

THE PARAGON

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THE SANDERSON FAMILY

POSTSCRIPT

The Sandersons settled in Pittsburgh, U.S.A. Ruth and her daughters became involved with the Mennonite Church, Protestants with principles close to those of Baptists and Quakers. Both girls eventually married. Miriam to Floyd Yoder and Fanny to Eardley Manby. Miriam and Floyd had two sons, Charles and Tom, and a daughter, Mimi.

Bertha Crossland, Ruth's sister, also lived in America for a few years with her husband, Wilson Smith, and their son, Jack, who later became Sheffield United goalkeeper.

There have been several reunions of the extended family. Miss Ruby Wood is one of them and has visited them in the U.S. She has also been responsible for organising such get-togethers as this one photographed at Deepcar Wesleyan Chapel.

From the left are Jack Smith, Gladys Crossland (nee Rusby), Phyllis Smith (nee Pearson), Charlie Crossland, Charles Yoder, Ashley Richardson, Tom Yoder, Neville Richardson, Miriam Yoder (nee Sanderson), Valerie Richardson (nee Webb), Albert Webb, Joyce Webb (nee Fieldsend), Thomas Hudson, Jennifer Hudson (nee Smith), Bertha Smith (nee Ellison) and Clement Smith.

It was Tom Yoder who transcribed his mother's Diary and entered it for the competition in which he won the National Life Story Award in 1994. It is now in the British Library Collection.

We thank Jennifer Hudson for lending us the copy and photographs.



FROM WALDERSHELF TO STOCKSBRIDGE

CHAPTER IV IMMIGRANTS

The general economic growth of the country in the later years of the 19th. century had perhaps its greatest effect on backwaters like Stocks Bridge. The great Agricultural Depression of the 1860s and 1870s took its toll here too, and many of the working population left the land to work in industry. But the people of this valley did not have to leave their homes to do this, for Industry came to them. It was to Stocks Bridge that refugees of the Holmfirth Flood came in 1857 and others from the Lancashire Cotton

Famine in the early 1860s.

The 1881 Census also shows that 25 workers came from Barnsley, 6 from Birmingham, one from Bolton, 3 from Derby, 4 from Doncaster, 1 from Edinborough, 7 from Huddersfield, 2 from Hull, 7 from Leeds, 1 from London, 8 from Manchester and 66 from Sheffield, so Stocks Bridge was actually attracting people from urban areas. There was a

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visitor from Canada, a working girl born in India, 31 more Irish immigrants, 6 Scots and 2 Welshmen.

They came also from the counties of Bedfordshire, Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, Cambridgeshire, Cheshire, Cornwall, Cumberland, Derbyshire, Devon, Gloucestershire, Hampshire and the Isle of Wight, Herefordshire, Huntingdonshire, Kent, Lancashire, Leicestershire, Lincolnshire, Middlesex, Monmouthshire, Norfolk, Northamptonshire, Nottinghamshire, Oxfordshire, Rutland, Shropshire, Somerset, Staffordshire, Suffolk, Surrey, Warwickshire, Westmoreland, Wiltshire and Worcestershire.

People came from many parts of Yorkshire: Almondbury, Austerfield, Barnby Dun, Barwick-in-Elmet, Broughton, Butterley, Clayton, Dewsbury, Ferrybridge, Goole, Grafton, Graythorne, Halifax, Kilnwick, Kirkheaton, Laxton, Lepton, Retley, Saddleworth, Snaith, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Tibthorpe, Tickhill, Wakefield and Wooldale.

From beyond Rotherham men came from Kilnhurst and Swinton; from the Barnsley area came natives of Cawthorne, Darfield, Darton, Hoyland and Hoyland Swaine, Kexborough, New Miller Dam, Royston, Silkstone, Stainborough and Worsborough. They came from the villages towards Huddersfield; from Fulstone, Hepworth, Holmfirth, Kirkburton, New Mill, Shelley and Shepley; and on the road to Wakefield from Clayton West, Cumberworth, Denby and Denby Dale, Emley, Ingbirchworth and Scisset.

