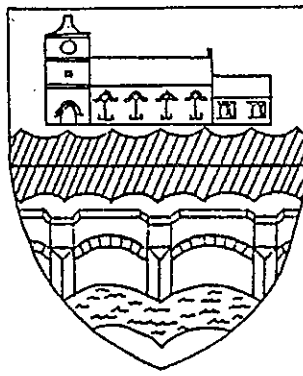


# HAYDON NEWS



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Aug/Sept 1988

No 7

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<p><b>THE FISH SHOP</b> Wet fish : Friday 9.00-2.00</p> <table border="1"> <thead> <tr> <th></th> <th>LUNCH</th> <th>TEA</th> <th>EVENING</th> </tr> </thead> <tbody> <tr> <td>Mon</td> <td>-</td> <td>-</td> <td>7.30-12.00</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Tues</td> <td></td> <td>CLOSED ALL DAY</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>Wed</td> <td>11.30-1.30</td> <td>-</td> <td>7.30-12.00</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Thurs</td> <td>11.30-1.30</td> <td>-</td> <td>7.30-12.00</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Fri</td> <td>11.30-1.30</td> <td>4.30-6.00</td> <td>7.30-12.00</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Sat</td> <td>11.30-1.30</td> <td>-</td> <td>7.30-12.00</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Sun</td> <td></td> <td>CLOSED ALL DAY</td> <td></td> </tr> </tbody> </table>		LUNCH	TEA	EVENING	Mon	-	-	7.30-12.00	Tues		CLOSED ALL DAY		Wed	11.30-1.30	-	7.30-12.00	Thurs	11.30-1.30	-	7.30-12.00	Fri	11.30-1.30	4.30-6.00	7.30-12.00	Sat	11.30-1.30	-	7.30-12.00	Sun		CLOSED ALL DAY		<p>Pop into - <b>CAROL'S</b> Bargains - new and as new Ladies', children's and menswear 36 Ratcliffe Road</p>	
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<p><b>HENRY WATSON &amp; COMPANY</b> Tel HB 214 All cars welcome for MOT Service : Repairs : Crypton Tuning Gas and electric welding</p>	<p><b>CALOR GAS, PROPANE or BUTANE</b> Call or phone any time Delivery if required <b>POPLARS CARAVAN PARK HAYDON BRIDGE</b> Tel : HB 427</p>	<p><b>FINANCIAL CONSULTANT</b> Mortgages : Pensions : Life Assurance Investment For free advice with no obligation contact Michael Jeffs on HB 339</p>																																

Dear Friends,

The first issue of the Haydon News was issued in January 1979.

It was created with the intention of strengthening the already strong sense of community within the village and surrounding areas of Haydon Bridge. At the same time, it was to become the replacement Newsletter when the last issue of the Haydon Herald was printed.

From January 1979 to June 1980 the Editor of the new publication was Mr Peter Bradley. Peter was assisted by his wife, Ruth, who frequently did the typing. So it is with great sadness that I returned from holiday to learn of Peter's death on August 6th.

Many tributes to Peter have already been made, but this magazine and its continued success is a permanent tribute to Peter's hard work during the first year of publication.

From my point of view, my present job has been made easier because of the firm foundation provided by our first editor, Peter Bradley.

Marion Howard  
Editor

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CHURCH COFFEE EVENING held on August 6th in the Community Centre.

I would like to thank everyone for their generous support at the Coffee Evening on August 6th in aid of St Cuthbert's Church. A total of £236.50 was realised. Many thanks to all the helpers who gave up their time to help me with this event.

Jean Oliver

The Raffle Prizes were won by the following:

Whisky	H Costella	Clock	Mrs Robinson
Box of Biscuits	I Garrod	Stereo Cassette	Ian Tait
Plant Pot	Kathy Greenan	Sherry	Mrs Campbell
Wedgwood Egg	Kirsty Stanners	Box of Chocs	Elsie Smith

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CONCERTS IN WARDEN CHURCH

The Annalis String Quartet will be playing in Warden Church on 8th September at 7.30 pm and on 11th September at 6.00 pm. They are joined on the 8th by Christopher Robinson on piano, and on the 11th by flute, oboe and bassoon as well.

These concerts are excellent value at £5.00 (£8.00 for both) - for students £3.00 (£4.00).

Coffee and cheese (bring your own bottle) are available at Plunder Heath after each concert at £1.00

Tickets at the door, or telephone Mrs Waddington on HB 448.

PARISH COUNCIL PICKINGS (Meeting of July 28)

8 Councillors present

Grass featured again in the discussions. There was satisfaction that the details had been seen to by Tynedale - clearing the cut grass and tidying round the base of trees and seats. But the West end verge continues to be an intractable problem. The Transport Ministry insists that its maintenance criteria have been met, so the only hope seems to be to persuade them that the criteria do not fit these particular circumstances. The Chairman said he would speak to Mr Amos about it.

Water also posed problems. There is too much of it behind Alexandra Terrace, and on the footpath down the dene. These complaints will be passed on. A price has been quoted for putting in a gully to take the run-off from the new cemetery. Providing the specification looks O K, this will be done.

