

BALDON

Carnival

HANDBOOK

Sat. Sept. 5th to
Sat. Sept. 12th 1911.

Price 4^{cts}



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BRANCHES IN ALL PARTS OF THE DISTRICT.

Baildon Hospital and Charities
Committee.

As Father You may pass this on to your Dad.

Great Gipsy Party

Saturday,
Sept. 5th,
1931



Saturday,
Sept. 12th
1931

and CARNIVAL

Official Handbook and
Programme

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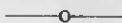
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Hon. Treasurer: Mr. W. L. HILL.

Secretary:

Mr. JOHN S. LYNESS, "Rathlea," Carriage Drive, Baildon.
"Phone: Shipley 1031.

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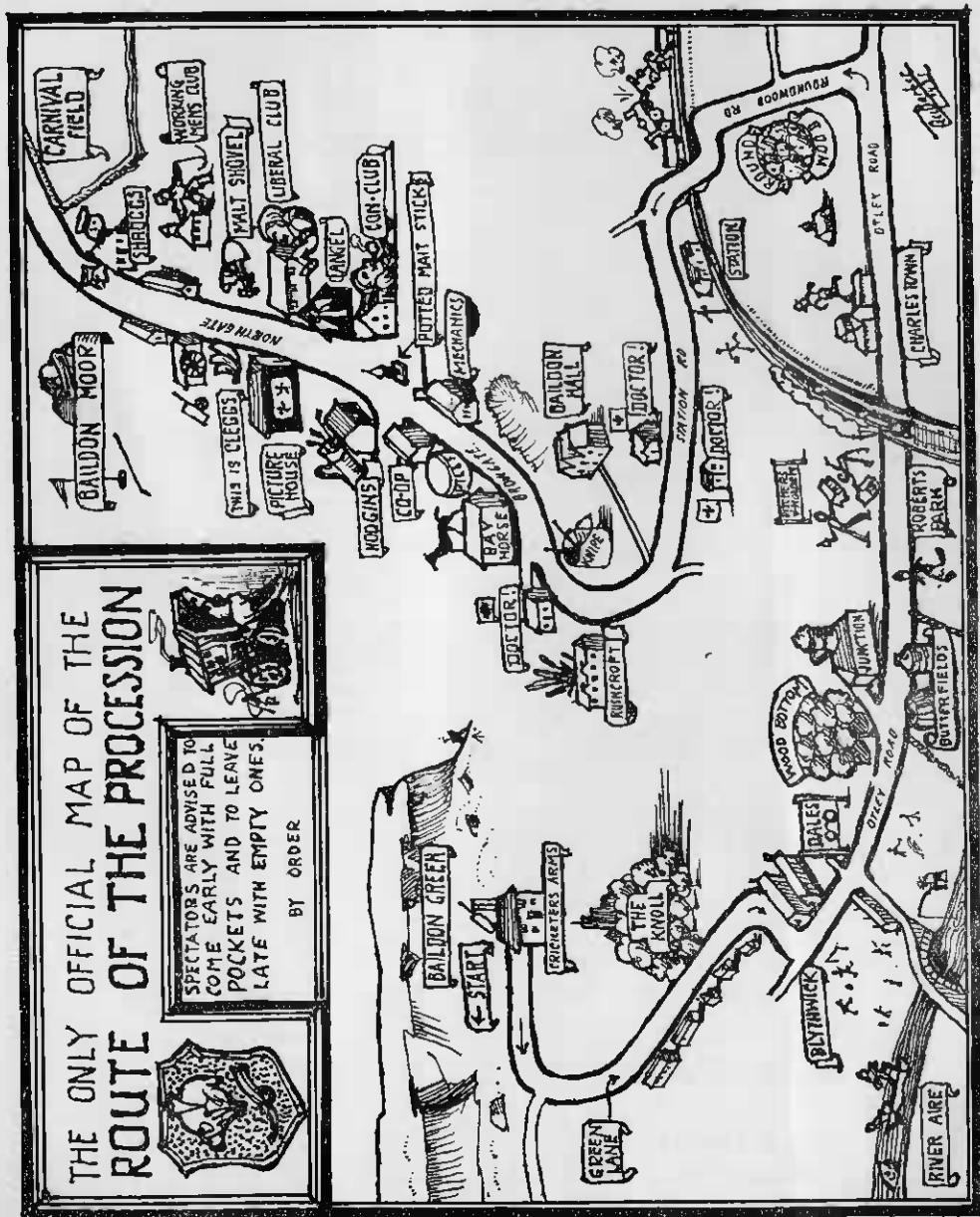
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COME EARLY WITH FULL
POCKETS AND TO LEAVE
LATE WITH EMPTY ONES.

BY ORDER



FOREWORD

Once again Carnival week is here and although we are passing through very trying times and the resources of all classes of the community are taxed to the utmost we face the great adventure which is before us with every confidence knowing that our friends everywhere, realising the urgency of our appeal, will rally to our support.

The need is great, but we feel assured that the self-sacrificing zeal of the noble army of workers with whom we have been privileged to co-operate during the past months will, if the weather is only kind to us, be amply rewarded by a measure of success, surpassing all previous efforts.

With very great pleasure, therefore, I have undertaken the task of compiling this concrete record of their labours, whether expressed in poetry, literary effort (humorous or otherwise), or whether contained in the wonderfully comprehensive programme of Carnival fare which their unremitting labours of the past months have made possible.

Therefore in placing in your hands this Carnival Handbook, I do so assured of the fact, that "The Baildon Hospital and Charities Committee" have shouldered manfully their part of the burden, and it is now up to you, who, although perhaps not able to give your time, are able, aye and willing to give as you have opportunity, toward the provision of the sinews of war in the great fight that is being unceasingly waged by our Hospitals and Kindred Institutions against suffering and disease everywhere.

Again I would urge, the need is great, the privilege is yours.

"BAILDON, SEE TO IT."

JOHN S. LYNES.

*Laugh if you will at our fooling and humour,
But see that your laugh is both honest and true,
Don't scorn our endeavours to help those who suffer,
Our efforts some day may benefit you.*

J.S.L.



AN INVITATION

Until the passing of the Local Government Act of 1894 Baildon was merely a moorland village with little to boast about save the purity of its air and the lowness of its rates.

To-day the inhabitants of the "Town on the Hill" have much more to their credit for they are governed not by a Local Board with limited powers but by an Urban District Council the Members of which are aided in their duties by a professional Staff who all pull together with the Ratepayers in the common interest.

Until recently (when legislation somewhat evened out the rate burden of the Country) Baildon prided itself upon being the lowest rated Urban District in the West Riding of Yorkshire and even now a rate of 13/- in the £ on exceptionally low assessments is not to be complained of.

Since the War the Town has grown considerably in size as the result of which the Urban Council has extended its activities with the result that the Local Government services are up to date and efficient.

For its water supply Baildon is noted and as a rendezvous for holiday makers and particularly day trippers it is famous and to and from Town there is an excellent bus service.

The warmth of the welcome given to its visitors is reflected in the fact that once visited return visits are inevitable, for during the season there is always something to attract.

Golf, Gliding, its well known "Tide" and its sporting activities appeal to all, but there is one attraction which is most popular and that is the Baildon Hospital Week, which each year becomes a greater event than previously.

Indeed in 1929 when the opening of the Hospital Week took the form of a gigantic "Gypsy Party" over a hundred thousand people made their way to the "Town on the Hill" and went away full of delight at the entertainments served up to them, the result being that the Hospitals and Nursing Associations benefitted

considerably, and now an energetic Committee of Ladies and Gentlemen, irrespective of party, class or creed are offering you even greater fare.

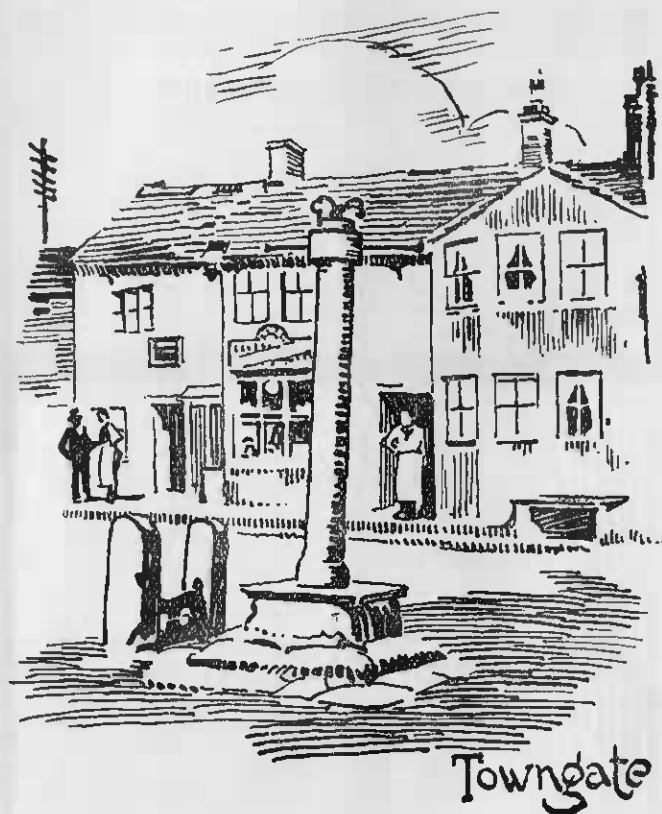
Baildon is naturally proud of its efforts, just as proud as it is of its independence for which on three occasions it has had to fight for "dear life" and the residents ask you to assist them in those efforts.

It is said and officially too, that the moorland air of Baildon is second in the British Isles only to the Isle of Man.

No invitation is needed to come and take the air but nevertheless if you will pay us a visit during Hospital Week, not only will you enjoy good air in pleasant surroundings but you will receive a welcome and have a happy and delightful time. No effort is being spared to cater for your needs, so come.

The people of Baildon invite you to join them in their festivities and in their great attempt once again to alleviate the sufferings of those who through no fault of their own cannot be with us.

R.H.M.





M.B.U.A.

Abraham Halliday & Son.

