



# THE PARAGON

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50P [FREE TO MEMBERS]

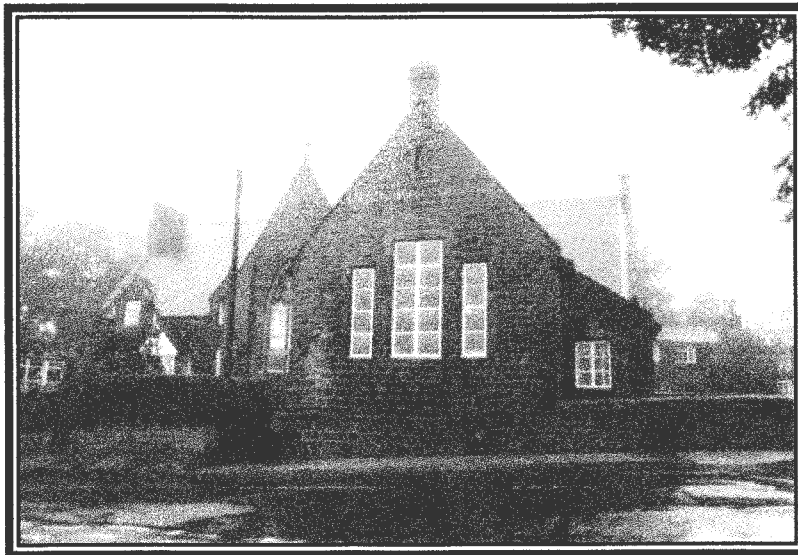
## REMINISCENCES OF BOLSTERSTONE SCHOOL

One comment that could be made about Bolsterstone School, and probably about any school, is that you are not allowed to stagnate nor get into a rut. I arrived there in 1960 as Head teacher at a time when there were 49 children in two classes - infant and junior - in the main building.

From December 1961 until November 1963 the whole building was remodelled around us - new boiler for gas central heating, rewiring; new windows, floors and slates; staffroom, kitchen, indoor toilets and cloakrooms. Sometimes I was not sure who was winning, the joiners or me - it seemed to be going on forever, but it was all worthwhile and produced a very attractive and pleasant building to work in.

Then in 1968 numbers started to grow as Whitwell estate was built and we needed more space. At one time we had two classes in the hall. We acquired a mobile classroom, outside in the schoolhouse garden in January 1969 and moved a class into the Free

School (the old school building down Morehall Lane) in September 1969, increasing to four classes. The maximum number we ever reached was 99 in 1970. Then numbers decreased slightly and the classes were reduced to three, as they remained until closure in July 1992.



Bolsterstone School

We had exciting times too. In 1965, the year that Jackie Stafford was due to go to Australia on a year's exchange in December, we had the worst blizzard that I can ever remember, at the end of November. Groups of children had to be escorted home by adults in the early

afternoon. Only seven brave souls arrived at school the next day.

Another year when we had problems was in the gritter's strike of February 1979 when we struggled through snow drifts up Stone Moor all week until Radio Sheffield announced

(unbeknown to us) that we were closed on the Friday - at that we gave in!

In March the same year a freak snowstorm, from the direction of Morehall Lane this time, filled the roof space over the classroom with snow, through a slit in the wall. The first we knew of it was when enormous drips appeared from cracks in the ceiling. Workmen shovelled snow onto the classroom floor and the class spent the next

seven weeks in the hall, whilst they put in a new ceiling and redecorated. We have always felt very near to the elements perched on the top of that hill!

The only time in my life I have ever dialled 999 was to summon the fire brigade to a fire which started in the

electrical fuse box. This proved to be a minor affair - it was all over by 9.00am, but we could not have the children in school until the repairs were done.

The school was very much involved in the Church centenary in 1979, which gave us a good opportunity to think about Victorian times and to make our contribution to the exhibition, and present a pageant on the vicarage lawn.

The greatest joy of all was the Free School's tercentenary of 1986 with its multitude of activities: Dressing up in 17th century costume, maypole dancing, the banquet, Mrs D Kerbyshaw's musical play "Aurora Musis Amica", our appearance on Yorkshire Television on May Day, and many other exciting events. I don't think any of us, adults or children, will ever forget that year.

I retired in July 1989. The school continued for another three years, when, sadly, because of school reorganisation in the city, it was closed.

*Norma Pears - Head teacher  
1960-1989*

## OUR BACKYARD

I was born at Broomfield Cottages near the Miners Arms on second October 1915 to Jonathan Andrew Cooke and Averhilda Cooke nee' Jackson and called Albert after my father's brother. Father was a hewer at the pit. We went to live on Hawthorn Brook which were newish houses when I was two. My brothers and sisters were John Robert, James, Alma, Alec, Allen, Norman, Averhilda and Colin but there were others who had died or were stillborn. I came fourth between Alma and Alec.

