

on me having four legs and compared to my racehorse breed legs I didn't stand a chance. In desperation I scaled the high wall - luck was on my side. I found a good foothold and threw myself over the wall landing on soft grass just missing a 'cowflop' by inches. I looked up at her head sticking over the wall. She sniffed at me and rolled her eyes. Your days are numbered. This is not a game of postman's knock, as I am employed by the Royal Mail, and your conduct will be reported to the high executioner now Sam Gillott. I left her still rolling her eyes.

As I walked down Farnsley Lane - it was my last call - I relaxed to enjoy the lovely spring flowers. There was smell of wild garlic, forget-me-nots and hawthorn blossom. Butterflies and bird songs filled the air. It was like being in heaven.

Mrs Longden was waiting at the farm with a welcome cup of tea. Too soon I had to leave this lovely place and make my way down to Middleton Dale, along the brook side and down home to the village for a well earned rest before the afternoon post round.

Dolly Dusters

Amy Doran aged 8 writes: *'I have four people in my family, my mum is 39 and she runs Dolly-Dusters, a house cleaning job. My dad works at Holdsworths. My brother is eleven and he goes to Lady Manners School. I am 8 eight years old and I am in year 4 at Stoney Middleton School'.*

Hairworks

In prime position opposite the Cross, you can tell by the age and size of the double windows that Nicky Drew's hairdressing salon was originally a shop, and a substantial one. When Nicky took it on in 1988, it was empty after several changes of ownership over the previous five years.

'There are still hooks fixed very securely to the ceiling beam and I've left them in. The shop was a pork butcher's at one time, I believe,' says Nicky whose family has been in the village for over 25 years. She herself worked as a hairdresser on cruise ships for several years until 'coming ashore' and setting up the salon, which she runs single-handed.

Customers come from a surprisingly wide area, including Sheffield, Chesterfield and most of the villages between Bakewell and Hope. The salon is unisex and customers are assured of a good cup of coffee and the latest glossy magazines. Saturdays are always busy and Nicky often has her first customer at 6.45am. 'It suits them and it means I can finish early too.' After thirteen years Hairworks is an established and very much valued village business.



A Village Shop now Hairworks c1920

Growing Up in Stoney Middleton



Childhood memories of a favourite toy

For those of us that were children in the 1930s toys were scarce to come by. We were fortunate in this village, we had friends to play with and Mother Nature provided the amusements. We had freedom, knew every nook and cranny, found fun everywhere and anywhere, so our cup was full.

We played hopscotch, sevens, fives, skipping and endless other games. We made our own bows and arrows, climbed up and swung on trees, fished in and skated on ponds. There were pastures to roam, grassy banks to roll or sledge down and when the brook dried up in the late summer we had our own terror run under the bridge. We knew of every birth, marriage, quarrel and burial and whose pig was being slaughtered. The giant stride on the 'Rec' was a favourite passion for weeks on end, then the whim would pass and the pole stood deserted, the chains rattling like ghosts in the wind.

If we had a real toy it was coveted and treasured and mine was a blue pedal car. I got it when I was three and was sick with excitement pedalling up and down the garden path. Soon I was tempted to try the hill outside our yard door. I sneaked out and got to the top of the Dale Mouth, blew the hooter and set off.

The car flew down and took me straight across the main road. I went round the chip shop and was pedalling up The Bank when I came to a halt. A black shoe was stopping the front wheel and as my eyes travelled up the black-stockinged leg the lady said 'and where do you think you're going little girl?' 'To show my Granny my new car'. Tut-tutting she helped me to the top and away I went to granny's house on the Nook.

As I reached it she had just returned from milking her cows. She looked around with alarm. 'Who's come with you?' she shouted. I hung my head and was pulled screaming out of my precious car and dragged back home. I didn't see it ever again but have never forgotten it and my spin through the village in my little tin banger. For all of us then the world was ours; toys were few and friends many and we remember them well.

The Pilgrim's Progress - 1938

We looked forward to Sunday School Prize giving, never missing a Sunday despite coughs, colds and slippery roads. It was 1938 and we were eight. Our prize was the Pilgrim's Progress. My friend Peggy and I sat, with our copies, on the cold washhouse steps, or, if wet, in the garden shed.

There were many distractions, errands to run, grannies to visit, sunglasses cases to be made from bright red felt, ready for the day we would hopefully acquire these longed for objects. Also numerous trips to Auntie Tishy to see what progress she was making on the 'old rose' jumper she was knitting

for Peggy. Nothing was pink or yellow in these days - always 'old rose' or 'old gold'. Our copies of the Pilgrim's Progress went with us everywhere, clutched in sticky fingers. Whenever we got a chance to read we would have to start again at the beginning to get the gist of the story.

As the days lengthened we awaited the day that our ordered sandals would arrive at Wilson's Shop. Phyllis, our neighbour, worked there and was constantly pestered by my four sisters and me. Peggy was the proud owner of a pair of black patent 'Fit for a Goddess' bar shoes. She was forever dashing home each time a speck of dust fell on them to polish them. Each night they were stuffed with tissue and coated with Vaseline to discourage cracks. We had got to page 20 when the long awaited sandals were delivered. Hopscotch, whips and tops, skipping and queuing for our turn on the Giant Stride took over from the Pilgrim's Progress. I eventually read it, aged 19, while in bed with flu. The first few pages were spattered with the juice of shared oranges and Granny Slater's lardy cakes, the rest were pristine clean.

In 1938 the Pilgrim's Progress was very slow indeed.

Quarrying

Goddard's quarry provided endless entertainment. On blasting days we village children watched from the top of the cliff above what is now the garage. The blast was very exciting and beautiful. The rocks flew up and then the whole face slipped into the valley floor. But on one famous occasion the charge was laid above a solid layer and the blast demolished all the offices and blew out the windows of all the houses in the upper Dale.

But living up the Dale at Rock Mill at the side of the quarry had its drawbacks. Every time they blasted and the flagman appeared, after taking down the good china, we had to leave the house for safety. It was nothing unusual to arrive back to find a rock through the roof or broken windows. It also could have had a very serious side when, after leaving an exhausted husband asleep in bed after a long night shift, we arrived back to find a 4 foot square boulder embedded in the bedroom floor and a very shaken white faced man!

The Village School

Until 1948 Stoney School provided education from five to fourteen so that except for a few clever pupils who obtained scholarships to Lady Manners most of the children went to Stoney for all their school days.

Before school assembly in the morning the teacher blew the whistle and all the children lined up to have their hands inspected but smoke stains had been removed with pumice stone.

The various headmasters had little patience with naughty children, boys were caned and girls rapped





School Party, 1930s. Rev J.B.Riddlesden, left, Mr & Mrs Shaw of the Hall, centre, Mr Cowen, Headteacher, right.

with the ruler across the knuckles. Betty remembers being chastised for helping her friend with her work because she was 'bringing her up in idleness'.

