

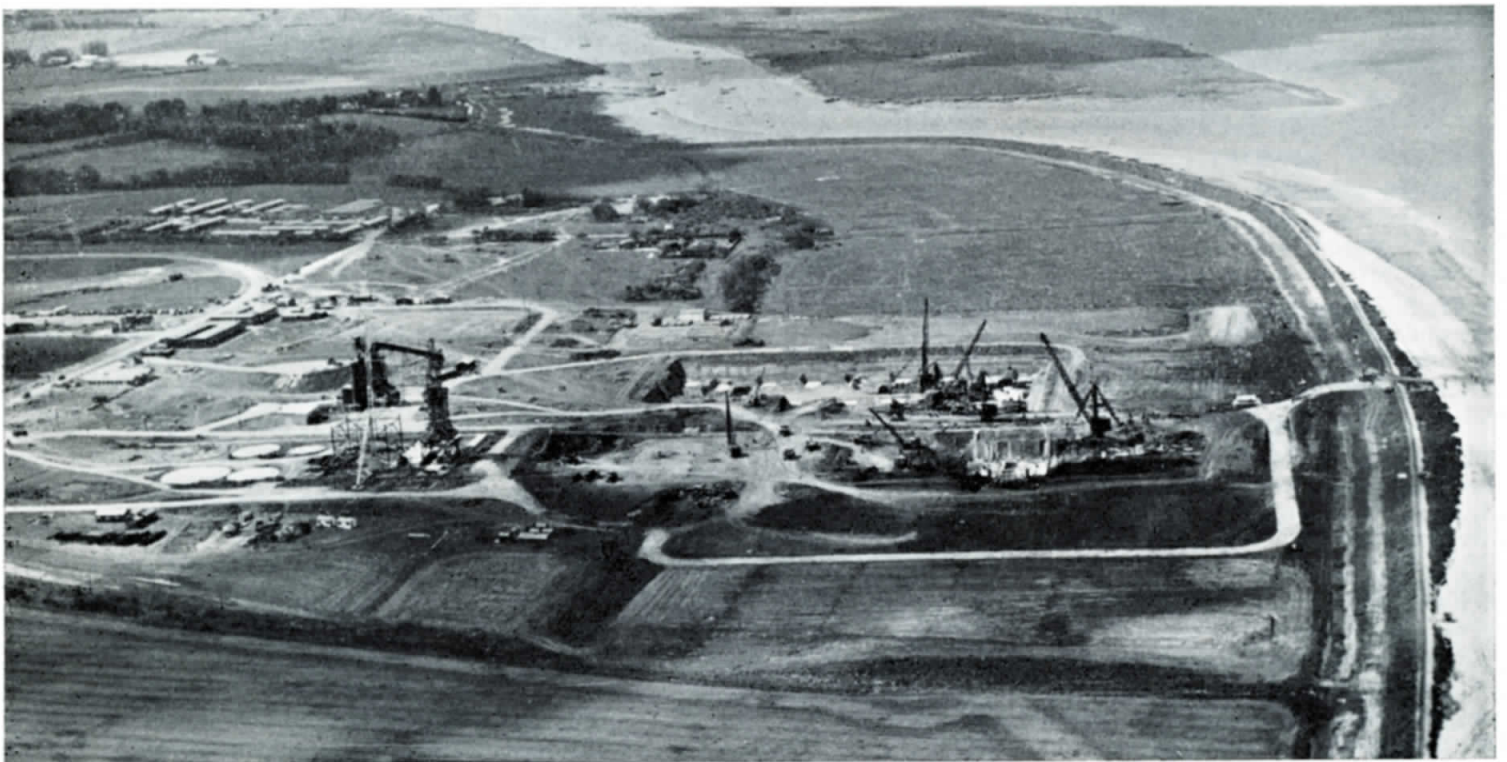
WRIGHT AHEAD

THE HEAD WRIGHTSON NEWS LETTER

VOL. 8

AUGUST 1957

NO. 3



Bradwell Nuclear Power Station

Chairman's Letter

OUR ANNUAL REPORT

By the time this edition of "Wright Ahead" appears, we shall have had our Annual General Meeting. The Annual Report will have been published in the newspapers. Those of you who are shareholders will have had a detailed copy of our Balance Sheet. You will have gathered that we at Head, Wrightson are holding our own, in the severely competitive world industrial conditions, in which we find ourselves today. In fact, I can truly say we are doing slightly better than average. Our skill, co-operation, and conscientious work, make the most important contributions to this result. Their continuance will secure our future.

We have increased the dividend to our shareholders. The whole dividend takes now about **one** hundredth part of our turnover. Taxes take **five** hundredths. Our materials about **fifty** hundredths. Wages and salaries **twenty-five** hundredths. Fuel, transport, other costs, and "ploughed back" the remainder.

When we want new buildings and new machinery, we have obviously got to get the money to pay for them from somewhere. We get it from our shareholders

or from the market. The better our results, the more readily we get the money. Insurance Companies, Trade Unions, and other "institutions" provide funds today, so we all may be **indirectly** interested in our success, as well as being **directly** interested by our employment. In addition, as we have to obtain food and raw materials from abroad, we are compelled to be successful in producing exports to pay for them. Let us endeavour to maintain reasonable margins, to stabilise prices, and to avoid our recurring "crisis."

The illustration shows the progress being made at the Nuclear Power Station at Bradwell, where we are one of the main contractors. This, with Head Wrightson Processes' recent orders for experimental reactors for the Danish and for the Western German Governments, may give you an idea of our efforts to keep Head, Wrightson's "Wright Ahead."

Richard Miles,



Mr. and Mrs. E. Thompson

BIRTHS**H. W. Teesdale Ltd.**

Mr. and Mrs. G. Watson—a son.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Burrige—a son.
Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Burrige—a son.

H. W. Stockton Forge Ltd.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Jarret—a son.
Mr. and Mrs. C. Thompson—a son.
Mr. and Mrs. McGarvey—a son.

Teesdale Steel Foundry

Mr. and Mrs. P. Gaynor—a daughter.

Stockton Steel Foundry

Mr. and Mrs. Daley—a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. Smith—a son.

The H. W. Machine Co. Ltd.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Lowery—a daughter.

H. W. Stampings Ltd.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Snowden—a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. G. Wade—a son.
Mr. and Mrs. R. Conroy—a son.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Fender—a son.

H. W. Colliery Eng., Ltd. Sheffield

Mr. and Mrs. E. Cowley—a son.