Communities which are now part of the City of Sheffield were little more than villages in 1881, yet workers came here in preference to the nearer town from Brightside, Ecclesall, Hallam and Nether Hallam, Intake, Killamarsh, Mosborough, Norton, Pitsmoor, Tinsley, Totley, Wadsley, Wadsley Bridge and Woodhouse.

Nearer to home were those from Low Bradfield, Dungworth, Oughtibridge, Stannington, Wharnccliffe Side and Worrall to the south, and those from Chapeltown, Cranemoor, Howbrook, Scholes, Tankersley, Thurgoland and Wortley to the east.

From the immediate area to the north came a man from Bullhouse, 3 from Greenmoor, one from Langsett, 10 from Midhope, 26 from Thurlstone. The 8 people who entered Ecclesfield as their place of birth could have originated anywhere in the Parish, as could the 120 who put Penistone, although one man specified Penistone Gate.

All these immigrants must have come looking for work and stayed because they found it. The opportunities for employment here were being offered by a few enterprising men, one of whom the foremost was Samuel Fox.

Brenda Duffield

WIGTWIZZLE HALL

Transcribed by Margaret Todner from notes left by her aunt Grace, nee Marsh, who was born at Wigtwizzle Hall in 1913 and lived there for 12 years. She died last year and Margaret and a cousin scattered her ashes there.

Wigtwizzle is a very small place – two farms and three houses, with a village green. The houses are old, yet beautiful. I must tell you about Wigtwizzle Hall; the date carved in the stone of the doorpost was 1610. It was built of dark stone and had huge stone slabs for slates.

There were three rooms on the ground floor and four bedrooms upstairs. There was also a pantry and a cellar. The living room was very big. The fireplace was comparatively modern, the only difference being a hole about a yard and a half deep for the ashes to fall into, and it was covered by a fire-grate. Can you imagine the dust from such a method!

The hearthstone was a huge stone slab. This was washed every day and a pattern drawn on it with what was called “pot-mould” – a hard form of whitening. Milk was first rubbed on to make it stick. The whole floor was stone slabs – one would have thought they had been polished; they had such a smooth surface.

The walls would be easily a yard thick and there were no wooden doorjambs. Huge slabs lined the doorways with thick iron hinges fixed in, and the doors hung on these, similar to how gates are hung.

The windows were very small – no woodwork again – the frames being carved stone, long and narrow, with six or eight panes of glass to each window, about 3 inches square. They were fixed by an old method: one thick piece of iron divided the window in two, each pane fixed in lead and then fastened by the iron with a piece of copper wire around it about three times. The whole thing was then made watertight with a film of plaster. All this may sound strange, but it really was good, solid workmanship. The inside of the windows was left in its raw state. Even with big, long windows, there was not much light.

To give you an idea of the size of the living room: on one side were a settle big enough to seat six, sewing –



machine and a big oak chest, with a space in between each. On the opposite side were two chests of drawers, each a yard wide, a grandfather clock, two chairs, a corner-cupboard and a doorway. Also in the room were a sofa, rocking chair, armchair and two large tables – one as big as a threshing-table – and there was still plenty of space.

My family made their own entertainment and visited each other's houses and held dances. Two lots of Lancers could be done comfortably in this living room and the floor was good for the job. Music was supplied by a melodeon and a concertina. Quaint, isn't it!



The two families occupying Wigtwizzle Hall c. 1930. The girl with the bandaged knee is Eunice Dyson.

