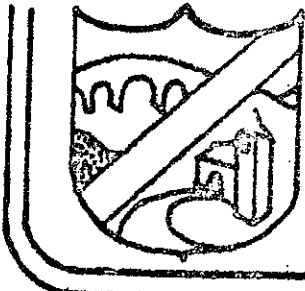




THE HAYDON NEWS

THE 1983 JANUARY AND FEBRUARY ISSUES ARE COMBINED IN THE ARCHIVE

Published by The Friends Of Haydon Bridge



haydon news

JANUARY 1983

No. 39

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Have you been to the Bog lately?

It was a clear sharp frosty night as I walked towards the door of the Carts Bog Inn. A shaft of light beamed its welcome across the worn stone step as I stopped to listen to a vixen's scream in the Black Clough. The soft murmur of voices coming from behind the thick stone walls hastened me on to the warmth of the Inn as I opened the creaking door.

As I opened the inner door leading to the bar with the low beamed ceiling the open fire crackled a warm welcome and the soft clicking of dominoes drifted across the room from the darkened corner where the game takes place in all seriousness and splendour as each player awaits his or her turn to pit their wits and skills against the other.

"Chips" cries a voice that I recognise as Arthur Dodd as in triumph he clicks the butt end of a domino on the table, for he'd won his hand with a double two. "Always keep a two or two, but never keep a double two" says Arthur as he sits back beaming a broad smile. "Damned lucky" grumbles Mac as he balances his cigarette on the ashtray before leaning forward to shuffle the pack for the next round.

I watched quietly for a moment before moving down the stone steps into the lower room where a low fire blazed warm, dancing shadows from the walls to the beamed ceiling as I sat awaiting the arrival of the accordion man - for this was Friday night and "Friday night is Music night" at the Bog. As I made myself comfortable with a pot of ale on the table and was gazing into the dancing flames of the fire I recognised a familiar voice from the bar say "Put a knock on the board for me wor John" as she pays homage to the Bandit with 10p pieces while awaiting her turn for the domino table.

Again the door opens, bringing with it the chill draught of the evening as Jack Young, a familiar figure and knowledgeable on local history and place names enters the bar. "A pint of bitter, Derek" says he as his very presence and knowing of his knowledge on local history sets my mind thinking on how did the 'Carts Bog' get its name? I don't know, but as I sat gazing into the fire I quickly remembered certain place names that I knew the meaning of, such as Low Stublick where Ann Laing lived and in December 1840 attempted to cut her legs off because she could not enter heaven with them on, and whose ghost can be seen wandering those moors to this day as I can well vouch for. The name Stublick means 'the enclosure where there were tree stumps' and then just further along the road from the Carts Bog and overlooking the deep gorge of the Allen is an old ruin, that of Gingle Pot, at one time a drovers' inn, and just a little ahead is the bends known as the Cupola, leading towards Cupola Bridge. Many are the weird and wonderful explanations that have been given for these place names as the ale flows and the evenings wear on in this old Inn. Gingle Pot takes its name from the echoing pool in the Allen below, while Cupola has to do with lead ore from Alston Moor that was brought to the smelt mills at Whitfield, one of the principle ones being brought to the smelt its name from the cupola type of 'reverberatory' furnace. The coal required for smelting was brought from the wood where Collan, the Provost of Hexhamshire, had once lived - now known as Coanwood.

With my glass empty and being in need of a re-charge I made my way across the flagged floor towards the low bar as locals and a sprinkling of weekend

visitors began to move into the lower room. "A yer well" chirps up Albert as he pushes his way past Alan White, locally known as the 'Marshal of Langley' who was talking about stone walling to Colin and Paw Dalton who had just rode in from Plankey Mill.

I very soon forgot about place names as I once again took my seat by the fire as Pauline with her goddess-like figure drifted past with a king-sized bar meal for Raymond White who looked as if he hadn't eaten for a week. Suddenly a low hush descended on the Bog as in anticipation the door slowly opened. "Aye, it's him" said big Stephen. "Git a bit sing-song nuw" said the Marshal as Lawrence Hewer slowly came into the bar, and like all great artists, Lawrence had delayed his appearance till the last possible moment to achieve the maximum effect. With his most treasured possession, his accordion, slung under his arm he slowly made his way across the bar towards the lower room. Now, whether or not he received the customary welcome - "What fettle the neet Lawrence" followed by the quite unnecessary enquiry as to whether he had brought his accordion, Lawrence was unable to say, but all eyes were upon him as he took his seat in the corner, patting his accordion with one hand as it balanced on his knees before he tore loose with 'The Wild Rover'.

