



# Hunshelf Chat

Issue 63 - September 2010

## The Isle of Skye

### Lottery Funding

Another day, another hurdle! The Friends of the Isle of Skye (Green Moor!) have just been granted £49,998 to help restore the wall overlooking Stocksbridge. The money will come from the National Lottery via Groundworks UK who are administering the funds on behalf of the Community Spaces section of the Lottery. Now, having said all that (to keep our sponsors happy!) we are in the hands of the professional lead person, Karen Elliott of a different part of Groundworks UK who is working on our

behalf. Gets even more complicated doesn't it.

Karen will be putting all the work out to tender and we have given her a list of people who might wish to be involved, but the job is a major one, and Karen will need to find someone who can handle the work.

EPIP (from Stocksbridge) have used volunteer force to retrieve some stone from the banking, we will no doubt need some more help in sorting out even more stone before we finish.

**David Horsfall**  
**Secretary, Friends of the Isle of Skye**

## Census 2011

27 March next year is Census Day. You will be getting your form delivered as usual, and some sources claim that this will be the last census as we know it. Apparently, from 2021, all the information that government needs will be available from other sources. I remain to be convinced that this will be accurate: we have only to look at the present situation with tax collection to think

that errors will creep in.

However, although it might seem that a census is only another intrusion into our privacy, there is a serious side. Grants to local authorities, schools, universities, government departments etc. all rely on the data from the census. We need to get as many forms as possible completed so that everyone gets a fair share of funds.

## A Frog in Your Throat!



Photograph by John Kerr

**This grass snake seems to have bitten off more than it can chew.**

This gruesome scene was played out in my back garden this summer. Noticing some commotion near the pond I ran indoors and grabbed my small pocket Olympus digital camera and quickly set the lens on macro (the flower symbol on most cameras). You don't necessarily need sophisticated and expensive camera equipment to achieve powerful images of nature in the raw. The frog, although badly wounded, eventually struggled free and hopped away.

**John Kerr**

## Green Moor Sports Club



**As the season comes to a close we look back over a very busy summer. After the excitement of Wassim Jaffer we held the schools kwik-cricket festival on a lovely sunny afternoon in June. Five schools took part and the winners for the second successive year were Oxspring.**

Our juniors have enjoyed a very good season. The U'11s were 4th in their league U'13s were runners up U'15's were 5th and U'17s were runners up in their respective leagues. The U'15s won their end of

season tournament and the Armitage Cup (again). They played Crigglestone at Upper Hopton in the final beating them by 51 runs. Captain Joe White was named Man of the Match for his 55 runs. 12 year old George Watts won the league U'15 bowling award with an average of 5.5 runs per wicket. We are proud of all our juniors and would like to thank Jane Steel David Dowkes Andrew Matthewman and Philip Simpson for their time and dedication spent running these teams. Without them we would not be able to carry on.

Our 1st and 2nd teams have not won anything this season but have had some good individual performances including Ben Simpsons maiden century and his 5 for 35 . Andrew Matthewman also had 8 wickets for 5 runs. Ben Chris and Jake have all played for the White Rose U'21 and the league teams.

We are having a pig race at Penistone Community Centre on Saturday 25 September to raise money for club funds.

The junior presentation night will

held at Thurgoland Village hall on Friday 8 October. We will be doing our usual refreshments and cake stall on Sat 16 October and 23 October for the Charity Bonanza and Antiques Fair respectively. Both at Penistone Community Centre. Our annual dinner and presentation night will take place at Cubley Hall on Saturday 20 November.

Finally I would like to say "thank you" to everyone who has supported us in any way throughout the season.

**Ann Matthewman**

## Spiderman Came to Call

**A couple of large spiders in the cellar are of no concern - in fact they are welcome guests.**



BUT - to discover we have several, extra large, plus numerous egg sacks suspended from the cellar ceiling was a bit of a problem. Wishing to conserve them, but not host them, I made a phone call to Weston Park Museum for

advice. Sending a photo via email resulted in a possible identification of "Meta menardi". They live in cellars (we know that), caves, mines and the central parts of railway tunnels. They had to be re-housed!

Enter SPIDERMAN, also known as Carl Matthewman. Thirty odd years ago he was a pupil of mine at Thurgoland School. He was mad keen on "anything with lots of legs". Could he help? Yes he would love to help capture them and take them to the old railway tunnel on the Pennine Trail.