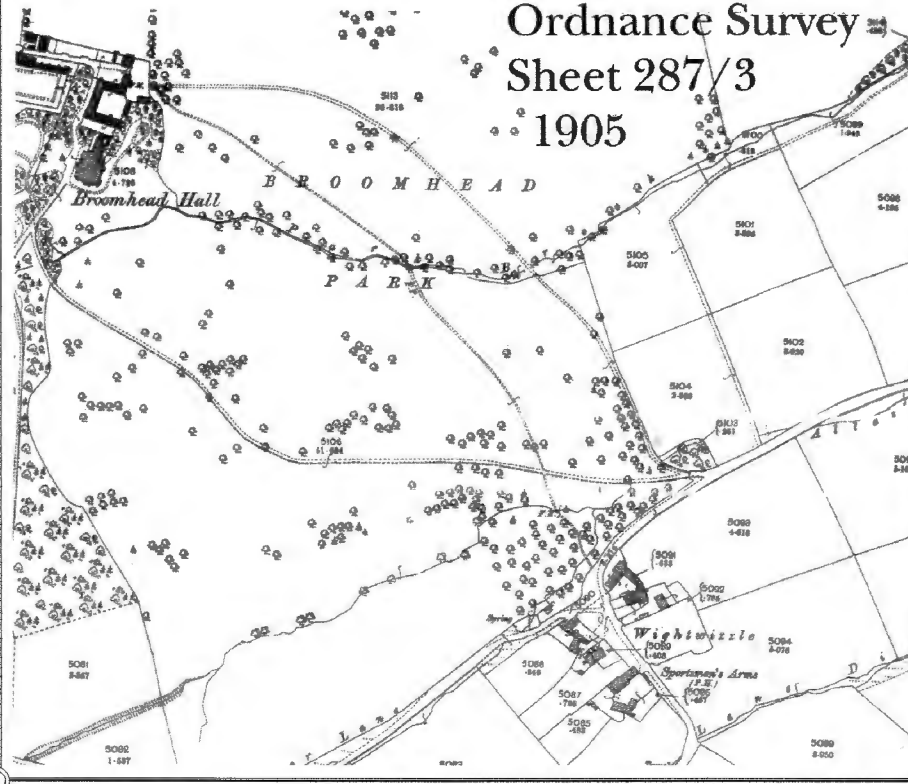
The ceilings were low, and hung up near the living-room fire was a "bread-real". This was used to dry oatcakes and they were lovely. The step up from the living room to the kitchen was very much worn, thin as a wafer and very smooth.

The parlour, as it was called, was a smaller room. It had a useful cupboard, which was simply a space left when the parlour and

one in the living room, so could be used from either side.

The kitchen was not too big. It had a long, stone sink

Ordnance Survey Sheet 287/3 1905



and there was a water pipe with an ever-lasting supply of fresh water. It was always running and just went down the sink like a running stream. There was no tap. It was spring-water, clear as crystal and icy cold.

There were several stone benches in the kitchen and what is called in Yorkshire a "backstone"- this is a large grill-plate about 4 ft. x 2 ft. There is a space underneath where a fire was made and that is where the oatcakes were cooked before being

hung on the rack I mentioned to dry.

When the floor in the kitchen had been washed sand used to be thrown down. This was to keep the floor clean and it worked as a scouring method.

The bedrooms were quite ordinary. The floors were of heavy oak and as black as ink. Whether that was due to stain or age I don't know. The stairs were stone and there were 11 of them.

The pantry was a big place with great stone slabs. I don't know how they were ever fixed in, they were so large. The cellar was used very little, sometimes in the summer, but in the winter it was always full of water to the depth of 3 ft.

The other houses were more modern, being smaller and more compact, although none had water laid on. This they had to carry from a trough in the bank-side. The spring was never dry and had a very good reputation for curing whooping-cough.

Grace Swann—Darlington

Margaret adds: Wigtwizzle Hall was two separate dwellings, both occupied by farming families. My great-grandparents Ralph and Mary Marsh lived there, my grandfather Ralph was born there, as were my mother, two aunts and my uncle.

The Hall was demolished in 1936 and my grandparents then went to live at Dwarriden.

