

JANUARY 1974

## WHITCHURCH AND LITCHFIELD BY-PASS



**Lord Porchester, Chairman of 'The New' Hampshire County Council driving the first peg assisted by Mr. N.L. Ireland, Director of Dept.4.**

Our Southern Region has been awarded a contract for the construction of the above by-pass costing approximately £2.5m. The Client is Hampshire County Council acting as agent for the D.O.E.

The works extend from a point of the Trunk Road A.34 at Tufon south of Whitchurch northwards to the vicinity of the Seven Borrows on the A.34 north of Litchfield. The by-pass is to be constructed on a new alignment to the west of the existing Trunk Road by-passing Whitchurch and Litchfield. The approximate length of the works is 9.85km consisting of the

construction of a single 7.3m carriageway of flexible construction with 12 structures and associated side roads and junctions. The earth works and certain bridges will make provision for a future second carriageway.

The works include total earthworks of approximately 1,000,000 cubic metres mainly in chalk. There is one river bridge, a railway under the bridge (Andover-Basingstoke line), five road bridges, one bridleway over bridge and four accommodation bridges.

Construction commenced on 3rd December 1973 and is programmed for completion in two years, being

supervised by the County Surveyor A.W. Jacombe, B.Sc., C.Eng., F.I.C.E., F.I.Mun.E.

**Brims staff on the project include:**

Colin Hullock—Project Manager  
Steve Evans—Asst. Project Manager  
Derek Sayers—Chief Q.S.  
Barry Balderstone—Section Engineer  
Peter Sparkes—Site Engineer  
David Green—Site Engineer  
Brian Pearce—Site Engineer  
Les Large—General Foreman  
Gordon Bacon—G.F. Bridges  
Alan Cross—Office Manager  
(Article based on information from J.W. Hedley and C.A. Hullock).

# KING'S RIDE BRIDGE ASCOT

On the 14th October 1973 another job started with a bang down in the wilds of Royal Berkshire at Ascot. (It's amazing the number of visitors we had as soon as the word went around that we were only 300m. from the race course!)

Brims are to replace the old brick bridge on the A332, which has always been an accident black spot, with a new concrete bridge and new approaches.

The contract is, £14m. and, due to the fact that the beams won't be delivered until May, will be completed in August '74. There are 12 No.23m long beams each weighing 40T. which will be placed on possession with 2 No.125T cranes, one on each side of the bridge.

At the present time Mike Caffrey, General Foreman, is in his element supervising the 10,000 m<sup>3</sup> of fill aided by Andrew McGhie on the level.

R. Boulger



Photograph reproduced by kind permission of the 'Evening Mail'.

2 a.m. 14th October 1973

The explosives are being placed in the south abutment while we lay railway sleepers in a continuous mat below the bridge to protect the rails. (600

sleepers were laid in 3½ hours!) Also please note the men with their hands in their pockets are definitely NOT Brims personnel!



Photograph reproduced by kind permission of the 'Evening Mail'.

5.30 a.m. 14th October 1973

The bridge was blown at 5.00 a.m. and dropped onto the mat. At this time the spectators left but this was the start of the real work. Using a Cat.955 and a Poclain we cleared the track and

battered back the approaches to make them safe. By 6.00 p.m. the last sleeper had been lifted, the last brick removed from the track and an exhausted gang of men left for home.

## CYGNET CLUB NEWS

### ANNUAL CHRISTMAS PARTY

After getting off to a slow start, one lively couple decided that when music was being played, you could move about on your feet and this was given the name of dancing. Well a few couples stared for a while and decided they too would have a go. Well once this new trend caught on ya bugger the good old Newbiggen Hall really started to shake. Although it was intended that dancing should be between a male and a female Stephen Burke showed us what the permissive society is all about by dancing with one of his boyfriends, but Stephen denies all rumours of romance.

The nosh was all beautifully laid out at the top of the Hall, although with the lights being dimmed not many people seemed to notice the food apart from Brenda Ash (Typing Pool) who was stopped at the door

with a table full of goodies, and settled for a party hat full of pies and sausage rolls, which ended up as ten o'clocks the next day.

