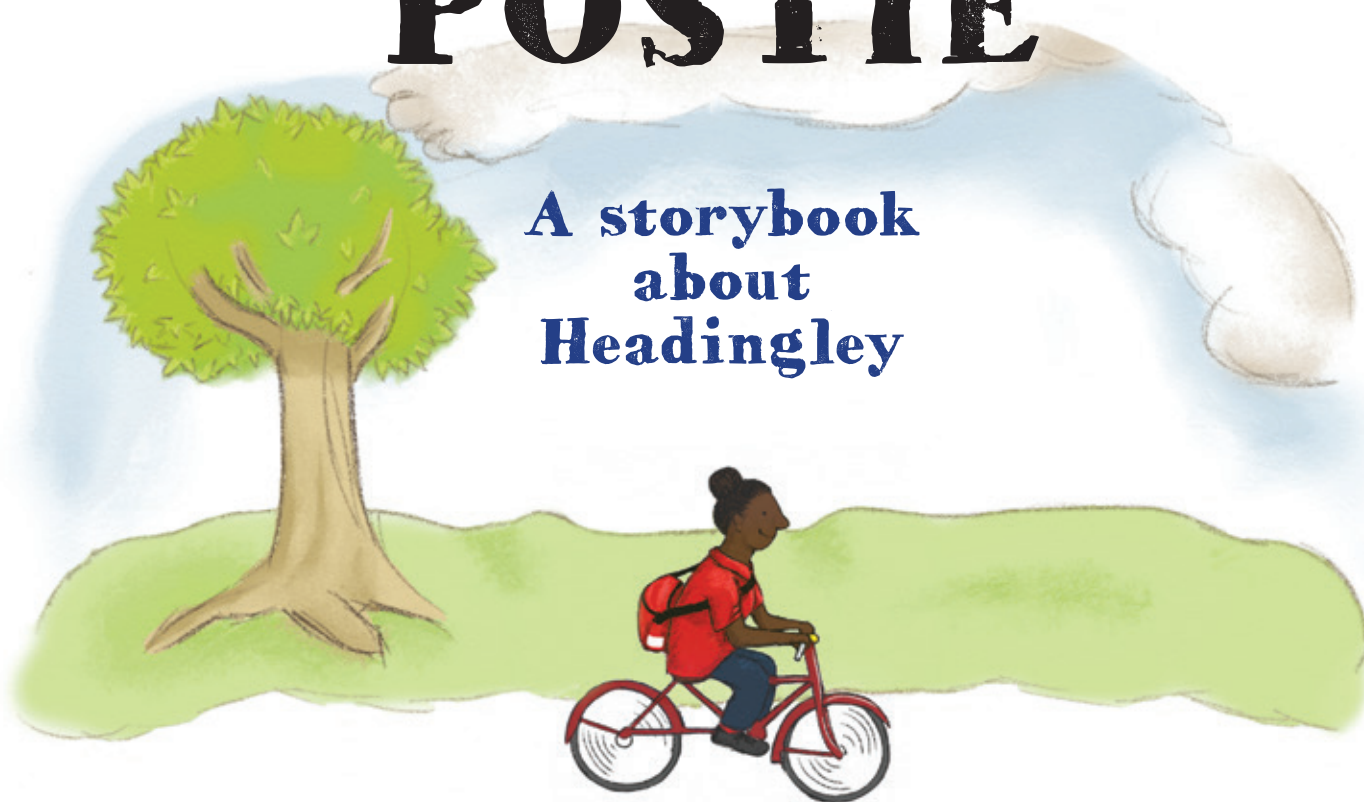


A Quiet Word presents

THE HEADINGLEY POSTIE

A storybook
about
Headingley





▲ Rosie. Photo: Lizzie Coombes

▼ Chris and Caribel. Photo: Lizzie Coombes



▲ Gerry. Photo: Lizzie Coombes

▼ Nathan. Photo: Lizzie Coombes



THE HEADINGLEY POSTIE

Whether the weather is sunny or chill,
The Headingley Postie rides over the hill,
And into the suburb that she likes the most,
To deliver her bag full of Headingley post,
And as she distributes the Headingley mail,
She'll often pick up a few Headingley tales –
Tales to astonish and tales to astound –
Told by the people she meets on her round.



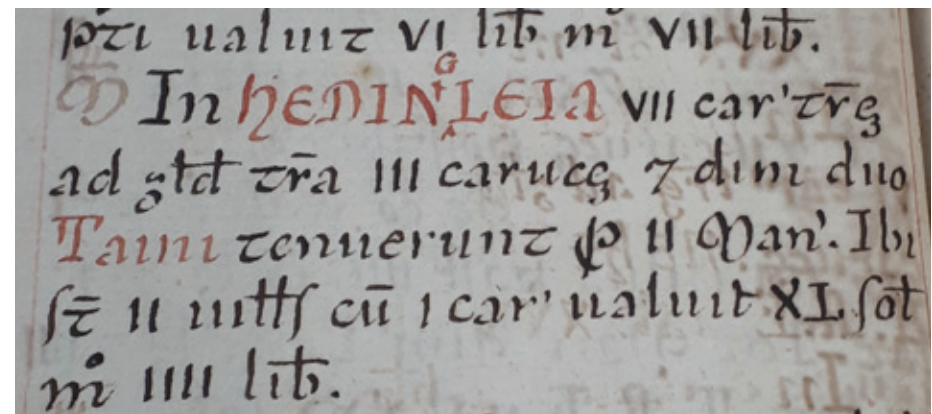


As she cycles past buildings, both new and Victorian,
 She arrives at the house of a local historian,
 And stops for a moment to have a quick natter,
 And chat about Headingley history matters –
 For the Postie has found that there is nothing better,
 Than sharing a story while handing out letters,
 And learning about the who, where, why and when,
 Of Headingley now and Headingley then ...

“ I first came to live in Headingley over 50 years ago, and spent the early years pushing a pram with baby and toddlers around the local shops: butcher, baker, Cowley’s the greengrocer, Grocock’s the upmarket grocer, with the occasional luxury of a coffee in Silvio’s café or a browse in Walker’s bookshop. Headingley became my familiar and much-loved home ground and long years later, after retirement from teaching and the Open University, I discovered the pleasure of finding out about its past, exploring its hidden corners and hearing the stories and memories of some of the people who had lived all their lives there.

Joining the Thoresby historical society gave me access to a wonderful resource of maps, books, and pictures to help with research, together with other local archives. I started working on the history of our home in Woodbine Terrace (off Grove Lane) and that led on inevitably to an exploration of the history of the streets around and the village itself. As I’ve always enjoyed writing, the idea of a book was born, first about the Terrace, then the village, alongside a detailed study of the nineteenth century enclosure of Headingley Moor. A series of brief profiles of significant Headingley people followed in our local magazine, extended to Leeds people over the last 10 years. It’s been an exciting journey into local history and a source of great pleasure and fun! ”

Eveleigh



▲ Headingley’s entry in the Domesday Book – a snapshot of the area in 1086. This image is from a copy of the book transcribed by Thomas Wilson in 1748 and currently held by Leeds Central Library. The full entry reads: “In Headingley, 7 carucates of land taxable. Land for 3 ½ ploughs. 2 thanes held (it) as 2 manors. There are there 2 villagers with 1 plough. The value was 40s; now 4s.” Photo: Matthew Bellwood

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11 OTLEY ROAD
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“ I was involved in setting up Headingley Development Trust fifteen years ago, in response to challenges experienced by the Headingley community. Bennett Road School had closed, and the local neighbourhood had become deeply unbalanced, with a huge amount of temporary accommodation. But it was by no means the first time we had faced such challenges.

