

SCAN



THE SPONDON COMMUNITY ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY EDITION

**20TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE OPENING
OF
SPONDON VILLAGE HALL
1981 TO 2001**



Whilst my family have been members of the SCA since its inception, apart from a brief involvement in the initial fund-raising activities we had little to do with the Association until 1996. My wife volunteered to become Treasurer, and shortly after I was asked if I would be prepared to become chairman. "It will only involve chairing a few meetings each year" I was told, but the reality was somewhat different! What happened is history and I do not want to dwell on the past, important though it is, but to look forward.

The association is on a sound financial footing, with a number of keen committee members to keep things on the straight and narrow. We could simply carry on managing the village hall for the benefit of the regular and occasional users. We are, however, a Community Association, and whilst the provision of the hall is serving the community, perhaps there is more.

The Spondon 2000 Millennium Committee has demonstrated during 2000 that there is still a residue of community spirit in Spondon, something that the SCA has tried to foster over the years.



Some events organised have been successful, others a dismal failure. Competing against modern entertainment such as computer games, videos, the Internet, various sporting facilities, restaurants and pubs has proved rather difficult. Nevertheless the community spirit is in there somewhere. Spondon churches sponsored the Millennium activities and it is from their members, plus the Women's Institutes and other local organisations, many of whom use the village hall that the core of support has come.

It is my dream to develop this spirit and extend it to the wider community of Spondon, in an attempt to ensure that we do not all become mindless isolated creatures, glued to the TV or computer screen. Modern technology has its place, and we would find it difficult to live without it, but it has to be kept in context. Life is about people and we must still work and enjoy our leisure time together. The SCA will continue to further community life wherever it can, with the support of the City Council, who are very keen to develop initiatives for community and leisure.

I would ask anyone who has enjoyed participating in the activities of the Spondon 2000 celebrations to join us, simply as a member, or on the Council or Executive Committee, we cannot do it without you. All work is voluntary, and we each have only so many hours to spare, so any contribution, however small will help us. Everyone who takes part seems to find the experience rewarding. You will find details of our activities and meetings in the regular issue of SCAN, on the SCA website and on posters around the village. We also publicise activities in the local newspapers and on local radio wherever possible.

Let us continue to live and work together in our lovely village, I guarantee you will enjoy it.

Reg Pugh

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OPENING CEREMONY 28TH FEBRUARY 1981
Douglas Edgar, John Hough, and Geoff Summers

The first Spondon Community Association

The original Community Association came into being in the late 1960s and with it the assignment of the lease of the then Spondon Village Hall, outbuildings and grounds. The Hall, built as a private dwelling, was essentially a two-storey structure with two main rooms, a chamber for the Parish Council, kitchen, service rooms and several outbuildings.

Its condition was poor, but extremely well-used by Spondon organisations. Prior to the transfer to the SCA the immediate years had seen the Parish Council moving ahead with plans for a new hall for Spondon. The Borough take-over in 1968, brought with it no favours for Spondon when it came to replacing the Hall. They had no money nor was it seen by them as a priority.

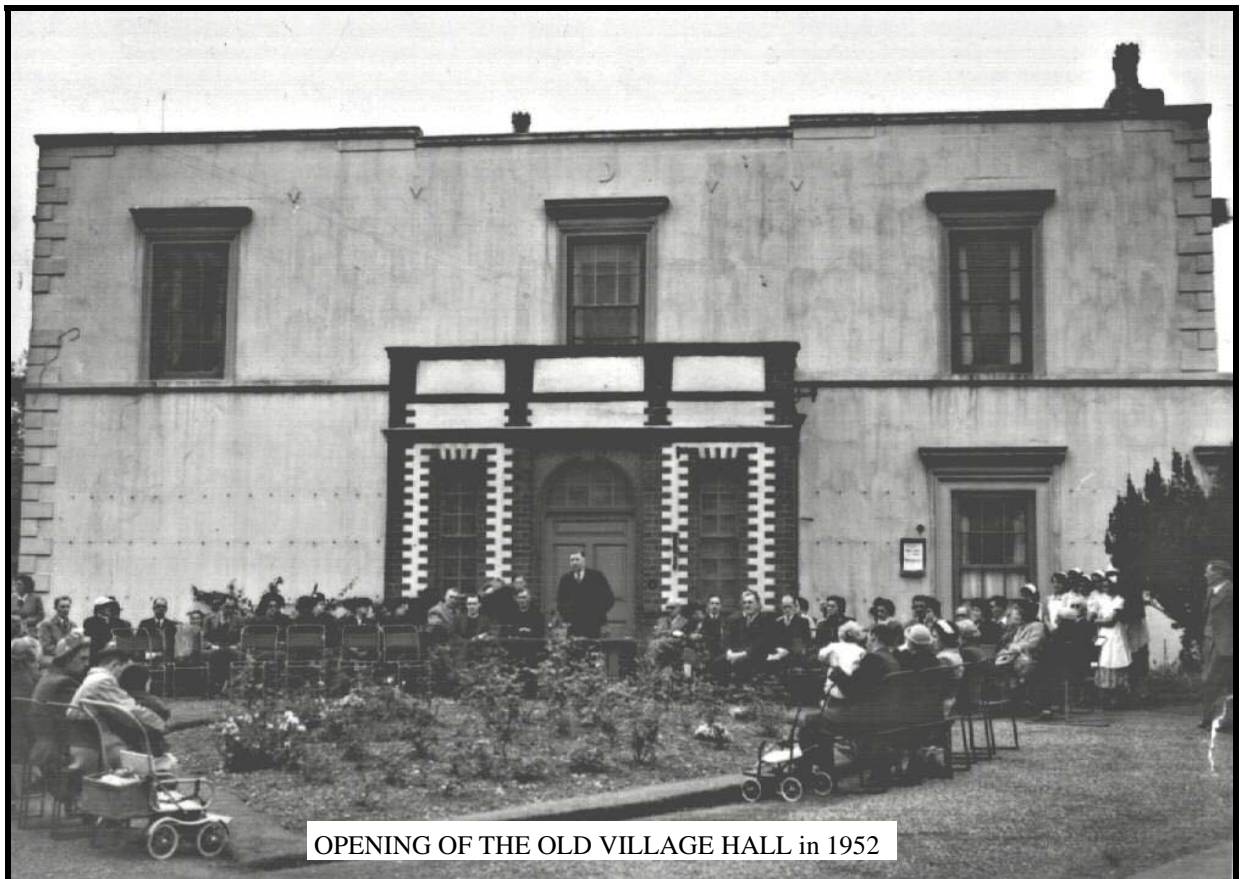
During the early months of Spondon's last Parish Council, prior to its absorption into the County Borough of Derby, the Council played an active role in setting-up a Community Association in the Parish. The main aim being to ensure that the Village Hall continued to function for the benefit of Spondonians and their organisations.

