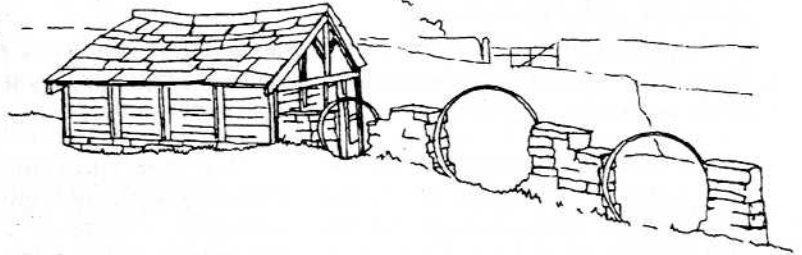


HUNSHIELF

Chat

Issue 6

August 1998



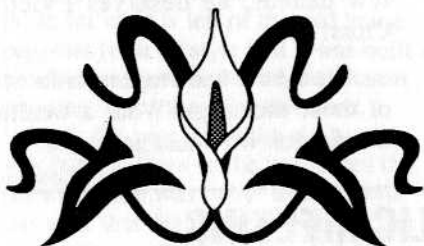
A Message from the Editor

The summer that (almost) never was! Nature just doesn't know what's hit it. The birds don't know whether to feather their nests or fly south; the trees don't know whether to sprout an apple or drop their leaves and I'm wearing my Damart thermals under my shorts. Ever the optimist, I think the remainder of August will be glorious - but don't take my word for it.

Since the last 'Chat' we have had a variety of summer fetes and festivals, most of which have been rained upon with a vengeance. Particularly noticeable to us was the Dragon Fayre. Glorious mud - great if you were a hippo, not so good if you wanted to get down to California Quarry to see what was on offer. I did venture down along with a 'few' others. It was a bit on the 'minimalist' side in my view. Aimed at a minority rather than the majority. The daytime sessions/workshops were spoilt by the horrendous rainfall which didn't stop all that month! The evenings, it appears, were more successful with live music that went on a little too late for some, but by all accounts was "quite good". Not a rousing financial success I have been informed. Let's hope the Penistone Show has more success on 12 September - it's certainly a lot cheaper! After all that I have attached the 'Dragon of Wantley' poem for your perusal.

This edition has more historical stories from our area, which is always of interest. What I would also like to see coming from you is: more poems, more local information i.e. what's going off; more of everything!

Claire Derrick - 1 Inglemount, Green Moor Road, Telephone/Fax 288 7903



The Garden

The Annual Parish Meeting on 21 May had some constructive suggestions about the 'Village Garden' (if Green Moor is a Township, why do we have a Village Garden?). Some were in favour of concrete all over, others to leave it as it is - a jungle; still more asked that it be not spoiled by too much development. A popular theme was that the large conifer in the middle be lopped to ground level and

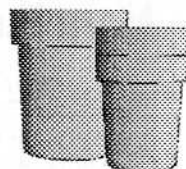
used as a Christmas tree for the Parish. If so, we would have to wait until December to do anything - another year wasted?

Why is all this reported? Well with all this comment we could still have missed the really brilliant, cost-effective, easy maintenance option that should be staring us in the face. Perhaps you can come up with something new. I seem to remember a plan drawn up by Barnsley MBC that suggested just 6 trees and paving; but that was a long time ago.

So collar a councillor, coerce a Clerk, chat to the Chair, complain to the committee, come up with an idea and communicate. "C" you!

All over to you.

David Horsfall



Sunday School Rules OK

Green Moor Sunday School, whose annual Prize Giving was held in June this year, were the proud winners of the Circuit Sports trophy, held at Grenoside - winners over all the North Sheffield circuit.

Finally, just for fun, they joined the Circuit Safari on the 'Steamboat Shuffle', all based on an American theme. They started at Wisewood and enroute, each Sunday School they stopped at provided food and games 'US style'. The final stop being Stocksbridge Christian Centre. A good time was had by all.

