

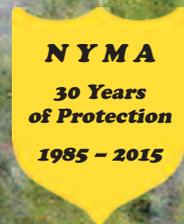
VOICE OF THE MOORS

THE MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH YORKSHIRE MOORS ASSOCIATION (NYMA)

ISSUE 119

SPRING 2015

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PLANTS OF THE RANUNCULACEAE FAMILY

THIS PLANT FAMILY is best known for the widespread and colourful buttercups, the name originating from the Latin word 'Rana', meaning a frog, as many of the family prefer damp conditions. All family members are poisonous to a greater or lesser degree, containing acrid, bitter, toxic substances especially when in flower, although on drying or heating these become more stable and non toxic. The buttercups are summer flowering but some of the family flower very early in the year; the lesser celandine (*R. ficaria*), the marsh marigold (*Caltha palustris*) and the wood anemone (*Anemone nemorosa*), and it is on these that I will concentrate in this botany piece, leaving the buttercups until the next issue.

THE LESSER CELANDINE

The lesser celandine is one of the first to flower to welcome in the spring, maybe as early as January. It can grow almost anywhere except on high acid moors, in woodland, pastures, banks and roadsides, preferring dampish and not over rich conditions, but can also be found on hillsides and cliffs in damp runs. It takes advantage of any early winter sunshine, before being shaded, to flower although it does not need this to grow as it is able to use the energy stored in its finger-like tubers to start growth in the depths of winter, the stalked, dark green, mottled, heart shaped leaves breaking the soil surface at the very beginning of the year. These are soon followed by the three sepalled, many petalled (eight to twelve), shining yellow, star-like flowers, the petal backs green or bronze streaked. It has a central ring of many stamens, like a rayed sun, and in fact it only opens with the sun, between nine and five o'clock if the sun is shining, but losing this ability as it ages.

Despite being full of nectar, there are few insects to pollinate it this early in the year, so few viable seeds are produced. However, it can reproduce asexually as well, for where the later upper stalk leaves join the stem, small bulbils appear which ripen and drop to the ground producing new plants, but reputedly this only happens when seeds have failed to mature. And, as most gardeners will know, if disturbed, any of the underground tubers can break off to produce a new plant; certainly hedging its bets as far as survival is concerned. It dies down completely by the end of May with energy stored in its tubers for the following year.

It is these tubers, seen as fig-like, that gives it its specific name of '*ficaria*', a fig, and in the past it has been referred to as figwort, a name we now use for a different genus. Likewise, the name celandine is muddling; it comes from '*Chelidonium*', the Greek for a swallow, and is the Latin name for the greater celandine (*Chelidonium majus*), no relation, but a member of the poppy family. There has been a great confusion in nomenclature and medical properties between these two very different plants.

But perhaps the most common local and well-used name is 'pilewort' which also gives us some indication of its medical uses. Using the 'doctrine of signatures' – the appearance of the plant indicating its medicinal use – our ancestors recommended the lesser celandine for treatment of piles or any other lumpy swellings, warts or corns because of their semblance to its tubers. It has long, maybe even from Mesolithic times, been used to treat piles and surprisingly it is actually highly effective as it is astringent and demulcent, constricting blood vessels to stop bleeding and softening and soothing tissues. Teas have been used for internal bleeding and in both these cases the leaves and tubers are first dried thus destroying the irritant properties. The fresh acrid leaves were said to be effective as a 'counter blistering' agent to treat skin afflictions, not recommended, nor is its past use by beggars to produce blisters to augment the appearance of disease!

However, the young leaves have been eaten, sparingly in salads and as a blood purifier or boiled as a vegetable as well as being used as a salve for soothing and healing, so maybe these do not contain, or have not

developed, as much irritant chemicals as the older plants. Certainly they are eaten by wood pigeons when they first appear. I have two birds that criss-cross my sloping back garden cropping the young plants every winter, maybe saving my cabbages!

The tubers have the appearance of cows udders as well and, with the yellow, butter coloured flowers, were considered a magical plant for the protection of cows and the dairy, often being hung over the doorways.

WORDSWORTH'S FAVOURITE

The lesser celandine is one of my favourite flowers, reminding me of the Devon banks of my childhood, and it was also Wordsworth's. We all know he wrote about the daffodil, but he also wrote three poems to the lesser celandine and with a wonderfully observant and perceptive eye to its nature and habits; all the above in poetic verse! (see back cover)

MARSH MARIGOLD

Another vivid yellow, spring flowering member of this family is the marsh marigold or kingcup (*Caltha palustris*), its Latin name from *Kathos* the Greek for a cup and *palustris* being from a marsh. It can be found on upland riversides, marshy fields, ditches and wet woodlands, shining in the dark woods. It is a very ancient plant, surviving from the last glaciation and flourishing in the damp fields and moors before they were drained. Although it has declined, it still forms large, conspicuous colonies where conditions remain favourable. It looks like a celandine on steroids, a large, striking plant with hollow stems, fleshy dark green, glossy, kidney shaped leaves and bright yellowy gold one inch wide, cup-like flowers of five

petaloid sepals surrounding a mass of yellow stamens, again only opening from sunrise to sunset. Little used in medicine, the young leaves were however eaten as a spinach and the young buds pickled as a caper substitute, heat negating its toxic properties. But it was greatly celebrated for its protective powers. It is a 'May flower', picked on May eve to be made into garlands or simply strewn round the dwellings the next day, Mayday, to protect against evil, fairies and witches.

WOOD ANEMONE

The final common spring flowering member is very different, small, delicate and white flowered, the wood anemone or wind flower (*Anemone nemorosa*). *Anemone* means growing in the wind and *nemorosa* in open woodland groves, so it is no surprise that it is a plant that carpets old, undisturbed, open, deciduous woodland and it remains also in damp hedgerows and meadows

nearby. The pinnate, deeply toothed, pale green leaves grow from a tough creeping root-stock enabling the plant to colonise so successfully. The flowers are single, on slender stems, the six petaloid sepals white, suffused with pink underneath. In the sun the flowers open wide but close tight in rain or at night to protect the stamens and ovaries. Again, it is an irritant and toxic, little used in medicine albeit in homeopathy where it was considered a 'cure-all'. Although too poisonous to be used safely as a medicine, the delicate and pink stained petals caused it to be used as a charm against illness and death.

GOLDILOCKS

One buttercup that makes an early April/May appearance, is the beautifully named 'goldilocks' (*R. auricomis*) with its narrow upper leaves and misshapen and variable petals. It grows in patches on unimproved woodland edges, scrub and undisturbed grass verges, very easily overlooked but a fascinating member of the *Ranunculaceae* family.

Ranunculaceae: bitter and toxic, vibrant and beautiful, annoying to gardeners and farmers, but bringing a smile to your face. More on this fascinating family of plants next time. ♦





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NOTICE OF THE

North Yorkshire Moors Association

**2015
ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING**

Saturday 13 June, Danby Lodge Moors Centre

AGM will commence at 2pm

Followed by after-meeting guest speaker.

