

## Foreword

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*By the Earl of Harewood*

I have always been fascinated by history - glamorous, hard-to-envisage events like the Armada or the Field of the Cloth of Gold or the Crusades, as well as more readily approached affairs like Wellington's campaigns or the Treaty of Versailles. One of my earliest enthusiasms was for John Jones's *History of Harewood*, published in 1859 with, of course, an entry for East Keswick and incidentally several members of the village on the subscription list.

What better way then of celebrating the Millennium than embarking on an in-depth study of a place and a community, admittedly not vast but of real local significance. The past axiomatically sheds light on the present and future, and the uncovering of events and personalities is not only fascinating because of the detail but invaluable in itself. History after all is not just about earth-shaking upheavals but about the not-so-ordinary men and women who caused the changes and perhaps suffered as a result of them. Us in fact.

Significant names and occurrences are thrown up as these pages chronicle local history, like the Gascoignes of Gawthorpe who produced the most famous of any mediaeval Lord Chief Justice, or the Earl of Strafford, whose support of Charles I did not save him from execution. Some readers (like me) will be amazed to read that Scottish raiders in the time of English King Edward II penetrated so far south as to be responsible for sacking Harewood Church in 1316, though maybe, as the book suggests, they and the Danes before them missed East Keswick, much as centuries later German bombers almost invariably failed to locate either Leeds or its Northern satellites because, I have always understood, of fortuitous cloud formations on the nights which were suitable for bombing excursions.

Early on, an influence on East Keswick is described quite simply (and not inaccurately) as '1739-1951: The Lascelles Factor'. Indeed, my family has had East Keswick connections ever since they moved from the North Riding to Harewood in 1739, and they were only ended, somewhat involuntarily, in 1951 with the last of the sales forced on us by death duties of some 70% after my father died in 1947. My own part in this history, apart from concern with these sales, is fairly slight - attendance at the closure of

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the school, membership of the Harewood cricket team which pre-1939 regularly played East Keswick, and as donor in 1948 of the site of the village hall. Personal memories are also sporadic but fairly positive. My brother and I regularly rode before the war as far as the western edge of East Keswick, and we more than once attended meets of the Bramham Moor hounds in the village. In addition, we used to go to the late night carol services in the church at Christmas time. There wasn't one at Harewood Church.

The account of East Keswick school provides one of the book's most entertaining chapters and incidentally introduced me to a new word when poor attendance in October 1917 is put down to absence for 'potato scratting'. I cringed as the Diocesan Inspector a year or so later opined that 'it would be well if the children were able to apply the lessons of Holy Scripture to their lives more fully' but rejoiced that some years further on he (or his successor) was able to praise the 'spirit of tranquillity' which pervaded the school, though wondering if the school mistress, Miss Helm - a heroine by all accounts and regularly triumphant over adversity - would in this phrase have recognised the community over which she presided. The story is full of convincing incident, though with the school's ultimate closure it inevitably makes slightly melancholy reading.

This chronicle sets out to be a modern Domesday Book, and whilst reading it, I became convinced that it fully lived up to Archbishop Wulfstan's rubric which adorns the first chapter. More than that you can't ask.

The Rt Hon the Earl of Harewood KBE

September 2000