A Facelift for the Playground

The Parish Council are looking at revamping the playground area in Green Moor. The recreation 'furniture' needs to be replaced with safe, easily maintained items: climbing frames etc. Also the wall between the playground and the Rock Inn needs to be rebuilt. This may solve the problem of broken glass and dog fouling in the playground.

The Year 2000

There will be a Millennium meeting at Barbara Wragg's, 2 New Houses, Green Moor, on Thursday 1 October at 7 pm to discuss activities and celebrations. Would you like to put your ideas forward or get an idea of what may happen? Come along and get your chance.

1997 - Green Moor Sports Club's 50th Year

continuing the history of the club - part 4

Children's Christmas Treat

The highlight of the year for Sports Club members' children and Sunday School scholars, was the Annual Christmas Party, held in the weekday school at Green Moor. The two organisations combined to provide the party during the late 1940s and 1950s.

The evening consisted of dances and party games. Music for dancing to was usually in the hands of Doris and Sid Sharman, previously mentioned. At a given time the young people would sit on the floor, the hall lights would be dimmed and carols sung to piano accompaniment. The warm glow from the coloured lights on the tree, shone upon the faces of an expectant audience. After what seemed like an eternity to us, Father Christmas would enter stealthily and encourage the singing of another carol for him, before proceeding with the presentation of gifts from his sack. He always expected, and received, a mixed reception from some of the youngest children present. When he had left, there would be a half-hour break for refreshments, after which the games and dancing continued.

The gifts were bought and wrapped by the parents of the children. For the first few years they were asked to spend about two shillings (10p). Later the value was increased to two shillings and sixpence. The idea of specifying a value was to ensure, as near as possible, that equality of value was seen to be in evidence, especially by the children. The specified value was refunded to the parents.

After a period of war, followed by an 'austerity' Britain, this event was quite something to we youngsters.

One year, the choice of Father Christmas was to be Willie Froggatt, an ex-Green 'Moorer', living in Stocksbridge. The treasurer, George Bingley, leaked this information to his eleven year old daughter, Audrey. Word soon spread round who the next Father Christmas would be. To foil this expectation, Willie Froggatt stepped down and a complete stranger to the children, Oswald Barrass, who worked in General Stores at Stocksbridge Works, took over the role. The expressions of "those in the know", were quite something to be observed, when they tried but could not identify the shape of the hooded and bearded man, as Willie Froggatt.

Yorkshire Humour at Committee Meetings

One evening, Ben Roebuck was telling the meeting about one young Sports Club member who he thought might 'go off the rails'. He had no settled job and was in danger of 'drifting'. Consequently, in an effort to keep him on the 'straight and narrow', Ben informed the meeting:

"I went and saw Sam Brooadeed at t'scrap yard at Fox's and asked 'im if e'd gettin' a job fer t'ladd."

Sam sez, 'wer we 'aven't a lot o' wahrk on just nah."

Ben replied, "oh, he's not bothered abaht a lot o' wahrk, as long as e's gotten a job!"

At another meeting, Eric Shaw said, "weer's Hugh Spink toneet Ben?"

Ben replied, "he'll be back on 't twenty-past nine bus at t'bottom o' Well 'ill. He's on Pensitone Burial Booard and he's gone to a renderin' dahn meeatin'. They talkin' abaht building' a crematorium at Stottercliffe Cemetry."

Once, a Greenwich Meantime signal and time check was heard from the wireless in the adjoining room. Jack Brown looked at his Ingersoll watch and said, "they're two minutes fast yond lot on t'wireless!"

Discussions took place at one meeting about the security of keeping the Sports Club's deeds, safely. Hugh Crossland told the tale about a rogue solicitor in Sheffield, who had fraudulently acquired the funds of some of his clients. Hugh was well-known for having plenty o' brass and being 'keen on t'coin,' said, "but he only did me aht on a few pounds."

Ben retorted, "if he did thee aht on a few pahnds, he desarves t'Victoria Cross!"

