

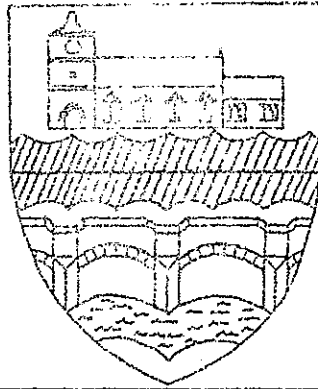


THE HAYDON NEWS

THE 1988 JANUARY AND FEBRUARY ISSUES ARE COMBINED IN THE ARCHIVE

Published by The Friends Of Haydon Bridge

HAYDON NEWS



1988
No. 1

JANUARY 1988

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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	

Wet fish: Friday 9.00-2.00

January 1968

Dear Sir,

This year sees the 150th anniversary of the opening of the Newcastle to Carlisle Railway. As we all know, the celebrations will be marred by the present troubles caused by poor quality rolling stock. This in turn causes delays and the mounting anger of the travelling public.

However, we should not forget the importance of this, our railway line. It carries far more freight than the average person realises. With the increase of traffic on the A65, surely it would be common sense to shift some of these loads on to the railway freight system.

Above all it is a lifeline. When all other transport and passenger routes gring to a halt during bad weather, the Newcastle to Carlisle Railway meets the challenge and stays open.

Let's hope it goes from strength to strength with an input of Government cash to ensure that its 150th anniversary extends to 200 and beyond.

Best wishes,

Marion Howard

The following article was first published in the Haydon Herald of February 1976. We make no apologies for this reprint, and offer our thanks to Mr W Veitch for the research and article.

THE NEWCASTLE TO CARLISLE RAILWAY Part One - The Origin

The origin of the Newcastle to Carlisle Railway was the proposal in 1794 to build a canal from Newcastle to Maryport by way of Hexham and Haltwhistle. Plans were even drawn up by one William Chapman, but the estimated cost of £355,000 put a stop to the venture. The Solway - Carlisle ship canal was opened in 1823 and this revived interest in the project but Chapman now declared that a railway would be a more suitable proposition. This was endorsed at a public meeting in Newcastle on 21st August 1824. Chapman's estimate was that a canal would now cost £388,000 (it would appear that they also suffered from inflation in those days) but a railway could be built for £272,000. Accordingly, the Newcastle-on-Tyne & Carlisle Railroad Company was formed and the capital of £300,000 was subscribed within a few weeks.

During the next few years the route was planned and George Stephenson himself surveyed one proposed route, and the Parliamentary Bill received Royal Assent 22nd May 1829, being empowered to build 63 miles of railway. The method of power was to be by horses and not by steam and Clause 6 of the Act stated - 'no locomotive or movable steam engine shall be used on the said railways or tramroads for drawing waggons or other carriages, or for any other purpose whatsoever'. It also prohibited the erection of steam engines within view of the residences of certain prominent gentlemen. It was only by agreeing to this latter point that the landowners refrained from opposing the Bill - although this probably did not prevent them from buying shares in the railway. Passenger fares were fixed at 6 pence for 5 miles, 1 shilling for 10 miles and 5 shillings for the full journey and at the shareholders' meeting held on the 16th October 1829, 30 directors were appointed.

Work commenced on the line in 1831 (the ceremonial laying of the first stone of the line had taken place in 1829). The construction work was carried out simultaneously on a number of sections. They did not start at one end and work towards the other. On the 3rd of March 1835 the line was opened for passenger traffic from Egleton to Hexham, although freight traffic had been working between Egleton and Belsfield for some months previously.

(Contd. page 4)

PARISH COUNCIL PICKINGS

17 December 1987

8 Councillors present
3 apologies.

The Sports Hall

The facilities are there, provided out of your money as ratepayers, but they are not used enough. So the District Council, led in this instance by Cllr Loyd, wants to make an effort to improve their utilisation. If this effort is to succeed, two things (at least) are seen to be necessary:

- (1) Somebody in charge of the place after the School has closed down who can give instruction in the use of equipment, deal with minor problems, maintain order, and (above all) motivate people into wanting to use the facilities:
- (2) Improvement of the access route, which is currently down a dark, muddy footpath - at least in winter.

