

**Esk
Valley
News**
QUARTERLY

A SLICE OF LIFE, HISTORY & FOLKLORE

FROM THE NORTH YORK MOORS,
COAST AND CLEVELAND

SPOTLIGHT: **FAMILY FOOTSTEPS**



Preview

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Dear Readers,



EVERY family is a giant book that tells a story. Turning the pages we discover unknown settings, learn about the people behind the names, encounter new protagonists, unravel deep mysteries and dig out unsuspected roots.

Our ancestors lived in times barely recognisable today, had unusual occupations – some long forgotten – and followed traditions which may have disappeared. Their stories involve neighbours, friends and business partners. They built houses, ploughed and quarried the land, worked down mines or in the home. Some sailed the seas and fought wars.

Discovering their recorded memories, diaries, paintings and photographs

reveals a colourful web of history, humanity and culture; undiscovered, these intangibles are in danger of disappearing forever, consumed by the relentless passage of time.

Family lives, whether we like them or not, are fundamental layers shaping our journeys and identities. They pattern and contour the landscape we live in.

As for us, we follow their path. We add – willingly or not – our own twists to the numerous tales, hoping our own stories will entertain and intrigue future generations. So the story goes on...

Happy Reading. ●

NICOLA & PASCAL

In This Volume...



- 5 The Climbers of the Yorkshire Coast
Sue Greenwood
- 9 Thomas Hudson Nelson: Bird Man of Redcar
Chris Corbett
- 11 Tamar Hoggarth's Rural Family Life, 1860–1947
- 14 Children of Eskdale
- 15 My £10 POM Parents: Glaisdale to Australia
Sue Topp
- 20 Immigration to Australia in 1949
Frank Thompson



- 23 Framing the Family: Studio Photography and Rural Life in Ryedale
Rosie Barrett
- 28 Studio Photos from Beck Isle Museum's collection
- 31 Memorial Unveiled to Yorkshire Botanist
- 33 Studying the Ancestors
Tony Morris
- 34 A Distinguished Eskdale Family: the Smiths of Egton Bridge
Alastair Laurence
- 38 Neighbours: 1958
Lilias Williamson



- 41 Remembering 'Egton Remembers'
- 44 Every Contact Leaves a Trace
Sarah Porteus
- 47 Jack's Short Life: From Rural Bilsdale to the Trenches of the Great War
Mick Garratt
- 48 The Wayward Nuns of Baysdale Abbey
Mick Garratt
- 50 The Wesson Family: Tied to the Land
Nick Wesson
- 54 Leaves and Trees
Helen Searle
- 55 Scandinavian and Spanish Roots
Peter Lyth
- 56 Walking the Wolds Way
Peter Lyth
- 57 Poetry
Debbie Rolls



- 58 School's Out for Summer (or is it?!)
Chris Corbett
- 65 Mystery Artist from Whitby and her Pictures of India
Claire Marris
- 71 The Boy From Australia
Tony Morris
- 72 When the Beck Runs Dry:
Hob Hole's Ancient Ford Revealed
Mick Garratt
- 74 Hob on the Hill
- 76 Birds and Birdbaths
Mike Gray
- 78 Your Local Wildlife Rescue Centre Needs You!
- 79 The Slow Death of Ash Dieback
Mick Garratt
- 81 Puppetry: Meeting Ourselves in the Other
Anna Wheeler

- 86 Meeting Ourselves: Exploring the Human Spirit Through Puppetry – event
- 87 Mini Arts Festival 2025
- 94 3-Minute Arts 2024/25 Writing Competition: The Winning Stories
- 99 Dot Murphie: Born in Liverpool, Remembered in Whitby
Penny Smith
- 103 Pickering News: Ecological Community Garden Project
- 104 Popular 1940s Weekend Returns to Pickering
- 105 *Honestly*, New Show by Dogwood Productions
- 106 Events Preview
- 109 What's On
- 115 Next Volumes – Themes
- 116 Useful Numbers / Index of Advertisers



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A Climber in action

The Climbers of the Yorkshire Coast

- an unusual Family History Story

NO, that's not a spelling mistake in the title! Climbers were the men (and occasionally women) who climbed down the cliffs to collect bird eggs.

