

THIS ONE'S FOR YOU, JAMES

Family, friends and readers say goodbye

*It was always
the paper for
the people*

Welcome to the Tribute Edition of The Saltaire Sentinel, in honour of its founder and editor, my uncle, James Duncan, who passed away over the Christmas holiday.

The bitter-sweet task of editing this Sentinel gives me the opportunity of inviting family and James' friends to participate in remembering James and celebrating his life. Undoubtedly, one of his proudest achievements was The Saltaire Sentinel, launched 15 years ago with an identity that was unique, announced its purpose in a clear and independent voice. The voice behind this introduction belonged, of course, to James Duncan. James was The Saltaire Sentinel. It is with the utmost respect and love for all that



James was, that we lay The Saltaire Sentinel to rest, alongside its creator. I hope you will enjoy this edition in which we join together to remember James

who, like The Saltaire Sentinel, was dearly loved and will never be forgotten.

Oliver T. D. Scruton

THE SALTAIRE SENTINEL STORY

Created and edited by James Duncan, The Saltaire Sentinel has been part of Saltaire life for 15 years. The first edition was published on 1 January 2003; the last on 1st December 2017. Two issues are missing, April 2013, and June 2017, due to circumstance and ill health. Overall, 178 Sentinels were published, each one archived in Shipley College. Since January 2006, the Sentinel has also been available online [saltairevillage.info] sought out far and wide for its character and quirkiness. In total, 89,650 copies have been printed. We join here to celebrate James and his unique contribution to Saltaire, our World Heritage Site village, and mourn the loss of a dear friend.

In this issue:

MEMORIES OF A
LOST FRIEND
LOVE & GRATITUDE
PRAISE OVERFLOWING
SNIPPETS FROM THE PAST

**“God bless ‘em,
every one” - Ed**

These are the last words James wrote as Editor of The Saltaire Sentinel and they couldn't be more fitting. Losing a friend who contributed so much to our lives is painful. I helped James along the way with The Sentinel, but I always had his guidance. For this tribute issue I've worked closely with his nearest and dearest: Fiona, his sister and Oliver, his nephew, who took charge of editing. We are uplifted by the loving tributes to James, the shared memories and the praise for his many talents and achievements, not least The Saltaire Sentinel. James would have been delighted with such feedback. His response to his family, friends and readers would be, I'm sure, “God bless ‘em, every one.”

Pamela Reynolds

WHATEVER IT WAS - IT WAS SAID IN THE *Sentinel*!

JAMES - IT WAS AN HONOUR

Oliver T. D. Scruton writes: When I was 12, I founded, edited and wrote a weekly newspaper which I named, The Weekly Whisperer. It was terrible, but if you can't tell where I got that idea from then you're not a reader of The Saltaire Sentinel! I'd print it using my dad's printer and then charge him for the privilege of reading it. It didn't last many issues – probably due to the disgruntled owner of the printer objecting to me using up all the coloured ink! I hope I sent copies to my uncle, James, but sadly I don't remember. Regardless, I know he'd have been proud. He started young too. My mum, his sister, tells stories of James making his own publications as a child. He'd handwrite them, copy them out several times in order to send it around, and keep a copy for himself. After a while, he got a John Bull Printing Outfit and he'd spend hours using tweezers to delicately place tiny letters in a slide to print his paper. Then he started 'borrowing' my mum's baby typewriter. He broke the F key. Mum was furious! F, the first letter of her name meant it was, in her eyes, the worst key he could've broken. He was banned from borrowing her stuff! Eventually, he got a portable typewriter and spent countless hours producing these marvellous publications, none of which survived I'm sad to say. The good news is that the Sentinel is archived and I have no doubt I could get my hands on any issue I liked – especially as most are immortalised online.

Newspaper production isn't the only thing I got from James. Somehow in our shared DNA, I have inherited a voice similar to his, which was resonant and sonorous. Mine's not a carbon copy by any means but I'm told it has some of the same hallmarks. Much like James, I've often been asked to narrate a play or read aloud. I remember when I was about 8 and we lived abroad, I was asked to



narrate a play in German followed immediately by Jack and the Beanstalk in English, and then a crazy performance of Tchaikovsky's, The Nutcracker - but as a play featuring me singing The Time Warp from the Rocky Horror Picture Show wearing a green sequin suit! We sent James a DVD of the whole evening. He certainly found the whole affair amusing – as did my parents – but he was also excited to see me take the lead in two languages, even if it was from behind a curtain at some points. James also featured in many plays

in his younger years, often giving a solo performance in his living room for immediate family. He was also keen to point out he played the Sheriff of Nottingham at Leeds Arts Centre where Peter O'Toole started his career!

One of my earliest memories of James was when I was 4 and we surprised him for his 50th Birthday at Salts Mill. My parents, grandfather and I arrived early wearing big fake beards - nothing like James'. From the photos, I didn't much like mine as it appears to have been taken off almost immediately after his arrival! His face when he saw us was certainly a picture. I can't tell whether he

was shocked, surprised, scared, or a mix of all three. I remember him being very pleased to see me. He was always pleased to see me. His face lit up just as it did the last time I saw him in December. All in all, there's a lot of James living in me. He is a part of me.

James, it was an honour to be your nephew. When I was caught up in the Manchester Arena bombing, you were the first to get in touch to make sure I was okay – and not just physically. That meant a lot to me and still does. You were always there for me and I know I can still write to you, even now, in times of need. Thank you.

