

# Wright Ahead

Christmas 1966



THE HEAD WRIGHTSON HOUSE MAGAZINE





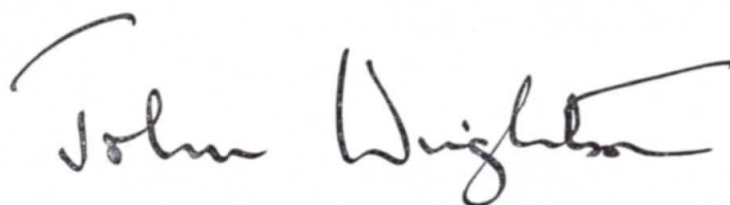
# The Chairman's Message

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Enough has surely been said and written over the past months about the gravity of our present economic position and the growing uncertainty of what lies in store for us during the coming year. Every day, by newspaper and television, we are bombarded by arguments for and against new policies ; old ideas versus new legislation ; politicians speak of present problems, frustration, and a further grim period ahead, as the freeze bites even more deeply into all our lives. During the past year Head Wrightson has continued to strive resolutely for improved productivity, and this we must continue to do.

Against this background, there is the bustle and excitement as the spirit of Christmas gradually transforms our daily lives. The bright faces of our children remind us of the true meaning of Christmas — that it is a time for family gatherings and for the enrichment of old friendships.

In this spirit, may I wish you all a very Happy Christmas.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "John Wrightson". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, sweeping initial 'J'.

Front Cover :  
" Christmas Glow."

Inside Front Cover :  
Mr. Walter Robinson — Furnaceman,  
Head Wrightson Steel Foundries Ltd.

Inside Back Cover :  
Mr. Peter Thomas — Welder,  
Head Wrightson Teesdale Ltd.

Back Cover :  
Santa Claus and Admirer.  
(Robinson's Store, Stockton).



# Stockton Scrapbook

by THOS. H. CUMMINS, Teesdale Bridge Yard

Fellow workers in the Bridge Yard frequently ask me to recall memories of Stockton, and its wide High Street as it was over 50 years ago. It is a pleasure to see the broad expanse today and the transformation of the scene due to traffic conditions, compared with years ago.

How different the scene was in the High Street in 1910. On Wednesday the market was busy indeed; one could hear the clanging bells of the trams, and the noise of surging cattle coming up Church Row, driven on by barking dogs and the cries of the drovers.

In the shambles the farmers' wives would stand with butter and eggs, rabbits, curds and other produce. Country butter, as we termed it, was 9d. or 10d. per lb. Looking down Finkle Street we could see and hear the rivetters at work in the Scotch Yard.

About 1907, the Castle Theatre was built on the site of two old ivy covered houses owned by Mr. Felix Cruse. The opening play was the "Lady of Lyons." Later came the "Merry Widow", which broke all records and was the finest musical comedy ever to come to Stockton. I well remember seeing the carriages drawing up to the circle entrance and local gentry alighting in evening dress.

Unfortunately the theatre did not pay because of the close proximity of Middlesbrough Opera House, and the name was changed to the "Empire", when it became a moving picture theatre. I remember Charles Chaplin in his first Keystone comedy at the Empire, "A Film Johnny." A year or two previously I had seen him at the Hippodrome in Fred Karno's, "Mumming Birds", before he left England to achieve fame in the United States.

Ivy Close, a Portrack girl won an all England beauty competition, sponsored by the "Daily Mirror." The prize was £1,000. She was featured at the Empire for a week, and was the first English girl to appear on the silent screen.

In the High Street were some quaint old characters. One in particular named "Old Vitty", claimed to sell anything in the ironmongery line for the home, at his



Photograph by kind permission of Darlington and Stockton Times  
High Street looking north.

shop in Norton Road, where he could frequently be seen frying a kipper over a candle stuck in a jam jar. When he died he was reputed to have left a fortune of a quarter of a million. Another "old timer" was the "Black Cat", a racecourse tipster who sold the famous "Stockton Waterproof Boot Polish"; the original and best.

The night after the "Titanic" disaster the Salvation Army held a meeting near the Market Cross. The crowd standing with heads bared, and joining in the hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee"; the hymn the ship's band played as the "Titanic" was sinking after she had struck an iceberg.

We all looked forward to the hiring of farm servants, held twice a year, in May and November. In the High Street, the farm lads and lasses stood near the Market Cross. When engaged by a farmer they received their "God's Penny", a binding fee, usually half a crown. The High Street was full of roundabouts, and there was a scenic railway with a coloured waterfall. The organ on the jumping horses played all the latest music hall songs of the day — 'I wouldn't leave my little wooden hut for you', and the like. Very tuneful they were compared with the mechanical row we hear on the "dodgems" today.

Chipperfield's menagerie stood at the bottom of Ramsgate. Here could be seen year after year the Indian Chief dancing in his bare feet on red hot bars. Eagerly we joined the crowd to go inside to see "Hairy Mary", who alas turned out to be a large ape. Billy Cowley's boxing booth, with his partner, a coloured man, Sam Minto, was near the "Grey Horse."

On Wednesday night all shop windows were boarded up from Ramsgate to Yarm Lane, as the crowds were terrific. Hawkers stood on the kerbstones selling woolly brushes to tickle the girls. After 50 years I can still hear their hoarse voices crying, "Never go in the crush without a brush." It was impossible to get through the High Street and many people travelled along the quayside. A man walked in front of the tramcars ringing a large handbell. Everyone was intent on enjoying themselves, and the sky was a blaze of light. We hadn't much money in those days but we certainly enjoyed ourselves and life was good 55 years ago.



Photograph by kind permission of Darlington and Stockton Times  
High Street.

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# THE FRIARAGE

## Yarm, Yorkshire

by JOHN W. WARDELL

The present building bearing this name is a handsome three-storied mansion of medium size and rectangular shape, which stands in pleasant grounds at the south end of Yarm, in what was once an enclave of High Worsall. The long east front of the house faces the Tees — from which it is separated by terraced lawns — and the rising ground crowned with woods on the Durham side of the river, while the main entrance on the west front is approached by a short drive from the lodge gates on the Thirsk road. The south end of the house looks across ornamental lawns to a large walled kitchen garden, and at the north end there is a range of domestic buildings, built one or two centuries earlier as an extension to the original house and narrower than the main building. To the north again there is a long courtyard with stables and other outbuildings on the west, a high wall with a dovecote behind it on the east, and a north lane leading to the south end of the High Street.



Rear view of The Friarage.

The main building was erected by Edward Meynell between 1770 and 1775 on the site of the Dominican Friary, which had served as a dwelling house from the suppression until this time, and the stones of the old house and those of the ruined Blackfriar's Church nearby were used for the modern mansion, which incorporated the substantial foundations and cellars of the old Friary. Nothing of the old church, which lay to the north-west of the conventual house, remains above ground, and there is no sign of the two-acre cemetery to the south of it. The most ancient building in The Friarage precincts is the octagonal dovecote previously mentioned, which was built of brick with stone quoins and a pantiled roof about four hundred years ago.