The times I am thinking about were when we lived on Hawthorn Brook in the third of the four blocks of houses at No.772. Below us working downwards were the Tazimans with children Jack, Margaret and Sarah followed by Mr. and Mrs Ryan and

several youngsters, next were Mr. and Mrs. Bundy whose brother had a big Triumph motor bike, the first in Stocksbridge and he swanked it off a bit. Next to them were the Whittakers with Jack, Ralph and others, then possibly the Gregory family and the Shaws at the end. Working upwards was the Walker family with Ron and

charging two pence a can. Rain, snow or blow - he would be there. Every week mother sent a list to the Co-op stores and on Thursday afternoon Harry Newton who was a farmer at Horner House Farm delivered the groceries which were beautifully wrapped in a brown paper parcel. Mr Mate was a carrier who delivered



Children at Hawthorn Brook in the 1920's - Albert Cooke is on the right

Fred and the Bacons with Jack and two girls. Teddy Walker had a motor bike and side car and every year he went to Tetney Locks taking my father and his wife's brother called Sutton. They used to stay with a Mr. Phillips who lived at Grimsby so they could go shooting wildfowl over the marshes, sending back the birds by train. Wooden sheds were built on the backyard to keep the motor bikes or push bikes safe from the weather.

Families I recall from the next block up are: - Mounsey; Roebuck; Winch; Hughs; Saxby; ?; Jones; Walkers; Thickett; and Swallows.

Each morning the farmer Lawton from up Sheephouse (Sheppus) Wood would come down with a cart and three or four milk churns. You had to take a can, ours was blue and white enamel with a lid, out to him to buy the milk and he ladled it in

goods from Deepcar Station. We had to have an accumulator so we could listen to the wireless and Eric Reece manager of the Co-op dept. of wireless or bicycles used to come for the accumulators to recharge them. A man called Sugarman came from Sheffield every Friday, he had a large suitcase of clothes for you to make a selection and he would bring your order from his stock the following week. The Huddersfield man specialised in bedding and household linen. He came on Baddleys green and white bus with a big bale of new goods and those ordered previously by his customers.

Of course the washing had to be hung out across the yard and occasionally there would be a great to do when deliveries were made along the backs. Women bustled about collecting clothes and winding in the rope lines. If they were left out - the

carts just broke the lines or dirtied the washing by driving through but friendly neighbours usually helped each other with the washing line chore. Coal was delivered to us every seven weeks from the pit, brought through the entry between Mounseys and Bacons and shot up at the coal place door. Two or three families shared a midden in the back yard where all refuse was dumped so the Walker's and Bacons along with us, used the one at the side of our toilet. From time to time the dust men came to dig out the middens throwing the rubbish on to a cart, then put strong disinfectant down to combat the smell. (All this of course was pre dust bin days) The rag and bone man used to come swapping balloons or donkey stone for rags. Donkey stone was an important part of a housewife's equipment since it wouldn't do for the edges of the step not to be whitened and it also meant we could see them in the dark when coming back from the toilet.

Although I'm only 80 it seems as if we were living in a third world country as I recall these times.

*From an interview with ALBERT COOKE in August 1996 by his daughter. MAUREEN NEWTON*

## OUR SAM

After reading Janet Parkin's article [Common Carriers - Winter 1996] about carriers listed in the Sheffield Red Book for 1905, which included a reference to a Mr Herbert, I would like to provide a bit of background history, as well as a bit of anecdotal evidence, about one of my unknown (to me) ancestors.

Samuel Herbert was born in 1870, the sixth in a family of eleven children - the youngest of whom was

my Great-grandmother. His father, also Samuel Herbert, is listed in the 1881 census as being an engine driver originally from Thurgoland. the family lived at Old Haywoods and this is from where my Great Uncle Sam ran his carrier business. regrettably, I know nothing of his trade nor of what (or who) he carried other than what appears in the local almanacks. he has an advertisement in both the 1908 and 1909 Stocksbridge Almanacks in which he calls himself a "Carrier and Furniture remover" and having both "waggonettes and landau; large or small parties catered for". he also carried parcels to or from Sheffield on Tuesdays and Thursdays, leaving Stocksbridge at 10am and returning from the Anvil in Waingate at 3pm.

Hinchliffe's Stocksbridge Almanack.

**S. HERBERT,**  
**Carrier & Furniture Remover**

Old Haywoods, DEEPCAR.

**WAGGONETTES & LANDAU**  
 . . . Large or Small Parties Catered for. . .

**Parcels carried to or from Sheffield**

On Tuesdays and Thursdays. Leaves Stocksbridge at 10 a.m.;  
 returning from Anvil Inn, Waingate, Sheffield, at 3 p.m.

Advertisement from 1908 Stocksbridge Almanack

I believe he made a lot of deliveries to and from Deepcar station although I have no proof of this. however in our local book *Around Stocksbridge* (page 114), there is a view of the rear of Deepcar station with two waggonettes (or are they landau?) waiting in the yard to ferry passengers and goods from the trains. Perhaps one of these belonged to Sam Herbert and maybe he is one of the gentlemen in the picture.

