

MY PONY DAYS

Until I was twenty I spent my time
 Living in a village just south of the Tyne,
 In an area renowned as sitting on coal
 If you weren't in the pit you most likely drew dole.
 Sons followed fathers as they had time after time,
 Sometimes whole families worked in the same mine.
 Those were the days when pit ponies were used,
 We treated them kindly, they were never abused
 Because we were team-mates with a job to be done
 We respected each other as we moved coal by the ton.
 Each one had a character with it's own funny ways
 They came in all colours, browns, blacks, duns and bays.
 And in all sizes with strange sounding names
 Token and Rusty, Duffy and Tim and even a James.
 Some liked to drink tea while others loved cake,
 They'd give you a nip while having a break
 If their tit-bits were late or if you forgot,
 We all used to say they're a funny old lot.
 With a built in sixth sense if danger was near
 They wouldn't go on so you didn't need fear.
 You became very attached and trusted each other
 Because if you didn't you would have had bother.
 The stubborn little beasts would show you who's boss
 If the work wasn't done they didn't give a toss.
 At the end of a shift they knew it was time
 To head for the stables, out of the mine.
 Just like me at the end of the day
 If you said "Come on back"
 They'd look round and say "NEI---GH".

ANON

W.O.D.C. SKIPS FOR JUNE AND JULY

Ascott	17th June	Heritage Lane
Fifield	8th July	Bus Shelter
Milton	12th June	Church Road layby, Jubilee Lane
	10th July	Church Road layby, Reade Close
	31st July	Church Road layby, Jubilee Lane
Shipton	10th July	Coombes Close, Fiddlers Hill