DEATHS

Condolences to the families of :—

Stockton Forge

Mr. George Rowe—Bridge Yard.
Mr. Dennis Hutchinson—Bridge Yard.
Mr. R. Coulson—Bridge Yard (P'ner).



Mr. and Mrs. Topping

ENGAGEMENTS**The H. W. Machine Co. Ltd.**

Mr. P. Roberts to Miss V. Pinkney.
Miss W. Knott to Mr. W. M. Alexander.

Mr. K. Boughy to Miss B. Graham.
Miss M. Bates to Mr. E. Bradbury (H.Q. Accounts).

H. W. Colliery Eng., Ltd. Sheffield

Miss D. G. Corker (Tracer) to Mr. F. Jenney (Drawing Office).

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE**H. W. Machine Co. Ltd.**

Mr. Chris (Ginger) Smith to Miss Irene Robson.



Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Brown



Mr. and Mrs. Whitlock



Mr. and Mrs. J. Thomas



Mr. and Mrs. D. Gale

MARRIAGES

Congratulations to the following :—

Machine Shop

Mr. D. Brocklesby to Miss V. Harding.

H. W. Steel Foundries Ltd. (Teesdale)

Mr. D. Gale to Miss A. Baker.

Miss Kathleen Allison (Stockton Steel)

to Mr. Brian Hedley, of Billingham.

Miss Kathleen Layfield to Mr. Harry

Todd, of Stockton. (Stockton Steel).

Stockton

Mr. J. Thomas to Miss R. Boyd.

H. W. Machine Co. Ltd.

Mr. Trevor Hill, D.O. to Miss Joyce Parkes.

Mr. G. Herbert to Miss V. Lynas.

H. W. Stampings Ltd.

Miss Edna Brown (Shorthand Typist) to Mr. Eric Gordon Thompson.

Mr. Hugh Brown (Despatch Clerk) to Miss Sylvia Donaldson.

Miss Nora Thom (Costs) to Mr. Edward Topping.

Mr. T. Simpson (Blacksmith) to Mrs. Oram on Whit. Saturday.

H. W. Colliery Eng., Ltd. Sheffield

Miss B. A. Naylor to Mr. P. A. McGregor.

Mr. B. Walker to Miss E. Greenslade.

London Office

Miss J. Harris to Mr. A. Whitlock.



Mr. and Mrs. D. Brocklesby

THE HEAD WRIGHTSON DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Our 1956/7 season got off to a late start, our first production, "The Blue Goose," not being staged until January. This was primarily due to our not realising how far ahead it is necessary to book Teesdale Hall! This late start meant that it was only possible to produce two plays during the season, instead of our usual three or four.

The first of these, "The Blue Goose," was a domestic comedy, set against a background of amateur operatic rehearsals, which gave some of our members an opportunity of displaying their musical and vocal "talents." It was well enjoyed by our audiences, and received good progress reports. Its success, however, was eclipsed by that of the second production "Will Any Gentleman," staged in May. This play, the first farce attempted by the Society, caused many headaches in production, and at times we thought it would never be staged. However, all the snags were finally overcome, and the result was one of our most successful productions, gaining really excellent criticisms, and good houses. In point of fact, on the Friday evening, we achieved a full house, for the second time in our history. Let's hope this now becomes a regular occurrence.

Our monthly meetings have continued, and have proved interesting and amusing to members and their friends. The January meeting took the form of a Dinner, held at Teesdale Hall, and on 18th July, an evening outing to Scarborough Open Air Theatre was held. From this, you will see that the social angle is not being overlooked.

The last major event of the season, apart from the outing, was the Annual General Meeting, held on 30th May, when the following officials and committee were elected. President—Mr. R. Miles; Chairman—Mr. F. Shepherd; Secretary—Miss E. Turner; Treasurer—Mr. H. Shields; Stage Director—Mr. S. Waite; Business Manager—Mr. J. Bradfield; Auditor—Mr. P. Corney. Committee Members—Miss E. O'Hara, Mrs. E. Ferriday, Mrs. E. Harper, Mr. F. Mothersdale and Mr. D. Hall.

We are already holding auditions for our next production, the well-known comedy "Nothing But The Truth," which we hope to produce in November, and look forward to meeting many old and new friends in our audiences.

Personality Parade

Mr. George Heaton, Head Wrightson Teesdale Ltd.

It is very appropriate that George should be featured as the personality of this issue, in view of his great success in one of the leads in our last play. We are sure, however, that our patrons, who know him so well as a juvenile lead, will be very surprised to learn that his very first stage appearance was in the character of a wolf. We hasten to add that he was five years old at the time, and that the wolf was a four-legged one, in fact the one who ate Red Riding Hood's grandma. This appearance was decidedly not a success, which was perhaps the reason why George's dramatic talents remained in abeyance until the formation of the Head Wrightson Dramatic Society. There, they speedily gained recognition, and he appeared in the first play, "When We are Married," as the young chapel organist, who really causes all the trouble. In "On Monday Next," he appeared as the young repertory

actor, Gerry, and in "Quiet Wedding," as the bride groom. George was by this time getting rather tired of playing nice young men, but he got a part with considerably more scope in "An Inspector Calls," when he portrayed the weak vicious drunkard, Eric Birling, and all who saw this production will agree that he certainly made the most of his chance, and proved he could be a character as well as a straight actor.

In "The Camel's Back," he once more had the juvenile lead, marrying the girl in the end, and in "The Blue Goose," he appeared as a nice young man again, but as a change hadn't any love scenes. He also displayed his talent as a pianist in this production. However, George really excelled himself in "Will Any Gentleman," as the gambling, stealing, philandering, but always charming, black sheep of the family, and also showed a really remarkable talent as a female impersonator!

We all hope that George's career with the Society may long continue, and look forward to seeing him again in many future productions. We also look back on the excellent service he has already given the Society, most gratefully, not forgetting the time when he raided his mother's house for antique furniture for the set of "An Inspector Calls."

HUNTER'S FARTHEST NORTH

A "Forger's" Rambles in Norway

A journey to inspect some machines made several years ago at the Forge, recently took me to the most northerly part of Norway.

Leaving Newcastle, I arrived in Oslo 38 hours later after a pleasant trip in the M/S Blenheim. The Blenheim, a modern motor ship, which is Norwegian owned, gave me my first opportunity to sample the Norwegian "Cold Table." Instead of being presented with a menu at breakfast and lunch, a table is set with a wide selection of cold dishes of a variety of fish, meat, vegetables and salads, from which one selects one's own courses. As the Norwegians are great fish eaters, they are experts at serving fish in an interesting and appetizing manner.