The Dominican Friary was founded about 1260 by the last Peter de Brus, who died in 1272, Yarm being one of the one hundred Yorkshire manors belonging to the De Brus barony of Skelton. This first gift of an acre was increased by grants of adjoining land during the next fifty years, but the friars never held more than fifteen acres in all. The Blackfriars Church was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary in 1308, at which time the house had thirty friars. Many of the Meynells of Hilton, the ancestors of those of North Kilvington and Yarm, and other local gentry and merchants were buried in the church and cemetery, but the Friary was always poor, particularly in its later years. At the Suppression in 1538, when forty-nine ounces of silver went to the King's treasury and forty-three tons of lead from the roofs of the church and Friary were sold for the Crown, the value of the land and other possessions was only £3. 12. 8. per annum, which, when multiplied by thirty to obtain the modern figure, is still a small sum. The prior, five priests, six novices and two lay brothers were turned adrift without pensions, but Brian Layton, who obtained the lease, bought the household goods from the commissioner and sold them for £3. 14. 4. which he distributed among them.



Front and side view of The Friarage.



The Friary property was sold by the Crown in 1553 for £79. 10. 0. to two County Durham yeoman acting on behalf of John Sayer, Lord of the Manor of Worsall, three miles south-west of Yarm. It was natural that the Sayer family should wish to obtain this property, because it formed part of the twenty-seven acre enclave of High Worsall in Yarm and John Sayer's grandfather and father were buried in the Blackfriars cemetery. The Friarage remained in the possession of Catholics, despite all Penal Law difficulties, from 1553 to 1957, when the trustees of the Meynell family sold it to Messrs. Head Wrightson & Co. Ltd., who made essential repairs on purchase and have kept the house and grounds in perfect order since.

The Friarage was first used by H.W. Processes Ltd., and this year, prior to being occupied by Headquarters, architectural errors made in Victorian times were put right — Georgian sash windows were replaced on the ground floor, leaden water heads and downpipes were substituted for cast iron ones and the conservatory on the south wall was removed — and the whole building redecorated correctly inside and out. The Friarage and the dovecote were among the buildings in Yarm which were scheduled this year by the Ministry of Housing and Local Government as of special architectural and historic interest.

The Sayer family had inherited High Worsall in 1401, and in addition to this manor — a modern farmhouse stands on the site of the hall — they held lands at Preston, near Stockton-on-Tees, and many other places on both sides of the Tees. The John Sayer who acquired The Friarage near Yarm — as the property was henceforth called — died in 1584. He had been a Queen's Commissioner with Sir George Bowes in the Northern Rebellion of 1569-70, and had to pay a fine of £500 for the release of his heir, who, as a gentleman of the Earl of Northumberland, had been on the other side in this ill-fated Rising of the Earls.

John Sayer, the second owner of The Friarage, died without issue in 1635, having married a daughter of Sir George Conyers of Sockburn and sister of the Thomas Conyers who founded Yarm Grammar School in 1590. After the above unfortunate experience, his loyalty to the Crown was never suspect, and his subscription of £100 to the defence of England against the Armada was the highest in Cleveland.

Lawrence Sayer, who died about 1669, succeeded his uncle, and had his estate sequestered as a Recusant and Delinquent in 1650, but some rights were later restored, because he was living at The Friarage from 1658 to his death. In 1670, this property passed to Nicholas Mayes, merchant of Yarm, who had married Lawrence's daughter Cecily; she was guardian for their elder son John until he was of age and took over The Friarage until his death in 1742. John Mayes and his younger brother Lawrence were educated at Douay, and the latter, who died a priest at Rome in 1749, was preceptor to Bonnie Prince Charlie in 1727.

John Mayes was survived by his wife Mary, daughter of Roger Meynell of North Kilvington, and succeeded by his daughter Cecily who married James Fernios without issue. They all lived at The Friarage until Cecily's death in 1770, when Edward Meynell, a son of Roger, succeeded to the property and built the new mansion. He had an elder brother Thomas, who was a Jesuit priest in London and experienced the horrors of the Gordon Riots there in 1780; while staying with his

brother at The Friarage later, he frequently rode into Sougdale for solitude, and during these visits he carved on two sides of a large stone, which may still be seen there, "Thomas Meynell, Anno Domini 1781" and "Est omnia nil", as the fortunes of Catholics in this country had now reached their lowest ebb, "All is nothing", is perhaps understandable.

Edward Meynell died in 1808 and was succeeded by his son Thomas, who was Chairman of the Stockton and Darlington Railway — which was opened in 1825 — from its inaugural meeting at the George and Dragon Hotel, Yarm, in 1820 to his retirement in 1828. He returned to Kilvington Hall in 1841 and died there in 1854. His heir, Thomas, lived at The Friarage from his marriage in 1841 to his father's death and occasionally until his own death in 1863, having built Yarm Catholic Church in 1860. From 1865, The Friarage was usually occupied by tenants until it was sold in 1957. The last of the Meynells died in 1954.

Until the church was built a large room on the first floor of the old wing of The Friarage had been used as a chapel, where services were held in secret until 1795, when the Penal Laws were sufficiently relaxed. In 1959, three beautifully carved wooden panels, which had formed a removable reredos on the wall behind a removable altar in the chapel room, were discovered in the roof loft of the new house, and one is now in the Catholic Church while the other two are in the Bowes Museum.

Mr. R. M. Hudson, who rented The Friarage from 1925 to 1938, trenched an acre of ground near the house and located the site of the Blackfriars Church. The modern canteen building lies over the transepts, with the chancel to the east and the nave to the west, but there is no evidence of a plan on the exact site.



The dovecote in The Friarage grounds.



# JOURNEY TO THE SUN

by J. R. HICKSON  
H. W. Teesdale Limited



Fruit market scene in Martinique.

My wife and I had worked hard for ten years in business without a holiday and now, having sold out we were free; so naturally one of our first thoughts was where to go for a good rest and plenty of sunshine.

Coloured brochures were obtained and studied from cover to cover with great anticipation, and it soon became apparent that we were both thinking along the same lines — the West Indies — the magic that is associated with the Caribbean and all that it conjures up in one's mind — the sunlit sea and coral beaches with palm trees. That was it then, tickets booked, hectic shopping days for clothes of the type that were very hard to find in Leeds in wet and foggy November, but finally the day came and on Saturday 13th November, we boarded the Q.S.S. Arkadia at Southampton and sailed out of the damp and dismal docks at 12 noon to the strains of a German band on the deck playing "Rule Britannia."

The first three days were uneventful enough and were spent in settling down, finding our way about the ship, getting to know everybody and trying to acclimatise ourselves to a very different way of life, not the least of which were the fantastic menus of ten course lunches and twelve course dinners.

On the fourth day ropes were strung about all public lounges, foyers etc., and the reason soon became apparent when we hit a really bad storm, which lasted for three days and nights and which we learned from the Captain later had been the worst he had experienced in thirty years at sea. Like all bad things however, it finally passed, leaving most of us very much "under the weather", but I often smile to myself even now when I think of Miss Hilda Baker, ("she knows you know"), who was a passenger on the cruise, trying to prevent the water coming through her port hole in the middle of the night dressed only in a soaking wet nylon nightie.

The seas became calm the sun shone, and finally at 8 o'clock on Monday morning the 22nd November, we sailed into Barbados just nine days and 3,624 miles from Southampton.

Here we were entertained by the traditional steel drum band and small boys diving off the breakwater for pennies thrown in by us, after breakfast we went down the gang plank on to "terra firma", a grand feeling after all that water. We had our first experience of some hard bargaining for a taxi, and then set off on our tour of the island. Barbados is the most easterly of the West Indian islands and the most British in sentiment. One cannot help but notice how all the streets are named

after well known British people, including Royalty and also the poor living conditions of the native population. Bridgetown, which is the port and the capital is not very large and soon we were winding along country lanes bordered on both sides by acres and acres of sugar canes, which grow to a great height and so spoil the view of the surrounding countryside.

