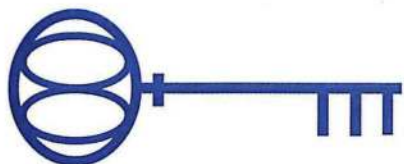


ISSUE NO. 24

AUGUST 1999

THE KEY



A NEWSPAPER FOR NORTH SKELTON & LAYLAND



Editorial

Thank you again for all your donations, telephone calls and letters - please keep them coming.



Action North Skelton's AGM on 8th June was, as usual, poorly attended. Accounts for ANS and Jean & Marjorie's Social Activities were put forward and found correct.

I thank Stuart Fawcett, 'The Key's' Treasurer, for a very professional statement which I presented to all who were there - it was also correct to the penny.

David Weed installed the seat outside the Village Hall free of charge - thanks David.

Ian Proctor would welcome anything you have relating to cricket memorabilia in this area. For more details and his telephone number see page 16.

Finally, many thanks to Skelton & Brotton Parish Council for the £300 grant donated to 'The Key'.

*Norma Templeman, 7 Bolckow Street, North Skelton.
Tel: 01287 653853
e-mail: don@burluraux1.freemove.co.uk*

Can You Help Trace An American's Ancestors?

Dear Editor

I am writing to ask your help in tracing some of my ancestors who lived in Skelton-in-Cleveland. I am trying to find out any information about them and their descendants.

James and Ann Faulkner Dixon and their family lived at No. 1 Stanghow Road, New Skelton and were listed in the 1881 Census. Their sons Fred, Samuel and George William Dixon came to the USA. Fred Dixon was my great grandfather. James and Ann Faulkner Dixon had four daughters - Annie, Sarah, Lillie and Rebecca, all of whom remained in England. Annie married Thomas Dowson and they lived in Skelton as late as 1932. They had a daughter, Annie Dowson, who visited the USA in 1923.

I wonder if there is a descendant of the Dowson's still living in the area? Perhaps there is a living descendant of one of the other Dixon daughters listed? Perhaps a friend of any of them still lives in the area and may recall something about my relatives? I appreciate your help.

Yours sincerely

Tom Franz, 2821 East Jackson Street, Ashland,
KY 41102-9625, USA

Farewell Message From Rector Tom and Pam

Peter Pan was the little lad who refused to grow up and wanted to spend all his life in the magic world of childhood days. For the rest of us, there's no stopping the clock, and no matter how hard we try, we can't disguise the touch of the hand of time.

I still remember the early days when I was a curate in Sheffield. The locals looked at me, five foot two and only just started to shave, and they said, "He's nobbut a lad". A lot of water has flowed under the bridge since then, and my hair has gone from black to grey, but mercifully it's still with me. Now, after 43 years in the ministry, it is time for



Rector Tom and Pam

me to move on and make room for somebody else.

Pam and I came to Skelton in the summer of 1987 and, for the past 12 years, we have been completely and utterly at home here. For me, it was just like coming back home, because I was born in a pit village called Highfields, just outside Doncaster - 'Donny' to the natives - and my father worked down Brodsworth Main. I am tremendously proud of the entry on my Birth Certificate which states in the column for 'Father's Occupation' - COAL-HEWER. He had hands as hard as nails, a back which was flecked all over with the blue scars of coal, and a chest like a woolly pullover.

My origins gave me a basic grounding in what matters in life, and I've tried to stay true to what those early days taught me:- about being straight and genuine, no airs and graces, being neighbourly and caring, and content with what you can afford. Pam's beginnings were along the same lines (albeit she's from Lancashire). But we have never regretted being here.

I know my professional base is the Church, but to me there's no such thing as any 'no-go' areas. God is not locked up in Church. The world is His and His care is for everybody. Now that's the brief the Parson has to work to! And I must say that the warmth of welcome shown to us wherever we've been has been wonderful.

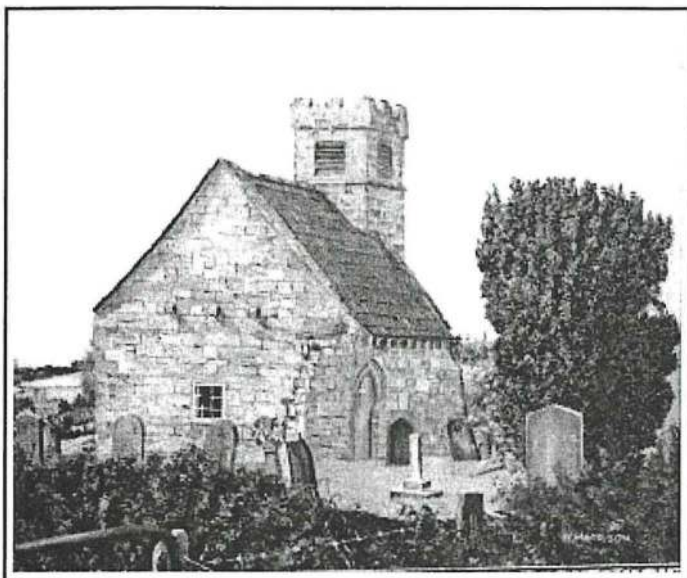
We shall miss the place enormously - not just the beauty of the moors and sea, but the community spirit of village life, which is priceless. We have a lot to be thankful for, many friendships to cherish, and a lot of love to share as we go.

God bless you all, always.

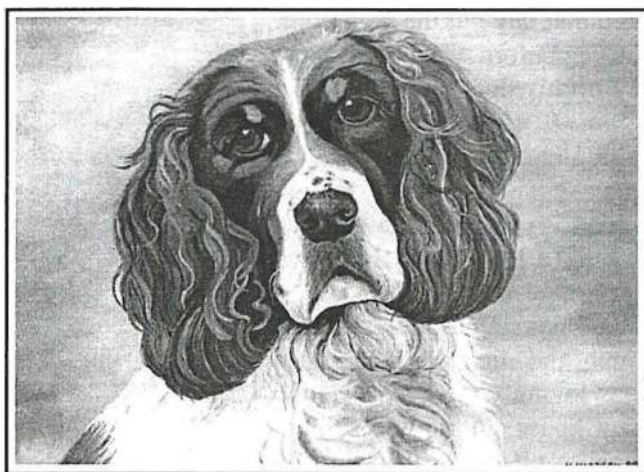
Reverend Tom

Harold 'Pip' Harrison - Our Local Artist

The front cover of 'The Key' is the envy of most community newspapers around, especially the Xmas edition showing the Robin and Snow Scene down the 'slack' at North Skelton. This is all thanks to Harold 'Pip' Harrison who voluntarily illustrates our front page. Don and I would like to take this opportunity to say thank you to 'Pip'.