An ad hoc grouping came together to work with (among others) Mrs E. Armett (Clerk to the Parish Council). Gwen Swainson took on the role of Secretary and Dave Dickinson that of Treasurer. The first formal step to setting up the SCA was a letter to the Parish Council in November 1967 advising that an Inaugural Meeting was to be held, with the first Annual General Meeting to follow on 25th January 1968. By the end of January Officers in place were: Chairman - Len Riley; Secretary - Gwen Swainson, and holding Trustees - Alan Stevens, Philip Walsh, Stan Wilson and E. Ashley. Captain Patrick Drury-Lowe was to be the President.

Following later numerous structural investigations by Borough engineers, the Hall was deemed to be in a serious condition. Until a solution could be found (provision of a new hall) the engineers instructed that some rooms be closed and the ceilings of others be shored up. The building had a short life thereafter and ultimate closure and demolition took place in 1977.

David Dickinson

Dave also took part in the formation of our present Community Association and worked on the Building Committee with Derek Turton for the first couple of years. After this he became a City Councillor and for many years he and his wife Fay have contributed much time and effort to village activities, particularly in organising and running the football teams for Spondon Dynamos.



The Building Committee



Soon after arriving in Derby from Bradford to take up duties as Building Inspector at the City Council, one of my first duties was to inspect a large old house in Spondon as it was reported to be in a dangerous condition. Over the next few years this situation deteriorated further to the stage where demolition was inevitable. By this time I was resident in Spondon with daughters who had attended dancing lessons in the Village Hall that was now no more.

I attended a public meeting in St Werburgh's school and met for the first time people like Councillor Dave Dickinson and Jeff Hanson. From that meeting I agreed to be part of a working group investigating the design and possible purchase of a new village hall.

The task was not that unpleasant. Most of our meetings were held in the Conservative Club and were helped along by the odd glass of 'Yacht Varnish' from the bar, but not all of the work was sedentary. We spent several cold and wet

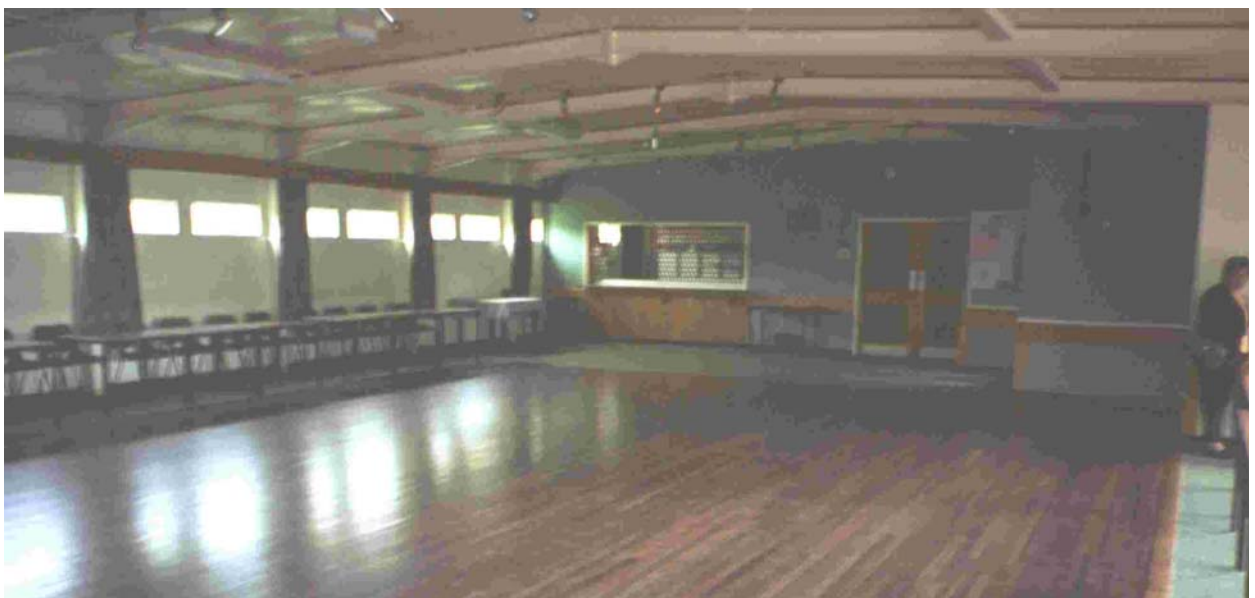
weekends clearing the demolition site of timber, metal and other rubbish, using Jeff's trailer and my car. It was never the same after that (the car, that is).

