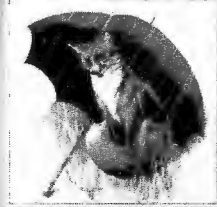


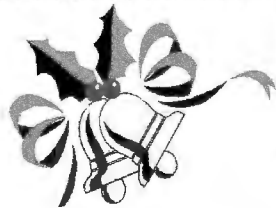
# THE PARAGON

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## Merry Christmas



### CHRISTMAS PAST

My memories of Christmas are mostly of the times in my own childhood, particularly when things went wrong, like the time we heard Santa stumble on the stairs and drop his sack, and the nightmare of plucking the goose, which Dad brought home one Christmas Eve. Worst of all, the miserable failure of the combined Birthday and Christmas gift, which my brother and I had saved all year to buy for our mother – the pressure cooker which blasted the apple sauce we tried to make all round the sides and had to be scraped off – she never used it again.

The only memorable gifts we received are those of the only Christmas we ever spent away from home. We were at Uncle Harold's in Huddersfield – as far as we could go in wartime. My brother and I slept on the floor – an adventure in itself – and woke to find at our feet a bicycle for him and for me *three* dolls – a boy and girl and a black one! Of course, we knew that Father Christmas had brought them, but I wonder now, how we got the bike home – it must have been allowed on the Green and White!

Back to Christmas present, and the joys of grandchildren. We wish a peaceful one, and a happy 2004, to all our members.

*Brenda Duffield*

### WILLIS BURGIN'S DIARY – SABOTAGE !

I had a change of mines, but not of my work, to the mine next door, on the Halifax seam, which was 2 ft. 4 ins. thick and hewn by hand. It was a drift mine with a main haulage and a travelling road, steeper and deeper, and we had much further to walk.

The shifts were mornings – 6am.till 2pm. - and afternoons – 2pm.till 10pm. I started on a Monday morning and got my Davy lamp, made my way down the travelling road to the pass-by on the first level of the pit bottom, where a deputy was waiting for all the trammers who had transferred to this mine. He told me the number of the stall

where I was to tram, but not the names of the miners working it.

By this time I was already feeling the heat and took off my jacket, as sweat was running down my face. As I was hanging my jacket on a prop, another trammer doing the same said "I should hide thy bottle of drink, Burgin!"

When I took my first empty wagon into my new stall, I found that both the empty and full roads were much better to tram, but the bank into the stall itself was longer and steeper. Moving the empty tub off the rails into the side, I could see one of the miners in a kneeling position, shovelling coal from the coalface. He looked to be over 60. "What's thy name, lad?" he asked. "Burgin" I answered. "Now, listen to me, Burgin! Thou mun make them back wheels touch them front 'uns!" This was his way of telling me to get a move on, as I was by now moving the full wagon of coal on to the rail ends, ready to move off.

But then the other miner came into view from the other side, pick in hand, and about the same age as his mate. "Thee take no notice of 'im, lad! Thee go steady, thou'll go a lot faster – and don't forget that wooden locker in the back wheel!"

I found that nearly every alternate wagon stuck on the low roof in the middle of the bank, taking up to ten minutes to release, and that first shift cost me many a tear.

Next day, after getting my lamp and going through the two wooden doors onto the travelling road, I found all the other trammers, about 35 of them, sitting on some water pipes

I SHOULD HIDE THY  
BOTTLE OF DRINK,  
BURGIN!

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which made a comfortable seat, so I sat down with them, waiting for the deputy to move us off.

Three weeks later, on the afternoon turn on a nice, sunny day in summer, I was walking across the yard with another trammer, who said "We shouldn't be going down this hole on a grand day like this!" But I thought no more about this remark at the time.

That afternoon it took the deputy some time to get the trammers on the move, and he had to be quite forceful. But finally we were all down the mine, taking our coats off and awaiting the return of empty wagons, when the head deputy came down the pass-by with orders that all trammers had to dress and go home. There had been a smash on the main haulage, where a run of empty wagons had caused a roof-fall. Could it have been done on purpose?

Then some time later, on the morning shift, having my "snap", I heard a trammer complaining to the deputy that the squealing of the axles, caused by lack of grease on the rails, was making the wagons harder to tram. The deputy said he would see about it. But after an hour and a half nothing had been done and some of the trammers decided they would stage a go-slow strike. I was not one of them, and carried on. Word got around that Burgin was taking no notice of the strike, and they warned me that they would slow me down. Shortly afterwards, as I was tramping a full wagon of coal down a sloping part of the level, one clog on either rail, I suddenly felt all four wheels leave the rails and saw the whole wagon going up to the roof! The next thing I knew was the coal pelting me in the face and the wagon knocked me back into the empty wagon road.

I wasn't hurt, just badly shaken, and my lamp was out, so I sat there and waited for the next trammer to come down. I had to shout a warning to stop him. We used his lamp to see what had happened. A loose rail, 12 feet long, had been fastened with one end over a roof prop and the other stuck under a sleeper in the middle of the road. I would not move the wagon until the deputy had seen it. Enquiries were made, but without success.