In early spring the cliffs of the Yorkshire Coast are busy with seabirds returning to the cliffs for their annual visit. The four-hundred-foot cliffs attract thousands of sea birds which nest on the cliffs from spring to early summer. The cute clown-faced puffins, much smaller birds than you would imagine, the guillemots and the gannets with their heavy eye make-up. Nowadays these birds are protected and rightly so; it is illegal to approach them or take eggs from the cliffs. In the past, though, it was a different time and a different world.

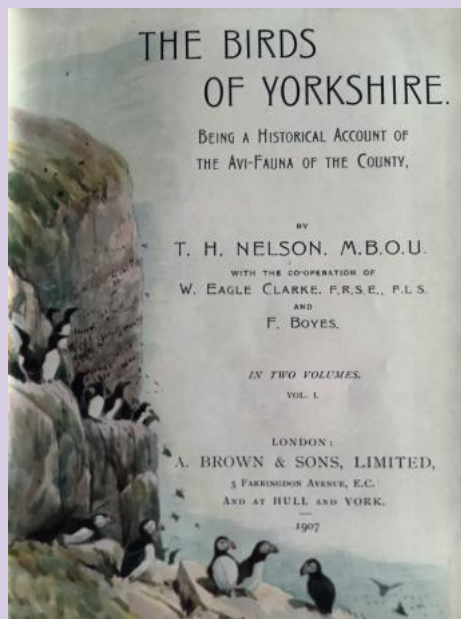
The sea birds laid eggs which were a valuable commodity. Local fisherman and agricultural labourers supplemented their income collecting and then selling the eggs. After they had satisfied the local market for the eggs, they were sold to industry. In the mid-1860s the eggs were sold and used in the sugar refining process. Later they were used to clarify wine or to help to process patent leather! Egg collecting was a big income generator for the region for a short period of time each year. It was estimated by the end of the 1800s that

around 80,000 to 100,000 eggs were collected each year.

The climbers could gather as many as 300-400 eggs a day, and if sold at 1 shilling/dozen this was a very lucrative endeavour. Guillemot eggs were often highly priced. It was dangerous though: the chalk cliffs have sharp edges and could cause deep lacerations. A fall down the high cliffs would likely be fatal, and injuries from falling rocks were a constant threat.

By the early 1900s tourism was just beginning and the spectacle of the seabirds nesting was a popular attraction. Pleasure-craft sailed from Bridlington to pass beneath the cliffs and observe the nesting seabirds. Charabanc trips came to Flamborough and Bampton bringing day trippers from Bridlington, Scarborough and Filey. The sound of bird calls must have filled the air, transforming the peaceful clifftops into a noisy moving theatre.

By this time, the eggs were also sought after by collectors, who, with other visitors, came in their hundreds to roam the cliff tops, watching the 'climbers' climbing down the steep cliffs to collect the eggs. Unusually coloured eggs often got the highest price and could be sold individually.



Frontispiece of Thomas Hudson Nelson's book, *The Birds of Yorkshire*.



Young Raven, image from *The Birds of Yorkshire*.



Local Wildfowler 'Snowdon Sleights', image from *The Birds of Yorkshire*.



Curlew, Nelson Collection, Dorman Museum.

Thomas Hudson Nelson: Bird Man of Redcar

THAT BIRD MAN OF REDCAR,

Born in the land-locked Durham dales, on course for a legal career but side-swiped by illness from which his heart never recovered, not fully. That failing heart and healthy family finance were a gift to science, at a price, sending him coastward to settle at Redcar where the sea air blew right through him and the birds of the edgelands, the wavetops, the dark marshes and the woods were there for the taking. He knew birds shape the year, mark the seasons and plot the earth's turn and the sun's mood. Winter birds with the cold of the north in their wings, summer birds with the heat of the south in their song. He watched industry eat up the fleets and the guts, the mudflats and wild places but still the birds came.

