

# THE PARAGON

Journal of Stocksbridge & District History Society



Issue Number 30

Winter 2002



## Merry Christmas



### ROUND THE STOCKSBRIDGE AND DEEPCAR SHOPS

EXTRACT FROM *PENISTONE EXPRESS* DEC. 19TH  
1902

Although the times are rather hard, work being slack and money scarce, yet the shopkeepers of the district are again to the fore, with some grand displays of Xmas cheer and goods suitable for the season. Whatever any person may require, either to eat or wear, at prices to suit all purses, may be found at the shops of Stocksbridge and Deepcar. *Paterfamilias* can be supplied, from a suit of clothes, pair of boots, down to a cigar to smoke with his evening glass of Scotch or cordial water; *mater* will find that she can purchase anything from a gown or hat to a packet of pins, which it is often said are necessary to the completion of a ladies toilet; while as for things to suit the juvenile fancy, their names are legion. So much so, that the objective of parents will have to be to contrive to leave their olive branches at home when out on shopping expeditions, or woe to their peace of mind, and purses too. The fancy goods shops are resplendent with all sorts and descriptions of articles suitable either for Xmas presents or to put in the youngsters stockings on Christmas morn. The linen drapers and boot dealers are crammed full of all kinds of useful and ornamental articles, while the butchers, not to be beaten, are to the fore with prize beef, mutton, and pork, fed with a view to enhance the flavour of the Christmas roast. Of poultry and game there is an abundant supply at several of the shops, and no one need go without a Christmas goose or turkey who owns the wherewithal to purchase the same. Greengrocers are to the front with suitable and seasonable fruits and vegetables; and wine and spirit merchants and retailers are stocked with all the needful adjuncts for the wassail bowl.

Coming to the shops, it may be said that Mrs. E. Thickett, ladies and gents outfitter, so far as outside display is concerned, is again to the fore, and has decorated the

windows of her establishment with her usual good taste, and very pretty indeed is the general effect. Here one may buy almost anything that a lady or gentleman, and their families may require in the drapery or general outfitting line, and may make choice among a hundred and one varied articles, useful and ornamental, to send to friends as a Christmas present. One of her windows is exclusively devoted to children's toys, and here may be found, at prices varying from a penny to a pound, rocking horses, engines, boxes of games, dolls, and toys too numerous to mention. Of fancy articles, scents, gloves, fancy soaps, ties, and other such like things, Mrs. Thickett has a supply, which ought to suit the most fastidious and please the most humble.

MRS. THICKETT HAS A SUPPLY,  
WHICH OUGHT TO SUIT THE  
MOST FASTIDIOUS AND PLEASE  
THE MOST HUMBLE.

Harking back a bit, we have Mr. Willie Broadhead's butcher's shop before our view, at the bottom of the famous Hoyle House lane. Here you can be supplied with beef, mutton, pork, sausages, polonies, pork pie, mince pie, or the humble savoury pudding, known by the name of a "duck." Mr. Broadhead is showing a grand heifer, purchased by him for his Christmas show at the recent fat stock sale at Barnes Hall. His mutton has been fed by our old friend Mr. Joseph Newton, of Hunshel Bank, whilst his pork he has bred and fed himself. Mr. Broadhead also makes a speciality of Yorkshire hams and bacon, and is generally to the front with other articles, including various tinned goods, eggs, poultry, rabbits, etc.

Among the other shops in the immediate

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neighbourhood of Horner House are those of Miss Noble, grocer and tea dealer, who is prepared to supply any amount of Assam or Souchong, China, or Ceylon teas, at most moderate prices, and who also keeps in stock a variety of articles for domestic use, and is famed for her home-made biscuits and cakes.

Seeley's is a shop to children's hearts most dear, and probably to their parents' pockets the same. Here the youngsters can be supplied with any sort of sweet or cake; and the elders may be furnished with goods for household use.

