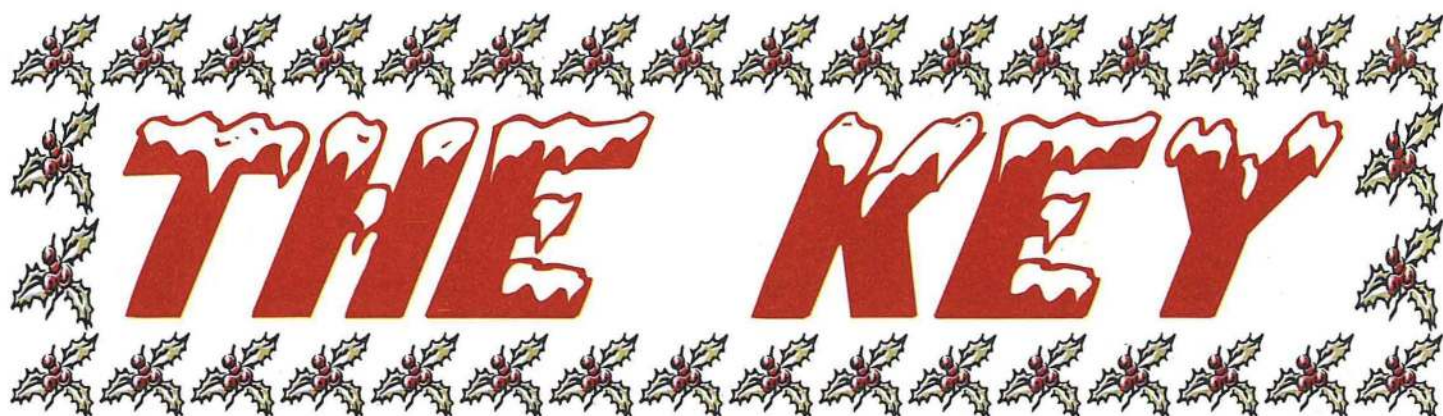


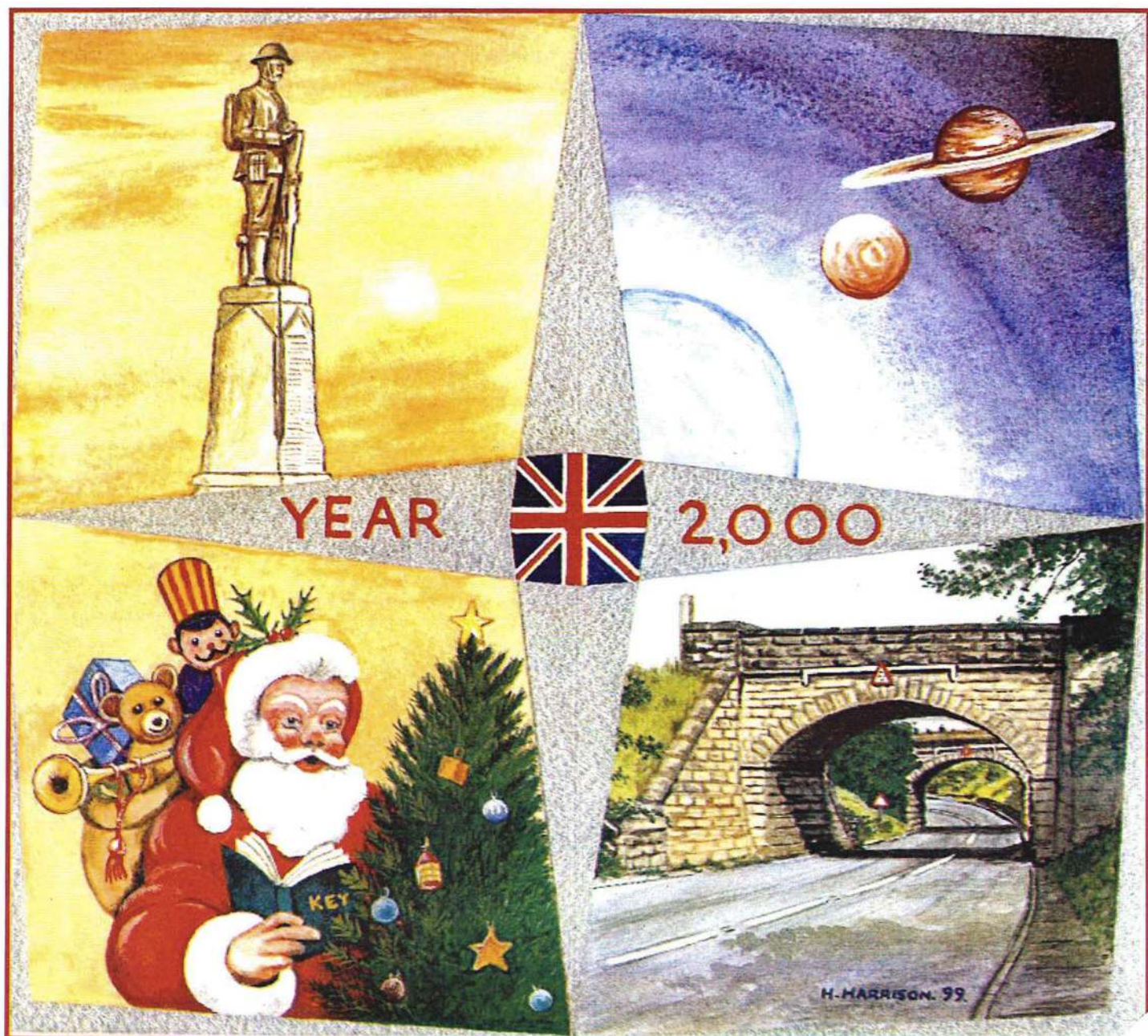
ISSUE NO. 26

DECEMBER 1999 & MILLENNIUM 2000



THE KEY

 **A NEWSPAPER FOR NORTH SKELTON & LAYLAND**



Editorial



May I wish all our readers a very happy and prosperous New Millennium.

To mark this momentous occasion we have published this special 24 page edition of 'The Key' covering a variety of subjects, people and events from the village's history.

We began publishing 'The Key' back in 1991 as part of the A.N.S. scheme and are proud to have reached Issue No 25. From its humble beginnings, although we have tried to keep the basic format of the magazine the same, we are continually trying to improve its quality and content.

The introduction of a coloured front and back page a couple of years ago attracted many admirers and new readers and we have since received many letters of congratulations from far and wide of which we are extremely proud.

Of course, 'The Key' still remains free of charge to all residents of North Skelton and Leyland as part of the original agreement but, due to increasing printing and publishing costs, we have to charge a small fee to those who request the magazine from outside the village. These readers may donate any amount they wish from a minimum of 30p per copy. 'The Key' can be obtained from myself at the address below or from Park Newsagency, Skelton.

(To the scum who stole 'The Key' donation tin from Skelton Co-Op I wish you nothing but bad luck.)

We continue to rely heavily on you, the villagers, for your continued support in providing stories and photographs, from both past and present, in order to fill our pages, but sometimes we need to venture further afield for material. However, we still try to relate to our local area and have had an excellent response to some of these articles. An example is Stuart McMillan's history of old castles in this district which has proved extremely popular with both young and old.

To keep up to our present standard we continue to seek funding support from a wide range of sources. On this subject we would like to take this opportunity to thank those of you again for your donations, letters and phone calls.

I would like thank my brother Don, who is responsible for the layout of the magazine, using a desk top publishing program, Stuart Fawcett, our Treasurer, and Design & Print who produce around 1000 copies of the finished product. Happy Millennium to you all!

Finally, I hope we can continue to provide you with interest, nostalgia and pleasure in future editions of 'The Key' well into the next Millennium!

*Norma Templeman, 7 Bolckow Street, North Skelton, Saltburn, Cleveland TS12 2AN
Tel. 01287 653853*

or e-mail us at: don@burluroux1.freeserve.co.uk

Some Special Thank You's

We would like to thank and wish a happy Millennium to the following voluntary residents who have worked tirelessly for the good of the village:

Jean Sychala who accepts and puts right any sewing problem brought to her - I don't think she has ever turned anyone away. Jean has also worked very hard for many years for the OAP of North Skelton. Thank you and we wish you well.



And to **June Hodgson** who has walked miles and miles for the good of many charities and for North Skelton. We thank you June and wish you good luck in your new home.



I would personally like to thank **Bryan Payne** for his lovely comment in a recent letter he sent me. In it he said, "Waiting for the next 'Key' to drop through my letter box is just like running home from school years ago and sitting in front of the wireless waiting for 'Dick Barton - Special Agent, and Snowy' to come on!" What

a lovely comparison, Bryan. Happy Millennium to you, my old pal - Norma.

North Skelton Social Activities

Marjorie & Jean would like to thank **Pat, Peggy, Norma, Christine, Karen and Jean** for all the help they gave in 1999, and to everyone who kindly donated prizes, cakes, etc., not forgetting '**Curly Tops**', and the **Post Office** for collecting the 'Totes' and **Alan & Lyndsey** at North Skelton Workingmens Club for drawing the numbers every week.

News Flash...



'Senior Citizens over 65's' - your Christmas Party will be held in the Village Hall on Saturday, 18th December at 4.30pm. Please ring Marjorie - 650106 or Jean - 652025 if you wish to attend.

Grateful thanks to the **TSB Bank** and **Mr Peter Ellis** for the grant of £2,500. This is to be used for publishing costs and equipment,

and to



ntl, the local cable communications company, for your generous donation of £100.

The Reason Why Our Village Exists

As the years pass, more and more younger residents of North Skelton are becoming less aware of why the village exists. This is through no fault of their own but due to the fact that it's mainly the older members



North Skelton Mine

of the population who remember the early history of the village because they are actually part of it. Perhaps now is a good time, with a new millenium approaching, to look back in history.

Like many other villages in the area, North Skelton owes its existence to the mining of ironstone. Before the discovery of deposits of ironstone the area around the village was concerned primarily with agriculture.

The first edition Ordnance Survey map published in 1856 shows no trace of the village at all, the only buildings occupying the site being those of a farm called 'Foggo', situated to the east of Trout Hall.

In the middle of the last century the exploitation of ironstone began and many mines were opened up in East Cleveland. In 1872, Bell Brothers opened up North Skelton Mine which was the deepest mine in Cleveland. The actual village of North Skelton was then built to house the workers at the mine.

According to the 1881 Census, Bolckow, Wharton, William, Richard and Vaughan Streets had all been built, and the population was 1,241.

The miners had been attracted from such areas as Northumberland, Nottinghamshire, Cornwall and Wales. After the initial rapid period of growth, the population apparently stabilized, since the 1891 Census states there were 1,195 men, women and children living in the village.