One day the headmaster had a handkerchief inspection and instructed all the children to take out their hankies and shake them. One girl's hanky was soiled so she kept it in her pocket. When the headmaster asked her where it was she said, 'Shaking hankies spreads disease'.

At this time the 'Rec' (recreation ground) was in the field above Vicarage Lane so that the children

could play there not only in the evening and weekends but also before and after school and during school breaks.

One boy in our class kept us all on tenterhooks. He would make small cups out of silver paper on his thumb, fill them with chewed wet paper then flick them up on to the ceiling. The classroom ceiling was very high and we all held our breaths to see if they would stick. If it did you waited with bated breath for them to fall off, hopefully not on the teacher's head.

Presents

On New Year's Day, if the children went to see Mr Shaw, who lived at the Hall before the war, they were given an apple, an orange and a new penny. When we children went carol singing at the Hall we thought it looked like Buckingham Palace. This is not so far fetched as it did have an early Victorian façade until the late 1970s.

Many of us children only had sweets and fruit for Christmas but wedding presents were more imaginative. When Rosa and Janis left the church the bells were ringing. This hadn't been arranged but her great uncle 'Holy' Joe Mason, the great, great, grandfather of several children in the village today, could ring all three bells himself, one in each hand and one tied to his foot. This was his wedding present to the happy couple.

Children's Games

A favourite game was hide and seek around the village. The smaller children used to hide in the crack between the house on the corner of the Nook opposite the church and the garage, which is now used as the Well Dressing shop. Eventually the crack became too small and then it was time to grow up.

There were no streetlights in the village and another game, which the boys played while the girls looked on, involved tying black cotton to the door knocker of houses, and then a boy would appear as a ghost with a flour bag over his head. On one famous occasion a horse was tied to the doorknocker and it walked into the house when the door was opened.

My Room

Sophie Hobson aged 9 says: *'I have a brother who is 4 years old and I am nine. My brother will start school next September. I am in year 4. My bedroom is full of Dalmatians and if you look at my window you can see some of them from the film 101 Dalmatians. My brother's room is full of trains and Thomas the tank engine'.*

Stoney Middleton School - 2002

Stephanie Sheldon aged 10 writes: *'At Stoney Middleton Primary School there are 32 children. We have 2 classrooms; the one upstairs was only built in 1997. In 2001 the small classroom was turned into a library and computer room. Auntie Jane cooks our dinners every day'.*

Josie Hollis aged 8 says - *'I like school because you make loads of friends and learn lots of things. At playtime we play games like 'tig' and 'predator'. We have youth club every month for all the juniors. It's great because we listen to music, play snooker, football and other games. The music we like is Westlife, S club 7 and Garage'.*

Earning your Keep

Stoney people have always encouraged the work ethic and before the war most children had their regular tasks. Arnold's, one of Stoney's three general stores occupied a small cottage just below the school. One person remembers as a child on the way to school regularly leaving a carrier bag, a purse of money and a notebook with the day's shopping list. After school all would be ready to be taken home.

Courting

Stoney Middleton girls were famous for their good looks and most evenings 'The Glamour Gang' would walk along the 'Monkey Run' from the Royal Oak to Calver Cross Roads and boys came from Eyam and Calver to woo the Stoney Girls. The chip shop was also a gathering place for the young. Every 'chip night' it was a hive of activity and many happy hours were spent on the chip shop corner.

A Year Out - 2000

Many of Stoney Middleton's younger generation are enjoying a year out before returning home to settle down and find a career. Australia has become one of the most popular destinations which, although thousands of miles from home, offers the chance to enjoy a different way of life and climate whilst avoiding any dramatic language or cultural barriers.



Christmas Down Under

Waking up in a tent on Christmas morning was a definite first, as was wearing shorts and enjoying the warm climate of the Grampian Mountains near Melbourne, Australia. So there we were, the three of us used to cold and often wet Christmases in Stoney Middleton with the heating turned on full and the television rerunning all the festive classics. Year in year out the traditions don't change and this is probably one of the reasons we enjoy Christmas so much. A celebration in the midst of the darkest month is just what is needed to get us through winter and into spring. Not in Australia, however, a BBQ accompanied by a few 'tinnies' on the beach is much more the norm. The incongruous sight of fake snow in shop windows whilst the temperature reaches in excess of 30°C (86°F) never failed to make me smile.

So after finally convincing ourselves it was Christmas Day, we decided that even though we were camping and miles from anywhere a Christmas dinner on a grand scale was required. Nothing was to be missed out. The almost military organisation, oiled by a couple of early lagers, was testament to our eager anticipation. The last four months of camping and living on a budget had two of my fellow travellers existing on a diet of potatoes, noodles and more noodles. Excitement for the feast had therefore been building for many weeks and it was no time for a burnt offering!

A thin metal pole picked up from a local hardware store was used to skewer the chicken (well a turkey was a bit ambitious!). This was then balanced over a carefully controlled fire using a couple of v-shaped sticks. Cooking began and the vegetables were prepared. With only one penknife, the going was slow but after an hour we had a pile of carrots, cauliflower, parsnips and potatoes that would have fed a small army. The lighting of two more fires was then necessary to cook these vegetables. The chicken was turned, the wine opened and we sat back to admire our handiwork. Each of us equipped with spoon and stick, ever ready to tend a flagging fire, stir a boiling pan or baste the browning chicken (none of us was too sure what basting entailed but it sounded good).

After three hours the chicken was reaching perfection, we had fashioned three very fetching Christmas hats from empty beer boxes and dinner was ready. Now came the tricky part. Who had the nerve and analytical mind required for serving up three identical meals, varying not at all in weight or amount? The bickering over, we settled down to enjoy a complete Christmas dinner with all the trimmings. The time and effort was worth it. The food tasted great and was washed down with a sizeable helping of Australian wine. We followed the main meal with Christmas pudding, mince pies, Christmas cake and a bottle of dubious port. Once we had reached a point where we could eat or drink no more we sat back contentedly and it started to rain. On reflection Christmas in Australia wasn't that much different to home after all.

Opposite: Joseph Mason

Top to bottom: David, Graeme and Mark

Pam and Rosa

It's a Knock Out - High Street Stingers



Praise the Lord

Church of St Martin - Patron Saint Of Cripples

Resting in the valley of the village is a place called 'The Nook', where you will find St. Martin's Church. St. Martin's is a very unusual and beautiful building, octagonal in shape. There is only one other like it in the country, in Teignmouth, South Devon.

Joan Eyre built St. Martin's in the 15th Century in thanksgiving for the safe return of her husband from Agincourt (1415). The present west doorway and windows were inserted in 1861. The normal shaped Church that stood there previously was destroyed by fire and in 1759 it was replaced by the new octagonal building. This shape is very interesting as all the pews face the centre of the Church. Originally there was a west gallery, which was removed in 1861, and a doorway in the south wall was built up. At the same time the roof was renewed, (no wonder we get a few leaks now and then!). The organ was installed in 1903 and was in reasonably good condition, until a rather large leak in 2001, directly above the organ, flooded the organ pipes and it now has to be completely renovated. As a child I remember someone had to sit by the side of the organ going red in the face pumping air in to it as that was the only way it would work in those days.