The same may be said of Mr. J. Trucman, who has a well-stocked grocer's shop and is prepared to supply either fancy or substantial articles. It also applies to Haighs, a little further on; while in Pearson street, Mrs. C. Jordan has recently opened a shop for the sale of children's toys and other goods, and is making a good show of the same this Christmas time.

Coming back down the Manchester road, we have our old friend Mr. Depledge, who is prepared to supply any amount of bacon, cheese, ham, or general groceries, on one side; while those who require little liquid to make an ale possett, or a little drop of "egg-dip," have only to cross the shop and their wants can be supplied.

At the opposite corner of Johnson street, we have the shop of Mr. Sydney Hague, butcher and grocer, who is making a brave show of beef, mutton, and pork, well bred and well fed, and who is also prepared to supply any amount within reason of ham, bacon, cheese, and other articles usually associated with the aforementioned, when put upon the breakfast or tea table. He is showing a nice heifer, which has been fed by Mrs. Askew, of Spink Hall, and his mutton has been fed by Mr. W. Broadhead; his pork has been fed by himself, at home.

Mrs. Herbert, across the road, has a well-stocked shop, and a good show of all manner and kinds of sweets and biscuits, in addition to a good show of fancy and useful articles and is sure to be well patronised, both by children and "grown-ups."

Mr. Shaw, next door, who supplies the public with clothes, boots, etc., is making a good show of men's and youth's suits, overcoats, shirts, and other personal

requisites and has a window very tastefully set out with clocks, watches, jewellery, and china goods, and altogether, has a good set out of both useful and ornamental articles suitable for this season of the year, the whole set out looking extremely well and attractive.

Further on Mr. B. Spooner is showing a variety of goods of various kinds, and most suitable for both children and parents, and has on hand a good assortment of sweetmeats, cakes and articles of a more substantial character.

Mr. T. Bramwell, boot and shoe dealer, has a grand display of boots and shoes, and other foot-gear, his window being one of the best arranged in the neighbourhood. He is making a special show of ladies' fancy slippers and shoes. Leggings, gaiters, and children's boots and shoes are to be viewed galore in Mr Bramwell's well-stocked store, and all these at prices to suit all purchasers.

Mr. James Webb, at the Post Office, has a charming display of Christmas cards, picture books, annuals, and other

papers; and has in addition, a first-class show of fancy articles, dolls, etc. He has also a good supply of photo frames, glass and china goods, and a host of other fancy and useful articles suitable for Christmas presents.

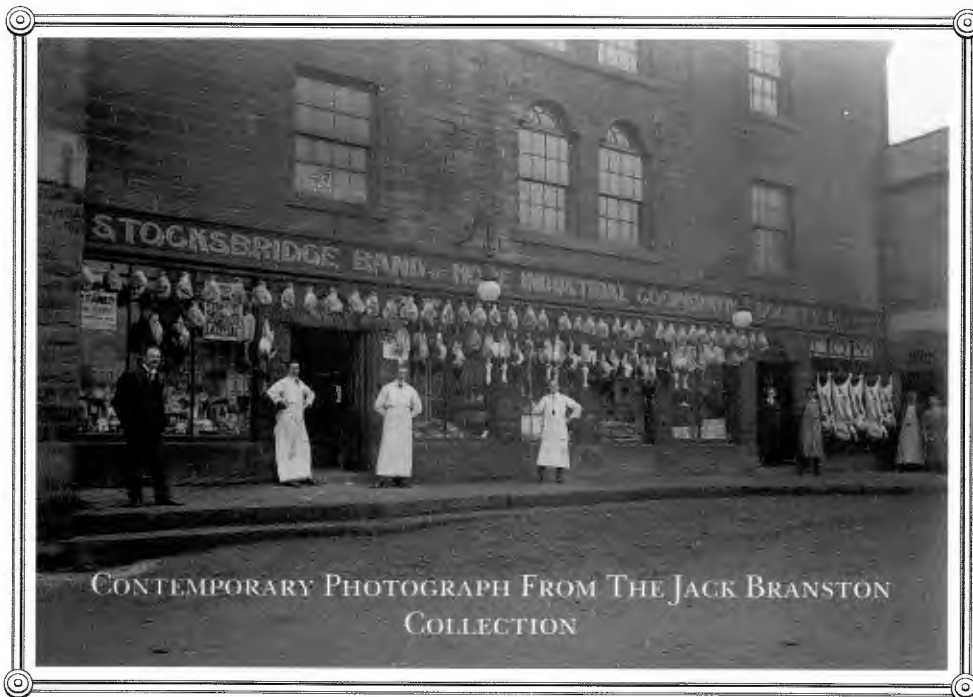
Mr. John Webb' gold and silversmith, across the way, has a splendid show of clocks, watches, jewellery, bronzes, china