North Skelton ironstone mine continued in production into the 20th century, and the lives of the people of the village, who depended upon it for their existence, doubtless continued much the same. An Ordnance Survey map of 1930 shows very few changes in the intervening years.

However, as the years of mining took their toll, problems began to loom on the horizon for the whole of the region. The quality of the stone began to decline and better quality ore was being imported from abroad. The mines began to close, one by one, until North Skelton was the only one left. It finally closed down on 17th January, 1964, and with it the excavation of ironstone in the Cleveland area came to an end.

With the closing of the mine, the reason for the village's existence disappeared. However, North Skelton wasn't dead yet, and after a period of high unemployment, the men and womenfolk of the village began to find work at Wilton ICI, Skinningrove & Lackenby Works and Skelton Industrial Estate. As transport communications improved, and more people came to own their own cars, workplaces further afield became easier to reach.

The prospects for the villagers of North Skelton are now much brighter than in the previous 35 or so years since the mine closed. However, we must never forget those splendid men, but for whose bravery and hard toil the village of North Skelton would never have existed in the first place. Perhaps the moving poem below, 'Of Ironstone Men and Mines', tells us their story in the best way.

DB

*In gagging, wretched dust and dirt
By feeble candlelight they worked
Muscles aching, sinews cracked,
Alone in the dripping, Stygian black
Where only the whites of their eyes they showed
While hack, hack, hacking at the lode.
Danger, blackness all around,
Crawling over rock sharp ground,
Reborn each shift end from mother
earth's womb
From those man-torn ironstone catacombs.*

*To this eerie world our forefathers came
From debt, uncertainty or perhaps
workhouse shame,
Rather than belong to the ranks of the poor
Joined the migration to
North Yorkshire's moors
New steam-age travellers with life
hardened wills
Drawn like a magnet to those bleak
northern hills.*

*With all senses strained for gas and rock falls,
Amid water, sludge and dark slimy walls,
And tap, tap, tapping the charge in the lode,
Then a measured black hiss till it explodes.
They learned fast to be cautious did these brave
men*

*Who dug at the rock face with dust in
their phlegm.*

*Swelling the populace of Middlesbrough town
To free the ironstone from deep underground,
With few possessions, children and wife,
Their hopes and ambitions to start a new life.
So they honeycombed hills around
Guisborough town
and started to take Roseberry Topping down.
Dwelt in granite villages on grey,
windswept hills,*

*To toil for blast furnaces, factories and mills.
Twisting and turning their hammered reams
To free more ore from thick Cleveland seams
Sickly, sulphured water dripping down upon
their heads,
Unable to smoke, they chewed baccy instead.
Dark and damp with flickering lamp sending
their spoil to the sun
To pay the rent, to buy the food. Praise God,
another day's money was won.*

Of Ironstone Men And Mines

by Eric J Last

*Ore taken from these mines' rich veins
By miner, pit horse, by tub, by train,
To blast furnace, to yard and
manufacturing works.
Additions, subtractions in ledgers by clerks.*

*At Eston and Skelton, Boosbeck and Stanghow,
Those great miners were then booming,
but so silent now.*

*As the dockweed, nettles and brambles reclaim
The last working signs of these once
famous names*

*It's so easy to imagine now the air fans' whine
After touring the museum at the old
Loftus mine.*

*The clatter of horses, suck, hiss of great pumps,
Rattle of the narrow gauge on the
points and humps.*

*Rusty swing of the tubs, laden with stone
And heavy steam machinery that would shake
to the bone.*

*The banter of the miners, each in
whom they trust,
Squinting into daylight, eyes blinking
free of dust.*

*Elderberry flourishes over the desolate
shale tips
Where our forefathers once laboured with
hammers and picks,
And from empty ruins of pit stables,
roofless and torn,
From darkness to darkness, horses were led,
each dawn
To heave heavy ore tubs from the
heart of the mine
Along where now nettles and brambles hide
the narrow gauge line.*

*To those stern, proud Victorian
moustachioed chaps
Sepia photoed with shovels,
waistcoats and caps,
Who lived out their brave lives in
Boulby or Staithees,
Now also with nettles and brambles
covering their graves*

*Long gone is that era and those men of iron
Under 'M' in this millenium in the
archives of time
But are those miners resting now, in their
life end's longest dream
Or are their spirits out there still, at the
lightless, thick main seam?
Hearing comrades' ghostly echoes on those
lonely dusty draughts
Which will forever whisper down,
along countless dark, deep, endless shafts.*

Defence of Britain Project

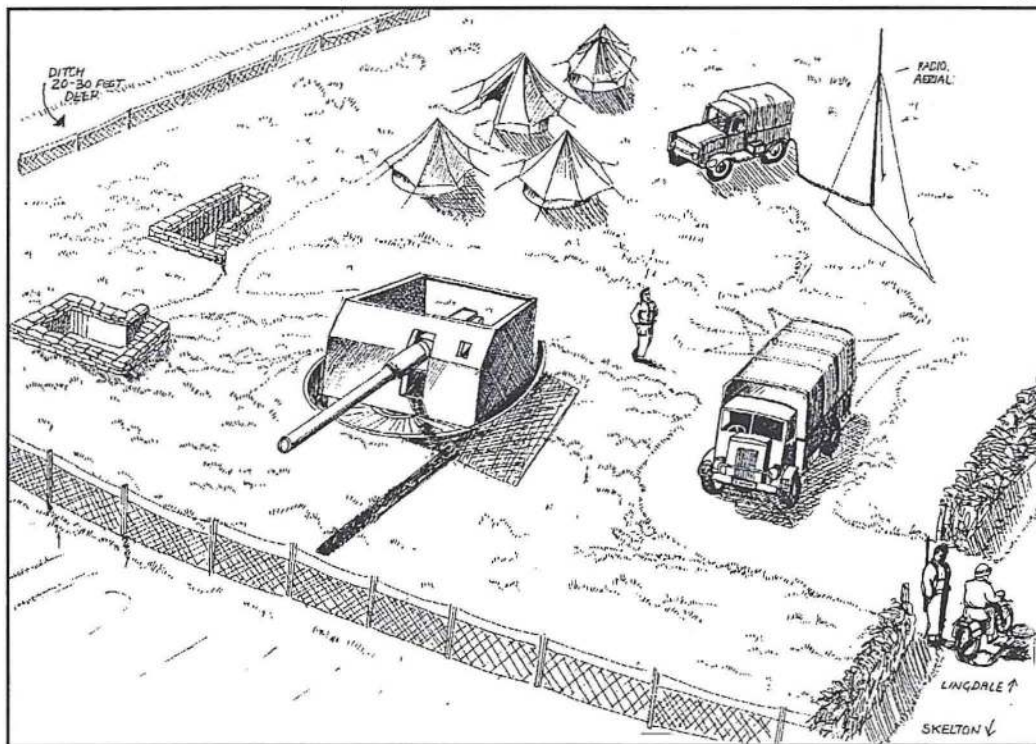
Do some of you older residents remember the Durham Light Infantry camp on Skelton Road, now the playing-field beside the bowling green, which we now know was in use up until, and just after, the outbreak of World War II?

We now think that the site of the camp originated as a 'catchment/recruitment' centre for the D.L.I. in World War I under the command of Colonel Wharton, which meant that it must have been in existence for at least 25 years. It was a very big camp, one of the largest in this area, and during that period may have housed as many as 2,000 servicemen. Some of the foundations are still visible today when the grass is cut, though part of the camp was removed when the football field was created. Could the the present bowls clubhouse have been part of the camp, maybe housing army supplies during the last war?

The camp/playing-field has now been designated an S.M.I. (Site of Military Importance) but this should have no effect on the proposed development of the area unless something of historical importance is discovered on the site.

Over the past few weeks, I and a few colleagues have been going through pre- and World War II copies of the Whitby Gazette on behalf of the Defence of Britain Project, a great way to obtain information and have a good read about local life. The copies are kept in Whitby Museum along with other fascinating papers dating back as far as ships' logs from the whaling period. We found this article from the 7th July, 1939, edition of the Whitby Gazette:

"A collision occurred on Friday evening on Skelton Road, near the camp of the Durham Light Infantry. Private James Smith, a dispatch-rider, who resides in Villies Street, West Hartlepool, was detained in the camp hospital. Private Smith was coming out of the camp when he was in collision with a car driven by Mr Benjamin Robinson, of Red Lion Street, Redcar."



How the gun site at Claphow may have looked

or guns that were located at Claphow, on what is now Green's Builder's yard, just in front of what was then, Lingdale Mine? The gun/guns may have been very large 5" or 6" models and were possibly manned by the Royal Navy - they were known locally as the 'Navy's Guns' and were fired from there, over Skelton, and out into the North Sea. The concrete base still existed until Mr Green built his yard in the 1960's.

During the last few months, the Defence of Britain Project has been trying to locate a World War II tank in a bog near Whitby. The tank, believed to be a 'Valentine', was, to the best of the local farmer's knowledge, never recovered. In fact, his uncle, during one summer period when the bog dried out, actually stood on the turret. Despite a couple of attempts with 'time-team' equipment, we have yet to locate the tank, although, like the 'Loch Ness Monster', we know it is there! This story is currently attracting the attention of the local TV and newspaper media.

The tank belonged to the 30th Armoured Brigade, which consisted of the 1st Lothian Borders, the 22nd Dragoon Guards and the Westminster Dragoon Guards. These troops were first based at Whitby and then Duncombe Park, near Helmsley, and went on to spear-head the D-Day landings. If we manage to recover it, the tank, which was one of many lost on the moors, will become a centre-piece in a museum at Duncombe Park, designed to commemorate the 30th Armoured Brigade.

Stuart McMillan

An Act Of Bravery

I have often wondered, if ever I was confronted with a life threatening situation, how would I react? Forty four years ago, a 15 year old boy from North Skelton had no hesitation in risking his own life in an attempt to save three of his younger friends when they found themselves in difficulty in the sea off Saltburn beach. Ian Gething left school at 15 and went to work for Gladders & Sons of Saltburn as a milk roundsman. His round included Saltburn and Marske and this meant him leaving his home at 17 Richard Street at 4am every morning. His leisure time appeared to be spent either playing football on Tommy Robinson's field or damming the beck down 'the slack' where he and his friends could splash and splodge at their heart's content. 'Skinny dipping' was very popular with the young in those days - we, at Lingdale, made our dam in Moorsholm Wood. Probably, the most exciting times were during the summer holidays, when he and numerous other boys from the village biked down to Saltburn to enjoy a frolic in the sea. None of them were particularly strong swimmers, so waist deep was their 'plimsoll line'.