Back in the ‘Dark Ages’, Saxon Headingley was the centre of local government – leaders gathered at the *Scir Ac* (or Shire Oak) on the village green. But the Norman Conquest devastated Headingley – the village was razed in the Harrying of the North, and its value slashed to a tenth.

In the centuries that followed, Headingley slowly recovered. By the end of the eighteenth century, it was a flourishing independent village, with a new manor hall, a church, a school, local industries and two inns, with a population of over a thousand.

Then Leeds industrialised. The village was swamped by emigrants from the sooty city and became a city suburb. But Headingley responded vigorously. Residents founded the city’s first bus service (and the No. 1 bus still runs here). Many fine mansions were built, ‘the most important group in the city’ according to experts. And residents bought the land for Headingley Stadium, which went on to bring international renown. In the twentieth century, Headingley became Leeds’ No. 1 suburb!

Now, Headingley Development Trust is working to retain the community’s vigour. Due to its efforts, the School is now HEART, a thriving community centre, we have the Market every month and two community-owned shops, and we have even intervened in the housing market. Many other projects are improving the life of the community.”

Richard

You can find out more about Headingley and the work of the Headingley Development Trust online at www.headingleyleeds.com

▲ Images taken from The Headingley Directory and Almanac (1905) printed by J. S. Saville & Co, Headingley.

There are fancy flats galore,
Behind this rather grand front door,
But 57 Headingley Lane,
Was once a rich man's sole domain.
Within these walls of Yorkshire stone,
A miser once lived all alone,
And used his wealth to spread the word,
Of Jesus Christ around the world.



ROBERT ARTHINGTON (1823-1900)

THE MILLIONAIRE MISER

by **Eveleigh Bradford**

In the later years of the nineteenth century an odd, gloomy figure was to be seen from time to time in Headingley village, buying a few necessities of life, dressed in old clothes green with age and an ancient stovepipe hat passed down from his father. This was Robert Arthington, often called 'the Headingley miser', the subject of much talk and speculation in his lifetime and legendary after his death for his legacies of over a million pounds.

From 1870 until shortly before he died in 1900 he lived a strange, reclusive life in his home at 57 Headingley Lane, close to St Michael's Church. But his story begins in Hunslet, where he was born in 1823 to a wealthy Quaker family. Their money came from the family brewery, which his father gave up on grounds of conscience to devote himself to the cause of temperance. Robert, the only son of four children, studied at Cambridge, but chose not to take a degree. In his twenties he left the Society of Friends and found a spiritual home with the Baptists. When his father died in 1864, he found that he had inherited an enormous fortune of over £200,000. He determined to devote this money to good causes, in particular to promote missionary work around the world in the unknown areas then being explored and opened up in Africa, India and China.

His passion was to spread the gospel among 'the heathen' and, as he saw it, shine light into darkness: this was the way to bring about 'the second coming'. He was in touch with the missionary explorers David Livingstone and Stanley, and supported some of their ventures, though only if they met with his approval: he could be demanding. Over the years he gave enormous sums to the Baptist and other missionary societies, and took a particular interest in Africa, especially Liberia, where he helped to fund the settlement of freed American slaves. A town in Liberia was named after him in recognition of his support, and in 1869 he was appointed consul in Leeds for Liberia. But he did not neglect his home town, giving large donations to various charitable purposes in Leeds, while he himself increasingly chose to live in self-imposed poverty on just a few shillings a week.

He stayed in his family home in Hunslet until his late forties, when there was a sudden change in his life. The story goes that around 1870 he fell in love, and this led him to have a large new house in Headingley Lane built for himself and his hoped-for bride – but he was refused. It's said that he approached

other possible candidates for marriage, to no avail. True or not, it is certain that from then on he retreated further and further into a strange, lonely life. He lived and slept (wrapped in his coat) in only one room, sunless, unheated, thick with dust, lit by just one candle, while the rest of the house remained empty and unfinished. He received almost no visitors – people were brusquely turned away. No one saw him smile, and his greeting was always an enquiry after your soul. (His dark stone house is still there, its entrance turned away from the road, divided now into flats.)

Meanwhile his wealth multiplied. He had invested wisely and spent nothing on his own comfort. Although he gave so much away, he was amazed himself at the riches that kept accumulating. In the last year of his life he gave away over £60,000 to charities, including £20,000 to the fund for the Leeds Hospital for Women and Children. When the new hospital opened at Cookridge in 1905 it was named after him. When he died in 1900, his estate topped a million pounds. Almost all of it went to the missionary societies with which he had been so closely involved and whose work he had passionately supported. This stunning gift ('Arthington's million') helped to provide hospitals and schools as well as missions in remote areas in India and Africa, some of them still in existence today. There his name and his generosity are still warmly remembered, and the label of miser (which stung him when he heard some small boys shout after him) is forgotten.



MISTER MONEYPOTS by Linda Marshall

Imagine he has a cat for company,
not quite in this world,
or a dog, terrified of thresholds,
facing its fears conversely,
walking backwards through doors ...

Maybe he shuns the luxury of pets,
sleeps in a weary armchair,
strewn with a humble blanket,
surrounded by thick rugs of dust,
eats a falling crumb or two.

No cheese in the larder, no cordial,
the potatoes are tinged green.
Some people call him 'The Miser',
in his patched-up coat, sprouting hat,
pennies leaking from his pockets,

the entire wealth to his name,
flowing into a huge chamber pot
of charity and beneficence.

He has no illusions – only dormice,
emerging from dark corners,

dancing in gold velvet breeches,
playing mini flutes and trombones.
Our man looks on, enchanted.

It's the snowy season of goodwill,
his flame in the hearth flowers.

◀ Undated, image shows the house of Mr Robert Arthington born in 1823 Hunslet Lane, died 7th October 1900 at Teignmouth. Known locally as a miser he lived as a recluse in a large house in Headingley choosing to live and sleep in one room, refusing access to anyone else and existing on 1/2 crown a week. Visible on the table are saved bits of candles and spent matches. Other items include a single candle holder, a top hat, a brush and a corked bottle. On the left of the fire is a rocking chair in which he would sleep every night wearing a coat, visible over the arm of the chair. On the right of the fire is a piano thickly coated in dust and a hand wash basin under which fuel for the fire is stored. The floor is uncarpeted except for an inch and 1/2 of dust. Visitors permitted through the front door were brought by candle light to the room and the candle would be extinguished at which point Mr Arthington would tell them it was possible to speak as well in the dark as you could in the light. Text taken from LEODIS.NET

Image © The Thoresby Society, the Leeds Historical Society

Around the streets there are still traces,
 To be found of long-lost places.
 There are clues for careful eyes,
 That mark a vanished paradise.
 A fountain base, a retaining wall,
 And then, the strangest clue of all –
 A gated castle on Cardigan Road –
 A captured bear's one-time abode.