figures, cruets, glass and silver ware of all descriptions, and many other articles of a pretty and alluring appearance, which it will take a stout heart to resist purchasing.

On the opposite side of the road Mr. G.C. Knowles has recently opened a most up-to-date fruiterer's shop, and has a grand window display of fruits of all kinds. Here can be purchased also those accessories needful to stuff the Christmas goose, and fill the tureens generally placed upon the table when that historic bird appears.

Mr. Harry Bodsworth, a little lower down, is also prepared to supply any amount of seasonal goods and vegetables.

Mr. C. E. Marsden, our local chemist, is making a most attractive show of fancy articles which it has become fashionable to associate with that business nowadays, and his window has been most tastefully decorated and filled.



CONTEMPORARY PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE JACK BRANSTON COLLECTION

## CHRISTMAS AT BRIGHTHOLMLEE

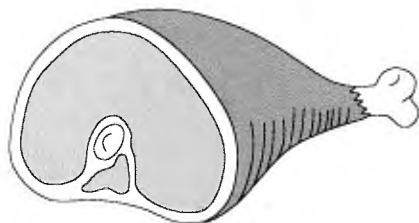
### EXTRACT FROM THE MEMORIES OF MARGARET BRADSHAW HELLIWELL

Just above, the Co-operative stores have a first-class show in all departments, special lines being displayed both in the draper's, grocer's, and chemist's shops, while up Victoria street the confectioner's shop has a grand show of fancy loaf cakes, currant, seed, almond, and other varieties, and the usual supply of other good things. The butcher's department is, as before-times, making a special show of Xmas stock in beef, mutton, pork, pork pies, sausages, etc. Mr. Schofield has purchased a special lot of beasts, sheep, and porkers, as follows: Seven beasts, W. Casey, County Mead, Ireland; 3 polled Scotch bullocks (first prize, Kelso market); 2 black polled Scotch heifers, Mr. Bowner, Wakefield; 4 heifers, Mr. W.E. Foers, Upper Whiston, Rotherham; 2 heifers, Mr. Isaac Law, Upper Whiston; 20 Scotch wethers, Mr. Beevors, Swindon Lodge; 5 hoggetts, Mrs. Couldwell, Hunshelf Hall, J. and H. Houghton, Stubbin House; and a total 21 fine pigs from various sources.

Mrs. Blackburn, ladies' outfitter and draper, has a choice display of those goods which charm the feminine heart - hats, fancy blouses, skirts, furs, muffs, children's pinafores, and other goods, and is showing a good lot of material for window and other curtains, blouse materials, etc.; and Rickitt's, ladies and gents outfitters and general drapers, have on view a good selection of hats, both for ladies and gentlemen, ties, shirts, and a host of other useful wearing apparel, the whole forming a high-class display, and having a very neat appearance.

