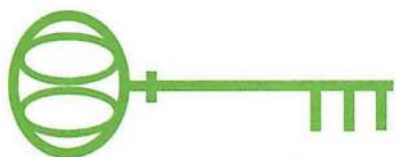


ISSUE NO 32

APRIL 2002

THE KEY



A NEWSPAPER FOR NORTH SKELTON & LAYLAND



Editorial

Hello again!

The hustle and bustle of Christmas is long gone, but Don and I were once again overwhelmed by the number of cards, telephone calls and e-mails you sent to us. I am sorry so many of you were unable to purchase a copy of the Xmas edition of 'The Key' which most of you seemed to think was our best publication to date. Unfortunately, Devany's sold out very quickly. I have had some copies returned to me so it's 'first come, first served'. PLEASE DON'T BIN THE KEY - hand it back in to the local shops or push it through my letterbox.

We have a second outlet from where 'The Key' can be purchased - Cooper's fruit and vegetable shop, next to Bell's Stores, have kindly offered to sell copies for us. Don't forget, it's now 50p per copy.

Through a grant from the SINGLE REGENERATION BUDGET SKELTON PARTNERSHIP COMMUNITY CHEST FUND, I now have a PC to help with the typing of articles for the magazine, although I'm still baffled but battling away at the computer course. Also, Don's had a CD-writer fitted so he can now save the publications onto disk. Don and I thank you very much.

To all on my mailing list, it's now £3.00 per year to have 'The Key' mailed to you in the UK. Most of you already send me a much greater donation than this - thank you. For overseas, please get in touch and I'll let you know the cost. Please make all cheques payable to 'The Key'.

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Some photos from Issues 24 - 29 of 'The Key' can be viewed on the internet - the website address is:

www.burluraux1.freeserve.co.uk/keyindex.htm

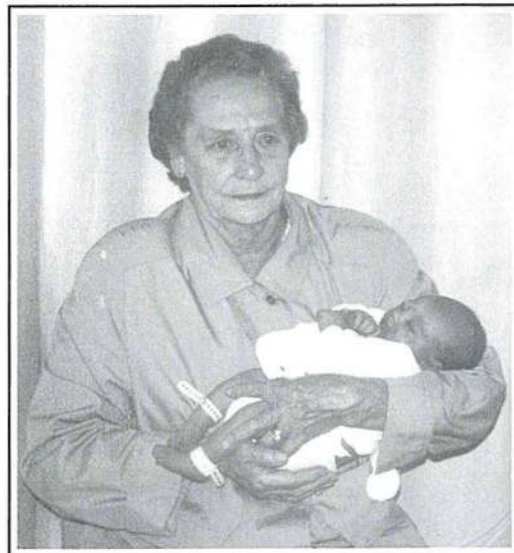
St Peter's Church - An Easter Reading

*Christ our Passover has been Sacrificed for us:
Therefore let us keep the feast with unleavened bread of
sincerity and truth.*

Come and join us at St Peter's on the 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 6pm, where you will be sure of a warm welcome. On the 1st Saturday of each month meet up with your friends at our Coffee Morning.
God Bless.

Alison Husband

Happy 80th Birthday Ida!



Our congratulations go out to Mrs Ida Routledge, who will be 80 years young on 30th April, 2002.

Originally from Moorsholm, Ida has lived in North Skelton for 36 years. Her late husband, Alf, was a steel worker at Skinningrove and Ida worked many years for George & Eleanor Berwick in Richard Street.

She is mother to Jewel and Linda and grandma to Karen, Martin, Rachael and Craig and also great-grandma to Shannon May who she is holding in the photo above and who shares her great-grandma's middle name.

Happy Birthday Mam!
Love from us all - XXX

Any Robinson's Who Can Help?

I have come across your publication on the internet and noticed some 'Robinsons' featured in the issue of April 2000. This is just a long shot, but I was wondering how long these families have been in the area and if they know anything of their family history. My maiden name was Robinson and I have been researching my family history.

My grandfather was George Robinson (b. 1864) and he was born in the Skelton area, but also lived in Moorsholm, Guisborough and Boosbeck. He was a Mines Deputy at one of the Ironstone Mines and I have been given to understand that he also 'worked for the squire' at Skelton Castle. His parents were Robert Robinson and Mary Wilson who are buried at Moorsholm Church. Robert Robinson was married twice and some of the children listed were by his first marriage to a Dorothy Ingledew.

My grandfather's siblings were named James, John, Jane Hannah (who I know married a Newark Ditchburn), Robert, Elizabeth, Martha, Isaac, and Alice. Some of these may not have survived to adulthood - I know there was another named Charles who did not.

If any of the Robinson's in the area feel they may have a connection I would be pleased to hear from them.

Margaret O'Shea (nee Robinson), Oxford.
E-mail: m.oshea1@ntlworld.com

Honours for Two North Skelton Ladies!

In November 2001, North Skelton hit the 'big time'. On a cold sunny Saturday morning, Jean Tokarski cut the ribbon to officially open the BMX track, situated at the top of William Street. A tap on her shoulder brought Jean, and everyone else who was there, the biggest surprise of her life. She turned round and there stood the famous Australian entertainer, Rolf Harris! Hovering behind him were TV cameras, and parked on the tarmac was a beautiful white stretch limousine. It was an unbelievable scene to all who had come just expecting to witness the opening ceremony.

After Jean had got over her initial shock, she and her daughter-in-law, also Jean, were whisked away to London for a fabulous weekend. Their hotel was the height of luxury, The Savoy overlooking the London Eye. As well as taking in the sights, Jean was treated to a full make-over. Afterwards, and looking a 'million dollars', she was transported to the Royal Albert Hall to see her favourite singer, Daniel O'Donnell. During his performance, Daniel dedicated one of his songs to Jean, and afterwards she was invited backstage to meet her idol.

On Christmas Day, Jean was featured on national TV in *Rolf's Merry Christmas* programme which showed arranged surprises for people who deserved them. It was a memorable weekend which Jean will never forget.

The accolade was for Jean's continuous voluntary work to help make life better for the people of North Skelton and we at The Key would like to join in with our congratulations - well done Jean!



Jean Tokarski and Rolf Harris



Dorothy Bowmaker

High unemployment in the Eastern Part of Middlesbrough was one of the main reasons the town was designated among the first 11 City Challenge Pacemaker Authorities in the country. 'Jobs Match', the project I led from September 1992 to March 1997 was formed to tackle this problem as part of the City Challenge 'Route to Work' strategy. A partnership between City Challenge, the Employment Service, Middlesbrough Borough Council, Teesside TEC and supported by East Middlesbrough Community Centre, the aim of the project was to link residents of the City Challenge area to jobs that suited their capabilities, qualifications and experience and helped them overcome the barriers in their search for employment.

I was leader of the team of eight which comprised of Employment Service Staff on attachment, two Middlesbrough Borough Council Staff, a consultant from Teesside TEC, a local Labour Construction Co-Ordinator, an Ethnic Minority Outreach Worker and an Administrative Assistant employed from the local community.

We undertook a skills audit of residents which provided the necessary information to form a database to use to match people to jobs and training. We had a yearly budget from City Challenge and the other partners to offer incentives to the unemployed in the form of working clothes, tools, fees for training or cash grants - anything to get over the barriers preventing the take-up of employment. We also offered enhancements to employers who employed people from the area.

The project was so successful during the period of City Challenge Funding (1992 - 1997) that we were able to find work for over 2,000 people, improving their standard of living and that of the local economy. The partnership decided to keep the project operating after the need of City Challenge Funding and the team was moved to Central Middlesbrough where we continued to work for the resident from all Wards in Middlesbrough until March 2000.

Throughout the whole period of 'Jobs Match' I was privileged to meet and work with some of the most professional, experienced, motivated and caring people and, through joint team-working, we found success. The 'Jobs Match' project was short listed for the 1996 British Urban Regeneration Awards, and runner-up for the 1996 prize for Public Management Leadership for which we received a high Commendation from the Office for Public Management.

On a personal level I was awarded the Public Service Woman of Achievement Award in 1997 and most recently the MBE in the 2002 New Year Honours list. I just wish my Mam and Dad had been here to see it but I am sure they will know.

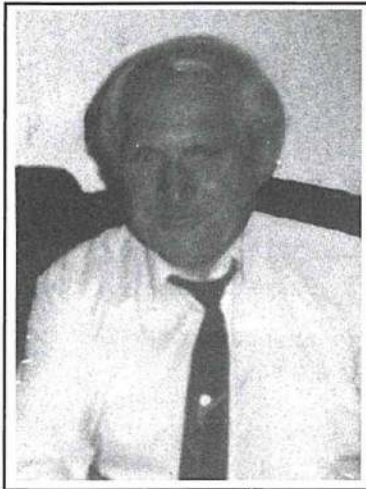
The main aim of 'Jobs Match' was achieved and the concept was rolled out through similar projects nationally into the Employment Service New Deal Programme and Employment Zones and Action Teams which are currently operating in various under-privileged areas.

Dorothy Bowmaker (nee Berwick)

(Congratulations and well done Dorothy - from 'The Key')

Happy Memories of Skelton Green and Stanghow Lane School

My first recollections at an early age were in the Forties, just after the war began, as you approached up the bank from Skelton towards Boosbeck Road. On the immediate left was the brick-built water pump house and the steel swing-gate giving access to the footpath to the 'Rec' (a one time recreation field taken over for agriculture during the war and never to be re-instated), then across Marley's Lane and over the Hills to Skelton.



Barry Bloomfield

A five foot brick wall bordered the 'Rec' up to the Miners Arms public house, then hosted by Tommy Bradley, who also ran a plumbing business next to which was a small function building called the 'French Rooms'. A row of houses led towards Norman's Butchers Shop next to which was Barber Jack's joint sweet shop and barbers run by Jack Chapman. Across the entrance to Trouthall Lane leading down to Stevenson's farm was the Chris Walker block, the undertakers. The last row of houses leading to Boosbeck Bank encompassed Gratton's Post Office, Smith's fish & chip shop and Con Parker's cobblers. On the bank top was Bob Gratton's orchard, (now a car repair business) and 'Tittie-Bottle Park' (now a bungalow).

Travelling back along Boosbeck Road there was the Miners' Hospital, converted into a fire station during the war and then into a private residence. Then there was the opening to Manless Terrace at the bottom of which, leading to the bus stop, stood Giorgio's shop, a wooden newsagent's shop (still standing but now unused), and Covell's house, followed by another wooden building, the Salvation Hall. A row of houses led up to the Co-operative Store and another row to The Green Inn pub and Wrigley's fish and chip shop, opposite which was the Infants School. This was demolished after it was closed

and then burned down in the eighties. The road leading between the school and fish shop to Airy Hill Lane incorporated the Workingmen's Club and Alf Rosse's Farm, whilst Manless Terrace leading back to Boosbeck Road sited Dr. Kirkpatrick's surgery, house and paddock.

I attended the Infant School from 1942 onwards, and remember the teachers Mona Saunders, Miss Robinson and Mr Busomworth. There were bomb shelters in the playground and I recall sitting in them wearing a gas mask. A stick of bombs were dropped, one of which hit the house in Apple Orchard, and the crater from another is still evident in Stevenson's farm field, just off Trouthall Lane.