## THE SANDERSON FAMILY

### CHAPTER 3 – THE GREEDY LANDLORD

**M**r. Helliwell, the landlord, lived in a big house in Deepcar. He was delighted at the way Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson were making the store grow. He soon raised the rent, for he was a very greedy and selfish man. He thought that if they could make the business prosper, then he was going to get the benefit. He had a plan in mind and invited the family down to tea. Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson and the girls were delighted at the invitation, never thinking that he had ulterior motives, and put the store in charge of Mr. Sanderson's sister and her husband while they went out.

They were made very welcome when they arrived, had an early tea and then the adults settled down to business. The Helliwell children took Fanny and Miriam up to their playroom, where they had a good time. Mr. and Mrs. Helliwell took their visitors into the parlour, where he told

them at once of his plan to further expand the business. He wanted them to try for a Beer-off Licence. This was a great surprise to them both, in different ways. Mrs. Sanderson was appalled, for she had reason to dread liquor in any form. But her husband was pleased, as others in Stocksbridge who had a Beer-off were thought to be quite well-off. And he knew that a licence to sell liquor would bring in even more trade, but also that a Beer-off licence was hard to get, and he couldn't see how he would be able to get one. Mr. Helliwell said he would do what he could to get one for them.

When the people of Stocksbridge heard that Sandersons were trying for a licence they told each other they would never get one – hadn't efforts been made for five years before, without any success? But Mr. Helliwell tried all he knew to get the licence, knowing that it would make him a rich man.

Many of the salesmen who traded with the store also sent in their recommendations to the Court, and on 18<sup>th</sup> February the licence was granted. It was an exciting, but for some, a miserable day. All the neighbourhood was surprised, and reactions were not all favourable. Many people said they would never enter the store again, and some former good friends turned against them.

It was Mrs. Sanderson's birthday, but an unhappy one for her and she wished she had never left her snug, little four-roomed house. Her husband and children tried to cheer her up, wishing her a happy birthday and bringing her presents. In the morning, everything seemed brighter, and after breakfast, the man came to build up the pumps for the liquor.

Mr. Sanderson quit working at the mill. As he left the manager said "If you ever want to come back, there will always be a place for you."

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*(Continued from Paragon 33)*

## FROM WALDERSHELF TO STOCKSBRIDGE

THE HOMESTEADS OF 1851

### BOLSTERSTONE

**A**ccording to the occupations entered, the amenities of the village included three shops and the services of two blacksmiths, a carpenter, a filesmith, a joiner, a dress-maker and a tailor. Apart from those engaged in farming, there was a family of coalminers and a pit banksman, a railway worker and two young wireworkers, who were classified as visitors. The general picture of Bolsterstone is of a hamlet which industrialisation had hardly touched.

At DEEPCAR there were four farms totalling 69 acres, three of which were also Inns. One of the Innkeeper/farmers was also a cabinetmaker, who with a blacksmith, a butcher and a butcher/grocer, a cordwainer, a corn miller, a joiner and a wheelwright, served a community of twenty-six households. In terms of population, Deepcar was at this time larger than Bolsterstone, but it did not have a church or a post office, although it was close to the main road and the

new railway and so had greater scope for expansion.

STOCKS BRIDGE consisted of seven households, in the vicinity of the site of the original bridge over the Little Don, and we can examine these in detail. Edward Askew was a blacksmith who lived with his wife, son and daughter. The Land Tax Assessment shows that he rented the house and smithy from William Jubb, who Kenworthy says was the innkeeper of the Coach and Horses, although neither he nor the inn, clearly marked on the map, were recorded in the Census. The 1841 Census classified William Jubb as a farmer at Stocks Bridge. The smithy adjoins the inn at the rear and the road leading from the main road down to the Works has always been known as Smithy Hill. Edward Askew had come from Barugh and his wife from Cawthorne, both in the Barnsley area, but they had been here for at least ten years, as shown by the previous Census. At that time they had four children, so two of them had left home by 1851, or died.

George Batty was a carpenter from Thurlstone, his wife from High Hoyland, but their four young children had all been born in Bolsterstone Chapelry.

Hannah Broadhead was a 79-year old shopkeeper from Sheffield. A widow who lived alone and does not seem to have any connection with the local Broadhead families.

Jonathan Hawke was a shoemaker, 75 years old, native of Bradfield Parish, living with his wife, their unmarried daughter and two grandchildren with the surname Crawshaw, and an apprentice called Hawley. There is a photograph of this area in Kenworthy's Stocksbridge Almanack for 1908-1910. It was known as Hawke Green, so presumably it was named after this family, although in 1851 the only other family of that name were farming at Hollin Busk. The 1918 Terrier for Bolsterstone does mention the farm of Jonathan Hawke at Stocks Bridge, so he may be the longest established resident.

George Helliwell was a wheelwright, unmarried but head of household, his brother John a wheelwright and farmer – the only one in Stocks Bridge classed as a farmer at that time. Their older, but also unmarried sister Sarah was their housekeeper, and a 10-month old nephew, presumably her illegitimate child. These three were the children of Joshua Helliwell of Bracken Moor. The cottage and workshop still stand at the bottom of Nanny Hill.

