

**STOCKSBRIDGE & DISTRICT
HISTORY SOCIETY
NEWSLETTER**

Number 11 Autumn 1994

CONFUSION ?

Firstly an apology. **Brenda Duffield** has asked to point out that there was an error in the article **Churches in our valley** [Issue 10 Summer 1994].

According to *A Brief History of the British Hall*, it was the **Ebenezer** and the **Salem (Congregational)** Chapels which amalgamated in 1882.

There is even more to confuse in the history of Stocksbridge schools - which the society is currently compiling.

At Bolsterstone:- the **FREE** school also referred to as the **ENDOWED**, is the one down Moorhall lane/School Lane/Sunny Bank Lane, so was known as the **BOTTOM SCHOOL**.

The **NATIONAL** school, now known as the **CHURCH** school, is in Bolsterstone village and was known as the **TOP** school.

In Stocksbridge:- the **CHURCH** school at the bottom of Nanny Hill, was also known as a **NATIONAL** school.

The **BRITISH** school originated in the Ebenezer Chapel, the building eventually becoming the British Hall.

The **WORKS** school was also known as the **RED** school because of the original red brick, and as **BRAMLEY'S** when there was a headmaster of that name. The building eventually became part of the Co-op, so people refer to it as the **CO-OP** school.

To try to cut through all this confusion we desperately need more of your oral testimony to help us record this aspect of history that we have all suffered under and hopefully benefited from.

Mary Hepworth and **Christine Herbert** are waiting to hear from **YOU !!**
Brenda Duffield

DISCOVERING OUR PAST

Walking alongside of the Underbank reservoir a few years ago I was able to follow the original river bed all the way up to Midhope. Along the river bank I found several, large, fresh-water oyster shells that had been brought out of the shallow water by the gulls. They had pecked large holes in the centre to get at the oyster inside and then discarded the empty shell. Having oysters in the water is a good indicator of clean, fresh water. Looking across the silt that was drying-out I could see the foundations of the old fields, and here and there were pieces of old Midhope pottery, the lead glaze still as good as the day it had been put on.

Other things turn up as the dust and silt is blown away by the wind. Old horizons are revealed where the neolithic and Bronze-age peoples hunted alongside the river and chipped flint blades to skin the game they had caught. It is possible to pick up flint tools that were left by these early hunters.

Looking around I found a quartz pebble that had been broken in half. One end had a lot of deep, parallel lines on the flat side. This was something different that I hadn't seen before. I now had two similar pebbles from the same area. I took them in to Weston Park to have them identified.

I was told that this type of pebble was used in a wooden plough and that they were knocked into rows of holes along its bottom, and would help to prevent wear as the plough passed through sandy soils and gravel, hence the scratch marks. This would be a Scandinavian style plough, dating from around 900 years ago.

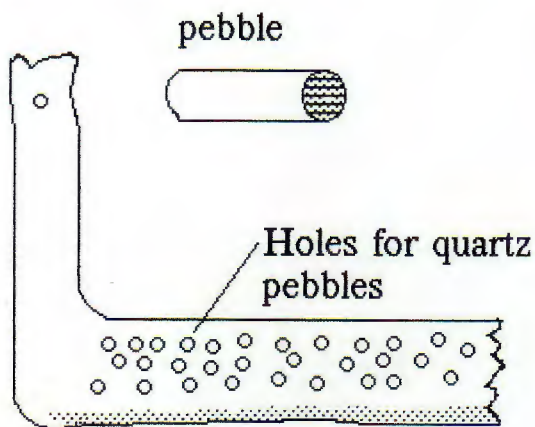
Looking at local place names, a lot of them have Norse roots, like Balder-stone

changed later to the modern Bolsterstone.

Below is a drawing of such a plough that was found partly preserved at Tomerby in Jutland.

It appears that the area around Underbank valley was settled by these Scandinavian farmers, firstly alongside the fertile rivers, later moving up the hillsides as the forest on the sunny, south side was cleared.

F.Hepworth.



(not to scale)



BREWING

In the 17th & 18th Century
Part 3

In the meantime if small beer was to follow, the copper would be re-filled and set to boil, and hot water poured onto the grist which had been left in the mash tun from the first brew; and the same procedure as for the strong beer followed. If a second fermenting vessel was available, that would be used, if not; the second brew had to remain in the copper to cool and the fire taken out, while the strong beer was transferred into casks, the small beer was then run off into the fermenting vessel. After three days fermentation, the beer was racked into casks which were put onto a stillage, and the yeast preserved for the next brewing and baking, for once dead, fresh yeast from a local brewer or baker would have to be obtained before the next brew or

baking could commence.

Isinglass for finings did not appear until about 1750, but raw egg white would serve the same purpose. Since, however, beer was drunk from mugs, it is doubtful if the drinker knew or cared whether or not his beer was clear or cloudy.

Casks had to be clean and sweet otherwise the beer would go off. When empty after use, they had to be scalded and washed out several times before being put in an airy place ready for the next brew. During fermentation the mash tun is emptied and the grains given for cattle food; the spent hops go on the manure heap - nothing wasted!

Thirty years later during the gin craze, the London distillers had such quantities of grains to dispose of that they kept large herds of pigs. It was said that 'brewers pork' was never as tasty as home fed.

About the end of the seventeenth century beer began to be bottled in glass, and by allowing a little secondary fermentation, the beer took on a liveliness.

From the inventory of Mary Ludlam 18th January 1712 Wortley Arms?