That bird man of Redcar,

Sleeping with a line tied to his toe, for the first light fishermen to tug with news of avian treasure. Come quick Mr Hudson, we've found a young mackerel gant, one for your collection? Are you back from your travels to Iceland and St Kilda, the cliffs of Bempton, the islands of the Hebrides? What are you looking for, how did the shoot go, can we help?

That bird man of Redcar,

Personable, respectful to all that knew him, he gathered and gleaned the lost names, the local words, the stories and

folklore of birds from all who met him. Who today knows the yellow yowley, the nettle wren, the billy biter, the windlestraw, the Dicky devilling, the featherpoke, the gowk, the Jenny howlet, the ullat, the bottle jug, the gabbleratcher, Tom piper and felty fare, swinepipe and the hummingbird, the garton greyback and the gowdspink, the wullock and the solan goose?

That bird man of Redcar

Collecting the patterned guillemot eggs, fed by an obsession for the secret code of scribbles and squiggles, doodles and blotches, no two the same, looking for the unusual, the untoward. Sending the climbers, men and boys from local Bempton families, down vertical cliffs, dangling precariously on the end of hemp ropes to steal the breeding season from the faithful pair, all their futures in a single spring-lain egg, compelled to lay a second, even a third as the eggs disappeared into cloth sacks and willow baskets and glass-topped drawers.

That bird man of Redcar

Creep into the museum room lined with cabinets, a museum built to remember a lost son and now a memorial to lives and loves, people and places. Marvel at the soft lichen-covered nest of the long-tailed pie, sewn together with spider gossamer and found by a man of the road, a vagabond with a countryman's eye. Wonder at the cold curdled curlew

CHILDREN OF ESKDALE



SOME READERS will remember the 1973 Yorkshire TV documentary made of the Raw family of Fryup Dale in the Esk Valley, featuring Dorothy and John Raw and their children Shirley, Susan, Christine, Alan and David. The film captures the family's everyday life on their fifty-acre farm, including hard lessons passed from father to son on culling cockerels: 'If you want to be a farmer you have to live up to these things... same as pigs, lambs and everything, they come but they've got to go... that's farming for you.'

The children help on the farm and run free across the fields, making their own entertainment and looking after each other away from the watchful eye of parents. It's a touching reminder of how things used to be not so long ago and how some things never change.

The main story is of the children's wish to have a pony, but centre stage is the tension between mum and eldest

daughter, emerging from adolescence, over make-up, bras, dances and boyfriend. 'It's best if you go about in fours, not just the two of you', Dorothy advises Shirley.

This remarkable record of farming family life in the 1970s was produced and directed by Barry Cockcroft and can be watched for no charge via the BFI Player website:

<https://player.bfi.org.uk/free/film/watch-the-children-of-eskdale-1973-online> ●



My £10 POM Parents

Glaisdale to Australia

THE WORLD is GLOBAL.

For so many people world travel is almost part of daily life. Back in the 1950s this was not so. The BBC has tried to capture a fifties atmosphere in a recent period drama, 'The Ten Pound Poms', which is about British citizens who migrated to Australia after the Second World War in a subsidised migration scheme. The series premiered on 14 May 2023 on BBC One with six episodes in the first season. The first episode attracted an overnight audience of 4.6 million viewers. The second series was released on Sunday 9 March 2025. You can watch it on iPlayer.

Perhaps you would like to know what it was really like?

• • •

My parents, Connie and Phil Thompson, emigrated to Australia under the £10 POM scheme early in 1949. My father had served with the RAF, mainly in the Middle East, during World War II. When he returned to North Yorkshire in 1945, he complained constantly of the cold and found trying to work in his trade of carpentry frustrating due to continuing shortages in building materials. Dad suggested that he and my mother, newly married, should find somewhere warmer to live. They did not have savings, so when Dad heard about the Australian Government's scheme to grow the country's population through subsidised migration, he was excited.



Phil and Connie's wedding.