We played football and cricket in the park and Ma Gill's field, and arranged our own games against nearby Skelton, North Skelton, Boosbeck, Margrove Park and Charltons. The game 'fox-off' covered the whole area for days. Whips and tops were in fashion (where did they go?) and bikes on traffic-free roads were prevalent. On a fine breezy day I can recall up to fifty home-made kites of all descriptions flying at one time. Winter time was for sledging down Petch's Fields, Trouthall Lane and Park Street. The youth club was run by Reddie Foster and John Readman in the Chapel Hall half-way down Skelton Bank.

Everything was abandoned for the *Dick Barton* programmes on the wireless, and there were three different films a week on at Boosbeck Empire. All this was ten years before the advent of television.

My happy recollections of school days, began, when after a homely period at Skelton Green Primary School, under headmistress, Miss Saunders and teachers Mr Busomworth and Miss Robinson, several of us were launched into the world of Stanghow Lane County Modern School and came into contact with strangers from places like Brotton, Old, New and North Skelton and this mystical place called Ground Hill. A few names that come to mind making this transition are Les Allison, Mike Want, Alan Lynas, John Simpson, Jim Woodsworth, Alan Tilley and Jim and Ian Keeler. We would make the two-mile journey on foot each day from Boosbeck Road over the field called the 'Rec' to Skelton Hills, through 'Flowston' above Skelton and down past New Skelton Cemetery to the school. We later cycled and our bikes were left in the care of Tom Larder the local cobbler, outside his work shed behind the 'Tuck Shop' on the corner adjacent to the school.

There began our early lessons and friendships which would last a lifetime, under a staff of teachers I'm sure we can all remember. Headmaster Mr Bonus, Miss Proctor, Miss Hammond, Miss Lewis, Miss Smith, Miss Rushome, Mr Plews, Mr Reed, Mr Mackenzie, Mr Benson and our weekly trip to Saltburn for woodwork under Mr Wake.

Our basic teaching apart, who can fail to remember some of the extra activities in which these teachers involved us, some of which earlier subscribers to *'The Key'* have touched upon.

Our Sports and Gala Days for charity, our frequent visits to Dr Barnados Home at Saltburn and the return parties at our school where I can clearly recall Miss Lewis, on one occasion to get the party going saying, "Barry you are a Tweng house leader. Go and ask a young lady to dance or you shall have to dance with me." An early lesson in life...!

I remember Mr Plews' formation of a choir and his outings, and the fun we had entering all the local competitions. He also introduced us to the world of opera and ballet, with Miss Lewis and Miss Smith taking us to see *'Swan Lake'* and *'Gilbert and Sullivan'*. I well remember Mr Plews taking us to a cello recital at Saltburn High School, where six of us lads found

ourselves amongst hundreds of girls who had been invited from all over the area. Mr Plews just said "Sorry lads, you'll just have to brave it out!" Yet another early lesson in life!

There were also our annual trips to see the 'Roker Lights' and holidays in Kirby Malshead, fending for us, exploring the local countryside and playing the local side at cricket.

Our two weeks holiday to the Festival of Britain in 1951, where we boarded out in different Youth Hostels. Our group was Eric Sturman, Mike Want, Dave Swan, Nobby Johnson, Gordon Templeman and Barry Ness under Mr Bonus's charge.

Mr Bonus formed a drama group and we performed plays at Skelton Chapel Hall for charity. Mr Bonus also produced the school play that year, 'The Tempest' - names that come to mind from the cast are Gerald Shaw, Norman Allen, Mike Want, Barry Ness, Anne Berwick, Dorothy Gledhill, Jean Graves, Pat Gill and Moira Port. We had great times being excused lessons for rehearsals.

We formed a cycle club of which Eric Sturman and Derek Beckham were captains, and I well remember one outing turning into a full-scale football match with the local lads of Newton-under-Roseberry.

On the Sports Day scene, I can recall high jump specialists Cyril Pratt, and Doreen and Brian Payne. In the cross-country events Mike Want, Brian Addison and Nick Carter come to mind. We had a full football programme at Senior, Intermediate and Junior levels as well as house matches between 'Bruce', 'Conyers' and 'Thweng'. George Camsell, accompanied by various other current Middlesborough players at the time, came regularly to take us for coaching sessions. Cricket house matches were played on North Skelton's pitch. We used to support our school hockey team which was run by Miss Lewis and captained by Jean Hanson and Anne Peacock. We challenged the lasses on occasions to hockey and netball matches and as I recall it they used to rough us up a bit!

A youth club was run by Mr Alf Ward on two nights a week in the school hall, where we formed a table tennis team. Two lads I can remember playing with were Howard Breeze and Darrell Wilson. We progressed from there to play in the Cleveland League with Skelton Institute as our venue, a youth club run by Mr Reddie Foster and John Readman.

Stanghow Lane School no longer exists. But for ex-pupils, who can fail to pass the old site which is now converted into flats and not recall so many happy memories...?

Barry Bloomfield

Old-Time Washing Day

*What did we do in the old days
Before washing machines were invented
We had no spinners or tumble driers
But yet we were contented.*

*We all had Monday morning blues
If the weather was cold and wet
But we just had to get on with the job
We couldn't say "Wash day forget!"*

*They don't know now what washing day is
In these days of automatics
With large families to wash for
No wonder we have rheumatics.*

*First we would light the old copper fire
And soon it was on the boil
We dropped the whites in the poss tub
And started our day of toil.*

*We possed and we rubbed
We soaped and we scrubbed
Then into the copper they went,
They bubbled in the witches cauldron
But to us it was heaven sent
To see our clothes come out so clean
Among the soap suds and the steam
Then we would rinse and starch and blue
Through the mangle they all had to go
We'd turn the wheel round with aching arms
And wish that the day was through.*

*Next we would peg them all out on the line
And watch them blow in the morning breeze
In summer it all seemed so easy
In winter our hands used to freeze.*

*We liked to hang them out in the frost
It bleached them all so fine
I've often had a dance with a frozen dress
I'd just unpegged from the line.*

*It was grand to see them hung out to dry
When we came to the end of the wash
We wiped out the copper and scrubbed the lid
Left off for a cuppa, sat down with a sigh.*

*But the day wasn't finished yet
They were all to dampen and fold
No electric steam irons for us
Just the old fashioned ones of old.*

*First we would make a lovely red fire
And we placed the old irons side by side
Mind you by now we were starting to tire
Still over the clothes they would glide.*

*And then we'd look at our lovely washing
All ironed and white as snow
The beautiful shirts and snowy white sheets
To our faces the pride would glow.*

*All things bright and beautiful
Table cloths, towels and smalls
All things bright and beautiful
Our hands had done them all.*

R Burluroux

Doc Spot . . . Complimentary and Alternative Medicine



Dr Roger Neville-Smith

I was recently asked to arrange a half day training session for young General Practitioners who were in the final year of their training on this very subject. It became obvious very quickly to me that GPs know little about this and therefore find it hard to talk to patients who might want to seek out treatment. Faced with this lack of knowledge some GPs will be antagonistic towards the idea and criticise the patient for making an unwise or even dangerous decision; some will take the attitude that "probably no harm will be caused so why not"; and others, again, will try to understand a little about what is available and advise patients accordingly. I thought it might be interesting to write something about this in order to increase our awareness.

I recently found a glossary of terms outlining 52 separate therapies; how any one individual can understand the difference between one and another is beyond me - who will benefit and are there any dangers? There are some therapies that most people have heard of e.g. Acupuncture but others are obscure e.g. Pranic Healing (the healer interacts with the patient's aura or energy field to allow an interaction of energy to take place). In November 2000 the House of Lords published a report on Complementary and Alternative Medicine. They had much to say on the subject but basically they felt that currently only a few activities had sufficient evidence to support further research and eventually to create robust registers of the practitioners. Acupuncture, Chiropractic, Herbalism, Homeopathy and Osteopathy were described as the big five so I will limit my comments to these.

Acupuncture works by inserting fine needles into the body at meridians or energy centres. This has been developed as part of Chinese medicine over hundreds of years and is claimed to work by influencing the Chi energy circulating in the body which in turn assists healing. In the west it is mostly used to treat back pain, arthritis, headache, asthma, hay fever, anxiety, fatigue, menstrual disorders and digestive disorders. It appears to be a safe therapy with few reported bad reactions - these are mostly caused by poor hygiene and infection through the insertion of the needles. Practitioners who are qualified will have undertaken several years training and professional acupuncturists have a single regulatory body, the British Acupuncture Council (BAcC). Although most practitioners will not be medical doctors some do practice Acupuncture.

Chiropractic is a system involving manipulation of the spine and limbs which may be combined with extended massage. The practice of Osteopathy is similar and the differences are mainly in the way the manipulation is undertaken. Low back pain is the most commonly treated condition but it can be used for a wide range of problems with the joints, ligaments, tendons and muscles. Manipulative treatments are mostly safe and the main serious danger relates to neck damage. There are several conditions that should not be treated this way which include flare-ups of serious arthritis e.g. rheumatoid arthritis, fractures, joint infection, circulation problems of the brain, serious blood vessel disease e.g. aneurysm and nerve compression states. Osteopathy and Chiropractic are regulated by statute since two Acts of Parliament in the mid 1990s. Practitioners usually take a four year course and, as with acupuncture, only a very small number of medical doctors offer this treatment.

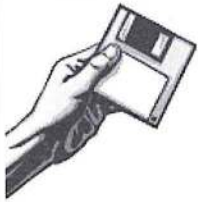
Herbal medicine has been used in the East and West for hundreds of years and, indeed, makes up for a lot of folk remedies that have been passed down through the generations. Herbs rather than synthetic materials are used; the medicines are active in the same way as in conventional medicine but often are sold as being gentle and more natural. As you might expect it can be used to treat a huge range of conditions including asthma, eczema, pre-menstrual symptoms, rheumatoid arthritis, migraine, menopausal symptoms, chronic fatigue, irritable bowel syndrome. The main problem is that some herbs are highly active and sometimes toxic so it is important to get advice before using these. There are numerous interactions with conventional medicines so do inform your doctor if you are taking herbal medicine. A few examples of possible problems are as follows: Echinacea can react with an anti fungal drug ketoconazole and damage the liver; Feverfew, garlic, ginseng, ginkgo and ginger can all react with warfarin the blood thinning drug, St John's Wort reacts with antidepressants to have an increased effect, Oil of Evening Primrose reduces the effectiveness of anti-seizure medicines. Although there are many courses in herbalism there is much difference in the level of training given to the practitioners. The National Institute of Medical Herbalists have members who are the most comprehensively trained but there will be few, if any, medical practitioners included.

Homeopathy is my particular speciality! It has been used for about 200 years and uses dilute substances to activate healing by matching the symptoms with the action of medicine. These come mostly from naturally occurring sources, often plant or mineral. For example the symptoms of a severe cold may be like the effect of being sprayed with onion juice. Thus, a preparation of this may help a cold sufferer with these symptoms. The range of conditions that can be treated is huge and involves all systems of the body - the main limiting factor is whether a different treatment e.g. surgery or replacement treatment would be more appropriate. Side effects are virtually nil so long as a dangerous diagnosis is not missed. Training is available for health professionals from the Faculty of Homeopathy and for non medical students from colleges affiliated to the Society of Homeopaths. Both organisations keep registers of qualified practitioners.