Our first stop was at Paradise Beach, which is well named, with its clear blue sea, pure white sandy beach and the inevitable palm trees — just as seen on picture postcards, but so much more beautiful in real life. On we went to our next call, which was the taxi driver's own shop, for a quick drink of pop "on the house" and then off again to the most northerly point of the island where a new palatial hotel is being built by an American family; the son showed us round and after one or two "for the road" we were off again on our way back to the ship, passing many stately homes of the old slave owners' on the way. This island was undoubtedly our favourite amongst all the West Indian islands, being the most natural, unspoiled and least commercialised of them all.

We set sail at 11 p.m. to the sounds of the steel drum calypso band on shore, and the ship's band on deck, playing alternatively — a pleasant and memorable day.

At 8 o'clock next morning we sailed into the harbour at Fort de France Martinique, a French possession since 1635 whose local heroine was Josephine (of "not tonight" fame). Less than 5% of the people are white and very little English is spoken. A quick taxi trip revealed that it was an island of lush tropical vegetation, with bananas, pineapples, etc., growing in great profusion but the beaches were black volcanic ash and the local population beg from you at every turn. One couldn't even take a photograph of little native children playing unless they were paid. The town was spoilt by two or three feet deep open sewers, which were everywhere, with dead rats etc., lying in them — most unpleasant, especially at 85°F in the shade. At 6 o'clock we sailed and were not really sorry to get back on board to the comfort and hygienic surroundings.

On Wednesday, 24th November at 10 o'clock we sailed into Port of Spain, Trinidad, the home of calypso, steel band, limbo dance, carnival and cricket, we were only 15 miles from South America and it was HOT! really HOT! We spent the morning shopping; the shops were mostly very modern and air-conditioned, which in that climate is a must, and it was a pleasant change from the hustle and bustle of shopping in England. We went back



to the ship for lunch, then off on a sightseeing tour by taxi in the afternoon. One of the most interesting places visited was the Botanical Gardens, where trees, shrubs and flowers from all over the world grow in profusion; the most interesting being the Century Palm which flowers once in one hundred years and then dies. After dinner we visited a night club which was putting on a special floor show for our benefit. This was situated in the pent-house at the top of an office block and was small but quite palatial. The drinks were expensive but the floor show was excellent and included the World Champion Limbo Dancer, wearing the medal presented to him by the Duke of Edinburgh, after he had performed in London at the Commonwealth Arts Festival. We sailed at 11 o'clock after a very full day, and arrived at Curacao at 7 a.m. on Friday, 26th November. This island, the wealthiest of the six Dutch Antilles, is literally covered with oil refineries and cacti. The smell of oil and a temperature of around 100° in the shade do not encourage much sight seeing.

The town of Willemstad, which is the port and capital, is cut in half by a long wide bay and is joined by the longest pontoon bridge in the world. As this is open more than it is closed, they also provide a free ferry service. The town is picturesque and the shops very interesting, we found a toy supermarket whose proprietor was educated in Manchester and is a strong supporter of Manchester United — small world!

We visited the floating fish and fruit market, another point of interest, but the goods looked anything but appetising and the smell was even worse than the oil fumes. We picked up several interesting souvenirs and some toys for Christmas presents, but again, we were very glad to get back to the ship, as evening brought no relief from the heat, and we sailed again at 11 p.m.

We spent all day Saturday sailing North at last and arrived at Kingston, Jamaica at 9 a.m. on Sunday, November 28th. Being Sunday prevented any looking around shops, but we found the famous straw market was open and spent an hour or two looking at all manner of fancy goods manufactured in raffia of all colours. We did another sight seeing tour by taxi, covering more botanical gardens, beaches, mountains and the old Spanish Town, the original Spanish Capital of Jamaica. This island is the largest of the British West Indies and also has the largest number of unemployed, hence the mass emigration to the U.K.

We sailed again at 7 p.m. and had another full day at sea on Monday, during this part of the trip we passed very close to the coast of Cuba but did not see any signs of Russian missiles or Leyland buses; for that matter we saw no signs of life at all. At this point it is as well to mention the flying fish which appeared at the bows of the ship and flew for considerable distances on either side, quite fun to watch, and, I was told, very tasty to eat.

At 10 a.m. Tuesday, November 30th, we arrived off Nassau and had to go ashore by tender, as there was no dock. Nassau is the capital of nearly seven hundred islands called the Bahamas and we had now come much more under the American influence. We were one of eleven cruise ships at anchor here, of which seven were American. The American influence is so great that all goods in the shops are priced in Dollars and even the G.P.O. stamps with the Queen's head on them, could not be purchased with English money. We visited a lot of shops, hunting for souvenirs, and also took a short trip in a glass bottomed boat to see the beauty of the marine gardens and exotic tropical fish. In the distance

we saw the island on which Jane Mansfield was alleged to have been shipwrecked. On the afternoon of our first day there, the sea became too rough for the tender to operate, so we had to up-anchor and sail round to the other side of the island. This meant we had to take an expensive taxi ride to go to and from Nassau.

On the second day, we visited Flamingo Park where a large group of the beautiful, graceful pink Flamingoes had been trained to obey words of command like a squad of guardsmen; quite unique and very well done. At night we went to an open air night club, and no sooner had we settled down to watch the floor show, than it started to rain. Fortunately they had an indoor club as well, but this became very crowded and we had to leave early as we were sailing again at 11 p.m.

Next morning we were looking straight ahead into the clear blue sky and what started out as little white dots on the horizon began to take shape as we drew nearer and could soon be distinguished as snowy white skyscrapers on Miami Beach, glistening in the morning sun. Whatever one can say about Miami Beach is totally inadequate, and according to individual taste, it is the lush playground for millionaires on a vast chrome and concrete jungle, but however one regards it, only one word can describe the place in general and that is FANTASTIC. Fifty years ago, Miami Beach did not exist and to-day it is a man made strip, eight miles long, containing four hundred grand hotels and thousands of lesser hotels and guest houses, the world's most stupendous, colossal, fabulous, gi-normous, one-long-strip-tease of exclusive amusement.

At 12 o'clock we sailed up a canal into the heart of Miami proper, which is on the mainland, turned round



Performing dolphin at the Seaquarium — Miami Beach.



and sailed back again eventually docking at Miami Beach. After lunch we went on a conducted tour of the district in a luxury coach fitted with microphone, loud speakers and air-conditioning. The driver pointed out the homes of many well known people — Barbara Hutton, James Gleason, Al Capone and so on. We saw all the fabulous hotels with their private beaches, the shopping centre where no cars are allowed, just little electric trolleys which transport people from shop to shop. The streets were ablaze with decorations for Christmas, which seemed strange in a temperature of near 80°. We saw the John F. Kennedy Memorial with its Flame of Remembrance burning perpetually and we saw the inland waterway along which wealthy New Yorker's sail to winter in Miami in their luxury yachts, a distance of 1,450 miles, without going near the sea. For some days we had been receiving letters from home, telling us of the storms and snow being experienced in the North of England at the time; difficult to appreciate in those surroundings. At night we were taken to a night club in one of the palatial hotels, where we enjoyed a first class show, with a few drinks, leaving in the early hours, again in the same coach. An electric bulletin sign showed that it was 2 a.m. and the temperature was 73°. The driver apologised for the 'cold' spell which they had been having for a week or so.