Joiners and Undertakers

*Bank Walk House,
Baildon.*

Works: Bank Walk, Westgate.
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Nah Baidon~What Abaht It?

WHAT ABAHT WHAT? Well, yeh see it's like this, it's nobbut fair 'at we sud all dew wer whack for t'hospitals. If yeh nobbut think what wonderful places they are, an' hah necessary they are (more ner ivver i' theas days) an' t'good at they dew, an' hah if yeh happen to be one o' them, 'at falls bi t'wayside, yeh can hev best ov attention an' treatment, bi t'best doctors an' physicians an' lewkt after bi t'nearest approach tuv angels at I've ivver seen it sudn't be necessary to ass, "What abaht it?" But it is 'cos thas soa monny things to worry abaht, sich as bad trade, etc., at wehr apt to ferget them 'at's sick an' sufferin'.

Ahve been in a few o' theas places, net fer treatment ahm pleased ta say, an' they are really wonderful. It ommost maks yeh wish summat wod happen yeh (nut serious mind yeh).

WHAT ABAHT IT if yeh tain wi' a pain under yeh pinny an' t'doctor lewks at yeh an' sez summat abaht operation immediately?

WHAT ABAHT IT if yeh try an' stop a motor, an' happen ta brek a leg or a arm?

WHAT ABAHT IT if yeh happen a accident at yor wark, or onny eh yer bahns falls and lames thesen?

Wehre happen alreyt yet, but wi nivver naw what mud happen.

Nah Baidon hez a varry good repitation for helpin disarvin' causes. Wi raised ower £4,000 for comforts for t'lads when they wer away feightin', and I knaw 'at monny a time they gat a parcel just when they wor feelin' dahnhearted an' it wer worth a lot more to them ner it cost us. Wehve as nice a "War Memorial" as ther is onnywhear, "t'Nurse's House."

At wehr last two carnivals weh've done varry weel, but this time wehr aht ta brek all records, an' if ivverybody ul nobbut put ther back into it we can dew it. Fer monny a month nah a noble band ov men an' women hez been toilin' organizing this affair, an' yeh'll noatice at ther's summat to suit ivverybody. T'new Vicar has tain hold i' Mr. Sparks' place an' ah want us to give him ivvery incouragement an' let him see 'at he's cum ameng a reyt good lot o' fowk seeing as he's a new comed 'un it ul dew him a pahr o' good.

Ahve heard fowk say 'at us Baidoners wor a varry clannish lot, but it's fair cappin hah keen they are to get here, even sum o' Bradford's big pots. They know whear ther's nice livin' an' *low rates*. I say let 'em all come, we can mak use on 'em, an' they're allreyt when yeh get ta knaw 'em. Nah just a word abaht Gipsies. Ah want all ye fathers and mothers ta make this a speshul time fer all t'barns, don 'em all up, it's sewer ta giv 'em pleasur an' its bahnd to dew yeh good.

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TRAVEL BY BUS!

NAH BAILDON. — "WHAT ABAHT IT?"

Thr's tribes threw all ower. "Bubblin' Well," "Owd Bill's," "Ghyll Steppers," "Abode ov Luv," "Early Stone," an' as monny more as we can get. Then ther's two grand processions wi' all t'Cahncillors an' t'Aldermen. Dancing. Illuminations. Sheep Dog Trials. Flahr Show at Bull. All maks o games an' sideshows.

What we want moast is good weather an' ah think somehah that it'll be allreyt as they've hed ivver so monny meetin's up at "Parliament House" an' I understand 'at Cahncillor Halliday's ivverything i' order, so wi can leave it at that, cos if they can't saddle it, it can't be sattled, that's all. They're widenin' Tahn Gate for us, an' they tell me 'at wer bahn to hev a reyt boulevard.

Yeh know 'at they were reyt unfortunate it Shipla wi' their hospital doo, so let's see if we can't dew a bit extra ta mak up for it. Nah if ye 'at's nobbut little gies as much as yeh can. Ye 'at's a bit better off gies more, and yeh at's weel off just oppens aht, knawin' at whaiter we dew it's helpin' sumbdy 'at's in a war hoil ner wersen, we sall come aht allreyt.

NAH BAILDON — WHAT ABAHT IT?

M.M.



A Flower & Vegetable Show

will be held at the

Moravian Schoolroom, Westgate, Baildon
On Saturday, August 29th, 1931

£ PROCEEDS IN AID OF HOSPITAL WEEK £

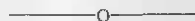
A WONDERFUL SHOW OF
FRUIT, FLOWERS and VEGETABLES

All Exhibits to be sold in aid
of the Hospitals

Schedules may be obtained from F. LEEMING, Secretary,
26, Westgate, Baildon

Three Great Whist Drives

will be held during the Carnival



SATURDAY, AUGUST 29th, 7-30 p.m.—BUTTERFIELD'S CANTEEN, WOOD-BOTTOM. (Kindly lent by Messrs. W. P. Butterfield Ltd.).

Tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Illingworth and Miss Dunwell.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st, 7-30 p.m.—SCHOOLROOM, TONG PARK.

Tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Phillips.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9th, 7-30 p.m.—WOMEN'S UNIONIST ASSOCIATION ROOMS, NORTHGATE.

Tickets may be obtained from Mrs. W. Halliday, Mrs. Burton and Mrs. F. Clegg.



A Jumble Sale

will be held in the

WOMEN'S UNIONIST ASSOCIATION ROOMS, NORTHGATE,

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th, commencing at 6-0 p.m.

WORDS OF WISDOM ON GOLF

BY ONE WHO DOESN'T KNOW.

Can Baidon produce a golfer to excel the greatness of Hagen, Duncan, Mitchell or even Bobby Jones. No, did I hear you say? Poor ignorant fellow. Have you never heard of Harry Sucksmith or Joe Dibb or those great exponents of the "Royal and Ancient," Rob Bottomley and Roger Shaw. Can Baidon produce? Baidon Has produced. What is the secret, what do they train on! The answer is quite simple, "Baidon's famous Gipsy Broth."

I was speaking the other day to a keen golfer who was in despair; his latest round of golf took 1297 strokes, 5 days and 23 balls. Naturally he wants to improve on this and asked me if I could give him any advice, or if he should swop his clubs for some tame mice or a bowl of gold fish.

Well, I think if he follows carefully the advice I am about to give, he will in 15 or 20 years, with constant practice, be able to get round in under 1,200, and although I had to "FORCE IT" on him I think he will take my advice for he SAW quite PLANELY that he WOOD benefit thereby.

THE RIG-OUT.

Togs: It is not a bit of good expecting to be a Charlie Hodgson if you wear a top hat, minus sevens, sea boots and spats. Put yourself in the hands of Fred Crossley and he will turn you out, in a plain van, with a free insurance policy in your pocket, in perfect working order to step direct on to any golf course.

THE STANCE.

This is most important. Place the ball on the tee and balance yourself on both legs, you will find this is preferable to standing on one or neither. Then address the ball in BLOCK LETTERS with red ink (Thank you Mr. Printer). After about 50 preliminary woggles, close both eyes, flap the left ear (or if it has been bitten off, the right), clench the teeth providing you have grown them yourself, then smite good and hard for England, home and beauty. The ball will then go—or remain, as the case may be.

THE APPROACHED SHOT.

Having passed through a few ditches, swamps, bogs and much other adversity, a point is reached where it may (or may not) be possible to get on the green provided your predecessor has left any. Take out your tape measure (marked to 10,000ths of an inch) and find the distance from the ball to the hole, or vice-versa. Then using logarithms, and euclid to five places of decimals, work out the force necessary to propel the ball to the hole. Apply said force in the right place and the ball will land in the hole. If not—then not.

WORDS OF WISDOM ON GOLF.

PUTTING.

We will take it then that the ball is now within a few feet (more or less) of the hole, and play is getting exciting. If the hole could be moved to a position under the ball, all would be well. Unfortunately this is barred.

The best thing to do is to tap the ball about an inch at a time. This may seem slow but we have proved that it is much surer than slashing backwards and forwards across the hole for hours, especially if it is near closing time.

GENERAL HINTS.

Always choose golf balls with a spot on they are easily recognised.

Beware of the "Bogey." He is on every Golf Course, and entices learners to use bad language; and we haven't all had the advantage of a Public Library education like the Secretary of a famous Club I know of, and our stock of adjectives, therefore, being low, our handicap is correspondingly high. Why! I remember on one occasion, said man of Books (whose name certainly did not seem quite fitting on this occasion) addressing the ball with such force and fluency that he actually reduced his handicap by 50 in one round.

Don't be selfish. Leave some of the turf for other golfers.

For variation of practice, a suitable site is Rumbolds Moor, from Dick Hudsons to the Cow and Calf, or vice-versa, preferably vice versa.

A suitable straight course is the L.M.S.R. from Leeds to Hawes.

BUNKER PRACTICE.

For good bunker practice nothing can beat the Alps, with the single exception of Kefflicks; and for driving, can one improve on the cliffs of Dover across to Calais or from Hope Hill to Rawdon Billing.

If, having travelled so far along the fairway of experience, with mental and moral outlook unimpaired, you still aspire to be numbered amongst the noble army of plus men, further invaluable advice may be gleaned, free, gratis and for nothing, by travelling to Bradford any Monday morning between 8 and 9 o'clock and just listening in.

J.S.L.

Grand Procession and Gipsy Party

THE KING (Jack Goldsborough)	TANSY LEE
THE QUEEN (Mrs. F. Clegg)	ZILLIA
THE PRINCE (Mr. Tom Bather)	STEFAN
THE PRINCESS (Miss Madge Bather)	TANSY

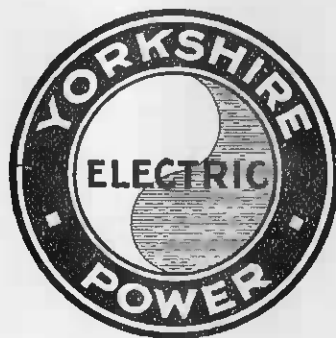
Miss W. Spence	MEG
Miss A. Wood	ESMARALDA
Miss E. Holmes	ZILPAH
Miss F. Terry	THELMA

(15)

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Saturday, September 5th (Afternoon) continued.

