



The Voice

THE VOICE
November 2009

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Bonfire night and fireworks

This year the bonfire and fireworks was held on Saturday 7th November, a clear dry day. Light work was made of transporting trees, hedges, doors etc. to the site with the wonderful help of Philip Moseley and Mark Walker, complete with their tractors.

With the many hands of village Dads and children, the bonfire (possibly our biggest yet) was built on Mr. Wheeldon's field by the side of the Lathkil Hotel.

It was topped by a giant figure of a willow man, (affectionately known as 'Whispering Bob', after Old Grey Whistle Test presenter Bob Harris) which had been made at the Babbling Vagabonds workshop.

Typically damp November 5th weather by teatime led to a false start with lighting the bonfire.

However, with lots of newspapers and determination, (and a couple of fire-lighters kindly donated by the pub) it took off with soaring flames and lots of billowing smoke. Martin Chresta and Tim O'Neill organised a fabulous fireworks display.

A record number of people turned out to join us this year, and donated very generously to the collection bucket. All monies collected will be used towards the cost of the fireworks display.

A very big thank you to everyone who helped to make this event possible, and to Parish Council for their grant to the Village Hall Committee towards the cost of the fireworks.

News from the Lathkil Hotel

Congratulations to Robert and Helen who, along with Alice and Emma, are celebrating 28 years at the Lathkil Hotel.

The pub, in addition to the church and the village hall, plays a vital role in the social welfare and well-being of village life.

It is the hub of the neighbourhood watch scheme, regular fundraiser for Children in Need (presently just over £5,000 raised this month), and fundraiser for Weston Park

Hospital (£3,400 raised this year at the annual Half Gallathon).

The Lathkil Hotel will be serving a Christmas Party menu throughout December for parties of 10 or more, either lunch or dinner.

See the menu at the pub, or online at www.lathkil.co.uk

Other December events include:

Christmas Eve Quiz and mince pies from 9pm.

New Years Eve dinner (sorry, fully booked.)

Food will be served at lunch-times and evenings throughout the Christmas period, except for Christmas Day.

St. Valentine's Day Dinner
Saturday 13 February 2010.

The next edition of The Voice will have excerpts from a letter held by Robert Grigor-Taylor, in which the writer describes Lathkil Dale around the early 1900's.

A Message from St Anne's Church

We are on the run up to Christmas and on **Sunday 29th November** the beginning of **Advent** will be celebrated by holding a joint benefice service at St Anne's. Members of the sister churches in the benefice – that is, Bakewell, Ashford, Rowsley and Sheldon – will join us at **6pm for a service of carols, readings and candles to mark the start of this very special time of year in the Church's calendar**. Come and join us for this beautiful service.

The traditional Carol Service will be held on Sunday the 20th December at 6pm when several residents of this parish will be invited to read and we will all join in the familiar carols. We are also anticipating that members of the Bakewell Youth Theatre will be joining us, which always adds an extra zest to the occasion.

Finally, on **Christmas Day itself you are invited to join us at 9.30am for a family Eucharist service**.

Services on all other Sundays are held at 9.45am, which is now the norm throughout the year. Attendance at church services is not, of course, the only reason for people to come into St Anne's. A recent count showed that about 180 people have signed the visitor's book, at the back of the church, so far during 2009. Now given that most visitors come in small groups, and that no more than half the groups are likely to sign the book anyway this probably means that five or six hundred or more people have called at the church during the course of the year. Most of the comments written in the book speak of the church's attractiveness, its beauty, the flowers, the peaceful atmosphere and the setting. For whatever reasons people call in – nostalgia, curiosity, to have a rest, to admire the simple beauty of a small parish church, to enjoy a few moments quiet reflection, sometimes called prayer - the fact that St Anne's remains open and accessible to all is clearly appreciated and valued. This does not even count those who simply pop into the churchyard, where they sit on one of the several benches,

perhaps after climbing the steep hill out of the dale and often, especially in Summer months, can be seen enjoying drinks or a picnic. The fact that the churchyard is well-kept and has incomparable views over the dale and the surrounding countryside makes this, too, a most enjoyable experience.

The church also provides a focus for many of us to mark the most important events in our lives – the so-called "rites of passage."

Over the past year three children have been baptised, welcoming them into the world and our community; twins Sacha and Lydia Holmes and Harry Bown.

Three couples were married, or had their marriages blessed; Andrew and Georgina Hall, Robert and Fiona Pocock and Andy and Patricia Hall.

A similarly happy occasion was held to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of Michael Gowdey, who helps with taking services at St Anne's.

Sadly, there have been, after a time of relatively few deaths, no less than seven funeral or memorial services over the year.

John Coles, Mavis Bentley, Ken Bond, Winnie Robinson, Andrew Hall (AJ), Jimmy Grieg and Phyllis Wright are all missed and most are now laid to rest in the churchyard.