Next morning we were off again at 9 a.m. in the same coach, with the same driver, a really interesting character with a typical American line of "patter." Our morning was spent visiting Hayleigh Race Track, one of the most famous of American millionaire race tracks, which is not open yet but which was preparing for the coming winter season. Some of the horses were already there, and the whole place was a mass of Palm trees, flowers etc., while a colony of pink Flamingoes live on an island in the centre of the track itself.

We went back to an Italian restaurant for lunch, which we did not enjoy very much, and then off again to visit the Seaquarium with its performing Dolphins, including "Flipper" of T.V. fame. They put on a really spectacular show, both above and below the water. Some of their tricks, such as playing basket ball and ten pin bowling have to be seen to be believed. We were sorry to leave them but had to press on, this time to the Parrot Jungle, where in a small natural tropical jungle, dozens of gaily coloured Macaws and Parrots live in complete freedom, flying about wherever they wish, but never flying away. In a clearing in the centre of the jungle was a small open air theatre where regular shows are given. The Keepers put the birds through their paces, and had them doing many amazing tricks, such as riding small bicycles on a high wire, racing on tiny roller skates, finishing with one bird being shot up to a cardboard moon in a rocket and returning to Earth by parachute. When the show was over we returned by coach to the ship, through some of the most beautiful residential areas it is possible to imagine; everything is so clean, white and cared for. Incidentally anybody thinking of going there to live should know that building land costs three thousand dollars a square foot.

We sailed at midnight leaving behind the flashing searchlights, neon signs and lights from probably the brightest city in the world. We had the weekend at sea, and a trip of 940 miles in front of us to our next and last port of call — Bermuda.

Bermuda — name of nearly one hundred and fifty small islands, many of which are large enough only for one house, and many are still uninhabited; where it is far easier to commute by launch than car. This is Brit-



Stallholder in a Martinique fruit market.

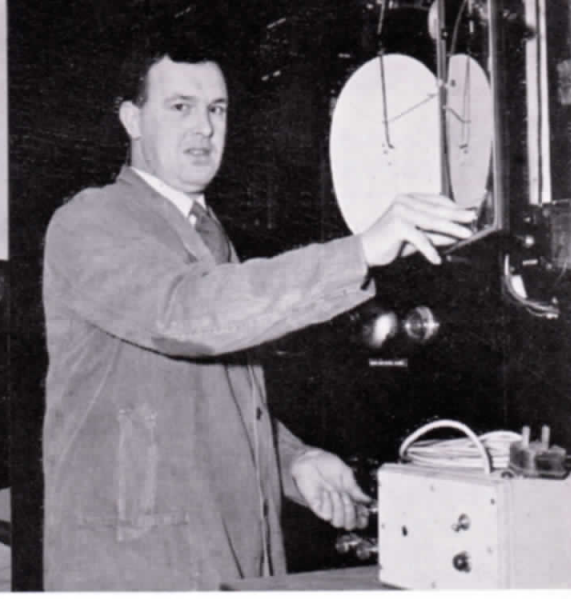
ain's oldest colony, with a parliament second in seniority only to Westminster — when annexed by Britain in 1609 it was uninhabited. This part of the world is not the tropics, and the climate is temperate and extremely pleasant. The old saying "water water, everywhere but not a drop to drink" could have originated here, as the islands rely entirely on rainwater for their supply. Concrete catchments were everywhere, and every house has a limewashed roof for purifying its own rainwater. We docked at 7 a.m. and at 9 a.m. off we went on a launch for a tour of all the surrounding islands. The launch was a converted M.T.B. and had plenty of seats and awnings — a guide gave a running commentary and the inevitable singers with guitars provided the entertainment. They concocted a rum punch in a large bowl, and whilst it tasted like orange squash, it packed a great kick, so everybody was soon happy. We stopped at a small island for a delicious barbecue lunch, cooked before our eyes, and some of the passengers had a swim. Then we called at Hamilton for a look round the shops. Everything was very expensive and as money was getting short by this time, nobody bought much. We sailed out of the narrow natural harbour at 4 p.m. with the locals lining the banks to bid us bon voyage; so near we could nearly touch them. This was the last of our calls, and we had 2,981 miles to go home. We soon fell back into the routine life on the ship and for a day or two we made the most of the fine weather, which still prevailed. Time and space does not permit me to dwell for very long on the ship's amenities, all I can say is that the food and the service was streets ahead of anything one could get in the best hotel and with cinema shows, two swimming pools, bars, night clubs, a gymnasium, children's play-room etc., we wanted for nothing. Soon it began to get cooler, it started to rain, we sighted Lands End, and at 7 a.m. on a very cold and foggy December 14th we docked at Southampton — home again, worse luck! We had been away thirty-one days and covered 9,818 miles not including those on shore, and we just couldn't keep warm.

Some of you reading this article may remember the old "Monarch of Bermuda" which, many years ago caught fire in New York Harbour and turned turtle before the fire was finally put out. It was sold as scrap, re-built and today is as sturdy and solid as ever — this was our Q.S.S. Arkadia.

As I write this article memories come flooding back because it is just twelve months ago exactly that it all happened.



**Head Wrightson  
Research and  
Development  
Division**

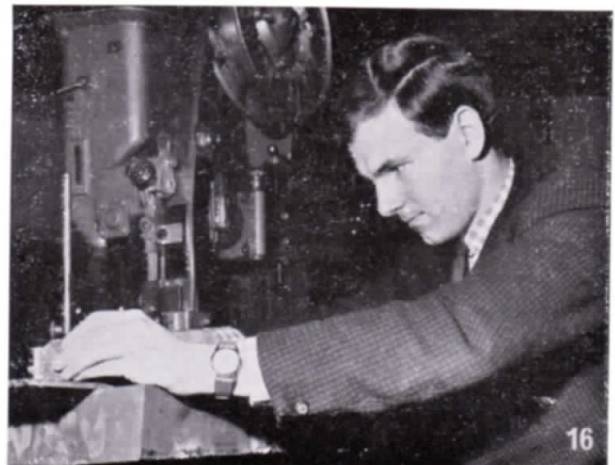






- 1 JOHN PICTOR  
*Manager Heat & Chemical  
Engineering*
- 2 BILL BLACKBURN  
*Instrument Fitter*
- 3 SUE POPE  
*Secretary*
- 4 JOHN TAYLOR  
*Chemical Engineer*
- 5 KEN ICETON  
*Planning Engineer*
- 6 DON FLETCHER and  
JIM MACSORLEY  
*Non Destructive testing engineer  
and junior*
- 7 RAY MACDONALD  
*Asst. Metallurgical Manager*
- 8 MAURICE GRIEG  
*Chief Draughtsman*

- 9 DON HARRISON  
*Metallurgical Engineer*
- 10 BILL USHER  
*Workshop Foreman*
- 11 F. LUCAS  
*Draughtsman*
- 12 JOYCE WOODS  
*Librarian*
- 13 JOE DUCE  
*Metallurgist*
- 14 LEN JACKSON  
*Electrician Fitter*
- 15 MARGARET BARKER  
*Computer Operator*
- 16 ALAN MARSHALL  
*Metallurgist*





# News

HEAD WRIGHTSON MACHINE COMPANY LIMITED



Experimental hover bearing rig at P. R. P. Exhibition.

## P.R.P. Automation

The photograph shows the Machine Company stand at a congress and exhibition held in the premises of the Royal Society for Zoology in Antwerp from 24th to 28th October, 1966.

