



THE PARAGON

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The Journal of the Stocksbridge & District History Society

Charles Royston Mallinson (Roy)

1930 to 2012

Honorary President



Roy loved the district of Stocksbridge and was passionate about preserving its history, he wrote many articles for the various Newsletters that the Society has published over the years, the first one titled "Steam in the Blood" in the Spring of

1994 and the last one titled "My working life" a three part series the last part being published in the Spring of 2009.

One particular article "Self Remembered" (a series of three published in the PARAGON issues 43, 44, and 45) portrays an account of his earlier years, here are a few facts about Roy taken from that article.

He was born on the 2nd of October 1930 in rented rooms above a shop in Langsett Road at Oughtibridge.

He started school in the Infants Department of the Oughtibridge Council School in 1935 and left in October of 1944 at the age of 14 and started to look for his first employment, which he found working at Samuel Fox and Company Limited in the Traffic Department, where he obviously gained his passion for Locomotives and all things "Steam".

Roy described his time at "Sammys" in another series of articles (PARAGON issues 53, 54 and 55) titled "My Working Life" he seemed to have enjoyed his time there, in fact we believe that he would accept whatever came his way with fortitude, if not with actual relish such was his sunny disposition, he often described the job he had of cleaning the black "gunge" off of the top of a locomotive, that had been applied early in the war, to prevent any reflection for enemy bombers to see.

National Service came in 1949 when Roy served in the Royal Air Force.

We are not sure how long Roy and Barbara have been members of the Society, but he was Deputy Chairman until Brenda finished as Secretary in 1999 - 2000, when Basil took over as Secretary and Roy as Chairman.

He stood down from his duties as Chairman due to ill health in 2011 and took up the position of Honorary President.

Roy was a Religious man and attended the "United Reform Church" now known as "Christ Church" he had a rich baritone voice and would have been a mainstay of his church choir.

We will always remember the way he used to sing "Good evening, all!" to open our meetings, he was cultured and articulate, a real gentleman, a lovely man and a great friend, he will be sorely missed by our Society and anyone who was fortunate enough to have known him.

QUESTION TIME.

There is a twist to question time in this issue as we don't know the answer to the question posed, we have a number of photographs without the information to go with them, so if you can add "who" "what" "where" or "when" to any of the images let us know, sorry no prizes.



The one marked is Douglas Wordsworth any further information?



1896-1987

MARRIAGE

1954 – A momentous year. During the autumn of the previous year I received a proposal of marriage. Without any hesitation I turned it down. After going my own way for so many years, living 17 years on my own, I could not imagine sharing my life and home with anyone else; however worthy that someone might be. I had known Fred Birkhead for many years – he was a great pal of my brothers - they had worked with him and played with him in the same football and cricket teams. I knew he had many good points. As Band of Hope secretary he had practised many children at his own house, where they had been made welcome by his late wife. He had been a keen church worker at Green Moor.



I knew he liked his own way, and that had led to clashes at Leaders Meetings, which certainly went more smoothly when he left to join Stocksbridge Congregational Church (now the United Reform) when they went to live in Stocksbridge. There he initiated a very successful Brotherhood with its own choir and orchestra.

So I decided that marriage wouldn't work and the idea was dismissed for several months. Then we met again at a mutual friend's house, after which it was again discussed and considered for a month. The choice was between living my own life in solitude, conduct my own affairs, free to make my own decisions and follow my own ways, and having a partner with whom I had much in common and who, I knew, would be anxious to please in every way.

All this was kept strictly secret, except for my brother, who was quite sure that it would work out for the happiness of both.

Fred's plan was for us to live at his house, "Fairview" at Deepcar, but I am afraid I loved my own home and village too much for that. So Fred agreed and I am sure he never regretted coming to live with me at Green Moor. That was a characteristic of Fred's which became evident many times later – he was strong-willed but was always ready to respect my opinions and wishes.

At last the decision was made and publicly announced – a nine-day wonder! Plans went ahead for furniture to be disposed of and the house at Deepcar given up. In 1954 we were married – at the age of 58 and 62 – with good wishes and approbation from family and friends.

I continued at school, hoping to continue teaching for another 4 years to increase my pension, from which we benefitted in later years, but what a busy life ensued, with a husband who was heart and soul in the Co-operative movement, Chairman of the South Yorkshire District. This entailed many meetings in different parts of the District: Worksop, Doncaster, Chesterfield, Rotherham, Grimsby and Leeds. To most of them I acted as chauffeur, so had to overcome my nervousness at town driving. I was always warmly welcomed by the Co-op Committee members.

