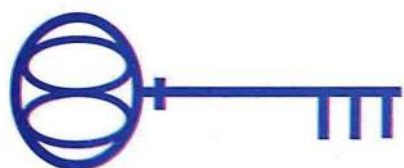


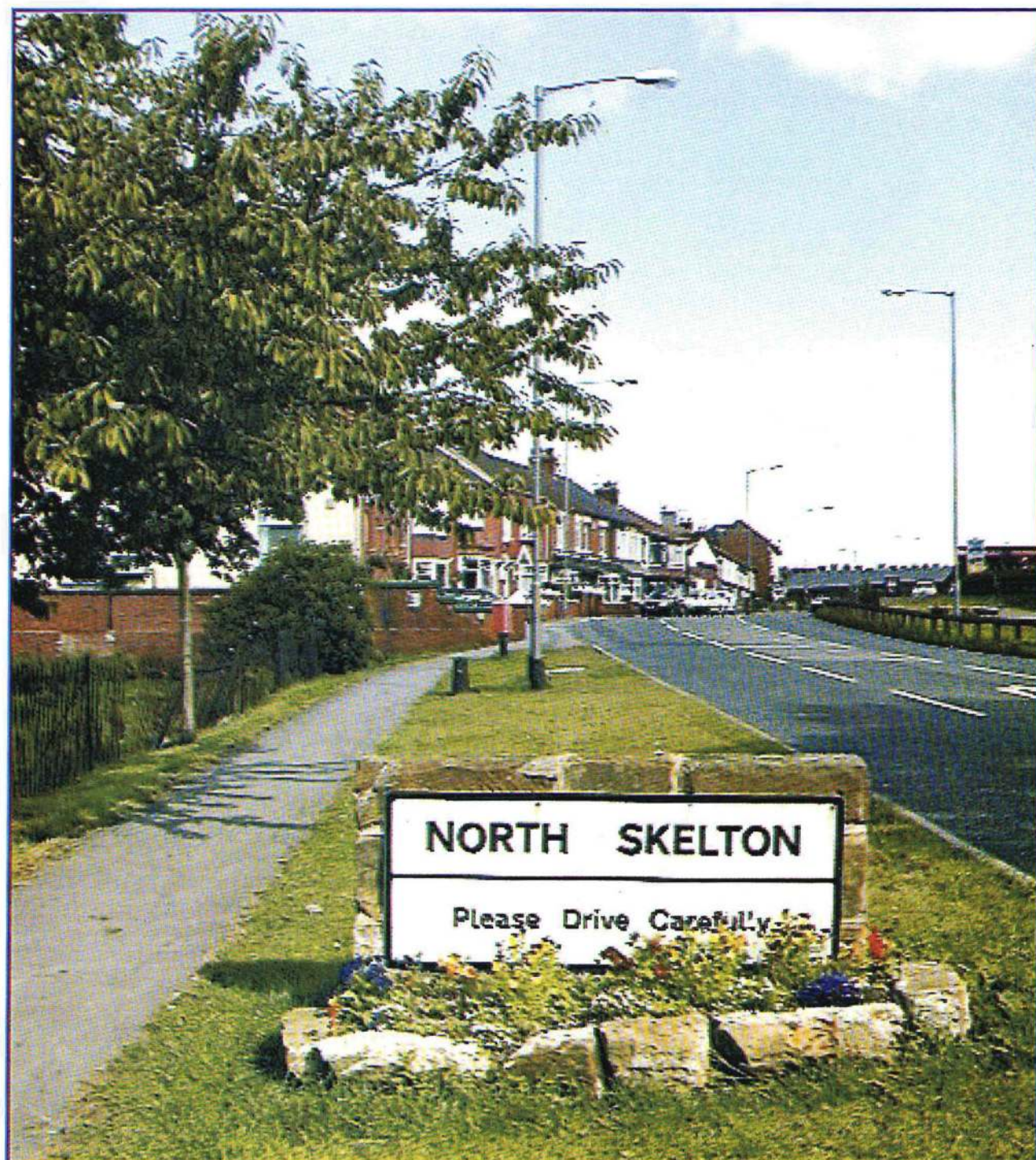
ISSUE NO. 27

AUGUST 2000

THE KEY



A NEWSPAPER FOR NORTH SKELTON & LAYLAND



Editorial

Action North Skelton's AGM was held in the Village Hall on 27th June, 2000. ANS accounts were presented, audited and found correct.



The Key accounts were also presented and audited on the 11th July, 2000 and found correct. Thank you Stuart.

Your letters and photographs are always welcome but please, no more wedding photographs or photos of individuals, unless they are related to a story.

We are also very grateful for all your continuing donations - please note that all cheques must be made payable to 'The Key'.

A very few selected 'back issues' are still available please contact me for more details. Devany's newsagents in Skelton remains our only distribution centre for copies of 'The Key' - 30p per issue.

Norma Templeman (Editor)
7 Bolckow Street, North Skelton, Cleveland
TS12 2AN Tel: 01287 653853

Don Burluraux (Assistant Editor)
8 North Terrace, Skelton-in-Cleveland TS12 2ES
Tel: 01287 652312
E-mail: don.burluraux@ntlworld.com



North Skelton Club Annual Flower and Vegetable Show



Sunday 27th August 2000

**Benching at 8am - 10.50am
Open to the Public from 12.30pm**

All produce from the show will be
auctioned on the night

Proceeds will be donated
to local charities

Hopefully, the show will be better supported this year
with more entries - especially the Ladies Section
(Schedules are available from the Club)

Stop Dumping and Start Dialling!

Congratulations all you lucky people in North Skelton who have treated yourselves to new beds, televisions and three-piece suites lately! How do I know this? Because of all the old, broken ones I see lying in the back streets of the village, rotting and posing a health risk to innocent children who are out playing.

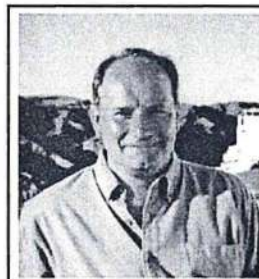
OK, we all know a mattress won't fit in a 'wheely bin' but all it takes is a quick phone call to the local council and within 24 hours (usually) a kind refuse collection person will remove the offending article. The best news is that this service is absolutely FREE! So there is no excuse - **stop dumping and start dialling!**

PS - While I'm having a moan, all you dog owners who open your doors to let your dogs out, and then let them back in after an hour or so please take note: this is NOT called exercising your pet - please put them on a lead and walk the short distances to the grassed areas all around us! 'Dog dirt' is a health hazard and can carry a hefty fine!

Sarah Norris and Neighbours

North York Moors Cam

Some of you may be interested to know that I've created my own website. My favourite pastimes these days (other than publishing The Key!) are walking the North York Moors and coastal paths and taking photographs of all the wonderful countryside we're so lucky to have on our doorstep.



I've had my website up and running for about 6 months now and have built up quite a large archive of photographs. From my Homepage there are links to my 'archives page' and my 'latest photographs'.

I have also begun to put photos from 'The Key' magazine on the site so they're there for all the world to see! I will try to put photos from each edition online shortly after publication.

If you have access to the internet my site address is:

<http://homepage.dtn.ntl.com/don.burluraux>

If you have any problems accessing the website please don't hesitate to e-mail me at: don.burluraux@ntlworld.com

The Dixie Kids

by Colin Berwick

When Ron Booth left Stanghow Lane School at the age of fourteen he went to work at East Pastures Farm, then owned by the Robinson family. His hours were long. He started at 5am with the milking and his day ended when the farmer said so. For this he was paid five shillings and sixpence (about 27p). At harvest time his hours were even longer and he was paid a bonus of two shillings (10p) making a grand total of seven shillings and sixpence (37p) for each week of harvesting.

Clutching an envelope containing three silver half-crowns, his wages for the week, Ron went into the barn one day where the stacking of oats was in progress prior to threshing. He put away his wages and climbed onto the stack which grew steadily higher as the oats were piled on. When the stack reached the top of the barn he got down and prepared himself for the next job. It was then that he realised he had taken off his jacket and left it in the stack - and in his jacket pocket were his wages! In vain he pleaded with Mrs Robinson to be allowed to search the stack for his jacket. She said he'd have to wait until threshing began. When he finally had the torn remnants of the jacket in his hands, nibbled by mice and rats, he was relieved to find the three half-crowns still intact. Some compensation, at least, for his jacket!

Jack Richardson's first job after leaving school was in the butcher's department at North Skelton Cooperative Stores where he was paid five shillings (25p) a week. On one occasion when he was alone in the shop swilling the floor, a black labrador dog came in, snatched a string of black puddings from the counter and dashed out of the door. Jack threw down his brush and ran after it, just in time to see the dog heading up the lane to the cricket field. After a brisk pursuit, Jack caught up with the animal near the cricket pavilion where it dropped the black pudding and ran off. Jack rescued the puddings, returned to the shop, washed them down and they were sold the next day!

Both lads eventually started work at North Skelton Mine where, as teenagers, they were put to work on the pit top, initially as 'token snatchers' and later dealing with the empty tubs. It was here where they came into contact with such characters as Fred (Rox) Burluraux, Bob Todd, George (Cotson) Wilson and Jonks Porte. Jonks was the 'tipper' and a man with strong ideas of right and wrong which he explained at some length to his respectful audience from his favourite seat, the coal bucket next to the stove in the 'weigh cabin'.

One day, a chap called Joe Leach appeared in the pityard. He had to see somebody and left his dog tied up as he went about his business. Some time later he returned to find the dog missing and started a search for it. In the meantime, Ron and Jack were at the pit top dealing with the full tubs as they came up and passing them on to Jonks. The next tub up carried extra cargo. On top of the ironstone was stretched the body of a dog, stone dead with not a mark on it. It had evidently broken loose from its leash, chased something in the yard and fallen down the shaft where it had been found by someone at the pit bottom. Joe Leach was still searching for it so Jonks was required to make a ruling. Without hesitation he tipped the stone and dog together into the waiting truck for further transit. A hard decision but, on reflection, probably the best one.

