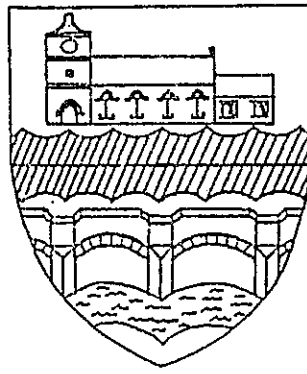


HAYDON NEWS



The Friends of Haydon Bridge
thank the advertisers for
their continued support

Christmas 1988

No 10

LECK & TELFORD : MASTER BUTCHERS Telephone Haydon Bridge 381
Church Street Have you tried our delicious bread, fruit pies
Haydon Bridge and pastries, meat pies, sausage rolls and
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They are all baked daily in the shop and orders taken.
We also have fresh wet fish and kippers from North Shields.

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WEDDINGS : SPECIAL OCCASIONS : STUDIO PORTRAITS

THE FISH SHOP

Wet fish : Friday 9.00-2.00

	LUNCH	TEA	EVENING
Mon	-	-	7.30-12.00
Tues	CLOSED ALL DAY		
Wed	11.30-1.30	-	7.30-12.00
Thurs	11.30-1.30	-	7.30-12.00
Fri	11.30-1.30	4.30-6.00	7.30-12.00
Sat	11.30-1.30	-	7.30-12.00
Sun	CLOSED ALL DAY		

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Michael Jeffs on HB 339

Dear Friends,

Christmas is a time of dreaming and hoping. A time when we expect a little magic to touch our lives.

This all assumes that everyone can afford the ingredients that help the magic along. It is foolish to believe that Christmas will have this magic ingredient for everyone in this country.

Peace and goodwill are not enough to remove social injustices or to solve economic constraints. If I could sprinkle some magic dust on Haydon Bridge, what wonderful things we could achieve.....

All those people who allow their dogs to foul open spaces and other people's property would become model citizens:

People who drop litter would suddenly realise how much better the environment of Haydon Bridge can be. They would realise that litter is pollution and a health hazard:

We would no longer have wanton vandalism and we would be free to walk out late at night without being confronted with aggressive young people and foul language.

Why must these be but magic dreams? We all live here and we all have control of our own actions.

Getting the recipe right can be hard work, but hard work never hurt anyone. All those people who run clubs, youth organisations and social events in the village know this only too well.

When we get together this Christmas with family or friends, we will relive the memories of the past year. What will we remember?

I will cherish the support I get from the village - support which encompasses all the activities which I find so interesting. My Council work has brought me closer to the people I represent. My capacity to love and understand the people increases with time. The only reservation about my present way of life is that I cannot solve all our problems. I only wish I could. What magic that would be!

This community has a bright future, so let us look to 1989 and think positive.

Enjoy your Christmas; and I wish you all good health and happiness in 1989.

Marion Howard

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PARISH COUNCIL PICKINGS

(Meeting of 24 November 1988)

All Councillors present

Further enquiries by Mr Derwent Gibson about the progress (or lack of it) in improving the Alston road junction have elicited only uninformative answers from the County Council, so it was decided to address the Department of Transport and Mr Amos directly on the subject. This enquiry will include the subject of repairing the bridge.

The official view is that there is no need to make any special provision for parking in Shaftoe Street.

The level crossing will be closed at some time during the weekend of 17/18 December.

The planning applications included one which proposes the demolition of Capt Green's house at New Alston and its replacement with a new one. It was also decided to inform the District Council that the Parish would prefer the food-store site to be used for sheltered housing rather than other residential purposes.

Other matters had implications for next year's budget:

The Community Centre needs a new roof. It was agreed to make a provision of £600 as a contribution of 15% to the estimated cost.

The Parish wants to see the post of Sports Motivator continued if there is evidence that reasonable use is being made by residents of the facilities provided. Precisely how the necessary total of finance is going to be assembled, and who will contribute how much, is still anything but clear: in the absence of any firm information it was decided to include a maximum figure of £1,500 for next year.

If both these sums are needed, there will have to be reconsideration of the level of the Parish Rate, but this may well be a good thing in anticipation of a totally different system of raising revenue for the Parish Council after the introduction of the Community Charge.

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LETTERS

Strange what a cargo a letter can bring
Swift little ship with snowy white sail
News that can quicken the spirit to sing,
Lift it and lighten it, make it prevail.

Only a word or two, maybe, it holds,
Only a thought that is kin to your own:
Yet as by magic its tale it unfolds
And as by magic your sadness is flown.