Oliver T. D. Scruton

THANKS TO ALL

There are many people to thank: Maggie Silver of Salts Mill who steadfastly supported the Sentinel. Pamela Reynolds, of the Saltaire Village Website, for online and technical assistance. Thanks to Shipley College; the speedy John Taylor in reprographics; Julie Woodward, Sandi Moore and staff in the Saltaire Archive; the legwork of Roger Clarke and Dina Plowes, and the church and businesses on whose shelves the Sentinel was placed for people to freely help themselves. Thank you to the Sentinel's contributors: the late Clive Woods, Dave Shaw, Roger Clarke, Colin Coates, David and Jonathan Starley, and many more; and thanks to the Sentinel's many readers in Saltaire and around the world. *James couldn't have done it without you and I am grateful. James appreciated you all more than he could say. Thank you all.*

Oliver

HE WAS MUCH MORE THAN MY 'BIG BRO'

Fiona Scruton writes: James was a fantastic brother. He never treated me like the 'pesky little sister' that I undoubtedly was at times, but rather he included me in as many of his schemes and activities as he could. He would invent a game, create stringent rules - we'd play it and then he'd produce elaborate score sheets and league tables. It gave him as much pleasure recording things as doing them. I won't be the only one to remember the Subbuteo World Cup - an elaborate competition made up of my brother's friends, including Ian Cooper, James' lifelong friend, and kids who lived on our street. To enter you had to have full teams, with home and away strips (my brother will have helped with loans of these) and provide a home venue, such as your lounge or cellar. In true James style he would painstakingly organise the matches and record the scores. I was only about six and a girl to boot, but I was allowed to enter! Some competitors accused me of pushing rather than flicking and one time I burst into tears so that the match was declared a draw, but my brother championed me, naturally!

Every year until I was nine the family went on holiday to Mablethorpe. James, always fond of traditions, would race me to the sea straight from the coach in our travelling clothes. If the tide was out, that was a long way, and eight years younger, there was no way I was going to win. When he got to the sea's edge he would stop, take off his shoes and socks, roll up his trousers, wait for me and then carry me into the sea so that we could make it in together. Such fun. Such a big heart.

Recently I told James about a friend of mine whose child reacted with jealousy when she brought the newborn home. I asked him how he felt when, at age eight, I came along. 'Why would I be jealous?' he said, 'You were the greatest gift anyone could have given me.' I felt myself swell with pride and gratitude. I can never replace the love he had for me. We could make each other fall around in fits of giggles. We had 'in' jokes that ran through my entire life. We learned the lyrics of

Benny Hill songs and trotted them out at any appropriate or, indeed, inappropriate time. One line that immediately springs to mind is:

'He was a great Lexicographer, well he had ample opportunity, he wasn't writing his diary all the time was he?'

James was a great prankster. In our younger days, if there was a problem with utilities, a man would be sent around the streets shouting, 'Water going off!' sending our mum into a flurry, filling every pan, bucket, and even running the bath. One afternoon, when Mum was taking a bath, James started shouting in a muffled way, 'Water going off!' He thought it was hilarious, Mum panicking, trying to shout orders to fill everything while scrambling out of her bath. There were endless scams where he and I would go to the phone box on the corner to make prank calls to Mum, pretending to be a phone engineer and having her whistle down the phone.

His wit and sarcasm could be sharp, but never cruel. Religion was always important in his life. We joined Mum to worship at the local C of E. We had a dilapidated greenhouse in our garden where he would

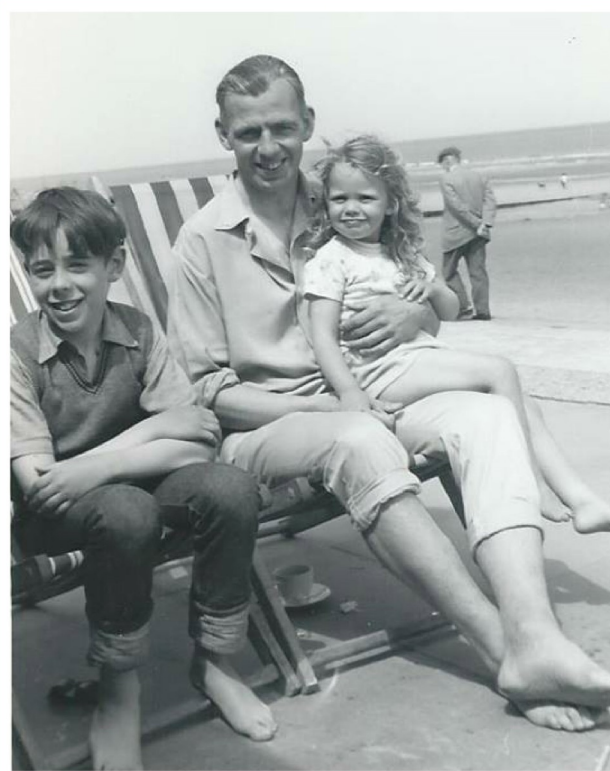
gather his friends and preach to them, usually something from The Sermon on The Mount.

James used to read out my horoscope from the TV Times; unbeknownst to me, at that time an impressionable teenage girl, he was making it up as he went along. He finally got caught out by saying 'You have a close relative who is in financial need. Don't make them ask for help!'

James' imagination, his love of current affairs, wordcraft and recording things, meant that he always dreamed of having his own newspaper.

This had very early beginnings, more or less as soon as he could write. I have only been able to lay hands on one example, which is a letter he will have written 1961/62 when he was around 9 years old.

Continued overleaf



REMEMBERING JAMES

HE WAS MUCH MORE THAN MY 'BIG BRO' *cont.*

You'll see he signs himself KiKi, an early nickname based on the first sounds he made as a baby. He had an imaginary town, named Kiksville which

had its own newspaper. In his early teens he produced a more sophisticated offering; I think it was called, The Potternewton Times, after the area we lived in. At first handwritten, then produced with a John Bull printing kit, then he commandeered my Petite toy typewriter.