Added to this we had church activities, the weekly W.E.A. class, carrying on single-handed at school and the house-keeping – although I did have some help with household chores. Looking back I wonder how I stood up to it. But I began to feel that teaching was not getting the enthusiasm it needed, and had been given up to then. So after two years I decided to give in my notice, although this might affect my pension later. However, there were no applicants for the vacancy, so I carried on until Christmas, then until Easter. Then an appointment was made, but would I carry on until the end of the school year in July?

So at last, in 1957, I was able to retire and spend the rest of my life in my native village – or so I hoped. My husband also retired, but carried on with his Co-operative activities for another year. He also kept on some part-time Insurance work that provided interest and pleasure in retirement. We had bought some land adjacent to the bungalow – where Bank View now stands – which provided opportunity for vegetable gardening and room for a greenhouse, a great pleasure.

For one and a half years all went well.

SALFORD REMEMBERED Part 7

By A. A. McKay (1927-2009)

If I had to suggest a centre around which life revolved in our new house, I would say it was the living room, and especially the big, black grate that always, in winter at least, gave off a lovely warm, welcoming glow. On the left-hand side of the fire there was a shelf, and on that shelf in pride of place, was an iron kettle that was the constant supplier of hot water. It was the greatest offence to Dad to take water from the kettle without refilling it; if he could not get enough boiling water from the kettle for his shave, you had to make yourself scarce.



The oven, situated at the right-hand side, was heated by the coals from the fire, and all hot food was prepared in this. Rice puddings were cooked overnight; Mom would put the basin

in the oven last thing so that it would cook slowly in the heat of the dying embers. She also used to sprinkle freshly-ground nutmeg on the top; this caused a lovely, brown skin to form and this was fought for in the nicest way.

Every weekend Mom would bake a large, round fruit cake, about 12 inches by 3 inches deep. She never weighed any of the ingredients; she just put them into the mixing bowl by the cupful. Covering the mantelpiece was a lovely chenille cover, and into this there were a few long Victorian hatpins. When the time came that Mom thought the cake might be ready, she would carefully open the oven door, take one of these hatpins and very gently stick it into the cake, and with the same care she would pull it out again, letting it run through her fingers. If any of the cake was sticking to the pin, it was not baked, and the operation was carried out again later until it came out clean. This cake was used during the week for packed lunches for those going out to work. Another part of the weekend baking routine was the egg custard Mom used to bake. It was made in a large, shallow, enamelled baking tin. It needed to be big – it was made, I think, with 13 eggs (cracked if possible, because they were cheaper). They were bought from Mr. Lee, whose grocery shop was round the corner on St. Stephen Street. This was consumed by the family over the weekend. More about food later.

Perhaps a description of Wellington Street is due. At the bottom of the street was a slight incline and here on the corner with St. Stephen Street stood a Nonconformist chapel. I believe it was endowed by a family called Wetherall, who had a wholesale grocery business in Cannon St. All the local shopkeepers seemed to trade with them. Some of us would be asked from time to time to run down to bring urgent orders for the local shops, and I suppose the penny we would get for our short journey would seem a generous reward.

Getting back to the Chapel, I should mention that during the 1939-45 War it was converted to a mortuary in case of heavy casualties during German air raids. It was filled with canvas bunk-type beds and there were a couple of concrete tables with showers above them for washing bodies. Thank God it was never used. Next door at number 1 lived the caretakers, Mr. and Mrs. Turner. I can't remember who lived at number 3; at number 5 lived Terry Malloy and then was our house, number 7 Mr. and Mrs. Worthington lived at number 9; they were a lovely old couple. I think they had a sweet shop in St. Stephen Street. number 9 was also occupied later by our Agnes, Joe and family. At number 11 lived Mr. and Mrs. Stretton and their two sons, Johnny and Charlie. Mr. Stretton worked at the abattoir. I can see him now, coming home in the evening with his container of milk taken from the cows before they were slaughtered.

The history of Spink Hall presents a contrasting picture. Useful documents were made available by the most recent occupant, a descendant of a family who were farm labourers there in 1851. The brothers had been born at Avice Royd on Hunshelf, and while Jonas returned there to take over the family farm, George took Cote Farm at Bolsterstone.



These papers, together with the evidence offered by the deeds to the property called The Cross at Bolsterstone, show that the estate was even greater than the 150 acres owned by John Grayson in 1851. He had inherited it from his uncle Joseph Grayson in 1829 and was an executor of his will.