The smaller shops in the locality, such as E. Jackson's and Faulkner's, are making a display calculated to attract the coppers out of both parents' and children's pockets, E. Jackson in particular having a very bright and pleasing window show. Higher up the road is the well known grocery and butcher's shop of Mr. Edwin Bamforth, and he is as usual showing a grand selection of Xmas fruits and spices, jams and preserved fruits, and on Monday has his usual Xmas displays of beef, mutton, poultry, etc., and has on view a heifer specially fed for Xmas sale. Mr. Bamforth has this season made an unusually large purchase of cheese from various well-known dairies, and his large selection of hams and bacon will be sure to please his customers; he has also on stock a large variety of goods of all descriptions at prices which will compare favourably with any other establishment.

Mr. Alfred Hague, butcher, etc., has a grand show of beef, mutton, and pork, and makes a speciality of cheese, being a purchaser from some of the finest dairies in the country; his hams and bacon are also well known. He, like Mr. W. Broadhead, was a buyer at the Barnes Hall fat stock sale, and has on view a nice little heifer which he purchased there, and also one of Mr. C. Illingworth's, and several nice sheep from Wadsley Bridge sale; pigs which are a nice lot, are home fed.



There is a well-known expression "There is a book inside us all." This is mine, written as I realise the progress that there has been in my lifetime.

Life itself is of interest to other folk. How I wish that my parents had written all the stories of life in their generation. The Family tree was much respected and who married whom was of great interest. Frequent visitors were welcomed and conversation was an important part of entertaining. Public opinion was highly regarded.

"Can you remember?" kept looming up in my mind and now I realise that my everyday memories seem strange to the younger generation, although they are quick to remonstrate that they have heard it all before. I hope to reawaken your minds to fragments of the past century.

I clearly remember running outside to see my first aeroplane and I can point out the exact time and place where I first saw a helicopter. I suppose that I am now part of this picture, as I was born very late one Monday evening when my mother's diary clearly states "Washed, ironed, very tired, and then baby came." Father had to walk to get the doctor and when he came upon a local man, who said he would go on the errand, delighted him by giving him sixpence. This gentleman still remembered my birthday when he was more than eighty years old.

Our home was always a happy place. Our school friends were always welcome. They were very aware of this and loved to visit the old farmhouse at Manor Farm. There were no modern facilities and there was always a job to do.

The village of Brightholmlee, merely a hamlet, had no street lighting, no mains, no buses. We got off a bus on the main road and walked up a lane with green fields on either side.

Local children went to Wharncliffe Side School. Miss Rhodes taught the Juniors and the cane was in general use. Slates and slate pencils were used because paper was expensive, and each child was allowed a space on the blackboards which surrounded the walls.

Many children had fathers who worked at the Mill and houses belonged to the Mill. The local policeman was much in evidence. He had a metal coat-of-arms over his door to let folk know where he lived. The postman usually walked, but he had an old bike - it was all uphill and downhill.

The village has two large, stone troughs, which are surrounded by the common land. These supplied all the water required for the farms and the houses. The water was very cold and sparkly. One cottage at the top corner of the hamlet did have its own well. The common land has still its crop of milkmaids or cowslips each spring, followed by moonpennies and carpets of bluebells in the woods.

Around the troughs the area was well cared for, as it has been registered as common land. For many years the road was cleaned and swept once a week. The sweeper was called a linesman and not so much as a cigarette end was to be seen around.

In the old days one had visitors, who would come by bus and faced a walk of about ten minutes to reach Manor Farm. There were always so many people using the bus that there was a wealth of chatter to help the walk along.

In old references the farms had no individual names - only the Old Hall. It is an ancient building which stands behind two old barns. Old oak carving on a frieze around the dining room helps to date it.

It can never be easy to identify all the houses. The cottage already mentioned has been Walton, Hudsons' and Bradshaws' Cottage, as it has always taken the name of the tenant.

History tells us that all hamlets have a common Town Field - hence, Townfield Lane going down to Lea Farm, which stands at the top of a cobbled yard with ancient farm buildings.

The small farmers let their cattle graze the wall side and the pony which pulled the milk-float always had to be allowed time to graze there. The orchard was good for apples, plums and pears. All fruit was used and preserved - blackberries, bilberries and raspberries.