The congress was designed to give a survey of the new techniques and instruments used for automation and quality control in the Paper, Rubber and Plastics Industries.

A "captive market" of some five hundred of the industries' senior engineers and management, representing nineteen countries, were quick to see the possibilities of using the Hover Bearing System and some lively discussions were held on specific applications.

The exhibition was also open to people not attending the congress and a number of engineers from Gevaert-Agfa (Film Makers) and U. C. B. (Paper and Cellophane) spent a good deal of time on the Hover Bearing Stand.

Also interested were several of the other exhibitors, particularly the companies specialising in strip guiding and strip inspection equipment.

Being an international congress and exhibition, quite a strain was put on the two linguists, Mr. A. A. W. Daszewski of H.W. Export Company and Mr. E. Tyssen of Compagnie Commerciale Kreglinger, but they were able to converse freely with all and sundry, which put the visitors at ease and enabled them to concentrate on the Hover Bearing System, free from misunderstanding.

The organising committee members made several visits to the stand, (even demonstrated the equipment to their colleagues) and on the last day asked Head Wrightson Machine Company to propose the toast, on behalf of the exhibitors, during the closing ceremony.

Overall feeling was one of success, with several enquiries for particular applications, many new contacts and possible future clients, and a clearer picture of the various equipment used in the papermaking and converting field.

## Tube Finishing Machine for Spain

The Machine Company, Middlesbrough, has recently completed manufacture of a small diameter non ferrous tube finishing machine for processing long lengths of finely drawn tubing.

The unit is for Pradera Hermanos S.A. Spain, and is of similar design to the unit supplied to Sociedad Espanola de Construcciones Electromecanicas S.A. Spain as part of their new seamless copper tube plant.

Long lengths of coiled tubing are fed into the machine where they are straightened, eddy current tested to detect flaws in the material, and cut into saleable lengths which may then be recoiled. The recoiling device is designed to produce several different types of coil, according to customer's requirements, in lengths which the machine may be set to repeat continuously.

This machine is the first of its type to be built by the Machine Company under the terms of a recent agreement with the Ruesch Machine Company of America.

## Plate Levellers for Davy-United

The machine shown in the photograph completes an order for three Plate Levellers which we have supplied to Davy-United Engineering Company, for the new Rautaruukki Plate Mill in Finland.

It is an 11 roll backed-up leveller, which will flatten mild steel and medium carbon steel plates in the cold condition up to  $\frac{3}{4}$ " thickness by 11'-2" wide.

The other two machines on this contract are hot plate levellers, designed to handle materials up to  $1\frac{1}{2}$ " thickness at a minimum temperature of 600°C. One of these will be positioned on the mill run-out section, and the other will flatten plates coming from the normalising furnace.

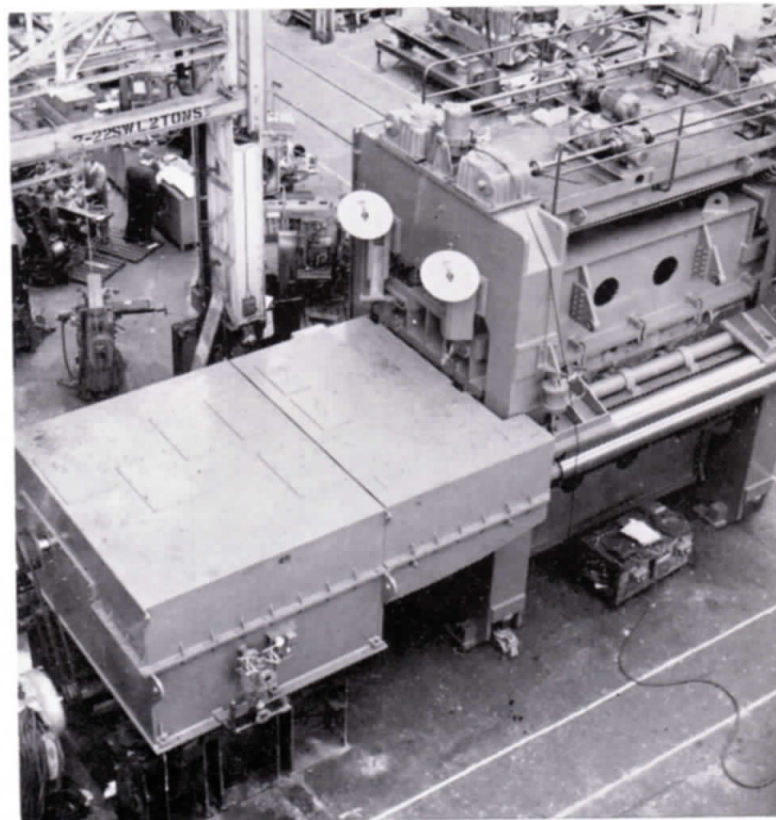


Plate leveller for Davy-United Engineering Co. Ltd.





H.W.I.S.W.E.L. stand at Clean Air Exhibition.

## International Clean Air Exhibition

3rd-7th OCTOBER, 1966

Head Wrightson Iron & Steel Works Engineering Limited in association with its other overseas licensees had a stand at this exhibition. The companies exhibiting with Head Wrightson were:

- A. C. E. C. — Belgium
- Marelli — Italy
- Mitsubishi — Japan
- Noyes Bros — Australia
- Research-Cottrell — U.S.A.

The H.W. stand, measuring 16 ft. x 8 ft., was located at the end of a series of stands enabling access to be obtained from three aisles.

The main theme of the stand was "Fume Cleaning Around The World" and this theme was displayed on the rear wall of the booth by using a large projection of a world map, the land masses in black on a white background, with the slogan "Fume Cleaning Around The World" lettered on clear perspex and placed "around the world."

The names of the six participating companies were featured on this back panel display and also on the sub fascia board.

A revolving hexagonal photographic display unit incorporating 18 photographs of fume cleaning plants constructed throughout the world (3 photographs from each of the companies involved) was located at a corner of the stand.

Captions for these photographs and a text panel indicating (a) the number of gas cleaning devices installed by Research-Cottrell and its licensees (b) the number of industrial processes involved and (c) the total of gas volume being cleaned, were in English, French, Italian and Japanese. Models of the Research-Cottrell Precipitator, Cyclo-trell and Invo-trell units were displayed at strategic points on the stand.

Sixty-one people signed the visitors book and discussed a variety of gas cleaning problems with H.W.

personnel. The visitors could be classified as follows:

	U.K.	Overseas
Public Health Officers	3	1
Local Government Officials	12	—
Engineers	15	8
Technical Press	3	—
Air Pollution Engineers	1	4
General Public	10	4

TOTAL 61

Many more people examined the stand and requested brochures for general reference purposes.

