

THE NATIONAL PARKS OF BRITAIN

6. The North York Moors

A National Park since February 1952, the North York Moors is an attractive region extending for 553 square miles between the Vale of York and the coast. Well-known to most Yorkshiremen, it is completely unknown country to a great number of other people in Britain, and they would find rich reward in exploring it.

THE coastline of North York Moors National Park is an exciting succession of rock promontories, secluded bays, and sandy beaches. In the north the massive Boulby Cliffs, the second highest on the English coast, rise to a height of 660 feet. Nearby is Staithes, the close-packed little

independent people with their own speech and folklore, and odd customs like the Plough Stots dance at Goathland, held every year to celebrate the day when the plough was first put into the ground after the Deluge.

The traditional building craftsmanship of this part of Yorkshire is of a high order, from the little grey stone farms with their red-pantiled roofs to the manor houses, churches, and castles which grace the wooded dales. In the south-west of the park are the much-visited remains of the 12th-century Cistercian abbey of Rievaulx.

On the coast you will find traces of Norse influence in the local dialect and even in the shape of the Yorkshire coble—a fishing boat which traces its descent from the longship of the Vikings. There are remains of ancient settlements on the high lands, and some miles of Roman road have been uncovered on Wheeldon Moor.

The district has great variety of colour, and the constantly-changing hues of the ling and bracken and the rich woodlands of the valleys are much favoured by artists. A special splash of colour occurs every spring at Farndale—now a Nature reserve—where wild daffodils bloom in great profusion.

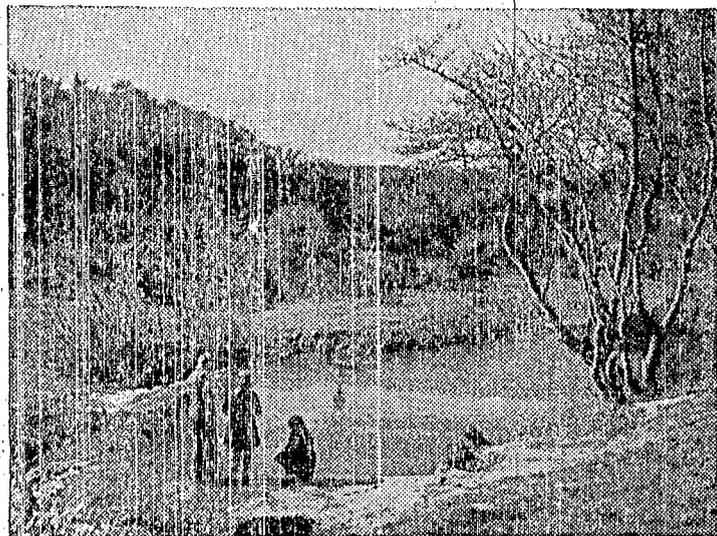
town at the water's edge where Captain Cook was apprenticed to a shopkeeper before running off to Whitby to sail the seven seas. South of Whitby, which has been left out of the park, is an old coastguard path that makes a delightful route to the famous Robin Hood's Bay and thence by Ravenscar and Hayburn Wyke to the park boundary at Scarborough.

Behind the coast the country rises in a series of hills and dales to the main hinterland of wide, open moorlands and the escarpment of Cleveland and the Hambleton Hills. It is a sparsely-populated district of scattered farmsteads and hamlets where hard work has wrung an uncertain living from the land.

This constant struggle with Nature has produced a sturdy,

The National Park Committee has hit on an ingenious means of getting rid of war-time eyesores by arranging for the Royal Engineers to blow some of them up as part of their training programme.

Next week: The Yorkshire Dales



Forge Valley, near Hockness (Crown copyright reserved)

NEW FILMS

Smiley in Trouble Again

SMILEY was an endearing film, which introduced us to a young Australian imp, the son of the blacksmith of a small settlement in the Australian outposts. Always up to his neck in scrapes, young Smiley was still one of the most engaging little fellows ever to reach the cinema screen. Now comes Smiley Gets A Gun, the second adventure of the character invented by Moore Raymond.

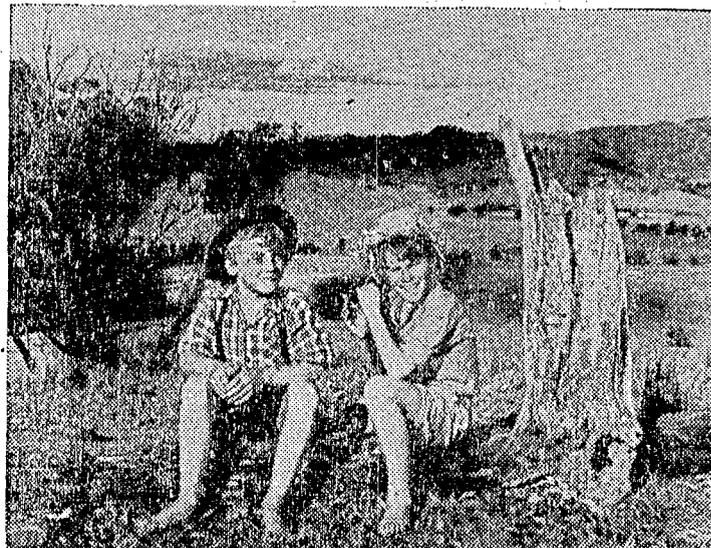
A new Smiley has been found in ten-year-old Keith Calvert to replace the original one, Colin Petersen. But the film is again a simple one, and has the fresh Australian outdoors for its background which, in colour, is a delight to watch.