St Anne's church (and churchyard) is there for all members of the community of Over Haddon, whether residents, visitors, or former residents who have moved away. Please help to make it remain so.

Bakewell Parish Church welcomes you to a 'Spectacular display of Christmas trees' with light, colour and music in the spirit of Christmas.

Thurs 3rd–Weds 9th December. 9.30am–5pm
(Thursday from 10.30am, Sunday from 12.30pm)

Also during these dates, a festival of evening concerts will be held.

Details from Bakewell Information Centre, or
www.bakewellchurch.co.uk

Down the Dale (5)

Sad to say, there have been no sightings of the cygnet, so we shall have to hope for better things next year. Apparently Sue (Smith) saw a wildlife programme on TV which showed a heron killing a cygnet -- this may have been the fate of ours, since herons appear regularly along the river, down near Conksbury in particular. At least the parents still appear periodically, and have done much grooming and shedding of feathers near the original nest.

On a happier note:

12th September was a gloriously sunny day for the village show, and there was a bonanza of bees and butterflies down here. There were brimstones on the beans, and peacocks, red admirals, fritillaries and large whites everywhere else. At one point I counted 21 butterflies on one sedum plant.

19th September brought the surreal sight of a bright green river from the Mill up to Twin Dales! Since it was first thing in the morning, I blinked hard, thinking I was still half asleep and imagining it, but it was definitely there. It looked amazingly strange. By that afternoon it wasn't quite such a virulent green, and within 24 hours it was more or less back to normal. The next morning I chatted to a pleasant young man and discovered that it was part of the research being done by Birmingham University, which Phil Bowler told us about in the Spring. They are trying to trace the paths of the underground soughs and leaks to determine how large a part they play in the usual Summer disappearance of the river. To this end, they had put a harmless green dye into the water at Knothole mine, and it was gradually working its way downstream. He did say that they had anticipated that the river would be dry at this time of year, which would have made their job much easier, but of course after all the rain in July and August there is still a healthy flow.

28th September An exciting lunchtime walk up the hill to Meadow Place. First, a little owl sitting immobile on the fence by the first corner. It wasn't much bigger than a thrush, but the shape and head were unmistakable. I persuaded the dogs to stand still with me, and just watched it for several minutes. I then caught sight of some movement about two feet in front of us, in the undergrowth, and suddenly there were two tiny shrews busily going about their scurrying business. Didn't require Einstein to put the two events together!

14th October The topsy-turvy year for the river continues. After what was apparently the driest September for 12 years, and so far an exceptionally mild October, the water has disappeared -- just about the time when we would normally be expecting it to return after the Summer drought. The mallards and moorhens which had already taken up residence in readiness for next Spring look extremely disconcerted!

18th October The Babbling Vagabonds filled Dale Road and the first part of the track with a wonderful display of willow and tissue paper sculptures, and inspiring poems. A lovely event, and many congratulations to everyone who put in time and effort to make it happen. I overheard quite a few appreciative comments from walkers. My favourites were "When the leafs full down", and 'Whispering Bob' -- but I enjoyed it all. There was also a slideshow in the village hall of some magnificent photographs of the dale -- I'm sure they deserve a wider audience.

8th November The weather seems to be getting back to normal -- gales, heavy rain and much lower temperatures are suddenly the order of the day. The river's back, we've already had two weeks of shooting, and the sun has disappeared again, until next February.

Time to sign off, I think.

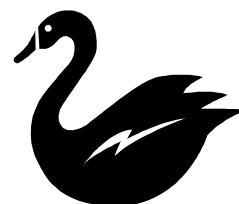
Trish Renshaw

STOP PRESS: Sunday 15 November

A villager has reported sightings of a cygnet near to Raper Lodge.

Could this be our missing cygnet, or perhaps another addition to wildlife in the dale?

Please let me know if you spot any further sightings.



VILLAGE HISTORY, PART 3

CAROLYN PEARCE

One of the few ways we can identify ordinary people (as opposed to Gentry, Aristocracy, or villains) in past centuries is by the bureaucracy of our forebears. In the 19th century 10-yearly national censuses were introduced, but before that **Settlement Orders** were a great source of information on the poorer part of the population. There had been poor relief (a precursor of the modern benefit system) since Elizabethan times, but this was made a legal requirement in 1601 by the Poor Law Act. By this act you became entitled to poor relief if you had been resident in a parish for a month. But this had the effect of parish officials moving paupers on as quickly as possible so that they did not become a financial burden on individual parishes and rate payers.

The **Settlement Act** of 1662 decreed that anyone entering a parish with no visible means of support could, within 40 days, be removed back to their parish of settlement. If you became settled in a parish for a year you could claim to be worthy of poor relief in that parish. The annual hiring fairs ensured that people were taken into employment for a maximum of 364 days! Illegitimate children were settled where they were born, so often a poor single woman in an advanced stage of pregnancy was unceremoniously bundled over the parish boundary so that the child would be another parish's financial responsibility.