HEAD WRIGHTSON TEESDALE LIMITED

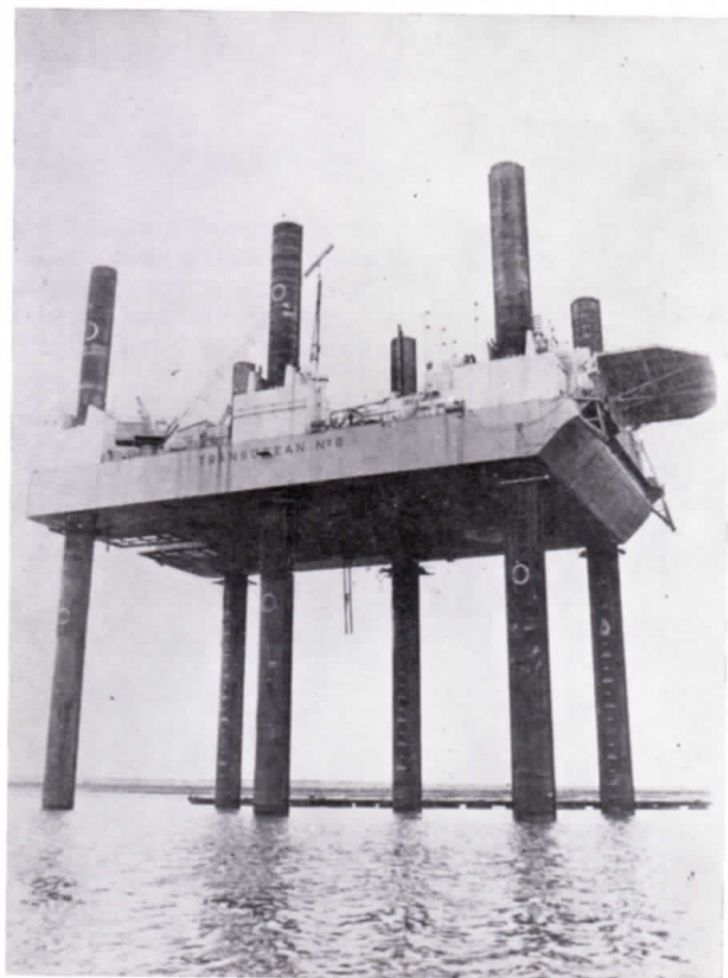
## Drilling Rig Transocean II

Acceptance trials of special interest to Head Wrightson took place on Friday and Saturday 22nd and 23rd July.

The rig having been moved to the "turning circle" in the river opposite Tees Dock, the platform was raised to approximately the 220' level of the 260' legs.

This gave a clear space from the underside of the platform to the river of about 130', i.e., 50' of the legs being in the river, a further 130' of the legs to the underside of the platform, approximately 40' to the top of the jack houses, leaving 40' of the legs above the rig.

One of the objects of this trial was to have the platform of the rig pass the site welded joint in each leg to prove rack alignment and pitch, so that jacking up in deeper water (North Sea) would guarantee full leg movement.



Drilling rig Transocean No. II in elevated position.





Mr. F. A. Batty outside Buckingham Palace after the investiture.

#### HEAD WRIGHTSON MACHINE COMPANY LIMITED

### Investiture

Included in the recent Queen's Birthday Honours List was Mr. F. A. Batty our Sales Director who received the M.B.E. for services to export.

Her Majesty the Queen presented the award at the investiture which was held at Buckingham Palace in June. Also present as his guests were Mrs. Batty and their daughter Sheila. (Incidentally there is absolutely no truth in the rumour that he sold Her Majesty a galvanising line).

Mr. Batty was "no'but" a lad from Sheffield when in 1937 he joined the original Steelworks Plant Department, the forerunner of the present Machine Company, and since then he has played a very prominent part in the affairs of the Company, being appointed to the Board in October, 1964.

During his career Mr. Batty has travelled extensively on Company business and in congratulating him on his award we may reflect that with the Government emphasis on export, the decoration is also a recognition of the part played by the Company in helping the country's economy.



Mr. F. V. Hall with Mr. E. Jopling at the presentation dinner.

### Retirement

To mark the retirement of Mr. F. V. (Fred) Hall, Works Manager, a dinner was held in the Queens Hotel, Stockton on 21st September, 1966. During the evening he was presented by Mr. E. Jopling, Production Manager, with a wallet of notes on behalf of his colleagues.

Fred has worked with the Machine Company since its formation, he has seen the works through its early and difficult days until now it has grown into a modern and up to date works. He can now relax and have the satisfaction of knowing that he helped in no small way to achieve this, or to use his words, he got things "tied up."

We wish to extend Mr. and Mrs. Hall our hopes for a long and happy retirement.

### Obituary

#### HEAD WRIGHTSON STAMPINGS LIMITED

The fierce competition of the late 1920's and early 30's required exceptional character for companies and individuals to survive.

George Jones, whose death occurred in October after only two years retirement, has reduced the small and diminishing band of personalities which Head Wrightson fathered between the two wars.

From about 1941 he played a major part in the development of the Seaton drop forge plant, where both personnel and the Company benefited from his wide experience of twenty years in the Maintenance Department.

His wise, loyal and single minded purpose for the Stampings Company will be missed, but his example will remain an inspiration.

#### HEAD WRIGHTSON MACHINE COMPANY LIMITED

It is with deep regret that we report the sudden death of Mr. J. C. W. Black our Chief Engineer, on 1st August, 1966.

Jim Black joined the Steel Works Department when they were situated at Teesdale in 1938 as a draughtsman after serving his apprenticeship on Clydeside. His very practical approach to engineering problems was of great assistance in the early years of The Machine Company, and he will be sadly missed by all his colleagues.

We announce also the tragic death of Mr. and Mrs. G. Brown in the recent Yugoslavian Air Disaster. Geoff was a draughtsman at the Machine Company and a keen supporter of the motor club in which he won many rally prizes. He will be sadly missed by his colleagues at Middlesbrough and by his many friends in the motor club.

#### H.W.P.E.L. SHEFFIELD

Mr. W. Bell, Contracts Engineer, died suddenly while in London for the Chemical and Process Engineering Exhibition in June. He joined the Sheffield Office from Thornaby.

As "Wright Ahead" goes to press we were deeply shocked to hear of the death of Mr. Frank Shepherd, Managing Director of Head Wrightson Steel Foundries Limited, on December 5th at his home in Thornaby.

Details of Mr. Shepherd's career with Head Wrightson will appear in the next issue.



# What do you know?

The largest house in the United Kingdom is Wentworth Woodhouse, near Rotherham, Yorkshire, formerly the seat of the Earls Fitzwilliam. The main part of Wentworth Woodhouse, built over 300 years ago, has more than 240 rooms with over 1,000 windows, and its principal facade is 600 feet long.

The largest hotel in the world on the basis of cubic footage is the Waldorf Astoria, Park Avenue, New York. It occupies a complete block just under two acres in extent and reaches a maximum height of 625 feet 7 inches.

The most expensive "big" hotel in the world is the Fontainebleau, Miami Beach, Florida. Built in 1954 at a cost of approximately £5.3 million, it stands on five acres of a 14-acre ocean-front estate. A yacht basin, capable of accommodating 50 boats, and two open-air swimming pools are in the grounds.

The largest stadium in the United Kingdom is that at Hampden Park, Glasgow, which has accommodated a football crowd of over 149,500.

The largest stadium in the world is the Maracana Stadium in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, which has a normal capacity of 150,000. On 1st July, 1950, Brazil v Yugoslavia, a crowd of 200,000 was accommodated. A nine foot moat protects players from spectators.

The world's largest auditorium is the Atlantic City, New Jersey, U.S.A. municipal auditorium and convention hall. The Auditorium seats 41,000 people and covers seven acres. The Main Hall is 488 feet long and 288 feet wide and 137 feet high. The total floor space available for exhibitions is 300,000 square feet and each stand is independently equipped with water, gas, electricity, steam, compressed air and sewerage. A regulation American football field (360 feet x 160 feet) can be laid out in the Main Hall and still leave room for 12,000 seats.