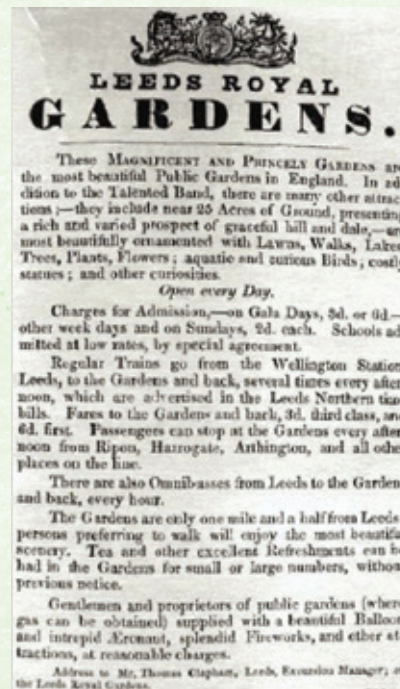


“ My father and my mother and I came and bought a house in Headingley on Spring Bank Crescent. I've been there 51 years. I wouldn't want to move. Everyone there is multi-national and I have a beautiful landscaped garden. It used to be part of Tetley's – the big house. It all belonged to Lord Cardigan. Down the bottom, there used to be a zoo. My auntie went to that – when she was ever so small. ”

Mavis

The Leeds Zoological and Botanical Gardens existed in Headingley between 1840 and 1858. The Gardens opened to the public in 1840 but were underfunded from the start and were dogged throughout their short existence by monetary troubles. Despite being taken into private ownership in 1848 and run on a more determinedly commercial footing, the gardens closed their gates for good, just ten years later.

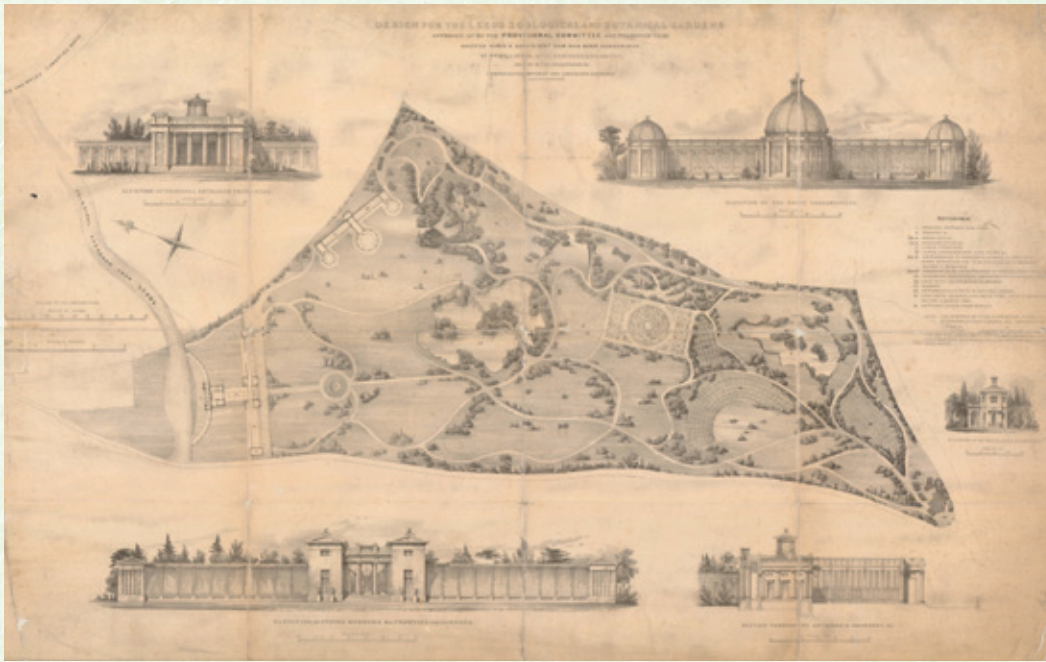
Today, the Gardens are long gone but their existence has not been forgotten. There are traces of them to be found in the archives at Leeds Central Library; records of the minutes of the Gardens committee, adverts like the one below, newspaper articles concerning special events and gala days and printed letters from a variety of correspondents offering their opinions on the proper running and management of the attraction. There are also physical traces that have been left behind, such as the remains of the bear pit on Cardigan Road and various sections of the boundary wall.



▲ Advertisement from The Leeds and Clothing Districts Directory, White 1853

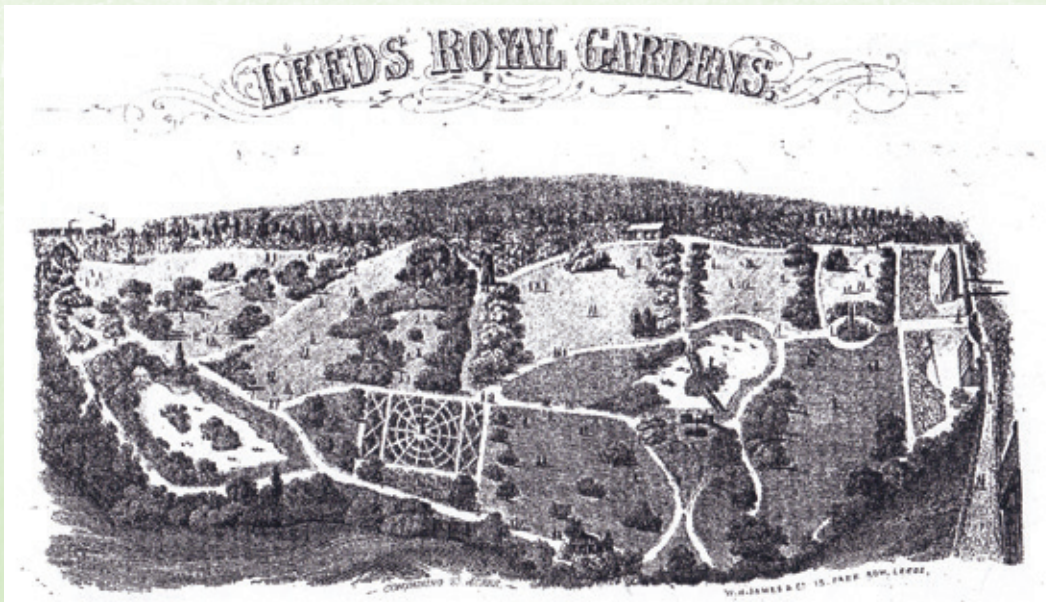


▲ Poster, Leeds Playbills Collection.
 © Leeds Libraries, Local and Family History



▲ Original design by Davies and Billington, as submitted to the Gardens committee in 1838. © Leeds Libraries, Local and Family History

▼ Engraving of the Gardens, taken from the letterhead of Thomas Clapham. Clapham ran the Gardens from 1848-58, so this is probably the most accurate representation we have of what they actually looked like. Image provided by Eveleigh Bradford



▲ Local artists, pictured by part of the Garden's surviving wall on Spring Road. An audio walk that traces the footprint of the Garden's original site is available online at: www.365leedsstories.org/maps/map-19. Photo: Matthew Bellwood

▼ The Bear Pit. Photo: Alison Andrews



One thing that the Postie knows,
Is people come and people go,
And those who come from other nations,
Bring ideas on their migrations.
Residences old and new,
Are filled with people passing through,
And when there's no more need to roam,
An ancient house becomes a home.



“ Where we live is very secluded. We're set back from the road, so if you didn't know the house was here, you would find it hard to spot. It's been lovely to have people coming into the garden as part of the HOUSE project and to share this little hidden corner of Headingley with other people. ”

Chris and Caribel

“ My husband was from North India. He was an academic at Leeds University – a lecturer in Applied Mathematics. We moved to Headingley in 1967/68. We'd been at Keel University for a year before that in Staffordshire. I was born in China and I lived in Eritrea from 1948-52. That was before I was married. My father was in the Police Force there. Eritrea had been taken over by the British after the War and was under the control of the Army. Before I was in Eritrea we were in Shanghai. My father was in the police even then and we were interned for about two-and-a-half years by the Japanese. It wasn't pleasant, but we survived. There are still little problems bugging us after the War. Most of us have them. But we survived. ”

Militza

“ I was in Birmingham for the first year of the War and then, when the bombing started in earnest, I was sent up to Leeds to stay with my aunt, with my mother's sister. She had a daughter a year or two years older than me. I was about 8 when I came up – I was born in 1932 and both my brothers had gone into the forces.