A short 'stroll' in the local area has been arranged starting from Danby Lodge at 11am returning to the Centre for c. 12 noon.

All are welcome.

Lunch can be taken at the WOOLLY CAFE, Danby Moors Centre

Front Cover: Wren by Jill Packenham
Back Cover: Lesser Celandine by Andrew Spink

www.north-yorkshire-moors.org.uk

CHAIRMAN'S FOREWORD



The Cornflower



The Corncockle

CORNFIELD FLOWERS PROJECT

The Cornfield Flowers Project originated from a plant survey which was completed in 1988 by the Yorkshire botanist Nan Sykes. The study revealed that many of the plants which were once a common sight growing in arable fields had disappeared. Nan Sykes together with Chris Wilson, a farmer with a passionate interest in botany and particularly in rare plants of arable land, started a project to save them. Helped by the Carstairs Countryside Trust and the National Park the Cornfield Flowers Project began to take shape. The next stage was the acquisition of land for growing the rare plants at Silpho and the involvement of Ryedale Folk Museum who provided nursery beds in the museum's vegetable garden. In 2010 two project officers were appointed supported by funding from various sources including the National Park, Heritage Lottery and LEADER. At this point the National Park, anticipating the effects of serious budget reductions, asked NYMA if the Association would be prepared to act as employers for five years. This was the start of our involvement with the Cornfield Flowers Project when in April of 2010 we took out employment contracts for the two project officers Chris Wilson and Tom Normandale. The Cornfield Flowers Project has been a highly successful, nationally acclaimed project, expanding into schools through an education programme and taking on many volunteers including farmers who have allocated headlands for growing plants. Topic cards have been produced on these rare flowers and made available on the project website which is linked to both NYMA and the National Park websites. Seed from the plants which have been rescued and successfully propagated is lodged with Kew's Millennium Seed Bank at Wakehurst in West Sussex. Our role as employer ceased at the end of March but we will continue to be involved on the management committee for at least one further year. The foundation which has been laid since the start of this project will ensure that it continues for many years to come in some form.

NATIONAL PARK FUNDING CUTS

Members may have read about the Lake District National Park selling off some of its assets, amongst them Stickle Tarn. This is to help with the shortfall in their budget which like our National Park has suffered up to 40% reductions in Government funding. National Parks do not have the means to generate substantial cash and, depending on the outcome of the general election and the possibility of more cuts, National Parks will be struggling to deliver front line services unless they are able to raise additional cash to make up for the shortfall. For our part, we are continuing to support the Moors Rambler bus service this year which hopefully will have an extended run from June enabling more people who are without their own transport to visit the Park. We have recently agreed to support a funding bid made by the National Park for the upgrading of some of the visitor attractions at the Danby Moors Centre by providing match funding. Included in this will be a new more permanent setting for our "History Tree" engraved plate.

As the new CNP Chief Executive Officer Fiona Howie takes up her post, The Campaign for National Parks issued a press release on April 2nd drawing attention to the problems faced by National Parks.

"Authorities in England should be given greater long-term financial security to enable them to conserve and enhance our most precious landscapes, according to the new Chief Executive of the Campaign for National Parks, Fiona Howie. Ms Howie said she wanted to see the next Westminster Government provide a long-term commitment to funding National Park Authorities properly and an immediate end to their budget cuts. "National Parks are under enormous threats – not just from substantial cuts to their budget – but also from road building schemes and major infrastructure developments, such as the application in the North York Moors for the world's largest potash mine. We need to concentrate hearts and minds on a sustainable long-term financial model for National Parks to ensure they remain

thriving living landscapes that are home to diverse communities in the 21st century."

UPDATE ON THE YORK POTASH LTD MINING APPLICATION

There is still no date fixed, at the time of writing, for a National Park Planning Committee Meeting to determine the York Potash Ltd application for the Minehead and Mineral Transport System (MTS). The different components of this proposed mining development are as follows. The Mine head and MTS also known as "The Tunnel" is a straddle planning application which is determined by two planning authorities, The North York Moors National Park and Redcar and Cleveland Borough Council. The Minerals Handling Facility (MHF) is within the planning area of Redcar and Cleveland Borough Council. Redcar and Cleveland Planning Authority have set a meeting date for April 24th to determine the application covering those parts which lie within their area. The Harbour Facility is a National Infrastructure Development Project and subsequently is dealt with by the Planning Inspectorate and determined by the Secretary of State Department for Communities and Local Government (DCLG). York Potash Ltd re-submitted a planning application for the Harbour Facilities on March 27th for acceptance by the Planning Inspectorate. This is an extended process and could take until

2016 for a Secretary of State decision. A Construction Workers Village and Park and Ride Area at Stainsacre Whitby are within the planning area of Scarborough Borough Council. A planning meeting to determine this is set for April 16th.

This fragmented planning arrangement is an unsatisfactory way of reaching a decision on what would be the largest potash mine in the world located in a National Park. All parts of the project are closely related and interconnected and contribute to significant impacts on the National Park which should be afforded the highest level of protection in terms of planning policy. It is difficult to understand how a decision on one aspect of the project can be made by one consenting body at one time, without having to have regard to the decision by another consenting body made at another time. It seems that the only way of properly judging this development proposal is to have the entire project examined at a public inquiry. NYMA have once again requested that the application should be called in by the Secretary of State for a Public Inquiry so that it can be properly questioned by expert cross examination. It would also provide a much better opportunity for public engagement. Our request is supported by other call-in letters from The Campaign for National Parks, Campaign for the Preservation of Rural England, The National Trust and Yorkshire Wildlife Trust. ♦

THE BIRDS IN YOUR GARDEN

THE WREN – *Troglodytes troglodytes*

WRENS ARE TINY BIRDS with a characteristic cocked tail. Although drab in colour and spending most of their time in dense undergrowth, where their small rounded wings allow them highly manoeuvrability, they are full of character and can be quite bold.

CAVE DWELLER

There is a great deal of folklore associated with the Wren. Its Latin name is '*Troglodytes*' as in 'cave dweller' probably a reference to their delicately constructed nests that have a tiny opening just small enough to allow them in and out. The word 'Wren' has its origins in the Anglo Saxon word 'wroenno' meaning lascivious.

One strange aspect of Wren folklore is that it is sometimes regarded as being masculine and sometimes feminine. '*The Robin and the Wren are God's cock and hen*' is a recent example of the feminine association, as is the name Jenny Wren when she is associated with Cock Robin in a fable too lengthy to explore here. Masculine associations can be seen in the German name of 'Zaunkönig' ('hedge-king') and the Old Danish name of 'Vrensk' ('uncastrated').

THE KING OF BIRDS

The association with kingship appears in some of the chants associated with the custom of Wren Hunts and with a legend that sees the Wren elected king of all birds. The legend goes that all the birds of the earth agreed to choose as their king the one who should soar highest. This honour was bestowed upon the Wren because it secretly hitched a lift on the back of the Eagle. When the latter had soared to the limit of its power above the earth, the little crafty Wren was of course higher than the eagle. The Eagle's revenge for this subterfuge resulted in the Wren's stumpy tail.

