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spare the room?

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## Poems

THE INDOMITABLE MR. P

A tribute to David Pigeon by his  
daughter Christine Partington

The indomitable Mr P

Dad as he's known to me  
Has always led a life that's full  
Full to overflowing  
You've always had a zest for life  
One that's coped with all the  
strife.

Last year when I came to stay  
I became weary and had to pray  
Not to focus on all you did each  
day  
That way I could rest and walk  
Recover and heal  
And return my own zeal.

One day I made a list  
In case I had missed  
All you were involved in.  
Never ending it seemed  
No wonder you dreamed  
In meetings too many to  
mention

You missed quite a few  
But usually due  
To divided attention  
2 or 3 meetings would clash  
And you would dash  
And try to make connection.

The Church has been your  
central play  
Young people have always won  
the day  
In your heart you'd watch and  
pray  
The reward would always come  
some day  
PCC, synods, Lay Reader it's  
true

Youth Club's, Sunday School  
To mention but a few.  
So many you had to make lists what to do.  
The older folk you'd also seek  
Taking Homes Communion each week.  
Magazines to deliver every month  
There was barely time for lunch.

Tennis Club enjoyed your time  
David followed on and that was just fine.  
At the school you helped a lot  
Giving all that you had got  
Table Tennis and Chess Clubs run  
Oh. You had so much fun  
When governor you could no longer be  
More talents for us all to see.  
And then again there was no fee  
For sitting children on your knee  
Each Christmas when you play the part  
Father Christmas was now your heart!!

Your routines intrigued me  
Never ending it seemed  
12 vegetables at each meal it had to be  
And for years no cup of tea  
Boiled water it has to be  
You said and  
Exercises were the secret  
Every morning and night  
Every ache and every pain  
Added to the never ending list  
Another exercise. Do you get the gist?  
Until it was so long you could have done with  
a gong.

Remember all those poems you wrote  
For Mum each celebration  
Such a problem we had at times  
To decipher their intention  
They became a part of your uniqueness  
Your creation and your inventions  
This led to your role  
Of designer in Carnation.  
Where you thrived and grew  
As you used all you knew  
Developing the business  
When as manager you withdrew.

A card there came from Helena and John  
Reminding us of times long gone.  
'That's the way to do it' the card said

Poem Upmarket - the writer is anonymous!

"I've had enough of having a break with family from "away".  
I've decided we're going to have a proper holiday.  
It's the new Elizabethan Age and Rationing is done.  
We're getting over the war, now we're going to have some fun.  
I'm sick of going to Manchester to stay with auntie May,  
Then doing all the housework, just to pay our way.  
So we're going upmarket so that I can take my ease,  
I've booked us a week in Summer in a chalet at Blitterlees".

We stared at her with excitement; well all except our dad  
And he put down his paper and said, "Woman are you mad?  
We can't afford such luxuries and I'm not going there".  
Mam just shrugged her shoulders and said, "It's booked so I  
don't care".  
Each week when she went shopping at Maryport Coop,  
She bought a little extra like Corned Beef and Camay soap.  
I packed my dookers and my Famous Five books,  
And on the day that we left, dad said he'd come "for a look".

We didn't need the dominoes or the cards in case it drizzled,  
The sun shone and tanned us and all of Silloth sizzled.  
I rode on the donkeys and played on the Green,  
And each day we walked for a Longcakes Ice cream.  
My older sisters primped and preened and went to the dances  
So good looking they were sure of a holiday romance.  
Where seven airs meet Dad walk in the breeze,  
His asthma improved and he'd less of a wheeze.

It was such a success we went year after year  
And now sometimes I smile at the way we were.  
But we all grew older and wanted more than the Green and the  
sand  
And sedate little Silloth couldn't think big and build  
Disneyland.  
They said that they didn't want lager louts here  
So they offer Karaoke, markets and festivals of beer.  
They know that the Prom suits arthritic knees  
But sulk with nostalgia for a time when we were easier to  
please.