Finally he bought himself a 'proper' portable typewriter, and the joys of carbon paper made reproducing copies much easier. What dedication for a handful of readers! There was a sports page on the back, once again full of records and score sheets. It puts into perspective his delight and dedication for the Saltaire Sentinel.

Speaking of dedication - as a young adult he would spend six months of the year writing a wholly original one man pantomime, only to be enjoyed by our small family and a few

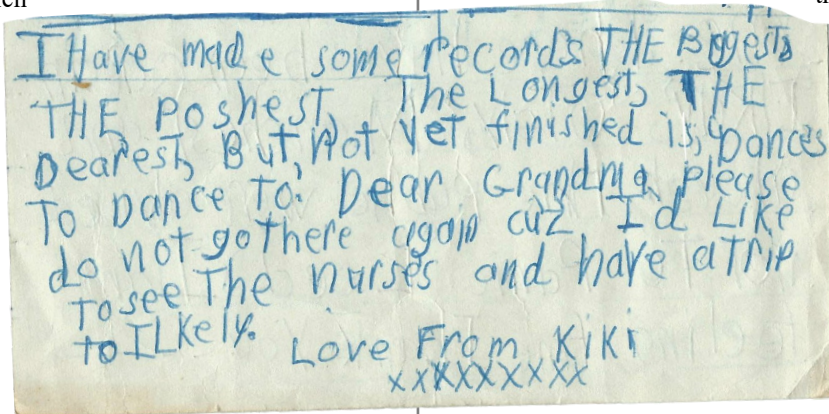
very close friends. He made intricate props, such as links of sausage made from newspapers and my mum's old stockings, a black spot for Treasure Island that flew around the room on a complex set of strings and pulleys.

Music was his first love and he had eclectic taste - classical to country, but essentially rock 'n' roll - and he loved a song that told a story. He wrote great songs too, and had a period of singing in

pubs around Leeds. I used to follow him where I could, and convinced him to dress up his guitar to look like a cowboy, complete with a pink leather face (fashioned from an old handbag of mine) and a waistcoat. Great originality.

Even at the darkest times James could always find humour. He was and will remain my hero. Our love for each other was truly unconditional. I was never more myself than when I was with him.

Fiona Scruton



James McDonald Duncan, father - James Adrian Duncan, son



Fiona Scruton writes:

I lost my brother and dad in the space of a few days. Dad died on the 13th January, a few days after James. They were very close, sharing many interests and characteristics throughout their lives. I like to think they were true Renaissance men, happy to study the arts, though James' nature was very much like Mum's - passionate, exciting, dramatic and stubborn. They both held high expectations of life which

often left them disappointed.

James and Dad would go out at the weekends together and often visit Temple Newsham, a country house near Leeds. I was told that, in the formal gardens there he imagined his own, complex, railway system. Dad would enact the path of the train, running around the flower beds, ordered when to set off and when to stop by a very bossy 6-year-old 'controller'.

Dad loved to join in his games, and spent secretive hours building him model castles and circuses and such. One year Dad set up a full-size tepee for James to discover on Christmas morning, complete with a feather headdress, a plastic tomahawk and an axe placed outside. James entered the room, saw the tent and ran out screaming because he was certain that the Indian chief who lived there would be back at any minute.

As a young adult James found it hard to settle down and often, over the years, came home to roost. So for many

Our dad was James McDonald Duncan but he was known as Donald, because his dad was also James. My brother, James, was also known by his middle name Adrian, to avoid confusion!

years on and off, he lived with Dad in the family home. He was a great housekeeper, very neat and organised, and made inventive meals, especially with leftovers. Dad was always grateful for his care and company. We were

delighted when James married Cheryll, and Dad spent many happy occasions staying with them where they always made him feel very much at home.

When Dad became ill late in life and couldn't manage alone, it was James who offered him a home. Dad was so very proud that James realised his early ambitions of becoming a lay preacher and a newspaper editor.

TRIBUTES

David Scruton: Wherever we travelled, my brother-in-law, James, made sure that a hard copy of the Sentinel would follow and we were always so glad to receive it, for its uniqueness and humour. When we visited, his walls were filled with Post-its full of ideas and schemes for the novel he planned to, one day, write.

Nav Chohan, Principal, Shipley College: James had a wonderful way about him. The work he has done to support the village will not be forgotten. He was passionate about community involvement and went out of his way to reach a balanced and informed view. In our various conversations, he was always looking to develop community spirit and genuinely committed to improving life in Saltaire for all concerned. As an individual, he was exceptionally caring and carried a distinctive air of wisdom. We will miss him.

Maggie Silver, Salts Mill: I am full of regret that I didn't know James as well as I would have wished. The opportunity to meet him at social gatherings rarely occurred and we met cordially or by chance on only a few occasions. He seemed a fine man with high standards and of course, his creation, The Sentinel, brought interest and pleasure to so many people. I think he expressed himself through The Sentinel with consistent civility, consideration, inclusion and appeal to everyone through genuine interest and kindness. James must have been proud of the high standard he set and maintained for himself and the contributors, being careful not to offend, yet with honesty. Our allocation for the Mill seemed to disappear in no time and sometimes, I wouldn't see it at all

if Roger hadn't kindly left a copy for me in the Gallery. The publication brought us together with people from around the world and allowed them to record their memories, whether first hand or passed on through their families. Right now, I feel deeply grateful to James for the very fine idea of a free paper to keep us all informed of the past whilst also keeping us up to date with the present in Saltaire. His loss will be felt by so many people, not least those who looked forward to their copy of The Sentinel but above all by James' family and his dear friends.