Requirement (1) is estimated to cost £4,500 a year initially, of which Tynedale has agreed to contribute a third, and the County probably will provide another. Would the Parish undertake the remaining third? Yes, said the Parish Council, it would - on condition that it was represented on the governing committee.

Requirement (2) is up to the County Council - they own the land and nothing can be done without their participation.

There is bound to be more about this next month.

Planning

Three applications: two uncontroversial.

The Council was unhappy about a proposal to build a bungalow at Rocksprings, backing on to the bridge approach.

A letter from a ratepayer complaining about the public lavatories was read to the meeting.

--- oOo ---

SQUASH COURTS AND PUBLIC USE OF SPORTS HALLS
AT HAYDON BRIDGE AND PRUDHOE HIGH SCHOOLS

In 1980, Squash Courts were opened for public use at Haydon Bridge High School. The squash courts and a room for social purposes were built by Tynedale District Council and, in return for certain periods set aside for School use, Tynedale Council was granted use of the Sports Hall on Friday evenings, Saturday p.m., and all day Sundays. Tynedale appeared to have struck a good bargain until it was found that running costs were excessive,

On three occasions I succeeded in getting Tynedale and County representatives to discuss the question of running costs. No progress was made and we were left with the status quo.

In September 1985, during my second period as Chairman of Tynedale's Recreation and Amenities Committee, I approached Councillor Robinson, Leader of Northumberland County Council, and succeeded in obtaining a full appraisal of the running costs situation. Not only did I succeed in saving Tynedale £4,000 per annum as instructed by full Council, but I saved a further £5,900 per annum. These amounts were savings divided between Haydon Bridge and Prudhoe. I proposed that £5,900 per annum be allocated to Haydon Bridge and Prudhoe to assist in appointing Sports Motivators at Haydon Bridge and Prudhoe. This was agreed to by full Council in October 1985. To date, this money has not been used for the purpose for which it was voted.

I applaud Councillor Michael Loyd in his attempt to have a Sports Motivator appointed at Haydon Bridge High School, and I applaud his suggestion that Parish Council, Tynedale Council and County Council provide £1,500 each per annum. Tynedale District Council should have little trouble in agreeing as £2,900 was agreed in 1985.

Councillor Mrs Marion Howard is not a member of Tynedale's Recreation and Amenities Committee but she supports Councillor Loyd's suggestion. She is anxious to see local people making full use of the main Sports Hall at week-ends and in holiday periods.

More to follow.

E Waite

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The Newcastle to Carlisle Railway - Continued

For some years the line terminated first at Blaydon, then later at Redheugh. They had, by now, decided to ignore the original Parliamentary Act and concentrate on steam and it was only public opinion that enabled them to get away with it and injunctions taken out against them were withdrawn. 600 people were carried by two trains on this opening ceremony and various delays, including derailments, meant that the trip took 2½ hours.

The line from Hexham to Haydon Bridge was opened on 28th June 1836, and from Carlisle to Blenkinsopp colliery eleven days later, and on 18th June 1838 the last stretch from Haydon Bridge to Greenhead was opened. During the trip down the line to officially open the Carlisle to Greenhead section, the coupling of the car carrying the Mayor and Corporation of Carlisle broke, and the rest of the train travelled some distance before they discovered that they had lost their honoured guests and they had to go back and collect them.

However, this was nothing to the fiasco which occurred during the official opening of the whole line and this will be told, hopefully, in the next issue.

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HAYDON BRIDGE COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL PTA invites you to a QUIZ NIGHT on 11 March 1988. 7.30 pm in the SCHOOL HALL. BAR and LIGHT SUPPER Team Ticket (4 people) £5.

Prizes for winners and losers

For further details please contact any PTA member or Mr Thompson (HB 422)

To be run in conjunction with Annual Prize Draw.

Local PTA Members: Christine Swaddle, Sue Boakes, Pat Hirst, Harold Foster.

Forthcoming attraction: Microwave demonstration: Allendale Village Hall: 11 May.

MEMORIES III

Life in Haydon Bridge in those long gone years was good; you enjoyed the little that you had, and most folk had very little of this world's possessions, very little money, and could never afford a holiday - in fact, the farthest we ever went was to Whitley Bay once a year on the Sunday School trip from the "Congs".