3-30 p.m.—THE GIPSIES are given a CIVIC RECEPTION by Councillor J. Denby, Esq., J.P., supported by the Baildon Urban District Council.

3-45 p.m.—CORONATION OF THE KING AND QUEEN by Councillor H. E. Sucksmith, Vice-Chairman of the Baildon Urban District Council. After which a visit is paid to the Tribes by the Royal Party to secure a suitable bride for their son, the Prince.

4-00 p.m.—MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE to his betrothed in the traditional manner. From now on BROTH WILL BE SERVED FROM THE GREAT 500 GALLON CAULDRON (specially designed, made and given by Messrs. W. P. Butterfield Ltd.), and the Judging of the Tribes in their encampment for the prize awards will proceed; the Tribes meanwhile following their various vocations and providing entertainment.

From 4-15 p.m. until Dusk a Programme of great diversity and variety will be presented by the Black Dyke (Junior) Prize Band, Ghyll Steppers' Gipsy Band, Bletherheeded Band, Aire-Siders' Band, Queensbury Gymnastic Club, Fortune Tellers, the Tribal Sports, a Great Balloon Race (prizes awarded following Saturday), Finals of Children's Sports (see page 21), etc., etc.

6-30 p.m.—Prize Winners announced and Prizes awarded.

THERE WILL ALSO BE A GREAT VARIETY OF GAMES AND STALLS
IN ALL PARTS OF THE FIELD.

WONDERFUL ILLUMINATIONS. ALL PREVIOUS EFFORTS SURPASSED.

ALL ANNOUNCEMENTS WILL BE MADE BY THE BELLMAN.

REFRESHMENTS AT REASONABLE PRICES IN THE MARQUEE.
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"Crying Need"

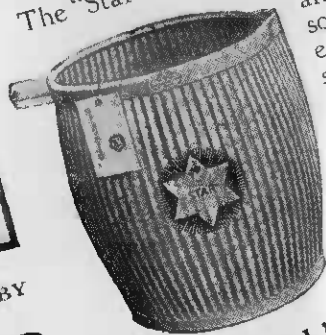
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At last! A Folding Wringer Stand! No. 22 stands rigid as a rock when in use, yet conveniently folds up to two inches thick - a real boon for housewives with small kitchens! Wonderfully good value for 86. Call to-day at your nearest ironmongers and ask him to show you "how it works."

"Star" Dolly Tub

The "Star" is the most famous of all Dolly Tubs - and rightly so when it embodies such special features as the patent spout, patent soap-holder and patent non-scratch rims! See one at your ironmongers.



"Anti-Splash" Dolly Tub

The big feature of the 'Anti-Splash' is the special top rim which prevents water splashing over on to the floor. Just the thing for the women who dislike mess. Costs very little & lasts a lifetime.



MADE BY

Butterfields OF SHIPLEY

Builders of Tanks for 50 Years
And Stocked by all Good
Ironmongers.

Saturday, Sept. 5th (Evening)

In Towngate

7-30 p.m.—BLACK DYKE (JUNIOR) PRIZE BAND.

8-00 p.m.—MOUNTEBANKS' CONCERT PARTY. A Combination of Great Merit.

8-30 p.m.—BILLIE OGDEN'S DANCE BAND.

9-00 p.m.—BLACK DYKE BAND.

9-30 p.m.—MOUNTEBANKS' CONCERT PARTY.

10-00 p.m.—BLACK DYKE BAND.

10-30 p.m.—BILLIE OGDEN'S DANCE BAND.

Dancing at intervals throughout the evening.

BLACK DYKE BAND.

BILLIE OGDEN'S DANCE BAND.

AMPLIFICATION THROUGHOUT THE DAY BY
"EXCEL" SUPER AMPLIFIER.

FRUIT AND FLOWER STALL in Towngate, 8-0 a.m. onwards.
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BROWGATE : BAILDON

Saturday, September 5th

Children's Sports

IN THE CARNIVAL FIELD.

Organised by the Masters and Teachers of the Schools of the Township
under the direction of A. H. ANDERSON, Esq.



Heats to be run off from 2-0 to 3-30 p.m.

- | | | |
|-------|----|---|
| EVENT | 1 | Flat Race, Boys, age 7 and 8 years. |
| | 2 | Flat Race, Girls, age 7 and 8 years. |
| | 3 | Flat Race, Boys, age 9 and 10 years. |
| | 4 | Flat Race, Girls, age 9 and 10 years. |
| | 5 | Flat Race, Boys, age 11 and 12 years. |
| | 6 | Flat Race, Girls, age 11 and 12 years. |
| | 7 | Flat Race, Boys over 12 years. |
| | 8 | Flat Race, Girls over 12 years. |
| | 9 | Flat Race, Boys 5 years of age. |
| | 10 | Flat Race, Girls 5 years of age. |
| | 11 | Flat Race, Boys 6 years of age. |
| | 12 | Flat Race, Girls 6 years of age. |
| | 13 | Egg and Spoon Race, Girls 7 and 8 years of age.—Heats. |
| | 14 | Egg and Spoon Race, Girls 9 and 10 years of age.—Heats. |
| | 15 | Skipping Race, Girls 11 and 14 years of age.—Heats. |
| | 16 | Needle Threading Race, Girls 12 years and over.—Heats. |
| | 17 | Sack Race, Boys age 11 years and under.—Heats. |
| | 18 | Sack Race, Boys age 12 years and over.—Heats. |

TEA INTERVAL.

Finals from 5-0 to 6-30 p.m.

- | | | | |
|-----|--|----|------------------|
| 19 | Final, Event 1. | 22 | Final, Event 4. |
| 20 | Final, Event 2. | 23 | Final, Event 5. |
| 21 | Final, Event 3. | 24 | Final, Event 6. |
| 25 | Final, Boys 5 years of age. | | |
| 26 | Final, Girls 5 years of age. | | |
| 27 | Final, Boys 6 years of age. | | |
| 28 | Final, Girls 6 years of age. | | |
| 29 | Final, Event 7. | | |
| 30 | Final, Event 8. | | |
| 31 | Slow Cycle Race, Boys, 100 yards. | | |
| 31a | Slow Cycle Race, Girls, 100 yards. | | |
| 32 | Final, Event 13. | 35 | Final, Event 16. |
| 33 | Final, Event 14. | 36 | Final, Event 17. |
| 34 | Final, Event 15. | 37 | Final, Event 18. |
| 38 | 440 yards Flat Race, age 11 and under. | | |
| 39 | 880 yards Flat Race, age 12 and over. | | |

1881

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FRESH DAILY

We mince your Ham and Beef while you wait and
then your Galantine of Beef is no
trouble to make.

Try us and your Meat
troubles are over !

Sunday, September 6th

United Church Services

IN TOWNGATE, at 3-0 p.m.

2-15 p.m.--Procession headed by Black Dyke (Junior) Prize Band and followed by the Baildon Urban District Council and Members of Local Bodies will leave the Council Offices in Westgate and proceed to Towngate.

3-00 p.m.--UNITED SERVICE. Chair will be taken by Councillor J. Denby, Esq., J.P., Chairman of the Baildon Urban District Council, who will be supported by the Council and Representatives of the Board of Governors of Salts' Hospital, the Royal Infirmary, Bradford, the Eye and Ear Hospital, Children's Hospital, etc.

The Address will be given by
THE VENERABLE THE ARCHDEACON OF BRADFORD
(CANON CECIL WILSON).

The United Choirs of the various Churches of the Township, with members of the Baildon Musical Union, will lead the singing, accompanied by the Black Dyke (Junior) Prize Band.

ORDER OF SERVICE.

Conducted by
REV. PERCY ANDERSON, Vicar of Baildon.

HYMN--"Praise, my soul, the King of heaven"
Tune--*Alleluia*.
Ancient and Modern, 298. Methodist Hymn Book, 13. Moravian Hymn Book, 45.

PRAYER. Rev. E. W. PORTER (Moravian).
HYMN--"We give Thee back Thine own."
Tune *Trentham*.
Ancient and Modern, 366. Methodist Hymn Book, 949. Moravian Hymn Book, 616.

READING OF SCRIPTURE. Rev. H. ROWE (Primitive Methodist).

SELECTION BY BLACK DYKE (JUNIOR) PRIZE BAND.

During playing of selection a Collection will be taken up.

ADDRESS.

THE VENERABLE THE ARCHDEACON OF BRADFORD.

HYMN--"At even e'er the sun was set."
Tune--*Angelus*.
Ancient and Modern, 20. Methodist Hymn Book, 916. Moravian Hymn Book, 753.

BENEDICTION. Rev. BERT. ADCOCK (Westleyan).

Followed by a short performance by the Black Dyke (Junior) Prize Band.
Conductor - Mr. H. HEPWORTH.

*Out in the cold World,
 Out in the Street,
 You can see for yourself
 That our prices are cheap.
 But just come inside,
 We'll promise a treat,
 Whether you like the Hide,
 Or the Chesterfield Suite.
 There are prices to suit
 The most keen and exacting.
 The designs, oh, so cute,
 Like a Pageant enacting.
 So just take our tip,
 It's well worth your while,
 To leave us—quite satisfied,
 Your face wreathed in smile.
 For a satisfied customer
 Is our slogan—always,
 And always remember,
 The style is to-day's.
 No fancy shop fronts,
 Nor terms, sweet as honey,
 But a guaranteed job,
 Which is value for money.*

A. Watkin & Son

100 Bedsteads from 15s.
 30 Sideboards from 55s.
 30 Chesterfield Suites from £6
 30 Bedroom Suites from £9 15s.
 100 Carpets, Rugs, etc. from 10s.
 20 Wringers from 43s. to £6

Commercial Street :: Shipley

Sunday, September 6th

Grand Sacred Concert

IN TOWNGATE, at 8-0 p.m.

ARTISTES:

BAILDON GREEN MALE VOICE CHOIR.

Conductor - Mr. H. HOYLE.

Contralto - - - - - Madam MAUD MYERS.

Bass - - - - - Mr. WILL HUDSON.

Violin Solos - - - - - Mr. BENNET.