Oslo, situated at the head of the Oslo fiord and surrounded by hills looked most attractive from the waterfront, with the main street and shopping centre coming down to the harbour. The wide main street, with gardens down the centre and the Royal Palace on a hill at one end, looked gay and "continental" in the warm May sunshine.

Unfortunately, there was no time to see the sights of Oslo, and the following morning I left by plane for the North, with stops at Trondheim and Bodo, finally reaching Bardufoss after a five and a half hour journey. Luckily, it was a clear day and flying at ten thousand feet there were magnificent views of lakes, fiords and snow covered mountains, but as we flew further north everything became more bleak until, on approaching Bardufoss, we passed over lakes, still frozen, and covered with snow. We had flown over the Arctic Circle into the land of the "Midnight Sun."

From Bardufoss there was a three and a half hours journey by coach and ferry to Tromso, a rather dreary place with timber houses and unpaved streets, but famous as an Arctic fishing post and fur centre and boasting the most northerly cathedral in the world.



Harbour at Tromsø

After spending the night in Tromsø, going to bed in broad daylight, I departed next morning for Kirkenes, my destination, flying in a small single engine sea plane, with seats (rather crowded) for ten passengers. The "airport" proved to be a wooden building on the edge of the fiord, with a timber jetty running out for mooring the plane. These planes have no radio control, and fly by sight, and consequently only fly over land in clear weather. In the event of poor visibility, they follow the fiords at a height of about one hundred feet, which can add considerably to the length of the flight. I had the good fortune to fly on a clear day, except for passing through one or two flurries of snow, and found this more



De Havilland "Otter" Sea Plane

spectacular than the earlier flight. The plane followed the fiords during the first part of the journey, and at each turn, fresh views of snowy mountains and sparkling blue waters unfolded—much more exciting than viewing from ten thousand feet, particularly as the small plane occasionally rocked and bounced when passing over necks of land. Along the edges of some of the fiords were small collections of wooden houses, surrounded by tiny patches of cultivated land, which were still bare.

The plane put down at Alta to discharge and collect mail, and then went on to Hammerfest, the most northerly town in the world and on the 70° latitude. Here we were taken off by motor launch to allow time for a snack while the plane refuelled.

On the side of the fiord were some tall trestles which were used for drying fish. As seagulls were perching on them, this seemed unhygienic.

The last stage was mainly overland, passing about fifty miles south of the North Cape, over snow covered waste.

I arrived at Kirkenes about five hours after leaving Tromsø and was met by Mr. Forseth of A/S Sydvaranger who took me to the one hotel, which had only been opened a year, and is well equipped and comfortable.

The town is built to house the employees of A/S Sydvaranger, who own the Taconite mines and Concentrating plant, which produces and ships over a million tons of iron ore concentrates each year, some of it to Workington and the Tees.

There was a plant at Kirkenes for many years before the last war and the Germans took possession during their occupation, but practically destroyed everything when the Russians invaded in 1944.

As a result, the town and plant has been rebuilt since then. Most of the machines are American, but the Forge supplied the Akins Classifiers and Ruggles-Coles dryers. These machines, built in 1950, were the heaviest of their kind.

The town is wholly built of timber houses and as these are painted in a variety of colours, there is no monotony.

While there was no snow in Kirkenes, which strangely enough is warmed by the Gulf Stream, there was plenty of snow on the hills, and a few miles inland, the lakes were still frozen. The trees were bare, but I was told that the buds would break in a week or so, and would be in full leaf two days later, because of the continuous daylight. During the summer, the temperature can reach 100° F, but falls to 40° F below zero during the winter.

I was fortunate enough to see the midnight sun in practically a clear sky. The only remarkable point about this was that it did not appear to become larger as it sank lower in the sky. As Kirkenes is as far east as Constantinople, but keeps the same time as the remainder of Norway, "midnight" was at 10-50 p.m.

On the Sunday afternoon, the Mill Superintendent arranged an excursion by car along the Russian border, and from one point we had a good view of Petsamo. This town is built near a nickel mine and the smelter has the largest chimney in Europe.

The frontier is strictly guarded and both the Russians and the Norwegians have watch towers at intervals along the border, while at fairly close distances are posts in pairs, Russian and Norwegian about a yard apart, defining the border. If the Norwegians for any reason wish to talk to the Russians at the frontier post, they hoist a flag, and several hours later the Russians hoist theirs, to signify that they are willing to meet. The two guards then meet and arrange when the discussion is to take place, probably the following day, in a specially built meeting house.

If a Norwegian strays over the border, he is seized by the Russians and put in gaol until his friends or relatives enquire about him. The Norwegian authorities

then claim him, and further to discourage the man from doing this again, he is fined when he returns.

This territory belonged to Finland before the war, and at that time the Norwegians were allowed to use a road through Finnish territory to the south, which is passable during most of the year. Now, the Norwegians in this part of the world can only use a road within their own territory, which is impassible for most of the year, so that during this time the people of Kirkenes are cut off, except for the coastal steamer, from the south.

The country through which we passed was interspersed with frozen lakes, fast moving rivers, and plantations of fir trees. We saw a herd of reindeer grazing, but they had not yet grown their antlers, which they shed each year.

A visit to the mine the following evening was extremely interesting. Here I saw the heaviest gyratory crusher in the world, weighing 450 tons, with the centre shaft eighty nine tons. Twenty ton loads of rock were crushed in a few seconds. This crusher was American built, but the Sydvaranger engineers had insisted on improvements in the design to suit their hard ore. There was also a machine in use for boring holes to take the blast charges. Although the mine is at present open cast, the Company are drilling for ore below ground, and I saw a diamond drill in operation, which brought up a solid core of rock about $\frac{1}{4}$ " dia. These cores were laid out in order in special boxes, so that a complete picture of the strata below ground could be seen.

After spending three nights at Kirkenes, I flew back as far as the airport for Trondheim and finished the journey by coach—an hours ride along the fiord. From Bodo to Trondheim we flew at 14,000 ft. above the clouds, which looked like a billowy snowfield in the sunshine.

The following morning I visited the Norwegian Technical University. This has an impressive main building standing on high ground, and is the centre of technical research in Norway. In addition to the excellent ore dressing laboratory in which I was interested, there are laboratories and workshops for the sciences and engineering, with accommodation for one thousand students.

Returning from the University, I was held up by a circus parading through the streets and was surprised to see it led by a band of kilted girl pipers.