The site clearance progressed to an illuminated Christmas Tree, with gift-wrapped parcels which disappeared overnight. A large sign appeared which said "Site of the new proposed Spondon Village Hall" with a painted picture of the 'proposed hall'.

We had outings to investigate possible options for the design of the Hall. One occasion that comes to mind was a trip to a school on the outskirts of Sheffield where systems of temporary classrooms were going for a song. The transport and re-erection costs were similar to that of the London Dome. I suppose the fondest memory of that time was working with Doug Edgar who really kept the whole thing going.

And finally, guess who inspected the new Village Hall on behalf of the Council when it was built?

Derek Turton



A Treasurer remembers....

It is said that as one gets older short-term memory fades and long-term memory sharpens. Clearly, the late 70s in Spondon is not long-term enough - but I'll do my best.

Once upon a time there was an old house in Spondon, next to the library, which served as a village hall and community centre. It had an air of shabby gentility, which it carried well and, despite the poor state of repair, was much in demand for children's parties, parish meetings and an assortment of other community activities. The state of the old house concerned the people who used it but not, it appeared, the people who were responsible for its upkeep. However, it was still a profound shock when one day the house was suddenly replaced with a pile of rubble with the wall-paper still attached.

The explanation offered for this act of civic vandalism was the unaffordable costs of maintenance. No justification was offered for the timing of the demolition and more significantly there was absolutely no plan for its replacement.

The formation of a group to fight for Spondon's right to have a Village Hall took place almost immediately. Spondon saw itself as a village and a community held together by the need to defend itself against the jibes of outsiders. (Something to do with a 'smell' - but I forget the details!). The rest, as we say, is history!

Following a few meetings to rally support, the first moves involved trudging the streets to find out how strong local feeling was for a campaign. Not surprisingly, most people were very vocal in support of action, particularly if it involved marching on the Council House and burning it to the ground. Fewer were happy with the inevitable prospect of prolonged local fund-raising and the lobbying our democratically elected representatives.

However, help was promised and it arrived in many ways. Some people contributed to the 200 (Tote) Club, which never had more than 70-80 members. It raised less per hour of effort than almost any other activity one could imagine. It is a fundamental truth, on which all charities depend, that fund-raisers put almost zero value on their personal time.

The day of the annual street collection was another highlight which seemed to involve a great many people - donating as well as collecting - but my abiding memory is sitting in a (loaned) caravan on the site of the demolished hall counting and

bagging hundred's of pounds worth of grubby coins in the certain knowledge that the bank would insist on emptying the packets and re-counting the contents.

The organising of the Prize Draw was also partly my responsibility. It needed to be run by someone of impeccable character who could be trusted not to abscond with the funds. It was in this regard that, late on a dark and stormy night, I heard a scuffle outside my kitchen door followed by a loud imperious knocking. I opened the door to discover a large policeman on the step with an otherwise docile Labrador attached to his trousers. Having confirmed that I was indeed the owner of Suki and that never in her life had she ever attacked anyone else (except the occasional refuse collector) I was duly registered to run the draw and, I presume, as unfit to own a dog.

It was always intended that the new hall, whenever it was built, would occupy the original site. This was more than a symbolic gesture; the centre of the village was an obvious place to locate a major community facility. However, other people had different views about what should occupy this site. I well remember a meeting in which an entrepreneur from the council tried to persuade us to give up the location and move to somewhere else. I explained that he had misunderstood our commitment to the village in the most courteous terms. Unfortunately he

*A large policeman on the step
with an otherwise docile
Labrador attached to his trousers*

listened more to my body language, which appeared to suggest that he was greedy, self-serving and possibly corrupt. The meeting dissolved amid threats of litigation and maybe physical violence.

As we began to make progress with the fund-raising and the prospect of a new hall during the millennium looked a possibility, we were approached by a number of breweries who made extremely generous financial offers. The only thing that they wanted in return for their investment was our agreement to sell a minimum quantity of their beer at our events. This sounded fine until we did the arithmetic, when it became clear that everyone visiting the hall - from the Mother and Baby Club to the Women's Institute - would each have to consume several pints of beer for us to meet our quota. We seriously discussed the implications and decided that Spondon had enough pubs - what it lacked was a community centre.

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In the end, the building of the hall came almost as an anti-climax. We received an offer from a West Midlands company to provide a hall at a price that we could afford and the council agreed to make more funding available. It was as if a door upon which we had been pushing for several years had suddenly sprung open. The fund-raising continued to support the running costs but the

objective of providing a village hall for the residents of Spondon had been met. It may not have won awards from the Civic Society for its architectural merit and it may not have the sense of history that the old hall had - together with the damp and the decay - but it has served the purpose for which it was conceived and long may it continue to do so.

The Tote actually raised £1500, street collections about £300 a time and prize draws about the same.

John Hough
Treasurer (1977—1981)

Newspaper collection at Prospect House

I had to go back to my old diaries to find out when we first started to collect wastepaper to raise funds for Spondon Preschool Playgroup. On Wednesday July 12th 1972 I had written 'collect newspaper' and it appeared fortnightly after that for the rest of the year. I was on the Playgroup committee at the time and as we had a large cellar my husband, Clive, agreed to my proposal that we use it to store the wastepaper.

Collectors regularly dumped piles of paper at our back door or called with a car load just as I was about to put the children to bed or sink into an armchair by the fire. I collected from the flats in Church Street where the senior citizens who remembered to "Waste Not Want Not" slogans of the 1940s and were happy to leave the bundles of paper on the doorstep for me to collect. I trundled up and down paths filling up my new baby's pram. Sometimes I could hardly see Gemma for the piles of papers. Together with the other collectors, after a few months we had about 5/6 tonnes - enough to call for a collection lorry. Often I only had an hour or so notice of the lorry arriving, but after a few frantic phone calls we were able to form a good-humoured chain from cellar to lorry.