With a picture of Dad showing his head  
Sticking out of the booth that was it hobby  
Punch and Judy, he had it off to a tea.  
I was his helper when he first did start  
I'd work hard to play my part  
I'd play the recorder; put on his puppets you  
know  
To make the baby cry I'd have a go  
I'd wipe the sweat from his brow  
As he gave it his all and then took a bow.

My Dad he liked to cross dress  
Don't look so shocked its just jest  
Mayoral garb he did adorn Necklace had to be  
worn  
Then Lay Readers frock we loved to mock.  
Last year he was the three in one Holy Spirit.  
God and Son  
At the Holiday Club  
A little play was the rub  
He had to change from God to Son  
His wig went on the wrong way round  
And reading his words he found  
It was impossible to see  
This the serious bit was meant to be.

You could be such a lad  
Even though you were my Dad  
A child at heart and full of fun  
'Boy' I though 'He can run'  
Do you remember the time you had to go  
Across the river in full flow  
To prove to us Grandads aren't slow  
Onto the stepping stones you stepped  
'Don't be so stupid' was Mums retort  
As you fell in the river with a snort  
Mum cared so much what happened to you  
At times you were so stubborn it was untrue.

There were times when I wished  
I could spend more time with you  
You were always so busy with do, do, do  
I wouldn't have you different though  
Just more times in which to share  
And show you how much I care.  
As I watch you fading away  
I thank you for teaching me  
That life is best when sought in God  
Allowing Him to be my rod  
As we pass through the valley it's good to know  
I'll see you again. Tell Mum I miss her so.

## Letters

Dear Buzz,

Would anyone with  
Information or Photos  
relating to the Agriculture  
Implement Works at  
Abbeytown, where Tommy  
Reay followed by Messrs.  
Markley were in business,  
Contact Bill Allan on:  
016973 32517.

Bill Allan

Dear Buzz,

I am constantly being asked  
at work about the status  
of the Street Market. Can  
someone "in the know"  
please enlighten us?  
Most queries are from the  
elderly, less mobile, and  
mothers with prams and  
they generally want to  
know if it is returning in  
the Spring.  
General opinion seems to  
be that it must be a boon  
both for the community  
and the shopkeepers and  
as many of the market  
traders were happy with  
the arrangements we  
would like to know the  
reason for closure. It has  
also been suggested that  
the townspeople should  
be allowed to vote on this  
issue.  
The reasons for closure  
would be greatly  
appreciated.

Isabel White

Dear Buzz,

To all our friends and  
Caravanners.  
Sad to say this will be the  
sites last Buzz distribution  
for our caravanners for  
2005 as the end of Season  
is upon us again. Thank you  
from our hearts to everyone  
who helped, or supported  
and came to our monthly  
charity dances in Silloth  
Social Club. The last Three  
dances held raised a Grand  
Total of £823.28p.  
We donated and gave the  
said Monies to the Air  
Ambulance Appeal.  
We would like to thank  
Gary our Compere and  
Bingo Caller every month to  
Shirley - Heather - Dorren  
- Shirley Scott - Eleanor and  
Pat for the lovely Buffet at  
our last of the year dance.  
To Joan Pergram for the  
delicious home made trifles  
she made for the Buffet. A  
special thank you to Alan  
who every month prints  
dance tickets and posters  
advertising our charity  
dances, also the Social  
Club bar staff and cleaners  
who work so hard. Thank  
you Dorothy Maxwell for  
donating a lovely Royal  
Doulton Lady which raised  
£90.00 and to Annette  
& John who gave an  
expensive bottle of Chivas  
Regal Whisky, which when  
Auctioned Raised £170.00.  
So thanks to everyone who  
participated in our Charity  
Monthly Knees Up.  
Merry Xmas and Happy New  
Year one and all.  
Roll on 2006 When our  
Charity Evenings begin  
again.

Shirley & Charlie Morris  
Seacote Caravan Park  
Silloth