Many patients feel that they need help from something other than conventional medicine. They may have side effects from the treatment they have received or they may be unsuitable for treatment because they are too young, pregnant or for a number of other reasons. Therefore, alternative treatments have much to offer but, other than osteopaths and chiropractics, none have statutory regulation. (Note that medical practitioners are regulated by the General Medical Council for all their medical activities). All this must leave the seeker in a dilemma; where are they to find a suitable treatment and a qualified practitioner? I do not have the answer! I suggest, however that individuals proceed with caution; do at least get a diagnosis from a doctor. I advise getting a list of qualified practitioners from one of the organisations I have listed above and check what training is required to be included on the list. You could even talk to your GP about it because the chances are that he or she will not eat you!

Dr Roger Neville-Smith

Dr Roger Neville-Smith



COMPUTER HELP PAGE

Community Technician's Technical Tips

By Neil Harland



For this month's article you will be glad to hear I shall not be holding forth about hardware, software, the internet or any other technical term - I can nearly feel the audible sighs of relief from you all!

Instead, I thought that I might do a small article for all those of you lucky people who got a computer for Christmas and are now sitting in front of it and are struggling to find out what to do with it. Fear not, there is help at hand.

In **Skelton** there is the recently opened **Microcafe** in the High Street and the **Virtual Learning Centre** at De Brus School. In both of these places they run beginners courses, CLAIT, IBT2 & Web Page Design. In addition, at the Microcafe they are planning to run Digital Imaging, PC Maintenance, Music Production, Video Editing and Computers Together. The Microcafe is open until 8.00pm on Tuesdays and Thursdays. For more information contact the Virtual Learning Centre on 01287 654057 or the Microcafe on 01287 659627.

The Virtual Learning Centre is also doing 'outreach' courses at Skelton Green for all abilities and also a CLAIT course.

The Digital Communities Project will also be doing outreach IT training in the New Year so if you live no-

where near these places and a small group would like to learn about IT then we can arrange to bring all the kit to you as well as a tutor. Contact Neil Harland on 01287 624843.

In **Saltburn** there is a **Terminus** in Station Street, above Bell's Store, and soon to be opened is '**Terminus 2**' a training facility incorporating a coffee shop. Courses offered here take place 3 times yearly and are taught by the University of Teesside. There are open days for complete beginners and the courses are modular, the student being given two hours tutor time per week. More importantly, the courses are Free of Charge. If this is not your 'bag' then you could sign up for a 'Learn Direct' Course which is a distance learning course that takes place over the internet. For more information call 01287 624843.

For those of you involved in Agriculture or Land-based Industries there are free beginner's courses organised by the Worker's Education Association. These normally take place at Askham Bryan College in Guisborough, but outreach courses have been arranged in village halls in places such as Egton, Glaisdale, Hutton-le-Hole and Chop Gate. Contact Teresa de Saram on 01757 269157. If you want one-to-one IT training on your farm then contact Neil Harland on 01287 660321.

Where's The Youth Provision for The Young People Of North Skelton ?

Back in 1995 I left quite a thriving little Youth Club at North Skelton. This was due to me moving up to Lingdale where I became, and still am, the Centre Manager (part-time) for Lingdale Youth & Community Centre.

North Skelton Youth Club was situated in the Village Hall and it was open every Sunday evening from 6.30 to 9.00pm and each child paid the massive sum of 10p entry fee.

I spent four happy years at this little club where the young people got to know me and vice versa. We had loads of activities, there was TV / Video, Pool, Snooker, Darts, Tuck Shop and many other activities to while away the evening, and of course there was me. I was the one they came to with those problems that they couldn't talk to anyone else about, but they knew they could talk to me in confidence.

Many trips for the Young People were run from the club. We went Bowling, to Wet 'n Wild, Flamingo Land and many more. Unfortunately only a mini bus load at a time could go, and guess who drove the bus! Yes you guessed it - ME!

Anyway, like I said, in 1995 I moved up to Lingdale, and the club was afterwards run by another Leader, but for some reason he did not stay for long and the club closed down in 1996 and has not re-opened since.

What has happened to all the equipment? Why has no other Leader been put in place? The club was funded by the Community Education System so has this funding now been

spent on something else?

The village has expanded since the building of Greenhill View. I now live on that estate and there are approximately 80 children of mixed ages from that part of the village alone, plus the children on Layland and the children from North Skelton village itself.

Where are the facilities for the Young People in this area? There is one small play area at the back of William Street and then there is.....**nothing else!** I fear and know that this may contribute to the boredom of the Young People, and boredom can very quickly lead to crime, drugs, drink and many other anti-social activities.

Can't our local councillors see that there is nothing in place for these Young People? Why is it always the Urban area's that seem to get all the funding for projects relating to Youth? Why can't North Skelton apply for SRB (Single Regeneration Budget)? Why can't someone speak up for the Youth in this area?

These Young People are the village's future adults - let's not turn our back on them. We should support Young People in their beliefs by educating them towards social inclusion and give them a more positive future.

Nat Wood
Resident of North Skelton

The Diary of James Allen Barrett

By Norman Sturman



James Allen Barrett was born at Morton Pinkney, Northamptonshire, in 1848. He was known as a 'tunnel tiger', that is, one who worked in tunnels, and helped with the boring of most of the tunnels in the country, including the one at Easington on what was then the Saltburn to Whitby branch line. He came up to Rosedale Abbey to work in the mines and then tramped to East Cleveland, sleeping at night in an old barn at the side of Kilton Lane, before starting work as an ordinary miner at Messrs Morrison and Co.'s Brotton Mines. He was soon promoted to deputy-overman, a position he kept until his retirement in 1906. He remained a bachelor throughout his life, living with Mr & Mrs Sturman and family in Brotton for 60 years until his death in 1935, at the age of 87. During the 60 years of his connection with Brotton, he had a break of two years for a visit to Australia, making the outward and homeward voyages in a sailing vessel. He hoped to emigrate to that country, but being unable to settle, returned to Brotton. Here are some extracts from the diary he kept on his travels which began in September 1886...

(continued from the December 2001 Edition 31 of The Key...)

"The Queensland country nearly all bush you see here and there is a bit cleared with the beetroot left in they grow a little maize and oats to make chaff and lucerne some grow grapes, oranges, bananas, pineapples. It is too hot to grow corn. Sugar is the greatest industry that is chiefly done by black labourers. They employ a few white men at crushing the cane and in the refinery, but nothing but blacks in the plantations only, just ploughmen. They have to live chiefly on salt, junk in the bush as fresh beef will only keep one day. You can get any quantity of it in the towns, tuppence hapenny per pound and you can get a pound of steak for three pence, but other things are a lot dearer than at home.

I stayed 2 - 3 weeks and only got a few hours work, at times loading and unloading the boats as everything comes by water. The railway charge is very dear for everything. The gauge is only 3ft 6ins they run up and down steep gradients to avoid cuttings, so there is very little work making them as well. I took the boat again to Maryborough for Brisbane 206 miles, fare £1. It is good accommodation on them. Plenty to eat. I took the train from Brisbane to Beenleigh then had to go ten miles up the bush. There I found Joe Wright on a new railway, but just jacked up, had a contract, but could not make anything at it, too many men can get work. Done for less money than in England, they could not get a bit of fresh meat without going five miles for it. They had to live on bread and jam and butter and tea and sugar and a mile to fetch that and live in tents. They had an old gun so we amused ourselves for 2 or 3 days till they got their bit of money shooting parrots. There was any quantity. They are such bonny birds. We shot a possum and some bears and then me and Joe and other two came back to Brisbane and booked for Sydney over 500 miles for thirty pounds. You will wonder how we got the money, but one of our mates stood Sam for Joe and me, it took nearly two days and nights to get to Sydney. It is a grand place, things pretty cheap. Good meal for six pence and all three penny drinks. Nearly a pint of beer for three pence, but thousands out of employment. Some getting relief from the Government and some they find work for. It wants something of the sort in Queensland as there are thousands out of work there. We stayed in Sydney one night and took the boat again for Woolagong at eleven o'clock the next night another 8 shillings and sixpence. They had been out on strike seven months in that district, just gone in again, but a lot of men out of employment took on black legs and kept a lot of Irish men. There had just been a dreadful explosion at the place called Bully. 85 men lost their lives. We went and I had a look at the place at the time the inquest was on. There is no pits here, all drifts drove in under a range of mountain. Sea coast, it is a very nice place here. The nicest place I have seen since I left England. Good land, grows anything you like to plant.

We found Bob Stevens and Charlie Shaw, they made us very welcome, different to some we went to see in Queensland. Charlie Shaw has a very nice home and half an acre of garden. Grows all sorts of stuff in it.

Left Sydney February 28th 1888 in the SS Syguria. Arrived at Melbourne on the 1st March anchored alongside of jetty at Williams Town. The railway trains run onto the jetty alongside the boat. You can get a return ticket from there to Melbourne and for 9 pence went there to have a look. Very nice place. We left again on the 2nd, Port Philip for Adelaide. Arrived there on Sunday morning the 4th and dropped anchor there. Had more cargo

to take in there. There is no harbour for large ships. There we laid out 2 or 3 miles from Port Adelaide in what is called Largs Bay and went ashore in a steam launch. The trains run into the jetty there and then Adelaide is just a few miles out on a level plane. I took a return ticket one shilling by rail. Adelaide is a very clean city, but nothing like Sydney or Melbourne. Grapes and wine very cheap. Wine two pence for a big glass, grapes one and a half pence per pound and we left there on Monday afternoon for Albany Western Australia.

We arrived there on the Friday following about twelve o'clock at night and left there at six next morning. We anchored in what is called King Georges Sound. You cannot see Albany from there. King Georges Sound is like a large basin surrounded by mountains, then we had our long run across the Indian Ocean eleven days from there to Aden, arrived on Sunday about noon. Aden is a barren looking place. Never rains there and very hot. Ours was a large boat. We had to lay a good bit out as soon as we had dropped anchor. The water was black with natives in their canoes and boats bringing things to sell. We had quite a fair on board all the afternoon. We put in there for coals. We left again that evening, 90 miles took us into the Red Sea and we were favoured with a pretty good breeze in coming through it, though it was a terror to passengers. We dropped anchor again on Thursday at Souix. We had to stay there to have the electric light. We had natives coming aboard again selling their wares. We started again at 12 o'clock to enter the canal.

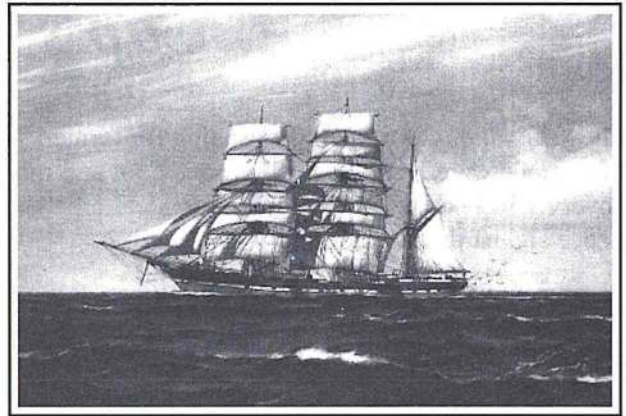
We did not get to Port Said till eleven on Friday night. Good Friday. We stopped there for coals. I went ashore in one of the native boats six pence each way. They seem to keep open all night. Some of the places had about three hours on shore, left again at four o'clock in the morning. The next land you see is the island of Crete. We passed through the Straits of Messina in the night, the last grand sight there Sicily on one side and the mainland of Italy on the other. Then the volcanic islands that were inhabited, we passed the island of Capri, Garribaldi's birth and burial place, and behind that the island of Joshua that was recently visited by a terrible earthquake.