HUNTING OF THE WREN

One of several ancient customs or folk traditions of 'Hunting the Wren' involves groups of marauding boys going out into the countryside to capture or kill Wrens. The trapped bird (or more recently an effigy) is then paraded around the village where the boys demand rewards for their actions. As the Wren is paraded around the houses, the boys chant the lines:

*'The wren, the wren, the king of all birds' St. Stephen's Day
was caught in the furze;
Come, give us a bumper, or give us a cake, or give us a copper,
for Charity's sake.'*

The Cutty Wren is a well-known traditional English folk song with variants such as The Hunting of the Wren.

It is believed that this apparent victimisation stems from the Wren having betrayed the Irish to their enemies by tapping on a drum. It is clear from such prolific folklore that the Wren has a special association with Man, hardly surprising given its resilience and pugnacious character.

IMAGE ON COIN

The now obsolete farthing coin also bears the image of a Wren. The popular but erroneous belief was that "the smallest British coin showed the smallest British bird". In fact, the Goldcrest is the smallest British bird being smaller in size and half the Wren's weight.

NESTING

The nest of the Wren is built by the male, and typically consists of a dome structure of grass, moss, twigs, bark, rootlets, feathers and ►



hair, usually lined with feathers and with a tiny entrance hole at the side. The preferred nesting habitat of the Wren is the under-storey of deciduous and mixed woodland, especially the damper areas where vegetation is particularly lush.

Each male bird constructs several different nests within its territory, and the female then selects one to use for breeding. She then adds the final nest lining herself. The same nest site may be reused over a number of years.

SMALL BIRD - LOUD SONG?

But how can such a small bird have such a loud song? In birds, the *larynx* lacks vocal cords and so has little or no role in song production. Instead, they have an organ known as a *syrinx* just above where the windpipe forks into the lungs, which is far more efficient at producing sound than our own larynx. While the *syrinx* is able to vibrate almost all of the air coming out of the Wren's lungs, our vocal chords use just 2% of the air passing over them. Also, the *syrinx* can produce two different sounds simultaneously (one from each half) which goes some way to explaining the complexity of sounds that they can produce.

BREEDING & FEEDING

Male Wrens establish their breeding territories in early spring, proclaiming ownership through their powerful song, especially at dawn, since this is when other males may attempt to steal territory. They are highly aggressive towards other males and use a combination of song and threatening posture to see off their rivals.

The male European Wren is polygamous and will court any female that enters his territory, tempting her to choose and use one of the nests he has built there.

They typically forage on the ground or in amongst low vegetation, moving in short hops, which can make them appear more like a mouse than a bird. They generally fly only short distances, with very rapid wing beats, and often bob their heads and bodies up and down when perched. Their small size and agility mean that Wrens are able to access holes and crevices too small for other birds to enter, many of which remain available

under snow and so provide a lifeline. The diet of the Wren consists mainly of invertebrates, including insects, larvae, spiders, millipedes and small snails, but they will eat small fish, tadpoles and young frogs, as well as berries, seeds and even seaweed.

Wrens are Britain's most numerous breeding bird but their small size and reliance on insects for feeding mean they are liable to perish during prolonged periods of cold and inclement weather. They rarely visit garden feeders, but we can help them by providing a compost heap, turned regularly to reveal tiny insects for them to feed on.

COMMUNAL ROOSTS

The establishment of communal roosts is a way by which Wrens are able to reduce heat loss during cold winter nights. Such shared roosts usually involve small numbers of birds, but there is a record of 61 wrens roosting together in a Norfolk nest-box in 1969. In such confined spaces the birds may squat on top of one another, heads in and tails out towards the entrance.

Many Wrens establish winter territories, which make an important contribution to their over-winter survival. Presumably having a territory provides access to known food sources and accrues knowledge of where these food sources are, plus the locations of suitable roosting sites. Competition for winter territories may be fierce and can begin as early as July. Even migrant Wrens may establish winter territories, often returning to the same territory in subsequent winters.

Within Britain & Ireland, Wrens are largely sedentary in habit, though some upland breeders may move to lower altitude sites for the winter. A few birds will migrate here from northern Europe too.

BIRD WATCH

If you find the lives of our garden birds to be of interest, and would like to join in and help count the feathered occupants of your garden, please contact me or visit the BTO Garden BirdWatch website (www.bto.org/gbw).

Mike Gray

If you know of a local organisation that would like a talk on garden birds call: Mike Gray on 07596 366342 or email mikegbw@btinternet.com.



ANCIENT TREASURES OF THE NORTH YORK MOORS

'It is not so much for its beauty that the forest makes a claim upon men's hearts, as for that subtle something, that quality of air, that emanation from old trees, that so wonderfully changes and renews a weary spirit.'

Robert Louis Stevenson

IN 2012 after years of struggling against red tape and bureaucracy, poor funding and the notion, held in some quarters I suspect, that the only interesting trees in this country are those in the New Forest, the large assemblage of ancient and veteran trees in the Rye Valley west of Helmsley were finally recognised and protected with the creation of the Castle Hill, Deer Park and Windy Pits Site of Special Scientific Interest (SSSI). Its designation was primarily due to the hard work and determination of one man, David Clayden of Natural England. David has described the site as *'The most important group of ancient trees north of Sherwood Forest'* and *'...one of the most significant sites of its kind anywhere in England...'*

Ancient trees are something of a British speciality. Despite being amongst one of the poorest countries in Europe when it comes to woods and forests, we have one of the richest resources of ancient trees. Why is this? Most ancient trees survive in Britain, not because of their timber value or their ecological value; something only recognised comparatively recently, but because of their landscape value. They became important 'natural' features in the designed landscapes of landed gentry.

What do we mean by 'ancient tree' or 'veteran tree' or 'native tree' for that matter? I tend to think of trees in this way;

- Ancient -** very old in comparison to others of the same species e.g. oak over 250 years, silver birch over 100 years
- Veteran -** may or may not be ancient but are those which have suffered abuse and yet survived creating enhanced habitat opportunities
- Native -** believed to be descended from seed sources distributed naturally without human intervention

