



# THE PARAGON

Journal Of Stocksbridge & District History Society

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50P [FREE TO MEMBERS]

## SANDTRAYS & MAYPOLES

### Bolsterstone Endowed School An Appreciation

In 1991 the Sheffield Education Authority laid out plans to close a number of Infant and Junior schools in the area. This, they claimed, was to save money and to fill empty places in larger Infant and Junior Schools.

People, and especially parents were appalled. At Bolsterstone there was a feeling of despair when they found they were on the closure list. A good school with a famous tradition was to go to the wall. But not without a fight.

Being Clerk to the Bolsterstone Educational Charity, I thought how little was known about that tradition and of the history of the Old Endowed School, so I decided to do something about it. All information has been gathered from authentic records and the Sheffield Archives.

The Endowed or Free School as it is known is not owned by the Sheffield Education Authority nor by the church, but is administered by the Trustees of the Bolsterstone Educational Charity under the auspices of the Charity Commissioners of Great Britain. It has always had strong connections with the church, the vicar of the time always invited to be Chairman of the Trust and usually readily accepts.

First I would like to set the scene. The Parish of Bolsterstone is an ancient one. Its Manor at one time contributing almost as much to the King's revenue as the neighbouring parish of Sheffield. To some, Bolsterstone in 1600 may seem to have been an obscure place lying some way from the main trading roads or tracks. Mortimer Road was not made until 1770, but even at that time Hans Winthrop Mortimer could see the importance of the area, and built his road from Grindleford to Penistone hoping to make a fortune from strategically placed toll gates, but this was not to be as he ran out of money before the task was completed.

The main tracks leading to Bolsterstone were from Bradfield and Midhope. The access from Sheffield came over Jaw Bone Hill via Wharncliffe Side, the Fairest, down Ewden then up the hill via Carr Lane.

The road to Midhope took much the same direction, but crossed Ewden lower down and came up Saddleback via Hollin Edge Height, Townend, the Cloo, Broomfield, Whitwell, Greave House and through to Midhope. The Bitholmes did not exist.

Bolsterstone, built as it was in a strategic setting on a hill 1,000ft high gathered people who made their homes there and on the surrounding hillsides. There was no shop, people were self-sufficient. Bartering and exchange took place. Whatever was needed was made by families themselves or by the village

tradesmen. Some goods would be bought from tinkers or gypsies. Several alehouses existed. There would be several tradesmen in the area. Probably blacksmiths would be the busiest, a wheelwright, carpenter, weavers and a cobbler.

The area around Bolsterstone was a hive of industry, with siliceous sandstone for glassmaking being mined on Townend Common and lead mining at Ewden and the Bitholmes. Cornmills were flourishing and the first Broomhead Hall was built in the early 1600's.

At the time of the Civil War, one Captain Adam Eyre, who lived at Hazelhead, but spent much time at Bolsterstone playing 'bowles' on the green with Captain Rich and Captain Waterhouse. Eyre was summoned to London to witness the execution of Charles I in 1649. He took with him two packloads of Ewden Lead which was acknowledged to be of the finest quality. This to keep him in good standing with the authorities. Captain Eyre is famous for his diaries and is quoted in a number of histories of the district.

[To Be Continued]

*J.C. Walton*

## CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

I was born in Deepcar on February 7th 1929 in a little cottage on Mangle Row which was situated opposite what

is now Scholey's garage, so I am commonly known as a 'Deepcarite' and proud of it! I was christened Brian Stanley Fieldsend, but for some unknown reason was 'our Stan' to my family, and just plain Stan to everyone else. I can't remember much about Mangle Row as we became posh and moved into a council house in Wilson Road, number 17 to be exact. I suppose to my parents it would seem like being in heaven. The one thing that stays in my memory from my childhood is the great snowfall of 1933. I was in the infants class at the time and we were all sent home early when it started to snow after lunch. As I recall it snowed for two or three days continuously and was up to our bedroom windows at Wilson Road.

