

THE PARAGON

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Merry Christmas



THE UMBRELLA GIRLS' SONG

Riveting Shop—Front to back
Emma Lee; Miriam Brailsford; Jenny
Evans; Doris Broomhead; Mrs Hill

To the tune of "The Ovaltinies"

We are the Stocksbridge Teenies,
Fox Umbrella Girls.
From dawn till dark, we work all day,
We are so glad to get the pay.
Would you like to come and join us,
So cheap to employ –
Although we don't keep very clean,
Our Paragons are quite pristine
And most of us are just thirteen -
We're the Fox Umbrella Girls!



We are the Stocksbridge Teenies,
Fox Umbrella Girls.
We don't have gold rings and pearls,
We wear our pinafores and curls.
Would you like to come and join us,
Days are filled with joy –
It's so wonderful to be
Able to buy our bread for tea,
For we've such a large family –
We're the Fox Umbrella Girls!

We are the Stocksbridge Teenies,
Fox Umbrella Girls.
We know we are all here to stay –
No other job will come our way.
Would you like to come and join us,
We're cheaper than the boys!
Though it's a boring, dirty job,
We're all pals – the Stocksbridge mob!
For six days work we've seven bob!
We're the Fox Umbrella Girls.

FROM WALDERSHELF TO STOCKSBRIDGE

CHAPTER III THE 1851 CENSUS - PLACES OF ORIGIN

We must remember that this district was thought of at the time as **Bolsterstone** and that could be entered in the Census Return as a person's Place of Origin, especially if he or she had been baptised at St. Mary's. But it

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Composed by Julia Tompson and children of St. Ann's School

was still also part of Bradfield Chapelry, and Bradfield was much more often used. Bradfield in turn was part of the Parish of Ecclesfield, and that name was entered in some cases, even when the person may have been born much more locally. So these Places of Origin are not at all precise.

In the same way, Penistone was a large Parish whose common border with Bradfield and Ecclesfield was the Little Don River, so a man actually born on the opposite hillside from Stocksbridge could be classed as a Penistonian when he may not have come from any further away than one whose birthplace was Bolsterstone.

If we consider only the 237 heads of households and single people in lodgings, we find by far the greatest group were 70 from Bradfield, followed by 25 from Penistone, but only one from Hunshelf, 15 from Ecclesfield, 13 from Sheffield, 10 from Bolsterstone, 6 from Thurlstone and 4 from Silkstone, 3 each from Kirkburton and Wentworth.

Only two claimed to have originated in Deepcar, and two also in Barnsley, Birchworth (perhaps Roughbirchworth), Darfield, Darton, Emley, Handsworth, Holmfirth, Norton, Rotherham and Thurgoland.

The rest are almost all single representatives of their place of birth, but are worth including, if only to show how much more mobile people were 150 years ago than is generally thought.

The men from Burncross, Greenmoor, Grenoside, Hepworth, Midhope and Oughtibridge were from neighbouring hamlets and villages. Those from Attercliffe, Barugh, Cawthorne, Fulstone, Hallam, N.Emsall, Rawmarsh, Shelley, Swinton, Thorpe Hesley and Tinsley had moved from neighbouring parishes which were still within walking distance.

From further away, but still in Yorkshire, men had come from Badsworth, Birstall, Bramley, Burton, Fryston, Laughton-en-le-Morthen, Melton and Wakefield. Those who came from Derbyshire may not, of course, have travelled as far, as we are so close to the county border – they came from Ashover, Biggin, Chesterfield, Eckington, Matlock, Mellor and Worksworth. There was only one Lincolnshire man – from Gainsborough; two from Mottram and Staleybridge in Cheshire. One each came from Liverpool, Manchester and Warrington in Lancashire and one from Shireoaks in Nottingham.

The Northern counties of England were represented by the curate of Bolsterstone, who came from Lanercost Priory in Cumberland, and a retired farmer from Westmoreland.

The people who had travelled furthest to work in this valley were seven from Ireland and two from Glasgow and Selkirk in Scotland. All of these were labourers or servants except the Glaswegian, who was a potter. The Irish immigrants, part of a general phenomenon in Yorkshire as a whole at this period, were four young, single persons and three families. Although two of the families occupied one house, they did not seem to form any kind of ghetto. They had not been here very long, for only the youngest child was registered locally and a much older child had been born in Scotland, but the others may have come directly from

Ireland.

The southernmost immigrant, apart from a Minister from Wiltshire, was a man from Peterborough in Cambridgeshire. He had evidently moved about considerably, as his wife's and eldest son's place of birth was Blackburn, Lancashire, while another child had been born in Durham and the youngest in Rotherham.