Trondheim, with a population about the same as that of Stockton, is the third largest city in Norway, and dates back to the 11th century. Following a fire in 1681, the town was rebuilt with wide main streets and a big market place, in the centre of which is a column carrying a monument of the founder of Trondheim.

From Trondheim, I went by bus to the mining village of Lokken, a two hour journey, first by the edge of the fiord, at one point passing a large quantity of logs floating on the water, and then through a valley with steep wooded hills on either side.

I visited the Orkla Grube mine the following morning and was shown over the workshops and ore-dressing plant, where Akins classifiers are in use.

In the afternoon I returned to Trondheim, travelling in an ancient electric train, with hard wooden seats and open platforms at the ends of each coach. This train stopped frequently and had the atmosphere of a country bus, with the conductor collecting the fares en route.

From Trondheim I caught the night sleeper to Oslo. During the evening the train climbed through pine woods, passed swift rivers and waterfalls on its journey through the mountains to Oslo.

After calling upon Mr. Kiil, our Norwegian agent and visiting A/S Sydvaranger office, I left Oslo on the "Blenheim" at three o'clock on the Saturday afternoon. We sailed down the Oslo fiord which looked beautiful, with the green wooded hills on either side and yachts sailing in the harbour.

As English is now a compulsory second language in Norway, most people have a smattering, and some are extremely good so that I found no difficulty in finding my way about. At Kirkenes, although he had never been to England, one young man spoke English very well. He told me he listened to the B.B.C. and used to enjoy "Much Binding in the Marsh."

The Norwegians still work a 48 hour week, working until two o'clock on Saturdays, but they have three weeks paid holiday every year, and there are a considerable number of public holidays. For example, in May they had May Day, Independence Day and Ascension Day. They also finish work at three-thirty or four o'clock in the afternoon, and most shops close about the same time, so that they have time for sport in the evening. As one would expect, ski-jumping is very popular and stands are built on the hill-sides in some places for this purpose. Fishing is also popular and up at Kirkenes I was told they make holes in the ice during the winter to drop their lines through—a rather chilly occupation.

Roads in the North were of earth and shingle, and in spite of this, they were surprisingly smooth, but dusty. The method of levelling and remaking these was to go over them with a scraper driven by a bull-dozer. It is not surprising that the Norwegians travel by boat a great deal, because most of the big towns are on the fiords, and in many cases it is easier to get from one place to another by this means rather than by travelling over the mountains.

HEAD WRIGHTSON TEESDALE LTD.

Machine Shop

At the present time we, of the Machine Shop, can see the re-organisation and building going on around us in connection with the Atomic Engineering project. While this is most interesting and encouraging for the future, we are continually reminded how much we rely for our daily bread on the, by comparison, dull and uninteresting work. This was made clear by the recent large orders for trunnion nuts and screws for British Railways. These have been a regular stand-by for more years than a lot care to remember. The present large orders will keep the drillers and tappers going full blast for quite a while.

We send our deepest sympathy to the wife and family of the late Clifford Hughes (Bertie Willie). He was a long service employee, much respected by his workmates.

Retirement has been responsible for the loss of our longest serving workmate. I refer, of course, to Ted Smith, who was in his fifty-ninth year of service with the Company. Many of the older ones will remember his working with the horses before he came into the shop. Ted had hoped to complete his sixty years, but domestic calls made it impossible to carry on. We wish him a long and healthy retirement and many happy days in his new house and garden. He has lived in Trafalgar Street for sixty years.

HEAD WRIGHTSON STEEL FOUNDRIES LTD.

Teesdale

It is with regret that we have to record the death of an old employee, Mr. W. Watson (Dresser) after a very long illness. Mr. Watson had been employed with us for many years.

Mr. H. Lamb, Mr. W. Carlton and Mr. A. Kelly are now back after long illnesses. We hope they will enjoy continued good health.

During recent First Aid examinations, Messrs. J. Bullock and Syd Smith were successful in obtaining awards. This was Mr. Smith's first attempt and we look forward to hearing of further successes.

Messrs. H. Dixon, Matt. Baker, Arthur Spencer and Jarret are all on the sick list, we wish them a speedy recovery.

Bon Voyage to Miss Smith, of the women's core floor, who is going to Canada.

Stockton

Congratulations to Messrs. Kirby and McLoughlan who have passed the examination at the end of their first year at the National Foundry College, also to B. Broadbent who was placed second in the Steel Castings Section of the Institute of British Foundrymen's Apprenticeship Competition.

We welcome to our General Office, Miss Brenda Heavisides, who has now taken over the switchboard. Also Miss Kathleen Layfield, who is doing Progress work left by Jeff Adams on his transfer to Thornaby.

Good luck, Kathleen, you'll need it, ER! no hard feelings, Jeff.

HEAD WRIGHTSON IRON FOUNDRIES LTD.

The Late Mr. W. Hardy

In the last issue of the magazine, tribute was paid to Mr. Hardy, on the occasion of his retirement after long and faithful service. Now we have to record our profound shock on his recent death. All who knew and worked with him for so long send their deep sympathy to his family in their sad loss.

Congratulations

To B. Copeland (Electrician) on his 21st birthday. Mr. Copeland is now awaiting call up to the R.A.F.

To apprentice moulder R. G. Appleyard, who won first prize in the Iron Casting Section of the local competition for apprentices organised by the Institute of British Foundrymen.



Twenty-one years ago (13th July, 1936) Egglecliffe Foundry re-opened after the depression of the "thirties." The photograph shows the late Sir Guy Wrightson with some of the men on that day. At that time the total labour force was about sixty; now we have three hundred workpeople including some of those who appear on the photograph.

Congratulations also to the undermentioned apprentices who did so well in this competition.

		Marks		
B. Blackwood	93%	J. Wilson	86%	
P. Renton	91%	K. Littlefair	86%	
J. Collin	91%	R. Peat	80%	
W. Dean	88%			

Best Wishes

We wish a speedy return to good health to the undermentioned, who are away from work ill.

Messrs. L. Bloom, A. Todd, J. Hobson, E. Littlefair and Miss F. Bage.

Best wishes to the undermentioned, who have left to do their National Service:—

D. Potter and T. Minnigan.

Welcome Back after illness to:

Messrs. J. Collin (Apprentice Moulder) and V. Beeston (Chief Cost Clerk).

HEAD WRIGHTSON STAMPINGS LTD.

