

# Ramblers Gems



A Spring Vale Rambling Class Publication

Volume 3 Issue 39

30<sup>th</sup> September 2022

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## INSIDE THIS ISSUE

- 1 Urban Public Parks
- 2 Butterflies in Autumn
- 3 The Dragon of Pickup Bank
- 4 The Tufts of Flowers /  
Symphony in Yellow
- 5 What's in a Name /  
Another What's in a Name

### Urban Public Parks

When you mention the word park to a rambler, it is more usual that an image based on one specific park springs into mind. But with this series of investigating particular parks in the area covered by Spring Vale Ramblers, I am hoping to extend your understanding in terms of the value of a range of different park areas and to explain how they have evolved not just in shape and size but also in terms of their importance to meet the needs of today's population.

There are a number of types of parks ranging from formal to woodland, national to urban, pocket to linear. So why are parks and woodlands important?

Parks can revitalise an area or town. The very fact that they are there in whatever shape gives people the feel good factor by their visual appeal as well as allowing people to be able to engage in what it can offer. These positive benefits - environmental, aesthetic and recreational enhances property values which bring in new homebuyers, workers or retirees.

A lot of people believe that green spaces and parks foster crime and illegal activities but green spaces adjacent to properties create neighbourhoods with fewer violent and property crimes as neighbours tend to support and protect one another. Involvement in community engagement allows a wider range of people to express their views and will ensure that any plans or proposed changes to parks being successfully used.

Urban parks quite often use their setting to promote the Arts and Cultural programmes of the area. Musical events including dance and theatre have been included as far back as the 19th Century and continue to play an important role. These public parks drive tourism in areas, encouraging strangers to visit these places which financially benefit transport, accommodation, restaurants and retail.

In writing this first introductory article, it has opened my eyes to the benefits of what a park can bring to a town and to its people. It's not just a venue for fun and games but if we are open minded as to infinite breadth of opportunities then public events and bringing together groups of people, sharing of culture and understanding and above all continuing to shape our communities will have a positive impact.

So, what particular parks do we have in our area? There is Bold Venture Park, Whitehall Park, Mercer Park, Peel Park, Corporation Park, Ashton Park, Roe Lee Park and Queens Park

Remember, our open spaces offer beauty and a breathing room as well as value to our properties and our lives.

**Glenda B**

## Butterflies in Autumn

At times of death I often think of butterflies. In some cultures the butterfly represents the human soul. Some believe the caterpillar represents a lifespan. The cocoon relates to death and the butterfly becomes the soul, fluttering away to the next stage of spiritual development. At the moment, I can imagine the late Queen Elizabeth 11 is at her butterfly stage. The links with the soul were also omens of death. Having one land on your shoulder, seeing one at night or seeing three of them together could mean the soul of a loved one is visiting you or someone is going to die. Some people believed the 'eyes' on some butterflies (Peacock) meant they were God's spies.

Aristotle named the butterfly as 'Psyche' which is the Greek word that means 'soul'. Psyche, the Greek Goddess, is depicted with wings. The North American tribes believed that the butterfly would carry wishes and prayers to the Great Spirit. According to folklore, a wish given to a butterfly is always given in exchange for setting it free. You must first catch a butterfly without harming it, whisper your secrets and then tenderly release it so your wish can be granted.

They are seen as weather indicators. White butterflies mean the summer weather is about to begin – but if the first butterfly seen is dark we will have a long stormy summer! Yellow butterflies hint at a bright sunny summer.

Clouded Yellow



We should not forget the caterpillar. Caterpillars spend their entire existence preparing to become something else. They are often associated with transformation magic or ritual. Want to shed the baggage of your life and embrace a new and beautiful one then please think about caterpillars and butterflies

Red Admiral Caterpillar



Seeing red butterflies means important news is on the way. If you see a yellow butterfly (Clouded Yellow) near a dead person it is supposed to mean the deceased will enjoy eternal happiness. Green butterflies can represent successful business ventures, money on the way, or growth in business or hobbies. Blue butterflies are split – some cultures think they are the spirits of vindictive people. Others that they represent calm, transformation, or good luck. Although they are rare purple butterflies are linked to spiritual growth and enlightenment. White butterflies represent spiritual change and dreams. Black butterflies can mean both renewal and death. If you can count the spots on a fritillary butterfly that tells you how much money is coming your way!

Peacock (Swallowtail)



Butterfly is the power of air, the ability to float upon a breeze. It is known for its darting flight; thus, it represents the mind and our ability to change it when necessary. Butterflies appear to dance as they flitter among the flowers. They remind us not to take things so seriously within our lives. They awaken a sense of lightness and joy. They remind us to get up and move, for if you do not move, you cannot dance. Butterflies bring colour and joy with them.