Along with his son Alex, aged 4, Carl ventured into the cellar with his head torch, catching net, rubber gloves and plastic boxes to investigate. "What whoppers and lots of them". About 20 were safely captured along with the egg sacks of potentially hundreds of youngsters.

Off to the old railway tunnel where Carl climbed up the ramp and into the darkness. All escapees were allowed to go and egg sacks were safety established.

We hope they enjoy their new home. Their

whereabouts should be on Sheffield Museum's data base.

Good luck to the spiders and thank you to Spiderman and son.

**Wyllan Horsfall**



## HELP WANTED - Information about Quarrying in Green Moor

I am currently a member of the Council of the South Yorkshire Industrial History Society and later this year will be taking over as President of the Society. One of my duties will be to give a Presidential address at the Society's AGM and for my first talk on 18th October I am working on a presentation about the history of quarrying in Green Moor. I have done some research, including looking at Phyllis Crossland's papers in Barnsley Archives but would be very grateful if anyone who has any information relating to the quarries could get in touch with me. I would be particularly interested in any photographs or documents that could be lent for copying and return.

**Margaret Tylee**

1 Ivy Cottages, Well Hill, 0114 2830046

## This Football World

**It was some time ago. Sheffield Wednesday was, as it is today, in the third division of the English Football League. This famous club with a chequered history, was then in dire peril of going down to the fourth division. But the club had a manager well known for his exploits in the World Cup of 1966, one Jack Charlton.**

Jack came to me one Sunday morning to ask for some advice as to which direction he should take at this critical period of the season. I had brief thoughts of a seat on the board, an invitation to watch Wednesday from the Directors' Box and possibly fame and honour broadcast afar.

Regretfully, he was only lost whilst looking for the fishing pond at Tin Mill Rocher, so I gave him directions and sent him on his way.

**David Horsfall**

## Spell Check

I read recently, an interesting article about language. Apparently Chinese dialects use 40,000 characters; writing these ideograms is laborious but logical. But English spelling, like the English themselves, is hybrid. It has evolved down the centuries as a mixture of Celtic, Latin, Anglo-Saxon, Nordic, Norman French, the

languages of the old Empire, all thrown into the "alphabet soup" and mixed by orthography and variety of developments (including "the great vowel shift"! ). For example, the "ee" in "meet" and "sleep" can be otherwise represented as in these, leave, aeon, amoeba, people, field, deceit, esprit, key, sea, and be.

## Community History

As part of the Community History Through the Arts Project, Steel Valley Beacon Arts are embarking on an varied programme of activities for the Autumn, starting, on 4 September, with rehearsals for "Here Be Dragons" A Stocksbridge Community Musical, written by the some of the members and kick started earlier in the year by workshops led by Ian McMillan, Tony Husband and Luke Carver Goss. This will be performed in the Venue on 25, 26 and 27 November.

Prior to this is the Home Grown Festival when at 6.00pm on Friday 17 September, the Mayor of Stocksbridge, Mary Kay(e)? will open the Art Exhibition in the Atrium at the Venue.

During the weekend there will be a varied programme including, amongst other things, Music, Poetry, Street Dancing, and Flower Arranging Demonstrations.

Wednesday 6 October brings "A Day in the Life of Stocksbridge" - an opportunity for local photographic enthusiasts to record life in Stocksbridge for posterity!

On 24, 25, 28 October local artist, Rachel Poole, will lead 5 Willow Workshops during which people are invited to create a Nativity Scene of Mary, Joseph and a donkey which will be a feature in Stocksbridge over Christmas and be completed in time for the Carols on the Green in early December. You are reminded that entries for the Local Carol Writing Competition are due in by 31 August.

All of these activities, apart from rehearsals for "Here be Dragons", the Carols on the Green and the Photographic Competition will take place in the Venue Stocksbridge. Please keep a look out for posters and in Look Local for more details of these activities some of which are free. Entry forms for Home Grown Art, Poetry and Music activities and the Photographic Exhibition will be in various places around Stocksbridge including the The Lunch Box, Library, Geo's and the Look Local Office. More information can be obtained from Doris Stubbs on 07960 306 539.

Hybrid history creates aberrant letter values, such as the "a" in "any", the "g" in "gaol", the "g" in "laugh", the "l" in "colonel", the "o" in "woman" and "women", the "s" in "sugar", and the "z" in "schizophrenia". In addition to such anomalies, many words carry over non-English spelling directly from other languages, such as the "aa" in "bazaar" (Farsi, spoken in Iran),

the "c" in "cello" (Italian), and the "ch" and "y" in "chrysanthemum" (Latin and Greek).