In 1978 we decided to help the SCA raise money for a new Village Hall. Lots of help was forthcoming, particularly from a gang of pensioners organised by George and Elsie Hill. Phil Redfern devised an excellent conveyor belt which took the papers up the chute onto the pavement, thereby saving many an aching muscle the next day. People will remember spending many 'happy' hours tying up newspapers and magazines down in the cellar. Huge black bags of jumbled-up nylon string were given to us by British Celanese (now Accordis). This had to be wound into balls before it could be used. Much gossiping was done and stories told of the past, such as Elsie remembering how when she was a girl she was expected to curtsy to Mrs Drury-Lowe of Locko Park whenever she drove through the village.

The paper continued to be stored in our cellar until 1983 when the price went down (at one time it raised £30 a tonne). It was not worth the effort involved to collect it any more. Also our cellar developed dry-rot and became very unpleasant indeed. After spending several hundred pounds* to eradicate the musty-smelling white fingers, on August 26th 1983, we called it a day.

Joy Thrower

**In recognition of the fact that Joy and Clive had raised thousands of pounds for two good local causes, at considerable personal cost, the SCA voted that the money from the last collection should be given to them towards eradicating the dry-rot.*

Reflections on the early days of fund-raising for the Village Hall

Shirley Harding

What a community spirit there was - jumble sales by the dozen, Spring and Christmas fayres. Many of the village's W.I.s, schools and the British Legion all had stalls. Our home-made cakes sold out in the first hour. School children gave dancing and aerobics displays, who in their turn brought along proud parents to spend their money. Head masters and the vicar took turns in the stocks and the children really enjoyed throwing the wet sponges at them.

At the Christmas fayres Santa was always the main attraction for the children, their faces were a picture and made all the effort worthwhile. I remember making decorations out of Westmorland slate with berries and cones which sold really well.

One of my strongest memories is of when we lost George Hill, who I always think of as the cornerstone of our Village Hall. We decided to raise funds for the Derby Hospital Scanner Appeal in his name.* This was suggested by his wife, Elsie, who is, happily, still with us. A mammoth jumble sale was held, the response to which was beyond belief - washers, fridges, furniture etc. I know my husband Don and Dave Kellogg delivered and connected many items.

I trust that the interest and support for 'Our Village Hall' will continue, as it can only be as good as efforts put into it. Good luck for the future.

*The amount raised at this sale was a staggering £787.83. Other similar events brought the total to £1,332.55. That year the SCA Street Collection also raised another £300 for the Scanner Appeal.

George and Elsie Hill

The Hill's raised many hundreds of pounds in the first few years of fund-raising by turning their house into a permanent White Elephant stall, so a mammoth jumble sale was probably a fitting tribute. When they left Spondon in 1982 John MacLaine wrote an article in SCAN from which we have selected a couple of paragraphs:

"Their wisdom and experience, together with an enthusiasm and vitality that belied their age, put many of us younger ones to shame. To quote a random example: anybody who has "done time" in a newspaper loading chain with George will have a fair idea what it must have been like an oarsman in a Viking longship with a particularly vindictive

and metronomic drummer.

The newspaper collection activities (all aspects - collecting, sorting, tying and loading) was only one of their methods of swelling the SCA's coffers. They also pioneered the collection of old car batteries, and introduced the concept of a continuous white elephant stall. They had a

Like an oarsman in a Viking longship with a particularly vindictive metronomic drummer

wonderful knack of converting one person's discarded item into another person's prized possession. Wider

recognition for their efforts on behalf of many voluntary organisations came when they were invited to a Royal garden party at Buckingham Palace."

Dorothy Tunnickliff

I remember the feeling of enthusiasm when we started to raise money for the building fund...

After the old hall had been demolished there were very few places to hold events. Fairs were held on the site, dances and folk evenings at the Vernon Arms and Spondon school and prize draw tickets sold door to door. We used the new Scout headquarters when it was built for jumble sales, and for looking after children, for a small donation, while their parents went Christmas shopping. At one jumble sale, I was handed an attaché case holding all sorts of expensive-looking jewellery and silver photograph frames. Luckily Anita and I took a closer look and decided that they were possibly valuable antiques. My husband took me to the antique shops in Nottingham, and after I had managed to convince the owner that I hadn't stolen them, he gave me a considerable amount of money (£200 springs to mind), plus a lecture on what to look for in future.

Following that advice, once the new Hall was built, we became very selective about items donated to the White Elephant stalls. We put the more desirable items on one side and ran a stall at an Antique and Collectors Fair held in the hall, which I think made a about £300.

Nothing was ever wasted. Buttons were cut off clothes at the end of jumble sales. At the end of one, the inevitable happened. One of the children couldn't find her coat, and lo and behold, Delia, the demon button-cutter, was found busy with her scissors and the coat was rescued, relatively unharmed. We were all much more careful of our possessions after that.

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Sue Preedy

I remember organising a Spring Fair in April one year. I got up early and drew back the curtains, then quickly closed them again. I couldn't believe my eyes, there must have been two or three inches of snow. Panic set in. What was I going to do with the children? Borrow Wood juniors were bringing their Country Dance team and Asterdale were bringing their Maypole. All turned out well - Borrow Wood dancers used the Village Hall and the ladies from the Welcome hall allowed us to put up the maypole in there.

We also took part in Spondon Carnival one year and built a float. I spent weeks helping to make flowers to cover it, then my daughter Jennie was asked to represent the Flower Club on the float, and guess who had to make the flowers! But it was a great day and we won Second prize.