I'd never seen the sea and as I stood on the platform holding my Mam's hand awaiting the train, Mr Sinclair the Minister and Tom Bill Stobbart the organist kept everyone in order as the train pulled into the station. After everyone had taken their seats in the compartments of the carriages, Billy Wren the porter slammed and checked the doors before giving the signal to the guard who blew his whistle and waved a green flag to the watching driver - and then we were off - my first train ride. I sat next to the window in my navy blue best Sunday suit and a grey flannel shirt with the collar out over my jacket (that was the fashion in those days), my short trousers neatly pressed came to the middle of my knee and followed by a pair of newly-knitted stockings in grey, reaching up to my knees, with two red bands around the top, and sandals ... oh yes! you must have sandals, for it was summertime. So I sat there as smart as a tack, hair parted and brushed, all wide-eyed, listening to the "clickety-click, clickety-click" of wheels on rails, looking out of the window that I was just big enough to see through. My little legs dangled far above the carriage floor over the edge of the seat that was "ever so plush, I thought" - but why did it tickle so much behind my knees? As the train pulled past the end of the coal cells Mam said, "Oh look! there's Pandon". It was the first time I had seen it since we moved to Radcliffe Road and it looked nice from the train window.

Everyone in the district knew of the great yearly event - "the Sunday School Trip" - so as we went past Altonside the womenfolk were outside the cottages waving with tea-towels to those they knew would be on the trip and looking forward or anticipating that they would bring them back a stick of Whitley Bay rock. As the train left Nylam station there was a big rush towards the other side of the compartment when some-one said, "Look! there's George Stephenson's house - yonder with the red roof".....Well, I had seen a picture in one of my books of "The Rocket", George Stephenson's engine, but as I looked from the far window towards the cottage, I noticed that the River Tyne was now on the left-hand side of the train, whereas it had been on the right when we left Haydon Bridge. I spent the rest of the journey looking at those beautiful coloured pictures of town and country above the back of each seat that L.N.E.R. had in each compartment and trying to work out in my young mind how the river had got onto the other side of the train.

After leaving the train in Newcastle Central, there was the big rush towards the 'lectric' trains as I clung on to Mam's dress, because if I got lost here I would never be found amongst all those people, porters and barrows, and never see Haydon Bridge again. Other Sunday Schools must have been on that trip also for now the carriages of the 'lectric' train were bigger, with a lot more people inside. As we began to near Whitley Bay I remember Alec Roger lowering the window and saying, "Soon be there now, I can smell the sea". What did the sea smell like, I wondered?

I just stood and stared, and stared all that bluish-green water and I could smell the sea, the bracing salt air.

Mam and Gran began to spread a tablecloth out on the sand and set out our dinner - egg and tomato sandwiches, with a special treat - 'bacon and egg pie': now, I did like that. My auntie went across the promenade to a café for a jug of hot water to make tea with, (you could do that in those days). My Dad and Grandad had taken their shoes and stockings off and rolled up their trousers to go and plodge; but why were their legs so white? Mine weren't. "Oh, there is so many mysteries in life to solve!", I thought, as I munched on a sandwich and looked at those painfully white legs flogging out from just a hint of long johns and trouser bottom. "Can you see France from here, Dad?", I shouted, for I knew it was across the sea, and only a few years before they had both been there, not on holiday, although King George V had paid for their trip on the ship - so my Grandad said, and my Grandad didn't tell lies.

Well, after dinner we all had a plodge, and a lot of sitting in deckchairs while I made pot-pies with my bucket and spade; then a ride on the donkeys - just one, that's all Mam could afford. After a wander around the Spanish City it was back to Haydon Bridge for another year: and that's as far as we ever got.

With the thrill of the Sunday Schhol Trip over and a mind full of memories to draw on, life very soon got back to normal. Occasionally, the sedately middle-aged ladies of the village who had got beyond the excitable years and beyond being unruffled by passion would linger a little longer than normal while selecting the prime cut of meat at Frank Storey's butcher's shop and in conversation recall that wonderfull summer's day when most of the village went off on the Sunday School Trip.