The houses down Brightholmlea Lane were started in the 1930s. We used to find it hard to walk home from the bus-stop at the Old Blue Ball between stone walls on dark, wet, winter nights.

I remember well going upstairs to spread my pyjamas on the bedroom floor to get warmed by the heat thrown out by the lamp below - a real treat to a little girl in a cold bedroom. When very small, apparently I was quite happy to play in the cardboard box which the groceries had come in. We had few toys, but I did have a china doll, which I still have after 70 years. It lived in a cradle - a rosewood miniature of an ancient rocking cradle with a hood.

When I was a bit older, friends came to play, and one very cold winter, Father diverted a water supply and allowed it to freeze down the field, and we sledged down there one entire Christmas holiday.

On Christmas Day the farm workers were on holiday, of course, but one would come in the evening to milk, and the other on Boxing Day. My grandfather always brought some old clothes so that he could help too. He always gave the men some money for a Christmas present.

We did have fun when Father Christmas was due! What a thrill to go rummaging while our parents were out - we always knew that our presents were on top of the wardrobe!

On Christmas Day the Chapel Carollers came and sang outside our front door and we always opened it and sang with them. In later years they changed to Christmas Eve and came in to have tea, coffee, Christmas cake and mince pies. When we moved to Swinnock Hall Farm, it was very emotional to celebrate Christmas in our new home. They sang "Bless this House!"

Our Christmas tree was artificial and had real candles on - we never thought about fire dangers - and trimmings were draped from the centre of the ceiling to the corners. They looked lovely.

A great tradition was to kill a fatted pig for Christmas. Sometimes there was a warm spell and we were apprehensive as to when this event could be. We planned our Christmas dinner round a good roast of pork - never bought a turkey, of course. The boiler was stoked up to get as much hot water as possible. The pig block was a firm, wooden type of table, very heavy. As soon as the deed was done the pig hairs had to be removed by scalding and scraping. Then the inner parts were brought into the cellar. Liver was a great treat and then "pig fry": liver, kidney, heart, pieces of pork, sage, onion, salt, pepper - oh, it was one thing we dreamed of - with heaps of mashed potato, thickened gravy - it was super!

The butcher then cut up the carcass a day later, when it had set, and then we had to crush great blocks of salt with rolling pins to make a bed to cure the hams and flitches on. Why I used to love to help doing this I cannot now understand, but then it was all part of the magic of Christmas to me. We used to rub the ham with salt until it went nearly liquid. The knuckle joint of the ham had to have a half-teaspoon of salt-petre and a little Demerara sugar. The salt-petre dried up the joints and the sugar preserved and flavoured the meat. The leaf fat was stripped off from behind the ribs, cut up into tiny cubes and rendered down and stored in large bowls to be used as lard for all the pastry during the following year. The bits of spare meat - the head, trotters, etc., were made into brawn, pork pies and sausage meat. It was a familiar saying that the only part of a pig not used was its squeal!

After the New Year came in, the weather always turned wintry. Cars always had snow chains for their wheels. We carried a shovel and were prepared to dig to get home. There are well-defined snow-lines round here, for a small storm, a medium-strength one and a real corker! Teams of men used to dig the snow away. Farmers used to spend days digging their sheep out. Mostly the sheep went under the walls for shelter, but this left them in deeper snow where it drifted. Sheep actually will come down from high ground by instinct. Some older sheep are actually sold as part of the goodwill of the farm, as they know their boundaries so well. This is called "hefting".

*(Margaret died recently at Alpine Lodge Nursing home, aged 76. We extend our condolences to her daughter and family for their loss.)*



## Tramming at S. Fox & Co.

FROM THE DIARY OF WILLIS BURGIN, SON OF A  
COALMINER

I left home at 5.30 am. on Monday morning. It was a walk of two miles, but I had plenty of company - girls, men and lads, all making for the same Works and their two mines.

I was amused at the young ladies, walking in twos, wearing shawls over their heads and shoulders, some with their breakfast in their hands. Most of these girls were employed at Fox's Paragon Umbrella shop.