In 1697 **Settlement Certificates** were introduced. They were written by the Churchwarden and given to people who wished to move to another parish

for work. If they later became paupers their new parish could then send them back to the parish that had issued their settlement certificate. This system remained in force until the middle of the 19th century, and was eventually superseded by the introduction of Workhouses, which had mainly been built to accommodate the mass of people who had moved from the country into the huge industrial conurbations.

Below is a list of poor people connected to Over Haddon who fell foul of the Poor Relief & Settlement system.

In 1706 a settlement certificate was issued to Charles Mellor, a turner from Over Haddon
 In 1727 Robert Spencer, and Mary, his wife, were removed from Upper Haddon to Darley
 In 1737 a settlement certificate was issued to William Willgoose [Wildgoose], Dorothy [sic] his wife, and their children George, Joseph, Gervas, Hannah, William
 In 1767 the following were removed from Over Haddon to their original parishes:
 Ann Hayes to Wensley
 Margaret Ingleby to Middleton
 Richard Sellers, his wife Hannah, their children Joseph, Hannah, Benjamin, Ann to Bakewell
 Henry Turner, his wife Martha, and son William to Bakewell
 In 1772 George Wright and his wife Catherine to Winster
 In 1774 Elizabeth Fogg to Youlgreave
 In 1808 Sarah Wildgoose went to Beeley with Samuel Nuttall
 In 1823 Ann Glossop to Monyash

The following two were removed from Bakewell and sent back to Over Haddon:

In 1822 Ann Taylor, single and pregnant

In 1833 Elizabeth Taylor, single and pregnant

After the foundation of the Union Workhouses, the following Over Haddon people were admitted to the Bakewell Workhouse (now Newholme Hospital)

1840 Margaret Taylor, aged 5, was sent from Eccleshall Brierlow Workhouse, suffering from a fever

1840 Richard Glossop

1841 Thomas Newton, his wife Esther, and their children George, 12; Dorothy, 10; Mary, 9; Joseph, 7; Hannah, 5; Thomas, 4

1841 John Ingleby

1841 Hannah White

1841 Elizabeth Taylor, widow, and her children Margaret, 8 & Ann, 5.

This was the 3rd time she had absconded from the Workhouse

1841 Sarah Botham, widow, aged 51, and her children Samuel, 10, and John, 8

(according to the records they were 'in great distress')

It seems clear from the above, that with only a small population, many people from Over Haddon were suffering a great deal in Over Haddon, that so many had to be admitted into the Workhouse system, which had a terrible reputation.

Even today, many elderly people refuse to go near Newholme, because of the stigma of being in the Workhouse.

Films for the season 2009/10

SUN 29 NOV: MILK 2008 15 cert

SAT 19 DEC: MIRACLE ON 34TH STREET 1947 U cert

Note change of date, due to Carol Service in church

SUN 31 JAN: CHANGELING 2008 15 cert

SUN 28 FEB: BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S 1961 PG cert

SUN 28 MAR: VALKYRIE 2009 12A cert

SUN 25 APRIL: BURN AFTER READING 2008 15 cert

Doors open 7pm for 7.30pm start.

Everyone welcome...Come with a partner/come on your own

Bar, soft drinks and beverages available.

Guests £2.50 per film

Stop press: NEW RELEASES !!

children's film shows (adults welcome!)

Sun 29 Nov Ice Age 3 3.30pm start

Sat 19 Dec MonstersvAliens 3.30pm start

Schedule of Events

- Sun 29 November
- ADVENT SERVICE 6pm
- Sun 29 November
- ICE AGE 3 3.15pm
- MILK 7.30pm
- Sat 12 December
- CHARITY QUIZ tbc
- Sat 19 December
- MONSTERSV'SALIENS 3.15
- MIRACLE ON 34 STREET 7.30pm
- Sun 20 December
- CAROL SERVICE 6pm
- Mon 21 December
- A CHRISTMAS CAROL 7.30pm
- *MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL*

College of the Peak courses at Over Haddon Village Hall

College of the Peak will be organising three new courses in the New Year.

All courses will be held in the Village Hall.

Basket Making (Taster course)

Saturday 6th February

Gain basic basketry skills on this one day introductory course, making a small fruit bowl sized basket in buff willow to take home at the end of the day.

The course is aimed at people who have no previous basketry experience and who would like to have a go at making a basket.

Basket Making with Recycled Materials

Sunday 28th February

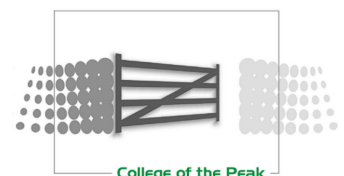
Bring along plenty of empty cardboard cereal boxes, colourful plastic bags, packing tape, 1.5 litre fizzy drink bottles and be ready to make a small basket, pencil / plant pot or flat tray.

