

Hear **Abouts** November 2010

A Newsletter for the Civil Parish of Eglingham

<http://www.eglingham.info>

A Mixed Reception for Eglingham's Bright New Feature



Traffic speeding through the village has long been a concern of residents and the Parish Council. As a ribbon development on the B6346, Alnwick to Wooler Road, through traffic is inevitable – but doesn't have to speed!



The Parish Council have for many years begged the “higher bodies” to help with traffic calming. It isn't a serious enough problem for a speed camera, fixed or mobile (Yet!) and the closure of the School has unfortunately moved us further down the priority list.

Ten years ago we had red tarmac with large 30s painted on them. They worked until the novelty wore off.

The latest effort, situated at the west end of the village, is the “Flashing 30” as it is seemingly called in the trade (how many cups of tea and Hob-Nobs do you need to think that one up?). It seems to have received mixed reports. From – “Yes it concentrates the mind and makes me more aware of my speed”

to “NO, not one bit, one ***** went past me at about 60 MPH!”.

Villagers views at the east end of the village (Alnwick side) are just as mixed, and some feel that a “Flashing 30” (ugh!) at the bottom of the village would help. Unfortunately this was not possible because of the overhead cables rendering the installation of all sites deemed suitable for visual impact unsafe. As one resident remarked “Only Elth n' Safety could stop traffic calming measures!...”

Will the new sign prove effective? Time alone will tell...

Contact us @ The Croft, South Charlton, NE66 2NA
Mob: 07784 853236 Email: editor@eglingham.info

Editors Notes:

Not much to say this month apart from welcoming our new editorial team member - Hayheck!

He's volunteered to handle future Parish Profiles

from here on in, so for those of you who are curious to find out the identity of our man of mystery, volunteer yourselves to be profiled! Hopefully after working with us for awhile he won't take us to court for the right to publish his memoirs and reveal himself to be a former special forces operative (or worse... works for the council!)

So as I'm keeping it brief here's some extra jokes...

Andy Gray

Bonus Jokes

I didn't realise my girlfriend could do such a brilliant Darth Vader impression. Although, I don't recall Darth Vader ever saying "Please... give me back... my inhaler."

I must admit I've got a thing for fat women. It's called a gastric band.

I went for a job interview with a blacksmiths yesterday and was asked if I'd ever shoed a horse.

"No but I've told a donkey to sod off before" I replied.

Well it's finally over. After 69 days of doing nothing, a group of men in hard hats and high visibility jackets are getting ready to go home. The council have finally filled in the pothole at the end of my road

I took my daughter to school today in my clapped-out old Fiesta.

Looks like I got lucky and managed to avoid the hazardous off-road terrain the other parents obviously had to cross in their vehicles.

Welcome

Without highlighting residents individually, we have all waved off into the far distance friends and neighbours, and welcomed new neighbours into our midst over the last 12 months or so. All three villages in the Parish have seen large scale changes in personnel, some long-standing, some less so.

So maybe a belated one for some, but also to those very new to the Parish - **Welcome!** We, the born and bred wish you a pleasant and comfortable stay, be it a fleeting one or one that is forever.

If you feel you could contribute to anything in the Parish (this goes for those who have been here for years too!) - Don't be shy, just make yourself known to those in the know. Believe me, we all welcome "new blood" into all that goes on in the villages.

My wife says that giving birth to a child is the most painful thing that a human being can experience.

She's obviously never had to listen to a woman going on about how painful childbirth is..

True Story:

I called my car insurance company tonight, was on hold for ages and finally got through to the woman on the phone. She went through all the usual questions and then said, "Is the car modified in any way?" Like a fool I replied, "Yes it's got a flux capacitor" she went silent and said I had to talk to her supervisor. He came on the line and said, "We'll insure you as long as you don't go over 88mph".

I salute you sir, you're a god damn legend!

At a recent job interview:

What would you consider to be your main weaknesses and strengths? "Well my main weakness would be my issues with reality, telling what's real from what's not".

And your strengths? "I'm Batman".

Eglingham Village Hall

Christmas Coffee Morning

Saturday 27th November

10 am to 12 noon

Table top sales, tombola, raffle, mince pies, coffee and chat etc.

If anyone is interested in having a table to sell their own crafts etc.

please let us know by November 20th.

