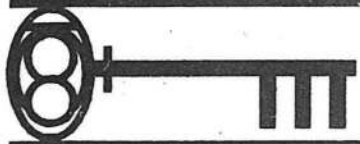
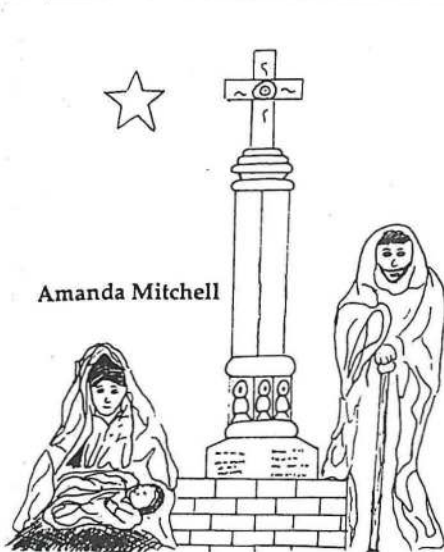


# THE KEY



A NEWSPAPER for NORTH SKELTON & LAYLAND



Amanda Mitchell



Rebecca Jackson



Mark Brady



Donna  
Harding



Cover produced by  
pupils of De Brus School





# A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR EVERYBODY!

I have had many wonderful letters, phone calls and donations, mostly from other local villages and around the country for which we all thank you. Sadly, from North Skelton and Layland only 2 people donated and we are now desperate for funds.

To help with the funding I have produced a set of 8 postcards - all scenes of old North Skelton. You may think that they are expensive at 70p each or £5 a set but they make a lovely gift or keepsake and we do need the money. Also the new edition Christmas card is on sale at 30p each. The postcards are a limited edition - PLEASE BUY THEM.

'The Key' is 4 years old - may I take this opportunity to say thank you very much to producers Pauline Preston and Don Burluraux and our regular writers Dr Neville-Smith, Jim Ramage, Mark Thirkettle, Eddie Hartley, J Reed, N Marsay, M Theaker, G Pearson, S Webster, H Heathcock and others not mentioned above that have contributed so kindly to our local magazine.

To those who collect 'The Key' and pass it on would you try to get a 30p donation for it. To the 'gentleman' who said it's not worth 30p - DON'T READ IT, GIVE ME IT BACK!. I can assure you every edition is a 'sell out'. PLEASE help with the funding or this may, sadly, be the last edition of 'The Key'.

Merry Xmas Marie Hutchinson and thank you from North Skelton - you were seen to go to Sparrow Park with a knife and carrier bag and dig out all the weeds in between the cobbles.  
THERE'S MORE GOOD KIDS THAN BAD!

# Not That Long Ago

*The winding gear turned on the pit top  
Bringing miners from far below  
Back to fresh air so cool and sweet  
Not that long ago*



*They'd been down the pit for hours  
In the damp and the dark and the cold  
The same monotonous task every day  
Mining stone that to them was like gold*

*Their faces were dirty, covered in dust  
Their hands sometimes worked to the bone  
The shift was over, how many more?  
Not that long ago*

*None of them liked it though they  
wouldn't admit  
But they couldn't wait to get out  
A meal was waiting in their own little  
homes  
Cooked to perfection no doubt*

*Then a wash if they had some hot water  
And a shave if they had some soap  
They didn't earn much for their efforts  
But somehow they managed to cope*

*Then down to the 'tute' where they  
gathered  
Or into the pub for a pint  
They played cards, smoked their fags  
and told stories  
Trying to wipe the next shift from their  
minds*

*A few more pints and they probably  
thought  
That deep shaft was miles away  
But it was only up at the top of the  
street  
Waiting for them the next day*

*And so the next morning they'd line up  
at the cage  
Waiting to go down below  
They weren't just men they were heroes  
Not that long ago*

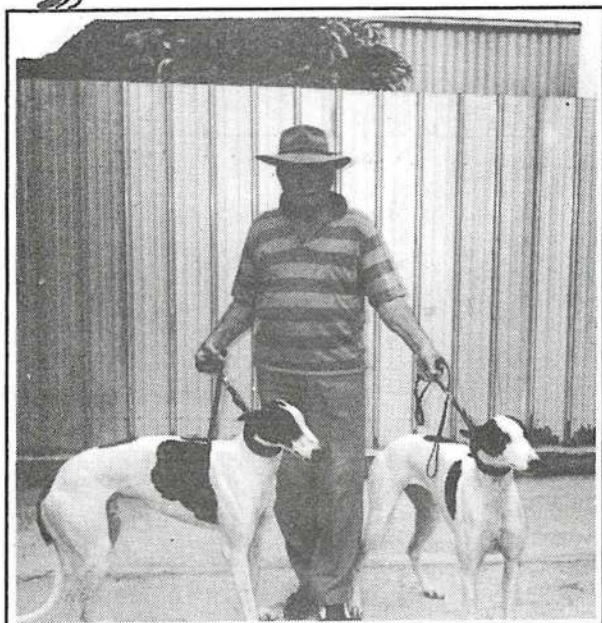
DB



# Where Are They Now?



**Peter Murtha**



*Peter, you haven't changed a bit!*

I receive 'The Key' from my niece, Joy Clements, and take great pleasure in reading it from cover to cover. It does me the world of good to see familiar streets and the faces of my old friends.

I've been in Adelaide, Australia, 11 years now and I'm settled only a short distance from my four daughters. When I first came here I found life very different to a small Cleveland village. I was one of the lucky ones and found a job with a Yorkshire family making, of all things, Yorkshire pork pies! The owner eventually returned to Cornwall and I moved on to be caretaker of a block of flats but I soon got a job I loved - looking after 21 horses at a racing stable. I had good experience having served 12 years in the army, 3 of them in the 3rd Dragoon Guards.

