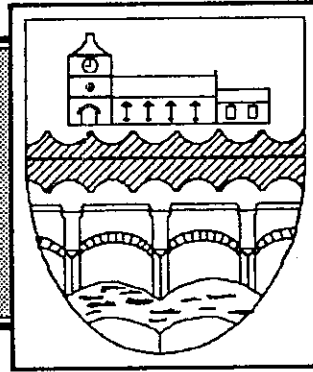


HAYDON NEWS



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November 1991 No 35

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Wednesday	11.30 - 1.30	-	7.30 - 11.30
Thursday	11.30 - 1.30	-	5.00 - 9.00
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		

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EDITORIAL

The Haydon News is intended to foster the sense of community in the Parish of Haydon by providing a ready means of communication between individuals, organisations and the various levels of local government. As Editor, I am very grateful to all contributors who help to fill the pages with an interesting mixture of factual and fictional material.

Within the function of producing the Haydon News one of the most tedious tasks undertaken by the Friends of Haydon Bridge is the regular attendance of a reporter at Parish Council meetings. The resulting "Parish Council Pickings" are not an expression of the political views of the reporter, of the Editor or of the Friends of Haydon Bridge, (a strictly non-political organisation). The "Pickings" are a digest of the matters discussed and conclusions reached (if any) in the meetings. Parishoners are thus kept informed of what is being done on their behalf by their elected representatives.

Any reader offended by the contents of the "Parish Council Pickings" is at liberty to write to the Editor and say so. Nevertheless, it should be remembered that the reporter cannot alter the script, so to speak, and the most effective course of action for a complainant may be to attend the next Parish Council meeting and voice an opinion in the time allotted to Public Participation.

Gina Richardson
Editor

THE NEXT ISSUE OF THE HAYDON NEWS WILL BE A COMBINED DECEMBER/JANUARY EDITION. ALL COPY TO THE EDITOR AT 14 SHAFTOE STREET BY NOVEMBER 20 PLEASE.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR**Retirement**

A few months ago I had to take early retirement from the Post Office. In my honour the Sub-postmaster, Tony Petts, his wife Pat and all the postal staff, their spouses and a few friends held a presentation dinner for me at the Haydon Hotel with a buffet supper.

They presented me with a pair of binoculars and a painting of me in a very sad situation in Roman Wall country, painted by Tony. I also received a retirement card with all their signatures for me to remember them by and a retirement cake made and iced by Margaret Marshall and Pat Worthington. My wife Joan was presented with a beautiful bouquet of flowers. Entertainment was provided by Alan White, Herby Greener and Dennis Telford.

A grand night was had by all. It was tinged with a little sadness for me because it brought to an end thirty years' service in the Post Office, all of which I've greatly enjoyed.

My wife and I thank you all.

David Tulip

PS From the Post Office I received a Raleigh bicycle and a garden lounge for retirement gifts.

PARISH COUNCIL PICKINGS

(Meeting of 24 October)

Seven Councillors and County Cllr Purdue present.

Your reporter arrived a few moments late for the meeting and so missed the element of "public participation" with which the meeting started. However, whatever it was about, the two ladies who attended left the meeting looking reasonably satisfied!

I may in fact have missed the most interesting part of the meeting, since the standard agenda of "Highways", "Lighting" and "Planning" gave birth only to a prediction that work would begin at "Watson's Garage" in mid-1992, and that a prefabricated garage is to appear in Belmont.

Of course, several other matters were discussed, but many of them - approving the payment of bills, for example - do not provide much of a basis for interesting comment in this column. So the fact that they aren't mentioned does not mean that the meeting had nothing to do.

J P R

HEALTH CENTRE NEWS

Our new computer has arrived and is devouring work at a useful rate, we no longer have to stand and wait while it thinks about a prescription.

In the interests of improved confidentiality we have had an acoustic enclosure constructed around the reception desk which we trust will help. If at any time you have a specially

personal item of information to pass on please ask to be seen in one of the unoccupied rooms in the centre rather than at the desk.

Two relaxation classes have now been held, you will be able to see who has been to them by their expressions of blissful serenity. Thursday at 6.00pm is the time and though they will have missed the introductory talks an extra one or two people could be accommodated.

The winter lectures are under way again. November's talk, 6 11 91, will have been about "Screening for Breast Cancer" by Mr Wilson. Please keep an eye on the posters around the village.

December's talk will be on 4 12 91 and the subject "Pre Menstrual Tension (and Hormone Replacement Treatment - an update)" by Mr Forsey, the new Obstetrician and Gynaecologist at Hexham.