But for most people in Haydon Bridge who couldn't afford a joint of meat life still held exciting hours. For me, living through that passage off Radcliffe Road was my whole world, and Tuesdays was one of the best days in the week - for that was the day the 'scavenger' called. He would pull up his horse and cart on the street outside our arch, put the nose-bag over the horse's head so that it would stand still while it munched away at the contents - oats - then he would take his shovel and zinc bath tub from a hook at the rear of the cart and set off whistling through the arch to clean out our magnificent two-holer 'netty' and ashpit. Now for the benefit of younger generations who have not known the joys of youth in Haydon Bridge as we did, the 'ashpit' was a roofed-in area attached to the 'netty' and set below ground level with a large opening at the front where with a twist and a swift upward movement ash and household waste was deposited or projected from an old bucket as far as the person operating the bucket could throw. And if anyone is wondering about the 'scavenger' - well - in modern day terminology they are known as 'waste disposal officers' and I do believe we have three of those fine gentlemen of 'The Royal Order of the Bin' living in Haydon Bridge at this moment in time, and can be seen at least once or twice a week in any of the local hostelrys explaining the hazards of his profession to any with a hearing ear: apart from one over Xmas who was told in no uncertain terms to "shut up about work, it's Xmas and we hev beer to sup". It would delight me no end to be able to be in attendance and listen to their pontificating, but I am afraid that I do not frequent the ale-houses.

I did say Tuesday was a good day....well, it was for me because I had the excitement of watching the 'scavenger' at work. He wore a pair of well-worn corduroys, hitched up and fastened at the knees with string; a thick leather belt with brass buckle kept them up - I think it must have been his Army belt

because Dad had one the same. His shirt was made from flannel, with a pale blue stripe and no collar - obviously bought upstairs at the 'store' - Miss Lees' department, along with Winnie Pearson. There were brown stains on the front of his shirt and he smelt like the matted wool around a sheep's backside on a hot summer's day. As he threw the zinc tub into the ashpit and jumped in behind it, I would stand on my tip-toes and peep over the wall watching him at work. With swiftness of hand and shovel he directed two well-aimed shovelfulls of ash at the two conical heaps beneath the two holes, then raked the lot into the ashpit and, being a professional, a master of his trade, proceeded to mix the lot together - rubbish, ash, paper and tish; soon the zinc tub was full and once again we had a nice clean 'netty' and ashpit with the entrance to rat holes being visible once again.

But the small was still there, and as the scavenger climbed back out of the ashpit I could see all sorts of wierd and wonderful shapes, colour and size that made up the contents of that highly explosive gas product as he made off through the arch followed by hundreds of flies, to empty the contents into the cart - "quite a dangerous job", I thought, as I ran back down the passage for my little three-wheeler bike with the wooden seat and pedals on the front wheel to follow him at great speed up Radcliffe Road to the next 'netty'.

(More next month)

Gerry Atric

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SERVICES AT THE PARISH CHURCH

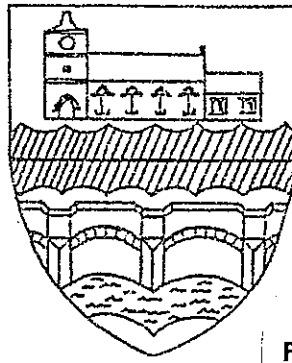
Sunday	17 January	8.00 am	Holy Communion
(Epiphany 2)		10.00 am	Parish Eucharist & Sunday School
Sunday	24 January	10.15 am	United Eucharist at Parish Church
(Epiphany 3)			NOTE change in regular time
Week of Prayer for Christian Unity		6.00 pm	Evensong in Church Hall
Monday	25 January	9.30 am	Holy Communion
(Conversion of St Paul)			
Sunday	31 January	10.00 am	Parish Eucharist & Sunday School
(9th before Easter)			1662 Rite
Tuesday	2 February	8.00 am	Holy Communion
(Presentation of Christ in the Temple)			
Sunday	7 February	8.00 am	Holy Communion
(8th before Easter)		10.00 am	Family Eucharist
		6.00 pm	United Evensong at Parish Church
Sunday	14 February	10.00 am	Parish Eucharist & Sunday School
(7th before Easter)			
Wednesday	17 February	8.00 am	Holy Communion - 1662 Rite
(Ash Wednesday)		7.00 pm	Holy Communion - New Rite