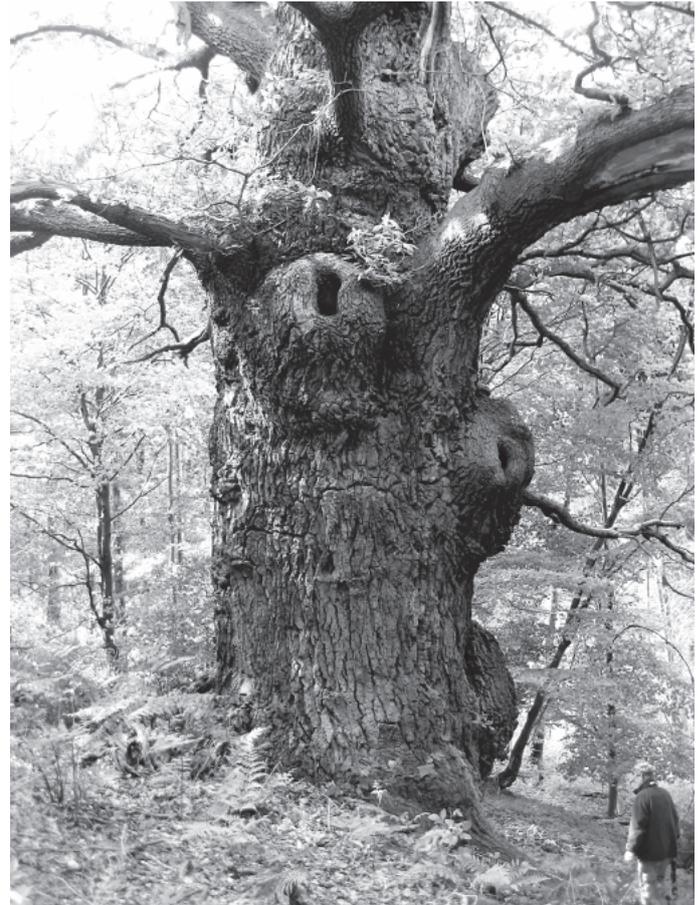
I also like to call some trees *'Significant'*. A significant tree might be the horse chestnut on the village green or the Tibetan cherry in the vicarage garden. Such trees may have little to offer in the way of ecological benefits but can be culturally, socially, and/or historically significant to the local communities in which they grow.

The first recorded stories of the ancient woodlands in the Helmsley area begins to appear in early writings associated with Rievaulx Abbey. When originally founded in 1132, this magnificent and remote Cistercian abbey was set amongst wild woodland:

High hills surround the valley, encircling it like a crown. These are clothed by trees of various sorts and maintain in pleasant retreats the privacy of the vale, providing for the monks a kind of second paradise of wooded delight

Walter Daniel (c1150)

There is also recorded a lengthy dispute between Abbott Roger and William Ros, the patron in 1231/2, regarding the maintenance of woodland around Helmsley. Despite the intensive management of



One of the ancient Duncombe Oaks

the monastic estate and the deer parks associated with Helmsley Castle, woodland containing old trees seems to have persisted in the Rye valley. A survey carried out in the 1600's (I think, although the reference escapes me!) refers to the presence of many *'dodderells'*, a reference to old, hulk trees. In the 20th Century the woodlands of Duncombe Park and the Deer Park were heavily exploited for their timber. Canadian lumberjacks were brought in and a railway, including a timber trestle, a structure usually associated with the 'wild west', was constructed to help the woodmen remove the trees. Despite this, the *'dodderells'*, survived. When the Forestry Commission took over the management of the Deer Park they simply planted around the existing old trees with a mixture of conifers such as western hemlock and western red cedar. And the old trees survived.

Then in the 1970's people began to take notice of and value old trees and old woodland. There was recognition that ancient woods and trees were not only culturally interesting but they were also ecologically very important. In the Deer Park a young Forestry Commission Assistant District Officer (a title inherited from the days of empire!) called Roderick 'Rod' Leslie and Head Wildlife Ranger Charles Critchley realised the importance of the wonderful trees in the Deer Park and took immediate action by removing hundreds of recently planted conifers planted on a site which was to become Castle Hill SSSI. Following on from the success of saving the trees on Castle Hill, the struggle began to save the rest of the trees in the adjoining woodland. It was never going to be easy. Whenever governments have no money the environment is ►



Old wood is full of life

the first thing to suffer and it is the last thing to benefit when money does eventually become available (surely at some point people will realise that they can do without many things but their descendants cannot live without a functioning environment!) For starters, to get the rest of the site made into an SSSI, the age of the trees was irrelevant. Unlike old buildings that can be 'listed' or even scheduled as ancient monuments, the only protection available for trees is a Tree Preservation Order and even this is a pretty weak tool. Remarkably, some of the trees in the Deer Park probably date back to the time of Henry VIII, but there was 'no mechanism' that supported making them into an SSSI for that reason. You have to look for insects, not just any insects but special ones that live on dead wood and not just any dead wood but dead wood that is perhaps 150 to 200 years old. One of Britain's great ancient tree enthusiasts, Ted Green, is quick to point out that there is far more life in dead wood than there is in living wood. To find these insects you need a really good entomologist and I do mean really good because some of these insects are so rare only a handful of people can identify them. That costs money, which you haven't got because money is short. You can have the money if the site is an SSSI. This explanation is becoming a ramble but you can see from my diatribe the considerable problems that David Clayden and the Forestry Commission's staff were faced with.

Nonetheless by scrimping, scraping and scrounging, money was found to remove more conifers, at first just in the immediate vicinity of each ancient tree, but eventually, with some help from SITA Trust and landfill tax credits, a lot of the conifer plantation was removed. Finally after some internal 'fixing' in Natural England a new and much larger SSSI was created to protect what is in essence *living archaeology*.

The site at Duncombe is not open to the public as the landowner chooses to keep the woods private for shooting. A limited number of guided groups are allowed to visit each year in order to ensure these beautiful trees are not forgotten and their importance is fully recognised and appreciated. This is a blessing for if these trees existed in a public place, they would have to be manicured, titivated and generally much mauled about to make them safe for people to be near. I think if I were a tree I'd like to be allowed to grow old, senile and derelict in my own natural way.

The ancient trees now have a much more secure future and hopefully they can survive for many more decades or even centuries for the great benefit of future generations who hopefully will continue to be guardians and protectors of this noble ancient heritage.◆

Brian Walker

THE VICAR & THE GEOLOGIST – THE BAY CONNECTION

THAT COLOSSUS OF 19TH CENTURY GEOLOGY, the Reverend Professor Adam Sedgwick M.A., child of Dent in the far flung outposts of Yorkshire, was a not infrequent visitor to the Yorkshire coast. As Woodwardian Professor of Geology at Cambridge University and a President of the Geological Society he accompanied William Smith, whom he dubbed ‘The Father of English Geology’, while exploring the rocks around Scarborough and Whitby. Adam was an inveterate letter writer, which probably accounts for the fact that, unlike his equally famous geological contemporaries, he never compiled an opus magnum. In his biography published in 1890 we are told that:

...from 1840 onwards he devoted a considerable portion of his time and attention to his two nieces. He did his best to form their characters and direct their studies by regular correspondence.