January will probably be Neil Munro talking about Coughs, Wheezes and shortness of breath in later adult life.

February will be part 2 of Common Childhood illnesses by the home team.

Kids Clinics: Nov 7th and 21st, Dec 5th and 19th, Jan 2nd and 16th.

SF

PAT GOES TO SEATTLE

Seattleites

Seattleites on the whole are pleasant, smiling, helpful and polite. The greeting is "Hi!" with a smile, in supermarkets, cinemas, shops restaurants, coffee-bars etc. The farewell is "Have a nice day", it sounds like a cliché

but I think it makes everyone feel just a little bit better. It is a contrast to the surliness in English cities. I say English because the Scots seem less so. In England you seldom get eye contact or a smile.

There is a slight language problem at the start until you get used to the way they talk and what they may be saying. I found myself having to ask people to repeat things. The Seattleites don't speak very well, like most people, I suppose. Consonants and whole syllables get left out and unpronounced so New York becomes N'Yok. They say unfamiliar things like, at a supermarket check-out, "Hi! Pap'r'plastic?" What they are asking is do you want your goods wrapped in paper or a plastic bag; and they pack it all for you.

The people around Broadway are very laid back, particularly in their clothing, you have to go down town before you see anybody in a suit. I think when they dress in the morning they just put on what comes to hand. "Oh, here's a pair of tights, put them on, Ah! some shorts (long pants torn off above the knees), wear them, a shirt, won't bother to tuck that in, yes a sweater and then this old denim jacket" Then the ubiquitous peaked cap, probably back to front, and a pair of huge trainers. I saw one man with what looked like a pair of sawn-off long Johns over his jeans.

There is a mixture of races, Japanese, Chinese, Thais, negroes, American Indians, very few Asians, if any. All shapes and sizes.

They don't seem to care what they look like or what they do. Grown men skateboard along the sidewalk; Helen and I even saw someone go up the road on a unicycle.

People drink coffee in the street, very often a Latte, pronounced "Lartay". This is a bit like cappuccino, you can buy them in coffee-bars on street stalls, a large polystyrene mug with a lid on with a hole in it. This is imbibed on the move. People have go-cups in their cars, which they fill with coffee, large pots with narrow necks and lids.

Everyone I met was very good to me. Helen's step-sister, whom I met ages ago when she was a teenager, greeted me, inexplicably, with open arms. I was commissioned to draw her portrait, then I did portraits of her two boys. Helen's aunt lives over there and her husband was, also inexplicably, effusive in his welcome and embarrassingly praiseworthy about my family. "I just love your kids to death". Two young friends of Helen's were very good company and we had or two nights out with them and went out for a meal at their place. We taught them Chicken Feed, a vicious card game, which they loved. They had moved from the East Coast to Seattle. Helen's stepsister had searched the States for the best place to live and chose Seattle.

70-80 YEARS AGO

Jack Sutherland remembers
Shaftoe Trust School

Sept. 1913 to April 1922
(Part 2)

Some children came from miles away at different times. We had one from Ninebanks one year and I faintly remember one from Catton, I think. Then there were three or four from Chesterwood and the Ridleys from a farm on the Hexham road. They apparently thought nothing of walking three, four or even more miles to School each day. The school hours were altered in winter to accommodate them. In summer the hours were 9-12, 1.30-4 while in winter 9-12, 1-3.30. This gave the walkers an extra half-hour of daylight to get home. The word "accommodate" reminds me; Has the sign on the railway platform been corrected yet? When Cooper painted it, it read "Railway Hotel. Good accommodation for travellers".

In 1921 we gave a concert in the Town Hall to raise money for a memorial (mainly to Mat Southern). Hilda and Jack Sutherland did a bit of a sketch entitled "Dr Sharp and Mrs Quick-wit". The memorial took the form of a door-frame which was erected at the door of Standard VI. It had names of old boys who had been killed in the War inscribed on the frame and looked very nice. I don't know what happened to it.

Mr Hicks was the caretaker during most of my time. He was a nice man and had a

kitchen garden to the west of what was the woodworking buildings. We were allowed to play cricket or football after school if he was working in his garden. About 5 o'clock he would call, "Come on, you boys" and we would leave so that he could lock up. The boiler house was below ground under what was Standard III and there was a flight of steps from the girls' playground to get down to it. At the time I hadn't the least idea what type of boiler it was other than to know it was coke-fired. I am sure now it must have been a cast iron sectional boiler, these were common between the wars.