Phone Penny Blackmore 01665 578327

South Charlton Village Hall

Make a note in your diary to come along to **South Charlton's fireworks extravaganza** on **Saturday 6th November** at the Village Hall. We spend thousands of pounds on the highest quality fireworks for your entertainment (I might be lying here!) and provide soup and a roll, maybe even with a sausage in it, and a cup of tea all for the amazingly low price of £4 for adults and £2 for children. So come along and enjoy the celebration of this famous occasion and catch up on all the news at the same time. The excitement starts at 5pm and lasts until the early hours of the next day (but not often).

Saturday 4th December is the night for South Charlton's **Christmas Bingo**, eyes down at 7.30pm for a selection of seasonal prizes to save you having to go to the shops and buy everything! Come along and give us your money and you could win everything you need, and if you don't win the bingo you could be lucky on the raffle instead!

Eglingham Cricket Club

November and thoughts turn to Cricket! Well to the Cricket Dinner at least for Eglingham - Geoff has a panic attack - transfers the problem to George - then starts to worry all over again if George hasn't responded within a day or so - after all he's a busy man, may have forgotten or delegated it or something - amazingly the normal organised response arrives within a couple of days - thank goodness, Geoff can relax again - but wait - as they say in Yorkshire - HOW MUCH! - Geoff doesn't believe in horse trading but George reckons if anyone wants a cheap nag (horse), send Geoff over to Appleby next year!

Oh yes that's the point of this sad excuse for an article - the Eglingham Cricket Dinner at the Tankerville is organised to take place at the usual time and place on Friday 12th November - Beware - Good food - Good Company - Good Drink - and - Good Craick as those well known Irish cricketers would say.

Ah and if anyone is still reading this nonsense - we had a good season with its inevitable downs and some awesome ups - new men and boys inducted into the arcane arts - some sent in short order to the hospital to have knees rebuilt - some got away with only having to replace the rear car tailgate window - the third newcomer wasn't half nervous as to what the fates had in store - fortunately we proved(*Cont. over...*)

that accidents don't always come in threes! Unless your James of course when they just don't stop at three!!!

Anyway thanks to everyone who turned out this year - look forward to seeing you all again next year - Doncaster Railwaymen and Gilmorton have already booked in again for next year! Also thanks to George and Mary at the Tankerville for their continued support and hospitality throughout the season!

Eglington Church

CHRISTMAS GIFT SERVICE

During the Church Eucharist on **November 21st** you are invited to donate a small gift for a child in need. The gifts will be going to "The Giving Tree", Children North East this year. We ask that gifts be new and unwrapped to comply with health and safety. Thank you.

Please spend no more than £5.00 per gift.

For further details contact Eileen Morgan 01665 578492

South Charlton Church

Saturday 27th November
at South Charlton Village Hall
2pm

Winter Fayre

Home Baking, Raffle, Tombola, Gifts
Mulled Wine & Mince Pies

Leek Club

Quiz Night

Wednesday **November the 17th** at 7-30pm. Come and enjoy yourself, sometimes hard, sometimes easy, sometimes argumentative, but always fun. Supper provided as always.

Bingo

Saturday **November 20th** at 7-30pm bingo if you don't come you won't win anything

Christmas Fayre

Sunday **December 12th**

Tables available £10 come on have a good clear out before the New Year!

Evening with Ernie Co and friends

On sat 16th of Oct the South Charlton hall had the best evening it had ever had, sixty plus people of all ages sat on their seats, and rocked with laughter.

Ernie's sense of humour always goes down very well, you find yourself looking around to see if you know someone who resembles the person in his jokes.

Bob Bolam is a different comedian all together, he has a dry humour. But none the less fantastic.

The singing voice of Jean Davison was superb, if she can sing like that with a dose of cold and a sore throat, just imagine, what it would be like when she is at 100%!

Ritchie Newbiggen played popular songs from the sixties and seventies, and i noticed quite a lot of people singing along with him.

There was food a plenty and if anybody didn't get their chuckle muscles exercised, then they didn't have any.

It proved that everyone thoroughly enjoyed the evening, because during the turns you could hear a pin drop. The people who were not there didn't know what they had missed.

I give thanks to all who helped to clear away the tables and chairs and of course the washing up, that always takes time, but we have members who step in without being asked, and it is most appreciated.

Let's hope we have more evenings like this one although it will be a hard act to follow. The burns night will be the last time we see Bob and Ernie for a couple of years, (they are off to work on new material) but we will have comedians as usual...