Oh, to have had a tape recorder at one of those meetings! What a wealth of information we would have now!

to be continued...

Stroll on Sunday

Feel like stretching your legs after all that Sunday dinner? Why not join our monthly group walks, beginning 6 September. Keep fit in good company. Each walk will last approximately one hour. Meet us outside the Rock Inn at 2 pm for the first of the walks. Thereafter, the walks will be held the first Sunday of every month. See you then.

FOOTPATH FATE - PUBLIC MEETING

A public meeting was held on Tuesday 14 July to determine the fate of footpath No. 12 in the Parish of Hunshelf. This is the path that starts at the gate on Green Moor Road and follows the route of the track down towards Trunce Farm. Barnsley Council supported by the claims of the landowner, Mrs P Crossland, argued that the route was not a footpath and should be removed from the map. Opposing the order to remove the footpath, Mr J Kerr, Mr N Roebuck and Mr A Tingle, argued that the route had been a footpath since 1927.

The evidence is now being weighed and a decision is expected shortly.

More Building at Thurgoland

The residents of Thurgoland are up in arms about more residential buildings planned for Thurgoland, the 'build' area being behind Thurgoland Post Office. Ironically, the 'Greenbelt' land was bought by the builders from a previous Parish Councillor of Thurgoland.

A Puzzle at Hunshelf Hall

Over the old doorway that is built onto the side of the present building is the inscription:



W
G A 1746

Among the old parish records of the Overseers of the Poor is a deed dated 1747, in which William Tyas of Bolton-on-Deame binds himself in the sum of £200 to the Overseers of the Poor and Churchwardens to maintain his bastard daughter, born of Mary Lancaster of the Parish of Hunshelf.

At the bottom of the deed (not a magistrates order) is a note. "NB. There was a bond given by Mr Tyas some time ago to the same effect as this rock was lodged in the house of Mr Walker and was burnt when his house was burnt down."

The puzzle is; who and what does the inscription signify?

If this doorway is part of the original house it must have been inscribed long after the old house was built; for what is left of that old house suggests from its style that it was built a hundred years or so before the present building. Does the date, therefore, indicate the year when the old house was burned down or the year when the present house was built? It was about this time that the Walkers began to live at Middlewood Hall, Darfield, perhaps while Hunshelf Hall was being rebuilt.

Of the letters, two are easily identified W is for Walker and G for George. The Walkers out-shone the Kings of England by producing five first-born sons, all Georges, though sadly, George V only lived two months. He died 28 December 1755 and was buried at Darfield.

George W I was buried at Penistone, 28 November 1689, his wife was Jane Thompson.

George W II was baptised at Penistone, May 1657 and buried there 11 June 1712, his wife was Ann

Scholes of Kippax. The date both Georges' died suggests that they are not the George of the inscription.

George W III was baptised at Penistone, 17 May 1687 and buried there 10 November 1757.

- 1 His first wife was Ann Blackburn of Aldermanshead; baptised Penistone 28 December 1678, buried there 26 November 1717.
- 2 Second wife, Alice buried at Penistone, 30 June 1733.
- 3 Third wife, Mary Ellison, nee Smith, daughter of Wm Smith of Elmhirst, buried at Cawthorn, 23 June 1770.

George W IV of Hunshelf and

Middlewood died 27 December aged 57 years, buried at Darfield.

- 1 His first wife was Mary Bristow of Messingham, died 9 February 1761 aged 26 years. Buried at Darfield.
- 2 His second wife was also named Mary. She was the daughter of Edward Rookes of Leeds. Married at Totteridge, 29 May 1770, died 29 March 1803 and was buried at Darfield.

The G could be for either Geo W III or Geo W IV but the Christian names of their wives do not fit the date of the inscription.

Who is A?

W E Spencer

The Little Gentlemen in Black Velvet

When I see molehills appearing each year in various fields of the parish I think of Michael White and Joseph Pool. Not that I ever knew these men, for they lived long before my time. They were, however, employed as mole-catchers for Hunshelf in the early nineteenth century, receiving payment from the township.