I remember my Grandmother telling me that Sam liked a bit of a tippie from time to time but he always went to the pub in one of his waggonettes so all he had to do was to stagger back to it (or be carried?) and the horse would take him home without any assistance from Sam!

Burial records held in the Stocksbridge Archive show that Sam the carrier died on 28.7.52 aged 82 and that he was interred at Bolsterstone two days later. The cost of the funeral, including coffin, hearse, cars, obituary and grave fees, came to a princely £39 5s 6d! His father, who had died some thirty five years earlier aged 81, had a much grander affair as his costs included all the above as well as a saloon bus, teas at the Wesleyan School and gloves for the bearers, the total cost being £9 18s 10d!

If any of the readers of the *Paragon* knows any more about Sam Herbert and is able to put a little more flesh on the bones of my family history for me, I'd be glad to hear from them.

*Christine Herbert.*

## FRED HEPWORTH

### An Appreciation

Fred Hepworth, one of the senior and most respected members of the History Society, died on 29th March 1997 aged 74.

His passing marks the end of a significant chapter in Stocksbridge's local history and a brief appraisal of the man and his work are considered appropriate.

Born and bred locally, Fred inherited his father's love of the local scene, and his desire to look, discover and "find out" about his valley was eventually channelled into a study of Stone Age cultures.

A largely self-taught archæologist, Fred came to be respected by many of the professionals at Sheffield University and Weston Park Museum for his breadth of knowledge and dedication.

He not only discovered and subsequently excavated several Mesolithic and Neolithic sites in South Yorkshire, but also assisted with many similar digs in Derbyshire and north-east Cheshire. His two most notable finds are worth recording here. the first was his discovery, near Langsett - before the days of metal detectors - of a gold pin, which experts identified as a Roman toga

pin and which now graces the Weston Park collection. the other - thankfully commemorated with a stone monument - is the 7,000 year old Mesolithic site at Deepcar which Fred discovered and from which over 22,000 flint implements were subsequently excavated, many by Fred himself.

Not for nothing did he earn the nickname "Flintstone Fred", which in its own way was compliment enough. His archaeological colleagues, acutely aware of the way in which he had a "nose" for flints, used to say that they stuck themselves to the clay on his boots whenever he was involved in excavations!

Fred was fortunate to share his passion for local history with his wife Mary, who sadly passed away suddenly in July 1996 - a loss with which Fred never fully came to terms. Without doubt, Fred died of a broken heart.

Fred and Mary's shared love of antiquity could not have been more ideal, for each had a specialism with which the other partner helped, but did not intrude unnecessarily. Over the years Mary inherited her father-in-law's love of glass, and continued his researches into its local manufacture. Fred, on the other hand,

was more at home with matters which took place before recorded history.

The couple also shared a genuine desire to help others with similar interests, and once you'd proved your "credentials" there was no limit to their willingness to assist. A visit to their home was always a pleasurable experience, with each partner anxious to update you on their most recent discoveries or theories, and keen to hear your views on them.

Fred was a devoted family man, and definitely no stuffed shirt, dry-as-dust academic. On occasions he was more of a Jackanapes than his boys. there was one remarkable incident when the radio-controlled plane he was flying got out of range and crashed through a local bedroom window, to "land" under the bed, Bad enough in itself, but the bed contained one of the night-shift workers from the steelworks deep in slumber, who, on so rudely being awakened was at a total loss to explain what had wrecked his window! Fred and the boys, meanwhile, had taken off across the field somewhat in the style of Olympic runners. In later years Fred never tired of relating this particular tale, and howls of laughter inevitably followed!

With Fred's particular "roots" it was fitting that he had been employed in the local steelworks, working for many years alongside his father, making vehicle springs in Fox's Spring Department. Fred's mother was a Newton, related to "Jossie" Newton, who had leased to Samuel Fox the water mill alongside John Stocks' bridge, and thereby unwittingly sowing the seed of Stocksbridge Works. That however is another story, yet to be told in full.

Our condolences go to Karen, Paul and David and their families at this very sad time.

*Trevor Lodge*

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HISTORY SOCIETY**

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☆ **PROGRAMME 1997** ☆

**SUNDAY JULY TH  
VISIT TO EYAM HALL**

**AUGUST  
NO MEETING**

**SEPTEMBER 11TH  
JIM NICHOLSON  
FILE MAKING**

**OCTOBER 9TH  
DEREK BAYLISS  
SOUTH YORKSHIRE INDUSTRIAL  
HISTORY**

**NOVEMBER 13TH**

**DAVID HEY**

**16TH & 17TH CENTURY**

**SHEFFIELD CUTLERS**

**SATURDAY DECEMBER 13TH  
CHRISTMAS SOCIAL MEETING**

**NEXT EDITION**

**CYCLING IN THE VALLEY  
FOX'S WHEELERS IN THE '30'S**

**STOCKSBRIDGE SURNAMEN  
EARNSHAW**

**EARLY ELECTIONS  
19TH CENTURY POLITICS IN  
HUNSHLF**

**MEETINGS ARE NORMALLY HELD  
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EACH MONTH, AT THE LIBRARY,  
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