The largest indoor theatre in the world is the Radio City Music Hall, Rockefeller Centre, New York. It seats more than 6,200 persons and the average annual attendance is more than 8,000,000 people.

The stage is 144 feet wide and 66 feet 6 inches deep, equipped with a revolving turntable 43 feet in diameter and three 70 feet long elevator sections. It is one of the most modern and mechanised in the world. The orchestra lift — large enough to house 75 musicians — rises from sub-basement level 27 feet below the stage to form an extension to the main stage and it can then travel 60 feet backstage under its own power. The theatre is equipped with dressing rooms to accommodate 600 persons. Usually 600 staff are employed in the theatre, including artists, management, electricians and stage hands.

The largest theatre in the United Kingdom is the Opera House, Blackpool. It was opened in July 1939 and has seats for 3,000 people. Behind the 45 foot wide proscenium arch the stage is 110 feet high, 60 feet deep and 100 feet wide, and there is dressing room accommodation for 200 artistes.

The oldest theatre in the United Kingdom, still in use, is the Theatre Royal, Bristol. The foundation stone was laid on 30th November, 1764, and the theatre was opened on 30th May, 1766, with a "Concert of Music and a Specimen of Rhetorick." Since then it has been more or less continuously in use as a theatre. It is the home of the Bristol Old Vic Company.

The oldest theatre in the world is the Teatro Olimpico in Vicenza, Italy. Designed by Palladio in the Roman Style, it was finished after his death by his pupil Scamozzi in 1582. It is preserved today in its original form.

The oldest building designed as a cinema is the Biograph Cinema, Wilton Road, Victoria, London. It was opened in 1905 and originally had seating accommodation for 500 patrons. Its present capacity is 700.

The largest ballroom in the United Kingdom is the Great Room of the Grosvenor House, Park Lane, London. The room is 192 feet long and 120 feet wide and the floor covers a total area of 23,040 square feet.

The longest pleasure pier in the world is Southend Pier, 1½ miles in length. It is decorated with more than 75,000 lamps.

The biggest pleasure beach in the world is Coney Island, New York. As well as its five mile beach it features more than 350 business and amusement places, side-shows, "rides" and penny arcades. During the season it is conservatively estimated that 50,000,000 people visit Coney Island and each of them spend about \$1.25.

The largest cinema in the United Kingdom is the Playhouse, Glasgow with 4,235 seats.

The largest open-air cinema in the world is in Berlin in the British Sector. Converted from the Olympic Stadium Amphitheatre, it seats 22,000 people.

The smallest pub in the United Kingdom is "The Smith's Arms" at Godmanstone, Dorset. It is ten feet wide and about four feet high at the eaves. Its licence was granted personally by Charles II, (1660-1685).

The highest public house in the United Kingdom is the Tan Hill Inn in Yorkshire. It is 1,732 feet high on the moorland road between Reeth in Yorkshire and Brough in Westmorland.

The highest in Wales is the Sportsman's Arms on the road that crosses the Denbigh Moors between Denbigh and Pentre Foelas.

There are various claimants to the title of the United Kingdom's oldest inn: "The Angel and Royal" at Grantham, which has cellar masonry dated 1213; the "Fountain Inn" at Canterbury; "The George" at Norton St. Philip near Bath, 1290 and the "Fighting Cocks", St. Albans which is reputed to be built on the foundations of a monks' fishing lodge dating back to A.D. 795.

The pub with the longest name is "The Thirteenth Mounted Cheshire Rifleman Inn" at Stalybridge, Cheshire.

The shortest pub name is the "XL" Bar, 65 Fountainbridge, Edinburgh.

The longest bar in the world is that built in 1938 at the Working Men's Club, Mildura, Victoria, Australia, which has a counter 284 feet in length, served by 32 taps.

The longest bar in the British Isles is the Long Bar in the Blackpool Tower, Blackpool, Lancs., which extends over 144 feet.

The largest wine cellars in the world are at Paarl near Cape Town, in the centre of the wine-growing district of the Union of South Africa. They have a capacity of 20 million gallons.

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*With full acknowledgment to the "Guinness Book of Records."*



# Personal



Mr. and Mrs. J. Burdess



Mr. and Mrs. K. Fisher



Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Moore

## BIRTHS — CONGRATULATIONS

### H.W. Machine Company Limited

- Mr. and Mrs. G. Unthank — a son, Daniel.
- Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Askew — a daughter, Helen Jayne.
- Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Allinson — a daughter, Tracey.
- Mr. and Mrs. J. Dale — a daughter, Claire Louise.
- Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilson — a daughter, Amanda Jane.
- Mr. and Mrs. P. Erskine — a son, Richard Brian.
- Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Mankin — a daughter, Sarah Jane.
- Mr. and Mrs. M. Bowater — a son, Richard Michael.

### H.W. Process Engineering Limited — London

- Mr. and Mrs. H. Leftley — a son, Steven Robert.

### H.W. Stampings Limited

- Mr. and Mrs. C. Thompson — a son, Simon.
- Mr. and Mrs. J. Thacker — a son, Nicholas Charles James.

### H.W. Teesdale Limited

- Mr. and Mrs. K. Teasdale — a daughter, Susan Allison.

## MARRIAGES — BEST WISHES

### H.W. Teesdale Limited

- Miss C. Porter (Purchasing) to Mr. R. W. Moore.

### H.W. Process Engineering Limited — Sheffield

- Miss D. B. Ulyett (Typists) to Mr. R. Vickers.

### H.W. Machine Company Limited

- Mr. I. G. Thompson (Fitting Shop) to Miss S. A. Hammond.
- Mr. J. G. Smith (Tubes D.O.) to Miss P. Rush.

### H.W. Stampings Limited

- Miss M. Mathews (Comps.) to Mr. K. Cooney.
- Mr. J. McCaffery (Die Shop) to Miss I. Smith.
- Mr. K. Fisher (Die Shop) to Miss E. Olaman.
- Miss I. Bell (Telephonist) to Mr. J. Burdess.
- Miss I. Gibbon (Planning) to Mr. B. Hill.

## SILVER WEDDING — CONGRATULATIONS

### H. W. Machine Company Limited

- Mr. and Mrs. T. Abram (D.O.).
- Mr. and Mrs. R. Chalmers (Rate Fixing).

## DEATHS — SYMPATHY

### H.W. Process Engineering Limited — Sheffield

- Mr. W. Bell (Contracts Engineer).

### H.W. Stampings Limited

- Mr. L. Spoor (Die Shop).
- Mr. J. T. Drake (Stamp Shop).
- Mr. J. Welford (Fitters Labourer).



Mr. and Mrs. B. Hill



# SPORT

## Cricket

### HEAD WRIGHTSON TEESDALE LIMITED

Although the weather could have been kinder, the playing season for 1966 was extremely successful. The Senior eleven were runners up and gained promotion to the 'A' Division of the Cleveland & Tees Side League, whilst the Reserve team went one better and won their section by 8 clear points.

For the first time a team was entered in the Gazette Mid Week League, and easily won promotion from the 'E' to the 'D' section.

One century was recorded during the season, Benny Cross scoring 105 not out in under one hour against Nunthorpe.

We are now making an application to make use of the indoor practice nets provided at the new Stockton Sports Centre.

### HEAD WRIGHTSON STOCKTON LIMITED

A very successful season was enjoyed by the cricket section. The first eleven got promotion to the 'A' Division of the Cleveland & Tees Side League. The second eleven won the Reserve Section of the same league. We also won promotion to a higher league in the Mid Week Cricket League.