Now I am retired you may wonder how I pass my time? Well I am at this minute sitting by the edge of the sea at St Vincent Gulf on the Great Australian Bight. My son-in-laws have boats and we frequently go deep sea fishing.

There are 3 or 4 small fishing villages around here with jetties exactly like Red-car and Saltburn.

I have many friends and often go with them on fishing trips, travelling along the Darling River until it joins up with the Murrumbidgee where it then flows into the Murray River. We can travel 1,000 miles or more - a very long journey for fish and chips! On these trips we live off the land. Wild boar gives us pork and kangeroos our steaks. Every man takes his own 48 bottles of beer!

The things I do miss are the laughter and sing-songs of the lads in North Skelton's 'Bull' and the 'Club'. The Aussies might be good drinkers but they can't crack a joke like we can at home!



*Peter shows off his day's catch of crabs!*

If by any chance my mate 'Crocodile Dundee' drops into the 'Club' or the 'Bull' please buy him a drink and I will pay for it next time I pass through!

All in all I have a happy and full life here but there's no place like home.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year everybody!

Peter Murtha



# Putting on the Style

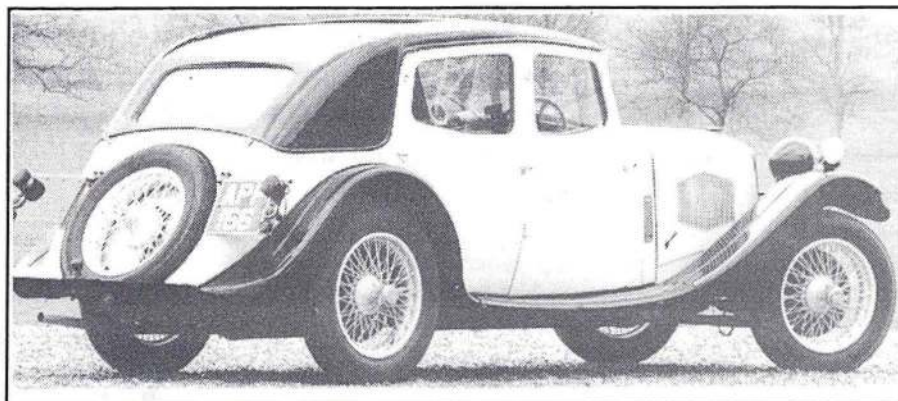
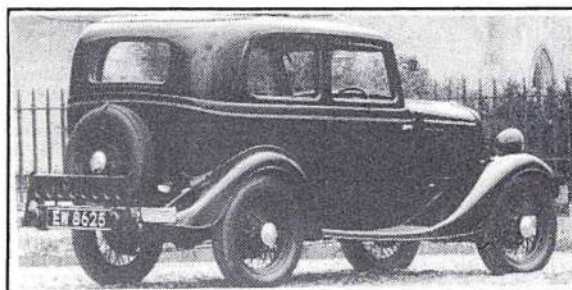


by Eddie Hartley



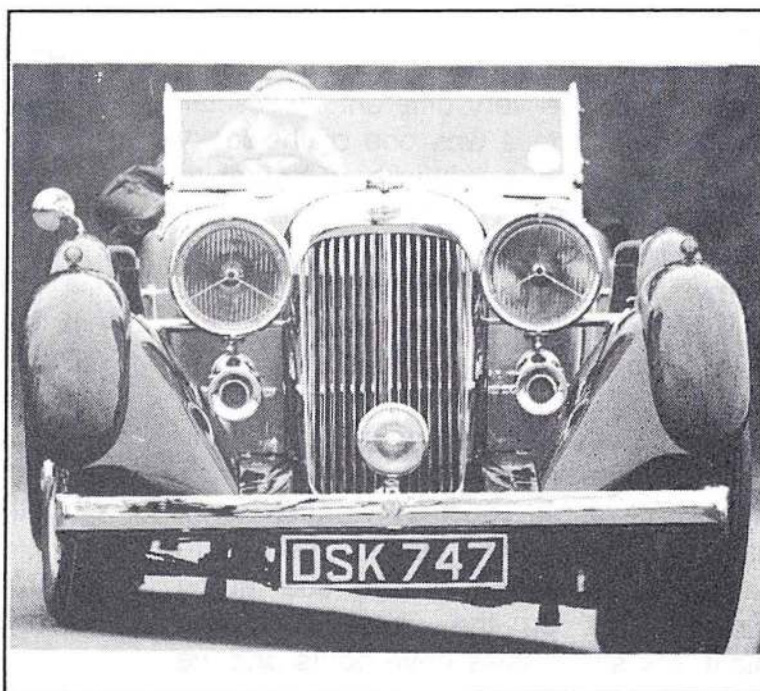
The 1930's were the golden age of style. Cars were better designed, faster and easier to drive but also had a sense of flair. The streamline style came about as a result of simple fashion. If a car had smooth, flowing lines it *looked* faster.

Compared to the boxy Austin and Morris, the Model Y Ford was a family streamline car with a surprising amount of room.



Going 'upmarket' was the Riley Kestrel. All Riley cars had a sporty flavour. The wire wheel was a Riley speciality, especially the easy detachable one which made punctures less of a nightmare.