These were hard times and miners were a hard bunch of men, none more so than George Wilson. In winter, when others were huddled into top coats on the shale heaps, George could be seen wearing only an old mac over his shirt, tied at the waist with string, his hairy chest open to the elements and covered in snow. The work was not only hard and dirty, but dangerous, and it was necessary to be alert for oneself and one's mates. It was 'bait time' one morning but stone was still 'running'. On the pit top were Bill Scobie and Fred Burluraux (banksmen), with Keith Gratton, Ron Booth and Jack Richardson on 'tipping' and 'empties'. The truckmen below were Jack Videan, Tim Tansley and Bob Todd. Suddenly there was a commotion and Bob Todd signalled that Tim Tansley could not be found. Everybody immediately stopped work to look for him and he was spotted eventually lying in one of the trucks. Only his face and the shiny toe caps of his new boots were uncovered. Above the truck was a load of ironstone ready to be tipped, but what saved him was the large piece of stone wedged in the spout. He had got onto the truck to dislodge the stone with a pole and fallen in. The ambulance men were called and they pulled him out, a dangerous job because the block of stone could have dislodged itself at any time. Tim's mates, naturally enough, saw the funny side. They pointed out that if he had not been found he would have had a free train ride to Warrenby or Cargo Fleet!

A sense of humour was essential even if it was, at times, on the dark side. Self-made entertainments were seized upon to provide light relief from unrelenting work and much of it was centred around 'The Bull' and 'The Club'. The subject of beer was an ever present ingredient of social life and something to be taken seriously. One can imagine the consternation caused when the committee of the Club condemned two barrels as unfit for human consumption. Somehow the barrels ended up in George Bowers' garden where it was disposed of by George, Dick Harrison, Bill Richardson, Ted Booth, 'Tut' Templeman and other members of the committee who, no doubt, felt that it needed to be thoroughly tested before its final condemnation!

On Saturday nights 'The Bull' was usually packed. In the snug could be found the choir of mature voices comprising Alec Batterbee, Frank Winspear, Bill Richardson, Ted Booth, Fred Hugill and 'Tut' Templeman. When they were hoarse or had exhausted their repertoire, 'The Dixie Kids' took over. They were Freddy (Twaddy) Watson, Ron Booth, Cyril (Ike) Foster, Jack Richardson, Ces Cummings, Tommy (Bricky) Stevenson and Albert (Choc) Johnson. If you throw in an 'ambulance' competition where bones were freely mixed with beer, and a black pudding eating contest between Nick Carter and Alec Batterbee, you have the makings of a hilarious night when Bob (Nimble) Addison's pumping arm never stopped.

In those days they worked hard, played hard and lived life to the full. And they didn't have much money with which to do it.

Ron Booth and Jack Richardson have been kind enough to share some of their memories with me. They, through their words, have painted a picture of a lifestyle where hard work, a happy social life and strong friendships were the foundations of a village society which many will recognise but may never see again.

Colin Berwick



'The Dixie Kids' - Isle of Man, 1946
L. to R: Jack Richardson, Les Lancaster, Ron Booth,
Tom Stevenson, Albert Johnson & Freddie Watson

Here and There

by Robert Rykiw

In 1974, I left East Cleveland, the area where I belong, to go and study in London. After completing my four-year degree course, I was keen to see something of the world and went travelling in Africa and South America. In South America, I met and fell in love with a German girl. This resulted in my moving to Germany in 1981 after seven years living in London. We'd 'lived in sin' together before the relationship broke up after seven years. Talk about the seven-year itch! I was to remain in Germany after falling for another German girl who later became the mother of my son Tristan.

On regular visits to my mother, he thoroughly enjoys himself over there in East Cleveland. The beaches, landscapes, horizons, woods, fields and moors enthrall him. On our walks together I have the added pleasure of instructing him in local history, geography, ecology and geology together with reminiscing about my childhood. Along the way we enjoy immensely the reciprocal 'how do's' and 'all rights' with friendly, mostly unknown, fellow walkers and strollers.

Here in the urban landscape of Berlin where I live, the absence of the above mentioned features makes my heart grow fonder for them, confirming the wisdom of that well-known saying. I miss especially the coastline and the taste and smell of exhilarating sea air which for me is like an elixir of life. My heart grows not only fonder but often homesick. It was this 'sickness' along with 'if only' thoughts about Tristan being brought up not in a city but in the countryside or by the sea that helped me spawn my essay 'A Hollybush Childhood'.

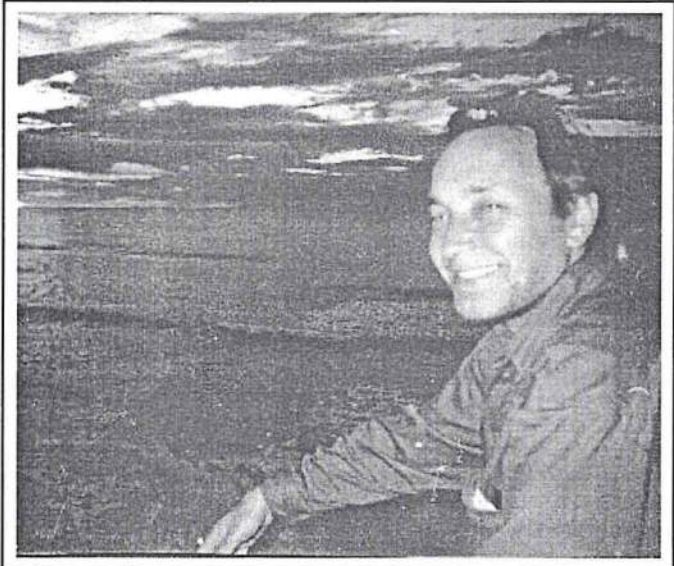
Other things also contribute to my homesickness. When I'm over there I feel a greater sense of connectedness with the English-speaking world, especially as many local people have gone to Canada, the USA, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand to live, work or visit relatives. There is also the hard to define British way of life. For me, particularly in East Cleveland, it has something to do with friendliness, civility, honest living, charitability, traditional pubs, folk and working men's clubs, gardens and allotments, school uniforms, the love of pets, helping each other out and sticking together. Not forgetting family trips out to the coast or the national park, to an agricultural show, Whitby Regatta or music and dance festivals. More generally it's about policemen not carrying guns, the British sense of humour and of irony, its 'living' language and a free press (freer than in Germany). Compared with the German way of life the culture seems richer and more varied with its rugby, cricket, horse racing, dog racing, even pigeon-fancying in the north. It's reflected in the 'virtual community' soaps shown on television along with more programmes about dancing, fishing, country life, cooking, gardening, pets, home decorating etc.

Like most large cities, Berlin has abundant cinemas, theatres, museums, concert and exhibition halls, swimming baths and saunas. It is the easy access to them that I miss the most when I'm over there in East Cleveland. My son, Tristan, particularly enjoys the botanical gardens, the zoo and the world famous Berlin aquarium, while the intimate atmosphere of small jazz clubs is a must for me.

In warmer weather I love the beergardens and their lack of licencing hours and the way the people take to their bicycles then, using an extensive network of bicycle paths and often taking their small children with them in special children's seats. Also the public transport system is one of the best I've experienced. It's really first class. Clean and punctual with plenty of forward investment, it is also very economical costing around £1.30 for a flat rate fare allowing two hours of travel on bus, tram, underground or overground train.

When I first came to live here, I described Berlin as heaven compared to the greater congestion, pollution, expanse, crime and hustle and bustle of the 'big smoke', London. Of course, it was West Berlin then and since the wall came down it seems more populated with levels of the above mentioned factors increasing slightly. However, this change is more than compensated by the greenness of Berlin which also placates the longings I have for 'natural world' features in East Cleveland.

There's lots of very wide tree-lined roads in Berlin (as a result of earlier military planning) and a number of large, luxuriant parks, the most famous of which is the Tiergarten. Here one can find the beautiful English gardens. In the vicinity of where I live, I have access by foot or bicycle to two large parks. On my doorstep there is also a small area known as Chamisso Platz (Place), a tree-lined square with a childrens' play area within. I am particularly fond of Prussian brick-built buildings and especially the magnificent Passion Church which stands on the nearby Marheinicke Platz. It is one among many Prussian style churches citywide.



What makes Berlin special are several large lakes, often with beach areas, within the city boundaries. They are a real haven for water sport fans. There's also a series of interlocking canal ways where one can cruise on canal boats or take a pleasant walk beside them. Not forgetting a lot of community forests on the outskirts. In one of them is the well known Waldbühne (forest stage) where open-air rock, pop or classical concerts take place.

The Berliner way of life includes enjoying the greenness to the full, especially in summer. I think it's true to say that Germans generally are great nature lovers. A blind eye is turned to naked sunbathing in parks and in canal, woodland and lake areas here, and by the Teufel See (Devil's Lake!) everybody sunbathes naked whatever their age. There is a heart-warming respect not only for the natural environment but also the built one. This translates into the well-funded departments for urban design, parks and gardens, forestry, street cleaning and refuse disposing. The recycling of paper, plastic, metal, glass and organic waste is highly developed. Natural areas, along with streets and public places are kept in a clean and orderly fashion, as are literally hundreds of imaginatively-designed and well-equipped childrens' play areas.

Living in Berlin means living in a Republic governed by a coalition of Social Democrats and Greens (Ecology Party) committed in the very near future to non-nuclear power generation. Here the trappings of a class system seem less evident than over there, especially as manifested in snobby, upper-class, landed-gentry, aristocratic circles. It's a welcome relief. Part of that manifestation is of course the Monarchy. I'm not against a Monarchy per se but would rather see the British Monarchy receive less prominence and less funding along the lines of the Danish model.

Aristotle said that a man's nature is to live in the city. I don't want to discuss this statement but will simply say that for many people, city life is a necessity and not a matter of choice. Large numbers are also trapped in a city, especially those dependent on welfare. Compared to the countryside, the city is a concrete jungle where life is more difficult and the people are harder. The countryside is, of course, no panacea for all ills. Like money, it does not of itself guarantee happiness but it is life-enhancing and makes unhappiness more bearable.

We live in a world where the pressure to consume is constant, a world obsessed with celebrity where our nurses, teachers and other essential service workers earn a pittance compared to the vast sums secured by the 'stars'. It's a dog eat dog where the distinction between right and wrong becomes even more blurred and where family life is under strain. Computerization, the fast pace of technical change, complex, ever-changing market mechanisms and business methods, which seem only to exacerbate unemployment and existing inequalities, leave many people dumbfounded. Confused youngsters, often from broken homes, don't know which way to turn. Youngsters of five and six are put on a starting line and pushed into God knows what madness while those in their early teens feel pressured to happily scramble up the status ladder with mobile phones and 'designer trainers' costing £100 a pair. Emphasis on the material world leaves many youngsters alienated. Some are unable to afford an expensive youth culture while others find that material things are no substitute for essential love and care. Even in the villages of East Cleveland, the availability of 'hard' drugs has had tragic consequences and has also led to an increase in drug-related crime. Recently my mother told me how a young man interviewed on a television crime documentary had stated that it was perfectly in order to rob houses because the contents were insured!