One fine and sunny day, August 14th, 1955, a day that will be forever etched in Ian's memory, things went tragically wrong. Coming home from work, he found out that three of his friends had earlier gone to the beach. As it was during the summer holidays, this number would have normally been much greater but some of the lads had gone on the Club trip to Scarborough - a popular resort in those days!

Ian bolted his dinner and sped off down Saltburn Lane to join his mates, Jeff Laker, 'Lal' Pearson and Alan Rawson, who were already in the sea. After a short while in the water, Ian, for some unknown reason, decided he had had enough. He turned to head for the shore but, on glancing over his shoulder, he

soon realised his friends were experiencing some difficulty and appeared to be getting out of their depth. Without hesitation, he headed back into the deeper water where Jeff Laker lay face down, apparently unconscious. Ian managed to eventually get him out of the water and onto the beach.

Ian's physical presence over his younger colleagues was proving to be a 'life saver'. 'Lal' Pearson was next to be assisted to safety and the pair of them helped to resuscitate Jeff. A search was then mounted for Alan Rawson. By this time, others had joined in the rescue and, much to his annoyance, some were trying to 'save' Ian! Tragically, in the gathering gloom, the search for Alan proved to be unsuccessful and had to be called off. Reluctantly, the searchers, who by this time had been joined by a boat launched from the Ship Inn, returned to the shore to console the survivors. Jeff Laker was then taken to hospital, leaving Ian and 'Lal' to wend their weary way home where Ian was 'told off' for coming in late.

In recognition of Ian's bravery, the villagers, led by Olive Templeman and Harriet Calvert, organised a collection to buy and inscribe a watch. This was presented to him in the Institute Hall by Mr W Bonas, his ex schoolmaster at Stanghow Lane School. Ever the reluctant hero, Ian had to be dragged from the football field to attend his own presentation. Later on, at Skelton Council Offices, Ian was presented with a bronze medal and a scroll of honour by Superintendent Greenwood from the Royal Humane Society.

Lest We Forget

The inscription on Ian's watch is as follows: "*Presented to Ian Michael Gething in recognition of a brave and noble deed, by the proud inhabitants of North Skelton*".

Time passes and dims people's memories but, to we who can remember, the inscription is still as vivid today as it was then. We are still proud of you Ian!

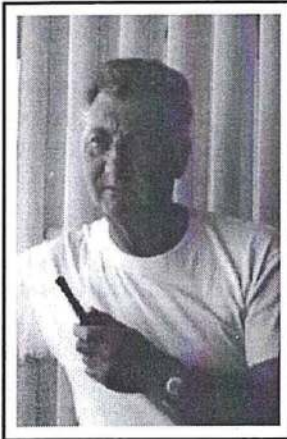


*Ian receives his inscribed watch as a bravery award
L. to R: Mrs Calvert, Ian, Vicar ?, George Berwick,
Mr W Bonas, Olive Templeman*

Jim Ramage

A Learning Experience

by Colin Berwick



Colin Berwick

Long before the time of pre-school and nursery education, children, whose parents so wished, could attend Sunday School.

In my case, Sunday School was held in the chapel which once stood near St Peter's Church on the site now occupied by Boocock's Country Store. I well remember Norah Sturman, later to become Mrs Norah Coates, reading bible stories and helping us with our pieces of poetry which we were to recite at the Anniversary celebration. We sang hymns like "Jesus wants me for a sunbeam", and received an attendance stamp depicting a biblical character which was stuck into a small booklet. The worst part of Sunday School was having to be dressed in our best clothes, but there were compensations. Not only did we learn the basics of Christianity but were able to take advantage of the 'Chapel Treat' - a huge tea provided by parents followed by 'races' in the cricket field.

My first teacher at North Skelton Junior and Infant School was Miss Branch, a kindly woman with great patience. We used a bead frame (abacus) for counting, and cardboard coins to aid our understanding of money - pounds, shillings and pence. We were taught to read and write by the traditional method of learning the letters of the alphabet and their pronunciation before making them into words which were then written down. Not only were we taught literacy and numeracy but also painting, clay modelling, weaving and drama.

In the Junior section the curriculum was widened to include History, Geography, Music, Scripture and Nature Study which included the collection of frog spawn and visits to 'Mucky Lane' to collect leaves and berries which were then used as a basis for Art lessons. The teachers in Junior School were Laura Ramsey (Head Teacher), Gertrude Kirkbright and Marion Richardson who later became Mrs Marion Proctor. Many years later I taught with Marion who eventually ended her teaching career as Deputy Head Teacher at Laurence Jackson School, Guisborough. There were other teachers who taught for short periods including Hannah Kirkbright, the sister of Gertrude. There was almost certainly a shortage of teachers because of the war but we did not seem to be unduly affected by it apart from the lack of books and stationery. There was no school library but occasionally a wooden box full of new books arrived and we were able to borrow copies. I was first introduced to Charles Dickens in this way.

One benefit of wartime schooling was the issue of milk to those children who wanted it. The price was a halfpenny a bottle. For five pence (2p) one could have milk both morning and afternoon for a week. Another novelty was school dinners. We formed a 'crocodile' and walked with our teachers to Stanghow Lane School where the older children there helped we younger ones. I was very grateful to Ena Wilks (Mrs Ena Curnow) for taking me under her wing and showing me the ropes. She was kindness itself to a little lad who was a bit confused about it all. The two-course meal cost five pence a day and two shillings (10p) for the week and must have been a blessing to many mothers who had to cope with rationing. Another side-benefit of the war was that when an air raid continued past midnight, school did not begin until ten o'clock next morning.

But there were other innovations. Instructions on how to use gas masks and what to do during an air raid became part of the curriculum. Evacuees came from nearby towns and cities and brought with them unusual dialects and an unfamiliarity with village life that seemed strange to we who took these things for granted. My grandmother, Mrs Rose Harrison, took in two evacuees, Eddie and Irene Topping from Gateshead. When my grandfather, Richard Harrison, slaughtered one of his pigs, Irene couldn't stop crying and wouldn't touch black pudding or pork for a long time. They settled in well eventually and came to enjoy their lives in this area. Eddie, in fact, returned to the district and worked at 'Guisborough Shirt Factory'.

The boys and girls in my class I remember particularly well were Cyril Wilcock, Gerald Bowers, Tom Templeman, Ted Reece, Enid Moody, Sheila Addison, Annie Smith and Barbara Dixon. One incident which comes to mind and shows the naivety of many village children at that time was when Cyril, Gerald, Ted and I had to go to Guisborough Grammar School to take the second part of the 11-plus examination, or 'scholarship' as it was then known. After the examination we went into the town to catch the bus home. Of course, we got on the wrong bus and were well on the way to Lingdale before we realised our mistake. The bus was stopped and we had to walk back to Guisborough for the next one. I can't imagine today's youngsters making the same mistake - they are much more sophisticated than we were at that age. In fairness to us, we did not often venture far from home. A walk to Boosbeck Empire or Brotton Grand to the 'pictures' was about as far as we went. Some years later I met Tom Templeman in Aldershot when we were both doing our National Service. We were talking about home and he said, "After this, I wouldn't join a Christmas Club!" I knew exactly what he meant.

The class taught by Gertrude Kirkbright contained a mixture of ten and eleven year olds. The children were grouped according to age and, to some extent, by ability. It must have been very difficult for her to cope with the variety of problems which such an arrangement created. Nevertheless, we received a firm grounding in the basic skills of English and Arithmetic and were tested regularly. It was a nervous time when School reports were issued. At the bottom of the sheet was a comment under the heading of 'Conduct'. That was the first thing I looked at because if it was anything less than satisfactory there would be questions asked.

Many people look back to their early years at school with some affection, and that is natural. We remember the good times and friendships made. We forget about the outside toilets; the small playground with a shed for sheltering when it rained; the absence of hot water; the lack of ventilation in summer and the draughts of winter in the cramped classrooms; the tiny desks and oversized classes. It is hard to believe that what is now a DIY store once housed four teachers and a hundred children. It is a credit to those youngsters and their teachers that they overcame such difficulties and made a success of their school - a lesson well learnt!

Colin Berwick

Pubs & Clubs

Ship Inn - Marske

I was fast beginning to run out of local pubs to visit when Norma suggested that I spread my wings a bit and went further afield, namely to Marske.

After a bit of thought, it seemed a great idea for the millennium edition. After all, how many villages were founded halfway through the first millennium, existed through the second, and are still going strong into the third?

I can't say that our pubs have such a long history, but you never know. The first record of any pub I could find was in Baines' Directory of 1823, which listed The Ship and The Anchor. The latter seemed to have sunk without trace because there was no mention of it in any later edition. However, it seems it existed on the site now occupied by Barclays Bank, on the High Street.

By 1840 it had been replaced by The Dundas Arms, further up the High Street on the other side of Redcar Road, and once known as Marske Farm. Its main claim to fame appeared to be that Charles Dickens once stayed overnight there on his way from Redcar to Whitby. By 1867 The Dundas Arms had also ceased to be listed, being replaced by the then, Zetland Arms. It was not until this century that the Clarendon made it into the records. It was then that the Zetland, Clarendon and Ship became known locally as the 'Top', 'Middle' and 'Bottom Houses' respectively. The Frigate and the Mermaid appeared after the war to cope with the new population increases.

The Ship Inn is the one constant in the changing history of Marske, but it would be wrong to assume that it was always the same pub in the same place. There have been three buildings of that name over the years. The first was located on Cliff Terrace and still exists there as a private house. It was replaced by the second Ship Inn on its present site at the beginning of the century, only to be knocked down and replaced by the third and current premises in 1933. More recently, interior renovation has taken place and the original buffet bar and club room have now become a large dining room.

A walk round the dining room will show a large print of the Battle of Trafalgar, originally painted by W P Wylie, ARA. On another wall is a print of Admiral Nelson. The frames on each print carry a brass plate, the one on Nelson's portrait bearing the legend, 'Made from teak wood taken from HMS Collingwood broken up by Hughes, Bolckow & Co Ltd in 1911.' The Collingwood had been under Nelson's command in the years before Trafalgar.

The pub itself is built in the Tudor style and we are told that the oak frontage was originally salvaged from HMS's Collingwood and Southampton. The timber has never been painted but has been regularly stained to preserve its appearance. Recently, the cement rendered walls were repainted pink, but after a local outcry, were restored to their original white. Being a listed building, the owners were not permitted to remove the revolving doors at the front entrance.

I am told that The Ship also has its own private ghost down in the cellar. It isn't the first time that I've come across a haunted pub in the district. I wonder if they're all related!

One customer can recall that the landlord's name, before the War, was King, and that he was succeeded by a Bill Downs. Between them, they held the licence for over 50 years. Things move quicker these days and John Little has only been in residence for 7 months.

