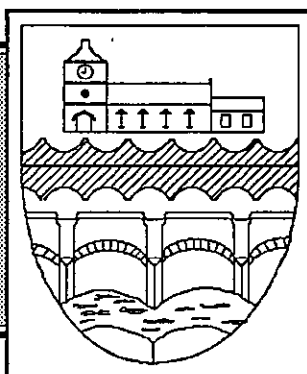


# HAYDON NEWS



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NOVEMBER 1990 No. 25

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Tuesday	-	CLOSED ALL DAY	-
Wednesday	11.30 - 1.30	-	7.30 - 12.00
Thursday	11.30 - 1.30	-	7.30 - 12.00
Friday	11.30 - 1.30	4.30 - 6.00	7.30 - 12.00
Saturday	11.30 - 1.30	-	7.30 - 12.00
Sunday	-	CLOSED ALL DAY	-

Wet Fish: Friday 9.00 - 2.00

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## FRIENDS OF HAYDON BRIDGE

ANNUAL GENERAL  
MEETING 1990

The Annual General Meeting was held on 15 October. Three non-Committee members attended and two were promptly elected to fill vacancies. The new members are Mrs Parslow, and Dr Garner.

The Chairman, Mr J Cape, reported as follows: The Haydon News has been published on a regular basis throughout the year - the printing having been done more recently by David Black with John Richardson preparing the draft. Marion Howard has continued to serve as Editor pending a suitable volunteer for the job coming forward. Efforts are being made to sell the printing machine which has broken down and would cost a considerable amount to put back in working order.

A representative of the Friends has attended each parish council meeting and has prepared a report for inclusion in the Haydon News.

The contributions received from advertisers together with subscriptions from a small number of recipients of the Haydon News have pro-

vided sufficient income to pay the printing costs. Money from collection boxes in the two Newsagents has also helped.

My thanks to all members of the Committee for their help and support during the year, particularly those associated with the production and distribution of the Haydon News. Particular thanks are also due to the Secretary and Treasurer.

## HAYDON BRIDGE W I

At the October meeting members realised just what the post-codes on our letters mean.

The Royal Mail Customer Care Service sent Mr Jim Pettigrew to give a talk supported by a video film, on what happens to our letters, once posted, until they reach their destination.

You were left in no doubt that correctly post-coded letters receive first priority, while incomplete codes or non-coded letters were left till last.

The vast amount of "junk mail" received does earn the Royal Mail an income, thus keeping the cost of our postage stamps down.

He then answered many questions from the audi-

ence who did appreciate a good mail service. When asked if we were satisfied with our postmen, it was a universal 'yes'.

A competition and a cup of tea completed an enjoyable evening.

The next meeting of Haydon Bridge W I will be on November 12th at 7.0 pm in the Community Centre, Ratcliffe Road. New members are invited to come along, where they will be warmly welcomed. This meeting will be a "Pie and Peas" supper, followed by a talk, 'Oriental Medley' by Mrs Helen Hall.

Notices regarding W I events are always displayed in both our Newsagents' windows.

P E Smith  
Secretary



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## LAND'S END TO JOHN O' GROATS CYCLE RIDE

'Where shall we go for a holiday next year?' Well, to cut a long story short, this typical pre-Christmas poser and the flip-pant suggestion it generated gradually took root, and by April this year I was tentatively hooked. You can see what his suggestion was. Not everyone's choice. In fact, most people thought we were somewhat short of the proverbial full shilling. (Thought....?) Work considerations dictated that we took the holiday in May/June, so a mad dash ensued, planning routes (my job), organising transport there and back (his job) and generally putting things in order.