But next the events of the evening. Eighteen men? lined up in teams of six

with a pint of beer each. Everybody ready—the first man started and in no time at all the pints were well on their way to the porcelain. Hang on a minute, there was one team where the

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### 1972-73 SEASON CYGNET CLUB-5-a-SIDE FOOTBALL Final Team Positions

TEAM	P	W	D	L	Pts
Disposal 5	16	15	—	1	30
McAlpine	16	14	—	2	28
Accounts	16	12	—	4	24
Assorted Sites	16	11	2	3	24
Costain	16	9	1	6	19
Tarmac	16	9	—	7	18
Gretna	16	7	1	8	15
Blyth	16	4	1	11	9
Head Office	16	4	—	12	8
Design Office,	16	2	1	13	5



# VACATION B.C.

Our long planned holiday got off to a good start, when the British Caledonian 707 landed at 2.35 p.m. in Vancouver, only a few minutes late after a 10-hour flight. The airport bus soon had us downtown and within half an hour we were booked into a comfortable hotel in Robsonstrasse, a well known street, full of small shops and restaurants of various European and Asian origins. After a refreshing shower, we dined out nearby before turning in early to catch up on the eight-hour time difference.

Next day, Wednesday was fine and sunny, so Anne and I decided to go on a tour of the city lasting about three hours, the trip included the shopping centre, docks, Chinatown, Simon Fraser University, Grestown and Queen Elizabeth Park. The university was a fantastic place; built on a high hill, it takes 6000 students and yet was designed, built and landscaped within two years. Its outlines are very rectilinear, with in-situ and precast concrete the main features, but it blends well with the surrounding rugged scenery. Q.E. Park was very attractive, having been converted from an old quarry to an area of flowers, lawns and nature trees. At its highest point was a modern, dome-shaped conservatory, full of tropical plants and birds, and from there could be had a magnificent view across Vancouver to the snow-capped mountains beyond.

That afternoon we caught the 2.30 Greyhound bus to Seattle Washington U.S.A. Some bus it was, too—nearly 40 ft long and 12 ft high with dark green anti-glare windows, reclining seats, air-conditioning, public address system and a loo at the back (you try using it at 70 m.p.h., though).

The 160-mile journey took only 3 hours, including a 20-minute customs and passport check at the border. Most of the traffic on the motorway consisted of gigantic lorries which would make our "juggernauts" look like pick-up trucks.

Seattle was hot, around 80F that evening so it was good to book into a hotel and have a shower. That evening we dined out in a new Chinese Restaurant, Art Louie's, which I can heartily recommend. Service was by Chinese girls in traditional slit skirts, the pre-dinner cocktails were powerful enough to blow your head off and the food was well prepared and tasted absolutely delicious. To wash it down, we had a fair quantity of Californian wine, so it was just as well that there was only a two-hundred-yard walk back to the hotel.

Thursday morning was taken up with a tour of the Seattle area, which included using the Lake Washington Bridge. The world's largest floating structure, it consists of many concrete pontoons supporting the four-laned highway with an ingenious sliding span for shipping. Also visited were shopping areas, a zoo, smart residential areas, ending up at the site of the 1962 World Fair. The only structures remaining from that are the Space Needle, the Pacific Science Centre, and the Food Circus, the last being a vast hall full of small restaurants and cafes representing many nations. After a couple of beers in the German Bierkeller and a salad from the American Salad Bar, we went up the Space Needle. This is a futuristic steel structure, just over 600 ft high, with an observation platform and revolving restaurant at the top. The view was magnificent, particularly of Mt. Rainer, a prominent snowy peak near Seattle. The one-mile journey cost only 10c (4p) and took 90 seconds. A short stroll took us to the Greyhound Terminal, where we returned to Vancouver and our original hotel. To round the day off we dined out in a steak house and sampled the local brew (like lager!)

The following morning we walked around Grestown, which was the original centre of Vancouver. It was named after an early settler called Gassy Jack who more or less founded the city. Until recently, the area was very run down, but local business men, plus the city council, bought up properties there, refurbished them and re-paved the streets to resemble its appearance in 1900. We found an excellent restaurant, The Old Spaghetti Factory, where the food was plentiful, tasty and quite cheap, with a marvellous atmosphere too. Nearby was Chinatown, where the whole street was Chinese, including estate agents, lawyers, accountants and doctors.

That afternoon we travelled by bus and ferry to Vancouver Island, to be met by my relatives and taken to their home (the ninth they had built themselves in 26 years). After a couple of days' rest, we were taken by my cousins to the rugged west coast of the island, where lay the Pacific Rim Park. We picnicked and watched the great rollers of the Pacific come crashing down on the vast sandy beach. It is far too rough to ever swim there, although some hardy souls try surfacing, and each tide brings in vast quantities of drift wood, including whole trees. I



THE SPACE NEEDLE IN SEATTLE

did manage to put my hand in the water just to say I had been in the Pacific!

