



THE PARAGON

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JOHN HOLLING MEMORIES

Part 8 – More Memories of Deepcar

I will return now to near my own home which had my every day seeing and hearing, and attractions. In my school days, going to our Ellenclyffe Farm which father rented annually from Lord Whamcliffe. My father along with all the other Farm Holders, used to all go to pay their annual rents to Wortley Hall, where the "Lord" gave a feast to his Holders, and when my father came back he thrilled us by saying he had seen the "Dragon of Wantley" hung on the wall. There is a story still clinging through the centuries, that the "Dragon of Wantley" (Wortley), used to fly over from Whamcliffe to drink from the ice cold well on Townend Common. This well, we in Deepcar always called the 'Dragon's Well', and it was often as lads, we went to drink there, and bring back a bottle full. Another famous well was the sixty step 'well' at Greenmoor, in the old quarry. We used to walk to this 'well' and back after Sunday School, before tea-time.

I only once saw this Dragon, which my father told me of as a boy, and that was on the occasion of, me being an invited guest to a function at Wortley Hall. It was during my Chairmanship of the Stocksbridge Urban District, and the photographer took my photo while signing the large book on the table in the entrance hall. This entrance was of coloured marble and gold, and had an enormous staircase leading to the upper rooms. The stairway was of beautiful design and workmanship, and there at the head, set in prominence, was a very large ornate canvas of the Dragon of Wantley. It is an historical fact that the 'Mores' of 'More Hall' were at feudal cross purposes with 'Lords of Wantley', and the mythical breathings of fire and water of the 'Dragon' was really pitched bloody battles.

Going down the Wesleyan Chapel hill, and over the railway crossing, was a well-built farmstead, and flat fields extending up to the old Corn Mill cottages, and downwards to the back of Sheffield Row, Old Haywoods. This was farmed and tenanted by a Mr. Woodcock, who was a member at Wesley, along with his family Sam and Fred, who later took Town-End Farm, near Townend House.

This farm, at the bottom of the Chapel hill, was later tenanted by Mr. Mills. I remember Mrs. Mills was a very clean and frugal and honest lady to a great degree. She wore clogs (all farm wives and hands did). Some clogs were ornamented by designs made on the leather in brass, of flowers or animals. I remember going on my father's business to Mrs. Mill's house later, in Carr Fold and the stone floor was almost white with cleanliness and nice yellow sand sprinkled on the floor. One of her sons who was my own age, broke into the conversation which Mrs. Mills and I were engaged, she immediately turned

to her son and said 'Wisht Wisht', and her son obeyed without any rancour. I wonder how far back her dialect goes.



The river was crossed by a wooden bridge, sufficient in those days for horses and carts, which was a daily occurrence, for it was the way to our farm, and also I remember that the Brickworks of about seven round kilns and brickmaking sheds were in operation at that time. Immediately over the bridge was a two-storied cottage, where lived a Mr. and Mrs. David Davenport and family. David Davenport was a Taxidermist and the only one I have ever known. We had to pass his house on our way to Ellenclyffe Farm. I have spent many hours watching him in the house curing the skins of animals, stuffing animals and birds, watching making his boxes for exhibits of his dead foxes, rabbits, gulls, pigeons, hedgehogs, rats, mice, dogs, canaries and anything which customers brought for him to make for an exhibit in their homes.

These were put generally on the sideboard, or on the chest of drawers which most kitchens had as a necessity for immediate clothing apparel. Mr. Davenport set all his exhibits in their proper environment, and his coloured backgrounds of different grasses so meticulously arranged, were a marvel of workmanship. All his work was 95% enclosed, whether it be an eagle tearing the rabbit apart by claw or beak, or a fox with the feathered hen in its mouth, or a canary, which in those days so many took a pride in rearing the best 'Roller' or 'Yorkshire'. All the landed gentry at the shoots of 'Broomhead' and 'Whamcliffe' brought their special shots of plumage birds like pheasant, grouse, and partridge, to be stuffed, to adorn their establishments and mansions.