May 25 found us haring off to Heaton - one has to start somewhere - at the crack of dawn. With the dog boarded and the car garaged at Mike's parents' home, all we had to do was to load up and cycle to Newcastle Central Station, whence we would catch a train to Penzance. Despite my determined effort to ditch our packed lunch in a Jesmond gutter, we made it. Now every cyclist has a British Rail story to tell,

some of which can be hugely entertaining, others positively blood-curdling. Suffice it to say that it took us a total of 6 telephone calls and two visits totalling nearly two hours to get bikes and riders booked to Penzance. (We didn't know how we'd get home again - BR hadn't the relevant information computerised at the time, and all we could get from them was, '...you must book your bike on every train'. We had to catch three to get home again, and their regulations precluded booking the first one. We couldn't assimilate this contradiction, so we trusted to the winds and hoped we'd get home somehow.)

After 8 hours of imposed inactivity and consequently ossified joints, we managed to land in a heap on Penzance platform. On the verge of an adventure! Whatever it brought, we would have to grin and bear and valiantly overcome! Aching, we got on our bikes and wobbled the few miles to Land's End. Disillusion No 1! Rose-tinted spectacles had dreamed of dramatic cliffs, wheeling seabirds and flaming sunsets. Reality was a grotesque Taj Mahal-type cafeteria complete with its own one-way traffic system. The flaming sunset was a grey murk

and the off-shore wind was bitter after the comfort of the train. I huddled with the bikes behind an embankment while Mike went for a better view and a photo to prove we'd really been there. We hurried to the St Just youth hostel to get warmed again, surprised to find lots of cyclists there. Surely they weren't all doing the End-to-End? We were really puzzled when the warden warned us that some would be getting up '..at about 4 in the morning. They're doing three hundred, y,see.' Ah. We didn't see at all but felt that requesting elucidation would make us look stupid. What was a 300? We discovered at breakfast that those already departed were cycling 180 miles - 300km - that day. Suitably impressed and appropriately quashed, we embarked on our own 50 mile day. I'm not terribly well travelled, and have hitherto harboured the illusion that the North of England is where the hills are. Let me assure any of like mind that this is not the case. Cornwall and Devon are surprisingly hilly - steeply so. (I'd also imagined every road to be packed bumper to bumper with traffic, so the quiet lames were a delight.) Pride forbids one

to get off and push these days, so we lumbered up those Cornish coastal roads on our laden bikes in bottom gear. We must have had downhills too, but the prevailing south-westerly on which I had counted had metamorphosed into a very stiff east wind, so the downs seemed negligible. But the sun shone and the scenery was lovely. We staggered into our destination, Newquay, to find it literally swarming with Beetles. I mean the VW variety. Apparently, with the surfing championships that weekend, there was also a customised car rally. They were everywhere - a new dimension to the idea of a Beetle Drive! We loved Newquay's cliffs, though, even if in my memory they will always reverberate with the sound of revving engines.

Our next day took us up - yes up - to Boscastle. The hard work of the first day had left us painfully stiff, and what with the wind and the hills, I regret to say I missed some of the scenery. Lunch on the banks of the river Camel revitalised however, and we were sufficiently recovered by the time we reached Tintagel to pour scorn on its touristy image and to resist the exorbitant entrance fees to the castle and the pictur-

esque Old Post Office. Boscastle was something different though, and we spent much time walking its lovely harbour area and superb cliffs.

After Boscastle we headed further inland and, once we'd climbed out of Boscastle, the going was easier. Instow, just north of Bideford in Devon was our hostel bed for the night, so we decided to leave the leafy lanes and have a look at Bideford. It turned out not to be the place to go to on a Bank Holiday afternoon, being loud, littered and drunken. We felt it wasn't our scene, being too much of a culture shock, and beat a hasty retreat. Just as well, for we hadn't made advance booking at Instow - the girl checking in after us got the last bed.....to be continued.

## 1906

I was born in the Railway Hotel, Haydon Bridge, in 1906. My father's name was John Lawrence Dickinson, tenant to the pub, but was also assistant overseer to William J Morrison, Assessor and Collector of income tax.

It was in 1922, just four years after the 1914-18 war that I went to live with relatives in Canada, which has been my home ever since, but I never forgot.