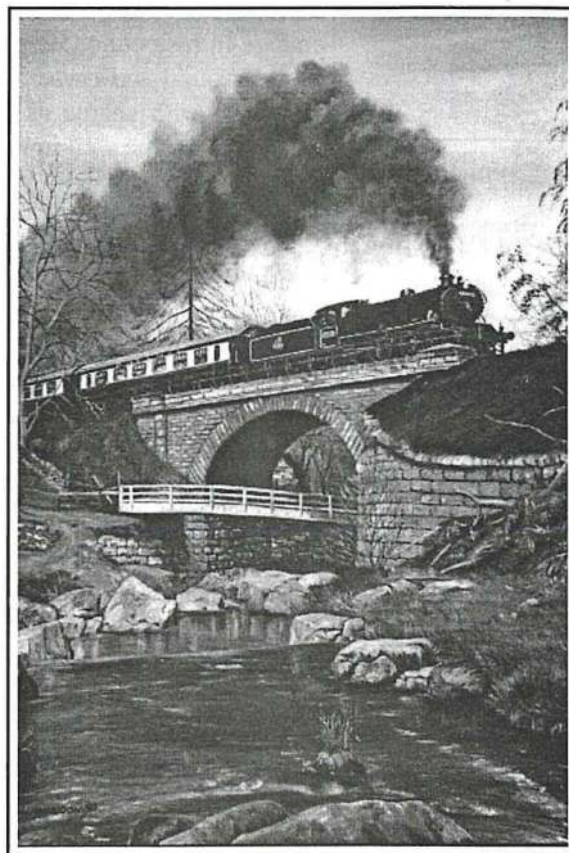
Upleatham Church



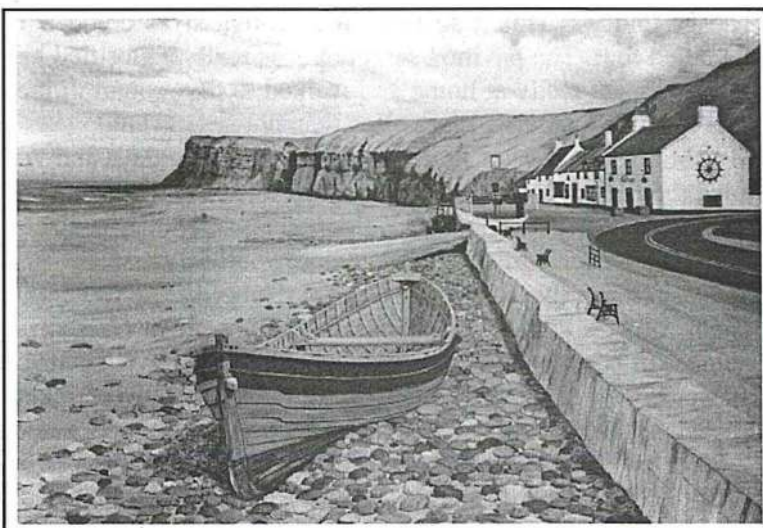
A faithful friend

'Pip's paintings and illustrations are well known all over the country and the pictures on this page are all examples of his work, although the fact that they are in black and white doesn't do them justice. Many local people have already chosen him to paint pets and favourite scenes, etc and if anyone else is interested in commissioning him for any work, 'Pip' will be only too pleased to advise and quote a price. He can be contacted on 01287 651380.

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North Yorks Moors Railway



Huntcliff and The Ship Inn

Some Memories of Village Cricket

by Colin Berwick



Colin Berwick

The first time I played cricket for North Skelton I was thirteen years old. It was a local derby between the village team and the Mine. I went in last to face Harold Wrigley, a fast bowler who later made a name for himself playing for Saltburn in the North Yorks and South Durham League where both he and his younger brother, Seth, also a fast bowler, distinguished themselves by taking hat-tricks. The first ball was of medium pace, pitched well up. I played a very correct, forward defensive stroke and felt very proud of myself as the ball travelled safely to mid-off. The next ball was different. Without any noticeable change in his action, Harold delivered a ball which I never saw. It knocked the stumps out of the ground and I was out for a duck. It was the quickest ball I had ever faced and I felt mortified with shame as I left the field. However, I learned a valuable lesson that day which served me well in the future - never relax your guard!

Cricket is not just about skill. It is a battle of wits and tactics when taking the opposition by surprise is part and parcel of the game. There were many wise heads at North Skelton.

Harold, Dave Gosling, Jack Gibson, Ronnie King and Harry Butler all played at Saltburn at various times. Sid Tremain, Albert Beckham, Gordon Brookes, Ken Forbes and Sid Goodill were very experienced and more than willing to pass on their knowledge to the younger element. At that time, we younger players were Len Douglass, Johnny Butler, Keith Marley, Jack May and myself. An interesting fact is that Len, Jack and I went on to captain Guisborough, Redcar and Saltburn respectively where we could put to good use the knowledge we had gained as young men.

There were some comical moments. We were playing at Acklam Parish Church one day. We liked playing at Acklam because we always scored lots of runs and there was a good tea. I believe Len Douglass scored a hundred that day but the high point of the match was when Andrew Turnbull was given out 'leg before wicket'. Andrew was livid. He stalked down the pitch to the umpire, took off his shirt and showed the umpire a bruise on his chest where the ball had hit him. It was to no avail. The umpire sent him packing. After the game we were waiting in Green Lane for a bus to take us into Middlesbrough when we broke into song. We were half way through 'Abide With Me' when a man approached us and joined in. He congratulated us afterwards and said he hadn't enjoyed himself so much for a long time. He turned out to be the local vicar!

Some people had mixed feelings when the 'Bluebell Way' housing estate was built. That patch of ground was the scene of many a triumph and disaster. It moulded young men and gave pleasure to the old. The pitch was lovingly tendered by such men as George Sturman and Cliff May who both spent hours cutting and rolling. The heavy roller required several people to move it. I believe it had been fashioned at the Pit and was filled with concrete, but it helped to provide one of the best batting wickets in the district. The ground was small; so tiny, in fact, that sixes could not be scored. Any ball hit out of the ground was signalled four. The pavilion/scorebox was really a glorified hut with barely room inside to change, so a number of players got ready at home and walked to the ground in their whites. One such was Bob Slater, but it didn't help his time-keeping - more often than not he was late!

My abiding memory of those times was of sunny days and warm Saturday evenings when groups of spectators lined the bottom rails, calling encouragement to the players and occasionally retrieving the ball from the nearby allotments. After the game, the older men visited the 'Club' or the 'Bull' while we younger ones went home to re-live the match whilst following more youthful pursuits.

Sadly, in the early 1950's, the Cricket Club, like the football team, was disbanded and the players went further afield to get a game. Len Douglass and I went to Guisborough where I had played as a junior. We spent a number of happy years there, playing at a higher level against former County cricketers, professionals and good amateur players. It was much later, in the 1960's, that cricket was revived in North Skelton under the name of Cleveland Mines and, after an uncertain start, became a decent side which I was happy to captain with the support of Harold and Seth Wrigley and Jack Gibson, a quiet, knowledgeable man and a great bowler. Clive Wilks, Bob Slater, Jim Ramage, my brother Neil and I formed the nucleus of a side which performed well in the Cleveland League which, at that time, was quite strong with sides like Marske, later to become members of the



Harold Wrigley

North Yorks and South Durham League.

I first came across Seth Wrigley when he was playing for Saltburn. At that time I was playing for Guisborough and during my innings I hit a ball very hard and high. Seth was fielding on the boundary and set himself to take the catch. Unfortunately for him, he misjudged it, the ball hitting him on the head and bouncing over the boundary for six! However, Seth was a hard man. He picked up his cap, shook his head and carried on. When we later played together at North Skelton he was never allowed to forget that incident.

Neil was a talented cricketer, good with the bat and ball and a brilliant fielder. However, his priorities were often elsewhere, and on a number of occasions he got himself out so that he could catch the bus to Loftus to meet his girlfriend at the pictures! Clive Wilks was one of the mainstays of the side and gave great service to North Skelton cricket. He was a good bowler, and was at his best on a soft wicket.

Perhaps the most important member of the Cleveland Mines set up was Bill Butler, father of John (Roscoe) Butler - an outstanding sportsman and well known later in life as an umpire. Bill must have been over eighty and, together with his black collie dog, spent every spare minute of his time looking after his beloved pitch. After every game the players were required to roll the wicket and rope off the square. Bill

taught me something I have never forgotten - as a captain you are open to criticism from everybody, players and spectators alike. In one game, at home to Nunthorpe, we bowled them all out for 21. Jim Ramage and Bob Slater knocked off the runs without any trouble and we won easily by ten wickets. The game was all over by 5 o'clock - and that included tea! I was very happy by the way we had performed and I didn't think we could possibly have played any better. As we walked off the field, Bill said to me, "Why didn't you put Clive Wilks on to bowl? The wicket was just right for him." I kept my mouth shut!

The trophy which gave me most pleasure to win was the Zetland Cup, played on a wonderful batting wicket at Saltburn. We beat Loftus after scoring over 250 runs and bowling out the opposition.

That was the last cricket team North Skelton had. Soon afterwards the Pit closed, funds dried up and the team was once more disbanded. We all went off to play our cricket elsewhere, in my case, Saltburn, but we took with us the essence of a game we had learned in our village. My cricketing career spanned well over 40 years, largely due to the foundations built in North Skelton, where I learnt to enjoy and respect the game and the people involved in it.

Colin Berwick



Len Douglass and myself holding the Kerridge Cup with other members of the successful Guisborough C.C.

Pop Quiz *By Mark Thirkettle* (Answers on Page 18)

Who had chart hits with the following:

- | | |
|--|------------------------------------|
| 1. a) 1984 - "Michael Caine" | 3. a) 1980 - "D.I.S.C.O." |
| b) 1982 - "Jackie Wilson Said" | b) 1970 - "A.B.C." |
| c) 1963 - "All I Want For Christmas is a Beatle" | c) 1978 - "Y.M.C.A." |
| d) 1984 - "I Feel Like Buddy Holly" | d) 1983 - "I.O.U." |
| 2. a) 1971 - "Brown Sugar" | 4. a) 1962 - "Venus In Blue Jeans" |
| b) 1984 - "Purple Rain" | b) 1978 - "Jupiter" |
| c) 1969 - "Green River" | c) 1973 - "Life on Mars" |
| d) 1983 - "Red Red Wine" | d) 1995 - "Earth Song" |
| | 5. a) 1959 - "Deck of Cards" |
| | b) 1980 - "Ace Of Spades" |
| | c) 1979 - "Queen Of Hearts" |
| | d) 1963 - "From A Jack To A King" |

The Lamps

The seats on Sparrow Park were full, ten lads all waiting for Daydo's mini bus to arrive. It was the pigeon weekend in Blackpool and Davy was chuffed to be going. Marto had arranged the trip. Also waiting to travel were Jacko, John Burluraux, Geoff Brown, Alan and Stephen Kime, the pigeon king's son Mark and Andrew Hopper. Fraggie took up the rear.