The first two days of the following week, we spent in Victoria, which is at the Southern tip of Vancouver Island, and is the capital of the province of British Columbia. It is an attractive and very English sort of city, with baskets of flowers on the lamp-posts and even old London double-decker buses to take tourists round. We did a lot of souvenir shopping there and also found some very good restaurants. Among the places worth visiting were

(Continued)



Surfing at Long Beach



View of Kennedy Lake

the Butchart Gardens, Government Buildings, Thunderbird Park and the Provincial Museum. I do not normally like museums, but this one was very different; instead of having individual items stuck in dusty glass cases, they have built a street of shops, hotel, smithy, etc. as they appeared in 1900. The interiors of these places are full of furniture, furnishings, clothes, etc. of that period. An authentic touch is provided by sounds and smells; for instance, a kitchen smells of spices, whilst through its open windows, with blowing curtains, come the sounds of horses going past, dogs barking, etc.

The rest of the week was spent with relatives, visiting local parks and beaches. These included Little Ovalicum Falls Park and Englishman's River Park. Both of these had some quite spectacular waterfalls, not high ones but more a series of rocky steps and narrow channels. We also visited Macmillan Park, where there are some massive Douglas Firs over 800 years old. Unfortunately these trees have caught a disease which will kill them within 10-15 years and there will be no more to replace them, as smaller trees, such as hemlock, will take over the forest.

It then remained to pack our bags, say fond farewells and catch the ferry back to Vancouver. The flight home through the night was just as good as the outward journey. We had a splendid view of the midnight sun—it got down to a few degrees above the horizon and then began rising again. It seemed an appropriate end to an exciting and unforgettable holiday.

Now that this article is finished, a certain Geordie can stop twisting my arm (say no more!) and I can get back to the peace and quiet of the Southampton Estimating Department.

J.V. Davies

## PEOPLE & PLACES

### HEAD OFFICE HIEROGLYPHICS

Congratulations are in order for the following proud dads:—

Ian Teasdale (Asst. Project Co-ordinator), whose wife Susan presented him with an 8½ lb. baby girl on 8th November 1973. Ian and Susan have decided to call baby Jill Suzanne.

Louis Walton (Accountant) and of course his wife Chris on the birth of baby David Gary on 17th November 1973.

Wayne Marks (Buyer) on the birth of his daughter Dawn on 9th December 1973. Wayne said he thinks his wife Brenda was involved in the proceedings somewhere.

Congratulations are also in order for an entirely different reason to:—



Dave Offord and Paul Dryden (Design Office) who were recently presented with their Civil Engineering degrees at Sunderland Polytechnic (see photograph). A fine reward for a lot of hard work.

Farewell to Brian Youngs (Chief Quantity Surveyor) who left us on 31st December 1973 to move south of the Equator to Johannesburg (not, as all true Geordies would think, to Gateshead or British West Hartlepool). The best of luck to you and your family in your new life Brian and if you do manage to struggle North again do call in and see us.

Welcome to Chris Salmon, the Personnel Department's new secretary replacing Dorothy Black. Chris joins us from Gateshead Riverside Police. We feel sure she will soon settle in on the other side of the fence.

### ANNUAL CHRISTMAS PARTY CONTINUED

first man was still fighting through his pint so it has been decided to give Dave Finlay bigger straws next year. A cheer went up and a team had finished with some members looking a bit worse for wear. Men finished, it was now time for the women to prove themselves at drinking. The ladies were presented with half pints of beer, giving out cries of "I only drink lager," or, "why can't I have a pint." Anyway the competition started and by heck the way some of those half pints went down I don't think most of the men would have had a chance. Prizegiving over, the next game started. Three teams of two couples either end of the room were sorted out and awaiting instructions. So I brought out the bananas and I do not know if the women's eyes lit up with delight or fright! But bananas firmly placed in between their knees they raced along to their partner at the other side of the room where the partner raced back to the start again. Larry McDonald obviously had not run with a banana in between his knees before as most of the banana ended up on the inside of his trouser leg. So the race was started again, Larry with a fresh banana but when it came to the finishing touches Bob Sinclair proved that he had done this type of thing before by leaping into the lead and giving his team first prize, of cigars for the men and chocolates for the women. That was the end of the games for the night, and the dancing started again going on till 11-15 p.m. ending up with the conga going out into the ladies loo and giving Betty Burns a big enough fright to make her stay in the loo another ten minutes. Then eventually auld-lang-syne finished a truly great night, enjoyed I am sure by everyone.