A cold moon rode the night sky of winter as I left the Bog with field, hedgerow and road glistening white with frost. And as I drove past the Old Langley School I could still hear the beautiful music of the accordion in the Bog and the voices of Jack and Amy Young singing 'The Old Rugged Cross'.

Owld Tawny

"Let's ruin a village!"

"Any suggestions at to which one?"

"Not really. Preferably a pretty one with nice people and a lot of tourists - and with a river, if you can find one."

"Yes - there's one here, in the north, seems just the job. It's got a river and it's set in a valley. There's lots of trees and fields and views and it's near that wall Hadrian built."

"Right - what shall we do first?"

"How about making a new bridge across the river? That'll split the place in two and make a lot of heavy traffic through the centre, especially at night. And then maybe in the future we can arrange for a by-pass and that'll make the bridge practically redundant, wasting time and money and leaving a lovely big eyesore. Sounds OK?"

"Great! I'll leave all the details to you."

"That bridge is just the job. Fancy a bit more fun?"

"Yes please! I thought of a good one the other night. What about another eyesore? I thought a couple of large empty factories might work a treat. But we'll not tell them they'll be practically empty till they're finished, eh?"

"Smashing! Just carry on, will you?"

"I'm thoroughly enjoying this game. Got any more ideas?"

"Well, I'm feeling a bit guilty about all these tricks. How about doing something NICE for a change?"

"Don't be silly. Anyway, this time it's my turn - I've already arranged for a lot of low-flying aircraft and next we'll have all the drains blocked with falling leaves."

"But what about - well, I was thinking of a spanking new Health Centre. We could always build it on the top of the North Bank ... "

"Definitely not. I want you to go and fix it so the bridge is full of nasty dangerous big holes and there should be traffic lights all over the place. Make sure it isn't finished in a hurry - and then when it IS finished, I want large pot-holes all along the gutters so cyclists will have trouble keeping out of the way of all these heavy lorries, and the lorries can make a lovely noise at night going over the holes."

"Oh, all right then."

Dear Editor

Through the 'Haydon News' I would like to thank the many people of Haydon Bridge for their kind inquiries about me while I was in hospital, and also since I came home again.

Also for cards, flowers and fruit sent to me. Thank you all.

Margaret Jewitt
17 Strothers Close

Red Cross

The annual subscription to the British Red Cross Association in Haydon Bridge amounted to £138.26. Mrs Nicholl would like to thank all who contributed so generously.

Dance in aid of the Community Centre

On December 4th a dance in aid of the Community Centre was held. We wish to thank all who gave their time and gifts in making this venture the success that it was. We would also like to thank the two Badminton Clubs who gave up their night on Friday 3 December to allow us to decorate the hall, also the club who gave up the following Tuesday night, to enable the decorations to be left for the Over 60s dinner.

The list of prize winners is as follows:

- 1 Turkey Mr J Dakers, Bush Cottages
- 2 Whisky P Elliott, Shaftoe Street
- 3 Gin Mario, c/o Fortinis
- 4 Teddy Bear Rev A C Beniams, The Vicarage
- 5 Feed fruit loaf Mrs Jean Oliver
- 6 Whisky John Upton, Brigwood
- 7 Pen and lighter Jane Ann Bates
- 8 Perm at Joyce's Mrs W Stokoe, Belmont Gardens
- 9 Brace of pheasants L Wilkinson, Shaftoe Terrace
- 10 Brace of duck S Glenwright, 23 Strothers Close
- 11 2 bags of coal A Nichol, Alexandra Terrace
- 12 Shampoo and set Linda Murray, Langley
- 13 Alarm clock Jane Robson, c/o 'The Tannery'
- 14 Sherry R S Armstrong, John Martin Street
- 15 Sherry Jackie Melville, Oakwood, Hexham
- 16 Fruit Sybil Telford, John Martin Street
- 17 Fruit loaf A M Boxer, Haydon Bridge
- 18 Bag of potatoes Frank Hey, Whitley Bay
- 19 Bottle of wine Hilda Foster, The Timbers
- 20 Bottle of wine M Turnbull, Catton
- 21 Box of choc's Brian Barker, Gilsland

A cheque for £765.71 plus 20 small tables were handed over to the Community Centre Committee on 6 December. This being the total profit from the year's efforts.

