

The voice

Volume 7 Issue 1

February 2010

MORE GOOD NEWS FOR THE VILLAGE HALL PROJECT

Members of the Village Hall Management Committee are pleased to report that, following a generous donation of several thousands pounds from a resident who wishes to remain anonymous, the project to redevelop the Village Hall is nearing reality.

There are still a number of negotiations to be concluded with a prospective

contractor to ensure that the new building will be "fit for purpose", and able to serve the needs of the village into the future.

The Village Hall Management Committee intends to host another "Open Meeting" to up date residents about the project once current negotiations have been finalised.



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Easter Message from St Anne's Church

R Truscott

Shrove Tuesday fell last week, and I am sure most of us enjoyed one or two pancakes !!

Shrove Tuesday is followed, of course, by Lent, a period in the Christian calendar associated with abstinence and, more significantly, reflection.

This year the bishop of Derby, Alistair Redfern, will be giving a series of lectures throughout Lent at the parish church in Bakewell on the subject of "a practical spirituality for today." They aim to show how our beliefs and values are of relevance to issues that concern us in the world today, such as diversity, democracy and sexuality. All are welcome. The lectures start at 7.30pm in the parish church, each Thursday, from the 25th of February. The good thing about Lent is that, whilst it starts in the cold grey

month of February, it ends on Easter Day, on the 4th of April, when it will be Spring and, hopefully, a lot warmer. Join us in celebrating Easter in St Anne's at the joyful, flower-filled service at 9.45am on that day.

Finally, on the theme of democracy and Spring, it won't have escaped your notice that we will be having a general election this year, some time between March and June.

Owing to the possibility that, by then, work may have begun on the redevelopment of the village hall, St Anne's church will be the Polling Station for the village, so hopefully everyone in the parish over 18 years of age, including some who rarely or never enter the place, will come to church on whatever day the election is called!

Special points of interest

- page 2 'Scrooge appears in a bed sheet, with pillow in place'
- Page 7 'I like to think of my first home in the hands of people like my family, who lived and loved within it's walls'
- Page 8 '...the snowdrops are finally coming into flower'

The Meanwhile Theatre Company

Now based in Wakefield (previously Edinburgh), 'The Meanwhile Theatre Company' arrived in Over Haddon amid somewhat chaotic weather conditions, including snow and ice. Lucy, Annabelle and Megan had cleared the snow from the driveway of the Village Hall and from the steps and pathway – well done 'girl power'! (Where were the boys? - come on chivalry!). The drama to be enacted was aptly entitled 'A Christmas Carol'.

This show had already toured Scotland. In Edinburgh it was 'sold out' so I presumed that we were in for a treat and I was not disappointed. With a cast of only two, the actors made you feel as if you were back in the times of Dickens, back in the poverty of Bob Cratchit and his family, their misery for 'Tiny Tim' but who is himself the epitome of hope, and back in the world of the miserly but wealthy Ebenezer Scrooge.

Andrew Warnock played Dickens and Scrooge, and Stanley Pattison played Bob Cratchit, Scrivens and anyone else who needed to be played! Ruth Herbert (normally an actor) 'temped' as lighting and sound person – she apologised for this but in retrospect no apologies were needed.

When I arrived in the Village Hall some 20 minutes before the play was scheduled to start, I was 'mildly' perturbed to see what looked like two dead actors on the stage – I was assured however that they had been seen drinking tea and were in fact alive and well! So the scene was set and the story begins with a discussion between Mr Dickens and his assistant 'Scrivens'.

Dickens suddenly awakes and is surprised by the presence of an audience - he lists his writings and bids a safe journey and goodbye! So he tells us a wondrous tale - but no songs! (*below!) - Scrivens has petty questions and interruptions - there is a fire grate in the background, and I could easily imagine that I was in Dickens' study. Dickens takes the part of Scrooge, and Scrivens that of Bob Cratchit and of Scrooge's nephew, Fred.

21 December 2009 – Over Haddon Village Hall

Tiny Tim is a shoulder puppet. "Bah! Humbug!" fly around the stage like ?? – Humbug?! Scrooge's selfish and avaricious nature is wonderfully and exactly portrayed; Bob's grovelling gratefulness equally so. A projected image of a door knocker becomes Marley. A hat stand is on the stage for character changes, and is used with good effect for the ghost of Marley including the chains of death. There is a screen painted with books, a chair and stool and a skull. There is another projected image of the moon and chained phantoms; Scrooge appears in a bed sheet, with pillow in place. Months are counted to 12, and that becomes midnight and then 1 o'clock – the hour of the visitations: skulls represent ghosts, and it almost seems that Scrooge is flying 'Harry Potter' like through walls.