THE MORAL OF THIS STORY : KEEP YOUR GOOD IDEAS TO YOURSELF

My tale starts about two decades ago, when along with many residents on the then popularly called Spondon Hall Estate, my wife Chris and I were newly naturalised Spondonians. Since our move to Derby from Swindon in 1972 we quickly became very conscious of the village identity and were very appreciative of the warmth and welcoming attitude of the villagers from the day we arrived.

When the old Village Hall was declared due for demolition we shared most people's concern that although the building had its limitations it was nevertheless an intrinsic part of village life. When popular opinion dictated that a new Village Hall was a necessity, the S.C.A. was formed and we immediately joined and soon became committee members.



Now to cut to the chase. Money raised, hall built, grand opening, followed by several events at which fairly large quantities of alcoholic beverages were consumed. The liquid refreshment at those early events was provided by the Cross Keys, Ockbrook who brought in their temporary bar as required. Then came my fatal mistake when I suggested that we apply to the courts for our own licence and that any profits we made could be used for the upkeep of the Hall. The courts duly agreed with our request but stipulated that there should be a single licensee rather than a committee. At the next committee meeting the

motion "You thought of it, you do it" was passed unanimously and I found myself the inaugural 'Landlord'. Marstons brewery was approached and immediately agreed to supply all the beer dispensing equipment and optics free, so we were quickly under way. As a matter of necessity the Hall and Bar Bookings had to be integrated so Chris took up the position of Bookings Secretary. A trawl through friends and workmates came up with the nucleus of a bar staff and although faces changed over the years, without exception they were a pleasure to work with. Although not completely naïve about the amount of work involved I was nonetheless surprised by the amount of time taken by the background duties involved. Cleaning the beer dispensing equipment and optics, stocktaking, ordering, stowing away deliveries, banking, applying to and attending court for extensions to licencing hours.

The most important thing was that I thoroughly enjoyed mixing with the clientele who for the most part were local people. Chris and I struck up friendships with many of them, which last to this day. The fact that all the functions with bars were of a private nature meant that invariably everyone knew one another and laughter and conviviality were the order of the day with the result that I often went home at the end of the evening with my laughter muscles aching.

The only drawback was the fact that every weekend was dominated by the bar bookings and after 10 years or so both Chris and I decided to call it a day purely so that we could have some weekends to ourselves. I hasten to add that I found it quite a wrench to give up the banter and humour that I had so much enjoyed over the years.

Win Menham

The Village Quiz

This actually pre-dates the Village Hall, with the first contests being held at venues such as the Vernon Arms and Bartlewood Lodge. It started in 1979, with 8 teams competing for a rather fine wooden shield (constructed by Mel Austin's father, Frank). The first victors were the Baby-sitting Circle, who are the only team (so far) to have won 3 times.

We clearly didn't expect the contest to survive long as the first shield only allowed for 7 years, and we had to get Frank to construct an "extension" which lasted the millennium! We have now had to acquire a new trophy as a further extension was deemed impractical.

For the first 5 years, the quiz was organised by Derek Hathaway, but in 1984 Pete Wright took over, soon to be joined by Dave Wharton with his infamous music rounds. (I still can't hear Bert Kampfaert without a grimace!). In 1998, in the face of dwindling numbers of entrants we changed the format to a "table-top" quiz, run by Reg Pugh.

Alongside the Village Quiz, we started to enter the County Quiz, initially organised and broadcast by Radio Derby. In order to practice against external opposition, we had a couple of events against Church Broughton (past



County champions) although to describe these as "friendly" is similar to calling the Second World War a "small local conflict". Indeed, in our first attempt at the County Quiz proper we crashed out in the first round.

However, each year we progressed one further round, only bucking the trend by finally winning the championship in 1983 – a year "early". The picture shows the winning team (Pete and Lin Wright, Dave Wharton and Paul Hendy). Then, to prove it was no fluke, we won again in 1984! There was actually a financial prize in that year and this partially funded the PA system that is still in use in the Village Hall today.

PYUS

At our AGM in 1981 a proposal was put forward by Joy Thrower and Mel Austin that local community involvement in helping the young unemployed was something in which the SCA should become involved. School leavers at that time had a 1 in 3 chance of finding a job. It was agreed at our AGM that setting-up such a committee, which became known as PYUS (Provision for the Young Unemployed in Spondon) would be very much in keeping with our aims and objectives. Under the capable, and caring, hand of the then-curate, Reverend Brian Matthews and his wife Joan, it ran for the next six years.

We recently received a letter from Brian who now lives in Southend-on-Sea. He has jotted down a few memories of

his association with us, particularly regarding the setting-up and running of PYUS.

"I arrived in Spondon to help at St Werburgh's church in May 1981, soon after the hall was built and was made very welcome at the Hall the Chairman, Douglas Edgar and other people involved with the SCA. I was very pleased to be asked to serve on the Committee and later to be Secretary of the Council for a few years, ably assisted by my wife Joan.

The particular activity for which I was responsible was PYUS, which was given the name of the Communo by its first members. The club met on Monday afternoon each week from 2 - 5pm for snooker, table-tennis, darts and other games. Coffee was always available. We usually had fifteen to twenty boys; girls were made equally

welcome when they came along.