Swift little ships that have sailed on far seas
Coming, it may be, from lands you know not,
Laden with cheer, as the rose scents the breeze,
Freighted with beauty to lighten your lot.

Strange what a cargo a letter can bring -
Visions of loved ones in lands far away,
Messengers sweet as the hours of Spring
Tender as April and glowing as May.

THANK YOUChurch of England Childrens' Society

The sum of £301.53p has been sent to the above Society.
Many thanks to all boxholders who have given so generously

M Curry

Haydon Bridge Carpet Bowls Club

We would like to say a big 'thank you' to the people of Haydon Bridge for their great support at our fund-raising events.

Barbecue -	£217.80
Car Boot Sale -	£100.12
Coffee Evening -	£226.65

Without all your help, we would never have bought our second carpet, frame and bowls.

Haydon Bridge Poppy Appeal

The total collected in and around Haydon Bridge in the recent Poppy Appeal was exceptionally high. £588.46 has been sent to the Royal British Legion Appeal. Young and old have worked hard and given generously to make this possible and I heartily thank everyone who has helped this very worthy cause.

Audrey Carey
Hon Organiser

Red Cross Society, Northumbria Branch

The subscriptions in Haydon Bridge amounted to £315.65. Mrs Nicholl wishes to thank all those who contributed so generously to this splendid total.

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DID YOU KNOW..... ?

that in 1829 Haydon Bridge was visited by a tremendous storm. The vivid lightning continued from 3 o'clock in the afternoon to 8 o'clock in the evening, the rain descending in torrents for upwards of three hours.

Langley Burn rose to a fearful height and the new bridges at Langley Castle and Gee's Wood were entirely swept away together with the new wall, or quay, erected at great expense, for widening the road in the Esp Hill Cleugh.

The bridge at the East end of Haydon Bridge was covered with water to a great depth, the battlements were thrown down, and the turnpike road on the West side much damaged. The Post Office and several cottages near it were completely inundated. Lightning struck the highest chimney at Langley Smelt Mills.

(This item has been supplied by Mrs H Whitfield of Heugh House Lane. Thank you. I am sure many people in the area will read this with interest)

THE SNOWBALL AND THE CLIPPY MAT

"I want you straight home from school tonight", said Mother. "I want to go and pick some hips tonight. I'll have your tea ready, so woe betide you if you're late".

After tea, and armed with two walking-sticks, a wicker shopping basket containing an empty quart milk can with lid, two tin mugs, and some bandages in case of scratches, we set off. Down the road past the Post Office, along by the chapel and just before we got to the wood, we turned through a gate and down a path that led to the rich natural harvest of rose hips, brambles and hazel nuts.

Arney and me had emptied our pockets of catty elastic, string, marbles etc. that finds its way into small boys' possessions, because we knew that as soon as the basket was full of hips we could go for some hazel nuts whilst Mother and Marg would collect brambles into the milkcan; that, with generous chunks of apple from the tree in the garden, would eventually make up a delicious steamed pudding. On arrival, Mother would give Arney and me a pint pot each and Marg got the lid off the milkcan to pick our hips into. Putting the basket where she could keep an eye on it, Mother would gather up the bottom of her pinny to form a sort of bag, and we would start collecting. "Mind, just pick the red ones" says Mother, "I'm not sitting up half the night picking out the green ones".

The following day we would take the hips to school, where we got a few coppers per 3lb units. They were collected up and taken I know not where, but redistributed as rose hip syrup, and together with cod liver oil and malt gave us vitamins necessary to supplement those lost through rationing and the shortage of fresh citrus fruits.

Collecting time was not yet over as most nights one could see Mother carrying a small cross-cut saw (the tension put on the blade by means of a twisted rope across the wooden handles), and Arney and me pulling the bogey Dad had made before going to work away from home, and our sister, hands in lap, sitting plumb in the middle enjoying the ride as we made our way past the quarry and down a short hill to the 'lang wood'. Here we selected branches that had been lopped off the felled trees and as Mam and Arney cut them into lengths of 5 or 6 feet, Marg and I would carry them to the bogey. We would also collect up the wedge-shaped pieces that the woodsmen cut from the base of the tree to determine which way the tree would fall.

Once the bogey was full and the logs tied on, Arney and me would pull and Mother, pushing with one hand - the other helping Marg, whose weary little legs could hardly move - we'd make our way home. Once on the top of the short hill it was a slow gradient down to home, so we'd turn the bogey around and from there on it was a case of "hang on". When Dad came home at the weekend he would cut up the branches into logs, and we would carry them into the storehouse in preparation for the oncoming winter.