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HAYDON NEWS



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1988
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FEBRUARY 1988

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<p>THE FISH SHOP Wet fish : Friday 9.00-2.00</p> <table border="1"> <thead> <tr> <th></th> <th>LUNCH</th> <th>TEA</th> <th>EVENING</th> </tr> </thead> <tbody> <tr> <td>Mon</td> <td>-</td> <td>-</td> <td>7.30-12.00</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Tues</td> <td></td> <td>CLOSED ALL DAY</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>Wed</td> <td>11.30-1.30</td> <td>-</td> <td>7.30-12.00</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Thurs</td> <td>11.30-1.30</td> <td>-</td> <td>7.30-12.00</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Fri</td> <td>11.30-1.30</td> <td>4.30-6.00</td> <td>7.30-12.00</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Sat</td> <td>11.30-1.30</td> <td>-</td> <td>7.30-12.00</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Sun</td> <td></td> <td>CLOSED ALL DAY</td> <td></td> </tr> </tbody> </table>		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		<p>Pop into - CAROL'S Bargains - new and as new Ladies', children's and menswear 36 Ratcliffe Road</p>	
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February 1988

Dear Friends,

When I sit down to write this letter each month there are many features of our village life which present themselves for comment. This month is no different.

It is a pleasure to welcome PC Ricky Hogg and his wife to the village. I am sure we will make them most welcome and ensure that his life is equally as interesting as it has been in the past.

We accept PC Hogg's support with gratitude but do we take for granted all the other aspects of village life which add up to the quality of life around us? I refer here to our collective responsibility on matters which are repeatedly brought to my attention. LITTER! How do we see this responsibility? Surely in the first place we should never drop our litter on the pathways and open spaces. If you open cigarette and sweet packets, put them in your pocket and take them home. Why not try reminding people who drop litter that bins are provided and it is their village?

Another aspect of litter is dog dirt. Dog dirt is a health hazard. It is frequently pointed out to me that we need to educate dog-owners so that they either provide toilet facilities in their own garden or open spaces be provided for the specific purpose of dog 'toiletry'.

There is in fact a Government Bill proposal which will enable Local Authorities to declare some open spaces 'dog free'; that is free of dog toilet facility. When I mentioned at the Parish Council that I feel this is the way forward I was amazed at the lack of support for the idea. I firmly believe that public walking places (already covered by bye-laws) and open spaces regularly frequented by young and old alike for sport and recreation should be on the list.

To balance this, I think that consideration should be given to providing selected open areas for dog toileting. It was suggested at the Parish Council that I should come back to the next meeting with suggestions. Once again, although I am willing to make these suggestions based on the frequent complaints I receive, your suggestions will be helpful and it is your right to input your ideas.

Many of you have problems which I, as a District Councillor, can help you solve. I am always available to help you. Either put a quick note through the door at 10 Ratcliffe Road or phone me on HB 535.

Best wishes,

Marion Howard

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HAYDON BRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL PTA invites you to a QUIZ NIGHT on 11 March 1988.
7.30 pm in the SCHOOL HALL. BAR and LIGHT SUPPER. Team Ticket (4 people)
£5.00

Prizes for winners and losers

For further details please contact any PTA member or Mr Thompson (HB 422)

To be run in conjunction with the Annual Prize Draw.

Local PTA Members: Christine Swaddle, Sue Boakes, Pat Hirst, Harold Foster.

MEMORIES IV

Ah! - memories; how nice it is in old age just to sit back and remember, - to meditate upon those we knew, and those far distant days long lost under the dust of time, where only shadows remain.