"...11 doz. bottles 16s 6d (82½p), 10 doz. bottled ale @ 3d p. bottle 1L 10s 0d (150p), 120 Galls of drink £6 (600p), hops for brewing 1s 2d (6p)..."

Sugar was not allowed to be used in brewing until 1847. The old ale conners test for sugar was to take a sample from the cask, pour it onto a bench and sit upon it for about half an hour, and then rise. If his trouser seat did not stick, the beer was good for all the sugars in the malt had been converted to alcohol.

The saccharometer came into use in 1769 and with it the pressure of excise duty, the assize of ale and bread slowly faded into disuse and out of existence.

In the matter of law and order James I in 1604 enacted among other items, that parish constables were required to inspect alehouses to ensure that they were conducted properly. Owners that allowed customers to stay too long were fined 10/- (50p) - the money being given to the poor of the parish.

*"...That Richard Sylvester late of Hunshelf alehouse, there the eleventh day of June 1654 being the Saboth day and divers other days and tymes as well as before and after in the dwelling house at Hunshelf did suffer certain lewd and disorderly persons to be tippling and drinking and dancing and also them then and there did suffer a piper to pipe in his said house upon the said Saboth day to the evill example of others in ye like case and affording contrary to the peace of the statute in ye case made.
Submito fined Xs to ye poore."*

In 1700 it was estimated that two thirds of beer brewed was done privately. Even in 1840 the figure was 40% but by 1850 it had fallen to 10%.

The era of the big brewer had begun in 1683 when Truman and Elder started brewing in Spital Fields, London; and the trade took on a new dimension with the first brewing of Porter in 1722.

'Harwoods Entire Butt' - Bellhouse Brewery Shoreditch.

*"Harwood my townsman he invented first
Porter to rival wine and quench the thirst
Porter which spreads half the world o'er
Whose reputation rises more and more
As long as Porter shall preserve its fame
Let all with gratitude our Parish Name"*

It had conquered the London Market by 1726.

W.E. Spencer

[To be concluded in the next newsletter]



FOX GLEN

My earliest memories induced by the words 'Fox Glen' are of the family making its way up Carr Road, past 'Elliot's Chimney' and through the Glen en route to my Great Aunt and Uncle's house for tea. The reason for these memories is not the Glen itself - although I remember the

path being leaf strewn and not always level - nor is it the tea awaiting us (although I'm sure it was very good!) but the memory of my big blue tricycle with a luggage compartment and a pushing handle at the back! How proud I was of it but how my poor Dad must have dreaded having to push me up the hill past the big chimney and holding me back on the way home!

As a child of junior school age, my friends and I would often go and explore the Glen. I seem to remember a stile and a huge wild rose bush next to it. The pink and white flowers looked so beautiful but you certainly knew about it if you got too close. The paths along the valley bottom were rather overgrown and holly seemed to have taken over everywhere making it rather dark and a prickly adventure when exploring!

I have no recollections of swings or seesaw - perhaps they had fallen into disrepair by then - but I do remember the sandpit which had a high wall to one side. Not for us the making of sand pies - no, it was dare-devil action all the way... who dare jump from the highest part of the wall into the sand?! It seemed an awful long way down at the time, but I don't expect it was really!

We usually followed the river upstream as far as the paddling pools which were in need of repair, leaf strewn and certainly not conducive to going in for a paddle! When my parents used to tell me about paddling and swimming in the Glen, it used to take some believing, especially having seen the state of the pools!

We tended not to progress much further than this, not just because of the overgrown paths and the rather eerie atmosphere (we never went there alone, it was too dark and scary!) but usually because the midges - and there were plenty of them - had started to make a meal out of us!

C. Herbert



ADVERTISEMENT

If you enjoyed the above article or have memories of "Fox Glen" or maybe even the "Clough", you will be interested in *Fox Glen Remembered*.

A brief history of the Glen, a wide variety of personal memories and other miscellaneous facts that make up a fascinating read.

On sale soon - at a cost of £1.50
See Christine Herbert for further details.



BRITISH HALL

I remember the British Hall. I was born in 1930 and I used to go to the United Reformed Church (Congos as we used to be called by local people). We used to have Sunday School in the British Hall before the 1939 war, then it was taken over for war work.

At Whitsuntide we always finished up at the British Hall for lunch after the Whit walk, then we went up to Bracken Moor (Whitsuntide Field as it was called) and had the games there.

I remember going to the library which was in the British Hall. I used to go there on a Tuesday to take my two children to the clinic to see the nurse and have the babies weighed and their injections given.

Another big event in my life was my twenty-first birthday. I was fortunate to be able to hire a room in the British Hall for my party on condition that we didn't have alcoholic drinks. The refreshments came from Hanwell's and I had to go and help my sister to get everything ready after work. I was working in the ladies department of the local Co-operative and we worked until 5pm on a Saturday. The young man I was to eventually marry came to my party, that was the first date we had so the British Hall holds very happy memories for me.

Jean Burkinshaw

PROGRAMME

OCTOBER 13TH.
HOWARD SMITH
MORTIMER ROAD - THE TURNPIKE THAT
FAILED

NOVEMBER 10TH.
HE KNEW HOW TO USE HIS STICK
AN UPDATE OF THE ORAL HISTORY
PROJECT

DECEMBER 8TH.
BRENDA MILNES
CAROLS AND OTHER SEASONAL
ENTERTAINMENTS

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DECEMBER 1994

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