Cane Seat Making & Basket Making (2 day)

Saturday 10th & Sunday 11th April

For the cane seat making you will need to bring your own small chair ready stripped with firm joints. You will learn how to re-cane the chair seat and bring an old piece of furniture back to life.

Alternatively use this weekend to develop further skills & extend your practical expertise in basketry by making a shopping or log basket using different types of willow.



REGULAR MEETINGS IN THE VILLAGE HALL

BOWLS:

NEW MEMBERS WELCOME

MONDAY EVNGS DURING
AUTUMN/WINTER

GRAHAM TAYLOR.....813953

MUMS & TODDLERS:

WEDS MORNINGS WEEKLY

NICOLA WALKER812718

KEEP FIT:

WEDS EVENINGS WEEKLY

DONNA.....732917

WI:

WEDS EVNGS MONTHLY

RITA FURR813060

PHOTOSHOP WORKSHOP:

THURS AFTERNOONS WEEKLY

JIM EDMUNDSON.....812025

BOOK CLUB:

THURS EVNGS MONTHLY

MARION813001

TRICIA812781

THE **PARISH COUNCIL** MEETS ON
THE SECOND MONDAY OF THE
MONTH, 8PM.

AGENDAS AND MINUTES CAN BE
SEEN IN THE PARISH NOTICE
BOARD IN MAIN STREET.

YOUR PARISH COUNCILLORS ARE:

TRICIA GILLIES
COLIN NICOL
FRANK PARKER
JIM ARMSTRONG
BOB OSBORN

CLERK TO PARISH COUNCIL:

HELEN FOREMAN

OIL TREE

MANY VILLAGERS HAVE OPTED
TO BELONG TO A 'RING ROUND'
SYSTEM FOR ORDERING OIL. .

THIS ALLOWS BULK ORDERS TO
BE PLACED, WITH MOST OF THE
OIL COMPANIES OFFERING US
SAVINGS ON CURRENT PRICES.

IF YOU WOULD LIKE FURTHER
DETAILS, PLEASE CONTACT
812133

NEIGHBOURHOOD WATCH

“The neighbourhood watch tree exists
to inform villagers of any reports of
possible criminal or suspicious
activity”

If you wish to be added to the ‘tree’
please call 812133.

To report anything suspicious to the
police, the number to ring is
0345 1233333

**THE VILLAGE HALL CAN BE HIRED
FOR PRIVATE PARTIES AND
MEETINGS.**

**VILLAGERS HAVE THE BENEFIT OF
PAYING ONLY 50% OF HIRE FEES.**

CALL 812133 FOR DETAILS

For sale

Jaybee hi-loft bed. John Lewis
Complete with mattress.

£180 ono

Tel Alison Miller 814744

I REMEMBER (BUT ONLY JUST!!)

PAT THURLBY

A very rushed and last minute 'I Remember' as, with the onset of Alzheimer's (only joking), I now remember very little.

I do, however, remember one of the most traumatic days in my life, “the day they removed the sand heap”. This was a sand heap provided during the war to help put out fires due to enemy action. Fortunately there were no fires due to enemy action in Over Haddon, but the heap was our little bit of seaside. We never got to see the real thing because of the war. Tragically, one day “men” arrived with a lorry and despite our protestations removed our sand heap completely. This was a very black day for the children of Over Haddon. The following day the “men” returned and erected a Telephone Box which still stands today. As we got older the Telephone Box proved quite a boon for 'romantic' episodes, but was still a poor substitute for “our sand heap”.

This 'I Remember' is short and sweet but not so sweet for us kids at the time.

VILLAGE SHOW RESULTS.....12 SEPT '09

A big 'thankyou' to all members of the Village Show sub committee for all their hard work in making the show a very enjoyable day for both participants and visitors.

Prize winners were as follows:

Sect A (veg & flowers) P Thurlby
B (preserves, cooking) B Foreman
C (handicrafts & art) B Foreman
D (wine) M Chresta
E (flower arrangement) S Smith
Best Limerick P Thurlby

Children's section winners (F-I):

Rosie Hall, Agnes Beard, Ella Walker and Ruby Beard.

Cookery section winners: (J)

George Walker, Ella Walker, Ruby Beard

Sect K (photography) D Head
 (child's photography) R Beard

Special prizes were awarded to :

Pre-school Rosie Hall

Most first places (sects A, B ,C)
 P Thurlby

Most first places (section K)
 D Head

The Joseph Oldfield Cup

most points in the show,
 (sects A-E) B Foreman

W.I. Cup

most points in the show,
 (sects B,C,E) B Foreman

The Junior Cup

most points in children's sects
 (G,H,I,J & K,) R Beard

Our village show is one of the high points in our social calendar. Please continue to support it, and help to keep a tradition alive.