So English spelling is frustrating and frantic, but fun, and very interesting.

**Taken with kind permission of the author, Kathie Winn from "The Vine", the church magazine of Thurgoland, Tankersley and Wortley**

## Nellie Spencer, 1920 to 2009 by Gillian Davies

*As promised in Hunshelf Chat (61), this is the story of Nellie's life by her daughter, Gillian Davies.*

Mum was born in 1920. She was the youngest of the family, and I didn't know for years that her mother was Grandad Bayes's second wife. His first wife had died in the 1918 flu epidemic, so Walter, Harry and Fred were actually her half brothers.

They were all very close, being a sporty family. Grandad was in charge of the Atlas and Norfolk sports facilities, looking after tennis courts, bowling greens, football and cricket pitches, and Grandma did the refreshments, and laundry too I think. Mum participated in the family's sporting activities from a very early age, in her pram as one of the goalposts opposite a pile of coats at the other side.

Mum's schooldays were happy, though it was a long walk for the bus. She enjoyed school, and it sounds as though she was a good all-rounder. Her teenage years in the thirties were full of normal teenage things - cinema, sport, regular family get-togethers, knitting and sewing, school and then secretarial training. She particularly remembered a holiday in Cornwall with Barbara, my Godmother, and Barbara's parents. She was very proud of Barbara driving all the way there and back, quite justifiably, when you consider the cars and the roads as they were then,

and Barbara wouldn't have been driving long. (Mum didn't take her test until the early 50s. I remember her pleasure at passing first time. Dad had taken two attempts!)

And then came the war. It started on September 3<sup>rd</sup> 1939, on Mum's birthday, and it changed everything for everybody. Mum was working at Bentley Brothers, the Vauxhall Agent, in the Wicker, where she met Dad. They were married on May 12<sup>th</sup> 1942 by Special Licence - wartime makes the big decisions of life a lot easier, somehow.

Holidays meant Scotland. We stayed in B & Bs at first, but as soon as van conversions with windows (we would call them minibuses now) came into production, Mum and Dad found their metier. We went all round Scotland in a series of Dormobiles, setting up for the night wherever we wanted (and sometimes being taken for tinkers!), moving the seats about a bit and Mum would cook for us on a Beatrice stove set up on planks. It can't have been easy, always having to move all the belongings all the time, and with no headroom, but I remember happy holidays. Except for the rain. And the midges.

Dad enjoyed planning long walks where Mum would drop him off to walk ten or fifteen miles and she would drive fifty miles or more to pick him up at his destination. He wasn't brilliant at timekeeping, if something caught his

interest, so Mum would suffer agonies of anxiety waiting after night fell sometimes. I was not a very perceptive child, but even I remember her getting twitchy. So we would sit and read our books and have another cup of tea.

Later, when it was just the two of them holidaying in the Dormos, it was a lot easier, especially with the lifting roofs and fitted kitchens. But of course there were the dogs too. Sometimes Dad would take Rudi (a dachshund), later Meg (a border collie) or later still Simon (Heinz varieties) walking with him, but if it was a fishing day, the dog would stay with Mum. No matter how neat and convenient the fitted kitchen is, it doesn't make up for having to cook trout for tea again, and Mum grew to heartily dislike fish in general.

About twice a year Mum would go back to Teesdale to stay where they had spent their honeymoon. They had made good friends among the community there, and Mum stayed with them year after year. Bus services were difficult for the old folks, and she would drive them about to visit friends and family in the next dale. Everyone looked forward to these visits, especially me. You've never seen such famous high teas!

The Dormos were good for going on picnics too, and school holidays always involved a few trips out to Derbyshire with my great friend Maxine and her Mum,



Mrs. Banks, who was Mum's great friend. They met in Walsh's cafe in Sheffield town centre every Wednesday morning for hundreds of years.

Mum gave up work after I was born. It was what her generation usually did. But of course being a housewife is not giving up work, is it. It is 24/7. And to use another modern term, Mum saw her role as being a facilitator. She was there to encourage and support Dad in all his roles, even playing hostess at Bentley's social events. Ever shy and reserved, she hated taking a prominent part at a Do, but she did it for Dad. She typed his speeches and notes for him, made cups of tea for rambling groups (and once for the fire engines called out to Top Forge!), recorded Radio 3 operas for him when he was out at meetings or night school, made up his packed lunches and cooked his trout (though he had to gut them himself), drove him about and generally looked after him and their home with that true Yorkshire mixture of generosity and prudence.

