free, and he only included Alice Nutter with witches because she was a murderess.”

“Jenny, that’s in *Mist Over Pendle*, and that was how its author Robert Neill attempted to solve the riddle of the inclusion of Alice among the witches.”

Jenny was not convinced. “Well I believe Roger Nowell was a good man and would not have persecuted Catholics.”

Peter remarked thoughtfully, “It does seem a puzzle how Alice was included, she just didn’t belong to that group of old destitute women. Perhaps she *was* defending a Catholic network, but then the real puzzle still remains: why did Roger Nowell include her? There must have been many other Catholics he could have included if he wanted to punish them.”

“Well I think it’s all very romantic, and anyway I shouldn’t think the law recognises witchcraft nowadays.” Was Jenny’s opinion.

Judy laughed, “You know it was only five years ago, in June 1951, that the 1736 Witchcraft Act was repealed and replaced by the Fraudulent Mediums Act.”<sup>ii</sup>

“Don’t forget the Nutter grave in the churchyard, that’s real enough.”

“I think we might believe in witches, don’t we twin?” Dickie added.

“Perhaps Anis has bewitched you into believing,” laughed Judy, “and I think she will be there to listen to the vicar. I wonder what she and the coven are planning.”

In the churchyard they were met by Anis, “I want to know if the vicar is planning anything for Lammas, we mustn’t be seen to be competing. Let’s go in, I think it’s time. As a witch I suppose I should really enter by the north door, but there doesn’t seem to be one. Did you know that at baptisms the north door would be left open so the Devil, after Original Sin had been exorcised by the ritual, could find his way out of the church.”

The sermon was indeed devoted largely to a reminder that the first day of August on the following Wednesday was Lammas. The vicar was determined to discourage his congregation from taking part in any Wiccan activity.

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<sup>ii</sup>The Fraudulent Mediums Act of 1951 was itself repealed on 26 May 2008 by new Consumer Protection Regulations following an EU directive targeting unfair sales and marketing practices. The Devil has been left a long way behind.

## Vicar's Warning

*“I am concerned today with the festival of Lammas or ‘loaf-mass’ which is derived from the Old English Hlafmæsse). This feast is held on 1 August as a thanksgiving for the first fruits of the wheat harvest. Traditionally, a newly baked loaf from the wheat harvest was presented before God within the mass of the day. While this ceremony ceased at the Reformation, reference to Lammas Day continues in the Prayer Book calendar, and the practice has indeed been revived in some places in more recent years, and can accommodate the Gathering rite of the Eucharist. The Lammas loaf should ideally be baked by members of the congregation, using local produce wherever possible. Part of the Lammas loaf may be used as the Eucharistic bread on this occasion. The church has accepted that a celebration of the harvest is worthy of thanks to God, and the service and procedures at Lammas-tide include the prayer,<sup>iii</sup>*

*Blessed are you, Lord God of all creation  
Through your goodness we have this bread to set before you,  
Which earth has given and human hands have made.  
It will become for us the bread of life.  
Blessed be God for ever.*

*As, I think, all of you know, this Pendle Forest area has long been noted for the outbreaks of witchcraft in the seventeenth century. I think many of you must also know that there is still a coven of so-called witches in the area who call themselves Wiccans, and regard themselves as white witches. They profess to follow an ancient tradition, a Pagan religion, based on the natural powers of the world. They have a cycle of festivals or sabbats, one of which, Lammas, is almost upon us. The Wiccans say*

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<sup>iii</sup>In *The Power of Three* Saville notes that the pagan festival celebrating mid-summer (23 June) was Christianised and became St John's Eve, celebrated with a bonfire. Lammas was also Christianised, but the vicar's point is that a Wiccan event is a pagan celebration.

*that at this Lammas Sabbat they honour the gifts of the Sun, as well as of their own labour.*

*Some of you might ask, ‘How does this differ our own Church’s ritual?’ and ‘Why can we not take part in the Wiccan rituals?’*

*The answer is very simple: The scriptures tell us:*

*Isaiah 45:5,18,22 ‘I am the Lord, and there is none else, there is no God beside me’*

*Deuteronomy 5:7 ‘Thou shalt have no other gods before me’ is one of the Ten Commandments.*

*You must know that many Wiccans claim that Wicca is duo-theistic, worshipping a Goddess and a God. These are viewed as the Moon Goddess and the Horned God. This is clearly contrary to the scriptures.*

*I know there are some amongst us in this congregation today who sympathise with this sacrilegious behaviour. I know also that there are some who actively organise pagan events..*

*Consider this book, this Bible; you do not worship this book, even though it is the word of God. You worship the God who made this book..*

*So I tell you, such Wiccan beliefs are anathema to the Church of England, they are evil, and to adhere to them is a sin.<sup>iv</sup> That is why I am called upon today to make it very clear to you that*

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<sup>iv</sup>In his introduction to *Dark Danger*, 1965, Saville writes “Satanism actually exists. It is practised secretly in many European countries including Britain, ... [it is] the reverse image of religion and Christianity.” Possibly Wiccanism is distinct from Satanism, but it is very difficult indeed to imagine Saville accepting Wicca.



## Vicar's Warning

*this coming Wiccan sabbat is not a festival of the Christian church, and no true Christian should take part in any of these rituals. I call upon you all to respect and obey the teaching of the Church of England."*

After the service they watched as the vicar greeted the people leaving the church with a few words of thanks. Nobody seemed to think any mention of Lammas or witches was needed until Anis came out, almost the last. She and the vicar exchanged a few distant words without any sign of disagreement, then he welcomed the Lone Piners to Pendle and his church in Newchurch.

"The vicar is very proud of his church," Anis added. "It's very old and was a Roman Catholic Chapel of Ease before the reformation in the sixteenth century when much of the structure and especially decoration was destroyed."

The vicar agreed enthusiastically, "Yes, it was very unfortunate, we lost our rood screen and loft and the altar was replaced by a table in the nave. But we are trying to return to older times. Do you know there is a small church near here at Hubberholme which still has the old screen and rood loft, one of only two in Lancashire and Yorkshire. You should try and see it; the church as it once was."

Judy laughed as she explained to the Lone Piners, "You see, there's no problem there, they both prefer to avoid any arguments in public, and both love the old building. I think the vicar is more concerned about ecclesiastical correctness and knows that although some of his congregation take the Wiccans seriously, there are many who don't. Anis doesn't want to provoke him to an outright condemnation of even a few members of his parish. The vicar has said his piece in church; now everyone can go home and forget, ignore, or take part in Wiccan activities just as they please."

“I think,” Peter considered, “I have some sympathy with the Wiccans, I feel the same way about nature when I’m out alone on the Mynd on Sally. There is a power of some sort in the mountains, the streams the rocks and everything. But I have to agree with the vicar, it is wrong to make it into a religion in anyway at all, we must follow our own church.”

The vicar had joined them as Peter said this and tried to correct what he saw as confusion. “I a glad you see the importance of the church, but it is very important that we distinguish between worshipping the Creator and worshipping those aspects of nature that He created. We must avoid the sin of idolatry.”

Tom was not impressed, but he remained polite when he came to Peter’s defense. “Really sir, I don’t think it is right to think that her enjoyment of the mountains is in any way idolatrous. Surely it’s a simple pleasure to enjoy nature.”

“No my boy, it distracts us from performing our due worship. It is too easy to enjoy the countryside, to decorate a well, or to set up a corn dolly after the corn harvest. We are only too likely to forget our Maker who provided the fields and hills, the spring and the corn. We should thank him in His house where there is no distraction.”

Several local villagers were gathering round, anticipating a good argument. And now Anis had to respond to this. “This really is getting ridiculous. Remember the Toleration Act of 1689 which allowed protestants such as Baptists and Presbyterians to worship as they wished. I know that we Wiccans are not protestants within the meaning of the Act, but a little toleration would not go amiss, and it was not until 1829 that toleration was extended to Roman Catholics. Why not extend toleration even to Wiccans in 1956. Why don’t you come and join us on Lammass Eve and enjoy giving thanks for this beautiful world we live

## Vicar's Warning

in.” She looked round. “Everyone is invited and all are welcome.”

“*Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live, Exodus 22:18*” The vicar insisted. “The Bible is clear.”

“*An it harm none, do what ye will.*’ The Wiccan creed” Anis quoted.

The onlookers were silent at first, then a man called out, “I’ll be there Anis, do I bring a bottle?” There was general laughter at this, but Anis was becoming very angry, “Now we really are back in the early seventeenth century. He’ll be saying next that Wiccans have a pact with the devil.”

The vicar was also getting angry too, “I have proposed that a tall cross should be erected on the top of Pendle to overcome all this witchcraft evil.”<sup>v</sup>

Anis threw up her arms in despair, turned and strode angrily away. The vicar turned and went back into the church.

Judy looked around. The onlookers all looked concerned but unsure, as if they did not know how to react. Then one man suddenly laughed, “The man’s mad, he’s got witches on the brain.” The laughter spread, “A high cross on top of Pendle would be a laugh, it would have to be huge to be seen at all from

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<sup>v</sup>In 1987, in a BBC documentary, the Reverend Kevin Logan, vicar of St. John’s Church, Great Harwood, near Pendle, told us that ‘Pendle Hill speaks for itself, casting a dark shadow over the land,’ and it is a ‘magnet which draws witchcraft to it,’ that it is a ‘traditional haunt of witches,’ and it is ‘the witchcraft capital of England.’

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down here.” “Make a good start for a beacon fire though.”  
Someone added.

Judy moved away with the Lone Piners, “Come on all of you, forget the man, and let’s get back home and have some dinner.”

Mention of dinner caught Dickie’s attention at once. “Great, I’m hungry. But Mary and I are coming back on Lammas Eve, aren’t we Mary, dressed as witches, and we’ll dance all round the church.”

“You will have to go round widdershins if you are to be real witches.” Jenny said.

“What’s widdewhatnots,” Dickie demanded, “is it something we have to wear?”

Judy explained, “You just have to remember should always go round the church clockwise, turn to the right as you leave the church and always keep the church on your right. Widdershins is the opposite way, counterclockwise, keeping the church on your left.”

As they got to the bottom of the hill Judy had an idea, “Why don’t we have dinner at the Pendle Inn, it’s a fine old building and the food is good: they do an excellent jam roly-poly pudding

## Vicar's Warning

Dickie, with lots of custard.” As they turned up the road the Pendle Inn came into view.



David was a bit worried, “Won’t Sunday dinner be rather a formal affair? I can see they have tables outside, maybe we’d be better there.”

It did look a bit full, there were even some cars parked along the road.<sup>vi</sup> As they went up to the door a lady came out. “Hello Judy, you’re not looking for dinner are you, we’re just about full in here.”

“Could we have something outside perhaps, even sandwiches, although I have sort of promised Richard here your jam roly-poly pudding.”

“I’m sure we can manage something if you are happy outside.” She winked at Dickie, “I’ll make sure we save a roly-poly for you.”

They sat down a table near the door, looking out over the road to Pendle Water. It was getting quite hot in the sun and the twins were looking anxiously at each other. Finally Mary looked at Judy, “do you think they might have some ginger pop, we’re both rather thirsty.”

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<sup>vi</sup>In 1956 there still weren’t many cars on the road.

“Yes, of course. Dickie, you’ll have to go inside and find someone to bring some drinks out, but because you are too young to go into the bar, just shout from the door.”<sup>vii</sup>

Dickie looked puzzled, but soon Judy laughed, “Don’t worry Dickie, I’m sure Betty will know just how desperate you are. Look, here’s someone coming now.” A waiter in a white jacket came up to the table holding a tray full of bottles.

Dickie was the first grab a bottle and a straw. After a long drink his thoughts turned to food. “Gosh, I needed that after all that long lesson at church. When is the food coming, I hope it is more than sandwiches, and that she remembers the jam roly-poly.”

He didn’t have long to wait, a big tray was placed on the table in front of David filled with plates of roast mutton and dishes of potatoes and vegetables. David counted carefully, “looks like none for you Dickie.”

“I can count,” said Dickie, “look, there’s seven plates, that’s exactly one each.”

“wrong Dickie!” Tom joined in, “Two of them are for me.”

Mary stuck her tongue out at Tom while Dickie leant over and grabbed a plate. “Pass the potatoes please, and the gravy, but no vegetables, thank you.”

They were all quiet as the food disappeared. A waiter came bearing a huge jam roly-poly and a jug of custard. He placed these in front of Dickie. “The mistress said you ordered this, but here’s some small dishes, just in case you can’t finish it all. Perhaps the others might like a little.”

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<sup>vii</sup>This was 1956 !

## Vicar's Warning

Peter passed Dickie a big knife, "come on Dickie, it's your job to share these out. Careful though, it isn't easy to divide it into seven equal pieces."

"That's easy." Dickie replied, "Look, first I divide it into two, then each piece into two, that's four, then I divide each again to make eight pieces. That's one each for the six of you, and two for me."

They were just finishing, and Judy had gone into the Inn to talk to her friend, when David, who was facing the door, sat up suddenly. "Don't all look now, but we are going to have company shortly. It looks like the Ballinger gang had dinner here."

Mary half turned and nudged Dickie. "It is them Dickie, come on, let's go and talk to them."

"No you don't." David started to say, but it was too late. Dickie had crammed the rest of his roly-poly into his mouth and jumped up with Mary. The sauntered quietly over to the group of three standing just outside the main door. Mackie followed them and immediately went into his growling and threatening act.

"Good afternoon," said Dickie, "do you remember us, we met recently on the top of Pendle Hill when the young lady went paddling."

"Just in case you don't remember us," added Mary, "we are twins, this is Richard, and I'm Mary. I think Mackie remembers you too."

"Go away," snapped Miss Ballinger, "and get hold of that dog, he needs to be under control." But Grandon left them and walked over to the Lone Piners at the table and spoke in what he believed was a friendly voice to David.

“Now look son, it’s time we all got together and pooled our information. We need to know just what information or clues you have about this treasure buried on Pendle. I’m sure we could come up with some reasonable way of sharing out anything we find.”

David answered quietly and politely, “I’ve no idea what all this is about treasure, and we certainly have no information to share with you. Please go away and leave us alone.”

Miss Ballinger joined them. Valerie was a little way back with Mackie dancing around her and snapping at her heels. “Grandon, you are being far too soft with these kids. What they need is a good clip around their ears to teach them to co-operate.”

Tom jumped up red-faced and ready to defend himself and the girls, but just then Bob came strolling up and sensed the difficult situation.

“Mary, please pick Mackie up, he must not behave like that.” The he turned to Grandon.

“I hear you have been pestering and even threatening Miss Sterling of Ing Ends about a book she has. I’ve had a word with our local policeman, and I advise you to be careful in future, we don’t like trouble makers here.”

“No such thing,” Grandon blustered, “It’s no business of yours, and all I was doing was making a generous offer for a book I’m interested in.”

Grandon and the other two walked away, and Bob sat down with the Lone Piners. Betty brought him a glass of wine.

Bob looked at Peter, “Whatever you are up to, you should keep away from those three. If it’s anything to do with this hint



## Vicar's Warning

of buried treasure, keep it to yourselves. Many people have looked for Abbey treasure, but nobody has ever found anything.”

Judy returned and sat down again. “Come on Bob, let’s have some stories or old legends of Pendle Forest.”

“Right,” replied Bob, “I’ll tell you about our local Robin Hood, an outlaw here called *Ned of the Fell*. This is from the fourteenth century and you’ll see the similarity to some of the Robin Hood tales.”

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# Chapter 16. Ned of the Fell

*Lythe and listin, gentilmen,  
That be of frebore blode;  
I shall you tel of a gode yeman,  
His name was Robyn Hode.*

--Anonymous, ca.1350, *A Gest of Robyn Hode 1-4*

Legend has it that Ned of the Fell was an outlaw (very reminiscent of Robin Hood) who, with his band, plagued the area around Whalley: Pendle Forest to the east, and Longridge Fell to the west. There is nothing in the tales of his hurting the poor, but he was very happy to pursue the wealthy. The story is that one Sunday morning he encountered the Abbott of Whalley with a few of his priests on their way to Ribchester where the Abbott was to preach.

“Oh, oh, father Abbott, whither away so fast this good Sunday morning?”

“My son,” replied the Abbott, “stay me not, I hasten to preach at Ribchester today, and the hour is growing late.”

“Late or not late” said Ned, “it’s long since I or my merry men were shrived, and as we are now met by a lordly priest, I’m determined to have absolution for all my past sins.”

“This I cannot give thee sir knave,” cried the Abbott.

“By the mass then,” said Ned, “ye go not to Ribchester today, nor back to Whalley either, as I take it; we have a heavy load on our consciences, which must be rubbed off this blessed morning. But I don’t want it done for nothing; I know ye priests work not for the love of God alone; here’s two pieces of gold for me as Captain and one for each of my men; so set to work, Sir Abbott, and despatch us quickly.”

“Well,” said the Abbott, “if I must, I must; therefore good Captain commence the relation of your transgressions, which I doubt not are great and manifold.”

“Commence the relation, quotha!” Cried Ned, laughing; “why, midsummer day would be too short for it; all I ask is absolution in the lump for all past offenses; give us that or turn your horses’ heads the other way, for you see not Ribchester this day.”

The Abbott, finding Ned serious, was fain to comply with his request, and he granted the absolution required, which Ned honestly paid for; and the Abbott on receiving the money, said “it should be laid out on a new silver flagon for the sacramental wine.”

“Now,” said the outlaw, “gramercy for your pains, holy father, but you must do us another small favour before we part company; it is only to grant us absolution for a crime we are going to commit, and this you must do in credit, for we cannot afford to pay any more ready-money for religion today.”

“That is a thing,” replied the astonished Abbott, “that I cannot and will not do.”

“It is enough” cried Ned, “turn your horses’ heads, today you dine with me in the green wood; I cannot promise ye ven-

## Ned of the Fell

ison and wine, but ye shall have herbs and roots in abundance, and plenty of Adam's ale to wash them down."

The Abbott finding the jest was turning to earnest, and seeing no way else to be quit of his company, gave them the necessary absolution, on receiving which, Ned and his party robbed the Abbott and his priests of more than two hundred marks in gold, all their jewels, chains and rings, sundry precious relics of saints, and their good steeds, leaving them to find their way to Ribchester as well as they were able.

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# Chapter 17. Treasure Code

*Anciently one third of the best Benefices in England, were by the Pope's Grant appropriated to Abbies, and other religious Houses, which when they were dissolved by K. Henry VIII. became Lay-Fees. There were 190 dissolved, whose revenues were from 200 to 3500 l. per annum, which at a Medium amounted to 2,833,000 l. per annum.*

Ephraim Chambers, "Cyclopedia" (1728)

Peter woke up late in a very dim light to the sound of rain drumming on the roof. When she drew the curtains back all she could see was a grey mist.

"Oh dear, more Pendle weather, we won't be able to do much today."

Mary pushed the bed-clothes back sleepily.

"What did you say, and it's still dark."

"I said it's raining hard and it's all misty outside, and I don't think we can do much today."

Jenny struggled out of bed and joined Peter at the window "There's Judy out in the rain, and Tom's there too, they must have been feeding the hens. Oh dear, I said I'd get up early to help Tom get us some eggs for breakfast. He could have called me. Come on Mary, wake up, we're late. I suppose David and Dickie are up and downstairs already."

Mary yawned loudly, “If they are, I bet Dickie’s eating all our breakfasts.”

Downstairs David was starting to organise some breakfast. Dickie came down struggling into a sweater over his pyjamas.

“It’s cold and wet today. What’s for breakfast?” he said.

“Nothing until you get washed and properly dressed, then perhaps I’ll find you a slice of stale bread.”

“Always the same” grumbled Dickie, “just trying to starve us younger ones. And where’s Tom gone, he’s not up-stairs.”

“Go and get ready, and bang on the girls door and make them get up.”