We entered the Bay of Naples Tuesday evening. There I saw the grandest scenery it has ever been my lot to behold. Like a giant towering over the rest of us Mount Vesuvius sending forth continuous volume of smoke and all around the bay you see houses, Bastilles barracks, forts and palaces, splendid to look on, but it was nearly six o'clock when we anchored there. We only stayed two hours to land the mail and passengers, some went onshore, but I did not go for such a short time. Two shillings and sixpence there and back, but we had any amount of Italians coming with their wares for sale. We sailed again at dark, then they had a grand view of Mount Vesuvius belching forth fire and smoke.



The next land we saw was the coast of Sardinia, extending for many miles, then the coast of Spain came alongside of that, till you come to Gibraltar. Dropped anchor about two o'clock on Saturday morning. I was up before daylight to have a look at the strongest natural fortress in the world, then the boats came alongside with tobacco, cigars, oranges, figs, Florida water and other things. The people are chiefly Spanish, but garrisoned by the British. There were a great many naval vessels there. It is a narrow piece of water they call the Straits of Gibraltar, Algiers on the African coast and Spain on the other side. We left there about 10 and we had a nice view of the Spanish coast as the country lays rather low along there. Sunday we could see the coast of Portugal, then we came into the Bay of Biscay that night. The next land we saw was Brest, a point of land on the French coast. The Bay of Biscay has a terrible name for being rough, but was on its best behaviour when we came through it.

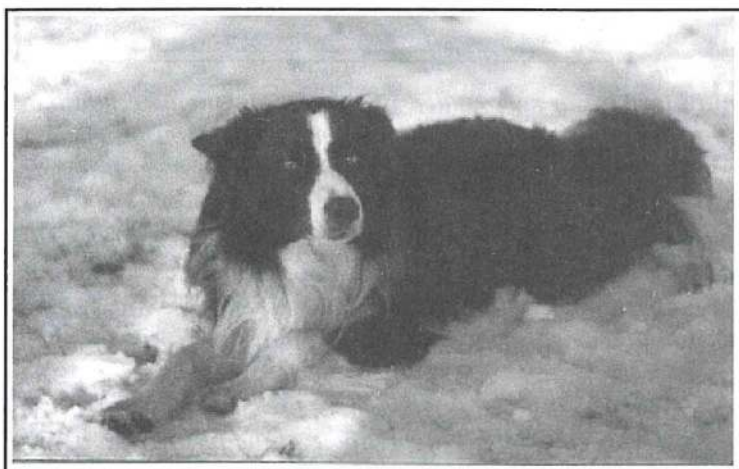
We arrived at Plymouth about 9 on Tuesday night, most of the passengers for the West of England and Ireland landed there, the rest of us came on for London. We started up the Channel at eleven o'clock that night and it was rather thick weather till we got off at Dover. Then we had a good view till dark. We passed the Goodwin Sands in daylight, but anchored off Ramsgate that night, then came up the Thames at daylight next morning."



Cap's Eye View

The years 2000-2001 were devastating for farmers all over the country. Our countryside literally closed down. Many jobs were lost, never to return. Foot and mouth is a disease with only one conclusion, heartbreak. Recovery will take years. Recently our local area got the all clear. Relief flooded the communities. With patience and hard work, normality will return.

This is a light-hearted view of the event



Hello All!

This must have been a strange year for you humans, it's baffled the collective brains of all three of us. It started out as it always does, but then all of a sudden there were buckets of smelly liquid everywhere. I swear to you readers I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, the next day Neil was putting straw down on the lane. To top it all he dragged some old carpets out and laid them on top. Between you and me I was beginning to think he was off his head. Then every day he emptied the buckets of smelly liquid all over them. This perplexed us; any dog knows that

you try to keep straw bedding dry. As well as that he started to clean his Wellington boots and shoes in this stuff with a brush, the bottoms as well!! So now he was becoming compulsive in his hygiene. This was indeed worrying. He even made Cath do the same thing. We hadn't even made it into March and here was our Master acting like a Mad March Hare!

It got worse. Friends, he started to clean the tyres on the car, every day!! Not only that he bought a power washer and started cleaning the tractor whenever he wanted to go anywhere on it. Then he would spray it with that smelly stuff again. I didn't realise it was made out of metal, I just thought it was a muddy thing with wheels. That confirmed it: Our Master had completely lost his marbles. I mean, whoever heard of a farmer cleaning his tractor with such frequency? (Unless of course he lived in Emmerdale...)

Funnily enough there were no visitors this year. In one sense that was a good thing as I didn't have to explain to any other dogs the fact that here I was with a Master who was clearly insane. On the other hand I did miss all the petting and attention that I get from the visitors when they come here. Spring turned to Summer and still things were no better. We heard on the grapevine that there was disease called 'Foot & Mouth' going around. Was that it? Had our master fallen ill? He was certainly to be heard muttering things about "MAFF", "DEFRA", & " brain cells among the lot of 'em!". Whatever it was, it was infectious as Cath started to rip off all the wallpaper in the house. Shortly afterwards some men came and pulled the wires down in the house and the farm buildings. Then they put some more wires back. Are all you humans getting a touch too much sun or what?

Anyway for what it's worth Neil asks me to tell you that he is very grateful to all of you who refrained from walking across the Moors this year and he is hoping that you will all come back and visit him and Cath in the New Year. So let's get this straight shall we? This year he wanted you all to stay away, and next year he wants you all to come back. I tell you, you humans sometimes I think you're all Barking Mad!!

Jess (the undisputed Boss),



Dan



and Me (the handsome one)



PHOTO GALLERY



The Marsay family - Boosbeck, 1936

*L to R: Edna, 'Fat', Ken, Wilf
Maureen (on chair)
(Elsie, was working at Young's, Cumbank Farm)*



A group of pals - late 1940's

*Back L to R: Eric Wilcox & Wilf Marsay
Front: Norton Wilcox, Eddie Slater, Frank 'Chuff' Taylor*



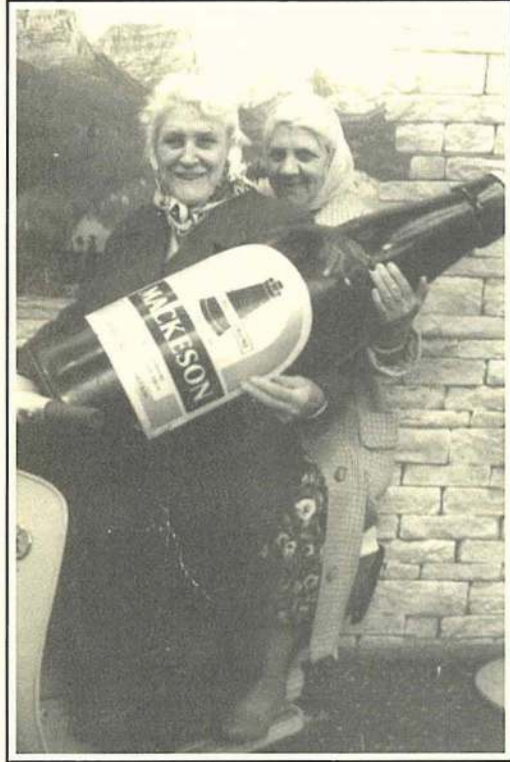
North Skelton School Dinner Ladies - c. 1950

Back standing L to R: Eva Gosling, Anne Robinson, Anna Beadle, -?- , -?-, Ethel Payne, Ray Readman, -?-

Kneeling: Olive Templeman, Anna Hudson, Grace Wynn, Mary Brown, Nora Teasdale



*Jack & Jane Hodgson
(Mam & Dad)*



Martha Ruddy & Jane Hodgson



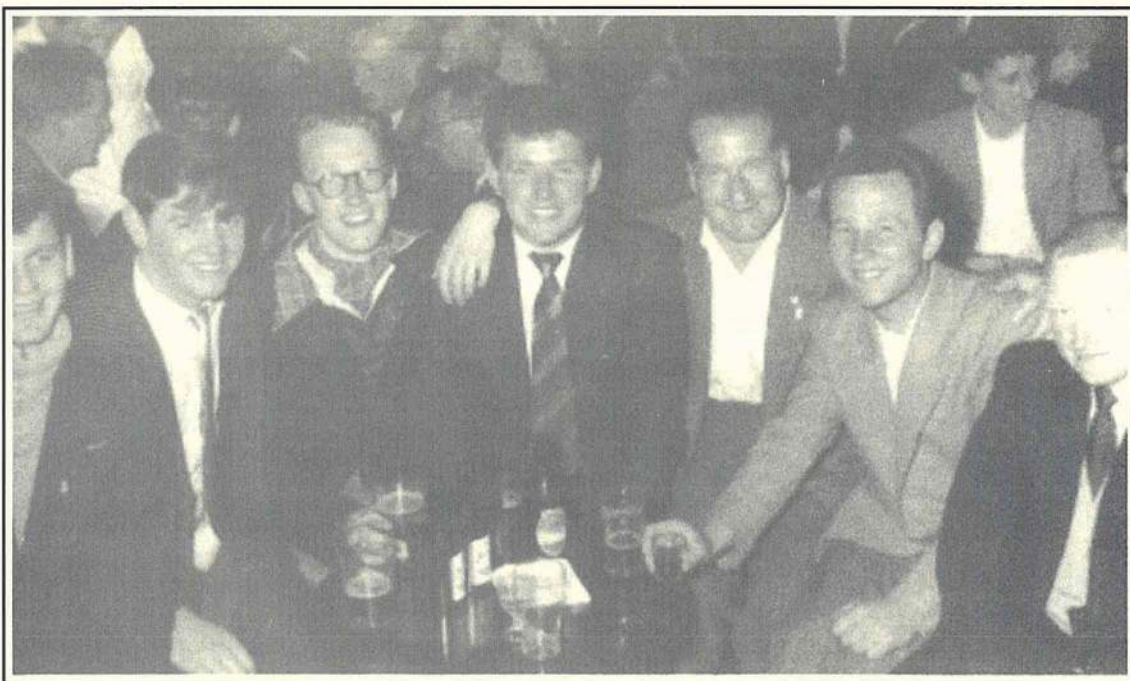
Milly & Keith Hodgson



Jinny & Tommy Johns

*All the above photographs are happy memories for Marion Ramage (nee Hodgson)
of her mother, father and other family members*

Marion would like to wish Hilda (nee Ruddy) a happy 80th birthday!



Local lads night out - mid 1950's

L to R: G Hicks, R Dunning, M Vodden, J Dobson, C Dunning, G Hore



Isle of Man Jubilee - 1957

L to R: C Dunning, G Hicks, M Vodden, J Dobson, G Hore



George Sussons is the only name we know on the above photograph of South Skelton FC - 1919

Do you recognise anyone else, perhaps a relative - if so, please let us know



Help is required in identification of this photograph from Norman Sturman. He has a hazy recollection of being told that it is of Brotton Swifts. His grandfather, Fred Sturman (trainer) on the far left is the only person he knows. The Carr brothers may also be featured prior to Jackie playing for Middlesbrough FC. The season was 1922-23 as Norman possesses a receipt for donations to the Brotton Hospital Cup Committee.