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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 2005 ❖

AUGUST:

NO MEETING - SUMMER RECESS

SEPTEMBER 8TH.

JOHN SALT

CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE WORKHOUSE

OCTOBER 13TH.

MEMBERS EVENING — OPEN FORUM

NOVEMBER 10TH.

BETTY MCKAY

THE POPPY PEOPLE

SATURDAY DECEMBER 10TH.

CAROL SUPPER AT THE UNITED REFORM
HALL

Designed & printed by Mike's DTP 0114 246 4200 mike@spich.co.uk

From the Diary of WILLIS BURGIN

Mother was tall and slim, always dressed well and was a good Mother to us all. She had a wonderful soprano voice and was a member of the Deepcar Wesley Choir and also the Stocksbridge Mixed Voice Choir, but she was always happiest with her Children's Choir at the Wesley Chapel.

One of Mother's favourite solos was I Know That My Redeemer Liveth from the Messiah. I always enjoyed listening to her singing that solo.

Mother won many prizes at competitions at Stocksbridge, Penistone and Sheffield. Her great day was when she brought home the first prize in the Open Soprano Class from the City of Sheffield.

I remember one occasion when she papered a friend's bedroom, had the job finished by 6 pm., came home, washed and changed and caught a train at Deepcar Station at 7.30 pm for Penistone to attend a singing competition. Both Mother and the Stocksbridge Mixed Choir were competitors and both came home with first prize in their class.

Mother was very firm that her children should attend Sunday School, which to her was just as important as Day School. She made good use of the organ, giving private singing lessons to young ladies, and many of them made good singers.

Now Mother was left with four sons and one daughter - I was 17, Sidney 13, Norman 10, Harold 5 and Hilda 18 months. Two of us were at work -I got 16s 8d. a week and Sidney got 7/6. Help came from neighbours and friends at Chapel and Nurse Sunter was a tower of strength to us all.

Mother took singing engagements at churches and chapels at a fee of half a guinea, plus expenses, and made a few shillings decorating and paper-hanging.

Father's life was insured for £30 and this was paid in gold sovereigns. In that year of 1911 miners' and boys' wages were paid in sovereigns, half-sovereigns, silver and copper. Mother's young sister kindly took charge of this money till such time as Mother needed it. Every two weeks, when I was on the afternoon shift, I would cycle to Aunt Flo's at her home in Sheffield to fetch £2/-/-. I would go on the Saturday morning, and in the summer it was a lovely cycle ride.

My troubles were in the city of Sheffield, with the large number of horses, drays and cabs, and those trams and tramlines that I had to cross. I had many spills before I learned to ride over those tramlines correctly.

In August 1911 a letter arrived from an old friend of Mother's, a Mrs. Faulkner, who had moved from Deepcar to Thorne, near Doncaster, to start a grocery business. She invited Mother to sing at their Methodist Chapel for a fee of two guineas and expenses.

A cousin looked after the family for the weekend. Mother returned home by train on the Monday afternoon, very happy after her outing, saying how well her singing had been received and telling us about people she had met. One was the manager of the new Thorne Colliery, a steward of the church.

The best news was that there was a job for me at the new colliery, if the family could make up their minds to go, and this we did. On the following Monday morning I cycled to Thorne - a journey of 23 miles - and saw the colliery manager. After a brief chat, I was told I could start work there in 14 days. Mrs. Faulkner was very pleased that I had got the job and was kind enough to let me stay the night. Next day I cycled home and gave the family the good news.

I put in my notice of 14 days to leave S. Fox & Co. Only four days after I left Thorne, a letter arrived from Mrs. Faulkner, saying that lodgings had been found for me in Thorne, a mile from the colliery. On the Sunday morning ten days later, I packed a case and fastened it on the back of my bicycle and after saying farewell to my family I was on my way to Thorne. Except for one illness in hospital, it was the first time I had been away from home.