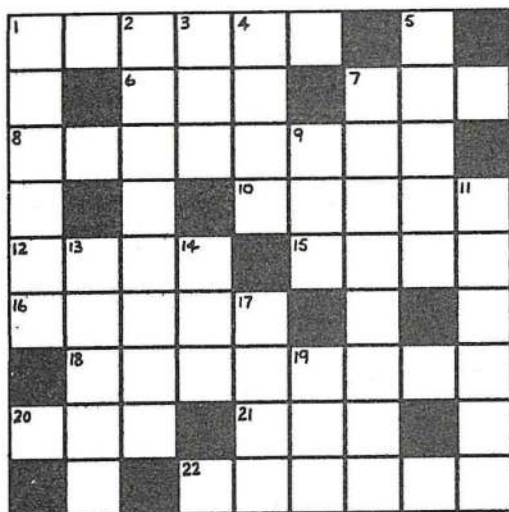
If you were Lord of the Manor in 1930 you would probably treat yourself to a very fast and sporty Lagonda. This car had two spare wheel carriers mounted on each front wing. One held the spare wheel while the other contained the tools for wheel changing. The Lagonda had built-in four wheel jacks. These were fitted to the chassis and operated by a pump in the nearside front wing. I wonder if some young genius will think of this idea and fit them to some new Merc' or Volvo!





## CROSSWORD

By Mark Thirkettle



## Across:

1. Tree 6. Effervescent drink 7. One who steers a racing boat 8. Upright 10. County town of Fife, Scotland 12. Gradual or languid 15. Cow-house 16. Dislikes 18. Of good appearance and manners 20. Aged 21. Belonging to us 22. Unbroken

## Down:

1. Generous 2. Dislodged or extracted 3. Decay 4. Saga 5. Of the sun 7. South American rodent 9. Young fox, etc 11. Rue, repent 13. Deep spoon 14. Membrane, woven fabric 17. Shortly 19. Pecan, cashew

(Answers on Page 13 )

'COLOUR ME'



## QUIZ

1. Which singer appeared in "Merry Christmas Mister Lawrence"?
2. Which two singers appeared in the John Wayne film "Rio Bravo"?
3. Which female singer starred with Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye in "White Christmas"?
4. Which singer appeared in "Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid"?
5. Who portrayed Ned Kelly in the movie?
6. Which comedian had a UK hit with "Funky Moped"?
7. Which comedian had a hit with "Don't Jump Off The Roof Dad"?
8. Which comedian in 1984 asked "Hullo John, Got A New Motor"?
9. Which comedian had a hit in 1975 with "The Ugly Duckling"?
10. Which comedian had a hit with "My Boomerang Won't Come Back"?

(Answers on Page 13 )

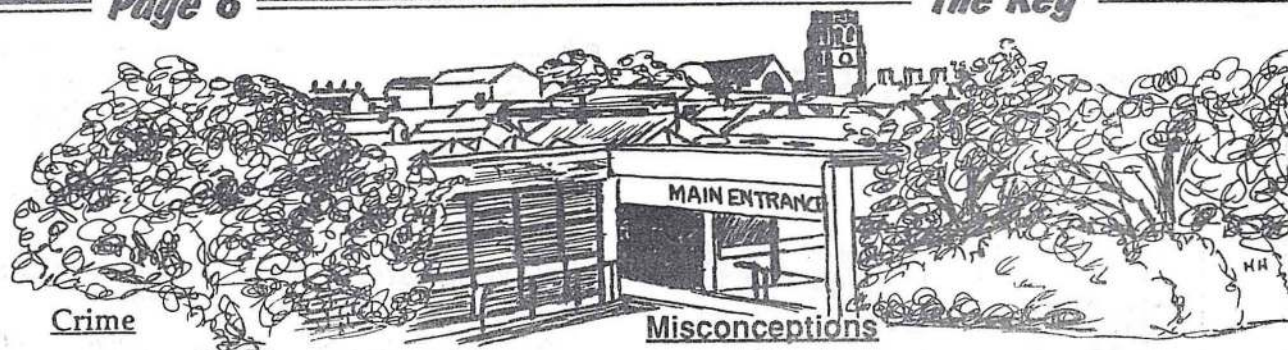
## WORDSEARCH

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ARSENAL  
BLACKBURN  
BORO  
CHELSEA  
COVENTRY  
EVERTON

LEEDS  
LIVERPOOL  
MAN UTD  
NEWCASTLE  
SPURS  
WEST HAM





## Crime

A lot of people think that teenagers spend their time committing crimes that were never heard of years ago, such as joy-riding. The fact of the matter is that these teenagers are in a minority and we, as part of a caring community, should feel some sympathy for them. It is probable that teenagers who resort to crime have not had a loving family life and turn to crime to compensate and get attention. We should aim to reform them and encourage youngsters who are sensible and responsible. We do exist, honestly!

Obviously there will always be some teenagers who continue to commit crimes, but isn't this true of every age group?

Please don't make judgments on the ill-mannered teenager but try to notice the well behaved children. We tend to be unnoticed as we are quiet and polite.

Unfortunately the general public are given the wrong idea by the small number of bad teenagers and overlook the fact that there are many decent youngsters.

## Cadets

Teenagers are not just a bunch of lazy, self centred layabouts with no sense of responsibility and no worthwhile interests! I am a Lance Corporal at the Skelton Detachment of the Army Cadet Force and I can tell you that large numbers of young people have energetic, useful interests. Along with twenty five other people I train in military drill, map reading, fieldcraft and a lot of other military or adventurous subjects.

Being a cadet requires lots of self discipline and fitness. We are trained in First Aid and required to do some work for the community. Most cadets are very dedicated to what they do and try to reach the highest standards.

## Music

Lots of teenagers listen to 'rave' music, but not all. Many adults think that rave is just a load of drum beats with no lyrics or tune but this isn't quite true. It may sound like a lot of loud noise but to those who like it it's a mix of percussion and synthesizers artistically arranged.

I don't think we play it too loud - it's quite loud but that's because we want other people to hear it as it's so good!

