



THE PARAGON

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THE MEMOIRS OF LILIAN BIRKHEAD 1896-1987

GREEN MOOR STOCKS

Near the scene of the presentation of the trophy for Best Kept Village are the stocks. For years they had been concealed under a pile of road-mending material near Peck Pond – formerly an old coaching inn known as the Brown Cow. Only a few of the older generation knew this. The fact that the stocks, the inn and Hunshelf Hall were all near the junction with the road to Stocksbridge, led local historian Joseph Kenworthy to believe that here was the Village centre before the stone quarries were begun.



In 1937, to commemorate the Coronation of George V, the stocks were unearthed and replaced in what is now the Village centre, opposite the Rock Inn.

EDITH CROSSLAND

Edith was the person chiefly responsible for the removal of litter. No cigarette packet, empty bag or toffee paper escaped her eye as she made her daily rounds with her faithful dog. She also planted many plants by the roadside and for a time, kept the area surrounding the Pump House neat and colourful. Her skill in floral decoration was in evidence on every special occasion at church. She was not only the school caretaker and dinner assistant; she knew every child personally and delighted in making little gifts and decorations for the school Christmas Party. Her talents included the making of patchwork quilts, embroidery and oom dollies. Her fame for this last talent spread far and wide and she gave many demonstrations.

Her sudden death in 1978 was a tragedy for us all. For many years she had collected items for a local museum which she hoped would materialise one day. When at last a room for this was made available she worked tirelessly to prepare it and arrange the exhibits which came in from far and wide from interested people.

I can think of no one in my lifetime that is so much missed by the Village.

THE MUSEUM 1976

This tiny museum, which we hope will have more accommodation in the near future, is the work of Edith Crossland and Neville Roebuck, who with a small band of dedicated workers spent long hours turning disused fuel storage shed into a home for a striking collection of Victorian

and Edwardian items.

A new ceiling had to be put in, complete with dark stained beams, then much scrubbing and painting, before the exhibits could be assembled. When it became known that this collection was being made exhibits of all kinds came in from every quarter: clogs, clothes, coins, washing apparatus and farm implements of days gone by. When the week of opening arrived these were tastefully arranged and labelled, truly a remarkable assembly of relics of long ago.

On the opening day, 10th July 1976, there was also a display of arts and crafts by village workers in the school needlework, painting, candle making, woodwork and pottery. Also on view were ancient records of Church and School and scrapbooks showing people and events in our village, past and present.

LOCAL SURNAMES – K

Kenworthy seems to have come from a particular location in Cheshire.

A recent arrival **Keay** was a medieval Keeper of the Keys.

Kay and **Kaye** could have any of five other sources.

The name first appears in the Census returns in 1841 at Midhope as **Kay**, then the same family in 1851 and through to 1881 as **Kaye**.

In 1881 also were **Kayes** at Royd Cottages and in Water Lane, Stocksbridge.

George **Kay** at Waldershelf Farm in 1881, buried his first wife and three young children at Bolsterstone, moved to Bytholmes Farm by 1891 as **Kaye**.

There were also **Kayes** through 1881 to 1891 still in Midhope; in Lane Cottages and Florence Buildings, Deepcar; Brownhill Row, Spring Terrace and Pearson Street in Stocksbridge and in Wood Royd, Deepcar.

All these families originated in the Hepworth area. Then in 1891 appeared a **Kay** from Stannington, a **Kaye** from Huddersfield and another from Thurstone.

In 1901 there were **Kays** on Mangle Row and Florence Buildings in Deepcar and in Hole House Lane; **Kayes** in Haywoods, Park View, Florence Buildings and The Royd in Deepcar; in the Bitholmes and on Hunshelf; in School Lane, Bolsterstone; on Spring Mill Terrace, Horner House and a navy from Dublin in the Model Lodging House on Chapel Row, Stocksbridge.

A TALE OF TRAGEDY AND SUCCESS AT MIDHOPE SCHOOL

In the summer of 1873 there was excitement at Midhope Endowed School, it had just been announced by the Trustees that the school would have a new headmaster, Mr Charles John Mortimer.