Many thanks to all who came to make the evening a success.

Bob Stuart

Hayheck attempts to rear some Chickens...

I have spoken to quite a number of people in the Parish, asking them what they like to see in Hear Abouts. What is their favourite bit, what they would like to see more of and of course what they do not like? Getting feedback for a little magazine like this is extremely difficult. Anyway, one of the most common themes was farming. What is going on in the main industry of the Parish? Are the prices up for cattle down for corn? Why Oats instead of wheat? Why house cattle in the winter and not sheep. To those of us who live the agricultural life all of this stuff is routine, so we take it for granted that everyone knows. But obviously, they don't, which is one reason Michael's column is so popular.

(Cont. over...)

With that in mind, this month I thought it was about time to revisit a little hobby of mine. Not kicking Defra this time. The Government's done a good enough job on that one. Long time readers will remember my exploits rearing Hubbard chickens for Christmas a couple of years back. My next effort was to rear 50 Black Rock chicks from one day olds to hens. Financially, this was sure to be a winner. Day old chicks cost £1.20 and 16 week old hens go for £8. That's four hundred quid in the bank. What could possibly go wrong?

I had the brood box set up in a nice warm shed with an infra red heat lamp keeping the chicks warm. For the first three or four weeks, everything went fine. Then I found a dead chick one morning. The cannibalistic little critters were pecking away at it. Feather pecking. I dangled some clumps of sheep wool in the box to try to distract them from eating each other. Next day, two more dead. Then another one and two more the day after that. By the weekend I had lost eight and decided that the chicks would have to be de-beaked to stop the slaughter. De-beaking removes the tip of the top beak and stops the chicks from being able to grip on a feather and inflict damage on each other, whilst still being able to eat.

Nothing happened for a couple of days. No dead chicks. Got it cracked, I thought. Nope. Two dead, then two more. A smashed heat lamp. What were these things? Terminator chickens. I knew they were from Scotland. Gorbals chickens administering the lethal 'Glasgow beak'?

I was down to 33 and beginning to panic. I decided to move them to an outside shed where there was much more room. A friend who was staying wanted six and would take them straight away. He went to the shed to collect them and there, sitting in the middle of the brooding box, was a barn owl tearing another chick to bits. Once disturbed, it flew out of a gap in the top of the cage through which I dropped the heat lamp.

After the six had been taken away I was left with 26 chicks which were put in the outside shed. Next day, all 26 were alive. Next day, they weren't. A stoat got in and killed 11. At exactly the same time, in a simultaneous stoat attack, the six that had been re-located were reduced to one.



Black Rock on the lay. A rare sight at Hayheck's demesne.

The brooding box was torched to stop me from even thinking of going down this path again.

Hayheck



Moving out...

After 44 years in the village, South Charlton is losing one of its stalwarts.

Nancy Armstrong this week packed her bags and left for the much bigger city of Embleton! "It's got FOUR pubs you know!" was one of the first things she told me when news broke she was leaving after so long. It sounds like the lack of a ready tippie had finally got too much for Nancy!

In reality though, her house, which she rented, had been sold on by various owners, none of whom seemed in a hurry to upgrade the 150 year old cottage to modern standards. Indeed at 88 years of age, her family and friends feared another winter like the last could "be the end of her" had she stayed there. So with the organisational help of trustee Tim Bell, her family helped move her into a recently renovated Robertson Trust house on Quaker Row in Embleton. Electric central heating, a new in-built kitchen and showers are a few of the "luxuries" she will enjoy.

Nancy moved to South Charlton (No. 18) in 1966 with her husband Bill and sons Colin & Michael. Nine years later they moved up the road to No. 28 where she stayed until this past week.

After being one of the permanent "fixtures and fittings" for many of us, she will be missed at numerous community events which she was ever present. We all wish her well in her new home, and I'm sure many friends and former neighbours from the village will enjoy visiting her regularly.



There are many different ways in which livestock are selected for breeding purposes; nature uses selective breeding where only the strongest, fittest and most prolific manage to get their genetics to carry on. Technology as advanced over the years too making it possible to produce a new generation less susceptible to illness and disease or even resistance to certain strains of viruses. Farming over the

years has rolled many of these concepts in together in order to increase production and profitability.