The door opened letting in the mist and rain followed by Judy and Tom shaking the rain off their coats.

“Eggs for breakfast” said Judy, “Tom and I were up early and he’s been helping feed the chickens. He had a quick breakfast with me, so I don’t suppose he will be eating with you.”

“Farm workers always have two breakfasts because they are always up early and working to bring food home for you lot. Here’s two fresh laid eggs each. Come on David, fried please, with some bacon and Judy’s home-made bread? And where’s Jenny, she said she would help me feed the hens.”

“I’m coming” Jenny wailed from upstairs, “why didn’t you waken me Tom?”

“You’ll have to learn to get up in the dark if you ever want to be a farmer’s wife.”



## Treasure Code

“Well then, I won’t be a farmer’s wife, I’ll have a little shop, and it won’t open until ten o’clock.”

Finally they were all round the breakfast table. Tom found no difficulty in a second breakfast, Dickie was eating fast enough to merge two meals into one. Judy had a cup of tea with them and sympathised about the weather.

“So what are you all going to do today? It’s not really the day for a walk over Pendle to Downham.”

“What I want to know” said Mary “is where has Pendle gone? I looked but couldn’t see it anywhere.”

Jenny remembered her home at Barton Beach and how the Devil came to sit in his chair on top of the Stiperstones when he clouds came down.

“It’s just the same here when the clouds come down, they can hide the hill. I wonder if the devil comes and sits on top of Pendle when it’s like this.”

Judy laughed “Now there’s a problem for you, what about when the clouds are down on the Stiperstones and on Pendle at the same time, which would he choose?”

“That’s easy,” Peter answered “This is witch country, so he would have to be here to support them.”

Judy started to tell them about how her father had always been obsessed about old books and especially the missing treasure from Whalley Abbey. “He was always reading books about the Pendle area in the hope of finding some clue.”

Peter went over to the bookcase and put her hand on an old grey book. The covers were grey and worn and loose; the back

part had come off; the edges were rough and difficult to turn over, because they had not been cut by machinery; the margin, too, was yellow and frayed.

“Oh, its Bevis.<sup>i</sup> Do you know I got a presentation copy at school for an essay I wrote. It’s always been a favourite of mine, there’s so much about the countryside in it.”

Judy joined her at the bookcase. “Yes, that’s a very old copy, first edition, but in very bad shape. Look, here’s Dad’s old book about Pendle that he was always reading, why don’t you all have a quiet morning indoors, keeping the fire warm and dry, and learn something about Pendle and its history. Maybe you might find a clue to where the treasure is hidden.”

She brought out a big blue book from the cupboard and gave it to Peter.

“Please be careful with it, it’s rather rare and it’s also falling to bits.”

The Lone Piners all gathered round Peter as she opened the book, brushing a pile of book dust onto the floor, and putting the loose top cover by her side. The book really was falling apart, but she found the title page.

“*Pendle Hill in History and Literature*” by James McKay.” she read out.

“How old is it?” said Jenny, “find the date, it should be at the bottom of the title page. I’ve been learning about books, haven’t I Tom?”

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<sup>i</sup>“Bevis” Richard Jefferies, 1882

## Treasure Code

“Now there’s the expert on old books,” said Peter, “But it’s not on the title page, it’s here at the bottom of the introduction, it’s 1888.”



“Let me see” said David “Look, it’s got a drawing of Pendle at the start, and is that this house, Ing Ends?” “I’m not at all sure it is,” said Judy, “But I like to think it is.”

David moved his chair closer to Peter and started to turn the pages while the others watched. After a minute or two he turned the pages back to look at the first page of chapter one. Then he turned quickly to chapter two.

“That’s funny” he said in surprise “Look somebody had drawn a ring around the first letter of the chapter text, I wonder why.”

“It’s a clue” said Jenny excitedly.

“Let me see” shouted Dickie “I bet we twins can solve the clue, can’t we twin.”

‘There could be treasure.’ Judy encouraged them, ‘When the king ordered the forfeiture of the Abbey’s possessions, a

shortfall in the amount of gold and silver plate belonging to the Abbey came to light,<sup>ii</sup> and Henry VIII was very worried about *embeslement* at Whalley.

“Just wait.” David tried to restrain the twins. “Let me check more chapters and see if there are more rings.”

David and Peter carefully turned the pages, trying to keep them in order while Dickie jumped up and down.

“Come on, hurry up, you can always put them back in order later.”

“No” interrupted Judy, “It’s an old book and should be treated with respect. Anyway, I’ll leave you all to find the treasure because I have to go and see to the calves.”

Peter was writing down the ringed letters as David found them. Finally David stopped turning pages.

“That seems to be the lot, only the first eight chapters have the first letter ringed. What have we found Peter, read them out so we all can hear. Do they make any sense?”

Peter was looking puzzled at the note she had made of the letters.

“Right Dickie, you say you can solve it, what do you make of this?”

W T P T I P I S W

“That doesn’t make any sense at all, we need a real clue to where the treasure is hidden.”

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<sup>ii</sup>John A Clayton, *“The Lancashire Witch Conspiracy: A History of Pendle Forest and the Pendle Witch Trials.”* (2007)

## Treasure Code

“Right” said David, “How about the first words in each chapter, does that make any more sense?”

After a few minutes Peter read out.

*We The Pendle The If Pendle It We*

All together Dickie, David, Mary agreed “not much sense there.”

Jenny’s contribution was more hopeful, and Mary agreed with her.

“There must be something in it, it has be a code, perhaps the prince has to come along, solve the code, and find the treasure in order to win his princess.”

Tom tried to be more practical, “I think the rain is stopping, let’s go out.” But Peter wanted to stay and try a bit harder.

“Why not think of words that begin with these letters.”

“Good idea Peter,” said David, “but let’s do this as a club, everyone must contribute. Except me, I’ll be the recorder and write your solutions down for further study.”

“Each one of you must think of a word beginning with each of the letters. Just the first word that comes into your mind. Peter first, there are only four different letters, W, T, P, and I.”

“Ready Peter?”

“W?” ; “Wet” “T?” “The” “P?” “Pendle” “I?” “If”

“OK, everybody got the idea?”

“Me next” claimed Dickie.

“Here we go then Dickie, as fast as you can!”

“W?:” “Water” “T?:” “Top” ; “P?:” “Peak” “I?:” “Iz”

“That’s not a word”

“Yes it is, I just made it up”

“I’ll record that as ‘Is’ - same sound, OK,”

“Now Tom”

“West, Try, Pond, It”

“Now Jenny, come on, think of some good words”

“Tin, Past, In, We”

“and finally Mary”

“I don’t know what”

“Right, What, that’s good for “W” ”

Now a “T?”

“Tin,” and “Put” for “P”

“And for” “I?”

“That’s not easy, they’ve all been taken”

“There are lots with more than two letters”

“All right then, “I” for “Ill.” That’s sort of short for Hill”

## Treasure Code

W	T	P	T	I	P	I	W	
wet	the	Pendle	the	if	Pendle	if	wet	(Peter)
water	top	peak	top	is	peak	is	water	(Dickie)
west	try	pond	try	it	pond	it	west	(Tom)
we	tin	past	tin	in	past	in	we	(Jenny)
what	this	put	this	ill	put	ill	what	(Mary)

“Now you all have to make up an eight word sentence using one of the words from each column, in the correct order.”

“W T P T I P I W”

“Try to make something like a meaningful sentence if you can. Peter first.”

Peter:	west top Pendle try if peak is wet
Dickie:	what the peak try in Pendle in water
Tom:	we top Pendle try in pond in water
Jenny:	water top Pendle try is past in water
Mary:	what top peak try is put if west

Tom was getting excited.

“Now that begins to look interesting, I can see some meaning there. Could they be directions?”

“Yes” said David, “None of them are really grammatical, but they all seem to be saying the same sort of thing. I think you are right Tom, they do seem to be pointing to the top of Pendle, and in water.”

“They are giving us directions to find the treasure.” Peter at the table was getting excited, but Dickie was already beginning to look for his coat and boots.

“Come on Mary, let’s get going now, quick. We’ll soon find that treasure.”

David grabbed Dickie as he was struggling with his boots. “Just slow down Dickie, you don’t even know where you are going, let’s just see what the directions are really telling us.”

“First, go up to the peak of Pendle.”

“Next, go west from the peak.”

“Then look for a pond or a wet area.”

“What do you think Tom, is that how you see it?”

“And look in the water and see what we can find.” shouted Dickie, “You see we know where to go and how to find it.”

Peter tried to calm Dickie down a little and explained to him that if there really was any treasure from the old Abbey buried up there on Pendle, then it had probably been buried deep, and after more than four hundred years it wasn’t going to be easy to find. It would need a lot of digging equipment and hard work, Even if we knew exactly where to dig.

“That’s easy” said Dickie, “We get one of those metal detector things.”

Tom was sceptical, “And where do you propose to find a metal-detector Dickie? Perhaps you could look in all the drawers here. Anyway, before we go dashing out I think it might be worth while having a look at the rest of the chapters for any other clues. I know they are not ringed, but it’s worth a try.”

We can try, come on Peter, give us the letters



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“There are 12 more chapters,” said Peter, “see:”

P I A D F P P O B A P B

Dickie was getting very impatient “This is just wasting time. If you are all not coming now, me and Mary will go on our own.”

“Don’t go just yet, wait for Tom, he is working on it, I’m sure he’ll find more clues about just where it is. Come on Tom, we need a new clue.”

OK, but this is just a quick one, I could probably do better with more time. How about this.

*Perhaps In Any Direction From Peak Pendle On Bottom A Pond Best.*

“That’s really the same message isn’t it?”

“Well done Tom” praised David, “I bet you are good at cross-words too. I don’t like the ‘Perhaps’ or the ‘any direction’ bits too much, but ‘Peak Pendle’ and ‘Bottom a Pond’ fit in very well. It does worry me a little though that we are getting the same answer from letters that are not ringed. Perhaps we would get the same message from any book. Come on Jenny, let us try your *Mist Over Pendle*.”

“No, I don’t think that’s fair,” Jenny objected, “Peter and David have found a good clue, and Tom has supported it. That’s quite enough.”

“Yes, I agree,” said Peter, “It’s time to move on. First I think we should go and ask Bob what he thinks. He knows about books, about Pendle, and about the missing treasure from the Abbey.”

“Come on twin we’ll go on our own and find the treasure while they are all talking about how to do it.”

David had to intervene here, he knew he was responsible for the safety of the twins. “No you do not go on your own, the cloud is still very thick and you can’t even see Pendle. Let’s see what Bob thinks and wait till the weather clears up. It will probably be a nice day tomorrow.”

Mary looked quickly at Dickie and received a quick nod of approval. “Alright then David,” she said sweetly, “but we are both very tired, so we think we will just stay here by the fire like Judy said. I don’t think we are strong enough to go out in this weather to come with you to see Bob, so we’ll just sit here quietly by the fire and perhaps read some more of the book.”

“We’re taking the book with us to show Bob, so you can’t look at that. Why not try and help Judy in the kitchen. Just remember you promised Daddy to behave and not get into any more trouble this time.”

The others collected waterproofs, hats and boots and left the twins sitting innocently by the fire. As soon as the door closed, Dickie jumped up. “Where are my boots, which way shall we go Mary, up that steep stony way or round by Ogden Clough?”

“There’s more water by Ogden. Do you think one of the reservoirs could be the pond Tom found in his clue?”

“Good idea, but the reservoirs are not on the top of Pendle. But we’ll go that way and have a look anyway.”

“What about the mist and cloud, we won’t be able see much, and we mustn’t get lost.”

“If we just follow the path we can’t get lost. Come on.”

## Treasure Code

Down the road they rushed, past the Pendle Inn and reached the start of the Ogden Clough trail. They were already getting very wet from the mist and rain.

Mary hesitated, "I'm not sure this is such a good idea Dickie, perhaps we ought to go back." Before Dickie could reply a dark figure loomed up in the mist in front of them.

"It's Grandon," Dickie whispered. "What shall we do Mary?"

Grandon came up to them with a nasty smile on his face. "Well now, here we are all alone in the mist, and here's your little dog too." Mackie was growling quietly around Grandon's feet, but seemed too miserable in the rain to attack his enemy. Grandon stooped down and lifted the dog up and turned to the twins.

"I think it's about time you two started to cooperate and see things my way. I want that book of McKay's that Miss Sterling will not let me see, I'm sure you would be able to get hold of it, and when you bring it to me you can have this little dog back."

Dickie jumped forward to try and get Mackie back, but Grandon just stepped back and Mackie gave a quick yelp of pain.

"Careful now, you don't want this dog to suffer, now do you?. You just bring that book to me and you'll get him back safe and sound. If you make any trouble the dog will get hurt. Understand?"

Grandon turned and strode off into the mist carrying Mackie.

Mary looked at Dickie, "What shall we do Dickie?"

Dickie thought quickly, “Quick, back to Bob’s house, we must find the others and then we’ll decide on what’s best. Bob will know what to do.”

When they reached Bob’s house they found the others there drinking cocoa round the fire. After they told their story Bob jumped up and got his coat. “I’ll get Ted, the policeman, and we’ll go and see Grandon immediately at the Pendle Inn. I want you all to stay here and wait for me. It shouldn’t take too long to get Mackie back.”

“Peter, get the twins some cocoa, and see they dry out a bit by the fire. Don’t worry Mary, we’ll soon get Mackie back safely.”

They sat round the fire and the twins told the others how they had set out to climb Pendle to look for the treasure. David started to tell them how silly it had been to attempt such a thing in the dark and the mist and rain, but he soon realised just how upset they were about Mackie.

“All right twins, Bob and the police will soon sort this out, and Mackie will be back.”

Bob was back in fifteen minutes, but with bad news.

“Not such good news I’m afraid. We caught Grandon in his room, but he denied everything and said the twins were just making it all up. He let us search his room, and we looked in all the outhouses at the Inn, but there was no trace of Mackie. We’ll just have to wait until tomorrow and search the village, Mackie can’t be far away. Don’t worry Mary, we’ll find him.”

They all went sadly back to Ing Ends. Mary was desperately worried about where Mackie was, and if he had enough food,

## Treasure Code

and where would he sleep. “We must get up as soon as it’s light and really search for him.”

Bob promised to be with them at breakfast.

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# Chapter 18. Rescue

*Mountain rescue refers to search and rescue activities that occur in a mountainous environment.*

After a night of little sleep Mary woke early. She was worrying about Mackie, where was he, was he safe, had he had enough food and water? Jenny was still fast asleep and Mary got quietly out of bed and dressed quickly. She decided the only thing to do was to go and look for Mackie. If he was unhappy she would probably hear him. The best thing to do was to walk around the village while it was still quiet before anyone got up. As she opened the door quietly she wondered whether she could wake Dickie to come with her, without disturbing Tom. As she stood outside the boy's door it opened silently and Dickie appeared already dressed.

“What is it twin?,” he whispered, “I knew you were getting up. Are we going to look for Mackie?”

“Yes, I think we have to go and look now while it's all quiet in the village. We might hear him whining or something. We must go round every house and call him, and listen carefully.”

“I suppose we should wake the others, more people to listen, and there's a lot of houses.” Mary said thoughtfully.

“No,” Dickie decided, “They'd only fuss and delay us, and Tom can't do anything quietly. We have to do this on our own.”

They crept downstairs, keeping close to the wall so the steps didn't creak. Dickie hesitated in the kitchen.

“I’ll just get something to eat, I can eat as we go. Do you want something twin?”

“No, of course I don’t, and you shouldn’t want anything either, just think about poor Mackie, perhaps he’s starving.”

Mary paused a moment, “Dickie, I’ve had a thought, What about the dogs? they’ll bark as we go out.”

“That’s easy,” said Dickie, “we must take them some food. There’s some meat left over from last night, we’ll take that. And I could take a little bread as well and make a sandwich to keep me going.”

They opened the kitchen door to find the dogs curled up together on the mat. Patti raised a sleepy head and sniffed. They knew the twins well by now and saw no need to raise any alarm. When Dickie offered them some meat they took it carefully with very small front teeth and put it down on the ground and nosed it around a little.

“They’re just not hungry at this time and still tired,” Mary said, “they only took it to be polite.”

Dickie grinned, “They’ll eat it later. At least I got a sandwich. Come on, let’s get going. I wonder if the dogs will come with us.”

The dogs thought otherwise and went back to sleep. Down the lane to Barley village they wend, hand in hand. At the first cottage they stopped. Mary called and Dickie whistled the peewit call. “Mackie will recognise that.”

A man carrying a bucket came round the corner of the cottage, “What’s up kids, you’re up early.”



## Rescue

“We’re looking for our dog, he’s lost.”

“Aye well, they do like to wander sometimes, he’ll turn up again when he’s hungry.”

As they turned into the main street they saw a figure come out of the Pendle Inn carrying a little bag. Mary grabbed Dickie’s arm and pulled him back. “It’s Slinky she said, don’t let him see us. We must follow him, perhaps he’ll lead us to Mackie.”

“Right twin, we’ll be detectives following a suspect. I’ll be Adam Dagleish, you can be Kate Mishkin.<sup>i</sup>”

Past the Inn they saw Grandon turn up a narrow little lane off to the right. Keeping close to the hedge they followed him until the lane became a narrow track and then stopped in front of an old farmhouse, partly in ruins. “He’s going in there, quick, hide behind this wall in case he turns round.”



“An old broken sign by the wall said *Bullhole Farm*.<sup>ii</sup> They crouched down out of sight behind the wall and waited. Soon they heard a creaking door opened, and then a quick bark.”

Mary jumped up and was about to run to the old building, but Dickie pulled her down again. “Wait,” he said, “we know

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<sup>i</sup>Apologies to P. D. James seem to be in order here.

<sup>ii</sup>Bullhole Farm does exist, but I had to move it to get it close enough to Barley.

where he is now, we can rescue him as soon as Slinky leaves. I bet he just brought him some food.”

They didn't have to wait long. The door creaked again as it was closed and Grandon appeared walking towards them. The twins lay flat upon the ground and heard footsteps as Grandon passed by them. After another minute the cautiously looked up and saw him disappearing down the hill. Mary jumped up and ran as fast as she could to the old farm, leaving Dickie still struggling to get up. At the old farm Dickie caught up and found her struggling with an old battered door which was wedged tightly in its frame.

“Mackie,” she called, and was answered by a loud delighted barking. “Come on Dickie, help me get this door open.”

Together they tugged at the door, then Dickie said, “What we need is a big stick we can use to lever it open, look we could get it in this side where the wood has rotted away.” He looked around and found a long pole, and the door was soon open and Mary dashed in.

There in a corner, on a pile of old sacks was delirious little dog, straining against the rope that tied him to a beam. The twins dashed forward, Mary fell on her knees and buried her face in his fur while Dickie struggled with knot that was fastened to Mackie's collar.

“There, he's free,” he shouted, “let's go.”

Back down the lane they went at a run, Macbeth capering wildly around their feet. When they reached the road in Barley the saw Grandon sitting at one of the outside tables drinking a cup of tea. “What shall we do, he'll see us” said Mary anxiously.

## Rescue

But Dickie wasn't worried. "Come on, we'll just walk straight past him, he daren't do anything in the front street."

Grandon saw them straight away, and he also saw Mackie. He stood up and started to come towards them, but thought better of it and sat down again.

The twins smiled sweetly at him. "Good morning Mr. Grandon," they said together, "Isn't it a lovely morning? Did you go for an early morning walk? We did, Mackie enjoys the early morning air. But now we are going home to breakfast."

They left Grandon staring after them as they went past on the way back to Ing Ends.

Mary was quiet and thoughtful, "Perhaps Slinky isn't all bad, he did get up early to take Mackie some food."

As they approached Ing Ends they saw David coming down the lane towards them. He stared at Mackie. "Where have you two been, we've been worried about you?"

