

## IN THE COLD COLD WINTER

This cold winter weather with the ice and snow has brought back to me memories of the 1920's; One open fire burning coal and bits of wood collected by the family. All of us crowded round as near as we could, Warm at the front, cold at the back; The ladies burning their legs with being too close. Gas lights helping to warm the air. Running down the cellar steps to put an old penny in the gas meter.

The snow reminds me of those far off sledging days, no not the sledging (Insulting and verbal behaviour to intimidate opponents) that spoils the cricket. You could not have long trousers in those days until you were 16 years old. We sledged in Back lane Fields at Guiseley, a steep slope then through the big gate into the next field were Guiseley Y Prims Guiseley (Provincial Methodist Chapel) played cricket.

Not everyone had a sledge, I didn't have one but some of the lads would let you ride with them, sometimes three with the little ones like me. It was hard work pulling those heavy sledges back up the hill that got more slippery as the day wore on. Exiting yes wet snow and cold air caused the edges of your short trousers and your wellies to rub your legs raw. Vaseline was the remedy, if your Mum had any.

This weather when you are old like me with no one to keep you warm, it is nice to have a warm hug! I am lucky on Sunday morning at Church I get a hug or two or three from the young lasses as well as a few from the over sixties. Lucky me!!!!!!

### **OH FOR A HUG**

It's amazing what a hug can do  
A hug can cheer you when you're blue  
A hug can soothe the hurt and pain  
And bring a rainbow after rain  
A hug can say you're doing fine  
Or you'll be better in no time  
The hug there is no doubt about it  
We never could survive without it.

By Stanley Waddington  
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