On the cattle side, breeding bulls come with figures showing their performance and how likely the offspring are going to perform, growth weights, muscle conformation, fat depth and calving ease all give an indication of calf potential performance. On the dairy side cows can be served with sexed semen to ensure the cow will produce a female calf which can in turn carry on the genetic line, they can be bred to produce more milk from a better udder, the teats can be bred to be longer, the cows feet to be stronger and less susceptible to foot disease problems. With sheep the breeding rams also come with performance figures in order to select the one which will produce lambs with better shape and muscle depth making them more marketable and more likely to achieve higher returns.

You may be wondering what I'm trying to get to here, well, at this time of year the breeding ewes are sorted out ready for tupping time, as outlined above selecting breeding stock is a science, an art even, there is however the practical side to take into account. When selecting the future breeding ewes at Brockley Hall they have to pass the following tests in order to advance to the bonfire night spectacular of meeting the tups:

- 1 - Do they have at least 1 eye?
- 2 - Do they have at least 75% teeth left?
- 3 - Is their udder still intact and attached to them in the correct area?
- 4 - Are they breathing?
- 5 - Do they have a heart beat?

Historically the girls who passed all 5 tests went forward to meet the boys, however in the present economic climate and the fact that sheep are slightly more financially viable at the moment compared to other years getting 4 correct is enough to advance to go!!

The tups bought this year from Kelso have settled in well and now look just like the other boys and less like the smart, sound, clean tups which we brought home in September, they are currently grazing in Trix's field and every morning when she goes out she gives them all a look of disgust at this invasion of her space, they however just hobble away back to their corner to carry on the discussion on which one is going to drop down dead for no apparent reason on the 3rd of November.

With autumn here in full strength attention soon turns to preparation for winter housing and feeding, but more on that next month.

Michael

Eglingham Community Field – What’s happening?

So what has been happening about the idea of a Community Field in Eglingham?

In our last bulletin we explained how our questionnaire had provided a generally positive response to the idea of the Parish Council taking over the old Eglingham School field. The County Council are in favour of the Parish Council taking on the responsibility and negotiations are well progressed. Currently things are held up by problems concerning the boundaries. Assuming that all goes well the Parish Council will take over the field in the winter. The Parish Council are sufficiently optimistic that they are planning a maintenance day in February for which they will be asking for volunteers.

Hopefully there will be very good news very soon!

Race to Infinity – better Broadband!!

Have you got a “578” phone number? Would you like a better Broadband speed? My guess is that most internet users around here have fumed about the time you have to wait for anything to happen. Well, we might be able to persuade BT to at least talk to us about it.

Over the next five years BT is rolling out superfast fibre optic broadband across the UK. Besides the areas already designated to receive it, BT are giving customers the opportunity for vote for their exchange to be added to list of those to be included in the roll out. The five areas with the largest percentage of votes by December 31st 2010 will win the chance to bring superfast broadband to their area.

The catch is that you have to get a **minimum** of 1,000 votes to even stand a chance. Good old BT have thrown a sop to exchanges with less than 1,000 customers by saying that if 75% of customers in a small exchange make an online vote then BT will “**engage with your community to see what they can do in your area.**”

Big deal you may say but anyone who has tried to phone BT will know that them coming to us would make a refreshing change. In the **Powburn exchange** we have 418 customers, as I have already voted I only need another 312 of you to vote – might be rather an uphill task but it will only take you a few minutes (depending on how slow your broadband is today).

Go to <http://www.racetoinfinity.bt.com> and vote, very simple.

It might be worth it!

Helen Osmond

This also applies to the **Charlton Mires Exchange** (579 numbers), with only 208 connections to this exchange, (sometimes I can’t believe we actually get broadband!) we have a good chance of getting up to the 75% mark providing everyone knows about this.

Its a slim chance to get fibre optics, but as we all know rural areas are discriminated against by the bodies in charge of infrastructure purely on cost basis. In this connected world, why should our businesses be made to operate on an uneven playing field?!! (Ed.)

Council launches iPhone App

The county council has launched the Northumberland iPhone Application as a new way for residents of the county and visitors to the area to find out about information and services available from Northumberland County Council.

The app, which is free, contains a whole range of information including up to the minute news and events, details on how to find key services, and help in contacting the authority.

Some key features on the application include:

- Current job vacancies at Northumberland County Council
- Vital alerts on things like school closures, extreme weather and flood warnings
- Advance notice of road closures and road works
- A large selection of local events to attend
- The opportunity to have your say about issues that affect you

You will need to have an iPhone or iPad to access the app. For more information visit the council's website at www.northumberland.gov.uk



‘Hear Abouts’ on the iPhone!