Like many other historic buildings, The Ship Inn has had its moments of drama. In 1904, the farmyard at the rear (now the car park) was the site for the 'autumn threshing'. A spark, probably from a traction engine, set the lot alight. Much later, about ten years ago, outside subsidence was caused by the underground drains collapsing. It was then found that although a layout plan existed for the pub's drains, these only flowed into much older farmhouse drains, for which no plan now exists.

I mentioned earlier about a famous guest at a sister pub in Marske. During filming of ITV's 'Heartbeat' some time ago, Nick Berry had a room at The Ship. How about that for fame!

Gordon Fowler



Doc Spot . .



Alternative medicine 1900

Science based medicine is really not very old and one hundred years ago much of what was current practice might now be called 'alternative'.

Many readers will remember the first readily available antibiotic, 'M & B's' which were an early sulphonamide preparation made by the company of the same name.

Mrs Beaton's 'Household Management' is an inspiring source of household practices and includes a vast range of detail including medical treatments. The description 'alternative medicine' had not been used then but I was interested to find a chapter on Homeopathy, a branch of medicine that had been described 100 years previously and continues to be used today. This book does not mention any of the vast array of alternative medicines used today such as supplements, herbs, aromatherapy and acupuncture, so I must assume that they are far too modern to have been considered.

Acupuncture

This type of complimentary medicine is one of the small number

available in NHS clinics, albeit rare to find. In rather brief terms this is a system of healing that triggers reactions in the body by activating the energy for healing through needles or pressure. This energy field is called Qi (pronounced *chee*) and flows in ways quite unlike nerves, arteries and veins. In fact a grade A in Biology will be no use to you here at all.

Stimulating certain areas of the surface of the body can help problems in distant sites. Although needles are mostly used, some practitioners use pressure, heat or electrical stimulation to gain similar effects.

In the UK, acupuncture is mostly used to help ease pain but it can be used to help a large range of problems. If you are interested in treatment, it is essential to see only a qualified acupuncturist who will take a detailed history, discuss whether treatment is appropriate for you as an individual and use sterile needles! The needles are left in place for up to 30 minutes and although one treatment may be enough for some acute conditions, several sessions are usually required.

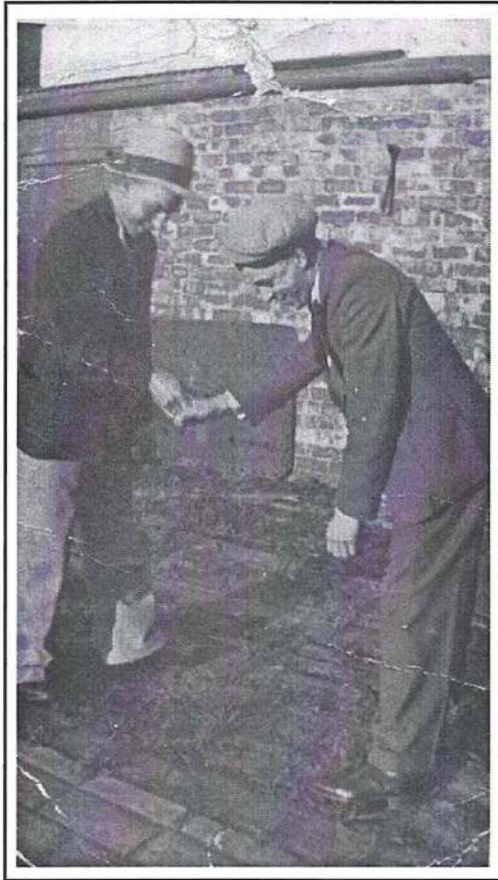
Sadly, most patients will not gain access to NHS treatment and will have to pay for private treatment.

Dr Roger Neville-Smith

Congratulations to you, Dr Neville-Smith, on a splendid effort in successfully completing the Great North Run in aid of The Health Centre - Ed



Caption Competition



This photograph of two happily inebriated village characters, Tom 'Tut' Templeman and his brother Arthur, was taken around 1930 down the back way of Richard Street. Put a comical caption to the picture and the most humorous entry we receive will win £5.

Entries, with your name and address clearly written, should be sent or handed to Norma Templeman, 7 Bolckow Street, North Skelton, Saltburn, Cleveland TS12 2AN. Closing date 31st January, 2000



Sally the Victorian Queen!

*Sally Agar (left) meets 'Queen Victoria' !!!
For 3 years running, Sally won the Victorian Fancy Dress Parade at Milton Street Bingo Hall, Saltburn.*

Merry Xmas Sally



Christmas Message



Merry Christmas to a little 4 year old boy, Christopher White of Carlin How, who eagerly came to tell me how much he likes the stories about our local castles in 'The Key'. We hope you continue to enjoy them Christopher.

? Millennium Quiz ?

by Mark Thirkettle

1. Which three cities have staged the modern Olympic Games twice?
2. What was the name of the captain of the Titanic?
3. Which four US President's faces are carved into the side of Mount Rushmore?
4. What was the name of the first space shuttle launched in 1981?
5. Who became the 33rd president of the USA in 1945?
6. Name the four British Prime Ministers who have been in power more than once since World War I.
7. Name the five codenames for the beaches in the Normandy landings.
8. In which year did the UK change over to decimal currency?
9. Which two monarchs were on the British throne in 1936?
10. Name the locomotive which set the all-time speed record for steam at 126mph in 1938.
11. In which year did the Korean war begin?
12. In 1964, which two countries united to form Tanzania?
13. After a short war in 1971 between India and Pakistan, which country emerged as an independent state?
14. In which year was the Berlin Wall built?
15. In which year did the Berlin Wall re-open?
16. If 1998 was the Chinese 'Year of the Tiger', what will the year 2000 be?
17. Who won the 1976 FA Cup Final?
18. In which year was Martin Luther King assassinated?
19. In which year, in the 1990's, was the Grand National declared void?
20. Used to great effect during the Gulf War, what does the acronym for the long range surveillance & detection radar, AWACS stand for?

(Answers on page 17)

PHOTO GALLERY

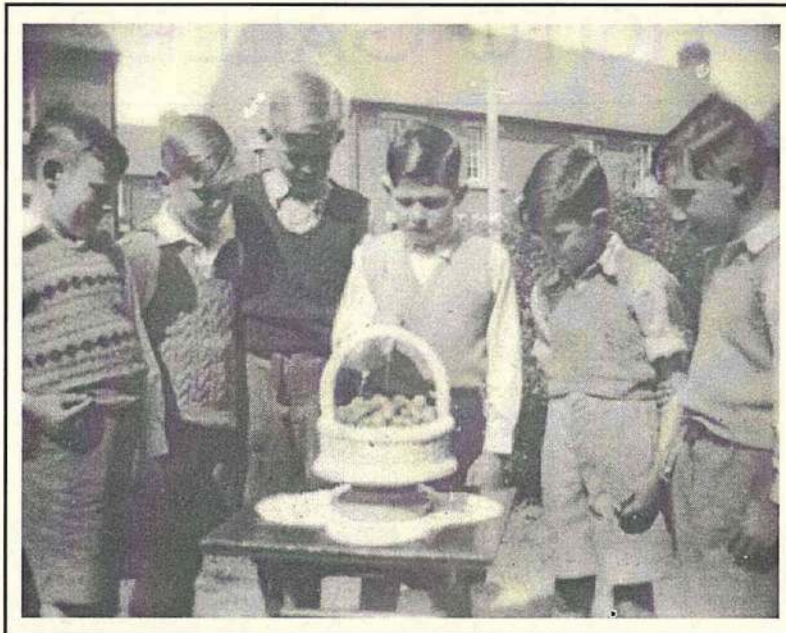


Stanghow Lane School - 1935 or 1936

*Front Row L. to R: Audrey Barnes, -?- , Eleanor Hanson, -?- , Peggy Peal, Alma Heath, Enid Whinfield, -?-
 2nd Row: Bunning?, Dunning, -?- , Jean Ridley, Jean Ridley, -?- , Jean Lancaster, Kathleen Williamson, -?- ,
 Miss Winter (Teacher)
 3rd Row: Sleaman, -?- , Richardson, Malcolm ?, -?- , -?- , -?- , Maurice Scuffham, Joan Row
 Back Row: -?- , Fred Jackson, -?- , Featherston, Joe Robinson, Fred Bringloe, Peter Winspear, -?-*



North Skelton Schoolchildren - c. 1901



A mouthwatering occasion! - 25th June 1946

*L. to R: Barry Pulford, Clive Curnow, Jack Peacock, Brian Templeman,
John Sleaman?, Mike Howe?*

(Photo taken by Jack Bunnet at Hollybush)



North Skelton School Dinner Ladies - c. 1950

L. to R: Doris Johnson, Eva Gosling, Annie Leeks, Ethel Harrison

*(The 'School Dinner Rooms' were where Boocock's Country Store is now situated
and we think the photo was taken on the 'old seat' at Sparrow Park)*



New Year's Eve in Arthur & Eva Gosling's house - mid 1960's

*At the back: Arthur & Keith Gosling
Middle: Den Padgett, Alec Batterbee, Albert Hugill
Front: Fred Burluraux*

(Everyone was welcome at No. 3 Wharton Street on New Year's Eve!)

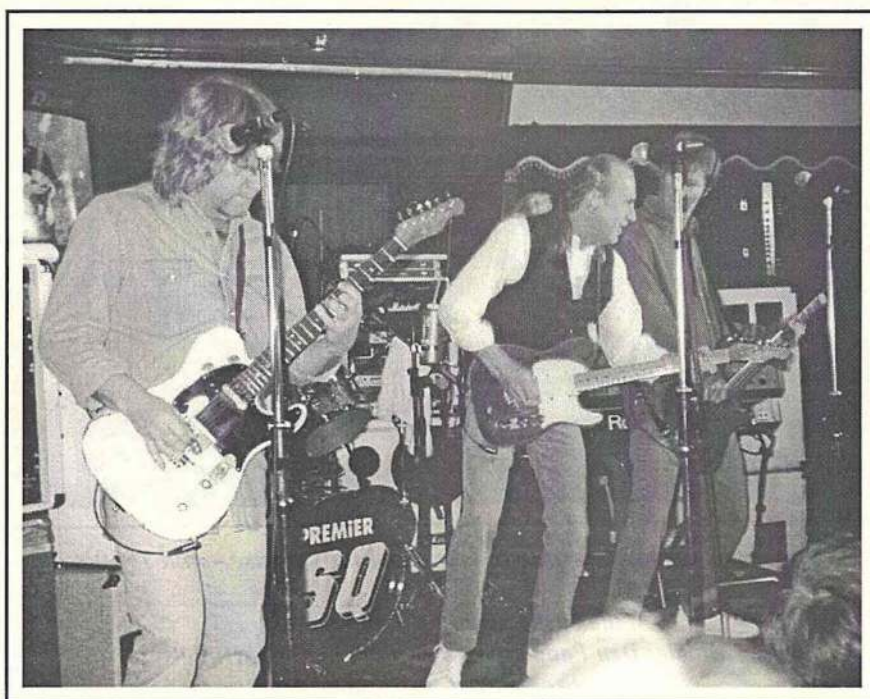


North Skelton FC - just before the War.