And she was an encouraging, supportive, tolerant Mum to a bookworm of a child and a grumpy teenager, both me of course. When I wouldn't get up in a morning and was so late that I missed the bus, there would be an extra sandwich like Dad's

packed lunch, and I would have it in my fist as she drove me to school at Penistone. Again. You don't really register all the things your Mum does for you, do you, and whilst you appreciate them, you tend to take them for granted, or was that just me!

Mum really came into her own at The Grange. It was life in the country with a family, a nice house with a big garden, dogs and always something to do, a bit like her childhood. She cooked and baked to great appreciation, though she always said she wasn't a patch on her own Mum for baking. She sewed frocks for me right from my being a baby, and made many of her own clothes. And for a very long time she went to sewing class up at Green Moor, enjoying the work and the companionship. I still have the checked tweed jacket and skirt that Janet remembers. Her knitting prowess dates from even earlier, for she had knitted jumpers for herself since being a child, socks and golf stockings for Dad, and jumpers of course, and things for all my cousins as babies and probably older too. And of course the more jumpers you have the less they wear out, so between us Mum and Dad and Phil and I must have had a hundred beautiful, intricate cardigans and pullovers. And there is a lot of knitting in a pullover for Phil.

They were a good team, my Mum and Dad. Whether riding a tandem or working on local history projects together, or doing their own thing

in a way impossible without the support of the other one. Dad got his own way a lot, with Mum's help or without it, but he also indulged Mum's interests, as I have discovered through moving house for Mum twice recently.

When Dad died, Mum was very lost without someone to look after - she wasn't very good at pleasing herself. Her arthritis was getting steadily worse and she gave up driving, so she was almost housebound and she began to get a bit forgetful. The carers who visited every day looked after her very well, and though she liked to keep her independence she enjoyed their company. We visited quite frequently and took boating holidays together, and cottage holidays in Scotland, Wiltshire and Skipton, but she didn't have things of her own to look forward to any more and I think she was getting lonely and a bit anxious.

Dad used to say she met trouble half way, and she certainly was always anxious about the well-being of the people she loved. Dad and I must have caused her some grey hairs in our time, what with fell-walking and pot-holing, and when Phil came along forty years ago, he was just as bad! Her family meant everything to her, and her wider family too, her brothers and their families, and Dad's brother and his family. And don't forget old Sheffield friends, and in Teesdale and Hunshelf. She valued friendship greatly. And her loyalty, dependability and

willingness to help made everyone value her. To love and be loved all your life is a great blessing.

Most of her anxieties vanished when she moved to Rugeley and she was very happy in her new home. It was full of light, with no steps, and a pavement outside! It was a real novelty living in a road and having neighbours to wave to! And we were five doors away. We enjoyed a year and a half of going out for lunches, visiting garden centres and driving around in lush, green Staffordshire, going up onto Cannock Chase and watching the deer. Carers came several times a day, and once again she enjoyed their company and care, and they liked visiting Mum.

But autumn last year turned out to be not a good time for Mum's health, with a final disaster on Hallowe'en when she fell and broke her hip. Five weeks in hospital did not get her back on her feet, and precipitated a rapid and distressing decline in her condition due to vascular dementia. They were very kind there, but it was clear that they could do no more for her if she was not going to walk again. On the 8<sup>th</sup> of December she moved to Hawksyard Priory Nursing Home, where she regained stability and though she wasn't quite the Mum I knew any more, she was a happy lady. She always knew us, called us by name, told us she loved us and that she was happy and they were very kind. Often she would tell us she had been dusting upstairs and doing the washing, so

without moving from her chair she still had a busy and fulfilled life in a way. When she was awake!

Mum spent two months in the nursing home and died in her sleep, as she wanted, on the morning of 12<sup>th</sup> of February 2010. It was unexpected, for though she was 89 and getting frail, she seemed to be in good general health. They thought it was one of a series of strokes. During those two months that Mum spent there, she often talked about people from the past as though they were in the present, and I found this a fascinating guided tour through her life, though sometimes I was running to keep up. Ted and the dogs were often pottering about somewhere, and Gilly and Phil, and Mum and Dad, and Walter, Harry and Fred. But there were names from when Mum worked at Bentley's and from school, some I had never heard before.