Elocutionist - - - - - Miss E. PARRATT
(*Gl. Horton Amateurs*)

Accompanist :

Mr. WILFRED BENTLEY.

The Programme will be interspersed with items by

Black Dyke (Junior) Prize Band

Conductor - Mr. H. HEPWORTH.

JOSEPH DYSON

Plumber & Sanitary Engineer

Works:

**NORTHGATE,
BAILDON**

Residence :

**2 Angel Street
Baildon**

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E. MARSDEN

Plasterer, Whitewasher

- and Concrete Floor Layer -

**BANK
CREST
BAILDON**

ROOFS CAREFULLY REPAIRED

Jobbing Work promptly
attended to.

Monday, September 7th

in Towngate

from 7-0 p.m.

7-00 p.m.—GORDON SCARFE AND HIS REVELLERS.

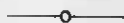
7-30 p.m.—DRILLS AND DANCES BY SCHOOL CHILDREN OF
THE TOWNSHIP.

8-15 p.m.—BAILDON GREEN MALE VOICE CHOIR. Conductor:
Mr. H. HOYLE.

8-45 p.m.—GORDON SCARFE AND HIS REVELLERS.

9-15 p.m.—BAILDON GREEN MALE VOICE CHOIR.

9-45 p.m.—GORDON SCARFE AND HIS REVELLERS.



Interspersed throughout by selections from "Excel" Super Amplifier.

Dancing at intervals from 8-45 p.m. onward.

The Only Shop in Baildon for
Sugden's Flour!

A. E. FOX

Northgate Ale & Porter Stores

== BAILDON ==

HIGH-CLASS PROVISIONS

All kinds of Bottled Beers and Stouts always
in Stock. :: Whiteway's Cider.

~
HALFORD'S
Confectionery and Bread
Fresh Daily.
~

The best of POULTRY FOODS always
obtainable here.

Tuesday, September 8th

AFTERNOON.

Grand Comic Cricket Match

ON THE JENNY LANE GROUND

(kindly lent by Baildon Green C.C.).

Commencing at 3-0 p.m.

A REAL SURPRISE FOR YOU. COME AND SEE IT!

EVENING.

IN TOWNGATE.

- 7-00 p.m.—BLACK DYKE (JUNIOR) PRIZE BAND.
- 7-30 p.m.—SURPRISE ITEMS BY NIG NOG PARTY.
- 8-00 p.m.—THE ZINGARLIES CHOIR.
- 8-30 p.m.—BLACK DYKE BAND.
- 9-00 p.m.—SURPRISE ITEMS BY NIG NOG PARTY.
- 9-30 p.m.—THE ZINGARLIES CHOIR.
- 10-00 p.m.—BLACK DYKE BAND.
- 10-30 p.m.—ITEMS BY "EXCEL" SUPER AMPLIFIER.

—o—

Dancing at intervals throughout the evening.

Belmont Building Estate
~ ~ BAILDON ~ ~

Dolphin & Spence

Joiners & Builders

Tel.: Shipley 102

LAND AND HOUSES
FOR SALE

STONE BUILT
SEMI-DETACHED VILLAS

from

£700 to £1000

Good Position South Aspect

Why not consult us and have
A NEW HOUSE SPECIALLY
DESIGNED FOR YOU ?

Dealers in all kinds of Timber.

Jobbing Work promptly
attended to.

Wednesday, September 9th

Great Sheep Dog Trials

ALL DAY

IN HARDAKER'S FIELD, ADJOINING BAILDON MOOR.

Judge: R. LONGBOTTOM, Esq. (Shipley).

Timekeeper: F. GREENWOOD, Esq. (Harden).

OPEN AND NOVICE CLASSES.

PRIZES: OPEN—£8, £5, £3, £2, £1. Entrance Fee 7/6.

NOVICE—£4, £2, £1, 10/-. Entrance Fee 3/-.

Competitors in Novice Class must never have won a First Prize.

Entry Form from Secretary.

—o—

Admission to Field, 6d.; Children, 3d. Competitors FREE.

Catering by T. Collinson & Sons Limited.

TEAS. ———— BUFFET.

EVENING.

IN TOWNGATE.

7-00 p.m.—BILLY OGDEN'S DANCE BAND.

7-30 p.m. THE NOVELTY COSTUME CONCERT PARTY in their latest successes.

8-00 p.m.—CHILDREN'S SINGING CONTEST (BOYS).

8-30 p.m.—BILLY OGDEN'S DANCE BAND.

7-30 p.m.—NOVELTIES COSTUME CONCERT PARTY.

9-30 p.m.—ITEMS BY "EXCEL" SUPER AMPLIFIER.

10-00 p.m.—FUNBEAMS' CONCERT PARTY.

10-30 p.m.—BILLY OGDEN'S DANCE BAND.

Dancing at intervals throughout the evening.



Staincliffe Preparatory School

Cliffe Avenue, Baildon

Principal ~ ~ Miss M. Kaye

DANCING

The services of Mr. Fred Town, I.D.M.A., have again been procured, and classes for Ballroom Dancing are now being formed for the coming Season.

Autumn Term

commences Sept. 15th

⊗ ⊗ ⊗ ⊗ ⊗ ⊗

Children's Classes for Ballroom Dancing on Saturday mornings from 10-30 to 12.

For Particulars apply Miss M. Kaye

Thursday, September 8th

In Towngate at 7 p.m.

- 7-00 p.m.—LIGHT MUSIC by THE BLACK DYKE (JUNIOR) PRIZE BAND (Conductor: H. Hepworth).
7-15 p.m.—THE BLAZAWAYS CONCERT PARTY in their up-to-date diversions.
7-45 p.m.—DANCE ORCHESTRAL ITEMS.
8-00 p.m.—CHILDREN'S SINGING CONTEST (Girls).
8-45 p.m.—BLACK DYKE (JUNIOR) PRIZE BAND.
9-15 p.m.—THE BLAZAWAYS CONCERT PARTY.
10-00 p.m.—DANCE ORCHESTRA.
10-30 p.m.—BLACK DYKE (JUNIOR) PRIZE BAND.

—○—
DANCING AT INTERVALS.

—○—
STREAMERS ————— MASQUERADE.
ILLUMINATIONS AND DECORATIONS UNIQUE.

Friday, September 9th

In Towngate at 7 p.m.

- 7-00 p.m.—ORCHESTRAL ITEMS rendered by the MARVELLOUS EXCEL SUPER AMPLIFIER.
7-15 p.m.—DANCING, and DRILLS (individual and collective), by the CHILDREN of the BAILDON SCHOOLS.
8-00 p.m.—THE BLUE BIRDS CONCERT PARTY in bright and breezy items.
8-30 p.m.—INSTRUMENTAL ITEMS by Messrs. GELDER BROTHERS.
9-00 p.m.—INDIVIDUAL DANCING NUMBERS by the CHILDREN.
9-30 p.m.—THE BLUE BIRDS CONCERT PARTY.
10-15 p.m.—INSTRUMENTAL ITEMS by Messrs. GELDER BROTHERS.
10-30 p.m.—DANCE BANDS ITEMS by EXCEL SUPER AMPLIFIER.

—○—
MUSIC, SINGING, DANCING, MIRTH AND FUN.

Marble and Tiling

Marble in every Variety
(Plain and Coloured)

All Granites

Wall, Flooring and Mosaic
Tiling Specialists

Bath-rooms a Speciality.

Designs and Estimates
Submitted.



T. Illingworth & Son
55, Rawson Road, Bradford

Established 1869

Telephone 4045

Saturday, September 12th

Afternoon

Grand Carnival Procession

Marshal: Mr. W. CRABTREE.

All Participants should assemble on Baildon Green at 1-30 p.m

1-45 p.m.—MARSHALLING OF PROCESSION under the direction of the Marshal and Stewards.

SECTIONS AND CLASSES AS UNDER :

- SECTION 1** Representative Tableaux on Waggon, confined to Sunday Schools and Day Schools of the Urban District of Baildon.
- SECTION 2** Representative Tableaux on Waggon, open to any organisation within or without the District.
- SECTION 3** Decorated Waggon (horse or motor drawn) bearing children in fancy dress, confined to persons or organisations within the district.
- SECTION 4** Decorated Waggon (horse or motor drawn) bearing children in fancy dress, open to persons or organisations outside the district.
- SECTION 5** Tradesmens' Exhibits, mounted on Vehicle (working exhibits optional) one exhibit per trader.
A—Local. B—Open.
- SECTION 6** Decorated Motor Car. A—Local. B—Open.
- SECTION 7** Decorated Motor Cycle. A—Local. B—Open.
- SECTION 8** Decorated Cycle, persons over 14 years of age. A—Local. B—Open.
- SECTION 9** Decorated Cycle, persons under 14 years of age. A—Boy. B—Girl.
- SECTION 10** Fancy Costume on Foot, persons over 14 years of age. A—Local. B—Open.
- SECTION 11** Fancy Costume on Foot, persons under 14 years of age. A—Boy. B—Girl.
- SECTION 12** Comic Costume on Foot, persons over 14 years of age. A—Local. B—Open.
- SECTION 13** Comic Costume on Foot, persons under 14 years of age. A—Boy. B—Girl.
- SECTION 14** Advertising Costume on Foot, all ages. A—Local. B—Open.

2-00 p.m.—PROCESSION MOVES OFF headed by THE BLACK DYKE (JUNIOR) PRIZE BAND (Conductor: Mr. H. Hepworth), and proceeds via Green Lane, Otley Road, Charlestown, Roundwood Road, Station Road, Browgate and Northgate to the Carnival Field adjoining Baildon Moor.

CHOCOLATES - SWEETS
CIGARETTES

CHOCOLATE SHOP

 12 Browgate, Baildon 

H. ALLEN, Proprietor

Let us Develop
your Films !

JOIN OUR XMAS CLUB
NOW !!

Estimates Free

Telephone 630 Shipley

 **W. HALLIDAY**

HIGH-CLASS

Paperhanger & Decorator

Pattern Books sent to any address

7 Hall Cliffe Baildon 

Saturday, September 12th (Afternoon) continued

3-30 p.m.—PROCESSION ARRIVES AT FIELD, and remains in position until the Judging is completed. Winners' names are announced by Loud Speaker.