The Watson Family and Millie

The guitar lesson

"My young brother wants some guitar lessons," said my friend John. "He's got an electric guitar and a small amplifier, but doesn't have a clue. Can you teach him anything?"

This was the start of a regular Thursday-night session which demanded remarkable self-control - cultivated to a fine art over several weeks - and resulted in the ability to remain completely deaf for a two-hour period on Thursdays.

My student arrived on time, clean and neat, armed with some weird sort of guitar and a long, curly, blue cable with jack-plugs at each end. "I brought this," he said, "in case we could use it for anything - it came with the amp but I don't know what it's for. And can you tell me how to connect the guitar to the amplifier?" I shoved a piece of wire in the hole and one in the guitar but it went BANG and the lights fused and Dad said I hadn't to do it any more."

So much for modern technology. I showed him precisely what the blue wire did (and in case our readers are a bit lost, the wire actually makes the instrument work - a bit like the flex that goes into your kettle) and told him he was lucky he hadn't killed himself by sticking bits of electric cables down electric holes. We eventually started to have an actual lesson.

"How much, exactly, do you know about guitars?" I asked, hoping that here was a budding John Williams or a Beatle. "Well, er, em, er ... well,

these things are strings and they make a noise ... " "Right!" says I, "let's start at the beginning. This is a guitar ... " "I know that" he snarled, looking quite upset. " ... and this part is the neck ... " "I'M NOT STUPID!" he howled and the cat jumped about three feet in the air. " ... and this is the body ... " "Are you going to teach me how to play it or not?" He was going sort of red so I assumed he wished to continue with more technical aspects of professional playing. "How much do you know about chords?" I asked. "What's a chord?" "All right, then, can you point to the third fret on the neck?" "What's a fret?" "A fret is that line there across the neck - there are about 14 of them - and when you put your finger on a fret and pluck a string, it makes a certain noise, and when you put your finger on another fret, it makes a different noise. This is how you make different noises all the time." "Why?" "If you have a long and careful think about it, you might realise that if all the tunes in the world had only one noise - one note all the time - they'd be pretty boring, wouldn't they?" "Oh. Does that mean I have to learn all the notes before I can play a tune?" "Well, not all the notes at first, just the ones you actually need for that particular tune." "Why?" "Why what?" "Why do I only have to learn the notes for the tune and not any others?" "For the same reason that you wouldn't learn to do higher mathematics if all you wanted to do was to play tiddley-winks, that's why." "What's higher mathematics?" "This is a physical law that says if you keep asking me questions like that, a very large heavy weight will undoubtedly fall on your head as a direct result of being propelled by my hand in your direction with great force." "Does this physical law thing help you to play the guitar?" "It might knock a bit of sense in somewhere," I muttered.

After an hour we managed, between us, to solve the problem of how to sit with a very weighty instrument on one's lap without falling off the chair/causing permanent damage to one's lower person.

At a later session I learned that my student assumed that LOUD was BEAUTIFUL. Have you ever heard a one-hundred-watt amplifier going full hoy? I had doubts about the stability of the hundred-and-fifty-year-old walls, which may have taken several wars and bombs and storms in their stride, but found difficulty in remaining in Haydon Bridge at all during the short time it took me to find and adjust the volume control to somewhat less than a couple of thousand ear-splitting decibels. My student, rather huffed, then demonstrated the full expanse of his new-found ability. He must have been watching Top of the Pops before he came out, and did a fair copy of something or other which, judging by its degree of offensiveness, must have been in the Top Ten; at least I assume it was a perfect rendering as they all sound the same to me. "Did you think that was good?" he asked, pleased with himself. I won't bother the reader with my answer, but my next student starts on Friday. I'm teaching her how to knit.