The atmosphere of Scrooge's journey on stage with so few props is amazing. 'The Ghost of Christmas Past' visits and after the interval (mince pies and liquid refreshments – thank you) a small Scrooge puppet represents 'The Ghost of Christmas Present', and we are 'magicked' into the Cratchit's humble but bustling home, including the courageous Tiny Tim and a projected image of a fire.

There is a rapid transformation of Scrooge, via his nephew Fred's house, then to Scrooge's house, and the future as shown by 'The Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come'. This is accompanied by another projected image this time of Ebenezer Scrooge's gravestone. The poignancy of Cratchit talking to the grave of Tiny Tim was heartbreaking.

Scrooge begs the Spirit to save him and we all know the story, and the happy ending. The entire play - or in reality maybe a storytelling - was so intimately staged and this intimacy brought a wonderful rapport with the audience and we ended the evening with 'a song'!(*see above!) – 'Oh Come all Ye Faithful'. Thank you 'Meanwhile Theatre Company' – you were very worthwhile!

Her Suziness Reports

I REMEMBER

Perhaps I should re-title my blog "I DON'T REMEMBER" as I don't remember whether I have reported the following before.

I remember that soon after Warren (Pearce) took over Manor Farm he and Joe (Oldfield) took a walk round the land with a couple of shotguns every Sunday morning. Their aim was to try and bag something for a future meal but as their aim was also not very good they never shot a thing. Naturally the "walk" always ended at the Lathkil where the Landlord, Bill Brummit, constantly ribbed them for failing to shoot anything.

One Sunday they again failed to shoot anything but they did find a dead rabbit. They stretched it out a bit and cleaned it up, took it back to the Lathkill and to get their own back sold it to the Landlord.

The Landlord lived for many years afterwards so no harm done.

I remember Harold Bentley asking me if I could give him a tow to help him start his car. He had run it down to the wells all to no avail. I towed him from the wells up to Manor

PATRICK THURLBY

Farm, down the village past the grass triangle, up the hill to Monyash Road and on to the allotment gates.

I pulled up here got out and said to Harold "Won't it start?" He said "I haven't tried it yet".

The air was blue but it started within the next five yards.

Harold walked down to Johnny Lees one Saturday asking John if he could come and look at his car as it was smoking a lot. John immediately said have you filled it up with petrol today and when getting an affirmative reply said I think you have filled it up with Diesel. (Which he had).

I remember David Holmes dumped some wood on Harold's land without asking. Incensed by this Harold decided to saw the wood up and went at it like someone demented. Harold was not used to manual labour - Result - Hernia

How could Harold have been able to produce such a fine, intelligent, sober and stable young man as James.

And if you think there may have been a mix up in the maternity ward have a look at a photograph of Harold : peas in a pod comes to mind.

Films at the village hall

Remaining films in the 2009/10 season are as follows:

Sunday 7 March: ..change of date

BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S PG cert

This romantic comedy, released in 1961, was written by Truman Capote, and won 2 Oscars. Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard.

Sunday 28 March:

VALKYRIE 12A cert

2009 release, with Tom Cruise, Kenneth Branagh and cast in a plot to assassinate Adolph Hitler. Based on actual events.

Sunday 25 April:

BURN AFTER READING 15 cert

Coen Brothers comedy, released in 2008, starring George Clooney, Brad Pitt, etc. A disc containing the memoirs of a CIA agent ends up in the hands of unscrupulous people.

Doors open 7pm for 7.30pm start

Everyone welcome. £2.50 on the door.

Bar available

Great British Fish and Chip Supper – Friday 21st May 2010

“Hold a Fish and Chip Supper to help spinal cord injured people live full and independent lives.”

Want to do something different? Want to raise money where you live or work? Want to eat Fish and Chips, while raising money for charity? Hold a fish and chip supper on Friday 21st May 2010 whilst raising awareness of spinal cord injury and supporting SIA's information and support services.

You can hold a fish and chip supper in your own home, at work or hold a larger supper at your local community centre.

SIA will provide a fundraising pack containing hints and tips, recipes, invitations and donation envelopes.