Mr Mortimer had had a distinguished career in the Royal Engineers retiring in 1871 after twenty two years' service.

He had served in the survey section of the RE in Madras India and had latterly been government inspector of fortifications in Gibraltar. He had also helped with the OS survey of Sheffield and had been teacher of convicts at the prison in Gillingham, the regimental base of the Royal Engineers. He had married his wife, Eliza, in Malta in 1870 just before his retirement.

So, to Midhope where was seen to be a good teacher and leader bringing the discipline that was deemed necessary by the Trustees.

Things went well for some years and Mortimer's method of teaching was well liked by local gentlemen who jostled to get their children into the school. He had been set on with a salary of £9-10s-0d per annum, out of which he had to pay £4 for rent to occupy the adjacent schoolhouse. This salary and his government (army) pension seems to have brought a reasonably comfortable existence as he had three children, Mary, born 1874, Emma in 1876 and Frederick in 1877.

In 1878 a pupil who was deliberately sent to the school was young Spurley Hey who went on to greater things in later life. Young Hey's potential seems to have been quickly recognised by Mortimer and he guided and mentored the lad well in his early years at Midhope school.

Mortimer, as said was a disciplinarian and it would seem that no child was spared 'a good thrashing' by the stick, especially if he was the butt of their childish pranks or if he was called by his soubriquet 'see boy'. It could have been his temperament; he had reddish hair, or possibly brought on these bouts. Every month it was noted that Mortimer went missing for a number of days; these days were evidently spent in the local hostelry, the Club Inn. At this time Spurley-Hey used to take over as 'pupil teacher', Mrs Mortimer having enough to do looking after her own children.

Things seem to have gone from bad to worse (and this where some local historians seem to have dates confused), because in 1881, Mortimer is living in Leeds, his wife having recently died of neglect, malnutrition and haemorrhage, after childbirth, the police finding her body laid out in a room empty of furniture, and Mortimer drunk and incapable. The three children somehow or other were under the Poor Guardians custody in the Workhouse at Grenoside.

Charles John Mortimer must have stayed in the Stocksbridge/ Midhope area possibly still teaching at Midhope, but this is doubtful, because in November 1883 he appears before Magistrates in Sheffield under the Vagrancy Act having already been in prison in Wakefield for 3 months earlier in the year, under the same charge.

Early in 1884, the Grenoside Workhouse Guardians had contacted the Maria Rye Emigration Programme for Destitute and Homeless Girls and sent Mortimer's daughters in July to the Rye Home in London. Little Mary aged eleven, and her sister Emma were chosen and shipped to Canada with a party of 57 orphaned or abandoned girls, leaving Liverpool in October 1884.

After what must have been a frightening and traumatic journey, the young girls were placed in service, Mary in Meaford,

Ontario and Emma with a farming family about 5 miles away. Mortimer's son, Freddie didn't leave, the 1801 Census has him as a mason's apprentice aged 14 years, in Ecclesfield. Mortimer, himself had further convictions, spending a month in prison in 1886. He died in 1899 and his death in the Wortley area.

Two postscripts to our local story

Spurley-Hey, after 5 years as pupil teacher at Midhope school went on to York College in 1891. He progressed to be Director of Education for Rotherham borough council, for Newcastle under Lyme and finally Director of Education for Manchester.

Mary Mortimer, Mary Louisa Milsom Jones Mortimer as she became known, in spite of her poor start in life, went on to lead a happy and eventful life, never losing touch with her sister, she married twice, having one daughter, three grandchildren and fourteen great grandchildren, dying peacefully in her bed in the seaside town of Capitola, California, aged 98. She never forgot Midhope, the beauty of the place, and remembered with fondness the people who lived there.

I am indebted to Mrs Jane Goldstein, Mary's great granddaughter of Oakland California for the information she provided for this story of local tragedy and success.

I also acknowledge the work of Mrs M J Clark in her Origin of Education in The Little Don Valley.