There are a lot of 'junkies' in Berlin, which I tend to ignore as not my problem whilst in the back of my mind are thoughts about them once being someone's beautiful baby son or daughter. On one occasion, however, I became particularly angry. At the entrance to a 'junkie hangout' underground station I saw a young junkie of good physique begging from a small, hunchbacked lady struggling up the steps with two toddlers, one of which was in her arms.

Berlin of late has become known as the biggest building site in the world. Bringing the city up to scratch as Germany's new capital and seat of government has seen a building explosion, especially with the creation of a sector containing public offices, government departments, consulates and associated services. There is also a large degree of restoration work, particularly of five-storey town houses in run-down residential areas of former communist East Berlin. A lot of restoration work on 'period architecture', bridges, town halls and former royalty residences has been completed to admirable satisfaction. The famous landmark, the Gendarmenmarkt church, along with some other bomb-damaged buildings are not included in the restoration brief. They stand as memorials to the horrors of war. Recent history weighs heavily here. Reminders of the Nazi past, the Russian occupation of East Berlin and the allied occupation of West Berlin are a common sight in the form of statues and denkmals (monuments) and street or place names, as well as being features in regular exhibitions. A short walk from where I live in Kreuzberg is the Platz der Luftbrücke (airbridge). Here a concrete bridge section arches upwards and ends in midair. It is a monument to the memory of the allies' airlift, which, when the Russians were trying to blockade West Berlin into submission, brought in life-saving food and supplies. An acquaintance of mine once told me that a doctor friend of her's refused to go abroad because he was ashamed of the Nazi past. On anniversary days like those commemorating the 'Kristallnacht' pogrom (massacre) it is not difficult to spot the sorrow in a Jewish face or the guilt in that of a young German whose grandfather was perhaps a Nazi.

There are a lot of single people in Berlin along with a lot of young pensioners and old students. Many of the single women seem more focussed on their careers than on marriage and family. The latter option has passed a lot of the older single women by whilst a number of younger women with children prefer to juggle career and childraising outside of marriage, or even living together with their children's fathers.

Robert Rykiw

(to be continued in the next issue . . .)



A Merry Widow

by Jim Ramage



Freda and Bonny

Every morning, come hail, rain or shine, arguably the village's most colourful character can be seen walking 'Bonny', her bearded collie dog. She goes up 'Mucky Lane', on to Claphow Lane, up to New Skelton and then back home to North Skelton.

But recently her routine has had to be altered. Reluctantly she has, through circumstances beyond her control, just finished a cleaning job at Marske Co-Op.

Even though this meant her walking up to New Skelton to catch an early morning bus at 6.30am, she is bitterly disappointed at losing a job she thoroughly enjoyed. Lesser mortals would have probably said, "Well, I've done my whack, I'll take it easy from now on."

Not her. She immediately took the bus to Guisborough and after enquiring in all the charity shops in town she eventually got a job at the Oxfam Shop, Monday to Friday, 9am to 12 noon. All this appears to satisfy a restless urge that won't allow her to 'put her feet up'.

After almost 30 years service as a conductress with the United bus company, then as a cleaner at a Saltburn nursing home, I'm sure she finds inactivity a threat to her longevity.

Freda Green, affectionately known as 'Fifi' to young and old, is as sprightly as any old aged pensioner you could ever wish to meet. Her personality shines out like a beacon. You are never short of a friendly greeting whenever you meet her. Some of us even get a hug and a kiss and so you don't get into trouble with the wife when you get home she wipes the lipstick off for you – what a considerate lady!

I have often wondered how or why she has remained 'unattached' for so long – surely this is by choice. Perhaps she's 'playing the field', loving 'em and leaving 'em. She would have been a 'wow' on Blind Date. We would have sorely missed her if she had emigrated to Australia a few years ago.

Born Freda Watson, 73 years ago at Ingleby Greenhow, to be brought up by devoted grandparents, she still recalls her happy childhood days spent in that area. She makes regular visits to Stokesley, where she went to school, and Great Ayton, known to locals as 'Canny Yatton'.

Upon leaving school at the age of 14, she would have liked to have worked in a shop or, perhaps, in an office. Unfortunately, in those days, the 'work pattern' was that girls went into 'service' or did housework jobs. Likewise, most boys, especially in this area, went to work either in the mines or farming.

On reaching her 19th birthday, Freda decided to become a bus conductress. This was an inspired decision which gave her the opportunity to unveil her vivacious personality on many an unsuspecting traveller who, by the end of the journey, had been given the full 'repertoire'. She soon became a very popular figure in East Cleveland, with her lively 'patter' and good humoured wit, telling you in no uncertain terms 'how far you could go for tuppence!'

Most of Freda's leisure time was spent in Redcar where she frequented most of the pubs, often finishing up at the Pier Ballroom, dancing to the Danny Mitchell Orchestra. Little did she realise that her wild days and nights were numbered the night she would meet the man of her dreams, Frank Green.

For Freda it was love at first sight – he certainly 'lit her candle'. They married in 1959 and soon settled at 9a Bolckow Street, North Skelton. In 1960 they were blessed with their only child, a son called Martin, the apple of Freda's eye. It was the custom in those days that women finished work to permanently look after their babies – no 'women's lib' then!

Freda was no exception and duly gave up her job on the buses. An opinion poll, taken during the seven year period she became a housewife and mother, stated that bus travel had lost a lot of its popularity.

After 18 years of marriage, Frank tragically died after suffering a massive heart attack. Once again, Freda submerged herself in her work and looking after Martin who was fast becoming an inseparable pal.

Just when her life was beginning to shape up again fate dealt her another blow. In 1984 she became redundant, with a momentary tinge of sadness declaring this was the second saddest day of her life. Buses without 'clippies' – what was the United bus company thinking about!

Freda picked herself up again and got herself a cleaning job at a nursing home in Saltburn. After several happy years there, due to a lack of insurance cover, obviously for age reasons, she once again had to reluctantly leave.

Her next job as a cleaner at Marske Co-Op also fell foul of this technicality. It appears age is the deciding factor on any CV these days. Still I suppose this is a debatable issue with so many young people out of work – but how many of them fancy a cleaning job?

So we arrive back where we started and now she is doing voluntary work at the Oxfam shop.

Freda has lived on her own, except for her faithful companion, Bonny, in the same house that her and Frank started their married life some 41 years ago. Martin is living in the Leeds area where he works as a computer advisor. They pay each other visits, probably not as often as they would like, but she tells me that the bond is as strong as ever it was.

Freda spends her leisure time playing for the Bull's Head ladies darts team. I'm sure she is the life and soul of the party or any other party for that matter. On Saturday evenings, along with four lady companions, she visits several clubs in the area; Lingdale, Marske and Saltburn being her favourites.

Characters are a dying breed in our villages nowadays, so I think we should place a preservation order on the lovable Freda Green.

Jim Ramage

The following quote is from a letter written by Freda to Norma: "I would like to tell you a story of the time I worked on the bus company then known as United. The time was 1947 onwards when the number 61 service operated from Stokesley Depot to Helmsley. Friday was always market day and all the farm folk would get on the bus with boxes of chickens, ducks, etc. One day, during the journey, some hens escaped and flew all around the bus squawking. Eventually we caught them. Luckily the coach door was closed otherwise the farmer would have been minus a few hens. The passengers and myself had a really good laugh that particular day!"

As mentioned above, Freda is a member of the Bulls Head ladies darts team. Landlady, Margaret Benson, says Freda never fails to turn up, no matter what! The rest of their successful team comprises of: Denise Cush (Captain), Janet Leng, Caroline Mirrow, Angela Riddiough and Margaret Benson.

Their achievements for 1999-2000 were: Winners of the East Cleveland Ladies Darts League, Winners of both Ladies Singles and Doubles, Runners-Up of the '3-Man Cup', and Runners-Up of the Charity Cup.

May we from 'The Key' congratulate you, Freda, and the rest of the team on your successes!

Why Worry!

There are only two things in life to worry about - whether you are well or sick.

If you are well then there's nothing to worry about but

If you are sick there's only two things to worry about

Whether you will get well or whether you will die

If you get well then there's nothing to worry about

*But if you die there are only two things to worry about
Whether you go to heaven or hell.*

If you go to heaven then there's nothing to worry about

*But if you go to hell you'll be that busy shaking hands
with old friends you won't have time to worry!*

So why worry !!!

A Small Tribute in Honour of a Friendship

by Ben Ward

I first met Wilf Mannion when he was visiting his brother-in-law in the village of Staithes ('Steers' to us locals). Wilf came to love



Great old friends

'Steers' just as did his wife, Bernadette. Over the following years I would bump into Wilf on many occasions. Our conversation always included football. I will never forget my visits to Ayresome Park – my friend's skill on the pitch filled me with awe as he dazzled everyone with his wizardry.

As landlord of the Royal George, whenever Wilf was in the village he would always frequent my pub, and we became good pals. The years flew by and before we knew it we were

both retired OAP's, our friendship firmer than ever. On every Friday night in Wilf's last few years, a taxi would draw up outside his home in Redcar and bring him to Staithes Athletic Club where, along with the many friends he had made, we would pass a very enjoyable night away. Many's the time we've won and lost the following day's Boro match. Wilf was continually asked for his autograph and I never once saw him turn anyone away.

I mourn and miss my friend greatly. I thank him for the pleasure and excitement he gave to thousands of fans. Finally, I salute you Wilf, in my opinion, the greatest player of our time.



Me & Wilf - 'The Golden Boy'

Thank you Norma for allowing me to pay my respects to my dear old pal. My gratitude also goes to Kath Marshall and yourself for the enjoyable days out you gave to Wilf and I in his last year.

(Ben, it was a privilege for Kath and I to take you both. We will never forget listening to you talking about the golden days of the 'Golden Boy')

In the autobiography of Sir Stanley Mathews he says of Wilf, "He was the Mozart of football and turned Ayresome Park into Awesome Park." Anyone who doubts the ability of Wilf should read page 243 of this book to realise the magic of Mannion. I asked Wilf who he thought was a great player of his time and without hesitation he said, "Matt Busby." I then asked him what makes a great footballer and again he immediately answered, "Body swerve and speed." - Ed.

