



MEMORIES OF BRIGHTHOLMLEA HARVEST

I loved to help my father on the farm. I would ride in the wheelbarrow on the way back to the corn store from the cattle shed. The petrol motor cut great slabs of linseed cake, and after a belt change, it sliced turnips to make them palatable for the cows. We loved these strips of raw turnip ourselves and as I got a bit older, we were drawn in to help throw the turnips into the machine.

Milking was done by hand, sitting on a three-legged stool. Most cows were quite placid, but some were a bit alert. Individual cows were given their food to eat while being milked to keep them occupied. Feral cats would gather round the small stone trough for their treat of warm milk, straight from the cow.

When I was very small my father took his milk in churns to be retailed in pints to customers' houses. As very few people ever owned a refrigerator it was vital to put the milk in a very clean basin or jug, as it soured easily. Inspectors checked the quality en route at intervals, They just came and filled two little bottles, sealed the corks with sealing wax as a double precaution, and away they would go to the laboratories. Some farmers added a little water to expand the gallonage – not legal, of course.

The farmers always grow their own vegetables, just a few rows amid the crops. They do better there than in a garden.

School records show that often during the autumn term there were many children missing – gone to gather wild bilberries and blackberries – these being a very important product for the country housewife, as she made jam and preserves to be enjoyed for tea or when visitors called.

Another treat was "beastings custard". The farmer would take the first milk from a newly-calved cow and it would set in a hot oven to make a luxury pudding for dinner.

When the ears of wheat were ripe enough for binding the men took scythes and opened the field. First they cut twelve swaithes all round the field. These were gathered, straightened and fastened with bands made from the straw. During the next two weeks the sheaves went into the barn and the straw dried. The rest of the field was cut by a binder,

which made sheaves and tied them up.

The church was always packed for Harvest Thanksgiving. Extra chairs were brought in from the Church Hall and it was always farmers who took the collections. Our own farm produce and garden flowers were used to decorate the church. Paraffin lamps were lit for Evensong – one on every pillar. The children took up baskets of goodies at Morning Service. At Evensong the Young Farmers Club were often asked to do the parade. They wore white smocks and took up bread, water, seed and produce. Our church sells the fruit, vegetables and flowers on the following Monday evening.

A Garden Party was a real occasion years ago. My grandmother made Turkish Delight, weighed it and put it into little crepe-paper bags, which we sold from trays. My mother had the cake stall. She baked and baked. Years later I took it over and made a marathon 60 cakes the last year.

Margaret Helliwell

ANOTHER TREAT WAS
"BEASTINGS CUSTARD".



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MEMORIES OF SCHOOL

RECALLED BY MABEL COOKE, MAGGIE HILL AND
LILIAN IBBOTSON

To begin with we all went to the British Hall, but soon all the girls were moved across to the Works School at the back of the old Co-op. We left the boys behind at "Jones's School". The playground at the Works School used to be round the back, but it also ran up the side to the railings on the main road. We could stand there and talk to people as they went by. We used to look out for our mothers when they were down shopping.

In our classroom we put up with a lot of noise from the Works, especially when an engine went clanking by. There was a lot of steam, smoke and soot about.

We had some good teachers. I remember Mrs. Batty, Miss Walton and Miss Fidler. Miss Hawkins was the headmistress. As well as ordinary lessons, we did country dancing, maypole dancing and choral singing. Miss Hawkins took us for Choir practice. When Lord Lascelles visited Stocksbridge we had to dance for him.

During our last year at the Works School we were aware that the new school was being built up the hill on Shay House Lane. At the end of the summer term in 1928 the move was made. The heavy furniture, including the wooden desks with metal frames, was transported by lorry, but most of the lighter equipment was carried by the older pupils. We

were about thirteen at the time and we joined the crocodile of girls carrying books, papers and registers up the hill.

The building was brand new and smelled of paint. It was exciting to be starting in a building that was all clean and modern after the dirt and smells of our old school. We were particularly impressed by the toilets. The old ones had been cramped and smelly. The new ones were light and spacious with plenty of wash bowls.

One disadvantage to the move was the absence of a sweet shop. We had been used to getting our "spice" right next to the old school, where Crawshaw's butchers is now.

We enjoyed the novelty of having a gymnasium in the hall. We all wore gymslips and blouses for the P.E. lessons, taken by Miss Marshall, who became Mrs. Peace.