OK so maybe it doesn't have its own app (yet) but with a little ingenuity you can have the digital copy of 'Hear Abouts' in your pocket.

For those with an iPhone, get the iBooks app installed and then use the browser to navigate to our website www.eglington.info and click on the latest magazine to open it. Your iPhone should then ask if you wish to view in iBooks, reply with Yes and Hey Presto! With the wonders of modern technology you now have a copy of Hear Abouts in your iPhone.

I'm sure this also works with the iPad, but as the committee were not willing to buy your poor editor one to play with, we'll just have to guess that it works there too.

Not sure about other mobile devices, but if it can display PDFs, then it should work!

Though now firmly entrenched living and working in Dublin as an Economic and Business analyst, Peter Stafford is a born and bred South Charlton-ite having grown up on the family farm, Brockley Hall.

Here he laments one of the little pleasures we had prior to the internet boom of the mid-90's.

The Death of Paper

Last month, I went back to what I should call my parents' house for a few days and finally threw out all of my school and university notes. I am naturally a hoarder, but when my mum made the reasonable point that my old room would be more use to them as a guest bedroom than a repository for old copies of Viz, I began the bitter-sweet process of looking through files of things I'd hoarded. I liked to think of them as "my papers" or "my estate" but my parents, who have been tripping over them for the last fifteen years called "that junk in your room."

The oldest thing I found was an undated exercise book from when I was five or six years old, in which the important events of my life are carefully noted, and accompanied by a picture, executed in crayon. The best story involved me being stung by a wasp. The accompanying picture shows a five year old being attacked by something approximately the size of a golden eagle. Other stories, often merely fragments of tales, reveal a contented life centring on Christmas shopping, some cousins visiting and a walk in the woods (an owl is seen, like something escaped from Jurassic Park. I've never seen an owl in the wild before, so I was probably exaggerating to try to impress Mrs. Spratt at that point). I couldn't face burning that book, so it remains, a fragment of a life, seen through a glass, darkly.

Moving through the years and through schools, my handwriting deteriorates and my imagination improves but my artistic skills remain at the stage where an owl and a wasp are rendered identical. My head ruled my heart in most cases, and drafts of essays, went into the flames, finally cancelling out the stresses and heartaches of Sunday nights battling with long-division and the pluperfect tense.

I had no such qualms throwing my A Level French notes into the fire. Indeed, only at Nazi rallies were books burned with greater enthusiasm. French and I did not get on at all. I was always a middling student – at school and a total of nine years at university, I was a solid C+ / B- student. If I tried, or if a topic interested me, I could engage my brain and get an A, but generally, I rested mid-table. Except for French. Even the memories of it makes me feel unwell, so it was with undiluted happiness that I watched the flames engulf my essays on Marcel Pagnol's family holidays.

One of the most interesting sets of papers I discovered were letters written by school friends during our first year at university. I'd kept scores of letters, crammed into a shoebox, complete with their envelopes. The letters were heartbreakingly enthusiastic. They contained long descriptions of university life from all over Britain in the mid-1990s. There were tales of formal dinners, three-legged pub-crawls and all the other usual Fresher activities, written in pens of various qualities in immediately familiar handwriting.

I sat and read them all, enjoying stories of awful housemates, cheap cider ("It's only £2 for an enormous plastic bottle. I think it's making my teeth itch...") and long con-

volved plans for Christmas get together. This was 1995. Pre-mobile phones. The last letter in the box was from an Oxford-based friend and finished with a PS enquiring if I had an email address. He gave his email address and suggested I try it out. That was the last letter.

From then on, all of my correspondence with my friends from school has been done by email, text or phone calls. There are no more long, multi-page letters, with scribbled out sentences and strange spellings.

It's a shame, not only because the death of paper writing means there aren't Freshers going to university this year storing letters in shoeboxes, but also because I no longer have the opportunity to accompany my letters with crayon drawings.

More of Peter's writing can be found on his website www.peterstafford.ie, admittedly a lot of it is heavy on the Economics of Ireland - but look at what an entertaining subject that is at the moment!

