

## Diary Dates for 2006-7

Sun 8 Apr **Easter Sunday - Hats 'n' Eggs at the Queen Anne (7.00pm) – competition for the best decorated eggs for the children and hats for the adults, and also the start of this year's Great Potato Race**

Mon 23 Apr Possible Play Reading at the Nightingale Centre - details to be announced

Sun 15 Jul Fell Race Start 11.00am  
Thu 9 Aug Great Hucklow Well Blessing  
Sat 11 Aug Great Hucklow Gala Day

### Next Meetings Of Community Spirit Committee:

Wednesday 21st March, Wednesday 18th April,  
Wednesday 23rd May  
Old Chapel Schoolroom 8.15pm – All welcome

## Our Valentine Party and Poetry

On 16th February a great social evening held once more at Rowan House, and was another triumph of organisation and culinary expertise from our dynamic trio of Audrey, Eunice and Hester, who we welcome back from her 3 month stint with the VSO in Kenya..

St Valentine was the theme of the 'do' and it was carried off with great aplomb, even to the heart-shaped tarts (the cooked variety) and a rose-themed jelly.

A selection of the 'Captions Courageous', also a feature of the evening, may be made public at a later opportunity.

Thanks to all who supported the evening and donated prizes for the raffle, the proceeds from which reached almost £300.

Romance was definitely in the air and many responded to the invitation to bring along suitable verses which were displayed for all to peruse on a board. Two home-grown pieces (penned by the love-struck residents of Back Fold) are given below as examples of the high level of poetic endeavour on display.

### From Her to Him

I'll love you when your hair turns grey,  
or if it falls out, as it may some day.  
I'll love you when your girth increases  
and the rest of your body has gone to pieces.  
I'll love you when your ears begin  
to grow wispy hair from within.  
I'll love you still, when you slow down  
and don't want to take me out on the town.  
We can always cuddle in front of the telly,  
just you and me and your middle-aged belly.

### From Him to Her

Like man doth gaze upon a star  
I view your beauty from afar  
for if much closer I should be  
imperfections I may see  
I'm sure that you don't have a squint  
and that your mouth won't need a mint  
but to see you as I think you are  
I'll keep on gazing from afar

## The Hucklow Directory

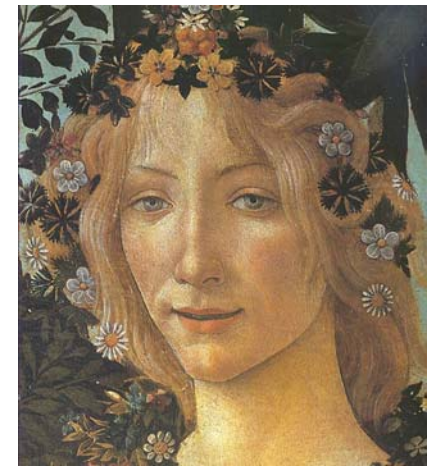
After a considerable period of gestation we are very proud to announce the eventual arrival of the Hucklow Directory - a compendium of what hope will be useful information for residents of the Parish. It is being distributed at about the same time as this NewsLetter, so if you haven't received one then please get in touch with Gillian Beer who will gladly make arrangements to supply you with one.

Thanks to all involved in producing this impressive publication, and particularly to Gillian Beer for collating all the information which it holds.

### Community Spirit Committee Members:

Audrey Abdi, Peter Milles, Patricia Miles Richard Johnson, Dinah Johnson, Eunice Jennings, Anne Butcher, Patricia Miles, Janet Persey, Roy Walker, Hester Messom, Gillian Beer, Anna Whatley

# Great Hucklow Community Spirit NewsLetter March 2007



Detail from Botticelli's 'Prima Vera'

## Internet Cafe at 'The Anne'

**The Queen Anne Inn and Community Spirit have jointly achieved 100% funding to set up an Internet Café for local people and visitors.**

The Internet Café is in the breakfast area of the Queen Anne, where you can enjoy Malcolm's famous coffee or tea and biscuits, or if you prefer, a drink from the bar next door (normal inn opening times only). In the Café you can browse the Web, collect and send emails, download your digital photographs, and use word processing, spreadsheet and digital imaging facilities. You can use the colour laser printer and scan, photocopy or fax documents. Introductory training on any of the equipment and software is available by arrangement.