Remember when we got 'married' first before we 'lived together', 'fast food' was what you ate at Lent. A 'Big Mac' was an oversized raincoat and 'crumpet' we had for tea. We existed before house-husbands, computer dating and dual careers when a 'meaningful relationship' meant getting along with your cousins and 'sheltered accomodation' was where you waited for a bus.

We'd never heard of FM radio, tape decks, electric typewriters, artificial hearts, word processors, yoghurt and men wearing earrings. For us, 'timesharing' meant togetherness, a 'chip' was a piece of wood or a fried potato, 'hardware' meant nuts and bolts and 'software' wasn't even a word.

Made in Japan meant junk, 'making out' referred to how you did in your exams; a 'stud' was something that fastened a collar to a shirt and 'going all the way' meant staying on a double-decker bus until it reached the depot.

Cigarette smoking was fashionable, 'grass' was mown, 'coke' was kept in the coal-house, a 'joint' was a piece of meat you ate on Sundays and 'pot' was what you cooked it in. 'Rock music' was a granmother's lullaby, El Dorado was an ice-cream and a 'gay' person was the life and soul of the party.

There were four grades of toilet paper: Radio Times, Daily Despatch, Daily Herald and Evening Gazette. People had the toilet outside the home and ate their meals inside. Transportable tin baths could be used in any room in the house.

A 'porn shop' was a 'pawn shop' and a handkerchief was a coat sleeve. Footwear was constructed of leather, iron and wood. A 'disc jockey' was a National Hunt rider with a bad back, the 'recycling unit' was known as the 'rag-and-bone man', an alarm was known as a 'knocker-up'.

The NHS was known as the doctor's bill – 6d a week. Debt and illegitimacy were secrets and MacDonald only had a farm then. Central heating was an oven plate or a fire-brick wrapped in a blanket; a 'duvet' was your dad's overcoat. A kitchen unit was known as a 'slop stone' and a washing machine was a 'poss tub'.

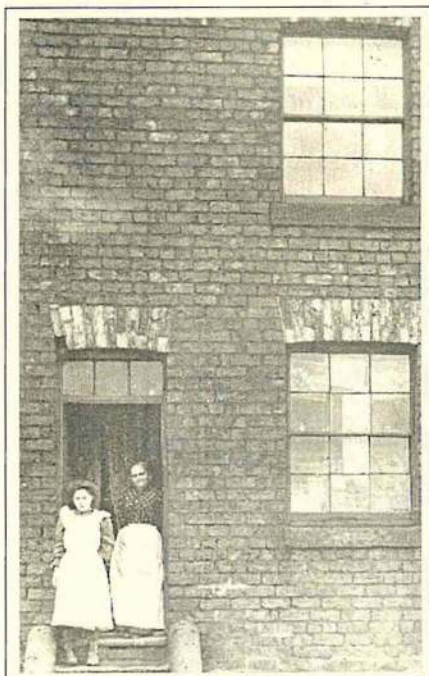
Remember ?

PHOTO GALLERY



*St Peter's Church Choir - possibly 1920's
pictured in the Mine Manager's garden at the bottom of Bolckow Street*

*Back Row L. to R: E Riddiough, P Carver, C Scurrah, ? Pashley
2nd Row: J Scurrah, A Leeks, -?- , -?- , A Austin, A Lancaster, ? Keeler, F Smith, J Hodgson, G Porte,
3rd Row: -?- , -?- , -?- , -?- , Rev Mann, A Matson, S Goodill, -?- , F Harrison
Front: R Turnbull, -?- , -?- , -?- , -?- , A Templeman*



*Sarah Pratt & daughter Polly,
later Mary Ann (Polly) Pinkney
at 6 Vaughan St which was
a shop up to 1914*



Mrs Wells' Day Trip - c. 1950

*Back Row includes: Mrs Wells, Mrs Pennock,
Mrs Pratt, Betty Stroyd, Mrs Arnold & Dot Green*

*Sitting L. to R: Doreen Pearson, Sister Phyllis,
Ralph Brown, Peter Garbutt, Alan Pearson, Ann Ruddy*



Stanghow Lane School - 1950

Back Row L. to R: D Sedgewick, F Ward, J Keeler, B Evans, D Hodgson, A Walker, K Bennison, J Simpson

Middle row: Mr W Bonas (Headmaster), I Cross, A Peacock, E Hewling, S Laughton, M Matthews, Mr Joe Reed

Front: P Wilde, Y Buck, B Walker, A Ebbs, F Miller, D Payne, P Gosling, M Teasdale, J Lacey, J Dick, E Drury

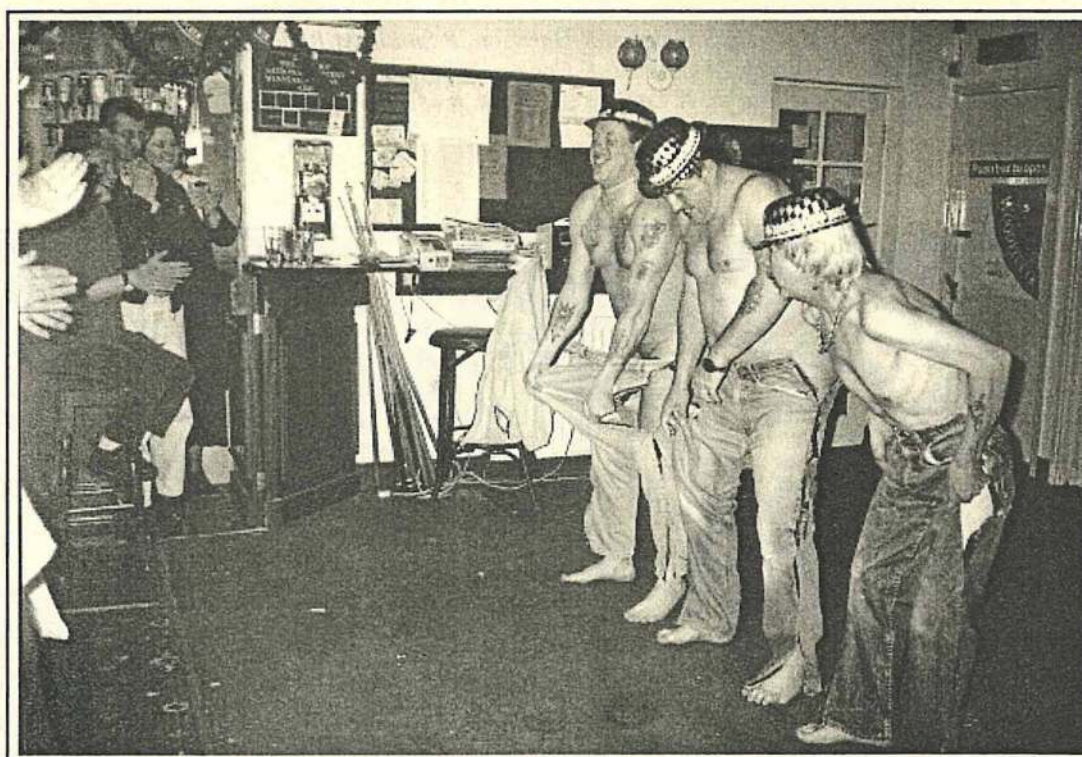


*Stanghow Lane School - possibly early 1940's
Does anyone recognise themselves?*



The Bull's Head Full Monty team

*L to R: Baz Marshall, Alan Sanderson & Mick Scarff
(Alan Cummings also performed but is missing from the photos)*



Gettin' 'em off !!

(Full Monty photo censored! Available from George Benson on request!)

L. to R: Mick, Baz and 'Sandy'



Skelton Junior School - c. 1980

*Back Row L. to R: J Allan, I Mitchell, S Holmes, R Harrison, P Smith, M Budding, Mrs Bainbridge (teacher)
 Middle Row: M Theaker, W Danby, M Goodall, K Cooper, K Seymour, D Webb, D Lynas, C Twiby, P Cook
 Front: S Welford, B Chivers, D Snaith, N Cooke ?, C Matthews, S Yates, H Thompson, C Brown, G Easton*



*Mr L Edmonson, headmaster of the Stanghow Lane School,
 talking with some prize winners at a School Speech Day in the late 1950's*



OAP Xmas Party 1999 - Mike & Gladys Stephen



Joan Turnbull & Jean Evans



Joyce Christmas & 'Fat' Marsay



Mr & Mrs Hill



Maurice & Barbara Wilks



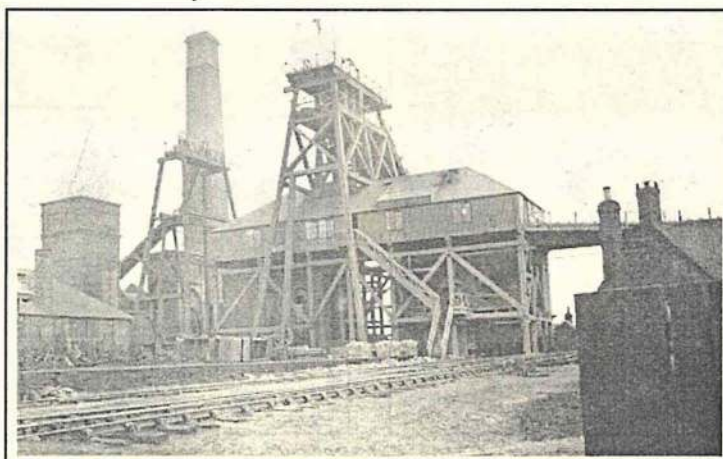
Steve Wingate & Mr McDonald



Ruby Summers & Helen McLuckie



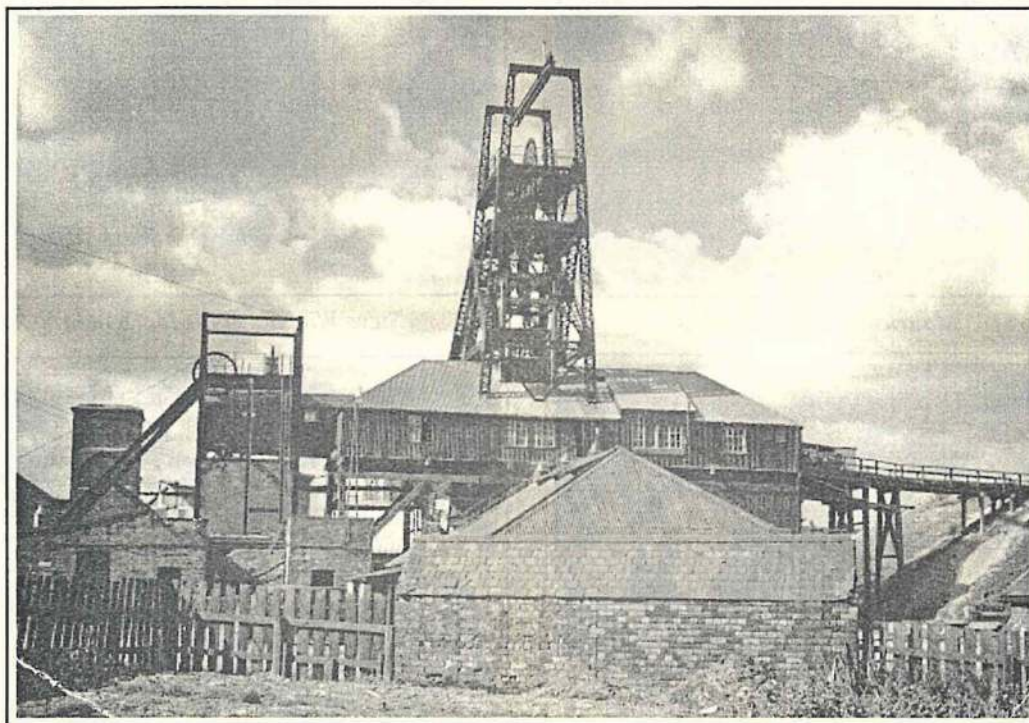
Peter & Irene Morrel



The reason North Skelton exists - the Ironstone Mine



*A truckload of ironstone waiting to be transported to the steelworks
(photographed near the top of Bolckow Street)*