Fortunately, I knew my family well because we always got together as a family at Christmas and sometimes at Easter as well. My mother was the eldest of four sisters and they all kept in touch and got together whenever they could, so I wasn't in a strange place.

I eventually started going to school here as well. They thought I'd only be here for a very short time, but things dragged on so they sent me to school. I can remember going on marches and walks around the local area. So, I was up here originally for 15 to 18 months. It was a lot safer in Leeds than Birmingham. But my father decided that the schools weren't as good up here in Leeds, so I went back home. Then the bombing really came – so back I went for another two years. I think the War was over when I went back full time. They wanted me back in Birmingham to take the schools entrance exam for the Grammar School. ”

Mary



A place for peaceful contemplation,
Pleasant walks and relaxation,
Full of spots to sit and wait,
Enjoy the sun and meditate;
But when the tranquil day is done,
The night brings students out for fun –
The Postie often swerves around,
The aftermath upon the ground!

“ I’ve loved being part of this project – doing some writing about the area where I live. It’s a real change. I spend so much time looking at spreadsheets but I really enjoy being creative and making things. This little bench is hand-made. It’s one of my favourite places to sit. ”

Helen

“ Finding a small stone cottage with a castle in the garden was a great start to my plans to move to Headingley from London where I’d lived for over half a century. The castle doesn’t look like a toilet block, but that’s what it was – four separate toilets (long gone) for the occupants of the eight semi-detached cottages that filled the tiny, narrow street. It’s a marvellous construction, but I’m so pleased I don’t have to queue outside to use it. David Dimbleby visited the cottage and the castle (not the toilet) on a BBC series called How We Built Britain.

My next lucky find was HEART, the local arts and enterprise centre and ex primary school on Bennett Street, which instantly became the hub of many activities for me – creative writing, events, coffee, wine, food ... and where I’ve met many fascinating and friendly people. Sometimes two hundred miles feels like a long way from the place I was born, but it’s definitely no bad thing to be able to call Headingley your home. ”

Jackie

“ Far Headingley Village Society – set up fifty years ago to conserve old houses unwisely marked for demolition – strives to preserve the historic and architectural heritage of the old village of Far Headingley.

It also runs intermittent events such as the Scarecrow Festival – (not a great success – the scarecrows were so good they kept getting stolen!) – a window-based community Advent Calendar and the annual Wine Walk. For this much-loved event three locals are persuaded to throw open their gardens one summer Sunday afternoon. Participants visit all three gardens, admire their horticultural handiwork, chat to friends and neighbours and drink a glass of wine (or two, or three) at each venue; the money raised goes to a different local charity each year. You could say it’s the Far Headingley version of a tea party, but much more fun! ”

Pam

“ I’ve done the Otley Run a few times – both before and after I was a student. I did one for a friend’s birthday, dressed as Austin Powers and one or two in my civies and I think I’ve done one dressed as a banana. I can’t quite say for sure, but I can’t think why else I would have bought a banana outfit. ”

Oscar



Next on the Postie's list of stops,
 A brightly coloured row of shops.
 She grabs her letters and then enters,
 What was once the Arndale Centre –
 Still a place of rich potential,
 Now rebranded Headingley Central –
 But long before this new parade,
 The Road was still a place to trade.

“ Mine was a family business in Otley Road. It started off as a fish, fruit, game and poultry dealer (no15). Then we heard that the road was going to be widened, so we took a flower shop that was further back while that was happening and then they never did it. So, I was born in the flat above the flower shop. No 19 it was. I was born in 1932, so that makes me 85. I worked in the shop for about 40 years and I've been retired for 22. I'm the third generation of shopkeepers in our family. Our daughter worked in the shop as well, so she was the fourth generation. Our shop was right at the bottom of Shire Oak road. It was called Addison's when we had it, but it's North/South Hairdressers now. ”

Margaret

“ Headingley's gone downhill in the last fifty years. When we first came here, it was more like a village. You didn't have to go into the city centre. We had a butcher, a fishmonger's and a very good shoe shop; the best grocers and the best bookshop in Leeds until Waterstones opened. ”

Militza

▼ Image taken from The Headingley Directory and Almanac (1905)



Different faiths from different nations,
Multiple denominations,
Chapels, churches, seminaries –
A training ground for missionaries.
A place to ponder life's big questions,
Choices, chances, new directions.
Faith and fellowship abound,
On the Postie's daily round.



“ 2020 has been quite a year. As a Church we have taken the opportunity to do some reevaluating about who we are and what we do. This seemed a natural time to do that. We've had to strip back our physical gatherings and the work we do in small groups and schools. No one knows what things will be like post-pandemic. For now, we have produced a service that anyone can access online. We also produce a DVD copy or written transcripts. Anecdotally, there are a lot more people accessing our services remotely – it's really accessible because you don't have to cross the physical threshold. We've had people contact us because they've been able to connect with us and maybe something has struck a chord with them that they want to investigate further. We have to be careful about GDPR of course but we want to make sure we remain pastorally available, so we are negotiating this – how to keep in touch with people – to make sure we don't forget anyone. It's an expression of community. ”

Nathan, Cornerstone Baptist Church

“ I remember my Delph Lane lodgings because we had a very interesting Irish landlady. She had so many rules for you. The main ones were that you weren't allowed to have women in the house after dark and that you weren't allowed to interfere with the lace curtains but there were many others. She had a little Irish friend called Johnny and she used to drive around and check on you at night.

She also set all the meters to charge more than they should. That was a problem because I'd had glandular fever over the Summer and I nearly deferred my course because I wasn't recovered. But in the end, I came back and finished with my friends. But I had to keep warm, so it cost me a fortune.

My friend Miles got into trouble with her once because his girlfriend came around to cook him breakfast. She thought that she'd been there all night. And another time, his father came and put some PVC insulation in the windows and he got in terrible trouble because he had to interfere with the curtains to do it.

She thought I was great though because I had a crucifix above my bed. I'm not Catholic but it got her on side. ”

David

“ I belong to the Catholic Church on Grove Lane – St Urbans – which plays a hell of a big part in my life. I'm Eucharist minister which means I'm able to give out the host and wine to other parishioners and to be honest, I thoroughly enjoy it. I have a robe that I put on – technical point, they call it an alb. I changed my religion because of my wife. I didn't consider myself a Catholic – but that's quite a lot of years ago now. ”

Walt

“ I retired from being vicar of St. Michael’s Headingley at the end of September. I’m now living beyond Headingley, so this seems a good point to reflect on our community.

I must confess that I’m not a great lover of cities. My ideal is a place where all the basics for living can be found, but one which is near enough to a city for the extras. As such, Headingley fulfils those requirements. When we arrived, some eight years ago, there were a good variety of local shops, plenty of leisure opportunities such as the Heart Centre, sporting facilities, Cottage Road cinema and, of course, churches and places of worship to suit a variety of faiths and none – as well as a range of pubs, coffee houses and restaurants. In addition, there are good local schools and access to walking on the Ridge and Meanwood Park, with the Dales easily accessible. There are also groups actively working to enhance the area: The Headingley Neighbourhood Plan, Child Friendly Headingley and Zero Carbon Headingley, just to name a few. Where we live now doesn’t have the same resources, and we miss them.