If your own laptop is WiFi-enabled, you can bring it to the Queen Anne to use the Internet services.

The Internet Café will be open during normal inn opening times, or by special arrangement with the landlord.

### Special Offer for Residents of Hucklow Parish

As a resident, you can enjoy PC/Internet/scanner access by purchasing a three month season ticket for £15 per person. To celebrate our new facilities, all season tickets purchased before the end of April 2007 will include one month FREE, i.e. four months for the price of three!

This is a not-for-profit venture and will be open for everyone to use.

Application forms and further details available at the Queen Anne.

## Parish Council Elections

Parish and District Council elections take place on Thursday 3rd May 2007. Candidates are required for the five seats on Great Hucklow Parish Council, which comprises the Parishes of Great Hucklow, Little Hucklow and Grindlow. To be eligible to stand for election you must be over 18, on the electoral register, and live within the locality.

### Danger of Demise

An election of Parish Councillors for Great Hucklow has not taken place for many years since only the sitting Councillors were nominated at previous occasions and therefore no election was necessary. There is a significant danger that small Parish Councils such as ours may be subsumed into larger neighbouring ones (Tideswell or Bradwell) unless it can be shown that there is a real interest in the existing Parish to put forward candidates for a contested election at a poll.

### What is Involved

Great Hucklow Parish Council operates on a non-political basis and currently meets about once every two months. Councillors hold office for 4 years and have a duty to attend each meeting. The Parish Council has a statutory range of responsibilities and can also initiate and manage projects for improvements to the environment and for the well-being of the parish and its inhabitants. To finance these activities money is raised by a precept, which is the Parish Council's share of the local Council Tax.

Between council meetings much of the workload falls on the Clerk, a paid employee who is the Proper Officer of the council, and on the Chairman and Vice Chairman, although individual Councillors can take on particular projects or duties if they so wish. Also there are opportunities to attend area meetings where other parishes are represented; these events are often useful for making contacts and for ideas that can be picked up.

All parish councillors are unpaid, are required to abide by the Local Government Code of Conduct and to make a formal declaration of any financial interests they have in the parish.

The work of a parish councillor is not always plain sailing. Sometimes a difficult decision has to be taken in the interests of the community as a whole, though not everyone will welcome it. Parish councillors must consult widely and listen to all views that are put forward so as to reach a reasoned conclusion. There may be legal considerations or responsibilities that also have to be taken into account. Planning issues are often contentious.

### How to become a Councillor

The closing date for nominations is 4th April 2007. As Great Hucklow is a joint Parish Council, two seats are allocated for Great Hucklow, two for Little Hucklow and one for Grindlow. You must state on the nomination papers for which one of the three parishes you are being nominated.

**Please consider standing for election as a parish councillor.** Your help is needed in ensuring that Great Hucklow Parish remains a community whose residents have a major say in its destiny. If you are interested and would like to receive a nomination pack or further information then you should contact Jane Whyatt, Registrations and Elections Manager at Derbyshire Dales District Council, Town Hall, Bank Road Matlock, Derbyshire DE4 3NN; her email address is: jane.whyatt@derbyshiredales.gov.uk.

The current Parish Councillors are: Roland Butcher (Chairman), Peter Miles (Vice Chairman), Gillian Ollerenshaw Brown, Carol Bradshaw and Brenda Middleton (recently coopted) and all intend to be re-nominated for the election on May 3rd. Parish Clerk is Phyllis Walton.

Peter Miles

Vice Chairman, Great Hucklow Parish Council

## Lost in Translation

*Our wonderful Jackie Fee reflects on her mutation from Brummie lass to Hucklow Mum*

I knew I'd entered a parallel universe when I asked at the Co-op in Bradwell what time the next bus to Chesterfield was due. "Friday" came the reply. It was Wednesday and the car was in for its MOT. At least they understood me (or did they?) – I've lost count the number of times my gentle Brummie 'lilt' has been mistaken for Liverpudlian. Even at Audrey's Valentine party I was asked what part of the 'Pool' did I come from. Maybe they meant cesspool.

Anyway, the reason I 'landed' here in Great Hucklow was the fault of one dance at a Christmas office party, and fast forward 18 months to me, a chest of drawers and an array of inappropriate apparel living in 'the country'. I didn't even own a coat or walking boots. I didn't need them in dear old Brum hopping from taxi to club/pub and back.