**IT'S YOUR VILLAGE !
 IT'S YOUR SHOW !**

Do you believe in Ghosts?

Meanwhile Theatre Company and Nonsenseroom Productions cordially invite you into the home of Mr Charles John Huffham Dickens. Watch as he weaves a wondrous tale, conjuring spirits from the Past, Present and Future.

Will old Ebenezer learn the error of his ways and open up his heart to the Spirit of Christmas?

Will Tiny Tim live to see another Christmas?

Do **you** believe in Ghosts?... Maybe you should start.

This is a two hander production using puppets and shadow puppetry. The basic premise of the show is that it takes place late at night in Dickens' study. He and his assistant Scrivens have just put the finishing touches to his latest work and hope to run it by the audience to see what they think.

Suitable for children over 8 years, and adults of all ages.

Over Haddon Village Hall

Monday 21 December.

Doors open 7.30pm Starts 8pm

Ticket prices: £6 adults £4 children.

Please call 812133 to book your seats

Bar. Mince pies.



CHARITY QUIZ NIGHT...12th DECEMBER

In December it will be six months since our great friend and neighbour AJ Hall passed away.

So on the 12th December at the Village Hall, a quiz - one of AJ's favourite pastimes (apart from winning the Joseph Oldfield Cup) - will be held in aid of the Weston Park Cancer Charity and Ashgate Hospice.

The proceeds will be added to the money raised from the Lathkill Halfgallathon, the AJ Hall Rugby Day hosted by Bakewell Mannerians, and the Village Hall quiz we held in the summer - that AJ and I were working on right until AJ died. We hope to be able to announce a grand total on the night of the 12th.

The price will be £20 for a table of 4, to include supper, and there will be a bar and raffle on the night.

Demand is sure to be high, so to reserve a table please contact Martin or Marie on 814706.

I REMEMBER (WITH A DIFFERENCE !)

To: editor@overhaddon.org.uk
Subject: I lived in Bank House

Hello,
 Greetings from 'over the pond' in
 Winnipeg Canada.

I am not sure if you are interested
 in hearing memories from a child!!
 who once roamed the dales and
 roads of Over Haddon, or not.
 But I am going to give you a few
 anyway.

My mother used to do the flowers
 in the church and I remember
 trotting down the road with her and
IF I was good I was allowed to go
 to a near by cottage and an elderly
 couple would give me a pepper-
 mint. At Christmas time I had a
 nose for inquisitiveness and would
 have it on the same level as the
 nativity. Those figurines held
 delight and mystery to a child who
 was 5ish? at the time.

My father was on 'homeguard'
 during the war years and my
 parents would tell me tales of my
 Dad going down the dale on the
 night a plane crashed and all he
 had under his coat was a bayonet
 (that we later used as a fire poker
 for years). I also remember seeing
 the wing on the edge of the water
 and my Dad telling me the plane
 was "ours" and had run out of
 petrol!

I remember victory night when the
 bonfire was on the green in front of
 our house. I could not go out to
 celebrate as I was 'sick' but was
 allowed to sit on the window sill of
 my parents bedroom and watch
 my brother David have the time of
 his life out there.

My best friend was Alison Hood
 and she lived at the end of the
 village and we used to play in the
 fields near her house.
 My first experience of rolling in

cow pancakes and the stain
 stayed forever on my knickers!!

My father used to wash his car in
 the stream, (kind of some stone
 containers?) near the school which
 I attended when it was a one room
 school.

I also played with a lad called Noel
 Miller or Meller and a little girl in
 the village got run over her head
 by a vehicle.

The name Oona Pearceson (?)
 comes to mind of people with a
 farm near the village, not sure of
 my spelling.

We used to play on a pond that
 was frozen in winter on the 'other
 side' of the main road.

Going to a farm up the hill from us
 to see the cows milked was a
 delight, and rolling snowballs down
 the hill in winter to see them crash
 on the walls at the bottom.

Down the Dale we sailed leaves
 on the river and cautiously bent
 over what I remember as a well on
 the other side of the river when we
 picnic'd.

I learnt how to spot rabbit runs and
 one day on walking home up the
 dale with my brother we spotted a
 rabbit in a snare. Someone lost
 their rabbit, but we had a wonder-
 ful dinner that night.

My Dad used to keep rabbits in the
 building beside out house and I
 had many a pair of mittens made
 from the fur. The toilet was outside
 and we had no hot water. The
 kitchen had a huge boiler that my
 mother used for heating water and
 the boiling of the washing. The
 kitchen table was a bathtub with a
 huge door over it.
 (This from a child's height and
 perspective of course.)

Many other memories of my
 village are still in my head but I will
 not add them here.

Happy memories and how I would
 love to 'come home' and ramble
 the village again.