Ann Webster was a widow of 64, born in Silkstone. She was entered as a cokeburner. According to the previous Census her husband had been a coalmerchant, so evidently she was now carrying on part of the business with the help of two men, Samuel Marsh from Hunshelf and Jonathan Swallow from Thurlstone, both classed as servant and cokeburner.

The manse next to the Ebenezer Independent Chapel was occupied by the minister George S. Spencer. He came from Wiltshire, his wife from Northants and their son was born in Glossop, Derbyshire, so perhaps he had been minister there before coming to Stocks Bridge. The son, George, was 20 and registered as blind, but he was a music teacher, and the household included six pupils, aged from 9 to 13, three of whom came from Sheffield, two from Salford

and one from Clerkenwell, Middlesex. There was also a 14-year old servant girl from Midhopedstones.

Of the seven householders in Stocks Bridge, only three had been here for any length of time, and as a community it is difficult to classify as anything but a haphazard growth. Its proximity to the new industrial base of Samuel Fox, just across the river in Hunshelf, might lead us to believe that this cluster of houses was inhabited by his employees, but the occupations given in the Census Returns show that apparently none of them had any connection with the wire works.

*Brenda Duffield*

## Madeleine Swallow

Miss Madeleine Swallow was born on 17<sup>th</sup>. October 1896 at Stocksbridge – in the old schoolhouse situated, as it should be, across from the church and adjacent to the church school – and died on 3<sup>rd</sup>. November 1989 at Wanstead, East London at the age of 93. During the last 12 years of her long life she had lived, first at the home of her nephew and his wife, Philip and Audrey Swallow, and finally at a particularly caring nursing home in Wanstead.

It is difficult to sum up such a long life in a few sentences but of course, there are countless people in the district who were taught by Miss Swallow. Her father, Marsh Swallow, was headmaster of Stocksbridge Church School, and she herself trained as a teacher in Sheffield. She began her career at the British School, housed in the old British Hall, as it became known, and then moved to the Church School, before her father's sad illness enforced his early retirement, and she remained there for the rest of her career, retiring thirty-three years ago at the age of sixty.

Madeleine taught both me and my brother, and woe betide us if we put a finger – let alone a foot – wrong in school. Not only that – our parents were only too readily available to her. Out of school, however, she was Auntie Madge, always ready to give us treats that our parents simply could not afford: extra pocket money, books and prized visits to the then flourishing Picture Palace. Towards the end of her teaching career, when I felt that my own (particularly as a headmaster) had gone on long enough, she used to tell me not to worry that I was teaching the children of parents I had taught, but to be concerned only when I found I was starting on the grandchildren!

Auntie Madge never married. She remained at home, as was expected in those days, and looked after her invalid father, and then her mother, who died at the very end of the Second World War. Thereafter, at the bungalow on Coronation Road, she lived with her companion Edna Swallow, who was no relation.

Of course, she did other things too, acting as secretary to the Parochial Church Council for many years, as treasurer to the Mothers' Union, and together with her brother Jack (my father), as evening branch actuary of the

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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.

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PROGRAMME FOR 2004

IS INCLUDED AS AN INSERT  
IN THIS EDITION OF THE

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Yorkshire Penny Bank, using the Church School as its venue. My brother and I were involved in this banking activity, and we both recall many a Monday evening, even when it fell on Christmas Eve, when we were all checking into the small hours in search of the odd penny or shilling, which prevented a balance being struck.

But her greatest interest was in reading and her knowledge of English Literature, particularly of Jane Austen, George Eliot, the Brontes, Thackeray, Dickens, Scott and so many more, was nothing short of encyclopaedic. My wife and I continued to take books to her in the nursing home where she died until the week of her final illness, frequently accompanying the Rector of Woodford, who took her Communion.

We miss her, but we rejoice in her longevity, and we hope that this brief tribute will be of interest to all those who knew Madeleine Swallow.

*John Philip Swallow*

We reproduce this piece, at this particular time, because it was Nora Hodgkinson who contributed it shortly before her death last month. She and Norman were neighbours of the Swallows in Coronation Road before moving to their final address in Hole House Lane, and author Philip Swallow had given them a copy of what he had written soon after his aunt's death. Nora also donated to the Society a number of Joseph Kenworthy books which had been her father's. This was typical of the calmness with which she organised her own end, and we can only admire, and wonder, at her quiet fortitude. She was a very remarkable lady, and we can only offer Norman and his family our sincere condolences.

Also, we much regret the passing of Alice Hind, whose end was equally tragic, but mercifully sudden, so soon after that of her husband. Alice entertained and delighted us at Christmas time with her dialect monologues. Our festivities this year will be muted without them both, but we shall remember them with affection.

### PHOTOGRAPH OPPOSITE

The cottage at the bottom of Nanny Hill, home to the Helliwells in 1851, still showing the wheelwright's workshop. After the school was built next to it in 1868, the cottages became the schoolhouse and home to the Swallow family in the 1890s