A study of the places of birth of all members of a family reveals the amount of travelling about that they did, even in the case of those born locally: the man born at Knowl Top, having married a girl from Wadsley, had children baptised at Middlewood, Deepcar and Bolsterstone.

A few people locally born entered the name of their actual homestead: Hagg (Waldershaigh), Hollin Busk, Hollin Edge, Knowl Top, Lee House, New Miln Bridge, Old Booth and Watson House. Not one was entered as of Stocks Bridge.

Taking those from individual homesteads of which we are certain, with those entered as natives of Bolsterstone and Deepcar only, we have a very small locally-born population – 18 out of 237 – but including the Bradfield and Ecclesfield groups, and those from the other villages within Ecclesfield Parish, increases that number to 107. Even then it appears that less than half the heads of households had been born within the parish boundaries.

Brenda Duffield

THE SANDERSON FAMILY

CHAPTER 8 A HAPPY CHRISTMAS

Now came the happy Christmas that the Sandersons always had. On Christmas Eve the girls went to bed early so that Father Christmas would fill their stockings full. They didn't go to bed to sleep – they lay wide-awake and very still and talked in whispers. There was no pillow fight that night, they lay like statues, hardly daring to breathe for fear they would miss the first note of the carol singers.

At last the carols began, at twelve o'clock, midnight. The clear voices rose to the girls' bedroom and they lay in silence, thinking how beautiful it sounded. Then the voices faded, becoming softer and softer, as if the singers had gone away. But they were only pausing before beginning another carol. The girls heard no more, for they were now sleeping peacefully.

The next morning they were all up early. The children ran to their stockings and found many interesting things in them. Later Miriam, now eleven, went with her friends around to the neighbours' houses, as all children do on Christmas Day. They sang carols at the door, then knocked and the people would come and give them money or candy. Whatever they collected they would share and that would be their Christmas money.

Sandersons' house was the biggest on Common Piece. Mr. Sanderson always had a big dinner for his family and his

wife's family. There were nine in each family and all the cousins ate after the grown-ups. So you can imagine what a crowd there was.

Mr. Sanderson's four brothers were all in the Brass band and brought their instruments with them. His eldest brother, Peter, conducted. After dinner, they all went to the parlour over the store. The cousins ate as much candy as they could stuff in their mouths. You see, everything was free that day.

They all stayed for supper, and then was the most lively time. The five brothers would go in the parlour and play various selections from the operas. The women who had no interest in music tried to drown out the band with their talking. One of the young cousins insulted an uncle, saying he had a face like a duck. Of course, this was laughed off, but some thought it was not far wrong.

They played late that night and into the early hours of next morning. Some of the neighbours crowded in and outside, people stood, listening to the music. But at last the happy day ended, and everyone went away with the happy thought of returning next year. Which they never did.

WILLIS BURGIN'S DIARY

HOUSE MOVES

Getting up early for work one morning, I thought that a fox must have been in our kitchen. Mother's best hat, trimmed with a bird's wing, as was the fashion in those days, and which she had left on the table, was on the floor. There were feathers all over the place. But we found that it had not been a fox, but a rat, that was responsible.

This made Mother want to look round for a new house, and she eventually was successful with one in Haywoods Lane, Deepcar. It was a large house with six rooms, a bathroom with hot and cold water, on a weekly rental.

That winter the house required a lot of heating, making our coal bills too heavy at 30/- a ton. So we only stayed there a short time. Our next move was to a terraced house in Hole House Lane, Stocksbridge.

We had a good view of S. Fox and Co. steel works. It showed best at night- the blowing of the Bessemers with their clouds of white and yellow smoke, red flames and showers of sparks, as the hot steel poured into the 6 to 8 ft.-high moulds. Then there was the sight when the red-hot steel was cut into lengths by circular saws, sending out red-hot sparks and looking like a firework display.

By now brother Sidney was 13 and managed to get a job at Hunter & Co. grocers, taking out groceries on a handcart at 6/- a week. It was jolly hard work because of the many hills in Stocksbridge and Deepcar.

The new house was only a few minutes walk to work for me and Sidney, but Father had a walk of two miles to his. Since our move to Stocksbridge Father's ways had changed - he stayed more at home and drank less in pubs. His health was not good, and again we had to move back to a terraced

house in Old Haywoods.

My bedroom here was at the front of the house, and when I was on the afternoon shift it was nice to lie in bed, listening to the clatter of clogs on the causeway. First slow and steady - these were the older miners, taking their time as they passed. Then as it got near 6 am, the noise and clatter increased to a run, as the young trammers had to make their heels crack to get to the check office in time.