We left when I was six and moved
 south to where my family originally
 came from. My parents were
 Douglas and Brenda Case (mum
 is still alive at age 101) and my
 brother was David Case and I am
 Ann.

See how far Overhaddenites go in
 the world, for I live in Winnipeg
 Canada. Loads of Brits over here,
 and I also belong to a group of
 dancers called The Village Green
 English Country Dancers. We are
 not all of British descent but a lot
 are. We do the old dances and
 dress up in period costumes for
 our balls, Jane Austen dances
 from the movie we do etc ,as in
 Colin Firth's version of Pride and
 Prejudice.

Keep up the good work of your
 village, so essentially English and
 fantastic.

What a place to live, wonderful,

Delayne Ann Groen
 (nee Case).

**This message arrived out of the blue
 in August 2009.**

**I have reproduced it here as sent to
 me. Ann has indicated she would
 like to make further contributions
 to The Voice.**

**If you remember Ann and would
 like to make contact, I have her
 email address.**

Bakewell Silver Band

Over Haddon Village Hall

19 September

Nuts on the tables, the bar open, the Hall decorated with Union flags and the audience ready and waiting – all was prepared for the annual ‘proms’ concert given, as is the tradition, by the Bakewell Silver Band.

Their leader Mark Wilcockson, was as always in excellent form, and introduced the members of the band amidst laughter and good-humoured banter. We were thrilled to hear that the Band has not only sold some more CDs, but had also qualified (in their section) for the National Finals of Great Britain, to be held the following weekend. Promotion into an upper rank is always excellent news.

The audience gave them enthusiastic applause for this achievement, and a warm welcome, and although the Hall was not quite as packed as in previous years, the audience was one of quality rather than quantity. The new livery of the Band was still sparkling, all the silver polished, and without further ado, the instrumentalists crashed into the opening number – a march – Sherwood Lodge I think. It was a really smashing sound, the poor old timbers of the Village Hall shuddered both with the music and with our appreciation, and the woodworm rushed for shelter.

The Hall is too small for the entire Band, but we did not notice this as the evening progressed with ‘the normal band stuff’ – ‘Because We Believe’ – trombones to the fore and a young lady on percussion. Then followed ‘Finculi Fincula’ (oh dear, spelling?) and a few ‘La La s’, audience participation with some hilarity – and as usual, the band won. Then came ‘You’re Beautiful’ – James Blunt – Memories, and a warm up for the audience for the later part of the programme.

There was a medley of Sousa marches – Blaze Away, The Washington Post, The Liberty Bell. Our smiles

were gleaming as much as the silver instruments. The Teddy Bears’ Picnic was played by the Band in 1907, and played again for us in 2009, and many more familiar ‘tunes’ – interrupted at one point when ‘Tim’ dropped his water bottle down his Bass whatever – was this instead of a mute? – but in any event, it was rescued and no damage done!

During the interval, Patrick passed around envelopes for a ‘money raffle’ and the winner generously gave some of the contents I believe, to the Village Hall (see timbers in paragraph 3!) Mark explained and introduced the instruments and their players – from Soprano Cornet to B flat Cornet, Flugel Horn and Tenor Horn, then the Trombones, Baritone varieties, Euphoniums (viz Sir Terry), E flat Basses (need a lot of polish!), and even bigger and even more expensive Basses – thank you to the lottery fund – and finally Nicky on Percussion and very flexible!

In the Band you may find a teacher, a driving instructor, a car mender, a physio and a nurse, a carpenter, a road designer and was there something about a box seller? (no he is not an undertaker) – and a chef called ‘Ken’ gave a wonderful tenor solo rendition of ‘Over the Rainbow’. It is amazing how instruments imitate voices – the human voice can make ALL of the sounds that can be heard in a band or orchestra with true melody and harmony.

But enough of facts and details – the Band played a version of ‘Ground Force’ but just what this had to do with gardening I do not know, however it was a much more complicated version than that played by the Black Dyke Band (we were informed!)

The Band played ‘Chicago’, ‘All that Jazz’, ‘The Big Top’ – a real romp through music, target practice for the trombones (who were a little short of space!), and throughout, Mark still

smiled.

Oh – I forget – it was a ‘Happy Birthday’ to Tricia Gillies, and as always, congratulations to John-Mark Wragg for taking over the conducting at one point.

And what else? – oh yes – again – viz Sir Terry – The Floral Dance – words were not supplied or were they sometimes a little late – thanks Martin – I only jest – but we had no chance against the Band.

Somewhere there was a ‘conga’ – Steve Miller and Pat made a lovely couple. The audience clapped during the Radetzky March (loud above the head and soft by the knees – ooh – so versatile were we) and failed to keep up during The Horn Pipe.