It was a long long time ago when I had my first ride on a horse - it was the old wooden rocking-horse in the infants' class at Shaftoe Trust School. Every morning the boys and girls were lifted into the saddle by the teacher and off we would go. Very soon the blocked floor of the infants' class became the dry sand and rock of the Red River valley as I galloped full speed away from the Indians, - for I was a "Pony Express" rider - and mind, "I was good" - the Indians never caught me and I never fell off. That old dapple grey was a good horse, it never kicked or never made a mess on the floor - although old Hicks, the caretaker, said it did because he had to throw sawdust on the floor when he swept up at night, and the sawdust helped to dry up the mess that the horse had made. As a matter of fact, that horse was really old: it had been in that class a long, long time - it was there in 1906 when Mrs Emma Gibson was Infants' Mistress under the headship of William J Morrison, along with the Mistress, Miss Jean F Terry. These people have long gone with time - but is the old rocking horse still there, I wonder?

Summer holidays from school were most prominent in my young mind, not because we had anywhere to go, because we didn't; we couldn't afford to go away apart from the Sunday School trip - aut it was because "I didn't like school" - "never did". I got more hammerings there than the soles of Dad's boots got when being mended at John Turnbull's cobbler's shop in Radcliffe Road. But those five weeks' holiday in summer were good. The sun always seemed to shine as I plodged beneath the arches of the old stone bridge while other kids swam in the deeper pools below the waterfall: yes, it was good in those beautiful golden days between the Twenties and Thirties when nothing much disturbed the peace and quiet of Haydon Bridge, apart from one activity, and it was always on a Monday morning.

I would wake up to the sound of poss-sticks thumping all over the village as sunlight streamed through the small-paned window of my bedroom above the arch. Blinking the sleep from my eyes, I would jump out of bed onto the cold lino and grope for the pot under the bed. Then, as glorious relief took over, I would carefully slide the handleless pot with roses on back under the bed (the handle had been knocked off years before) as my bare feet began to get used to the cool of the lino and I began to think, "What day is this? - Ah, yes - MONDAY - it's Washing Day". Monday was the official washing day in that period of time and started at first light of day, just after cock-crow. But one well-known Haydon Bridge family had their washing done long before first light and the sparkling white sheets, shirts and corsets could be seen blowing white in the early morning breeze on the riverside long before cock-crow when many were still in bed.

It wasn't until we moved from Pandon to Radcliffe Road that I learned what that thumping was every Monday morning when I used to watch Mam in the wash-house belting away at clothes in a large wooden tub with a huge bulbous stick with a cross-member for a handle.

I remember the first time I heard the sound of poss-sticks thumping away - it was a very still autumn day, about nine months after I was born, and a still silence lay over the valley as I sat strapped into my baby high chair in the

kitchen of our house down Pandon. Now, I have always been blessed with a good memory and also excellent hearing. I remember sitting there eating a rusk while Mam was outside in the lane shaking the mats. She had spread a little margarine on my rusk to make it more palatable and pleasurable, (we couldn't afford butter) when I set it down on the tray that extended out in front of my high chair to listen to the distant thumping of one solitary poss-stick away up at Page Croft beyond the river and railway line..... for a moment my attention was drawn away from the sound when I got my eye on a fly crawling about on my rusk: do you know? I could hear that fly's feet squelching about in the margarine as it crawled across my rusk!.....But getting back to hearing that poss-stick up at Page Croft, it was way back in the days when there was very, very little road traffic and sound travelled far in the still quiet of the morning. In fact, it was before "Bowler's" family moved to Page Croft from Greyside, Newbrough, where he as a very strong and powerful little lad had to part from his first love, Phyllis as he left that school and district, never to return. But no doubt he in turn after me would be able to hear the incessant, ceaseless, constant, perpetual thumping of poss-sticks down in Haydon Bridge - as well as hearing the church clock strike so as to adjust the clock on the mantel-piece with.

No wonder the ladies with a large family to wash for were buxom, well-endowed wenches with well-developed shoulders and very strong arms - they couldn't be any other with all that exercise on the poss-stick. But it was a well-known fact in yon distant years of the early Thirties that one farm hind's wife (whose husband hinded at Brockenheugh) was so beautiful, with hair as black as the raven and was that well-endowed that she stood out before any other female in the district. She was so strong and powerful in arm and shoulder and slim of waist through constant use of the poss-stick (for she also had a large family) that she could beat any man at arm wrestling!