They all looked smart - designer shirts hung outside their trousers; well, all except Davy that is. However, his boots were shining, his trousers pressed, held up by a brand new pair of braces, a treat from Tilly.

Jacko approached Davy sympathetically, "Davy, mate, why don't yer let me pull yer shirt out o' yer trousers then we'll all be t' same?"

"Cos a' can't," said Davy, "our lass cut mi' shirt laps off ages ago in case she 'ad to mend t' collar when it frayed!"

Jacko walked away shaking his head. Marto was getting a bit worried - Daydo was late with the bus. As he looked along the high street he saw Fraggie's rusty old pick-up trundling along towards them. As it pulled up alongside them Fraggie shouted out, "Ger' in you lot. Mini bus 'as brokken down so we'll 'ave to go in this. Me mothers chucked some ord curtains in t' back to sit on an t' beers in t' corner."

They all stood and stared. They couldn't believe it and Marto was livid.

"We aren't goin' in that rusty ord thing."

Fraggie shouted back, "Well, you'll 'ave to. This machine 'll pick up owt or anybody so shurrup an' ger in!"

They all trooped to the back, pulling the old curtains over the dirty truck. They eventually got settled and helped themselves to some bottles from the three crates of beer in the corner. Davy had looked forward to this trip for weeks. He stood his bottle of beer down by his side, on his other side, in a cardboard box, was his beloved pigeon, Prince Charlie. Elizabeth had hatched her egg, but because of Davy's secret, Prince Charlie had to go. Brian 'Pigeon King' Hodgson had told Davy that if he took it to Blackpool and sold it he would get a good price. Charlie was a little beauty and Davy was reluctant to part, but circumstances alter cases.

Fraggie popped his head out of the cab, "Are we all in? Right then, WAGONS HO-O-O!"

The gears grated and smoke billowed out of the exhaust but the truck began to move and off they went. Suddenly, two figures emerged, running after them and shouting, "Odd on, we're comin' an' all."

Mad Murphy and Tabby jumped aboard. Davy's face dropped - his arch enemies were coming to Blackpool. "Aye, well," he thought, "they'd better not blot their copy book or else!"

Walter the wagon was trundling towards the Pennines, the beer was flowing freely and the sun was shining down on them.

There was a bit of bantering going on. "Hey, Tabby, who's shirt 'ave yer gor' on today, your Mikes?" laughed John. It was, and still is, a well known fact that Tabby never puts his hand in his pocket for clothes - he would rather beg or borrow.

By now the lads were 'well away'. Mad Paddy Murphy was singing, "When The Saints Go Marching In!" only the words were, "Oh when the pigeons come flyin' in, oh when the pigeons come flyin' in, mek sure yer don't stand underneath 'em, when the pigeons come flyin' in!"

That set them all off - the rest of the words are unrepeatable for this journal!

It was a very merry gang that entered Blackpool. "There's t' tower!" one of them shouted, "Three cheers for Walter!"

Fraggie's wagon had come up trumps despite the grating gears and

speedometer not working, and as for the tyres, they wouldn't have passed the 'tanner test'! However, they'd got there.

Fraggie pushed the little window aside. "Marto, where are we goin'?"

"Ponder-Rosa", Marto replied.

They all looked at him in disbelief. "Ponder-Rosa, what the 'ell's that?"

Marto was as calm as they come and confidently said, "It's a guest house. Ord Norm an' Dorry from rotten Brotton 'ave been an' they say it's a good grub shop an' it's central. It's at 28 Palatine Road. There's a Workin'mens' Club just round t' corner called The Loco and Norm an' Dorry say it's marv'lous inside. They won a full 'ouse. Fifteen pund. Champion!"

Fraggie revved up again saying, "Right, let's find it. Murphy, you can be 'Oss Cartwright an' Belrow, you can be Little Joe!"

The banter continued, John saying, "A' can't be Little Joe cos a' can't ride, but then after riding to Blackpool in Walter a' could probably win t' Grand National!"

Suddenly Fraggie shouted out, "There it is! 'Ponder-Rosa.' 'Ey, it looks class!"

With a bang and a clatter the wagon drew up. Landlady, Lyndsey Corrie, was waiting for them. She and husband Rob nearly had a fit when they saw a pile of lads, 'half cut', climbing out of the back of a rusty old pick-up. They both flew out of the door.

"Stop right now," Rob shouted, "yer not coming in here!"

Marto turned to the lads. "Leave this to me." Turning back to Rob and Corrie he went on, "Excuse me mista' an' missus, we've booked in 'ere, we're good lads an' we don't want no trouble."

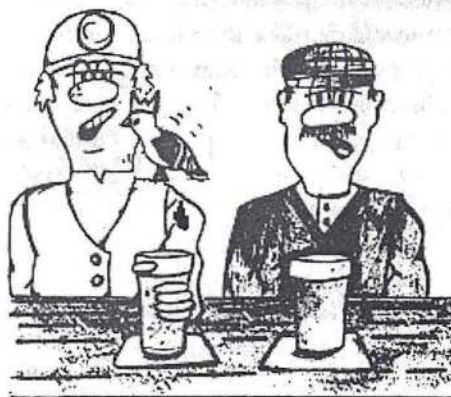
Rob calmed down a bit. "OK then, but get that rusty old contraption away from my door."

Fraggie's back was up. "Listen 'ere mate, Walter's a friend of the family. It'll pick up owt or anybody."

Rob fired back, "A' don't give a damn, nobody gets in here 'til that goes!"

All went quiet until Marto piped up, "Look Fragg, just move it round t' corner - they don't understand our affection for that truck."

Fraggie nodded, moved it and then they all trooped in. After a lovely evening meal they all sat and enjoyed a pint. Davy sat chatting to Marto allowing Charlie to perch on his shoulder



"Oh 'ell, Marto, look what Prince Charlie's done to mi' shirt"

Lyndsey stood there like Hitler. "Now then, no women in your rooms - go to theirs! Also no pigeons!"

Davy couldn't believe it. Suddenly Prince Charlie made himself heard as he left his mark on Davy's shirt! He coo-ed and coo-ed. Davy tried his best to camouflage it but Lyndsey had seen enough.

"Get that pigeon out of here. I'm not having it mucking on top of my wardrobes!"

John moved in. "'Ey missus, that's a 'royal' pigeon. It should be a privilege to 'ave it sleepin' 'ere!"

"You'll have me believing it's one of the Queen's pigeons next,"

Lyndsey retorted.

John knew he was winning the argument. "It is missus, but I'll tell you what we'll do. You let Charlie stay with us an' we'll get yer a plaque sayin' 'Charlie the royal pigeon slept here'!"

Suddenly, Lyndsey was quite impressed. "Hey, that would be brilliant. I could put it on my front door! Go on then lads, enjoy yourselves."

Mad Murphy led the way round the corner and into The Loco Club. Once signed in they made their way to the bar.

"What's on then?" asked Geoff.

"E-er, karaoke tonight lads."

"Let's put our names down for a song before we move on," Geoff said.

They had a look at the choice of songs and decided on 'New York, New York'.

The place was packed out. Davy stood there, his little box in his hand. Three or four pints later it was their turn to perform. The twelve lads trooped onto the stage. The atmosphere was electric as the audience screamed, "Come on lads, give it rock all!"

And they did! Their performance brought the house down. Davy loved every minute as he looked round and saw everyone on their feet.

He looked over to where they had been sitting before they went on stage. He'd hidden Charlie's box in a carrier bag under the table and could see he was safe and sound. However, Charlie was performing his own version of 'New York, New York'. The noise in the pub had started him off, and he coo-ed and coo-ed.

That's when the trouble began. An inquisitive 'committee man' had heard the coo-ing and had taken the box from the carrier. Slowly he opened the box then - zoo-oom, Charlie was away. Pandemonium broke out. Women screamed as the men jumped about trying to 'catch that pigeon'.