Ah, heady days. Starbucks on the way to work, wine bar on the way home – now I'm lucky to get an hour at The Queen Anne on a Friday night, kids in tow with a bag crammed with nappies, drinks, wipes, toys etc to keep the little ones amused before they hit that twilight hour. That's the hour they go demonic from tiredness.

But at least you can bring them into pubs here. The only pubs you can take kids in Birmingham are usually attached to a 'Whacky Warehouse', and that's exactly what it is. Kids high on pop and crisps fighting in ball pools whilst mum and dad look the other way hoping the exertion will tire them out. Of course, I myself have bred angels.

Another thing I have noticed since moving here is meat. I never equated it with moving, living animals and now instead of admiring the colour of a particular herd or sighing at the spring lambs I'm more likely thinking what I should cook for tea. I'm blaming Hugh Fearnley-Whittingstall. He makes it sound as if I must kill, cook and eat in order to keep the village populace alive.

I have also developed a sort of hero worship thing for Ray Mears. I'm often found in Great Hucklow woods rubbing sticks together and identifying fungi. I'm not quite brave enough to taste it yet because one mushroom looks exactly like any other throat-swelling-killing-by-asphyxiation mushroom to me. If it's not in breadcrumbs it's not coming near my mouth. God only knows how long an ambulance would take to rescue me.

Going into labour Christmas Eve before last was no joke. Did the Romans really have a fort at Brough? How come there's not a straight road from here to Jessop's? I felt every curve and groove in the tarmac.

Talking of folklore etc what's Wakes Week all about? I really enjoy it but trying to explain the tradition to city dwellers is like trying to describe the colour of air. It's Mardi Gras madness in rural England. Rewind 500 years and we would all have been hung for witchcraft – especially me talking with a foreign tongue.

But I couldn't imagine living anywhere else, even if I don't understand it sometimes. I'm happy in a haze of bewilderment.

*Jackie Fee*



## Margaret Hancock nee Brierley

8th December 1927 to 6th January 2007



Margaret was born at Rose Cottage Great Hucklow. The village then was much more isolated and insular than it is today, cottage rents were around half a crown a week and a small cottage could be bought for less than a hundred pounds. With her paternal grandparents living in the village, and two of her mother's married sisters with their families, the Goodwins, the Turners and the Brierleys along with their relatives, the family was a major feature in all aspects of village life.

She lived at Rose Cottage with her two brothers, Alan, the elder, and Renner the youngest before moving to Endcliffe Cottage sometime later. Like all the children in those days she first went to the village school and then on to Tideswell School. Leaving school at fourteen she went to live in and work for the Furness Family at Cartledge House Farm, as a family member, from where she married Peter Hancock, a farmer's son of Burrs Farm, at The Old Chapel in April 1952. Their first home was Greenwood Cottage in School Lane, where their two children were born, firstly Susan and then John.

In 1960 they bought Elm Croft bungalow and it has been their home ever since. Susan and John went firstly to the village school and then on to Lady Manners

School at Bakewell. On Leaving school John had been working for Ferodo Brake Linings at Chapel en le Frith for only six weeks, when tragically he lost his life in a motor cycling accident on his way work. On his death the village collected a sum of money and set up a trust fund that provided a much needed playground extension for "Great Hucklow School and local children"; it has a plaque recording the dedication of the playground to John Hancock. Susan left school and studied at High Peak College Buxton, before starting work at Duron Brake Company Buxton. On the 25th of June 1977 Susan married David Garlick at The Old Chapel, Great Hucklow; they live at Chapel-en-le-Frith and have two sons Lee and Daniel.

Margaret was always very industrious and worked for many families in Great Hucklow, Grindlow, Foolow and Windmill. For many years she worked for the various owners of "The Windmill Shop and Cafe", as always continuing her association with the Furness Family helping out at all their various houses, contributing much that enabled them to live independent lives.

Right up to the end of her life Margaret was a real village person; in the past she had been a player and member of "The Village Players", an avid supporter of all the village clubs that existed over the years, a keen whist player, a good ballroom dancer, and she always supported Peter in his village cricket club days, often to be seen doing the scoring seated on the wall of Barley Crofts field.

