

THE PARAGON

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A CONCLUSION TO THE HUNSHELF BOUNDARY DISPUTE

After evidence from Jonathan Rigley, Thomas Trout, John Wilkin, Edward Godward, Robert Burgon, George Dyson, JOHN STOCKS, John Wordswoerth, William Wordsworth, William Bamforth, John Ellis and John Cockshutt, it was eventually agreed that the dispute should go to arbitration.

THE AWARD FOR BOUNDARIES OF HUNSHELF COMMON

15 Nov 1756

Edward Wortley Esq. Lord of the Manor of Hunshelf
William Fenton of Underbank
Henry Balguy of Wortley Lordship
George Walker of Hunshelf
John Cockshutt of Huthwaite, gentlemen
Thomas Pearson of Snoddenhill
Joshua Newton of Hunshelf Bank
John Pearson and George Pearson of
Rough Birchworth, yeomen, all freeholders

FOR EVER SHALL BE THE
BOUNDARIES OF THE SAID
COMMONS OF SNODDENHILL
AND ROUGHBIRCHWORTH

Godfrey Bosville of Gunthwaite Esq. Lord of the Manor of Oxspring

The arbitrators do determine the boundary as follows: That the little brook called Howdike beginning at the place where it falls into the River Don to the north corner of an enclosure called Mr. Fenton's Parks and thence to the fence wall of the said enclosure to the north west corner where a mearstone marked EW now stands and thence the course of the said brook to the south east corner of a tanyard belonging to George Pearson and from thence along the same watercourse to another mearstone marked EW standing near the corner of an inclosure belonging to the said Godfrey Bosville called Oldfield Nook and thence in a strait line to another mearstone marked EW standing where the old road leading from Oxspring aforesaid to a certain place called Blakeroyd Gate crosses the road from Dyson Coat to Penistone and thence from the last mentioned mearstone along by the said old road leading from Oxspring to Blakeroyd Gate— for ever shall be the boundaries of the said commons of Snoddenhill and Roughbirchworth.

Signed Godfrey Wentworth, witnesses Richard Parkin and John Green

Amor Rich

William Battie

Joseph Clay

John Hadfield

W.E. Spencer

A STROKE OF LUCK

Anyone who has set out to trace their Family Tree, and research to find as much as possible about their lifestyle, will know what a time-consuming task this can be, especially when trying to fit it in with other commitments. Another thing is that we tend to leave it a bit late to start, so we lose the benefit of the knowledge of parents, aunts and uncles and grandparents who have passed on.

For my own research I began with my mother's family, the Shaws, who had links with Race House in Ewden Valley for about a hundred years, from the early 19th. century to the death of Herbert Shaw in 1931, who was the last member of the family to live there. I believe there were Shaws living there until the house was pulled down in the 1970s, but they were a different family.

With the help of my mother, who is now 92 years old, I have managed to put together some information about the family members she remembers or was told about, and with other sources of information I have traced back to my great, great grandfather John Shaw, who was born in 1796. I hope to be able to find John's father, but the difficulty is that there were two John Shaws born that year, one to a Benjamin and one to a Nathaniel Shaw.

My father never talked much about his family, other than the ones I already knew, and my grandparents, Thomas and Machel Serenna Aldous, both died before I was born.

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Sadly, my father had also passed on before I became interested in Family History, and my only remaining link with that generation was my uncle Fred Aldous, and now he has also passed on. Fred was still a schoolboy when Grandfather died.

There was no record in the Census of 1891 of any Aldous in this valley, and Fred told me that the family originated in the Glossop area. It is thought that Thomas, his brother Frank and sister Sarah Jane probably came in search of work some time between the 1891 and 1901 Census

Frank married Alice Ann Alliban and lived on Harvey Street, Deepcar, until his death on 23rd. February 1965.

Sarah Jane was married on 15th. July, 1901 to James Hardacre Sidebottom, the elder brother of Machel Serenna. So far no further information has come to light as to what happened to them. Uncle Fred had no knowledge of her, and my mother never knew them. However, she does recall my father mentioning an Uncle Hardacre. Incidentally, James and Machel's father Moses Sidebottom also originated from Charlesworth near Glossop. He had seven children, so if there are any of his descendants still around Stocksbridge, perhaps they could tie up some loose ends for me.

By obtaining the Birth Certificate of my grandfather I was able to find that he was the son of Edgar and Mary Aldous, who were living at New Road in Tintwhistle at the time of his birth. I had also found the names of two possible brothers from the International Genealogical Index, but on sending to Dukinfield Registry for Birth Certificates I hit a blank wall. Previously I had understood that, if you could provide the year and the quarter of the year in which the event took place, they could supply the relevant certificate. But if I had the kind of information they were now requiring, I would not have needed the certificate in the first place. This was another obstacle to overcome.