The twins grinned at each other, "We just went out for an early walk to bring Mackie back."

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# Chapter 19. Lammas Eve

*Primum non nocere.*<sup>1</sup>

*Lughnasadh or Lammas is the name of one of the eight sabbats in the Neopagan Wheel of the Year. It is the first of the three autumn harvest festivals, it takes place around 1 August.*

*Wicca is a belief system and way of life based upon the reconstruction of pre-Christian traditions. We know very little about how our ancestors lived, worshiped and believe, but Wiccans try to reconstruct those beliefs to the best of their ability.*

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## I

Peter had been first down in the morning and was helping Judy get breakfast on the table. They were worrying about getting out quickly to search for Mackie, and Peter was saying she was surprised that the twins, or at least Mary, were not up and wanting to start looking.

“I think I should go and bang on their doors and get them moving,” she was saying when Jenny rushed downstairs.

“Sorry I’m late, Mary didn’t wake me, she must have woken early. Where is she now?. And where is Tom? at least I’m down before him.”

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<sup>1</sup>The phrase has been attributed to Thomas Sydenham (1624–1689) in a book by Thomas Inman (1860), *Foundation for a New Theory and Practice of Medicine*. First of all, do no harm.

Peter looked quickly at Jenny. “Isn’t Mary with you?” she asked anxiously. “Please will you go and wake David and see if Dickie is there with them.”

Jenny turned round just in time to see David appear at the top of the stairs and start running down.

“Where are those twins this time? They’re always wanting to do things on their own and never think of leaving a message. Dickie’s place was quite cold, it must be some time since he got up. I suppose Mary has disappeared too. They’ll have gone out looking for Mackie.”

Judy took charge, “Sorry if I seem to be taking charge, but we must look for them straight away. Tom will you see if they are up on the farm, maybe they are looking for mushrooms or something. David I think you should walk down to the village and see if they are searching everyone’s gardens.”

Peter jumped up, “I’d better go with David, I know the village better.”

“No Peter, you get your pony Sal all saddled up and ride down to the village. If David sees no sign of them, perhaps you should have a ride up by Black Moss, or Ogden Clough, or Barley Green. Whichever you think most likely. I’ll search the house, there are lots of small corners and hiding places if they are playing at something. If I don’t find them I’ll help Tom search the farm or join David in the village and ask if they’ve been seen.”

Peter shot out of the kitchen door. “I’ll cut across the fields to Black Moss.” She shouted.

“What about me? what can I do?” asked Jenny, feeling she had been left out. “Should I go with Tom?”

## Lammas Eve

“No Jenny, you must stay here in case they come back without us. Carry on with breakfast, I’m sure Dickie will be hungry when he gets back. You’re in charge here, do whatever you think is necessary. Everyone report back to Jenny with any news.”

In no time at all everyone had disappeared and Jenny was left alone in the kitchen. She certainly didn’t feel like starting to cook breakfast. She sliced some bacon and some bread, got a dish of eggs and put the big frying pan on the stove.

“Nothing else I can do except wait.” She said out loud to herself. She saw the dogs at the kitchen door and had an idea. Many times she had read about how dogs could track humans if they had a scent to follow. She dashed upstairs and grabbed the blanket Mackie slept on and ran to the dogs and pushed it in front of Patti’s nose.

“Come on dogs, seek, find Mackie.”

Patti sniffed and pushed the blanket around with his nose for a moment, and then looked at Jenny.

“What does she want me to do with this.” He seemed to be saying.

Jenny tried a few different whistles but they didn’t seem to be recognised. She tried holding the blanket out at arm’s length and pointing. Unfortunately she was pointing towards some sheep grazing nearby. The dogs stood up, looked at the sheep then looked at Jenny. Sheep they understood, and they were waiting for orders.

“It always seems to work in books. Perhaps they are the wrong sort of dogs.”

Jenny turned away and went to the front door to look down the lane. Over the hedge some way off she saw David's head coming towards her. He wasn't running, so it couldn't be anything bad. She waved and saw him wave back. Presently he came into full view and she saw he was following the twins, and there with them was Mackie.

The twins grinned at her, "We just went out for an early walk to bring Mackie back. He's been staying the night at an old ruined farm call Bullhole, but he didn't finish his breakfast. So he's hoping you can find him something special to eat."

"And we're very hungry too. We'll need bacon, eggs and mushrooms please, with lots of toast with honey, and some tea of course." Dickie added.

Judy and Tom appeared from round the corner of the house and saw them all standing at the gate.

"So there you are, come and have breakfast, we've been waiting for you." was Judy's comment.

"Where have you two been? Why didn't you tell us or leave a note? We've all been worried and out looking for you. And where did you find that dog?" Tom was relieved but angry and showed it.

"Oh dear, Judy said I was to make breakfast." Jenny wailed.

"Don't worry, plenty of time, and anyway, Peter's not back yet. We must wait for her. Come on, I'll help you." Tom comforted her.

"I was trying to get the dogs to track Mackie, but they didn't understand."



## Lammas Eve

Peter came riding back up the lane, someone in the village told her he had seen the twins and a little black dog turning up the lane a few minutes ago. She turned Sal loose in the field and came in through the kitchen door.

“I see the wanderers have returned”

Dickie climbed up on a chair. “Quiet everyone and listen. Us twins ...”

“We mean *we* twins of course.” Mary interjected.

“That’s right, well, *we* twins tracked down the monster Grendel and ...”

“That’s Grandon. of course.” Added Mary.

“and I was Beowulf and fought with Grendel and worsted him in single combat. The *we* tortured him until he led us to a deep dungeon where ...”

“That’s the ruins of Bullhole Farm just above Barley.”

“ ... he tried to trap us into a damp, dark prison by saying Mackie was in there. But we were too quick for him and we locked him in the dungeon. After a long search throughout this giant castle we found Mackie and rescued him, and braving all dangers and raging torrents we brought him safely back home again.”

“You see it takes twins to get anything done in this club.”

“That’s right,” said Tom, “and now you’re back just like the prodigal son, demanding a feast.”

David wanted to know, “Did Grandon see you? Does he know that Mackie has been rescued?”

It was Mary who answered. “No David, we trailed him very secretly and we are sure he never saw us. We hid behind a wall while he was in the farm and until he had gone back down the hill. But as we came back up the road past the Inn, he did see us, and Mackie. We just strolled past and said ‘good morning’ to him.”

“He didn’t try to stop you or anything?” David asked.

“No, He didn’t seem to know what to do.” Dickie laughed, “We were very polite.”

Judy interrupted with a suggestion that delighted Dickie. “Come on, no more discussions, the twins have done a great job and deserve their reward. Jenny has made a wonderful breakfast for us all; come and feast. But please twins don’t go off again without telling us where you are going, I do feel responsible for you.”

And it really was a feast, Jenny had found black pudding, mushrooms, tomatoes, and onions and fried these with some boiled potatoes from the day before and added these to the bacon and eggs. She had put everything out on big dishes and placed them down the middle of the table. They all sat down to the feast, and just as they started Anis arrived.

Judy jumped up. “Come on in Anis, and have some breakfast if Dickie hasn’t eaten everything. Peter, get another plate and a cup for Anis.”

Anis sat down and looked at the table piled with food. “What a spread, who made all this?”

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It was Tom who replied. “It was all Jenny’s work. The twins have a great story to tell cos’ Mackie was kidnapped last night.”

Dickie interrupted excitedly; “Acksherly - he was dognapped.”

“And we are celebrating his rescue this morning by these fabulous twins.” Judy added.

“You must tell me all about it. Who kidnap ... no, dognapped him, How long was he away, and how did these heroic twins manage to rescue him?”

David told her very briefly about Grandon and Ballinger, and how they were looking for Whalley Abbey treasure. Then Dickie and Mary told their tale again, how clever and how brave they had been. “And Slinky was holding Mackie for ransom, they would only exchange him for an old book of Judy’s father’s that holds the clue to where the treasure is hidden.”

Anis listened to all the explanations, but she had something else to say. “Actually I came to remind you all that tonight is Lammas Eve, and to invite you all to join us at a feast on the top of Pendle. We will be having a big fire, a Beltane fire we call it, to celebrate the first of the harvest to come home. All the village has been invited and I have had five young village lads carrying wood up Pendle for the last week.”

When they had all eaten just about as much as they could Mary had an idea. “This is really Mackie’s feast, and I know he wants to share it with his new friends, Pippa and Patti. There’s plenty of food left on the table, and even Dickie can’t eat any more, so I’m going to take some out for the dogs.”

“You really ought to ask Judy if you can feed her dogs, with her food as well!” Peter said.

Judy laughed, “That’s all right Mary, it’s a great idea. Here’s three dishes you can use. The dogs often get scraps from the table as a treat. They love them.”

Mary carefully gathered up the left-over food and Dickie supervised the sharing out among the three dishes.

“Mackie is smaller, and I’ve seen David passing him food during breakfast, so he needs less in his dish.”

Mary went out carefully balancing three plates of food, followed by Mackie with his nose sniffing enthusiastically. The farm dogs caught the enticing smell immediately, and when Mary put the plates down they somehow sorted out between themselves who had which plate. Mary watched them for a few moments then wandered out into the lane to watch a little sports car come bumping up the track. The car stopped at the house and a man got out and looked amazedly at Mary.

“Why, it’s Mary Morton,” He said. “and I bet Richard isn’t far away.”

Mary looked and gasped, “James, how did you know we were here?” He was an old friend, James Wilson, a journalist with the Clarion newspaper in London. They had met together at the time of the adventure at the Gay Dolphin in Rye.<sup>ii</sup>

“Come on in and meet everyone, and I’m sure there’s some breakfast left, even though I’ve just been feeding the dogs with some left-overs.”

“Well Mary, you can’t just invite me into someone else’s house. I’m looking for a Judith Sterling, does she live here?”

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<sup>ii</sup> ‘*The Gay Dolphin Adventure*’ 1945

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Mary grabbed his hand, “Yes, she’s here, come on.” She dragged him into the kitchen and announced him triumphantly. “Look who has come to see us. This is aunt Judy who you were looking for, and this is Anis, her friend, and there’s Peter and Tom and Jenny who you haven’t met before, but they are all Lone Piners, and you know David and my twin Richard of course.”

Dickie jumped up and ran to them, “We’re old friends, colleagues in reporting I might say. You know who I am James, we’re old friends, we did that story of the Gay Dolphin<sup>iii</sup> treasure together, remember. And last year we got involved with another reporter chasing a big story.<sup>iv</sup> Are you here on a story, because we have one as well, so I’m sure we journalists can share our stories.”

“Yes Dickie, of course I remember you. And yes, I am here on a story, but not really exciting, just a routine job. I’ve been asked to look into stories of witchcraft in this Pendle Forest. Some vicar has been telling the BBC all about the evil in this area, and how he wants a big cross set up on top of that hill to ward off the witches.”

Judy took control, “Sit down James and try and find some breakfast. Peter, can you make some more coffee for James.”

James sat down next to Anis who said, “So you are looking for witches are you, I’m sure we can find you some. There’s a big Lammas celebration on top of Pendle later today, why don’t you come along and see if there are any witches there.”

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<sup>iii</sup> ‘*The Gay Dolphin Adventure*’ 1945

<sup>iv</sup> ‘*Saucers Over the Moor*’ 1955

“That does sound like a good opportunity. Can you get me an invitation, I’m not sure they really want a reporter there.” James responded.

Peter put a plate before him. “Just help yourself James, plenty left on the table even after Mary fed all the dogs.”

“Acksherley as Dickie would say, I had breakfast, I’m staying at the Pendle Inn. And here’s some news for you Dickie; there at breakfast were some old acquaintances of yours, from Rye, Grandon, Ballinger and Val. They didn’t seem to recognise or remember me. Did you know they were staying in Barley, have you met them? I would not be surprised if they were up to their old tricks again.”

“Yes James, we have met them, and they’re part of our story too James, we must collaborate on this.” Dickie said importantly.

James got up from the table, “I’d better be going, I have an interview with the vicar at Newchurch in half an hour. I’m glad to have met you Judith, I would like to have a talk with you about the witchcraft around here after I’ve got the vicar’s story. Perhaps later in the day?”

Judy laughed, “I’m happy with that, but it might be a good idea to include Anis, she knows far more than I do about the local witches. First of all you should learn that they are Wiccans, not witches, despite what the Vicar says.”

Mary started giggling with Jenny as they looked at Anis, but Anis put her finger to her lips to tell them not to give the game away. “shush, sh.... she whispered, we’ll have a bit of fun out of this later.”

Judy was looking at James, she had an idea, “Why don’t you come and stay here at Ing Ends, if we move Jenny, Mary and

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Mackie into Peter's big room we will have a spare room. After all, you seem to know them all."

James accepted gladly, "that is, if Peter and the other girls don't mind moving in together too much."

So it was all settled. There was one last request from Dickie. "I'd like to come with you to see the vicar. It would be good training for me."

"Sorry Dickie, not this time, it was only with difficulty that we persuaded him to grant an interview with the Clarion. I'll tell you all about it later, in exchange of course for any information you have - especially about the Grandon crowd and what they are doing here. I must be off now."

Judy jumped up, "Leave your car here, and Anis and I will walk down with you, she has some things to attend to in the village, about a special event tonight, but I'll show you the way over to Newchurch."

"It's about the Lammas feast, to which you are of course invited, the Clarion is welcome." Anis added. "Judy will show you the vicarage, it's in Newchurch, not far, just up the hill. But I must see some of my wood carriers in Barley."

James and Judy turned up the hill. Judy saw James's puzzled look. "I suppose you are wondering how Anis can include you in a witches' feast."

"Well, yes, I suppose she must know some of them well. She is she organising the fire for the witches ... Wiccans, I should say."

"Then I suppose she must know them all very well. I must ask her if she will arrange for me to meet one of the witches."

“She is a little closer than she has told you. Actually she’s not only a Wiccan, she’s the leader of the Pendle coven, there’s thirteen of them. They’re all good people.”

James burst out laughing, “I can see this is going to be a great witch story for the paper, but I will have to admit that Dickie got there before me. Perhaps we might even make it as a joint by-line.”

They had reached the top of the hill and Judy pointed out the vicarage. “I’ll have to leave you here to talk to the vicar, he thinks that Anis is leading the whole village into evil. Please come back to Ing Ends and tell us all about it. We’ll be having lunch before we set off up Pendle for the witches’ Lammas celebration. You must join us.”

“Thank you Judith, I’d love to join in with you all. It seems to be a reporter’s dream, falling in at the deep end of a story. Even if Dickie has beaten me to it.”

“Better the vicar doesn’t see you with me, he regards me with deep suspicion, me being a friend of Anis.”

## II

When the grown-ups had left the Lone Piners laughed and gathered round for a discussion. Dickie was a bit upset at not being allowed to go with James to interview the vicar, but he covered it up very well. “We have to be careful about interviews, the vicar insisted it was with the Clarion representative only.”

David said quietly to Dickie, “That’s exactly right Dickie, you reporters must work together. You’ll hear all about it later.”

Tom added, “Acksherley Dickie, he just didn’t want to give his story away to anyone, he’s hiding it from you.”



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Mary giggled and whispered to Jenny, “Did you see the way James and Judy were looking at each other? And how Judy jumped in quickly to take James to the vicar.”

Jenny was excited, “I think there might be a new romance there, perhaps James will whisk her away to London in his car, and they’ll be secretly married.”

David and Tom grinned at each other. “Oh come on you two, the’ve only just met. Mary you’re getting a s bad as Jenny, you’ll be reading her magazine stories next.”

Peter just smiled at Jenny, “Maybe, you never know.”

Dickie called the meeting to order, “What we need to do now is get some food together to take up Pendle. I’ll supervise, but we’ll need plenty of food; David and Tom can carry it all.”

David added, “We’ll need to take torches in case it gets dark, and mackintoshes and hats in case it rains, and don’t forget to wear good strong shoes or boots, it’s a rocky trail in places.”

Tom added, “And you’ll all have to carry things Dickie, David and I are not carrying it all. And Mackie will have to his share, after all as Dickie once said, he is the club’s Beast of Burden.”

“That was Sally, not Mackie, silly.” Mary responded, “and he didn’t really mean it anyway. Peter, could we take Sal as a packhorse?”

“No, Mary, we can’t take Sal, that wouldn’t be fair, especially if it rained, and she’d have nothing to do for hours up on Pendle. You’re right about rain clothing David,” Peter said, “It has been fine all day so far, but now it looks a bit like rain. I hope the rain will hold off until after the feast.”

Tom had an idea, “You know, this witches’ festival might get a bit boring. Why don’t we try to follow up the clues from that old book and try and find the treasure. After all, we’ve had the clues for over a day and done nothing about it.”

“Tom, surely you remember that Mackie was dognapped; we couldn’t just have left him and gone searching for treasure.”

“Sorry Mary, you’re right. But we could try today, since we will be up on Pendle, and with Mackie to help us of course.”

“Thank you Tom, and just remember that this expedition would not have been possible if Richard and I hadn’t rescued Mackbeth this morning. Come on Dickie, let’s start getting all this food together. We need to be ready when all the others come by.”

The morning passed quickly with all the preparations. Judy returned singing with a big happy smile and told them that Jimmy would be back for lunch with all the vicar’s story. Dickie looked at her suspiciously, “What’s all this about Jimmy? His name is James isn’t it?”<sup>v</sup>

Judy blushed a little, “He asked to call him Jimmy, but he insists on calling me Judith, he says he’s not keen on Judy; well, not as a name, that is.”

Mary and Jenny looked at each other and giggled happily.

“What’s so funny about that.” Dickie demanded.

Dickie wanted to know about the meeting between James and the vicar. “I’ve no idea,” Judy said, “I left him at the gate of the vicarage and got out of sight quickly. I think the vicar

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<sup>v</sup>Judith calls him Jimmy in *Rye Royal*.

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suspects me of having Wiccan tendencies and I didn't want to upset Jimmy's chances of learning something useful from him."

### III

Just as they finished packing the food and clothes James Wilson returned and he and Dickie went and sat down outside. James pulled a little notebook out of his pocket.

"Look Dickie these are the notes I took, you must always write things down immediately, otherwise it's too easy to forget points or, worse still, get them wrong. You must remember this because if you send in wrong copy and the paper publishes it, it can cause a lot of trouble and expense for the paper."

James went on to tell Dickie about his interview with the vicar. "He really does believe that this Pendle Forest area is harbouring evil, and that there are many witches here that have made a pact with devil. When I asked him for some specific examples of witchery he couldn't give me any, all he could say was *Pendle Hill speaks for itself, casting a dark shadow over the land and it is necessary to cleanse it from the evil created by local witches*. When I asked him about the Lammas festival and its place in the churches calendar, he insisted that although the church had adopted many old pagan festivals, Lammas was still as pagan as it had ever been. In fact I got very little worthwhile copy out of him; nothing much that I can write up. What I need to do now is to see the Lammas meeting on top of Pendle, and get a serious interview with Anis. Judith told me about Anis and the coven."

Dickie was excited and saw that he had some real information for James. "Yes, I can help you there, but first I must tell you our side of the story here." He went on to tell James about what

they had found out about buried treasure from Whalley Abbey, and about how they had discovered that the Ballinger gang were searching for it, and actually had an old document about it, and that the Lone Piners had discovered some real clues to where it was buried in an old book of Judy's. "He acksherley threatened Judy when she wouldn't show him the book, and it really does have a clue to where the treasure is hidden."

Now James really was interested, "Buried sixteenth century treasure makes a real story, but I can't see how this connects with witchcraft in Pendle."

"No, I suppose they are different stories, that is unless we can find the treasure at the witches' meeting. We've just finished packing food and clothes, and after lunch we will be waiting for all the others from the village, with all thirteen of the local coven."