A letter to his niece Fanny (Hicks) dated 26th October 1845 reads:

Now as it is Sunday I will preach to you a little. Don't be slovenly either in your person or habits. Of the first I do not accuse you, dear Fan, but of the second I rather do. Never leave your pocket handkerchief about; keep all your books and things in their right places. Don't plead excuse by thinking of persons of slovenly habits

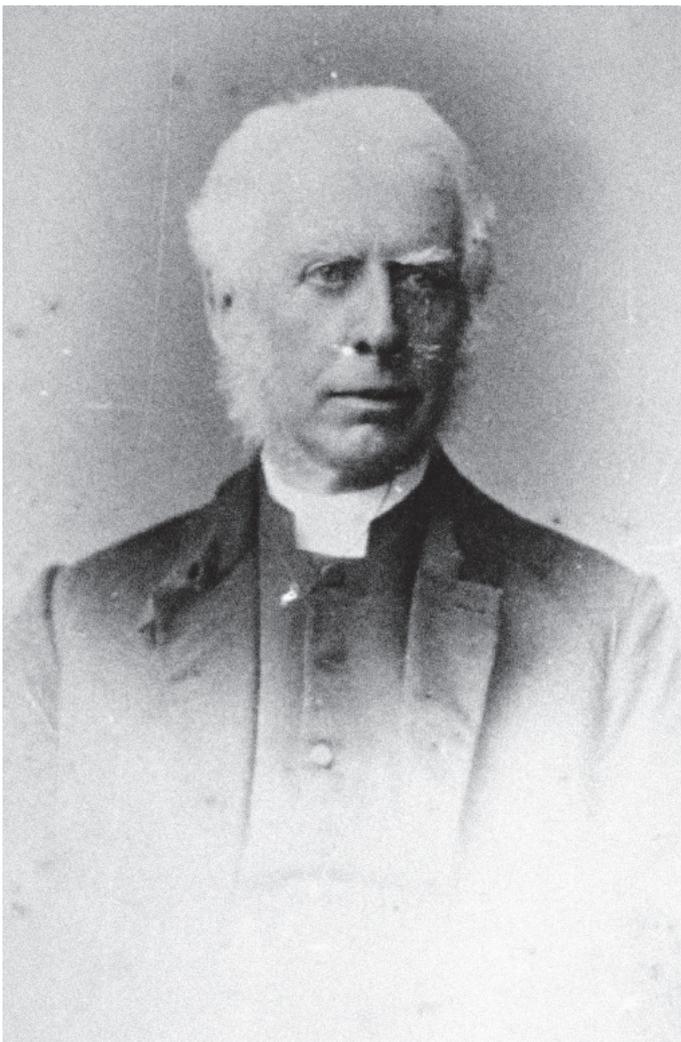
(like myself for example), but take warning by them, and believe that these habits are bad in man.....and still worse in a woman, and utterly without excuse.

Adam's brother James was Vicar of Scalby from 1840 until 1869 and Fanny Hicks was the daughter of James' second wife. In 1854 the young Robert Jermyn Cooper became curate at Scalby for a short time, where he undoubtedly met Fanny. Cooper became Vicar of Fylingdales in 1858 and the following year he and Fanny were married by James at Scalby Church. There can be little doubt that Professor Sedgwick would be in attendance. Robert Jermyn Cooper thus became Adam Sedgwick's step-niece's husband! The Bay Connection!

In 1861 Professor Sedgwick was in Bay for the opening of Thorpe School and in Cooper's diary he heads the list of worthies in attendance. There were more reasons to visit Bay than just its geology!

Fanny died in 1884 at the early age of 56; her husband Robert Jermyn was Vicar of Fylingdales for nearly 60 years until his death in 1916.◆

Alan Staniforth



The Vicar



The Geologist

SARKLESS KITTY

A LEGEND FROM THE NORTH YORK MOORS



The Quaker graveyard at Lowna

ONCE UPON A TIME in a remote village on the edge of the North York Moors there lived a maid who loved a local lad. The couple were devoted to each other and they regularly walked out together. Their love grew and soon Kitty found she was with child. The young lovers wished to avoid any shame and scandal and so wanted to marry as soon as possible. The young man was advised that to be allowed to marry quickly a special certificate had to be obtained from York. So off he rode to the distant city on a borrowed horse. His long journey on horseback to York took two days, but it was successful and he was soon making his return with the magistrate's special licence tucked safely into his doublet. As he rode towards Sheriff Hutton, a vicious storm blew up. Heavy rain and strong winds slowed his progress. Each of the many streams he crossed had to be forded and some were becoming deep and dangerous with fast flowing water. Eventually his progress was halted and he could go no further. He had no other option but to take shelter at a wayside inn and wait for the storms to pass and the water levels in the fords to subside.

At home, in the small moorland village of Gillamoor, Kitty waited and fretted. She understood the difficulties and delay the bad weather would cause her lover. However, time dragged and she began to worry that her young man had taken fright at the idea of his impending marriage and had run away. She waited, and waited. The days passed slowly. Four days became six and on the seventh she was distraught and wandered off in the direction of Lowna intending to seek consolation and reassurance from a good friend who lived in Hutton. The river was in full spate. Heavy with child, she unwisely tried to cross the ford over the swollen River Dove. But the rushing torrent was too strong for her and she stumbled and fell. Helpless, she was swept away by the powerful

current and drowned. Her body was found later by locals, who recognised her. It was assumed that she had committed suicide, uncertain as she was that her lover would return. Her lifeless body was laid on a bed of straw in Lowna Mill. Because suicide was then considered a great sin and prevented a proper church burial, arrangements were to be made to bury Kitty in un-consecrated ground at the crossroads above Hutton.

Eventually the bedraggled and weary lover returned from York only to be told of the tragedy that had befallen Kitty, the love of his life. Filled with grief, his heart broken, he went immediately to Lowna to view her body and mourn the loss of his beloved. However, although he found a clear imprint in the straw where her body had lain, there was no sign of his sweetheart. In desperation, he frantically searched high and low, but his search proved fruitless and her body could not be found. The strange disappearance of Kitty's body remained a mystery.

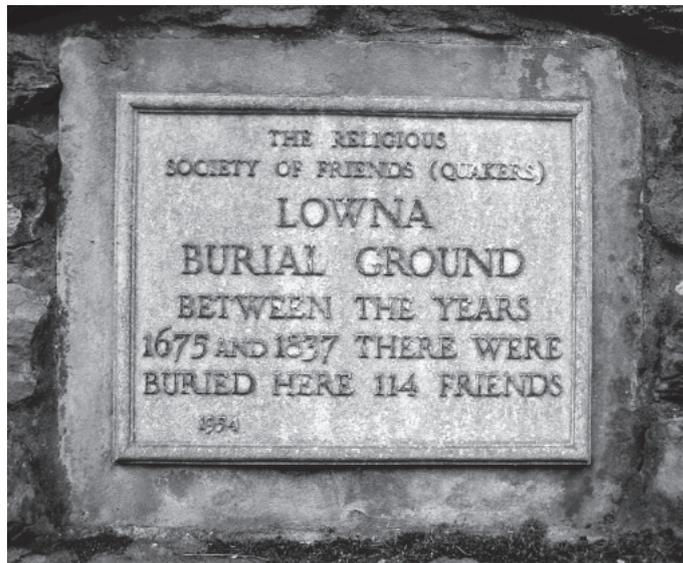
In those far-off days the only crossing of the River Dove at Lowna was via the ford where Kitty had perished. This crossing point was often deep and dangerous particularly in times of heavy rain and severe flooding. From time to time, travellers, unfamiliar with the ford, were also drowned at this spot when attempting to cross. The story soon took hold that these unfortunate people had been lured to their deaths, enticed by an image of a beautiful but sad young woman who beckoned them to cross and who, it was said, appeared at the opposite side of the ford sitting completely naked on the river bank. The apparition became known as Sarkless Kitty. Over the years the tragic deaths by drowning at the ford continued until finally the local people decided enough was enough and they would do whatever they could to stop these tragic

events happening. They invited a local priest to exorcise the place. With due ceremony the exorcism was carried out and to everyone's great relief and satisfaction the drownings at the notorious ford ceased (However, it is also true to say that the present bridge was built about that time, so making the crossing at that point now safe!)