To qualify, you needed to be sponsored by an Australian resident. Fortunately, my mother had relatives in Western Australia as two brothers, George and Henry, of her grandmother had taken up farming land there together, early in the 1900s. Mum had been writing to Mary, George's daughter, as a pen pal and Mary agreed to sponsor my parents. So off they set in 1949 – bound for Australia on a three-week journey by boat.

Framing the Family

Studio Photography and Rural Life in Ryedale



Wedding reception of William Hayes and wife Margaret, taken inside the studio when it was in York.

PHOTOGRAPHS in museum archives often document families from an area across several generations. In our region, William Hayes, based in Hutton-le-Hole, and Sydney and Maud Smith, in Pickering, left behind substantial visual records from the first half of the twentieth century, working from family-run studios.

The period saw photography developing rapidly, both as a way to create accurate records of life and as an art form.

However, though affordable cameras like the Kodak Box Brownie made personal photography more accessible, they remained out of reach for the majority of families – especially those from the working classes.

Most families still turned to professional, studio photographers to mark life's key events, including births and weddings, or for a reliable image of a loved one.

William Hayes (1871–1940) began his photographic career in York, but



Hayes family outing near Rosedale, 1906.



Portrait of Sydney Smith, most likely taken by his wife Maud or daughter Barbara.

relocated his studio in a painstaking move by horse and cart to Hutton-le-Hole in 1911. Now housed at Ryedale Folk Museum, it is believed to be the oldest surviving daylight photographic studio in the country. The wooden construction has almost an entire external wall of glass, made from 140 glass negatives that were stripped of their emulsion – an amazing example of ingenuity with the available materials.

Edwardian photography was a slow and deliberate process. William took the likenesses of his sitters against an elysian or antique-style backdrop. This process involved them sitting still for several seconds or even over a minute; a shorter exposure length could be achieved only by maximising the light entering the room. In order to reduce eye movement, ‘eye-rests’ were often used – small pictures on adjustable stands to give the sitter something on which to focus.

In nearby Pickering, the younger Sydney Smith (1884–1958) was similarly

engaged in recording the social and agricultural life of the town and surrounding villages. Sydney is now remembered for his carefully composed and evocative images of rural and town life, often taken with meticulous

Photo by Sydney Smith, typical of his style with attention to lighting and shadow.



STUDIO PHOTOS FROM BECK ISLE MUSEUM'S COLLECTION





A Distinguished Eskdale Family: the Smiths of Egton Bridge

THE SMITHS were settled at Egton Bridge, first as yeoman tenantry and then as freeholding gentry, for a remarkable span of over three-hundred years, *eleven* generations occupying Bridgeholme Green mansion and the nearby Lelum Hall Farm. They were once the proprietors of 320 acres of good farmland and half a dozen cottages in and about Egton Bridge. By the late eighteenth century, they had begun to describe themselves as *esquires*. An ancient legend surrounds the origins of the family: an early ancestor – named *Smith* because of his occupation – was supposedly a blacksmith attached to King William the Conqueror’s army, shoeing the military horses and helping to maintain the armoury. When the conquering army arrived at York, the first Smith seemed to like the place, so that when the bulk of the army returned south, Smith lingered in the city, perhaps marrying a local girl. Whether this legend is true, or just a fanciful fabrication, it was nevertheless passed down through those many later generations of the family who had settled at Egton Bridge.

On 8 April 1578, a certain Thomas Smith was enabled to buy his tenanted farm at Egton Bridge from his landlord, Sir Richard Cholmley of Whitby, for £316. Twenty years later, the Smiths were able to purchase the Lelum Hall

Estate for £530 from an individual with a most curious name: Marmaduke Clarionett. Throughout their time at Egton, the Smiths remained devoutly Roman Catholic, being fined and persecuted for their religious views in the seventeenth century. It was largely because of the Smiths’ local influence as community leaders that Egton Bridge became a notable centre of Catholic survival. The family maintained a private chapel – with a resident priest – adjoining their home, which in turn eventually led on to the establishment, in 1795, of the first public Roman Catholic Chapel (now the school) and later, the adjoining, imposing, St Hedda’s Church (1867), both built on land belonging to the Smiths, or on roadside wasteland over which they had control.

