

TWO LITTLE PLACES



York
Pop. 174,400



Scarborough
Pop. 106,243

Clifton Green and St. Helen's Square: these two little places situated in the North Riding of Yorkshire, forty miles apart, displaying remnants of a Roman and Viking past, have been part of me since the year dot.

Both places have changed over the years. Bamford's Bakery (best cheese cakes in Yorkshire), on Clifton Green's Hypoteneuse has gone. I do not remember the faux, albeit very well executed, Elizabethan kitsch. Nor the, not so welcome, "BOYES" intrusion on St. Helen's Square

Clifton Green is obviously well looked after by the neighbours. Here's a glimpse into the 25th September, 2008 York council meeting minutes, "*Cllr Douglas, on behalf of residents of Clifton Dale, requesting the Council to consider adequate provision for cyclists and pedestrians on Clifton Green.*" Sound familiar?

As for St. Helens: well, there are no neighbours!



Clifton Green, Clifton, York, Yorkshire.

Note: for aficionados. Approx dimensions N/S 128m E/W 100m.

Streets, wall to fence: Water End 10.0 m; Clifton Moor 11.0 m; Hypotenuse 11.0m.



Bus stop on Clifton Moor Road



Looking NE across the green

Clifton gained notoriety for the establishment of a lunatic asylum in the mid 1800's. But it is more interesting, IMO, for its resistance to flooding. Indeed it has well-fortified dykes, hence Water End Road, now, to protect its Clifton Ings and Rawcliffe Meadows from the occasionally inundating River Ouse.

Ings is Yorkshire for flood plains.

I was there when the big flood of 1943 put our school rugger and cricket fields out of business. I'll bet, though, compared to other parts of the village, we got off lucky.



Water End Road



Clifton Moor Road



The Hypoteneuse! What a name! Only in England eh?

Last time I was in York the trees were bare giving a much better over all view: even then the place was captivating. The faux English heritage works well, probably because York has the original as a measure: the Shambles is but a twenty-minute walk away.

Now gentrified, the Shambles, is the original medieval city. The upper floors over hang nearly touching across the street. Evidently walking under them was hazardous back then. There was no Elizabethan plumbing: chamber pots were just dumped out the upper windows!

Clifton village is a wonderful example of how, as cities grow, they subsume contiguous villages spatially intact.



St. Helen's Square, Scarborough, Yorkshire.

Note: for aficionados. Approx. pavement dimensions: 10.6m N/S, 11.5m E/W.
Streets, wall to wall: Market Street 8.00m; Cross street 7.0m; St. Helen's 9.0m.

I do not remember the name St Helen's Square. We referred to it as Market Place. There was an old pump, where the lamp standard is now and sure as hell "*Boyes*" had not intruded.

Unless my memory deceives I have to conclude everything we see today is a sort of consumer version of a, once, thriving reality.



Saint Helen's Square, with lamp post where once a pump stood.



Commemorative Plaque

Faux anything has to be better than "*Boyes*"!

I AM NOT IMPRESSED



Scarborough Market, Scarborough Yorkshire.
Market Street



St. Helen's Square looking south
to South Bay



St. Helen's Square looking
North to Cross Street.

Market hall has obviously been gussied up and street connections work. It's the contemporary architecture that grieves me!

Is that a parking garage on the corner of Eastborough and Queen's? To say the least, not very elegant!



Queen's Street: Boyes main store.
Under the clock tower



Eastborough: St. Helen's is just behind.
Block on the left could be better!

Scarborough looks pretty brutal compared to Clifton. May I suggest Cooplands Bakery replace Boyes on St. Helen's and Boyes on Queen Street revert to its earlier street elegance, before "modernization".



Cross Street.



Market Way: the view is,
St. Mary's Church and the Castle keep.

Georgian Scarborough, the Queen of Watering Places, has its Spa. This end of town has been "modernized". It's where the fishermen and their families used to live!

Note: Illustrations are taken from Goggle Earth. On my last visit, February 2005, Yorkshire was pretty dull: it was snowing. Ergo, my pics don't work for this essay.

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