Mr. Davenport took a liking to me for some reason or other, and has been a friend of mine over 40 to 50 years. Although some people would say we were poles apart, we had that understanding which bridges all social conceptions. He lived in utter squalor, and to have eaten anything inside any of his

rooms would have choked me. His work seemed to permeate everything in the house. He was himself of good complexion where his rash allowed him to be, and he was clean in himself and his Sunday clothes were spotless and lovely brown shoes and neckerchief of distinction. His wife was the thinnest woman ever seen by me, always dressed in black with clogs. Their water used for drinking and washing, was carried from a trough of water a little higher up the winding road. This was at the rear of the brickworks almost against the blacksmiths shop and used for the horses and the blacksmithing of the brickworks.

Across from this building was the pallisaded gateway and entrance to the grounds and very large house called Whamcliffe Villa, the home of the manager of the brickworks. I remember when these grounds and shrubberies were a lovely sight, with the multi-coloured floral shrubs and statues of **light biscuit coloured brick animals, vases and other ornamentation in the cultivated plantation.**

The clay pit entrance was near the blacksmiths shop, and also a clay pit was worked higher up near the little fish pond reservoirs, higher up to the left of Ellenciffe Farm. I remember these being in use at a very early period of my life. Our cart track to Ellenciffe went up the side of the Plantation of this large house, and then turned at the top right angle, making a straight flat road to our farm.

Going back to Davenport, they had two sons, one David and one Alfred. They terrorized me on all occasions, and it made it worse because I had so many journeys of one sort and another to and from the farm. I was not their size in body at all, neither had I their temperament of viciousness in fighting. They fought with fist and clog, and both came on to me if I were alone. I remember one day my pals were going up the hills to the farm with me, and these two came for me. My pals made a ring and held one off until I had fought the first. I remember I gave him a good hiding and he ran off, and then I hid the other till he ran home. I don't know how I did it for they were older and bigger, but I did, and not again was I ever molested on my journeys up there, day or night.

I remember having to go to the farm carrying a candle lantern to make sure some door or other had been bolted, or take a message to our farm-hand living at the farm. Mr. Davenport was one of the best shots with double-barrel. This was to be expected, for they lived almost entirely on what he shot about sunrise, in feather and animal life.

I have known him catch 40 sparrows in his net by scraping down an ivy clad house wall with it at dusk. He has made a pie of them the next day.

When his wife died, and his son Alfred got married, it fell to my lot to transport his few chattels to Lancashire, where he went to live with an old school friend of his. I took his goods which were worth about 30/- the lot, and his fine collection of guns and rifles worth in my estimation £200. He had a lady's double barreled gun, the only one I ever saw, which I persuaded him to sell to me for £5. I bought it thinking it may be a sport which my children could learn with. This gun was never in their hands, for Mr. Jack Schofield the "Timber Merchant" of Deepcar borrowed it from me for his daughter to shoot at Bitholmes which he owned. I have not seen it since (20 years), it is too late now to bother about.

GREEN MOOR STONE

ITS QUARRIES AND QUARRYMEN (Part 1)

by Jack Branston.

(This is the first part of a series of articles done for Fox Magazine, by Jack Branston, about the quarries at Green Moor. We found the transcript in the Trevor Lodge archive and felt that it was worth a new airing. Ed)

Taking to the very narrow winding path from 'Rose Cottage', Ford Lane, we trek our way past Moon Penny Farm, through pasture land known as "Fourteen Acres" across Park Lane which brings us to a steep climb to the top or Hunsheaf Bank.



Moonpenny Farm circa 1914. Daisy the calf, Pat Birch, Billy Nixon (on stool), Fred Wood (black hat), and Fred Rodgers.

This last stretch from Park Lane to the summit is very rough and rugged land, with gorse bushes and patches of bracken, apart from coarse grasses, and in late summer this vegetation is often burnt.

Once at the top temptation to bounce a boulder down these slopes got the better of many a boy. It took about forty minutes to make this ascent and on reaching the top it is pleasing to take a rest and glance back over the zig-zag path; in doing so our eyes fall upon the famous works of Messrs. Samuel Fox & Co. Ltd.

Homely farmsteads dotted here and there having names such as Briery Busk, Burton-Underedge, Cote Farm, Crimbles Farm, Peck Pond, Well House Farm, Myrah Bottom, Ellen Cliffe, Park Farm and Holly Hall, - all those dwellings snuggle the hillside just climbed.