Look out for the following in September and October as they search for nectar - Clouded Yellow, Comma, Common Blue, Painted Lady, Red Admiral, Small and Large Whites, Small Copper, Small Tortoiseshell and Painted Lady.

Small Copper



Red Admiral



Barbara S

## The Dragon of Pickup Bank

This tale has been passed down over the generations of local people, the dragon of Pickup Bank was first reported in Vol 1 Issue 21, but you may well never have heard of it. This is how the story goes.....

“How the Dragon came to Pickup Bank no one could say. No one knew it was there, but there was a lot of sheep stealing going on with sheep disappearing into thin air. Then one day Hodman caught sight of the beast with a sheep in its mouth and the mystery was solved. Describing its appearance, Hodman said it was four or five yards long and thicker than the common wooden axle-tree of a cart, and with great glazing eyes and talons on its two legs like those of an eagle, a fearsome beast it was for sure.



That night there was a gaggle of Pickups and Yates's at Daub Holes, each of them talking loudly with everyone knowing exactly what should be done. One suggestion was to erecting a fence over which the dragon would not be able to pass, but how high would the fence have to be, none of them had the slightest idea. Another thought that the best thing which could be done was to ask Ned O'Dicks to make a bell which hung round the dragon's neck and would warn all and sundry when it was coming, but who should place the bell upon the dragon. The Daub Holes was silent for at least five minutes, while they pondered the question. Then it was suggested that the dragon should be blindfolded, slipping a sack over its head, but who should do that. There was however, one fellow who was in favour of a compromise; every day two sheep or goats should be driven to the dragon's den in the hope that its appetite should be appeased and the rest of its day might be peacefully passed in sleep.

This worked like a charm, his worship the dragon feasted every day and enjoyed his sleep during the night and so things might have gone on until now, but for a disastrous winter which swept over the district making it impossible to drive the sheep to the dragon's den. The snow lay so deep that men, women and children were confined to their huts.

There was no driving sheep to the dragon's den which by the way was situated in a piece of ground known as Grioms Arkwith Ooze Castle Woods. Day after day passed and still there was no change in the weather. Oh what joy when it became possible to walk about again, there was so much joy that no one remembered to feed the dragon that was now no longer fast up in its den, but was making its way as fast as it could to where it might find something to eat. Unhappily it spied Tom O'Jacks ass before the ass spied it and such the end of the ass. The supply of sheep to the dragon could not be kept up so once more there was a dreadful dragon loose.

One day into Pickup Bank strode a man dressed in Lincoln green with a sheaf of arrows at his back, he was a sight to see and the bonkers has never seen the like before. “What sport is there” he said, and they said there was none, the dragon had seen to that. “A dragon” he exclaimed, “well now isn't that nice”. He demanded to be shown where the dragon resided, the place was indicated to him and when he appeared before the den the dragon roared with delight, it must be assumed that he was a lump of meat around which it could soil its tongue.

So, man and beast eyed each other, the one had his arrows and the other its talons, the combat was to be equal. Here let it be stated that this George was without sword and in that he was unlike any other George, if one has to fight a dragon a bow and arrow is much safer than a sword. To save you all the detail let us suffice that the dragon was truly slain and to make sure Jack O'Moggies gave it a final dispatch with his spade.

The stranger (a Grimshaw esq) was offered free ale, but declined and asked only for a free passage through Pickup Bank to meet his lady Alice at her parents' home and to those who doubt it if they take a walk as far as Clayton Hall where they will find two figures in the form of a coat of arms: on the right side of the escutcheon is a figure with wings, four feet and a tail twisted in the form of a serpent. The like figure is drawn in plaster in several ancient houses in the neighbourhood, which go under the name of the Griffin's picture, and the sign is used at public houses.”

A winged stone Griffin



Submitted by Anita D



## The Tuft of Flowers

by Robert Frost

I went to turn the grass once after one  
Who mowed it in the dew before the sun.

The dew was gone that made his blade so keen  
Before I came to view the levelled scene.

I looked for him behind an isle of trees;  
I listened for his whetstone on the breeze.

But he had gone his way, the grass all mown,  
And I must be, as he had been,—alone,

'As all must be,' I said within my heart,  
'Whether they work together or apart.'

But as I said it, swift there passed me by  
On noiseless wing a bewildered butterfly,

Seeking with memories grown dim overnight  
Some resting flower of yesterday's delight.

And once I marked his flight go round and round,  
As where some flower lay withering on the ground.