Dennis Pindar

MEMOIRS OF JOHN PARKIN HOLLING – WRITTEN IN 1959/60 – PART 1

IN THE BEGINNING, GOD

Looking back over the last half century, my earliest recollections could well have been the moulding of a not altogether uneventful life, one in which deep convictions are fanned by the surrounding personalities, and aided by period of time and circumstance. I am the fifth child of a family of seven born to my parents, Leonard and Mary Hannah Holling, my birth being August 5th 1901, and named John Parkin Holling - my Christian names being the same as John Thomas Parkin, brother to my dear Mother. It was because of my earliest remembrance in childhood, that it could be said I was the baby, or the youngest, to grow up in the family of five. Looking back before my school-days, my first sight of Mother was when she lifted me up as a toddler, and took me into a room where my younger brother lay in readiness for his interment. I knew at the time something was wrong, but not until a matter of six years later did I fully understand what the occasion was all about.

I remember during my schooldays, the care my mother took over me were I in any way developing a cough. In fact we were all subjected at home to her remedial potions of Cough Mixture and Rubbing bottle to alleviate our distress, and what was of importance as well, my mother's distress. For it then became known to me that my 2 younger brothers, whom I did not remember seeing, had both died of Whooping Cough.

It is well to be seen therefore, that although my mother, so loving, kind and gentle, had that almost terrifying dread of calamity befalling any child of hers, or her neighbours' children - affected by chest or throat trouble - after her agonizing experience with to her own two infants.

My father again brought most forcibly home to me, by a mistake he made late one evening during my teens, of how the sound of a whooping, choking cough almost made my mother

as distraught as the sufferer. My father came home that evening evidently tired and thirsty, and no doubt in need of a drink to quench his thirst. Mother used to make gallons of different drinks in readiness for ourselves and the haymaking men each summer. Instead of my father lighting the Gas bracket in the large cellar to take a drink from a bottle, he fumbled for a bottle in the dark (from the wrong shelf) and took a drink. I shall never forget the awful choking sound my father made as he staggered into the living room clutching his throat, his face red purple, his breathing intermittent whoops. Mother and I knew not at the moment what had occurred, only Father knew and he could not utter a sound. He went straight to our kitchen cupboard, grabbed the salt packet, made his way to the sink in the corner, tipped some salt into a glass of water and drank it, and almost ran to the grate outside the house, where Mother and I heard him vomiting and gasping alternately. You may well wonder how my mother was taking all this, because after her first exclamation of "Whatever's amiss, Leonard?", his whooping and not being able to speak had no doubt brought back her two previous experiences vividly. The nervous tension bottled up within her produced to me a vision of a calm, marble statuette, waiting for it knew not what. When after a few minutes of wondering tension, in came father, pale and drawn, tears mingling with beads of perspiration on his face as he came and sat in his usual high-backed Windsor chair.

The tension noticed by me in Mother had now relaxed. When Father appeared somewhat in speaking condition, he made his whispered words almost plaintively "Why did you do it, Mary?" looking up at mother, who had by now handed the hand towel to father to wipe his still agonized countenance. My mother was bewildered, and said, "Do what Leonard?", and my Father said, "I drank out of the bottle on the top shelf, it must have been the liniment bottle for the horses."

It was now my mother's turn to unburden herself of all her emotion so pent up within her. Her fears were banished, her Leonard was getting better. My mother's colour returned, and it was then that she chided him with relief in her heart, as wives do on occasion, by saying, "You great soft thing. You'll look at the bottle next time!" After which, all comfort and relief was given by her to my father for a few days, because the rubbing lotion which he had drunk in mistake had almost burnt the lining off his throat and other organs.

Sufficient to say, that not many days had elapsed before the arrival and fixture of an antique, corner cupboard; duly placed in the cellar farthest from the door; in which all medicines – lotions and mixtures, whether powdered, bottled, or in tablet form were deposited, with key attached.

My second earliest remembrance was sitting in the Babies class when 4 to 5 years old, and vaguely remember Mrs. Dick Harris going in and out of the small room, attached to what is now used as the "Clinic", at the "British" Hall. Mrs. Harris may have been the Mistress of the Whole Infant Dept, because, as we progressed, we were transferred into the next room (now a Clinic) where three separate classes were tutored according to ages up to 8 years.