Give it a try.

## Misconceptions

Contrary to popular belief, all teenagers do not go about mugging elderly ladies or beating up children younger than themselves.

Yes, we like to go out and have a good time, but the majority of us don't get pleasure from harming other people. We do have hobbies and interests that are worth paying attention to, not to be dismissed as a 'waste of time'.

# Teenage Views

A lot of people disapprove of modern teenagers - their clothes, their music, the association with drugs and crime. We asked a group of pupils from De Brus School to tell us what they're really like.....

We don't just hang about the streets terrorising those smaller or more frail than ourselves. We are the people who care about the real issues and will, in a few years, be adults.

Please take time to get to know what teenagers are really like and realise their true potential.

After all, all adults were once teenagers themselves!

## Drugs

A lot of people nowadays think that we are into one thing - drugs! They're wrong. Most teenagers don't even think about drugs, never mind taking them. It's a very small amount of teenagers who take drugs and downgrade the rest. Most of us have hobbies such as football in a local team, playing tennis with a friend or being involved with a group like cadets.

Many people assume that we're brain dead but most of us are sensible and don't think twice about drugs. I'm more interested in local football teams than wasting my time and money on drugs. Not all teenagers are stupid - most of us have brains and wouldn't think twice about drugs!





# Photo Gallery



***Boy Scouts outside Skelton Church ( c. 1955)***

***Front:*** K Shaw, R Laffey, N Housam, L McNight, J Brown, G Young, D Thompson, A Beaver, Walker, J Kitchener, J Chapman. ***In behind include:*** C Robinson, R Petty, Cummings, I Scott, A Ainsley, P Foster (Assistant Scout Master), H Holmes, M Robinson, K Carter, G Kitchener, G Coates, P Young, D Pigg, B Foster, M Waller, H Pigg (Scoutmaster)



This photo was taken up t' 'crick' (now Greenhill View)  
The 2 ladies are Jenny Garbutt and Mary Brown  
Among the children are Norman & Dennis Housam,  
Edward Laker & Mary Ward



# Stanghow Lane School



**Top Row:**

Mr Bonas, Dadd Twins, B Payne, J Jackson, T Hutchinson, H Tansley,  
H Clayton, T Calvert, K Gosling, A Crooks, B Wilson, Mr Benson

**Middle Row:**

J Woodsworth, T Johns, J Fowler, S Robinson, M Poskett, M Yates,  
J Drury, N Burluraux, E Bennison, A Richardson

**Bottom Row:**

K Hood, M White, C Metcalf, R Dale, M Bolton, M Ellingham, I Smith  
J Drinkhall, S Ward, M Smith, M Breeze, D Wells, J Evans

1950 - 1951



# Happy Holidays



On holiday at Butlin's - Mr Porte (No 567) wins the  
'Knobbly Knees' Competition!  
(We love the 'pin-up' in the right hand corner!)



A happy crowd of holiday makers - this photo was  
taken in Northern Ireland on 24th July, 1950  
Among the group are Mr & Mrs Porte & Moira  
and Mr & Mrs Hunter. Also on the photo is  
school mistress Mrs Readman



## More Golden Oldies



### **'Order of the Buffalo' (Buffs)**

*Top: -?-, Mr Todd, 'Twaddy' Watson, 'Sacker' Cole, B Crossman, T Bolton*

*Middle: N Carter, D Padgett, A Hugill, W Morrish, D Bolton, A Batterbee*

*Bottom: -?-, 'Midge' Jeffels, R Addison, -?-*



### **North Skelton Primary School - c 1947**

*Top: Pauline Cook, Gordon Templeman, Jean Taylor, Alan Pearson,  
Edna Dowson, Billy Whitehead, Doreen Payne*

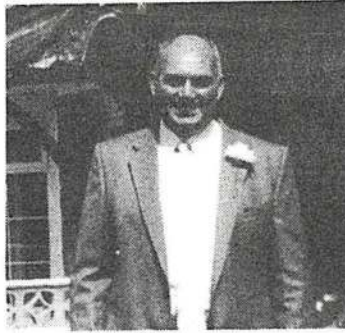
*Middle: Brian Addison, Stuart Carter, Dennis Preston, Ralph Brown*

*Bottom: Ann Pulford, Margaret Antill, Edith Pashley, Ann Berwick,  
Moira Porte*



## Mervyn sparks off a Miracle

The notice board in the garden of St Peter's Church was flattened! Council workers had mowed it down with their tractor whilst rebuilding work was going on.



Mervyn Marley was very angry at this, and even more so when told it would cost between £300 and £500 to put it right - a ridiculous price! Mervyn told them not to bother, he would do it himself!

He took the notice board down his allotment. He and his son David repaired it, painted it, and then came the day they would erect it. They decided to hammer two pieces of scaffolding piping into the ground and strap the legs of the notice board onto them. The first piece of piping caused no problems at all, but as David was hammering in the second piece it hit something. "Dad, its stuck, it must've hit a brick" "Bang it harder, give it some wellie". David tried again and again until Mervyn said "right, get out of the way, I'll have a go". Mervyn had a 4lb hammer and he let fly with it smack on top of the pipe - There was a bang, some smoke and an acrid smell. "Its gone through, David, it must have hit a slag brick, they spark and smell, it'll be OK, lets get the board strapped on". It looked great, a perfect job ..... or was it?

The next day was Friday, the regular Coffee Morning at St Peters. Sylvia and fiends couldn't understand why there wasn't any electric. Billy Bland was sent for and after checking all possibilities it was decided that the Electricity Board should be brought in with their testing machine, and, as you've guessed Mervyn had hammered clean through an electric cable. How on earth were Merv and David still alive and St Peters still standing? By a miracle the cable had shorted, fused and cut out.

