

Scared and Never Went Back: Dan Coyle

When we were kids, everything was an Adventure, just like the famous Five. Our little gang was called the Crosspool Cruisers; I was the youngest, and my eldest brother Mark and his mates, Terry Arkright, David Fearnley, Richard Armitage, and lastly Steve Collett.

We all set off on our bikes after school on Halloween night, 31st October 1967. I was 12 and very wet behind the ears. We went to a large mansion on Fulwood Road called Ranmoor Hall. It had been empty for a number of years and ready for demolition. We arrived and were walking up the long drive with just our bike lamps as our only light as it was pitch black. As we walked this man approached us, he seemed to be dressed in old fashioned clothes. He said good evening and then just disappeared. As we turned, he was no longer there – vanished, scared the wits out of us.

So, we reached the house, left our bikes and climbed in through a window. We started to explore, and we heard doors banging. My brother said it's the wind but strangely there was no wind, it totally unnerved me. Then we heard organ music wafting through the corridors, then Terry screamed saying he had seen a face at the window, but we were on the second floor, so we stuck together like glue. My brother said if its ghosts don't let them pick us off. We followed the organ music to the chapel in the house where there was a large pipe organ and the music got louder. That was it! I was off out of the window on my bike legs pedalling like bees' wings. I got outside on Fulwood Road with my brother, and his mates not far behind, laughing, and Terry with a battery tape recorder with - guess what - organ music! It was all a prank to scare me, but the thing is they could not explain the strange man on the drive - now was he a ghost? A few weeks later the house was demolished, and we never went back.