Only two things occurred during my remembrance period while attending school up to 8 years of age, the first being one of swearing walking home from school. This was of course before motor-cars were on the roads, and I remember as if it were yesterday, climbing on to the wall at the bottom of Booking Hill, which is now the Smithy Hill Bus Shelter, and walking along the Toppers right to where the New road meets the main road, and every step I took, I shouted as loud as possible, some swear word I had heard of different types. I must not have known it was wrong because the news had reached home before me, and father was sat in his chair by the fire and Mother was just inspecting a lovely smelling potato pie, half out of the oven. I

jumped on my dad's knee and said "Huray." My father must have spoken severely to me and my mother had tears in her eyes. To think I had given her cause for grief at my age. No physical reprimand was dealt out to me, but my reprimand of Mothers tears, and Fathers encircling arms, while talking to me of bad language. That must have been in remembrance my first initiation into the knowledge of right and wrong.

The second occurrence of remembrance around that time, was one of fascination by day, and terror by night. Bearing in mind that in those days commercial entertainment, and travel etc, were in their infancy, it was common to see entertainment provided for you in the street, although the roads were in those days little better surfaced than today's cart tracks. Across from my fathers home and shop, there stood, as today, the "Sportsmans Arms." I can well remember this occasion, when, as boys, we congregated together to see what sort of show was on the road, after learning the man with a bear had left the Public House at Deepcar (the "King and Miller") and was coming up the road. This entertainment, on arrival, was a dirty faced middle-aged man – long oily black hair – unshaven – dishevelled and of foreign tongue. He was accompanied by a large darkish Brown Bear. This bear had a halter around its head, similar to the ones we see today on the cattle on the Show grounds. Attached to this halter was a chain and also a pole, with which the man was able to control the various antics of the bear's performance, and also to curb it's temper. After the performance the onlookers gave as they thought fit, and after satisfying the people, he proceeded to stay the night at the "Sportsmans" with his bear. In those days the rear of the Inn was a yard with stables, and the bear was put in the stables. I can remember the bear was huge, and taller than its owner, and he had on occasion to prod it to obedience with the sharpened pole.

It is only fair to say that in after years, after taking more notice of the Landlord and his wife, with living opposite to them, I would definitely say that the owner of the bear would not be allowed to sleep under the Landlord's roof, but in the close proximity of his performing bear. The sequel to this is that, on the night in question, my fanciful thoughts were that the bear had broken down the door, walked across the road, climbed the fallpipe, and was trying to get at me through the bedroom window. This was my experience on all further occasions when performing bears walked through the street in Old Haywoods.

My third occasion of remembrance was one of pleasure, and the highlight of my earlier school-days. Occasionally during the summer, my father would, at dinner-time, give me a letter he had written to give to my school-teacher, and this was always a proud red letter day for me, because it meant a trip to "Picnic Lane" later on, after playtime.

My father and mother would arrive at playtime, and I was allowed to go to them both. How proud to walk to the school gates (now taken away and a high stone wall built) and be lifted up into the trap beside my mother; looking so lovely in riding hat with veil, with riding cape of Scotch Wool with collar, sometimes fastened with hook and eye at the neck, and sometimes loosely hung, according to the type of day and its requirements for comfort. This same cape is used in chilly weather by my wife 50 years after! The horse which drew our carriage to "Picnic Lane" was called "Captain" and what a beautiful animal to see. A chestnut colour from forehead to tip of tail, his mane flowing like rippled auburn tresses, and proud movement of body and legs. No horse ever entered this valley to compare with my fathers "Captain." This horse was to become more to me than I ever imagined an animal could be, perhaps it was because of my so early associations with it via "Picnic Lane" days.

The road to "Picnic Lane" had all the thrills of wonderment for me. The pleasant rhythmic movement of the trap in motion, my eyes looking beyond "Captains" broad shining back to his semi arched neck and slightly lifted head, and nose gently quivering towards Midhope and Langsett, as if it sensed its destination by the sweetness of the moorland herbage.