I entered Fox's Works at their higher gates at Stocksbridge, calling at the Under-manager's office and met Mr. Joe Hoyle, who handed me a cheque on which was a number, and told me to hand it to the Lampman for my Davy lamp.

The mine was a one way drift pit and down the main haulage road was an endless steel rope, on which were clipped the full and empty wagons. At the entrance of the mine I was stopped by the Deputy and searched for matches and cigarettes.

After walking half a mile down the rough, steep, haulage road, I came to the first level on my right, and there I was met by the two miners I was to tram for, whom I had never met before. They told me to hang up my jacket on a prop in the pass-by and bring an empty wagon to the last stall on the level.

I found that the best way to carry my lamp when tramming was on a leather strap around my neck. I had only gone a hundred yards with my empty wagon when I was knocked down onto my knees by the jagged edges of some broken bars, which came so low that they had cut grooves in the earth between the sleepers.

After a mile of tramming the tub I came to the bottom of the bank, and with a sharp turn of the wagon on an iron plate, I was on my way up the steep bank - it was very

low, only four feet high and five feet wide. Half way up the bank the top of the wooden wagon rubbed the roof.

At last I came to the rail ends and pushed my empty wagon in to the side, and here, where the roof had been ripped down, it was much higher and wider. One of the miners was hewing coal with a hand-pick in a seam of 2ft. 3ins. The other miner helped me put my full wagon of coal on the rail-ends, told me to be sure to fix a wooden block in the back wheel, to steady the wagon on its run down the one-in-ten gradient. His last words to me were "Keep at the back of the full wagon!"

I made plenty of dust scraping the hard floor with my clogs. At the bottom of the bank, again a sharp turn on the iron plate, and my full wagon was on the full road - this was much higher and downhill.

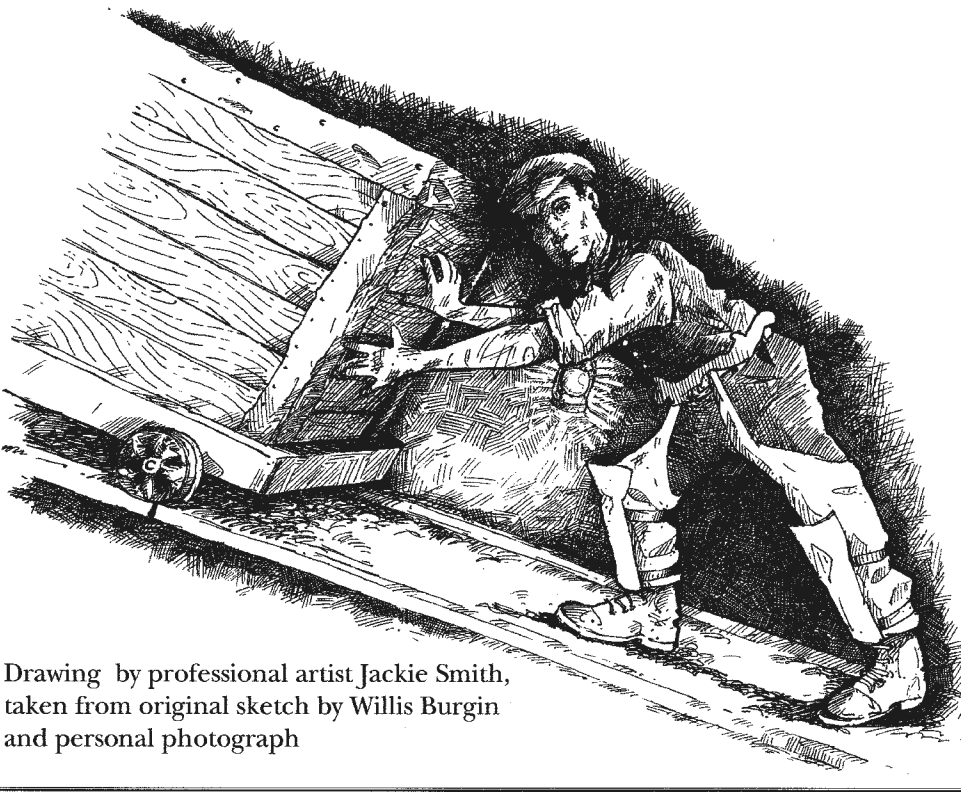
I soon learned how to glide, with a clog on each rail, but the trouble with this was that the wooden soles were soon through in the middle, causing Mother the expense of a new pair of clogs.