All established and budding cricketers will be most welcome for season 1967.

### HEAD WRIGHTSON STAMPINGS LIMITED

Two rivals met once more to "do battle" on Sunday, 19th June, 1966. The seventh cricket match between Caterpillar Tractor Ltd (Newcastle) the visitors, and Head Wrightson Stampings Ltd., and prior to this each team had won three matches.

Brian Berryman, skipper of Newcastle, won the toss and elected to bat. Despite the light hearted approach and the feeling of "Bonhomie", one could detect from the start a determination on both sides to win this deciding match. Newcastle opened warily and with the 15th ball of the match the Newcastle skipper was out. Another Newcastle wicket quickly fell and with two wickets for 9 runs "Stampings" were well on top. A lively partnership between Clark and Ord followed which took the score to 35 before Clark was bowled out. Ord was bowled with 31 runs to his credit, Scott with 20 runs, Potts with 14, which all helped towards a final score of 110. After tea Newcastle opened the bowling and quickly claimed 4 wickets for 13 runs, and accurate and persistent bowling kept the score down. With further wickets falling at 44, 67 and 69, victory appeared to be theirs but a determined eighth wicket stand yielded an undefeated 42 runs and gave "Stampings" the victory. An exciting match with the advantage changing throughout the game. Many incidents were "replayed" in the Malleable Club after the match where, thanks to Mr. J. Riley, contestants and spectators were "royally entertained."

## Bowls

### HEAD WRIGHTSON MACHINE COMPANY LIMITED

The bowls enthusiasts in the company made a clean 'sweep' in the inter-departmental competitions this year, winning both the one-rink (4 players) and the full three-rink (12 players) tournaments.

The team comprising Messrs. T. Frostdick (capt.), K. Bainbridge, W. Walton, N. Philips, D. Branson, S. Jackson, S. Marshall, J. Harris, W. Maidens, M. Bowater, S. Stone, E. Naisbett, E. Jopling are now having intensive coaching in preparation for next season's battle, for they are firm believers in 'What we have we hold!'



Machine Company Bowls Team.

### HEAD WRIGHTSON TEESDALE LIMITED

The department were runners up this year in the departmental bowls; hope they get the woods well polished for next year.

## Golf

### HEAD WRIGHTSON TEESDALE LIMITED

The Golf Section recently concluded another successful season.

The full programme of internal competition has been completed despite an inauspicious start, when the first competition was postponed because of snow.

The annual outing to Appleby was again a great success, partly due to the good weather with which we have been favoured. The party was considerably reduced in numbers because of a clash of dates — our outing coinciding with the Captains day at two local golf clubs.

### Results

#### Appleby Outing

Stroke Play 1st R. Snowdon; 2nd A. Vernon.

Stableford 1st C. H. Moore; 2nd M. Hipkins.

Sturges Trophy :- H.W. Stockton.

Mr. R. Shaw; Mr. A. Sowerby.

Stroke Play 1st Ray Shaw; 2nd M. Hipkins; 3rd R. Snowdon.

Best Gross :- M. Hamilton.

Stableford 1st Ray Shaw; 2nd M. Hipkins.

Friendly matches were played against :-

Skinningrove, Ashmores and Furness Shipbuilding.

All were thoroughly enjoyed and we finished all square on the series.



# bits and pieces . . .

## WATCH IT !

by D. R. TALLET, H.W. Teesdale Limited

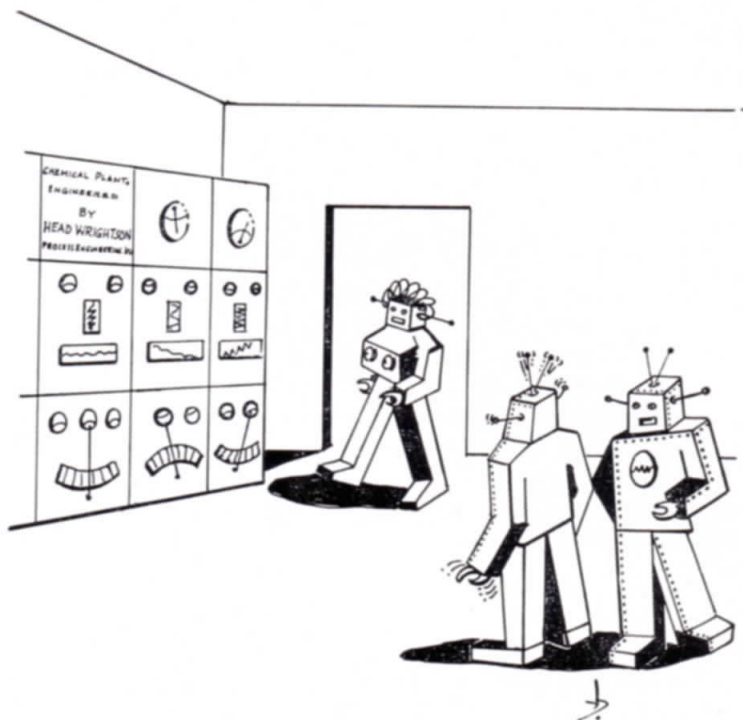
It wasn't there when time began  
This is the scourge of modern man  
A word that people fear to mention  
This is the dreaded — hypertension

The lorry driver, long at the wheel  
A "queesy" tummy starts to feel  
And wonders, with a muffled groan  
If he's really on "The road to Home."

The business gent in City suit  
His discomfort's getting more acute  
Asks himself a little 'If'  
— its all worth-while, being "executive" ?

Now country folk who take their ease  
Seldom hear of this disease  
A lesson then for those in "Town"  
Relax, unwind and just slow down  
In this way then you'll reach your pension  
Avoiding fatal hypertension

Copyright.



"That's the new model!"

A. V. HOTTINGER — H.W.P.E.L., London



Anyone seeing the above person (?) hovering around the vicinity of the dovecote should inform the personnel department at once, as he does not appear to be on their records.

It is thought that he may now be in line for a pension as he has been lurking — oops ! working, at the Friarage since about 1690.

## HEAD WRIGHTSON TEESDALE LIMITED

### FLAMINGO PARK OUTING

The department held a day out for the children, visiting Flamingo Park. It was a really good day and was enjoyed by all the families. Four buses made the trip, and George Cain and Maynard Wilson arrived to wish the children a happy day. Our thanks are extended to the committee, who's hard work made the day such a success.

### "LYKE WAKE WALK 1966"

An attempt on the Lyke Wake Walk was organised again this year and on Friday 1st July a party thirty-one strong left Osmotherley at 11 p.m. The night was almost perfect as opposed to the torrential rain of last year. As last year a well organised support party was in attendance and at the first stop for refreshments at Clay Bank the first section of the route took its toll and those people not properly equipped for such a venture were virtually forced to give up. From then on the party did very well, Ralphs Cross saw a couple of 'casualties' and the next prolonged stop at Ellerbeck Bridge for lunch gave the leading walkers a chance to rest whilst waiting for stragglers coming in. One or two more casualties here, and about seventeen or eighteen left on the final stage to Ravenscar. At the final count fifteen of the original party of thirty-one finished the walk, this being considered a very satisfactory result. The most notable achievement being that of Ken Goodison (the last man in) who strolled confidently into Ravenscar to a rousing cheer and some ribald comment about having used 'The Marimba' as his training headquarters.