The lessons we remember most were the practical ones: painting, cooking, needlework and leatherwork. Miss Fidler taught us sewing. She showed Maggie how to make a shirt for her father. How many thirteen-year-olds could do that now?

They were happy days. We had everything we needed in Stocksbridge in those days. We didn't have to go out of the town for anything.

THE SANDERSON FAMILY

CHAPTER II THE NEW HOME

The next morning, after Mr. Sanderson had gone to work, the girls and their mother went to the new home. The store was large and unclean. Mrs. Cibler had

no interest in it. She said it did not pay and just left it. In the windows were stale, dirty-looking candy and many spider webs and much dust. The first thing they did was burn the rubbish. They swept and cleaned all the rooms of the house before the furniture came.

When their father came home, the kitchen was straightened. He fixed the beds for the night. They all worked hard, and by the end of the week

all was straight and clean. The store windows were decorated and it looked like a different store.

When the store opened many people came in to buy. Mr. And Mrs. Sanderson worked hard and tried to please their customers. They soon got the custom of all the people around and then the store began to grow. It grew rapidly and at the end of two years they had quite a big trade.

Miriam began school when she was five. She was now in the second class in the baby room. She wasn't a baby any more at home, she had to help her mother. She seldom got to sit on her mother's lap now, for her mother



Sanderson's store—Common Piece, top of Victoria Street
(Photograph courtesy of Jack Ambler)

was busy all the time. Sometimes, when they were not very busy, her father and mother would cast a merry look on the children as they sat on their little stools, watching them. Fanny, being eleven, was quite useful in the store and Miriam also would help all she could.

As the store grew, many alterations were made. The counters were enlarged and many other things were changed. The girls got beautiful clothes to wear. They could have all the candy they wanted, in fact they were spoiled because they had everything they needed.

As the store kept growing the father and mother worked harder. Expenses were high, but the store cleared them. They were favoured by all the salesmen, because none was turned away without his money. Money was put in the Bank, not in shillings as it used to be, but in pounds. It was then that the Sandersons worked with eager interest in the store.

In Chapter III : The Greedy Landlord

FROM WILLIS BURGIN'S DIARY: MY PLEASURES

At the age of 14 I was a Sunday School teacher, with a class of boys, 6 to 12 years old. One of the best things I enjoyed each year was the Whitsuntide Walk and the parade of the scholars from the Stocksbridge and Deepcar chapels, led by the local and Salvation Army Bands. It was a pleasure to see all the people in the two villages so interested in this parade, with all the girls in their new dresses and the boys in their new suits.

The parade finally halted and formed up at the bottom of Carr Road, Deepcar. The conductor stood on a platform in the middle of the massed choirs of boys and girls and the adult members of their chapels. Everyone had hymn sheets and the crowd around joined in and enjoyed the singing.

Afterwards the parade reformed and walked back to their chapels. In the Wesley Schoolroom we had a smashing ham tea with cakes for all the members and children. Each of the younger ones received a bag of sweets.

On the afternoon of Whit Monday, we went to a playing-field, kindly lent by Mr. Kay, a farmer at the Royd, near Bolsterstone. Stalls were set up around the field to sell sweets, pop and ice-cream, fruit and cups of tea and cakes.

As dusk fell a Kissing Ring was formed for the older boys and girls, with 60 to 80 of us in the ring and 6 girls in the centre. A well-known folk song was sung – I forget what it was called – as the ring moved slowly round. When the song ended, each girl had to choose a boy from the circle. It was a good thing it was getting dark – my face would be the colour of beetroot! For one of the girls was coming towards me, and pulled me into the middle of the ring. What a kiss I got from that girl from Bolsterstone! I never saw her again, and perhaps it is as well. I was much too shy to try that game again.

On Saturday afternoons in the winter months I went in a party of lads to watch the Forrester's Football team. If we couldn't get over the fence it cost us 2d each.

A new Picture House had opened up in Stocksbridge, showing moving pictures on a white screen, but the machine was always breaking down halfway through the picture. But a good pianist kept us interested, playing popular tunes of the day. We had a good choir of lads in the front row, and also good throwers – they would throw pieces of orange peel at the head of the pianist, a good moving target.

We had our own gang warfare, between the lads of Carr Road and those from Donkey View. A fight would usually take place on a Friday night at 7 pm., the darker the night, the better! There would be up to 80 lads, aged 12 to 16, each armed with a short wooden stick or broom handle. These were never used, but showed how tough and aggressive we were! Our best weapon was a common grass sod, with plenty of wet soil on the bottom, easily found at the side of the road in the causeway edge. My best storage place was in my shirt front, which held four sods, and with one in each hand I was ready for the Battle of the Sodds.