Taking a look over on the other side of the Little Don Valley the largest buildings were the Stocksbridge Church with its day school, the vicarage at the top of Nanny Hill, British Hall day school, Co-operative Society, Works day school (built by S. Fox) Belmont and surgery the home of the late Dr Robertshaw, Congregational Church, and the west End Methodists. Towards the Deepcar end we had the Wesleyan Chapel, the Police Station and Deepcar Church and the Carr Road day school.

Higher on the far side of this valley we find the Church sports field, the Old Club cricket ground, and on the horizon St Mary's Church, Bolsterstone.

Now feeling more rested, we move on and find ourselves amid little hillocks overgrown with heather and bilberry plants. This is Green Moor 'Delph', huge slabs of stone lay all around us, so eroded by weather that quarrying must have been done many years ago. It was hard, however, to find who first owned these Green Moor quarries or when they first came into being.

I have been able to trace that at the end of the 17th century and early in the 18th century, a Reuben Marsh of Penistone was one of the first leasees under Lord Wharnccliffe, of these well known quarries. This gentleman lived in one of the old cottages near the Hartcliffe Tower, and afterwards built and lived in a cottage which he called 'Doubting Cottage'.

Then we find the family of Brown whose father George Brown was a victualler and kept the Horns coffee house and Tavern at Penistone. He was known as 'Old Rumbo' of the coaching days, and had a large family of sons namely:- Matthew, George, Jonathan and William; a fifth brother was Joseph, who lived at the Old Toll Bar on Penistone Green. These Browns purchased part of the lease from the aforesaid Reuben Marsh. Whilst in the hands of these two owners, many thousands of tons or the finest stone were got and sent to all parts of the country.

Joseph Brown in 1835 had wagons conveying stone to London and on the return journey he would bring back goods to for various markets, he himself travelled by stage coach. Some stone was sent to Goole by boat from Worsborough canal, then to Hull, and finally by sea to London. It is said there was a wharf on the Thames called the 'Green Moor Wharf'.

Matthew, Jonathan and William Brown were very good stone masons. Later on a Mr. William Henry Thompson of Well Hill Farm (once a stage-coach resting place) loaned his horses and carts to take stone from the 'Delph' to Worsborough Bridge for movement by boat and to Wortley Station when the railways began to carry freight. It was obvious that stone up here had very little covering of earth, and this Delph stone was worked very much on the fashion of today's open-casting for coal. This proved to be true for history states:- stone getters would start work in the morning and before nightfall they would have recovered huge slabs which would be 'Rived' meaning split up with hammer and nickers and finished off into flags.

To the east of this Delph one could take a very cool and refreshing drink but to reach this fine liquid one had to descend sixty stone steps which had a narrow twisting way going right down into the very bowels of the earth. The way down was so narrow that there was hardly room for even young people to pass on the steps. When the bottom was reached if their legs didn't ache then they were lucky. After taking a drink of this crystal sparkling ice-cold water and feeling refreshed by the extreme cool atmosphere, the long stone stairs had now to be climbed. To look up at the sky from this well was a most frightening sight, for it looked as if its irregular stone sides would cave in at any moment. Nevertheless the 'Sixty Stone Step Well' did a good service to the folk who lived in the small cottages on the edge of the 'Delph'. A small row of five dwelling houses reminded one of the crofters' homes in Sootland; these had been the homes of some of the quarrymen. Some little distance away could be seen an old stone-built shack which could possibly have belonged to a stone craftsman, maybe a stone-dresser, as the many heaps of stone chippings suggested.

We followed the cart wheel ruts in the road which took us away from the Delph to the local inn known as the "Rock" which stands by the side of the said named Well Hill. The Rock Inn, the meeting place where the men of the later quarrying days could have a drink and a talk with the men from the nearby farms, was a much liked rendezvous. (Now, with the quarrying days over, families have moved nearer the Steel Town at Stocksbridge). Several different landlords have kept the 'Rock' but chiefly people by the name of Rusby, this name being linked with some of the quarrymen. The late Joel Rusby was indeed a good publican for he encouraged

sportsmen of many types to use his various rooms; this of course brought success to his house.