Another view of a later version of the pit top looking west from the allotments

A Message From



CLEVELAND
POLICE

When I took my first tentative steps out onto the street of North Ormesby as a probationer constable 25 years ago the only problem with drug abuse was the local hard men having too much to drink on Friday and Saturday nights.

There were, of course, people involved with cannabis, LSD and amphetamines but the availability of these drugs was limited and the contact I had with drug users was minimal.

Unfortunately, this has gradually changed over the years and I now have daily contact with people involved with drugs, in the long term heroin abuse, but in the short term children experimenting with solvents is also of concern.

So what is the drug problem in Skelton and how do we tackle it?

There are no easy answers to either question and I can only give you my view as the community policeman.

I think it must be three or four years ago now that we were really concerned about the spread of heroin abuse amongst the teenagers of Skelton. In an attempt to raise public awareness The Evening Gazette produced a front page headline which read something like "Skelton has the cheapest heroin in Britain". As a headline it certainly had an impact, people still remark about it today.

A lot of effort went into stopping the spread of this drug and to a large degree it was effective. The number of young people using the drug remained fairly constant and I think its right to say that it did not increase as we feared it might.

The police tried to tackle the problem by cutting off the supply and targeting dealers at all levels. This meant that users had to travel to Middlesbrough and other places to 'to get a fix', making it more difficult and expensive to obtain.

We have also tried to work with the people using these hard drugs in conjunction with other agencies. Young people who use drugs invariably turn to crime to get money to feed their habit and they usually start by stealing from their family and friends.

Once a young person goes down this road its very difficult to get them to turn back but we try to work as part of a team together with the schools, youth workers, health service, drug advisory service and social services to provide support and assistance to them and their families.

There are signs that heroin has become available in Skelton again, this is cause for concern and I would ask that anyone with information about the supply of drugs get in touch with me or any other police officer.

So far I've really only talked about heroin but there are other drugs that are abused such as amphetamines and cannabis. I would guess that there are many more people using cannabis than there are heroin but I think its fair to say that its not as addictive and does not cause the same social problems. However, users often start on cannabis and graduate to the strong stuff so it is not to be underestimated.

Amphetamines are more commonly known as speed and I know of only two or three people in this area who use it regularly.

Speed stimulates the nervous system and keeps you awake, it can make you feel energetic and sometimes exhilarated but it has a downside, you can suffer a form of hangover which, not surprisingly, referred to a 'downer'.

Another well known drug is LSD but it seems to have 'gone out of fashion' and is not something I have come across.

The other well known drug which regularly features in newspapers is ecstasy, this is a stimulant and is potentially dangerous for anyone with high blood pressure or a heart condition. Its associated with discos and night clubs so its not something that we have a problem with in rural areas where discos are confined to the local pub or village hall.

Last, but certainly not least I have to mention 'solvents'. The mis-use of solvents found in lighter fuel, glue, deodorants, paints and petrol can be fatal. I personally have dealt with the deaths of two young people who had been inhaling solvents, in both cases they suffered heart failure. Solvent abuse seems to be a 'fad' thing usually among school age children who try it and experiment with different types, it spreads amongst the kids in a particular area, lasts for a few weeks then dies down only to flare up again weeks or months later amongst another group. Sniffing solvents can give a similar feeling to being drunk on alcohol but it can also make the user have hallucinations and feel dreamy.

We have recently had a problem in Skelton with children aged between 10 and 15 years abusing aerosols of 'damp start' and spray paint. We've tried to combat this by alerting shopkeepers but its very difficult because these products are readily available.

Although drug abuse is now an every day problem there is room for optimism. There are a lot of young people who are very sensible and are aware of the serious problems it causes and they won't have anything to do with drugs or users, its a bit like tobacco smoking which is on the wain because of health education.

If anyone would like to know more about drugs and their effects I can arrange an awareness presentation preferably for groups of 10 to 20 people at a time.

I can be contacted at Guisborough Police Station on 01642 302018 for any reason. I also have a supply of booklets entitled 'A Parents Guide To Drugs and Solvents' which are free to anyone interested.

For further free advice on drugs contact 'The National Drugs Helpline on: 0800 77 66 00



PC Steve Drabik

PC Steve Drabik

Doc Spot . . .

Hay Fever

Seasonal Rhinitis affects a huge number of people each year and is experienced in a large variety of ways. No-one can be born with hay fever as such but some families specialise in allergies. It is only after contact with pollens, spores, etc that the condition develops. The beginning and end of the season depends on each individual's susceptibility; tree pollens are early offenders, grass and flower later. Rape seed flower pollen is a culprit for many. Most individuals do not over react but just deal with the pollens in a gentle, regular and efficient manner. The tears that we naturally produce protect the eye, the hairs in the nose with the mucous and airflow system protect the nose, throat and chest. Allergy sufferers produce the wrong sort of reactive chemicals which produce the characteristic symptoms.

The range of *symptoms* include:

Nose: discharge, itching, sneezing and blocking.

Eyes: excess tears, itch, redness, burning and swelling.

Throat: itch, tickle, swelling.

Chest: cough and wheeze.

Eczema sufferers may deteriorate during this time, so you can see that the parts of the body to suffer are those directly exposed to that nasty pollen!

Treatment

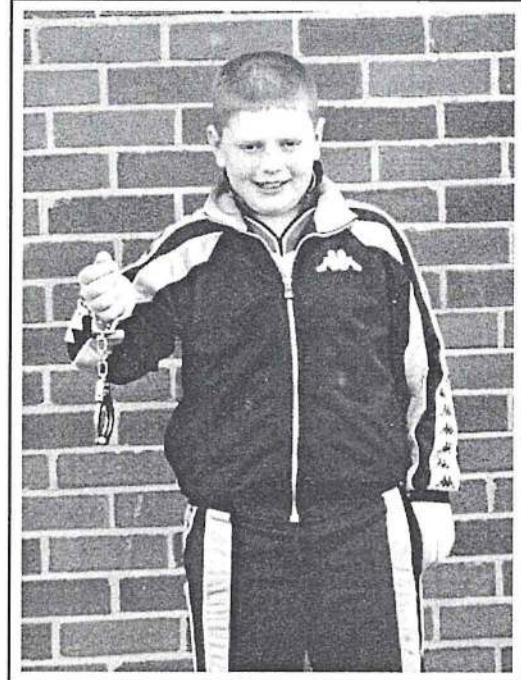
Avoiding pollen is the most obvious. The weather forecast usually states pollen levels but Hay Fever sufferers usually know without some smartly dressed presenter informing them from their air-conditioned studio! Closing windows at night, driving the car with closed windows (if you don't mind cooking!) and staying inside on the worst days can all help. Antihistamine tablets and medicine reduce the symptoms generally and are now available in varieties that mostly do not sedate. Eye drops (Chromoglycate) and steroid nose sprays reduce the reaction in the eyes and nose. Homeopathic medicines can be very helpful either as an alternative or taken with conventional treatments. There are also many less usual treatments that I am not recommending including douching the nose with water. If you have a special remedy that works for you why not write in to The Key and let us know.

Roger Neville-Smith



'And's Cuffed

Andrew McNaught was rifling through his old toy box – there at the bottom was a pair of handcuffs. Andrew clicked them on. Then, oh dear me, where was the key!



Andrew with his 'cuffs!

Mum, Angela, looked everywhere but to no avail. Andrew was well and truly 'locked up'! A trip to Skelton Fire Brigade seemed to be the 'and'swer. After an 'arresting' examination, pliers were tried but they only 'nicked' at the lock. Finally, the fireman had to hacksaw through it. Andrew was 'released' and the fireman had a good laugh. All his Mum wanted to do was sit down and have 'ar-rest'!!!

71

'The Annandale Hotel'

The Hollybush Hotel has been renamed 'The Annandale Hotel' – the reason being it was built on land named 'Annandale Heights' – a present from Robert de Bruce.



The bar, recently refurbished, looks very smart and comfortable.

Well Done Peter!

Peter Vaughan was born on 16th November 1961. His birth weight was only 11lb 2ozs and it was a medical miracle that he survived. However, he did, and through the constant care given to him by his mam and dad, Jenny and Bill, Peter progressed. Unfortunately Peter had a disability – he was deaf.

At five years of age he started school – it must have been very difficult for him. In the 1960's the system didn't really know how to cope with him and consequently Peter fell further and further behind the rest of his class, but eventually he made the transition from junior to senior school. The same pattern followed so his father tried to get help from social workers, but despite several attempts, his pleas fell on deaf ears.

By now Peter was 15 and Bill and Jenny were worried that he would end up on the system's 'scrap heap'. Just as they thought all was lost, into their lives came a very caring Social Welfare Officer who suggested introducing Peter to one of the Adult Training Centres. From that day on Peter's life completely changed.

He met another caring person called Mr Keith Wilcox who was, at that time, on the point of opening the ATC at Hollybush. Peter flourished under Mr Wilcox's guidance. As a lad with a passion for sport he quickly began to take an interest in the sporting activities.