One other way of making tramming easier was to lie flat on top of the full tub, holding my lamp in front of me, and getting a free ride, but not to let the Deputy see me.

I was very tired, that first day, when I got home, my back ached and my feet were so sore. I went straight into the kitchen, took off my shirt and singlet and started to wash

off the pit dirt. I shouted Mother to come and wash my back. "Willis!", cried my mother, "Whatever has thou done to thy back - it's red-raw from top to bottom!" And at the tea-table, Mother carried on at Father for not getting me a better job.

After working two weeks in the mine, all these sores on my back, from my neck to my backside, were replaced by large scabs. We called them "trammers' buttons". I knew where those jagged bars were, but it was impossible to tram a whole day without catching the damned things, and they would take one or more of the scabs off, giving me terrible pain, knocking me on my back and bringing tears to my eyes.



Drawing by professional artist Jackie Smith, taken from original sketch by Willis Burgin and personal photograph



## STOCKSBRIDGE & DISTRICT

### HISTORY SOCIETY

#### COMMITTEE

##### CHAIRMAN

ROY MALLINSON ..... TEL 288 8362

##### SECRETARY

BASIL SPOONER ..... TEL 288 4456

##### TREASURER

BETTY MCKAY ..... TEL 288 2269

##### ARCHIVE LIAISON

BRENDA DUFFIELD ..... TEL 288 2349

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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### PROGRAMME 2003

JAN. 9<sup>TH</sup>.

M. SPICK AND SYLVIA PYBUS

A STILL GLIMPSE OF A MOVING PICTURE:

A HISTORY OF THE CENSUS

FEB. 13<sup>TH</sup>.

A.G.M. & REFRESHMENTS

MAR. 13<sup>TH</sup>

ROY COULDWELL:

MEMORIES OF STOCKSBRIDGE TOWN COUNCIL

(TO BE CONFIRMED)

## HOME-MADE BUTTER

During rationing in the war years, our milk was delivered from Greave House Farm by John Milnes. Our milk lady at that time was a cheerful Bessie Rowbottom. Her married name is now Mrs. Jacques.

The milk was ladled into our two-pint basin, using the measuring can, marked in gills.

When the cream had settled, Mother would skim it off into a two-pound treacle tin, which was kept cool on the pantry shelf, or as we called it, the cellar top. At the end of the week, with the lid securely fitted, one of our jobs was to shake the tin for what seemed like an age to us as children. I do remember my arms aching. When eventually we heard a thud inside the tin we knew our job was over and the cream had turned to butter.

There would be no more than two to four ounces. After scooping the butter from the buttermilk, it was sometimes mixed with our margarine ration, or better still, eaten as it was with bread and jam. But first, Father enjoyed making a little pattern with a fork all over the little pat of butter.

*Margaret Mckinlay*

## SOCIETY NEWS

In October a rare opportunity arose to work with schoolchildren when we were invited by the Compass Theatre Co. to participate in a drama project entitled "Generations Apart?" Volunteers were interviewed by a group of 12-year-olds at Stocksbridge High School and asked about our schooldays and wartime experiences. We all enjoyed being able to indulge in such personal reminiscences.

The project was also run at Hinde House School, Sheffield, and we were invited to attend the resulting dramatic production at the Compass Theatre, Rockingham St. on the morning of Monday, 9<sup>th</sup>, December.