There is a Memorandum dated 18 March 1813 concerning:- 'the Inhabitants of Hunshelf on the one part and Michael White on the other part. That the said Michael White will kill and destroy yearly and every year for the Term of 21 years The Moles in the said Township And that the said Inhabitants doth agree to pay the said Michael White the Sum of Fourteen Guineas per annum for the first three years and Twelve Guineas per annum for the remainder of the Term. The first payment to commence at Midsummer next.'. Besides the signature of Michael White are those of John Hague and John Greaves as representatives of the township. John Greaves was tenant of Hunshelf Hall at that time.

Whether Michael was unable to catch moles after his 21 year term was ended or whether he was simply fed-up with looking at them, we do not know, but the job was then let to Joseph Pool. In 1834 the agreement was:- 'between Joseph Pool on the one part and the Township of Hunshelf on the other part that the said Joseph Pool shall catch the Moulds in the said Township for the sum of Six Guineas for one year.'. Joseph made his mark with a cross to confirm the agreement. There were eight signatures representing the township, one being that of Joseph Couldwell, the farmer who followed John Greaves as tenant of Hunshelf Hall. While it was evidently the responsibility of the parish overseers, in those days, to get rid of moles, nowadays it is up to individual farmers to deal with them. Then, as now, the catchers did not get rid of them all, but left a few to breed, so as to ensure they had employment for the following years.

Joseph Pool no doubt belonged to the poorer end of society. Members of his family occur frequently in Hunshelf records as being recipients of poor relief and I could write much about them in this respect. To quote just one item - In 1836 Joseph Pool was given 'Relief by Leeches' at a cost of 2/11. (Could it have been the mole-catching that had made him ill?) The Pools lived at the place on Hunshelf Bank now known as Edge Cliff, but until quite recently it was still referred to as Pool Fowd (fold) by local folk.

Thinking again of the moles, it is recorded that in 1702, King William III's death was caused by injuries received when his favourite horse, Sorrell, stumbled into a molehill and threw him. His political opponents, the Jacobites who supported the exiled King James (Jacobus), were so jubilant that, for a long time afterwards, they continued to drink toasts to 'the little gentlemen in black velvet'.

Phyllis Crossland



FOOD FOR THOUGHT

CURRY NIGHT!

Chicken Moolie

Moolies are delicate curry dishes from Southern India, Goa and Shri Lanka. They're mild and rich and should be simmered gently, usually uncovered.

It's great for the day after a roast. Its quick, its adaptable and its tasty. If you fancy a vegetarian version try using your favourite combination of vegetables eg. aubergine and courgette; potato and french beans.

Ingredients

1 cooked chicken
2 oz ghee (or butter and oil combination)
1 large, thinly sliced onion
1 crushed garlic clove
6 thin slices fresh or pickled green ginger
1 teaspoon ground turmeric
half tsp ground cardamon
2-3 cloves
piece cinnamon
2-3 chillis, seeded and halved lengthways
1 pint coconut cream
salt and pepper

Method

Skin the chicken, take meat off bone neatly, without making the pieces too small.

Heat ghee and lightly fry onion and garlic until soft, but do not brown. Add ginger, turmeric, cardamon, cloves, cinnamon and chillis. Stir and cook on low heat for 3 minutes. Little by little incorporate the coconut cream, gently bring to the boil and season to taste. Put in chicken, simmer long enough to heat through. Discard cinnamon.

Serve moolie with pillau rice, naan bread and a pickle tray of goodies.

What's On Hereabouts

Sunday Afternoon Walk

Sunday, 6 September, 2 pm outside the Rock Inn. First of the monthly walks.

Penistone Show

12 September. Tickets £3.50 or £2.50 for children and senior citizens. Pre-show tickets 50p cheaper than those bought on the day - available from Sandra Helliwell, Peck Pond Farm.