Molly Kenyon: James was chair of Saltaire Village Society in 2002, the year I moved to Saltaire and volunteered to become Saltaire Village Society treasurer. He didn't appear to enjoy the role, but was willing to do his bit. After he stood down, I recognised that his real passion was the Sentinel, and although James could seem dour, he was also very kind. Several times he made space for articles I submitted. I knew him more through Roger Clarke, who worked so closely with him. A Sentinel insert about Saltaire Festival, Saltaire Inspired and Saltaire Stories was one particularly good result.

Dave Shaw, Saltaire History Club founder: Having edited the Saltaire Sentinel for 15 years, & prior to that having been chairman of Saltaire Village Society, James had an unrivalled network of connections in and around the village. How many of us haven't turned to Jim at some stage to seek his help in promoting an event, a favoured cause, or a piece of Saltaire's great heritage? Always his editing of an article would be good & fair – you could trust him.

Always his pursuit of a promised article to meet a missed deadline was good natured & encouraging.

There was a lot more to James than just the Sentinel, but the more one reflects on it, the more one is struck by James' creativity in its production & editing. He had to work, particularly in the early days, with very limited production resources – no colour, no photos etc. His answer was to create something that was totally original & recognisable – and above all readable! You couldn't help but pick up a copy when you saw it.

Saltaire History Club & local history enthusiasts are particularly indebted to James for the platform he provided, through the pages of the Sentinel, for readers to learn about the village's past, as well as the present & future.

In building Saltaire, Sir Titus Salt said he wanted to draw around him a population that would enjoy the beauties of the neighbourhood – a population of contented & happy people. James did our community proud in contributing to, & sustaining, that vision. Thanks be to James.

Julie Woodward, Shipley College:

The Saltaire Sentinel, hot off the Shipley College press, came to the Learning Resource Centre where I work, and it was always a privilege to be one of the first to read it. I took a copy for our College Principal, one for my 90 year old mum who was born and bred in Saltaire, and one for the Saltaire Archive. Other copies went to History Club members and our own staff and students then; whatever the weather, the Sentinel was delivered around the village.

James did a marvellous job in producing the Sentinel. His talent as an editor made the Sentinel

TRIBUTES

readable and informative and there was a sense of mischief in the way he put it together. Importantly it kept us all informed on the big news issues and the many reflections on the past were wonderful.

James, we can't thank you enough. You will be greatly missed.

Colin Coates, Chairperson Saltaire History Club: I considered James a friend, although we never actually met. We corresponded on a regular basis by email and on more than one occasion we agreed to meet up for coffee, but for one reason or another it never happened. Not meeting James is something I deeply regret.

James was a great supporter of the Saltaire History Club and since June 2013, he allowed me the privilege of having my own column in the Sentinel; for that I will be forever grateful. James also

helped me to improve my writing, as from time to time he would politely suggest phrasing a sentence differently. He did so in a courteous and respectful manner.

I am sure I can speak for the Saltaire History Club when I say James was one of Saltaire's unsung heroes and he will be sadly missed.

Rob Martin: During my years as chair, SVS regularly used the Sentinel for publicity, but I didn't actually meet [continued over] James. In 2011, Saltaire Learning was planning the first World Heritage Weekend and James agreed to add a special 'World Heritage Weekender' insert to the April edition. He was very pleasant and helpful, so Molly and I hoped to get to know him more. He welcomed items from Saltaire Learning, Saltaire Stories and most recently the campaign for a Shipley Town Council.

Sometimes he had to remind us to give an update! Sadly, we never got to know James at all well - perhaps we should have tried harder. The Saltaire Sentinel was a very special and unique part of village life, and James will be remembered with great affection as the one who made it happen.

Mr and Mrs Lad, The Spa on Titus Street: We were sad to hear the news about James Duncan. The Sentinel has been such a great paper, keeping everyone in the village informed about the Saltaire news and with quirky stories too. We had The Sentinel in The Spa since it first started. The Sentinel was always picked up and read by ourselves and our customers. Our thoughts go out to his family.

Thank you to everyone for your expressions of sympathy, shared memories of James and kind thoughts. We wish we could print every comment. They are appreciated. *Oliver*

Goodnight Jimbob. You will be forever in our hearts

It is with great sadness and regret we learn of the passing of our long-time family friend, James Duncan. We would like to express our sincere sympathy and a message of condolence to his family, friends and acquaintances.

James, also affectionately known to our family as Jimmy and even Jimbob (like in The Waltons) was a kind, thoughtful and compassionate person with very special qualities – let's say he was *one of a kind*.

We shared happy holidays on the east coast of Yorkshire with several members of the family. Splashing in the sea, enjoying the beach and in the evenings, playing charades or board games, sometimes invented by James. He added originality and creativity to our evenings which were memorable and great fun. His witty imagination was unique and he would often illustrate poems and songs with quirky little drawings to amuse and entertain.

He could play the guitar and he would rewrite the lyrics to the songs of his favourite songwriter (back then it was Jake Thackery). They were more than entertaining - very, very funny, we'd say.

In the 90's he would accompany me to art galleries, exhibitions and museums; very good company and knowledgeable at that. I learned a lot from Jimmy and appreciated his company no end.

This is how we remember him and nothing of that will change - we are so grateful for the times we spent with him and all the precious memories he's left behind. I for one will certainly miss the beautiful cards he would send at birthdays and Christmas without fail every year – his distinctive handwriting and thought provoking messages were a pleasure to receive.

I'm sure his creative spirit will be felt as a great loss to the local community but trust his memory will continue to inspire all those who knew him. It certainly will for us.

So, we say now, 'Goodnight Jimbob.' You will be forever in our hearts.

Lots of love,
Perri and Lisa Webster

FRIENDS SAY GOODBYE

Eddie Lawler: James Duncan came into my life some 35 or so years ago as Jim, and that's how he remains for me. We got to know each other a few years before I came to Saltaire, and Jim came a bit later to Shipley and then to Dove Street.