But things are changing. The number of independent shops is reducing, being replaced by charity shops or snack bars which seem to change almost week by week. COVID-19 has also had an effect. It is said that it can take about two months to change a habit and when we look back to the start of the pandemic, we can see that many of our old habits have changed. Online shopping is now so common that it’s difficult to get a slot.

▼ St Michael’s Church Tower. Photo: Lizzie Coombes



More and more people are shopping online, and restrictions on gatherings of various kinds are having a deleterious effect on town centres and local shops – all for good and necessary reasons.

Hopefully, with the new vaccine, we will have an opportunity to change our habits again, supporting local businesses and ventures and, above all, supporting our local communities, and building on the relationships we have made, suitably distanced, during the last 9 months or so. Long live Headingley! ”

Tony

“ At the end of the war, St Michael’s Church had a Parochial Hall called Bennett Road Institute. And we thought we were going to be able to have this hall as a home for the youth club and we scrubbed it from top to bottom. We used to have a drama club called the XYP club, a hockey club, a tennis club. We were busy! They were very happy years – before everyone went to college. It was a very active youth club. ”

Gwendoline

▼ c1906. Colour-tinted postcard with a postal date of 29th July 1906 showing Headingley College off Headingley Lane. This Wesleyan Methodist College for the training of missionaries was opened in 1886. It is now (2011) a pastoral and conference centre for the Diocese of Leeds and has been renamed Hinsley Hall. Text taken from LEODIS.NET Image © Leeds Museums and Galleries





The Postie knows to her distress,
Not everyone has an address.
Sometimes the folk the Postie meets,
Are living outside on the streets –
And though she has no post to share,
She'll always stop to show she cares,
And take the time to smile and chat,
And drop some coins into a hat.

“ This is my patch. If I'm not here one day, you can just ask anyone –
'where's Wardy?' and someone will know where I am. ”

Wardy

“ I lived on Alma Road – back when the Arndale Centre was still a tennis court. It was Headingley Tennis Club back then. You had to be out of the top drawer to play there. They were lovely houses, but not so good for the damp – or maybe it was just my room that leaked! ”

Maggie

“ We've been fifty years in the same house. I must admit I've been thinking about moving further South, just because the house is so big. And my husband died about twenty years ago now. But I don't want to downsize. I want to be able to take my grand piano with me. I'd probably get a shoe box down South for the same price as my house here. ”

Militza

“ To be honest I love the area. You've got everything there for you. There's a chip-shop directly opposite my flat. There's two pubs down the end of the street – though I don't drink. Five minutes down the road there's the Arndale Centre and over the road there's the B.P. Spa Shop that's open 24 hours a day. Never closes. ”

Walt

“ We always had cats when we were little. We always had everything! Dogs, cats, white mice, hamsters. My mother was very keen on all that. We had a black cat that we thought had been killed – run over. And the house next door was rented and the people had moved and it wasn't taken for six weeks. And when it was opened again, the cat came back. It must have been locked inside. We think it must have been drinking from the toilet. But it hadn't had anything to eat, so it was very thin. ”

Gwendoline

“ Lord Moynihan – the surgeon. He started in Leeds – a medical practitioner. He got loads of patients because he was up to date. And he got knighted and then he was on Queen Victoria's lists. And his wife, she endowed a house near the stadium – Victoria House. It was a home for older women. It had nursing staff. And when they built that monstrosity now – that horrible block of flats – they pulled it down. It was a beautiful, beautiful house. You couldn't pay me to live there now. ”

Mavis

“ I was born on Monkbridge Road in 1922. I’ve lived in the same house for the whole of my life. I’m 95 now. I haven’t bothered to move – I’ve had no encouragement!

The front part of the house – which is actually the back part, because it’s off the road – had two parlours – a good one and an everyday one. There was a scullery and a kitchen and a little windy staircase from the scullery that went up into the attic. I had a live-in nanny who lived up there when I was little, up in the garret. We used to get taken down to St George’s Church because the curate there fancied the nanny. They later married and he became the Bishop of Ripon.

Over the road was a little sweet shop and I used to go over the road for sweets – little ha’penny ones it was in those days. It was called Copley’s. Copley’s shop. A little tobacconist’s, with lemonade and sweets.

It’s four flats now, the house. We owned two properties next door to each other – no 2 and no 4 and they became flats, probably in the 1960s. My sister lived in the bottom of no 2, my parents in the top. I was in the bottom of no 4 and my other sister was in the top of that one. Because the whole family was there, it was known as The Battleground. The family name was Battle. ”

Basil

“ I drove the number one bus quite a few times. It goes from Holt Park down Otley Road, right down through town, through City Square, up Dewsbury Road and Beeston Road and keeps on there until you get to the turn-round point at Beeston. Where these flats are, opposite St Chad’s, was the bus garage. I got seconded here about three months and after that, they pulled it down and put up these flats, which I’m now living in. ”

John

“ At the bottom of our garden, there’s an old causeway that used to take coaches. It came across from Butcher Hill, across the fields, along the bottom of our garden and then on to Beckett’s Park. It’s huge stones. They’ve all been covered over with earth. It’s probably Victorian – certainly prior to the motor car. We find a lot of old pottery in the garden as well, which I’ve kept. ”

Marian

“ Around 50 years ago, there was a debate about whether to have a bridge over the Shaw Lane area – a footbridge. But people were worried about it taking away from the look, the feel, of the area and these debates are still going on today. I was divided because I didn’t want the bridge but I had a young child and I knew it would make it safer for him to walk to school.

Where I live now, behind Cottage Road, the traffic is beginning to cut through Moor Road, to avoid Otley Road. At the time, I just thought it was annoying but then I realised that it was actually adding to the pollution. It makes a difference. ”

Gill

▼ Photo: Alison Andrews





As the Postie goes on with her round,
She cycles past the cricket ground,
Where a smiling woman waits,
Beside a controversial gate.
Designed to celebrate and cheer,
A cricketer of yesteryear,
Its installation caused a storm,
Of anger from the ill-informed.

“ Leeds is a great place to be a student. It’s a welcoming city. When I’m not studying, I work part-time at Headingley Stadium – home of Cricket and Rugby in Leeds. That’s why I picked the Hutton Gates as a place to be photographed. ”

Rosie

The Hutton Gates were erected in 2001 as a memorial to the celebrated Yorkshire Cricketer Sir Leonard Hutton. Hutton was born in Fulneck in Pudsey in 1916 and went to Littlemoor Council School and later Pudsey Grammar. Between 1934 to 1955, he played as an opening batsman for Yorkshire County Cricket Club. Between 1937 and 1955, he also appeared for England, notching up 79 Test Match caps over the course of his career. He was knighted for his contribution to cricket in 1956.

The gates themselves are cast in steel and bronze and their design features a number of objects and moments connected to Hutton’s life and career, including a YCCC cap, a cricket glove and pad and a portrait of Sir Len in his later years. Moments commemorated on the gates include England regaining the ashes during his captaincy and his (at-the time) record-breaking score of 364 runs against Australia.

Sadly, the installation of the gates proved to be controversial, as several former players complained about the design. Their specific objection concerned a group of female supporters, shown in the stands and dressed in saris and headscarves. Former players, Ray Illingworth, Bob Appleyard and Richard Hutton (Sir Leonard’s son) described the inclusion of the women as “ tokenism” and claimed that the image had nothing to do with Hutton’s life. Illingworth said that, “When Len played there were no Asian women in the crowd and he never played in India.”

