



THE PARAGON

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50P [FREE TO MEMBERS]

❁ BOY MEETS GIRL ❁

TRIALS & TRIBULATIONS OF A NEW WIFE

When Albert and I were first married in 1938, we lived in rooms with Emily and Bert Allen because houses were hard to come by in the village of Stocksbridge. Emily and Bert were witnesses to our wedding in Grenoside and Emily had a heart of gold. She gave me this advice in the first few days - "Keep his house clean, look after his tummy and keep yourself presentable at all times".

Emily had a beautiful Alsatian dog called Scoff and as we had little money we used to enjoy walking him all over the moors. Her uncle Shed had a ranch in the woods close by where he kept every breed of dog imaginable. Talk about Heinz 57 varieties; he had them all. He gave me a puppy which just fit into a pint pot and I had to keep it at the ranch until we got a place of our own.

We lived at the top of a very big hill on Oaks Avenue, Garden City or Village and my in-laws lived in the valley at Hawthorne Brook. Albert's father had shooting rights of a farm so when his father had shot us a rabbit or something for dinner he would stand at the bottom of the hill and wave for me to fetch it; after

mother had kindly cleaned it for the oven.

After a few months we rented a home of our own in Penistone which was part of a very big house. We had a very large kitchen complete with stone sink; a fire place nearly five feet across; a set pot copper; gas lighting and just a gas ring to cook on. We also had a parlour which we didn't use except for storage purposes and a bedroom like a dance hall. The kitchen had a stone flag floor and the people before us had let the grass grow through it until we thought it was a green carpet. Hilda, Albert's sister, and I were told there was a drain grate in the cellar so we took off our shoes and stockings; tucked our skirts in our pants and started with the spade, broom and plenty of water brushing into the cellar. Eventually the gas went out and we discovered the meter was in the cellar. What a shock we had because the water was half way up the cellar steps and we had to bail every drop out. We never did find the drain. Eventually we managed to clean the place and papered it with Blaskeys 2/6d colour scheme. How tired we were but very proud by the time the job was finished. There was no bathroom so we bought a long tin bath and because there were no pithead baths at Stocksbridge Colliery Albert had to use the bath at home every day.

Penistone is supposed to be

the coldest spot in England but I used to enjoy walking with the dog, who I called Rip, for company. One day a lady came to tell me an old woman was hitting my pup Rip with a broom so I stood up in Rip's defence and from then on the woman and I were good friends.

Stocksbridge was only over the hill, of course, three mile on foot but about eight riding on the bus. Albert worked queer shifts. He had to bike to work over the hill to Stocksbridge, starting just after three in the morning on days and just after seven in the evening on night shift, coming home when the work was finished. It was wintertime. I was a stranger in a strange place and I was scared sick alone at night. Before Albert left for work on nights I went upstairs taking my mending and a book to read by candle light.

Mrs. Gledhill who lived in the rest of the house became a big borrower and because she was a close friend of our landlady I felt I could not realise. One weekend Hilda came to stay with us, she wanted to help with the cooking and looked for the baking tins but could not find them. The reason was that Mrs Gledhill next door had borrowed every thing including the stew pot, dripping tin and glass trifle dish. Hilda was upset for me because Albert's aunt had bought most of the things so she dashed next door and insisted they were given back. The stew was put into a washing up bowl, Sunday joint on a plate and the goldfish had to manage with a soup dish.

By now I had found a good family butcher called Mr. Wood who was most generous and kind. He told me of a house coming to let round the corner from us and put in a good word. Luckily we got this house which had three bedrooms, parlour and a kitchen painted railway grey which had a fire place with bars 18 inches across. It was massive. All peeling rubbish and two bags of coal were thrown at the back so all we had to do was keep raking it down. We also had the usual set pot copper, stone sink with one cold water tap and gas in all rooms. The bo! Oh dear! I nearly

died because it was an earth one at the bottom of the garden. The house was cleaned and we settled in very well; including Rip who had by this time grown into a greyhound. We still went for long walks; always collecting a few sticks for kindling or a log or two for the fire and hoped that Rip might catch us a rabbit but he would rather play with them which did not please us.

The majority of this type of old house have a cellar complete with a stone slab and a kind of sink used when curing the family pig for bacon. Well one night, feeling very brave, I told Albert I would stay up for a while after he had gone to work. Knowing he would worry, I assured him that now Rip was much bigger I wasn't so scared of being left. All went well for about an hour. Rip was lying at my feet and I was busy sewing. All at once Rip's ears shot up, I looked down and saw a string of mice come from under the cellar door, just like elephants nose to tail in the circus. They came across the hearth rug and into the ashnook. I screamed and jumped up on to the table, Rip followed me, and there we stayed until Albert came home at 6.30 in the morning. When I told him about the mice he was concerned in case the gas had gone out and left us in the dark.

