

February 2023 Edition

As part of our insurance obligations we have installed a serious fire alarm system in the Hall. I have written before about the sensitivity of the system whether it be smoke, spiders or dust in the various detectors that adorn the ceilings in the Hall. I was stumped however just before Christmas when we all endured a very cold spell of frost and ice followed by an immediate rise in temperature of 12 degrees or more that meant the ice thawed and turned to water and moisture resulting in a myriad of activations ; the first being at 04.30am waking both Freddie and myself abruptly. We were able to locate the fault and cancel the fire service but the problems persisted and it took an array of heavy-duty dehumidifiers to extract moisture from the rooms on the top floor so that we could safely reset the system. On reflection I am glad that it is sensitive.

“Mud Mud Glorious Mud” goes the refrain from that famous Flanders & Swan classic song ‘The Hippopotamus Song’ written ahead of its time in 1957 (Look it up on YouTube if you do not know it) but I felt like singing it when I had an amusing excursion in a field of Nottinghamshire mud on a sporting trip just after Christmas. Having placed the guns, I approached the thin strip of wood to gain a better spot for myself and one of my wellies remained firmly stuck in the field whilst I toppled both gently and genteelly onto my back into the deep recesses of a dormant potato field. Fortunately, I did myself no lasting damage although there was much merriment at my displeasure from the rest of the party. I travel with spare clothes on my sporting pursuits and luckily, I wore a pair of over proof trousers for the rest of the day. However, I now know how a Hippopotamus wallows!

We have lost a great stalwart of the Village, one George Maxwell. Just before Christmas George took ill and was rushed into the Derby Royal but sadly died over night of heart issues. George had been born in the village and lived here all his life in a smattering of different cottages ending up at Keepers’ Cottage with his wife Jean and their menagerie of animals ranging from dogs and cats to chickens donkeys and ponies. A career in transport meant that , after his shift, he often ended up in the village tending to the Churchyard and the Village Hall grounds as well as being a parish Councillor for over 25 years, the cross bearer at Well-Dressings and a general helper in all aspects of our community life at Tissington. However, to visitors at our annual Church Fete George will be remembered with the dexterity and cunning as he hosted the ‘bat the rat’ game where his aplomb with the rats led to much merriment (as well as coffers for Church funds). A life well lived and our village well served. Thank you.

It is not often that we welcome the Minister for National Parks to the Village. On a very cold day in December Trudy Harrison the MP for Copeland met a throng of local park officials and farmers at the Sycamore Inn in Parwich for coffee and discussion before embarking on a site visit to Minninglow to look at a FIPL (Farming in a Protected Landscape) project that local farmers Mark and Curl Edge had taken on by obtaining a sizeable grant to restore a stone limekiln in the nook below the historic woodland plantation. From there through Roystone Grange and Ballidon back to Tissington to meet with other landowners in the park and further chats about the red tape and rules that are preventing vernacular development in our area! It was such a cold day that a giant ice cube can formed in our downsides loo so emphasizing the interesting difficulties of living in a large house

in a frosty temperature. I trust Trudy and her team will visit again so that our MP Sarah Dines can show her more of the Peak District in warmer weather!

A neighbour has noticed that we have a new cottage. Not exactly true as it has been there for over 200 years but I can explain. Jack and Ann Lambert had lived at the Lodge for over 40 years and last January Ann died having out lived her husband for only a matter of months and the property returned to the Estate. After such time it needed serious upgrades and renovation and we embarked on a mission to find a new tenant. A post on social media site Facebook produced some interesting enquiries but one stood out as an existing tenant Patrick had a desire for an opportunity and a reset in his life. The Lodge is the property at the main gates as you enter the village and , once viewed, Patrick was thrilled to face the new challenge. Over the last few months both the Estate and Patrick have invested time and hard work into the project and turned it into a water tight, energy efficient and comfortable one bedroom let complete with wifi and, of course, a camera trained on the entrance in case another lorry misjudges the entrance width. Thankyou Patrick, may you have many years at the Lodge.

Photo of RRF and his muddy trousers after the Field incident

Photo The Lodge at the Main Gates

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NB new email sirrichard@tissingtonhall.co.uk

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