Stanghow Lane School - 1935 or 1936

*Back Row L to R: -?- , Fred Jackson, -?- , Featherstone, Joe Robinson, Fred Bringloe, Pete Winspear, -?-
 3rd Row: Sleaman, -?- , Richardson, -?- , -?- , -?- , -?- , Maurice Scuffam, Joan Rowe,
 2nd Row: Bunning, Dunning, -?- , Jean Ridley, Jean Ridley, -?- , Jean Lancaster,
 Kathleen Williamson, -?- , Miss Winter (teacher)
 Front Row: Audrey Barnes, -?- , Eleanor Hanson, -?- , Peggy Peale, Alma Hearne, Enid Winfield, -?-*



North Skelton Carnival Flower Parade - 1911



Brotton County Modern School Hockey Team

*Back Row L to R: June Breckon, -?- , -?- , Annette Clements, Mrs Watson (teacher)
Front Row: Susan Brabanski, Jane Ebbs, Sandra Skidmore, Ann Wright, Jean Edwards, -?-*



Brotton County Modern School Hockey Team - 1966/67

*Back Row L to R: Mr Bowman (Headmaster) Wilma MacWhinnie, Aileen Thompson, Susie Wilson,
-?- , Yvonne Ackerley, Mrs Watson (teacher)
Front Row: Stephanie Tyrka, Angela Found, -?- , Gail Gooderham, Margaret Beck,
Jean Ackerley, Carol Ramage*



Brotton County Modern School Athletics Team - 1967

Back Row L to R: John Watson , -?- , Baz Stonehouse, Norman Hird, Brian Reece, Robert Walker, Dave Sunley, Chris Rennison
4th Row: Robin Gray (teacher), Bill Griffiths, Ian Curnow, Ian Clements, Keith Howard, Malcolm Ward, Ian Armstrong, Mike Scott, Lee Ingleby, George Codling
3rd Row: Steve Husband, Peter Amelia, R Hood, -?- , Paul Fox, Dave Congerton, Ray Dye, Derek Francis, Bruce Husband, Ian Watson, Toddy Tyreman, -?- , Brian Antill, Miss Watson
2nd Row: Jean Husband, Anthea Green, Sheila Wilson, Marilyn Jackson , Diane Denton, Heather Clements, Jean Ackerley, -?- , Sue Lynas
Front Row: C Sleeman?, Ann Wright, -?- , Annette Clements



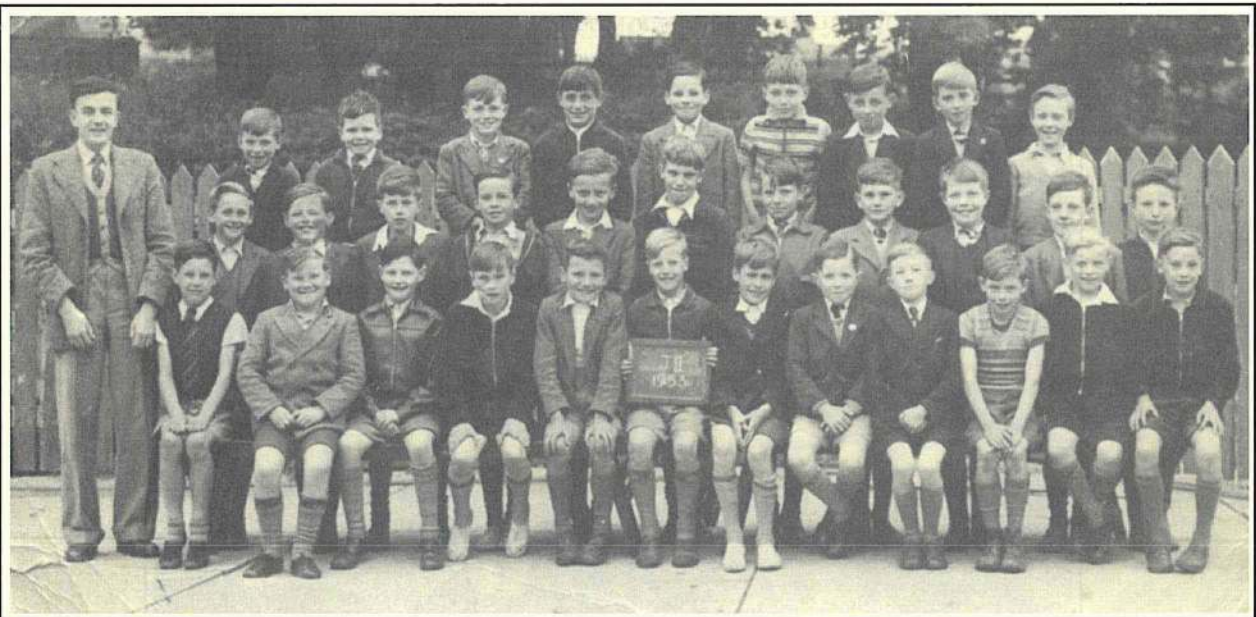
Brotton County Modern School Cross Country Team - 1968

Back Row L to R: Mr Bowman (Headmaster), Gavin Conway, Bruce Husband, Robert Walker, Keith Howard, Ginner Harris, Bri Antill, Mr Hanson (teacher)
Front Row: -?- , Steve Husband, Ian Watson, Lee Ingleby, Ian Clements, Ian Curnow, B Dewing



St Margaret's School, Brotton Girls - 1953

Back Row L to R: Ann Allison, Margaret Pucket, Irene Jones, Joyce Dunning, Janet Marley, Anne Wells, Rosaline Eastwood, Joyce Coates, Ann Dixon, Norma Wright
Middle Row: Christine Templeman, Pauline Porritt, Eve Barwick, Pauline Hart, Margaret Wren, Betty Davis, Marjorie Rigg, Jean Beadnall, -?- , Elizabeth Marsay
Front Row: Marion Eastern, Joan Welburn, Lynne Scott, Georgina Smith, Dorothy Atkinson, Audrey Fox, Christine Horner, Jane Preston, Phylis Smith, Valerie Jackson, Diane Reed



St Margaret's School, Brotton Boys - 1953

Back Row L to R: Gordon Finlay (teacher), Norman Tennant, Keith Garland, -?- , Michael Taylor, -?- , -?- , Paul Barwick, Neil Thompson, Billy Wright
Middle Row: Tony Havelock, Don Morrish, Bob Moore, -?- , Dave Simpson, Eric Bushby, Dave Metcalfe, Ian Hindmarsh, Michael Gladders, Brian Hughes, John Hodgson
Front Row: George Templeman, Kenny Ward, Dave Partridge, -?- , -?- , Eric Bint, Dave Cowan, Geoff Kitchener, Jeff Abrahams, -?- , Norman Chester, Alan Found

Letter Writing: Art Form of Aggravation ?

Well, I mean, it's all e-mail and Internet now, isn't it? Everyone appears to be in so much of a rush, with no time to savour the gut-warming delight of a letter, well-constructed, polished a little, and sent-off with an air of keen expectation. This latter emotion relates to the three main attractions : love letters, letters of complaint, and letters of praise or recognition.

By far the most tense element is the 'Love Letter'. I used to consider myself something of an expert in this genre : until Rodney observed that the noun 'expert' comprised two elements – 'x' (the unknown quantity) and 'spurt' (a drip under pressure). Farrington had instilled in me a love of words, but shaky grammar and I was never too concerned if my past participle was in the right place, or not. This short-coming never prevented me from pointing-out loose syntax in others.....I always considered syntax should have been associated with activities more physically glamorous than words.

My indulgence in these *cries do couer* ended abruptly one summer's evening when I repaired to my girlfriend's house – to whom I had sent missives of true love/physical pain and so forth... you ladies know the drill. Horror! Embarrassment! Perfidy to my ears as I overheard her regaling two of her friends (both female) of my most private thoughts....accompanied by shrieks of laughter and such wounding comment as "*The daft Jessie never wrote THAT, did he?*"

Creeping away, I was pre-football clichéd in "feeling gutted", but I then compounded my error by confiding in Prothero – who also shrieked with laughter and said "*You surely never wrote THAT did you, you daft bugger.*" Well, I tell you brothers and sisters – that was me finished with LL's

Rightly or wrongly – hopefully the former – I gained a reputation for writing abrasive letters to a wide range of people, firms, councils, MP's...that's about as low as we can go. Most were ignored, or sent a saccharine reply – really irritating aren't they, those letters which waffle-on and say nowt? The strange thing was that, in writing or typing when the sap was running, much of my anger/displeasure was exorcised as the fluid ran down the pen (ink, my dears) or the Word Processor began to gently steam. Consequently, the reply was almost a let-down, scarcely worthy of reading.

I once wrote to two cricketers at The Castle, as the captain of the team had been reluctant to solve the issue by discussion, to the effect that - on winning the toss and electing to bat - our chances were devalued as the two people in question were invariably late and they were our No. 1 and No. 3 batsmen. Thanks to the Voice of Cleveland (Barry Bloomfield) and his cohorts, this was retold around Skinningrove Works, then out into the real world. Much merriment ensued, the two (very good players, but of limited team awareness) duly left the Club...and Neil's letter became notorious in local cricketing circles. Sad, really, but always good for a cheap laugh in Liverton Mines Club and other such places where the inhabitants have declined straight from barbarism to decadence, without passing through civilisation. I remain unruffled, convinced that although my interpolation in that affair was misguided, my letter-content was spot-on.

On receiving a closely-typed, three-page missive from Manpower Services Commission concerning the over-payment of 50p bus allowances to my YTS Trainees – and what did I intend to do about *that* !! – I replied that while his letter contained 1,458 words, the Ten Commandments had only 94...and which was better value? Of course, both numbers were guesses, but it got on the MSC staff notice-board in Middlesbrough.

While on complaints, the letter has been superseded by your "friendly, phone-in facility" to the ubiquitous Customer Services Dept. Well, there's an oxymoron if ever I saw one. They are *dreadful*: expensive, irritating as nettle-rash as you chase the various "options" and then have to set awhile and let your saddle cool. I tell you chums, it's less hassle to write – always to the Chief Executive or Chairman, by the way (*never* the Customer Services Dept). Their answer may not satisfy you, but at least someone has had to research and reply.

Our final sector: the letter of praise or recognition. I thoroughly recommended this procedure. Not only do you get that feel-good factor after composing and editing, but *everyone* welcomes such a message. Business, relative, friends, councils...it matters not, we all need to feel that our worth has been recognised.

It is a version of the soft-cop/hard-cop routine, so beloved of Cagney and Lacey, Dalzeil and Pascoe, Walsh and Walsh. For special effect, after praising the individual and their service, always add, "no reply is necessary".

To use a Japanese culture tactic, this immediately puts a tremendous "on" on the recipient of your letter. Do they ignore it altogether, or merely follow the "No Reply..." suggestion? Both options risk the sender then thinking "Miserable sods, they didn't even *acknowledge* my letter". So they do reply, expressing sincere thanks for your letter, etc., and then you can either (a) ignore it or, better still (b) write backing saying, "*I told you no reply was necessary*".

For those organisations which have Investors in People, Charter Mark, or similar skills recognition usual procedure is to respond to *all* correspondence within seven days.