Haydon Bridge and the people I knew - the tradesmen, businesses, shops etc - people who lived and made their living in Haydon Bridge in 1906. My mother kept all the records of daily events; it was her hobby as at that time life was lived in our own little narrow strip of village life, and we had our scrap book.

I would like to take you all back in time to 1906 over the next few issues of the Haydon News (that is, if the Editor in his or her wisdom thinks this worthy) for I got a longing in my bones to see my dear old village, Haydon Bridge, once again. You see, I am now 84 years old and two years ago returned to Haydon Bridge and stayed with a relative for one month (it is by means of her that when I write I send these notes to pass on to Haydon News). She has an old person's cottage in the village, and very nice at that.

In 1922, when I was a boy of fifteen just before I left my beloved valley, I rode everywhere on an old bike, meeting my sweetheart of sweet sixteen in secret amongst the sweet meadows behind Esp Hill. She wept when I left for Canada and both swore our love until I came back to make her my own sweet bride - alas, it never was;

I married and had a family - but she never did marry and my heart thumped with that old, old love for her when I saw at a distance those clear hazel eyes and hair that hung yellow as the corn-field down her back, now white as snow. I turned very shy - fancy that, a silly old man of 82 being shy - but how I longed to hold her again. You see, there is living in the village left to remember our young romance, and even my younger relative does not know, although she knows Miss -- who lives on the other side of the bridge. Next time I come over it will be different. Watch out for a wedding in the old chapel of St Cuthbert's.

But first let me tell you of my joy when my plane landed at Prestwick, then getting a bus to Carlisle (My! what a change in that city). I stayed overnight in the Crown and Mitre hotel, then after a good old English breakfast of bacon and eggs, I wandered down Botcher-gate and bought a good strong bike at Halfords (you see, I can't drive a car, and wanted to take up where I left off - ON A BIKE). What joy to pedal the English roads again, but my! aren't they busy, and what strange looks I got off a number of drivers - well, we can't all be 82

years old. As I pedalled into Haydon Bridge is was getting dark.....BUT I WAS BACK! The Tyne was still running, I couldn't see it, but I could hear it and I was pleased. "I was back" even if it was in the dark. I complimented myself for doing the journey so well. "Doggone it!, mah damn'd ole bones creaked, but I made it".....Yes, at 82 I made it.

After a weepy reunion with my relative, her and I talked long after supper over a glowing fire and after a few whiskies I was lost to the world.....back asleep as a child of my youth in the Railway Hotel.

Now that reminds me, first I must tell you about the pubs of 1906.....

(To be continued)

## PARISH COUNCIL PICKINGS

Meeting of 25 October  
1990

8 Councillors present.

To have the grass at the West End mown by the Tynedale Services Organisation is going to cost £44 a time, and it was suggested that somebody in the village who happens to have the appropriate equipment might

be glad to do it for less. There is still some doubt whether the surface has been sufficiently improved for the machinery to operate.

The grass between the trees north of the church is nobody's responsibility: suggestions how this small area can be tidied up will be discussed at the next meeting.

The cheapest metal seats cost about £250 each, and even then, though they are less liable to casual damage, are not likely to be proof against determined attack. Further research will be done on the available designs; meanwhile, provision will be made for some expenditure on replacing seats in next year's estimates. The High School sixth form has said it would like to talk to the Chairman about the suggestion that pupils are responsible for some of the damage.

People in Martin's Close are still worried about some cars going too quickly, although things have improved since the Football Club put up warning notices. The offenders are almost certainly people from outside the village who do not realise the danger to children. A request is to be made for at least one hump in the road to enforce a slower pace. The

same children are also thought to be at risk of falling into the river, because they use the riverside footpath to get to school. The Highway Authority is to be asked to provide a short stretch of railings where the path passes under the bridge. The West End Garage site has been cleared and there is outline planning permission for five dwellings and seven-and-a-half cars.

Don't get up too early on Sunday November 11th. The level crossing is closed until 9.30 am.

Apology: Last month's report stopped short before it could record our sincere apologies to Mrs Brown at No 1 Hordley Acres about a comment on the state of her garden wall. The reference should have been to the first house at the other end. Sorry.