Over the years many things have been dedicated to the Church by parishioners, to make it what it is today. The villagers provided the beautiful East Window in the early part of the 20th century. A local craftsman, a woodcarver called Mr H Peters, designed and carved the Tower Screen in 1938. It was completed in 1952 thanks to the generosity of the people of Stoney Middleton.

Most people take great pride in St. Martin's and give generously to keep the doors open. It is always beautifully kept, inside and out, by the people who care. Fresh flowers adorn the altar and the comments left in the Visitors' Book make it worthwhile for those who give their time. It is a very popular Church for weddings with a lovely atmosphere for large or small gatherings.

St Martin's has a reputation for people giving long service to its upkeep. One Church Warden had 60 years of service and when he retired the Parochial Church Council asked permission to hang a plaque in Church in his memory, only to be told by the hierarchy at the top: 'You will be asking next to put plaques up for Mrs Mops!' - Why not?

As every one knows we are always asking for help towards essential maintenance, but with money in short supply we have to think of the cheapest way of achieving this. The Church was in desperate need of redecoration but there was no money in the kitty. In 1989 the Vicar of the time was a very resourceful man, and not to be beaten came up with a plan. He borrowed some young men from the local remand home who were first time offenders doing voluntary work. They worked for nothing and their only reward was endless supplies of tea and cakes provided by the ladies of the village. After a job well done and a beautiful Church we all saw a different side to these young men. They had taken such a pride in their work, nothing was too much trouble for them. Later the boys' families visited the Church to see their handiwork and were very proud of them, as were the people of Stoney Middleton.

As we go into the 21st Century things are changing in the Church but not always for the better, the prayer book has been rewritten not to everyone's approval, yet some things do stay the same like the Christingle Service which is held around Christmas at St Martin's.

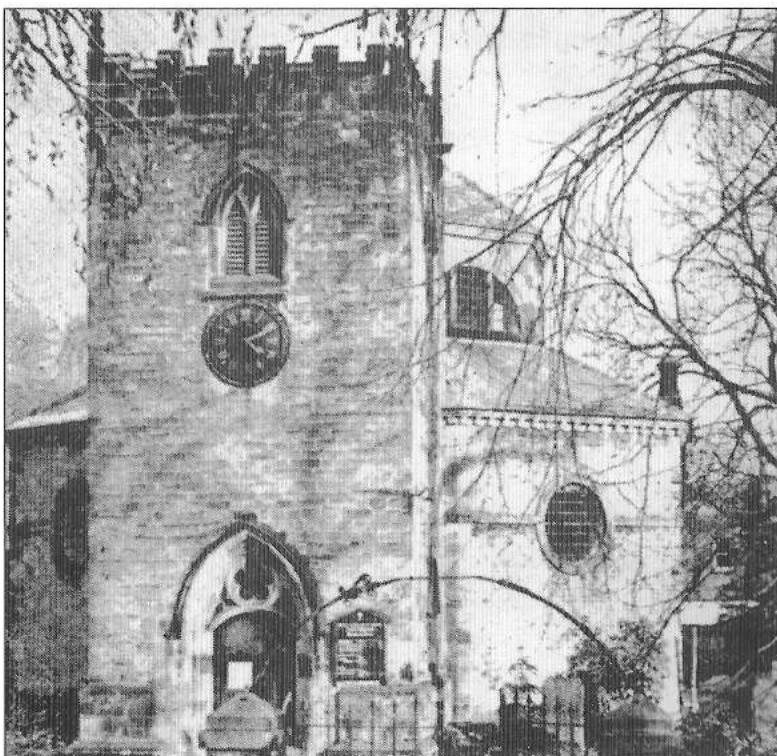
We have a very special member of the congregation at St. Martin's. It is a ginger cat who loves to come into Church during the Service. He has been known to sit through PCC Meetings and if he gets bored he goes to sleep. On one occasion he came into Church at a funeral and sat beneath the coffin, it was very appropriate as the man was a great cat lover!

Twice a day someone must lock and unlock the Church for safekeeping. One night the keeper of the keys locked up as usual but on returning home he had a nagging feeling about it so he returned to the Church. Unlocking it again he went in and there sat an old gentleman quietly saying his prayers totally unaware of the comings and goings of 'the keeper of the key'!

We now come to the last chapter of our story which is the Well Dressings which take place each year to thank God for the water no one can do without. These are beautiful pictures made out of flower petals. It all begins with a square frame of wood covered with clay, a picture is drawn into the clay, and then flower petals are pressed into it to form a picture, usually illustrating a beautiful biblical story. The completed pictures are displayed on the Nook by the wells where a service of thanksgiving is held. At night they are floodlit and community singing takes place.

On the Sunday of Well Dressing week the school children come to Church and bring posies of flowers, laying them on the floor in the centre of the Church to form a Cross. Afterwards the flowers are taken to the old and the sick in the village.

Lewis Helliwell - aged 9 writes: *'Our school goes to church for some services every year. The children lead the Harvest Festival, a Carol Service, Year Six Leavers' Service and the Flower Service every year'.*



Stoney Middleton Wesleyan Reform Chapel

The Church was built in 1829 as a Wesleyan Methodist Church on land which was purchased from the Furness family for £15. In 1849 the chapel became a Wesleyan Reform Church. The bell tower and a vestry were added later. A new vestry, built by Lincoln Mason, replaced these in 1946. The big snow of 1947 put the quality of the new roof to the test and it proved a match for the extreme conditions. Electricity was installed in 1931. It was the first building in Stoney to have electricity. The cost of lighting in the first year was £4. A memorial plaque reads

To the memory of Mrs J Skerrit nee Florrie Carter.
For many years a scholar and teacher of the chapel
First Foreign Missionary of the Wesleyan Reform Union
Died 28th March 1906 at Ikau, Upper Congo Africa
With Christ which is far better

In 1926 the ruins of two small cottages next door were bought and made into a garden. When the garden was being re-styled in 1995, various stones from the cottage walls were unearthed as well as pieces of broken pottery. The people of Stoney Middleton generously gave many plants and a seat for the new garden.



Flower Festival in the Chapel

The Wesleyan Reform Union has churches geographically spread from Cornwall to Scotland, is administered from Sheffield and has a number of ordained ministers. The Stoney Middleton Church is one of the 13 Churches of the Bakewell Circuit. Qualified lay preachers, both men and women, conduct its services. Some joint services are held at special times with St. Martin's Church and with members from the Wesleyan Reform Churches of nearby villages, Eyam, Foolow and Curbar. On Christmas Eve the tradition of Carol Singing round the village continues, when everyone is welcome to join in. Each summer an exhibition is mounted in the Chapel as part of the village Well Dressing celebrations. Last year's exhibition, God's Wonderful World, was inspired by the work of the Sunday School over three months and the children produced much of the work.