I already knew I was going to have to spend time visiting archive centres in those alien lands beyond the Pennines, without needing some luck on actual dates. We did have a photograph which my mother thought was of relatives from Lancashire. On the back it said: Four generations - Barry, Wilfred, myself and Stephen - but no surname, and who was "myself"? Uncle Fred had kept in touch with some Aldouses until the 1960s, and he said he thought it was either Thomas's brother Joseph or William, but this did not bring us any nearer to knowing who they were.

I have tried genealogical sites on the Internet in the past and never come up with any links, but in mid-March I decided to try again. This time I just fed in "The Aldous Family". I was presented with a couple of pages of web-sites, mostly to do with Aldous Huxley, but the first site I opened - Bingo! - turned out to be created by the Barry in the photograph. There were photos of Barry and Wilfred and "myself" turned out to be Joseph, Barry's grandfather. The site has a full Family Tree of Barry's line, starting with his grandchildren, going back through our common great grandfather Edgar Aldous for seventeen generations to the earliest known family member William Aldous of

Fressingfield, a small village in Suffolk about 25 miles south west of Great Yarmouth. William lived between 1450 and 1520 and was married to a Johana Warner, also of Fressingfield. A Douglas Aldous had researched the tree and made it available to any member of the Aldous family.

Finding this tree was a stroke of luck far grater than one would reasonably expect to make. I would have been happy to get back to the 1700s, but the 1400s is a fantastic bonus. This does not mean that my work is finished - I like to be able to add a story to the people I find - and now I have a lot of people. I have already made a first contact with Barry and I am hoping from here to be able to add a lot of information to my Family Tree.

By Ray Aldous

SOCIETY NEWS

There have been two noteworthy events this Summer. I July 5th. to 8th. saw our Exhibition at the old Miners' Welfare building in celebration of its Centenary. We have all been surprised by the amount of information we have been able to uncover about the history of an institution which has been for a long time somewhat neglected.

Many local people have personal memories of frequenting the Miners' Welfare and have been willing to share them with us. Research has revealed almost forgotten facts, such as the period in the 1920s when it was called the Oddfellows' Hall and, amazing to some of us, that this organisation still exists for the care and support of its members.

Only a fraction of the visitors hoped for came, and support from Society members was rather disappointing. A tremendous amount of effort was contributed by a few, and we extend our thanks to them and to Trevor Lodge of Corus Engineering, who wrote the Introduction to the commemorative booklet *A STOCKSBRIDGE CENTENARY*.

The timing of the exhibition proved to be rather inconvenient for many people, and we hope to be able to reproduce it, perhaps in Stocksbridge Library, later in the year.

The entire enterprise was funded by an AWARDS FOR ALL Lottery grant, so the booklet is available free of charge from the Library or any member of the Committee. However, we would appreciate a donation to Society funds in recognition of our efforts.

You may see *A STOCKSBRIDGE CENTENARY* being distributed at S.T.E.P. and Geo's bookshop. These have been donated to them in recognition of their help in the project, and are being handed out at their discretion.

THE ARCHIVE

An extra meeting in August was devoted to an introduction to the new set-up in Stocksbridge Library of our Archive. Head librarian Sonya Wild outlined the system which has been devised to allow members of the public to consult

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LIFE AT PENISTONE GRAMMAR SCHOOL IN THE EARLY 20TH CENTURY

In 1906 a Scholarship system was introduced which enabled children whose parents could not afford the fees to receive a Grammar School Education, if they could pass the exam which we knew as the County Minor.

So that children who were older than the usual age of entry should not be excluded, 12-year-olds as well as 11-year-olds were allowed to take the exam in that first year.

Thus, in 1906, my father Herbert Thickett won a Scholarship from Deepcar, and my uncle, Harland Watts, won one from Millhouse. Girls were not yet admitted, so they had to go to Barnsley, Sheffield or Huddersfield.

The P.G.S. of those days was a strange place. Promotion to the next form was based on passing an end-of-year exam, so

my father found himself, at 12, in the second form, sitting next to an 18-year-old. If the system was disastrous for the older boy, it was equally so for the abler ones. My father never spent a full year in any form before being pushed up into the next one, which was already part-way through a course. So he would miss the beginning and have to work harder to catch up. Homework was often a nightmare for him and he often was working until nearly midnight.

Life in school held its terrors too. My mother used to recall the vain excuses her brother, Harland, made to escape another hated day. Pride in having won a Scholarship soon turned to misery. Their lunch sandwiches were often stolen by Boarders, probably half-starved themselves, and they soon learned to hide the fact that they had won Scholarships, to avoid ridicule.