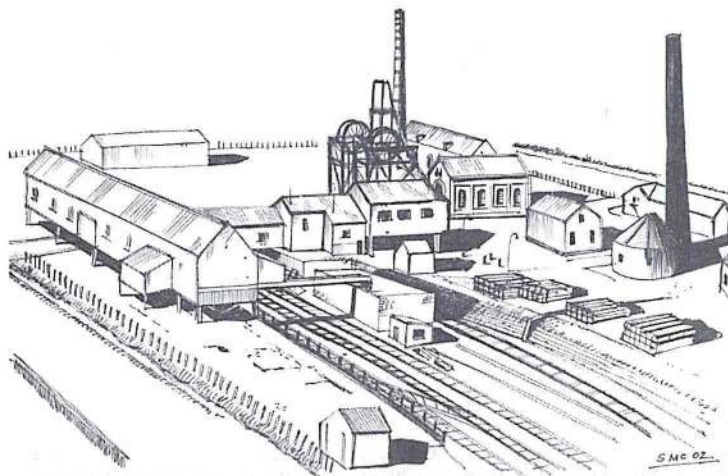
So there we have it. In the vast inkwell of taste, manners and politeness, we have but briefly dipped our quill. But we all seek recognition or, at worst, reaction. Even I (me?). For example I am now taking a gap-year from writing for The Key but will continue to read it avidly and who knows – some of you may be persuaded to write to me about one (or less) of my articles.

To paraphrase Britt Ekland..."(within reason) *I'm not bothered what you write about me, so long as you spell my name correctly*".

To all Key readers, a Happy Christmas and New Year..OR.. a jolly Easter depending on which edition I'm in. *Ta-ra for now chucks*.

Neil Harrison – not on Internet, not on E-Mail, no Fax, No talent, Gas Mark 6

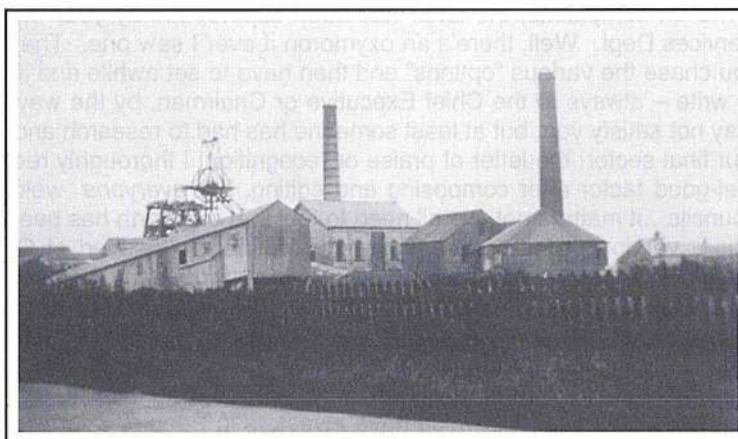
A History of the Cleveland Mines - Lingdale Pit



Lingdale Pit is the only one that sticks in my memory as a child after moving to Skelton from Moorsholm. Locals will remember it mainly because of its mountainous twin-peak shale tip that was almost in the back yards of some of the street houses that bordered it in Lingdale. The shale tip dominated the Cleveland countryside for many years. I passed it when it was in the process of being removed every day for a year in the school bus on the way from Stanghow Lane School to Margrove Park School to relieve the overflow problem at the Skelton school until the building of the two new schools on Station Road in 1967. The removal of the shale tip began in the mid 1960's and took several years to complete, the tip being the largest sign of evidence to passing strangers that Lingdale pit was ever there. The removed shale was used in building work in the area.

Over the years, the main pit site has changed dramatically and now consists of a number of industrial units. Green's, the builder's merchants yard, was built outside the pit's northern boundary. The original site continued south up the Claphow road where you would have passed under the wooden bridge which was built in the 1890's for the transport of shale across to the tip on the outskirts of the village. Then continuing on up to the war memorial crossroads near East Cleveland Motors (car sales) the road passes over the railway cutting which was eventually filled in on the mine side but the tunnel entrance and cutting can still be seen on the south side, though a fence makes a good view of it difficult. However, you can still see the three entrances to the railway tunnels. The road continues along to Kilton Lane past the small business park (Stonehouse's) and on to the 'overmen's cottages that still exist, then on down the lane to where the road bends reaching the northern extremity of the pit's boundaries. The remaining buildings now painted grey are used as industrial units and the two remaining shafts are capped, standing side by side like two small square buildings with no windows.

Lingdale Pit, known locally as Pease's Pit, was leased in 1870 to Pease & Partners, reaching full production by 1877. The site was chosen for its location near to the Kilton railway line, the cuttings of which can still be seen just off Kilton Lane on the east side of the mine. Three shafts were sunk to the main seam of ore at a depth of 600 feet, the shafts being for winding, pumping and ventilation. The pit head was replaced in the First World War along with the winding gear and the pit worked on until the great depression of the 1920s. It then lay idle from 1926 until 1940. In 1940 two kilns were installed approximately where East Cleveland Motors is situated today. This was because the quality of the shale/ore was poor, so ore-smelting was done onsite - I believe it was the only pit to have such kilns in the Cleveland area. In 1947 the mine was re-leased by Lingdale Ironstone Mine Ltd who worked the pit for Pease & Partners after nationalisation. In 1957 the mine fell under the wing of Dorman Long until its closure in February 1962, resulting in 150 people, miners, surveyors, engineers, office staff, blacksmiths, ambulancemen and support personnel being unemployed.



There was always danger working in the mines of East Cleveland, varying from the risk of rock falls to getting trapped in machinery. In the early days miners' wages depended on how many tons of ore they could remove. They often hired and paid a relative out of their own wages, perhaps a son, nephew or cousin, to move their wagon full of ore with their 'tally' (a metal tag with their number on it) to the shaft bottom. This was often done in the dark as they couldn't afford candles to illuminate the way. The load was logged, then weighed and a wage worked out. If you couldn't work you didn't earn any money. Rats were an ever present 'friend' - if the rats left, you left! Though gas was not usually a problem in the pits of this area, it did lead to the death of two miners in 1953 and the disaster of 1954 which killed eight men in an explosion.

Stuart McMillan

Frank Wild - Explorer from Skelton



Frank Wild

You may have seen the recent TV film documenting the fantastic feat of survival by Sir Ernest Shackleton and the crew of the *Endurance* in their 1914-17 expedition to the South Pole. But did you know that Shackleton's second-in-command was in fact a Skelton lad? Frank Wild was born in Skelton on the 10th April 1873, growing up among the pits and farms of East Cleveland and North Yorkshire, but always dreaming of a life at sea.

He was born John Robert Frances Wild, we think on Skelton High Street, though I still have to check the census for the period. Then we believe he moved to Boosbeck Road, Skelton Green, leaving to join the Merchant Navy at the age of 16 before joining the Royal Navy in 1900 as a rating.

Out of thousands of applicants he was chosen to join Scott on the *Discovery* as a seaman. On there he met Ernest Shackleton who was a sub lieutenant RNR and who was surveyor and photographer on the *Discovery* expedition (Shackleton was sent home from this trip on medical grounds by Scott on the first ship back). Wild went on to distinguish himself by leading a sledge party to safety.

Wild was then selected by Shackleton for his rival trip to the South Pole on the *Nimrod*, independent of Scott, and was part of the team that reached the furthest point south on the journey across the Ross Barrier and Beardmore Glacier. Later, Scott was lost on his expedition on the trip back from the Pole in 1912.

Wild was then part of Douglas Mawson's Australian Antarctic Expedition of 1911-14 on the *Aurora*, being team leader of the western base party.

Again Wild joined Shackleton for the 1914 -17 expedition to the South Pole - this time he was made second-in-command aboard the *Endurance* until the ship was crushed in the ice. The crew then made the epic journey to Elephant Island where Wild was left in charge whilst Shackleton and five companions set sail for South Georgia in a bid to save the rest of the crew. Miraculously, all were in fact rescued, though some were to lose their lives shortly afterwards in the latter part of World War I fighting for King and country. Wild was commissioned as a temporary Lieutenant in the Royal Navy and then served as a transport officer on the Northern Front in Russia.

After the War he spent a short time at Spitzbergen working on English coal mining concerns, then moved to Nyasaland in Africa to work on a tobacco plantation project.

In 1922 Wild again joined Shackleton on the *Quest*, once more heading for the South Pole. Tragically, Shackleton died of a heart attack on 5th January, the day they arrived on South Georgia. He was buried there and Frank Wild became leader of the party and decided to come home. He returned to his farm in Africa until his death in 1939.

Ernest Wild, Frank's brother, was also a polar explorer and was as resourceful and capable as his brother. He was a member of the Ross Sea Party of the Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition in which three co-members died.

Stuart McMillan

Happy 80th Birthday Wilf !

We would like to send 80th Birthday Greetings to ex-Dunkirk veteran, Wilf Powell.



Wilf and his wife, Elsie

Wilf was born in Wharton Street, North Skelton, in 1922. He joined the Royal Artillery in 1939 and saw active service in France and Germany in WWII.

Discharged in 1946, Wilf then went to live in Essex, but in 1956 his roots beckoned and he came home to settle in Ground Hill cottages. After two more moves to North Skelton and Skelton, Wilf now lives quietly with his wife at Ampleforth Court, New Skelton.



Wilf and his family are avid readers of 'The Key'

Thou shalt not steal

The following text extract from the *Evening Gazette* was quoted in the *Daily Telegraph* 'misprints' (24/01/2002):

"The corrugated building which served as the Methodist Church in North Skelton since 1875 was put on the market because swindling congregations has forced its closure."

The Lamps

All the men gasped as Davy boarded the bus, the *Racing Post* forgotten as they all stared. Jim Hayes nearly dropped his clipboard as he ticked Davy's name off. Today was North Skelton Workingmens Annual Club Trip to York Races. Davy was in 'full regalia'. Sniggers could be heard all around the 26-seater bus. They all waited - who was going to be the first to comment?

It was Jigger, "By gum, Davy, you're a sight for sore eyes! 'Ah' was feeling a bit dowly til you got on t' bus. Yer looking very colourful."

He did. His green Trilby hat with the pheasant feather stuck in the side did nothing to tone down Davy's waist-coat. It was of silk material, bright green and yellow were just two of the many colours that shouted out as the sunlight caught them. Three massive tarnished brass buttons fastened it down the front. All in all, none of it complemented the 'trainers' he wore on his feet.

"Where've yer got that wes' coat from Davy? By 'eck it's a bobby dazzler" asked Tabby.

"Its grand in't it!" replied Davy, sticking out his chest, "Our lass got me it at t' B.H.F shop".

"It's B.H.S Davy."

"No it isn't, its B.H.F. It stands for British Heart Foundation. Tilly says it's a swanky shop, there's one in every town."

No-one had the heart to tell Davy it was a Charity Shop.

"Ah' got mi' at off Bella. Their Jack died a couple of weeks ago. Tilly thought it would match me wes' coat. Ah' stuck t' feather in missell."

Jim interrupted the conversation. "Right lads let's av' yer' bus fares and 50p extra for t' bottles of beer in t' boot - to be drunk *only* on t' way home."

The 26 men got settled down concentrating on the runners and riders. Fraggie was driving which meant that they were there in no time.

"Be back on t' bus at 5.30! Anyone late, and we go without 'em!," shouted Jim.

It was a lovely sunny spring day. The racecourse was packed. Marto turned to his friend, "Now listen, if either of us lose each other, make your way back here. There's the burger van and the gent's toilets. Wait here and I'll come for yer." "Right!" answered Davy, but he wasn't really listening. He was more fascinated with all that was going on around him. The 'tic-tac' men making frantic signs to the bookmakers who were shouting their prices to the punters. The ladies dressed in every colour imaginable. The look on the faces of the crowds of people as they anticipated the winner of the next race. Davy walked up and down looking at the bookies standing on their podiums shouting the 'odds'. Picking out 'Stan's Your Man' to put on his bet with, Davy went to his inside pocket to get his wallet. It was stuck, he pulled, and out it came.