Mr Wilcox soon realised his potential lay mainly in swimming and basketball, his height helping in both events – he was by now 6 feet tall.

Soon, Peter was competing against others from various Centres and, to his mam and dad's delight, he was winning. Mr Wilcox was by now taking the team all over the country to the Special Sporting Venues. Peter was so successful his collection of medals was growing. Then came the day he went home to tell his parents that he had been chosen to represent his country at the Special Olympics in Indiana, USA. Bill and Jenny received the news with disbelief. Keith Wilcox soon convinced them it was true – after hours and hours of training in the local swimming baths and on the basketball courts, Peter's talent, skill and determination had won him a place in the English team.

First and foremost, money had to be raised; events took place, local businesses helped and donations were given – the response was fantastic. The big day arrived at last and off the team went to America - what a wonderful experience this was for these teenagers. Peter excelled in his swimming event and won the coveted gold medal. He also won a silver medal in the basketball event - what a marvellous achievement! Friends and neighbours gave the lad a victorious welcome home.

Peter didn't stop there – he went on to win another gold in the Barcelona games for basketball and in total, has won over 150 medals. Peter was then honoured to receive an invitation to meet Margaret Thatcher at No.10 Downing Street – another memorable event on his calendar.

He is now 38 years of age and has phased down his sporting activities. He still enjoys being competitive and is often in North Skelton Workingmens Club enjoying a game of pool or playing in the darts team. Most Saturdays you will see him cheering on North Skelton football team. He still frequents the ATC and works at Tees Components.

We hope Peter's story will help other children who are struggling with a disability. Along with many others, he is an inspiration to us all.



Peter proudly displays his Gold Medal with mam Jenny and dad Bill

The Lamps

Davy and Marto made their way over to Sparrow Park. They had been summoned to a meeting with Jigger, Merv, Bob and Pete.

Jigger began, "Now lads, yer know we're all sick to death of Tabby an' 'is phobia fer rabbits, so Pete's come up with a plan. We've set 'im up to shur 'im up. At 2 o'clock this aft' ah' want all of yer behind mi' garden 'ut."

They listened and all agreed. The lads arrived just before Tabby came walking along his allotment path.

Jigger spoke, "Ey op, 'e's 'ere. Now you all know what to do."

"Now Tabby," said Jigger, "watch out cos we've 'ad a few rabbits runnin' about in t' allotments this mornin'."

Tabby's head shot up. "Rabbits! Oh, mi garden 'll 'ave 'em!"

Jigger walked a few yards, stopped, turned round and whispered, "Hey Tab, there's one sat there behind yer cabbages!"

Tabby whipped round, his face like thunder. There it was, as large as life, crouched down behind his biggest cabbage.

"Right, Jigger," he said, "ger outa mi' way!"

Tabby got his gripe and holding it in a menacing position he slowly walked forward. He lifted the gripe high into the air ready to plunge it down. At that precise moment the rabbit flew up in the air and floated towards Jigger on the end of a piece of string – the rabbit was stuffed! Jigger gave them his signal. Out from behind his hut came the 'allotments male voice choir'.



"Run rabbit, run rabbit, run, run, run
Watch out for Tabby with his gun, gun, gun
He'll get by without you in his pie
So run rabbit, run rabbit, run, run, run!"

Tabby was livid. The air was blue with his language as he shouted, "Ah'll get mi own back, yer'll see!"

Davy, Marto and the rest of the gang walked away laughing and shouting to each other, "See yer Saturday night!"

The twins and little Ed had been packed off to their grannies for the weekend. It was time for Tilly and Davy to say thank

you to the many friends who had helped them over the last six months. Part of their allotment had been grassed over and it was an ideal position situated at the bottom of the small bank below the chapel and opposite their own back door. 'Mad' Murphy had built them a brick barbecue – it looked just like him, thick and massive! The Lamps' house was full of food and Tilly had been baking all day long. Davy and Marto were stood waiting for the booze to arrive. Marto asked Davy, "ave you remembered to get the charcoal for the barbie, Davy?"

"Yis, I 'ave," replied Davy, "though why a couple o' buckets o' 'nutty slack' an' a bundle o' kindlin' wouldn't do ah'll niver know."

"It doesn't work Davy, anyway 'ere's t' lads."

The rusty, 'clapped-out' pick up truck trundled along the back of Holmbeck Road. Jacko, Smithy and Belrow jumped out. Jacko flung back the sheeting. A big smile lit up the faces of Davy and Marto. There were cans of beer, lager, cider, wine, champagne & sangria – tons of it!

"Thanks lads! By, yer've done well there. Where on earth did yer get this lot from?"

They all answered together, "We're sayin' nowt, only that we've 'ad a long ride, a long swim an' don't be surprised if a 'froggy' or two jumps out. Beer's called Eiffel Bitter if yer wanna clue!"

Marto and Davy just shook their heads and laughed.

The barbecue was hot, the deck chairs lined up and the music was ready to play. Davy and Tilly's pals were starting to arrive. Marto brought out the bangers and burgers, chicken and kebabs. There were pies and plenty of salad – the spread was brilliant. Jacko, Smithy and Belrow stacked up all the booze in the hut. For the ladies they had bowls and bowls of sangria mixed with champagne.

Belrow shouted, "Slap 'alf a bottle o' brandy in each bowl to give it a kick!"

Everything was ready when all at once there was a commotion. 'Er next door stood there hands oh hips, more top lip than bottom, as she shouted, "Just look at my sheets! They h'are covered in soot from that contraption."

Davy glared back, but in his mind he knew if he had a row with her now she would cause trouble later. So he approached her and quietly said, "Ah'm sorry missus, ah' didn't realise. Ah'll tek 'em down and put 'em in mi washer for yer. Why don't yer let bygones be bygones. Go an 'ave a word wi' 'im an come out to our barbecue. Tilly would be ower t' moon!"

She flounced off. What should she do? Oh why not, she decided they'd go to the barbecue.

Baz arrived to take over as resident DJ claiming to be twice as good as Les Battersby. Mind you, in his red satin shirt and tight, white trousers he looked just as daft. Next to arrive were St Davy's Ambulance Crew, Barbara and Deborah, just on hand in case of slight injuries.

Marto was getting agitated, "Duffy and Benson are t' chefs, it's time they were here. Ah know what's 'appened, Benson's missus 'as bought 'im a new tin of Brasso an' 'e'll be sat polishin' 'is gold!"

Two minutes later the two of them arrived complete with chefs hats.

"You two 'urry up an' tek yer places at the barbie. Barbara, go on, set 'em off!"

Barb looked at him as she replied, "Davy, two minutes ago 'ah was Florence Nightingale, now yer want me as Fern

Brittain. Mek yer mind up!"

"OK Barb, do yer Fern bit.

"Orright lads," said Barbara, "ready, steady, cook!"

They were off! Sausages crackled and burgers spit, steaks smelt delicious. The music struck up and the booze flowed freely. Two hours later the barbecue was in full swing, Davy and Tilly's friends were having a marvellous time.

The two of them sat back and Davy remarked, "Isn't it nice to be nice!"

Tilly looked towards the back street as she said, "Don't speak too soon, look over there!"

Davy took one look and groaned. There, all dressed up, were Julie, Linda, Gillian, and Jayne. They were already well sloshed.

Julie as usual, gob almighty, said, "This is a surprise for you and Tilly. Tonight Davy we are going to be ABBA!"

Baz turned the volume up high. Their voices shrieked out, "Mama Mia, here I go aga-a-ain, my, my, how can I forget you . . ."

They twisted and turned and danced doing all the actions. They were brilliant and received a standing ovation!

"More, more," cried the audience.

That was like a red rag to four bulls. Next came 'Waterloo' followed by 'Money, Money, Money.' They were doing really well until Jayne and Julie forgot the words. They ended up singing 'Dancing Queen' and it all went wrong. Gillian grabbed Julie. Jayne went to part them and got smacked in the eye. Linda shouted, "Jacko! Ger 'em a pint o' sangria each, that'll shut their gobs!"

Baz waded in and sorted it all out. They got their drinks and thankfully things calmed down, Davy heaving a sigh of relief.

Tabby approached Barbara, "Will yer show me 'ow to work Davy's washer Barb? 'E's promised to wash 'er next door's sheets an' 'ah though ah'd 'elp 'im out an' do 'em but 'ah don't know 'ow to go on."

Barbara had drank a few lagers and was having none of it. "Now listen 'ere, Tabby, first 'ah was Florence Nightingale, then Fern Brittain. Now ah'll be damned if ah'm gonna be Dot Cotton! Clear off!"

Tabby walked away. Somehow he had to get those sheets washed. He messed about with Davy's washer and pressed a few buttons. Suddenly it started. Bingo! Tabby was in business!

Baz was again shouting, "Who's our next act pl-e-e-a-se?"

A voice piped up from a deck chair, "This shangria's (hic) the best drink I've hever (hic) had and 'ah can shing (hic) like Alma Cogan."

It was 'er next door! She was well and truly drunk as a lord!

"Who the 'eck's Alma Cogan," 'Abba' shouted.

Baz piped up, "I 'aven't got 'er in mi repot' wor."

With great difficulty, 'er next door got to her feet.

"I'm halso very good at Tina (hic) Turner, Basil. Have you got (hic) 'Shimply the Best?' Baz had.

Rocking from side to side she pulled her skirt up above her knees as she took hold of the microphone. 'Im next door ran in' for his camcorder. He wasn't going to miss this for all the burgers on the barbie.

"I want a backing group please (hic)."

Baz, again taking charge, said, "Right you four ovver there, get behind Tina!"

The said 'four', Joyce Watts, Freda Green, Jigger's missus and Ann Hutchy stood firm.

"No we're not, Baz, cos tonight we are Boney M!"

There was uproar.

Baz shouted, "Yer can still be Boney M backin' Tina Turner, an' wot were yer gonna sing anyway?"

Joyce said arrogantly, "I'd Like to Get You on a Slow Boat to China!"

Baz said, "Boney M 'ave nivver bin near a 'Slow Boat to China', they sailed down the 'Rivers of Babylon'!"

Jigger's missus shouted back, "It doesn't matter which watter they were on, we're not doin' it!"

Freda was keen to give it 'rock all' and managed to talk them into giving it a go, and they certainly did!

'Er next door had borrowed a pair of high heels from somewhere and with her skirt held high she 'strutted her stuff,' marching up and down and swinging her hips. As she stood in front of 'im, gyrating her body to and fro, he began to sweat and the camcorder shook!