The games we used to play as kids are far different from the ones played today; if we could get hold of a car tyre we would chase about for miles rolling it along with us. Tin-can lockey at the bottom of Orchard Street was another game we used to play for hours on end. The idea was for one to guard the can and all the rest would go and hide. When the guardian of the tin found anyone they had to race back and see who could kick the can over first. The men used to play a game called knurr and spell which entailed the use of a 'potty' - not an under the bed type, I hasten to add, but a small ceramic ball, a bit smaller than a golf ball, which was suspended on a string from a wooden apparatus rather like a hangman's gibbet. The idea was to hit the ball with a piece of wood rather like a pick shaft and the aim was to get your ball further than that of your opponent. This sport used to take place at the top of Grove Road where Mr. Robinson and Mr. Hudson had an allotment and pigeon loft - long before the Blackwell estate was built.

Scholey's garage, opposite Mangle Row, used to be a corrugated tin building, belonging to a Mr. Rushby. My brother Bill used to drive his lorry and I spent many happy hours with him during the school holidays, going to Lowoods brick-yard and other places. Lowoods, as we all know, was across the road from Florence Buildings, but I would like to know how it got the name 'Donkey

View'.

As time went by I was made to join the choir at Deepcar Church and go to Sunday School twice. This meant going to Sunday School in the morning, morning service, Sunday School in the afternoon and evening service. If you wanted to play out in between times, you had to change out of your 'best' clothes and into your 'playing-out' clothes. As a reward for all this we were taken, by the church, once a year, on a day trip to the seaside. We all used to walk to Deepcar station as happy as sandboys and a great time was had by all.

This next paragraph doesn't really concern me as I was never involved in any of these pranks. "No it wasn't me Mister, I never did it!". I was always a 'good little boy'. I am what might be called a 'bit thin on top' and I'm convinced that this was caused by my mother patting me on the top of the head and telling me what a good boy I was. Even my wife will tell you that I never did anything wrong when I was a lad, she is convinced that I was born aged 14 years. However, I digress! What I want to describe is 'Mischief Night', known today as 'Trick or Treat'. Some of the things done under the cover of Mischief Night are beyond belief. Some of the lads would 'borrow' a clothes line from anyone foolish enough to leave it outside and then tie it to the door handle of one house, and tie the other end to next door, then knock on both doors at once. They would then dodge behind a hedge and watch both doors being pulled against each other, just like a tug of war.

Another favourite trick was to put newspaper in the bottom of a fall pipe, which of course, in those days was made of cast-iron, and set fire to it. As it burned, the draught drew it up the pipe with a terrifying roar - this was known as the Bull Roar.

As mentioned above, Mr. Robinson and Mr. Hudson kept pigeons and any eggs that were infertile were placed on the compost heap. These were ideal stink bombs, to be thrown on someone's doorstep.

Things have changed, nowadays if I find an empty crisp packet or an empty cola can on the

garden, I am ready to send for the firing squad or for someone with a horsewhip. Is it the times we live in or could it possibly be me?

Finally I would like to mention shops, or to be more exact, the lack of them. It is hard to believe the number of shops that have closed in Deepcar alone. On Station Road there was Machins, Sessions, Trumans and then just over the bridge was Guddy Dimmock's, where we used to buy our sticks of toffee. These had a letter of the alphabet inside the wrapper and the idea was to collect enough to make the name of a football team. Coming up Vaughton Hill was Joe Mill's butchers shop - it is now a car sales, Billy Dimmock's greengrocers and Tommy Hughes at the bottom of Carr Road. There is a rather amusing story about Tommy which I have heard many times and which you must take with a pinch of salt. It goes like this - two pals were looking in Tommy's window which displayed good looking pork pies. One of the lads decided to go in and buy half a pie. Tommy cut it in half and placed it on the scale. "*Just over half lad*", said Tommy.

When he got outside his pal said, "*It looks good, I'll go and get the other half*".

There's no prize for guessing what Tommy said - "*Just over half lad!*"

*Stan Fieldsend*

## AROUND STOCKSBRIDGE

**T**he new book is selling well and people have been most complimentary about it, but there are a few mistakes which must be corrected and some points which need clarification.

The first of these occurs on page 6 - the 1910 map.