Haydon Bridge Methodist Church

You are cordially invited to the following services and meetings:

2 January 10.45 am Mr N Fullard
 6 pm Rev A Wignall (United Service in the Parish Church)

9 January	10.45 am	Rev A Wignall (Family Service)
	6 pm	Rev G Forster (Sacrament)
11 January	7.30 pm	Men's Fellowship (open night) - film show by Mr Brannigan
12 January	2.30 pm	Women's Own Speaker - Mr A Duncan
16 January	10.45 am	Miss M Armstrong
	6 pm	Rev A Benians
23 January	10.45 am	Rev A Wignall
	6 pm	Mr B Elstob
25 January	7.30 pm	Men's Fellowship - Rev R Wylie (Corbridge)
26 January	2.30 pm	Women's Own Speaker - Rev A Wignall
30 January	10.45 am	Mr I S Dinnis
	6 pm	Mr C F Dodds

You can't teach an old dog new tricks - don't even try!

Spring-cleaning time again, I thought. Normally, you see, it wouldn't have bothered me at all - you know how it is, ladies - you're on your own in the house and you get loads of work done with nobody bothering you for meals and a clean shirt, but once the family's around you might as well pack it in and watch telly. This time, I thought, I'm going to ask HIM for a bit of help. Which really was the silliest thing I've done in a long time. When your husband's away a lot, working, you tend just to get on with jobs like painting but there comes the time when you think, why should HE get away with not helping? He can do all the undercoats. Some hope.

So that was how I introduced Tom to painting walls and woodwork. I showed him the brush, the paintpot and the area to be painted, pointed him at it and gave him a little push. I went into the kitchen, hoping for peace and quiet for ten minutes (surely he couldn't finish one side of a door in less?) and put the kettle on.

It hadn't even boiled when there was a cry of despair from the living room. "What's the matter, pet?" I called. "How do you get paint off the carpet? It's not much but I stood in it and it looks worse than it is!" I went through and found about half a pint of undercoat spread evenly in footprint-sized blotches all over the floor.

"My good carpet!" I wailed, determined not to cry (it makes my nose go all puffy and red). "Don't panic," said he, nastily, "it'll come off with turps. Where's the turps?" And there was a joint rush to the shed in the garden to find the turps. Half an hour later we found it (or at least, I found it, because Tom suddenly realised that he had to make a Very Important Call which lasted precisely the time it took me to find the bottle) and marched back into the house.

"I didn't know we had a phone in the manure heap" says me, looking at

what Tom had brought in on his feet. We set to and got most of the paint and the other thing off the carpet. "Looks good as new!" he said. "Just like one of those modern ones with flecks in!" I glowered at him but kept quiet. It was then I noticed what he'd been trying to paint. "Why have you undercoated that wall?" I asked politely. "Er - well, you said to paint it! I thought it wasn't right, painting undercoat on the wall-paper since it's only been up since yesterday!" "You NINCOMPOOP! I pointed you at the door and said paint THAT and then you paint the wall and ruin my new paper and get paint all over the carpet and then tread in SH ... !" " ... Watch your language!" he interrupted. "Here's me, trying to help, and all I get is abuse. You're never satisfied. You can do it yourself - I'm off to see if the lads are in the pub. HERE!" - and he shoved the claggy wet brush at me, bristles first, turned to leave the room, tripped over the stepladder and knocked a gallon tin of pale green emulsion onto the settee.

I seem to remember saying something like "AAAARGH!" rather loudly, which is why, this year, I'm getting that lovely, gentlemanly, clean, neat, tidy and expert local painter in.

New Year's Day

The ancient Romans began their year in March; hence such words as September, October, November, December, meaning the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th month, had a rational meaning.

Since the introduction of the Christian era, Christmas Day, Lady Day, Easter Day and 1 March have in turns all been considered as New Year's Day. However, since the reform of the calendar in the sixteenth century 1 January has been accepted as New Year's Day because it was the eighth day after the Nativity, when Jesus was circumcised.