The Pupil Teacher Centre started in 1921. Hilda Sutherland was the first pupil from Haydon Bridge. Others I can remember were Cassandra Annette Smith, Annie Mansfield and Phyllis Robinson from Haltwhistle.

To the above Enid Sutherland adds:

The lady I remember so well who had a face rash and wore a veil was not a teacher. She was Miss Carruthers, whose father had a shop in the street to the station - a saddler or ironmonger - I can't really remember. She produced and directed all the cultural activities. She had dancing and music classes. I remember "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and musicals. From this distance I think I think I can say she was the first person who shewed me the world had a treasury of literature and music. She was a person whom Mother described as "ladylike".

I remember Mr Ridley as horrible! He moved swiftly and always wore his gown. I can shut my eyes and see him now as a huge black bird. He caned me because two boys knocked me down in the infant class and he grabbed us all from the floor: I was six years old. It wa so unfair I've always remembered it, but thankfully with no latent problems!

Jack was delighted to read about Shaftoe Trust School. I hope you have found his notes interesting. No doubt some will find our memories sketchy but perhaps there will be a opportunity to talk about it one day.

THE AIR RACE

The two fliers were tired as each landed having completed the race across the Continent to Paris. Tonight they must sleep, and sleep well, for tomorrow they had the long flight across the Channel ahead of them before they would arrive at the landing field in the North East of England, each hoping to win the Air Race.

Young Tom had raced a number of times against old Jim, respecting him for the flyer that he was: after all, Jim had been entering and competing in air races long before young Tom was born. But recently young Tom had noticed how careless old Jim was becoming in his flying, in fact to the point of endangering himself and other competitors. That night, sleep evaded young Tom as his troubled mind would not switch off. He kept thinking about old Jim

and his sloppy flying and the day that must come when he would crash and kill himself and possibly others.

Are you asleep yet, Jim" asked Tom, and after another moment, "Jim, are you sleeping?"

"Er, er, what's that? Say something?" replied Jim in a rather drowsy manner.

"Sorry, Jim, if I woke you" replied Tom, "but I've been thinking about tomorrow and the race".

"Oh, get to sleep" said Jim, "tomorrow will come soon enough".

"Jim, listen. Listen, Jim" went on Tom,

"Oh all right. What is it you want to say? I'm listening" said Jim. "Well" went on Tom, "in all the number of times that we have met up in these air races have you ever stopped to think who is it that benefits most? Certainly not us! People put up large sums of money, magnificent trophies are given, thousands of pounds are won and great dinner parties are given where champagne flows like the Tyne. The winners, or owners, and those who sponsor the air races benefit greatly, but what about US, Jim, what do we get? Oh yes, we get a living, but that is about all!" said Tom. There was a long drawn out silence that seemed like hours before old Jim replied. "I understand what you're saying Tom, and it's perfectly true, but what can WE do about THAT? Someone has to win, don't they?" said Jim.

"Yes, I know" replied

Tom, "but have you ever thought what would happen if two flyers landed in a draw, a dead heat?"

"Oh, impossible" said Jim in a rather tired voice.

"Not so impossible as many think" said Tom "and it would be utter confusion as to what to do in awarding prize money, trophies etc. Do you not see, Jim. IT HAS NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE!

After all, why should we risk our necks just to keep these people in big money? Big headlines in all the newspapers and Hail-fellow-well-met and "you did rather well, old man" - and what do we get? - just a living. After all, Jim, you take too many risks these days. You just missed that pylon line as you came in tonight: you could have killed yourself and blacked out half Paris in doing so. Besides, flying across the Channel is a big danger. Those low-flying RAF fighter planes appear out of the mist and are gone, just missing you, as you fly on in a tremble".

The sun shone brilliantly as the two flyers cleared the sea mist above the cliffs of Dover, steadily climbing and banking as they took bearings towards the North East. Young Tom was well ahead in the race as old Jim kept an eye on him from a clear blue sky and wondered if he would keep his word (as each had agreed, depending on whoever was in the lead). Jim need not have worried - as he gazed towards the distant flyer he watched him climb and bank to the right as he circled round to join up in perfect formation for them to fly in low in a dead heat over the landing field - and off into

the distance above Shaftoe Trust School.

Geoff Duffy had flown racing pigeons for years but never had he seen the likes of this. He stood wide-mouthed by his pigeon hut gazing in disbelief into the far distance, at two ever-decreasing dots.

Owld Tawney

PS Next time you walk along Church Street, take a little time to stop and stare, for as you gaze up at the pigeons sitting along the guttering of the church tower you may just see old Jim wink to young Tom as they survey the scene below.

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