K. Brown

### AMONG MY SOUVENIRS

(Recite)

*One day I decided to marry,  
Settle down and take me a wife,  
But the very first night of my marriage,  
Brought me nothing but trouble and strife. . .*

(Song)

*Out came her big glass eye,  
Her false teeth on the sly,  
She placed them 'way up high,  
Upon the chiffonier.*

*She then unscrewed her leg  
And hung it from a peg,  
While I stood by the bed,  
With many a bitter tear.*

*Her lovely golden hair,  
She placed upon a chair,  
And what was left of her  
Climbed in between the blankets.*

*She beckoned me to bed,  
"I'd rather not" I said,  
I'll stay out here instead,  
AMONG MY SOUVENIRS!*



# ANNUAL STAFF DANCE 1973

The time has arrived for the re-counting of yet another annual revel and the honour(?) has, once again, been given to yours truly.

I could start by saying "Twas Christmas time in the Brandling House" or "twas a dark and stormy night."

In fact 'twas a dark and stormy night and 'twas Christmas time in the Brandling House (to be more precise 8.00 p.m. on Wednesday 19th December 1973).

Arriving to find the car park full we (that is my wife and I) had to make do with parking in what closely resembled the race-course paddock, some of the lumps and bumps giving it the appearance of having just been vacated by the horses!

Inside the jovialities had already begun with the veterans blocking the way to the bar but ensuring their own passage was unobstructed. A notable exception to this was Chris Webb (Project Manager-Kendal) and his wife, veritable new comers to the company though obviously not to the bar game.

"Ladies and gentlemen," roared Mr. Connelly (Manager of Brandling House), "dinner is being served upstairs."

"Weez he taakin tee?"

"Aa divent naa burrit canna be us cos yor sortinly nee gentleman."

"Wey neithers the rest so howay let's gan'n get wa scram."

The meal was of the same high standard we have come to expect of the establishment and washed down with a few bottles of wine (vintage Broom 1973) it certainly put everyone in fine fettle for the festivities to follow.

Entertainment was provided by the George Turner Quintet and Rochester (not our friendly Q.S. but another well known local group) and dancing was provided by the massed arms and legs of the Brims staff dancing team.

Although everyone joined into the spirit of things (in more ways than one), notable performances on the dance floor were given by Val Forrester (Typing Pool) and her rock revival set; Anne "Hello Brims" Fincham; Jack "of the short fat hairy

legs" Fairbairn and Keith "just call me Fats" Brown although the less said about his performance the better.

Zooooom!!

"What was that?"

"Looked like Brims Annual Staff Dinner Dance to me."

"Wow, it must be some night, it certainly left us standing."

Yes, all too soon the night drew to a close and it was time to pick up the goods and chattles (wor lass) and set off home.

As we ploughed our way through burst balloons, paper hats, trumpets and fallen bodies our final memory was that of Les Cambridge (Electrical Services Engineer) trying to persuade one of his colleagues to get up off his knees and doing a grand job of it too!

Roll on Christmas '74 and in the meantime a successful year to you all.

Yours  
Father Christmas  
(who said he didn't exist?)



"ANYTHING YOU CAN DO" — "I CAN DO BETTER!"

## ANNUAL STAFF DANCE 1973



QUITE A HAND—THREE QUEENS AND A JACK



NICE ONE PAUL!



ACT NATURALLY!

# ANNUAL STAFF DANCE 1973



THE LAIRD OF SPADEADAM AND CLAN



S - M - I - L - E

# CYGNET CLUB

## WHAT IS IT ?

*The Sports and Social Club designed by you for you.*

## HOW DO I JOIN ?

*If you aren't already a member then shame on you  
Contact Chris Salmon in the Personnel Department now for  
an application form.*

## WHAT DOES IT COST ?

*A measly £1.50 per annum.*

## WHAT DO I GET ?

*Opportunities to attend sports and social events at  
members prices.*

*Events such as :*

*Fishing*

*Canoeing*

*Barbecues*

*Folk Nights*

*Treasure Hunts*

*Cheese & Wine Parties*

*5-a-side football*

*Golf*

*Venture Club (an additional membership)  
(fee is charged)*

*Xmas Party*

*Darts Nights*

*Medieval Banquets*

## WHAT CAN I CONTRIBUTE AS A MEMBER ?

*Your money to begin with but just as important - new ideas,  
new Events, fresh Enthusiasm.*

## WANTED

*NEW IDEAS · NEW EVENTS · NEW PROPOSALS · NEW MEMBERS*

## REWARD

*A Club geared more to you and your interests*

## ACTION

*Continue the nearest Committee Member and bombard*