Lorna Turner

Intro:

Lorna is Northumbrian bred, growing up at Fenham Farm opposite Holy Island. She now lives on Ditchburn Road in South Charlton with Husband Gavin, and looks after her Mother Jean who lives with them. They bought the building plot to build on "one day", but started it much sooner than expected and have now been living in the village for almost 8 years.

Born: Newcastle, 1957

Education:

Belford Primary

Berwick Grammar School ('68-'73)

Newcastle College (2001-2003)

What was your 1st job?

Bank of Scotland in Berwick

Current Position:

Home caring/Housewife & voluntary community work.

What do you most like about your current job/position?

Living in the country, family time and benefiting to the wider community.

What's the most influential piece of advice given to you?

"Act fairly, speak kindly & walk humbly with your God" Micah 6

..and what advice would you pass on?

Be true to yourself ...and in the words of Nike "Just Do It!"

PARISH PORTRAIT



Dream Job:

To be an Astronaut or to manage a water aid project in Africa or somewhere needy.

Favourites:

Films: Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves & The Sting.

Book: Too wide ranged to specify but including - Dickens, Shakespeare and modern author Lee Child.

Music: Abba, Chopin and The Beatles.

What is your favourite or most interesting experience?

Flying in an open top Glider.

Climbing Helvellyn (in the Lakes) by Striding Edge, and a Skiing holiday in 2009.

If you could invite four famous people (alive or dead) to your next dinner party, who would you invite?

Cliff Richard, Steven Hawking, Charles Darwin and Desmond Tutu.

If you could improve one thing in the Parish, what would it be?

A Pub and Post Office/Shop in South Charlton.

How do you spend your downtime?

Keep Fit classes, Yoga & Cycling (None too seriously), Reading, Prayer & Meditation.

...I must have too much spare time!!

City Life to Rural Life - Part 4, by Andy Grant

The biggest problem with my hometown was down to football and what team you supported i.e. Rangers or Celtic and that was to do with religion. It is a sad state of affairs but that was what it was like. Catholic and its Celtic you support, Protestant and it had to be Rangers. You will always find, even to this date that most towns are pretty much divided between the two teams. I followed Rangers but not religion as I learnt the real lesson behind sectarianism. At my youthful age of 17 came a night I shall never forget and all for the wrong reasons. My family were a well-known clan in Barrhead, everybody knew us and we knew everybody. One family in particular called the Peacocks had a bad reputation and were often seen beating up innocent people going about their own business. They were a nasty lot and best avoided if you could but I got a bit close to them one night on my way home from the Chinese take away and paid the price for doing this. Streets were badly lit and it was very dark, coming in my direction I could see 14 lads walking on the same footpath now, do I continue walking, take a turn or run like hell. I continued to walk towards them and as I got close I was stopped by them and pinned to a fence. If there was a time to beg this was it, I knew what was coming whether I begged or not. "You're a Gers fan" one said and the next I knew I got the beaten of my life. All 14 had a go at me as 2 pinned me down and then was left bloodied as they all walked away. A taxi driver stopped and took me to the hospital where I spent the night and you may well be wondering if I got the police involved, no I didn't as this would have made things a lot worse. But the sad

part of all this, I was neither Catholic nor Protestant but in fact I was taken in by the Salvation Army as was the rest of my family.

My girlfriend at the time was a nasty one but I didn't know it then, I was simply enjoying throwing my legs over, yes, I didn't wait to get married I couldn't help it my bird took her chance and violated me and from then on over the next year or so music came second. I used to walk about like a frog with a limp and I am not one for blowing my own trumpet you must understand, I repeat, I was violated and if you were to draw a picture in your mind of what my bird looked like you would run out of mind! 17 stone of her usually crumpled me but I swear 10 stone was from the tattoos. She had a tattoo behind her ear saying "pull here" for goodness sake. She even had tattoos under her armpits with the right one saying "eat" and the left one said "this" and I reminder tattoo on her lower back, this was the best one I had ever seen, it said "you're not in yet". Now I don't want to upset anybody nor do I want you to feel a bit sick but she had a skinhead. She use to breathe on me like Darth Vader and always had a bottle of Irn Bru next to her. She was that bad you couldn't see anything from the mist that came from her sweat and when she finished with me, I use to end up curled up on my side sucking my thumb praying for the ice cream van to stop so she would go out and get a dozen 99rs for herself. Once when this happened I took the opportunity to run out the back door, through some gardens and out at an alley way only to find the Peacocks were sitting at the alley then I would have to run through the gardens back into the house for round 2 from Darth. This was safer because I could hide inside her from the Peacocks, she probably wouldn't have noticed me being there anyway. The worst was still to happen and was I in for a rude awakening of my early adulthood and to discover the real life of Barrhead...