Yorkshire County Cricket Club was quick to distance itself from these remarks and gave their full support to the design. The gates’ designer Kate Madison said in a contemporary interview that the image was taken from a photograph she had taken while visiting the site. “I seek to create a gateway to the game of cricket which was played in the lifetime of Sir Leonard Hutton and is still played today . . . As well as celebrating his remarkable achievements, I felt the gates should represent the club and the audience who support the matches.”

The broadcaster Michael Parkinson wrote about the controversy in his column in *The Telegraph* newspaper, condemning the inherent racism of the criticisms. “What they have guaranteed by their puerile behaviour is it will be impossible to look at the gate in future without being reminded of the controversy. . . and the damage done to Yorkshire. It is more important we look to the future – towards a game that is effortlessly multi-racial both on and off the field.”

“ I remember my mother getting up at six o'clock in the morning to go and queue for tickets for the West Indies Test Match. It must have been the mid-1950s. You had to go early if you wanted to get in. ”

Maggie

“ The moment I was being born, my father was watching the Australian Test Match at Headingley in which the Australians were doing rather well. I think Bradman got his century at that match. ”

Keith

“ When I was in High School, I played for West Leeds Girls Rugby. When Leeds Rhinos played, we sometimes got invited to play friendlies at the Stadium at half time. When you're on the field, you realise how small you really are! It's a reinforced grass pitch, so it's one of the few places where you don't come off covered in mud. ”

Evelyn



“ We supported the club and when Bob, my husband, was around we went every week. My eldest brother, Stanley, used to come over and join us – all the way from North Allerton! Mind you he's been dead for years now. Bob died as well, 18 years ago now, and I don't go anymore. It's not the same without him. It's altered a lot, the grounds. I haven't been since they had the extension. They call it the Emerald stadium, because it's all green. I think it looks like a big carbuncle! This big green thing that's stuck up – it looks like an eyesore to me. Mind you, some might think it's beautiful. We're all different.

I can remember the old cricketers – and I remember Dickie Bird – he was a well-known wicket-keeper and he became an umpire later on. There's a clock on the outside and it's the Dickie Bird clock. And we saw Boycott, many years ago. Johnny Bairstow who plays now, I remember his father, David. And he was ginger as well. He's a chip off the old block. We've had some prominent people at Headingley!

We used to follow Yorkshire Cricket club all over – Scarborough and Harrogate – and I've seen them play in Barbados! We weren't part of the barmy army or anything but we've been all over. I've even been to Newlands in South Africa. That's where the England team should be playing this week, but they've had to come home because of COVID-19.

When my husband died, we scattered his ashes on the pitch and the minister from Church said some words for him. That's where he wanted to be. We knew we'd get permission because he was a true member. ”

Dorothy

◀ Undated. Home of Yorkshire County Cricket Club and world-famous Test Match venue. View of a large audience in the pavilion and terraces surrounding the cricket pitch. None of the play can be seen. In November 1913, two suffragettes were arrested for attempted arson at Headingley Stadium, during the week of prime minister Herbert Asquith's visit. The 'Headingley Two', a dark-haired woman of about twenty-five and her accomplice a 'girlish figure in green cap and sports jacket' appeared in court. Evidence used against them included postcards stating, 'NO VOTE, NO SPORT, NO PEACE-FIRE, DESTRUCTION, DEVASTATION' and one addressed to Asquith himself: 'We are burning for votes for women'. The two ladies also made complaints against several Armley Gaol warders for using violence to obtain fingerprints. Information taken from Leonora Cohen press cutting book at Abbey House Museum. Text taken from LEODIS.NET
Image © Leeds Libraries, Leodis.net



Down Bennett Road, a cheerful fella,
Turns out to be a storyteller,
Sharing tales of darker times,
And wicked deeds in foreign climes.
Behind the shops selling snacks and savouries,
Lie histories of wealth and slavery –
Links to places, much more sunny,
That helped the city make its money.

“ Pubs are places where people go to have fun and socialise, but the histories of some of our breweries are historically colourful and informative. For example, Greene King, the brewing company, was founded by a slave owner – Benjamin Greene. He had three plantations in the West Indies, so when slavery came to an end in Britain’s colonies in 1833, Greene was compensated about £500,000 in today’s money for the loss of potential income, on top of what he had already earned from enslaving human ‘property’. Of course, the enslaved received nothing, even the countless illegitimate grandchildren that Greene’s teenage son fathered on the plantations. Greene’s earnings fed into his business and he remained very wealthy, whilst also writing articles against abolition.

In Headingley, The Skyrack, Woodies and The New Inn are all Greene King pubs. Just this year, in 2020, the brewery finally apologised for its links to the Slave Trade, thanks to Black Lives Matter. This history is invaluable to help communicate some of the immense contributions that diverse peoples have made to Britain’s economy and society. The legacies that still undermine people’s humanity are not the easiest thing to discuss, especially if you’re trying to enjoy your pint, but we grow as a society by acknowledging these interesting historical facts. ”

Joe

ALEMAYEHU: AN AFRICAN PRINCE – heir to the throne of 3000 year old Judeo-Christian history, graces Leeds with his presence by Joe Williams

Abyssinia, 1866. Emperor Tewedros knew the greatness of his heritage and had recently united his nation with intent to modernise. He admired British technology and society and wished for his son to be sent to Britain for his education. By the time Prince Alemayehu was introduced to Queen Victoria aged nine, the British public had just experienced one of the first campaigns of embedded journalism, covering the war against Tewedros’s Abyssinia. The public were therefore aware that after a short and unbalanced battle, followed by the shameful and excessive looting of Magdala by British soldiers, it was reported that Emperor Tewedros died by his own hand in 1868. The public also knew that Empress Tiruwark Wube also died shortly afterwards, of lung disease, leaving their only son, and heir to the throne, Dzejmatch Alemayehu an orphan.



▲ Young Alemayehu, in traditional dress.



▲ Alemayehu in English dress.

Due to family power struggles, his life was genuinely in danger. It thus became a necessity for the child to be placed in the hands of the British government. The handsome and sensitive young Abyssinian prince created a good impression on all who met him. For his education, he was sent first to Cheltenham College, then to Rugby School, and in 1878 for officer training at the royal military college at Sandhurst, where he was very unhappy. The following year he came to Leeds to stay in Headingley with Professor Cyril Ransome, his favourite tutor from his days at Rugby School, now teaching at the Yorkshire College, today, a part of Leeds University. Professor Ransome is the father of Leeds writer Arthur Ransome, the author of the Swallows and Amazons series of children's novels.

Alemayehu, who grew up with lions his father took into battle, was fond of rugby and most other physical sports in Britain. Despite his full integration, it was noted that he had a curious hankering after his own country. This was no simple sentimental hankering. Some refer to Abyssinia as the original Garden of Eden. A sacred and mystical land that became the world's first Christian nation, which also encompassed the previous great nations of Kush and Nubia. Alemayehu's royal heritage was immense and of biblical proportions.

Sadly, the student Prince spent only one week in Leeds before succumbing to an illness from which he would not recover. Queen Victoria held fond memories of the eighteen-year-old, closely watching him transform into a fine young English gentleman, truthfully remarking on his passing that, "his was no happy life, full of difficulties of every kind. And he was so sensitive, thinking that people stared at him because of his colour, that I fear he would never have been happy. Everyone is very sorry."

You can hear Joe telling this story and sharing some more information about Leeds's Black History connections by visiting: www.365leedsstories.org/map-20/.

You can also see him telling the story by taking the Leeds Black History walk, which runs throughout the summer on Saturday mornings. You can find out how to book on the tour by visiting: <https://heritagecornerleeds.wixsite.com/heritage-corner/>.