We were entertained to a ‘Fantasia on British Sea Songs’, including the Horn Pipe and Rule Britannia. There were lots of OOOHs and AAAHs during the Euphonium cadenza, and lots more music was played for our enjoyment.

‘Pomp and Circumstance’ should have finished the concert, but we got more and a ‘final final’ with standing ovation – then Martin gave an eloquent thank you and ‘good luck’.

Happy and smiling, the audience went home, the players packed their instruments, the timbers of the Village Hall settled back and the wood worm came out of their hidey holes.

Her Suziness

Wee Meg Barnileg

'The naughtiest girl in the world' said the poster – now – who thought that this play was about them? Wrong! This was 'A Babbling Vagabonds' theatre adventure – well – it may still have been about you (dear reader). However – the story begins with a day of grins – a four leaf clover – and the announcement of A BABY! This was told around the collection of eggs (amongst the audience) – a chicken farm, all were dressed to kill and there were all types of cooked eggs (no – I will not go into detail).

Eyes twinkling like stars (Mrs Barnileg), Mr Barnileg (dancing a jig), whilst we were introduced to Beryl the chicken (yes – Beryl).

Then came Mrs Ginnywig who knitted hats for her neighbour, Miss Fennywhistle, the Vicar, and a Dougal-look-alike called Misty (a dog). Got the plot so far?

All of this was accompanied by appropriate music (no – I have not been paid to review that) and of course, appropriate changes of clothing. From behind me came squeals and laughter as a spider was spotted – come on boys – catch it – don't just twitch curtains! (Robert, Alex, Harrison and – who else?)

The tale was about these persons (and chicken and dog) as detailed above (but possibly not Robert, Alex and Harrison), but really and mainly about the small, totally revolting and utterly disgusting Meg (now – where does this ring bells?). But fairies were to hand – what?!, Helena (Meg) and Ruth plus Andy (alias frogman – another tale from former years - if you have forgotten see me after class) (all actors), and Phil on computer – they told and played this tale, and there was unknown talent, but of course, there was a happy ending – fairies always make sure of that!

The plot you ask – there are lots of discussions about will the baby be a boy or a girl, and names, the vicar has frightful teeth, and they have a count down in months – there is lots of knitting, chaos and panic, and drawn out explanations of babe in tummy (her

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Suziness sat with a benign smile during all of this). The babe is then introduced to Beryl (the hen – do concentrate please) and Beryl certainly has her beak put out. Oh somewhere there were pickled onions and hot chocolate, and the togetherness of 'the first nappy'. Meg proves to be a champion nappy filler and (even with the help of neighbours) they are all exhausted and crying – whilst Meg is jumping with temper tantrums and takes her first steps, says her first words (insults of course) and the Barnilegs are then ostracized by the neighbours. Meg will only eat curranty bread and hates Beryl and her eggs, which seem to come from her (Beryl's) bottom. Bedtime is havoc, the vicar proposes to Miss Fennywhistle but this is thwarted by 'bratus horriblis', Beryl is in the oven and there is a four year trail of destruction. Well -- the chicken was planning an escape – and on that fateful day there were cries of 'run to the church' – Meg was coming. They hide in the crypt, Meg bites Misty (dog in case you are confused), and somehow I think that Mrs Fennywhistle has a pistol – intermission.

Then Meg comes running and stamping – a picnic I think, angry fairies take command (was this in rhyme?) and they send a changeling to Meg's bed while Meg is sent up to 'where' and becomes dizzy and ends up in a fairy dell. Somehow this ends up in a left over restaurant – a room full of food, and Meg's life is to clean it all up with no 'curranty bread', and there is a wonderful 'hungry' song – lots of stamping and shouting, weeping and bawling and NO curranty bread. There was wonderful musical menu, French toast via Victoria sponge (all the adults are laughing) to bread and water, and as she (Meg in case you have lost the plot) is still hungry she finds this 'yummy'. Then she finds a trap door into another room which is full of clothes (dirty pants and all) this is 'Angie's Fairy Laundry' and Meg does NOT do washing – but with aching back and red raw hands, she

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then attacks the pile of mending and has a sewing lesson, there is a lullaby 'Little Baby, little baby, rest your weary head' accompanied by Meg's 'shut up Mummy' – maybe her Mother and Father were worried about her – not too sure – but all is changing again and the next room is dark and scary, with eerie noises and there is a dark space surrounded by thorns, thistles, nettles and insects (sic – spider paragraph 4) – voices off and then less horrid words and she sees flowers (sunflowers I think), a tingling comes to her toes, there are no more thorns and in comes Mr B and his 'Barnileg jig' – he has come to dance with the fairies in the meadow, and the four leaf shamrock, Meg is found and is freed, she loves Beryl and all chickens, everyone, food and she cares. – gosh – pause for breath.