Mervyn knew nothing of this. He was in his lorry approaching Newport, South Wales when his boss rang him. "Ring your lass, its urgent". Ann answered his phone call saying "you've nearly blown up our Church". Mervyn couldn't believe it. He started to sweat realising that he and David, along with the Church, could've been blown sky high, "thank goodness God and St Peter were sat on our shoulders the day we sparked off a miracle".

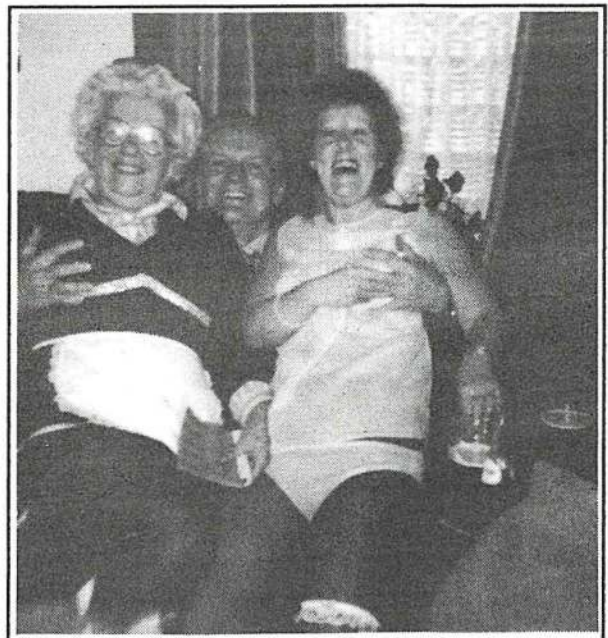
## 'Curly Tops' Hair Raising Christmas

It was Christmas Week and Curly Tops was packed out. Ann noticed a lady sitting in a corner and thought that it must be Mrs Robinson, a new customer. She promptly guided her forward and shampooed her hair and then proceeded to cut and perm her hair.

At this point Pauline shouted "Who's next please?" A voice answered "It's me, I'm Mrs Robinson, I've booked a perm". Pauline and Ann looked at each other, Ann's eyes nearly popping out of her head as she thought 'Then who can the lady be whose hair I have already started to perm?'

Ann asked and the lady said "I'm Mrs Brown from Brotton, I only came in to make an appointment!"

Curly Tops was in an uproar. Everyone, even Mrs Brown, thought it was hilarious. Did she want a perm though? I never did find out but she got one!



*John Pinkney enjoying a 'double handful'  
with Jean Spychala and Ann Marley  
'a few' Christmases ago!*



# Letterbox



Dear Norma

Surprise, surprise! Remember me? I was at Stanghow Lane School from 1948-1951 - happy days!

My friend Pat (Gill that was) passes 'The Key' onto me and I read them over and over again. I enjoyed reading the 'Home Made Banger' from Jeff Templeman - I bet he won't ever forget Bonfire Night in 1942!

Reading the 'Doc Spot' in issue 11 reminded me of when I used to go to Mrs Matson's for piano lessons after having tea at Mrs Porte's home - I still keep in touch with Moira.

In 1971 I became secretary at the Village School where I now live. Music still plays a part in my life - I play piano for assembly and singing. I am also clerk to the Governors, a job my dad had at Stanghow Lane. It's all so different from when I first started as secretary, everything now is on computer!

It really is a tonic to read your magazine. I enjoy 'The Lamps' and it was good to read Mr Reed's 'Sporting Days at Stanghow'. Did anyone ever find out where the school clock went to?

I hope to read many more editions of 'The Key'. Keep up the good work.

**Dorothy Fryer (nee Gledhill), 74 Ford Ambler Thorn, Queensbury, Bradford BD13 2BJ**



Dear Norma

Could I, through your paper, ask if any reader has copies of "Home Words". Years ago people used to have Parish or Church news and at the end of each year these were bound with religious stories and returned to individual families. I have copies from the years 1899-1900, 1900-1901, & 1903-1904. These books not only contain stories but also have births, deaths and marriages at Moorsholm, Skelton & Boosbeck churches. I am trying to index all the names for reference for my interest in family history.

Thank you for some interesting reading and also old photos in 'The Key'.

Ian Keeler, 2 Oakley Road, Boosbeck TS12 3BQ

Dear Norma

I picked up the post a couple of days ago and found a package of magazines in a plain brown wrapper. Big address but no indication of sender. It was from Cleveland. I opened it and out dropped a Christmas card, unsigned. I shook it and another card fell out, also unsigned.

Now getting Christmas cards in August is not all that unusual in our family. You only have to send a card every other year and the person getting it doesn't know whether it is late or early! My Aunt Doris gave me many a birthday card unsigned so that I could re-use it. My Aunt Minnie's birthday cards always featured that white correcting tape so that you could use the card over and over again. But two cards? And of St Peter's - not quite as I remember it but a little more spruced up.

Then, of course, I pulled out the copy of 'The Key' and a note from Margaret Smith. What a surprise - a whole bunch of people I remember. Adrian Johnson - I last saw him in Oxford when he was a student and I was still at Guisborough. We may well have been in China at the same time; he trying to use his Chinese to explain his wife's condition; me trying to order three eggs and getting the 'tones' all wrong. I asked for "kisses, kisses, kisses". Then Win Harrison. She was in my class for a couple of years. I see she was in Sydney, hanging out in the Botany Bay area where Captain Cook once trod. My wife and I were there too a couple of years ago - too bad I didn't know. As for me, I live near Seattle where the same Captain Cook sailed a few years before our time, naming many of the mountains and bays after people on his ships.