Davy was trying to make himself heard above the noise, "Charlie, Charlie, come on, come on!"

The poor bird was terrified as it flew round and round the room. There were feathers and muck flying everywhere.

The club committee men were hustling through the melee and onto the stage, trying to calm everyone down, but by now Charlie was petrified and had started to 'dive bomb' on everyone. The screaming got worse and all at once someone grabbed hold of Davy and lifted him off the ground. Mad Murphy and Geoff Brown saw it. The pair of them, arms and legs flailing, went in after him and everyone else followed. Within minutes, chairs were flying, beer was spilt, heads were cracking together, it was sheer pandemonium. Fraggie shouted over to Hopper, "They've got Belrow!" In they went, fists connecting with jaws. The Kimes stood back with Tabby still trying to catch Charlie but to no avail.

Tabby calmly rolled his cigarette and said, "Look lads, ler 'em ger on with it. Anyway, if a' tear our Mike's shirt a'll get worse than this!"

At that moment, Mad Murphy was shoved to the ground. Tabby and the Kimes looked at each other. "Come on," Steve shouted, "we can't let 'im down." They dived in and managed to get Murphy out. Davy was also staying out of trouble and still trying to catch Charlie. The committee men were looking on in horror unable to believe a pigeon could have caused all this havoc.

Jacko had hold of what looked like 'Big Daddy' at arm's length. "Ger out or a'll knock yer out!" he shouted. 'Big Daddy' didn't need telling twice.

Davy spotted Charlie perched on the piano. Slowly but surely he crept towards the bird. One quick grab and he was under Davy's shirt. Jacko looked at him. Davy nodded and they both crept outside, picking up Mark as they went. They emerged into the alley and began to run.

Suddenly, sirens could be heard - police cars were rushing to the scene. What were they to do?

Mark had by now come round but his eye was quickly swelling up. "A've nivver seen t' Golden Mile," he said. "Neither 'ave I," Davy

replied.

"Right then, let's go!" Jacko decided. So off they went, abandoning their mates inside.

After a walk along the prom and a few pints, the three of them made their way back to the 'Ponder-Rosa' to see how their pals had fared. When no-one was to be seen they knew then that the police had them.

"They're in jail, we'll 'ave to go an' bail 'em out," Davy said, "but afore we do, a'll 'ave to go to t' wagon and get t' other box fer Charlie."

When Davy reached the pick-up it was covered by a sheet of tarpaulin. It seemed strange - he couldn't remember seeing it before. He approached warily and lifted the corner of the sheet up. Crouched underneath were the rest of the gang. What a 'motley crew' they appeared. There were black eyes, cut lips, sore knuckles - they looked terrible, but worst of all was Tabby. Their Mike's shirt was ripped off his back - he'd kill him.

Davy was first to speak. "Ow long 'ave yer been 'ere?"

"All flamin' night thanks to that damn bird o' yours," fumed Tabby.

"Aye, a'm right sorry about that lads. Wot's that 'orrible smell?"

"It's this tarpaulin - we nicked it off t' back of a fish wagon!"

"Well lads, wor are we gonna do?," John said.

"A'm all fer goin' 'ome," Fraggie said, "We'll put a note through t' letter box at t' Ponder-Rosa and then we can ger away before t' police find us. It looked like World War 3 in that club when we legged it. We'll 'ave it all to pay fer."

Then Fraggie limped to the front of his wagon, one of his arms hanging limply by his side. He was sure he'd broken it, but in 'true grit' spirit he was determined to get the lads home.

As he started the engine and grinded the gears, he was sure he'd woken up the whole of Blackpool. The rest of them, hankies and towels clutched to swollen faces, crouched down and pulled the stinking tarpaulin over themselves. Soon they were on their way home.

There was one thing they still couldn't understand.

"Ey, Davy," John said, "why was it so important to try to sell Charlie?"

Davy coughed. He knew the time had come to own up. "I 'ad to sell Charlie 'cos our Tilly's expectin'."

The lads cheered as best they could.

"When's it due?," Geoff asked

"Well," Davy said, "doctor's gi'n us two dates, 31st o' December or t' 1st o' January."

The roar that went up in the back of the wagon could be heard for miles.

Jacko shouted, "Davy, yer 'avin' a Millenium bairn. If it's born just on twelve midnight on New Years' Day yer'll ger a couple o' grand!"

Davy couldn't believe his ears. It was marvellous news.

"A'll tell yer wot then lads. If a' do a'll treat yer all to a trip somewhere fer a couple o' days."

They all nearly choked and began to pelt Davy with anything they could get their hands on.

They were only a few miles from home and Davy still hadn't sold his pigeon. Charlie was a bit battered but Elizabeth would be glad to see it back.

As for Blackpool and the 'Golden Mile' - "Well, Tilly, it's nor' a patch on Whitby!"

N

Sadly, since I wrote this story, Lyndsey Corrie, the landlady of the Ponder-Rosa Guest House in Blackpool has passed away at the tender age of 42. Her husband, Rob, however, has asked us to carry on and publish the article in tribute to his lovely wife.

Norma

Pubs and Clubs - The Queen's Arms

Like several of the other older pubs in the area the early history of the Queen's Arms at Brotton is something of a mystery. The building itself appears to be 17th or 18th Century, but in those days it was probably a farmhouse. It wasn't listed as a public house until Bulmer's Directory of 1880, although an earlier



edition of 1848 lists a pub in Brotton as the Victoria. That was the last time the Victoria appeared in print and it disappeared at the same time that the Queen's Arms was first mentioned. Is it fair to say that they were the one and same house and that the name was changed for some long forgotten reason?

In years gone by the Queen's Arms came to be called the 'Blood Tub'. This is reputedly because of the practice of holding 'prize' or 'bare-knuckle' fights on the field behind the pub, now the car park. One other possible explanation has been given that it became known as the 'Blood Tup', not the 'Blood Tub', owing its origins to the practice of binding the contenders hands to their sides whilst they attempted to 'head butt' each other into submission! The field was also used for the more harmless pastime of 'Knur and Spell', a game where a small object was hit long distances with a stick, not dissimilar to modern day golf.

These days we tend to think of equal opportunity for women as being introduced in the second half of this century. However, the records show that, in the case of the Queen's Arms, the licence was held by at least three women and, dating back to the last century, an early licensee was one Ann Goodfellow. Older members of the community may remember Fred and Annie Harrison who took over the licence during the war. Fred worked as a pipe fitter at Skinningrove, while Annie ran the pub during the day. When Fred died in the early 60's, Annie stayed on for a number of years.

Originally the pub only occupied the end building adjoining three terraced cottages. Then, there were two downstairs rooms - now the bar - and a function room upstairs. In the 60's, all four properties were bought by Maurice McKinley, who commenced on extensive refurbishment by knocking through into the cottages, extending the bar into the lounge, opening a restaurant and building the most modern of innovations - the inside toilet! At a later date the project was partially abandoned, and the pub now occupies only the original farmhouse and one of the cottages, Mr McKinley occupying the other two as his private residence.

Today, the Queen's Arms can be described as a typical 'old fashioned' village pub and it has until this day remained a Free House. There is no jukebox, one-armed bandit or pool table. The customers, generally, do not include younger folk, and the major pastime is just to sit and have a chat over a pint of beer. On display in the bar are many domino trophies, including cups which are souvenirs held in trust from years gone by. At one time, the pub had an excellent reputation for domino players with two teams playing 'fives and threes' in the Guisborough League. The Landlord of the last five years is Matt Ross, an ex Merchant Navy Engineer who was born and bred in Brotton, but who will probably be retired by the time this article is published. I wish him a long and happy retirement.

Gordon Fowler

Matt Theaker's Harmonica Band

Early in 1953 saw the formation of a Harmonica Band with ten members, all from East Cleveland, eight of whom worked in the Cleveland Mines. The band practiced in North Skelton's Band Room and built up a combination that was sought after for several concerts, many of them for charity.



*Photo taken in Carlin How Club Hall at a concert for Brotton Hospital Amenities Fund
L. to R: Billy Eddon, Dennis Pearson, Joe Welford, Fred Hudson, Jack Burnett, Matt Theaker*

Although the harmonica was the instrument played by most of the band, some members had other individual talents. Matt Theaker was the band's conductor and also a fine solo 'whistler'. Billy Eddon played the 'spoons' and drums and he and Fred Hudson were also fine yodellers. Other members included Dennis Pearson, Joe Welford, Ben Ward, Jack Burnett, B Swales, A Rix, and W Thompson.

n

Believe It Or Not!

In 1853 the potato crisp was invented. Can you believe that one of the gentlemen involved was called Mr Crumb !!