The village of Midhopestones has always been in Bradfield Civil Parish - confusion has arisen about the status of the Chapel of St. James the Less. It was originally a private chapel, built by the Barnby family of Midhope Hall 1337-1340. There is no

record of when it ceased to be a private chapel other than at the time of the Reformation in 1589, the owner was imprisoned as a recusant and bankrupt.

The earliest registrations of public baptisms, marriages and burials are included in Bradfield Church Registers, but from 1813 they are in Penistone Church Registers. It seems to have always been administered by Penistone curates until it ceased to be a Parish Church in 1970 and is included in Penistone Parish on an 1840 map of the Parish boundaries.

The second, and most glaring mistake, is on page 38. The top photograph shows the remains of Bolsterstone Manor House. It was probably built by Sir Robert Rockley for his own occupation while he attended the chapel which he had built in the village before 1409. This may not have been the earliest building on the site, which would have been of great strategic importance in the days of the Viking invasions. The door of the much later building, known as the Porter's Lodge, and the remains of the archway beside it, would have been part of the manor complex. This obviously extended into what was later labelled the Court Field. It was here that Bolsterstone Court was held into the 17th century.

Bolsterstone Manor was part of Sheffield Manor, sometimes called Hallamshire, and belonged to the Talbots, premier Earls of England, in the time of Elizabeth I, when George the sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, was the custodian of Mary, Queen of Scots.

Because they supported the King in the Civil War, Sheffield Castle was partly demolished, the remains allowed to fall into disrepair, and it is very likely that the same fate befell Bolsterstone Manor House. Certainly by 1672, when the Manor of Bolsterstone belonged to Lord Halifax, only two hearths were recorded in the Hearth Tax Returns.

It seems that the walls seen in the photograph were internal walls, and the cottages in the recent photograph of Bolsterstone village were built on to them.

I keep suggesting that the site

would be a good subject for the 'Time Team', but perhaps the local residents do not fancy having the disruption of excavations. Perhaps one day there will be a proper scientific exploration of the site.

*Brenda Duffield*

*[Lack of space meant that the accompanying photographs could not be used in the above article - ed]*

## ALFRED MOXON'S DIARY

### Conclusion

Saturday October 1st. We open our Branch Stores at Langsett on this date. It is a beautiful day the sun shining like a midsummer day - consequently a great number of people go to the opening ceremony for the pleasure of the walk. 400 take Tea in the Navvies Mission Room. The evening is a pleasant one of singing and speech making. Our President made a sorry bungle of his speech as usual. Wheelhouse and Lewellyn both make a good speech. The first named is a natural orator.

Sunday October 4th. We light the Gas for the first time this dark season from 5.30 p.m. to 6 p.m.

Wednesday October 5th. Go from my work to Croft House and have my Tea with Mr. Joseph Hayward. This evenings conversation is about the pleasantest of chats we have had - subjects discussed being Religion, Science, Politics, Stocksbridge Works and workers friendships old and young, Urban District Council re Sharp (last election) and Butterworth. He informs me of the invention of a new gas into which I must enquire.

Tuesday SPECIAL November 1st. My Son Leonard is working at the 'Coach' today and while there the Stocksbridge Serjant of Police comes in and gets several glasses of Beer. I wish I had seen him instead of my Son then I would have laid a charge against him.

Thursday November 3rd. Have to leave my work at 4 p.m. today as my head is racked with pain. This is my old complaint with all its hell horrors. After Tea I watch Leonard work at home and I am pleased to see the progress he is making.

Friday November 4th. My head is better again to-day. Go to Committee at Stores at 7.30 p.m. I find a change has come over Kenworthy, his attitude with regard to new rules having undergone a complete change. Must see to the cause of this. Connie lets off her fire works to night as she will have no time tomorrow night on account of the "Cake and Apron" sale at Congregational School where she will be quite busy.

Sunday November 20th. I am not in good health to-day so I take a walk to Midhope for the sole benefit of my health. My old friend Clixby will not let me pass without calling and having one of our familiar chats. I am troubled with Piles and the loss of blood I feel very weak all the day so I do not go to Chapel on this Sabbath day, neither do I read much at home. Miss Lucy Reece and Harry Tunnacliffe take tea with us and after tea we have singing of Hymns and playing on the piano. Meet Evans in my morning walk with head bandaged and wrapped in a shawl as the result of an accident. He is a most unlucky fellow.