3-45 p.m.—SELECTION by THE BLACK DYKE (JUNIOR) PRIZE BAND.

4-00 p.m.—DISPLAY by QUEENSBURY GYMNASTIC CLUB.

4-30 p.m.—MOTOR CYCLE RODEO.

EVENT 1.—One Mile Obstacle Race.

5-00 p.m.—THE PUPILS of Miss PEGGY MIDGLEY, I.D.M.A., in a display of Dancing and Divertisements.

5-30 p.m.—DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES for Procession, Tableaux, etc., also to winners of Balloon Race.

5-45 p.m.—DISPLAY by QUEENSBURY GYMNASTIC CLUB.

6-15 p.m.—BAILDON FLITCH TRIAL (see page 41).

7-00 p.m.—MOTOR CYCLE RODEO.

EVENT 2.—One Mile Potato and Bucket Race.

STALLS, GAMES AND SIDESHOWS IN GREAT VARIETY AT ALL PARTS OF THE FIELD.

A CONTINUOUS MUSICAL PROGRAMME

WILL BE RENDERED BY THE

BLACK DYKE (JUNIOR) PRIZE BAND.

CATERING BY

T. COLLINSON & SONS LIMITED.

TEAS AT REASONABLE PRICES.

BUFFET. LIGHT REFRESHMENTS.

"A House of Hey's"

Malt Shovel Inn

NORTHGATE, BAILDON

The Quaint Old-world House

as originally erected and well preserved ;
Furnished for Modern Service
and Comfort.

Luncheons, Dinners
and Teas Provided

Old Vatted Spirits and Best Vintage Wines

Hey's Gold Cup & Victory Ales

Awarded Highest British Honours Brewer's Exhibition, London

"BRITAIN'S BEST"

Saturday, September 12th (continued)

In Towngate

AT 8-0 P.M.

Great Carnival Night

FUN AND FROLIC.

FAST AND FURIOUS.

7-30 p.m.—THE BELLMAN announces the last night of the reign of King Carnival for 1931, followed by Grand March by Black Dyke (Junior) Prize Band.

8-00 p.m.—FUNBEAMS' CONCERT PARTY in their Latest Hits

8-45 p.m.—THE PUPILS of Miss PEGGY MIDGLEY, I.D.M.A., in a Display of Dancing and Divertissements.

9-15 p.m.—BLACK DYKE (JUNIOR) PRIZE BAND.

9-45 p.m.—FUNBEAMS' CONCERT PARTY.

10-30 p.m.—BLACK DYKE (JUNIOR) PRIZE BAND.

INTERSPERSED WITH ITEMS BY
THE EXCEL SUPER AMPLIFIER.

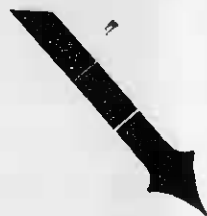
DANCING AT INTERVALS DURING THE EVENING.
BATTLE OF FLOWERS. CARNIVAL.
GRAND FINALE. AULD LANG SYNE.

SEE THE WONDERFUL ILLUMINATIONS.

IF IT'S HERE



ORDERS DELIVERED
ANYWHERE.



IT'S GOOD !

Saturday, September 12th

In the Carnival Field,

ADJOINING BAILDON MOOR.



"Baildon" Flitch Trial

The Court will award a Flitch of Bacon to the Married Couple who, after a trial by jury, have proved that they have lived for a year and a day without a cross word or a quarrel; with never a rift in the matrimonial lute.



CONSTITUTION OF THE COURT.

Judge:

FREDERIC H. RICHARDSON, ESQ. (Solicitor, Baildon and Bradford).

Clerk of Court: Mr. JOHN S. LYNESS.

Counsel for the Flitch:

Mr. R. HOWARD MOORE (Town Clerk of Baildon).

Counsel for the Applicants:

Mr. R. W. PARSONS (Deputy Chief Librarian of Bradford).

Foreman of the Jury:

Mr. MOSES MELLOR (of Broadcasting Fame).



Look Out!! You may get a Jury summons.

Intending applicants for the Flitch should notify the Secretary, John S. Lyness, "Rathlea," Carriage Drive, Baildon, by Monday, September 7th, 1931.
Phone: Shipley 1031.

:: One of the Cosiest Places of Entertainment in Yorkshire ::

BAILDON PICTURE HOUSE AND CAFE

TALKIES! BROADCAST MUSIC DAILY TALKIES!

also ONE OF THE FINEST SOUND
HALLS IN THE COUNTRY. ☺ ☺

HOURS OF OPENING:

PICTURE HOUSE Continuous Performance from
6-30 to 10-30 p.m.

Book Your Seats by Telephone—
Shipley 1056.

CAFE Open Daily 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.
Sundays ~ 2-30 to 10 p.m.

Luncheons, Teas and Suppers

PRIVATE PARTIES, RECEPTIONS AND
DANCES CATERED FOR.

Sunday, September 13th

In the Upper Hall of the Moravian School

WESTGATE, AT 8-0 P.M.

—○—
THE

Baildon Musical Union

ASSISTED BY A NUMBER OF NOTABLE
ARTISTES, PRESENT A UNIQUE AND
ENTERTAINING PROGRAMME OF —

Music and Song

Under the Baton of Mr. HARRY HOLMES.

—○—
YOU MUST ON NO ACCOUNT MISS THIS GREAT EVENT.

—○—
ADMISSION BY PROGRAMME, PRICE SIXPENCE.

E. HALLIDAY

COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHER

3 & 5 Westgate, Baildon

has the Largest Assorted Stock in the District of
Dinner, and Tea Services, Toilet Sets,
Carpets, Linoleum, Rugs, Matting, etc.

Our Waggon delivers to all
parts of the Town.

Agent for THE HOOVER
Electric Suction Cleaner.

Slating and Roofs carefully repaired. Encaustic Tiles, Marble Slabs, etc.

William Holmes, Sons & Co

Plasterers, Concrete and Tile Floor Layers

**THE OLD MANOR HOUSE
HALL CLIFFE
BAILDON**



All Kinds of Jobbing Work promptly attended to.
Estimates given.

HOSPITAL REFLECTIONS

By the Rev. PERCY ANDERSON, Vicar of Baildon.

"THE CHAPLAIN AS A PATIENT."

He had visited the Hospital many many times before. He had seen a great number of people—men, women and children, pass in, some with minor troubles, others with disease or injuries of a more serious nature. He had seen almost as great a number of people pass out, many of them wholly and wonderfully cured, thanks to loving, patient and proficient attendance and nursing. A few he had watched as they passed out, not wholly cured, but healed or relieved sufficiently to continue a fair interest in the mundane affairs of life. A still fewer number he had stood by and watched as they bore, heroically, maladies from which only the angel of death could release them. It was his habit to visit the Hospital once a week, and if he was proud of his position as a honorary Chaplain it was because of the friendships he formed and the good he tried to do, and for no other reason.

In his deepest soliloquy he was humble, and thankfulness rather than vain-glory was the distinguishing mark of his ministering office. There were times however when his confidence was of that rash kind which is the parent of presumption. He never for a single moment considered himself as being infallible either in thought or deed, but his besetting sin—if sin it may be called—was to think that he knew practically everything there was to be known about the life of a Hospital. He had talked with the patients and with the nurses. He had conducted services in every ward. He had assisted in the task of Christmas decorations. He had attended—as one of the invited guests—the annual concert. Above all he had given the Easter and Christmas communions . . . and he had drawn his conclusions, some of them quite good and sound, a few quite sincere, but very unsound. Among the latter was the one already mentioned which came to his mind at not infrequent intervals—that he knew all, or nearly all that could be known about hospital life.

It was on a Friday, his accustomed day for visiting, that he paid a visit of an altogether unique character, that is, for him.

Instead of walking to the Hospital (this, let it be noted, was his usual method of travel), he was taken by taxi, the reason being that he had joined that ever increasing company of people which is left to decide which of the twain they will do, namely, have their appendix removed, or allow their appendix to remove them from this present stage of existence. Being a thoroughly sensible man he decided that the former was the more worthy of choice. He was, therefore, and by order of his local practitioner, conveyed to the Hospital. The situation was interesting among other reasons because of its novelty. This is how it impressed the Chaplain, and probably, the nursing staff, too.

28/30 Saltaire Road, Shipley

SAYNER'S
SELL
ENTERTAINMENT

¶ Vaudeville
¶ Opera
¶ Sports Reports
¶ Dance Music

2/-

PER WEEK

For a good Wireless Set !

26 Bingley Road, Saltaire

HOSPITAL REFLECTIONS.

Now for the first time he was to learn things precious about hospital life, concerning which, until now, he had had but a vague idea.

People say you can tell a parson anywhere whether he is wearing his cloth or in mufti. They will tell you there is something about his ears, eyes, nose and mouth that makes you say at once, "Oh! here's a parson!" Perhaps there is some degree of truth in this observation, and perhaps, too, and for the same reasons, you can tell a coachman, or a sailor, to say nothing of the racing enthusiast. Perhaps, also, it is true that every profession leaves its mark on its votaries.

It may be contended that you can tell a nurse for the reasons already assigned, but it is not so easy as in the case of the parson, the coachman, the sailor, or the racing enthusiast.

The whole theory of course is subject for an inconclusive debate, because uniform has a most commanding power and does so easily reduce variety to uniformity. There is this much to be said for the nurse, she carries about with her a mannerism that is for the most part indefinable. It is not so much official as it is natural to her calling, and yet it is commanding. It is just that something which leads you on to say, "Here is a nurse!" But we are digressing! We must return to the Chaplain and his new experience in Hospital.

It remains to be said that he was allowed a day or two in which to prepare for the operation. During this time he was never permitted to be lonely. Nurses came into his room and passed out again leaving behind them a cheery word, a smile--altogether--an impression of strength and capability. Just that!