Boney M were brilliant, giving the 'do-ah, do-ah' their best and rocking to the music. Everyone was in stitches with laughter, shouting and egging her on. The more they shouted, the more she 'rocked and rolled'! After bringing the house down she finally fell down!

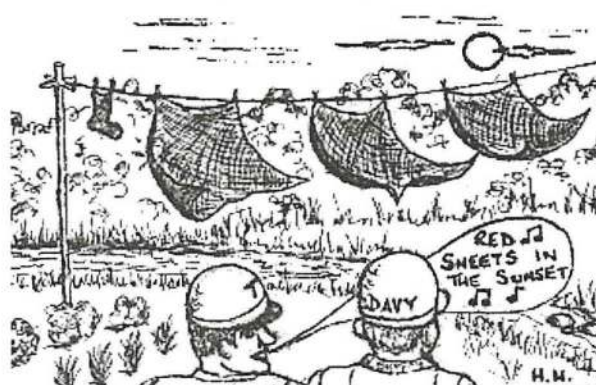
Jigger and Baz picked her up and sat her in a deck chair where she slumbered into a drunken stupor.

Boney M carried on singing whilst the party raged on into the early hours. Finally, at 3.30am, Davy and Tilly pulled down the curtain on the show and observed the chaos. 'Bodies' were laid everywhere, but what a night it had been! Tilly looked across the allotments and remarked, "Davy, whose are them bright red sheets?"

Davy looked, "Blimey, they're 'er's, wot's 'appened to 'em?"

Tabby stood up, one red sock on and one off, "Tonight Davy Lamp, ah've got mi own back!"

Then, looking straight at Davy, he sang,



"Red sheets in the sunset,
Blowing over the beck
Watch out in the morning,
Cos she'll wring yer neck!"

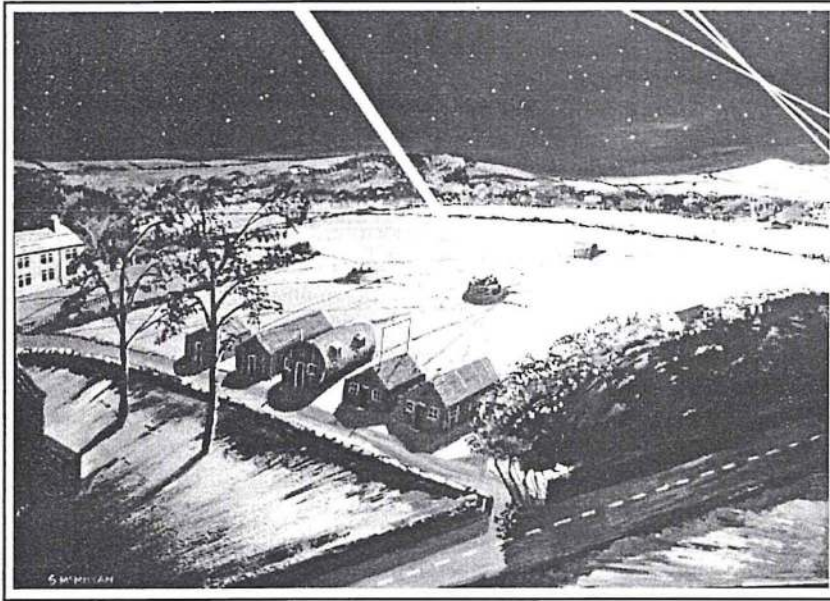
Davy stood up with his fists clenched.

Tabby sauntered away saying, "If yer give it, Davy, yer 'ave to tek it!"

77

Barn's Farm Search Light

by Stuart McMillan



Barn's Farm Search Light

In my research into the military history of this area you sometimes hit a brick wall - this was the case with the Barns Farm search light. We knew the site had existed but we could not put our finger on its exact position. I had asked a few of the older Skelton residents but no-one remembered it, which I found strange as it would have stuck out like a sore thumb at night.

I had almost given up hope that it had ever existed. Then, when researching local Skelton men whose names are on a 202 Auxillary unit 'Churchills secret army' list from the Public Records Office I was given the name of Mrs Stainthorpe, nee Bunning, who as a child resided at Poultry House near Barns Farm, the house being the game keepers house for Skelton Castle.

Mrs Stainthorpe gave me in great detail the location of this search light site which was in the field in front of her house. From these

details I constructed a plan and drawing of the site which you can see reproduced on this page.

Mrs Stainthorpe also put me in touch with a serviceman who served on the site and had stayed in touch with her family. As a rule we need at least two or three independent witnesses to confirm any site unless there are official records, photo's or site plans. I contacted Mr Reynolds who now lives in Wolverhampton by letter, sending him some questions and the plan and drawing. In a very short time came back his reply reproduced below:

"Dear Stuart

Thank you for your letter concerning your research into the the site at Barns Farm, Skelton.

I am now 80 years of age and of course the memory diminishes over the years, and in my case I was only attached to Barns Farm temporarily for approximately eleven months as my Regiment was the Royal Artillery all the others were Royal Northumberland Fusiliers. There were no officers on site, they were stationed at H.Q. with the exception of one N.C.O.

The actual plan of Barns Farm is very good, but I have put a small cross to the right of the search light on your drawing as there was a Lister Generator situated there, which provided electricity for the search light, and on the extreme right I have marked with a small circle where the latrines were situated.

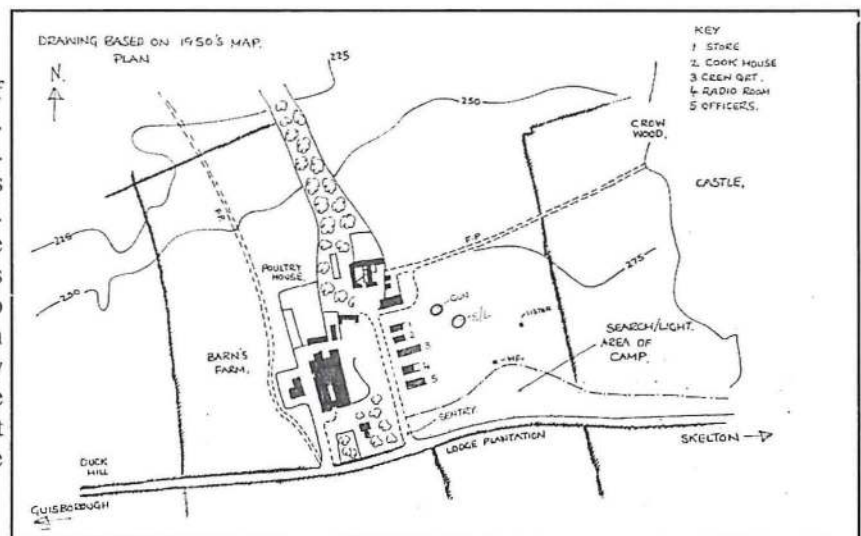
I am sorry I do not have any photos of the crew or site and apologise again for the lack of information to help you with your project, but I wish you well in all that you are doing.

Good luck

Jack Reynolds."

Mr Reynolds also gave me more details of the site from the questions which I sent him. He did not know when the site was set up. We know it was in 1939, though Mrs Stainthorpe says it was as early as 1938. They were in radio contact with Hutton Gate Camp which was H.Q. The site was protected by a Lewis gun manned by two men. There were approximately twenty men on site at any one time and they had a utility van as transport. I was sad to learn that the dispatch rider for this site was killed at Lingdale cross roads - not all soldiers were killed in action.

Stuart McMillan



A History of Whorlton Castle

by Stuart McMillan

High on a hill near the village of Swainby stand the ruins of Whorlton Castle, which was quite unique being more of a fortified house than an actual castle. Like others in the area, the castle you see today was built after William the Conqueror's conquest of England in 1066, the Normans taking land from the Saxons. The remains of a 14th Century gate house are all that are visible from the Stokesley to A19 road.

After the Conquest, possession of the land was given to the Count of Mortain, a half-brother to William I, and the younger brother of Bishop Odo of Bayeux; and permission was given to the building of a castle near Swainby at Whorlton spelt Wirueltun(e) in the Domesday Book. It is believed to have been one of the first castles built in this area after the Conquest.

When the count died his land and castles passed to his son William, but around 1100 the family rebelled against Henry I. William was banished and the castle passed to the crown. The land passed to the Meynells who appeared as Lords of Whorlton and made their land a baronial seat. During the reign of Henry III the land and castle passed into the custody of the Archbishop of Canterbury who's agent was the last Lord Meynell, who held the cup from which the Archbishop drank on his consecration.

Lord Nicholas Meynell was succeeded by his daughter as the only heir. She married John D'Arcy and their son, Philip, inherited the estate in the 1380's. He then went on to marry the daughter of Thomas Gray of Hetton. Philip died in 1419 without leaving a male heir so the estate was divided between his two young daughters, Margaret and Elizabeth.

Elizabeth went on to marry Sir James Strangeways sharing the estates and castle. The Strangeways also had no heirs so the land reverted to the Crown and then to King Henry VIII. Henry then granted the land to his sister, Lady Margaret and her husband Matthew Stewart, the Earl Of Lennox. Margaret was Queen of Scotland by her first marriage to James IV who was killed at the battle of Flodden in 1513. The Lennox's had one son, Lord Darnley, who was to become famous as the husband of Mary Queen of Scots. Darnley was murdered by the Scottish Lords who blew up his house with gunpowder. Legend has it that the marriage lines were signed within the walls of Whorlton Castle but history has proved that they were in fact signed at Stirling Castle.

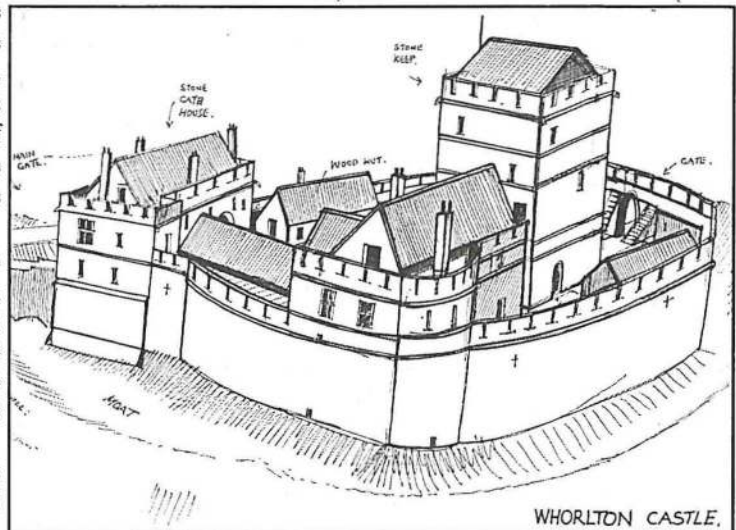
Time went by and the lands passed to the Percies of Northumberland and down through their family until the reign of Elizabeth I when the land once again became possession of the Crown and was granted to Edward Bruce of Kinloss. His son Thomas was granted the title of Lord Bruce of Whorlton by King Charles I and in turn, his son was created the Marquis of Ailesbury by Charles II. The castle continued in the family until it was purchased by a Mr Jas Emerson and they possibly still own the land until this day.