Davy looked, "Aw' Tilly!" he said aloud.

Tilly had put a hole in the corner of the wallet, threaded a shoe lace through, tied a knot and stitched the other end into his inside pocket. She was making sure no one pinched Davy's money! He turned to ask Marto what he was betting, but he was nowhere to be seen. Davy wasn't worried, he would place his bet and make his way back to where Marto told him to wait.

"Look, d'yer want a bet mate, cos' if yer don't, sling yer hook!

Punters cant get through!" shouted 'Stan's Your Man'.

"Yes ah' do! £2 to win on Trigger," cried Davy.

"Trigger! Trigger! It's dead mate! So's its jockey, Roy Rogers," laughed Stan. "No it isn't, it's in the next race!" There was nothing Davy liked better than watching the old black and white cowboy films and Trigger seemed to shout out to him "Bet me!"

There was still no sign of Marto but he didn't panic, he pushed and shoved his way through the crowds thinking all the time that he would bump into one of the lads from home. How he managed to get a place near the rails Davy will never know, but he did. The commentator's voice boomed through the tannoy, "THEY'RE OFF!"

As the crowd surged forward Davy got crushed, he couldn't see a thing. Someone had their elbow in his ear, so all he could hear were loud noises. Davy was finally released, and the crowd moved back.

He could hear voices saying, "I don't believe it! They must have given it two Ecstasy tablets for its supper!"

Tapping a man on his shoulder Davy enquired, "What's won?"

"A donkey mate, called Trigger!"

Davy was over the moon! 'Trigger' was no donkey. He handed over his slip to 'Stan's Your Man' who was just as flabbergasted as everyone else that the horse had romped home. He counted out £400 into Davy's hands.



"You'll never be that lucky again, a 200-1 shot winning by three lengths. There's nowt so sure its been nobbled to win!"

Davy took his wallet out and put the money in making sure the shoe lace was intact.

Still not believing he'd won such a fortune, Davy set off to find his pals. Once again he found himself pushing his way through hundreds of people. Eventually he came to a gate which opened into a stable yard. The only people visible here were a tall lady, holding onto a horse, whilst talking to a jockey and a gentleman who sported a waistcoat equally as colourful as Davy's. He walked forward to approach them. In that split-second, the horse reared up its forelegs ready to come crashing down on the lady. The two men grabbed her and pulled her away. Davy leapt forward, took hold of the reigns and pulled the horse's head down, stroking and talking to it. Within minutes the beautiful thoroughbred had calmed down and was nuzzling into Davy's shoulder. Two more men appeared from nowhere and stood in front of Davy. They were huge, built like 'brick sheds'. "What were you doing here? This is private property," said the first one.

"Ah'm lost and looking for mi' mates. Ah' saw that hoss rear

up, it would have felled that woman," replied Davy.
 "That woman is Princess Anne and she would like to meet you!"
 Davy's eyes nearly popped out of his head! He walked towards her. Had he to bow? He thought he'd better.
 Davy bent forward, his head bobbing up and down. The Princess asked him, "What is your name?"
 "Davy Lamp! Ah'm from Noth' Skelton an' ah'm 'ere on t' Club Trip!"
 "I want to thank you, that could have been a nasty accident but for your quick thinking. Where on earth did you learn to calm a horse down so quickly?"
 "Aye well, afore t' pit ponies were shunted down to Noth' Skelton Pit bottom, Chaddy Ridley and George Swan used to talk to 'em. Them two taught me all ah' know. By, the' were two good hoss men."
 Princess Anne smiled, she'd never met anyone like Davy. "An ah'll tell yer' summat else, ah've just bet a winner at 200-1! The' call it Trigger. It went down that course like a ferret in a rabbit 'ole. Ah'm red hot when it comes to hoss flesh!"
 Davy pulled out his wallet, the shoelace becoming taught. He showed the Princess his winnings.
 "Tilly, mi' wife, sewed the shoelace to mi' pocket so nobody would pinch mi' money."
 She had to hold herself back from bursting with laughter.
 "Your wife is very ingenious Davy."
 He thought, "By, yer can tell she went to a decent school, ingenious eh! Wait 'til ah' tell Tilly!"
 "Now Davy, we must help you to find your friends, they must be frantic by now. Would you like to come with us into the Royal Enclosure. We shall have it announced over the public address system as to your whereabouts."
 "That's very kind of yer'. Can ah' just say that when yer go round yer Mam's in t'mornin' will yer tell her mi' best pigeon's are named after 'er an' yer brother?"
 The Princess was finding it very hard to keep a straight face. The entourage moved towards the Royal Enclosure. A voice boomed through the tannoy, "Would the bus load of gentlemen from North Skelton Workingmens Club please make their way to the Royal Enclosure where Davy Lamp awaits them."

Marto and Jim were first to hear it.
 "Did yer 'ear that?" said Tabby rushing up to them. "Come on let's go!"
 They all hurried away, soon meeting up with the Mitchell's and Fraggie.
 As they drew near they could see more of their pals.
 "There he is! Ee-e-e, 'ell's bells, he's stood with P-P-P-Princess Anne and Willie C-C-Carson," stuttered Marto. The rest of the bus load turned up. They were speechless. Davy loved it as Willie Carson turned to him, "I've never seen a waistcoat as colourful as that before!"
 "Aye! Well mi' missus got me it. She sort of modelled me on you, cos' by, you've got some 'bobby dazzlers'. Next time yer come to Redcar Races, why don't yer pop in B.H.F. Ah' bet any money they could fix yer up!"
 "I may just do that Davy," laughed Willie.
 "DAVY! DAVY!"
 He looked round - all his pals were standing there. He walked over and quickly explained what had happened. Marto had been frantic. He had missed most of the races.
 "D'yer know, ah've been huntin' high and low for you and 'ere you are 'ob-nobbin' it wi' Royalty!"
 Princess Anne approached them.
 "You must all be little Davy's friends. I'm very grateful to him. He saved me from a possible nasty accident."

Jim nudged Jigger. "Bow," he said "we 'ave to bow!"
 At once, twenty five heads bobbed up and down.
 "Davy," she said, "have you shown them your winnings?"
 Once again Davy put his hand in his pocket and drew out his wallet with the shoe lace attached. He waved the £400 at them all.
 "Which hoss did yer bet to win that lot!" cried Marto.
 "Trigger!"
 Twenty five voices spoke at once, "TRIGGER!"
 "Yes, Trigger!" said Davy. "It romped home at 200-1!"
 'Stan's Yer Man' was gutted when he paid me out."
 "Was Roy Rogers on its back?" shouted Jigger.
 They laughed. Princess Anne spoke to them all when she said, "I would like to offer you my hospitality before you go. If you all make your way to the Royal Lounge you can partake of the refreshments laid out. Please follow these gentlemen."
 The two 'brick sheds' escorted them all to the Royal Marquee. A chorus of "Thank you's" followed.



Davy looked at his waistcoat and whispered to Marto, "Ah'm pleased ah'm dressed fer t' part!"
 They all trooped in, noticeably out of place, filling their plates to the brim with food they had never seen the likes of.
 The Princess whispered to Davy, "Thank you once again. Will you tell your wife her security plan to secure the safety of your money worked very well. Goodbye, Davy, and good luck."
 "Aye, ah' will! Yer'll 'ave to try it sometime. Ta'ra!"
 Contented and full of chatter, the 26 men boarded their bus for home. Jim handed out the cans. Holding his beer aloft he said, "A toast lads, to Princess Anne and Trigger!"
 Taking a walking stick, he tapped Davy on each shoulder as he said, "Arise, Sir Davy Lamp!"
 The bus rang with their laughter.
 As for Davy he thought, "Aye well, it 'ad a very nice ring to it 'ad Sir Davy Lamp!"

Jean and Sally each sat with a glass of stout in the Bull.
 "'Ave you 'ad a bet today Jean?" asked Sally.
 "I 'aven't Sally, ah' looked at Princess Anne, then at 'er hoss. They looked that much alike ah' didn't know which to put mi' money on, her or t' hoss!"
 "Aye spit-dab of one another. I 'ear they all had posh grub Jean. Game patty or summat!"
 "Meat paste on a cracker, more like!"
 "Would you h-enjoy h-another gla-res of Gunn-arsse?"
 Sally laughed, "Ho, yer-se please!"

Norma

George and Henry Mackinder in Skelton: 1870s, 1880s

By Hal Mackinder and Sandra McKinder Childs

Hal MacKinder, of Massachusetts, contacted us at The Key with this interesting family story

Brothers George and Henry W Mackinder married two sisters, Annie and Mary Ellen ('Polly') Garbutt-Abbott, in North Yorkshire. Hal has been researching the family history for several years now. In 1881 George and Henry were living at 36 Park Street, Skelton, and were both working in the ironstone mine nearby. George and Annie had three children, John, G. Frederick and Sarah. Henry was single and a younger half-brother, George Edward Smith Mackinder, was living with them as well. George and Henry and family were descended from a long line of farmers who lived in the villages near the city of Lincoln. The furthest back on the family tree was Artemas Mackinder, who died in 1610 in Aubourn, Lincolnshire, and it is thought that he was born in Scotland.

Less is known about Annie and Mary Ellen, although the Garbutts were an old Yorkshire family. Their grandfather was a renowned itinerant Methodist preacher, Hiram Mattison, who in the first half of the 19th century travelled from village to village with his beautiful daughter, who had long black hair. The family story goes that it was unknown how many came to hear the preacher's message and how many came to hear the lovely daughter sing. Hal wonders if this was an early form of 'bait and switch marketing.'

George and Henry Mackinder travelled from Raithby near Spilsby, Lincolnshire to Norton near Middlesbrough in 1864 with sister Keziah and their parents, Henry Smith Mackinder and Mary Mackinder. Mary was the second wife of Henry, and in 1865 George Edward Smith Mackinder was born. Henry had found work at the pottery in Norton. Older brothers and sisters came with the family and by the 1870s all the men were working in the ironstone mines. Henry the elder and his father Richard each had the misfortune of being the youngest of 10 children in the farming villages of Langton and Raithby-by-Spilsby, Lincs, where the oldest inherited the farm and the younger children typically moved on to find their way in the world. For some reason Richard went to America in 1815 leaving his wife and eleven children behind in Raithby. This caused considerable hardship for the family, as his wife Mary decided not to follow him with the children. In her obituary in 1825 it was stated that she couldn't bring herself to leave behind her very large family.

In 1882, tragedy struck the family in Skelton. At age 25, Annie died in childbirth, leaving George heartbroken and with three young children. He travelled to Old Forge, Pennsylvania, in America, with Annie's parents, Henry and Ellen Garbutt-Abbott. George continued on to Iowa, where he re-married in 1883, and Sandy will shortly tell the story of George and his second family.



Mary Ellen & Henry Mackinder

In 1882, Henry married Annie's younger sister, Mary Ellen. Henry and Mary Ellen were fun-loving people who liked to sing and dance on Saturday nights with their friends. However, in the first three years of their marriage they couldn't escape heart-break, and their first two children died as infants. Hal's grandfather Harry, the oldest child of Henry and Mary Ellen to survive, was born in 1885 in Boosbeck. Harry lived to be 79. Henry and Mary Ellen emigrated to Old Forge, Pennsylvania in 1887 and lived with her parents for the first few years while they saved money to build a house in the early 1890s. Henry worked in a coal mine for several years after arriving in the US, but after his brother died in a mining accident he became a grocer. In 1890 he wrote to his older sister in New Zealand that half-brother 'little George' was working in Rosedale, but he had lost contact with older brother Smith, who had been living in Middlesbrough.