He was from Leeds and that's where I met him. I was running an Adult Education group entitled Songwriters Workshop, and he was one of the first to turn up. Like myself, he wasn't a virtuoso guitarist, but he had already penned several original songs and went on to write more. I engaged him as support for some of my gigs at the Pack Horse close to the University. His immediate appeal to the audience resulted from his originality and sense of humour, combined with a droll stage presence and a resonant, deep voice, in which he lacked a little confidence, but people took to him. He also followed me as organiser and reader for a group of visually handicapped Leeds people who met weekly to have stories read to them. His voice – well-paced – was a major asset in this role.

As far as I know, people have always 'taken' to Jim because of his sincere voice and genuine smile. But his originality lay in his very sharp wit, which in recent years

was not so evident, except perhaps in the persona of World Heritage Wheelie Bin in the Sentinel. He was able to split sides with his witty songs, the most renowned of which was a mickey-take of the heroic Wild West, entitled, Two-Bummed Bill - outrageous but not offensive – and I'm proud to have him send me the lyrics in recent times.

In those days if I remember rightly, Jim aligned himself with the Left, and may have been seen selling copies of Socialist Worker. His convictions led him in the direction of religion, and he studied long and late to become a respected voice in local United Reformed circles. At the Candlelit Carol Service in Saltaire his wonderful voice, as the final reader, made my hair stand on end. 'In the beginning was the Word' – Jim's voice had found the right stage, in the right light – is unforgettable for me. I will hear it (and see it in the candlelight) as long as I live.

This is also an opportunity for me to say, 'Au Revoir,' to Saltaire; we are about to move to Scarborough. But Saltaire will not have seen the back of me. And I can hear my lovely, witty friend Jim saying, 'End of an Earache.'

Roger Clarke: Community activist, teacher, musician and would-be journalist were all aspects of James when I first knew him in 2003, but his lasting achievement was in founding and editing the Saltaire Sentinel community newspaper.

James always preferred to have a background role. He stamped his own individual style on the Sentinel, especially in his early artwork. All that remains of this now is the Lion of Vigilance on the front and the World Heritage Wheelie on the back. Typical of James' quirky humour is that he tried for some time to give the Wheelie changes of personality by changing his hat and background details. He also wanted the Sentinel to have its own style and I'm convinced that he only included my first contribution because it was titled, How perspicacious was Sir Titus?

The Sentinel survived the many changes in James' life since 2003, and was a lifeline for him when he returned to live in Saltaire Village in 2014. We met monthly and James continued to offer care for others through the Sentinel and share his religious faith through his sermons at local United Reformed churches. Sadly, he put his own needs in the background, and his health suffered.

You are sorely missed, mate.

Saltaire United Reformed Church

We first came across James when we needed someone to be the voice of God in a production of Simeon, a musical play directed by Valerie Jenkins with Cheryll McCandlish as Musical Director. Cheryll said she knew someone who would be ideal and she was absolutely right. James Duncan's beautiful deep voice was perfect for the part! Following this introduction to Saltaire URC, he became a regular attendee, a member of the church and subsequently elected to the Eldership. In his spare time James was studying for a theology degree using an online course with Lampeter University. He was part of the Worship Group and preached in the church on several occasions and also led Bible studies at his home. He had a wry sense of humour which showed up particularly in the Sentinel. To those who knew James he was a good friend and he will be sadly missed.

Eccleshill United Reformed Church

For the last three years James has been very much involved with Eccleshill United Reformed Church who are currently without a minister. They rely on visiting preachers, particularly Ordained Elders, as James was, to conduct their worship. He was held in high esteem by the congregation there. He led worship twice a month, led special Festival Services, conducted a funeral service, was always present at Church Meetings, and was willing to contribute his wisdom to the proceedings. He was a good friend to everyone there and will be greatly missed.

JAMES DUNCAN, SINGER SONGWRITER

BANDITOS

At our hacienda we threw a birthday bender last Friday
There were candles to be lit and of course we had a lot of cash to burn
So we sent for a singer to sing us some nice country music
But the agency sent us a rather unusual turn.
They were Banditos, a bunch of bandoleros in bandanas
They played for ten minutes, then demanded money in the hand
Yes they were Banditos, I suspect that they had never heard of manners
Calling themselves Bandito Big Bad Band.
I found them offensive and rather expensive I might say
How ever much I offered them they said, 'Is that the best you can do?'
I had to give them the Renoir, the keys to the Renault - they said, 'still not enough - we are in great demand.'
They showed me their poster - it was true!
They were Banditos, I asked politely please be gone, mañana
They said, 'Vaqueros', 'Arriba' and other things I didn't understand.
Because they were Banditos, a bunch of bandoleros in bandanas
Calling themselves Bandito Big Bad Band.
Oh their sombreros -they threw them in the air and danced and spat on them
And on the Axminster as well
They danced boleros, well I think that's what it was that they were doing
But at least the wife enjoyed it and it's done her good as far as I can tell.
Oh what a disaster, they pulled all the plaster off the ceiling
When the chandelier came crashing, they didn't even offer me a fuse
And when they said, 'We have an idea... you should ride with us,' it was crazy
But when I took a look around, I realised I'd nothing left to lose.
Now I'm one of the Banditos, we smoke cigars imported from Havana
I don't know how they roll them so thin, they must have very dainty little hands
But we are Banditos, a bunch of bandoleros in bandanas
Calling ourselves Bandito Big Bad Band.
Oh we are Banditos, we don't play for peanuts or sultanas
But when we are on stage, everybody gets to have a lot of fun (whether they like it or not).
Banditos, a bunch of bandoleros in bandanas
Why don't you come and join us, I can sign you up and then we will be one...two...three...four...
Banditos, a lot of people say we've gone bananas
But we're only pistoleiros, that's the only thing you need to understand.
Oh, and Banditos, a bunch of bandoleros in bandanas
Calling ourselves Bandito Big Bad Band, Bandito Big Bad Band
(La cucaracha) Bandito Big Bad Band
(Shake your maracas) Bandito Big Bad ...
(I said maracas) Bandito Big Bad Band
Oh, oh, oh, who d'you think it was that made the Rio Grande so grand?
Bandito Big... Bad... Band!