Sunday School at Stoney Middleton Chapel

A Grandmother's Tale

I have very happy memories of my time as a Sunday School pupil. There were a large number of us and we were divided into classes according to age. At anniversary and Sermons time we all diligently learnt our lines, which always had a biblical theme. At these times a step like stage was erected beside the pulpit, older children on the bottom row going down in age to youngsters on the top row where I started off. There was also a full choir, which sounded magnificent.

Harvest Festival was a lovely time we all looked forward to decorating the chapel when the stage was again set up and filled with produce - everything had to be perfect. The scent that met us on Sunday morning was lovely from all the flowers and vegetables plus sheaves of corn - now a thing of the past since the advent of the combined harvester. There was always a glass of water, piece of coal and a loaf of bread. The pulpit was adorned with black juicy grapes grown by Mr Carter, the Sunday School Superintendent, who taught us children. Children brought up on rationing in the war and after looked upon these with wonder. We were lucky to see grapes. There were also boughs of rosy red Siberian crab apples, which were very sweet to eat.

Mr Rooke took over as Sunday School Superintendent in 1954. He had been a member of the chapel since 1946 and a local preacher since 1947 giving long and loyal service.

Each summer we children all looked forward to the 'Chapel Trip' - all scholars went free - to the seaside on Teddy White's bus to Colwyn Bay, Scarborough, Skegness, Rhyl to name but a few. At the end of the day we all returned home tired but happy after a day spent paddling our toes in the sea and eating ice cream cornets.

The Christmas Party was held in the Reading Room and an enjoyable time was had by all. At the end of the evening was prize giving when scholars were presented with a much-treasured book.



Sunday School in the Chapel garden



A Granddaughter's Tale

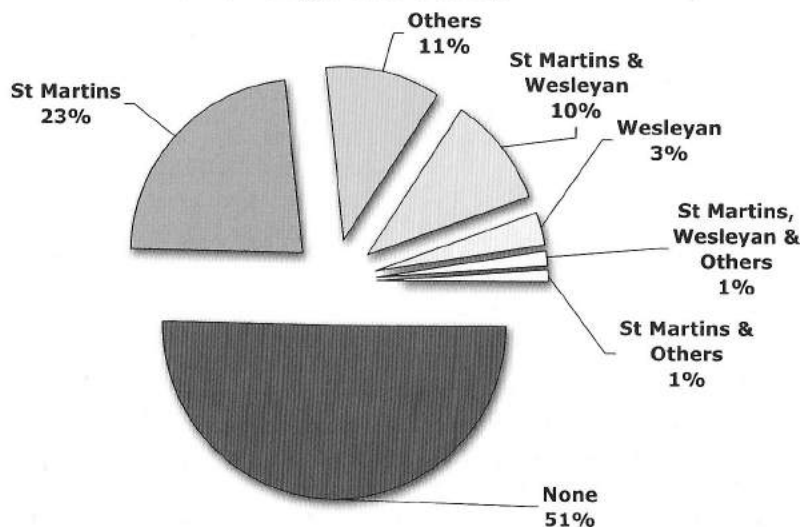
'We have lots of fun at Sunday School. We make things, paint pictures and sing. Mrs Ely tells us Bible Stories and before home time we have drinks and biscuits. When the weather is fine we have Sunday School in the Chapel garden.'

Mr Rooke used to do Sunday School. He also christened lots of babies including me and my brother and my mum and Max.'

Churchgoing in 2001

Almost 50% of Stoney people attend church during the year.

Churchgoers 2001



Some Stoney Middleton Characters

Henry Goddard

Half way up the High Street, just past the school was the Lodging House. In the last century this was the place where all kinds of workers and travellers stayed. Henry Goddard (High Henry) who died in 1912 aged 81 and is buried in Stoney Middleton Cemetery, owned the quarry and the Lodging House. If he was doubtful as to whether a couple was married he made them step over the broom before they stayed in the house. The notice in the lodging read -

This is Henry Goddard's House
Free from either bugs or louse
Two pence you will have to pay
Before in one of his beds you stay
All have paid except one lady
And her name is Mary Brady

Mary Brady used to sell all kinds of trinkets door to door and now rests in Baslow churchyard. At the 1891 census there were 25 lodgers including a 'Certified Moocher' from Leicester married to a 'Hawker' from London and cattle drovers from Great Hucklow, Sunderland and Belper.

Manor Cottage was also a lodging house and the whole of the upstairs from front to back, which was previously used for silk weaving, was a big dormitory was known as the 'Long Run'. This was shortened when Evelyn Mason made it into a house.

High Henry used to send his grandson to collect money owed to the quarry for stones and lime. His grandson didn't like the job and would complain: 'I don't know where they live Grandpa' to which Henry invariably replied: 'Thee has got a tongue in thee head and thee mun ask'.

An old man loved is like flowers in winter

Thomas Moseley was born in 1868 at Nook House, Stoney Middleton. His father Joseph was a farmer but circumstances in Thomas' early years helped him to achieve a varied and interesting life away from the farm.

One of his childhood companions was the son of the Reverend Urban Smith. He had lessons from a tutor who noted his pupil paid more attention if Thomas was there, so he was invited to join his friend in the classroom. This education proved to stand him in good stead when he found employment as coachman at the Hall, the country estate of Lord Denman.

The cook at the Hall was a village girl, Blanche Mason of the carpentry and joinery family. She married Thomas and a cottage was found for them in the hall grounds near the stables where their five daughters were born.

Lord Denman travelled widely and Thomas, taking him on all his journeys, soon began duties as valet. His Lordship had a seat in the House of Lords and frequently visited London, and on one occasion in the House he was taken ill and Thomas was asked to read the speech he had prepared.



Thomas Moseley at Town Head

The portable desk, which they used in the House, was given to him and duly inherited by his eldest daughter. His boxing skills came in useful when ruffians attacked Lord Denman and Thomas was able to ward them off until safety was reached.

When his employer died Thomas' life changed. The family now lived in Nook House and he found it hard to settle down to farming. Blanche had been running the small farmstead as well as the home and she too was obliged to change her way of life. Each mealtime the kitchen table had to be cleared, the meal served on a white cloth, the vegetables in tureens, the meat placed ready for Thomas to carve and a glass of ale replaced the wine he had been accustomed to. 'Manners maketh man,' he would say. The family would eat a boiled egg with bread and butter as a feast. Fortunately Blanche being a trained cook could provide a banquet with the most meagre ingredients.

Thomas was a devout Christian and knowing his Bible could quote long passages by heart. He taught his family never to go to sleep until they had made peace with their Maker and he said that a man needed two things in life, a good bed and a good pair of shoes. When he wasn't in one he was in the other! He always wore a starched snow-white collar, studded to his working shirt and these were hung, ready for wearing, over a large nail driven into the kitchen wall. He was rarely seen without one.

On his way down from the farm he would call to see his young grandchildren who gathered wide-eyed round the table to see what surprise he had brought in his large red and white handkerchief. His brown eyes twinkling he would carefully untie the knot. There might be a huge creamy mushroom freshly plucked from the field, a warm pullet egg in a soft bed of feathers or even a golden day-old chick, sadly dead but which they always tried to restore to life. He would call in the Moon Inn to enjoy a pint of ale and the congenial company there.