One of the ‘secret’ priests supported by the Smiths, who served the district and who travelled from village to village disguised as a gardener, was based at Egton Bridge. He was none other than Father Nicholas Postgate, the Catholic martyr, whose blameless life was cruelly terminated when, as an 83-year-old, he was hung, drawn and quartered at Knavesmire, York, on 7 August 1679.

By the eighteenth century, the Smiths had become ‘well-connected’, marrying into aristocratic Yorkshire Catholic families, such as the Vavasours and the



Bridgeholme Green Mansion, built c.1743.

Constables. For example, Everilda Constable of Upsall Castle, Thirsk, was to become one of the many Mrs Smiths; and her highly-unusual first name 'Everilda' was one often chosen by her descendants. The Smiths appeared to have remained gentleman farmers, living close to their lands for generation after generation and occupying a newly-built Bridgeholme Green mansion after c.1743.

Although they were all well-educated (attending Catholic boarding schools in York, for example), male members of the family never appear to have entered the professions, such as the church, the law, or the military. They must have been largely prevented from doing so as a consequence of their adherence to Roman Catholicism. We can trace at

least eight female members of the family who took vows and became nuns, living on the continent. Two of them, sisters Mary and Catherine Smith, living in the mid-eighteenth century, were based at the Poor Clare's Nunnery, Rouen (France). Catherine became Abbess there between 1785 and 1799.

As one curious exception to the rule, a certain Thomas Smith of this Catholic family (c.1760–1800) fell in love with and married in 1789 Elizabeth, the daughter and only child of the Reverend Richard Robinson, the Anglican vicar of Egton. This was really quite extraordinary, given that the Rev. Robinson had previously been very active in suppressing the local Roman Catholics, and had even demolished

The Wesson Family - Tied to the Land



JOHN WESSON was, by all accounts, not a good man.

Still, he was part of my story – a name buried in the records, connected by blood and circumstance to the places and people I’ve known all my life. Our family has always been tied to the land in one way or another. From the ironstone seams of Rosedale and Lingdale to the farms and steelworks of Cleveland, the Wessons worked in the industries the ground allowed.

Mining, farming, labouring – trades that anchored people to place. Despite living in other cities around the country and jobs that have given me eye-strain

rather than calloused hands, I’m here. Fewer than 20 miles from where the North Yorkshire Wessons began over 150 years ago.

I suppose that’s why, when I started looking into my family history, it didn’t feel like stepping into something new. It felt like following something already there.

I work now at Land of Iron, a heritage museum in Skinningrove, on the site of the old Loftus Mine. My role is in marketing – I’m usually focused on communications and planning, not research – but I’m surrounded by people who spend their time helping others

explore family histories, piecing together the past from fragments of census data, accident reports and photographs. After months of hearing other people's stories, I started wondering about my own.

A quick online search led me to the Rosedale History Archive. I found a photo – a large family standing outside a house called Venom's Nick. Women, children, dogs at their feet. I thought, perhaps foolishly, that this was it. The name. The setting. The sense of place. I thought it must be us.

It wasn't.

Another researcher had already traced the people in the photo. But when I contacted the archive directly, Linda replied to say they did, in fact, have a file

on the Wessons. 'Interesting,' she said. 'And sad.' That was enough to send me back to Rosedale for the first time in years – to better understand the people and places that shaped me.

John Wesson appears in the records as a miner in the 1870s. Born in 1849, though no formal birth certificate has been found, he came from Cheshire – possibly Congleton – at a time when the silk industry there was faltering. Like many others, he travelled to Rosedale in search of work in the ironstone mines. He married Hannah, raised a large family, and settled into the rhythms of mining life.

One of his children was Albert Richard Wesson – known to us as Dickie – my great-grandad.

The Smith family (not mine) living at the house my ancestors lived in – Venom's Nick, Thorgill, Rosedale.