The 27th July marks the beginning of yet another Annual holiday. Preparations have, no doubt, been made and plans completed, the only uncertainty is the weather. For those yet undecided, the following is a weather chart prepared by a well known predictor whose articles are featured in an equally known weekly newspaper:—

July 28th — August 3rd :

Unsettled, local rainstorms with some thunder, particularly in the South and West.

August 4th — August 10th :

In most parts, an overcast Bank Holiday, with general rain indications and thunderstorms.

August 11th — August 17th :

Rather warmer, leading, by the end of the week, to very thundery conditions.

August 18th — August 24th :

A distinctly thundery phase with much heat, plenty of sunshine.

I ought to point out that it is stated that a 10 — 15% margin of inaccuracy should be allowed then the forecasts will be reliable.

(This contribution was sent in before the holidays. The margin of inaccuracy was about right—Ed.)

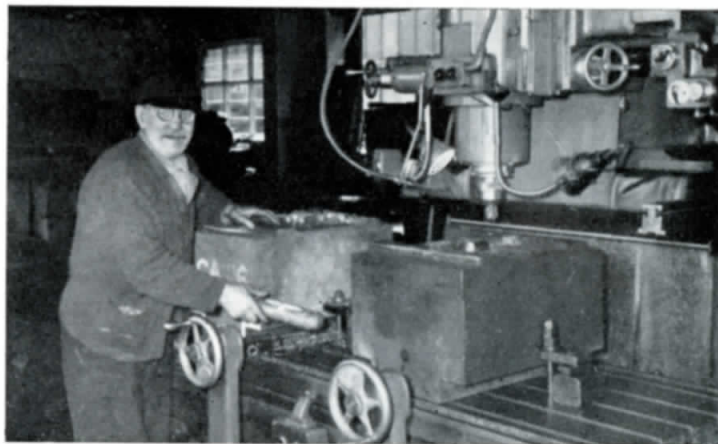
The lunch break has been brightened recently by the skill in the art of magic of John Graham Reed, on temporary transfer from Teesdale Purchasing Department. Have we solved, at last, the mystery of the missing billets?

A member of the Staff recently "got the bird." He succeeded in capturing a budgie which made its way into the office. It was eventually housed by the local R.S.P.C.A. officer. No doubt, in passing, it heard the expression "Why don't you use your loaf."

Fire broke out on the 18th May in one of the Stamp Shops. Two Fire Brigades were soon in attendance. Fortunately, there were no casualties.

We welcome to "Stampings," from Teesdale Laboratory, Ronnie Smailes, and offer our congratulations to his wife and himself upon the birth of their daughter. By the way, we all know that he wanted a daughter — is there something in chemistry after all!!

It is with regret that we record the passing of Mr. Herbert Peterson, known to all as "Pete" the Gardener, who for seven years was employed as gardener and general handyman at "Stampings." He will be remembered for his cheery disposition at all times. Our sympathy is extended to his family and relatives.



Our Grand Old Man — "Tutty."

We are proud to submit this photograph of "Tutty" Smith, seen here on duty in the Die Shop. "Tutty" is now in his seventy-second year of employment with Head Wrightson & Co. Ltd. He must surely hold the record throughout the organisation — if not in the North East — for his lengthy service. Our very best wishes for his continued health, to this Grand Old Man. (Photograph by F. Simon — Die Shop).

Congratulations to the following who have reached their majority:—

Thelma Baxter (Sales Invoice Typist).

George Clayton (Die Shop).

We wish a speedy recovery to the following:

Messrs. F. McCarthy (Despatch), R. Dawson (Blacksmith), H. Cheshire (Stamp Shop), Cherry (Despatch), B. Pople (Die Shop) and H. Stather (Maintenance).

We welcome the following who have resumed work:

Messrs. R. W. Hamilton (Stamp Shop). Gregerson (Maintenance) and A. Day (Cost Office).

On the 16th May, members of the Staff paid a visit to the Teesdale offices and works. All were impressed by the decor of the former. As is only natural, the women folk showed delight in colour schemes and furnishings. Having completed our tour of the offices we were then escorted through the various sections of the works. Interest was shown by all, in the "Castings" section. The Laboratory was also visited — the home of the "backroom boys." Here interesting detail was described by Ken Dawson, who explained the functions of the various machinery and apparatus in each room. An amusing incident was the description of "necking" during the physical testing of metals. Other departments visited were the special Laboratory, Carbon Room and Micro Room, where a Projection Microscope is used for the inspection of steel structures and weld deposits. A most interesting visit throughout, but why was the dark room omitted, Ken, were you afraid of the developments?

This wonderful evening was brought to a close and supper was provided in the canteen of Teesdale Hall. The perfect ending to a perfect arrangement. I had the nerve-racking experience of giving the vote of thanks. Forgive me, gentlemen, if I muffed my lines, but first times — like opening nights — are always the same. However, with no sea of faces to distract me, may I now give thanks on behalf of the Seaton visitors, to the following people :—

Mr. George Jones — Director and General Manager of Stampings and Mr. Frank Shepherd of Teesdale Personnel Department, whose co-operation made the visit possible. Messrs. Soppet, Meachen, Milner, Wade and Rickelton, our guides for the evening, Mr. Ken Dawson (Laboratory) and members of the Catering Staff, who provided the ever welcome cup of tea and extras.

HEAD WRIGHTSON STOCKTON FORGE LTD.

We are pleased to welcome back to our Progress Department. Syd Nugent, after his long illness and trust that he will enjoy continued good health.

Miscellaneous sales. Lawn Mower, Motor Bike and many other articles. Apply to man seen in High Street with a new pram, looking for traditional half-crowns. Mr. "Fat" Hammond is a turner by trade, but we think he should leave his trade behind when on holiday. Fancy trying to turn a somersault in a boat. Imagine the boatman's dismay.

Messrs. R. Craggs, K. Burton, B. Brown and G. Williamson are doing their stints in the Forces. B. Brown is doing well in Army Football and with Hereford United. G. Williamson has had successful trials for the Army and Northants County.

Congratulations to the Forge Bridge Yard "A" team on winning the final of the Cricket Inter-departmental Competition.



Happy group at Stockton Forge Dinner

Mining 'Migrant

Four months ago, a chap we know
Returned to rest at the Forge D.O.
Two years he'd spent in the Royal Air Force
But now his life was to take a new course.

So back to a board in the mining section,
For this was the place of his selection
Where job's come in so thick and fast,
Some are easy, while others last.

St. Patrick's job was so sticky to do
It had lasted a while and stumped one or two
So to Barry it fell to finish the job,
"To finish it off, work over" said Bob.