Every Saturday night during the winter months she would leave her husband with the bairns (for it was her night off) and set out from their cottage at Brockenheugh and walk to Haydon Bridge. When she got to the subway under the railway she would turn down the steps where there was a gas lamp that lit the way (the post is still there) and walk up past the gasworks and Manager's House and out at the Reading Room. In the dim light of gas lamps she would make her way across the bridge and turn into John Shaftoe Street and quietly make her way towards the Haydon Hotel where she would slip quickly and quietly through the door and along the darkened passageway towards the small Snug overlooking the river and hid from the eyes of the sedately, staid and gentle ladies of the village who would be horribly shocked and disgusted into repulsion at the thought of any lady entering a public house. There, in that small Snug room (which is still there but no longer in use) she took on all comers at arm wrestling. Her raven-black hair shone in the gaslight as did her beautiful white teeth with a smile that would weaken any man at the knees as she took a grip of her opponent's hand - then with a knowing twinkle in her dark eyes she steadily began to apply the pressure; slowly and gently she would bend her opponent's arm over, his arm trembling with pressure, his face in agony and streaming with sweat as her grip intensified. Soon it was all over - she laughed as she threw back her black hair and after taking a drink from her glass of Bass she sat back listening to a piano being played in the bar and waited for the next man to come and try his strength against her at arm wrestling. Mind you, many did try - and all failed - even the well-cut and well-heeled lads up the Bank and those graciously born from the large country houses humbled themselves to enter a village pub to put this country wench in her place, for it was very much a man's world in the late Twenties and early Thirties. But all wished they had never entered that lovely

little pub in the corner as they slid out into the darkness nursing their crushed fingers.

The motto of that story is - "Why go to all the expense of weight-training equipment when a simple old-fashioned poss-stick will do?".

P S You can get one at Jim Smith's.

(More next month)

Gerry Atric

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THE NEWCASTLE TO CARLISLE RAILWAY

Part II - The Opening, or Come Back British Rail, all is forgiven

Three days before the official opening of the line a special train, carrying the Directors, travelled the full length of the line, presumably to satisfy themselves that all was in order - they could have saved themselves the trouble.

Five trains left Carlisle in succession from 6.00 am, arriving at Redheugh between 9.30 and 10.00 am. This was average time for the journey for many years. The Mayor and Corporation of Carlisle crossed the Tyne here to take breakfast with the Directors in the Newcastle Assembly Rooms. Unfortunately, whilst crossing the river a gangway collapsed and more than a dozen guests, including ladies in flimsy silk dresses, were deposited into the river. Upon return after breakfast, which had taken an hour longer than planned - presumably to allow the guests to dry out - and accompanied by the Mayor and Corporation of Newcastle, it was found that although the gangway was now secure, the Corporation of Gateshead, who had arrived on time, had occupied their seats and the large crowd had occupied all the reserved seats and refused to move. The returning party had to find seats as best they could and the Gateshead Observer related that "the chief magistrates of Carlisle and Newcastle were obliged to look for refuge in a pig-cart". 3500 people in 14 trains took part in the journey which eventually got under way for Carlisle at 1.50 pm after being delayed to take on water at Blaydon. Mother Nature now joined in and persistent rain drenched all those travelling in open carriages and it was not until 6.00 o'clock that they reached Carlisle, although it is not related how many waterlogged individuals gave up and left the trains at the various stops - including Haydon Bridge where it was described as a gay procession ????

The Newcastle contingent, however, still had to get back home and by 6.30 pm the firstcomers were breaking into the locked, covered carriages leaving the open carriages for the later arrivals. We are informed that 'portly' ladies were pushed through the windows of locked carriages. They do not tell us what happened to the honoured guests, perhaps they decided to call it a day and return by stage coach - they would have been well-advised to do so. The return journey commenced at 10.00 pm in the middle of a thunderstorm and the feelings, and garments, of the ladies in light summer dresses do not bear thinking about. At Milton (later Brampton Junction) two trains collide in the darkness, derailing several coaches and it was 1.00 am before they got the line cleared and under way again. It was 3.00 o'clock in the morning before the first train reached Tyneside and 6.00 o'clock before they were all safely back.