The farm was situated on Highfields along Half Rood Lane. All the family loved to be there and his two granddaughters came from Manchester in their school holidays to spend many happy hours, and enjoy the freedom of the fields. He told them tales about nature, named the wild flowers and recited poetry for them, but kept an eye on them lest they might climb or knock down his dry stone walls.

Blanche still fed the hens and milked her cows Buttercup, Daisy and Primrose twice daily. In summer the meres dried and Thomas would hitch his old horse to the barrel on wheels and fetch water from the village. A hard task in the heat for man and beast and after battling up Fanny Hillock a rest was needed before going further.

He was always the last to mow his hay fields and the harvesters could hear and join in the Annual Plague Memorial Service being held in Eyam Delph across the valley. Cans of tea and nettle beer were carried up from the village by the children. All agreed that no tea ever tasted so good as that in the hay-field.

On the night of his death in 1942 his two eldest granddaughters kept vigil by his bed in the garret of Nook House. They remember vividly the flickering shadows cast by the lamp in the dark room as he fought for his breath during the long slow hours. As dawn broke this gentle life was over and his work was done.

We all have special moments shared with a loved one, caught in time and the heart forever. I remember that evening in late spring:

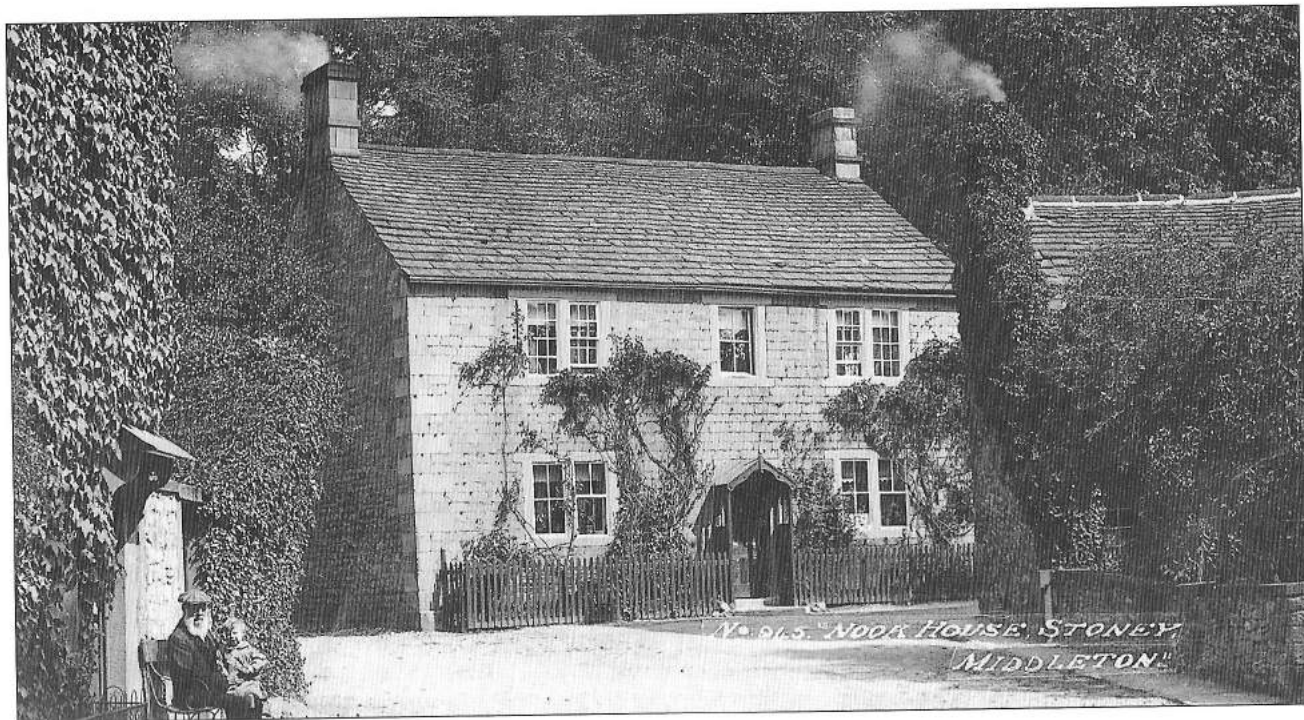
I fall asleep in the hay in a darkening shippin to the hypnotic rhythm of Granny Blanche milking into the pail between her knees. Grandad Thomas walks me home in the dusk along the cart-rutted lane. A barn owl drifts by and the bats are out and about in the still air. The nightjars are churring across the hushed pastureland. He breaks the silence. 'Do you see Mrs Moon, young Blanche, laying down on her back?' I sleepily search the starry sapphire sky. 'Yes Grandad, but why isn't she round?'

'Because she is gathering water in her petticoats. When they are full she will tip it all out and it will fall as rain on our good earth.'

Environmental Health and Trading Standards

Fishy Billy who had the Little Shop at Calver Crossroads used to deliver fish to Stoney with the cry 'Fish Alive'. Stoney people used to take bets as to how long it would take for the dewdrop on the end of his nose to drop into the fish.

Nook House Farm



Workers' Playtime

Felons

In the late 18th and early 19th century arresting and prosecuting criminals was a local matter, dependent on the unpaid Parish Constable appointed by the Justice of the Peace. Derbyshire's Police Force was formed in 1857. Eyam and Stoney Middleton Society for the Prosecution of Felons, the 'Felons', was set up at a meeting at the Moon Inn in 1812. The first secretary was Peter Wright of Eyam Hall, whose descendant Robert is now a Crown Prosecutor and a 'Felon'. John Hancock is the present secretary and his ancestors were among the founder members.

The articles of the Society define the aims of the Felons as arranging the apprehension and prosecution of persons: 'Charged with murder, burglary, trespass or misdemeanours'. This was achieved by paying rewards for information leading to arrests and conviction of criminals and defraying the cost of prosecution if necessary from member's subscriptions. Crimes included: theft of livestock, rick burning, and on one occasion theft of a ferret.

The Felons no longer take an active role in prosecution but they fund victim support and other charities involved in good citizenship and welfare. The 30 elected members, all living within five miles of St Lawrence Church in Eyam, meet regularly and the annual dinners have gone on in unbroken line since 1812.'

Stoney Middleton Women's Institute

Mrs Sissons started our WI in November 1957 in the Denman Room at the Hall. Lady Denman was the first Chairman and founder of the National Federation of Women's Institutes in 1917, a post she held until 1946. She herself was a descendant of Lord Denman, a prominent nineteenth century judge who became Lord Chief Justice. The WI named its educational centre Denman College near Oxford after Lady Denman.