I have myself much to thank Margaret and Peter for; as a baby she wheeled me out in my pram and nursed me when I was ill, and she has always been most supportive of both Kath and myself throughout our married lives. With her passing an era of our village life has come to an end.

*Jack Binks January 2007*

## The Great Hundred Yard Challenge



Eye-balling before the start

between two of our residents as to which one of them would be the swiftest in a measured 100 yards dash, the challenge was formally made and a date set for the trial to take place.

On the appointed day, just before Christmas, officials for the event gathered to measure the 100 yd course with a finish at the Queen Anne carpark – it being a handy place for any necessary post-race

Never let it be said that there are not still lusty men around ready and willing to take up a challenge.

Such a challenge was issued one evening in the bar of the Queen Anne Inn when after a friendly dispute

sustenance for both competitors and onlookers.

The start was supervised and conducted by Mrs Audrey Abdi, although the official timekeeper got the time wrong and missed the start entirely. However we can safely say that the 'dash' was won convincingly by Mr John Hilton in an impressive 15.37 seconds, with Jeremy Hand running-up with a time of 17.5-ish seconds.

Our congratulations to two most gallant and sporting gentlemen.



The winner crosses the finishing line

## Scrub Bash

You may have noticed that the patch of overgrown land on the Windmill corner has been tamed somewhat, and the path across it and Mr Hand's memorial bench are now both accessible without having your legs torn to shreds by thorns and brambles.

Thanks to some excellent organisation and by the Vision Project, assistance from PDNPA Rangers Garry and Sue, and lusty help from parishioners young and not so young during the grey last Saturday of February, we managed to clear much of the overgrowing scrub and tidy up the whole area.

There is still some work to do in making sure that it is kept accessible and the land in a condition to encourage the growth of preferred vegetation. We hope that a programme of continued stewardship will

ensure this.

Rebekah Newman organised the Vision Project side of things and funded a day's follow-up work by Steve, a landscaping professional. After the 'bash' she sent the following message:

"Both Steve and I were very impressed by what you all (including Garry and Sue) managed to achieve on Saturday. Steve's impression of volunteers and what they can (or can't) achieve has had to be dramatically altered as a result! The site has been transformed I think for the better both in terms of access and aesthetics and hopefully also in terms of the grassland habitats."

Congratulations and hearty thanks to all who joined in to help on the day.

## Non S' Bad

Colin Greenland spends a year in  
Great Hucklow



Colin and Susanna being bemused by Gala Day

The courier coming to pick up Susanna's books had set his SatNav to Shortest Journey instead of Quickest Journey. When he finally located Great Hucklow and his screen showed nothing but a featureless T-junction he phoned in a panic.

"Where are you?" he said. "There's nothing here! What's the street called?"

"Well, it's called Dyrte Lane," I said, "but I'm not sure that will help..."

"Dirty Lane?" He was beyond bewilderment. Out Here, anything might be true. "What number are you?"

"Ah, well, you see –"

We had to talk him in every last inch of the way, like a limping Spitfire. When he climbed out of his van he was ashen, visibly trembling.

"I've been everywhere!" he said. "I don't know where I've been. I was driving along lanes –" He gestured, anguished, trying to convey an experience too appalling for words. "With – grass! Down the middle! Grass!"

He spread his arms, shook his head.

"And at the side they have these – walls – made of stones!"

He spoke as one who has looked into the Abyss and barely escaped to tell the tale.

"Nothing but stones!"

We smiled and spoke softly to him. I made him a cup of tea and put a biscuit in the saucer. He looked as if he needed it. Poor lamb, I don't suppose he'd been beyond the M25 before.

Mind you, it was all a little strange to me when we arrived, a year ago now, is that all? Not the green lanes so much, or the dry stone walls, but the culture; the language. Strolling one day up Dyrte Lane I encountered a Venerable Local who obviously found me a bit strange too. Frankly, he gaped.

I smiled firmly. "Morning," I said.

"Now then!" he replied.