Margaret Smith also enclosed your note asking her to contact me. Sure, I'll write something for a future edition. Perhaps something about St Peter's or 'Nurse'? Lots could be written about 'Nurse'. Or perhaps something about what I have been doing? I just retired from Boeing, the Airplane Company, where I was Chief Engineer, International. It would be fun to take time thinking back to the old days. I'll think of something. Cheers!

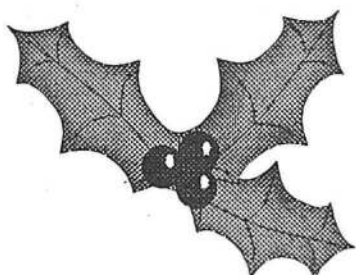
**Barrie Austin, 25230 SE Mirrormont Drive, Issaquah, WA 98027, USA**



## Christmas Calypso - Andrew Dowey

- Base** - 250g Digestive Biscuits, 50g Rolled Oats, 75g Margarine, 1 tblsp Golden Syrup
- Topping** - 100g Dates, 50g Raisins soaked in 2 measures of rum, 500g Cream Cheese, 100g Sugar, 1 pot of Natural Yoghurt, Zest and Juice of 1 Lemon, 150 ml Cream
- 150 ml Cream lightly whipped, Gelatin
- To Decorate** - Whipped Cream, Cinnamon

- 1 Melt butter and syrup
- 2 Add the crushed digestives and oats
- 3 Press into base of an 8 inch loose bottomed flan ring - alternatively use a flan dish and line with tinfoil
- 4 Chop the dates and sprinkle over the crumb base
- 5 Mix the yoghurt, sugar and cream cheese



- 6 Dissolve the gelatin in the warm lemon juice and zest and add to the mixture
- 7 Fold in the whipped cream along with the rum and raisins
- 8 Taste for sweetness and add a little more sugar if you like a sweeter cake
- 9 Level the mixture over the base and chill for 2 hours
- 10 Remove from the tin. Decorate with piped whipped cream and sprinkle with cinnamon

## Action North Skelton

After this year's hot Summer I feel that the children's playarea finally fulfilled its potential with the inclusion of two new picnic tables [donated by Action North Skelton] to add to the playarea facilities.

During October a new Bus Shelter will be erected at Sparrow Park and hopefully, another new shelter will be constructed on Vaughan Street near the Village Hall, before the New Year.

I would like to point out that Langbaugh Citizens Advice Bureau now hold a surgery on Wednesday afternoons at Skelton Library. The aim of CAB is to provide an advice service to enable people to be informed of their rights and responsibilities and to give information about services available. The advice is free, confidential, independant and impartial.

On a final note, there are still a few videos left of the North Skelton VE Day Celebrations, price £6. Anyone interested please ask at the Post Office

.... Tony Chapman



Twelve months ago four residents volunteered to become co-ordinators for a Neighbourhood Watch Scheme on Layland Estate. The scheme is working well, leaflets left by the police are delivered to keep everyone informed of what is happening. Among the benefits of this scheme are improved police response time when necessary and improved police surveillance.

Please, would you all keep an eye on your neighbours property and report anything suspicious to your co-ordinator who will pass on the information to the Police.

**Co-ordinators:**

A Walker and J Haig.



All gone now . .

## The Small Village Shops

In the 1920/30's North Skelton was a thriving mining village but there were still hard times. Many villagers boosted their income by opening their front rooms, or parlours, as village shops. Jean Spychala has researched each streets' village shops and I am sure you, like her, will be amazed at the number. In each of the next four editions there will be a column of these village shops, Richard Street is the first [these shops were called House Shops]

Number 4 - Small general dealers, sweets, cigarettes etc. Owned by Mrs Rose Smith who eventually owned a shop and fish shop at Lingdale.

Number 12 - Newsagents owned by Norma's grandparents who moved to Holmbeck Road

Number 14 - Fish and Chip shop had several owners and recently made into a complete house.

Number 9 - Miss Kirk's dressmaking establishment where I first learned my trade. Moved in 1936 to Number 2 Holmbeck Road.

Number 11 - Millie used to cut hair in her front room.

Number 13 - Another small House Shop owned by Mr and Mrs Allinson.

Number 31 - General Dealers owned by Mr and Mrs Wilson, now the home of Ann and Jim Ramage.

Number 43 - Small shop owned by Mr and Mrs Todd, sold wool and cottons etc.

At the bottom of Richard Street was a large Market Garden owned by the well known Will and Laurie Bean.

Mr Hollingsworth was the Village Crier who went round the streets ringing his bell to tell the villagers of events taking place

## The Firemen of Skelton

Firefighting in Skelton in the early days consisted of volunteers manning a manual engine, various lengths of hose and other basic equipment. Local Authorities were re-organised and Urban District Councils were introduced with Skelton joining Brotton in 1899 the Skelton & Brotton Fire Brigade.

It had 22 men who were paid a retainer [hence the name retained Fireman] for drills and responding to fires manning their new Merryweather Steam Fire Engine. The steamer lasted until replaced by Skelton's first motor Fire Engine in the 1920's, an Albion Merryweather with an open 'Braidwood' body.

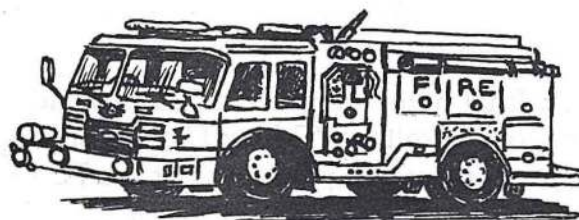
The Skelton & Brotton Fire Brigade lasted until the outbreak of war and the creation of the National Fire Service in 1941. After the war, Skelton became Station A4 of the newly created North Riding of Yorkshire County Fire-brigade on 1 April 1948.