The lack of activity on the improvement of the 'Watson's Garage' junction was remarked upon: Mr Derwent Gibson will be contacted. Attention was also called to the small plantation of advertising signs which has appeared on the eastern approaches - without consultation with the Parish Council over the planning aspect.

The volume of current and recent new building work in the village was noted. In view of recent experience, some doubt was expressed as to whether the sewerage system can really cope with an increased load. If current operations on the outfall fail to solve the problem, the Water Authority will in any case be pressed to make provision for new capital spending.

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CARPET BOWLS

Haydon Bridge Carpet Bowling Club was formed on 12 May with 11 members joining. So popular has this pastime become that we now have 28 members, with a promise of more to come.

Owing to the influx of members, we now need to purchase a second carpet, set of bowls etc, and a frame to play on. The cost of all this equipment is a total of £750, so to help raise this money we look for your support at the following events:

BARBECUE to be held in the Haydon Hotel on 9 SEPTEMBER. Special food, music and fun assured.

CAR BOOT SALE to be held in Old Station Yard, by kind permission of English Industrial Estates on 8 OCTOBER starting at 10 am. Price: each car boot £5. You want it, we hope to sell it. Please come both to make money and spend it.

For details of both Club and events please contact Mrs Muriel Makepeace, Mrs Mavis Heslop or Mrs Margaret Young.

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STARTING WORK DOWN THE PIT,1928 STYLE.

On the first Saturday morning of the school summer holidays, and almost fourteen years old I found myself along with five other boys, standing in the office at the local mine with the manager and under-manager sizing us up, and the manager saying "you and you can report for work on the surface, and the rest can go down, and remember to be at the pit head before nine o'clock, Monday morning". I was one of 'the rest'.

My outfit of Pit Claes included an old oversize jacket, flannel shirt, shorts, thick stockings and hobnailed boots, and the cloth cap. Also required was a small linen bag with drawstring for carrying sandwiches, a quart-sized tin water bottle and finally a lamp, which had to be a tin 'midjee'; a simple oil burning, smoky and sooty affair.

While waiting at the pit head, the four of us who were starting underground were told to go down with the Yard Seam workers. After some had squeezed into the four foot high lower deck of a cage, it was lowered enough for more of us to fill the upper six foot deck, then on a signal from the banksman it was 'kaps out' and we were dropping at considerable speed into the darkness. After a short while we got a brief glimpse of lights as we passed the opening to the High Main Seam. Some fifteen or twenty seconds later the ascending cage swished upwards and soon we began to slacken speed, when one could see plainly the vertical guide rails and shaft supporting struts. Stopping at the Yard Seam with a slight bouncing motion, one was reminded that way below us was the Low Main, and below that, the Plessey Seam.

The first sight which registered on stepping out of the cage was that of a high, wide, arched and whitewashed tunnel, brightly illuminated by electric lighting. Two narrow gauge rail tracks carried coal filled tubs to the shaft, and there was a third on which stood empties or "teum'ns",\* returned from the surface. This white bricked tunnel seemed to stretch on and on, though in fact it continued only for about a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards before giving way to the dark, flat roofed, timbered tunnel. Dave the rolleywayman, who was in charge of the haulage men and spare workers, took us new starters to a cabin cut in the rock wall, where we were given a brief greeting and a few words of advice by the overman, who then agreed with Dave about the places and work we were to be sent to.

Two boys had to wait at the shaft for a cage to take them down to the Plessey seam, while we other two followed Dave in-bye. Our route began through an opening in the side, near the pit shaft and along a dark

\* teum = empty; in Norwegian

kaps = GRABBE TOLD NORSK FOR CATCH

narrow tunnel which curved then ran parallel to the main high arched length. Even by the light of our guide's hurricane lamp and the feeble glow of our's we two continually stumbled and bumped into the sides. This narrow 'travelling way' opened on to the main way when the arched length and the haulage engine room had been passed. This large electric engine drove geared wheels hauling an endless steel rope which, by a simple but efficient system of suspended verticle and horizontal sheave wheels was guided in to, and out from, the farthest terminal on the main tunnel of the seam. Tubs were hauled, usually in fours, by the aid of a device which was made fast to tub and rope. A man or growing lad at any of the terminals could easily attach or remove the device.

On the road we had to take, there was only about two feet or two feet-six inches clearance between the sides of the 'way' and the moving empty tubs. scrapes and cuts caused through clumsy stumbling and head bruises from bumping unexpected low girders very soon learned one to walk with a stoop and tread carefully. At changes in direction and junctions of the haulage way a by-pass or over-pass (which we called Travelling ways) had to be followed. After what seemed miles of walking and having collected our share of bruises, we reached the end of the rope haulage-way and the other new boy and I parted company. At the terminal the way forked into two narrower tunnels leading to separate districts. I was told to go with a lad of sixteen, who was a 'driver', to one of the districts. He had brought out a set of four full'ns and on the order "come ower", his pony walked across and stood between the rails of another track, facing in-bye, ready to have his limbers hitched to the leading 'teum' tub. The driver coupled up a set of four and jumping into the first tub, motioned me to another. He gave a sharp sss-, and the pony set at a quick pace for the 'flat' or siding about five hundred yards distant.