Nothing remains much of Whorlton Castle except the massive gate house, moat and some cellars at the rear. To get to the castle you turn off the main road and enter Swainby at the first major entrance to the village. Travelling with the beck to your right take the first lane on the left and that will lead you out of the village and to the castle on the hill after approximately half a mile.

There is plenty of safe parking, but please remember the castle and land around is private property, there is no access to the upper parts of the gate house.

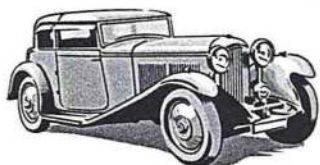
As you approach the gate house with it's imposing front, you will see the shields with the family crests of the D'Arcy and the Gray arms who were in place around the reign of Richard II. Above them is a shield bearing the crest of the Strangeway's family. Stop and take and look at the deep moats - one inner and one outer with just the inner still visible. Enter through the gate, which once had a portcullis, into the main part of the gate house with its exposed windows and fireplaces. Some of the inner walls have been stone-robbd leaving just the bare shell with its corridors on its second level, access to which was via a spiral staircase to your right, though access to the next level is blocked by horizontal bars. Continue through the next gate which also had a portcullis and you will enter the main part of the castle. Nothing much remains of it except a vaulted cellar and some steps. If you look back from the remaining floor above the cellar at the gate house you will see to the left of the building the outline of a roof that is the only reminder of the original building which once stood there.

History can be vague but local legend has it that during Civil War, the castle was garrisoned by the kings men and attacked by Roundheads who took it and, as was the practice, the castle was dismantled and rendered useless.



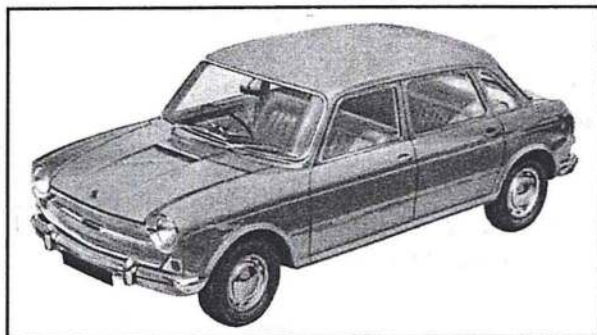
How Whorlton Castle may have looked

SM



Eddie's Car Page

by *Eddie Hartley*



Austin 1800 - 1964

Let's go back to 1964 – which car do you imagine was the winner? It was, in fact, the Austin 1800, now fondly known as the 'landcrab'. In 1965 the Renault 16, and in 1967 the NSU RO 80 – remember them with the Wankel rotary engine? In 1968 one of France's best ever minicabs won – the Peugeot 504, followed in 1969 by the Italian Fiat 128.

You can draw many comparisons between the European Car of the Year Awards and the Eurovision Song Contest. Both tend to get mass appeal, middle of the road winners and no-one would admit to caring a hoot about the results . . . but we all watch to see who wins. Like the songs in Eurovision, the cars must be genuinely new and not modified or face-lifted.



Chrysler Alpine - 1976



Rover SDI - 1977

To start off the 70's, in came the Citroen GS Club and in 1976 (you'll remember this one!) the Chrysler Alpine. In 1977 the winner was the Rover SDI – this car cost Rover its reputation for quality.

Into the 80's and we start off with the Lancia Delta and in 1981 our own Mk III Ford Escort. 1985 saw the Opel Kadett at the top of the list and in 1987 Opel scored again with their Omega. The Fiat Tipo closes the 80's decade.

In the 90's we started with Citroen's XM flagship. In 1992 the winner was the VW Golf and 1994 saw the Mondeo score for Ford. 1997 was the year of the Renault Megane Scenic and last year's European Car of the Year was the Ford Focus.

These are all getting too modern for me – as you know I'm a 'classic car' buff so I'm off for a ride now in a proper car . . . a Riley 4/72.

Eddie Hartley

'To Be A Farmer's Boy'

Brian Templeman, of Liverton Mines, would like to thank everyone who took the time and trouble to send him the lyrics and music to the Farmer's Boy. Brian has been poorly of late - from all of us at The Key - get well soon Brian.

A Few Facts - 1956

1. Yellow parking lines are introduced
2. The first Premium Bonds go on sale
3. In Chicago the video recorder is demonstrated for the first time
4. Rocky Marciano retires undefeated
5. Real Madrid win the first European Cup
6. The Eurovision Song Contest is first televised

Adam's Journey to Freedom

Adam Derring was a young man of 17 living happily with his mother, father and two sisters in Janow, Poland. When the news was flashed all around the world that the German army had invaded Poland the Polish people, especially the young men, were very frightened - they had cause to be.

Adam, along with a group of other young lads, was captured and taken along to a railway yard where they were herded onto a train and transported to Germany to work on the farms.

As the weeks went by, peace talks between Germany and Great Britain failed and the invasion of the rest of Europe began.

The army needed help to build German fortifications in occupied territory. Adam once again found himself on a train, this time bound for northern France.

Things were very hard and Adam would often wonder about the plight of the rest of his family, knowing that they also would be worrying about him.

As the days turned into weeks the war in Europe became more intense and allied bombers flew sortie after sortie overhead. Eventually, Adam's group, much to their dismay, were told they would be returned to Germany.

That evening, at great risk to their lives, 21 Poles got together and decided to flee the camp. Adam recalls every detail of that particular night, "It was a most beautiful night, warm and dry with clear skies."

Having no idea whatsoever of where to go or how to make contact with anyone they began to walk. For seven days and nights they tramped, living on any scraps of food they could find, mostly apples. A few had a container of sorts which they would fill with water at every opportunity. Many a time this would be from a puddle of dirty water but it quenched their thirst and kept them going. Their numbers increased to 41 as other Polish men joined them on their journey.

Finally, their luck ran out as they rested beside the River Seine. The 'FFI', part of the 'underground' French resistance movement, captured them all and once again they became prisoners. The FFI didn't know what to do with them. They didn't know who they were or where they had come from, so in their ignorance, they handed them over to the American troops. They were transported by lorry to Paris and left, by now frightened and bereft, in an internment camp run by the French authorities.

Adam remembers looking round and thinking, "What am I doing here? For how long? Where to next?" All daunting thoughts for such an innocent young man.



Adam in his early twenties



(to be continued in the next issue . . .)

22

BARTONS SOLICITORS

95 High Street, Skelton



*Free Legal Advice
Conveyancing, Housing
Family Problems, Divorce
Debt, Crime, Accidents*

*We will consider your problems
and give advice entirely free*

01287 651521

Widowhood Suppliers (Timber Merchants)

introducing

The MDF Warehouse (Manufacturers in MDF)

Large stocks of
Graded Building Timbers
Fencing, Boards, Rails,
Pailings & Panels
Sheet Materials & Machined Timber

**Yard at Cliff Avenue, Carlin How
Tel: 01287 642601**



IAN KIRKBRIGHT

*Kitchens - Bedrooms
Bathrooms
Plumbing & Heating*

General Maintenance & Repairs

19 Pennine Way, Skelton
Tel: 01287 650164

Shop recently opened at
28 Boosbeck Rd, Skelton Green
(old Co-Op)



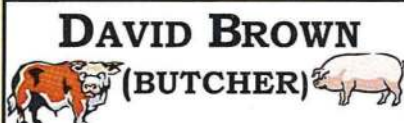
CURLY TOPS

Unisex Salon

*Friendly, Efficient
Service from Pauline
Ann & Kay*

**Competitive Prices &
Special Offers
Throughout the year**

Phone 01287 650257



DAVID BROWN

(BUTCHER)

**Ducklings & Chickens
Fresh from Local Farms**

**Hand Raised Stand Pies
A Variety of
Home Cooked Meats**

**Orders Taken
Phone 01287 650278**

PHIL TABERNER



**Plastering - Artexing - Coving
Guttering - Roofing
All Small Building Work**

6 Layland Rd, North Skelton

**Home Phone - 01287 650815
Mobile - 07974 463555**

Elmora Nurseries

North Skelton

**Shrubs, Conifers
and Climbers
Fresh Flowers
and Pot Plants
Fresh Fruit & Veg**

OPEN 7 DAYS

TEL: 01287 652105



Bull's Head

North Skelton



**August Bank Holiday Weekend
Sat 26th Aug - 60's Night
Music by the original Zephyrs
(reformed this year)**

**Sun 27th - Quiz Night
(prizes in excess of £200)**

Tel: 01287 650624

INGLEBYS

Estate Agents



103 High St, Skelton

Tel: 01287 653365

**also offices
at Redcar (01642) 473300
& Saltburn (01287) 623648**

G Boocock & Sons

Holmbeck Garage

**Open 7 Days
Mon to Fri 7am - 9pm
Saturday 7am - 7.30pm
Sunday 9am - 5pm**



**Forecourt Shop, Auto Parts
& Accessories
Competitive Prices
& Friendly Service
Tel: 01287 653847**

Snappy Snacks

Holmbeck Road



**Sandwich Bar
Off Licence
Frozen Foods**

**Photocopying & Faxing
Gifts & Haberdashery
Cakes & Confectionery**

Tel: 01287 654700

Snappy Snacks

Holmbeck Road

**Vinyl Signwriting
Shops, Vans, Cars, etc
(Print & Cut)**

**Business Stationery
& Digital Imagery**

Tel: 01287 654700

**You can now do your
personal banking at**

North Skelton Post Office

**We now act as Agent for
Alliance & Leicester Co-op Bank,
Lloyds TSB and Barclays Bank**

Tel: 01287 650864

North Skelton Workingmen's Club

**Don't forget the Annual
Flower & Vegetable Show
Sunday 27th August**

**A warm & friendly welcome
from Lyndsey & Alan Duffy
awaits anyone who pops in for a pint**

Tel 01287 652921

S.B.G.

**Insurance &
Property Sales**

**Motor &
Home Specialists**



01287 650994