EARNING HIS GUN

Perhaps Smiley Gets A Gun is not quite so charming as the first of the series, but it packs a lot of amusing incident into the small space of its story. Chips Rafferty is the local police officer who tries to instil a sense of responsibility into the mischievous youngster. "I'll give you the gun you want as soon as you have earned it," says the understanding policeman. "When you have earned eight good marks for conduct you shall have it. But I'll take marks off for pranks."



Keith Calvert, the new Smiley



Smiley and his friend Joey (Bruce Archer) in a scene from Smiley Gets a Gun

So Smiley sets out to earn his gun and finds it no easy task. All sorts of misunderstandings occur to make him lose marks. Everybody thinks it was *he* who let a goat into church during Sunday morning service, when really it was another boy. Everybody thinks it was Smiley who started a bush fire, but he will not sneak on his chum.

And perhaps worst of all, everybody thinks (well, nearly everybody) that it was Smiley who stole the gold from the secret store of Granny Mckinley, the eccentric oldest inhabitant. Of course, it all comes out right in the end, but by then Smiley has really earned his rifle.

One of the delights of Smiley Gets A Gun is the chance it gives us to see what an Australian village with its people really looks like. The forest fire, too, is a tremendous thrill and is beautifully photographed. Smiley Gets A Gun is a friendly film that should appeal to all the family, with Keith Calvert and his chum Bruce Archer quite splendid as the mischievous children.

Chips Rafferty is a friendly policeman and Grant Taylor a cheerful engineer who believes in Smiley's innocence all through. Both give fine performances, and that famous British actress, Sybil Thorndike, thoroughly enjoys herself as the strange Granny who is regarded by all the children, except Smiley, as a fierce old witch.

FUN IN THE WEST

IF you like Western films I think you will enjoy The Sheepman, which stars Glenn Ford. Glenn comes to a neighbourhood which makes its living out of rearing cattle and optimistically insists that he is going to rear *sheep* instead. Naturally, this does not please the local people and Glenn finds himself in a lot of trouble.

But he takes it all very good-humouredly, and because he is very quick on the draw and also handy with his fists, he eventually makes his point. The Sheepman is a most amusing Western, with a lot of action and humour, and without the brutality and killing which sometimes spoil Western films.

Invitation to the dance

A chance to learn Scottish dances is offered this summer by the Scottish Youth Hostels Association. Training courses lasting a week are being held at Corraith Youth Hostel, near Troon, from July 19 to the middle of August. Instruction in traditional Scottish country dancing is combined with excursions to the Burns country, the Clyde coast, and sunny days on the Ayrshire seashore.

Among visitors from other countries will be two Bavarian dance teams, who will doubtless demonstrate their own folk dancing during the evenings at Corraith.

The inclusive charge for the week is £7 10s. More information can be obtained from the S.Y.H.A., 7 Bruntsfield Crescent, Edinburgh, 10.

MOUNTAIN RESCUE IN THE NIGHT

One of the most daring rescues ever attempted on British mountains has won the coveted George Medal for Flight-Sergeant John Lees, of the R.A.F.

On January 3 last, the R.A.F. Mountain Rescue team stationed at Valley, Anglesey, was informed that an injured climber lay on the remote Craig yr Ysfa, a cliff tucked away in the Carneddws, the loneliest of Welsh mountains. It is probably the most difficult to reach of all the Snowdonian cliffs.

By nightfall Flt.-Sgt. Lees and his team had reached the top of the snow-covered cliff, and in pitch darkness four of the men climbed down 750 feet until they reached the injured climber. They were then faced with the problem of getting him to the foot of the cliff 200 feet below them. It was a sheer drop, with hand and foot holds coated in ice.

Flight-Sergeant Lees strapped the injured man to his back, and began the descent.

The citation of the award says: "Although exhausted by the tremendous physical strain imposed on him, he refused to give in, and not only directed the movements of the stretcher party, but also bore the brunt of the carrying duties during the descent of Cwm Aigian."

"Flight-Sergeant Lees, with no thought for his own safety, showed exceptional skill, courage, and determination during this hazardous operation."

Flight-Sergeant Lees, a keen climber since boyhood, joined the R.A.F. Mountain Rescue Service in 1945. He became an instructor and later took charge of the service at Valley. In 1955 he was in the R.A.F. expedition to the Himalayas.