Now St. Patrick's job was making him dream
But not of the Forge with its honey and cream
Of 'Albert,' his Chief, and of others too
Of them his dreams were all taboo.

To Canada, were his wildest dream
Where men have money, might and means,
Where trees grow high and oil wells blow
This was the place for Barry to go.

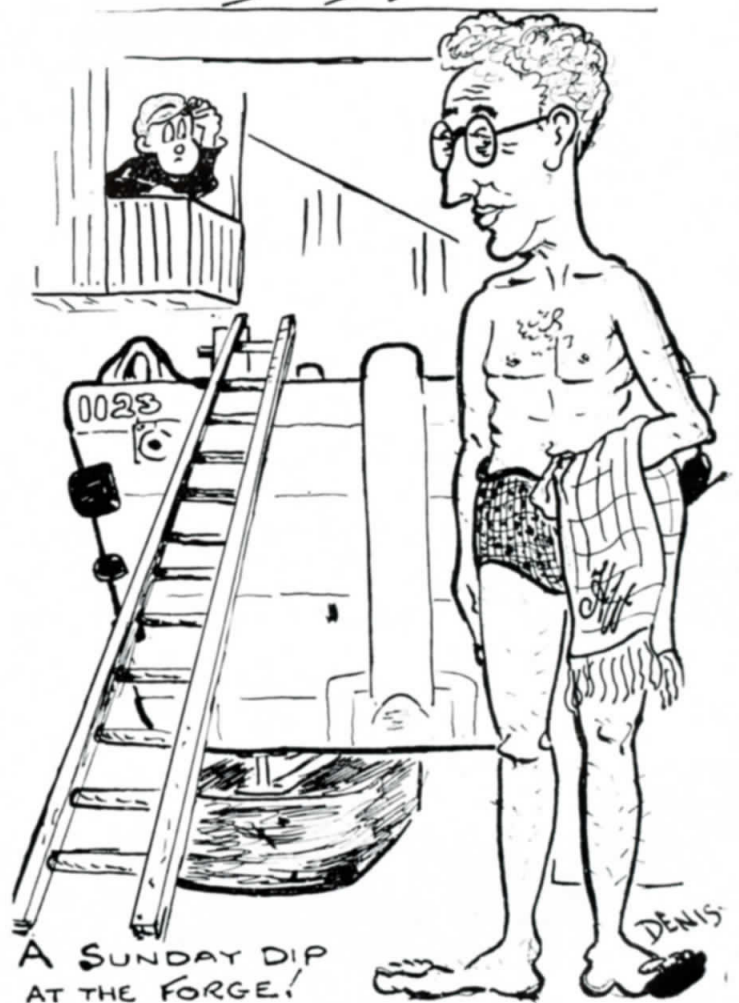
Now the time has come to say goodbye
To keep a date with a plane in the sky,
To the sun and the west he must go
And the lads of the Forge all say cheerio.

This epistle, stained with various local beers and signed by some notable local beer moppers (Aluminium Section) was presented to Mr. R. K. (Bob) Warriner on his leaving to go to Canada.

Our Bob is off to Canada
To the land of dollars and dreams
Of hire purchase, big fast cars
And hydro-electric schemes.

It's quite a step you're taking, Bob,
You and the others too
If the rate keeps up, the maple leaf
Will be red, white and blue.

To be serious though, we wish you luck
But if you get the mood
Pack up your bags and come back home
Rejoin old 'Albert's' brood.



Lord Northcliffe once said that if a dog bit a man, that was not news, but if a man bit a dog, that was news. Jack Green created a simile on June 29th, when instead of diving into the water out of a boat, he did just the opposite and dived into the water in a boat. Some say this was a precedent, but Jack says, it was an accident.

THE HEAD WRIGHTSON MACHINE CO. LTD.

We welcome to the company, Mr. Joe Butcher (Inspector) and Miss Dorothy Tiplady (Stores), also Mr. Tom Buttery (Estimating) and Miss June Turner (Print Room). It is welcome back to the latter pair.

Our Skiffle Group is making a name for itself, coming second in the Middlesbrough Empire competition. Mc-Namara's Band has nothing on Geo. Gill (drums), Derek Gardner (base), Alf Howe (Banjo), Brian Hutchinson (washboard), and the vocal accompaniment to this cacophonous tintinnabulation supplied by Colin Garrett.

Bon Voyage to Mr. Frank Womack, of the D.O., who has emigrated to Canada.

Our congratulations to Mrs. W. E. Danks, of the Ambulance Room, who shares with her husband the Queen's recognition of their work with the St. John's Ambulance Brigade.

Good wishes to Mr. W. Hall, who has retired owing to ill health.

Best wishes to the following who have gone for National Service:

Ron Jennings (Millwrights)—R.E.'s.

Len Walker (D.O.)—R.A.F.

Paul Skelton (Patternmaker)—R.A.F.

Speedy recovery to Phil Clarke (Welder) who, with his wife, had a motor cycle accident.

Sympathy to Mr. E. Wheelhouse in his bereavement.

"A Magazine Correspondent in France"

One contributor to this column usually finds the greatest difficulty in extracting (even by the new painless method) news from the various departments for our contribution to the magazine.

It has been a little easier this time, however, as he has had the good fortune to visit France on behalf of the Company. The news may, of course, come as a great surprise to most of the Middlesbrough readers!!

Leaving the London Hotel at 6-50 a.m. and having spent all English money except one solitary £5 note which was for use on return to England, it came as rather a surprise that one had to buy a 10/- ticket at Waterloo Air Terminal in order to start the journey and this may be a good thing for future travellers to remember.

It was very pleasant indeed to wave farewell to Mr. H. Stayman and Dr. Young who, it transpires, were travelling the same day to Stockholm on H.W. business. The journey in the air was very pleasant and breakfast was served en route. It was very cloudy over England and the Channel, but on crossing the French mainland there was then a clear view of France and he landed at Le Bouget Airport at 10-15 a.m. After the passport formalities, the writer joined the waiting bus for Paris, but unfortunately, owing to a misunderstanding of the French language, had to leave the bus standing while he procured some French currency at the Airport.

Arriving at La Gare Hotel Invalides, he was met by Jean Louis Gaumont, who is the nephew and also assistant to our French representative M. Suire of S.E.F.O. M.E. This gentleman spoke fluent English and was the proud possessor of a low slung two seater Panhard sports car and one had to first creep onto the pavement in order to gain access. However, the performance was terrific.