After a light lunch, when even Dickie didn't seem hungry, they assembled all the back packs of food and clothing for the expedition and went and sat on the wall waiting for Anis and her followers. After a few minutes the dogs barked and up the lane a small procession appeared with Anis leading several older women. There were many village people as well as the coven. They were all dressed in suitable anoraks and coats suitable for a moorland expedition. They all seemed very cheerful and one or two were singing.

"They don't look much like a coven of witches. Not a good picture for our article." James whispered to Dickie.

"Here we are," said Anis, "away we go, keep it steady, it's a long hard climb. Jenny, come and walk with me."

James, Tom, Dickie and Mary joined in the middle of the line and introduced Mackie to some of the women. David and Peter

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followed at the back with the farm dogs keeping them company and guarding the rear. David looked back quickly over his shoulder.

“Don’t look now Peter, but we are being followed.” Peter of course immediately looked back.

“It’s the Ballinger gang, and someone else with them. Do you think they are following us all, or is just coincidence?”

“No coincidence Peter, they think we are treasure hunting and they want to be in on it. And that’s the vicar with them I think. He’ll be wanting to warn all the villagers about the dangers of taking part in all this witchcraft.”

Peter laughed, “I think James ought to interview the Ballinger gang, and ask them what they are doing here, and are they also really witches, perhaps from a rival coven.”

They started the climb. “Do you remember David, when you dragged me out in the dark to climb up to the Devil’s Chair.<sup>vi</sup> That was stony as well in places, but not as steep as this. I wonder how the twins are managing, Dickie will be trying to keep up with James.” They struggled on. At the head of the procession they saw Anis and Jenny. They were talking as they climbed.

Jenny was asking about this Wiccan thing. “It all seems very vague and unreal, not like going to church.”

“Well you see Jenny, the church is a roof over your head, Jenny, with four walls of stone, and because it had been blessed by human hands you think it holy. You do not realise that deep in the ground below the foundations of the church lie the bones

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<sup>vi</sup> *The Neglected Mountain* 1953

of ancient ancestors who were born long before the Romans and even the Celts came to this land, long before there was any thought of Christianity. But there is still a memory of the past here which the present church has preserved for us, and we must be grateful for that. I have stood alone in the church at midnight, Jenny, and listened to the murmur of time and heard a whisper of that ancient life, and even of the time before humans came here, a history bred deep in the soil and the rock underneath, a story of Pendle that has no knowledge of this church, or the villages of Barley or Newchurch in Pendle, or even of us humans.”

Jenny remembered her fear of Black Dingle and the Stiperstones and the *Neglected Mountain*.<sup>vii</sup> “Weren’t you frightened Anis, all alone in the dark? I have always felt something about Black Dingle which makes me frightened. Is that a memory of long, long ago?”

“I imagine the fear you felt was only a memory of the stories you heard when you were much younger. There is no need for fear of the earliest memories, only respect for something greater than us. You know, that name you gave the Stiperstones, *The Neglected Mountain*, that was a good idea, it must have had a long history which has long been neglected. We forget or ignore the strong aspects of the natural world. Eliot tells us about this.”<sup>viii</sup>

*I do not know much about gods; But I think that the river  
Is a strong brown god – sullen, untamed and intractable,  
Patient to some degree,*

... ..

... .. *the brown god is almost forgotten*

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<sup>vii</sup> ‘*The Neglected Mountain*’ 1953

<sup>viii</sup> *The Dry Salvages (Four Quartets)*, T S Eliot, 1941

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*By the dwellers in cities – ever, however, implacable,  
Keeping his seasons and rages, destroyer, reminder  
Of what men choose to forget.*

Jenny gasped, “Oh that’s like what happened to us in Grey-stone Dingle,<sup>ix</sup> when the ground started shaking and moving and then the water gushed out and flooded down the valley, raging and destroying everything in its way. David and Peter were nearly drowned.”

A little further back in the procession Mary was struggling with Mackie who was having some trouble with the rocky path, while Dickie was talking with James. “This Lammas feast should be an important part of our witchcraft article in the Clarion.”

James agreed. he knew he was very lucky to be included in this event. “You’re absolutely right Dickie, this might even get us a by-line.” Dickie wanted to know, “What’s a by-line?” He asked.

“Most of the writing in the paper doesn’t have any author named, but in special cases you can get a by-line, that’s something like ‘Pendle Witchcraft by our special staff reporter James Wilson and his colleague Richard Morton.’ That’s an important success for a young reporter.”

“That would be great James, and don’t forget to include me in the story. And the others of course.” He added.

They were nearing the top and the Pendle beacon was in sight now. Dickie was still thinking about the story James would send in. “We should have brought a camera so we could get a picture of the witches boiling up a caldron and adding all sorts nasty things. That would have been great for the paper.”

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<sup>ix</sup> ‘Lone Pine Five’ 1949

James laughed, “Sounds like a bit out of *Macbeth*. But I’m sure Anis is not planning anything like that, not even tall pointed black hats and broomsticks.”

They all gathered round as Anis, with Jenny’s help, lit the fire. Nobody noticed that they had been joined by the Ballinger gang who were standing around the edge of the group trying to look as if they were part of it all. The twins nodded to each other and moved quietly towards the intruders.

“Good evening, we are surprised to see you all here, we didn’t know you had been invited to this very special and very private party.” Dickie said politely.

“Shut up and clear off.” Grandon snarled.

“Who is this other man with you, the one all in black. We didn’t know there were four of you.” Mary wanted to know.

It was the vicar of course, and he was already pushing his way to the front and turning to address everyone. For a minute or two he stood still looking at them.

James had whipped out his notebook and pencil. “This is where we need a written record,” he whispered to Dickie, and then to the vicar, “I’m sure you don’t mind sir, if I make a quotable record.”

“Not at all young man,” the vicar replied, “what I have to say should be published far and wide.” He turned to the others.

“It is my duty as your appointed minister to remind you all that a witch is: ”

*a woman, or man, who has abandoned Christianity and*



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*renounced her baptism, who worshipped Satan as her God and had made a definite act of surrendering herself to him, body and soul, offering herself as an instrument for the evil work he could only perform through a human agent. In exchange she had been promised anything she desired to have.*<sup>x</sup>

“Furthermore, I tell you all that all this feasting is itself witchcraft, and you should all reject any part of it and return home immediately and pray for forgiveness.”

A few people were looking worried, and James was scribbling away frantically trying to record the vicar’s words down exactly, before Anis reacted quickly to restore interest. “You were all invited here to enjoy a little food and to celebrate the first harvest home. No-one has been asked to take part in anything other than to eat a little food and to enjoy everyones’ company. There is no harm in any of this. I know it looks a bit like rain now, but surely that is all the more reason to be thankful that the harvest is in?”

“The vicar says this is all witchcraft. I tell you we are here to give thanks for the harvest in the way our ancestors did long before Christianity appeared in this country. The coven here in Pendle is not a coven of witches such as the vicar described. We are Wiccans. We have no concept of the devil, Wiccans have no concept of the Devil, that is a purely Christian invention. We have one belief in the mystery and the magic of the world in which we live, we have one rule about how we should live together in this world.”

*An it harm no-one, do what you will*

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<sup>x</sup>The 1604 definition quoted by Edgar Peed and Pat Southern in *The Trials of the Lancashire Witches: A Study in Seventeenth Century Witchcraft*, p.54, 1994

“George Fox stood here, on this very spot, in 1652 and saw the truth of this. Do not imagine that a priest,” he said, “or a book written by men will tell you what is right and what is wrong, you must decide for yourself, and treat all others with respect.”

*An it harm no-one, do what you will*

“Many of you may know members of the Society of Friends he founded, you call them Quakers, and you know they are good people and you can trust them to do right by all. They are not Wiccans, and do not see the world the way we do, but we do have a little common ground. They do not bow before this man, this vicar, who believes he knows better than them or all of you.”

“Now let me tell you that this Lammas festival is pre-Christian in origin, to the Anglo-Saxons it became *hlaf-mas* or *loaf-mass*, the festival of the wheat harvest, and is the first harvest festival of the year. The Christian church of that time accepted the Lammas festival, and even to this day it is customary in some Christian churches to bring a loaf of bread made from the new crop, that which was harvested at Lammastide. There the loaf is blessed and used in the Sacrament in place of wafers, It was indeed a *hlaf-mas*.”

“Now I ask you all, is this witchcraft? I ask you, vicar, is this witchcraft?”

The vicar responded, “There will be no *hlaf-mas* in my church. A respect for the works of God can never take precedence over the worship and reverence due to God. Your so-called Lammas festival places enjoyment of, and reverence for, the works of God before God himself. I tell you, with all the authority of the church, that this is sin. I command you all to return home immediately.”

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Peter nudged Bob and whispered, “I think this is all very silly, why are they arguing like this as if it was important. A fire and some food on top of a mountain, even in the rain, is just a bit of fun.”

At this point James broke in, “Thank you vicar, I will report your words as you have spoken them. Now let this argument be terminated and let us get on with this wonderful Wiccan feast on top of Pendle, brought to us by Anis and the Wiccan coven of Pendle Forest. I for one am hungry and tired of all these words.”

Dickie jumped up, “Me too James, we’re all hungry. Let’s eat.”

### IV

The fire was going well by now, but a light mist seemed to be gathering and the air was definitely feeling damp. Anis stood silently with bowed head at the highest point above the fire, whilst the other members of the coven were circled slowly around the fire. Each time around Anis spoke quietly to one of them as they passed her, but no-one heard what was said. After twelve circles, When all the twelve had received the message from Anis they gathered in a small group in front of Anis who spoke loudly so that everyone could hear.

“We give thanks to the earth for the food it has provided for us, and we eat now in thankfulness. We give thanks to the sun and to the clouds for the warmth and the rain which provided growth for our corn. and provided grass for our animals. Now let us all enjoy the warmth of the fire and eat the good food produced by our own hands from the benefits provided for us by the good earth.”

The vicar interposed. "I command you all to leave this sinful gathering and follow me to the church where we will offer suitable prayers of atonement for our participation in these heathen rights." He turned away and marched steadily down the hill, followed by only one or two of the villagers.

The edge of the fire was raked aside to expose a bed of red hot ashes and charcoal. Anis called, "Come on Richard Morton, place the potatoes provided by the good earth in the fire to bake."

Mary passed the potatoes one at a time to Dickie who dropped them into the edge of the ashes and pushed them deep into the hot ashes with a stick. When all were in the fire he shouted "See, the twins provide food for everyone."

Baskets were opened and food distributed, bottles of water appeared and were passed around. Judy had even brought bottles of ginger pop for the twins. All the Wiccans revealed their own contributions to the feast, some brought cooked chickens,, one a large cut of roast beef, and one had even brought a whole leg of lamb, roasted and crispy brown on the outside. All went very quiet as the food started to circulate and disappear, then a more general chatter started with cries of "try this," and "try one of mine." James was doing his best to enjoy the food whilst hopping around with his notebook asking each of the Wiccans for a few words, Dickie was watching James and trying to decide between the joys of reportership and food.

The Ballinger trio were asked to join in and share the food, but they seemed embarrassed and only ate a little. The coven and the villagers tried to include them in the party while Peter and David tried to be a little friendly with them. But there was very little said between them and the villagers, and they soon wandered away across the top of Pendle and stood in a group watching.

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Dickie eyed them with suspicion, “I bet they are watching to see if there is any hint of us searching for treasure.” He whispered to James. “Better keep an eye on them.”

Macbeth was enjoying the bits of chicken, beef and lamb which were offered to him by many of the group, but he was also anxiously watching the progress of the leg of lamb which was being passed around and stripped of its meat. Besides Pippa and Patti here were other village dogs around and Mackie was determined that the lamb bone was to be his alone. At last everyone had enough of the food and the remainder together with the bone were placed on a low rock. Mackie and the other dogs circled round, watching each other, no-one daring to jump up for the scraps or the bone.

Suddenly there was a loud roll of thunder, the skies opened and the rain came down with a great storm of thunder and lightning directly overhead. Not just rain, more like the sky had opened and dropped everything on Pendle Hill. The wind howled round them, scattering the fire and everything left on the ground. In confusion they all rushed to the pile of rucksacks, and were struggling to get at better water proofs. The dogs were distracted from the meat by the confusion and only Mary saw Mackie jump up on the rock and grab the leg of lamb remains and dash away from the fire, heading west along the summit of Pendle, intent only on getting away the other dogs with his precious bone.

“Dickie,” Mary shouted, “Mackie’s running away over there with the bone, he’ll get lost up here in this rain. Come on, we’ve got to follow him.”

Dickie dropped the water proof he was struggling into and dashed with Mary after Mackie. Mackie heard the chase and ran faster carrying his precious bone. Mary was desperately trying to keep up, but finally tripped over a tussock of heather

and fell heavily. “Go on Dickie,” she shouted, “I’ll follow as fast as I can. Don’t lose him.”

The top of Pendle is not flat but at first slopes gently down to where it suddenly becomes very steep. Mackie was running along this slope until he came to a shallow valley, little more than a ditch. Down this little valley he went as it approached the steep drop. Here he stopped and dropped the bone while he got his breath back. At last he was able to lie down and he got the bone between his paws and was starting to chew away at it when Dickie finally reached him. Dickie sat down and panted hard, he had been running through heavy rain and over very rough ground. Mary was nowhere in sight, but higher up the hill he saw Grandon and Ballinger. They were watching him as he stopped running and suddenly sat down, perhaps he had found the treasure they thought. Grandon pointed at Dickie and started to run down towards him, but suddenly he stopped and was trying to climb up the side of the valley. Then Grandon started shouting, “Watch out, the ground is heaving up here, it’s going to burst open.”

Dickie stood up and picked up Mackie, who was holding on tight to his precious bone. Dickie was trying to remember which way he had come down into this little valley. Suddenly he lost his balance and sat down again heavily. The ground was heaving and moving slowly under him. He jumped up and was struggling up the side when he heard a tremendous roar and saw the mountain side above him burst open and a fountain of muddy water shoot high up in the air before crashing down and starting to rush down the ditch towards him. He was half way up the side when the waves of muddy water reached him and he could climb no more.

The water lifted him off his feet, and while still holding on to Mackie who was not letting go of his bone, he slid down again into the main stream just as a big iron chest came sliding down.

## Lamma Eve

With a last effort he struggled out of the clinging mud stream and holding Mackie tight he climbed on top of the chest and continued to slide down the hill on it as if on a big sledge. This seemed at first a better way to go, but he soon saw that just ahead where the hill got much steeper he would be thrown off the chest and fall all the way down the steep side of Pendle.

Just as he was wondering if he should try getting off his new sledge and try getting out of the mud slide, the chest stopped with a sudden jerk which almost threw him off. The chest had hit a big outcrop of rock which was resisting all their efforts of the water to dislodge it. Dickie and Mackie, and the bone, were sitting still, watching the brast slide by and getting bigger and faster as it went over the edge and down the steepest side of Pendle Hill.

He was just starting to recover his breath and starting to think what he should do when Grandon came running down the hill towards him at the side of the valley. When he got as close as he could to Dickie he shouted, "Get off that chest, I saw it first from up there, it's mine I tell you."

Then Dickie realised for the first time that the 'sledge' on which he was sitting was not just a very welcome resting place from the flood. "It must be the treasure chest." He shouted back to Grandon, "it's not yours at all, it's mine, I found it and I rode it here out of the flood."

"I'll soon show you whose it is," Grandon shouted as he started down the slope into the mud stream, towards Dickie. As the man got deeper into the mud he slipped and fell full length in the mud the water carried him past Dickie, and he only just managed to scramble out before the flood went over the edge.

And there they remained until Dickie started to shout for help and to let anyone near know where they were. Almost immediately he saw James, Judy and Anis coming down the slope towards him. “Hold on Dickie, we’ll soon get you out.” James was shouting.

They formed a human chain holding hands and James, deep in mud, was able to get close enough to Dickie, “Pass me the dog first,” he ordered, and Mackie was passed to safety along the chain, still holding tight to his bone.

“Right Richard, your turn now. Just let me get hold of your hand and we can drag you out of all this mud.”

But Dickie had other ideas. He was sitting on a treasure chest and Grandon was waiting to claim it. He was not giving up the treasure easily. “I’m staying here,” Dickie insisted, “This is the treasure chest, I found it but Grandon down there says it’s his. As long as I stay here, it’s ours.”

“Dickie, it’s too dangerous there, the chest could break loose any time and sweep you over the edge.” Judy shouted, “Forget about the chest and get hold of Jimmy’s hand and let him pull you out.”

But courageous Dickie was not leaving the chest just yet, “Get rid of Grandon first, then you can come for me. And get Mackie back to safety with Mary. See she’s just coming down the hill behind you.”

But Grandon had enough, he was cold, wet and covered in mud. “I’m going,” he shouted, “but that chest is mine, I saw it first.” Then off he went, climbing back to the level plateau to meet up with the Ballinger and Val. The three of them moved slowly back along the summit to the start of the stony trail back down the hill.



## Lammas Eve

“Right,” said Dickie, “You can get me out now. But be careful you don’t dislodge this chest and start it sliding down again.”

So Dickie was rescued and Mackie carried his bone back to safety. They realised they could do nothing more that night about the chest, but they decided it would be safe where it was until the next morning when they could come back with equipment to retrieve it.

The rain was still pouring and the wind howling as they struggled back up to the top again, past a huge muddy hole where the brast had started. “Back down the hill everybody,” Judy ordered, “The Lammas feast is over.”

Cold and wet they struggled down the steep stony trail in silence. Everybody was watching the rough path carefully and just hoping to get in out of the rain and back to a roaring fire in a warm house.

Dickie managed a quick triumphant word to James. “We found the treasure, now that is a real story.”

James was cautious, “We don’t know yet what is in the chest, tomorrow we must recover it, then we can open it. Until then just hope and keep your fingers crossed. Tomorrow will tell.”

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# Chapter 20. Treasure Trove

*sincfæt sóhte· þáér wæs swylcra fela*  
*in ðám eorðsele aérgestréona*  
*swá hý on géardagum gumena náthwylc*  
*eormenláfe æþelan cynnes*  
*þanchycgende þáér gehýdde*

*He sought treasure-gold there was many such,*  
*in that earth-hall, ancient treasures,*  
*as they in former days some man,*  
*this great legacy of a noble kind,*  
*full of thought, had hid there*

-- *Beowulf*, [ Nowell Codex, Cotton Vitellius A.xv, f.182v]

## I

It was very early indeed, and only just coming light the next morning when Dickie woke. He was still tired and half asleep after an exciting day and a late night, but he was also excited. The previous night when they got back to Ing Ends he had been rushed around, out of his muddy clothes, into a bath, and then downstairs again as the hero of the day. Everyone had congratulated him, not just on the bravery of staying on the old iron chest in danger of sliding down the hill, but everybody now believed (well, hoped anyway) that surely the chest must hold the treasure missing from Whalley Abbey, and it was Dickie who found it and saved it from Grandon. James and Judy had tried very hard to caution everybody against believing they had found

treasure from Whalley Abbey. Until the chest was opened they had said nobody knew what they had found.

Dickie sat up, rubbed his eyes and crawled quietly out of bed and dressed quickly. He didn't want to wake David snoring quietly next to him. He wanted to see the chest again, and without the others being there, it was his find, not theirs. Well, Mary of course could come with him, and Mackie as well, because it was really Mackie who had led him to the treasure. Dickie knew it had to be the Whalley treasure.

Out on the landing he looked at the door of the girls' bedroom. If he opened the door very quietly perhaps he could wake Mary. But where was she sleeping in that big room? He didn't want to wake the others. Reluctantly he crept downstairs. "Surely Mary would realise he was up and that they had an important mission this morning."

The weather had miraculously cleared and the early summer dawn showed a clear sky. Down in the kitchen he looked round hesitantly, he didn't really want to go out without his twin, and anyway he was feeling hungry again. He found some bread and some cheese in the pantry and was sitting down when Mary appeared on the stairs.