Copyright James Duncan

Chris Minns: I first met Jim Duncan (as he was known to me) around 1988 at the Songwriters Workshop, led by Eddie Lawler. We soon became friends and discovered that we lived in the same area of Leeds - Jim with his dad on Shepherd's Lane, me with my mum, just five minutes walk away on Elford Grove. Jim was a talented and prolific songwriter, composing at least one or two well-crafted songs every week. Unlike most of us in the group, Jim wrote not so much from personal experience, but created highly original characters and composed songs from their perspective. I remember being very impressed with Jim's lyrics, often comical but also thought-provoking, drawing the listener in to the worlds inhabited by the characters he'd created.

One of his best loved songs is **Banditos**, which tells a tale of a well-to-do gentleman hiring a band for an event and getting rather more than he bargained for. Having performed it at my local folk club in Scarborough several years ago, Banditos is now one of the few songs I ever get requests for. I can never sing it with the same amount of gusto as Jim did, but it's always well received, more so than anything I've written myself.

Jim and I collaborated on a few musical projects over our years together in Leeds, notably a collection of songs under the guise of 'The Scam', which focussed mainly on the issue of homelessness. As was typical of his writing, Jim was not merely preaching a message; instead he approached the subject matter from different angles with compositions which were witty and often worked on many levels.

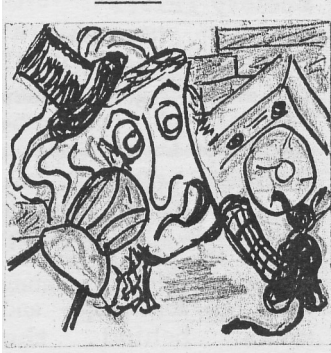
When not performing, Jim was generally a quiet sort of bloke, not one for idle chit-chat and it was clear to me that he thought deeply about the world. I'll always remember him as a man of principles, of good nature and good humour - a bearded gentle giant with a cheeky grin and eyes that could see right through to your soul.

A DIP INTO THE PAST

Number 114, June 2012

THE STORY OF THE SENTINEL

By Roger Clarke



World Heritage Wheelie has been a feature of the *Sentinel* since the second issue in 2003. With the tag-line “Does NOT talk rubbish” the bin has been a regular feature in all subsequent editions. He first appeared on page 2,

where he remained until February, 2005 when he was repositioned to the back page, providing the “last word” every month. The green bins were relatively new in the village in 2003, and Wheelie’s first ever caption quoted a notice which had been stuck on his lid: “Your bin is too heavy for the lifting mechanism, so please remove some of your refuse before the next collection.” He has been a complainer and commentator on stories featured in the *Sentinel* ever since. Readers will have noticed that Wheelie is presented in a variety of guises. Usually he has a top hat, worn at a rakish angle, but occasionally his headgear is that of a cricketer, artist or clown, and he is sometimes accompanied by additional items, as in February, 2004, [*above*].

Number 1, January 2003

HAPPY NEWS YEAR AS COMMUNITY PAPER IS LAUNCHED

This newspaper is an entirely independent initiative. It is not affiliated to, nor in any way controlled or influenced by any group, society or organisation whatsoever. The Sentinel will, of course, have a voice of its own, champion certain causes and, where appropriate, work in conjunction with other parties to particular ends.

Number 7, July 2003

The Saltaire Sentinel GREAT TITUS BEARD COMPETITION

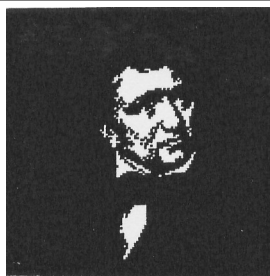
YES, LET’S CALL IT BY ITS PROPER NAME. We are pleased that the competition is attracting great attention to the Saltaire Festival, largely through its coverage by other agents of the media. It behoves us, nonetheless, to remind all interested parties that it was **THIS NEWSPAPER** which, two months ago, **FIRST** announced: “*The Saltaire Sentinel* has an exciting new idea which is sure to set chins wagging all over Saltaire”.

David and Jonathan Starley PAY TRIBUTE TO THE SALTAIRE SENTINEL

Jonathan and David Starley: Saltaire History Explorers was a series that ran intermittently for 22 issues of the Sentinel, between June 2012 and March 2017. It started when Jonathan, a pupil at Saltaire Primary School, was asked to research a topic of local history. Instead of turning to the well-known history of Titus Salt’s Village, he decided that the Shipley origins of the Scott motorcycles he’d seen in Bradford Industrial Museum were more to his interest. There was little written on the subject and, searching for evidence on foot, we were invited into part of the remaining factory, now Archerdale, at Hirst Wood Road Industrial Estate. We offered the story to James at the Sentinel who, with a taste for the quirky and less well known, welcomed it. Publication was a morale booster for Jonathan.

Better still, when the Scott Motorcycle Owners’ Club, organising an anniversary of the founder’s death, came across the article they invited Jonathan and his dad to the ceremonial ride through Bradford to the factory, then to a wreath laying ceremony at Scott’s grave in Undercliffe Cemetery. More articles followed.