The battle started at the bottom of Carr Road, and the Carr gang had to drive the opposing gang back down the hill, over the Don River bridge and as far as Donkey View. I stopped two grass sods – one in the face and one at the back of the neck. That last sod was wet and I had the soil in my hair and down my neck. The battle lasted two hours.

A fish and chip shop stood at the bottom of Carr Road, and at this shop most of us called for a fish and pennorth for 4d.

Our winters started in early November, with plenty of snow, sometimes lasting up to March. We lads in our pit clogs spent many happy hours in this snow at the Ivy Yards – a steep grass bank covered with 12 to 14 inches of snow. Half a dozen, sometimes more, would sit on the heels of our clogs with our arms around the waist of the lad in front, and toboggan down the slope. Of course, we had our spills, but it was good fun!

FROM WALDERSHELF TO STOCKSBRIDGE

THE HOMESTEADS OF 1851

The Census Returns of the two Enumeration Districts which covered the area in 1851 consist of 199 schedules. 55 of these were farms, a considerable reduction from the 80 which Joseph Kenworthy estimated from the 1797 Valuation. Most of them are named, although a few can only be identified as such by the given occupation of the householder.

The acreage of these farms varies from the 2 acres of a small-holding at Lane End to the 250 acres at New Hall. A very few farms consisted of more than one farm, like Bitholmes, where there were two, with a combined acreage of 87, but more usually the farms were each the centre of a small community, with labourers living in adjoining

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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 2003 ❖

OCT. 9TH.
STEPHEN GAY
THE WOODHEAD TRAIL

Nov. 13TH
WENDY GOODHIND
"COMERS-IN"- WHERE FROM?

SAT. DEC. 13TH
CHRISTMAS CAROL SUPPER

cottages.

Twenty farms stood alone, including the larger ones, like New Hall and Spink Hall, with 150 acres, and the most remote ones – Hunger Hill (16 acres) and Wind Hill (80 acres). There is no record of the acreage at Greenhead, Bolsterstone, since the 1802 sale catalogue, which gave it as 8 acres 3 rods 31 perches, but it was large enough to support a family with eight children and three grandchildren and to employ six labourers.

Only four farmsteads consisted of one farm and one cottage: Edge End, Henholmes, Watson House and Yew Trees – the largest with 70 acres.

Five farms had two cottages on the same site – including the most important in terms of social standing – More Hall, which controlled 160 acres, while the other three were of the smallest: the Clough, Lane End, New Mill Bank and Spink House.

Townend, with 20 acres, and Storth House with 90 acres, each had three dependent households. The Green was unusual in that it comprised three farms and only one labourer's house, with a combined acreage of 211. Pothouse consisted of two farms and two cottages in 44 acres; Sunny Bank (169 acres) and Yewden (60 acres) of two farms and one cottage, while Hollin Busk had three farms and three other households in 80 acres.

At Horner House (30 acres), the Royd (125 acres) and Woodroyd (10 acres) there were single farms with five other households – each farm the nucleus of a community which was to grow to varying extent.

There were houses and small communities other than the farms: eight solitary houses at Brackin Cottage, Carr Lane at Deepcar and Carr Lane Top at Bolsterstone, Common Place, Hermit Royd, the Mill House at Deepcar, Shaw House and Springfield Cottage. The Schoolhouse at Bolsterstone had one neighbour and there were five other pairs of households, none of which appear to be related to its neighbour: Allen Croft, Brackin Moor, Brockhole Hurst, Pen Nook and Smithy Moor. There were three households at the Cross and three at New Mill Bridge, four at Whitwell.

Larger communities were springing up at Haywoods, where there were nine, and ten at Carr Head, Deepcar. The majority of the people at Haywoods were labourers and coalminers. At Carr Head lived the owner of a quarry employing eight labourers, but only one other occupant was entered as a quarryman, the others being a brickyard labourer, five coalminers, a cokeburner, a cordwainer, a dry waller, a railway porter, a stonemason and a tailor, so they could not presumably be his employees.

The remaining households were not distinguished by names other than Bolsterstone, Deepcar and Stocks Bridge. The ancient hamlet of BOLSTERSTONE contained five farms totalling 155 acres, in addition to those already named, one of them also an Inn, a Post Office – itself consisting of two households – and seventeen others.

Brenda Duffield
To be continued