"What is it twin, I knew you were up already," she whispered, "are we going out to find the chest and see if it really is the treasure in it?"

Mary was coming quietly down the stairs when Mackie suddenly appeared running after her and barking loudly. "Isn't he a clever dog, he knew we had an important mission this morning and wasn't going to be left behind. I must have forgotten to close the bedroom door, but anyway we couldn't have gone out without him."

## Treasure Trove

Judy appeared on the stairs. “What are you both doing up at this time and letting this dog bark to waken the house. Do you realise it is barely half past four?”

Mary realised that Judy was not too pleased with them. “You see, Dickie was very worried about our chest that he found, and wanted to go and make sure that Grandon wasn’t taking it away and keeping it.”

“That’s right,” Dickie joined in. “I said last night we ought to have left a guard to look after it.”

Judy laughed, “All right twins, I understand, and perhaps you are right that we must all be up early. Now put that bread and cheese back in the pantry and go out and find some mushrooms in the pasture up there. We’ll wake the others and get some breakfast moving. Then we’ll organise a rescue team to get that chest down off the mountain, but we also need to find out just how much damage the brast has done. Don’t forget that there are other farms just under Pendle and if they need help that might have to come before retrieving the chest.”

There was no need to wake the others, they all appeared wondering what all the noise was about. Last of all James Wilson staggered down.

Judy laughed out loud at his unkempt state. “Back upstairs Jimmy and come down looking a bit more presentable and then we’ll tell you what it is all about.”

James disappeared. “Poor lad,” Judy said, “He was up until nearly three phoning his story in to the Clarion and alerting all sorts of people about the brast and Dickie’s discovery of what may to be a mediaeval chest possibly holding treasure hidden by Whalley Abbey at the time of Henry VIII.”

Dickie was aghast, “Why wasn’t I told, I needed to be there to help in the story for the Clarion. And who are all these other people he was bringing into the story?”

James reappeared, “Peace Dickie; all I could get in last night was a ‘Stop Press’ saying that Richard Morton found what appeared to be a mediaeval chest exposed by a sudden outburst of water on Pendle Hill. That will have appeared in this morning’s paper.”

“They are holding space for a big story from us for the evening issue. They are hoping to send a photographer to see the opening of the chest and possibly the contents.”

Dickie was a lot happier with this news. “But who are all these other people you are bringing in?”

“Dickie I don’t think you realise just how important your discovery is. If it really does come from Whalley Abbey, then we have to bring in the police who will call the coroner, we will need expert historians and archaeologists to examine and evaluate the contents. I also had to leave a message for the bishop of Blackburn because the church might have a claim on whatever we find inside the chest.”

Dickie considered this for a few moment, then remembered that the chest was still up on Pendle. “Well let’s go and get the chest down. That must be the first job to do.”

James agreed. “Last night I was told that we ought to leave it in place until experts had assessed the situation, but I insisted that we ought to get it down as soon as possible because it is stuck in a very unstable condition and might slip and possibly break up at any time.”

## Treasure Trove

“Cone on, get sat down at the table everybody.” Judy hurried them all up, “Now Jimmy and Dickie have resolved their differences, I think it’s time we all had a quick bite of breakfast. And not too much Dickie, there will be plenty after we get the chest down from Pendle later.”

They all sat down. It didn’t last long. Dickie was excited and got up and walked backwards and forwards while he ate. The telephone rang, “It’s for you Jimmy,” Judy called, “It’s the Clarion again.” She stayed with him as he took the phone from her. Dickie stopped walking about and dashed up to join them.

James was apologetic but also angry. “No, I haven’t got anything for you yet, we are just about to try to get the chest down safely, that will take us a few hours, then there will be a meeting with the coroner before we can open it.”

He listened for a while, then “No, it’s very unlikely I can get anything to you in time for the evening edition. It’s also quite possible that the experts, historians and archaeologists, will insist that the chest can only be opened under laboratory conditions.”

He held the phone away from his ear as a loud angry quacking sound came out, and passed it around so Judy and then Dickie could hear. “Always the same, they want it now, preferably before it happens.”

Finally phone went quiet and James continued. “OK, OK,” he said, “Here’s something for you now, have a word with Richard Morton here, he’s the one who found the chest.” He handed the phone to Dickie who was spluttering with excitement.

“Yes, that’s me, It was a tremendous explosion as the water gushed out of the mountain above me in a great fountain before

it came down and gouged out a great chasm as it rushed down the hill towards me.”

“Did you get all that?”

“Got it.” the phone replied, “Keep going, I’ll keep up with you in shorthand.”

“Well, as the incredible mud slide came past me I suddenly saw this huge old chest being carried down towards me. In a flash I realised that this must be the lost treasure from Whalley Abbey, and I jumped on top of the chest even though I expected to be dashed to pieces as it went over the edge into the steep drop, almost a cliff. But I hadn’t gone far when the chest bumped into a great rock and stopped so suddenly I was almost thrown off into the rushing mud slide.” Dickie stopped to catch some breath.

“Great stuff, go on.”

“Well that’s it really. Oh, I forgot, our dog Mackie, that’s Macbeth really, was with me all the time, so he’s also a part of this absolutely important discovery. I think that’s about all.”

“No, just tell me how you were rescued.”

“Well, someone just waded in the mud and pulled me out. And Mackie of course.”

“You said the chest contained lost treasure from Whalley Abbey. Has that been confirmed?”

“Well no, but what else could it be?”

“OK, we’ll say possibly, or likely. Now just one more question, was our reporter helping in the rescue?”



## Treasure Trove

“Yes, that’s right, it was my colleague James Wilson who also rescued me and Mackie. Ackshery the others were holding James who was deep in the mud. It was a human chain.”

“Last question, do I have your permission to use this interview in the Clarion newspaper?”

“Of course, that’s why I’m telling you.”

“Thank you very much Richard, that was great. Now let me speak to James again.”

“I take it you verify this source James. Now we’ve got something for the evening edition. Now get a move on and bring that chest down. Report in as soon as you have anything definite. And I want to know what is in it and some background info about the contents - who? when? What is it worth? how important a find it is? And above all, keep it quiet, I want this exclusive.” The phone went quiet as he rang off.

James and Judy both congratulated Dickie. “You did great Dickie, you will be in the paper tonight.”

Dickie looked round proudly and walked over to the table and sat down. “It was nothing really, we reporters on the Clarion have to call in to get our story in quickly. Would someone pass me that plate of bacon please.”

James slapped Dickie on the back, “Now you know what it’s like working for the Clarion. They want the full story before it’s happened”

## II

Breakfast was quickly over, everyone was anxious to get back to Pendle and to the treasure chest. Judy had been out enlisting

help from the local farmers, and they were expected very shortly. Dickie was writing an optimistic list of the equipment that would be needed. “We need to be well equipped for this expedition, I’ve made a list of what I think we need.”

- A cart to carry the chest
- A big tractor to pull the cart
- Strong ropes to lower the chest
- Strong men to lift the chest
- Climbing equipment to reach the chest on the steep slope
  - • EB’s
    - ropes
    - slings
    - karabiners
    - helmets
    - ice axes
- Dogs to help find the chest
- Guns to fight the Ballinger gang
- spades
- pick-axes
- Food and drink - lots of it

David took the list and he and Tom looked it over carefully before showing it to Judy.

“That’s very helpful Dickie, but I made some slight changes when I called on our neighbouring farmers this morning. They thought a sledge would be better on that steep hillside than a wheeled cart, and a tractor would be difficult on the steep slope, and they offered to bring two big cart horses. You are right about the strong rope, they have plenty to bring, and we have two big farmers who should be strong enough to handle the chest. They will also bring the spades and pick-axes you recommend.”

## Treasure Trove

Dickie considered, “What about all the climbing equipment, we’ll need that.”

“I’m afraid we don’t have any of that. Of course you could always go back to Manchester to buy some if you think it’s really necessary. But that would take all day. Jimmy thought it might be better to call in the local Mountain Rescue Team from the Bowland Forest, and they have promised to be here to help in any way. They should have all the climbing equipment we might need. And we will take Pippa and Patti, and Mackie of course, he’s the only one who knows where the chest is, but we might have trouble finding it again.”

Dickie agreed, “That’s good, and I will be very glad to accompany the Mountain Rescue team.”

“But don’t forget the food.” he added.

Just then the Mountain Rescue Team drove up in a big Land Rover with a siren and a big searchlight mounted on the roof. One of the four young men in it climbed out and came up to door.

“Morning all, my name’s Edward, call me Ted. This really does sound exciting, it’s the first time we’ve been called out to rescue a mediaeval chest. Probably best if we go up on the hill and try and locate it from above. Up to the top and off to the west we were told. If we locate it we’ll send an explosive flare up to direct you below, you might have difficulty seeing it in daylight, but you should hear it.”

“Do you think I should come with you, and show you the way.” Dickie asked.

“Best if you stay below until the chest is located. They’ll need you to show them where you think the chest is.” Ted said with a grin at Judy.

He ran back to the Land Rover where he and three others were adjusting back-packs and tightening boots. In no time at all they were off tramping quickly up towards Pendle.

Down the lane appeared a group of farmers and two huge cart horses pulling a big sledge carrying a small sledge and lots of spades and things. With them came the policeman and, surprisingly, the vicar and Grandon. “Morning Judy and all.” they shouted, “Let’s get moving. Pile anything you want on the sledge. Put those youngsters on as well if they are coming with us, the horses won’t notice the weight.”

Dickie looked at the horses and the ropes. “Are you cow-boys? Can you ride these horses? Can you do rope tricks? We met a real cowboy called Larry once,<sup>i</sup> and he showed us all sorts of tricks with rope.”

The farmers laughed at all the questions. “No, these are not riding horses, they’re too big. Big as the buffalo that used to run around the American Prairies - 30 billion they say there were. And they are very strong. I’ll lift you up on his back, see, there’s room for you to run around up there. But these horses are very gentle creatures, no harm in them - see how they nuzzle Anis, they know her well.”

“Come on, let’s get a move on, we’ll go up between Pendlside and Pendle House, then work our way south along side until we find where the brast came down.”

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<sup>i</sup>*Seven White Gates* 1944

## Treasure Trove

Dickie and Mary loaded the food bags onto the sledge and then climbed on. “Hold on tight, it’s going to be a bumpy ride.”

And it was a bumpy ride, the twins had to hold on very tight as they were rolled about on the big sledge, “We should have tied ’em down,” one of the farmers shouted as Dickie rolled off as they crossed a shallow ditch.

They followed a barely marked footpath up a slight valley until they came to a rough track where they turned left and passed above another farm. After that it got harder and the hill was getting steeper. “You see why we have horses and a sledge,” Judy called, “A tractor and a cart would be liable to roll over here.”

They struggled on slowly for another half mile or so looking for the downfall of the brast. James was well ahead and they saw him turn and wave.

Judy waved back, “Look’s like we’re there.”

David and Tom on ran on ahead, followed by Peter, Jenny and the twins, leaving the horses to struggle over the last bit. They all stood on the brink of a new deep and muddy clough where the rush of the waters had scoured a deep track through the hillside. They turned and looked up the steep hillside of Pendle, there was a deep slash cut through the heather, and all the soil and rocks had all been washed down. They turned and looked down the hill, the new clough went on down, missing another farm by less than a hundred yards and disappeared into a small group of trees where the slope flattened out.

Peter turned to David, “It’s just incredible, the water has reshaped the whole mountain side, and how lucky it missed that farm down there.”

David gulped, he was looking very white, “Just think how lucky it was that the chest with Dickie on it got stopped by that big rock. I’m going to have trouble explaining to Dad how I let Dickie get into this.”

All the others joined them. They all stood staring at the new valley in front of them, amazed at the power of water rushing down a big hill.<sup>ii</sup> Nothing could have stopped that. As they stared there came a loud explosion from much higher up the hill.

“Looking up they a big puff of smoke. That’s the Mountain Rescue telling us they have found it too. So the chest is somewhere between us and them. And look how steep it is, we’re going to have difficulty climbing up there. Do you think the twins ought to stay down here with the horses?”

“We have to go, we found it.” Dickie was horrified. “Come on Mary, we can climb that easy.”

Peter and Jenny stood looking at the new gorge in front of them while David and Tom helped the farmers unload the sledge. They were both remembering the rush of water in Greystone Dingle<sup>iii</sup> when David had been washed down with the flood water and Peter had jumped in to help him out.

“Just like what happened in Greystone.” Jenny said.

One of the farmers looked up, “I never heard of anything like this up Greystone, it would have washed the main Gisburn road away if there had been.”

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<sup>ii</sup>Deep Clough above the Under Pendle farm house is a good example for the one here. Very deep, it must have been a brast long ago.

<sup>iii</sup>‘Lone Pine Five’ 1949

## Treasure Trove

Peter explained, “The Greystone we know is on the Long Mynd in Shropshire, where we come from. One of the valleys is called Greystone Dingle, and we were there when the water built up in the mountain and suddenly broke out and washed down the valley. There had always been stories about a lost river, and there it was.”

The farmer scratched his head, “Well, we have a Greystone Clough over to Admergill and it runs into Pendle Water just past Roughlee. I never heard of a brast up there, but it is deep and narrow. I suppose it could have been a brast.”

Jenny gasped “There was treasure found in our Greystone. It exposed a Roman floor when the water washed away all the surface stones, and we went back next day, there was just a small stream running gently over this Roman tiled floor and there was Roman treasure exposed which is now in the museum in Shrewsbury. And now we’ve found treasure from long ago here on Pendle.”

“If it really is treasure,” Judy warned, “We won’t know until it is opened. Maybe it’s just some old farming tackle.”

Jenny’s face fell. “It has to be the Abbey treasure,” she insisted, “It couldn’t be anything else, that wouldn’t be fair.”

Bob had overheard the farmer’s mention of Admergill, “That’s an interesting name you know, probably Saxon and meaning the gill of Aedmer, a good old Saxon name. There is a church at Bleasdale, over past Whalley, which is the only church ever dedicated to St Admer. It has been suggested that Admer was King Arthur and that his sixth battle on the River Bassas was on the Bellisama, the Roman name for the Ribble.”

“Well, that’s as maybe,” said the farmer, “but it’s not helping to get that chest down. Now the real work starts, up we go, come

on you two lads, but keep out of the clough, you never know, it might start rushing again.”

The policeman tried to show his authority, “Now then, be careful with that chest, it’s very valuable.” The vicar backed him, “Yes, careful, that’s church property.”

“No, it’s mine,” insisted Grandon, “I saw it first.”

James turned on them, “That’s enough from both of you, Richard here found it and held on to it. It’s his until he turns it over to the proper authorities.”

The policeman agreed, “The coroner will have to decide what happens to the chest. Until then I’m seeing that this lad here gets it to the coroner safely.”

They moved to the other side of the new clough. The horses remained tied to the big sledge they had been pulling and seemed content to stand quietly cropping for grass amongst the heather.

The small sledge was unloaded, a long rope attached, and they all followed as David and Tom helped the farmers pull the it up the steep side of Pendle. Mackie and his new friends Pippa and Patti followed wondering what all this excitement was about. The border collies were looking around for sheep and waiting for orders, but Mackie was just dejected, he could sense the excitement, but couldn’t see what it was all about. Dickie was urging everyone on and was himself pulling as hard as he could. The hillside seemed to get steeper as the climbed. The farmers called a short halt after ten minutes and sat down holding the rope. “Quick cigarette break,” they said.

The twins were impatient, “Come on Mary,” Dickie called, “We want to be the first to see my treasure chest again.” Above them they saw the Mountain Rescue team coming down towards



## Treasure Trove

and then sitting in a group at the side of the new clough and looking out over the far view. It was hard climbing for the twins and they were both almost exhausted when they reached the team, but Dickie dashed over to the side of the new clough and saw his treasure chest stuck fast against a big rock which the flood had been unable to dislodge. Down he scrambled and climbed on top of the chest. When the others arrived pulling the sledge he shouted up to them, “Here it is, come on, get us out of this valley.”

David was worried, “Come back up here Dickie, it might slip down again at any moment.”

“It’s not going to slip,” Dickie replied, “it’s been stuck here all night without moving.”

“It didn’t have you dancing on it all night, now come back up here.” Reluctantly Dickie got down off the chest and scrambled back up to the others.

The farmers looked at it. “We’ll have to get it up out of the clough to the sledge, do you think we could lift it between us all.”

“It’s big, must be almost six feet long. Better to get a rope around it, then some can push and some pull.”

The Mountain Rescue team were drafted into the job and they agreed to pull while the farmers pushed. It wasn’t easy, the chest kept getting stuck against rocks and tufts of heather, but finally it was up out of the clough and onto the small sledge with the Rescue team holding on to the rope to stop it sliding away down the hill. Once the chest was on the sledge it was just a case of holding it back as it went down the hill, the sledge rode easily over rocks and tussocks. In fact it was too easy and there were a few times when the sledge was about to slide down out of

control, but the farmers always dug their heels into the turf and lay back, holding on until the sledge stopped.

With a firm footing and help from the Rescue Team the chest was loaded onto the big sledge and the horses pulled it with any trouble. They decided to take the chest straight down the hill. “Down to the farm just below and then there’s an easy lane from there down to Barley..”

After the farm, down the lane they went in a long procession. When they were getting close to Barley Dickie insisted, “I want to ride the chest the last of the way.”

He climbed up on the chest and Mary put Macbeth into his arms and said, “Don’t forget, it was really Mackie who led you to where you found the chest, and he rode the chest in the mud torrent too.” And so, pulled by the two huge cart horses, and watched by a congregation of villagers, they arrived in triumph at the Pendle Inn where it had been decided that the chest was to be stored in an empty shed.

The coroner had arrived from Burnley and was waiting for them. With him were a representative of the Bishop of Blackburn and two excited professors from Manchester University, a medi-aeval historian and an archaeologist. A reporter from the Nelson Leader paper had somehow got hold of the story and joined them. James promised him a full story after the Clarion had made it public. The chest was safely stored and the coroner told them he was convening a meeting in the Parish Hall for two o’ clock.

So the Lone Piners went back to Ing Ends for a quick lunch leaving James to interview the Bishop’s representative and the professors over lunch at the Pendle Inn, where they were joined by Anis. Dickie of course wanted to join them but was over-

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ruled and led back to the farm. James now had a big story to get together before the news broke and Barley was besieged by other reporters from all the national papers.

At Ing Ends Judy decided that she wasn't going to be left out and dashed back to join the party at the Pendle Inn. Without her in control lunch was a very disorganised affair with everyone anxious to get back to the meeting in the Parish Hall.

### III

At two o'clock the coroner opened the meeting in the Parish Hall and welcomed everyone.

"First of all I want to make it clear that this is not a formal coroner's court. There will be no legal proceedings or decisions. It is my personal duty as coroner, on behalf of the Queen, to receive from a member of the public, and take into custody what appears to be a very old chest possibly containing treasure trove."

"At some later stage there will be a formal court which will listen to any relevant evidence of ownership and decide on the future of the find."

"To begin with I want to record the identity of the person finding this chest and a very brief description of how the chest was found."

"It appears that one Richard Morton was first in possession, and clearly we cannot proceed without Richard Morton. Richard, it is my understanding that you found this chest on Pendle Hill following a major outburst of water, and that, as is your duty, you are placing this chest in my custody. Is that correct?"

Dickie jumped up, "Yes of course, it came sliding past and Mackie and I jumped on it and went sliding down the hill."

“Who is this Mackie, is he present?”

Mary laughed, “Here he is, say hello Mackie.” She put Mackie down and he ran up to the coroner with a short bark.

The coroner bent down and patted Mackie, “I apologise Mackie, I was not aware of your identity.”

At this point there was an interruption, Grandon rose and said, “The chest was not found by this boy, I saw it first.”