It was around this time that the 'frames for the mat' came out, and Mother would select a fine-woven sugar sack from a supply accumulated over a period of time, cut it into the required size and sew around the edges. This was then spread out onto the floor and, using a wax crayon, we would put on the design and by using oval pie dishes, saucers and the like a multitude of different shapes could be achieved. We were also allowed to choose our own colour for our own shape. The hessian was then sewn on to the webbing attached to the frame, rolled up and put away for the long winter nights that would soon be upon us.

As I recall that winter, whilst there was a lot of snow, the worst aspect was the wind that lifted the snow from the fields and deposited it against any structure in its path. Our house was no exception. It blew against the door, and whilst we had windows back and front on the ground floor, this was the only door. We could only watch as the snow drifted higher and higher, up past the windowsill and ever upward to the glass itself. There was nothing for it but to close the folding door like shutters, slot in the metal bar, close the curtains, and wait.

"I think I'll do some baking tonight - we're getting a bit low on bread" says Mother, "and you lot can make yourselves useful and cut some clippings and we'll have a go at the mat: it's about finished!" The wind didn't seem half as bad as we sat there cutting strips of material into pieces - the light from the paraffin lamp losing its even glow as it mingled with the dancing flames of the log fire. Mother sitting prodding away at her mat, glancing every now and then at the row of tins on the steel fender and the loaves rising from the heat of the fire.

Dad was unable to get to work, but had been told beforehand that if this happened he was to try and get to the Council Yard, where men were always needed for snow cutting. When the wind abated, Dad climbed out of the back window to see how high the snow was. As there was no window upstairs on that side of the house, when he came back it was to tell us that the field opposite was almost bare but the snow had drifted right up to the roof.

It was strange being able to climb right up to the roof and sledge down, but that only lasted until the snow lost its fluffiness and settled into a solid mass that was to last for weeks. Dad cut away the snow to find the garden path that led to the front door, loading the blocks onto our sledge for Arney and me to tow away. When the sides got too high and cut into the drift, he started to form a tunnel that went on for 7 or 8 yards. As the snow kept settling and the roof of the tunnel lowered, Dad decided it should come down, so leaving the comfort of the fireside and the bright new clippy mat, we went out to make the tunnel safe.

"While we're here, we'll clean some snow away from the window and let in some more light" said Dad. As he was having his pipe I made a snowball and said to him, "just watch me hit the chimney". Dad just laughed, but as the snow was piled high, I was half way there already. I heaved with all my might and the snowball soared off in a perfect arc. But, instead of hitting the stack it went down! There was a roar from indoors as the blackened missile landed with a plop into the grate, followed by a deluge of soot. Even today, when I see someone beating a carpet, it only serves to remind me of the snowball and the clippy mat and the day I found out Mother could run faster than me.....

* * * * *

IN CELEBRATION OF CHRISTMAS

A Celebration for Christmas

on Saturday 17 December at 7.15 pm

in the Methodist Church

Supper at the close

WHAT'S ON AT THE COMMUNITY CENTRE

	Morning	Afternoon	Evening
<u>Monday</u>		<u>Baby Clinic</u> Mrs McAlister Hexham General Hosp 9 -606161 Ext 3305	<u>Women's Institute</u> Once per month Mrs Stewart HB 350 <u>Sequence Dancing</u> Mr H J Biggs Bellingham 40236
<u>Tuesday</u>		<u>Play Group</u> Mrs L Murray HB 759	
<u>Wednesday</u>	<u>Play Group</u> Mrs L Murray HB 759	<u>Over 60s</u> 2nd in the month Mrs Porteous 6 Langley Gardens	
<u>Thursday</u>			<u>Carpet Bowls</u> <u>Nature Club</u> Fortnightly in winter Mr L C Coombes HB 416 <u>Parish Council</u> 4th in the month Mrs Swaddle HB 489
<u>Friday</u>	<u>Play Group</u> Mrs L Murray HB 759		<u>Choir (Shaftoe Cherale)</u> Mr A Armstrong HB High School HB 422
<u>Saturday</u>	<u>Coffee Morning</u> Once per month		

There is plenty of scope for other organisations to make use of the facilities. If you need space for a jumble sale, lecture, film-show wedding reception or other social occasion, just telephone Mr Coombes on HB 416.

The next issue of HAYDON NEWS is due out at the end of January. All your notices, letters, articles etc to Marion Howard by 18 January, please

H A Z E L H U R S T N U R S E R I E S

Bardon Mill - 438 for

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