The vicar and Mrs F are seen on top of the hill, are met by Meg, Meg apologises, and likes even scrambled eggs, is re-united with her Mum and Dad (who she now loves and wants to hug), she says 'sorry Daddy' and they all lived happily ever after. Are you confused? I loved it.

I believe that this story has been staged in distant places - Huddersfield, North Wingfield, Northampton and Bakewell - but despite this, our day ended with an evening 'of grins' – the audience was well entertained – I even heard a comment from behind 'even the adults are laughing'!

A quick 'p.s.' – as I forgot to mention (of Babbling Vagabond fame) 'Jim' – the technical chap! He may have been doing some filming?

So thank you to these Thespians for bringing their art and humour to Over Haddon, and for entertaining us so well with a lesson in 'growing up'. Fortunately this was not just a chance passing as equally as wonderful events did follow with the Babbling Vagabonds 'The Over Haddon Arts Trail' in October – watch this space – my pen has run dry until the next issue!

Her Suziness

Over Haddon Hits Eggheads

Way back in February, myself and my mother, together with former Over Haddon resident Mike Dabell, Richard Ellis of Bakewell and Davia Broome from Longstone, headed to BBC Television Centre to take on the mighty Eggheads.

We still don't know exactly when our effort is to go out, but there's every chance it might be in the next week or so.

I recommend The Simpsons on the other side.

Seriously, though, it was quite an experience. Whatever the BBC spends license payers' money on, please be assured it isn't on hospitality for quiz show contestants, and it's all done in a very quick, mechanical fashion. We were there the week before Comic Relief so perhaps we should have been expecting it, but nonetheless it was a little surreal to see the likes of Richard Curtis and Paul Whitehouse standing in the queue at the BBC Canteen and numerous other well-known faces being shown around the corridors and frisked by security just as we were.

Having ploughed our way through the platter of BBC sandwiches, the costume department came out to see the array of fashions we'd brought along and choose one that was fit to be filmed.

Of course I'd brought along an array of Mannerian rugby jerseys and was promptly issued with a BBC brown shirt.

It was then off to makeup. The ladies used it as an excuse to get a complete makeover, Mike had a battle to stop the makeup artist from removing his long cultivated eyebrows, and apparently my head is far too shiny for daytime television.

The producer was by now pacing about; we needed far more cosmetic work than your average team. Having been liberally powdered, we were ushered in to meet the Eggheads.

Chris, the train spotter, was exactly as you'd imagine - big and pompous. Mike felt quite at home with him. Judith and Barry (who, we were carefully briefed, hates being called 'the new one') were quiet and reserved. Daphne was lovely; full of advice and chat, and CJ was a good deal more pleasant than you see on the telly. They bill him as almost a pantomime villain and he plays up to it for the cameras.

Egghead Kevin and my father, the travelling substitutes, were parked away from the rest of us to watch, and we were led to the studio, where we had to be microphoned up and given instructions about where to look and where to sit. We were told we needed to speak loudly and clearly as we did our practice lines, then Mike was quickly told to whisper.

Jeremy Vine then came in to meet us. I know they say the camera adds several pounds, but none of us was prepared for quite how thin Jeremy was. He must live entirely on BBC sandwiches. He had a little chat with each of us, told us not to be nervous, to take as long as we wanted over answering - and to say as much as possible. We were then straight into the contest. I'll not go into the gory detail in case anyone is daft enough to want to watch it, but as you might expect it's not all exactly as it looks on the screen. When each person is called up for their individual turn, the others have to huddle together and give educated nods and knowing looks while their colleague is going through the mill. The idea is that it looks as though everyone else knows the answer apart from the poor victim.

I always envisaged that when it's your turn you go into a little booth, with Jeremy in front of you. In fact, you're taken round

the corner with your Egghead opponent, where you sit side by side on a bench, with cushions to adjust your heights. You have to pretend to be able to see Jeremy while gazing at a camera.

In my case I was whisked away to sit with CJ. When you give an answer, no matter how blank you may feel, Jeremy tries to get you to speak your thought process. Which is probably ok if you've got one!

When you've had your go, the producer goes through it all, and asks you to maybe repeat the odd word, or look a bit more quizzical, or sit up straight, while they do the editing.

How tempting it is to give a different answer than the one you're still kicking yourself for when you've got the chance!

Anyway, I'll let you be the judge of our efforts, and I'll leave you with a few of words of advice if you're considering having a go against the Eggheads.

Number 1. Always choose to go second.

Number 2. Don't try and save your star player till the end.

Number 3. If in doubt, go for the middle answer.

If only we'd had that advice before heading to London...

Martin Pearce

A newsletter for the residents of Over Haddon

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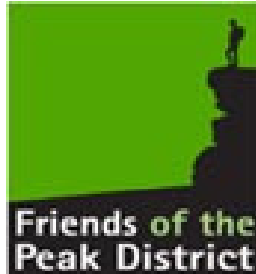
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