Joseph had disposed of at least one property, bequeathing the Cross cottages to his niece, Mary Grayson, who in turn left it to her sister Matilda, wife of the Rev. William Irving, vicar of Bolsterstone. They were living at Townend in 1841 – another Grayson property. Their daughter Mary Irving, sold the Cross Cottages in 1867 to John Smith of Moor Farm at Green, so the estate had already been reduced in size.

Although Spink Hall had been occupied throughout the period 1851 to 1881, first by John Grayson alone, then by his widow, there were no offspring to succeed.

Ever since it was built by Ralph Ellis of Midhope Hall in the 1680s and occupied by his daughter Mary and her husband, schoolmaster and solicitor Henry Hodgkinson, Spink Hall land – but not the house – had been bought by a Thomas Smith of Oughtibridge before coming into the possession of the Graysons. Even if there were a connection through the female line, there is no apparent direct succession.

However, John Grayson not only maintained the estate during his lifetime, he was also a successful business man, quarrying sandstone in the land immediately to the south of the Hall, mining ganister and coal on Townend Common as well as farming the land. Mr. Broadhead's papers give details of alterations made in 1819, including the erection of a carriage house, a two-storey west wing extension to the farmhouse and the Low Farm buildings in 1866. The plastering of the Hall in 1870 was done after his death in 1869, but was probably commissioned by him.

John Grayson was a Trustee of Bolsterstone School and was named in the sale of land in 1842 for that purpose. He bequeathed £200 to the Bolsterstone Parish Doles and is commemorated in a stained glass window in the north aisle of St. Mary's Church, donated by his widow Lydia Grayson.

After her death the estate passed to John Grayson's great nephew, John Grayson Lowwood, in whose time it was reduced to a small farm. He was a manufacturer rather than a farmer, and by the turn of the century the prosperity of Stocksbridge was becoming heavily dependent on industry at the expense of Agriculture.

COMMITTEE MEMBERS

Chairman	Dennis Pindar Tel 01142882301
Secretary	Basil Spooner Tel 01142884456
Treasurer	Val Dodgson
Archivist	Brenda Duffield
Member	Janet Parkin
Member	Mary Read

PROGRAMME OF EVENTS 2012

August 9 th	SUMMER RECESS	
September 13 th	YORK MINSTER	Pat McLaughlin
October 11 th	A HISTORY OF PENISTONE	David Hey
October 21 st (Sunday)	BRADFIELD FAMILY/LOCAL HISTORY FAIR HELD AT BRADFIELD VILLAGE HALL)	
November 8 th	STOCKSBRIDGE & DISTRICT PHOTO SHOW	History Society
December 13 th (Thursday)	CHRISTMAS RELATED EVENT (Pre booking - Members only)	History Society

The Cooperative Society History - can you help?

I am looking to update the Website Feature about the history of the Cooperative Society in the district.

The period from around 1930 to the present day is particularly short of detail.

Do you have photographs, information or access to people who may have worked for the Society during this period?

If so please get in touch.

Thanks Graham.

Spink Hall itself remains a sturdy period residence, although surrounded by modern housing, and the farm buildings have been put to commercial use.

But again, the survival of the farming family Broadhead, if not this branch of the Graysons, demonstrates the stability of the original Agricultural stock of Stocksbridge in the face of overwhelming industrialisation.

Brenda Duffield

Chairman's Notes.

We have had a very busy few weeks since our last edition of the Paragon. The Society was involved in the Stocksbridge Jubilee Festival and had a well received stall in the precinct on the Monday. We took the opportunity to produce our new 'Journey Around the District' DVD, which again has been very well received.

The festival stall was a great opportunity to get to the people with an interest in the Society's activities and archive. We had a lot of feedback about people, places and events, which will add dates and information to some of the photographs.

There was sad news of the death of Roy Mallinson, Hon President. Our sincere condolences and thoughts have been conveyed to Barbara and there is a tribute to Roy in another section of this Paragon

The website continues to produce interest and enquiries from the UK and overseas. One of the latest ones is about the 'Newtons of Hunshef and the Rising Sun pub, this from Les Mathews in Wangaratta, Australia, all ably dealt with by Brenda.

We had a very interesting afternoon doing a presentation to 3 classes at Stocksbridge Junior School. Fantastic kids, very enjoyable. My thanks go to Basil for the pieces of coal, 'Black Diamonds' to the children. Great stuff.

Things that are 'on the stove' at the moment are, amongst others; a review and refurbishment of the Local History corner of the library; a project on the pits at Hand Bank and Sheepphouse; Stocksbridge Hill Rescue Team history; Archaeology at Tin Mill; Stocksbridge at War memories.

Any help with these projects is always appreciated.

Dennis

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