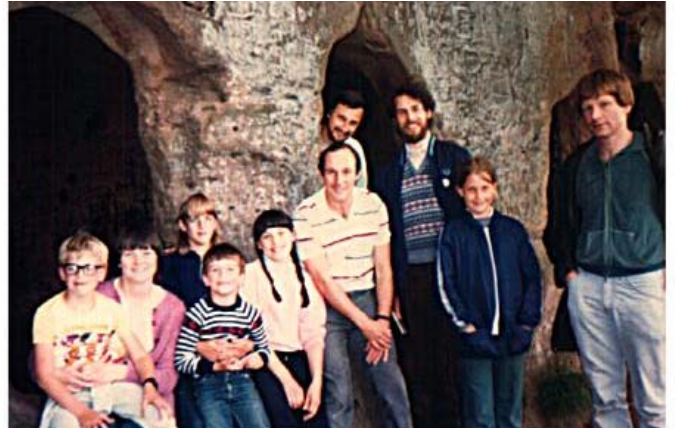
Some of the boys were able to do gardening and other jobs for the members of the Old People's Welfare club run by Mr and Mrs Towers. They also asked for help with education and came to me for English lessons. (Brian had success in getting some of them through their GCSE examinations.) The 'Communo' started in October 1981 and continued to meet until May 1987. We had several good helpers including Joy Thrower and Megan.

Another activity in which I took part was organising the Annual Primary School Quiz which took place for several years and was hotly contested." (This was very true, especially when confronted by an irate parent who was convinced that his child was right and the Question Master was wrong.)

The Great Midsummer Ramble

The Real Ale Ramble began in 1979 as a social event that might also help to make people aware of local footpaths and, by using them, ensure their preservation. In fact it was just a 5 mile pub crawl to places serving real ale. The ramble is always held on the evening of the Friday nearest to Midsummer's Day, to ensure the maximum daylight and has been repeated every year since, with the occasional postponement or cancellation owing to excessive rain.

The early rambles were very well supported and something like 50 people participated in the first expedition which made its way to Bartlewood Lodge (in the days when it was still a decent pub) and on to the Royal Oak (funny how we always finish up there). Within a few years the Carpenters Arms at Dale was added to the itinerary (hmm, Burton Ale). Over the years the numbers have fallen and for something like the last ten years it has basically been a walk for the friends of Pete Wright, although it has recently been augmented by a contingent from the Malt Shovel (i.e. the friends of Dave Hayes). The route has now become a fixture - meet at 7pm at the Vernon Arms for a quick half, walk to Dale Abbey, take refreshment, walk to Ockbrook and further refreshment and then, if you fancy it, a return to the Malt Shovel in time for last orders. For many years the walk ended up at the Dale Road chippie, but alas in the last few years it has ceased to sell battered fish and is now purely a chinese carry-out.



Pete Wright

As the following account of the 1982 excursion tells, thing didn't always go smoothly...

And lo! It came to pass that the band of eight departed the embrace of Trent Motor Traction plc at the place of refreshment known as "Bartlewood Lodge", and said unto Peter, their leader "oh, great navigator and spiritual leader, who hast delivered us out of Spondon into the wilds of Derbyshire, do we go right or left here, or shall we have a couple of pints of Pedigree while you decide?"

*And Peter said, "How the **!?* should I know, I've left the map on the bus". And great was the consternation, and the weeping and the wailing.*

And Peter said, "Is there one amongst you who has had the foresight to equip himself with an Ordnance Survey 1:50,000 sheet 129 (Nottingham and Loughborough), or even, wonder of wonders, 2½ sheet SK43?"

And the multitude did shuffle its feet and whistle tunelessly, and they said, on to another, "We thought it would show a trifling lack of confidence in the leadership, bringing our own map". And there were some who doubted the collective ability to organise an inebriation in a brewing establishment.

All hail to Peter, greatest of navigators, for we are returned to our homeland and families,

But Peter was made of sterner stuff, the like of which had built the British Empire, scattering pink bits across schoolboy atlases for generations. He addressed the assembly thus, "Our first stop is the

Carpenter's Arms at Dale Abbey; anybody can find that blindfold"; and they were inspired by his example and cried, "Lead us" and "Course we can, Pete" and "Where?"

And as the crowd advanced across the greensward, they were given a sign (which said "Footpath to Dale Abbey") and some said boldly "get me within 5000 paces and I can home into a pub better than an Exocet missile" and, much to everybody's surprise, they arrived at the Carpenter's.

And fortune smiled upon them and said, "You who have striven with little hope of reward, or at best a pint of Ansell's fizzy beer; ask and it shall be given unto you". And they asked for Burton Draught, and received it – but it was not given, they were charged thirty pieces of silver for it.

But still there were those amongst them that doubted the abilities of Peter and said, "Not bad so far, but how do we get to Ockbrook or, more importantly, the Royal Oak?" And he said unto them, "O ye of little faith, fear not, we shall look for a sign". And they looked diligently, and were rewarded, for the Parish Council had posted a 2½-inch map of the area. And Peter said, "Memorise that, after this we're on our own".

And so, naked and defenceless (you will recognise that we're stretching the metaphor a bit at this point) they descended into the wilderness for 40

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days and 40 nights (or 40 minutes, but it seemed longer as it was getting near closing time). And they said to Peter, "What are you like at turning water into wine, or Bass, or do we have to wait for the manna to arrive?" But even as they spoke, the hovels of Ockbrook came into view, and the multitude arrived at the gates of the Royal Oak, exulting and shouting "Kill the fatted calf, for the prodigal has returned". And the innkeeper shouted back, "Salt'n'vinegar, cheese'n'onion or pork scratchings – take it or leave it".

And thus, they returned unto Spondon, full of cheer, Burton bitter and Worthington saying, "All hail to Peter, greatest of navigators, for we are returned to our homeland and families, against all the odds and most of our expectations. Verily, you who can trek the untrekkable and ford the unfordable have shown that you can also lead the unleadable."

Here endeth the third voyage of Peter the Navigator.