By inviting 7 friends and asking them to donate an additional £5.00 means you will raise at least £35.00 from your supper but we will also give you additional fundraising ideas to raise even more money for SIA.

Last year we had over 80 suppers taking part in England and Wales.

In 2010 we want to double that figure and ensure we can provide more support to spinal cord injured people

The money raised from the suppers will help the Spinal Injuries Association offer support to individuals who

become paralysed and their families, from the moment a spinal injury occurs, and for the rest of their lives by providing services and publications which enable and encourage paralysed people to lead independent lives.

Every year in the UK over 1,000 people experience a spinal cord injury and there are an estimated 40,000 spinal cord injured people in the UK alone.

Community Fundraising Officer, Elizabeth Wright, says, “The Fish and Chip Supper is a wonderful opportunity for a great evening with friends and family. We are also encouraging people who work to hold a Fish and Chip Lunch in their work places to raise even more funds.

You may be even a local community group wanting to run a fun evening with your group.

Be a part of something special and make a real difference to help spinal cord injured people gain access to the information and support they need to enable them to live full and independent lives.”

For more information or request a fundraising pack call Elizabeth Wright on 0845 678 6633 xtn 229 or email

fishandchips@spinal.co.uk or visit www.spinal.co.uk

Racing bike for sale

Vernon Barker aluminium frame size 49cm (small)

Reynolds ouzo pro aero carbon forks

Carbon seat post

Brand new saddle

9 speed campag mirage

Shallow drop deda for girls 38cm handlebars

Mavic open pro SUP wheels

ITM stem

Recently serviced - very good condition £450.00 ono

Tel Carol Parsons on 01629 812342 or e-mail overdale45@btinternet

Review of "The Rainbow Chasers"

Friday 5th of February, the night the Rainbow Chasers played at Over Haddon Village Hall and treated us to a memorable night of folk and country music.

With the tickets being sold out by October and the reserve list forever lengthening, the phone still refused to stop ringing and my anticipation grew faster than the reserve list.

As I was met by the hustle and bustle in the village hall it became obvious I was not the only one eagerly awaiting the evening's performance as the few remaining seats were taken.

I'm sure everyone that went would agree when I say our expectations were easily exceeded. Even though I was one of the few younger members of the audience I found the four performers and their music lively and entertaining from start to finish.

After a hard week at school, the relaxing atmosphere and jolly music was a comforting end to the week and perfect start to the weekend.

I definitely found the evening extremely enjoyable.

Annabel Miller

(This event was organised by the Village Hall Management Committee, supported by 'Live and Local' ...in conjunction with The Arts Council, Derbyshire County Council and Derbyshire Dales District Council)

Clothing Alterations & Repairs

Fiona Pocock

*Over Haddon, Nr Bakewell
(01629) 813197 / 07821 297444*

- ❖ *High Quality Clothes Alterations*
- ❖ *Clothing Repairs – Rips, Zips etc*
- ❖ *Garment Restyling*
- ❖ *Curtain Alterations*
- ❖ *Handmade Scarves and other gifts*

During April, the Parish Council will be holding the Annual Parish Meeting. All villagers are invited to attend this meeting...check the Parish Notice Board in Main Street for details of date and time.

Also in April, the Village Hall Management Committee holds it's **AGM**.

The committee reports on it's activities during the last 12 months, and officers are elected for the next 12 months. This meeting is also open to all villagers, and the committee would like to invite new members to come forward, especially those with family interests, to enable it to continue it's community activities.

DATES FOR THE ABOVE MEETINGS WILL BE WELL ADVERTISED...PLEASE LOOK OUT FOR THEM AND MAKE A DATE IN YOUR DIARY.

REGULAR MEETINGS AT

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

WOMEN'S INSTITUTE:

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

The 'Over Haddon and Down The Dale' Arts Trail

By our arts reporter – Her Suziness

Leading up to and including Sunday 18 October 2009

Sunday 18 October saw the completion of a fantastic project in the village. In conjunction with the theatre group 'Babbling Vagabonds' and a grant from 'Awards for All', some of the villagers created art works inspired by everyday life in 'Over Haddon' and 'Down Lathkil Dale'. This was so varied that I will have difficulty in adequately describing it all, but it included spring-time photographs and words inspired from a dawn walk in May (2009 in case you missed it!), summertime words and thoughts from visitors to the village, and finally autumnal sculptures capturing the essence of the season.