“ I love going for a walk in Headingley. If you go for a walk down North Lane it's like the whole world is represented there in the different shops and businesses. So many different cultures, nations, cuisines. ”

Alison

▼ Street Art on Mayville Road. Photo: Matthew Bellwood





To Shire Oak Road, she comes at last,
As a smiling dancer whizzes past,
Keeping fit and staying cool,
Without the need for fossil fuel -
For Headingley is at its HEART,
A hub for the creative arts,
And hosts a notable collection,
Of art and literature connections.

“ I’ve lived in Headingley for the last 15 years, but I’ve worked all over the world. I am a movement practitioner and choreographer. My work playfully intervenes in public spaces, art galleries, and the natural environment. Since the beginning of lockdown – and recovering from a double hip replacement – I have been teaching yoga classes from The Yoga Space on Meanwood Road, which has been a lifesaver in so many ways! This summer and into the winter I have enjoyed having the time to explore my local area on foot and a bit further afield on my bike, discovering new paths and different routes. ”

Gerry

Local writer, Peter Spafford, has lived in Headingley for many years and been involved with many events and festivals in the area.

“ The first time I came to Headingley was to split up with a girlfriend. She was living here at the time. It was a terrible weekend, but something good happened. I fell in love with Leeds.

Within a year I had moved from a communal living situation in London to living on my own in a tiny back-to-back in Burley. LS6 has been my home ever since. To be honest, the romance of being able to hear from my attic window when a boundary had been scored in the Test Match was an endearing factor early on, but now there are many more reasons why I love this place.

Every time I walk out of the house, I see someone I know; something I’ve especially appreciated in lockdown times. And yet, for all the village-ness of that, I never feel hemmed in. The city centre’s just over there, and The Dales. In fact, being able to walk into the country through Meanwood feels impossible every time I do it, yet that green hollow way is always there for the taking.

But the main reason I feel so deeply bedded in is that I’ve done stuff here: had my family here, shopped here, worked here, made lasting friendships here, had friends die here. It’s the only place in my entire life where I feel I have truly belonged. Thank Headingley for that. ”

Peter

Peter and Gerry are not the only artists with links to Headingley.

- In 1936, George Orwell visited Leeds and stayed with friends at 21 Estcourt Avenue. This was during the period in which he was researching *The Road to Wigan Pier*. The house was home to his older sister Marjorie Dakin. According to notes discovered after his death, he attended a political meeting at one of the local pubs during his stay. Sadly, he didn't record which one.
- Arthur Ransome, the author of the *Swallows and Amazons* book series, was born at 6 Ash Grove. As a young man he spent time working as a journalist in Russia where he met his future second wife, Evgenia Shelepina. Evgenia was working as personal secretary to Leon Trotsky. Arthur's father, Cyril Ransome, was a teacher and had been tutor to the exiled Prince Alamayehu at Rugby School.
- Playwright Alan Bennett grew up in Headingley. His father took over a butcher's shop on Otley Road in 1946. The family lived above the shop, which was situated near the tram sheds opposite St Chad's Church. He describes his North Leeds childhood in the book *Untold Stories*.
- Nobel Prize winner T.S. Eliot married Valerie Fletcher in 1957. Valerie was a local girl, having grown up in Headingley and met Eliot whilst working at his publishers, Faber and Faber. She had been a fan of Eliot's poetry since childhood. By odd coincidence, the young Alan Bennet used to deliver meat to her mother. After Eliot's death, Valerie became his executor and edited several editions of his letters and literary works.
- J.R.R. Tolkien lived in Headingley whilst working at Leeds University. Initially a Reader in English Language, he was later awarded a professorship. During his time at the University, he initiated a number of courses in Medieval studies and completed a translation of *Gawain and the Green Knight*. He resided at several different addresses, including no 5 Holly Bank and no 2 Darnley Road.
- Monica Lewinsky came to Headingley in 1999 whilst on a promotional tour for her book *Monica's Story*, co-written with Andrew Morton. She was warmly received. While she was here, she sampled haddock, chips and peas from Bryan's Fisheries and knocked back a pint of Old Speckled Hen at O'Hagan's pub on Otley Road.
- Playwright and dramatist Kay Mellor is a local resident and can often be spotted in and around the area, either walking her dog, or making good use of the shops and cafes. Her work includes the popular drama series *Band of Gold*, *Playing the Field*, *Between the Sheets* and *Strictly Confidential*. Headingley itself provides the setting for her TV drama *Fat Friends*, which has recently been turned into a musical. She was awarded the OBE in 2009.

Built on farmland, belonging to the monks of Kirkstall Abbey, New Grange was purchased by the Wade family around about 1604. The manor house on the estate was remodelled several times – most notably when the land was bought by the Beckett Family in 1832. William Beckett, the new owner, renamed it Kirkstall Grange. The estate remained in the family until 1908, when it was sold to Leeds City Council. It then took on various different roles, including stints as a teacher training college and a military hospital. The building, and the land around it, is now part of the campus of Leeds Beckett University. In the 19th Century, when the house was still a family home, it was the venue for a visit by one of Britain's most celebrated playwrights.

From OSCAR WILDE by Frank Harris (1916)

"Mr Ernest Beckett, now Lord Grimthorpe, a lover of all superiorities, who has known the ablest men of the time, takes pleasure in telling a story which shows Oscar Wilde's influence over men who were anything but literary in their tastes. Mr Beckett had a party of Yorkshire Squires, chiefly fox hunters and lovers of an outdoor life, at Kirkstall Grange, when he heard that Oscar Wilde was in the neighbouring town of Leeds. Immediately he asked him to lunch at The Grange, chuckling to himself beforehand at the sensational novelty of the experiment. Next day Mr Oscar Wilde was announced and as he came into the room the sportsmen forthwith began hiding themselves behind newspapers or moving together in groups in order to avoid seeing or being introduced to the notorious writer. Oscar shook hands with his host as if he had noticed nothing and began to talk.

"In five minutes," Grimthorpe declares, "all the papers were put down and everyone had gathered round him to listen and laugh."

At the end of the meal one Yorkshireman after another begged the host to follow the lunch with a dinner and invite them to meet the wonder again. When the party had broken up in the small hours, they all went away delighted with Oscar, vowing that no man ever talked more brilliantly. Grimthorpe cannot remember a single word Oscar said. "It was all delightful," he declares, "a play of genial humour over every topic that came up, like sunshine dancing on waves."



A picture on an old postcard,
 Depicts a faded grand façade,
 Where once, within, one could have seen,
 A forty-two-foot silver screen –
 But while the Lounge has long since closed,
 The flicks live on at Cottage Road,
 The current holder of the crown,
 Of oldest cinema in town.

- Nostalgic postcard view of the Lounge Cinema in North Lane in the 1930s. Queues are forming outside for a showing of 'Captain Blood' starring Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland which was released in 1935. A poster reads 'Coming soon – Mutiny on the Bounty'. This also dates the scene to 1935 and the film starred Charles Laughton, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone. The Lounge Cinema was designed by C.C. Chadwick and William Watson of 9 Albion Street Leeds. It was comprised of 782 seats (614 in the stalls and 168 in the circle) at a cost 3d (1p) and 6d (2.5p) and one shilling (5p). The Lounge opened on Monday 2nd October 1916 to a showing of 'Cynthia in the Wilderness' featuring Miss Eve Balfour, Mr. Ben Webster and Mr. Milton Rosner. Text taken from LEODIS.NET Image © Leeds Libraries, Leodis.net

“ I went to see the first *Lord of the Rings* film at the Lounge, back in 2002. I hadn't planned to go, but my housemates invited me at the last minute and I went on a whim. I had just put a casserole in the oven and I turned the heat down very low in the hopes that it would slow cook and be ready for when I got back. Unfortunately, the film was an awful lot longer than I had expected it would be. The casserole was barely edible and the dumplings had glued themselves to the top of the cooking pot. Thankfully, the film was a good one and it almost made up for missing my dinner. ”

Matthew

Sadly, the Lounge Cinema closed down for good in 2005. Although the outer façade still exists, the interior of the building was demolished in 2012.