And then he flew as far as eye could see,  
And then on tremulous wing came back to me.

I thought of questions that have no reply,  
And would have turned to toss the grass to dry;

But he turned first, and led my eye to look  
At a tall tuft of flowers beside a brook,

A leaping tongue of bloom the scythe had spared  
Beside a reedy brook the scythe had bared.

I left my place to know them by their name,  
Finding them butterfly-weed when I came.

The mower in the dew had loved them thus,  
By leaving them to flourish, not for us,

Nor yet to draw one thought of ours to him,  
But from sheer morning gladness at the brim.

The butterfly and I had lit upon,  
Nevertheless, a message from the dawn,

That made me hear the wakening birds around,  
And hear his long scythe whispering to the ground,

And feel a spirit kindred to my own;  
So that henceforth I worked no more alone;

But glad with him, I worked as with his aid,  
And weary, sought at noon with him the shade;

And dreaming, as it were, held brotherly speech  
With one whose thought I had not hoped to reach.



## Symphony in Yellow

by Oscar Wilde

An omnibus across the bridge  
Crawls like a yellow butterfly,  
And, here and there a passer-by  
Shows like a little restless midge.

Big barges full of yellow hay  
Are moored against the shadowy wharf,  
And, like a yellow silken scarf,  
The thick fog hangs along the quay.

The yellow leaves begin to fade  
And flutter from the temple elms,  
And at my feet the pale green Thames  
Lies like a rod of rippled jade.



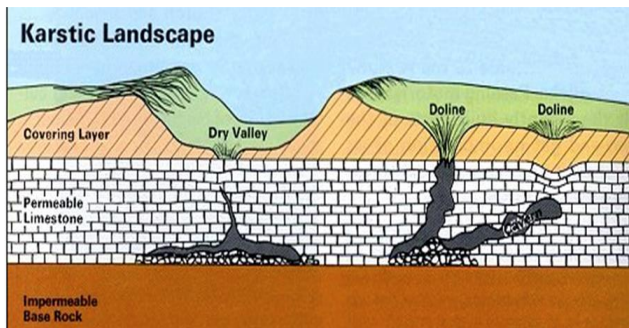
Pesto Cenorr

## What's in a Name

Following on from my recent article about interesting place names in the Austwick and Crumackdale area, I have move on to examine the area known as “Thieves Moss”. This area is clearly marked on the Ordnance Survey Map at the north end of Crumackdale.

OK – I think the name gives it away slightly, and without getting too technical or needing a PhD in Geology here goes with my explanation. Thieves Moss is a raised bog, formed about 9,000 years ago on silt deposited by wind at the end of the last ice age in a depression or “doline” in the Carboniferous limestone. The area was scoured by glacial sheets which led to the silt being able to deposit.

Ok, I lied about the PhD, in her 1965 thesis “An investigation into the origin and nature of some organic deposits of the Ingleborough region” Margaret Gosden, put forward that Thieves Moss was found to have developed from a former lake which was colonised by various mosses and found evidence of said mosses and water plants.



Why the area is shaped like an amphitheatre I am unsure and as yet have not found any easily understandable answers – except that it is glacial erosion. It gained its name after being claimed that it was once used as an area to keep and sell rustled livestock. The natural amphitheatre is in an elevated spot and is hidden from the valley below, so it seems a plausible explanation.

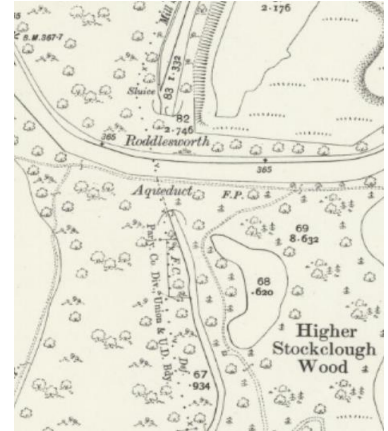


Jane C

## Another What's in a Name

On our recent walk from Stockclough Lane Feniscowles Blackburn, we travelled along a grass track footpath that eventually led us onto the bank of the Leeds and Liverpool canal.

At one point along the canal side it was pointed out that we were walking over what were called the “Chinese Tunnels”. What and how had they got this strange name?



After a little research I found that the tunnels were in fact a single tunnel that allowed the River Roddlesworth to continue to flow under the canal at this point. The tunnel was built during the construction of the canal between 1811-16 and is stone lined with a walkway on one side, this allows for inspection of the tunnels lining.



The name of Chinese Tunnels is probably derived from the curious mason marks carved into the stone entrance portal. These are now covered with mosses.



Michael C#