Many, many years had passed since the tragedy although the strange stories of Sarkless Kitty and the unfortunate victims that came after her still persisted. The legend of Sarkless Kitty had now become entrenched in the local folklore of the area, but the mystery of the missing body remained. However, the unexplained disappearance of the body was at last solved following the death of a very old Quaker resident of Hutton-le-Hole. A member of the deceased's family discovered a hand-written entry in the back of the family bible revealing the truth of what had happened to Kitty that fatal day all those years ago. An entry in the Holy Book recorded that the Quaker and his wife, then a young couple themselves, had learned of the tragic drowning of Kitty, and knowing that she was destined to be buried in an unmarked and un-consecrated grave, the compassionate couple had taken pity on her. At dead of night they had secretly taken her body from its resting place in Lowna Barn and buried it, half a mile away, in the woods behind Lowna within their own consecrated Quaker graveyard. The mystery was finally solved.◆

This small burial place is still, today, a secluded stone-walled enclosure set amid beautiful mature trees where small songbirds trill and wild flowers bloom. Kitty and her child will still be there in this tranquil place, resting peacefully, or so it is believed.

John Paul



***Editors note:** Our thanks go to John Paul of Kirkbymoorside for this intriguing interpretation of the strange legend of Sarkless Kitty which he based largely on the notes of Bert Franks, founder and first curator of the Ryedale Folk Museum, Hutton-le-Hole, where the notes are archived. Note that the meaning of the word 'sarkless' can mean without a shirt or shift ie.naked, although John offers another more colourful derivation of sarkless from our area's indisputable connections with that of the Vikings with whose language we share many northern dialect words. It would seem that when this ferocious race of people were fighting a bloody battle against King John on the bridge crossing over the Derwent at Stamford Bridge, the warriors went berserk, interpreted as bare-sark: that is they went without their shirts, stripping of the protection of their chain-mail shirts without due regard for life and limb and fighting half-naked to their deaths. Well, it's a good story!*

BOOK REVIEW

SAVING OPEN SPACES

BY KATE ASHBROOK

KATE HAS WRITTEN a very concise and readable history of the Open Spaces Society. It is a very slim booklet of just 28 pages but it covers some of the impressive campaigning successes of this oldest conservation body in Britain which was founded in 1865. Starting as the Commons Preservation Society with a focus on commons, it extended its campaigning 34 years later to the preservation of public footpaths. In 1927 it became the Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths Preservation Society later to be shortened to its present name in 1982. The campaigning successes over 150 years and subsequent changes in the law serve as a timely reminder, that as planning restraints are weakened or removed to make way for development in today's drive for growth, conservation campaigners like Open Spaces Society have an essential role to play.

Without the campaigning for the preservation of commons, green spaces and paths by the Open Spaces Society many of these delightful areas for walking and enjoyment would have been lost.

Kate has put together a succinct explanation of some of the campaigning battles won over the very long history of this society. The book is beautifully illustrated with photographs that make you to want to visit and enjoy the pleasure of walking on Hazely Heath Common or along the Bushey Bridleway in Hertfordshire. Above all "Saving Open Spaces" draws together in text and illustration all the reasons why those of us who love open spaces should join the fight to preserve them.◆

Tom Chadwick

The book is published by Open Spaces Society and Pitkin The cost is £5.00 including post and packing, it is available from Open Spaces Society, 25a Bell Street, Henley-on-Thames RG9 2BA Tel. 01491 573535 or at <http://www.oss.org.uk/what-we-do/publications/>

THIS EXPLOITED LAND

The 19th century ironstone mining and railway developments on the North York Moors have left an indelible signature on our landscape.

THIS EXPLOITED LAND ('TEL') is a partnership of community and statutory organisations, led by the North York Moors National Park Authority, established to preserve that landscape and tell its trailblazing story. In autumn 2013, TEL received an 'in principle' grant of £3m from the Heritage Lottery Fund ('HLF') for a programme of conservation and interpretation.

The TEL landscape covers 200km² stretching from Goathland, following the Whitby-Pickering Railway north to Grosmont then the River Esk east to Kildale before turning south to cross Farndale into Rosedale. This tracks both the railway and the timeline from the discovery of commercial ironstone at Grosmont, during the construction of the 1836 railway, to the later iconic mineworks and railways of Rosedale.

Professional assessments of the individual projects have been completed and expenditure has been prioritised within the budget. TEL intends to undertake conservation at the Esk Valley mine complex near Grosmont, Blue Ber Bridge South on the Rail Trail between Goathland and Grosmont and also the Warren Moor mine complex at Kildale. The programme will include reinstating the collapsed trackbed at Rosedale East, unblocking the railway culvert at Reeking Gill and conservation at Rosedale Bank Top kilns and Rosedale East kilns. In addition, TEL hopes to conserve smaller structures around Beck Hole, Grosmont and along the line of the 1844 Whitby-Pickering Railway.

A biodiversity programme aims to enhance habitat connectivity along the River Esk and the Murk Esk including the removal of two physical barriers to salmon migration. Further work will enhance hay-meadows in Rosedale and ancient woodland across the TEL landscape. There will be targeted support for a number of species of flora and fauna.

A vital part of the programme is telling the story. The objective is to show off our heritage and encourage visitors to return and explore, to the benefit of our many, visitor dependent, businesses. There will be wider publicity, new display space at the Moors Centre in Danby and interpretation locations at Grosmont and Rosedale Abbey.

In order for the grant to be released, TEL must submit its detailed plans to HLF by October 2015. The programme should then run for five years from 2016. Throughout, TEL wants to encourage continuing community involvement and will administer a grants scheme and a volunteer programme. ♦

Ann Glass

*For further information please visit our website:
www.northyorkmoors.org.uk/this-exploited-land.*

Interested organisations and individuals can sign up for our quarterly newsletter by contacting the Team at TEL@northyorkmoors.org.uk



Rosedale ironstone workings

CROSSWORD ANSWERS

Across: 1 spring 5 lament 8 pluckily 9 note 10 neon 11 hallmark 12 angels 13 Albert (name)/albert (warch chain) 15 bolsters 18 bust 19 boat (sounds like bore = drill) 20 falconry 21 hypthen 22 Easter **Down:** 2 palaeontology 3 incense 4 getschas 5 loyal 6 minilm 7 nature reserve 13 absolve 14 baboons 16 syrah 17 elfin **Anagram Answer:** Roseberry Topping

EVENTS

NYMA MEMBERS VISIT TO SEE THE DUNCOMBE OAKS

Ancient Treasures of the North York Moors

For those NYMA members and friends who have registered/booked places on the visit on **Saturday 16 May 2015** the arrangements are:

- **Meet at 13.00** at the entrance to **Waterloo Plantation** (Marked on map - see GR NZ586815) on the A170 road (Helmsley to Sutton Bank road) c. 2 miles west of Helmsley.
 - Guide for the visit will be Cath Bashforth, Forestry Commission. Park cars at or near to the entrance to Waterloo Plantation. Please park safely.
- NB Car sharing from this point and vehicles taken along forest track to start of walk. Stout foot-ware and walking poles/sticks (for those who use them) are recommended.

