

Diary Dates for 2006-7

Sat 9 Dec Switch-on of Great Hucklow Christmas Lights, 7.00pm
Tue 11 Dec Village Plan Meeting - 8pm, Old Chapel Schoolroom
Thu 14 Dec Folk Night 8.0pm at the Queen Anne, then every second Thursday
Tue 19 Dec Christmas Horse and Cart rides for children, after school
Fri 22 Dec Carols around the Christmas Tree with Tideswell Band 7.00pm in L Hucklow
Thu 28 Dec Annual Music and General Knowledge Quiz at the Queen Anne, 8.00pm. Teams of up to 6, £1 per member. Register your team early to avoid disappointment - space is limited.
Mon 15 Jan Community Spirit meeting
Mon 22 Jan Parish Council meeting, 8.00pm Old Chapel Schoolroom, Great Hucklow.
Sat 17 Feb Possible 'Valentine' evening - details to be announced
Mon 19 Feb Community Spirit meeting
Sun 8 Apr Easter Sunday - hats and artefacts occasion
Sun 15 Jul Fell Race Start 11.00am
Thu 9 Aug Great Hucklow Well Blessing
Sat 11 Aug Great Hucklow Gala Day
Book Club: 4 Dec, 8 Jan, 5 Feb, 5 Mar all at 7.30 PM at Rowan House.

Great Hucklow Community Spirit Committee

The AGM of the Great Hucklow and District Community Spirit Committee was held on Monday 21st November. In her annual report our retiring Chairman, Patricia Miles, congratulated everyone concerned in completing a very successful year of activities and events and thanked all who put in their time and effort in organising and supporting them.

She thanked the members of the committee for their generous help and support during the five years she had been Chairman, and although she was very proud of what the Committee had achieved in that time she felt that it was time for a new Chairman to take them forward perhaps with fresh ideas and new approaches.

Patricia said that she was particularly pleased that during her chairmanship we had secured a great deal of funding for the various parish projects that had been completed or were still ongoing. It was also pleasing that we were able to make significant donations to charities from our efforts.

Our Treasurer, Richard Johnson, reported a healthy financial balance but warned us not to be too complacent as funds were always in need of replenishment.

In the appointment of Officers for the coming year Audrey Abdi was unanimously elected as our new Chairman. The remaining Officers agreed to continue and as there were no other nominations this was carried.

Community Spirit Committee:

Chairman: Audrey Abdi (01298 872399)
Secretary: Peter Miles
Treasurer: Richard Johnson
Minutes Secretary: Eunice Jennings
100 Club Secretary: Anna Whatley

Next Meetings

Mon 15th January
Mon 19th February
Old Chapel Schoolroom
8.15pm
All welcome

Committee Members:

Dinah Johnson, Anne Butcher, Patricia Miles, Janet Persey, Roy Walker, Hester Messom, Gillian Beer (new member)

Great Hucklow Community Spirit NewsLetter December 2006



Christmas is almost upon us again - which in Great Hucklow means - LIGHTS!

This year our Christmas Lights are one of the subjects of a special feature in the current edition of 'Peak Life', along with other details about the parish's life and history. Perhaps the article might bring yet more visitors to us this year.

As we write, the trees and most of the lights are in position - thanks to the working parties organised by Roy Walker - for which we offer much thanks.

Our 'switch-on' is a little later this year following a very reasonable request from some villagers that we cut down our 'lighting up' period by a week in order to save a little on their electricity bills, which are by no means getting any smaller these days.

Consequently our official 'switch-on' will take place at 7.00pm on Saturday 9th December; Cressbrook Band will be in attendance to provide the music and the dedication of the trees will be led by David Shaw, our Unitarian Lay Leader.

Our official 'switcher-on' is to be Peter Tapping. Sadly, Peter has now left the village and is in residence in his new abode in Middleton-by-Youlgrave; we

wish him well in his new abode but he knows he is welcome here in this village any time. Peter has done a great deal for the community during the years he has been here and we shall miss him greatly.

The ceremony will be followed as usual by the arrival of a certain traditional Christmas figure, who just might have a few goodies in his sack for attending children.

All of this is followed by mulled wine and mince pies.