Rip who was still growing had become much too big for a house dog - more like great Dane. Albert's father thought it would be kinder to let someone have him with more room and us have their cat instead to catch the mice since we had been trapping some every day. Well cats make me shudder. I would not hurt them but I do not like them. We took the cat home and it shot straight under the cooker and there it stayed for two whole days stinking the house out. Food and milk untouched. So I opened the back door and swept him outside with the brush even though he was swearing something awful and I was mighty scared too. When I told Mr. Wood the butcher he told me the mice were coming from the sawmill nearby.

There was a corner shop not far away and I would call for oddments. One

day Mr. Wiseman told me about a jumble sale to be held in the chapel and gave me an invitation to attend as part of the sale was to be an auction for a Jones treadle sewing machine. Being me I could not resist going and of course it was knocked down to me for 8/-. It had been well looked after and worked very well. The following Monday when I went to the butchers Mr. Wood said his wife wanted to see me. What a surprise. She gave me all the extras to the machine and showed me how to use it because the machine had been hers.

That winter was hard for me because there was so much snow which I was not used to seeing and the cold was bitter. We eventually moved back to Stocksbridge - but that is another story.

Maureen Newton

SANDTRAYS & MAYPOLES

Bolsterstone Endowed School An Appreciation Part 3

The first school was built on what was known as the 'common' in 1686 in the reign of James II and named the Endowed School meaning 'free education'. Strict boundaries had to be made as the influx of children would be great. The catchment area for the school lay between the river Porter (Little Don) on the north - Ewden Beck on the south - up to Langley Brook on the west - down to the river Don on the east. This district was known in ancient times as Waldershelf and later as the Chapelry of Bolsterstone. Children within the area were educated free, those outside the area had to pay. One such child was Abraham Crossley born at Midhope Hall and who lodged with Joseph Stanley at the 'Nook' during the week, returning home for weekends. There were two children from one family who walked from Bradfield each day - a thing unheard of these

days.

Mr. Hodgkinson was paid £7.10.0 per year - the interest from Ralph Ellis' original gift. He had the words 'Aurora Musa Amica 1686' - 'Morning is the Friend of Muses' engraved on a large stone over the door of the school. There are no records of how many children were on the register in 1686, but it must be remembered that girls usually stayed at home to help the family. No 1.66 children per family in those days, 6-8 children wasn't uncommon. The eldest girl would probably have to look after the two youngest.

The schoolmaster of the time would usually have some help with teaching, maybe a young man awaiting his call to the ministry. These people were known as 'ushers'. Few teachers managed without doing other work, often taking on the job of Parish Clerk, registering births, baptisms, marriages and deaths. He would be his own bondsman with his own holding and often deciphering letters, gauging crops for farmers, reading the news in alehouses, settling quarrels and could even be found playing the fiddle or penny whistle at assemblies.

One headmaster was even known to own the village mangle. He would even pull teeth if the blacksmith was otherwise engaged.

What of the headmaster? He would have to be of meek temper and humble behaviour, to have a good government of himself and his passions, and to be able to keep good order. To teach with particular care and to prevent children from lying, cursing and swearing.

Hodgkinson took to teaching through love and pride of knowledge and because literacy opened a few doors for people of peasant stock. Educating the poor had many opponents. Many influential people opposed it through fear.

One Bernard Mandeville wrote, "*Charity schools and everything that promotes idleness and keeps the poor from working are more accessory of villainy than the want of ignorance and stupidity.*" His book was denounced as a public nuisance by Bishops and Ministers.

Whilst William Delf of Caius College wrote in 1654, "*Provision of an elementary school should be made in every village*", and pleaded for endowments from wealthy folk.

Even if a labourer could read or write, incessant work and hard labour during the day left him too tired to read at night. If he could write there was no one to write to, as everyone he knew lived in the village. On the few occasions he needed to sign his name the law allowed him to make his mark instead, which was just as acceptable.

J.C. Walton

A PUZZLE AT HUNSHELF HALL

W
G.A. 1746

Over the old doorway that was built onto the side of the present building is the inscription.

Among the parish records of the Overseers of the Poor is a deed dated 1747 in which William Tyas of Bolton on Dearne binds himself in the sum of £200 to the Overseers of the Poor and Churchwardens, to maintain his bastard daughter born of Mary Lancaster of the Parish of Hunshelf. At the bottom of the deed (not a magistrate's order) is a note. "*NB There was a bond given by Mr Tyas some time ago to the same effect as this wch was lodged in the house of Mr Walker and was burnt when his house was burnt down.*"

The puzzle is, who and what does the inscription signify?