A thing that immediately struck the writer was that no horns were allowed to be used at all in Paris district and as there appeared to be a complete lack of courtesy on the roads, the drivers opening windows and shouting

at each other in beautiful French. Many cars were seen with bumped rears.

Immediately after meeting M. Suire, the writer was whisked off to Valenciennes Nord, which is approximately two hundred and fifty miles north-east of Paris, to visit a customer in that district. We arrived at about 6 p.m. proceeding straight to the firm, as they apparently work much later in France than we do. Certain negotiations were then carried out with great difficulty as the customer could not speak any English whatsoever. M. Suire kindly acted as interpreter and the writer would possibly say about three words and then M. Suire would speak for approximately three quarters of an hour.

Leaving the firms concerned, we booked in at Le Grand Hotel, Valenciennes and had a beautiful French meal.

On Friday morning, we again visited our customer and were met by the firm's Chief Engineer, who, after more discussions, advised M. Suire that they liked our machine better than our competitors and were prepared to place an order with us.

Immediately after leaving the factory, on the return journey to Paris, we took the road to the lovely old-fashioned French town of Cambrai, staying here for a meal.

There was a long detour on this route and we did not arrive back at the S.E.F.O.M.E. Office until 5 p.m. Here again they work until 6-30 p.m.

The roads are excellent except where one has to pass through villages and the traffic is forced to slow down to a crawl as the roads are full of pot-holes.

No business being conducted in Paris on Saturday, the writer took the opportunity of visiting places of interest such as, Arc de Triomphe, the Eiffel Tower, on through the Champs de Mars to the Hotel Invalides, where stands Napoleon's tomb. This museum is surrounded by beautiful gardens. The writer also visited the Cathedral of Notre Dame and the Palace at Versailles.

As a matter of interest, the writer sampled the Metro, making the fatal mistake of requesting a first class ticket in very poor French, not examining it and thereby getting thrown off after the inspector had decided that it was of second class value.

The writer would recommend that anybody making a visit to France should have a phrase book as one feels rather lost when asking directions, although the people are very helpful, especially the gendarmes, who seem to delight in directing you in perfect French.

The return journey was again very comfortable in a BEA Viscount Discovery Class Aircraft, which seats forty-seven passengers, has four 1,500 h.p. Rolls Royce Dart Air-Screw Turbines, a wing span of ninety-four feet and a cruising speed of three hundred and twenty-eight m.p.h. We landed in London Airport at 12-10 p.m. It was very pleasant to hear again the sound of English voices and the end of a very pleasant and successful visit.

HEAD WRIGHTSON PROCESSES LTD.

H.W.P. Social Club has arranged various functions for the Club members and friends, among which are:—

Dance—held on 24th May. A successful evening from the entertainment angle, but a larger attendance would have made it a "bumper" evening.

Cricket—several matches have been played to date—and there are more to come. So far, we cannot boast many wins, but we do claim a thoroughly enjoyable time was had by all.

Tennis—play is understood to be of a very progressive and enthusiastic order! We may expect at least one Wimbledon player from our Tennis Section.

Future—Social Evening, Snap Competition, Darts, etc.

New orders for H.W.P. services include the provision of a "Pluto" type Research Reactor for Denmark, and Cooling Towers for Stewarts and Lloyds. H.W.P. is very pleased to assist the Nuclear Power Division, H.W. & Co. in its work on the Bradwell Power Station by the provision of CO₂ plant.

With our total orders for Research Reactors, we believe we can lay claim to being the most experienced concern in Britain on the provision of this type of plant.

In our cooling tower business we have supplied towers for four reactors so far built, and we shall supply towers for other reactor orders. With our experience of cooling equipment for atomic reactors we look forward to securing orders for the supply of cooling towers on air cooled heat exchangers for new atomic power stations in this country and overseas.

In the main, H.W.P. has previously supplied air cooled heat exchangers for water cooling, but the demand for these units is increasing, particularly in the petroleum industry. We feel that our experience in the design of the new requirement will be beneficial in the expanding demand for air cooled heat exchangers.

HEAD WRIGHTSON COLLIERY ENGINEERING LTD.

Thornaby

Since the last issue the following have joined our staff :

Mr. J. W. Brown & Mr. B. Dobson — Drawing Office.
Mr. R. Harbron — Electrical Section.
Mr. C. Atkinson — Newcastle Office.

Mr. W. Irwin has now returned from Mardy and no doubt finds life very quiet at Headquarters after his sojourn in South Wales — when in South Wales he spoke Welsh with an English accent and now speaks English with a Welsh accent.

Miss Janet Morgan, who has been with C.E.D. since its formation, took the plunge on Saturday, 22nd June, when she married Mr. Barry Curson, of H.W. Teesdale Ltd. — we could offer them advice of a wide and various nature, but think it wiser and kinder to simply wish them a long and happy married life.

Sheffield

Head Wrightson Colliery Engineering Ltd. (Sheffield) v Aerex Ltd.

The Annual Staff Match for the Wightman Trophy was played on the Wales Cricket Ground on Monday, 24th June, after such perfect weather we were disappointed when rain threatened to cancel the match. H.W.C. E.L. batted first, scoring one hundred for six wickets, and Aerex Ltd. were thirty-eight for eight wickets with three overs to play when the match had to be abandoned owing to bad light. The result being a technical draw. Each team will hold the trophy for six months. A very enjoyable evening was rounded off by a buffet and dancing.

The Lyndhurst Cricket Club, which is comprised of the staffs of H.W.C.E.L. (Sheffield) and Aerex Ltd. have played thirteen matches, won seven, lost five and drawn one.

We wish to welcome Miss Christine Thackeray, who has joined our staff as Shorthand Typist for the Progress Department, and Miss Maureen Trown as a Junior Tracer in the Drawing Office.

Our best wishes to Mr. F. Jenney who will soon be leaving us to commence his National Service.

Mr. R. Oxley (Accounts Department) is in hospital at the moment, after having an operation on his leg. We understand he is progressing favourably and we wish him a speedy and complete recovery.

H.Q. MAINTENANCE DEPT.

Once again a little success has come our way in that our department won the Inter-departmental Football Cup. The Forge, no doubt, played a good game, but were the losers by eight goals to three. We welcomed the presence of Mr. and Mrs. R. Miles, who presented the Cup and trophies.

Congratulations to Allan Sunderland on the occasion of his marriage.

Alderman Frank Wiseman has now returned to work after an illness of almost four months, and we are pleased to note that he is Deputy Mayor of Stockton this year, and trust that his health will improve in the future.