When I was talking to Wyllan about the arrangements for the funeral she told me that Phyllis Dowkes, of Cheese Bottom knew Mum from the sewing class. And this is what Phyllis had said, and I think we can all agree: "I always liked Nellie, she was a LADY"

I know that funerals are sad, but Mum's funeral on the 3rd of March at Grenoside, turned into such a joyful occasion - we were really pleased that so many people from Hunshelf were there to see Mum come home. Home to Yorkshire, and to a little corner of it that she loved so much

**Gill and Phil Davies**

## Childhood Days and Ways by Elsie Elizabeth Steel *Part 3 of 3*

**My brother Maurice was in the Territorial Army and at age 17 Territorial were called over the tannoy at Penistone show to report for duty 3 Sept 1939. Mum was in a right state when I got home from the show, trying to pack him up. Luckily he came back safe after six years in the army and lived at Wakefield, happily married, for 60 years. He is now a widower. His first job after the army was a prison officer at Wakefield prison. One of the prisoners was the German, Rudolf Hess.**

My youngest brother Eric and his wife Mabel are in the Salvation Army. True Salvationists and have always worked hard for the Salvation Army. He stands for hours at Penistone and Stocksbridge collecting. Eric was a good cricketer for Green Moor in his younger days. I don't think there will be anyone living in Thurgoland that was born in the village as Eric was next door to the Dragon in 1927. The policeman's house was across from the Smithy with the badge over the door. The Green Moor policeman's house was

across from the Rock Inn with a badge over the door too.

Green Moor used to be quite a busy place on a Saturday night. Quite often a dance or a whist drive in the Day School or a concert in the Old Chapel, now the boys club. A special treat late on was the operatic society productions which were very good. The Sunday services always well attended. How times change. It will be a crying shame if the Chapel has to close, it is all we have left in the village.

Special weekends in the Old Chapel, now the boys club, were the Women's Effort. The women took charge then. The Men's Effort, the men took over, another weekend the men looked a treat in their aprons making the sandwiches and tea and waiting on the tables. Tea had to be in the Old Chapel washing up etc. Sunday Services, Anniversaries etc we had a choir, soloists and an orchestra. Mr Sidney Walton was choirmaster. Playing the violins were Dilly and husband Sam Goodram, Douglas and Ethel Walton, Lesley and Annie Walton, Eric Sanderson, Ted Bingley, Brian Walton with big

Cello. Wilfred Walton on the organ. When he retired playing lovely Audrey Mallender took over. Now we have faithful Phyllis for the last 30-some years.

My mother, Blanche Swift, was an amazing woman. Mum always had poor eyesight. As a girl of 17 she lost one eye and eventually went blind. As a girl I remember mum pegging out the washing and I had to see the sheets were straight on the line. When preparing the veg etc I had to check it was all l right.

Although she was blind it did not stop her doing all her own housework. She was very proud and particular. Also looked after Dad and three children. She did the washing baking etc and in the thirties it was a rubbing board etc. boiling the clothes, rinsing, blueing and starching etc. I don't know what she would have thought about automatic washing machines.

When I was 14 my Dad got scarlet fever and was in the fever hospital at Scout Dyke for 3 weeks and we decorated the house top to bottom for him coming home. Mum did the labouring while I did the matching of the paper. It

must have looked all right 'cos when Wilfred Morley (butcher from Thurgoland) came to deliver the meat he wouldn't believe we had done it. I can see the pattern in that wall paper now. Sadly Mum and Dad didn't have long lives. Mum died aged 59 and Dad was only 47. Eric, Maurice and me are so lucky and grateful to be here in our 80s and still enjoying life and we are blessed with lovely families. Sadly we have lost some much-loved ones too.

*My washing line  
When I was in my  
twenties my washing line  
was white.  
My thirties saw the  
colours, checks and  
stripes.  
There'd be dresses,  
cardies, trousers, socks  
galore  
For I had children, three  
plus four.  
When I was in my forties  
my line was black and  
blue  
Denim jeans and sweat  
shirts. My kids just grew  
and grew.  
But now I'm in my eighties  
they've all left home you  
see.  
There's jumpers skirts  
and odds and ends  
because there's only me.*



### Telephone Box

So far it has been suggested that we use the Green Moor's red telephone box for walking leaflets or for a free book exchange. The photo shows another idea.