Don't forget also the carols around the tree at Little Hucklow on Friday 22nd December with Tideswell Band.

Another Christmas treat for the children will be on Tuesday 19th December when Peter Eyre will be giving horse and cart rides through the village after school.

Silence Heritage Site



Things are progressing apace - we have received confirmation that our bid for a grant to fund the purchase and preliminary conservation work of the Silence Mine site has been successful.

Provided that all the legal processes and management agreements are concluded without problems (and that no-one claiming to be the owner appears out of the woodwork) then the two Parishes of Great Hucklow and Foolow should have possession of the site from March 2007 - and then the work begins.

Many thanks to Rebekah Newman and all the Vision Project team for assisting in this exciting and worthwhile venture.

We shall be looking for volunteers to carry out scrub bashing and other conservation work in the autumn of 2007.

There are also moves afoot to prevent further damage to Silence Lane by over use by off-road vehicles.

Village Christmas Cards

Liz Greenfield has kindly made available some beautiful Christmas cards based on her own illustrations of Little and Great Hucklow in winter time.

Large versions - 60p

Small A6 - 40p

See notice boards for samples and details.

To order contact Liz on 872326 or

liz@greenfieldresearch.co.uk

The Dynamic Duo

Louise Valentine and Rebekah Newman have given much of their time and energy in support of the Silence Heritage Site project as well as many other wildlife related initiatives in the area.

Those of you who have attended their meeting or have been part of any of their projects or organised walks will know of their energy and enthusiasm and the dedication they have in making our natural environment even more special and cared for. Their work in restoring dew ponds, water courses, habitats of water voles, fish and brook lampreys, butterfly conservation and many other worthwhile projects make them an invaluable team for the area and a credit to our section of the Peak National Park. If you would like to register your support for their work then please read the following piece from Louise Valentine and respond appropriately.

The Vision for Wildlife Project

Have you been involved? Have your say. Natural England are carrying out a review of the operation and performance of the project in relation to its biodiversity, awareness raising and education targets.

If you would like your views to be taken into account please write to David Parker at Natural England, East Midlands Region, The Maltings, Wharf Road, Grantham, NG31 6BH or tel: 01476 584798; Mobile 07900 608 090; FAX 01476 584838 or email: David.Parker@countryside.gov.uk.

It is hoped to use this review to inform decisions in relation to the continuation and style of the project in 2007 and beyond.



Striking Sparks

'Torchlight Procession', said the posters for the firework display at Eyam, and I wondered. Not actual flaming brands, surely, in these regulated days of Health and Safety? I'd never been in the Peak for Bonfire Night.

Then I heard about the festivities planned at Little Hucklow, much closer to home. Arrangements were made, a party convened. No tickets necessary. Should we take wine, then? I asked. Food? Our guide assured us everything would be provided. How very hospitable, I thought. The fireworks are bought, I learned later, with money collected by the little Little Hucklovians at Halloween: a clever way of turning that lamentable orgy of sugar and kitsch to good purpose. Any money donated at the bonfire itself goes towards hiring the band for the Christmas celebrations; and so on, presumably, around the great cycle of the ritual year.

The night itself was fine. We held a torchlight procession of our own, with the kind you put batteries in, down Synings Lane. There were almost no puddles, though the stones were restless, and kept jumping into the wellingtons of our youngest member. Ahead, the bonfire was already lit. Every time we stopped to free another trapped stone, there it hung above

the bank, blazing always larger and more cheerfully. As we came up into the village it disappeared behind the buildings; then just as Youngest Member was certain we really were going to be late, reappeared around the last bend, leaping up in all its lambent glory to greet us. We were there. Neighbours were greeting one another, children running to get sparklers and write their names on the chilly air.