THE BOX IN THE ATTIC

We all have one, either real or imaginary. It sits there full of memories, only waiting for the lid to be opened. That is what we have tried to do with this issue of SCAN. If you were involved at the time we built the Village Hall, enjoy reliving it, if you weren't, look what you missed.

My own box was full of old SCA files and I thought: what we need is a proper archive of all the SCA paperwork. My first mistake was to mention it at the next Council meeting. As Win Menham says in his article, if you have a suggestion, keep it to yourself unless you want to do it. So I ended up doing it and in the process thought: what we need is for people to write down their memories of the early years of the SCA. Second mistake. You get the idea? So we produced this issue of SCAN for the 20th anniversary of the opening of the Hall, along with organising a party and an exhibition.

My involvement with the SCA began in 1977. I was the first secretary and wrote the first SCAN. I worked alongside Douglas Edgar and all the other workers until 1984, when I took over the Chair from Derek Hathaway. It was a time of consolidation. We had the Hall up and running and all the different accounts were set-up. I worked with Lin Wright as Treasurer for the first year when we sorted out proper contracts and working agreements with the paid staff. After Lin resigned, Derek George took over. We were probably well-matched, he liked saving money and I liked spending it. However, I did have some success in getting a grant of £3,200 towards the new central heating from the City Council, which pleased him, although he did think I might have tried harder to get the extra £1,000 which we had to contribute ourselves.

The landscaped area at the back of the library was the site of a small battle with the Council. They wanted to sell it for shop premises after the old outbuildings had been demolished. But the SCA, along with various Spondon organisations, persuaded them that what we needed was open space, not more shops. As I walk through the village on a sunny day and see people sitting on the benches or popping round the back way to the Welcome hall, I can't help feeling a sense of satisfaction that we had a hand in helping to create it.

Do you want to hear about the Lease? If you attended any Council meetings between 1984 and 1990 you will probably be groaning right now, because that is how long it took to sort it out. It began with Derby City Council saying that they owned the Hall and we needed a Lease to occupy it. After much righteous anger of the 'we built it, so we own it' sort, we thought well, if they own it then they have to look after it, repair it and maybe, in time, even replace it. In that case, let us get the best deal we can.

It took six years. We nearly signed it in 1988, but the politics of the City Council changed and market forces were all the rage. From the originally agreed peppercorn rent of £1 per year, we were told that we would be charged a full market rent for the privilege of running the Hall on a voluntary basis. The howls of rage from all the Community groups in Derby were well reported in the local paper. The suggestion was totally unworkable and died a quiet death a year later as it deserved to do. We had some debates on their insurance policy for the hall. When we tried to claim for some vandalism to fire doors under the "riot, civil commotion or malicious persons" part of the Insurance, the Council told us that this only referred to damage caused by "political affray", and as this was obviously not the case we should pay for it ourselves. We declined. The lease was finally signed in 1990. That was for a seven-year lease, which meant that there was only one year left to run. At this point I left the SCA to find a life.

I returned nine years later to ask for help in running the campaign to stop the sale of Elvaston Country Park. This time the battle was with the County Council and is still being fought two years later. Only time will tell whether we won this one. So we come full circle. At the last meeting the Chairman said "How would you like to be Secretary?"

Anita Hayes

REPRINT OF THE FRONT PAGE OF THE 15TH EDITION OF SCAN, WHICH REPORTED ON THE OPENING OF THE VILLAGE HALL



SCAN



ISSUE No. 15

(SPONDON COMMUNITY ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER)

APRIL 1981

Editor: John MacLaine, 2 Grassmere Ave.,

Derby 673340

THE NEW VILLAGE HALL OPENS

On Saturday 28th February 1981, Councillor Douglas Edgar unveiled a plaque, officially opening Spondon Village Hall, and so marked the successful completion of the Community Association's 46-month campaign. It was a campaign contributed to by innumerable people, both in and out of Spondon, and many of them were present to share in the delectable atmosphere of euphoria and pleasure.

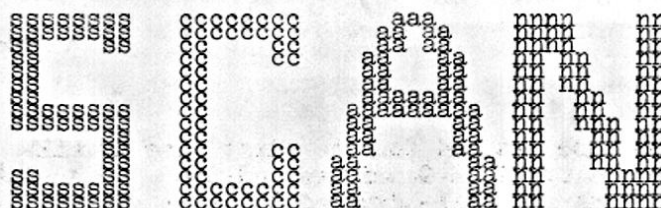
Councillor Geoff Summers, Chairman of the City Council Leisure Committee opened the proceedings, tracing the events since the demolition of the old hall, and the City Council's involvement. In the course of this speech he made some very complimentary remarks about the enthusiasm and dedication of the SCA (which modesty forbids us to reproduce in full!) It was also very clear from his remarks that the major characteristic which distinguished Spondon's request for finance was the extraordinary success of our own fund-raising efforts. It was this which convinced the City Council that we had a financially viable cause which merited their support. Our ability to respond to the challenge of a suddenly accelerated timescale, and get the building completed in a very short period was also praised.

In responding to this, Doug Edgar attempted the mammoth task of paying tribute to the many people who had made it all possible. Perhaps he summed it up best when he mentioned a meeting he had attended on the formation of another Community Association, who had the 'advantage' of having had a Centre ready-built for them. They would not, said Doug, ever know the peculiar mixture of 'anguish and fun' involved in struggling to build your own Centre.

And finally, he unveiled the plaque and declared the new Hall open. (Then he did it several more times for the benefit of the Derby Telegraph photographer!).