Home-Made Barbecue Punch

1 litre Sangria (Sangriana from Aldi - £2.99)

1 bottle Lambrusco or White Wine

1 wine glass of Brandy

Mix all together in a jug or bowl, add slices of orange, lemon and lime and leave to stand for 3 hours - then drink and enjoy !!

PHOTO GALLERY



*Some of the lads from the 'Blackpool Trip' featured in 'The Lamps'
'back home' with their girlfriends*

*Back Row L. to R. - Alan Kime, Ian 'Fraggle' Smith, John Burluraux, Mark Hodgson
Front - Geoff Brown & Andrew 'Jacko' Jackson*



North Skelton Day Centre - 1st Anniversary Party (This year will be their 15th)

*Back Row L. to R: Ann Cummings, Helen Watson, Joyce Watts, Lyn Kasper, -?-,
Dot Ackerley, -?-, Kay Garth
Front Row L. to R: 'Taffy' Williams, John Bradley, -?-, Harry Burgess*



OAP's Party - about 1980

L. to R: Jack Templeman, Reuben Cooper, Bob Walker, George & Emma Garland



Stanghow Lane School - mid 1960's

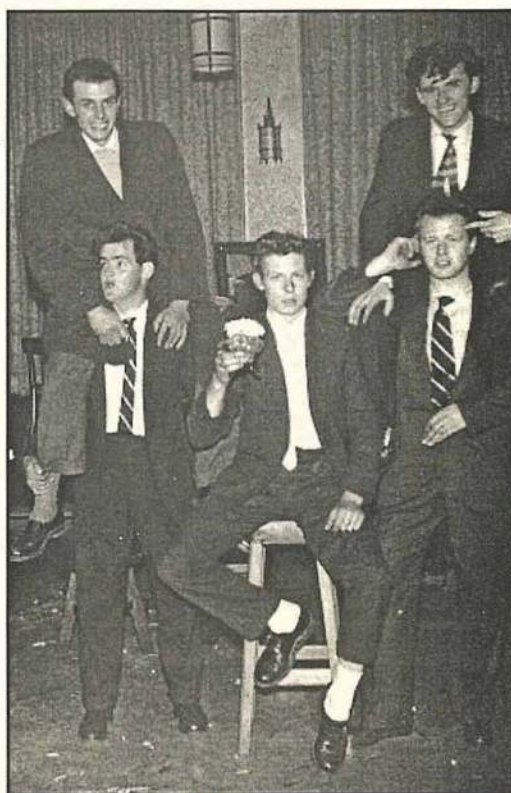
*Back Row L. to R: G Coates, M Bannister, B Dale, S Booker, A Scott, M Bailes, H Craig
 2nd Back Row: M Hudson, D Housam, J Hanna, J Hart, B Powell, N Drury, K Drinkhall, M Crame
 3rd Back Row: P Thirling, D Berwick, F Stoward, S Riddiough, B Green, W Holmes, S Lewis, C Dent,
 B Agar, S Jessop, A Dunn
 Front Row: T Scott, K Laker, J Whiteley, B Hodgson, Miss Kirkbright (Teacher), C Batterbee, S Bannister,
 V Taylor, N Readman*

Photo's below all in the 1950's



Outside Old Gas Showrooms, Skelton

*L. to R: Roy Hooper, Sheila McAnn,
Ann Hartson, Maurice Hutchinson*



Inside The Wharton Arms

*Shoulder high: Brian Howe & Peter Maloney
Front L to R: Roy Hooper, Eric Bennison,
Colin Wonnibold*



Another inside 'Skipper's'

*Back L to R: C Wonnibold, S Skipper, R Hooper, C Drinkhall, -?-, B Bloomfield,
T Bosomworth, G Drinkhall
Front: E Bennison, R Skipper (landlady), P Maloney, R Jackson, -?-, -?-, -?-*



Inside North Skelton Workingmen's Club - 1940's?

*L. to R: Joe Beadle, Hannah Hudson, Kate Bowers,
Wilf Wheatley, Rose Harrison, Hilda Beadle*



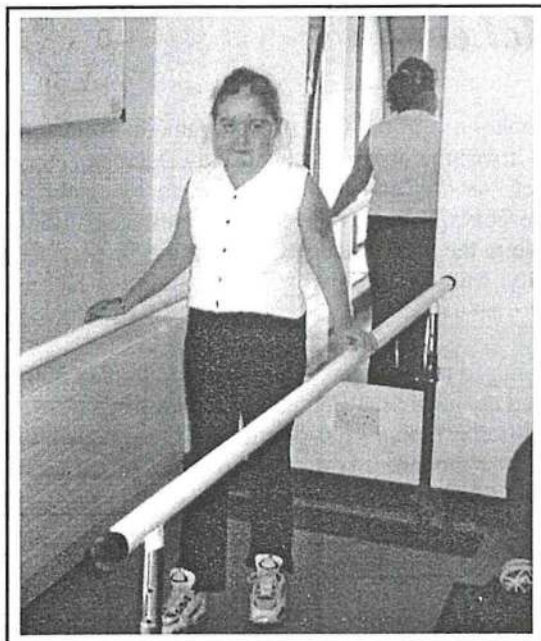
North Skelton 'Tute' Dancers to the 'Clevo Dance Band' - c 1930

*Back Row L. to R: Edie Burluraux, Helena Harrison, -?-, -?-, Lizzie Cole, Mabel Clarke, ?Hollinsworth,
Minnie Trinder, Doris Carver, Delia Trinder, Effie Hore, Francis Pashley, Lily Leeks*

*Front Row: Fred Burluraux, Jack Price, Ruth Grange, Joe Pearson, -?-, Ron Evans,
Harry Pearson, 'Kit' Kime*

Amanda's Progress

In September 1997, Amanda Crispin was diagnosed as having Crohn's Disease. At that time her mum and dad, Lyn and Alan, had no idea of the nightmare awaiting them in February of this year. Amanda was taken very ill and was rushed to hospital. She was quickly transferred to Newcastle General ITU ward and from there to the



*Amanda learning to walk again
on the walking frame*

Royal Victoria Infirmary where it was established that she had suffered a stroke and had become partially paralysed. She had also suffered a blood clot in the back of her head and her condition caused enormous worry and stress for Lyn, Alan and sister, Beverley.

The sad story of Amanda's illness was published in the local press and the point of this article is to let people know, especially those who have been so kind to her, the extent of Amanda's progress.

Amanda is now at home but requires 24 hour care. She is still in her wheelchair and her recovery is very slow. The treatment she is receiving means that Alan is still unable to work - he and Lyn take Amanda regularly to Pennyman's School, North Ormesby. The facilities there include a hydro pool and walking bars. Thanks to the treatment she has received from her physiotherapist, also called Amanda, she can now lift up her arms and stand unaided. However, her doctors estimate it will be 2-3 years before Amanda is back to normal.

I asked Amanda what was the worst thing about her illness. Surprisingly, she told me it was missing her friends. One young lady, though, has remained loyal throughout - Amy Bertwhistle

visits her faithfully every Sunday and another friend, Natalie Bytheway, on occasions. Boredom is another thing Amanda has had to cope with, but this has been somewhat relieved by the computer presented to her in the Bull's Head. George and Margaret Benson, along with many patrons, held different events to raise money to pay for the computer.

Amanda is a keen collector of 'Beanies' and two of these little toys are causing a major problem in the Crispin household. Try as they might they cannot find 'Bubbles the Fish' or 'Magic White Dragon'. These two items would complete Amanda's collection up to the present day, and if anyone knows where she can purchase these two elusive 'Beanies' would they please let her know at her address at 4 Richard Street, North Skelton.



*Amanda enjoying a dip in the swimming pool with her
namesake physiotherapist, Amanda*

Amanda is a happy, uncomplaining child with a tolerant and patient disposition. She rarely complains and just gets on with life. Everyone wishes her a speedy and full recovery and perhaps after reading this article, one or two more friends might wish to visit her. We hope so.

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From A Three Cornered Field to Ayresome Park



continued by Derek McLean

(I ended the first part of my story asking you what memorable incident took place in the first floodlit game at Ayresome Park against local rivals Sunderland. Well, as many of you will remember, it was the occasion when Lindy Delapenha took a penalty for us and hit the ball straight through the bottom of the net. As we, and the crowd, began to celebrate, Sunderland's wing half, Stan Anderson, quickly ran round the back of the goal, picked up the ball and took a goal kick. Brian Clough and I ran to show referee, Kevin Howley, a local man, the hole in the back of the net. Despite our protests and those of the 30,000 crowd, Kevin refused to allow the goal to stand. Luckily, we went on to win 2-0 that night but had we lost I'm sure Kevin would have been lynched!)