The trail started at the Village Hall where teas and all that goes with them were being served – thank you ladies! The cinema screen was alive with the photographs and video footage wonderfully put together by Martin Chresta in collaboration with Phil Coggins of Babbling Vagabonds fame. I watched this more than once and noted visitors and villagers alike sitting enthralled by the scenes captured through the lens. The film/slide show included photos and footage taken by Martin, Phil and various villagers, and was accompanied by well chosen music. Unfortunately I missed the dawn walk but I did enjoy this wonderful and educating presentation.

Earlier in the day 'sculptures' depicting pheasants in a variety of plumage and poses, a fish, a pumpkin, a slug, a carrot, a hedgehog, a mushroom and various leaves and such were carried with ceremony and care and placed in strategic positions along Dale Road and into the dale itself – culminating in the magnificent 'Whispering Bob'. Some of the leaves and other sculptures were ably used as signage with 'Art trail' written on their surface. Poems written by villagers of varying ages were dotted along this route, and small 'posters' were hung along the route to explain that this collection of 'art pieces' had been created by people of all ages (fortunately no mention of the age of the oldest in this group!) from Over

Haddon; it explained that the villagers had been inspired by the everyday experiences in the village and in Lathkil Dale to make these sculptures, and to write the poems and literary titbits.

The sculptures were made from willow, tissue paper and fallen leaves (and anyone who thinks that this was easy – think again!). Hours of toil and tears were put into these works – fortunately tuition and aid were on hand - Phil (Director) was ably assisted by Louise Manifold (Actor) and Mark Hornsey in showing us how to make these 'masterpieces' (!). Conkers, fir cones, seeds and masses of fallen leaves (yes – I loved the poem 'Wen the leefs full down'). But so unfair of me to pick on just that poem – there were other poems and there were words equally evocative of the arts trail – 'Flocks of sheep eating', 'With a westerly wind', 'Mellow autumnal air', 'Man is just a shadow on the landscape', 'Three thirty a.m. at the end of May' followed by 'Dale Road at five past four' and 'Stop and look' – and so much talent in this small village of Over Haddon.

Should I list all those involved? – Maybe, maybe not – but I will have a try – if only because credit should be given where credit is due – a saying on which I try and base a lot of my comments! – so here goes – well I have already mentioned Phil and his gang and Martin, then mention should be made of Jill Beckett, William and Carole, and I saw Kay with Ruby and Agnes, Nicole and Rachael Porter, Megan Caldwell and Cameron, Robert Miller, Arama and Aura (forgive the spelling please!), Harrison Wyatt and Cecily, Alex Pendleton, Adam Pearce and Tom and Joe, Suzanne Brocklehurst with Hanna and Oliver, Caryl Isaacs with Tinker and Jessame, and how could I not list Mharai (oh dear – spelling again?) and Alan Caldwell and his brother Gary plus his offspring – who have I left out? Ahh – Dick Foxon, Joan Onac – so much talent, so many helping hands and a huge thank you to all of those

involved – in the organization, in the advice, in the production and in the doing – a wonderful team effort.

There was a day in the summer when we invited visitors into the Village Hall to tell their story of what they see here and why they came here (bribed by tea and a scone!). There was the day at the end of May when villagers climbed from their beds early in the morning to venture down into Lathkil Dale to 'witness spring dawn' (well done to all of you including Lily, Jess and Phoebe who are not mentioned elsewhere!). There was a wonderful breadth of experiences on which to draw for this magnificent project.

Well done to all of those involved – please forgive me if I have omitted your name or misspelt it - but let me know and I will do a 'mea culpa' in the next edition. To use yet another phrase from the producers of this extraordinary event - 'how the familiar and every day seemed alien and abstract, how we all felt like interlopers in a natural world where we belonged, yet were uninvited'.

Food for thought - along with the age old question about hedgehogs - why can't they just share the hedge?

Oh well - I tried Mrs Tiggywinkle!

More news from Canada

BANK HOUSE

My first memories of any home is of Bank House, or that is what it was called when I lived the first 6 years of life in Over Haddon. (I know it is still sitting there as I have seen a wonderful picture of it as I wandered the internet in search of my childhood) If it is still called this then you will immediately know where it is situated, if not I can still direct you to its front door.