Stoney Middleton WI began with 87 members and the subscription was 3/6d. There are now 23 members and we still have eight founder members. Each month except August we have interesting meetings, which are held in the school - business, a speaker or a demonstration, tea and social time. Twice a year we have a free supper provided by the committee. Each year we vote on resolutions, taken to an annual meeting of representatives of all Institutes which are then put before parliament. We all enjoy our birthday party in January of every year.

Over the years many people enjoyed our yearly garden parties at the Hall and parties for the



WI founder members



Senior Citizens started in 1975. The Institute has campaigned for threatened buses, for a decrease in village traffic, organised cookery classes and looked into environmental projects.

To celebrate our 40th birthday we presented a plaque of the village in the form of a map, which is positioned in the Grove gardens.

We belong to the Devonshire Group of WIs and meet twice a year at their venues. The council meetings are held in Buxton in March and at Derby in October each year.

Our talents are put to the test at the Royal Show and Bakewell Show and we are still well known for our singing of 'Jerusalem' at these main meetings.

We have yet to appear on a Calendar - but you never know!

SMILE

SMILE (Stoney Middleton Interest and Leisure Enterprise) was founded in autumn 1997. Its aim is to raise enough money to provide a pavilion and meeting room on the sports field at the Calver end of the village that can be used by everyone in the community.

We hope to be awarded a lottery grant, but we have to raise a substantial sum ourselves. At the moment our total stands at £21,161.84. We have raised this through sponsored walks, quizzes, an auction of promises, a race night, choir and brass band concerts and many donations - including a share in the Well Dressing money. The Village Day, we organize on May Day, has become an annual event, enjoyed by everyone.

The football club will have a new playing area. There will be changing rooms and showers for all the sports clubs and Stoney Middleton Primary School which is desperate for sport and PE facilities. Many organizations already in existence in the village will be able to use the indoor facilities and we hope that new clubs and societies will start when we are up and running.

The tennis courts will be replaced and there will be a children's play area, fenced off from dogs.

We are not there yet, but we are well on the way!!



SMILE Winter Warmer at the Moon Inn

Stoney Middleton Football Club

There has been a football pitch on the Avenue for 112-115 years. The land was owned by The Denman Estate and rented by John Hancock until about 1975 when John Smallman on behalf of The Denman Estate and John Hancock offered it to S.M.F.C. for £1,500 on the understanding it stayed as a sports and playing field. S.M.F.C could not afford £1,500, although it was a very fair price, so S.M.F.C, Stoney Parish Council and the Jubilee committee purchased it between them. At the same time the pitch was made approximately 10 yards longer and some 8 yards wider to entertain senior football. The land at the far end was given to the village and the tennis court and children's playground were created using equipment transported from Market Drayton by Jack Mason.

The present hut came from the old Norton Airfield some fifty years ago, if not more. Those involved in purchase, transport and installation were Arthur Warren, Jess Oakley, Norman Bettney, Harry Eaton, Brian Bond, Jack Mason, who provided free transport and many others. Some team members around 1972-75 included Neil Williamson, Peter Edge, Philip Fairey, Mark Fairey, Peter Bettney, R Hancock, Stephen Wright, Michael Wright, Michael Gosney, Chris Eshelby, David Oakley, Michael Slinn, John Ridgeway, David Robinson.

1913 SMFC Team at the Hall.





Stoney Middleton Football Club - Season 2001-2

S.M.F.C is currently enjoying a successful season. After nine matches in the Hope Valley B Division we are second in the league, behind Hayfield. Improved performances on the field were reflected in the official attendance for the Derbyshire Junior Cup Tie against Baslow Reserves, fourteen spectators and two dogs enjoyed a thrilling 4-1 home win. The dogs were particularly impressed by our performance!

John Fox, our president, has just completed 25 years with the club, while his wife Dorothy and daughter Sue, who is also our secretary, provide invaluable support behind the scenes.

Chairman/manager Robert Townsend heads a strong contingent of Stoney Middleton residents who form the majority of the playing squad. These include goalkeepers Eric Bite and Mick Millen; defenders Simon and Dan Hodgkinson, Jonathan Shaw, John Bonsall; midfielders Huw Lloyd, Martin Ashurst and forwards Stephen Fox and Jason Brassington. The emphasis is firmly on encouraging local youngsters into the set-up and with the prospect of new playing field facilities due to the SMILE initiative the future looks bright. See you on Saturday afternoons!

Stoney Middleton Horticultural Society

From the long-cold ashes of an earlier society, records of which are now sadly lost in the mists of time, the present-day society was resurrected on 15 June 1981, chaired by Bob Brown, annual subscription £1 per household. This followed three years in which informal Marrow and Sunflower contests had been held. Since then the Society has grown to a present-day membership of 90 households.

At the end of May a plant bring and buy sale is held in the Nook, to be followed a month later by a visit to a local show garden, ending with pie & peas at the Moon. A popular recent innovation is Members' Garden Evening when a cluster of adjacent gardens is thrown open to members, with a wine and cheese party. After the 'Best-kept Garden Competition', the year's highlight is the Annual Show in September, with its astounding display of produce and crafts in 79 classes, the efforts of SMHS members alone.

Onions and leeks look as if seen through a magnifying glass; displays of garden flowers to put Chelsea to shame; scrumptious apple pies and red-currant jelly; paintings by adults; and decorated gingerbread men by the children - it's all there.

Annual subscription is still only £2 per household.



Audrey Morton and Beth Ely



The Way We Live Now

Who Are We and Where Do We Come From

In 1950 55% of the inhabitants had been born in Stoney Middleton but by 1990 this had fallen to 25% and to 23% by 2001.

As can be seen from the table there is considerable variation in the age groups: 45% of under 18's were born in Stoney but only 8% of 41 to 65 year olds, illustrating the considerable number of recent incomers in this

	Total Sample	Born in Stoney Middleton	
	No	No	%
Under 18	49	22	45%
19 to 40	57	15	26%
41 to 65	91	7	8%
Over 65	60	16	27%
Total	257	60	23%

age bracket.

88 households completed the question on where the householders were born. In 2001 thirteen male householders were born in Stoney Middleton of which two were married to Stoney Middleton girls and two did not have partners. In contrast of the 18 female householders born in Stoney Middleton eight did not have partners in 2001. In two thirds of households all the householders were incomers. Of the 111 incomers who were householders in 2001 64.5% have lived in the village less than 20 years and 31% less than 10 years.

Despite the large number of incomers there are

still a considerable proportion of extended families with 20 male householders having a total of 84 relatives living in the village but not in the same house. 25 female householders have a total of 62 relatives in the village but not in the same house. In addition 37 male householders have over 180 relatives in Derbyshire and 42 females over 160.

Where We Live

In 1950 less than 60% of the houses in Stoney Middleton were owner occupied but this had risen to 90% by 1990 mainly due to the fall in council and private rented accommodation. There has been a small increase in private renting since 1990 so that owner occupation was only 87% in 2001.

There has been very little change in the size of the houses, with an average of two living rooms and three bedrooms but the household size has fallen from 3.2 to 2.3. In 1950 on average each person had 1.5 rooms but this had risen to 1.8 by 1990 and to 2.2 by 2001, an increase of 50% in living space/head.