L. to R: Arthur Carver, Referee ? , Jack Teasdale, John Hudson, George Hugill, Jim Hayes, 'Pomper' Wright, Dick Harrison, Ben Hodgson, Alf Hodgson, Jock Pearson, Albert 'Cockney' Atkins, Joe Allen, Ces Cummings, 'Peck' Vaughan, Rob Bolton, Joe Hodgson

(In those days the players got changed in North Skelton Workingmens Club and this photo was taken in the Club yard)

Earlier this year, famous rock band Status Quo performed a one-night 'gig' at the Hollybush Hotel. We couldn't let this opportunity pass without having them as part of our Photo Gallery



L. to R: Francis Rossi, Denise (Landlady), Stewart (Landlord), & Rick Parfitt



*Children of Skelton Nursery School enjoying 'Strawberry Tea Day'
in beautiful weather earlier this summer*



We wish all you kids a happy and successful future in the New Millennium



Ready 'for the off' on one of Jean & Marjorie's 'Tote Double Trips' this summer

*Standing L. to R: Dot Stocks, Rene Burluraux, Eva Ovington, Alan Readman,
John Pinkney & Richard Gittins*

Sitting: Ursula Kime, Edna Wetherell, Joyce Readman, Eileen Pinkney & Marion Gittins



*Same trip, L. to R: Christine Fowell, Marjorie Mathews, Pat Burluraux, Elsie Marsay,
Jean Spsychala, Doreen Britton, Marjorie Lloyd, Craig Jackson*

The Lamps

Tilly was in labour; Davy was in a panic; New Skelton Bank was blocked with snow and ice. The doctor, midwife and ambulance couldn't get through to attend Tilly. On top of all that it was New Year's Eve - tomorrow would be the start of the New Millennium.

Poor Tilly had had a rough nine months and would be glad when this baby was born.

"It's no good, Davy, you'll 'ave to go for 'er next door."

"Right-o," said Davy as he opened the back door.

The snow had stopped falling and it was a beautiful night, the stars twinkled brightly in a clear black sky. The night frost on the snow's surface was so sharp it was dazzling. Davy shovelled his way round to next door thinking to himself that all North Skelton and the surrounding villages were waiting in anticipation for this baby to be born - after all, it was the only baby around that was due on the Millennium. Davy knew it had to be born just seconds after midnight to qualify for the £2000 prize, but at this moment he didn't give a damn about the money, he just wanted Tilly and the baby to be OK.

He knocked hard on next door's back door; she opened it and asked, "Ye-r-s?"

Davy's teeth were chattering with cold and panic as he asked, "Can yer come missus? It's Tilly. Ah' think she's 'avin' t' bairn an' t' doctor can't get through!"

She looked at him wide eyed as Davy hurried on, "Ah'm sorry an' ah' know yer all dressed up to t' knocker to go out, but ah'm desperate an' ah' don't know wot to do!"

She knew she had to go and anyway, it was the biggest event for miles around. With a bit of luck, she thought, if the baby was born at the right time, she too would be famous. She decided there and then to keep her new frock on, just in case 'BBC Look North' got through! At least she'd look her best.

She shouted back into the house, "Ah'm goin' wi' Davy, Tilly's started. You go on to t' Club on yer own an' ah'll catch up wi' yer later!"

After pulling on her wellies, she and Davy ran back to his house taking the stairs two at a time. They burst into Tilly's bedroom. Poor Tilly was pacing the floor, huffing and puffing.

"How long between pains, Tilly?" she asked.

"About ten minutes, there's plenty of time yet."

She could see Tilly was getting scared.

"Now look, Tilly, don't worry. The midwife will get through soon. The snow plough is on its way."

'Er next door' knew the doctor and his team would try their hardest to get through because they too wanted to be in on the act! Anyway, it was the only due birth they had on their books.

Marto was on his way round for Davy. The Bull and Club were by now in full swing with their Millennium activities. As he approached Davy's house he saw it was ablaze with lights. He knew in an instant what must be happening and ran through the snow, bursting open the back door.

"Davy, it's me!" he cried. "'as Tilly started then?"

His pal ran down the stairs.

"Aye, she 'as an' t' medics can't get down New Skelton Bank yet. 'Ah'm worried Marto."

"'Ah'm not surprised, Davy, it's solid ice up there!"

'Er next door' came back down the stairs. She too was worried. Tilly's labour was not going according to plan and her temperature was rising.

"Davy, I am going to ring the doctor for advice."

When she came off the phone her eyes were glazed and had a disbelieving look in them.

"What's up, missus?" Davy asked.

She slowly turned round to him and said, "The doctor is arranging for her to be airlifted to hospital!"

Davy and Marto stood in disbelief and both shouted, "'E's what???"

Her words came out slowly. "It's true. They are going to airlift her to Guisborough Maternity Hospital. They are sending over a helicopter."

Again in unison, "An 'elicopter!!!"

After a few moments of silence Davy recovered to ask, "Where's it goin' to land? They must be mad!"

She told him, "They want you to ring them back to sort things out."

"Eeh 'ell, ah've nivver 'eard nowt like this afore!" Davy said as he turned to Marto.

Too late, Marto had gone! He burst into the Bull and at the top of his voice shouted, "Tilly's well on in labour an' guess what; t' doctors can't get down New Skelton Bank so they're sendin' in an 'elicopter!"

"Let's go!" was the cry.

Everybody grabbed their coats and drinks and ran out of the Bull heading for Sparrow Park. However, they were too late. 'Er next door' had already phoned 'im next door' at the Club and he'd made the announcement over the karaoke microphone.

Sparrow Park was full, the garage was full and Mucky Lane was packed. The high street was alive with anticipation. The 'three wise men' had got to their seats first; Jigger had a bottle of whisky in his pocket and a carried a blanket for Merv and Bob. On the other seats were the 'arc angels Gabriel', Julie, Linda and Gill, a crate of beer beside them. It was going to be a rare old New Year's night!

Marto whispered to Fraggie, "We need a bit of crowd control 'ere, Fragg'. Go get Brad, Tabby an' 'Mad' Murphy."

Fraggie turned to go. "Ah'll nivver get through this lot!"

"Well try!" Marto replied as he made his way back into Davy's house.

"'Ow's she doin', Davy?" he asked.

"Not good, every five minutes. 'Ah've rung t' doctors and spoken to t' lad who drives this 'ere 'elicopter an' 'e says 'e knows this area an' can land on t' football field below t' shale 'eap if we can clear t' area an' rig up some spotlights. It'll be dodgy but 'e thinks 'e can manage it. Wot's goin' on out there anyway Marto?"

"It's bedlam, Davy. Everybody's come out of t' Club and t' Bull an' gathered round t' front of yer 'ouse, but we need 'em to clear up t' snow an' rig up some spotlights!"

"Right," said Davy, "you organise it an' ah'll go back an' see Tilly."

Poor Tilly was in agony. 'Er next door' was sweating as

she mopped Tilly's brow. She didn't wipe her own in case she disturbed her make-up - well if the BBC did make it she didn't want to look a sight.

Word had got round in minutes. Mobile phones were jamming, kettles whistling ready to fill Thermos flasks. Sandwiches were hurriedly made and packed in boxes with mince pies and Christmas cake. Everyone was preparing for a long night and no-one was going to miss it; that is except for Sally Agar and Jean Spychala. They remained sat snug and warm in the Bull.

"D'yer wanna go an' join 'em, Jean?" asked Sally.

"Ah don't, Sal. What a goin' on ovver a bairn bein' born. An' as fer this 'elicopter lark, well ah've never 'eard owt like it, 'ave you Sal?"

"No I 'avn't, Jean, it's not natural. 'Ah brought little Ed Lamp into this world an' I 'ad no bother. No, me an' you'll sit 'ere wi' this bottle o' brandy an' see t' New Year in. Mind you, t' last 'un was nowt to crack on so it won't teck much beatin'!"

Just a hundred yards away, things were hotting up. Duffy and Benson had rigged up a microphone outside Snappy Snacks whilst Marto was getting last minute instructions. Davy and 'er next door' were trying their best to comfort Tilly who, by now, was screaming with pain. Meanwhile, Tabby and 'Mad' Murphy had managed to get into the Second Hand Shop and, as usual, lifted a polished table to the door and set up a 'betting shop'!

"6-4 before midnight, 'evens' after," Tabby shouted. "5-4 a lad, 'odds-on' a lass!"

The 'three wise men' sat there getting more and more inebriated. Jigger slurred, "One thing's puzzlin' me, where the 'ell's Kate Adie, our rovin' reporter, ord Norm? She's missin' an ah'm a bit worried. She wouldn't miss this for all t' Carlin' Black in China!"

Bob was quick off the mark. "She'll be somewhere about Jigger, you'll see."

Marto pushed through the crowd, Fraggie and Brad flanking him. He reached the microphone, grabbed it and announced, "Right, listen lads, we 'ave a problem. 'Elicopter can only land on t' football field but there's too much snow so we need some volunteers to clear it an' make a path up Mucky Lane. We also need to light a bonfire on t' shale 'eap an' rig up some spotlights. Right, Duffy's team clear t' football field, Benson's do Mucky Lane an' Fraggie an' me are goin' to find David 'Utchinson. 'E's sure to 'ave some spotlights somewhere that 'e's nicked off a skip, an' if 'e 'asn't, their Ann will!"

Ann's husband Tad shouted, "'Ah've got a good set of spotlights in mi' garden shed!"

Marto laughed, "What did 'ah tell yer. Right lads, let's go!" They worked and shovelled like demons, everyone of them forgetting that the stroke of midnight was less than an hour away. Julie, Linda and Gill were running round gathering up anyone with an umbrella. It had started to snow again and they knew that if Tilly had to be airlifted she would need a team of brollies to keep her dry while they got her to the helicopter. The truth was, they were not going to be left out of it - no way!

Meanwhile, 'er next door' was organising Davy and Tilly. "Now listen Davy, leave little Ed in bed a bit longer. However, we must wake him later as he can't miss out on this, especially the helicopter."

Davy agreed and went back to Tilly. He wished that they would hurry up as he knew, somehow, that the baby would be born soon. Tilly's pains were coming thick and fast.