Although I was at Catterick Camp doing my 2 year's National Service, I managed to get home most weekends to play in the reserves. Our centre forward was a lad called Brian Clough whom I'd played against in the Cleveland League when he was at Great Broughton. Brian, of course, became a prolific goalscorer for Middlesbrough and Sunderland and played for England before becoming one of the best managers in the game. At that time though, it wasn't all rosy for Brian, and I remember him coming up to me after a poor spell in the reserves and telling me he wasn't on the Club's retained list of players for the following season. However, Brian was injured with a bad knee so the directors and manager had a change of heart and kept him - from then on he never looked back.

I completed my National Service and returned to 'civvy street'. Boro's manager by now was Bob Dennison. He called me into his office and asked me to sign as a full-time professional. I was offered £10 a week, £15 if I was in the first team - I signed in 1956.

I played regularly for the reserves with a few other local lads including Alan Peacock, Billy Day and Edwin Holliday (he was from Barnsley but had relatives in Brotton). Alan and Edwin both went on to play for England. We formed a good forward line and all moved up into the first team together. I played the last six games of the season scoring two goals. My debut was against Bristol Rovers - I think we got beat at home. Others in the team then were Charlie Wayman, Roland Ugolini (goalkeeper), Dickie Robinson, Ronnie Dicks and Arthur Fitzsimmons. All were nearing the end of their careers but they were still good players and helped me a lot.



*During a pause in training at Ayresome Park
L. to R: Jimmy Gordon, Bob Dennison's son, me, Ray Yeoman,
Mick McNeil, Willie Fernie, Bill Harris, Peter Taylor,
Eddie Holliday, Brian Clough*

side Eindhoven at the time and one of the games was against his club. The night before the match, Bob Dennison arranged to meet the players at 11 o'clock at our hotel. However, after having being invited out, we didn't arrive back until after 12 o'clock and Mr Dennison wasn't amused - he told us we would be going home immediately after the following day's game,

I remember receiving several telegrams wishing me well from the people of Cleveland when I got into the first team. I had to travel to the matches on the bus and coming home they were always full but I never failed to get a seat whether we had won or lost. However, I did have to put up with a lot of stick from the locals but it was all in good humour.

For the 1957-58 season I got a rise - £17 basic, £4 a win and £2 a draw. I expected to be in the first team from the start but found myself back in the reserves. I finally got back in the team against Liverpool and had a good game - it was a nice journey home on the bus that day! I played 29 matches for the rest of the season, ending up second top scorer with 10 goals - Brian Clough scored his usual 40!

Our right winger then was Lindy Delapenha, one of the first coloured men to play in the Football League. 'Dela', as he was nicknamed, was a smashing player to play alongside and helped me a lot. He had a tremendous shot but when things weren't going well he always got a lot of stick from the crowd.

At the end of the season I experienced my first trip abroad. We went on a three match tour to Holland arranged by former Boro hero, George Hardwick, who hailed from Lingdale. George was manager of Dutch

Meanwhile, Middlesbrough had some good young players coming through. Gordon Jones, who went on to play 500 games, Mick McNeil, a future England player, Billy Horner and on the ground staff was a young 15 year old, Cliff Wright from Lingdale. Cliff was a brilliant ball player who, unfortunately, didn't make it at Middlesbrough, for what reason I don't know - perhaps his face didn't fit. He used to clean Brian Clough's boots and later, when Brian went to manage Hartlepool, he signed Cliff on. Cliff told me later that on his first day at Hartlepool he called Cloughie "Brian" as he'd done at Middlesbrough. Brian took him to one side and said, "I'm BOSS!" The very next day Cliff forgot and called him "Brian" again. Cloughie told him to report to his office where he fined him £10, half a week's wages! He later gave him it back.



L. to R: Bill Gates, Ray Yeoman, Derrick Downing, Alan Peacock, me, Eric McMordie, George Hardwick, Frank Spraggon, Gordon Jones, Don Burluraux, Derek Stonehouse, Johnny Spuhler, and John Craggs at a reunion of players at Preston Park 1998

I'd been at the Boro for nearly 10 years, played 123 games for the first team and scored 30 goals. Barring injuries, I think I would have played many more. Still, I had a wonderful time at a great club. I had been with a grand bunch of lads, some great characters and quality players. When I left I received a letter from the Directors thanking me for my services - that is unusual in football.

From playing on a three-cornered field to some of the best grounds in the country - I only wish some of my mates had had the same opportunities as me. I'm now glad that I took notice of my Dad and went for that one game. After football, I went back to my trade as a 'bricky' and later as a Building Inspector for Middlesbrough Council.

Regarding the game today, I don't think it's as entertaining as it used to be - it is certainly faster, one of the reasons being a much lighter ball. What better sight was there than to see a winger race past a full back and cross the ball for the centre forward to run in and score. For me, there's too much shirt pulling, going down as if poll-axed and feigning injury. As for yellow and red cards; what was wrong with the rules for 100 years before they

changed them and ruined the game? Today's referees have a difficult job. Years ago, players made the job easy for them. If you made a viscous tackle you just turned away, took off your shirt and walked off to the dressing room. You didn't wait for the referee to send you. Players nowadays are sometimes yellow and red carded for trivial things.

My view on foreign players is that each club should be limited to two. This would give younger, home-grown players a chance to progress to the first team and establish themselves. At present, unless they are exceptional, they haven't a chance. Nowadays, clubs and managers want instant success so they spend millions on experienced foreign players hoping they will settle down and fit into the team - I call them 'cheque-book managers'. As for the wages the players receive, well good luck to them. It's a short career and it won't be long before the game collapses for most clubs.

I'm retired now and still live in Brotton. They have named a road after me - when the press rang and told me I couldn't believe it. The sign is about 30 yards from where I was born and lived for 25 years. I'm sure Mam and Dad and all the people and relations who lived in and around that street, all very friendly folks, would have been delighted for me.

I now play quite a lot of golf with Billy Hughes, who was a fast winger for North Skelton, and Ernie Roberts, who I worked with when we were 14 years old. Ernie had a shop in Loftus and has just retired. Most of my time is taken up by my six grandchildren. All are very sports minded and are doing well in their individual interests.

I hope you have enjoyed my memories of my football career - I've certainly enjoyed recalling them.

Derek McClean

Cricket Memorabilia Wanted

My name is Ian Proctor and, as Hon Secretary of the Cleveland Cricket League Umpires Association, I am trying to get together a collection of memorabilia from years gone by. I am looking for the Official Handbooks for the Cleveland and Teesside League from 1946-1961, 1970 & 1974; the West Cleveland Cricket League 1920-1946; the East Cleveland Cricket League 1920-1932; and the Cleveland and Teesside Cricket Association 1919-1945; as well as any Club Handbooks, magazines, papers etc that may have been written. I have one West Cleveland League Handbook dating 1932; two Cleveland and Teesside Cricket Association Handbooks on

Constitution Rules and Laws dating 1928 and 1935; and a second edition on the Laws of Cricket dating 1952.

I have managed to compile a list of Umpires who have stood on the League Panel from 1961-1999 but would like to go further back if possible.

If there is anyone out there who can help me with my quest I would be very pleased to hear from you. I can be contacted on 01642 289596 or Norma on 01287 653853.

Ian Proctor

three days early, despite our excuses. Luckily, the game, a 1-1 draw, turned out to be the best George Hardwick had seen that season and after his praises our manager relented and we finished the tour - won 2, drew 1.

On our return I was presented with a cheque for £550 from the Chairman, Mr Gibson, for five years' service. The money went to pay a deposit on our first house on Coach Road, Brotton. I married Marion, a local girl, in June that year and we've recently celebrated our Ruby Wedding.

The following season, 1958-59, saw Brian Clough as club captain and Jimmy Gordon as coach. What a fine example he was to the younger players and it was no surprise to me when Brian took him wherever he managed clubs later in his career. We beat Brighton 9-0 early that season - I scored a tenth but it was disallowed. The forward line was Billy Day, myself, Brian Clough, Alan Peacock and Edwin Holliday. I was the eldest, at 23, of the youngest forward line in the League. I enjoyed the bus journey home that day as well! We thought we were going to be promoted that season but, despite scoring plenty, we let too many goals in at the back and ended up about fourth in the league.