Skelton had the distinction of having the first post-war purpose built Fire Station, created not only for the North Riding area but the North East area as a whole in 1952. The old station in Green Road, which had been rented from Mrs Ringrose-Wharton at a rent of £10 per year, passed to the Civil Defence.

On 1 April 1974, following local government re-organisation, Skelton became part of the new Cleveland County Fire Brigade. In 1980, the station received its first 'Dennis' Fire Engine which ran until last year [1994] when it was put out to pasture at the Brigade Training School.

In 1990 the Station was extended and refurbished at a cost of £149,284. It is currently manned by 14 Firemen, all retained, two of which are eligible for this paper. An average year will probably see around 350 'shouts' but this year will be well over the 500 mark!!

My alerter is going so I will have to go for now.... Firefighter S Webster





# The Lamps

Davy looked at Tilly "By gum Tilly, you look very fetching, but ah' dont like you going wi' them two plonkies. 'Am tippin trouble tonight 'cos t' pair of 'ems one brick short of a load". "I'll be OK Davy - ta-ra". Tilly walked into North Skelton Club the excitement showing on her face. It was Boxing Night, Jimmy Hayes was having Christmas Kareoke and Julie Green, Linda Westbrook and Tilly were in it. The Club was packed and the decorations lovely, there was tinsel and baubles everywhere and the tree shone with brightly coloured lights. The atmosphere was electric. "What d'ya want to drink Tilly?" said Linda. "Shandy please"

replied Tilly. As you can imagine Julie was having non of that. "Shandy!" she said "not likely - get three Diamond Whites - its Christmas". Linda came back and said "That's a good name for us int' Kareoke, The Three Diamond Whites, brilliant!". Tilly had already drunk half of hers and said "Linda, this is lovely, is it strong?" "No - get it down your neck" and she did. Linda jumped up and got her another one. Tilly felt marvellous, by the time she'd drunk her third she was ready for anything. Jimmy took hold of the mike "Please put your hand together for The Three Diamond Whites singing Rocking Around the Christmas Tree". Tilly was first up. Linda and Julie backing her as she belted out the song. The more the crowd roared, the more Tilly rocked. By now she was a sight to see in her imitation ocelot frock the skirt getting higher and higher and her legs wobbling in her inch high platforms. Tilly's eyes were becoming glazed and still the crowd roared "more, more".

Tilly was well and truly sloshed and all at once her legs gave way. Down she went, Tabby came running up "Get 'er home, Davy'll kill you two getting her in this state". Linda swung round on him "You shut your mouth Tabby and stick to your arsetexing!" "Alright, alright,

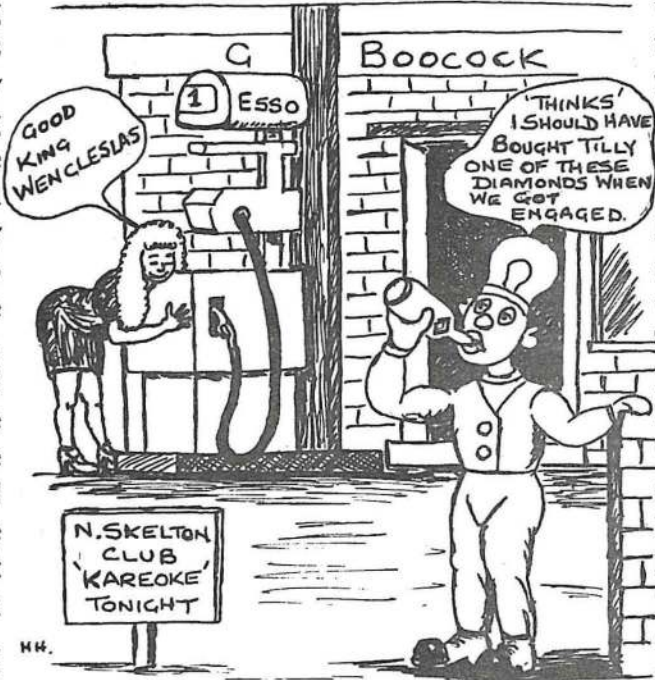
who's scratched your scabs tonight" tetchy bitch thought Tabby. Linda and Julie got Tilly as far as Jean Jacksons. "Its no good you two. You'll have to go for Davy, here's't pigeon king send 'im". Davy's eyes were bulged. There was his Tilly wrapped round Boocock's petrol pump belting out Good King Wenceslas. Pigeon King and Jigger laughed and laughed but Davy, as usual had an idea and shouted "Brian ya' know that seat a' couldn't 'ave for pigeon weekend in Blackpool - well

a' can" now. Pauline Brown came running up 'Davy, here's Tilly's free drink for taking part int' Christmas Kareoke". Davy looked "what is it?" Pauline held it aloft "ITS A DIAMOND WHITE"

- Happy Christmas Kareokeing to you all



Linda ... the morning after ... Davy'll soon wipe that smile off her face when he gets hold of her.





*The continuing story of Harry Heathcock's . . .*

## CHALLENGE OF A LIFETIME

*British Steel's round the world yacht race - no experience necessary*

### The Fastnet Race

The next sail was to be the qualifying one for those going all the way, it was the notorious Fastnet Race. To make it more difficult the route was to go from Southampton down to the Upshot Buoy off the northern coast of France and then back up to the Fastnet Rock on the southern tip of Ireland. I really wanted to do this race as it was my first opportunity to spend extended time at sea, and, though I couldn't get on British Steel II, there was a place on the yacht Pride of Teesside.