'Im next door' came in the back way. "Davy," he said, "everything's in place. It'll be here before long. Leave little Ed to me."

"Aye, thanks mate. Eeh, ah'll niver be able to thank yer missus enough fer this night, but 'ah'll see she gets summat, 'ah will, yer'll see."

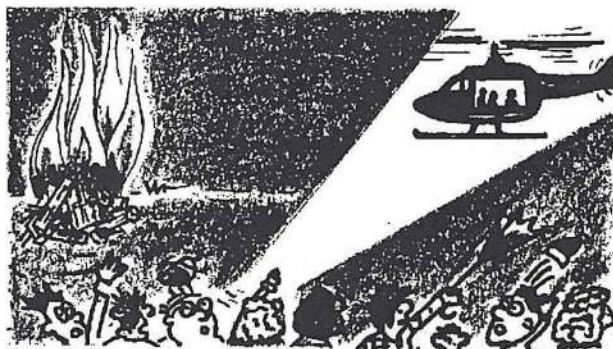
Suddenly the phone rang. 'Er next door' answered it. "Right-ho doctor, yes we are all ready. Please hurry up."

Putting the phone down she said, "They are on their way." She silently prayed, "Thank God fer that!"

Tilly looked terrible, her face contorted with pain. The sooner they got there, the better.

Outside, all was going well. The snow had been shifted from the football field, a clear path had been made up Mucky Lane and the bonfire was raging, its flames lighting up the night sky. The spotlights were all ready to switch on and every house in the village was lit up. Julie and her team, umbrellas at the ready, lined the route as the snowflakes began to slowly fall.

Suddenly there was a deafening noise that could be heard for miles around. The crowds looked up, necks straining. There, flying above the horizon, was the helicopter, like a



giant in the empty starlit sky, hurtling its way to the football field. The bonfire flames leapt higher as more and more wood was thrown on and then the spotlights were switched on. The glare from them was blinding as they lit up the field. Soon the helicopter began to descend, finally touching down with perfection. The door opened and out leapt two doctors, a midwife, 'Radio Cleveland' and 'BBC Look North', camera crew and all!

The sight that greeted them was amazing. There were people laid out everywhere. Umbrellas had been blown away, hats had sailed over hedges and hairdo's had been flattened - no-one had realised the force of the down-draught from the helicopter's propellers as it came in to land!

As people began to get their breath back, the radio microphones were switched on and the cameras began to roll - the media didn't want to miss any of this historical night.

The medics were directed to Davy's house where they ran up the stairs and into the bedroom. Tilly, who by now was well out of it, was immediately given gas and air. 'Im and 'er next door' were so relieved - it was out of their hands now. She was exhausted, but she still noticed the cameras trying to get in and within seconds had reverted to her old

self.

"Hexcuse me," she said, "Is there hanything I can help you with?"

Of course there was and, taking hold of little Ed, she proceeded to give her account of the night's events. Halfway through the interview, Kate Adie (alias ord Norm') appeared, swaying two steps forward and three back. Joyce Watts was in the same state and they were holding each other up.

Joyce slurred, "'Ave we missed summat?"

"Missed summat! You've missed everything!" came the reply. "There's an 'elicopter on t'football field and Tilly's bairn's about to be born."

Norm' looked at Joyce as she said, "Your Angela's 'ome med wine must be stronger than ah' thought! Ah'm sure I 'eard one of 'em say there's an 'elicopter on t' football field!"

Joyce nearly lost her balance as she answered, "They did, and there's t' tele' cameras there an' all!"

'Ord Norm' wasn't going to miss any of this - it could be her finest hour. Drawing herself up to her full height, she marched forward, slapping the director on his back. "Norm' Templeman, editor of 'The Key' magazine!"

He took one look at her and replied, "Winston Churchill, 4th Battalion Green Howards. Now shove off!"

With as much dignity as they were possibly capable of, 'ord Norm' and Joyce made a swift exit and Joyce was heard to remark, "Well, if that's Winston Churchill's lad, 'e's not a patch on 'is father, the cheeky upstart!"

It was now nearing midnight. Jean, Marjorie and Alison had managed to shovel their way into St Peter's Church when, suddenly, a baby's cry was heard. What a truly wonderful sound it was. The cheering started and went on and on. Just as quickly, Skelton Church clock struck midnight. The hundreds of people gathered together began the countdown.

"9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1- Happy Millennium!" could be heard all around. St Peter's Church bells rang out their joyful sounds. People began kissing each other, wishing only their best to their fellow men.

Exactly when the chanting began no-one seemed to remember but gradually it grew louder and louder. "Dave-y, Dave-y, Dave-y!!!" It went on and on and at last the door opened. There stood Davy Lamp, grinning from ear to ear, framed in the light from the hallway. Behind Davy stood 'im and 'er from next door' holding little Ed. Duffy

and Benson, as was remarked upon for many a day, walked almost reverently towards Davy and stood the microphone in front of him. Davy squared his shoulders as a hush came over the gathered throng.

"Ladies and gentlemen. At three minutes before midnight my wife gave birth to a baby girl."

The "oh's" and "ah's" swept round the crowds as Davy continued, "I 'ave another announcement to make so please stay quiet for this. I would like my neighbours to tell you all t' rest of t' good news."

Turning to 'er next door' he said, "Go on luv, you tell 'em, you've earned it."

She looked at Davy in wonderment. He had called her "Luv!" She stepped up to the microphone and in a happy, loud voice said, "Ladies hand gentlemen. Hat two minutes past midnight a baby boy was also born. Davy and Tilly have twins!"

A tremendous roar went up, cameras clicked, 'Look North' zoomed in, Radio Cleveland grabbed their phones, the flames from the bonfire leapt higher and the lights on the helicopter began to flash. What a wonderful start to the New Millennium!

"Well done, Davy!" "Good lad!" "Congratulations!" Shouts and cries rang out from the gathered crowd; the merriest revellers North Skelton had ever seen.

Again Davy stepped forward. "Please will you all make a road for t' doctors and Tilly an' mi' new twins to get to t' elicopter. They 'ave to go to 'ospital."

Once more the people organised themselves as the snowflakes again gently floated down. A route was made up Mucky Lane as the proud Mum and Dad, along with the doctors and babies, made their way to the waiting helicopter. A roof of umbrellas kept them dry as they climbed aboard. The helicopter roared to life and rose into the air, taking with it the next generation of this, the New Millennium.

Tilly looked at Davy as she said, "What are we going to call 'em Davy?"

He looked at his two lovely twins. "Well, luv, it'll 'ave to be Milly and Lenny Liam!"

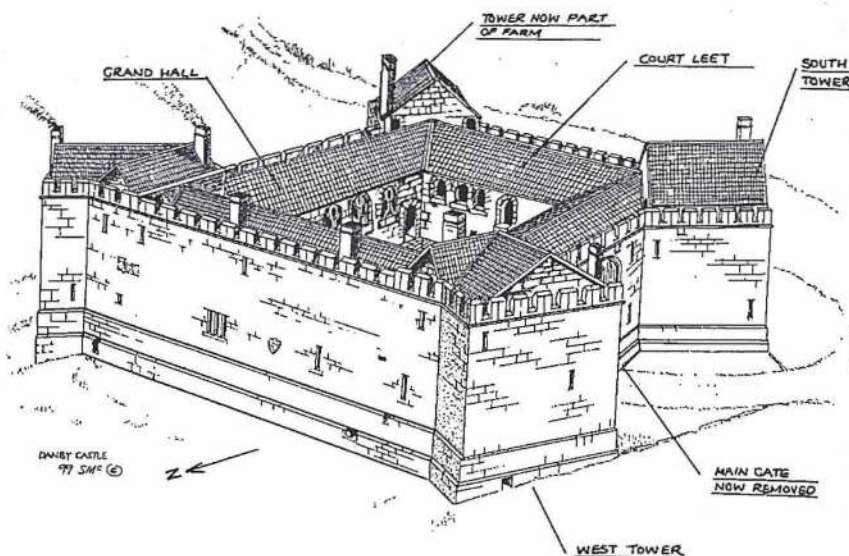
God Bless them and a Happy and Healthy New Millenium to you all!

n

QUIZ ANSWERS

1. Paris (1900/1924), London (1908/1948), Los Angeles (1932/1984)
2. Captain Edward John Smith
3. George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt
4. Columbia
5. Harry S Truman
6. Stanley Baldwin (1923/1924), James Ramsey McDonald (1924/1929/1931), Winston Churchill (1940/1951), Harold Wilson (1964/1974)
7. Utah, Omaha, Gold, Juno, Sword
8. 1971
9. Edward VIII (abdicated), George VI
10. 'Mallard' No 4468
11. 1950
12. Tanganyika and Zanzibar
13. Bangladesh
14. 1961
15. 1989
16. Dragon
17. Southampton (beat Man Utd 1-0)
18. 1968
19. 1993
20. Airborne Warning And Control System

A History of Danby Castle



Danby Castle is sited at the head of Fryupdale, overlooking Danby Lodge. It is a 'keepless' castle, believed to be the blueprint for others such as Bolton Castle in Wensleydale. Like all castles in the area, it is only a shell of its former self, stone-robbed and lost in the mists of the dales, yet still recognisable.

The original castle was of the 'motte and bailey' type, made of wood with earth ditches, and was situated in the nearby village of Castleton, on the site of what is now a private dwelling, 'Castlehill'. It was possibly built by the Boldric family on an old Saxon fort situated not far from a very large stone-age settlement. From the Boldric family, the castle passed to their closest neighbours and landowners, the De Bruce's.

The castle stood for around 250 years after the Norman Conquest before, maybe through war, rebellion or accident, it burned down. Around the year 1300, a

new structure was erected on the present site, by the Latimer family, using stone retrieved from the original building. The land then passed to the De Thweng's, of Kilton Castle, after the De Bruce family ran out of heirs. It then went to the Nevilles, the famous family of Shakesperian plays, who remodelled the castle. George Neville became the 1st Lord Latimer in the 16th Century, then later, Sir Henry Danvers was created Lord Danby. The castle and surrounding land was then bought by John Downey, who later became Viscount Downe, and whose descendants, to this day, own the castle and later were to build Danby Lodge.

Over its history, many royals are reputed to have visited the castle. Edward II (1284-1327) came in 1323 - the Latimers fought at Crecy in 1346 for Edward III (1312-77) and his son, the 'Black Prince'. Catherine Parr also resided for a while, with her father, who was keeper of the castle. Legend has it that Henry VIII (1491-1547) visited Danby Castle, to court the good lady Parr, before she became wife number six, his last, and one who survived him.