LONDON OFFICE

Welcome to Miss D. Morris, who has joined the Publicity Office staff.

"If I Were You . . ."

Since joining the mixed band of pioneers in one of London's outlying new towns in Sussex a few months ago, I have learned — or tried to learn — many hard lessons including : to appreciate any means of transport, entertain at week-ends, enjoy gardening, travel on long-distance trains in the rush-hour and tolerate mud and other temporary inconveniences of moving into a new house on a new housing site. My humble advice to anyone about to do the same is as follows.

When you are fortunate enough to have a 'bus pass your house don't take it for granted. Notice it, watch it pass, draw the attention of visitors to it — there won't be another for an hour. On going into the town to shop, do plan the expedition beforehand — if you saunter out at just any old time, without a thought for the homeward journey, you will find yourself playing the part of pack-horse in carrying the shopping home on foot. The 'bus goes into town, waits fifteen minutes, and returns, so if you are very quick, you can go in and come back on the same one!

Do cultivate the art of successful week-end entertaining — it is a must, for you will be inundated with friends, relations and even mere acquaintances who are "longing to see you again," but really only longing to visit you and see what sort of a mess you have made of furnishing your new domain. Each one will advise you on what to do with the wilderness outside the back door which one day will be your garden. Listen attentively and then forget their advice (unless their ideas happen to be better than any you may have!) When female guest remarks "Of course, you haven't many *shops* here, have you?" count to ten, dismiss from your mind the parades of modern, well-designed stores in the town, and explain gently, but firmly, that there *are* such things as shops in the vicinity.

"Gardening" is hardly the word to describe the toil and heartbreak that lurks outside your back door. A pick-axe is the only effective weapon to use in breaking up the ground; my husband also found it a great help, too, in slicing clean through the clothes-line immediately after I had adorned it from end to end with washing.

Try to remember, when praying for "rain for the garden" that whilst a good downpour will bring up the plants one inch, it will encourage the weeds to shoot up six! I have at present a bunch of at least fifty poor struggling seedlings within the space of an inch; they'll probably die due to a bad start in life. Moral: never try to cheat time by planting a row of seeds after dark. A final word on gardening as a beginner; I would beg you not to be ashamed at going into extacies over a cornflower bud — it happens to all of us!

As one of the unfortunates travelling daily into London to earn a living, I have learned that the three essentials for successful travelling are a long umbrella, preferably with a sharp point, aggressiveness and bad manners. So armed, you will never have to stand in the corridor or have yours toes trodden on. The men, most of whom are thoroughly experienced in this particular brand of hooliganism, not only refrain from offering you a seat, but will knock you down and trample over you in order to reach an empty seat before you. With a little practice and imagination you will find the umbrella a most versatile instrument.

In all probability at the time of your move the house will be completed but the "ancillary works" will not. If the dividing fences are not erected in the front gardens an interesting time can be had with your neighbour, speculating exactly where it will run. Until the front

wall is up, don't mind the people that pass immediately by your window — they enjoy having a closer look at the interior of your house. We waited a long, long time for our gate. One evening, on arriving home from the office — there it was, barred up to enable the posts to set. I felt anything but happy at having to hop over the wall, and even less happy at the pending arrival of guests for the evening. I am pleased to record they negotiated the obstacle quite creditably — and good-humouredly! Mud — you will have to learn to *live* with mud if you should have a very wet period on moving in. A pair of knee-high boots is an absolute essential for hanging out the washing, and beware of becoming stuck — it's uncomfortable and undignified. Never polish the floors on the ground-floor — with perseverance and determination you may train your husband to wipe his feet before entering, but you can hardly greet every caller with "Wipe your feet first!" I have had the added, and unusual (I hope!) trial of everyone assuming we are another address from our own — understandable, as the sign outside our house says "Brighton Road," when in fact we do not live in Brighton Road. This has entailed my being dragged from the end of the garden to open the door to a man who wanted to read a gas-meter, but not mine; a suit being delivered to us from the cleaners — it was not my husband's; and our harbouring for some months a spare part (large) for a gas-stove other than our own. We later met the occupier of the house we are thought to be, and he never had received it!

However if, like me, you have weathered the storms of winter and are enjoying the countryside in Summer, you will not wish to return to big-town life.

J.R.P.

This photograph was provided by an older member of the firm. Some of the men are still with us. There is no prize but the Editor thinks you might enjoy trying to recognise present and past employees.



Men of Machine Shop, Teesdale in ? How many do you remember and can you state the year ?



Mr. Miles presenting awards

PRESENTATION OF AMBULANCE AWARDS

Our First Aiders have completed a very successful year's work under their instructors, Dr. Irving and Messrs. T. H. Robinson and T. Smith.

The awards they received were presented to them by our Chairman and Managing Director, Mr. Richard Miles. Five men from Thornaby Ambulance Station had also shared in their classes. A total of eighteen students attended the weekly lectures.

At the presentation, Mr. Miles expressed his pleasure that men gave up their leisure time to take on this purely voluntary work.

Awards were as under:—

1st year certificates — Messrs. G. Baker, E. Rogers and S. Smith of Teesdale Steel Foundry and Mr. M. Newton of Constructional Department.

Bars to Medallions — Messrs. E. Cooker and S. Duckett of Constructional Department, T. Smith of Teesdale Machine Shop, R. H. Danby, Maintenance, T. H. Robinson, Teesdale Steel Foundry and L. Arnold — Joiner.

Medallions — J. Bullock, Teesdale Steel Foundry and N. Hobbs, Machine Shop.

Mr. Arnold and Mr. Newton were absent from work due to illness and were unable to receive their awards. We hope they will be back with us soon.

EX-EMPLOYEE — TOWN'S FIRST LADY

Former colleagues of Miss Mavis Longstaff (now Mrs. Barwick) late Steel Castings, will be the first to congratulate her in her new role, that of Mayoress of Middlesbrough.

Her father, Alderman Longstaff and she were installed as Mayor and Mayoress on May 21st. We would like to take this opportunity of wishing them every success during their year of office.

MINIATURE AIR RIFLE

INTER-DEPARTMENTAL COMPETITION

A very successful competition was again held this year. The increased interest in this sport is shown by the following entries:—

1955 80 entries

1956 90 „

1957 139 men and one woman.

The winners were Bridge Yard 'A' Team comprising the following:

G. Jackson, E. Cooker, M. Newton, H. Foster, J. Mason, T. Pearce and T. Thornton.

The Cup and plaques were presented by the Mayor of Thornaby, Alderman Padgett.