Footpath Action Day

Saturday, 19 September, 9.30 am, outside the Rock Inn.

Millennium Meeting

1 October, 7 pm, Barabra Wragg's, 2 New Houses, Green Moor.
To discuss ideas for the Millennium.

Pub Quiz Nights

Every Tuesday,
The Midhapestones Arms
Every Wednesday,
The Rock Inn, Green Moor
Every Thursday,
The Bridge, Thurgoland

Your Church

Regular Sunday Service

Third Sunday of the Month: 10 am
(Family Service)
All other Sundays: 11 am

GARDEN MAINTENANCE *Tenders Welcome*

We are looking for tenders for the job of 'Gardener' for Green Moor. The job specifications are as follows:

- Grass to be cut and maintained in the stocks area.
- Grass to be cut and maintained in the pump house area.
- The Centenary garden to be maintained.
- The children's playground area to be maintained.

For further details contact
David Horsfall on Tel. 288 3684

NOTE:

The Editor reserves the right to edit items for this newsletter

Footpath

Your intrepid footpaths committee have been hard at work keeping clear the footpaths we all love to walk. After surveying all the footpaths in the parish several were identified as targets for action. On Saturday, 27 July a small band of volunteers set out - armed only with crude machetes (and a power strimmer) to unclog the most prickly, the most overgrown and dangerous routes, making them safe, once again, for even the most bare-legged rambler.

Another Action Day is planned for Saturday, 19 September. If you love walking why not devote a few hours of your time to the upkeep of our paths. Meet outside the Rock Inn at 9.30 am.

John Kerr

FOR SALE

250 gallon steel tank, complete with stand, plus approx. 45 gallons of untaxed deisel/central heating fuel.

£25 - must collect

Dining room 'Schreiber' sideboard unit, 4' 6" - in light teak.

£25 - must collect

Tel. 0114 288 2093

Ratner Safe - outside dimensions 21" deep, 20" wide, 27" high.

£60 (or free to a charity)

Contact Neville Roebuck, 288 5768

STORIES/ARTICLES/LOCAL INFO. WANTED

Please send articles for this newsletter to: Claire Derrick, 1 Inglemount, Green Moor Road, Green Moor, Sheffield S35 7DQ or telephone 288 7903

DEADLINE FOR ARTICLES FOR THE NEXT ISSUE IS 27 SEPT. 1998

**AN EXCELLENT BALLAD OF DREADFUL COMBAT FOUGHT
BETWEEN THE MOORE OF MOORE HALL AND
THE DRAGON OF WANTLEY.**

Old Stories tell, how Hercules
a Dragon flew at Lerna;
with seven heads and fourteen eyes,
to see and well discern a:
But he had a club this dragon to drub,
Or he'd never have done it I'll warrent ye:
But Moore of Moore Hall, with nothing at all,
he flew at the dragon of Wantley.

This dragon had two furious wings,
Each one upon his shoulder;
With a sting in his tail, as long as a flail,
Which made him as brass and bolder:
He had long claws, in his paws
Four and forty teeth of iron:
With a hide as tough as any buff
Which round him did environ.

Have you not heard of the Trojan horse,
With seventy men in his belly?
This Dragon was not quite so big,
But very near I'll tell ye:
Devoured he poor children three,
That could not with him grapple;
And at one sup he ate them up,
As a man would eat a apple.

All sorts of cattle this dragon did eat:
Some say he ate up trees;
And that the forest sure he would
Devour by degrees:
For houses and churches were to him geese and turkeys,
He eat all, and left none behind;
But some stones dear Jack, which he couldn't crack
Which on the hills you will find.

In Yorkshire, near Rotherham,
The place I know it well,
Some two or three miles, or thereabouts,
I vow I cannot tell;
But there is a hedge, just on the hill edge,
And Matthews house hard by it:
Oh! There and then was this Dragon's den,
You could not chose but spy it.