Mystery Artist from Whitby and her Pictures of India

IN 1823, four distinguished gentlemen founded the Whitby Literary and Philosophical Society. Its ethos was to *'furnish a museum with collections and interesting objects that would attract visitors and enhance the status of the town.'* Two hundred years later, Janet Kukk, a volunteer, unearthed in the Tommy Roe Archive Room a gem in the shape of a scrapbook filled with beautiful portrayals of India. But who was the artist behind these pictures? Janet discovered a signature on some of the illustrations – *'I (or J) Wells'*.¹

She discovered that the donor of the book was a Miss B. Chapman and the artist was her Great Aunt. The Chapmans were a huge banking family in Whitby – a good starting point for research. Janet was determined to find out more.

WHO WAS THE ARTIST?

Janet gathered information about the Chapman family using Whitby Museum resources from the Hugh Kendall Reading Room and Tommy Roe Archive Room. In fact the Chapmans have so much history with the Whitby Literary and Philosophical Society that the museum's Chapman Wing is named after them.² This new wing was funded by Katherine Chapman; her cousin, Miss Fanny Beatrice Chapman (or 'Beatrice', as she was generally known), laid the foundation stone. Janet used well-

known genealogy software to discover that Beatrice's Great Aunt was Isabella Wells (née Simpson) – our mystery artist.

MARRIAGE AND TRAVELS OF ISABELLA WELLS

Isabella was born into the Simpson banking family on 11 August 1797, in Whitby.

The Chapman-Simpson family connection goes back to 1785 when Abel Chapman joined in partnership with a gentlemen called Wakefield Simpson; together, they opened a banking business called Simpson, Chapman & Co. Abel Chapman then married Elizabeth Simpson, daughter of Wakefield Simpson. Abel and Elizabeth's eldest son, John, had ten sons of his own. John was Beatrice Chapman's great-great-grandfather, and Wakefield Simpson was Isabella's great-great-grandfather.³

On 16 April 1827, aged 29, Isabella married Charles Hotham Wells and moved to a life in India with her husband. Charles had a high-status role of Deputy Advocate-General of Bombay (now Mumbai), giving legal advice to the Government of the British-administered Bombay Presidency. The couple lived in India during the latter part of the 'reign' of the British East India Company (a trading and political body, now generally considered to have been an

Puppetry

Meeting Ourselves in the Other; Appreciating the Familiar To See Beyond

'Love's such an old-fashioned word and love dares you to care for the people on the edge of the night, and love dares you to change our way of caring about ourselves... this is our last dance... this is ourselves.'

THESE are the haunting words at the end of *Under Pressure* by Queen, featuring David Bowie.¹ In the official music video, there are plenty of deathly and ghostly or puppet-like images. The power of the song hit me when I watched the film *Aftersun*² – the scene when the main character contemplates

his own death as he dances to the song. Both the official video and the scene from *Aftersun* show humans in the extremes of emotion – a difficult watch you may say. These moments of emotion are heightened and not ones we may experience every day – so may feel difficult and ‘other’.



A MARGINALISED GENRE TO SHOW MARGINALISED EMOTIONS

But why difficult? Is it because we are not used to such otherness or are discomfited by it? These are painful emotions and ones which we perhaps hope are indeed ‘other’ to most of our daily life. The ‘people on the edge of the night’ are, for me, the people on the edge of life as we know it. They could be people on the margins of what we call ‘real’ life but could also be anything that *appears* to have had a life, *appears* to be real, and *appears* to be about to die.

Where am I going with this you ask? I’ve been interested in puppetry for as long as I can remember for these very reasons. Puppets represent the margin of reality with fantasy – merging it in our hearts and minds. Puppets also live and die on stage in front of us. The genre of this art



The maquette for 'Joey' from the National Theatre production of *War Horse*. The puppets were made by the Handspring Puppet Company of South Africa.

form is one of strangeness and 'other' to what we are used to. But then many of us regard talking about death as strange. Hence, we should not be surprised when an art form regarded as a little different is very good at representing death – which, to our peril, we have separated from living.