My father had no need for a whip, although one was standing in its stock, and "Captain" slackened down with us as we came to Langsett Hill. It is now I vaguely remember seeing a lot of burly navvies working about this area, also a railway working. It must have been about the time of the completion of the "Reservoir" and its Filter establishment. For some unknown reason to me, I was terrified of the vast expanse of water which I saw on reaching Langsett Inn, and I remember Father was going to view the reservoir from the roadway across the embankment. He turned "Captain" into the turning by the tree and I cried not to go. My father must have known all the time of my fears and turned "Captain" round, laughing as we came back on the uphill road again, after I had promised to sing for them the "Farmers Boy" along the now short way to "Picnic Lane."

"Picnic Lane" was the second Lane on the left after leaving Langsett, on the flat position of the Flook road. The road was considerably narrower in those days, and no trees surrounded the reservoir as now. On arriving at "Picnic Lane," we turned from the main coach road, and proceeded down this Lane to a point where it was not possible to proceed further in the trap. My father said "Whoa Captain" and handed Mother and myself to the ground. "Captain" was unloosed from the trap, his bluffs and reins taken from his head, and enjoyed at ease his fill of grass while Mother and Father prepared the stove, and made tea to drink, along with the food brought from home.

After working during the last 45 years at the same business as my father was engaged in at that time, I can well understand the need for half a days respite now and again from the most physically exacting work known to man - a "Coal Dealer selling Retail on his own account by his own exertion and guts".

It was about this period of my younger life that I remember spasmodic episodes attending Sunday School at the Wesleyan Chapel where Father and Mother attended on most days of the week. Also my brothers and sisters, (in order of birth) - George Ernest - Joseph Haydn - Dora and Elsie Mary. My teachers in those days were Mrs. Thomas Rains - Henry Chapman - Mrs. Gamam - Wm. Staniland - Mrs. Sol Brearley and Joseph Woodcock.

After morning Sunday School we went up into Chapel for service. The attendance at all services was such that the

children filled the gallery, and woe betide anyone unruly. Our teachers occupied the end seats, and their beards were as ominous as their hands were on our ear-holes. Afternoon Sunday School was really jam full, 4 classes in the Infant Room, 6 in the Large School - 2 in the Underground Vestries and 1 in the Passage Vestry. Young men and Adults were accommodated up in the Chapel.

I remember Father singing in the Bass end of the Choir on occasions, and in the evening I went with Mother in the family pew along with Grandpa and Grandma. Usually I went to sleep cozily snug against Mother, who had a most comfortable short fur coat to lean against. Again I must remind the reader, no pews were vacant in any section during Divine Worship.

SOCIETY NEWS.

Summer is now well upon us and at the moment it looks like a good one. Coming back off holiday last week at 2 am and finding a message on the phone to ring the Heritage Lottery Fund didn't really lead to a good nights' sleep, but I had no need to worry because the news was very positive. We have been successful in our bid for funding to form the Valley Heritage Hub in the Town Hall premises, so we are going to have a very busy autumn. I mentioned a couple of meetings ago that we would be looking for volunteers to help form and run the museum and now 'it's for real'.

Please get your names, if you are interested, to Basil and we will get an ad hoc committee, set up for the purpose of getting the best show on the road for Stocksbridge and the History Society.

We had another successful 'Grand Day Out' in Manchester with the visits to the Lowry Centre and the Imperial War Museum and our thanks are extended to Basil Spooner for his supreme organisation. I had a little trouble with the Lowry gallery, expecting more works but the War Museum was an excellent visit and gave some insights to the Great War that I hadn't been aware of before. Well done Basil, looking forward to next years'.

Brenda reminds me that it is the 25th anniversary of the society in its present form in November, and in December there is the Carol Supper. Good heavens, where has this year gone!

May I again extend my thanks to the members and guests who have supported our monthly meetings; it does make us think that it is worth all the effort.

Dennis

PROGRAMME OF EVENTS FOR 2014

September 11 th	WOMEN IN MINING	Rosemary Preece
October 9 th	THE SILVER SCREEN	Michael Gildersleve
November 13 th	KING GEORGE V (Local Developments 1910 - 1936)	Basil Spooner
December 11 th	CHRISTMAS RELATED EVENT (Pre booking - Members only)	
2015 January 8 th	WINTER RECESS (No Meeting)	
2015 February 12 th	THE HISTORY OF IZAL	Joan Jones

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