He was made very comfortable. . . . He was quite happy. . . . He was to some degree enjoying his new experience . . . and then . . . darkness fell with the eve of St. Matthews' . . . a little sleep . . . the waiting for the dawn . . . its arrival . . . Church Bells . . . 10-30 a.m. and next . . . Church Bells . . . 5-30 p.m.

All was over. He was in bed. One whom he loved was with him. He was comfortable and happy . . . He felt something warm at his feet. It was a hot water bottle . . . and then . . . how strange it sounds . . . A BEAUTIFUL HELPLESSNESS . . . Once he opened his eyes and he seemed to be looking at an apparition of wonderment--this was when he was waking out of the anaesthetic--he realised later that it was no apparition, but just that "little bulk" of humanity that was there to watch over him.

The Chaplain loves to tell his own story.

He had always considered Nurse to be a very human person, but now he thought she was, in a certain way, humanly human. He would explain as follows . . . "What I mean is, the human is not a 'pose' in her; it is rather her natural possession. She has all the marks of grace and strength, of power and delicacy, which make her humanity such a glorious possession."

He said to one of the Nurses that he considered a Nurse's life to be one of the most beautiful lives on earth, charged as it is with such a study and care for individual idiosyncrasies, never meeting a uniform temper, and ministering to all in their sundry and varying degrees of dispositions, and the problems resulting therefrom.

HOSPITAL REFLECTIONS.

A significant smile was the only answer he received, but it was sufficient to tell him that she understood perfectly what he meant.

A nurse's life is full of good deeds, with the deeds never outweighing the responsibility of her charge. The high opinion he had hitherto held of Hospital life seemed so naked and poor when compared with the fuller understanding which had come to him by way of personal experience of a nurse's ministrations.

A nurse is very human in many ways. This the Chaplain discovered. She is happy in her work. She is happy when her work is done. She loves her hours off, and if she can secure an extension—especially at night—well, she comes into your room and tells you all about it. Two hours is welcomed, half a day is met half way, a week-end is always an untold joy, and the annual holiday a divine gift. In these small details the nurse is full of human betrayals.

In telling of these secrets—if secrets they are—the Chaplain was full of delight.

Speaking to a friend of his experience one day, he said, "You might think it is sad lying in bed in a hospital for days and nights, but, believe me, it isn't, that is, if you are getting better and are able to take in things. At all events it has its compensations. You see really funny things, or imagine that you see them; you certainly hear funny things and you can use up your leisure in the enjoyment of the humorous. The late hours of the night are sometimes eerie, very eerie, particularly if the wind is rough and seems unforgiving in its relentlessness, but more so perhaps when everywhere is still, and all is quiet, and only mice and such brave little things steal out to see what they can find; yet, even a night of this sort is relieved because if a member of the staff has had her precious half day, she is sure to let you know of her return by falling up the entrance steps, or indulging in some such procedure. Occasionally you hear a sound as if a bucket has been kicked over, but you need not be afraid, you know it is one of the night nurses, who, in a gallant attempt to miss one thing, has barged into another. And the days are certainly relieved of all monotony. Plenty of visitors, but, of course, not too many."

Incidents of an amusing character are always happening.

The Chaplain never seemed to tire of telling his story.

It is now some weeks since he conducted a service at the Hospital. That was his one hundred and sixteenth. It will be several weeks before he conducts his next service, and, needless to say, it will be an auspicious occasion. He has told the nurses that he will expect them all to be present, because what he will then hope to say will be addressed to the staff rather than to the patients.

This is what he calls his "wholesome chaff." If he did address the staff it would be to say a big "THANK YOU."

"If I hadn't been ill," he said, "it would have been a great holiday, but then, kind as they are, the Authorities would not have admitted me for so long, except for illness. The rules would not allow it. I am not going to argue that it is good to be ill, but—well—some people get spoilt."

Those to whom he spoke knew just what he meant.

HOSPITAL REFLECTIONS.

And how he would recite his experience without attempting to conceal a certain shame for his previous presumption, and almost invariably he would conclude with a certain feeling of satisfaction, "Now I can say what I have often been tempted to say and have said, namely, what a knowledge of hospital life and work is mine.

"At all costs, I will not presume, but I will say this; that I have learnt in the course of a few weeks what I could not have learnt in any other way in a whole lifetime. I shall treasure the experience, not for its novelty, though that will never die, but for its real depth of meaning, and for the invaluable lessons it has taught me, for the new powers it has brought to my outlook on life generally—powers of delicate and strong interpretation. It has made known to me a vast unlimited field of healing of which the local Hospital is just one shining little corner. I know now, as never before, what is meant by 'the fellowship of suffering.' I have learnt, too, that other spiritual interpretation of life, so apt and pertinent, implicit in the phrase 'THE MINISTRY OF HEALING,' and I have known something of that spirit of life that is creative of noble-spiritedness, unselfishness, beauty and real happiness."

TO WHICH HE WOULD ADD THIS PICTURE.

It was Thursday night. Ten o'clock by the little time-piece on the shelf. A little electric light helped me to see. Outside it was dark and almost quiet. The Owl was calling to his mate. The little birds were snuggling in their feathers. The Church chimes reminded me that time was passing. Two more hours and then—midnight. What was I thinking? Just this—To-morrow I go home, thankful for relief from pain, for human kindness. To receive again the nightly kiss for Daddy, thankful, too, for a real enlarging of my knowledge of Hospital life and work.

Above all, thankful to the great Heavenly Father, the giver of all good things and the great Donor of MERCIES.

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CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A Botany Lesson.

Now, children, I want to talk to you about a beautiful little flower which grows in far-off India, where the rubber comes from, so for goodness sake sit still and don't fidget.

This flower is called *Recinus Communis*, and from its seed we get that perfectly ghastly muck known to us all as Castor Oil. Castor Oil, as you know, has been of great service to mankind, especially after such occasions as Christmas, when one is liable to make a pig of oneself.

Usually it is administered by one's mother who mixes it with orange juice and pinches one's nose, and says, "Come along, darling, it isn't a bit nasty, really," which is a beastly fib, and just shows to what depths mothers can descend. The best place to take Castor Oil is near the sink.

But as you know, every silver lining has a cloud, and there is no rose without a thorn, there's many a lip twist cup and a slip, so we should try to take our Castor Oil with gusto and not splash and make a fuss, because if we don't we shall probably come out in spots and pimples and have a "tummy" ache under our "pinnies" and contract parrot disease.

The Castor Oil plant was discovered in 1786 by a very learned botanist and traveller named Prof. Pontius Glink, who was subsequently eaten by savages—and I hope they enjoyed him.

Good-night, children. Chin-chin.

Gardening Notes.

Lord Kaimes, speaking of his garden, says: "Gardening, which inspires the purest and most refined of pleasures, cannot fail to promote every affection, and to inspire in the mind of the gardener a feeling of benevolence to humanity."

The man who lives next door told us what he thought of his garden, too, but as this book may fall into the hands of some person of tender years, not yet hardened to the wicked ways of their elders, we refrain from printing his remarks. However, we set out to write a few useful notes about gardening, so here goes.

DIGGING.—A lot of time is wasted by some men in digging up the garden. This should never been done, as it disturbs the soil, besides making one's back ache. We saw the man next door digging his garden, and the next day he was walking in the "every-picture-tells-a-story-way," and he said, ————— but no, we will not repeat it.

SOWING THE SEED.—Take the fireside poker and a hammer. Drive holes into the ground and drop the seed in. The advantage of this method is that seeds may be planted in a bricked-yard by boring the holes between the bricks.

It is interesting to study the intelligent manner in which the birds stand and watch you when sowing seed. We pointed this out to the man next door, and he said this country was much too cold for birds to live in—only he did not put it that way.

In the early stages the seedlings should be protected from slugs, worms, etc. This can be done by taking the plant indoors if any such pests should appear in the distance. Speaking of worms, we have often wondered what they really are. They are not animals and they are not insects. We put the question to the man next door, and he told us—We really did not know that worms had so many names before!

WEEDS will be a cause of trouble as the season advances. The best way to get rid of them is to spray the entire garden with weed-killer. This may destroy the plants as well, but as they would probably have been a failure in any case it does not matter much. The man next door says the only way to get rid of weeds is to cover the entire garden with concrete to a depth of two feet.

We shall be pleased to answer any questions relating to gardening. Address your queries to "Gardening," c/o the editor of this magazine and enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply. But do not affix stamps to envelope as they need Regumming before we can use them.

No Surrender !

*Proud Baildon! know'st thou that some misguided man
Would sell thee into bondage, bind thee to a foreign clan?
Would throw away thy freedom, though challenged yet again,
For a mess of pottage, or for some imagined gain.*

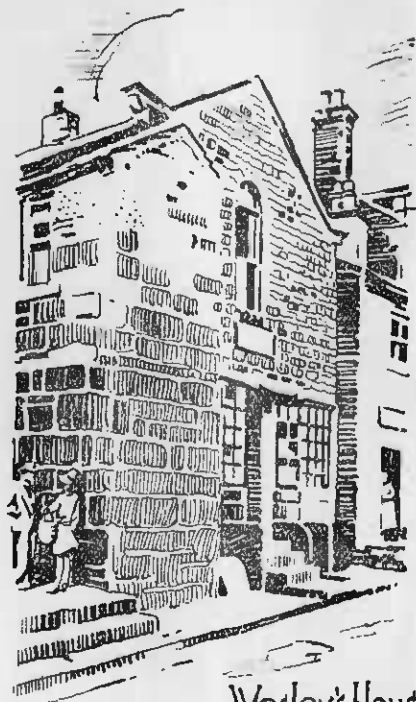
*Fair Baildon! with thy motto still held high,
"What Baildon has, Baildon holds,"—long may it be thy cry;
And far in distant lands thy honoured name
May still be written high upon the scroll of fame.*

*Brave Baildon! has thy courage
sunk so low
That thou must begging to some
grasping neighbour go,
And hand to them, in craven
fear, the right
To make thy laws and rule thee
by their might.*

*Wise Baildon! heed not then
the tempter's tale,
Take up thy sword, let the will
to win prevail;
Speak well of self, that he who
runs may read
How thou did'st triumph in thy
hour of need.*

*Rouse Baildon men! and round
the standard rally,
Throw back the foe who gather
in the valley;
Heed not the clouds that may
obscure thy way,
But hail the time when thou
hast won the day.*

J.S.L.