THE STRUGGLE TO LIVE

Adrian Kohler and Basil Jones of Handspring,³ the Puppet company

behind musical play *War Horse* (based on the book by Michael Morpurgo), believe that puppetry has something particular to offer a contemporary audience. It has been much discussed how an inanimate object can make us emotional. It is because the puppet is a lifeless object looking to live – as we are in many ways. A puppet's struggles are essentially the same as ours – they are dependent on the relationship with at least one human to give them life and direction. A

Dot Murphie – Born in Liverpool, Remembered in Whitby

What better time than the season of folk festivals to tell a clog dancing story...

Clog dancing originated with the South Lancashire miners and mill-hands who became fascinated by the clickity-clack of their work clogs on the pavements and began to dance and tap in rhythm. The craze took off, with competitions in the streets and performances in music halls. All tap dancing on stage and screen that followed, including by such dancers as Jack Hylton and Fred Astaire, is a descendant of clog dancing by the miners and mill-hands of South Lancashire.

Penny Smith, dancer with Duke's Dandy Clog from Retford, tells the story of a Lancashire lass, Dot Murphie (1918–2012), who became a professional dancer and left a legacy of wonderful clog dances, one of which was taught by Duke's Dandy at Whitby Folk Week in August 2024.



DOT MURPHIE was born Dorothea Wilkie in 1918 and lived at Edge Lane, Liverpool, an only child. Her parents

had a grocer's shop and coal delivery business. At eleven years old she had dancing lessons (a bit of everything) for 6d, and private tap lessons (they were all the rage) for one shilling. When she was about twelve her father asked a customer, Jack Callaghan, to give Dot and a friend some clog dancing lessons. Jack had an older friend who sat in on the lessons and had been one of the 'Eight Lancashire Lads' (a juvenile clog dancing troupe touring the music halls in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries – which Charlie Chaplin joined, aged eight, in 1897).

The teaching was strict – feet straight and shuffles rounded inwards. When this was mastered they progressed to shuffle-tap-shuffle-hop, and then full steps. They had their legs flicked with a little cane if they let their heels drop. The steps were hornpipes and a few waltzes. She won a gold medal at the



CHARLIE CHAPLIN was one of these... The original Eight Lancashire Lads, who pleased the crowd at a Gable's May festival so much that they began a tour that took them around the world. Here are the eight original members (left to right): Jimmy Casley, Alfred Jackson, George Casley, Herbert Jackson, John Willie Jackson, Freddie Davies, Rose Jackson, and Billy Casley (twin of Jimmy Casley).

juvenile tap dance troupe. Off they went to the Hammersmith Palais de Dance, London, with Dot's Mum. They were looked after by chaperones; there were age and height restrictions (under 16 and less than 4' 8"); and any sign of 'boobs' were squashed with wide elastic! Dot stayed with the show for nearly two years but then had to come home to look after the shop following her mother's hysterectomy.

At 17 she joined Frank O'Donovan's 'Dash of Dublin', which toured Ireland for nearly two years. Frank's wife, Kitty MacMahon, who had been a dancer, taught an Irish Hornpipe to her daughter, Dot and Dot's friend Clare; the three of them performed it with a fast finish, letting down their bibs to make the Irish flag. The show then came to England and on the first night in St Helens Dot noticed a 'Dorothy O'Neill' on the billing. She asked Frank who that was and he said 'you!' (Up until then

All England Championship for a Dutch character dance in Lancashire clogs, which she now realises came from Lancashire waltzes. The Championship was held at the Blue Coat School (for orphan children) off Church Street in Liverpool. When she was 14 a friend, Hilda Beard, saw an advert in *The Stage* and persuaded Dot to audition for the 'De Vere Babes'



"THE 12 DE VERE BABES."