Amongst the 'standing-room only' audience we were very pleased that the Major of Derby, John Thorpe, and his wife could find time to join us. A nice surprise was the presence of Philip Whitehead, MP for Derby North, who had expected other commitments to prevent him attending. Other VIP's including Members of the Leisure Committee, Spondon Councillors, and Bob Newton. Just as important, we must acknowledge the presence of the ladies of Asterdale W.I. who provided coffee tirelessly, and, of course, Anita Hayes who master-minded the whole operation.

REPRINT OF THE FRONT PAGE OF THE FIRST EVER EDITION OF SCAN!



NEWSLETTER OF THE
SPONDON COMMUNITY
ASSOCIATION

ISSUE NO. 1

APRIL 1978

INTRODUCING 'SCAN'

When the Spondon Community Association was formed, we promised members that we would keep them in touch with progress and activities by means of a Newsletter. After six months' operation we feel we now have something to report and it is hoped that 'SCAN' will appear every two months from now on to keep you informed. We also hope to improve the Newsletter presentation with time but printing is costly and everything will depend on how useful it is to you, the members and organisations served by it.

This issue covers the recent social and fund-raising activities undertaken by the Association, and Issue No.2 will contain a progress report by the Chairman of the Building Committee on the state of the "Village Hall" project.

MEMBERS, MEMBERS, MEMBERS

The first three issues of 'SCAN' will be timed to support a major S.C.A. membership drive during the Spring and Summer months. Currently, membership stands at just over 100. This is a good start, but to continue to thrive we need more members - both for financial support and to help organise the ever-widening range of activities.

Remember, this is a Spondon Association, for the benefit of all residents and organisations already at work in the Village, so talk to your friends and neighbours about it and try hard to extend membership in the best possible way - by personal contact! Committee members are planning to visit as many of the houses in the Village as possible during the campaign, but you can help directly - now! If you have any enquiries concerning membership or the S.C.A. activities please ask the person involved to ring Anita Hayes (Secretary) on 62963 or Anne Hathaway (Membership Sec.) on 677377.

WHAT HAVE WE DONE?

The Social Committee has been busy both organising events and setting out a programme for the future. Successes so far have included the S.C.A. Appeal Day in November (which raised nearly £200) and an enjoyable production by the Derby Playhouse Studio Company of 'Clogs' at the Vernon Arms in January.

Two 'Discos' have been run, one for teenagers which was well-supported but cannot become a regular event as no suitable hall can yet be found. Are there any suggestions?

The proposed Carol Concert round the Christmas tree on the Village Hall site had to be cancelled at the last minute due to lack of musicians! However it is intended to plan earlier this year for what could become a popular event. In the future, the Committee has mapped out a wide range of activities including Junior and Adult Art Competitions, discos and dances (including one at the British Celanese Club) and is at present visiting organisations to tell them the aims of the Association and to suggest ways in which they might help the fund-raising efforts!



THEY ALSO SERVED

Over the first ten years of the Community Association we raised over £20,000 to build and furnish the new Village Hall. This issue of SCAN was never meant to be a definitive history of that time. We asked people to write down their personal memories of fund-raising and committee work. Not that the two roles were mutually exclusive, fundraisers sat on committees and committee members raised money. We wanted to include the names of people who played fairly active roles during this period so we have produced the following list taken from back issues of SCAN and minutes of meetings. A list like this can never be comprehensive, so our apologies to those people we have not mentioned.

Chairmen

Douglas Edgar
Phillip Redfern
Derek Hathaway
Anita Hayes

Secretaries

Anita Hayes
Sue Preedy
Chris Menham
Dorothy Tunncliff
Rev. Brian Matthews

Treasurers

John Hough
Lin Wright
Derek George

Membership Secretary

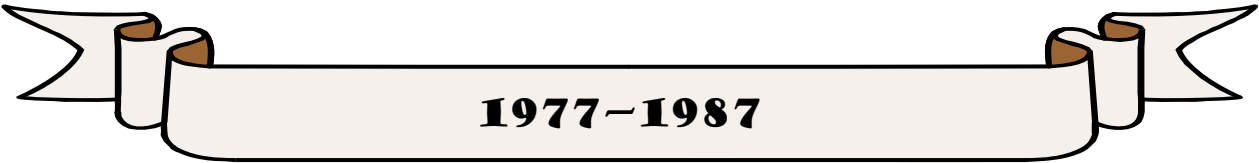
Anne Hathaway

Editors of SCAN

Mel Austin
Frank Titterton
Pete Wright
Derek Hathaway
Dorothy Tunncliff
John MacLaine

Fund-raisers

Mrs Groves and friends (Spring Fairs)
Karen Floyd and Jenny Bird (Prize Draws)
Jeff Hanson (Spondon Hall Entertainments)
Shirley and Don Harding (Fairs)
George and Elsie Hill (White elephant)
Sue MacLaine (Playhouse productions)
Win and Chris Menham (Bar)
Gordon Mills (Tote)
Pat Mills (Christmas cards and socials)
Lindsay Redfern (Fairs and discos)
Joy and Clive Thrower (Newspapers)
Delia Spencer (Fairs and jumble sales)
Carol Whiteman (Carnival)



1977-1987

We hope you have enjoyed reading this special edition of SCAN. Normal editions are sent out a number of times a year to SCA members.

To become a member, please contact:

Anne Hathaway, 8 Park Road, Spondon, Derby, DE21 7LN; ☎677377.

If you would like to book the village hall, Ron Lord is the person to contact; ☎679667

If you have access to the internet you can view the Spondon Community Association web site (which contains details of Spondon events, the Village Hall and its hire rates as well as general information about Spondon) at www.users.globalnet.co.uk/~hcs1/sca.htm.

✉ You can also e-mail us at sca@hcs1.globalnet.co.uk

SCAN EDITOR: ANNE HATHAWAY