Wesley's House
Browgate

BITS ABAHT BAILDON

By EMILY DENBY.

Well fowk, wer historians tells us 'at Rome worn't built in a day, an' Ah'm bahn to tell yo' at Baildon worn't nawther. When t'buildin' o' Baildon wor begun nawther historians ner noab'dy else knaws, but onyway, it's niver been finished. Baildon's still growin'.

Happen it will be a complete tahn when they've gotten Keff filled in--a task 'at t'Cahncil's setten thersens to dew, but what Baildon 'll lewk like baht t'queer an' mysterious ravine knawn to t'natives as "dahn Kefflicks" Ah can't imagine.

Some says it'll be a big improvement, but that's to try for. Onyway, they say it'll mak a rare gooid 'bus station, an' it'll save t'Tahn Gate throa bein' cluttered up wi' traffic as it is nah. We s'll be able to see t'fahntain an' t'stocks an' t'owd buttercross ageean then, at present they're allus covered up wi' fowk. By gum, them 'at put t'fahntain theer niver thowt it'd iver be ewsed as a 'bus platform, Ah'll bet.

But as Ah wor sayin' Baildon worn't allus what it is nah. Ther wor a time when t'Kellcliffe (Keff) beck ran dahn Northgate, oppen to t'sky, an' t'residents--t'owd originals--ewsed to fotch a pigginful o' water to wesh up wi' er to wesh ther faces wi--when they did wesh 'em--an' then chucked t'mucky watter back ageean.

It wor a limpid streeam, full o' brokken pots an' sidhlike things, an' in it laiked ony amahnt o' kids, nut to mention pigs, geese, nanny goats, donkeys, an' other wildfowl.

It wor at this period o' Baildon history 'at a tragedy happened. A young woman 'at hed been chosen fer a gipsy queen hed gotten all donned up in her finery, an' shoo thowt shoo'd slip up to t'tahn to shew some ov her releytions hah shoo lewked. Shoo walked up t'beckside an' what sud shoo leet on but her Uncle's gurt fat pig. Up on tuv it back shoo jumped, thinkin' it'd be a bit o' practice i' hoss back ridin' ageean t'gipsy party day.

T'owd pig wor capped, he lifted his heead up, gav an odd grunt, an' pitched her off slap into t'beck, an' her fine clooas wor ruined. A pity, worn't it? Imagine ony Baildon lass tryin' to ride on a pig at this day. They'd rayther goa pillion ridin'.

T'Gipsy party, yo' know, is a varry ancient institution an' they didn't allus hev it i' aid o' t'hospitals. In fact, Baildon fowk, bein' a tough lot, hezn't hed much ewse fer hospitals woll latly.

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BITS ABAHT BAILDON.

It's noan sa long sin' ther wor a Baildon chap tumbled off ov a house top woll he wor workin'. They thowt he wor all but deead, an' they sent fer a doctor an' a ambulance, but afore awther landed t'chap sammed hissen up an walked away. That shews you' what soart o' stuff Baildon fowk's made on.

Mind yo' Baildon's altered a deecal this last thirty er forty year. T'owd natives bez had to cahr rayther quiet na' all t'nobology's come to live on t'hilltop. What wi' semi-detached, an' new cahncil hahses, we're all fine off nah, yo' know. Its nobbut i' times o' real crisis 'at t'owd native sperrit pops aht an' lets t'new clipped ens know they can't dew as they like.

Lewk what a doo we had when Bradford wor bahn to tak us in. They ommost did an' all, but we telled 'em off. Then it's noan sa long sin some'dy bethowt diersen they'd skift t'fahntain. They ommost did that an' all, an' then it dawned on t'owd Baildoners 'at they wor rivin' an' owd landmark up bi t'rooits, an' ther wor a racket an' reight. T'fahntains still theer, an' if it isnt a thing o' beauty an' a joy fer iver its Baildon, an' theerfore nut to be melled on wi' foreigners.

If ah'd plenty o' time an' plenty o' space. Ah could tell yo' some queer tales abaht some queer fowk 'at's lived i' Baildon, but Ah s'll hetta leave 'em woll sometime else.

Yo' know, owd Baildoners wor niver bet wi' a problem, they could allus tackle a question an' solve it to ther awn satisfaction, chewse hah other fowk went on. That wor hah it wor when one chap 'at hed a gurt fam'ly o' lads an' lasses solved t'houstin' problem. He'd a gurt chaymer as big as a lathe ommost, an' he axed t'lan'lord if he'd pay fer t'stuff if he did t'job o' pairtin' t'chaymers to mak more sleepin' rahm. T'lan'lord agreed, an' when he called ageean he wor capped 'at low cost o' t'job. "Tha's g'atten thi' stuff cheeap, hezn't ta?" he said, "Let's hev a lewk 'at t'job." T'tenant tewk t'lan'lord upstairs to see, an theer wor t'chaymer, tidily penned into compartments wi' wire nettin'.

"Whativer's ta done it like this for?" he axed.

"A'a lad," said t'father o' t'family, "Doesn't ta see, one cannle 'll dew fer t'lot."

Nut at brass is allus a consideration wi Baildon fowk. Ther wor an owd fella 'at lived i' Braegate, an' he wor walkin' dahn Hall Cliffe one day when he saw a sovereign laid o' t' flegstoans. He stopped an' lewked at it, an' then said "That's noan o' mine," an' he paused it into t'gutter aht ov his gate an' went on his way.

Aye, Baildon's Baildon, but its alterin'. When they've gotten it done, an' filled Keff up an' browt it all up to date, all t'owd legends 'll be forgotten. It's a long while sin Bloodyboos haunted t'dark corner up bi t'Loin Spaht, an' Guytrash follered fowk across t'moor, an' Chatterchains flayed fowk aht o' ther wits up Butler Loin. We're gerrin' civilised an' fine off, an' famous fer wer breezes an' wer beauty, nut to mention brass, but still, Baildon's Baildon, an Ah hoap we s'll all live a long while to injoy its healthy breezes an' laugh at its owd tales an' practise its owd customs.

THE AMATEUR CARNIVALIST

Why he was called 'Dilly Tanty' no one knew, or for that matter endeavoured to find out, but it was commonly accepted as having come down with him from his schoolboy days. He was highly respected amongst a wide circle of friends in our moorland village, not only for his quaint but charming personality, but also for his interesting views on a diversity of subjects invariably expressed in our rich local dialect—and that in spite of his Grammar School education.

His latest diatribe was on the Hospital Carnival, the salient points of which seem to indicate that 'Dilly Tanty,' like many erstwhile workers and members of Committee, had ideas of his own regarding the conduct and management of the event.

The local hostelry had the significant title of "God's Outcast"; and it was here that a little company met nightly for a smoke, a drink and a chat, and not a little "leg-pulling." The Hospital Carnival came under review on this particular occasion; and, as usual, 'Dilly Tanty' illuminated the discussion with fertile if not altogether original comments and suggestions. "A lot o' this 'ere tawk abaht t'Carnival is all codology, an' ah doan't tak soa mich noatis a' them interviews wi' t'Chairman, t'Sekkeretary, an' sich like fowk 'at's supposed to be t'managers o' t'show. Ah reckon nowt rul 'em."

Dissension greeted this remark, as it was generally agreed that the fountain head was the correct source for reliable information. Moreover, the view was advanced that interviews with officials, and all the publicity that could be obtained, were very necessary features of the propaganda campaign.

"Propaganda, be blowed," rejoined 'Dilly Tanty,' "that's nobbut t'brother to a proper gooise, soa what's it all leading tul? Ah'll tell tha wot it is," continued the speaker, "a Carnival in t'days o' 'Good Queen Bess' wor a time o' riotous revelry, an' that's wot ah want to see ageean in ahr time. Let's hev a reynt do. Why sudn't we all laik for a day, an' get wer wages paid for laikin'? Tha's heeard abaht t'Baildon fella 'at went aht to Toronto, an' t'furst Baildon Feast Monday 'at he wor theear he niver turned up at 'is wark. When he went at t'Tuesda' mornin' t'boss assed 'im wheear he'd been; an' he says, 'Ah've niver warked on a Baildon Feast Monday afore, an' ah ammut bahn ta start nah.' That's ah they cum to hev a day off in America; of course, sum on 'em calls it Independence Day. Nah, that's wot ah call doin' t'job reynt; an' t'sooner we get t'fowk to recognise t'Carnival Setterda as a sort ov Independence Day t'better it'll be for us all an' for t'Charities."

THE AMATEUR CARNIVALIST.

Someone in the company hereupon suggested that 'Dilly Tanty' ought to have been on the Committee to help "to run" the Carnival.

"Run nowt," rejoined our hero, "nah let's be fair abaht t'job. Chap 't tawks abaht runnin' things usually refers to lawn mowers, vakum cleaners, wringing machines, an' t'errands. If t'greatest nation i' t'world is imagination, then sum on yer want ta use it. T'Sheep Dog business is alreyt for them 'at likes it; but ah sud get that theear Cahncillor—Borinson ah think 'is name is—to let fowk into 'is shop at a tanner a time ta see t'Gytrash 'at he keeps locked up theer."

Several of the company began to question the statement that one of the local councillors had such a monster locked up in his workshop, when 'Dilly' butted in again—

"Ah know some on yer doan't believe me, but yer want to tawk to yon chap a bit: he'd fair cap some on yer. Ah wor tawkin' tul him t'other day while he wor marlockin' wi' some cart shafts ahtside t'shop door, an' he says to me, 'This wor ah've gotten owd on is an axle, an' at t'other end ov t'axle is a crank.' . . . Ah knew he wor wantin' me to say summat awkward like, soa ah says tul him, 'I, tha'rt like Esau, tha'd sell thi copyright onnytime for a bottle ov potash.'

"Wot the hengment has that ta dew wi' t'Carnival?" asked one of the company.

Before an answer could be given a very important individual announced in stentorian tones "Ten o'clock, gentlemen: all finish." And the village pumps and stocks were entertained to the remainder of the discussion—perhaps it had better not be printed here.