I was playing well and attracting First Division clubs - Leeds and Aston Villa were interested and Villa put in a bid but Mr Dennison wouldn't let me go. I didn't want to leave my local club anyway but I often wonder if I would have won an FA Cup Winner's medal as Aston Villa beat Manchester United in the Final that season!

That same season I got my first bad injury against Doncaster Rovers after suffering a nasty tackle. My ankle came up like a balloon but because there were no subs in those days, I had to hobble up and down the wing. I was on the treatment table, under a heat lamp, morning and afternoon for several weeks. Mickey Fenton and Harold Shepherdson were the trainers who treated you - what a couple of characters they were and what pranks they got up to! You would put your shoes on and there were football studs nailed in the bottom; put your tie on and you only had half a tie; they helped the young groundstaff lads to nail the groundsman's sandwiches round the dressing room walls. The lads got their own back when Mickey and Harold were in the bath - they hid their clothes and threw buckets of cold water all over them. It was all done in good taste - we had a good laugh and a good team spirit.

I wasn't 100% fit when I got back into the first team but the boss knew I was a good grafter and he wanted me to play. I had to have injections before each game along with Derek Stonehouse who had a bad knee. Monday would come and it was back on the treatment table again - the lads named me 'glass ankles'. When the manager bought Willie Fernie, a Scottish international, I found myself out of the team. Billy Day was flying in every week from Germany, where he was doing his National Service, but he was finding it too tiring so they put me in his place on the wing. I managed to keep out of trouble until we played Aston Villa where I collided with a player and had to be stretchered off with an injured knee. I was taken to hospital for an operation to remove a piece of floating bone and missed the last month of the season and a trip to Germany. I

trained all the summer to get fit.

In the 1959-60 season I signed for £20 a week, the maximum wage then. I was in and out of the first team for most of the season. About halfway through the season I remember coming home from an away match on the team bus and signing a 'round robin' along with 8 other players who didn't want Brian Clough as club captain. The press soon got to know and came to the ground. We had a meeting with the manager and players - we all sat round a table and one by one had to get up and explain why we didn't want Brian as captain. I daren't tell you some of the things that were said but at the end of the meeting Brian was still captain.

During the rest of that week the atmosphere was very subdued and little was said in the dressing room. On the Saturday we played Bristol Rovers and Brian scored an early goal. Suddenly the atmosphere changed and everybody went to congratulate him. Typical of Brian, he



**Brian Clough presenting trophies to Brotton School pupils
I'm on the left next to Mr Bowman, the Headmaster**

went on to score a hat-trick then after the game he immediately asked for a transfer - it was turned down.

Soon after I suffered yet another injury - a pulled hamstring in the back of my thigh. I kept resting and getting back in but then it would go again. I missed the last two months of that season and again had to train all summer to get fit.

The 1960-61 season was to be my last at Middlesbrough. I played my last game against Luton Town. The next day the manager came to me and said that Hartlepool United wanted me. I agreed to go as it was still a local club - I had my own house and we didn't want to move so I signed for a transfer fee of £5000, a record then for Hartlepool, and went on to play about 4 seasons for them.

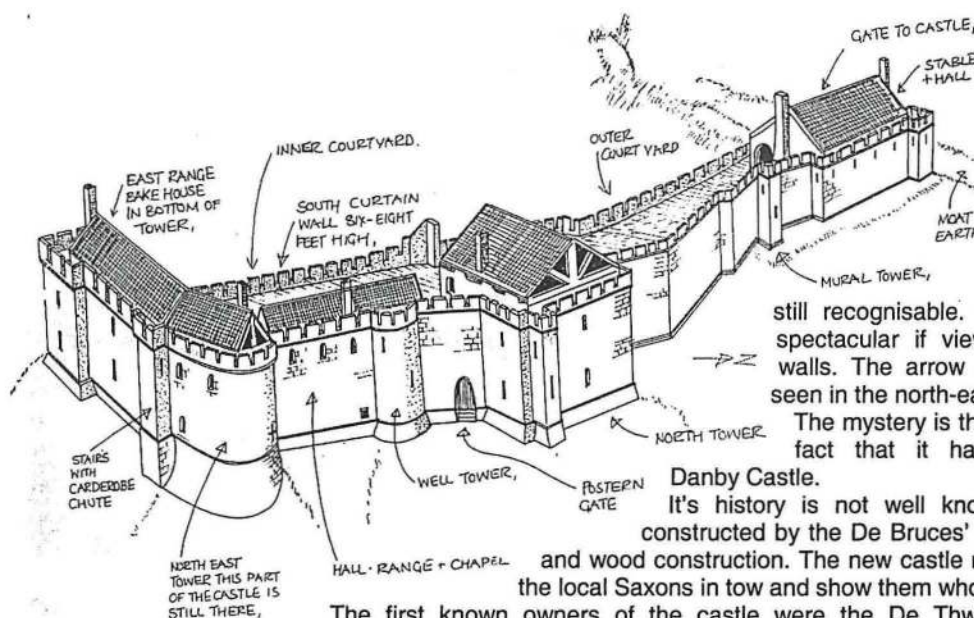


Me and Marion on our Wedding Day

(continued next page)

A History of Kilton Castle

by Stuart McMillan



Kilton Castle is steeped in history and mystery with dragons and ghosts. The castle is built on a peninsula over a very deep valley opposite Liverton Mines. Over the centuries the castle has been stone robbed so that only the basic outline remains with the two remaining towers still recognisable. Although overgrown, the site is spectacular if viewed from the north outside the walls. The arrow slits and fire places can still be seen in the north-east tower.

The mystery is the place where it was built and the fact that it has no keep like, for instance,

Danby Castle.

It's history is not well known. The building was probably constructed by the De Bruces' on a possible Saxon site of earth and wood construction. The new castle may have been built to keep the local Saxons in tow and show them who was in charge.

The first known owners of the castle were the De Thweng family. If you saw the film *Braveheart*, starring Mel Gibson, you may recall the first Battle of Stirling Bridge where Wallace defeated the English in 1297 in the reign of Edward I. One of the only surviving knights was De Thweng of Kilton Castle. In the late 1370's the castle passed to the Lumley family by marriage. Sir Ralph Lumley rebelled against Richard II. The rebellion was defeated and the castle fell to the Crown. After regaining the castle and lands in early 1504, the Lumleys rebelled again in 1536. Once again they were defeated with George Lumley losing his head and the castle and lands returned to the Crown. Later the land went back to the De Thweng family and finally, by marriage, to the present Wharton family.

The castle, if you wish to visit it, is not far from Kiltonthorpe village on the Kiltonthorpe to Carlin How road, at O/S map ref. 703177 just off the farm road to Stank House Farm. It is best to leave your car near the main road as the castle is a short walk away. Ask at the castle cottages for permission to visit the site as it is private property, part of the Skelton and Gilling Estates. At the cottages is a visitors book which makes very interesting reading with entries from all over the world. There is no charge to visit the castle.

As you pass the cottages and head for the trees your first view of the castle is a large wall on your left. Continue to the right of the wall and you cross the moat through what was the gate of the castle, just large enough according to archaeologists for a cart to pass through. As you pass where the gate once stood you enter the outer courtyard. Walking down a gentle slope you pass on your left what was once the stable with a hall above. Continuing down the slope you come to the remains of the North Tower which as recently as Victorian times was mainly intact. Under the tower was a vaulted room described as a dungeon complete with graffiti from centuries ago. The tower has been stone robbed but the room is recognisable if overgrown. The roof has gone but the steps down are still there.

Continue on into what was the inner courtyard. On your left is the Postern Gate and the round Well Tower. Continue on and you pass the Chapel and Hall and on to the North East Tower, nowadays the most recognisable part of the castle with its arrow slits and fireplaces. The castle only measures approximately 200' by 60', but was very well defended on the north, east and west sides. The south wall was only 6' - 8' high as it overlooked a very steep drop into the valley below.

One interesting story is that of a stone coffin being found in the valley below the castle. Carved on the lid was a sword and inside the coffin was a skeleton with a sword. Legend has it that a young man killed a dragon with his sword in the valley. Legend also has it that Oliver Cromwell besieged the castle from over the valley, destroying the walls. It's true that Cromwell was in this area besieging Mulgrave Castle and a major battle was fought at Guisborough where the new by-pass runs round Lawrence Jackson School, so the legend may be true.

The ghost is the 'white lady' reputed to walk Kilton Lane and Brotton High Street. Several car drivers have reported running down a woman on Kilton Lane only to find no body there. The 'white lady' is reputed to be Lucia De Thweng who had a lost love and is looking for him. There is also the 'headless horseman' who is seen jumping hedgerows on Kilton Lane.