To be continued...

Church Business

As we are now "Vicarless", if you need to speak to someone about Church matters, please contact to one of the churchwardens, namely:

Eglingham:	Ruth Hunter, (01665) 578944
Old Bewick:	Patricia Fleming, (01668) 217009
South Charlton:	June Lawson, (01665) 579207 Eddie Stafford, (01665) 579262

If you need the services of a priest, please contact, in the first instance,

the Team Rector: The Revd Bob Burston, (01668) 281551.

Otherwise contact: The Revd Jeffry Smith, (01668) 281468.

Upcoming Services

Eglingham & Old Bewick:

Our services will continue as before and be taken by other members of the Glendale team or visiting clergy.

(That is 10am every Sunday at Eglingham and 9am on the 2nd and 4th Sundays in the month at Old Bewick)

South Charlton:

Sun 7th Nov - Eucharist 11:00am

Tue 9th Nov - Holy Communion 3:00pm
@ Grovewood House

Sun 14th Nov - Remembrance Sunday

Meet at War Memorial 10:50am

Sun 21st Nov - Holy Communion 11:00am

(Cont. Over)

Sun 28th Nov - Advent Sunday , Child friendly service (see below)

Sun 5th Dec - Holy Communion 11:00am

You are warmly invited to attend our **Christingle service** at **St. James' Church, South Charlton.**

This year, the service will take place at **6:00pm** on the **28th of November**, the first Sunday of Advent, instead of on Christmas Eve.

If anyone would like to help make the Christingles, you would be welcome to join us at Sue Courty's house (Ditchburn Road, South Charlton) on Saturday 27th of November at 10:00am.

...and finally a few (more) jokes!

I asked my wife to pick me up an "adult magazine" when she went shopping earlier. She came back with a copy of The Financial Times.

When I was younger I never saw my dad, he was always in the pub. Now I'm married, I can bloody understand why!!

I told a long, distasteful joke whilst in a lift. It was wrong on so many levels.

Maths problems, the only place where someone can buy 60 watermelons and no one wonders why.

The wife told me the other day that I can't multi-task. Then how come I can listen to her moaning and not give a toss at the same time?

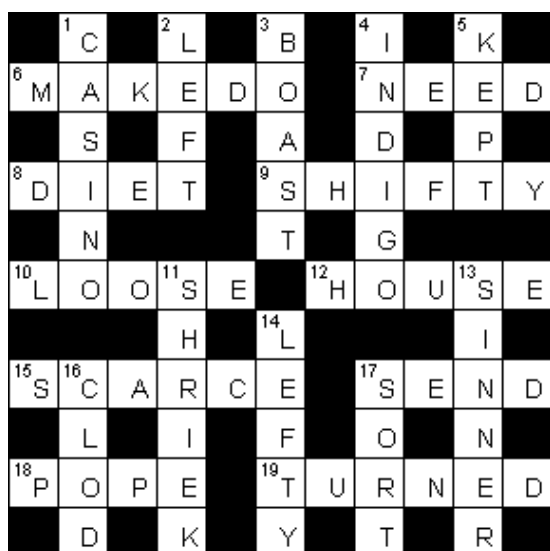
I have a very serious alcohol problem. I've finished the bottle and don't have any money!

Meaning of Potent: A shelter for the smallest teletubby.

Roses are blue, Violets are red... Bigger! My 3-D glasses are on the wrong way round.

Adult Supervision - The ability to see through a girl's clothes.

Science News : U.S. firm announces human ashes can be turned to carbon gifts. I have the wife lined up to be turned into a golf club, at least one day she may be a good driver.



Solution to September's Crossword

Why did my wife cross the road? To get back to the first shoe shop we went in 3 bloody hours ago!

Ferguson says: "Rooney intimated to me, in his own way, he wanted to leave." I reckon he pointed at himself, then the door, then grunted.

Possible bomb shipped by UPS? You'd think the preferred courier would have been TNT.

Liverpool finally win a match and Paul the Octopus has a heart attack!