There was indeed wine, more than everyone could drink; and a very tasty chilli con carne, with garlic bread and baked potatoes for those who've mastered the art of standing up holding a paper plate level while working with knife and fork. I met a man who urged me to go back for a roast pork sandwich: the crackling was the best in the world, he said; and he wasn't far wrong. There were cakes and biscuits and crisps and toffee. There was a collecting tin, though I had to ask twice before I found it. There was conversation: plans made, news delivered, gossip shared. Books were dissected, TV programmes recommended, recipes recalled. Greying heads were shaken over the worldliness of the young. In our day, apparently, things were different. Even the fireworks are louder now, and more alarming; or perhaps it's us, getting soft. Chrysanthemums of white and red and green kept flaring upwards, rattling like hail against the sky. Dazzling shapes exploded into existence and out again. Wind blanketed us all in smoke and no one minded.

Over by the fire, young couples cuddled. Bold boys poked the flames with long sticks. I had the impression that the Great Hucklovians there were few. It was dark, of course, and smoky; and maybe there were others I didn't spot, or didn't recognise. Maybe, as more than one villager has confided since, you grow out of fireworks. I hope I never do.

Colin Greenland

Hurrah! Our storage container arrives!

Some of you may have noticed that a nice new storage container has appeared in a discrete corner of the Nightingale Centre's overflow parking area opposite Barley Croft. We hope you agree that it is a suitably unobtrusive green and its careful positioning has not detracted from our 'visual amenity'.



Positioning the new arrival

Our grateful thanks for help and assistance from the Nightingale Centre in organising the acquisition of the container and for generously providing us with its site.

Many villagers, and particularly Audrey Abdi, will be thankful for its arrival as it means that they will get back much needed space in garages, lofts and sheds which currently house the bits of necessary equipment which Community Spirit use at various times in the year - lighting, cables, road signs, seats, marquees, etc.

Our sincere thanks to all those who have given so generously of their space over the years.

Website and Directory

The Hucklow website, which was launched officially at the Parish Party, is now live and up and running and is proving to receive a great deal of interest: www.hucklow.net. We are very interested in your views about how easy the website is to use and how best to improve it. If you would like to join a website user group, please contact gillian.beer@hucklow.net.

Also on its way is our Hucklow Directory - a compendium of useful facts and information which we hope will be of interest not only to current residents but also to newcomers to our community - a pointer to things you might wish to know and to save you searching through directories and yellow pages. It should be published early in 2007.

Brian Wragg

We were very saddened to hear of the recent death of Brian Wragg of Little Hucklow.

Brian has been a great supporter of Community Spirit over the years and has given very generously to our raffles and draws.

He was one of the few remaining residents of the Hucklows who was actually born in the village that he lived his life in, and consequently a fount of knowledge and a great teller of stories of all things local.

He will be very much missed by all of us and we send our sympathy and sincere condolences to Brenda and the family.

Any Complaints?

Several people have complained recently about the behaviour of visitors to the village - disturbance late at night and damage or interference with property.

Apparently nothing can be done about this unless we have chapter and verse about the details of the incident

So, if any such incidents occur in the future please make a note of the details, plus time, date and place and pass these on to a member of the Parish Council in order that evidence can be presented to whom so ever might be responsible for these visitors.



Super Supper

Our autumn 'Parish Party' was held in October at the Nightingale Centre and again, a good time was had by all; the supper provided by the Nightingale Centre kitchen staff was indeed a real treat.

Entertainment was once more provided by our magnificent band of pantomimers - this year 'Snow White', with Roland Butcher playing all seven dwarves to great effect.

The raffle raised a goodly amount - thanks to all who donated prizes, and much amusement was provided by a 'lantern slide show' of pictures from the past year's village events.

Thanks to all who organised the occasion and to the Nightingale Centre for once more hosting it

School Garden

"It's better than my vegetable garden," admitted Alan Titchmarsh. "I haven't got any sprouts yet." The sprouts that impressed him, and the leeks too, belong to the kitchen garden at Great Hucklow C.E. School, formally opened by Mr Titchmarsh on 7 September. He and his wife Alison were representing their Gardens for Schools campaign, which supported the project with a grant of £500. Its produce now appears on the school dinner menu.

Gardening, Mr Titchmarsh recalled, was his only good subject at school: "my way into life," he said. Now gardening is off the National Curriculum, but Gardens for Schools intends to get the soil back into the minds and under the fingernails of the next generation. Gesturing in glorious



Alan Titchmarsh cuts the ribbon

sunshine out over the Hope Valley, Alan Titchmarsh acknowledged the beauty and importance of the dales. "Stewardship of the landscape," he said, "starts with these little raised beds here."