The 'flat' was a two track siding where the height was about six feet. The right hand track looking in-bye was for empty or teum tubs and that on the left for full'ns. Therawas a space of four to five feet between the tracks, and the length of the flat could have been seventy to eighty feet. Set into the side at the in-bye end of the teum way was a wooden water trough for the ponies. A special 'water tub' was sent in regularly to maintain a good fresh supply in the troughs. Also let into the 'flat' side were openings in which the various sorts and sizes of planks and props were stored. This timber arrived in tubs or special small bogies (trams) and a putter could <sup>claim</sup> a few coppers for each one he unloaded. The deputy's kist was also at the flat: it contained first aid gear, pick, shovel and axe, as well as measuring equipment, accident report forms and various recording books. The deputy was responsible for all aspects of working and safety conditions within his district. The rolleywayman was similarly in charge of the haulage-way system and those employed on it, from the pit shaft to the putters' flat.

As I followed the driver beyond the flat, I found the roof was lower and the way was narrower with only a single track. Eventually we came to a large square door. I was told that the 'trapdoor' was a necessary aid in the mine ventilation system. Fresh air was being continuously pumped down and through the workings in each seam, and flowed along a carefully designed course to the exhausting point. My job for the next few weeks was to open this particular door to allow putters and any other workers to pass in or out, and to see that it was kept properly shut at all other times. In this way the few boy 'trappers', while becoming accustomed to being in the mine, learned the importance of good ventilation as well as something about the different stages in coal production and the easy relationship and willing co-operation between workers dependent on each other.

The flat, to which the driver had returned was far enough away to be out of sight, but I could at times hear the faint sound of a voice and the clink of chains. I began however after what seemed hours, to wonder what had happened to the putters for they had gone in-bye to the hewers before I'd arrived, and there had been no sound or sign of them. It was such a long time since coming down at nine o'clock. Suddenly there was the clink of iron couplings and jingle of harness chains and the sound of something approaching the far side of the door. Knowing it would be one of the putters I walked forward to open the trapdoor. Next moment it hit me, and I was flung back into the pack side. With a rush the explosion passed; pony at the trot, and the putter hunched on the limber fork where it was hitched to the first of two full'ns. By the time I had gathered my wits pony, putter, and tubs were at the flat. On his way back with two team'ns, the putter re-lit my lamp and said "aye son, ye'll hae t' keep awake doon hecor". He later brought me a couple of four foot planks to make a comfortable seat.

How the time dragged sitting in the gloom, I thought the two putters were each taking at least an hour to change the pairs of tubs. By half past ten my bait was all eaten and the cold tea drunk; by noon my midjee burned dry and I was ready to go home.

Realising how I'd be feeling, the driver came along to the door with a few pieces of candle; he also gave me one of his sandwiches and water from his bottle. Later, the rolleywayman walked in from the haulage way to check that I was settling down. He joked reassuringly, convincing me that this feeling of time almost standing still was experienced by everyone on his first day. The deputy had a friendly word too, but didn't waste time chatting. The putters were always in a hurry: in this district, where conditions were supposed to be fairly good, at a shilling and a penny for each score of full tubs that one brought out from the hewers to the flat (there was no pay for empties taken in) they had little time to spare, yet there was never a wrong word if, hoping they might stay and talk a little, I shouted a remark or question while very slowly opening the door.

This ploy however was only possible when a putter was going in-by, as slowness in opening when a putter was outward bound had already taught me a painful lesson. The pony could head a trapdoor open with much more force and as good timing as any soccer star could head a ball.

It seemed as though a week had passed from being left at the door, to the time when the last tubs of the shift were brought out. I followed the putters to the flat and watched them unyoke the ponies and stack the limbers. By then the hewers were shuffling and stumbling past us, powder and candle cannisters slung from cords about their necks, and carrying blunted picks and drills for the pithead blacksmith to re-sharpen (The cost, from powder to drill sharpening, was deducted from their pay).

Plodding out-by by the light of the putters' lamps, we passed places where the width of the pathway between the 'pack side' and haulageway was so narrow that the ponies sometimes scraped their shoulders and sides against tubs on the track and momentarily panicked, but firm hands and quiet voices soon calmed them. At times we met night shift men coming in; among them those who blasted down stone to heighten the roof as the coal face advanced, and others to clear the stone, or carry out routine maintenance and safety works, ready for the 2 am. fore shift.

The putters and drivers turned in to a travelling way leading to the stables, and I went on with other walkers to emerge into the brightly lit length near the shaft. The haulage system had stopped running, and a crowd of men and lads were waiting their turn to 'ride to bank'. Soon I'd be up there too, then it was home to a hot dinner, and the bath tub.



(If our anonymous contributor would like his original script returned, will he please contact the Editor)

Pieces like this, and 'Memories' earlier in the year, are what turn a drab information sheet into an interesting newsletter. There must be many more of you out there with an unusual experience to relate: why not put pen to paper and share it with the rest of us?

Don't forget that the closing date for copy for the next issue is the 18th of the month.

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|---|--|---|--|
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