If you visit the castle, please take care in parking - there is no official car park, and the only places to leave your vehicle are on the grass verges of the nearby country lanes. A better option, weather permitting, is to park at Danby Lodge car park and take the 20 or so minutes walk to the castle. Go via the pack-horse bridge (Duck Bridge) and look out for the Neville family 'Coat of Arms' displayed on the bridge side, and then walk up the hill, with its magnificent view of the castle. When you reach the castle, your first close look is of the ruined side - this is where the main gate was originally situated. Unfortunately, this part of the site has been stone-robbed, as has the south-west tower.

Danby Castle is now under the wing of English Heritage who have tidied up the stonework and removed years of rubbish. Go around the ruins via the road until you come to the farm entrance which leads to the farmhouse. Remember, this is private land, but the owners don't mind visitors. Ask at the farmhouse for permission and you may be given the very large key to the 'court leet'.

The farm is built into the east tower. Head through the arch, with the steps to your left, which leads to the 'court leet'. Go through the arch and enter what was the courtyard. Directly in front of you was the outer wall, now removed, which once housed the main gate. To your right there is a small, low barn. If you pass through, you come to one of the kitchens with the fireplace to the left on the back wall. Look up and you'll see two floors above with their fireplaces and a window with a north-west view. To your left is the west tower. Pass through the door and go past the small anti-room into the base of the tower - this has had its floors removed and has been partly stone-robbed. In the end wall is a door which, via steps, leads to a toilet - just a hole in the floor.

Back through the ground floor kitchen, go up to the portrait windows, three in number, and go through the door to enter the north tower with its bricked-up entrance to the grand hall. This tower sports a splendid fireplace on the first floor. To your left are some steps to a window which, once again, lead to another toilet.

Go through the large hole in the side of the tower and back to the arches. You pass what was once the grand hall which still retains features such as the window viewed from the courtyard. Head up the steps, open the door with the key, (if there are many visitors or the members of the 'court leet' are present, then the court may already be open) then enter and you will find the renovated part of the castle, the room where the 'court leet' sits, complete with its 17th Century 'judge's seat' and medieval chest.

Back down the steps, at the bottom, you will see a door to your right. This leads to a good example of of a vaulted room/cellar store. With its high windows, this has very steep steps and can be dark. Head back to the medieval courtyard and to your left are the stables, re-built in part from the original structure.

Danby Castle has been standing on its present site for 700 years and will remain for many more. With its magnificent views of the dales and of Danby Beacon, it is well worth a visit to this lovely part of our local countryside.

Stuart McMillan

Children of the Village

The following poem is just one of many included in a book called 'Celebration 2000' by Young Poets from Cleveland.

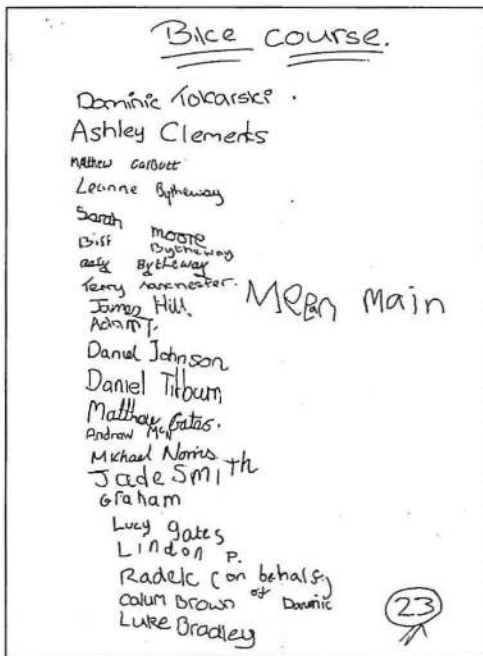
'A Paradise'

A mazing fish floating by
 P eeping round every corner
 A nyone here? I am all alone
 Rusty ships beneath my feet
 A ship's anchor I hold
 D anger, sharks could be near
 I cebergs above, cold I feel
 S afe with the fish
 E asily I stroke them



Andrew McNaught (9), 4 Bolckow St., North Skelton.
 (Pupil of Skelton Junior School)

In their quest for an official BMX track in the village, a group of children from North Skelton handed the following petition in to Action North Skelton.



It was a really splendid effort, using their own initiative. Well done kids and good luck!

"I would like to thank Jim Ramage for all the time he has gave up for the kids of the village. Whenever we have a game of football he is there to encorage us on even



Jim

cricket. Thanks Jim for all your time and encoragement."

Calum Brown



Calum

Dear Norma



Many thanks for placing my resume in 'The Key'. It was nice to hear from you all again and I certainly had a lump in my throat when I read your newspaper. I am glad to see yourself fully engrossed in what must be a very rewarding job as editor of 'The Key'.

I myself have now taken over the job as the Regimental Sergeant Major and am thoroughly enjoying life. It's a terrific feeling and without doubt the best job I have done so far in the Army.

We have just returned from Bosnia and one of my first jobs on return to Hofne, Germany, was to organise a Medal Parade. This was a terrific day for everyone as we were presented with our Former Republic of Yugoslavia Medal, which signified the end to a successful tour to the Balkans.

Whilst we were serving in Bosnia we raised over £14,000 for a charity called Hope and Homes for Children. A UK-based charity, Hope and Homes for Children aims to give hope to children who have nowhere to live due to war or disaster. It does this by re-uniting children with their families or, if that is not possible, as will often be the case in Kosovo, by building small family homes (for about 12 children) to ensure they receive the love and security of a family. The family homes are built using local labour and materials (supporting the local economy) and are run by local people, with specialist support.

The plight of refugees from Kosovo has made sad news since the conflict and has elicited a huge outpouring of aid from Britain in a very short time, all aimed at improving the conditions that the refugees live in. Much has been done and the situation is getting a little better. We saw the long term effects of ethnic cleansing at first hand in Bosnia, still very evident nearly four years after the end of the Bosnian War and, while money still comes here, Bosnia is yesterday's news. The same will be true of Kosovo in a few year's time. It is for this reason that we are raising money for the victims of Kosovo in a way that will last longer than the immediate aid in response to the current crisis.

I often reminisce, when I have got a moment by myself, about North Skelton, my childhood and working together in David Brown's butchers. They were all happy days - I always admired Ted Hobbs, he is a terrific gentleman, a man of whom I have the uppermost respect for. Whenever I visit my parents my mind is always filled with the fond memories of a great childhood spent in the village.

Anyway Norma, great to hear from you again, keep up the good work, and if you would be so kind please pop an edition of 'The Key' in the post to me now and then to help keep me up to date with events. It would be much appreciated.

Karl Britton, Regimental Headquarters, 3rd Regiment Royal Horse Artillery, Caen Barracks, BFPO 30.

(Anyone wishing to, can send a donation for the 'Hope and Homes for Children' to the above address - cheques payable to: Central Bank 3 RHA) - Ed

Tales of the 1st Skelton Scouts Troop

by Terry Boyes

I spent 12 happy years in the 1st Skelton Scouts which I joined after a short spell in the Cubs. In my early days, namely the early 1950's & 60's, the troop was greatly assisted by Mrs Ringrose Wharton of Skelton Castle. This is not to say we young scouts noticed much as we only saw Mrs Ringrose on an occasional visit. She was a tall lady, friendly but quite daunting as she shook us by the left hand, of course.

Another connection with Skelton Castle was 'Daffodil Sunday' when the estate gates were opened to the public to raise funds in aid of the British Red Cross Society. The Scouts were strategically placed at the two sets of gates collecting the entrance fees. At the end of the day, as a 'thank you' for helping out, we were invited back to the Castle for tea. We ate in the kitchen where the cook plied us with delicious home-made scones, liberally coated with butter and strawberry jam.

The kitchen in which we were seated was the oldest part of the Castle and in one of the walls was a small window depicting three coats of arms. These were the family connections of the previous owners, namely Thweng, Conyers and Brus (shades of the 'houses' of Stanghow Lane School).



Leatholm Weekend Hike - 1958

On cold, wet, winter nights, the scout meetings were held in the Wharton Hall, opposite the Methodist Chapel at the bottom of Skelton Green Bank. In the warmer, summer months, we got together down the woods near Skelton Beck. We took advantage of the situation by building bridges, made of wood and tied together with ropes and string, across the beck's ravines. Not all were a success, and many a scout went home wet and muddy, usually facing a belt or two from angry parents! It was a long, uphill journey home from the woods to Skelton Green and sleep was no problem on scout night!

Once a year, the East Cleveland Scouts Association held a weekend camp and competition. I remember my first event, held in the field opposite Apple Orchard which, incidentally, belonged to the Skelton Castle Estate and was, therefore, free of charge to the scouts. Our patrol borrowed the estate

hand-barrow whose wooden wheels were nearly as tall as us. We loaded it with camping and personal gear and proceeded down the old Mill Bank road. Due to the size and weight of the gear it was carrying, the barrow often set off on its own down the bank with us chasing behind. After the weekend's events were over, pushing the barrow back up the hill was another story!

The Scoutmaster at the time I first joined the scouts was Herbert Pigg who soldiered on under the impediment of being very hard of hearing, though not deaf. You made yourself heard by shouting in his ear - he was also good at lip reading. He was ably helped by Assistant Scoutmaster Peter Foster, who hailed from Dixon Street, Skelton. The catchment area for our troop was, of course, the Skeltons, but occasionally we got one or two from Boosbeck and Lingdale.

In winter, a typical scout troop meeting would start at 7pm in the Wharton Hall with an inspection of each patrol. We were all lined up with the patrol leader up front and the seconder at the end. One problem was trying to keep the brims of the old cowboy type hats level, especially if it had been raining on the way to the meeting - how much better and easier it was when they were superseded by the beret. After subscriptions had been collected, each patrol was dismissed to their corner of the hall for an hour of training. This could consist of transmitting messages by the 'semaphore' method using flags or 'morse' using flashing torches. We practised tying various types of knots and learned things from books in the quest to earn a scout



Camp Galashiels - 1959

badge. We were sent individually to be tested by Mr Pigg or Peter Foster to progress through the system from a scout through second class and on to first class.

From about 8pm we had 'scout games' for the latter part of the evening. At 9pm we would gather round the scout masters in the shape of a horseshoe where any badges gained would be presented and notices read out. Any spare copies of the 'Scout' magazine were distributed if we could afford them. In the magazine we read of other scouts attending jamborees and the like, but it would have been unthinkable for us to even dream of going as we couldn't afford the money required.