**Wyllan Horsfall**

## Going Foreign **chance to meet people.**

**France, Germany and Iceland. Barnsley residents have a choice of countries to visit as guests of local people. Three twin town societies exist in the area. The French Connection is between Silkstone and St Florent. The German link is Barnsley to Schwäbisch Gmünd (SG), and the Icelandic one is from Penistone to Grindavik. All of our twin towns are interesting places to visit, but, what makes a town twinning trip really worthwhile is the**

So, if your tastes are Gallic, you could try St Florent and you should contact John Bennett on 01226 791178. If you have Teutonic leanings, then David Horsfall is your man on 0114 288 3684 (yes the parish council Clerk does have other interests besides the parish council). The Icelandic link has been recently reinvigorated and Pat Punt on 01226 762005 would love to hear from you.

The Schwäbisch Gmünd Society will be going to Germany next year and this trip can

be recommended. It is usually a few days as guests of the SG Barnsley Society and then the party moves on to stay somewhere for a holiday. This holiday will probably be in Austria, staying in a hotel. The SG Society meets every second Monday at Silkstone Lodge, Cone Lane, Silkstone at 7:30 p.m. At most meetings there is a speaker and a short business meeting. If you are at all interested, do come along, there will be no pressure to join, no membership fees until January.

**David Horsfall**

## Wortley Top Forge

You should find attached to this edition of the Chat, a leaflet from Wortley Top Forge explaining their nature trail and other attractions. Top Forge is part of Hunshelf Parish and we are delighted to be able to help them advertise their attraction. There is an admission charge.

If you have not yet been to the Forge, it is well worth a visit. Their Christmas event in on Sunday 12 December, details later in the press and on the parish noticeboard.

**Hunshelf Chat contributions:** Anyone who would like to contribute to the Hunshelf Chat; stories, articles, information, events or photographs, please contact the Editor, Claire Derrick on 0114 288 7903 or email [claire.derrick@virgin.net](mailto:claire.derrick@virgin.net)

**Deadline for the next Hunshelf Chat is 20 November 2010**

## What's On 'Ereabouts

### PENISTONE PARAMOUNT

**Box Office**  
01226 767532

#### CINEMA:

##### Salt

19 September, 6pm  
20-23 Sept, 7.30pm

##### Marmaduke

24 Sept, 4.30  
25, 26, 29 Sept, 2pm

##### The Expendables

24 Sept, 7.30pm  
26 Sept, 6pm  
27-30 Sept, 7.30pm

#### LIVE EVENTS:

**Grand Charity Concert**  
25 Sept, 7.30pm

**Chris Wood and Andy Cutting in Concert**  
9 Oct, 8pm

**GENIUS a double bill of strange dance theatre**  
13 Oct, 7.30pm

**The Velvet Burlesque Halloween Horror Show**  
30 Oct, 8pm  
Rolling Back the Years 2  
12 Nov, 2.30, 7.30pm

**The ELO Experience**  
20 Nov, 8pm

**Vienna Festival Ballet present The Sleeping Beauty**

**ORGAN EVENTS**  
8 Dec, 8pm

**Robert Wolfe**  
9 Oct, 2.30pm

**Nigel Ogden**  
13 Nov, 2.30pm

**A Compton Christmas Cracker**  
11 Dec, 2.30pm

### THE VENUE

**Waldershelf Singers featuring Charlie Barker**  
30 Sept, 7.30pm

**Alternative Energy Weekend**  
2 Oct, 10am-7pm

**Second Friday Folk Club**  
8 Oct, 8pm

**Sequence Dance**  
10 Oct, 8pm

**Second Friday Folk Club**  
12 Oct, 8pm

**Barn Dance**  
16 Oct

**Play in a Day**  
27 Oct, all day

**Friday Folk**  
29 Oct, 8pm

**Friday Folk**  
26 Nov, 8pm

### GREEN MOOR CHURCH

**Coffee Morning to show flower display**  
9 Oct, 10am-1pm

**Harvest and Flower Service**  
10 Oct, 3pm

### MISCELLANEOUS

**Antique and Collectors Fair**  
Saturday 23 Oct, 10am - 4pm at Penistone Community Centre. Admission 50p  
Home made refreshments  
Proceeds for Green Moor Sports Club.