“The chest has been handed to me by Richard, you will have an opportunity to dispute his ownership in some later proceeding.”

The vicar also had something to say. “I believe that this chest contains valuable items from the treasures of Whalley Abbey, I must stress that this chest and its contents are the property of the Church of England.”

The coroner responded sharply, “Do I take it then that you are aware of the provenance of this chest and of the nature of its contents?”

The Bishop’s representative intervened. “At this point the Church makes no comment or claim on the chest or the unknown contents. I’m sure the vicar withdraws the claim of ownership.”

The coroner continued, “I think it might be helpful if I make clear the legal status of this find. Treasure trove is an amount of money or coin, gold, silver, plate, or bullion found hidden underground or in places such as cellars or attics, where the treasure seems old enough for it to be presumed that the true owner is dead and the heirs undiscoverable.”

## Treasure Trove

“Now, this chest was clearly hidden underground, The vicar’s claim of ownership by the church has been withdrawn, and it only remains for us to investigate the contents of the chest. If it contains any ‘an amount of money or coin, gold, silver, plate, or bullion’ then I will declare it Treasure Trove and the property of the crown.”

The professors joined in together. “Even if contains no gold, the contents of the chest must be of considerable historical value, and should have full legal protection.”

The coroner agreed, “Of course. It will remain safely in my custody until its legal status is determined.”

“Now I suggest that we examine the contents of the chest, and I think it necessary that the opening of the chest is done by the two academic experts present.”

### IV

They all left the Parish Hall and walked over to the Pendle Inn. At the door of the shed the coroner stopped everyone.

“Now, it’s only a small shed and we can’t have everyone crowding in. I think appropriate that we restrict entry to myself, the professors, the church, and of course Richard Morton.”

“And a representative of the Press.” James insisted.

“I suppose so, The Press will need to report on this.” The coroner agreed, and James joined the group that were to enter the shed. The door was to be left open so those left outside could watch the opening of the chest. The village policeman, Ted, stood importantly on guard at the door.

Suddenly Jenny shuddered and whispered, “Suppose there is a dead body in there, wouldn’t that be awful. It might even be one of the Pendle witches.” They all looked at each other, no-one had thought of that. The coroner asserted his authority, “That seems unlikely, but we do have a competent archaeologist here.”

The group entered the shed and the on-lookers crowded round the door. The archaeologist knelt down by the chest and examined a huge padlock.

“Now then, keep back, don’t all push at once,” Ted spread his arms across the doorway.

The archaeologist examined the lock. “No problem there,” he said, “It’s badly rusted and seems to be broken during it slide down the mountain.” He removed remains of the lock, placing them carefully in a small case he had brought.

“What about finger prints.” Dickie suggested, “They might help to find out who hid the treasure.”

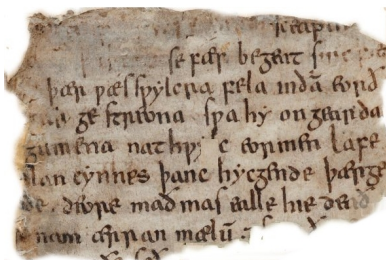
The archaeologist smiled at Dickie, “Good idea lad, I’ll be very careful and touch things as little as possible. Now let’s see what’s in there.” Slowly he started to raise the lid, “Bring that old chair over here to rest the lid on, I don’t want to break the hinges.”

When the chest was fully open he stood up and they all crowded round to look inside.

All they could see was a lot of old cloth and some scraps of paper with peculiar writing.

## Treasure Trove

“It looks like whatever is in there has been wrapped up very carefully. And the wrappers will all be important historical evidence for the provenance of the chest and its contents.” The history professor picked up a tiny fragment of paper, “Look,” he said excitedly, “it’s a fragment of Beowulf, and it’s a reference to hidden treasure in the earth, it’s the same as in folio 182v in the British Library.”



Dickie looked disgustedly at him, “What we are really looking for is gold treasure, not old scraps of paper.”

“My boy you don’t realise just how important this ‘scrap of paper’ is. We now know there was a copy of Beowulf at Whalley Abbey.”

Dickie was not impressed, “Well it looks like the monks must have torn the old book up to wrap up some real treasure. Let’s see what is wrapped in that old cloth there.”



Carefully the cloth was unwrapped from one of the objects in the top layer of the chest. A magnificent gold chalice was revealed. The careful wrapping had preserved it perfectly and it looked ready for use.

“Here Richard, take hold of something you found, show it to everybody. It’s a ceremonial chalice.”

Wide-eyed, Dickie gazed on the chalice, “Gosh!” was all he could say. He turned to all the others who were now pressing in through the door and held it high so all could see. There was a multiple of gasps and then everyone started talking at once. James had pushed forward and was talking to the professors and at the same time frantically trying to write notes.

The historian was showing the old cloth wrapping to the church man, “Look, its some of the dalmatics, the robes, from the abbey, What a find.”

After a few words with the Bishop’s representative and the two professors, the coroner insisted that everyone should leave the shed. “I can only conclude that this really is extremely valuable treasure trove, and I must request Richard as the finder to allow me to keep it in custody on behalf of the crown until there is a decision made about its future.”

Rather reluctantly Dicke agreed “But I’d like to keep this one piece for another day. Tomorrow we will be having a fantastic celebration feast, and I would like this to be in a place of honour on the table, as a symbol of the success of the Lone Pine Club.”

The Bishop’s man added, “I feel it would be appropriate if I could take this one piece to show the Bishop. It seems perfectly obvious to me that this is property of the church.”

The coroner responded, “I’m afraid I cannot allow any of this find to leave Barley. Please explain this to the Bishop along with my apologies. Whether this treasure will be in a museum, or in the possession of the church I cannot say. The finder has placed the chest in the shed in my custody. It is now my understanding that he will have an additional piece to place in my care tomorrow evening. Now the door of the shed must be locked



## Treasure Trove

and I have requested the policeman to immediately stand guard over it.”

Aside he said to the policeman, “I will arrange for additional and overnight guards as quickly as I can. In the meantime yours is a duty of the highest responsibility.”

To Richard he added an aside, “I suspect I might be exceeding my authority in allowing you to keep that chalice overnight, but as the finder I think it reasonable to let you keep this one piece for a short time. But please take the greatest care of it.”

The crowd dispersed to form small groups of people gossiping about the find. The Lone Pine party headed back to Ing Ends with James desperate to get back to the telephone with his story. Dickie was proudly carrying the chalice in a cardboard box he had been given at the Inn.

At Ing Ends James called the Clarion and warned Dickie that he might be wanted. “I’m asking them to get a photographer here as soon as possible, probably tomorrow morning. We’d like a photo of you holding the chalice. It was very lucky the coroner agreeing to let you take it home.”

The phone rang before he could pick it up. He called Judy. “Just find out who is please, I’ll be there in a minute. Probably the Clarion again.”

“It’s a Mr. Morton, he seems anxious about the children. Can you talk to him Jimmy?” James listened then spoke, “Hello Mr Morton It’s James Wilson here, do you remember, we met in Rye a few years ago at the Gay Dolphin.”<sup>iv</sup>

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<sup>iv</sup> ‘*The Gay Dolphin Adventure*’ 1945

“Oh, you saw the stop-press this morning, there’s nothing to worry about, they’re all very well. Just rather over excited and very noisy.”

“Yes, David’s here now, I’ll put him on.”

“David, it’s for you, it’s your father, he says he will be here tomorrow afternoon.”

David picked up the telephone, “Yes Dad, we’re all OK, We’ve had the most amazing adventure, and we really have found some treasure from the Dissolution of the Abbeys. And we’ve met a lot of real witches, and out-smarted the Ballinger again (remember the Gay Dolphin treasure).”

“Yes, we’ll be watching for you, when you get to Barley, if we’re not waiting around for you, ask at the Post Office and she’ll tell you how to find Ing Ends, it is a bit out of the way.”

“Yes, Dickie is the hero of this adventure, you should be able to read more about it in this evening’s edition of the Clarion. Also he is planning something special for tomorrow, but we haven’t talked about it yet, or decided anything. Right Dad, don’t worry, we’re all OK. See you tomorrow then.”

David put the telephone down and turned to the other Lone Piners. “We need a club meeting first thing tomorrow morning. The parents are coming and we need to celebrate the successful conclusion of this adventure in some way. I know Dickie has an idea.”

“Just leave it to us twins, we know what needs to be done. We’ll tell you all about it tomorrow.”

# Chapter 21. Lone Pine Feast

*Alle þis mirþe þay maden to þe mete tyme.  
When þay has waschen worþyly, þay wenten to sete,  
Þe best burne ay abof, as hit best semed<sup>1</sup>*

*Sir Gawain and the Green Knight, folio 92r, lines 71-73*

## I

Peter was the first to wake in the morning, but Mary heard her. “Peter,” she shouted, “Is it really true, we did find the treasure, didn’t we?”

“Yes, it is hard to believe, it’s almost like yesterday was a dream. I wonder what Dickie will have to say about it today.”

There came a thunderous hammering on the door, and Dickie came in holding the chalice. “Time for a club meeting.”

Jenny was beginning to stir as Peter pushed Dickie out. You can come back when we are all up and dressed. “Go and get David and Tom up, and don’t make too much noise, I’m sure James is still trying to sleep, he was very late last night again.”

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<sup>1</sup>They made all this mirth until the meal time. When they had washed fittingly, they took their places, the men of higher rank, in each case, in the higher position as was most fitting. (translation by Malcolm Arnold and Ronald Waldron, 2007)

David appeared and pulled Dickie back, “Bathroom first, and make it quick, we’re all waiting. When we’re all ready we must have a club meeting, before breakfast.”

After a short time punctuated by hammerings on the bathroom door and shouts of “Hurry up,” they all assembled in Peter’s room, and David opened the meeting.

“Yesterday Dickie told the coroner that he needed to hold on to the chalice to display it at a feast. I think that’s an excellent idea of Dickie’s, and we all need to do what we can to help him organise it.”

Tom laughed, “Why don’t we just leave it all to Richard, it’s his idea?”

Dickie was quick to protest, “I can’t do it all, it has got to be a club event. I have lots of suggestions to make, but everyone must work.”

Peter agreed, “Of course it’s a club event, and we are all wanting to help. The first suggestion we need from Dickie is ‘where is the feast to be held,’ obviously we can’t use the HQ2 barn at Seven White Gates<sup>ii</sup>.”

Dickie hadn’t thought of this, “In the kitchen of course,” he suggested.

“That’s too small,” they all agreed.

“Well then, how about the Parish hall.” was Dickie’s next idea.

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<sup>ii</sup> ‘Seven White Gates’ 1944

## Lone Pine Feast

“There’s no table, only a lot of chairs. And you would have to get permission.” David pointed out.

They were all quiet, an outdoor picnic feast was suggested, but nobody liked the idea.

Finally Mary came to her twins help, “Of course we twins know where it should be, don’t we Richard.”

“Yes, we always know the right thing to do, why don’t you tell them Mary, they need help in planning anything.” Dickie added.

Mary looked round at them all, “The Pendle Inn of course.”

“See, the Pendle Inn can produce a banquet for us. it just needs us twins to plan things.”

Tom saw a problem, “And who is going to pay for it?”

“The Clarion of course, I’ll get James to organise that, they’ve got a good story out of this adventure of ours.”

David summed up, “Well done twins, Dickie, you see James and persuade him to get on with it.”

“Meeting concluded, let’s get some breakfast.”

## II

That morning Judy had been downstairs first and alone. She had already been out collecting the eggs and was beginning to think about breakfast when Anis appeared.

“Hello Anis, you’re up early.”

“Where is everybody? I thought I would find you all discussing matters over breakfast, and I didn’t want to be left out.”

“Well, Jimmy hasn’t appeared, he was very late and a long time on the phone last night, and the Lone Piners are having a secret meeting from which I am excluded. I’m a bit worried about what they are planning for today, especially with the Morton parents arriving. They’ll have to stay at the Pendle Inn I suppose, I hope there’s a room available, and I’ll have to feed them, and I’m sure they will hold me responsible for Dickie taking that dangerous ride on the chest.”

“Well, you wrote that letter to the Sterlings, and you invited Peter and said her friends would be welcome.”

“Actually Anis, it’s the farm I’m really worrying about, I’m hoping to hear something today, then perhaps I’ll be away to London.”

Anis laughed, “Jimmy?” She queried.

“No of course not, I’ve only just met him. And it’s James to you, I’m the only one allowed to call him Jimmy.”

Anis was still laughing when James appeared, still tired and tousled, “Where’s the paper? I want to see what they’ve made of our story.”

Judy laughed at him, “Jimmy this is Barley, not London. The papers come on the bus from Nelson, and if they miss the first bus, as they usually do, it will be at least ten o’ clock before you see one.”

Dickie appeared and drew James aside, “James, the Lone Pine Club has an important job for you.” He pulled James’s head down and whispered to him.

## Lone Pine Feast

James assumed a very serious expression, “Yes sir, I’ll see to it immediately captain.” He turned and left through the kitchen door.

Dickie looked at Judy. “Where’s breakfast, I’m hungry.”

Judy winked at Anis and turned to Dickie, “Well you see, captain, sir, we’re all waiting for you to go out and find some mushrooms, and collect the eggs from the chicken house, and you’d better go down to the shop and get some butter, then if you come back by Under Pendle you can ask them for some milk, and a bit of bacon if they can spare it. Then we’ll be able get some breakfast moving.”

Dickie stared at them open-mouthed. Judy and Anis burst out laughing. “Never mind Dickie, you go and get the others up so Peter and Jenny can help get the breakfast going.”

Dickie saw the joke was on him and laughed. “I’ll get them down here in no time, the club meeting is over.”

Peter was the first one down and Judy had a message for her. “After you were all asleep, a family of gypsies arrived, they have stayed here before, and I’ve always enjoyed talking with them ...”

“It’s not Reuben, Miranda and Fenella is it?” Peter interrupted excitedly.

“That’s right. In fact it was them noticing that I had the same surname as a good friend of theirs called Petronella that first decided me to write to your father and you. They told me all about Hatchholt and Witchend, and from that it was easy for me to find your address.”

“But what are they doing here?” Peter asked. “We’ve always met them around Shropshire.”

“They were here a few weeks ago to help with the hay, then they went on further north to the Appleby Horse Fair. Now they are on their way back from the Fair. It’s a great gypsy get together where they buy and sell horses, but really it’s more of an annual social meeting for all the Romany folk from all over the country.<sup>iii</sup>”

Peter shot out of the door, pulling out a little whistle on a chain from around her neck. In the first field up the lane she saw a brightly painted caravan. The sides were red and yellow and the roof was green. The wheels were just as bright, yellow and red, and there were white lace curtains at the windows. A whisper of smoke was drifting out of a small chimney and in front of the caravan were Reuben, Miranda and Fenella sitting around a camp fire eating breakfast. She blew the whistle and saw Reuben jerk upright at the sound, but then relax when he saw Peter running towards them.

“Hello Reuben,” she called, “Aren’t you surprised to see us here? Actually we are all here, Tom and Jenny, and the twins, and David of course.”

Miranda smiled at her, “Come and sit down with us and have a little breakfast.”

Peter hesitated, “I can’t really stop long just now, we are just starting breakfast in the house, and I should be helping to make it. But I must come and talk with you later, and I’ll bring all the

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<sup>iii</sup>As recently as June 2008 I saw gaily painted caravans on their way back from Appleby. They were camped by the side of the road and the horses were browsing in the grass at the side of the road. I have moved the Appleby Horse Fair from its early June date to early August.



## Lone Pine Feast

others. Judy told me you were here. Actually Judy is a sort of cousin of mine, but this is the first time we have met. And we've had a marvellous adventure here, and found some lost treasure, and ... ”

Miranda burst out laughing, “So much to tell, but better later. You must not neglect your duties in the kitchen, I'm sure there are many mouths to feed. Off you go, we will talk later.”

When Peter got back all the other Lone Piners were down and sitting round the breakfast table whilst Judy and Jenny were serving plates of bacon and eggs. “We all know, Judy told us about Reuben and Miranda being here.” Jenny put a plate in front of Peter.

“I'm sorry,” Peter apologised, “I should have helped.”

As they were finishing breakfast James appeared looking very pleased. “All arranged,” he said mysteriously to Dickie

Judy wanted to know what was going on, and James, after a quick nod from David, told them that he had arranged with the Barley Inn to provide a special meal that evening, a ‘sumpchus’ feast as Dickie would say, in celebration of the find on Pendle, and that the Clarion had agreed to foot the bill.

“All they need from you Lone Piners is the number of guests and the time.”

To Dickie he added, “The coroner has agreed that the chest can be brought in and put on display, and that your chalice will be the centre-piece of the table. The coroner has gone, but the archaeologist and the historian say they are not leaving such an important find. I thought it would be a good idea to invite them to the feast and ask the history man to tell us all something of

the time of the Dissolution.” I hope that’s OK with you Lone Piners.

Jenny agreed for the Lone Piners. “I’m looking forward to it, I’m sure there will be lots of romantic tales to tell us of that time.”

While they were discussing the proposed feast, and Peter was saying regretfully that she wished they could have done the feast themselves as they had done in the past at HQ2 in the barn at Seven Gates, there was a knock at the door and Judy went to open it and saw that Mr. and Mrs. Morton had arrived pulling a big trailer behind their car. Before she could invite them in the twins had heard their father and they had dashed out to them both talking excitedly and without any break.

“Steady on a bit, ” their father called as they both clung to him, “you’re both talking at once and I can’t make much of it.”

“Come on in, sit down and we will tell you all about it.” Judy said.

Then followed a long confused and loud discussion with everyone wanting to have their say at the same time. Mary was sitting close to her mother and was trying to tell her about the treasure chest. Dickie had brought the chalice to show them, Jenny was telling them all about how romantic it been round the fire on the top of Pendle, David was telling about how the Ballinger gang had been looking for the treasure as well, Tom was full of information about sheep farming. Mr. Morton was enquiring about how Dickie had slid down the mountain on the chest. Peter was sitting quietly with Mrs. Morton. They both hands over their ears. Judy, Anis and James stood at the back and watched.

## Lone Pine Feast

In the middle of this confusion there came another knock at the door, “Who can this be, ” Judy asked James, “You don’t think it could be Grandon, do you.”

“If it is, I’ll soon sort him out. Come on, I’ll come with you.”

They opened the door to find a young man accompanied by an older one. With them was Bob who had been showing them the way.

“Good afternoon, ” said the older man politely. “My name is Jasper Sterling, would you be Miss Judith Sterling? I had a letter from you two weeks ago. I am looking for my daughter Petronella, I presume that she is still here with you.”

“Yes, of course she is here, with all her friends. Please come in and meet them all. I’m afraid we might be short of chairs.”

“And I’m Charles Stering, a cousin of Peter’s, ” the younger man introduced himself.

Judy was recovering from all the shock meetings with new relatives. “Come in cousin Charles, join the happy throng. Come in Bob if you can find room.”

The kitchen at Ing Ends was full to overflowing and everyone was either telling a tale or trying to listen to one. Dickie had found a pencil and some paper. “I’m trying to count up how many for the feast. ” He said to James.

“There’s Peter, Judy, Bob, Charles, and Mr. Sterling, that’s five. And five Mortons, six if we include Mackie, then there’s Tom and Jenny and Anis that makes thirteen for the feast. Oh, and you too James, that makes it fourteen.”

“Well thank you for remembering me,” said James, “and you had better include the two professors, that makes it sixteen. Unless of course you want to invite the vicar and the Ballinger gang as well.”

Dickie was shocked. “We are certainly not inviting the Ballinger gang, but perhaps the vicar is a good idea. We had better go and tell them at the Pendle Inn. Do you think seven o’ clock is about right?”

“Better make it six, there will be a lot to talk about.”