Next Issue: Tragedy

PEOPLE & PLACES I CAN REMEMBER

Charles and Ben Illingworth used to farm Midge Hall, next to the Sewage Works. Ben also had a coal business, which he passed on to Don Cherry. Don and his son Peter had the coal business for a long time. Eighteen months ago they went out of coal delivery. Everybody has gas or electric fires now.

The people who lived in the row of cottages called Mangle Row were the Greens, the Clarks, the Eustaces, Emmersons and Fieldsends. The cottages are dismantled now.

Across the road, Deepcar Garage was owned first by Mr. Rusby, then by Knowleses and then Chappels. It is now used for storing cars and mobile homes.

Down Vaughton Hill was the public house called the Low Drop, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Jack Schofield. Later Joseph Mills had it and then John Armitage took it for a butcher's shop. After that the Revitt family used it for groceries and frozen foods. Now the Chappels live there.

The next place is Dyson's shop, later taken over by Holmes Redfearn. After that it became Deepcar Post Office and Jim Woodcock had it for a few years, followed by Mr. Hugh Lawson, who came from Hoyland Swaine. While he was postmaster, the office was moved to 68, Manchester Road. His son David took over from him and ran it for 19 years until it closed down on February 28th. 2004. What a disappointment for Deepcar people!

Opposite the old Post Office was Deepcar Corn Mill, owned by Mr. Jack Schofield. Further down Mill Lane was Stable Row, a row of small cottages. Deepcar Legion was across the lane. Now there are some modern houses there.

At the end of Stone Row Dimmocks sold newspapers, sweets and groceries. That was all demolished too.

Beyond were the Steel Houses, later replaced by flats and named Truman Grove after David Truman, who had a shop near there on Station Road. He was a Councillor and the shop was a beer-off. He was the first person in Deepcar to have a car. He had two daughters who were schoolteachers. Betty did a lot of good work for Deepcar Guides. Later she went to live in the South. Ted Wragg once had the old beer-off for a general store. Now it is just a house.

People who lived on Station Road were Mr. and Mrs. Squire Machen, Frank and Nellie Cheetham, and Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Johnson, who had a boot and shoe repair shop, handed down from his parents. He was also a part-time

STOCKSBRIDGE & DISTRICT

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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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SOCIETY NEWS

This year Stocksbridge High School has awarded the Jack Branston Prize for Local History to Louise Parrott.

We have helped to produce a booklet for St Matthias' Church about the Crib which has been a focal point in Stocksbridge at Christmas time. It is for sale there, in aid of a fund to provide toilet facilities for the disabled.

PROGRAMME 2005

JAN. 13TH.

BETTY MCKAY: AROUND THE SHOPS IN 1902

FEB. 10TH. A.G.M.

REST OF 2005 PROGRAMME IN NEXT ISSUE

postman in Deepcar for many years. Next door were the Heathcotes, then Spooners and Bowskills.

Across the road was Brick Row. These were back-to-back houses for Lowood's and Armitage's workers. At the end of the row was a house called Mussel Hall. The Fletchers used to have the Sunday paper delivery in Deepcar, and perhaps Stocksbridge too. Richardsons had a grocery shop at the corner. It is all demolished now. Armitages have expanded their works and replaced it with modern buildings.

At the other side was Florence Buildings, a block of four rows of houses for the folk who worked at Lowood's. Florence was the name of the manager.

Across the road again was a house known as Solomon's Temple, occupied by John and Polly Turner. The Ashbys also lived there. She used to make nettle beer and we used to sit on her doorstep. That has also gone now.

The next four houses were built for the bosses and chargehands at Lowood's works. Next door was Lowood's Club. When we were 10 or 11 years old they used to run a trip to Cleethorpes. If your parents were members of the club you could go. Folk couldn't afford holidays in those days; we used to look forward to a day's outing.

Further up Station Road was the manager's house called the Uskers. One family who lived there were Mr. and Mrs. Gregory, then Mr. and Mrs. Jemison. They were nice folk. In front of their house was Deepcar cricket field. Friends used to come from away to play with us there – we had some good times.

Even further up the road was Lowood's works itself – famous for making bricks. Now it is all separate commercial units and it's not the same.

Deepcar Station is now a private house and it has been altered such a lot one can hardly recognise it.

Back down Station Road to Manchester Road, No. 2 is called Darley House. It was once the Post Office, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Bramwell. Their daughter Elsie had it after them, before it moved to Vaughton Hill. Next door was the King and Miller public house. Opposite was the Royal Oak, which was run by a series of landlords including Jack Schofield, Jimmy Murrain, Arnold Hamer and a Mr. Kemp.

Next door was William Dimmock's fruit shop. They sold groceries as well. Sometimes during the war we used to get a tin of salmon. Later Frank Dimmock took over. Now it too is just a private house.

Eileen Lindley

August 2004

Transcribed by Joan

Banks