But - the civil and legal year began on 25 March until the reformed or Gregorian calendar was adopted in England in 1752 and started on 1 January too.

In Scotland the legal year was changed to 1 January as far back as 1600 by a proclamation made on 27 November 1599.

New Year's Gifts

In case you have some spare cash and would like to revive an old custom - give a gift at New Year! - the Greeks transmitted the custom to the Romans, and the Romans to the early Britons. Our forefathers used to bribe the magistrates with gifts (could be a worthwhile investment and if it results in prosecution blame the 'Haydon News' and your love of old customs).. This was

abolished by law in 1290 but even down to the reign of James II the monarchs received their tokens.

Nonius Marcellus (whoever he was) says that Tattius, King of the Sabines, (of course) was presented with some branches of trees cut from the forest sacred to the goddess Strenia (strength) on New Year's Day and from this happy omen established the custom (A good way of disposing of the Christmas tree?).

It was Tuesday, and it was half past three in the afternoon. All was quiet. The sun was shining and it was so hot - stifling hot - that even the sparrows dozed in the sultry haze in the treetops. The train stood silently in the siding, waiting. The trees along the line stood tall and straight, green and fine in these, the last days of summer.

A movement. The train slipped cautiously from her berth. She rolled a few feet and suddenly gathered speed, wheels squealing on the rails. The first bridge was a beauty, slim and new, and the old train passed proudly over, high above the glassiness of the water beneath. Going well now, the train flew up the hillside with ease, and sailed effortlessly down the other side, past the tiny hamlet and on to the second bridge - round the corner, through the evergreen coppice and ... the bridge! Where is the bridge? THE BRIDGE IS DOWN! A shriek, a slithering, and the old train fell ... fell ...

"TOMMY! Will you please stop making all that noise! Your tea's ready. No, come down NOW! You can put the train set away later ... "

The deadline for the February issue is Friday 28 January 1983. All contributions should be sent as soon as possible and not later than that date to :

Martin Scudamore at The Anchor Garage (tel 345)
or Lintley, Belmont Gardens (tel 587)

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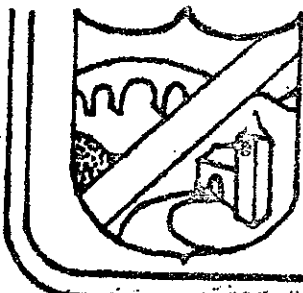
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FEBRUARY 1983

No. 40

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Notes of the Parish Council meeting in December 1982

Public participation

Mr Alan Ord reported that a poplar tree had come down on the railway line near Mr John Heslop's garage during the recent heavy winds, and this will be looked into.

Matters arising

There was some discussion about raising a volunteer defence force to deal with emergencies of various kinds, and a letter was received from Major Newcombe who has offered to talk to the Council about it. It was decided to discuss the matter further at the next meeting.

The clerk reported that a new lawnmower for the Parish would cost £518.65. If the old one was taken in part exchange the cost would be £428, and it was suggested that a further discount for cash might be negotiated. Members felt that a better price could be obtained for the old mower if it was sold on the open market.

Northumberland County Council is to be asked to consider Dr High's suggestions for improvements to the A69.

Tynedale District Council

The Parish has been thanked by the District Council for its assistance in the maintenance of the churchyard.

It was reported that water was leaking from a drain in the North Bank, and this will be investigated.

Planning

Three planning applications have been approved by Tynedale District Council. They concern the retention of parking at 13 to 15 Shaftoe Street, the erection of an agricultural building at Tofts Farm and the construction of a boiler house and fuel store at the Carts Bog Inn, Langley.

Correspondence

British Rail announced its intention to review its services along the Tyne Valley in January. Printed timetables will be available, and one is to be posted in the village notice board.

Any other business

Mr Alan Ord asked what the new cemetery fees were, but it was decided to wait until Councillor the Rev Alec Beniams was present before they were discussed.

Phone boxes

As from 10 January 1983 the Post Office no longer has anything to do with any phone boxes. Any complaints must be made direct to British Telecom. For faults ring 151.

Community Association

Subscribing members to the Community Association are asked to pay their annual subscription for this year to me. A membership card will then be issued which will act as a receipt. £108 was collected in subscriptions for 1982. If any member who did not get a receipt and still wishes to have one, they may have one on request.