Just as a matter of interest, the medieval village linked to the castle is at Kiltonthorpe and it is now marked by a notice board and is also well worth a visit.

The drawing of the castle is based on plans kindly lent to me by Cleveland Archaeology Department and is very close to what the original castle looked like.

Next time . . . Danby Castle.

Stuart McMillan

North Skelton Club Flower & Vegetable Show

North Skelton Club's Annual Flower and Vegetable Show will take place on Sunday 29th August 1999. Benching will take place from 8.00am - 10.50am and the show will be open to the public from 12.30pm.

The Flowers & Vegetables Sections will be judged by Mr Gordon Wren and the Ladies Section by Mrs B Wilks and Mrs A Marley. All produce from the show will be auctioned on the night at the harvest festival.

Please support your club - all are welcome to both events and schedules are available at the Club.

The following are the classes:

- 1) 3 Onions - dressed
- 2) Heaviest Onion
- 3) 3 Beetroot
- 4) 2 Parsnips
- 5) 4 Potatoes
- 6) 1 Cabbage with 3" stump
- 7) 3 Carrots - long
- 8) 3 Carrots - stump with 3" tops
- 9) 5 Shallots - dressed
- 10) 1 Turnip - Swede as grown
- 11) 5 Pods of Peas
- 12) 5 Broad Beans
- 13) 5 Runner Beans
- 14) 1 Cauliflower
- 15) 1 Marrow
- 16) 5 Tomatoes
- 17) 1 Collection of Veg-6 distinct types -1 of each
- 18) 1 Flower and 1 Veg of your choice
- 19) 1 Cucumber
- 20) 1 Houseplant - Flower or Foliage
- 21) 1 Buttonhole - Ladies or Gents
- 22) 6 Sweet Peas
- 23) 3 Spikes of Gladioli
- 24) 2 Dahlias - Decs Cactus or Semi Cactus
- 25) 5 French Beans
- 26) 3 Stems of Spray Chrysanthemums
- 27) 1 Vase of Flowers - all round effect
- 28) 6 Sausage Rolls
- 29) 6 Fruit Scones
- 30) 6 Butterfly Cakes
- 31) 6 Home-made Biscuits
- 32) 1 Sponge Cake

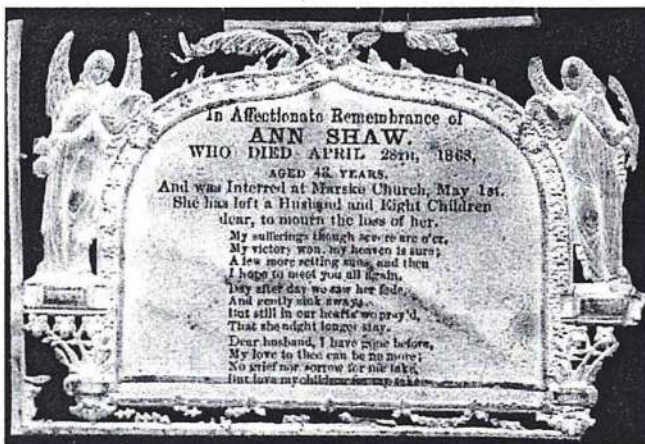


Please make it a worthwhile show and good luck with your entries.

Mystery Remembrance Card

Dear Norma

I was interested in the 'Mystery Lady' picture in the April edition of 'The Key', mainly in the fact that it was found at 33 Wharton Street. I don't know whether you will remember this but my mother and father once had a fish and chip shop at 47 Wharton Street and the enclosed card was found when they were doing some alterations. It is 131 years old and in a very delicate condition on black velvet backing.



It is "In Affectionate Remembrance of ANN SHAW who died April 28th, 1868, aged 43 years. And was Interred at Marske Church, May 1st. She has left a Husband and Eight Children dear, to mourn the loss of her." followed by a verse.

I wonder if there is anyone left of this family to shed any light on it?

Best Wishes

Ruby Richardson (nee Boyes), 17 Marlborough Rd., Skelton, Saltburn, Cleveland TS12 2JP

Answers to Pop Quiz



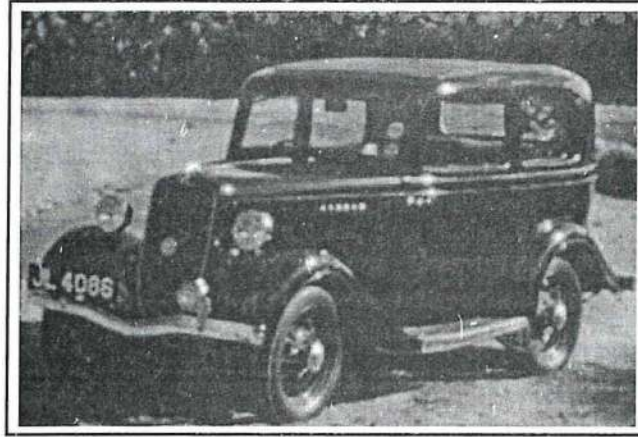
- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1 a) Madness | 3 a) Ottowan |
| b) Dexy's Midnight Runners | b) The Jackson Five |
| c) Dora Bryan | c) Village People |
| d) Alvin Stardust | d) Freeez |
| 2 a) Rolling Stones | 4 a) Mark Wynter |
| b) Prince | b) Earth Wind & Fire |
| c) Creedence Clearwater Revival | c) David Bowie |
| d) UB40 | d) Michael Jackson |
| | 5 a) Wink Martindale |
| | b) Motorhead |
| | c) Dave Edmunds |
| | d) Ned Miller |

Eddie's Car Page

by Eddie Hartley

If only they could talk, these miniature time capsules, just think of the places they've been and the sights they have seen. Dodging trams and horse-drawn milk floats more than 60 years ago, what sort of war did they have? Were they doing their bit ferrying doctors or members of the armed forces around or were they covered

in straw in a dusty old barn? They deserve their place in history through sheer cuteness, charm and quality.



Ford Y

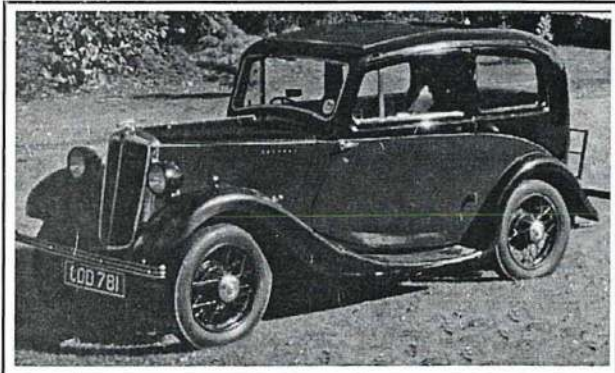
The Ford Y had a sidevalve engine, 3-speed gearbox, rod brakes and no boot, and if you wanted two wipers you could always fit one yourself.

The Morris 8 was a more sophisticated affair than the Ford. It had a hydraulic brake system, polished wood dashboard and classy looking instruments in their chrome surrounds. Like the Ford, it had a sidevalve engine and 3-speed gearbox, but what made the Morris more popular was the comfort of the ride due to a better suspension design.

These were the two cars that gave close to three generations their first taste of motoring. In the 1950's you could pick one up for £10, with bald tyres. Their young occupants would drive hundreds of miles to do everything from pot-holing to girl hunting. Trips to the seaside were popular with fish paste sandwiches! Those were the days, eh!

In the late 50's and early 60's, people's values had started to change. Companies such as Austin, Morris and Wolseley churned out rounded, 'cuddly' styling, whereas Ford and Vauxhall set off down the American style transatlantic road.

Vauxhall had some very good cars in the 50's with the Y-type and the P.A. Veloxes and Crestas. By 1960, their great rival, Ford, had achieved great success through race and rally circuits with models like the Mark 1 & 2 Zephyrs, and the newly arrived Anglia was set to do the



Morris 8

same.

So, Vauxhall got to work on the F.B. Victor and in 1961 came up with the VX 4/90 (4 for the number of cylinders and 90 for mph). It had an alloy cylinder head and its twin carbs made it a very speedy and desirable sports saloon. The VX 4/90 was immediately popular and sold 10,000 models in the first 9 months. A second model came along in 1963 with a bigger engine which made the performance even snappier. This particular model worked wonders for Vauxhall and there was no mistaking the 60's man in his VX 4/90 with its side flash down the bodywork and the distinctive rear end.

EH



Vauxhall Victor VX 4/90



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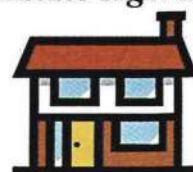


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