## HEALTH EDUCATION MEETING

Wednesday 7th November at 7.0 pm in the Health Centre  
Subject - TRANSPLANT SURGERY

- what is involved, for recipient and donor?
- what can be achieved, now and in the future?
- what does it cost, and can we afford it?

Speaker - LYN HORT, Clinical Nurse Specialist who works for the Transplant Unit at the Freeman Hospital, counselling recipients and donors and furthering publicity to the public about Transplant Surgery.

Please notify the Health Centre if you wish to attend. Numbers limited so apply early.

Drs High and Ford

## OUR VILLAGE Continued

Having a Fire Brigade was one thing, devising a fire alarm was quite another. The age of cunning electronic devices housed in the pocket had not yet arrived. The Council gave this problem long and careful deliberation. Not surprisingly they came up with the idea of a bell. For had not the church bells rung out for national alarms and national rejoicing for centuries? A bell on a pole seemed the answer. They paid £2.15s.6d for everything except the pole. Presumably for a bell and a rope. But where to erect the bell? Now our village lies on both banks of the South Tyne, linked together by the umbilical cord of the old stone bridge, and still is, except that we now have a second, a mere infant compared with the ancient

edifice which has defied, and at times succumbed to the violence of the unpredictable Tyne. Such a central position known to and within hearing of all, could not be ignored. So the bell on its pole was duly erected at the north end of the bridge, but within months the Council was considering removing the alarm which in fact they did. The pole was taken down, sawn in lengths and stored away with the bell. The dismemberment of the pole was surely a measure of the finality of their decision.

The reason for this lightning reversal of policy is not far to seek. Firstly, the bell was an irresistible temptation to mischievous boys. Secondly, the bell had a nasty habit of ringing in a strong wind, giving rise to numerous false alarms even to rousing members of the Brigade from their slumbers. There was yet another reason for alarm's ignominious end: the doctor was the implacable enemy of the Parish Council and seems never to have let slip a single opportunity of having a dig at the Council. The vagaries of the alarm provided him with just the right sort of ammunition.

Scathingly he wrote, "I understand the Parish

Council to offer for sale Big Ben the fire bell which rings for a gale but not for a fire, and is a nuisance to all and sundry who may reside near. I offer 7s.6d for the pole, but I suggest - which is far better - that it should be divided among the members of the Council and a charge made to defray the original cost." Or again, on another occasion when rather annoyed that a letter of his had not been answered, he slyly added "probably the tragic removal of Big Ben may have upset everything."  
(To be continued)

**IMAGINE**

Imagine if you had no home  
Nowhere to go  
Nowhere to sleep  
God! Doesn't it make you weep.

Famine in Ethiopia,  
Drought in Sudan:  
Imagine it stopped.  
It's hard to imagine,  
When they can't even build a dam.

Imagine if there were no hostages.  
Then Terry Waite would be free.  
Mandela wouldn't have been locked in a cellar  
And we wouldn't have to pay a fee.

Imagine a world  
Where everyone's equal.  
Anyone can live anywhere.  
No more fighting thy neighbour,  
No more war.  
Peace for everything and everyone  
For ever eternally.

Imagine if there was no school  
"Yeah" I hear you shout,  
"that's cool."  
What a fool!

Imagine if there was no war,  
No fighting for your rights,  
No racism movements,  
Everyone's alike.

Imagine no Gulf,  
Imagine no crisis,  
Imagine peace -  
Imagine the end.

Kerry Parker

**REMEMBRANCE**

Those attending the Parish Church on Remembrance Sunday will be pleased to see the Royal British Legion standards freshly displayed with new brackets.

I appealed previously through these columns to the Parish to fund this essentially Haydon endeavour.

Donations were magnificently headed by the Friends of Haydon Bridge who subscribed nearly half the required amount, others contributed most generously for which the Legion is most grateful. A small balancing sum was added by the Hexham Branch.

T A Bates, Chairman,  
Hexham Branch.

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