* * * * *

In all seriousness, the writer thinks that the foregoing may fail to cause a smile, or even to afford common amusement; but you, dear reader, may console yourself with the thought that the coppers you have spent on this Carnival Handbook have provided means for bringing a little sunshine and cheerfulness into the lives of those stricken with illness, and help and comfort to those receiving treatment in our local Hospitals.

R.W.P.

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Postal Information.

The History of our local G.P.O. is very MOVING. It is sometimes open. Visitors calling at the Post Office are requested not to ask for THE BOSS, as the Postmaster General is not always there.

Stamps may be obtained at moderate charges, the cheapest brands are 1d. and $\frac{1}{2}$ d., and are not sent out on approval. Cheese and Ford cars are not accepted through the post unless accompanied by the parents.

Foreign Parcels Post. Parcel rate abroad varies. Wives cannot now be accepted for parcels post abroad.

Baildon Rock can only be accepted through the post at owner's risk. If open at both ends it will be accepted as printed matter.

Mails from Foreign Countries such as Shipley, Bradford, Woodbottom, Tong Park, West Lane and other large places, sometimes arrive here.

The Public Telephone Call Office at back of Lambert's is open day and night (supper, bed and breakfast, 5/-). Drop two pennies in the slot, and wait until the operator puts you through to the wrong number. Press Button A and say " ! * * -- ! * * -- ! " (Thank you, Mr. Printer).

Complaints as to the Postal Telephone Service should be written out in triplicate on buff paper, with red ink, and forwarded to the Postmaster, when they will be immediately ignored.

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Famous Last Words.

1. Take your -- -- -- finger off that trigger, you fool.
2. This tea tastes funny.
3. I wonder if this is the right switch.
4. (Army Bombing School) I've dropped the pin out of this little pineapple. Does it matter?
5. Watch me beat that train to the crossing.
6. No. That red label came off another bottle.
7. Lower away, Bill!
8. Oh, it'll bear alright.
9. What! Twins!!!
10. I'm sure I can smell gas. Got a match?
11. How far can you lean over?
12. I hope this brake's working.
13. Ladies and Gentlemen! I will now enter the cage alone and unarmed!
14. I didn't (puff) know (gasp) that elephants could run (pant) as fast as this.
15. No! I won't move. A pedestrian has as much right to the road as -- -- --
16. So sorry. I've drawn the wrong tooth.
17. Great Scott. Here's the wife.
18. Can you drive with one hand, darling?
19. Think I don't know a mushroom when I see it?

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SOMETHING

(A CRAZY-WORK PATTERN MADE IN BAILDON).

The Secretary of the Baildon Hospital Committee met me somehow, somewhere, sometime, and asked me to write something for the handbook that would be on sale in Baildon during the Hospital week. "Yes," said I, "I will. The cause is a good one, and I really cannot refuse. Anyhow, I'll try." It was surely a very easy thing to write a page or so on hospitals, or hospital week, or on amazing cures wrought in our hospitals, something not too long but amusing, or humorous, or appealing. It might even be in dialect; but it should be nicely written, so as neither to proclaim what "a jolly old ass" the writer is, nor yet to let the general public down into the abysmal depths of his chronic ignorance.

Now, you may not believe me, but I went right away and entirely forgot all about the solemn promise I had made—until, in fact, Mr. Lyness came into my little office in the Town Gate, and asked me whether I had finished that article for the handbook. "What article? What handbook?" I asked. Then he began to explain his requirements all over again, and I sprang to attention. A few questions put to him revealed that the Vicar of Baildon was writing his recollections of hospital life as an actual in-patient, that Mr. Moses Mellor was sending one of his stories in the Yorkshire dialect, and Miss Denby was also contributing something in poetry. "Well," said I, "how would it do to give my impressions of the revived Gipsy Party of two years ago, and my chat afterwards with Mr. Foster who had seen several Gipsy Parties before that?" "Capital!" said he, "just the thing we want." "Right you are," I replied, "I will have it ready, if you call here for it when you come up to Baildon on Tuesday evening." He thanked me and departed. I locked up, and on my way home began to consider well how I might best carry out my promise.

The next day was Sunday, and I could not, partly on principle and partly from lack of time, sit down and write the required article then, but at intervals I thought of countries that had no hospitals, of Eastern countries where sickness is terribly prevalent and deadly, of lepers in far-off lands, of African tribes who leave their sick to die unattended in the woods, of hospitals in our own land before the introduction of anæsthetics and the X-ray apparatus—*all this the result of my meditation of the previous evening.*

On Monday morning I began in earnest to collect all that I could remember of the famous Gipsy Party of two years ago. There was the almost endless procession which I had watched perched on the top of Mr. Moore's garden wall: gipsies in all kinds of dress marched or rode past, tribe by tribe, from every corner of Baildon: strangers and natives by the thousand lined Browgate and Northgate; the king and

"SOMETHING."

queen of the gipsies rode by on horseback; their followers were of every shade and colour of face and of clothing. Sometimes they sang, sometimes they shouted, sometimes they merely talked, but always they shook their collection-boxes in front of everybody within their reach. On they went for a couple of hours, filing into Miss Hardaker's field that adjoins the moor. Oh, the dust! the noise! the crush! Crowds on the moor, crowds in the field! The entrance to the field was quite inadequate. Within was a huge cauldron, from which pint mugs of soup were sold to all and sundry.

Then there was the gipsy wedding.

The streets were gaily decorated, and at night were brilliantly illuminated with coloured lights, but in time Baildon sank to rest. All through the week, songs, speeches, farces, and instrumental music were dealt out impartially from the platform with its back to "The Angel."

Was that Mr. Moore shaving somebody with a huge razor or throwing customers out of his barber's shop? Just imagine dancing in the Towngate. And of course there were sports for the children, and of course it rained then, and the sports had to be postponed and it rained again, and finally they were abandoned.

No, I could never write my recollections of that week; one thing crowds out another, and the pictures are blurred. Who can recall what happened each evening? When was the boxing contest? Did the W. Yorks' buses carry passengers for cheap fares, or was that only on the second Saturday night? Was the ox roasted whole that year or the next? Was it the Baildon Brass Band or another that led the procession? How many thousands of people came into Baildon that Saturday? that week? When was the boxing championship decided? Who won? No, no, Mr. Lyness it is not possible to give any clear impressions—they're all blurred, they are enveloped in fog. Was it Mr. Hy. Robinson or the Vicar who was arrested and tried by jury and heavily fined? When? No, these impressions will never do for your handbook. I give up and try some other subject.

Let me see. There are those visits I paid to Saltaire Hospital when the Rev. L. Sparks, our last Chairman, had to undergo an operation. Why not tell about that? . . . No, I cannot do that, the Vicar of Baildon is writing something very similar—his reflections while in hospital.

"Ah, well; never mind. You know just a little of the general work of a hospital: give facts and figures and interesting details of the Saltaire Hospital. Run down and have a little chat with your good friend, Dr. Firth. He knows all about the place—gives heaps of his time and skill to the good work there. Easy to dash off an article then," said I to myself. "No," I answered, "you will not have time to chat with him; he will no doubt be too busy if you do go. You never were a patient in hospital, and other people know more about that than you."

Still, I might write something in dialect. It would be the very thing. I'm a Yorkshireman, even though I was not born in Baildon. Then I remembered the article

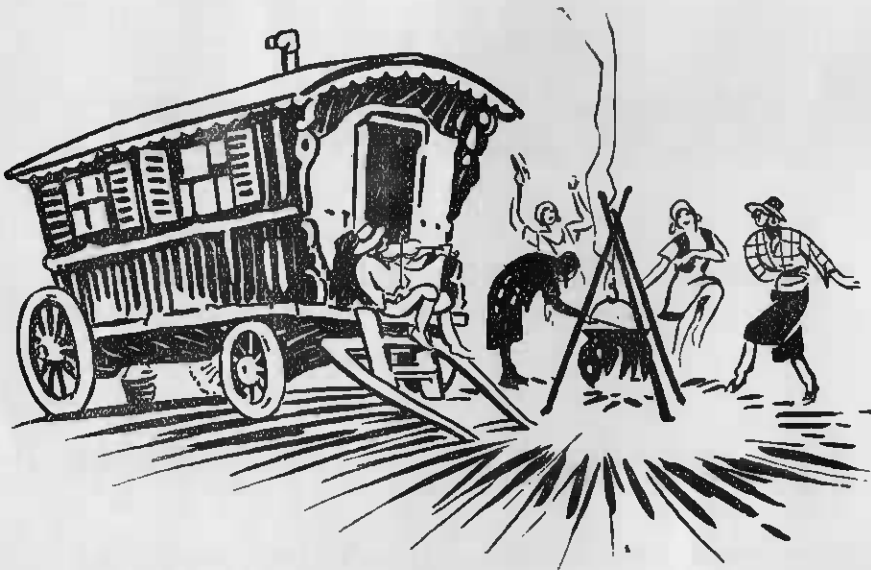
"SOMETHING."

in dialect which Moses Mellor was to write. No! No! Besides, there are scores of dialects. The true Yorkshireman ought to be able to tell Pudsey dialect from that of Bradford, Leeds dialect from Morley, Whixley twang from that of York. Which, then, is the Yorkshire dialect?

"Better, for once in your life, try to tell a simple, perfectly true story of some marvellously successful hospital work," thought I. That would be easy enough, but then the wonderful cures I have actually met with are so marvellous that nobody would believe my *true* story.

Tuesday evening came round and found me once more in my little office, when Mr. Lyness appeared, and asked for my article. "Awfully sorry, old man," said I, "I owe you a thousand apologies. I thought and thought about the Gipsy Party until I cannot say what happened, nor when, nor how. You really will have to excuse me this time. I'm sorry, very."

J.N.S.



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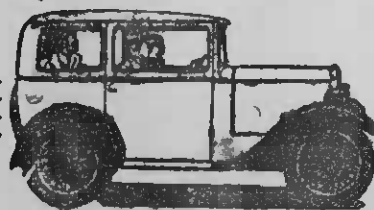
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