L C Coombes

Ladies Darts

On Tuesday evenings it is the turn of the younger females of the village. We run a ladies darts league which is going very well. We have six teams in the village and four outside the village. During the season we hold two very good social events - the presentation night and the Christmas dance. We thank the Working Men's Club for the use of their concert room for these events.

Mary Porteous

For Sale

Ladies winter coat : all wool : with mink roll collar : size 20 : £10.00.
Tel 404

Day Centre

On 27 January the Day Centre will be three years old. The years seem to have passed so quickly, but we all seem to enjoy our day out. I am very grateful that we still have a number of our original helpers and have managed to get a few more volunteers.

We had a very good Christmas party, with the help of our butcher who gave us a turkey and even cooked it for us; also the ladies who supplied the vegetables and made the trifles. Thank you all very much. And a big thank you to the ladies who slaved in the kitchen. We were entertained by the young children from the Shaftoe School and then ended with a visit from Santa.

We shall have a special tea for the birthday and then settle down to working out something for the summer.

It's a bit late - but better late than never - best wishes to all your readers for 1983.

Mary Porteous
Hon Secretary

Haydon Bridge Nature Club

Although Haydon Bridge Nature Club has been in existence for a number of years I suspect that its activities are known to but a few.

At present we have some 40 members, including members from Hexham, Bardon Mill and Catton. The club meets throughout the year every other Thursday. The summer is devoted to evening walks, the winter to lectures by outside speakers in the Community Centre. The club should appeal to all who have an interest in any branch of natural history or just a plain love of the countryside. You do not have to be an expert to join and members interests are wide ranging. Newcomers are always welcome.

In summer we explore the countryside avoiding hills and bossy farmers. These are short evening walks starting from Church Street at 6.30 (prompt) going by car to our starting point. Don't be put off by not having a car. You will always be given a lift. For some time the practice has been to have a weekly walk. On alternate Wednesdays these have been led by Billy Tait, Haydon Bridge's resident naturalist, and on alternate Thursdays by myself.

There is an annual excursion to more distant parts which requires more prolonged use of the legs ie walking, balanced by a visit designed for those unwilling or less able to walk. Last year we walked from Langdon Beck to High Cup Nich and so to Kilton, a sort of trans-Pennine expedition, accomplished in continuous rain and consequently highly enjoyable. If you don't believe me ask anyone who was there. A visit to Brockhole on Windermere later in the year was the easy jaunt.

In addition, over the years, we have visited Caerlavrock Nature Reserve, the Hirsell (to see Sir Alec), the Bass Rock, Holy Island, the Cheviots, Simonside Hills, Hutton Roof and a few others besides. We've been everywhere.

Spring cannot be far away and the remaining talks in the Community Centre are as follows:

- Feb 3 A glance at the past and a walk in the present - Mr F Stappard
- Feb 17 African safari - Mr R Blissold
- Mar 3 Plate tectonics - Mr Coombes
- Mar 17 The enchanted isles - Mr G Wall

These meetings are held at 7.5 pm.

The summer outings will in due course appear in this newsletter. If you would like to join in any talk or evening excursion all you need do is come along.

L C Coombes

The Over Sixties

The Over Sixties had their Christmas party in December with a three course meal supplied partly by the President and club funds. Every member

received £2.80 from the bottle at the Railway Hotel. Many thanks to Helen and Roy and their staff, and also the customers who helped to make this possible. Members who had six meetings in received one pound out of club funds. After the meal we were entertained by the Newbrough Concert Party which was very good, and we had some young wives who did a grand job of serving up the meal.

If you are over sixty and want a night out we will be very pleased to welcome new members.

Mary Porteous

Lemon curd

Now that lemons are cheap, here's a simple quick recipe for making a really delicious lemon curd. I usually make double quantities!

- 3 eggs
 - 3 oz butter
 - 8 oz sugar
- rind and juice of 2 lemons

Whisk the eggs and put into a basin with the butter, sugar, finely-grated lemon rind and the juice. Place the basin over a pan of boiling water, stir until the mixture is thick and smooth. Pour into clean, warm jars and cover.