For the encouragement to undertake this research, and the opportunity to share it with our community we have much to thank James Duncan. As ‘reporters’ for the fondly regarded Sentinel, locked doors were opened to allow access to otherwise inaccessible areas. On a personal level, it provided a father and son with many memorable shared experiences of the village that is our home.



No. 117 September 2012
The Saltaire Sentinel
JOHN NICHOLSON
POETRY PRIZE

Throughout the year, we invite readers to submit original poems on the subject of Saltaire and/or Airedale, the best of which are published in these pages every September.

(John Nicholson is the self-proclaimed 'Airedale Poet', who died tragically on the river bank, near the weir, in 1843.)

SALTAIRE'S SPIRIT

By Anita Mackwood

Visiting art exhibitions at Salts Mill has
caused my spirits to rise like the highest hill.
I've emerged from the deepest depression,
like a butterfly from its chrysalis;
Hockney's beautiful masterpieces
have provided a desired catalyst.
Bright blue, emerald greens;
colours so perfectly interwoven
formed from the formation
of Hockney's brilliant notions.
Salts Mill possesses the power to open my heart,
an oasis that radiates
the spiritual dimension of art.
Following the renowned Arts Trail
is a process of discovery;
everything seems bohemian avant-garde,
especially the sight of a colourful montage.
A place for the flowering of arts and crafts,
the scent of aromatic incense mysteriously wafts.
The architectural beauty of the United Reformed church seems graced with
sacred geometry,
displaying impressive mastery of outstanding creativity.
Saltaire in all its glory has always boosted my blackened spirits,
the light of inspiration has always shone here,
a light to inspire every generation.
Sir Titus Salt's spirit of philanthropy
has created an enduring legacy.
Sir Titus revolutionized Saltaire dramatically,
I'm sure he would approve of Saltaire World Heritage Site emphatically.
Saltaire's special embracing atmosphere always feels vibrant and electric,
discovering Saltaire is like striking gold;
awe-inspiring admiration powerfully enfolds.
The spirit of Saltaire should always be celebrated and appreciated.

No. 7 July 2003

Dave Shaw's HERITAGE QUIZ [Answers next month.]

Place the following nine textile terms in their logical sequence of worsted processing: *Spinning, Blending, Drawing, Weaving, Combing, Twisting, Scouring, Sorting, Carding.*

Last Month's:

What relation was Shirley Salt to Grace Smithies?

Ans: Great Grandson

Grace Smithies married Daniel Salt and was the mother of Sir Titus. Shirley Harris Salt was the third baronet, inheriting the title from his father, Sir William Henry Salt, son of Sir Titus.

No. 51 March, 2007

SALTS MILL

THE

SILVER YEARS

It is twenty years since Jonathan Silver bought Salts Mill; an event which is generally – and quite justifiably – regarded as the most important moment in the history of the Village since Sir Titus built it.

For a fascinating **new series, Roger Clarke** got the true story of those years from

Maggie Silver

This story really begins with the sale of Jonathan Silver's retail empire. He had thirteen menswear shops in major cities across the country.

It continues with his association with Sir Ernest Hall at Dean Clough Mills in Halifax. His ideas then perhaps distilled over the course of a three year trip around the world which he took with his wife Maggie and their daughters, Zoe and Davina. On their return to Yorkshire, the girls needed to be settled in school. Jonathan and Maggie brought Zoe for interview at Bradford Girls' Grammar in February 1987 and then had coffee in a first floor café in Saltaire. Looking across the rooftops at the Mill, shrouded in mist ("Like the Marie Celeste", says Maggie), they decided to buy it. The price is reported elsewhere to be "less than a million", but in its dilapidated state it is small wonder there was a bargain to be had, if you had the cash. **Jonathan saw opportunities where others saw only dereliction.** He not only had the cash, he also had the vision, drive and confidence to make things happen. His aim was to make the Mill into the northernmost part of the Victoria and Albert Museum, perhaps housing its Asian collection. Sadly, this was not to happen. However, other dreams soon became reality...

To be continued

Snippets from then to now...

No. 156 January 2016

ANOTHER AWARD VILLAGE VOTED GREAT PLACE

Saltaire came third in the Royal Town Planning Institute's competition to find 'England's Greatest Place', in which over 11,000 people voted online for one from a shortlist of ten.

Liverpool Waterfront turned out to be the most popular place, but our village took the title of "Greatest Place in Yorkshire" – and since we all know that there is no greater place than Yorkshire, the accolade remains open to some dispute!

This newspaper first brought the contest to the attention of its readers, under the front page heading 'Vote for Village', last November.

To what extent this influenced the result we shall never know, but **Your views** on the subject will be still be welcomed.

For example, what does this title mean – and what do we stand to gain – or even lose?

How might Saltaire be improved; and what are the threats to its future?

10 years ago:
No. 62 February 2008
WORLD HERITAGE

WHEELIE

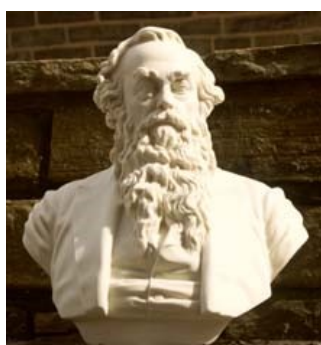
Does NOT talk rubbish



'Speeding? Not me, officer!
As for parking, well, y'know ...'

No. 89 May 2010

NOT SO SIMPLY SALT



Organisers of the *Simply Saltaire* exhibition were amazed when an anonymous donor gave a bust of Sir Titus Salt for sale. The bust stands one foot high and is in unglazed porcelain or Parian ware, dated 1877. As Sir Titus died on December 29th 1876, this may have been a commemorative piece.