The race started in very light winds, and as we sailed down towards Upshot Buoy, the yachts were all close together. As the night closed in all you could see were the mast-head lights. It was eerie, very little wind no noise and the lights were the only indication that we were holding our own or being overtaking, and even then we didn't know who was passing us.

The next day the winds picked up and it was getting rougher. We picked out the cardinal buoy we were looking for and could also make out the coast of France. Once we rounded the buoy it was a northerly heading for the Fastnet Rock. The wind had really picked up now. It was 30-35 knots on the nose and quite a few of the crew weren't feeling too well, including myself. I'd gone off my food and been sick a few times [the first time I'd ever been sick in a boat] but I didn't let it affect the job in hand. There was a sail change required to put up a smaller headsail. I was up on the bow helping, with the waves coming over my head. There was so much water coming over that my life jacket automatically inflated, so it was back to the cockpit to change. Another time there was a sail change I had to push the sail up through the hatch onto the foredeck. One of the crew said I should take my oilskins off to save boiling up as it was really hot down below. Well I did this and whilst I was pushing the sail up, a wave came over and drenched me from head to foot and the water was so cold it took my breath away.

We were still battling against storm force winds and I was still feeling off it when the Fastnet Rock came into view. What a sight! This piece of rock sticking up out of the sea with a lighthouse on top. We came in quite close as we rounded the rock, but once round it the wind was behind us and the yacht was on an even keel. The sun came out, the yacht speeded up and I suddenly felt a lot better - we were over the worst part of the race, passed the half way mark and on our way home. What a great feeling! At lunch time that day I still didn't feel too good, but one of the crew fancied some beans and I thought I'd try some. Well, after about three days without any food, they turned out to be the nicest beans I've ever had.

The call then went out for the spinnaker and once it was up we really started to cream along at about 14 knots, surfing down the waves. We were in seventh position and the skipper wasn't going to be overtaken by anyone else. He let all the crew have a go at the helm and then picked out those who were good to helm with the spinnaker up. Thankfully I was one of those picked. What an experience being up on a wave and surfing down whilst on the helm trying to keep a 40 ton yacht on course. Coming into The Needles a helicopter was taking pictures of the yacht. We all waved knowing we were nearing home. We'd all come through safely this far and were now more confident to face up to what was still to come.

British Steel II came first in the Fastnet Race and I felt really proud of them but I was also indebted to the Pride of Teesside for giving me the chance to sail with them. They accepted me as one of their race crew knowing I could've been competing against them but I was proud of being a Teessider on The Pride of Teesside.



# Meet Your New Traffic Warden



Hello! Let me introduce myself - my name is Brian Hutchinson and I am your new Traffic Warden.

I am stationed at Guisborough office but will pay regular visits to Skelton and Loftus, usually with PC Towers, where a watchful eye will be kept on prohibited and restricted parking, and in particular the areas with double yellow lines.

I would like to take this opportunity to tell you of the new regulation which is to be implemented in Skelton High Street. This will now be restricted parking for 1 hour, return prohibited within 2 hours. This is to keep a steady flow of traffic and make spaces available for shoppers.

When I was asked to write this I tried to think of something funny to write about. However, I could not come up with anything. This is perhaps because people do not see Traffic Wardens as funny people,

I am a normal friendly person, with a sense of humour, so please speak to me when you see me, and if I can be of any assistance to anybody do not be afraid to ask.

I look forward to becoming a valuable part of your community.

## Crossword Answers:

**Across:** 1. Laurel 6. Pop 7. Cox 8. Vertical  
10. Cupar 12. Slow 15. Byre 16. Hates  
18. Debonair 20. Old 21. Our 22. Intact  
**Down:** 1. Lavish 2. Uprooted 3. Rot 4. Epic  
5. Solar 7. Capybara 9. Cub 11. Regret  
13. Ladle 14. Web 17. Soon 19. Nut

**Quiz Answers:** 1. David Bowie 2. Dean Martin & Ricky Nelson 3. Rosemary Clooney  
4. Bob Dylan 5. Mick Jagger 6. Jasper Carrot  
7. Tommy Cooper 8. Alexei Sayle 9. Mike Reid  
10. Charlie Drake

# Doc Spot....

by Dr Roger Neville-Smith

## Historical Medicine - Tuberculosis

How frustrating it must have been for doctors 90 years ago when treating infectious diseases like TB. They knew that the disease was caused by the germ, Tubercle bacillus, but no antibiotics had been created to treat it. They did observe very carefully how the illness progressed and who was at most risk of the illness.

Tuberculosis is rare today but 100 years ago it was common-place. Many people inherited some resistance to TB, others were less fortunate. Poor work and living conditions were associated with the infection; e.g. damp houses, dusty work places (miners), and inadequate food.

Old names used included 'consumption' and 'phthisis' which meant TB infection of the lung. 'Scrofula' meant an enlargement of a TB infected lymph gland, usually on the neck, that discharged.

In 1910 treatment included 'Open Air Treatment' which meant as much fresh air and sunshine as possible, and a diet rich in milk, eggs, butter and cream! Medicines included arsenic ('Fowlers solution'), creosote by capsule or inhaled with alcohol. The cough was treated with various medicines including 'Begbies mixture' (cyanide, nitric acid and quassia). Morphine was used in very serious cases.

Without antibiotics TB was a very serious and frightening illness for many sufferers. I have spared you details about treating bleeding from the lung - I am already feeling rather green!

Almost all of these treatments are not now used. Indeed, looking from our safe haven of 1995 it is a wonder that anyone survived. If my time machine breaks down passing through the year 1900 I will pray that I do not get TB!



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Dec 28 - Uncle Gilbert  
Dec 29 - China Grove (Local Band)  
Dec 30 - Big Clocks  
Dec 31 - Disco

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