PLEASE NOTE: this visit is now FULLY SUBSCRIBED. Sorry to those who could not be included this time, but we will be organising other visits to see these magnificent ancient trees so please watch out for future notices in Voice.

NYMA WALK - APRIL - SATURDAY 18TH.

Meet at Lowna car park (GR NZ685910 - just over Lowna Bridge on RH of road on Gillamoor side) at 10.30 am for Surprise Short Saunter in Sarkless Kitty country through woodland by the River Dove. The daffodils should be still in bloom. Possible muddy terrain so please come prepared. Walk leaders will be Albert & Pauline 01287 660137

NYMA WALK

JUNE - SATURDAY 6TH 10.30AM START

Meet at Holy Cross Church, Church Lane, Swainby DL63EA. Plenty of road-side parking in the village. Walk: c. 6 miles steady climb out of village up to the Cleveland Way route and then another climb up onto open moors. Descend into Scugdale taking road and field paths back to village. Walk leader Kath Mair – telephone 01766 810997 mobile 0797 4288056

ROSEDALE WALKING FESTIVAL

Saturday – Sunday 13 & 14 June

For further details see

www.rosedaleabbey.com

Facebook: Rosedale-Walking-Festival

Tickets from 01751 417505

NYMA WALK - JULY, SATURDAY 4TH

Meet at 10.30am at Loftus, North Road car park (on left just past Clarkes hardware store about opposite the Golden Lion). The Group will take service bus to Brotton then walk the coastal path via Skinningrove and Hummersea and back to Loftus. Distance c, 5.5 miles. Walk leaders Colin & Heather 01287 669104. The walk takes in the National Trust Nature Reserve (wild flowers), Skinningrove Beach, and Hummersea, the erstwhile home area of the remarkable young geologist and biostratigrapher, Lewis Hunton. For those who wish it, there will be an opportunity to visit the Cleveland Ironstone Mine at Skinningrove following the walk.

**The North York Moors National Park
is holding a 2015 4-day**

WALKFEST

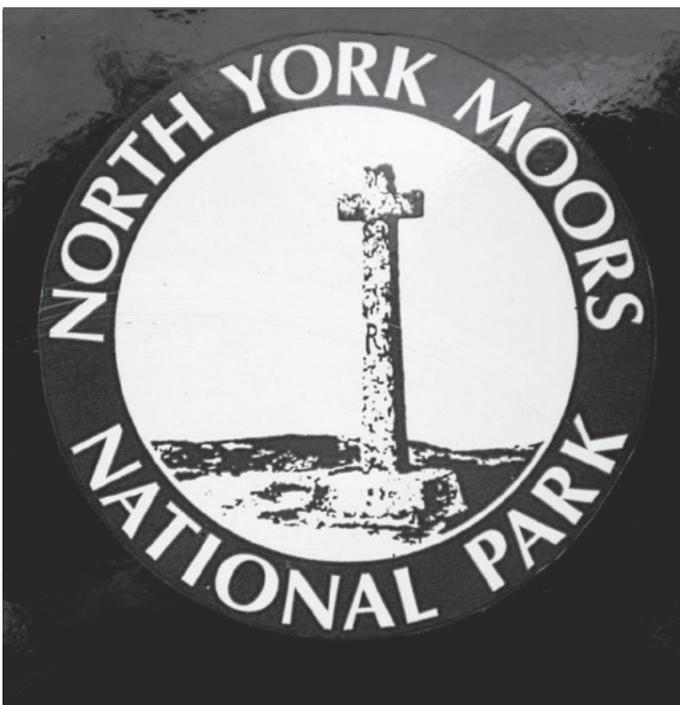
Friday 22 May – Monday 25 May

20 Walks and Events to choose from!

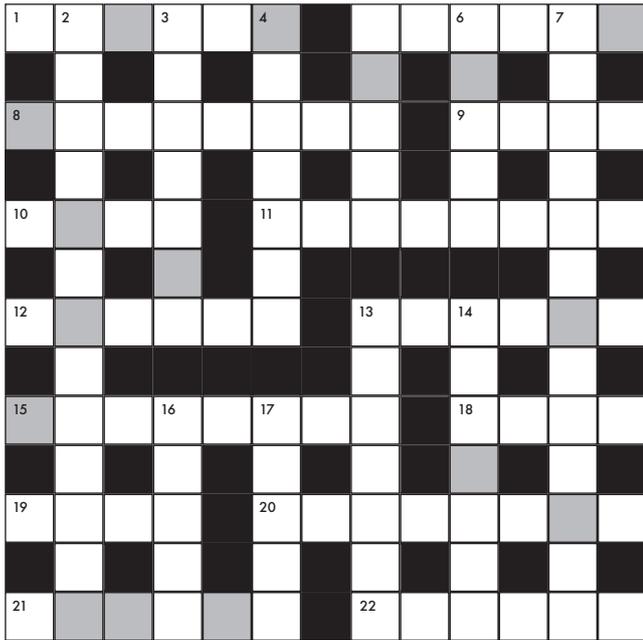
Find out more at www.northyorkmoors.org.uk

For booking arrangements and further information call

01439 772738



CRYPTIC CROSSWORD No 68 BY AMANUENSIS



Take the letters from the greyed-out squares and solve the anagram in the boxes below.

Cryptic clue to anagram: Flower and fruit put on dessert is local high point (9,7)

ACROSS:

- 1 Leap up between winter and summer (6)
- 5 Threnody results from mental breakdown (6)
- 8 With courage while playing guitar perhaps? (8)
- 9 Paper money found when posh school crumbles (4)
- 10 Gas contained in one only (4)
- 11 Stamp of authenticity of distinguishing feature (8)
- 12 Divine messengers appear from varying angles (6)
- 13 He sometimes has a watch attached? (6)
- 15 Reinforces boiled lobsters (8)
- 18 Stub out piece of sculpture (4)
- 19 Pig makes drill sound (4)
- 20 Sport involving aerial combat? (8)
- 21 Mark of togetherness? (6)
- 22 Festival of an uprising (6)

DOWN:

- 2 Rocky way to discover extinct animals and plants (13)
- 3 Cause anger with fragrant smell? (7)
- 4 For female companions go to Japan (7)
- 5 Staunch alloy of alloy (5)
- 6 A small drop from 9 across (5)
- 7 Essential character has shyness of protected area (8,7)
- 13 Acquit sailor on port side of work out (7)
- 14 Monkeys prohibits cry of derision inside (7)
- 16 Found in bottles (5)
- 17 Small, delicate and charming model finally found inside (5)

ANSWERS ON PAGE 12



HAWKMOTH

NATURE NOTES

EXCITING TIMES

Early spring is a very exciting time for a moth-mad man (an avid lepidopterist) like myself. On sunny days at this time of year the first butterflies and moths are emerging from hibernation and the first of the spring moths are appearing on the outside of my bathroom window. In late autumn, last year, I collected a few leaf-mining moth pupae and over-wintered them in a cool shed. In March they were brought indoors to stimulate them into hatching out. These moths are very tiny, literally only a few millimetres in length and very lively. Identifying them down to an exact species can be extremely difficult. Fortunately, I have a powerful little macro lens that is ideal for taking sharp images of very small subjects. Amazingly these very small micro moths are only

accurately identifiable by examination of their genitalia under a microscope, and unfortunately the moths undergoing this close scrutiny need to be dead.