“ The Lounge was a brilliant Cinema. It was the venue for so many pleasurable evenings when I was an M.A. student at Leeds University in the 1980's. It's such a shame that it's no longer with us. One can only mourn its passing. ”

Alison





▲ Photo: Matthew Bellwood



▼ Photo: Matthew Bellwood



◀ Advertisement from The Headingley Directory, 1934. “It” is an American silent romantic comedy. It featured actress Clara Bow as a salesgirl, who falls for the handsome manager of the store in which she works. The film gave Clara Bow her famous nickname – ‘The It Girl’.

“ One of the gems of Headingley is undoubtedly the Cottage Road Cinema, the oldest surviving cinema in Leeds, which (apart from the enforced COVID-19 closure) has been showing films continuously since it opened in 1912.

Originally styled ‘The Headingley Picture House’ it was set up by Owen Brooks and Reginald Smith in Mr Kirk’s former motor garage and motorcycle assembly shop.

Frank T Thompson (of Golden Acre Park fame) bought the Headingley Picture House in 1937, but after only a year sold out to Associated Tower Cinemas, who added a balcony and changed the name to Cottage Road Cinema.

With traditional cinemas falling by the wayside, the Cottage Road was on the brink of closure in 2005 but was saved at the eleventh hour by Mr Charles Morris.

With support from its enthusiastic local patrons and Far Headingley Village Society, the cinema introduced a special classic film night every few weeks. ‘Classics at the Cottage’ has now become a tradition where patrons can watch classic films in exactly the right setting, complete with vintage adverts!

To celebrate the cinema’s centenary in July 2012, Far Headingley Village Society campaigned and raised the funds for a Leeds Civic Trust blue plaque. Its unveiling (by local playwright Kay Mellor) and accompanying celebrations drew a large crowd, many of whom continue to patronize ‘their’ cinema to the exclusion of any other. ”

Pam

“ I can remember going to The Cottage Road cinema to see *Back to Future III* in 1990. I remember we sat on the balcony and it made it more exciting. As a kid, you always like to be on top of things. Inside it was very theatrical, with big red curtains. ”

Julie

At Shire Oak School, the Postie lingers,
 Listening to a host of singers,
 Raise their voices, loud and strong,
 To praise the place they live in song –
 And as the last notes fade away,
 The post delivered for the day,
 The Postie heads off through the trees,
 And leaves her favourite part of Leeds.



THE SONG OF THE SHIRE OAK
 by staff and pupils at Shire Oak Primary School

Long, long ago in Headingley
 Vikings met at the Shire Oak tree
 For a thousand years the tree stood firm
 Till a wartime storm caused the stump to burn
 Lightning struck the tree one day
 The old oak groaned and passed away
 Now two pubs stand upon that street
 Where the people of Headingley still meet

*From the Wapentake where they raised their spears
 To the Skyrack pub where they drink their beer
 Night after day Shire Oak lives on
 The roots are strong though the tree is gone*

There is a bear pit on Cardigan Road
 A castle-like cage built of iron and stone
 The bear inside has long since passed
 But the traces of the park where he lived still last
 The stadium is home to the Leeds Rhinos
 Under the sign of the Yorkshire Rose
 Cricket and rugby make us proud
 The home crowd cheering right out loud.

*From the Wapentake where they raised their spears
 To the Skyrack pub where they drink their beer
 Night after day Shire Oak lives on
 The roots are strong though the tree is gone*

Bakery, fresh bread, ginger buns and more
 "Shake-it" the milkshake bar beside the
 dressing-up store
 The Arndale centre has what we need
 From Wilko's to Nando's and KFC
 Books for free from the library
 The place to go for quiet and peace
 Sports ground, houses and evergreen trees
 The Cottage Road cinema, a palace of dreams

*From the Wapentake where they raised their spears
 To the Skyrack pub where they drink their beer
 Night after day Shire Oak lives on
 The roots are strong though the tree is gone*



▲ c1907. Colour-tinted postcard, postmarked 4th July 1907, showing the Shire Oak on Otley Road. This decaying remnant was all that was left of the once-magnificent tree believed to have stood there for more than a thousand years. The first known reference was in Ralph Thoresby's 'Ducatus Leodiensis' (1715) in which he suggested that the tree, being ancient even then, may have been the very oak that had given its name to the 'Skyrack' wapentake (the ancient division of the county) as Skyrack was interpreted as 'Shire Oak'. This led to speculation about the tree being the focal point of Headingley in Anglo-Saxon times, where clans gathered to hold court and make decisions, but no hard evidence has been found for this. The tree itself eventually succumbed to age and collapsed in 1941. Text taken from LEODIS.NET
Image © Leeds Museums and Galleries

“ There was an oak tree up on the main road. It had railings all round it and they took some of the acorns when it all rotted away and that's where the new oak came from. That's where the trams used to go, and when they dug up Headingley Lane, they found all the old tram tracks. ”

Mavis



▲ The Original Oak. Photo: Lizzie Coombes

▼ The Skyrack. Photo: Lizzie Coombes





▲ Eveleigh. Photo: Lizzie Coombes



▲ Wardy. Photo: Lizzie Coombes



▼ Joe. Photo: Lizzie Coombes



▼ Helen. Photo: Lizzie Coombes

HOUSE /haʊs/

1. 'a building for human habitation, especially one that consists of a ground floor and one or more upper storeys'
2. 'home, place of residence, homestead, lodging place, a roof over one's head'

HOUSE began with the story of Robert Arthington, a rich man, locally known as The Headingley Miser. He built a large house for his bride; but the bride never came. And so, he lived alone in one room, on half a crown a week, and received his visitors in the dark.

Around him, 19th Century Headingley was growing from a country village, separated from Leeds by fields and farms, to a vibrant suburb, where industrialists and imperialists alike built themselves splendid houses. The miser's millions meanwhile were supporting missionary projects around the world. Arthington, Liberia, bears his name to this day.

Created by **A Quiet Word** in collaboration with members of the local community, House was a site-specific performance that explored how property and power connect Headingley and the wider world. Participants were invited behind closed doors for a conversation in the dark and asked to consider the many ways in which the present overlays the past.

Events ran from Tuesday 30 January to Saturday 3 February 2018. This book has been produced as companion piece to the performance.

You can find more information online at:

www.aquietword.co.uk and www.365leedsstories.org

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Linda Marshall – *Mister Moneybags*

Joe Williams – *Alamayehu: An African Prince*

Staff and pupils at Shire Oak Primary School – *The Song of the Shire Oak Tree*

Quotes and stories:

Eveleigh Bradford, Helen Capocci, Rosie Clark-Sutton, Dorothy Jackson, Julie Metcalfe, Caribel Ortiz Montero, Jackie Parsons, Nathan Shipley, Peter Spafford, Evelyn Stafford, Oscar Stafford, Gerry Turvey, Richard Tyler, Wardy, Tony Whatmough, Joe Williams, Pam Wilson, Chris Workman, Staff and members of St Chad's Lunch Club and Headingley Memory Café, Staff and Residents at Grove Park Care Home

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