Relaxation and Health

It is hoped to run a ten meeting course during the evening one night a week on relaxation and health. Each session will offer an opportunity to try out practical methods such as yoga, massage, tai chi and movement and dance.

If anyone is interested would they please let Susan Beer know - tel 746. She will pass on names and suggested topics for inclusion in the course to the tutor organiser. There needs to be a dozen or so people interested to make the course viable.

St Valentine

St Valentine was chosen as the sweethearts saint because of his name. Valentine means a 'gallant' being a corruption of 'galantin - a lover, a dangler'. St Valentine was a third century Christian martyr who was beheaded on the 14th of February. Birds are said to pair on that day - but whether this is in honour of his memory mythology is a little vague.

Parish Council Pickings

The Council meeting on 27 January was mostly concerned with items of 'non-business'. Just as well, perhaps, since it was far from clear whether the four councillors actually present constituted a sufficient number to transact valid business. One councillor with particular expertise in these matters opined that four out of eleven, being more than a third of the total, was almost certainly enough, so battle was joined with the agenda. Your reporter, the Centre's caretaker and a gentleman who came in half way through the meeting constituted the audience.

It is not easy for a relative newcomer, such as your reporter, to grasp immediately what is the nub of the matter under discussion. I report, therefore only what I understood to be happening and apologise in advance for any failures of comprehension.

It appears that the facility for being buried two-deep in the cemetery has been tacitly withdrawn under the new tariff, though in fact the Parish Council charges £12 per interment whether vertically or horizontally aligned in relation to the earlier incumbent. Only the grave digger can say whether it is possible (or economic) to excavate to the required depth for a two-storey arrangement.

Questions about transport and travel produced a mix of reactions - head-shaking about British Rail's insistence on choosing its own pattern of service reductions; cries of woe (and a meeting at County Hall) about the raising of United Bus fares (preferentially slanted against Tynedale it seems!); cries of relief at the reopening of the Ridley Hall bridge and at the more-or-less completion of the repairs to the main road bridge at Haydon Bridge. On a more domestic note, Mrs Porteous again appealed for a few more volunteers to get old people to and from the Day Centre - particularly for people able and willing to collect lunches from Hexham General Hospital, at 11.45 and bring them back to the Centre. Questions: Are the present arrangements for identifying old people in the Parish who could benefit from Community help satisfactory?

Planning applications were thin on the ground. The Anchor Hotel wanted to build an extra bedroom in the roofspace and put up an RAC sign. Even after they had found North on the plan nobody wanted to comment. Mr Tait is to retire as a Governor of the Shaftoe Trust First School. The Council agreed to ask Mr Wardle if he would take his place.

Then money. £32.00-odd for keeping the clock-face lit; not quite £400 for the Clerk's salary and tiny expenses for six months (based on some formula related to a rate of one old penny in the pound).

- Appeals from:
- (i) Age Concern : (who apparently run the Day Centre) £75 this year against £60 last (partly as a protest against a standstill in County Council funding for 1983/84 it seems).
 - (ii) Workers' Educational Association : £25 - as last year.
 - (iii) Keep Britain Tidy : £5 to fund a prize for a first school pupil under a project for later in the year.

Opportunities (i) If you have a redundant farm building in the right bit of the Parish, you might be able to get quite a big grant to convert it into a small rural workshop.

(ii) If you want to be a Parish Councillor, the whole lot are up for re-election on 5 May. Get a leaflet from the Parish Clerk or the Returning Officer for Tynedale District.

Haydon Bridge Methodist Church

You are cordially invited to the following services and meetings :

- Feb 6 10.45 am Rev J Cox
- 6 pm Rev A Wignall - United service in the Parish Church
- 8 7.30 pm Men's Fellowship - Mr A Duncan
- 9 2.30 pm Women's Own - Miss N Garbutt
- 12 7.15 pm Home Missions meeting - film - refreshments
- 13 10.45 am Rev A Wignall - Family Service
- 6 pm Mr J W Johnson
- 17 7.30 pm First of a six-week course of United Lenten Study Groups
- 20 10.45 am Mrs M Lister
- 6 pm Rev A Beniams
- 22 7.30 pm Men's Fellowship - Mr J Wardle
- 23 2.30 pm Women's Own - Rev E Wright
- 24 7.30 pm - LENTEN STUDY GROUP
- 27 10.45 am Rev A Wignall - Sacrament
- 6 pm Mr G Dodds