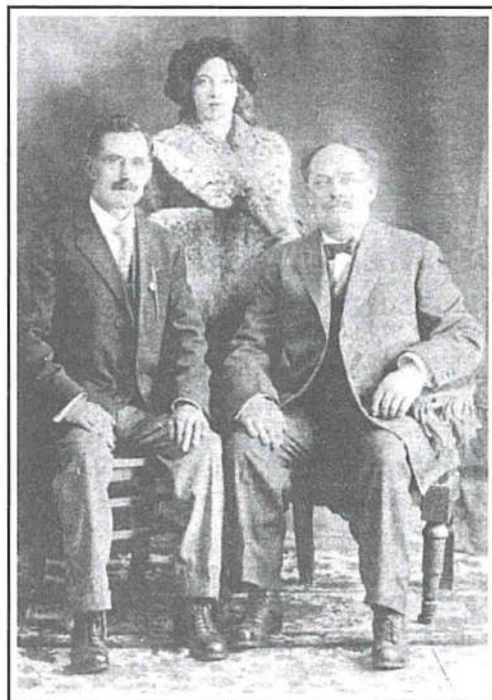
In Old Forge, Henry and Mary Ellen continued to be the life of the neighborhood. Henry was a terrific self-taught violin player, and every Saturday night he and Mary Ellen would roll up the carpets and have all the friends and neighbours in for dancing and singing. One of Henry's great joys was to walk around his house playing 'Pop Goes the

Weasel' on his violin as several grandchildren followed him. When he died in 1934, many of his grandchildren walked down the aisle carrying flowers. Mary Ellen was known to have never been sick a day in her life. She and Henry had nine children in Pennsylvania, and she lived to be 88.

1882 was a rough year for Sandy's great-grandfather, George Mackinder. He was 32 years old and his young wife Ann Garbutt-Abbott had just died giving birth to their fourth, a stillborn child, leaving him a widower with three small children ages 5, 4 and 2. It was also apparent his Yorkshire miner's pay wasn't enough to support his family. He decided something had to be done. It is unclear whether he was recruited by a mining company, invited by a friend or relative, or just took a giant leap of faith, but just a few months later he was sailing for America with three

small children and his in-laws in tow. (It's said that in his travel papers, his name was written as M'Kinder which soon translated to McKinder.) His oldest son, Fred (age 6) stayed with his in-laws and both began work in the Coal Mines of Pennsylvania on America's East Coast. For unknown reasons, George travelled hundreds of miles further to work for the Wappello Mine Company in the mid-America state of Iowa. Although Iowa is now predominantly an agricultural state, in 1883 it was wild, largely unpopulated and the exploration for coal had just begun. In the following years it appears that he was definitely involved with the exploration process because it was eight years before full production of the Wappello company mine began. He worked there until the mine closed in 1913.

A new land, a new love. George fell in love again. He met and promptly married Alice Canfield in June 1883. (A local farm girl, Alice's parents were among the first pioneer settlers in the Lucas County and her English ancestors came to America first in 1640.) Sandy's grandfather, Charley, was fourth of their six children. George's two English born children, Sarah and John, continued to live with them to maturity. As was the custom of the time, George's three sons worked in the mines most likely from age 8 through adulthood. However, some years later a brother was killed in a mining accident and it spurred sons Fred, John and Charley to change professions. John left home to learn to be a barber – a valued occupation in the days of straight-blade shaves. At that time railroads were being built at a rapid rate through Iowa and towns and businesses followed wherever a train stop was planned. In 1902 John took advantage of this opportunity to become



*George and Henry Mackinder
with Sarah who was to later die in a
tragic accident*

one of the founders and business leaders of the new town of Dike, Iowa. Later his younger half-brother, my grandfather Charley, joined him. They worked together over 20 years often with celebrities of the day as their customers. Daughter Sarah was not as fortunate.



*George Mackinder (seated)
With sons John (born in Skelton)
and Charley*

Married and a young mother with a toddler daughter and an infant son, Sarah and friends took a fateful shortcut across a RR trestle and she was killed by a train. The friends holding Sarah's toddler, jumped to safety. Sarah's act of bravery saved her infant son in his pram, but not her.

Through hard times and good times, the Mackinders' work ethic, lively sense of humour and love of music kept them going. Those traits seem prevalent in the family even today. In those early days before radio and TV, whenever family members got together, music abounded. Charley became something of local and beloved character. If he didn't have an instrument at hand, he would make one using everyday articles. He played everywhere and with anyone, often travelling to a nearby farm to 'sit' with like-minded friends. Besides music, Charley's hobby was painting. A self-taught painter, he painted country scenes prolifically. He painted on everything...canvas, boards, even tops of barrels! Anything and everything was fair game. He became quite a well-known local artist and today his paintings can be found throughout America. Ironically, just last year at the town of Dike's 100th year celebration, one of his paintings was sold at auction. You can bet that Charley was there in spirit and chuckling at the thought.

Other children of George and Alice went on to be successful Iowa business men and women, but none seemed to have the wonder lust of their father – it waited a generation for my father, Keith, who after World War II needed a better job to support his growing family of five children, and like his grandfather before him, took a leap of faith and moved his brood 2,000 miles West to California. It has followed that these five children also became successful men and women of business. And so it goes...

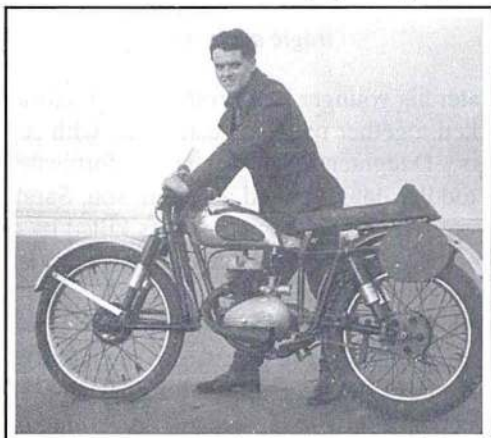
Hal would like to give thanks for information and stories to Jan Gregory, Charles Mackinder of Edinburgh, Charles Mackinder of North Hykeham, Lincs, David Mackinder, Ruth Mackinder Westlake, Betty Powell, and Francine Mackinder Douaihy. Sandy would like to give thanks to her father Keith McKinder, his sister Veva McKinder DeBower, and the Iowa Lucas County Genealogical Society.

A Dash Between the Tides

A Dash Between The Tides is the title of a book, lovingly co-ordinated by Ernie Crust. It's a photographic record of sand racing at Saltburn and Redcar during the period 1905 - 1965. Ernie came to see me and very kindly gave me a copy. From that moment on, even I, with no knowledge whatsoever of racing motor bikes and cars, became fascinated with the sport.

Ernie Crust, was born in Redcar in 1933. His first recollection of the Speed Trials at Redcar was in 1938 when he accompanied his uncle, who ran a small kiosk on the top Promenade, selling sweets, crisps and chocolate on race day. It wasn't until his early teens, after the Second World War, that he was bitten by the bug, developing a passion for racing motor cycles, especially sand racing, both taking part and organising. In consequence, he has collected photographs over forty years, making this a unique record of a previously neglected branch of motor sport.

Ernie's introduction to the book reads as follows: "*Like most people I have accumulated many photographs throughout my life, in my*



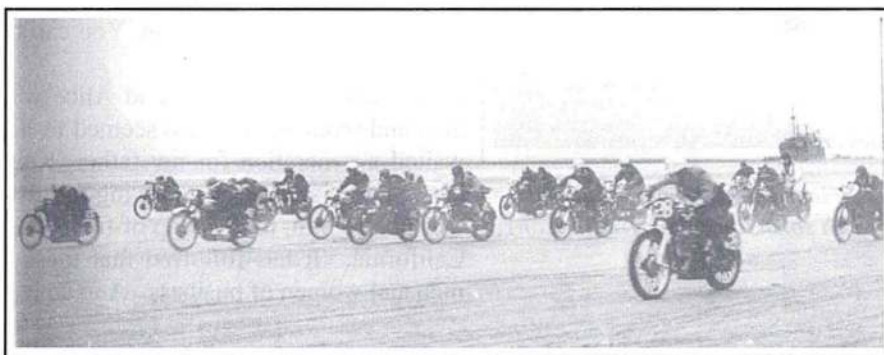
The author - Ernie Crust

case, a large number of

them have a sand racing connection. My interest in sand racing goes back to the early Post War years of 1947 when I snapped my first photo on a box Brownie camera at a Redcar meeting. In the years that followed I became more involved and started racing myself in 1954, collecting more photographs on the way. Many friends have encouraged me to do something in the way of preserving this small part of Motor Sport History, so here we are, I hope motor sport enthusiasts and perhaps local folk will find it interesting and the younger generation of some educational value. Obviously it is impossible to show a photograph of everyone who has taken part in the racing on the sands from 1906 - 1965. The book was never intended to be a definitive photographic history of the events. However, I do hope that by recording these few, readers will in their minds-eye see and re-live the golden era of sand racing."

In 1906, an estimated crowd of 60,000, stretching all along the sands to Marske, attended Saltburn's first meeting organised by the Yorkshire Automobile Club. Special excursion trains came from all over Yorkshire and County Durham. Only cars took part - the 'course' was a straight kilometre and the record speed attained that day was 96.5 mph - this was later increased to 121.6 mph in 1908.

A Dash Between The Tides is packed with 143 superb photographs, including cars, motor-cycles and even some old programme covers. It tells the history of the events that took place from the beginning to the end. It is a must for motor enthusiasts and can be purchased at most good local bookshops, price £9.99.



1952 - here we see 18 riders racing on the sands at Redcar - note the grounded ship in the background - is it the Taxiachis or the Dimitris?

Norma

Photograph: Courtesy of Evening Gazette

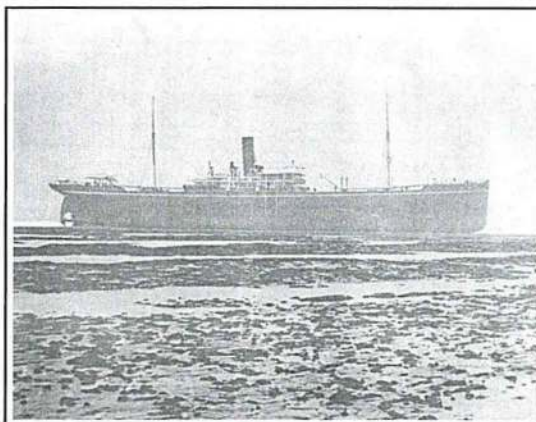
Grounded ship at Redcar . . .

With reference to the photograph of the motorcycles sand racing on the opposite page, I asked a friend to do some research on the grounded ship in the background. If the date of the race is correct at 1952 then it must be the Greek steamship 'Taxiachis' (photo opposite) which ran aground off Redcar on the 14th January 1952 - all crew were rescued.

Five tugs tried to refloat her but failed. Salvage attempts were abandoned, and sometime in 1952 she was eventually beached at Coatham and was broken up in situ.

The only other ship aground at Redcar around that time was the steamship 'Dimitris' but that was in December of 1953.

2



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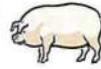
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