C.G.



The Prof on a break from deep dark holes

Hucklow Hobble

This year the Hobbler's deserted the Yorkshire dales and moors for Lancashire - to the less well known area called the 'Forest of Bowland', just to the west of Lancaster itself.

The forest itself has long disappeared, but left behind is wonderfully wild area of rolling hills, verdant valleys and gushing streams. Unfortunately, the streams were gushing particularly well as the Saturday of the weekend we had picked was a very wet one - even for Lancashire.

A very convivial evening followed the Saturday walk with an excellent meal at the Hark to Bounty. Those of us staying in the next village also had a very late night lesson in cocktail making - and drinking. In spite of what the weather threw at us it was a great weekend, and those of us fortunate enough to stay through Sunday had an excellent walk in glorious sunshine - Sod's Law or what!



A few pics to show that us from Huckla are a hardy breed indeed.



A big 'thank-you' to Jeremy Hand for organising the trip. Wherever it is we go next year can you please organise the weather to be at least dry-ish

Opposite is an account of the trip by Jackie Fee who had braved the Hobble for the first time, and we sincerely hope it won't be her last in spite of the experience.

Knobble on the Hobble

"Haven't we forgotten something" said Clive as he tried to squeeze our "essential" walking equipment into the back of Aussie Pete's car "Yes, the children" said I grinning like a Cheshire cat. Ah, the freedom, the romance, "the weather" said he. Trust a Yorkshire man to bring you back down to earth. But he was right. Clouds loomed menacingly as we edged towards Clitheroe, our meeting spot. After a cup of tea at the post office café we continued holding everyone up by donning our "essential" walking equipment and making sure little Annalise was safely ensconced in her Back Pac. Our party which consisted of Great Hucklow, Little Hucklow, Windmill and a lovely lady called Jackie from The Lakes all headed off with our entourage of dogs. Well everything started off well. We walked, we talked, and we dreamt about our lunch that the Aussies had kindly offered to prepare for us. Oh yes we were full of optimism. But remember that menacing cloud? Well the dogs were about to be joined by cats all falling from the sky. It wasn't that fine rain that soaks you through. It was the "rain dripping down the back and taking my breath away" sort of rain. And it had brought a friend-the Fog. We didn't know if we were lost or having a great time but we all met at the top of a hill taking shelter by a stone wall. You know, as sheep do when the weather is foul. Someone decided that it was here and now that we should stop for lunch. But where's the pub, cried a few optimistic souls? Now I'm no Hilary Fiennes but even I know that the chances of a pub being anywhere near the vicinity were less than Paul McCartney getting back with Heather Mills.

So we scrambled about in our pockets for year old sweets and watched the veterans of the Hobble enjoy their sandwiches and pies. Apparently our lunch was not suitable to eat in wet conditions. Wonder what it

was? After Jeremy tried to light his pipe for a 3rd or 4th time we headed homeward bound (or so we thought) and landed at the Hark to Bounty which was to be our station for the night.

Clive, myself and the Aussies sat outside and ate our lunch in the rain which was actually a 4 course meal (yes, this is not a misprint) including a chicken dinner with gravy, cheese and biscuits and spotted dick for desert.



Once inside we settled down with a pint in front of the roaring fire only to be told there was another two hours walking ahead of us. I watched my enthusiasm evaporate like the steam coming from my sodden clothes. After much deliberation (not on my part I might add) the maddest carried on and the rest of us stayed and ordered another pint.

In the evening we all convened in the bar as our tables were reserved for dinner. We ate heartily and drank merrily and the conversation flowed. After ordering another bottle of house red (not sure how many we were up to but lets say more than Donny Osmond and less than Oliver Read) we decided it was time for bed. In the morning, after a good night's sleep (remember-no kids!) we ate a full English breakfast and packed the car to go home. Me with thoughts of Jeremy and how to thank him for organising such a brilliant jolly to Slaidburn and Clive with thoughts of how to top the Aussies for next years lunch. There's no way I'm carrying that chocolate fountain in my back pack.

J.F.