Dickie was thoughtful for a moment, “I suppose we must invite the vicar, he is interested in the church treasure. We could seat him next to Anis, that would be interesting. And we must invite the gypsies as well of course.”

James smiled, “I think we had better tell the Inn that it will be for twenty people. Unless you want the farmers, the policeman and perhaps the Mountain Rescue Team, they all took part in recovering the chest.”

“No,” said Dickie, “Twenty is quite enough. Mary and I will make some place names so everyone will know where to sit.”

### III

That afternoon he and Mary worked hard at making the place names, and argued a long time over the seating of the guests. At five o’ clock they went down to the Inn before all the others to arrange the table. David, Tom and Peter had watched them with some amusement, but when Jenny had tried to help them with the seating order she had been told they wanted to do it alone. Jenny sat down next to Peter who said.

## Lone Pine Feast

“It looks like this is very definitely a twins event, we’re relegated to an audience role who have to applaud at the right moments. But it was really their adventure, it was Dickie who first saw Grandon, and he was very courageous when he jumped on the chest as it came sliding down. I wouldn’t have liked to do that.”

Later they all walked down the lane and on to the Pendle Inn. There they found the vicar and the history professor deep in a discussion about the Dissolution of the Monasteries while they waited for the feast.

Dickie and Mary were at the door waiting to welcome everyone. Dickie announced proudly, “It’s not just a feast, it’s a banquet. Come and see the table.”

Dickie may have wanted them to see the table, but he quickly realised that for some of them this was the first time they had seen the chest. It was at the end of the room, under the window, that the treasure chest was on display. He led them proudly to it, but told them it was not to be opened again until it had been removed to a safe place. “The first time it was opened, yesterday, it was to see if the contents were valuable, and two things were removed, a small scrap of paper which the professor says is extremely important, and the chalice which you can see on the table. Both the professors say that even the wrappings are important and have to be undone very carefully.” Then he led everyone to the table and pointed to the chalice sitting in honour in the middle. “That is real gold, and as a special favour I was allowed to keep it overnight so it could be seen by everyone on the table here.”

A long table was set with twenty places, with the chalice carefully polished and raised on a low platform with vases of

flowers on either side. In front of each chair the twins had placed a name.

Mary explained, “We decided that our father should sit at the head of the table.”

On Mr. Morton’s right were Dickie, Anis, Miranda, Charles, the vicar, the historian, Reuben, the archaeologist, Bob, and Mr. Sterling. On his left were Mary, Mrs Morton, Fenella, Jenny, Tom, James, Judy, Peter, and David

They took their places and Peter said to David, “They have done well arranging the seating, look there’s my father and Bob already talking together.”

David agreed, “Yes, and I see that the twins are up there at the head of the table of course. My mother can look after Fenella, she’s a very shy girl, really timid, but she will be happy next to Jenny on the other side.”

Peter also agreed, “And we have been put down here at the end of the table, I bet that’s Mary’s idea. I like it. But, you know, I think it I would have preferred it if we had been doing it all by ourselves in HQ2. This is much too grown-up an event.”

“Yes, I agree with you, but Dickie seems to have taken over this adventure. Almost as if we are in the background, watching him. He’ll never let us forget that the twins can do everything. I think I need to bring the vicar more into this.”

David got up and went round to the vicar, “Excuse me sir, I think we would all appreciate it if you would say grace before we start the meal.”

The vicar smiled at David, “Thank you son, That was a very nice thought of yours. I’d be glad to.”

## Lone Pine Feast

When David returned, Peter smiled, “That was a good idea, and very thoughtful of you. But I wonder how Anis will react.”

The vicar rose and addressed them. “At this banquet, superbly organised by these twins here, we are celebrating the recovery of important relics of our Christian religion, reminding us of the origin of our Catholic Church of England in the Catholic Church of Rome. There is, I know, a strongly Methodist community here in Barley, but this is no time for sectarian differences, and I ask you all, Methodists, atheists, agnostics, and even Wiccans to join with us in thankfulness for the meal we are about to enjoy. The grace I offer is the simplest and perhaps the most sincere.”

Everyone stood up.

*“For what we about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful”*

Mr. Morton replied, “Thank you vicar, I am sure we *are* all truly thankful.” They all sat down, and the waiters came in bearing the first course, a thick vegetable soup.

All was quiet for a short time while the soup was tasted, a very short time, before discussion broke out all over the table. Miranda, sitting across the table from Fenella was encouraging her to reply to Mrs. Morton. Bob and Mr. Sterling were deep in conversation, Charles was trying to draw the vicar into a discussion of witchcraft in Pendle, but the vicar was not to be drawn, “It is a local problem which I must face alone in my duties.” and the historian and the archaeologist were including Reuben in an academic discussion of the problems of handling important finds like this and Reuben was telling them of the finds he and other Romanies had come across in their many camping places. Anis was explaining to Mr. Morton about the

differences between witches and Wiccans. Tom and Jenny, David and Peter, and James and Judy all seemed to be deep in their own quiet talk.

Only Dickie was quiet. He was looking down the table and was seeing the party broken up into small groups instead of all talking together. What he wanted was information from both the archaeologist and the historian to be heard by everyone. He leaned across to his father and whispered something. Mr. Morton nodded.

Dickie stood up and banged on the table with a spoon. “What we all want to hear is how the treasure got into this chest, and why it was buried high up on Pendle Hill.”

Peter joined in, “And I would like to know how people’s lives were changed by the suppression of the Abbey.”

The historian answered the call. “This sounds rather like I am called upon to explain some of the history leading up to this recovery of the chest, and I’m sure all of you are wondering about the future of the find. I will start with an outline of the historical background. I will keep this very, very brief because I don’t want you all falling asleep and wasting this magnificent banquet. But I think there will be much more to follow this discovery, and many historians will be very busy for many years exploring the meaning of the contents of the chest. Also, when I finally stop talking, I will call upon my colleague here to follow me with an outline of how archaeologists will continue the investigation.”

The professor started his tale with James taking quick notes.

“The Roman church had long regarded the Bible as a sacred record, which had been compiled into Latin from other ancient sources. As such it was not accessible to the general population.



## Lone Pine Feast

In England here there had been several attempts to render it into the common language, culminating perhaps in the Wycliffe Bible of 1382 to 1395. But it was more than a century later that Henry VIII faced two problems: He wanted an annulment of his marriage to Catherine of Aragon, and he needed money. He was also very unhappy that the church, with its multitude of Abbeys and Monasteries, was very rich, holding vast stretches of property in the land. Together with his ministers Wolsey and Cromwell early in the 1530's he proceeded to dispossess the church of much of its valuables and property. His aim was to create a Church of England with the crown as it's head: as he put it, a Catholic church without the Pope."

Dickie interrupted, "But Cromwell came much later, in 16 something."

"I'm sorry Dickie, that was Oliver Cromwell, I should have made it clear that it was Thomas Cromwell who was Henry's minister. 'Ackesherley' Oliver was descended from Thomas's sister Katherine."

"We do know that Henry was concerned that the wealth of the abbeys was leaking away, and he twice warned Robert de Radcliffe, who was in charge of the Whalley Abbey treasure, about 'embeselement.' Now we know how right Henry was to worry. Someone removed this beautiful chalice we see before us here on the table and buried it together with whatever else the chest contains high on Pendle Hill, in that huge chest over by the window. There it waited undisturbed for four hundred and twenty years until Richard Morton found it."

"Now, coming to Whalley. Building at Whalley started in June 1296 when Henry de Lacy laid the first stone, but the site was not consecrated until 1306 with the first Solemn High Mass in 1308. The building work progressed slowly, hindered when

the Black Death struck in 1348. The Abbey church was not completed until 1507 just after John Paslew became Abbot. Only thirty years later Henry dissolved the Abbey and Paslew was executed for his alleged role in the Pilgrimage of Faith protesting about Henry's destruction of the old faith."

"Now we come to something which is probably in everyone's mind: What is going to happen to the treasure that Dickie recovered and handed to the coroner? And if there *is* any reward, who is going to get it?"

"As I see it, we have at least four plausible owners, and one implausible one (Grandon). First of all, the Catholic church of Rome: it seems likely that the contents of the chest were theirs originally: but this has still to be determined. Secondly there was Henry VIII and the crown: but there is still some question about whether Henry's acquisition was justified, or even lawful? Next we must consider the claim of the Church of England: that is the natural successor to the Church of Rome. And finally I think we must consider the Whalley Abbey Fellowship: if it can be shown that the chest did come from the Abbey, then there might be a strong case to keep the Abbey plate together with the ruins of the Abbey."

"I think we do not need to consider the claim of Grandon who says he saw it first. It seems clear that he never touched or held the chest at any time, before or after Dickie's dangerous ride."

"My own opinion, and it is only an opinion, is that the coroner's court will decide that the original owner and his descendents cannot be traced, and will most likely declare it treasure trove and thus the property of the crown and it will be destined for a museum."

## Lone Pine Feast

David interrupted, "I understand that it is usual for the crown to reward a finder of with something like the value of the treasure. Who would that be in this case?"

"As the coroner told us yesterday, treasure trove is 'an amount of money or coin, gold, silver, plate, or bullion found hidden underground etc,' and in this case it could be argued that Dickie did not find the chest, it was exposed by the flood of water, even if it had been buried underground. However, Dickie was the one who caught it and handed it to the coroner, so it seems he would have a strong claim to any recompense."

"All this of course is no more than speculation. The court will decide on ownership and will call for a valuation by experts."

Dickie had been listening quietly to all this and turned and waved to his older brother, David. David nodded and said "I think my brother Richard wants to say something and make his opinion clear."

Dickie stood up solemnly and growing very red in the face gave his opinion.

"I think the treasure should be restored to its original owner, Whalley Abbey, and if there is any reward it should be used to build a small museum at the Abbey for whatever is in the chest."

Dickie sat down again to the applause of everyone. Mr. Morton stood up and said.

"Well done Richard, I'm proud of you, and I'm sure everyone agrees with me. Three cheers for Richard, the restorer of the Abbey's treasures to the Abbey."

The historian had no more to say, “I think that concludes all I have to say, but my colleague here, the archaeologist, has something of interest to add.”

The historian sat down and up jumped the archaeologist. “So far everyone’s interest has been focussed on the chest and its contents. Rightly so, there they are to look at. Let me paint a likely picture, we see a long file on monks, at least a dozen to handle a chest that size, climbing Pendle. They dig a deep hole, a grave you might call it, for the chest. The chest is lowered in and what happens next is what interests me most. I think it most likely that each of the monks would add some tribute of his own before the earth was shovelled back in. These items, if they exist at all, have not been found, but they would have been washed down with the mud and deposited either on the way down, or in the debris left behind in the wood at the end of the slide. There are other possibilities of course, perhaps less likely. We know that one chest was buried, but were there more than one? We need to search the whole of the slide, and dig deeper around the outburst area. I see lots of work ahead, and volunteers to crawl around in the mud are always welcome.”

Peter told of her dream up on Wheathead Height, , “I had exactly your picture in a dream, a long file of monks carrying something heavy were climbing Pendle. I woke up with a memory and the command not to tell anyone where the treasure was buried.”

“But what really interests me is how local life was changed by the Dissolution. The Abbey must have dominated the life of the village.”

It was the historian who replied. “There are two aspects to consider: First of all, the Abbey provided employment, both in the fields, and in many local crafts such as pottery, iron work

## Lone Pine Feast

and so on. The community lost its main employer. This must have had an almost immediate effect: ‘do I go to work in the fields today? If I do, who will pay me for my work?’ ”

“Besides questions of work, there is also the question of recreation, how people celebrated the many feast days in honour of the saints. There would be church ales (the church selling beer to the congregation), shooting with long bows at the butts, sports, and games. Even how they spent their Sunday afternoons. The new form of religion came to replace all the saint’s days with more work days, to replace Sunday afternoon games with stricter Bible reading at home. but this was all spread out over generations. The routines of life were to change.”

Discussion became more general they discussed all this. The banquet progressed from course to course and Mr. Morton was asked to carve the meat from a leg of lamb and a beef roast. At last the food was finished and the table cleared and they were all thinking of ending the day when Judy asked for their attention.

“We’ve just heard about all the changes the Dissolution brought to Whalley, but now I have tell you about changes coming to Ing Ends in Barley. Today I finally accepted an offer for the sale of the farm, and I have also got a place at art school in London. Life is going to be very different there, I’ve no idea about life in a big city, and don’t know anyone there, so it’s going to be exciting, a new life.”

Mary was looking into the future, “You will know someone in London, you have friends there. You must come and see us all at Brownlow Square.” She paused a moment and looked at Jenny who nodded. “Jenny and I think you might another good

friend in London, our friend, James Wilson of the Clarion, I'm sure you will meet him."<sup>iv</sup>

The feast ended with a last word from the vicar who thanked them all for the invitation and concluded with "when I first came to Barley its reputation for witchcraft frightened me and I saw the suppression of witchcraft as my biggest task. Now I have seen the actions of the children ... I'm sorry, The Lone Pine Club ... which have restored to us the relics of the old church, and I have heard Richard proposing that the relics be restored to the old Abbey. I have also talked with Anis about the nature of Wiccanism, and although I cannot accept it as doctrine, I have at least have some respect for the sincerity of the Wiccan view."

"I want to thank you all for a wonderful evening and a new view of my Parish."

The parents and Bob settled down to talk quietly with the two professors, and Anis set off for home up the hill to Newchurch. The Lone Piners started to wander slowly back to Ing Ends. Dickie had been allowed to keep the chalice for another night but had promised to return it to the Pendle Inn the next morning. Peter tugged at David's sleeve, "I'd like to walk a little way by the river, and up towards Whitehough. Would you like to come, I feel I want to relax and wind down a little after all the excitement."

They walked slowly up the lane past the stables and as far as Whitehough Youth Hostel. Round the door and perched on the low wall were a group of young people singing loudly and enthusiastically.

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<sup>iv</sup>A look into the near future. We meet Judy and James again in *Lone Pine London*, and later in *Rye Royal*, 1969 we meet Mrs Judith Wilson.

## Lone Pine Feast

*I'm a Rambler, I'm a Rambler, from Manchester way,  
I get all my pleasure the hard moorland way.*

‘David! They’ve been walking on the moors up there, and they are singing about it.’

*I've seen the white hare in the gully, and the curlew fly high  
overhead.  
And sooner than part from the mountains, I think I would rather  
be dead.*

‘David! They call our peewits curlews here.’

*So I walk where I will, over mountain and hill,  
And I'll lie where the bracken is deep, I belong to the mountains,  
The clear running fountains, where the grey rocks rise rugged  
and steep.*

‘David! That’s how I feel about the Long Mynd, I’ve got to learn that song.’<sup>v</sup>

‘Well Peter, they may have enjoyed the walk, but they didn’t find any mediaeval treasure like we did.’

As they started back an owl floated across the sky between the trees with its mournful call echoing across the valley as it searched for its supper.

“That owl reminds me of Witchend. It’s been a great adventure and I’ll never forget Pendle Forest and its witches” Peter murmured. “But with Judy going to London we will probably never see it again. Time we were getting back to Ing Ends I

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<sup>v</sup>Ewan McColl, around 1950? my garbled memory. hear them in the pub at edale.

suppose, but it has been good to forget treasure and listen to the wind in the trees and see the stars.”

Walking down the lane they saw James and Judy leaning on the paddock gate looking at the sleeping ponies and talking quietly together.

They waved but were not noticed. As they reached the bridge David said, “I’ll be glad to get home to Hatchholt and Witchend again, but I do hope we meet up with Judy again somewhere.”

Peter was quiet for a moment then turned to David with a big grin. Did you see Jenny and Mary giggling together as they looked at them?”

“You mean at Judy and James? Yes, I wondered what all that was about”

“Remember David, it’s Jimmy to Judy now, not James, and Judith not Judy to James. The girls saw a big romance there and are looking to a wedding soon. And why not; Judy is off to London and will need some help finding her way about.

“But they’ve only just met.”

“Just you wait and see. And I think Tom and Jenny could be next.

“And then Jon and Penny of course?”

“Yes, that just about ties up the whole Lone Pine Club. We stick together.”

“Haven’t you left out the captain of the club in your planning?”



## Lone Pine Feast

“Oh, well, now, that’s very different. I suppose – ’appen as they say here. Or perhaps *maybe*.

“Is that a definite *maybe*’

“Well, ’appen.”

As they reached Ing Ends David said, We must all have a club meeting under the pine tree in HQ1 as soon as we get back.”

Peter agreed, but then after a short pause, “I suppose I could shorten your name to Dave, but I don’t like it. I like David much better.

“I’ll stick to Peter.”

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# Chapter 22. Back to Witchend

*And he honoured þat hit hade, euermore after,  
As hit is breued in þe best boke of romaunce.  
Pus in Arthurus day þis aunter bitidde.  
Þe Brutus bokez þerof beres wyttensesse.<sup>i</sup>*

*Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, folio 124v, lines 2520-2523

The next morning they gathered quietly around the breakfast table; they were all rather tired and a little subdued, the adventure was over, the grown-ups had arrived and the short holiday in the Pendle Forest was coming to an end. All the morning had to offer was a final tidying up and packing. Peter had to return Sal to the stables and David walked alongside with her carrying a bag with some remaining oats. As they crossed Pendle Water David broke a long silence.

“Now the excitement is all over, it leaves me wondering what we will be doing for the remainder of the hols before it’s back to school again.”

“Yes, I know how you feel, the last few days we’ve been in a world of witches’ covens, treasure chests, dognapping, explor-

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<sup>i</sup>and he was [honoured] who had it, for ever after, as it is told in the best book of romance. Thus in Arthur’s day this adventure happened ... the chronicles of Britain bear witness to it. (translation by Malcolm Arnold and Ronald Waldron, 2007)

ing old ruins of abbeys and castles, and now we just have to pack up and leave.”

“We never did get to Clitheroe Castle. We should have made time for that.”

“At least Jenny and Tom got there to represent the Lone Piners.”

“Imagine finding a dolphin in an old castle.”

Judy’s friend at the stables came to meet them.

“Has Sal been good? Did you get far?”

“She’s been very good, we soon got to know each other, and I did get one really great ride up over Wheathead. I must thank you for lending her to me, I would have been lost without a pony, but now I’m going back to my own Sally in Shropshire.”

Sal was turned out into the paddock and immediately ran over to the four other ponies who gathered round her.

“See, she’s glad to be back with her friends.”

They called in at the Pendle Inn on the way back to say goodbye to the two professors. They found them both at a big table writing notes. Outside by the small shed the coroner was waiting a little anxiously for Dickie to return the chalice. They said their ‘good-byes.’ and received a last round of thanks.

“You know you have given us both many years of work with this find. We’ll let you know of the remainder of the contents of the chest, and copies of whatever we write up about it. The chest is being transported back to Manchester University tomorrow, and then the work really starts.”

## Back to Witchend

They walked back to Ing Ends, pausing for a quick good-bye in the shop. On the way up the lane to the farm they found the twins, Mary leading Mackie and Dickie holding tight to a big cloth wrapped bundle. “I promised to take it back this morning, it now has to stay with the chest. I’ve been promised a special, private viewing of it together with whatever else is in the chest, probably at the British Museum, before it goes on display to everyone else. I would have liked to have kept it as a souvenir for the Lone Pine Club.”

David sympathised, “Never mind Dickie, it really is too valuable for even Dad to look after it. And the Lone Pine Club will always know how it was found, and who bravely rode the big mud-slide on it. I’m sure James has let the whole country know: why don’t you wait for the bus coming in, it will be bringing the morning newspapers with a long story in the Clarion all about Richard Morton.”

Dickie grinned, “I’m going to buy every copy, one each for all us Lone Piners, and one for Dad of course. David, I need some money.”

“Just wait until you see all the villagers waiting at the Post Office, this is big news for Barley, and they all want a copy. There’ll be none left when you get there.”