Bank house sat cozily facing south across the triangular village green. The sun pouring in its windows and it was my safe haven from which I dared to venture forth on certain, parental scaring forays.

The garden was surrounded by a strong Derbyshire wall with a cheery green painted diamond patterned gate. The windows winked in the sunshine as my mother had them opened to the fresh air. On cold or rainy days they were shut tight to keep in the warmth. Ivy grew in great abundance up the front face of the house and my sister, who never knew this part of England, still has pictures of our father up a ladder trimming the ivy back, with me a small toddler trying to climb up after him.

Dad was all this life an avid gardener, and could make anything grow to its full beauty. To this day I can still hear some of his advice on pruning roses or my mother's aversion to nasturtiums (sixpence if we filled a bottle with the seeds to get rid of them).

The outer buildings on the right of the house housed the coal, wood and my Dads gardening equipment. It was a dark spider filled space that kept this small child at bay. Snug up against the garden wall was the loo, with no central heating to keep one warm, so you did not sit dreaming too long in that place of contemplation. Above this sturdy built building was a long room that was accessed from a door and steps that one had to go out the gate and up the hill a bit to get to. Here at one point my father had his rabbits to supplement the family income.

The house itself consisted of three rooms on the main floor. From left to right, Kitchen, Diningroom/family gathering room, living room (oh so small) and built into the hillside a pantry that had a cold stone shelf built out of the stone of the hill.

The stairs ran up the back wall of the dining room from left to right with a small landing at the top. (a dark place when the doors were closed) Mum and Dads room was above the dining room with David's next to it, mine being the last one which meant I had to march through my brothers domain to reach the safety of my own.

On entering the house via the only door and turning to the left you would enter the kitchen. To me it was a huge empty feeling room, with cold stone floors, a large red brick glazed sink, in front of the south facing window. One tap was the only source of water, no hot was in sight. On the west wall, was a high window where I could spy huge icicles dangling from the eaves outside in winter. Below sat the kitchen table, which in memory seems to have been a huge rectangular looking door on hinges, covering a claw bathtub underneath. (I have no recollection of ever being in it. No taps attached.

The rest of the kitchen feels dark and recessed but on the wall that joined the dining room was a copper boiler and I believe a stove. My mother would heat water in the boiler or do the laundry. I do remember the fire under it. Dishes etc had to have been kept in there but memory does not serve me in that direction or having ever seen food cooked or prepared, but it certainly came to the table. (Cant have been brain blanks at that age!)

The dining room was our main space for living and interacting as a family. A black hobbled fireplace and brass ringed hearth dominated the room, here were placed chairs on either of the warmth and was the main heating for the house. All of the windows in the house had deep seated sills, of which it was easy to clamber up and park my butt, looking out into the garden on frosty mornings with the patterns making a delight to my imagination until warmth melted them away.

..."I HAD SEEN A CHRISTMAS STAMP WITH FATHER CHRISTMAS FLYING OVER THE SKIES PAST A WINDOW JUST LIKE MINE..."

The dining room gave way to a door near the back of the stairs, which entered what my parents called the living room. It must have been very small as I remember the settee being butted up under the window sideways and on one occasion being sick, projecting it to the other wall. Picture rails ran the entire room and my mother had plates up there. In the end she stopped it as they would fall and break each time eager youngsters with full energy would run in and out banging doors.

Beyond this was the pantry, dark and cold, where meat, butter (on ration) was kept and where I am told we would have gone had there been an air raid on the village.

Upstairs and into my parent's room, it was full of sun and light, a vague feeling of where the bed stood, my mothers dressing table etc. The head of the bed being against the west wall, but best to me was always the deep seated windows, I could see down the dale, the roads around the green and huge tree at the bottom of the farmers fields where my mother parked me in my pram to sleep as a baby. (try that today).

The best part of my brother's room was his huge cozy bed that we shared on occasion with a bolster down the middle to stop us fighting over who had too much space! He had a ship in a bottle on his chest of drawers, of which I was told NOT to touch. Silly lad, that was a challenge right there and of course, it had to be met. To my child like wonder it was an amazing delight, a battleship with guns and everything. The best part was to wiggle out the cork stopper and smell the paint, mmmm, how I delighted in the smell and was never caught!

My own room seemed dark as it was tucked under the eaves from the outer buildings, it was long and narrow like the living room beneath, but the one paned window was my delight as we neared Christmas. I had seen a Christmas stamp with Father Christmas flying over the skies and past a window just like mine. No amount of persuasion from David could get me away from watching for that picture to be fulfilled in my child's heart, only time and a restless spirit could move me from that spot.