If this doorway is part of the original house, it must have been inscribed long after the old house was built; for what is left of the old house suggests from its style that it was built 100 years before the present building. Does the date therefore indicate the year when the old house was burned down; or the year when the present

building was erected? It was about this time that the Walkers began to live at Middlewood Hall, Darfield, perhaps while Hunshelf Hall was being rebuilt.

Of the letters, two are easily identified, W is for Walker and G for George. The Walkers outshone the Kings of England by producing five first-born sons, all Georges, though sadly George V only lived two months. He died 28 December 1755 and was buried at Darfield.

George Walker I was buried at Penistone 28 November 1689, his wife was Jane Thompson.

George Walker II was baptised at Penistone 1st May 1657 and buried there 11 June 1712. His wife was Ann Scholes of Kippax. The date of their deaths suggests that neither Geo. I nor Geo. II were the George of the inscription.

George Walker III was baptised at Penistone 17 May 1687 and buried there 10 Nov 1757.

1. His first wife was Ann Blackburn of Aldermanshead. She was baptised at Penistone 28 December 1678 and buried there 26 November 1717.
2. His second wife Alice was buried at Penistone 30 June 1733.
3. His third wife, Mary Ellison née Smith, daughter of Wm. Smith of Elmhirst, buried at Cawthorn 23 June 1770.

George Walker IV of Hunshelf and Middlewood died 27 December 1772 aged 57 buried at Darfield.

1. His first wife was Mary Bristow of Messingham, died 9 February 1761, aged 26, buried at Darfield.
2. His second wife was also named Mary. She was the daughter of Edward Rookes of Leeds. Married at Totteridge 29 May 1770, died 29 March 1803 and buried at Darfield.

The G could be either Geo III or Geo IV but the Christian names of their wives do not fit the date of the inscription A - So who is A?
W. E. Spencer.

Around Stocksbridge II

A further correction to inaccuracies in *Around Stocksbridge II*, regarding GREEN MOOR.

Green Moor did not become part of the Stocksbridge Urban District, as stated on page 6.

The new boundary drawn in 1895 ran along the top of Hunshelf Bank, south of Green Moor.

Also, the Methodist Church was built in 1906. On page 48 the names Spenceley and Wilfrid Walton have been misspelt.

We are grateful to Mr. Neville Roebuck for pointing out these errors, and for the following additional information: next to

Ginnie Beaver is her sister Florrie, and Joshua Illingworth stands between Frank Bramall and Wilfred Smith.

Brenda Duffield

STOCKSBRIDGE SURNAMENES - HATTERSLEY

The name Hattersley originated in Cheshire and is perhaps a habitation name meaning a clearing frequented by the hart, a deer, rather than from the occupation of Hatter. The earliest bearer of the name recorded was William of Hattersley in Langsett in 1367. The Poll Tax Returns for Langsett in 1379 show two

spellings: HATYRLAY and HATTIRSLAY. Deeds of 1483 mention John HATTURSLEY of Langsyde and Robert HATTURSLEY OF Waldershelfe. The 1672 Hearth Tax Returns show a Thomas Hattersley in Waldershelf and a William Hattersley at Wortley, both with 3 hearths, so quite prosperous. In the 1800s the family were living at Holly Bush and New Mill Bank, occupying the former properties until quite recently. One of the corbels at the west end of the nave in St. Mary's, Bolsterstone, represents Joseph Hattersley, churchwarden, whose grave is one of the many representatives of that name in the churchyard.

Brenda Duffield

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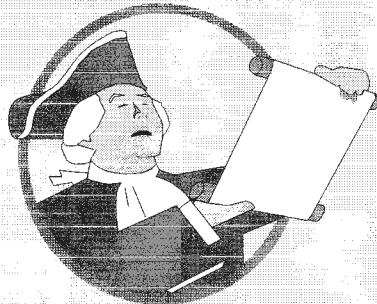
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VISIT TO SHEFFIELD CATHEDRAL

AUGUST

NO MEETING

SEPTEMBER 9TH

KEN LOXLEY

ALL THE QUEEN'S MEN

OCTOBER 14TH

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THE ROYAL MAIL

NOVEMBER 11TH

DR IAN RUSSELL

CHRISTMAS CAROLLING IN
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SATURDAY DECEMBER 11TH
TENTH BIRTHDAY PARTY