Some say this Dragon was a witch;
Some say he was a devil;
For from his nose a smoke arose,
And with it burning snivel:
Which he cast off when he did cough,
Into a well that stands by;
Which made it look just like a brook
Running with burning brandy.

Hard by a furious knight there dwelt,
Of whom all towns did ring;
For he could wrestle, play at quarter staff,
Kick, cuff and huff,
Call son of a whore, do any kind of thing:
By the tail and the mane, with his hands twain,
He swung a horse till he was dead:
And what is stranger, he for very anger,
Eat him all up but his head.

These children, as I told, being eat:
Men, women, girls and boys,
Sighing and sobbing, came to his lodging,
And made a hideous noise:
O save us all, Moore of Moore hall,
Thou peerless Knight of these woods;
Do but slay this Dragon, who won't leave us a rag on,
We'll give thee all our goods.

Tut, tut, quoth he, no goods I want:
But I want, I want in sooth,
A fair maid of sixteen that's brisk,
And smiles about the mouth:
Hair as black as a sloe, both above and below,
With blushes her cheeks adorning:
To anoint me o'er night, e'er I go to fight,
And to dress me in the morning.

This being done, he did engage
To slew this Dragon down;
But first he went strong armour to
Bespeak at Sheffield town:
With spikes all about, not within but without,
Of steel so sharp and strong;
Both behind and before, arms, legs, and all o'er,
Some five or six inches long.

Dragon of Wantley Cont:

Had you but seen him in this dress,
How fierce he looked and big,
You would of thought him to have been
Some Egyptian porcupig:
He frightened all, cats, dogs, and all,
Each cow, each horse, each hog,
For fear they did flee, for they took him to be
Some strange outlandish hedge hog.

To see this fight all people then
Got upon trees and houses,
On churches some, and chimneys too,
But they put on their trousers,
Not to spoil their hose, as soon as he arose,
To make him strong and mighty,
He drank by the tale six pots of ale,
And a quart of Aqua-Vitae.

It is not strength that always wins,
For wit does strength exel;
Which made our cunning champion
Creep down into a well:
Where he did think this Dragon would drink,
And so he did in truth:
And as he stooped low, he rose up and cryed Boh!
And he hit him on the mouth.

Oh! Quoth the Dragon, Pox take you, come out,
You that disturbed me in my drink,
With that he turned and fharted at him,
Good ask, how he did stink!
Beshrew my soul, thy body is foul,
Thy dung smells not like balsam
Thou son of a whore, thou stink so sore,
Sure thy diet is unwholesome.

Our politic Knight, on the other side,
Crept out upon the brink,
And gave the Dragon such a dowse,
He knew not what to think:
By cock, quoth he, say you so: do you see?
And then at him let fly:
With hand and foot, and so they went to it,
And the word it was, Hey, boys, hey.

Your words quoth the Dragon, I don't understand,
Then to it they fell at all;
Like two wild-boars, so fierce: I may
Compare great things with small;
Two days and a night with this Dragon did fight
Our champion on the ground;
Tho' their strength it was great, their skill it was neat,
They never had one wound.

At length the hard earth began for to quake,
The Dragon gave him such a knock,
Which made him to reel, and straight he thought
To lift him as high as a rock,
And then let him fall: But Moore of Moore-hall,
Like a valiant son of Mars,
As he came like a lout, so he turned him about,
And hit him a kick on the arse.

Oh, quoth the Dragon, with a deep sigh,
And turn'd six times together;
Sobbing and swearing, cursing and swearing,
Out of his throat of leather:
Moore of Moor-hall, O thou rascal,
Would I had seen thee never:
With the thing at thy foot thou hast prick'd my arse gut,
And I am undone for ever.

Murder, murder, the Dragon cry'd,
Alack! Alack! For grief;
Had you but missed that place, you could
Have done me no mischief;
Then his head he shak'd, trembl'd and quak'd,
And down he lay'd and cry'd;
First on one knee then on back tumbld he,
So groan'd kick'd fharted, and dy'd.