Until that day the only people I'd ever heard say "Now then" had been police constables in elderly comedy sketches. They'd say it twice, in fact, and follow it, invariably, with "What's all this?" I felt I must be very strange indeed if simply ambling amiably by caused offence. Fortunately another Venerable Local soon enlightened me. Traditionally in the Peak, if not elsewhere in Derbyshire, "Now then" is not a stern challenge but a neighbourly salutation: man to man, she thought. I've still not heard a man greet a woman with "Now then", but then I haven't actually heard anyone say it much. I did hear, just the other night, one villager (male) greet another (female) with "Art tha' reet?" By now I can guess what the proper response to that must be. "Non s' bad," of course. "Non s' bad." That one we learnt from the production of *Things Just So Strange* at the Nightingale Centre, which was absolutely wonderful – sorry: which was, of course, non s' bad – and which also taught me that Great Hucklovians like things done in their own particular time-honoured way. They are not partial to city folk showing up with different ideas. Luckily the only idea I've had so far was a bottle of wine, and the place I showed up with it was the Book Group, who greeted it with glad cries. Thirsty work, reading.

Not so thirsty, perhaps, as answering quizzes at the Queen Anne. Remembering the names of John Peel's hounds or the BAFTA winners of 1999 requires, I've found, great quantities of lubrication; but reading makes you thirsty

enough, especially when you have to talk about it. In Great Hucklow, though, we are more punctilious in this regard than the undisciplined and immoderate Book Groups of the south, who drink first and ask questions after. At Rowan House, we apply ourselves first to painstaking analysis of the Great Themes of Literature, such as the propensity of young men to drive through the village at 70 mph, what Angus's cat has been up to, and how dare the new Duke move the tulip vases off the Chatsworth library landing. Only when all those matters are settled do we reach for the corkscrew.

Thinking of Chatsworth, we got our money's worth this year. Well, perhaps not that, exactly; but it is nice to be able to drop in any time you fancy, just for a spot of lunch, or a paddle in the Cascade, or a Halloween pumpkin. It impressed our American visitors too, even if we couldn't quite satisfy them why the man it belongs to isn't the Duke of Derbyshire. The

other way to impress visitors is to take them to the Barrel at Bretton, on foot, via Bretton Clough, through mud, in a gale, in a snowstorm. Especially if you can arrange that the moment you finally crawl over the threshold will be the very moment it closes for the afternoon. That impresses them mightily. "Never mind," you say cheerfully, or as cheerfully as you can. "By the time we're back it'll be dark and we can look at the Christmas lights again. Aren't they splendid? Did I mention I helped put them up? Up a ladder with your head in a Christmas tree trying to swap a blue lightbulb for a pink one! Non s' bad, as we say here!"

Yes: non s' bad, really, being a Hucklovian for a while, even if I shall never be a Peakrill. That's another word I learnt at the Queen Anne. Peakrill: a native and resident of the Peak District.

Or were they pulling my leg?

Colin Greenland

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## We Are the Champions

Throughout the winter months on a Sunday evening there is a gathering together of strange creatures with sad lonely lives who actually enjoy indulging in pub quizzes. They are members of the Queen Anne Pub Quiz Team who compete annually in the Manfield Brewery Pub Quiz League against other pub teams in the Peak area, home and away.

This year our team were competing in the 'Division One' of the League and at the end of the season finished in a very creditable third place.

Even better, they won their way to the final of the Challenge Shield, a knock-out competition in which all the teams compete. The Final took place on the 4th March at the Robin Hood Inn, Baslow, the other finalists being a team of highly motivated and knowledgeable men representing the Miners' Standard at Winster. It was a nail-biting competition with the Miners Standard team racing ahead in the first half and seemed all set for a great and decisive victory. Undaunted the Queen Anne team stuck doggedly to the task and gradually caught up to be in a neck-and-neck position with the opponents. And in the best traditions

of tortoises and hares the Great Hucklow team managed to draw ahead in the final questions and to keep the lead for a dramatic 49-47 victory. Just to rub it in they also won the beer round - very satisfactory. This success was due, in no small measure, to the combined talents of the dynamic father and daughter duo, John Hilton (team manager and capital city specialist) and Sarah (special subjects - day-time TV, the music scene, football team home grounds and off-the-wall things which the older members of the team would not have a clue about).

Sarah is about to begin a new life and job in the Channel Islands – we shall miss her much but wish well. If they too have pub quizzes on Jersey then she will no doubt be the Quiz Queen of the island – whom else among their populace is going to know the capital of Greenland? (I wonder if Colin knows that one?)

On returning to the Queen Anne the team enjoyed the pleasure of a free drink from Malcolm in celebration of their success. What greater accolade could there be than this?