There is a similar bust in a display cabinet in the entrance to Victoria Hall. **Roger Clarke** said: "The donor told us that her father had been given the bust by a very elderly lady in gratitude for his help in enabling her to continue to attend the church despite her

infirmity, and for other acts of kindness." Nothing more is known of the old lady or her family. As the *Sentinel* goes to press, Roger is hoping the bust will appear as a feature of the BBC's *Antiques Roadshow*, due to be filmed in Victoria Hall on April 29th [2010].

COLIN'S CHRISTMAS QUIZ 2017

Answers as promised

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Bing Crosby | 12. Albert Finney |
| 2. Palestine | 13. Ethiopia |
| 3. 1840's | 14. Maids a Milking |
| 4. Humphrey Bogart | 15. David Bowie |
| 5. Humphrey Bogart | 16. Rudyard Kipling |
| 6. Italian | 17. Sandringham |
| 7. Irving Berlin | 18. Raymond Briggs |
| 8. 21 st Dec | 19. Dashing Through The Snow |
| 9. St Stephen | 20. Murmansk |
| 10. Indian | 21. November |
| 11. Annie Lennox | |

Intended for No. 179, January 2018

**Sadly printed in this
Tribute Edition,
February 2018**

COLIN'S COLUMN 2018 – A Year of Anniversaries

2018 is a year to celebrate a number of anniversaries in Saltaire. These include:-

25 January 1918 – Sir James Roberts sells Saltaire Mills and the village of Saltaire to a syndicate of Bradford businessmen. (They officially took over on 1 February 1868).

7 February 1868 – The opening of Saltaire Wesleyan Methodist Church.

2 June 1868 – Opening of the Factory Schools in Victoria Road.

31 August 1868 – The first time the Dining Hall in Victoria Road was used as a dining hall since being built in 1855.

23 September 1868 – The Opening of the Almshouses & the Infirmary.

28 November 1868 – The launch of a new lifeboat at Milford Haven. The lifeboat was named Katherine and was paid for by Titus Salt Jnr.

On the **2nd August 1868** Harold Crossley Salt, second child of Titus Jnr & Catherine was born.

On the **15th September 1868** - Joseph Crossley died aged just 55. He was the father of Catherine, wife of Titus Salt Jnr.

2018 is also of course the 100th anniversary of the end of the First World War on the **11th November**.

Colin Coates

VILLAGE WEBSITE

Archived copies of the ***Saltaire Sentinel*** will still be available online via

www.saltairevillage.info

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CUPPACARE is a popular café and bookstall, open to the public on most Mondays and Fridays, from 10am to 1.30pm in New Kirkgate, Shipley.

We are a non-profit service provided by Shipley Christians Together.

MY COLLEAGUE, MY FRIEND

My first meeting with James followed a cautious email exchange. I'd started a website for Saltaire and wondered if I could include the characterful and quirky, Saltaire Sentinel. Patrick and I went to James' house to be 'vetted.' It was winter – cold – but the house was cosy and there was tea and cake. James' air of dignified authority was a tad intimidating. I babbled, I guess, but he kindly gave me a chance. That's where our collaboration began. The next edition of The Saltaire Sentinel, January 2006, was also published online, as was every issue after that.

The Sentinel was a labour of love, a joy and occasionally a burden to James. He had some intense and painful challenges in the twelve years that I knew him - not least a house fire that rendered him temporarily homeless. A good man has good friends and he found shelter from someone equally generous and kind. In such times, his fortitude was humbling and inspiring. I was glad to be a helper. James appreciated his friends. I don't know how or when we became *dear* friends. Respect and love is organic. It grows. Throughout, he focused on The Sentinel which was, to our surprise, read around the globe. Its quirky appeal was down to James; his wit and mischievousness often showed in the headlines.

The Saltaire Sentinel spans 15 years and was always a gift of time and effort. To keep unpaid work going for that amount of time requires generosity, tenacity and, in adverse conditions, guts. James was courageous as well as dedicated, meticulous and kind. He was dour as well as witty, sometimes frivolous, but never insincere. James assembled a body of work which will intrigue and delight generations to come, giving future readers an authentic glimpse of this time, place and people. I'm proud of him. Everyone who contributed to the Sentinel – everyone who has read it – is part of this achievement. Well done, James. You did good.

His last email to me, a couple of days before Christmas, is the loveliest gift.

Dear Pamela

Thank you so much again for everything that you and Patrick mean to me. Have a lovely Christmas.

James
x0x0

Thank you, James, for being a great colleague.

Thank you for your friendship, kindness and love.

We'll miss you so much. Xoxoxo

Pamela and Patrick Reynolds

PETER RANDALL

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SALTAIRE HISTORY

EXHIBITION

1853 Gallery

THE HOME

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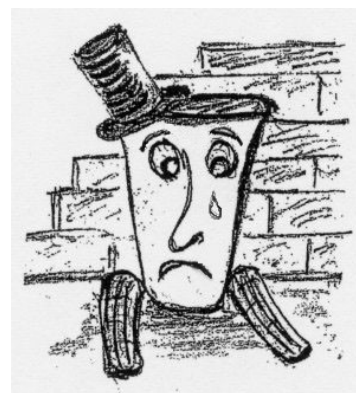
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WORLD HERITAGE

WHEELIE

Does NOT talk rubbish



I'm Wheelie going to miss you.

The Saltaire Sentinel, was written by the people of Saltaire and photocopied by Shipley College in the heart of Saltaire every month. It was lovingly edited by top bloke, James Duncan, and was not affiliated to, nor in any way controlled or influenced by any group, society or organization. Sadly, sooner or later you will dispose of this copy of the ***Sentinel***. Please do so with care for our World Heritage Site environment. Goodnight, James. Rest in peace.