Monday November 21st. Suffer much from dizziness and headache of the old kind from which I have suffered much before.

Tuesday November 22nd. Head better. Read Matthew Arnolds Poems during the evening. I like both his style and his philosophy as my thoughts and sympathies much in the same groove as he. Weather has now turned from comparative warmth to intense cold, the sudden change of which makes me feel it much so that I dread the operation of getting in and out of bed.

1899 Thursday February 2nd. The

"Burns" take possession of Mr. B.J. Manknells house and workshop.

Wednesday February 8th. Mr. B.J. Manknells Furniture and Stock in Trade is sold by virtue of Her Majesty's Sheriff.

Thursday February 9th. New firm of Moxon and Wright commence business to-day. Their first job is at the Cooperative Stores, doing the joinery work in connection with the fixing of the new Gas Engine.

Friday February 10th. My poem "War on War" appears in the Express of this date - this is the longest contribution I have yet sent to the Press. To some of my acquaintances this will be hailed with joy. There are others who will be envious and would rather not have seen it from my pen. Brother Walter was so pleased with it that he sent it off to Sheffield at once to John. I am in poor health at present and as dull and prosy as an elephant.

February 15th. Fog almost as thick as a November day is the chief feature of this date. Poor Bramble you are home now and I am sorry for it - thy death is caused thro' want of thought but not thro' want of heart. Thy master mourns thy tragic death which rob thee of thy vital breath. Make preparations for white washing cages and aviary to-night. Green crest Cock is in high fettle and longing to pair with some of the ladies in the large flight before him.

February 16th.

Heavens balmiest breezes blow to-day  
The sun most brilliantly shines forth  
And rises till his lengthening ray  
Goes shimmering o'er the frozen north  
Giving new impulse to the Thrush  
Which sing from leafless tree or bush.

February 17th. The sun is very warm

to-day therefore I do not light the stove in the aviary until night. Thermometer at 52 degrees when I light the fire. Walk to Damstakes to-night for a mouthful of fresh air as I have been confined indoor much of late thro' inflammation of my eyes. Joseph Charlesworth has a canary with eggs I am told. If the race is to go to those who get a good start, he is sure to win.

### Footnote

*This is the last edition of the Paragon that I shall produce as a member of the Society. Its future is now in your hands. I have formally resigned from the group for reasons which will, by now, have been outlined by Brenda Duffield. I just want to say that I have enjoyed my time with Stocksbridge and District History Society, and I wish you all every success for the future.*

*Mike Spick*

#### STOCKSBRIDGE & DISTRICT HISTORY SOCIETY

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MEETINGS ARE NORMALLY HELD  
ON THE SECOND THURSDAY OF  
EACH MONTH, AT THE LIBRARY,  
MANCHESTER ROAD,  
STOCKSBRIDGE, AT 7.00PM

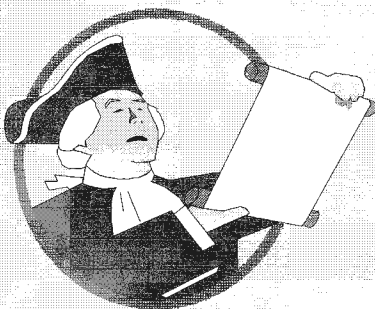
#### NEXT EDITION

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ALL ARTICLES FOR PUBLICATION  
SHOULD BE CLEARLY MARKED  
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AND PASSED TO ANY COMMITTEE  
MEMBER



#### ☆ PROGRAMME 1999 ☆

JANUARY 14  
WINSTON WALLIS

A DISCUSSION ABOUT HIS FIRST  
BOOK

FEBRUARY 11TH  
ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING  
FOLLOWED BY REFRESHMENTS  
AND ARCHIVE UPDATE

MARCH 11TH  
MICHAEL DYSON  
LOCAL DEER HERDS

APRIL 8TH  
DOUGLAS LAMB  
A PUB ON EVERY CORNER.

PROGRAMME FOR THE REST OF  
1999  
TO BE ARRANGED.