Peter laughed at Dickie’s face, “Don’t worry, I’m sure James will be getting some for us all.”

At Ing Ends they found everybody packing up and loading the cars. Peter and David with the twins, and Mackie of course, were to ride in the Morton’s car, with the four bikes in the trailer. Tom and Jenny were going back with Charles and Mr. Sterling, to be dropped off at Ingles and Witchend before Charles returned to Seven White Gates,<sup>ii</sup> Jenny was going to see her parents again

<sup>ii</sup> ‘Seven White Gates’ 1944

at Barton Beach, but had promised to return the next day to the Ingles farm.

They all wandered over to the gypsy caravan for a last few words with Reuben and Miranda. Fenella and Mary talked quietly while the Lone Piners helped the gypsies tidy up the area where the caravan had stayed. The Reuben harnessed the horse to the caravan, Miranda and Fenella climbed up and Reuben walked the horse out of the grounds at Ing Ends.

“Goodbye to you all, have a safe trip back to the Long Mynd, I’m sure you’ll all be there long before us. We will meet again.”  
Were Reuben’s last words.

Jenny wondered sadly, “I know we will see the gypsies again, but I do I wonder if I will ever see Judy again,”<sup>iii</sup> Mary pulled Jenny’s head down and whispered and they both giggled.

“You must come and stay with us in London, I’m sure we’ll be seeing more of Judy there, and James as well I should think.”<sup>iv</sup>

The Lone Piners were all agreed that they must have a meeting at HQ1 as soon as they were all together again: they would have to make plans for the remainder of the summer holiday. Perhaps there would be a letter from Jon and Penny in Paris, and they could read it out loud round the camp fire under the Lone Pine of Witchend. Perhaps they might have new adventures for us at Rye.<sup>v vi</sup>

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<sup>iii</sup>Not until *Home to Witchend*.

<sup>iv</sup>*‘Lone Pine London’* 1957

<sup>v</sup>*‘Treasure at Amorys’* 1964

<sup>vi</sup>*‘Rye Royal’* 1969

# Appendix A.

## A.1. Gerard Manley Hopkins at Stonyhurst

Peter was not the first to enjoy moonrise in Pendle. In 1876 the poet Gerard Manley Hopkins was teaching classics at Stonyhurst College. Early one summer morning, before sunrise, he watched a crescent moon rising over Pendle and wrote *Moonrise*

I awoke in the midsummer not-to-call-night,  
| in the white and the walk of the morning:  
The moon, dwindled and thinned to the fringe  
| of a fingernail held to the candle.  
Or pairing of paradisaical fruit,  
| lovely in waning but lustreless,  
Stepped from the stool, drew back from the barrow,  
| of dark Maenefa the mountain;

Stonyhurst College is on the hill just above the confluence of the Hodder and the Ribble. When he arrived in 1871 he wrote to a friend describing the weather and country side around Stonyhurst.

‘we have the longest rain in England I believe’  
‘a local rhyme expresses as much’  
*Hodder and Calder, Ribble and rain*  
*All meet together in Mitton Demesne*  
‘nevertheless it is fine scenery, great hills and fells’  
‘charming effects of light’  
‘three beautiful rivers’





## The Pendle Area Drawn for Elizabeth I

Elizabeth commissioned her minister William Cecil, Lord Burghley, to investigate and identify the main families of the area who persisted in the Catholic faith. To familiarise the queen with the area he produced a sketch map. It may have been somewhat short of geographical accuracy, but it was adequate.

The area is dominated by the River Ribble and its tributaries, the Hodder from the north west and Calder from the east. In the bottom right of the map Colne Water is shown as a tributary of the Calder. Preston is marked top-centre with its important bridge over the Ribble (Site of the final critical battle by Cromwell which established the Commonwealth). The beacon on Longridge Fell (Longrid) is upper right.

Spelling is somewhat variable, for example there is the hill Penell (with its beacon), and Newchurch in Pendill towards the bottom right. Burnley is marked on the Calder as Brmley

The recusant Catholic families which are marked include the Towneleys at the junction of Colne Water and the Calder, Sherburnes of Mitton (just over the Yorkshire boundary) and Stonyhurst, Tho. Catterall of Parva Mytton near the confluence of the Hodder, Calder and Ribble (Near Whalley) and, towards the top left, the Southworths of Salmesbury and the Hoghtons of Sirloin fame. In the bottom right corner is Henry Townley of Barnside near Colne, who built the mill at Roughlee.

A Roger Nowell of Read is also marked just below the middle of the map, this was either the father (died 1591) of the Roger Nowell of *Mist Over Pendle* (died 1623), or his grandfather (died 1567) who was noted as 'a very irreligious man, and never attended any public worship.' In the time of Elizabeth however, the Nowells were a prominent protestant family: Alexander was Dean of St. Pauls, and Lawrence was Bishop of Lichfield. It

was Alexander who produced the catechism in the Book of Common Prayer.<sup>i</sup>

Lawrence Nowell of Read, Dean of Lichfield Cathedral (1515–1571) was a pioneering scholar of Anglo-Saxon language in the time of Elizabeth I. The only extant copy of Beowulf, the Nowell Codex (Cotton) Vitellius A.xv, has his name on the manuscript which he acquired in 1563. Conceivably it came from the library of Whalley Abbey at the time of the Dissolution when many other artifacts and possessions of the Abbey were removed to the home of the Nowells at Read. Lawrence also produced the first Anglo-Saxon dictionary, the *Voabularium Saxonicum*. Lawrence's elder brother, Alexander Nowell (1507–1602), was Dean of St Paul's during much of Elizabeth I's reign, and the author of the catechism in the Book of Common Prayer. He was also the uncle and sponsor of William Whitaker (1548–1595) of Holme near Burnley, an Anglican churchman and Master of St. John's College, Cambridge. Whitaker occurs as the father of Margery, the heroine of *Mist Over Pendle*, which Jenny reads.

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<sup>i</sup>Alexander was also a very keen fisherman and a close friend of Isaac Walton (*The Complete Angler*). Walton reports that one day Alexander took a tightly corked bottle of beer on one of his fishing expeditions but forgot to drink it. The next day when he tried to uncork the bottle it exploded from the pressure built up. Alexander is credited with being the inventor of bottled beer as well as being the author of the catechism.

The Wonderfvl Discoverie of Witches in the  
Countie of Lancaster

## A.3. The Wonderfvl Discoverie of Witches in the Countie of Lancaster

The trial of the Pendle witches took place at the Assizes held at Lancaster Castle for three days starting on Monday the seventeenth of August 1612. All the witches from the Pendle Forest were found guilty and all were executed by hanging except Old Demdike who died in prison before the trial. The account of the trial was written by the Clerk to the Court, Thomas Potts, at the

request of judges Altham and Bromley. It was published in London in 1613.

THE  
W O N D E R F V L L  
D I S C O V E R I E O F  
W I T C H E S I N T H E C O V N -  
T I E O F L A N -  
C A S T E R .

With the Arraignement and Triall of  
Nineteene notorious W I T C H E S , at the Assizes and  
generall Gaole deliuerie, holden at the Castle of  
LANCASTER, vpon Monday, the se-  
*uenteenth of August last,*  
1612.

Before Sir IAMES ALTHAM, and  
Sir EDWARD BROMLEY, Knights; BARONS of his  
Maiesties Court of EXCHEQUER: And Iustices  
*of Assize, Oyer and Terminor, and generall*  
Gaole deliuerie in the circuit of the  
*North Parts.*

Together with the Arraignement and Triall of IENNET  
PRESTON, at the Assizes holden at the Castle of Yorke,  
*the seuen and twentieth day of Iulie last past,*  
with her Execution for the murther  
of Master LISTER  
*by Witchcraft.*

Published and set forth by commandement of his Maiesties  
Iustices of Assize in the North Parts.

By THOMAS POTTS *Esquier.*

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L O N D O N ,  
Printed by W. Stansby for Iohn Barnes, dwelling neare  
Holborne Conduit. 1613.

## A.4. Nowell Codex (Cotton) Vitellius A.xv

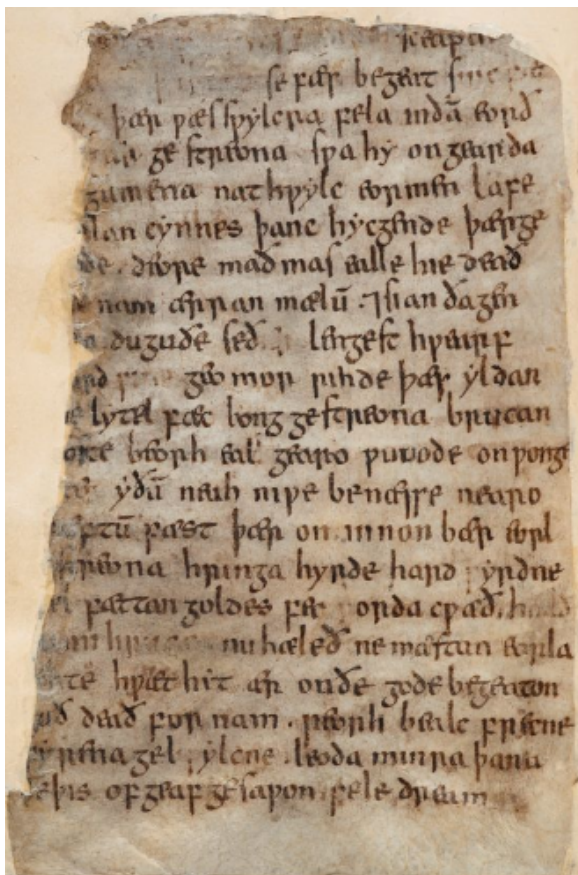
The only existing copy of Beowulf is known as the Nowell codex, after Laurence Nowell, whose name is inscribed on its first page. The name entry is dated 1563. Laurence was a son of the Nowells of Read in the Pendle Forest. It was later acquired by Sir Robert Cotton, and in his library, it was placed on the first shelf (A) as the 15th manuscript (XV) of the bookcase that had over it a bust of Vitellius, the name still retained by the British Library.

### Laurence Nowell 1563



In 1731, the manuscript was badly damaged by a fire that swept through Ashburnham House in London that held a collection of medieval manuscripts assembled by Sir Robert Bruce Cotton. The Nowell codex survived, but the edges of the pages were badly scorched and there was no attempt at restoration until the 19th century, by then the margins had crumbled and the damage is evident in the following folio referring to the discovery of hidden treasure.

## Folio 182v



The translation by Howell D. Chickering, Jr. of the first few lines of folio 182v describe how treasure was hidden, and how it could be later found. The division of the poem into separate lines, and each line into two separate halves is the modern inter-

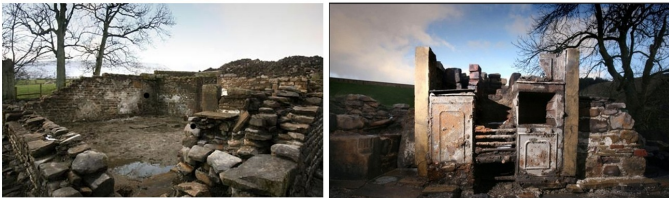
## Black Moss Cottage

pretation of the folio. The alliteration characteristic of Old English poetry is present in the original but is lost in translation.

when fear overcame him  
[he seized] the treasure cup. There were many like it,  
ancient treasures within that earth hall,  
where someone had hidden, in the early days,  
the immense legacy of a noble race,  
their precious belongings, buried by a grieving,  
thoughtful man.

## A.5. Black Moss Cottage

In 2011 during some repair work at the base of the Black Moss reservoir at Barley the remains of a seventeenth century cottage were discovered. The popular press described this as the cottage of one of the Lancashire witches, and noted that the skeleton of a cat had been found embedded in the wall: clear evidence of witchcraft! The cottage was most likely that of a wool weaver.



## A.6. Seating in Whalley Church

After the Dissolution of the Abbeys a dispute about the seating in Whalley Parish church was decided by Sir John Towneley.

*My man Shuttleworth, of Hacking, made this form, and here will I sit when I come, and my cousin Nowell may take one behind me if he please, and my sonne Sherburne shall make one on the other side, and Mr Catterall another behind him; and for the residue the use shall be, first come first speed, and that will make the proud wives of Whalley rise betimes to come to church.*

## A.7. Cromwell's bridge

About a mile from Mitton is Cromwell's Bridge where Cromwell and his troops crossed the Hodder on their way to the decisive battle of Preston in 1648. Cromwell demanded to stay the night at Stonyhurst, the home of the Sherburnes. It is recorded that Cromwell had to sleep on a table, and that Lady Sherburne (whose husband was out fighting on the royalist side) kept loaded pistols at her side all night.



# Appendix B.

## B.1. The Lone Pine Series

The Lone Pine Books by Malcolm Saville, from 1943 to 1978

Title	Date
1. <i>Mystery at Witchend</i>	1943
2. <i>Seven White Gates</i>	1944
3. <i>The Gay Dolphin Adventure</i>	1945
4. <i>The Secret of Grey Walls</i>	1947
5. <i>Lone Pine Five</i>	1949
6. <i>The Elusive Grasshopper</i>	1951
7. <i>The Neglected Mountain</i>	1953
8. <i>Saucers Over the Moor</i>	1955
9. <i>Wings Over Witchend</i>	1956
10. <i>Lone Pine London</i>	1957
11. <i>The Secret of the Gorge</i>	1958
12. <i>Mystery Mine</i>	1959
13. <i>Sea Witch Comes Home</i>	1960
14. <i>Not Scarlet But Gold</i>	1962
15. <i>Treasure at Amorys</i>	1964
16. <i>Man With Three Fingers</i>	1966

17. <i>Rye Royal</i>	1969
18. <i>Strangers at Witchend</i>	1970
19. <i>Where's My Girl</i>	1972
20. <i>Home to Witchend</i>	1978
21. The Flower Show Hat	1950,2000,2017

# Appendix C.

## C.1. Time Line for the Book

**Calendar, Friday 20 July to Friday 3 August, 1956**

<b>Date, title, and content, 1956</b>	
Chap. 1	Friday 20 July. Hatchholt: Peter goes home. Saturday 21 Judy's letter, plans made.
Chap. 2	Sunday 22 July. Barley: Peter arrives at Ing Ends, meets Judy.
Chap. 3	Monday 23 July. On the Way: Tom and Jenny travel and Mortons travel, meet Bob. Suspicion of Grandon.
Chap. 4	Monday 23 July. All Together Again: Sal (pony), Black Moss reservoirs, Whitegough YHA.
Chap. 5	Tuesday 24 July: Adventures Ahead: Fram food, Black Moss, into next day, plans.
Chap. 6	Wednesday 25 July: Whalley Abbey: Meet Valerie. Whalley church, Abbey, Twins find Grandon and Ballinger.
Chap. 7	Wednesday 25 Jul: Cromwells's Bridge: Picnic by bridge, Little Mitton Hall.
Chap. 8	Wednesday 25 July: Clitheroe Castle: bookshop and castle, Ballinger, Nick o' Pendle.
Chap. 9	Wednesday 25 July: The Ballinger Gang: Tom and Jenny track the Ballinger gang.

Chap. 10	Thursday 26 July: Jenny's Tale: Ballinger in Barley. Explore Black Moss Valley. Rain. Jenny, story of <i>Mist Over Pendle</i> .
Chap. 11	Friday 27 July: Modern Witches: Visit Anis at Sabden Fold. Set off for Pendle.
Chap. 12	Friday 27 July: Pendle Hill: Climb up Ogden Clough. Twins torment Ballinger, Grandon and Valerie.
Chap. 13	Saturday 28 July: Roughlee: Peter's ride on Wheat-head Height. David and twins boating, Twins meet Ballinger again. Tom and Jenny set off for Skeleron mine.
Chap. 14	Saturday 28 July: Pudsey Shillings: Tale of Lone Piners at. Skeleron mine. Jenny finds a shilling, not Pudsey, Tom sells a modern shilling to Val.
Chap. 15	Sunday 29 July: Vicar's Warning: church Anis versus vicar. Lunch at Pendle Inn, meet Grandon et. al. Bob joins the and tale of Ned of the Fell (next chapter.)
Chap. 16	Sunday 29 July: Ned of the Fell: Bob's tale.
Chap. 17	Monday 30 July: Treasure Code: Rain again. Clue to treasure in McKay's book. Code. Mackie dognapped by Grandon..
Chap. 18	Tuesday 31 July: Rescue: twins rescue Mackie, Grandon and Bullhole Farm
Chap. 19	Tuesday 31 July: Lammas Eve: Twins tale. Wilson arrives. Wiccan feast. Brast. Dickie finds the treasure chest.
Chap. 20	Wednesday 1 August: Treasure Trove: Recover the chest. coroner's meeting, Examine treasure, who does it belong to.

## Time Line for the Book

Chap. 21	Thursday 2 August: Lone Pine Feast: Mortons arrive, Sterlings (Jasper, Micah, Charles). Gipsies arrive. Judy sells Ing Ends
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Chap. 22	Friday 3 August: Back to Witchend.
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# Appendix D.

## D.1. The Author

Ron Catterall gained a PhD in Chemical Physics in 1964 and a DSc in 1976. He held faculty positions in the UK and the USA and worked at the Centre Européen pour les Recherches Nucléaires (CERN, Geneva), the Institut Laue-Langevin (ILL, Grenoble), the Tri-Universities Meson Facility (TRI-



UMF, Vancouver) and spent sabbaticals at the Science and Engineering Research Council (SERC) Daresbury Laboratory and the Atomic Energy of Canada at Chalk River, Ontario. In 1985 he changed to computing and after building and heading the Computer Centre at Sultan Qaboos University, became Head of Computer Services at the Imperial Cancer Research Fund (ICRF) in London for whom he built a nation-wide internet in 1988 and linked it to the Internet. In 1990 he was a founder member and President of the UK Internet Consortium, and was a member of the Executive and the Technical team building the European backbone for the Internet (EBONE) in 1991. In 1991 he founded IPNetworking Ltd in London offering Internet consultancy services to many major UK enterprises and organising the IPNetworking conferences which hosted the first Internet link to the Soviet block in 1991. In September 1993, the Joint Academic Network (JANET) in the UK finally committed to providing Internet services as their main function, and in September 1994 Ron moved to California as Director of World-Wide networking,

remaining in that position until the final commercialisation of the Internet towards the end of 1995. He then retired to Oaxaca in Mexico, and built the first email and Internet provider there (Antequera Red). As a consultant he designed the networking infrastructure for the new research institutes at the Cleveland Clinic Foundation and the University Hospital at CASE Western University. In 2009 *Angewandte Chemie* published an issue commemorating his work in chemical physics on the occasion of his 72nd birthday. Finally retiring permanently in 2001, he concentrated at last on Middle English poetry, and was President of the Oaxaca Lending Library in 2002-4. From then he was a member of the archaeological seminar group investigating the pre-Mayan meso-american origins in the Valley of Oaxaca.

## D.2. Royal Mail in Pendle

Finally the author must give belated thanks to the Royal Post Office. During Christmas vacations as a student I made a little extra by acting as a temporary postman in the Pendle area. As far as I can reconstruct my round over rough and often very wet moorland, it was as follows:

Start at Nelson PO, by van to Blacko Bar where the round started. Lower and Higher Admergill, Higher Wheathead, Burn Moor End, Jackson's house, Firber House, Wheathead Height, Higher Black Moss, Mountain Farm, Lower Black Moss, Foot House gate, Salt Pie, Higher Barn, Windy Harbour, Pendle Side, Pendle House, Under Pendle, Ogden Hill, Mancknows Ing, Ing Ends, Brown House, Over Houses, Barley and bus back to Nelson. They are all marked on the Ordnance Survey 1:25000 (SD84) or Outdoor Leisure 41. I got to know the area very well in cold, wind and rain most of the time. Try the walk sometime.