	1950	1990	2001
Living Rooms	1.97	2.30	2.16
Bedrooms	2.72	2.88	2.85

Mains water and electricity came early to Stoney so that most houses had the basic amenities installed before 1950. A small number of barn conversions still have no mains sewerage but the main change in the last 50 years has been the installation of bathrooms, central heating

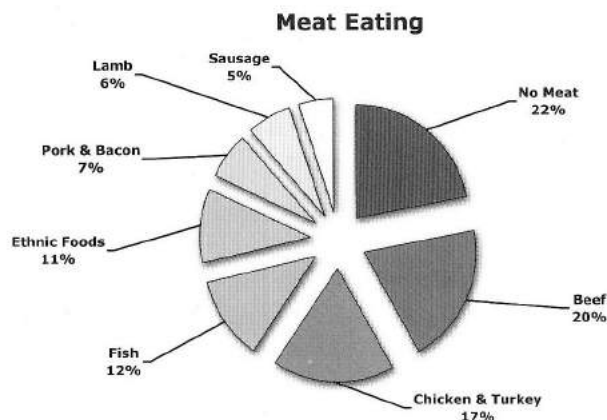
and gas in the top of the High Street.

The percentage of properties with gardens has

	1950	1990	2001
Mains Water	100%	100%	100%
Mains Sewerage	97%	95%	96%
Flush Toilets	91%	100%	100%
Electricity	91%	100%	100%
Bathroom/shower	55%	99%	99%
Central Heating	0%	79%	93%
Gas	0%	54%	83%

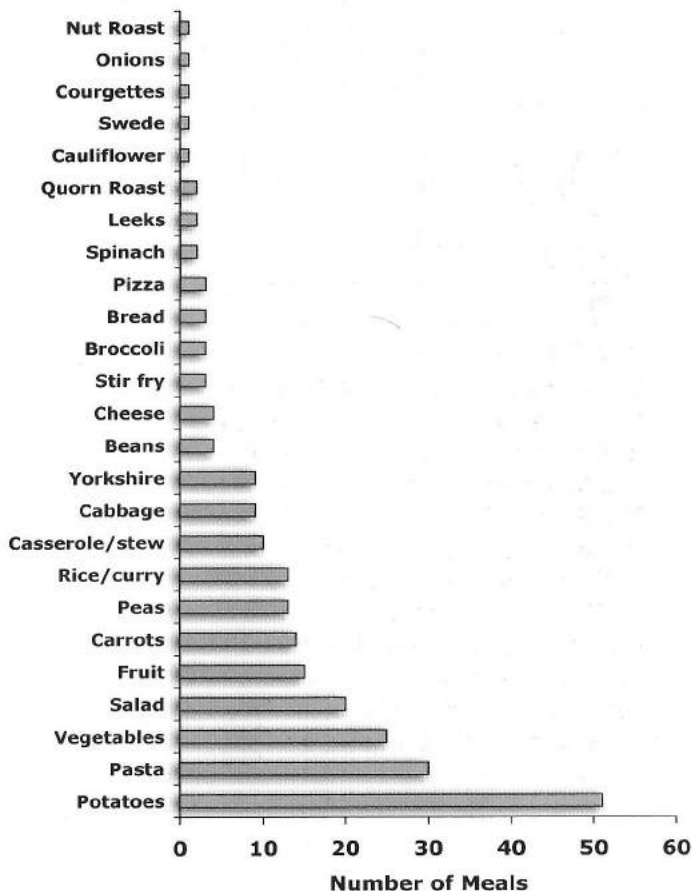
fallen slightly from 91% in 1950 to 88% in 1990 and 87% in 2001. There has however been a much greater change in the number of people growing their own food from 92% in 1950 to 55% in 1990 and only 40% in 2001. Eight percent of the households had an allotment in both 1990 and 2001 but the number with gardeners had risen from 4% in 1990 to 13% in 2001.

How We Live Now Stoney Nosh



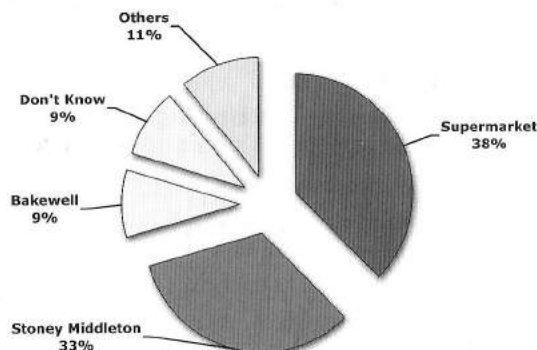
Beef, lamb, pork, sausages or bacon was eaten as part of the main meal on the day before the census by 38% of Stoney people and other 17% ate poultry. Only 22% ate no meat or fish for their main meal. Over 50% had potatoes and a wide variety of vegetables were eaten. Despite the growth of curry and other ethnic foods over 10% still ate Yorkshire pudding.

Meal Content excluding Meat



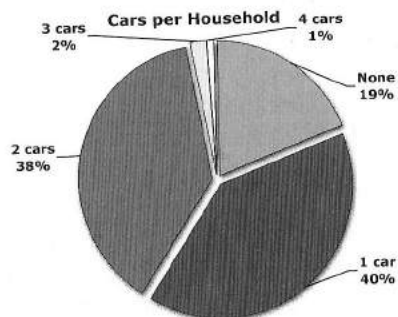
Stoney Middleton shops accounted for 33% of the food purchases but were out-stripped by supermarkets with 38% of purchases.

Food Purchases



The Open Road?

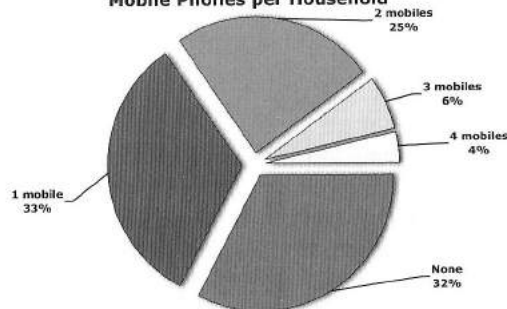
In 1950 only four households in fifteen, 27%, had a car. By 1990 64 households had a total of 82 cars, 1.28 cars/household and therefore approximately 260 cars in the village. In 2001 110 households had a total of 138 cars, marginally less than 1990 probably due to the smaller household size but still equivalent to over 260 cars. Bumper to bumper this is a three quarter mile traffic jam.



It's Good to Talk

In 1990 24% of households had a computer but none were connected to the internet. By 2001 66% of households had a computer and 43% were connected to the internet. Even more dramatic was the increase in the number of mobile phones from 3% of households in 1990 to 68% in 2001 of which more than 50% had two or more phones.