Today I am sure careful and caring owners will have updated and modernized it to its full potential, and I like to think of my first home in the hands of people like my family, who lived and loved within its walls.

.

Delayne Ann Case/Groen

NOTE ON THE PICTURE:

I think our ages at this time were around 10 for David and I would have been 5 ish.



Down the Dale (6)

First, the good news. After sightings by several villagers of a lone young swan (when do they stop being a cygnet?) down near the trout pool beyond Conksbury Bridge, the consensus seems to be that it must be 'our' offspring, since it's too much of a coincidence, with no other breeding parents in sight. I do hope so, though wonder how on earth it survived when it seemed to have been abandoned at such an early age. Fingers crossed that the parents will show a bit more commitment this year!

November 29th

What a difference a day makes! Yesterday I stood and watched several trout trying valiantly, but without much success, to leap up the weir steps by Blue Waters, on their journey up to the spawning beds. This morning, there is no water flowing over the steps, and the subsequent stretch of river resembles a mudflat - i.e. the sluice gates have been opened. Hope the fish don't run out of water when they get to the clapper bridge.

December 8th

I understand that last Wednesday the helicopter was hovering somewhere up the dale as a lady had fallen and hurt herself, but I wasn't around, so don't know any more details. However, today we had another accident -- this time of the canine variety. Two ladies had been walking their 4 dogs when one of them, a Springer, managed to break its elbow. The first I knew was when a worried middle-aged lady with 3 dogs arrived on our doorstep, saying she needed to get help to her friend. She had run a long way to try to catch up with a landrover which she'd seen disappearing in the distance, but by this time it had gone. The problem was that the gate was locked, of course, so no vehicle could get up there to be of assistance. I eventually managed to get hold of Phil Bowler at Natural

England, who kindly came along with a key, and even drove up to collect the lady and her dog, because he said there was so much water on the path, it was quite dangerous. I imagine the police and ambulance services have keys to that gate, but perhaps there should be one available locally, in case of emergency?

December 15th

A tremendous range of sounds on the evening walk, at dusk. First of all, the harsh cack-cacks of the pheasants as they claimed their nighttime perches. Then the raucous twitterings and cawings of hundreds of rooks which settle in the trees in Meadow Place woods every evening. Finally, as we returned, the soft hoots of the owls provided a lovely contrast.

December 18th – January 18th

What a month! I won't attempt to date it all -- it's just been a blur of snow, ice and accidents. The first heavy falls came on the Sunday and rapidly made the lane almost inaccessible. Many nights of severe frost followed, so that by the Christmas weekend the paths were treacherous. Conditions became even worse, with further heavy snow, on top of the ice, on the 2nd January, and many of the New Year walkers were coming down the hill on their bottoms, as that was the safest way to avoid injury! Unfortunately, the ambulance had to come down to pick up people with broken bones twice during the following week, and I know that there were innumerable less severe tumbles -- some of the local dog walkers who continued to brave the skating rink felt as though they'd done a few rounds with Cassius Clay after a few days! The climax came on the Thursday night when we had the police helicopter searching the dale from Conksbury Bridge up to Palm-erstone Wood, as Nigel Swiffen and his wife had heard cries for help whilst walking their dogs at about 9pm. As the powerful beam of the

Trish Renshaw

helicopter searchlight swept in huge arcs, it lit up the area as though it was mid-day.

Nothing was found, however, even after the gamekeeper and beaters had been out with their dogs the next day, looking for a possible body, so let's hope it was a false alarm. Quite enough excitement for one month.

During this time, of course, no vehicles came up or down the hill, and it wasn't until Alex managed to get hold of half a ton of grit, in an attempt to organise some sort of shoot for the 13th, that such movements became remotely possible.

The wild birds really struggled but luckily we had plentiful supplies of bird food - at one point I counted 4 blackbirds (squabbling furiously), 2 young thrushes, 7 tits, 2 robins, 2 finches, 1 wren and 1 woodpecker all trying to get onto the bird table at the same time. The snow-covered surroundings were certainly beautiful, particularly up beyond Bateman's where the weight of snow had bent the trees into a magical arched tunnel - but the ice was so thick for so long that Steve (Miller) and I both commented on how wonderful it was when the browns and greens finally reappeared underfoot again towards the end of the month. Funny how we take these things for granted.