Scotswood bridge was opened in 1833 and the line extended to Short Tower at Newcastle. In 1846 the line was extended to the Forth Goods Station and

finally, in 1850, into the Central Station. Despite its inauspicious opening ceremony it was always prosperous and in 1862 it became part of the North Eastern Railway.

W Veitch

~~XXXXX-XXXXX-XXXXX-HOOD~~

THE PROBLEM OF LITTER

The Friends of Haydon Bridge have been very concerned at the increase in the amount of litter in the village, particularly in Church Street and in the vicinity of the Station and Library. With the idea of seeking the co-operation of the Headmaster of the High School, a meeting was arranged to discuss the problem.

It was pointed out that litter in the village had increased since the ice-cream van had been prevented from using the School car park and also since the School ceased selling sweets and confectionery. The problem had literally been swept out of the School into the village. Pupils have been seen sitting on the seats by the War Memorial and throwing papers and empty drink cans into the churchyard!

The Headmaster expressed his concern at the problem and stated that the dropping of litter was regularly mentioned at morning assembly. He said that the ice-cream van had been banned from School premises because of the danger of an accident involving pupils. The School had discontinued its "tuck-shop" because it encouraged pupils to depart from a healthy diet.

When asked for suggestions as to how the problem could be tackled, he felt that the School couldn't do any more and suggested that the only positive course of action would be to ask the Police to watch out for offenders and impose fines in appropriate cases.

An approach will be made to the Police to seek their co-operation.

Jim Cape
Chairman

---oOo---

PARISH COUNCIL PICKINGS

28 January 1988

Full House! 11 Councillors, the Parish Clerk, 3 members of the public, your reporter, the Editor (no less) of the Hexham Courant and the new resident policeman, PC Rick Hogg.

The new copper was cordially welcomed to the village. He was told that the recurrent problems were vandalism, litter and occasional breakings-in. PC Hogg said he would be happy to tackle these things, but his ability to act effectively depended on there being somebody who was prepared, if it came to it, to give evidence in court. Understandably, people are reluctant to do this, fearing that there will be bad feeling or even reprisals, but PC Hogg suggested that the fear of reprisal is perhaps overdone: after all, it would be pretty obvious who was responsible.

Amenities

A member of the public complained about the state of the grass areas of the

picnic site, where farm tricycles and cars have left their muddy mark. The provision of some form of physical barrier will be thought about.

The County Council has now decided that it can't manage a skip in the village before 1991/92. There is a suggestion that the one for Allendale should be put somewhere where both communities can use it. The fear is that if this is done, it will in fact be used by neither!

The appointment of a 'motivator' to the Sports Hall is one step nearer. Tynedale's Recreation and Amenities Committee has agreed in principle.

Now, here is something to think about. Apparently Tynedale is considering adopting new by-laws under which areas (other than footpaths, which are already subject to control) can be designated as "Dog-Dirt-Free Zones". This is fine, except that the by-laws also require the designation of compensating dirtiable zones. We can all think of places where we don't want it - any ideas on where it wouldn't really matter?

Roads

Water running off the Cemetery is to be directed into a council drain. There is a belief that there may be a large pipe running from Esp Hill down to the river. Does anybody have any information about it? Please tell the Parish Clerk.

It was also pointed out that the 'waffle' pattern on the tarmac footpaths on the new bridge appears to be specially designed to create a skating rink in icy weather.

Age Concern

This charity is worried about people being cold this winter. Mrs Porteous is the person to contact if anybody you know needs help.

Public Seats

These receive regular attention from the demolition gangs. The latest victim is the one outside the Library which has been reduced to firewood. (It is known who did it) These things are so much at risk that they cannot be effectively insured and the Parish Council wondered whether the rate-payers really wanted their money to be spent on replacing them, thus providing new targets for mindless destruction. The trouble with "indestructible" furniture is that it tends to be both ugly and very expensive.

xxxxXxxxx

From the Chairman; Friends of Haydon Bridge

The Friends of Haydon Bridge are delighted to welcome PC Rick Hogg to Haydon Bridge.

Along with others in the village, we have for a replacement for PC P Clark. Our new village constable can be assured of our co-operation in dealing with problems if we can be of assistance.

WANTED Covered space to store a car while owner abroad for about 6 months. Modest rent offered. Phone Richardson HB 298

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

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