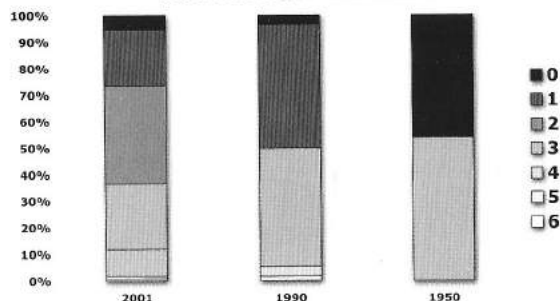
Mobile Phones per Household



Entertaining Stoney

Only 54% of households had television in 1950 before the Coronation but by 2001 only 5% of households had no television and the average number of televisions was 2.2 per household - almost one each! 55% of households had video recorders in 1990 but this had risen to 80% by 2001.

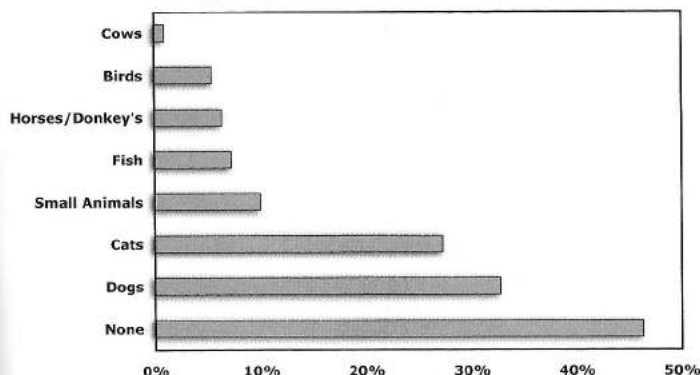
Televisions per Household



Our Families and Other Animals

Fifty four percent of households have at least one pet, mainly dogs and cats but at least one family shares their house with a dog and two rats.

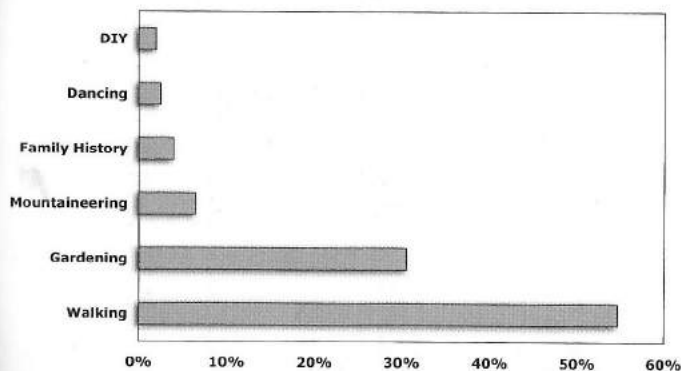
Our Families and Other Animals



Playtime in Stoney

Walking is not surprisingly the most popular leisure activity with 55% of Stoney people enjoying our magnificent countryside.

Playtime



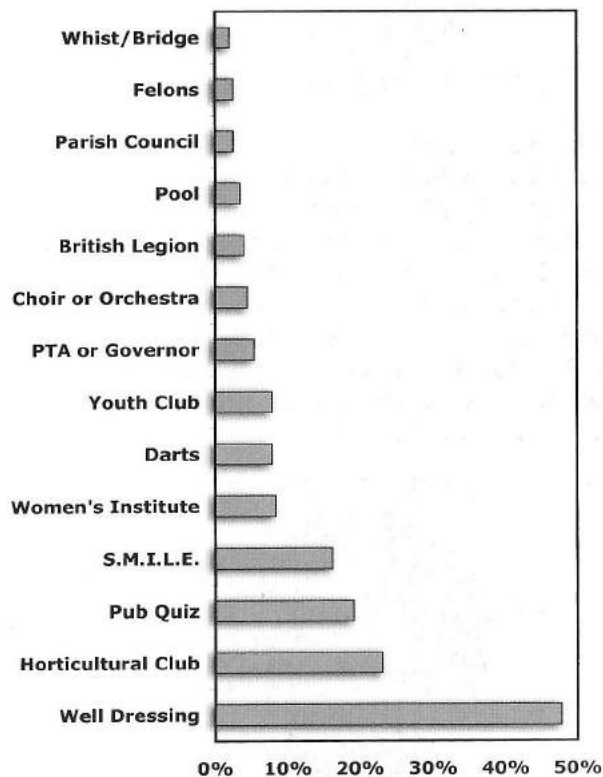
This Sporting Life

Only 5% of Stoney people played golf in 1990 but this had doubled to 10% in 2001. During the same period the popularity of tennis had fallen from 14% to 10%. Is this another manifestation of the aging, more affluent community?

Meeting People is Nice

Well Dressing is by far the most important social event with almost 50% of the village participating.

Meeting People is Nice



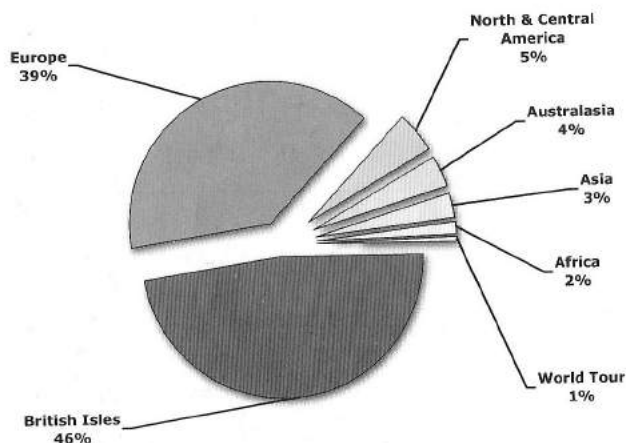
Wish You Were Here

The British Isles are still the most popular place for holidays but 15% of Stoney folk travelled outside Europe for their holiday in 2001.

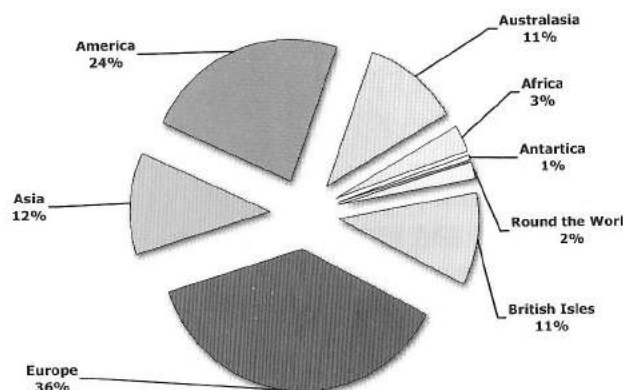
Wanderlust

Asked, "Where is the furthest you have travelled?" only 11% of Stoney people have never been outside the British Isles although 2% have been round the world.

Wish You Were Here



Wanderlust



Stoney Middleton School Children 2000





Thanks

Many people have been involved in producing this book. They have helped in a variety of ways, including doing the village census, providing photographs or other illustrations, being interviewed about their memories, writing the text, contributing ideas, checking for accuracy. Apologies to anyone inadvertently missed out.

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£5.00

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