February 8th

A quick postscript : the snowdrops are finally coming into flower -- and this lunchtime the sun was visible above the hill for the first time. There are still snow flurries forecast, but I feel at least the worst must be over. It's certainly been one heck of a winter down here!



Our Criminal forebears

One invaluable source of information about our forebears can be found if they were criminals.

For minor offences they would be brought before the **Petty Sessions**. They were the lowest tier in the English judicial system, now known as Magistrates' Courts.

More serious offences would be tried at the **Quarter Sessions**. These were Court sessions held four times a year in each County or County Borough. Presided over by a Justice of the Peace they dealt with both criminal cases, and the administrative tasks which are now carried out by local government.

Someone accused of offences for which the penalty was hanging would be tried before a jury at a **Crown Court**, or even **The Old Bailey**.

However, as far as Over Haddon is concerned, I have yet to find anyone tried for these very serious offences. Mostly, Over Haddon "criminals" were only brought before the courts for relatively minor offences, some of which you will see below.

Petty Sessions

Fined for using illegal weights, and therefore guilty of cheating their customers:

1822

Thomas Blore, shopkeeper, was fined 6/6d

William Long, shopkeeper, was fined 6/6d

Thomas Newton, shopkeeper, was fined 6/6d

John Turner, shopkeeper, was fined 6/6d

1823

William Long, shopkeeper and Miller, was fined 6/6d, plus an extra 5/- for re-offending

Thomas Newton, shopkeeper, was fined 6/6d, plus an extra 5/- for re-offending

Fined for poaching, considered an extremely serious offence (viz. the high fine)

1795

William Wildgoose, Higler (a hawker), fined £5.00

1818

Francis Glossop, No occupation, fined £5.00

1819

William Wildgoose, Labourer, fined £5.00

Quarter Sessions

1777 ?? **Ingleby**, Labourer, was charged with assaulting **Helen, the daughter of John Wildgrove**.

The prosecution withdrew its case.

1791

John Clarke, husbandman of Meadow Place, was accused of assault on **Anne Newton**, a single woman of Over Haddon. The dispute was settled without recourse to a fine.

1824

Thomas Ingleby, Weaver, was charged with riot and assault on **Benjamin Wildgoose**, Labourer of Over Haddon. Fined 1/-

Benjamin Wildgoose, Labourer, charged with assault. The prosecution dropped its case.

Benjamin Bainbridge, Labourer of Haddon Grove, charged with assault at Over Haddon on **Benjamin Wildgoose** of Over Haddon. Fined 1/-

Thomas Berrisford, Labourer, charges with assault at Over Haddon on **Benjamin Wildgoose**, Labourer of Over Haddon. Fined 1/-

John Jones, Labourer, charged with assault at Over Haddon on **Benjamin Wildgoose**, Labourer. Fined 1/-

Without looking at the details of the charges of assault brought in 1824, it appears that initially all 5 men were charged with assault, but the magistrates decided that **Benjamin**

Caroline Pearce

Wildgoose was the victim here, and so the charges against him were dropped. Or perhaps **Benjamin** "grassed" on the other 4, and so got away with it. But it makes you wonder what caused all the trouble.

The names **Ingleby, Bainbridge, Berrisford and Jones** cropped up all the time in Over Haddon history, but had disappeared from the village by 1900.

But the **Wildgooses** (?**Wildgeese**?) eventually became tenants of New Close Farm, and the name is still remembered by some of the older inhabitants of the village.

With regard to the fines -

it is interesting to note that the magistrates (usually local landowners of some importance) considered poaching game a much more heinous crime than assault! A fine of only 1/- for assaulting a fellow human being, but a massive (in those days) fine of £5.00 for poaching a landowner's game.

One wonders how the poachers, whose occupations were extremely menial, and who probably poached to feed their families, could possibly find £5.00 to pay the fine.

And also, financial misdeeds, ie use of illegal weights to cheat one's customers, was considered much more serious than a physical assault.

A newsletter for the residents of Over Haddon

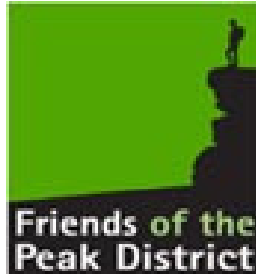
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