A young girl's vision

I lay quietly watching the stillness of the afternoon. The sweetness of the summer grass whispering in my ear. I looked up to the deep wandering sky. It had a feeling of happiness inside. The blue stretching over the landscape with the sunshine lazily sitting at one side. The green fields travelling along over the land. The bobbing corn trying to follow on with jasmine heads. The fields stopped to bow down to the proud mountains watching over the scene. The mountains were hiding something on the other side. The crystals of ice and sleeping snow lay on their peaks showing how high and lonely they were. Their surface of smooth yet rugged juts of slate.

No grass dare wander onto the mountain, just in case the mountain ate the sweetness of its innocence. I listened with sympathy to the grass telling me that many a man had tried to venture up the mountain and a sorrowful blue wept at me pleading for forgiveness.

The spruce and fir trees stood near by concealing wild-life, some in their sheltered homes and others hopping and skipping between the dead pine-needles. The dry land surrounding the trees parched for water. When human feet walked on the path of dry soil dust whispred up and the feet felt dry and itchy. Nearby the clear stream, tingling and sparkling waited to clean the feet and quench the land's thirst. The giggling

ripples, full of mischief, gurgled around little rocks and smooth stones of which there were not many.

Further down there is a pool lying still and silently remembering long ago and still waiting for some happening. The stream ignores the mysterious pool's thoughts. Whatever it remembers the stream's ripples cannot share this as they travel on seeing so many different places as they roll in laughter down the hillside. They know nothing and think nothing in return.

The delicate flower pose in the daylight for everyone to see their beauty. They appear aloof of the grass tugging at their sides. Flowers feel they have little to do with the 'old wives' tugging and telling tales but yet they live peacefully alongside.

I sit up and look behind me - there is a tree - an oak tree long in branch and trunk. He has sat for many a year. He looks like he knows the whole world by absorbing only one beautiful part of the country where many tales lie.

I only sat for one afternoon.

Corinna Bonicelli
(aged 15)

Green

My colour is green
Smooth quiet and serene
the colour of summer trees
Fresh sweet garden peas
The colour of a peaceful lake
Green the swaying grass
and the colour of my silk-sash

High Anxiety

High Anxiety that's what I fear
High Anxiety don't come near
On top of a mountain or climbing a stair
I wish I hadn't that worry to share
Down, down looking at the sea
Standing on rocks - don't count me!
High Anxiety don't chase me
Keep out - let me be free.

Deep in the wood

A shuffle came from the hedge-row
bright brown eyes of a young doe
Smooth hair upon her spotted back
Whilst she walks the broken branches crack
Nimble long legs with shining black hooves
Eyes watching intently but hardly move
Her ears flicking whilst chewing grass
While the young rabbits quickly pass.

Puppy disease ...

If you have got the puppy disease
the job you get will be low on fees
When you go in shops they won't be pleased
Your legs and feet become bits of furry
Cats around you won't be purry
Symptoms unknown - it's puppy disease
Your welcome to the cure from me
Read this poem and knock your knees.

Corinna Bonicelli
(aged 8)

WANTED URGENTLY - A TYPIST FOR THE HAYDON NEWS - FROM NEXT MONTH.
STENCILS AND CORRECTING FLUID PROVIDED. IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO FIND OUT
MORE ABOUT WHAT THE JOB ENTAILS CONTACT SUSAN BEER (TEL 746) OR PAT SHARP
OR MARTIN SCUDAMORE.

The deadline for the March issue is Friday 25 February. All contribu-
tions should be sent as soon as possible and not later than that date to:

Marian Howard 2 Alexandra Terrace Haydon Bridge Tel 360

Please note the new Editor - about whom more in the next Haydon News.

FRIENDS OF HAYDON BRIDGE

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Please return to Mr L Carey, Park Cottage, Chesterwood

or give to any committee member. Thank you.

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