Useful Numbers

Village Hall contacts:

South Charlton

Alan Hodgson 01665 579494

Eglingham

Penny Blackmore 01665 578327

Local Councillor

John Taylor 01665 603825

NHS Direct: 08 45 46 47
www.nhsdirect.nhs.uk

Consulting Rooms 01665 602388

Bondgate Surgery 01665 510888

Parish Council Chair

Bill Purvis 01665 579255

Clerk to the Parish Council

Alan Hodgson 01665 579494

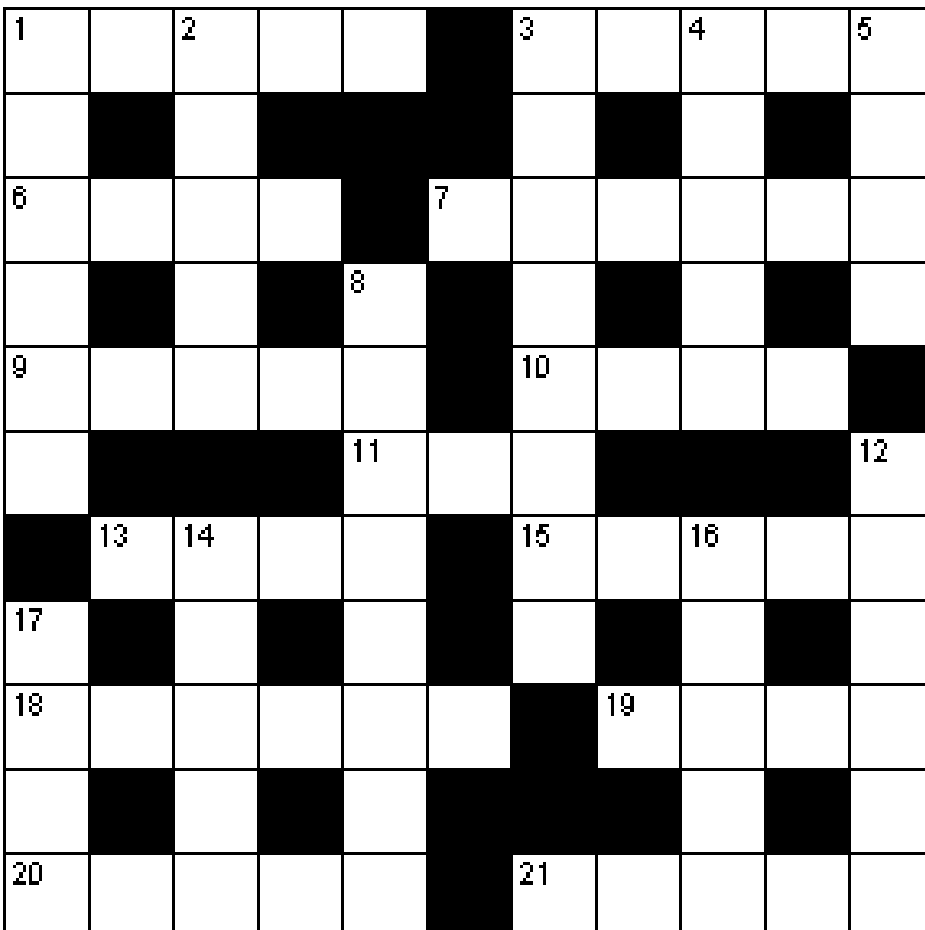
Advertise In Here

'1/4' page advert (60mm x 70mm)
£25 (business in parish) or
£30 (business outside parish)

A5 leaflet or flyer
Commercial: £15 to deliver 200
copies (1/4 page ad also to be
taken)

'Hear Abouts' design & print:
£38.00 produce & deliver 200
copies (no ad required)

'not for profit' organisation in
the parish ; no charge for
delivering your leaflets
ring 01665 579479



Across

1. Fish covering (5)
3. Graceful birds (5)
6. Midday (4)
7. Capital of the Philippines (6)
9. Bird of prey (5)
10. Silence (4)
11. Sound of a cow (3)
13. Continuous dull pain (4)
15. Cuban dance (5)
18. Where rabbits breed (6)
19. Japanese rice beer (4)
20. Saline (5)
21. Burning of another's property (5)

Down

1. Vocalist (6)
2. Surrounded by (5)
3. Land along the sea (8)
4. Assumed name (5)
5. Mark left by a healed wound (4)
8. Burial ground (8)
12. Inn (6)
14. Marine growth (5)
16. Castle water pits (5)
17. Is indebted (4)