One particularly vicious master made a sandwich-board with I AM A SCHOLARSHIP BOY on front and back. Should any boy misbehave or produce poor work for him, the poor lad was made to wear the board for the rest of the day.

Of course, parents at that time were so delighted that their son had won a place at the Grammar School that

they never dreamt of complaining. The Art master could keep his class in to tidy up the Art room after a lesson, not letting them go until it was too late for them to catch their train and condemning them to an hour's wait for the next.

Not all teachers were so cruel. The History master was so well liked that when he sometimes arrived "under the influence", the boys tried to make sure that his lapses went unnoticed.

The Headmaster, Mr. Fulford, "Joey", was unpredictable. One day he strode into his Latin lesson, announced "Down in the forest, something stirred!" - "You! Next boy! Next! Next! I knew you didn't know it!" And he stormed out, slamming the door. The boys didn't know whether he expected them to identify the quotation, translate it into Latin, or analyse it. All they knew was that he thought them all ignorant.

However, Mr. Fulford did have another side. When my uncle had survived the system long enough to consider going to University - unheard-of for an ordinary boy - Mr.

Fulford spent long hours during the holidays, giving him the extra tuition he needed, all free of charge.

Alas, my father did not survive the system. The long hours, the sustained hard work demanded by that foolish regime, and the travelling, combined to break his health. His education was effectively ended by rheumatic fever, brought on by exhaustion. The

doctor insisted that he should leave the school which was killing him, but despite his letter to that effect, my grandparents were made to pay a stiff fine for taking him away, just six weeks before his Scholarship came to an end.

According to family legend, it appears to have been the arrival of the girls which eventually thrust the Grammar School into the twentieth century at Penistone. Four years younger than their brothers, my mother, Martha (Pat) Watts, and my Aunt, Doris Thickett, were among the first girls to be admitted. Both born in 1898, they must have arrived in 1909, before the "new" stone building was opened in 1911. Their first years, therefore, must have been spent in temporary accommodation - where the grass tennis courts were later made - known affectionately as "the Tin Tabernacle". For all the shortcomings of the building, education in the Tin Tabernacle



PENISTONE GRAMMAR SCHOOL EXTENSION—OPENED OCT 28 1911
POSTCARD BY BILTCLIFFE OF PENISTONE

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

THE PARAGON

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MEETINGS

❁ PROGRAMME 2002 ❁

OCT. 10TH

JOHN HARVEY:

STOCKSBRIDGE, AN ACCIDENT OF HISTORY?

NOV. 14TH.

PROF. DAVID HEY:

THE HISTORY OF PENISTONE

SAT. DEC. 14TH.

CAROL SUPPER

was very different from that in the still separate boys' school. The women teachers, led by Miss Fiddler,, brought a breath of fresh air and new methods that were to ultimately triumph over those of the boys' school when they were eventually fully amalgamated.

For instance, as early as the first decade of the twentieth century, French was being taught by not merely being learned, but actually spoken and acted out as well. We children were later treated to renderings of "Frere Jacques"-proof that they had learned something from these revolutionary methods.

[And we thought this was something new and revolutionary in the 1980s! BD.]

Certainly my mother, aunt and friends seem to have enjoyed school in a way that their brothers never did. Of course, they had the advantage of being founder students - they were the first Prefects, they formed the first Hockey Team. When a silver cup was donated for Girls' Athletics, there was no competition from older girls, so my mother was able to win it in the first three years. Indeed, it was her athletic ability which led to her first encounter with the redoubtable Mr. Fulford, for she cracked a cricket ball straight through his window. Sent to confess, she went in fear and trembling, remembering "Joey's" reputation with the cane.

"Where were you standing when you hit that ball? Show me!" he commanded. Mother showed him, wondering what the punishment would be.

"Capital hit, girl - capital - here's sixpence!" he exclaimed, to her great surprise and relief.

It seems, however, that girls and boys were much the same then as now. Otherwise, surely, we should never have come across that old photograph of the school Football team, where each girl had written her name beside her chosen boy. My mother's name is there beside my father.

By his daughter Betty, Mrs. Culcheth, written in 1991 for the 600th. anniversary of Penistone Grammar School

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material kept in the new storage units in the main library, where staff can supervise its use.

Every item is being catalogued electronically, allowing for instant location, and recording of who and how many have used it. Each book or document will be checked out on a reader's Library ticket in the usual way, then checked back in before issuing another.

Society members also can actually take items home to study at certain times on producing a History Society Membership card. These will be issued on application.

A considerable amount of conservation work needs to be done to some of the more tattered and delicate material, and the Society funds will be used for this purpose as effectively as we can manage. The donations received for the booklet, and the entrance money collected at the August meeting will be devoted to this cause.

Brenda Duffield