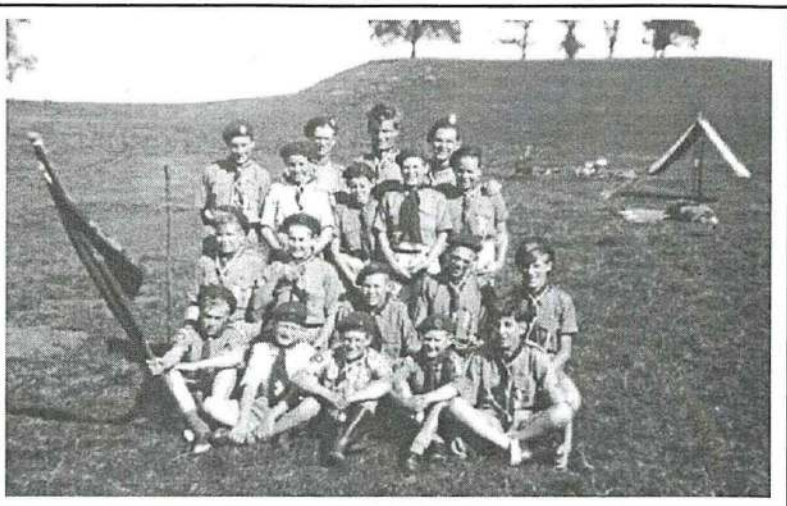
As the years passed, we progressed (and grew older!) to the senior scouts, eventually taking responsibility for the running of the troop. A few dropped out due to lack of interest or to follow other pursuits. I ended up as Assistant Scoutmaster and put forward the idea of doing a hike once a month.

So it was that one Saturday in each month, five or six scouts and myself would set off on a short bus journey to Lingdale, Great Ayton or Stokesley to begin our walk. The bus journey got us out of our own local area and we would plan a circuitous route round the hills and moors. We used to buy a few sausages to cook on a stick by the fire at lunch time. Another favourite snack was 'orange egg'. An orange was cut in half and the inside eaten. We then broke an egg, usually purchased from a local farm, into the skin of half the orange which was then placed in the embers of the fire. The result was a cross between a boiled and a poached egg with an orange flavour. Why don't you try it next time you have a barbecue!

One memorable hike was on a crystal-clear winter's day with blue skies and not a cloud in sight. It was during the bad winter of 1959-60 and the dual carriageway at Slapewath had filled with snow, the surface of which had melted, then re-frozen forming a hard crust, allowing us to walk right over the road. During the summer and autumn we walked across Danby or Castleton moor when it was one huge sea of purple heather. We even did a night hike from Danby to Whitby following the course of the railway!

I well remember 'bob-a-job' week and the excitement of receiving a shilling or two for one job instead of the expected sixpence! A shilling was a lot of money to us then as the usual rate for a small job or running an errand was twopence or threepence. How odd it seemed to take along the money to scout night, hand it all over and then see it sent to Scout HQ in London! We got very little in return.

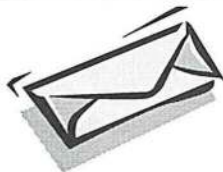
Well, these have been my recollections of 12 happy years in the 1st Skelton Scout Troop. Other members who also took part and who I remember well were David Brown, Harold Holmes, Keith Carter, Terence Richards, Peter Young, Mike Robinson, Ian Thompson, John Brown and Alan Hart.



1st Skelton Scouts Troop - Camp Alnwick 1960

Terry Boyes, 170 Bury Hill Close, Anna Valley, Andover, Hants. SP11 7II (01264 356327)

Letterbox



Dear Editor

I am not sure if you will be interested or not as we are only newcomers to North Skelton (18yrs) but my wife and I will be celebrating our 60th Wedding Anniversary this year, on December 26th.

My wife, Betty Stewart (nee Harrison) and I were married at All Saints Parish Church, Stretford, Manchester, on Boxing Day, 1939.

We worked and brought up three girls in Stretford until 1976 when I semi-retired and moved to

Cumbria, then to Redcar and finally North Skelton. Betty was born in Scarborough in 1920 and I was born in Tottenham in 1916. Two of our daughters live in Saltburn and that's the reason we came here.

Betty attends the Day Centre at North Skelton on Tuesdays.

Yours faithfully

Leslie Arthur Veale, 15 Layland Road, North Skelton

P.S. I think your magazine is great!

Thank you and congratulations to you both - Ed

A Message From



CLEVELAND POLICE

The nights are starting to draw in and by the time this article is published it will be dark by 4pm. This is the time of year when the 'low life' of our society, the thieves and burglars, become ever more active, using the cover of darkness to carry out their 'business'.

A large number of house burglaries are carried out during the late afternoon when the occupants are out at work. Unfortunately, many people make it far too easy for the thieves to select an empty home.

I have always said that when I walked the beat around Skelton I could always tell when a house was empty - it would be in either total darkness or have the landing or bathroom light on with the rest of the house in darkness.

How many people do you know who sit in their homes in complete darkness and leave an upstairs light on? If I can tell a house is empty, then a thief most certainly can. I would, therefore, like to give you a few simple hints to make it more difficult for the thief to target your home.

1. Neighbourhood Watch Schemes

There are a number of schemes up and running in the Skelton area. These are where residents watch out for each other and report anything suspicious to the Police. When I was younger it was called 'community spirit'. It will not stop all incidents but will make the opportunist think twice if he suspects he is being watched.

2. Windows/Doors

Ensure that when you leave home, all your windows and doors are secured. I have been to several houses where the occupants left the bathroom window ajar. Thieves are like rats - they will get in anywhere. Fit good quality locks to your doors and windows and use them.

3. Security Lights

These come in many forms, but the most common are the ones that detect movement and switch on, or

those that come on automatically with the drop in light. Thieves do not like light, so either of these systems, sensibly sighted outside the home, are a deterrent.

4. Timer Switches

If you are going to be out all day, invest in a couple of timer switches. Attach these to lights, preferably one downstairs and one upstairs. They can be set to go on and off at various times, giving the impression someone is moving about the house.

5. Burglar Alarms

Obviously an expensive option, but one well worth having if you can afford it. Your local Crime Prevention Officer will be able to offer you a list of firms that can supply and install reliable systems. If your budget doesn't run to an alarm system, a dummy alarm box can help. These are available from a wide range of outlets at a reasonable price.

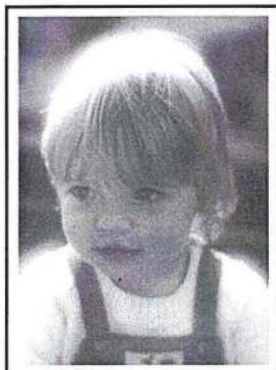
I know all of these options, with the exception of neighbourhood watch, cost money but it's better to invest a few quid now to safeguard your belongings than after your home has been 'done'.

It is your home that these 'toe-rags' have invaded and your privacy they have violated. If you can make it difficult for them, they will move on, hopefully out of the area completely.

One last note. It will have become obvious that you no longer see me patrolling the streets on foot. Unfortunately, due to injuries I received in the Army, I am unfit for the 'front line' policing now. I have moved on to another job with the support staff.

During my time at Skelton, I formed a rapport with many people and thoroughly enjoyed working here. Can I thank you for all the support given to me by the residents of the village over the last few years and hope you will continue to do so with the new beat officer, whoever that may be.

Paul Bland PC54



Millennium Girl

Leanne Burluraux (left) has a special reason to celebrate the Eve of the New Millennium - it's her 18th Birthday!

Happy Birthday Leanne

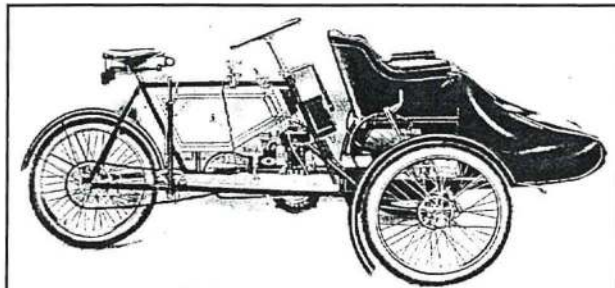
*Love, Mam, Dad & Graeme
XXX*

If anyone would like to send a special message and photo like the one on the left please give Norma a ring on 01287 653853. For a small fee of £2.00 we will endeavour to publish your greeting in a future edition of 'The Key'.

Eddie's Car Page

by Eddie Hartley

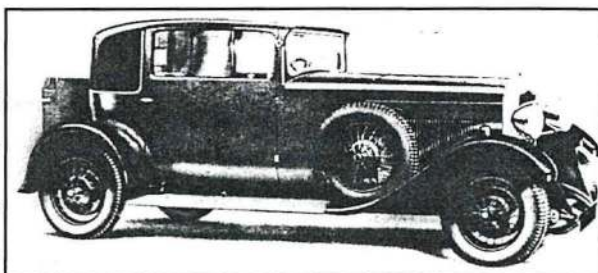
Anyone who likes Classic Cars must favour nostalgia and I'm a nostalgia nut! What an exciting time we have coming up in the form of the New Millenium. Looking back and thinking of my grandfather, who died aged 93, what an historic eyeful he must have seen. Just imagine coming through two World Wars, seeing gramophones to hi-fi, biplanes to Concord, valve radio to TV, scythes and sickles to combine harvesters, from days out at the seaside to man walking on the moon. What magic transformations he must have witnessed, along with all the hardships thrown in. I wonder if this generation will see so much?



The Rover 'Tri-Car'

In the early days, transport was usually by horse and cart - cars were only for the 'well to do', doctors,

dentists, solicitors. One name that was prominent then, and still is today, is Rover. It all began in 1896 when James Starley produced a safety cycle. Because you could rove anywhere in town or country he named this cycle 'The Rover' and so the Rover Company was born.



1929 Rover Sportsman's Coupe



Rover P4

The Rover reputation for quality is now over

100 years old. The first motor cars came around 1905 - a tri-car invented and modified from Rover. Breaking into car manufacture, as we now know, was the making of the Rover Company. Through the century there have been numerous models, some I'm sure long forgotten. Some of the early models were the 1929 2-litre Sportsman's Coupe and the Rover 'Scarab' of 1930.

By the time the 1950's arrived, Rover produced its first gas turbine car called 'Jet 1'. Rover used code numbers for its cars. Rover 12's and 16's were P2's and P3's. I suppose the one most people will remember is the P4 - better known as the Rover 75, 80, 95, and 110 range. The P5 was the car royalty drove and PM Mrs Thatcher used the 3.5 Rover.



Rover P5 - used regularly by Royalty

Then in 1964 Rover dropped a bombshell in car design with its new Rover 2000 (P6). This became an instant overnight success and best seller. The Rover 2000 ran for about 13 years, followed by the Rover SDI, favoured by motorway police in the 70's. In the 80's and 90's we can all reflect on Rover's various models and looking back over the last 100 years, the company must be doing something right because in 1999, the new Rover 75 has been voted Car of the Year.

Good old Rover - British at it's best!



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seasonal activities

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