Knurr and Spell, Nippise (or Piggy), football and cricket, found the "Rock" a happy and jolly place. On 'Big knock' days at knurr and spell with such characters as Jim Crawshaw of Ford Lane (World Champion), Archie Robinson (Worsbro) best knocker from pin, Husher Mellor of Hoyland Common, Joe Machin of Grenoside, who held a record score of 15 Score, 14 feet and approx. 5 inches. Other talented men at this game were Herbert Crawshaw; (Whiston), Fred Rodgers (Fat), Willis Laycock, Fred March and Albert Senior. It is said that Herbert Crawshaw (Jim's father) could drive a potty from Holly Hall Farm into the Station Road at Deepcar. "Piggy" by the way of a change was played and football and cricket were always ever present. Indoor tournaments were run, which all went to prove Joel Rusby to be a good organiser.

The village life at Green Moor seems to have been held together by a happy band of gallant workers, namely the Bramall's, Walton's, Smith's, Wordsworth's, Rodgers', Rusby's, Brown's, Coudwell's, Batty's and Jennings', many of their descendants still carrying on this good work.

The first church at Green Moor was built more than 150 years ago after John Wesley's revival. They have a fine built day school where the standard of tuition could be said to be a high quality for they often got pupils through for the Grammar School. The community at Green Moor can be classified as a group of "honest to goodness" hard working Yorkshire people. They put their little hamlet on the map from days when they made quarrying for stone their business. How many quarries were actually worked we are not sure. We do, however, know of five, but some stone which lay near the ground surface was also got. We found one quarry just to the right of Windybank Farm which went by the name of 'Isle O' Skye' It was so set near to the boundary wall of a field that people taking short-cuts to and from Green Moor made a pathway no more than two feet away from the edge at this stone crater. Danger struck more than once at this disused quarry, a local man by the name of Harry Farrow, fell from this pathway down a sheer drop of approx. 60 feet on to the slabs below. This happened on a Saturday night and there he lay until Sunday morning.

He was removed from this yawning cavity in a critical condition and was brought down the steep brow of the hill to one of the neighbouring farms where the farmer by the name of Illingworth loaned his milk float to take the injured man to hospital in Sheffield.

Unfortunately this poor soul died in Stocksbridge, near Sootch Row. Harry Farrow must have been a pigeon fancier because in his pocket they found a bird fit and well in spite of this fall. Many other accidents have occurred at this quarry but these are probably best forgotten.

So much for the 'Isle O'Skye' quarry which produced some of the largest stones ever to come out of Green Moor and thanks to Fox's for filling in this danger spot.

SOCIETY NEWS



Midhope Pottery ?

We have received these two large examples from Mr Brian Martin of Penistone who rescued them from a derelict cottage on Finkle Street.

We intend to have these checked on the visit of two Museum Curators from Weston Park Museum.

Our thanks go to Brian for passing them on to our Society.



Kitchen Utensils ?

We collected these old wooden utensils from the cottage of the late Frank Robert Dawson at Midhopestones and our thanks go to Mr Raymond Brindle for passing them on to our Society.

PROGRAMME OF EVENTS FOR 2017

January 12th	Winter Recess No Meeting	
February 9th	The Archive Revisited	Dennis Pindar
March 9th	Joseph Hayward And Family	Keith Hayward
April 13th	Hotels In The Sky (The story of the Zeppelin years)	Mike Ogden
May 11th	Annual General Meeting plus extras	
June 8th	The House Is Open	Susan Deal
July 13th	Members Annual Outing this year to Hull (Pre-booking essential : Members only)	
August 10th	A History Society Presentation	
September 14th	Wonders Of The Ancient World	Pat McLaughlin
October 12th	Pie and Pea Supper (Society Members Only : Pre-booking essential)	
November 9th	History Of Sheffield And Its Cathedral	Janet Rider
December 14th	Christmas Celebrations (Pre-booking essential : Members only)	

Meetings take place in the Christ Church New Community Hall (At the rear of the Church) starting at 7.00pm Prompt

Why not visit our Website at - www.stocksbridgehs.co.uk

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