BUTTERFLY & MOTH COLLECTION

Recently I was given ten glass-fronted cases containing some fantastically exotic butterflies and moths. These lovely specimens had been collected by a naturalist colleague, Ken Trewren, who lived in the Esk Valley. Ken was a keen naturalist, botanist, and a brilliant and greatly respected expert in the field of pteridology (the study of ferns and related plants). Sadly, Ken passed away in 2012. His wife, Kate, kindly contacted me to see if I would be interested in looking after some of the specimens Ken had collected and

accumulated over the years? How could I say no! The contents of two of the cases are particularly interesting to me because they are mainly of the European Hawk Moth, a species that can and does occasionally migrate to Britain.

DEATH’S HEAD HAWK MOTH

One of these specimens is the very rare and macabre Death’s Head Hawk Moth (*Acherontia atropos*). This exceptionally large species has the distinct markings of a skull or death mask on its thorax and was made famous (or should that be infamous?) by its use in the promotion of the block-buster movie “The Silence of the Lambs”, a psychological thriller starring Anthony Hopkins as the ghoulish serial-killer Hannibal Lecter, a dangerous psychopath. The very large larvae (caterpillars) of this hawk moth feed on potato plants and these unwelcome visitors are occasionally discovered in late summer by some gardeners on allotments in the South of England. They are also known to raid beehives for honey.

Rather alarmingly, the adult of this species of hawk moth can, when threatened, squeak like a mouse. As far as I know this is the only species of moth that actually makes an audible noise.

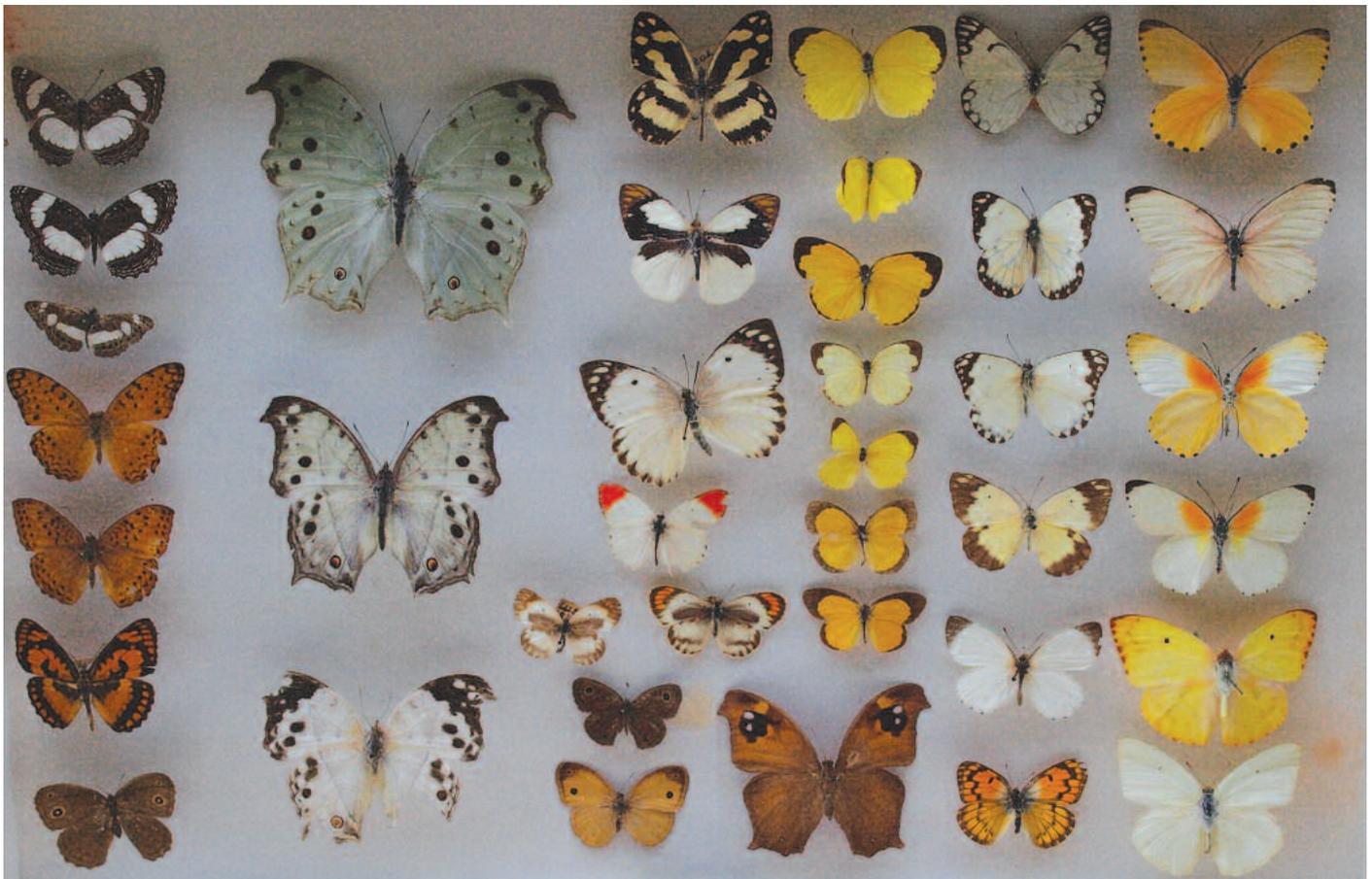
NATURE SEARCH

April sees me beginning my butterfly transect at Fen Bog. Although it is rather overly optimistic of me to expect to see butterflies at this upland site so early in the year, I’m more than hopeful of disturbing the odd moth or two instead. At least it will

be good to get out and about in the spring fresh air, always a joy and pleasure! One never knows just what Mother Nature will reveal to those willing enough to spend time and effort searching Her fascinating kingdom.◆

Hawkmoth

Death’s Head Hawk Moth



Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets'
Primroses will have their glory,
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story:
There is a flower that shall be mine,
'T is the little celandine.

*First verse from the poem
To the Small Celandine by William Wordsworth*