USEFUL NUMBERS

Medical Services

- Emergencies: 999
- Danby Surgery: 01287 660739
- Egton Surgery: 01947 895356
- Out of Hours Doctor or NHS Direct: 111
- Brotton (East Cleveland Hospital) Minor Injuries Unit: 01287 676205
- Guisborough Minor Injuries Unit: 01287 284101
- Whitby Hospital: 01947 604851 (Minor Injuries Unit 824238)
- James Cook University Hospital (Middlesbrough): 01642 850850 (A&E: 01642 854252)
- Scarborough Hospital: 01723 368111 (A&E 01723 342145)
- Samaritans, for emotional crisis support: 0845 7909090
- Good Neighbours Coastal Car Scheme: 01947 602982

Community Care

- Esk Moors Caring Ltd: 01287 669357; activities@eskmoorescaring.org
- Revival North Yorkshire CIC Community Support Organisation. Debbie 07970 955407, info.revivalnorthyorks@gmail.com

Government

- North Yorkshire County Council: 01609 780780
- Scarborough Borough Council: 01723 232323
- Whitby Town Council: 01947 820227
- Glaisdale Parish Council: 01947 897481; website www.glaisdalepc.org.uk
- Danby Parish Council: 01287 641348; clerkdanbypc@yahoo.co.uk
- Loftus Town Council: 01287 641000; www.loftus.co.uk

Law Enforcement

- Police Emergencies: 999
- Non-Emergencies: 101

Libraries

- Guisborough Library: 01287 632668
- Loftus Library: 01287 640582
- Whitby Library: 01609 534350

National Park / The Moors

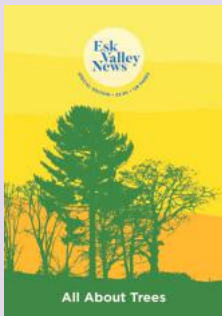
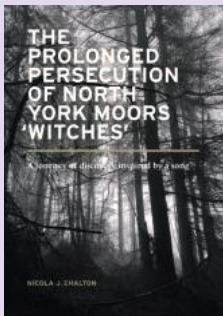
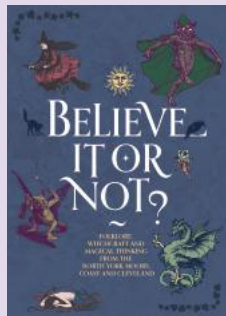
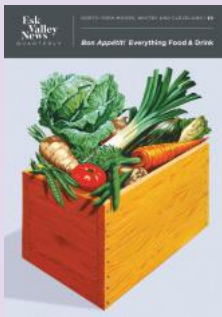
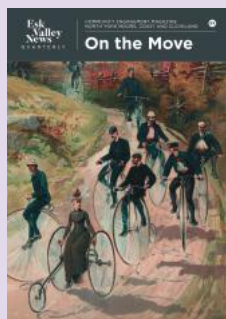
- North York Moors National Park, Helmsley: 01439 770657
- Danby Lodge National Park Centre: 01439 772737
- Sutton Bank National Park Centre: 01845 597426
- North Yorkshire Moors Association (NYMA), independent charity: www.north-yorkshire-moors.org.uk

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

Beckview Studios Music Production & Recording Studio 78
John Broadwood Music Shop 37
Caring Together Whitby & District 70
Mike Dowson Utility Contractors 46
Esk Valley Window Cleaning 40
Foraging Walks With Gaynor 30
Chris Ford Firewood Logs 30
Chris Ford Grass Cutting Services 30

Ford Family Butcher 30
Gillie Jones Glass Studio Gallery 40
Harrison and Son Funeral Directors 90
Lealholm Post Office & Service Station 30
MTR Autotech Ltd Vehicle Repair 30
North York Moors National Park 22
NYMA North Yorkshire Moors Association 46
Owen Waste Disposal 70
Antony Wootten Book Publishing 40

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Esk Valley News

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Esk Valley News Quarterly is a not-for-profit community engagement publication for the North York Moors, Coast and Cleveland, aimed at residents and visitors. Each volume explores a different theme. The project promotes new writing and supports community arts, nature recovery and sustainable land use. We aim to dig deep. Please join in!

SUMMER 2025